Faces.
The faces of children in a museum. Children experiencing the world of the observatory with its opening doors, turning skies, and instrument that photographs stars that are much too far away for human eyes to see.

Children encountering a world through a museum, and imagining worlds beyond. Grasping ideas of distance. Feeling the depths of space.

... and wondering ...
Alert, laughing, pondering they reveal the liveness of the encounter.
And, like the universe, the expansion.
The museum is a happening place.
We might never be able to reach the end of the universe.
Never!
And never is a long time.
I see new things.
... faces ...
Faces of children in a museum.
Each child, a world in himself.
Contemplating what’s out there. Revealing what’s within.
The telescope gathers light from the stars. The light bounces off a mirror. A big, curved mirror. Oh, it is funny to see your face in a curved mirror. It looks so big.

We try to imagine the distance to the next star, the immenseness of space. If we could travel at the speed of light for millions and millions of years... on and on for five or six billion years—then we'd just be at the edge of the universe that we see from Earth.

But why should the universe stop there? We could probably travel for billions of years beyond that and still see no change. No edge to the universe.
We bring the light of the Sun and stars into this room with the telescope. Red, blue, yellow, green, white, golden stars. Stars much brighter than the Sun. But so far away that they are still only pinpoints of light glowing in the darkness even when we look at them through this instrument.

You push a button. The whole sky turns around. It makes a rumbling and bumbling sound as it turns. You think that the sky is falling.