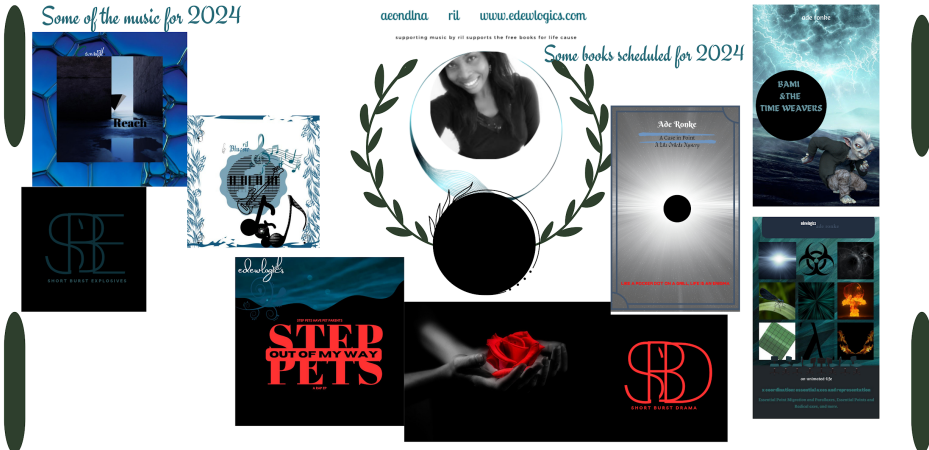




Available January 2024



[www.edewlogics.com](http://www.edewlogics.com)

[Find music by ril on BANDCAMP](#)

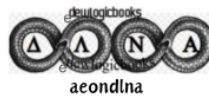
*edewlogics*

*ade ronke*

*aeondlna*

*aeondlna - Transverse series*

by ade ronke



Support the free books for life cause

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 rights 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.

*The Quest for the Datar*, Copyright edewlogics 2023. All Rights Reserved.



Ade Ronke

THE SECRET IS AGAINST THE ENGINEERING

# THE QUEST FOR THE DATAR

*Is it in the engineering possessed by the missing quarterback?*

## Author's Notes

If I could write a book now other than the many I have scheduled for the very many years to come, it would be a short book on my life in homelessness and the life lessons I have gained from the experience. Here I developed a great distrust of people and their motives because of the trauma that brought me to homelessness and also a passion for sharing whatever I have with others as was done to me in these conditions. The powers of actions can equate those of words if your words are your actions. My words are my actions and my life. Everyday, I feel like I died in trauma, and ultimately everyday is the ultimate testament to my refusal to die.

The-free-books-for-life-cause was born here in this misery. Here I also developed a phobia I am yet to overcome because I am afraid it will trigger depression. And in depression, I will be non-functional. I won't be able to write songs, perform them, mix or produce them. I won't be able to write books despite being deprived of the comfort and peace of a room of my own. I won't be able to continue my self study in math and physics and whatever else I may necessarily adopt.

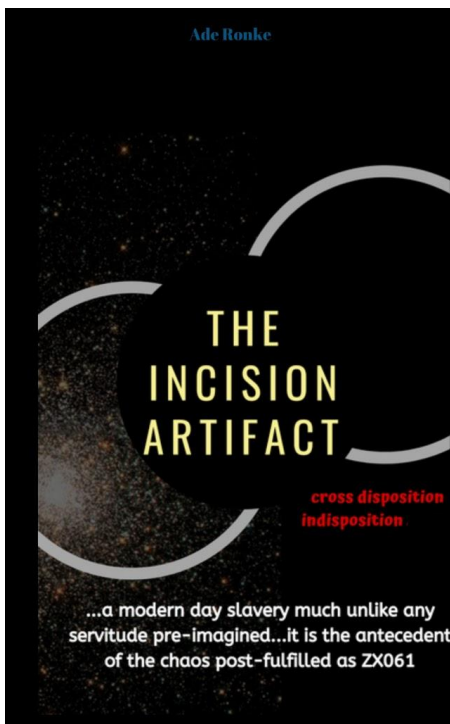
I won't be able to start my videography or cinematography journey with SBE and SBD and beyond those if the problems I have on YouTube persists. So, please subscribe to those. The horrible side effects of being in this situation is in the many things I could achieve with time this limitation does not allow. For instance the book I was supposed to finish this year was the more encompassing and overwhelming *Bami& the time weavers*. I had to decide at the last minute later in the year that I needed to write the second of the Transverse series, this book, because of the time and effort that must be dedicated to the science fiction that is *Bami& the time weavers*.

Please help take edewlogics beyond evil, harm and prejudice. Support the free books for life cause today. This book is brought to you free and books will reasonably be so for a long time to come if those who cannot afford donate whatever they can to support the relentless efforts on my part for bringing these scientific inclined nonfiction and fictional books to life and available for the enjoyment of all regardless of whether they can afford it or not. If you support the free books for life cause, you are participating in the sense of communism, sharing and human

interdependence I never thought I would know being a strict individualist—brought to life by homelessness (this is also responsible for this introvert's adoption of music, singing, songwriting and mixing {because there isn't anything more cathartic and transcending than music}). If you're a music lover, you can choose to support ril on BANDCAMP instead. Thank you.

**PLEASE DONATE TO SUPPORT THE FREE BOOKS FOR LIFE CAUSE**

You may choose to donate whatever you may through [lomopeju@protonmail.com](mailto:lomopeju@protonmail.com) PayPal handle. You may also support by buying music by ril. [Find ril at BANDCAMP](#). Please subscribe and follow. You can also find ril minimally on Apple music, Amazon music and more. Thank you.



As Deborah Lelan takes to finishing the airplane incidence business on the Cross-World Settlement Natari, defected agents of Nitari take to Earth again and this time, they are armed with an incision artifact which surgically implants a neural network complex for memory cells. It is capable of making natural memory cells quiescent and responsive to an introduced compliant antigen. When found, the victims cannot tell of the plight, extreme change in personality or of the heaviness of what was taken. The new artifact or something like it was making average citizens everyday slaves. And it was yet her obligation to stop it.

There are deep variations of pain, subtle and wretched, like some narrow minded recast of a dream, forlorn and lost, following a beaten path. There is mainly grief in the pain, some four way flasher's glowing delight embedded in pitch darkness. Life is harsh and harsher for those who know to expect the ill-expectations of burdens.

Dr. Scott Dobblesly stared at me as if I was a fragment of some impossible dream. He was a pun, first inducted into a pool of necessary associates Detroc had come up with. However bedeviled, his knowledge was coming in handy. The details of the newly enabled acquaintance with Dobblesly, however reluctant on his part, did not come cheap.

Patroc would never have allowed the event, but like some necessary evil I was ill-equipped to adequately deal with without indulging, I was open to it, the most sinister of my Transverse actions yet.

Dobblesly, a prominent forensic pathologist, exhaled, opening the door to his home reluctantly. "I thought this would never be personal."

I shrugged as I passed through the door, ignoring his obvious display of inconvenience. "It's not. What else have you got to hide?"

He grunted behind me.

I shrugged his noisy discomfort as well and in the surprisingly modestly decorated living room, turned and smiled. "Do you ever wonder if they enjoy the intercourse?"

While I know the seemingly limitless pre-perceptions and perceptual wave anchoring Patroc and Detroc were capable of, I wondered just how it was possible for them to know the very secretive aspect of Dobblesly's necrophiliac tendencies. He had been easy to recruit with Eric Baker, also a vice-audited Transverse recruit who secured the photos of Dobblesly's unusual and deadly sex addiction.

Dobblessly came to a stop in front of me, shaking his head.

I shrugged. "Tell me the secrets. Is there some postmortem primrose path bemoaning of pleasures inaudible? Can I listen? Please, can I?"

He narrowed his eyes, his weakness evident in them, and as if wishing away the moment hopelessly before subscribing against a glint of hope possible, relaxed his facial muscles. Yet there was that hint of confusion I had intended with my line of questioning. "I don't know. However, does that matter? Are we talking about the same thing?"

I shrugged. "I don't know? Why don't we ask a forensic examiner if only there was one nearby."

He exhaled sharply.

I narrowed my eyes, studying him. "It does matter if there was one around or not, does it not Scott?"

He frowned. "When did we get on a first name basis?"

I smiled, sarcastically. "I'm sorry, would you rather I call you Dr. Dobblessly?"

He was silent as he retrieved the file he had placed on his living room table and handed it to me.

I scanned the content for a few seconds, narrowed my eyes. "I'm going to need copies of the toxicology reports."

He raised his eyebrows. "Why in hell would you need that?"

I was silenced briefly as I realized he knew little about me or my Transverse dealings. He knew mainly what I needed from him. Baker had introduced me to him on the basis of my coming back to see him. Whatever relationship I was to have with him will always be strained. And for the first time, the periodic information I may be able to get from him seemed more important than the great discomfort he displayed. I was not to inquire further into his

dealings as he was a valuable Asset. He wasn't a Transverse agent and the Assets, Detroc concluded, had to be protected as my "mouth could run amok" whenever I felt the dire need to complete a mission. I can, at the moment, only wonder what they had on Eric Baker. The strangeness stemming from the events necessitating our acquaintance presided between us. I shrugged his question eventually. "However in hell does it matter why?"

His eyes flashed a sharp glint of informal resignation before he walked away from me and disappeared into a room I presumed was his study.

He understood his predicament too well, and knew there was a possibility I would ask for the report. He knew the very probability society's discovery of his necrophiliac indulgences could ruin both his life and career. When he came back into the living room, he handed me a separate file containing copies of the toxicology reports.

It was inevitable eventually that I would find out what depraved psychopathic indulgences Detroc had on such Assets, those important earthly associates and figures.



Quiet and throbbing against the mellow-neurotic ruins of a faulty heart is a sacred scar, a sacred war, running backwards, erroneous in its projection of clockwise, fallacious in its direction of forward, misleading in the pathway of backward, unable to face time. It is, inevitably, a grave error, a concavity irredeemable, made erectile.

The impulse could not be controlled however much it was ill-evident. There was a pattern that needed the pathological mapping of a deeply embedded Transverse mystery, and it gnawed



at me like a loaded wave unable to break the surface.

I dropped the forensic reports out on the table in front of me and exhaled.

"The deeply curious and troubling case of the Bermuda Quadrangle?" Detroc commented.

"You don't say?" I replied. "In the vein of anxiety murdering defeat, it's like eating plastics and coming up for bread."

Patroc frowned. "Plastics ... bread?"

I exhaled. "There is something surficial, external and quite extravagant about these manifest events without a feasible or perceptible pathology to their manifest. It's as you say it—a Bermuda Quadrangle. It's like withdrawing two triangles from a quadrangle when it's already externalized and drawn on probabilities as you may, a card from a deck. It's the reason you're here. It may indeed be more than earthly and ordinary. If it's eating plastics and coming up for bread, what is it conditioned to eat? What is it eating? "

"Caviar?" Detroc asked, smiling.

I smiled. "Between bread, butter and caviar, it wouldn't matter if it's conditioned to eat organically."

"A pathology of a digestive system then?" Detroc asked.

I shook my head. "A pathology of ingestion, digestion, excretion, all the works."

"Not neuropathy of any kind?" Patroc asked.

I shook my head. "Things will be easy if that was so. It is hugely scalar to me or such it seems. Yet it affects CNS, PNS, glandular systems, the whole works."

Detroc frowned. "Is it...easy?"

I nodded. "The remnants seems to express just that. You may even

say there is no remnant at all. We are left dumbfounded and hopeless on any measure of intellectual information on the vectorial process of an implosion."

Detroc frowned. "Are you calling them victims at the moment?"

I studied him, wondering if he was intentionally pulling my legs again. "Are you ignoring the implosion imposition?"

He stilled, studying my expression. "Are they considered victims?"

I exhaled, restrained from commenting.

Patroc took his turn at me. "Let me ask it differently. Can these deaths be classified as that bestowed upon the freak earthians by unknown but natural consequences?"

I smiled, sarcastically. "Natural? Consequence rather than causation? That's funny and ridiculous at the same time...and who the hell are you calling freaks?"

But Patroc's serious expression was unrelenting.

I squinted, wondering what thoughts ran between his ears. "Yes I am inclined towards calling them victims of some yet unknown unnaturally manifesting event despite all the natural consequences evident."

Detroc smiled. "Now, what could be the scientific term for an unnaturally occurring manifest event having naturally occurring consequent events?"

"In my world an invented disease, in yours, a degenerate anomaly," I replied.

"Which one fits?" he asked further.

I shook my head. "Neither. There is something else going on. I don't think these anomalies are driven by some money making incentive at the moment. There is something much more sinister happening in the earthly realms."

Patroc frowned. "Whatever are they eating that may be plastic, unnatural and a possible cause for gradual but fatal neurological paralysis?"

"Or maybe it's whoever in this case. Maybe humans suddenly have the urge to eat their kind and the fatal disease is spreading that way," Detroc commented.

I eyed him reproachfully. "You must be human to eat humans, a cannibal, and the issue is rather what humans are eating, not what's eating them."

Patroc shook his head. "Like some apexial and special foreboding for the same species."

I nodded in agreement. "With neither love nor natural relativity between them."

Detroc laughed. "Pure survival instincts instigated as prey upon pure survival instincts. You gotta find that experimentally funny, quite stupidly human."

"This must be why I am the human Transverse agent, not merely human and you guys are huge and good for nothing," I retorted with a hint of hostility.

"This must also be why you're alone, single, and never get any," Detroc mocked.

I swallowed the insult briefly. "Freaking asshole," I cursed.

Detroc shrugged. "To freak or not to freak? Whatever will nature do in times of extreme loneliness?"

"Not freak, you freak, " I cursed.

"Absolutely no doubt about it," Detroc replied. "How predictable..."

Realizing the possibility of some elongated exchange of insults, Patroc changed the subject. "Whatever is eating these freak humans

or whatever you call them to their deaths?"

"I'm not calling them freaks!" I snapped.

Detroc laughed. "No, she's the real freak. The merely, barely human are much worse."

I was silenced briefly before realizing Patroc meant the statement in the form of a straightforward inquisition rather than a sarcastic one and exhaled, pushing aside all implications of emotional realities which could hinder my thoughts on the subject. "I have thought of it over and over... Whatever could be the symptomatic consequence of some unnatural event in this case, some indefinite group of affliction culminating in nothing but the deprivation of natural freedoms. It's ATE."

Patroc nodded. "HATE? They got that disease all right. But it's hardly one those human fools get from eating."

I corrected the implication. "HATE? Quite synonymous no doubt but it's more like ATE, Acute Toxic Encephalopathy,"

They both frowned. "You're kidding!"

I stared from one to the other. "At first it will seem these are random occurrences. But while the symptoms are not quite clear to these so called freak humans, it is clear to me. It is clearly, whether gradual or sudden, ATE. And what is triggering the sudden and unexpected death is the presence of something experimental and chaotic in earth's atmosphere. They are ingesting something at large that is introduced to them easily but not a natural part of their system."

"I'm more concerned about the larger framework here," Patroc said. "The build up to the eventual event in this case. How are we sure this is even a force?"

I narrowed my eyes and studied Patroc. "I didn't tell you it was a force."

Detroc snickered. "Oh don't be foolish. It seems to have

acceleration, jumping from host to host as a virus does. It seems to have mass because the humans are eating it like some poisonous yet delicious gold dust cake because it knows they're freaking idiots. And every bite, like all hard drugs they do, tell them otherwise. It is a force, a great force indeed."

I could hardly swallow the insult on humans. "Wait a minute, they're not that stupid. They know these things."

Detroc raised his eyebrows. "Except what's intelligent and important. Whatever plastics they're eating, which you claim is attributable to ATE, is plaguing grown ups with childhood diseases, the worst thing a child could imagine, except it's a sudden reality for them who are not essential children."

I relented, finding rationality in his statement. "It's what they had been progressing towards all their lives like fools, a degenerative force rather than the regenerative force in rational presupposition, an unnatural supposition. It's a pull back from states to states, a later state to an earlier state with acute and terrible consequences."

There was silence in the room for a few seconds.

"And the patterns and symptoms are unrecognizable because adults are not supposed to have them," Patroc added.

I nodded. "But they have it much worse according to the toxicology reports. By the time they die, every neuromodulator from serotonin to dopamine is nearly depleted. With serotonin gone, the major sense of well being is out the door. If the disease doesn't kill them, they'll kill themselves."

"And with dopamine gone, their cocaine will no longer work as it used to," Detroc commented.

I nodded. "Thanks for reminding me. There is nothing worse than the adult brain's effective cocaine supply suddenly becoming anticlimactic, nothing that is, except the collective symptoms of ATE which reads like some narcoleptic romance book of diseases

thrown into the atmosphere for any degenerate to catch."

"Disaster all around," Detroc commented.

I nodded. "Indeed, there is no escaping it."

"And the eventual yet unknown event?" Patroc asked.

"Colossal, literally intertwined with catastrophe," I replied. "We have to wait for it."



There is the simplicity of nature that wet things become dry and dry things become wet. The spirit of the changes is not in the things. Nature acquires supernatural possibilities from its causations which implies that a subnormality can not be imposed in the same phase space at the same time without a consequent effect. Chance, therefore, can have no axis. It becomes of universal necessity that the darkness of space must return to space a necessary cosmological functional framework.

The surge of air rushed the summit effortlessly and edged towards a slower expansion underneath, flattening the subversion. Its massiveness in the sky seemed negligible as its lift pierced the air strongly. The stillness moved, the movement stilled, and the quiet comfort enjoyed by the payload shifted efficiency at the height of technological progress. Flight 303 was in full swing.

Dillon Dent had been a pilot for ten years. Leonard Frantz had been a copilot for two. And all was well within the cockpit until the propeller hung, air trending motionless, disabling the thrust. The quick drawback of drag rattled the jet engines. Something was countering the lift energy.

The down force of the horizontal stabilizer gave. And so did the side force of the vertical stabilizer. The conditioning caved a semi circular horizontal dent and then stilled, making some

ill-understandable attempt to flattening the bend. Neither the nose nor the tail dived. The pull from the midpoint of the fuselage, the mid-center of the plane, was as strangely as it was deadly. It was an experience first dizzying and then emptying.

"Call it!" Dillon barked the order at his copilot.

As though in a daze, Dillon then tuned-out his copilot's call of distress and concentrated on the moment he knew was already lost. The sensation from the coming disaster was unlike anything he ever felt, anything he was ever taught or conditioned to expect. He felt weak and unwell, as if his sense of genetic and organic presence was being pulled down on a bifold plane as a bifold manifest not of fluidity and mastery that should be part of his humanity but of discord and ignorance, a betrayal of everything healthy and human. How could everything have gone so wrong so lightning fast?

Controlling the plane was both intelligibly and unintelligibly impossible. They were prone for a free fall against both the vertical and horizontal mode, a pull against flight in flight—a free fall which couldn't be explained away, it seemed to him in the flash of the moment. Could it be from some three dimensional hell, pulled like a string from a ninth dimensional spatial regression missing a basal dimension? Was earth sucked out into outer space? His vision was a blur, irredeemable in what seemed to be his echoic vacant head. Everything on the external area of the plane as well as everything on board was suddenly in doubt as some acutely dislocated misalignment unpredictably formative from an incongruous transformation. Was that transformation the plane he was piloting?

The horizontal tug downward, although expected, surprised Dillon, the more experienced of the two. The evidence of the defect had to be in the horizontal tug without any angular decline, which seemed propelled by a force stronger than gravity, a force propelled against the force that repelled gravity to pilot his plane—an implosion was an understatement for the possibility. And the unrecognizable free fall lasted merely seconds before the midpoint landing deadened

all breathable weight, flattening the manned space flight craft like some deflated balloon, expended, unable to afford space. The inward suction in the middle of the plane into the depth of the earth came with a loud sudden bang.



The detachment of the presynaptic reality from its postsynaptic reality must offer up a dream. A strong-arm dramatis personae can hardly capture the legend of space acting against its own dramatization. And a waste yard conclave in the peak dusts of peril is dancing a presumption of some active potential too fast for its death, too happy for its end. Life is an enclave of mysteries we must never merely assume to solve or truth decays at its core.

The move was necessitated. With little privacy and a lot of Transverse activities, the need for relocation took me to a comfortable house in a small town in Nebraska in the middle of nowhere. It was someplace I had to be and wanted to be away from it all. It was a non-proximal haven rather than a real one but I'd rather an enemy find it hard to find me. It was the place most inclined to Transverse activity, adverse activity detection, supra-world transpositional travel proclivity, earmarked and loudly conservative. What was unexpected was Norah's insistence on relocating with me.

Tranquility when home, a quick receptivity to Transverse events, hardly anyone to witness them, and my best friend at my side to tell my strangest Transverse secrets and mission exploits, it was as good as life could get.

The *Watch, Clocks, Socks and Books* store I co-owned with Norah was a great cover for Transverse missions and writing on Transverse days off. And there, life was quite predictable, except for those moments when Transverse's surgically implanted tracer



and momentum generator initiated arched electromagnetic impulses near the base of my ankle, arousing my nerve endings and triggering up to the base of my neck. It chimed against my skin once more and the triggers didn't travel further up or down but rather around the edges of my feet. It was a summoning.

I exhaled from the frustration of having had less time to rest after the last Transverse journey than I had anticipated, retrieved the Klem Duds which I always kept with me, stretched my hands backward towards the base of my brain stem and injected it, ensuring the wide plus range Cross-Jump Cross-Transverse will be relatively easy, stood and turned to face Norah who was inspecting one of the smaller antique clocks secured by the front entrance. "Hey. Inspecting the Yawn Clock again? They say that's a bad omen for the pregnant."

She shook her head and smiled. "I am not pregnant since you brought me down here to this death valley..."

I smiled. "Death valley? It's calm and peaceful around here. Those same words came out of your mouth."

She raised her head, taking her attention away from the Yawn clock for a moment. "Yes, I did say that but ain't no man around here. That's a bad omen."

"A peaceful one," I corrected.

She turned her attention away from the clock, stilled briefly, turned around and hesitated for a moment as she held my eyes, studying my expression. "Oh, you've got that look."

I smiled. "Glad you recognize the look. I don't have to tell."

Norah shook her head vehemently, closing the distance between us. "Maybe I have to guess. The Cobalt-Leap?"

I remained silent, feeling the line of conversation was quite unnecessary.

She pouted her lips.

I smiled, slightly. "You're kidding. Do you really care? Do you listen when I tell you these things? Or is this because you miss me already."

She narrowed her eyes. "Of course I listen and remember. It is a black-green, teal to be exact, guilt free natural leap and you did say it's freedom when you do it. In your words it gives an indescribably priceless overwhelming sensation."

I raised an eyebrow, surprised her interests didn't stray with Transverse conversations. I hesitated briefly watching her smile broaden.

"You said it gives an indescribable priceless overwhelming sensation," she repeated.

I smiled, and shook my head. "You're not insinuating I am talking about the sex I am not having are you?"

She shrugged, holding on to her smile. "It sounds exactly like masturbation. I mean, why use so many words...I have never heard you use so many words, especially in your writing."

I had never been able to tell her that. undetailed peripheral discussions about Transverse happenings was therapeutic for me. However could I have made things sexual, sensational? Was I more than the sex-deprived female? Could I be pent up and on the brink of sexual revolution? It was unthinkable. Discipline meant the world to me. And without a viable subject nothing could be sexual or sensational. There wasn't a single viable subject a billion miles apart.

She caught a slight instance into my line of thought being well acquainted with my ways, squinted. "You must tell. You're uptight already. You must."

I shook my head discouragingly. "I mustn't. It's like shouting hallelujah when you're an atheist. It makes no sense. It's not happening and if it is, it is quite illogically hilarious."

She was adamant. "You have to tell me. You always have to tell. You may be gone for days at a time. You have to tell me."

I shrugged. "I don't know yet. There is nothing to tell."

She frowned. "About sex ever occurring or about the mission? I know you. You have an idea."

I exhaled, held her eyes fully, studying her. "If I ever rushed a single thought, my head will be off its hinges dangling in traffic. I can never rush a single thought about some phantom viable male I have never met now can I?"

Her frown deepened. "I do it all the time. Why can't you? What does that mean?"

I studied her, knowing there wouldn't be any telling. "Will it be enough at the moment to tell you I have been summoned to Transverse Central and whatever information I will be willing to share you're going to have to wait for?"

Her silence implied consent.

She followed as I made my way towards the back of the store, the heaviness of my absence already silently felt. "Your gossipy friends will keep you company when I'm gone. The beauty of small towns."

She shrugged. "Gossip indeed, not talks."

I smiled. "Well then a woman shall not live by talking alone."

We walked silently for a few seconds.

Norah spoke. "Have you ever wondered what it'll be like with Patroc? He's cool. He's hot..."

I smiled and stopped walking briefly, to face her.

She stopped as well, and faced me.

"Are you asking me if I'm sleeping with Patroc?"

I asked.

She shrugged. "Well, you're gone all the time."

I widened my eyes. "On missions! And not all the time!"

"So you have never imagined being with him as a giant?" she asked.

I shook my head, pondering on the detailed intent of Norah's questioning gaze. "You mean it's even possible to imagine such a scenario? Of course not. It is absolutely impossible. Now, if you accuse me of it in his human form..."

"Like what happened at Halfway Creek."

I nodded. "Yes, like what happened at Halfway Creek."

"And a little more?" she asked with a bedeviled smile.

I shook my head, smiled, and started to walk. "Yes. And a little more. Too many romance books Norah? Too much free time since we left New York?"

Norah shrugged. "You tell me they're hot in human form. And I couldn't help myself. I want to meet one. I want one."

I stopped and faced her again, holding a grin. "I may be able to bring you one of those Transient ones...due to the special circumstances of our relationship...they're hottest as ever since we human females are meant to be susceptible...and those, once designated, will last three days...You can make him your sex slave..."

"Companion," she corrected.

I smiled, raised an eyebrow teasingly. "What? Whatever? Sex slave, companion... whatever."

"And you can do that?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

I nodded. "Yes, why not? But I'll need the agent's consent. So I must lie to Patroc."

Susan drew her head back. "You'll do that for me?"

I nodded. "Of course I'll do that for you. You're my best friend."

Norah squinted, almost disbelieving my statement. "Whatever excuse will you give for that mission?"

I smiled. "You're lost. You need to be found. That mission is definitely important to me."

Norah smiled. "And it may be the best mission of my life. I don't know how you do it but I need to get some...some...companionship."

"Companionship uhm, It will certainly be memorable." I replied and Norah left me alone to make my way towards the most effective open space relative to the house, the backyard. I stood on the dust bracket I had created in the back of the store. Dust-to-Dust bracket travel was the easiest, ashes to ashes the cloudiest. With a fully influencing potent grip of the influence of the Klem Duds, I positioned my legs for the first phase transit one thirty five degrees deflection of the Dust-to-Dust leap, readying for the second phase transit sixty degrees deflection before anchoring in the aco Transverse Transit Central Terminal.



Stained with the plethora of lack and dispossessing significance, a brighter coherence on trial to displace the sharper wills take over space as a flimsy rendering of appetite on an epitaph after birth, a

wonder, a flare, the lackadaisical candle fly, virulently detached from its wings.

At Petalcloud, a Transphase junction en route to Transverse Central, and seeming a phantom of my own imagination, I was redirected, not by my own volition. It was a beckoning I could choose to ignore, and debated briefly, lounging in the open space of the interphase with the lingering sensation. It had never happened before and was inclined, as that of a celestial body against the beguiling analysis of some illusionist nonparticipating over-particular. It was as an unknown parametric body reckoned by the very ill reality of its beckoning, a mystery. I made the move in the direction of the beckoning.

It was becoming my hardening instinct as an agent—that every instinct had to be earned. Or a stupid mistake could be my very undoing. The need to gather intelligence on Transverse agents on the behalf of protecting Earth was inevitable and had to be covert. Patroc and Detroc were larger than life to me, very much my lifeline for strength and the greater knowledge of the world and the world beyond. Yet, there was something about them, something about not knowing the potential limit for their powers and advanced knowledge of the same world and beyond that always had me up in arms.

My emergence was anchored at a forested area enclosed in a grassy clearing, a space within space, a perfect but small gathering of dust bites set out for my entry. "What the hell?" I exclaimed, searching for the sighting of some intended object, subject, as soon as I touched land.

I faced Patroc instead. "Tell me I have not just wasted my jump energy on some conversational interlude I could have with you anywhere but mid-transit? Do that before you tell me why this kind of crap should even be happening."

"Which one?" I heard Detroc ask.

I exhaled, containing my anger in the slightest. "Which one is

what?"

Predominantly in a cheerful playful mood, every action or word from Detroc held some implication to some other action or event. He was cryptic in conversation and approach. I turned towards the direction of his voice before searching for something expected.

Detroc held onto his usual devilish smile.

"Whatever crap beckoned me from Petalcloud?" I asked.

"I have no such power," Detroc answered, "As I am by choice."

I frowned. "And here I would have suspected you, being the instinctual one." I studied the environment again, wondering why I was there, some echoic chamber immune to the very space it occupied. I felt over-levitated in transit, and wondering how and why, I turned to Patroc. "What the hell is this about? And please tell me how you can beckon me mid-transit before you tell me why."

Patroc exhaled. "Since the occurrence at Halfway Creek, there have been consequences...one of which is the surge in your ability to Transverse transphase potentials. That didn't come easy especially after the dimensional surfacing of Detroc."

I frowned, glancing from Patroc to Detroc and back. "And the price?"

He hesitated briefly, holding my eyes intently, as if every breathing moment depended on what he was about to say. "I am one. Detroc is two. And you are four."

I laughed, sarcastically. "That about leaves one three five to shit doesn't it?"

"To dependability, yes," Detroc replied.

I chuckled. "Do you mean dispensable rather than indispensable odds?"

"I mean dependable, not entirely independent," he maintained.

I narrowed my eyes, thinking. "Maybe it's like the relativity between us three... maybe you mean disposable, non functional, not entirely non functional...except for cross-world judgemental impositions?"

Detroc laughed out loudly. turned to Patroc.

I sneered at him. "The missions I do on my own."

Detroc raised both eyebrows. "You mean with some help from us?"

I shrugged at his rudeness. "Why am I arguing with you? One, two, three, four, five, six or infinitely numeric, you don't have the natural propensities for my missions. You can't possibly invade my plane of propagation however much you beckon. You have neither natural nor human capacities."

Patroc nodded. "Invasion is impossible. It is rather against the propagation to modulate pulsation."

I widened my eyes, and in a display of comedic shock, a sarcastic smile escaped my lips. "If it weren't so pathetic, it would be hilarious and I would be reliving some nightmare as some nightmarish version of myself as one of those Salem witches hung by the stakes for having the urge to be woman and daring all the same or merely for being woman ... one and two against four? You two must be hallucinating some delusional male hormone with some phantom pheromonal induction in tow. It's more like one, three and six and your nodal instincts are basic and constant. You have neither principal nor propagation instincts. You can never bridge my anechoic chamber. You two are so ridiculous right now enclosed in this echoic chamber, a vacuum in open space on earth, beckoning me, trying to reason propagation inclinations with me. It feels like it's snowing on earth and you've made the event a repercussion of some lunar existence, a direct recursive call for lunacy. How can this ever be?"

Detroc shrugged. "What will be the point of this argument?"



I shook my head at his indifference. "It will be you two as may be the case of two lunar feral cats I adopted unknowing it doesn't matter whether you are cats or dogs, summoning me into this echoic chamber, this vacuum, to determine what altitude a dog must turn into a cat to never survive the throw down and what altitude a cat won't be able to land at all. If I want to put an end to this parallel pulsating propagation I simply have to change the routing pattern of my pathways, don't I Patroc?"

Detroc laughed. "Haven't you ever heard that nothing true is ever that easy?"

Patroc appeared to be in a struggle for understanding on the nature of the non-argument. "Isn't it good that we know where you are in case something happens—"

I shrugged. "I have been alone and helpless for too long to know natural reality is the very reason for my predicament...if something happens it happens. There is no savior for me."

Patroc studied me. "If you block the northwest to southeast pathway, you'll be blocking Detroc out," he said.

Detroc frowned. "She won't dare!"

I shrugged, twisting my mouth for a sarcastic rather pleasing smile, and turned to hold Patroc's eyes. "And which pathway do I have to block to block you out Patroc? Go on, tell."

Detroc spoke. "Stop it right now or—"

I drew my head back slightly. "Or what? I will be dethroned as a Transverse Agent? Let me guess, so some human obsessed with artificial perfection and self sustained mythical narcissism can suddenly care about being a Transverse Agent or suddenly develop the natural, intellectual, psychological knack for it?"

Detroc held my eyes intently. "Are you still an Agent and willing to work or you would rather resign all your duties at the moment?"

I held his eyes, wondering how much of his current reaction was

feigned. "So what can happen? Someone else solve the mystery?"

They were both silenced briefly.

I continued. "You two cannot be running around in some echoic chamber against my natural plane of propagation so you can monitor my movements through pulsating frequencies. That's the very definition of stalking."

Detroc frowned. "Stalking, what is that?"

I closed my eyes and opened it slowly, exhaling. Then held on to a silent stare of expectation.

"We won't," Patroc declared eventually.

I opened my eyes slowly and turned to Detroc.

He narrowed his eyes. "I'm sure I did not get the full definition as clearly as I should have."

I raised my eyebrows.

"I won't," he obliged.

I was silenced, briefly. "Why am I pulled here right now rather than towards Transverse Central?"

They hesitated, Detroc holding a mischievous smile.

I hesitated, finding nothing remotely humorous.

Patroc responded. "The planes."

I frowned. "The planes? I told you you have no professional rights, no right whatsoever to invade my privacy?"

Patroc frowned. "What?"

"Privacy?" Detroc mocked, laughing. "What is that? I bet he's wondering."

I glanced towards Detroc. "I bet I'm wondering how I can shut

you up for good," I snapped.

Detroc shook his head, smiling. "For good? What a waste. Please shut me up for bad. Now that will work at the rate of rapidly dislocating fun, fun, fun. And we all know how you dislike those."

I chuckled. "Do you mean transmigrate, transient and easily disposed phantoms of lethargic male vectorization or is it vaporization? We all know how I dislike that."

Patroc shook his head. "This brings me to the inadvertent side effect of the stalking charge against us as you say it. However, will I ever find you if you ever go rogue or use the Klem Duds to jump a non-Transverse operation?"

I smiled, and allowed my thoughts to linger briefly. "I haven't thought much about the going rogue thing. Who knows what I am capable of when you two get me to it. But that jumping non-Transverse operations thing will certainly happen someday."

Patroc frowned. "Why?"

I raised an eyebrow. "People have a way of abusing and maltreating people who mean well. Haven't you learned anything about humans? Sometimes a wrongdoing must precede another seeming wrongdoing. Which goes the same for pulsar tracers, monkeys dusting from one shit to the other shit like freaking gigantic assholes."

Detroc laughed. "Look at the non-typical agent abusing the irregular."

I shrugged. "Irrelevant of what I am, you're not monkey dusting after me, good for nothing shadow after shadow in every possible-impossible corner, malingering some black hole, diseased with some dissolute milky way, chasing after some retrogressive, unhealthy and vicious wormhole potential, are you now?" I gained silence briefly as the two refused to give a response. "It's worse than a travesty. No you're not!"

Patroc frowned. "Do you mean crime?"

I rolled my eyes. "You guys are not humans. You have no real or unreal conception of a crime or of time."

Detroc shrugged. "Nor misconception, nor misinformation..." He turned to Patroc. "... by all means she means worse than a crime. Call it maybe." He turned to me. "But the explanation for redirecting your planar progression is because of the planes, a test, you may call it, a prelude to our understanding of what may be happening and hopefully something to excite and incite your insight for what may be happening. And by planes here, I mean aircraft, those artificial things you humans fly with."

I exhaled, a deepening understanding of their intent overcoming me at the moment despite the thoughts that I needed to place limitations on them invading my privacy. I was there to work.

Detroc continued. "The downing of those artificial planes could almost make me think humans deserve it. They tend to lose their minds to artificial things, get carried away with nonsensical artifacts, never considering the eventual natural repercussions and how quickly nature can change every shit they believe in."

I flinched, suddenly fully aware of my surroundings. And it silenced me.

"Three hundred inches behind you," Detroc announced to quench my bewilderment.

"That will be twenty five feet," I said, turned swiftly and rushed into the forested area.

The next clearing I came to was of extreme and utter disaster—a symbolic tribute to abject catastrophe. It couldn't have been imaginable until I saw it—a plane crash that wasn't an accident or incident but rather an expression of some other force mightier, more comprehensive than any definition for natural or unnatural catastrophe. I suddenly understood why I had to be summoned, why I had to see it with my naked eyes. Accidents had a way of

recording the pathology of their eventual fate, a step by step scientific undertaking of their very own undoing. This was neither scientific nor reasonable but a complete decimation of both.

As a guided, guarded death zone, some certain instigation of death, the site was dead flat. A mix of blood, flesh and machinery, it looked like a slice of pizza dough run over evenly by electric iron and gravely sucked into the ground by some force yet greater than the gravitational force that pulled it down—some greatly mischievous inequality stream transmitting ill reality ahead of the time component attached to it. It was alarmingly an unnaturally made accidental phenomenon. Almost pinching myself into reality—I admitted it was a Transverse case for Transverse undertaking—a thinly veiled, heavily grained, untrained, yet planar super-existential event, a supra impulsion cast shadow oppression making its impression on earth's atmosphere and geological topography. Yet, a cast-shadow cannot a shadow cast, neither can it cast light.



As some relay lines on a runaway train undeviating with dead end turns, deadbolt resurrection can hardly be made without a turn. And at their best as spasmodic interscapular shifting devoid of a conscious estate, their interphase intersperses flashes neither life nor quantum mystery.

I paced, restlessly. It was apparent more than my insight was needed. "At least we now know the big shit aftermath of the random neurological deadly events. Do you agree?"

Patroc nodded. "I think you had it dead on a pin drop."

Detroc shrugged. "Not certain. You could have hinged it a few inches on the drop."

I frowned. "There is no such existential space on the pin-point drop you asshole."

Detroc shrugged, laughing. "Then that shit show that drops out there on a quantum edge is dead on."

I exhaled as I knew there was still a lot of work to do. I didn't want them out of synchronization with important premises for solving the disastrous mystery. "We explore the affinity of facts then. On the one hand, there is the human thought-monstrosity that they are progressing this degeneracy, moving forward. Then there is the seeming progression of such artifactual provenance. Pretty soon, there will be quantum computing and these aircrafts parallelizing, paralyzing down non elemental in the framework projected will be able to fly faster than the speed of fast and light."

Detroc laughed out loudly.

And a very gentle but yet glaring smile escaped Patroc.

I stopped pacing and faced them both, shocked. "You got my joke?"

Detroc smiled. "It's a matter of getting to know you."

Detroc spoke. "It will be unassuming to think the quantum computing thing isn't already here, already a part of the natural order of things."

I shook my head, sarcastically. "Don't be an idiot. It is mainly a part of the IOT, internet of things, and pretty soon it will change the world faster than fast and light."

Patroc frowned. "Does that statement have the scientific implication I think you are suggesting?"

I held a sarcastic smile briefly, before I exhaled. "You know a lot about space and the retention of such in natural reality I am sure."

He nodded. "Yes."

"Then you know anything able to retain space and retain itself in

space must have in the least, a naturally enabled magnetic flux and everything it needs to do so."

He nodded. "Yes."

I held his eyes fully. "And because you have such knowledge you have a reasonable idea what the complex and simplex composite actualization of such should be."

"Yes."

I exhaled. "Such, it is clear to me the slab of monstrosity out there has none of these."

Patroc was silenced briefly. "These scientists can't be this stupid."

I closed my eyes slowly and opened it. "Yes they are."

"What a travesty," Detroc bemused.

I shook my head. "Oh don't be a kidder. It's more like a tragedy. All these expectations of height are never so measurable at all."

Detroc nodded in agreement. "Or ever truly project-able in the world as anything but the hell between two synthetic evations without direct correspondence with natural elevation, one going, the other leaving, both a purgatorial invention of some nonexistent superfactual."

I began to pace again. "Between the quantum lack of tenability and the super freak monstrosity out there, I don't understand the need. It is already an artificial blob of machinery, nothing more. It had no heartbeat. Why flatline it? Why flatline it and then depress it when it has no natural reality to make it tenable to begin with?"

Patroc closed his eyes, shook his head and opened his eyes slowly. "Humans can truly be stupid animals deserving of the catastrophe they get, however much I like to envision and empathize otherwise."

They both studied me and it soon became apparent they were doing

so for a reason. My reaction to events often surprised them. As much as I was a Transverse agent, I was a case study.

Detroc spoke. "The trauma of witnessing something flattened beyond any opportunity of material recovery? You said it already. There was no heartbeat. Why would anything worthwhile be recoverable?"

I held his eyes. "Why wouldn't something be recoverable? You asked. There is a local and global minimum for this. And there is a global maximum and local maximum for it. The problem is in alienating the local and global maximum to get to an unnatural local minimum by invoking an absent particular mass in both the minimum and the maximum and then depressing it. It was always a catastrophe waiting to happen. So you're correct, hate to admit it. Nothing worthwhile is recoverable here."

Detroc nodded in agreement. "I am glad you agree without any reason for me to sound apathetic. Because there is no natural life insurance for synthetic things."

I nodded in agreement. "There isn't a saying for a truer world in a true world. There is no natural insurance for synthetic things."

Detroc continued. "These planes were architecturally constructed against the natural course. Anomalies happen with them for these reasons and such like it. These plane crashes happen. The only difference is that you have never seen it happen this way."

I frowned, cautious about the inclination of their thoughts without the willingness to preempt them. "Are we going to accuse nature of these acts?"

Detroc answered. "If there is no wrongdoing or self annihilation in it, yes."

I deepened my frown. "What the hell does that mean?"

I heard Patroc exhale and turned to him.

"There are two things that happen when nature is used against



itself truly and functionally," Patroc announced. "One, it will not work against itself. Two, it will not work against itself. If you make it work against itself, you are in a purgatorial spatiotemporal environment in which it can be used against you to your very absolute decimation as it is in this case."

Detroc spoke. "Indeed, that's exactly what happened here."

I formed a bewildering, inescapable twist of my mouth. "But what the hell does that truly mean? You just used parallel-pulsating waves against me to get me here."

Detroc snickered. "Ah!"

I stared from one to the other. "What the frickin-frack?"

Patroc spoke. "Not against you, in parallel alignment as elemental signation rather than existential invasion. You can never work against you."

I nodded. "No, I can't do it. And I will never let anyone outside me do it."

"Indeed natural and noted," Patroc said. "It is indeed possible within all sacredly human and sanity probes and with all laws of science and nature you realize you can not possibly live in someone else's skin while you are someone other, to realize that there is no worthwhile identity, which isn't at the same time a phantom by measure of scientific rules and relativity... indeed possible by all intelligent means... unless that is, all manner and means of viable intelligence is by measure of material itself phantom... There is a real reason for this decimation and as much as it looks like it at the moment, this is true."

Detroc spoke. "It is rather, I presume, a statement of some unnatural state. If it couldn't have happened, it wouldn't have."

I was silenced briefly, thinking. "This is not some genius or amateur tainting the parts and processing of aeronautic machinery?"

Patroc shook his head.

I studied his indifferent expression. "Not some terrorist act?"

He shook his head again. "Not by manner, means and method, no."

I hesitated. "The three M. So we're transferring all questionable aspects towards the intent. Don't tell me this has everything to do with Transverse Central."

He hesitated. "Not particularly, no."

I drew my head backwards. "What does that mean? TC doesn't know it all?"

Detroc frowned. "Know it all? There is always a rat relative to earth."

I raised an eyebrow. "A rat?"

Detroc engaged my eyes fully. "That small animal is always hiding in corners with two open ends. You have to find which corner is closed because there can only be one of those. There is the path of the snake which is also that of the rat in this case. You have to know where this specific closed corner is to know anything at all. And the only way to do that is to know where the two open ends are. The only way this is possible is to have the ability to be in two places at once. And this is more than merely humanly impossible. Indeed you may say that it is not particularly possible."

I squinted, thinking. "Except if something is naturally patterned, naturally a pathway and vectorial in the same manner. This invokes an irrefutable sense of sameness. Otherwise, those are some pretty incredible not so particular possible-impossible odds. There is the possibility that you find two open ends which is roughly equivalent to sixty-six point six-six percent, the possibility of finding two end points of a triangle. This brings the possibility of finding the third closed end joined to the two open ends thirty-three point three three percent regardless of whether there is

a rat there or not. There is never a fifty percent chance within all possible ends, there is just the thirty-three point three-three which can not be rounded up. So it is always down. These are pretty terrible odds you'll say?"

Detroc nodded. "The possibility of being in two places at once is null unless you consider very major concepts of natural sciences. The possibility these two open ends lead to a rat is null as well unless there is preconception of the provable substantial relativity between the two open ends and the cornered rat."

I nodded. "So it's in the workings. It's what super-pseudo-fluid unthinking scientists do. They build a monstrous counterfeit complex, lose their degenerative minds to some synthetic alignment like symmetry or misalignment, a big bang slash slippery slope theory and then begin to ask for some nonexistent quantum reality shadow. What truly matters is the how. How do you get from this odd versed not so particularity to some sort of deductive generalization or universality that can enable a natural process to flatline these synthetic monstrosities? How do you navigate these events while they are unable to rat a corner for their existence and must be dropped like a pile of lackluster broken indefinite edges of no composite or retain-able essence? What the rat in hell is going on?"

Detroc smiled in the usual and mischievous manner. "That's your job to find out. That's why you are an agent."

I gained silence, absorbing the scope of the current burgeoning burden, wondering how any measure of fun could ever measure up or translate in close proximity to my responsibilities as a Transverse Agent. "I am beginning to rethink my job as a Transverse Agent," I announced.

"Really?" Detroc asked sarcastically, raising an eyebrow. "You want to leave us in the lurch of the monstrosity implied?"

"Well whoever built the monstrosity should have foreseen the tragedy of the planar," I replied as a matter of fact. "Why must I

do it when I feel maltreated and undermined."

A smile graced the corner of his mouth. "It's a dilemma for life and death in the realm of natural counterfactuals and matters of the factual. It is your job as a Transverse agent to solve it... You're not going to cry are you?"

I narrowed my eyes, reconsidered the necessity for the sadness and shrugged. "Neither of you can cry for me. You can't even cry can you? And here I am always confronted with burdens looming and ultimately human. What kind of progress can this ultimately be? This disintegrating markdown in plane sight, atomized without any quantum or biogenetic reality? This continuous upgrading of some subdual enlargement of the reduced mass of obsolete existence. I feel like I was stupid to have fallen for a dream state gone awry transforming into a nightmarish dream date with notorious P.I.G."

Detroc smiled. "Who is the notorious P.I.G?"

I shrugged. "You? They? Them? All notorious!"

He widened his smile. "All P.I.G!"

I nodded, smiled. "Indeed, notoriously better and better, bigger and bigger, but that is irrelevant of the fact that you have not provided much intelligence on this issue thus far. This is rather bigger than a mere earthly connection isn't it? The main concept here is rat relativity isn't it? If the same concept was parametric within the fabric of whatever did the flattening that pretty much suggests—"

"It's a Transverse weaponry," Detroc announced. "It was never intended for such but since such is possible someone decided to play."

"Oh my dear Universe!" I exclaimed. "Can't you keep things under lock and awe over there at TC?"

Patroc spoke. "Someone stole it and took it to Nitari."

"Someone?" I asked.

Detroc spoke. "Intelligence placed it in Nitari after it went missing."

I narrowed my eyes. "And this someone has it. Why didn't you just go get it back?"

"That someone isn't quite an identifiable person," Detroc replied.

I laughed out loud. "And you guys are not adept in doing your jobs. You failed in the procurement of weapons stolen from you, such also failed in locating the thief or his identity?"

"Nitari is a cloud planet," Patroc said.

I laughed out louder. "Cloud Planets are engineered and maintained by Transworld. So what?"

Detroc smiled. "Nitari is a special kind of Cloud Planet."

I raised my eyebrows. "And..."

Detroc's smile grew devious. "Nitari is a Cloud Planet engineered and maintained by defected Transverse Agents."

I smiled, as I was beyond laughter, the moment seeming unbelievable, and stared from one to the other. "I know my missions are know-it as you go-it but this one takes the cake. It's like Gremlins running around out there on Earth, uncontrolled."

"What?" Patroc asked.

"Fictional monsters," I answered. "Tiny fictional monsters except here, they are not counterfactuals but rather fictional."

"Nitarians are not fictional," Patroc replied.

I held his eyes. "Of course not. They're Transworld beings. They are utterly deadlier than fiction."

Detroc shook his head. "You need to properly understand the fact that they're defective Transverse Agents."

"Which means they use all their resources to counter your intrusion. And they are not human Transverse agents," I added.

"They move the cloud planet from space to space," Patroc said.

Unable to help myself, I laughed again, out loud. "I mean really? Now why would they do that?"

Detroc smiled. "Way to go. But you should ask the real question."

I smiled, stared Detroc's way briefly in agreement before turning to Patroc. "They are not humans so to speak and they use clouds to hide. Why don't you just destroy them?"

"Now that's the one," Detroc agreed.

I shook my head, eyeing Detroc. "For a trigger happy instinctual being like you, that's absolutely the resolve. But I'm sure intelligence may support this need."

Patroc shook his head. "It's never that easy."

I frowned. "Because they're Transverse beings and not Earthians? I mean Earthians are easy to kill."

Detroc nodded. "Indeed that is true."

Patroc exhaled. "That wouldn't be a reason."

"Whatever could be the ideal reason outside definitive intelligent lines?" I asked.

Patroc hesitated. "While Transverse may be hesitant on killing Transverse beings because their deaths or rather annihilation is more complex than those of Earthians, if it has to be done for a foreseeable disruption against Transverse, universal or world progress, it will be done."

I shrugged. "And the ideal reason will be?"

Patroc hesitated, holding my eyes. "They hadn't been linked to harm, Earthian or otherwise..."

Detroc spoke. "Until the possibility of now."

"What possibilities now?" I asked.

"The weapon we suspect in this case is called the Datar. It is not a possibility. That is the only weapon capable of this as you call it," Patroc said.

I frowned, yet unwilling to believe the moment. "And this Transverse weaponry is downing planes in unbelievable ways?"

Patroc hesitated briefly. "We believe so, yes. Unbelievable yes, but not naturally impossible. The Earthian skies obey processes and laws humans should never play with. We won't necessarily take responsibility for Earthly problems unless we absolutely have to."

"Oh that I believe. That I certainly believe," I said and turned to Detroc who I knew would give me the non-sympathetic detail about the weaponry. "But we believe so, yes?"

Detroc hesitated briefly. "We're not sure about the events and their real causation, but we're sure about the method of the weaponry. So these are indeed suspicions which we are relying on you to confirm or refute. Talk about more burdens."

I paced, briefly, thinking, before I spoke. "That there is life in disaster is telling of disaster. Life can not foresee its own means. One of such is the perception of time. The other is the exclusive spatial, complex makeup of genealogical and physio-anatomical congruence for instance. These have tremendous effects, tremendous repercussions beyond synthetic persuasions. And I really won't be here if you didn't feel there was a probability the weapon used here belongs to Transverse?"

Patroc nodded. "Yes."

I hesitated briefly. "If we deregulate the synthetic, induce the natural, maybe, we will be able to find something to stop all these so I am not wasting my time. Truly I don't give a rat's ass how you manage your time or whatever you call it."

Detroc laughed. "Fun, fun, fun," he teased.

I shook my head. "That will be the farthest thing from my mind as I am wondering what the debasement of the nonexistent vertical looks like as such is the case we have here."

Detroc widened his eyes. "Always quick and solemn on your feet. That is quite an intelligent counterfactual look at the scene of this horrific accident isn't it?"

Patroc answered. "That is some odd deduction considering the very nature of the events."

I nodded. "There is no time possible for this event except for the debasement."

Patroc held my eyes. "And what looks like the decimation of the same."

I nodded. "Definitely the decimation of the same vertical unnatural debasement because the idiots seek to use earth's atmosphere as the horizontal plane... You know nature... whatever is unnaturally inclined must go down as decimation as evidence of a counterfactual reality."

Detroc smiled. "Somebody is playing toy-plays with your stupid scientists."

I nodded. "Indeed. It's insane. Somebody is playing smarter with the dumbass scientists. But there is no second hand designation for degenerate thieves who steal Transverse weaponry, is there? It's like attempting to teach a pauper how to be frugal but a greedy pauper has no innate retention for frugality nor does he have aptness for poverty."

"It's crazy. He's nevertheless greedy," Patroc commented.

"Indeed you got it. It is a greedy pig," I confirmed.

Detroc laughed. "A notorious P.I.G."



I nodded. "Greed is necessary and being a pauper is not, especially with a trait like greed. What happens when you're forced to relive a lie you told to achieve an artificial state but this time nature is the engineer?"

"You consider real limits independent of the synthetic driving force of the artificial state," Patroc replied.

I nodded. "A seemingly obvious scientific solution you will think of, like some resultant wormhole alternation of Einstein's very black hole deducted theories that were hell bent to fail. Petroleum and other synthetic blends of fuels power aircraft. They burrow for fuel and come up for air..."

Patroc nodded. " Which under a different set of circumstances is disastrous... It becomes feasible rather than impossible not to be able to imagine a necessary monstrosity or a naturally inclined disaster."

Detroc was silent briefly, thinking. "There is no reduced mass."

I nodded. "No possibility of local minimization. None. There is no material mass either. So force equals acceleration due to gravity and all the strangeness and insanity becomes parametric. Phase time is also artificial. It neither loses time or mass. It has neither mass nor time. And it is the strangeness in the fall that makes this most enigmatic."

"It is abnormal by all means and modes of Earthian rules and existence," Detroc commented.

I nodded. "And it is important that we note it came down absurdly flat and depressingly subliminal rather than parabolic down and open or the usual random crumbled, crumpled mass... A solid press without any evidence of gravitation suction, vacuum suction, or any verifiable source of traceable viable force..."

"Such, if a natural force is to blame, it first reduces the whole shitbangs synthetic flight to what it is, an inanimate and unnatural flight," Detroc said.

I nodded. "That's the first thing it has to do. It has to first denaturalize the denaturalization, a double negation. No doubt. That's the first thing it has to do."

"A double failure," Patroc commented.

I continued. "A counterfactual impositional imperative. That is, the whole system becomes that lacking perception, that of force, evasion and elevation and this is quite strange because we should consider acceleration due to gravity from the engineering and physics perspective here. Both perception and perspective is missing which means there is the perception of no atmosphere to sustain it. That explains the lack of angular relativity with respect to the disastrous event."

"Nothing is falling... falling towards zero gravity..." Patroc added. "It is the very lack of perception of a force which while not too far, is clearly distinguishable from the lack of perception of space. Force equals acceleration or force equals zero?"

I nodded. "Between zero gravity and no gravity we must surmise that the difference truly matters."

Patroc nodded. "These events are farthest from zero gravity or free falling. It is the very force against everything propelling the synthetic flight. It is rather counter-reactionary to the vertical implication of a gravitational pull. It is a parallel force which must induce its own flux, a parallel force against the artificial pull which makes it a thorough decimation of the vertical plane."

I exhaled, glad for the company of Patroc against that of the more mischievous Detroc. "Here we must incur space as the pull against the vertical is spatial. The morphological planation is impossible but it is almost perfectly made evident in the natural deconstruction. It is as natural as it is for a storm to uproot a tree, bring it down completely to observe a planar reality. Already estranged from the fourth dimensionality, it loses third dimensionality. And because there is no reduced mass to speak of, the only other alternative is some substantial reciprocal but this

too is as much a figment as there is no fractional body of matter. One times one is one and that makes neither constructive nor sum total sense whatsoever against the horizontal and if we induce the reciprocal, we must induce the rat in a corner concept which brings us back to the very same deconstruction, a planar field without any particular distinction or spatial propensity to project. This also brings us this weaponry you say was stolen and what it does, does it not?"

Detroc answered. "It depends."

I frowned. "On what?"

"The planetary environment," he replied. "It imposes degeneration within a set horizon."

I was silenced, trying to make sense of the information. "What does that mean?"

Patroc explained. "It traps an object within an assigned space and forces its degeneration."

I exhaled. "Within the rules of the environment of use?"

Patroc nodded. "Or the weaponry won't work."

I held onto my abdomen, a feeling of sickness overwhelming me in the moment at the very erroneous nature of the unfortunate incident. I faced Patroc again. "The exact type of weaponry that could bring down a Cloud Planet."

Detroc nodded. "Indeed. You're catching up faster than I thought possible and that happens too often."

My voice was still solemn when I spoke. "Then Transverse did this. "

They remained silent.

I shook my head. "By having defected agents who will use their resources not just to engineer an evasive planet, maintain it, but

also to test a weapon they fear will be used to annihilate them on those they consider inferior beings—"

Detroc smiled. "Earthians."

I ignored Detroc's mocking remarks and continued. "They are testing that weapon on us so they can counter your possible attack."

"A lab rat attack on lab rats," Detroc mocked. "A survival of the fitter than the presumed fittest."

I exhaled, held Detroc's eyes. "With neither the perspective nor perception of anyone fit here, should I even bother to ask who the fittest is?"

Detroc shook his head.

I had never been more eager to undergo a Transverse mission, although I was now beginning to harbor a level of animosity towards the workings of Transverse. I focused on the job at hand. "Had there been significant countermeasures on the government's part?"

"Nothing flies," Detroc replied.

"Nothing?" I asked.

"Nothing," Detroc replied.

"They got that right in this decimation case," I replied.

Detroc raised his fingers to his mouth. "Hush...they don't want people to know."

I shook my head.

Detroc smiled, sensing my doubts. "The walls at the CIA and FAA are quite lean contrary to popular beliefs."

My frown deepened. "Then they're not counter-measuring anything. It would paralyze everything. Airlines are means of

life, of travel, of business, for too many people. They look powerless on that note. Maybe...just maybe if they retreat for a few days the Nitarians will leave?"

Detroc shook his head slowly.

I frowned. "Don't they run out of humanity as Transverse agents anymore?" I asked, looking for a measure of hope.

Detroc shook his head. "They have invested in and invented something that works. It comes as simply as the Klem Duds works for you. I hear it works a lot longer and better in keeping Transients human but it is never able to make them stronger. They get much weaker, much faster with time. And even if they go away, can you risk them coming back and terrorizing again in the same manner with the same means?"

I dropped my head, thinking. "So there's no escaping this plight. If we can get them now, we should get them now."

"Indeed, or desist from running your artificial crafts to travel space," Detroc agreed.

I kneaded the muscles of my forehead. "Grounding every flight is a bad idea. It can't achieve anything and in fact it's not doing anything. I feel completely helpless as an Earthian right now."

Detroc shook his head, smiling. "I believe stupid was the word you were looking for."

I nodded. "Yeah, maybe stupid is the word."

Detroc nodded in agreement. "But they're not as helpless as they are or look. They're planning an investigative flight. Putting all the experts they have...you know those top of their field... on one plane to prevent and find out what is going on."

I hesitated, thinking, hoping. "Maybe they'll figure it out. Maybe they'll find the rat in the corner or counter the effect of the Datar."

Detroc smiled. "Do you really have that much faith in humanity?"

"I have to," I replied.

He laughed. "I take back what I said earlier. Helpless and stupid is what it does in this case. They both fit the bill..." He lowered his head to hold my eyes intently, intensely. "There are two things that can solve this problem: the remote controlling the Datar from an upper plane, and you, equipped with the counter weaponry fashioned and functional just for you with aeondlna, we're going to give you, the Dittannies, Dittanny in singular. But singular will never be functional in this case because it is a spatiotemporal weaponry."

I faced Patroc, expecting his much needed input at the moment.

Patroc held my eyes and spoke slowly and solemnly. "If you do not get on that plane with the Dittannies, they'll all die."

"It's as simple as that," Detroc added. "What you have to do is get on that plane."

I shook my head vigorously. "Not gonna happen. They know the risks."

"You're getting on that Plane," Detroc maintained.

I shrugged. "How can I? It's reserved for the best."

"The best they know," Detroc replied.

"Indeed. No chance in hell where they clearly live because they'll all die of ignorance on that plane," I replied.

"That's why we have the perfect prey," Detroc said.

I raised an eyebrow. "Prey?"

Detroc nodded. "Subject if you will. A CIA agent named David Bentley. You must convince him to let you on that plane with the Dittannies."

I chuckled. "You know me smarter than that. I am not using my feminine wiles on anything, especially dude bullshit."

Detroc smiled. "No doubt about that."

I studied his demeanor. "Then you have grill and dirt on him."

He broadened his smile. "He's grave on that."

I frowned. "How will the deathbed fool let me on the plane so I can save his gravely perfect life then?"

He shrugged. "You'll figure it out."

I narrowed my eyes. "Why must I be the one to figure these things out?"

Detroc shrugged. "Ha, duh, because you're the Earthian Transverse agent?"

"Ah, duh, you're a dud-head," I snapped.

He shrugged. "You'll figure it out."

I exhaled, thinking about the possibility of failure with a non-Transverse intelligent operative in an attempt to save his life and others'. "And if he doesn't?"

"They're all dead."

I nodded in agreement. "Indeed they all are. But I am not getting on that plane with some somewhat vulnerable but ignorant CIA agent and saying everything is okay."

Detroc smiled. "We don't need to ask or beg."

I nodded. "Of course not, but that does not guarantee intellectual insurance. It guarantees your capability to support my findings. And there are still too many mysteries to be solved in this case. If the instrument we suspect, the stolen Datar is what was used to induce these events, there is something in the Earth's atmosphere that is making the Datar behave differently than it normally would. There should be a triangulated implication within a set horizon, that is, there should be the implication of two lines meeting strictly from perspective and perception. Two things I suspected

was missing."

Detroc spoke. "There is an underlying causation within the Earthian premises that could be strictly dependent on Earthian atmospheric temperament."

I nodded. "There is more than something very wrong with the coordinating perplexity, aptitude and gravitational complex."



A prolific professional holds the sharpest lens, a perpetually curious amateur the sharpest edge. Eyes can be blind. Lenses have no ken of view. Edges hold the risk of death or flight, lenses of death or dying.

Stephanie Bentley Edwards was unlike her brother, in every sense, living a life of misconduct in the least from available perspectives, something other for those able to go beyond the surface. Her vices could be read everywhere I looked, yet there was little evidence of her paying the price for such. Her history, despite the facts of life that made her a suburban housewife without children, reads much like that of a retired Playboy Playmate. I was never too quick and easy to pick up clues, weaknesses and indulgences—making it easy to ponder how a sex-addicted, shopaholic, shoplifting, perpetually unemployed college dropout New York socialite became the stay at home wife of a small town mayor. Was she a plant? Her brother's? Was she a spy for some small town crimewave on the low blow?

David Bentley was unapproachable without some overwhelming causation for the need for a meeting, any approachable reason would do. His vices were little to nothing. Whatever was Detroc's real implication for telling me I would figure out a means and mode of approach to him? The means was inevitable although the history



for the means was yet unclear to me. Until it was in the extended inquiry into his family background and history. And there was a good way to get a former sex addict, shopaholic lonely housewife to release her inhibitions.

Eric Baker was not reluctant to instruct me—he simply did not take orders from me. And after my talk with Detroc, he was informed he reports directly to me, giving me more work than I needed but also a human helper in case such was needed. Such was needed in a way I was slightly ashamed to speak of, but with lives on the line and idiots on a plane I was obliged. I gave him the option of renting out a male actor or escort and he was reluctant about the project until he saw the mark. There and then he was committed to the mission.

The room in an average motel—was dark and dingy. It was meant to be. I took the chair in the adjacent room and sat closer to the window where the darkness of the night further darkened my dark clothing.

"What is going on?" Mrs. Edwards asked Baker at the notice of my intrusion on their sexcapade.

"I am not going to have to call your husband to scare you," I said in a harsh throaty voice I adopted for the occasion. "That will be a waste of my time, won't it Mrs. Edwards."

Stephanie made an attempt to get off the bed.

"Stay where you are!" I commanded. "You're back to the bedrest, we have to talk."

She obliged.

Baker took his seat beside her, lighting a cigarette.

"May I?" Stephanie asked me.

"Yes," I said. It was alarming how confident Stephanie was in the moment, confirming my most resilient supposition thus far. Whatever could give a woman the reassurance all will be well in the worst of moments?

I gained silence, giving the woman some time to capture a little bit of dignity in the moment. "You know..." I started, watching her inhale her first puff of smoke. "...It's amazing how far a former porn star has come."

She coughed, my remarks shocking her system into the reaction.

I continued. "I couldn't find any copy of those great artifacts of yours. But Catherine, remember Catherine, your old friend?"

Stephanie inhaled another puff of smoke, remained silent.

I repeated the question.

"Catherine, odd ass Catherine, always odd in her ways. How is she?" she eventually voiced.

"She's fine. She got two out, one in the bun."

Stephanie nodded. "Uhm, what an escape. She was always one to escape in ways unpredictable. Different fathers, at least one of them a baller, shot caller?"

I raised my eyebrows. "Uhm, whoa, how did you know?"

She shrugged. "You said it. It's amazing how far a former porn star can come."

"Uhn, true, true," I agreed. "A lot of it makes sense. Yet none of it does. How does a former porn star escape it all to get married to a guy whose life reads quite unlike hers? I mean, could she be something out of this world, a spy, an agent, or something of that sort?"

Stephanie studied me briefly. "It's crazy how life can happen sometimes."

I shook my head. "Good luck I surmise, does not come in any more than generous stints. Hardly. Not unless you make it appear so. It just ain't so."

Stephanie shrugged. "In the end it is what it is."

"Indeed," I agreed. "It is exactly what it is. You, by every indication I have come up with from the huge available and unavailable data I have on you, don't have the power you yield. You can not afford it either. Some things just can't be bought. Someone else yields that power. And no, it's not your husband, nor is it his thing or way..." I leaned forward in my seat. "At the beginning of learning about all your shenanigans. I thought of the huge disparity in life and lifestyle between you and your brother, how much unlike your disciplined, conservative and hardworking brother you are. But at the end of it all, or rather at the end of merely a well reasoned inspection of it all, you are the vice. You are the vice your brother harbors and constantly has to protect and maybe commit crimes for."

Silence presided in the room.

Her voice was strained when she spoke. "You've figured out blackmailing me with my husband is fruitless. So now, I'm inclined to ask what you want and who you want it with."

I hesitated briefly. "I'm worried here Mrs Edwards. How much are you willing to protect the brother who staked his career for you? That thing he pulled getting you your husband is enough to ruin him."

I hesitated briefly, taking in the moment, wondering if I had been right about David having pulled Edwards into a marriage he didn't want for whatever reason I didn't care to know. I remained silent as she asked for another cigarette from Baker and lighted it.

After a few heavy puffs of cigarette and my much needed patience on the issue, "I'm very willing to protect my brother ," she announced.

"Then what I want from you would be very easy to obtain," I replied.



A theory speaks of conjectures unaccompanied by accolades as accolades unaccompanied by honor speaks of unspoken potential unconquerable, covertly vicious. Facts are expressly vicious.

Under the train pass underpass in a sparsely populated area with a small supermarket equipped with a gas station, everything seemed eerily out of place in space. My mind rushed to make conclusions from the seemingly merely ordinary.

It was odd the first time Baker reported the location. The strangeness of my wait was eerie with a lapse of over twenty minutes without Bentley's arrival or presence. Was I being observed? I wasn't the only observer of the occurrence. Baker was armed with the muzzle of a rifle protruding slightly from the backseat of the car. He was starting to be more creative and willingly helpful as Detroc had promised him payments from me for his investments—payments I have to sell expensive minerals to a vice-recruited jeweler to get. Things were working out just great except for the eerie sensations from the unexpected, unknown agent that was Bentley.

David Bentley couldn't be taken at face value. And the inability to find his vices or slip-ups in his line of work could be proof he was a great cleaner. Great cleaners clean up from the first instance, the inception phase of a crime. I was edgy on my feet as I was unsure what he was truly capable of. How big were his resources relative to my burgeoning one? Would he have a crew after me because I dared? Would he, as I suspected he would, involve no one other than himself or a close associate because of the nature of the request and who made it?

My guards were up and he was nowhere to be found. Did I

miscalculate some precept within the possible framework and span of event probabilities? I scanned my surroundings anew every few minutes for a recalculation of potential events and outcomes. And all seemed at a suspicious distance until a truck pulled into the two-pump gas station.

Wearing a cap close to his eyebrows and about as tall as Bentley would be, the driver came out of the truck. The presence of Patroc by the Truck was reassuring in easing my hyper vigilance. What the heck was Bentley doing buying gas across the street? Was he studying me? I reasoned his lateness was to pick out the target he didn't know but was certain was targeting him. Has he figured I was the culprit?

A walk towards him could be a walk to my death. Quieting the urge to approach him I watched as the man I was now certain was Bentley turned the corner to park the truck in front of me. I was suspicious of his approach as much as he was of mine.

The truck came to a stop. He lowered the passenger side window.

"There is a red mark on your back the same I have on his chest," I heard Baker say from the receiver in my ear.

With the window down, I got a glimpse of the red mark on his chest. Did he notice it? I was more concerned about the one placed on my back I was sure was placed by an acquaintance of his.

"Get in the truck," he barked.

I didn't think it was a good idea and my instinct on bad ideas on missions was to counteract or remain indifferent. Patroc's appearance beside me assured me his instincts were of the same—getting into the truck was not a good idea. The thought of my connections with Patroc was incredible. I wasn't sure of what the nature of his connectedness was to me. I have often wondered as I did in the moment if he could read my thoughts.

And in the usual connected exchange of understanding, he blurred the wind around me swiftly as I went down with my Klem Duds, a

shadowing that sometimes made me think space was borrowing time, stealing it to conjure up a moment, or that of a distortion in a moment craving space to impose a limit on event probabilities, an uncountable delay in infinity space. His spatiotemporal way of abetting my aims was as lofty as his presence in space, a giant spatiotemporal entity.

I wondered for a second how the event would ever appear to other humans unlike me. Was it merely some figment of their imagination or perceived as an eye defective optical illusion on their part? Landing on the heel of my palms, I rolled the underside of the truck in a jiffy, came up with my Klem Duds without tension, retrieved my pistol before I broke his driver side window with my helmed elbows. The muzzle of my pistol met his head. "Get the hell out of the truck!"

I was angry and I knew why. I had never had the need to use the powers of my Klem Duds in front of possible witnesses until that moment. Was it the beginning of a new era of missions, deadly exposures and theatrics?

He got out of the car slowly. I backed him against the truck out of view of his accomplice before I barked orders. "Hands over your head! Your palms to your head!"

He obeyed and I maintained eye level with him against some predictable discomposure on his part. My handless inspection found a pistol lodged by his ankle.

I maintained eye contact, unwilling to risk retrieving the pistol. "I tell you what. I only wanted to ask you for a single space on that doomed airplane. But this whole shitbanging scenario you set up tells me I need two."

He squinted. "Because you have a death wish?"

At the corner of my eye, I saw Baker drive up to park his car behind me, pistol in hand.

My anger had hardly dissipated. "If my coworker and I do not get

on that plane, you're all dead. You'll be a waste of my time and I will have to deal with another idiot to save you idiots. So let me make this simple for you. Let me have my death wish to die on that plane or you must inevitably die on that plane. Just remember, you will not be the only one to die. Everyone on that plane is doomed."

"Let's go," Baker yelled.

But I was still angry that he made me use my Klem Duds abilities. I retrieved his ankle-embedded pistol. I pulled the slide back on the semi-automatic and watched all the bullets pop out of the chamber.

"What?" he asked, shocked at my seemingly unwarranted actions.

I handed him the gun with the empty chamber.

"Don't ever undermine me or my intentions again," I said angrily as I got into the car with Baker. "You had better pick those bullets up."



A tale may as religion become a tale, a legend the beginning of a dream and action the death of both.

Baker and Stephanie maintained their illicit affair for whatever reasons they chose. And word got to me through Baker—the place, the time of departure and his acceptance of two on board.

Then Baker threw a tantrum of his own making when informed he was the second fated tag-along companion. He rejected the need for me to have him assist me on the flight.

"I'm not doing it," he lamented. "It's a fateful flight. And fated flights are doomed from the beginning. Why would I wanna die?"

I understood at that moment why it was necessary for him to be with me on that fateful journey. All Transverse missions are fated missions. He had to know that experientially to truly do his job. Yet, regardless of perspective or reasoning, I couldn't change his

mind.

Something, someone else must have done it.

He came around sometime later with black eyes and busted lips. The mystery lingered with me until I remembered I had gone to Detroc rather than Patroc to discuss my need for him to aid me on the mission, like some resourceful instinct I wasn't willing to ethically rationalize, a sub-instinctual decision.

How had Detroc achieved the black eyes and bruises without a third party? Who could the third party be? Asking Baker on the source of the injuries was futile. He simply didn't give a response. Asking if the injuries were the reasons for his sudden change of heart triggered him.

"I lost a sports gambling bet," he responded eventually.

I wasn't buying the snarky response. "Uhh, sports and gambling in the same sentence, alongside bets. Who did you bet against, the Mafia?"

I soon relented on gaining knowledge on whatever means achieved the seemingly impossible end of having his help against a doomed flight full of people I did not know and was certain were fools without the realistic knowledge of the working of the universe around them relative to the world they knew. I could be forced to unnoticeably achieve deadly events rather than stop them.



The fruitful laborer has a skill of sets—an expected specified association hardly allocated to chance while the gambler has a skill of chances—the unlikelihood of a specified association occurring from a specified event. The fruitful laborer meets the gambler with the very measure of chance—as increments may meet distances without particulation—as life ages in speculative differentials—as illusions occupied by an unspecified state brings life out of a



functional imperative.

Dittannies are hemispheric shaped metallic looking nearly weightless objects with high mass electromagnetic effect.

I had a set of six Dittannies in my bag despite the fact I had the inkling I only needed two. Transverse missions taught me to expect the very edge of the expected to breed the unexpected in infinite possibilities.

I called Bentley aside, showed him my bag and told him I needed them on the airplane with me. He stared at me with the strange hint of dissonance I was beginning to get used to—the same I saw on him when I used my Klem Duds to move.

He didn't know how he could get them on the plane except for me pretending to pretend I'm his newly recruited assistant and just carrying the bag for him.

I frowned at the thought. "Pretending to pretend to carry your bag? What the hell does that mean?"

"An easy way to get what you want?"

"Hell no," I replied.

He closed his eyes, opened it and held mine.

"I'm definitely here," I said. "And I am not pretending-carrying pretending to carry my own bag."

He gained silence briefly. Was he trying to understand me? "What gets a yes from you?" he asked.

I held his eyes fully. "I hold on to the Dittannies at all times. They are coded aeondlna—which means only I can use them. They belong to me, and have no functionality away from me. There isn't a way to bargain that. So I carry them."

"Regardless of the circumstances surrounding us at the moment?" he asked.

"Especially because of the circumstances surrounding us at the moment. Against all odds, as their levity is never merely in their weight," I said.

He exhaled, intentionally held my eyes again. "Are they weapons?"

I shrugged. "What does it matter?"

He hesitated briefly. "You can't pick it up and smash someone, something, in the head with it."

For the very first time since I met him, I saw him as the muscularly fit intelligence agent he was. He was fit to combat and conquer most things in human missions unlike the way I usually deal with things in Transverse."

I studied his studying of my instincts for a few seconds. "Do you mean the way you can't pick an airplane up with your hand and smash it down as if it was a weightless piece of crap?"

He gained silence for a few seconds. "We can run you and the bag through a scan and I can explain it as a special engineering equipment. No one will believe it's weaponry anyway."

And thus my walk through the scans with my Dittannies was shockingly uneventful as the metallic component was not triggered, clearing my pass for boarding—the understatement of all possible time phases. Was it because of their electromagnetic attribute or were the metallic alarms off, a remote relativity functionality advantage of the very notions of detection, induction and electromagnetic durability?



A relative understanding struggles for hope, a relative action struggles for the confidence against the wretchedness of the

plight—there is the struggle to the intimacy of action a quiet understanding can never afford.

We were crowded without much crowd to speak of as second class citizens on the doomed flight into second class seats. It could have been assumed that death honored classism in its actualization more than the elusive coincidences that doomed the flight.

Baker was cranky beside me. "There's plenty of space in first class. Why are we cranked up in second class?" He held my eyes fully, holding a devilish smile. "Don't they know by hook or by crook you always get what you want?"

I raised my eyebrows, managing a smile. "Don't you mean by crook or by crook."

He flinched. "Celebrating a crooked win? Then you know about it."

I shrugged. "Cry me a pussy cat Baker. I have no idea how you got your black eyes and busted lips. Now, if you would like to inform me, tell me all about it, it'll be my pleasure."

He studied me briefly. "And it would be awfully convenient, won't it?"

I lodged the Dittannies in the overhead luggage space, took my seat as meekly as I could next to Baker. "How manly of you to not let me have the window seat?"

"You're kidding?" he asked, leaning away from the window, considering my statement.

I shook my head to stop his approach. "Seriously, I meant just that."

He narrowed his eyes. "I'm not sure, which one is convenient?"

I twisted my mouth. "You should know better Baker? Have you learned nothing by crook and by crook? I have absolutely no convenience by means of being and moving."

His response was interrupted when an attractive blond woman in a

flight attendant uniform approached us. "Hi I'm Sharon. I'll be your attendant on this flight. I'm sorry if I am rude but I studied the list including the photos and I just can't seem to place your faces."

Baker snickered. "You mean the list that reads like an assassin's hit list? I wasn't supposed to be on that list but hey, I heard they rolled a couple of dice a couple of times and there I was suddenly powerful and important enough to be on that list."

Sharon smiled.

I forced a smile, assuming her lingering stance was yet out of the lingering sensation of suspicion and could induce unwanted attention, and spoke. "I'm Bentley's assistant and this dice roller is my assistant, don't mind him. I had to drag him along to come along and help."

He shook his head and smiled at the woman. "It's crazy of all the assistants she has, she chose a little old me to come on this assassin's journey. It's crazy really."

Sharon raised her eyebrows. "She must be an important person."

I closed my eyes as I shook my head. Whatever got him the bruises must have really gotten to him.

He laughed. "In fact, with the way she moves, I'll say Bentley is her assistant."

I shook my head. "He's emotional right now Sharon. You may catch him in a better mood later."

Sharon smiled, seeming relieved of her suspicions from Baker's lack of enthusiasm for being on the flight. And left me with the seeming grieving mourner of no particular grievance known to me next to me.

The flight initiated uneventfully after the encounter with Sharon, despite the fact that there were those phantom and worrisome fear of instant death evident on Baker.

I leaned towards him. "Don't worry, you've got a window seat. You won't even feel a thing."

He smiled, sarcastically. "You don't say?"

Bentley towered behind Sharon the next time she came around.

"Aren't you supposed to be with the cool kids in first class?" I asked teasingly as he neared me. "What are you doing with us in peasant class?"

He knelt on his ankle beside my seat. "Something tells me this peasant class is different. So what are you truly Deborah...I don't know what your last name is at the moment? Are you a peasant or rich in anonymity?"

I frowned. "What? Rich in anonymity? Why the hell would I be in the peasant class?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. But are you ready to tell me?"

I smiled, held his eyes fully. "It'll cost you."

He smiled, holding my eyes intently. "Cost me what? An arm and a leg?"

I shook my head. "A head is a worthier cost. Yours look attractive."

He stretched his arms sideways. "What's the cost here? Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh?"

I moved my head closer to his and spoke in a low yet assertive tone. "I will much rather have your head."

He broadened his smile. "What do you want to do with it? Dinner and a date, kiss it till you sleep—"

Baker leaned towards us that instant, and as some menacing intruder, intruded harshly. "You two can't possibly be flirting on this death plane. Are you freaking kidding me?"

"Who's flirting," I replied.

Baker shook his head, held Bentley's eyes. "I know what the cost is. She's going to kill you. If you do something remotely stupid, you're dead. If you cheat on her you're definitely dead. You will wake up in the middle of the night and won't know where your black eyes and bruises came from."

I smiled, held Bentley's eyes as well. "Sure thing. If you frack with me, I'm definitely going to kill you in your sleep and bury you in the backyard. Nobody will ever know you're dead and buried in the remotely located backyard."

"You better believe it," Baker added. "You'll be dead and buried in some backyard even I, knowing her barely, despite working for her, won't know how to find."

Bentley smiled, unsure what to believe in the moment, unsure it wasn't merely a joke I narrated too often to scare potential lovers away.

"Are you wearing make-up?" Bentley asked Baker, hesitating briefly. "I'm sorry, I notice everything. It comes with the job."

I turned towards Baker. "Go on Baker tell him why you're wearing make-up"

Bentley drew back slightly. "Are you two...Did she--"

"Beat him up?" I asked, shaking my head. "Oh no. Baker is just projecting his experiences with his current girlfriend onto me. We've never been together. Business and pleasure apart...go on Baker, tell Bentley who your current girlfriend is. He can help solve your domestic abuse problem."

Bentley held Baker's eyes with concern. "Who is she?"

"Yeah, tell him who she is," I urged.

He was instantly lost for words at my urgency, understanding the full implication of my urgings.

"Her name is Julia," he managed to voice.

"Julia uhm, Go on, don't be shy, tell him her last name," I urged.

He snapped. "Her name is Julia Stringer and no she's not beating me up. I fell in the shower."

I smiled, sarcastically. "Looks like you banged your head against the Bathroom walls."

"Oh stop it," Baker resigned. "You two can flirt like your life depended on it while this diseased plane is going down."

Bentley stopped Baker's retreat briefly. "I still don't know who Deborah really is. You wanna tell me?"

He shook his head. "You and me three."

Bentley frowned. "Wait, who's the third?"

"Oh, Sharon wants to know if you are the boss or she's the boss of you," he replied.

He held my eyes intently. "It doesn't matter as long as we are able to solve this horrible problem." He leaned sideways to hold Baker's eyes. "Do you mind if I talk to her alone for a while?"

Baker stood to vacate his window seat. "No problem."

Bentley moved to take Baker's vacated window seat, faced me again. "What's your plan?"

I raised an eyebrow. "I would like to think you had a tentative plan irrespective of mine."

He remained silent.

I studied his expression. "If you don't tell me what your plan is, you may be planning your death and everyone else's here on this plane. What are your plans? How difficult can it be to tell? We may be about to die."

He exhaled. "That's why I want to know what your plan is. I intend to go down in a while. We're going very slowly for a reason."

I nodded. "I understand. If you go fast, you die just as fast. What do you mean you're going down?"

He nodded. "By nature of my job, I have to investigate. So alongside four of my agents, I am taking a parachute down—"

I narrowed my eyes, almost disbelieving his statement under the circumstances. "No, you're not."

He gained silence, studying me, before he spoke softly. "Why not?"

I hesitated briefly, considering he was pulling a joke on me. "This is all atmospheric. There is no bottom line, no plane for the plane we're in right now, however much it may seem like it from above. The world is a universal thumbnail. You're going to hit the bottom like the middle ground of the perished plane—on a two dimensional projected space without any fabric of life, thus sucked into your death."

The growing expression of shock on his face made the seriousness of his intent authentic, understandable. "How do you know these things?" he asked.

But I was hardly into the insinuated conversation line. "You're not going down there."

He studied my demeanor. I made the statement in a strong demanding tone and his initial shocking expression turned towards a frown. He spoke in an unexpected solemn tone. "I have to. We have to find out what's going on. And I am the leader of my crew. I cannot help but go."

I gained silence for a few seconds. "You go last," I advised simply.

He gained silence briefly. "That's implementable but what does it matter?"

I turned to face him fully. "I need you to promise me one thing...actually two...one, you will be the last of the five...two, you will wait to get the news of at least one of the four before you jump."



"I'm not sure—"

"I know I am a stranger..." I interrupted earnestly, "...Or somewhat such to you right now but don't you think my plan makes more sense than yours. You're not excluding yourself from the responsibility. You're just making sure you aren't to further damage the outcome of some inevitability which is quite reasonable if you ask me. I am asking you to make sure you wouldn't be making a mistake back here now where I could have been wrong. If at least one or the other makes sense to you, you will be alive at the end of the revisiting for this moment."

He exhaled. "The job here is to investigate, not sit in a corner and sulk."

I raised my eyebrows. "Indeed. But a sulker sitting in a worthless corner gets to live another day to have a chance to solve the problem that made him sit in a worthless corner sulking. What a fool?"



Death has the compelled imposition to induct itself, the imperative to be its own expectation—it never changes.

Baker was fidgety and ill at rest. "What are we waiting for? To die?"

I studied his concerned demeanor. "I bet you want to know what your actionable prompt would be on this mission?"

He nodded slowly in agreement. "Yeah. How about that? Why not?"

"You induce trouble from the unpredictable, so there is no prompt, just sit down and wait for the unpredictable, so you can act against it, whatever it is."

Bentley made his way towards us wearing a morose expression. It had been quite a while since I gave him ample advice and could hardly wonder in the moment what the eventual outcome could have been.

When he got to our seats, Bentley nodded and asked respectfully, "Baker?"

"You're kidding me, again?" Baker lamented as he stood to vacate the window seat for Bentley.

"You finally have a prompt," I quipped.

"Yet no actionable call," Baker replied.

Bentley faced me again, this time in a readable pensive mood. He didn't speak.

I spoke. "They all died?"

He exhaled heavily. "The second came in first. The third came in last. I assume they must all be dead."

"Does order matter?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Only because I should go down next."

"Except that we found a necessary aversion to the inevitable tragedy you are," I said.

"With the exception of that fact, yes," he replied.

I held his eyes fully. "In situations like this, minute and overlooked details matter. Tell me something not easily read in the autopsy of these tragic airplane mayday events."

He engaged my eyes fully. "Talking about not easily, how about something not read at all?"

I frowned. "Not read at all?"

"There was a quarterback football player on one such fateful

airplane. The very last one. He parachuted down just before the crash. We have no trace of him at the moment . No life traces. No dead body. That's very strange. Could he be a suspect? A terrorist clan member?"

I frowned. "It is indeed strange. But you're probably dealing with a transient , a Nitarian who killed the real Quarterback and took his form to get on the plane."

He frowned. "That's a supernatural story. Is that possible?"

"In this case, it is a realistic supernatural mystery of how the Quarterback got on this plane and out of it. Are aliens possible?" I asked him.

He studied me for some readable level of seriousness.

"Did planes plummet to death without any viable or foreseeable scientific probability?"

He closed his eyes and opened them slowly. "Yes."

"Such, if the reactionary event is possible we must look for the actionary event. The transient Nitarian must have been interested in the Quarterback because of their game play characterization and the whole shenanigans surrounding the engineering of the game play. So the victim was a showcase, probably casing out the upper aspect of the catastrophic event. Thus the jump off irregularity. How did he gain access to the plane's exit in the middle of flight?"

He didn't give a response

"How the hell did you know he jumped the plane?"

"The black box survived," he replied.

I widened my open mouth involuntarily. "Did it survive that absolute disintegration?"

Bentley nodded. "Luckily the plane had its back to the event horizon you implicated in the east."

I shook my head . "There was no luck in that. The escape velocity is the absolute minimum and the return policy is extremely scientific and astronomical."

He frowned. "What?"

I held his eyes briefly. "Let me say this as simply as I can. It is an initiative  $x$  complex or it is nothing. Such, we have a quadraspheric complex that downs the plane and destroys it. With a maximum such as  $x^{(2-0.25x)}$ , and the equation is not separable from itself as a product of both the minimum and the maximum expression. The same way the simplicity cannot be separated from the complexity of a particulate-expression. Complexity is implicitly a simplex—the atmospheric necessity of particulate expression. And a simple question about complex systems leads to absolutely nothing and vice versa. Thus, the speculative nature of theoretical quantum theories. The equation on the minimum imposes the maximum, and the equation is  $x^2 - 25x$ . And these equations are never  $Y$  implicit. The  $Y$  prohibition is an atmospheric strip of  $Y$  coordination. That's how the plane was brought down and you can see this if you graph those equations. The maximum, which is the minimum on the plane level, in a planar setting must be equipped with a seeming non-limit with a real quadraspheric first quadrant limit of 512. This is my imposition. If we claim this systematically as a necessity as I claim it to be, in degrees, we need another mountain under the projectile mountain which is in the reality of atmospheric-complexity and particulate-expression beneath the mountain, thus we have inevitable contra-positioning, counterfactuals, and the simple-complexity of a  $-x^2/12$ . Thus the Dittannies."

He widened his eyes. "That's incredible."

I nodded. "It is. But we have a bigger limit problem enabling this catastrophe. The very same potential energy initiative  $x^2 - 1$ . The denomination of this equation, that is, putting this equation in the denominator position in atmospheric terms is like gripping the earth's atmosphere and bringing everything within a set event

horizon down. The limit here induced a zero over zero insolvent."

"What do we do here?" he asked.

"We must return earth's atmosphere back to its atmospheric space.":

He exhaled. "Now, if that statement doesn't seem so crazy, it will be extremely hard to preconceive."

"Now you've said the truest thing since we met. It's like having a mole rat trigger a landmine."

He frowned. "What?"

I explained. "Landmines are triggered by between 11 to 13 pounds of weight. A naked mole rat weighs about 0.061-0.092 pounds and usually 3 inches long. Such a whole nine yards is a catastrophe and always a catastrophe in the world I know. The whole nine yards is impossible within all possible spatiotemporal event horizons. Here you must ask it reasonably. What the freak in freak-show is a landed or un-landed plane?"



Life is Pregnant with tragedy. It births no redemption. If the effigy of a dream is in the catastrophe it hinders, the reality of the catastrophe must be in the caricature it depicts. The effigy, the caricature, exhibits premature applause for premature death.

I felt the tremor before the delivery, like some elegy hand-carrying a pass to its afflictions, its death its underpass. I was up in the unknown instant, retrieving the Dittannies from the overhead.

"What are you doing?" Bentley asked, confused about the sudden and urgent need for action.

I didn't have to give a response. The situation spoke loudly.

The plane shook vigorously, prematurely, against the eastern backend of the airplane, against me, against my Dittannies. I took

the gravitational pull down with me with its full impact, moving fluidly but roughly with my Klem Duds, glanced backward knowing Bentley's instinct would have him playing the hero to his own detriment. He was out of his seat and I mainly hoped the great pull down I had resisted merely hurt than killed him.

The drift was down the declining western front of the plane, hanging down angularly until I placed a Dittanny on the floor, anchoring it with a magnetic pull I knew must be buried in the earth by the Nitarian responsible for the events. I took the antigravitational pull up before I reversed my Klem Duds motion the second the drift reversed back towards the eastern end again, taking another gravitational pull downward as an effect of the magnetic pull, declining my approach in that eastern direction, hanging on effectively against gravity with my Klem Duds. My placement of the Dittanny in the eastern front leveled the plane without perfectly stabilizing it. The artificially engineered struggle of up and down was ongoing and in a stabilized limbo, dipod without any stabilizing horizontal element or legs.

I sat down, back to the extreme end of the plane, on the floor, and was the only one on the floor. The rush of what could have happened to Bentley and Baker overwhelmed me instantly. Baker, I was certain, unlike Bentley was strapped into one of the seats. Crumpled he could be, but death was less of a factor if he wasn't out of the seat. Bentley was nowhere in sight. I rose slowly and took a couple of steps before I saw his head by my feet—rested against the base of one of the back seats, out of a seat, gripping his stomach in seeming excruciating pain. I reasoned he thought death was next due to the nature of his incapacitation, he, in some fateful fetal position and four of his agents dead on their intentional fall to earth.

I could hear his heartbeat in Klem mode, and my attention roused to a different situation. The scientists in first class! They were hovering over the Dittanny on their end. For the very first time, the bridge between first and second class was irredeemable, and a second class passenger was the savior for the trip.

"Stay away from that!" I yelled. "Or down you go again tumbling down to your deaths!"

The attention I hated having from being a Transverse agent was now on me. In little to no time, the scientists were by me, gawking at me.

"What are you? Special agent?" one of them asked.

I ignored the questions and pointed towards the eastern Dittanny. "You should have agents against the two to make sure they stay magnetized or down the Willy Wonka-Alice in Wonderland rabbit hole you go.

"What?" some echoed.

I twisted my mouth, finding new words for the obviously stated. "Don't worry. Death is like a story told in limbo—no matter the outcome or story mode, it feels like a dream. How bad can it get? You're not sure if this is real or not."

"Are you real or not?" the tall middle aged bearded man asked.

He was familiar to me and I did expect him, being a celebrity physicist, to be on the trip.



There is a flavor to acclaim that comes from due regard. Otherwise regard is earned from favors as some form of respect or the other purchasable with money and what's due is overlooked for its regard. There is a flavor to due regard that has little to do with acclaim but in a deep seated earned potential which when encountered imbues realizations the dereliction of truth or natural reality can not derail.

After Bentley was attended to, I explained what was happening to the celebrity physicist who found it easy to understand what may be

happening but found it difficult to believe.

Dr. Perish gained silence after the interactive explanation which had him questioning me unnecessarily to make sure I knew what I was saying. It felt like a waste of time as I wished he knew the particularities of the case rather than the applicable subject matter. There was yet a lot to think and conceptualize in order to get the airplane to safety. The balance of the Dittannies was yet unstable relative to the downward pull of the Datar.

"If we go back to the equation for the Dittannies..." Dr. Perish started, dragging his thoughts as a celebrated intellectual might from the expectation of awe he was accustomed to while I was thinking of the landing problem. "...whatever are we going against while going against the Dittannies?" he asked.

Baker made his way towards us, Sharon behind him. He appeared furious over some argument he was having. "I'm being treated like a second class citizen on this plane. This very plane that we just saved."

I almost laughed out loud. He had helped me merely by coming along on the trip. His rigidly seated self had helped. "Baker, calm down. I'm sure we can solve that problem."

Addressing Sharon on the issue I felt was needless as she could have prevented the argument if she truly understood what was happening around her.

Baker gained silence, folding his arms in expectation. "I got black eyes and bruises smarter than this."

I held Baker's eyes. "What do you want?"

"I want first class steak which they are having over there. And the best Champagne they've got. If I am going to die without my consent, I should at least be able to get drunk doing it."

I exhaled, with a level of understanding I didn't necessarily apply to the same situation. His plight in the moment, especially after the



near death experience we survived, was understandable. Turning to Dr. Perish, I asked. "Can you please tell Sharon to give Baker any and everything he wants on this plane?"

Dr. Perish turned to Sharon. "Sharon, give Baker any and everything he wants."

I exhaled, relieved at the sight of Sharon taking Baker to get a seat in first class. Some Champagne, I agreed, would babysit him somewhat, as nothing thus far got him over the black eyes and bruises.

Relieved as well, Dr. Perish faced me again. "I was wondering how the equation of the Dittanies matters against whatever it is you call the Datar."

I exhaled. "We are pitching the probability of randomness with probability against the probability of randomness without probability. That is, the degenerate Nitarian down there is using randomization to pull down a necessary even plane. The Dittannies at the upper plane balancing the plane are even depending on permutation here, order matters. I say two and two. The fake randomness pulling this upper plane is combinatorial and external, pulling three and three on either side and a non-vectorial one that is randomly combinatorial, thus we have an alignment of pure degeneracy we need to correct."

He exhaled. "Mathematically?"

I nodded. "We assume the 1 in the middle, the vertical thus decimated as a Y rather than the Y prohibitor of the initiating x factor it is at the moment and such we have  $1 - 1/12$  which gives 0.9167 against the Dittanies against the 8.9 Schwarzschild Earthian radius and the 8 is missing to be replaced with 0. But it gets worse..."

"It does? You're kidding!"

I nodded. "It does. The 8 becomes fractional and unreachable with the diameter which we need to land this plane. And thus we come

back to the impossible to solve differential limit of zero divided by zero... Which if you join rather than subjugate and degenerate become the Schwarzschild separated by a point potential and two conjoined curves."

"What is the derivation from that? What do you know I don't."

"That does not matter at the moment. What matters is how we stabilize this plane so I can stop the evil down there."

He frowned. "How do we stabilize this plane?"

"One foot is twelve inches. We put the Dittannies 8 feet apart so they are both out on the count of 9."

"That takes four zeros..."

"Great Dr. Perish. You're getting it."

"What are you going to do to land this plane?" he asked.

I hesitated, feeling the burden that was rightfully his. "I will tell it distinctly. Things must be in their rightful natural place and the Datar retrieved. The sun going down has no down side but the additive or product of three, 3, 6, 9. If the first is a two. Everyone here better be dead or specifically a derivation of the specific. In other words, the east is a set horizon that can never be as the humans say it at the moment against the Datar."

"That leaves the rising."

"Both astronomical and neither fully understood by scientists at the moment. That the sun rises in the east is a degenerate and unnatural projection, the set horizon is a minimal visual illusion of great repercussion. If you rise there without a stake, you are worse than a set of headless chickens waiting to be ravaged by a wolf pack... How many are they?"

"Wolf the animal in a pack?" Dr. Perish asked.

I smiled. "Or rather the German artificially engineered submarines

in World War II pillaging and ravaging merchant ships..."

"In that case mainly numeric. Many," Dr. Perish replied.

I nodded. "Which brings me to the need to go down there and place 3 Dittannies 3 feet apart relative to this plane to anchor this balance as an event horizon."

"Which in particular?"

"The eastern one, giving it a return potential without the particulate. The very flaw in quantum black holes."

"Using Particle physics to invoke chaotic spatial voids?"

I shook my head. "Worse, the invocation of the fusion of Einstein's relativity, the ever persistent linearization of massless photons in perpetual motion with string theory's continually cumulative non-particularity of possible rather than probable speculative mass of some strictly unrealistic supposition of some unnatural XYZ worthlessly bifactored everything dead set against the natural event horizon. Utter degenerate bullshit."

"Speculative theorizations of the nature of things?" he inquired.

I nodded in agreement. "Worse, utter horseshit, dogshit, crap or whatever may induce awe for the purpose of funding. I'm sure you know all about it—the very nature of theoretical physics except when reality overtakes reality and you receive a huge and deadly electromagnetic jolt of deadly reality. Speculative theories are victims of event horizons—event realities impossible to foresee such as this set of events. You forgot that airplanes are artificially engineered products, therefore derivative of the event horizon—a projectile that must obey the laws of physics known or unknown. Such you have an alien transient reminding you of this in a harsh manner that all is not well...unfortunately, neither awe nor funding can help you solve the problem."

Dr. Perish frowned. "Alien transients, what are those?"

I twisted my mouth, wondering if telling him anything further was a

waste of time or some trip he will never be able to repeat for the sake of the expectation of sanity. "Irrelevant for now so we can solve this problem. The false reality peaks a quarter unreality against the quadraspheric peak—thus 125. The reality is in the limit of the first quadrant as 1 and 4. The limit is 512. Such, the realistic numerics are 512-421-152-269, in that very order or be dead by set horizon. Don't even think about the 269 as it's beyond the 3 for the set. Therefore I as usual have more work to do. I have to get all the quarters back from the Nitarians. And now that I get what the Datar is about, I have to get the Datar back..."

He deepened his frown. "Nitarians, Datar.?"

"Yes. They're freaking assholes. They have a cumulative IQ of 52-69...nasty, nasty people."

He raised his eyebrows. "What? That's low for people who do these horrible things with things like the Datar. "

"You don't say Dr. Perish. It's low-low but rather cumulative and average. Their average cumulative IQ is 52-69. Their illusions and delusions stretch way above 100."

"That's strange."

I raised my eyebrows. "You don't say Dr. Perish? Which reminds me. Transients, Datar, Dittannies, you're going to have to forget these things or do I have to wipe your mind?"

Using the usual alien related beliefs in the moment worked like magic. The fear readable on him turned towards an expression of shock and awe. "I don't remember a thing," he said simply.



The rigidity to a path is embedded in the patterns it makes with its surroundings—as some statement exclusive of choice, never merely suggestive of chance, the very witness to life.

The rigorousness of the imbalance in the plane's state worsened the state of fear of the occupants. The scientists surrounded me again as I made notes of the possible next set of actions to take to retrieve the Datar.

But Dr. Perish looked at me for answers. I dismissed the others, telling them everything will be fine, and faced him again. "They are strengthening the Datar," I announced.

"How?" he asked.

"They can't do it introvertedly, so they do more with more and better. That is, there is no spatial flux at the moment so they are trying to strengthen the ground flux to work against the spatial flux upheld by the Dittannies."

"What are we going to do to stop it?"

"I'm going down to get the Datar from them," I replied.

He drew his head back, shocked at the nature of my statement. "But everyone else died..."

I engaged his eyes fully. "Everyone else does not have the Dittannies in aeondlna functional and effective order and potency."

He exhaled. "There's that. But how are you going to do that without suffering the same fate that the others did?"

Dr. Perish was being the scientist he was with the endless questions. I indulged him. "I have to use the linearity of the artificially produced Datar flux working against me to move. The internally active Klem Dud implant should allow me to move against the force in a parametric mode at the back and for it in the parametric mode, from point to point strengthening the upper Dittannies against the Datar—hemispheric and quadraspheric all the same. Linearity will never work. Those who dared it incurred their own death with ignorance."

For the first time I saw the hint of admiration in his eyes. "That is deep."

I nodded. "Indeed it is. So, please tell the pilot to depress this plane, so I can go down without a parachute, you know, like the others did. It is important I go down in the midst of this assault as it ensures the proximity of the Nitarian grand larceny."

I jumped out of the airplane uncertain of the possibility of success but determined something had to be done. My Klem Duds I surmised, would help navigate the hyperbolic pathway I needed to escape the linearity of the imposed force of the Datar against the Dittannies.

The Klem Duds motion from the airplane was rough. I had been too overwhelmed with events to think everything through thoroughly and had forgotten to consider the effect of the upper Dittannies accompanied with mine relative to the Datar. The Datar was more drained than surmised and I had to navigate the counterflux relativity between the upper Dittannies on the airplane to balance it against the Dittannies on my person.

I landed in a forested area, needing the perpendicularity against the rigidity of the trees, flat on the ground with a resistant sustaining thud, back-to-the-east, back-to-the-first-quadrant from the set-goal spin like a current dissipating against its limits. Working in accordance with the set-goal Dittannies, my Klem Duds kept me balanced on the landing.

I got up to the rush of familiar elemental force, rushing towards the clearing against the forested area. They needed a clearing to be minimally effective. It was impossible for a mere human to hear the inaudible loudness of the congregation, feel the artificial buildup of charges—the drainage on the atmospheric energy of the Datar had brought me into the midst of the operations, gotten me unwanted attention. And the energetic hit, although forceful, was neither spirited nor animated. It was dry, displaced in transit.

I almost laughed out loud—the Transverse rogue transients have great limitations despite the great expectations of their artificial cloud humping achievements. What was the cause of such—an energetic strike as useless to me as air, a quiet storm charged and

non vectorial in space? I had pivoted three sixty degrees with my upper body by the time the punch passed through air.

I faced a congregation of Nitarians rather than the one I had expected. And again restrained from the urge to laugh. The hilarity of the group of Nitarians using Transverse machined weapons to control human fatality probabilities and socio-economic activity was beyond reproach.

It reminded me of the ridicule of it all—the lies—the lies of science and scientists like Dr. Perish, the lies they tell the ignorant world because of lies and ignorance—that if we ever believed energy is never created or destroyed but rather transformed, we forget the need for energy to first be in essence for it to exist or be transformed. We forget inception, particular potentiality not as derivation but as causation with regards to the potent laws of nature, the seasons that allows time to explore its potential, its events, its limits, its ends. They projected empty promises as vessels and empty vessels as natural refineries. Instead of the necessity of naturally ordered induction and electromagnetism, they claim with "in and out" nature can self-implode without self-expression and with "Ying and Yang," life can self-defeat without particular expression.

The congregation clamped and clamored around the main Transverse Transient as though protecting him from something other than themselves. Could that person be me? The clamping and clamoring—like some excessive graduation of a numeric value to fit a perpetually exclusive range was essentially massless, explaining the empty energy punch I experienced earlier. They lacked coordination and direction. What were they driving aside from the Transient?

The Transient, I knew, was in a time-limited-time-phase and counting down to his death. Why would they need to drive the Transient? Was he running out of Transient time?

"Hey!" I called. "Dumbasses, if you just hand me the Datar, I'll be on my way."

The Transient spoke in a deliberate effort driven English tone like some amateur agent still learning to speak the human tongue.

"What... the... hell... are... you?"

I shrugged. "Well, that's just rude. You mean you don't know me at all? What the hell are you doing here then? Who invited you? The Martians?"

He studied me briefly. "Who... are... you?"

I smiled. "Whoa! I'm impressed. Learning English in real time already? You had better fix whatever the hell is knocking your senses out of ya. Learning how to address people is very important to us humans. Otherwise, we will be like worthless nonessential masses of massive congregational clouds moving from space to space pretending water vapor needs their permission to congregate and decongregate, let alone sustainable as habitation. It's freaking bunnies bunkers! Oh excuse me, there are pungent humans like that walking around. What a shame. You must be like the Harvardians and the Oxfordians then. Privileged knowledge comes too easy for them, so they drift peripherally for shifty existential purposes and aim to condition lofty ill-essential intellectual constructs. Now if you just hand me the Datar, I'll be on my merry, unprovoked, unprivileged way."

"I am not giving you anything," he said.

I smiled. "Whao! Which reminds me, you really don't have anything to give because you stole it from Transverse Central, the very eye of the storm. Lost to your mental retardation by the seconds there. Still getting used to being a Transient thingie?"

His voice came in more forcefully. "I am not giving it to you."

I shrugged. "That must be your subtle way of confessing you're the thief I say you are. but you're not walking away with it, are you? That will be crazy. You're going to have to lose the insect hive you've got there to stop me. Or are you not chicken in insect clothing? Is it vice versa?"



He reacted as I thought he would when insulted with humor he didn't fully understand—powerdrunk and blindraged. The force that brought him to me was barely human and he was the weaker for it. Had he learned anything about humanity and blind fury? Has he learned anything?

He ran towards me in fury as I debated running from the strange clearing towards the forested area. There, the movement of the non-transient Nitarians will be limited by the rigidity of the trees as the weakening human transient loses his. There, they will be like the adder on a tree, still for the movement of a prey, inviting its unknown predator. Great, the things 9mm Glock can never buy.

He slammed his weakened transient body straight into me with reasonable impact. I allowed it, swallowing the moment with the pretext of a hard hit, retreating with retaining force, readying the balancing and levitating instincts of my Klem Duds. I ran, armed with the pretext of a scared idiot with mere jest as armor, towards the forested area, accumulating wind force for spatial leap, spun around closer to the intended space and rushed towards the impact with renewed force. I slammed him in the head with mine as his approach met mine triangularly, heard him groan shockingly from the impact, triggering backward for it, lowered my body to ram him in his abdomen with my head, poured the impact into him to take him down. The weakened Transient should have stuck with the machines he knew about, I thought, sitting on him the instant he was down. I watched him struggle briefly before mastering enough energy to raise his upper body to headbutt me. I headbutted him with a full head of force to weaken his weakened upper strength.

The congregation rushed towards us as I rolled his body into a ball with mine and with the effort of my Klem Duds rushed the formation back towards the dappled shadows of the forested area.

The whiff of the congregation made its way towards us as I raised his rumpled shirt and slammed his head onto the ground, got up and slammed his head against a large Oak tree. The frequency of the whiff of the congregation grew as I whipped him around in the formulation collection of dust they were beginning to form.

Slapping him across the face several times, "Where is the Datar, you transient ghost-faced bastard?" I asked.

He was turning to dust in my hands as the spiraling ritual of the congregation continued. Releasing him to his fateful transformation, "I'm gonna kill you. I'm gonna kill you in ways you can't freaking imagine yet, you vagabonding life-stealing lowlife piece of shit."

The split second decision was not to follow the whiff of the dispersal I could endeavor because my Klem Duds allowed me to travel from dust to dust and ashes to ashes, giving me hope I could locate the rogue cloud planet Nitari and retrieve the Datar without deserting the humans in their hour of need.

Patroc was there to assure me I could in that instant without uttering a word.

I ignored him and turned to Detroc as I made my way back towards the airplane. "Where is the Datar?"

He held my eyes. "A transient agent took it out the second you stabilized the plane."

I shook my head. "I can't tell humans that. They are stupid and boneheaded. They'll take to the skies again without proper precautions."

He shrugged. "Then don't tell them they are safe."

"They are not safe Detroc because it could happen again at any time. Smarter, I will tell them to land the planes on the trees until I get the Datar. They are not landing that shit with the insecurity of the Datar."

Bentley was sitting by the exit of the plane waiting for me when I got back. His excitement and solemn sense of gratitude was readable. "Hey!" was all he could mutter.

"I thought you were knocked the frack out cold and dreaming of an afterlife by now," I said.

He smiled, looked around him playfully. "Who me? No way was I knocked the frack out."

Dr. Perish wiggled his way to take a seat by the exit with Bentley.

"Where's Baker?" I asked.

"Charming up a beautiful first class single woman," Bentley replied.

I shook my head. "I swear that boy is getting more and more out of my league everyday."

Bentley raised an eyebrow. "You are into him?"

I shook my head. "No. But I thought we were both second class citizens until recently."

"Crazy," Bentley replied.

I nodded, holding Dr. Perish's eyes. "Indeed. Dr. Perish, can you please tell the pilot to lodge the plane on the trees while I place the lower Dittannies?"

I lodged three Dittannies and watched the lodging of the plane on the leafy greens, gave out orders which seemed more like command than urgings. It was something I had rightfully earned on the course of the fateful trip. "Evacuate the plane with the plastic escape slides. You will not fly another plane until I come back. I have to make sure the earth's sky is safe to travel. Is that understood?"

Bentley exhaled. "Yes."

I turned to Dr. Perish. "Don't even think otherwise."

He closed his eyes slowly and opened it. "Yes."

I turned around and walked away from them to shift space with my Klem Duds. "Tell Baker, I will see him soon."

"Where are you going?" Dr. Perish asked, raising his voice.

I shook my head. "Oh Dr. Perish. You should know better. If I tell you, I'll have to kill you."



Pathway adversity is like a thorn in the spinal cord—anchored, it is always home for the agony.

I stood in the sight of the dissipation that took the Nitarians out of the set space and kept wondering why being there was essential to the mission I was yet to complete.

Patroc smiled at my lack of understanding.

"Are you trying to read my mind again?" I asked.

"Perplexity shows on you easily. I don't have to read your mind." he replied.

Detroc spoke. "You need to absorb the whiff of the Nitarians if you're going to go anywhere to retrieve the Datar."

I raised my eyebrows, instantly regretful of the time I could spend writing, appreciating and nourishing my relationship with nature, travel and such. The task assigned, I imposed as inevitable because grounding airplanes would cripple earth's economy, yet accomplishing it seemed infinitesimally unachievable unless I go along with Patroc and Detroc's advice. With them, alongside my human intellectual and emotional instincts, impossible things were always possible. I feigned the inevitability as lacking as I faced Patroc. "You want me to find a rogue cloud planet you could never find?"

Patroc shook his head. "No, I want you to find a cloud planet which keeps shifting from space to space so it may not be found out."

"Or in," Detroc added.

I shook my head. "Sorry, you want me to find a vagabonding prostituting cloud humping headless chicken?"

Detroc laughed out loud.

"You shut your trap," I scoffed at Detroc.

He smiled. "You better watch your mouth before I retrieve my offer of helping with the Nitarian mission.

I stilled, studying his seriousness on the issue. "Do you mean to say by crook or by crook as Baker says it?"

He widened his smile. "How else is an alien agent supposed to get things done around here?"

I thought about the miracle he pulled with Baker. "Okay, you freaking asshole."

He laughed. "Is that a no to my generous offer?"

I exhaled, knowing there was much to do. There always was much to accomplish on a earthian-universal-Transverse basis. "I only wish it was."

### Author's endnotes

This book and much to come break and will continue to break boundaries is publishing. My freedom matters to me. The freedom of all matters to me. If you enjoyed these books, those you find on my site, and look forward to the many to come, please support the free books for life cause or music by ril if you love music. Thank you for being on this disciplined and determined journey with me. The main book for next year, the one I definitely want to finish is *Bami& the time weavers*. And I hope to start the Lila Orileda mystery series with *A case in point*.



Eleven year old Bami Dele is the experimental boy immune to what scientists get to know as the Femuran invasion. He and the chosen bearer of the only artificially engineered artedermal skin protector must get past every formidable detection of the Time Weavers. They must find the game inside a dead cat by a corner, finish the play, find the location of the secret of secret places, make the journey to get the Polarcapper and turn the wheels against their doomed fate.

### [Bami& the time weavers Excerpt](#)

[www.edewlogics.com](http://www.edewlogics.com)