

GOLD MOTHER

Interior – stormship command deck. The Gold Mother looms above her trembling crew, scanning a desert map embedded with flashing gems. Her voice is laced with venom and grandeur.

GOLD MOTHER

You stupid, sand-sniffing gnats... I send you out to fetch fireflies and you come back with shadows! You fly past half the desert like you're sightless—like the gold in your veins has turned to fog! You call yourselves pirates? Pathetic. You're vultures who forgot how to tear flesh!

Do you think I sit in this sky-throne for the view?! I built this empire from rust and thunder! Every bolt in this ship obeys \*me\*! Every jewel you find belongs to \*me\*! My throne drinks fear, not excuses!

Where are my jewels?! The ones that shine like the skin of that crystal freak! I want the Jewel-Skinned Man! I want every shard, every sparkle! I want \*beauty that screams\* when I own it!

If I have to burn the clouds off this world and glass the sands beneath... I will. Fly. Fly faster. Fly smarter. Or I will turn your bones into clock gears and fly this ship myself.