



**DEWLOGIC**

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THE HALF CENTER HOMICIDE

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## THE HALF CENTER HOMICIDE

There is the mundane which inadvertently takes to life as a celebration. It recoils from the subtraction of failure, making belief there is a heart made of gold; one which falls ridiculously short in reality to a subhuman state as the mechanical auxiliary undertakes human advancement.

The Nympharian advancement was the unwelcomed derivative of a mechanical future, Han thought as he made the bend to discover the incline. And there he further thought it that a Nympharian inclination, at least for the humans implied a Nympharian declination. The future, regardless of its brightness or darkness at the moment didn't favor the appearance of a self, at least not a self willing to represent itself human.

He made the declination.

And when he walked into the Small Earthian meeting room, he found Sam already seated some distance from where he took his seat. The meeting room was a cave, one constructed to resemble a room. And there he felt like a distant call beckoned his retreat. Earth's uprising was to be a great creativity direction but the downsizing was upon earth a reality dispersed, a phenomenon observed rather than avenged, one no leadership or security set up could dissuade.

Dr. Brandi Ghould, the lead forensic scientist faced the meeting room with the usual clarity she accompanied with every major catastrophe Small Earth has ever had since the Nympharian revolution.

And seated in the room while Dr. Gshould gathered her thoughts, Sam wondered what the nature of the news they were to receive was, if the news would endanger Han and him; send them rolling their heads on a skate towards the exterior-ex.

When Dr. Gshould spoke, she did so in a soft tone charged with a certainty that seemed personally-owned rather than officially mandated. “Hello Small Earth,” she said, and had the room silenced briefly. “It is possible to break a mountain, break a bow, break the heavens, leak the oceans, father a storm, mother a bridge, and you may deliver freedom to the hopeless with thoughts of doubt, bridge an enclosure with circumstances of space, but it is impossible to break a woman and call her a plague, deliver her an indenture to nature.”

The room was silenced. Dr. Gshould had spoken with much emotionality to her tone. And when she spoke again, she did so in a subdued tone. “The Nympharians delivered a half centered female into our midst.”

There was the discomfoting silence that followed before the chorus of “What?” and “What the hell?” was to follow.

Dr. Gshould swallowed the imperative to scream, just for the sake of it. Nympharian technology was overwhelming for her at the moment but the seeming lack of understanding

from Small Earthians on the issue at hand could send her crazy.

She allowed the complaints to subside before she spoke again. She took two steps forward. “There is no easy way to say what I’m about to say but there is no elegant recovery when defeat is incarnate.” She hesitated briefly to gather her thoughts.

“There is absolutely little recovery to our upturned world,” Dr. Mollusk, a botanist said. “As scattered leaves on scanty stem cells, defeat is all we’ve got for the moment. There is no easy way to say anything, not a word.”

Dr. Ghound nodded in agreement. “The incarnation doubles our challenge. The Nympharians have managed a fascinating employment of superior intelligence than we anticipated. They have managed to create a human female where absolutely none should exist as a possibility.”

Dr. Grant, the statistician spoke. “And this new possibility will be opposed to the Nympharian natures as creations and as creators as we know it to be at the moment?”

Dr. Ghound hesitated briefly. “It depends on how we qualify the nature of the occurrence.”

Dr. Grant narrowed his eyes, studying Dr. Ghound. “Then it’s really a matter of occurrence then is it Dr. Ghound? You think the occurrence matters more than the costly existence of the Nympharians?”

Dr. Ghould held Dr. Grant's eyes. "I think there is a heavy cost to putting our focus on what is known about the Nympharians. What isn't known is the real cost involved here. And yet I believe this particular occurrence is costlier than the existence of the Nympharians."

"You've not told us what it is." Dr. Spark asked. "My guess is that it is about the homicide."

Dr. Ghould nodded. "Yes it is. Tia Maran's autopsy turned up some uncommon abilities which do not define her anatomically and physiologically as what we couldn't have known her not to be, than what she appeared to be...which is very different from what she is."

Dr. Grant frowned. "What she is?"

"She is an engineered Nympharian woman and I mean that in every way except in internal condition," Dr. Ghould said. "The internal condition can not satisfy the external occurrence, and the external occurrence is overwhelmingly deceptive as we all fell for it. It was insanity in the flesh that she was someone she claimed to be, yet we all fell for it like unthinking fools."

"Yet I do not see how this bit of news is more fatalistic to our cause than the very predicament we find ourselves with the Nympharians," Dr. Grant stated.

Dr. Ghould hesitated briefly, exhaled. "Cradle time stories for instance, rock cradles from a different angle every time they're told. That's why they can be. They're always told. Such, like cradle

time stories, it was pretty clear what we invented the Nympharian clan for. It was to accommodate our subtle lies. They were to mediate our centrifuges of lies, made as our machines are, to pacify our forthcoming inadequacies, made as our machines are, without a combining core force. And such the combining interaction of these lies becomes the uncoordinated separation of life and truth. It can never have life. Truth is what we make of it. With the Half Centered Female, truth is not just the derivative of our composed compound lies anymore. It is a product, one ingeniously resembling truth. And as long as a woman like this exists as artificial reality, as artificial intelligence, then all real human female's effort is exceeded. This kind of beastly nature is a travesty to nature.”

Silenced ensued in the room for a while.

“Xaya,” Dr. Ghould called to her assistant seated within the seated group. “Bring the examination table in will you?”

Xaya, an unattractive but well dressed female exited the room quickly. She was soon pushing a large table containing a cadaver into the room.

There was a chorus of gasps in the room as Xaya wheeled the cadaver in. It was display meant to produce the effect it had, loud and expressive. The cadaver was tranquil, without any signs of the usual signs of going stale especially as Dr. Ghould had worked all night on it without any provision for embalming. From it protruded a recognizable

length of spinal cord, drawn up and attached to the body in a near perfectly curved form.

“Was that necessary Dr. Ghould?” asked Dr. Lag, the forensic toxicologist who optioned to go to bed while Dr. Ghould performed the autopsy all night long.

Dr. Ghould held his eyes. “That is exactly the necessity it needs Dr. Lag and you would have known that if you had been at work last night.” She scanned the faces in the room. “Now if you will please ladies and gentlemen step over here so we can all examine this cadaver.”

The room gathered around the cadaver.

“We humans have done it,” Dr. Ghould continued. “We have invented and perfected the Pavilion, the ring we insert surgically in our spines so that we can better access our own functioning, our brain processes. It has helped perfect the perceptions of ourselves with our psycho-physiological processing, helped perfect our everyday lives. And afterwards we used it for the Nympharians. We found that the Nympharian implementation of the Pavilion could not be circular, so we left them as curvatures. And that is why we are humans, males and females. This Machine, the Half-Centered Female the Nympharians invented is a risk to all of nature as we know it, a risk especially to individuality and femininity. The Pavilion insert was made at the T8 section of the artificial spine as you can see on the

cadaver. If you will all pass around the handheld microscope...”

The microscope was handed from one person to another.

Dr. Ghould continued. “The Insert was made at a 15.5 distal differential horizontal on the length of the spine making its placement parallel to the brain with T7 accounting for 15 and T9 accounting for 15. And you can see this at the top of the curvature on the Cadaver. Our problems are plenty here. With the Pavilion insert in humans, the process is made to recognize T7 and T9 as belonging to one person, the same person. But the Half Centered female creates access to a brain where there is no brain and with it accesses the brain, a bypass we humans couldn’t have seen coming. There is absolutely no connection to a true female brain. It has no core force connected to the brain. Its core force, if created and directed will run the length of the curved spine and run parallel and inverse to the brain. And such its brain works as an elliptic paraboloid within a sub-mainframe which was meant to be a slice of the Nympharian artificial intelligence but ceaselessly tries to be a whole, constantly and ceaseless seeking the spherical, and never accessing the brain. With a different normative, a different formative and an absolute disconnection from a true brain, it is represented as a woman. This is a grave danger to the human female. It makes every instinct superior without natural attachment. In other words, this is

a brainless machine conjured up towards a most expected nonexistent female.”

The room was silenced after her lengthy statement.

Dr. Sparks spoke. “Is my suspicions right Dr. Ghould. If there is a two-part brain, and both are artificial intelligences, then there is an uncertain suspension of death.”

“You are right Dr. Sparks,” Dr. Ghould replied. “There hasn’t been any access to the artificial Pavilion because its construct calls for its disintegration upon extraction.”

“However are we going to get to examine it?” Dr. Sparks asked.

Dr. Ghould exhaled briefly. “We have to get a live specimen, a live subject.”

Han frowned, raised his voice as he spoke. “How the freaks in hell are we supposed to do that?”

And the whole group turned and stared at Han.

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