

“No,” {text:child_name} said out loud.

The sound of the word surprised even {text:child_gender_2}. It wasn't loud. It wasn't brave. But it was real.

“I trained for this. I know this ship. I know what to do.”

And the voice went quiet.

For a moment, {text:child_name} stopped pushing against the controls. Closed {text:child_gender_1} eyes, just for a second—and listened.



The Horizon wasn't failing, it was fighting.

The low hum of the engines. The steady rhythm beneath the chaos.

{text:child_name} opened {text:child_gender_1} eyes. Ready to take charge, adjusting the controls. Manual thrusters. Short bursts. Controlled. Intentional.

Not fast, just steady.

The ship shuddered, resisting the pull inch by inch. The progress was almost invisible. But it was there.

Forward, forward... and forward still.

Arms strained. Focus narrowed. Everything depended on the next movement, and the next.