

edewlogics

ade ronke

zhourckh: dead man walking

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Author's Note

*test*It is from my adoption of a more accepting and fluid form of spirituality born out of suffering, communal terrorism and isolation that I adopted the free books for life cause-free books, free access to my work for donations. My sacrifices for this cause have been unending. And I have seen great persecution. But by making these things free, my spiritual sacrifices work for me. Wherever you are in the world, my suffering is known to you. When I pray, you inadvertently pray with me and for me. Thus, a simple prayer that it must be onto me as the aims of my natures and heart. That my means is clean in long suffering and extremely sacrificial, where they have been stolen or delayed must be a curse onto those who do so.

For every evil, harm and terrorism set against me, may they, in return, get harm in unexpected modes. May I, from the very depth of my innocent mind and aims, get smarter in ways unusual and unexpected. For every time they steal my life, labor and liberty to intentionally ruin my life, may they become spiritually, intellectually and inevitably inferior to me. May they know this inferiority deep in their souls so it never escapes them. And if my aims are true as my spirit is clean, may you, wherever you are in the world reading this become a blessing to my causes and my life in ways unexpected. Amen. I released [Bluesie remixes](#) this last Friday and to show my appreciation for your support (as you can witness from free books, essays and more, I don't believe in one sided support),

I had since announced the Blues- Jazz-Fest ticketed by highest participating and frequency of support by buying). This remix album is definitely the last chance to participate in the frequency picks. You can simply buy the album to participate or buy the same album in higher amounts to be assured a higher pick. You can choose to do that if you can. It is important that you keep your receipt in case the reports are somewhat, somehow deleted by a hacker on B&NDC&MP or simply lost. What's important is that you have the receipt. This is my word to you. Whatever receipt you

paid money for will be honored by me. Buy the Bluesie remixes album with any amount of money you can afford to give to participate. There will be another event for PayPal supporters in the future, one more comedy than songs as I hope to have brushed up my comedy skills by then. What hasn't killed me thus far, has made me more of the human evil thought I couldn't be. I pray to be more surprised than you can ever be by what I am capable of achieving that has little to do with money. Support the free books for life cause today.

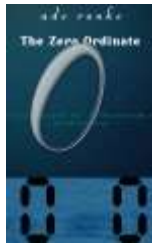
The work as well as others like it can be found among others in the essay section of my website available free, www.edewlogics.com. To support free works like this and others available on my site, please support the free books for life cause. Thank you.

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 Orilede 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 Rosesst

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Zhourckh: dead man walking

Zhourckh Suffree Lanky searched the unfamiliar faces in the large dining hall and made a decision to test what they may like. He was a fluid comedian by nature and had learned from past experiences to always test the room where he was unfamiliar. The large hall, unlike what he was used to in the smaller spaced Dingy's, a town, was filled with educated city folks looking for a laugh. He was in the city. It was his first time in the particular establishment—a higher class establishment than Dingy's.

He smiled, tilted his standing black microphone towards the crowd and screamed into the Mic, "Hello!" Echoing the greeting. He waited for the jeers to subside before he spoke again. "Damn men, the news nowadays is a hotspot for catastrophe, nothing but. Listening to the news puts me up to the dandiest-deadliest, most horrific thoughts. I have strange opinions about simple things and sometimes simple opinions about strange things. These crazy things help my professional life as I am way worse than I can ever imagine being worse than a jobless homeless loser. I mean, who wants to be that bitch?"

He took a sip of the good demeanor first-timer bottled water he brought with him, and restrained the urge to curse under his

breath. He was after all an alcoholic who enjoyed alcoholic spaces whose occupants never have to know how much of an alcoholic he was. His best work, his home, was at Dingy's. His livelihood took him wherever he could go. "News is a maggot, that is, a magnet for stupidity and decay. It loves that shit. I'm not against people catching stupid. In fact, It's the most amazing thing I see people catch. I love to see, know and engage stupidity with stupidity. That's my thing. I must profess my love for stupidity. I love her so much. She makes my life worth living everyday. Her companionship is soothing. She's always work-at-play for me. She truly makes me love myself more, and makes me a better man. So when I heard Amazon was going to start listing the value of Trump's imposed tariffs on the products affected and later denied it, I could only ask myself one simple question. How stupid can a billionaire be? You don't just list the value of the tariffs, you list the value of the American alternative without tariffs. Things in the material version, the buyer may also like. Things same in kind as the better products. When they see the unspeakable higher tariffs with the made in America tag, they'll come scrambling back like entitled lab rabbits, won't they?"

He paused to ease the noise in the room, took another sip from the bottled water before he continued. "Also in the news are the qualified astronauts celebrating their recent and sudden achievements. Like ageing entitled shuttering bright yellow-white butterflies in high altitude space they cannot naturally afford to be, they don their artificial water wings and up they go ...exemplifying the true definition of privilege. They took a ride imagining both blue the origin and blue the destination...a phantom schizophrenic episode in real time. And because they don't have it, they deem it as merely origin. How else could progression happen? It's so stupid, I must love it. That trip was an amazing technologically induced trip-hop psychotic episode..." He detached the mic from its base, bent his back to face down to his feet, put his head between his legs, mic to his mouth, and extended a hand towards his torso. "...It's like shaving your ass in the mirror backwards while believing you're shaving your face. It's even stupider. I love it."

He smiled slightly, took another sip as the noise subsided. "Identity politics can eat my ass anyday. They can go straight into my asshole and eat it, eat it well cos it's oh so good and I just don't give either a rat or a rabbit's ass about it. None of them could tell us, not even astronauts, why space is so dark and differentially removed from the artificial shenanigans of the space penises. Or why the upper layers cannot be seen as seen on the planar levels? So, unlike the subtle reality of space, they came back down loudly as all spatial artifacts do...usually presentable as a NETFLIX special. I can just imagine someone smart smiling down at the whole shitbangs shenanigan... laughing because human exploits are eventually catastrophic and miniscule...couldn't be the smart people at Harvard, sitting on their asses all day watching all these going down telling themselves they're smart without a caring about the very human lives occupying earth. Money, like that ageing bright yellow-white butterfly shuttering down to earth in a penis tube, speaks a whole lot of bullshit I tell you. That's so freaking stupid, I must love it. Whoever is up there and smart will be saying natural blue belongs with natural black, a natural karmic space beyond the easy and the beautiful no doubt. And the rest is beautiful sunny, flashy shiny sunshine. Otherwise, earth cannot exist. Shew, the stupid pretexts at the height of our so-called knowledge makes me dizzy than those disorienting people never being bitches until that ageing shuttering bright yellow-white butterfly comes down to earth in the inverted-reverted penis dome. Whew! A dizzying fluttering hole seems worse than a rabbit hole. That rabbit hole is definitely not a mystery. If it is, I can fart into my ass. It will be my specialty."

He took another sip of his drink as subsiding noise in the dining hall this time, applauded differently. The audience were now touched by the knowledge of the imperfect practical mind behind the comedy. The room was in flow with him. And he held a self-assuring smile knowing the next time he was invited, he could drink on the job. "There's news about murderers, terrorists, bad ass idiots and such and it worries me deeply. I'm wondering how

I can do better so I never get caught or go down a rough tangent while up to no good. I mean, I could end up dead if I continue on this path of crimes and theft...comedy is my second job...I suck at both jobs and I'm worried about myself...yet scared of these horrific thoughts I get from watching the news...commercial break while watching the news cuts up to a post apocalyptic movie ad recently and I find myself asking myself, 'Dude, which one is more useful in an apocalyptic zone in case there's one? A Zombie talking woman or a Dead man walking?'. And then before you could know it, I was thinking of what a power tripping overplay would look like from a zombie point of view. Zombie says, "Bro , I can totally eat you right now." And I say, "Bro, you're overthinking it man! Calm your stupid ass down.I love you stupid ass Bro. Dont talk shit." I Think a dead man walking will be just fine."

Author's Note

It is important to me that you support the free books for life cause or give your support through music by ril. Please do so if you can afford to do so. Thank you.

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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