



The Shadow of the Sunken Temple

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Lyra stands at the edge of the Whispering Woods, their midnight-purple cloak fluttering in the cool breeze. The scout checks their curved daggers, ensuring they are sharp and ready for the journey ahead into the unknown.



Moving through the dense undergrowth, Lyra becomes a shadow among shadows, their light footsteps leaving no trace on the forest floor. They pause to listen to the distant howl of a wolf, their sharp eyes scanning the thicket for any signs of movement.



At the entrance of the Sunken Temple, Lyra finds a series of ancient pressure plates hidden beneath moss and stone. With careful precision, they balance on the balls of their feet, navigating the trap-laden corridor with the grace of a dancer.



Deep within the ruins, Lyra encounters a locked iron gate adorned with intricate carvings of forgotten gods. They pull a set of slim lockpicks from a hidden pouch in their leather jerkin, focusing intently on the clicking tumblers.



A sudden movement in the rafters alerts Lyra to a mechanical guardian awakening from its long slumber. They draw their primary dagger, the blade catching a sliver of light as they prepare to face the metallic threat with calculated poise.



The battle is a blur of motion as Lyra weaves between the guardian's heavy strikes, using their agility to find a weakness in its armor. With a decisive thrust, they disable the machine, leaving it silent once more in the dusty hall.



Lyra reaches the central chamber, where a glowing blue crystal rests upon a pedestal of obsidian. The light from the relic reflects in their narrow eyes, illuminating a face etched with both weariness and determination.



As they secure the crystal in a padded satchel, the temple begins to tremble, sensing the removal of its heart. Lyra sprints toward the exit, their dark cloak billowing behind them like the wings of a great bird of prey.



Emerging from the collapsing ruins just as the sun begins to set, Lyra looks back at the dust clouds rising from the forest floor. They take a moment to catch their breath, the heavy weight of the mission finally lifting from their shoulders.



Back at the village gates, Lyra hands the relic to the elder, their expression unreadable but their duty fulfilled. They vanish into the twilight before the celebrations can begin, a silent protector returning to the shadows where they belong.