



DEWLOGIC

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AND DELIVER US FROM EVIL

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**AND DELIVER US FROM EVIL**

Encephalitis endures a certain augmentation, as a sore may at the peak of its recognition—inflamed. And diseases are rampant in a colony encoded, delivered without endearment, engorged, engrafted, enshrouded, enshrined.

Redefinition takes away from design the confinement of nature to escape the un-augmented moment as trifling thoughts ensnares modern moments against the courses of boredom.

Boredom is poverty. Its riches are in engagements. And death is its cure.

Death becomes an uncertain awareness solemn in its withdrawal, kind to its kind. If it may be that the soul suffers an aftermath, it is never the becoming of death. It is its own becoming kind to its kind. The Soul is Unkind to its suppression. The sufferable aftermath is its becoming.

The American sky is a painted sky enriched in gesture, sufferable in kind.

The natural sky is an ever-looming ring of effects eluding the unnatural path. It has neither room nor presence for a painted sky. Red, white, blue, and the painted skies shadows with painted effects.

It strives, but never truly earns. It embellishes the rich, cuddles the privileged, and mentors the opportune-d. It never truly delivers its promises to the weak, the poor, the vulnerable, the class of the undesirable, and its enablement of them is a travesty.

Red, white, blue, it strives and its strivings remembers its name. Red, white, blue, a painted sky. It is a code of secrets

with nothing good to divulge. It is from its divergence that the undesirables may make ends meet.

In a world of undesirables, the bowel of the privileged is bourbon bounteously bow-knotted—the lie is the truth plentifully shared. And the undesirables may cater to their own needs at the detriment of their undesirability. It is often the lie which is bountifully shared. Truth is much undesirable.

And on his death bed, Teninteni-Takisantatan Ikudiran found it most undesirable to continue to wait.

They tended him night and day. And his weakness grew. He had refused to be taken to the Hospital this time around as he had often refused things reasonable for the sake of his children. “I don’t want to die alone. Yoruba *toni igbeyinloju loni igbalode*. This is the end.”

A sudden silence overtook the room. Eighteen year old Aseni-Serare Ikudiran and nineteen year old Ifelopin Ikudiran were ready for their father’s last words.

He migrated to live primarily in the United States for the protection his money had bought him all his life. But when he ran out of money, he ran out of life lines.

The small Texas town was perfect for someone who didn’t want to be found. And his brief and bleak fate near the brink of death by those he had defrauded in Nigeria was now a subtle small town American settlement. He had reckoned without any doubt left in him that his future wasn’t bright and famous. And his greatest fear was that he doesn’t die alone. He hated the mere thought of it, but had put off the large payment

he was to pay to have his children illegally smuggled into the country until an incident compelled it.

Aseni had murdered, in cold blood, her ex-boyfriend's new girlfriend. Then he had simply bailed her out and smuggled her out of the country alongside her sister. And the two had helped dissuade mainly briefly the fear of his impending death. They were running out of money, going down to his last change. And he had instructed them to show up on a distance relative's doorstep in New York in case he died. No matter how stressful no one sane could ever turn their own blood out on the street. He was certain of it.

His last words were all he had left to give them. They sat around him near the bed after he had insisted on taking what seemed like a killer dose of painkillers. "The worst probability I die in my sleep. It's better to die gainfully in my bed tonight than suffer painfully in some assigned hospital bed. This is the end."

There was a brief silence in the room and it became readable in the air—the love they had for one another would surpass their father's passing.

They were both crying, and their father waited for the cries to subside.

Teninteni spoke. "My mother once told me there is no African sun because the African sun is the sun. I believe her. It does not conquer along enemy lines. It becomes its own. I believe her. In my absence you may know grief, and you may know trouble but do not look upon my wasted years of fraud to make your life, work hard with your own hands. May God give you the work that makes you complete. But if you must, then

you must suffer for your lot. Your lot you can only build with your very own hands. If the sun cannot take you out in the morning, never let her meet you again barehanded and naked. At night when she cannot be seen or touched, build your own house with you bare hands. *Ala go eyin arabinri*, so build your own dreams on your own mistakes. Face the perplexing competition, face the inevitable prejudicial outreach, and always remember you are African and not African American, for prejudice is greatest in the minds of those who know you not and whose minds are closed to knowledge. For this harsh world will assert foolishness to your mentality because of your African origin, you will speak truth and you will be ignored. They will know not. They will sleep idiots. They will know nothing. They will offer you nothing good. They will beseech you with persecutions, you will be mistreated, you will be intimidated but never let your intellect befall you, never let anyone fool you, the surface area tells you what you're looking at. Yoruba says *igi gogoro ma gun ni loju a ti okere latinwo* and Yoruba says *Kokoro to nje efo, abe efo lowa*. What you're looking at tells you where it hails. You are not African American; do not take someone else's house. The sun is African. The African sun is everywhere you may go. Build your own house however you may, under the Sun."

Their father's last words stayed with Ifelopin, who was tossing and turning, staying up to check up on him, her ears to his nostrils. And sometime that night the two girls pronounced him dead.

They contemplated then, what they hadn't discussed with their father in their sorrow—burying him.

They waited, both consuming alcohol and sleeping it off. They waited, discussed, drank some more alcohol and slept off again. They woke up the next day.

Aseni spoke. "Do you know how we can get some more alcohol?"

Ifelopin shook her head. "I think we have put this off long enough. We have to bury him."

Aseni held Ifelopin's eyes. "I believe that's exactly why we are drinking. We believe we have to bury him despite the fact that no one should know we are here, no one should dare ask for our fake ID's."

Ifelopin widened her eyes. "We have to bury him."

"But we are now completely *Akuse*. We don't have any money. Need I add that what we have for New York is completely negligible? We cannot bury him in the worst cemetery with it."

Ifelopin exhaled, cried a little and drank some more alcohol. "We have to bury him. It's the least he deserves. If we wait another twelve hours or so, I believe he will start to smell. What do we do then? We have to bury him Aseni. He's our father and we cannot just throw him in a hole somewhere."

Aseni exhaled. 'Even that has risks. If we drive around, we cannot get life *Bosewa* so to speak. First we'll have him, a corpse in the car. And we are undocumented immigrants. Even

if we say he's our father, *Taloma bawa gboyen*? We have no documentation to prove it. We sure are going to jail."

Ifelopin shrugged. "So what if we run the risks. From the looks of things we have to run some risks all the time with that status. And whatever he may have done in the past, he's still our father. He deserves the best burial he can get. We bury him."  
"

They drank some more and slept it off, both dipping in and out of states of sadness. When they woke this time, Ifelopin, the more observant of the two, raised her nose. And then went to check on the condition of her father's corpse. The cadaver, evidently blackish green, was starting to smell.

They sobered as the smell became increasingly evident, nearing a discomfoting level of intolerability.

"We have to do something," Ifelopin told Aseni.

"Something drastic," Aseni replied.

Ifelopin was silent briefly, weighing the knowing levity of her words. "We have to stop that kind of thinking or we'll get dropped like a bag of sacks back to a country where no one loves us, our father is a fraud and you are a murderer. Violence cannot help us."

Aseni frowned. "*Kirakita tio to nkan*. How the freaks in Hell do we get anything done?"

Ifelopin exhaled. "We'll make it work one problem at a time."

Aseni held a sarcastic smile. "That sounds exactly like a crime spree to me."

Ifelopin shook her head. "Absolutely not. We're not getting involved in any crime spree. We definitely can make do without crime sprees."

"There is again, the absolute solution that we do absolutely nothing," Aseni said.

Ifelopin squinted, studying Aseni. "Are you kidding me right now? Can you not smell?"

Aseni exhaled, subdued by the realization of the moment's realization. "You're right we absolutely have to do something now. If we leave this smell here, we'll be sought after probably after being described by the neighbors as killers. We'll get nowhere as far as anywhere at all."

Ifelopin nodded. "That's the much needed thought process. If we do these stupid things we risk discovery."

Aseni shrugged. "We hitch-hike to New York. Why not? Oh no but we risk discovery. And we cannot rob a bank? Oh you know we risk discovery. Do we not find some place in the remote forest to dump his body? Oh no, you know we risk discovery. It seems like we'll risk discovery no matter what we do."

"Being cautious is better than running around heedlessly, risking discovery. We'll get caught to lose everything we haven't really got," Ifelopin replied.

"But robbing a bank will be our only option if all we keep doing is risking discovery," Aseni added.

Ifelopin exhaled, hesitated briefly, thinking. "What about Mr. Acero? He has shown he's into me. I can just ask."

"And if he wants to give with the condition he always wanted because he's into you?" Aseni asked.

Ifelopin exhaled. "We need money to do the burial."

"And I'll be damned if you're going to give it away without getting paid today," Aseni said. "That or we rob a bank. But I trust you understand. You're always good at such things."

"As are you Aseni, for violence."

Erosion is a loose soil basement. It lowers the top. And friendship makes its appearances in shadows of doom and doubt when the creator has it as the commodity established; an extendable show of relate-ability. Would it then be a statement of dissatisfaction when the creator stands apart, an imagined realm where people touch and go under a culmination of sensations? Within an establishment of loose soil, could friendship be called? Would it shatter and lose its hold, blister and lose its footing, lose its appearance at the creator's might?

And the configuration of a central spirit when eroded is an un-trade-able overload. The world is its own ruin. And its ruin is its riches.

Ifelopin paused briefly outside the door wondering how far Mr. Acero would go to reckon a good or bad personality in her moment of need. The man at the door was a middle aged Hispanic male.

“Hey, hi there,” he said as he answered the door flashing a smile.

“Can I come in?” she asked.

“Yes, yes, please,” he said, opening the door widely.

She entered the house and almost found it strangely. The recently divorced father of two seemed to be going through a midlife crisis. He had decorated his home as a bachelor pad.

She took her seat in one of the several red loveseats in the living room.

Acero brought her a beer and was soon seated beside her.

“My father is dead,” she announced.

“Ah! Ah! I’m so sorry,” he responded earnestly. “Your father was an easy going kind man.”

Ifelopin studied him, wondering just how much he cared to know everything he said about her father wasn’t true. She wasn’t willing to tell.

“And you’ve made arrangements for the burial and stuff?” Acero asked.

She moved to the edge of her seat. “As a matter of fact Mr. Acero that’s why I came to see you. We have no money with which to bury him.”

Mr. Acero was silent briefly. “You know. Money is the reason people get jobs.”

Ifelopin nodded. “Yes, but that will make it too late for the burial don’t you think?”

Acero nodded. “Yes. I’m sorry but you know how it is. Nothing goes for nothing these days.”

Ifelopin studied him briefly, wondering what the full implication was on his statement.

“We need at least a thousand dollars for something remotely decent. We can borrow and pay back later,” she said.

He shook his head. “It would be stupid to lend someone who doesn’t have a job my money.”

“When you said nothing goes for nothing...I thought—”

“Money is very very hard to come by nowadays so nothing goes for nothing,” Acero replied.

It was unmistakable to her.

She asked where the bedroom was.

He followed her.

Ifelopin rushed back into the apartment crying. Aseni had popped a window open when she had been warned not to so the smell doesn’t awaken the neighbors. Ifelopin ignored it momentarily.

“What happened?” Aseni asked, rushing forward to meet her sister.

“He gave me half of it?” Ifelopin complained.

“Half of what?” Aseni asked.

“Half of the money?” Ifelopin replied.

Aseni studied her clothing. “And the only reason you’re crying is...” She turned around and headed for the apartment hallway.

“What?” Ifelopin asked.

Aseni turned around. “Did you or did you not have sex with him?”

Ifelopin exhaled. “Yes.”

Aseni turned around and walked over to the closet in the hallway to retrieve a heavy dark brown hammer which she dropped into a dark brown bag and carried. She retrieved a pair of gloves and wore them.

Ifelopin stood in the way.

But the bigger, stronger Aseni pushed her aside.

Aseni strolled strongly and calmly to gently knock on Acero’s door.

Acero opened the door and seeing Aseni standing there said, “Hi, if you came for the other half I’ll rather have her again.”

Aseni arrived behind her sister.

“Can we negotiate?” Ifelopin asked.

Acero stared from one girl to the next. “Sure we can.”

They entered the home and followed Acero.

A few steps inside, "Mr. Acero," Ifelopin called.

Acero turned around.

"I wanted you to see this," Aseni said, flinging the hammer around in a curvature.

Acero staggered backward, shocked, and aware but drained of vigor and mental coordination. The hammer had immediately drawn blood.

And every successive swing was equally effective until Acero was in a pool of his own blood.

The smell from putrefaction was now unbearable. But the girls had cleaned up and were resigned to getting out of the apartment and burying their father.

They contemplated moving him.

Blocking their noses with towels they both held him hands and legs and got him onto the floor.

They contemplated moving him.

And decay was evident on him when the girls poured perfumes and deodorants on him to muffle the smell.

*"Oro yi okin se oro oku igbe. We're definitely the ones who need the perfumes; he doesn't. Decay and feces are not the same,"* Ifelopin commented.

They contemplated moving him.

They cello-tapped black plastic bags and put it under him to help carry him.

Breathing heavily from having partly carried the body, Ifelopin responded. "These damndest things you say. But you're right. Looking at him now, I have no idea why anyone would equate them. And that's not the kind of talk you get from someone who just killed someone. My father gave birth to a psychopathic serial killer."

"And an empathetic harlot; ain't that something crazy?" Aseni replied.

Ifelopin frowned. "I am no such thing."

Aseni raised an eyebrow. "Oh please *Oponu sowenu o lo kole sowo arindin*. You can fool yourself all you want. Let's work. We have to get him down into the car."

They got their father's corpse down by dragging him hand and feet on the floor. He was too heavy. And when they were by the car they realized they could only place him in the boot of the car which dragged the back of the car down.

"The smell could give us up. It's pungent," Ifelopin announced.

Aseni exhaled, retrieved the keys to their father's old car. "We take American back roads. We maintain reasonable speeds and the speed winding will dilute the smell from the air."

They got in the car, Aseni behind the wheel.

Ifelopin exhaled, staring at her daring sister. “Where are we going?”

Aseni turned the key in the ignition. “New York or New England; I absolutely don’t give a crap.”

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