In the fiery peaks of the Embermountain Range, a dragon named Ignis dwelled among the molten rivers. His wings were broad but heavy, his flight deliberate, and he moved with the patient grace of lava flowing downhill.

One day, Ignis heard whispers of Solaris, a phoenix who boasted of being the swiftest creature in the skies. Solaris challenged all winged beings to a race from the summit of Emberpeak to the Crystal Lake below, certain none could match her speed.

Ignis, intrigued by the challenge, decided to accept. On the day of the race, creatures gathered—owls, hawks, and wolves—to witness the contest. Solaris preened her iridescent feathers, while Ignis coiled slowly, his molten eyes steady.

At the start, Solaris burst into a blaze, soaring high above the clouds, leaving Ignis trailing in her wake. Overconfident, she descended to rest on a cooling rock, admiring her reflection in a pool of semi-solid obsidian, certain she could reclaim her lead at any moment.

Meanwhile, Ignis lumbered onward, his wings beating rhythmically, unswayed by the chasm below. Though Solaris’s shadow had long vanished, he climbed steadily, his fire-resistant scales untroubled by the searing winds.

When Solaris awoke, she surged into the sky, only to find Ignis nearing the lake’s shimmering edge. She dove, wings straining, but the dragon had already touched down, his claws sinking into the soft earth. The crowd erupted in applause as Ignis, breathing a plume of smoke, declared, “Steady flames outlast fleeting sparks.”