

**edewlogics**

**ade ronke**

**mistletoe**

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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.

## *Mistletoe*

Thirty year old Debbie Astrosoap never gave up on the Christmas spirit. Her marriage is on the rocks. Her child, born out of wedlock, died in wedlock. She has secrets to keep to fulfill her expected life, secrets to keep while she lives and is married to Paul Astrosoap. There are appearances to keep up. And she keeps them all every chance she gets, including the bastardious and fatal trial to give herself the child she is extremely suspicious her husband is impotent for. Her parents had died in a car crash three years earlier. She has to carry on the family gene somehow.

But Christmas is one of those times of the year that could lift her depressing spirits. And this Christmas eve has the wishful expectations of a snowy white Christmas fulfilled—a rarity she didn't feel like letting go to waste. Although she does not tell him, she is certain Paul's inability to help her conceive destroyed their marriage. She is well-versed by her dead mother on the art of keeping up appearances, sustaining a conspicuously admirable, rigid-state lifestyle, one that indulges her in debts otherwise inconspicuous.

She urges herself not to get another bottle of scotch out of the skeleton store—the bland brown alcohol closet in the meantime. But relapsed to the decision that it is Christmas. She can get drunk as a skunk if she wants to. She can get skinny drunk and go skinny dipping in the snow if she wants to.

She fetches the bottle of scotch, sits in front of the fireplace by the fire Paul made and gulps down a long swig from the bottle. Alcohol was tearing out her kidneys, the doctor warned. But he also makes her take medication for the condition. How is she not to be tempted on a snowy Christmas eve to overdose on both the ailment and the cure?

She is ruining the Christmas spirit for Paul. But everything is in ruins, she argues in her thoughts before propping herself into a sitting

position to take her back to the sofa. That's when she sees it—the warped and protruding dysmorphic juxtaposition of the walls lining the fireplace.

“Why is the fireplace in my face?” she asks, holding a puzzling expression.

“What?” Paul asks halfmindedly, quietly dismissing her as drunk for the night.

But head first, there he is, Santa Clause, coming down the chimney, tonight. He curves his way upward, like a snake. And stands in front of her, his crouch in her face. She wonders about potency, his potency compared to Paul's.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Paul asks harshly, loudly.

Forcing her to look in his direction briefly, she neglects the worrying expression on his face, before turning back to Nick.

Nick is gone. And in his place is a box by the Christmas tree.

She rushes towards it. “Clause was just here. You didn’t see him?”

Paul let out a sarcastic smile. “What?”

She retrieves the box and holds it close to her chest.

He studies her, contemplating a decision to indulge or ignore her. “Open it,” he urges, making his way towards the fireplace next to the tree on his knees. “Maybe he left something for a dead baby.”

She feels the sharp acute pain ravaging the last reserve of her—a neural wreck. She opens an empty box to a sinking heart. “it must be the book of life,” she whispered sadly..

Paul widens his eyes. “For a dead baby? You mean to say Nick defied gravity to deliver you an empty box containing an invisible book of life?”

She calms her anger. Telling him the child was never his to showcase his impotence is hardly something in line with the Christmas spirit.

He looks up at the mistletoe hanging with a bow by the fireplace mantle. "Here's a mistletoe, should we have crazy drunk sex by the fireplace for the sake of the Christmas spirit?"

He knows what the answer would be, at least he can surmise the outcome from past events. He waits patiently for it.

Her pain sinks further into her body and mind. And her growing self pity accumulates more sadness than anger. She speaks in a soft and lowly voice.. "Paul, this marriage is over."

Paul imagines the rest of his life with her in the moment and sees a tragedy worse than the tragedy she sees. He is there by obligation rather than love. He could be anywhere but with her tonight. The casual hotel sex he engages with the married stranger who looks like her sister at the bar every now and then was a better ordeal. "You're right, this is no way to live. You're barely thirty and you're a drunk who is losing her damned mind to some phantom guy from some Christmas past."

### **Author's Note**

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