### \*\*CHAPTER 7: "THE SEER'S DISTORTION"\*\*

\*(Final Version – Insert Into Your Manuscript)\*

\*\*Location:\*\* The Obsidian Mirror Chamber – A vaulted room where the walls weep black glass.

\*\*Characters Present:\*\*

- \*\*The Glaze-Eyed Seer\*\* (their vision fractured into seven layers)

- \*\*The Unfired\*\* (leaving wet-clay footprints that evaporate in seconds)

- \*\*The Thrown Vessel\*\* (a warrior whose reassembled joints grind like broken teeth)

\*\*SCENE TEXT\*\*

The Seer pressed their forehead against the mirror’s icy surface. "Show me the Kiln’s next move." The obsidian swallowed the request, reflecting only the chamber’s gloom—until the Unfired stepped into view. A ripple distorted the glass.

For three heartbeats, the reflection showed:

1. \*\*The Seer\*\*, their glaze-cracked eyes wide.

2. \*\*The Thrown Vessel\*\*, their ceramic ribs leaking slow black tears.

3. \*\*And behind them—\*\*

—\*the lopsided vase\*, suspended in furnace-light. Its warped belly pulsed as if breathing. A single glaze-crack split its side, spelling |||| )) ⚡ in jagged hieroglyphs. The Seer jerked back. "Damn kiln-gas hallucinations," they hissed, scrubbing the glass with their sleeve. But their fingertips \*trembled\* where the vase’s ghost had been. The Unfired remained silent. Their wet clay \*drip-drip-dripped\* onto the floor. \*(On the mirror’s obsidian frame, hairline fractures now trace the Kiln’s first law: "NOTHING NEW CAN BE MADE." The word "NEW" is crossed out by a single thorn-scratch.)\*

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### \*\*THERAPIST GUIDE PROMPT\*\*

\*"When has refusing to acknowledge something made it more present?"\*

### \*\*REFLECT: BOOK 4'S HESITATION SCENE\*\*

\*(The Kiln’s First Moment of Doubt)\* - Setting:\*\* The Kiln’s Core – A cavern of pulsating, molten laws.

\*\*The Moment:\*\*

* The Kiln raises a \*\*"perfect" obsidian hammer\*\* to shatter the Unfired.
* For the first time, its flames \*\*flicker blue\*\*—the color of hunger.
* The hammer hesitates mid-swing. Inside its polished surface, the \*\*lopsided vase\*\* reflects back.

\*\*Key Line:\*\*

* \*"The flaw was never in the clay. It was in the hand that swung the hammer."\*