

Lionna und Hellene



Ich habe mich von [Peter Trapasso](#) auf Instagram inspirieren lassen. Die Kunst ist, solche Prompts zu verfassen. Das ist schon so, als schriebe man einen Sci-Fi-Roman.

Lionnna sat within the Destiny Observatory, her elegant fingers flying across holographic interfaces, plotting potential futures for those seeking her guidance. Arrayed around her were the Threads of Fate, a cosmic web connecting every living soul to the paths they might walk. The Observatory orbited a quantum singularity, allowing Lionnna to calculate the probabilities of life trajectories with unparalleled precision. Today, a new client, a leader deciding whether to pursue peace or war, awaited her analysis. The ramifications were galaxy-spanning. With a graceful motion, Lionnna plucked the strings of possibility, her screens displaying cascading futures. She could see the outcomes of

war, a tangle of darkness and sorrow. The paths of peace shone brightly, but they were narrow and fraught with challenges. As she delved deeper, the probabilities coalesced into a single strand, a potential future where peace led to a golden age of prosperity and discovery. Lionnna's heart quickened; it was the slimmest of chances, but it was there. She encoded the path into a quantum capsule and dispatched it to her client, along with the warning of war's dark web. With the possible futures of billions in her client's hands, Lionnna watched as the capsule streaked planetward. Her job was done. Now the thread of peace lay in someone else's hands, but Lionnna had shown the way. She turned back to her screens, ready to chart the next course, ever weaving the tapestry of destiny.



Hellene sat at the Nebula View Bar, the galaxy's most thrilling watering hole, perched high above the radiant sprawl of Andromeda Prime. It was the only place where star pilots and cosmic tycoons rubbed shoulders with android poets and

rogue AIs. She was an interstellar cartographer, here to celebrate her latest map of the Outer Rim.

The bar, with walls of pure transparent duraglass, offered a view of the bustling space lanes and the majestic sight of Andromeda's sister galaxy, M31, in the distance. Ships of all shapes and sizes darted between the neon towers, their trails weaving a tapestry of light against the cosmic canvas.

A low hum announced the arrival of the evening's spectacle – a meteor shower that the bar's AI had perfectly timed to coincide with the music, each impact igniting a symphony of sound and color.

As Hellene sipped her drink, a fusion of starfruit and comet ice, the bar's patrons paused to witness a rogue meteor, glowing an impossible shade of blue, defying the odds as it skimmed the city's shield and disintegrated into a shower of sparkling azure.

In that moment, Hellene received an offer from a mysterious figure: a map to a hidden sector, untouched and ripe for discovery. With the promise of uncharted space in her grasp, she raised her glass to the night, to the adventurers, to the boundless universe. And with a nod, she sealed her next grand voyage.