

edewlogics

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boxes

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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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Boxes

Spiritual stories have places in time, that is, spaces and times, and some have neither time nor space for the purpose of spirituality. But my readers, this holiday season, take this story to be in its relevant space and time. Boxes come differentiated. So do what is contained in them. A sore throat may not in the same space fit with a sore thumb. The stock is out with a sore thumb. And sometimes you may go looking for a good, particular and relevant to you and never find it in the common trend. You must then figure out where to look or you may never satiate your individual need. Commonality belong to the common. Distinctions to those who seek it.

Once upon a time, a man on his quest to find what he yearned for, walked into a lesser known Foresight store, a store with boxes to claim for what may lay within. By the doorhead, the man read, The legend of the new is in hindsight. In foresight, all is nothing. The man asked the owner of the store, an unseemly nonthreatening woman, "What does the writing on doorhead mean?"

And the woman replied simply, "It means you can never make a return of the same box or return a box to this store. All boxes return themselves."

The man frowned, raised his hands in questionable wonder. "That makes no scientific sense. How can boxes return themselves?"

The woman sneered at him. "Do you mean to say it makes no questionable common sense?" she asked. "Quit your banter and find your wonder. All boxes return themselves."

The man quieted in ponder at the woman's rudeness but wanted to find the wonder in the boxes, for the boxes, in their brilliant colors,

attracted him. So he went from box to box looking for which one may contain his wonder, like a gambler by the edge of a gambling table, hanging on dearly for a chance at substance.

He found a deserted box, a scanner-darkly, distinctive, yet unattractive box by a corner and quickly passed it by as it did not fit the questions of his wonder. He eventually picked one of the bright and colorful boxes, paid and hurried to open the box in front of the store owner.

"No, no, no, no, you can't open that box in here," the store owner discouraged.

The man frowned. "Why not? There's poison in one of the boxes or two?"

"There are rules here in this uncommon scientific space you must abide by," the owner replied.

The man deepened his frown. "What rule is stopping me from opening a box I just paid for?"

She shrugged. "I give you your money back and you walk out empty-handed?"

The man exhaled, scanned his surrounding again. "This is not an ordinary store is it?"

"Indeed, it isn't," the owner replied.

The man could not shrug the seriousness on her face. "What rules?" he asked, forcing a smile.

"Can you please recite the words on the doorhead upon which you inquired earlier?" the owner asked politely.

The man hesitated briefly but quickly reasoned the store owner's patience and insistence in the moment, was unresolvable. "The legend of the new is in hindsight. In foresight, all is nothing," he recited.

"To get another box you must go through the door, close it. Go through the door again, a different time for another box," she informed.

The man turned and made his way towards the exit.

The owner turned around to place a clear jar of herbs on the top horizontal rectangular wooden shelf by the wall beside the window. "I suggest you open the box at home Mister. I'm not going to entertain your gambler's fantasy twice in one day. You can revisit tomorrow if you choose."

Another man, a serene looking gentleman came into the store soon after, near closing time, greeted the owner politely, and asked no questions as he walked around the store yearning for something. After inspecting all in the room, he stood in the middle of the store and stared at the owner.

"How may I help you Mister?" the owner asked.

"I need to find a foretelling for my cause, and this a Foresight store," the man said.

The owner nodded. "Indeed it is. Causes can not be foretold Mister. They're in hindsight."

The man frowned. "The legend of the new is in hindsight. In foresight, all is nothing," he recited.

The owner nodded. "Indeed. You can choose a box in the Foresight store."

The man made a reach towards a choice again, this time stopping by the deserted darkly box in the corner and studying it. He picked it up, inspected it and took it towards the owner. Do you mind if I ask why this box is a lot more expensive than the rest of the boxes?"

The owner did not stand up to meet his stance. "It depends. Are you buying it?"

He nodded. "Yes, absolutely. I am just curious—"

"Are you sure you want to buy it? There are plenty of attractive boxes for your curiosity—"

The man hesitated briefly, thinking. "You didn't want me to have it?" he asked, and got the owners silence briefly.

"This box is not merely a little more expensive Mister. It is differentially expensive. You have to be sure you want it for me to answer your initial question. To the question. The box is very expensive because every time it was passed by or overlooked, it accumulated value."

The man widened his eyes. "Value. That's a cause."

And the woman held his eyes fully. "Indeed a cause, foretelling the integrity of a cost. Yet, one could have easily mistaken it for foresight."

"Thank you," the man said, paid for the box and turned to leave.

The woman stood, turned to retrieve the clear jar of herbs from the top shelf, put it in her pocket, walked over to the front door to lock it, placed another deserted box in the unseemly corner, went out through the back door of the store and locked it behind her.

The man who overlooked the deserted box in the corner didn't know why he was unlucky to have picked the particular box from the possibility pool of particular boxes. He kept coming back to the store to

buy another chance at wonder, and another, and another, never finding what he sought, until he grew old, gray and died. And there in the thereafter, he never found what he sought.

And the man that bought the unseemly expensive box of unattractive wonder, never asked for wonder again.

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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