

Lost

In nothingness



A novel by
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Lost in Nothingness

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This book is for sale at <http://leanpub.com/lostinnothingness>

This version was published on 2015-03-21



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*Dedicated to my wife and family, let us never get lost in
nothingness*

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Chapter One

The couple went to bed that night. When they woke up they quickly realized the world had changed. Why them? Why had everyone else in the world disappeared? They went to bed like everyone else in the world. They were just a normal, random couple, unknown to the world, only known to their small group of families and friends. As normal as normal could be. They were not special, they were living in this world on earth like everyone else, living day by day looking for ways to live and entertain themselves. Watching tv, surfing the Internet, walking, conversing, going to church.

They lived a life that millions and millions of people lived, so why were they the only two people left in the world? They lived in an apartment, six stories high in one of the biggest cities in the world, they lived on the third floor, with loud obnoxious neighbors all around. The only contact they had with their neighbors was perhaps a random hello during an elevator ride to the ground floor. Their obnoxious neighbors, obnoxious because of the loud music and random late night parties which made it difficult for them to sleep, we're just as oblivious to them as they to her.

In their microcosm of a life, in a world of millions of others living and experiencing life just like them, why then, were they the only ones spared? They ate the same foods as everyone else, the same foods that were provided to them as limited choices in their local grocery store. They tried to stay healthy, eating as best they could with their very limited budget. They made very little money and had to rely on parents for the frequent financial help.

He struggled to find a job, struggled to understand why he, of all people could not make money. Why were other people, less wise than he, making millions of dollars doing very little while he, made little? He often wondered what he could do. He had gone to college,

gotten a degree, worked hard at his jobs, yet there he stood, alone in the world, alone with his wife, the only two left living.

The things they use to enjoy now had little meaning. As the only two people on the earth they began to see just how much their existence relied on the work of others. Internet had no meaning as there was no one to update the webpages, or keep things running smoothly. News stories did not exist because there was no one to tell the news and no one to update the headlines or to keep the news stations running. Tv had no value, with no news or sports or funny celebrity gossip everything lost its value. All they had were each other.

That morning when they awoke to a deserted planet they questioned their very own existence. Had they existed in a world where they had very little meaning? Did they exist before, in a world of millions, where none paid any attention to them? Did they exist now, where no one could acknowledge their achievements nor their presence? If they were the only two people on the planet, did their lives mean anything? Who would be there to acknowledge a new discovery, or give them money for their hard work or new idea? Could the man create an invention and pretend to exist because he acknowledged his own creative accomplishment?

What good did it do for the only two people in the world to live? What purpose did they have? Did it matter if they continued living? Did it matter if they built something, or created something if there was no one left to share it with? What was the purpose of their life? Why were they spared? What did their existence prove? Without the things that made them live, without television, Internet, or technology what would they turn to? Would their natural animalistic, caveman like nature slowly begin to take control of their inner desire to live? Would they live, because that is all they know how to do? Breathe, and walk, and sleep, and look, for the things that make them alive in a world void of life. They would exist because their human minds, their human spirit, an unknown force, living behind

their very eyes would drive them, to live each day, to grow, and to experience life, even in that very world that took life away from everyone else. They existed and that is all that mattered.