**BladeRunner 2**

**by Stephanie Peterson**

**[Disclaimer: This is for entertainment purposes only.]**

**In the more distant future a replicant name Rachael has made her escape with Deckard. Most replicants terminate after a few years yet Rachael seems to be "special." After a while on the run Rachel, or Ele for short, started acting... funny. Even for a replicant. Her mind, her programs, began to deteriorate into a cold analytical dream. She had combined her “knowledge” of mathematics with the “plot” to Flashdance (in reverse) with dire consequences. Deckard couldn't bear watching her slowly loose her already artificial grip on reality and so did the only thing he could do. He left her on the side of the road to play out her deranged fantasies.**

**Real Spacey Peons**

 Ele turned bout the Origin walking cautiously over to Zero Z. Zero. Ele was a fine instance of a citizen looking to span Speckace. How to go about it was chronicled by a few thousand Peon’s stories acting out within Speckace. Most with indefinite ending.

“There are an awful lot of ways to not go about it. That’s for damn sure,” thought Ele.

 So many Speckace paths followed had left only dependence in their wake. Dependence on the Peon next to you. Dependence on the Scalar who sold you upwards into the world.

 And here Zero was the kind of Peon that could hang with anybody right proper. He'd just blend into the other Peon’s personality with point-wise ease until that other fellow felt so comfortable that he forgot Zero was even there. Zero was felt to be everywhere at once but still nowhere you could put your finger-equivalent on 'em.

 Zero Z. Zero twisted his various oval features to and fro as he calculated Ele's potential. “Well kid, I gotta hand it to ya, coming all the way out here like this, but I just can't sign off until ya do one more thing.”

 “What's that?”

 “Ya gotta scale your act.”

 “What?”

 "Look at Scalar out there. She does a routine with the Vector gals."

 Ele gazed off.

 Zero Zero chuckled. This was all a routine to him. He had been watching unhelpfully throughout Ele's Peon realizations. Indeed he had been watching every Peon, Line, Funktion, and Relate-able from his location smack dab where X meets Y meets Z.

 Zero was behind every Vector gal set and the solution to a lass like Ele looking to scale her own Vector group.

 This was a hard place for the Relate-able she was already desperately trying to be. She actively shrunk back to the Funktion of her early days. To be reduced to the value of the Origin itself seemed an easy out. And the easy out should always be considered in this kind of town. It seemed that either she would see everything then as Zero Zero can or would see not much at all as non-Origin Peons. Certainly though Origin-Ele was at the center of space while not taking up any of it.

**Real Plane Peons**

 “So this joint is almost at the Origin then?”

 “Yes".

 "Well I gotta go see a guy about my transformation. Good luck lil'thing. Remember the wide world of Peons ain't no game for a lady such as yourself. If you're lookin for answers head back to where you came from pronto. If you go any farther you'll never come back lass.”

 Ele reflected on this information for about a moment. As a former Relate-able she saw possible Funktions to become by taking out some of the range of her already two dimensional act. This was the move to a dance style that went straight like a Line. Most the dancers in the Origin crowd were scaled or curved about as they pleased. Some were Funktions like x=0 and others were more relative pairs of Peons. These Relate-ables often took two different y values for the same x. This was a chance to minimize her world into one with more constant change.

 As Ele threw out her most exotic values she felt cold and calm about her descision. It was time to go back to basics. From the low point of her act she could resign to Peon mediocratey.

“I think this is the end of the line,” remarked Ele.

 She was incorrect.

**A Real Line of Peons**

 It was uncertainty that now struck Ele by way of a flexing boundary-like object. She was unable to see if the Peons sequenced on either direction were inFunite or... not quite so inFunite.

“InFunite “ meaning of course “inFun”=“the more the merrier”, and “ite”=”there are always more.”

 “Each Peon is where another Peon wasn't!” exclaimed Ele. “Now I'll never get away from inFunite Speckace!”

 It seemed through observation that the interaction of one particular limit inducing Peon to a Peon Line and an open boundary is inFunite and cuts off the finite tail of the Peon Line to a manageable amount of Peons to sort through.

 “So, if I start walking in the wrong direction I will never stop, and if I start walking in the right direction I will reach the end however in an uncertain amount of Peons. The only logical thing to do is to have some sort of cut off Peon with which to stop walking and turn and begin again in the other direction. However if I turn and begin in the other direction and I am wrong with this new trajectory how will I know where I am in terms of the Line I am playing Peon hopscotch through? I'm back to the start by not knowing where it starts!”

 An interesting scenario.

 “Further, what do I do once I reach the beginning of the Peons in this particular sequence? How do I know that there isn't another Peon far off in the distance who is the outcome of oscillation? I suppose if each Peon of the Line is identified I can just keep track, but if I'm stuck in the inFunite portion of the Line this is a countable impossibility.”

 In the words of the great Peon the Pooh, “Oh bother.”

 Around this time a shooting asterisk of a Line approached the bothered Ele. The progression slowed as the growing Line reached Ele and the head Peon shouted out, “What kind of Funktion are you?!”

 Ele responded, “What? I just left you a.. well a short time ago. I was the Origin entertainer lookin to well… minimilize her act? You're name is x=0?”

 “Oh no I’m not. My name is y=0 and I'm just headed to the Origin to get an Axis-Transformation. Unless ya met me tommorow you are certainly meeting me for the first time today. I know I look like an X, but I've known my whole life that I'm really a Y. In a few short moments I'll be saying goodbye to my old life as y=0 and hello to my new life as x=0. Wait a Peon of a moment... you wouldn't be a Cross-Axis hater would you?”

 “I don't know what that is and if I did I would not be one as long as you can help me away from the Origin. I hear that first degree Funktions such as I am aspiring to be are only suppose to cross the Origin once, tops.”

 “Ya know I was a dancer at the Origin back when I was a little X. Tough crowd. The Peon patrons get all high and mighty seeing as they're at the center of Spackace. Think they've seen it all. You really have to break a leg in order to entertain those Y's. Well groovy Ele, you can hop aboard this Funktion train right now and come back to the Origin with me, or you can wander where I've just been which is about as damn far from the Origin that one can get. It's not waiting though so make up your mind.”

 Ele decided to pick up the soon to be Y's valued breadcrumbs and said goodbye to the Funktion Line she had been embodying.

 "Perhaps," thought Ele, "I could get down to one value. Then all my worries would melt away like they do in the Peon dreams Speckace is made of."

**A Peon of a Conclusion**

 Ele is a Peon. Ele developed in a plane without Disdance. Compile all the lifetime dramas that document small town boredumb. Now squish them into a void that does not take place. Growing up here was the definition of wasted potential. Ele had only the desire to break out of her immeasurability and be a Peon dancer in Speckase.

 Ele's existence relies on the ability of a Peon such as herself to be labeled and subsequently compared to other Peons in other Peon similar positions. This is all well and good for any folks who might want to use Ele as their own personal Peon-pointer. Yet Ele slowly came to realize that there was an identical however differently labeled Peon near to her.

 Ele looked more closely at this similar Peon only to see another. Mind you that the first other Peon had not vanished. It had just seemed to... well.. move in respect to Ele's thoughtful glare. And now another even closer Peon was encroaching Ele's relative existence.

 Ele decided to perform the experiment again. She peered at this newer encroaching Peon. She peered hard, and slowly retracted her gaze until another Peon that had not previously demanded any attention took a prominent place in Ele's line of sight.

 It was around now in whichever place this was that Ele concluded that simply referring to her surroundings on a Peon by Peon basis may not be of optimal use.

 "Perhaps, she thought, "if I am a Peon, and if the first Peon that came into focus is also a Peon, then there might be some way of describing all of the Peons in between us all at once. "

 “Oh!” thought Ele, if Peons can indeed think, “I will call it a Peon Line and I will use the Line to get the hell out of here, just like Jennifer Beals did!”

 Ele started back towards the Origin not realizing it was from which she came. (The whole time hallucinating what a “Jennifer Beals” might be.”)