



DEWLOGIC

TRANSVERSE

The Quest for the Datar

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Transverse

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THE QUEST FOR THE DATAR

The surge of air rushed the summit effortlessly and edged towards a slower expansion underneath, flattening the subversion. It's massiveness in the sky seemed negligible in space as its lift pierced the air strongly. The stillness moved, the movement stilled, and the quiet comfort enjoyed by the payload shifted efficiency at the height of technological progress. Flight 303 was in full swing.

Pilot Dillon Dent had ten years on the job. Copilot Leonard Frantz had two. And all was well within the cockpit until the propeller hung, air trending motionless, disabling the thrust, and the quick drawback of drag rattled the jet engines. Something was countering the lift energy.

The down force of the horizontal stabilizer gave. And so did the side force of the vertical stabilizer. The conditioning caved a semi circular horizontal roll and then stilled. Neither the nose nor the tail dived. The pull from the mid point of the fuselage, the mid-center of the plane was as strangely as it was deadly. It was an experience first dizzying and then emptying.

"Call it!" Dillon barked the order at his copilot.

Dillon tuned out his copilot's call of distress and concentrated on the moment. Everything had gone so wrong, controlling the plane was both intelligibly and unintelligibly impossible. They were prone for a free fall against both the vertical and horizontal mode, a pull against flight in flight. A free fall, it seemed to him in the flash of the moment, from some three dimensional hell, pulled with a string from a ninth spatial dimension.

The tug downward, although expected, surprised Dillon, seeming propelled by a force stronger than

gravity. And the free fall lasted merely seconds before the midpoint landing deadened all breathable weight.

The move was necessitated. With little privacy and a lot of Transverse activities, the need for relocation took me out of New York to a comfortable house in small town Nebraska Transverse paid for. What was unexpected was Norah's insistence on relocating with me. Tranquility when home, my best friend at my side to tell my strangest Transverse secrets and mission exploits, and it was as good as life could get.

The *Watch, Clocks & Socks* store Norah owned was great to do some writing on Transverse days off. And there, life was quite predictable. Except for those moments like the moment I was in when Transverse's surgically implanted tracer generated arched electromagnetic impulses near the base of my ankle, arousing my nerve endings. It chimed against my skin twice more before I stood abruptly, understanding the message in it.

I injected the Klem Serum before I stood, ensuring the wide range jump Cross-Transverse will be relatively easy, stood and turned to face Norah who was inspecting one of the smaller clocks by the front entrance. "Hey."

She turned her attention away from the clock, hesitated briefly as she held my eyes, studying my expression. "Oh, you've got that look."

I smiled. "Glad you recognize the look. I don't have to tell."

Norah shook her head, closing the distance between us. “You have to tell. You always have to tell. You may be gone for days at a time. You have to tell.”

I studied her. “Okay. I have to run to Transworld. There. I told.”

She followed as I made my way towards the back of the store, the heaviness of my absence already silently felt. “Your gossip friends will keep you company when I’m gone. The beauty of small towns.”

She shrugged. “Gossip indeed, not talks.”

I smiled. “Well then a woman shall not live by talk alone.”

We walked silently for a few seconds.

Norah spoke. “Have you ever wondered what it’ll be like with Patroc? He’s cool. He’s hot...”

I smiled and stopped walking briefly, to face Norah.

She stopped as well, and faced me.

“Are you asking me if I’m sleeping with Patroc?” I asked.

She shrugged. “Well, you’re gone all the time.”

I widened my eyes. “On missions!”

“So you have never imagined being with him as a giant?” she asked.

I shook my head, pondering on the detailed intent of Norah’s questioning briefly. “Of course not. It is absolutely impossible. Now, if you accuse me of it in his human form...”

“Like what happened at Halfway Creek.”

I nodded. “Yes like what happened at Halfway Creek.”

“And a little more?”

I shook my head, smiling, and walked. “Yes. And a little more. Too much romance books Norah. Too much free time since we left New York.”

Norah shrugged. “You tell me they’re hot in human form. And I couldn’t help myself. I want to meet one.”

I stopped and faced her again holding a grin. “I may be able to bring you one of those Transient ones...due to the special circumstances of our relationship...they’re hottest as ever since we human females are meant to be susceptible...and they last three days...You can make him your sex slave...”

“Companion,” She corrected.

I smiled, raised an eyebrow teasingly. “What? Whatever? Sex slave, companion... whatever.”

“And you can do that?” she asked, tilted her head as she raised an eyebrow.

I nodded. “Yes, why not? But I’ll need the agent’s consent. So I must lie to Patroc.”

Susan drew her head back. “You’ll do that for me?”

I nodded. “Of course I’ll do that for you. You’re my best friend.”

Norah squinted, almost disbelieving my statement. “Whatever excuse will you give for that mission?”

I smiled. “You’re lost. You need to be found. That mission is definitely important to me.”

Norah smiled. “And it may be the best mission of my life.”

I stood on the dust bracket I had created for my jump in the back of the store.

“What should I put in the fridge for your welcome back?” Norah asked.

“Nothing says welcome home better than your eggplant Parmesan,” I said, bent a knee to pivot a good grip of the influence of the Klem serum, and made the dust to dust leap.

At Petalcloud, a Transphase junction en route to Transworld, and seeming a phantom of my own imagination, I was redirected, not by my very own volition. It was a beckoning, one which I could choose to ignore, and debated briefly, lounging in the open space of the inter-space, before I made the move in the direction of the beckoning.

I had wanted to get to Transworld, as I was still new to being an agent of the overseeing yet unknown world. On every issue concerning Earth, they had been able to save our fate. It would be unthinkable to think I could be working against Earthly progress. And yet, it was now becoming my hardening instinct as an agent—that every instinct had to be earned, and intelligence was a way to route it. It was my intent to gather intelligence on Transworld on the behalf of protecting Earth. But in the moment decided against the visit I wanted.

I emerged at the forested area of a public park, a perfect but small gathering of dust bites set out for my entry. “What the frack!” I exclaimed, searching for the sighting of the intended subject as soon as I touched land. I faced Patroc. “I’m not gonna take this crap!”

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