

The Last Ember in the Skyforge

(Line Edit as if part of a larger piece)

The Skyforge buzzed like an angry bee trapped in a tin can. Arlen stood there, staring at everything and looking lost.

Lyssa stomped in behind him, shouting, "Did you touch something?"

Arlen gave her a lopsided shrug. "I might have... interacted... with a gear. A *little* one. Hardly worth mentioning."

Something exploded with a disappointingly soft *boom*. Iridescent flecks slowly spun and swirled in the center of the glowing Skyforge, like someone had spilled glitter glue into a whirlpool. Lyssa squinted, trying to focus on the shape within. "Oh, great. That's the Ember, I guess. It's doing... something."

The Ember flickered and made a noise sort of like a burp mixed with a sigh. Then a voice boomed out of nowhere: "WHO IS POKING ME NOW?"

Arlen winced. "Hey, uh, sorry. We didn't mean to wake you.... Or we did...? — Actually, I don't know what we meant."

Lyssa slapped his arm. "Stop talking! This is a big magic thing! Or a cosmic... thingy."

The gears overhead began turning; their metal teeth, in desperate need of lubrication, grinding against one another. The Ember glowed brighter. "YOU TWO ARE REALLY ANNOYING."

"Yeah," Arlen kicked a loose bolt across the floor. "We get that a lot."

Lyssa threw her hands up. "We're apprentices! We don't know what we're doing! Please don't blow up everything!"

There was a moment where nothing happened and everything was strangely awkward. Then the Ember said: "FINE. JUST STOP TOUCHING THINGS."

The lights dimmed. The buzzing stopped—mostly.

Arlen scratched his head. "Well, that was terrible. Let's go before the universe changes its mind."

Together, they stumbled out, arguing about whose fault it was, while the Ember made a noise that sounded suspiciously like an eye-roll.