

Note for self: For kia prompt entry. Do not delete.

Written: 8/10/2023

Igniseri was out of work for the time being. His job was an on call type where he never knew when he would be needed and when he would. When he was he could quickly do what needed to be done and leave. But Solarians weren't getting into the kind of trouble lately with the type of thing he could fix. So Igniseri was out roaming looking around at street poles and on business windows for anyone with different work that caught his interest.

As Igniseri walked down a Pandrean street with his hands in his pockets he read anything with words on it. Missing pet posters, server wanted signs on restaurant windows, carpet cleaning. It all bored him. He wanted something exciting, something to get some adrenaline racing through him. A job with flexibility on how it could be done would be excellent.

Igniseri skipped over everything he saw. For someone looking for work, he sure was picky. As Igniseri reached the end of the road where the houses became few and far between he saw a paper on the last post. It was asking for yard work to help with overgrown grass due to the owner of the property passing away. For once, something interesting Igniseri thought. He pulled the paper off of the pole, ripping a hole in it from where it was stapled. He shrugged it off as he went to the address listed on the sheet.

As Igniseri arrived the yard was as ever grown up as the paper made it seem, maybe even more so. Was there even a house on this property? Igniseri looked at the paper once more. How old was this request? It looked like the plant life had been left to grow for over a decade. The paper didn't look very old. It would have long disintegrated by now if it had really been there that long. Igniseri was confused for a while before he figured that the property has already been grown up before the resident was gone, not after, and that's why things didn't initially match up. Even someone such as himself felt a bit bad that the owner didn't get any help with it when they were still around. Or maybe they just didn't want any. Igniseri muttered "Stubborn old people."

He shut off his thoughts about that which was in the past and took a scope of what was in the now. How could anyone hope to fix this with working their butt off for a month straight. What if he just... burnt it away. Igniseri suddenly smirked, the usual face he made when he was planning on doing something reckless. He would fix this alright. He scrambled around in his pocket and pulled out a special device the Manahunters had created which could be used to start a fire. Igniseri crouched down and ignited a spark on the ground. He stepped back as the plants began to burn in front of his eyes. As he watched he found something to sit upon so he could rest his feet.

Igniseri's eyes opened as he heard the quick sounds of feet. He sat up from being flopped over on the ground and looked across towards the commotion. Many 'maras and

dromas' were spraying vast amounts of water everywhere. Igniseri jolted away as he realized the situation. The fire had attracted attention, and had very likely gotten out of control. He looked at the business across the street. The others seemed to be too into putting out the burning mess that they didn't notice him. He could get away and no one would know that he had done it. He frantically tried to decide what to do before he chose to sneak away. But before he did he looked at the property to see what damage the fire had done. Luckily it looked like only the yard was toast. A house had appeared from the previous jungle that had surrounded it. "See"? He thought, "Everything turned out okay in the end so what was the harm?". But Igniseri knew he had done wrong or else he wouldn't have left the scene.

Words: 693/650