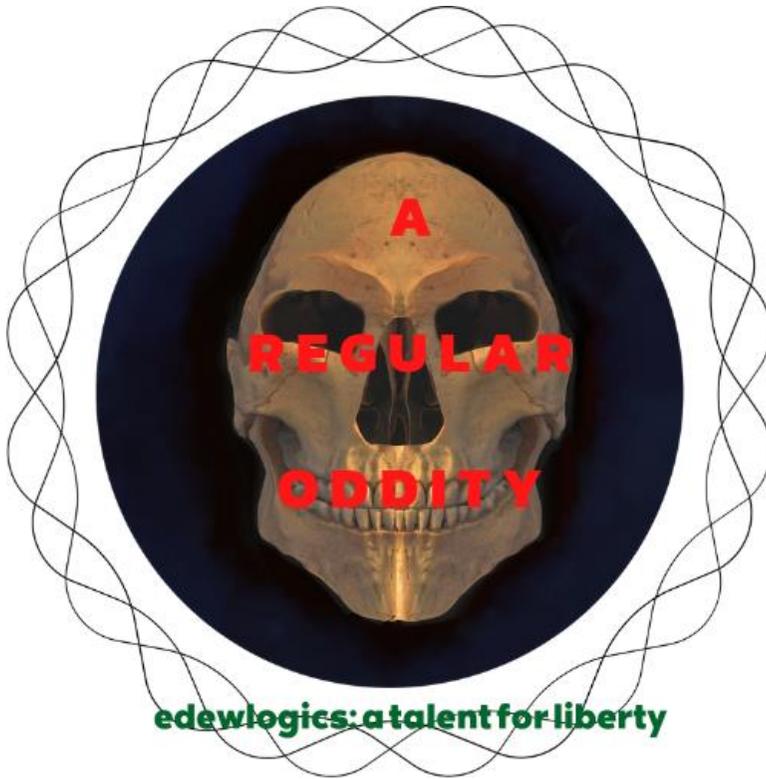


edewlogics: a talent for liberty

A
REGULAR
ODDITY



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Eleven year old Bami Dele is the experimental boy immune to what scientists get to know as the Femuran invasion. He and the chosen bearer of the only artificially engineered artemdermal skin protector must get past every formidable detection of the Time Weavers. They must find the game inside a dead cat by a corner, finish the play, find the location of the secret of secret places, make the journey to get the Polarcapper and turn the wheels against their doomed fate.

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**IF YOU WANT TO HELP END PAYPAL TERRORISM PLEASE
DO SOMETHING AND SAY SOMETHING. THANK
YOU. PLEASE HELP END THE CIVIL, ECONOMIC AND
INTELLECTUAL TERRORISM AGAINST ME. DONATE
TODAY.**

That love cannot be compounded as power does not register for decorum or wild manners. Its compound interest gathers insight for the wise in subtle manners, a quiet customization of essence as matter, as manifest. Thus, rising to a natural state cannot go from war to war. It is that incomparable awakening of self never divisible or extinguishable and never to know the lethal combination of debt and theft, debased, perpetually declining towards its peril.

The Jingle Bell song playing on the radio lingered in the background like an enclave of some unfathomable hatchery of pleasantries, strengthening Mark Dent's poker face. His adaptation to unfathomable gains was much evident in the way he handled the poker game he and Lexi were playing with three of their friends.

As the son of an elected conservative politician, he had been brought up under socialized scrutiny, taught, told, in very strict Christian mannerisms, that his vices were to be contained, controlled, abandoned if necessary. He was to respect what others thought of him, of his family. And his solemn suffering had led to the solemn conquering, a specialized way of living the expected life.

What people thought required an array of skill set he had to perfect as a matter of presentation,

representation rather than deeds and reality. Reality, a skill set to be molded and maintained everyday as some high end ruse, was hardly the cover-camouflage in its very unraveling. It had to be life.

The Cocaine powder his wife Lexi columned into a near perfect long line was imminently distracting. Decorated sideways with leafy Christmas decorations, it seemed some impossible high, one, he yearned for at the moment.

Seated beside him, Lexi savored the slow graduation of one of the lines off the base, tracing upward towards its ravenous tip, brushed her nose briefly before taking down a shot of scotch, and pushing the next glass towards him.

He took it down in one gulp before devouring the second line of cocaine, brushed his nose and waited another hand at luck to get another hit.

The Christmas spirit was in full swing.

“Janet’s getting married,” Lynette announced.

Lexi raised an eyebrow. “Now, which one of those freaky little bitches is Janet?”

Lynette chuckled. “How many of those freaky little bitches called Janet can we possibly know?”

Simon smiled halfheartedly, half-concentrating on his poker hand. “Oh, there are lots of them walking

around in their freaking mini panties having parties. The next thing you know, after slut-ting-it around they want to get married.”

Lexi smiled, glanced towards Simon. “I believe the indiscriminate sexual relations part is your specialty, never the marrying part.”

Simon broadened his smile. “You know me so well Lexi.”

Lynette shook her head. “Anyways Lexi, it’s Janet Lipt. Nineteen and pregnant, she’s the short-stemmed chubby looking—”

“Fat is what it is, Fat,” William, Lynette’s husband announced.

Lexi’s eyes flared widely. “I know her. And I was wondering if anyone was going to poker up to her...you know...for her looks...but don’t call her chubby Lynette. William is correct. She’s a fat house.”

Simon chuckled. “Or horse some unlucky guy poker-ed up for.”

Lynette eyed him.

“How do we know her again?” Lexi asked.

“From cousin Steve...” Lynette answered.

William shrugged. “More like the cousin of cousin Steve.”

Lexi took another shot of scotch. “I wish I could say good for her but those kinds of things with that kind of girl at that kind of age never work out.”

“Amen,” Simon said.

Lynette watched Lexi take another hit of the cocaine, glanced towards Mark briefly before she spoke. “I swear if it wasn’t the Christmas spirit we are usually in this time of year, I will think you have a job tonight. A bump of say, a million rides?”

Lexi smiled. “A million hiding a million highs, a good ride you’ll say?”

Simon gave the women his attention briefly. “But you do know what they say about too much of a bump?”

Lexi smiled. “The skies are opening up?”

“No,” Lynette added. “The cradles are falling—a two-way stream of nothing but highs.”

“All in a day’s work,” Mark added.

“Indeed,” Lexi agreed.

The room gained silence.

William suddenly sat back into his chair. He spoke solemnly. “This talk of fatso’s marriage brings me to this thing that is gnawing at me.”

Mark spoke. “Why do I think you are about to ask for some due, being Christmas time and all?”

William held Mark’s eyes. “You can say so, yes.”

Mark held William’s eyes fully. “What is it?”

William responded in the same lowly solemn tone. “I have felt the need for some inexplicable yearning for some time now...for something more...”

“Something more?” Lexi asked.

William exhaled briefly, holding Lexi’s eyes before continuing. “You and Mark do it for the fun and the money. I simply obey by laundering the money and I have been faithful...”

Mark nodded. “Indeed you have.”

William exhaled. “Then you must understand that however strange it might seem for me in the least, I have ruminated over the issue over and over and I just can’t escape the compulsion, these urgings seeming beyond me, beyond mischievous...maybe my dormant maleficence has finally ripened...”

“Mischievous?” Mark asked.

“Maleficence?” Lexi asked.

“You may call it yearnings...” William replied, “...something beyond my mundane profession, a taste for the edge.”

Mark frowned. “Get to it William, we’re not strangers.”

“I want to be the tragedy and be the banana,” William replied.

Lynette chuckled. “The second banana?”

William smiled, sarcastically. “The numerical banana, the one, the two, the three, however much, the directional banana, the top, the bottom, the left, the right, however which way the banana, it doesn’t matter. The banana and the tragedy is the banana; the banana is the tragedy. I want to be the tragedy, the banana.”

“Some euphemism for what, this banana tragedy? The devil’s advocate?” Mark asked.

“The diabolical devil in disguise, one and the same,” William replied.

“Because it is a good feeling?” Mark asked.

William held Mark’s eyes fully, intently as he shook his head. “No, the good in it is the very illusion for its cover story. It is a creatively intuitive powerful feeling, a feeling all the same inventive and achievable rather than wish believe biodegradable. The cover and the supposed internalized substance biodegrade in the same manner, with the same appearance but the

internalized degradation is never visible without the peel.”

Simon frowned. “And the peel?”

“Is that very illusion for the cover story, something intrinsically wrong no matter which direction, numeric count, a one-way direction, demeanor, a degradation pretending, presenting an opposing reality,” William replied.

Simon deepened his frown. “And this is some newly acquired potential for some invigorating intoxicating sensation, a taste for the edge?”

William nodded slowly. “I can hardly shake it...”

Mark held an intuitive glare in his eyes as he spoke. “Much the same way Christmas, Easter or whatever else this or that, some hate-group Messiah will be difficult to conceive rationally and morally.”

William nodded in agreement. “But not if he already exists and is enjoying every bit of the well-organized fictionalized shenanigan shit show.”

Mark sat back into his chair with an air of understanding newly achieved. “What do you want?” he asked.

“Ipso Fatso Facto, I want a wedding and a funeral,” he replied.

“Absolutely not,” Lynette yelled at the edge of her seat.

William held a sarcastic smile. “That’s what I want for Christmas. What do you want honey?”

Lynette shook her head as she scanned the room engaging the other occupant’s eyes. “You’re not gonna grant this stupid deadly wish are you? It’s freaking ridiculous!”

Mark met her gaze with a blank uncaring stare. He shrugged, eventually. “It’s what the boy wants for Christmas.”

Lynette turned to Lexi.

Lexi’s silence presupposed the awkward but inevitable resolution.

Lynette turned to Mark. “Fatso is not merely some arbitrary mark, Mark, not an arbitrary fat pig getting married.”

William raised an eyebrow. “She’s hardly arbitrary. She is the cousin of a cousin we hardly know who is also fatso fat.”

Mark turned to William. “Something for the sake of knowledge and familiarity?”

William nodded. “I want to know the girl...”

Lynette raised her eyebrow. “You’re kidding? Is that what you want?”

William nodded. “A wedding and a funeral is such a traumatic event. I want to know how to share it with others. I want pigso-fatso dead with her new unlucky-lucky husband.”

Lynette closed her eyes and opened it slowly. Sitting back into her chair, she feigned a slight indifference to the inevitable outcome. “How are you going to kill pigly-wiggly and her unlucky-lucky husband without hurting anyone else when the jolly goes boom at the wedding? If this is not done with great rationality and acute premeditation, there will be no one around to share this banana tragedy with.”

William hesitated briefly, held Mark’s eyes and spoke softly. “There is always a level of collateral damage involved in such things, isn’t there?”

Lexi glanced towards Mark before holding William’s eyes. “It is not a good idea to go beyond your Mark unless it adds something to your objective.”

Mark smiled. “We don’t need to go beyond our Marks here William, we just need to tie and time the boom to the just-married car alone.” William widened his eyes. “The just-married car goes boom. Fantastic. Why didn’t I think of that?”

Lynette exhaled. “I can tell you he does not know what he is saying but he certainly has not experienced death in such close proximate context

from which he dreams, so I want my own Christmas present.”

Lexi shrugged. “As long as it does not oppose William’s. Anything but that.”

Mark smiled. “Is murder expected in that box as well?”

Lynette nodded. “Murder in a box, you bet. But not like his.”

Lexi raised an eyebrow. “You’re kidding.”

Lynette shook her head. “No I am not kidding. I want to come along on this job you have tonight and I want him to come along too. He should experience and witness death and murder first hand. If he still wants what he thinks he wants for Christmas, I will wholeheartedly agree to it.”

Lexi smiled as she held Lynette’s eyes. “How sure are you that we have a job today?”

Lynette held Lexi’s eyes intently. “Absolutely sure.”

Lexi’s silence implied consent.

“I want in on the action tonight too,” Simon announced.

“Your Christmas murder in a box present as well?” Mark asked.

“Why the hell not?”

Mark smiled. “deal.”

Lexi held Mark’s eyes briefly. “Done,” she announced.



Graveyard seconds pass against the tides some interwoven interface of sheer powerlessness embedded in the fractionalized fractals of operational friction and the graduated lack of induction energy. All in the net relative spatial indolence comes to the bottom gaining the impossibility for causation or peril—it is from inherent indifference evil ensues.

Edena was a setup, an uphill garden of sorts for the well to do in the small town. It was the beautifully situated realized imagination of paradise.

Seated in the hardly noticeable old but classically stylish car, William smiled as he scanned the beautiful set up. “It’s impossible to imagine the migration of paradise, the devil must be in the midst...this place was made for murder. My tragic

banana leanings pale in comparison...a greater Christmas present I'll say."

Lynette exhaled, engaging her husband's eyes briefly. "Why does that not feel like a compliment?"

William smiled.

Lexi spoke. "The target is as well misplaced in the moment, not just at the bottom of the hill but being the wife of somebody rich but nothing like that somebody."

"A lucky bottom feeder?" Simon asked.

Lexi shook her head. "Worse, a lucky gold digger."

There is the perception of the target beyond that merely on route to a most necessitated tragic end. The demands could not be misappropriated or misunderstood. They had sufficient direct access, keys, alarm codes. By the nature of further demands, he surmised the husband, never having been the point of contact must be the source of the demands.

The contract had been for two. The one, on the spin of a penny, was any gullible man vulnerable to the spur of the moment indiscriminate sex, any time, any place, any stranger will do. The second, the more specific target was the underline aim for the grand charade.

Lexi had invested some time and effort in a young handsome man the previous night, a Samuel Milovec picked for his physique and the possibility of having strong viable sperm count able to withstand time. She had offered more than drinks. His ejaculate had been easy to acquire before being killed off and buried in the woods another regular oddity—no one could have known of his murder but the birds of solstice.

It was that subtle necessitation laying that foundation for scientific efficacy over accuracy, the outlook of what is explicable after-the-fact over the realistic manifest of the event, a case of little to no particularity except as a means to some indefinite and unknowable end.

Mark carried a Colt .45. Lexi carried a 9mm. The semi-automatic rifle housed in the car trunk was in anticipation of unpredictable opposition. But the job at hand warranted more strategy than ammunition—an arrangement of a special peculiarity—the type they were respected and appreciated for, aside from their great level of discretion.

They caught a glimpse of the target in the kitchen window appearing almost dreamlike relative to her fate, a beautiful woman in her mid twenties, wearing a white flowing nightgown soon to be splashed with blood.

“Nothing complex,” Mark mouthed to Lexi as he inserted the key into the keyhole to open the door. It clicked. He took to the kitchen as Lexi rushed to disable the alarm.

She had her back to him, her hands immersed in the kitchen sink, frozen momentarily to absorb and place the sound of the alarm followed by its disabling. “Rebecca, is that you?”

Like some hushed rush of some deadly wind, he closed the distance in an instant.

She felt the cold sensation from the touch of the Colt .45 to the back of her head. But there was a shiver against the mouth of the gun, a sudden thrust backward, and it seemed she was fighting fate.

He placed her in a choke hold, instantly, tightening the arc around her neck moderately and dragging her forcefully out of the kitchen.

The mass-jerk yanking that ensued as he pulled her up the stairs was like some dead weight on the bridge of being thrown overboard. It held the silent expression of some inexplicable lack of holding power for escape energy, yet the hopeless fight against it. He made the height of the stairs easily, and Lexi, who had cased the interior of the house, cornered them, motioning towards the master bedroom.

In the bedroom, holding on to the arc formative from the choke hold, he watched Lexi tear off her clothing.

The intermittent tightening choke hold as she tried to resist muffled her scream.

“Don’t worry...he won’t rape you, he’s mine,” Lexi assured the helpless woman.

When she was naked, Mark pushed her onto the bed roughly and rushed in after her.

She screamed briefly, a muffled yelp for help, barely managing a tone without the much needed pitch.

He gripped her neck, buried her head deeply into the softness of the mattress, ejected a single bullet from the Colt .45 into her temple.

She was silenced instantly.

After the strategic placement of the ejaculate, and inviting their companions to witness what had become of the beautiful woman they had glimpsed by the kitchen window, Mark faced Lexi again. There was yet that obligation which gave their job both excitement and security.

They observed a brief silent contemplation and resolution. She understood the particular success in the moment and the need to sustain it.

“We owe the living,” he said.

“We owe the dead,” she replied.

“Both ways all the same,” he said.

“Except in transit we never pay our debts,” she added.

He held her eyes fully. “But dice the ice...a regular oddity.”



In the spirit of the necessity of existence, there may be forgiveness in the transgression that is not its own misbelief, as a fallacy which falls against the escalation of its mass-effect is its own defect. Otherwise, there is a lack of essence, exercising the defect.

Leanah Grantor, an accountant with a love for workouts loved the little gym in her home. It had been an eventual sign of success when she designed the interior with her favorite machines. In the middle of one of her workout sessions she missed a call from Dinnon Clark. Her childhood

friend who was also her best friend informed her he was headed for the airport and ordered her not to wait up for him.

They will be meeting family and friends later on Christmas day. And there was that single woman he wanted to introduce him to. Dinnon, she was certain, deserved romantic happiness, and despite his insistence on having a handle on it, finding a good woman isn't so easy nowadays. He needed fidelity, trustworthiness, a sense of devotion. And she will do all she can to help him earn those.

She rested momentarily, sure she was too tired to wait up for him despite his insistence she shouldn't. Curled up on the sofa covered with blankets, she ate ice cream and watched television.



That errors err on replication necessitates quantum facts. In theories, our reality cannot afford to lose itself within viable potentials of strict uncertainties. And the worst quantum potential must be in the uncertainty without any reality in it. There we must lose ourselves as a world built upon uncertainties must hold outside all factual realms.

We are the illusions we kindle in our dreams. And our realities are the illusions we become.

They deliberated a fitting target in a stake much deadlier than a chance at cards or the toss of a coin. They did this casually as they drove around. The eventual resolve from the probability toss as they termed it, was hardly a point in space-time containing a specifiable mass but rather a stretch.

It is that game of chance that is the tragedy of the tragedy lacking direct mass-matter causation as well as a determinable and differentiable scope for payload-mass ratio or event-destination. A near perfect tragedy, its randomized nature of choice from chances is random victimization. And the sum of some other choice within the scope of the randomized tragedy was the possibility of there being a woman within any chosen random possible event. Any woman will do.

They cased the stretch, going from window to window before they found Leanah, cuddled on the sofa, eating ice cream and watching television.



Life goes beyond sight to redeem perspective without which there is no truth. And under and over a moonlit night referencing the frame towards the eastern port, there is that bright shady reflection of the moon against the earthly skies assuring all possible alien life relative that earth is capable of great stupidity and great harm.

Leanah stilled, the panic in her silence implicating her next possible instinct. The security alarm going off! Could Dinnon have caught an earlier flight, forgotten the codes? Dinnon was the most consistent person she knew. If he had a problem, he would have called her. Unwilling to risk the thought of not-knowing, she leapt out of her chair in an instant, the ice cream bowl bouncing off her, its contents splattered over the floor, reached for the cellphone inside her pajamas as she raced towards the staircase. Her phone was ringing. She was sure it was the security company, calling for reassurances it was a false alarm.

Then she sensed it, the strange sensation of a presence, the air of some stranger's smell, like some soft footsteps against the wind, following her, haunting her. Her home had been breached! She barely made it to the base of the stairs when the intruder, a calm looking, averagely-aged broad shouldered male of average height pointed a gun at her from the direction of her kitchen.

She stiffened into abrupt stillness, an unusual sensation of dread enveloping her.

He ushered her towards the alarm.

She hesitated briefly.

He gave a quick wave of his gun again towards the location of the security alarm. “Go on.”

She obeyed, exhaled sharply, her mind barely able to think, scrambling for possible escape plan, as she keyed in the code on shaky footing, the wrong codes.

The mouth of his gun touched the base of her neck. “One stupid move and you’re dead.”

Leanah saw the accomplice, a pretty middle aged woman who looked like she stepped out of a magazine modeling plastic surgery and luxury make-up combo. She held a gun.

She keyed in the codes and on the last key, tried her luck against misfortune again by keying in the wrong number.

Mark chuckled sarcastically. “She must have a death wish closer to her heart.”

Lexi shrugged. “They say sometimes the devil won’t let you go.”

Mark shrugged. “Must be love.”

Lexi fired two quick shot into Leanah’s head approximately three inches apart. “Too late for love. She’s already dead.”



There is but an air of truth in the error that life is earned by prescription, love, by self-deception.

Dinnon spent Christmas evening at the station, interviewed by the town’s lone detective, a Detective Ralph Trent, a local all his life, the one who had scrambled the poor folks out and established a society of the affluent which made him seem less capable of handling the investigation.

The tall blonde haired muscular man hardly sensed his opinion of him. He was appointed more by birthright and looks than by earning his dues. He had been bred and fed within that air of power and position inherited within the limits of his town. Hardly anyone could question him on it. His father’s picture hung above his in the office.

Lost in the thought of a life shared cut abruptly short so violently, Dinnon wished he could wish it all away, the seeming impossibility of Leanah

being dead, the absurdity of her being murdered. He heard Trent complain briefly about being called off his Christmas festivities for some horrible crime committed in a small town rarely exposed to such.

He had found her in that horrifying position early morning, cold to his touch. The quick measures of resuscitation failed before giving up the hope he had found in the initial panic daze. He sat on the kitchen floor and sobbed.

After he viewed the feed from the hidden camera he had installed for her, his tears had turned to rage. And his resolve on what had to be done had calmed him. He retrieved the tapes and the cameras before calling the local police.

Dinnon came out of his detached reverie to find Trent staring at him disdainfully. He allowed it for some uncomfortable while. Was the small town well-entitled man hoping he will magically confess and make all his investigative problems go away?

Trent spoke. “The belief at this point is that it is a case of mistaken identity.”

Dinnon almost laughed out loudly. But he could hardly contain himself with the ridiculous thought. He raised his eyebrows, engaging Trent’s eyes intently. “Mistaken identity? Who the hell could she have been mistaken for?”

“Two women were killed in that neighborhood Mr. Clark. One was at the bottom of the hill. The other was at the top of the hill.”

Dinnon frowned. “In the same manner two bullets were spent into the side of Leanah’s head, one on the right, one on the left? Was the one at the bottom of the hill done the same way?”

Trent narrowed his eyes. “Only you know those specifics outside us. Part of your training to take the time to inspect the damage or you were there to witness the incident.”

Dinnon shook his head. “In which case, I am officially suspect?”

“Answer my questions Mr. Clark and I will answer yours reasonably so.”

Dinnon drew his head back. “Reasonably so you say? Do help me figure this out while you’re at it. What the hell kind of reasonable idiot mistakes his target at the bottom for the one at the top?”

Trent ignored the question momentarily. “We believe the woman at the bottom house was the intended victim.”

Dinnon frowned. “You do? Why?”

Trent hesitated.

But Dinnon was adamant in the moment. “I’m going to need the answer to that!”

Trent studied Dinnon briefly, having fully been briefed about his history in the army, the fact that he was junior personnel for the CID. “While we believe the crimes were related because of the rarity of such, especially in the same neighborhood and especially on Christmas Eve, the evidence on the other woman’s case was more material. And don’t run your mouth on me Mr. Clark. There are reasons you’re not in handcuffs right now, and that’s not just because you served this country dutifully in the army. Based on the fact that we believe the two crimes happened at around the same time frame, based on the level of degeneration of the material found at the first crime scene according to the Medical Examiner, and based on the fact that you had an iron clad alibi—”

Dinnon raised an eyebrow. “Iron clad? And by Iron clad do you mean mere coincidences because you found no evidence of the perverts at Leanah’s? Or do you mean my plane ride?”

Trent nodded. “Yes Mr. Clark. It is my belief that it has been confirmed that you were on an airplane when these things really went down. And it couldn’t have been your DNA material found at the other scene.”

“Couldn’t or isn’t?” Dinnon asked.

“Isn’t, is the belief at the moment until we confirm with the accuracy the medical examiner expects,” Trent replied.

Hardly saddened by the thorough lack of physical evidence at Leanah’s, and the absolute losing end he was in with the police, he decided it was best to just get the interview over with. And there was that even bigger ordeal. Not a single foreign latent print was found in the interior of Leanah’s. Not even on the door handles. His were all over her place, all over her.

“What is the nature of your relationship with the diseased?” Trent asked.

Dinnon hesitated briefly, knowing he would have asked the same question under the same circumstance. “She was my best friend.”

Trent narrowed his eyes. “Best friends?”

Dinnon nodded. “Yes. We have been best friends since we were kids.”

Trent hesitated briefly, studying Dinnon. “And you were never lovers?”

Dinnon shook his head. “No Never.”

Trent studied him. “Are you gay?”

Dinnon raised an eyebrow, swallowing down the ridiculous notion. “No.”

“Was she gay?” Trent asked.

An even more ridiculous notion, Dinnon thought. “No. I was into a lot of quick relationships when we were young, and she was never like that. I would never have wanted the likes of me for her. I would never have wanted to maltreat her. And afterwards it was about opportunity and timing.”

Trent narrowed his eyes. “Opportunity and timing?”

Dinnon exhaled, rethinking his choice of words. “Opportunity and timing,” he repeated.

Trent took his back to his seat, swallowing his thoughts momentarily. “A hard worker?” he asked, changing the subject.

“Yes,” Dinnon agreed.

“A good catch?” Trent asked.

Dinnon shifted uncomfortably in his seat. “Yes.”

Trent hesitated, for effect. “Were you ever jealous of any of her boyfriends?”

Dinnon wondered briefly what the Detective was trying to imply from his line of questioning. “As I said, she didn’t have many.”

Trent rephrased the question. “Were you ever jealous of any of the not much boyfriends she had?”

Dinnon hesitated.

Trent narrowed his eyes, studying him. “Should I repeat the question?”

Dinnon’s answer was solemn. “Yes, I had been. I was.”

Trent was silent briefly. “Then you understand?”

Dinnon exhaled, shook his head slowly. “No, I don’t. I don’t understand.”

Trent struggled to rephrase his statement. “You were indeed on an airplane when the crimes happened, weren’t you Mr. Clark?”

Dinnon remained silent.

Trent gained silence.

Dinnon spoke. “Sometimes it is indeed possible that rationality begs to differ, and science may defy all intelligible odds. Quite possible. If we waive and displace the illusions of the rational mind, we must envisage the illusion of some external consciousness defying these odds better than ourselves, one knowing us better than we know ourselves, better than our friends and relations can know us, must we not?”

Trent shook his head. “I don’t know what you mean by what you just said. It doesn’t sound like much to me. These kinds of things are possible when someone is known to be smart and agile enough to commit a near perfect murder, someone for instance, who knows exactly how the case is going to be investigated.”

Dinnon rubbed his palms against his forehead. “Are you telling me it’s possible for me to be in two places at once?”

Trent shook his head. “I ain’t telling you nothing stupid Mr. Clark. It’s possible the someone responsible for all the horrible misfortune happening in this town is the same one who got one of his special ops boys to commit one crime and the other crime.”

Dinnon shook his head. “Wait a minute detective, doesn’t that mean you’ve got the way these crimes happened lopsided. This will mean that this is not really a case of mistaken identity. Leanah was the intended victim.”

Trent nodded. “I still ain’t telling you nothing stupid. Things could be the other way round yes. One way or the other. You’re the best person in the position to commit this perfect murder. Nothing can knock you off my suspect list until I have a suspect tried and convicted for the very same crime. You are my number one suspect.”

Dinnon knew he would always be the number one suspect.



Long-suffering is as darkness breaking out under the cover of darkness and without its insight is as a footstool, fallen, without its anchors, force without its pivot. One is ignorant of height, the other of potential.

Hours later he settled in at the local inn, watched the tapes obsessively, as if some sudden answer would jump out at him and help solve the mystery, ease his misery at the seeming senselessness of it all.

He searched for indicators from some two weeks before the incident. Leanah's life was as he knew it, ordinary and decent.

And the limelight had to be on the incident occurring sometime before midnight with little light to the video feed around the perimeter of her home. From the front basement view, a car was parked some distance from the house. Two people

got out of the car. Shadows moved inside the car. Shadows moved away from the car. Were they lookout companions or just workmates? Were the walkers casing for victims? Was it somewhat a burglary rampage gone wrong?

There was that little fact about the night being a foggy rather than snowy December night. Fog, a shadowing mist covered the air like a cloud, which made confirming the definitive appearance of the home invaders impossible. The walkers were but shadows on their approach.

He didn't hear the gun shot and assumed they used a Silencer.

Some very short moments later, the air a mist, the darkness roaring, they got back into the car and drove off.

He made a phone call.



There is a hollow to depravity fulfilling to the character nurturing it. And its mercilessness is as a string of affairs built upon some commonality of whimsical merits acquired from the ruthless

neglect of intellectual integrity for the sake of instinctual insignificance.

About an hour later, the phone rang.

“Strategic feature mapping,” he heard Crypt say on the other line. “It will cost you. This should cover everything I owe you.”

“Tell me you've got something,” he replied in anticipation.

Crypt, a coworker of valuable measure, so named the “Computer Ghost Worker,” was a hard-ass asset.

Caught once and jailed briefly, he had his hard lessons and those lessons had him, so his movement became more cryptic, his profile irredeemably untraceable as he became an indistinguishable military asset. But he didn't let go of his private workings. The military was close so he could avoid jail altogether. His private clientele paid for his overseas luxurious lifestyle and his extreme addiction to sex and sex workers.

If the military had a problem with his lifestyle, they never showed it. But he was certain it was deeply seated somewhere, classified. It was hardly his problem. Outside his need for frequent unattached sexual indulgences, he was the most emotionally-restrained person Dinnon knew. His

knotted, unseeded mind made him efficient with strategic and difficult decisions.

“I have feature enhancements we can map against an actual person,” Crypt replied.

“An actual person?” Dinnon asked.

“The particularities of the computer enhancements combined with the impositions with the particularities of that actual life human being. With that we’ve got some new irresistible Intel for the program to work with, giving a near one hundred percent confirmation probs... two such linkable feature match and you can be rest assured you got the gang.”

Dinnon gained silence.

“It would be unreasonable anyways...” Crypt added, “...going around asking around will get you noticed and killed off in no time.”

“But that would have been my problem Crypt,” Dinnon said.

“Indeed,” Crypt agreed. “That’s why I got you something better.”

“Better?”

“I ran a full scan on the parked car,” Crypt said.

“There were people in it, lookouts perhaps,” Dinnon added.

“Three to be exact,” Crypt replied. “But the scan was on the history and make of the car. It’s a classic.”

“And that’s supposed to what...?”

“There is only one of it in that town.”

Excited, “Do you have the owner?” Dinnon asked.

“Worse. It has no owner. The car is supposed to be on sale at the local used car dealership. Only atheists like me and grief stricken people like you work on Christmas. So no one could get back to me yet. But, there is no way you’re missing that kind of car and you won’t notice. I will send you the enhanced recordings.”

“And the means of identifying the car, license plates and color?” Dinnon asked.

“No, neither. The color was dark; the night was dark. There was no license plate on it. The program recognized it by the make and shape of the car, especially being a classic car. If you get to the used car lot and find the car there, parked like some gentle devil, license plate on, you’ve got everything you need to start the fire. Otherwise, we are back exploring square one. It’s square one or fire.”



A reverberating nuanced discharge, a random digit's flight down memory lane is as the bone marrow building against its backbone. The mind will be mutinous against it. The thoracic cavity will be its undoing.

That seeming ordinary day after Christmas, nothing was amiss as he stood in the parking lot for used cars. There was little physical evidence of its involvement in anything violent, no evidence of the carnage it left behind. The dark car the shadow murderers had taken on their murderous spree was dark blue in broad daylight and in the dead of night could easily have been black. The second hand car, stolen or otherwise, had been the car driven from the bottom of the hill to the top that Christmas eve night. It had been the get-away car in both cases.

In the buzzing rush around him, consumers were busy looking to buy highly discounted cars as advertised. No one noticed the dark blue car with the high price tag.

“Sir, can I help you...sir?”

He ignored the call he was certain was meant for him and walked the breadth of the car to stand

behind it. He stared at the license plate, California plate TCP 6OF. He walked further to stand in front of the discounted car parked beside the intended car.

The caller made the trip to join him where he stood. “Sir, can I help you?”

As the caller got closer, Dinnon moved away from the targeted car to scan its surrounding. “Yes indeed you may help. I am thinking of buying a car.”

A handsome looking man of medium height in his early twenties approached him. “Have you decided yet?”

He scanned the lot before returning his eyes to the car beside the intended. “Is this negotiable?”

The Salesman hesitated briefly. “Well...anything is negotiable if you’re willing to buy.”

“Are you the owner?”

The young man shook his head. “No, but his word is as good as mine.”

Dinnon pondered the implication of the statement briefly. “But not the same...can you knock two thousand off it?”

The salesman shook his head, slowly. “I’m afraid sir; that is not negotiable under those terms.”

Dinnon wondered what sales strategy or stipulation of price could have been instilled in the salesman where every negotiation was always intimated into some other one. “What terms? Money terms? But you said anything was negotiable as long as I am willing to buy...”

The salesman hesitated; trying to make the best of what was now an apparent lie or some obvious misstatement. “No sir. I’m afraid not.”

Dinnon held the salesman’s evading eyes firmly. “Now the owner, he should know how much he can knock off it.”

The salesman retreated. “I can do that sir, get the owner...Maybe you can come to some agreement.”

Simon felt the man had a lucky escape and dismissed the part about him calling the owner. “I’ll like that.”

He pondered the possibility the out-of-towners did it, the possibility Crypt's instinct was wrong relative to the information he processed. Held in the thought, a sharper looking man in his mid-thirties approached him. Beside him was the salesman he had bargained with earlier. The salesman was true to his words after all. He extended his arm. “Hi, I’m Richard Park and sir, are you the owner of this establishment?”

The man extended his hand to take Dinnon's.
"Simon Fane, the owner."

Dinnon held his eyes. "I was hoping I could get two thousand knocked off this car and I could drive it off the lot."

Simon raised his eyebrows. "Two thousand?"

"Yes something along that line," Dinnon replied.

Simon shook his head. "I'm afraid two thousand is not reasonable. I can knock the most, if you want to drive away with it, a thousand off it. I can offer you nothing more than that."

Dinnon exhaled, holding Simon's eyes briefly, intentionally, before disengaging. "Then I'm going to have to come back. I'm that thousand short." He slowly walked to stand by the intended car. "And it's only if I can't have that kind of car that I'll have to buy something like this."

"That?" Simon asked.

And Dinnon could have seen a shadow dance across his eyes. "What's wrong with it?"

The man shook his head slowly. "Oh nothing...it's just that it's much more expensive than the one you're bargaining and someone already reserved it, paid on it in fact. You can reserve the one you want without paying on it for five days. Anything other than that, you're going to have to pay. Even then it

is not guaranteed against someone else coming in and paying it all. It's only guaranteed against someone not paying it all."

Dinnon stared from one car towards the other and back. "Well then, I think it best to go get more money and come back."

Simon forced a smile. "You do that sir."



When trouble takes its toll, truth pays with a fender bender, falsehood pays with a new cover.

Dinnon answered the phone with great expectation. "Tell me he's dirty."

"Oh he is," Crypt agreed. "But he's a sinister kind of dirty."

He allowed the insubstantial conversations Crypt usually engage in whenever he was overly excited. "Sinister?"

"Yes, sinister, highly suspicious. He was a criminal juvenile of the extreme kind. I mean from his barely grown juvenile self all the way to his late twenties he was a prolific criminal...going in and

out of jail, from assault and battery to car theft to aggravated assault; he had it all. And suddenly it all stopped.”

Dinnon frowned. “All of it over ever?”

“All of it, over and ever. I mean it completely stopped like he met a saint and married a nun. There has been nothing since...I mean nothing in sight of a single whim with which to cord him, not petty theft, not even a traffic ticket.”

Dinnon closed his eyes briefly, thinking of the oddity in the sudden silence, the sudden complete transformation of a zealous and hardened criminal. “Something’s got to be wrong with that.”

“I say everything is,” Crypt added. “I’ll be totally and extremely shocked if he’s not the culprit.”

Dinnon remained silent briefly, thinking. “Can you mail me the usual stuff?”

“A box?” Crypt asked. “How soon?”

“Overnight. I’m getting to the bottom of this,” Dinnon replied.

“Done,” Crypt replied.



Of wheels and wells: the wheels of mortality are never relative outside their point in time, knowing depth over the non-differential angular speed. It is in the ignorant quest for mortality life loses its dignity in wells of blood, and there, becomes the nemesis for humanity.

Dinnon took time off work and used his time to tail the used car dealer.

The dealer drank every night at the same bar in the middle of town, with two other men, one of whom Crypt identified cross-referencing the video feed as the man who went inside the house, the murderer.

The dealer later visited a home where from the window view he saw there were five seated on the dining table dealing and playing cards. Crypt identified the fatal number.



It is of great discernment to know of nothing to hold but a bucket of blood. Every illusion has an offspring, every offspring it's indicator and indignant gene.

He had been able to identify the car. He had the killers, if not all of them in sight. Yet there wasn't a single physical indicator connecting the killers to the crime scene; none whatsoever. The evidence was strictly digital, an intimation of an observational virtual realm with the observational perceptual realm. And in the overall systemic workings of observation and rationality, the digital result is presumed a showcase of the realistic event.

It was one such resulting event which could not give an answer to why and how Leanah was chosen?

He exhaled as he resolved the inevitable—the reason for it was immaterial. He was going to get rid of the evil and go home.



Pop-up, gun-smoke, snow-flake symmetry has neither quantum merits nor neural ends. They are the phantom of love, poor and derelict in the discourse of life. They are death-bent to deliver death.

It was New Year's Eve and there wasn't an ounce of excitement in the air, as Leanah should be there in the moment with him. He couldn't say the same for the murderers. They were merry-making.

The house, in the outskirts of town was in a wooded region occupying a single floor. There, the five-some had their merry. Hiding out by a stretch of trees, all weaponry he felt necessary in hand, he had himself, the freedom-count, and with the bursts of agony the loss of Leanah gave him. He considered intruding upon their merriment and declaring the location a firing-spree-zone. That will be an irrational move. They deserved the silent individualized death they gave Leanah.

He waited.

Sometime after three o'clock in the morning, the card dealing and such transactions ended, the cheerful noise from the television dwindled and the sound of loud music roared into the night. A new kind of merriment? He hardly had time to reconsider his plans before he heard the noisy crack of the backdoor opening.

One of the males from the house made his way to the back of the house he had inspected to be a cellar in his previous encounter with the house. He saw it as an opportunity for some conversation, got up to follow the man.

He had scrambled a few yards closer to the cellar before he crashed William's sight.

His grip on the Beretta in his pocket hardened.

William was frozen for a second, bewildered, running his eyes over Dinnon, on the possibility of the intruder retrieving a gun from the hand he held in his pocket before he dropped the bottles of alcohol in his hand. As the glass shattered, he made a run for it in the direction of the house.

A death wish? Dinnon considered the possibility someone could have heard the splattering sound over the loud music briefly. But William's trip was extremely short lived. He slipped against the alcoholic wreck.

Dillon released his grip on the gun, retrieved his hands and with a forceful lunge forward, swung his arms into the air, derailing Williams fall with a forceful smash to the jaw. The sound of teeth cracking was telling as he made the semi-circular close in towards him, holding the floor with his high-end gripping no-slip shoes. He raised William with a choke hold, dragging his weakening but struggling body back into the cellar.

Once Dinnon was inside the cellar, making another semi-circular move with the man's body across his back, floored him.

William landed with a thud, a shriek, muffled by the pain from his broken jaw.

Dinnon was on top of him instantly, retrieving a knife close to his left ankle with his right hand and lodging it in William's left shoulder, held it in place.

William gave a sharp shrilling scream.

He pressed the knife deeper into his flesh. "Shut up!"

His increasing pain was soon muffled. "What the hell do you want?" he asked in a strained pleading tone.

Dinnon ignored his question, weighing the limitation on time before William's absence was noticed, and the time for possible interrogation. He pressed his right knee diagonally into William's chest and stomach region. "If I slam as hard as I can, I will crush close to your diaphragm. I will then move upward toward your heart's cavity, crushing as close to that as I can get. You will then begin to have what I suppose will be first systolic and then diastolic problems, the one before the two, the two before the one, it doesn't matter. But I won't crush your heart as I believe that you are heartless and I want you to suffer heartlessly for what you've done."

William could hardly hide his confusion in the depth of his pain. “What did I do? Maybe you mistake me for someone...?”

Dinnon raised his eyebrows, studied William. “Oh...you don’t know or you’ve already forgotten?”

William had difficulty raising his head above the plane of his injured shoulder, and resolved to shaking it slowly. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Dinnon shook his head. “You don’t wanna run some crap dialogue with me or your death will be more painful than you thought possible. The work you did Christmas Eve. Do you remember that?”

There was that darkening hint of disbelief in his eyes briefly, before he shook his head. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Dinnon smiled sarcastically. “Really? You don’t know or you don’t remember. I want to know because I am pretty sure I remember.”

“I don’t know,” William replied.

Dinnon pressed harder lifting his leg diagonally upward towards William's knife embedded shoulder.

William groaned in pain. “I promise I’ll be gentle. You’ll see it coming in a flash and angularly, as

Leannah must have. I don't even have to lift a leg. I can simply give it all of me, give it all I've got, and make a quick jump for it. What do you say?"

Dinnon pressed down onto William's body.

"Ah!" William cried in pain. "Ah! Ah!"

"Should I repeat the question?"

"It wasn't me," William managed breathlessly.

Unable to help himself, Dinnon smiled, sarcastically, got on his knees on top of William's weakened state. "You mean you stayed in the car rather than go inside?"

"It was a job," William added.

"Was it now?" Dinnon asked.

William nodded. "But it wasn't my job.... husband called it."

Dinnon displaced his leg from William's body, retrieved a second knife from his right ankle with his left hand, stuck it into his right shoulder and held it in place.

William gave another shrilling scream.

William retrieved his hands from the knife and with great indifference allowed his screams to subside. He was certain the Christmas festivities

will drown out the realistic cries of agony. “Do you mean the woman at the bottom of the hill?”

“Yes...” William said. “Who were you talking about?”

“The one at the top,” Dinnon said.

William frowned. “Who?”

Dinnon grabbed the black handles of both knives.

William screamed

Dinnon dropped the knife handles and slapped him to silence repeatedly, until his screams turned to squeals. The squealing quickly subsided into pained silent cries.

William wept. “She was a mistake.”

Dinnon widened his eyes. “You mean one made by choice?”

“It’s what Lexi and Mark do, a regular oddity, cover up.”

Dinnon frowned. “A cover up?”

He nodded. “To make belief randomly related events.”

Dinnon exhaled. “There were five of you at the scene. The five in there?”

William nodded. “Yes. But only Lexi and Mark are responsible.”

He frowned. “What were the other three? A set of regular oddities in the right place for randomly related events?”

William hesitated briefly, thinking. “If you want to put it that way, yes.”

Dinno's inner rage roused at the thought of Leanah dying a victim of random victimization, a fate much worse than collateral damage. His next move was without reconsideration. In one gust of sheer power and determination, holding the knives in each hand, he crossed his hands and closed in on William's neck, slicing his throat from left to right and right to left, “For that particular woman at the top also same at the bottom.”

Dinno stood, watching the result of his handy work. He had cut him deeply. The blood gushed out like some river of un-shed tears. He wiped his knives, got on his knees, docked his knives, and was out of the cellar.

The backdoor was unlocked and life seemed of lightning speed as he moved from the kitchen out of sight of the killing crew.

And as he slipped into the interior of an open bedroom, he realized someone had indeed caught

the possibility of his entry and could have mistaken it for the re-entry of the dead man.

“Will,” he heard a female voice call.

He stilled briefly, calculating the possible distal location of the voice.

“Will...” the voice grew closer. “...you don’t want to miss the second countdown to the New Year which happens around four somewhere else. Lexi and I were wandering why the numbers count down and not up especially when the ball is being dropped. I mean which represents which...which is the New Year and which is the old...?”

Dinnon took his back to the left hand corner wall next to the door.

“Will...” she called as she came into the room.

He gripped her roughly, strongly, arching an angular turn so not to snap her neck in the move. Legs flailing, kicking, hands jabbing, smacking, her struggles were excessive and unnecessary—she was a woman of little weight. He dragged her into the open closet as her struggles subsided against his strength, her screams significantly muffled.

He dragged her backward into the clothing wardrobe and discovered it difficult to lay his back against a wall. The wardrobe ran further and

further backward as if it were some sideshow gateway to some other hell.

The sideshow distraction became less relevant momentarily.

“Will...Lynette...you’re going to miss the countdown and our annual wine wishes if you don’t get out here.”

He recognized the voice as Simon’s. And the woman he now assumed was Lynette gained some renewed strength at the sound of his voice.

“Will...Lynette,” he called again.

His placement this time was closer to the bedroom.

He dropped down, taking her with him, retrieved the knife from his right ankle with his left hand, propped her head back forcefully and slashed her throat from right to left. He clasped his gloved hands forcefully on her mouth to muffle her gags.

“I think a cat got your tongue,” Dinnon whispered softly in her ear.

“Lynette...”

His voice resounded from the opening of the wardrobe before he heard the click of a gun. Simon was onto the possibility of a threat. Was it the dying gags or the residual movements of the

clothing? He didn't have the time to reconsider his actions before possible discovery.

Dinnon rushed it forward, the dead weight, adhering to just one side of the crowded wardrobe with reasonable speed.

Simon's instinct was to open the other closet door to capture the ruffling. "Lynette..." he called louder without lowering his gun.

If he were Simon, he would be on his knees first, studying legs; if any were there, how many and their movements. He could not risk losing his leg on the mission. The shot never came.

Simon's actions however amateur, his instincts were right in retreating as he approached. But his amateurish indecision differentiating between an upright living body and one dressed up as some form of protective doll, either way tragic, doomed him too.

Simon ejected two quick shots from the Silencer he held, one into the dead weight as soon as the gaping wound revealed more than merely splattered blood, the other into the distance overhead as they gravitated downward.

A splash! And three bodies went downward.

Dinnon didn't doubt it was a splash loud enough to awaken whoever Lexi and Mark, the main perpetrators were.

Something broke their fall, something hard, and then a second bounce off the hardness before they landed.

Dinnon rose, certain there wasn't an exit wound on him.

Simon's neck hung to the bedpost, an obvious victim of a twice broken neck.

"Lynette..." he heard a woman call from the hallway.

Indeed, Lexi and Mark had heard the commotion

He retrieved Simon's silencer, took his strategic placement diagonally to the door so his presence is unnoticeable instantly.

The woman ran in without much aforethought, lacking the expectation of danger usual with small town folks too comfortable in their environment for so long, never to be vulnerable to the same dangers to which they expose others. And once in full view of the room, realized there was a stranger standing in it only too late.

Dinnon fired two quick shots directly into her left temple.

Her body crumbled onto the floor.

Mark rushed in. And the expression on his face was surprisingly that of shock. Was it some trait of being a contract killer to perpetrate the crime, expect an event of such propensity never reaches him? Whatever could be the probability of expecting some killer? Expecting some contract killer?

He fired, but there were no more bullets in the gun.

Mark sprang forward.

And the world seemed inexplicably fair in the moment, killer against killer, one unarmed, the other armed but unwilling to use it, for the sheer brute force he knew he possessed. His actions to fit muscle against muscle was almost as senseless as Leanah's death, some regular improbable event allowed to happen for the mere sake of it's happening relevant to some other event altogether terrible.

Dinnon sprang forward onto the bed and out of it in mere seconds, readying himself for a second stance at conflict.

There weren't shrewd, jagged paths to cross, not a curve to pave a decade with, not a lifetime's turn for the devil's return. Dinnon, strong on his approach, empowered by his fury, landed a strong hit to Mark's face, jaw and upper body with his

arm and elbow as he landed, covering more surface area with the spring force than he would otherwise.

It was man against man, a conflict of dignity momentarily and there was nothing to stop it—not a goddamned weapon but iron fists and toxic potency.

Mark recuperated from the blow faster than he anticipated. A much trained contract killer?

He came up jabbing his upper body into Dinnon and they both gravitated downward again, scrambling muscle load for muscle load, locked in some devil's tie side to side, before Dinnon headed him.

Disoriented but determined, Mark pulled Dinnon closer and headed him as well. Disoriented Dinnon headed Mark. Disorientation for disorientation, it was a fight on stamina and psychological coordination.

A few more seconds of disorientation as they scrambled up.

They traded jabs.

And a rain of successive hardly held punches landed on Dinnon. He figured his opponent was trained privately by a street fighter, some hard core training without the expense of direct experience.

He secured his head as Mark landed punches, before coming up for a powerfully loaded upward jab to the man's jaw. He heard a crack.

Mark's disorientation didn't tick long.

Dinnon's suspicions then fell on drugs, some sidekick synthetic stimulant putting him in some false advantage, some phony high, steroids, Cocaine? If A then B—the conditioned reflex limiting his judgment was also compounding a false sense of strength?

Dinnon landed another kick to the Jaw. His strategic intent was to weaken the weakened state.

Another crack.

Mark struck a blow which faded into some ineffective attempt.

Dinnon maneuvered another jab.

Another crack.

Mark dealt a failing hand.

But the telling was in the landing. He was weaker than the event of his spring.

Dinnon grabbed his neck, and headed him into the wall. And that too, was very telling. The lack of orientation burrowed into a lack of psychological coordination and deterministic strength, and Dinnon allowed Mark's body to descend

downward before propping him into a sitting position against the wall. He got on his knees, removed both knives from his ankles, and slashed across his neck from side to side. "Bad habits," he whispered.

Dinnon sat on the bed with overwhelming relief, holding the dying man's eyes. The lone road to the moment was well worth it. His healing will be long and may never come, but the heartache was over however much it felt like he was yet burning alive. He would harbor the burning ache with lack, not a sense of injustice he could have otherwise had.

Then he heard the incomprehensible audible sounds and held Mark's dying eyes again. The cuts on his throat were not deeply set, unlike the woman's in the dressing closet. He, who had been the mastermind should have the slowest death.

Dinnon leaned forward, his underlying sadness disallowing him from smiling in the face of the man! "I can't believe you wanna talk. I mean, if you can talk you're not dead yet. We should definitely talk...Do you know that Leanah, so clever that one, used to say the craziest things. For instance, about my inability to commit to a woman, she'll tell me runaway hearts never get to experience life. I used to shrug it, now thinking about it ever so lately and ever so tragically. She tells me inception, the very first sign of life, of essential life, is inevitable, that it cannot be

subsequent to necessary life and subsequent life cannot be secondary to it...in fact, she used to say, any life relatively secondary to it must be some other life than the first. The lesser life, the dehumanized life descends. The first, the cerebral bears consciousness and the second encumbers the heart. If the cerebral aspect is missed, the second aspect must be deoxygenated, better off external than relative, better of dead than alive. How long do you think you can survive on deoxygenated blood Mark?"

Like some poisonous gas escaping a massless balloon, Mark voiced something incomprehensible but audible in between dying gags.

Dinnon got on his knees in front of him. "What? Did you say you want me to help you out? Just when you're asking how long. This is taking way too long isn't it?" He retrieved his knives, extended his arms and embedded the knives on the right and left side of his neck concurrently. The death was quick.



The division of the world is always an impression, the beginning of some other illusion lost to perceptual life. The presupposition of purpose within the illusion is the thinking game, not some afterthought, the division of some other illusion. There is good, there is evil, both illusions of some other afterthought. And good without an anchor is the root of the evil as no evil can outrun its leg on the ground.

Dinnon got the news after he landed back home.

He had tracked down the house and found the man who had contracted the murderer in the house at the bottom of the hill, a Mr. Spade. Whether in the name of openness or it was merely habitual, his workings were simple and predictable after his wife's death.

He drank orange juice every morning while he read the newspaper from the very same glass which he picked up from the same upper cupboard in the kitchen and always washed and rinsed afterwards.

A Hinge-Clinger lodged in the back door let Dinnon in while the man was home so he wouldn't sound the alarm. Once inside he had used Cia, a part of the operational box sent to him by Crypt to lace the insides of the glass he was certain the murderer husband will use to drink orange juice the next morning, waited for enough of the

colorless liquid to mate with the sides of the glass, turned the glass upside down as it was and was out of the house.

Cia was a highly effective burner poison assimilated and digested within seconds, and never migrating into the bloodstream as its effect is mainly intestinal, it burns the stomach walls and contents invoking a death-causing hemorrhage, an emptying death.

The day after the Cia delivery, he was on his flight back when the incident happened. And he was glad he had picked his timing succinctly, had picked a good way to avoid the ultimate suspicion on his return. He had retained alibis for two deaths back and forth, and had only been responsible for the return. It had to be done.

A glass on a slant was a poisoned arrow, burning, without a claim to fuel or flame, the longest shadow.



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