



At the edge of the unknown, fear says 'turn back'... and {text:child_gender} must choose what comes next.

Then—the mist disappeared, replaced instantly by blinding white light.

The ship shook violently, more than before. Far more than before.

Everything hurt. {text:child_name}'s arms ached to the bone. Vision blurred at the edges. The controls felt slippery and unresponsive. The *Horizon* shook like it was coming apart at the seams.

And {text:child_name} felt something crack—not in the ship.

In {text:child_gender_3}.

For one terrible moment, {text:child_gender} let go.

Slumped forward. Head bowed. One hand still gripping the control stick from habit, eyes squeezed shut. “I can’t,” the voice whispered. “I can’t do this. It’s too much.”

Beneath the exhaustion—beneath the fear, beneath the pain came something steadier.