

Bird man

And HE came for HE was Mahbon Reborn

“You cannot put a good dog down,” Vern Lukas.

In that case Mingo was a dog and not a Bird man.

“I have grown to like you Divipatreus, together we can board that docked cargo ship and escape this planet,” Mingo told his new friend who was Diviciacus.

Diviciacus who was Divipatreus looked at the ship. It was an old tramp, would it get him off this planet and to where?

To the wilderness of Tara 6!

No, he intended to go to Earth and work his magic and make the place **his**.

The Madrawt garrison there was forgotten and there he would denounce Lord Madrawt Ce-Ra a traitor to god Huitzilopitchli.

But Earth had fallen to the humans or had it?

Now a week out from Planet Madrawt Mingo sneaked out of the dark cargo hold and made his way to the ship’s bridge. On the way he intended to kill as many Madrawts as he met.

To even the odds against him.

They were just Madrawt scum.

The enemy.

Not breathing or capable of feeling, just Madrawts that you tried to kill as many as possible to exterminate.

Bird man

Just a raid upon another tribe before he saw all Bird men as Bird men, one people.

In those days he and his Artebrate would have killed Gododdin children in a raid, the casualties of war, or taken them back captives.

The girls would grow into good baby making machines.

The boys into slaves or if young enough, brought up as Artebrate warriors.

It was the Bird man way.

So Mingo Drum Vercingetorix thought nothing of opening a cabin door and entering it and slaughtering the occupants found.

It was not murder, they were Madrawts.

Their children were so ugly no one would want them as a baby making machine or slaves about the fields or home.

Dead Madrawts meant less Madrawts in the future to have too fight.

He was indeed the beast Mingo Drum Vercingetorix was he not?

And he was Mingo the beast with wings.

By the time he stood outside the bridge he had made his way up six levels of habitation and slaughtered twenty six crew.

He was a killing machine, a general's dream.

Of course this made what Tzu Strath said about him alright; he was a savage beast wasn't he?

And the best type of soldier when there is a war to fight.

There were three Madrawts on the bridge, two officers and a boson.

The beast burst in upon them using his sword killed one officer and took the other hostage by holding his blooded weapon at the man's throat.

Bord man

What ever he was trying to say was lost as Madrawts are the superior race so do not bother with language implants; the responsibility of learning a second language falls with conquered subjects not them.

And worse they spoke a dialect of Madrawt from some distant colony of theirs on a rocky moon!

So Mingo's language implant was useless so he was like a dangerous simpleton to them.

"Maponos," Mingo screamed holding a map up.

At last, "Maponos," the experienced boson and the officer nodded and course was set.

And the simpleton calmed down.

The ship lurched and headed west, Mingo was going home.

Then the officer threw himself at Mingo seeing the beast lower his sword as he relaxed.

Bad thing to do, this was Mingo Drum he was dealing with.

All he did was impale himself on a sword.

Now throwing the officer away for in the beast's eyes he was not fit to eat, he turned to the boson.

The man kept his hands on the wheel and shook his head and showed a wide grin hoping the beast would not chop his head off. He had a lovely good plump woman back home with six Madrawt kids wanting presents from far away ports. All his woman wanted was him not something he might bring back for she knew what was said about sailors!

Bird man

And Mingo lowered the sword and the boson kept his course and on the navigational screen above Maponos in Madrawt was clearly seen.

“Divipatreus come to the bridge, we are going home,” and Mingo forgot his home was not the home of his new friend.

At first Diviciacus was afraid to leave the safety of the hold but the temptation to reveal himself to the crew overcame him and he appeared.

One never loses the fear and respect that is installed upon the Madrawt mind from a young age for their High Priest and Huitzilopitchli.

What crew?

Only six remained alive below decks at their engine computers, Mingo had missed them on his way to the bridge!

Now Mingo arranged with Diviciacus that they take shifts awake, making sure the boson kept the star compass indicator needle pointed on the screen above at the Madrawt sign for Maponos inside the Star Dust Galaxy.

And thus organised he secured the engine room by locking it, those inside were at his mercy, or they could stay in their metal coffin; and as they were Madrawts perhaps Mingo would forget when he reached his destination to unlock the engine room door!

And in the kitchens he found two cooks and two porters.

The cook attacked him with a cleaver as the porters ran for their lives.

Mingo easily defended himself and slew the cook so the man's body sizzled on a hot plate and stunk the kitchen up.

The second cook threw big woks and anything he could lay his hands upon at Mingo.

Bird man

Truly he was a cook and Mingo beat him with sausage meats till he crumpled mumbling, pleading for life and Mingo wanted a cook for the long voyage home so threw the man a plucked chicken, a sack of potatoes and then went to find the porters.

And found them cowering under the mess tables, these he grunted at and left passing the cook still mumbling to himself so he pulled the man to his feet and gave him the chicken; it was as good as to say “Get on with it!”

Big birds eat little birds.



Illustration 94: Big birds eat little birds and so does big civilisations eat little ones.

Later that night Mingo as he ate he was aware a lifeboat had ejected into deep space, aboard it the cook.

He was off to take his chances out there amongst the speeding asteroids heading to his frail craft.

There were also pirates and muggers and psychopaths; he was safer cooking for Mingo.

Why Mingo wished him lots of luck.

In the meantime Mingo needed a cook and found the porters and made them draw straws, the loser got promoted.

Now deep in the holds Mingo had found farming equipment, fertilisers, explosives and mining tools all designated for a world like his; he toyed with giving them to his people to help those who wanted to lead a semi settled life to cope with the influence of humans. Private ownership already existed, what more did they want?

To rape the land till it was barren. And Mingo spat at the machines and kicked the bags of fertiliser open.