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ade ronke

FOT

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### Author's Note

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### BOOK SCHEDULED TO BE PUBLISHED THIS 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 Orileda 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](#)



*The unexpected preemptive leap differential machine error, the Knapse, triggers the co-embedded synaptic alarm in its designer Patrick Tinsel towards the chaos associated with it. He must correct the sociopolitical cost or enable its realizations.*

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## FOT

Waterfall differentiates itself from icefall in orbiting regions greater and lower than merely polar. Its warmth is life. And in the age where ice freezes over to enable an untenable fractionalized earth—water ice displaced by carbon dioxide—warmth must retake its space or death becomes fate. Against FOT, the fate of things—life, a conscious perpetual endurance against its odds ensured warmth must regain its point unlocate-able, indisplace-able, indispos-able, indispensable to regain its pivot differentiated, somatic and angle-less.

Qwearth, of Earth's warm waterfall orbiting region, offered free water with the strictest of rules for life. And with the grimmest of consequences. Much like the benefits, the punishments fulfilled themselves. The Wean machines, engineered for overreaching survival mechanics were conditioned to manage the atmosphere in the name of equal justice. All that obeyed the rules got water free and got to live. Those who disobeyed die.

There was the choice of joining Icerth, the Icefall region advocating for a full Martian colonization and settlement. The water on Icerth was not free due to ionic contamination, ionic polarization and a need for typification of class. They buy their water from Qwearth, where it was free, so only the elite could afford it. Water was distributed mainly to the elite and whatever was left was distributed by dripping typification of class. The unfortunate, unprivileged masses were put to death for the slightest of crimes, subjected to the softest of grateful servitude. And one would have thought Icerth was a God unto itself, graying in place, never to recycle or alter its reigns. Running out of lower class service workers, put a ban on unauthorized Qwearth travelling.

Peggy Newman Crimson-Rose waited and prayed for rain. It was the best time to escape the region she ill-fatedly chose to be with her daughter LillyRay Crimson-Rose.

When the rain came, she had little respect for the rule of law. Her instinct was invested in the intent she never ran into a Wean. She put LillyRay on her back, tied

her securely to herself, held on to a rope she had tightened over the course of three days against a post and began the dangerous descent.

Heartshares were not allowed in Qwearth—no two people could co-exist as one. Any two heartbeat cohabiting in close proximal space were inspected and separated. A second of the same offense was punishable by electrocution which could result in death.

Pregnant women were housed in different areas so they are recognizable as such. Their reading by the Weans was a trifurcation outside the realm of individuality or distinguishing existence—a work in progress from a trifurcate back to a unit—a process of semi-permanence mainly necessitated by choice rather than essence. They could not be read as entities nor could they be read as nonentities. The weans couldn't envisage some purgatorial mode. .

Heatshares, often triggered by pregnancy, often discouraged, especially for promiscuous women because of water scarcity, was punishable by displacement. Promiscuous women were displaced towards imprisonment. And self-reporting pregnant women towards distinguishable housing.

There was to be no diagonal Waterway. At any point in space and time.

In Icerth, Peggy was a member of high society. There she did whatever she wanted, had an easy and convenient life handed to her. On Qwearth she learned hard lessons of life—political ideals ensure those who live them. The man she wanted had given her up for another woman from Qwearth.

And soon she was desperately dying. Like a permafrost waiting to defreeze. she was wishing on a sky-surface that would not sustain. She decided to go back to Icerth to be who she was so she could hand down a decided deadly judgement against her jilting lover and his lover.

She had a timer against the patrols of the security Weans. Another timer to be in Townsend for the closing—against the avalanche system that sustained Icerth. In the avalanche, the trickle down was a deadly flight.

The first phase had neither scene nor crime scene after she had drugged LillyRay despite the rain protection on her. It was important they made it through the phases without her cries. She rushed towards the second phase, resting against the approach of the timely Weans, and moving in parallel against it.

After she surpassed the third phase, the rain began to pour heavily. And LillyRay began to stare. She quickened her steps. LillyRay began to struggle against the plastic cover. She quickened her steps further, anxious and unwilling to disembark the burden she carried—to save time and prevent discovery. LillyRay began to struggle against her back.

She untied the robe that tied them together and turned her daughter towards her to pet her. But her expression was disturbingly unexpected—the plastic cover protecting her from rain was depriving her of oxygen!

She tore off the plastic rain protection and the rain poured in.

LillyRay's cries poured into the atmosphere, a space, at the time of night, no one, let alone a child was supposed to be.

She clung her child to herself. Her fears mounted.

There was neither space nor time for quiet discernment as she held her crying baby in her arms in the rain—in a space she should not be found in—there was just hope—a faint unproductive hope that the Wean machines would fail in their duties for that night. She lingered there in the acute oddity that their acute sense of sound could acquire random derangement and somewhat , somehow fail them for her exemption.

Quiet in their approaches, quiet in their flights, the Weans were designed for efficiency over robotic strength, graceful but highly consequential.

She didn't feel or hear the overhead approach but knew it was the same one that yanked her off her encroaching feet. Her struggles were futile as the Wean tore her away from her child.

When she was placed on her feet, her child was placed on the same line within proximal distance from her.

Weans, created differentially by a female scientist—unlike the Win machines in Icerth, which were designed by strictly male scientists which allowed random ranges within the same temperament—adhered to rules with strictness. The Wins had an avalanche system for their unfortunate poor folks on the same mountainous Icerth. The appendages of the Wins were many without any regard for any. Their decorum was uncaring, deranging, devouring and avaricious.

The Weans had two retractable arms and two retractable legs to fly and land. And whether they fly or land, their rules, aligned with the rules of nature, could not be dissuaded.

Peggy raised her head to view the dark black, dark blue, dark black-brown symphonic lower impressions of the Weans tracing towards the charged blue-from-black upper limits of the Weans—matching the natural warmth of natural skies in every possibility of daylight. It was a necessary procession for Qwearth, a necessary aspect of earthian physiopathology, a necessary spatiotemporal precursor to the emergence of earthian daylight, and the sustenance of daylight in earthian life.

From the projected telescreen above her head, she read the rule about Heartshares. And rushed to remember the punishment for the rules she had intentionally broken. She felt brain-blocked to sensations and decided not to try to remember at the same time the punishments were being written for her to read. It was inevitable that LillyRay would be taken from her. And she would go to the forced-labor prison camps to serve about a decade.

She read the next rule, unwilling to glance towards LillyRay because it was against the rules. As she read it, her knees weakened and she dropped onto it, breaking the

rule in the moment to gauge how low she should stoop—her heart almost broke again in the disheartening moment. She had drugged the child into a sleepy helplessness for the trip.

The poor thing couldn't stand still in the rain.

Yet they had broken the ultimate rule just by getting caught and separated by the Wean—the rule preventing the formation of diagonal waterways.

LillyRay was going to fall from the drug induced stance. It was a matter of time. But Peggy still had the problem of getting her to be still. Her unsteady constant movements ensured they were diagonally apart.

The clock was ticking and only Peggy knew it. "LillyRay!" she called, breaking another rule.

The Wean touched down with charges as daughter turned to mother.

And Peggy saw the light go out of LillyRay's eyes.

She also knew electrocution in the waterway meant death for LillyRay because of her small frame. She didn't have any reason to face the many years of punishment she must endure nor did she have any strength to retry reaching Townsend after the punishments for her crimes. She gave herself what she needed—continuous unsteady movements—forming diagonals with the body of LillyRay.

She couldn't close her eyes when the light went out of them. She mainly felt the last flicker of her heart.

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