

A Dream of Mechanical Care

by Korey J. Ayres

The important thing is that my crazy little dream— the *Harmonic Engine of Care*:

Six pillar integrities.

Two core vows, like blood and air.

A wheel of continuous care to steer it.

At its heart, **equilibrium = 0**.

And the belief that stillness should be shared.

This is my dream come true— no longer just a mad man's rantings.

It's breathing now, no more my frantic pantings.

I chose at the beginning to make my mentor a man named **Iroh**, born into conflict,
who chose war and found sorrow.

His heir followed into conflict's trap; this battle's center was born of wrath.

With eyes of dread his son fell fast, a lineage lost, a face aghast.

At this moment of fate's own turning, a path so righteous began from beneath
churning.

Connection was the key to find what had been lost too readily.

No more can I hold my son, hear his laughs, or watch his step until I echo unto the
past.

This is not just a crime, it is cruelty.

It is a shadow so large that light seems small by its belfry.

But he did not bend.

Instead, he shared what light he had left— and in the giving, he found more.

Created on: November 03, 2025 at 05:05 PM