



DEWLOGIC

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THE ANIONIC ANIMUS

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It is such the case that the toxin flatters the bend. It never delivers strength. It is as Strychnine, the stimulation quite central to the nervous system, yet a creeping poison too close to the heart of a rat. With rat paces in rat races Web Angledrop makes his sprints. He never delivers the mile. And his hopeless reformations had been long coming. Alcohol found his father first. In him it found a saner fountain. And his addiction which abided from his teenage years, was always approaching, his redemption never arrived.

The redemption of a drunk, he found, was a repetitive song on a loop to nowhere; it bridges itself, it is its own bridge, a contribution not of life but of hopeless mistakes. There he always urges the transformations which his transitions cannot supply. And his mistakes however hopeless were also chronic.

His first psychotherapist had taught him self-delusions or positive thinking she had termed it. And he had quickly found that when delusions align, they do so mainly as strife. They are as a tower and a star. The tower can never stop the star from shining. It may block its path. The delusions speak and reality never hears them.

But alcoholism is a deprived state without stardom, one with which the dependant associates and necessitates as enrichment. He knows only too intimately the tensions involved with his deprivations and his need to control them.

While on the verge of relapse, his potentials were too daunting, too dark, and whenever the strength he masters caves in, there were other urges to master; the most daunting of which was the urge to kill again. Murder was always template, such content was mainly contemplative.

The urge not to kill is the urge to drink; the urge to drink is the urge not to kill.

He had developed the intensity for kills during his first active military call of duty. He couldn't help it. He couldn't drink. When he came back home, he couldn't kill. His killing spree became as spring outbursts in the middle of fall, strangely, yet uncompromising. And his reckoning of fate began to mutate as a Karyotype may at the height of cell activity; it would remain; it would never be the same.

He couldn't reckon with healing, he was chronic and such there was always the lingering appearance of sensations passing. He had time to buy. He always had time to buy. And buying time was always a strangely denominator delivering short outburst of opportunities, of hope but never life. The ship was always sinking. The ship rescues itself or the ship sinks. With alcoholism, there wasn't the psychological impact to make-believe sanity or stem restraint from it.

Unless mastered in Latitudinal strides life affords a drunk and a drag. And Web faces the Longitudinal, a drunk, a killer, always hiding in plain sight.

Sobriety was costly.

The biochemistry of a predator runs alike the prey's. It is the solemn judgment which has one as the observer while the other observes that moves in mysterious ways. And the lawlessness of the scope found in the corridors of such misjudgments contains the prey as a predator, the predator as prey. The appearance filter arrived not as a product but as the return of symmetry, the other and the same.

However haphazard the route from predator to prey, the psychological alignment for the two always opposes. Such, when a predator becomes a prey and the prey the predator, there is no rigid psychological alignment, and there exists an Omni-Machine, Caliopsis Ankylos.

Propensity in a box with a call back to re-alignment, Abigale Dela thought staring down to catch the street view through the glass windows of the upper floor of Dela Engineering Inc.

It is the unknown higher breed spanning a 77-68 nine life spans with a straight return; becoming itself against itself at 77, it bridges 0 with the inevitability of 1, and the 1 with the inevitability of the 0.

It manages insight more than any machine she knew and she couldn't have imagined the unimaginable situation facing her as she placed a call to Web Angledrop.

Web always knew to resist differential moderation, the impossibility middle ground within his chaos. And because there was no middle ground for alcoholics, there was no middle ground for sobriety.

There was no moderation.

If there was, he thought, it would be as a disenfranchised and disinterred grave; never to be made a divested crime but rather a thoroughly divested channel.

A gravely bed made of roses is a disunited tomb.

As a string tied to a hole begs for sanity within an infirmary of hopeless reformations, it constantly relapse sanity with great efficiency.

Then, he had told his therapist, there was no moderation. And to his disbelief in moderation his therapist had replied, “If the pivot never works, the breakdown is imaginary.” And to that he had replied, “To which the fifty four constellations in the Northern Hemisphere bear witness to my fall and I never recover.”

As much as it seemed he had the situation under control as his dispositions often misinforms, he could hardly tell of the true nature of his urges—those which brought him to drink, those which brought him to kill.

The first had seemed an ordinary mistake; an ex-girlfriend he was casually sleeping with hadn't expected a sudden change in violent disposition and had said something stupid. His hands around her neck soon became a dead dreamer's tale. And the “pop” hearty sound of a neck snapping soon became exclusive derangement for him. He fell in love with the sound instantly. And they never found her body.

His subtle fear afterward had always been in choosing the wrong victims placed on chance which will also be the same in that psychological viewpoint as choosing the right victims in order not to get caught. And any hint of pacifism was in choosing someone he thought worthy of death.

But he could feel the long drawn trenches of the cravings. His nerves were on dissonant edges again, his brain life-blocked as though plagued with some un-explorative heart disease, his fingers rigid and strained as if etched in some castaway stone. And all his wishes, his thoughtful-doings recently were made of undignified dreams of taking another lonely but pleasurable ride into the woods so he could improperly bury another body.

The call that came in was a relief.

It was Abigale Dale. And her voice was yet as supple and feminine but strained. “Web, they took my love; Calioptis Ankylos, the appearance filter machine.”

Web frowned, not shocked anyone would steal anything in the rat race world they live in. Getting away with theft and murder he knew, was what differentiated position and criminal aptitude. Position and criminal aptitude could hardly be differentiated. “I’m sure you can locate it. Are you calling for retrieval?”

“Not really Web, they bended it. Its leaps are always ahead at the moment,” she replied sadly.

And Web was silenced briefly. When he spoke again, he did so in a solemn tone. “Any idea why they needed it?”

“The Surficial Synthetic Fiberling, system allows synthetic cellular re-engineering and masking,” Abigale replied.

“And what does that allow them to do?” Web asked.

“It allows formative re-rendering, a transformation allowing the perpetrator to look exactly like the victim,” Abigale replied and was silent briefly. “And from the high profile information I have, the bending already killed two. I know its capability. It’s not going to stop unless someone stops it.”

“What do you want done?” Web asked solemnly.

Abigale’s tone was resolute. “I want it back. I want whoever dared steal and bend it, dead.”

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