

The job of a Star Runner was not to fight or conquer, but to find the way forward. {text:child_name} flew the Horizon, a scout ship built for speed and endurance. It wasn't a grand battleship, but it was home — a silver needle threading through the fabric of space.

{text:child_name} knew the risks of deep space exploration.

{text:child_gender} had been trained to read the stars like a story. But even the best stories have pages that are still blank.

On the night {text:child_gender} reached the sector known as the Deep Veil, the stars began to fade. The familiar constellations of childhood sank behind a thick mist of cosmic gas.

The air inside the cockpit felt heavy. The silence of space was no longer peaceful. It felt like a weight pressing against the glass.

"Engines steady,"

{text:child_gender_1} voice sounded very small in the vastness.

The ship's computer chirped a warning. The navigation grid flickered once — then went dark.

"The maps ended here."

A cold shiver ran through {text:child_gender_2}. It was like flying into a room where all the lights had gone out.

{text:child_name} remembered the instructor's final lesson:

"When the maps end, the heart must lead."

{text:child_gender} gripped the controls, knuckles turning white. Suddenly, the ship lurched. A hidden gravity well was pulling the Horizon deeper into the dark.