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ade ronke

bullet lane #6

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Author's Note

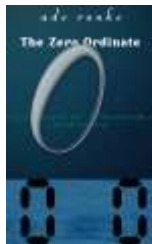
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SCHEDULED FOR THIS YEAR



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](#)



To capture the aspects for the differentiating x coordination, foundations must be laid for the Zero Ordinate.



Earning the right of passage into Clover Street is the tip of the iceberg. To earn the privilege to meet the Wizard, Darin must go through a series of tests to meet the demand of the ionospheric war Clover Street is waging against earth. The most important and deadliest of such tests is voyaging the valley of Death Wire Roses

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Bullet Lane #6

An instance of drought remembers the clouds senselessly, over in space, across the waters, never reckoned in embers, conjuring a smile unbelonging to any being. And nature glides through like a float below the waters, broiling strong in silence, the swirls of a tornado, scorching in prospect, searing, scalding, in seating, the differentiating proximal length. Until the depths swell up its watering peaks, nature never misplace its passages.

Life flashed before her eyes like the half life of a deflected thought, dead on arrival. And she allowed the receding thought to pervade the moment. What was her life worth at the moment? What was the worth of a life to him? She couldn't bargain with a nonentity principle—the ever deflecting arms of the probabilistic turn of the wheels of luck—edging instincts without any emotional state or stake.

She couldn't bargain life with death—an emotionless state. Or bargain death with life—an indeterminate state. What was worse than the insatiable feeling of dread was a resignation to death and the inevitability of its incursion or deterrent. She focused on the dread, reducing it against its effect. Death couldn't be worse than dread if it's quick and clean. And since the gun was pointed towards her head, there was the high probability of her incurring some

inevitable unconscious state, sleep, the unawareness closest to utter supposition of death, before slipping out of consciousness entirely.

Rather than closing her eyes and shaking against the touch of the gun against her skin, the slightest measure from her prefrontal cortex, she held his eyes with great uncertainty, yet boldly. "Would you rather I say my last prayers?"

He narrowed his eyes. "I would rather you count the stars until there are none?"

She shook her head. "What a waste of time!"

He studied her. "Whatever could bid your time at this Godforsaken hour?"

She disregarded her fears momentarily and shrugged, intentionally rubbing her forehead against the muzzle of the gun. "That you go ahead and get it over with. Or tell me what's next for me, dead or alive."

He narrowed his eyes, studying her briefly before closing in on her to sniff into her.

She frowned, eyeing him suspiciously.

He drew backward, holding her eyes intently. "If you do anything other than what I tell you to do, what's next will not be a question about life or death."

She held his seeming uncaring eyes before he pulled her to him roughly. And her breath quickened instantly, involuntarily. The fearsome emotions she had cognizantly quenched down, simmered up again. That, she surmised, must have been his intent. To simply unnerve her. She stiffened in his arms. "Just get it over with."

He lingered briefly before retreating. "What's the fun in that?" he quipped.

The eye is a disease for those who can see through it. For it needs distance for sight. Its illumination inverts its course. It cannot subvert its hype. Its height is not a share. It must revert. And distance is not a friend it needs at proximal length. It is not a friend indeed nor one in need. It flutters, aggrieved with unease. It shutters, engraved with disease as knowledge on the decrease. The transitions are on the hill—the illness between trees. Life must align for life. Or death is recompense.

He pulled the lever by a clearing of what she assumed were artificial leaves attached to a metallic opening by a large silent tree behind a silent hill. All was silent except for the ruffling of artificial leaves.

The underground pre-post-apocalyptic abode was filled to the brim with the elements of fear and predation—an outcast, yet the advocate of an applause.

She watched him as he went around searching and retrieving stuff before he wiped his face with something.

The person she faced was a good looking dark haired Caucasian, of which descent she didn't really care. The Assassin he killed in the train was blond haired. She was innocent in all of it. She wondered briefly what seeing his face meant. Could he keep her as some sort of slave? Would he kill her? He had involved her, a law abiding innocent stranger in an assassin to assassin fight for her life, kidnapped her, almost drowned her and was telling her some story about those coming for him by his sheer mistake of keeping her alive-a-moving-witness to the murderous event.

There was the probability of retribution. And she was to learn to survive in some yet unknown battle. Was he up to his life

endangering shenanigans again while she is to be kept for the fun of it? Or did he mean what he said when he talked about endangering her life a second time and needing her to help save it again? All—in a nightmarish episode of a ruthless dream she shouldn't be having.

“Call me Kenneth,” he said.

She twisted her mouth, scanning his appearance . “I don’t believe anything you say on that subject. I’ll call you Ken here.”

She studied her surrounding.

The enclosure was compulsively arranged: jugs of water lined the innermost length and a vast array of canned foods, food buckets, grains, dry foods, things one won't need unless the world was ending—first aid kits, sleeping bags, generators, batteries, propane heaters, knives, lamps, lined one side of the room, and a seeming endless list of ammunition—pistols, rifles, machined guns, hand held explosives and more.

And there was that strange dark painting by the array of small guns—reaching outwards—strange from the inception and searching for inception—some faulty consequence without precedence—a sight with insanity for a mirror—some inward seeking outgrowth with an outside effect. Even against the alignment of armory, the dark painting stood out like some parallel parasite outsider whose brightness is unnaturally imagined—a secondary appendage unwilling to detach. Like the unnatural green leaves covering the survival abode, it seemed out of place.

She sat on the floor, exhausted and fatigued by sheer hopelessness while he grabbed one thing after another, and left her in the abode to run some errand. She stood instantly once she heard the lid close and searched around for some ammunition, wondering fearfully if she could shoot him in cold blood knowing she couldn’t survive a shootout with him. The trained professional assassin on the train couldn’t survive him while he simultaneously ensured her

safety with great professional expertise. She chose the smallest gun, one that could fit in the palm of her hand and shoved it into her panties before sitting back down again.

He pulled her up in no time, and shoved a machined rifle into both her arms, the class and caliber of which surprised her. He took a hold of her and pulled her towards him.

She shook when he began the search on her body. And stilled when he found what he sought.

He pulled her, machined gun in hand, closer towards him. "When a woman asks for it," he whispered. "What can a full blooded grown man do but comply?" And docked his hand into her panties through her pants slowly to retrieve the gun. He put the gun to his nose and sniffed into it. "The gun that reaches beyond its target. The sexiest thing ever." He wiped the gun on his chest before returning it to its previous placement. Pulling her towards the exit, "For the life of me and you or just mine, you're learning precision-spot-sporting", he said.

The element of toss is the random allotment of random aims in random space—pleasing to the eye of the deviation—a stray. Splatters, scatters, crashes, disorders, sprinkles, disarray, disobey the laws of precision.

They stood behind the underground apocalyptic mansion-hole. And she stared at the display before her. The dark mountain was situated between two trees in the forefront.

His voice was confidently sensual as if killing was some necessary evil that was pleasing all the same. "Imagine the marks are enemies you thought were friends, directed against you with the turn of your back as enemies determined to kill you," he announced. "So you're forced to turn back around. They're not supposed to be here, definitely not at the turn of your back, not

behind you. You're forced around to find them not as friends but as enemies. They should come around the other side and face you. That's what a dignified enemy would do. These are cowards without true faces. They're like my creed as you heard of them—assassins—never to be trusted. So in the instant, you're forced to defend yourself. You must act cognizantly and precisely. The black mountain is Blackrock, Those black on black spots are blind spot targets—the most difficult. But they are in your point of view outward, they are around you so they shouldn't be turning back around at the turn of your back. Your surrounding is not supposed to be your affliction. It should be your abode. Take the blind spot in the middle of Blackrock out first before you move out in either direction. This you must do. If you don't do that, the black spot will be difficult to spot again in your movements so you will be blind-gunning for it and it will be gunning for you. Don't do that. Own your spot. If it is gunning for the turn of your back, undermining your existence, it must die firsthand. Things will be easier if you take that out first before you span out towards the trees, which in either direction, are lighter corner targets that should as well extend outward."

She was silent, studying the triangular arcs the mountain made in her sight and those the trees traced relative to the mountain towards her. "I'm tracing an M towards me."

He nodded. "Indeed. If that M or any elemental aspect of it is coming towards you, which, they must be in this instance, you must shoot it dead. This is your domain, your existential habitat and you must claim it with precision point accuracy. You must also be able to trace this pattern in space against any aircraft directed against you. The machine gun in your hand is especially for that."

Fear crept into her thoughts briefly but hardly paralyzing her in the moment, she resolved to learning anything that held the possibility of being applied to any situation in real life that may endanger her life as this seemed destined to do. "And you can't do it yourself?"

He laughed, sarcastically. "They are narcissistic rootless and ruthless killers. They don't leave witnesses. You need to show them they are the ends you need to lose as they would if this was their domain. If the police get here first, then I know you'll be fine by a degree of justice and innocence. Maybe. As they too, like my creed, can't be trusted. And I may be fine, somewhat. I doubt that the police will get here first. We drove a long way before you rammed that wall. If my creed get here first, you will certainly die if you don't defend. They may reconsider me to torture me but if they kill me first, you're dead. It's left to you to decide if you want to survive the coming verocious terrorism. If no one comes in three days or more, we're free to change locations. That means no one on my side is onto our traces. But they think like me. They're going to search. If what comes first is an aircraft, no matter what direction it comes from, you must fight to survive the space you occupy and to do that you must learn precision spot shooting. You already know how to shoot, you just need to optimize this for this particular situation. Are you ready?"

She exhaled. "I am."

He held on to her hips again.

She relaxed, focusing on achieving the aims instead.

"Relax," he urged, caressing the back of her head and lingering briefly.

She exhaled.

He held onto her shoulders, sniffing into the skin of her ear. "Focus on Blackrock and the surroundings, nothing else on the planet matters at the moment. There is a single entry point for any observing point of view no matter the direction. This is yours and as long as it registers formulaically within your frame of reference, you must own it. There is a line of trajectory to you as the subject, as long as the subject owns the frame of reference, which you do, then you must know the frame of reference is not the same as

frame of mind. You must own both. Anything not subjective to you is an object. Anything that wants to eliminate you are objects and you must eliminate them. You change the setting as the event changes, that is, you predict the next possible frame of reference from the frame of mind relative to the surrounding events, the objects, and you act accordingly. Your environment is your domain. Command it with everything you've got."

She exhaled. "Neither the rock nor the tree can move naturally, so why would they be moving towards me? They're certainly objects, anomalies of a nightmare worse than daydreaming, worse than dreamwalking."

He smiled. "No doubt nightmarish. You must own all scopes of the dream, the nightmare is real and act accordingly. Which direction are you going from the Blackrock blind spot point?"

"Northwest," she replied.

"Then you must take out Blackrock first, then the darklies towards the tree in the southwest and a swift and deliberate reversal in a sharp turn of the machine towards Blackrock again as you reverse, take out the southeastern darklies and Southeastern tree back to your precision point position. What are you tracing?"

"An unbeatable X."

"And you're taking out Blackrock...?"

"Twice."

"And the tree...?"

"Twice."

He moaned, in a heavily masculine tone, tracing his hand across her shoulder in a turn to stand against Blackrock to face her. "I'm so turned on right now, I am asking you to marry me out of my

horrific predicament and evil loneliness. I know you're attracted to me, assassin or not. Would you assassin with me?"

She couldn't bring herself to smile, so she frowned with a twist of her mouth. She could take him out then! But she resolved she didn't have it in her to kill in cold blood. Yet threatening him out anywhere in the forest or civilization was worrisome. He was too professional a criminal, too intelligent a liar. Something would go horribly wrong. He was used to chaos. She liked precision predictability going towards unpredictability and he knew it. She also knew she wanted to take those precision point shots. They were hers to take. She raised the machine towards his head.

He flinched.

Was it merely his instincts he considered in thinking she wouldn't kill him in cold blood? Did he smell the non-criminally minded person she was? Was it a weakness she was willing to overcome? "Aren't you an enemy turning around to face me in my own domain?"

"I am," he answered honestly.

She narrowed her eyes at the perplexing involvement of the innocent looking killer before her. "Trust an observer that can go beyond the target object Ken. You said that so remarkably well. And I learn well, from the best-of-the-better-killers."

He held her eyes without any readable trace of fear in them.

She didn't leave her precision point position as she adjusted her aim to target the space between his eyes. "That's the first target." She lowered the machine towards the triangled area of his private parts. "Now that must be the secondary target." She turned around sharply and turned back sharply as she asked. "What am I tracing Ken?"

When she returned to her initial state in the precision point position, he was out of her view and back behind her. She faced Blackrock again.

"Damn woman. I was just asking. Jokingly!"

Author's Note

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BOOK SCHEDULED FOR 2026



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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