

Sandboxes and Toy Cars

(Anonymous)

I could feel the wind whipping across my face. My lungs were running out of air. My stomach had a sinking feeling. I was falling. I was counting the floors as I fell. "One.Two.Three."

In reality though, I wasn't falling at all. A thick window separated me from the fall, that had just felt so real.I was 96 floors up on the Hancock Tower,looking straight down.

When I could finally look up at the city in front of me again, I still couldn't believe what was so clear.

The city was laid out beautifully.The size of the buildings grew as my eyes traveled closer to the tower I was standing in.I felt like I was at the cities highest point, but I knew there were higher points.The Willis and Trump towers juttred out of the skyline, as the rest of the buildings fell into place. I had been in Trump tower's 36th floor.I was 60 floors higher now, in the Hancock Tower.The view was a million times better and so was my perspective.Behind the rows and rows of skyscrapers was millenium park.The park stood out because it was so colorful.In midst of all the grey, brown, and black was the park's color.The trees towered high.The gardens had blue,yellow,red,orange, and pink flowers.Art work litterred the park.The bean, that reflected light like water on a clear day, and the huge outdoor stage, added a touch to the park that made you realize you were still in the city.Otherwise, you might have thought that you were all alone, secluded in a perfect miniscule world.Lake Michigan seemed as big as an ocean.It made the city look small, even though it was huge.When the waves of the lake crashed onto the shore, they looked as if they could swallow buildings.It must have been my imagination, because they merely hit the rocks and disappeared.

I imagined, the work that had been put into every building in the city.It must have taken endless hours and hard-work to create a city like Chicago."In this city, 2,791,000 people lead

different lives every day. In every one of those cars, that look like ants, is a person who is going to a different place, for a different reason. Every one of those buildings has a different purpose. Every one of those purposes, means nothing without another." The fact was, the world was all about collaboration. Without it, we would all be clueless.

I returned to my seat in the cafe on the 96th floor and saw from the other side of the tower, the other side of the city. It seemed even bigger. The beaches were sandboxes and the streets were made for toy cars from up here. As the buildings were swallowed by the fog of Lake Michigan in the distance, and as my eyes started having trouble adjusting to see, I realized something. Even now, It's hard to accept.

"Nothing was about me. Absolutely nothing."