

Bird men

Hero

Boudicca was allowed more freedom because the ants had been released upon the Madrawt's so it was now safe for her to roam.

She had seen enough so could do no more harm.

Boudicca could not understand this philosophy, if the positions were reversed, Mingo would be in chains.

And during the days of close arrest she had had time to reflect upon the events that had driven Bird men and humans to be enemies; so started seeing things from Mingo's perspective.

But deep down she remembered he was a Bird man savage.

Something with feathers in a park gobbling bird seed.

And he was avoiding her.

Which annoyed her?

And had been given a new guard, Old Rag whom she set out to seduce with kindness to win to her side for the day would she would escape was drawing near; she hoped.

Then Little Drum told her about the Madrawt advance and it must be true, for looking out her window she saw through the fleece canopy armed Bird men preparing for war.

Bird man

“We are leaving the city,” Little Drum told her, “no one must go near the imperial sector, the radiation is too high.”

If she were to escape she would need a chemical suit and was her father still alive? And longed to be behind a Comet Fighter and if things were that bad, she was needed.

This was why she became depressive and edgy.

Poor Boudicca.

“Is that another human?” Boudicca asked as she was escorted along a damp forest road by Old Rag and the Maonosian elephant that she recognized as her other companion across the barren lands when she was rescued.

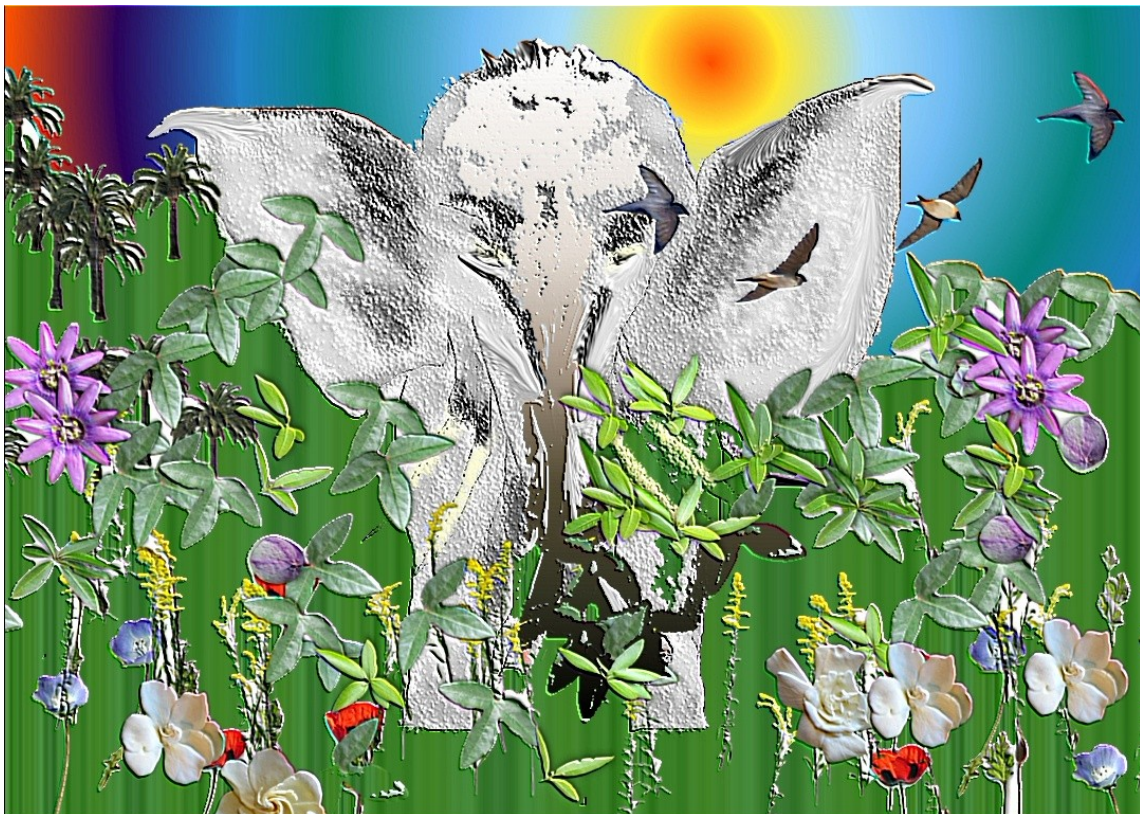


Illustration 38: Baldy

“Baldy, just call him Baldy,” Little Drum as the Maonosian elephant eyed her with two beady pink eyes.

Bird man

Behind Nostradamus walked nervously in front of an ant.

“Yes,” a late reply.

Now Boudicca had a faint memory of a shadowy hunch back figure always lurking in the shadows near her father, who always denied the man’s existence.

One of her father’s spies.

She was not alone.

She was no longer poor Boudicca as hope built up for escape.

Daddy had sent his spy to rescue her.

Nothing of the sort, he had been captured, but better not tell Boudicca that.

With these thoughts she deliberately stumbled, falling badly, pretending to sprain an ankle.

This allowed Nostradamus to catch them up.

And being the spy he was gave not the slightest hint he knew her as he helped her up onto the back of Old Rag.

“Greetings from Tzu Strath imperial citizen,” is all he whispered.

Boudicca pressed his hand.

She understood, his mission was to rescue her; not to send her back to Ce-Ra, not with the war started now.

“How long have you been a captive?” She asked as they walked.

Little Drum was not happy, she was jealous, she was a female too.

“Not long,” he replied.

“How is the War Lord and the Madrawt War?”

“Ce-Ra has taken all by surprise.”

Bird man

Boudicca understood, it went bad.

Where was the Bird men and his ants, could he do anything?

Then the sound of big guns behind.

“We must hurry, the Madrawt’s have arrived,” Little Drum urged.

They will violate the City of Flaming Crystals with their dung and the Rock Dwellers will move in.

“Is all lost?” Boudicca asked Little Drum.

The ape creature shrugged.

She did not like all the attention Boudicca was getting; she wanted some, she felt like stealing something of the hunch's' to get it.

“No, I have ears, The Bird man is alive and he and his people will fight to the death, these are their lands, this planet is only a colony to us,” the hunch back.

Boudicca relapsed into silence, yes this was not Tara 6 but Maonos wasn’t it.

“Tzu Strath I love like a brother, I will not fail him,” the hunchback added.

Boudicca understood, she would be free soon.

Then a commotion ahead blocked the damp forest road, a mother screaming frantically for help; a small ‘chick’ lay in her arms.

“Maonosian meningitis,” Nostradamus cursed.

They all felt hapless.

But the fates now interviewed for Mingo Drum was passing.

He was dismounting from the lion creature and Boudicca hoped it wasn’t too late to help.

He ignored her.

Bird man

“The hospital is not totally vacated,” he said looking back at the burning city.

It was the hard look in his eyes that made her realise he was going back.

She found herself pleased.

“Hunchback can you be trusted?” He asked ignoring Boudicca as if she didn’t exist.

That infuriated her.

“My Lord?” Nostradamus.



“Make sure Little Drum takes Boudicca and the sick child to the Salt Plain,” he commanded, “for Little Drum might follow me and endanger you all.”

“I will, my word is given,” and he held the rein’s of the lion creature.

Now Mingo Drum looked at Old Rag and Baldy, it was obvious he was mind communicating.

Bird man

Anyway Nostradamus felt hot breath over his head as Old Rag yawned over him.

The hairs on the back of his head developed eyes as they counted the teeth.

Nostradamus understood all too well.

He would keep his word.

“Mother, your child shall not die,” Mingo told her and headed back to the city.

Boudicca felt a rush of pride.

Certainly her Emperor Alexander Caesar would not do such a thing.

Her father would have passed word back to the rear guard to inform the hospital staff of what was needed when they got clear of the action.

There would be no more wounded, the rear guard who fell would be dead warriors who had sold their lives dearly.

But Ming Drum was going in person, how archaic?

No wonder these fierce Bird people obeyed him; apart from Little Drum who deliberately exploited her position of affection with her king.

And then he looked her full in the face.

They stared at each other, said nothing, all noticed, all seemed glad the sun and the moon had noticed one another at last.

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King Mingo Drum Vercingetorix had decided to evacuate his capital rather than fight a pitched battle but to fight a gorilla war he could win.

He also hoped the Madrawt's would spare the city so his people might return one day and find it intact!

But he was dealing with Madrawt's?

Bird man

Aliens totally different in mental outlook from the imperialist.

He had made a decision, it was better than mental dithering and doing nothing.

But the Madrawts looted and set fire to his capital for something to do. The Bird people were only fit to be slaves, to be exterminated slowly by giving their master Madrawt's pleasure.

In dying!

Not many races in deep space had bothered to study Madrawt history. Those that didn't took the Madrawts at face value, **a big mistake**.

If one read their history they could be seen to be liars, destroyers of civilizations and tolerated no society but their own.

Anyone who was not a Madrawt was not worthy of proper life.

They only respected and loved their own kind.

"The only good Madrawt was a dead one should have been learned over the centuries but political correctness had got in the way, why just look at the Emperor Vortigern and Peace Marriage, and it wasn't even his daughter.

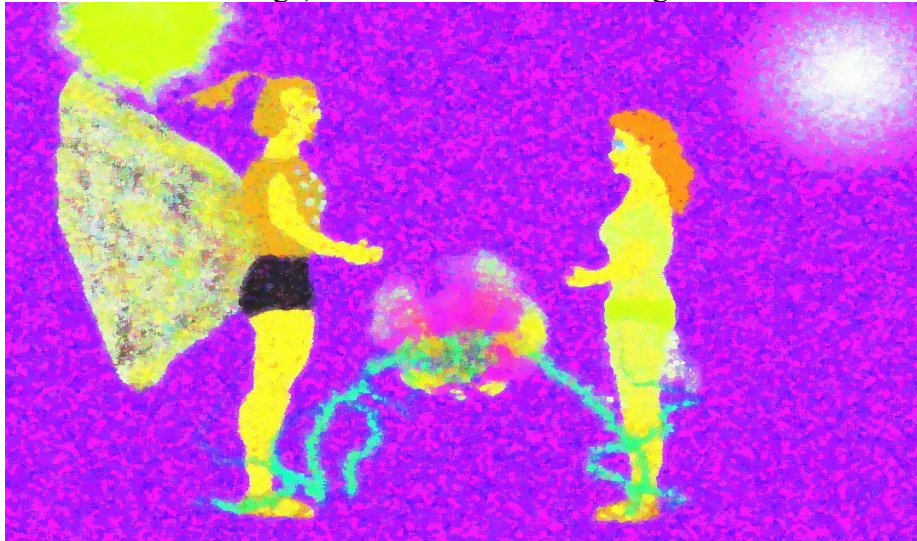


Illustration 40: The sun met the moon from a cave drawing.

Bird man

Waiting a few centuries for a planet to rid itself of nuclear fallout was nothing when the land became available for Madrawt's hungry for farms.

To call their own like you and me.

They valued nothing in other cultures, pulled down ancient buildings to remove historical truths that challenged the way they taught history.

And only saved technological advances like science.

Especially warfare.

So they looted the Flaming City of Crystals and set it on fire since there was no one to rape and decapitate en mass.

It was more than a war, it was a war of culture, one would survive and their gods would rule the day.

Poor Mingo Drum.

Poor Bird people.

Who could see the smoke billowing out of the glass corridors of the city; feel the surging gusts of heat carry red hot sparks to the forest canopy that ignited.

All was heat.

HEAT.

And the refugees were joined by the forest wild life as all sought to flee.

And many Madrawt's perished in the flames for the glass corridors were a maze they did not know how to escape. The Madrawt army that entered the City of Flaming Crystals as victors perished here as melting glass corridors became tombs.

Poisonous fumes given off from burning plastics they inhaled.

Bird man

Back drafts of fire.

Maybe Mingo lost his city but he had inevitably won a battle that would slow the Madrawts down.

And Mingo got the medicine for the sick chick and he personally saw to the evacuation of the hospital.

And the fires allowed him, the wild beasts and his people too escape.

And he was a hero amongst heroes.

And when he knew his people were on high ground he ordered the dams opened that irrigated the mushroom fields and flooded the city, sweeping away the Madrawts like sewer rubbish needing flushed away.

He could do no more to save his people and the forest.

And so Mingo Drum and cohorts of the Manticore Legion flew overhead as black smoke blackened the purple sky.

And the Madrawts, burned and soaked could not give chase.

And now two new threats were approaching the Madrawts.

War Lord Tzu Strath who had no intention of retreating.

Secondly Conchobhar who had a sizable fleet of his father's the emperor to lead seeking glory and election as emperor.

And Mingo Drum coughed his grunt and the winds carried it to the Madrawts and imperialists.

And even the animals knew what he said in the cough.

Bird man

“This is my domain,
My cough my word.
My word is my law.
My law is death to our enemies.”

And he coughed many times as his capital now a mound of rubble polluted the
purple sky with smoke.

And he repeated his cough for his beloved forest was suffering.
And he repeated his cough for he felt the sores of the wildlife.
He was a Bird man king who could use his mind as thought was alive.”

Told Vern Lukas by

Refugees.