



DEWLOGIC

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THE BIDS DERAILMENT

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THE BIDS DERAILMENT

The outrigger tumbles afloat—a willing participant. Drifting, it outnumbers itself out of bounds with fate. It is the outflow of an event; intangible, panchromatic, the engineered plasticity to the construct of life, of light.

The plasticity of the atmosphere in Widegate City was scattered, loose, unfiltered in coherence, Hinge Everworth thought, as a passerby may pass a skeleton key to an unknown hand. With rapid prototyping an event is absorbed and displaced like a forgotten thought.

She could hardly forget that. The night sky was raging under an expert's eye.

It was yet impalpable, yet palpate; the atmosphere, like the incessant phlebotomy of concord grapes, with the repetitive trivialized achievement of alcoholic greatness, a transformative insanity. Reality is made a dream so it may survive. And its survival becomes a dream.

BIDS was always tendered by Headstraight as perfection on a map. And perfection on a map Hinge had agreed it was during its engineering, but like everything artifact, it has its faults.

Untendered, un-rendered, it was always a projection with angular provision and never its axial solutions. Always incomplete from inception and with the perception of an end without the beginning-without, it was a broken dream rekindling the propensity of its potential. It maps the fluid engagement of changeability without owning the substance of change, constructed for

incessant receptivity, prototypic output; it tends its limited ends without limit, rising dark like a Golden Eagle, lowered light into the depths of waters, burrowing deep and bright like the Yellowmouth Moray eel.

It knows the proposition of two ends as always false with false beginnings, and holds the intimacy of the two as a falsity, all eyes as blind as an Olm, all green as red as an onion, covers the earth, covers the seas, covers nothing it can foresee.

It monitors the heartbeat of the Ant; watches the Crocodile mouth its prey inattentively, open spaces it surrenders to plains, mountains and ocean floors all the same; becoming the voice unspeaking, speaking for all in space.

Its security is envenoming, raising its head high against the skies like a pit viper, giving the earth its view against its weight, maintaining presiding artificial buoyancy, stretching in multiple hyperbolic lengths, spreading its soft palate antennas down towards the earth on four ends of the earth. It culminates in the North end with its hard palate against a cloud, like a spy, coveted to rediscover space.

There it covets its Venomous Fang.

Hinge scanned her surroundings as she stood in the University Parking lot. The method of delivery had been simple, un-coded. A young bearded man had run directly into her and whispered it softly. BIDS had been derailed.

The road of perpetual youth is a present fully enclosed. And the highest note in autumn lies in the summer fling long forgotten much like a headless scheme resolves in the passage of time.

Driving his flashy sports car at 120 miles per hour in 15 miles per hour zone, Mike Michaels was relaxed as he always was. His father was a local politician and he had the corrupt Widegate Police Department in his pocket.

He was high on Cocaine. And often called a high functioning addict, he was often always high on something. He got high and drove as often as he got drunk and drove.

But what jolted him into a different and sudden high was unexpected. Without warning, his car was pushed up from under him. Frantic, he looked out the window to find he was being pushed up by one of the power strings rumored underneath Widegate City for electronic consumption. It had lifted his car in a vertical mode. But ahead he could see it had taken his car up on the upper end of a curve.

And his greatest fear in the moment was of dying in some pit created by the string. But as the curved string reached its vertical summit in a bend approaching zero, Michael suddenly realized the string didn't have the forward momentum to tip him over and put him in a pit. But before he could wish upon some lucky scheme, the car regressed backward against gravity, landed on the road upside down, crushing his skull.

Like blossoms in the spring, weddings augury prospects and progeny in Widegate City; it was some soft spoken tongue that the sins of the father should continue to be the sins of the father. At least it was for the Caldons. The Caldon's wedding wasn't particularly different from its kind. It was a time to show off wealth, a time to insure and ensure more inheritable wealth.

The sudden change in the dynamics of the atmospheric temperature didn't go unnoticed. It was the rate at which the temperature amplified that scared the wedding goers. And as the atmosphere grew more uncomfortably hot, the guests stood one after the other and began their wonder to wander and retreat from the wedding area.

They whispered amongst themselves that they were in a toxic combustible gas environment. But it was fire that caught up to them. Inescapably enflamed, it consumed them.

The becoming of a rat is the attitude of its mind. In altitude it imagines immolation. Its mind never strays to far from food. Whatever may be found is immunity to life.

There was little premonition to the incidence. The leaves were as still as could be, as though unaware of the silent splitting going on underground; before the thuds started the uproar of some rapid prototyping gone greatly wrong.

Like a whisper amongst pockets of air, the trees began to fall. And like a judgment day trumpet, the sound of the falling trees brought little joy to those surrounding it. Heads as well as limbs were lost. For a while, the sounds of the dropping trees downed the cries of sorrows. And all became still for that while before the screams filled the air.

Get a poormouth a poorhouse and a poor box will mail itself un-minded to heaven's gate, late, un-gated. The laboring heart makes wishes on galaxies, tumbles the mines, cuts blades of grass, mends heart of glass, then shatters in kinds, mumbles in plight, captures the night, her veins bleed in vain as life settles against un-anointed crowds, and arrives early, never finding a home un-gated.

Deadend had his back to Hinge as she walked in. And the freshness of air that surrounded him as she walked in was unmistakable. Hinge Everworth had presence.

“This is hardly a basic anomaly,” he told her.

She stopped short to observe his appearance from the back. “You look too thin to be playing fat. Have you been playing Wall again, crashing against your allotted fate?”

“Trying harder is not working,” Deadened replied.

“Then there's no reason to try harder,” she replied.

“As there is no going back against a wall,” he added.

“You of all people should know that Deadend.”

Deadend shrugged. “There is no law against dead end tries.”

“Except wasted efforts and heartless love,” she replied.

“Talking about machines without any heart or love; it takes some highly qualified fool to hijack BIDS,” Deadend said.

“Someone of sophisticated background, an evil genius perhaps,” Hinge added.

Deadend turned around at the moment, holding a devious smile. “Absolutely, perhaps.”

Hinge took her seat as he turned around.

“Clearly there is no team here. I don’t need a team?”

“After devouring the last team with the freaking idiotic Widegate police teams, one will think...”

Hinge widened her mouth. “What?”

Deadend raised his hands. “Hey, just saying...you don’t need a team but if at any time you feel you need one do ask. This needs more brain power than it can ever need manpower.”

Silence presided in the room for a while.

“However could anyone have done this?”

Deadend held her eyes. “You bridge the envenoming process.”

Hinge narrowed her eyes, thinking. “It’s an extremely tedious hard wired process. They

couldn't have done it through the soft palates, could they?"

"They do have to bypass the soft palates to access the hard palate," Deadend said.

Hinge held his eyes. "How the freaks in hell do they do that?"

Deadend took his seat. "There is a way to do that; which makes me wonder what sort of person I am dealing with here."

Hinge studied him. "Someone with the knowledgeable ability to separate myth from fiction perhaps...oh for freaks sakes stop admiring the evil ingenuity and tell."

Deadend nodded. "Yes, indeed. And the knowledgeable ability here starts with separating falling bodies from fallen bodies. For instance if a body falls through a vacuum at 64 feet per second at a second phase, the body would have fallen. It wouldn't be falling."

Hinge nodded in agreement. "But whatever would sustain a body in a vacuum without its own force? I mean, the sun's buoyancy is the sun's weight. And you cannot sustain in the sun's buoyancy and call it your home unless you're some unintelligent idiot. But the evil genius doesn't seem like an idiot."

Deadend shook his head. "No. it's something you must personally have. The soft Palates cannot afford buoyancy. They are not the holding force against gravity. They're downward bending. Such they are not falling. They're fallen."

“But they still have to be differentiated?” Hinge asked.

“Because everyone has a state of rest and that state of rest is important to their recognition and identity,” Deadend replied.

“And in that state of rest?” Hinge asked.

“You can reasonable target a person and know if you can conquer them or not. Rather than trying and trying endlessly like a fool,” Deadend replied.

“You can target them with precision?” Hinge asked.

Deadend nodded. “Yes.”

“And what does a precision target look like here?” Hinge asked. “It’s difficult to target the Viper Fangs of the hard palate.”

Deadend nodded in agreement. “Worse. It’s impossible to derail the hard palate as much as intelligence gathers.”

Hinge hesitated, studying Deadend. She lowered her head to stare up at his, smiling. “From one evil genius’ mind to another’s I know you know how that freak show did it. So, do tell...” she raised her head. “How is this translate-able in psycho smart?”

Deadened smiled. “You’re psycho smart yourself, why don’t you just figure it out?”

Hinge smiled, shrugged. “If the name fits; so yeah, you’re right, I’m psycho-smart. But I’m definitely not an evil genius. I mean you’re behind practically every machine Headstraight—”

“Okay, okay,” Deadend replied, broadening his smile. “You’re right, I’m some evil genius and you’re not...”

Hinge nodded. “Established fact. Now, how the hell did some evil genius derail BIDS?”

Deadened held on to his smile.

“Now if you can only let go of the evil genius smile and breathe...” Hinge urged.

Deadend cleared his face and took in a gulp of Oxygen. “He can not derail the core palate; that is, the hard palate which we especially implemented with the Rattle so you can bridge it. It implicated without a doubt that envenoming was inevitable.”

“Which would paralyze him, make him inevitable against gravity, drop his body weight through BIDS’ atmospheric vacuum like a bag of sack,” Hinge added.

Deadend nodded. “Yes.” And hesitated briefly, holding a smug.

Hinge smiled. “He couldn’t have had some artificial immunity to the envenoming process, could he?”

“The envenoming process is artificial,” Deadend said, still holding the smug.

Hinge squinted, studying him. “I could outsmart you in ways you can hardly imagine.”

Deadend nodded. “I know. But here you are miss-communicating the artificial nature of BIDS.”

Hinge hesitated briefly, thinking. “He cannot ride nor override the hard palate. He cannot ride

nor override the envenoming process of the Viper Fangs.”

Deadend nodded. “No, he cannot.”

Hinge exhaled. “Then he has to mimic the soft palates completely. He has to do so absolutely to the absolute unawareness and therefore detriment of BIDS.”

Deadend nodded in agreement. “There you are. Yes. He has to be somewhere he cannot humanly possibly be. And he only has to bring down one of four soft palate channels.”

“How?”

“First he has to get close, humanly speaking, without naturally having the capability to be there,” Deadend said.

“I agree,” Hinge said. “So, we must imagine it. Somewhat with some sort of extraordinary strength he gets to the third channel where he doesn’t exist.”

“He’s there 30 against gravity in BIDS,” Deadend added. “He weighs in against air. He must sustain the BIDS atmosphere up there.”

“Which will depend very well on how you were programmed to specifically sustain within BIDS,” Deadend replied. “Do you remember?”

Hinge Exhaled. “Well, first, he’s all there in some artificial mist and the realistic configuration of BIDS. There is only one reality and it’s in the 4th channel. A lot may come close to it but here’s only one, and it’s inscribed in the Salamander for my missions. Reality is a differential with an

unbreakable arc. All others are inverse elementals. The differential arc is that between 45 going from east to North and 60 going from east to south. It gives air quality and closes all realistic thermodynamics. It's like the difference between any real 9 and any real 10 and any real 9 and any real 1. The one is a 1, the other is an 8. There is never any real 18. It's impossible to make a jump differential a realistic premise."

Deadened smiled. "Now I am reminded of the woman you are. Which number do you figure is the absolute lie?"

"Absolutely 9...that freak show just doesn't exist however fragmented or augmented. To sustain the realistic altitude to destroy or recapture BIDS I need to exist against Oxygen in every of its isotopic states. We go molecular with the atomic because the atomic will be relatively too far apart to mean anything substantial. I can't have the crap intelligence of nothing or very little of something or nothing following me around on this mission. At 21.912 against gravity I have 20.7237834384; which gives 13.56 against 60 and is too far. At the molecular 43.824, I have a 4.98500079676, more or less a 5. And at 45 against 60 I have 4.59436758916 net which is approximately 4.6, an upward move from an upper 4.6 resting state from 4 to 5 upward to make an arc on the east to northern front to complete the thermodynamics and is back around with the 60. 3.6 Or anything other proposes a lie."

“Tell me we’re done with the mathematics,” Deadend said. “So we can get to the action.”

Hinge smiled. “We need the 30 equivalence which comes in at 24.248711306 which levels out with the 24’s and becomes increasingly decremented from point to point with a overall value of 1036, goes diagonally down from 3 to 6. So yes, he may have bridged the soft palates at 3.”

“And on 1-2-3-4 he definitely could never get to the conscious soft palate at 4,” Deadend commented.

“No he couldn’t but I definitely can. And next we must handle the envenoming process against the artificial envenoming of the Pit Viper,” Hinge replied.

Deadend nodded. “You will definitely need that.”

“I need the Rattle to exist speed winded vertical against a parallel of six,” Hinge said.

Deadend nodded. “Indeed.”

“Can you imagine a world which cannot endure the pains of the winter but wants the joys of summer?” Hinge asked.

Deadend smiled, nodded. “I will say it’s this terrible world that we live in.”

Hinge shook her head. “I mean scientifically.”

“End of the world indeed,” Deadend replied.

“I need to be present. I need to be present there working against all odds. I need to capture oxygen in a way that its density immerses both water and air,” Hinge said.

Deadend exhaled. “You need the power of a sun to get up there.”

Hinge nodded. “You’ve got it. I stand against gravity at all nodes, must take to the skies, carry the load against all tides; I’m bringing it all down.”

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