



DEWLOGIC

TELL THE HOUR BY THE SUN

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Tell the Hour by the sun
DEWLOGIC
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CHAPTER ONE

His heartbeat monitored his mind; like a deep hole would be on earthquake watch.

Delirium.

Delirium was some heart burner, he was certain of it. Otherwise, it would be half-soaked in euphoria.

There was no taste of it.

And the emptiness he felt seemed unbound, unknowing to circumference as a marked man on the edge of some indefinite peril.

Indifference.

That was the sensation amidst the chaotic ongoing of everyday life around him—the boundless dutiful business such that is life. And it was the rendering that was buzz worthy, not the fact that he was in it. Strangely, the sensations of his awakening in an alley to look onto the sight of a busy city sidewalk were much contrite. Unlike the lively busyness around him, it was the rendering of some promise un-kept, yet in bearing propensity of all probabilities happening at once.

He was lost.

And in the loss he felt, life wasn't a rush, but some solemn upbringing, a continuous fling devoted to absence. He would resolve it, his

instincts told him—the oddity of the presence he felt.

He paced the alleyway feeling as wretched as its appearance, knowing it must hold some shred of evidence of the dominating oddity. He was dressed neatly, in clean, near crisp shirt and trousers, surprisingly, seeming like an intentional embedment, some stratagem gone wrong, some organism exiled in transition.

Something, if not everything was wrong.

Having absolutely no knowledge of how he got to the alleyway, he paced it from side to side, hoping some miracle, some clue, may jump in his path, crossing his mind. But his ignorance in the moment was beyond his whims and wits. He was in the wind, the feeling of a loss at a loss, and the feeling he lost something was without the knowledge of what it was—a possession by no apparent or thoughtful means, owned.

He exhaled, leaning against the nearest wall to let someone through the alley. He wondered briefly how he appeared to them; some rich man, some average looking bloke hoping to score some crack cocaine? And feeling constricted within the disruptive walls of the alleyway and resolving that neither his incessant pacing nor his empty thoughts were helpful, he walked out of it.

There wasn't a shred of memory or identity to be found in some anonymous alleyway. The much busier streets picked up his mood slightly, but held

no reminder of what it has become apparent he lacked.

Remembrance.

He couldn't remember who he was, why or how he got into the alley. And there wasn't a single evidence of some accident gone wrong. He was intact, untouched by bruises or relevant pain. He had no wallet, no money and no means of identification on him.

But he knew one thing with a measure of certainty—his name was Davian Dawn. It rang like a bell down his spine. He had a name which neither felt like a stranger to him, nor made him feel like a stranger. But was it his?

The walkways were lined with people hurrying to work, to school or wherever life was taking them. He simply wandered seamlessly straight in an aimless mind state, met Stressor Street, then Comet Avenue, and the street names were useless afterwards. He was walking some reverie assured he was walking some street of his worst nightmare although he had no memory of ever having had such a nightmare.

He was homeless, he also resolved in the moment. And the arousal to the thought was instantly sickening. He swallowed it and braved his tightening stomach to go down an embankment housing a paid parking garage.

He had walked away from its gates when he heard it, the only shred of memory he held with integrity, his name.

“Davian Dawn, what the hell are you doing in Chicago?”

It was a woman’s voice, a voice as strange to him as the identity behind the name. He turned instantly.

She was walking towards him, an attractive petite fiery-brown haired woman, dainty on her feet.

And there wasn’t a hint of recognition to her appearance, not a mere semblance. Such he flinched, and waited for her to approach him.

She did. “What are you doing here?”

He was speechless momentarily, conjuring up the appearance of affinity, of the knowledge of her appearance, wondering if he was pulling it off, wondering if he, the man he didn’t know at the moment, was good at holding pretences.

And from her expression as she closed in on him, he wasn’t.

“Are you okay?” she asked, and when he gave no response, frowned. “You look flushed.”

He managed to speak. “Flushed? Like I just woke up?”

She tilted her head, studying him. “Flushed like you woke up on the wrong side of a bed...is that why you’re here. Did you come to see me?”

He restrained the hint of surprise that would have captured his expression. “Yes, indeed I came to see you.”

“Strictly on your accordance?”

He frowned. “Should I be with someone?”

She shook her head. “No...it’s just that it is usually official and you’re usually scheduled.”

He held on to the opportunity. “You have a problem with it?”

She shook her head. “No. Not at all. But you must have forgotten?”

He tried to hide his burgeoning frown. “Forgotten what?”

She smiled. “The direction to my office.”

He cleared his face in response to her smile, as he didn’t know how to feel, and turned sideways to point forward. “I thought it was this way.”

She urged him towards her as she turned to go backwards. “It’s the other way. Come on.”

Her office, although unrecognizable to him, was loudly archetypical and luxuriously spacious. It had a long comfy bedlike looking chair and two single seats facing each other. Her seat was placed farther ahead the curvature of the bedlike chair.

He sat, faced her, and observed the ensuing silence willingly. She was calm. But what was the expectation in such circumstance he was in? Why ever had he gone to see her? Why was he in Chicago? Why would she ask him why he was? Did he live in Chicago? Or elsewhere?

On the important information they were both certain: she knew him, as she knew his name as well as he knew it. He was Davian Dawn. And her

name, clearly written on the door to her office was Doreen Dean.

“Are you sleeping better?” she asked.

He hesitated briefly. He didn’t know. He had the momentary problem of remembering sleeping, as difficult as it may sound, or even dreaming. “Slightly better I’ll think.”

“And the medications; are you using them? Are they working at all?” she asked.

He forced a light smile. “I wouldn’t use them?”

“As I recall, you were quite reluctant to consider using them,” she said.

“And that is why I’m here. I am forgetting things,” he said.

She frowned. “You have never used that term before ...you usually refrain from such terms.”

He squinted. “Such terms?”

“Vulnerable terms, if I may use the term,” she replied.

He exhaled, and was silent briefly.

“This visit is personal rather than official would you say Mr. Dawn?” she asked.

He studied her. “You don’t mind?”

She shook her head lightly. “No. The agency will foot it. But they forced you in here the last time. And I’m guessing things may be as you really do not wish it.”

“The Agency?” he asked and instantly caught himself. He had not intended it, but it had slipped

out in that moment of pure ignorance to his own nature and to what agency she was referring.

She was silenced briefly, as she studied him, before she forced a smile and stood. “If you’ll excuse me for just a minute—”

“Sit down!” he commanded firmly. He had been made and they both knew it.

She sat, slowly, her breath quickening.

He studied her. And judging by everything he knew, she was high maintenance professionally. She knew what she was doing, and was usually paid privately and expensively to do it.

“Psychiatrist?”

She hesitated briefly. “Yes.” And tightened her body in the seating space she occupied.

He exhaled, shook his head lightly, feeling slightly guilty for the predicament she was in, for having shouted on her, giving her a sense he was going to get what he wanted at all cost. “I’m not going to hurt you?”

She held his eyes slowly and exhaled. “Well that depends.”

“On what?” he asked.

She hesitated. “Who you are?”

The directness of her question seemed to touch every fiber of his being. Was he already plagued with some multiple personality disorder before his awakening in an alley? “That’s what I’m hoping you can tell me. When is your next patient?”

“In about five minutes,” she replied.

He studied her. Was she lying? “Cancel it,” he said simply.

She shook her head. “Too late I’m sure Mr. Cromwell is well on his way.”

“Then what session was the Agency going to pay for?” he asked solemnly.

She was silenced.

“Who am I?” he asked.

She narrowed her eyes. “You’re really asking me that?”

“Why not Dr. Doreen Dean?” he asked.

“Because you’re smart enough to know I’m not a miracle worker,” She replied.

He raised an eyebrow. “I am?”

She shook her head. “I can’t possibly know who you are.”

“How did you come to know me?” he asked solemnly.

“You came to me,” she replied, nervous about the nature of their present involvement. He was surprisingly calm, as though mastered by his own unknowing instincts. How can it be?

“I came to you?” he asked cautiously.

“They sent you to me.”

He shifted in his seat. “They sent?”

“It was a referral,” she replied.

“A referral?”

“A complex referral,” she corrected.

He frowned. “A complex referral. Is that even remotely appropriate as a phrase or in any real medical index of terminologies?”

She narrowed her eyes, studying him. “I don’t know whether any measure of appropriateness applies in this case. I am not your doctor here Mr. Dawn. I am your prisoner.”

He drew his head back slightly. “How can we be sure of that?”

She frowned. “Of what?”

He hesitated briefly. “How can I be sure you’re not the one keeping me prisoner here at the moment? How can I be sure my awakening to utter memory swipe has nothing to do with my meeting you some time later? Maybe everything that’s been happening to me since I could remember my name and you within it all is all just some elaborate set up to keep me confused and controlled...to be some object of some abject absolute deceit?”

She raised her eyebrows. “Oh please! It can not be a misfortune of mine, some horrible bad day I am having for having met you? It must be some elaborate plan to do this or that to you? And no, it can not be that you’re just insanely paranoid because of your now sensational memory lapse. It has to be me.”

He studied her. “Maybe...”

She studied him. “Are you even in your right mind?”

He smiled, sarcastically. “And you expect me to know what that implies; to know a mind with which to compare the wrong mind?”

She shrugged. “Here I am about to ask why your sanity is any business of mine. But why

should I? I don't have any expectation here since we know you're in the mind state of not knowing. It doesn't matter... so you can tell me if you can. Are you in your right mind or not?"

He exhaled. "Out!"

She flinched. "This is my office."

"I mean out. Since I have nothing with which to compare, I must be out rather than in," he replied.

She studied him. "Out? Alienation of some certain frequency even if the order of normalcy is unknown; that out?"

He hesitated, thinking. "Not out. I mean, not in that order. I'm in the present, in the now out. I have been out of my mind since my recent conscious awareness, and that out has gotten worse since I met you."

She frowned. "Worse?"

He nodded slightly. "Yes... And I'm getting more confused by the second. I still don't have any clue into my past, any past at all."

She studied him. "But you're here now since you remembered awareness?"

He nodded. "Yes. But that should be much further than I remember. My memory was of waking up in an alley. And if I am wrong, do correct me. It is a terrible place to be born."

She narrowed her eyes, didn't give a reply. "Do you at least have some spatial memory intact?"

He hesitated, thinking. “If by spatial you mean a sense of space, I’m not lost in space or anything...”

She shook her head. “No I meant to ask if you knew where you live, where your friends live.”

He shook his head. “No clue. I have no idea where I live. I have no memory of any or all friends. And I definitely have no idea where anyone else lives, no memory of anyone except you.”

She drew her head backward. “Me?”

“You knew my name. You’re a psychiatrist. And from the looks of things, you must have treated me for something. And must have known I lived somewhere...an asylum perhaps...?”

She hesitated briefly. “Perhaps...”

He leaned forward in his seat, and spoke as softly as he could manage. “You know my name.”

She leaned back into her comfy seat. “Now what are the odds of that? You forgot everything but your name. It seems you know yourself more than I ever could. I only knew you as Davian.”

“My odds may be stacked higher than yours but your professionalism necessitates that you know your client or patient as you may. And since you do know nothing but my name, you too may be losing mind,” Davian replied.

Doreen raised an eyebrow. “I certainly know where I live and what happened on my tenth birthday. Do you?”

He stood and started pacing. “How can you ever explain treating a patient whose plight and the circumstances surrounding such you don’t know?”

“You were not really an ideal patient. I knew you through a referral,” she replied.

He held her eyes fully. “Referral through whom?”

She lingered intentionally. “Well...I don’t particularly ask.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Are you kidding me? Because you’re not particularly interested?”

She shook her head. “Clearly I don’t particularly know what’s really wrong here...with you...now...”

He stopped pacing and faced her. “What exactly do you remember?”

She hesitated. “It depends on whether you are the real Davian Dawn. Do you have any Identification on you?”

Davian hesitated. “You know damned well I don’t. Or I won’t be here. This begs the question Dr. Dean; how can I be sure you are who you say you are?”

She narrowed her eyes.

He nodded. “You’re not the only one with uncertainties at the moment. And while mine may be clearly apparent, yours may be the questionable.”

She shrugged, deepening her frown. “Why would I lie to you? I don’t even want to be here with you without the much needed simplicity of

knowing who you are. That is some much unexpected psychosis without any precedence on your behalf. So forgive me if I don't know how to quite deal with it. My suggestion is that you should go see someone other than me."

He shook his head. "I beg to differ. I need to know you to be who you say you are. We need to get to know each other."

She maintained her position. "My recommendation at the moment is the best in this situation. I will recommend a specialist or someone can pick you up—"

He twisted his mouth. "Someone can pick me up! As you would a mental case getting out of hand momentarily?"

She shook her head. "No, that's not what I meant. I mean...if your preference is such that someone can pick you up rather than going in to see the doctor..."

He shook his head. "That makes even less insulting sense Dr. Dean. Don't patronize me. I may not know myself but I'm not stupid. And for all I know this has all been a set up."

She glared at him. "Set up! Who in the hell has the time for such childish games?"

"Watch your language more than your mouth Dr. Dean. You're beginning to sound as unprofessional as you seem," he said in a lowly mocking tone.

She shrugged. "I am not a hypocrite Dawn. I'm clearly in a situation which demands much

more than mere professional decorum. I think I'm being held hostage."

He shrugged. "If only you weren't so damned guilty, maybe you wouldn't deserve it. I mean what do you know other than the name of your patient?"

"Need I repeat that the situation at hand demands much more than professional decorum?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Of course you may. But it doesn't change the fact that we are in this bind. You know me. I don't know me. And I don't know you."

She shook her head. "I don't know you!"

He shook his head. "Oh, I beg to differ, Dr. Dean. If this place is all a set up, our next bet is your home. You can set your office up but can you set your home up? Just for me?"

She frowned. "What?"

"I need to know you because I don't know me," he said.

She twisted her mouth. "And that's what I keep asking; who are you?"

He nodded. "Good. We both have questions we need answered."

She stood. "I will never willingly take you to my home when with all I know now you could be a...murderer...or a rapist..."

"Sit down!" he ordered solemnly. He didn't do it harshly or threateningly, but with much unexpected calm.

It scared her, the confidence in the man who hardly knows himself. She sat.

He exhaled.

And she wondered if he was relieved she hadn't forced his hand into the very solemn threat of violence his command could have implicated.

He paced. "And here I thought you knew me Dr. Dean."

"I thought I did too," she replied.

He stopped pacing and faced her. "Well, if I don't know me and neither do you, we only have one option at knowing anything momentarily. We have to confirm you are who you are. And nothing may confirm this more than the proof you have no set up at your home. Are you Dr. Dean at home, or not? There are details within a living space that says you live there and I assure you I won't miss a thing."

She hesitated, unresponsive for a few seconds. "What are the odds I'll willingly take you to my home when you could be a—"

He shook his head. "Oh stop the crap about my being a murderer or a rapist...it's not working! It's crazy when you have no memory of having sex with any woman ever. Yet I can't think of the indignity and lack of integrity involved in forcing one to my bed."

She shook her head. "It's difficult not knowing who you are as you can't possibly trust your instinct. How can you ask another to trust it with integrity?"

“I may have no memory of having slept with a woman at present, but I can’t shake the instinctual knowledge of my knowing how to please one, where to touch her, how to learn about her specific needs. You do have specific needs don’t you Dr. Dean?”

Doreen didn’t give a reply.

Davian continued. “Why would I trade the dignity and pleasure in that for the indignity of rape? Something tells me you always own your instincts because they’re not really lapse in judgments are they doctor Dean?”

“You can’t possibly want me to do the impossible; to willingly and blindly trust your instincts,” she replied in a tamed tone.

He narrowed his eyes. “Want you? I don’t want you to do anything. You’re the only ransom I’ve got for my memories. I definitely don’t want you to do anything. You have no choice but to help me.”

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