



DEWLOGIC

THE SOFTLINER PATHOGEN

Making Reading Worth Your While
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As the sun pulls its ease towards its surfaces so it may keep its cool in its interior ends, the Transverse Transient plays its existence as a harp, a plucking of strings which arcs its sequential reflexes of heat like hash. Their Trans-genesis is in Transverse and their existence never transcends it. And in venturing into the Earthian realms, they needed representation in a form accommodating to its atmospheric and biological existential parameters. And those, the Transient Agent don't naturally posses.

The world is heliocentric.

And the nicotinic high may only hide on the nigh as a nightie hung on a ninny-hammer. The world's history refuses to be the love song of a Nicad, the hypocritical creed of a niche breed.

For high technology at high tension, I thought, there should be a high test at high tide. But Transverse Transient agents had no love with which to own the choice between playing homely or playing nice. They only retain their forms long enough to subsist within earthly parameters. And if I could have my very way in this world or in Transworld, I would desecrate the synthetic sanctity of their derivation.

The knowledge felt well deserved after the last mission, and Detroc had confessed it that if all the Transients were trapped within the Mesopause in the Mesosphere, they'll experience the freezing point unsustainable for their natures and become as a reptilian stuck in the Mesozoic unable to own that which they often stole from the humans—the ability to be human.

“Deb,” I heard Patroc call.

They had arrived to find me seated in the backyard where I was trying to pretend my Transworld missions weren't taking away from my writing career.

Patroc was getting more intrusive with my thoughts lately. He always knew when I drifted, even if I maintained a straight face doing it.

"However can pigs fly?" I asked half-heartedly.

"Deb!" Detroc called this time.

I snapped back fully into the reality of the movement. There was something to talk about, something about Transverse Transients' new bouts of insurgency before I drifted on a dream to wishing them all dead. Transients; after all, could never lay a single claim to being human, why ever, if they weren't the truly parasitic and pathogenic beings they were, would they transverse the human realm illegally with only harmful intentions in hand all the time?

"Deb!" Detroc called again.

I came out of the reverie fully to snap at him. "Must I own my thoughts on a straight or drop in pieces like a Rhombohedron?"

"Must you not be the formidable and the intelligent Transverse Agent you are?" Patroc asked.

Detroc shook his head. "I call it for the Rhombo...its appearance of linear composure is quite fascinating if not a straight up perfect scam. I don't think Ms. Deb here can handle that."

"The Rhombo... also resembles the appearance of you owning the ability to process intelligence," I snapped at Detroc. "The Nothing Processing Expressway. How the freaks do you process that?"

Detroc shrugged, and to change the subject he made a suspiciously unselfish statement. "Weren't we

on the subject of you flying with pigs and such things?”

I exhaled. The realities of transients were like dead summers making strangers with a decade’s turn. And when spring comes around with its sparks for life, all memories turn to dust. In fact, I was sure of it; Transients lose memories as easily as they lose forms. I refocused into the moment. “I should be allowed some moments in introspect with all the crap you keep throwing my way.”

Detroc held a devilish smile. “Look who’s talking like a megaton of a brim. It looks like a simple case to me. It’s a case of do your job or do your job unless you can tell me with some great melancholic effect why you shouldn’t.”

I shook my head. “Nope. Can’t do that. That would take a lot of acting skills I certainly don’t have and can never own. But if you come back at some later time today it would have been magically acquired.”

“Do your job,” Detroc commented.

I shot him an angry expression. “Don’t patronize me Patroc, just shut up.”

Slightly amused, Detroc shrugged. “Okay, I’ll let Patroc tell you what about the Transverse Transients truly ails your world.”

I exhaled, and there wasn’t any hope to the exhalation. “Don’t tell me.”

Patroc frowned. “Does that mean you don’t want to hear it?”

Detroc smiled. “My study of human instincts tells me otherwise. It means she does want to hear it despite the fact that she’ll rather not.”

Patroc exhaled. "It's come to our recent discovery."

I narrowed my eyes. "Has it now?"

Patroc nodded. "Yes. Indeed it has. There is a class of Transverse Agents who settled in Colony SC..."

I frowned, in a deeply disturbed mood. "You have yet another dissenting migrating colony!"

"Indeed we do," Detroc replied in a mocking tone.

I scowled at Detroc. "Now why ever would those Transient Agents ever run from the likes of you? Why ever would they want their freedom?"

Detroc snickered. "Ha! What freedom? They have no such notions Deb. They're not Earthians. They were not made to understand such phantom notions, but rather to ignore it."

I turned to Detroc and smiled, sarcastically. "Now, why ever would they act like buffoon idiots?" And upon a certain realization, I turned to Patroc. "You deny them the simplicities of freedom?"

Patroc shook his head. "They do have freedom. That's why they can as you call it, "run," or rather set up colonies. But Detroc is right. They don't really have such notions because they're transient beings."

I narrowed my eyes, pondering on the true nature behind his statement. "And by that, do you mean they're not really beings, semi-beings or mainly savages?"

Detroc, yet holding his devilish smile, spoke. "First, they're not humans and secondly, they're capable of changing forms for the necessity of the occasion, of the mission. That's primarily what they

were made for. They were made for missions. And when they seek their so called freedoms as you term it, they're destructive. They're the best we've made for combat and diplomatic missions turned personal, a mere derivative turned inward and catastrophic. And now, they've done it again."

I scratched my forehead as I held Detroc's eyes again. "Tell me not so."

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