



The Mind Chamber

By: Stephanie Allen 



"It works!" Zander said as he flicked the metallic exterior of his Mind Chamber.

"You sound surprised," Mr. Thorsen said.

Zander glared at the Suit. "Your people bumped the chamber up every stair to the tenth floor. I didn't know what to expect."

"You introduced it to us, Mr. Rouser. We are doing you a favor."

"You're only interested in how much money this thing will make," Zander said.

"And, of course, you're not interested in the money at all."

"Now, I wouldn't say that."

"I didn't think so."

"Would you like you to try it out? Just a small experience implanted painlessly in your mind. There's got to be something you want to do, but can't."

"Practicing your sales pitch?"

"Why, Thorsen, is it working?"

"This is a college campus, you won't need a sales pitch. Just put in the answers to the tests and you'll make a bundle."

"That'll bring in the students. What about all you Suits?"

Thorsen's eyes lit up. "Actually, I never got to see the Niagara Falls before the terrorists tried to destroy the place. I wouldn't mind to experience that."

"No problem," said Zander. "I can program that up in a microsecond!"

Lights flashed as Zander's fingers clicked at the key pad. The monitor lit up with the crude icon of a waterfall.

"Can I enter?"

"At your own risk."

Thorsen climbed through the curved door, troubled by Zander's grin as he shut the door. Thorsen began

to sweat. He felt a pressure change as the locking latch was thrown. Panic gripped Thorsen by the throat. He felt his eyes cloud over as he plopped on the small bench. He gasped, consciously trying to push away the claustrophobia.

Struggling to regain his composure, Thorsen didn't hear the beep of the key pad, so he was unprepared for the sudden light as the energy field ignited. He felt blood rush to his pressure points. His fingers jerked in synchrony with the pulsating shocks and his temples throbbed as the force culminated. For less than a second two thin lines of electricity met and sparked straight through his head.

The shock was numbing. Thorsen's thoughts were thick, but he felt great. He retrieved the memory, savoring the sense of reality: the fresh air, the raging falls and sudden drop, the tang from the river mist and the cold railing against his skin. Suddenly, light poured through the door, breaking the illusion. Zander stood there, a bridge to reality.

"What do you think?"

"Capitalism must fall," Mr. Thorsen stated.

"That's great! Make sure all your friends and associates get to know about the Mind Chamber."

Mr. Thorsen nodded his head. "I will. I loved the Niagara Falls."

"I'm sure you did."

Mr. Thorsen left the small office, his eyes clear and bright. Zander grinned. "If they thought blowing chunks out of Niagara was bad," Zander whispered, "wait until they see what I can do to this Western culture they worship."

Stephanie Allen is 18 years old. She has recently (March 13) married and is moving to Milwaukee, Wisconsin in the USA. Up until then she lived with her parents in rural Minnesota. Stephanie says: "While I was surfing the net, I found Antipodean SF and thought I'd "'ave a go," and so "The Mind Chamber" was born. I've been published in a saga hosted by [Millenium \(at gnp1.com/magazine/spell.htm\)](http://Millenium.at.gnp1.com/magazine/spell.htm). I hope being published in Antipodean SF is the beginning of a fruitful career. I can be reached at Stephanie_Michelle@yahoo.com. 📧



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