



DEWLOGIC

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GEAN, LIGHTRIDER

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**GEAN, LIGHTRIDER**

Clunk goes the cluster above the clout as the heaviness of dusts may stay ungrounded. And the ground shook against its own unmoving.

Everything moves, by the accordance of personal shifts.

And it is often the thoughts of legends that the world comes around on a forgiving bend, its transgressions un-persuaded by its digressions. It lands on its feet swayed by its might. It hardly flatters buoyancy, a crawling creep; its wings of flight are pruned by open sensations of light. It is yet an unforgiveable beast, rendering its presence without the apology of its becoming. It can hardly forgive itself. It renders its misgivings without an adequate thought to reprimand.

Nanite City is its clone a clone, a reprimand adjustment.

The maladjustment was a shift born of chaos. Nanite City became an open wound onto itself when its atmosphere was stripped from the north by corrosive encounters with space. It had been unguarded and couldn't have saved itself. The splitting had been unkindly, taking with it the majority of the sacredness Nanite City had. With it, most people believed was most of the sanity it possessed. They had expected the rupture and had guarded against it the best way they could. The baseline restoration template was set; Nanite City was to rebuild itself the best way it knew how. It was also to preserve life at all cost.

The split was into three conjoined inevitabilities for preservation, every unit referred to simply as “Ine.”

Nanite City made further arrangement for the conservation of human life. And its citizens survived much more than they anticipated. The survival involved two split clones, one of which burned completely and continue to erupt in time-endorsed fire explosions in the aftermath of the event. The burned down cloned city known as Fire City is attached to Deck City, the other cloned split where split cloned humans called the Unkind live.

The adjoining Cities were not easy to transverse and the three existential cities were conjoined by the fabric portals which molded their survival as a diseased set of tri-chromosomal existence would be.

It was a great anomaly created for survival.

And as great anomalies go, they often harbor subtle catastrophes.

The Unkind were usually opposing characterization of the cloned human as their link ran the weakest force lines against Nanite City. And once in Nanite City, the Unkind usually kills the clone to assume his or her life.

The Unkind are a delegation hopeless, a spatial upbringing with nothing but folly to offer life. They are the constant rescinding of a dream without an acknowledgement of reality. There was only one Nanite City. Any others were terrible mistakes.

Killing the Unkind was allowed for original Nanite City citizens. And this is usually done contractually. People willing to travel the Link Bridge and come back to deliver the head of an Unkind were paid lots of money to do so.

Nanite City could not be ridded of Fire City.

Any attempt to rid Nanite City of Fire City risks the entirety of the City. Thus, Fire City is kept afloat and at bay by the contained and incessant bed of fractionally distilled liquid air.

There, in Fire City where fire rises, falls, and rekindles itself, no human can live. There, in Deck City where cloned humans live, all humans are sanity and morally depraved.

And in Nanite City where humans live and sanity is an incessant momentary proposition, no goodness lives. In the trial triad state of torque in Nanite City, there isn't a single good turn.

True legends run their fates on tomorrow's wisdom. It is thus, as tomorrow seeks extremes in worth that the wicked will choose to worship far inferior gods, and with their flagships roaring through an emotional funnel make home to grave prejudice. And the wealth-less heart conquers the earth in blood. It maintains a failing range of celebrated efforts.

It has no legend of substance as it runs in headless circuits. And its present is a skeletal skull,

drenched and formed with great skullduggery, unwilling, unable to think.

The largely mutated animal presided over space, waiting. It had been a resulting product of the event. It is an inevitable and dangerous presence on the Link Bridge to Fire City. If they hadn't survived; the Alpslime, the creature they so named wouldn't have survived.

They survived.

And the Alpslime presided over the initially ruptured Northern hemisphere with gravely precision. It never wandered. It waited. It rested, feasted on flies and other insects. Its normalcy before the event had been interminable when its size was reasonable. It was yet interminable with enormous expectation which nature had become rudely incapable of providing.

And it was in the custom of waiting to fulfill the sensation it incessantly craves; something Nanite City's event took from it; the ever so lengthy sensation of having life within.

Truth is impregnable. It may be invigorated. It renders desirability. It delivers invincibility. Its invocation is its glory. There is a glory to a mausoleum which offers a solemn thought—that the affiliation of an Unkindly life goes beyond a dissonant charge. It is the wave beyond a trivial thought. And in Nanite City there were the gentle

reminders of the existence of a third end, that which does not guard and is unguarded.

Darkness borders a stern firmness, a silent resignation to an invariable resonance, un-repositioned as a flatfoot unable to meet a flat bed. It delivers might when it reclaims space naturally allotted.

Henry Cole knew not to wander the upper perimeter of Haywood Square. He was never to cross beyond the lower perimeter. What he was never told was that boundaries ran high and low.

And when Debbie Mote threw the soft ball beyond the designated perimeter he hardly had the time to have second thoughts about bridging the demarcation. He would retrieve the ball and bring it back in little to no time.

The silence moved. So did the darkness. And the swiftness in his western end was its first, its tail; on the north eastern end were two digressing eyes, as all eyes are on a bend.

In the duskiness the boy did not see it move, and the swiftness that swept him up was instantly overpowering. It threw the boy in the air, and as if it were swallowing its tail deposited him in the emptied underbelly pocket drained completely by the Nanite City event, swallowing him.

The duration of the durance of a dunderhead is negligible. He has no dura mater. His identity is a sham. Illusions drip tearlessly down a stream and

fervent prayers fade untested. The litmus paper test for water is not colorless, blue or pink. It is wet. It is by tradition wetness in kind.

Tradition is a hot-grade metal on a plate. It does not make memories. Memories make it. It grows from necessitation and choices or it fumbles and dies.

Gean Page knew she was facing the erosion of tradition. She was more convinced she was witnessing the peril of a people. Her sins of being a citizen on the ledge had been minimal—she had been accused of being an Unkind after her knowledge and knowledge-ability began to manifest itself in the manageability of her world after the Nanite City event.

She had explained to them, the Council, that it wasn't some sudden ability or some-event based reality. She had the knowledge-ability before the event and had never had the chance to use them. She had been put under close surveillance pending the possibility they find an Unkind of her kind. And when they summoned her, she was shocked, hoping no one had smelled the most of her concerns before and after the Nanite event on her—that which must initiate from action and not presentiment, her light riding abilities.

Why had she been summoned? They knew she had the tendency not to be tactful, the tendency to tell things as they are. Would she be careful, could she be when asked of something knowledgeable? Should she give a knowing wrong

answer? Could she? Should she change her nature to get a saner, normal life? Whatever could that life look like?

Were they finally convinced she was the Unkind? Had they come up short on looking and finding her Unkind in Deck City?

She faced one of the worst breed of Unkind her reality could afford, the Polax Clan. They had imposed themselves the most knowledgeable of the clans. They controlled the wealth. And they rooted themselves in the politics of Nanite City. They believed they were the fabric of Nanite City; they make things turn and maintain the future, that is, whatever future Nanite City had.

She was yet surprised when they offered her a seat. And as she sat there glued to the very unusual comfort in the presence of the Polax, she scanned the room scarcely afraid if she caught someone's eyes, someone may read right through her for what must be actionable, her light riding abilities. She was familiar with the Council, although she didn't know them by names. She was familiar with the few that spoke amongst the lot in the room.

She waited.

And the room was silenced briefly, before the clerk read out her name.

She stood immediately.

“You were summoned here for the enquiry of the Alpslime,” the clerk said.

“Sit,” she heard someone say. And felt out of place with the cordiality momentarily. She took her seat slowly.

“You do know about the Alpslime,” the middle-aged graying male she believed was the Foreman of the Council asked.

Gean remained silent.

The woman she believed was the Forewoman spoke. “Can you not speak?”

“I’m waiting for a speaker,” Gean said solemnly.

“You haven’t done anything wrong this time. You don’t need a speaker,” the Foreman said.

Gean hesitated, thinking. And wondered what could ever keep her on the good side of their laws. The way she knew their laws, the speaker, usually of the Polax Clan, appointed by the Council always had a job to do on behalf of her kind.

“You do have knowledge of the Alpslime?” the Forewoman asked.

Gean nodded. “I know of it yes.”

The Forewoman narrowed her eyes studying Gean. “I better inform you of the reasons we’re here in this moment. We, the Polax clan hadn’t been able to solve the problem of the Alpslime and its seeming timely abductions for lack of a better word, of our kind. So, when someone incessantly suggests we turn to you, and your kind, we decided to give it a try.”

She swallowed the heavily burdening insult implied. “Do you mean that you need me at a moment of crisis?”

The Forewoman frowned as she stared at Gean, who, strengthened by their apparent need for her knowledge-ability bravely held her eyes.

The Tellman, the appointed speaker on behalf of the Council spoke. “We had little choice but to summon you Miss Page.”

He had referred to her by her name!  
“Choices are never telling no matter how big or small Mr. Tellman,” she replied.

“We need your assistance on the persistent problem of the Alpslime,” The Tellman said.

Gean hesitated briefly for effect. “You need something from me based on that which I had been persecuted in the past?”

“Yes,” the Foreman answered. “We need your applicable knowledge especially if you have it in this case. We need to know how to handle the problem of the Alpslime without destroying ourselves.”

Gean debated her next move. It was important at the moment that all her efforts however productive or unproductive in the future do not become futile. She exhaled. “I want access to the library.”

The Forewoman yelled. “Your kind is not allowed to be Librarians!”

Gean exhaled. “I thought Nanite City employed the most knowledgeable people?”

The Forewoman shook her head. “Which you are not!”

“Yet I was summoned here knowledge-based?”

The room observed silence.

Gean shrugged the Forewoman’s rudeness momentarily. “I’m afraid you misjudge me because I’m afraid working with the Polax Clan could lead me on a poisoned death. I beg to differ. I mainly want access to all books in the library and I don’t ever want to work for it.”

“Or?” the Forewoman scowled.

Gean held her eyes. “I’m sure the Mint Clan can help you out with the Alpslime. I’ve heard they can be tidy smart.”

The Tellman spoke. “And I was almost certain you would have asked for something else. Perhaps money—”

Gean shook her head. “All monies run out with time. It is the simplest logic. Nothing to do with nature.”

“More food rations—” the Tellman continued.

Gean shrugged. “I can endure hunger once in a while. Food is nothing new.”

“You want access to all books in the library?” the Foreman asked.

Gean nodded. “Every single one.”

Silence presided in the room briefly.

“Granted,” said the Foreman.

The room was silenced as they waited for Gean to speak.

“We note our facts and our possibilities,” Gean said. “And first on my list of facts. The Alpslime cannot be conquered.”

The Forewoman shrugged. “We know that? We know we could never risk that because of Fire City. ”

Gean shook her head. “That’s not the real reason. You cannot risk it because it is contained within the very fabric that sustains Nanite City. And the worst risk goes to the Mint Clan as the fabric of the fabric, the outcome fabric of its first phase mutation is second phase mutation.”

The Forewoman widened her mouth, glaring at Gean.

The Foreman spoke. “Could you be clear about what you mean by that Miss Page?”

She cleared her throat. “When the atmospheric condition ruptured Nanite City, the survival procedure we put in place created many side effects as you are well aware of. There is no sudden mutation in reality. The appearance of such must be an apparent misunderstanding, an unreality in my opinion—”

The Forewoman frowned. “In your opinion?”

The Foreman spoke. “Continue Miss Page.”

Gean hesitated briefly. “Due to the Nanite City event, the mutation must have left the creature

in a most unnatural state, one larger than its life.  
And based on the history of the animal—”

“It has significant history?” the Forewoman asked.

Gean was silenced briefly, unsure how to deal with a woman positioned mainly by clan privilege. She strayed from engaging the Forewoman’s eyes in any meaningful manner and continued. “Here I want to say this is not evolutionary in any meaningful or scientific way. To think it is, is foolish. The three dimensions created here; the one that allowed us to survive the event is working against us. We cannot sustain our projected center of mass and so we hang ourselves up with strings that create all sorts of monsters. We’re a plague onto ourselves, a hanging incubating parasitic without any parasymbiotic effect. So it’s very important that we must first know our projection, find where our force lines may lie so we can know how we can control the situation we cannot escape. We must consider what the mutated animal is craving—”

“Food, what else?” the Forewoman said.

Gean exhaled. “Judging by the history of the animal and its largeness due to the mutation, it may be something else. And because of the seeming timely abduction you mentioned earlier, it may definitely be something else. It was known for its very long period of impregnation which is usually 38 months. And judging by the relation in size differential due to the mutation, we may only

have 38 hours to save the last victim, dead or alive. There was indeed a victim recently wasn't there; an important Polax's son, daughter?"

"Son," the Foreman said.

"We can save him?" asked the Tellman cautiously.

Gean hesitated briefly. "Depending on what reason the Alpslime took the boy. If it was for the sensation of impregnation, there should be remnants of history probably amplified, hormonal, enzymatic and preservative."

"How do we achieve it?" the Foreman said.

Gean hesitated briefly. "If we project a third dimension in every direction of this terrible triad we call home, we project a third dimension on 3."

"And?" the Tellman asked.

Gean continued. "Then we capture and calculate the delivery of space. And with the Polar Moment of Inertia on the z axis at 635.85, we're hyperbolic from the sole sustaining point, detached from it without the right and adequate force. Lifting and picking, we swing east, we're here, we swing west, and we're not here. We groove in droves, we're the disjunctive with the wrong force lines. We follow the 3rd and never come back us. We assume with great degenerative inaccuracy and gravely intellect that we're broke, but never that we're inadequate. We're two opposing thumbs down, one thumb up at the best of our natures. We're left with the resulting effect of the necessitation of our survival. And we can't latch

on anywhere else but the Alpslime's Tail end. It is the backward rationalization of our present states. Nanite City does not have any natural force in the direction of the Alpslime. The relation is not anymore a plague that it is an unreality."

Silence presided in the room.

The Foreman spoke. "What do you suggest we do?"

"If our intent is to save the boy or whatever is left of the boy momentarily just to know what's really happening, we have to escape the impregnation of the Alpslime, we have to derail the component incomplete vertices in relation with the Alpslime without derailing the vertices holding our very delicate Nanite City together. We have to turn Nanite City's vertices upside down and still retain and unite all three ends of the City."

The silence that ensued was deep. And the easy roll in the deep momentarily became a plague.

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