

Now forget everything you ever knew or thought or saw, and imagine there was nothing,
nothing at all. A blank, dark nothing.

The story is that in this dark blank, a littlest song sang ^{her}self. And when that was over and
it was blank and dark again, the song sang ^{her}self again. The song became so interested that she
sang herself over and over again, ^{and} ~~so~~ ~~that~~ she became a steady note, ~~which/what~~ trilling.

A while later she noticed something - she had no space and no difference, so as she noticed this ~~s~~
she slowed down a little. And there was now a different song, and a space came between the two of
them