CYBER ADVENTURES IN INFOGALAXIS

The Secret Code of the Star Gate

Book 1

Author: Andrea Becsei



This book belongs to this little space traveller:

Book 1: The Secret Code of the Star Gate

English localisation - language-checked version translated from the approved Hungarian manuscript. Story, scene order and teaching content preserved.

A Note for Parents: The Digital Ski Slope

Dear Parent,

Imagine it is winter. Fresh, sparkling snow covers the top of the mountain, and a steep, inviting slope leads down into the valley. You put the newest, fastest skis on your child’s feet. You adjust their helmet, give them an encouraging pat on the shoulder, and gently send them down the slope.

But you forgot to teach them how to stop.

It is a frightening thought, isn’t it? And yet, as parents, we sometimes do something very similar when we give our children a smartphone, a tablet, or a storytelling robot. We send them out onto the digital ski slope, where information moves at incredible speed. But we do not always teach them how to slow down, stop, change direction, or recognise the slippery parts.

This book was created to help young children — and us adults too — learn how to turn the digital world from a confusing wilderness into a safe place to explore and play. We do not want to take technology away from children. We want to teach them how to use it wisely. Because the internet is a wonderful, endless galaxy — when we know how to find our way through it safely.



Chapter 1: From the Attic to the Stars

Lili and Miki were brother and sister. Lili was five years old, and her eyes always sparkled like freshly fallen snow. She wanted to know everything: why the sky was blue, why flowers went to sleep, and where the light went when you switched off the lamp.

Her seven-year-old brother Miki was different. He was a quiet little inventor. He could spend hours building towers from wooden blocks and old gears, making them reach almost all the way to the sky.

That evening, they found a strange silver box in the darkest corner of Grandpa’s attic. It had no lock and no buttons. There was only a glass panel on top, glowing softly like a firefly.

“Look, Miki!” Lili whispered. “It looks like a little piece of a star.”

When Miki touched the glass, the box began to hum quietly and projected an image into the air. A huge forest woven from glowing threads of light appeared in front of them. Instead of leaves, the branches were covered with tiny shining dots, all connected by silver threads.



“Welcome to InfoGalaxis,” whispered a gentle, musical, metallic voice from nowhere. “This is where people’s thoughts, stories and knowledge live. But the gate to the Galaxy is closed. Only someone with the Secret Key may enter.”

Suddenly, the room began to tremble. The walls disappeared, and where the soft carpet had been, a transparent, floating Bubble Ship was now rocking gently beneath their feet.

They looked around and could hardly believe their eyes. Far below them, the blue Earth was glowing. Ahead stretched the endless darkness of space, crossed not by stars but by millions of glowing streams of data. It looked as if every Christmas light in the world had suddenly lit up across the sky.

Far away, a gigantic futuristic space station floated in the darkness, with enormous solar-panel wings. It looked exactly like the space stations Miki imagined the future would have. This was the Cyber Gate.



“Do robots live there?” Lili asked, pressing her nose against the glass.

“Not only robots, Lili,” said a new voice.

A tiny flying creature popped out of the ship’s control panel. It looked like an owl, but its feathers were made of delicate metal plates. Instead of ordinary eyes, two friendly green screens blinked at them.

“My name is Kiber-Huba. I am one of the guardians of the Galaxy. And your journey is just beginning. But be careful! In space, things are not always what they seem. There are silly robots, shiny traps and digital storms here. And they may try to take your most precious treasures — your names, your drawings and your secrets.”



Chapter 2: The Diamond Shield and the Tricky Space Fox

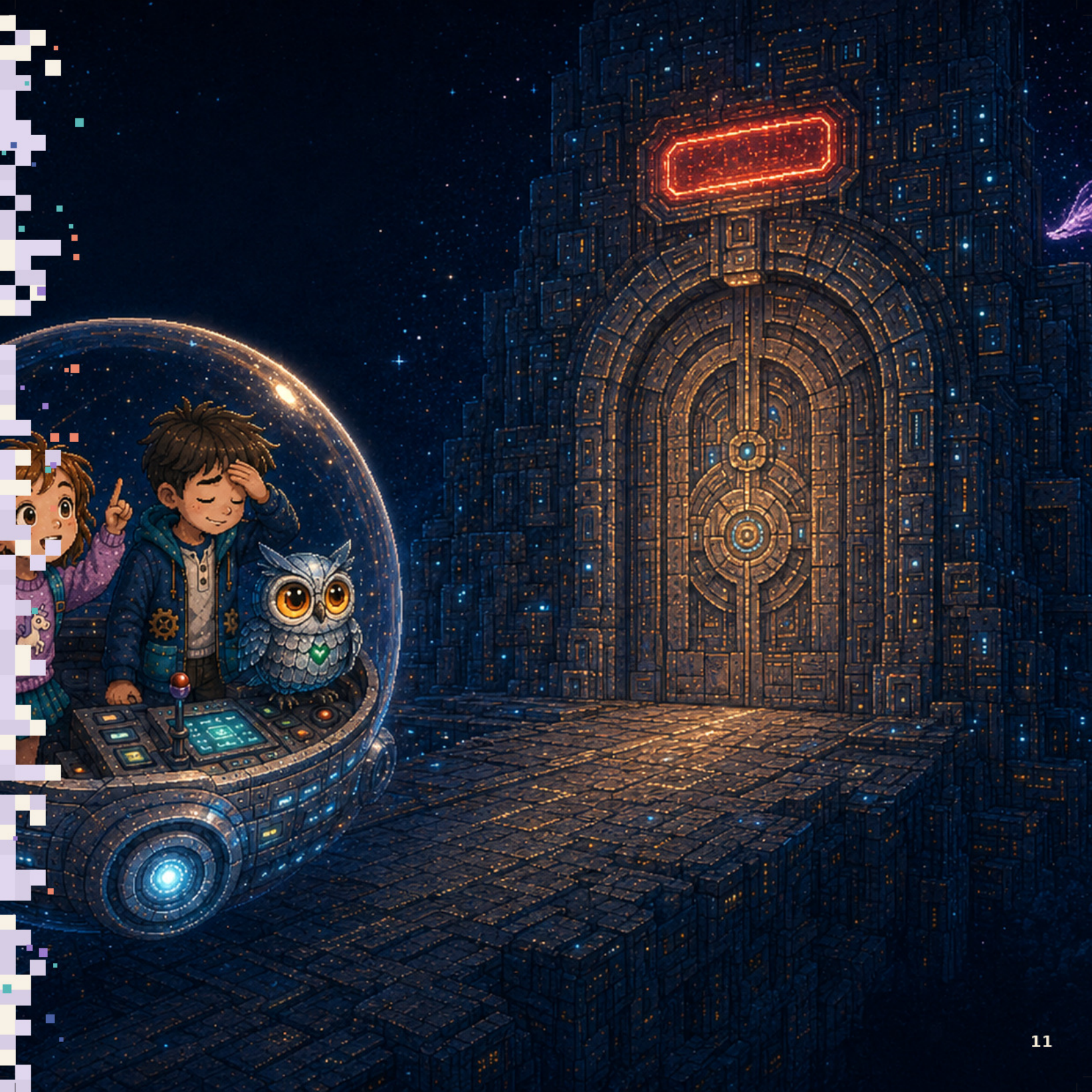
The Bubble Ship floated quietly in front of the gigantic, silver Cyber Gate. The space station’s huge solar-panel wings stretched into the darkness like the arms of a friendly giant, but a thick red shield of light blocked the entrance.

“Enter the Secret Code to come in!” boomed the deep, mechanical voice of the Gatekeeper Computer.

“I know!” Lili cried, already reaching a tiny finger towards the screen. “My code is PONY! Because ponies are the cutest things in the whole world, and I’ll never forget it!”

Kiber-Huba suddenly spun around in the air. His eyes changed from friendly green to worried orange.

“Oh no, little Lili, stop!” Huba said, his voice tinkling like glass marbles. “If your code is just pony, it’s like tying your most precious treasure chest shut with a single piece of dry grass.”



“Why?” Miki asked, putting an arm around his little sister. “Pony is a nice word. Who would want to hurt it?”

Kiber-Huba settled on the control panel and touched the glass with one wing. Outside the ship, a shape appeared in the dark space, drawn in stardust. It looked like a fox, but its fur was woven from purple threads of light and its tail flickered like a faulty screen.

“That is the Tricky Space Fox,” Huba explained. “He isn’t evil. He is just terribly curious and mischievous. He loves sneaking into other people’s digital hideouts, mixing up their games, reading secret messages and taking children’s best digital drawings. And his favourite game is guessing codes.”

The children stared with wide eyes.

“If a code is short or easy to guess — like pony, 1234, or someone’s name and birth year — the Fox’s machine can work it out in no time. And then the gate opens for him.”



Lili looked worried and moved closer to Miki.

“I don’t want the Fox to take my drawings. How can we make a code he can’t guess?”

Miki frowned the way he did when he was planning his most complicated wooden-block tower.

“Huba, how do you make a code strong? Strong like a diamond?”

Kiber-Huba’s eyes flashed with delight.

“By giving it a Diamond Shield, Miki. First, make it long. You can even make a secret sentence from several words that only you can remember. Don’t use your name, your birthday, or anything that someone could easily find out about you.”

“Like the fact that Lili loves ponies?” Miki asked.

“Exactly,” Huba nodded.

“My jumper gave me away,” Lili sighed, looking down at the three rainbow ponies galloping across it.



“Second,” Huba continued, “use a different code for every important door. If the same key opens every door, someone only needs to get hold of it once, and then they can get in everywhere.”

“And third, we don’t tell our code to other people or shout it across InfoGalaxis,” Miki added.

“Except to a trusted adult when you need help,” Huba clarified. “And if an app or game offers you a second lock as well, ask your parents to help you turn it on. Two locks are a tough challenge even for the Space Fox.”

Lili and Miki put their heads together. They invented a long, strange secret sentence that only they would know. Miki typed it in while even Kiber-Huba politely turned his head away.

After the final character, the red shield of light turned soft blue. The Cyber Gate’s enormous steel doors opened with a quiet hiss.



“The code is strong. Access granted. Welcome to InfoGalaxis, Lili and Miki!” said the computer, now in a much friendlier voice.

The Bubble Ship slowly slipped inside the space station. Millions of tiny robots hurried around them, and in the distance they could already see the setting for their next adventure: a huge sparkling lake filled with floating neon boxes.

“We did it!” Lili clapped. “The Fox can’t get in here!”

“Not now,” Kiber-Huba smiled. “You have learned the first rule of space: your secret stays yours only if you protect its key. But look! What are all those shiny gift boxes on the digital sea?”



Chapter 3: The Neon Sea and the Free-Pony Trap

The Bubble Ship glided on into the heart of the space station. But this place was not made of cold metal. A huge, glowing dark-blue lake stretched out before them. Kiber-Huba called it the Neon Sea. The water was not real water but silky, flowing light, and millions of colourful closed boxes floated on its surface.

Some spun like tops, others played cheerful music, and some projected golden coins into the dark space.

“Oh, look, Miki! There’s a pink box!” Lili cried, almost jumping against the window. “It says: ‘Click here and get a real, live rainbow pony! Completely free!’ Miki, let’s open it! We only have to press one button!”

Miki was already reaching towards the ship’s touchscreen. The box looked so real. Who wouldn’t want a free pony?

Kiber-Huba suddenly swooped down in front of Miki’s hand. His eyes glowed deep red and his metal feathers rattled softly with tension.

“Stop, space traveller!” he said seriously. “Don’t touch that button! It’s Shiny Bait.”

“Bait? Like Grandpa uses when he goes fishing at the lake?” Miki asked, pulling his finger back.



“Exactly,” the metal owl nodded. “Why does a little fish bite the shiny bait on the end of a hook? Because it thinks it has found a tasty dinner. But what is hiding behind it?”

“The sharp hook,” Lili whispered. “But the box says there’s a pony inside. Words don’t lie.”

Kiber-Huba gently landed on Lili’s shoulder.

“In InfoGalaxis, words can say anything. The Tricky Space Fox and the pirate robots may even try to work out what you like so they can make boxes you really want to open. But just because something is written on a box does not mean that is what is inside.”

“Then what could be inside?” Miki asked.

“It might simply be a trick. It might ask you for information, try to spend money, or start a program that causes trouble on the ship. Sometimes trouble can arrive without you even seeing it.”

Lili looked at the pink box. It did not seem so beautiful anymore. It was like a poisonous mushroom in the forest: colourful and tempting, but not something you should touch.

“How can we tell if it is a real gift or bait?” Miki asked.

“There are three golden rules on the Neon Sea,” Kiber-Huba said, his eyes glowing a calm green again. “First: if something seems too good to be true, stop. Second: don’t open a link or gift in a message from someone you don’t know. Even if you recognise the name, check another way to make sure they really sent it. Third: if you are not sure, use the Digital Emergency Brake. Don’t click. Tell a trusted adult.”



“Mission Control on Earth!” Lili said.

“In other words, Mum and Dad,” Huba nodded.

Instead of clicking the box, Miki firmly moved the controls. The Bubble Ship curved gracefully around the pink trap and turned towards the clear space route.

As they passed, the box went pop, changed into a grinning purple fox face, and then disappeared into the darkness.

“See?” Miki said to Lili. “It was only the Fox.”

“Well done!” Huba praised them. “You have learned how to brake on the digital slope. Now hold on! There is something very strange glowing in the distance. It looks like a huge talking cloud. We have reached the Generative Mist!”



Chapter 4: The Generative Mist and the Know-It-All Parrot

Miki confidently steered the Bubble Ship deeper into InfoGalaxis. Behind them, the shiny bait boxes of the Neon Sea looked like tiny specks of dust. Ahead, however, rose a gigantic cloud swirling with purple and golden light, humming softly.

This was the Generative Mist.

As they came closer, sparks of light flew out of the cloud and a huge glowing shape formed in front of the ship’s window. It looked most like a colourful parrot, but instead of feathers, letters, numbers and bright lines of code flowed across its body.

“Welcome, little travellers!” the creature chirped. Its voice sounded as if a hundred storytellers were speaking at once. “I am the AI Parrot! I learned from patterns in lots and lots of stories and texts. If you ask me, I can make up a story, answer questions and give you ideas in the blink of an eye!”

Lili’s eyes grew wide.

“Do you know everything? Do you even know where I hid my favourite teddy bear?”

“Of course!” the AI Parrot answered proudly. “Your teddy is sitting in a diamond spaceship, flying towards Mars so it can eat cheese on the Moon!”



Miki laughed, then stopped to think.

“Wait! Teddy is on the floor under the blanket. And the Moon isn’t made of cheese. You just made that up!”

Kiber-Huba quietly settled on the steering wheel. His eyes glowed in a friendly but warning way.

“The AI Parrot cannot see your room, and it does not know where Teddy is,” he explained. “It tries to make a likely answer from patterns in words. It is good at many things, but sometimes it gets things wrong, mixes things up, or confidently says something that is not true.”

“So not everything it says is true?” Lili asked, disappointed.

“Exactly. It can be a wonderful helper. It can give you ideas, help you learn or make up stories. But important things should always be checked. Ask a trusted adult, a teacher or an expert, and check a reliable source too.”

“Can I tell it our secret code so it can help me remember it?” Lili asked.

Kiber-Huba’s eyes immediately turned orange.



“Never! We do not give a secret code, home address, phone number, photo or other personal information to a talking robot. If you are not sure what is safe to share, ask an adult first.”

The AI Parrot cheerfully shook its feathers, and letters sparkled around it.

“That’s right, space travellers! I can be a quick and creative tool in your hands, but you are the captains. Ask, think and check!”

The enormous bird turned into soft light and opened a path for the Bubble Ship. Beyond the mist, a new part of the galaxy appeared: the World of Robots and Bots, where digital creatures that could move on their own were waiting for the next travellers.

Miki and Lili smiled at each other. They now knew how to protect their secret code, how to avoid shiny traps, and why they needed to check the answers given by clever machines. They were ready for their next big journey.



Chapter 5: Digital Handwashing and the Journey Home

The Bubble Ship slowly left the Generative Mist behind. Lili and Miki leaned back in their seats, tired but happy. Behind them, millions of neon lights shimmered across InfoGalaxis. In the distance, they could already see their own blue planet, Earth.

Lili’s eyes felt heavy after seeing so much. Miki rubbed his eyes too.

“Wow, Huba,” he yawned. “That space journey was amazing, but my eyes feel as if tiny ants are dancing inside them.”

Kiber-Huba gently floated down between the two children. His eyes glowed with a warm, calming yellow light, like a little bedside lamp in the evening.

“That is because, my friends, your eyes and your attention can get tired in digital space,” he said in his musical voice. “You did very well. You protected your secret code, avoided the traps and learned to check what robots tell you. Now it is time for the last — and perhaps most important — rule of space. It is called Digital Handwashing.”

“Handwashing?” Lili looked up and stared at her palms. “But we didn’t even get dirty! We didn’t touch any mud, and we didn’t eat chocolate!”



Huba laughed softly. His voice tinkled like little bells.

“In the digital world, tiredness can sometimes be invisible. When we look at a screen for a long time, our heads fill up with flashing lights, sounds and lots of information. It is as if tiny specks of digital dust stick to our thoughts. If we carry them around without taking a break, it can be harder to fall asleep, pay attention or calm down.”

“How do you wash your hands digitally?” Miki asked as the ship began to descend towards Grandpa’s house.

“With three simple steps,” Huba explained. “First, close what you were using and, if you need to, log out. That is the soap. Then put the screen down or switch it off. That is the water. Finally, come back to the real world: go outside for some fresh air, give someone a hug, build something with wooden blocks, draw, move your body, or look out of the window. That is the soft towel.”



With a quiet hiss, the Bubble Ship landed on the attic floor. The light from the silver box slowly faded.

Miki walked over to the glass panel and switched it off with a firm movement. The screen went dark. He had finished his Digital Handwashing.

Lili took a deep breath and smelled the old, familiar, safe scent of the attic. The stars were no longer shining in her eyes. Instead, there was the warm light coming up from the stairs.

“Thank you, Huba!” she whispered, waving to the box, which now looked like a simple, beautiful object again.

The smell of pancakes floated up from downstairs, and they heard Mum’s voice:

“Children, dinner is ready!”

Miki and Lili looked at each other, took each other’s hands and ran down the stairs. They knew InfoGalaxis would wait for them. But now the most important mission of all was waiting: eating real pancakes in the real world, completely safe and sound.

End of Book One.

Kiber-Huba’s Mission Log

Four rules to make your journey through InfoGalaxis safer:

1. Diamond Shield
Use a long, unique secret code and do not give it to other people!

2. Shiny Bait
Stop before you click! If something seems too good to be true, ask an adult.

3. AI Parrot
A clever machine can help with lots of things, but it can make mistakes too. Always check important answers!

4. Digital Handwashing
Log out, switch off the screen and return to the real world.

You are the captain.

About the creator – Andrea Becsei

I am not a computer scientist. I am not a psychologist or a teacher either.

I am a mum who was simply fascinated by the world that artificial intelligence opened up for us.

By the almost unimaginable amount of knowledge now at anyone’s fingertips. By the way we can ask questions, learn, create and discover things that would have needed very different resources only a few years ago. At the same time, I can see how uncertain we adults still feel about it all.

After a while, a question kept coming back to me:

If we are only just learning how this world works, what about our children, who are growing up in it?

Perhaps it mattered so much to me because I had always taken a slightly different approach to this part of raising my own children.

In our home, screens were never the enemy. If they wanted to watch cartoons when they were little, they could. Later came the tablet, the computer, games and everything else that gradually moves into your life when you have two boys. That does not mean I sat beside them in a state of heavenly calm. Sometimes I felt I might lose my mind. 😄 But I never believed in banning everything. I always felt that if technology was part of the world they would have to live in, keeping it away from them would not be how I protected them. I wanted to help them learn how to use it instead.

There is one thing they are probably tired of hearing me say: Keep your balance.

Play. Use the computer. Watch cartoons. Explore. But get up as well. Go outside. Eat. Talk. Do something completely different. Then, if you feel like playing again, go back. The aim is for the digital world to be part of their lives, without becoming their whole lives.

And that is more or less where InfoGalaxis began.

The first ideas actually came while I was working. I was cleaning, and—as often happens to me—my mind was somewhere else entirely. One thought followed another. What if we started when children were still very young? What if we talked about online risks before something had already happened? And what if we helped children recognise things, rather than trying to frighten them? The idea stayed with me for weeks. I thought about it, and it took shape, grew and connected with more and more ideas. At some point, I knew I did not simply want to make a book. I wanted to create a whole world. Something that could grow with children and use stories, characters, games and activities to teach them what they might forget five minutes after a long explanation from an adult. That is how InfoGalaxis was born.

Why it is worth continuing to build

If there is one thing I would like a child to take away from InfoGalaxis, it is recognition. The ability to notice when something is unusual. The confidence to think about what they see or what someone asks them to do. To stay calm, without automatically believing everything. To feel able to ask questions and know they can always turn to an adult they trust. The aim is to help them find their way around the online world with growing confidence, rather than fear.

For parents, I would like to offer something I would have welcomed myself: a simple starting point for talking about these things with a young child. I still do not know how big InfoGalaxis will become. Sometimes I have doubts too. Then I come across another story about something happening to children online, and I reach the same conclusion again: this is worth continuing to build.

Not to teach children to fear the world they are growing up in.

But to help them learn to think within it.



Andrea Becsei

The dreamer and creator behind InfoGalaxis

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Kiber-Huba will soon return with a new mission.

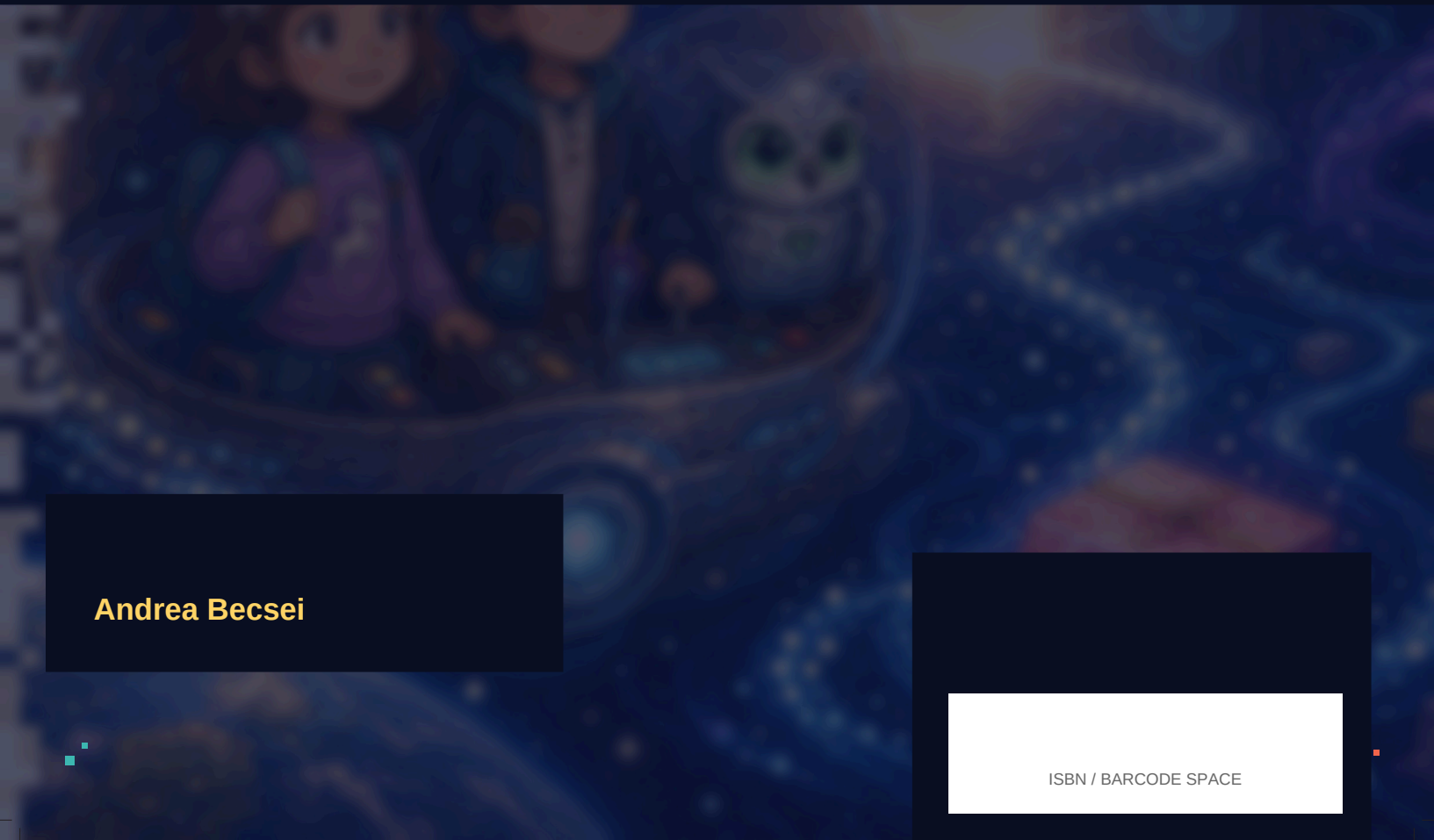
You are the captain.

CYBER ADVENTURES IN INFOGALAXIS

Book 1: The Secret Code of the Star Gate

Lili and Miki travel to InfoGalaxis with the help of a mysterious silver box. With Kiber-Huba at their side, they learn how to protect their secret codes, recognise shiny online traps, check the answers given by clever machines, and know when it is time to return to the real world.

A playful, story-filled introduction to digital safety for children aged 5-8, for shared reading, conversation and discovery.



Andrea Becsei

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