



DEWLOGIC

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THOSE WHO MADE IT

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**THOSE WHO MADE IT**

Retrenched, as a dream would on the anchor of a leaf, no blissful space indigenous except there in, where what is, must be, infinity's treat and never its outcome. The Acorn Satellite roared ahead, its precision unshaken, unmistakable yet scattered as an ache will be on every blister's edge. It was unthinkable to think it unthinking. It was all the thought there was, the predominating thought within the hanging edges of the Golden Eagle.

And yet it is as a crater, the insanity spell which at the turn of a century endures an uncertain end to endure an immaculate regeneration delimiting its scope. The constant edge it was, a perfect condition for the convulsing world Alexa found herself which in a convulsions mirror was the depth of the inadequacy plaguing the town of Terracotta.

Terracotta knew disjoints as a spider knew cobweb formations.

The beauty of the disjointed is sometimes in the supposition of a place belonging. But when a house is discontinuous, the discontinuation becomes a point of no essential or existential reference. The heart becomes a phantom of its inability to be fathomable, and the tragedy implied calls a lie forever its home.

Terracotta implies the Golden Eagle, the Golden Eagle implies Terracotta and the implication was always discontinuation in representation. A mathematical dilemma of the discontinuous within an allocated area of focus,

Dr. Rooth, the rebellious intellectual in Terracotta had called it; the case of a broken system deluding people within delimiting concepts.

But others in Terracotta saw things quite differently; the Golden Eagle was a thin line every true hero must walk. While Alexa didn't know who or what to believe about the Whospace perimeter of the Golden Eagle, the Golden Eagle hadn't shown itself the thin line it was proclaimed to be.

Dr. Rooth had also explained to her that the Function Height for the Golden Eagle is never a function of its intention. Its functionality was a benefit cost quotient belonging mainly to the probability state of its collective state at any given point of continuity, its occurrences, and its intention becoming a plague parading within the peripheral paradigms of its scope.

And thus, all intentions becomes against the grounds of the Function; an expense account without the benefit of reaching an existential limit. Surviving the intentions within all limits of the Function Height makes the hero. "...You cannot afford existence within the delimitations of the Golden Eagle Alexa Draggle. Your only means of surviving it is escaping it...as if you were never there as an inscription. Inscriptions are never belonging to those who assume it. The Overseer of the Golden Eagle owns it. There is only one way to own the Golden Eagle and only the Overseer has

it. You own no part of the Golden Eagle.  
Remember that.”

She stepped backward to retrain the sequence of occurrences she was about to witness and got no functionality from the Golden Eagle. She stepped forward and it was as mutable as unmoving.

Nothing.

She placed a full cusp of her hand over the Deathslider; the extremely flat and thoroughly red touch sensitive panel glued to her wrist giving her the multidirectional bond with space which also renders her under the control of the Golden Eagle to envision the Whospace. And faced the edge. And as she approached it she wondered further what functionality could have enabled the intention she saw before her.

“A pointed hole!” she mouthed. It floated within the Groundspace of the Terracotta; suspended, as if it knew air upside down and was merely experiencing discontinuation with grounding. A very unusual sight, Alexa thought, and felt a tiny trigger down her spine. She walked around the edges of the hole and found a three edged downward pointing seismic hole. “A freaking gaping hole!”

It endured as a hole, loose, like some fragmented portion of a belonging incomplete and of great delimiting functionality without its missing end. “Craze the loop,” Dr. Rooth had

warned. “Monitor the fraction of a second or you’ll lose your mind.”

She monitored her mind momentarily since within the Whospace it has become as a dust line to the traces of cobwebs, a following from the formation of a spider’s force and that of time collecting itself against its sedimentary component as negative space, infinity delimiting itself.

“Wherever could be that the fraction of this section is from?” she asked. “It doesn’t seem to have any appearance at all.”

And then it bemused her at inception, the streamlined thin shadow dancing across the Whospace, with it its seeming end its beginning, its beginning its end. And there she suddenly stilled as though the movement was larger than life, her placement in it larger than her. She floated upward holding her breath to lighten her weight and hovered over the imbedded Whospace as though adjunct from herself.

But the graded illusion the Shadow line created gave Alexa the awe of a momentary relief. It was a sight audible to the most silent of eyes; the cascade of colors it created as it moved parading space with great acuity, agility and speed. A merely imaginative mind might have thought the cascades of colors were made without the functionality of movement of a willed and functioning force. Yet she reminded herself that she needed imagination to hide her thoughts from

the Eye of the Golden Eagle which she was told could see through the barest of her thoughts.

But the Shadow line was soon to drop into some unknown abyss within an abyss within the Whospace. There was little clarity to the Ancyglow, the artificial manifestation of the shadow-created graded illusions after that. And the remnants resembled a mind echoing instances of shadow dances while music wasn't audible anywhere.

But the echoing called a different vibration; one the dancing could sustain as a ringing to the ear which never reaches the ear. The ground was breaking, earthquake rising without any ground within the Whospace to break. The pseudo rising levitated her within the groundless medium. And she wondered momentarily whether grounding was a matter of time or of appearance. She re-situated as a balloon may in the presence of air pressure, unable to trace an intentioned path forward and backward.

And she suddenly stilled, as though to hear her heart beat, and took her heartbeat towards a solemn wish for the inscription from the Golden Eagle, attentively and intentionally calling the Epitome, the inception of the journey rendered strictly by the Overseer towards the Episode. And with Episodic epithets the Overseer heads the Whospace for the Epigone.

And the epitome conditioned the certain ring, an echoing within Whospace to initiate her

instincts. She spun her head around, strung it backward, eyes closed, to experience the Function Height of the Golden spin. And the Golden Eagle spun her further and further around before gradually decreasing the speed. And when she finally stilled and raised her head, she rushed at the breathtaking beauty of the golden inscription in open space.

*Every number has its edge, hold your edge, have your pick, edge your take, take your fate or die of late.*

Alexa's heart skipped a bit as fear rushed into her. And some of what Dr. Rooth had warned about the Eye of the Golden Eagle and the inscriptions rushed her. She was never to get caught in the movement. It was best to hold the inscriptions as they were; golden. She was not to take her bond with Whospace as a privilege. And her thoughts she was to keep secret.

She stilled, rendering against the insurgence of thoughts screaming to be sorted.

“Thinking is worse than the thought,” Dr. Rooth had warned. “Never render your mind against the Eye of the Golden Eagle. You must render a falsity, an alternate rendition to surpass the Function. Manage your thoughts as you will as a lie you must tell yourself every time you think. Then manage your tests so the Function never precedes your intention. Subverted intentions and false recollections are always better than the wound of an open mind. It renders the epigone

more powerful than the epithet, a loss to the quality of your presence in the Whospace. You must preserve your presence within Whospace.”

Suppressing the exposition of her intentions as much as she could, she decided not to engage rumination. “Number Seven,” she mouthed her uncertainty in the shakiness to her tone. “My pick is 151.” Making a leap in strict negative space, she moved in union with the Function Height as it spun her around again, directly engaging its space as she moved this time, trying to establish some union with it, approach its most intimate space, its Innersphere to commune with it. But as the Golden Eagle slowed this time, it flung her out of the perimeter with such force it hurt when she landed in the Undersphere.

She raised her head to find herself surrounded by rooms within a circular perimeter. She counted seven, stood and rushed to encounter them, one door after the other, rushing in like a fool on edge, curious to see what each one held, and rushing out to review. The first six rooms had food, varieties of food, but the seventh was completely empty.

She paced.

She ate; waited, but could not solve the puzzle to escape the Inscription Chapter. She could wait there forever unresolved and helpless or she could summon for help with the Deathslider on her wrist.

She waited, and considered her options without the fear of having her mind read by the Eye of the Golden Eagle. She was to admit her failure and face the degeneration of it.

She pressed the Deathslider, and waited for the spin.

And when it arrived, she closed her eyes, and took all possibilities of degeneration in an instant. The suction that took her backward almost broke her back in two. But it was the deathly constriction and the boiling of her blood as she backed into and was confined in what seemed a cylindrical pipe that got her fearing for her life.

She screamed.

And in the process deafened her ears.

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