



DEWLOGIC

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HEA

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HEA

A series in nirvana catches its wrecks ablaze and unfounded, and the silent ambient resonates from its precursor a debased quietus replacing life, omitting it. The lantern fly, bright and pompous reserves its seat as the elusive light corners a thought pieces strong. And the Human Element dissolves, burrowing into non-space requiring time; the dying maps of a dying breed. It was the perfected specimen for evolutionary ambitions, and its history had been short and highly celebrated; discover, disrupt, string and cap the Elusive element, Ee. The celebration lasted, until the Human Element rejected the cap, and the uncapping became infectious.

Seated in the observation room, Dr. Biola Moore felt the pinch on her arm more painfully than she ever did, her anticipation mounting with trepidation. The man doing the nervous pinching, Nathan, her understudy, breathed heavily beside her, also with trepidation. Without any medical degree to speak of, he was the best help she could find under the circumstances. And the circumstances were dire. It was their much unpredictable last chance. It was all of humanity's last as well.

The Creature was rousing toward wakefulness.

And the room was edgy with anticipation. Alongside Nathan, Alan, and Dick, they were the last four known of their kind medically equipped for survival. And they had overdosed her with the Ee antidote that morning to ensure that if they died

from exposure, she would have the greatest chance of survival. They had cured the antidote for two years, edging between optimum survival mode and the vacuous sensation of Ee to have the particular day. Human survival outside those she had medically equipped with the cured antidote was highly unlikely if not impossible.

But there was the Creature, the one for whom they had suffered most, the human they had experimented on, and the last of her hopes that the Human Element is salvageable from the reins of the Elusive element.

He roused slowly but surely with the initial minor movements of his fingers maturing towards limb sensations.

They waited.

“The best and worst expectation?” Nathan asked.

“A biparasitic Creature on one hand, a human in the making on the other,” Biola replied.

“Any symbiosis in the biparasitic at all?” Nathan asked.

“Yes. It is called parasitic symbiotic and neither parasite is the host; the question we need to ask and find out is who or what is the host in the Creature,” Biola replied. The Creature was going to take his time coming into the consciousness they had hoped for and their fears mounted.

The observation room gained an awful resounding silence.

He, after all, had not been elusive at all to any of them in his human state. He roused them more than any experimental subject ever could, more than losing the Human Element. He was their best hope mainly because he was her colleague, a physician himself, the one who developed the Ee Inhibitors from which she had discovered HEP, Human Element prohibitors enabling the Ee.

Having been subject to persistent transient state for the last two years, and coupled with the fact that Nathan had shaved him for the appearance; he was very much the man she had admired both professionally and romantically. He was younger looking due to the age-defying effects of the HEA, Human Element Assistance. HEA, the regenerative enzyme she had developed to work alongside the inadequately efficient Ee inhibitors against the HEP was the wonder cure she hoped delivers the promises of long-term effects and sustenance for the Human Element.

The derivative towards the ultimate cure was nothing easy. She had worked within limited capacity but the burden of the Human Element forever lost kept her working.

“This is way earlier than we thought,” Dick, the one duly in charge of security, complained.

“We worked very hard for this. It was expected,” Biola replied.

Dick shook his head. “You said it may take another few weeks to raise him.”

Biola turned to face Dick. “I’m not perfect Dick. Besides, there is no such thing as scientific perfection in these ends-of-days practices we have here. All biological signs show he is rousing. Whatever do we do now is the question.”

Dick snickered. “You may be asking the wrong questions Dr. Moore. What if these things, everything we have done so far, all the atrocities we committed just to keep this Creature alive was all for naught? What if I am forced to have to kill him?”

Biola’s vulnerable heart weakened instantly, as if it was going to break at the thought of the predicament. They could not be faffing around with forever if forever was already a faff. But if forever was already a faff however could they have the moment? If they did not have the moment, how could they have forever? What was she to fear more?

Her tone was accusatory. “He’s barely alive and you’re already thinking of killing him?”

Dick narrowed his eyes. “If you think I will murder him in cold blood you’re sadly mistaken Dr. Moore. The last report of him I read he was some cold blooded Creature.”

His unsuccessful attempt to quench Biola’s fears became apparent as her frown deepened.

“I don’t intend to murder him,” he reassured her.

Biola exhaled and stood.

Dick stood to face her.

“Do you know why I appointed you head of security Dick?” Biola asked.

Dick shrugged. “I’m not sure. Could it be that you love my human propensity to deliver much necessary violence?”

Biola shook her head. “No. It was because I could always read into your often weak and ineffectual ability to deliver a lie.”

“I don’t intend to murder him in cold blood Dr. Moore,” Dick reassured her.

She narrowed her eyes. “Are you sure about that?”

Dick reconsidered briefly, studying her, exhaled, and moved his face closer to hers hauntingly. “It is depending is it not? Do you think it has Predestinate Cognition like the others before it? Is the PC amplified or inhibited by the cure? Should I kill him just because he can preempt my propensity for necessary violence?”

Biola exhaled, clenching her fists nervously.

Dick studied her. “Is that you being able to predict my ineffective lies or is it my weak truth you predict Dr. Moore. What is the predestinate cognitive worth of a human life? In fact, what is the predestinate cognitive worth of your life?”

Biola tried preventing her nervousness from manifesting in her tone as she spoke. “What are you really asking me Dick?”

Dick moved closer to her and spoke in a deliberately slow haunting tone. “The very same crap you were asking me earlier, only mine is in

the much necessary other direction. Do you feel the same way I feel Dr. Moore? Do you value human life over some unpredictably quasi manageable resuscitated Creature's?"

"He's our only hope," she reassured him.

He narrowed his eyes. "Are you sure about that?"

She held her breath at the insinuation behind his words, exhaled and held his eyes again. "May I remind you that I am the only medical professional here?"

Dick smiled sarcastically, maintaining his haunting tone. "That can't possibly mean none of us is smart enough to figure a better alternative for our future than the rearing of a creature?"

She shook her head at the thought Dick could be in charge of all operations including hers. And life seemed a moment's perfect ignorance to a mind like hers, a laughable turn of event to a mind like his. What laughable turn of events could be brewing between his laughable ears?

"What could be the better alternative Dick?" she asked painfully. "That I spread my legs and let you three take turns getting between them?"

Dick shrugged. "Don't forget the Creature. If he survives this, he will want his turn at it. He's yet a man-creature isn't he Dr. Moore?"

Biola exhaled, holding on to the sensation of control, one she knew she could lose any moment. She spoke in a low controlled tone. "I'm afraid

your little hail day survivor plan is not scientifically viable Dick.”

Dick held a mocking smile. “Is that so?”

“Don’t misread my words,” she added. “It may be sexually viable, but the real aim for it in our condition is functional. It is not enviable at all but rather functionally unviable. Whatever progeny results from such purposeless show of sexual prowess will not just be a carrier of both Ee and HEP but a much vulnerable carrier. If it does not die in the womb, it can hardly survive life postnatal.”

“We risk it. That’s what humans do,” Dick replied.

Biola squinted, studying the level of his seriousness in the matter. “But whatever offspring we sire from such unholy union cannot be called human either. And if I am impregnated with a full blown fetus which may happen from the relation of two carriers, I will definitely die alongside the fetus.”

Dick shrugged. “What’s the harm in fun?”

“May it be absolute death?” Biola asked in response.

“Are you sure the Creature has a higher probability of survival Dr. Moore?”

Nathan had interrupted intentionally, from the apparent need to relief her of the tense conversation. It had always been her tale that she did not need much of his help; she could handle herself come what may. But he knew the boys

more than she did, and also knew when the etiquette of control turned to that of savagery; she was not more than her open legs.

Biola exhaled, holding on to her glaring position stance with Dick, and resisting the urge to turn around to face Nathan, she spoke. “Unlike the biparasitic survival mode the Creature is prone to go into, there is no co-evolution possible between the progeny and I. You will have no choice but to spread each other’s legs and hope for the best afterwards. Alongside the uncured child, I’ll be dead.”

Alan, the most reserved among the men spoke. “Are you sure there is absolutely no other viable way aside from the Creature’s survival Dr. Moore?”

Biola turned slightly to hold his eyes behind Dick’s and exhaled, grateful for the moment of ease between her and the boys. “I will need to produce sustainable coeval origination and migration.”

Dick frowned. “What the hell does that mean?”

“I will need a pro-cured healthy human cell to clone. And we do not have the specimen, the machinery, or the facility for that now, do we?” she replied.

Silence fell in the observation room as they heard the Creature moan, uttering something incomprehensible, yet lively.

They all stared the Creature’s way.

“He’s our only hope,” she reassured them.

Dick turned his head sideways to hold Nathan's eyes behind hers as some solemn silent contract. If anything went more than usually wrong, Nathan gets the blame. He took his seat silently.

They waited. And watched.

If the Bentonite could scream its dreams in ashes, it would never make it to the fire; its heat will have no life but that which perishes it. It dreams first of fire and its dreams of fire came with its peril in tow. The Creature was envisioned not from some chaos deep within but from a deliberate thinking mind in search of calm, never to quench fire but to deliver life. He roused her to the brink of fear and excitement all the same, the embryogenesis bound to deliver itself or perish all life.

It moved again, this time with a semblance of consciousness, turning to gain some yet uncertain level of comfort. And she moved with him then making a slight jump upward as though her heart would jump out of its cavity.

She thought about the complex nature and denaturalization that allowed the Creature to exist, the atrocities she had consented to, enabled so she could save humanity, the primitive reloading of essential existence that was becoming more and more elusive. Hope itself in its pure form was degeneration, and all there was left was the variation of degeneration.

Dick stood and got out of the observation room. And Biola breathed a discomfoting sigh of relief.

The Creature turned to face the ceiling and there was the momentary awareness that jolted her off her feet. He was conscious.

As if he sensed her proximity to him as she neared the observation glass, he raised his back.

She rushed backward to take her seat, and watched, as he took to a seated position next, dragging his legs off the bed without any sign of strain to his effort.

Nathan went back to pinching her arm to calm her.

Dick entered the observation room carrying a bag of ammunition, guns rifles, grenades, and the much-preferred sedative she recommended.

She held her breath briefly but decided against starting some fruitless conversation in the moment.

The Creature stood slowly, walked some distance towards them and peered into the sturdy glass encasement barricading him from them. He paced, peered, and appeared deliberative.

“Signs of determinate behavior, procedural thought processing, and no sign of violent tendencies,” Alan commented.

“No sign of violent tendencies maybe, at least, non observable yet,” Biola corrected, “We should be careful Alan.”

The Creature stopped as she spoke, his piercing gaze gripping hers, gripping every essential nerve

she possessed. It was as if he could see her, read her, and read into her soul. Could he do it?

He moved forward to touch his body to the glass encasement, and holding on steadily to her eyes called, “Biola!”

She froze, and Nathan’s hold on her arm stilled.

They all stared straight at the Creature who hardly relinquished his hold on Biola’s eyes.

She held his eyes steadily. “He’s onto us. He knows we are here. He knows I am here. Sensitivity is the side effect of HEP suppression.” But she stopped short of speaking the truth. The Creature seemed rather hypersensitive to HEP suppression. He seemed hypersensitive to everything.

“He’s more than onto us,” Nathan commented.

Dick cocked his gun, turned to hold her eyes as she held his. “Predestinate Cognition is already apparent, don’t you think Dr. Moore?”

She held her breath. There was no way she was going to allow them to murder him in cold blood, just so she can become some useless slut they keep around for their sexual pleasures. She would rather die to prevent the horrid fate.

He called her name with more passion to his tone this time. And none in the room could mistake the tone of humanity accompanying the call. The Creature yearned for company, hers! And maybe those of others; giving off a hint of the certain human trait rather than the residual!

They all stared at the Creature.

“We have to go in,” Biola said.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Alan replied. “What if he’s not better? What if that is not him at all? What if the Creature is faking it?”

Biola exhaled. “Something gets better or worse by the measure of the value you place on it.”

“What do you mean by that Biola?” they heard the Creature ask through the intercom.

“He can hear us,” Biola acknowledged.

And they were silent briefly.

“We go in protected,” Biola announced.

“He can hear that as well,” Alan complained.

Nathan stayed on point. “Risk analysis Dr. Moore?”

Dick stood, readying his gun. “His Predestinate Cognition seems abnormal.”

“So are his chances of humanity,” Biola admitted. “If you’re trigger happy we lose everything we worked for in the last two years. If we do not go in, our fates as Ee carriers are not good. Whether he is better or worse our best consequent value is in going in,” Biola replied.

“We go in protected,” Nathan said in support of her plan. “Dick can pack the gun, and everyone else goes in with the ENO sedate. Anyone of us can take him down. Or we do so simultaneously.”

“I’m packing a gun too,” Alan said. “I don’t trust that Creature at all, sorry Dr. Moore.”

Biola covered her face in expression of her frustrations, exhaled. “Okay, but if you kill him before I get a chance to save the possible humanity

in him, I swear I will kill myself way before you can take turns at me. And I need you to promise you won't."

Alan and Nathan mumbled promises she was smart not to accept at face value.

Biola studied the Creature, moved closer to the observation glass and there, locked eyes with it.

He called her name again, in a soft deliberate whisper and she was almost certain only she could hear it.

She spoke softly, deliberately, certain yet that only he could hear it. "Can you stand all the way back Dr. Dylan?"

The test in self-recognition was instant. The Creature moved backward and without turning his back on them, sat on the bed.

They argued about Dick going in first, going in armed. Biola was certain he could make the mistake of killing the Creature on sight.

Alan went in armed. They followed cautiously, and hoarded themselves farthest from the Creature, their backs to the observation glass.

Biola spoke. "How do you feel?"

"Fine," Dylan replied in a calm reassuring tone. He stared towards Alan's gun before tracing his eyes along Dick's gun. "Why?" he asked earnestly.

The room was silent briefly.

"Do you remember the fate of our world at the moment?" Biola asked.

Dylan exhaled. "Yes."

Biola exhaled as the hints of humanity in him reassured her marginal belief that the cure had worked even if temporarily. “I must inform you of the things you missed while sleeping.”

She briefed him on the events of the years he was not himself or anyone else but the one referred to as “Creature” while Dick and Alan’s guns remained pointed at him.

The next day she woke up early and dared entry into the observation room alone. Dylan urged they spend their day in the lab, being more enthusiastic than before, more primed for the scientific control he had before.

They migrated to the lab, and there they started on blood work.

“Our most important task will be to first find the virility and sustainability of the HEA state,” Dylan told her.

Biola frowned. “Why would that be most important? HEA is an enzyme. It can sustain itself unaltered from phase to phase.”

Dylan exhaled. “That’s the active aspect of its essential function. But it has always been the case that it is catalytic on and produced by living cells; so it becomes important for me, for us to find out the true nature of the cells it’s working on.”

Biola deepened her frown. “Are you saying?”

“Are you sure my cells were actually alive when you put me under before the introduction of the HEA?” Dylan asked.

“What are you really saying?” Biola asked.

“There are all sorts of possibilities here, so it is important that we know just what we are dealing with Dr. Moore,” Dylan replied. “We may be able to find our way back to absolute humanity again. To do that we need to find out exactly what the HEA acts on, and acts with on a contingent or procedural basis. Does it assume its functionality in partiality or entirety with human cells?”

“But your cells appear healthily human,” Biola commented.

Dick rushed into the lab, gun first, and pointed straight at Dylan’s head.

She rushed up and jumped in front of Dylan as Dick approached.

Dylan stood.

“What the hell are you doing Dr. Moore?” Dick asked furiously. “Do you want to kill us all?”

“Do I want to save us all?” she asked. “Clearly he’s proved less of a danger than you at the moment. And we are working here Dick. You don’t want to get in the way of progress do you?”

Dylan gently pulled Biola sideways. “I am not a danger.”

Dick shook his head. “I’ll be the judge of that. I will let you do your work. But I am security here and I will be by the door. If anything funny happens, I will not be firing a warning shot.”

They watched Dick pick a chair to sit by the doorway, staring straight at them; he placed his gun gently on his lap.

Then she heard Dylan call her name in a tone so soft and intimated she was certain of it this time, only she could hear him. It took a lot of self-restraint and Dick's presence to stop her from hugging him.

"Thank you," Dylan said as soon as she held his eyes fully. "Thanks for choosing my survival over his."

Shocked at the effectiveness of their mental connectivity, "Are you reading my mind now Dr. Dylan?"

He smiled. "Correction Dr. Moore, I'm reading your instincts. I feel something else you are hiding from me, things you are not telling me. How do you really feel?"

She exhaled, closed her eyes, and opened them slowly. "I feel as if this is all a dream, as if these menacing apocalyptic events happened to someone else, as if there is someone else out there more equipped for the survival I have. In fact I feel there is someone who actually survived who isn't me."

He narrowed his eyes. "Our instincts for survival give us what we want. I am glad you survived with me. But if you feel like that, how should I feel?"

"That you're the hope within it all," she replied.

"But there is something else more troubling, isn't there?"

She exhaled. "That one of them will kill you before you can survive. You have to understand that."

“How do you understand it?” he asked.

“They all hate you to some extent,” she said.

“And in a game of numbers, the success, the failure, the fraud, as well as the pretext is in the numbers. But if you play directly within the numbers, how do you win? Any one of them can strike from any corner.”

He studied her.

And she remembered that he was not present for the worst state of survival she had endured. “The state of the world has no simplicity in it, yet we compound our lives with ignorance. It rains when the sun is out and dry, it snows when the sun is out and dry. It rains day and night. It snows day and night. And all we have been doing is looking for the Elusive element we call climate change. If we’re not doomed, we’re doomed and our most perfected gloom keeps calling more doom.”

“Don’t give me parables here Moore, give me something we can both use?” he said.

She exhaled, and held his eyes fully. “The most simplistic but most damaging aspect of the Ee and HEP invasion is that they prevent the human component from its psycho-physiological functioning. Such the manifest of the human component without any dependence on the Ee or the HEP is most essential to human survival. If somehow naturally or supernatural you beat this degeneration and become fully human, I promise to help you kill them before they can kill you.”

Dylan narrowed his eyes. “All of them? A promise?”

She nodded. “A promise,” she replied, and turned to glance briefly towards Dick who had not heard a word they said.

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