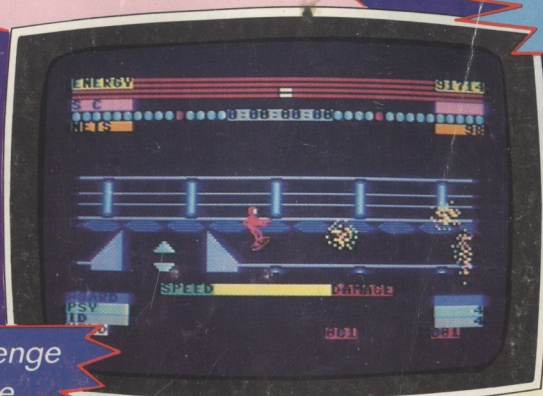


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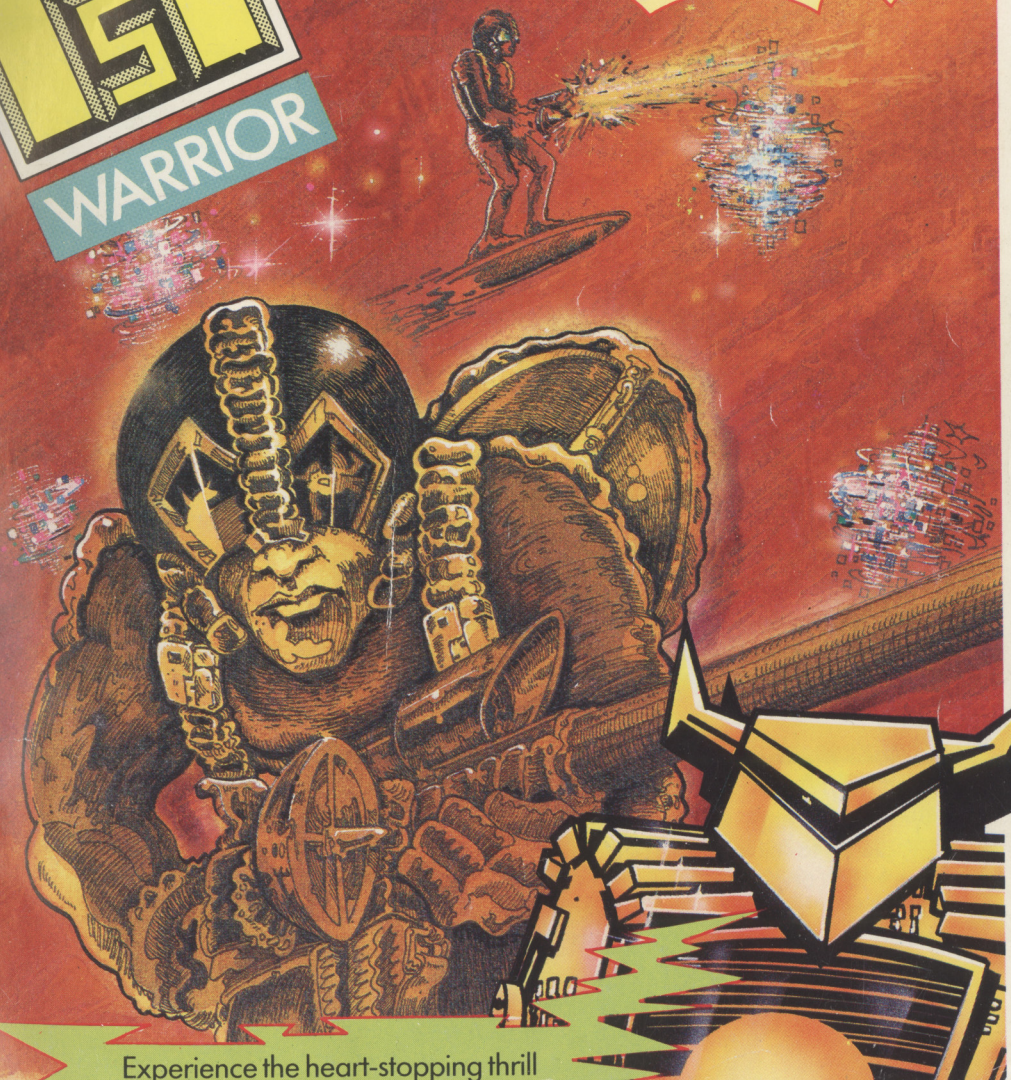
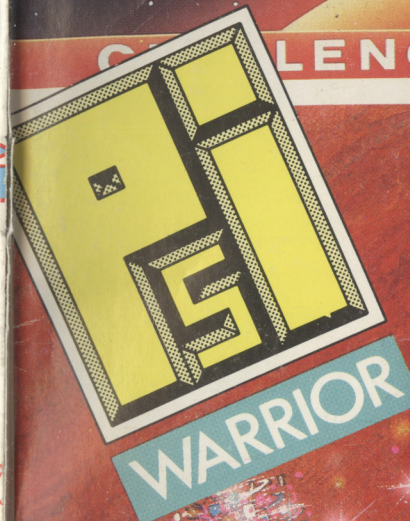


By Tayo Olowu and Paul Voysey
produced for Beyond by Psy-Sci

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Introduction

A glance at his watch showed 3:15. Tyr pushed himself away from the computer console without waiting for its reply. It was time to prepare for his meeting with the director.

The green glow of the monitor faded to black and the purr from the expanse of information storage and data processing equipment subsided.

Tyr ran through the mental processes which relaxed both mind and body and prepared to expand his awareness. Gradually his vision blurred and the high-pitched hiss which originated from his unstimulated nervous system grew louder. It blocked out the simple everyday sounds of colleagues in adjacent labs and offices and began to pulsate ever louder through his mind.

If anyone had been in the room with Tyr, they would have seen his body jerk, as though from a mild electric shock. Then his body became totally immobile.

Chapter One – CONSCIOUSNESS

"This should amuse you." The grey clad technician glanced up to the installation director, "I'm not sure what it means but it's an alternative way of viewing the data."

The tall man frowned as he settled himself down in front of the visual display unit. He scanned the screen for a few seconds and then typed:

PROBABILITY OF SUMMATION BEING VALID AT INDIVIDUAL LEVEL?

Insufficient Data

The reply was instantaneous.

SUGGESTED COURSE OF ACTION?

The monitor remained briefly blank while it considered the new question. Then:

Hypnotic Regression to Point Just Prior to Burn Out

"Get on it," ordered the rising director, irritated at the computer's lack of positive response. As an afterthought he added: "Get Barracrough to report to my office immediately."

Dr Victor E. Barracrough hated having his work interrupted to report to anyone. When the order to do so came via the video plate from a technician he felt his annoyance should be voiced.

He rehearsed some aggrieved lines about office protocol as he scurried down the corridor. A slap at the door keypad and he brushed into the director's office unannounced.

"How applicable is the generality study when applied at individual level Vic?" The director had barely looked up from his monitor to register his scientist's entrance.

Barracrough was caught off balance by the low urgent tone of the question and all thought of confrontation subsided. "Well," he replied hesitantly, "It can't determine the actual state of the individual. What it can give is an indication of the likelihood of, let's say, an individual being six feet tall . . ."

This was unrelated to the director's present train of thought: "Let me be more specific," he interrupted. "If a group of people have the same experience but are hypnotically made to forget it, is it possible to reconstruct that experience based on their subconscious reaction to it?"

The director's serious mood and studied questions made Dr Barracrough exercise undue care in his answer. "It depends on a number of factors," he began. "The greater the trauma associated with the experience, the more noticeable any subconscious reaction to it and, of course, the longer the sample . . ." His voice trailed off while the video plate shook itself into life above them. It was Allen, the technician whose idle doodling with the generalities analysis subsystem had brought about the director's current unease.

"Regression Lab, Allen here," he reported unnecessarily. "Subject 23 comatosed soon after the regression sequence was initialised. I have terminated all normal procedure

until you have reached a decision on what course of action to take. However, there is something I think you should see."

The director stood and turned to Dr Barraclough: "Perhaps you should accompany me Vic." Then, "As from now, Security Alpha applies to everything you see or hear."

Barraclough grunted but his thoughts went unvoiced: "Don't tell me about security Alpha, I live it every day."

The luminous sign at the end of the corridor read: "Radiation Hazard Authorised Personnel Only" and was somewhat dated. The radiation warning no longer applied, harking back to the time when the whole building had been part of a new energy physics complex. But the "Authorised Personnel" had never been more stringently applied.

The director stood aside as Dr Barraclough punched the required code on the doorlock mechanism. This done they both stepped back a pace as a low intensity laser checked their retina patterns. With a low buzz the door slid away.

Derek Allen sat beside a regression tank, carefully removing electrodes from the newly-comatosed subject. The director addressed him as he entered: "What have we got Allen?" A glance around took in the small group of technicians busying themselves in imaginary activities but hard-pressed to dissolve the atmosphere of hushed expectation.

Allowing himself a wry smile, the director watched Allen move to his console: "It would be easiest if you just saw the video recording of the regression session," Allen spoke as he typed.

A section of wall slid back to reveal a screen blurring into life. "I'll fast forward it to just beyond the initialisation sequence." The picture hummed forward and then steadied and a voice was added: "Five-thirtytwo, October ninth."

"Where are you?" It was Allen's voice but it seemed to come from every corner of the room. All eyes were now on the overhead video plate which showed Allen bending over the regression tank. In it subject 23 lay floating in pale blue fluid connected by a mass of wires to a life support/monitoring system.

"I'm at home. I've a slight headache . . . aspirins . . . yes, I'll take a couple and then get an early . . ."

With the patient in this drugged state it was hard to tell if the sentence had been terminated prematurely or merely drifted away. But speculation was cut short by an anguished cry of such intensity both the lab's newcomers shook involuntarily.

Allen's voice was urgent: "Listen to me Paul. We have to know what's happening."

"Psi . . . psi probe . . . I'm being psi-probed." Short rapid bursts, then another anguished cry reverberated about the lab. The body jerked spasmodically in the regression tank. The dials which responded to his electrodes, twitched erratically. His body arched violently, froze briefly and then slid gently back into the tank's liquid. The video plate also froze then terminated into a storm of static.

The director reacted before Dr Barraclough, keen to reflect a calmness he didn't feel, "Right gentlemen," he attracted attention, "have you fed this into the generalities program Allen?"

"No, everything was on hold until you arrived. But I'll run it through now." Allen crossed to a different area of the lab while the director turned to Dr Barraclough. "Might that event be sufficient for the computer to amend its current hypothesis? A probe of sufficient intensity to wipe all psi ability from an individual has, until now, only been a theoretical fantasy."

Dr Barraclough again found himself weighing his answer carefully: "A probe of that strength should leave the human mind inert and that's what troubles me. It implies a fundamental flaw in our psi field theory and, if that's the case, our prototype probes just shouldn't work."

Data Assimilated Processing Initiated

Two phrases flashed across the matt black screen as Allen adjusted the monitor for a clearer view and keyed in a request for audio output. Distant footsteps punctuated the slow drip of fluid in the regression tanks as a voice rasped from every corner of the room.

"Revision on previous hypothesis. Re-evaluation of interviews with burn-out subjects with reference to tape of regression session, provide a correlation factor of .99.

"Total loss of psi ability or burn-out is the result of intense psi probe. Probability of this not being valid in every case is indistinguishable from experimental inaccuracies."

The voice stopped and Barraclough asked Allen, "Are we on audio input?" At the technician's nod, Barraclough turned to the director who offered: "Be my guest."

Clearing his throat, the scientist spoke: "Dr V.E. Barraclough, clearance code E 227."

"Acknowledged."

"Your findings conflict directly with psi field theory. The time lag associated with the control of the field makes selective drain of only psi ability a theoretical impossibility. Can you postulate?"

"Dichotomy exists only if the psi field is controlled externally," replied the computer. "Intelligence is an integral part of the field under the conditions created for these experiments."

"You're saying it's intelligent . . . it's alive!"

"Both assertions are correct," came the unemotional reply.



Although Tyr's body was motionless in the lab, his mind was far from inert. He was remembering his recovery period in Intensive Care. While medical personnel had meticulously monitored his life-support systems and postulated on his chances, Tyr had looked out from deep within himself, examining the starched blouse of Nurse O'Hallaran's uniform with equal intensity.

At the time he was unsure what he was doing in intensive care. All he could remember was the beginnings of a startlingly severe headache and then a strange sort of consciousness returning to find himself in a hospital bed. It was another week before he actually awoke. And another week still before the Psi Research Development Unit director had visited him, asking questions about Tyr's psi ability of mind projection. It had improved startlingly, as though he had only been looking through frosted glass before.

Now a disturbance in his thought-field attracted his attention. Searching out the distraction and expanding on it, Tyr found an intricate three-dimensional cobweb in glowing electric blue became the subject of his scrutiny. He smiled inwardly and brought up his thought field's shield against electromagnetic disturbance.

Increasing his field of view, the director's ghost-like outline came into his perceptions and the glow from his nervous system faded into insignificance. With the thought field at this level, Tyr could see simultaneously the director's immediate surroundings and the man himself down to his microstructure and made an unlikely guess at the man's blood-sugar count. "3:17" came the message from the crystalline alignment on the director's watch's L.C.D., as he entered an elevator still two floors below.

Tyr's thought-field telescoped backwards towards its source at ever-increasing speed and his body tensed ready for the expected impact. Then with a jar he sat upright, eyes open.

"Level Six," announced the director to the elevator. He was sympathetic to Tyr's situation, he was about to be confined to his lab, 24 hours a day, but the alternative . . . The elevator doors opened gently and the director strode out and headed towards Tyr's lab. As he approached the door slid open to reveal the room's occupant.

"Scanning my approach?"

Tyr returned the director's faint smile in acknowledgement and motioned for him to enter. They sat at one of the four recliners surrounding the low table and the director opened the conversation: "The psi rejection generator has now been completed. The computer spewed out the circuit diagrams and component specifications with its usual disregard for cost." A shake of the head, "Some of those components . . . they were only just within our technology."

Tyr nodded at the disguised compliment, he had been responsible for the design of many of the more complicated components. "Completed – yes," he thought, "Tested? – Only at component level."

Then aloud: "Is everything set for a dry run?"

The director closed his eyes and nodded. Then pressed a button on his portable

communicator. Tyr's reaction was instantaneous. Panic almost overcame him as he felt a claustrophobic wave which told him his mind was being enclosed.

His eyes glazed over as their use became superfluous. His thought field expanded and a brief moment later it made contact with the hard, impenetrably rigid, structure of the psi rejection field. With the contact, a sharp pain streaked through his consciousness, forcing him to maintain his thought field within the rejection field.

Tentatively he pushed outward again only to find his thought field telescoped back on itself. With a shudder he came out of the trance and focussed on the director. "You could have warned me," he said already knowing that it would have made little difference to his reaction.

"How effective is it?"

"Against me, totally. Against the Psi, I have no way of knowing."

The director mused over this: "For our purposes it's not important that the field can withstand a sustained attack from a Psi but they must detect the rejection field and see it as a threat."

"It'll work for that," volunteered Tyr, "even with my limited psi ability, it felt as though I was unable to breathe when the rejection field closed in."

"Your 'limited psi ability', as you put it, makes you a prime target for their next attack," said the director. "I have decided that you must remain here in the lab indefinitely. You are our bait."

The Psi creature floated some 2,000 ft above Manhattan Island. Below it sprawled the mass of bland grey-brown spots, which it perceived as humanity.

"The cold ones are indeed prolific," came its conclusion as it sifted through the sea of grey-brown, searching for the rare orange, or even gold.

It knew now that every mission to find and prune out the active orange life-fields would take longer than the last. No longer could the Psi afford to nurture a likely cold one until the dull orange began to blossom and shine. Their numbers were dwindling, their searches for new pupae material harder.

A burnt orange some 35 miles to the north was isolated by the creature's finely tuned awareness and it teleported to within six feet.

With the close proximity came awareness, "The life-field needs a lot of work. But, less than most of the cold ones."

The Psi set about its task with a practised concentration. Tentacle-like extrusions, invisible to its patient, extended and began the intricate manipulation of the life-field. Slowly, it took on a lighter shade.

Then, from far away came the feeling of loss, surprise and regret. It had happened again. One of its selves had been removed. Not the usual slow drift away from the Source and evaporation, but a sudden wrench and it had ceased to be.

Too late, the Psi returned its concentration to the task before it. The burnt-orange life-field flickered violently as it reached in to examine the damage done during that lapse. The irrevocable chain reaction had been started. Withdrawing, it lifted off vertically. And, when high enough to regain its bearings, teleported south. David Pollard, the mystic and psychic lay dying in his apartment.

The Psi rematerialised on the familiar matt-black ledges of the home silo and began to travel down to the Source. Other Psi were doing likewise; it was the end of a cycle.

They had known of the danger. Their reaction had been put off for too long; a reluctance to break with the age-old bond between themselves and the cold ones, to re-examine the traditions which brought them life.

Now there had been casualties. Two Psi had ceased to exist. The Psi felt regret at their loss, they had been active.

Detecting an Id 20 metres down the ledge, it moved to one side to minimise the possibility of contact. They represented no threat, but contact without the Source was distasteful.

Nearing the Source, the Psi began to link with its other selves. Bursts of communication broke from those already merged with the Source.

"Time to move on . . . development is retarded enough."

"It is good here, can we start again?"

"We have now isolated the two major threats to Psi."

"How were they shielded from us for so long?"

"So strong."

As it rushed forward to merge with its own Id in the Source, the Psi received one last unanimous communication.

"These two cold ones who absorbed part of us must now be absorbed."

Chapter Four – WEAPONS OF THE MIND



Abigail De Silva eased her car out of the fast lane exit, as the exit approached. Up to the point of her nervous breakdown, the paranormal had been nothing more than an adolescent fairytale. Experience and life weaned such fantasy out of you.

"Government Research Institute" read a somewhat inconspicuous sign, just after the turn-off. Abigail had to break hard in order to make the narrow driveway. Half-a-mile further on a guard appeared as the car screeched to an abrupt halt just inches from the gate.

"First time here Ma'am?"

Abigail half-heartedly smiled and handed him her I.D. and her appointment pass. "That's fine Ma'am. Just follow the drive straight up for about half-a-mile. There will be someone waiting for you."

Just as she began to wonder if she had missed some turning, a 20 ft. cube of smoked glass appeared from behind a sharp bend. A section of glass was slid to one side to reveal a one-man welcoming committee.

"Good afternoon, Miss De Silva. I trust that you found us without too much difficulty."

"Your directions were quite explicit, but you could perhaps be a little better sign-posted."

"Yes, perhaps. But we like our anonymity," came the reply. "The director is expecting you, this way please."

Abigail followed Allen into the glass cube, which, apart from the grey-blue carpet, contained nothing but elevator doors.

"It's all a cast off from the high energy physics program. No-one was more bomb conscious than the people who designed them."

"I didn't realise the Government invested so much in your kind of research", she commented.

"It doesn't. We make, or steal it, depending on your viewpoint."

Abigail's puzzled expression demanded a continuation.

"By bending the laws of probability. Gambling, the Stock Exchange, that sort of thing."

"And you make enough to run the complex?" asked Abigail in open-eyed amusement.

"Level 6, Code 112," announced her guide with an ambiguous smile.

The elevator dropped smoothly, but the sinking feeling lasted longer than usual. The skin on the back of Abigail's neck suddenly contracted, the lift began to spin and her environment began to blurr. The deep feeling of despair vanished before she could react further, leaving only a lingering sense of relief.

"You alright?" Her guide was genuinely concerned.

"I think so . . . I must have been overworking recently." She left it at that and they walked silently towards a nearby office door. He activated the entry request switch and a second later the door slid open.

"Good afternoon Ms De Silva. Glad you could join us."

The occupant rose from his chair. "Thank you, Allen", he dismissed the guide.

"See you later, director."

The source of her unease was the man sitting next to the director, who now also rose.

"May I introduce you to Tyr. I believe you both have a lot in common."

Abigail nodded in greeting, but maintained a distance from Tyr, circling the room to a vacant chair.

"You can relax. It won't happen again," said Tyr.

Abigail pretended confusion: "I'm sorry?"

The director took control of the situation: "May I call you Abigail? Good. Well I'm going to start by asking a few questions."

Abigail nodded.

"Your nervous breakdown, could you describe how it happened?"

She felt her defences coming up, "There was absolutely no reason for it. I was not under any undue pressure at work, it just happened."

"Could you describe in more detail the actual events which preceded it?"

Abigail remained thoughtful for a moment, shaking her head with irritation. "There were no events, I was just driving home from work when I suddenly got a blinding headache and that's about it, until I woke up in hospital that is."

Tyr and the director exchanged glances. "Only the second time that the Psi have miscalculated," said the director.

Then he added: "We know your psi abilities have been boosted since the attack, were you aware of paranormal powers beforehand?"

"It's hard to say, there were times when I felt I knew what was about to happen. I wasn't always right. I thought it was something that happened to everyone."

"How would you describe your abilities now?"

"Frightening." She paused, "Now I'm always right in my feelings."

"What about remote viewing?" asked Tyr.

"Remote viewing?"

"I'm sorry. It's psi jargon for being able to see from some remote point in space isolated from the location of your body."

"So that's what it's called. Yes, I can see into or through everything within 60 yards. The experience is always very draining though."

Tyr looked intently into Abigail's eyes. "Your reaction in the lift. It was caused by me remote viewing you."

"Yes . . . I know."

An alarm screamed out and then a thud interrupted further discussion.

The director hit out at the communicator. "Security . . . What's going on?"

"Security here, Sir. Psi levels have gone off scale. We're assuming infiltration."

The director jumped up and grabbed Allen outside the door.

"Abigail, I'm sorry, but for your own safety you had better follow us. Tyr . . . it's begun!"

The four rushed down the corridor and down a flight of stairs not wanting to risk an elevator. A high-pitched static screech appeared to be following not far behind.

Tyr broke away and darted into his lab. The rest of the pack continued into the control room.

"Someone get her into a psi rejection suit — now!" snapped the director. A bright red onepiece suit was rushed forward, Abigail was bundled into it and a space-suit type helmet slung over her head. External sound became muted as the seal on the helmet locked into place.

"Tyr, are you ready?" shouted the director at an image of Tyr on the overhead screen. In his lab, Tyr returned a "Yes sir," adding softly "but for what?" He forced himself to relax and expounded his awareness. Almost instantly, he detected an unusual disturbance to the front left of his thought field. The magnitude of the disturbance increased from one moment to the next. Adrenalin pumped through his blood stream as he tried to resist the relentless encroachment. Tyr concentrated all his awareness in one last attempt at resistance. The force pushing in towards him slowed but the effort required to maintain the resistance increased all the time. Beads of perspiration seeped down Tyr's forehead, his body tensed rigid with effort.

The encroaching force pulsed at increasing frequency then with a sudden burst of energy the Psi creature brushed aside Tyr's defences and was within him.

Tyr managed a strangled cry before his consciousness became encased in the creature. "Now!" shouted the director and a technician hit a large glowing switch. The walls surrounding Tyr's lab took on an eerie red haze as the psi rejection field became active. Tyr's body jerked out of his seat and remained suspended in thin air for a moment then was flying across the room and smashed into the far wall.

A section of the wall flashed and crackled in energy discharge. The pale red haze became burned-orange in shade.

"How's the rejection field holding?" asked the director to no-one in particular. "We still have some in reserve," responded another.

The sharp crackling and fiery discharge intensified. Streaks of blue-white lightening flashed out from the centre of the room only to be reflected by the now bright orange haze.

Tyr pulled himself up onto his hands and knees and crawled painfully across the room. Reaching up, he opened one of the lockers and feeling inside, his fingers grasped the tubular barrel of a psi net projector he had been working on. Tyr fought away the intense pain he felt and aimed the prototype device at the source of the blue lightning.

"No! Get down," shouted the director seeing Tyr's intentions.

"Make sure you get this on tape," whispered Tyr in pain and pulled the trigger.

All flashing and crackling stopped urgently, leaving only the sharp, pungent, electric smell of ozone. Gradually a roughly oval shape emerged out of nothingness comprised mostly of minute specks of flashing light. Without warning, the shape disintegrated. A violent streak of lightning flashed out hitting Tyr squarely on the chest. A continuous beam of energy turned half the wall brilliant white. "Let it break out," the director fighting the urgency in his voice.

"No need. It's about broken through," a technician, failing to do the same.

The director activated the intercom. "Are all systems set to track this damned thing?"

"Yes Sir. All systems checked. O.K."

The director looked up at the overhead video plate. Only the intense flashes of electric discharge penetrated the dense smog.

Abigail had receded to the far corner of the room out of anyone's way. She stood in a half daze by one of the control room's three exits. Gently, she reached out and

activated the door key pad then slipped unnoticed through the opening, before the door slid back into place.

"Tyr needs help," this continual thought drove her down the corridor toward Tyr's lab and the violent energy discharges. Abigail hesitated at the lab door for the moment unsure of her actions.

"Abigail ... I need your help ... Time ... not much time." The voice was now a mere whisper, in her head.

"Hold on. I'm coming." She directed the thought at the diminishing presence in her mind.

A radiant claw leapt through the opening door and closed momentarily on Abigail's rejection suit. With the fleeting contact, Abigail staggered as she lost muscular co-ordination.

Tyr's lab was filled with thick, acrid smoke. All psi generated electrical activity had ceased leaving the lab in smouldering silence.

"Tyr, where are you?"

"By the cabinets on the left side of the room," replied the whisper in her mind. Abigail made her way across the lab stepping over bits of shattered equipment and could just make out Tyr's crumpled form, half-propped against the wall.

Expanding her awareness, she felt through the smoke. Tyr's body was surrounded by a brilliant gold aura.

"Abigail ... I can't stabilise my ... my thought field ... too much energy."

Abigail manipulated her thought field to form an envelope around Tyr. The restricting force was just enough to maintain stability.

"Where do we go from here Tyr? Will you be able to stabilise your field?"

"No, I'll explain later. For the time being get me into a psi rejection suit."

Abigail hurriedly unclipped the helmet on her suit and slipped it over Tyr's head. The red elastic suit itself, was more difficult to take off.

Hands came forward and yanked the suit downwards off her body. Allen and another technician were already lifting Tyr into a receptive position.

"We'll discuss this later, Miss De Silva," came the director's gravel voice from behind her.

Abigail crossed her arms in front of her and glanced sideways at the director as he walked towards Tyr. She knew she had been correct in her actions.

"That was an unnecessarily stupid stunt," said the director to Tyr.

Tyr ignored the remark. With a psi rejection suit on he could at last relinquish his fight for control and think over events.

"They are not going to be easy to take out," said Tyr looking up at the director.

The director looked around at the mess of wires and smashed equipment sprawled out across the lab.

"That's fairly evident."

"There's more. Just before the wall psi rejection field became active ..." he searched for the correct words, "I became joined with them - I was one of them."

Chapter Five - OUR KEEPERS



The director looked around at those assembled. Only Allen was missing. He had some last-minute adjustments to make on the hover plane. In all 12 heads of department sat chatting quietly around the oval table. Allen walked in, excused himself for being late and sat in the remaining chair.

The director opened the meeting.

"For the past three weeks, your departments have been working at Priority 1 on a number of interdepartmental projects. It is now time for you to understand why. The director paused a moment then continued.

"All of you assembled are aware of the psi attack and the subsequent tracking of the psi back to its base. For reasons which will become clear, it's home base has been labelled 'Home Silo'." Heads nodded, this was not news.

Tyr sat motionless, his mind evaluating and re-evaluating possible outcomes.

The director went on: "Tyr has more in-depth knowledge than any of us about just what we are up against and I'll ask him to take over and give us his 'inside' information on the Psi."

The director mentioning his name brought Tyr back to the present. Replaying the director's last few remarks in his mind, he moved towards the video plate.

"The Psi," he began, "most of you are familiar with their powers by now. We are not dealing with a new phenomena. The Psi have shared this planet with us, probably since our ancestors dropped from the trees.

"In fact they probably caused them to take that step in the first place. Their own evolution probably goes back millions of years before that, when they changed from a presumably animal origin into their present state as pure energy."

He paused and looked round to witness the rapt attention his words were generating. "We come into the picture some time after that transition, when the Psi realised they needed some breeding stock. Having converted their bodies to pure energy, it was probably excusable for the Psi to think themselves immortal. This does seem to be the case in theory but in practise, it's not.

"During my brief 'joining' with them I learnt a good deal, including the fact that they seem to be a decaying race. They lose numbers through dissipation, old or tired Psi become inactive and literally just disperse. So they needed a way to breed new Psi and the human race provided just that, although we hardly proved to be a perfect answer.

"The more psychic among us were sought out by the Psi and by carefully nurturing these they were able to create new Psi. There was a vital by-product though, an essentially animal element embodying almost pure emotion. These we have loosely termed the Id. The Psi creatures embody most of the higher thought processes.

"In human terms, one kind of energy can't exist without the other. In Psi terms, the two are quite distinct but mutually dependent. If a Psi dissipates, its Id dies with it.

"Psi creatures are the active beings and undertake 'missions' outside the base but every 'cycle' they must return to Home Silo where both Psi and Id are brought together and 'renewed' by 'The Source'.

"We think we have discovered a weakness on which we can base our attack."

One of the department heads interrupted: "Do we *really* need to attack. It seems we have been living almost under their care for thousands of years. Shouldn't we try to reason with them?"

The director and Tyr exchanged glances, this point had been debated between them at length.

"We don't have that option," said Tyr simply. "Remember, for a few seconds I was a Psi, privy to the mass thought wave which links them as individuals.

"The human race is not seen as a developing child in their eyes. We are a pet. A dog that has turned on its masters and must be put down.

"When we first discovered their existence by accident in our experiments we may have doomed the human race. Until then we were never considered a danger. Now at least two of their number have been destroyed in quite separate instances and we have become a menace which cannot be tolerated any longer."

A pencil tapped on the table to attract Tyr's attention. "If they really are so superior, do we have any chance."

The director answered this question: "Probably not much but we do think we've isolated some possibilities. As Tyr said, the Psi are a degenerating race. They have grown careless. Tyr is certain that there is only one Source still in existence . . . if we can get to it . . ."

"Sorry," came a voice from the table, "What exactly does the Source do?"

"It acts as an interface between the Psi and Id," said Tyr, "without that interface they will quite swiftly cease to exist."

Dr Barraclough cleared his throat gently to attract attention: "We know that these creatures have played a major part in human development. How will it effect us if we destroy them?"

"What did you have in mind Doctor?"

"Man developed from apes, but it appears now that this development was not unaided. In using us as breeding machines by manipulating our life fields, who is to say that they are not changing us and influencing us still. If they are dependent on us in some way, is it not also possible that we are dependent upon their existence?"

The director nodded at the point: "Tyr."

Tyr paused to allow the noise level to die down. "Looking long term it is hard to be sure. The Psi themselves are noticing that 'breeding stock' humans are diminishing. It has reached a stage where they are terminating so many humans with higher than usual psi levels that are probably retarding the evolutionary development, of the norm.

"Evolution (being what it is) seems to be reacting against this by throwing up a few of us higher developed Psions. And in two cases that we know of, the Psi themselves have actually become the prey, not the predator. We are seen as a long term threat.

"They can react to this by speeding up their programme to turn all psi-developed humans into the kind of pseudo Psi-creature which we know exist, we've called them Pupae. This would effectively wipe out a generation of danger and then they could put other shackles firmly back on us in the future.

"Or, more drastically, they could manipulate events to start a world war."

Pandemonium broke out and comments were shouted across the table, until the director's palm thudded against the table: "Gentlemen please!"

Tyr sat down in the established silence with the comment: "They are undoubtedly capable of it."

The director stood: "They are indeed capable of it. Manipulation is their strong suit. It is impossible to guess at the kinds of ways they have used mankind's energies in the past, but we do have one certain example. Their home base, we have labelled Home Silo. It is in the Nevada Desert and like almost everything else in that State, is owned by the US Government.

"When we tracked the creature which attacked us here, it headed due west just like that." His clicked fingers were very effective. "We pinpointed its arrival in Nevada and we're fairly sure it subsequently demised there. Our problems really started when we attempted to find out what was there, we met with stony silence all-round. It was only by exercising some very high level contacts and friends in *the* top places, that we found out," he paused for effect: "You, gentlemen, are, as of now bound by the official secrets act. We've checked you all out.

"Home Silo, as some of you know now, was built by Uncle Sam. It is a nuclear missile silo, built to a tremendous depth in incredible secrecy and utilising, we have it on good authority, some state-of-the-art technology.

Finished three years ago at a cost of hundreds of \$ millions — it has been not just idle, but vacant ever since. In fact there is probably no-one around for 200 miles. It was obviously built to the designs of our Psi masters and then dutifully left for them to move in. Draw your own conclusions gentlemen but no-one from the White House down can explain this particular white elephant.

"One more thing it is fully powered up even now, draining the national grid of I don't know how much power. Tyr has explained that the Psi can use electricity and even 'enjoy' being around it. Care to take us through Home Silo, Allen?"

The technician stood and began somewhat nervously in the astonished silence the director had generated. "The Psi seem to have got far more out of Uncle Sam on this silo, than we could." The joke seemed to relax him.

"We have been working with very sketchy details from extremely unco-operative sources. The main problem may well be the sheer magnitude of the silo. There are some 60 levels down and Tyr is sure The Source is at the bottom.

"The architecture is obviously not designed for man but machine and there are no ladders or walkways. Service lifts are included in the design but we cannot rely on those to get us to the bottom.

"We are hardly in a position to send down a team of mountaineers toggled up in psi-rejection suits they couldn't begin to understand how to use. But all these problems may have forced us to a very desirable conclusion . . ."

Allen reached behind his chair and with some care picked up a heavy oval tray-like object. "This gentlemen, is a hover plane."

"It has been designed specifically for Tyr, who is a competent surfer and will provide locomotion while allowing the upper body the freedom and mobility required to aim and fire the psi-net projector we have developed."

"To direct it you apply pressure. Tilt it forward to supply forward motion, then backwards to brake. Left and right follow the same principle. It will also deal with the steep ramps which predominate in the silo. It is soundless and will keep Tyr clear of the possibly corrosive and definitely grooved and pitted floors of the silo."

A voice chirped up: "It's got no wheels Derek."

Derek Allen grinned: "I knew we couldn't fool you Tony. No, it doesn't need wheels. We do have one piece of useful information about Home Silo, it's fitted with electromagnetic induction coils. These are used in a few non-personnel government developments for controlling the movement of heavy machinery. The machinery is fitted with sensors which react to fluctuations in the current. Simple commands like: stop; go; revolve; drop load. They can also act as guidelines to keep the things on track and record their whereabouts to a control room. Lighter droids can even hover above them."

"We have access to a similar track at Syracuse University where these were first developed and the hover plane takes power from the coils. It will speed along when directly above them and can attract enough power to be effective even at upwards of 10-15 metres distance. Oh yes and it's capable of some self-repair after bumping."

The director spoke up as Allen hesitated: "If I can just add that it did have a couple of unwelcome side effects. Yes thank you Allen." The technician was motioned down. "It hogged the ground about two inches above the surface which prevented jumping and it also produced some weird distortions on the psi-net projector. We got over both of these by simply cutting power for a split second, every time Tyr pressures down on the plane prior to a jump take-off."

"Onto some of the stranger elements which make up the silo. These are chambers which store energy for no purpose we can work out. Tyr believes they may aid the Psi in targeting or even boosting their teleport jumps. He feels he may be able to use these himself. We don't really know. Yes Vic?"

Dr Barraclough remained seating: "Just a point of history really. Although the Psi have only been in Home Silo about 2½ years, we feel they have used human edifices as their bases in the past. The recent past we're not too sure about but Central America was almost certainly a strong base prior to that. It has answered a lot of questions which were posed by the advanced Maya culture."

"Thanks Vic," the director's voice left no-one in any doubt that he didn't want any more trivia raised at this meeting. "Tyr can you brief us on the S.C. affect."

"Well the psi-rejection suits are only partially effective against the Psi. Earlier I

mentioned the necessity to balance psi and id forces in human terms. To destroy these creatures involves draining their energy. Obviously an imbalance of psi or id energy can quickly build up in this way. I have no means of dissipating that energy easily. The suit supports an imbalance of 2:1 in either direction.

"Now my last contact with the Psi at this complex took me to a ratio of about 1½:1. Without this suit, I'd go unstable. First thing I must do when I get to the silo is to rectify that 'imbalance'." A smile forced itself onto Tyr's features, "Zapping a few Ids should correct it."

A video tape whirled and the plate flickered to life as Tyr continued. "We've all seen this before. It does prove that the psi-net holds the creatures immobile for a time. Then they seem to build up energy and break free. If I can get to a Psi while it's immobile, I can drain it of energy. The net projector doubles as a probe through the psi-net to drain it."

The director clicked off the scene of devastation in the video playback of Tyr's lab. "I'm sure you have 101 questions gentlemen."

They had one and Barraclough voiced it: "When do we go?"

"Within the next five hours."

A hubbub of shocked protest arose and the director held out his hands to quell it. "That was the reason for the meeting gentlemen. As far as I can see we're as ready as we'll ever be. The last checks on the hover plane have been run. We're not going to learn any more about the Psi until we get into that silo."

Tyr added quickly: "Apart from anything else another attack on this base could catch us out at any time. And we are the only chance mankind's got. Very few people outside this room have much idea about what we even mean by psi energy. We haven't exactly spread this story to the Washington Post yet. Oh yeah, and I've been wearing this goddam' suit now for nearly five weeks."

The director tried a smile: "I don't think Tyr's sense of humour will be of much help but his ability to adapt to a totally new environment and take advantage of it, represents our best chance."

Dr Barraclough took clenched hands away from his chin: "Do we have any friends down there? You mentioned a kind of pseudo-Psi, a pupae I think you called it. They must still have strong human affiliations."

"Strangely," said the director, "they may represent the biggest threat of all. We don't expect any animosity from them but they may be curious and we don't know how the psi-net will affect them — if at all. Its effectiveness draws a lot on the separation of psi and id mental energies."

"Threat or not," said Tyr, "they represent our best chance of further exploration into the Psi creature phenomenon, assuming I am successful in wiping the rest of the silo out."

"You could almost see them as the next step in our own evolution," mused Barraclough, "presumably there won't be that many down there."

"No," agreed Tyr, "I'll tell you what Doctor, I'll try to teleport as many as I can back to the surface. At least it will keep them out of my hair."

"Have you given much thought to getting back Tyr," it was Allen who asked.

"If I destroy the Source you mean. No I doubt that I'll make it back – the odds are stacked against it." He was suddenly serious, "I feel I should get started now. Is there any reason why not?"

"No," said the director, "A premonition Tyr?"

"Just a strong feeling."

"Sure you're ready?"

"Let's get this show on the road."

Hints and Tips

Given the lack of information Allen was able to glean about the silo from the US Government, there will be quite a few surprises for the Psi Warrior as he delves deeper into the silo.

But the way the warrior inter-acts with the surroundings is the real skill to be learnt. Sometimes there may seem no way around a particular problem but it is just a question of working out how to make a crucial jump or which vital lift might be a way around a problem. Sometimes you will need to levitate out of a given situation.

Learn to recognise each element, like the dreaded dead-zones and plan your routes as much as possible.

Never race into battle, be patient and try to net only isolated Psi or Id creatures, allowing full time to benefit from their energy.

When they have absorbed some of your energy, the creatures disappear from sight. They can be eluded or passed by using the full width of the ledge but also remember to align exactly before firing a psi-net.

Net strength is a minimum of four but rises with your psi or id energy. Net strength corresponds to whichever is higher. The tougher the Psi creature the tougher the net needs to be to hold him. And an escaping creature will steal your energy instead of you absorbing it.

Do not waste much time on the higher ledges as the energy rewards are scant. Your S.C. rate is the real guide to your chances of survival. If either Psi or Id energy goes down to zero you're in real trouble.



Guide To Psi Warrior

Loading instructions (Cassette)

Press **SHIFT** and **RUN** and then play on your cassette recorder.

Loading instructions (Disc)

Type **LOAD***, 8, 1**

Starting up

After the opening sequence you will find yourself in the teleport room, with the door closed.

The main controls

Joystick Port 2 or the keys:

CNTL = Up

Left SHIFT = Down

CLRL/HOME = Left

INST/DEL = Right

Right SHIFT = Fire/jump

(Pressing the fire button will make the Psi Warrior jump)

RUN/STOP = Pause

To halt the opening sequence hold the **fire** button down.

@@@ (pressed three times) To start a new game.

That is enough to get you started, experimenting with the Psi Warrior's movement. We will introduce you to other controls as we take you through those elements of Psi Warrior.

Background

If you have read the story in this booklet you will already have a clear idea of the enormity of the Psi Warrior's mission. It takes place in the home silo of the Psi and Id creatures which are threatening mankind after thousands of years of co-existence. On his hover plane and armed with a net projector, the Psi Warrior must fight his way down through the dangerous corridors and levels of the silo.

As he descends he must disrupt the Psi and Id creatures by absorbing their energy after capturing them in his psi-nets. This build-up of psi power will eventually enable him to battle against the Source at the bottom of the silo.

Game Objective

To disrupt the Source

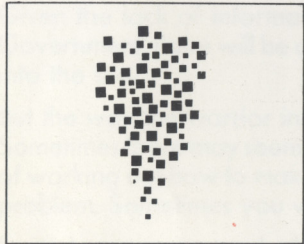
The Creatures of the Silo

There are three kinds of creature (not including the Source itself) which can be encountered in the silo.

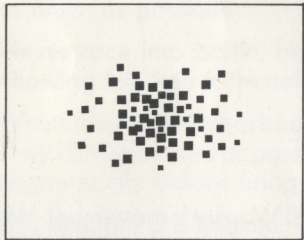
These are the Psi, the Id and the Pupae – a kind of chrysalis stage through which the creatures go before they separate into independant Psi and Ids. All three are dangerous and although each attacks a different part of the mind, the results of their attacks are the same – a severe reduction in mental energy.

The Psi and Id are both primed to defend the Source and destroy any human intruders into the silo. The Pupae are not malicious, but they are curious and strongly attracted to humans.

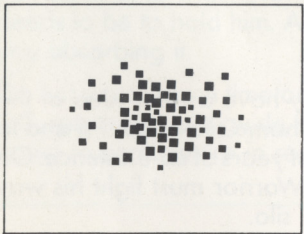
Psi and Id creatures vary in strength and this is denoted by an indicator at the bottom of the screen. Their strength is an indication of how fast they can break out of a psi-net.



The Psi: These are the most intelligent of the silo's inhabitants and will often plan to trap and ambush the Psi Warrior. They appear on screen as a cluster of flashing lights and attack by draining your psi energy. They are bred from the mental energy of human minds and are most deadly.



The Ids: These attack in a similar fashion to the Psi but the globular and fluorescent Ids, drain the warrior's Id energy. While not as cunning as the Psi, they too resent intrusion into their domain and a powerful Id will break out of the psi-net as quickly as a Psi. They are the animal energy of the human mind and the way they react can be likened to animal instinct.



The Pupae: These are disembodied human entities and still ally closely with humanity. Absorbed human spirits will wander the silo for days until the Source decides they are prepared for separation into Psi and Id creatures. They can be coaxed to Teleport bays and then sent back to the surface. They are a hazard if blundered into but if the warrior nets a Pupae by mistake, all will then turn against him.

The psi-net projector

Two presses of the fire button (one press while jumping) and a psi-net will be launched in the direction the warrior is facing.

If it is on target, the creature will be netted and held until it breaks free by consuming the psi-net's energy. The speed at which a creature breaks free depends upon its strength. Psi creatures high in energy will break out faster.

While the creature is netted the warrior can move in close and drain the creature of psi or id energy by drawing level with them and moving through them using the up and down keys. This will kill the creature while increasing the warrior's own psi or id energy.

If a creature breaks free from a net, it has a limited life expectancy dependant on its strength. During this unstable time of energy dissipation, the creature cannot be re-netted. However contact with them will still drain your energy.

This is denoted by a non-flashing floating indicator which contains no number for the creature's strength.

Using Psi and Id energy

Id energy is used like fuel to undertake tasks. Psi energy is used to control the id energy.

Psi energy can be used to develop the hidden powers of the mind. It makes it possible to:

- i) teleport to the teleportation chambers
- ii) Levitate the body
- iii) Free the mind from the body and examine your immediate surroundings
- iv) Become invisible to the Psi.

All of these consume id energy and the warrior will not be able to attempt them if he does not have sufficient energy. Psi energy is needed to achieve these things. Id energy is the fuel used while levitating, teleporting, remote viewing and maintaining invisibility.

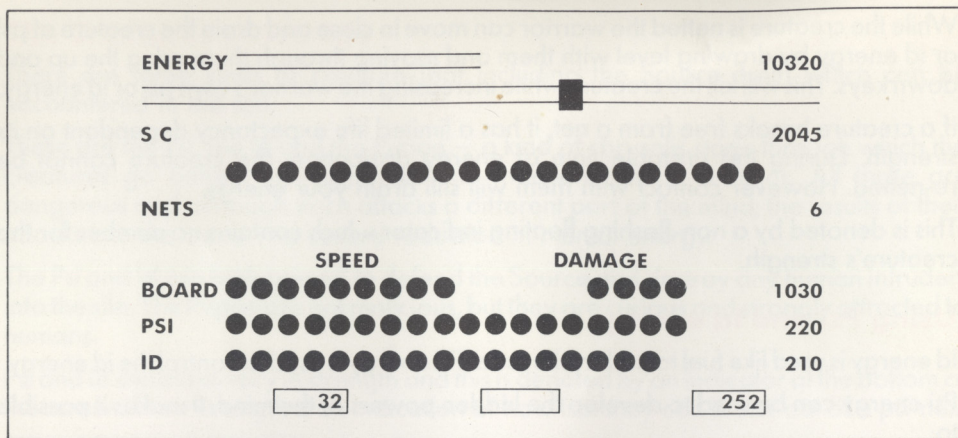
i) **Teleportation:** To transport the warrior back to a teleportation chamber, you must first record its co-ordinates. Pressing the Commodore key C= while in a chamber records its co-ordinates. To return to that room from elsewhere later, the warrior must first stop and then press the **F1** key. In this way one teleportation chamber acts as your home base until you record the co-ordinates of another to replace it.

ii) **Levitation:** Pressing the **F5** key lets the warrior levitate, if you have built up sufficient energy. The warrior can then move over obstacles or gaps which would otherwise be impossible to negotiate. It takes up a great deal of energy and it is important to place the warrior carefully before pressing **fire** to end the levitation.

iii) **Remote view:** Pressing the **F3** key while in a transportation chamber allows you to leave the warrior's body and look around. The warrior's body is left in the chamber and you choose where to scan by moving the joystick, or movement keys, to indicate the direction you aim to move in. The view is in black and white.

The **fire** key allows you to return back to your body. Id energy is used constantly while remote viewing.

iv) **Invisibility:** Pressing the **F7** key renders the warrior invisible to the Psi. They are confused and can no longer pursue you. Pressing **fire twice** makes you visible to them again.



Screen monitors

The screen monitors will keep you up to date with the state of the warrior. The picture above shows their position in the screen format. They are: 1) S.C. 2) Heartrate, 3) Psi or Id creature's strength, 4) Speed and board damage, 5) Psi energy, 6) Id energy, 7) Nets, 8) Board energy.

i) **S.C.:** This stands for stability coefficient. S.C. is the cumulative effect of Psi/Id imbalance. The greater the imbalance, the faster the deterioration in S.C. When S.C. gets down to zero blackout, then death will occur. It is important to remember that S.C. is not reversable.

ii) **Heartrate:** The heartrate is an ever-present pulse. But the computer will detect when the player is nervous and reacting badly and the heartrate will be quickened to match the tension.

iii) **Psi or Id strength:** Below each creature is its floating energy indicator. These report on the relative strengths of the Psi and Id creatures. The flashing is proportional to how much energy the creatures have. The faster they flash the stronger they are and the less time it will take them to absorb a psi-net. If the indicator is constant they will not even pause.

iv) **Board:** Refers to the hover plane. Every time the hover plane is bumped by the Psi Warrior crashing or dropping down a level without using a ramp, its performance is impaired. This is shown in red damage blobs from the right of the screen. As the red blobs blot out the green, so the top speed of the warrior is reduced.

v) **Psi energy** and

vi) **Id energy:** These indicators show the proportion of one energy to the other. The numeric read-out gives the actual values.

vii) **Nets:** A limited amount of energy to form new psi nets is available at each teleportation chamber.

viii) **Board energy:** This limits how far you can travel without having to refuel. More board energy is available at each teleportation room.

The Hover Plane

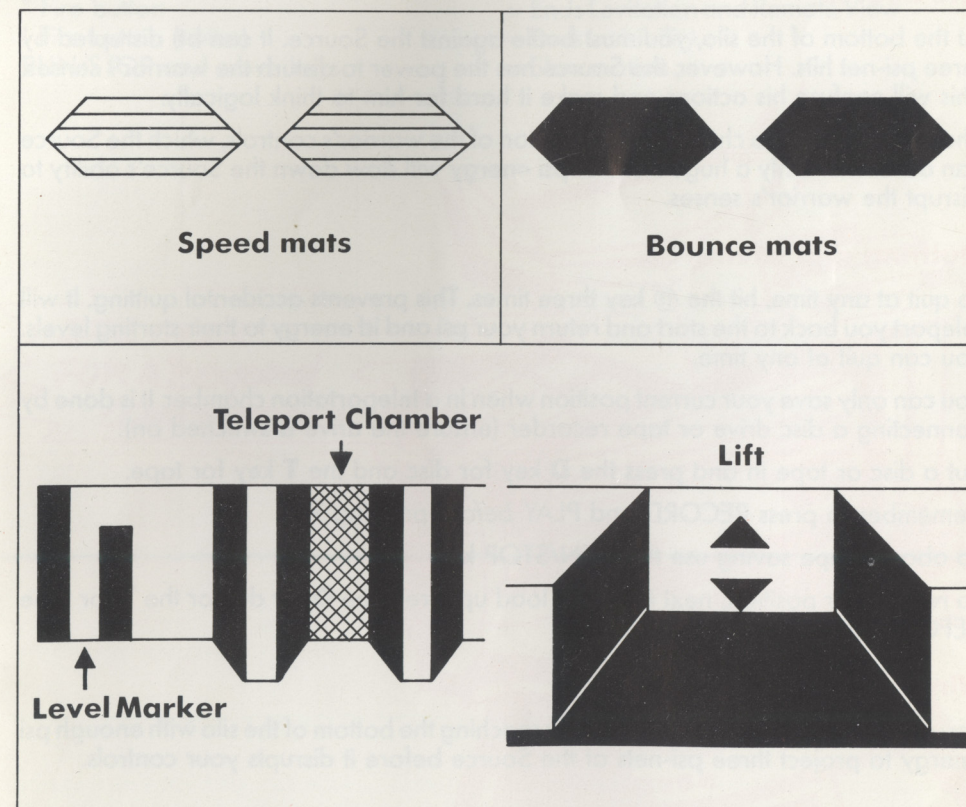
This is the warrior's means of locomotion. While in the silo he cannot leave the board which keeps him just above the level of the floor. The floor is toxic and would destroy the delicate circuitry of the psi-rejection suit which the warrior wears. The speed is effected by damage caused by bumping or falling. But it is self-repairing. The floor of the silo is fitted with electromagnetic induction coils. The Psi Warrior can move far faster when over these coils.

The Psi Warrior's feet are clamped into the board to enable him to levitate and jump with it.

The Silo

The silo is composed of a series of circular levels, gradually descending by means of ramps to lower levels. It also has: lifts, teleportation chambers, breaks in the levels, bounce mats which can be used to clear otherwise impossible chasms. And there are other unlikely hazards which can stop you in your tracks or take some time to find a way round.

The warrior's interaction with the environment of the silo is where your real skills are honed.



Controlling the warrior

Pick up a joystick and within seconds you can appreciate the control you have over the warrior. It is designed for instant use. However, there are certain subtleties, skills which you will have to learn to defeat the Psi.

To accelerate in any direction, hold the joystick in that direction until top speed is reached. To slow down, reverse the direction of the joystick. The Psi Warrior will not spin around as he has built-in inertia.

To "hotdog" (a ski-ing term for fancy antics) slow down and use the up and down joystick control.

Holding the fire key while hitting a bouncemat causes a turn without damage or loss of momentum.

To turn around, while moving, to look behind you, rotate the joystick 360° (push in a complete circle) and he will travel backwards. Keyboard users can achieve the same effect by pressing the key for the opposite direction and the up or down key momentarily.

Note that the board does not need ground support during a turn.

The Source

At the bottom of the silo, you must battle against the Source. It can be disrupted by three psi-net hits. However, the Source has the power to disturb the warrior's senses. This will confuse his actions and make it hard for him to think logically.

The effect of this is to change the operation of the warrior's controls, which the Source can do at will. Only a huge store of psi energy will slow down the Source's ability to disrupt the warrior's senses.

Quitting and saving

To quit at any time, hit the @ key three times. This prevents accidental quitting. It will teleport you back to the start and return your psi and id energy to their starting levels. You can quit at any time.

You can only save your current position when in a teleportation chamber. It is done by connecting a disc drive or tape recorder (ensure the drive is switched on).

Put a disc or tape in and press the **D** key for disc and the **T** key for tape.

Remember to press RECORD and PLAY *before* pressing **T**.

To abort a tape saving use the RUN/STOP key.

To recall your position, next time you load up, press the **D** for disc or the **T** for tape **BEFORE** you move.

Winning

You can justify the title of Psi Warrior by reaching the bottom of the silo with enough psi energy to project three psi-nets at the Source before it disrupts your controls.

Losing

The Psi will defeat you if you are absorbed by the Source or if your S.C. reaches zero.

Controls at a glance

Joystick Port 2

Or CNTL

Left Shift

CLRL/Home

INST/DEL

Right SHIFT

(Fire button will also make the Psi Warrior jump)

RUN/STOP

@@@

Fire button twice

Commodore key C=

F1

F5

F3

F7

* Fire button

! Fire button (twice)

RUN/STOP and move keys

= Up

= Down

= Left

= Right

= Fire/jump

= Pause

= To start a new game

= Fire

= Record co-ordinates

= Teleport

= Levitate*

= Remote view*

= Invisibility!

= Ends Levitation and Remote View

= Ends Invisibility

= Slow motion



Competition

A code, based on how low your S.C. is when you disrupt the Source, will be displayed on the screen.

A Hall of Fame of the top 100 scores will be displayed at the beginning of Psi Warrior II. The competition closes on the first publication of Psi Warrior II.

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