The bond between them faded as they searched for each other in the void while their expanding distance echoed into dreams. Kris found himself drifting into a sphere of water where each sparkle and shimmer blinded him. He slowly forgot how he got there as his fell into it. Kris continued to feather-fall, and soon he was breaking its soft interface between the void. He heard another echo faintly assuage him of reunion as he awoke only to find his parents greeting him in their usual way.

“Sleeping in again Kris,” exclaimed Kathy, “Last night, I heard you talking to yourself as you explored the Braid. The Braid can only show you second-hand experiences of what you’ll learn today.”

Kris had only started to realize the two suns had risen and we’re casting their orange and red light across the orchard. Luther hesitated, “Your mom and I don’t want to wait any longer. Since you are on your journey, we’ve got a surprise for you under the indigo oak tree outside.”

Kris, sounding curious and wanting to know, “Will there be enough time to see it before the Coupling?”

Reassuringly, Luther recounted “Six children work together to form one unit, one Hexad, each at the age of six. You’re new friends will wait for you if you’re late because you’ll be on this journey together, as it was planned by the Braid.”

Kris got dressed as Luther and Kathy left his bedroom. His feelings of nervousness began to subside while remembering his adventure last night in the neural-interface of the Braid. He made his preparations, and suddenly found himself speaking to his parent about the meaning of tridents under the indigo oak tree. Their conversation reflected Kris’ experience in the Braid as he realized the new insights from the night before. Kris recalled the Braid’s simulated reality of tridents in ancient folklore, and the turbulent sees navigated by those brave explorers who wielded them.

“Most children are not given Tridents, and those that receive them must wait until they turn six. Because the Braid finds you to be a pure explorer, it fabricated a Trident to present to you,” Kathy proclaimed, “with which it shall light your path on your journey.“

Luther echoed, “May it guide you and your companions!”

Kris reached to touch the Trident. It was not fork-shaped like those in the simulation from last night. Instead, the equilateral triangle had a dense and comfortable weight and felt comfortable even in the small hands of someone as young as Kris. The archaic letter **Ψ** imprinted on the face of the smooth surface refracted the orange aura of the daybreak, and the mirrored body refracted the brilliant royal vibrancy of oak leaves. It’s total size fit snugly in Kris’ left hand as he began clasping it tightly.

As he began thanking his parents, seconds turned into minutes, and memories began to form until he found himself as an adult with only faint memories of his childhood.

Already in space on a vessel, Kris and his Hexad have one final conversation before they prepare the vessel for their journey.

“Remember when we first met, Kris.” jokes Gresilda reminiscently, “We were just kids then with no idea of what we were getting ourselves into.”

Kris responds telepathically, “We’re all on this journey together. Our Hexad unites us, and the Coupling wouldn’t have gone as well if my parents didn't give me a Trident before we met.”

Levi echos, at this point everyone was listening in of their psionic frequency, “We were all very different at first, but the Trident gave us the chance to rely on the wisdom of the Braid.”

Kreo builds upon these ideas, “We’ve become one of the most resilient and flexible Hexads in our society since we all have a unique perspective.”

Kagen, always the skeptic points out, “It wouldn’t have been possible without those algorithms in the Trident.”

Theo summarizes aloud to the Hexad, “We’re a unit now, each a leader in their own way, and we all have a mutual respect for each other. It’s likely the reason we were chosen for this envoy - we represent the ideals of our psionic society!”

“Remember,” Theo whispers telepathically only to Kris, “Those who learn from history are destined to break free from it.” Kris nods in acceptance to Theo, hearing an old memory of himself saying the same thing to Theo when they were children.

As the Hexad begins interfacing more deeply with the Braid, they start to realize their voyage and goal would require stasis and passage through the Psionic Void. In stasis, they would each be temporarily decoupled from each other. The mutual knowledge of the entire experience as jarring for psionics was quite well-known. The Braid informed Kris that he must control the dream sphere which would contain their collective consciousness. The Trident would assist in bringing his Hexad back to normal space and would notify him should any imminent danger occur to them or their vessel.

After this explanation, Kris allows the Hexad entry into his mind. Their feelings merge one last time, as they explore the psionic void route of their journey together. When they reach their agreement, they enter their stasis beds, and fall into slumber.

Again, the bond between them fades as they search for each other in the void. The Hexad’s expanding distance echoed into dreams. Kris found himself drifting into the same sphere of water as he remembers his childhood rush back to him. Each sparkle and shimmer blinded him. He slowly forgets, but holds on tightly to the memory that his is the void. Kris continues his descent, deeper to the same feather-fall, and soon he was broke into the soft interface between the void and the water sphere. He heard another echo, from Theo, faintly assuring him of reunion. He awoke only to find his parents greeting him in their usual way.

“Sleeping in again Kris,” exclaimed Kathy, “Last night, I heard you talking to yourself as you explored the Braid. The Braid can only show you second-hand experiences of what you’ll learn today.”

Kris had only started to realize the two suns had risen and we’re casting their orange and red light across the orchard. Luther hesitated, “Your mom and I don’t want to wait any longer. Since you are on your journey, we’ve got a surprise for you under the indigo oak tree outside.”

Kris, experiencing a strong familiar sensation asks, “My trident will light my path on my journey.”

Kathy and Luther begin experiencing the same familiar sensation. Kathy urges, “We should hasten and skip the typical preparations. Now you must awaken and reconnect with your trident.”

Luther agrees, “Kris, you must reconnect with the Braid and awaken your Hexad.”

The three gather under the indigo oak tree. Luther and Kathy instruct Kris to grab the Trident waiting for him. Kathy promises, “You already know the way, you only need to wake up.”

Luther promises, “The Trident will help you remember everything, just like us, it will always be there to guide you.”

Kris finds himself surrounded by transparent sphere of water. It glows with a faint bluish tint, and envelopes the Hexad. In his hand, Kris finds the Trident, its color still reflecting the orange glow of the daybreak. With his thought alone, Kris commands the light to reshape the flow of the water sphere. A turbulent stream carries Kris and the Hexad out of the void.

On their vessel, they awaken from their stasis. All gasp the frigid air of the beds they lived in for the seemingly short voyage. Their home where the Coupling brought them together now is light years away. Kris telepathically checks on the Hexad as he exits his stasis bed, “Is everyone waking up? We’re here.”

As Kris finds his way across the ice cold floor, the touch on Kris’ bare feet remind him that this is actually real. The ships’ Braid begins interfacing with the Trident, and thus the psionic abilities of the Hexad begin to share all of their senses. His memories of this journey return as his gaze pierces through the window of their vessel. As Kris telepathically communicates with the Hexad, a flood of emotion is felt. They all experience the sight of an ocean world, together. Suddenly, the Braid informs them, “Five additional ships detected each with a distinct variety of intelligence.”