



DEWLOGIC

THE ADVENTURES OF SILLI PAGE

THE CASE OF BENJAMIN LAIRE

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The Adventures of Silli Page:  
The Case of Benjamin Laire  
**DEWLOGIC**  
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## CHAPTER ONE

Early morning, close to dawn, Silli Page got off the bed and made her way towards the kitchen without a twitch or yawn. And as she made a turn into the kitchen to get to the refrigerator she stopped, turned around to come face to face with a big brown rat on top of the kitchen counter. She squinted, and when she was sure it was a rat, with a wave of her hand, “Shoo,” she said.

The rat was indifferent, staring at her boldly, defying the usual petrified race rats were known for when they encounter humans. She took two steps forward, leaned towards the counter and stared at it. “Don’t even freaking try freezing still. I can hear you breathe. I know you’re there.” She straightened her back. “Now shoo away!”

The rat wiggled its tail and when it spoke, its voice was deep. “Okay, so I’m here. But you can’t tell me to shoo away. I live here! I’ve lived here a lot longer than you. I was here when the Clarks were here.”

Silli frowned, shook her head. “What Clarks?”

The rat raised its head, and got on its two hind legs. “They were here before you and your mother moved in.”

Silli shrugged. “What do the Clarks have to do with anything? You may have lived with them but you don’t live here. You don’t pay any rent and you just run around eating all the food.”

The rat wiggled its whiskers. “You don’t pay any rent either. You run around all the time, even at night. And you eat a lot more food than I do! That proves we both live here. And this time I’m standing for the right to live free in a place I’ve lived in longer than you.”

Silli laughed, leaning towards the kitchen counter once more to make eye contact with the rat. “You must be joking

if you think you have any right. And you may be able to stand on your two...wait...four tiny feet now but not for long. Now shoo before my boyfriend comes to beat the living rats out of you!”

“Ah!” the rat chuckled.

Silli raised her eyebrows. “Say what?”

The rat shrugged, smiling. “Oh, we both know you don’t have a boyfriend.”

Silli sneered as she stared down at it. “Do too!”

“Do not!” the rat replied.

“Do too!”

“Do not!”

She shook her head as she straightened her back. “I think you have a death wish little rat ’cos here he comes.”

“Here who comes?” the rat chuckled.

“My boyfriend,” Silli said of the echoing steps she heard. But she heard the splash louder and it took a few seconds for her to feel it. She was wet.

“Silli,” she heard someone call, “Are you in or out?”

“What?” she asked, coming out of one lucid environment into another harsher.

“Are you in or out of your sleepwalking daydreaming thing?”

She was out fully as the features on the face before hers came to be recognizable. Fifteen year old Molly Rines, five feet ten inches tall athletically built brown eyed brunette, her best friend stood in front of her. “I’m out,” she replied. “Why use so much water to wake me?”

“Your mother said not to touch you. I didn’t want to have to beat you up in your sleep,” Molly replied before waving her hands in front of Silli’s face.

“I see it, I see it,” Silli echoed. “I’m out.”

Molly shook her head. “I can’t believe you decided to go into one of those things when you know you should be there for me when I’m mourning the death of my first love. You’re supposed to be there. It’s the reason I’m sleeping

over.”

Silli frowned, wanting to correct her statement, tell her again that her sleepwalking or lucid daydreams couldn't be helped but decided against it. “You mean the death of your first crush?” she asked instead.

“My first love Silli,” Molly answered in an emotional tone before she began to whimper. “It's true what they say. First love is the deepest. He's been the only one for five years.”

Silli frowned. While alive, Benjamin Laire barely looked her way. In fact, it was possible he didn't know her name. Molly's crush on him was serious as she had had the crush on him for five years. She had had no other crush. Whatever Molly liked in a boy, as far as Silli knew, only Benjamin Laire possessed it. But she didn't know the crush was as serious as Molly was now showing it to be. She couldn't understand why she was still mourning the boy and the mourning process was now getting on her nerves.

“He is the only boy I ever loved,” Molly continued as she started to cry.

Silli watched her cry for a little while feeling burdened by her mood. “You should try to stop the crying. You don't want to ruin our rep. They think we're bullies.”

Molly restrained from sobbing, using the back of her hand to dry her tears. “You're right. They think we're tough and stuff.”

They were indeed thought to be bullies, but being the highly respected and feared captain of the women's soccer team, Molly was the one with the physical advantage over most in the school. With her on her side, Silli was always able to maintain the status of a student not to be troubled, one not to be crossed.

But her whimpering soon started again, picking up pace. “How can my sweetheart be dead? First loves are supposed to live forever.”

Silli frowned, wondering then if she would stop unless

she's stopped. "All right that's it! I have had it with your sobbing! The boy was no sweetheart of yours. He was just your crush. He's tall, attractive and has the innocent look most girls fall for. He's the crush of half the girls in school for Christ's sake. So, pack your crying up and let's get on with our lives!"

Molly sprang forward in an instant and Silli sprang backward instinctively. Silli moved towards the doorway. Molly allowed her. Molly could beat her senseless and they both knew it. But such assault advances had always been in a playful state which she didn't seem to be in at the moment.

She ran and Molly chased her around the living room furniture for a while before stopping. Across chairs and tables, Molly stared at Silli in indignation. "You want to lecture me about crushes and sweethearts? Are you kidding?"

Silli watched her cautiously. "I'm just saying..." she replied in a low defensive tone.

Molly shook her head. "Saying what? That you have two unhealthy crushes of your own? Tell me. How does one person love two people? How is that love?"

"My crushes are not unhealthy!"

Molly laughed out loudly. "Really? A twenty eight year old Johnny Depp lookalike who just happens to own a bookstore. Now ain't that healthy?"

"He doesn't look like Johnny Depp!"

Molly threw her hands in the air, eyes wide. "Oops I'm sorry. He's just Johnny Depp in one of your lucid dream thingys."

Silli shrugged. "There's nothing wrong with our relationship."

Molly raised her eyebrows high, mouth wide open. "Really? Society says not! If you have sex with him, he's going to jail."

Silly hesitated. "I won't have sex with him."

When Molly spoke again, it was in a low but tormenting tone. "I could say you did."

Silli's voice caught in her throat as she considered the full implication of Molly's statement. She exhaled. "You wouldn't."

"Why should your crush mean anything to me when mine means nothing to you? Oh yes I would! And before you know it, they'll kick his..." waving both hands in the air, "...Huh! 'Look at me I am so English' speaking butt back to England before the doctors can find out you're a virgin."

Silli remained poised, unwilling to convey the real effects of Molly's threats, holding her breath.

Molly squinted, desiring some visible effect of her words. "I bet they'll have to arrest him no doubt for assault on a minor."

Silly held her breath before exhaling. "Assault uhn..."

Molly nodded. "That's what I'll say you said before you decided to protect him."

Silli's breathing became rapid at the thought of Molly carrying out her threats. "You'll have no friends without me."

Molly held on to her uncaring stance, her voice unbroken when she spoke. "Yes that's true. But can you live without him?"

Silli raised her head, nose and eyes up, inhaling, exhaling.

"But look on the bright side," Molly continued. "Your situation will still be better than mine. Once word gets out that you did the deed with a man, you can finally go with your six feet three basketball star crush. He only goes with loose girls!"

Silli lowered her head to meet Molly's eyes and when she spoke it was in an emotional tone. "Is this your way of mourning your sweetheart? Is this your mourning process?"

Molly was silent for a few seconds as she held on to

Silli's eyes. She then began to cry.

Silli shook her head, suspicious yet of Molly's intent. "Oh you've got to be kidding me! After all that display of hardness you do this?" She allowed her to cry for a few moments. "Ok Molly I'm still confused. If you're trying to blackmail me with false accusations about Alex, what do you want in return?"

Molly restrained from crying and whimpered for a few seconds more before she slowly raised her head.

Silli's eyes were fixed on Molly's. "What do you want Molly?"

Molly blinked before she closed her eyes and held it closed for a few seconds. "I want you to understand the fact that I'm mourning him... understand that he's more than a crush to me... understand that I love him." She watched Silli's reaction.

"Okay," Silli said.

"And I want you to believe me."

Silli nodded, quickly reaching the decision to lie. "I believe you."

Molly tilted her head, squinted. "What do you believe?"

Silli drew a thoughtful expression, cautious. "I believe Benjamin's death was not an accident..."

Molly's expression brightened. "That's what I've been telling everyone else but it hurts more if you don't believe me."

Silli nodded vigorously, "uhn...uhn...but how did we get to that conclusion?"

"I know it in my soul of heart," Molly replied

Silli was silent for a while. One of the main reasons the two were best friends was because they understood each other's eccentricities and most of the time accepted them. Molly held supernatural believes Silli didn't believe in. Sometimes, Silli believed Molly took those believes out of some magical hat, made them up to fit whatever situation

she was in. They were unending. “Soul of heart?” Silli asked.

“Heart of my soul,” Molly corrected.

Silli frowned. “Your soul has a heart?”

Molly eyed Silli but remained silent.

“Why do I have the feeling you want me to go beyond believe?” Silli asked.

Molly nodded. “Your mother always says smart people don’t just sit around believing.”

Silli held her eyes, unwaveringly. “So we believe this despite the fact that we were all there when it happened?”

Molly shrugged. “Who knows what could have happened as soon as someone yelled ‘fire!’”

Silli stared at Molly, unable to understand why her belief was resolute. “Nobody touched him. There were no signs of foul play the police said.”

Molly twisted her mouth. “I’ve heard there are ways people die without anyone touching them.”

Silli swallowed a breath. “Okay,” she said in a solemn tone.

Molly’s voice, now empowered was more resolute than ever. “Now, what are we going to do about it?”

Silli considered the full implications of what Molly intended before she spoke. “We find out who could have wanted him dead?”

Molly exhaled as her expression softened. “We start with Bethany Smith.”

How convenient, Silly thought. Why not start with pretty and popular Bethany Smith, the boy’s real girlfriend when he was alive? Beyond that, she remembered that there was nothing unusual about the morning fifteen year old Benjamin Laire was rushed to Femora Memorial Hospital.

## CHAPTER TWO

Silli and Molly chased Joshua Rush and Phillip Zhi down Connecticut's Hanford Hills High's hallway. The private school's largest Hallway was towards a lost cause for the two thirteen year old tenth graders. They faced the locked doors of the southwest exit. Joshua, an African American and Phillip a Chinese American, had diverse cultural background, but what united them made them best friends. The boys' advantages were not as large as their disadvantages. They were both very smart and advanced twice over their pairs. Despite that they were still the smartest in their classes. Their small statures, as well as the envy and loathing of others were always in their way every school day. Naturally, they were best friends as they had none but each other to befriend.

Molly held a devilish smile as she approached them, Silli behind her. "And to think you two are the smartest amongst us Knucklehead and Butthead. Uhn! I'm beginning to think this smart thing is magic. I catch up with you every time you run and you run every time." She lowered her head, shook it before holding Phillip's eyes. "Now, why is that? You wanna take this one Butthead? Can you do the math? Or the physics of why you two are always running like two scared lab rabbits?"

Joshua cleared his throat. "Actually, that's more like chemistry."

Molly turned away from Phillip to face Joshua fully, maintained eye contact with him for a few seconds before picking him up by his shirt collars. When his feet were off the ground, "what's the chemistry of my foot to your mouth?" she asked.

Joshua shivered, not bothering to escape her hold. It

was too strong and there was nowhere to run. “Actually, that’s more like physics.”

Molly raised one eyebrow. “Unbelievable! You really can’t help it, can you?” She put his back against the locked exit door.

“Molly,” Silli cautioned reminding her implicitly that she promised her their bullying will never involve actual physical assault.

“Molly,” Joshua called. “I’m not lying. Ask Silli.”

Silli was the more temperate of the two. The boys sometimes called on her for deliverance.

Silli scratched her chin, shaking her head at Joshua’s ignorance on the issue. It wasn’t about whether he was right or wrong, but it seemed he just couldn’t see it. Must he be right even if it means he would get beaten for it? “He’s right,” Silli said.

But Molly wasn’t going to let him go easily. “How so,” she asked, not releasing her hold on Joshua.

“Well...there is the acceleration of your foot as it travels—”Silli replied.

Molly’s hold on Joshua strengthened. “What’s the acceleration of my foot to your mouth?”

Joshua appeared confused. But to Silli it was clear that his confusion wasn’t about the correct answer to the question. It was about whether to say it. “Well... it depends on the force it uses...”

Molly dropped him and retreated about three feet. “Well...let’s try and see, shall we Knucklehead? Do the calculation as I move it up.”

Joshua retreated towards a corner.

“Molly,” Silli cautioned.

“I’ll do your homework for a week,” Phillip said, in an attempt to save his best friend from the situation.

Molly hesitated, staring from one boy to the other, frowning. “Silli why is it geeks always stand up for one another?”

Silli smiled. "To protect their kind?"

Molly frowned, shaking her head, as she held eyes with one boy after the other. "No...uhn...it's something other than that...I smell they're up to something, a terrible conspiracy like they did in ...what's the name of that place again Silli?"

"Japan, with the atomic bomb?" Silli asked.

Molly shook her head, not taking her eyes off the boys. "Uhn, uhn, no...something much worse. The high school with the guns and riffles."

"Columbine," Silli answered.

"Yes that's it," Molly said.

"Absolutely not!" Joshua said.

"Absolutely not!" Phillip repeated.

"Absolutely not!" Silli agreed.

Molly acknowledged Silli's statement. "Why not Silli?"

Silli shook her head. "I still can't believe you're in denial of it. Butthead there has a crush on you."

Molly twisted her mouth as she stared at Phillip. It couldn't be true, she thought. The boy couldn't be that stupid. She bullied him too often for him to have such tender feelings for her. It couldn't be. Besides, they were opposite in natural or unnatural sizes.

Phillip stared back at Molly wondering how someone with such beautiful brown eyes and such beautiful considerable physique is so mean.

"How can this be true Silli?" Molly asked.

"He has never denied it," Silli replied.

Molly squinted as she stared at Phillip who did not try to evade her eyes. She wondered how to interpret that only briefly. "That's because he knows he might get a smack upside the head if he says no." But she was more fearful it could be true and would rather dismiss the ridiculous possibility instantly. If she could believe that the boy she often bullied had a crush on her, it would make her a monster.

“Let Knucklehead do it Butthead,” Molly said. “The last time you did it, Mrs. Roland gave me the eye.” She took some steps forward, turned around and grabbed the boys by the shoulders. “Now boys, let’s walk down the hallway like the educated people we are.”

## CHAPTER THREE

Round faced, chubby Mrs. Evans, the chemistry teacher stood in front of her class after counting heads. “Now people you know the rules so I don’t have to repeat them. All that is needed for this experiment is on the table in front of you. And I had Rocco double-check them so don’t give me any crap about a part being missing. The instructions, in case, you did not bring your textbooks are on the printed paper in front of you. If you have any question you cannot answer yourself or your partner can’t, come forward to me to ask. You do not have to disturb others. And your reports are due next class. A late submission will result in a five point deduction, no excuses. Now, let’s get to work people.”

Sometime later in the course of the class, “Why is this turning purple...or is it blue?” Sharon Grant asked Silli.

Silli wondered then before giving an answer what straw hat Mrs. Evans could be pulling names from when she was paired with Sharon. What straw hat could have paired Molly with dutiful David Walden who did all the work while Molly simply watched? If Mrs. Evans was pulling magic, it wasn’t working in her favor.

Jealous, she glanced towards Molly and David two tables down before she gave Sharon an answer. “Which one did you put it in. The acid or the base?”

Sharon frowned, drew her head back. “Now I’m not sure which...”

Silli was happy then Mrs. Evans provided eight litmus strips. She had indeed done something right. But before she could say anything else, “What in hell’s name,” she heard Sharon say and followed her eyes.

The vapor or smoke-like mist covered the left side of

the room and was fast approaching them. And for some reason she later associated with shock or stupidity, she and Sharon stood glued to the spot, watching the misty approach.

“What’s going on back there?” she heard Mrs. Evan ask.

“Acid,” she heard someone yell. “Fire!” she heard another yell. The hand that reached for her from within the mist was unmistakable, although she could hardly see anything. “Silli, come on,” she heard Molly call and in an instant was swept off her feet and carried away from the room.

Embarrassed as they got outside the class, Silli tried to wriggle free of her. “Put me down!” she yelled. “I can save myself.”

Molly shook her head as she put her down. “I didn’t want to take the chances.”

The fire alarm bell went off loudly.

“What the heck happened in there?” Molly asked. “Like Chemistry is not hard enough. They go blowing smoke in our faces.”

They made their way as they were being ushered by the security guards out of the building. And stayed outside for a little while before the ambulance came.

“Shouldn’t they have called the fire department?” Silli asked.

Molly shrugged. “I don’t care who they call as long as we don’t get to go back to chemistry class.”

But it was what came out of the building as they waited that was important. A body on a stretcher was being carried out by the paramedics. “Oh my God! Was somebody burned?” Molly asked.

Silli frowned. “I doubt if that was smoke from a fire.”

Molly frowned. “How would you know?”

“I couldn’t smell it,” Silli replied.

And Molly remembering Silli’s sense of smell was so

acute, her mother once told her it could get her out of her sleepwalking or lucid dreams and daydreams, somewhat believed her in the moment. "I'm going to go find out," Molly said.

"I wonder who it is," Silli said but Molly was gone that instant, using her height, physique and, Silli presumed, notoriety, to make her way through the crowd to view the body on the stretcher.

Silli merely struggled to catch up and pretty soon it was clear she wouldn't be able to. "Who is it?" she asked as the gathering crowds closed in stopping her from getting further. "Who is it?" she asked again.

"Benjamin Laire, Benjamin Laire," she heard some in the crowd echo as though his name were ghostly.

"Was he burned?" she asked the Chinese looking girl in front of her, a stranger to her.

"No," the girl replied. "They said he had a heart attack."

Silly frowned. He was one of the healthiest people she knew. "But he's only fifteen," she said.

The girl shrugged, and shook her head pitifully as they both watched the emergency vehicle drive off. Silli went looking for Molly and found her after most of the students had gone back in, standing still, staring into the distance. The look on her face as Silli neared her confirmed the devastation Silli feared. "I'm sorry," Silli said.

"My baby was turning blue," Molly responded without turning to look at Silli.

Silli placed her hands on Molly's shoulder and patted her. "I'm sure he's going to be fine."

Benjamin Laire was put on artificial respiration overnight at Femora Memorial Hospital. The next morning the doctors pronounced the fifteen year old brain dead.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Silli and Molly stood in front of *Foxter Books and Antiques* and staring at the building that contained it as if it was haunted. Silli had been banned from the bookstore and had been practically thrown out the last time she was there. Her face was reportedly plastered on the wall near the entrance for the employee's notices. Molly had laughed hard about that. And now Silli desperately wanted entry. But today she was not alone. She was armed with Molly.

"Are you sure about this?" Silli asked.

Molly, always the more confident one, raised her eyebrows and twisted her mouth. "Make up your mind. You want to see him or you don't."

Silli exhaled. "I'm going to need his help if we're going to find out what happened to Benjamin. He's the smartest person I know."

Molly held a sarcastic smile. "He's a college drop out."

Silli shook her head. "Correction Molly, he's a medical school dropout. And he dropped out by choice. He hated it at that point."

Molly laughed. "Of course he did! Let's hope he doesn't hate you yet. I know that will be difficult for you to accept, but merely difficult for me to believe."

Silli smiled. "Are you saying you can never hate me?"

"No. I'm saying it will be difficult to. You're easy."

Silli frowned. "What does that mean I'm easy?"

"Easy to love I meant. Now, do you want to see him or not?"

Silli shook her head. "Why doesn't that sound like a compliment Molly?"

"Coming from me it is," she said holding eyes with Silli. "If you want to see him, this is our only way in. You

want it or not?"

Silli stared towards the bookstore for a few seconds before turning back to Molly. "Let's do it."

The simple plan was to hide behind Molly's taller and bulkier frame and hope no one notices her. Her fashion disguises did not work the last time. They implemented the simple plan as they walked in, which seemed at best, the most civil choice to Molly. When push came to shove, Molly had warned, they had to push. But Silli knew Molly was her defense through and through. Aside from being captain of the soccer team, she was also a proud practitioner of Taekwondo.

They were in about five feet with Molly shadowing Silli from the right when someone shouted, "Silli." They knew the voice. It was a high school senior who decided to work at the bookstore after graduation.

Their secondary plan went into action immediately. Molly pushed Silli towards the antique section of the bookstore where she knew she'll hardly be confronted, if at all. The antique books cost more than the modern ones and everyone knew that Alex valued them more. They absolutely could be easily damaged.

Molly confronted Sherri, the one who had first noticed Silli. "You've got great eyes Sherri."

"Just doing my job Molly," Sherri answered as she approached.

Molly bumped her backward but Sherri who was unrelenting charged forward again this time, dashing forward from a different angle to escape Molly. Molly stretched her arms sideways to stop her before picking her off her feet, and carrying her backward.

"How dare you touch me Molly? How dare you!" Sherri yelled.

"I'm sorry Sherri," she said, her voice sounding unrepentant.

"Put me down!" Sherri yelled, but Molly held on to her.

Molly saw Creg, one of the clerks in the bookstore dash towards them.

His instincts must have told him what was going on but he had to ask. "What's going on Sherri?"

"Silli!" Sherri answered breathlessly. "The Antiques Department!"

### **NEW BOOKS TO ORDER**

Ignorance

The Celebrity of Being

SEESCAPES: GROSS PARADISE

THOSE WHO MADE IT

The Case of the Angstrom Scalar

POP: the Shadow Offspring Upstream

The Redeemer's Breach

The Anionic Animus

The Quasi Quaver Predicament

The Deviant X Transgression

The Precipitous Callous Edge

The Half-Center Homicide

*Making Reading Worth Your While*

DEWLOGIC

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Failure&Solitude

The Rudeness of Soul

The Idealism of Soul

Enmity

Trust

Faith&Doubt

Number's Lot

The Communal Estate

*Fiction Books from Dewlogic*

Tell the Hour by the Sun

The Reclaimers' Reprieve

The Salamander Recourse

## A Regular Oddity

*Fiction Series Books from Denlogic*

Dawnbreaker

The Phoenix Risers

Roma&Retina

The Adventures of Silli Page

Transverse

Parable Play

Seescapes

Becky Alloy

Han&Sam

Rin

Web Angledrop

Quean