

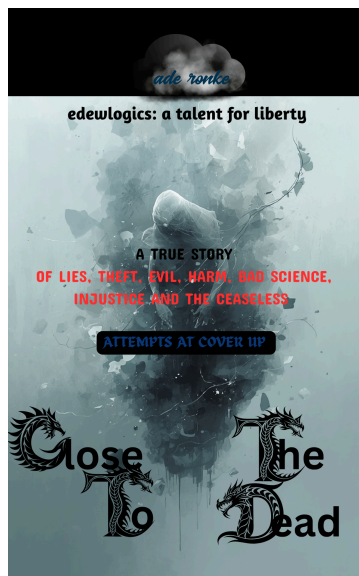
edewlogics

ade ronke

on the stupidity of one and the other

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CLOSE TO THE DEAD – Scheduled for this year



Raising one's hands down existentially once is a definite degenerative disorder (a cluster B factor). The degeneracy of raising one's hands down existentially twice should be listed as a DSM 5 genetic and mental disorder, and the inability to raise one's hands existentially as "imbecilic throughput schizophrenia"—ade ronke

On January 7th 2026, I was stalked, harassed and arrested by the state police. The reasons for this is, in my view, the intellectual and daring proclivities in my book, *A Case in Point*. There are other reasons to be stated in this book. If every indication of my life doesn't suggest this to you my readers, it is calling it: if I wasn't to be me. would I not be dead? But I am cognizantly alive by my own recognizance. In other words I was arrested for being who and what I am.

What is to follow is false imprisonment, and a true story of great injustice and ceaseless attempts at cover up while I meet unsavory criminals along the way. If this hadn't happened to me, I couldn't have conceived of it. It happened to me. I must go beyond mere conceptions

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Author's Note

My readers, wherever you are in the world, it would be far from ideal or humane to ask you to treat Open Knowledge merely fractionally as you treat OPEN-AI. Only one of the two, like mine, is human. Support my cause, a voice of insight, reason and knowledge in the age of #Modern AI systems. Support the human cause. 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.

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A Potent Throb

Heartbreak is a potent throb reverberating against the self, heavy in duty, silent in approach.

My poor mama died alone three days ago in a hospital bed. And Tobi is not with me in my mourning. He says I have been acting strange, leaving the children alone for long stretches of time, for three days. I say not for too long. But long enough for one of them to die, he says.

And my heart throbs. He has been gone long enough for me to die. Long enough for one of the children to die.

But I didn't leave the children alone. To me, he is like a child, one I had cared for for too long. One thing that didn't occur to me until Mama died was that he was a child, my child. Why won't I go see Mama on her deathbed but for his sake? I let my mama die alone for him. Because he is too busy working to watch the children for a night or two. My busy man. I did it all for my busy man.

And here I am again trying to save my child, my poor, poor child. The first day was the hardest. I left the children alone to go identify my Mama's dead body. Dead bodies are so hard to see for what they are. My heart could only steel itself, like a rock, waiting to crack for the life of me, going out to her. The woman who

raised me, the woman to whom I was a child, had died alone, for another child.

I decided to wear my new wig and heels, leave the children alone at home, and go out to look for him. It all feels like a ghostly attire for a ghostly affair, me, the mitigator, the passing of one dearly beloved for the salvation of another. It is a salvation I know too well, one I have endeavored before. And lately, his dinner has run cold too many times.

I wait for him to come out of the building where he works. And follow his car from a reasonable distance to see a woman, a stranger to my eyes, get into his car. They drive to an unfamiliar apartment building, where I wait an hour before going back home. He doesn't come home until after midnight.

The next day, I am on his trails again to witness a similar course of events. He doesn't return until after one o'clock in the late night. The next day, the children tell him of my escapades. And he accused me of abandoning them.

Today is different. He takes her out to a restaurant, one we had been to together before. My child, my poor, poor child, is being adopted by a stranger? Here, I feel neither the usual angst nor the usual pain. Are these the remnants of a stalker stalking her own? I want to be near my child this time. And once seated in the restaurant, his back to me, I take some time to study the stranger who adopted him. There I sit until the alarm goes off, the alarm I had set for myself to return to my children, so I am not gone too long.

I walk over and stand behind him briefly. The strange woman gasped as I withdrew the sharp kitchen knife from my bag before thrusting it into his potent throbbing heart with great precision. He struggles barely a second before his head drops to the side. And I take my seat where the stranger vacated, the pang of

hunger which had been there for a while suddenly awakens. I pick up a piece of steak and drop it in my mouth. For the first time in a long time, his dinner has not run cold.

Author's Note

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