

Ade Ronke

Bullet Lane

Edewlogics

© edewlogics, all rights reserved

Author's Note

This is the first of the chapters for Bullet Lane, a story I decided to release in chapters so I can release at least two fictional works this year. This and other works are available free on my website, www.edewlogics.com. To support works like this and others available on my site, please support the free books for life cause. Your support means the world to me. Thank you.

BOOK SCHEDULED TO BE PUBLISHED THIS YEAR



Eleven year old Bami Dele is the experimental boy immune to what scientists get to know as the Femuran invasion. He and the chosen bearer of the only artificially engineered artedermal skin protector must get past every formidable detection of the Time Weavers. They must find the game inside a dead cat by a corner, finish the play, find the location of the secret of secret places, make the journey to get the Polarcapper and turn the wheels against their doomed fate.

BAMI& THE TIME WEAVERS EXCERPT

DONATE TO SUPPORT THE FREE BOOKS FOR LIFE CAUSE

You may choose to donate whatever you may through lomopeju@protonmail.com paypal handle. And you may put your support into the love and enjoyment of music at [rilmusic on Bandcamp](https://rilmusic.bandcamp.com). Thank you.

Bullet Lane

Chapter 1

A bullet travels afar, never far aside. It renders flight, never progressing before a lodge deludes its path. It does its damage. The damage is done to it. The path of the bullet is easy. It can hardly be put astray in its detachment from the true horrors that death may know. It is, considering what possible eventualities may be, an untroubled way to die.

Lola Finley considered herself less than ordinary in her social life. Hardly a recluse but enjoyed her own company a little too much, her routine whenever she went outside her home was quite predictable. Her routine within its boundaries was predictable as well.

Betrayal and heartbreak had been her lot lately. In frequent isolation, her recovery from the relationship that promised her the intimacy of marriage was lasting longer than the relationship did. She needed life and love and everywhere she turned life seemed devoid of such.

Yet she was a working machine. Her life couldn't be calculated as some glitter in the sands. She could hardly make her way to the sands—to the luxuries of vacation and its pleasures. The sands visited her mainly in her dreams when occasionally she found herself in a sinkhole she could never flee but must detach from her nightmares to escape.

Her life was less than ordinary. Her lifestyle was less than ordinary. Her walk was less than ordinary. But her walk to the Train station was merely an ordinary rebellion, one towards the profession that ensured her less than ordinary life.

Life was savagely uneventful. Her late night walk was nevertheless the same.

She took the usual seat in the train—the last seat in the last train cart closest to the last exit for the last station closest to her job. She plugged her headphones in, rested her head and relaxed into her seat. Her weapon of choice was the mace she carried in her bag she had never had to use. The second was the Taekwondo she was taking classes for she was sure could come in handy however small in measure.

Her refusal to fall asleep was part of her everyday routine till dawn. And when the average looking man of average height in casual clothing walked into the train to take the seat parallel and adjacent to hers, she noticed him as she would every other average man in any average train cart. She soon put her mind off the unseemly man.

The train moved along away from the Deman Train station uneventfully before she heard it like a split in a second—sound waves piercing air like a menace, looking for some phase, some space, some state to make a lodging. It made its lodging in the cosmetic

poster on the wall beside the man, having escaped merely inches from the man's nose. A quick glance in the direction of flight for the bullet was the image of an un-dressed-up clown, standing in front of the train's bridging doors he had forcefully pried open.

He was dressed in suit and tie with identity subverting hints and hues of clownness on his face—like some drag queen on the verge of becoming something other than man.

She glanced back towards the man in the adjacent seat. His absence from the seat nudged her in the direction of his location, instigating the instinct she should drop to the floor. She did.

Another bullet landed between their laid out forms. The man with the gun was approaching them.

The man on the floor turned on her instantly, grabbing her by the neck and pulling her upwards harshly as he pulled upward again. And out of the corner of her eye she saw it—he too had a gun. She could hardly envision the help any form of martial arts training she had could help at the moment. The weapon of choice was a firearm. She never carried one. She never had a reason to.

Using her as a shield, the man she thought was merely an innocent victim of some unfortunate gun fight event like she was, proved to be otherwise.

The men faced each other, neither pulling the trigger. Was the gentleman Clown considering her predicament at the moment?

"Let her go," the Clown man demanded. "This is between us."

"You should know better. A collateral has no state."

"Except that imposed upon her by the state of things, you're correct. But it wasn't my plan to kill someone other than you today."

The man pulled her harshly and forcefully backward with his arm, anchoring her upper chest area with his elbow. "Well too bad for her and should I care?"

The Clown man squeezed his Clown face into a deliberate frown. "You shouldn't care and it does matter when I smell meat I don't want to eat.. We're both using the same Glock 45 Gen 5 9mm, yet you're the only one cowering behind a woman."

The man shrugged. "You're the only one in a Clown suit. Tell me what I don't know. Too bad for her."

The Clown man rushed forward sideways as he spoke. "Too bad for her then."

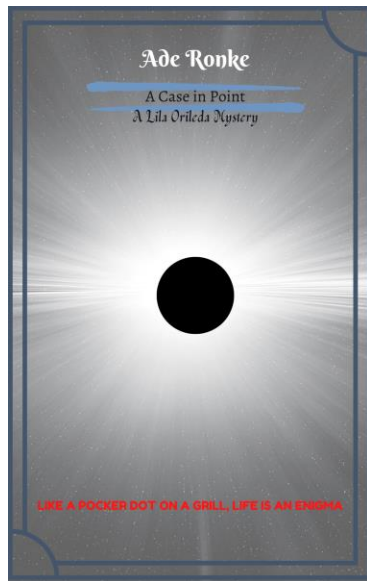
Lola stiffened with pain at the thought of two strangers deciding her fate briefly before the sound of gunshots flying by her as she was flung from side to side as shields put her

rigidly in the war zone she was already in. The shots were generated in seconds, yet they seemed to have lasted a lifetime without resolve.

When it finally stopped, she was dizzy on her feet. A sudden rush of lethargy draining her, she resolved to the possibility of death before she felt a steady hand catch her fall. Unable to escape the dizziness, she noticed the fresh blood draining on his shirt escaping a wound by his collar bone. "You've been shot," she said.

"Yes," she heard him respond as she lost consciousness.

SCHEDULED FOR NEXT YEAR



Five people are dead in the swimming pool of a high end resort hotel. Only one of them, a fame-hungry politician, is the suspected target. Three people are dead at a roof party on a high rise luxury building. The target is unidentifiable. The killer's calling card is a single black point on a blank. Lila Orlveda is hired to find out who killed one of the random targets as the police run out of viable clues and suspects.

A Case in Point Excerpt

Support edewlogics. Your support matters.

DONATE TO SUPPORT THE FREE BOOKS FOR LIFE CAUSE

You may choose to donate whatever you may through lomopeju@protonmail.com paypal handle. And you may put your support into the love and enjoyment of music at [rillmusic on Bandcamp](#). Thank you.