



DEWLOGIC

The Adventures of Silli Page

The Case of the Blue Messiah

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The Adventures of Silli Page:

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### **Author's Notes**

The book, *Number's Lot*, is a complimentary nonfiction book, an exploration of numbers in nature and in view of the use of numbers in this book. I highly recommend it after reading this book.

### **Chapter One**

Silli Page needed to sway the numbing sensations. She was painless. But the numbness was sharp, unfeeling. It seemed a series of current was moving down her body to her feet, and the tingly feeling ravaged her with uncomfortable sensations. On shaky legs, she could barely stand or see below her knee. Under a shadow of trees, she could hardly see.

“A thousand different feeds.”

The unexpected voice startled her off her tingly feet. “Ahh!” she yelped, stumbled backward and broke watery surface with her rumps. A splash and her attempts to rush back to a stand were interrupted. She stopped her leg in midair as lights breaking through the shadowy trees caught her eyes. Visibly shaken, she screamed. “No! Oh no! No. Can’t be!”

“Ah! Ah!” she breathed as she clutched her legs. Thick and bony dermal scales covered her legs! She closed her eyes slowly, shook her head vigorously, opened her eyes and found the same. “No. This can’t be!” They looked reptilian and she felt more than ugly at the thought. She felt inhuman, the reality of the sudden physiology overwhelming the consciousness that she was all too human.

“Oh, shake it off!”

That voice again, light and husky filled her head. She forgot the seeming alien attachment at the moment and scanned the area. And then she saw her. And screamed again.

“Oh shut it up!”

“Ah! Ah!” Silli breathed heavily, struggling up, to fall backward again.

Cartilaginous was the first word that came to her mind at first sight of the creature. Slippery was the next. She was luminous, hair of light color, flowing silk. She had the form of a human being, that of a girl half her age. Such Silli stared, wondering if she were an apparition.

“If I were you, I’ll stop screaming Silli.”

Silli sat her leg down in the waters, and unwilling to see the sight of its strangeness, faced that outside herself. “How did you know my name?”

The creature smiled. “Are you kidding? It’s written on your chest. Silli Page is it?”

Silli looked down her chest and saw that her name was written in ink on the shirt she was wearing. “Oh God, Oh God, Oh God,” Silli cried.

“Oh cut it off!” the creature smiled.

But Silli was in an emotional mood. “Why?” she asked, teary eyed.  
“Oh God why?”

“Why What?”

“Why am I assigned a tag? Why did you kidnap me from Earth?”

Wide eyed, the creature smiled. “And brought you to heaven?  
What? Are you the victim or the chosen alien?”

“What? Are we in heaven?”

The creature hesitated briefly, narrowing her eyes. “You can only wish...but...wait...How can you not be able to imagine we are in the same situation here?”

Silli, still emotional, stilled momentarily, studied the creature briefly. “No we’re not...What are you?”

The creature hesitated. “Now, why would you ask that? Why not the more appropriate who?”

Silli squinted. “You look like an alien.”

“Really?”

Silli hesitated briefly, scanning the creature’s appearance, utterly confused but holding on to her convictions. “You’re not human.”

The creature smiled sarcastically. “You’re not human?”

Silli squinted, admitting ignorance inwardly, against all Earthly instinct. She shook her head as she spoke. “No. You! You are not human!”

The creature snickered. “Says the one with scaly legs?”

Reminded of the state of her reality at the moment, “ah!” Silli breathed as a series of uncontrollable shivers traced her spine.

The creature watched her briefly, her voice less husky when she spoke. “Trust me Silli. If I were you, I’ll stop screaming, get my bums out of water, and my feet as firmly in it as I can.”

Scared she may not be able to get her strange feet to a stand, Silli snapped. “Shut up little girl or help me up...and out.”

The creature appeared shocked and afterwards, bemused. “Little girl? Little girl? This little girl is about to teach you lessons in survival of the fittest Silli. And who knows, you may not survive it.”

Silli stiffened, wondering briefly what she meant, if it was a threat.

The creature leaned forward and laid her hands on her thighs, staring at her. And Silli wondered if she was some half human mutant cartilaginous fish able to breathe without gills. Or just a thorough alien.

“Did you feel that?” the creature asked.

Wary, Silli scanned the pond, the wooded surrounding, and unwilling to scan the area behind her asked, “What?”

“The movement,” the creature answered lowly.

Silli could no longer be still and began to tremor. The coldness of the waters against her skin did not help. “I hear nothing.”

“Silli...” the creature echoed her name as she walked the edges of the pond, light emanating from her, illuminating her path.

Silli suspected the creature may be frightening her deceptively. “What sort of game are you playing here little girl? Where’s your mother?”

“Silli, don’t talk silly,” the creature echoed, before coming to a stop and facing her. She whispered when she spoke again. “If you don’t stop talking loudly, you may wake the crocodiles.”

“Ah!” Silli breathed, muffling her fears.

The creature took two steps towards her. “Hush Silli...if you don’t get your butt off the water bed, the crocodiles may think they’re not real... chop, chop...”

“Uhmph, Uhmph,” she hummed, suppressing her helpless guttural sounds.

The creature placed a lighted finger on her lips. “Hush...sleep makes them hungry I hear.”

Silli held her lips pressed tightly together as she attempted to stand.

“Your feet, your safety,” the creature encouraged.

Silli struggled for a stand, and unable to come to it, fell back into the waters. There she saw it; the reptilian eyes. And screamed.

“On your feet Silli!” the creature urged.

Silli got on her feet with more determination and diligence than the last. Wobbly, she stood.

“Still it,” the creature encouraged.

She stilled her body, and as much as she felt her heart may burst out of her chest, remained still.

The movement in the waters traced around her as she held her breath.

“Still...if they smell alien blood or fear, they’ll charge your fall.”

“I’m going to die here,” Silli breathed, shaking her head vigorously while she maintained stillness with her body.

“Try to be still Silli...” the creature urged.

The movement did not slow and Silli slowly closed her distressed eyes. “I’m going to die here.”

The creature’s tone was emotional this time. “Okay... I need you to follow my voice out for a while so I can help you get still. I know it will be difficult but you should try... Close your eyes and come with me Silli...come with me.”

Eyes closed, Silli felt a gentle, calming touch on her hand.

“Come with me somewhere birds fly high and low, come with me where the illusion shields the apparent, come with me where shadows breathe light, the bridge, the bridge, against the tides where shadows breathe...” the creature’s voice chanted.

Silli followed, being led by the creature's light until her eyes met natural light. She opened them and found herself on a broad deserted road. She looked down her legs. "They're no longer scaly!"

The creature nodded. "We're using a split reality to cause an effect."

Silli held on tightly to the creature's hands "Where are we going?"

"We're walking the path."

Silli stopped and turned to face the creature. "What path?"

"The path to stillness."

Silli noticed the clarity of the creature's eyes and stared at them briefly. They were hypnotic. "Your eyes are bright."

"They shine apart," the creature replied. "One deeper than the other. They shine apart."

"Where do they come from?"

The creature hesitated. "Come from?"

Silli hesitated thinking. "If they shine apart, do they shine on their own? Where do you get your shine?"

"Shadow Falls," she answered simply.

"Where is Shadow Falls? Your home?"

She shook her head. "No. Shadow Falls is where all ends meet."

Silli hesitated, lacking understanding and unwilling to express it at the moment. "It sounds like a beautiful place."

The creature's eyes glowed as she spoke. "A mysterious place...and the more mysterious, the more I want to know."

"Want to know what?" Silli asked.

"What's there at Shadow Falls where all ends meet and nothing dies."

Silli frowned. "Nothing dies?"

The creature met Silli's questioning gaze. "Nothing can die where all ends meet."

"Of course things die. People die."

The creature shook her head. "Not on Shadow Falls. Nothing dies on Shadow Falls."

"And yet all ends meet there." Silli hesitated, thinking. "It's like heaven?"

"Heaven?"

"We humans have a place in religion called heaven where everyone goes when they die. Rather...Chosen ends meet there and have everlasting life—"

"Chosen ends? Not all?"

Silli shook her head. "No. Not all. The ones not chosen endure a different everlasting life, a much terrible fate."

"But not on Shadow Falls. There, every end meets."

Silli squinted, thinking. "Then there, heaven and hell are the same."

The creature nodded. "And that's the problem."

"What is?"

"Where all ends meet, there is no definite end. Can't you see Silli?"

Silli was silenced, thoughtful. "I will think the opposite of that...that where all ends meet must be a definite end."

The creature spoke solemnly as she shook her head. "Where all ends meet must be a new mystery, the Queen of all mysteries. I want to know!"

Silli frowned. "But how can this be? How can someplace all ends meet not be an end?"

The creature smiled. "One of four simplest laws of mathematics: Where two or more things meet, there is a sum."

Silly showed her disagreement in silence.

"It must be Silli. I can't shake it. Where all ends meet must be a weave of ends...must be...must be...a new mystery. I have to know!"

"Why don't you just go there and find out?" Silli asked.

"I can only get so far in Shadow Falls."

Silli squinted. "Before what happens?"

The creature pulled Silli forward. "Come, let me show you."

Silli followed.

They ran down the length of the broad road, and at the turn of a curve, encountered immense light.

The creature pulled her further but Silli hesitated slightly. "I can't see anything. This light is blinding."

The creature hesitated, coming to a stop while holding on to Silli's hands. "You're right. I forgot for a second there you're not like me. You don't have the deep end of sight..." exhaling, "...I need to figure a way you can see in this much light..."

"Do I have to see it?" Silli asked.

"You give up too easily," the creature said. "I need you to close your eyes."

Silli hesitated. "Then I won't see anything."

"That's the only way to do it. You have to see the shadows first, so you can see Shadow Falls."

Silli closed her eyes and waited.

"Now look. There are no shadows at the edge. What do the guardians guide?"

Silli frowned. "Guardians? What Guardians?"

"You don't see anything?"

Silli focused. "It's cloudy ahead."

“Great you see the clouds. Now open your eyes.”

As soon as Silli opened her eyes, she widened them. “I see the edge and the rainbow colored birds...one flying high, the other low...but where are the Guardians?”

“They are the Guardians. The birds.”

Silli turned to look at the creature, only to draw her head back, alarmed. “I can see right through you.”

The creature nodded. “Indeed. All shadows fall here.”

“Can I know your name here?”

“I’m Cecilia.”

“Cecilia I...” Silli stopped talking, shocked at the sight of her blood stained clothing. She inspected her appearance by turning herself around; making a revolution that brought her facing Cecilia again.

“Why am I covered in blood?”

Cecilia stared at her, unresponsive.

Silli spoke in a very solemn tone. “Am I dead?”

“It’s Shadow Falls. All shadows fall here.”

Silli’s frown deepened. “The question is for you. Do you know?”

Cecilia hesitated. “Do you?”

“If I knew I wouldn’t have asked you.”

“It’s a mystery Silli. It may not be you. It may be. It may not be now. It may be now. It may be the past. It may be the present. It may be the future...”

“I don’t care about whom else there may be at the moment, about past or future realities. I am here and now covered in blood at the present. Am I dead Cecilia?”

Cecilia hesitated, staring straight at Silli. “It’s your mystery Silli. Who is dead? Is it you or is it someone else?”

Silli felt then that Cecilia might not know. Was she dead? Was she alive? She began to shake.

“Silli! Stay still!” she heard Cecilia scream. And found she was back with the crocodiles. “Ah! Oh God no!”

Cecilia was back in place staring at her, away from danger. And for the second she returned Silli heard nothing before she saw the rising reptilian eyes again. “I’m going to die here,” she told Cecilia.

Cecilia shouted when she spoke. “You’re right Silli. Stillness will not do it. We get you out of there. Here...hold the Linsel torch with your mind and it will help guide your way out.”

Silli held her eyes fixed on the lighted globe of light approaching her. And then she heard Cecilia. “Silli run!”

Lighted like the wind, Silli was on the move and a few racy steps ahead as she began to break light from the surrounding trees, she saw a

new pair of eyes. Her heart raced with unpredictable suspicion as she raised her head.

Molly's eyes hovered over her on the bed. "When are you going to chase one of those things instead of letting them chase ya?"

Silli did not respond.

"Monsters or Dinosaurs?" Molly asked.

Silli raised herself to a sitting position on the bed. "How can you ever know whether monsters are in my lucid experiences or not?"

"You looked scared coming out."

"How did you wake me?"

Molly squinted. "How can you be sure you didn't wake by yourself?"

Silli squinted. "That never happens when you're around. Besides, you have little respect for my personal space and you can hardly do without attention. How did you wake me?"

"Your attention is overrated Silli."

Silli's expectant expression was unrelenting. "How did you wake me Molly?"

Molly hesitated briefly. "I breathed on ya."

Silli raised her eyebrows. "What?"

Molly sat on the edge of the bed. "I just wanted to try it and it worked. It's better than throwing water on ya I'll say."

Silli's frown deepened. "Saliva?"

Molly hesitated. "Maybe a little."

Silli sprang on her feet, opened a drawer, removed a small towel and wiped her face. "Freak Molly. Did you have to do it?"

"I had to," Silli replied solemnly. "Your mother asked me to stay for dinner."

"You always stay for dinner when you manage to bring it."

Molly nodded. "And yet she asks me. Always. And when she asked me, I knew dinner was some time away. You had to be awakened."

## Chapter Two

Silli made her usual quick observations as she entered *Foxter Books&Antiques*. Sherrie minded the register, and only Sherrie was in sight of her approach. If she could bypass the Cashier area, she could get to the North East historical section and may get Alex alone in his office.

But she barely squeezed into the first corner when she was caught sneaking into the bookstore.

“You know the deal Silli,” she heard Sherrie say at the turn of her back. She stilled, knowing it was of little use trying to make a run for it. She will merely call attention to herself.

“You know it...” Sherrie maintained after her stillness.

Silli turned to face Sherrie reluctantly, forcing a smile. “Whatever deal could that be Sherrie?”

Sherrie raised an eyebrow, tried to contain her smile. “You never, ever go into the boss’ office alone. You go with Molly, or with one or two of the boys. Otherwise, if you come alone, you sit at the visitor’s area where everyone can see you.”

Silli shrugged, smiled, feigned ignorance. “What is that? Like some kind of rule...or law?”

Sherrie nodded, smiling as well. “It is the rule...the rule of law...supreme.”

Silli shrugged. “I never heard of it.”

Sherrie smiled, nodded. “Indeed. Of course not. But maybe you’ll remember it when you’re carried out of here kicking and screaming...and maybe...finally banned.”

Silli held her knuckles and pressed her fists closer to her chest. “Oh how awful. Will Randy and Jay be the one’s to carry me out?”

Sherrie nodded. "Of course Randy and Jay. They're the biggest around here. You may know their names and you may be friendly with them, but they know how to obey the rule of law...supreme."

Silli nodded. "Indeed supreme."

Sherrie smiled, nodded as well. "Indeed supreme. They're law enforcement citizens who get paid by the lawmaker supreme. And they'll throw you out without a moment's hesitation."

Silli raised her eyebrows playfully. "This rule of law...supreme...only applies to me. Does it not?"

Sherrie narrowed her eyes, appearing thoughtful. "Uhn...indeed you know it does."

Silli hesitated, thinking. "But whatever could happen between Alex and me alone in his office? It's not as if someone expects me to molest him...could it be?"

Sherrie didn't respond. She lowered herself out of Silli's view under the cashier's counter.

Silli was sure she was trying to contain her laughter out of her view. She raised her voice. "It's not like someone expects me to molest Alex now is it Sherrie?"

Sherrie raised herself to Silli's view again, trying to contain her laughter. "No Silli. No one expects such a terrible ... terrible...unimaginable...unachievable..."

Silli raised her eyebrows, widened her lips, feigning surprise. "Unachievable? What is it I don't possess for such a fate? Am I not strong enough?"

Sherrie laughed. "Maybe if Molly held him down..."

Silli opened her mouth, unwilling to close it.

Sherrie shook her head. "But she wouldn't. I know she wouldn't."

Silli reigned in her surprise, closed her mouth and smiled. "Why wouldn't she? Could she not have the strength? I'm sure she has the strength."

Sherrie nodded. "She has the strength all right. But she wouldn't do it...because she hates Mr. Foxter's guts for your very lust for him."

Silli weighed the validity of Sherrie's statement briefly. "No she doesn't."

Sherrie tilted her head, raised an eyebrow as she held Silli's eyes. "She does too. She thinks he's a dirty Englishman chased out of England for some horrible deed, and I quote, "Silli should sleep with one eye open around him, sleepwalking or not." Word for word there."

Silli was silenced briefly before she indulged her withdrawn smile. "Okay, you've made your point. She won't do it. Are you going to tell Alex I'm out here waiting Sherrie?"

Sherrie smiled. "My pleasure this time."

Seated there in one of the comfy bookstore chairs, she was grateful to still have him in her life. Maybe, she thought, her crush on him will diminish eventually. Alex believed it wholly that when she falls in love with the right boy, it would seem as if the crush never was. He believed it was merely transference, one due to the close associations with her lucid abilities. She half-believed that excuse once but doubted it again in the moment as he approached her with a pleasant smile. He knew what she knew, that she'll barely risk seeing him without the mystery crew except for a lucid reality.

He took his seat gently beside hers, studying her. "An unforgettable lucid reality is it? Or something in reality?"

She crossed her legs, placing her palm against her cheeks, her elbow on the arm of the chair. "Do you have a preference Alex?"

He hesitated, squinting, and then shook his thoughtful expression. "Nah, I'll take whatever comes...such, which is it?"

Silli exhaled. "It has happened."

Alex frowned. "What happened?"

"I have to return..." was her solemn reply.

"Return what?" Alex asked.

Silli didn't respond.

"Return where?" Alex asked anxiously.

"It finally happened," Silli responded, maintaining her line of thought.

Alex discarded the line of questioning, and spoke in a less restless tone. "How would you rate your urges?"

Silli exhaled, held Alex's eyes fully. "I absolutely must return."

Alex hesitated briefly. "To a particular lucid environment? To a particular predisposed pre-lucidity bearing? To a particular lucid subject, being?"

"Both...I mean, all of it."

"Tell me your world," Alex said.

Silli told in detail of Cecilia and Shadow Falls.

"Is the return for Cecilia or Shadow Falls?" he asked.

Silli squinted, didn't give a response.

Alex exhaled. "One seems...little without the other. One must be more important to you Silli. Is this for Cecilia? I must ask."

"Partly," Silli responded.

Alex hesitated. "For the lucid reality that may be Shadow Falls?"

Silli squinted. "Not really."

Alex drew his head upward studying her. “So, is this solely for Cecilia?”

Silli shook her head. “No Alex. It’s only partly for Cecilia, solely to solve a mystery.”

Alex frowned. “What mystery?”

Silli held his eyes, narrowing hers. “I want to know Alex. I want to know what Cecilia wants to know.”

Alex knew the seriousness of the particular lucid reality in the moment and deliberated silently on how to handle it for a few seconds.

Silli allowed him.

“What is it Cecilia wants to know?” he asked in a low concerned tone.

She breathed every word calmly, carefully, weirdly and wonderfully. “I want to know what the guardians guide. I want to know why the guardians guard the edge at Shadow Falls.”

Alex was silenced, momentarily by the sincerity in her need and the urgency that seemed inherent in it. “I know lucid realities are possibilities Silli, sometimes precognitive of reality. In fact, they are sometimes overwhelming possibilities. I know a lot of yours are sometimes lodged in, symbolic or predictive of reality, but there is indeed a veil. You must know this Silli.”

Silli nodded, reluctantly. “I do Alex.”

Alex squinted. “I mean, you must resolve it.”

Silli allowed a few seconds of silence before she slowly shook her head. “There is something about this one that is different.”

Alex hesitated. “It can’t be that it’s more vivid...or lucid...than any other—”

Silli shook her head. “No Alex. I forget the reality I know completely when I touch a different reality, a lucid reality, you know that. I can then slowly find my way consciously through the mist, myth or mystery... whatever the case may be. But this was different Alex...” she hesitated, scratching her forehead. “They...seemed of the same parallel...like some sort of co-reality...I could sense myself think like I would in reality, trying to find what Cecilia wants.”

“Why the guardians guide Shadow Falls?” Alex asked, curious for a reactionary answer. He got a subtle one.

“Yes.”

“Co-reality you say?”

“Yes, that’s what it seemed like.”

“A continuum.”

“Yes.”

Alex exhaled. “One which you knew was of a different world but had you as you present in it with your right mind?”

The answer again, was subtle.

“Yes.”

Alex spoke in a cautious tone. “This is big Silli...”

Silli nodded. “I know.”

“And awfully dangerous.”

Silli nodded. “I know...but...Is it possible?”

Alex raised his eyebrows. “Are you asking me? You’re the one who experienced it.”

Silli held a sullen expression. “I mean...you know I can’t lie to you on this one Alex.”

Alex exhaled. “I know. Even if it were possible, do you know what this really means? It could change everything!”

Silli’s expression grew more sullen. “Everything?”

Alex lowered his voice. “You could meet some boy somewhere in some strange lucid land, continent, or universe at the end of the world somewhere and fall in love. If indeed you are able to do this...return to a certain lucid world, then you can return to him again and again, and nobody will be able to know...how or if...I or anyone else may not be able to protect you...you may even not be able to protect your self...you may decide to get married—”

Silli smiled. “Is that a hint of jealousy I hear?”

Alex shook his head. “This is not child’s play Silli.” He exhaled, and remained silent briefly. When he spoke he did in a lowered tone. “Aside from my background in psychiatry, I have read everything I could possibly get my hands on about it. These are blurred lines! There’s hardly anything in scientific discovery that can help you if something goes wrong in some possibly true or false lucid reality you travel.”

Silli frowned, hesitated, thinking. “Whatever could go wrong?”

Alex coughed, and then held her eyes. “You could lose distinctions between parallels; lucid realities could overwhelm ultimate reality as concurrent.”

Silli frowned. “Ultimate? Is that a word put side by side with true?”

Alex shook his head. “No. It’s a word substituted for true.”

Silli narrowed her eyes as she stared at Alex.

Alex drew his head backward, studying her. “Is superior or supreme better? It’s your return reality Silli...and if you ever lose it, you could go insane to say the least.”

Silli exhaled. “Well, too late, I’m already insane. There are blurred lines everywhere Alex. I never prepare for lucid realities. I’m never prepared for lucid realities. I never know what to expect. I’m just there in the world. These goings and comings are my fate! The least that I

can have is be able to choose, to direct, circumvent, impose rather than be the imposition for once. Oh, what I'll give to have that power! To be able to direct, circumvent, choose where I may when I may, never mind that sometimes I just find myself somewhere..." she lowered her voice and spoke in an earnest solemn tone. "I want to go back to Shadow Falls for something my instincts ultimate and lucid tell me could be co-existent...en..."

"Co-existential"

Silli nodded. "Yes, that. If this link is a mystery Alex, so be it. If I fail at it so be it. But I must find out. Such, if there is a possibility I could return to a certain lucid reality..."

Alex exhaled. "There are always possibilities Silli. That is always given. We can't know them until we've tried them. And there are always prices to pay for trials as well as achievement. If you can foresee consequences, do you not avoid those possible realities that hold those consequences?"

Silli was silenced only briefly, reflecting in the impact of his words. Cowardice, she thought, where she dared not presume the reality that may befall her. Cowardice, when in fact, all she has ever had was cowardice. "Is that your version of prevention is better than cure?"

Alex shook his head. "There is no cure for you Silli. And there's hardly any prevention from your being thrust into some unpredictable lucid reality. This is my way of telling you I don't think re-instantiation in a certain lucid reality is a good idea."

For an effectively brief period of time, Silli remained silent.

Alex allowed it.

When she spoke, her fingers on both hands were linked and on her thighs. "I disagree with you Alex. The least I can do is be able to own a minute part of my lucid realities. If I deserve anything it is that."

Alex exhaled, reconsidering his stance as it became apparent she felt alienated in the moment, self-protective. "I don't think you're old enough to handle it."

Silli held her linked fingers tightly, holding on to the interlinked fist. "I'm old enough to handle unpredictable lucid realities but not old enough to will myself into one?"

Alex exhaled, holding her eyes intently, easing his inclination. "I think you should think about it for a little while."

Silli remained silent, holding on to his eyes.

Alex forced a smile. "There is a case I've been thinking and rethinking on...whether to introduce it to the group or not..."

Silli frowned, knowing Alex well to know when he was trying to link situations. "What are you trying to say?"

Alex hesitated, thinking. "Maybe...just maybe...If we are able to solve a mystery...if just we are able to solve a difficult mystery police can't seem to solve...if somehow we can achieve that...then maybe...just maybe, we have earned the right to remotely think about mysteries of lucid realities."

Silli was silenced, taking in every bite of his words. "If then we can think?"

Alex nodded. "If, then, we can think. It will give you time to rethink it."

Silence.

Silli broke the silence; hands flung apart, eyes wide. "Don't tell me it's the case of the three dead teenagers? I mean if we land that, they must really be clueless. Knucklehead and Butthead will be overjoyed. They can't stop talking about probabilities."

Alex frowned. "Probabilities?"

Silli nodded. "The probabilities of three teenagers dying and it being mere coincidence...rather than a serial murder."

Alex remained Silent.

Silli studied him. "Not that? What case may then be difficult we haven't studied?"

Alex was silent.

Silli narrowed her eyes, shrugged, yet suspicious. "But what does the overworked minds of Knucklehead and Butthead know? They're busy-bodied conspiracy theorists."

"Hmm," Alex hummed.

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