

The purple mist suddenly turned to blinding white light. The ship shook as if it might tear apart.

Fear began whispering in {text:child_name_possessive} mind.

You are too small.

You are just one pilot in a tiny ship.

The dark is too big.

Give up.

"I'm drifting."

"Correct."

{text:child_gender_1} arms ached from gripping the controls. Sweat gathered beneath {text:child_gender_1} helmet. The Horizon was being dragged toward the center of the flare.

In that moment of complete isolation, {text:child_name} realized something important.

Courage is holding the course even when your hands are shaking.

"Stay steady. Just hold right."

{text:child_gender} decided {text:child_gender} could endure sixty more seconds. And when those seconds passed, {text:child_gender} chose to keep going again.

This mission had asked for more than skill. It had asked for courage — not the kind that makes fear disappear. The kind that keeps going anyway.

Then the shaking stopped. The bright flare faded into a soft golden glow. {text:child_name} blinked.

The navigation screen flickered back to life. A single steady green light appeared. Relief washed over {text:child_gender_2}.

Through the cockpit window, {text:child_gender} saw something incredible. Ahead lay a system of three perfect blue planets orbiting a warm golden sun. A new path had been found.

"Mission recorded,"

{text:child_name} placed a steadying hand on the dashboard. The Horizon glided forward quietly. {text:child_name} began transmitting back to the Inner Worlds. {text:child_gender} recorded the coordinates, the gravity points, and the safe passage through the Veil.