



DEWLOGIC

VALENCE: a Rin Series Package

RIN

THE RING MAKER'S SHADOW

THE COILS OF WRATH

This book is a work of fiction, based on fictitious characters, incidents and places from the author's imagination. Any semblance it may have with actual events, people or places is of mere coincidence.

All rights, including the right to reproduce this book in any way, shape or form belong to the author. No reproduction in whatever form or manner may be done without the prior consent of the author and publisher.

VALENCE: a Rin Series Package

DEWLOGIC

Copyright © 2014 by Dewlogic

All Rights Reserved

THE RING MAKER'S SHADOW

The silence precluded the room, the walls rang loudly and the scene on the screen before her was larger than life. Hell worthy, nineteen year old Rin Kwan thought as she made her appearance. No one noticed her approach. The room was jam-packed, and the seats barely fit any particular order as more were added. She was hardly worried she would be left standing. She had reserved her seating. And the number meant for her was printed loudly at the back of the seat occupied by a blonde woman.

“Dumb blonde,” she murmured under her breath as she approached the woman and flashed the reservation ticket in front of her. “Get up!”

The woman, an attractive blonde holding a notebook, one she suspected was a journalist, glanced up at her, held her eyes briefly before inspecting the ticket. “I’ll give you twenty bucks to stand instead.”

Rin tightened the muscles of her face, and narrowing her eyes close to closure in the flick of a second, she yelled. “Get the freak up!”

Shocked by Rin’s reaction, the attractive blonde hugged the notebook and bag to her chest and rushed out of the seat and away.

Rin sat, pensive, apprehensive in her seat and it seemed the countdown to the event could break her heart more than the event could.

The event, the unlikely event that initiated shortly after her sixteenth birthday culminated to this unfolding tragic event she was about to witness. She imagined the fatal scientific procedures behind the curtained screen she and everyone else in the room observed.

Confined and chained to a gurney, he must be at the point past caring. Was he? Could there be some inexplicable saving grace, the phone call at the moment of death? Was he wondering what the afterlife possibility was? Were the execution team visibly joyous, or yet cautious and somewhat conscientious about taking a life, guilty or otherwise wrongfully convicted? Were the intravenous drips dangerous or dreamy looking; did they invoke the image of heaven or hell? Or that of a senseless passing?

And then the curtains were drawn aside.

Rin held her palms over her face and began to shake at the sight of him, lying there, helpless in the moment and definitely hopeless. He was being injected by what she assumed was Sodium Thiopental, the anesthetic that will eventually aid his death by overdose.

As much as she began to cry, she was gladdened when he lost consciousness. And the Pancuronium Bromide which dripped into him slowly taking away his breathing will do so while he's unconscious.

As he was pronounced dead, she felt the inalienable painful paroxysm of the terrible station that was her life. How was she to blame the already corrupt legal system unwilling to help their ignorance? She had just witnessed the loss of a life, one very precious to her, that of the father she was larger than life sure, had never hurt or murdered a soul in his every wakeful life. His only sin was being her father and every way she turned he was being framed for her ultimate sin—for surviving.

The first victim was found on the road, close to dawn, her clothes covered in mud, her body mangled by the man who ran her over with his car. His unknowing attempt was post mortem. The teenager had been suffocated before her body was thrown on the road. At least that was what the police report says. She had been kidnapped a month before the murderous discovery. There had been no attempt to sexually assault her. But they had found the ring her parents and friends couldn't recognize as hers, a conjoined engagement and matrimonial ring.

It was to become a signature ring. Costing a very considerable sum of money, it wasn't a cheap ring. And the fact that they couldn't have been dealing with a cheap trickster but rather someone probably affluent, baffled Detective Matheson, the lead investigator, who had first thought she made things up, and later believed she merely made the stranger part up to cover for her father's sins, that which was directly inflicted upon her.

The thought was again as much stomach churning as it was heart wrenching. It had all gone wrongly for her. From the beginning, from the moment she felt a blow at the base of her neck, which brought her to her knees and blinded her before another cost her everything she had known to be hers, including her trust of others. Whatever could have wished it all away like an impossible string of bad luck?

The second body was found in the Harley Hill Forests, the youngest of the victims, a fourteen year old. Her ring finger had the same matrimonial-engagement ring on the first victim. But she was untouched, unscathed, although suffocated, which led the investigators to believe the first victim had been the same but for the fact that she was run over by a car.

His second attempt was a clean scene, and the body without any traces of a struggle indicated possible chemical use. Something must have subdued the non-violent nature of the crime, that something was yet unknown.

And the numbers rolled in with the bodies, each with the dedicated matrimonial ring and unruffled bodies.

Why did he get the first so wrongly? Why did he dump her flawless corpse out in the middle of the road?

But she had been bent on finding the Ring Maker. The rings were valued as very expensive and they ought to have been made by someone who knew the trade. The matrimonial-engagement ring hadn't been matched to any jeweler they encountered. None whatsoever. The rings were peculiar, custom made and perfected with a classic look. Could there have been some Amethyst who made them in some distanced past?

She knew how and why she survived. But was she better off dead than her father? Her father after all, had been the scapegoat within all possibilities. He had paid dearly for her survival. She would have been better off, she reasoned, dead, than a serial murderer's daughter. Better off dead than her father being strategically framed for murders he didn't commit. And the most painful aspect of it all was heartbreaking. She had met, lived with for over two weeks, forced into marriage with, and escaped in a most daring manner, the murderer who had framed her father.

Her dare had been simple on the eve of her sixteenth birthday. She was to wear an impossibly provocative dress to Service at St. Peter's. And the fun was all in the outrage and her eventual capture and eviction from the church. She had achieved the dare and was thrown out of church, ordered to go home and change her clothes. She had planned to attend Mass that Sunday, daring them all, the people she had known for so long and also knew, instantly forgave her.

She never made Sunday Mass.

Her birthday went with the much anticipated pleasure pre-attached to it. And the dinner event with her father went well, before the small get-together with her friends at home. She had gotten drunk the night before and was glad her father didn't come too close as he woke her up on his way to work at the baked goods factory which made them rich, although her father rarely flaunted or flashed his wealth.

Her father had promised a car for her birthday after she takes the DMV exams. And some time later as she walked the way to school some blocks away lost in thought, catastrophe struck the base of her neck.

A basement, she thought as her eyes opened. Eyes wide open, heart pounding, she rushed to get up but scrambled up with very little success. She was tied to her back on some stretcher, some bed. She lay there, counting rocks and fire, the helplessness and pain razor sharp to her spine. Her mind drifted in endless regrets before she tried unchaining herself again, and when she seemed to have run out of strength, began to scream.

The screams did not go unheard as she heard some movement somewhere near her. "What do you want from me?" she asked in a restrained, broken tone.

Then she heard footsteps and held her breath briefly.

But the face. The face that greeted hers was handsome and friendly looking. And she could almost believe she was dreaming. He was tall. Smooth. And collected.

He stared down at her and smiled.

“What do you want from me?” she repeated.

He didn't give her an answer as his tall frame caved under to be close to her restrained body on the stretcher. And in a flash she saw the white napkin close in on her nose. He held her body down firmly, tightly. And she lost consciousness before she could fight for it.

Detective Luis Matheson had been reluctant to see her. She had insisted. But the brown haired fat Caucasian man was yet glad to see her. She had worked with him diligently until she no longer could. Afterwards, she had simply worked with him to help her father.

He held her eyes with a smile. “Are you here to ask for my sympathy Rin?”

Rin shook her head. “Wouldn't that be a little late?”

He studied her uncaring demeanor briefly before softening his tone. “I'm sorry for your loss.”

She shrugged his sense of sympathy. “There's a reason I'm here. Your sympathy means little.”

Matheson watched her take her seat in front of his desk. “I will not discuss a highly suspicious copycat killer.”

She exhaled. “I think a copycat killer only makes sense as long as you have another guy on death row for the same crap.”

Matheson leaned into his seat. “You have another copycat murder for me?”

“Not yet Detective...” Rin hummed, “...not yet.”

Matheson exhaled. “You know we had a heap of evidence that was just too good to be—”

“That's not why I'm here,” Rin assured Matheson. Her biggest regret had been doing what she had done in good faith—hand her ring over to the police after the escape. In retrospect, it was hers, and it was the only evidence she had of what happened, of the man. “I want my ring back.”

Matheson squinted as he studied Rin. “You know I can't do that.”

Rin leaned forward to be closer to Matheson. “The case is closed. The serial killer is dead.”

“I know you don't believe that. But more for the reason why the evidence on record should be intact,” Matheson replied earnestly.

“You have more than one ring,” Rin argued. “You have many?”

Matheson nodded in agreement. “All evidence of a certain terrible crime called murder.”

“Except mine,” Rin maintained.

A forgotten sphere always hangs its head in its version of glory. It is the begetter who suffers the ridicule of knowing; as the present demands a constant awakening. And the winds of thought could hardly beckon the anomaly of the moment. Neither could it weaken its irony. It was over her. It was under her. It was all around her. It was overwhelming her. She was bitter. She was newly crude, woefully wronged and gravely owed. And they could never have given her life. They couldn't protect her either. Yet they took her father's life with the same irredeemable anomaly of justice that was to be expected. They were the necessity laying a waste, the dice wasting away the sands of time, parading, pervading a lie constantly waiting to redeem itself by

nature of its vocation. The justice system was broken and awfully abused by the infinitesimal count of some ego bruised above its own intellect, the heartless contrition of nothing of worth.

The problem of knowing.

A frame never truly accounts for what it holds as it accounts for the hold. That's the nature of its vocation. And it was hardly amusing; the great ignorance the state police department owned. She was certain of it. In the conversation about the Ring Killer they were a waste to bother with. To call them dumb was an understatement.

Yet she was usually beckoned as a prey may a cub. With the Ring killer they were always wrong; as he was smarter and much well adjusted than the simplicity approach of judgment much employed by the police department; one without immersion or involvement with intellect, the entangled dereliction of mind.

And so far, even their most meaningful approach resembled babble.

It was unthinkable that some innocent man could have been executed for murders he didn't commit. The thoughtless aspect of it was greatly embedded in reality. Its effect went beyond it. The reality of course was in the camouflage of knowing. Its effect is in the detached ignorance of competency, the hopeless unsalvageable attempts at the redemption of scattered remnants of a mind unfounded.

As a Scolex the Snake rises.

And in the reality of the moment she was yet unperturbed by the possibility of another murder. She had installed security cameras at her residence. She was her own alibi mainly. If not, out there in some public space, she was neither witness nor open crime. Much after her father's death, she had kept mainly to herself except for others she felt she could trust. Dering as well as William was her usual companion on the quest to find the Ring Killer. But especially after the murder with the picture of her ringed finger found at the scene, she had taken tiny precautions to alibi herself.

She was ready for it, she had decided at the beckoning of Matheson's call. Life was always coming at her roughly at the insistence of the Ring Killer. And she had decided ignorance was a self-knowing killer. She would rather face the deadliest peril than embrace the pleasures of the unknowing, as a molehill might the sandiest corner. She was ready for whatever it was especially if it bordered around his leaving remnants of her behind at the crime scene of some murder he committed.

Matheson didn't smile as he approached her.

But rather locked gaze with her as he took his seat behind his desk

"What fate must become of a cracked egg?" Matheson asked as he took the seat behind his desk.

She raised an eyebrow. "What would that be; a cubicle crack question?"

He frowned.

And she was bemused she was able to throw him in a matter of seconds. She was getting smarter. And she had learned from the cruelest best.

"What cubicle crack question?" he asked. "This is not a cubicle. This is an office. An office of the law."

She smiled, yet amused at the thought. "If it's a fragmented, demented space within partitioned compartments shaped mainly like the geometric figure called 'cube' you're sitting in at the moment, you've just asked me a cubicle crack question."

Matheson narrowed his eyes, not without knowledge of her as he had interviewed and talked with her freely over the years, but with the very knowledge that she was more or less

ready for the worst. With the knowledge of her past, he wasn't surprised by it. "Indulge me Rin; let's leave the cubicle crack aside. What fate is there for a cracked egg?"

"A cracked egg?" she asked.

Matheson nodded. "Yes."

"Well it depends on what history you have with the cracked egg. I'm sorry Detective, is that a new homosexual terminology? I'm confused," Rin said.

Matheson smiled. "It's a description for a situation Rin. That's what it is."

Rin studied Matheson, sensing the seriousness he invested in the moment. "It depends on the situation which brought it to a cracked state in the first place, and whatever future prospect may be imposed upon the cracked egg. Probably a deliberation of whether it should be savaged or condemned is necessary. And finally, definitely and repetitively, the relationship with the cracked egg before it was cracked is necessary, if that is, it isn't some euphemism for something other."

Matheson stared straight at her without commenting.

"Did I answer the question adequately or ill-adequately?" Rin asked.

"You are my cracked egg Rin," he answered simply.

Rin exhaled, and feeling and knowing farthest from the sensation of a cracked egg, spoke. "Then it's clear I was always a cracked egg to you."

"Even more so now than before," he said.

Rin frowned, the issue on her mind farthest from some metaphor Matheson adopted as a representation of their relationship. "Did he kill again?"

"To whom exactly are we referring?" Matheson asked.

"Does it matter?" Rin asked.

"Of course it does matter," Matheson said. "He's roping you into everything he does...It does matter."

Rin raised an eyebrow. "Roping me? Then he has killed again, hasn't he Detective?"

"You do know some things are kept classified even from suspects," Matheson said.

"Then I am a suspect at the moment?" she asked, leaning forward in her seat.

Matheson nodded. "You bet your ass you are. How can you not be Rin?"

Rin shrugged. "Well then, do tell me what I did. Give me the usual mumbo jumbo crap about how I did it. I'm here. I'm listening. Give me the case against me."

Matheson exhaled, avoiding the direct gaze she offered him. "It just doesn't add up."

"Mathematics is a bad judge of culpability and character Detective. Let's get smarter than that. Give me the case against me," Rin replied.

Matheson studied her, exhaled, the exhalation more for his predicament than hers. "I mean it doesn't make sense that you will rope yourself into a crime you committed or didn't commit."

Rin nodded vigorously. "Indeed mathematics is also a bad judge of direction. Either or is never a commitment unless you want to create a deliberate conspiracy theory, a deliberate senseless dehumanization through scope..." Rin spoke solemnly when she spoke again. "Give me the case against me Detective Matheson."

Matheson hesitated, engaging her eyes. "At some time, which at the moment is classified to you, you pulled the body of a woman in her late twenties into the side corner of a clothing-lingerie store, cut her cleanly in half in the lateral fashion, and left the picture of your ringed finger in between the upper and lower cuts as a signature for the kill. Much like the businessman found in the park reading the newspaper, the signature was the picture of your ringed hand. The copycat killer has shifted the signature representation of his killings."

Rin stared straight at Matheson for a few seconds, shocked by the nature of the crime and her odd involvement in it. She held and maintained a level of decorum for the while she thought of the overwhelming oddity, before she lowered her back in an instant, picked up the dust bin by Matheson's desk, dipped her face into it and puked.

A postmortem brain surgery was like sound in a medium hollowed in perception; everything speaks but nothing is ever heard. But it was apparent in thought that the Ring Killer had staked his killing signature. It couldn't be asked if it was on her behalf. It was on her behalf and beyond the game of cat and mouse. There was nothing funny about it. And like a line on fire, he beckoned her as she beckoned him for the knowing. To have known a man and know little with which to identify him physically does not demean the knowledge. The seeming endless conversations she had with him gave her an edge no one else except her, the only survival had.

And seated there at *Rita's Café*, she was an hour early for the scheduled meeting with Dering and William, a deliberate attempt on her part to earn some time for the much needed personal indulgence with her thoughts before the engagement of their much needed perspectives.

Dering was on time as was expected, smiling as he took his seat across hers, a plate of salad in his hand.

And as soon as he sat, she smiled. "What do you say of the fate of a cracked egg?" she inquired, placing the much deserved value on his point of view.

He raised an eyebrow. "And by cracked egg, do you refer to a state or a predicament?"

"And the difference?" she asked.

"A state is a statement, a predicament is a situation, one is belonging, and the other isn't. One is a caring validation, the other isn't," Dering replied.

Rin hesitated, thinking. "Further clarification?"

"A statement of history is always delicate if you don't have the knowledge of it, otherwise it is belonging," Dering replied.

Rin exhaled. "Matheson called me a cracked egg."

Dering widened his eyes before he smiled, thoroughly amused.

She smiled as well. "Just what I thought. But what is funny to you?"

He laughed lowly. "It is strangely amusing; the fact that he doesn't seem to know you at all, the fact that we may not be seeing the same person, or the fact that he strictly doesn't know you from the perspective from which I do. If you're a cracked egg, it is neither a statement of history nor a predicament of being. It's a statement after the fact."

"And what would be the fact Dering?" she asked.

"That fact that you survived."

"Milestone graces hold a candle to the light," Dering said as soon as William arrived.

"And the poet speaks in parables?" William replied teasingly.

Rin stared from Dering to William. "Wait...who gets the lemonade?"

Dering smiled. "Life neither makes nor give lemons Rin...people do."

"Speaking of which..." William said. "There is a reason we are here isn't there Rin?"

Rin nodded, hesitated briefly to engage their attention in the moment. "Seems like I have committed yet another signature crime; this one worse than my first."

William frowned. "The first being the business man in the park?"

Rin nodded. "Yes."

"And the signature of the crime being the photograph of your ringed finger?" Dering asked.

Rin nodded. "That indeed."

Dering narrowed his eyes, his attention unwavering. "What did you do this time Rin?"

Rin exhaled. "Well my fascination with teenagers seems to have died out after my father was executed for the same crimes, so I moved on to the much older crowd, a woman in her late twenties to be exact."

"How did you kill her?" William asked.

Rin exhaled. "I must have done something to keep her unconscious or at most dead, and after I took her to the corner end of some clothing-lingerie store, I cut her laterally and cleanly in half."

The men maintained silence for a comfortable while, each deep in thought.

Dering spoke. "Something is greatly changed."

"Or there is make-belief in the perception that it has," Rin added.

"The signature for the killings has changed," William commented.

Dering shook his head lightly. "Rin is right, only the perception of the signature has changed. The pictured ring finger is like the closer—a redeemer's call; the totem of a real in a manner of speaking."

"It begs the question, doesn't it? What really changed the signature stake?" William asked.

"Indeed," Dering agreed. "I mean, there is no epiphany of a real in relation with the real, but there is in the representation of it."

And Rin widened her eyes in the moment, having an epiphany of her own. "He ran out of rings! He certainly must have!"

William and Dering engaged her eyes.

"It's got to be. They're classic. They're expensive. And those two reasons enough places a limitation on their availability."

"How many can we account for?" William asked.

"Ten," Rin answered. "I am accounting for every crime, for the one I own and the one that got burned in the fire and stolen."

Dering smiled. "Didn't even have to think about it?"

She nodded. "With him, I don't have to think about much except what I don't know."

Dering narrowed his eyes. "A handful of rings seem a legendary epiphany I'll say."

"Hmm," William hummed, shaking his head. "So we have ten classic rings that weren't commercialized. You have to be very rich to be able to afford that. The family must indeed be very rich to have maintained such closeness with the jewels without the need to commercialize them. And yet he could afford to use them to commit crimes. I strictly maintain the judgment about the affluent bloodline."

Dering nodded. "I do as well."

"As do I," Rin stated as well.

William shook his head. "Yet, I can't shake it; the fact that there isn't some history on it. Something about it is beginning to reckon with strangeness..." He held Rin's eyes. "And you know what happens when something reckons with strangeness?"

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

Non Fiction Books from Dewlogic

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 Dewlogic

Dawnbreaker
The Phoenix Risers
Roma&Retina
The Adventures of Silli Page
Transverse
Parable Play
Seescapes
Becky Alloy
Han&Sam
Rin
Web Angledrop
Quean