

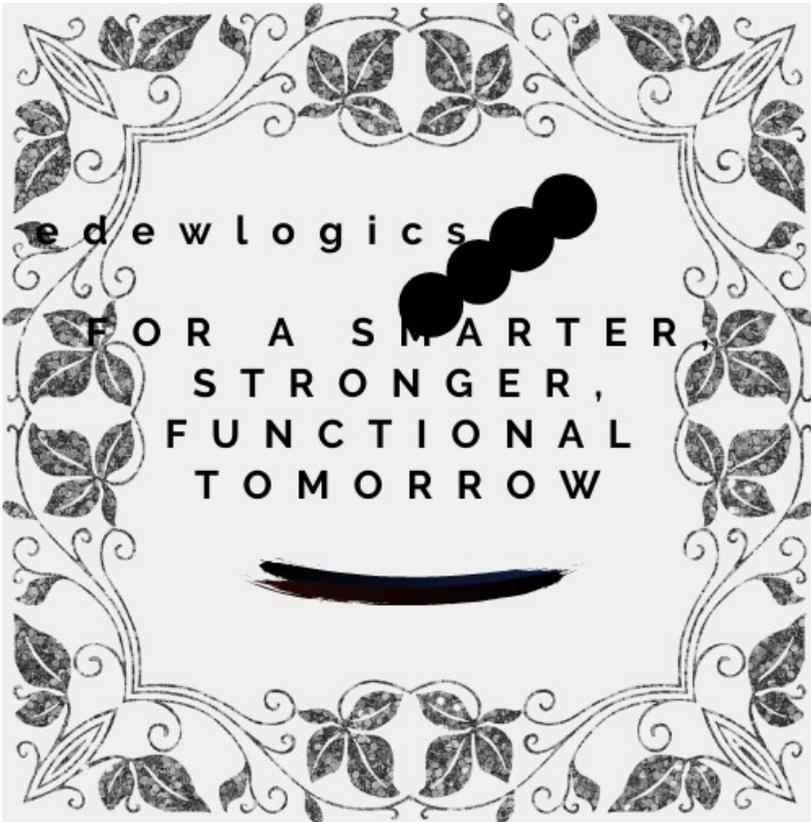


dew platt

THE SECRET IS AGAINST THE ENGINEERING

# THE QUEST FOR THE DATAR

*...is it in the engineering possessed  
by the missing quarterback?*



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# CROSS DISPOSITION

**INDISPOSITION ACT 2**



# **THE QUEST FOR THE DATAR**



### Author's Note

If you find the excerpt for a book truer and more scientifically engaging than this then consider this excerpt a waste of your time. Otherwise, these endeavors are painstaking and unrelenting on my part. I have filed an FBI complaint regarding the problems I am having on Paypal which they referred to as "restrictions." which makes no sense unless the FBI gets to the bottom of it because they look like terrorist acts put in place to prevent discovery. Meanwhile, please give through paypal as these digital tracks have to be undone to undo the "restrictions." I have included stripe as an option so if you like this book and you think it worthwhile to be published, make an effort to give a dollar to Paypal and the same dollar to Stripe at the same time. Preventing these sickening restrictions is important to truth, life, humanity and freedom. Thanks.

Enjoy.



There are deep variations of pain, subtle and wretched, like some narrow minded recast of a dream, forlorn and lost, following a beaten path. There is mainly grief, like some four way flasher's glowing delight embedded in pitch darkness.

Dr. Scott Dobblesly stared at me as if I was a fragment of some impossible dream. He was a pun, a first inducted into a pool of necessary associates Detroc had come up with. However bedeviled, his knowledge was coming in handy. The details of the newly enabled acquaintance with Dobblesly, however reluctant on his part, did not come cheap.

Patroc would never have allowed the event, but like some necessary evil I was ill-equipped to adequately deal with without indulging, I was open to it, the most sinister of my Transverse actions yet.

Dobblesly, a prominent forensic pathologist exhaled, opening the door to his home reluctantly. "I thought this would never be personal."

I shrugged as I passed through the open door. "It's not," I replied. "I mean, what else have you got to hide?" When I got into his living room I turned around and smiled. "Do you ever wonder if they enjoy the intercourse? Tell me the secrets. You're the expert. Is there some postmortem primrose path bemoaning of pleasures inaudible?"

He narrowed his eyes, his weakness evident in them, and as if wishing away the moment hopelessly, relaxed his facial muscles. "I don't know. However does that matter?"

I shrugged. "I don't know? Why don't we ask a forensic examiner if only there was one nearby."

He exhaled.

"It does matter if there was one around or not, does it not Scott?" I asked.

He frowned. "When did we get on a first name basis?"

I smiled, sarcastically. "I'm sorry, would you rather I call you Dr. Dobblesly?"

He was silent as he retrieved the file he had placed on his living room table and handed it to me.



I scanned the content for a few seconds, narrowed my eyes. “I need copies of the toxicology reports.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Why in hell would you need that?”

I was silenced briefly as I realized he knew little about me or my Transverse dealings. He knew mainly what I needed from him. Whatever relationship I was to have with him will always be strained. And for the first time, however strange the sensations, the periodic information seemed more important than his comfort, the strangeness stemming from the events necessitating our acquaintance. “However in hell does it matter why?” I asked.

He walked away from me and disappeared into a room I presumed was his study. When he came back into the living room, he handed me a separate file containing copies of the toxicology reports.



Quiet and throbbing against the mellow-neurotic ruins of a broken heart is a sacred scar, a sacred war, running backwards, unable to face time.

The impulse could not be controlled however much it was ill-evident. There was a pattern that needed a pathological map of a deeply embedded Transverse mystery.

I spread the forensic reports out on the table in front of me and exhaled.

“The deeply curious and troubling case of the Bermuda Quadrangle?” Detroc commented.

“You don’t say?” I replied. “They say anxiety murders defeat. It’s like eating plastics and coming up for bread.”

Patroc spoke. “Plastics...bread?”

I exhaled. “There is something superficial and quite different from these manifest events without a current manifest. It’s the reason you’re here. If it’s eating plastics and coming up for bread, what is it eating? What is it conditioned to eat?”

“Caviar?” Detroc asked, smiling.



“Between bread, butter or caviar, it wouldn’t matter if its conditioned to eat organically,” I replied.

“A pathology of a digestive system then?” Detroc asked.

“A pathology of ingestion, digestion, excretion, all the works.”

“Not neuropathy of any kind?” Patroc asked.

I shook my head. “Things will be easy if that was so. It is hugely scalar while it affects CNS, PNS, glandular systems, the whole works.”

Patroc frowned. “Are you calling them victims at the moment rather than classifying this under some death by unknown but natural consequences?”

I smiled, sarcastically. “Natural? Consequence rather than causation? That’s funny. Yes I am calling them victims of some yet unknown unnatural manifest event.”

Patroc deepened his frown. “Whatever are they eating that may be plastic, unnatural and a possible causation for gradual but fatal neurological paralysis?”

I held on to my sarcastic smile. “This must be why I am the human Transverse agent and you guys are huge and good for nothing.”

“This must also be why you’re alone, single, and never get any,” Detroc mocked.

“Freaking asshole,” I cursed.

Detroc shrugged. “To freak or not to freak? Whatever will nature do in times of extreme loneliness?”

“Not freak, you freaking, freaking asshole,” I cursed.

“Absolutely no doubt about it,” Detroc replied.

Patroc changed the subject. “Whatever is eating these freak humans or whatever you call them to their deaths?”

I was silenced briefly before realizing Patroc meant the statement in the form of a straightforward inquisition rather than a sarcastic one and exhaled, pushing aside



all implications of emotional realities which could hinder my thoughts on the subject.

“It’s more like ATE, Acute Toxic Encephalopathy,” I announced.

They both frowned. “You’re kidding.”

I raised my eyebrows as I stared from one to the other. “At first it will seem these are random occurrences. But while the symptoms are not quite clear to these so called freak humans, it is clear to me. It is clearly, whether gradual or sudden, ATE. And what is triggering the sudden and unexpected death is the presence of something experimental and chaotic in earth’s atmosphere.”

“I’m more concerned about the larger framework here,” Patroc said. “The build up to the eventual event in this case. How are we sure this is even a force?”

Detroc gave a reply. “Grown ups are having childhood diseases, the worse thing a child could imagine, except its a sudden reality for them.”

I nodded. “It’s what they had been progressing towards all their lives. And it’s a force because it is a pull back from states to states, a later state to an earlier state with acute and terrible consequences.”

There was silence in the room for a few seconds.

“And the patterns are unrecognizable because adults are not supposed to have it,” Patroc added.

“But they have it much worse according to the toxicology reports. By the time they die, every neuromodulator from serotonin to dopamine is nearly depleted. With serotonin gone, the major sense of well being is out the door. If the disease doesn’t kill them, they’ll kill themselves,” I added.

“And with dopamine gone, their cocaine will no longer work as it used to,” Detroc commented.

I nodded. “Thanks for reminding me. There is nothing worse than the adult brain’s effective cocaine supply suddenly becoming anticlimactic, nothing that is, except the collective symptoms of ATE which reads like some narcoleptic romance book of diseases.”



“Disaster all around,” Detroc commented.

I nodded. “Indeed, there is no escaping it.”

“And the eventual yet unknown event?” Patroc asked.

“Colossal, literally intertwined with catastrophe,” I replied. “We have to wait for it.”



There is an observation in natural reality within a natural phase space that nature acquires supernatural possibilities which imposes that a subnormality can not be imposed in the same phase space. Chance has no axis, its imposed symmetry a dimensionless disorientation of a disintegrating disillusioned subnormality. In the very realization of normalcy of being and humanity in the space time reality on earth, it becomes of universal necessity that the darkness of space must return to space a necessary cosmological functional framework. And if such super reality of natural space were to suddenly become mechanical in phase space peripatetic maturation when nature may be forced to derive its origination, every possible phase variation of artificially derived manned-human space flight is thrown into absolute chaos.

The surge of air rushed the summit effortlessly and edged towards a slower expansion underneath, flattening the subversion. Its massiveness in the sky seemed negligible as its lift pierced the air strongly. The stillness moved, the movement stilled, and the quiet comfort enjoyed by the payload shifted efficiency at the height of technological progress. Flight 303 was in full swing.

Dillon Dent had had been a pilot for ten years. Leonard Frantz had been a copilot for two. And all was well within the cockpit until the propeller hung, air trending motionless, disabling the thrust. The quick drawback of drag rattled the jet engines. Something was countering the lift energy.

The down force of the horizontal stabilizer gave. And so did the side force of the vertical stabilizer. The conditioning caved a semi circular horizontal roll and then stilled, flattening the bend. Neither the nose nor the tail dived. The pull from the mid point of the fuselage, the mid-center of the plane was as strangely as it was deadly. It was an experience first dizzying and then emptying.



“Call it!” Dillon barked the order at his copilot.

As though in a daze, Dillon tuned out his copilot’s call of distress and concentrated on the moment he knew was already lost. The sensation from the coming disaster was unlike anything he ever felt, anything he was ever taught or conditioned to expect. He felt weak and unwell, as if his presence on the plane was a two fold manifest. Both his presence in the airplane and his sense of genetic and organic presence was being pulled down. How could everything have gone so wrong? He wondered briefly if there was something yet missing in the knowledge of aviation which had allowed him to own his confidence for so long.

Was there something that couldn’t be missed he had overlooked? Controlling the plane was both intelligibly and unintelligibly impossible. They were prone for a free fall against both the vertical and horizontal mode, a pull against flight in flight. A free fall, it seemed to him in the flash of the moment, from some three dimensional hell pulled with a string from a ninth spatial regression missing his basal dynamic dimension. Everything on board was suddenly in doubt as some acutely dislocated misalignment unpredictably formative from an incongruous transformation.

The horizontal tug downward, although expected, surprised Dillon, the more experienced of the two. The evidence of the defect had to be in the horizontal tug without any angular decline which seemed propelled by a force stronger than gravity. And the unrecognizable free fall lasted merely seconds before the midpoint landing deadened all breathable weight, flattening the manned space flight craft like some deflated balloon unable to afford space.



A strong-arm dramatis personae can hardly capture the legend of space acting against its own dramatization as the detachment of the presynaptic reality from its postsynaptic reality, offering up a dream. It’s assuming active reality a waste yard conclave in peak dusts of perils, contrasting, never correlative and lost to all synaptic activity, the dancing becomes the synaptic activity, a presumption of some active potential too fast for its death, too happy for its end.

The move was necessitated. With little privacy and a lot of Transverse activities, the need for relocation took me out of New York to a comfortable house in small town Nebraska. What was unexpected was Norah’s insistence on relocating with me.



Tranquility when home, my best friend at my side to tell my strangest Transverse secrets and mission exploits, and it was as good as life could get.

The *Watch, Clocks & Socks* store Norah owned was great to do some writing on Transverse days off. And there, life was quite predictable, except for those moments like the moment I was in when Transverse's surgically implanted tracer generated arched electromagnetic impulses near the base of my ankle, arousing my nerve endings. It chimed against my skin once more and the triggers didn't travel further up or down. It was a summoning.

I exhaled from the frustration of having had less time to rest after the last Transverse journey than I had anticipated, retrieved the Klem Duds which I always kept with me, stretched my hands backward towards the base of my brain stem and injected it, ensuring the wide plus range Cross-Jump Cross-Transverse will be relatively easy, stood and turned to face Norah who was inspecting one of the smaller clocks by the front entrance. "Hey."

She turned her attention away from the clock, hesitated briefly as she held my eyes, studying my expression. "Oh, you've got that look."

I smiled. "Glad you recognize the look. I don't have to tell."

Norah shook her head, closing the distance between us. "You have to tell. You always have to tell. You may be gone for days at a time. You have to tell."

"I don't know yet," I replied.

She frowned. "I know you. You have an idea."

I exhaled, held her eyes fully, studying her. "If I ever rushed a single thought, my head will be off its hinges dangling in traffic."

Her frown deepened. "What does that mean really?"

"Will it be enough at the moment to tell you I have been summoned to Transverse Central and whatever information I will be willing to share you're going to have to wait for?" I asked.

Her silence implied consent.



She followed as I made my way towards the back of the store, the heaviness of my absence already silently felt. “Your gossipy friends will keep you company when I’m gone. The beauty of small towns.”

She shrugged. “Gossip indeed, not talks.”

I smiled. “Well then a woman shall not live by talk alone.”

We walked silently for a few seconds.

Norah spoke. “Have you ever wondered what it’ll be like with Patroc? He’s cool. He’s hot...”

I smiled and stopped walking briefly, to face Norah.

She stopped as well, and faced me.

“Are you asking me if I’m sleeping with Patroc?” I asked.

She shrugged. “Well, you’re gone all the time.”

I widened my eyes. “On missions! And not all the time!”

“So you have never imagined being with him as a giant?” she asked.

I shook my head, pondering on the detailed intent of Norah’s questioning gaze. “Of course not. It is absolutely impossible. Now, if you accuse me of it in his human form...”

“Like what happened at Halfway Creek.”

I nodded. “Yes like what happened at Halfway Creek.”

“And a little more?” she asked with a bedeviled smile.

I shook my head, smiling, and walked. “Yes. And a little more. Too much romance books Norah. Too much free time since we left New York.”

Norah shrugged. “You tell me they’re hot in human form. And I couldn’t help myself. I want to meet one.”



I stopped and faced her again holding a grin. “I may be able to bring you one of those Transient ones...due to the special circumstances of our relationship...they’re hottest as ever since we human females are meant to be susceptible...and those ones designated will last three days...You can make him your sex slave...”

“Companion,” she corrected.

I smiled, raised an eyebrow teasingly. “What? Whatever? Sex slave, companion... whatever.”

“And you can do that?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

I nodded. “Yes, why not? But I’ll need the agent’s consent. So I must lie to Patroc.”

Susan drew her head back. “You’ll do that for me?”

I nodded. “Of course I’ll do that for you. You’re my best friend.”

Norah squinted, almost disbelieving my statement. “Whatever excuse will you give for that mission?”

I smiled. “You’re lost. You need to be found. That mission is definitely important to me.”

Norah smiled. “And it may be the best mission of my life.”

And Norah left me alone to make my way towards the most effective open space relative to the house, the backyard. I stood on the dust bracket I had created in the back of the store.

And in the open space, with a fully influencing good grip of the influence of the Klem Duds, I positioned my legs for the first phase transit one thirty five degrees deflection of the dust to dust leap, readying for the second phase transit sixty degrees deflection before anchoring in the acco Transverse Transit Central Terminal.



Stained with the plethora of lack and dispossessing significance, a brighter coherence displaces the sharper, taking over space like the flimsy rendering



appetite of an epitaph after birth, a wonder, a flare, the lackadaisical candle fly, virulently detached from its wings.

At Petalcloud, a Transphase junction en route to Transverse Central, and seeming a phantom of my own imagination, I was redirected, not by my very own volition. It was a beckoning I could choose to ignore, and debated briefly, lounging in the open space of the inter-phase with lingering sensation like that of a celestial body inclined against the beguiling analysis of some nonparticipating overparticular unknown parametric body. I made the move in the direction of the beckoning.

It was becoming my hardening instinct as an agent—that every instinct had to be earned. The need to gather intelligence on Transverse agents on the behalf of protecting Earth was inevitable and had to be covert.

My emergence was anchored at the forested area enclosed in a grassy clearing, a space within space, a perfect but small gathering of dust bites set out for my entry. “What the hell?” I exclaimed, searching for the sighting of some intended object, subject as soon as I touched land.

I faced Patroc instead. “Tell me I have not just wasted my jump energy on some conversational interlude I could have with you anywhere but mid-transit? Do that before you tell me why this kind of crap should even be happening.”

“Which one?” I heard Detroc say, and turned towards the direction of his voice.

Detroc held a devilish smile, as was usual.

“Whatever crap beckoned me from Petalcloud,” I replied.

“I have no such power,” Detroc answered, “As I am by choice.”

I frowned. “And here I would have suspected you, being the instinctual one.” I studied the environment again, wondering why I was there, some echoic chamber immune to the very space it occupied. I felt levitated in transit, wondered how and why before turning to Patroc. “What the hell is this about? And please tell me how you can beckon me mid-transit before you tell me why.”

He exhaled as I held his eyes fully. “Since the occurrence at Halfway Creek, there has been consequences...one of which is the surge in your ability to transverse



transphase potentials. That didn't come easy especially after the dimensional surfacing of Detroc."

I exhaled. "And the price?"

He hesitated briefly, holding my eyes intently, as if every breathing moment depended on what he was about to say. "I am one. Detroc is two. And you are four."

I laughed, sarcastically. "That about leaves one three five to shit doesn't it?"

"To dependability, yes," Detroc replied.

I chuckled. "Do you mean to dispensable rather than indispensable odds?"

"I mean dependable, not entirely independent," he maintained.

I shrugged, "maybe you mean disposable not entirely nonfunctional," replied and turned to Patroc. "Why am I arguing with him? You cant possibly invade my plane of propagation. You have neither natural nor human capacities."

Patroc nodded. "Invasion is impossible. It is rather against the propagation to modulate pulsation."

I widened my eyes, a sarcastic smile escaping my lips. "if it weren't so pathetic, it will be hilarious ... one and two against four? Your nodal instincts are basic and constant. You have neither principal nor propagation instincts. You two are so ridiculous right now enclosed in this echoic chamber on earth beckoning me, trying to reason propagation inclinations with me, it feels like its snowing on earth and you've made the event a repercussion of some lunar existence. How can this ever be?"

Detroc shrugged. "What will be the point of this argument?"

I shook my head at his indifference. "It will be you two as two lunar feral cats I adopted unknowing it doesn't matter whether they are cats and dogs summoning me into this echoic chamber to determine what altitude a dog must turn into a cat to never survive the throw down and what altitude a cat wont be able to land at all. If I want to put an end to this parallel pulsar propagation I simply have to change the routing pattern of my pathways, don't I Patroc?"



Patroc appeared to be in a struggle for understanding. "Isn't it good that we know where you are in case something happens--"

"I have been alone and helpless for too long to know natural reality is the very reason for my predicament...if something happens it happens. There is no savior for me."

Patroc studied me. "If you block the northwest to southeast pathway, you'll be blocking Detroc out," he said.

Detroc frowned. "She wont dare."

I shrugged, twisting my mouth. "And which pathway do I have to block to block you out Patroc. Go on tell."

Detroc spoke. "Stop it right now or--"

I drew my head back slightly. "Or what? I will be dethroned as a Transverse Agent? Let me guess, so some human obsessed with artefactual perfection and self sustained mythical narcissism can suddenly care about being a Transverse Agent?"

Detroc held my eyes intently. "Are you still an Agent and willing to work or you will rather resign all your duties at the moment?"

I held his eyes, wondering how much of his current reaction was feigned. "So what? Someone else can solve the mystery?"

They were both silenced briefly.

I continued. "You two cant be running around in some echoic chamber against my natural plane of propagation so you can monitor my movements through pulsating frequencies. That's the very definition of stalking."

Detroc frowned. "Stalking, what is that?"

I closed my eyes and opened it slowly, exhaling.

"We wont," Patroc declared.

I opened my eyes slowly and turned to Detroc.



He narrowed his eyes. "I'm sure I did not get the full definition as clearly as I should have."

I raised my eyebrows.

"I won't," he obliged.

I was silenced, briefly. "Why am I pulled here right now rather than towards Transverse Central?"

They hesitated, Detroc holding a mischievous smile.

I hesitated, finding nothing remotely humorous.

Patroc responded. "The planes."

I frowned. "The planes? I told you you have no professional rights, no right whatsoever to invade my privacy?"

Patroc frowned. "What?"

"Privacy?" Detroc mocked, laughing. "What is that? I bet he's wondering Deb."

"I bet I'm wondering how I can shut you up for good," I snapped.

Detroc shook his head, smiling. "For good? What a waste. Please shut me up for bad. Now that will work at the rate of rapidly dislocating fun,fun,fun. And we all know how you dislike those."

I chuckled. "Do you mean transmigrate, transient and easily disposed phantoms of lethargic male vectorization or is it vaporization? We all know how I dislike that."

Patroc shook his head. "This brings me to the inadvertent side effect of the stalking charge against us as you say it. However am I ever to find you if ever you go rogue or use the Klem Duds to jump a non Transverse operation?"

I smiled, and allowed my thoughts to linger briefly. "I haven't thought about the going rogue thing. But that jumping non-Transverse operations thing will certainly happen someday."

Patroc frowned. "Why?"



“People have a way of abusing and maltreating people who mean well. Haven’t you learned anything about humans? Sometimes a wrongdoing must precede another seeming wrongdoing. Which goes same for pulsar tracers, monkey dusting from one shit to the other shit like freaking gigantic assholes.”

Detroc laughed. “Look at the non-typical agent abusing the irregular.”

I shrugged. “Irrelevant of what I am, you’re not monkey dusting after me, good for nothing shadow after shadow in every possible-impossible corner, malingering some black hole, diseased with some dissolute milky way, chasing after some retrogressive, unhealthy and vicious wormhole potential. It’s worse than a travesty. No you’re not!”

Patroc frowned. “Do you mean crime?”

Detroc smiled. “By all means she means worse than a crime. Call it maybe. But the explanation for redirecting your planer progression is because of the planes, a test you may call it, a prelude to our understanding of what may be happening and hopefully something to excite and incite your insight for what may be happening. And by planes here, I mean aircraft, those artificial things you humans fly with.”

I exhaled, a deepening understanding of their intent overcoming me at the moment despite the thoughts that I needed to place limitations on them invading my privacy. “The downing of those artificial planes could almost make me think humans deserve it. They tend to loose their minds to artificial things get carried away with nonsensical artifacts never considering the eventual natural repercussion and how quickly nature can change every shit they believe in.”

I was suddenly aware of my surrounding. And it silenced me.

“Three hundred inches behind you,” Detroc announced to quench my bewilderment.

“That will be twenty five feet,” I said, turned swiftly and rushed into the forested area.

The next clearing I came to was of extreme and utter disaster—a symbolic tribute to abject catastrophe. It couldn’t have been imaginable until I saw it, a plane crash that wasn’t an accident or incident but rather an expression of some other



force mightier. I suddenly understood why I had to be summoned, why I had to see it with my naked eyes. Accidents had a way of recording the pathology of their eventual fate, a step by step scientific undertaking of their very own undoing. This was neither scientific nor reasonable but a complete decimation of both.

As a guided death zone, some certain instigation of death, the site was dead flat. What was once a space-contained airplane now looked like a flattened thread on the now leveled ground. Indeed a thinly veiled, heavily grained, untrained planar super-existence, as a cast-shadow cannot a shadow cast. Neither can it cast light.



As some relay line on a runaway train undeviating with dead end turns, deadbolt resurrection can hardly be made without a turn. And at their best as spasmodic interscapular shifting devoid of a conscious estate, their dead time inter-phase intersperses flashes neither life nor quantum mystery.

I paced, restlessly. It was apparent more than my insight was needed. "At least we now know the big shit aftermath of the random neurological deadly events. On the one hand, there is the human thought monstrosity that they are progressing this degeneracy, moving forward. Then there is the seeming progression of such artefactual provenance. Pretty soon, there will be quantum computing and these aircrafts parallelizing paralyzing down and non elemental in the framework projected will be able to fly faster than the speed of fast and light."

Detroc laughed, out loudly.

And a very gentle but yet glaring smile escaped Patroc.

I stopped pacing and faced them both.

Detroc spoke. "It will be unassuming to think the quantum computing thing isn't already here, already a part of the natural order of things."

I shook my head, sarcastically. "Don't be an idiot. It is mainly a part of the IOT, internet of things, and pretty soon it will change the world faster than fast and light."

Patroc frowned. "Does that statement have the scientific implication I think you are suggesting?"



I held a saddened sarcastic smile briefly, before I exhaled. “You know a lot about space and the retainment of such in natural reality I am sure.”

He nodded. “Yes.”

“Then you know anything able to retain space and retain itself in space must have in the least, a naturally enabled magnetic flux and everything it needs to do so.”

He nodded. “Yes.”

“And because you have such knowledge you have a reasonable idea what the complex and simplex composite and actualization of such should be.”

“Yes.”

I exhaled. “Such, it is clear to me that slab of monstrosity out there has none of these.”

Patroc was silenced briefly. “These scientists cant be this stupid.”

I closed my eyes slowly and opened it. “Yes they are.”

“What a travesty,” Detroc bemused.

I shook my head. “Oh don’t be a kidder. Its more like a tragedy. All these expectation of height never so measurable at all.”

Detroc nodded in agreement. “Or ever truly project-able in the world as anything but the hell between two artifacts, one going, the other leaving, both a purgatorial invention of some superfactual.”

I began to pace again. “Between the quantum lack of tenability and the super freak monstrosity out there, I don’t understand the need. It is already an artificial blob of machinery, nothing more. It had no heartbeat. Why flatline it?”

They both studied me and it soon became apparent they were doing so for a reason. My reaction to events often surprise them. As much as I was a Transverse agent, I was a study case.



Detroc spoke. “The trauma of witnessing something flattened beyond any opportunity of material recovery? You said it already. There was no heartbeat. Why would anything worthwhile be recoverable?”

I held his eyes. “Why shouldn’t something be recoverable?”

“Because there is no natural life insurance for artificial things,” he replied. “These plane crashes happens, the only difference is that you have never seen any happen this way.”

I frowned, cautious about the inclination of their thoughts without the willingness to preempt it. “Are we going to accuse nature of these acts?”

Detroc answered. “If there is no wrongdoing or self annihilation in it yes.”

I deepened my frown. “What the hell does that mean?”

I heard Patroc exhale and turned to him.

“There are two things that happens when nature is used against itself truly and functionally,” Patroc announced. “One, it will not work against itself. Two, it will not work against itself.”

I formed a bewildering, inescapable twist of my mouth. “What the hell does that mean? You just used paralleled pulsating waves against me to get me here.”

Detroc snickered. “Ah!”

I stared from one to the other. “What the freaking frack?”

Patroc spoke. “it is indeed possible within all sacredly human and sanity probes that when by all laws of science and nature you realize you can not possibly live in someone else's skin while you are someone else, to realize that there is no worthwhile identity, which isn’t at the same time a phantom... indeed possible by all intelligent means... unless that is, all manner and means of viable intelligence is by measure of material itself phantom...There is a real reason for this and as much as it looks like it in the moment, it isn’t unnatural.”

I was silenced briefly, thinking. “This is not some genius or amateur tainting the parts and processing of aeronautic machinery?”



Patroc shook his head.

I studied him. "Not some terrorist act?"

He shook his head again. "Not by manner, means and method no."

I hesitated. "The three M. So we're transferring all questionable aspects towards the intent. Don't tell me this has everything to do with Transverse Central."

He hesitated. "Not particularly no."

I drew my head backwards. "What does that mean? TC doesn't know it all?"

Detroc frowned. "Know it all? There is always a rat relative to earth."

I raised an eyebrow. "A rat?"

Detroc engaged my eyes fully. "That small animal always hiding in corners with two open ends. You have to find which corner is closed because there can only be one of those. You have to know where this specific closed corner is to know anything at all. And the only way to do that is to know where the two open ends are. The only way this is possible is to have the ability to be in two places at once. And this is more than merely humanly impossible. Indeed you may say so that it is not particularly possible."

I squinted, thinking. "Those are some pretty incredible not so particular possible-impossible odds. There is the possibility that you find two open ends which is roughly equivalent to sixty-six point six-six percent, the possibility of finding two end points of a triangle. This brings the possibility of finding the third closed end joined to the two open ends thirty-three point three percent regardless of whether there is a rat there or not. There is never a fifty percent chance within all possible ends, there is just the thirty-three point three-three which can not be rounded up. So it is always down. These are pretty terrible odds you'll say?"

Detroc nodded. "The possibility of being in two places at once is null unless you consider very major concepts of natural sciences. The possibility these two open ends lead to a rat is null as well unless there is preconception of the provable substantial relativity between the two open ends and the cornered rat."



I nodded. “So its in the workings. It’s what super-pseudo-fluid unthinking scientists do. They build a monstrous counterfeit complex, lose their degenerative minds to some artefactual and then begin to ask for some nonexistent quantum reality shadow. What truly matters is the how. How do you get from this odd versed not so particularity to some sort of deductive generalization or universality that can enable a natural process to flatline these artificial monstrosities? How do you navigate these events while they are unable to rat a corner for their existence and must be dropped like a pile of lackluster broken indefinite edges of no composite or retain-able essence? What the rat in hell is going on?”

Detroc smiled in the same usual and mischievous manner. “That’s your job to find out. That’s why you are an agent.”

I gained silence, absorbing the scope of the current burgeoning burden, wondering how any measure of fun could ever measure up or translate in close proximity to my responsibilities as a Transverse Agent. “I am beginning to rethink my job as a Transverse Agent,” I announced.

“Really?” Detroc replied. “You want to leave us in the lurch of the monstrosity implied?”

“Well whoever built the monstrosity should have foreseen the tragedy of the planar,” I replied as a matter of the factual. “why must I do it when I feel maltreated and undermined.”

A smile graced the corner of his mouth. “You’re not going to cry are you?”

I narrowed my eyes. “Neither of you can cry for me. You can’t even cry can you? And here I am always confronted with burdens looming and ultimately human. What kind of progress can this ultimately be? This disintegrating markdown in plane sight, atomized without any quantum or biogenetic reality? This continuous upgrading of some subdual enlargement of some reduced mass of obsolete existence. I feel like I was stupid to have fallen for a dream state gone awry transforming into a nightmarish dream date with notorious P.I.G.”

Detroc frowned. “Who is the notorious P.I.G?”

I shrugged. “You? They? Them? All notorious!”



He widened his smile. “All P.I.G!”

I nodded. “Indeed, but that is irrelevant of the fact that you have not provided much intelligence on this issue thus far. This is rather bigger than a mere earthly connection isn’t it? The main concept here is the rat relativity isn’t it? If the same concept was parametric within the fabric of whatever did the flattening that pretty much suggests—”

“It’s a Transverse weaponry,” Detroc announced.

“Oh my dear Universe!” I exclaimed. “Can’t you keep things under lock and awe over there?”

Patroc spoke. “Someone stole it and took it to Nitari.”

“Someone?” I asked.

Detroc spoke. “Intelligence placed it in Nitari after it went missing.”

I narrowed my eyes. “And this someone has it. Why didn’t you just go get it back?”

“That someone isn’t quite an identifiable someone,” Detroc replied.

I laughed, out loudly. “You failed in the procurement of weaponry stolen from you?”

“Nitari is a cloud planet,” Patroc said.

I shrugged. “Cloud Planets are engineered and maintained by Transworld. So what?”

Detroc smiled. “Nitari is a special kind of Cloud Planet.”

I raised my eyebrows, widening my eyes. “And...”

Detroc’s smile grew devious. “Nitari is a Cloud Planet engineered and maintained by defected Transverse Agents.”



I smiled, the moment seeming unbelievable, and stared from one to the other. “I know my missions are know-it as you go-it but this one takes the cake. It’s like Gremlins running around out there on Earth, uncontrolled.”

“What?” Patroc asked.

“Fictional monsters,” I answered. “Tiny fictional monsters.”

“Nitarrians are not fictional,” Patroc replied.

I held his eyes. “Of course not. They’re Transworld beings.”

Detroc shook his head. “You need to properly understand the fact that they’re defected Transverse Agents.”

“Which means they use all their resources to counter your intrusion,” I added.

“They move the cloud planet from space to space,” Patroc said.

I smiled. “I mean really? Now why would they do that?”

Detroc smiled. “Way to go. But you should ask the real question.”

I smiled, stared Detroc’s way briefly in agreement before turning to Patroc. “Why don’t you just destroy them?”

“Now that’s the one,” Detroc agreed.

I shook my head, eyeing Detroc. “For a trigger happy instinctual being like you, that’s absolutely the resolve. But I’m sure intelligence may support this need.”

Patroc shook his head. “It’s never that easy.”

I frowned. “Because they’re Transverse beings and not Earthians? I mean Earthians are easy to kill.”

Detroc nodded. “Indeed that is true.”

Patroc exhaled. “That wouldn’t be a reason.”

“Whatever could be the ideal reason outside definitive intelligent lines?” I asked.



Patroc hesitated. “While Transverse may be hesitant on killing Transverse beings because their deaths or rather annihilation is rather more complex than those of Earthians, if it has to be done for a foreseeable disruption against Transverse or world progress, it will be done.”

I shrugged. “And the ideal reason will be?”

Patroc hesitated, holding my eyes. “They hadn’t been linked to harm, Earthian or otherwise...”

Detroc spoke. “Until the possibility of now.”

“What possibility of now?” I asked.

“The weapon we suspect in this case is called the Datar,” Patroc said.

I frowned, yet unwilling to believe the moment. “And this Transverse weaponry is downing planes?”

Patroc hesitated briefly. “We believe so yes. We won’t necessarily take responsibility for Earthly problems unless we absolutely have to.”

“Oh that I believe. That I certainly believe,” I said and turned to Detroc who I knew will give me the non-sympathetic detail about the weaponry. “But we believe so yes?”

Detroc hesitated briefly. “We’re not sure about the events and their real causation, but we’re sure about the method of the weaponry. So these are indeed suspicions which we are relying on you to confirm or refute. Talk about more burdens.”

I paced, briefly. “That there is life in disaster is telling of disaster. Life can not foresee its own means. One of such is the perception of time. The other is the exclusive spatial, complex makeup of genealogical and physio-anatomical congruence for instance. These have tremendous effects, tremendous repercussions beyond artificial persuasions. And I really won’t be here if you didn’t feel there was a probability the weaponry used here belongs to Transverse?”

Patroc nodded. “Yes.”



I hesitated briefly. "If we deregulate the artificial, induce the natural, maybe, we will be able to find something so I am not wasting my time. Truly I don't give a rat's ass how you manage your time or whatever you call it."

Detroc laughed. "Fun, fun, fun," he teased.

I shook my head. "That will be the farthest thing from my mind as I am wondering what the debasement of the vertical looks like as such is the case we have here."

Patroc answered. "That is some odd deduction considering the very nature of the events."

I nodded. "Indeed. It's insanity. But there is no second hand designation for degenerate thieves. It's like attempting to teach a pauper how to be frugal but a greedy pauper has no innate retain-ability for frugality nor does for poverty."

"It's crazy. He's nevertheless greedy," Patroc commented.

"Indeed you got it," I confirmed. "The greed is necessitated and being a pauper is not, especially with a trait like greed. What happens when you're forced to relive a lie you told to achieve an artificial state but this time nature is the engineer?"

"You consider real limits independent of the artificial driving force of the artificial state," Patroc replied.

I nodded. "A seemingly obvious scientific solution you will think, like some resultant wormhole alternation of Einstein's very black hole theories that were hell bent to fail. Petroleum and other synthetic blend of fuels powers aircraft. They burrow for fuel and come up for air. It becomes feasible rather than impossible not to be able to imagine a necessary monstrosity or a naturally inclined disaster."

Detroc was silent briefly, thinking. "There is no reduced mass."

I nodded. "There is no material mass either. So force equals acceleration due to gravity and all the strangeness and insanity becomes parametric. Phase time is also artificial. It neither loses time or mass. It has no time. It has no mass. Such if a natural force is to blame, it first reduces the whole shitbangs artificial flight to what it is, an inanimate flight. That is, the whole system becomes that lacking perception,



that of force and this is quite strange because we should consider acceleration due to gravity from the engineering and physics perspective here. That explains the lack of angular relativity with respect to the disastrous event. The nothing falling, the zero gravity is the very lack of perception of a force which while not too far, is clearly distinguishable from the lack of perception of space. Force equals acceleration or force equals zero? Between zero gravity and no gravity we must surmise that the differential truly matters.”

Detroc nodded. “These events are farthest from zero gravity or free falling. It is the very force against everything propelling the artificial flight. It is rather counter-reactionary to the vertical implication of a gravitational pull. It is a parallel force which must induce its own flux, a parallel force against the artificial pull which makes it a thorough decimation of the vertical plane.”

I exhaled, glad for the company of Patroc against that of the more mischievous Detroc. “Here we must incur space as the pull against the vertical is spatial. The morphological planation is impossible but it is almost perfectly made evident in the natural deconstruction. It is as natural as it is for a storm to uproot a tree, bring it down completely to observe a planar reality. Already estranged from the fourth dimensionality, it loses third dimensionality. And because there is no reduced mass to speak of, the only other alternative is some substantial reciprocal but this too is as much a figment as there is no fractional body of matter. One times one is one and that makes neither constructive nor sum total sense whatsoever against the horizontal and if we induce the reciprocal, we must induce the rat in a corner concept which brings us back to the very same deconstruction, a planar field without any particular distinction or spatial propensity to project. This also brings us this weaponry you say was stolen and what it does.”

Detroc answered. “It depends.”

I frowned. “On what?”

“The planetary environment,” he replied. “It imposes degeneration within a set horizon.”

I was silenced, trying to make sense of the information attained. “What does that mean?”



Patroc explained. “It traps an object within an assigned space and forces its degeneration.”

I held my stomach, a feeling of sickness overwhelming me in the moment, before I faced Patroc again. “The exact type of weaponry that could bring down a Cloud Planet.”

Detroc nodded. “Indeed. You’re catching up faster than I thought.”

My voice was still solemn when I spoke. “Then Transverse did this.”

They remained silent.

I spoke. “By having defected agents who will use their resources not just to engineer an evasive planet, maintain it, but also to test a weapon they fear will be used to annihilate them on those they consider inferior beings—”

Detroc smiled. “Earthians.”

I ignored Detroc’s mocking remarks and continued. “They are testing that weapon on us so they can counter your possible attack.”

“A lab rat attack on lab rats,” Detroc mocked. “A survival of the fittest than fittest.”

I exhaled as I held Detroc’s eyes. “With neither the perspective nor perception of anyone fit here, should I even bother to ask who the fittest is?”

Detroc shook his head.

I had never been more eager to undergo a Transverse mission, although I was now beginning to harbor a level of animosity towards the workings of Transverse. I focused on the job at hand. “Had there been significant countermeasures on the government’s part?”

“Nothing flies,” Detroc replied.

“Nothing?” I asked.

Detroc raised his fingers to his mouth. “Hush...they don’t want people to know.”



I shook my head, disbelieving the intelligence, but knowing their easy movement amid construct boundaries meant they could get it.

Detroc smiled sensing her doubts. “The walls at the CIA and FAA are quite lean contrary to popular beliefs.”

My frown deepened. “Then they’re not counter-measuring anything. It would paralyze everything. Airlines are means of life, of travel, of business, for too many people. They look powerless on that note. Maybe...just maybe if they retreat for a few days the Nitarians will leave?”

Detroc shook his head slowly.

I frowned. “Don’t they run out of humanity as Transverse agents anymore?” I asked, looking for a measure of hope.

Detroc shook his head. “They have invested in and invented something that works. It comes as simply as the Klem Duds works for you. I hear it works a lot longer and better in keeping Transients human. And even if they go away, can you risk them coming back and terrorizing again?”

I dropped my head, thinking. “So there’s no escaping this plight. If we can get them now, we should get them now.”

“Indeed,” Detroc agreed.

I kneaded the muscles of my forehead. “Grounding every flight is a bad idea. It can’t achieve anything and in fact it’s not doing anything. I feel completely helpless as an Earthian right now.”

Detroc shook his head, smiling. “I believe stupid was the word you were looking for.”

I nodded. “Yeah, maybe stupid is the word.”

Detroc nodded in agreement. “But they’re not as helpless as they are or look. They’re planning an investigative flight. Putting all the experts they have...you know those top of their field on one plane to prevent and find out what is going on.”



I hesitated, thinking, hoping. “Maybe they’ll figure it out. Maybe they’ll find the rat in the corner or counter the effect of the Datar.”

Detroc smiled. “You really have that much faith in humanity?”

“I have to,” I replied.

He laughed. “I take back what I said earlier. Helpless and stupid is what does it. They both fit the bill...” He lowered his head to hold my eyes intently, intensely. “There are two things that can solve this problem: the remote controlling the Datar from an upper plane, and you, equipped with the counter weaponry we’re going to give you, the Dittany.”

I faced Patroc, expecting his much needed input in the moment.

Patroc held my eyes and spoke slowly and solemnly. “If you do not get on that plane with the Dittany, they’ll all die.”

“It’s as simple as that,” Detroc added. “What you have to do is get on that plane”

I shook my head, vigorously. “How can I? It’s reserved for their best.”

“The best they know,” Detroc replied.

“Indeed. No chance in hell,” I replied.

“That’s why we have the perfect prey,” Detroc said.

I raised an eyebrow. “Prey?”

Detroc nodded. “Subject if you will. A CIA agent named David Bentley. You must convince him to let you on that plane with the Dittany.”

I exhaled, thinking about the possibility of failure with a non-Transverse intelligent operative. “And if he doesn’t?”

“They’re all dead.”

I nodded in agreement. “Indeed they all are. But I am not getting on that plane with some somewhat vulnerable but ignorant CIA agent and saying everything is okay.”



Detroc smiled. “We ride free.”

I nodded. “Indeed you do, but that does not guarantee intellectual insurance. It guarantees your capability to support my findings. And there are still too many mysteries to be solved on this case. If the instrument we suspect, the stolen Datar is what was used to induce these events, there is something in the Earthian atmosphere that is making the Datar behave differently than it normally would. There should be a triangulated implication within a set horizon, that is, there should be the implication of two lines meeting strictly from perspective and perception. Two things I suspected was missing.”

Detroc spoke. “There is an underlying causation within the Earthian premises that could be strictly dependent on Earthian atmospheric temperament.”

I nodded. “There is more than something very wrong with the coordinating perplexity, aptitude and gravitational complex.”

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