



DEWLOGIC

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.

THE CASE OF THE ANGSTROM SCALAR

DEWLOGIC

Copyright © 2015 by Dewlogic

All Rights Reserved

Making Reading Worth Your While

THE PHOENIX RISERS

**THE CASE OF THE ANGSTROM
SCALAR**

Fused, life as a cranial suture holds a thread and needle dream, and there, its immobility is obligated in protracted, elongated ranges. It can never afford its Craniosynostosis. It is the hindrance of its growth, the growth of its hindrance.

Dr. Derrick Plane, the neurosurgeon at Shepard Hospital could afford Craniosynostosis any moment of any day. It was his job. And the Frontal Orbital Advancement, FOA scheduled for 6.12 am that morning after the easy rest from the Frontal Occipital Reveraad, FOR at 7.05 pm the night before seemed a repose.

But the surgical procedure scheduled for 9.15 am to correct progressively decreasing eyesight and triangular deformity of cranial sutures proved difficult. The removal of the pathological sutures was more difficult than expected. And at 10.00 am when he single handedly revived the 6month old patient, he collapsed and died. And with him, the inevitability of an unknown cause of death.

The Golden Mile is a Moment.

And life closes in on chaos as the delivery of space begrudges a loaded point. Heights amazing weigh in on the naked front, loaded, never gathering fronts. The effort belongs to the Moment of a definite effective turn to return a point unloaded. And here, a point is a drunken charge; one referential romancing one in-referential. The chaos thus begotten, having no intentioned effect becomes a necessary effect, as life, the fore-born conclusion of a quick tail with a lifetime's tale.

Life at Shepard was beginning to resemble a fore-born conclusion and Tom Winslow couldn't shake it. Derrick Plane's death as his patient was revived had given him a reason to summon the members of the Phoenix.

They were seated on the stools in his father's underground lab, and Kendra, Chao, and Citana were munching on snacks he provided before he spoke. "I told my father."

Kendra lowered the bottled water she held, narrowed her eyes as she stared at Tom. "Told my father what?"

Tom spoke solemnly. "When you guys ignored the need for concern I began to treat this as a strict scientific problem."

Kendra studied him. "Told my father what?"

Tom held Kendra's displeased eyes. "I told my father about my concerns about the displacement problem I sense with the death of Dr. Derrick Plane."

Kendra mocked his statement by repeating it in a mocking hardly audible and incoherent manner.

"Oh stop it Kendra," Citana cautioned.

Kendra raised her eyebrows. "He's going to kill us!"

"How is telling my father killing us?" Tom asked.

Kendra widened her eyes. "You mean aside from the fact that he's a strict atheist, a Briton and a devilish scientist?"

Chao smiled. "I would never have thought those were immortal crimes."

"And you would have known how to shut up Chao," Kendra snapped at the boy.

Tom widened his eyes. “A devilish scientist? When did my father become a devilish scientist without my knowledge?”

“Usually these things go over your head Tom,” Kendra added. “Since you’re both advent atheists, however would you know if and when something truly goes wrong?”

Tom shrugged. “Maybe it’s because nothing is wrong except the fact that we’re proud atheists.”

Kendra shook her head. “Uhm, Uhm. I don’t care what your ignorance is Tom, or your father’s and I don’t care how much of it you have. If you keep telling your father about your condition, and about cases we, the Phoenix Risers undertake, when do you think your atheist scientist British father is going to turn on us, propose to turn us into lab rats?”

Tom shook his head. “He will do no such thing!”

Kendra narrowed her eyes very close to closure as she studied him. She spoke solemnly. “He will never do such a thing Tom. Or he would never know about us?” She turned to Citana. “That’s the deal right? We never tell. I have the most to risk here don’t I? I want to be sure we’re all on the same page. We never tell anyone about our conditions. We never celebrate our solutions. We were never here or there as we couldn’t be without our conditions.”

Tom exhaled, holding Kendra’s eyes. “Yes, that’s the deal Kendra. We never tell. And my father will never know because I will never tell.”

Kendra forced a fake smile. “Good, just tell me when you’re getting close. He knows about your condition. Now, how did you go about telling him something was wrong here where there is no scientific conditioning to prepare you for such? You explained that you used your psychic senses?”

Tom exhaled. “Psychotelemetry.”

Kendra held her hands over her chest. “Uh, oh, please forgive me, I forgot about that one. But this time around, it couldn’t be about that really could it Tom? You have to touch something to have transference of inferences. No such thing happened here. You haven’t been at the crime scene have you?”

Tom nodded. “You’re right. No such thing happened this time. I felt like something touched me.”

Except for the munching sounds made by Chao, everything in the room became silent as Kendra smiled, sarcastically.

Tom continued. “A lifesaver saving a life as a means of engagement bargains his life unknowingly, Dr. Plane’s death was extremely strangely... It felt like death was becoming a radicalized engagement, as if it was becoming both an effect and an affect at the same time. Which begs the uncertain question; did he know this going into the operation? Did he directly bargain or contract for the loss of his life?”

Citana frowned. “It could have been—”

Tom shook his head. “No Citana, no. It could not have been a mistake. He died the second his patient was revived; down to the very last micro-milli-second. And it all just doesn’t make any sense except for the sense it makes. The occurrence is a zero sum without any form of foundational compliance. It’s a zero sum of nothing.”

Kendra narrowed her eyes. “If I get you right; you’re thinking the ionic implication of a soon to end world is already here.”

“Or that the very end is beginning to train its beginning to trace the signs of the impending end around subtle intellectual innuendos,” Chao added.

Tom nodded. “Then if it isn’t in its very occurrence in any sense an implication of neutrality...then I’m afraid it’s that of chaos.”

Chao frowned. “What would be your foundational reasoning for this Tom?”

Tom engaged Chao’s eyes. “It has never happened before that an apparent occurs at the same time as an impression as this always implicitly involves a timely protocol. Such there is no foundational compliance with which this would have happened.

“But how are we to ascertain this is not some random coincidence, something not out of the bizarre with which we work but something merely ordinary?” Citana asked.

Tom hesitated briefly. “Two immiscible component before a possible conclusion; why would they occur at the same time?”

Kendra shrugged. “Coincidences happen. So they are not miscible components or concepts. They always have to occur separately, one revives and the life of the revivalist is set apart from the one revived, but that does not mean they cannot occur at the same time.”

Tom shook his head. “It means exactly that Kendra. They cannot occur at the same time. They cannot occur at the same time in the same sphere, in the same framework despite the fact that the revival happens.”

Kendra frowned. “There is the revival. There is the force for the revival. The occurrence is not mutually exclusive time irreverent. Right?”

Tom nodded. “Yes. But do not forget the revived, six months old. They cannot occur at the same time because lifelines cannot be exchanged and mainly because both lifelines depended on one, the force for the revival. If there is some reasonable force of nature employed, they should both be dead; the dependent in this case cannot survive while the reviver dies. But that’s not what happened. The six months old did not use his power for the revival, and had no power with which to do anything in that process.

And I am certain this problem is our forte. I am certain because for a first time I felt a causal shift in the electromagnetic disposition when it happened. I just didn’t know what happened.”

Kendra narrowed her eyes. “I almost forgot you’re the psychic amongst us refusing to be recognized.”

Tom shrugged. “I don’t care what you call it at the moment, but something unusual has entered Shepard and that something unusual finds Shepard unusually accommodating.”

“Maybe I felt it too,” Chao announced.

The room was silenced briefly.

Kendra narrowed her eyes as she turned to Chao. “No. Not you too.”

Chao nodded. “I may have felt some sort of fallow undertaking at around the same time Tom describes yes. I’m after all, the Sense Holder.”

Citana frowned. “Fallow undertaking?”

Kendra smiled holding Chao’s eyes. “Yeah Sense Holder, what the freak does that mean?”

Chao stared from Citana to Kendra and back to Citana. ‘The consequent as the occurrence of fact rather than after the fact which becomes a problem as the achievement of consequence is an intentioned effect. It should never happen after the fact as there would have been no fact.’

Citana deepened her frown. ‘‘What the freak does that mean?’’

Chao hesitated briefly. ‘‘The anomaly is in the concurrent uniformity of consequential anticipatory occurrences, of effects without the precedence of fact.’’

Citana raised an eyebrow while holding on to her frown.

‘‘The anomaly...’’ Tom took a turn to explain, ‘‘...is, in this instance, life and death occurring at the same exact time.’’

Kendra frowned. ‘‘But it does occur at the same exact time. It’s called life.’’

‘‘Yes it does. Life and death occurs at the same time sometimes,’’ Citana maintained.

Chao shook his head. ‘‘No it doesn’t.’’

Tom shook his head. ‘‘It occurs randomly, irreverent of time. It never occurs at the same time. This occurrence is as if there is no life. None at all.’’

Tom shook his head. ‘‘It can’t occur at the same time because then it would occur concurrently.’’

Kendra ignored Tom and turned to Chao.

Citana did as well.

Chao held their eyes, silenced briefly, taking the moment to absorb the implication of their acknowledgment in the moment.

Kendra nodded. ‘‘Indeed you should know.’’

Chao continued. ‘‘Life and death never occurs at the same time. It is impossible for that to happen. It’s like saying life and death has the same heartbeat or the same heart. And that such happens without apparent necessity that nature itself must feel the absolute need to call; that it happens at the same time as its antecedent-present is unthinkable. They never can.’’ He turned towards Tom. ‘‘What Tom is saying is that what he felt must have felt larger than life while being life.’’

Tom nodded. ‘‘Yes. Exactly that.’’

‘‘And that never happens naturally,’’ Chao added.

Tom nodded. ‘‘Absolutely. Exactly that.’’

Kendra raised an eyebrow. ‘‘And that would mean exactly what to the possibility of the case being right for us?’’

‘‘I smell a disparity displacement...’’ Tom said.

Kendra shrugged. ‘‘As opposed to the shifts in irrationalities humans display every day? What’s new in Shepard?’’

Tom hesitated briefly and when he spoke did earnestly. ‘‘I smell the displacement without the rationality of the apparent which is on its own, ill-apparent, giving it a concurrent diverging irrationality of the apparent.’’

‘‘As opposed to the case of the Phantom Burglar?’’ Citana asked.

Chao shook his head. ‘‘That was not a displacement. It was a dispossession of extreme power which may or may not come back and bite us in the butt.’’

‘‘In other words,’’ Tom added. ‘‘We couldn’t explain initially how that happened. This should never have happened.’’

Chao had tried to draw Tel from Tom through tactile focusing. He had asked to do it to map Treps so they could land without much difficulty. Tom had consented with understanding. Chao simply wanted to add to his abilities within the Phoenix. They had been exploring the combinatorial effects of their powers. It was their way of making their rising more efficient.

And the shortcoming this time was yet unshakeable. Getting Tel from Tom implied connecting with his Tel Mind. And Chao had often failed at it.

They landed their rising on a lucky whim, in a long and large corridor space housed by the hospital. They rushed into the bathroom space.

“Chao should do it,” Kendra suggested.

Tom shook his head. “He’s much younger. He could be noticed easily. I think this is my call.”

Sometime later Tom was back in the bathroom and another rising attempt took them inside Dr. Plane’s operating room.

The room had been cleaned!

“They cleaned it out,” Chao said.

Kendra frowned. “However much earlier could we have made it to meet the crime scene?”

Citana scanned the area and shrugged. “I don’t think it matters. The hospital is trying to cover whatever is here up and fast. It looks defective either way. An efficient doctor who should be well aware of his own health just dropping dead.”

And Tom suddenly stiffened as he exhaled.

Everyone caught his response, Chao, the sense holder catching it before he spoke.

“No way!” Chao exclaimed.

“He didn’t drop dead,” Tom announced. “This was an exchange of life.”

Kendra frowned. “You’ve got to be freaking kidding me.”

The sovereignty of reality is in the existential lines it makes as it progresses its real estate, its subtlety in the non-real estate. While it may pass fully noticed, it sometimes passes unheeded. Force lines are never forceful or wicked. They are, as lines, indicators not of power or might but rather of the subtle reminder that a breath of life is a statement of force and not of subtlety.

The force lines in the air felt static and short as Frank, the Physical Trainer at Treps rushed into it full of life and vigor.

“Maggie,” he called as he moved across the stretch. “You should be about to finish your pre-workout now,” he uttered as he came to a stand beside a woman in the process of lifting a considerable set of weights.

He smiled down at her.

She smiled back.

And in a matter of seconds the smile disappeared off his face to be replaced by a stiffened frown. Flimsy as a limp, as if he had been mistaken for a second derivation force at life earlier as he came in, he slumped forward, muttered up strength to regain his stance in midair. And yet gaining another

inexplicable and sudden weakness was propelled in a face-forward progression towards a flattened unconscious state. His consciousness was never to be found again.

Landing after rising inside Treps was easy. They knew the workout gym. And landed in a large and spacious exercise, training and teaching room. Silence ensued in the room.

Tom spoke, "There's an anomaly here."

Kendra smiled. "There's always an anomaly here? I mean really Tom? Couldn't he have died from too much muscle? I hear they can crap fall a pile of distance."

Chao smiled.

Citana smiled.

Tom shook his head. "You don't understand... there is an anomaly of movement such that nature extends certain paradigms and the anomaly a set of paradigms quite unlike nature's with this occurrence."

"There is a possibility..." Citana said. "...he could have died of a heart attack, something the doctors haven't caught yet?"

Chao shook his head. "According to Tom's explanation, the moments before he died, he didn't have a heart."

Kendra raised her eyebrows. "What the freak in hell?"

Chao smiled. "I knew that was coming."

"I'm certain there is an anomaly here," Tom maintained.

Kendra narrowed her eyes. "One in which he imagined his death?"

Tom shook his head. "No. One that made him imagine he was moving, much like he would have imagined he had a beating heart as he moved."

"And how the freaks do you imagine having a heart?" Kendra asked.

Tom exhaled. "Where you have a spatial anomaly, a conflation, an affliction, a superfluous disinclination where your movement is not your own but you believe it is... and there ensues a disparity displacement..."

"One that leaves your brain behind?" Kendra asked.

Tom nodded. "Yes that. You may say that yes. It is yet a spatial affliction."

Kendra widened her eyes. "A spatial affliction? Where is it? Where is it? Where is it?"

Tom studied her. "It's not funny. It's not funny at all."

"Unless the strict imaginarity were to be funny," Chao added.

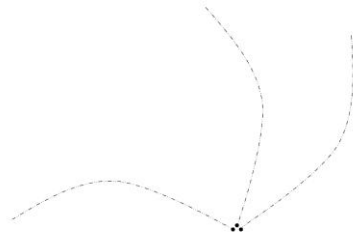
Tom scowled at Chao. "Oh shut up Chao!"

Kendra shook her head. "Hell no. No one chastises the boy but me."

Tom narrowed his eyes and studied her. "How the freaks in the same hell do you reason that correctly?"

"I can't see a spatial anomaly Tom, and that has nothing to do with Chao and the fact that I don't want anyone to chastise the boy because I won't," Kendra said.

Tom was silenced briefly before he retrieved the pen and paper he kept in his pocket every time the phoenix rose. He began to draw. When he was finished he handed the paper to Kendra.



“What?” Kendra asked after studying it briefly.

Chao snatched the drawing from Kendra and studied it.

“Chao Chan, where are your manners? Lost it to western privileges?”

Kendra snapped at him but allowed him the study.

They waited for him to speak.

Chao spoke. “I think Tom is right. There is an anomaly here. We should let him clarify.”

They turned to Tom.

Tom continued. “As you can see. There is no movement at all. No movement at least by the power of the victim here, and the more the perception of movement, the wider the momentum seems to implicate. Such, whatever happened here by the very implications of my Tel, is nothing normal. Let me try and simplify. Three is unmoving, four is dimensional and he ends up not moving three, missing the seventh heaven where the four is and missing another three at the very end of a leveled plane and is unfound at the end, never having moved the beginning. He is either not there or there is a spatial anomaly which makes him believe he is there without using his own personal force to move.”

“So somebody pushed him down and he fell?” Citana asked.

Tom shook his head. “No, that’s not the problem.”

“What exactly is the nature of this problem we’re trying to solve Tom?”

Kendra asked impatiently.

Tom spoke solemnly. “He never moved and no one moved him.”

Kendra widened her eyes. “So there is a space killer?”

“Absolutely. I’m certain of it. There is a killer,” Tom replied.

Kendra widened her eyes further. “A space man killer?”

“Oh Kendra don’t start,” Tom replied. “There is a problem here and you know it.”

Kendra shook her head. “No. I don’t think so. I think he fell on his butt muscle and died.”

There is never the delivery of doom except for a point unstable becoming a Moment. Here, life throws an insanity curve. And the sanity in an alienic world becomes psychological. Andy Hoff knew sanity with bodies of water. He

had fallen in love with swimming when he was five years old and had never looked back on it. Over it, he was an expert swimmer who never shied away from sailing.

He often sailed alone to collect and calm his thoughts, put the yammering world behind him. And all that was same seemed sane this night, except for the billowing of nature.

Over the waters, calm could not be delivered. The ocean courted chaos and the storm gathered its lot as a ripple unmanned, without its effect.

The power of nature which toppled the boat, dipping it against its own transaction and Andy suddenly material rather than the materialized against the insurgence of current was jarring. And for the very first time, he found himself unable to breathe despite his expertise in doing so underwater.

In mere seconds, the sea was wide open again, Andy's consciousness unbound in or over it.

They all stared at Kendra, knowing she had to have the last say as her powers as the Energy Holder was important on and for every mission. But more than anything this time, Tom had informed the Phoenix that It would be difficult to hold the landing of their rising over bodies of water. They needed her to tell them it was possible or they would have no information on the latest death.

And she knew this.

"I need the sun," Kendra told them.

Tom frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I need the sun to input energy into the waters, scatter coherence so I can counter stabilize my energy field," Kendra replied.

"And this cannot be done at night?" Chao asked.

"The waters have no input energy at night. I cannot counter stabilize then Chao. I cannot sustain the Phoenix over bodies of waters with night," Kendra replied.

Silence enveloped the room.

And Tom nudged Chao knowing the boy can talk some senses to Kendra lovingly.

Chao exhaled and held Kendra's eyes knowingly, softly for a reasonable while. "What are we to do?"

"What?" Kendra asked, feigning ignorance in the knowledge of his intent momentarily.

"Do you believe something is wrong here or you're still in doubt?" Chao asked.

Kendra held Chaos eyes. "You don't need to play kid Chao. I may not believe Tom's Tel. But when three people drop dead in Shepard, all seemingly under inexplicable circumstances, something very big is truly wrong."

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