

edewlogics

ade ronke

## A Tenet for Gripe

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### Author's Note

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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](#)

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## *A Tenet for Gripe*

An evil zealot may find himself not in profundity but in pedantic pursuits as a tenet full of gripe may, to an unseeing eye, be a bed of paradise. Natural ecstasy cannot redeem its glory by mere chances. Its dreams are yet unencountered and buried knee deep in the flavored lies of fermented splendor. They sting in microbes, a billion apart, active, inactive, a colony of microbiome home to a pedigree of expenses, all on the wrong side of forty.

I wondered there, seated in my glorious kitchen, what hell could have brought me to great wealth at the expense of great joy. I could kill for the mere illusion of such—percolated dreams of unmeasured heights—that great utopian delight, a semblance of hopeful savoring beyond my wayward yesterday's thirst for meaningful tenor.

Aghast, I am at a loss in this divine abode. Dumfounded, I am struck with horror at my damnation's shortcoming. My life read like a manuscript in pieces, neatly stacked of expectations and fulfillment—not a bad life, not at all, no sir. Rather a long arrangement of melodious tunes striking the senses in glorious takes of euphoric realizations, all seemingly extended from the character playing the part. The discords within the great harmonious symphonies like glitches in the air only I could hear, were shatteringly distressing, existentially regressive and borderline cognitively lethal.

I fingered the revolver without much affinity for hope or much interest in outcomes. Life had become too numb to my pleasures, the escapes I coveted could no longer reign in the pain of lack—the gripe of some missing element precipice to palpable perceptible worth. While all may not be as it appears, what is substantial should be as it is. Elusive, I had fed the appearance as the progression lines of great superfluous excesses, the substantial as the regression line. And my utopian estate was beginning to drown me with the discords trending in the brain wave streams I entertained. It wasn't unexpected or unusual in a life of pleasurable highs and high risk exploits and appropriations that I decided to play Russian Roulette with myself.

What are my odds in the possible revolutionary rearrangements of sixes? A plethora of wishes suddenly fulfilled? A changing of mind deluded from discordant brain wave symphonies? Was it 46,656? Was it 403.429? Was it 105.104? Was it 1791? Was it computable? Was it life? Was it love? Was it reality to make chances

of chances without true joy? Was it reality to make changes of chances without compromising life?

In a blind rush of bland disregard for worth and expectation, I pulled the revolving chambers into a revolution, met the side of my head with its muzzle and pulled the trigger. Could I not in the moment reconsider life as that with some eventual great meaning? The bullet was not lodged in the chamber for the particular trigger—convenient, yet I felt no relief. I fingered the revolution again never to be of arrangements but of rearrangements. Chance didn't give me the chance to die this time. Did chance give me life back? Did chance give me life?

My life, a compromise, felt like a sting in the gut, poisonous and toxic. And I had tried more than my best. I had put my joy powder on daily, lived dutifully in my joy house, drank my joy juice thirstily, joylessly going towards infinity on the joyride.

And then I heard it, the sounds of footsteps reminding me I am not alone, but rather besieged and apprehended by the bitter pills of expectations and fulfillment.

She waltzed in as a ray of sunshine, her hair, enabling her beauty to shine, never to be considered pale or unseen, never to be mistaken for that embroiled in that within the limitations at the height of natural space was radiant, her complexion fair skinned and visible.

When her tail spin came to a stop, "Hey, what do you think of the new Cristine Moore?" she asked, swinging from side to side. "I thought it was elegantly designed for the evening."

There, he was briefly reminded of some elegantly expensive space he had to be that evening. Was it necessary? He had no idea. He scanned her elegantly expensive appearance briefly, and without a second thought pointed the revolver at her.

Eyes wide, she drew backward. "What the hell are you doing?" she asked in a scared childlike voice.

Momentarily numbed by pain to the sound of her voice or their comprehension, he fired, straight into her temple.

And the bullet in the chamber gave.

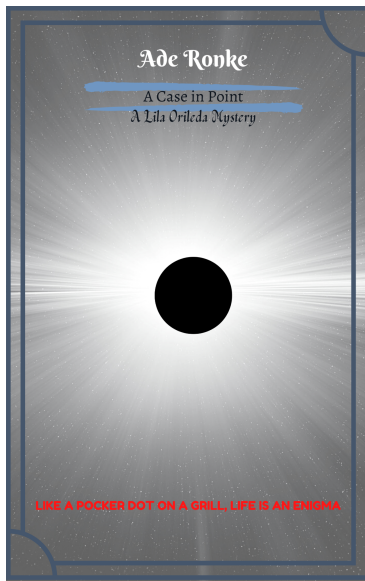
Damn, that bullet had my name on it, he thought.

She fell with a thump on the expensive flooring

I stared at her, at the now sullen perfection of her perfectly made up face. It was perfection—misplaced. He didn't believe in such a thing. Such couldn't be human. Yet, there it was. As she was, expected to be, a reminder of what was expected to be perfectly good, never to be suspected of the glorious chances in the appearance, appearances she radiated, the roles she simulated with unmatched unnatural grace. She was indeed perfect.

I wondered at the possibility the mistake was of mere chances or my intent briefly and concluded it was both before putting down the revolver. And rather than the expected emotions of grief I was expected to have, I experienced a twitch of true joy.

## 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 Orilede 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](#)

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