



DEWLOGIC

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.

THE ORPHANS OF CLOVER STREET

DEWLOGIC

Copyright © 2016 by Dewlogic

All Rights Reserved

Makiing Reading Worth Your While

THE ORPHANS OF CLOVER STREET

Innocence is overrated. But living is an art. And children lose their innocence only too fast. They take care not to avoid the unavoidable and dive right into life. They wonder which hand of God delivered life and which death. They never wonder about the peril of innocence and rather presuppose privilege, however small.

When Darin Dale went from being the apple of his parent's eyes to being an orphan within days, he thought he was living in a dream within a dream. And when he became a member of the disreputably run orphanage in Gauley, he was inconsolable. But the conditions there were worse than reported. There wasn't a single good turn for Darin.

When Carley Dice, the pretty orphaned girl who sometimes came in for the "horrible food" when she couldn't capture or steal one dared console him after he was whipped for being wayward, he listened. And her offer seemed worse than his imaginations—to live on the streets. To live on the streets of Gauley! That any life could be better than the orphanage was understandable. But that life on the streets

was better than in the orphanage?

Weeks later on the streets of Gauley, he was resolved to believing nowhere was better than having his parents alive and at home. He and Carley made terrible ends meet here and there, but “soft boy” as he was often referred to by Carley was never really introduced to any real danger because she didn’t think him capable of it yet.

But the night was different. It was the day after Christmas and people carried “goods” as Carley chose to call it. She was determined they should get one of those “goods.” It was time for Darin’s training to begin. And as most nights on the streets of Gauley the night was cloudy and moist. They barely waited.

The gentleman walked up Alley Street drunk, wobbly on his feet, holding a bottle of what appeared to be alcohol. And while pretending to dumpster dive where they had dumpster dived earlier, “Good catch there that drunken fellow,” Carley whispered. “We should do it before older gully guts beats us to his money.”

But Darin was very much weak in the knees. And Carley picked him up by the collar and threw him away from the

dumpster in the corner towards the drunken man. "Do it before someone gets here and catches us."

Darin stepped out of the corner, and walked slowly and cautiously towards the drunken man.

The man stopped in the middle of the road at the sight of Darin, and moving left to right in his drunken state, his attempts at maintaining stillness failing him, he exhaled.

Darin could hardly dissuade the thought; there was the overwhelming sense of wrongness in what he was about to do. His parents had taught him never to lie or steal. But his parents left him abandoned and hopeless with no one to truly care for or help him. Whoever said it was a good idea for drunken men to walk home by themselves? On the streets of Gauley?

"Mister," Darin called.

The drunken man remained in the unstable yet unyielding position, staring at Darin.

"Mister," Darin called.

"Where's your mother?" the man asked.

"Do it!" Darin heard Carley encourage.

Darin was unmoving, wondering what to do. What if the man fought back despite being drunk? What if the man had a gun?

And then he heard it; the voice he had come to know as Hooligan T, Hoot in short, behind him. He was the most notorious of the older boys on the streets of Gauley. And like him had been orphaned in his early teens. Darin hated and feared everything about the darkly devilishly mannered Hoot. He was the future that looked like his and Darin feared it overwhelmingly that his hopeless situation at the moment could take him to the derelict looking future.

“If it’s not the Rickety Little Cat...” Hoot said as he came to a stop behind the drunken man, realizing what was about to happen.

“Should I finish it?” Raphael, one of his two thug companions asked.

Hoot raised his voice harshly.

“Are you asking?”

“Run!” Darin shouted at the drunken man.

Hoot grabbed Darin by the arm.

Carley stepped out of the corner and ran towards the scene. “Hoot we agreed...”

Hoot pulled Carley backward with his other hand as she got near him.

Carley struggled.

“Calm down little witch,” Hoot said.

“We agreed that I will protect you. We

agreed that you will pay me a certain amount every week. I never made any such agreement with Rickety Little Cat.”

Both Darin and Carley watched as the two thug companions for Hoot pushed the drunken man down, robbed him of his wallet and his liquor, beating him occasionally. The man moaned and cried.

When Raphael and Raj the other thuggish follower were done robbing the drunken fellow, Hoot released Darin and Carley.

And they both pitied and petted the robbed and beaten man, Carley snapping away at Darin all the while. “You should have done him the favor and robbed him. Now he’s robbed and beaten.”

They left him by the Alley Street roadside to sleep off his drunken helplessness.

The plectrum wields no reverse action. And its forwardness is a ploy.

Carley calculated pawn.

“Okay, we run the Nun plot...” she said. “...I’ll be the Nun.”

Darin frowned. “Why can’t I be the Nun?”

Carley shrugged. “Well, because you

have to be a woman now, Duh!”

“But the position is a ploy, a pretend benefit tale made on behalf of our crime,” Darin argued.

Carley nodded. “Absolutely yes. And you’re the thief in the making. I must play the ploy.”

Darin frowned. “But isn’t the play higher than the ploy? Which is higher Carley; the play or the ploy?”

“They’re both plays,” Carley replied.

“But which is the ploy?” Darin asked, studying Carley. “If they’re both plays aren’t they both ploys?”

Carley shrugged. “I don’t care what they are Darin. We’re doing it! We have to survive the mean streets of Gauley. And its best we both make sure we do. We do it!”

The glory to the Wayward Square was in the display of its elite automobiles, the bright colored cars. And none of the occasions and the festivities at the cinema and the opera could ever qualify two homeless kids from the streets of DD.

When the royal blue 850 Double Phantom X, DPX of sleek wooden body pulled close to them, and dropped an expensively clothed woman off in front

of the Opera House, Carley pushed Darin forward. "Better get it this time!"

Darin stepped out and walked slowly towards the woman as the automobile pulled away. He rushed towards the woman as she rushed to get up the stairs of the Opera House, and hung on to her clothing. "Help me! Help me! Madam, I'm hungry."

Startled, the woman struggled to get Darin off her. "What are you doing? What are you doing?"

Darin reached for her purse.

And before the woman could cry thief, Carley rushed up the steps to the Opera House. "Madam," she called. "I'm so sorry. That's my brother. He's an orphan."

"I think he was trying to steal my purse," the woman said.

"I'm so sorry," she said, pulling Darin away from her. "We're both orphans and we're hungry. He's trying to beg for some money for food. I'm sorry."

"Isn't that what the orphanage is for?" the woman asked, turned around and walked away alongside their expectation for pity, for charity.

And then Darin heard it, Hoot's voice.

"Another failed job?"

Carley shook her head, alarmed at another seeming deliberate coincidence. "Following

us are we?”

As his shadowed light touched light, he smiled. “Why make me work so hard when you are quite good at scanning for the right victims? My boys are not so smart at that.”

And Darin and Carley both watched as Raphael and Raj rushed forward. Raphael pulled the woman backward harshly and snatched her purse.

“Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!” the woman screamed.

Raj pushed her sideways, and as her body met the stairways watched it roll downward in a fall.

Meanwhile the 850 Double Phantom X DPX had pulled backward. And extending from it was a Riffle. Carley immediately grabbed Darin. “Run!”

They ran from the scene, having earned nothing but trouble and fearing for their lives. They heard the sound of running feet as Hoot pulled ahead. The other older orphans followed on sprint. And when they heard the gun cock, they did not stop. When they heard the sound of the gun going off, they did not stop.

It was later, in some safer distance away that both Darin and Carley heard it; while Raphael had gotten away with the stolen purse, the shot from the automobile

had killed Raj.

“Hoot will replace him in no time,”
Carley said.

The Alpenhorn knows pasture as sound will know air, an expression without intimation, a percolating art undiluted, unchained and unchanging to the medium. It doesn't know engraving either. But sound, the traveler, must maintain its own measure of worth within air, as with it, it has none.

Life, like a blow of the wind, is a measure of happenings. And within it, we may avoid the unavoidable to the appeal of no superior being. Truth is routinely a measure of its own worth within any medium as much as our fates are muted as well as mated with our misfortunes.

Can God in delivering us from evil, deliver us from our fates? Consistently aloft is a heart always in recompense with itself. The “Derelict District,” DD in short the cluster of abandoned buildings was usually called. And clustered they were, in front of the vastness of the Alphapecia forests. There the derelicts live, both

young and old, and there the Gauley authorities may come if they want to catch a criminal or simply pin a crime on a derelict.

It's un-live-able, unkind, unkindly, criminal, unfriendly, unsalvageable, irreparable, and incorrigible. There, Darin and Carley make their home.

Their limits were bounded within the district, but they had no mark of misgivings. They were derelicts, homeless by nature and that wasn't a misnomer. DD wasn't a home. It was a place to lay their heads at night. Come the sway of the authorities appearing, and they were off like scattered gatherings of sands in the wind, into Alphapecia. Darin's fear was in being in DD for the rest of his life.

And there after Darin entered one of the Derelict District buildings, by the bold dark mark that pronounced they were under the protection of Hoot and not to be bothered, he found an envelope marked "Darin Dale."

And after reading it, rushed out of the building; finding Carley talking

with another District girl, “I’ll be back,” he told her.

“We cannot mourn a thug for long. We have more work to do,” Carley replied.

“I’ll be back,” he repeated. And rushed off into the night.

He had never been on Clever Street. But after lying to the adults he met that his mother was waiting for him there, they happily directed him.

The night had accumulated fog. Otherwise it was as most other street in Gauley, moist, and hardly improved.

The note had read like a riddle folded into a message.

On Clever Street, to find a way to another world where orphans live without troubles, bubbles, or percolating perils, there is a hole beyond a pit, and there, there is a line that runs across, and a post that stands its height. Never cross the line, turn your back to the post instead.

Darin understood it simply that there was a better world, an alternate world where Orphans have better lives on Clever

Street. But there wasn't a single house on Clever Street. It was a surrounding of trees with a road running through it as any other street in Gauley may be.

Darin paced the length of the road, wondering if the note had lied. Had he, because of the Christmas spirit camouflaging itself as the happy air around him at the moment imagined the best would come to him so fast, so soon? Had he imagined he wouldn't have had to suffer for the ease he believed he deserved? After all, it was never his fault that his parents died.

He then thought the fog could be in his line of vision, preventing him from seeing the better life there was on Clever Street, and ran the edges of the street, tracing his fingers along the path of trees.

He remembered the note then and read it again as he began to use both legs to look for a hole in the ground, found a shallow one, dug his feet into it. He felt the forward projection of his body, closed his eyes and lingered briefly on an uncaused edge as though something had pushed him and his world depended on the push against it.

He was pushed into much different

forested scenery as he opened his eyes, and found himself staggering backward against a leveled ground, looked back and couldn't find the hole he arrived with. The road he finds in the new scenery was much narrower than the one before. Was that the line that runs across? The one he should never cross?

He spun around in frustration, going round and round until he stopped to catch his breath. "How is anything here supposed to go anywhere better?"

"Now that's how you start a contracting conversation."

Dressed in a tuxedo, short goatee, and short curly hair, the voice he heard was that of a short man. His walk towards him on the narrow path was unmistakably confident, like a cool breeze on a cold windy night. He had clear rounded glasses without the elongated arms which ran from the bridge of the nose to the ear. And the main defective feature on him was that his nose seemed a little bit too long for his comfort; too long, in fact for Darin's comfort, who saw it only when the man came very close to him.

And as the man came to a stop, he smiled. "Hi, my name is Stomp Herbert

Rose. I am under the dutiful command of the great wizard Henry Holy—”

Darin raised his eyebrow. “A wizard? Is this a trick? Am I dreaming?”

Herbert Rose was silent for a short while. “And if you may tonight Master Darin Dale, I will like to show you how to get to Clover Street.”

Darin frowned. “Clover Street? I thought you said Clever Street? And why aren’t you answering any of my questions? Mr....May I call you Rose?”

“You may call me Herbert Rose. Just Herbert Rose.”

Darin exhaled. “Herbert Rose, are you going to answer any of my questions?”

Herbert Rose hesitated briefly. “In procession yes. Henry Holy is a Wizard. This is only a trick if you eventually find it able to deploy, demote or derail your wits. And no you are not dreaming. If you feel you are you can pinch yourself several times and follow your tail in a spin.”

Darin pinched his arm. “Ouch!” he exclaimed, feeling his pain more amplified than normal.

“...several times and follow your tail in a spin,” Herbert Rose repeated.

Feeling the air around him seeming a

little too unpleasant with his presence at the moment, he shook his head. "I'll rather not."

"You must Master Darin or you may never get to Clover Street," Herbert Rose urged with a note of pity to his tone.

"You have started the test and you must finish it. Clover Street makes no spells, but our procession matters. If we disobey procession, we disobey nature. If we disobey nature we lose our bonds with ourselves and all other things in nature. You must Master Darin; you must."

Darin felt a concentration of charges in his fingertips; the air was charged, cold and embittered.

And instantly he knew it instantly. Whatever Clover Street called procession was not just working by itself and what he was about to do was more a punishment than learning process. Herbert Rose had advertized it only too well.

He pinched himself, and felt the trigger of pain run down his body. "Ah!" He exhaled and pinched himself again. "Ah!"

Herbert Rose had his eyes fixed on him, indicating he had to finish the pronounced ritual in procession.

He began to spin, around and around.

The air stung like the aftermath of a whipping, reaching across inch by inch of his body, an uncomfortable steaming sensation of his body. Then he discovered a troubling problem; as much as he wanted to stop because of the pain, he could not stop spinning. He cried for Herbert Rose.

“Herbert Rose!”

“Just remember you’re not falling. You’re learning!” Herbert Rose said.

“Herbert Rose!” he called again in a more pained tone.

Herbert Rose stayed in the same position looking poised. He could feel the systemic deregulation induced by Darin’s spins.

“Apply torque,” he heard Herbert Rose say.

Darin did not understand him. “What?”

“Drive your left leg into the soil and clench your teeth!” Herbert instructed.

While Darin wondered which direction was left in a spin, he could not wonder which of his leg was left. He drove his left leg into the soil which caved for his approach, meeting his leg with sensation of charges dissipating into the ground. And with his clenched teeth, he allowed the environment to drive the dissipation.

He held Herbert Rose's eyes fully again, pained and clearly humbled.

Herbert Rose spoke sternly. "Pain gives birth to life Master Darin, while pleasure you must always suspect, is the beginning of a dream. Are you dreaming Master Darin?"

Darin shook his head, his every nerve ending unbelievably awakened. "No Herbert Rose. I'm not dreaming."

"Now, we have to get you to Clover Street," Herbert Rose announced.

Darin exhaled. "We find the straight line that runs across."

Herbert Rose nodded. "We may not have to. And we may only if you want to. To find the line you must solve the riddle. You can just find the pole that stands its height instead."

Darin exhaled, holding Herbert Rose's eyes, thinking. "Take the coward's way?"

"It's a way," Herbert Rose replied.

"It's a coward's way," Darin replied.

Herbert Rose hesitated briefly. "I must warn you master Darin. Once we start—"

Darin nodded. "I know. I must follow procession." He exhaled. "But doesn't the riddle say to turn my back to the pole, never to cross the line?"

Herbert Rose nodded. "Yes, but with the line that runs across, the solutions are not in a place, they are in the words. The riddle is first and mainly in the words. The way of the riddle is wiser than the way of the pole. And the wiser way is intense."

Darin hesitated briefly, thinking. "I'll go the riddle way," Darin concluded. "But wait...there's a girl. Can I say good bye to her?"

"You can always come back to a girl master Darin. It's now or never little one. It's now or never," Herbert Rose warned.

"It's now," Darin replied with renewed commitment.

Herbert Rose began to hop up and down beyond his small height, as if the air lifted him off his feet and dropped him on it.

Darin widened his eyes. "What are you doing?"

"I'm hopping," Herbert Rose replied. "Getting ready to help you ride a Treehopper."

Darin frowned. "A Treehopper?"

"A travelling tree," Herbert Rose replied.

"There are no travelling trees," Darin said.

"Never say never Master Darin," Herbert Rose said. "Now is the time to

learn the lessons about your travel well. Now listen carefully. On a Cloghopper you may ride and choose as you may, on a Clodhopper the same. Whatever you may, down you may go or down you may go for up the Treehopper cannot go.”

Darin deepened his frown. “But why?” “Because you never cross the straight line that goes across; you can never cross it,” Herbert replied.

Darin deepened his frown. “How do I travel if I can never cross?”

Herbert Rose hesitated briefly. “First the tree is not down. It doesn’t run down. It doesn’t run up. It runs across on a straight line. It cannot be up and you need a force greater than yours for you to be up to sustaining it up. There is no magic to the power of Henry Holy except that which is taken from nature. You must travel the Treehopper by going against a natural source. You must obtain precession by using the torque from the sun’s gravity to travel. So you can only project down. The straight line goes the 120° across to the 60° making a 180° . You cannot travel this line that runs across. You can only travel below it with a choice of the Cloghopper or the Clodhopper. The 90° to the 120° run a differential 30° . You can spin the deviation—”

Darin widened his eyes, reminded of the pain from the earlier spin. Herbert Rose shook his head. “No, not by your own power, you’re a traveler here. You need angular deviation, angular momentum and spin to travel. The only deviation is the 30° , and you can do it in two different ways. You can do it down the west clodhopping. Or you can do it under the sixty with a Y projection with two 30° downward. You can never travel upward. Now, you must choose your way as I cannot help you with that. But if you cannot choose the right way, if you cannot travel the Treehopper right, do you know what happens to mass with rotational inertia?”

Darin held his breath briefly before exhaling. “What?” Darin asked.

“It comes apart, bodies, heads all over the place,” Herbert Rose replied.

Darin hesitated thinking, reluctant to give in to the fear he smelled on himself. “And that will be all?”

Herbert Rose shook his head. “Not quite. Just one last thing. You must find the crescent surface on Clever Street to get the Treehopper that travels to Clover Street. And

you must find this crescent surface on a lean.”

Darin exhaled, feeling the heavy burden of the path he chose. “Can I just go back to the post?”

Herbert Rose shook his head. “You must finish the process with a treehopping precession Master Darin. You cannot go back to the lamp post which stands its height for the turn of your back. That’s for cowards now, as the treehopper has no height; it runs across. You must proceed with the danger you have chosen.”

NEW BOOKS TO ORDER

Truth, Somewhere I live
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
&More

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