It's Only Logical

by Amita

From the files of Severus the vampire.

Chapter 1 of 1

It was only logical.

He was carrying his espresso to an empty table in the sidewalk café when he heard them.

"That can't be true."

"I know, but we're supposed to prove it."

"It says that given any two statements A and B, any arbitrary statements whatsoever, then either A implies B or B implies A. There's no way that can be true."

He looked at their scribbles on their napkins, he tried to restrain himself, but he lost. Everything about himself that he had tried to hide came out as he said, "It looks like you're doing the foundations of Arithmancy."

"I suppose you can do better," said the fiery, red-headed one, as the two gave him the look that let him sit himself comfortably at their table.

"I might be adequate," he said.

The frizzy-haired one was not impressed. "Suppose statement A is that the Mississippi River flows into the Baltic, and statement B is that you are a pervert. Try sticking those together."

"You are too literal," he said. "If you want to be successful at the foundations of Arithmancy, you must follow the logic. The real world will only mislead you."

At their incredulous looks, he said, "Has not the real world already misled you? Is that not why both of you have undertaken this arduous journey into the realm of reason?"

At that, both of the girls looked stricken, and he realized that he had caused pain. He cursed his curse of insight, but he knew that an attempt at apology would only make matters worse. The only recourse was to plunge ahead like the klutz they now thought him to be.

"The result arises from one of the defects of logic," he said. "Let us consider the neutral statements A and B."

"Go for it," said the frizzy-haired one.

"A is either true or false," he said.

"You're obviously a profound thinker," observed the red head.

"If A is true, then B implies A since anything implies a true statement," he said. "If A is false, then A implies B since a false statement implies anything."

"Then it must be one or the other," said the two girls simultaneously.

"You two are very good," he said, sipping his espresso.

"But it's like you said," replied the frizzy-haired one. "It's a defect of formal logic that a false statement implies anything."

"It reminds me of a lot of philosophy," said the red head.

The look of admiration he gave the two of them encouraged their social impulses.

"Hermione Weasley," said the frizzy-haired one.

"Ginny Potter," said the fiery red-head.

The two girls agreed they had a duty to let him stretch his mental muscles in more Arithmancy sessions.

After a few sessions, however, their feminine intuition told them there was something even more sinister about the stranger than his ability in abstract reasoning, and with their husbands now on the continent training in detecting dark wizards, this was an opportunity to show everyone what they could do.

"Our husbands will be so proud of us," they said.

They will turn green with envy, they thought.

"We'll tempt him with our charms and ambush him," said Ginny.

"I'll be the bait," said Hermione.

"But it's my plan," complained Ginny.

"Exactly," said Hermione, "it's a division of labor."

Thus it was that Hermione lured the stranger, who was too smart for his own good, to her flat.

"I want to lay the truth on the table," said Hermione, stepping closer. "It's time to examine the boundary layer, and we need to explore the finer points of multiple integration over smooth surfaces."

At this point, Ginny sprung like a vertical asymptote from her hiding place with her stake on an exponential descent, but the halting problem arose because Hermione was forming a finite cover.

"Separation axiom," yelled Ginny, feeling like the law of the excluded middle.

But Hermione was embedded in the field of smooth operators and moaning, "Modus ponens, modus ponens."

Ginny edged nearer, looking for a singularity, but it was his first moment, and a random variable from his extension algorithm followed a geodesic arc to land on her open set.

"That's not fair, you foul fiend," said Ginny, but she licked her lips and said, "Let's sample some higher moments."

"Wait a minute," said Hermione, rounding on her friend, "I'm the bait."

What a cock-up, he thought. *The girls concocted a clever sequence, but it didn't converge.*

He was also thinking that, while they were arguing, he should get his cock up and out of here.

It was only logical.

Prompt from DreamyDragon – cliché: Vampire!Severus.