

# Forces

---

Volume 2020

Article 4

---

5-1-2020

## A Disastrous Sunset

M.J. Scott

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

---

### Recommended Citation

Scott, M.J. (2020) "A Disastrous Sunset," *Forces*: Vol. 2020 , Article 4.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2020/iss1/4>

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact [mtomlin@collin.edu](mailto:mtomlin@collin.edu).

## A Disastrous Sunset

M.J. Scott

**When the news broke that the sun would be seen for the last time this evening I was unsure of which train of thought I should follow.** Should I even believe this is real? What will be the effects on the natural world according to the laws of physics? Is it possible to get back to my mother in time? How long do I have? I had begun to panic very quickly when I realized that life on earth would cease to exist soon after the sun disappears. I was three bites into my club sandwich at a two-star rated diner when the volume went up on a tv attached to the beveled chrome backsplash. An official from the National Security Agency had just delivered estimated details of how and when this was going to happen. I missed all of that, but what I did catch were his last words. "God speed," he said. Then, a banner began to loop across the screen reading, "BREAKING NEWS...THE SUN IS GOING TO VANISH TODAY...TAKE SHELTER."

An elderly gentleman with silver hair and a handsomely aged face placed his spoon back in his soup and turned to me, "You're young enough to be concerned about this I suppose. You might want to find the ones you love before it's too late," he said calmly. How could he be so calm? I thought of my mother and how worried she might be. That is, if she even knows yet. She can't possibly know or my cell would be blowing up. I'm easily a three hour drive away from home, and all the major highways will be undoubtedly congested. I could already hear cars making hard turns in the streets, and the noise of human commotion.

A city bus was receiving ungodly verbal abuse while quickly zipping by several pedestrians as I exited the diner, and drivers were carelessly ignoring the rules of traffic. Tail lights are beginning to compound by the second, and I have only begun to gather my surroundings. I stand in this capital city with few towering structures and inexcusably narrow passages through a dated infrastructure. I know I'm not getting out of here in my car, but the reality of this situation is rather sobering. That old man is wise to keep calm.

You're young  
enough to be  
concerned  
about this  
I suppose.  
You might  
want  
to find  
the ones  
you love  
before it's  
too late.

My phone is vibrating in my pocket; that is surely my mother. If I answer this call she will absolutely breakdown because my voice will be lost within the city-wide panic. I will call her from somewhere safe, but a safe place may be a hard find. I see the spire of a church peeking over the local bank just a block away. It may be my best shot at finding safety. Just as I begin to cross the street the sky brightens quickly like a flash bulb. My heart sinks as all the screams of startled people around me rattle my ears. My eyes involuntarily closed when the flash happened, and as they reopen I instantly notice a much brighter city, as if we had been placed directly under an LED lamp. I begin to walk as swiftly as I can while the others near me are standing still now in awe of the white city. As I approach the church, it is evident there will be no chance of entering. A hoard of people are pushing themselves through the double door

entrance and there are several people in the back of the group shoving and cursing each other to fit into tiny gaps.

I think of the old man and his calmness; thank God for his composure. After a long breath, I begin searching for another position. I quickly spot a water tower, and it makes total sense to pursue it. Just as I begin to climb the white gleaming sky begins to dim back to a yellow hue, but my back is to the sun and I fear turning to look. I can only hope there is time to call mother back. I've reached the scaffold and I'm still afraid to turn and look. I quickly dial for mother, and I tear up because I know she will definitely hear me now. She doesn't answer. I have no choice now but to look. I turn to see a complete blackness behind the sun, and the sun itself is being pulled away in streaks. Without knowing why, I hold the phone to my ear...  
 "Mother, it's a mesmerizing disaster."

**Red Sun** Starlit D.S. Taie

