



DEWLOGIC

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THE PENHOUSE ON HOPE STREET

**DEWLOGIC**

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## **THE PENHOUSE ON HOPE STREET**

The civilization of roughcast is a rote marginalized on diaphanous tricks; as a helter-skelter may be a display of a broken exterior and the instincts of a sway may rely on its imposition. Hope invents an open casket when its evolution is to its demerit. Otherwise it becomes an offering with all its merits embodied within an imposter. It sways the same on each vent inventing its origins, an incessant imposter without the capability of engineering its paths as a pen may not the inscription of an ink.

Danice Onyx favored intimation nowadays—it was her only and best companion. Her estimation seemed recurrent, as a living nightmare based in the reality of an unwanted surrounding. And the surrounding was merely a tip of the iceberg. There were the harsh realities embedded within it; harsh realities deemed inferior to her days as a journalist. There were those which surrendered her health and comfort to trivialities, her thoughts against her disciplined mind to the redundant necessitation of fruitless and seemingly endless worries. They were also those which kept her on her toes at her most guarded, rendered her life and safety a desertion un-delegated to her.

She buried her head under her palms and cradled them against her arm; her body, laid straight, could hardly be silent against the walls of the small house. She quivered and felt the heaviness as if the house shook with her. There, she reasoned her predicament. The sentiment of

rotgut beats the sentiment of refined ale, she thought. Taste was neither a conqueror nor a deliverer. The house couldn't give her protection, let alone one she could use in the moment.

She had done the mild restructuring of the small house herself to make it the slightly habitable structure it was. While she was able to structure it against much of the cold, it was yet the broken down abandoned house it was.

Her condition, after the loss of her career, impoverishing her and rendering her into eventual homelessness had become evidently ingravescent as the infrared may with its own inflammation: it is redness, it is swelling, it is pain, and it is heat. And yet all too impalpable, it is the impotence of the cold doing the impregnation.

There were cars, she figured. More cars than there ever was. And the sounds were closer than they had ever been. It was suddenly unbecoming, suddenly unlikely to be the uncertain event harkening to her usual expectation. Her usual expectation had been as dangerous as it was unexpected. And she wondered briefly if within the scope of her fears there was yet a bulging edgy episode possible.

Did they decide she was worthy? Was the horror coming for her next?

She peered open her eyes slowly to look out the upper window of the small house. Colored lights blinked against it streaming into the interior, flashing across the emptiness of the small house.

And before she could think it out loudly, the much weakened door of the small house came down with a bang. And as the police officers rushed into the room guns drawn, she wondered if they had been misled and had missed their way as they belonged somewhere in the pits of hell.

Was that where she was?

Between three and seven the imbecile lives a total of twenty four years, and within its infinite infanticide, it ranges inebriation in extremis.

The body was battered, the worst so far Detective Arvin Langley thought, of the three.

Spread out in cold marshy waters, both legs curved upward and anchored at the ankle, she looked at first glance like some extravagant newt. As Langley approached the corpse, he realized the condition of the body was, as expected, worse. Gunshot wounds separated extremities of the body, shoulders and legs torn apart from the body. The gunshots aimed at separating the extremities from the bodies achieved the aim with a single shot and with precision. A perfect near aim, Langley thought. The dissections were made postmortem.

The gunshot wound that killed the woman was to her midsection. And like the two other corpses found so far in the marshy forests bordering Hope Street, the shots that killed the girls were from long distances. Unlike the two other bodies before it,

the body in front of him had a different set of signature wounds. The upward curvature of the legs anchored at the knee had broken the leg bones into two for each extremity.

“And there is something different about the staging of the Dactyledema this time,” Rebecca Faulk the Medical Examiner and only Forensic Pathologist in the town of Mobi said.

Langley glanced towards the fingers on the disengaged arms of the body briefly and removed his eyes. It was to be expected. The fingers, like the other two bodies were swollen well beyond normal proportion, a condition the Medical Examiner had found “effectively staged.” The discoloring fluid she had found accumulated within the dactyls was artificially injected.

“Is the fake fluid the reason they look like a newt?” Langley asked.

Rebecca nodded. “You’re quite observant there Detective. Yes. The secondary absorption is what makes the skin appear dark reddish and moist.”

Langley turned to face Rebecca. “What’s happening that’s different about the fluid this time?”

Rebecca held his eyes. “It’s not the fluid which makes this particular victim different Detective.”

Langley narrowed his eyes. “What does?”

Rebecca hesitated briefly. “This particular victim has a condition.”

“Condition?” Langley asked.

Rebecca nodded. “Yes. The condition is called Oligodactylia. This victim does not naturally have the normal set of fingers we have. She has fewer. And I’ve inspected them. It wasn’t severed in the crime. It wasn’t lost in an accident of any sort. She was naturally born with the Oligodactylia.”

“How many is fewer for her?” Langley asked.

“One,” Rebecca answered. “She has nine fingers.”

Langley narrowed his eyes. “Such with the set of fingers that the other two girls have, we have twenty nine fingers in all. Which side is the missing finger on?”

Rebecca hesitated briefly. ‘The body is facing upward from the North. The curvature with the broken bone is pointing towards the missing finger to the left. I’ll say it doesn’t matter which side the missing finger is because the implication with the curvature is that it’s missing on both sides.”

“That’s a geeky opinion Dr. Faulk. I need to know which side it’s missing on,” Langley replied.

“The right. The finger is missing upward facing north downward, on the right. But there is something else I have to say. As you do know the staging of the Dactyledema on the victims occur on both fingers and toes...”

“I know,” Langley replied.

“There is a missing toe as well; also on the right upward facing north downward,” Rebecca said.

Langley hesitated briefly. “So, with the set of fingers and toes, we have fifty eight with two missing?”

“Yes, that will be absolutely right.”

They both maintained silence briefly.

Rebecca broke the silence. “And what about the stones nine on either side of the body, telling me that it’s irrelevant which side the missing finger is on. It’s all like some impossibility. It’s like a multi-fetal pregnancy, a constant catastrophe on an incessant reproductive path.”

Langley frowned. “How the hell can she represent that? She’s dead.”

Rebecca held his eyes. “But according to the Oligodactylia and the casting of stone, she was born with sin. She was born already dead,” Rebecca commented and hesitated briefly. “I think they’re playing some kind of hunting game. With the pained condition, she couldn’t use those fingers at all.”

Langley exhaled deeply. ‘Have you ever heard of the saying, ‘never take a stone to a gun fight?’”

Rebecca nodded. “I might have heard a version of it, yes.”

“It certainly has a different meaning here.”

The Nightbrawler is a Nighthag travelling in bursts of light disengaged from day. It exists in and outside natural light. And the distance however

bright always waits in pockets unworthy of the dark. As when night falls the Nightbrawler sees a shadow out and a shadow in.

And the nescience retained in the Northern fold will not remain when this huge perturbation becomes an idle amusement as a fortuneteller may be to the hedge note of tomorrow.

Rebecca stood beside Langley in the observation room. And they both watched Danice in the interview room.

Seated quietly in an upright position she stared straight ahead, appearing more confused than fearful.

“This dunghill endures mightily,” Rebecca muttered almost to herself.

Catching her statement, “What?” Langley asked.

“I have her history Langley. She may look weak but weak is the last thing she is. She will be shrewd without meanness as a killer. She never takes the easy way out, not even when she was forced out of her profession. The last thing she’ll give you is a confession; if she does, it may yet be a ploy. If there is a woman to fear it is a mobled queen. Her nobility while seeming trivial may be immeasurable.”

“What are you saying?” Langley asked, never removing his eyes from Danice.

Rebecca, also focused on Danice’s seated form, hesitated briefly. “This woman is dangerous

Langley; consider the fact that you are warned by a woman.”

Langley exhaled, stilled for a few seconds before dashing directly towards the interview room.

When he got inside he turned around and closed the door slowly. He turned back around slowly to find Danice squinting. Was she studying him?

She locked her fingers in the moment and placed her arms on the table.

He took his seat. “Hi, I’m Detective Arvin Langley; I’m just going to ask you a couple of questions.”

Danice held her silence.

Langley exhaled, ignoring the sudden involuntary twitch in his eyes as his eyes met hers fully. “Miss Onyx, how long have you been a squatter in the small house?”

Danice maintained her silence.

Langley exhaled, and when he spoke this time, spoke harshly. “Have you been read your rights Miss Onyx?”

Danice remained silent.

Langley repositioned himself in his seat. “I believe you heard me Miss Onyx. And I believe you are a smart enough woman to understand the accusations before you. I also believe you know what choices are available to you. At some point in the past you broke into the small house and started squatting there. How long have you been squatting in the small house?”

Danice exhaled and sat back in her chair. “Do you know what ground gold is?”

Langley frowned, studying her. “Now is not the time to be asking me questions Miss Onyx. And question for question will get us nowhere?”

“Do you imagine when you queue straight to go to the bathroom you’re going to the bathroom straight?” Danice asked.

Langley exhaled. “If you’re willing to tell me what ground gold is, I’m more than willing to hear—”

“When the ground gold takes to the air, it imagines its perseverance as its becoming. It never sees it coming—”

“See what coming?” Langley asked.

“The thorough illusion ordinal.”

Langley narrowed his eyes. “What does that mean?”

Danice held a sarcastic smile. “This prison seems better than the last one I was in.”

Langley frowned. “Were you ever in prison?”

Danice narrowed her eyes, and remaining silent, studied him. “The prison made out of Organdi can never break when it never could have been a house. Could it have been made; a house?”

Langley narrowed his eyes. “Are you saying you never broke into the small house and take abode of it?”

She sat back into her chair. “Did you wake up this morning Detective Langley? Or did you sleep?”

Was your hanker prison with luck Detective? Was it Luckless?"

Langley stood abruptly and exited the room.

He emerged into the observation room questioning Rebecca. "Does she have an arrest record?"

Rebecca shook her head. "This is not good. You've had five minutes with her and you're already running."

"I was unprepared," Langley replied. "Again, does she have an arrest record?"

Rebecca shook her head. "She has no such thing, clean as a whistle. If you want to arrest her you're going to have to make something up."

Langley shook his head. "I can't do that."

Rebecca smiled, narrowed her eyes. "Not unless you become a degenerate dirty Cop. Anything can happen in this business of ours. But I did warn you."

Langley exhaled and resumed studying her from the observation room. "She's not talking, and unless I speak in parables she won't talk. Why hasn't she asked for a lawyer?"

Rebecca was silent briefly. "I think I speak a little bit of the parable tongue and can hear it. Something tells me she knows she'll never need a lawyer. You're going to have to go against her with all the brains you've got."

"All the brains I've got..." Langley echoed.

“Just use a different tactic...and learn along the way to relate with her mind...” Rebecca said. “If you cannot relate with the way she thinks, whatever tactic you’ve been using will not work. You will get nothing from her.”

“A different tactic it is,” Langley said and was soon headed for the interview room.

He did not take his seat, and wondered if that would make him appear nervous. He was slightly nervous, he admitted to himself. The calm and calculating homeless squatter unnerved him. Most people in her position would have been anything other than smart, anything other than calculating. He had decided he wasn’t going to pace, so he stood and stared at her.

He moved forward abruptly, and placing his palms on the table bent his back to lean towards her. “They found two rifles at the back of the small house. Are they yours?”

She narrowed her eyes, clenching the muscles of her face as though shocked by his statement. She raised her back in the chair, interlocking her fingers and placed her arms on the table in front of her gently.

He slowly took his seat, studying her. It was the first time she had some readable reaction to his words.

She held his eyes, focused, yet distracted by her thoughts. “When an Overthwart watches its own peril is it as a bird watches the earth Detective, as a

bird watches humans? Does it reflect on us as pabulate? Does it think of itself as pabulum?"

He frowned, and for the first time became speechless. He exited quietly.

Rebecca held a knowing grin on her face as Langley came into the observation room. "You're failing woefully."

"We need a tactic," Langley announced.

Rebecca smiled. "Since when have I become an interviewer?"

"Since Mobi now has its first problematic serial killer and she's a woman," Langley replied.

"Problematic seems the least way to describe her," Rebecca replied.

Langley nodded. "She's calculating, venomous without the instinct for violence, a laid back criminal...I don't even freaking know what she means when she speaks most of the time. It's like she's trying to make me look like a fool."

Rebecca widened her smile, maintained her silence briefly for the effect intended before laughing. "For goodness' sake Detective, she's just a lonely homeless woman."

At the moment Freddie Grant, Langley's associate rushed into the observation room. "They found a spectacle of evidence among her possessions," he announced.

"What?" Langley asked.

"A notebook," Grant replied. "She wrote down the killings."

Langley's smile became openly widened. He held Rebecca's eyes. "How do I say this in parables? Is she stupid? Or is she dumb? How can it be that she can write her own crimes down? Is she—"

Rebecca smiled, cautiously. "I won't be too happy if I were you. This may be something that will make you look like a fool in the end."

"Indeed," Grant added.

Langley's smile disappeared. "What indeed?"

Grant held Langley's eyes fully. "She wrote down the killings but she did it as a witness Langley. And it's loaded with Initials, acronyms, parables and paradoxes. It plays like a movie. And her characters I suspect are names, important names, names here in Mobi. And the way it reads, it seems she's the only one who can say what her words mean."

Rebecca widened her smile. "How do they say this in parables? Are you going to be with all the brains? Or not all the brains?" She turned to Grant. "Can I see the notebook?"

"I believe we have another incident we should all attend to at the moment. There has been a spectacle of a crime at the Penhouse," Grant replied.

Langley frowned. "What Penhouse?"

"The small house is where she penned those murders. I dubbed this case 'The Penhouse Murders'," Grant replied. "Someone turned the Penhouse into a spectacle you should all see."

Langley hesitated briefly. “I have one more thing to ask the unknown spectacle in the interview room.” He walked into the interview room.

Danice held his eyes uncaringly as he walked in.

Langley put his palms on the table, held her eyes fully as he bent his back. “They found your notebook.”

She inhaled, held her breath briefly and then exhaled. She widened her eyes as she held his again, and shrugged.

Langley exhaled. “It brings you closer to the crime scenes than you can ever confess to. I’ll say that’s damning evidence.”

She narrowed her eyes and held a sarcastic smile. “A red bird sits at the top of a white board, what is the worth of the white board Detective?”

Langley pressed his palms against his forehead in frustration, turned around and walked out silently.

The rudimentary nature of a crime is erroneous in its predetermination. Tossed like a line within a line of a foreign thought, its familiarity is a blur. Thus predetermination encounters life and remains within the dark unarmored, beast. The nature of the beast is in its display.

The Penhouse stood within the mist, trees surrounding it, cresting it.

Grant stopped the car some distance from the Penhouse

“I thought you said the crime spectacle was at the Penhouse?” Langley asked.

Grant nodded. “Yes it is. But we’re not trying to see inside the Penhouse. The crime spectacle is outside and it’s a lot more than one spectacle. The spectacle outside needs lots of external motionless light to be seen at night. In the morning the same crime spectacle can easily be seen with daylight. I’m preparing you.” And seated there, Grant spoke into his walkie-talkie. “Now boys!”

The lights from the police cars came on in succession. And after every last one of them was turned on, the homicide department spotlight came on.

Both Langley and Rebecca dropped their jaws. And both slowly exited the car. Roused, and unable to detach their focus from the scene before them, they stood fixated on it for a reasonable while.

There was a great resounding silence within the vast space which contained the Penhouse. And suddenly, it seemed to all present the Penhouse was larger than it was, larger than its presence.

The Penhouse was drenched in blood. And they needn’t ask where the great amount of blood came from or how it could have been obtained. It was the blood of wildlife. And the wildlife was quite a spectacular display.

They hung, highly and in overwhelming amount on the trees surrounding the Penhouse.

They hung in a semicircular form, where one animal may hang low and the other high.

They were all gutted with their intestinal contents hanging out and dropping down. Across the trees surrounding the Penhouse also hung thick white papers with letters written in blood. And around the Penhouse in a semicircular fashion in between the gutted animals, the words in bloody red, read out “MURDERERS.”

Langley scratched the side of his face. “Can anyone tell me what the freaking freak in hell is going on? Is that a deer?”

“I believe there is a deer there. And that is a bear,” Grant replied.

“And I believe there’s an Ox in the midst,” Rebecca added. “And I believe the animals have an undulating pattern to them clearly.”

“Undulating?” Langley asked.

“They seem to go up and down in the same semi-circular fashion as the letters but they go up and down seemingly endlessly in this fashion,” Rebecca replied.

Langley paced. “How many animals?”

“Ten of them?” Grant asked.

“How many letters?” Langley asked.

“Nine of them,” Grant replied.

Rebecca shook her head in the moment. “If I can be a comedian at the moment, I will say it’s an attempt on random Phylotaxy, which will be greatly unnatural.”

“It is certainly an arrangement,” Grant added.

“And why does it say “MURDERERS” when there is only one murderer in custody?” Langley asked.

“There could be a lot more than one murderer here,” Rebecca replied. “And here’s where I absolutely must ask a silly question, one which may make my medical degree look stupid...If this display leans the way of my thought and it’s about ingestion or digestion, the question with regards to the undulating pattern is how the ingestion or perhaps digestion happens. Does it happen upward, regurgitation or does it happen downward, excretion? Can it ever happen on both sides? Can it ever happen at the same time? Are these animals present, eating and metabolizing? And the real question becomes what or who is being murdered here? Animals? Humans? And its all like the riddles of the murdered girls. It’s all pointing to something.”

“It seems to be asking for the location to the gates of hell,” Grant added.

Langley closed his eyes and shook his head. “What the freaking freak is going on in hell?”

Rebecca exhaled. “That is exactly the right question to ask because there is no doubt in my mind; we’re in hell right now.”

“Then why the hell should we ever ask how to get there?” Langley asked.

“To solve this case we must get there,” Rebecca replied. “We certainly must.”

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