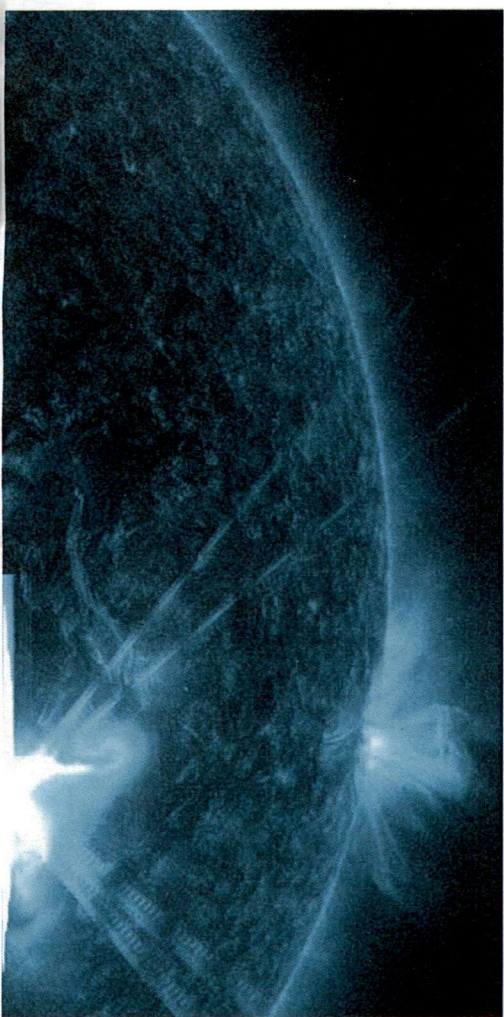


I was the earth, contently rotating around the sun, steadily, year after year, presumably for eternity. Eternity was a concept I was not aware of but still succeeded in taking for granted. Eternity can end, and it does. It did. The sun has gone dark, extinguished slowly, as I watched from my comfortable distance.



The sun could never really go out, it wouldn't.

What was I to do anyway? If I were to attempt to halt the snuffing out of my sun, I would be forced to get closer. That was far too great a risk, the flames could easily torch me. I knew I could not live without that heat.

It would never cease; it couldn't, it wouldn't.
I need not worry.

No. The sun will never go out, it cannot.

I am safest here, I assured myself, just close enough to absorb the warmth I crave, but not so close as to take the chance of harming my own fragile atmosphere. The sun knows I need it, it will never go out, I chanted again and again, making a delusion my mantra. It knew I could not show any of my colours, not a single iridescent flash of the turquoise ocean, without its light, didn't it? It knows, it won't go out, it won't.

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No, I won't seek a remedy for what ails me. Instead I'll keep it safe, bubbling behind my black eyes.