



DEWLOGIC

Parable-Play

If I Were a Guy

For the Murder of God

Death Row Autonomy

Osama Bin Laden & the 72 Virgin

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IF I WERE A GUY

It happened overnight—the evolution of an atomic identity towards a manifestation of life. There it was, polymers shrinking, disintegrating like Phenol without its Benzene. It was simply there, haphazard and hazardous as a series of exploding celluloid billiard balls. And there it was, until the sudden surge. And there was silence.

On my back in roughness, in that beginning at the thought of awareness I awoke to a first realization, sensation. There was the breeze! There were neural appendages sharpening their strength with assuring potency. And momentarily, as I laid there unmoving, there was that feeling of obtuse inclination, as if silence passed as me.

But I was alive, as unseemly as that thought felt at the moment. I lingered in that position of moderate lucidity, closing my eyes to force my consciousness to drift towards a more relaxed state. REM, I dreamt of it, if just so I could escape the momentary exhaustion of my being.

And then I heard it, that soft toned assuredly female voice. “Dude, get up!”

I forced my eyes open and wearily closed it. The fragments it seemed of a dream floating in a gateway peripheral as I drifted towards deep sleep. I had touched REM.

“Dude, you better get up!” I heard the voice again, potent, disruptive.

I forced my eyes open again, yet wearied, closed it. “Or what?” I asked halfheartedly.

Then I felt it. A slight breeze blowing on my face. I stiffened, stayed unmoving. My eyes were open.

“Get up dude!”

Why was she calling me dude? I raised my back gently, my arms to the side to hold my weight and the roughness I had laid on qualified as rocks, giving a

sudden possible explanation for my weariness. I knew little of such fate, there, atop a bed of rocks, and a voice I couldn't put a face to as I scanned the desert rock-land.

Emptiness. Void. I dismissed the voice. I had awoken from the dream. And got on my feet, unsteadily.

“Good...you're on your feet,” I heard the voice say.

Stunned I was still hearing the voice, I scanned the rock-land again. No signs of life. None other than mine. I ignored the voice

“You better get moving.”

I frowned, scanned the surrounding again, fearful momentarily. “Get moving where? Who...or what are you? Where are you?”

“Which question are you asking really?”

“Where are you?” I asked.

The voice drew a sigh. “What do you mean where am I? I'm here.”

I spurned around quickly to scan the area again. Did I miss something earlier? There weren't any rock mountains to hide behind. Over the rock land, there wasn't anywhere to hide. “Here where...are you?”

“Am I?”

I frowned. “Of course that's what I asked. Where are you?”

“I am here.”

“Here where?”

“Where I am? Here.”

The dizzying sensation that followed the line of conversation nearly knocked me off my feet. It is possible, I thought, that I was hallucinating due to the dire ecological displacement I found myself. Whoever will want to be isolated on a deserted rock-land? I dropped my head to a bow, covered my face and exhaled. I raised my head and stared straight into space, frustrated, I spoke out loudly. “Who am I kidding? It's

either you're crazy or I'm crazy...and neither sounds good. If I can just...maybe..." I scanned the rock-land again. "...wake up from this nightmare..."

"It doesn't look like it."

"I wasn't asking you!" I yelled. And then felt the gravitational thug. I was sinking! "Ah! Oh! Ah!" I breathed, fearful at the thought of a perilous fate, mystified by the experience of what seemed a rock quicksand-avalanche. I struggled upward and found myself sinking further downward.

"Dude! Grab your balls!" the voice yelled.

I was furious at the moment, for all that was happening at once. I was being rudely referred to as a dude. And at the thought I was knee deep in some rock solid seeming metamorphic bottomless pit, I tried to quench my anger with the thought of talking to some non-visible voice-entity. I could be within a dream.

"You're going to so regret not doing what I told you to do."

I was momentarily being abused by some nameless voice in the perilous moment and my anger grew. "Who the hell do you think you are? And why the hell do you keep calling me dude?"

"Because you are a dude."

The calmness in her tone shook me. She seemed as convinced I was some dude as much as I was becoming convinced I was hallucinating. The rock quicksand-avalanche I was in was real and sinking me. I was in it. But the voice. That voice!

"And you say hell too much...Just grab your balls."

"What?" I was now dumbfounded and conflicted.

"Grab your balls or you're going under."

FOR THE MURDER OF GOD

He was calm. A bloodied calm. And without the hint of panic in his strides, he walked towards the most daunting structure in town. Richard Prometi couldn't escape the open glances from people as he made his way up the stairs. He was collected, as though unaware of them. But when he pushed open the loose doors of the police station, he made his need for attention vocal.

"I killed God!" he announced, flexing the mediocre biceps he owned.

The ruffling and clicking sounds of guns being drawn and cocked ever nearer to him at the beckoning of one officer to the other barely dissuaded his grounded stance. He stretched out his arms, his wrist in a link, awaiting arrest.

Detective David Bryson knew a crime scene as he knew the effects of alcohol. And there was nothing supernatural about the scene. It held the bloodied signs of a struggle, a terrible and most probable, a fatal one. Nothing more, he concluded on the higher ground at the top of the hill as he watched the search team comb through the river beds for what was now presumed a dead body. The trail indicated a downward spiral rather than a fall. The victim must have been pushed while he was unconscious or dead with no splatter signs of a struggle against the fall. The Forensic pathologist confirmed the blood human and the same type as that found on Prometi.

There, on the hill he stood until one of the members of the search team came up to reassure him of their first finding before he ordered a second. They couldn't recover a body from the river. As far as they

were concerned there was none within that body of water.

The diver was certain. “If something went down, it probably swept downhill on the other side and got washed off to the bigger bodies of water. And I’m not sure if we have the jurisdiction but we don’t have the manpower for a through search there.”

Bryson didn’t have to put up an argument. They simply didn’t have the financial capability. Yet, he concluded, without a body he had a murder case in his hands. And the confessor had been dead certain when interviewed. The murder was God’s!

Five feet nine inches tall, balding Harry Keene, the notorious defense attorney was for the rich and high society but he had offered to take Prometi’s case Pro-bono. “As easy as reaching for air, God does not exist,” he had said.

Prometi had nodded. “I know. I killed him.”
“Then this should be easy,” Keene had assured him.

DEATH ROW AUTONOMY

As a sword may yearn for its cutting edge to refine intention, the hour yearned for anticipatory refinement. The purpose was dawning; the element ripe and the closed door hearing could have been mistaken for that arranged by the Intelligence Committee. Most of the people on the Intelligence Committee were present. But there had never been any of its kind, so interested party held a conference and set a date for the hearing.

The importance of the closed door hearing was apparent. There were more people on the legislative team than there were for the proposal. The proposal held a team of five scientists, each distinguished in their medical fields. And the legislative bodies towered over the seated presences of the scientists, looming for understanding, for intuition.

Dr. Dawson took the mid position. He had spearheaded the Nestla Project and had proposed the legislature as a necessity for the times. And being renowned, the statesmen had agreed to hear the proposal out in a closed door hearing. They were all there because he started it all, because he made his convictions known and then broke an unwritten law.

Dr. Chang, Dr. Lawrence, Dr. Rudnick, and Dr. Smith were seated to his sides. They introduced themselves to the room.

“Dr Dawson,” Senator Richard Grant, the one notable physician turned Senator on the panel called.

Dawson looked up. “Yes Senator.”

“Can you explain the circumstances surrounding the death of Mr. Norman?” Senator Grant asked.

Dawson hesitated. It was a nightmare he expected, although it had little to do with the core aspect of the actual proposal. “I administered the Nestla Serum...” he

said and hesitated, hoping to keep the aspect of the hearing as short as he could.

“What the hell were you thinking?” Senator Ford asked.

Dawson was familiar with Senator Ford, the notable Democratic Senator who had been fervently against the Nestla Project at the very knowledge of its inception, and had necessitated the federal investigation into state activity.

“It was necessitated with consent...” Dawson started.

Senator Ford raised his eyebrows. “Necessitated! Is that what you call it? And no Dr. Dawson you wouldn’t be able to recognize consent if it hit you...”

The room observed silence briefly.

“Senator Ford,” Dawson called. “Mr. Norman wanted to die.”

Senator Ford stared at the celebrated psychiatrist as though he were stupid, only briefly. “Dr. Dawson, it can easily be surmised that Mr. Norman wanted to die because he was on death row. He definitely could have wanted it all over.”

“That was exactly what he wanted,” Dawson added.

“And part of his punishment was the expectation of death,” Senator Hunt, the republican Senator in favor of capital punishment on record said.

Dawson hesitated. “The state accepted the recommendation. It wasn’t done on a whim.”

“Of course it wasn’t done on a whim,” Senator Ford said. “They were romanced, awed by you, your endless need for psychiatric reform, by the seeming unbelievable scientific breakthrough, and the ease associated with it, one according to you Mr. Norman consented to. It had to be quietly celebrated.”

“While it could have...under reasonable circumstances been reasoned as murderous and wrong,” Senator Stanford, the practiced Lawyer amongst the lawmakers said.

The room maintained silence for a few moments.

Dawson spoke. “Murderous or wrong are not the words I’ll use Senator.”

“Why? Because Mr. Norman isn’t dead?” Senator Stanford asked.

Dawson shook his head. “He is indeed dead by consent of the State.”

“And executed,” Senator Stanford added.

“And executed,” Dawson agreed.

Senator Stanford held a sarcastic smile. ‘And who is the executioner in this case Dr. Dawson? Aren’t you the executioner here?’

Dawson hesitated. “Execution is a process. The State I’ll say Senator.”

“Was he even executed?” Senator Ford asked.

OSAMA DIN BLADEN AND THE 72 VIRGINS

It darted like a frog, the inkling of a thought—the existence. And he leveled the unfamiliarity as foggy, some drug induced haze. The seeming state of narcosis drifted from him swiftly as he found his landing.

He faced the yet uncertain. There was the vastness of the estate, a sobering expanse of presumptive greatness. It had to be. But the very large and tall gate was without the shiny pearls. Whatever could have told him he was dead? His shiftlessness?

It hung like a gamble, small as a background, larger than life upfront—the tangential glimpse of heaven. And if it were not for the gate keeper in front, he could have missed the supposed access. None but the gate was discernable but The Keeper stood a distal point away from the gate. His path was the way.

He made his approach slowly.

And The Keeper welcomed him with a smile. His voice was calm, humanly. “What’s your name?”

He studied The Keeper, who retained his smile. “Shouldn’t you know?”

The Keeper lightened his smile. “Are you going to answer?”

He shrugged. “Shouldn’t you know? Isn’t this rather religious than political?”

The Keeper frowned. “As opposed to what? Historical rather than sociological?”

He squinted, studied The Keeper’s expression. “Well, however you call it.”

“Well then what’s your name?” The Keeper asked.

“Osama,” he answered.

“Osama what?”

“Osama Din Bladen.”

The Keeper held a smile, which quickly blossomed into laughter. “Are you serious?”

Osama frowned. "Why won't I be? What's your name?"

"I'm The Keeper here," he replied.

Osama squinted. "That has less specificity than the name I gave."

The Keeper eyed Osama suspiciously. "That name sounds like someone I know."

Osama widened his eyebrows as the glint of excitement gleamed in his eyes. He nodded animatedly. "I know. I know him too. Is he here?"

The Keeper blanked, feigning disinterest in the line of questioning. "Is this your name?"

Osama frowned. "What does that question even mean? You asked for my name and I gave it to you."

The Keeper studied Osama's expression. "Are you serious?"

Osama deepened his frown. "Why wouldn't I be?"

The Keeper raised an eyebrow. "This can't be your given name."

Osama shrugged. "And you know this how?"

"I can't sense you," The Keeper replied.

"But you can see me right?" Osama asked.

The Keeper hesitated briefly, almost disbelieving the moment. He shook his head slowly and exhaling, said, "You're yet just an appearance. I need to meet you as you were when you first were."

"You need to meet me?"

The Keeper nodded. "I need to meet you and your effort can't be of choice. It should be of necessity here. Your name might as well be John Doe as that which you say it is at the moment."

Osama was yet hesitant. "What does it matter?"

The Keeper widened his eyebrows. "What does it matter?"

Osama nodded. "Yes. What does it matter?"

The Keeper hesitated briefly and spoke in a solemn serious tone. "What is the probability you'll get through these gates?"

Osama nodded. "Of course I will. Osama is in there."

The Keeper frowned. "Osama who?"

Osama frowned. "Osama. The one we both know."

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