

edewlogics

ade ronke

it's a scarecrow

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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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## *It's a Scarecrow*

The quiet qualms of peace, as well as the crashing waves of war, are lingeringly at the persistent mercy of madness.

It had occurred to Ella Darin at the leisure of a solemn thought that she was living with a scarecrow. There wasn't a cry or a whimper to her grief after that. Her agency, in full awareness of her facilities and faculties, hadn't grappled with the thought. The fog dimming her mind was no longer a fog but the air around her—coiled and tumbled, woven and strengthened, in a mist unquestionable to the whispers of the inaudible, intangible falling and springing of elements necessary to time.

Her grief wasn't on the solemn caresses she sought but never got from the absent uncaring husband. Or the incessant persecutions that neither taught her a lesson nor grip the solemn confines of her mind—the easy-loathing, forceful-nothing acts of passive and active terrorism, indecent abuse, the roguish oppression without an ounce of impression.

Life hadn't been all that it seemed. Yet, she had hoped it, against all that it seemed and was.

"Uhmphf," Lionel grunted in his chair, shaking her out of her thoughts, prompting her inevitable glance towards him.

She ignored the thought of another run at the hopeless venture of feeding him with the large spoon, only to watch the most of his food drip down one side of his mouth—the paralyzed side, like a newborn plagued with a disease, a curse to his mother's lifetime.

Why wasn't he dead? Why was he punishing her for that which she never committed against him? Some quiet metaphor pricked the inner confines of her mind, resolute in its terms. "It's a scarecrow."

The word, which, earnestly, had no true meaning with a breathing thing, suddenly had meaning for her. "It's a sitting scarecrow!"

Ralph, who had been his partner in sin and crime over the course of his unfruitful years since adolescence, seated beside him in his vegetative out of pity for him and for himself stared her down across the table. "He's not a scarecrow. He just wants some more food."

Ralph, who had been present in the car that carried the two friends with their mistresses away from a party she was never invited to, had lost the mistress seated beside him in the backseat. Lionel's mistress, in the front passenger's seat was a paraplegic reminder of the fateful night. His wife left him soon after. He, she surmised, had a mixed case of survivor's bias, depression and hopelessness.

Ella hesitated briefly, thinking. Why wasn't he too dead? "It's a scarecrow," she repeated.

"If he's a sitting scarecrow, how is he to scare the birds?" Ralph asked.

Ella shook her head defiantly. "That's the point Ralphie. He's always a Ralphie. He can't scare no birds."

As a worldly man, extravagant with words rather than deficient of them. He had taught her that word, a spite of his name. Yet he stared at her in the face of her shocking and insulting use of it. And in the moment he was as a whimsical writer never stuck for a word, yet deprived of insightful and instinctive graces for their utterances.

"He's not a Ralphie," Ralph commented.

She held a sarcastic smile. "You're right, he's worse. Is it in the way he scared off all my love prospects because I wouldn't have him running around with every headless chicken in a skirt. Telling them I was some crazy woman off to no prediction in action. How I was going to cut off their penny little flick-flip-flick Ralphies not worth more than a penny while they were dead asleep. All to Marry me and commit me to a lifetime of ill. He is worse than Ralphie."

"Uhmphf," Lionel grunted in his chair.

Ralph got on his feet to walk the semi circle behind Lionel's head to the other side of the dining table where she placed the soup she was feeding him. "I'll just feed him myself." He pulled Lionel's head back slightly, as he had watched her do it often since that fateful accident, opened the jar of soup and scooped a spoonful of the big spoon from the jar.

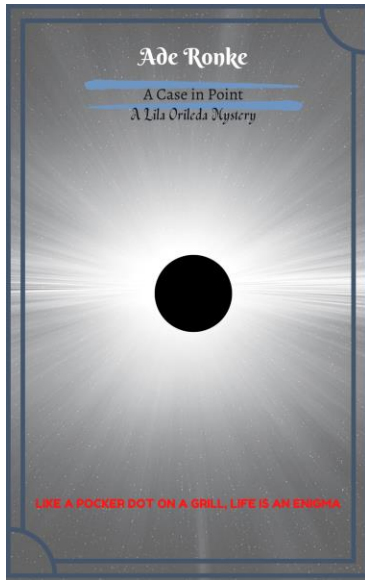
Ella shook her head, retrieved the gun she had been nursing for days inside her house dress, pointed it sideways to target the unparalyzed side of his head and pulled the trigger. "It's just a sitting scarecrow."

Ralph dropped both of his hands in shock, the spoon and soup scattered over the floor.

Lionel's head dropped backward against the chair.

And she could be heard in what now seemed a vacuum, voicing her thoughts resonantly.  
"It's a scarecrow. It's a sitting scarecrow."

### **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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