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DAWNBREAKER

THE AQUAMATA DEFICIT

THE DEMENTOR'S SCHEME

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Dawnbreaker

The Aquamata Deficit

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## **THE AQUAMATA DEFICIT**

Nine year old Daniel Duncan felt the rubble before the quake. The fatal and unexpected crack in the cosmic alignment doomed us all, he thought. But it was the tilt of the earth he felt in the moment. It could be a mere manifestation of the dangers in the new natures of living in the ruptured world he was born in. It could be something worse. Or something much worse than he imagined at the moment. He stilled to infer the implication of the tilt. And the floor gave according to his direction. The unnatural pull was instinctively telling. He had been summoned! And the suspects were the mother-load of suspects; the Alliance of Ages.

And there wasn't a need to squabble about it. The quake met him on rock surface. He was going down.

It took him mere seconds to enlist the weightlessness and security he needed—the call upon the indolent loom, Aquamata. It was either that or he breaks dawn. And that, for the first and last time he did it, had far worse implications than the quietness of death.

But could Aquamata choose to ignore his summons? Aquamata, the indolent loom, belonged within the sub classified elemental beings called Shrud, a class of dangerous beings notorious for their laziness, laying about and their proclamation of their work to ownership of roads and pathways within the various dangerous mediums in the ruptured world. They were also known for

sometimes setting up such dangerous mediums, entrapping victims to earn a trick and a treat.

But Aquamata held his very special ability within his class. He always gave journeys, however perilous, a most gentle treat.

If they call it, the caller was indebted, as a trick goes for a trick, a treat for a treat. If they didn't call it, the victim, surrounded by the perilous environment was probably already dead. He knew this without an ounce of doubt.

But death at the moment felt a better trade than breaking dawn on a whim. Daniel knew he was in a class of his own, being the only Dawnbreaker known to the new reality. He was in an extremely rare and important class with dawnbreaking being considered a trait possessed only by someone one may akin to a god could own. As to break dawn was to own the nefarious elements of time, with the keen ability to be able to maneuver the bits and pieces of the ruptured time-space frame, if not with difficulty, with ease.

He felt the rock hit him once and then twice before he felt the answering of his summoning. It came with extreme ease as his hard impact sensations eased away to mimic that of a fish falling through water.

Aquamata's approach was in creating the easiest pathway within the tumultuous reality of things. The worst of realities always welcomed his summons, a trade for a trade. Aquamata traded the

easiest and asked for the steepest fulfillment of deficit. It was to be expected.

Daniel didn't think much at the moment, about the trick he would have to fulfill as the necessary trade. He simply didn't know. That which Aquamata could ask of him was within a set limitation by the Alliance of Ages. Aquamata could ask for anything within the bounds of the ruptured world, and it can not cost the client any more than the cost. It is a reasonable limitation, he knew ever so often, could be stretched to its very own ends.

He concentrated meanwhile on the ease with which he had escaped breaking dawn. The summoning trade ensured him both ways, ensuring him safe and easy passage back to safety. Whatever happened in between trips were his problem and his alone.

The bulk of his problem has always been the Alliance of Ages, especially after his parents died three years earlier, and fostered in a decrepit orphanage he began to show the signs of being a Degale, one of the classes of children born in the ruptured world with special abilities. And after being tested and tried too many times than he could count or bear, they found his deadly ability was Dawnbreaking.

They had sworn never to harm him, but that was increasingly discretionary as they had risked his life in an attempt to make him break dawn purposely. And avoiding their prying eyes would

be difficult. They had taken him under and tagged him biogenetically to ensure they could always access him. They did that for all the Degales. The only time he seemed to have escaped them was with his deadly and what he hoped would be last dawn breaking event. Here, in the ruptured world, he was a fixed asset and target never beyond their measure. He was a fixed asset capable of being faster than the speed of light while breaking dawn. And he was a fixed target even at his most immobile.

He touched land in the softest of manners, and found himself in a cave, rock rubbles surrounding but not one in touch with him, his silky hair unruffled. And he scanned the surrounding to figure not a thing in sight, not a thing at least in the moment, breathing. He cautioned and questioned the obvious silence in the moment, as he was certain he had been summoned.

There was always some ill-apparent illusion with regard to the Alliance of Ages. But the illusions were never really obscure. The rock was a mountain, the field a tree, but a rock or a tree must hold some meaning in place and placement, which must be a placement never truly obscure. The new world was clear and apparent to the smart, the ruptured world, like a wound within a wound, where not whole must know meaning. And Daniel, having been exposed to all the major tricks and treats the Alliance of Ages had in store in order to

find out what sort of ability he held, knew this intimately.

He was in a cave and his mind barely slowed to play a trick on itself. He was alone. And that mattered momentarily. Aquamata couldn't have tricked him into the sudden endangerment. He knew who he was, is subject to the rules made by the Alliance of Ages. But there he was. Alone.

If Aquamata hadn't been a necessary evil in the workings of events in the new ruptured world, a means of escape for a seeming unending dangerous unpredictability of the ruptured world, the Alliance of Ages would have gotten rid of them, the whole class of Shruds in some intentionally made routine accident. The ruptured world, at least understandably, was too fragile to afford the richness of standard stability.

Holly, the woman they had fronted as his motherly figure in those days when he was lost and the mischief of what sort of Degale he was surrounded him with misery and mystery, had once told him that. He now considered Holly, a very important member of the Alliance of Ages' first cabinet, some evil incarnate. He had grown up fast and he knew exactly how and why. How could he forget it, surrounded by all that he was with and without?

The world, since the rupture, had turned evil; the mere humans for the sake of survival, the Degales simply couldn't help themselves and the

Alliance of Ages out of necessity and need for control.

But Aquamata knew it to be a waste deceiving him with a trick for a treat. He was subject to the rules that bind the Degales with the Alliance of Ages. He would not pay him the deficit, but he also would bring him up for fraud and entrapment in front of the Board of the Alliance of Ages. The sort he dealt entrapment and false deficits with were the mere humans who neither knew the rules nor any member of the Alliance of Ages.

And then he heard the footsteps distinctive in tone by some sort of resounding pace, a hollow replication of sound.

Othello, the fourteen year old teenage Mune, who like him, almost became a Degale in a class strictly of his own class, until at least two more Munes were found like him. And rumor had it he had plans to kill the other Mune until another and yet another was found. The Munes mastered rhythm and sounds in wavelength sub-reality with great veracity. They could deafen with high pitches, delude with ranges, and subject people into non-intelligent harmonic agreement with low pitches.

In the new ruptured world, the sublime and hyper-reality were in flux for the Degales. The mere humans weren't so fortunate. They were victims, willing or otherwise unconsciously and unintelligently engaging. And with the low pitches, rumor had it; Othello had robbed the rich of their

riches without their conscious intelligent awareness, getting rich in process until he was stripped of his riches when the non-intelligent engaging contracts were declared frauds.

Daniel felt the presence before the flash as Zao cornered a bend on his left, and a chill ran his spine. Fifteen year old Zao could rattle a snake in its own skin. He was calmer than any human he knew, can walk a mile without a presence, and once in appearance may evoke the sensations of fear and impending doom. He was a multifaceted danger with a centralized calm beyond measure. He was a living antennae, capable of sensing even the barest instincts, and was usually referred to as a mind whisperer. He was never a good enemy to have, but had also made his money in games and scams, cards and lottery until the Alliance of Ages promised him prestige in order to own his services which could discern whether a forced prisoner or otherwise friendly ally was lying or telling the truth. He was too dangerous, too unusual a human not to be a Degale, classified as a Mok.

Daniel wondered if he was going to endure some longstanding interview, but wondered more why he wasn't in the presence of the older members, board members of the Alliance of Ages. Who had summoned him?

He stood.

“Dawnbreaker, Dawnbreaker, flip your dream or let it bleed.”

## **THE DEMENTOR'S SCHEME**

As a ball of falling fire may cast a spell to get to the ground faster than it knows the spell of its spectacle against the skies, the constriction of a summoning was demise at the height of its rise.

There is no magic to the news when a tragedy calls its own tail. How can a falling fire fall apart? Why fall? Why fall apart? The reality of the Ruptured World was as much its own doing as its undoing.

The Edema brightens its own scale; never beyond it. In Ruw, Eden becomes edematous, one never edaphically aligned and always knowing contrition by its very existence.

The structure of a bridge deludes the side-onlooker.

Daniel only knew it too intimately. But it was nothing compared to Dawnbreaking with its every edge a nerve-wrecking spectacle—a call onto a force existing for the very destruction of itself. It was possible in the Ruptured World for him to sustain the paradox, but in the old world it made him struggle for meaning, for self. And it gave him the strong belief that his survival was more dependent on the old world than it could ever be in the ruptured world.

The summoning was onto a spectacle of withered trees, one he would never deny was befitting of the Alliance of Ages. But briefly, he couldn't help but wonder what Spatial Degale rendered the surrounding. It was after all, rendered for its secrecy and deception. Which one was

capable of such? A rendering pulls a hopeful of strings for its manifestation, and its standing is a call upon call for strings. Its spring is a phantom, its manifestation a rendering sensation, its steps an apparition.

But the particular rendering, he thought as he noticed a couple of Crows flying by, was manifestation of sensation, a pick-point overview depicting an event. A dire event, a deadly event, a perilous event? He was yet to find out. And standing there watching the shadows come about on the darkened vacant soils of the lifeless jungle of withered trees, he became certain an Err did the rendering, one belonging to a class of Degales named "Eel".

Daniel hated them as they could never stand a reality.

They were much hated by the Mere Humans as they were always a pretentious burden rendering a falsehood.

Yet the Alliance of Ages had chosen them to build a rendering. A sign of hope; of hopelessness? Or that merely of desperation?

A Crow called his name.

"Daniel!"

And he stiffened; the moment seeming not merely that of a summoning, beyond an apparition. A reference to him as Dawnbreaker would have seemed less personal. But he was never surprised as he was always learning from the fact that Ruw was home predominantly to possibilities both ionic

and non-ionic. Both Human and Degales were deeply embedded into a world, a reality merely product to the old reality. But their world was never bionic as every Degales was born into Ruw, a product of it, and not engineered from it.

Yet he hated moments like that in Ruw; a moment where all hell goes while in trial, to peak to some possible rendering, senseless seeking sensible, irrationality in the making. The Renderer is a slave and the rendering is no one's salvation. He was careful, armed with the knowledge that people die in renderings as truth may die in an Err's clamoring of falsehood.

He didn't engage the Crow. Appearances can be deceiving in rendering, but they are worthier than animal manifests.

A plague is the rendering of the uninvited within the uninvited.

And he was right. It soon became a gathering of Crows echoing his name. And their excitement was never to be trusted.

He ignored them and began to run around, looking for some clue, some aim, and some efficiency to a withered jungle of trees. There wasn't an aim to his running around in circles in it. He was certain of that. The Baremata Stream wasn't there to engage him or be engaged by him in whatever form. It was a rendering.

Was it a test?

He had thought it over; the tests, the manifests of a possibility outcome to deliver him from the

bare Humanity state that claimed him before his Degales state was discovered.

What was to become of a rendering of Crows? They had no bare edges of choice, no sharp instincts of pain or pleasure.

He stopped running and found yet nothing to engage him that was of sorts but rather evidence of a plain fancy string, and paced his breathing. It would be ill-adequately ill-intelligent of him to lose his coordination; he, “the only Human-Degale breed known to all Ruwkind,” as Dr. Praxton had put it based on the fact that he had been the only one to have crossed worlds.

To be running around borrowing space on some passing fancy insanity string, coiling along with little of due would be unwise.

A rendering of Crows!

Were they meant to scare the living daylight out of him? Some way to make him surrender into the possibility of going Dawnbreaking again or simply to edge him towards it?

There wasn't the effect necessary to percolate the truth it rendered as truth. Truth in all possible worlds, Dr. Praxton told him, was the foreboding of change armed strictly with the history and ability to change itself as a percolation of what it is, of its being or of its creativity.

And there, as he stood, he knew it that running was a waste. And retreated backward on his heels to get back to the beginning, a notable

selection for the rendering known to specialized Degales like him.

And as his surrounding shifted, he screamed.

His edge was behind him! And he was hanging on rock surface anchored by a very large body of rock tracing a semi-circular standing over him. Its largeness was merely his edge. The rendering mattered very little except for his presence.

He lingered, gathering his balance, as he often did during his training for the old world travel. What he sought was change, not mainly for the rendering but for whatever “situation” it was embedded in. And for that he needed a forward move.

He moved forward slightly and in his steps he instantly felt the range of the “situation.” The percolation of the airspace ensured it—the Luslings helped create the situation he was in. Why would the Alliance of Ages go to such length to engage him? Was it to go Dawnbreaking again? Or will he simply be subdued to it?

Sunshine and hay! It ensured the Luslings’ involvement. It had life! And the shadows lingered against the hills livelier than a gathering of Crows! It was live! It was lively! It was itself, the inception.

And the rendering lost its way to the livelier stream—that of nature never almost whole or a rendering of dead and creepy animals but always wholly itself. And there his instincts told him the

rendering of Crows was a test, a trial of some sort to gauge his knowledge and involvement with the Baremeta Stream, get him ready for the meeting with the Alliance of Ages.

And the shifting of charges was unmistakable—the realignment of dimensions, a re-surrendering of space on its own behalf.

He faced the panel that sought him out—the Alliance of Ages, the first cabinet, in a dome somewhere someplace he didn't know, and didn't care to ask.

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