



DEWLOGIC

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CELL

**DEWLOGIC**

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**CELL**

The resonance bedded itself like a recurrence of charges in a concurrent negative flow, always on the brink of resurgence. The emphatic emulation of a losing worth knows emptiness. It expresses itself by calling a double in negation and the double in negation calls a third. It is empty-handed, neither receiving nor giving “nothing”. It discharges everything as a marketplace where nothing received nothing gained is reserved for empyrean employ. The empyrean estate, being without human destiny or humanity at all, is rendered a win as no worker or winner may be found.

And it begat a convoy of consumable constructs without any ownership source, a design of flotsam flounders made livable through electronic design and designations. It was one designed by Piccount Engineering Laboratories and from women’s fertility drugs to women’s abortion drugs they sell it. They also engineer soft and hardware.

When Dundart City was running in disarray, there was no one else for the Ruling Council to turn to. And after Dr. Deedee Fate explained some of the workings, they had resolved a resurgence of negativity as long as it diminished the rate of crimes to enable a governmental body, was better than the crime ridden Dundart city they had.

But Deedee faced a different reality than that she had had at the beginning of the year when her designs had awed the multitude and the Ruling Council had agreed to her every condition of enablement.

Dundart city was in a different sort of disarray, one as a direct effect of the CELL systemic psycho-electronic evolution. Its protocols were clear. It was on a system of turning negatives into positives and working with negatives on the assumptions of the positive. It was based on the year they dared allow the invention; 3003.

And at the beginning of the year her intellectual prowess could not be stopped. She had introduced a cellular complex enabling micro-macro functioning without any overpowering empyrean embodiment. It was in the name of compound interests and in the interest of engineered policing that citizens underwent a series of surgical procedures in cellular microbiology to enable the much needed compliance for the CELL system to work.

It worked on a psychological immersion of negative electron strings from 3 to -9, returning on either side shared electronic imports of -3 on both sides and accounting for -6. -27 to the charge of 9 giving -18 and  $3e-9$ , enabling a -13.5 charged output in 3003.

She had configured the extent to be able to decipher if the system could run-off beyond her control; if she could allow some unlimited systemic endeavoring. She did this by reimagining, reimagining -9 with a positive front:  $4(1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9)$  which gave 164 and alongside the output gave a 12.1481481481

ensuring that a run-off unlimited continuity will be an absolute error located at 12.

And implantation of chips and receptors in the peripheral nervous system enabled simple psychologically induced Recepts to condition the Citizen's mind to compliance. Deedee in private and implicitly called the process "Subtle denaturing." And within the process of stimulation of the Recepts, impulses were transmitted to the Central Nervous system enabling some psychologically induced Motor-effectors responses as well.

She faced Dr. Layard; the coworker she had worked with on the CELL project in her office after it was swept for bugs. "Do you understand the full implication of what happened?"

Chubby pot-bellied Dr. Layard nodded. "I understand someone committed a crime. And no doubt, soon he will be caught."

Deedee frowned. "But Dr. Layard, I just reported the bypass code theft for the very system that catches people who commit crimes, the CELL."

Dr. Layard nodded. "Yes, I understand. But there's no way he won't be caught."

Deedee studied him. "Caught by what? By who?"

"By the system he stole. It would find him out and bring him out to the open," Dr. Layard responded.

Deedee exhaled. “Are you hallucinating right now or already drinking?”

“I wish there was a drink nearby. But there isn’t any,” he responded.

Deedee studied him briefly and began to change her mind about his condition.

He was second class approved. She was the only first class. But as first class she had also undergone all surgical procedures until on a whim of oddity, she began having the sensation that something was wrong. And she couldn’t shake it, so she had all her first class CELL implants removed. The approval rankings implied compliance rates. And she had conditioned herself to be able to recognize and undo any damage or upkeep needed for the program. And afterwards she had mildly hypnotized Dr. Solderberg to insure he didn’t tell of the procedure.

Things hadn’t been well with the CELL program but at least she had studied it with sanity.

She got out of her seat, paced back and forth briefly and decided against a civilized approach towards her intent. She excused herself from the room, got past Dr. Heiner’s empty office and noticed the set of golf clubs available behind the door, retrieved one and went back to her office. She went into her office casually and raised the golf club to lower it forcefully and delivered the impact needed before Dr. Layard fell onto the floor, unconscious.

She prepped him for Surgical De-implantation.

There can never be the same season as the season there was. There is no season of love but rather that of its unfolding. The vicinity drops its moods as the leaf may at the will of the wind.

Bandaged and rested in the company's recovery floors, Hinge further pressed Dr. Layard for understanding and help. She felt overwhelmed at the moment; as if everything which had already gone wrong will go incredibly wrong. With the CELL program, that was eventually meant to happen.

Dr. Layard responded well; becoming more intellectually active after the De-implantation. And she had barely allowed him to rest, questioning him as soon as he was conscious, knowing he could roll into an unconscious mode anytime. But he was hardly back to himself.

"I'm trying to wrap my head around the inception you excluded from me. If I can try there I can help you," Dr. Layard responded.

Deedee exhaled. "I tell you what? I'll tell you this way. This morning I went for a long jog and as I went along came across a large green field where the sun shined brightly above. And on the grasses were tiny droplets of dew which made with light conditioned by the sun, the grasses glow and shine. They reflected like tiny bits of gold mannered from heaven. While the scene was powerful, I had to ask myself, 'Whose shine was it?'"

“The sun’s of course,” Dr. Layard responded.

Deedee nodded. “And such is the case here; this city’s grass will not shine if there was an empyrean entity to override the damage.”

Dr. Layard frowned. “What in God’s name does that mean? I want to know how this happened. If you were as perfect as we thought you were Deedee, how did this happen? How did this person get into Dundart without undergoing Surgical Implantation? How did he get into one of the safest places in Dundart city, your office?”

Deedee exhaled, quieting for a brief period. “Do you know why the Empyrean is needed to oversee things and why it was thoroughly disembodied for the CELL program?”

“I’m not sure I know much at the moment,” Dr. Layard replied.

Deedee was silent briefly, thinking. “The empyrean employs itself, returning with its own orbit, self-sustaining. But self sustenance was not what we needed. We needed compliance. The nature or location of an empyrean essence is known with partial and absolute errors which could set up anywhere, thus allowing the very thing I tried to avoid by disembodimenting the empyrean essence and taking—”

“You mean stealing?” Dr. Layard asked.

Dee hesitated briefly. “I mean stealing the empyrean estate. The council stole it yes. I just designed the program.”

Dr. Layard shook his head. “You stole it Dee. We stole it and look at the price we have to pay. Citizens walking around zombied, believing they are free, believing what they have chosen as theirs actually belongs. And if we take them off CELL, the crime rate springs up again.”

“It’s an imperfect world,” Deedee said.

Dr. Layard shook his head. “It’s not a world Dee. It’s an absolute artifact.”

Deedee needn’t be reminded why she De-implanted him. He was the voice of reason she needed in the troubling moment. “It is what we have to deal with Dr. Layard. The implications are beyond telling. The formulation for the orbital return  $4(1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9+10)$  gave 204 and this goes on a positive 10 to a negative 4. 4004 gives an output 20. And at 204 by 20, there is an absolute error at 10.2.”

Dr. Layard exhaled, was silent briefly, thinking. “We committed a grave anomaly. Looks like life opposes life where there’s 1 and 2 involved.”

Deedee exhaled. “We committed a worse anomaly. And it goes beyond just life. Science poses an error when it fails to recognize individuality before extending the notions of unions. The notion of unions in all possible modes here is an absolute error. Science rejects it completely. Which brings me to the very inception; that which I have excluded from your knowledge Dr. Layard; the idea for CELL came when one sunny morning as I walked by a river,

and to the west of the river was a constructed observatory, and there the sun stood to my North. I caught its apparent reflection in water and realized that the movement of the sun's reflection on water was dependent only on my movement, the movement of the observer. That told me several things. Judging by the angular relation of sun to its reflection on the water surface there is a downward facing dome between the sun and the earth's surface. And I realized that if I, the observer can make a circular trace around the body of water, there will be the downward facing dome and an area produced by the straight line projection, distance between the observer and the sun's reflection. Now the domed area is empty, without force, but if we can tap into it we can tap into free energy. The area made by the observer and the initiating point of the sun's reflection is measurable compared to the movement of the sun's reflection as the observer moved. That would be random. And I realized I could use these possibilities. It is the area of expanse outside the down facing dome formation made by the sun that I call CELL."

"Such neither the dome nor CELL has any true power that isn't the sun's?" Dr. Layard asked.

Deedee nodded. "In fact, both the downward facing dome and CELL are the sun's energy output. For instance, everyone is an observer. The dome is the formation of the sun in relation to the movement of its reflection on water and the

observer's movement, the CELL is the observer's. Such there are partial errors and there are absolute errors and he could have found a loophole with any one of those means to get into the system electronically constructed over Dundart, but whoever he is, he is certainly a knowledgeable person. He must know where to find the errors. You can slip through errors as long as you know where you can. When it gets foggy, it gets wet. It never carries a river.”

The mist shouldered down parading space, and the accumulation of fog becomes as fine art against the bluest skies, not of houses or a morphing of states but lifted by the fog below it. The woes of love are hardly in its expressions. There is subtlety in the delivery of its absences.

Jonathan Bross had been a near perfect locksmith in college. But he had been more of the jack of all trades. They had nicknamed him “Skel” for “Skeleton key,” because he was a hard worker for the criminal minded. He would take most jobs that came his way. He took every job in the code-breaking, safe-breaking market just to see if he could do it.

But breaking into Dundart had required very special understanding which he had acquired from an authorized out-traveler, an employee of Piccount Engineering labs under the influence of psycho-reactive drugs.

He needed a program that could proceed from the base command of the CELL program; a given overriding program command that could succeed an implanted command in a program without being a part of it. To get into Dundart City, he needed to override the body of the exclusion program to make the lower embedded preclusion. And in simplicity, knowing what the CELL program truly contained, he wrote the lower encircling code; “If found return yes...if unfound return no...if “no” return image.”

The image was what he needed to copy a low-end entry code.

Deedee paced the long length of the conference room dizzying Dr. Layard who was barely a recovering patient, but feeling much better, had returned to being the workaholic he was.

Dr. Layard exhaled.

Deedee stopped pacing and stilled. “He definitely did not get in through the Dome. The program merely taps into the Dome. I could never domain it. It is domain-ed by the sun.”

“I figured as well,” Dr. Layard responded.

Deedee continued. “And there is a reckoning we have to make. Because the reflective medium, which in the case you mentioned was water, enables the connection between the observer and the reflection of the sun, it has to be reckoned.”

Dr. Layard nodded. “Such, if one were to disguise as something that can absolutely never be real; the reflection image of the sun on water surfaces that is, something which in all possible realities will be an absolute error, and you know your way around such a system as CELL, you can definitely get through the system.”

Deedee nodded. “Within the complexes of the reflection medium and the observer there are no mode of curvatures. The relationship is assumed first because of the presence of the appearance image which is present because of the presence of the sun. Without the presence of the sun, there is no appearance image. The movement of the observer in relation with the reflected image is imagined. And because there is a straight line between the reflection image and the observer and an angular relation between the sun and the same, the relationship can never be morphed into a union, as everyone must maintain a straight line to the image which in movement knows disorder.”

Dr. Layard exhaled. “And all these are based mainly on the sun’s appearance image, that which can be seen on reflecting surfaces.”

Deedee nodded. “And not its core. Its core is its real power source.”

Dr. Layard was silent briefly, thinking. “Power has been extremely oddly defined by the CELL program,” Dr. Layered whispered almost to himself.

Deedee nodded. “Yes, And now Dundart must pay the ugly price.”

Deedee maintained a fitness routine to sharpen her mind, and with the insurgence of such the likes of a Dundart city invasion, she made the daily routine. The long and tall building housed the fitness centers at the top. And at the base of the building as she walked through the revolving doors, she found herself unable to emerge into the openness of air.

The door revolved going from spin cycle to spin cycle without emerging into her reality or any possible reality at length. She soon finds herself dizzying, and almost passing out, when suddenly it stopped, and emerging into daylight and the coolness of the breeze, she found herself falling as she moved forward, against the impact of the seeming incessant spin.

But someone held her against such fate, whispering, “Beast of beasts delivers its sting...”

As she came to her senses, realizing the person who held her as a tall attractive male, she whispered back, “As opposed to what?”

“The imposition of a god,” he whispered in response.

And there she stiffened in his arms, both silently realizing the nature of the occurrence. And in that moment he gave her another spin before he whizzed by her.

And standing there, collecting her stance, she realized how he got into her office.

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