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Rhythm and Pulse

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Authors Notes

Reality is never a digital make shift of make-beliefs. It is a sea of lucid events and experiences to this one sure lucid and conscious being. There is nothing but a pile of hate on my YouTube watchlist. There are so many things I cannot do. I cannot write, sing and produce songs, although I haven't even started with music and places I wish to take it yet. I cannot do math and physics despite it being part of my everyday writing and continually inevitable in my future works. I cannot know what I say I know because I am definitely who I say I am. Wicked people sure like interacting with their intended victim. Why do I allow this shit? My readers, once I know what I cannot do, my plan will always be going above and beyond it. They must do their work-say and do nothing but evil harm and shit to someone who doesn't deserve such. And I must do mine.

Reality is being drenched in pain, drifting in the misery of extreme allergic sensation because I am overly exposed to allergens. My mind is drenched in blocked, clogged ears, throat and nose sensations without proper medications for it. And drenched in that pain I don't sleep and whimper. I wrote this microfiction and continue to work. Useless people who don't work are trying to take up my workspace for the no good they do. Thoughtless effeminate pussies I say. And there is the fact that I need at least a Laptop to take my learning process to the next level. May this world let it be onto me as I wish for this world and the next generation of humans. May life and the great love for it send well intended people rather than users able and capable of helping. So I ask again as I did in my song **in the streets**, Ever met with God, in the streets? Because if you ever truly did, you will dust these seemingly trivial ills and evil against me off as well. Whatever could the haters and lowlifes on YouTube say or do to me? My mind is always protected and never for the taking. Cause me more physical pain than reality already does? The enemy you didn't know was your enemy must have been a friend. Meanwhile my readers, please participate in the [Paypal audit \(click for full story\)](#) initiative for the sake of truth and justice. Thank you for being here.

This microfiction is brought to you without prejudice, with great beliefs in truth, decency, dignity and inclusion in science. There are usually at least two of these

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Rhythm and Pulse

There is a sustained pathology to being and natural states in that their inherent approach becomes evident in departure—the case is that there is a trigger to a cause, a cause to a trigger and whatever is in-between must, in effect, trigger its own death.

I long to bathe in the most careless of winds, covering my life with the comfort it can hardly afford. I can not wish on beauty. It is my fate. And life sustains authenticity hopeless against it—the wind lingers against me for never being light on my feet but that in passing. Beauty, however much I never had to desire it, seems like its own downfall and therefore mine.

Life couldn't be harsher than mine, could it—that the intense blonde hair on my head the wind can not carry in passing and light could not do the same in its inherent disposition. Life is heavy, and in it I am a runaway trick--the world for me against my doing. Beauty never has to fade when it's price is in its appearance. It merely deteriorates. The price to pay is in its appearance. Time after time, I am a victim of my disposition. Will it stop when I find the right man, find a worthwhile sugar daddy? Is my mother's plight of never being satisfied, a genetic curse?

"Hey Betty Lou, are you dreaming again?"

Billy, the trucker I had chatted up, with false hopes for romance at the truck stop restaurant got my attention at the moment. I hadn't heard the initial wake up call not merely for my daydreams but because I had given him a fake name. The hope was in making the trip from Maine to Tennessee as easy as possible. What could do better than promises of endless sex and cohabitation. When asked why I was running away from life, I had been harshly and brutally honest--running away from a stripper mother and her abusive slew of lovers, Papa killed his brother over a woman who wasn't my mother, and despite being a brilliant student I had no interest in education, being a country singer superstar was a start. There was that which I didn't mention, that instinct of success and survival in me quite deadlier than my father's.

I held his eyes and found some hint of solace in them, struck with a slight pang of guilt for the abandonment I planned to come to eventually. A trucker was no means

by which I am to survive in a harsh world. My time with him was ticking—like some house of cards, pristine and white, the relationship was walking on its head, doomed to the catastrophic downfall of a headless fall.

"I'm sorry," I replied solemnly.

He glanced sideways to hold my eyes. Was I imagining it? Genuine empathetic leanings from a stranger who hardly knew me to be an insatiable hopeless drifter?

"I am going to pay for therapy," he said, engaging my eyes.

"Thank you," I replied firmly, unwilling to entertain the thought.

"Are you hungry? We should eat something, " he said.

It was a timely inquisition for the moment as he turned the next corner into *Time Out Grills*, a twenty four hour truck stop restaurant.

The stop didn't make sense to me because he had explained he didn't have much time towards his delivery timeline. Why was he stopping for food in a restaurant when they could have takeout meals?

I got out of the truck reluctantly after he did. There was the home made Silencer I had stolen from Tim, my first experience after fleeing home, a drug dealer determined to make me completely tractable and easily traded. He had paid his price with his life in a drug deal gone bad setup I ratted him out on. Instinct, I had learned with time, was everything to living or dying. Trust, even when earned, could not be trusted in the environment of pure unknown variables of extinct or questionable ethical standards. I was in the midst of foul play, with foul being the easiest means for my travels.

He seated us at an extreme corner of the sparsely populated restaurant before something else quite strange happened. With the excuse of talking to the manager, he got up after food was ordered

It dawned on me how easily someone like me, a beautiful woman escaping harm, can easily experience harm. In fact, I was becoming certain that a life like mine was a perfect recipe for harm. My vulnerability was feasible. The danger I posed in dire circumstances was not. Every possible unpredictable event was cumulatively a potential for harm, every pleasing glance my way made me prey to some unpredictable instincts in the whims of the moment.

Are the two customers seated plants for some show the restaurant was running? My suspicion was beginning to grow. I fingered the Silencer tucked into my high

socks, assuring myself my instincts were too edgy, and had no room for the expectation of normalcy. What was normalcy like anyways?

Billy came back to take his seat.

I forced a smile. "Is something wrong?"

He smiled. "No, there's nothing wrong. In fact, there is good news. We can stay here tonight."

I frowned. "Here, tonight?"

He nodded. "Yes."

"A brothel in a restaurant?" I asked.

He shook his head, studying me. "Oh no it's not like that, I got you a separate room. It's a motel, not a brothel and it's right above us, a great idea for a business I say."

I wondered what sort of criminal enterprise he could be involved in. "They cater mainly to truckers?"

He nodded. "They reserve mainly for truckers. But we don't need reservations tonight. I know the manager."

I forced a smile and said nothing afterwards, placing my guesses silently about possible circumstances. A sex exploitation ring? A rapist serial killer bringing the victim home for the experience? A real journey of true love waiting to happen with Billy?

It was not difficult to arrive at the usual conclusion. What did it matter? The pathology of possible instincts wins the moment of eventual outcomes. I couldn't take the risk of regretting the moment I could have taken action. What could be the essence of that except grave stupidity, something my narcissism can't allow me to engage?

I crossed my legs under the table, bringing my heel to my ankle to retrieve the Silencer.

My first shot, ejected under the table, went into his abdomen and silenced him into a shocked expression engaging me. I ignored it and scanned the room for possible observers before ejecting two quick shots into his head, and rushed to a stand to stop the possibility of him banging his head against the table. Holding his head with my hand, I landed it gently on the table instead.

I made my way out, my fingers holding on dearly to the Silencer tucked inside the pocket of my long jacket, my eyes fixed on the seated twosome for the possibility they were in on whatever heinous show they were running. Deep in some worthwhile conversation, it seemed they hardly noticed my intent to exit.

My reach for the door knob by the exit was slightly relieving. But my low sigh of relief enveloped me in another strange sensation contrary to the fact of the moment, drawing in a sudden drain in energy. The pinch of the sharpest pain ridden neural sensation in my head numbed me momentarily to my line of thought. I felt another, the second, simultaneously with the sound of the gun shot which seemed closer behind me, and soon felt the impact of my fall onto the floor, worse in every measure than the numbness from the shots.

The drift was assured towards the finality of bliss, a comforting measure of such. And adrift in bliss I heard my stripper mother's favorite country song come on the radio, Lee Ann Womack's *I hope you dance*. And life slowly draining from me, my pulse against the rhythm of life, I imagined some dance for life with some headless, faceless, masked man

Author's endnotes

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BOOK OF THE YEAR

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 artedermal 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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