



DEWLOGIC

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POP: the Shadow Offspring Upstream

**DEWLOGIC**

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**POP:**  
**the Shadow Offspring**  
**Upstream**

*Making Reading Worth Your While*

The damages of a dream are never precognitive. In post-cognition there is no recognition. As there is no arithmetic to the sensual, and mathematics begrudges its friendship. Adorned with nifty choices, its structure hardly holds against the behest of time. And time becomes an insensitive predator of value rather than worth. Its value, always overestimated is limited to its use when a certain taste reads a million miles from certain distaste. And nifty choices fill up spaces unredeemed.

Daniel understood the importance of redeeming space; just one of the hard lessons he had learned while Dawnbreaking. The work without redemption was Dawnbreaking. The ability to achieve flight and redemption always dwarfed the necessity of time as time had the senseless habit of making a hundred revolutions for the sake of one. It touched space unwise, unguarded, untouched, unmanned and un-mended.

Time becomes repudiated as great expectations trends his Dawnbreaking path. Great Expectations can never be conquered or quenched. They're never tangible while always requiring wholesome investments. And as tiny life size nuggets of life, they always satisfy the imagination. Daniel knew he had the greatest expectation of all for the Mere Humans as a Degale in Ruw—the hope to call Earth home again, to meet the circadian rhythm binding to their true natures again, sleep in a time sphere which fits their mortal strings.

Dr. Praxton was never going to allow him to forget the importance of his Dawnbreaking abilities. And he could hardly forget it in the moment as he tried regaining his ionic reach within the sudden displacement of symmetry within space. It appeared as a partitioned illusion, a rearrangement of spheres within spheres. His lift in space began to drift slowly as he tried to regain his upsurge. And as the gravitational disparity between his momentum and that of the atmosphere lowered his resolve, he allowed himself the free fall downward.

He landed in a spin against the pyramid impact, releasing the excess gravitational output that brought him down in a splash.

Dr. Praxton was there as he landed, smiling. “Could you be the soul engineer of this epic failure?”

Daniel came to a stand as dust filtered his surrounding and disappeared into the same. “No. POP is here. Finally. And so far he feels like a wimp.”

Dr. Praxton laughed. “Ah! One who landed you against your feet in a whiff?”

They faced the charged region of bitsy Loosies, nicknamed “Charged illusions” by the Degales as they considered the region the worst region for the collapse of the old time sphere. And Dr. Praxton was certain of it; it was the best place in Ruw where Daniel could transverse the time streams

without breaking Dawn and breaking his back too many useless times trying.

Dr. Praxton exhaled. “So he’s here?”

Daniel nodded. “He certainly is. There is an externally imposed force to my downstream movement.”

Dr. Praxton held Daniel’s eyes as he approached him. “Remember then when I told you that you needed to master death when Dawnbreaking Daniel?”

Daniel nodded. “Yes.”

“It seems you’ll need that advice for something other than Dawnbreaking. POP; the Shadow Degales now determined to stop your upstream and prevent you from flight and Dawnbreaking is death itself,” Dr. Praxton said.

Daniel narrowed his eyes. “I thought you once said Flip was death itself.”

Dr. Praxton held Daniel’s eyes. “Not in this atmosphere Daniel. Flip is merely a sideliner here. We have a problem we have to deal with.”

Backing each other, they faced Ruw’s Bitsy Loosies charged illusions that surrounded them. And readied for danger. Daniel didn’t have to be told. POP had escaped the inspection of the Alliance of Ages. Neither of them knew what he was capable of at close proximity. Dr. Praxton had told him he had an idea what he could do with dimensionality and space.

“Dr. Praxton; why can’t I see him?” Daniel asked.

Dr. Praxton smiled. “I could say it’s because he’s a Degale but that would be stupid. Because the Degales came to be from the breakage of the real world to form a highly charged ionic reality, you can hardly ask why he doesn’t show himself in this cloudy medium. He looks like the medium Daniel. Asking to see a shadow in a shadow domain is like asking yourself if you exist. Look for light and POP is sidelined. I don’t know what it looks like here as I have never seen it, but my understanding of him or it from our spy source, it or he cannot be seen within itself. And I’m afraid our training just took a turn for the worst. ”

Daniel raised his eyebrows. “You mean other than Dawnbreaking which I fear could kill me in an instant?”

Dr. Praxton Exhaled. “Yes. There is danger here and I may not just need you to survive it. I may need your protection.”

“You have it,” Daniel replied.

They shifted around in the ionic dusts of Bitsy Loosies charged Illusions back to back, Daniel sustaining the gravitational surplus as they discarded geological footing with levitation.

“Do you remember I explained to you before you first attempted Dawnbreaking that if something can be sent before it arrives, achieving back and forth movement at the same time, then the difference is in what arrives, not how it arrives?” Dr. Praxton asked.

“Yes,” Daniel replied.

Dr. Praxton pushed Daniel backward forcefully with his back, shocking the boy.

Surprised, Daniel turned around forcefully. “What are you doing?”

Dr. Praxton eyed Daniel, indicating the need for the earlier alignment. They realigned back to back.

“It thoroughly matters this time. It matters how it arrives! It’s all that matters.” Dr. Praxton pushed Daniel with more force than the last. And Daniel pushed through air with less restraint, understanding the necessity for the push. “You cannot travel with strings or it’s your head. Come back to me potent Daniel. Travel the particular! Land, don’t just fly and relinquish the fate in your existence. Land against POP.”

With a stronger forceful push from Dr. Praxton, Daniel was in flight.

And the expectation was not disappointing. The externally induced force landed near his mid section as he moved. It came from behind. And it passed through him as piercing sensations, like a blade against his skin, touching blood, cutting through him.

He got to Dr. Praxton on a hunch, landing backing Dr. Praxton again.

“Breathe, just breathe,” Dr. Praxton encouraged steadying him with his back.

Daniel obeyed, taking in a breath of fresh air. “Do you think it’s gone?”

Dr. Praxton shook his head. “No. I don’t think so. He’s playing, toying with us. And we come to

the problem with him. He's switching origins and you can never naturally do that unless you already have a charged broken world, unless you have Ruw. Only a wholesome reality can conquer it. I'm going to give you a crash course now. He's moving within a horizontal hollow. But he has no vertical."

Daniel frowned, straightening his back for the expected attack instantly. "What in Ruw or Earth or some hell does that mean Dr. Praxton?"

"Be prepared to be thrown anytime I sense him near," Dr. Praxton replied. "He works with horizontal derivation because he can never acquire weight on the vertical. In reality, he doesn't move the vertical at all as a Shadow Degale. He cannot move in light."

Daniel deepened his frown. "What?"

Dr. Praxton stiffened his back against Daniel's. "He has five derivations on the horizontal. First derivation he is 19 curving 91, second derivation he is a 27 curving 72, third derivation he is a 53 curving 35, fourth derivation he is a 34 curving 43, and fifth derivation he is a 15 curving on 51. But he cannot transverse light in the reality before the derivations and this is the only reality for light. The one and only way to win is to be there before the derivations where all his alignments are parallel. So remember Daniel, no matter what happens there is only one revolution. The one hundred is merely assumed in the second derivation."

“He tries to orchestrate a hundred revolutions when there is only one for me?” Daniel asked; the wetness on his back borne out of sweat beginning to wet Dr. Praxton’s back as well.

Dr. Praxton shook his head; gluing his back to Daniel’s fear drenched one. “No, he always makes believe. He can make believe a billion if he wants. There is only one revolution before the derivations. A ripple unnoticed is a cover for the shadows and with it, light grows a shadow taller. Without it, a dead end grows a complex tail. As a ripple POP will move, as a ripple POP will propagate space. So remember Daniel, he only propagates subspace. You need a change of strategy than I have taught you here. His approach will be closer this time so I must tell you now. In Dawnbreaking you were the enemy, I need you to be the hero here.”

Daniel widened his eyes. “What? I was the enemy!”

Dr. Praxton nodded. “Yes. Can’t explain that now. But POP’s evil is an art. He returns space. He never returns himself. And sound as well as light is longitudinal. You have to be the particular to exist here. Travel as particle and particulate. Or you die. We both die. Remember fifty four plus forty five is always nine no matter what direction you go. Pay your deficit and return to me intact.”

The force Dr. Praxton used to propel Daniel this time was elliptical in path. “And Daniel, that’s a command!”

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