

The Spot That Wanted to Be a Map

On a white sheet of paper lived a black spot.

“What am I?” it asked.

It tried to be an ant. But it had no legs.

It tried to be a ball. But it wasn’t perfectly round.

It tried to be a night. But it was too small.

The spot shrank into a corner.

Then a blue line arrived.

“I am a river,” it said.

Then a green triangle arrived.

“I am a mountain.”

And a handful of yellow dots whispered:

“We are towns with our lights on.”

“And me?” asked the spot.

The river flowed around it. The mountain came closer. The towns formed a path to its shore.

“You are the island we want to reach.”

The spot looked at the sheet of paper. It was no longer empty: it was a map.

And in the middle of the map, without changing anything, it pointed to a new place.