



GRACE POINT &
THE LEGEND OF HUMOR PLAGUE
FUNNY HOW HUMOR CAN
be

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*PARABLE-PLAY
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DEWLOGIC

GRACE POINT

The sun clouds itself in its own strength, its heartbeat a testament untimely to its self-formation, its rhythm in sparks of life, striking its edges neither with pain nor pleasure but with the reassurances of its vigor.

And there in the square in front of Grace Point Travel Agency, the sun maps the ground as it does the skies, a beckoning illumination, and the contrast sculpture placed over the ground a testament for its ability to persist as well as exist. Yet the display was merely that of the sun's power, not its presence.

But the carnal presence gracing the interior of Grace Point was more homely than godly. Dedora Divine had a graceful presence beyond her appearance, as her appearance as owner and manager of Grace Point Travel Agency was more radical than she looked.

And when the bell at the front door beckoned her attention, she knew by the man's appearance, that the stranger sought to book a trip much more than an airplane ticket could afford, more than a trip to Fiji, Italy, France or Greece, or anywhere in the world, a trip she must take in pivot points, as a pin might travel a hinge closest to the Earth's Northern Equator, and bring it back around to make a most central point.

And then he spoke the fateful words.

"I seek your graces Dedora Divine, please afford me your time."

Dedora exhaled, stared at the tall man in front of her, wondering just how far or near his inquisition could take her. Her graces after all, came at a price. It involved the best of her, the whole of her, and the involvement of her. "Like a billow in the wind, time affords me. I will not afford it. As I will not pay for

what is free. With my graces you may speak your name.”

The man exhaled. “Thank you for offering me your graces Ms. Divine. I am Theodore Gluse and I have done a terrible thing. But with the price I can not live. I will die within days, three days to be exact.”

Dedora eyed him. “You have admitted to doing a terrible thing. What do you want from me?”

“With your graces, I will like to return to redemption point,” he answered.

She hesitated, thinking, and studying him. “What have you done?”

“I tried to steal a soul, and found mine empty. And now, I’m running on and out of time,” he replied.

She narrowed her eyes. “You stole a soul?”

He shook his head, and when he spoke, drew a strain of remorse to his tone. “I tried to steal a soul because I found the soul beautiful and when I found the soul powerful as I tried to steal it, I found mine empty.”

“Why should I help you,” Dedora asked.

“I have the money and the penance I must pay,” he replied.

Dedora hesitated, studying the man. If he had the numbers and knew about the penance, then he was not entirely the human before him. “Then you know how Grace Point works?”

He nodded. “I do. I have ten thousand and nine dollars, and with it whatever penance I sustain I must pay. I plead you Ms. Divine, do afford me your graces and bring me to my redemption point.”

Dedora exhaled. “Take a sit,” she told the man and watched him sit. She took the pen and paper in front of

her, drew a triangle, darted lines diagonally down across it, before she began to write down numbers. “At ten thousand and nine, your points are limitless if you’re going anywhere. If you’re going anywhere straight, you have nine ones, eight twos, seven threes, six fours, five fives, four sixes, three sevens, two eights, and one nine.”

“And it seems I have nothing in particular,” Theodore said.

Dedora nodded. “Indeed you have nothing in particular. You have points.”

“And the points?” he asked.

“Will help me figure what turn points can help you,” she said, studying the points.

He was silenced briefly, giving her time to think.

She engaged his eyes as she spoke. “So we have the return of numbers back and forth, forth and back but except for five-five, we don’t see it. Which gets me thinking, there are really four points at the turn of five. Thus there are only two turn points for the number ten thousand and nine you’ve brought me. There is no turn point three.”

“And the nine is so tiny there are at the lowest corner,” he added.

“Like a cockroach against a wall, or a house of sands, some haven of fog, a single provision of a seemingly big very low essence you’ll say? A trick point with no treat if we ever use it. Some idiot may think it is up somewhere in wonderland but the single occurrence of nine is eastward corner angular down, where a human can hardly sit let alone exist. Back to the real issue Mr. Russell, two turn points will help me

figure what's wrong with you, and why you are empty and without a soul because you tried to steal one."

"How soon can we start Ms. Divine?" he asked.
"I'm low on life and time at the moment."

Dedora stood, went to the back of the room and came back out with equipment much like a large watch, but was rather a range instrument with two pointer pins without the implication of what they point to.

"I call it TOE," she told Russell. "Short for turning point events. It uses a designation point sequence of S prints based on the last instance of a whole sequence to relate with the possible designation."

"I didn't know soul prints was that easy to detect," he said.

She shook her head. "No, they're not. Except the beautiful souls. They beckon."

"Indeed they do," he replied.

She studied him. "And thus their beckoning and your criminal mind got us here... That's why you are here asking for my grace, and as I said earlier, this is TOE. A double-ended supposition of points will not do it, but a turn of events will."

"Now, what may we do with TOE," he asked.

She smiled, slowly. "We may reckon you with it. Now, take it and put the back of it to your eyes."

He did as he was told, opening his eyes widely into the lens of the TOE and having a sensation of his vision getting blurred before he removed it and handed it to her.

She inspected it. "It did not flinch nor pinch. I would have thought you were soulless. But soul-less you are not, are you? You're only emptying or empty."

“Emptying,” he replied.

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