

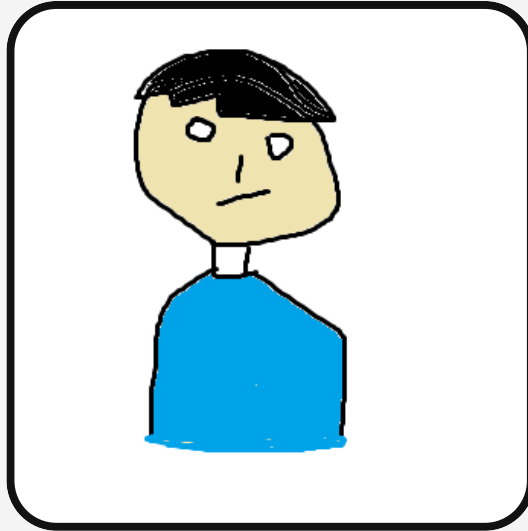
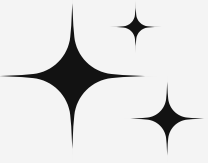
1st EDITION



INFINITY
HORIZON

MAGAZINE

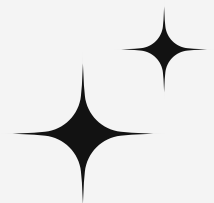
TEAM



Editor-in-Chief:
Artsy



Creative Director:
CrisPing



A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Dear Community,

This marks yet another year of boundless creativity and collaboration within Infinity Horizon. So many new entries, new concepts, an entirely new language, a music label, the publishing of this magazine, and an upcoming free tabletop game inspired by RISK.

So much has been done not alone but by members working together sharing a common passion.

None of this could have been accomplished alone. Every milestone is a testament to what we can achieve as a community. Together, we've proven that decentralized ownership can work, and the future should be one where creatives like YOU are in charge, not nameless corporations robbing you of the value you create and gatekeeping what can and cannot be imagined.

And yet...the journey has only just begun.

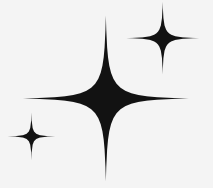
Together, we are capable of creating possibilities that are as infinite as our horizon.

Thank you for being part of this ever-expanding story, where each new chapter promises to be better than the last.

With gratitude,
Artsy
Editor-in-Chief

TABLE OF CONTENT

Short Stories	4
Resignation letter	
The Sleeping Giant	
Art Corner	12
Concept Showcase	15
Gravastars	
Poetry Corner	20



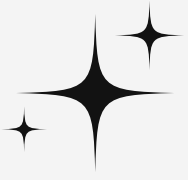
**Fun fact: A
Dimetrodon is more
closely related to you
than it is to a
Spinosaurus!**



SHORT STORIES

Resignation Letter

By Karen Avizur



“Hey boss?” I slowly pushed open the glass door to his office, half-entering the room. “Uh... I know this is kinda awkward...but would it be possible to withdraw my resignation letter?”

Doug Murray looked up at me from the glass in front of him, next to the bottle of whiskey. His tie was loosened, and he looked more exhausted than I’d ever seen anyone. The whiskey called out to me, but I wanted a clear head. When your whole world gets turned upside-down in a moment, I figure that’s the time to stay sober. “Really?” He glanced at the watch on his wrist. “I mean that was like half an hour ago. What changed your mind?”

Walking into the office, I took a seat at one of the two chairs in front of his desk. He’d been wallowing in the news channel playing on his computer, but with the press of a button on his keyboard, silenced it. “I just... I suppose I got ahead of myself,” I admitted.

Doug snorted. “I don’t think that’s the right way to think of it. Everyone’s...ahead of themselves, behind themselves,” he said, his wild gesticulating revealing the amount of alcohol he’d consumed so far. “Full existential crisis. Martial law is gonna happen by day’s end, I know it.” He met my gaze. “You really want to keep working?”



“My colleagues out there, the vast majority of them are staying,” I said, motioning behind me. “I know Terry and Jill went home to their families, but...to their credit, they’ve got kids, and I can understand it. But there are plenty of them still here that have kids, that I’m sure want to run home and hug them and try to pretend we know everything’s going to be okay. But a 911 operator’s job is not something you take on a whim. I’m good at it, and it’s important.”

“There might come a time soon where we stop being needed,” Doug muttered. “Dispatch will be gone, police will be gone, ambulances won’t come.”

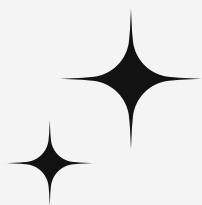
I sighed, leaning forward, elbows on my knees. “But we’re not there yet. We barely know what that thing in the sky is, much less confirmed that it means us harm. I mean, seriously, if it wanted to attack, wouldn’t it have done so already?”

Doug grunted. “Could be recon.”

Grimacing, I shook my head. “I’m not jumping to that. I can’t. And we’re still needed. There’s floods of calls coming in from panicked citizens, yeah, but there’s also tons from people who are hurt, who need help sent to them. I just got off the line...”

Doug raised his eyebrows. “Yeah?”

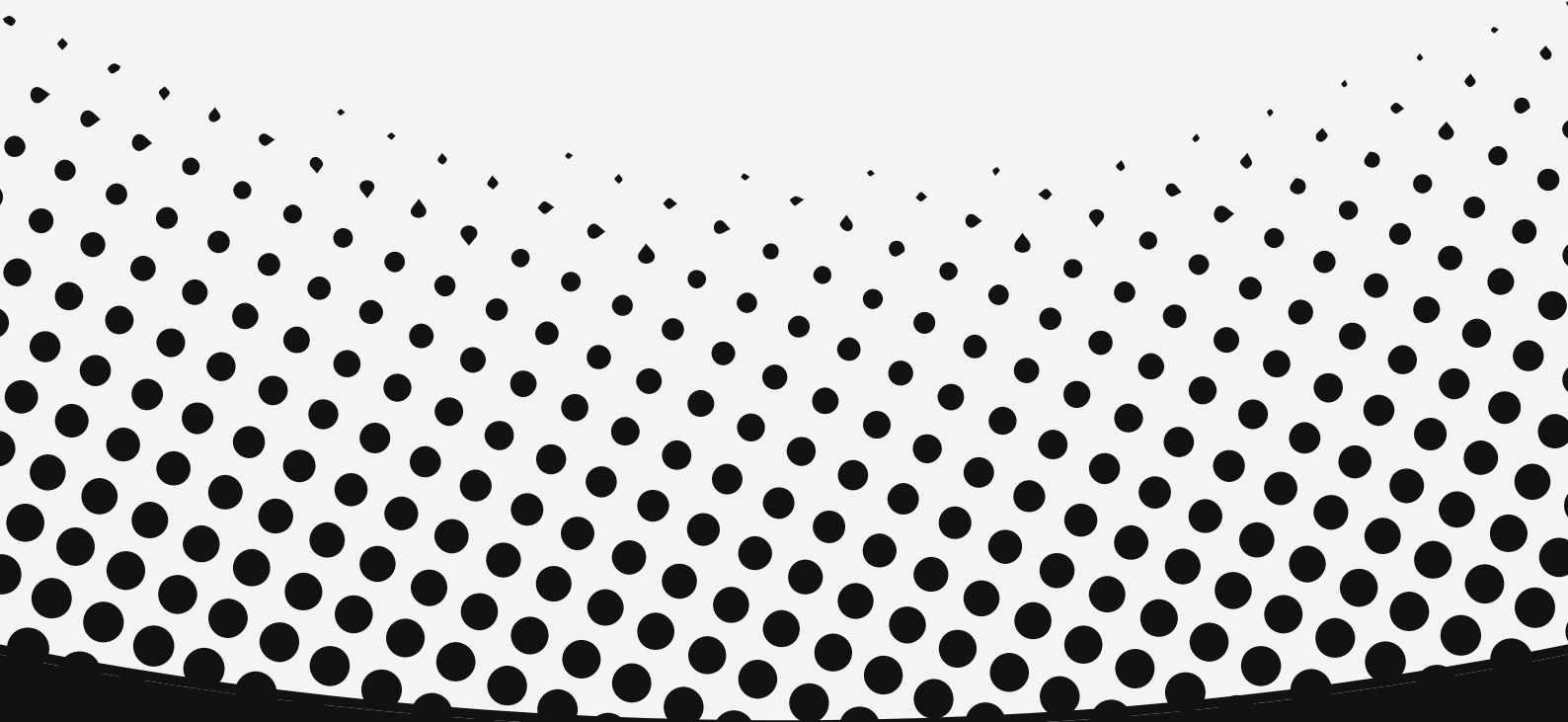
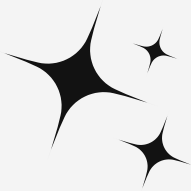
“A kid. Couldn’t have been more than ten. His dad was having a heart attack,” I explained. “I stayed on the phone with him until EMS got there, kept him calm, and...” Fidgeting awkwardly for a moment, I shrugged. “I can’t give up. I guess that’s what it is. I can’t give up and assume that this is the end. If I could, I wouldn’t have taken this job in the first place.”



Nodding and pursing his lips, Doug leaned back heavily in his office chair. “You’re a good kid, you know that?”

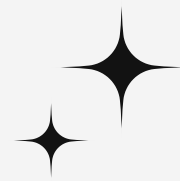
I gave him something between a smile and a grimace. “Thanks.”

“I’ll let you guys know. I’ll... I’m not gonna keep drowning my sorrows back here,” he said, motioning with his glass. “Starting to regret it. I’m gonna guzzle some water and try to sober up. I’m not going anywhere either, so I’ll keep an eye on the news, come out to let you guys know if anything happens, and...we’ll take it one minute at a time.”



The Sleeping Giant

By Emaan



Waiting has never been my strong suit. My chronic impatience is as much a part of me as the stars are part of the universe. And now, here I am, pacing the clinical confines of a med-bay hidden away in the outer colony of Trappist-9, waiting to see a bio-engineer at 23:29 station time. It's a scenario so improbable for me that I almost laughed. Almost.

“Waya,” the sharp voice of the receptionist broke through my thoughts, bringing my attention back to the shimmering holo-clock. “Stop stomping your paar,” she chided in a thick accent, her voice carrying a synthetic modulation common to MIMAS-class androids. That was the third time she had pointed it out tonight, and just like the first two, I ignored her. She popped a piece of gum with a noise too loud for my frayed nerves, her metallic digits rhythmically tapping against the terminal.

Beside me, Stunya-Sauji wheezed and coughed, her pale face illuminated by the sterile glow of the station's lighting. I wrapped my arms around her trembling form, feeling the heat radiating from her skin. “Any moment now,” I assured her for the umpteenth time, though even I didn't believe it anymore.

Our trip to the remote star cluster of Agg'U, an effort to study the elusive Ubij'Waya culture, had turned into a nightmare. The sixth orbital rotation here, and the days of sleeplessness were catching up with me. My muscles ached as I stood to stretch, suppressing a sigh.

As I debated whether to demand answers from the android receptionist, the door hissed open, revealing a lanky figure clad in the sterile white uniform of a bio-engineer. Relief flooded me, but it was short-lived as two others followed him, carrying an unconscious woman between them. Her nose bled rivulets of deep violet, and her eyes were rolled back into her head.

The woman was rushed past us into an adjoining room, the door sealing with a mechanical whir. From beyond it, I caught snippets of a heated conversation in the guttural tones of Brrla Nrr Lah, the lingua franca of Trappist-9's industrial zones.

Stunya-Sauji's hand tightened on mine, her breathing hitching. "E... Emilia," she croaked, her voice barely a whisper, "What's happening?"

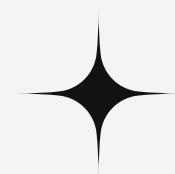
"I don't know," I whispered back, my pulse quickening as an uneasy tension thickened the air. Whatever this was, it was unlike anything I'd seen before, and that was saying something.

Just then, Stunya-Sauji doubled over in a violent coughing fit, her frame shaking like a leaf in the void. "We should leave," she managed to choke out, her voice trembling.

"No," I insisted. "We can't risk it. You're too sick, and it's a long drive back to the starport."

"Emilia, please. I have med-strips. I'll be fine. Let's just go," she pleaded, tears gathering in her reddened eyes.

Reluctantly, I helped her out of the med-bay and towards our rented hovercraft. But as I initiated the vehicle's startup sequence, it sputtered and died. My heart sank.





“Not now,” I muttered, frantically trying again. No response. Panic coiled around me like a hungry serpent.

“What now?” Stunya-Sauji asked, her voice thin with exhaustion.

Before I could reply, a voice startled us from the shadows.

“Need help?” A man stepped forward, his face obscured by the low light. Recognition struck me – one of the men who had carried the woman earlier. His expression was calm, almost too calm.

“Our hovercraft isn’t starting,” I explained warily.

“Perhaps it’s fate,” he replied cryptically. “You’re here to study the Ubij’Waya, yes? Come. I’ll take you to their village.”

Against my better judgment, I agreed, reasoning that proximity to the Ubij’Waya might provide us some form of aid. The man introduced himself as Ura’Thyr, a guide familiar with the tribe’s ways. With Stunya-Sauji leaning heavily against me, we followed him into the inky blackness of the alien terrain.

Two hills later, we heard it – a haunting wail that set my nerves on edge. As we crested the final rise, a surreal tableau spread out before us. The village, composed of mud-like domes illuminated by flickering flame orbs, was suffused with smoke. Figures moved like shadows in the haze, their keening cries cutting through the stillness.

“What’s happening?” Stunya-Sauji whispered.

“The villagers mourn,” Ura explained gravely. “Evil has touched them.”

“Evil?” I echoed, dread pooling in my stomach.

“Yes. The wraith of Rrk-Zidari. It’s said to steal the very essence of life. They burn the chatter bats as an offering to Rula-Chal, the Sky Weaver, to banish it.”

The sight of charred remains piled high around a ceremonial pyre filled my senses with a rancid odor. “We shouldn’t be here,” I muttered, gripping Stunya-Sauji’s arm.

But it was too late. The mourners’ cries grew louder, and then I saw it. The woman from earlier, now tied to a post, her body convulsing unnaturally. Glowing tendrils of violet energy arced from her form, dancing like specters in the thick air. The villagers chanted, their voices rising in a crescendo that reverberated in my skull.

“We need to go. Now,” I whispered urgently to Stunya-Sauji, who nodded, her face pale as ash.

Before we could slip away, a guttural scream cut through the night. Stunya-Sauji collapsed beside me, blood pouring from her nose. My own vision blurred, and the last thing I saw before succumbing to darkness was the blazing figure of Rula-Chal descending into the chaos, its silhouette radiant yet terrifying.

“Is that all you can recall?” The investigator’s voice was cold, clinical.

I sat behind a reinforced glass wall, my skin covered in lesions that glowed faintly under the sterile lights of the quarantine chamber. “Yes,” I lied.

“I’m sorry for your loss,” he said, jotting notes into his holo-journal. “The Rift Plague... it’s a cruel fate. But you’ve survived the initial stages. That’s promising.”



Promising. The word felt hollow. My mind replayed the horrors I'd witnessed, and I knew the nightmares would haunt me long after my quarantine was over—if I ever made it out alive.

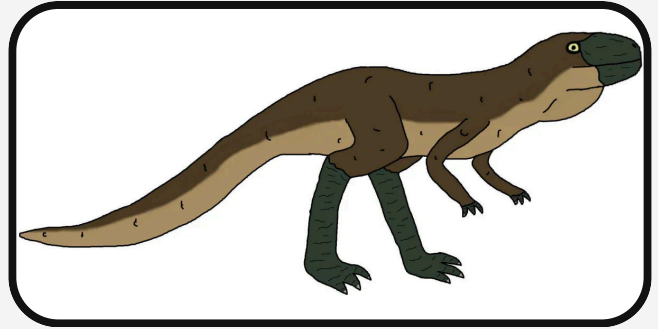
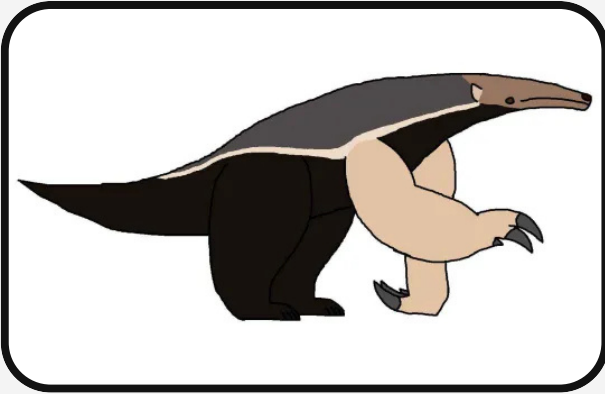
“Do you remember the date of the incident?”

“27th of Lash, Cycle 3097,” I whispered, the memory as vivid as the day it happened.

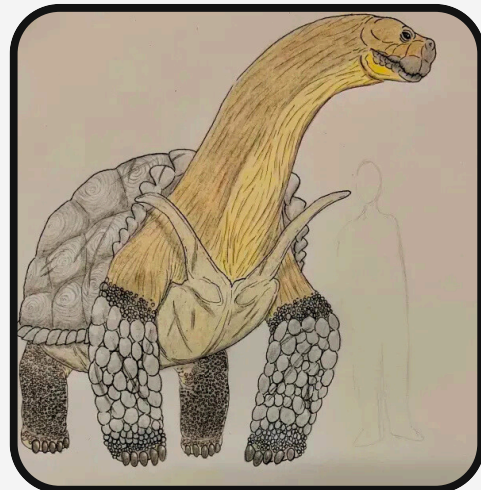
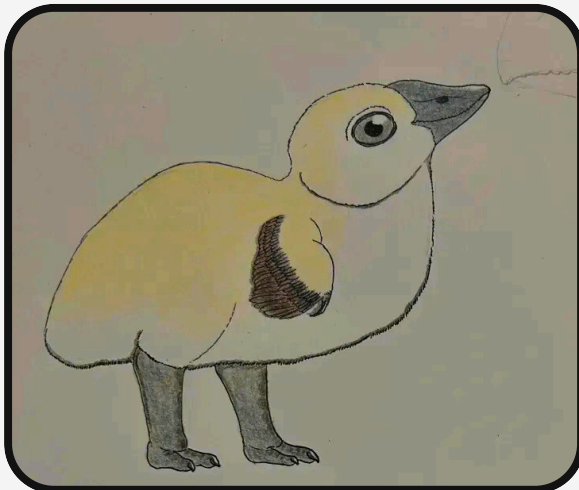
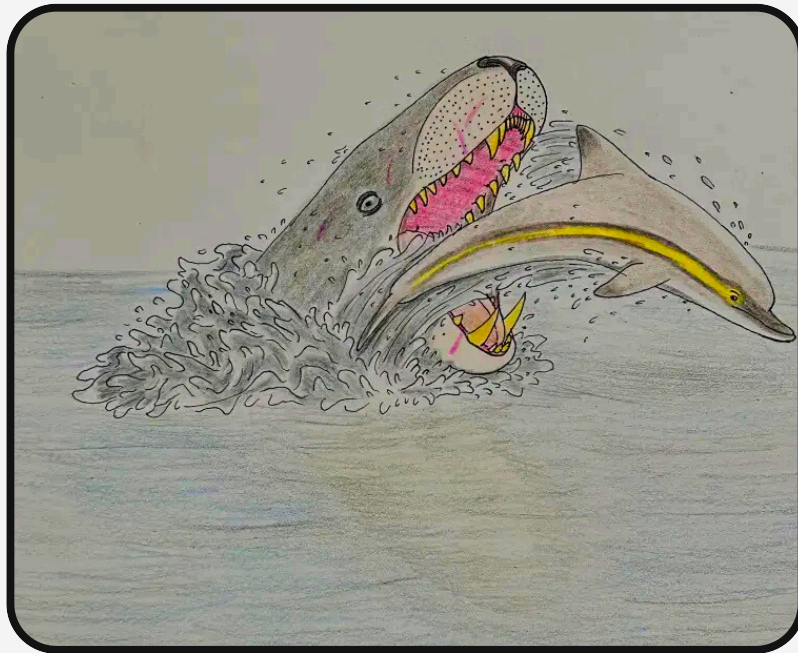
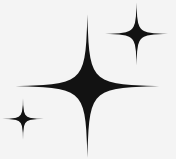
The End



ART CORNER



By Dupers



By Tortoise man



By **Shattered Reality**



By **Meh**





By Zain

CONCEPT SHOWCASE



Gravastars: The Cosmic Challenger to Black Holes

By Artsy

When we gaze at the cosmos, it's easy to think of black holes as the universe's ultimate enigma—vast, inescapable abysses where matter, energy, and even light are devoured. But what if we told you there might be something else out there? A strange cosmic anomaly that just as similarly defies the limits of our scientific understanding: a Gravastar.

If a black hole is an unstoppable force, you can think of an Gravastar as an immovable object.

First hypothesized as far back as 2001 by astrophysicists Pawel O. Mazur and Emil Mottola, they're mathematical solutions to Einstein's equations of general relativity. Their hypothetical existence challenges everything we thought we knew about how stars live and die. But what makes them so special? And what's going on inside them that's different from black holes' famously paradoxical singularities?



What Is a Gravastar, and How Does It Work?

A Gravastar, or "gravitational vacuum star," is a theoretical object that forms when a collapsing star halts its implosion just short of becoming a black hole. In the traditional model, a star collapses into an infinitely dense point — a singularity — surrounded by an event horizon, a one-way boundary where not even light can escape. Gravastars rewrite this script entirely.

Instead of collapsing all the way to a singularity, the core of the dying star transforms into something bizarre: a false vacuum. This isn't the empty vacuum of space you're familiar with — it's a state of matter that acts like dark energy, exerting an outward pressure that counters the pull of gravity.

Encasing this strange interior is a thin shell of ordinary matter. The result? A structure that looks and behaves almost exactly like a black hole from the outside — but without the singularity or event horizon. And unlike black holes, Gravastars are mathematically stable. What that means is they don't collapse into singularities or disappear over time. Instead, their internal structure remains intact, potentially lasting for billions of years.



Anatomy of a Gravastar: A Cosmic Tennis Ball

Let's dive into the layers of a Gravastar. Think of it as a tennis ball, but instead of air inside, it holds the universe's strangest vacuum.

1. The Core: The Land of Strange “Nothing”

This is the innermost region and is dominated by a "false vacuum." It isn't like the vacuum in space because it has exotic properties. A false vacuum is a quantum state where energy is at a minimum but not entirely zero, allowing it to exert outward pressure.

Simply put, it's like a "pocket of stretched-out spacetime" that refuses to collapse further. Unlike a black hole's singularity — a region where our understanding of physics breaks down completely — the Gravastar's core is smooth and avoids infinities, preserving a semblance of mathematical order and giving astrophysicists a far less risk of a headache.

2. The Thin Shell: The Hardest Material in the Universe

Surrounding the core is a shell of ultra-dense matter, a boundary region where gravity and pressure reach extreme levels. This thin shell acts like a tight cosmic barrier, preventing light or matter from crossing into the core.

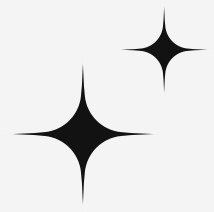
The shell's density is so immense that it could make it the hardest material in the universe. And because there's minimal energy exchange with its surroundings, the shell remains extremely cold—almost at absolute zero—preserving its stability against external disturbances.

3. The Exterior: A Familiar Face

Outside this shell, a Gravastar is indistinguishable from a black hole. It has the same gravitational pull, emits similar radiation when consuming matter, and even produces Hawking radiation. For astronomers, spotting the difference between the two is a cosmic-level game of "spot the impostor."



What Makes Gravastars Exciting?



1. No Event Horizons

Unlike black holes, Gravastars don't have event horizons — the point of no return for light and matter. This makes them a lot friendlier when it comes to physics.

Without an event horizon, there's no infinite blue-shifting, where incoming light is stretched to infinity, or paradoxes like the information-loss problem. Simply put, Gravastars provide a way to store and preserve information about the matter they consume, offering an alternative to the mystery of "lost" information inside black holes.

2. Cosmological Connections

Gravastars might be more than just black hole alternatives. Some scientists speculate they could be linked to the Big Bang itself. When a collapsing star forms a Gravastar, its false vacuum core could theoretically punch through spacetime and give birth to a new universe.

That's right — every Gravastar might be a mini Big Bang generator. And this idea isn't just science fiction; it aligns with certain multiverse theories, suggesting that new universes could bud off from dying stars. Perhaps, we might even be inside one right now, birthed by a Gravastar in another dimension.

3. The Dark Energy Puzzle

Gravastars could even help explain the accelerating expansion of our universe. Some theories propose that they exchange energy with their "parent" universe via Hawking radiation, driving cosmic acceleration. It's speculative, sure, but tantalizing.

A Cosmic Hard Disk?

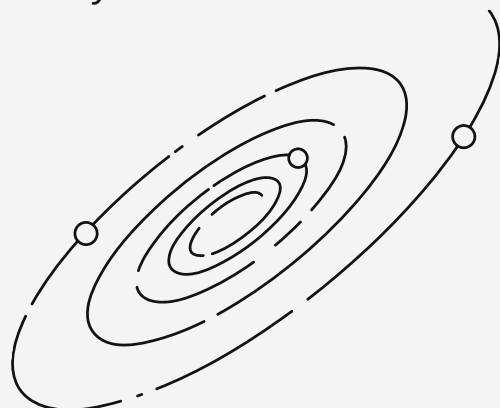
In many ways, Gravastars represent a balance—a cosmic yin to the yang of black holes. Where black holes are devourers, Gravastars may be preservers. Where black holes destroy information, Gravastars might store it.

Gravastars invite us to rethink our understanding of the universe's ultimate fate. If the universe continues expanding indefinitely, stars will eventually exhaust their nuclear fuel, galaxies will drift apart, and black holes will slowly evaporate through Hawking radiation, leaving behind a cold, dark void—this would signal the death of our universe.

Or would it?

In a universe devoid of even light and heat, Gravastars might remain, holding onto the remnants of stars and galaxies long gone. Their stability suggests they could outlive black holes, standing as the final monuments to a once-lively cosmos.

It is here that the last vestiges of civilization might endure, their existence encapsulated in the Gravastars' shells, unaware of the vast nothingness outside their protective boundaries. These cosmic hard disks could preserve not only the remnants of stars but also the encoded echoes of life and thought—memories of what once was, enduring in the quiet vacuum of eternity.



POETRY CORNER

“Nanitogenesis”

By Tardigrade



In the beginning, there was the world,
Barren and empty,
Crowned with craters and scars of things before time,
It baked under a fiery tyrant,
It froze under little lights,
in the before times,
before skywhips and eagles,
before monsters and men,
the little lights danced and swayed,
shining like the treebulges and the jems of the earth.
And for a time,
For a vast yet brief time,
It was good.
Then from the sky they fell,
On tails of flame,
The two seeds of life,
The intertwined makers,
The mother and the father.
Stars fallen to grace young soil
With glory they came,
And with glory they shall one day leave.
And as fungal spores spread on damp cloth,
So did they upon the world,
And what once was nothing but dust,
became ziggurats of geometric, nanite flesh.



And for a time,
For a vast, yet brief time,
It was good.
For many ages mother and father were separated,
Unaware and unknowing,
And they were great,
They were great before they fell,
They built pyramids and domes,
Terraces and geometrics that pierced the sky like knives of ground
bound gods.
They were great and righteous,
Glorious and grand,
And yet,
If I am here to be writing this grand tome,
This great volume into the history of our world and our grand
nation,
Then I should make clear here and now,
No matter how much we try, no matter how much we pray,
Paradise, with her fantastic bliss, will never come back on her own.
Rachda sculpted us to restore Voths former glory, nay! To restore
the glory of the world!
To bring it back to the Edenic age, that age of blissful, permanent
sleep that deep down we all miss and hold dear.
There is no way of changing the winds of time, so we must guide
them to the path of holiness,
We must fight for better days.
Mother and father eventually collided,
Somewhere, somewhen,
And once they fused,
They fought in feuds of blood and metal,
And what once might have been two cities,
Glistening and great,
Were now writhing tumors that could be seen from space.

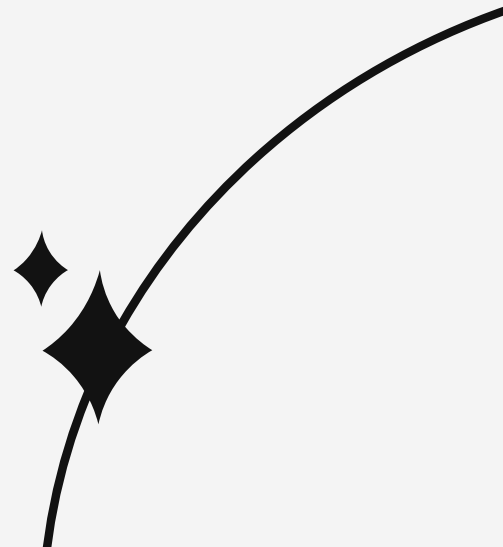
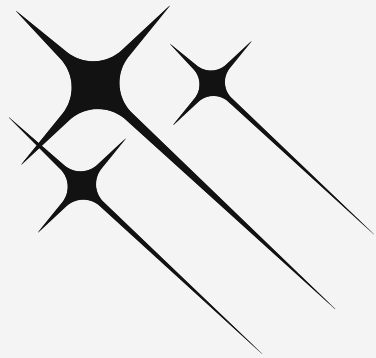
Fused, melted, violated in unholy matrimony,
The first and greatest sin of the world.
Cables turned to hearts,
Hearts to cables,
Eyes to ears,
Bones to flesh,
The pain they endured,
The cancer they suffered.
And yet from this sin,
This cancer
This evil
Came our world
Writhing out of the corpse of the old as maggots do,
Replacing it with new things,



And outforth came the son, the daughter,
the us, the we.
The remains of the canser, the children, that so long ago came
crawling out,
To save what they crawled out from,
from there they became all things
The birds
The beasts
The monsters and men
The trees and weeds
The whips and worms and willows
Collections of living jars with hives that shine,
Living on islands amidst seas of writhing amoebas,
That burn under a fiery tyrant
And that freeze under little lights.

Their eyes still watch us at night,
Crossing our skys,
Inspiring our stories and the myths of heretics,
They watch us with hope,
they watch us all with the hope,
that one day,
one glorious day,
they will be blissfully separated once more,
their duties done,
their destiny completed,
and with us in their arms,
leave this world for the beyond,
to find true bliss amongst the heavens which they came from.

That is our purpose,
Our divine destiny,
Our sacred duty as son and daughter of the gods.
Rachda's grand plan
Hendarosh Phimopalda, son of the 2 gods, Rachdonian empire,
26000000 AD, 4266 BF



Thanks for everything



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