

A Creation Story

by Cassie Anderson

Before Kronos...

Before Ouranos...

Before Gaia...

There was nothing.

No-thing.

It was like being surrounded by perfectly clear glass, infinitely in all directions.

No white. No black. No gray or pink or orange or blue or green.

Just one soupy consciousness.

Kaos.

The soon-to-be creator of Gaia. But she had not yet been made.

Kaos had existed since time started, infinite years old already.

And it was BORED.

Nothing in any direction. Can you imagine that? There is no dimensions for anything to stretch out. No flat or 3D shapes. Nothing. There never had been.

But what if there was?

Kaos was the only conscious thing in the universe. No one could stop it, it could make or do anything it wanted.

So Kaos stretched out and made a cavern, as wide and big as the universe, and it became the universe.

Kaos was satisfied with its new canvas, so it started thinking.

What to create?

Some variety would be nice. The clearness of everything got boring fast. But it's not like Kaos could just go the paint store and pick a color.

(Paint stores hadn't been invented yet.)

Kaos would have to create something entirely new. It had a very vague idea for what to make: just a *something* instead of *nothing*. But what would that be? What was the difference between a *something* and a *nothing*?

A *something* is...

What is a *something*?

What makes it different from a *nothing*?

Kaos had been surrounded by *nothing* its entire life.

It knew what *nothing* was.

Now it had to make *something*.

But what would that be?

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A *something* is...

Kaos lashed out at the side of the nothingness in anger and desperation, trying to tear up the walls of its prison, its home, its canvas. Trying to make the nothingness go away. It wanted to make a *something* but didn't know what *something* to make and it was angry and didn't know what to...

Wait.

Why did the sides look different?

Kaos slowed down and took a closer look. During its thrashing, the side of the sphere that Kaos called home had changed.

It wasn't different in size.

Or shape.

Or almost anything else.

It almost didn't seem to be a *something*.

But it wasn't a *nothing*, that was for sure.

Now, for you and I, we would know that it had made a small part of the universe black. Black is a color. A color is not quite a *something*. It just helps *things* look nicer. More distinct from each other. Black is typically known for being the color of emptiness. Darkness.

Nothingness.

But for Kaos, when it was the first thing that wasn't a *nothing*, it was the most beautiful, unique thing in the universe. And it truly was. There was nothing like it.

So Kaos kept going. It swirled this little spot of beautiful black all over the inside of the universe, and it felt that just this, this dark infinity, could keep it entertained for all time.

But everyone knows that it's impossible to love something forever. Favorite songs get old. Friends leave. Memes die. And in this way, Kaos got tired of black.

Kaos still loved this darkness, but it wanted something more.

What if there was another black?

No, there couldn't be another black. Black would always just be black, there wasn't a way to make a copy. But what if...

Kaos took some of the nothing, and mixed the black with it. It was wrong: there was another black. But it wasn't black.

Now you and I would call this new concoction gray. It's hardly new to us. It's typically a foreboding color: the color of clouds about to release thunder and lightning, filling the skies with terror. The color of smoke, from fires that burn down houses. The color of stones falling to crush cars.

But none of these existed yet, and for Kaos, it was another color to paint the skies with.

It swirled the colors over the blackness of the skies, not quite covering the black, but making the gray visible. It was beautiful as first finding black and...

New color!

When the gray had mixed with the black, a new color appeared: blue. (Not from the mixing of gray and black, it came like black did, on its own.) Very very dark blue, navy blue, barely distinguishable from the black. But still, it was there. And it was beautiful.

By now, Kaos had used up all the space on its original canvas. But now, it wanted more. It had never thought that the huge space it had created wouldn't be enough. But now, it knew better. It knew of what it now called *colors*. So it needed a new canvas.

Kaos made its first of what would be called a solid, squishing it down into a ball.

Now it needed new colors for this ball.

What if it put more nothingness in the navy blue? This revealed a lighter, softer blue. Because it had so much of the nothingness in it, it was clear in small amounts. Kaos dubbed it "water" and poured it all over the ball. That was nice, but there was already blue in the sky. It wanted a new color for its new creation. So it took a break from its work and thought. It thought and thought and thought and thought for 100 years, though that is not long for an immortal, especially not one as old as it. And after those 100 years, it started creating a new color: brown.

To most people, brown is a color of dullness. Dirt. Wood. Dead leaves. But to Kaos, it was beautiful. It was new. And it would cover its canvas.

At first, it went crazy with the brown. Spreading it unevenly all over the ball, making mountains and valleys and almost covering up all the blue. But when it noticed this flaw, it calmed down, taking some of the brown off of it. It threw this into the sky, and these became planets.

Kaos was finally satisfied with its creation, and it lay down on the side of the universe it had painted, and slept. It has been sleeping since, and no one is sure when it will wake up. But while it sleeps, the ball- Earth developed. The water mixed with the brown, making dirt. The dirt made seeds, which grew into more colors. Green of grass. All the colors of flowers. And this Earth eventually became conscious, became Gaia.

Kaos never got to see any of this. It was oblivious to the birth of the titans. It was oblivious to the wars gods fought, and never saw the creation of humans. It never knew Ouranos took over the sky it had worked so hard to make, it never saw the sun or stars. But while it slumbers, it dreams: dreams of all these beautiful things, and the things someday it will come back to make. It will wipe its old canvas clean, and make a new universe. And, until then, it will sleep happy knowing there will never be nothing to see.

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5/31/18

Age 11

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