

I think we've made the Sun cry

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I think we've made the Sun cry

by [resuscitatio](#)

Summary

Love of The Sun is to big for a player to handle.

But how can he not? The sun stretches its hands towards him, and every touch kills.

Notes

inspired by: where did the sun go? - Lor

"Don't look up."

Etho is telling himself this, standing in plains, unable to hide from all-consuming sunlight of a beautiful midday.

"Don't look up."

Sun is up in the sky and it's burning his head, skin, hands, it's burning deep inside of him, and Etho is unable to think about something else, because Sun. Is. Up. There. And it's always has been.

"Don't look up."

There are no clouds in bright blue sky, no wind to move trees or grass, even animals seem to disappear completely. The stillness around him should feel unnatural, but Etho thinks it's always been that way. Only he and Sun.

"Don't look up."

But the worst thing was this torturous feeling inside of his chest, that Etho tries so hard not to call horror. That feeling injects all his body, his thoughts, his essence. And only one thing pulses and beats in his head:

"Don't look up."

"I think we've made the Sun cry"

And The Sun is crying, it's crying out loud, it suffocates in its own tears, it can't breathe, but it calls for Etho, *he* is still calling for *Etho*. Etho, who from now on is forever crushed by unmatched force of the universe he will never be able to overcome.

And Etho is also crying, quietly. Because he loves Bdubs, he loves him because that's how he is - he is full with this love.

But he can't love The Sun.

Love of The Sun is too big for a player to handle.

So Etho is standing in plains.

Unable to move.

Mourning his love.

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