



DEWLOGIC

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Han&Sam
The Aresian Defection
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THE ARESIAN DEFECTION

Thais felt a pang of loss at the defeat of the Hapless bulldog. It was a powerful underdog of unpredictable capacity, a stake in a deadly game quite capable of raising itself. It had survived the odds for so long he had a name for it. They called it “Hapless,” and “Hap” for short.

But that dogs were no longer man’s best friend was farthest from a thought. “Prepare him for a feast!” he barked at the gathered crew around him. And watched as the winning Grey-Fisted Bulldog was tranquilized to survive another day for another deadly fight.

Dogs, were indeed no longer man’s best friend, he thought. The ages of adoptions and pampering were over. There wasn’t a single shelter for them anymore. They were entertainment of the deadly sort, and worse, meals for feasts all the same. A dog no longer had the privilege to eat dogs, humans do. It was a reckoning inevitable; the new world the Aresians had no choice but to adopt.

Small Earth’s scientists refused to breed laboratory livestock, as the only place that ensured their survival was open space. And that was a beckoning of life, of live-ability, of the visibility and location Small Earthians couldn’t afford. At least, so the scientists argued.

Thais saw things differently as only he could. Small Earthians lived small beyond the reasoning for the survival of humankind against the Nympharians. They lived small as well not to fall victims to the Aresians. Life forbids they had

something the Aresians, the ones considered savages of their kind truly wanted.

If they bred luxurious sources of food, created enviable fabrics and clothing, minded sophisticated sources of entertainment rather than mind the present sustenance and future sustainability of humanity against the Nympharians, they will become victims of their own kind, of the Aresians. They already were, Thais thought, in a measure that put reasonable fear in them. It took a pact to ensure that Small Earthian women were off limits to kidnapping, forced marriages and rape.

And if the Aresians could breed small livestock of their own, chickens, rabbits and such as they do in their open lands, their relationship with the Small Earthians should be fine. They were, unlike the Small Earthians, living free, living their lives out loudly, with the dignity of humanity and its possible redemption.

Small Earth was family but considered the inferior arm of the human family in the new world. They are warriors. They are soldiers. They held the true flag of human pride, all the dignity worth preserving after the Nympharian's destruction of Earth. And unlike the protected life Small Earthians sought, it was a dog eat dog world for the Aresians. And Thais knew it too intimately.

And in the moment, he could hardly sway from comparing the current living environment of the open freedom the Aresians had chosen to own in the face of Nympharian might to that of the fight

he had witnessed between the Hapless Bulldog and Grey-Fisted Bulldog.

The Aresians had a hierarchy of “top dog” and “low dog.” The dogs were men whose hierarchies were mainly based on the level of savagery against the Nympharians. The Nympharian hunts were called heists. And the heist that captured the last two Nympharians now in custody was a top dog heist. They had lost three lives that day and in that moment Thaïs felt the state of things worthwhile; they had captured iNymphs, and they, alongside their parts, when it was time to dismantle them, will be even more worthwhile.

Tonight they feast.

The sanctity of space, Niya thought as the iGraft drifted across hyperspace, was that it always sacrificed itself posthumously, murderous. It is never invaded. At least not for her, a Nympharian. It is the whole reality of its existence which always seemed a dream.

And standing in the iGraft Headspace watching space call upon space, she reveled in the Nympharian engineering that made the craft possible.

The Nympharian engineering technique which sought to reach above and beyond the propelling of sheer force, something the humans specialized in, had achieved a level of quiet and comfortable sophistication with the iGraft.

As it was their fervent belief that power could not be simulated, they sought more communions with space. Their intent was in the amplification of processing through simulation rather than the amplification of fueling power and engine capability. Thus the empowerment of the iGraft was not in discovery but presence, silent immutable presence.

It uses space to call space to maintain equilibrium in processing and presence as it travels through space. The simulated orbital readjustment of the presence of the iGraft within the orbital recurrence of models gives a very intimate knowledge of the iGraft with any and all space surrounding it. The right of space becomes irreverent of space.

The iGraft was comfortable and safe. And on its usual anti-gravitational pulls, it floats in space propelling against the direction of calculable pull while using the projected equilibrium to maintain her in the upright and leveled form, a gliding force through air.

It was home on her travels. And it was heaven to her—the spatial paradise which the humans believe houses the privileged by their very individuality. It was unimaginable that the Aresians had captured not only an iGraft, an aircraft driven strictly by iNymphs, but they had also captured two iNymphs to rape, torture and kill. The mere thought of Aresian existence was loathsome for her. She wished the savages and any

of its clans wiped out the surfaces of earth,
thoroughly decimated.

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