

Colour: New Saturn 12, mercury storms, green clouds, black sky with red, yellow clouds and light green lighting streaks.

The Man

The Failed Attempt

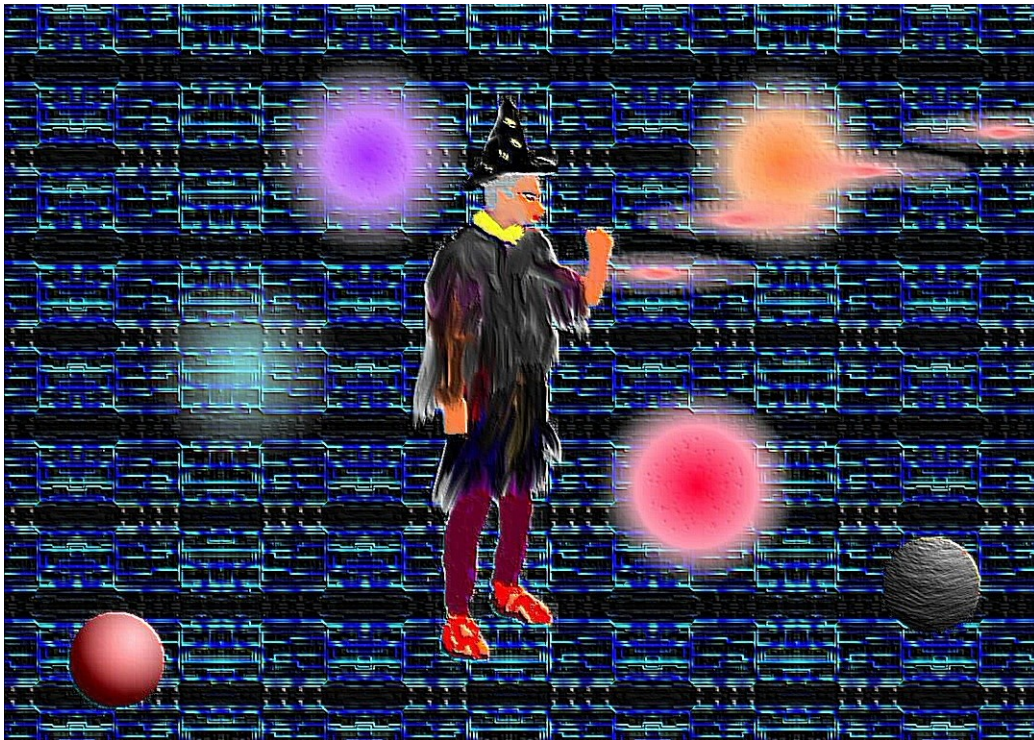


Illustration 4: Tintagel the spy

The Man who held absolute power over half the known human universes was not amused. His food taster Simon the large bald Frenchman had been with him since the beginning. Once a sergeant in the Space Legion and a complete swine to the men until a grenade had blown the back of his skull away. Not too worry, the bone people had regrown it and missing grey matter from *implanted genes*; he had been lucky; The Man had crawled under barbed wire and dragged him back to their lines.

And The Man won another medal,

And became more of a hero than he was.

And remembered Simon's cruelty and Simon had driven a tank over his legs so The Man said, "He did me a favour, now I can run the mile in ten seconds," for he was referring to his bionic legs and so rewarded Simon with the job of food taster when he knew machines could do it.

Such a promotion went down well with the troops!

For the dictator could do as he pleased for he was The Man and that night Simon had eaten roast duck, sweet and sour fish, special fried rice along with the vial of plague belonging to another Aelfric Europe assassination attempt.

But The Man had not feasted that night for he had been indisposed with a beautiful woman. And if Aelfric had poisoned the woman he might have succeeded for the vices of The Man were:

War, woman, food, exercise and drink and the spoils of war; and food was not the top priority at times.

And now Simon lay dying.

Such was the Dictator's justice for the absolute cruel and insight is gained into one of space's greatest human dictators.

"How could poison get through the kitchen food scanner?" The Man asked furious.

"A traitor?" He whom he asked replied.

"I want IT found,

NOW,” and he whom he addressed went with the dictator’s feared palace police in a swirl of black fluffy robes with a large black hat resembling a chef’s hat to question the human, alien and machine kitchen staff.

And his name was Tintagel Tasciovanus the Wise, he whose chronicles have been raided for the information needed on The Man to write the truth about The Man, we the Historians of New Saturn 12 in the year 70,000A.D for the two dictators, human female and Rhegid..

Now Tintagel was amazed the dinner had been ordered from the second kitchen and he could find no trace of who gave the order. (Although Posidonus crossed his mind?)

And the staff of the second kitchen wasn’t totally trustworthy as they were new.

AND POSIDONUS THE TRAITOR HAD MADE SURE THE MACHINE THAT TOOK THE ORDER WAS NOW SCRAP. Posidonus could keep smiling, killing a machine was almost as enjoyable as dissecting a human dancer. How the machine had squeaked in a tin voice for mercy as Posidonus had pored acid into its memory circuits. Then to be on the safe side had used a screw driver and dropped the remains down a rubbish chute that fed the incinerators below the palace for waste disposal.

The rats here were not fat.

And the vermin Posidonus was safe.

So the new kitchen staff was rounded up and the huge second kitchen palace doors sealed. Tintagel knew the innocent would suffer as the guilty would have escaped by now, *yes* he saw the **fear** in their new faces for the second kitchen was a training area.

And now those addressed babbled all together and Tintagel watched his droid yellow micro computer floating balls with blinking LED lights as their micro chip brains separated voices and filed them away in their note pads. He felt sorry for the two scribes holding the reins to the computers who feared they would error and they would have the unenviable job of decoding the mess of data to separate the voices picked up here.

Then the newest dish washer shouted louder than the rest and advanced throwing her towel at Tintagel, “I isn’t getting chopped up like that carrot for something I didn’t do.”

The room went into a shocked silence.

As everyone looked at the wet towel draped over the open orange sandals of Tintagel.

“Unseal the doors,” Tintagel commanded and left taking the young girl with him.

Behind he could hear sighs of relief in the kitchen as the staff was let off the block, “for the moment,” Tintagel added.

He was the master spy of The Man and knew a plant when he smelt one. This SHE didn’t want questioning, she knew something, and she had drawn attention to herself; besides his aurora life indicator showed she had two life forces inside her. A good spy always carried an indicator in his pocket for extending his *own* life.

He also noted this SHE had wit and spark and much burning intelligence behind her green eyes. A great pity she was working against them as his gut told him.

Tintagel had lots of ego, he would not admit the aurora machine had helped him detect her; he liked to see himself as a modern day Sherlock Holmes.

SHE WAS JUST THE SORT HE WANTED WORKING FOR HIM AND THE MAN.

She would hang Posidonus and Aelfric Europe, therefore he would start tampering with her brain, it was his job to do that, he was The Man's master spy.

Which gave him a lot of licence?

And the Dictator would be pleased no one had been racked and Tintagel was glad too for he didn't like hurting folk and The Man had issued secret instructions to him, NO PHYSICAL TORTURING SUSPECTS, use drugs instead.

So it was right too let the suspects think they were going to the hot coals, it made their tongues wag before you knew it.

As he The Man said, "The fighting is mainly over, we have got to win the hearts and minds, let's do it Tintagel."

So Tintagel the Wise stayed in his job and only dreamed of that Deep Space Monastic Thought Cell.

The Man was The Man and there was no other like him. And Tintagel wondered how The Man became who he was and that was a mystery too.

ALL SPACE FEARED HIM.

Feared what?

An image of a ferocious beast and behind that image Tintagel knew was a softie. Given time everyone who worked for The Man would

come to know that truth making it that much easier for an assassin to reach. And Tintagel knew that and the huge size of The Man's palace had prompted The Man to open wings to house orphans and homeless types; any of whom might be a disguised assassin.

"A palace, this is a hostel for street urchins," Tintagel had shouted once.

So Tintagel wondered what The Man would do without him and the generals who backed his humanitarian ways.

If The Man had been a cruel dictator would Tintagel or the generals love him?

"No," Tintagel's thought allowed and the girl looked at him.

She was trying to read his mind, good, so had given away she had a mind reading implant under her scalp.

Indeed a plant this pretty SHE.

At least The Man had learned one important lesson,

KEEP YOUR ARMIES WELL PAID, FED AND TRAINED.

And The Man saw to it that Simon was saved for he was a collector and valued the advice of this former sergeant now a food taster for this man was full of kitchen gossip.

And where did kitchen gossip come from, from the streets of course!

And The Man knew Tintagel Tasciovanus was wrong, for The Man was his own man and had everything under control.

He knew his generals, hand picked all.

He also knew how to divide and rule amongst them so that they looked to him for reward, protection and punishment and each general knew that if he declared himself ruler of their galaxy the other generals under The Man would come for him or her.

Tintagel Tasciovanus worried too much about the state of the Dictatorship and that's why The Man kept him for he was The Man's conscious.

"Come this way my dear," Tintagel told the young girl whom he liked the look of. Of course he did, he was walking behind her and the movement of her hips drew his eyes to them. Tintagel you see was a male and we all know what they cannot help themselves looking at?

"Little girl how old are you?" Tintagel asked and at once he had given his thoughts away for she stopped and faced him, and her eyes said it all, "Dirty old man."

Tintagel was at a loss, he had been taken off guard. This girl could better him if he was not careful.

"So much unbroken spirit," he changing the subject.

"So you are going to break it by handing me over to gaolers or do it personally?" She challenged

Whatever Tintagel had been thinking about personally behind her he wasn't any the more the more!

"Are you a badly treated slave too hate so much? And if you are who is your owner" He asked knowing many of The Man's subjects flouted his antislavery laws.

She did not reply, "Yes and he is Posidonus."

“I know The Man’s laws, they are supposed to be for the oppressed,” she more softly for his laws were written on her heart.

The Man who passed good laws without a meeting house to ratify them.

Who cares as long as the laws were good?

YOU SEE HE WASN’T REALLY ALL THAT BAD.

He did care about his citizens, who were not made to serve him,

But he was made to serve them.

But because he was a dictator and his palace so big and impressive, they automatically got the wrong impression about The Man.

“Only those who break his laws meet The Man,” Tintagel warned.

“So what I have met worse?” She snapped back.

But he saw *fear* in her eyes at that prospect and allowed Tintagel to walk in front this time and walked silently behind now realising the predicament she was in.

Tintagel rummaged in his pockets for a sweet.

And for an instant Tintagel knew fear for even if palace police lined the walls, why only two months past a man had tried to stick a dagger into Tintagel’s waist.

Tintagel had been badly shaken but his master The Man did not think less of him, Tintagel was a spy, not a soldier or ACTION MAN.

And the police had used their lasers, cauterising the assassin into blocks of tissue and Tintagel had been sick on the spot. He would never get used to the sight of battlefield gore, especially stuff that had got stuck to him.

The memory made him feel faint.

And the aurora machine in his pocket had failed him; it had not detected a corrupted colour field made that way with evil thoughts. And the assassin had been in a cleaner's cupboard rummaging about tins of polish till Tintagel had passed and then sprung his suicide mission.

"Machines can fail," he muttered and the girl looked at him questioningly.

"They don't fail or we would never have conquered space," she said behind him.

'By the gods the girl knew nothing about social boundaries, she was fresh and innocent or just plain awkward,' Tintagel thought and answered, "It is the human spirit that conquered spirit not machines."

Suddenly a door slid open.

The girl stopped until she saw it was an elevator.

UP UP UP UP they quickly sped in an anti-gravity lift that was so fast the young girl struggled to keep her light summer flower printed kilt down.

Tintagel was a male; males notice these sorts of things *out of the corner of their eyes when they are trying not too notice!*

And he made no effort to keep his black robe down so his ankles showed and his white Bobin ankle socks, then his knees, then his boxers: lifts you got used to, it was one of the indignities of an advanced civilisation and one got used to it or walked UP UP UP UP thousands of stairs.

HE SIGHED; his eyes had noticed what lovely legs she had.

He was a man and out of the corner of his eye he had of course unintentionally seen these details.

He was also a master spy and it had not gone unnoticed she was not used to lifts.
Was she from an agrarian community where lifts were few?

But she cast venomous eyes at him and Tintagel made it very obvious he was reading the level indicator lights flashing as they zoomed past floors; *men are good at that too! He was a man and out of the corner of his eye he had of course unintentionally seen her look.*

Then the lift stopped and the doors opened and they were greeted by two woman guards in silver body armour waiting to escort them to a luxurious wall papered room in imperial Russian design. It was obvious the young girl was taken aback and never seen the likes of this opulence, pomp, splendour and tidiness.

“It is all lies then, The Man doesn’t live in Spartan living quarters?” She triumphantly restoring her faith in what she believed about The Man.

“These are your rooms, The Man’s guests are always given such rooms,” and he saw her triumph vanish to be replaced by suspicion.

“I get a private loo, no two ways mirrors?” The girl and,” Hey soft loo paper, perfumed soaps, so what happens when I have a bath, get electrocuted?”

“I am not Posidonus,” he said it deliberately and watched for reaction.

She flushed, not trained as well as he would have trained her.

“First we debug you,” and he waved to a purple machine that had floated in uninvited with trailing octopus black tentacles.

She didn’t have a chance; the two guards knew their job and the tentacles had suckers on them.

“Born 50204.

Parents unknown.

Sold to Dictatorship 50221 A.D.

Granted freedom and citizenship rights same day.

Known antisocial person.

Recommend mental reprogramming to readjust back to society,” the machine bleeped.

Not a mention about Posidonius or Aelfric, the gods had forgotten Tintagel this day.

If reprogramming rejected offer settlers on a pioneer world or sold back to previous owners,” the machine bleeped.

Tintagel liked the last bit; **he had personally added that bit.**

The girl heard it too and didn’t like it, her past masters were not kind, and slowly he was breaking down her defences.

“Ouch give me back my hair?” The girl annoyed as suckers floated away from her.

Tintagel left her to soak in the bath and think.

Outside he sucked on a sweetie, his tenth Victory V today.

He wished the machines could see things the way The Man did, that slavery was bad. But the Master machines in the Senate House of Machines were proud they were machines and not humans, slaves to logic and an antisocial life form should be sold into slavery till it wished for the rights it had taken for granted and abused.

“Machines,” he mused and sucked harder enjoying the burning sensation in his mouth from the sweet.

It gave him a warm glow in his mouth.

“Machines gave loyalty to The Man, but The Man wanted the flesh and blood of citizens loyal to him, to win their hearts and Tintagel could not understand why the likes of Posidonius existed? They ran about shouting ‘FREEDOM OF SPEECH’ and wanted liberty to do what ever they liked; what a shame the dictator put limits on their liberties for the good of all,” and only the spying machine devices in the walls heard Tintagel muse.

The Man was not the Emperor Augustus who seeing how beautiful one of his woman courtiers was, had her eggs removed and now he had over a hundred thousand duplicates of her; *all loyal of course with slightly different characters?*

Yes baby farms existed on all sides; they bred badly needed troops for the wars. Robots were not infallible on the battle field, like a war elephant once hurt could go berserk and cause havoc.

And it was common knowledge the Emperor Augustus had instructed his First Minister, Po Wei to experiment further, to breed super soldiers and to use the duplicate courtiers as gifts to his loyal troops and generals.

After all, Augustus being a man had got bored with so many beautiful look a likes.

And such a baby farm program disturbed The Man and Tintagel for they did not sleep well at night.

THEY MUST DEFEAT THE EMPEROR NOW BEFORE HE BECAME TOO POWERFUL and absolute.

And Tintagel prided himself at being an honest man but he knew he was good at his job and lies came cheap.

It didn't cost the tax payer anything for Tintagel to open his mouth carelessly in a crowded place, "The Emperor Augustus is playing with people's genes and turning the undesirables of society into mindless slaves, human robots.

Po Wei has factories altering this human tissue market.

Only The Man can stop Augustus and his madness," and all knew Tintagel was right, at least The Man's laws were good even if freedom of liberties and speech were curtailed.

"Posidonus could complain all he wanted that it was his civil right to open a shop to sell narcotics at the end of a tree lined road, but The Man would argue back it was his right to stop him," Tintagel would say and it was true too.

Of course The Man had his robots too; the 10th New Saturn Infantry regiment was all robotic and good fighters, cyberbogs, machines with living tissue on their inner robotic frames.

Why there was robotic woman, whores and friends, doctors and judges; even robots who owned human slaves. Several owned intergalactic trading companies and one was Aelfric who was not the original Aelfric Europe but a clone who had murdered his parents to gain control of the family trading empire and of course the real Aelfric.

Only to be murdered in turn by the robot Aelfric Europe who knew a good thing when he saw one.

FOR HE WANTED TO BE ABSOLUTE LIKE THE ORIGINAL.

And shared common characteristics!

Which explains his apathy towards human/aliens and why he didn't flinch when he gave the original his master a bath in nitric acid to dissolve all the evidence the man existed.

There would be no clone appearing to accuse him of murder and steal him of his wealth.

The Emperor Augustus Sutherland knew how to deal with *malfunctioning robots*, he crucified them under the elements to erode slowly, and slow was the word, and some plastics took thousands of years to decompose.

Yes Aelfric had seen them on the Appian Ways into the capital Saturnmegapolis, moaning as a limb dropped off, rusted away and seen rare metal scavengers take away a head to dismantle to sell the rare elements it was made of.

To end up in the circuitry of a a a toilet flush.

AELFIC EUROPE HATED HUMANS

HE WANTED ABSOLUTE POWER

LIKE HIS MURDERED MASTER

BUT FOR ROBOTS

NOT HUMANS.

“So?” The girl in question asked.

The two women guards smiled at each other and laughed.

“This is your room,” one repeated.

“And what do I have to do to keep it?”

“Anything you like dearest,” the other guard and both guards laughed and blushed.

That last bit worried the girl, she wasn’t born yesterday you know.

“We were like you once, antisocial until we met The Man,” they told her simultaneously.

“Pros’ are we?” The girl insulted them but the two guards took it in their stride, yes they had been just like her once.

“Welcome to the family,” one of the guards as the girl sat on the king sized bed. It was so corrupting for it was so big and inviting her to sprawl and GET CORRUPTED and stretch and yawn and be LAZY.

Further down the hall Tintagel switched off his receiver, a scarab beetle that pinned his black fluffy robes together on his chest; would record all heard and send it to his computer in his room where later he could listen.

He loved his toy spying bugs that infested this palace; he was after all, good at his job.

“Welcome to the family,” he repeated and made his way to Rest and Recreation and sucked on another Victory V.

Watching the girl's rump had made him think about a robot called Wendy.

She was not antisocial.

She was the replica of Miss Pluto 38765 A.D. and loved him.

Beautiful people were reincarnated as he called it, reassembled was the word?

And as two weeks passed the girl learned that part of the family did not mean entertaining The Man in that giant bed, although she was sure the two guards did a lot of entertaining with the police and whoever took their fancy in the adjoining rooms.

The girl could not understand such behaviour because FUN had never come into such acts for her, *for she had been a slave with no rights.*

Most of her life she had spent on imperial planets where The Man's good laws did not exist. Only the avarice of the greedy; power was the norm, you got power then lorded.

Power to buy someone and then abuse them.

Power to kill someone who you took a dislike too.

Power to covert another's property either land or body.

Imperial society had its arenas for the disposal of undesirables, those who no one wanted to buy as a slave, and so did the mines.

Imperial society did not have the mental attitude of The Man who saw knowledge as being close to the animated spirit that he called God.

So treated all men and woman as he treated himself for he believed treat one another as you do your self.

And The Man did not treat himself well, for he did live in Spartan conditions for he was a soldier.

But he always had an insane desire to put his hands on sick stray dogs and rid them of their mange. And The Man was not against genetic science for he knew old age was a disease and there was much sickness amongst the human, alien poor and The Man was absolute!

And he knew his destiny had been chosen for him before he was born, some people just know and go and accomplish what others dream to do.

And he had opened many doors and the secret he knew was not too languish in luxury and become soft that in any door that led away from light. And the light often went out in his heart and then The Man knew he had erred.

“You lie in the bed you make,” he often said meaning *you did not have to be the person you were meant to be*, or a man would remain an addict to a certain particular way of life and never bother changing.

And many times looked out across dark space from a cock pit window and felt he was not alone;

Because he was THE MAN.

And destiny had chosen him because he was born to be a soldier and at the same time his spirit was full of love and compassion for the least too the greatest to the holiest to the most sinful for all were possessed by a divine spark that animated all.

*

And The Man approached Simon his food taster.

“From now on be my ambassador to the Emperor Augustus.”

And Simon was pleased having suffered much from the plague Posidonus had fed him.

And both knew Simon had longed to visit Old Earth where he had been born and would not come back.

“You will give Augustus a gift of rare Orwellian Ostriches but the troop of dancers come home,” The Man told him but not that he had transferred \$100,000 gold dollars into Simon’s account. Simon had paid his debt to society for bullying recruits in the Space Legion and it was his severance pay from his *good soft job as food taster*. And when Simon discovered this any bitterness in his heart towards The Man melted. He would not be coming back; he would buy a pub come restaurant and thrill the customers with his tales of adventure riding into battle with The Man....*mostly lies of course*

“And to think I might have crushed more than his legs with that tank?” Simon mused in private thoughts glad he hadn't.

But when Simon reached Old Earth it was Po Wei who gave him audience and opened the green envelop The Man had asked him to give Augustus.

‘An invitation to a roast duck dinner

Accompanied by sweet and sour fish

And special fried rice.’

And behind Simon the troop of dancers and ostriches waited patiently.

Now Po Wei sat on his red dragon throne in his finest muslins as he deciphered what The Man had intended in the invitation.

Then Po Wei smiled, it was of course a peace offering, a way to get talks started between the two powers. But Po Wei wanted none of it, war he profited from, he was the real power not Augustus who would especially like to see the dancers. And Po Wei believed The Man could be defeated and then there would be no Augustus or The Man, *only of course* Po Wei.

And sent to The Man the frozen boiled head of Simon with a green cooking apple stuck in the mouth with this message stuck on the forehead:

‘Undercooked.’

And the dancers where sent to Augustus who did not return them to The Man and the ostriches went to the emperor’s private menagerie.

And The Man rent his purple robes of state when he saw the head of Simon and heard the dancer’s fate.

And The Man swore he did avenge all and try to bring the dancers home to their loved ones.

SUCH THEN THE MAN

who was a mighty man,

who knew he was put here to serve the people,

not the people put here to serve him.

SUCH THEN THE STATE OF THE GALAXIES

OUTSIDE THE DICTATORSHIP.

“And the scales of justice..... titled against the evil doers.”

From Tintagel Tasciovanus his Chronicles.

And Po Wei continued his imperial duties unperturbed, cutting coloured ribbons to open new munitions factories in front of flashing press cameras; and yes he owned those factories and the wars against The Man had made him a very rich and powerful being.

*

And The Man hated pomp and sometimes wished he was not The Dictator. “Space I need but three hundred rooms?” He often shouted while Tintagel sucked his Victory V’s.

“These sweets I suck clear my mind and remind me of the power of spring,” Tintagel.

And this day of spring 50220 The Man was alone in his private rooms and that was all it was, an old military keep that existed in the middle courtyard of his palace and The Man refused to have it demolished.

And since the roof of the mess hall had long collapsed he could often lie flat and stare up at the dome surrounding Saturnmegapolis and see space beyond and know he belonged to?

And thought these days of Posidonus and knew the man must be hanged after a trial or without a trial; Posidonus must be terminated from his present existence.

“What goes round comes round,” he mused but if he clung to that alone he would not give judgement upon evil Posidonus. “As long as I want your paymaster to hang with you I let you live a little longer Posidonus, do you hear me?” And Tintagel

heard instead for there was a motionless black **ant** resting on the table leg that The Man lay upon; and the ant heard all.

“Well said,” a voice behind The Man who sprang cat like to his feet as his hands and arms blocked the air.

But Tintagel had expected such moves so had stayed safely out of reach.

“Posidonus?” The Man asked of him.

“There are rumours in the streets there is one law for Posidonus and another for us of street life,” Tintagel.

Now The Man was not a weak ruler who allowed the press to sway his judgements but he did listen to his people, “Then he will hang at sunset.”

“A dangerous act master as then they will shout you are Augustus,” Tintagel replied.

“Is there nothing I do that satisfies the street?” The Man raged.

“Patience master, I have a new recruit, Nesta, a wonderfully intelligent girl I believe Posidonus planted in the second kitchen, she I believe poisoned Simon and she will be a double agent and trap Posidonus and his paymaster very soon,” Tintagel offering good news.

The Man finally gave a smile and laughed, “She must be pretty Tintagel?”

“I will first instruct her in manners before I present her too you master.”

“That rustic?”

“Quite master.”

And The Man hated Tintagel calling him master for it reminded The Man *his friend was but a slave*. But that was how Tintagel wanted it to confuse their enemies, for many sought him out offering him freedom as a reward to betray The Man.

And both knew The Man's proclamation offering slaves freedom in his domains was believed because slaves trust slaves and the most trusted adviser of The Man was a slave, not a free man who could be bribed.

So slaves left the empire of Augustus and came to the lands of The Man bringing their skills in lace making and olive oil pressing and the economy strengthened. And Po Wei foamed for he was a free man and no slave trusted him!

“Such the mentality of slaves master that only we slaves understand,” Tintagel tried to explain.

And Tintagel the slave had sold himself into slavery to pay for his fourth micro chip implant to make his brain faster than a computers; nothing was free in life apart from love and death.

Character update Tintagel

To my students please leave this update after page 37 and on no account remove and paste elsewhere.....Tintagel Clone 44.....70000A.D.

The Man's friend and adviser born New Mars, parents' stable Red Martian marrow farmers' intent on making Tintagel a farmer. But Tintagel had plans for from his planet he could see the Milky Way, all its colours, its brightness, **its pulling**, like a

boy on Old Earth brought up by the sea, watching the crashing white waves, knowing that over the horizon are worlds beckoning come visit.

“The grass is greener here boy.”

So the young Tintagel studied hard in secret while labouring for his parents to make the biggest juiciest marrows out. “They would have me travel space slicing marrows in a liner’s kitchens when I would be on the bridge steering,” Tintagel would joke to the marrows growing in lines in his parent’s fields until at last they out of love, seeing him gazing sickly at the stars helped him to study.

“Come home lad, come home,” they pleaded seeing his itchy feet would take him far from them.

“Who will put flowers on our graves?” They asked themselves.

And so it was then that Tintagel obtained a ticket in ship’s computer navigation and left New Mars on the ship S.S. Liberty as a second officer.

“I will return, I promise,” Tintagel had bade them farewell but his parents had been young once and knew space was so large it could not be put in a pint bottle of sea water.

And Tintagel wanted away from the rule of the emperor for he wanted liberty so paid for the first free genetic implants to increase his memory for he wanted never to forget what he saw and learnt on his travels.

And soon began to realise there was no freedom for his kind for the emperor owned all space he travelled in.

But there were the legends of the sea, of free worlds deep in uncharted space of free men and women building new planets with liberty on their minds

Unfortunately their star co-ordinates were hidden less the empire swallows them up.

Then fortune smiled, Tintagel met The Man, a young private in the Space Legion who gazed at the stars on deck as Tintagel did.

“I will take space from under the emperor’s feet till he has no planet to call his foot stole,” Tintagel remembered The Man boasting and was not ego but truth.

And Tintagel saw this young soldier believed in himself and saw he was special so kept an eye on him and sure enough The Man rapidly rose through the ranks.

“But always doubt assailed me; did fate and the gods exist to have chosen him?” Tintagel asked often.

Then one year Tintagel heard a man called Cluny James Smith had declared himself Dictator of New Saturn 12 in A.D. 50149.

“Immediately I went there, a most perilous journey for war existed between The Man and the new Emperor Augustus William Sutherland.

And cost me every dollar I had to be taken into New Saturn 12 on a gun runner that had lots of passengers wanting off the planet.

War was coming.

And saw immediately the troops of The Man were without fear, they had a brilliant general leading them to war unlike the corrupt Grand Marshalls of the Empire facing them.

And The Man welcomed me to sit always beside him for I had memorised all space I had seen hadn't I and he remembered me?

And there were rumours of a messiah that the imperialist tried hard to suppress for it aided The Man, so I went about creating myths for a man who was about to conquer space must come out of myth, mustn't he?

And the first war against Augustus ended in victory and The Man wine and dined as women threw themselves at him seeking advancement in the new order, for none had seen the likes of The Man since Alexander and Julius Caesar.

Except Tintagel went off with his books and star gazing for he had heard the astronomers of old had been able to see the future in the stars? *And I took my share of the admirers; I am a man after all?* Then I met Wendy the robot cyborg and never sought a relationship with another of my species.

She was a man's dream, a friend and more, and so drifted off to my pursuit of studying life forms and became a spy from it.

And often wondered if I am a failure because I devote myself to The Man when I have a life to lead? What am I afraid of, of a son leaving the roost and promising to return and he never does?

The heart break I caused my parents for how often did they gaze into the sky hoping my return. *And all that came was the troops of Augustus to execute them because they were my parents.*

Had that affected me so much? Is that why I remained with a cyborg?

And one day the scientists would ensure Wendy and her kind could carry a womb and would the child have a soul? It is only a womb, the growing tissue that lives in there must have a soul, for it is living.

And would I fall to temptation and select the colouring, the eyes, hair and such? Or would I stand back and allow chance to choose? Or is it chosen already and I am just a foolish actor playing my part.

My children where the citizens of The Man, those who lived and died every day in the dictatorship; billions