

edewlogics

ade ronke

May its ashes rest on me

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Author's Note

This work is personal as well as objective so I will tag it as personal nonfiction since I will be discussing it further in a/w chapters. This work as well as others like it can be found among others in the essay section of my website available free, www.edewlogics.com. To support free works like this and others available on my site, please support the free books for life cause. 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](#)

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May its ashes rest on me

My readers, it's crazy that you were there when I did pray out loudly that the stalking, following, menacing or whatever they choose to call it would just stop. This is not a good disposition for it. And unlike the privileged I can't just luxuriate and be something. With great anxiety, I must work. Sometimes it is poisonously and erroneously so due to prejudice or envy, that you think it's about a space rather than a person. Then it is yet an experiment waiting to be found out, an experiment waiting to be objective. Is it an experiment waiting to be subjective? Here I am surrounded by stupid people who think they can laugh at me laughing at their own subjective imbecile natures. Well if you cannot be laughed at, at the inception of nonconforming thought you cannot be great at nonconforming conception. Can you?

The stalking, following, from place to place is certainly not stopping. Yet I have no such luxuries to comfort me. I try not to look my best, but certainly, my spirit, is the beauty. It's crazy I have no digital presence, no substantial numeric valuation to conclude such, no grand appearances, no financial attribution to warrant such. Yet there isn't ease to my suffering. There is yet that habit of yielding to transcendence when things inauthentic in representation generate relative valuation. It is indeed crazy. You do remember the usual prayer that I make that is Emersonian. That every good spirit in the world must support me If my spirit is good, decent and dignifiable to afford such. That is a very good prayer. It is very good because I'm stepping from certainty to certainty.

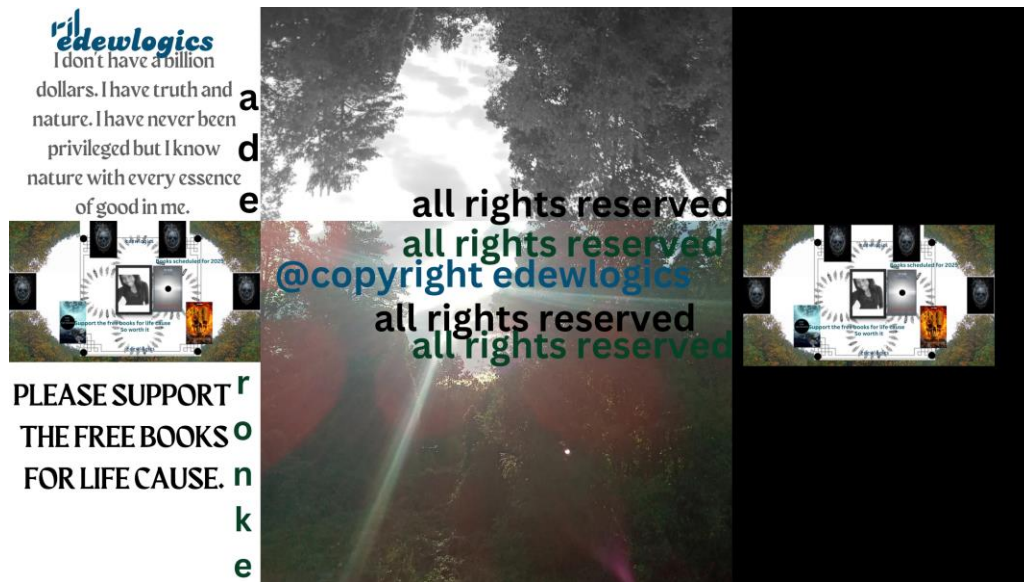
I felt like reading Mark Twain lately. something drew me to him. And since one of my degrees is in creative writing, I have read plenty of literary books by force or by choice. I have an affinity for such books but writing my own books alongside many other things I do, I have no such privilege. It will be a privilege to take at least three months off to read such books. Meanwhile, I went looking online for the dead man's work. And I found this drawing titled "TITAN'S MOSES" in his "A TRAMP ABROAD" while trying to read it late last night in homelessness. I found it ironically, metaphorically and scientifically fascinating. Take a look:



TITIAN'S MOSES.

There are so many wrongs captured here that I choose not to say too much. I will just let you study it for a while and we can talk about it sometime. I reiterate that you cannot cheat nature and for every existence, every conception of existence, there is a price to pay. I pay mine everyday. So I say with extreme certainty that I invite every good spirit in the world, every good spirit that has ever lived, to support me and my efforts for good. And for every harm done to me, may I experience and entertain good by measures inconceivable, unimaginable, impossible, and unexpected.

I am going to let you compare and contrast the photo I took recently with that drawing in Mark Twain's book. Here, you must also conclude I was correct when I said that the Ying-Yang conception is one of the most unintelligent conceptions you can ever come across (note here my smart readers—you can never come across it). The IQ of a butterfly has a more dignified conception. I must also say I am not one to want to leave this world the same wicked way I found it. Maybe Mark Twain was the same way as I am in the inclination to resolve the world's ills in his own way. I don't know. I am not the man. But I do know that our heaven is here on earth. So I choose it, oh how I choose it, with unabandonable natural inclination, to not live my life in comfortable generationally detrimental ignorance, to try my most dignifiable best to not leave this world the same wicked way I found it. There's no doubt in my mind that when harm happens to the innocence of others and you do nothing about it, it will come to you. So I say it, with every essence of good in me, I say it earnestly, honestly, and dignifiedly that you burn the evil down, burn that evil down completely and may its ashes rest on me.



Author's Endnote

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