

2 New Imperial Laws

“Brutus,” the original Caesar of men had said forty thousand years past on Planet Earth, but the Emperor Caesar Alexander Vortigern did not deserve or live up to his names substituted Brutus with Diviciacus.

And so the deed was done.”

Vern Lukas.

Reeman Black Hair had demanded an audience with the younger brother of the Emperor Ce-Ra, the Emperor Vortigern on Planet New Orion which bordered the Empire of the East of Caesar Alexander Conchobhar.

The problem: the younger brother’s monthly tribute of gold and slaves to his older brother Ce-Ra had not been regular. If Vortigern expected help from his older brother then he should be expected to pay on time.

Vortigern saw otherwise, the gold was a drain that could be spent buying friends in the civil war that was going on in his western empire.

No matter how much gold he sent to his older brother, Madrawt help was short in coming.

“Ah, does not the younger brother of Ce-Ra know what the effects of the Choking Death are?” Reeman Black Hair asked.

Vortigern actually smiled, “My older brother knows how we suffered. Can I send dead slaves?

Who is left alive to pay taxes?”

Bird man

Reeman Black Hair never the diplomat pressed on as the emperor sat watching a new era dance routine in the audience area.

It was about the Planet Maponos and the death of Mingo Drum. It was his favorite show for it showed off Boudicca's figure to advantage.

The emperor could imagine the dancer as Boudicca.

He could also touch after.

And the dancer was surrounded by nymphs enticing her to submit to Mingo.

The emperor liked his nymphs.

Then Diviciacus came from nowhere behind his emperor.

Wearing a bird head dress of Huitzilopitchli, WAR GOD. A long knife was in a scabbard on his back.

Only the emperor did not detect the shiver that went up from his courtiers as this masked priest entered. The emperor was too engrossed with his nymphs.

The emperor's face was hot and wet with sweat as he imagined himself as Mingo.

"Afterwards afterwards," he thought as a young nymph slid about his gold silk robes.

A silver water nymph with glued blue fish scales on her.

Diviciacus had paid well to get the prettiest nymph dancers out.

Vortigern was the emperor and he could do what he liked, unfortunately this attitude encourages others to do as they wanted too.

Diviciacus stood directly behind him.

Perverted as his emperor.

And just before Caesar Alexander Vortigern's imagination got carried away with the silver water nymph, Diviciacus slid the razor sharp long knife across his emperor's

Bird man

throat from ear to ear.

After that there was no stopping Diviciacus cutting the emperor's heart out.

This imperial offering he threw onto the alter of Huitzilopitchli.

Reeman Black Hair smiled.

Not a human royal guard intervened.

"Long live the Emperor Ce-Ra," Reeman Black Hair shouted as Madrawt troopers filed into the audience room.

"Long live Caesar Alexander Conchobhar," a lone suicidal voice of dissent shouted.

"Long live the Emperor Tzu Strath," the situation was comical.

Then someone shot a Madrawt and the killing in earnest started.

Diviciacus didn't even flinch when a probe spear exploded beside him, its splinters drawing blood from his legs.

Instead he seemed to gloat at the pain and go into a glazed paradise with Huitzilopitchli.

But Reeman Black Hair had come prepared, the Madrawts outnumbered the human guards, the human army was at the front.

Vortigern had never expected his well bribed older brother to sacrifice him to Huitzilopitchli?

And the human/alien survivors were dragged in front of Diviciacus who looked at them with cold eyes from behind a bird mask.

Her still held the murder weapon.

Fast he was, the way his hands worked, one grabbing a prisoners shoulder and the other knifing deep, twisting, cutting the heart free for the alter of Huitzilopitchli.

Bird man

He slaughtered so many that day, even the butlers and porters were dragged to him in a frenzy of offering.

And humans and aliens hated him and called him The Butcher from that day on.

“One day I will tear your black heart out, Kernwy promised.

And Kernwy knew that Diviciacus had perverted the faith of Dispater the good god.

“What is my faith?” He asked himself, “What gods do I worship? Dispater the life essence that can be reached by good living?” And he smirked at his own hypocrisy.

Dispater the living emperor in the flesh, and he looked at the slumped red soaked body of Vortigern and wondered if they would destroy the body out of meanness to prevent cloning and new life again.

And Kernwy smirked,

“I believe in shamanism,

Spirit possession.

Ecstasy.

Without human sacrifices.

I do not believe in Diviciacus.

May the Bird man save me?

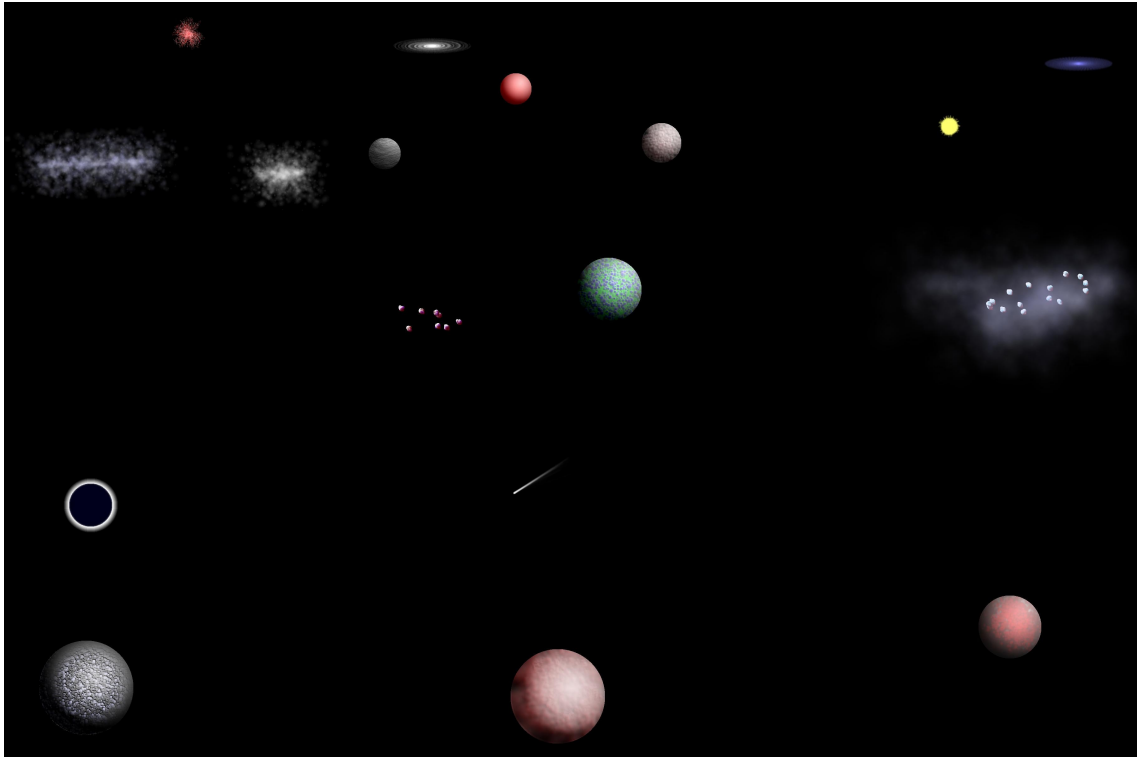
After, alone in a room that was more like a planetarium he thought about whom he had called for deliverance?

The Bird man?

The empire’s enemy.

Mingo Drum Vercingetorix.

Bird man

*Illustration 80: Planetarium*

No no no, he meant the other little Bird man, Arthur the boy. Poor Kernwy was a victim of Vern Lukas and his writings that had filled a spiritual vacuum and he had started to believe in the return of a golden age, but unlike the Bird people, a golden age for humans.

When humans were the dominant life form again in space.

How lucky he was to be human, to have normal features and not wings like a Bird man. But he envied and hated them for their ability to fly.

Poor poor Kernwy was jealous.

Besides, heights made him dizzy.

The Bird men must be crazy to fly so high!

But the boy Arthur was different, he had human genes and that made him human, well more human than beast.

Bird man

Almost.

The other important thing was that Arthur would inherit his grandfather's army; and be the new Tzu.

War Lord.

And as Vern Lukas wrote, "I envy him not for no one will forget his Bird man origins. He must be strong and ruthless if he is to rule wisely and fairly.

Men must look at him and see the Spirit of Light in his eyes as mirrors to his soul. And human/alien or Bird men will know he is good, they will follow him, from settler farmer to veteran soldier.

And it would take armies to rid Kernwy of Diviciacus and his Madrawt fiendish friends, not beliefs.

It was now that news was brought to him that the new Emperor and Lord of Madrawts Ce-Ra had issued a new imperial law.

That all male humans and aliens must pay a second class citizen tax and would only be exempt if serving military service in Madrawt auxiliary legions.

Kernwy laughed.

They would be the first to go over the top, the first to die as they cleared the way of resistance for the following Madrawts.

Another name for genocide.

Then he heard the second imperial decree.

All men must worship a new imperial god.

Ce-Ra,

Or die!

Bird man

“And the genes of Mingo Drum and Tzu Strath were in Little Arthur/Verica and that gave him a good start in life and for the return of the Golden Age.”

Vern Lukas.