



DEWLOGIC

SPRINT: the Illusion of Spring

Transpathogen

Split

The Encounter

&The Gaustavo Relief

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.

SPRINT: the illusion of Spring
DEWLOGIC
Copyright © 2015 by Dewlogic.
All Rights Reserved

TRANSPATHOGEN

At the core of this world are forces in accordance with its understanding, some beyond its imaginings, its miscarriages. Its recreations sustain it; its need for perfection is its motion as well as its undoing. And such was my fate, being one able to transverse imaginings and the forces of creations—that my miscarriage was yet in motion towards its undoing.

Preoccupied with earthly thoughts while trying to derive plots, savvy brown haired Norah Leigh, five feet seven inches tall, popped her head into view at my bedroom door. “You’ve got to get off that thing while I’m here.”

I stared at the laptop in front of me, unwilling to close it. “And bring it to you where you are?”

She walked into the room and stretched out on the bed, kicking her leg up as her back met it. It was to admire the new shoes she was wearing. “I swear you’re going to die in front of that thing.”

The shoes would have looked better in brown or red, I thought, unwilling to tell her. They were black. “That wouldn’t be a bad way to go,” I replied.

“As opposed to dying in the arms of a man who loves you?” she asked.

I turned to see her getting off the bed. “That’s highly overrated.”

She faced me. “People die in the arms of their lovers all the time.”

I smiled. “And they never get to live to tell afterwards. Again it’s highly overrated.”

She frowned. “Deb, you certainly can be willingly stupid when you want to be. Many people will definitely want to die in such manner, live to tell or not. It beats the crap out of dying in the arms of a machine any day. Unless that is, you marry a geek. In that instance you both die in front of a machine. I think a single woman should spend every Saturday morning waking up in the arms of a man.”

I raised an eyebrow, teasingly. “Speak of life...and on Sunday she should go to church with him.” I returned attention to the computer screen where I typed, *Geek with machine or the man. Which is hotter?*

She smiled. “What’s got to be done is got to be done. Besides you don’t go to church with or without him. Sunday morning doesn’t apply.”

I changed the subject. “Where are you going on this dark and gloomy morning? Could it be to church, without him?”

She ignored my statement, stood and walked towards the windows “What dark morning? You should always have your drapes up. How do you ever write like this?”

I heard the curtains being opened but had no sensation of lights entering the room. “Told ya,” I commented.

“Told ya what?” I heard Norah say. “The day is bright and sunny?”

I stiffened, hesitated briefly before I turned around.

And saw the swirling. The silent swirling of tiny objects in space, dark and collective, like a swarm of bees. Their kinetic energy was evidently of their own making. It had to be. They were too tiny not to be flung aside by the wind, and yet they seemed unable to attain a state of rest. In such unnatural state of rapid motion, I was convinced they weren't bees. Norah's inability to see them will prove they weren't sense-factual. And mine, must be because of my Transverse abilities. I had to be sure.

I stared Norah's way briefly. “Do you see them?”

She didn't bother to turn around. “See what Deb?” she asked, frowning.

I grew more disturbed. “The darkness outside.”

“What darkness?” she asked.

Indeed they were sense-nonfactual. “Open the other curtain,” I urged.

Norah frowned. “What the heck is up with you?” she asked as she made her way towards the window. “That machine will run you crazy. I told you. You need a man!” She drew the curtain aside, turned around and faced me.

I inhaled deeply, closed my eyes and opened it. “There's light in this room?”

Norah frowned. “Of course there’s light in this room. How else am I able to see you?”

The darkness was everywhere. And its ceaseless random motion was beginning to have a dizzying effect on me.

I sat on the bed, face in my palm, and felt the bed sink as Norah sat beside me.

“Maybe all you need is some rest,” Norah urged. “Some time away from the machine, spent with a real man.”

If the dark object was of earthly factual imagining, I thought, it is something I was yet to encounter. It was difficult to think of it, as Norah already verified it sense-non-factual. I could try heeding Norah’s advice. Sleep for an hour or two and it will all seem a nightmare when I wake.

“I’m feeling quite tired myself. I don’t think I’ll go out. I’ll lie down in my room for a while. You should too,” Norah said.

I frowned, and raised my head to give Norah the attention she deserved. “What do you mean tired? Like dizzy?”

Norah nodded. “Yes, indeed dizziness is what it is. Maybe it’s the Lasagna I brought home last night. We both ate it.”

My thoughts raced. Because the dizzying effect wasn’t transmitted visually as mine was with Norah, I was close to certain the dark Seethe was a Transverse Pathogen and not that of the Earthly realm; one, which may be transmitting sense

imaginings through brain wave pathways, mapping the human physiology for remote impulses, and instructing, instigating neural instincts.

I feared the instincts were negative at the same time I noticed the room was darker than it was earlier, and stood abruptly, stared towards the window, which, I reckoned in the moment, had been a mistake to have left uncovered. The particles of the Transverse Pathogen I named ‘The Seethe’, penetrated glass without chemical engagement with it.

I stiffened with fear worse than that of any unknown Earthly pathogen. It was unfathomable that a Transverse Pathogen will establish space-time relation with Earth without an aim. Any doubts in being able to trace the Seethe’s Pathogenesis back to a Transverse world were ruined in the moment as I saw Patroc, my Transverse guide of pure intellect and emotions, a giant in human form, but non-human in every measure.

He was inactive, silent, observing. How long had he been there? My instinctual inclinations leaned towards his knowledge of the pathogen’s Transverse origins, but not of its nature. I and Norah were subject momentarily. And I could hardly be annoyed at the moment’s unfairness. Such was the nature of superior Transverse beings—observe, and do nothing unless they cared for a particular being or an event imposes on cross-Transverse equilibrium.

As I moved to get close to Patroc I felt a tug towards the bed. Norah's pull flung me backward harshly and in mere seconds she was on top of me. "Which one of us is freaking losing—" I managed before her hands were clasped around my neck in a predatory manner.

I struggled to breathe.

Patroc's movement towards me was in fractions of a second, "You've got to get up Deb!" he appealed to my thoughts as he moved in rapid succession within the Seethe, circling around Norah. This, I processed, could lessen the Seethe's intermolecular adhesion, give a dispersion of sorts amidst its flow, undoing its direct transmission with Norah, whose hands on my neck began to soften. And I began to take in more air.

Then, I saw Detroc, my Transverse guide esteemed of pure instinct. He was smiling. "Now, that's some cat fight I wouldn't want to break. You've got to knock her freak out Deb! As long as she's conscious she's dangerous."

She just tried to kill me, I reasoned. Knocking her out was reasonable. My first punch on her right cheek knocked her sideways. The second punch caught her on the chin, rendering her unconscious. She slumped onto the bed.

My attention was soon deflected from Patroc and Detroc's presence as I got off the bed. The Seethe was re-congregating with an urgency unlike that I saw earlier, and this time, formed a single circular ball of about 1.2 meters in diameter. The

perfect structural formation hung over me in an instant.

Detroc, who could sense my most intimate instincts before I acted on them, smiled and said, “So human! Here she goes unrestrained.”

I deliberately went against his instincts and moved closer to Patroc until I mated his form. “I want away from this...” I whispered, as he restructured for solidity, so I could hold him. “...this dark seethe thing.”

I heard Detroc chuckle. “Humanity is so limited; they can be something and never know who they are for the rest of what they call life.”

I ignored Detroc.

Patroc engaged my eyes with his, endearingly, unwaveringly. I held on closely to him. “Only you can do this Deb.”

I frowned, “Can’t you just kill it, him?”

Patroc shook his head. “The Transverse order is primarily non-particular, how do you suggest we kill him, it? And you cannot outrun it, him.”

I exhaled. “So, you cannot kill it. I cannot kill it or outrun it, him?”

Patroc nodded. “Yes. But only you can get rid of it. You’re a Transverse agent. It knows this. And you need to know it too.” He slowly released me and stepped aside.

I felt a momentary pang of emptiness as Patroc retreated from me. He was using the moment to make a statement about self-reliance, but the moment chosen couldn’t have been more untimely.

With an overwhelming sense of betrayal, I faced the Seethe.

One implicating statement must be an absolute truth as Patroc had made it—the Seethe couldn't hurt me because I was a Transverse agent. I just had to master how. I had to confront it. And for a few minutes, grunting, stiffening, clenching, cringing and clinching, I was surrounding and crowded by the seething mass until I was able to attain some measure of calm. It retreated soon afterward, and was out of sight.

“Tell me you know what it, he, or they are?” I asked Patroc.

Patroc hesitated briefly. “It, the Seethe as you chose to call it, seems the product of an eclipse.”

I thought for a few seconds about the possible implications of his statement, scientific Earthly, and Transverse possible. “The total lunar eclipse that happened yesterday, in some little town in Asia?”

Patroc nodded. “Yes.”

I frowned. “What is the formation process here? How did this happen?”

Patroc turned to Detroc, who I turned to and got no response. “You've got to be kidding me! You endanger my life and you can't tell me why? You brought that Seethe thing here!”

“It sought us out,” Patroc replied.

I drew my head backward, frowned. “What do you mean sought us out? It sought you out, so you sought me out!”

“It couldn’t hurt you,” Detroc defended.

“But it could Norah!” I snapped back.

Patroc took to a slight bow. “For that I am sorry.”

I wasn’t surprised he couldn’t have thought of the possibility Norah could get hurt. With the exception of someone like me, humans were pretty much expendable. “Are you saying you weren’t thinking?”

He shook his head. “I was. But we were in dire need. We had to tell you.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Tell me what?”

Patroc motioned me to sit. I did.

He remained silent for a few seconds.

“Everything in the world or nature as you know it, has its causes and its consequences.”

I nodded.

“Every rare occurrence also has its’,” Detroc added.

I raised my eyebrows. “A total lunar eclipse?”

Detroc nodded. “At approximately the time of the eclipse we sensed a convergence of Transverse forces which consummated into an emergence.”

I frowned. “In this world?”

“Yes, Duh,” Detroc replied smugly. “You just met it.”

THE GAUSTAVO RELIEF

On bended knee, head swung forward and down forcefully, I had landed some distance away from expectation. I knew the risks. The blazing headaches, the seeming emptying echoing in my mind. It was my first Earth specific Transverse jump and I was excited for it. I had fallen against gravity briefly but the normal effect of the unexpected landing was minimized by the Klem Serum enabling the jump. I felt fully cartilaginously furnished in a fluid deprived oxygen-enabled Earthian atmosphere. I had endured it on Transverse practices.

And I had landed roughly, but some other strangeness alerted me to the reality of the moment. Dust particles. Light weighted and sense-deprived, they could not be called sand and I had landed right on top of them. The greenery around me betrayed it. Besides, the heightened Klem state made their size, shape and color decipherable. Dust particles.

“What the—?” I exclaimed.

“You must jump dust to dust Deb,” I heard Detroc say. “It is how it has to be in your world. It’s just as you like to die.”

I ignored the biting statement from Detroc momentarily and feared the transport mode was too familiar to death. The resurrection aspect was yet ill conceived by Earthians. But I fully understood why Detroc, before rushing me off to the beach, said, “Get some sand dust in here.”

I struggled to a stand, “Death and resurrection cycles could this be Patroc?” I asked.

Patroc faced me amidst the brushes nearby as Detroc came to a sit at the top of what I can now see was a hill. The scenery below was peaked as the glimpse of some Earthian city emerged. I didn’t know where I was but that was much trivial to the possibility I could be making death-resurrection cycles every time I jumped with the Klem.

Patroc was unresponsive.

“Dying to make jumps Patroc, is that my sacrifice?” I asked.

“Humans,” Detroc mocked. “Mere mortals.”

Patroc held my eyes. “The mode is in Spacetime lifetime of dust particles in relativity within the Klem state, not mass matter-energy relations of yours. So no Deb, you’re not dying. You’re merely passenger.”

“A barely intelligent one,” Detroc mocked.

“Shut up Detroc,” I snapped, feeling deprived of the four dimensional reality of the jump, except from dust to dust.

Detroc smiled devilishly and got on his feet.

Patroc met his stand at the top of the hill as I met it.

We stared at the city below.

“Where are we?” I asked.

“Brazil,” Detroc replied.

“For what?” I asked.

Detroc hesitated briefly. “Saving your world from an undesirable fate...again.”

I frowned. “What undesirable fate?”

Detroc frowned. “Is that a hint of sarcasm in your tone?”

I hesitated, gathering my thoughts. “I won’t know if something is out rightly Earthian undesirable until I have heard what it is. This could simply be Transverse undesirable.”

Patroc spoke. “There is a Transverse instrument called Quoath.”

I frowned. It sounded familiar but not as an instrument. “Instrument?” I asked.

“A weapon,” Patroc corrected.

“And it is undesirable for Earthians to have,” Patroc added.

I raised my eyebrows, excited. “An Earthian has it?”

Detroc smiled.

I turned to Patroc.

He hesitated. “My presumption at the present moment is that it is a Transient Transverse agent who has it.”

I frowned. “Transient Transverse agent?”

Detroc’s smile deepened.

Patroc continued. “A Transient Transverse agent is an agent able to maintain physicality as I did on Halfway Creek. He’ll look, live, eat, move, talk like humans. He’ll live amongst humans. But only for a specified time. Not any more.”

I squinted, thinking. “And this guy with the Quoath, he is such?”

Patroc nodded. “Derrick? Yes, he is such.”

I shrugged. “Well then it’s a matter of time. Derrick must run out of time right?”

Patroc hesitated. “And that’s the problem. He already did.”

I scratched my head voluntarily. “So, you have an agent equipped with a dangerous weapon who’s standing still somewhere.”

Detroc shook his head. “Actually you’re getting that wrongly. We have an agent who for no reason we can pre-conceive is suddenly showing exorbitant amount of inertia, so much so it has to be unnatural on Earth, and the weapon is at large.”

My eyes brightened as I laughed. “You have a spy gone rouge! Oh, this is good!” I faced Patroc. “A Transverse first?”

Patroc hesitated before he corrected. “A first Earth specific.”

I wondered briefly what my role was going to be amidst the dilemma. “And my mission is...” I asked.

They both hesitated.

“I say it is to retrieve the Quoath,” Detroc said.

Patroc shook his head. “I say it is to aid Gaustavo in retrieving the Quoath.”

“I say she’s strong, smart and efficient enough to handle Derrick on her own,” Detroc maintained.

“So sweet,” I said.

“And she’s all of that because she’s got us,” Detroc added.

“Ass—” I started.

“Deb,” Patroc cautioned. He continued. “Gaustavo traced the inertia point, found the anchor, and reported on Derrick, he’s more than efficient to take her and us straight to him. I think it is reasonable to team them.”

Detroc hesitated, thinking. “Considering he’s running out of time, she’ll be on her own soon.”

Patroc nodded. “As she must be eventually.”

When they both faced me, I felt irrelevant in their decision making. “I don’t understand where you two get off treating me like a child. I can make decisions on such and such things that concern my mission.”

Detroc squinted. “Yeah, what say you here?”

I hesitated, thinking, before I exhaled. “I’ll team up with Gaustavo...until he runs out of time.”

“Of course,” Detroc mocked.

I stared at the low classed apartment building splattered with graffiti. I was indeed an outsider and could hardly feign belonging in my attire.

“Really,” I murmured. “This is what a Transient agent can afford?”

But Detroc and Patroc were out of sight and I instinctively felt for the semiautomatic pistol holstered under my shirt I picked up on

Transverse. There was the encased knife worn tightly to my left thigh. Alongside those was the only other weapon I carried, one Patroc had encouraged me not to undermine, the Yuft, a highly effective neural incapacitant Transverse weaponry I wore on my right wrist. It was only capable of working effectively at close proximities.

On my left wrist, the digital Transverse cross-fader wristwatch read 9:45pm.

No one gave me a second look, until I neared the door and a teenage boy quickly ran his eyes over me before opening the ill-secured door. I stepped into an unlighted hallway, and took in the smell of urine mixed with cleaning agent, a hardly sufficient cover up, neglected the elevator and opted for the stairs to the fifth floor where Detroc's instincts had implied Gaustavo's presence.

I faced an empty corridor less smelly than the stairs, and walked a few feet before I stilled briefly. And at the instantiation of sensing a Transverse presence, I was roughly pulled from behind by my neck, and slammed against the wall with considerable force. My head roared, despite the Klem state. I was picked off my feet and slammed into the wooden doorframe of a slightly opened door. The face appeared before mine as the door gave way to meet a wall, and my instinct which had betrayed my training instincts so far was to reach for the semiautomatic. He predicted the instinct as he sank his right knee into my

midsection, took me to the floor instantly and closed the door with his leg. His hand never left my neck.

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