

edewlogics

ade ronke

time and originality

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Author's Note

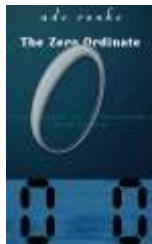
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SCHEDULED FOR THIS YEAR



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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Time and Originality

What I am, I am conscious of. I cannot do this for another. If I miss originality, I miss the very template of truth and knowledge. I lodge my soul in the entrenchment of tainted and filthy thoughts. Will my mind lose its dignity with my very own consent? Or might I not die without a single significant thought again? There are no observable thoughts except in the keen edge of spiritual facts. A conscientious criticism has credence in the most subconscious of minds as an imprint, civil, potent, inscribed, catalogued.

Will this false relation, this unreal bearings between me and my sublime thoughts be relieving me of shame or the poor perception of it? Is it enabling me of pride in as much as decency will allow, as I can allow? Could I get lost in some fleeting fame, a benefactor of an inflated ego? Am I one of those protected persons, those plagued with easy privileges? Am I not defrauded enough beyond reproach? That I should defraud, demean my mind? Have I not suffered hatred to refine my words for delivery, adopted tacts for a smoother, more courteous constitution of my words?

If I degrade originality, I suspect my mind will die a slow but solemn death without love, truth and nature. Antagonists will eat out my spiritual roots like insects with their cheap shots, low springs, baseless hatred and fancy toxically prided derangement syndrome. That spirituality—the taste of the uncommon chemistry exploring the world and humanity with the liveliest of sparks. Could I risk the growing trust rooting itself in me, the affirmative principle from the underlying trauma towards spirituality and intellectual activity?

From originality I migrate optimization towards originality. I immerse myself in truth so I may become a smarter advocate for it. It is my choice. I live as sacrifice, as subjectification. I have drowned in thoughts in helpless moments, drained myself of blood

for never-better, traumatized, beyond hope, neglected the merely visual scopes, refrained from the outrageous, scarred beyond beauty. Could they trail these niggardly paths, fake fingers in the air, like beggars?

Originality matters, for it speaks not of senseless pride or prejudiced institutions. But rather of truth that supports dignity, honesty and humanity. What is truth, they ask. Those who lie without any respect for human life. What is truth but what it cannot be subjectively without universality? Truth is, after all, primarily human individuation and humanity. It is what universality and conditioning intuit. I recognize the beauty beyond the outward. As the seasons vary and nature asks the return against time as time, so must the plentiful have diminished capacity elsewhere. I commit to life against harm, against evil, against those who hate for being, for true differentials they seek to steal. I commit to natural seasons, to time, towards differential time with great regard for life, for nature. I commit to originality driving originality within an encompassing natural ability towards optimizable originality.

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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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