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The wonder of observing the universe at night

It was spring. The sky, a vast canvas of blue, was adorned with millions of twinkling stars. These stars circled each other in a mesmerizing dance, casting a radiant light into the darkness. My eyes devoured this beautiful display of nature, lost in wonder at the scene before me, while a gentle spring breeze caressed my face. The green leaves of the trees and the vibrant blossoms newly sprung around my house swayed gently, stirred by the soft wind. The breeze lovingly touched my skin, and with every deep breath, I inhaled the fresh air into my lungs, feeling a sense of comfort and renewal.

Every time I find myself alone at night, gazing up at the sky, while the stars shine both near and far, I am left in awe—wondering how, and by whom, this vast universe was created. The universe is so vast that we cannot even fathom its

dimensions. Astronomers say that stars are in motion, orbiting one another, expanding in limitless and endless directions. The gravitational force that pulls them together prevents them from colliding.

In this astonishing world, I become so immersed that I lose all sense of where I am. I remember that, as a child, I would often wonder if this world was created by an extraordinary creator, such as God or Allah, or if it came into being by chance and nature's own hand. At that time, I couldn't comprehend the true nature of this phenomenon.

Thousands of years ago, great philosophers also pondered the creation of the cosmos. They would spend hours in deep thought, searching for answers. But even now, amidst the complexities of the cosmos, the answer remains elusive.

One night, while deeply lost in thought, unaware of everything around me, my wife's voice suddenly broke through my reverie. She said, "You've caught a cold! Come inside, why do you keep thinking about such things in the middle of the night?" I returned to the house, but my mind remained entangled in the wonders of the universe and the mystery of its creation.

I believe every person, at least once in their life, has pondered this riddle. But when they cannot find a satisfactory answer, they give up, and over time, they grow accustomed to everything around them. They no longer ask how or when everything came into being, as they were nonexistent before their birth, and then, suddenly, they came into this world. Initially, they approach the world with curiosity, but as time

passes, they remain indifferent, as though still living in childhood.

The complexities of this world are much like the complexities of the body and thoughts that form in our minds. Because of these complexities, it seems that the human mind is unable to solve these ambiguous riddles. This mystery will remain unsolved, just as it has been in the past.

In the end, we may have only two choices: either we accept the universe as a self-created phenomenon in nature, or we believe in an unseen, hidden force, one that has been passed down through sacred texts and generations, and trust that the universe was created by a great Creator—one who simply spoke the words "Be, and it was," and the universe came into existence.

This essay beautifully captures the essence of wonder and curiosity as the writer reflects on the vastness of the universe. Through vivid imagery and profound contemplation, it delves into the mysteries of existence, pondering the origins of the boundless cosmos and the profound awe that arises from gazing at the clear night sky. The deep philosophical tone and poetic cadence illustrate the author's imaginative journey, forging a powerful connection between the reader and the infinite, miraculous structure of the universe.