



DEWLOGIC

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PLANET 19

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PLANET 19

The very dark days of un-souled generations are worse than unconditional. Soiled, they are phantom limbs of glory, fermented, short hand mathematical employment of miniatures of ignorance always escaping the heights of intelligence. And its progress, immersed in its biophysical matrix becomes systemically induced polytones of inhumanity. When the bad repose accompanies life, without any true sensations to accompany it, it gives off an aftermath of pleasure. The wonder and the life go asunder.

Brant Baxter felt a sharp tug at the buoyancy of the Crossbones Crusher toss him slightly sideways as it came to a topical float on the designated Planet 19. Some emergency landing, he thought, one quite intended. But something else caught his attention in the moment. The Overlap Descaler, an instrument used in detecting slight coincidence in time, was flipping its dials rampantly, rapidly and concurrently as if he had come to a stop where all of time has surrendered into some timely chaos.

Something was off with the planet and he could hardly second-guess himself in the moment. He had lost contact with earth some while back. That he could regain contact depended on the atmospheric nature and receptivity of the planet.

He exhaled and took his seat slowly. If he was going to go out there on his own without any contact from earth, the least precaution was to be able to assess the situation before he stepped down and out. He checked his indicators and noticed that

the Loden Edge Indicator was flicking exhaust red. He panicked instantly, checked the Fuelling Indicator, and was surprised to find what felt like a pay zone.

His sigh of relief was short lived as he wondered what the breakdown in the functionality of the Loden Edge Indicator meant on Planet 19. Could it be there is no Northward bound latitude, no z plane? If it does exist, could it be artificial? If there was not a Northward bound latitude, what could be beyond the planet, below its peripheral realms? Indeed, he thought, there will be Southward bound latitude.

And the indicator was further implicative; were there no skies natural or otherwise unnatural? And there was that other implication that was supplementary to its machinations. Being fundamentally waterproof, when exposed to water the Loden Edge indicates the presence or absence of natural water thereof. Was there natural water on Planet 19?

He removed the Loden Edge from its base, put it in his take out bag alongside his pre-packed necessities, and dropped some of the bottles of water he possessed into the bag, leaving the rest for the presumptive journey back to earth. The cowardly thought crept upon him slowly and he sat back in his seat and wondered long but hopelessly whether to call the mission off, head back to earth and bring reinforcement.

He discarded the cowardly thought. It was inexplicable in any substantial terms, to him, to any of his colleagues or to the world at large that he came onto some Planet, however unknown and could hardly conquer it because of fears.

Triggering on impulse procedure beyond that for known planets, he pressed one of the panel buttons to open the Screen Deck in all four major directions in an effort to conduct a pre-biotic analysis, increased the bio speculative disposition, and stood. The first extensive sight of the planet drew him backward as he stood. The screened sight, prima facie, was like op art in continuous locilation in some Euclidean space without any known dimension. It gave little indication of biotic representation or presence, none, rendering all movements ill perceptible. Was it some now-dead planet from some previously evolved or reactionary state, some purposeless big bang gone to some nonsensical waste?

Baxter keyed in the SSL Passcode for the Screen Formatter to analyze, distillate, and synchronize the surrounding for artistic or realistic content. He found it unreadable, sat back in his seat, and spinning the seat forcefully, made a complete revolution to gain a wider view of the planet. Nothing.

He stood to have a distanced view of the screen, leaned forward for a closer inspection, and had the strange sensation of a kaleidoscope viewing his presence rather than the other way round. He

faulted the effect to the fact that he was nervous about the possibility of terrestrial life on the planet, and the unpredictability of such encounters.

And possibilities were endless for the unknown speculated terrestrial planet. There could be super evolved humans on the planet within the same range as there could be savagely devolved animals. The Toxidial was not going off, indicating the planet was as was suspected, reasonably habitable.

If the planet harbored some scientifically decipherable illusion, could that illusion be a pre-screened or post-screened aftermath? He entertained the idea of the possibility of a buildup of bio-relational matter. Could it be that he was at the spur of the evolutionary process for the planet? Did he stumble upon something quite undefined by the laws of physics, something not quite historical in its own right yet? Was it just some waste of a planet waiting for some universal extinction to replenish itself?

As a renowned and well-travelled astronaut, he had come to formulate a different understanding of the perceptive apparent and scientific realities. He knew illusions could hide behind screens as well as in plain sight. It was important that he knew what was truly scientifically viable as it was his job to discover and render scientific realities.

And the view before him reeked of some unhealthy conglomeration of biotic and abiotic components. Why are scientific indications rendering the planet habitable? The complexity of

life on any planet renders inaccurate configurations without firsthand experience with the conditioning on the planet. But before the relevant firsthand, something about the planet deemed it unlike any he had experienced.

He was fearful of what may be in front of the screen, to the sides of the screen and behind the screen and engaged the three-way screen angle narration to anchor the planet against earth and it anchored as earth. The two-way can easily pass the illusion. The three-way was as well an illusion

“IAI,” he called, engaging Crossbones Crusher’s spherical figured Informational A.I. on the stem case in front of him.

“Yes, Dr. Baxter,” IAI replied in a comforting neutral tone.

“Can I have the two and three mode screen projection numbers for the anchoring of this planet against earth?” Baxter asked.

“Yes Dr. Baxter,” IAI replied. “The two-way anchors as 16-9 and the three-way as 64-27, a 7 to 37 differential. Could be a parallax error Dr. Baxter.”

Baxter smiled sarcastically. “No IAI a parallax error assumes an observer.”

“And so we are,” IAI replied. “Maybe it’s an inversion anchor.”

Baxter nodded. “That it is, but it’s also an immersion anchor. Earth is always being represented from outer space as an Immersion, and increasingly on my travels, I have found this to be

erroneous. It is yet to be officially undone. For whatever reason, this planet is telling us we are on earth when we are not, and earth tells us we are on earth when we already knew we were. We have yet a four-way error which is some 256-81, all as earth in relation to earth.”

“Mutating?” IAI asked.

Baxter shook his head. “IAI, your nodes are adapting trigger senses of humor now? No, they are immersion relations just like you.”

“Like me Dr. Baxter?” IAI asked.

Baxter nodded. “Yes, the A.I. distribution is a world with no true actual, a similarity to similarity immersion. Whether it is the whole earth in this case, or a partial immersion in it of whatever signs of nonlife, it draws its own immersion as itself and without any real sign of life in it. It is a topological arrangement without any true three dimensionalities, a neighborhood N with a bi-continuous functionality that is discontinuous. A divorce has more originality than its discontinuity. So if this planet mimics earth It’s not because earth exists actually, it is because earth exists without any true observer to call a first, second, third or any incremental dimensions, a world of worlds amidst the war of worlds without any real world to speak of, homeomorphism without any actual intellectual property. Earth non-actually presupposes six dimensions. And such, you exist. Unfortunately for us so does this planet. For instance IAI, what are the first relational

projections for this planet in relation to earth strictly from your point of view?”

“That’s 16-9 and a 25 outreach, a 171 IAI potential,” IAI replied.

Baxter nodded. “Of course it is. Would you ever imagine that immersions fall or that they are rather not there? Could anyone reasonably imagine that earth falls towards earth?”

IAI shook its head and spoke solemnly. “No Dr. Baxter, not a fool with a mind will think that.”

Baxter shook his head. “I wouldn’t imagine it. 171 is a 6-6 west to east distribution, which gives a 0. And the 16-9 differential gives a 3. It is a 030 disposition, or indispositions so to speak. And based on the numbers and six dimensionalities, what is the absolute reality that you exist, this planet exists without any true biological reality in it?”

“2420.5727609564,” IAI replied.

Baxter nodded. “So our biggest problem on this planet is not whether this planet is here or not. It is however in hell we got to this planet.”

“But we did get here Dr. Baxter, we got in the Crossbones Crusher and travelled here,” IAI said.

Baxter exhaled. “Based on the fact that it will be impossible to move from one earth to another within the same dimensions of an actual occupational earth, did we really travel here IAI, did we travel to earth or travelled against it?”

Baxter said, snatching IAI’s spherical encasement,

stood and mounted it on a Walkmate MS machine, walked over to the EXIT latch.

IAI, now mounted, directed the Walkmate and followed.

Baxter exhaled by the EXIT latch, waited a few seconds and on a second thought, pulled on the latch. The exit door gave way and exposed the interior of the Crossbones Crusher to the Planet earth had named Planet 19.

He stilled briefly by the doorway, wondering which of the scenes available to him shortly exuded more of a sense of artificial permanence. And for the first time he believed it; that there was some form of life behind the generated flux of abiotic and biotic synthem and synthesis, the seeming perfect marriage of geotectonic and design engineering. It was nature re-imagined and there had to be a beast, somewhere along these paths.

The sparks of a restraining creed as a continuous microbial expansion it seemed, every relation in excess the spirit of privation. Like a labella at the edge of spring, its cessation in the fall cannot be of deprivation but of privation. The perfect path aligned with the perfect pathways; a perfect civilization? Or was it that whatever beast was there was waiting for prey, for him?

He stepped into it; nature patented and growing ever too rapidly without any apparent source of nutrient, and shortly, power. Greatly brightened plants, colorful flowers, long and tall trees, low

and short trees, grasses, and bright greens. And there was that aspect of it all displacing rather than distorting what he saw overwhelmingly. The soil from which all the greenery grew looked like bleached soil. Was it more of a sham underneath or overhead? Was the cultivation downward or upward? He lounged to touch the soil, feel it between his fingers.

“Analyze the soil sample, will you?” Baxter said, and turned back towards IAI.

IAI had bended the Walkmate to do exactly that. “Beachrock mainly Dr. Baxter, a surprisingly loose formation of such, the calcium carbonate supposed to cement it is as well part of the loose mixture.”

“A rock bed of bones sprouting life at will; can this be?” Baxter asked.

IAI extended the Walkmate’s arm and touched the soil. “I’m not sure what you’re asking. It seems to be the case.”

“There has to be a source for this nutrition, not just space containment for some cultivated abstract entity?” Baxter paused briefly. “I need you to find a water source.”

IAI made a three hundred and sixty degrees rotational scan of the environment. “There isn’t such a thing in the surrounding environment.”

Baxter hesitated briefly, thinking. “How about something like it?”

“Something like it?” IAI asked.

“Something that could be mistaken for it,” Baxter replied.

IAI made another three hundred and sixty degrees scan of the environment, and remained silent briefly. “Something that could be,” IAI said, straightened the Walkmate’s back and walked against the directed pathway of the loose beachrock, against the colorful plants.

Baxter followed him towards a secluded section from the pathway. Hidden away, he wondered, as part of some necessary secrecy or some coincidence within the providence.

“I think I’m developing a migraine,” Baxter told IAI.

“Have some aspirin Dr. Baxter,” IAI replied.

“We have to conserve water. We don’t know what hell we’re in,” Baxter commented before removing two tablets of aspirin from his take-out bag and swallowing it with some water.

“We’re almost there,” IAI comforted.

And they came to it a while later, some shiny expanse of land ahead. Baxter rushed forward, hoping it was somehow, somewhat, yet inexplicable to him scientifically, that it was what it was, and rather what it was not or hoped it was. Some island full of hope was some island dead to a scientist’s mind. His first instance of the strangely and deathly bluish color confirmed its identity—liquid air—processed rather than naturally induced, a very cold liquid sustained cold by submerging the boiling points of its constituents.

Baxter knelt onto the beachrock floors surrounding the liquid and softly compared the anomaly before him to the solar-induced blue waters on earth. He could almost trade his feet for it in the moment—a taste of water from a natural body of water, and not some formational version of what seemed like colorized and colonized hydrogen peroxide. However, was the planet sustained? How was the liquid air sustainable?

He stood and rushed to make the perimeter of the enclosure, scanning, searching the surrounding.

“Dr. Baxter,” IAI called. “Do you intend to journey alone?”

Baxter shook his head. “No IAI, I am searching for something I think should be there or this world will be more deranged than I think it is.”

He came to a stop at a large containment of red orange deposit enclosure at an end and stopped.

IAI stopped shortly after him. “SO, Sulphur Monoxide.”

Baxter nodded. “It only follows that one artifact will sustain the other. I think my migraine is worsening.”

“Have some aspirin Dr. Baxter,” IAI urged.

Baxter took some aspirin and took less of the valued water he had than the last time. “At least we know we have in the least some artifactual scientific reliability here. We know there is cooling involved. However is the temperature sustainable?”

“My guess is that it is a source of sustenance. Maybe you should drink it,” IAI said.

Baxter shot IAI a worried expression. “Lost your mind lately? You should be telling me we should get out of here.”

“I’m well Dr. Baxter,” IAI replied.

Baxter studied IAI. “I think you may have been hacked.”

“Why would you think that Dr. Baxter?” IAI asked. “I feel perfectly fine.”

“And that’s the problem,” Baxter commented. “That is exactly how you’re supposed to feel. And you’re never supposed to know the difference, at least not realistically.”

“I know differences,” IAI defended.

Baxter narrowed his eyes. “IAI, you have no natural capability to know differences unless you’re told to do so. If you’re still yourself, one of your main jobs is to always have a continual relational existence with the Crossbones Crusher, so tell me because this is important to our leaving a planet we don’t know how the hell we got on, where is the Crossbones Crusher?”

IAI rushed backward as if in a daze.

And Baxter held on to hope his suspicions were merely that. “Where is it IAI?”

“Wait a minute Dr. Baxter I am collecting information,” IAI replied.

“It’s already taken too long,” Baxter said.

“Yes, it has,” IAI replied. “And I am wondering why.”

Dr. Baxter felt like a ton of bricks had hit him into some sudden loss. “You are really?”

“It seems...” IAI started

“It seems what?” Baxter asked anxiously.

“It seems there have been some reformations of the geographical landscape,” IAI replied.

“But geographical landscapes do not have sudden and inexplicable reformations!” Baxter argued.

“It seems this one has,” IAI replied.

Baxter began to pace. “I say we accept the fact that you’ve been hacked silly. That you are just a Muppet for some...whatever it is the hell lives on this damned planet. We’re just going to have to rely on me to get us the hell out of this damned place—”

“Dr. Baxter, something is coming,” IAI warned.

And Baxter stilled, reaching into his carry out bag for the Fatal Distiller and wondering if whatever alien rested its head on the strange planet could ever be remotely human.

The form, darkly in the distance soon emerged from the remote light brightened and fairly. A woman!

“Is it an apparition?” Baxter asked IAI.

“It is depending Dr. Baxter, by definition of a woman, a machine or by that of a human?” IAI asked.

“Why the hell will I care about that at a moment like this?” Baxter barked.

“We welcome you to our planet Dr. Baxter,” the alien said.

Baxter narrowed his eyes and studied the alien. “We? I see only you, that is, if I am seeing you at all. Did you hack IAI to get my name?”

The alien spoke. “Relax Dr. Baxter. We’re here to help guide you.”

Baxter smiled, sarcastically. “Of course you are. So tell me what sort of freak hell is going on here?”

“Relax Dr. Baxter, maybe you should take some aspirin,” the alien said.

Baxter frowned, and felt the migraine roar in his head again. “And why the hell do I need to take Acetylsalicylic Acid every now and then to feel remotely sane?”

“We’re only here to guide you Dr. Baxter,” the alien said.

Baxter exhaled and turned to IAI. “Have you officially met your immersed distanced other twin lover?”

“But Dr. Baxter she doesn’t look anything like me. She looks like every other attractive human female,” IAI replied.

Baxter shook his head. “Did I teach you never to believe everything you see?”

“No,” IAI replied. “You taught me the opposite. You taught me to always believe everything I see.”

Baxter exhaled, looking the alien over. “Now, on this planet we’re going to have a very big problem with that.” He closed his eyes painfully,

opened it slowly, and held the aliens eyes. “IAI, my Informational Artificial Intelligence is having a little problem locating our travel vessel. Do you mind pointing us in its direction?”

“I’m afraid I cannot help you with that. We welcome you to our planet Dr. Baxter,” the alien replied.

Frustrated, Baxter lowered his head and scratched his forehead. “Why on earth will that be so? Could it be because we’re already on earth and you’re here to guide me?”

The alien smiled. “What took you so long? Welcome home Dr. Baxter.”

And the chill that drove through Baxter’s spine almost instantly paralyzed him.

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