

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.

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