When I became conscious, there was absolute nothingness. There was no light, no sound, no substance, nothing. The universe was not empty. Emptiness would infer the absence of something. There was absolutely nothing.

Slowly, after a timeless interval, I became aware of my essence, of my consciousness. It dawned on me that there must be a reason for my presence. I pondered the concept for a while. I finally realized that I had to find out about my environment. I grasped about the concept of seeing where I was, but I could not see. Something whispered in my mind; that to see, I needed some light. The concept seemed interesting. I thought about it for a while; and then, there was light.

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