

Bird man

Peace marriage

““Ce-Ra is late,” the Emperor Caesar Alexander Vortigern complained to Diviciacus in the shade.

His shaman priest did not reply, he did not like Planet Maponos, it was too young, the elements unstable which made spirit flight difficult and dangerous.

He wanted back to old Earth and in this shared the same desires as his master. This planet was too alien, rough and lacked Earth’s amusements.

He also felt very vulnerable here to his political enemy the Great War Lord Tzu Strath.

This was his planet.

His domain the human/alien imperialists would say.

They forgot to ask Mingo Drum Vercingetorix and the Bird people.

“The prize has flown, you must determine if she is dead and what Ce-Ra has been up to?” His emperor advised him.

Diviciacus knew what he meant, spirit flight.

But the blare of a hundred S shaped carnyex horns announced the arrival of General Ce-Ra.

And the imperial trumpeters blared back.

And a small hunchback figure hidden in the sand would have liked to have covered his ears but that would have given his position away, then captured, tortured and

slowly killed at the hands of Diviciacus who would plunge a dagger into his midriff and stand back and tell the future from his blood flow.

The way it spilled, left or right or how far it spurted.

And by the hunchback's death throes,

*Well; this hunchback wasn't going to be any oracle.*

And the hunchback swallowed the spit he would have liked to have spat at them.

It was dry.

He dare not move.

His master Tzu Strath needed him alive.

And watched the hated Madrawt's arriving.

Would like to very much spill his rival in intelligence gathering, Reeman Black Hair's organs onto the sand for Diviciacus to examine.

The soldier ants could then follow the scent back to Reeman Black Hair's empty bowel cavities.

Of course the oracle would be chained just in case IT escaped.

And now cleared his ears that activated a tiny implanted recorder, his ears the antennae.

"She escaped, the marriage is no more Earthlings, our alliance finished," General Ce-Ra was telling Alexander Caesar Vortigern, "Now there is no control over Tzu Strath."

Ce-Ra could see he was making an impression for the emperor seemed engrossed in the floor show that had been put on for the Madrawt's; a show of imperial decadence at its magnificence best.

## Bird man

As two gladiators fought each other in a heated sand pit.

It was carried on a mobile wagon for all to see.

Reeman Black Hair favored the one with the short sword; he was an alien, the other a human of course.

Why General Ce-Ra turned to watch, humans dying always cheered his spirits; he wanted them dead or slaves. Their human empire was rich and falling apart from corrupt bad administration, it would be his soon.

Full of human girls that were extremely attractive and his troops knew what to do to them when sacking a fallen human city.

It was allowed or his men would desert and form their own war bands and do their own looting.

He knew the top elite of the human empire was diseased and here it sat, an emperor who copied Earth's past great emperors, but the difference was the past dead ones where actually great emperors, conquerors of space.

This one here relied on bribing Ce-Ra to leave him alone.

Of course Ce-Ra would leave him alone, take the bribes and come back for more, and when fed up, allow his troops in to sack human cities.

Without his troops Ce-Ra was nothing.

And the bribes giving Ce-Ra built him an armada of ships that would carry his hungry troops to Earth.

*Dream on of Great Emperor Vercingetorix, dream on.*

Only the Great War Lord Tzu Strath could stop him and the marriage between him and Tzu Strath's daughter had been meant to pacify Tzu.

Bird man

His Peace marriage,” the human media had called it.

Now the Mistress Boudicca Tzu had escaped, there would be no marriage and the War Lord free to stand up to his emperor and demand war against the Madrawt’s.

A marriage ordered by the emperor for the stability of the empire.

And the Great War Lord was loyal and honorable and would do anything for the unity of the empire that a million suns shone upon.

“I prefer the one with the net, watch,” The Emperor Alexander Caesar Vortigern said.

And the gladiator cast his net and it fell this time upon the others head, entangling him.

Then he who had cast the net thrust out his trident and three metal heads emerged from the other’s back.

“I have cast a net for Tzu Strath; it is only a matter of time he is caught in it.

My subjects want peace; they don’t want a war with your people. The media blame the long war against the Madrawt’s for the collapse of the economy.

Inflation is high.

We both want rid of Tzu Strath, he stands in the way of peace. We both would like the Bird man King Mingo Drum Vercingetorix as well.

Thus the net is cast again,” the emperor with a smile, then beckoned to the victorious gladiator to finish off.

He did so by pulling the barbed trident free.

General Ce-Ra smiled; the emperor was out to please him, that was a human dying on the heated sand.

## Bird man



*Illustration 14: Emperor Vortigern at leisure.*

And a hunch back listening would remain under his sand covered hole till all had departed, then he would make haste to his master Tzu Strath.

A master who should be emperor and not this spineless weakling who thought Ce-Ra was his friend and Tzu Strath his enemy.

The hunch back and General Ce-Ra knew what type of man the Great War Lord was, and one feared him and the other loved him.”

Vern Lukas

Historian and

Imperial Scribe.