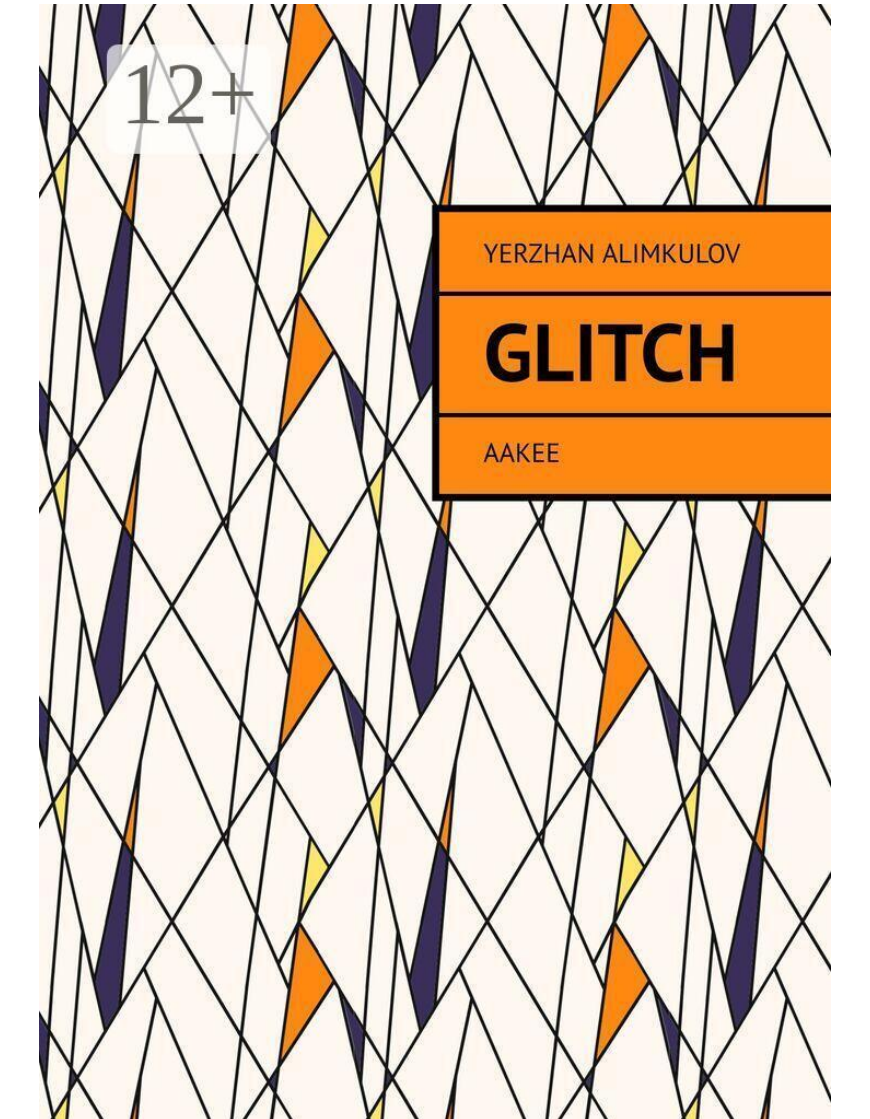




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YERZHAN ALIMKULOV

GLITCH

AAKEE

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Glitch. Aakee

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Аннотация

You don't have to read this book from beginning to end.

If you want to know where everything started, begin with the Prologue. Then read the Afterword.

Everything in between is the journey — from a childhood dream to the question of why one strange image can return decades later, almost unchanged.

But if the Prologue and Afterword make you curious, don't feel obligated to follow the chapters in order.

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AAKEE

Based on a recurring childhood dream and the dreams that followed

Prologue. The Dream That Never Ended

I was about four years old the first time I saw the cube.

I don't remember the exact date. I don't know if it was an ordinary day or if something had happened the night before. But the dream itself has stayed with a clarity that, for a childhood memory, feels almost wrong.

Afterward I would wake up crying. My parents probably assumed I'd had another nightmare. But there were no monsters in my dream, no chase, no death, no darkness. None of the usual ingredients of a bad dream were there.

There was only space.

Dark blue, but not dark. Points of light scattered through it, like stars. There was no floor, no walls, no ceiling — and yet I was standing, unmistakably, on my own two feet.

In front of me was the frame of a cube.

I was inside it.

And at the same time, I was holding that same cube in my own two hands — enormous, open palms turned upward.

I needed to walk out through an opening in the frame.

I understood, even then, that I could simply set the cube down and walk out. That option existed in my head even as a child.

But I didn't want to leave it behind.

I needed to walk out with it.

And that was exactly what I couldn't do.

I would approach the opening, but my hands wouldn't fit through it while holding the cube. The space on the other side looked exactly like the space I was already standing in.

I didn't want to arrive somewhere. I wanted to make the crossing itself.

I wanted to carry the cube out of the cube.

And I couldn't.

Twenty years later, the dream came back.

Thirty years later — again.

Each time, almost identical.

That was when I first wondered: what if the cube itself isn't the point?

What if the point is that I keep trying to cross into a different state without leaving behind, in the old world, the part of myself I think I need to keep?

This book is an attempt to work that question out.

Part I. THE CUBE

The cube was never a prison. It had no walls holding me in. I could have walked out almost any way I wanted. So the word “trapped” is too simple here. I was physically free. What I lacked was freedom of intention.

What held my attention was the opening. For some reason I accepted it as the only real way out, even though nothing around me demanded that I think so. That’s one of the dream’s first puzzles: why does a child’s mind accept an arbitrary rule as absolute?

Maybe the dream wasn’t telling me anything about the outside world. Maybe it was building a problem. The space wasn’t a backdrop — it was the task itself.

A Space Without Up or Down

I call it “space” only because I don’t have a better word for it today. I didn’t actually see planets, galaxies, or nebulae. What I saw was an infinity with no coordinates.

There was no fear in that space. That matters. The unknown wasn’t an enemy. It was simply the natural condition of things.

If the dream was trying to tell me something, it wasn’t “fear the unknown.” It was closer to: “you can stand firm inside the unknown too.”

Maybe that’s why I still resist the easy explanation that the cosmos in the dream was just a symbol of loneliness. I never felt

lonely there. I felt space.

Enormous Hands

The strangest part of my body in the dream was my hands. They were enormous, soft, with fingers out of all proportion to the rest of me. And yet none of it frightened me.

My palms were open, turned upward. They weren't gripping the cube. I wasn't holding on for dear life. The cube had no weight at all.

That detail changes the whole story. I wasn't someone afraid to let go. I could have let go.

I just didn't want to.

An open hand can be a symbol of holding on — but it can just as easily be a symbol of acceptance. You can hold something precious in an open palm without turning it into a prisoner.

If the cube is my own structure — my experience, or the reality I built for myself — then my hands become a way of carrying that structure forward. I wasn't dragging the past behind me. I was trying to bring it into a new state.

The Threshold

There was no door. There was an opening, made of the same material as the frame around it.

That detail feels important to me now. A door implies someone built it, that it has a purpose and a direction. An opening simply exists.

Nothing changed on the other side of it. There was no other world waiting for me. Which is why I never wanted to arrive somewhere — I wanted to make the crossing itself.

We tend to think of change as a journey from point A to point B. But some changes work differently: the place stays exactly the same, and the person standing in it is simply not who they were.

Maybe that's what my childhood dream was about, all along.

Why I Wouldn't Let Go of the Cube

This is the central question of this book.

I knew the solution. It was simple: open my hands, leave the cube behind, and walk out.

But inside the dream, that never counted as a solution.

I wanted to carry the cube out with me. Not because it was heavy. Not because someone forced me to carry it. Not because it threatened me in any way.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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