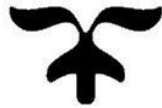




AIISHI

Karen Collyer



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The following has been translated as accurately from the Aiishi permanent flight record. However due to the limited availability of materials for translation, there may still remain some inaccuracies.

GANv3

My people have always feared mutation above all other attributes. I have often wondered therefore why they chose to settle on the Afashu which is subject to high levels of mutation causing radiation. Mutations have always been culled at birth, until now. The ability to communicate telepathically cannot be seen in a new-born; it often does not show until the subject reaches adulthood. Culling can then be opposed by those with a relationship to the subject.

I, High Lord Shivalier, was persuaded to take all known telepaths to a part of mostly uncharted space and there to fake an evacuation, dropping them with habitation pods onto a previously identified habitable planet. I and my crew would direct our habitation pod towards the moon orbiting the planet, there to await retrieval.

I know not what reason was given for transporting the telepaths by spaceship but they boarded and travelled peaceably. I faked a navigational error to account for our arrival in unknown space, then my first lord set off an emergency evacuation alarm. There was more panic shown by my crew than the telepaths, who boarded the habitation pods without question. All pods were ejected, pod 1 containing the

crew landed on the moon whilst pods 2 to 5 fell through the atmosphere to the planet below. Sensor readings showed that the High Council had been flexible with the truth; whilst the planet had sufficient oxygen, the ambient temperature was around freezing due to the high level of ice coverage. The gravity was approximately twice that of Afashu which is likely to account for what happened next.

Pod 2 failed to brake sufficiently to provide a landing on the planet. I watched as the pod hurtled through the atmosphere as it became a fireball and smashed deep into an iceshelf. As I was about to switch my attention to the other pods, there was a large explosion, of blue light; it reminded me of a vapour bomb; how could one of the Aiishi's newest inventions find its way on board that pod?

I had plenty of time to ponder that thought as the crew and I waited for retrieval in twenty-five demi-cycles. Life on the moon was difficult; there was no atmosphere. If we were to leave the ship, we must do so in full suits; yet procedure said to maintain full oxygen levels on suits and the re-charging points were on board the ship, fifty sectors away. That may not seem far but habitation pods were fitting with landing gear not lift-off gear. We were stuck on this moon.

I knew that three of the pods had landed safely, although on different landmasses. I could not see how they could work together to build a settlement; worse, the sensors indicated that there were native life forms of varying sizes; there was likely to be danger on the planet.

My crew were becoming fractious; the hydroponics were just about producing enough food, but it was flavourless and boring. In the confined space of the habitat, there was little in the way of entertainment or recreation. I wished that I had pushed for earlier retrieval. Ha! I pushed for nothing.

The twenty-fifth demi-cycle came and went without retrieval. I sat in my sleep space for hours, wondering where the retrieval team were; a nagging thought in my mind that there would be none. I stared at the vis screen willing a ship to come into view. From the edge of the screen, moved a shape – a ship! My elation vanished as I realised that it was my ship, A1141; unreachable, habitation pods were built to land but not take off again. As I watched, there was a flash of light; it was bright as midday, but the brightness was cold, blue, vaporous, supernatural; a vapour bomb. My ship was gone, destroyed.

It was at that moment that I was certain. There would be no retrieval. The High Council had disposed of the telepath threat and had also disposed of those who knew what they had done. I had no doubt that High Lord Borashia, who had given me my orders, would soon be dead too. There was a blue flash of vapour and I knew ...

The End of the Beginning

Imagine that you lived in a world with no resources.

What would you do if the machinery on which you depended for existence went wrong? How would you repair it with no resources and no idea how it worked?

Jakanum is an island nation in decline. There isn't enough food or resources; the air that villagers breathe isn't completely suitable for human life. The island is totally isolated from its neighbours. The population is dwindling as the restriction of foodstuffs affects fertility.

Fandi is a fourteen-year old fisherman searching for fish that get fewer each year. His twin sister Baela cares for the herd of beasts that feed and clothe the inhabitants of Myva, she is thought by the other villagers to be a 'bit odd'.

Fandi is sent for help on a journey that is fraught with danger. An accident means that his sister is by his side. The twins get caught up in a violent hurstorm and are swept away to a strange land. Fandi is badly injured and the two are robbed by the first foreigners they meet.

Follow the twins as they search for the information that they need to fulfil their quest and return safely home.

The Hope of the World

Baela and Fandi have travelled thousands of kilometres in search of help to repair the Myva Oxygen Plant. They have discovered and explored their neural powers. They have met the artificial intelligence who manages the Global Archive Network.

The twins want to improve the quality of life for the islanders living in Jakanum and for the other humans they met on their travels. GAN wants them to take the spaceship she has built; to explore the universe, seeking resources and habitable worlds.

How can they satisfy everyone? Can they be certain that GAN is working for the benefit of the human race?

Baela and Fandi have completed their quest ... or have they?

Coming Soon

Project Aiishi

In the depths of the science facility of Godiss, Jona has found an artificial intelligence. Dating from before the Devastation, the AI contains the investigation into the discovery of a permanent flight recorder.

The flight recorder was found buried in lava at the foot of a dormant volcano. A volcano that at the time of discovery, hadn't erupted in the last eleven thousand years.

Jona is given a ship and a crew to investigate the Aiishi. Did they really land on the Earth during the last ice age? Where did they come from? Are they still out there somewhere? Could they be a threat to the human race?

About the Author



Karen lives in Wiltshire with her husband Mark, her border collie and his cat – it was supposed to be the other way around but the animals had their own ideas. She has a large family who enjoy discussing characters and storylines. She is the proud Granny of six grandchildren.

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