

## Boundless

I opened a door.

I found myself in a universe of unlimited and unimaginable power. The perfection of the place was stunning. No universe could possibly have infinite knowledge, ceaseless opportunities to discover, and be the ultimate means to experience all sorts of power like this one. Before I could take action, however, I was suddenly bludgeoned by my childhood memories. I realized that, all this time, the place where I was standing was what I've been looking for all along.

I grew up absolutely fancying the lives of superheroes. I remembered how one of my childhood life goals was to be part of the *Justice League*. I'd dress in a Wonder Woman costume in hope that the costume came with the powers too. Even my toddler brother would confidently declare, "No need to fear, superboy is here!" as he jumps astronomically high from bed to show off his super-flight, creating an aura of extreme valor whilst holding his little stuffed Mickey Mouse sidekick.

How I admired superheroes and their powers! They had laser eyes, telekinesis, telepathy, invisibility, flight, and bulletproof suits. They could shapeshift, summon lightning, manipulate time, heal, lift ten-wheelers with a pinky, and walk to the park in the speed of light. Now don't tell me you've never wanted at least one of those.

For the longest time, I have thought and pondered over the idea on whether superpowers can be more than just fiction. Then it struck me. I realized that I was in the place where superpowers could be found. Powers beyond of which Wonder Woman and Superman could possibly have. Powers that let me time travel, visit multifaceted

dimensions, plan my next vacation to be in outer space, limitlessly explore domains of all kinds, discover the deepest darkest motives of tyrannical fascists, and see life through more than one pair of eyes.

And so, there I was. I looked around, astonished on how such a place could be so extraordinary yet so common; so action-packed yet so meek; so grand yet so silent. I walked up to an aisle, but at that point, however, I wasn't sure on where to go next. I inhaled deeply, suddenly overcome by the sweet, familiar, dry scent of printed pages. With closed eyes, I ran my finger across the first shelf for some time and finally came to a stop. I was holding a random book, took it out of its shelf, opened it, and all of a sudden, I was in a different place.

A bewitchingly beautiful girl grabbed me by the arm and dragged me all the way to a castle. A few moments later, I found myself with a dropped jaw, for I couldn't help but marvel at the dazzling sight. Every feature in the castle had a certain magnificence that it seemed almost enchanted. The mere brilliance of the place made me feel as if I were in a trance, until I suddenly felt my goosebumps and a surge of fear tingled my spine. A deep growl crept up from behind. I turned around, instantly frightened, to see a hideously ugly monster, oddly dressed in a royal robe. I was about to hurl on the big creature, until she pulled me back and told me to stop at once. I sooner understood that the lovely maiden has fallen in love with the beast.

In a blink, I was back where I started. I closed my eyes once more, pointed a finger forward, turned around and around several times until I stopped. My finger pointed at a book that read "The Goebbels Diaries". I pulled it out, opened it, and went all the way back to the 1940's—World War II. I was terrified to see a thin, sickly man, whom I

recognized as Joseph Goebbels, the mastermind of the Nazi propaganda. He spoke to me about everything and anything he was thinking of, almost as if I was mind-reading him. He told me about how much he adored Hitler, how good friends they were, and even how he kept a picture of Hitler on his desk. "I love him," he said. *Perhaps he isn't that scary after all*, I thought. But he later began intensely about his horrible and gruesome plans to exterminate millions and millions of innocent Jews. "The Jews have deserved this catastrophe that has now overtaken them.... we must hasten this process with cold ruthlessness... we must show them no mercy... this riffraff must be eliminated and destroyed," he exclaimed. My head pounded and my whole body was burning with fright. I couldn't take it any longer; I quickly ran away in hope that I could escape the dreadfulness, until I hit a hard book.

I desperately opened the book and was instantly sucked into another place. I found myself in a classroom and met this fascinating teacher named Albert. Sir Albert passionately told me about his numerous theories and discoveries: the theory of relativity, how light is both a wave and a particle, and how in order to time travel, you need a tremendous energy equal to your mass multiplied by the square of the speed of light. "Time is but a stubborn illusion," he stated. Though his every word and every breakthrough made me think as if my brain neurons were singing in harmony, I still couldn't prevent the inevitable. His scientific language eventually made me feel droopy-eyed, I was soon a sack of beans that could fall any time.

On my desk lay a stack of books. "That would make a really good pillow," I thought with a yawn. I almost laid on the pile, but even before I could fall asleep, I noticed that the

book I was about to fall on looked interesting. I opened it, and *interesting* was indeed the word.

I met a man who had the most fascinating collection and recorded the weirdest and most bizarre things on Earth. He told me about a guy who could lift five cars using only his hair, that it once rained seaweed on fine day in England, and that lobsters have colorless blood. He even described the pressure in the bottom of the Mariana trench being the equivalent to an elephant wearing heels standing on your head. His curious collection ignited fireworks of curiosity in me, consequently leaving me curious on who he was. “What is your name, sir?” I asked. He smiled, “Ripley, Robert Ripley.”

A faint, aromatic scent suddenly tickled my nose. “Do you smell that, Mr. Ripley?” I asked. But when I turned to look back at him, he was gone. I instead opted to follow the smell. It was a burnt, smoky, savory and even delicious aroma that it started to make my mouth water. I located the source and realized it was coming from a book. I opened it and a hot, savory smoke puffed out right on my face. I saw it was Julia Child in her kitchen and her famous French recipe of chicken in wine, *Coq Au Vin*. By that time, my mouth was flooded and my stomach was thundering.

I returned the book back to it’s home, but on the other side of the shelf, I caught a glimpse of a tiny, flashing light. I was immediately drawn to the glow and ran to it as fast as I could. Every flicker flickered even more wonder in me. As soon as I got my hands on it, I recognized it as the astronomy book I read a few years ago. I separated its covers to reveal a blaze so radiant that was almost blinding. There it was again, a great pitch-black blanket covered with billions and billions of stars before me. I looked down and saw Earth

which, I realized, is nothing more than an infinitesimal grain of sand in an infinitely vast ocean.

A few meters ahead I spotted a small object floating in the middle of nowhere. But unlike everything else in space, it was small and dull. I quickly moved to it and grabbed it. It was yet another book, its cover read "Dictionary". I closed my eyes, flipped its pages while skimming my finger through each page, until I landed and stopped. I took a peek to see where my finger was and saw that it pointed on the word *boundless*. I wore the sweetest smile ever.

I closed the book, and I was back to reality; I was in our school library. I couldn't help thinking about the last word I read. It made me think about the boundless possibilities, experience, knowledge, adventure, fun, and power you can get, all between the pages of books.

As I was about to leave, I looked back and took one last peak at the place. I thought that perhaps great people like Rizal, Gates, Lincoln, Rowling, Newton, and Da Vinci were chiseled, molded, and formed by the elements of this wonderful universe which are books. I left, thinking to myself, *that is what gives me power, boundless power.*

Then I closed the door.