

The golden sand poured over the rocky cliffs as the wind howled past the ruined pillars. The sun was harsh as ever to the point that should you dare raise your head, the sun would blind you before you could even truly turn to the sky. Harsh as ever, the scorching wastes were unforgivable. This, oddly enough, was home. Cryas came to the sandy peaks as he noticed a yellow toa moving along out from under the pillars' entrance. Wincing at the sheer force of the light, Cry opened an eye and looked straight at the toa. Even with the distance between them, he could see their toothy grin. He pulled his ears back, was this a challenge? It almost didn't seem friendly.

"COME ON DOWN STRANGER! Gonna catch your death out there! If the sand under yer feet don't get ya, that storm will." He huffed before running back to the cavern below.

"Storm?" Cryas mumbled to himself. Sure there were some clouds in the distance, but STORM? Sounds like an exaggeration.

"You got rocks in your ears? GET MOVIN'!" The toa stuck his head out one more time before diving back in to hide. What a cranky lad.

Well, either way, Cry had nothing to lose. The sun was beating his pelt and it felt like his body was overheating. A little shade seemed like a nice break. Slowly, but surely he made his way down to the entrance. No sign of the yellow ket anywhere. Cautiously Cry began to go deeper inside, when suddenly he began to hear laughing.

"Took ya long enough spots." Their chuckles echoed and bounced off the walls.

"Why don't you tell me why you're flaggin' strangers down in the middle of the desert, stripes?" Cryas huffed.

"Ha! Stripes, original." Obviously sarcastic, the ketucari practically rushed over to see Cryas.

"Name's Fiiro. Don't wear it out. I'm storm huntin' spots, care to join me? Or you some weird passerby?"

"Fiiro..name's Cryas, I wouldn't get used to it. I don't plan on sticking around much. In truth, not sure why I followed you here."

Fiiro's head tilted curiously as he seemed to scan Cryas. He seemed much bigger than the grey toa before him. Clearly there wouldn't be a match should there be a fight, it was a little...intimidating. Specially with that demeanor. Their gaze wouldn't break eye contact, forcing Cryas to lower his.

"Huh. So you are some weirdo, 'kay fair enough. Since you're so curious, I'm practicing my magic! It's perfect weather." He chimed.

"Perfect weather...!? Friend, it's ridiculously HOT out and if you're right about the storm, all you're getting is sand in your ears."

"No, no...no you don't get it. What attunement are you?"

"Talik, you?"

"Get outta here! No way! And you can't sense the storm brewing? You've got to be a rookie for sure!"

Cryas opened his jaw to speak, clearly wanting to fight back, but how could he? He was and was so green it was apparent to anyone with even a bit of skill.

"What of it!"

"Don't give me that kind of lip, here I was gonna offer to help you."

"Then don't insult me!"

"I didn't guy, sheesh. Just the way I talk. Now, you want to learn a cool trick or what?"

This guy...he was so off-putting and yet, the offer seemed genuine. Cryas narrowed his eyes as the ket before him stood tall and proud. It...wasn't a bad idea. All he knew was basic or defensive.

"And what can you teach me?" Cry huffed.

"Hear me out, wait for the storm with me. You're gonna feel the real deal from the clouds. When you feel the hum through your feathers, it'll give you a good idea of how it feels to REALLY have that electricity flowing through you."

"Still, didn't answer my question. I've felt something similar before, so how is this new?"

"You'll know when you feel it from the source."

This...didn't seem promising, however, Cryas tried. If a storm really was coming, he'd be trapped. It's safer to wait it out. Fiuro wasn't a chatterbox per say, but he seemed to go on and on about the rush one gets during the storm. It was a foreign concept though and until the sky began to turn dark, Cryas began to understand. He could feel his feathers stand as the clouds began to piled over the ruins. The bright sun that would burn the pillar's entrance, suddenly disappeared to a grey and nasty look.

"Oh...it's here." Fiuro almost cooed as he began to make his way out.

Cryas hesitantly followed, stopping where the light met the tunnel. As the pair peered out from underneath, the clouds above circled fiercely. Fiirro began to pace back and forth at the steps. He was eager and ready to go as a smile crept up his face. His plumage began to spike upward. At first Cry thought it was just the incredibly energetic ket before him's excitement, but no. He too began to feel the static that travelled the air. It coursed through his feathers as they too ruffled up. Almost like doing what looked like a happy dance, bouncing from paw to paw, Fiirro chimed;

"It's definitely here! LET'S GO! Climb!"

Cryas's ears perked up completely, climb where? He didn't have to wait long for the answer as Fiirro dug their claws into the pillar's sides. Leaving claw marks all over the rock face, he eventually got to the top and peered down at Cryas and pointed to another pillar. With a bit of a whine, Cryas seemed to circle about unsure of which one he could grab onto. Eventually, he found a crumbling one where he could hold onto. After a bit of struggling, he made it to the top. The static-like feeling was thick in the air by now. It was honestly terrifying.

Fiirro stood on their hind legs to get taller and peered over to Cry.

"Feel that electricity surge through you! When you're ready, try to guide the spark!"

"What does that even mean!?"

"You'll see!" Chimed the toa.

Sure enough, Cry watched in amazement as Fiirro seemed to charge up a sphere of light between their hands. As it got bigger, suddenly a beam shot out of it. The flash was so quick, it was hard to even process, but the sand flying far from the horizon made it clear... This was an incredibly strong attack. With a snarky smile Fiirro nodded as if to say; 'Go on.' A little scared at first, Cry stuck out his hands and while it wasn't right away, he began to see an orb form. It was so small he felt as if he was cradling it.

"Good! Good! Don't be scared!"

Nervously Cry stayed still as the orb got bigger. It eventually came to a larger size, his eyes darting between it and Fiirro.

"GO FOR IT! IT'S NOW OR NEVER."

But how!? His ears fell back and just as he was about to let go the flash of light seemed to almost burst in his face, blinding him in the process, and sprang to what was directly in front of him. The push back was strong enough to leave him dangling from the pillar, but sure enough after his sight returned...he saw it, the sand rose and 'splashed' as the bolt shot down in front. It was as awesome as it was chilling.

“And that’s....what we call an Arc Flash.” Fiirō almost sang, feeling accomplished after this successful lesson. Same couldn’t be said for Cry, he was still trying to let the experience sink in.