

The Horizon groaned as the invisible pull tightened.

{text:child_name} looked at the displays. The compass spun in useless circles. The stars outside moved like liquid, stretching into streaks of violet and gray.

Every instinct told {text:child_gender_2} to turn back. To return to the safety of {text:child_gender_1} own galaxy.

"Signal lost."

{text:child_name} felt {text:child_gender_1} stomach tighten.

If {text:child_gender} stayed, {text:child_gender} might be lost forever. If {text:child_gender} turned back, the path for the colony ships behind {text:child_gender_2} would remain closed. The mission would fail.

{text:child_name} stared into the dark blue swirl beyond the cockpit glass. {text:child_gender} was alone. There was no one to call for help.