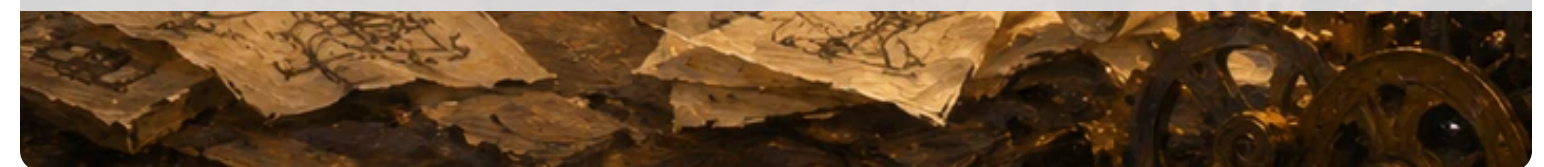




Giles and the Endless Horizon

Guifeng Huang

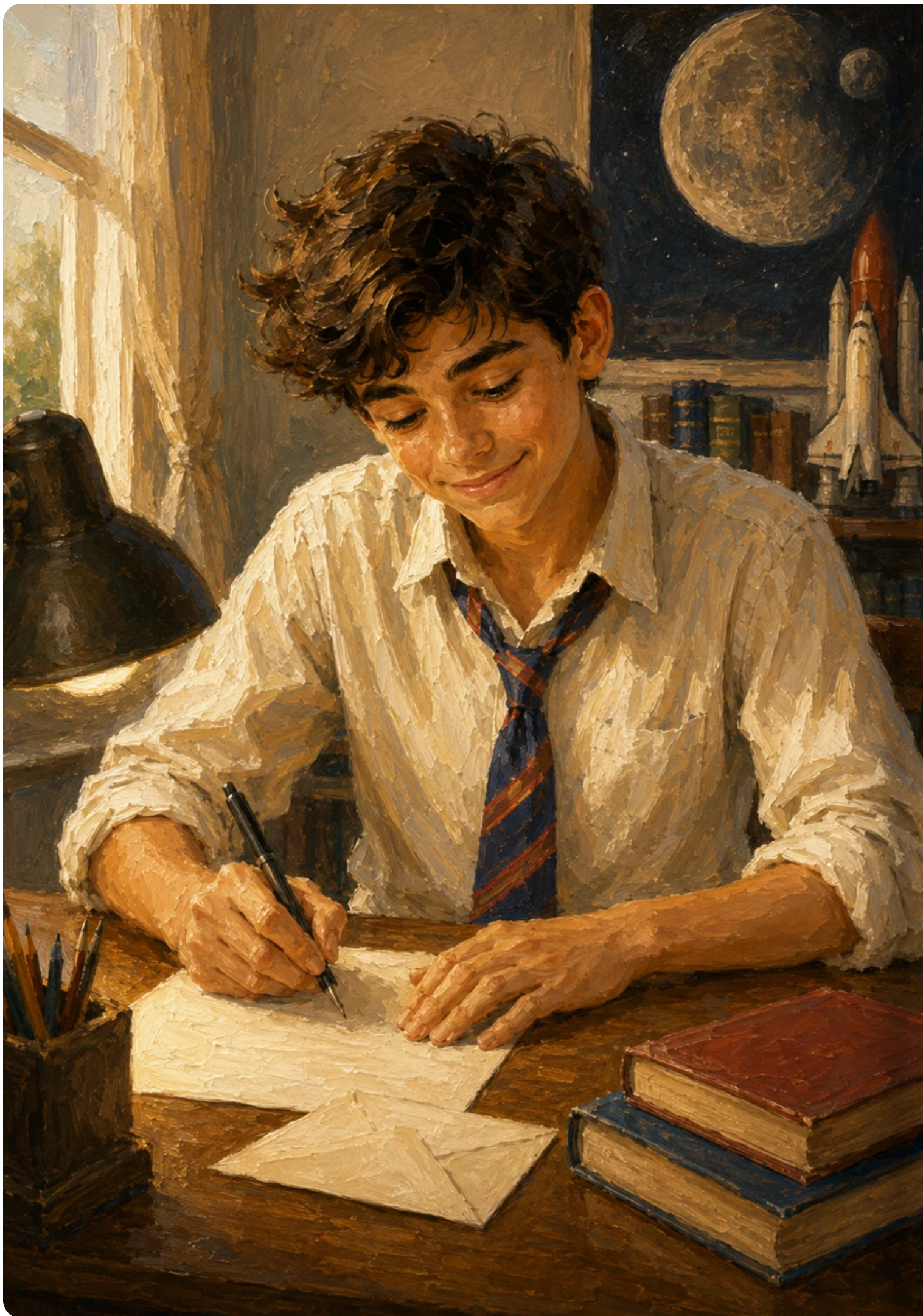




Giles sat cross-legged on his bedroom rug, surrounded by the quiet warmth of the final days of summer vacation. In his hands, he held a brightly wrapped parcel that had just arrived in the mail, his curiosity piqued by its heavy, rectangular shape.



With careful movements, he tore away the colorful paper to reveal a magnificent hardcover book titled History of Space Travel, its cover gleaming with painted galaxies and silver rockets. Beside it lay a handwritten note from a thoughtful sender, wishing him a wonderful end to his holidays.



Giles smiled warmly and immediately set up his writing desk to pen a thank-you note. He wrote about how brilliant the title sounded and how deeply interested he was in the grand mysteries of exploring space and learning about the moon.



Before he could dive into the cosmic unknown, Giles placed the new book neatly on his nightstand next to his current read, a heavily thumbed volume detailing how modern cars are engineered and manufactured. He was determined to finish understanding the mechanics of Earth before launching his mind into the stars.



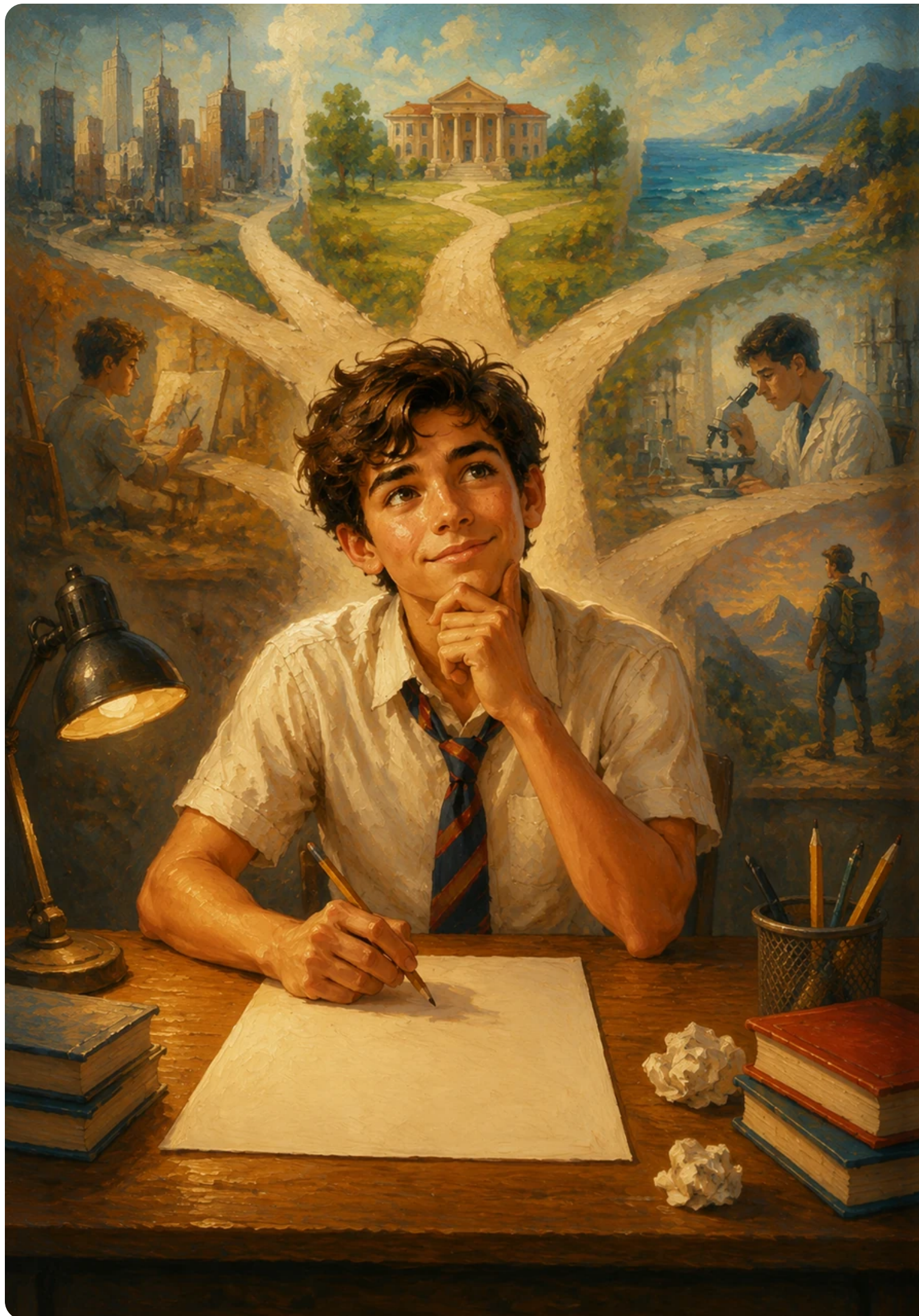
Later that afternoon, Giles looked out his window at the golden autumn leaves beginning to drift across the yard, realizing with a bittersweet sigh that the holidays were nearly finished. The carefree days of summer were fading, making way for the structure of the days ahead.



The next morning, Giles packed his backpack with fresh notebooks and sharpened pencils, preparing himself to go back to school the following week. The familiar weight of the bag anchored him to reality, signaling the official return to his daily routine.



Walking through the school gates on Monday, Giles looked around at the bustling hallways and realized he only had two more years of school left. The thought brought a sudden wave of excitement and gravity, making the hallways feel like a launching pad for the rest of his life.



During a quiet study period, Giles stared at a blank piece of paper, deeply pondering what he needed to decide to do next with his life. The crossroads of his future stretched out before him, filled with endless possibilities that both thrilled and challenged him.



That evening, Giles sat back at his desk to finish his letter, sealing it into an envelope with a sense of gratitude for the people supporting his journey. He signed it with best wishes, sending his appreciation back into the world.



Late at night, under the soft glow of his bedside lamp, Giles finally opened the first page of his new space book, his mind drifting between the gears of automobiles and the vast, untamed expanse of the starry sky.