

Years have passed. Thousands, maybe hundreds. Who's to know. A soft gust a wind bowls into the nostrils of a man and jolts his heart like an eclectic burst. The man wakes up from what seems like the deepest slumber in his entire life only to find himself in a building. Everything seems dim through his eyes. The walls are painted grey. Photo frames are bare of recollections, pieces of furniture are turned over and outside the sky is lightened, but no beams shine through the dusty windows.

The man gathers himself together and gets to his feet. He staggers toward the window absolutely lost in time and peers outside to see nothing. Absolutely nothing but blank earth connecting to a cloudless orangish yellow sky. No other constructions in sight yet he looks down and notices he is thousands of measures up from the ground. His is in building. Drawing to his own conclusion, he resides in the only building left in the entire area.

The man puts his hands up to the cold glass and sinks to the floor.

"What is going on." The male questions himself. He raises his hands before his own eyes, *what is this?* He lowers his hands and peers at his feet through narrow eyes. He wiggles his toes and smiles. Feet for hands. Hands for feet. He stretches forward and connects his thumb with his big toe and does the same with the rest of his appendixes in fascination. After minutes of rubbing the nails of his toes with his fingers, the man then gradually moves his hands up his bare legs covered in hair, up to his tights, pelvis, and stops at the center of his chest. There's a soft thud. Although he can't hear it, he can definitely feel it causing the man to become panicked.

*What is this? What is this inside of me?* The man digs his nails into his own chest and feels nothing except the continual thud. He digs his fingers into his chest again no longer fearful, but suddenly curious. Curious about his own self. Who is he? Where did he come from? What happened and where is he to be exact?

*You are a man.* A soft voice suddenly speaks. *Don't be afraid for you are of me.*

The man gazes up to the ceiling suddenly comforted by the declare and closes his eyes embracing an intuition of blissful awareness of himself. He strokes the sides of his face and glides his fingers through his soft wavy hair. Each strand sending several electrical throughout his entire body.

*Follow me.*

The man looks down at the floor and catches sight onto footprints in the carpet. He smiles and trails behind them.

The hallways of the building are lined with grey paint and grey floors. Everything seems bleak to the man through his own eyes except the emerging footprints he continues to shadow. He goes down many of staircases never becoming tired. He skips a few and jumps down the last three reaching the end to a dark hallway. Unknown is at the end and the footsteps have disappeared. The man waits for the voice, but it doesn't come to him. He looks back up at the long staircase behind him, but it causes his heart to beat harder than before. He gazes back toward the dim passage, gulps, and moves one foot in front of the other. Within each step he takes something at the end emerges. Something that he wasn't able to see in the building or out the window. A soft light that brighten with each step he takes until he comes to the end.

He pulls back clear plastic shades and steps on concrete. His feet feel the coldness of the surface, but he isn't moved as his eyes lay upon rows of fruits attached to thick green vines. Apples, pears, bananas, plums, peaches, mangos and many other tropical and subtropical. The man marvels at the millions of colors. His mouth falls agape as he strolls over to shelves of leaves each in different of blank forms and shapes. Their stems throb in the same motion as the thud of his heart. The man reaches out to pull at a leaf, but stop becoming hesitant and unsure.

*Eat. I have given this all to you,* the voice commands. The man looks back up to the ceiling and smiles once more at the sound of the voice. He pulls the leaf from the stem and puts the food into his mouth. It is tasteless, yet filling to every part of his body. He blinks his eyes and suddenly sees green, everywhere. His smiles grows into a wide beam as he continues to chew the plant, swallow, and grab at more of what the voice has let him have. He takes an apple, another is replaced instantly from a stem and he eats. Water then springs from above showering down on the man. He looks up at the ceiling where the water falls from pipes. Picture being in a grocery store since it's the best way to imagine it. The man raises his hand above his head feeling every droplet touch on his bare skin. The liquid although is clear, but through the man's eyes fall sparkles he can only be thrilled to bear.

"Thank you." The man whispers and continues to eat the plants and the fruit. He sits on the cold surface and watches the footprint that have appears through the water step toward him. Chewing, the man raises what is in his hands in offering to the voice.

*Eat. All of this I have given is for you.*

The man does as so. The water from above stops leaving behind soft sounds at all angles of the man. He gets back up to his feet and begins to explore what has been created to be an orchard. The walks through patches of green on the floor, hops over streams created by burst pipes, and brushes his fingers across each flower he passes by. So much beauty surrounds the man all he can do is smile wide and watch the feet prints come into view at his side close.

*Look.* The voice stops him and the man's eyes fall at his own feet. Below him tiny little creatures crawl. The man gasp and drops himself to the floor. Little critters scatter around him. With his little finger he touches the back of a six harry legged bug.

"Is this a spider, father?" The man questions the foot prints.

*Its whatever you call it, my son.*

The man touches the eight-legged moving speck back once more frightening it. It scurries away into a grassy path. The man laughs chasing behind it.