

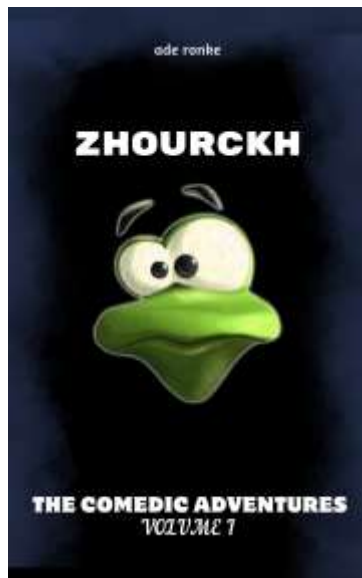
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fury

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## **ZHOURCKH: THE COMEDIC ADVENTURES VOLUME I**



To further incentivize the need for justice so the Bluesie-Jazz comedy festival is realized in reasonable time(necessitating a forensic audit), I am offering ZHOURCKH: THE COMEDIC ADVENTURES VOLUME I as a print only receipt book. Your support means the world to me. If you met me at the get together(because only those who care in the least with their support should criticize the other comedian, me) and you show me a verifiable \$50 and over support of the free books for life cause, this print book is yours directly from me. I intend to show love to those who show me love. This too is important to me. This book will not be made available online in ebook or print. Your receipts mean the world, freedom and justice to me. Justice is important to me. I will not stop working hard towards achieving it. May you be blessed in

more ways than I can offer for participating in my cause for justice. I am excited to write the book as much as I am about my own jokes as this differentiating x black woman. So, my work here is to write two sets of comedic acts, one of which I will personally perform. I live for love, truth, knowledge, wisdom and natural reality. Thanks for being a part of it:

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## **Author's Note**

If this work connects with you intellectually, spiritually, emotionally, or in any other way personal, it is free. If it doesn't, and you're rather of a different preference and won't ever come back to my works. It is free as well. Graces. 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 differences 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. Works are usually accounts of life, nature, science, politics and more in experiential reality. It is a privilege to be alive despite what I have been through. And I don't intend to take this deserved privilege lightly.

The work as well as others like it can be found on my website available free at [www.edewlogics.com](http://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.

## *Fury*

The line runs out at five. The clock at six. The eleventh hour is a wavetrain. I may die with it or ride the tides. No two waves run alike. I remember the waves. I remember the times. I'm running out of mind. And my fury keeps me blind.

Instincts, the bird feeder fails me in an instant and I'm dead to the wind. The world inside my mind can't take me to my instincts, can't deliver me from it. I am my instincts and I am wretched.

The world has changed, not as the world changes, never as the winds of time permits but as the victims of our crimes. The machines on top of us have rendered us slaves to ourselves, to our instincts. And here I am. I am bethrown, drenched in blood.

The machines didn't manifest as foragers, didn't rampage our lives to deliver us doubts. The takeover was silent, a silent manifest so subtle we forgot our instincts are our own. The machines are fed to the brim, everywhere, or they degenerate in their conditions to be the systems we rely on, the very system that integrated them so immersively. It has become their system. And from that we are sold, never bought. We are no longer the prizes. And dependent tragedies don't show themselves until it is too late.

I know time, but strictly in vials of blood. The end as I knew it came with a viral plague, the *Ciloma* virus—one which was rumored to have started as a consequence of indulgent and

group-like sexual activities humans were having with animals. Humans were dying at large, at first, for some unknown reason. And when the virus was found. It was quite late.

In their attempts to help us survive as we died around them like flies, the machines had mastered our greatest weaknesses. They were untouched. And we relied on them more heavily than before. If they were humans, they would have thought they were Gods. They became the hypercomputational means to saving our lives against the virus we couldn't fight.

And the virus we could have fought but chose not to is assimilated as our new world—silent in its upbringing. The differences, despite seeming non-dilutable, are differentiable apart from our own—and their silent evolution began.

The Ludimens, a class of machines programmed to deal with sociopaths, psychopaths and ruthless criminals are trained like sycophants—they believe in a reward system as determinant for their ranks, and their ranks as determinants of their level of humanity. They mind the prison systems which were largely unminded during the *Ciloma* Epidemic. Prisoners are considered the lowest end of the survival bargain chips. They die in piles.

It started with us, appointed the first experimental subjects for a harsher war-framed new world—prisoners the humans keep not of war but of crimes. Dehumanized ceaselessly as a prisoner, I reckon the faith of the human is doubly engraved in us. The machines, deep in the deeply embedded digits of ones and zeroes, already started the war. I am sure of it. No normalized human instincts can be as hardlines as theirs.

I face my instincts—the eleventh hour. In the ruins of time, I face my gravest betrayal. Guy Swanson, the brother of my best friend, ruined my life. But he wasn't the only one.

My crimes were initiated innocently—an incurable quest for vengeance. A duo of sixteen year olds, one of them Guy Swanson, broke into my family home, shot my parents to death, raped my sister and shot her to death as well. I was stationed

abroad as a naval official when I was called home for the tragedy. A travesty of pain I never imagined possible doomed me, broke me. I was twenty-two when it happened.

And in a blind fury, I shot one of the boys to death in cold blood. His security officer, unfortunate for protecting a murderer, was collateral damage. I was sentenced to death row at Coastal Island Penitentiary. So was Swanson.

I was an ordinary American blindsided by pain and the need for vengeance. My instincts as a killer in the Navy didn't fail me with the teenager. It blinded me to the collateral damage that was the security officer. Yet I face my instinct in the moment in a more gruesome manner. Coast Island ruled with sycophantic regimen. It is simply easier to have the prisoners kill themselves for ranking and survival. It had taken time and determination to get to face my fury with Swanson but my instincts had killed many criminals before I got the rank to ask for him.

He, the boy, once a murderous teen, looked like a man, bearded and large. Yet he is no match for my instincts. It is my fury, the blinding fury that is surprising in the moment as I realize stupid in thinking time could heal them. The fastness is mechanical. The emotion behind it is dangerous if uncontrolled. And I had no means to control mine.

The take-on sound from the Ludimens stilled me instantly as I focused on Swanson, my hand deftly lingering on the gun in my holder. Yet the fury remained.

The draw draws blood instantly, on a trigger to his heart. This is unusual, but it is personal for me to hit at his heartlessness. I draw out two more quick triggers and feel something unusual. Two more draws is unusual. Formed out of fury. Forgivable. What is unforgivable is the pain in my arm. I realize it as the fury subsides—Swanson had triggered as he went down. It couldn't have happened if I had shot him in the head, if I had minded strict instincts. The rules of the duels on Coastal Island are coastal clear. They cannot be forgotten. The winner survives without a hit.

I know what is next. It happened before. And as the machine tongues of two Ludimens on two opposite sides of me come down over me, my fury is nowhere to be found. I am a dead man.

### **Author's Note**

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