



I've been to the top of the Burj Khalifa, once, not on the final point like many reckless idiots are one to climb. It was for a business trip and I was going to speak with some very monetarily endowed clients. But when I looked out from the highest man-made viewing platform in the world, I expected to see the full expanse of our world, but when I looked down, it all felt so barren, empty. I could not help thinking about how dull it all was. Here was as far as I could look upon the world and I was dreadfully bored by it all. I was not satisfied with the limited scope that had been granted to me.

I instead found my attention being drawn upwards at the deep blue sky of that summer's morning. Unlike this tower, it did not end, only expanding forward, continuously. It was great and vast and unimaginably eclipsed the world, of that deep blue I had, passed forward and

themselves

At least 14 of the labourers working on the project have died directly, due to a fall from the tower five dozen quit the project after a week, eight jumped off the building during their shift and six disappeared while working on the higher levels. The many workers that had quit have said that they felt unsafe while working on the project. But people are easily replaceable with the exceedingly vast budget of my project.

It was around this time when my insomnia became much worse. Sleep had not come easily for me for years but from the construction of the project onwards, my condition deteriorated. The little sleep I did manage to get did not alleviate my fatigue, in fact, it seemed to make me feel much worse.

The dreams I do remember from those restless nights are strange and concerning. I would find myself wandering the construction site of my tower at night, climbing the unfinished stairs and the cheap messy scaffolding all the way to the top, always left unsatisfied with the height I had reached from my tower. I would gaze up at the sky so constantly out of my reach and watch. I did not know what for.

I have questioned myself at times, wondering whether these events were not in fact dreams, and wondering whether these had actually happened to me and that I was just retroactively rationalising these events in my head as personal fiction. I have to discard such thoughts, they are plainly ridiculous. The tower is protected by security at all times, if I had been climbing to the



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