



DEWLOGIC

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THE SALAMANDER RECOURSE

**DEWLOGIC**

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QUEAN

Making third place sole instantiation reality in its ionization state, as Razzle Dazzle transects employed alloyed realities, Tellurium projects an amalgamation of states belittling its appearance as a straight existence. As it is with chemicals, it is as magic, its scientific reality is an elaborate reach and its employment with the real is hyperrealism.

And the union of probabilities, Gliin Way thought as she approached the projected corner, is an existential empty set. She had learned the hardest ways that in the town of Razzle Dazzle, there was little certainty on the demarcation between scientific reality and magic. She had learned to read between the very tiny lines of a world ruled by the unimaginable union of magic and the scientific reality built upon it to enable a more manageable society, a new order of scientific realism.

It dazzled her only mildly. It was of late, rattling and disheartening.

Gliin lit the quandary light with a fling of her hand. And the shadow glass came awake with a flare. The approach is supposed to be an awakening of life, of possibilities and of the truth the Magona Court sought. Or so that was the belief. The truth was an enigma in Razzle Dazzle. And with the other hand she led the light towards the Magona court.

It was of necessity to live by the ruling hands of the Magona Premise. The Magona was made belief to mimic natural space which transverses its reality

with self determinate recovery and resolution. But as flood, fluid and avalanche, storm, stain and unrest, the Magona contained space as an institutionalized scientific imposition-ed engagement of reality space and probability space.

It is the spatial magical relation of inverse reality encompassed with reality union, and projected as an all possibility union. It weaves the magical reality of the inverse against all possible reality of the scientific. And within every projected world of the Magona, Gliin had often asked herself the right question at all right times; what force projects a presentation?

Knowing what was real, what wasn't, what was working, what wasn't and what propellant force creates momentum ensured survival in Razzle Dazzle. No human with a true heartbeat could ever forget that. And it was always useful to know that the inverse reality is that which a force is able to produce.

She had been born wicked. Razzle Dazzle had tried to ensure that it kept the magical from the wicked but with the genetic manipulations she had personally managed as a scientist, she had been suspected of it all along—that she had exposed her own make-up to the genetic manipulations she managed, that in the trials that defamed her as a scientist and killed all her human subjects, she had been wrongfully pardoned.

Her experiments were meant to correct the genetic manipulations present before her

generation, that which made certain humans possessive of certain projected unnatural powers. Those humans were often monitored and sought out to control as they had been born wicked. She, as a scientist had tried to correct the genetic anomaly and had failed woefully. Her powers old and new she had ascribed to herself quietly, managing its expressions on the societal front.

And that wickedness within the modernity of the Magona Premise had been ascribed to witchcraft, made separable from the magical as the enablement of such traits could result in the rebellious.

Born wicked and charmed with the rich glint of the made-possible in a probabilistic world, she had witchcraft in her bloodlines. It is in the practical expectation of life and choice defining the claims that she fell short of life. She never used her power. She never used her power for the expected bad or wickedness projected.

Witchcraft was the act of the personal and magic the act of the scientific as the future feared of doom became doomed by the very future it projected and progressed.

Gliin walked the magical distance, a distance prescribed in relation with the inverse reality made up mainly of magical realism, sparking, exciting the blank experiential space. And she faced the Magona Court in a stance as the ordinary subjective reality against the dilated projection

representation of all mutually exclusive and mutually inclusive scientific-magical realism.

It was a stance she knew had to be fully understood with the full reality of her existence or she was thoroughly doomed. She had precedence with the Magona and her presence wasn't to be undermined. She had been one of the leading scientists helping put forward the newest projected reality of the Magona Premise then when she believed the Magona was capable of good.

The Magona Court's approach towards her, she was certain, was predetermined and premeditated. She also knew what the Magona was capable of; that it could make innocence look like the perfect murder. It could never, on the other hand, make murder look like innocence. She had spent reasonable time in jail for some murder; some theft she hadn't committed they had mainly claimed had her Magona signature all over it.

The semicircular formative -uninformative faced her as she splattered the shadow glass and placed herself in the circular spotlight by her own powers. Accounting for a number greater than and lesser than one all the same and with a great degree of irrationality with time, the Magona presence; the numeric value of those present in the Magona Court was always an unprecedented unknown. And she is reminded briefly that the Court could be extremely impetuous while being respectably imperturbable, a descriptive she thought was simply evil.

The Court spoke through the Satel, the artificial body made to encompass communication, forming the much needed Orbit of the Magona to compromise the incompleteness of its presence while being projected.

And from the projection, the orbit resonated behind her. “Gliin Way, you have been a valuable member of the Magona before we found you defective, your actions questionable to the vested foundation of the Magona Premise. And recently you have been accused of theft and murder. How do you plead?”

The male in the central position had spoken and in the resonance of the Magona orbit, the Magona had spoken for him. He was in the moment a projection and not an instance although she was looking straight at him. The Magona Premise had its rules and its scientific foundations can never be broken despite the magical imposition. The Magona had spoken for him.

What she never revealed to the Magona ruling Court was that she had never spoken through the Satel. She had always owned her own voice in the Magona Premise. Always.

She spoke. “Innocent Sir.”

“You mean that you’re not guilty?” the Satel asked.

“Innocent Sir,” she maintained.

The Court was silenced briefly.

“You are notorious for being wicked,” spoke the Satel. “In what seemed to be a cascade of

wickedness, your husband died, and your children were to follow quickly. This display of unnatural powers happened shortly after we scrubbed the nebulous rebel deterrent project you managed. These things cannot be ignored although you have maintained your innocence. The crimes have your Magona signatures on them. On the charges of witchcraft, we cannot take reasonable action but on that of theft and murder, we must, we must. I must ask you again Gliin Way, what says you of the charges of theft and Murder brought against you by Razzle Dazzle and the Magona body?"

Gliin's tone was soft and assured. "If the Magona Premise can do this...make the signature of innocence look like that of a thief and a murderer, then it is time to seriously reconsider our belief in the foundational premise on which the Magona is placed. The scientific aspect of the Magona needs solid foundations or there is little to the Premise. Something is wrong...something is wrong...because I did not commit the crimes of theft and murder. I am innocent."

The Magona Court was briefly silenced.

"The Magona is God!" the Satel roared.

"I'm not disputing that as the reality in Razzle Dazzle," Gliin replied. "But I'll rather be feared and unloved than to be this person charged, this person I am not, than to be this person wicked, this witch, this thief, this murderer, this person you call Quean. Must confess I will rather put God in doubt

forever than be this inverse reality of me! Never was! Never am! Never will be!”

The Magona Court was again silenced briefly.

The male seated in the front spoke through the Satel again. “Gliin Way you have been sentenced to reckon with the ultimate hand of justice. You must reckon with the Magona orbital front.”

Gliin exhaled with a sudden heaviness of heart, of worry, of some loss unknown and unpredictable, knowing what the Magona orbital front entailed; that its justice system was more or less a wheel of fortune. If she were to be found against all reality of a Moment, a Nonent, she would be beheaded immediately!

And in that instance without further thought to consequence, Gliin aligned her personal focus as she moved swiftly against the Magona’s facetious forward incline, taking the space no one had ever taken into the Magona Court backward, and in that swift backward movement with her back, broke through the Magona Orbit.

It was the first time she had used her power in public. And her heart skipped a beat, regained its natural pace as she made it through the orbit to get to her reality space. She knew it at the moment that the Magona armed forces were coming after her. Razzle Dazzle hadn’t known anything like her existed.

They were coming!

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