

The Emperor Vortigern

“The Emperor Vortigern was old, balding, skin freckled and dry. Several warts grew from his chin sprouting long hairs. As much as he wanted he could not stop his muscles going to flab even though he took many steroids and other drugs. The problem was that his tissues were just worn out.

“You must consider cloning before it is too late my Lord Vortigern,” a slim man in black robes advised.

“No Diviciacus, no never, medicine will come up with something,” the worried emperor replied.

“My Lord you are already nearing a thousand years and have occupied the imperial throne six times,” Diviciacus his priest, seer and adviser replied softly not adding that further transplants, drug medications, hormone treatments and genetic tampering would do nothing as his body was already that of a robot and not the original he was born with and could not support any more interfering before a spring loosened and his emperor blew apart literally.

And that was a mild way of putting it.

Six times all statues, paintings and that sort of thing had had to be altered to the new face. Some could not remember what the original looked like.

And so it was time to clone to save all this expenditure.

Time for the original to die and The Emperor Alexander Caesar was afraid.

He had done a lot of wrong during his six reigns.

“It does not hurt my lord,” Diviciacus purred and the Emperor Vortigern looked at him sternly, *“Does he mean dying or cloning?”*

“There will be elections; the empire can afford them, a war with the Madrawt’s? The empire needs stability not turmoil; some regions the inflation is so high they have resorted to a barter system, cloning, no better drugs are needed,” the Emperor Vortigern.

“Yes the Star Dust Corporation has done wonders on the planet Maonos, I mean Tara 6. Glen Zowanski assures me new drugs and genes will be produced there. Soon, very soon,” Diviciacus assured his emperor.

“And produced monsters, men that can fly, snakes with six heads, put so much toxin into the atmosphere that even the suns appeared purple,” Diviciacus thought.



Illustration 6: They made snakes with a human head.

And if the son Conchobhar claimed the throne by rejuvenating forgotten hereditary laws? Would the cloned Vortigern have matured enough to keep his throne?

Bird man

And Diviciacus knew Conchobhar was not the wimp his father saw him as.

Had suspicions Conchobhar was rigging votes for himself amongst the Electoral Princes who voted for an emperor when an emperor died.

The empire's stability was threatened, the Madrawt's would take advantage and invade then sue for peace until they had encroached so much they wouldn't need peace, they did conquer all.

For the sake of the empire, Vortigern and Conchobhar should be ignored for good.

But poor poor Diviciacus was loyal to the idea of empire, not loyalty to an emperor who was only a tool to be used by Diviciacus to become more powerful than he already was.

And the bigger they are the greater the fall was good advice but ignored.

"Perhaps I should visit the fertility banks and destroy every genetic strand there of Vortigern," Diviciacus toyed, *"If civil war breaks out Lord Tzu Strath would march his standing army in and proclaim himself Protector."*

And Tzu Strath was popular.

And hated Diviciacus which was bad news to the later wasn't it?

"Where will our dream be then Vortigern? Not even forcing Tzu Strath to give his most cherished possession to the Madrawt's will buy you enough time."

And Vortigern looked at his priest Diviciacus and read his mind.

A mind can not be read if it is stable but Diviciacus had flooded his with negativity and opened himself to be read.

"The woman's fate will ensure Tzu Strath will hate the evil Madrawt's for all time and come to my aid," Vortigern.

Bird man

“More likely hate you and come and destroy you.”

Then added: “Isn’t it time you were cloning?” Vortigern asked wanting Diviciacus to suffer alongside his emperor as a faithful servant should.

“Soon my Lord,” but Diviciacus had no intentions of doing so.



Illustration 7: The shaman Diviciacus

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The War Lord Tzu Strath had boarded his shuttle craft to take him back to his battle ship the Imperial Ship Taranis; his bugging device left on his woman had stopped bleeping.

He was a worried man.

Reduced to a weeping sore.

She was totally lost now.

Bird man

He would extract her memories from his mind to protect himself from mental anguish over her loss.

She was now dead to him and was dead.

“One day my beloved emperor you will pay for what you have done,” Tzu Strath promised.

Then: “We have landed my Lord,” Tzu Strath’s personal bodyguard advised.

And Tzu Strath looked into the eyes of his long suffering friend Tribune Cedric Henry. Saw the shared pain at her loss, knew it had been for the stability of the

Empire,

For peace.

So the media would clamour and he and the tribune knew their emperor would hate Tzu Strath even more, for the media would make Tzu again a national hero for his sacrifice.

More popular than Conchobhar's cash.

“Run for the election yourself,” Henry prompted.

And Tzu Strath saw the wet eyes of his friend, *“How lucky you are Henry, I am a War Lord and can’t shed publicly one tear for a loved one for my enemies did say I was weak.*

I must be strong for the empire’s stability.

Strong to fight Madrawt’s.”

“She bought peace,” Tzu Strath replied and walked away with his tribune following to board the Taranis.

“What the emperor demands I comply.”

Bird man

“Why not? Henry the alien is correct. I should run for the office of emperor. Was not my illustrious ancestor Tzu Don not an emperor back in ten thousand and five A.D.

And risen like a phoenix to take the throne from an incompetent emperor. It was Tzu Don who established the Electoral College of Princes and Senators to prevent hereditary emperors but science had caught up with death and Tzu Don must be weeping in Heaven.

Your mistake was limiting the vote.

You excluded the popular populace.

Instead, one planet, one senator.

How could you foresee the expansion of the empire too such grand limits of political corruption and parties that represent whole solar systems?”

“The Bird man was present,” Henry.

And both asked the same question, “Would he interfere and if he did what would he do with her?”

“He hates me,” Tzu Strath answered.

“May the Creator be with her then,” Henry offered.”

From the memoirs of
Tzu Strath,
War Lord.