



DEWLOGIC

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THE CASE OF THE VANISHING EVENING STAR

DEWLOGIC

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**THE CASE
OF THE VANISHING
EVENING STAR**

Dead Coalitions of images, an inverse superimposition of life, are dead on arrival. Dead endings have dead beginnings, an outplacement rather than outplay. Dead decisions are forthright in their fruitlessness. And the beginning an imposition on itself, never goes offshoot; the end is its consequence. The arrival of a consequence is not a followership but a spark of an end at the end. And outfoxing the beholder is forever impossible.

Silli Page dreaded beginnings. They're oddly understood. And at the end of her lucid travels was always her, touched and moved by the experienced but never bruised.

"Looks like someone is dozing off again," Phillip said to get her into the moment.

She waited, studying the usual faces in the room at the Saturday mystery club meeting.

"Please," she heard Molly say harshly. "She's going into one of those lucid thingies. That's not dozing off. That's just rude."

Silli sat straight in her seat. "I'm not in one of those thingies. I'm just thinking."

Molly frowned. "About what?"

"The state of this club which is getting back to the boring routine," Silli replied.

She immediately got a response from Joshua, who nodded and said, "Yeah! We're going back to trying to solve some little old stupid cases the detectives don't want. Why Mr. Foxter?"

“I like those small cases,” Phillip said.

“Shut your mouth Butthead!” Molly snapped, getting near the edge of her seat. “What kind of crap?”

“Hey,” Alex cautioned. “Molly, let the boy express himself. Just because most of you don’t like smaller intriguing cases—”

Molly snickered. “Intriguing? Oh Englishman I think you’ve been watching too many of those English mystery thingies, shows or what do they call it.”

“But boring as hell,” Joshua added.

Alex exhaled and continued. “If you’ll simply take the time and effort to listen and hear the cases out, they’re just as interesting as the murder cases we solve.”

Molly widened her eyebrows. “Englishman is outright lying as all Englishmen with their soft easy mannerism.”

Alex shook his head. “I’m not lying. If you’ll just be patient for a little while and listen to the case instead of trivializing it—“

“That’s all it takes Englishman?” Molly asked. “Just listen and the magic will come?”

“That’s not—” Alex started.

“Silli are you listening?” Molly called.

“Listening,” Silli replied.

Alex hesitated briefly. “A modernized version of an antique clock, a watch, was stolen recently.”

Molly shook her head. “Now, right there. I don’t know what that is.”

Alex held Molly's eyes. "It's a clock whose engineering was copied onto a newer more modernized watch."

"Copied?" Phillip asked.

"The clock was originally woodwork Longcase engineering. But the engineering was then selectively transferred into a wrist watch."

Joshua frowned. "But how does it make the newer modernized version an antique?"

Alex shook his head. "It doesn't make it an antique. It makes it a very rare collector's item which someone thought it worthy enough to steal."

Molly smiled. "Okay wait... Englishman, do tell me, was it stolen from a rich man?"

"Yes, But—" Alex started

"And the rich man wasn't butchered or bludgeoned to death?" Molly asked.

Alex shook his head. "No, of course not."

"Was he at least tapped on the head and beaten with a baseball bat?" Joshua asked.

Alex widened his eyes. "What?"

Joshua shrugged. "I'm trying to help you out so we don't out rightly dismiss the case for lack of violence."

Alex squinted. "You're trying to tell me to lie?"

Phillip smiled. "That's exactly what he's trying to do. Sometimes you have to make things up to appease the ladies of the house."

"What ladies of the house?" Molly asked harshly. "The women of the house."

"The women of the house," Phillip corrected.

“Oh everyone, just stop your attitude,” Alex urged. “I am not going to lie about the violent nature of the crime. In fact there was no sign of forced entry. No one knows how the thief got in the house and stole it.”

Silli spoke. “I think Molly is right we shouldn’t waste time on it.”

Alex stared at Silli briefly, studying her before he spoke. “It’s the Dano watch.”

Silli stilled, stared straight at Alex. “We have to solve this case,” Silli said simply.

Molly turned to Silli. “I think the cat took it. End of case. Except there’s something important about this Dano watch, the cat definitely took it.”

Silli hesitated, stared towards Alex.

Alex shrugged slightly. “It’s your call whether you want to tell them.”

Silli hesitated.

“If it’s not the cat then who Silli?” Molly asked harshly.

Silli exhaled. “As I said, we have to solve that case.” She began to tell.

The instigation was sharp. She had been dreaming about Cecilia, configuring her a long while before she willed herself into her transposition. The transposition made her spring, informing her she had landed at a different translocation. Was it the one she sought? Was it Cecilia’s?

It was a forested landscape just like Cecilia's, she reckoned.

The atmosphere looked guided by some very close arms of eugenics, blinded by an indefinite eulogy under the sun. It was dreary, yet blessed by the evergreen persistence like some imitation capable of being imagined.

"Cecilia," she called as she stepped into a bowl of cloud, an artifact, she reckoned, a dream within a dream.

"Be careful with the bowl. It's a heirloom," she heard Cecilia say.

"Cecilia," Silli called excitedly, disturbing the bowl of cloud.

"I said be careful," Cecilia said.

Silli looked around her and saw the same thing she had seen earlier, a bowl of clouds.

"Heirloom?"

"Passed on from generations onto generations like a passerby unable to stay, can be any color it wants to be, white, yellow, green, pink and whatever, except the color of light," Cecilia replied, stepping across the plates of crowd as luminescent as ever.

Silli's heart skipped excitedly. "Color of light. What is the color of light Cecilia?"

Cecilia span around in the cloud and brought forth light quite unlike her luminescence. "It is the color by which we see and don't see. Is it that upon which we reflect or that which is reflected. Is it something else; is it?"

Silli frowned. “That’s what I want to know.”

Cecilia smiled. “Here Silli, still being Silly. Here you come to me to get to Shadow Falls and you ask me for the color of light.”

Silli narrowed her eyes. “Then you know what I came here for.”

Cecilia engaged a preoccupied thoughtful expression. “What was it you asked me again?”

“What’s the color of light?” Silli asked.

Cecilia nodded. “Yes that. Well, if it is behind the scene it is particular intent. If it is that which is seen it is particular extent. But that’s not why you’re here.”

Silli shook her head. “I’m here because I need to return to Shadow Falls. I need to know what the guardians guide on Shadow Falls.”

Cecilia was silenced briefly. “You persist and persist. You conjure me up in your sleep...”

Silli widened her eyes. “You knew that?”

Cecilia held Silli’s eyes fully. “But what you ask, this knowledge is heavy upon you, upon your soul. You have to wonder right and never wander away. And you must never; I mean never, wager your path...Say it!”

Slightly taken back by Cecilia’s insistence, Silli raised her eyebrows and slowly recited. “I must never wager my path.”

“Nothing is free, even on Shadow Falls. You must own your path or lose your soul. You cannot have both,” Cecilia reiterated.

Silli exhaled. “I hear you. I have to own my path and never waver it.”

Cecilia nodded. “And to own your path you must first find it. That Silli is the most difficult path. Finding a way to return to another lucid world is dangerous and deadly. You must find your way every step of the way and make it yours.”

Silent, Cecilia turned away and started to hum.

“So how do I find my way?” Silli asked.

Cecilia stilled, as though surprised by her question. “Something to set you on your way then is it Silli Page?”

Silli hesitated. “Something to help me find my way yes.”

Cecilia turned around to hold Silli’s eyes.

“Thank you,” Silli mouthed.

Cecilia maintained a blank expression.

“Everybody must pay a toll for a path, but if it has no toll to pay that which gives itself, the bridge in tow. And for this there is only one answer. Remember this. If you find two, you’re lost.”

Cecilia was silent briefly.

“How do I find my path?” Silli asked impatiently.

“With these words you may find a way to find your path...”

Silli shook her head. “Riddles! Cecilia, don’t give me riddles.”

Cecilia’s voice roared over hers. “There, a tarnish on an invisible cloud, art where no solvent

may ink, whose art may be; whose art may be?
What tarries while it waits and never turns back,
never turns!?”

The mystery club crew sat down in Alex’s office midweek.

Silli stood in front of them for reasons they hadn’t been made fully aware of. “We have to solve the case of the Dano watch.”

Molly frowned. “I love these meetings and all Silli but...”

“Oh I love these meetings!” Phillip exclaimed.

Molly snapped immediately. “Shut your mouth Butthead. Didn’t you know I was speaking? And of course you love these meetings. It’s the only good thing you and Knucklehead got going for ya.”

“We have other good things,” Joshua defended in a low intimidated tone.

Molly widened her eyes. “Really what? Give me one socially good thing you’ve got going for ya aside from this mystery club?”

Silence presided in the room.

“For Goodness sakes Molly,” Alex cautioned. “Let these boys breathe.”

Molly shrugged. “I’m not choking them Englishman. But every silly breath will cost them. When you go talking nonsense and you don’t have room to breathe you should choke. I mean you ain’t got no room! You should choke or go outside

where you can breathe free air. Some air isn't free so don't talk nonsense to me."

"Dear God Molly," Alex cautioned.

Silli who could always caution Molly spoke. "I believe I called this meeting and Molly was just asking why."

Molly shrugged. "Yes, we should know why."

"I met with Cecilia," she said solemnly.

"What?" some in the room exclaimed.

Alex frowned. "Did we not agree you will do that when you are ready?"

Silli held Alex's eyes and shook her head. "We agreed I will not return to Shadow Falls without my being ready. I merely saw Cecilia after so much time of conjuring her before my travels. I did not undo any of our previous understanding Alex did I?"

The room was silenced. Silli had been curtailed from calling Alex by his first name because of her crush on him. And she had for the most part strayed away from calling his name at all.

"I'm sorry," Silli said in a low apologetic tone. "I got a little carried away."

Molly smiled. "Everyone knows when it comes to the Englishman you're a lot carried away so why lie?"

"Molly," Silli cautioned.

Molly shrugged. "He ain't worth it anyway. All the love and attention he's getting. I don't see it. Where is it?"

"Molly!" Silli cautioned.

Molly shrugged. "Why are we here again?"

Silli exhaled. "Cecilia gave me a riddle to solve so I can find the path to my path."

"Let's have it," the boys chorused joyously.

Silli drew the mystery board to her and started writing.

*There, a tarnish on an invisible cloud, art
where no solvent may ink, whose art may
be; whose art may be? What tarries while it
waits and never turns back; never turns!?*

The boys stared from one to the other before looking at Alex.

Alex held Silli's eyes. "Are we sure this is the real Cecilia you met?"

Silli frowned. "Oh no, It would be unfair to question my judgment in a world only I can channel. It is very unfair. You've trusted my judgment before."

"That doesn't mean we should trust it all the time," Alex replied.

Silli hesitated, thinking. "No it doesn't. But I'm asking you to trust it now."

Alex squinted, studying Silli. "Tell us what happened so we can get a perspective on what the riddle might mean."

Silli told the mystery Crew of her experience with Cecilia.

The room was silenced for a little while.

Alex broke the silence. "There's a legend in tow that clouds are somewhat in the skies. Who knows how true that is?"

“And a legend I borrow that ink must always have some natural or unnatural solvent,” Joshua added.

“There’s a legend that runs it that what carries must always wait,” Phillip added.

Silli poke. “And there’s a legend that throws which says what never turns back has no history.”

“Why does it feel like this legend thing is lying?” Molly asked.

Joshua shrugged. “We’re not sure. We’re just throwing it out there?”

“You mean you’re playing legend?” Molly asked.

And Phillip stilled, in the usual apparent manner which signified he had come to a realization.

The rest of the crew waited. “Didn’t she say something about light’s intent and extent?”

Silli nodded. “Yes.”

“Lights and clouds have differing intents and extents,” Phillip said. “Why ever would there be an invisible cloud?”

Silli frowned. “And why ever would there be tarnish on it?”

Alex stood and walked over to the front, holding a puzzled expression. “She also said the cloud was an heirloom which brings me to something else we must now discuss, the Dano watch.”

Silli narrowed her eyes. “Which itself is an heirloom transformed.”

“And why must we find this Dano watch exactly?” Phillip asked.

Alex held Phillip’s eyes. “This is quite complex and productive you’re going to think it may be witchcraft. But at no point is this about witchcraft. This is science and it’s important because Silli makes a wrong move she may die.”

Silence presided over the room.

Alex broke the silence. “The Dano is a thirty hour Longcase mahogany lacquered clock with arched dials designed into a watch. They are designed with a system of three pulleys entangled with an endless rope wounded by pulling on a rope which raises a weight. In the watch version of the clock, the wearer is the weight. As soon as the watch is worn and time is minded, you are the weight. This is important because Silli can be the passenger so she can use the watch to transverse, travel and get to places she can never naturally be.”

“But how exactly is the travelling truly achieved when she’s merely a weight, and has no mindfully coordinating role in direction?” Joshua asked.

“With the aid of a BEDA dial she can transverse those Transition worlds,” Alex replied. “And I still couldn’t figure it out perfectly; how she could transverse and be safe at the same time.”

“Can someone explain BEDA to me?” Phillip asked.

Alex exhaled. "I'm using the Hexagonal closest packing to design reversible and irreversible pathways. The spherical packs a 5-4-5 against a 4-6 background hexagonally with 90 degrees, 120 degrees and 60 degrees from West to East. And for this I'm using Benzene C_6H_6 for its hexagonal leanings and qualifications for the hexagonal leaps necessitating reasonable returnable and non-returnable pathways."

"Pathways sound very familiar with what Cecilia was worried about," Silli said.

Alex nodded. "You must have met her because I would be worried about pathways knowing what I know...Now; a mixture of solid and liquid Benzene has a freezing point of $5.45^\circ C$. If the temperature increases to $5.46^\circ C$ the solid will melt. If the temperature is decreased to $5.44^\circ C$, the liquid will crystallize. Thus at $5.45^\circ C$ freezing and melting are reversible. At these three points she can make her leaps and travel. Combined with the Dano watch qualifying with the angular leaps at 90° , 120° . At 60° she cannot use the Dano watch and that had me worried for a little while until I figured that when Benzene is super-cooled at $2.00^\circ C$, if a tiny crystal is dropped into it, it crystallizes and the system is irreversible. She cannot go against the super-cool to meet the sun, no one can. She must come back. This brings me to the necessitating fact. Because Silli is the weight and despite the fact that we have the Dano and the

BEDA, Silli needs a natural source of power to function with the travels.”

Phillip studied Alex’s expression. “And?”

“There are eerie similarities in Cecilia’s words and what I have been working on. Light is not a power without a natural source. It isn’t power when it is extent; it is a display.”

“Then we’re looking for intent,” Joshua resolved.

“Yes, I think we are,” Alex concluded.

Silence was maintained in the room.

Alex broke the silence. Have you ever seen the sun’s manifest of its reflective covers against waterfalls or falling bodies of water?”

Joshua widened his eyes. “A display of colors without solvent!”

“And who may the painter be? Who may the painter be?” Ale asked.

“The sun!” the crew including Molly echoed.

Alex nodded. “I will think so, but with reservations. Now we need a 3d orbital to conform to a 3d structural reality so the atomic orbital of hydrogen of the Benzene on a graph will give 24 points and 6 X’s. There is no reasonable or distinct structure there. The molecular orbital will give a 4 point and no X’s giving a lower end parabola whose straight line is under the parabola. We need to configure an upper straight line with an upper parabola so we can know where Silli can or cannot transverse in relation with the source.”

“But how?” Silli asked.

Alex exhaled. “As the two answers must be same, we have to assume the answer to the second part is the same; the sun. And then we have to find a point in the extended art where she never turns, she never turns back.”

“And how do we do that Englishman?” Molly asked.

Alex exhaled and smiled, being in charge of the discussion fully. “First, we remove the imposition of the inverse.”

“What inverse?” Silli, Joshua and Phillip echoed.

“What inverse?” Molly echoed after them.

Alex smiled. “I know they couldn’t have taught you this in school because this is definitely from my personal experience and my judgment of the relation of the sun with earth. The art, the painting reflected upon the water surfaces by the sun is an inverse, a super-imposition-al extended display of the sun’s external cover reflected on water.”

“You’ve got to be kidding Mr. Foxtter,” Phillip said. “This breaks history, breaks conventional knowledge.”

Alex nodded. “It sure does. Now my belief at the moment is that Cecelia was right. There is a map embedded within the artwork which tells where Silli can never naturally go against the sun.”

Molly frowned. “What does that mean?”

Alex hesitated briefly, searching for simpler words. “We cannot go for the sun when it does not turn, it does not turn back. We cannot go for the

sun. Period. There is only one world for the sun. The only way Silli can enter possible worlds is to turn against the sun. If she doesn't do or master this fact, she'll die on her travels. Now at the 60° eastern mark there is a qualifying 60° movement correspondence from a 30° movement from the 90°, a total of 90° movement from the initiating 90° western. The reflection on water, the art, is as a result of solar processes. My belief is strong that it is caused by a differential in atmospheric pressure between 60° to 2.00° which gives 58° as a net differential in production as a result of the display external to the sun. When we undo the imposition, the small blue seen at the very bottom of the display of color artwork is actually in reality atmospheric and surficial from the immobile eastern point after the momentum from the workings of the sun. It is displayed from the corner positions at the lower end. It stretches west to east in a straight line and gives a fourth point in the immobile east. Every other color is earth science. Silli cannot travel the straight blue line maintained by the sun. I repeat, Silli cannot travel this straight blue line maintained by the sun. She must return or there will be horrible consequences. With the blue line, the sun does not, does not turn back. And no one can chase it."

"This is freakishly amazing," Joshua said.

Alex nodded. "Which brings me to my decision at the moment from my realization today and what

I knew before; Silli is absolutely not going to Shadow Falls.”

And before she could lament his latest decision, with all the inner resolve she possessed she echoed in her mind, “Why?”

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