

ROSA ZWIER

Sir Face

Come on a journey to another space
Where lived a character called Sir Face

A 2D creature in a 3D world
Sir Face had no thickness but was still quite curved

His curvature was positive, he was very round
Every spot on him was shaped like a mound

In his wandering, sir face found some food
Shaped like a pizza, it perked up his mood

He was all face, there was nothing inside
So to eat the food, he opened up wide

Sir Face was 2D, he couldn't get fatter
Instead, he got just a little bit flatter

Soon enough, he found more to eat
He gulped it in, what a treat!

Now sir face was completely flat
Flat as a disk or a run over cat

But hungry still, he ate some more
And he became curved, but not like before

Sir Face's body was starting to flap
It seemed if he ate more, he just might overlap

He felt wavy and wobbly and struggled to frolic
For he had become hyperbolic

He needed some help, from a guide or a teacher
He knew he must find an all-knowing creature

And so he called out to Tessa the wise
Hoping she might be able to advise

Tessa was a 4 dimensional being
And could understand things Sir Face was incapable of seeing

She looked him carefully up and down
And spoke as she continued to spin around

“Don’t you worry, there’s nothing wrong with your health
It’s just every spot on you curves away from itself

In this flat space, you’ll struggle to sit
But in a curved space you would perfectly fit

If you are willing to take a risk
You could go to a place called the Poincare disc

A mysterious place understood by few
But it’s full of creatures just like you

The Poincare disk lies under the dome
And there you will find a new home”

Sir Face tried to get underneath
He pulled and he squeezed but it gave no relief

Tessa knew better, she gave him a sigh
“To get underneath, walk in a straight line

Follow this path, you must go alone
And eventually you will end up under the dome”

Sir Face was confused, how could it be?
Walk away from the dome, end up beneath?

But Tessa, he knew, was trusted and wise
And so he set out on her advice

He passed prisms and pyramids, cubes and cones
But kept his mind set on finding his new home

Eventually he saw it, there on the ground
And knew the Poincare disc he had found

Slowly he lowered himself down into the space
It was warped and weird, the strangest place

But somehow he found in this space he could fit
With his negative curvature he could happily sit

Thus concluded his adventurous trip
Around on the world of a mobius strip