

## **The Light / From Nothing to Everything**

The shift struck me hard.  
I wasn't expecting anything, but the sun kept beating down on my back—like it always does.

Like it's trying to remind me.  
Of what happened all those years ago.

I try to forget.  
I really do.

"All the time, Moss... you still look the same."

A random guy walked up to me.  
That's what I would say if I were a writer.  
But I'm not.  
I'm just an old high school science teacher.

Mr. Moss.

Loser?  
Yeah. Probably.  
But who cares.

Life's too short to care about anything.  
Too damn short.

Take my best friend, for example.  
The one I trusted since we were kids.  
He didn't greet me with open arms.  
He gave me something I'll never forget.

A handshake.  
That's all it was.  
A handshake.

Then—

A flash of light dragged across the market windows beside us.  
I've seen that light before.

Too clean.  
Too still.  
Wrong.

Like it erased the shadows instead of making them.

For a second...

I swear I saw something in the reflection.  
A shape.  
Split down the middle.  
Then it was gone.

People started screaming.  
Running toward the sound.

"I had nothing..." he said, barely breathing.

"And now..."

His grip tightened.

"I have everything."

He smiled.  
Not at me.  
At something else.

Something standing right behind me.

A nearby reporter rushed in to cover the scene.  
She also happened to be my wife.

"Mr. Moss...?"

Yeah.  
Mr. Moss.

I shot my best friend in the head.