

edewlogics

ade ronke

cosmic silence, consciousness and spirituality

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### Author's Note

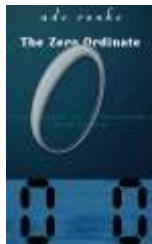
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### SCHEDULED FOR THIS YEAR



*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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# *Cosmic Silence, Consciousness and Spirituality*

I forgot Life could be fun and funny sometimes—like a fun morgue encompassing an unfastened link of mosaic tragedies exhibiting the illusion of passage—dripping red fast on a slow trip—some ceaseless terroristic task dying slowly on a roller coaster ride.

Who gets to love a terrorist by choice? Who loves a terrorist at all?

I once faced the butt of a gun for no reason at all in a state with open-carry law. Lunatics were just walking around waiting for someone, anyone to terrorize. And a gun is a reason to feel powerful where powerlessness is predominant. A gun seemed so pussy, so easy, so predominantly made for the small-dicked trigger heads without a proper thought to their minds. The real fear was in facing fear where fighting back ain't easy.

In the moderately furnished apartment, the mood was hopeful rather than overly eager, which was rather surprising.

I was supposed to be an easy lay. it was meant to be that way. I talked the proverbial talk. And walked the non-proverbial I-am-drunk-and-malleable walk allowing him to walk me out of the bar into my car so I can follow his car on the premise of yet more alcohol and a movie. That was the easy part. He expected another easy roll all the way. Easy things!

"Ever wished someone dead even if you won't pull the trigger?" I asked Peter Lee Lewis in hopes he would get strung along some other way than the obvious as we got into his living room.

He studied me. "Plenty, but why won't I pull the trigger? Something wrong with my hands?"

The man was a lazy bum getting by on crime. Everything was wrong with his hands.

I smiled as I took a seat on one of the cushioned chairs.

He took his seat next to mine, his demeanor more demanding than the mere expectation of sex. "You want to get someone done?"

I hesitated, not to sound overly excited. "Yes."

He smiled, studying my unchanging demeanor before he got on his feet. "Want some Heineken?"

"Yes," I replied simply. And watched him go into an adjacent room where his dining room and kitchen was.

I rushed to retrieve the clear Gorilla glue tube, wore my gloves and got on my knees to rub the glue into the chair he vacated. I removed the gloves and sat back into my seat, with the appearance of calm. Hoping my acts do not show-up fluid on the seat, I engaged him as he brought in the bottles of Heineken. "You know someone who can get someone done?"

His eyes held mine as he took his seat. "You have money to flick a trigger?"

I got on my feet instantly, gun pointed to his head, all seeming amateurish inhibitions suddenly escaping me, dead in the minute.

"What are you...?" he started before realizing he was stuck in the chair. He scanned the chair that contained him stuck. "What the hell? You're robbing me?"

I maneuvered wearing a glove with both my free and armed hand, retrieved handcuffs from my bag, stared down at him in disgust, wondering why I could no longer feel the anger I had harbored for too long, and dangled the cuffs in front of him. "Put these on."

He stared down the cuffs. "Just take whatever you can find slut!"

I wondered if he could rush at me carrying the chair if he wasn't such a conditioned slob, retrieved another glove and put it on my armed hand while armed.

"Just take whatever. You stupid bitch!" he yelled in scornful anger in the mode more of the man I expected him to be.

I moved upward against his view, and his eyes followed me until they couldn't. I put the muzzle of my gun to the back of his head. And emphasized the words as I said them this time. "Put...these...on!"

He raised his hands without another word and I cuffed him, tied a large handkerchief placed between his upper and lower teeth behind his ears so tight, his breathing became ridgelike—like some salient angularly inclined ticking time bomb.

I walked back to sit on the center table. There was a calmness to my demeanor that surprised me, a calmness about my abject lack of care for what was about to happen. "Remember the woman you raped and beat almost to the point of death?"

His eyes widened as he shook his head.

"You paid your price?" I asked, widening my eyes as well.

He nodded, eyes wide.

"Well, that was my sister. And while you were in prison, probably being pumped in the ass by some other crook, your crime was upgraded to murder because she just couldn't get over what you did to her. And I just couldn't get over her suicide. So you're out of prison and here we are."

I retrieved one of the many knives in my bag and brought it down harshly on one of his feet.

The scream that escaped him was hardly audible. With his eyes closed from pain, he didn't see the other knife coming for his other foot.

That was when he tried to rush at me in anger—the wounded animal. What a fool! Did he buy time?

The first shot went through his eye and he and the chair sank down with a disturbing thump dead set against dead silence and some time for cleanup.

"Oh what the hell, I said, getting on my feet. "Let's get it over with." The second shot from the Silencer pierced the other eye. And the third penetrated his heart.

### **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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