

The Man

Who is Aelfric Europe?



Illustration 5: Aelfric Europe dreamed of being ABSOLUTE

Original born 50150 Old Saturn, Dept. Milky Way, scion of the wealthiest human family Old Earth. Father, Henry Cedric De Wattigern, trader and Milky Way Senator.

Father disappeared as well as clones 50123 A.D. Old Saturn. Mother and two brothers and one sister perished in ferry shuttle explosion between Old Saturn and Old Jupiter 50123 A.D.

Suspected bomb....police reports.

Sole inheritor Aelfric Europe the youngest child.

100,000,000, gold dollar transfer noted from De Wattigern family bank accounts to imperial treasury accounts same time as ferry disaster.

Pilot error.....new police report that appeared soon after.

Free papers called it a *'bribe to clear a conscious.'*

And Aelfric had known real power all his life and now he was absolute and the bored click of a finger could send a hired entertainer to the acid baths.

He was not a very nice man.

Another bored click and an alien scribe notified the master computer to withdraw clone deposits of one entertainer from all listed clone banks.

And the clone banks would expect and receive a small gift.

And Aelfric was entertained in the knowledge he had really killed, exterminated, made extinct a living being.

That was fun.....*he was not a nice man.*

FOR THIS WAS THE CORRUPT FUTURE
WHERE CONVICTION WAS IN ONE SELF
WHERE A STRONG MIND WAS NEEDED TO SURVIVE.
BODY BEAUTIFUL WAS THE NORM.
HEALTH AND YOUTH WAS AVAILABLE TO ALL,
OF COURSE AT A PRICE.

There was nothing wrong in that.

It was the top that was wrong, the law makers,

For they were corrupt and immoral, rotten.

The rulers were out for themselves and the enslavement of all. Power was their turn on, the abusing of the weak their joy and the security of their wealth their aim.

AND THE TOP WAS
ABSOLUTE EVIL CORRUPTION.
THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SUTHERLAND

Who sat on a gold throne encrusted with diamonds?

As street beggars outside in the streets starved.

They were addicts, the evicted and the runaways; the criminal element who deserved what they got and that was begging. And when beggars appear on the streets something has seriously gone wrong with society.

And since Augustus spent his time at the arena, in bed with courtesans, gaming, hunting, eating and drinking and pretending to rule by crucifying a tax evader or allowing his hounds to scent out an escaped slave their evening meal; it was Secretary Po Wei who ruled the empire in reality.

“And Augustus would tether barbarian and rebel kings behind his golden chariot as he made his way back to his white crystal palace for he knew the power of display. It was pomp; it sent a message to the cowering citizens that it might be their slave remains roped up instead of the barbarians and the hounds bayed in anticipation.”

Tintagel, Chronicles, vol: 11: pp 4908.

And Aelfric made sure there was no evidence but there was still The Man too worry about.

“I condemn the guilty,” The Man’s words and Aelfric fretted over them as did many of the ABSOLUTE RICH.

For Aelfric Europe lived on the disputed planet of New Jupiter that at the moment was part of The Man’s Dictatorship. Next year if the emperor’s admirals won a battle New Jupiter would once again become an imperial planet.

IT WAS A HARRING TIME FOR AELFRIC.

It meant one could not relax under imperial law and not have to worry about ‘what to do with trash?’

‘TRASH’ was rich slang for disposable slave flesh.

Why last year The Man had re invaded and his wise man Tintagel had plugged into the Deaths and Register master computer, found evidence of mass murders and sent those responsible, a hundred wealthy traders back to New Saturn 12 as workers in a sweat shop that removed toxic metals from machines..

It was The Man’s justice and made The Man popular with the mob that Tintagel feared. So Aelfric worried for under imperial law it was legal to state on the death certificate that this slave had been whipped to death for insolence because the slave winded badly, and Aelfric had bribed many to remove his entries; just in case Tintagel should find them

He did not want to contract cancerous sores from those metals like the hundred had.

“I condemn the guilty to death,” Aelfric mimicked and added, “I condemn you to death as you are The Beast to Rich.

I WILL KILL YOU DICTATOR,” therefore Aelfric Europe De Wattigern was not absolute and he was aware of this FACT and hated The Man for it. For he was answerable and accountable for murder under The Man’s strict regime of law, and even under imperial laws if a bribe was not forthcoming.

That’s all Aelfric wanted to be.....ABSOLUTE.

Without FEAR of the law for he would be the law.

And Aelfric knew The Man hated his types and wanted them conformed to his laws or dead or immigrated out elsewhere.

BUT THE ORIGINAL HUMAN AELFRIC HAD NOT FORESEEN THE ACTIONS OF HIS ROBOT STAND IN, built A.D. 50204 who poured out his bath. As stated a

BUBBLING NITRIC ACID BATH.

Along with fumes and vapours.

And The Man wasn't powerful enough to hang Aelfric Europe yet for The Man had enemies and he needed money to finance his wars.

His enemies were:

Emperor Augustus William Sutherland of New Earth.

The Traders Association whom Aelfric led.

Many aliens in uncharted space.

The pirate Federation.

His own generals.

His own people who were divided in FEAR and love for The Man; *it was the word dictator that was off putting?*

And the fragile economy only recovering from the last war against the emperor and traders.

A wasted toxic space made out of wars of conquest by all sides that now needed to rest.

The Man's own temperament itself.

And there was never any evidence against clever Aelfric.

He dissolved it always.

And The Man had friends, those whose lives he changed such as billions of citizen slaves whose lives were better off under his laws because they were now FREE.

Alien rulers whom he had helped in war.

Tintagel the Wise.

Many robots.

Prince Vespa?

And anyone who read his works and believed in The Man.

Maybe Tintagel's new recruit Nesta given time.

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And Aelfric robot lounged on his cushions as a naked human black haired female harpist played 'Love me tender' while a young boy waited in the shadows for his summons.

For this was the year 50220 A.D. and the streets of New Jupitermegapolis were blown by hot sandy winds at night, sand that rubbed away your skin and a young orphan street beggar could do worse. He might seek the Flesh Market and have Madam Butterfly Chou find him something nice and have him sign an employment contract and that was risky, he could be sued over the death of one of her girls.

Yes the young blond boy concluded he had been lucky Posidonus had spotted him rather than the New Jupiter police who would have killed him as he was TRASH littering the streets.

“What was the Emperor Augustus doing while such barbarities were going on, playing a fiddle?” From Tintagel’s Chronicles.

Or maybe the kid would be sold by the police to a gene bank where he did be strapped on a table for the rest of his life as he donated organs that were duplicated in side him from stem cells.

And maybe some rich client couldn’t wait for a duplicate heart and if the price was right?

Yes the boy concluded he was lucky being so handsome that Posidonus spotted him. No one liked an ugly street urchin, they ended up dead quicker.

The emperor didn’t like ugly people sleeping rough on his streets,
SO THEY DISSAPPEARED.

Mysteriously.

And Posidonus had offered the boy \$100 gold imperial dollars for a night’s work of toying with the female harpist to alleviate his boredom and entertain his friend.

All that money, it meant he could stay off the streets for months. And the boy looked at the diamond encased water clock; it showed 10 pm, New Jupiter time. His

client seemed sleepy, he had drunk quite a lot and the boy hoped the night would pass without incident and he did be gone in the morning.

Already the boy had been bathed and fed lobster.

Life was improving already for the kid.

“Sleep you creep,” the boy silently prayed looking at the water clock.

These were not Madam Butterfly Chou’s wacky clients so the boy felt safe but didn’t know the man who had drunk quite a lot was a robot.

A ROBOT THAT COULD GO DAYS WITHOUT SLEEP.

Behind the boy a Major Domo stood in the shadows with an electric cattle prod to make the boy jump into the room.

And the boy was hot, the oils rubbed onto his skin to make him shiny prevented him from sweating, yes getting hot and wouldn’t mind a glass of that cool red wine Aelfric was drinking.

NICE AND COOL, THRIST QUENCHING.

What none knew was that The Major Domo had two masters, Aelfric and Tintagel for both paid well and this was the AGE OF ESPIONAGE.

It was also an age where a rigid class system existed and The Man was attempting to pull it apart and why the Traders Association wanted The Man dead.

Class was power, it meant you could flick a finger and some FAG would jump to your bidding.

Then the cattle prod was used and the boy leapt into sight and went straight to the harpist.

He was very hot and needed to sweat but couldn't.

He had his work cut out tonight.

But Aelfric smiled, the boys exertions would over heat him and he would suffocate, *except the boy didn't know that.*

And he knew something else the boy didn't; they were Madam Butterfly Chou's wacky clients.

And Aelfric now happy thought of The Man.

What did The Man fear?

FAILURE?

EMOTIONAL ATTATCHMENTS?

FAMILY TIES?

The Man was like an immature child refusing to accept he was in a mature body. Well Nesta would help him mature and realise corruption went with growing up. There was fun and games to be had by the ABSOLUTE.

Nesta would plant the seeds of doom in The Man and The Man would become like Augustus riding his golden chariot trailing the subdued behind him as the hounds bayed for their dinner.

SHE WOULD BE HIS EIGHTEENTH ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.

And Aelfric looked at the small pink reading recorder on the coffee table and lazily switched it off and the red light on it dimmed away.

“The Taming of the Shrew.”

Brilliant and responsible for Aelfric’s scam.

FAMILY TIES.

Nesta was beautiful, she would grow into a wanted woman and to help, Aelfric had had Posidonius contract the Master Priest the gene wizard.

His work was more Nesta.

Her first unknown recorded genetic implant for she had been drugged and unaware of the needle slipping into her vein with gene code attachments that would seek out those cells necessary for altering.

SIDE EFFECTS: growing pains.

Her bosoms would be a woman’s dream ideal.

Her blond hair more rich.

Her legs longer and shapely.

The green of her eyes more deep.

The Man would not be able to resist her.

And it all happened on New Jupiter which was Aelfric Europe’s. Of course the Master Priest had not come in person; he had sent the vial after payment and preferred to live apart from Aelfric, for longevity’s sake.

A wise precaution because there had been a sudden fire in the Genetic Clinic and all the staff had perished except for the Master Priest.

And in return Aelfric started to pay monthly for Nesta's secret to be kept a secret.

For once Aelfric had a taste of his own poison, blackmail.

And Aelfric took his rage out on Posidonius so what goes round comes round.

And the Master Priest was insured for a million to one with the Imperial Insurance Company against arson and arson had occurred so was smiling.

And the Master Priest had instructed Nesta's bowels to make a new virus and activate in one year's time. A year wasn't a long time to wait to become ABSOLUTE.

The virus was a safety measure just in case the shrew didn't destroy The Man in the taming process.

The shrew was Nesta.

And the virus had a simple brain, a strand of RNA and two of DNA. It had a fixed aim, a desire to kill and The Man's scent it would recognise. The strands of molecules therefore had AIM and PURPOSE.

And Aelfric brought his thoughts back to the boy who was having problems because his skin couldn't sweat.

Aelfric pored out a pile of drugs and summoned the boy over.

"Take these, they will make you feel better," he told the boy and the boy took them.

He was slightly disorientated because he was so hot.

'TRASH, human trash,' Aelfric saw the boy as and his type would help keep Aelfric rich for he had a drug's empire, and as long as there were humans about to buy them, he would be happy.

Hash and ZRT2 cocaine and the watered down stuff was legal for those who needed them to block out the horrors of their work as they scooped up the green algae off their sewage to be dried and baked into green bread for the poor.

IT WAS RICH IN VITAMINS AND PROTEINS.

And harder drugs was prohibited for the likes of the algae gatherer for they put your mind places where a worker couldn't concentrate on his job.

These drugs were the possession of the rich who didn't need to work.

And they had their hanger ones' who would gather in the mansions and all would have a rave up.

IT WAS SUCH JOLLY GOOD FUN.

It beat joy riding.

It gave a new dimension to frolicking and anti social behavior.

It also made Aelfric much richer and ABSOLUTE.

All these rich folks dependent on him, why he could flick a finger and a man on Pluto Desert Laboratory was fired.

A no one, just a thought up name and the man had just married too.

And it proved to Aelfric what humans were, TRASH.

And the boy became hyper and Posidonius asked him to examine himself for an omen and the boy did, it was messy and smelly as there were no omens in the boy's innards, but Aelfric looked at Posidonius and saw TRASH and knew humans deserved to be ruled by ROBOTS.

And Posidonus saw the look in Aelfric's eyes and knew FEAR for he felt like a rodent in front of a rattlesnake.

And Posidonus was ill and evil where as Aelfric was just evil.

But Posidonus knew he was trash and might be next?