

Bird man

The Dragon

“The Plain of salt was the designated assemble area for the Bird People.

Here the non combatants would be herded quickly north to the City of Winds.

And since theirs was a warrior society this meant the young, mothers, aged and food producing insects.

As by some hidden truce the beasts of the forest did not harm them or their domestics.

A bond existed.

The bond of fleeing fire.

Telepathy to impress the wild beasts not to harm them, these were Mingo Drum’s people, and all knew his laws.

When the fires died down new life would sprout up from the forest floor from damp ash and compost.

A vacant city awaited many wild beasts as a new home.

And an army of Nobles and warriors and ant phalanxes was gathering to await Mingo Drum.

And when Boudicca saw them she was glad this gathering destructive power was to be unleashed against their common enemy, the Madrawts, she hoped.

Then Dispater, Good god of the empire gave her luck for they became separated from the main refugee host while walking an old wadi flood channel.

The Bird man

“This is not the way,” Little Drum complained alarmed.

Nostradamus looked at Boudicca thinking escape.

“All I promised was a promise to the enemy to see you safely to the Plain of Salt, I have carried out my obligation as we are safe now,” he whispered to Boudicca.

Suddenly there was a roar that echoed off the wadi walls.

Old Rag pushed past knocking them over.

Baldy trumpeted.

Little Drum shrieked in terror and ran behind Nostradamus who gave up trying to free her tight grip that was ripping his clothes.

“What is it?” Boudicca asked of Little Drum.

“Aaaaaaa THAT,” the great flying fearless ape companion of Mingo Drum croaked and swooned.

Now on the right hand ledge above them stood a Maonosian Rock Lizard.

The Bird men called it Dragon.

And to Boudicca and Nostradamus it did look like a dragon with a thrill around its neck and steam coming from its mouth. Now Nostradamus knew more about this beast as it was his job to know the environment he was spying, knew that it drank hot spring water which was stored in a large abdominal area to soften its favorite food and aid digestion.

“It does not breathe fire,” he told Boudicca reassuringly.

Now it rose on its hind legs roaring, hissing and tasting the air with a black flicking tongue.

Bird man

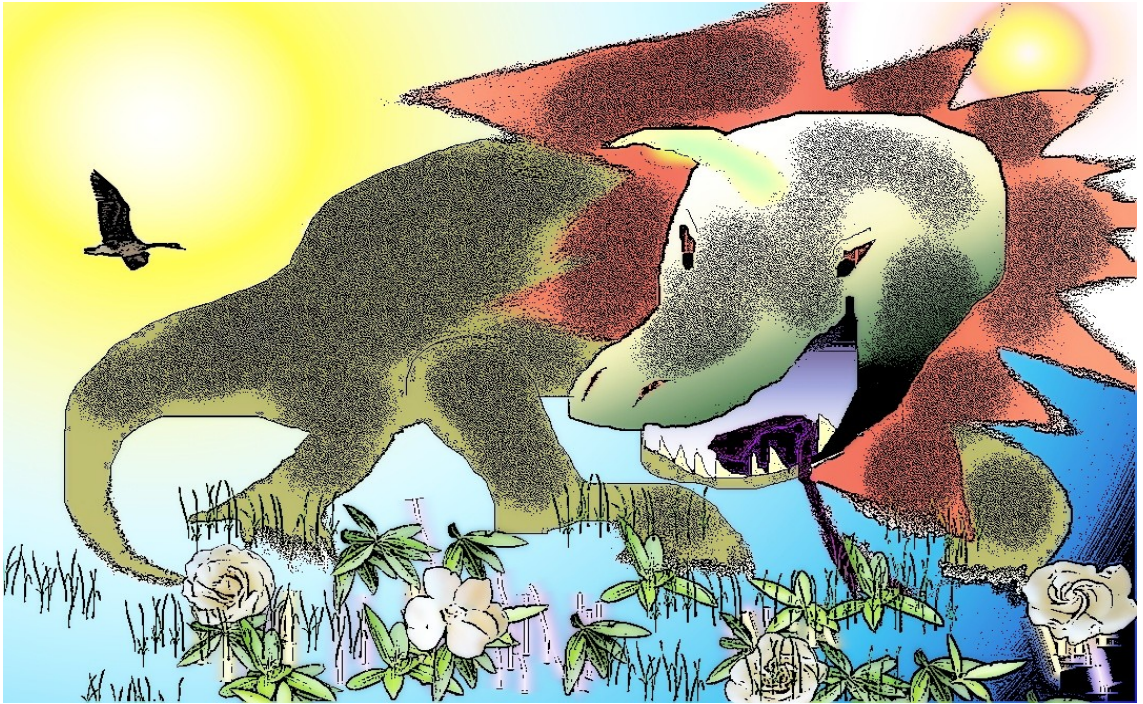


Illustration 41: It was some sort of flesh shredding giant ugly lizard just asking to be turned into pet food.

And Old Rag charged up the embankment but the dragon creature swiped him away with a horned tail.

Now there was nothing between them and the monster apart from Baldy.

And none noticed the shadow racing across the ground.

Only the beasts heard and distinguished the coughing grunt from their own howls and roars of stress caused by the Dragon.

A spear then from nowhere and struck the dragon below the neck.

So it fell to its knees having difficulty breathing.

And Mingo Drum Vercingetorix was astride it driving his long two handed sword into the base of the dragon's skull.

So it fell dead.

Bird man

Yes Mingo Drum Vercingetorix stood there, his chest expanded, head held high,
long brown hair running free under his gold head band.

Then gave his coughing grunt and the world knew he had killed an enemy.”

What Nostradamus reported;

V. Lukas