



DEWLOGIC

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CROSS DISPOSITION



TRANSPATHOGEN

Cross Disposition Indisposition Act 1

Transpathogen

Split

The Encounter

TRANSPATHOGEN



Note from the Author

This book aligns backward and is designed to be read in similar fashion for meaning, Halfway Creek in “Split” being the mid-section of the book. Enjoy.



Of the deepest imaginings are forces in accordance with our understanding, maladaptive, metacyclic, metastatic, sometimes a relief to a state impregnable, improbable, and unreturnable to us as purpose. And while such an imagining, enlivened, enabled, becomes its own miscarriage, its own justice, sublets its own injustices to return to its doing, its doing, at first depth, is yet an irony on a fool's errand. A snake's imagining of a corner's turn must be a return to itself—it is, arc for arc without any revolution fractional or complete, an angular displacement always relative to itself, to its length.

On a self-sustaining recreation platform and with seeming perpetual motion of arcs calling upon arcs lengthwise and parallel, its doing is ultimately its undoing.

Contrapositive and contrary is the opposing constitution of my subtle fate, a gentle bearing able to transverse imaginings and the forces of creations—rather than cessation, the brute necessity deadly and catastrophic for the antithetic counter-reactionary cessations in remission, that my miscarriage was always in motion towards its undoing. A temporary reprieve from such transcending transverse imaginings and lucid spatial propensities was luck at its best.

Preoccupied with such luck-induced episodes in the moment, without the daytime reverie of seeming deep-seated hallucinations of near and faraway places and such imaginings of seismic proportions, brown haired Norah Leigh, five feet seven inches tall, popped her head into view by the bedroom door. "You've got to get off that thing while I'm here."

I stared at the laptop in front of me, unwilling to close it. "And bring it to you where you are?"

She walked into the room and stretched out on the bed, kicking her leg up as her back met it to admire her new shoes. "I swear you're going to die in front of that thing."



The shoes would have looked better red. They were black. “That wouldn’t be a bad way to go,” I replied.

“As opposed to dying in the arms of a man who loves you?” she asked.

I turned to see her getting off the bed. “That’s highly overrated. No man loves me.”

She frowned. “No woman loves you either.”

With a partial revolution in the chair, I turned to face her fully, “You’re absolutely correct.”

She heaved a frustrating sigh and sat up in the bed, “People die in the arms of their lovers all the time.”

I studied her briefly, to engage her seriousness. “People are stupid but they get to live. In their lover’s arms, they never get to tell.”

She rested her chin on her palms and held my eyes. “Deb, you certainly can be willingly stupid when you want to be. Many people will definitely want to die in such manner, live to tell or not. It beats the crap out of dying in the arms of a machine any day. Unless that is, you marry a geek. In that case, you both die in front of a machine. I think a single woman should spend every Saturday morning waking up in the arms of a man.”

With a raised eyebrow, I teased, “speak of life...and the devil..., if you die in his arms on Saturday, however on Sunday do you go to church with him?”

Turning towards the computer screen briefly, I typed, *Geek with machine or the devil. Which is hotter?*

She smiled. “What’s got to be done is got to be done. Besides, you do not go to church with or without him. Sunday morning doesn’t apply.”



“Trying out against a shake of the devil’s hands are you? Where are you going on this dark and gloomy morning? Could it be to church, without him or his appendages?” I asked.

She remained silent, seeming preoccupied with her thought, and the expression took her towards the windows “What dark morning?” she asked. “How do you ever write like this?”

I stilled, briefly, wishing away the possibility there was some spatial incongruity ill essential to the current understanding. Or that it was outside my window—space, a bi-fold manifest, pifold on one front, coherent outside on the other.

My stillness quaked like some devotion against an uncertain devouring, as the appearance of such manifests were less essential to the interaction between the manifests, a soldering of life on a constantly dissipating line. I did not get the perception of light entering the room, and as some last ditch effort to make a wishing well cross a ditch, I made a complete revolution in my seat and yelled, “Told ya!”

“Told ya what?” Norah replied as I faced her. “The day is bright and sunny?”

I stiffened as I saw the swirling. The swirl, a sharp scolding against all gravitational reflexes, like a viewing of the world upside down beside itself. I imagined them as life, however traumatic in the moment, present and instituted, a swarm of insects constituted —ants, dark larva, caterpillars, fractional biosynthesis of a larger framework, a dot product without any specific direction. Their movement was a testament of some extreme annoyed with itself, that it’s stoppage could mean it’s death—some swearing in of a defeat, magnetism inverted, a detraction in placement, triumphant and glorious over some attraction expected. And the insurgency of darkness in space, life overtaking life, driven against itself. For what purpose?



And as they got near, it became apparent I was in a bi-fold manifest. Their kinetic energy was evidently of their own making. That they could be fractional was irrelevant, dissipating in line and too tiny to be animated. They were vectored, , without any seeming regard for the space they occupied, direction-driven without any apparent directives. Whatever could be the source of their direction, the engineer of the directive?

“Do you see them?” I asked Norah.

She frowned. “See what Deb?”

I closed my eyes and slowly opened it. “The darkness outside.”

She released her frown, seeming reassured by the lessening darkness around her eyes as she stared at me. “What darkness? It's daylight outside.”

I exhaled, “Is it daylight inside?”

She reframed her frown. “Is that some sort of science question you are asking me or an extremely insane one?”

There was that sweeping sensation of dread enveloping as if the sight was some quiet window dress no one else could see. But this sight was rather different from all others before it. It held a sense of urgency. “Open the other curtain,” I urged.

I watched her walk towards the other curtain as I regained some room for thought.

I felt her arms on my shoulder, shaking me slightly.

“That machine will run you crazy. I told you. You need a man!”

Her nearness forced me to give a response. “To do what? Put some sanity back into me?”



“Yes, indeed!”

I ignored the exclamatory remarks, taking two steps back from her to study the room. “There’s light in this room?”

“Of course there’s light in this room. How else am I able to see you?”

There was the disturbing moment of silence, as if her burgeoning belief in my insanity would overwhelm the space between us.

“That roots the problem of the inefficiency of sight in space,” I replied as I regained my seat. The darkness was everywhere. And its ceaseless random motion was beginning to have a dizzying effect.



I regained full consciousness from my sudden dizzying spell on the bed, which sank as Norah sat beside me.

“Maybe all you need is some rest,” she urged. “Some time away from the machine, spent with a real man.”

I felt blessed with the decision, needing some time to gather my seeming insane thoughts away from her doubts. “You’re right, I think I need an hour or two to rest and sleep and maybe when I wake this whole manly episode will be a nightmare I dreamed up in some forgotten hell.”

She decided to heed her own advice. “I’m feeling quite tired myself. I should rest too.”

And my interest in sleep was instantly deflated “What do you mean tired? Like dizzy?”



She nodded. “Yes, indeed dizziness is what it is. Maybe it’s food poisoning from the Lasagna I brought home last night. We both ate it.”

It was a first, the sensation from the Transverse world was perceptible to anyone other than me, but it was imperceptible as Norah could not see the divergent yet parralled space occupation my reticular formation-reformation ability among other things allowed me to see in the moment. The reformation, supposed to be unparallelled in the bifold manifest was rather a projection that should never have been a projection in space in it's current formational mode.

And the knowledge compelled the inevitable resolve—that the dizzying effect was an imposition of force rather than a mere perceptible reaction-inducing signature of a presence.

The creature, which I suspected in the minimal, was a Seethe in Transverse terms, was a Transverse Pathogen capable of transmitting sense imaginings through brain wave pathways, mapping the human physiology for remote impulses, and instructing, instigating neural instincts—a vectored induction for the arousal of counter reactions.

I feared the instincts were all too real, stared towards the window, which, I reckoned in the moment, had been a mistake left open.

The particles of the Seethe penetrated glass without chemical engagement with it, and began to accrue what I was uncertain was mass, giving the impression, as it were, that my mind was being read.

It was unfathomable that a Transverse Pathogen will establish space-time relation with Earth without an aim. Any doubts in being able to trace the Seethe’s Pathogenesis back to a Transverse world was ruined in the moment as I saw Patroc, my Transverse guide of pure intellect and emotions, a giant in human form, but non-human in every measure.

He was inactive, silent, and observing. How long had he been there? Was he ignorant of the Seethe’s Transverse origins, of its nature? Was he yet uncaring



harm could be done? Or what the event may impose on cross-Transverse equilibrium?

As I moved towards Patroc, a tug caved me backwards towards the bed. Norah's pull held me harshly and in seconds, she was on top of me. "Which one of us is freaking losing mind at this point—"

She was uncaring and my struggle with my closest friend was suddenly about staying alive. Her hands, held tightly around my neck, were unusually strong.

And from the swarming around her, it was apparent I had underestimated the strength of the particulates.

Patroc was beside me in a flash. "You've got to get up Deb!"

He spoke without saying anything, in a gentle untouched by blemish manner, which could hardly be distinguished from my thoughts. Patroc always surprised me as he knew how to betray the moment, any moment.

He was never ruffled or touched by some fleeting perilous moment. His size in human form, I had concluded, had nothing to do with his bearing because his bearing had nothing to do with his being. His articulation was never vocal but rather an inflection of phenomenally sensual dialogues which were infectiously breathtakingly sensuous for me..

To lessen the Seethe's intermolecular adhesion, and psychical hold on Norah, Patroc began to weave his form against the Seethe's, dispersing the intensity of its flow, undoing its direct transmission with Norah, whose hands on my neck began to soften. And I began to take in more air, regaining my life.

Then, I saw Detroc, my Transverse guide esteemed of pure instinct, also a giant in human form. He was smiling. "Now, that's some cat fight I wouldn't want to break. You've got to knock the freak out of her Deb! As long as she's conscious she's dangerous."



I didn't rethink it. The first punch on her right cheek knocked her sideways, the second punch caught her on the chin, rendering her unconscious. She slumped onto the bed beside me.

My attention was soon deflected from Patroc and Detroc's presence as I got off the bed. The Seethe was re-congregating with an urgency unlike that observed earlier into a single circular ball of about 1.2 meters in diameter. The geometric induction hung over me in an instant.

My instinct was to run. The Transverse experts must have some way to deal with it.

Detroc, who could sense my most intimate instincts before I acted on them, smiled and said, "So human! Here she goes unrestrained."

I deliberately went against his instincts and moved closer to Patroc until I mated his form. "I want away..." I whispered, as he restructured for solidity, so I could hold him.

I heard Detroc chuckle. "Deb, you will think it dumb that humans can be something and never know who they are for the rest of what they call life?"

I ignored Detroc.

Patroc engaged my eyes with his, endearingly, unwaveringly. I held on closely to him. "Only you can do this Deb."

I frowned, "Can't you just kill it?"

Patroc shook his head. "The Transverse order is primarily non-particular, how do you suggest we kill it? And you cannot outrun it."

I exhaled. "So, you cannot kill it. I cannot kill it or outrun it?"

Patroc nodded. "Yes. You cannot kill it or outrun it. It cannot kill you or outrun you. And the scent of true assimilation must come from the



incorporation of all possible bearings. You're a Transverse agent. It knows this. And you need to know it too." He slowly released me and stepped aside.

With an overwhelming sense of alienation and isolation, I faced the Seethe.

The reassuring statement must be true as Patroc had made it —that the Seethe couldn't hurt me because I was a Transverse agent. I just had to master its inflections, maximum and minimum, its congruent spatial amplitudes, converging or diverging, its authorship, determinant, source and impression. I had to confront it. And congruent in space-time in what seemed to be a second and forever, grunting, stiffening, clenching, cringing and clinching, I was surrounding and crowded by the seething mass like some magnitude assuming its reflex orbitals until I was able to attain some measure of calm.

That lightness of being, like a measure of wave situated in space without any measure of respect or regard for crash-altitude overwhelmed me. It retreated soon afterward to be some distance across, studying me briefly before it dissipated and was out of sight.

"Tell me you know what it, he, she, or they are?" I asked Patroc.

Patroc hesitated briefly. "It, the Seethe as you chose to call it from your limited knowledge base seems the product of an eclipse."

The implications of his statement, scientific, earthly, and Transverse burdened me instantly. "The total lunar eclipse that happened yesterday, in some little town in Asia?"

Patroc nodded. "Yes. In the wrong hands, the wrong place, horrible things can happen to the natural order of things"

I frowned. "What is the formation process here? How did this happen?"



Patroc turned to Detroc, who I turned to and got no response. “You’ve got to be kidding me! You endanger my life and you can’t tell me why? You brought that Seethe thing here!”

“It sought us out, mainly me, maybe through some form of eminent contravention,” Patroc replied.

I frowned. “What do you mean sought us out? It sought you out, so you sought me out!”

“It couldn’t hurt you,” Detroc defended.

“But it could Norah!” I snapped back.

Patroc took to a slight bow. “For that I am sorry.”

I wondered briefly if humans weren't more expendable than I had been taught to believe. “Are you saying you weren’t thinking?”

He shook his head. “I was. But we were in dire need. We had to tell you.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Tell me what?”

Patroc motioned me to sit. I did.

He remained silent for a few seconds. “Everything in the world or nature as you know it, has its causes and its consequences.”

I scowled. “You sat me down to teach me kindergarten physics?”

“Every rare occurrence also has its’,” Detroc added.

Detroc’s utterances always held implications when uttered without some hint of sensational humor. I raised my eyebrows. “A total lunar eclipse?”

Detroc nodded. “At approximately the time of the eclipse we sensed a convergence of Transverse forces which consummated into an emergence.”



I frowned. "In this world?"

"Yes, Duh," Detroc replied smugly. "You just met it."

I grimaced as I stared at Detroc. "You freaking pain in the—"

"Deb," Patroc cautioned.

"He is," I said nodding. "He absolutely is." I narrowed my eyes. "Dark forces?"

Detroc moved towards me. "Differentiate your adjectives Deb. Dark or evil, pick one. And you still wouldn't get it right."

I was briefly reminded that they can read my mind and turned to Patroc. "Does he have to speak?"

Patroc responded. "For the sake of Earthly understanding and for lack of time, yes, evil forces. But they reap mainly residual charges—"

I narrowed my eyes. "Residual charges?"

Patroc nodded "Nature is very powerful and because of this—"

"Humans are always engaging with residual resonate negativity...deprecation..." Detroc interrupted. "Like a bunch of dispirited idiots."

I frowned. "We don't have any rip off parties."

Detroc laughed. "Oh Deb, they live in borrowed space, everything they do is one big rip off party."

I ignored him and faced Detroc again. "Residual charges?"

Patroc nodded. "Harvested and redirected."



I exhaled sharply. “And here I thought all they had to worry about were themselves and Detroc here.”

Detroc smiled. “I’m flattered.”

I scowled.

Detroc walked closer to stand about two feet from me. “For the greatest evils, humans are only mediums, puns in a board of shell game razzle-dazzle and shenanigans, weapons to be used and disposed of.”

I studied him briefly, thinking. “So, how did it infect Norah?”

Detroc hesitated a moment. “Sheer intensity, the same way you humans behave when you’re put in charge of power and get drunk through the behavioral instincts inclined towards pride and dominance. That’s my theory.”

I squinted. “Remote access neural mapping and psychoneurotic instigation?”

Detroc chuckled. “Yap. Patroc, always so pitifully nice.”

Patroc exhaled in surrender. “That will be right yes.”

I raised my eyebrows. “Then the Seethe thing is like you guys!”

Detroc shook his head. “No, no way. He’s definitely not good looking...too shadowy, and that extreme lack of structural formation betrays it.”

Detroc had a point. For Transverse beings able to capture human form, they were both female-hormone-inducing perversely good looking and they could be imagined and reimagined as some superfluous imposition of spatial energies in some other residuary state. “But the inevitable begs the question. He does have Transverse qualities. The fact that he intimates instinctual urges explains—”



Sensing my leanings, Detroc interrupted me. "Why I wouldn't fight him off and Patroc could? Maybe you should be asking a different question. "

"How do we kill it again?" I asked Patroc.

Patroc hesitated. "We can't kill it."

I scratched the side of my head. "And we can't destroy it."

Patroc hesitated. "And we can't destroy it," he confirmed.

I spoke solemnly "And it is indubitable that this is because this Seethe is like you guys."

Patroc nodded.

I turned to Detroc.

Detroc hesitated. "No force can exert itself without a subject especially when the purpose is redirected."

"Would this subject be human?" I asked.

Detroc shook his head. "Human yes but no, I mean a key subject. Something predominantly—"

"Someone with an affinity for residual negativity, a non-cognizant vacant resident...misbegotten and baseborn...depraved and vicious...a retrogressive crook..." I added.

Detroc could not resist the flow of words and semantics." "Something like that, yes. Something predominantly instinctively charge reflective redirecting residual negativity with deprecation and replication."

I frowned. "What the hell does that mean?"



He squinted, smiling. ‘In a way the subject is a lot more prone, the reason you’re immune. That and because you’ve mastered Transverse realities, you recognize Transverse instincts. But mainly all of humanity has an essentially average balance of divergent instincts. The Seethe can therefore—”

I got on my feet abruptly. “Infect most humans? That’s an epidemic!”

Detroc nodded. “This subject is the weapon through which he has a mission, the reason he is here. It is through a material manifest that things happen in this world, your world Deb.”

“Then this subject is his lifeline,” I said. “Well then, let’s find him.”

Patroc frowned. “Or she.”

I shrugged. “I don’t care who. We just have to find him. How do we find him, or her or it?”

“No it,” Detroc said.

“How did I find you Deb?” Patroc asked.

“Deb!” I heard Norah call from my bedroom, excused myself and went to her, cautiously holding a fist.

She was on the bed, her jaw in her palm. The dark discolorations were evidence I had hit her hard.

“I thought I was going to die,” she said.

I frowned. “I thought you were going to kill me. You remember what happened?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

“All of it?”



She nodded, holding a pained expression. "Oh Deb, it was really terrible! I thought I was going to have to kill myself if I killed you."

I walked over to sit by her side.

I embraced her.

She began to sob.

"It's torture!" I yelled in frustration.

"No Deb," I heard Detroc in my thoughts. "For your kind its horror. Unless..."

I frowned. "Unless what?"

He hesitated. "Unless you have too little of what can be called good or decent in your nature and you absolutely need to fill that void with vacant negative harm. In that case, it's the most fun you can have."

"The subject," I said. "Could he be a Transverse agent?"

Detroc hesitated. "Maybe or maybe not. But he's rare. And there has to be a reason he thinks he can flex its wings on Earth with this subject. Think about what he needs to be the force he is, rule with it...he needs pure instinctual urges, so maybe Transverse receptivity, he certainly needs thought receptivity so he doesn't feel alienated—"

I interrupted eagerly. "So you can find him or her in the opposing reality and manner in which you found me."

"Indeed."



The cluelessness of time is endless in space, and a moment's veracious resolve must capture the seasons within a timely frame or the framework dissolves, a war-torn fiber against the ceaseless tides.



Detroc's channeling led us to an apartment building on 60th Street near Central Park New York.

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