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Dust

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Dust

She wanted to become smaller and harder to notice, less in the way. So every day she practiced. Tucking her feet under her seat on the bus, keeping her head down when she walked; her movements minimal, close to the body.

Eventually it began to work. She noticed she wasn't taking up as much space anymore. She thought it was a trick of the mind; thought she was losing weight. Whatever it was, she enjoyed the feeling of being less 'there', so she continued tucking her feet under her seat on the bus, keeping her head down when she walked; making her movements minimal, close to the body.

Day by day she did this, and day by day the everyday objects she encountered became larger. She had to stand on her tip toes to brush her teeth, climb onto the kitchen counter to reach the cupboard. It took her twice the time it normally did to walk anywhere.

After several months of practicing her type of self-minimization until climbing the stairs required the aid of twine. She could no longer leave the house for fear of the wind blowing her away.

Finding this life difficult, she stopped trying to make herself taller; making her movements became larger, trying to take up more space. But this only made things worse. In days she was among dust mites. They regarded her with little interest as she did them. They scuttled around her oblivious as she fought through the carpet fibers.

Hours passed before she gave up, collapsed of exhaustion. She was still growing smaller, smaller than the mites. It was now she began to cry out with sobs that raked her tiny body.

No more! She cried as she became what she had wanted, dust.