

The Man

Knock knock who's there?



*Illustration 24: Posidonus*

Backdrop: Puffs of smoke....exploding shells, many gases. Blue, yellow colours depending on the gas. Battle sounds, shouting, gunfire, basements full of FEAR as non-combatants waited it out.

Posidonus the evil one did not see his men desert.

“Type our names into the military computer that we are all dead, so our next of kin get a pension,” the deserters and it was done. The controller pressed here and there

and the whole garrison was listed killed in action and then the controller was off to help himself to what was inside the blown vaults of Vegas Hotel.

And the deserters carried many suitcases full of cash into a ship they had commandeered.

They had little faith in Admiral Po Wei.

He was a politician not a sailor.

And less faith in the emperor if he could appoint the likes of Posidonus their boss. Augustus was up there and he was no better than his admiral and when he landed would crucify them all for not stopping The Man.

And The Man was a crazy with 5 more crazies so DEATH was here for them for they were of the GUILTY so knew FEAR.

They were not to be Xmas decorations on a cross as mutants came and plucked their ribs out and ate their hanging bits raw like the Abdominal Snowman is rumoured to do. What was in them suitcases made them rich and The Man would deal with Posidonus.

And Posidonus did not like the screams of the wounded soldier on his work bench so cut the tongue. He didn't like seeing that FEAR in the man's eyes so threw the objects into a jar. All was reminding him The Man was here. Even walls crumbling from war did not bring Posidonus back to reality and a black rat ran out of a broken sewer pipe and that was when King Kernute of the Mutants led his people into Vegas Hotel.

For aeons they had been denied access, knowing riches and forbidden delicacies were in those domes; now they wanted in.

And since there were no defenders inside it was every one for themselves; the mutants had a picnic.

Like, one dropped something, the black rat saw it and quickly took the index finger into the shadows as supper.

War had come amongst those wanting The Man and the mutants showed them mercy by taking many back to Kernute's compound as the entertainment.

And the black rat sick of the noise found a hole in a wall, entered it and came into the peaceful world of Posidonius who didn't notice, he was drawing innards out, he figured the soldier wouldn't need them since he didn't have a tongue to help him swallow food and eyes to see what food he could eat.

Posidonius was really evil and lived in darkness.

And the mutants followed the rat after making the hole a lot bigger and seeing food prepared for them fell upon the work bench.

That brought Posidonius back to this world, the sight and sounds of feeding. So stumbling away he went out into the corridor and was lifted up by a huge mutant who carried him away **for what?**

*And the devil looks after his own* it is said and the mutant was greedy, seeking all Posidonius for itself so entered a cool dark loading bay.

The black rat followed fearing it would get stomped in the melee of the feeding frenzy.

All was chaos.....mutants lay dead for not all of the population of Vegas would not fight back, the only good mutant was a dead one and so many were killed as they were just mutants.

And hundreds if not thousands of black rats appeared having smelt so much dinner and the mutants suffered for the sin of greed chased them and became rat food.

Somewhere in a loading bay a shell exploded and in the flash Posidonius saw Nesta huddled with a group of women and the mutant carrying him acted like a shield as splinters hit him, not Posidonius.

Then lights dimmed but in that flash Posidonius saw the owner of the 8 Legged Octopus smoking a coke stick, also offering one to a mutant.

And the mutant took it and got high.

So felt sexy as coke does that and then clubbed the owner of the 8 Legged Octopus and the dead man had the last laugh, he had the mutant hooked, coke was that addictive.

And Posidonius saw all this in the flash of the exploding shell. He also saw a small private jet that looked ready to fly and lying on the floor what looked like a pilot and a mutant pulling bits out of the body. Posidonius had much medical knowledge so knew what he was looking at.

He needed rid of the pilot.

He needed a pilot.

He suspected because there was a pilot the jet was manual control.

*“The devil looks after its own,”* Tintagel Tasciovanus the clone.

He remembered Nesta flew The Man's ship.

He saw a fire axe on a wall.

He saw a black rat followed by many rats argue with the mutant want it was pulling out of the dead pilot.

He swung the axe

LEFT

AND

RIGHT

RIGHT

AND

LEFT.

FEAR made him do it many times, one blow had been enough but it was Posidonius we are dealing with and the rats seeing so much mutant food thanked him by leaving the jet.

Now a deserter entered the loading bay and he was armed and shot mutants entering.

*"The devil looks after his own," Tintagel the clone. "Posidonius wanted Nesta hostage, she becomes hostage he lives, The Man was here, simple as that."*

CHAOS and in the chaos Posidonius sneaked upon Nesta.

He showed her the bloody axe and told her to fly the jet.

"Jet?" He didn't need the axe; she wanted out of this hell and would disarm him later she hoped.

Except the huddled group of women wanted escape as well so Posidonus got more than bargained for.

There was a pilot and co-pilot seat, four for the jet owner and four more for security staff and there were twenty six of them wanting out of Vegas.

That black rat watching saw it all, the squabbling and someone pushed the brake lever off and the engine start button. Just as well as a bunch of mutants eager to eat them all up was sneaking up behind the jet just as the engines ignited and burnt them all to a crisp.

Just like that.

All inside knew FEAR as the jet lurched towards a wall except Nesta who took control and that is why Posidonus wanted her; he was incapable of control except when he was backed by force.

“Can you fly?” He shouted wanting reassurance.

“Not one of these,” she answered making sure he wet himself.

And she saw the orange fake moon of Vegas outside the loading bay and headed for it.

She also saw the sights of a gun on the viewing screen and a lot of mutants trying to block her path.

She knew the sights were on them as the jet was pointing at them.

She hadn’t been hiding for nothing with those women?

She had plenty of experience of mutants and King Kernute.

She had seen a lot of butchering by them this night.

She answered her question “How does The Man kill?”

She pressed a red button on her joystick and sent the mutants drifting away on the smoke.

She shouted “I Condemn the Guilty,” as the jet appeared out of the loading bay and she fired into more mutants sending hundreds fleeing back into the Badlands, leaving captives for even mutants value living.

And The Man heard for Nesta had shouted on an open mic and he knew it was her and smiled.

Now King Kernute seeing his people slaughtered as they were coming out of Vegas Hotel was mighty angry so picked up a fallen shoulder bazooka and aimed at the jet.

He should have fled with his people.

He was really pissed off.

His people were dropping what they had looted.

And the jet’s nose lined up on him.

Inside Posidonus was stinking as he knew FEAR because the jet’s door was open, there were women moving about on top of him crushing him, and had recognised him and digging their fingers places they shouldn’t. And Nesta had shouted “I condemned the Guilty” and he was one of the GUILTY and the clatter clatter of that machine gun.

And Kernute dropped the bazooka as his two legs vanished.

Then his groin.

Then the bazooka exploded as bullets tore into it.

And the bad evil mutant king was no more.

Then the Gatling canon ran out of shells and it was such a relief having silence that was made up of moaning mutants and Posidonius wailing as fingers with sharp painted nails, some red, brown or black dug into his soft parts.

Posidonius had a well known face.

“Heaven itself has reserved spaces for the guilty in the Outer Darkness and depends upon the Nesta’s to fill them,” Tintagel the clone.

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And Nesta pulled her joystick back and the jet shot off the runway into the sky lit with parachute lights.

And The Man saw her at the controls and she saw him and he heard her shout. “I love you,” it was the excitement.

“How touching?” Posidonius who had managed to free himself from the women who many had fallen out the door as the jet lurched skywards.

Now he had a laser pistol and it was pressed against Nesta’s head.

Fate was cruel for Nesta could see deliverance in The Man below.

She also saw

Zagor Blue Skin

Red

Hairless



Morair Nobleman

Pyoo-ur the Sister

And wondered who they were?

And seeing them took away her FEAR of Posidonius and his gun

And inside Nesta her awakened love was confusing a virus for The Master Priest  
had made a mistake, he had given it human attributes.

It knew what love was and wanted it and was sharing Nesta's and liked it.

It wanted more and knew if it awoke and ate Nesta she would die and so would the  
experience of love.

It was one confused virus.

It was a distant cousin on the evolutionary link anyway so was human after all.

VIRUSES CAME FIRST

Not the first primitive fish to crawl out the sea.

And inside the jet was basked in orange from the reflection of Vegas's orange  
moon and Nesta shut the door by pressing a button and "Head for Alien Land," it  
was Posidonius and she was confident that The Man would come for her for she was  
part of his team, just like Tintagel had been.

FEAR was for the likes of Posidonius?

And the fighting below stopped for The Man was victorious and light was restored  
to Vegas Hotel and not just by the emergency power plants?