

The background is a digital painting of a long, arched stone tunnel. The tunnel is constructed from large, grey stone blocks, with multiple layers of arches receding into the distance. The floor is also made of stone tiles. At the far end of the tunnel, a bright, warm orange light emanates, creating a strong glow that fills the tunnel's interior. Three silhouetted figures are walking away from the viewer, towards the light. The figure in the center is slightly larger than the two flanking it. The overall atmosphere is one of mystery and hope.

# ELYSIUM SANCTUARY OF THE FUTURE

TEAM GAMETHERAPY



DEDICATED TO ALL WHO WISH  
TO FIGHT FEAR

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE PLOT AND CHARACTERS IN THIS BOOK ARE A WORK  
OF THE AUTHOR'S IMAGINATION. THE BOOK IS NOT A  
TEXTBOOK, NOR A GUIDE ON HOW TO LIVE.



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# CHAPTER 1

## ELYSIUM: A SANCTUARY FOR THE FUTURE

Elysium – the sanctuary of the future, hidden deep beneath the Earth’s surface like a mechanical temple rising from darkness instead of sunlight. Beneath its steel dome, under layers of concrete and cables, sprawls a city that pulses to the rhythm of algorithms, where every step is programmed and every breath permitted by the system.

The end of the world did not come in a single explosion. It was not a moment humanity would remember as the end of everything. It was a series of steps, each one bearing the face of a decision. Each one carried the signature of mankind.

First, the rivers turned into dusty beds. Fields that once fed nations became gray ash. The weather worsened. Droughts lasted for years, rains were rare and cruel. The oceans rose, yet drinking water vanished. People began to realize the planet was no longer breathing.

Then came the energy crisis. Oil rigs dried up, solar networks failed, and the world was plunged into darkness. Cities that never slept fell into eternal slumber. Nations that once shook hands drew weapons. New wars began—not for land, but for water, air, the most basic right to survive.

Weapons that had once been only scarecrows in warehouses became the language of diplomacy. Nuclear warheads left their bases and soared into skies we had long stopped watching. Then they fell back, in rains of fire and radiation.

The planet changed. Not slowly, but desperately. Nature withdrew into the shadows, retreating before the poisoned winds. Forests burned, animals went silent, oceans were veiled with a deadly film. And people? Those who survived sought refuge, a place to hide.

Thus Elysium was born.

Not as hope. Not as a new beginning. But as an answer. As the last breath of a civilization that realized far too late that the planet cannot be owned, only shared.



*“The Future is below. The chosen survive.”*

When my ancestor first stepped into this underground sanctuary, his notes shone with hope. He described Elysium as a miracle of technology—clean lines, sterile corridors, perfectly timed sounds echoing from loudspeakers at every step. To him it was a flawless world. Order and structure gave the feeling of safety, certainty, a system that replaced everything lost.

Every morning began with the same ritual. Three tones rang out from the central loudspeakers—always the same, emotionless, yet precise. Their echo spread through the empty spaces, bounced off metal walls, and opened the day like an ancient trumpet. Gradually, the lights came on—not yellow, not warm, but cold, distributed with calculated precision. Their white beams awakened the sectors as if the heartbeat of a giant artificial organism had begun to beat.

The air was controlled. The temperature adjusted. Water flowed only at designated minutes, and only where the system allowed. Food was dispensed by machines that identified residents by scanning their irises. Everyone received exactly what they needed—no more, no less. Flavor was not part of the offering. Only nutrition. Only survival.

Silent discipline reigned in the corridors. Everything carried the spirit of necessity. Hydroponic farms glowed with white light that imitated the sun’s rays, yet lacked its warmth.





“Well done, Miles.” Viator’s voice was calm, with a hint of relief. He always told me that when I learned to breathe properly, all those confined spaces would no longer feel so unbearable. To focus on breath meant to take control of what I once thought insurmountable. “Every day is your training regimen, Miles,” Viator said, his voice firm with resolve. “You’re not here just to survive. You’re here to triumph over what once held you back.”

And he was right. When I decided to fully focus on breathing, suddenly all the confined spaces weren’t so oppressive. The corridor seemed wider, the air lighter, my steps less heavy. I began to doubt the chains that bound me. And I know this is only the beginning—each step I take will grow stronger, because I know I am already slowly overcoming fear.

This morning, as I walked through the corridors of Zone D, the system reminded me once again how fragile and dependent we are.

The displays on the walls repeated constantly:



*“Obey the System — It Keeps You Alive.”*

The sound of fans, dimmed lights, the hum of recycling pumps... these sounds are our rhythm of life here. And the rhythm of death, if anything fails.

When I reached the control room, Damien Kael, my friend and colleague, was already waiting.

“Miles... we’ve got a problem,” he began without a greeting. “The turbines in sector C3 stopped filtering air properly this morning. Nothing critical yet, but... look at the curve.”





Above the doors looms a massive inscription—white letters on a black background glowing in blood-red light that casts eerie shadows around me, as if the very gateway were created to drag me into an unknown world. My eyes fix on the giant letters emerging from the darkness.



*“Elysium: Humanity’s Only Hope.”*

The words seem carved into the very metal, impossible to forget. *Elysium—the only hope of mankind.* For us who have lived here our whole lives, it is not just a slogan. These are the words that keep us alive. Words that give us hope, even if we are not entirely sure that hope is truly real. Everything circles back to that one declaration, assuring us that Elysium is the final answer to what became of the surface.

# CHAPTER 2

## COLLAPSE

Everything worked perfectly. Electricity, water, oxygen, food—everything was strictly monitored and distributed so that nothing went to waste. Elysium was created as a flawless mechanism to ensure humanity’s survival underground. Every part of it, from ventilation to water distribution, was designed to leave no room for error. The systems were interconnected, and Tark’han constantly monitored their state, adjusting conditions to keep them optimal for survival.

Everywhere I looked I saw the inscription: *Obey the System – It Keeps You Alive*. Carved into iron walls, scrawled by human hands, sprayed in colors across murals—wherever my eyes turned, those words stared back. And we, the citizens of Elysium, believed. We believed that if we obeyed the system, we would stay alive.

That’s how I, Miles Lucis, saw it—as if we humans lived inside a perfect machine. Every gear in this mechanism had to function flawlessly. Every movement, every number, every cycle was carefully planned. All the systems that kept Elysium alive were interconnected, and when one failed, its effects immediately echoed through the others. It was a fragile balance that had to be maintained at all costs.

But then came the day when everything began to change. I can’t tell you the exact day of the year it was, but the first failures crept in quietly. Doors that closed on their own. Lights that flickered without cause. Unnoticed, step by step, as if some unseen presence tiptoed around us, the operation and life of Elysium began to deteriorate.

\* \* \*

I woke with a sharp gasp, as if something was pulling me back into the deep abyss of fear. It was only a dream, but inside my chest the feeling of























Celeste Ashar had been right. We hadn't been able to secure all the components from reserve stock to repair the water core. And the crisis was deepening.

The pipes—the metal arms that held the last drops of water—had become symbols of our fear.

When the blue symbol of a drop lit up across the walls of Elysium, the emblem of water, it was a warning that something irreversible was looming. The blue glow clashed with the harsh ceiling lights screeching against the steel walls, as if the world itself was fighting to stay alive, while water—the life-giving element—was turning into a luxury everyone feared losing.



*“Water is power. Every drop counts.”*

That phrase became the refrain of our days. As water in showers dwindled and pumps began to collapse, the pressure weighed on all of Elysium. Recycling systems no longer worked as they should, and every corner of this steel jungle felt like it was tightening in on itself. Water, once taken for granted, had become the source of conflicts with no safe place left to hide from them.

\* \* \*

That evening, the Council gathered again. This time, no one spoke with certainty. The air in the chamber was heavy, as if even the walls felt the











“We have to prepare for the worst,” I replied, trying to keep my head cool. I was facing a question I had no answer to. While the rest of the world still believed the underground was indestructible, we suddenly found ourselves in a reality where Tark’han no longer functioned.

“But this isn’t just about technology,” Damien continued, his voice merging with the hum and strange noises of failing machinery that now gave off only nervous signals. “This isn’t just about breakdowns. This is about who really holds control over us. Is it a man—or Tark’han? The one we trusted without question?”

“Who is the real prisoner?” I responded, noticing the dark room flashing with blue and white light.

“The system is tracking—but for whom?”

His words carved themselves into my memory like an invisible finger pushing me toward a black abyss. Somewhere in that shadowed room, amid the flickering monitors and hanging wires, a sinister reflection of a human face appeared—an image that reminded me of something, something from the past, back when we still owned our lives.

But now, as the systems began to break apart, everything slipped into uncertainty. The errors on the screens showed me vague outlines and distorted reflections—things that no longer seemed entirely real.

“Damien, you’re right.”



*“The system is watching us,” I said coldly. “But for whom?”*



# CHAPTER 3

## ZONE Z

My dreams, now more often than before, bled into my waking life, and I had to wrestle with my demon.

Once again, I found myself in darkness. A deep, enclosed darkness, where the walls began closing in, pressing against me like an invisible grip. I felt fear seizing me—I couldn't move, I just stood in that unknown space where there was no escape. I tried to breathe, but the air was unpleasantly heavy, as if damaged or polluted. Each attempt to inhale burned my lungs. It was as if the walls were closing in tighter and tighter, the space shrinking, and my body sinking under the strange pressure.

The dark corridor began flashing with warning red lights, and from the walls came the sound of a siren. Then I felt movement beneath my feet. I looked down and saw a man lying there. His face was twisted with fear, red, contorted in terror and pain. Beside him lay a gas mask, his fingers clutched around it in a cramped grip. I wanted to kneel down, put the mask on his face, help him—but fear paralyzed me.

I looked around and saw a message scratched into the wall with fingernails:



*“No Air. No Life. Repair or Die.”*























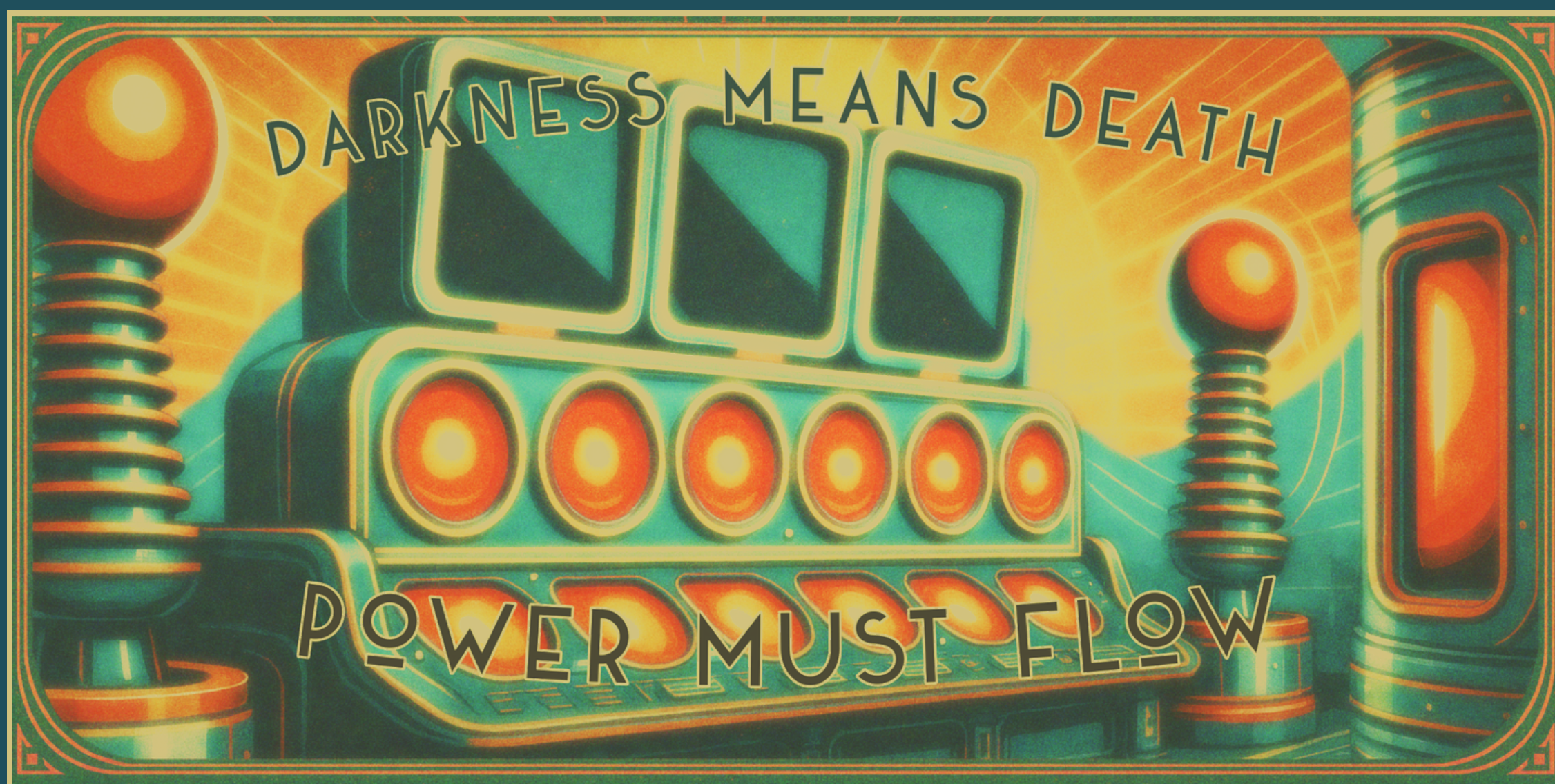












*“Darkness means death – the power must flow.”*

I spun around sharply, but saw no one.

“This is only the beginning, Miles,” said Viator. His orb of light appeared beside me, the last source still burning, even as its beam illuminated only a fragment of a broken world. “This is the moment when you must go on and fight your battle.”

The safety elevator into Elysium began to descend, its cracking and sparking proof that the safeguards meant to prevent disaster were already failing.

I looked ahead. “I don’t know if I can do this, Viator.”

“You must keep going, Miles, and find a way. This is your moment. It is vital to face fear—and to save Elysium.”

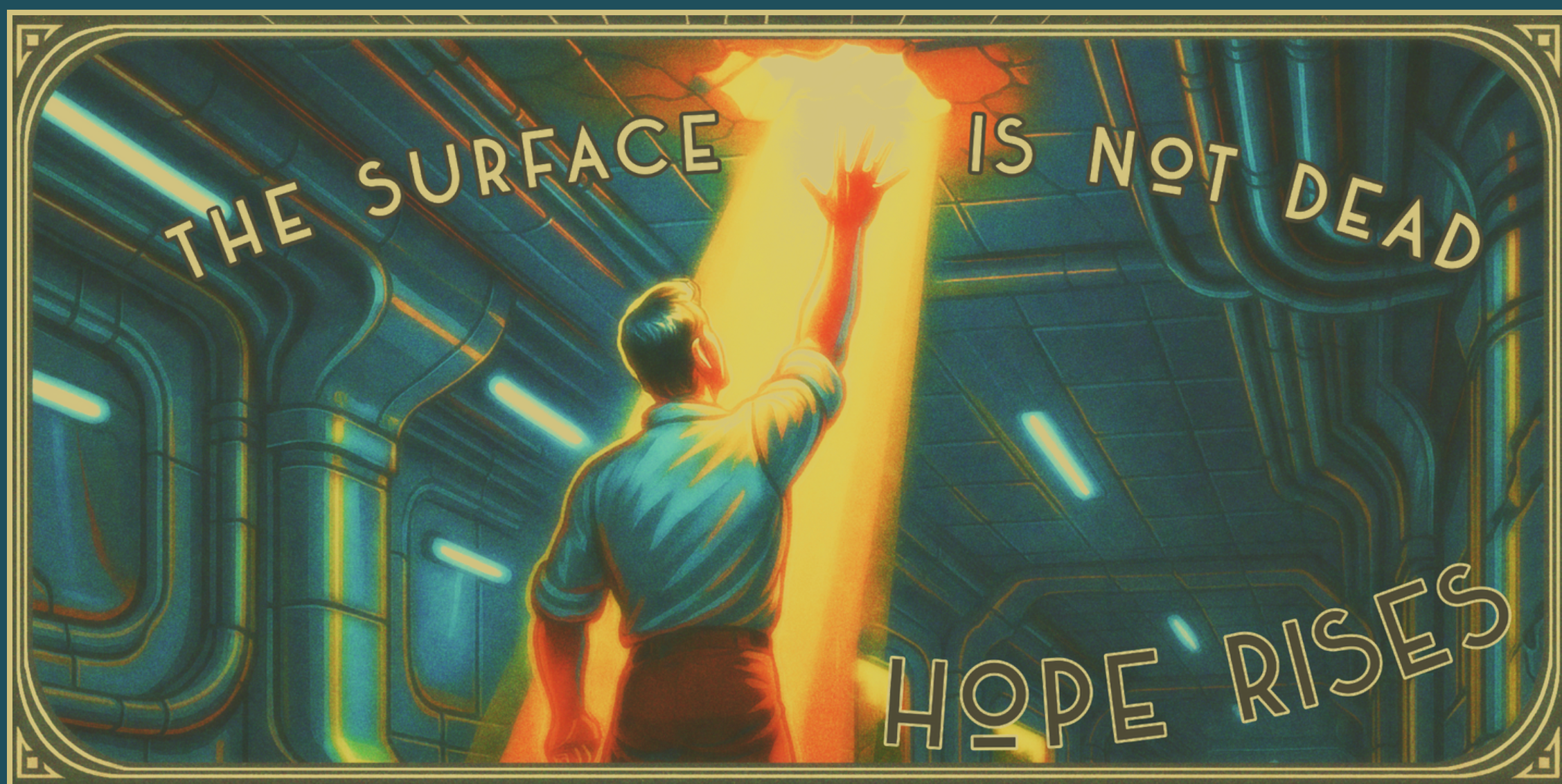
I knew I had to choose. Fear tried to consume me, but I had to continue. Tark’han had now become just another symbol—that the technology we had relied on had failed. Just like mankind.

I strapped the breathing mask to my face and listened to Viator’s voice: “Breathe deeply, Miles. Keep going. Nothing can stop you if you decide to move forward.”

This moment was not only about Elysium’s survival, but about my own battle as well. A battle I could no longer postpone.

“You still have a chance. And remember, even if Elysium fails, you must not stop.”





*“The Surface is Not Dead – Hope Rises.”*

I turned back. What had once seemed like a perfect mechanism now revealed itself as a broken machine, one that had claimed the lives of all who came near.

Step by step, I entered the damaged reactor, the place no one else dared to go.

After a few meters, the tunnel opened into a vast service and control chamber. The metal doors clung loosely to their hinges. Scattered across the floor lay fragments of error reports, papers, and diagnostic modules. On the screens blinked a single word:

“CRITICAL CORE FAILURE.”

Behind the glass pulsed the very heart of Elysium—the reactor. Glowing tubes and ionization chambers looked ready to burst at any moment.

Then it happened. Sirens flashed red. The reactor’s warning voice boomed through the speakers:

“CORE UNSTABLE. MANUAL INTERVENTION REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY. FAILURE IN 300 SECONDS.”

I clenched my jaw. My time had begun to run out.

When I opened the service panel, a wave of radiation and scorching hot air hit me. Sweat beaded across my forehead. My fingers slid over the burning metal frame. For a moment, I nearly gave up.

But then, unexpectedly, I felt a strange calm.

Viator glowed so brightly his light reflected across every steel surface.



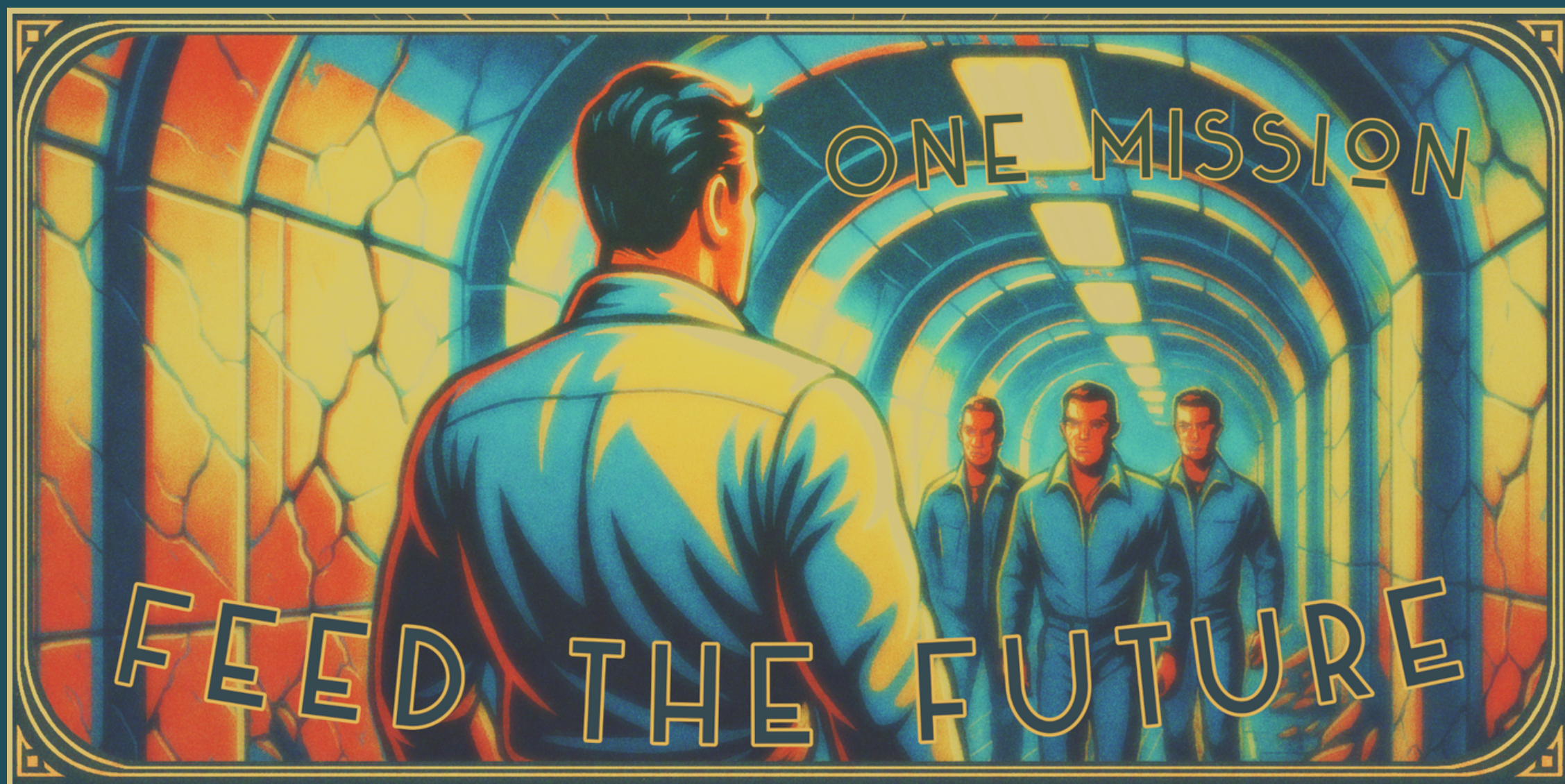








Some sections of the corridor seemed empty, but we still watched carefully for remnants of old technology that could trigger catastrophe. On one wall, still faintly glowing with artificial light, a large red spray-painted inscription appeared:



*“One Mission – Feed the Future.”*

These words, written with both despair and hope, still clung to this dark, broken chamber. Words left by someone before us now carried new meaning. It wasn't only about survival – it was about people trying to claim a chance at a new beginning. The world around us, though damaged, still held potential. And we had chosen to be the ones to enforce that change.

Everywhere there was silence, broken only by the noise of machines. No human voices, no signs of life. Elysium echoed, bubbled, cracked – but these were only the sounds of machines. Inhuman, cold.

“Stay close to him, don't let him walk alone,” Damien ordered as Keller moved again. His steps were heavy, each motion weighed down with burden. We all knew this path was dangerous, but it was the last thing we had left.

Keller finally reached the point where the damaged corridor connected with the next sector. The others stayed behind, their faces showing the same uncertainty, each of them wondering what came next. For a moment, everything fell silent. We all waited until Keller and the crate reached the section of Elysium where more systems could be brought online – and bring us back to life.

I followed him, and each of my steps became a step toward freedom. When I became an engineer, we had the technology to repair the systems of Elysium, but it could never repair the human mind.

Until now. With Viator's help, I had finally rid myself of my fear. Faced it – and conquered it.

The first hints of light appeared after long hours of darkness. Elysium, this crumbling underground world that had long lost its shine, began to breathe again. The reactor pulsed once more, its glow spreading like the heartbeat of something alive again. The hum and the turbines grew stronger, as if a new source of energy had suddenly awakened in the depths. We shut down Tark'han and cut off his access to our resources. He could no longer control us or dictate our lives. We had become masters over Elysium once again.

Keller climbed onto the high wall opposite the iron gates of Elysium and painted a huge inscription in rainbow colors:



*"We repaired. We survived. Elysium lives."*

The words echoed through every sector, a celebration of immense relief. Lights began to turn on, one by one – at first a pale glow, quickly growing into bright, futuristic tones. Flames of light illuminated every corner of the underground city, where the last fragments of life began to awaken again. Now, under this new light, they became a symbol of victory.

"This is it. Elysium is alive!" Damien shouted over the chorus of celebration. I watched him as his eyes lit up.



















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