

Bird man

It's you

But the keys Henry had were the wrong keys *blast it*.

I feared now we would never get back to our shuttle craft where we had left a restrained Boudicca for she had wanted to come with us.

There was nothing else but for Henry to return to the guardroom.

“What do you want?” A guard asked him there.

“You must come with us, your friend is with my companion and has not brought the keys to see if Pahtamon is in the remaining cells,” Henry lied.

Why the guard opened a drawer and took out some keys. And as he walked past Henry into the dimly lit corridor he was stabbed.

Once again the body was disposed of in a cell and Henry checked the desk drawer for more keys, a wise move, *he took them all*.

For a civilized man Henry I saw was a ruthless killer.

He was no different from my Bird man Mingo Drum?

He might have been worse because he delayed taking me to Arthur for he stopped, reloaded a new clip into his laser pistol and entered a cell.

Here four Madrawt prisoners hung from the walls, badly tortured by a nearby Singe Claw, a machine that rakes your torso and cauterizes the wounds as it goes.

Henry shot each one, “They might tell.”

But he was killing them because they were Madrawts.

It was like that all way to Arthur's cell, executing all Madrawts; he was wasting time.

Arthur the goal was in a top room cell, chained to a bed. This room must have affected him badly because he cried all the way out of the building and cling to me tightly.

Then the alarms went off as someone had found Henry's dead.

We had to hurry for we could hear baying Madrawt hunting dogs.

Coming closer to our escape route down a sewer and just as Henry was about to descend the Madrawts came upon us.

And Henry stood his ground and killed many and only came with me and the boy when I refused to give him my laser clips to reload his gun.

He hadn't just been killing the police and soldiers who had come after us but any Madrawt that moved.

"They breed don't they?" He with a stare that challenged me to disagree; I knew better, time was wasting.

Now on the sewer train speeding to safety I had a good look at Henry in his gray Walking Dead smock, he seemed stern and remote, unaffected by the women and children he had killed.

Then sewer train took us to a spot underneath our shuttle craft where Co lour Sergeant Kenala and Boudicca waited.

The Bird man stopped picking his beak when he heard the call of Mingo above.

"Daddy," Arthur looking towards the dark spot high in the sky.

Bird man

And Boudicca knew in her heart it was Mingo, he had the damnest habit of turning up in the right place when needed, but she still pulled her son protectively into the shuttle craft.

And Kenala grunted back to his aerial lord.

And a spot in the sky that grew bigger as Mingo began to land.

I couldn't help but look at Cedric Henry, this was not Nostradamus who admired Mingo but an imperial officer who disliked Bird men.

Arthur was going home to a human world.

"Yellow alert," Henry gave an order to his men and they quickly cocked their weapons.

Kenala moved behind Henry.

Now even as emancipated as he was, Mingo still looked like a dangerous corned lion.

The legend was still alive and all knew it.

"Red alert," Henry ordered and his men aimed their weapons at Mingo.

Mingo Drum Vercingetorix would be an added bonus to bring home to Tzu Strath.

Now Boudicca came and stood in front of Mingo; a courageous act.

The men with the aimed weapons certainly knew who she was and lowered their weapons.

A steel blade was pressed against Henry's spine.

Good all Kenala.

"Stand down," Henry.

Bird man



Illustration 90: Madrawt hounds had a single horn and lots of fur

“I want home too,” Mingo.

“Home, to Maonos or Tzu Strath’s military camp,” Henry and he were serious.

“Maonos,” Mingo and looked at Kenala who nodded his head.

The doors were shut and the shuttle engines had come alive, the craft wanted to leave Planet Madrawt.

Now Arthur appeared and in that moment I saw the real greatness of Mingo Drum Vercingetorix.

“Arthur come here,” Boudicca calling her son away from his father.

The legend had a great hurt in his eagle eyes.

Arthur seemed shy, it had been a long time since he had seen daddy and been fed human stories about *a ferocious beast called Mingo*.

He knew the boy by another name and he did not use it so as not to confuse the lad.

Bird man

The boy's name was Arthur, Tzu Strath's heir.

I swear to this day I saw Vate come and stand beside Arthur and then vanish.

Perhaps it was the infra red light of our craft. A trick of the light, but Mingo I am sure also saw, it was in his eyes.

The Vate had reminded Mingo the boy belonged to another power, the power that was fighting the evil that manifested itself in Madrawts.

Mingo turned to leave.

"You are coming back to Tzu Strath, red alert," now Henry just wanted to push things as far as they would go.

This time I pulled a pistol on Henry.

"No, Henry, when we are safely away he can go home," where I got the nerve I don't know!

"Put down your weapons," Boudicca told the men.

"We are Tzu Strath's men," one replied meaning she wasn't.

"I am his daughter," she snapped.

Bird lover must have gone through their minds and were not Tzu Strath's men but Henry's.

Where could Mingo go anyway?

Now Boudicca took Mingo's hands in her own and showed her back to the soldiers.

She saw the pain in Mingo's eyes and realized then that he loved her and her son and how foolish they had been with time, all the wasted years, all in a few flashes of intuition.

Her hands seemed so small in his.

He stroked her auburn hair and she kissed the palm of that hand.

Bird man

It was very touching and Henry allowed them the quietness to prove she was a bird lover?

His men had buried many of their comrades on patrol killed by Artebrate warriors.

And here was the Bird man responsible for many imperial defeats. With him dead vengeance would be served and victory assured.

Only Boudicca stood in the way of murder.

And Henry for all his officer training was no better than the man he wanted to murder, he was a killer.

And then Arthur went and hugged his mummy's legs.

Then it all happened so quickly, Mingo picked up his son and moved away from Boudicca, I believe his intention was just to get a clear look at the boy directly under a light, but the escape door was behind him and the craft lurched with power straining to leave and Mingo tumbled towards the door.

But Arthur was coming back to Tzu Strath, Henry's mind was made up; that was his enemy Mingo Drum, he only needed an excuse to shot him and he had just been handed it.

He shot Mingo in the stomach.

Arthur was dropped and Boudicca grabbed him out off the way.

Mingo Mingo Mingo Drum.

Mingo man of steel.

Mingo Mingo Mingo Drum.

The legend fell out the door just as it began to close; the craft was leaving minus a passenger.

On the flight back to Tara 6 I realized I was not only creating legends about Mingo and Arthur to bring in a rule of goodness in a golden age, I was writing about one of the most tragic love stories known.

I felt low for all the bad things and thoughts I had ever directed towards the Beast King Mingo Drum Vercingetorix.

As for Boudicca and Arthur they kept too themselves and when we reached Tara 6 she became a recluse. That hurt Tzu Strath a great deal and naturally he blamed Mingo for his daughter's moods.

But he was a cunning general and could stomach it for he had his grandson back which he viewed as more important than his daughter's childish mood. I don't know if Vate had visited him as well, but I knew all of us had been chosen for something special.

Our little pet hates were nothing compared to the boy's future that was heavily entwined with the fate of all worlds.

We were microscopic ants compared to that.