



HAN&SAM

The Rise of the Nympharians.

This book is a work of fiction, based on fictitious characters, incidents and places from the author's imagination. Any semblance it may have with actual events, people or places is of mere coincidence.

All rights, including the right to reproduce this book in any way, shape or form belong to the author. No reproduction in whatever form or manner may be done without the prior consent of the author and publisher.

SCOPE: the Range of Scale

DEWLOGIC

Copyright © 2015 by Dewlogic

All Rights Reserved

SCOPE: the Range of Scale

HAN&SAM

The Rise of the Nympharians

The Conundrum of the Solar Plexus

RISE OF THE NYMPHARIANS

When the Earthian evolution stilled briefly as though wary of an unbecoming, the Nympharian evolution captured the world. And it seemed in the blink of an eye, those events that led to the catastrophes were only plots in a Nympharian imposed reverie.

They stood Northern to the ecliptic in the Perihelion Drafter. There, Han, the Japanese graduate student summoned to the United States to help solve the mystery surrounding the surge of the equatorial heat wave wished briefly he was watching a cataclysmic clockwise direction of the Earthian axis. He had lost it all. Everything. Quite unlike him, his father was a rice farmer in rural Japan. And the last time he spoke to him before the major eruption in the Earthian magnetic field left most telecommunications dead, he had simply laughed at the thought of building an underground bunker, let alone living in one for the time being.

The eruption was telling. So was the end, and they had failed woefully. His family had no chance of survival. Anything over-ground could not have survived the final surge. The Nympharians never meant war. In the face of Earthian defiance, they meant destruction.

As though in a parallax standing there beside Han, Sam, also a graduate student originally summoned for the same project, slightly gladdened at the sight, saw things differently. Earth's counter-clockwise orbit around the sun was just right. The Earthians had hope for resurgence. And

the Sun barely losing seven days worth of its nuclear reactivity due to Nympharian ingenuity in catalytic amplification, meant they had hope. Unfortunately, they also had the Nympharians. Bittersweet at worst. Unlike Han, his British Caucasian father, an engineer, was much like him and had gathered most members of the family to Dollis Hill to the underground bunker he had painstakingly built. They survived. But his business minded Nigerian mother who had been in France on business at the time of his urgency, had died alongside her friends in the plane crash she had risked against the urgency of atmospheric turbulence. He had his loses as well.

They were both students of physics, and in the class of their own against Nympharian insurgence, they were two of the very few young ones, and had chosen to be friends. Through the endurance of one Earthian catastrophe to the other, and the loss of Han's family, they had grown very close within a short period of time on Small Earth, the underground complex stretch of hidden and open housing for Earth's most privileged survivors. It housed scientists, economic and political elites who could afford to buy space, and a few lottery-chosen average Americans. And because they both often dared what the other scientists in Small Earth often called "exterior-ex," the surficial exploration of Earth which involved risking Nympharian discovery, they both enjoyed a small measure of

tensed popularity. They were marked for death at some point in the future.

“Do you think they got him?” Sam asked of Han on the reason they risked the exposure. Timothy son of Lambert could not be accounted for on the night counts the night before and his bioelect, a bio-electric carrier device wasn't signaling life. If there was any saving or finding him, the first forty eight hours was extremely crucial.

Sam exhaled, twisted his mouth. “Is it possible he wandered off without his bioelect, and got lost on his way back?”

Han frowned as he stared ahead. “And those occurrences happening concurrently? No it's not!”

They observed a deadly silence.

“He's male,” Sam said, expressing his usual optimism in the face of despair.

Han exhaled. Males were mainly captured by the Nympharians, and females were usually shot dead on sight. Human females were more endangered in the new order of the transformed world. And they were hardly let out of Small Earth. Being the fear-ridden, Nympharian-aware creatures they were, they had never wandered. But their self-assured male counterparts weren't so fortunate. Something had happened to Timothy and they feared whatever it was, was in the hands of the Nympharians.

Sam retrieved the Microoamer, a handheld device capable of significant astronomical

observations, and glued it to his eyes to scan the Earthian surfaces again. “We should risk another surveillance cruise, maybe...”

Then, they felt it—the first axonic impulse signaling the presence of an electromagnetic source nearby.

They both stilled. The fact that the sensory Nymtrigger equipped with threshold amplifier was implanted in their shoulder ensured that high reactivity harmless impulses could be transmitted to their brain efficiently and expediently. They could be dealing with a false alarm.

They waited.

They were risk takers but their weaponry ensured they were never alone. Dr Wahl, a biogeneticist on Small Earth had designed and implanted the Nymtriggers. It was their most efficient weaponry against the Nympharians yet—they could sense their approach some distance away, a good thing to have before they were ever blinded by their presence.

And then they felt it—the qualifying wavelength of terror. They were both seated instantly in the front seats to meet the space control panel. The approximately twelve feet long Perihelion Drafter, their favorite vehicle for explorations had a seating arrangement for four and an escape hideout in the back. It was powered by Helium-3 and equipped with a de-ionizer compartment exhaust. It was low tech compared to the resources afforded by the real harvesters of the

sun, the Nympharians with the Dynonym Rafters. But it was simplistic and stylistic, evasive and oppressive. It was maneuverable and easily hidden from sight. It was sometimes on the exterior-ex, what ensured their survival.

They could hardly dither. They went straight to the Earthian terrestrial plain, to their pre-planned hiding space, the Allivian cave. Rocky, spacious and clean, it was like a second home to them. They had spent nights there without discovery recently, and with the preferable tilt towards the sun rather than from it, summer nights brought them uninterrupted pleasant dreams. It was routed and stretched from some indiscernible end to the other like a maze. They had studied every aspect of its in and out as well as they had studied endless Nympharian simulacrums and had been cornered in the Cave once before the Nympharians had simply released their Cytro explosives and left them for dead. They came out with the Perihelion Drafter unharmed at a safer isolated end of the stretched cave.

Shutting down the power line for The Perihelion Drafter, they waited silently at a secluded end, which could mean their dead end if the Nympharian trigger neared.

The trigger neared.

Uneasy, and at the edge of their seats, with the discipline of a survivor, they waited.

When the trigger got nearer again, Han, the more instinctive martial arts trained of the two got out of the Drafter. “Out!” he yelled.

Sam got out of the Drafter as well following Han’s instincts.

On a surge of adrenaline, Han, sprinted out of the enclosure and made a right against the electromagnetic insurgence. Sam followed closely.

They were running on time, against it, and fast. Guns never had deadly effects on Nympharians. It merely incapacitates them. Merely. But they both carried guns. Knives were exceptionally useful. The key to fatally or reductively incapacitating them was in cutting out parts of their anatomy. Killing a cornered Nympharian was forbidden by the political board on Small Earth. Incapacitating them was highly encouraged. They were priceless lab rats for the scientist on Small Earth, and the survival of human kind depended on such captures.

Han and Sam had killed them before, as they absolutely had to. They, unlike those who do not risk their lives on the exterior-ex, were at war. The Dillon stunners worked best. The Nympharians were diverse in morphology. But on one note they were the same—they were heavily and abundantly neural in formation. And the highly effective chemically active stunner developed by Dr. Dillon on Earth as the end closed in worked a timely charm.

**THE CONUNDRUM OF THE SOLAR
PLEXUS**

Somewhere wild, where horses run free, Han thought as he met the reality of the simulated environment. The spatial setting was different, new, and plasmic. And there was that lingering enigma of spatial and intermediate dimensions—the fluidity of air, the progressive intensity of light, intensity of heat, and the outward cast of shadows.

Initiating disorder, the rush of lunacy, Sam thought standing there beside Han, like a blossoming appreciation of some archaic classical presentation without any knowledge of the contemporary. And he could have believed it as he half wished it, that it was all a dream. The Nympharians didn't capture them and they weren't in some death trap simulation where disorder initiated everything including their existences.

It was heaven, a Sparkling beam of fireballs existing co-existentially, a spectacular display in space of space.

Sam frowned. “Artificial multidimensional operational principle,” he told Han.

Han scanned the seeming indistinct environment, and exhaled. “Like the bitches, it's crazy.”

Sam hesitated on delivering a response briefly, thinking. “Stars of the solar type without the foundational clouds and gas?”

Han shook his head, scanning the linear some distance away which was distinctly bright rather than dimensional. “I will say from this distance, its absolute magnitude is predictable, and we can

reasonably deduce apparent magnitude. Judging from the weak luminosity of the extremities here and the stellar brilliance I presume must be ahead, I will say this is an already formed star. But whatever it is...my instincts tell me if we're not together, we're lost to each other."

They stayed glued to the same spot, defying spatial motion intentionally as Han wondered how the operational controller, the Nympharian simulator, controlled the events possible within it. They needed a presumption of that knowledge as they didn't have the phasic progression of the simulations before it.

Sam's eyes gleamed with a minimal level of excitement, as he turned to hold Han's eyes. "There is the disorder of mediums here where we are, one, certainly of Nympharian intent..." He then widened his eyes, holding a sudden glint of excitement apparent in them. "Disorder is enlivened by disorder right?"

Han nodded. "That's the rationale for its empowerment, yes."

Sam nodded. "Indeed. Then however can these disordered sequences of simulacrums occurring at once be Nympharian achievement?"

Han lowered his head, thinking, and raised it slowly to hold Sam's eyes intently. "There must be...there must be some foreseeable, largely unpredictable order within the disorder."

Sam nodded. “If we can somehow find the order, we can find the pattern within the disorder which on the linear seems ordered.”

“And if we don’t end up tail first or middle first, we find the right path rather than running around empty circles,” Han added, and scanned the immediate environment. “This disordered display, despite its spectacular-ity, seems vacuous.”

But with a sudden shrill, Sam’s face formed a contortion, he hunched his back, and held his mid-body tightly and closely to himself, as if he were being pierced and pounded with some self induced pain.

That was before Han saw it. And it startled him, the thought that the simulation might be multi-nodal, so much so that the Nympharians could drop an object of simulation on them quicker than they could have any awareness of it or escape it.

Bit it was headed his way, extremely noticeable in the moment, unavoidable. The semicircular curvature in recurrent spins had flashes of sparks brightening and dimming in timely fashion, bringing with it a surge of solar wind.

Han slammed into Sam, taking him to the floor while taking the blunt of the recurrent and burning spins before it gyrated from them.

The floor seemed a fall’s distance but the slight gravitational bounce back established a level of plasticity and fluidity to its objectivity. The

Nympharians now manipulated mediums effectively. There was no essential presence of space other than space, none of the Martian atmosphere, deserted dust or extreme cold.

But he had other matters to concern him momentarily. The curvature was in a spiraling spin towards them again. He shook Sam and pulled him up. “Snap the freak out of it!” he scolded.

As they were initially fully absorbed into the system, Sam’s weakness was already evident. His strength wasn’t in the war zone, and here he was shoved directly into it. He tried to shake himself out of what seemed a somatic rather than psychosomatic pain, imagining briefly what the limb effect of such pain will be. The imagination, he then thought hopelessly, only mattered if they survived at all and assessed the situation before he spoke. “Something is very different...everything seems pseudo-existence.”

Han pulled Sam to him, thinking about the best approach to avoiding the calamity spinning towards them. “As opposed to what?”

“Simulated,” Sam voiced, with a hint of vulnerability in his tone. “It is erratically psychological. Like a pseudopodium waiting to be selectively reabsorbed.”

“Still very much simulated,” Han said.

Sam shook his head. “Yes, but with a seeming instant psychological absorption.”

“That’s because the bitches found how to induce instant absorption. Now, are you going to

recommend anything against this spinning Wench?”

“A curvature of magnetic sparks,” Sam mouthed.

“Or the ring of death...” Han replied. “...can it be that the Nympharians are getting lazy? Ignoring the intelligent protocols they were uniquely programmed with.”

“They’ve been doing that since the rebellion.”

Han hesitated, feeling a sense of sadness from the integrity of the statement. “If they are throwing unintelligent objects into a simulacrum just to irritate, they may indeed not be the iNymphs we created, and it is deadly to imagine they are not the iNymphs we knew.” The problem, Han thought, was not the proximity of the spinning curvature, but rather the unpredictability of its spinning pathway.

While the Nympharian simulator may be able to control velocity and direction, the counter direction was there’s. Such his appeal to the analysis of the velocity of its approach was in slow motion despite its speed.

“Stay,” he urged Sam who was very willing to run in the moment, and pushed him sideways and backwards as he met the brunt of the spinning curvature. And his pain made him hunch his back almost instinctively as he had seen Sam do earlier. He took two successive deep breaths as he swallowed the pain and rushed against the

movement of the curvature to get back to Sam, who had escaped, this time, untouched.

Sam had stopped after a minimal run against the object of fear from the fear they could escape the curvature space to meet another spatial paradigm, another object of simulation. Han stopped too. They knew enough to know the Nympharian intellectual instinct. Running away like a pair of scared rats could bring them back around to face the same.

“They’re losing it,” Han said.

Sam spoke as he caught his breath. “If you’re saying we’ve already lost the war it becomes humanly impossible to understand them...”

Han shook his head, showing a level of fear he often kept from Sam in such situations with the Nympharians. “I don’t know Sam. They may have lost their freaking minds to the imagination of power.”

“Or rather a sense of it,” Sam replied with a shake of his head. “Here comes another.”

Another curvature of flashes of brightening and dimming light emerged, seeming from nowhere in particular.

“It seems the Nympharians still have their intellectual integrity...” Sam concluded. “We may be in a simulation of solar plexus. And those are solar flares.”

Han frowned, “Don’t they usually die out in approximately ten minutes?”

Sam retreated slowly. “Yes, but this one is not in real linear movement. It’s a curvature.”

Han hesitated briefly, thinking. “Don’t they usually occur between sunspots of opposing magnetic polarities?”

Sam nodded. “Yes.”

Han pushed him backward. “Step away from it all,” he said.

Sam frowned, suspecting it was again what it seemed to be. Han was self sabotaging his superior strength for the purpose of achieving the mission’s aims. “What are you doing?”

“I’m going to draw them together,” Han replied.

“They draw together in a circle, their momentum and propensity is greatly lessened. The magnetic ability is largely disabled...”

“They’ll fizzle and die out,” Han added.

Sam frowned. “To do that someone has to propel the motion sensitivity programmed into them, bear the brunt of it.”

“Yeah, someone,” Han mouthed as he swayed with one of the curvatures, trying to draw one’s spins towards the other.

Sam was beyond himself, his need to justify his personal strength overwhelming the instinct to nurture his vulnerabilities. “I’m not just going to stand around like a useless sidekick,” he said, rushing forward to be within the struggle. He merely soon regretted his stand as he swore and screamed his way through the ordeal while Han

suffered silently as they swayed from side to side to align the curvatures. And when they achieved their aim, they both took to the sides as if they were running from each other as well.

“If the bitches still have their heads right, the flare should die out,” Han commented as they watched the largely immobile flare.

But Sam appeared rather thoughtful. “I think they do...with the fact that these flares will act more like sunspots now and being largely magnetic, must die and be made again by the sun. They—”

“They’re also surficial in the solar framework,” Han interrupted.

Sam nodded. “So we’re also surficial at the moment. We can’t figure an entry point not knowing how we got in? We can’t figure a maze if this were such, now, can we? Can we figure a possible end point without an entry point?”

“Whatever we have here is not like an entry point if you think about it,” Han said.

“Then however can we solve a conundrum without knowing the initiating point?” Sam asked.

NEW BOOKS TO ORDER

Ignorance

The Celebrity of Being

SEESCAPES: GROSS PARADISE

THOSE WHO MADE IT

The Case of the Angstrom Scalar

POP: the Shadow Offspring Upstream

The Redeemer's Breach
The Anionic Animus
The Quasi Quaver Predicament
The Deviant X Transgression
The Precipitous Callous Edge
The Half-Center Homicide

Making Reading Worth Your While
DEWLOGIC

Non Fiction Books from Dewlogic
Failure&Solitude
The Rudeness of Soul
The Idealism of Soul
Enmity
Trust
Faith&Doubt
Number's Lot
The Communal Estate

Fiction Books from Dewlogic
Tell the Hour by the Sun
The Reclaimers' Reprieve
The Salamander Recourse
A Regular Oddity

Fiction Series Books from Dewlogic

Dawnbreaker
The Phoenix Risers
Roma&Retina
The Adventures of Silli Page
Transverse
Parable Play
Seescapes
Becky Alloy
Han&Sam
Rin
Web Angledrop
Quean

