



DEWLOGIC

This book is a work of fiction, based on fictitious characters, incidents and places from the author's imagination. Any semblance it may have with actual events, people or places is of mere coincidence.

All rights, including the right to reproduce this book in any way, shape or form belong to the author. No reproduction in whatever form or manner may be done without the prior consent of the author and publisher.

ZERO SPACE

DEWLOGIC

Copyright © 2016 by Dewlogic

All Rights Reserved

**God forgive those who persecute from
a position of absolute ignorance because I
can't.**

ZERO SPACE

Lies learn to squint when life closes its eyes. They betray all natural reflexes and become the parasitic growing on the edge of a personable life. They make the inferior temple their overhead lodge, and the lateral lower belly their fishing coves. The fittest pits its struggles in unnatural lifetimes. Its struggles tell tales. And tales, existing in kinds, captures its moments wholly divergent from reality. The reality of the struggle is that against inexistence.

Unbearable. The hatred for a thing. Envisioning a wild estate, a thing made of lies revolves around an unfounded ancestral orbit. And within the power of selection the unethical consciousness arises with conscious selection reversing its ancestral form to become a thing of nature, made more supreme in nature.

Survival must fit the fittest as lies would the circumference of some denaturalization—an Orbit tale taking an upper digression to a lower regression while wild distances in primal differences become the prejudice of a depressed superior. But a scuff scanted straight can never hold a Scallion up. It fails its naturalization and scatters like a seethe with a dichotomous

semblance of itself. It loses all selves in its fight to exist against itself.

Dr. Bernadette Deergan glided the Darkling seat as if it were a space bed, glanced briefly down at the EEE9 Deathradar, the childlike Artificial Intelligence machine beside her, the one she preferred to call EEED9. “What sense do you make of a series persistently looping inconsistencies?”

The lifelike machine made in the form of a boy smiled. “Is that your attempt at a joke Dr. Deergan?”

Bernadette shrugged, a slight smile gracing the corners of her mouth. “Quite the contrary, what if I were to make a machine capable of looping inconsistencies in a coherent manner? It can then be called a joke machine don’t you think EEED9? An A.I. machine very much smarter than any comedian? It should be in the works I’ll say. But in no way will that boy be smarter than you EEED9. No way.”

EEED9 hesitated briefly “Why do others call me ‘boy’?”

Bernadette hesitated, thinking of a reasonable response. EEED9 was the only machine of its type having been made as a product of an error. And despite numerous suggestions for the possibility of commercializing it, she knew she never would. He had been wired with reactive emotional instincts. At best it could be a perpetual boy to some lonely woman. But the mean world will be cruel to a boy who happens to have everything going for him, never growing up to become something, somebody. The world she knew would maltreat, misuse and destroy him. The magnificent error he was, was solely hers. “Is that your attempt at distracting me EEED9?”

EEED9 nodded in agreement. “Yes Dr. Deergan. But it still baffles me...” He hesitated for a few seconds, puzzled. “...why is it I can be called anything...why do I have many names and you only have one?”

Bernadette glided the Darkling forward as she spun it around. “You have so many names because I had you while sitting down...and didn’t even feel a pinch of the laboring pain. Didn’t even know I was pregnant. You were the most perfect immaculate error.”

EEED9 hesitated, thinking, his middle finger rose to scratch his forehead. “Why am I an error Dr. Deergan?” EEED9 asked.

Bernadette smiled inwardly at the much unexpected work of her hands. Clothed in high grade silicon enriched by the biogenetics lab for its softness and touch-ability, he could easily be mistaken for a human boy. But her boy had a most inhuman ability. While emotionally wired to feel to great human extents, EEED9 was never wired to cry. He simply couldn't. And its basic operating system couldn't accept such programmability. There was no aspect of him that could produce water or perspire. Its respiration was an artificial exchange, the airing out and inlet of air out of and into its functioning space. The artificial ability to cry had indeed been perfected by her for a much different purpose. She had refused it profoundly for her EEED9. The absolute error he was, was hers alone.

“Does it mean I'm not a thing?” EEED9 asked.

Bernadette shook her head. “Of course you're a thing. An error is an unexpected product of many things.”

“Is that why I have many names?” EEED9 asked. “Because I’m a product of many things?”

Bernadette was silenced briefly, thinking. While EEED9 was not emotionally breakable, he was programmed to engage and entertain her and he sometimes managed to make her stop and think. “Yes, because you’re a product of many things.”

“Do you only have one name because you’re not a product Dr. Deergan?” EEED9 asked.

“Dr. Deergan I’ve got bad news,” Dr. Duke Dylan, the tall attractive scientist assigned to her as an assistant said as he walked through the open door of her large office.

Bernadette smiled as she spun the Darkling around to face EEED9, not sure she was glad Duke saved the somewhat awkward moment. “See, he’s a thing and he has a name.” She glided the Darkling to face Duke. “Do you ever have good news?”

“Our very own Lucy Metallic Alloy is going to the Biochem retreat instead of me,” Duke replied.

Bernadette raised her eyebrows. “Dr. Vincent should never hear you call her that. Besides, I thought you found them boring?”

“It’s about the prestige, and the endless gifts I don’t ever have to pay for. I mean I studied for it, went to grad school for it. She doesn’t even have a first degree.”

Bernadette smiled, studying Duke. “She’s A.I.; she has more degrees than I’ll ever have.”

Duke exhaled. “You mean more degrees than she’ll ever actually work for?”

Bernadette nodded. “Welcome to the so called new world. The machines are taking over. So is this bad news about me at all, or about your race against a machine?”

“You seem to be attracted to Dr. Vincent for God knows no good reason. And you don’t have to guess who his date is for the Biochem conference,” Duke replied.

Bernadette exhaled. “Aren’t you attracted to Lucy?”

He frowned, shaking his head. “With her artificial brain and especially her artificial vagina?”

Bernadette smiled. “Yeah but I know Biogen made it extra-extra special.”

Duke narrowed his eyes, hesitating briefly, to think. He then cleared his face. “Oh for heaven’s sake. I need a real woman. I want you.”

“As usual, wanting what you can’t have aren’t you Duke? I can swear you have the hots for Lucy. Didn’t you say once you will like to do her on top of a moving plane?”

Duke smiled. “What? Did I? That’s certainly my fantasy, but her?”

Bernadette studied his attempt at denial. “To which I corrected your intelligence, telling you she’s a consistently downward going repulsing magnet on top of a plane or under it, nosedives NW to SE homogenous, NE to SW as a doubly homogenous train wreck of the plane wreck. And can never travel on the plane as a passenger unless there is a counter metallic weight on the other side, a train without a triple weight to complement her.”

Duke maintained his ignorant outlook. “You said that?”

Bernadette studied him playfully. “To which you replied; that’s one hell of an artificial woman. To which I absolutely agreed.”

“She’s a dangerous you Dr. Deergan. I have to know how you did it so I can undo it when she kills you. She’s going to kill you, you know?”

Bernadette held her breath briefly, at the thought.

Duke held her eyes fully. “Just imagine it Dr. Deergan, if you die, you will let loose a scrupulous inhuman serial killer who looks exactly like you and there will be nothing we can do to stop it, or her. She was made in your likeness, and you practically single handedly made her. That’s exactly why you’re not married and Dr. Vincent will rather date her. She’s way unlike you. And she’s going to use her vagina way more than you use yours. She’ll do it without complaining. So we’ll have a slutty artificially intelligent woman we can’t control.”

Bernadette shrugged pretentiously. “Are you asking to be saved Duke, are you?”

Duke nodded. “Yes, Dr. Deergan but not just for our sakes. If we find you in a pool of your blood in your office; whoever will think to ask if the machine woman did it? And there is more bad news. Dr. Vincent locked her off?”

Bernadette frowned “Locked her off?”

Duke nodded. “Yes. Dr. Vincent got the machine woman he named human all to himself despite the fact that you practically made her. You need Dr. Vincent’s permission or hers, well...because according to Dr. Vincent, all humans should be able to consent to any kind of check up imposed upon them. Your primal initiation of Lucy the Metallic Alloy A.I. machine is thereby over. She’s ready to be you, I mean...her. She’s a certified human now. All hail the great imperfection more tragic than human.” He pulled a vacant chair and took his seat. “Please don’t let me die in the ignorance of how you did it so when you die...as she will kill you, I may be able to find a way to end it all.”

Bernadette hesitated. “It took a lot of me to make her Duke. Telling you how she was made is also exposing a part of who I am.”

Duke spoke in a low pleading tone. “Sharing a little knowledge will do Dr. Deergan.”

Bernadette exhaled, holding Duke’s eyes fully. “It all started when I began to question the relation between the presiding omnipresence of gravity and existence.”

Duke exhaled.

Bernadette continued. “And by that I mean essence-existence coherence. If I can produce this coherence in spite of gravitational influences, I will be able to produce a most humanlike A.I. machine. And when I initiated the hypothetical situations, there was the predominating cranial problem I shouldn’t have had. Why would life ever evoke a parasaggital complex as existence, human or otherwise biodigital? And here you must note that it wasn’t just a headless problem, it was a parasaggital complex. Why would life evoke one at all except if I was dealing with a different sort of space than conventional science said was there. But this was a biodigital reaping ground for my ideations Duke. Why not build a complex there; in absolute zero space? An absolute existence from zero space will provide a problem no one can truly solve as existential complex. It would present itself as absolutely proximal while it’s definitely distal. And by that I mean that I could put something away from a true and real origin, an artificial machine away from its real existential source, away from me for instance. The reasoning will present the A.I. as a progression. The truth will be that it is a digression. The wrist is distal from the

shoulder and the head from the toes. If you keep those apart you can never have the same person. But the difference between Lucy and I are extremely great. We do not share the same existential space.”

“And how is this difference great?” Duke asked.

Bernadette exhaled. “I did not realize it until I realized science itself was in bondage, imprisoned and damaged by one of its greatest theories.”

Duke moved to the edge of his seat. “Which one was that?”

Bernadette hesitated briefly. “I realized that unlike Lucy, my mind’s call upon a thought can never be a gravitational imposition. I cannot have an essence-existence dichotomy. And by this I mean it defies all laws of relativity or special relativity. My mind can never fall. And by all and every means to an inevitable end, the relation of mind to thought must be faster than the speed of light if we add a most necessitating dimension to the whole process.”

“Another dimension?” Duke asked.

Bernadette nodded. “The speed of light places a limitation on everyone it seemed, but it has become clear to me it has its limitations. Yet we’re all ordered to move in relation to it or fall? What if there is something that will do neither, something which won’t be influenced by C squared? But C squared can only produce an external influence. If the energy due to movement is self-produced, C squared is an outsider. Time on a moving object which slows down as the object gets shorter in the direction of motion becomes irrelevant in a dual-directional self-influencing existence. And from a functional rather than dependent body, mass is made of trivial influence. It became clear to me that the speed of light is external to functionality. Such it became apparent there had to be a dimension of functionality with respect to light; length, breadth, thickness if you may, time if you may, and the functionality which I define as i . You cannot move through time or space as you may without the ability to move. Falling is never movement. Falling fails woefully at being movement. Thus we have a fifth dimension of necessity. I still had to prove this occurs in nature.”

“So you constructed a light efficient experimental lab?” Duke asked.

Bernadette shook her head. “Worse. I said mirror, mirror on the wall where’s the darkest light of all, where’s the lightest dark of all? And then it became clear to me who has real functionality when it came to light.”

“So you constructed a light efficient experimental lab?” Duke asked.

She shook her head. “No. Worse. I decided to build a game room.”

“The one behind your office? The one you won’t let anyone into?”

She nodded. “Yes, that one. But I still had to make sure the game room worked according to the rules of nature.”

“So you constructed a mastermind lab to monitor the game room?” Duke asked.

Bernadette shook her head. “Worse. I began to envision a most unnatural existence. I began to envision Lucy. It was important to how I build the game room.”

“Just to make sure the functionality function works?” Duke asked.

She shook her head. “Worse. To find a natural instance in which Einstein was absolutely wrong, to make the functionality dimension not just exist but work against his projections. To do that I will need more than a reference-able object of existence. I will need an existence, not a two dimensional line or a three dimensional nonfunctional. I needed no more probability, no more room for such so I can envision the absolute probability space and give the actual functionality dimension the space to prove itself. And there is such a natural existence.”

“A pre-existing A.I. prototype?” Duke teased.

She smiled. “Where in hell do you just get something like Lucy out of the blue? A natural existence I said. When you think about the speed of light and gravity, you have to automatically think acceleration. But what if we take out acceleration, then neither the acceleration nor the speed of light matters. Here I put levity, a counter reaction to gravity that is stable rather than depressive or oppressive, a body able to sustain against a vacuum. Relativity is, on the other hand, subject to the external phenomena, the vacuum, the light, the surrounding etc. There had to be an instance in which the pull of gravity and

functionality, in this case, the ability to sustain against gravity cancel each other out. With regards to functionality; since the moon has no light of its own, it reflects off the sun's light, and only half of its surface is lit by the sun. From the sun's NE perspective this is 01. From Earth's SE perspective, this is 10. There is a natural eclipse from NW to SE that is based on reflection. It is at this point that I realized that like the moon, the earth does not have any light of its own. And this would be the first and last quarter respectively of four quarters in relation to the sun. When this happens, the angle between the sun and earth in relation to the surface of earth is a right angle. This relation is what gives the sun levity against gravity at night or as some may have it, at sunset which occurs in the east. Thus the sun is not subject to the limitations of the external phenomenon bounded by such the speed of light or gravity here. In fact because of this relation the sun has with the moon and earth, the speed of light is made, indifferent, irrelevant and externalized. Earth has no dimension of functionality with regards to light especially at night. Time is the least of its problems as night falls both where the sun rises and where the sun sets. Night has never been the sun's problem. It is absolutely impossible for the

sun to be overtaken by night. It is not a falling space, it is a resting place. And from this realization, a whole lot goes without the functionality dimension.”

Bernadette stood and turned.

Duke frowned. “I’m certain I don’t have all the facts yet Dr. Deergan. So where are you going?”

Bernadette turned to face Duke. “I just realized that civilization was perfectly right about one thing. The lack of intelligence is the greatest impotence mankind can ever have.”

Duke frowned. “Does that have anything to do with Lucy?”

Bernadette forced a smile. “Everything.” She turned around towards the eastern end of her office. I’m going into my game room. I suddenly feel the need to disintegrate sixteen balls into empty space today.”

“I want to play Dr. Deergan,” Duke said in a pleading tone. “Why can’t I?”

Bernadette turned to exit the room. “I used everything that is me to build that game room, it

was the only way I could produce Lucy. I am the only one that can ever play that game.”

“Is this conversation over?”

Bernadette shook her head as she placed the upper bridge of her nose on the pedestal for the eye scan. “No. EEED9 would convey our communications.” She disappeared into her game room.

Duke waited a while. “I agree Dr. Deergan every successful scientist should have their own game room, and a boy toy alongside that. Let me be the man after your heart Dr. Deergan. Let me play in your game room.”

He didn’t get a response from Bernadette.

He maintained a few seconds of silence of his own before he spoke in a sexy husky tone. “I’m imagining ripping your clothes off and putting myself inside you.”

A few seconds of silence and Bernadette’s voice could be heard through EEED9. “Imaginations are free Duke. That you can always have. You cannot have me. And the difference between one scientist and another would be in the

designation of their game room. No one can play in mine but me.”

“You mean as you decided never to commercialize EEED9?” Duke asked.

“Yeah. Just those simple things a scientist must personally decide,” Bernadette replied.

“Can Lucy play?” Duke asked.

“Absolutely never.”

“But she was designed after you,” Duke argued.

“And the access is our absolute difference. You see Duke; there have been too many prototypes of Lucy to count. For instance, she kept coming out biologically with unusual set of fingers and Arachnodactyly. She had six set of fingers on the west end, five in the other. No workable machine there. She had six on the west and ten on the other. None there either. And the fact that she always comes up with sixteen toes, eight set of toes was alarming and baffling. I realized that the biological woman that is me could not produce a biodigital replica without great deformities.”

“You could not be duplicated,” Duke said.

“Absolutely I could not be duplicated,” Bernadette confirmed. “My game room is designed with the relationship with the anti-gravitational existence of the sun in mind. And when you can see that from my point of view you see everything clearly. The game room has three downward facing domes and a straight relation between the first and fourth quarter of the relation between moon, sun and earth. I am always superior to everything in this game room, both western and eastern. The inevitable relationship the sun has with itself is absolutely belonging in the east at 11 and 14, in the west at 11 and 12. No other but the sun can have this relation. The sun’s relation with the moon at 11 is with the first quarter in the west which is worth 0.25, and at 4 it’s 0.1. In the lower ends, the second quarter is worth 0.5, the third quarter is worth 0.75. This is cumulative 1.25, 2.50, 3.75, and 4.1 respectively. And those are reflection states, the sun’s probability states with probability states of their own.

“Can you reference that meaningfully Dr. Deergan?” Duke asked.

“She, the sun shines when the temperature is 1234, but those temperatures are never the sun. And there is only one sun, always indivisible. Now

note that the earth and moon are not attached. The attachment produced by the sun which is purely atmospheric is 2-3 which is different from the 432 eastern digressions which is absolutely scalar giving off the same differential without making any difference, absolute zero space. It is also absolutely earthly. Both the problem space and the zero space are under the sun. The spatial 421 downward-upward movement for instance is strictly solar as part of the inevitable 2114. Thus 24 is nothing but 16 exponential worth $2.092279e13$, $21-12+41-14$ which is $6 + 10 = 16$. And 16 exponential explains why Lucy kept coming up with 6, 5, 10, 15 fingers and 16 toes. There is no human let alone a woman there with any true relation to the sun. It's all artificial and probabilistic. In the east to west and south bound relation is 11000 and 41000 relation with the moon. And an eastern to south downward 40100 which creates the absolute zero space. . Every other spatial relation is problem space. There are countless exponents and exponents of exponents $12!$, $0.1!$, $14!$, $0.25!$, $43!$, $0.75!$ And etc. ”

“Which way leads to the human artifact Dr. Deergan? Which way leads to Lucy?” Duke asked.

Bernadette emerged from her game room in the eastern end of her office and walked over to sit in the Darkling. “We have to go through it all especially the 43 exponential shoot. And at $6.041526e52$ it gave a return for the probability space that was shocking; huge negative return to be exact at $10e-43$. And it was the error in differential that gave birth to EEED9.”

Duke exhaled.

Bernadette studied him. “If you’re guessing it, you’re right. It was the timing for the big bang, the point when space was made separable from gravity. That point where no essence can sustain against gravity. Guess what? Those so called best of scientific minds were wrong. They were absolutely wrong.”

Duke exhaled loudly. “Dr. Deergan what are you saying?”

Bernadette held his eyes fully. “They, the scientists who were supposed to own knowledge, those who were supposed to know better said this is the limit and you cannot cross it. And inside my game room I have both intellectual and physical clarity. There’s a spatial yellow eyed monkey to my east. There the sun sits. There is a spatial blue

eyed monkey to my west. There the sun stands against it. Between their e19 and e49 west to east is the speed of light. They can never destroy the sun.”

“Some clarity here Dr. Deergan,” Duke said.

“If we were to assign the number 5 to the sun as the functionality number, it will functionally be a fifth dimension. 54 will be the spatial solar movement. 45 will be in zero space. They will both add up to 9 but only the spatial upper solar movement can produce blue. How do I say this like a story? Let’s say the sun is love. In space, what is complete and functional on its own never falls. She, the sun never falls. Men, those with balls are the ones falling. They’ve got lots of balls and they’re not falling in love either. In astronomy, the only way you have love is to be it. Science has fooled us all that women fall. The only woman here never does. Men fall.”

Duke exhaled and was silenced briefly, thinking. “When did this become about misogyny Dr. Deergan? I’m sure your head is in your game. Now, where is zero space?”

Bernadette exhaled. “Zero space is between the time/space of the big bang and the exponential

space, 43 exponential. And according to modern science there is nothing there but time, space and evolution as history so to speak. Yet when I enter my game room it's all under my feet. That's where Lucy came from. That's zero space. That's where I must go if I ever feel the need to kill Lucy."

Baffled Duke stared after Bernadette as she picked up another box containing her game playing balls from the western end of her office.

She spoke as she made her way towards her game room. "And while I'm still at finding my way to my very own creation, if you don't mind, I have 16 more balls to disintegrate into space."

NEW BOOKS TO ORDER

Truth, Somewhere I live
Ignorance
The Celebrity of Being
SEESCAPES: GROSS PARADISE
THOSE WHO MADE IT
The Case of the Angstrom Scalar
POP: the Shadow Offspring Upstream
The Redeemer's Breach
The Anionic Animus
The Quasi Quaver Predicament
The Deviant X Transgression
The Precipitous Callous Edge
The Half-Center Homicide

Making Reading Worth Your While

DEWLOGIC

Non Fiction Books from Dewlogic

Failure&Solitude

The Rudeness of Soul

The Idealism of Soul

Enmity

Trust

Faith&Doubt

Number's Lot

The Communal Estate

Fiction Books from Dewlogic

Tell the Hour by the Sun

The Reclaimers' Reprieve

The Salamander Recourse

A Regular Oddity

Fiction Series Books from Dewlogic

Dawnbreaker

The Phoenix Risers

Roma&Retina

The Adventures of Silli Page

Transverse

Parable Play

Seescapes

Becky Alloy

Han&Sam

Rin

Web Angledrop

Quean