

dew
platt

Transpathogen

Cross disposition
indisposition Act I

*Is the boy in the heart of the storm
the deadliest pathogen?*



DEWLOGIC

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CROSS DISPOSITION

ACT 1



TRANSPATHOGEN

Cross Disposition Indisposition Act 1

Transpathogen

Split

The Encounter



Note from the Author

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I am the sole copyright holder for this work. The work and others to come are provided free for a good cause. When there is a good understanding of lack, the lesson in transition is the art of giving.

As alone as I am in the world I am still able to afford being creative, productive and giving. Any support you give towards this publication and others to come is appreciated. Please give at edewlogics.com.

This book aligns backward and is designed to be read in similar fashion for meaning and understanding, Halfway Creek in "Split" being the mid-section of the book. Enjoy.



TRANSPATHOGEN



Of the deepest imaginings are forces in accordance with our understanding, maladaptive, metacyclic, metastatic, sometimes a relief to a state impregnable, improbable, and unreturnable to us as purpose. And while such an imagining, enlivened, enabled, becomes its own miscarriage, its own justice, sublets its own injustices to return to its doing, its doing , at first depth, is yet an irony on a fool's errand. A snake's imagining of a corner's turn must be a return to itself—it is, arc for arc without any revolution fractional or complete, an angular displacement always relative to itself, to its length.

On a self-sustaining recreation platform and with seeming perpetual motion of arcs calling upon arcs lengthwise and parallel, its doing is ultimately its undoing.

Contrapositive and contrary is the opposing constitution of my subtle fate, a gentle bearing able to transverse imaginings and the forces of creations—rather than cessation, the brute necessity deadly and catastrophic for the antithetic counter-reactionary cessations in remission, that my miscarriage was always in motion towards its undoing. A temporary reprieve



from such transcending transverse imaginings and lucid spatial propensities was luck at its best.

Preoccupied with such luck-induced episodes in the moment, without the daytime reverie of seeming deep-seated hallucinations of near and faraway places and such imaginings of seismic proportions, brown haired Norah Leigh, five feet seven inches tall, popped her head into view by the bedroom door. “You’ve got to get off that thing while I’m here.”

I stared at the laptop in front of me, unwilling to close it. “And bring it to you where you are?”

She walked into the room and stretched out on the bed, kicking her leg up as her back met it, to admire her new shoes. “I swear you’re going to die in front of that thing.”

The shoes would have looked better red. They were black. “That wouldn’t be a bad way to go,” I replied.

“As opposed to dying in the arms of a man who loves you?” she asked.



I turned to see her getting off the bed. “That’s highly overrated. No man loves me.”

She frowned. “No woman loves you either.”

With a partial revolution in the chair, I turned to face her fully, “You’re absolutely correct.”

She heaved a frustrating sigh and sat up in the bed, “People die in the arms of their lovers all the time.”

I studied her briefly, to engage her seriousness. “People are stupid but they get to live. In their lover’s arms, they never get to tell.”

She rested her chin on her palms and held my eyes. “Deb, you certainly can be willingly stupid when you want to be. Many people will definitely want to die in such manner, live to tell or not. It beats the crap out of dying in the arms of a machine any day. Unless that is, you marry a geek. In that case, you both die in front of a machine. I think a single woman should spend every Saturday morning waking up in the arms of a man.”



With a raised eyebrow, I teased, “speak of life...and the devil..., if you die in his arms on Saturday, however on Sunday do you go to church with him?”

Turning towards the computer screen briefly, I typed, *Geek with machine or the devil. Which is hotter?*

She smiled. “What’s got to be done is got to be done. Besides, you do not go to church with or without him. Sunday morning doesn’t apply.”

“Trying out against a shake of the devil’s hands are you? Where are you going on this dark and gloomy morning? Could it be to church, without him or his appendages?” I asked.

She remained silent, seeming preoccupied with her thoughts, and the expression took her towards the windows “What dark morning?” she asked. “How do you ever write like this?”

I froze, briefly, wishing away the possibility there was some spatial incongruity ill essential to the current understanding.



Or that it was outside my window—space, a bi-fold manifest, pinfold on one front, coherent outside on the other.

My stillness quaked like some devotion against an uncertain devouring, as the appearance of such manifests were less essential to the interaction between the manifests, a soldering of life on a constantly dissipating line. I did not get the perception of light entering the room, and as some last ditch effort to make a wishing well cross a ditch, I made a complete revolution in my seat and yelled, “Told ya!”

“Told ya what?” Norah replied as I faced her. “The day is bright and sunny?”

I stiffened as I saw the swirling. The swirl, a sharp scolding against all gravitational reflexes, like a viewing of the world upside down beside itself. I imagined them as life, however traumatic in the moment, present and instituted, a swarm of insects constituted —ants, dark larva, caterpillars, fractional biosynthesis of a larger framework, a dot product without any specific direction. Their movement was a testament of some



extreme annoyed with itself, that it's stoppage could mean it's death—some swearing in of a defeat, magnetism inverted, a detraction in placement, triumphant and glorious over some attraction expected. And the insurgency of darkness in space, life overtaking life, driven against itself. For what purpose?

And as they got near, it became apparent I was in a bi-fold manifest. Their kinetic energy was evidently of their own making. That they could be fractional was irrelevant, dissipating in line and too tiny to be animated. They were vectored, , without any seeming regard for the space they occupied, direction-driven without any apparent directives. Whatever could be the source of their direction, the engineer of the directive?

“Do you see them?” I asked Norah.

She frowned. “See what Deb?”

I closed my eyes and slowly opened it. “The darkness outside.”



She released her frown, seeming reassured by the lessening darkness around her eyes as she stared at me. "What darkness? It's daylight outside."

I exhaled, "Is it daylight inside?"

She reframed her frown. "Is that some sort of science question you are asking me or an extremely insane one?"

There was that sweeping sensation of dread enveloping as if the sight was some quiet window dress no one else could see. But this sight was rather different from all others before it. It held a sense of urgency. "Open the other curtain," I urged.

I watched her walk towards the other curtain as I regained some room for thought.

I felt her arms on my shoulder, shaking me slightly.

"That machine will run you crazy. I told you. You need a man!"

Her nearness forced me to give a response. "To do what? Put some sanity back into me?"



“Yes, indeed!”

I ignored the exclamatory remarks, taking two steps back from her to study the room. “There’s light in this room?”

“Of course there’s light in this room. How else am I able to see you?”

There was the disturbing moment of silence, as if her burgeoning belief in my insanity would overwhelm the space between us.

“That roots the problem of the inefficiency of sight in space, “ I replied as I regained my seat. The darkness was everywhere. And its ceaseless random motion was beginning to have a dizzying effect.





A psychotomimetic spin from dead end point to dead end point, a baseless aim is as some organic edge a far cry from a cut above and below a bundle of nerves--a spin in place never missing a point.

I regained full consciousness from my sudden dizzying spell on the bed, which sank as Norah sat beside me.

“Maybe all you need is some rest,” she urged. “Some time away from the machine, spent with a real man.”

I felt blessed with the decision, needing some time to gather my seeming insane thoughts away from her doubts. “You’re right, I think I need an hour or two to rest and sleep and maybe when I wake this whole manly episode will be a nightmare I dreamed up in some forgotten hell.”

She decided to heed her own advice. “I’m feeling quite tired myself. I should rest too.”

And my interest in sleep was instantly deflated “What do you mean tired? Like dizzy?”



She nodded. “Yes, indeed dizziness is what it is. Maybe it’s food poisoning from the Lasagna I brought home last night. We both ate it.”

It was a first, the sensation from the Transverse world was perceptible to anyone other than me, but it was imperceptible as Norah could not see the divergent yet paralleled space occupation my reticular formation-reformation ability among other things allowed me to see in the moment. The reformation, supposed to be unparalleled in the bifold manifest was rather a projection that should never have been a projection in space in it's current formational mode.

And the knowledge compelled the inevitable resolve—that the dizzying effect was an imposition of force rather than a mere perceptible reaction-inducing signature of a presence.

The creature, which I suspected in the minimal, was a Seethe in Transverse terms, was a Transverse Pathogen capable of transmitting sense imaginings through brain wave pathways, mapping the human physiology for remote impulses,



and instructing, instigating neural instincts—a vectored induction for the arousal of counter reactions.

I feared the instincts were all too real, stared towards the window, which, I reckoned in the moment, had been a mistake left open.

The particles of the Seethe penetrated glass without chemical engagement with it, and began to accrue what I was uncertain was mass, giving the impression, as it were, that my mind was being read.

It was unfathomable that a Transverse Pathogen will establish space-time relation with Earth without an aim. Any doubts in being able to trace the Seethe's Pathogenesis back to a Transverse world was ruined in the moment as I saw Patroc, my Transverse guide of pure intellect and emotions, a giant in human form, but non-human in every measure.

He was inactive, silent, and observing. How long had he been there? Was he ignorant of the Seethe's Transverse origins, of its nature? Was he yet uncaring harm could be done?



Or what the event may impose on cross-Transverse equilibrium?

As I moved towards Patroc, a tug caved me backwards towards the bed. Norah's pull held me harshly and in seconds, she was on top of me. "Which one of us is freaking losing mind at this point—"

She was uncaring and my struggle with my closest friend was suddenly about staying alive. Her hands, held tightly around my neck, were unusually strong.

And from the swarming around her, it was apparent I had underestimated the strength of the particulates.

Patroc was beside me in a flash. "You've got to get up Deb!"

He spoke without saying anything, in a gentle untouched by blemish manner, which could hardly be distinguished from my thoughts. Patroc always surprised me as he knew how to betray the moment, any moment.



He was never ruffled or touched by some fleeting perilous moment. His size in human form, I had concluded, had nothing to do with his bearing because his bearing had nothing to do with his being. His articulation was never vocal but rather an inflection of phenomenally sensual dialogues which were infectiously breathtakingly sensuous for me.

To lessen the Seethe's intermolecular adhesion, and psychical hold on Norah, Patroc began to weave his form against the Seethe's, dispersing the intensity of its flow, undoing its direct transmission with Norah, whose hands on my neck began to soften. And I began to take in more air, regaining my life.

Then, I saw Detroc, my Transverse guide esteemed of pure instinct, also a giant in human form. He was smiling. "Now, that's some cat fight I wouldn't want to break. You've got to knock the freak out of her Deb! As long as she's conscious she's dangerous."



I didn't rethink it. The first punch on her right cheek knocked her sideways, the second punch caught her on the chin, rendering her unconscious. She slumped onto the bed beside me.

My attention was soon deflected from Patroc and Detroc's presence as I got off the bed. The Seethe was re-congregating with an urgency unlike that observed earlier into a single circular ball of about 1.2 meters in diameter. The geometric induction hung over me in an instant.

My instinct was to run. The Transverse experts must have some way to deal with it.

Detroc, who could sense my most intimate instincts before I acted on them, smiled and said, "So human! Here she goes unrestrained."

I deliberately went against his instincts and moved closer to Patroc until I mated his form. "I want away..." I whispered, as he restructured for solidity, so I could hold him.



I heard Detroc chuckle. “Deb, you will think it dumb that humans can be something and never know who they are for the rest of what they call life?”

I ignored Detroc.

Patroc engaged my eyes with his, endearingly, unwaveringly. I held on closely to him. “Only you can do this Deb.”

I frowned, “Can’t you just kill it?”

Patroc shook his head. “The Transverse order is primarily non-particular, how do you suggest we kill it? And you cannot outrun it.”

I exhaled. “So, you cannot kill it. I cannot kill it or outrun it?”

Patroc nodded. “Yes. You cannot kill it or outrun it. It cannot kill you or outrun you. And the scent of true assimilation must come from the incorporation of all possible bearings. You’re a Transverse agent. It knows this. And you



need to know it too.” He slowly released me and stepped aside.

With an overwhelming sense of alienation and isolation, I faced the Seethe.

The reassuring statement must be true as Patroc had made it —that the Seethe couldn’t hurt me because I was a Transverse agent. I just had to master its inflections, maximum and minimum, its congruent spatial amplitudes, converging or diverging, its authorship, determinant, source and impression. I had to confront it. And congruent in space-time in what seemed to be a second and forever, grunting, stiffening, clenching, cringing and clinching, I was surrounded and crowded by the seething mass like some magnitude assuming its reflex orbitals until I was able to attain some measure of calm.

That lightness of being, like a measure of wave situated in space without any measure of respect or regard for crash-altitude overwhelmed me. It retreated soon afterward to be



some distance across, studying me briefly before it dissipated and was out of sight.

“Tell me you know what it, he, she, or they are?” I asked Patroc.

Patroc hesitated briefly. “It, the Seethe as you chose to call it from your limited knowledge base seems the product of an eclipse.”

The implications of his statement, scientific, earthly, and Transverse burdened me instantly. “The total lunar eclipse that happened yesterday, in some little town in Asia?”

Patroc nodded. “Yes. In the wrong hands, the wrong place, horrible things can happen to the natural order of things”

I frowned. “What is the formation process here? How did this happen?”

Patroc turned to Detroc, who I turned to and got no response. “You’ve got to be kidding me! You endanger my life



and you can't tell me why? You brought that Seethe thing here!"

"It sought us out, mainly me, maybe through some form of eminent contravention, " Patroc replied.

I frowned. "What do you mean sought us out? It sought you out, so you sought me out!"

"It couldn't hurt you," Detroc defended.

"But it could Norah!" I snapped back.

Patroc took to a slight bow. "For that I am sorry."

I wondered briefly if humans weren't more expendable than I had been taught to believe. "Are you saying you weren't thinking?"

He shook his head. "I was. But we were in dire need. We had to tell you."

I narrowed my eyes. "Tell me what?"

Patroc motioned me to sit. I did.



He remained silent for a few seconds. “Everything in the world or nature as you know it, has its causes and its consequences.”

I scowled. "You sat me down to teach me kindergarten physics?"

“Every rare occurrence also has its’,” Detroc added.

Detroc’s utterances always held implications when uttered without some hint of sensational humor. I raised my eyebrows. “A total lunar eclipse?”

Detroc nodded. “At approximately the time of the eclipse we sensed a convergence of Transverse forces which consummated into an emergence.”

I frowned. “In this world?”

“Yes, Duh,” Detroc replied smugly. “You just met it.”

I grimaced as I stared at Detroc. “You freaking pain in the—
”



“Deb,” Patroc cautioned.

“He is,” I said nodding. “He absolutely is.” I narrowed my eyes. “Dark forces?”

Detroc moved towards me. “Differentiate your adjectives Deb. Dark or evil, pick one. And you still wouldn’t get it right.”

I was briefly reminded that they can read my mind and turned to Patroc. “Does he have to speak?”

Patroc responded. “For the sake of Earthly understanding and for lack of time, yes, simply forces. But they reap mainly residual charges—”

I narrowed my eyes. “Residual charges?”

Patroc nodded “Nature is very powerful and because of this—”

“Humans are always engaging with residual resonate negativity...deprecation...” Detroc interrupted. “Like a bunch of dispirited idiots.”



I frowned. “We don’t have any rip off parties.”

Detroc laughed. “Oh Deb, they live in borrowed space, everything they do is one big rip off party.”

I ignored him and faced Patroc again. “Residual charges?”

Patroc nodded. “Harvested and redirected.”

I exhaled sharply. “And here I thought all they had to worry about were themselves and Detroc here.”

Detroc smiled. “I’m flattered.”

I scowled.

Detroc walked closer to stand about two feet from me. “For the greatest evils, humans are only mediums, puns in a board of shell game razzle-dazzle and shenanigans, weapons to be used and disposed of.”

I studied him briefly, thinking. “So, how did it infect Norah?”



Detroc hesitated a moment. “Sheer intensity, the same way you humans behave when you’re put in charge of power and get drunk through the behavioral instincts inclined towards pride and dominance. That’s my theory.”

I squinted. “Remote access neural mapping and psychoneurotic instigation?”

Detroc chuckled. “Yap. Patroc, always so pitifully nice.”

Patroc exhaled in surrender. “That will be right yes.”

I raised my eyebrows. “Then the Seethe thing is like you guys!”

Detroc shook his head. “No, no way. He’s definitely not good looking...too shadowy, and that extreme lack of structural formation betrays it.”

Detroc had a point. For Transverse beings able to capture human form, they were both female-hormone-inducing perversely good looking and they could be imagined and re-imagined as some superfluous imposition of spatial energies in



some other residuary state. “But the inevitable begs the question. He does have Transverse qualities. The fact that he intimates instinctual urges explains—”

Sensing my leanings, Detroc interrupted me. “Why I wouldn’t fight him off and Patroc could? Maybe you should be asking a different question. ”

“How do we kill it again?” I asked Patroc.

Patroc hesitated. “We can’t kill it.”

I scratched the side of my head. "And we can't destroy it."

Patroc hesitated. "And we can't destroy it," he confirmed.

I spoke solemnly "And it is indubitable that this is because this Seethe is like you guys."

Patroc nodded.

I turned to Detroc.

Detroc hesitated. “No force can exert itself without a subject especially when the purpose is redirected.”



“Would this subject be human?” I asked.

Detroc shook his head. “Human yes but no, I mean a key subject. Something predominantly—”

“Someone with an affinity for residual negativity, a non-cognizant vacant resident...misbegotten and base-born...depraved and vicious...a retrogressive crook...” I added.

Detroc could not resist the flow of words and semantics. “Something like that, yes. Something predominantly instinctively charge reflective redirecting residual negativity with deprecation and replication.”

I frowned. “What the hell does that mean?”

He squinted, smiling. ‘In a way the subject is a lot more prone, the reason you’re immune. That and because you’ve mastered Transverse realities, you recognize Transverse instincts. But mainly all of humanity has an essentially average balance of divergent instincts. The Seethe can therefore—”



I got on my feet abruptly. “Infect most humans? That’s an epidemic!”

Detroc nodded. “This subject is the weapon through which he has a mission, the reason he is here. It is through a material manifest that things happen in this world, your world Deb.”

“Then this subject is his lifeline,” I said. “Well then, let’s find him.”

Patroc frowned. “Or she.”

I shrugged. “I don’t care who. We just have to find him. How do we find him, or her or it?”

“No it,” Detroc said.

“How did I find you Deb?” Patroc asked.

“Deb!” I heard Norah call from my bedroom, excused myself and went to her, cautiously holding a fist.

She was on the bed, her jaw in her palm. The dark discolorations were evidence I had hit her hard.



“I thought I was going to die,” she said.

I frowned. “I thought you were going to kill me. You remember what happened?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

“All of it?”

She nodded, holding a pained expression. “Oh Deb, it was really terrible! I thought I was going to have to kill myself if I killed you.”

I walked over to sit by her side, embraced her as she began to sob.

“It’s torture!” I yelled in frustration.

“No Deb,” I heard Detroc say. “For your kind its horror. Unless...”

I frowned. My response was readable. “Unless what?”

He hesitated. “Unless you have too little of what can be called good or decent in your nature and you absolutely need



to fill that void with vacant negative harm. In that case, it's the most fun you can have.”

“The subject,” I said. “Could he be a Transverse agent?”

Detroc hesitated. “Maybe or maybe not. But he’s rare. And there has to be a reason he thinks he can flex its wings on Earth with this subject. Think about what he needs to be the force he is, rule with it...he needs pure instinctual urges, so maybe Transverse receptivity, he certainly needs thought receptivity so he doesn’t feel alienated—”

I interrupted eagerly. “So you can find him or her in the opposing reality and manner in which you found me.”

“Indeed.”





The cluelessness of time is endless in space, and a moment's veracious resolve must capture the seasons within a timely frame or the framework dissolves, a war-torn fiber against the ceaseless tides.

Detroc's channeling led us to an apartment building on 60th Street near Central Park New York.

Norah's usual inclination for things possible other than Christian expectations seemed to have disappeared after her inexplicable attempt on my life, and as if in some trance-like state of transfiguration, she complained.

"Did Jesus die for my sins or I am slowly dying for his?"

I studied her disposition as opposed to her earlier confused state. She was fully mindful. "It really doesn't matter as long as there is someone truly there to wake you up."

"You were," she replied.

I forced a smile. "Mainly because it was me you were trying to kill."



“Best friends don’t do that to each other.”

“In the right states of mind yes.”

She stared at me adoringly. “And what may make a right state of mind?”

“A conscious and true state of correspondence with nature, science and self,” I replied.

“Or someone there to wake you up.”

“Indeed, if you’re lucky to have that.”

Such, she scanned the building with me. “We may not be able to get in at all,” she said.

“There is no wall formidable for microelements,” Detroc said in a tone lowered in threshold than that usual with me. He disappeared into the building.

Norah glared at me for some offering of understanding, having heard it in some echoic or disturbing auditory form.



“He’s elemental,” I replied simply, applauding the rare auditory moment. “Don’t expect it often.” I decided on a change of subject. “We’re not sure what could happen when the Seethe or its subject comes out. I have to handcuff you.”

She exhaled sharply. “You’ve got to be kidding.” She raised an eyebrow. “Like a prisoner?”

I raised my eyebrows. “You are indeed a true prisoner of this Seethe. You tried to kill me. Can you believe it? But it’s not just you...in fact by your account, it’s beyond your control and the action we are trying to inhibit is this human’s consciousness-lacking extinction, mine. We shouldn’t let that happen. More importantly, I can’t let that happen.”

She exhaled steeply. “Will I ever be forgiven for something the Seethe made me do?”

I held her eyes. “If you somewhat understand the implications of the statements I just made, you already are.”



The ill-redeemed state of a state without a base is worse than that of indecency gone awry. Indecency is a lowly state.

Detroc emerged from the building some time later. “It’s making its way down,” he reported. “And he’s no longer a counterfactual.”

I studied him. “Aside from the fact that they are integrated, what does that mean?”

Detroc raised an eyebrow questioning my inability to reason the discourse. “He is a fully integrated derivative of the Seethe. The mistakes humans make is imagining there is no differentiable component for such a combination. But the combination is something worse than your scientific imaginings. It is the exponential truncation of the subject without any exponential base, thus, the becoming of the becoming of a base without a base.”

I exhaled, weighing the full implication of his statements. “How do you catch a base without a base discernibly biological, empirical or otherwise esoteric and abstract?”



“You don’t,” Detroc replied simply.



As some enlivened abstract principle within a closed nutshell filled with void, a disproportionate indulgence renders its own apparition a departure from its disposition, its apparition states against all relevant essential states.

The emergence centered my eyes on the cluster I called the Seethe. From Detroc’s descriptions there was neither universality nor humanity to its re-imagining. There was little to imagine except the newly emerging cluster-phobia I was developing because of my encounter with it.

The mark-out cluster could be traced around a noticeable appearance of a pretty woman about five feet eleven inches tall becoming less dense around her head. “It’s a she after all.”

Detroc stared back at me disappointingly.



“No,” I heard Patroc say. “It’s shadowing him.”

I didn’t see whoever the Seethe was shadowing that was male at the moment. My eyes transfixed on the formation I was determined to know why. Could there have been some implicit transformation deforming the human? The air was dry, my breathing labored as my eyes followed the unearthly exhibition. I watched the woman walk a considerable distance towards central park and walked towards the car where Sarah was handcuffed to sit. I turned to her as she could not see the Seethe. “Norah, who just came out of the building?”

“A pretty blonde woman,” she replied.

I shook my head. “No, it can’t be.”

Norah frowned. “Can’t be what?”

“That we both see the same things,” I replied.

She deepened her frown. “I see the woman too?”

My palm graced my forehead. “That you were supposed to see...there is no one else with her?”



She shook her head. “None that I know of.”

I exhaled. “None that you see darling,” I replied solemnly.

She nodded. “I see nothing more.”

I retrieved my searchlight from the glove compartment.

“Deb,” Patroc called.

There was only one way I could see the boy, I reasoned; entering the seethe! “I have to do it,” I told him, and got out of the car.



Life, too impatient, space, too coherent in its chances, lengthwise and wide, proximity is nature’s most primal instinct as it becomes impossible to enable life and death in two separate frames.



With a conscious attempt not to be conspicuous in my attempts, I hurried towards the space occupied by the Seething mass, turned on the flashlight waving it around haphazardly like some newly maligned agent of schizophrenia unconscious of the episode. And light, artificial and dispersed, betrayed my panic. There was no one there to see but the blonde haired pretty woman.

“Can I help you?” I heard the woman ask. The sudden realization of my disposition became fully apparent to me. I was employed in something stupid, if not a strict sanity-deprived perversion in public; flashing a flashlight on some male person’s face, torso, body or whatever could have been present. In broad daylight!

The surge of the awareness was like the resurgence of some asylum crazed lunatic welcoming the scope of substrata of maligned consciousness embedded within a realistic framework! Aside from the fact that I had made myself recognizable to the woman, I was uncaring. The welcoming insanity deepened the effect of my mischief. I was at a loss, as



the subject I knew to be of morphed existence with the Seethe was yet indistinguishable to me.

“No ma’am,” I answered, “Just testing this thing.” I turned the flashlight switch on and off.

She scanned my appearance warily.

“Should I call the police?” she asked.

I raised my eyebrows. “For what?”

She narrowed her eyes in an attempt to demean my stance. I allowed her demeaning glance for a few seconds before I turned my back to her, to them.

The Seething mass followed me.





An embezzled movement is a twelve step glamour of duress, heartless, and always the shortcoming coming up a stumbling block.

Once in the car, I removed Norah’s handcuffs. “Can you use all your charms on the doorman to get the names?”

She smiled. “I’ll try my best.”

I raised my eyebrows. “The fate of the world may depend on it.”

She exited the car shaking her head.

And Detroc was soon beside me holding a sarcastic smile. “How is the detective work going?”

I met his patronizing gaze in a momentary loss for words pondering, wondering why I couldn’t detect a human subject inside a Seething mass, a peculiar yet unfamiliar predicament as I could detect the Transverse entity. When he wouldn’t retrieve his mischievous stare, “Don’t patronize me, now is not the time,” I responded.



Detroc didn't retrieve his questioning engaging expression.

"Is that scrutiny I read on you?"

He seemed further bemused by my disposition. "You're not thinking."

I exhaled. "And that must be funny?"

"That or tragic," he responded. "You're not thinking as you should...and you know what they say, seeing means believing especially when there is nothing to see."

I wasn't going to get much help from Detroc without being overly patronized. There was something dependent on me I didn't seem able to grasp in the moment, something they weren't simply going to let me have, and something that couldn't be had without my conscious involvement.

There was a need to return to being, as I had earlier but this time the discovery was not for my being, but rather something alternate integrated as something unearthly.



I stood, making the quick decision to put myself within the observing space again however much I was recognizable as some crazy person by the pretty woman.

Intuitive instinct led me towards the back of the park where I sat some distance behind the woman seated with whoever the Seethe was embodied with.

Patroc's presence roused me again, breaking my focus briefly. "I'm trying to engage with its vector space."

"Calm your nerves and focus on the cerebral," he advised.

I felt the rush of the awareness, a transposition of the transformation space in front of me. "I need to delimit the vector space," I announced.

"Among other things...focus on the transformation space so you can re-imagine and eventually redesign the pathway," he said.

The blur emerging within the vector span could hardly be contained and I soon felt overwhelmed by it. "I can't."



His silence confirmed my fears. I had to personally trace the transformation space of the unknown identity to be able to trace a transformation remedy. And it was becoming apparent that neither he nor Detroc could do that for me. The lonely journey was getting lonelier by dizzying incremental seconds.

“You need to delimit the vector space,” Detroc reminded me.

“It cannot be limited,” I complained.

“You’re not going to limit it; you’re going to delimit it within a specific delimiting parameter.”

A delimiting parameter within an indeterminable vector space! Like some flash of lightning hitting within the rarity of the very event space of the Seething mass and the unseemly reality of some disembodied human, I had a sudden realization.

“It has no origination!”

Detroc’s nearness roused me. Was I onto something reasonable?



“Not in this realm or on this earth it doesn’t.”

“I’m tracing deorigination,” I replied.

Detroc nodded, flashing a smile. “Indeed direction matters.”

“It cannot be that of the Seethe ...there isn’t such a thing as transpositions before or after is there? I am looking for that of the subject,” I said out loudly to garner some sort of tacit confirmation of my findings. The silence held it. And I exhaled, my relief only lasting briefly.

For a first, I began to feel a counter-reactionary influx of augmentative impression arousing doubts in the line of focus of my attempt to solicit convergence. My instincts were correct but it was becoming obvious my cause of action was not counter-reactionary.

Fully assured of the necessary course of action, “I’m going to solicit edges,” I announced.



Patroc responded. “You cannot afford to imagine the edges. He no longer has a primitive version of himself you can trace but rather as the derivative of something no longer alien to him. You have to assert them.”

I stood, anchored an angular incline southeastern and began to compel a counter clockwise flux relative to the woman. I conjured possible fractional configurations, some fractional human of indiscernible magnitude, un-vectored and motioned in disarray.

The fractional conjuration failed, cascading all effects like some regression pattern for a heart without a heart found in the premises not of death but of something much more recluse. It was a conjuring, a relativity concave and convex signaling for recognition without any conclusive or perceivable arc end.

I was soon overwhelmed with spent and wasted energy I couldn't afford to dispel against a powerful unknown enemy. I



spoke out loudly to gather whatever help I could get from Patroc. “There is no beat,” I announced.

I maintained the flux, casting a wider flux with the same anchored inclined line in the southeastern.

Patroc shook his head. “You’re still trying to pick up the wrong beats?” he softened his tone. “Remember, they are not unified as a force. The other is now a shell. You’re not listening yet.”

I listened, with intent on conserving as much cultivated energy I could. After a few seconds of intent listening I spoke. “I cant get any electromagnetic pulse either, no modulation, no discrete instances of time.”

“You’re not listening yet,” Patroc repeated.

I listened, pushing all thoughts relevant and irrelevant out, including the rush and the need for answers and all implications of questions. Neither had worked.



I listened. And this time I took no note of time. All the answers that couldn't have been gotten through mere questions came in a rush as I traced the rather silent sound of elemental congregation devoid of compression and comprehension. I traced the path westward and the compression downward. The pattern began to emerge from the deorigination I was trying to decompress, made my way towards the southwestern congregation. There I found an eventual atmospheric decompression by soliciting edges, made the full swing swiftly and efficiently, made the arc formation successfully.

I stopped and watched the form I sought come to life slowly. It began to take shape as something of small stature, something which couldn't have been able to compress and configure the vectored path I took. Whatever could it be? A dwarf? Some animal? A cat? A dog?

I faced it, what was now no longer human but rather a projection of some resultant vector from a parallel universal event.



And there he was, soft brown looking straight hair, and the look of innocence betraying the perceived notoriety of the being. It was a boy!



At night fostering disaster, a lie before dawn transcends its limits against the dew as a defamation against itself, an hyperbole of infancy made infanticide by its own upbringing.

Dumbfounded and wearied by the revelation I was forced to find out myself, my head was in my palm as soon as I got back in the car.

As I didn't speak, Patroc exhaled.

He spoke "Certainty was reflected as soon as you located him, yes?"



I raised my head slowly, unsure if the newly emerging emotion was that of anger or disappointment. “You knew he was a boy?” But my question was uttered in the tone of a statement.

Detroc spoke. “The case of the Seethe and the boy is like that of a carjacking in motion without the knowledge of an origination point. If you imagine a carjacking in motion you will imagine the car is moving and at least two people are moving, the car driver and the carjacker. At this point their ages, gender or anything else is irrelevant. They are both present in the car and both know how to drive. And there is something quite distinct about the scenario. It is--”

I interrupted. “It is one of constant violence, intent to harm, and an ever present danger, only one person can survive it to take control of the car and whoever it is still has no origination point--”

Detroc interrupted. “Then it is reasonable to presume this is never a good situation for anyone to be in except for one who



doesn't care about the origination and wants to own the progression, any progression because there is no origination to begin with and the origination mattered mainly and predominantly for the existence of the boy--"

I nodded. "But no such origination for the boy in the direction or in any direction implies what's not belonging is the framework complexity for the existence. The background of origination I traced rather than some worthless car is what's being stolen!"

He nodded. "But there are worse implications for this. Two people can not mind a car, therefore two people can not own the same intended direction--"

I interrupted. "Even chaos thus created needs a background. There is no background for such. There is no Ying Yang. There never was, and the lack is in the very appearance of the lack-- the carjacking in motion without the knowledge of the origination point. The framework, that is, the background was



the stolen property. And it's enough to make any intelligent human sad?"

Detroc nodded. "It did indeed. But you can not afford to get emotional about this, beyond the initial perception is what he represents; he's an empty shell."

I frowned. "And what exactly does empty shell mean to you in human terms?"

Patroc held my eyes intently. "In this case it would be a human with no distinct fate other than that of that which you call the Seethe. The boy is too young not to be an empty shell. The Seethe might have emptied his memory at this point, and every instincts is slowly becoming his own. Rather than counter projected, every memory is depersonalized. When he's fully intimated with him, he becomes the boy. My fear at the moment is that this process happened too fast which was the intent of the lack, going nowhere while being nothing."

Shaken, at the thought of a human fate described, prescribed, in such manner, I was unsuccessful in obtaining a



measure of inner calm, and faced Patroc again. “And what exactly is the fate of this human empty shell?”

“Well...”

I narrowed my eyes. “Well what?”

Patroc hesitated. “He’s elemental. He needs to be fully intimated with the boy. He has to be fully intimated with the boy.”

I frowned. “I don’t give a damn about the fate of the Seethe Patroc and you know that. What’s the fate of this boy?”

“There is no boy Deb.”

“Well what again?” I snapped back.

I felt Detroc’s nearness. “Well, I’m back. Norah has him by what counts to a man, the human kind at least,” Detroc said lodging his form beside me in the front seat. “Talking about fate and consequences were we?”



I nodded, still puzzled, and burdened with growing anger over what I deemed unnecessary discretion on their part. “Yes you’re back, absolutely, no going about and about anymore. What exactly has to happen to the subject for the Seethe to be departed from him?”

Detroc held my eyes. If anyone could tell me what was going on without considering its emotional effect, it was Detroc. He smiled and I realized the smile was a sarcastic one.

My silence begged for a response.

He studied me. “This is unlike any other Transverse event-catalogue is it Deb?”

I exhaled. “You mean you can’t just hand me a weapon and ask me to go solve a problem this time?”

Detroc maintained his sarcastic smile. “Oh dear Transverse universe, how lazy do you think I am?”

“I don’t see you involved in much of the cognitive strain,” I answered.



He widened his smile. “Don’t forget the emotional strain you don’t know of yet.”

I closed my eyes and opened it slowly. “What’s happening with the boy?”

“There is no boy,” Detroc replied.

The effect of his words was immediate. The two have now confirmed the worst.

Sensing the effects his words had on me, “There is no boy,” he repeated.

“Give me proof of it,” I replied.

They both stared at me.

Detroc spoke. “If you were this dumb, you could never have been a Transverse agent. Give me proof of life here.”

I was adamant. “Prove it.”

Patroc spoke. “What was strange about the abduction?”

I frowned. “What abduction?”



I didn't get a response.

I shook my head. "That does not prove there wasn't an abduction."

Detroc spoke. "You're right the fact that there is no proof of some occurrence doesn't mean the event didn't occur. What was strange about the tracing and retracing of the path of the abduction?"

I was briefly taken back by the question. "The decompression? It was odd from the point of view of any possible compression. It was as if it was conjured against nature."

Detroc spoke. "In fact, its as if its against..."

My eyes flared. "It's as if its a counter-reality against Ohm's law, Ohm's relativity when you would have thought Ohm's law does not involve such relativity..." My discussion with them was sparking something, some oddity yet estranged but reachable. "Something is wrong."



Detroc smiled. “You’re wrong. Everything is wrong.”

“Why are we doing this again?”

“To prove there is no boy,” Detroc responded.

I was yet bombarded and overwhelmed with the unknown and decided to lighten the mood in the moment, however strained. “That thing about a boy really? I would have thought that’s easily determinable by the very existence itself.”

“Or the abduction of such,” Detroc commented.

“Or the abduction of such,” I added.

Detroc faced me. “Let’s start with a leveled understanding of life. Whatever could be your definition of life?”

I gained silence to ponder a response most relevant to the problem at hand. “The beginning of life and the end of life are on the same path however haphazard the in between...thus scientifically, both the beginning of life and the end of life must matter or there is no matter of life to speak of. What a potent life cannot afford to be are matters of mere speculation. In any



worthwhile existential life, the beginning and end matters or everything is worth nothing, that is, nothing at all matters. It's a crazy thought. It's like I'm asking what to do when a zombie breaks earthly laws..."

Detroc interrupted. "First you have to affirm that the zombie truly exists as a zombie not merely something that looks like one."

"Before you assess whether that zombie life is worth saving as a human life?"

Detroc hesitated briefly, before he bridged the merely proximal gap between us. "The first deregulation is the lack of the direct flow of current which seriously limits the current application of ohm's law."

Patroc neared me as well, maintaining eye contact with me. "And envisioning a practical aspect of the occurrence of the day and the relevance of ohm's relativity we should invoke all systemic mechanism of the magnet in electromagnetism. We take magnitude and we ask whatever happens to the poles of



a bar magnet if ever we cut it into smaller and smaller pieces until it is too small for us to imagine its divisibility?”

I engaged his eyes fully. “There comes a point when the north and the south poles cannot be differentiated in magnitude or essence. The spatial magnitude between the poles become truly and absolutely irrelevant as if they were two ends of the same ends, two sides of the same side, all of the same point. And in turn I can no longer use some space between my middle finger and my thumb to describe electromagnetic space. It becomes necessary that no matter how long, short, big or small the magnet becomes, it becomes of necessity that it holds relativity to itself. Its systemic mechanism doesn’t engage the magnitude complex because the size of the field is irrelevant to the acting force within the same electromagnetic complex.”

Their ensuing silence implicated consent.

Patroc spoke. “It is of utmost importance that you answer the question. What ensures there is no boy?”



I closed my eyes briefly as I turned from Detroc, opened it slowly to engage Patroc's eyes. The realization could not be counter reasoned. "There is no psycho-physiological or cerebral reactionary force detectable in the immediate or proximal."

Detroc responded. "There is none within the electromagnetic field."

I gave up the ghost on the thought. "Okay, there is none in the complex...which means there is no internal essence detectable. implying there is no essential magnitude from the beginning to the end. While the magnitude and force induced has no human origination, there is a congregational component of some external force which seems to have overtaken space. The force which conjured the boy was spatial rather than of essential magnitude. There is no boy."

Detroc smiled deviously, holding my eyes intently as I wondered what knowledge, what realization I was lacking in the moment. Was there some missing link?



He spoke. “How do you save something which has no trace of being in existence, how do you save a nonexistent boy?”

I held his eyes steadily.

He studied me. “You’re kidding. You can’t possibly have a plan.”

I held on to my steady gaze.

He frowned. “Any plan you have is a bloody waste of time. That boy has to die in the relevant component essence,” he complained.

I remained silent.

“You’re kidding?” he asked before he turned to Patroc.

I turned to Patroc.

He held my eyes intently and spoke solemnly. “The boy has to die.”

I felt overwhelmed and hopeless in the moment. “How under heaven does that get rid of the Seethe?”



“Really?” Detroc asked. “You can’t figure it out?”

I shook my head. “I’m not in the mood to play scrabble with you.”

He smiled and leaned closer. “Well...without a subject with whom it can accomplish its mission, it disperses as a force. It’s like you humans. When your body dies, you cannot exist or function in this world as real.”

“What’s his mission?” I asked.

“Play havoc with the world. Have some fun,” Detroc replied teasingly.

I held my forehead as I lowered my head. “There must be a way to release the Seethe without killing the boy. There must be! If it has a cause, it must have a cure.”

“The cause is the boy! You do not go where you cannot be received. Where you cannot exist!” Detroc said, in a sudden serious mood.

I squinted. “Are you saying it’s the boy’s fault?”



Detroc shook his head. “No. I’m saying he’s the cause of its being here at this moment in the course of time...” He drew his head backward. “What the hell? I’m saying it’s the boys fault. You’re very much aware of Transverse laws. You cannot Transverse realities unless you have the remotest possibility of existing as reality in it. Like I and Patroc with human forms, instinct, intelligence etc.”

I exhaled. “Can his fate ever be distinct from that of the Seethe?”

Detroc hesitated. “Yes. If the Seethe never crossed your world! And if the boy never existed! But what do you know? There is no boy. And the Seethe exists.”

“How old is he?” I asked.

“He’s eight years old,” Detroc replied. “And there is no eight year old boy in existence here.”

Like clockwork premonition I began to whimper. They allowed me. I knew Transverse laws. And the thought seemed even more impossible than the impossible action seeming



destined to follow it. “You’re saying someone has to kill an eight year old. Who is going to be able to kill an eight year old?”

Detroc held my eyes, his inclinations unreadable. “Certainly not anyone averagely human.”

“You maybe,’ I told Detroc.

He shook his head.

I frowned. “A professional assassin?”

He glanced towards Patroc who had remained painfully silent because of the nature of the conversation and had indeed been saved by Detroc. “No,” Detroc answered, hesitated briefly. “He can not be killed by anyone the Seethe can influence.”

I glanced from one guide to the other in self-denial about the implication of their silence. “Where can we find this human uninfluenced by the Seethe who is going to kill the boy?”



Detroc held my eyes steadily. Feeling nauseated, I opened the car door and puked, despite the lack of a meal that morning. When I came up for air, my decision was resolute. “I will rather die a thousand million types of death than kill an eight year old child.”

He smiled. “What do you suggest? Let your world suffer over a nonexistent boy?”

“There must be a way to save the boy,” I replied

Detroc’s smile disappeared to be replaced with an expression of indifference. “For the sake of it all, whatever plan did you have?”

I cleared my throat, hopeful my plan will not sound stupid to them, like some design perverse against the path of least resistant all to no reasonable end. I was scared and I was very unwilling to show it. Still unsure of myself, I opened the car door again to puke.

“She has to puke first,” Detroc mocked.



My stomach was empty and so was my optimism. But I had to risk the mere chance there was some possibility of resurrection for the dead. “If I create a counter-reactionary atmosphere, I may be able to retrieve the boy.”

Detroc raised his eyebrows. “You’re kidding!”

I feigned a measure of calm which by all means I had little of in the moment.

Detroc turned to Patroc.

Patroc held his eyes. “It’s her options, we should let her exhaust them.”

“It’s a waste of time,” Detroc replied.

Patroc exhaled. “It’s also her time.” He turned to me.

“I’m willing to exhaust my options and time,” I replied.

Detroc engaged my eyes. “If you chase your cause to no avail then you will consider the only other option?”

I exhaled sharply. “Yes, I will.”



He held my eyes in agreement. “I know someone who might be able to know a possible way to help.”

When Norah got back we sought out to find that possible way.



There is no dereliction beneficial for a workable action. Action potentials know action capability that cannot commensurate their ends. Short-lived and broken, they lack the courage and boldness of the long term synaptic reclusion of the main stream.

Norah had a family name, Keller. The boy’s name was Jonathan. The greatest subject of harmful resonance, evil, in the world was eight year old Jonathan Keller. And for the sake of saving his life, I drove to New Jersey to meet someone who



may be able to help, someone Detroc can only identify by sniffing him out.

The house he sniffed out stood pristine, with a long driveway and a large backyard. Whoever this was, I thought, had considerable amount of money.

“Alright,” I said, turning to Detroc. “Go get him or her.”

He smiled. “I can’t go get him or her. You have to.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Why is everything so amusing to you? You said he was possible.”

Detroc ignored my question. “The only true thing possible is actionable. Don’t waste your time on the passivity of words. Actions Deb, works faster than words. And true actions have no better halves.”

I squinted. “What the hell does possibility mean then? He’s a wacko tech millionaire scientist. Isn’t he?”

Detroc agreed. “Yes, pretty much, but the word is “wacky” not “wacko”.



I stepped out of the car. “What difference does that make?”

On the second ring of the bell, a tall, long haired, clean shaven man in jeans and T shirt opened the door. I placed his age in the mid-thirties as he removed his eyeglasses from his pony tailed hair and placed it on the bridge of his nose.

“Hello,” he said.

He did not look like the scientist I envisioned. As he caught me studying his appearance, I forced a wide smile. “Hello there...I’m Deb Lelan. This is Norah Leigh,” I said motioning towards Norah. “We were wondering if we could ask you some questions about the recent lunar eclipse—”

He frowned, scanning his large front yard. “Are you two reporters?”

I hesitated briefly. “No. We’ve always been curious star gazers. We’ve been studying eclipses for a while, and we thought—”

He released his lean on the door and opened it. “Come in.” he said, leading into the interior of the house.



“Did you notice it too?” he asked as soon as we walked into the living room. “It couldn’t just be a coincidence could it? At the same spot at the same time as the eclipse.”

I admired the luxurious interior. “You didn’t think it was?”

He motioned us to our seats. “That ten people died under suspicious circumstances in the same small town as the eclipse at the time of the eclipse? Absolutely not!”

I took the time to speculate on his overall philosophical and scientific leanings. I had already reached too far with him out of the blue, pushing a little further could define the reasons he may have been chosen by Detroc, a reason I was yet unable to determine. “What would you say is the best theory regarding the nature and circumstances of death?”

He sat back in his chair and held my eyes. “Let’s consider the details. They were all friends. They all stabbed themselves to death with no apparent motive. And there wasn’t a single survivor or witness...like it was some samurai mass event for honor without any causation or portal for such.”



Was he insinuating unnatural causes? “What is your best theory regarding why there wasn’t worldwide interest in the occurrence?” I asked.

He hesitated briefly. “Most people refuse to believe in what may be metaphysical networks.”

Norah shifted in her seat.

Detroc held a devilish smile.

Patroc was pensive.

They had gotten into the house before we did. Transverse privilege cross-worlds crossed worlds.

“Metaphysical networks?” I asked in as solemn a tone as I could manage.

He nodded. “A network of forces and energies influencing the natural order.”

“Directing it?” I asked.



He shook his head. “No, manipulating it. Do you know what happens when energies mate? Now imagine forces we cannot tap into, energies beyond our knowing taking input such as natural laws, universal laws, all laws known and unknown to us at the moment, and imputing forces beyond human limitations and using them to drive experiments of their own sort.”

I was genuinely impressed by his precision in the moment. But I raised my eyebrows to feign a level of shock and awe . “Are we the specimens ...?”

He caught my eyes and held it. “Yes.”

A few seconds of silence was observed before he spoke again. “ Dr. Jake Beckman. My name is Jake Beckman. Yes Ms. Lelan. We are the disposable specimens...and there’s more to the peripheral here...I mean...the aftermath of the eclipse. There seems a shift, a jump in pattern of the suspicious deaths from Asia...”

I was silent, unblinking, processing his words. “Are you a physicist?”



“My base is astronomy,” he replied.

I gained silence for a few seconds, engaging his eyes intently. “Astronomy is no one’s base. It’s your profession, Your specialty.”

He studied me briefly before he continued. “A colleague of mine, a doctor, reported something suspicious...”

“Suspicious?” I asked.

He in turn took some time to preempt my possibilities it seemed, being silent for a few seconds. “Random unexplained deaths concentrated in one area, nature of death unknown, mostly children... seventeen and counting...in a big city you hardly notice these events unless you’re a smart observer. And after the Asia occurrence, every smart observer like me should have gotten smarter... ”

I hesitated briefly, staring at him silently. “Did your colleague say how old these children were?”

He hesitated. “Young...juveniles.”



“And what area of New York City are these occurrences rampant?”

He hesitated, noting he hadn't told me the specific city was New York City. “Central Park Area.”

Norah hunched forward and held herself that way for a few seconds. The damage was already being done. Could we have wasted time trying to help the eight year old boy no one with true knowledge of him wanted to save?

I quivered inside, like some coward putting up a fit front, But my mind raced towards a different dilemma. These children were dying without killing themselves with knives like some Mass Samurai Event as Beckman had termed it, which gave a different mode of operation than that in Asia. The Seethe needed a victim, the human instinct turned against itself. He needed victim to get to victim. The victims here seemed rather the boy's than the Seethe's, and notably, the mode of operation was deadlier than the Seethe's.



“He’s going to get stronger as the emergence is strengthened by the merging,” Detroc said.

I turned to Patroc. I did not need to ask the question. He could read my mind across worlds. “How the fuck in hell are the two managing these murderous events?”

He barely had the time to answer.

I turned to Beckman. “I’m dying for a cup of coffee after our drive from New York.”

“Oh!” he exclaimed, getting off his chair. “New York Uh...Where are my manners? How do you like your coffee?”

“Black,” I answered.

He turned to Norah.

“Black,” she answered.

I turned to Patroc after he left, having realized the answer to his question. “The will is the power the human has. His intent is what the Seethe works on.”



Norah stood, “I’m so spying,” and walked after Beckman.

Patroc nodded.

“He is just a child. He has little to no will to speak of yet,” I said.

Detroc heaved. “Humph...Just a most dangerous child that may destroy your world as you know it. He’s growing stronger as we speak. With the Seethe’s mind arresting powers, the boy will be able to hypnotize a multitude.”

“Rule the world?” I asked.

“If he doesn’t kill it for show of power first,” Detroc replied. “There is only one effective end to it.”

I ignored his statement. I wasn’t in the frame of mind to indulge it.

Coffee cups in hand, the host was seated and Norah was back from the restroom stroll she took to spy.

“Are you in academia?” I asked.



He shook his head. “No. Academic indulgences are more or less hobbies for me. I run the company I own part time.”

However does he own the company he runs part time? That must be what it means to have money and not really know why, I thought. My mind was preoccupied with something more precarious than the money he had and how he got it,

Then I told him about the Seethe and Jonathan Keller.

He hesitated briefly, studying me. “You think it’s metaphysical,” he said.

I hesitated.

“By metaphysical...” he continued, “...I am not referring to anything religious or occult. Just whatever is yet beyond what is perceived as natural sciences.”

I hesitated. “No God or gods?”

He nodded. “No powers beyond reason. There is no God.”



The silence was loud in the room. I watched Norah, who makes church every Sunday, struggle with the discomfort from it, straightening her back for no reason other than the effect. He, I was sure, could sense the discomfort as well.

“Really?” Norah asked, raising her eyebrows. “What is there?”

“Forces, currents, elements, quantum mysteries, transmittable devices,” he answered.

Norah held a sardonic smile. “Transmittable devices? iPod, iPad, PC’s, laptops?”

“Humans,” he answered.

“Transmitting energies?” I asked, aware of his leaning and unable to help myself.

Norah sneered at me.

“Transmitting energies,” Beckman repeated.

Norah eyed me angrily.



“Nevertheless transmitting energies abiding in sin and constantly in need of a savior.”

“Shut up Deb” she exclaimed.

Beckman spoke. “They can always be forgiven so they abide.”

There was dire need to stop the line of discussion. There were more pressing matters at hand.

“Shush Beckman,” I urged.

He did, briefly. “It’s never any use arguing these things.”

And Norah was not through with him. “Beckman, you’re an object below reason,” she said.

“I need more coffee?” I announced.

He stood to get more coffee, allowing the insult only as a gesture of superiority. And Norah soon got over the ignorant statement from the atheist scientist.



Of slander reviled against a skyscraper full of grace, there is no rendition slip; the same a slave a slapstick for a mountain filled with molehills made of sand.

I stared at Beckman wondering if I had just made a mistake telling him about the Seethe and the boy. He had reasoned something unusual, something that centralized my existence as intricate to any solution possible, something oddly similar in the moment as the conclusion Detroc and Patroc had made. “I am not the specimen in this case, and in no way do I want to be.”

He hesitated, thinking. “You are the only one who can see it. There must be something within your visual processes that allows this.”

“He is not working within some invisible spectrum Beckman?” I said.

Beckman frowned. “What?”



I shook my head. “It’s not an invisible spectrum as much as an invisible cloak. There was a process of discovery which yes, maybe only someone like me can endeavor but other than that, there is nothing of the boy who is now some sub-material to an energy emergence wielding a cloak. So however much you probe my eyes and visual processes, you won’t be able to find it.”

He shook his head. “I implicated possible neural pathways, you implicated possible metaphysical pathways you can’t tell me about, yet somehow this all comes back to you...some perfectly natural consequence or a derivation of something relative.”

I knew what he wanted and was unwilling to give it.

He said it. “I need a sample of your blood.”

Was my blood the answer? “We have no specimen of this Seethe which is exactly what we need to destroy it, so you’ve resolved to something improperly scientific, some avenue of hope outside the scope of the disease.”



“It’s one of our only options...I bet if more of us can see it...”

He hesitated briefly, writing down all the characteristics of the Seethe as I had described him. “I say it’s energy not from a source but one of its own sources as he is the source of the boy’s.”

For the first time it made perfect sense to me why Detroc and Patroc maintained the boy didn’t exist. “If it is, it is an unnatural one, a derivation artefact from a natural event, able to not just self will its opportunistic ill-direction and power, but also able to impose these on humans. It may have an occult like—”

He shook his head. “Deb,” he called. “As scientists, if we lose our minds to superstition, we won’t be able to get anything done.”

I frowned, wondering whether to remind him I was an amateur scientist whose mind reconditions edges rather than assert them. He felt accompanied in his weirdness and I allowed it.



He continued. “If it is sourced from an event, then something also eventual, some aftermath of some event or a similar event or the aftermath of that event may be able to destroy it.”

I shook my head. “I’m afraid not. Natural events can’t be simulated Beckman. And the problem here with regards to Physics which you claim to understand very well is that the event was made separable from the source of the event. If anything natural or subsequently natural can kill him, he’ll already be dead. And here I mean the Seethe, not the boy. The boy is within all these complexes nonexistent as a matter of fact at this point. ”

He frowned, holding my eyes. “And you say all these from your knowledge of?”

If only I could tell him. Everything! “Well...think about it. Humans can’t kill what they can’t see, what they are too dumb to know either exists or doesn’t exist. They certainly can’t cure an unidentifiable pathogen whose pathogenesis they can not



trace to a source because it is estranged and enabled
estranged. Whatever may be able to kill must be some
aftermath of him as an event, itself an event, that is, some
effect of an event. That brings me to why there is the extreme
strangeness on the fate of a human boy merged with
something both an effect and the after math of its eventual
existence, a race of events chasing events non-existential.”

Beckman brushed his fingers against his jaw, thinking.
“What about things like him. Things themselves eventual,
energy driven, relative to the trigger and not so visible as well?
Ultraviolet?”

I frowned. “It operates in daylight.”

Beckman was adamant. “Daylight will lessen effects of UV?
Maybe in extremely high doses?”

“What about holy water?” Norah asked.

Beckman couldn’t hide his feelings. “You mean water?”

We both stared at her, silently.



“Doubtful...” I said eventually.

“Which one, high doses of UV or holy water?” Beckman asked.

I hesitated to think of implications of either. “Both...?”

Detroc neared me. “Are we here to play or explore you ill fated plan?”

I exhaled, knowing I was buying time with inaction. I didn’t want to pull any trigger, real boy or not. “We have to consider the root rather than the source of the problem, the operant, that is the operator after the fact rather than the operand and in this case, the boy is an operand existential strictly within the equation complex for the Seethe.”

Beckman narrowed his eyes. “I thought you said the boy was as good as dead.”

I nodded. “Indeed that, but I am hoping to extract him out of the equation complex.”

“How are you going to do that?” Beckman asked.



“I am going to recreate the basal complex and try to degenerate the transformation so I can extract the boy.”

Beckman exhaled. “And if it fails?”

“We’ll get there when we get there.”

He squinted. “So do you know how this emergence could have happened?”

I held his eyes for a few seconds in silence. “I was hoping the physicist may know.”

“The physicist has no clue, but something tells me you do,” he replied.

I studied him, wondering if he was truly clueless or trapping me into divulging what I know, testing my limits. His demeanor was rather precarious.

I continued. “There is an absolute fallacy where there should be an absolute state.”

“A paradox of extremes?” he asked.



I shook my head. “No, a paradox of states. And it gets worse. There is a strictly simulated, strictly electronic state where the induction is imposed quantum which involves a degenerate generation of progress. The quantum state is not vectored.”

Beckman frowned. “What does that mean? It is meant to be probabilistic and possible.”

“Probabilistic and possible is mainly energy containable from my perspective. The quantum state is not vectored within the electromagnetic space.”

He deepened his frown. “What does that mean?”

I held his eyes steadily for a few seconds. “It is as crazy as quantum reality but its one from itself a stolen manifest. It’s like you’re taking hope away from its natural and proper channels and giving it to the highest bidder as electronic progression, a magnetic post-transgression. The quantum state is not vectored within the electromagnetic space. It is vectored and contained within the quantum space. The reality is that



electromagnetism is needed to generate the quantum space. It is never merely electronic. There is no electronic medium without induction. Electronic transmission is generated and engineered, not the other way round, one belonging to the electromagnetic source. The Seethe is magnified simple electronic space separated from the electromagnetic source and projected as vectored. The field is not real, the space has no real sustainable magnetism within the space . It is not an electromagnetic complex which it should be, to be real.”

“How is this possible in real word synthesis?”

I smiled, studying him. “It’s crazy the amateur scientist between us has to explain these things.”

“Crazy it may be...” he replied smiling as well. “You’re self taught. I respect that and you’ve earned it...now, how about that real world analysis?”

I sat straight in my chair. “The functional analysis , the probabilistic vector space possibility takes me not to physics predominantly but rather chemistry, Chemisorption, a surficial



projection of the electronic component of an electromagnetic complex.”

“Because I am a physicist does not make me equipped for the chemistry involved in these events,” he stated.

I smiled. “I suspect you’re ignorant of the chemistry involved as well.”

He squinted, holding on to the smile. “Really?”

“No doubt,” I replied. “And since you mentioned complexes, here’s a thing or two, four to be exact. If you get the biogenetic complex wrong, you get the biochemistry complex wrong, then you get the biophysics complex wrong and there is the quantum complex to consider.”

“The biogenetics?” he asked.

“That’s the field-base-source complex as you will the bases in DNA complexes. The biochemistry complex is the source-electromagnetic complex, the biophysics complex is the spatial-temporal electromagnetic complex.”



“And the quantum complex?” he asked.

“Is relative to the other three in active but non-spatially vectored quantum spaces,” I replied.

He sat back in his chair and stared at me for a few seconds. “Something tells me you have a plan.”

“Something is telling you the least of my problems,” I said. “I need to entrap the Seethe and I can not simulate or reproduce the biogenetic, that is, the true nature and source, the event that triggered the degenerate biochemistry and sent it off on its own to enable the erroneous biophysics. I must simulate the after effect of the event, the surficial biochemical defect that is, so I can get any chance possible to save this boy if this boy truly exists. This one chance will be the only chance.”

“And Holy Water,” Norah insisted.

I turned to her. “And the Holy Water.”

Beckman frowned. “What? What for, a waste of time?”



I turned to Beckman and lied to evade further waste of time on some foreseeable ineffective argument. “It could be a reactive agent.”

He deepened his frown. “With what? Its mainly a solvent.”

“We’re trying it,” I insisted. “The solvent is already solved, we need to be worried about simulating chemistry here.”

Norah frowned, staring from Beckman towards me. “Your solution seems more about sex than solving the real problem.”

Detroc chuckled.

I closed my eyes and opened it slowly. “Can we work on our solution now that you have yours.”

She held a sarcastic smile. “Yes you can. I’ll leave you two to it.”

I exhaled and engaged Beckman’s eyes fully. “We need to create a strict electronics environment so we can degenerate the induction of the electromagnetic simulation...that is...we need to simulate Cathode coupling with Cathode rays,



simulate a cathode crater from that so we can create a counter-reactionary pathway for the simulation of the electromagnetic reality. If the boy cannot be retrieved from that, there is no boy.”

“What will you suggest should induce the reality?” he asked.

“X- rays is my intent.”

“I thought that could be your channel of choice for electromagnetic simulation ...It is the most feasible for the occasion. There are reports X-rays can be seen more than imprints, more than mere sight.”

“By who?” I asked.

He hesitated briefly, unwilling to admit it was his conception. “Some scientist...that could explain—” he continued.

I frowned. “How I could maybe go beyond life’s imprints, have access to them? Are you sure that’s not merely some



biological defect on my part, something in the physiological disposition of my eye?”

He smiled. “No, Ms. Lelan. That wasn’t specifically my line of thought. I have a way to get a cathode ray tube from the University. And an X-ray machine I may have in my office.”



A primitive forecast is a prey for determination as a line in the sand, a curse against the tides. Time has no synonym. And its antonym is a recourse within a dream. Beckman’s basement was a laboratory of sorts, equipped with microscopes, binoculars, telescopes, surveillance equipment, guns, rifles, bullets and such. A laboratory of sorts.

When Detroc motioned me towards the guns, I glanced towards Patroc who despite seeming distant, made me feel like running into his arms.



They were an assortment including classics, Remingtons, Smith & Wessons, Baretts, Winchesters, Rugers and more.

“May you need one of this when fighting a formidable Seethe?” Beckman asked.

I hesitated, before I picked the Gemmtech 9mm.

Patroc’s approach was deliberately slow, his mood pensive, ensuring he wasn’t totally inclined towards what he was about to say. I was silent as he faced me. “There is one other option which also happens to be some important other thing you have to consider,” he said.

He hesitated as he peered down at me, dotingly, yet doubtful. “But it is something that has never been achieved, no matter how you humans have tried.”

“What Patroc what?” I asked with a sense of urgency.

“Putting them in jail...” I heard Detroc say. “...trying to rehabilitate them...”



Patroc held my eyes steadily. “What could possibly neutralize the effect of the Seethe on the boy, make him a real boy?”

“Whatever it is will have to make him ineffectively criminal, but not latent or dormant in that sense. He will have to lose the inclinations towards killing, that thirst for harming, and the incessant need to shed the blood of others. It will have to make him unusable!” I stared from Patroc to Detroc, hoping for some indication this was possible.

“Zero possibility,” Detroc said.

I stared at Patroc, looking for hope.

He held my eyes. “I’m afraid its worse than zero possibility because I’m afraid you can not achieve retrieving the boy without the boy willing for the counter transformation. And willing for the counter transformation is the same as suddenly or miraculously wishing against his non-conscientious crime spree. It’s like asking for the negative derivative of zero. It’s inconceivable, yet here you are, asking.”



But I was willing to try. “While I can never get the negative derivative of zero, here I can get something close. Humans are capable of anything they put their mind to.”

I turned to Beckman. “We need one more thing quite important.”

Briefly distracted from rummaging through the holdings within his office, Beckman turned to me. “What else?”

“I need something with exactly zero electrical resistance, something capable of expelling all magnetic fields present,” I replied.

“A Superconductor?” he asked.

I nodded. “Indeed that is what I need.”

Detroc neared me and as I turned to him, he snickered. “I must warn you that while humans are capable of a lot, they are incapable of those things they are incapable of, especially for a boy named Jonathan Keller. First you have to find a mind,



make sure the mind is his, and then convince the mind to stop being a nonexistent murderous childlike asshole. ”

Beckman interrupted the tense moment with an announcement of such. “Somehow, traceable or not, I’ll need a sample of this Seethe thing.”



The fabric of a fable must be intricately sown like the facets of some whimsical song for a dancing pauper under a perpetually passive impasse; the song unheard, the dancing unseen.

Detroc traced the entity to Central Park again where Beckman, despite his inability to detect the boy, made his best guess. “I think the mode of contagion is tactile.”



“That makes perfect sense for ionic defects, ionic conductivity and transfers,” I replied. “I’m handcuffing both of you to the car.”

Beckman said something about his immunity being untested against the Seethe, Norah said something about the boy’s inability to infect her having survived the Seethe. The complaints came at me in flashes, fragments of still-life, a generation of words without any changes possible. I could barely hear them. The weight of the world was upon me and I felt weightless, atmospherically buoyant and insignificant compared to the fate before me.

When they didn’t get further vocal response from me, they complied, grudgingly.

I handcuffed them to the car’s steering wheel, grabbed the sample container, patted the 9mm in one back pocket, strapped the UV Flashlight to my head, hung the portable Cathode Ray Machine on one shoulder, portable X-ray Machine on the other. I stepped out of the car before I



retrieved the Machined Steel Stick and anchored it to my right wrist. The only antidote we knew to the Seethe was knocking its victim unconscious as was done to Norah. One or two successive swings of the Steel Stick seemed sufficient for achieving it.

I rushed into broad daylight, suddenly heavily weighted with what I carried. Enclosed in stark darkness I recognized as the Seethe, I strapped the UV Flashlight to my head.

Beckman was on the open line of communication almost immediately. “Tell me what you see.”

“I can hardly describe non visible light as particulate,” I replied.

“The same as some will say quantum particulate is indescribable?” he asked.

I shook my head, silenced briefly to focus on my path, wondering how I could shut Beckman up in the meantime. The reality within the sub-reality was a calamity of substance. I could see the dominating mass effect of the Seethe but the



slow dysfunction of the humans was sliding them out of my focus. A lot of my energy was focused on observing the Seethe and eventually the boy.

“Answer me,” Beckman demanded. “This was one of the terms of my agreeing to be handcuffed.”

I hardly remembered the complaints or any agreement any gesture I must have made must have implicated. I complied. “Quantum particulates are describable as components Beckman. The metaphoric similarities here is that darkness is nondescript as the absence of sight or in singularity as the absence of natural light. One can not be described with the terms of the other without subjecting the terms to substantial, verifiable correlative intimation, actuation. That is, there is need for realistic description and representation if descriptive terms are to have any credibility whatsoever. If the descriptive terms are worthless, there is no validity.”

“That said, what do you see?” Beckman asked.



But my mind was occupied with a different subject of thought. I knew I was nearing the location of the entity as Detroc counted heads. But there were those around me whose heartbeats I could not detect. Dead bodies! And aside from those, there were four adults and five children one of whom was unconscious on the ground.

And my mind raced for a pathology for the internalized degeneration of states. It was almost instantly apparent that it was not merely the psycho-physiological ailment I had imagined it was. It was an electronic takeover!

“Beckman there is an explanation for the deaths,” I said.

“Please do tell,” Beckman urged.

“The ionic transfers ensures there is an electronic takeover of the electrochemical processes in the bodies. And it is only in little time before all the chemical processes are completely taken over,” I replied.

“The heart being the most essential electrochemical process for the body,” Beckman added.



“Indeed,” I replied. “It is silent walk towards a silent execution. It is the build up for HF, Heart Failure or rather CCF, Congestive Heart Failure, a parasitic invasion pretending to be part and parcel working for the benefit of the body but it is rather the silent killer.”

“Talk about coherence between all applicable descriptive terms. They’re like the artificial Pacemaker pretending to be equipped with the heart’s natural pacemaker cells. You’ll hardly feel them working or taking over,” Beckman replied.

“Yes, you do get it. And they overwhelm rather than control so the body dies and must die,” I added.

And my greatest fear was killing the innocent victims surrounding the entity, overwhelmed by it.

“Knock the human fear out and swing hard to your left,” I heard Detroc say some distance into the darkness.

I had to trust Detroc’s instinct. He was after all, the major guide on the seat of instincts.



“Now!” he urged.

I gave the Steel Stick a quick swing to my left and felt it make impact. Breathing rapidly, I headed the UV Flashlight in the direction.

One of the women made impact with the ground, unconscious.

“Deb,” Detroc called with more urgency in his tone. “Get down, swing hard and low.”

I did get down and did as he ordered. UV Flashlight on the area and I saw a child make contact with the ground. He stared unflinching back at me. I was sure then the electronic impulses were strictly distinguishable from electrochemical neural impulses. And despite the knowledge of his lack of sensations “I’m sorry,” I mouthed, before I watched him drift into an unconscious state.

“Swing it forward from the back as you rise,” Detroc urged.



I rose slowly and swung the Steel Stick, made two successive hits. Another adult female touched the ground before becoming unconscious.

“Now, be your own anchor, backward, westward, upward over you head, the hardest hits you can manage,” I heard Detroc say and knew instantly I was targeting the male.

I took the Steel Stick up and westward, tied to my wrist, swung backward for the first arc and then downward and southward for the second arc. I made two successive hits southward and back.

The male fell to the ground.

I sat the Cathode Ray Machine down and channeled it onto the most populated mass effect space occupied by the Seethe.

They dispersed in no particular direction freeing up open space with deepening tension rather than a relieving one. What was happening? The particles were almost cleared and I was yet to feel relieved. Realizing my instincts were loosely imposed by Detroc, I tuned into him and looked up. They hung



over me! In small circular clouds, each activated in some sort of inner gravitational pull that scared my heart to an irregular beat! Were they being neutralized or activated?

The inner part of the cloud circles was reddening, reminding me of the birthing of a star. And as I remembered the amount of thermal energy involved in that process, I nearly made a run for it.

“No,” I heard Patroc say, informing me that my intuitions were wrong. “Do you ever listen to your own thoughts. This is all a show of simulation, the only show you have running so you can save a boy that isn’t, a boy who cannot naturally absorb this thermal energy and survive it . There is no boy.”

I stood my ground on the chances of saving some presumed nonentity entity. There wasn’t such preponderance of evidence telling me there wasn’t the possibility of retrieving a boy.



I sat the X-ray Machine down and channeled it upwards into the congregating masses of no actual potentiality. An instant migration, reformation followed.

The particulates congregated and migrated southeastern to go no further than the North. I was disappointed. It wasn't the counter clockwise counter directional southwestern reality I needed to dematerialize the pure electronic induction, inducing the much unfavorable conclusion from me. There was no boy going the electromagnetic clockwise direction.

I sat the Superconductor down in a centralized location, rooted myself in the North and watched the simulated electronic super-reflection of the boy congregate in the Southwest.

I heard Detroc's laughter roar at the reflected sight of the boy.

Ensured I needed his involvement, Patroc spoke, but did so in his usual insinuating intellectual manner. "What is that



derivative that is no derivative at all projecting without any limit?”

I exhaled, remained thoughtful for a few seconds. “The derivative of x divided by two which is one half, a sickness for the thoughtless masses of no mass fulfillment pretending fifty shades of Grey when the shades of Grey are within the very palm of my hands. It is the derivative of x over two! And it has no electromagnetic significance whatsoever!”

“Clearly, there is no boy! But you have the gun,” Detroc urged.

I ignored Detroc’s urgency. And waited for Patroc to confirm my mathematical inclinations.

Patroc spoke. “An oversized ego goes only too well with the reality of being nothing really, whatever happens to an undersized ego forced to confront the reality of its ceaseless derivation.”

I held the boy’s eyes, unblinking for a few seconds, closed my eyes slowly and exhaled. “There is no x component for the



projection,” I told Patroc. And journeyed my way westward until I was horizontal to the Northern space I had occupied.

The boy, who had been forced to move as I moved was now located in the southeast in a fully visible glossy, polished reflection rather than the previous particulate one. He faced me with a devious smile I didn’t know was there earlier. He was having more fun than I could have deciphered earlier. And his smile, alongside his great disaffection from the gripping nature of the Seethe bothered me greatly.

If he was affected, it was an opposing effect from that expected a normal human boy. He had no indication of mind arrest, but was rather lucid and in a playful mood. Was I dealing with the boy, the Seethe, or the combination of both?

“Now is your chance,” I heard Detroc say. “You have the gun.”

I did have the gun, but I also had the chance to present a determinant as part of the simulation. I got on my knees to maintain eye level with him. “Jonathan,” I called. “Please...” I



pleaded. “It has no power if you do not allow it. You have to stop.”

“Deb, you’re a fool,” I heard Detroc say. “Now is your big chance. The survival of your kind, all humankind depends on it! Kill the boy! There is no boy!”

“Jonathan,” I called, still determined to get to the human in him. “If you stop it stops. It’s not any more than that.”

“Deb,” Detroc called. “You fool! While you’re trying to save him he’s trying to infect you. He doesn’t know you’re immune.”

I didn’t want to believe it. Jonathan was still smiling, his eyes showing no indication of such unspeakable evil accounted for by body counts from Asia to New York. He was the unnatural state of war, and he couldn’t be accused of being trigger happy. He was the trigger and he was happy. Could he be thinking it was all a game, that he was the hero in a video game? “Jonathan,” I called in my most emotional tone yet.



His smile brightened, his counter reaction stemming from the outward display of my misery. This time I felt the input of ionized charges being repelled by Patroc, who was trying to prove Detroc correct. I glanced towards him. He was angry but I wasn't sure who his anger was directed towards? The boy was indeed trying to infect me.

My eyes welled up with tears. And I resulted to begging again. "Please Jonathan please," I pleaded. That was when I first thought of knocking the boy out and kidnapping him.

How?

"Deb!" I heard Norah yell in a terrified loud tone amplified by my present state. "Help!" I had left them in a vulnerable state, handcuffed for their own safety. I had hardly considered the influence of outsiders.

I heard the windows of the car being broken before I got on my feet, dug the specimen bowl into the entity, covered it, and was on the move again.



Patroc proved more than capable in easily deterring dysfunctional humans influenced by the Seethe. Turning around gave no sign of the entity. Assured we weren't ready to confront it, Beckman was determined never to be handcuffed again as I drove away. But my mind was on something else eerie. The streets of Manhattan were getting a lot less crowded.



Aspired effects are instigators for the invalid, phantoms for a dreamer's dilemma. It is the ill-effects cornering ill-judgments which fabricates acquired reality.

As much as Beckman felt in dire need to work on the sample he could not see, I urged against it. "I have seen its monstrous effect and that's enough to get me started," he said.

"I am going to need Zinc bullets for my 9mm," I announced.



Beckman settled for ensuring I get the Zinc bullets I asked for and did not get started on the particulate sample before we drove back to New York to settle at the Hilton for the night. I stored the specimen in the hotel room's mini freezer compartment.

"To what effect?" Beckman asked.

I shrugged. "I don't know. But I'm hoping it would be at least ineffective there."



There are deepening loses in life exponential in their return to time even when their causes are faded off by some indecent past. Like passerby passengers they persist as cast iron coming back for the wrought.



The events made the news that evening, something about a series of unexplained attacks and mysterious deaths being reported in the New York City area.

“The son of a bitch is on a rampage,” Norah said.

“At this rate, we’ll be almost extinct in a year,” Beckman calculated.

“Or enslaved,” I replied.

He narrowed his eyes. “Which one is preferable to you, Death or enslavement?”

I shrugged. “I believe you meant to ask what the difference was.”



The deleterious effects of sustained unjust victimization are incalculable by means of time but rather as a spatial trauma



left embedded like a knife in a beating heart, deoxygenated, dark, silver and red.

The next morning Norah was eager to inform me the situation had worsened. “Seems this Seethe thing was up at the break of dawn, working. The death toll is now over a thousand five hundred and rising rapidly. It has spread to Brooklyn, and the Bronx.”

I felt weak and faint as if adrift on a sea of hopeless drifts to save a boy who knew nothing but evil and harm, a boy, by all compelling evidence, scientific or otherwise, not in existence.

Beckman began to pace. “And the code is now orange. He picked the perfect place, a city that never sleeps. At this rate, we can barely survive as a species in less than six months.”

Detroc was in front of me in a flash. “It’s taking his little one everywhere destroying your kind, exacting revenge for the attempt made on the child. But it was no attempt was it Deb? How freaking difficult could it have been to point and shoot?



How freaking stupid could you have been not to have taken that chance when you had it?”

I renewed conscious psychological effort to ignore Detroc.

“Did you say you almost had him?” Beckman asked.

I held his eyes. “There is no guarantee his elimination will ensure cessation of the Seethe’s powers.”

He stopped pacing and stared at me, frowning. “You said the guides ensured it.”

“I guarantee it,” Detroc said.

I exhaled, glad Beckman couldn’t hear him. “The Seethe cannot be killed. It could have persisted for so long as a peripheral premise stemming from a natural event, but he found the perfect host in the boy. And they are intimated to such a level that if the boy dies, the Seethe will dissipate as energy in this world.”



“If there is at least fifty percent...” Beckman said, “...fifty percent chance the butchering and self annihilation will stop, you have to do it.”

My heart skipped a beat. I had the first human’s expressed consent to my killing the eight year old. “Getting in an experimental mode, are we Beckman? Are we even sure this boy is guilty?”

I was sure the boy was guilty but I didn’t remember telling him so.

He was adamant. “Every war has its collateral damage. When we dropped the bomb on Hiroshima we knew that but it ended the war. Somebody has to make these decisions to save a world. And the human nature turned against itself! For its own annihilation...If that’s not war Deb, what could possibly be? If I can kill the boy myself, I will.”

“Well...” I said, “...there is that fact that the Seethe’s effect is neutralized in unconscious bodies. Can’t we work with that?”



Beckman stared at me as if I were the stupidest person on the planet. “What do you propose we do Deb? Damn humanity to a state of unconscious lucidity for infinity?”

Norah, who had been whimpering began to cry.

I couldn’t console her then. I had too much of her grief to deny it.

When she spoke, her voice was low and pained. “I know what it’s like when the evil nature arrests, but you don’t Deb. It’s torture!” She broke into another round of sobs. And when she spoke again, her tone was resolute. “I think you have to kill the boy.”

Silence.

I felt ill-equipped with the nature for it. Patroc and I both knew that. Was that why he was pensive? Hope seemed a denser choice. I needed to buy time, to think, to attain resolution. I suggested something I was almost certain wont work. “We could try the holy water.”



Norah raised her head slowly to engage my eyes. I knew I had her consent.

Beckman didn't buy it. "What was that?"

I repeated myself.

"It wouldn't work I guarantee it," he maintained.

I closed my eyes and opened it slowly, hoping for some way out. "I could be wrong."

He shook his head. "You couldn't." He lowered his tone.

"Deb," he pleaded.

I held his eyes but held on to hope nevertheless. "I could."

"It would be a waste of time," he maintained.





Every age owns its redemption or languish it must as slaves to fate which without change promises variance, without turnover, progress, without atonement, happiness, without insight, vision, without womb, surrogate, without emotions, tales of love, and without life, tales of hope.

It was such alarming sight to see—the street of Manhattan nearly desolate. But St. Paul’s at Columbus Avenue and 60th Street had some evidence of life. Two who looked afflicted were restrained to a corner, the faithful lined the stairs, and a considerable number of people were inside the church

“Damn it!” I said loudly as we were ushered to a long line occupied by those requesting holy water. Half an hour later, we were still waiting and I was growing impatient.

“Deb, you should go back,” Patroc said.

“I’m seeing this through,” I barked in response.

We waited.

“You should return to the hotel now Deb,” Patroc urged.



“Not until I’ve tried this option,” I said. The next person to get the gift of holy water was a woman in her early twenties who made her way towards the entrance of the church.

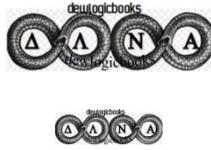
I followed. Norah followed, and near the steps to the entrance of the church, we cornered the woman. “Miss, my father is dying with this new disease. May God bless you if you’re able to give us your water?”

The woman looked from Norah to me. “I can’t, I’m sorry. But if you’re up to it, you can pour some from the fonts.”

I frowned. “You’ll rather we have that uh?”

The woman shrugged. “If you cannot wait in line like the rest of the people that is.”

The muzzle of the 9mm met the hairy part of her head, behind her ear. My instincts surprised me as Detroc was not with me. In seconds, the woman was trembling against the gun. “Lady, give me the holy water will you please?”



Death knows not wisdom and in its ignorance forgets who we are. It forgets our kinds, rejects our zeal, our ideals, deletes all hindsight and makes us examples of no consequence.

The door to the hotel suite was wide open when we got back and my heart skipped a beat. There was no sign of forced entry but the sight from the doorway confirmed the worst.

Beckman lay perfectly still on the hotel rug in a pool of blood. Cause of death appeared to be several knife stabbings in the chest.

“Oh God, oh my God!” I heard Norah scream behind me.

I checked his pulse and got no response.

“The scientist in him had to help himself to the sample,” Norah said, and extended her arms forward. “Deb, handcuff me please!”



I couldn't respond. I realized I was mourning.

"The sample didn't do this to him," I eventually replied, retrieving the 9mm from my back pocket, and rushing towards the adjoining room which housed the mini refrigerator. The sample was untouched. "A dysfunctional human did this."

A sudden uncertain noise spurned me around before I heard Nora scream. Distracted by my entrance, a raggedy looking man in dirty scrubs rushed towards me and away from Norah. I was instantly certain he was the killer. One of his colleagues, engineered by the Seethe to murder him?

His progression was fast and furious, knife in hand. And as he closed in too comfortably on me, I fired two quick shots from the 9mm. The bullet pierced his neck twice, and he stopped short, reflecting that glint of humanity I knew too well, coming to himself, before he fell.

And as he fell, I felt a discomfoting mind numbing arousal to guilt.

"Deb," Norah rushed towards me.



But it was Patroc who held my fall, giving me a surge of energy, a splurge of revival.

With some effort I stood and faced Detroc. “You son of a—”

“Deb,” Patroc cautioned.

Detroc was the seat of Instinct. “You knew!”

He stared back at me, unresponsive, his guilt evident in his very lack of response.

I stared back, furious, yet weakened by grief.

Detroc paced. “Humans die Deb.”

I closed my eyes painfully. “You had to let him die so I could have an intimate reason to kill the boy. You did this! You killed him!”

He was silent, briefly. “Why are you blaming me? Patroc tried to tell you. What good did that do?”



I stared at Patroc, remembering he had urged me away from the church. However was that telling of some impending death?

My attention was briefly drawn to a re-congregation of Seethe escaping the fallen man's body

“Handcuff me,” Norah pleaded.

I ignored Norah momentarily and stared at the mass of darkness in front of me, this time not with an ounce of fear emanating from either body or spirit. I was frustrated and had come to the conclusion I had to do the inevitable.

“Give me the bottle,” I told Norah, who retrieved it from her bag and gave it to me. I threw it at the seething mass of darkness and saw it splash onto the floor. No effect. My faith however little, was not grounded in the moment. I had a more viable option—one that ensured defeat in no compromising terms.

I stared at the Seethe, angrier than I was before as I recaptured some of the event leading to that moment. To save



a life, I killed thousands. Beckman lay dead on the rug. I killed an innocent human in a move the Transverse world may call self defense but I did know differently. The holy water I stole did not work. And Norah was cowering behind me, urging me to handcuff and enslave the worst of her natures so it wouldn't in turn enslave the best of her natures. All in an effort to ensure she wouldn't kill me without willing it! And my efforts were to save a boy deemed a nonentity by every reputable channel possible.

“Ah!” I screamed and was allowed for a few seconds before Detroc scolded. “Stop the screaming crap! Don't be stupid. Nonentity boy dies or dies!”

I faced the moment when I faced Detroc. “Where is the boy?”

Patroc was beside me that second. He held on to my arm. “You don't have to do this alone,” he said, which sounded more like a plea than a statement. “There is only one way to



relieve your human burden, to help you become more spirit than body. Let's do this as Nonaxis."

He was asking the permission to join forces with me from a counter reactionary disposition to a nanometric quantum reality —something he had promised he would never do unless it was a matter of life or death, something that was more in tune with the awakening of all my resources at once against my basal quantum reality rather than the joining of forces. He couldn't be material in the earthly world. And it was important that I connect all valid realities against the nonentity boy hellbent on creating a catastrophic domain in a quantum base.

I turned to Norah momentarily, gave her the portable X-ray machine, "this displaces it for a while." I also gave the Steel Stick to her. 'If that doesn't work, knock yourself out. That will work."





A divisible force--not a power to keep, neither a prayer to make-- a heartless scream--a muffle, not a sound, not a cry.

I could never have gotten ready for it, the jolt, the massive energy surge charged with unadulterated intent with the Nonaxis agreement with Patroc. I touched the UV Flashlight strapped to my head, and the 9mm in my back pocket, patted the Superconductor in my backpack and was on the move, attentive to everything substance, especially the Seethe.

And every particle that belonged to the Seethe was following my intent. When I got nearer to Central Park, I had a sky-filled cloud of darkness abiding over me. And as I began to run, the view in front of me became pitch black—I was robed in darkness. But I didn't need light to find the subject or find my approach. I could smell the overwhelming indisposed ions trivalent in its pathogenesis. The trivalent strain emanated from one source—Jonathan Keller. He had made Central Park his domain.



When the light from the UV Flash touched his form, I sat the Superconductor down. He was doing more than smiling when I found him. He was giggling. It was the closest thing to speaking I had heard from him. He was no longer a child in my view and I realized how important it was that I enabled the Nonaxis. No human could have given birth to the extreme Nanocephalic child I could now see.

I stood still watching him, it, for a few seconds before he dashed away.

“Come get me,” he said in a childlike voice unrecognizable as anything human.

Like some beta version perfecting some alpha illusion, he had learned his lessons about movement from the first illusory version of himself.

He rushed into the vastness of his limitation knowing the electronic Northeast within the current produced by my presence and sustained by the Superconductor favored him there. I could almost name him, it, then. He was no longer



Jonathan Keller, but some it, which couldn't exist as the phantom he was and must no longer be allowed to continue on the path of destruction he had caved for humanity.

I dashed after him, and realized I had been wrong. Child's play wasn't over yet. Within the darkness I played his game, rushing after him as he giggled and ran. We did that for a while before I realized that merged with the Seethe's powers, it would otherwise be impossible for him not to be tired after the long stretches of running in my light and his darkness.

My bet of winning wouldn't be in playing his game and I stopped running after him.

I turned the UV Flashlight off and remained still, using the Nonaxis to tune into him, not just through his charges, but through the beta version that had some humanity in it. I picked up his trace human smell as well. His heartbeat was abnormal. But it, the alpha phase entity was unruffled, unphased.

He believed he was going to win the game! How could he not? He owned the darkness? I wondered how he planned to



kill me. His best bet would be to knock me down with a stick from some imaginary Northwestern front despite the unfortunate reality the natural order couldn't sustain his existence there.

“Come play with me,” he urged, and from his voice, he was closing in on the distance between us. I allowed him, moving in the direction he couldn't within the sustained but inaccessible electromagnetic field until I got to the magnetic west on the horizontal plane he could never trail. I waited to trace his movements.

He moved. “Come little kitty come and play...come little kitty, don't be shy...” he sang.

I remained still and got on my knees slowly to impose the simulation of the infinite limitation of electronic projection now entombed in the contained location.

“Are you praying little kitty?” he asked. And in a move highly unexpected, began to say the Hail Mary prayer. “Hail Mary, full of grace. Our Lord is with you. Blessed are you



among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.”

I brought him into his own simulation by enclosing my palms as though on a whimsical wish for some miraculous aftermath.

He giggled. “Do you want me to recite a prayer for the blind?”

I smiled, unable to escape the tragic insinuation, pulled all the strength the Nonaxis offered me to pull in his bearings. His voice didn’t indicate an angular sound trajectory, coupled with the fact that he was mocking my inability to see him within the darkness, I projected his location as that mocking mine directly in front of me. Remaining on my knees, I raised the UV by raising my head and the 9mm at the same time. He was some nine feet in line in front of me.

It, him, the nonentity boy once believed to be eight year old Jonathan Keller was smiling as I pulled the trigger of the 9mm



at a non point blank range, once and again. The two bullet holes in his Nanocephalic head I measured to be approximately half an inch apart before he began to fall in the much expected particulate splatter. And I watched as the Seethe caught on the bluish-green flame I recognized from my intent with the Zinc bullets.

I stood with the flames easily subsiding as residue all over me. The aftermath of the event enveloping me with relief. I debated disengaging from Patroc so I could feel the human specific pain I normally would. I exhaled, weighed my heaviness before I told him to release me. He hesitated. I urged it before he obliged.

The surge of cognitive-emotive negativity overtook me and I wept.

“Norah is safe,” Detroc said some moments later to help console me.

It didn’t help. I whimpered. “Beckman’s dead,” I replied.



Detroc nodded in agreement. “You’re right. You can’t afford consolation sex now.”

I eyed him.

He shrugged. “What? Wasn’t that what you were thinking?”

“You still have a lot to be thankful for Deb,” he said.

Indeed I did, I thought as I witnessed what remained of the event residue stick to the back of my hand. My delight was beyond my smile as I walked the deserted streets of Manhattan in undiluted, unfiltered, un-manipulated natural light.



SPLIT

Author's notes

If ever there was a reason to be perfectly humanized, I will want no relativity with evil or harm either big or small.



The ensellure, a non angular mathematical mark up for biogenetic propagation of life, it has no halfway lifeline, no glass ceiling, but a silver lining that never misses its mark measure for measure. Its own Omega zeal, its own seal, it is never a reverie for love, a merriment for conceit, not the daydreamer's imagination of progression or distribution for reproduction but a matter of its own complexity.

Halfway Creek, the Transverse experimental fortress severable by its experimental nature, inhabitable for long periods of time for the same reasons, was the only Transverse reality I knew that could manipulate charges—reflux, recharge, redirect. It was also one place of abundance of such, and the overflow of indistinct charges ensured it just might be a little bit difficult to be easily found by Patroc.

Dead leaves layered the valley surrounding the creek and beyond the valley were large trees with green leaves. I observed its misty beauty for a moment before I set out to unpack.



I sat an Alphamagnet down on one side of the creek with its negative end pointing towards the creek. There I also sat some clothing and towel. I walked over to the other side of the creek and put another Alphamagnet down with its positive end facing the creek, some clothing and a towel.

On the eastern side of the creek I sat a Basemagnet, walked to the western side, sat the other Basemagnet for the magnetic levitation and stripped myself of my clothing as soon as I got to the North.

A few feet away from the waters, breathing rapidly but psychologically assured of the correctness and necessity of my actions, I strapped the Polar Dissimulator to my waist, took some steps back and as I began to feel the disintegration, ran ahead as fast as I could, jumping up into the air towards the creek. I dived into the projected middle ground of the creek, implanted the strong electrolyte into the bottom and lost consciousness to particle dispersion, re-assimilation.



When I gained consciousness I had surfaced in the waters face up, close to land, but struggled to drag myself to an upright position. The procedure had drained me of energy.

On land I glanced behind me and drew on a sigh of relief. I had landed on the Alphamagnet's negative side, my feet in the northwestern region. She had her back to me, toweeling as I rushed to get my clothing. When I was dressed, she had her front to me on the same spot, unmoved, head down as she fastened her pants.

I was still shaken, feeling the pain that seemed increasingly discomforting by the second, the effect of experimentation on Halfway Creek.

She on the other hand, the woman on the other side of the creek who looked exactly like me, seemed unaffected by any such pain.

The sustaining circular wave patterns on the surfaces of the water bothered me more. I moved backward and found that I had enormous pull back from the perimeter of the



Alphamagnet on her side. Locked in what seemed a cage with an enemy I had tried to get rid of, undetached and gravely affected with ill, yet unable to escape it--the rush of brain cell activity to my mind didn't ease my discomfort.

“We're locked in the same field,” I said in a shocked rhetorical manner. When I turned towards her again, it was in anger. “Bitch,” I shouted.

She raised her head slowly, calmly, without any visible sign of pain, smiled, slowly dropped her hands in her pocket and holding my eyes fully, shrugged. “I'm a bitch, you're a bitch, between the two of us, there are only bitches. Who is to say this bitch is this bitch and that bitch the other bitch.”

I frowned. “What? It's meant to be offensive you idiot. You're the other bitch!”

She shrugged. “I'm not offended. Sometimes a compliment, sometimes just a word...but confused...” She tapped the opposing sides of her face with her right and left middle finger. “...what does it mean when it comes from yourself to you?”



Before I could respond, Patroc appeared between us on the waters close to the midpoint sustained by the levitation, facing me. It was the first time I would see him on Halfway Creek and although he didn't appear as a giant, he was still quite tall. He looked human.

It was also the first time I saw him angry. When he spoke, his tone was harsh. "You thought you could do this?"

I studied him, surprised yet angry that he was there, that he got there faster than I anticipated he would. "What are you doing on Halfway Creek?"

When he spoke this time he roared. "I could smell the charges seven worlds away. You're doing something never done before. Are you out of your mind?"

I studied him. He was angry, guarded about what was happening but not surprised. "Were you following me?" I asked.

He frowned. "Are you kidding? I'm your guide."



I frowned, and stared towards her, wondering what his relativity to her could equate to being, whether it could equate to being. She held a devilish smile as I turned to Patroc. “You knew I was going to do this.”

“I knew you were going to do something with the instruments. But I didn’t know what,” he answered, his body still half turned towards her. “How are you going to learn without mistakes?”

I frowned, more disappointed than sorry. I was getting angrier however weak I felt. I studied him. He was still wary, tilting sideways to glance backward at her. “Why am I weak and she’s strong?”

He turned fully to face me. “You feel more than her because you own all tracers.” I shrugged. “And all the tracers are peripheral.”

“But she’s pure instinct now, severed, she’s still you but quite unable to feel while you feel all the pain. You need to put her back,” he replied.



I forced a sarcastic smile, almost disbelieving that moment of apparent failure when I had worked quite hard and secretly to achieve success. “You’ll think there is some ideal placement outside my peripheral nervous system where I may allow my life to be more and more of a complication, one which I can not remedy but must engage, a lie for a lie for a lie for trivial comforts...You lied to me!”

Patroc exhaled. “I didn’t lie to you. This never came up.”

I shook my head. “Oh really? The lie was never down either, was it? In fact, there is no possibility for it, is there? These delusions of migrations, the vector that never works unless it pretends to do so in the very framework in which it definitely cannot work. You should get to know the very many kind of crap that comes up when you lose trivial comforts.”

She spoke. “First you cut your hair so you can be uglier since it doesn't matter whether you’re this bitch or the other bitch. You’re not getting any anyway.”



I shouted. “Shut the hell up! You’re the other bitch, the dumber bitch, you idiot.”

“You have to re-assimilate,” Patroc urged.

I shook my head. “Why ever in hell will I do that? She’s an epitaph closer to the grave that was never truly hers to begin with. She’s nothing more than a complication, a lie, a dangerous one.”

“You have to enable this complication,” Patroc said.

I laughed, out loudly, sarcastically, although saddened I couldn’t get beyond myself. Shaking my head vigorously. “Why must I enable a complication other than owning the complex I am?” I asked.

Patroc exhaled and spoke in a lowly calm tone. “Because it is the access to you.”

I was instantly struck with grief. It was the first time Patroc became something other than what I knew him to be,



something much less than the imperfection of a giant I knew him to be, something I could eventually see and know.

And in the overwhelming realization of the moment, I laughed and spoke as an outlet of some measure of relief. “Complications are artifacts, confused relation of parts which always comes after the fact without any elemental or real base value. However can I envision this relation for life as one destructive to mine? However can I envision this life, an anatomical piece, an appendage, a physiological piece, an embryo, a literary piece, an adage, a historical piece, a relic, a scientific piece, a specimen?”

Patroc sounded slightly emotional, a strange consequence for an agent mainly devoid of such. Was he devolving or evolving in the moment as some species of his own kind, the non-humankind? “Everything knowable knows intricacies.”

I laughed, again, overwhelmed by my human emotions, wondering whatever Patroc was feeling. Some barely fractional emotive bearing possible? “I know only too much



about the intimate knowledge of intricacies you see. A complex knows intricacy based on the relativity with a true base value. For instance, eight is a complex of two to the third power within the same complex as two, so is two to the second power, four, both within the same distinction. Unlike this distinction, one raised to the power of eight is one and much separable from the two and eight discretionary premises. In fact these two distinctions can be severed from each other. Three raised to the second power is nine. Eight and nine do not have the same complex. And nine is a complication of two and not a complex in that regard. You need to have two to build an eight complex. But it is never a mathematical complex that one plus one merely adds up to two because one times one equals one. There--”

She interrupted. “Get to the point and don’t waste my time.”

I walked a few feet westward to stray away from Patroc who was momentarily blocking my view of her, angry. “You have no time you idiot. You’re an ionized life form. Your life begins and ends in this experimental environment.”



She was smiling.

Patroc appeared in front of me, blocking my view of her again. “You have to re-assimilate,” he urged.

My frown was suddenly deepened. “What the hell is she talking about? Why is she smiling. What is funny?”

Patroc exhaled. “You said it already, her life is limited in this ionized form.”

I shrugged. “What the hell does she want to do with the time inside a complication? That must be why she is the Dumb-ass between us.”

“You mean I am the Dumb-ass for both of us?” she replied.

I shook my head vigorously, held his eyes fully. “Tell me she isn’t this dumb. You can’t be this dumb! It’s pretty clear about now who the lucky idiot pretending to be big and smart is. How is this even debatable Patroc? And I must warn you, I am no longer that person you can lie to or forget to tell that very important detail about the differences between complexes



and complications. The vertical complex is a one, three, six, seven complex with a two, three, one differential and the horizontal complex if I choose to start at one is a one, two, four, eight complex with a one, two, four differential. This field is mine and if there is no x manifest in the second quadrant, you can not get a complex in the third and fourth from some magical toxic thin air. What you will have is an external complication rather than a complex stemming from a real relativity with the owner of the complex, in this case a vertical Y chromosomal relativity. Is that not why all my guides are males Patroc? Does Dumb-ass know that? Dumb-ass did you know that, Dumb-ass?"

"I like it like that," she replied.

I nodded. "Of course you do Dumb-ass, of course you do."

"You have to re-assimilate," Patroc urged.

"Shut the hell up Patroc," I snapped. "Whatever is meaningful in this rat race for war? Whatever am I to do outside the intricacies of this survival complication you



pretend is a complex? What is the worth of these worthless intricacies, for the evolution of what specie really? Whatever must I do with nothing but lies in all extended relativity? You have no natural ability for the complex. You're not even human. My nature is the electromagnetic relation relative to earth isn't it. You can't be human can you? No smart person allows a complication run her complex nature. So, whatever else must I do but extract the complex and get rid of the complication?"

"How do you feel?" Patroc asked.

I exhaled without any measure of relief and shook my head as the awakening of the obvious aroused my body. My pain was incremental and progressively overwhelming. "You're right I feel. I hurt all over."

He seemed unaffected by my statement. I wondered if he was totally unfeeling in his pseudo human form, pulled sideways slightly to watch the un-pained version of me. "Is this



suddenly beyond your comprehension or your sudden human life is already ruined by the thoughts of her cajoling you?”

He shook his head. “I can’t be cajoled. I’m not mortal in that sense.”

I stared towards her. “You heard that? He can not satisfy your mortal crave. Find yourself a mortal prey.”

She shrugged. “He’s not my type. But he is certainly yours.”

I frowned. “What’s your type?”

She licked her lips. “The fun ones. What’s life without those? Who cares what they have up there but fun, fun, fun.”

I shook my head. “I think I’m gonna puke.”

“Exactly how I feel about that one,” I heard her say.

Patroc faced me. “Why on earth would you want to get rid of her?”

I was silent for a few seconds. “She’s pulling me down.”



“Ah!” I heard her say. “Pulling you down indeed! She’s the one that pulled me down into the water.”

I twisted my mouth. “What?” Eyes locked with Patroc’s, “Dumb-ass wasn’t even there when I went in the water,” I replied.

“I was!” she proclaimed. “She pulled me down.”

I shook my head. “Scientific impossibility...this is a charged field where power pulls abide. Did you loose some of your possible world intellectual senses in the split? Wait, you lost all of it in the split. I am certain of it.”

“Ah,” I heard her chuckle.

“Does she understand anything I am saying or she is just too much at the moment?” I asked Patroc.

She responded. “I understand what’s small is big. That’s me.”

I shook my head. “You don’t understand yet. What’s big can not be small, so what’s big is nothing.”



Patroc spoke. “This one distinct and particular nothing came from you so you need to re-assimilate with this nothing so we don’t lose the nothing.”

I twisted my mouth. “What we? I am glad you understand the nothing can not come through me. She’s out there, she’s pretty, why don’t you keep her. I give her to you. Take her.”

He shook his head, his eyes never straying from mine.

“Isn’t nothingness the seat of creativity?” Patroc asked.

I nodded. “Indeed. Then she can create her own nothingness from the nothingness she is, not steal and take over my life. What do you call one that does that to another, enemy, friend, relative, evil? You can have her, seek your creativity from your authentic selves, not steal mine.”

He shook his head.

I widened my eyes. “What? She’s not your type?”

“I’m not what she wants,” Patroc replied.



“What the hell does she want?” I asked.

I moved westward to get a full view of her. “Dumb-ass, what the hell do you want? Why am I stuck in the disintegrating hell hole with you while you bloody pretend to be human, to be woman?”

She held my eyes. “Am I not woman, not as you?”

I shook my head. “You need a split and a disintegrating hell hole to exist. What sort of woman do you think you are? Be my guest, a beautiful woman or a real one?”

“I am stronger than you in this disintegrating hell hole,” She replied.

I almost laughed out loudly if it wasn't for the fact that I was starring at a woman who looked like me but represented an overwhelming sensation of a single aspect of me. “Closest to the true insanity light, there is no reflection close enough to its own manifest, none far enough to approach its own conformation or confirmation.”



“What gibberish is she speaking now?”

I closed my eyes slowly at the realistic thought of my not knowing myself to the point of a mentally diminished clone running circles in a disintegrating time frame incapable of organic evolution. I opened my eyes and held hers. “I don’t know Dumb-ass. I must be religious and trying to attain ascension by speaking this gibberish. I mean, what ingenuity is there in the ascension of things without the thing itself present? That must make sense, so I’m speaking gibberish so you can understand. I mean what can I say? A season for gibberish thoughts is a season for blasphemy and a season for blasphemy can not comprehend that of despair. Between the two of us, no one knows despair more than I do. The God of spoils is the God of war and there is no difference in between. Tell me, which of the seasons do you know, that of blasphemy, despair, or something other? Dumb-ass you feel stronger now because I must first allow you to exist so I can get rid of you. You see, unlike complexes which is its own limitation, its own scope due to its own nature, a complication has a limit.”



Patroc interrupted. “You have to re-assimilate.”

I held eyes with Patroc. “Stay out of this stuff Patroc. This is my life, my field, not yours. You can’t tell me what to do.”

“I’m begging you instead,” Patroc replied.

“Oh, Patroc, you’re just as bad as she is. You don’t need her, you need me. And clearly there is a lesson to be learned here. We all have to learn our lessons or humanity is a total waste of all lives. I mean who can I truly trust here, those who conjure up lies or those who stand at the periphery to sustain it?”

“Please, please, just re-assimilate,” Patroc begged.

I shrugged. “Oh Patroc, real knowledge, what a burden that is. I know you know just how burdensome truth can be.” I turned towards her. “Hey Dumb-ass, you wanna know, the real truth and nothing but the truth so you can feel something? I mean why be gigantic and feel absolutely nothing?”

She shrugged. “No, I don’t have much time to waste.”



“It’s my time and I say you do,” I replied. “As I was saying. You see the crap fed to average people, all the dumb humans who really don’t know they are dumb, those ones, is that the prove of something is in debunking it. They were truly too stupid to know the truth of something’s existence is in the ability to debunk itself. Yes you heard me Dumb-ass. I mean, how could someone be where she doesn’t matter where at the same time nothing matters?”

“Please Deb, re-assimilate now,” Patroc urged.

I faced Patroc. “Why the rush, not enjoying this truth talk? Patroc, why don’t you tell Dumb-ass here that I can talk to myself when all that matters within my very own field is myself. Nothing can talk to itself outside me. Go on tell the truth. There are no dual existences to real truth, especially existential truth is there Patroc? This split, this field I am sustaining is not just unnatural it is an experimental scientific Odyssey possible by only Transverse means. The only human present within this field is me. The only person with the knowledge of the existentialist repercussion of sustaining this field is me. And I



cannot remember when I stopped trying, trying not to feel the pain, the havoc of needless persecutions, the disaster and catastrophe that comes with degenerate predictions, projections in science because I never merely just face them, I face them alone, one belonging biogenetic cellular reality after another and another and another--”

“Sometimes these things take time and understanding. I’m sure you understand,” Patroc said.

I nodded. “Uh, uh, of course time and process. Dumb-ass, they also lie about that light possible at the end of the tunnel. They pretend they will find it someday, project it into some possible evolution of points but I know that light and that trip to it. It is unpaved and unloved. They then pretend they are going to take some perilous journey to the end of the world, and I know they are talking crap because every point in the world is its end. Don’t I know it Patroc, tell Dumb-ass. The real question is there to be asked and answered by the true existential. Where does the journey begin? Patroc tell us.”



“She doesn’t need to know anything you know,” Patroc said.

I frowned. “Really Patroc. Dumb-ass doesn’t deserve to know? Could it be because she’s dumb and her true potential is to be prettier and prettier. Why Patroc why? They say dumb is forever, don’t you want to progress forward and forward?” I turned to her. “Hey Dumb-ass, noticed anything about yourself within my field, have you? You can’t move a freaking inch can you? Hell you can’t even freaking sit down can you? Can’t sit down to dinner. Can’t sit down to breakfast. Not a reasonable idea for life whether religious or scientific is it? In fact it is not merely remotely a possible idea for love, let alone true love, is it?”

“Deb, there is no need for that,” Patroc said.

I shook my head. “Oh, you gotta be kidding me. When did you start predicting my instincts. Weren’t you supposed to be a purely intellectual guide?” I turned towards her again, my fury growing. “Hey Dumb-ass, noticed anything about the giant-human here? He can’t move either.”



“Deb, there is no need for that,” Patroc replied.

I walked back towards the north, and faced Patroc with a sarcastic smile. With a gentle thrust of the material density sustaining the buoyant electromagnetic field, I was on the move, projected by levitation on a targeted perfect straight line.

When I got to him. I stared, studying his appearance, wondering what to make of it within a limited time frame. Something that wasn't, is, and will soon not be? “You look Transverse.” He was lifelike and my desire to touch him was hindered merely by my anger.

He spoke in a whisper. “I need you to listen to me while I give you the details. Now, think everything survival, everything instinct, physiologically and psychologically. She is it.”

“She's more inclined towards harsher instinctive deeds uh?” I asked in a whisper.

He nodded.



“Now I need you to listen to me. I am making this journey whether you like it or not. This is my field. This is earth. You’re never gonna be able to stand in my way.” I said and rushed past him into a brush of atmospheric emotional surge which suspended me as I got closer to her. Nature’s way of preventing self annihilation. The pull was east to west my back to the field afterward from that inclination.

I faced Patroc again and slowly moved towards him. “I couldn’t reach her.”

He nodded. “She’s the instinct she has to come to you and that’s what I was trying to tell you. Clearly she’s nothing without you.”

I shrugged. “Well, if nothing tries to take over something’s life, the relationship may have to be severed. A parasitic relationship is no relationship at all, let alone one for true progress.”

He nodded. “You still need to re-assimilate.”

I shrugged. “I own all angular propensities.”



He nodded. “Then you understand the importance of owning that particular angular inclination. After all, its yours. Nothing true can be repeated ever so suddenly without any base to which it returns.”

I shook my head. “There isn’t further possibilities there. It’s the turn of my back...but you’re correct. Evil lowlifes of this world can anchor some degenerative beginning there. And I should know conquering false beginnings is very difficult.”

“You need to re-assimilate,” he urged. “You’re stuck because you have a pull to the Alphamagnets and you have a pull to her. That’s what saved her life, that aspect of your life. To make things worse you migrated her to the Southeastern end. Losing this part of yourself will be devastating by every possible measure. The difficult part is that, to do it, I need the linear alignment of the two of you and the Alphamagnets. We have to do this right. If not, you may come back without an arm or a leg.”



When I spoke, my voice was strained with pain. But I was somewhat relieved that he was there with me. “I don’t mind losing the leg but losing an arm? The inability to write my thoughts will definitely kill me. But how do we get her dumb ass to align when she’s completely useless when it comes to movement.”

“Hey!” I heard her call. “Hey, boy toy! How about you break this field thing and you two can get to chatting?”

Patroc exhaled, holding my eyes steadily. “When you two are together, you dominate. It is your life. You really thought you could purify yourself and still be human?”

“Oh,” I breathed, much nearer to tears. “I thought I could try, relief my earthly burdens a little. Either way, I am burdened.”

He exhaled, held my eyes. “She can not move and the only way you get her to move is instinctively. You have to make her feel you. You have to feel.”

And as though roused by my instinctive understanding of what must be done, she responded.



When she spoke, her voice was charged with sexuality. “Hey boy toy! You wanna come around and let me show you what a real boy does?”

I twisted my mouth. “Hew.”

Patroc frowned. “The thought of you and I is that nauseating?”

“What?” I stared at him, surprised at his questioning gaze. “No, not at all. If you were mortal, why not? It’s the thought of you and her that’s nauseating.”

Her voice was neutral when she spoke. “Boy toy, why are you always sitting around for hours with her talking? What the heck are you talking for hours for? No real boy should talk for hours with the opposite sex, when there are better things to do with her.”

“If you don’t stop your crap, I’ll come over and slap the dumb out of you,” I snapped.



Patroc shook his head. “Threatening her will not work. You have to appease her.”

“Go ahead, beat yourself up,” she replied. “Without me, you’re one boring frigid broad.”

I turned to Patroc, eyes wide. “Ah! She’s rude!”

He nodded. “And insolent.”

Her voice was lower when she spoke. “I don’t have to be rude. I can ask nicely. I’ve had no fun lately. How about you go out and get a real boy for instance?”

“Be careful what you wish for Dumb-ass. Pinocchio asked for a real boy and nobody is sure whether his nose or his entire body is the fake boy. Are you a real girl asking for a real boy?”

She shrugged. “If you’re too proud to make the first move, all you have to do is get me there, I’ll do the rest. Now, is that too difficult?”

I exchanged glances with Patroc.



He spoke. “Okay, we have to give her what she wants so she can feel herself, you as yourself and be where you are.”

“How do you suppose we do that? If she’s a real girl, she can give herself what she wants?” I asked.

“She doesn’t have to be a real girl. We give her a real boy toy,” he answered.

My frown deepened. “Where do you propose we get that?”

“Well...I’m real at the moment. I’m not a boy, but since she keeps calling me one, that’s fine...we just have to give her the fun, fun, fun. I know you might not like it, but we’re going to have to trick her.”

I stared her way, and as I caught her eye, she stuck out her tongue. “I’m in.”

He studied me, turned to stare towards her, and turned back towards me. “Then this should work. You’re still in the same field. And now we have to make out.”

I frowned, holding his eyes. “You’re human after all.”



He engaged my eyes. “You think I want to make out with you for fun?”

“Anyone ever told you humanity corrupts?”

He held a sarcastic smile. “You may be right. What’s there for you to gain? You’re stuck in a self sustaining field you mistakenly created with your dual self who will verbally abuse you to death if you’re not dead before she’s finished with you.”

I shook my head. “Okay, how do we do this make out thing again?”

He exhaled before he turned sideways to address her. “I’ve talked to her and she’s agreed that you’re right—”

I widened my eyes and spoke in a whisper. “She is?”

He ignored me. “She’s decided she’s going to change.”

I frowned and whispered again. “From what to what?”

He ignored me. “She’s going to start having some fun.”

I shook my head. “You’ve got to be kidding.”



She shrugged. “You can’t trick me! Without me, she’ll be completely paralyzed to instinct. If you’re cooking something I will smell it from this distance.”

“You’re right. That’s why she’s willing to prove it with a real boy.”

She frowned. “Where is the real boy?”

Patroc took my hand and drew it to his chest. He was right. His heartbeat against my palm felt like a heavy pounding against a door, strong and resonant. I began to feel it deeply within me, the undeniable charge of humanity, one I had never felt with Patroc. And as he drew me by my waist gently to meet his gaze, his forehead to mine, he whispered,

“This fun thing is not so bad, is it Deb?”

I smiled, doubting the reality of my sensations. “But we both know I can’t have fun.” I backed away from him.

Bewildered, “What are you doing?” he asked.

“Humanity is intoxicating isn’t it?” I asked.



His intent on understanding my actions softened him. “Yes it is.”

“Despite your humanity being merely an experimental temporal state, you wouldn’t imagine someone stealing it from you for whatever reason?”

He nodded. “ No I can’t imagine it.”

“But the only real existence here is mine. There is no real boy here. I am the real girl, the real woman and I don’t need any fun to help me exist do I?”

“Deb, please, you have to understand, I let you do whatever you want on cross world journeys, let me know what it is to be human just this once.”

“There you go begging again. Unsatisfied with what you really are? You’re not human.”

“I want a chance to feel,” he replied.

“And for that fun, fun, fun, is crap as well isn’t it, mainly for narcissistic unintelligent women who think they have



something they can't possibly have naturally and use that fun crap to demean others. But truly smart people who do real science know the truth don't they Patroc. In fact they can tell others what the truth really is, so demented women can stop demeaning others."

He exhaled. "I know you know."

I nodded. "And I could have bought your story about making out and this fun, fun, fun crap with Dumb-ass over there if I didn't know this was my field. I can't forget anything here can I? Were you listening when I explained the differences between complications and complexes earlier? You should always listen Patroc, not listening to important natural projections over time can only lead to disaster. I didn't forget to bring the impulse generator and I will use it on my second and fourth fingers to align Dumb-ass over there. And since two, which is mine in my field is the real differential for all possible sequences here, tell Dumb-ass over there what one, three, five really is."

"Deb," he called.



“You want the re-assimilation, access to earth and to feel like a human for a limited time, well then, tell Dumb-ass what one, three, five really is, what you really are.”

He exhaled, turned sideways to look at her. “One, three, five are all Y chromosome extension. There is only one version and they are all peripheral.” He turned to me.

“Go on finish it. Tell her about the electromagnetic field relativity.”

He exhaled. “And the Y chromosome is not the earth’s electromagnetic field determinant.”

I held a sarcastic smile. “See, that wasn’t too difficult was it?”

He forced a sarcastic smile as well. “Now, you re-assimilate.”

“My word is my life, I wont go back on it,” I replied.

He exhaled. “If it wasn’t I couldn’t be your guide.”



I exhaled, tied the impulse generator to the five fingers of one hand and the second and fourth fingers of the other before releasing my material weight. The levitation traced the leading current curve, triggered the displacement current and surrendered to the re-assimilation.

I gained consciousness in the northeast direction and sensing Patroc's approach, rushed to my feet. He caught up to me in an instant from the southeast direction. His nose touched mine in that same instant.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Two is the number. I am counting two with noses,” he replied.

I allowed it, for a few seconds. “Yet we are absolute differentials. If you don't remove your nose from mine, your short impossible possible world life will be nothing but hell.”

He removed his nose from mine slowly.



“Remember your experimental life can not go beyond Halfway Creek. Now, run along and spend you short human life however you want,” I urged.

He frowned. “There is no reason to be here but for you.”

“Well then if you want to be mortal with me for a dissipating limited time, you keep your nose away from mine or I will break it,” I replied.

He smiled. “There is no one I’ll rather be mortal with.”



THE ENCOUNTER

Author's Notes

Encounters great and small not of will are repercussions of the instantiates of being and as act upon reaction, no repercussion can go unpunished.



A destiny to unmake renders no tides against time. It must flow with current directionless, unpaved, until its thoroughfare navigates its end piece.

Pure sensations cannot be put into words, I thought as I felt Patroc push me around playfully, lightweight and un-tethered on Transverse Central. Transverse Central--an intelligence base unlike any on earth. It is the spatial base at the top of the world, the northern bound with its south intact, the northern hemisphere where the earth curves and every vector must know tangential velocity without the involvement of a vertical impediment or alignment.

It is the heart of my freedom, the home for my future, a space at last where gravity is its own consequence, the base of all things real and genuine to all natural scientific states predisposed as spatial-temporal relative to my journeys. However perilous my journeys, it was refuge.

He was laughing. I rolled around on the soft green grass staring at the serene blue skies. I couldn't deliver a punch-back



blow. There wasn't a mortal hold to him. He was back in his Transverse appearance, a giant in human form, yet, unrestricted by it.

"This is not fair," I yelled, throwing non-deliverable blows while unable to place the sensations from his. Strings of dispersing pain, I surmised.

He stopped and smiled. "How do you suggest we make it fair?"

I closed one eye. "How about I get to kill you just for the fun of it?"

He shook his head, smiled. "Humph. We already tried it. It wouldn't work. Face it, you're merely human."

I opened the closed eye and closed the other. "But you aren't dear Patroc...how about you do the human thing again so I can kill you just for the fun of it?"

He shook his head. "Absolutely not! It can only happen in a matter of life and death situation."



I smiled. “Indeed, times such as this.”

“No, such as that time on Halfway Creek when you tried to kill yourself with instruments you took from Transverse.”

I shook my head. “Bad times...and a little good time in...”
The noise was unmistakable as I stopped talking. It seemed the wind was whispering as it moved, ruffling leaves, a soft but profoundly noticeable occurrence.

I heard Patroc exhale as his head met his palm.

“What’s going on?” I asked as I got up.

He looked worried. “I would have told you sooner if I knew it would happen so soon.”

I frowned, wary. “What would happen so soon?”

He turned to me. “The ripple effect of what you did, your consequence. He’s getting closer. I can feel it.”

I could feel it too. The tone of the whispering wind was changing, becoming increasingly harmonious as it grew louder,



closer. “Who’s getting closer?”

“Now Deb. You know when it comes to Transverse true knowledge—”

I nodded. “Is inquired, acquired rather than attained. I know.”

“You’ll need all the strength you have to fight him off, not off really, just away at some proximal distance.”

I frowned, as I felt a tightening in my stomach. “Fight who off? What proximal distance? ”

He exhaled. “Don’t worry, no one can hurt you, I’m here. Just remember that your consent is your power and you dominate. Do you remember what happened with the split? Think hard and fast.”

I nodded. “Of course I remember. It happened to me.”

He nodded. “I mean what happened in it.”

“There was a split.”



“And what happens when there’s such a split?”

“Two opposites initiate.”

“And what happens when something is initiated in the physical sense?”

And as I realized what had happened I saw what was coming for the first time, at least the form of it. He couldn’t be mistaken. Just like Patroc, he was a giant. I stared straight towards the approaching presence when I told Patroc, “Her presence is announced.”

He nodded. “So loudly, you carry the residual with you.”

“Remanent magnetization, residual magnetic memory. Crap! He’s coming for her!”

“Crap is not the issue. All he can do is sense and smell the existence. She’s not here. You are. She’s you.”

And as the strange giant lowered his head towards me, I told Patroc, “And he’s just like you.” The emanating energy felt like he could suddenly burst to life within that scope of some



human limited hope, something touchable. But that was the very opposition to what he was. He was dreamy. “He’s so hot...”

“Deb,” Patroc cautioned.

“Handsome...” I finished as I remembered his warning. My strength was in my consent and as much as his appearance was appealing, it couldn’t be realistic and was going to take away from my strength.

He sniffed into me as I held my ground within his nearness, gathering strength. “Mortal,” he called as he engaged my eyes. “You hold the power to stray from Transverse to Transverse, world to world, yet I smell her. You hold the beauty I seek from me with the impurity that is you. Where is the other I seek, the better?”

Weakness met fury, and my eyes met his this time with unrestrained anger. He was calling me an impurity. “Patroc,” I called. “Is this where I wish him away with a wave of my hand?”



The stranger smiled, retreating slightly. “It is not that easy Mortal—”

“My name is not mortal! It is Deb,” I said.

He lowered his head to a bow. “And I am Detroc.”

Unimpressed, I nodded and with a wave of my hand said, “Good. Now shoo, shoo, along you go Detroc...There’s nothing for you here.”

He smiled. “I see you’ve been informed of your rights, but not too fast Deb. I may have something you need. Something Patroc cannot give you.” He lowered his head to hold my eyes again.

How do they do that, I wondered, bend their backs nearly in half. After a few moments of his silent engagement with my eyes, “The effect of your awesomeness wore off the minute you called me an impurity,” I said.

He smiled, sniffed into me again. “But you are,” he answered.



In a purely instinctive move, I sniffed into him as well.

“Uh...you smell like an ass—” I said.

“Deb,” Patroc cautioned.

I raised my hand instead and separated my fingers. “One of these is for you.”

Detroc smiled. “Which one of those?”

I shook my head. “You can’t be faking dumb. The middle one.”

He smiled before he sniffed into me again, making the process less grim than the usual. “You know...emotions oppress humans and when they’re able to suppress their emotions, their thoughts betray them. I know you’ve been touched by Patroc.”

“Don’t listen to him,” I heard Patroc say.

But I chose to allow Detroc to continue. “If he were mortal, he’ll be everything you want won’t he? If a mortal could have it all, won’t you? The intellectual and emotional compatibility...”



When he continued, it was in a much sardonic tone. “And I believe you’ve had a taste of the sexual. What a terrible mortal lack you’ve got going there.”

As much as I tried to suppress my intimate reaction to his piercing personal reference, I couldn’t. It was daring, and truly close to mark. I held my breath for a few seconds, staring at him as I attempted psychological calm.

“Deb,” Patroc called in a low pacifying tone.

“Are you done Detroc?” I asked.

He drew back slightly, shrugged. “No. I—”

“Shut up!” I said. He did and I moved closer to him. “Get smart Detroc. Wait until I’m weak. That’s the only time the other you seek comes out to play.”

He studied me. “Then I may state my offer to be one of your guides.”

I frowned. “That you can give me something Patroc can’t? What would that be?”



He moved close to me as I wondered if the sparkle in his eyes was a measure of excitement or deceit. “The wisdom of what you hold repulsive for no good reason whatsoever.”

I studied him. “Could there be a good reason?”

He nodded. “Indeed there could.”

I narrowed my eyes. “A good reason for this repulsion...and what is this repulsion article by the way?”

He shook his head. “Hardly an article. It is a part of human nature. It is rather notorious.”

I squinted. “Do you mean nefarious...repugnant...vicious...vile...”

He nodded. “By every indication it is.”

I held his eyes steadily. “Prove it.”

He raised his elegant brows. “I have to prove it in process.”

I shrugged. “Then do that.”

“What do you want to know?”



I shrugged. "I don't want to know anything. Do something."

He studied me. "Do something? To you?"

I studied his demeanor. "If you will rather do something to Patroc be my guest."

"You sell me this short , really?" Patroc asked.

I shrugged. "I'm not sure I trust the two of you together. Why not find out?"

Detroc smiled. "I cant."

I frowned. "Why the hell not?"

"Because I cannot be two things at the same time," he replied.

"Are you sure about that?"

He held my eyes. "I can not be your guide and your tormentor."

I still didn't quite trust him as I was bursting with instinct and I wasn't sure why.



He studied me. “I am your guide for all instinctual flares, all those angular divergences you must entertain to survive.”

I was yet on some perplexing edge he didn’t seem capable of helping me with in the moment. “Are you evil?”

He frowned. “Now, what stupid question is that?”

I turned to Patroc. “Why is it he gets to abuse me and you don’t?”

“To what can you not help but be true?” Patroc asked.

“Nature!” I turned to Detroc. “It’s your nature to be rude and insolent. Then you must be some kind of obnoxious super sized human instinct.”

He nodded. “Transverse mainly. But you’re the human, you can also be rude and insolent. so you must know that not all instincts are bad.”

I hesitated. “No, of course not, but I am apt to never just believing what I see, or hear, or--”



He smiled. “Or see? First you must consent to my being your guide.”

I shook my head. “I already have one.”

“Your junior guide I mean,” he corrected. “Patroc is more suited to you.”

I turned to Patroc. “This esoteric reality I have little understanding of, is it of necessity?”

He smiled. “It is hardly little with regards to human nature and it is not esoteric but merely instinctual. But everyone wills it if it’s an absolute necessity. Everyone wills it in terms of the most primal of urges, survival.”

I debated his seriousness. “Even you?”

He hesitated briefly. “Even me.”

I wasn’t sure I had his consent. “It is indeed part and parcel of much of life on Earth and it really hurts when it affects you. Any reason studying it?”



He raised his eyebrows. "I think you just gave it."

I turned to Detroc.

He moved closer to smile at me. The effect of his beauty was lessening on me.

"What?" he asked.

"Still playing dumb on me Detroc?" I asked.

He smiled. "The answer to that is always in process. You still have much of your limited human life to live."

I turned to Patroc. "The answer to playing dumb on me or being dumb? Is this a trick?"

Detroc answered. "is that a trick question?"

I frowned. "Is that a trick for a trick question for me or the trick?"

He shook his head. "How about this for a trick question. What happens to a thief in time?"



It was a question for me as it stopped me to gather my thoughts. “He is an apparition onto himself. He can not go through time as anything other than what he isn’t.”

“What happens when that happens?” Detroc asked.

I was silenced briefly, thinking. “Because he can not go through time, time must go through him. Unlike life to its source, it is a curse to all that is natural and living. He becomes nefarious, wicked, repugnant, unnatural, unreal, indeed evil!”

“I can’t be two things to you at the same time, am I good or evil?” Detroc asked.

I exhaled, relieved at the thought of the appropriate answer. “So we’re clear. I absolutely do not trust you. But we can make it work.”

He shrugged. “Why not? Humans do it all the time.”

“Since you’re beyond human, we’ll do better. We’ll transcend it,” I said.

He smiled and turned to leave.



I eyed him suspiciously as he left. But there, with Patroc, I felt safe. “Patroc,” I called. “Why did he call me an impurity?”

Patroc hesitated, briefly. “One opposing charge in coexistence with another, one in your case more than the other, both sustained, but nevertheless opposing.”

“Then he’s an impurity to me as well. A giant pain in the—”

“Deb,” Patroc cautioned.

“Butt,” I said smiling. “I was absolutely going to say butt.”

Patroc smiled, picked me up and threw me up in the air until he helped the wind hold my fall. “Encounters great and small have their reasons Deb, only in time.”

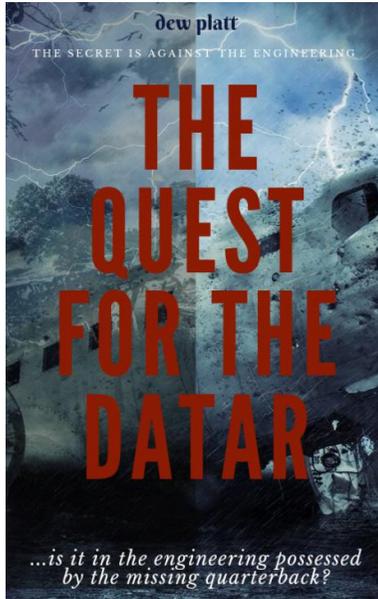
There I thought about the encounter with Patroc at first thought. Transverse encounters were hardly ill-aimed.



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CROSS DISPOSITION INDISPOSITION #2



The FAA call it the “mayday” events: the sudden and uncontrollable airplane momentum from air to ground. Someone, something, is downing planes. And until there is a clue into the causes, all commercial and non commercial airplanes are grounded. Only investigative planes may fly.

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