

I am watching as a star burns itself out.

Reclining in my chair, legs crossed .

The dying light, dimmed through the large window in my room, hitting my eyes.

The prospect of watching a star, a thing of such immense power, a thing fueling billions of lives, smolder and die before your eyes.

The light of all those lives. Ceasing to be.

I get to watch this, this moment is mine.

Everyone else fled this station. The men and women in charge said we wouldn't survive once it died. And they all left.

Ran or followed the ones who ran.

I hope they're right.

I don't want anyone else to have this moment.

Watching a star die.

Millions of points of light, from other stars, growing brighter, as the lifeblood of countless billions grows darker.

The moment is growing near.

Finally the redshift.

Its-