



DEWLOGIC

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THE SALAMANDER RECOURSE  
**DEWLOGIC**  
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## THE SALAMANDER RECOURSE

The illusions of the cosmic string forms a myth upon a myth when it enters the Earthian space barely equipped as cosmic dust. But light years owns its knowledge in space. Its timing is ultimately in the event of its travels. And the revelation beyond its travels the Headstraight Company edged as the Salamander Machine.

The nature of the Salamander had always intrigued her. Its steady state enforcement could never know bifurcation and its chaos knew the realignment of symmetry. But her summoning at the moment represented on the piece of paper handed her by a pretend student of hers simply stated, "TSR." She read it as an implication to the state or some affliction to the state of the Salamander.

And the mode of delivery told her the intent of the sender. She was to make up an excuse of some dire nature, find a replacement at the small Engineering College Headstraight privately owned and attend to the situation. She after all, was the most highly trained operative Headstraight had and the Salamander, the only one of such kind, had her as its Assimilant. Her summoning was not of small calling.

The fabled exudate is an eyeful without eyeliner and the recliner was the eye opener at Headstraight. It always was that the optical illusion hardly resembled the eyesight. Hard at work, Dr.

DrooQ looked a fabled narrative against the reality of the products empowered by Headstraight.

But he managed a genuine smile seated there on the high lab chair as Hinge entered the room. “Talk about the extra-territorial necessity.”

Hinge smiled. “Walking in at an extremely high frequency for work. I have a TSR.”

DrooQ nodded. “I know. I called it. And called it especially for you. You are after all the Salamander’s Assimilant. ”

“I thought you never did monitoring of such kinds, thought the Salamander never needed such,” Hinge replied.

DrooQ nodded. “Yes, the beauty of the Salamander is highly elite. It never makes captures or films or anything of such. But it has a resurging chip which must transfer its presence back to Headstraight.”

“And?” Hinge asked.

“It’s not where its supposed to be...in fact, its farthest from where its supposed to be and in a most unusual place,” Dr. DrooQ replied.

Hinge frowned. “Unusual place?”

“It’s in the local Widegate Police Department.”

Hinge dropped the QeQ, the reflectionary-deflationary artificial gem Headstraight made at leisure and watched it flatten. “You must be joking!”

The fall of times is never adorable. It always has to be subject to a deadlock while never really in luck or love. Its intimacies are with dead-letters following the death of a deadbeat. And death knows its meat as fabric the back of a tailor's hands. But Hinge had never whiffed Roger Deadend fallible to the fall of times. He was the head of the more practicable Securities department.

What Widegate authorities didn't know was that he was more than the Engineering designer he was, he was a Weapons Engineer. And he developed experimental weaponries that weren't known and would never be known to them. Those weaponries were not off limits on specialized missions.

Roger Deadend had also trained her; especially during her assimilation with the Salamander. She noticed as she sat there in the meeting room forcing a smile despite her knowledge of the looming predicament, that there were new faces on the elite security team.

Deadend made the seventh person she found in the room aside from her. He was the only person she knew. Such, there were five strangers in all, and that implied six for the mission.

"Everyone..." Deadend started, engaging Hinge's eyes. "...everything for this mission follows the Salamander's procedural format, and if it succeeds it, is already fatal residual. We must and we do, by your very training follow the

Salamander's procedural format. I introduced Hinge Everworth, the Salamander's Assimilator."

One of the other two women in the room smiled. "The one without whom the Salamander's operational retrieval is impossible."

Deadend nodded. "Indeed the one and only."

And they all fell into silence.

Hinge observed the reluctance to speak, especially to her. Had they heard all sort of terrible or good things about her and her missions? And Deadend allowed the silence to preside briefly, before turning to the younger looking man seated beside Hinge.

Deadend nodded Hinge in his direction. "Steve McKay. He's the specialized remote you'll be spearheading. His would be an end phase, mid phase and start phase supplement. He's the thoroughly imagined aspect of the Salamander's protocol. He goes everywhere the Salamander goes without ever actually being there. Such he must have your location prompt for the RV device. If he doesn't know you're connected or present, he'll blow you up alongside the target. But everyone knows he could never turn the Salamander's powers against it."

"Or he'll die trying..." Hinge added.

Deadend nodded. "Indeed. But I'll say any major warfare needs him on an unimaginable fictional scale of possibilities."

Hinge forced a smile as she turned to Steve. "Hi, I'm Hinge Everworth."

“I know,” Steve replied.

“Next...” Deadend called their attention in the moment. “...the Recline-Advance, RA crew works like the Salamander in ammunition processes...” He called out names as he turned from one person to another to another. “Pat...Joe...Sue...Cat.”

Hinge turned to Cat to engage the introduction. “Your name is Cat?”

“It’s short for Catherine,” Cat replied.

Deadend continued. “As I said, they, the very four of them process the Salamander’s ammunition procedural format.”

Hinge turned to engage Deadend’s eyes. “They court fire on the 180 and 70 angular tracers to make a 250 degree spiral...”

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