

The Endless Beginning

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Boom.

It had ended as it started. An explosion of colours and sounds, and then of silence.

The light blossomed, an epitome of beauty. It spiralled away like words in the wind. Pink and white and colours that would never be seen spun in the air, freezing before darting around. It looked like a garden, the soil made of the night and the flowers made of stars. The glistening objects dispersed across this new world, no bounds held, no space unknown. All new, nothing left. And in one corner, tucked away as Earth had been, laid the newest life form.

And they knew *nothing*.

The world was made of luxury - the water bodies shone like they were made of crystals and the soil shone in the light of many stars like gold. It was both new and old, yet undeniably alluring. The world was a chapter's ending leading to a fresh one.

They were not humans, the creatures that roamed the lands. They were four-legged creatures, eyes red or purple, slender and athletic, made to run and play. It was prepossessing - the curiosity that shone in their eyes, the innocence that rang out in every skipping step they took. All past gone, all future to discover. No old friendships, no grudges held. All they knew was that somehow they existed and that in its own way was a bliss to them.

History was unwritten, the future untold. All there was to feel was excitement. Instincts controlled them, letting their wild spirits dash and twirl.

One finned creature looked at the land, curiosity dashing through it as it swam around in its own confinements. The land-bound creatures cautiously dipped their legs into the water only to run away with adrenaline coursing through their veins like a drizzle of honey, warm and sweet. Purple-eyed and furred from head to toe, a small critter flapped its wings. This was a place of discovery, of belonging, of adventure. Free skies and no fear. The being soared through skies with clouds melting in the light air, like cotton candy used to on a human tongue. It cut through the breeze like a knife through water. Sweet melodies. The shining stars. A wonderous, undiscovered shadow in the sky. Everything felt never ending. Robots were long gone, arguments were out of the picture and everything was to learn from.

This world full of luxury, full of light and new horizons wasn't the only one there had ever been. But the history was remembered by no one. There was only one now.

As the stars set into the new sky, forming new constellations, the winged critter saw a small furred ball that seemed not unlike to itself. A small tweet drifted out of its mouth, fur

standing at its usual angles as it approached the new acquaintance, a new friend in this new world.

The end, it seemed, was just the beginning.