

Light

Once there was nothing. Just a pitch black night. Darkness ruled. Then a tiny speck of light emerged, lighting up the darkness around it. It was bright, pure and radiant against the dark night. But the darkness tore at it and ripped it apart. The savage darkness of the night swallowed the light, and the world was plunged into darkness once again.

But at its last moment of its life, a spark came out of the light. The spark lit up another light, this time bigger and stronger, able to stand up to the darkness around it. It pushed the darkness away with an invisible force, shoved it to the far side of the universe. Then the light devoured the darkness, and soon it was gone. The light was brilliant and blinding. It shone brighter than the sun. Things were changing, and fast. There was light, and then you could see.

You can't see when it's pitch black, but now there was light, and with it came sight. Not that there was much to see. The horizon stretched on endlessly, nothing to be seen except the light. But despite the lack of things to see, it was still amazing.

The End