

Trench never rushed. He'd seen the world turn too many times to believe anything truly stayed the same, so why try to force it to?

He floated just below the surface of Meteor Lake, watching the light dance like ripples on glass. Above him, Skire stretched wide and unknown, filled with things he'd never touched, smelled, tasted. Below him, the depths hummed like an old song, warm and familiar.

He'd lived most of his life below. Quiet conversations with drifting plants. The press of salt-heavy water. Bioluminescent shapes blinking like lullabies. But lately, the surface has been calling.

Not loudly. Not like a shout. More like a persistent hum, the kind you don't notice at first.. until.. well... it's in your bones.

So he rose.

The shore met him with warmth and breeze. Grit between his toes. Sounds that didn't echo the same way they did underwater... sharper, closer.

New!

At first, Trench didn't do much. He watched the clouds move. Tasted the fruit dropped by trees. Learned how sand felt dry versus damp. People passed by sometimes, other Nautipods, other species entirely. They waved. He waved back. That was enough...

But eventually, he started walking. One foot in front of the other. Not with a destination. Just to feel the rhythm of land beneath him.

He found a small outpost nestled between two hills, half-buried in vines and moss, long-forgotten. No one lived there now. That made it perfect.

There, he started his new beginning. His new life..

He scrubbed algae from old tiles. Repaired a broken shutter. Hung seashells from the eaves that chimed when the wind passed. People came by more often now. Curious. Kind. One brought a spool of thread and taught him to stitch. Another handed him a book and said, "This one made me cry, maybe you'll like it too."

He did. It was about someone who didn't know who they were until they left everything behind. That felt familiar. Like that book was meant to come to him and tell him that what he did and is doing was the right choice.

Trench didn't know what the new beginning meant, exactly. He didn't have a big dream or a five-step plan. He just knew that he was becoming. Every day was another chance to add something new to who he was.

One night, sitting by the shore with ink-stained fingers and a lap full of thread, a younger Nautipod sat beside him.

“You always so calm?” they asked curiously and quite suddenly.

Trench smiled. “Not always. But it helps. Storms come either way. Might as well float through them.”

The kid chuckled with a small sad look which they quickly covered with a smile. “I don’t know how to start over really..”

Trench didn’t answer right away. He looked out across the water, where moonlight turned the lake silver.

“You don’t need to know how. You just need to let yourself try. Start small. Clean a tile. Thread a needle. Wake up and say, ‘today I might be different.’ That’s enough.”

The kid stayed quiet, then nodded gently as they stared at Trench with slight understanding.

They came back the next day with their own needle. Together, they sewed patches into fabric that didn’t need mending, just wanted decorations, and to feel like they’re finally managing to do what they always wanted to.

Trench didn’t know where this new beginning would lead him. Maybe it would end here. Maybe he’d keep walking.

But one thing he’d learned, every beginning was also a continuation. Even leaving the depths behind, he still carried them in the way he moved, the way he spoke, the way he understood stillness.

He was not the same Nautipod who lived below. And tomorrow, he’d be different again.

He liked that.

It’s exciting..