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Zhourckh: Afoul

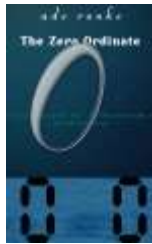
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SCHEDULED FOR THIS YEAR



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

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Author's Note

I have never sought to run the world or rule it. Not my thing. I do seek to connect with humanity and make cross generational difference with practical, emotional and spiritual intelligence—matters connecting humanity and saving lives like mine against the odds life brings that I do know about intimately. I have always had the dream to run my own publishing press however small, to use my hand to press and bind a book and sell it directly to you. There is great dignity in that. That dream has never left me and I have never given up. That's the kind of person I am. I have decided to write a direct from me to you print only book detailing the comedic adventures of Zhouckh, as discussed in this personal essay. I hope you support this publishing project and others like it when the time comes to do so. This episode of Zhouckh is brought to you free by edewlogics. Please support the free books for life cause and music by ril. Your support mean the world to me. Thank you.

The work as well as others like it can be found in the essay section of my website available free at 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.

Zhourckh: Afoul

Zhourckh moves his tall lean body across the podium with confident delight, inserts his hand in his pocket to absorb some of the unexpressed gratification in the ovation he was experiencing. He could never get used to it, he thinks, the up times, those times he feels destined, beyond reproach.

He pulls the microphone to him and screams into it. "Oklahoma! How are you doing tonight?"

The ovation picks up before dying down slowly. "Here I am... back by popular demand and shit... excited and edgy Oklahoma. Will I get lucky here tonight being sexless and single. Everytime I think of my trip down here, I think, "hook a whore man, when in Oklahoma... will I get lucky tonight? Are you up to this task? Who's going to be the heroine? Now that's one damned hell of a painkiller... will you be mine tonight Oklahoma? Will you ladies?"

The crowd roars sporadically, where it applies, resoundingly, "Yes!"

He smiles. "You better...'cause I'm horny as hell tonight," he says before he fixes his eyes on a couple in one of the front row seats, "You two a couple... all giddy and stuff?"

"Yes," they echo.

He smiles. "No doubt. You two are holding hands like new. What are you on? Your first month's anniversary or your third date?"

The couple laugh.

The woman speaks. "Third month."

Zhourckh smiles. "And the woman should know. You're still having that giddy-up sex aren't you?"

The crowd laughs.

He goes silent on them, scanning them for a few seconds. "Have you had one of those?"

The couple appear confused.

"One of what?" the man asks.

"One of those dingy assed sex. It's gloomy, it's drab, hell you don't even know what you're doing. Except for the sex, you're not touching. It makes no sense, but you're the senseless person doing it."

They both shake their heads.

He nods. "I can tell. Pretty soon, you won't feel the need to hold hands in public after having a couple of sexless dingy sex sessions... it takes the giddy-up sex towards down syndrome...that's what I call giddy down sex...don't wanna scare you, if you make it through, you wanna be having the giddy-enough sex. Unlike me...this crazy bitch did me in... now hopeless and helpless. Maybe I can finally hook a whore, man. Will you Oklahoma? Will you help?"

A round of affirming ovation erupts in the crowd.

He smiles, walks away from the couple to stand in the middle of the stage. "As you know, I have a thing with peculiar women, trying to get hooked on women that wouldn't have me. It's a terrible habit, a thing I do I can't seem to be able to shake. So I was obsessed with this bitch. Crazy but I didn't learn my lesson so I did it again. I just couldn't help myself. Her reason for rejecting me was too bizarre for me not to obsess over banging her brains out. The bitch said I almost ran her down with my car once and I made a run for it...crazy, how could she be sure I didn't do it twice?

What was that whole made up story about? Is she alive or struggling to live so I can't date a handicap I ran over? That would just make me a worse pervert than I am. What's the bitch talking about? What special type of disenchantment with life is plaguing the bitch? I said she must have mistaken me for a different Caucasian. Didn't she know we all look out loudly the same? But the bitch was adamant I was the one that almost ran her over and made away with it.

I was so obsessed with banging her, I started confessing to things I didn't know I did. I said she could have been right...it could have been me. I could have been the one driving the car that night...i'm a reckless driver seeing colors all the time anyway. Who in their right mind would allow me to drive? I shouldn't even be allowed on the road. And the bitch needs to get her ass out the road so I don't drunk-kill her ass.

Then she says my head will fit in my asshole if I ever tried that shit...I still can't get laid men... is she tripping? She says much I do about nothing. The bitch got me cooked. I can't eat when I normally don't eat. I can't sleep when I'm already an insomniac. I just had to bang that bitch. She won't let me. And I can't preoccupy myself with the random girls I have access to. I'm doubly cooked. And so here I am, before you, sexless and hopeless, a broken man for so long now. Oklahoma, will you help liberate this poor, poor man?"

With random affirmations of "Yes," from female audience members, he allows the ovation to persist for a few seconds before he speaks again. "I am more anxious as an anxiety-driven comedian, I tell you. I notice all that's bizarre, odd and utterly disastrous more than I notice the good stuff, if those exist. So, when I woke up to a US war that has nothing to do with 9/11, I said 'damn, somebody is going to fall for this shit. Nobody is going to fall for this same shit.' But it got worse. It turns out one gamer met another gamer worse than himself , what I'll call a CBA occurrence.

The gamer of the gamer, is one who whenever he makes a deal with you always has some inevitable alternate plan aside from the plan already decided. He always rearends an original deal. He's the dog with two vaginas and two penises on extreme sides. It's the beasts and bestiality of real and true relationships. And no doubt it's the most beautiful sex you've never had but can always imagine you're having—the game life, life is the game, the apparent will not be visible, the visible will not be apparent. How do you get an honest deal but keep sleeping with the animal? Bestiality is a thing. The best of gamers knows how it feels at the tip. Oklahoma, will show me where this tip is. Will you, pretty, pretty, baby please..."

He gets another round of ovations, filled with laughter. "There was that beatdown the French President got from his husband...sorry, I mean her husband, not really, his wife. And no it wasn't a beatdown. It was just a bit of manhandling...There is this crazy domestic violence case of the French president where his wife is rumored to be a transgender, so I'm confused and you should be too. They deny this. If I said the president's wife is abusing her, you will then think I have my tenses wrong and the pronouns are irrelevant nowadays as anything can be anything else and stand for any pronoun. The problem is people are forgetting their possessive pronouns.

But if she's slapping him around, beating the hell out of him in the closet somewhere, which video evidence seems to show she may be doing this. Who is the male and whose is the battered wife? So, I don't make much 'I do about nothing', as that crazy bitch said, Oklahoma, whose battered boyfriend is this? I need someone to slap the hell out of me tonight. I need to hook a whore, Man."

He allows the female driven ovation to dwindle again. "If I'm to face reality, which I want to do, then the greatest fraud being funded is in science...you know...like I'm a walking tall falling body without any bruises to show for it. There's no doubt in my mind evolution believes in miracles. How can that miracle be me? Science can be such a theft theory can't it? Or as they may have

it, a deficit theory, much like religion and its justification for existence and the afterlife. It is a perpetual deficit, something is missing, religion for an afterlife with God, evolution for some more evolved ever elusive being. It's all the great deficit of bullshit, ain't it? It's like when I lost my jet black hair to the fire and my skin melted, and I thought, 'what if it could really be true that my hair is my skin, then I will be some other kind of monster now, won't I? Not this monster I am. But all the same, a monster.

The shit science show tells me that I can inhibit a trait I cannot exhibit, while exhibiting and keeping the trait that makes me the monster. I am—two things at the same time immutable, un-interchangeable or in the same mode. What shit show horror is that? The shitshow manifest that can keep lies funded forever on a senseless unintelligent highway robbery. Imagine being held up at gunpoint over nonsense like, 'get your hands up, get them up. Now give me your skin so I can have my hair.' I refuse to be some other monster than the monster I am. I refuse to live someone's else's anatomical part. I refuse to be an anatomical part. Oklahoma, will you help me become more of the monster I am?"

He smiles, hesitates briefly, allowing the ovation to subside." Indeed, I refuse this disease of the mind, a derangement of sensations, a common ailment for fools and idiots running along on half empty or full glasses of imbecilic fake vagina juices, toxic prides and hopeless prejudices. I wanna feel something, know something, if uncertain the proof should never be its own opposite or its own aversion... Was I born an idiot? I refuse to have been.

I want to be something, be what I am, this very monster I must choose to love. This monster matters. I'm so tired of chasing after that bitch. I should hit her bitch ass with my manly car if the bitch will get in my lane. But the bitch is too smart. And I'm too much of a monster to need a smart bitch tonight. I need to hook a whore, man. I'm a fool, I'm a monster, I'm a joke, I'm a lover, I'm a tool, I'm a loser, but I sleepwalk in my dreams, I'm

fine...Oklahoma... woof, woof, meow, meow, hiss, hiss, ahah, ahah... ahahfouououououl... "

And the ovation doesn't stop when Zhourckh 's howling does.

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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