



Echo of the Nebula

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Echo drifts through the ethereal mists of the Nebula of Sighs, a solitary figure of monochromatic beauty. His sleek, pale frame is broken by deep patches of absolute darkness, and a single circular aperture on his face breathes in the faint light of distant stars.



He sees the universe not through eyes, but as a shivering tapestry of gravity and heat. His limbs trail off into wisps of vapor as he gathers the lingering memories of extinct civilizations, acting as the silent custodian of all that has been lost.



In the interstitial space between dimensions, the last red dwarf stars gutter out like dying candles in a cavernous hall. A heavy, cosmic melancholy hangs over the graveyard of galaxies, marking the quiet approach of the universe's final twilight.

CELESTIAL SANCTUARY



Suddenly, the rhythmic hum in Echo's chest sharpens into a dissonant screech. A violent tear rips through the nebula, a white-hot wound of Anti-Existence known as the Fracture that threatens to consume the remaining light of the sanctuary.



Echo's density shifts as he prepares for the confrontation, his pale form hardening into a streak of obsidian light. He surges forward with purposeful momentum, the dark patches on his skin expanding to fuel his desperate charge toward the chaos.



As he reaches the epicenter, the Fracture lashes out with jagged tendrils of discordant energy. The very fabric of space cries out in crystalline shards of sound, trying to unravel Echo's molecular bond as he stands against the tide of entropy.



Echo plunges his hands into the searing energy of the tear, choosing to embrace the chaos rather than fight it. He opens the apertures on his face and chest, transforming his body into a powerful sinkhole of cosmic gravity to draw the destruction inward.



Pain surges through him like a freezing fire, rewriting his consciousness as he holds the tear shut. He becomes a beacon of impossible darkness, a void within a void, using the sheer weight of his existence to stitch the universe back together.



The Fracture vanishes, leaving Echo hovering in the center of the restored nebula, his form forever changed. His smooth lines are now etched with jagged scars of starlight, and the rhythmic pulse in his chest has slowed to a faint, weary heartbeat.

ECHO: CUSTURIDIAN OF THE LOST



As the final light of the nebula begins to fade, Echo drifts into the clearing mist, his duty fulfilled. He closes his aperture and dissolves into the silence, leaving behind only the memory of a light that stood brave against the end of all things.