



DEWLOGIC

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THE SOUL WRENCHER'S CLOCK

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THE SOUL WRENCHER'S CLOCK

To smother tendency is to swallow its means, and as timepieces its ends will fleet weightlessly in the wind. Unless stolen, ends never belong to tendency. It catches no devotion, draws no good conclusion. It falters and flails. It never captures grace; it always pre-owns it as a condition. It spatters; it spans, without substantial tact, trails its own dust, and cups the oceans in strides. As mixtures it fails homogeneously and heterogeneously.

Underpinnings flatter our faults, redresses us under the counter, and we retake our heights to retake our faults. They're never parts of our being to disseminate and dissect. They're never fiduciaries for fervors. They may counter our actions. They do not have the power to counter our wills.

Eventide at 1118 Crescent Street, more barricades were coming down. And the scurrilous clerk could hardly be ignored. Resurgence was the primary black market for the Ultimate Life. And as night was drawing nigh, the extra precautions put in place were about to go up. The Ultimate Life, UL, was most expensive at night time.

All incapable of buying Ultimate Life wandered the streets at night looking for means and ends to obtaining new life. A tiny piece of time, a miniature timepiece, some will argue, was better than none at all. None meant death. And often too many people will do the worst things imaginable to buy or steal Ultimate Life.

Night it seemed, had the tendency of overexposure; it had the predisposition to indulge people who, with the very little Ultimate Life they have, can risk everything to capture more Ultimate life, which is by its own predisposition, limited. Everyone was always too low in predisposition not to want to capture more Ultimate Life.

The building was large and daunting in presence. It had a lot of Ultimate Life to protect. And it had equipped itself for it. It had history easily reconciled; it had been the only private provider of Ultimate Life after the receding defect Earth suffered—suspended by scientific indignation and experimentation which underlined Earth and left it engulfed in the hyperbola defect.

And Earth began to run risks, risks scientists found more than daunting. Earth was running out of life and the ability to self-sustain it. It began to run a different circle of life, smothering itself of breath, stifling itself of space with every projected progressive torque. It lived on a -6 diagonal, 3 to a -9 life stretch, wraps on 4 and -4 transposed on a 5 to 1. It always landed against the preservation of life having an eventual transposition-al differential of no life, which in its absolution was strict negative life and space.

Earth ran the risk of becoming singular, running out of the tendency to identify with life, with human progression, with humanity. The future, the scientists believed, was running out of the tendency to believe in conventional evolutionary

concepts, running out of space for variation and its cultivations.

It meant death to all; eventually.

The past has no worth except that which is projected onto it. The past has no worth. When it is lived, it is relived to incur a negative worth. The recommended solution the scientists provided was a time recession in correspondence with the receding defect—receding time worth to 1118, to get the best sustaining life Earth could afford.

And thus life on Earth begat The Soul Wrencher's Clock; a total of 9 stitches in time saves life. Nine straight calls of 1 obstructed by a diagonal worth -6 delivering a -54 for a total of 9 stitches for a limited duration of Ultimate Life. For time, time ran against time, against life. And the solution was for it to run itself in accordance with life. While the 1's make stitches in nines, the 8 pulls in 24 for each turn of three 1's. The Soul Wrencher's Clock knows a turn of 3 and every forth turn it clocks 96 years, making the cellular activities in the body feel likewise—necessitating another turn for Ultimate Life, a fourth for The Soul Wrencher's clock, another turn at a first for the Ultimate life.

The Soul Wrencher's Clock was Earth's disease, and Earth was dealing with it without any cure or any cure in sight. Heads-downing, murderous, vindictive and catastrophic, it is to be dreaded and loved. It cannot be obstructed.

The Fat Clerk's tone was loud and uncaring. His job was hard; useless people made it worse. And in the moment he considered dousing the crowd with water. He had done it several times before with very little results. The people in front of Resurgence with no money or property with which to buy Ultimate Life were clicking down to death. Sleep was not a deprivation for them. It was reality. And more often than not, most of them had made the perimeter of Resurgence a home. Too many times, the clerk had felt he worked in some cemetery as an unpaid clerk. Early morning hours, there was the high likelihood there was a corpse to dump.

“Beggars don't have choices you coward retards!” he yelled at the crowd. “Go home and die there. Or I'll spray you. If I splash water through the air, you get wet. You do not get Ultimate Life. So get out!”

The crowd remained unmoving.

Aside from the occasional scuffles amidst the hopeless crowd, there was the fact that the crowd harassed paying customers. And aside using the automatic he carried to shoot the lots of them in cold blood, he had little choices. Besides, a new set of crowd will be at Resurgence the next day, for the Ultimate Life they never truly have, one they must always seek.

“He's right,” 18 year old Gulliver Tully muttered under his breath some reasonable distance from the front entrance of Resurgence.

“Only the brave have the gulls to kill, steal and destroy. That’s never for the weakened heart.”

He watched the perimeters of Resurgence as a devout Christian may watch the gateway to some certain paradise. He had never allowed himself to get low on the supply of Ultimate Life. But he had been taking a lot of “high roads,” recently, a lot more Ultimate Life than necessary nine stitches in a stretch. And those usually took him from a 96 years sensation to an 8 years sensation. He was not some amateur acting out of desperation. He had committed crimes for the sake of the Ultimate Life many times before, and had been lucky the age of The Soul Wrencher’s Clock found him was a little later than the qualifications for the “child” state.

Lots of children had died during the causative inception of the Time Wrencher’s Clock; those times when it was yet unclear that it had been consequentially acquired. And in reasonable time scientists found that the first 24 of the 8 in the 1118 phase always seemed to engulf children’s entire lives, stifling and suffocating them on an eventual 4th turn. They pull a 111 and never manifest on a 4th turn. They decided to phase the 3rd turn on 24 for children’s Ultimate Life portions which gave a 2 and seeming unending -6 phasing. And with Children’s Ultimate Life portions positioned at 2.67, the entirety of their life expectancy was a corresponding 10.67 mainly because the Ultimate Life was formulated to

counter a receding defect. It was inescapable—all children die young.

He came equipped. The semi-automatic in his backpack pressing slightly against his back was the gentle reminder that things could get deadlier than he had hoped at any moment. He hardly minded death. He lived mainly for the Ultimate Life acquisition. There were the three explosives planted strategically on the perimeter around Resurgence, scheduled to go off one after the other.

And there was the Distal Aggressor pistol he held which would guide a reasonable shot through long distances with the best precision shot possible. It was the best equipment for the Hilly side, anyone professional would reckon it.

Then he heard it; the time dependent consecutive explosions. And his rush was complicit; he had reckoned the necessity or the loss of life. And life nowadays was based mainly the task he was determined to single handedly perform, one on which nine stitches or more at a time wasn't worth much and was necessitated.

He descended.

He did so wobbly on his feet. The fact that he had the definite kill trigger worried him a little. But there wasn't a way to get to the vast amount of Ultimate Life he wanted without taking major risks.

Strengthened by possession of the Distal Aggressor, he made his calculations. He had

studied Resurgence for a while and had determined that the back entrance was the right way into the building. He could work with time. There was no conscious or reasonable coordination possible with the Distal Aggressor from the front. The front would have been an implicit rush party without any room for deliberation; that which the Distal Aggressor needed for precision shots. Because of the architectural structure of the building, Gulliver was certain; he had made the right decision with respect to its invasion.

There was never a true welcome sign to an “Arc-Forward,” a reminder of the Hyperbola Defect which brought The Soul Wrencher’s Clock. Only those lacking the vigor of life, those willing to purchase the Ultimate Life were welcomed there. In fact, he was certain of it; the architecture was designed to welcome the very likes of them.

He caught the first guard off guard, his bullet penetrating the base of the neck. He was shaky and he knew it.

The other guard was instantly triggering his firearm, catching Gulliver off his guard, dropping bullets heavily against his armored vest, dropping him off his feet and off his calculated course. He rolled on the hilly pathway onto jagged edges, muffled the pain. He had considered the noise from the ammunition was the alarm for other guards. The explosions could hardly deter them in reasonable time. He needed time he didn’t have; to wait.

On his feet and sprinting again, against the direction of the trigger, he caught a bullet to his right knee, also armored vested, and stumbled against the fall. He was instantly on his feet and racing against the inclination crook of the “Arc-Forward” in the back to grip a less scattered view of the trigger man who was moving back and forth against the inclination-declination crook as he triggered, protecting the back door entrance.

He had reinforcement! There were two guards firing at him. And as an array of bullets sprayed across the air around him, he found himself falling, this time with deliberation. A few seconds of stillness and he triggered against legs; any he could find. He made two quick shots in their direction as he moved on all fours. He stilled briefly; a sudden yelp and a set of approaching hike.

He was no longer the hunter. He was being hunted. Someone was climbing the hills to kill him off. He crawled up against a tree, scanned his surroundings and waited for the intended approach. The assailant, geared up for the deadly confrontation, was a few feet away when he made the precision shot from the Distal Aggressor.

The assailant stilled. The bullet had penetrated his skull.

Gulliver stood, and raced the clock against all in terms of life. He reconsidered briefly sensing the dangerous noiselessness behind him. The man had not dropped. He turned back swiftly and depositing another bullet into the back of his head,

waited mere seconds to see him descend into a thud.

“Clark,” he heard the other man call. “Is that you men? Did you get the fool?”

Gulliver rushed him from an unexpected angle as he stood pondering the success or lack thereof of the man he had called Clark. And the bullet ejected from The Distal aggressor, penetrated the side of his face was lodged in his skull.

Gulliver rushed the backdoor cautiously. It had been left open by the guards. And in what seemed like a fraction of a second, he saw the shadowy figure across the hall before he felt the sudden motionlessness. Wetness met his forehead. And he was yet conscious when another bullet pierced his heart.

Loco Santana had the symptoms before the symptoms manifested—he was low on Ultimate Life. His wearied tired legs without the realistic sensation of movement indicated much of his lessened Ultimate life stitches. He was running out. And there was the trial flaring of nerves failing without initiating any of their purposes. The inception of the nine stitches of Ultimate Life involved the incessant sensation of flagellation of nerves coming back to life.

How much time did he have?

There was the persisting emptying feeling, not of doubt or some impending serenity but that which may meet a continuing deadly space

ageless—a never ending sensational premise of psycho-physiological pain. The Soul Wrencher's Clock could not achieve an accumulation of positives despite scientist's optimism at their own mistakes and awful correction of mistakes. The axial differential of its diagonal was always worth -6. And its transposition states have a zero worth. Thus the Soul Wrencher's Clock has an absolute interim translational state without any equilibrium or future manifestation of force. And at midpoint where it could assume absolute equilibrium, it dips into a much more unnatural negative hole between the fourth and fifth stitch, falling and failing itself inescapably.

The sum of forces acting on a body under The Soul Wrencher's Clock was always negative. And the personal resolve was that ever-present translational state—that of the innervations of a pseudo presence.

He steadied his hands on the bell to his Sister's house. He had been at St Joseph's Catholic Church earlier praying for an ever so subtle easy passing un-surrendering to pain. And soon after the dejected concession to death, as all people on Ultimate Life usually did, was back looking for means to the Ultimate Life end.

Maria was a nurse. And she couldn't open her door to just anyone. But it was her brother at the door and she could never leave him in the lurch when he came for food. But as soon as she opened the door she tried to close it quickly.

Her brother held a gun.

“I want it Maria!” Loco said pushing strongly against the door. “The hospital gives you your stitches, but you don’t know for me. You never know for me. I want all of it. All of it or I’m going to die.”

Maria began to cry. “But it is for food Loco. It is for food for you and the children.”

Loco shook his head. “But I can take care of myself now. And the children you can take to the HOPHOY. Just enough to cover nine stitches. You don’t have to open the safe.” He placed the nose of his gun on Maria’s temple.

And Maria complied.

Loco felt energized and relieved as he drove home. He could always find a way, some illegal street means by which he can eventually make money and make things up to his sister. The stitches he had were all his life was worth at the moment. And fortunately, once in his bloodstream it could never be stolen.

He had life; at least for a while.

Tina Steinbeck was a wayward teenager. She could afford it; at least her father could. And when she ran a stop sign while doing her make-up while driving, it wasn’t a first, second or third time. It was habit. And as the times of The Soul Wrencher’s Clock were highly unpredictable, so were the times.

She ran into Loco Santana's jalopy with the full force of her German made new car.

Loco woke in a hospital some days later, feeling depleted of life. He knew exactly what happened and didn't have to be told. He had depleted his 9 stitches in time in his weakened accidental state. He had depleted his life line to save his life for a second trial at life. Were accident's to be expected of life or were they just beholder's luck, he wondered. Were they his luck? His whole life since The Soul Wrencher's Clock, he thought, had been one big accident.

He went into the depth of depression in the hospital bed before he decided he had to do it; break into his sister's safe.

He got inside the house through the Windows and crept upstairs as noiselessly as he could. They hadn't heard from him for a while. Did they think him dead? He fiddled with the numbers, and got nothing to crack.

He paced and retrieved the Silencer he carried, pointed it at the safe and shot several times, waited, fiddled with the bitten off numbers.

He got nothing to crack.

At the moment the door to the room opened swiftly.

And Loco Santana in his anxious state pulled the trigger to the Silencer.

Blood.

Blood was gushing out of Maria's neck and there was little he could do to stop it.

He caught her obese body in midair as she fell, locked the door behind her and stretched her body out onto the floor, paced from side to side, crying as he watched life drain from her body. That was something, he thought, Ultimate Life couldn't possibly treat. It could never treat life of life.

Angry, he raised his silencer again, pointed it at the safe and fired away until he heard the expected "crack."

He opened it anxiously. There wasn't a single penny in it.

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