Beneath our superficial differences we are all of us walking communities of bacteria. The world shimmers, a pointillist landscape made of tiny living beings.

Lynn Margulis and Dorion Sagan, *Microcosmos*

He turned his head, and just for a moment he didn't see the universe balanced there on his back. It was himself he was carrying, colossal and weighty, little Atlas desperately holding up the Atlas of the world.

Jeanette Winterson, *Weight*

Is there something in the corner of your eye that you cannot get out?

Jeff VanderMeer, *Authority*

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