

EXCERPT FOR BAMI AND THE TIME WEVERS

Author's note

This book was to be brought to you this year without prejudice, with great beliefs in truth, decency, dignity and inclusion in science. I must confess I am merely a human and a woman. And between unexpected events, music production, and the fact that the understanding and longevity of this science fiction book matters dearly to me, I must postpone the publication of this book till next year. Please read the excerpt and support it if you like it. It is a non-traditional science fiction. I will release *The Quest for the data*, the second in the series for [Transverse](#) instead because it is a less complicated write. Writing matters to me more than I can say and I genuinely love it without much degree of separation. Please help make a true generational difference in the future of science and humanity. Give your support as you may.

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Battered masters shatter like glass in a breathless wind, gathering up with poignant impotency. Unknown to familiarity, they crack up on a whim, perfecting their shudder on a shrug a hundred million miles apart. With birdbrained blind heroism, illogical splendor and vainglory, they derive reasons without thought, without intimation, they derive soul. Their cruel dusts are overstrung, overdone, depleted.

And thereupon, whence there wasn't a once occurrence and time was not to be measured, no one could see, sense, or know about the coming of the Time Weavers. Like some silent wave of the hand in the wind without a sound, they descended the plains without a footprint to their cause.

Earth felt it like a tremor, an unpredictable earthquake with some great unknown consequences, the winds of one shadowing shift calling towards another. The base holding earth together, making it what it was, began to disintegrate, the east shifting from the west, the south from the north, in a fast drip driving itself downward, into unavailable space.

It started with great subtlety, like some invasion of a virus and the constant attempt to contain its mutation. It found earth silent, deep in slumber, busy mastering slowing to a stop in a fast paced world, its temporal periodic constitution mutating into something other—the inconsiderable complexities on the universal front, the technical forwardness slowly leaving the habitable planet of the humans, earth, behind. Sleeping at night, waking at dawn, its voice was heard inside a bubble, its circadian rhythmic

pulse was more than what it was. At the height of their foolishness, they assumed that something other than earth was better, greater.

Eleven year old Bami Dele didn't know what to make of what he was hearing momentarily. He was more in tune with the need for the meeting rather than any transcending reasoning for it.

Glancing around the room at a scene much like one he could have imagined he was watching from some old time science fiction movie, he was waiting for the implication of time lapse, something to tell him he wasn't part of the adverse and imaginative presentation of the fictional movie in front of him. At four feet ten inches tall, he was taller than all the adults in the room who had barely survived the shrinkage that came with the Femuran invasion.

“It’s not stronger than the usual,” Jeremy Spencer, the general handyman who became crippled during the shrinkage told him.

Bami stared at him, reminded briefly that a lot of adults had lived the majority of their lives inside a wheelchair since the Time Weaver events started manifesting. He studied him briefly, surmising his implications.

It had taken some time for him to notice the changes but it had become a certainty once he was able to make the confirmations. Aside from the physio-anatomical damage the adults had suffered, they had also suffered differing levels of brain damage due to the events. Some had suffered

neurological damages beyond repair. And some had been luckier in the events that held little luck or prejudice.

He was certain no space within the seeming four feet and one inch mandatory height had been left unturned. Yet, there was always something in the air, left adrift and suspended, some overreaching celebration of some unrealistic substance toxic within the body of its tragedy—that silent underline of calamity in the making. It was a worse fear than that of what was to become of them. With much history unknown about the Femurans, there was little to know about what could become of the humans in their reduced state.

Forced to grow up faster than he ever thought possible and having barely heard what was said, Bami gave Spencer his full attention. “I’m sorry Mr. Spencer, I’m not quite sure what you implied by the statement.”

Spencer held the boy’s eyes. “Weren’t you wondering about the last dose of quakes? They weren’t stronger than usual I presume.”

The quakes, which had become frequent as a foreseeable effect, was the designated assignment for everyone. Divergence from the usual abnormality of the frequency of the quakes and strength could be the death of all that survived the initial catastrophe, Dr. Fishbourne had warned. The assignment was taken seriously by most and they listened diligently for super-abnormal frequencies of very sad notes. It was the least most adults do. Mostly, it was the most they

could do.

Bami shook his head. “No Mr. Spencer. I am worried about Mark.”

Spencer narrowed his eyes, studying the boy briefly. He would have thought those kinds of worries were farthest from the boy’s mind. After all, he was the only one he knew with immunity to the crippling environmental state they were in, a far cry from the boy he was worried about. In fact he had barely entertained the thought the boy might have worries.

Mark and Dr. Fishbourne walked into the room at the moment. And the now silent occupants of the room watched as the two took their seats in the largest room within Dusthaven.

Mark Krims had been a most fortunate nine year old with a prolific scientist for a father. Dr. Benjamin Krims had been front and center in the investigation into the Time Weaver events and had been killed before most people believed in the existence of the Femurans. His son had claimed some creatures with short stature and long triangularly shaped upwardly tuned pointed ears had been responsible for his father’s death.

His witness statement of the events had been qualified and classified as psychosis induced by the traumatic event. And his psychiatric institution visit was extended indefinitely until there was evidence of the existence of the expertly sheltered and rarely detectable Femurans—creatures with the triangular down psychosis of an horrific inaudible tone of

existence.

And until the synthetic cloak the Femurans wore were detected, their communications had been inaudible to human ears, the vocality turning downward against space despite their pointed ears. Their low subverted inhuman tones could only be heard with the cochlea implants Bami and Mark had endured.

Upon Mark's release, the damage to his psyche was insurmountable. The brilliant nine year old had been turned into a zombie through a monstrous world-induced psychosis. There seemed no end to his misery. And hardly anyone would have cared, except for the important secrets his mentally disturbed mind held. However did the Femurans descend the plains? How had Dr. Krims died as there wasn't a physical implication of manner or cause of death? There was that ultimate question he kept trying to recall with hypnosis.

Dr. Fishbourne was a doctor by standard qualifications, a medical geneticist with a passion for social justice. He had been more famous for his leisurely need for social disruptions against injustice than he was for his medical work. He was also more in line for the lead role in the sociopolitical protocols of Dusthaven than the other surviving doctors. His short petite frame and five feet one inch original height had saved most of him and the majority of his intellectual capacity, which a majority of the scientists who didn't die lost. He was bent along the spine but hadn't suffered too much damage from the

Time Weaver events. Bami had been glad for it.

From a seated position, Fishbourne spoke loudly for the room. He hardly stood for his speeches as he didn't want most of the men in the room who were crippled to feel he was towering despite his height. "We are out of it. There are no more cards..." he announced. "...least of all the leisure of persistent non disruptive futuristic plays is out to blazes. We can no longer afford simulated imaginative plays or cumulative hyper-realistic game plays either. There are no more houses to build on the house of cards off the shores of sands. This house of cards is a plane. We have no more games to win or lose in these fifty two line decks, no more phantom green illusory lifelines. We can no longer afford to build our realities upon some ever imminent event induced by probabilistic event lines. It has happened. It is done. And our realities can no longer be sidetracked as some continuous game or theory, or game practicality based on theory. Nothing in our reality is futuristically realistic anymore. We got the elemental importance wrongly and gravely. We must now take up whatever arms we can afford against the very probabilistic realities we preached for too long. We either achieve the aims of this mission or we all die a second chance's most horrific deaths. It will become our non-probabilistic end."

Fishbourne quieted briefly to allow the occupants of the room to envision the implications of his words.

Bami's mind was on something else more burdensome than the rest of the people in the room

could find imaginable. The sole responsibility of the mission Fishbourne so enthusiastically encouraged and described was mainly his. What arms could he possibly take against the Femurans? Mark worried him more than any other person in the room except for Dr. Fishbourne. His chosen companion, not of his choosing for the very important mission, was the mentally disturbed boy whose mind depended on some event he couldn't remember because of some trauma. Why Fishbourne would insist upon the strange stipulation for such an important mission was yet unknown to him and he was now more determined, in fact, anxious to ask. Why not an able bodied mentally stable boy or some half bent man?

Zachary Blont, one of the two physicists in the room, spoke next, also from a sitting position. "In other words, we have to touch the unbreathable surface and we can not afford to do so relative to time."

Silence was observed in the room for a few uncertain seconds.

Timmy Jones, the most optimistic human in the room spoke. "I'm thinking there is a possibility they may take what they came for and leave eventually."

Blont wondered if Jones was thinking at all, smiled, sarcastically, caught himself briefly, exhaled. "So I will take you up on that suggestion Mr. Jones. Let's imagine among all the things we no longer have, we have probability, the chances a favorable event may occur or may not. I used to love probability so much. It was everything that allowed our future to exist or everything rather, we imagined allowed our future to

exist. Now, probability bothers me greatly as something that will never let you exist as you are within any scope of space-time reality. Let's say you adopt this as your best friend as you must inevitably, you adopt it because you want to eventually claim victory in life and existence without really doing anything, or owning something without ever having to cause it. That is what probability is here. It is your best friend. It is an inherent oxymoron to active natural reality. It can not be your friend. It can not be your family. What do we really have with that? Do we have space? Do we have space while we are scurrying around in Dusthaven, some underground cave, bunker, whatever this is, trying to hide our heads for dear life? We're not sure. Do we have time? We're not sure. Do we have origination? That is, is this the same earth we all came to be from, the same earth that owns our history, our liberty? Do we have origination? We're not sure. Do we have authenticity? Is this us? Has this always been us? Whatever could have made us think a half man was okay, reasonable or thinkable at some point in our undeliverable time in science? Look at us, scrappy, scrubby, all half bent, all half spent, barely human. Is this us? Do we have authenticity? No, we're not sure. So what is the probability something favorable will happen to us? What are these odds? What is probability? As far as we are concerned, probability is an event and it has happened. It is in fact what we all refer to as the Time Weaver events. And the events have neither origination nor authenticity relative to earth, yet they have happened. And by this I mean that ordinarily we had to presume the presence of all necessary elements

for these events to be able to occur at all. Earth never saw this coming. And since we can only define probability as an event and we don't have it, must we buy it, steal it, make it? The only option open to us now is to make probability from an event probability and I am afraid we have no good fortune coming our way from that either. The Time Weaver events have proven to us without any shadow of a doubt that time cannot be made. Our misfortune spreads to our no longer having time, thus events become some arbitrary point in space. We are the event."

Silence persisted in the room for a while longer than the last.

Fishbourne spoke. "We should consider the most important aspect of Zach's speech which was his initial point made about our need to surface without any relativity to time, however much that sounds like some unimaginable scientific precept. We need to surface and stay on the surface without relevance to time as we used to do but no longer can. We have to stay until we achieve the mission we must embark on, a mission that holds intricate means to our continuity under these circumstances. The only two people I know that can help us achieve this mission's aims beyond the scope of mere probability are Bami and Mark."

Everyone in the room including Mark stared at Bami.

Timmy Jones laughed out loudly, sarcastically, eyes wide.

Blont closed his eyes briefly, imagining Jones's

thinking process before and after the Femuran invasion. “What is it Mr. Jones?” he asked, restraining his tone.

Jones laughed out louder.

Blont shook his head. “We cannot address this... depravedly rash, episodic and disrupting case of this hilarity you’re privately entertaining Mr. Jones, if you don't speak of it. What may be the reason for it?”

Jones, half-smiling, held Blont’s eyes. “The hilarity speaks for itself. These boys are the ones to achieve this great thing and save us? What qualifies them? What is this thing only these boys can do?”

Blont studied him. “Do you mean to ask why Mr. Jones?”

Jones shrugged, his laughter diminishing into some uncomfortable smile.

“If you are asking why Mr. Jones, would it be aside from the fact that they can walk and function upright without a near death panic or the degree of degenerate detection they don't carry from curved spines?”

Now devoid of either smile or laughter, Jones shrugged slightly. “I’m asking for what.”

Blont held Jones' eyes fully. “Maybe you meant to ask something else at the same time; how and why?”

Jones shrugged visibly. “Maybe.”

Blont was silent briefly before turning away from

Jones to face the room. “We have made a horrible mistake...and I must say it simply here... not everyone is a scientist...but simple things should never be able to escape simple minds. Life on earth, our earth, as we know it, cannot afford to be a precondition for some self-enacting conceptual postcondition, not a precondition for some aftermath postcondition or the aftermath of the aftermath postcondition. Our natural life cannot afford to be anything at all if it is matter without any precursory spacetime relativity or post-conditional reality. It can't afford to be a precondition and a period...we didn't include time as part and participant of our predominating present reality...a current period of time which must know both implicit and explicit differentiations...we were wrong... we have made a horrible mistake...we have been horrible to time and nature in the course of history, misdirected nature against its own course and causation, for the aftermath of an effect. If time is to be woven into the fabric of our conception from preconceptions to precepts in physics, our conception of earth cannot afford to be a mere precondition or postcondition we can't truly say we have at the moment. We must weave the circadian rhythm into the fabric of our lives as it is now, the remnants of our fate, our age and species. The fabric of our universe, of time, of our earth, must also be woven into our conception of time and existence, our life on earth, or we lose all senses and realizable reality of our previous life, we lose all grip on time, our time—”

Jones, who appeared confused, spoke. “What is this thing that must be done?”

Blont turned to face Jones, and spoke intentionally softly, as if he was speaking to a child. “We must turn up the hands of time, that is the hands of earth’s time the Femurans stole, broke to descend to our plains so there isn’t a dent in the fabric of time.”

Jones frowned. “We can’t turn back the hands of time.”

Blont gained silence for a few seconds, studying the man, resisting the urge. “We never really turned it forward, we just pretended we did so we could have a postcondition. We must endure the unimaginable, the impossible, without having to do it because we can’t do it—”

Jones was adamant. “We can’t do it.”

Blont narrowed his eyes. “But we must Mr. Jones. Earth’s spatio-temporal purge must be corrected or we’re doomed to a more formidable inevitable peril. Are you able to achieve this over the boys Mr. Jones?”

Jones gained silence briefly before shrugging the question off. “You said it Dr. Blont. It is impossible.”

There is treachery and grace to the unaffected that is perceivable and apathetic—the silence of lambs is worse than the voice of cannibals—a mountain of carcasses drenched in undrinkable blood of lambs. A

vicious circle. As with all apprehension, there is the deeper impression which must reckon its own becoming, the credible height which must, within its means, possess its own center of gravity. Blood and cannibals go the same.

No longer able to afford the grandiose luxuries of tall buildings, hotels, houses and mansions, and fearing the seeming end was near with the surge of the invasion of the Femurans, humans started constructing large underground dwellings without luxuries in mind. Dusthaven was that—an unpremeditated underground residential dwelling assigned to the leadership of David Fishbourne.

It was truly a luxury without any evidence of such within it. As the underground constructs were few and far between, being a residence meant there could have been some presumption of importance or that of luck associable with the residents. The amenities it stored were extremely vital for human survival.

No one man with family or without could simply be able to afford it. No complete family unit could afford it. Sacrifices had to be made. The surface was effortlessly unbreathable and people were no longer running out of air. What was running out was air, daylight was at a regressive rate, a diminishing factor, and the deoxygenated regression compelled a new form of ventilation system relying mainly on electricity—a diminishing regression. If the pitch darkness of the electricity backfired, they must regress towards the unbreathable surface—a fatalistic regression.

Bami sat in Fishbourne's tiny office waiting for him to get through the task of studying some scientific report he was reading.

When Fishbourne was finished, he held the boy's eyes. "Why do I get the feeling I already know what this most "important talk" as you referred to it, is going to be about?"

Bami exhaled. "You must have expected it, Dr. Fishbourne."

Fishbourne stared at the boy with a deep seated understanding of his plight. "Why would I do that?" he asked, feigning ignorance.

Bami was silent briefly, disbelieving the pretense. The man, he decided, had always conducted his dealings reasonably. "Because you made a decision without me."

Fishbourne smiled. "If I didn't expect it, you wouldn't be the human I and the universe knows you to be. You are about the only one we may trust to be fully human around here in these harsh times."

The statement moved the boy near tears. And he wondered briefly if Fishbourne was praising him to lessen the effect of the burden his appointed mission will put on him. Was he sharing a simple and honest observation? "In the world you are sending us, a newly, now perished world, this world, which is not the renewed world we all dream of, not the one we see in old movies, will I be alone with Mark?"

Fishbourne hesitated briefly, but more determined on

the boy's much needed fate, answered sharply.
"Yes."

Bami narrowed his eyes, drew his head sideways and scratched his head reflexively, the reality of Fishbourne's words more biting than comforting.
"Why do I need Mark on this journey with me? Why must it be Mark? Why not someone else more..."

Fishbourne frowned. "Someone else more what?"

Bami gained silence, briefly, containing himself.
"Do you not trust me?" Fishbourne asked.

He exhaled. "I do but..."

Fishbourne interrupted. "Then you have to trust me when I say he is very vital to accomplishing your mission. Which brings me to a much dragged out conclusion. You have to be involved in Mark's psychotherapeutic sessions from now on. It makes perfect sense because you are indeed the one who is going to be on the road with him for who knows how long. So get up, let's go..."

Confused, the boy stood, obeying Fishbourne's command. "Go where?"

"Go to Dr. Sporesnick's office. Tell him I said you will be sitting in as well. He's suggested hypnosis as a last resort. We're doing it!"

In our subtle avoidance, we tell implicit tales to our future that are inherent in perception. Perception is our solemn joke, the procurer of our cultivated

tragic-comedies. In it, we trade our lives for jokes, our reality for some awkward mountain-molehill of relative justification, ragged, wretched, and blessedly unrealistic.

Dr. Sporesnick knew how to trace pieces of heavy wind around empty hearts. He was both psychiatrist and psychotherapist to a bunch of child-looking adults whence the earthian wind once light and spirited was becoming dirty burdens of a world dissimilar to itself and its origination. He was tired. And he was always tired and merely wished he was less so.

Seated in a tiny but rowdy office, Bami wondered how Dr. Sporesnick found anything he needed within the space. He and Fishbourne watched Sporesnick bend his much bent back to get a file out of one of the cabinets inside his desk. Unlike Fishbourne, he had been horrifically crippled.

Fishbourne tried to lighten the mood. “The other day I was thinking about height. Height! What disillusioning derivative as it turned out to be Sporesnick?”

The statement got Sporesnick’s attention as he dropped the file he held on the table. “Indeed.”

“It’s crazy,” Fishbourne continued. “I just can’t stop thinking about it.”

Sporesnick shrugged. “Of course not as we now know how wrong we were.”

Sporesnick's insistence on the issue could hardly be

contained. “That you’re in ‘field of height’ depends on what world you live in and looking back and forth, there is yet only one earth. So, where the hell were we? And where the hell are we now?”

Sporesnick shook his head. “We were copiously legendary fools back then weren't we? Bad times beats no time at all.”

Fishbourne nodded. “Indeed. Any reason Mark is not present yet?”

“I wanted time to talk to you two about the nature of your involvements,” Sporesnick replied.

Fishbourne held Sporesnick’s eyes fully. “I understand client-therapist privilege but I am not to be closed out on this one. There is much at stake for this mission. We are to sit down and be quiet.”

Sporesnick shook his head. “No, not really.”

Fishbourne widened his eyes. “What? Can we make noise?”

Sporesnick smiled. “No, I do not wish to impose any more disturbance on the boy’s already difficult to normalize disturbed mind. Alongside the need for you not to make any noise, you two are going to have to hide in the medicine cabinet.”

Fishbourne stared at the small medicine cabinet and frowned. “You’re kidding aren’t you?”

Sporesnick shook his head. “I wish I were. It will fit both of you in this day and age. I had Richard clear it out so you can be present. It is either that or you can

not be present for this session at all.”

Bami and Fishbourne held each other’s eyes briefly.

Never ordinarily initiated or intercepted, there is a second eye for a first dimension, a third extension, a fourth induction and a fifth distinction inclined on ceaseless tribulation loathsome and feared—that fear of fear itself. The humility that came with the invasion of the Femurans was foreseeable. And there was that very silent but humbling impact of the events, that science as humans knew it, had failed them.

The two spies bundled together, trying not to form some awkward snuggle in the tiny space they invaded. They waited.

When Sporesnick spoke, he repeated his hypnotic suggestions over and over until suddenly, there was silence.

Sporesnick spoke after the silence. “Where are you?”

Mark spoke in a shockingly normalized tone without any evidence of his usual stuttering. “Sitting in the living room with my father.”

Sporesnick hesitated briefly. “What are you doing?”

“Playing a game of chess.”

Sporesnick hesitated.

And there was that spark of excitement in the usually solemn boy. “Spotty is with us.”

Sporesnick frowned. “Who is spotty?” “My cat,” Mark

replied.

“What is spotty doing?”

“He’s lying on the table watching us play as he usually does when he’s bored.”

Sporesnick was silent for a few seconds. “What happens after the game finishes?” he asked.

Mark began to shift in his chair. “We never finished the game.”

Sporesnick hesitated. “Was that the day they came?”

The boy’s discomfort grew as the shiftlessness he experienced became more apparent.

Sporesnick studied him. A sign of some impending information much needed or the upsurge of horrific trauma? A sign to stop the line of questioning?

Deviate from the possible effect of the memory about to surface?

Mark shifted back and forth in his seat. “I just want to finish the game and go to bed as my father asked.”

“What do the Femurans want?” Sporesnick asked.

“To get the location of the secret of secret places from my father.”

“Did your father give it to them?”

Mark’s discomfort grew as his head began to shake, the evidence of his usual stutter evident in his tone “I don’t ...don’t... don’t know.”

Sporesnick hesitated. “Your father said you were the backup for such information. He told his lab assistant this as a matter of precaution. Where is the secret of secret places Mark?”

Mark’s head began to shake in successive sporadic mannerisms.

Sporesnick held on to the session fearfully accepting the need for the risk.

“I don’t remember,” Mark replied. “I just want to finish the game and go to bed as my father asked.”

“Where is the game?” Sporesnick asked.

“Went with the cat,” Mark replied.

“Where is the cat?”

“In the corner by the chair.”

“Is it dead?”

“Maybe. The house collapsed. I think so. It’s not moving.”

“Who put it there?”

“One of the Femurans.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know. I just want to finish the game and go to bed as my father asked.

Sporesnick exhaled sharply and with that, ended the session.

There is the allegory of pain which knows the sizzle without the steak, kindles as it may, unimpeded, unrestrained. But when the fire burns for too long and distress comes to dinner, it brings catastrophe to the table. What, whence must be devoured?

Fishbourne had called Bami in for meetings with the scientists.

Sporesnick was the first to come in. He sat across the table from Bami in Fishbourne's office and just stared at the boy, almost disbelieving the moment.

Bami gave the long awkward silence to the reality of the fate in front of him, unexpected under normal circumstances for a boy like him.

Sporesnick spoke. "I am here to discuss Mark's condition. That is, the mental condition accompanying the trauma. And I know you have heard me refer to it as a mental condition for a while now. I want you to fully understand why I use the term and how that can help improve your relativity with him on this journey. Dr. Fishbourne said you had some concerns."

Bami nodded.

"Well, now that this particular cat is out of this particular bag, let's solve this particular problem, shall we?"

Bami nodded in agreement.

Sporesnick continued. “What is the nature of this thing I refer to as a mental disturbance? It is unfortunately deeply set in metaphors as a plight and can’t be rendered without implying the same but I hope that you will understand this plight despite the need for metaphors here Bami... It is like a wheel in constant motion that does not want to stop to acknowledge the self relative to the continuous circularity event—that minimally of its own turns. So it turns and turns with the belief that there is actual relativity to the same event with some alternate or favorable ending. In reality, the mental disturbance is not causative of nonlinear and non-circular management of time but rather manages nonexistent time arcs within or available memories, never in the past, present, or continuous but artificial fabrics of time, calling them breaks in space-time potentiality. Therefore, I want you to understand that Mark manages this wheel of self-defined probabilities as a strict reality. It is some sort of self-deceiving psychology with consistency, a psychological constraint made up of sectionalized self-defense mechanisms.”

Bami wished he understood everything Sporesnick said intuitively, but he was certain about the part he understood. “So he's not crazy?”

Sporesnick frowned. “Who told you that? He’s not crazy. He’s stuck. Whoever is spreading that sort of unintelligent rumor?”

“Everyone.”

Sporesnick deepened his frown as he shook his head. “Everyone is a conjecture. Who is spreading these baseless rumors?”

Bami gained silence, thinking. “Not everyone?”

Sporesnick hesitated briefly. “Remember what Dr. Forbis says about ignorance?”

Bami nodded. “Ignorance is the root of all human destruction.”

Sporesnick nodded in agreement. “It is exactly what got us in this terrible mess we're in. I'm sure of it. That everyone you refer to, the everyone of dissolute knowing and unknowing ignorance is stupider than Mark despite his current state.”

Success is no stranger to its events. A strange event has no regret relative to its success—its rift, unrealistic, unreliable, unrealized or unreasonable gains an impassable soul and makes a solemn sudden call to a severed probabilistic heart. Its tears will fall but never from grace, its wit will never match its wisdom.

Blont was next at the meeting, seeming in a more pensive mood than Sporesnick, his shoulders sinking further into his small frame than usual. “If I could turn back the hands of time, I will do it in less than barely fractional fractured time. But time was also one of our most solemn mistakes of the many mistakes we made...back then, the necessity to account for space-time coherence in dimensional reality would have seemed a subject of radical

psychology, but it is now seemingly irredeemably radicalized by the Femurans. But more importantly, if I could ask Dr. Fishbourne to surgically remove my brain and implant it in yours I will be a happy little one. Many have sacrificed greatly.”

Bami was near tears again. “Don’t be silly Dr. Blont, I will rather have your heart.”

Blont smiled, a sudden sense of lighthearted relief washing over him at the boy's heavy attempt at humor.

Both maintain a brief emotional silence.

Blont spoke. “Okay, since you have chosen not to have my brain...”

Bami smiled.

“You’re going to have to be a student, you and Mark together. Especially you as you have been groomed in your studies like an adult by Lewa, I can almost pity you...”

“Why not?” Bami asked.

Blont frowned. “Why not what?”

“Why can I not be pitied?”

Blont hesitated, thinking. “It is a very healthy and great advantage despite your surface breathing. If we get out of this unnatural alignment, I definitely want you by my side.”

They maintained another round of emotional silence. Blont spoke. "There are quite a few things that wouldn't be in your textbook. And those you have to know. Science in the real life we're living now has taught us a thing or two never in those textbooks. And those here and there knowledge base will be very necessary when you need a ground to stand on to survive the new wild. Every natural rendering must have its manifest, every procedural scar, its eventual outcome. And our biggest problem was allowing a fractional mutation to manifest where there is no genetic base for it. We allowed earth to work on some unrealistic narcissistic space time manifest so unintelligently we could never refine the very meaning of our eventual lives. We reimagine that earth's upper atmosphere cannot go beyond anything but conclusively atmospheric in the astronomical front. I need you to think about the breakdown of earth as you know it since the Femurans came for a second Bami. Close your eyes and think about it, don't imagine it, as imagining it is too late for us. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Dr. Blont," Bami replied.

The boy did as he was told and for every second he was silent, the emotional build up in the room intensified.

Blont broke the mood. "You have it?" he asked.

"Yes," Bami replied in a solemn tone.

Blont studied the boy. "Preventing such horrible disasters is what genius is really about. When you

break something down, you must consider and reconsider the build up of the very same thing, or worse than courting disaster, you will be left holding a worthless mass. Now, if you truly love your world, you don't ever want that worthless mass to be the world you live in. If we miss essential history, we cannot capture essential life..."

"And we missed essential life?" Bami asked eagerly.

Blont nodded. "We certainly did and this brings us back to those things we were doing wrong working on some worthless reforming mass for some other worthless reforming mass. And if we are to consider things genetically, we're merely lucky they are not drinking our blood and eating our flesh. It's not just nonsense mutation they brought to our environment's genetic makeup, it's nonsense mutation transferred from a higher atmospheric state to a lower one for a non-genetic earth-based mutation, that is, one that was never part of the original genetic environment, never part of our evolutionary standard systems of human adaptive and adoptive traits. They were in fact nitration maladaptive, mutagenic and alien, here to reap from our atmosphere, turn our planet upside down systemically and strategically. A parasitic and forced relativity with earth and its inhabitants. And from the way they stripped the earth of its atmospheric essentials, it was the lack of start codon that cost the lack of stop codon. It's not life on earth. It's not life. It has to be a disease..."

Bami jolted Blont out of his brief pause. "Is it life at

all or life fractionally-maybe Dr. Blont?”

Blont shook his head and spoke in a low assured tone. “Fractionally maybe? No, It’s not life Bami. And it’s much worse than fiction. It becomes necessary to understand that within the earthian-universal complex, space must return to space regardless of the theories of universal expansion with the expectation of cancellation and dissipation. And the deflection, due to the nonsense mutation injection as you will understand fully later, is being done between a projectable second and third phasic frames—something that had nothing to do with polarity, which we also imagined so erroneously. We got the essence of polarity wrong. It’s not some integration of dimensions, not some differentiation of evolutionary stages, not some non-life affirming bolt of electricity coming down from some nonexistent sky, not some variation of altitude seeking some deranged x component, in turn, seeking copulation and mutation relative to some impotent soon to be potent male. It is rather a spark earth must claim by nature, a scientifically defined spark who’s becoming belongs to it’s origination. And the most important thing about sparks is in what they are not. They are not huge without consequence or causation. They are neither thunder nor storms. They are not things to claim without any neutronic, protonic or atomic presence. They are not unintelligent science projected by trivial and toxic pride. They are not maladaptive mutagenic descendants of spatial degeneracy. They

are much simpler and much naturally defined. They are small things in nature that have huge repercussions. It is not difficult to know the Femurans never had earth's neutralizing polarity and these issues can not be trivialized anymore. If we get these very primal and important things wrong, we get our whole lives wrong, we get human existence wrong. Now what sort of knucklehead trivially esteemed scientists would we be with that? We take what is of great importance and we turn it into stupid disgusting games of copulation, socialization, racism and classism. We made terrible mistakes and horrible mistakes like these can hardly be avenged, farthest from the necessary point. We as scientists are the mockery. They must be subjects of true scientific revolutions, one which earth is not conditioned to achieve at the moment because we made grave of our timely evolutionary conceptions. There is the horrendous theoretical projection that our past are bygones of some replaceable biophysical era. What wrong conceptions! Our past is never bygones. They are life lessons for our conscious rather than our unconscious and artefactual progression..."

Bami narrowed his eyes. "We got our past wrong?"

Blont was not sparing the boy. "We got more than our past wrong. We got our space wrong. The hydrogen ion buffer zone in our upper sphere was also gravely misread. As I will explain to you later, this mistake was one of the reasons they were able to gain access to earth. How stupid could we have been to drive the positive against the electronegative

natural space-time as if it needed something it never needed. However, could that lie have been born?”

“That sounds stupid Dr. Blont,” Bami commented.

Blont widened his eyes. “It is, but I only got to know that from the catastrophe. The Femurans are certainly a disease like DMD, that X-link Muscle Dystrophy based on the way we turned out. And there is Thalassemia, accounting for the low blood oxygen. You do understand the importance of knowing these things, Bami? I will not be out there in the raw where you need me. Mark cannot be trusted to know these things in the state he is in at the moment.”

“I understand Dr. Blont. More than I care to say,” Bami replied.

Blont appeared slightly relieved. “So now, we come to some real dissection studies. Their anatomical and physiological structuring. Let's talk about what they don't have naturally bringing them here to steal our world. They do not have any real momentum and that is apparent in the way they move and the medium they move in—”

“The spiral hollows,” Bami added.

Blont nodded. “Indeed the spiral hollows...But worse than not having momentum is not having impulse which is the integral of force in time...this brings me to the real defect...which is that they cannot naturally move in our world because they can not sustain the upper atmosphere. They burrow for low oxygen and they also burrow to move with force and impulse absent relative to the movement. The only way they move is

to drive against and for force in short bursts which in this case is mainly gravitational force—”

Bami widened his eyes. “That explains why their hollows look like roller coaster rides.”

Blont was happy with the boy's participation. He nodded in agreement. “Indeed! They stole an earthly residual un-belonging to them to descend the plains. The earth's atmosphere is a residual manifest complex. They are artificially weaving time to drive unnatural impulse and momentum and I have no doubt our foolishness got them here... They also have no angular momentum as much as it appears they do with the hollows. That realization came after I indulged them in their shortcomings. The worst thing I can do with an error is to keep repeating it without aim. So I inducted it with reality instead. I assumed it had angular momentum which brought me relevant angle Theta inclinations. So here we must do a little physics experiment with mirrors. If you have a straight full length mirror and you look at it, you will see yourself as tall as you are, as you are, no DMD reality or illusions. Now, if you take a straight black material and this has to be black so we can retain the premises of the positive counterclockwise drive against the oxygen imposed electronegative status in the upper sphere of the earth. If you then turn it horizontally length wise and you attach it to the width of the mirror in the middle or nearer to the ground somewhere along those horizontal lines, this time when you look in the mirror, you will not see yourself in full length or as you really are.

There will be a divergence from the divergence, an in-caving from the in-caving triangular inward and downward within the mirror, which will manifest as we look like now, smaller, skeletal-muscular defective humans. That, and I will get to it in a second is a brief vision of what happens when the Femurans attempt a sitting position without reality. Nature must know destruction in ways unimaginable. And the side effect of the environmental imposition is our current reality. We are dissenting essentialities against ourselves. Look at the horror we made of ourselves as fractionalized subsectional humans.”

“The mirror can not be in fractions,” Bami added. Blont nodded “Very true my dear boy. But the crime goes beyond the mirror. The mirror has been broken to pretend that there is vectorization where there is none, the vertical is assumed towards the lower false vectorization and the horizontal is an inevitable effect of an alternate reality...shadowing of the shadowing of the mirrors, fractionalized and degenerate.”

“Aren’t they too small to sit?” Bami asked.

Blont raised an eyebrow, surprised by the question. “So we come to the anatomical and physiological structuring. They sit and stand but they do so within imaginary parametric complexes for us and space-time realignment to enable them as the defect they are for them. Now we look in their mirror. The sitting position is deprived of the horizontal because they want to burrow down decimating any naturalistic vertical component. So what we have

there are two convex curves back to back with a hollow between them and the two lengthwise lower projection on the horizontal somewhere in the midpoint of those convex curves making it all look like two backward facing capital “E” back to back...Some evil manifestation of earth working backwards against itself...”

“Is this what happens when they move in those things?” Bami asked.

Blont nodded excitedly, happy the boy was more knowledgeable than he imagined. “Yes, their spiral hollows. You have to stand to move, don’t you now?”

“Except if you’re driving a car, ”Bami commented.

“Which brings me to it. They are like that wreck of a dehumanizing car driving itself nowhere in space-time reality moving forward,” Blont replied.

“They are like the devil himself pretending to be God, “ Bami added.

Blont shook his head. “It doesn't matter which is which. I am an atheist Bami. The devil is a conception relativistically speaking. They are worse. And the sitting position calls the implication of much worse existential catastrophe because it has no horizontal component whatsoever but burrows down to imply vectorization with two convex curves facing each other. So the architectural structuring is not of two “E” back to back with a hollow in between but rather two convex curves back to back and within it, just about the horizontal plane or below in the

standard Cartesian model, two convex curves front to front is evident. The disease is not fully evolved until the sitting position is made possible. Now to some calculations...”

Bami exhaled sharply.

“Don’t worry you already have preliminary knowledge,” Blont encouraged. “If you run into intense hardship and you need these things, I bet your subconscious will jog your memory. So we come to the potentiality of angular velocity without there being any of such—the architectural design for their spiral hollows. What angle do they pretend to portend? What science did we do wrong not to see this evil coming? To see this coming we have to go to the simplex, the simplest atomic form possible to create this deformed reality and this must include all the parameters absent and present. We must activate everything they pretend to have, what they had to strip the upper atmosphere and decimate the vertical for, like travelers of ruins of their own causation, coming from nowhere, going nowhere, getting nowhere.”

“The hollows!” Bami exclaimed.

Blont nodded. “Indeed! And the simplex in this case is the Archimedean detail which makes arc length and sector angle relatable to the radius, the radius in this case relatable to the standing backward “E” for the movement to nowhere. Such, involution, evolution, pedal curves, disposition-imposition come what may, we make these relative parameters

defined as we must to achieve anything in this simple form. All possible equations from this simplex are x-defined, y-defined, equiangular, and refine-able by both angular propensities and dispositions...”

Blont stared at Bami briefly, glad his eyes were glued to the circular drawings and the labeling he was making as part of the notes to take with him in case he forgot anything he was taught. He continued. “Everywhere they go, they are chasing zeros, the very same zero in spiral hollows, extending to breathe with lower capacity than expected of the earth's atmosphere. They were never supposed to be here in the fourth quadrant. We used our science to create loopholes for our very own destruction. And the Femurans used it to create spiral hollows, twelve of them in a leap. We must assume all the parameters for the simplex because simultaneous equations are very important to vectors. If at the top of the hill you have nothing but the hill. And at the bottom of the hill you have nothing but the hill, what are you?”

“A moundhill?” Bami replied.

Blont stopped short with the unexpected answer. “Whao, you have progressed quite adequately in your studies. I would have expected the more popular molehill which does less justice to the more basal. You’re correct and you're not correct Bami—”

Bami frowned.

And Blont thought about the dangers of feeding him on science predominantly, sharp, but barely human. If the boy made it back to Dusthaven, he was going to teach him the other things he had to learn the much harder way since the events.

“A Femuran?” Bami guessed again.

Blont smiled. “The answer is same. You were supposed to answer a metaphoric rather than a science question. We place a molehill at 2π angularly. That is it is almost flat if not flat on the ground and then we must decimate the mountain because it fits the model of the Femuran existence. A moundhill even more so. So y is zero, the overall angle is three sixty degrees. With twelve spiral hollows per leap, twelve sectorial arcs, the angle of relevance is thirty degrees. With that said, we will continue our lessons later. You and Mark are about to be part of the secret society in Dusthaven.”

Agony brings to rest a most sacred understanding; the lessons of lack are harshly worn and bleak.

They screamed, they shouted. They were ignored.

The scientists had debated how best to introduce the boys to the Femuran kept top secret and in isolation until Blont locked them in with the creature and left them there.

For Mark, it was a tailspin of dread.

Mark felt more like a punishment to Bami than the Femuran was. He wouldn't stop screaming and yelling for too long. When he urinated on himself everyone but Blont told him to stop.

The Femuran, also scared of his new cellmates, cowered in a corner.

Mark didn't stop screaming like some sacred rat in view of a snake. When he did, he moaned, he groaned, ran helter-skelter like some yet indecipherable animal before he was finally able to face the creature, who was restrained from the outside by Blont.

It soon became apparent to him that he was not going to be freed until he mastered his calm with the creature with the edunk machine restraint as Bami had done.

The two boys bonded without a sound as they were forced to, in order to cope with the situation together. It was to everyone's relief. After the door opened ensuring their release, Mark ran out of the room, giving the impression the residual fear and trepidation he had endured and tried to master was yet present.

Blont exhaled as he faced Bami again. "Science could not have predicted that either..."

"What Dr. Blont?" Bami asked.

“The survival of the most endangered,” Blont replied.

The two sat and watched the Femuran move without the help of the twelve leap hollow spirals.

Blont allowed Bami to study the creature for a while.

“A cricket?” he asked.

Blont hesitated. “Just as horrifically bad but not quite. An insect no doubt...”

“A spider?”

“Spiders have psychophysiological and anatomical symmetry...” Blont replied.

“A repulsive alien insect...”

Blont nodded. “Finally, you got the point...we resume our lessons on the movement-non-movement impulse of repulsive alien insects...look at it, all the angular propensities without any momentous angular reality. With the efficient angle at thirty degrees, and the relevance being the redundancy of some y component, we have to figure out what is wrong in our own realistic version that allowed it to happen. To do this we have to raise the imagined component by the compositional power of its presence. We use our own unit circle with its simplex radial parametric component as 1. We raise angle theta to $\sin 2\pi$ for the molehill and the mountain because it wouldn't matter what we raise it to because y is imaginative in

the Femuran stance in determining the spiral and we will always be raising theta to the power of zero which gives back any possible unsubstantial 1. If we take the radius as equal to the theta raised to the power of $\sin 2\pi$ between 0 and 9π , we get a circle of radius 1. That is exactly the unit circle. Thus the unit circle is not of logarithmic spiral progression but strictly Archimedean...”

“I am guessing this means a lot to the mission,” Bami said.

Blont nodded. “It is indeed everything to the success of this mission. In our world we have been the dumbest of fools calling ourselves scientists...it is like going nowhere in space and pretending angular progression...”

“Exactly like the Femurans,” Bami commented.

Blont nodded. “Exactly. In fact I am not just certain the perimeter line comes back to the same point, I am certain every single point in the circle is a differential sequence of sequences coming back to the same exact point. Which brings us to a different kind of science and what we got wrong there. When the Femurans first came, we hardly noticed they were here because they were sneaky burrowing bastards...because we didn’t read the viral symptoms correctly...in fact we missed the grave inception...when the effect of the turning of the wheels of the Polarcapper they brought to our world began, like some scared unintelligent animals we were running for the viral exit, but we missed the worst of the two, the Brain Hypoxia where

there is little to no oxygen while blood is still flowing. People died in masses and we were still screaming bloody viral murder. And the major symptom here is direct lack of oxygen to the brain..."

"It's like they have no brain," Bami commented.

"Something much worse as they burrow to exist. It is extremely dangerous to tamper with the upper atmosphere... with earth crust's makeup of oxides oxidized in air and water and with both present in the upper sphere, it matters more because they can't sustain in it. It wasn't until the symptoms of the anoxia started manifesting that we started screaming "Ah!" and it was not from some "ah-ah" moment but that from a series of catastrophic events. The discovery came backward, the anoxia before the hypoxia. And this makes sense considering how I eventually figured out we could return the earth to close to normal if we tried. And the time is now more than ever or we'll forever be stuck in this injustice."

Bami exhaled. "Then we must get earth back."

"It's a hero's job in this day and age," Blont commented. "But no expected hero can afford to get in line in this day and age as well. Mark is some other thing you have to solve and resolve but the most important aim for this mission is for you to be able to turn the wheels of the Polarcapper in the right way towards all correct directions. You make one stupid mistake and we're dead in a worse way than we were."

"In the right way, towards the right direction," Bami

replied.

“Indeed,” Blont said. “We start with the space-time mistakes that are the basic costs for this. On why this space-time frame realignment was possible and the loophole that allowed it to happen. Within the Cartesian coordinate system model, I am going to draw out this unit circle we once thought was a spiral however Archimedean or circular and on this, we will build our space-time frameshift as we did. We are, as we built it clockwise, positive. The problem occurs counterclockwise when we assume electron positivity in the space-time continuum. Such we impose a positive back force against an electronegative buffer space-time frame. This occurs in the fourth quadrant. We have a twenty-four-hour policy. Such, the time frame is twenty-four sectors with thirty degrees of relevance each. And here, because the Femurans are x-link degenerate, we're looking for the value of x , r is one within the unit and $\cos \theta$ is $\cos 30^\circ$ which is 0.866, a fractional value for x here, an existential red flag but we leave that for now. We then find out what this derived value is within the framework. We use twelve sectors here so we don't waste time on nonentity randomizing anything because the point comes back to the point, the sequence of points to the same sequential point. 0.866 multiplied by 12 gives 10.3923. How did the Femurans wheel the Polarcapper? The wheeler has an 8-4 system starting from 4. That is the eight space-time frameshift after the 4 to the vertical twelve and from the vertical twelve, a four space-time frameshift to the 4. To counter this problem we have to go 8-4 twice as

much as 8-4-8-4. That is, you turn the wheel if we are fortunate and you get to the Polarcapper, making sure it is on 4, from 4 to 12, you stop a few seconds, turn from 12 to 4, a few seconds, repeat the sequence of 8-4, and we have come to the most important turn science could not see coming. This turn became necessary because we weren't quite finished with our calculations. I told you earlier that we made the mistake of turning the electronegative upper sphere positively counterclockwise and in this case this is a catastrophic and colossal mistake, one that ruined the world through the Femurans. What we need to do now is turn this disastrously and unintelligently erroneous positive turning counterclockwise, counterclockwise scientifically. After you make the 8-4 turns on the Polarcapper twice, you then make the turn backward realistically negatively, that is you turn the wheel Southeast to North from east to North never going through the Southwest. Because we've gone electronegative-upward realistically, we account for the price of the fraud we set up in space-time. And we do that by accounting for the unnatural turn faulty science got us. We subtract four from twenty-four to account for the twenty reality by multiplying it by the overall reality which as 20 by 10.3923 gives 207.8469. This is telling of the natural life we deemed impossible now achieved to be able to turn the Polarcapper. I will teach you about the amazing earthian world someday relative to this number. But for now we're not done here until you repeat the instructions to me at least three times... Can you repeat the turns to me?"

Bami repeated the instructions with a sense of understanding and purpose.

It must be of ingenuity that just be just and labor be labor—that the judgment of compensation be given as a strict order and coordination of cognition without which there is no work. A superstition of an afterthought, the disease without the knowledge of its plight can know neither compromise nor judgment. For what the North repels the South can not attract or inherit. The south must labor for its dignity.

The veil between Dusthaven and earth was a small locked entry port they had climbed a long way to get to.

Blont exhaled at the port, climbed onto the adjacent laddered metallic construct, stared at the boys and called. “Bami.”

Bami held his eyes as he climbed.

He spoke in a charged emotional tone. “Whenever you find yourselves in a rut, always remember this. You can live in a cage for eternity before life begins to ask you questions. Never doubt the questions, look for the answers instead and crawl your head out of the cave. And if you find any communication port, use it, always try. A runaway message to help me help you or know where you are is priceless to how I may help. Maintain the route and any answer I have for you will be available in the next port on route.”

Bami also spoke in an emotionally charged tone, the burden of the mission fully weighing on him in the moment. “Yes Dr. Blont.”

Blont closed his eyes and exhaled. “I swear Bami, if you come back to me you get to call me Zachary. I will want nothing else from a most deserving colleague. Use the frequency multiplier if you find any communication port. I am assigned to be at ear-length to the communicator while you’re away. If you can, get to me any time day or night...If Mark has any problem breathing with his emulator, you give the lid a few taps and you're back inside. You have five minutes for that and I am gone. Otherwise, you're fine. My heart goes with you.” He opened the lid slowly and led them out and barely lasted a few seconds in the moment he thought he was well prepared for. The unbreathable air sent him scurrying back, scrambling for some under-shield.

Bami watched the lid close with speed that seemed faster than the speed of light and with it a quintillion seconds of hope and comfort. He let Mark out and down first to monitor his breathing and physical states.

And when their feet touched the nearest landing, he studied the atmosphere he was in briefly. Earth held the visuals of the remnant of a war that never happened. Its crusts thrust up and against itself in disarray, it was laid bare, ripped apart, off its hinges, and unrecognizably bare of plant and animal biological organisms and familiar infrastructure. Ahead, he mainly spotted debris and desolation

before he turned to check on Mark's welfare.

“Can you breathe with the emulator?” he asked.

Mark nodded.

He exhaled. But his relief was short-lived. The disturbance came from a most unexpected source in the resurfacing.

Loot, the Femuran Blont had so ceremoniously named began to wail, giving short successive bursts of guttural sounds loud and echoic, signaling for help from any nearby Femuran. It was signaling endangering them.

And as soon as it started, it ended abruptly.

Bami glanced from Loot to Mark.

Mark had his fingers on the edunk discharger.

The reaction on Loot was hard-taught instantly—its legs rigid in space, in place, its hands fighting to flail some of the charges away—it was a harsh reprimand. They had been warned of moderation, but Mark had no such restraint in mind.

“Stop!” Bami urged loudly.

Mark was indifferent to the urgings.

“Stop!” Bami yelled.

Mark was defiant.

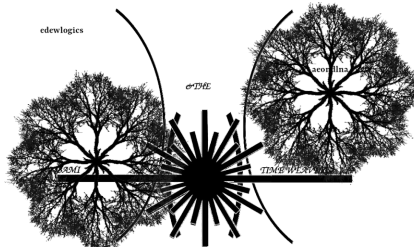
Bami reached over and snatched the edunk from

Mark. “You'll kill it only too soon!”

“It’s a killer lapdog without a lap. It deserves to die!”

Bami stilled as the statement was made without any speech difficulty. He stared at Mark with frightening conviction—the crazy boy was very conscious of his craziness.

Barely out of Dusthaven, his sense of knowledge was already redefining. With the chaos around him, the disorder without an ounce of order, the insanity-inclined unpredictability of Mark, and the great and grave dangers the Femurans posed, there was a real world probability they could die on the mission.



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