

Reflection upon walking on a leg extension

After about an hour or more of getting used to the leg extension, my body started to coordinate and walk. To coordinate, it means the following:

Making every step bears a risk. Without putting most weight on one legs and two hands extension, I could not have lift the other leg and step forward. However, since the leg extension have to tendency to fall to the right and left side, putting weight on one legs is never a stable position. Hence, I need to incorporate two hands to balance for around 2 seconds. If I lost balance in that 2 seconds, I fell. However, there is a trick. If I continue to walk without stopping, it is easier to balance. Just like riding a bicycle at high speed is easier than riding as slow as a turtle.

Then, it is about the weight. Because the leg extension only connects to my calf, basically I am kneeling on the extension. It is quite impossible to lift it with only my calf. Therefore, the sole of the foot was needed to lift up the back of the leg extension, while two hands extension as a joint to share the weight.

Finally, it is the angle between two legs. If you notice carefully, human's two feet can never walk in parallel like a robot. We have a tendency to make a certain angle in between both feet. It is a insignificant thing to notice when walking normally. Yet, walking on this leg extension, such angle became a crucial part of whether I can make a smooth transition to next step. Little bumps on the ground, or tireness of my body sometimes would produce undesirable angles. Hence, a lot of the times I have to deal with these undesirable angles by redistributing force upon the 4 spot (two hand extension and two leg extension).

I would consider the above as a trace of where I put my attention, rather than a complain about the inhumane design of the machine.

When everything is enlarged, the slightest details matters, just like why quantum physics is important to the exploration of universe. When every little details matter, our automatic physical response and our perceptive categorization does not work. I could not rely on how I usually walked nor how I normally classified dangerous scenarios. Everything have to be unlearned and relearned again. I went retrospect in time, and became a baby that trying to learn how to walk.

As I started to walk, while imagining how should I walk, for the first time, I experienced a lost of control upon my body. There are so much wiring that have been done when we were a child in order to allow our brain to control our movement smoothly.

After hours of walking on it (well I was in zone, means highly focused, not even able to talk, that is why my sense of time probably is distorted), my feet, and my hips began to experience fatigue. My hands were comparatively less fatigued. I think this is funny because it might have how really old elderly are experiencing when they have to walk on walking sticks.