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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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Respite, reinspiration, reinstallation, reaffirmation, reformation are states on the fringes that must go off tangent to reinstate life—life, away from the merely material towards the spiritual is never a compromise. It cannot be compromised. And with time and experience, in isolation and perseverance, within harsh elements, I listen to life in slow drips. As if life, though mine, is perpetually mine, perpetually escaping me. I have become more than the percept—ugly, below judgement, beyond the commoner's expectation. They who seek to impose their ignorance on me, have become better than me as my life neither glitters nor shines. I cannot mind what I am not.

I'm intimately glued to introspection, ghostlike and ultimately affirmative beyond reproach. They abuse their lacks—the frames of reference without the point of view—faculties of perception beyond their comprehension. And they're great at it. They inflect where no curvature may be found, deflecting mass acceleration towards the unliving, dug graves in empty spaces with liquid mass. They have denied nature in the most sacred of spaces. Their worst fears are indeed, yet to come. They are minions where nature is that tiny speck of ticking bomb.

Their trials to escape the passage of time is indolence called upon itself to escape its nature—as decay may be profitable without a seeing eye or any point of view at all—perilous streams may, in its two cents worth of glory, pass as a dream. In idleness all charms are regressive. I face inward to find my life as some afterlife of an afterwar never to be refought with charms but the meanness of spirit necessary from its reinspiring reference point.

Life's enclosing vulnerabilities have made me more than merely human. Unlucky, I am in suffering, ever closer to the being I am. May my enemies live and die in the wastelands of their charms. For they persecute me in great ignorance. Every eye must be made reckonable to its height, every height made referential to its eye. A shifting eye is as a drunk estranged from his senses—his lacking point of view fails his intelligence, woefully. He is a massive extension without particular regard, the old facade in retrograde with his new conceptions, the new underivable towards his forward direction. His actions are not formed from intuition but of random derivations from no particular ends. His neural ends have no commune with

mind—a perpetually defrauding chord of miscommunication—a derivation from language without any proof of life—a privileged fabrication for a life.

Nature is not a trickster. She knows individuality for the intimation of being. She gives what is, in its complexities, what is present, in its simplicity. Inception does not degrade, it is the ultimate primation, the primary instigation and dominant constitution for life and soul. Any attempt to drive nature's phasic ends with generative artificial state must become inevitably and ultimately futile.

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