

Tzu Strath inherited Nostradamus's spy network for his employees came to him for pay and told him where Boudicca was.

"It is not surprising then that I, Vern Lukas, Tribune Cedric Henry and Colour Sergeant Kenala found us all on the Planet Madrawt.

What a strange world Madrawt it is!

It is pure evil.

There are four suns the planet revolves round S fashion.

Yet the planet is cold.

Bare and imagine walking into a haunted house. You feel; the chill, neck prickling, unseen clean spirits reaching too possess you.

Such is Planet Madrawt.

What if Satan exists as a heavenly prince? Well, Madrawt must have been his foot stool!

Even the vegetation was carnivorous and the animals could fill the markets as freaks for circuses in our own worlds.

The Planet Madrawt is huge and has ecological zones not known to us; full of wild beasts and ferocious wild men.

Coupled to this the rigid and dry Madrawt Laws and no wonder the Madrawt is cruel.

Their Lords have despotic powers and no more so than embodied in their emperor.

## Bird man

Who is regarded as their chief war god Huitzilopitchli in the flesh? If defeat occurs he usually *ends up on the god's alter*.

The most valuable possession the Madrawts have to offer their god to avert disaster. *And Ce-Ra wanted this job*, mind you that was when things where cheery and he had mistaken the strength of his adversary, Mingo Drum Vercingetorix, the last of the free.

Little wonder Ce-Ra craved hearts to take **his** place on the alter.

And by the way, females were prohibited holding the top job; they had more sense to want to offer themselves on a slippery alter.

To the Madrawt a woman was for child bearing, nothing more.

Huitzilopitchli had created women for that purpose, frolicking.

Why it explains the cosmetic, fashion and lingerie business was big business on Madrawt Planet. Why it was mostly women who abused Mingo in the stocks and on the way to the public arena. He represented all that was brutal in the Madrawt man, *sexual*, taking when they wanted.

It was their men they were abusing, Mingo was just a big bird who never harmed them apart from sending their sons to paradise.

Indeed the Planet Madrawt was the Princedom of Satan.

And here was I, Vern Lukas with Tribune Cedric Henry with a plan to be cosmetically altered to look like Madrawts.

I tell you the heat of the false skin was hot and itchy and I must remember that under my clothes my skin was not covered in it. It was mine, and language implants enabled me to hear and speak Madrawt.

## Bird man

We wore gray long smocks, signaling we were veterans of a war and the cosmetic boys had scarred up our faces; stitches here and there.

We could hire ourselves out at Halloween parties and make a killing.

The Madrawts held their veterans in high esteem, as those who had exposed themselves to death for the glory of Huitzilopitchli.

The veterans were nicknamed the Walking Dead and virtually everything was free to us and none asked for identity.

We were veterans, honored, respected.

Restaurants left plates of scraps at their back doors for our kind.

We carried little begging bowls as veterans got no pension; we were Walking Dead weren't we?

Stinking walking Madrawt zombies.

Rats our mates.

Flies our standards.

Roaches our bed companions.

Ticks to tickle us.

Fleas to share our blood.

Lice to hang as ear rings.

Carbuncles to color our seats.

Soap our enemy.

Stink our aura.

We were veterans.

And it was considered good luck to donate to a veteran begging bowl for it was said Huitzilopitchli listened to us and we could ask to take the other son to paradise and

## Bird man

leave this favourite one behind.

We slept at the back of inns fold down beds and some sheltered under a corrugated shed roof, and jugs of ale. Now you see, Madrawt is a nation geared for war for so many had sons in the front lines.

And if we fancied a Madrawt whore we could have one free, but we weren't Madrawt for in our eyes they were blooming horrendous ugly creatures.

Thus we wondered their capital Madrawt seeking Boudicca and Arthur; I'll tell you Nostradamus would have been proud of us.

And we headed straight to the Great Palace of their Lord, hoping to find their important captives here.

Inside the Great palace is a shrine set aside for veterans to worship and bring good luck to the emperor and here we saw Boudicca walking crocodile fashion with the other ladies of the emperor's harem.



*Illustration 88: Planet Madrawt, was Satan's footstool*

## Bird man

We felt sorry for her, if Madrawt whores were repulsive to us, what then the Madrawt male abusing Boudicca? This was not the movies but the real world *where there is no hero to ride off into the sunset with the freed starlet.*

Boudicca was a beautiful woman, Ce-Ra we knew too knew that.

For one hour a day in the morning these beautiful women from many planets tendered the blessed of Huitzilopitchli and his Walking Dead, us.

Dispaten the good imperial god had blessed us.

Custom had it we could demand one of them to lie with us, but that was long ago, now servants accompanied the harem woman and they substituted.

For when they lay with us they lay with Huitzilopitchli?

And just as a reminder to the Walking Dead any who insisted upon his rights of custom with a harem woman, his body was later found minus his heart.

Ce-Ra was no fool, he understood the value of custom and the value of despotic power and the fear superstition surrounding The walking Dead and his people.

“Boudicca, it is Tribune Henry,” he whispered to her as she filled up his plate with saffron rice.

She didn’t flinch but stared into his red contact lenses.

She came back with rice for me and chicken and personally saw to our needs and we learned Arthur was a hostage in the Tower of the Condemned.

“Mingo dead?” That shook and saddened me.

Could it be true, the man who had taken me out of my blue perfumed scribe robes into armour and the frontier was dead?

I owed Mingo Drum Vercingetorix to find out if that was?

## Bird man

And understood why Mingo Drum should give his heart to Boudicca, she was the most beautiful woman in existence for a human that is, and one such as her could only give her heart to one such as

Mingo Drum Vercingetorix.

We would come back with a grey smock for her and pass her off as a Walking Dead.

Then she could leave with us.

And it worked.

“We can repeat what we did with Arthur in the Tower of the Condemned,” I hoped.

But Boudicca advised caution, the Madrawts weren’t stupid, but being so confident we did not plan properly.

Yes our grey smocks had made us invisible.