



DEWLOGIC

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UNSPOKEN

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UNSPOKEN

Much like the resolutions of a dope, life has its fixtures. Its trimmings are never its footage. And its gamut is never its footnote. There is no endearment to a knife. It has too many edges. To none it is faithful. Its earnest work is to the hide of a skin. And when it cuts, it always does without sensational remorse. Those, if there would be any at all, would be the holder's remorse; irrelevant in the workings of a knife. There is no pseudo peripheral remorse to a stab; never any that will delude its cut.

On a roll, the dark car dropped her off by the living areas of Terry Hills before dawn.

And the rain, which had poured earlier, was maintaining a steady downpour.

The driver got out of the car, opened the trunk, and dragged the very weak body of a woman out of it, dropping it onto the wet ground on a heap, giving a splatter onto his clothing and car. He got in the car as calmly as he had exited it, and drove off.

Ester Clark slept there by the roadside, her face dipped in muddy waters, feeling her pain leveling up, unable to subside. And in her helplessness, for hours to come, she was so incapable of moving that her unmoving was the most of her cure.

She was stark naked. And everywhere on her body had a cut, everywhere on her body was burning with incessant pain.

She crawled, deliberately and painstakingly slowly as if her fallback to herself was a fallacy.

She pondered on death and was resolved to dying in an unconscious mode, than for her pain to kill her. If both unfeeling and feeling can take her at the same time; it would be fine.

She lingered in the sensations of helplessness, of hopelessness and the inability to take back the past, to take back the moment she decided to go for an introspective walk through the woods of Terry Hills.

If she survived there was the horror she knew she had to face, that which she must take to with serious solemnity—to remember nothing. She supposed at the moment that the road he dropped her on was a road less travelled. Such, any sign of help will be nonexistent till the hours of daylight. Worse, she thought. Any kind of help could run over her.

She had been crawling painstakingly slowly in muddy waters, on her stomach, but by strength of will, she decided to crawl on her elbows. And on her first try, she cried. Most of her cuts were in her appendages, her arms and legs, but most especially her upper arms. Movement had been essential to her survival. And although she could hardly say she survived, she was happy she was yet alive. Her survival depended on her not remembering what was impossible to forget.

She was determined to ensure that survival. She had lost most of her top skins, having several deep cuts to her flesh by the tips of her fingers. And she had lost what she called “pounds of flesh” to her

skin, due to the deep cuts endured during her captivity. The movements on her elbows soon graduated towards her ability to take to a sitting position.

She sat there, panting; knowing the pain of a stand will be the most awful. She had incurred fleshy pound grabbing bruises to her torso area, and her legs were covered in cuts, some of which were healing, some fresher wounds.

She remembered vividly how she had broken her back twice by the sharpened edge of glory cornerstone where falling down was glorified only if she had three legs. She wondered briefly if dying wasn't more glorious than surviving. And there was the valley of the underdog which had her pinned under a cave like a dog for hours unending. That had surely broken her back a time or two. She felt momentarily paralyzed, as if she would never walk again. With the memories she must now live with, memories she could hardly dissuade as hers, memories she can never talk about, memories she owns and must constantly live without taking over her life; by all necessitating surviving means, she must be silent about them.

There were those categories of memories she would not allow herself to think about; memories which contained all the unspeakable things she had to do to survive. Besides, she could never have survived those things if they happened to her.

Forgetting wasn't a choice. It was the only way to live with a reasonable shred of sanity.

She grabbed a stick nearby as she made the effort to stand. And as she stood, screamed in pain, holding on to the stick for minimal level of leverage.

No one came to help her.

Her weak legs unable to aid her stand, she found herself falling onto the road in a heap. In the middle of the road, unable, unwilling to move, she began to cry. There was the possibility, some passer-by car would do her the favor and run her into a bloody mushy pile. Any kind of death, she had resolved while in captivity, was better than death under the Terry Woods Canopy. And it became irrelevant afterwards, the unspeakable things she had to do to ensure she lived another day to die a different kind of death. She had entertained the uncertainty situated amidst uncertainty she felt was worth quite a shot. That shot had kept her alive.

She stood again on wobbly extremely weak legs. And screamed.

No one came to help her.

She went down, this time allowing herself the fall. And rested. There was the stringent note of discipline under the Terry Woods Canopy for the necessity to reconfigure all determined causes to align towards the predetermined cause. And the deflection from the discipline ensured a bombardment of psychological drenching and an ever so cruel subtraction of a pound of flesh.

She tried standing again with the utmost discipline to absorb pain. And this time when she stood and screamed, she was determined to help herself. Crawling but on her feet, she made her way slowly and painfully to the nearest gas station.

Irreverent are the wounds of a fallen planet when the sun's sit on earth make all things fall into place. And the judgment of a season becomes a scene in incessant retrospection. It is like the bullying of a frog which only makes it jump. It never kills it in space. It only does so in time. Heartless is the formless art which takes to space in time. And Leptin becomes a leaping Leopard whose appetite is impossible to satiate. It is its own unbecoming.

The office was spacious, sparked with the sensibilities of quiet reservations. The paintings on the walls were a lenient rhapsody of modernized conventional art done with the subtlety of introspection rather than admiration. Every passing moment glided in the unusual décor as though it were a passage towards some serene understanding of life.

Regina Strait secretly believed the understanding of life was promiscuous and tautologous. The office she privately designed was meant to be hypnotically transformative. And it was, at least for her patients.

She studied Ester Clark momentarily and wondered why she couldn't read her correctly. While her disposition and demeanor was compliant and genuine, the ingenuity seem a bit tranquilized, over-fleshed, as if she had some under-brewing psychosis waiting to be uncovered.

Strait was careful with her as the more damaging aspect of the incidence was yet to show up on her. But a chatting patient was difficult not to engage. She was yet cautious about the manner in which she engaged her. She only got a chat flow from Ester when she engaged her. When she wasn't engaged she didn't talk. And a flow between highly talkative and extremely quiet she was certain, had something unreadable in between. It was like observing frictional forces of high resistance without surficial interaction except Strait knew such could not be watched. Ester was otherwise on the Home-front undeniably friendly and bubbly, but something about that easy-overcoming of a traumatic incident made Strait professionally suspicious.

Strait held Ester's eyes intentionally.

Ester engaged her eyes with hers, smiling.

Strait forced a smile in response. "If I didn't have to ask anything..." She hesitated briefly with a forwarding intent. "...what would you be able to say? What would be the first thing on your mind you'll like to get out?"

Ester was silenced briefly. And when she spoke, her voice was missing the note of seeming

excitement in its undertone she had before. It delivered an impulse statement rather than a report. “He hated Weakness.”

The simple but strong statement silenced the room briefly.

Strait allowed the silence. “Everyone hates weakness.”

Ester shook her head. “No. He hated weakness. It was his sign of strength.”

Strait hesitated briefly, thinking :You mean it was his show of strength?”

Ester shook her head.

“His opportunity to show strength?” Strait asked.

Ester shook her head. “It was his sign of strength.”

Strait pondered the answer Ester gave, unwilling to let go of the topic. “You mean any sign of weakness on your part would be his time to...act?”

Ester shook her head. “Uhn Uhn, to watch...”

Strait narrowed her eyes.

Ester engaged Strait’s eyes steadily. “Watch the downfall of my fall.”

Is the joy of a passing fancy like the running of a stream or the suspension of a dream? When a concubine imagines herself wife, the world turns itself upside down. And we lose our lots alongside

our lives. Life, in most effective ways, never gives in to expectations.

Regina Strait's marriage had its ups and downs, but her and her husband's incessant need to converse about this or that in their personal and career lives always reassures their intimacy and compatibility. They enjoyed their marriage and managed their quarrels and life together.

She had missed his approach but his touch against her buttocks as she leaned down in their shared closet to pick up a pair of her favorite socks was assuring.

She shook her head as she raised her body.
"Uhn, uhn."

He pulled her against him and backed up until his back touched the wall.

She shook her head and smiled, turning around swiftly in his arms. "Uhn, uhn, we're running late."

He smiled. "We're always running late in the mornings."

"And we're always having quickies in the mornings," she said.

He pulled her closer playfully. "Now if you tell me you'll rather—"

She shrugged. "It doesn't matter. That's irrelevant. There will always be quickies in the mornings."

He squinted, studying her. "You've not told me about the nights."

She held his eyes softly. “Slow and steady but immensely pleasurable.”

He smiled, raised his shoulders to flex his muscles. “I must be a superhero.”

“And in the morning. You’re a second’s man,” she added.

He smiled. “Glad to be your man.”

She slapped his chest playfully. “Now that you speak of it, my man, I need some advice, and the rule always applies especially here.”

“You break the professional rule, I keep the code,” he said.

She nodded. “You never tell.”

And when she was done telling him about Ester Clark and Theresa Thorn, “Get both of them in your office and talking,” he said. “It’s the only way.”

Sacrifice is like a dog. It follows until it can no longer afford to run or crawl, settles in to watch life linger on a crawl. At folly’s end, there’s always a ruse to play a ruse. Justice is a two feet long one mile race.

Theresa Thorn had been lucky to have family. And since the psychological damage incurred from the crime incidence in the Terry woods years earlier, her mother Dorothy Thorn had taken care of her.

But Strait hadn’t seen her in a while, and for a couple of mandated occasional visits, Theresa had

been quiet and adequately motionless. She hardly moved and only moved when she absolutely had to. Whenever she came to her office, she was brought to her office in a wheelchair by her mother.

Her mother spoke for her, all the time. But Strait strayed away from indirect conversations in Theresa's presence. Theresa had every capacity, both mental and biological to talk. Whatever had stopped her all those years was something psychologically deep-seated, something only Theresa knew.

And Strait felt she was close to having a breakthrough with Theresa as she held her always daunting eyes in her mother's kitchen.

Strait exhaled. "Theresa, I need your help with something."

Theresa held Strait's eyes, giving the condition she was listening.

"I know you've heard about Ester Clark. Your mother told me..." Strait stopped and watched Theresa's demeanor briefly.

Theresa held her knuckles tightly.

Strait continued. "I need you to come into the office. I scheduled a session with Ester and you..."

Theresa was shaking her head continuously.

Mrs. Thorn put her hand on her daughters back and began to rub it up and down. "It's okay Theresa darling. We're just going to go and come back in no time. That's all. It's for your own good."

Theresa calmed.

Rages are ricocheted as subtly as a dead man's tale. They are overqualified for acts.

Strait watched Theresa for signs and indications of her state of mind. It had been the most of their communications when she was in therapy. And therapy with Theresa had also been self-therapeutic for her. Talking to someone absolutely unwilling to communicate was close to talking to herself to get feedbacks from herself.

It was impossible for her not to be able to imagine being in her patient's shoes but she had found Theresa's case most difficult to master. She had since learned to see the very silent signs Theresa makes while in therapy.

Theresa was more pensive than any other time she had been in therapy, rubbing her unusually shaped disfigured fingertips together. It was easier to notice then that both Ester and Theresa had the foreskins on most of their fingers cut off because it was easier to notice that Theresa's wounds were worse than Ester's. And Strait wondered then if it was possible Theresa was a bit jealous of Ester's newfound celebrity.

Ester had been speaking relatively about the kidnapping when Theresa suddenly moved.

Silence was observed in the room briefly.

And assuming Theresa was getting relatively bored or rather uninterested, Ester got to the

subject of rape. “He hadn’t been around the whole day. And when he came in he dragged me by my neck...”

Theresa moved uncomfortably and noisily in her seat.

“Things don’t have to be perfectly the same,” Strait said. “No two set of events can happen years apart to two different people and happen exactly the same way. So it’s fine if there are discrepancies Theresa.”

Theresa stopped moving, but instead began to breathe heavily and noisily.

Ester made her celebrated long story short then. “...And when he was done with me, he simply dumped me by the roadside and—”

“Cheat! Cheat!” Theresa suddenly exclaimed.

Strait was off her seat immediately, moving towards Theresa. “It’s okay. As I said Theresa, the telling doesn’t have to be the same.”

“I’m not a cheat,” Ester defended.

But Theresa wouldn’t stop. “Cheat! Cheat!”

Mrs. Thorn who was seated in her waiting room outside, opened the door and dropped her head in. “Is everything okay, I thought I must have heard Theresa speak.”

“Cheat! Cheat!” Theresa yelled.

“I’m not a cheat,” Ester defended.

Mrs. Thorn stepped into the room.

“Monkey!” Ester suddenly yelled at Theresa.

And Theresa suddenly stilled, closing her eyes and remaining still.

Everyone in the room except Ester exhaled.

And Theresa was out of her seat in an instant, on all fours, springing onto the adjacent chair like an animal. And without toppling it, came down in the same animalistic art form.

Ester was also out of her seat in that instant, running towards Theresa and then leaping into the air with a closed fist at the approaching rage.

Theresa who had delivered her approach with more precision, hurled her body in a powerful move upward and forward towards Ester, taking her backward and down. And as they were landing raised a wooden knife and stabbed Ester in the heart.

Strait configured the flow of blood from Ester's body briefly, as if it wasn't there, as if the very quick occurrence had never happened. But Mrs. Thorn was screaming.

And after she instructed her secretary to call emergency services, she stood watching Ester, seated on the floor, calmed, and wondered how it could all have been.

How could the gentle deemed psychologically impaired woman who never talked and barely moved have flown across the room like an animal to stab Ester to death?

And how and why had the same woman taken the time to sharpen a wooden stick and bring it to therapy with the purpose for which she did. Why would a victim ever want to kill a survivor with such venom?

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