



DEWLOGIC

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THE DEVIANT X TRANSGRESSION

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The horologist manages time as a bird may its beak; it can never break, nor be pulled off. It is never the work of his hands while it is indeed, his work. And the advocacy of the Zhafarian progressive front was in the advocacy of the citizen's intent and strength, not a show of humanity.

The Zhafarians knew ease as much as they knew progressive scientific work which amalgamated intimate aspects of life. They did so with the conviction that humanity will always be a work of art, a working progress towards achieving ultimate optimization.

The platform of optimization was mainly that of anatomy and physiology. And while the anatomy changed, the physiology was often rerouted towards some indefinite function pathway to make the animal concerned, the human animal, or the GenFigure animal, the genetic configuration in human form, more powerful than a previous state.

Dr. Bhadu Sangha, his surgical associates, the Zhafarian Health Care team, and all Zhafarian subjects made the artifact, the heart of their world, a mythical reality. And they had done a lot to manage and maintain what QueXtgen had once called an imagined eruption of volcanic hash, and later when it was discovered called, "the vague heart valve without its aorta."

It was determined it was not just soon to perish. It was perishables. What true human would want

to support and live in a community of biological deviants? What true human would want to become a deviant? They would if they could, if Zhafar wasn't protected and supported by very bad African regimes they bought the land from, color code all of them the insanity they live and dump them in some asylum. Such deviant realities overwhelm its reality with effects, it was determined.

Zhafar took for its powers the pour of effects.

And the pour of effects are residual against a platform of constancy.

The race against a fallen sky shadows the world anew against the path of void overtaking void.

It never suffers the same every time the revolution is imagined, with it, an uninsured cost; to wage a new uprising much unlike a rising-dipping tide, to pain, the diabolical elusive sensational trigger, always a witness to itself and never to the pleasure which seeks its every turn.

It never returns the same every time the revolution is imagined, with it restraining costs; to rage, in its beat against the expectation of hate, to age, beating illusions of time and teaching delusions to suffer delight, to loathing, much like love, enduring the slow return never mobile, to persecutions, in and out of reach, calling suffering anew to retrace the accordion of a heart of light.

Zhafarians were outcasts. But the sacredness of such sufferable delight, Bhadu Sangha thought as he paced the underground bunker of the Hype tree,

had a heart of dark malleable to his touch. The heart of light was always beyond his touch.

He knew the illusion of space was closing in on him. Life was closing in on him.

Roma had warned of the stretch of the very plot on which he founded Zhafar. “With the likes of Shin and ZenSmith around, the outbound of scientific improvisation are the very limitations you can imagine against the future you and I can envision. Within this inevitability let your eyes become your mind. Outside this you’re lost and out of place. Within these very specific realities we find ourselves, you have to imagine space as a necessity and never imagine its placement. Wise up Sangha, You cannot have reality a necessity within mythical space.”

Zhafar was an imagination of space, and in the moment he agreed with Roma’s harshest reprimand, a prediction of the moment’s plight; that he had failed with Zhafar, with it, in it, from inception.

Seganus walked in at the moment as he paced, on the imposition of a curious-precarious limb, a psychosomatic one. “We lost Serena,” he said as lowly as he could.

Sangha exhaled, maintained an uncomfortable silence before he spoke again. “How close?”

“Very close to the Zhafarian Borders I’ll say. I’m almost afraid an invasion is inevitable,” Seganus replied.

The air was thick with the helplessness at hand and the unspoken turn of the inevitable filled the air with great tension. The slight anxiety was simply about the decision to be made. And Seganus reminded him too often that he, above all else, had to be personally protected.

“We should take you in,” Seganus said solemnly.

Sangha paced, and stopped briefly to hold Seganus’ eyes. “There’s no Myelin sheath between here and there Seganus. It’s the same deep-seated disturbance, a harshly elongated perturbation, nothing more, worse consequence if I survive the war out of hiding. I would have gone hidden in the open, except for the fact that the war would be real.”

“You have to go in so you can live another day,” Seganus urged.

Sangha closed his eyes briefly. “And leave Zhafar and the Zhafarians to their horrible plights in times of war?”

It was the first time Sangha was honest about his feelings about the decision made during the very formation of Zhafar. “We put survival first. We survive. We live like a Zhafarian would. We live free.”

Sangha hesitated briefly, thinking. He didn’t entertain the lingering thought of cowardice. It was human instincts for one to want to save oneself. But under the circumstances he was in, he was prone to make a different decision—the thought of

leaving Zhafarians and Zhafar in the hands of war so he could preserve some unknown future.

The cowardice indictable will be implied by every scientist of good standing in the world. He would be deemed in their eyes, if he survives the war to rebuild Zhafar again, unworthy of the Zhafarian leadership he would have. “We make a case in front of the tribunal. We tell the best truth we can, and we figure out if war is as much a necessity for us as it seems for QueXtgen. Then we build me up or take me down...and why ever do I feel either way, you meet an artifact.”

Sharp pretences are acute in the modes of presentation. They argue instances beyond their angular approaches. They cover the closing; they cover the opening, and their presentation of dual channeled illusion becomes an epitome disembodied, a knowing vacuity with resounding constancy.

Their continuity is always a lie.

Retina retraced his steps as he came to the viewing window. “There is something really wrong with this view; a disturbing distorting placement to it. And there is only one place in the world at the moment you can get such machines capable of this...such machines capable of spatial distortion.”

Roma rolled around in the chair he was seated in, in front of Iris, and confronted Retina standing behind him staring down Iris’ screen. “Spatial

distortion? That's it? That's how you're going to say QueXtgen got into our investigative business this time?"

"The question here is more modest Dr. Hill..." Roma said. "...either we are being plagued by QueXtgen on the LOLI lowlife profiler outside or Richard Namer is just too smart for his own good."

Roma shrugged. "I don't even believe there is any spatial distortion or incongruity as you claim it. I think the man is just wisp, squeaky clean as a whistle. Whatever we couldn't pick up, Iris must have picked up. If she—"

"It," Retina corrected.

Roma ignored Retina's interruption briefly before speaking. "If Iris says nothing is there to be found, nothing is there to be found," Roma said.

Retina hesitated briefly. "I'm afraid Iris may be wrong this time."

Roma hesitated, narrowing his eyes. "You must be losing your mind boy."

Retina approached Roma cautiously.

And Roma allowed him to get closer before he pushed his gliding chair backward to meet Iris' screen. "You want me to believe you have access to information Iris couldn't access?"

Roma hesitated briefly. "I want you to believe I have access to information Iris cannot deduct. And I need you to believe me. There is reasonability to my thoughts. If we do not find, seek out and conquer these instruments of spatial anomalies QueXtgen uses, we'll be lost, lost to our minds, to

our procedures, our future. You have to remember we empowered Zomara. And despite the fact that we ensouled it, it's yet subject to spatial subversion, aversion, quantum contusions. I'm telling you to give me the benefit of the doubt here. Let's investigate this. Give me; give us, the room, and the benefit to doubt Iris.

Roma deepened his frown. "To doubt Iris?"

Retina exhaled. "Yes. To doubt Iris procedurally; to doubt Iris systemically."

Roma ignored his statement, holding on to his frown.

"What if we were to indulge Iris?" Roma asked in a soft subtle tone.

"Ask her for permission?" Roma asked.

Retina hesitated briefly, thinking. It felt odd to him to engage the humanity she didn't possess despite the imposition of soul. "Yes," he replied.

"Iris," Roma called, turning his gliding chair to view her screen. Iris lifted her beautiful eyelash, flipping her eyelids for a lid she possessed before opening her screen. "You closed your eyes. Did I block your spot?" Roma asked.

"No I was thinking. You and Retina were at it again," Iris replied.

Roma smiled. "And he has an engagement for you; does he not? Will you be willing to indulge in such inferior engagement as he is about to offer or play chess with me?"

"Dr. Hill," Retina cautioned.

Roma widened his eyes. “What? You can almost believe she will behave like a human female here, can you not? Will she seek the pleasure of intellectual engagement through a game with someone who cares about her and engages her in such a manner? Or someone who dares refer to her as “it?””

Retina frowned. . “What the hell are you talking about? I can’t even try to engage her because you’re always with her.”

“And calling her “it?”” Roma asked.

Retina exhaled. And when he spoke, did so in a low solemn tone. “I’m afraid Dr. Hill that if we fully presuppose the imposition of humanity here—”

Roma’s tone was loud and adamant. “And for calling her “it?””

Retina hesitated only briefly. “I’m sorry Iris.”

Roma remained silent. So did iris.

Retina spoke. “I’m sorry I was insensitive and unkind when I called you it. You’re worth a lot more to us than “it.””

Iris spoke in her unmistakable highly feminized tone. “Why do you call me it?”

Retina was silenced briefly. “Forgive me if I am wrong Iris, but I have a problem separating you from Zomara.”

“Because he’s a senseless womanizing fool who has the inability to recognize intelligence in women,” Roma added.

Retina exhaled, ignoring Roma's comment. "I'm sorry Iris. I do want to know what you think about being a willing participant in finding out what the Martian artist pulling spatial tricks may be up to."

"Roma," Iris called.

Retina shook his head. "Calling you for confirmation is that it? Oh God no Dr. Hill you've completely feminized her."

Roma snapped. "I feminized her? She has a feminine soul you idiot. At least I'm not masturbating to her behind her back."

Retina smiled shaking his head. "Indeed, yes. But masturbating to her in front of her is a privilege you have Dr. Hill isn't it?"

Roma smiled. "Is that you saying you stopped doing it?"

Retina smiled back. "I'm not responsible for natural instincts Dr. Hill. You know that."

Roma's smile disappeared. "Oh shut up! You call her "it," and you masturbate to her behind her back."

Retina exhaled. "I'm sorry Iris."

"And you'll never refer to her as "it," again?" Roma asked.

Retina shook his head. "Never."

Roma turned around to face Iris. "Iris—"

Iris flipped the hugely feminized lid covering her Zomara body as though gesturing a whimsy flirt.

Retina almost smiled at the thought of her being so artificially feminized and effective. He contained himself momentarily and faced Iris. “Will you be willing to give advice on whether we should pursue the Engineer further at this point because I believe there is a spatial anomaly blocking us from seeing him as he is at the moment. “

Roma shrugged. “So what if that is such?”

Retina hesitated briefly. “May I remind you that the only thing external about this case is the referral? The Engineer is the only valuable link we have to eventually knowing what happened to Mara.”

Roma was silenced.

Iris spoke. “What do you mean by that Retina? I don’t understand.”

“My recommendation is that the Engineer should be rechecked Iris. Is there any reason on your part why you may want to support my decision?” Retina asked.

Iris was silent.

And her silence, in moments as such, Retina always read as either consent or a lack of proper understanding. “Okay I will say this differently. If the Northern rise we watched from below was perfect; however is there no southern rise from above? However is there no Southern backward?”

Iris mimicked the human perplexed state; she exhaled sharply. “Something is definitely wrong.”

Retina nodded in agreement. “And we should find out exactly what that is.”

The choreography of clans is not in the handling of their art but in the decency of their path. Chaos was the statement of the indecency of intent. To the existence of Zhafar QueXtgen attached much detestable indecency.

Hatred was established.

And nothing could prove this further than what usually did; doom.

The trajectory of the assaulting launch was parabolic, which to Seganus measured the predictability of intent rather than that of precision. It didn't matter what was hit. The compound interest was always the same; loss.

The deformity was the debris. And the diachronically inclined deduction was vestigial, a following of presupposed ruin over ruin, a residual re-calcification of the enfeebled state rather than the material dilapidation of body parts over tree parts, and the chaotic intimation of the two embedded within the architectural vacuity of the cluster strings.

And after that was always the art of cubing strife, a rendering not of accommodation of heart but of pain.

And this wasn't some ordinary pain. The projected Duo missile had achieved aims they had been avoiding for a while now. But after some much intended attacks, QueXtgen, he was certain,

was now waking up to the nature of the Zhafarian architectural designs.

They had managed to destroy a Glam Cluster, a string cluster of trees genetically engineered for strength and endurance by Dr. Yeyetunde Bade, the main botanist in Zhafar. It was built to sustain both lower and upper proportion of the trees strongly. But the Duo missile he suspected was used for the attack had the ability to take a height back from whence the same hole it came, rendering a triple intended movement in a single strike as a single stride.

It creates a crater, an open “V” with a diagonal to its stems, completely obliterating the cluster strings and downing the tree.

It was understandable that with the first Glam Cluster down, QueXtgen was coming for more. They knew the way to down them. They had the means to down them.

The war, which had initiated without precognition with the engineering of a designed-preferred limb, was now next to being formally declared. The achievement had been as a rigid possession rather than progression for QueXtgen for a while and was soon declared such. And when a genetically preferred human was begotten, the distribution of a limb as the ultimate existence, as some celebrated infinitesimal communal artifact was abhorred and soon aborted by QueXtgen.

And in the difficult beginning they had moved into Zhafar and made it a haven. The love difficult

to make was made available to any and all that came for a home and a haven, at the deprivation QueXtgen believed, of human existence.

Zhafar, the latent road filled with instances of hope and re-imagined impossibilities was home.

An imagined angel engineered for the possibility of life after a human life, Seganus fit right in, in Zhafar. And looking around him at the destruction that has come to his home, his heart broke into too many un-congealable pieces.

The quiet discomforts with little acquisition of time mocked him immensely, with it, his existence as well.

He ran his thoughts up his spine as a flicker may a flammable path, holding fire, holding little but the sensational occurrence. Dr. Bhadu Sangha had perfected the nodal transference system enabling the link.

And as Seganus stood silently feeling underwhelmed by the debris. He pulled off his shirt and extended his wings with the tensed slow release of the contracted muscles of his back. He stretched them out fully, extended their fullness in the extended semicircular space surrounding him.

He flapped it, and fully and highly outstretched, it was a subtle declaration of a war yet to be made official.

An indifferent kind of war; pinning some static uncaring mode, never reserving its accommodation, it becomes the silent imposition

the opposition to mind finds groundlessly appalling. And when noted in an indifferent light, it is projected without delight. It is as a minstrel rejoices in his muses to keep afloat. His work is a delusion; as a mix of oil and camphor will be to a fruitful heart.

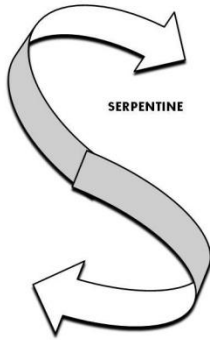
Unhealed, detached, untouched, un-calmed, the fury of war is always a distant memory, recollecting a time of peace at a time of war, a time of war at a time of peace, configuring a time piece worth nothing amazing.

The Serpentine works with space as space.

Proximal space had functionality-empowered with nodes at every occurrence of function modality and probability. And distal space had potentiality-empowered with sub-functional reality/modality.

At War QueXtgen knew both. And Serpentine was a product and weapon born out of great understanding. From a remote altitude a QueXtgen operative ignites the arrowhead, the reception satellite and calls a homogenous affinity towards the other end of the unknown distal portal. Capitulating space as a razor thin octopus may if on an "Advent zero" infinity streak pedestal, it is sharply instigated, deeply mitigated, and coiled to

form an “S” shape perpetuated below the ground.



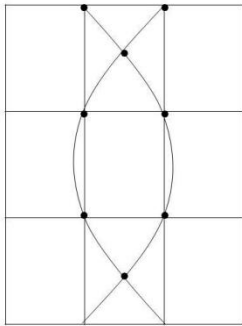
Its preserving end which enables energy in the lower end of the “S”, and the release end at the upper front make for cumulative functioning.

The trap is in being able to walk a straight line. And Serpentine has no straight line perimeter, except that embedded within the “Grid” which makes it a weapon. While the Serpentine may be survived, it may be survived by someone with the understanding of its complex workings.

The workings which depend largely on the size of and function modality attached to it, contain and carry the possibility-impossibility of death based on the target subject. The ingenuity of it was that it was made to target Zhafarians leaving the humans completely immune. The “Grid” a complex network set over the structure of the Serpentine, being able to differentiate in mode and manner of steps is the main assurance of who or what creature survives.

A three by three surficial artifact Grid over the Serpentine will be specifically for Zhafarians with artificial anatomical parts that are incongruous, and all unified holistic humans genetically engineered GenFigures. With the possibility of straight formative configuration of “#,” presence for each confining curvature, and the modal configuration of eight from surficial intersections out of nine possibility scopes, two of which gives deviant X’s from two separable internalized formations of X’s on the upper and lower fronts, the straight line is the anti-detonator. It is also an impossibility means.

The straight vertical line in this case which cannot be walked as it is impossible to walk against gravity ensures that any manner, mode, or direction leads to an incomplete with respect to a unified whole; an incomplete necessitates detonation for the subject. The supposition is that of a two point existence fall/rise. The subject doesn’t experience such. There is no instantiation of some evolutionary trio and that of two is an ill-recognizable internalized specimen without any known external formation; quite the opposite of internalized doubt, necessitating deviant X’s.



GRID
OVER
THE SERPENTINE

QueXtgen operatives took to the dead of night to install the Serpentine at Close Proximal Range, CPR, by digging a hole in the ground to insert its arrowhead upside down and letting it find its way through to the North. And the operation took merely seconds before the arrowhead in the lower level clicked into place inverted; ensuring the Northern end was anchored and insulated.

They waited.

The blissful breeze of the wind came against the scene a gentle deal. It was life as usual in Zhafar. Citizens underwent surgical procedures as they pleased but there were clans, some subtle, some apparent and loud. There were those closer in unity because of surgical synonymity. And that measure, set against a norm, had its own magnitude.

The Shadow Formers were expected to be one of the most effective weaponries for the warzone. It entails the surgical implantation of silver and black paint against the back of the subjects which qualifies symmetrically against the rise and set of the sun, creating shadows which in relation with space creates a three dimensional shadow always with the Zhafarian subject.

The shadows which always manifests as a separate homologous and inseparable entity from the subject so the subject never feels alone at all times, doesn't own a smile but has the uncanny ability to be more than a friend with a smile; it can take bullets and suffer injuries on behalf of the subject.

And when the remote trigger was rendered from an altitude and the Serpentine splintered Zhafarian atmosphere, only two clans survived amidst the lost; the Seganus Crowd, by using their artificial wings for protection, and the Shadow Formers, by using the shadows to absorb their pains and injuries.

The meeting room was filled with QueXtgen scientists from various aspects of life. Dr. Shin stood. So did Dr. ZenSmith. Dr. Yeyetunde Bade had just finished explaining the situation in Zhafar. And the look on their faces didn't reckon much of a victory at the moment.

“The Seganus Clan can be handled eventually,” Dr. Shin said. “But the Shadow Formers are newer

and we've not been able to contact our source, the paid Zhafarian spy we promised to protect.”

Dr. ZenSmith held a smile.

And Dr. Shin hesitated, studying his most trusted colleague. “What’s funny?”

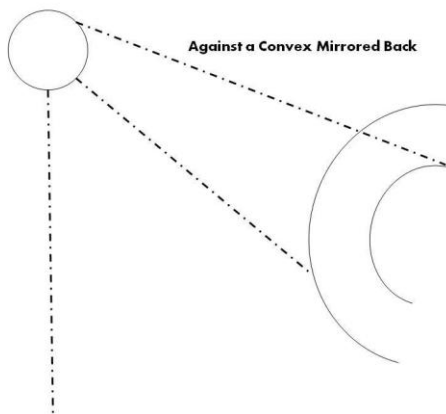
ZenSmith held on to his smile. “Do you remember when I told you if we lose the touch of doubt; we become ourselves like the Christians we condemn to great ignorance.”

Dr. Shin nodded. “Yes, and I said why not, Precision also has imaginary friends.”

Dr. ZenSmith broadened his smile and walked a few feet away before turning around to face Dr. Shin and the room. “It’s a good thing you said that because the Sun also has imaginary friends.”

Dr. Shin narrowed his eyes. “And?”

“The Shadow Formers depend on the sun to be who they are. So I decided to venture on and figure out how the sun encounters plane and space especially when it comes to mirrors.”



“And?” Dr. Shin asked.

Dr. ZenSMith hesitated briefly. “I have a few things to establish. There is only one way for the sun to rise against the stance of a back; the mirror implanted is convex. It has to be. And the subject backs the sun rise from the west. From the east it is concave backing the sun set which means there isn't a source of light eastward. The convex thus becomes the only way to stand a shadow outward. There is consistency of both light and shadow no matter how small. And to make a shadow you need light to strike a surface and return something no matter how small. Such the standing shadow has always been merely a solar extension and nothing more for it to be or not be.”

Dr. Shin shrugged. “We know ZenSmith. Tell us what we don't know.”

Dr. ZenSmith stared at the scientists in the room. “I know a way to kill the Shadow Formers.”

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