

Bird man

Gododdin

“And Reeman Black Hair hurried west by north west to avoid the lands of Mingo Drum Vercingetorix so instead crossing Gododdin Bird man lands.

And Boudicca was sure Kenala looked nervous and afraid.

But she knew Bird men feared nothing for their after world was a paradise. The only thing they feared was the red suns falling upon their heads and the sea drowning them.

But things were changing; they had been exposed to modern ideas.

Was the old color stripe afraid?

“What is the matter Kenala?” Boudicca from her tussled position on the land ship.

“Don’t you know where you are?” He replied watching the clouds.

Branwan shoveled closer to Bran Llyr her lover for comfort.

Arthur couldn’t care as long as he could run about the ship with his Madrawt guards hot in pursuit.

FUN.

“Over Tara 6,” Boudicca replied; rarely did she call the planet Maponos especially when Arthur was present; she was making a human of her son; *others said this was to spite Mingo.*

“Gododdin,” Little Drum squeaked from an old cage.

Boudicca was ignorant.

A few times the name had been mentioned and quickly dropped.

No one had really explained Bird man politics in depth.

No one told the Madrawts either as no one spoke to them.

Bird man

Except that there were Bird men living all over planet calling themselves after where they lived and Mingo was their king.

Near the truth but not all.

Anyway Old Rag was sniffing the air and pacing his cage.

Badly trumpeted.

Boudicca shifted her butt nervously; she didn't like this short of build up.

"Gododdin are the sworn enemies of the Artebrate," Kenala.

Reeman Black Hair should have been listening, he might have been enlightened and posted adequate look outs but he never listened to aliens, especially humans and Bird men just didn't exist.

They came amongst the crimson clouds, sneaking into the yellow Columbus puffs, through the white cloud edges.

The Gododdin came on their Maonosian Vultures.

(So called by the imperialists.)

If the average male Bird man stood between five and seven feet, then you can easily imagine the size of the Maonosian Vultures they rode.

Purple feathered and two heads.

Ugly bald heads and necks so that their dying victims focused on massive flesh tearing beaks, immobilizing escape by fright.

So came the "lazy Gododdin" as Little Drum called them.

Experts at pirating ships of the air and land, they killed the Land Ship look outs in the masts with small silent arrows through the neck and heart fired from crossbows for a better X hair aim.

Assassin's weapons.

Bird man

And that is what the Gododdin were at the height of the Bird man culture upon Tara 6 (Maponos) before the invasions by human/alien imperialists and Madrawts.

Assassins for hire.

Ninjas of the air ways.

Now under their present ruler, the beautiful Queen Cartimandua they had not changed their ways only swept them under the carpet for appearance and a unified Bird man defense against colonizing off worlders.

And King Mingo Drum put up with their ways for he needed their warriors. But the reckoning between Artebrate and Gododdin would come with peace when they accepted humans and went back to inter tribal warfare.

And old ways.

Now Old Rag roared and Reeman Black Hair turned annoyed (thinking he would rip the beast's tongue out and roast and eat it. But the roar was in defiance to the landing pirates.)

Seeing the savage vulture heads snapping up his crew from behind proved too much for him, he ran away.

Lots of squelching and cracking bones sounds and pain amongst the Madrawts so who can blame the master bully Reeman?

The Gododdin were running a muck and although there was resistance it was obvious it was doomed.

Why Reeman pulled a safety lever and a unit on a corridor wall opened and he jumped in, it was a life boat and in seconds he was ejected off the Land Ship.

Now Boudicca fought her chains as she and Arthur faced a Gododdin covered in blue tattoos. It looked like he was going to bring his long sword down and decapitate

Bird man

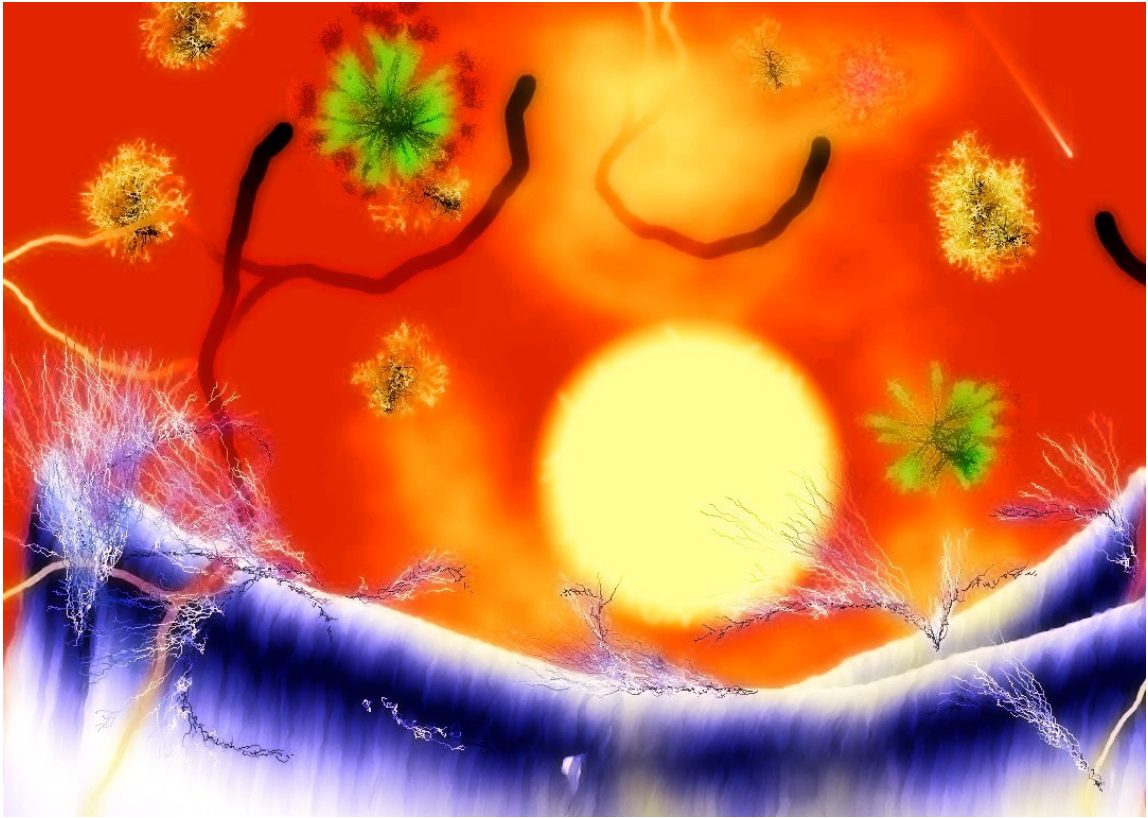


Illustration 61: At the end of the world the sky will fall out of the sky and tidal waves drown you, that's if the sun didn't burn you up first.

her son.

Her lovely little boy,

All bitterness, usage of the boy

as an emotional weapon against Mingo went. Shameful thoughts of having an alien

child with flight membranes vanished.

HER CHILD WAS ABOUT TO

DIE.

But Baldy went berserk smashing the cage with his large bald head in an effort to save the boy.

The crack of wood made the Gododdin turn his head. He reeled back from the emerging Maponosian elephant, reeled within reach of a circling clawed paw that belonged to Old Rag.

Bird man

Old Rag did what were-wolves do!

Baldy found the screaming boy whose thoughts of being a big boy now gone. He was just a little person after all who wanted his mummy.

And Boudicca cried her heart out.

Baldy stood his ground over the boy.

Then there was silence apart from the trumpeting and roaring of the two beastly friends of Mingo.

And the Gododdin did a sensible thing, they held consul as American football players do.

We are all familiar with the movies.

The ship would be steered back to their capital.

“But who was the boy, why was he so important, they wanted to know?”

As for the Madrawt dead and dying it was trophy time and the torsos were thrown overboard for the vultures to feast upon.

Madrawt stew sounds good.

And only when the ship was docked and the elephant and lion creatures sedated for future arenas did they approach Boudicca’s party.

“We know you,” the Gododdin warriors said to Little Drum for she was indeed famous.

Little Drum puffed her chest out with self importance, “I am not surprised, I am Mingo’s brave friend.”

Bird man

Boudicca cringed as Little Drum told all in self importance, silly ape. And the Bird men laughed along joking amongst themselves that they had caught Mingo Drum's 'human play thing,' 'human harlot', 'human wife' and other things.

What exactly had Little Drum being saying or trying to explain?"

Lukas, the scribe.