



Utopia

Science Fiction





SAMPLE



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Introduction

THIS sample sheet was put together in an effort to demonstrate the format and kinds of stories and poems which will be published at Utopia Science Fiction. The story, poem, and article here should by no means be taken as a limitation as to what we accept. We accept a great deal of story types and flavors. Our interest, when it can't be hard science fiction, is on any story which leaves with it a chance for hope, a ring of optimism. In modern times hope for the future seems to be something shunned more often than not. Here is a magazine where readers can come to lose themselves, to dream of possible futures. Our sample story introduces themes of belief and knowledge. It is not exactly a happy story, but its ending allows just enough optimism for me to feel it appropriate to publish here in this magazine. The poem is just short of what I might consider a long poem and just longer than what I might consider a short poem, but it was included in this sample as an excellent means of taking up space and demonstrating, though again, not limiting a show of the types of poems accepted here.

I want to give a special thanks to early contributors whom helped me have enough material to compose this sampler. We are in need of more submissions and welcome anything you would like to send us.

I would also be remiss if I did not give credit to George F. Gatter, whose sketching provided the sample cover and the other pictures in this piece. The image which took the place of artwork under Poetry should be credited to NASA and came from their public domain gallery. In our first volume greater attention will be spent with artwork, we will not be resorting to NASA images. This is, for all intents and purposes, an example case of literary content than artistic content.

The Science Corner, as with all other parts of this sample, is truncated. We welcome any questions from readers to put there about the articles or stories and we will answer them as best we are able. We welcome fact articles or summaries of recent discoveries or developments. Having said just about all I want to say regarding this issue I will leave you only with one last thing. Please enjoy.

Sincerely,
Tristan Evarts
Editor.



Editor: Tristan Evarts

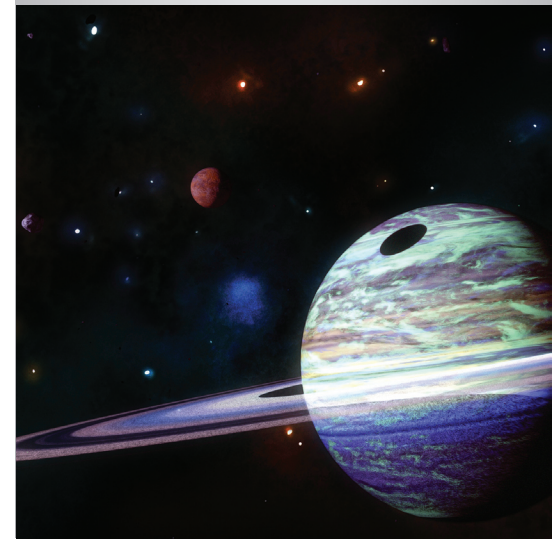
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A DAY OF DOOM AND HOPE

by Benjamin Tiller



1121 Revolution

412th Maker Year

CASSUS NEEMA stepped out of the observation room and found himself drowned in the chaos of his office. He looked about in puzzlement. Papers and charts scribbled with half-finished ideas lay where he left them when he had gotten distracted with something else. His bookshelf was disheveled, but lined with volumes of all the classics and necessary literature. Alita's Laws, When the Maker made Natural Laws, Ruminations of Metropolitan Leman...

Cassus felt himself drawn there. He ran his hand across the cracked leather spines and began to neaten them up. He paused at the last title. Metropolitan Leman...there was a man Cassus would have liked to have met. The devout priest had little way of knowing that his Ruminations and his sermons would inspire such a fundamentally important movement. Some credited the birth of the Rationalists to Agomon Karus who named and wrote out 15 natural laws of order. He was the first to compile, publish, and talk about these ideas as a cohesive and uniting explanation of the world that did not rely on the Maker existing. But the idea sprung some while earlier in the words and thoughts of a Metropolitan. Leman preached about the importance of knowledge and using it to benefit others, which was the funda-

mental belief of a Rationalist. Could a Rationalist hold a belief? Cassus wondered. He supposed it were possible, if such belief were rational. "But then it would be a fact and not a belief," Cassus spoke out loud to himself. "But what did I come in here for?"

He looked around his office completely lost. He really should clean things up a bit around here. He looked back at Leman's volumes. The man had died 140 revolutions ago, about five years after the Church abolished divine right to rule. Down with the King, up with the Arch-Priest, he thought wryly.

"Adria, what did I come in my office for?" He asked.

"You needed to write down your latest calculations," a high pitched voice called from the observatory room and Adria appeared in the door. He gave her a loving smile. Her cranial ridges were soft and subtle. The nubs on her forehead were smooth still. A reminder that she was young and that he was not. When she grew up she would be beautiful, intelligent – she could carry his work further. It made him proud. A Rationalist's work was never finished – they must keep building on the frameworks and theories of the industrious geniuses before them.

The calculations. Cassus turned to look at his desk. He saw only papers lying, a solid sheet over the

wooden furniture. He found the vellum he was looking for easily enough. It rested on top of everything since it was the last project he had started. "Now," He said to himself, eyeing the desk dubiously. "Somewhere underneath all that, there's a pencil."

He gingerly felt around for it, burying his hands underneath the parchment and papers, trying in vain to reach the actual desk. It was papers all the way down. He pulled back when something nipped sharply at his thumb. He held his thumb to his lips and sucked the blood away. Infernal papercuts. "Adria...do you know where I left my pencil?"

Adria was still standing at the doorway. She touched her ear and Cassus touched his. Lo and behold, a pencil materialized in his hand. "I don't know how you did that- must be magic," he said and instantly wondered if he should have used that word. It was not proper for a Rationalist to use such a term. Then again, it was a word and so it must have some practical point to it. What was the point in it being a word if it was not used?

Adria smiled and it filled his heart with pride. She had her mother's eyes, which turned a brilliant shade of blue every time she laughed. He felt a dull ache return to his heart. It returned every time he thought of Elizai. He missed her dearly, which seemed strange- to miss someone you had seen this morning. Who would be waiting for him when he got back home. "I wonder if Rationalists will ever explain the human heart."

"It's as Veni the Wiser once said, daddy, 'give the mysteries of the soul to religion and the mysteries of the world to the philosophers.'"

"You remember that, do you?" He felt a smile push across his face. "I'm so very proud of you- so intelligent and well organized. That must be your mother's side. Where would I be without her, or you? I – what was I doing again? Oh right, calculating the orbital variations." Cassus looked down at the paper and reread the mathematical scribbles of earlier. He reached for a blank piece of parchment, but could not remember where he left them. He turned over another nearby piece that looked rather unimportant and began adding the latest data he had observed. It was some 70 revolutions ago that a man by the name of Jossos had discovered the nature of the stars through a new device that used glass to magnify images over a great distance. The magnifier became a crucial instrument – the one in the Observatory was roughly 100 times larger than the one Jossos had used. With his small handheld device, Jossos discovered the other worlds very nearby – giant floating stone sphere and the sun, a fire of hot plasma. They all orbited

the sun in a complex series of motions, which Cassus was attempting to refine. If certain stars were indeed other worlds, it was possible that there were billions of worlds out in the great cosmic heavens.

Cassus frowned. "Adria, I think you should go home and tell Mother that I'm going to be late. Something isn't right and I've got to figure out exactly what it is."

"Of course, Daddy," Adria nodded. He was proud that she did not argue for him to take a break. She knew him well enough, they both did...if he stopped his work now, it might be weeks before he remembered to get back to it and that would be if he could find it at all in the trash heap that covered his desk. He really ought to tidy up around here at some point. But that could wait, he was filled with a nagging feeling the data was trying to tell him something important. He had an idea what the emerging pattern would tell him and that turned his heart cold with fear. He hoped he was wrong. If the data told him what he thought it would -unmitigated disaster. He looked up in time to see Adria exit the door onto the street. When she was younger, he would have insisted in walking her home, but at 12 revolutions she knew the way back and could handle herself.

Cassus turned back to look at the papers and ran through the numbers again. Occasionally he exited out into the observation room to look in the magnifier and record some more data. Then he would return to his desk and stare at the problem until he was certain he knew what he was doing with it. Time passed without any real meaning. He felt vaguely aware of a chill in the room, which meant it must be quite late at night. Once everything seemed to get quite dim he remembered that he needed to change the oil lamps. It felt like such an inconvenience that he ignored it when the first light went out. It was not until the third, when the room became too dark to read any of his work that he paused to refill the oil base and relight the flame.

Morning was marked by small beam of light trickling through one of the narrow windows and a slight warm draft blowing by. It was not until sometime that evening that Cassus put his dull-tipped pencil down and pushed back his chair. "I was right," he said to no one in particular. "Now what?"

It seemed the world had a right to know, but it was hardly him who should be the one to break the news. No one would believe a Rationalist, although they were happy when Rationalist thinking led to the invention of some convenience. He would need to tell the Arch-Priest, take it to the Church and convince them of the reality they were facing. They would know what

to do. He collected his findings from his desk, knocking some papers to the floor. He thought he should pick them up, but it hardly seemed important at the moment. He would do that when he got back. Maybe Adria would help him. "I suppose I should eat something..." he thought out-loud. "Oh folly, the world's ending. This is hardly time to think about eating. I suppose that it is a good time to think about eating, but never-mind. The Cathedral Central isn't far from here. I just need to leave a note for Adria should she stop by, let her know where I've gone." Cassius pulled a paper that had been bookmarking some page in the third volume of a book titled "Anon, World-Spheres." It was not a scientific journal—but it held a place in his heart. The first fiction he had ever read and it detailed what kind of paradises the Maker could have developed on each of the six worlds that shared orbit of Alita's sun. The paper probably bookmarked a favorite passage, but he could find that again. He looked for his pencil, but it had fallen out of his grasp again and disappeared. He shrugged. He would not leave a note for Adria then. When she arrived and saw that he was not here she would know he was somewhere else doing something important. She was a smart girl and the conclusion seemed rather easy to grasp.

He exited and closed the door behind him. The Observatory was at the top of Menis street, and the rest of the city fell before them. On the second steepest hill, in what was once the Palace and residence of the King lay the Cathedral Central. It was the hub of secular and state activity. It would take him an hour to walk there, and he really should stop for lunch along the way. Was it lunch time, or should it be considered supper? Cassus wondered. It scarcely seemed important.

THE ARCH-PRIEST was an old man. The nubs on his head were swollen over his thick cranial ridges and gnarled fiercely. His hair had receded entirely, forming a thin crown around the rest of his head. He attempted to compensate for this by growing a beard, but it grew in unevenly. In the right light, Cassus was certain half of it was slightly longer on one side than the other. Perhaps that explained the tilted head the Arch-Priest fixed him with. It was more likely, Cassus reasoned, a reaction of incredulity at seeing a Rationalist ask for an audience. Audiences with the Arch-Priest were usually scheduled in advance, but he always had time to meet if there was an emergency, which Cassus assured the stewards there was.

"Yes, my son?" The Arch-Priest spoke slowly, like his tongue needed to drag over the words before they formed. It might be easy to mistake him for slow,

but the penetrating alertness of the man's dark eyes told otherwise.

"Arch-Priest, I'm honored that you could meet with me," Cassus said and realized that that had been the only line he had practiced on the way over. After that, he did not know what he was going to say.

"Of course, my son. You said there was an emergency? A crisis of faith perhaps? I understand you subscribe to a more Rationalist line of thought. How long has it been since you last came to a service?" The Arch-Priest's head remained tilted, his words were lethargic. Twice Cassus thought he had finished and almost interrupted him. He stopped now, having learned. A stretch of silence fell between them and told Cassus it was likely okay to speak.

"A very long time," what was the title they used to address the higher ups in the Church? "His Excellent Reverence. I am a Rationalist as you said – I deal in mathematical explanation of the world around us. That is part of the emergency."

The old man sat visibly straighter, tilting his head forward. "I see... You've come then, to find your way back to the church?"

"No," Cassus said after a sufficiently long silence. The priest slumped back. His brow furled.

"Then why?"

"Are you familiar with the Philosophical arithmetia of the ancient teachers? More precisely the more accurate system developed by the Rationalist Agomon Karus?"

"I am familiar with my ancient studies," the priest said as though this were self-evident. "But I must admit I am behind in following anything Rationalist. The studies are too recent to be considered classical, and therefore given little importance in educations of a holy nature. As I understand only certain colleges teach Rationalism. Perhaps...this is an emergency you should take there?"

"No," Cassus said. He wondered if he should have waited a bit longer, but he could feel the Arch-Priest was ready to get rid of him. He added, "Your Reverend Excellency. Please, a moment – I believe I can explain the basic math of it, but it's very important you hear this."

"Very well, my son. Though I think you are wasting your time...and mine."

"Thanks to the work of Agomon Karus, as you know, we have a way of determining the mechanical nature of objects according to natural law," Cassus started. "Given any number of mathematical details we can deduce, accurately and without fail, the behavior of

a physical system.”

“The Maker does seem to will it so, my son,” The old man nodded his withered head.

“I have been working on studying the orbital behaviors of the other world-spheres in our relative vicinity and have done so for the past thirty revolutions. There are certain instabilities in our own orbit and the way it interacts with neighboring bodies which leads me to believe they are the cause of numerous earthquakes, which are especially common when Jutip makes itself visible in the sky,” Cassus said. Jutip had once been called the god of cannon. When he appeared in the sky and became a small orb visible to the naked eye the quakes always became worse. The months after were dedicated to Jutip’s children – Kala and Eormon, famine and drought. “The inconsistencies in the variations are getting worse, and I feel I have an explanation.”

The Arch-Priest said nothing. His intense eyes shimmered with something Cassus could not place. Perhaps it was curiosity, or boredom.

“Your Arch-Eminence, I mean to say that I have discovered proof that the inconsistencies of our worlds orbit are getting worse. From all I can tell they will continue to get much, much worse until we collide with Jutip – the world sphere, not the god.”

“You’re certain of this? You have proof...proof that would convince other Rationalists?” The Arch-Priest asked. He adjusted his pose and appeared to resign himself with a little sigh.

“Yes, your reverend-excellency. I have it all here, with me. I can show the proof and the calculations to you now. We have some time, maybe a few 100-revolutions before we really start to notice things, but – I don’t know what we can do, but we must do something.”

“I agree,” the Arch-Priest said. He extended a shaky hand. “May I?”

Cassus showed him the papers which he gripped with hands as withered as the papyrus before him. The gleam in his eye took deeper shape. It was a gleam of regret. “Your Reverend Excellency, do you understand?”

A slow, tragic nod, “I do. But you said yourself; there is nothing we can do.”

“Perhaps...we could try,” what was it they could try? Cassus did not know. “What do we do?”

There was silence. Cassus saw the tears in the old man’s eyes, knew that he understood. Their world was doomed. Nothing would change that. “I cannot go public with this, my son. I will pray with every bit of my soul, every day. I will ask the Maker to spare us. This is out of our hands, and it is only his will that can save us.”

“If we educated the public, maybe we could

work together to solve this.”

“My son... You cannot move a mountain, can you?” The Arch-Priest asked.

“No,” Cassus bowed his head. He was failing and he knew it.

“How much less so the great spheres of heaven? We must have faith now, since no Rational thought will do. But let the people live easily, in peace and prosperity.”

Cassus should have seen it coming. He had been such a fool not to. Why speak of uncomfortable truths? This was not the church of Metropolitan Leman. In his day they would have embraced the truth, no matter what. Wouldn’t they? Cassus wondered – Metropolitan Leman never had to deal with the end of Alita, the doom of the world-sphere.

“I think it is best,” the Arch-Priest said as he turned. Half-step by half-step, he made his way back to the throne which he sat, “that you remain silent on this matter.”

Cassus blanched. “People have a right to know...”

“And if you cannot offer solutions? If you tell the people there is no hope? You must you know, for a Rationalist believes in truth. I believe that silence is sometimes better. It is...not a lie. Comfort yourself with that. Cassus?”

Cassus looked up. The Arch-Priest’s face was a taught mask of stoic reserve. Still, underneath the mask Cassus thought he saw the deep rivers of sadness.

“Go home to your family. If word gets out of this...I cannot guarantee that you and your family would not be considered guilty of heresy to the church and treason to the state.”

“People will know one day. They’ll want to know why they weren’t told sooner.”

“Maybe, but that it not my concern. Nor will it be yours. Goodbye, my son. May the Maker bless you and your family with happiness.”

Two stewards put their arms around Cassus and gently prodded him towards the door. He walked in a kind of numbness. The world was going to end, and they were going to sit by and do nothing. He would fight this, he needed to. Cassus Neema was no coward though he often wondered about the concept of bravery. What was it, to be brave? To take a risk knowing the dangers, yes. What if the risk was on someone else as well as him? His family needed to come first. He did not believe that the Arch-Priest would speak against him. He understood what they were facing, enough to know the danger of it anyway. There were others in the church far more

aggressive who perceived Rationalists as devils tempting the word of the Maker. His nose wrinkled at the thought as he was led out of the Cathedral Central. "Barbarians exist in all times," he muttered under his breath.

As they reached the street and his guard disappeared inside the walls of the Cathedral Central Cassus felt the earth quake in a prolonged violent shudder. He held tightly to the stone wall until it subsided, just another one of the tens of thousands of quakes that hit each revolution. It would get worse, maybe even in his lifetime. Long before Jutip came crashing down from the sky there would be earthquakes to level cities and famines and droughts.

He thought of Elizai and missed her sorely. How could he not? She completed him and to be apart from her was to lose a piece of him.

The walk back home was quiet and Cassus sank deep into his own thoughts. They came slowly, in a haze to him. He remained this way, passing through the city. Street menders were out, repairing the roads -a task which they had become all too proficient in. But to Cassus they scarcely existed.

His concerns half-melted away when he reached his home. He saw the warm orange light shimmering out of the thin slit-windows and knocked on the door. Elizai was there, her golden hair tumbling over her shoulders like the cascades of Senai River. Her smile beamed with the brightness of Jutip in spring. His heart, so downcast before, could not help but feel better. This was the affect she had on him every time they were together. There were things Rationalists would never know. He frowned, reminded of his earlier failure.

"I sent Adria to bring you dinner. She just returned and said you weren't at the Observatory. Where were you?" She asked as he came into the inner-hall. He lowered his head until it rested on her shoulder and as her arms found their way in quiet shock around him, he cried.

Soft tears, as to not allow Adria to hear him. He could not help but cry and when Elizai kissed him and asked him what was wrong he told her. Everything about the doom of Alita, civilizations end.

"In a few 100-revolutions?" She asked. Her eyes were not sad. He wondered if she understood, but perhaps sadness was not in her nature. Could he really be sad either? Not when she was with him. What of Adria? This troubled him. She would grow up in a world that knew his failure. If she studied after him, would she learn what he had? She would ask why he did not tell anyone. She would be angry at him, or disappointed. A father should not disappoint his daughter.

"How many things change in just a few 10-cycles?" Elizai said. "Knowledge is constantly evolving, and with it our ability to work new marvels."

A quote from Metropolitan Leman, Cassus knew it by heart. There was a message in all of the Metropolitan's sermons. He never said the words, but they became the Rationalists core belief. Rationalists would not say the word either. Faith was not a rational word even when it was faith in knowledge.

"I cannot move a mountain. What can we do to save our civilization? To save Adria's children and grandchildren. I can't stop Jutip from striking our world."

Elizai puzzled this for a moment. She said nothing, but turned to the kitchen and brought out some warm stew and bread. Cassus' stomach roared like the earth-shaking. He forgot that he had been so hungry. He pushed aside papers on a chair (his work had followed him home it seemed) and sat down.

"There was something in the preface of Alita's Law's," Elizai said ponderously as she nibbled on Cassus bread. He did not mind. He would have given her everything. He often thought that if he could reach through the magnifier and pluck down one of the stars he would tie it on a string and give it to his beloved. She radiated star-glow and such a gift would only be fitting. "...even if stone by stone."

"What?" Cassus stopped sipping his stew and listened.

"Every mountain," she smiled and Cassus remembered the passage. They finished saying it together, "can be moved even if stone by stone."

Cassus closed his eyes, gathering his thoughts and putting them in order. "Tonight, I'm going to write a public message. I'll let them know that the world is going to die. I will reach out to every Rationalist on Alita. We'll work together, we'll find a way to stop Jutip - or, or perhaps we will build a ship and set sail across the stars. If we focus and work together we can solve this problem. We can at least find a way for our people to live. But if I do this...you and Adria might be in trouble- the Church."

"The church will need to have faith in you, dear husband," Elizai said. "Do you think we can avert this end-time?"

Cassus shook his head. "If it is the Maker's will," he wanted to say it ironically, but he forgot to sound that way. He was thinking already. "They came out with a paper the other day; I don't know what I did with it. A Rationalist in the neighboring city of Kiv was looking through their Observatory and said that the world-sphere Hesthen might be surrounded by a cloak of gas

similar in composition to our own gas-shield.”

“Whatever happens, whether we fail or succeed, we’ll work together,” Elizai told him and he believed her. “The people won’t panic if we can give them a mission, a purpose.”

Cassus nodded. The uncertainty clung to him, but it was dissipating slowly. That night, when he went to sleep he dreamed of Metropolitan Leman – the man who understood unity. The kindly face of the religious man was shining down on him. He knew the right thing to do and perhaps he was wrong. Perhaps the people would panic, would descend into chaos. Perhaps the church would declare him and his family heretics and traitors. If they did, he would remember the teachings of the Metropolitan.

When he woke, after breakfast, he walked back to his observatory with Adria. She brought him some fresh paper and a pencil and he began to write. He wrote to each major university, he wrote to public printing houses. He shared with them his observations and his arithmetia. He wrote of the teachings of Metropolitan Leman and of his own thoughts. He paused immediately before sending Adria away to dispatch the messages. When she left there would be no turning back.

If the Arch-Priest was right, if being silent was the best option. He shook his head. The Arch-Priest had already been wrong. There was hope he could offer. Technology evolved, so did knowledge- if they focused and worked together in three 100-revolutions, they might find a way to move Jutip. This seemed unlikely. They might find a way to leave Alita – to reach Hesthen. Then their race would survive. He would try anyway, to rally the people, to offer them this hope. They had to try.

He sent Adria away and turned back to his office area. It was a sea of parchment with icebergs of books and equipment. He began to shuffle through the papers quietly and calmly.

Now it was time to begin to tidy up.

POETRY



Star Dreams

By George F. Gatter

I sit at night, when quite alone
Upon the hill-side's grassy curve.
A boulder there I make my throne
And fancy soars without reserve.

With upward gaze to velvet deeps
Be-gemmed with distant stars,
I glimpse the meteor's fiery leaps
And the ruddy gleam of Mars.

And other planets may be seen
If one has careful eye
To catch their patient, steady sheen
'Midst winking diamonds in the sky.

Then in thought I like to roam
Far out in vasty space...
A thousand light-years from my home
I gaze into the Sun's bright face.

Old Sol is small, viewed from afar
And scanned with stellar eyes...
With Betelgeuse, the Giant Star
Three hundred times his size!

With giant tread I now traverse
The shimmering Milky Way.
The backbone of the universe
Provides the path from which to stray.

But now I pause in headlong flight
And turn my thoughts to earth once more.
Close wrapped about me is the night...
Though closed the magic door.

Yet, after all, things commonplace
The petty works of finite Man
Mean more to us than solar space
I would not change the Maker's Plan

SCIENCE CORNER

THE term 'paradigm shift' was coined in 1962 by American Philosopher Thomas Kuhn. It can be compared to a kind of scientific revolution. It can be contrasted in comparison to normal science which was defined as scientific work within a prevailing framework.

Usually a paradigm shift is followed by a great leap of progress in any scientific field. It offers a new way of interpreting the universe. According to Thomas Kuhn it necessarily offers a better way of looking at the universe. Then, over time – the revelations made within that paradigm slow down. It becomes harder and harder to make progress and we enter a state of normal science in which our ability to progress is hindered by numerous factors. Then, after a time a breakthrough occurs. Something that changes our understanding and we are shifted into a new paradigm. This presumably repeats itself ad infinitum. They can be viewed in terms of significant events or contributions. Most readily called to mind are the invention of the microscope, Newtonian Physics, and later Einstein's $E=mc^2$.

We appear to be deep within the grasp of normal science right now. Our projects hit dead ends and our theories, such as M-theory, lack numerous testable hypotheses. We have not yet discovered how to test for curled up dimensions or strings.

Still, every once and a while a project comes along so bold and so brilliant that it makes one wonder if we may not be soon ushering in another paradigm shift.

I will call your attention specifically to the genius project of Starshot Breakthrough. The mission of Starshot is to be the first extra-solar probe to visit an exoplanet. An exoplanet is one not of our solar system, for example the Trappist planets. In this case the destination is Proxima B in the Alpha Centauri system, which is located some 4 light years away from us. (23,510,000,000,000 miles). Once there the probe would gather information about the planet and the system which it is in. The value of that data would be priceless to astronomers.

The probe will be a nano-craft, meaning it will consist of a computer chip roughly a gram in mass. We owe a great deal to Moore's Law for this, which states, roughly, that the speed and capability of any computer will double once every two years thanks to the increasing number of transistors a microchip can contain. We can now shrink a great deal of computer processing power onto very small scales.

What will propel this nano-craft? Like exploring ships of old, this craft of the stars will rely on sails, specifically light-sails. Advancements in technologies have recently led to the possibility of creating meter-length materials only a few atoms thick which would be able to effectively power the craft without weighing it down too much. As we may be aware, mass increases as you approach the speed of light. In order to create a vessel capable of spanning light-years of distance in a reasonable amount of time it must have very little mass.

Starshot is expected to make the journey of 4 light-years in just 20 years at speeds traveling hundreds of millions of miles per hour. Another piece of this puzzle regards propulsion of the craft. In order to achieve speeds set by this project, it is necessary to utilize lasers to push the craft forward. The term for these is light beamer.

Let it be said that this project is not without challenges. It pushes the very boundaries of what is capable today. Still, technology is always evolving and with it our ability to do incredible things. It's expected that we will be able to send a probe to Alpha Centauri by the mid-2030s. Who knows, perhaps this is the mission that will usher in a new paradigm of scientific exploration and understanding.

Those interested in learning more are encouraged to investigate the project's website at breakthroughinitiatives.org.

-Tristan Evarts
Editor

Science Trivia:

For the curious and well informed this magazine provides some trivia questions. The answers will be provided in the next issue.

Question 1:

What comet was first sighted by the Chinese in 240 A.D.?

Question 2:

What is the closest habitable exoplanet?