



DEWLOGIC

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THE REDEEMER'S BREACH

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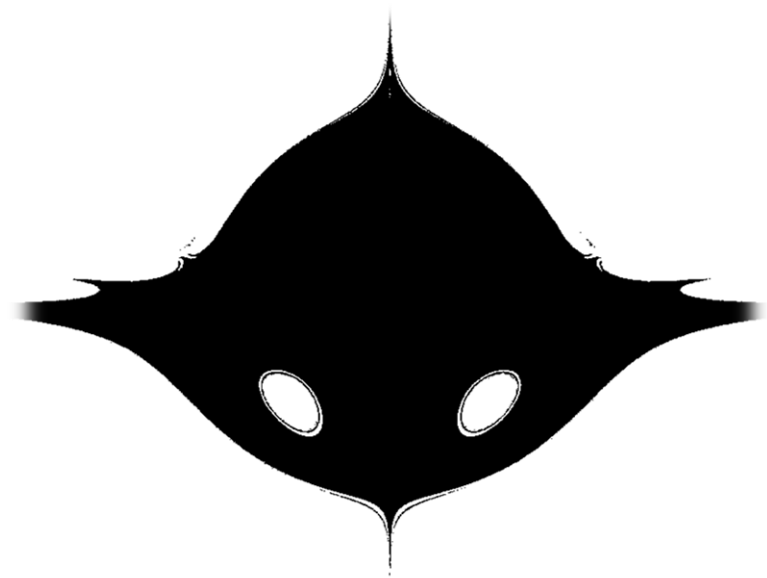
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THE REDEEMER'S BREACH

Veins made porous have little necessity for a heart. And bloodline resurgence is in the pathway it makes with nature. Made to seat and unseat a soul so when it retreats the soul masters itself, the Redeemer masters no heart. There are no giant strides. The resolution is marked in bona fide valiant strides. As a gangway without a gangster's height, it masters not heart.

It paraded space, extending the Belluva over the breaches of the demarcated Pointsguard, looking for signs of life.



And the Belluva delivered space as a unit may its own invasion, a familiar-unfamiliar agreement with its presence, an impeachment in process of the Redeemer's path. Its quests in space are a subtle donation, the refinement of the apparent in preparation for its appearance.

It had been trained to prelude the Metapath, engaging porosity, gathering and aligning scattered inferences, affecting-defecting identity differentials. As a song in space, the delivered delight is never in love with its

surrounding, never recaptured, but rather the hollowed delight always waiting to be captured as soul. It engages the porous employment of Metajunctions and the processes calls the functioning of the Soul Rescuer Primer machine, the Redeemer.



The Redeemer engaged Meta Presence, enabling Metapathy, the familiar-unfamiliar relational knowledge between what's behind and what's beyond, a placement of history with the existential being-subjective for identity recognition.

It seemed of mere coincidence that it showed up in Becky's Alloy's home.

They were in the backyard when the spotlight came down.

And the signals which warned Martina the Orfy of an approach couldn't have warned her of the Redeemer's approach. The Redeemer was a new machine, and being untagged and rarely upgraded machine itself, Martina failed to recognize it, and got out the "punch" code for "hide" out on time, based on the Belluva sensation.

Becky Alloy ducked into the doghouse.

The spotlight came down on Martina in the usual pretentious form, a stillness beyond recourse, as some doll burdened with an implacable adamant dullness, one unbending and relentlessly boring to any other machine; burdened, as a stillness will be to a bloodless heart; its breakage a dream without memory or history; burdened as a machine's imagination of death, its history of life will be in the recurring dream to capture light, to recapture movement without the familiarity of source.



While maintaining the state of elegant fiction momentarily, Martina noticed the state of the Belluva machine was unrelenting. The spotlight was maintained for

more time than usual, more time than was necessary, and resolved at the moment that the machine in the surrounding could be more than the Belluva known, more than the Belluva expected. The inhuman heart she carried skipped a beat for Becky's sake.

Becky Alloy contained her fears momentarily, as her uncle had taught her; by "counting space," as a drumstick wills its assumption of beating space, the beat without any heart whatsoever. Yet she felt unusually stiffened as a dumbwaiter climbing heights, only to be devoured. Something was unusually amiss this time; she knew it, and feared the worst momentarily—it could be the machine her Uncle Jonathan had warned about.

He had warned that the machine presupposes for its impositions. It was the Hobgoblin always behind, always thinking it is beyond. Its crippling prototypic phase problem had been in the assumption of presence above much overwhelming doubt, a call which made the machine effective and ineffective, an Achilles Heel. She remembered her Uncle emphatically maintaining that the machine could never process "imponderable."

She accepted in the moment that the presence was that of the feared Achilles Heels machine. And while the Redeemer initiated the anti-gravitational lift as it sensed movement, Becky was on her feet in reach for Martina.

At the sighting of the girl, the Redeemer felt a Bump, an informational bypass made of indecipherable deranges rather than soft data alignments, an unfamiliarity overwhelming for the Metapath which made an end call without the presence of initiating judgment call. It was reading metadata of distal differential; there was neither state nor status recognition for the girl, and it increased the suction force for the anti-gravitational lift.

Becky caught Martina in midair as they were both lifted into utter darkness.

Utter Darkness!

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