

Mungo

Evolution

It has been said by the spirit of Frederick Myers and others that we belong to soul groups, families and friends grouped together in Heaven waiting to progress into higher spirits that we see here as orbs of light, bursting energy wanting to communicate and cannot because we will not let them because what they will say will disturb our views.

Those soul groups do not only belong to human spirits but others from other dimensions and animals. Groups of rats and dogs evolving in spirit realms waiting to enter the physical realms to put their lessons learned into effect and evolve into higher spirit beings; eventually evolving into?

Isn't the Almighty Creator Magnificent in glory and who can visualise the many galaxies running parallel to each other, atop, beneath, side by side, visible and invisible.

All Jesus The Christ says is that the married woman will be married to none of her seven husbands; in other words, it is her own eternal progress she deals with.

Jesus The Christ communicated with a fig tree and donkey, they heard his voice, spirit and mind. They shared the same divine spark and are subject as living spirits to the same spirit laws as ourselves.

Mungo is about evolution and gene shuttling; it is about diversity and colour and beautiful creation.

In fact if you think about it, soul groups on the other side reeks of planned evolutions, a pushing by something Unseen; sure mistakes are made, but the end product is? Is creation a result of eternal progress in the spirit realms? As Christians say, creation was planned and no accident.

Creation is full of colour, diversity, a bursting forth, it is the Mind of God at work and definitely not drab.

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Taken from the captain's log of the Star Ship Bounty sent by the United Nations Geological Society 70000 A.D.

"I am Captain John Clinton who sought the lost colony New Uranus and place here the papyrus book 'Mungo' which tells all.

The baby sucked hard on the black lion bitch's red nipples filling its belly with D. radioduran bacteria. No other young competed because the beast's own cubs had been taken by lizard men. Two skinned at their camp and thrown into a copper pot boiling water.

The surviving two strongest sent off to Telephassa the Mighty City State were lizard men flew Pteranodons, reptiles thirteen feet long with head crests to balance the long beak and from their dinosaur tails flew their House Carl colours.

So suck human child to force mother on its side and open legs, so you can take her milk full of bacterium D. radioduran mutated through centuries to protect you against radiation damage with its own enzyme Reca.

Needed because in the distance an abandoned damaged nuclear plant surrounded by herds of grass eating dinosaurs.

And a mazarrat a cross between a monkey and a mongoose cut into tree bark seeking grubs.

And mother lioness remembered when hunting the abductors of its own young it had found the child floating in a reed basket on a yellow river. And the lion given rudimentary intelligence by life saw a cub to replace its stolen young and took the child back to the pride.

Somewhere in the lion memory superstition flashed.

"The Wild One would be found in a basket," and also reason, "The humans send their young downstream away from lizard men cities in the hope they are saved by?"

"Yes the Wild One has been found," a watching mazarrat called The Elder sang for mazarrats always sing sweetly.

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It's the way their nasal passages are made, some sing like nightingales, others sparrows and some crows but singing together are a heavenly choir.

Now while the baby burped over dinner a strong male voice demanded, "Let us eat the babe for it is man thing," and the voice belonged to a red male lion come to mate in their lion tongue which was grunting, coughing and facial expressions.

And the red lion was a warrior for he wore a brass plated kilt with sheathed copper sword and was handsome for his black mane was waxed and curled with heated tongs.

So was his black beard and he was 'Red Hide.'

"Let Red Hide eat the baby," a red, black and fawn lion chorused on their hind legs, so their brass plates fell across their loins.

And three others lions with deformed faces and weak legs beat metal tubes hanging from a tree. Deformed because their checkpoint gene p52 had not repaired their radioactive damaged sex cells because their mother's milk had been weak in D. radioduran bacteria.

And the human babe's mother was disgusted Red Hide showed his manhood in front of her babe.

"It is the way of the lion pride, I am showing I am ready, I own the pride, hurry and ready yourself," Red Hide the lion creature demanded for he was a mighty king.

And she replied by extending her six inch claws, spiting and standing so her yellow kilt fell over human parts and her bosom full of milk retreated within her mammary pouches so only two red nipples showed.

For standing is the first ritual when lions fight in the hope that a challenger backs down and no real damage done.

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“I will eat you too,” the red lion king boasted but challenged the wrong mother who landed behind him after a mighty spring and raked his bottom so his manhood must wait another day.

“You have mauled the king,” the black male roared and held a bronze spear with a paw that had three fingers.

And the king hid his shame and pain by licking his wounds and private sores which is considered rude for he was in company.

“The human babe is mine,” the black bitch roared allowing her paws to drop to a highly polished bronze knife in her red kilt belt.

And from her paws came four fingers from their protective holes and their nails were painted purple.

“We are the king’s companions, we will kill you,” lions, one brown, one fawn and one white and they looked like were-lion creatures in brass chain mail.

“Lion shall not eat lion,” a bronze metal worker at his mould and his colleagues agreed and these metal workers kept the secret of fire to themselves so were esteemed by the pride. And the speaker went to a group of skulls placed in a cave and held up one so it could speak.

And The Elder that mazarrat was at work on bark carving history nearby.

“Lion shall not eat lion,” the soul of an ancestor that taught lions metal work said through the skull, which when alive had been fitted with Amulet chips that didn’t need a battery to work the memory chips in the cranium.

And two LEDs bulbs as eyes glowed red by Amulet chips.

Chips inserted by lizard men for the ancestors were slaves.

And the mother picked up the babe and fled becoming outcast and the companions did not follow for their duty is to protect the king who was cowering the pride to be humble towards him for he was bullying, he had been shamed so was making sure all forgot for he was still KING.

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And the bitch escaped because a silicon chip had said, "Lion shall not eat lion."

"Hey Red Hide, yes you with the foolish expression don't you read anything we write?" The Elder shouted down from seven foot wide tomato flowers.

Below Red Hide saw the hated jungle gossip.

"Don't you know who that was?" The Elder asked.

Red Hide didn't need to tell his companions to circle the tomato plant and the The Elder didn't bother to tell Red Hide who it was but peed mazarrat fashion on the companions below then fled.

Red Hide roared his anger.

And time stops for no one as rain dribbled down the carving made by the mazarrat of a mother defending a baby from a lion; and the child now six played in a clearing as mother slept under purple rhododendrons as enemy approached.

"Look a slave child," the enemy to one of its own kind and were six feet tall, scaled, wore brass plated kilts and carried bovine shields and bronze spears.

And pink rhododendron flowers six feet in diameter hid them as the child toyed with a beetle asked a question he asked all things he found, "Who made you?" And the child never killed an insect if he could help it.

He loved all things and was full of mercy.

And since the beetle didn't answer he looked at the yellow sky and asked "Who made you beetle?"

And the clear yellow sky with white and grey clouds answered, "I did," in the boy's heart and love flowed so his blue eyes watered.

"Who are you?" And his shout awoke The Elder.

And the child filled with joy and he knew who made all.

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“Sa ha lo gr ra,” the boy shouted uttering sounds from his spirit and danced naked opening his arms to the yellow sky.

And the mother hearing laughing lifted her head and asked, “Who are you speaking too?”

“I don’t know.”

“I do,” The Elder smiling.

“Wow the child speaks lion,” the enemy a warrior named Malachi marvelling.

“You are hearing things Malachi,” his companion feeling the jungle closing as a trail of solar dust a mile long crashed through their ionised atmosphere.

And he shivered wondering what hell of an effect the dust would have on the climate?

In the distance a bee three metres long flew out off a hole in a nuclear chimney stack.

“Anyway we are in luck, we can skin a pelt here,” Malachi feeling his scales move above rippling muscles as the black bitch appeared, “she is beautiful.”

“I don’t fancy taking on a lioness with cub, I mean we are just two,” his companion Vinki replied feeling a distant volcano erupt and knew it would rain black ash for the next month and groaned.

“I won’t take her pelt but will have her as personal slave,” Malachi promised aloud.

“If it’s a lion bitch you want then hump one in a whore house, let’s go Malachi,” Vinki urged seeing the bitch was alluringly beautiful but not enough to stir his loins in her domain.

“We are Fermanians, brave and fearless, masters of this world,” Malachi still shocked from hearing the man thing speak lion and dance, and still wanting the bitch, seeing the possibilities of beautifying her by cross breeding by shuttle genning her while she lived.

The results would be electrifying and make her Malachi’s favourite. All would be jealous and covert his new bitch and his ego swelled.

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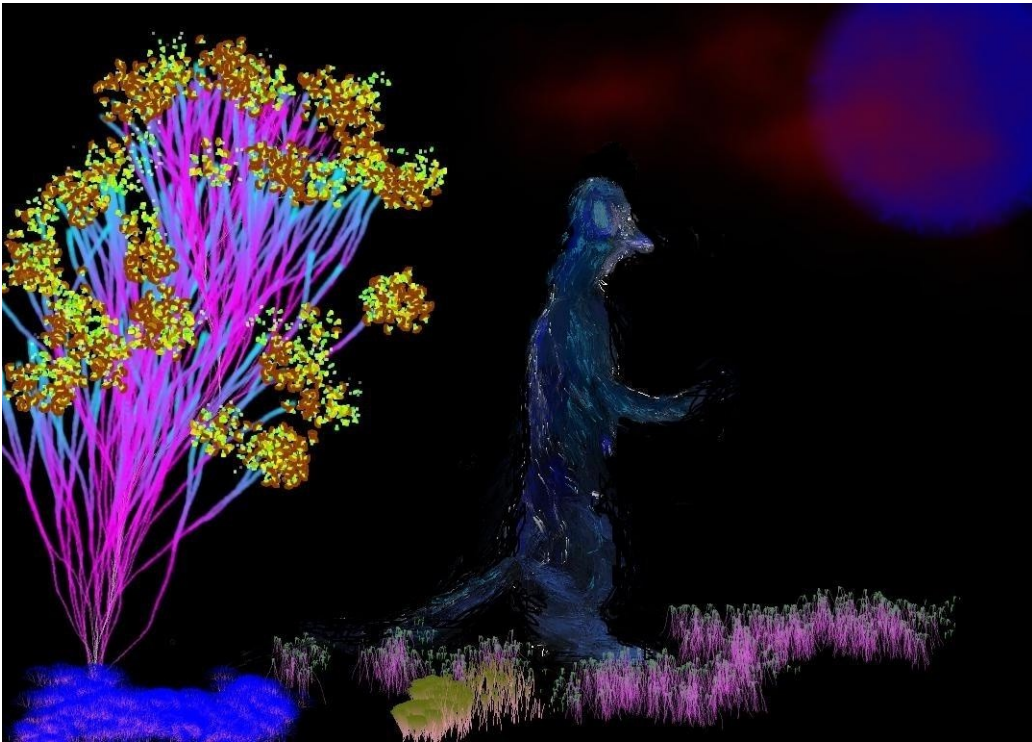


Illustration 1: A typical peanut sized mazarrat singing to the hazy moon: and the song was 'Singing in the rain' for mazarrats had learned to operate human music players; bring them on, they had choirs.

“Yes I want that bitch,” and after he did sell her for much profit to a high class brothel so all could admire and enjoy his work.

“Malachi maybe we better fetch our Triceratops and bearers then we can be brave and fearless,” Vinki answered already sweating worming away hoping his taskmasters had the good sense to close the roofs of his greenhouses against the volcanic soot he could see falling.

And Malachi took one look backwards at his Lord Vinki on safari, spat and stood up rubbing sleep vine extract onto a dart to replace the lance head there. “Yes bitch tonight I will lie with you,” and his actions were deliberate and co-ordinated.

Whether he stood to force the situation with the black lion and show the young Wonder Lord Vinki what Fermanians were made of.....no one knows?

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Maybe he was curious, for he was a hunter and the jungle full of tales. “A Wild One reared by lions shall bring judgement upon our race,” Malachi remembered a papyrus pulp book, “just rubbish to sell,” he knowing the back street scribes were cashing in on the story, but this human cub had unnerved him dancing naked and singing to the sky; he had never seen the likes before..

“Look mother a giant lizard,” the human child jumping running to investigate Malachi.

“Duck child,” Malachi ordered with speech like twanging rubber in a duck’s mouth and the child laughed at his feet. “What’s so funny slave child? There’s a lion charging me,” and Malachi threw his dart and the aim was bad because the child was lifting his brass plates to see if the lizard man had a wily like his.

And Malachi felt his thingamabob prodded by a finger.

“Idiot,” Vinki running for his life.

“Idiot,” Malachi grunted flat on his back with the bitch’s mouth above his face.

“Don’t kill him mother, it makes me laugh, can I keep IT?” The boy pushing his mum’s mouth from the lizard’s skull.

“Get out of the way so I can kill the Fermanian,” mother replied, “look his ribs are showing where I clawed, tonight you shall eat your favourite dish.”

“But IT makes me laugh.”

“I know plenty of good jokes,” Malachi offered in lion t tongue.

“His smell is like he who took my cubs long ago,” the lioness snarled sitting on haunches now waving an unsheathed dagger while the other pawed hand flashed claws. *She really did spoil the man cub!*

So this action allowed Malachi an opening to survive.

And Malachi took the child and, “Let me go or I will kill the man child thing,” and walked backwards towards his camp.

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And the child snapped a clawed rib out off Malachi who moaned, “WA.”

And seeing what reason the lioness claimed vanish dropped the boy and crawled vines up a rhododendron tree moaning and cursing all the way.

“God Telephassa ya ya ya,” Malachi complained as a claw raked his legs lifting scales to drop on a foot long yellow butterfly. “Idiot head,” also for a flowering creeper he held was a reared fanged green vine snake but to Malachi it was SNAKE and he feared the legless slithering things.

Then the crack of rifles from Malachi’s bearers and the lion took her man cub as lances thudded into the giant purple sweet tuber copse she fled into.

“Well Malachi was she worth it?” Vinki sneered and The Elder sitting on a rhododendron leaf nearby sang, “Malachi was his friend, Malachi was the corner stone for the temple.”

“Bloody mazarrat again,” Malachi and threw a fallen tree mango at the creature.

In return a squelching sound as a tree tomato hit Malachi in the face and The Elder climbed higher laughing.

“I don’t like the jungle Malachi,” Vinki pushing bearers about to shield himself.

“I wonder why I do then.” Malachi puzzled over the song.

Mazarrats were gormless with peanuts as brains that sang about everything. No doubt he had been seen with a friend and a no good mazarrat had made a song out of it for mischief reason apart from stupidity. And no lizard man had seen mazarrats carving pictures in tree bark or carrying on a conversation with one of its kind about the dangers of a fast breeder nuclear reactor over heating.

That was because mazarrats kept secrets.

They were just singing baboons to lizard folk that kept them in cages or chained to organ grinders.

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And time stops for no one under the fruit bats and like other abandoned fast 280 megawatt breeder nuclear reactors cooled by liquid sodium, the one behind the pride had heat resisting ceramic corridors leading to laboratories.

And here skeletons waiting for a finger to activate their Amulet power pack chips, also whole beings frozen in chambers waiting life.

Vials containing chromosomes for inserting into unrelated species and examples of this cross genning could be seen, apes with human heads for the lizard men folk the Fermanians needed arboreal slaves to collect the gifts of the jungle at high levels.

And the human brains here were made dim to collect for their lizard masters for they worked on a reward and punishment basis.

Lizard men hated the jungle; it was full of things like mazarrats and rodents that ate your woman's eggs and snakes that bit your ankles so you swelled and died.

Anyway: "I will drink this pretty yellow drink," a mazarrat the size of a spaniel for it had come through a crack in one of the ceramic chambers, split from a deep quake set off by nuclear explosions.

And the yellow liquid contained human smart brain chromosomes.

And she drank, heard a turbine speed up, fretted so returned to the jungle feeling ill passing a hot house eight hundred yards by six hundred wide and two thousand high with rhododendron trees with purple flowers sex feet wide behind its glass walls.

And the trees were as high as cedars bearing fruits like tomato and melon for the rhododendron had their genes spliced into other plants.

And the mazarrat found a tree hollow and slept and it was a trap and was taken to a lizard man pet market and sold to a lizard boy who had it frolicking with mazarrats and she told them all about a man lion cub that was wild.

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Some might say the lizard boy had a dirty mind.

And the human brain genes sliced themselves using p53 checkpoint genes into the host DNA mazarrat brain codes and the mazarrat remembered better and the boy sold it for a hover skate board to surf the red sand dunes about Lake Telephassa.

It was a repeat of what a mazarrat did a millennium ago that led to mazarrats that no one knew anything about being master carvers of tree bark, *those types with a peanut for a brain?*

The lizards who inherited the reactors didn't know many hummed away, keeping green houses and labs cosy for mutating genes and bugs for curious creatures too drink the pretty liquids.

And the bugs rode shuttle genes and viruses and found easy access into new hosts like the young mazarrat who thought she was smart but wasn't, just stupid.

Cathbadh

Cathbadh the mighty man of science in Telephassa was now riding a hired sedan chair peering out the curtains. He was watching his work he had been paid well for.

A hunchback and a little girl who could pass as a human slave playing in the red castle grounds.

Already Telephassa was returning to normal as Lord Artebrates, Commander of the Southern Army set fire to the last house filled with Prince Annunaki's rebels.

The smoke fortunately wafted the other way, there was nothing as repulsive as burned lizard that would be scavenged by hungry beggars and Telephassa City was full of beggars, war had ruined the harvests, only Telephassa had wealth. Either you mugged or stole it respectfully by advancing one's position at court.

To Cathbadh a good war was cool as both sides employed him to design war engines. "Science prospers in war not peace," Cathbadh mused and signalled his bearers on.

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“Artebrates,” Cathbadh whispered feeling his strength. “Artebrates,” knowing he had been freed from prison on a charge of conspiracy to murder Prince Annunai.

Released to fight the prince’s followers and prove loyalty to his Mighty One Carman the boy's mother.

“I would have joined the rebels after what she did to me,” Cathbadh and there was a crunching as the sedan lurched so Cathbadh looked out and saw a soldier with no legs.

He would never beg again, the bearers had gone over him, the chair had wheels.

So Cathbadh closed the curtain and read a new papyrus book, “Wild One and Princess Atora,” and groaned. The scribes didn’t realise what they did writing such tripe. There was no man cub reared by lions as popular imagination demanded.

And he had an appointment with Carman and knew there was other less dangerous ways of toppling the woman than rebellion.

And reading about Mungo made him think about the approaching star he was observing and knew it was a ship but whose? Fermanian or human and Carman refused to believe it could be human.

“There have always been slaves,” she meaning humans were igneous to this Experimental Planet 16A.

“Humans are escaped experiments,” scribes wrote and were believed.

Cathbadh knew ten thousand years ago many human star ships fuelled here before the Great Atomic War.

“Malachi was his friend,” Cathbadh heard a mazarrat sing and peered out and saw the hunter Malachi as Lord Vinki excitedly told people they had seen the Wild One.

“There should be a law against it,” Cathbadh and travelled on.

And time stops for no one

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And Malachi never forgot the man thing now eight with brown hair reaching his buttocks riding the bitch's back, pleasing her by plucking fleas and the child spoke the tongue of the lions of New Uranus which is what man things called the Fermanian Planet Experimental 16A.

It didn't matter the lions called 16A, Wonderful. "They could call 16A, Heaven so what?" Wonder Lord Vinki the Fermanian's mouthed a favourite lizard joke.

And about the child's neck Malachi's rib on a gut necklace.

And the child roared by his mother and cast sharp sticks and made fire it found in a deserted lizard camp.

"Fire respects no one, it will eat you," mother chiding.

"Mother I have ten fingers and they make the hot coals burn," and mother was reminded her son was man.

But The Elder intervened singing nearby; "He is man thing, wise and chosen, don't interfere Ono of the Lions," from the top of a giant red toadstool and Ono shivered.

"Crazy mazarrat, I am lion thing," Mungo roared and ran on all fours and The Elder sighed replying, "Stupid man," and fell asleep

"I will never let him go, my son is good to me, he catches hares and small lizards in traps and gives me them roasted," Ono shouted back at the mazarrat.

The Elder replied with a loud snore.

And Mungo kept fire burning outside Ono's cave under a sheltered rock and here one day they headed, smelling the burning herbs to rid the cave of mites and one knew she could never get used to human ways.

And The Elder was happy for the herbs cleared an area of twenty metres of biting insects and so he slept undisturbed.

So twenty yards and a roar.

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Malachi didn't need to caution his companion silent for it was Lord Artebrates lying beside him on the giant yellow daffodil, not Vinki who Malachi swore wore woman things in private.

"I will kill you now," the voice of Red Hide roared.

At once Mungo slid off his mother's back and raced the distance to the cave crushing a natural snail.

Now Red Hide chased as his companions sailed out of rhododendron bushes upon the bitch while Mungo reached a burning stick and held it between his legs.

A swarm of plastic skinned midges melted.

Lo King Red Hide forgot Mungo as he headed for the flame feeling his nose singe before the event happened.

And singe the nose did and Mungo was winded as Red Hide flattened him and Mungo accidentally pressed the flame against Red Hide's cod piece that began to burn freely.

"Ya ya help me save me, I burn," Red Hide looking down in horror and fled to find a stream to plunge into. And the king was a mighty beast at least twelve feet long.

And Mungo saw the companions look at their king with his mother under their claws.

"Run dinosaur dung," Mungo shouted throwing flaming sticks at them.

And they fled with fur burning.

"Mother do not die," Mungo running to her side.

"Help me to our lair," and he did for he was strong from climbing trees.

"And Mungo stitched his mother's wounds and she beamed pride for no other lion could use gut and thorns and sew like her babe.

"I love you child," she purred and Mungo joyed.

"When I am big I will kill Red Hide and sew his redness into shoes and cloth to hide my bum and a hat and cloak to keep the rain off me," and Mungo filled the forest with a lion roar and

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joyed for he was innocent.

And love filled Mungo as he danced naked to the Unseen thing that made him part of creation.

And The Elder danced upon Rhododendron leaves.

“He is mazarrat,” Lord Artebrates to Malachi fitting an arrow to his crossbow as they watched Mungo utter gibberish to the yellow clouds as he sang to what made all things from atop a . rhododendron plant

“The bitch is still desirable,” Malachi replied and Artebrates remembered Malachi had met this so called Wild One before.

How much had Malachi got for selling his story to the scribes who wrote such garbage?

And Malachi aimed on the left hamstring of Mungo as, “Those idiotic scribes wrote a great hunter was his friend and betrayed his own race and described me but didn’t name me and the damage was done.

I could have made it to Court except for those scribes.

Wild One, just a human cub,” and Malachi aimed to put the bolt into Mungo’s neck now.

The head was steel, no dart or sleeper juice, Mungo was to die too clear Malachi’s name.

But shame entered Malachi’s heart so moved his arm.

And the bolt smashed into rock behind Mungo who had knelt at the last moment to help mother.

“He has seen us,” Artebrates standing drawing sword that made the five foot yellow petals wobble, “You missed deliberately, the scribes were right, you are his friend.”

And a stone from Mungo’s sling hit Artebrates's skull so he fell heavily thirty feet down the rhododendron onto a four foot silk caterpillar eating giant mulberry leaves.

“Damn it all,” Malachi jumping to the Lord’s aid for if the man died, he would have his scales prised off then salt rubbed into his pink spitted flesh for roasting and a grapefruit shoved into his

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mouth and head baked in clay.

Such the death of a hunter who allowed a lord to die.

The fruit was optional, some used a pumpkin!

And Malachi pulled his lord's face out of the broken caterpillar dripping yellow stinking gore.

"Don't drown in that muck," Malachi seeing how he would choke before he was descaled because his Lord drowned.

"Hey it's the funny lizard again, got a name chameleon?" Mungo shouted before sending another stone.

And Malachi's brass plates stopped the stone rupturing him.

"Telephassa god he is a good aim," as Malachi staggered away leaving a trail of silk thread behind him.

And the last stone hastily sent hit Lord Artebrates in the right eye.

And it was some forty yards away Malachi tied Artebrates across the saddle of his Triceratops that he noticed the lord's eye and groaned.

So sadness filled Malachi as he rode hearing a crazy mazarrat sing, "Malachi was his friend," and when Malachi was sure they were heading for camp he took dagger and plucked out his own right eye.

"Good aim boy," he grunted knowing he must remain one eyed as long as Artebrates remained such. "Better do it myself than some executioner with filthy hands," as his triceratops thundered into camp.

And Mungo's mother purred and forgot he was human.

"Edible protein," The Elder swallowing the eye, "only thing lizards are good for,"

And time's sands stop for no one under the mosquito swarms of New Uranus and mazarrats black with pink stripes, others pure white came to The Elder who carved.

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Illustration 2: Triceps

“For four years he has danced to the power with no name, he has become as omnipotent as life itself. He is merciful and wise seeking not wealth for he is surrounded by precious gems, now you mazarrats must guard him.

But don’t look into his face when he dances to the light or you will be blinded,” The Elder and the visitors now hid their eyes from Mungo.

“Yes he is rich,” they agreed seeing beasts that were Mungo's gems dancing with him and felt happy for good times ahead must be coming.

And time’s sands stop for no one

But Mungo now twelve let puberty take him to young bitches seeking harems now forgot to dance so some of the shine left him.

“Mungo are you forgetting what I have taught you?” The Elder asked coming to Mungo in a blue mushroom field.

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“I don’t know what you mean?”

“Yes you do, you wear clothes and what is this cod piece, stolen from a Fermanian? You foolish boy,” The Elder prodding the red ornament sparkling with gems.

Mungo covered his shame and said blushing, “I am lion and do lion things and the girls like it.”

“The only light shinning from you is now lust, do not forget there is light and darkness and you belong to light, ah I see we bore, got your own ideas have we?” The Elder seeing Mungo pull a dull face and cover his ears and watching bitches giggled.

“Well I see you cannot be wise unless you have been burned, go and learn then,” The Elder wishing he had said things differently but pride had entered both sides and pride won.

“Son,” he sang but Mungo was only brown dust settling on a jungle track used by Fermanians collecting jungle produce.

“Malachi is right, we mazarrats have peanut brains,” The Elder and rent his fur so he looked mangy.

Then threw brown dust on his head and face and couldn’t see and choked so went to wash and said, “Curse puberty and reproduction,” and the cool water calmed him down, Mungo was only following natural ways, he was not to blame, “the light will protect him, don’t lack faith mazarrat,” and at once became confident and knew the light would be victorious.

And danced and drew an audience of monkeys who, boring of his antics threw fruit at him.

“Guess I am lucky I can still dance at my age,” he resigned and left worrying what delights Mungo was finding.

Life was life; Mungo’s path had already been laid before he was born; he just had to open the right doors..

And one delight was velvet furred, beautiful with green deep eyes and human shaped.

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For her ancestors had been injected with genes through a shuttle gun so was more human than lion.

Six feet long, muscles, a human female except her mane and pawed hands from which came four fingers.

And this day behind rocks she teased Mungo by licking his body, inviting lion ways but at the last moment fled for in the fashion of females she wanted chased and caught.

And Mungo chased for the gold cups hiding her bosom glittered in the sun promising honey. For her father dotted on her giving gold rather than brass to wear.

And Mungo caught her but behaved as a lad so the bitch became angry, "You are a boy," the white bitch leaving him but wanted him for, "He is more human than I, handsome and tanned, his skin hard bulging muscle, his brown hair long like a mane, it must have been all the running that tired him, I will flirt with other males till Mungo is no longer a boy but adult."

"What happened to me?" Mungo asked knowing he was different now and the air didn't answer nor the flowers or singing nightingales but he was now the man the white bitch wanted.

And Mungo never noticed Malachi watching and his right eye was regenerated tissue and he knew it was Mungo for his rib was still about Mungo's neck; and the hunter felt pity for his enemy who obviously knew nothing about girls.

So Malachi returned to tell Lord Artebrates who strapped on armour and rode his triceratops from camp to kill Mungo and end what the scribes wrote.

"A waste of time my Lord, he will have flown," Malachi muttered.

"Remember who is your friend?" Artebrates chided as a mazarrat sang, "Malachi was his friend," and "Dam mazarrat," Malachi answered.

And unknown to Malachi, "Lie with me Mungo," an ape with a human face and front lifting her plaid kilt for Mungo.

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“You are not of my kind, go away,” Mungo shouted up at the ape.

“Ha I am more your kind than that white bitch. Look Mungo I am easily satisfied, “and the brown ape became a hussy without embarrassment then dropped down beside Mungo.

“Leave me alone, your hands are covered in fruit purée, get off me ape,” and he kicked her away.

“WA want to be spotless for that bitch do we? There’s no difference between her and me, we are girls,” and again the ape made herself an exhibition.

“You disgust me,” Mungo shouted as his body responded for the ape had a pleasant human face and the figure was human and not ape when you looked close.

And becoming shamed Mungo threw rotten fruit at her and both smelling Malachi’s wee in the air retired, Mungo going up cliffs to sit in thought.

He was a lion not a man so what did the ape mean?

And why was his body different when he was about girls?

Maybe the mazarrat was right, he should dance more to the Oneness and let his eyes shine again. “My love for Sasha is pure,” meaning the white lioness, “no other female will I have,” he promised.

Anyway: “Hey lizards, want Mungo, he went to the cliffs,” the ape shouted at Malachi who it recognised as the great hunter of mazarrat songs and lifted her green kilt to him. *A woman’s scorn hell has no fury to match!*

“Disgusting beast, kill it Malachi,” Lord Artebrates.

So Malachi unslung his bow saying, “Lord and Master it imitates us,” for he no longer feared the future for the mazarrat songs had worked upon him; there was no point in worrying about what was predestined Malachi had become to believe.

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“WA The ugly lizard doesn’t want to play with beautiful me?” And she threw bananas she had been eating at him.

“Why me?” Malachi asked as his arrow sped towards her splitting leaves missing.

“WA the lizard drunk or something?” The ape shouted and threw hard nuts now with amazing accuracy that comes with arboreal living.

And Malachi quickly gave the order to move on before Artebrates commented on his bad aim; in fact since he had started listening to the mazarrat songs he didn’t feel like skinning animals and blamed his recent eye injury for his mood swings.

“Don’t worry Malachi, I am not Vinki, whether your aim is deliberately bad is your concern not mine, I kill when I shoot. And the jungle is full of lore, “Malachi was his friend, I understand, you must respect and not kill for the sake of killing, isn’t that it?” Artebrates was indeed not Lord Vinki the Wonder Lord who was a dandy.

“It is the same with soldiering,” Lord and Master Artebrates said nodding his head.

“The general is actually smiling, if only this moment was recorded,” Malachi thought and a pack of armed mazarrats seeing Artebrates ‘Stone Face’ smile went to work carving!

Yes Stone face knew soldering was killing for the sake of killing. Stone face had at the Battle of Bayonet Push given orders that any man retreating be killed.

Three hundred House Carls slain by arrows to keep the bayonet push home against human rebellious slaves, and the prisoners taken to Telephassa City and cooked for its citizens to street party over the great victory.

Three thousand roasts in total.

Artebrates the killer even if he thought sparing a demented nymphomaniac gene altered ape funny.

And the last bearer got a melon thrown at the back of his head and knocked him senseless.

Mungo

And the mazarrats were more interested in recording that smile and ruining Artebrates nickname for ever than throw things at him too.

Anyway: “Up there my Lord,” Malachi pointing at Mungo and Artebrates took from his saddle holster a powder rifle, and fired and cross currents saved Mungo as the bullet creased his skull so he rolled down the cliff and lay still, hidden from view by pines.

Half an hour later.

“He is gone, are you sure Malachi this is where he fell?” Artebrates.

“Yes Lord and Master, see lion tracks,” Malachi.

And the lion was Sasha who leaving Mungo wanted to see if he would follow her for she was manipulating, heard the gun and saw Mungo fall.

“Oh no,” her heart ached for she had love for Mungo.

“What did I do wrong? Is it because I am a lion man?” Mungo asked beside Sasha.

“Sssh,” and Sasha licked his wounds clean.

And cliff mazarrats heard the jungle mazarrats sing and sang, “The ape Moragana told Malachi where Mungo hid for Mungo loves Sasha not Moragana,” and The Elder heard and feared, “Is Mungo dead?”

And Sasha hearing felt her heart swell triumphantly.

“What the lizard hunter miss?” The ape Moragana who had scrambled up the cliff.

“Moragana you are a witch and slut,” Sasha growled and Moragana fearing d she would be lion dinner climbed higher and now safe taunted, “Take this,” and threw her plaid kilt at Sasha, “Remember our good time Mungo,” and left laughing over her lie.

“What did the harlot who sleeps with lizard men mean?” Sasha.

“She is jealous of my love for you,” Mungo and Sasha’s love turned into possessiveness.

And time stops for no one under the Pteranodons flying the seas of New Uranus, wings

Mungo

thirteen feet across as they sought fish.

Lo for two years Mungo did not take The Elder's advice but ran with the pride, being lion one moment and man the next now brought him again to Moragana.

Moragana: "See I am bathed and walk like you Mungo. See the diamond the lizards make humans dig for. See, I smell good for I scented myself with lizard woman perfume they gave me, now I smell of flowers.

Don't you find me attractive now Mungo?"

And the water they had given her was water from their pet cats.

"I am wanting you more than flirting Sasha," and Mungo foolishly swung through vines with Moragana and apes clapped and hooted, "We are above other beasts for a man thing loves Moragana," for Mungo displayed with Moragana on tree limbs thinking he was smart when he was foolish.

And below apes who were more human than ape stopped bashing a lizard man against a rock and looked at Mungo and Moragana and shamed, "We are glad we are not man thing and not ape for they are disgusting."

"If Sasha can flirt with lions so can I," and Mungo threw fruit monkey fashion at them.

And they shook their heads so he roared, "I am Mungo of the Lions, and please myself and have no master than who I dance too," and laid a trap for himself with his fancy boasting for he no longer danced.

"Sasha is lion and it is time for her to have cubs after the fashion of her kind," The Elder said from behind the Y fork of a tree.

"You again?"

"If not me then what makes you dance, you just ape with Moragana these days," The Elder replied tossing a banana skin through the leaves at Mungo.

Mungo

“I am Mungo and will teach you too insult me.”

“Does your master tell you to kill me Mungo?”

And Mungo froze the stick above his head looking down into the ageing mazarrat.

“To tell you to be a clown with Moragana in front of all the jungle? Even Sasha flirts in private but YOU? A man thing must twist what is natural and degrade all because you are a man thing,” and Mungo shamed and swung away.

“What have you done tree rat?” Moragana shrieked wanting to bite chunks out of The Elder.

“Stupid harlot,” he and prodded his staff into her midriff so she toppled out of the Y and complained.

“Blooming arthritis,” as he followed Mungo ignoring Moragana’s screams as a python not needing to reach where she and Mungo had been making a public display of themselves snapped her.

But Mungo heard and returned and The Elder groaned wishing Moragana a lump in the snake’s throat, but Mungo with one cut with a Fermanian stolen bronze sword cut its head off so it landed on the jungle floor as dinner for ants below.

“I am in ape heaven for Mungo is here,” Moragana swooned but Mungo resisted saying “I am Mungo of the Lions but the jungle says I am Mungo of the monkeys, what have I made myself into, go away Moragana, it is Sasha I love.”

And Moragana bit him and threw fruit at Mungo as he fled.

“Truly he had to come to her aid or I would have been wrong,” The Elder said and below Sasha looked up hoping Moragana would fall into her jaws.

“Go after Mungo of the Lions Sasha, look after your ward,” The Elder advised and Sasha bounded off not understanding, only that she should replace Moragana once and for all.

And time stops for no one.

Mungo

And by fifteen Mungo now danced again and happy now met Malachi, Vinki and Artebrates sailing down the yellow Yathan River on a raft.

“I will be mischief,” and Mungo knocked a Fermanian oarsman into the river with a sling.

“It is he,” Malachi pointing at the left bank.

“Let me at him and I will give you his head,” Vinki boasted but was ignored by Malachi and Artebrates who knew him as a coward.

And the oarsman was eaten by a Mosassurus, a dolphin creature with toothed beak, legs, arms and tail.

Artebrates was used too death and the oarsman was lower than a soldier whose job was to die for the glory of Telephassa so felt no pity for the doomed man.

“Yes Lord,” Malachi remembering the sixteen Fermanian heads something staked on the jungle road two days past and all knew that something was Mungo.

“Mungo do you not feel bad that the oarsman is dead?” The Elder asked.

“Don’t you ever leave me alone?”

“You are the Wild One.”

“I am Mungo and my enemy is below.”

And Malachi seeing the gossips fired an arrow at The Elder and Mungo with a stick hit the arrow saving The Elder.

“Yes Mungo you are brave but lack wisdom.”

“I am wise, I leave Moragana alone.”

“Yes by enjoying feeding enemy to the water demon? He is almost a slave, the dumbest of the Fermanian class system. If you must kill then kill Vinki who is tender from too much sleep and food,” The Elder instructed.

But Malachi’s second arrow cut Mungo’s right arm.

Mungo

“You play coup my friend?” Vinki hissed and Malachi knew he was right, he couldn’t get, “*Malachi was his friend*” out of his head.

“I am Mungo of the Lions,” and he left The Elder who sang, “no The Wild One.”

Malachi shivered, he had heard rumours that gossip of a mazarrat was the wisest of all living things and not the stupid peanut brain baboon he made himself out to be.

Malachi was his friend,” he heard mazarrats sing from the banks.

“Stupid animals.”

“Beach the raft and let us hunt Mungo,” Lord Artebrates deciding Malachi must choose whose friend he was?

Now Mungo waited till the Fermanians went into the jungle and then slipped from a tree and came to the raft.

And the jungle watched silently wanting to see what Mungo would do and this is what he did. Seeing pelts stacked on the raft and baskets stuffed with monkeys, mazarrats and meat salted ready to be eaten on safari.

And Mungo cut the throat of the Fermanian guard whose back was too him and the noise of the carcass splashing the river made the second guard turn and raise his laser rifle.

And Mungo threw his sword into his neck.

“A bad throw is a quick throw,” Mungo jumping over to the gagging lizard man and pulled his sword out just before his enemy fell overboard.

“Elder that is my mercy, see here Vinci’s perfumed sweetmeat in the half open human female skull. I roar to what I dance too, I kill those who do this and free their captives,” and broke open cages.

Mungo

And The Elder walked on the beach with his staff. “Yes Mungo you were chosen to kill them but just remember mercy. Do not be lizard and kill babes, child and mother. Just kill lizard warriors,” and left.

“Any Fermanian can put on armour and cut with bronze sword. For that I kill them all,” Mungo shouted into the foliage.

And the air filled with ape and monkey tongue as Mungo invited his friends to come for gifts.

And hated The Elder for being right and because he had called out his own future he had acknowledged his mission and Mungo laughed, his eyes full of light and went into the jungle brushing himself against rhododendron flowers to hide the scent of lion that emitted from him.

Then met Sasha up stream and seeing her bathe in a rock pool surrounded by pink water lilies lust over took Mungo.

“Sasha it is me, don’t be alarmed,” Mungo whispered sliding off a purple flower into the water.

“Alone are we Mungo?”

“I had the lizard hunting me but I am smart and now he is lost in the jungle,” Mungo boasted reaching out hands to paw Sasha who was half submerged in front of him.

And the light faded within Mungo.

“Bring me lizard gold Mungo and you can touch me when you want handsome hunter,” Sasha purred.

“Let me touch first,” Mungo lusted.

Now the ape Moragana had followed and sat on a giant red rose watching filled with envy.

“He is touching her; she is a prostitute who utters terrible things not fit for a baby to hear. I will punish them both for their foolishness,” and Moragana sought Malachi to do her punishing, hoping he did skin Sasha so she could sneak into his camp and lie on her skin. As for Mungo she

Mungo

hoped Malachi did beat him good to teach him not to cheat on Moragana the ape woman thing.

“Hey lizard man make me a promise and I will tell you were Mungo is?” Moragana shouted down at Malachi.

“Tell me what I must promise first?” Malachi back.

“Invite me to supper and pick fleas from my back to make Mungo jealous,” the ape.

Now Malachi saw the woman ape thing was not unpleasant to look at since her genes had been mixed and she did not look like the other apes and monkeys, for she was shapely but her ape traits were given away for she walked like a chimp.

Also cultured for she seemed bathed and adorned in precious amulets.

“OK tell me where I can find Mungo and in return come to my green tent tonight,” and Moragana told Malachi.

But Malachi had been careful not to promise anything but for the ape to come to his green tent.

“Hey lizard man, want to know something else? Mungo killed the guards on the raft and freed the cages,” and Moragana enjoyed this bit of devilry for it affected the lizard man something for he went into a rage.

“Don’t miss this time Malachi or your scales will be prised off,” Artebrates warned and Malachi knew thirty scales off by an executioner’s dagger; the soldiers price of failing.

And just for an instant Malachi wished he was free like Mungo away from the cruel Fermanian society that was class ridden and full of Vinki’s and Artebrates needing destroyed.

And while Mungo flirted with Sasha growling as a male lion man thing, for he knew no other society, Malachi tracked him down using two lions Abel and Eve reared as trackers from cubs stolen from a lion bitch long ago.

“So man thing I enjoyed Vinki’s discomfort as his stolen women clothes went past on the legs

Mungo

of Moragana the ape, but the joke's over," Malachi whispered and fired an arrow.

"Duck Mungo," a mazarrat sang.

"Blooming heck," Malachi groaned seeing thirty scales go.

But the arrow sunk into Mungo's right shoulder and he growled and Sasha left the pool for she had quiver and bow herself and Moragana screamed in horror that Mungo had been killed. And the jungle came alive with mazarrat songs and The Elder hurried to find Mungo.

So Malachi let lose arrows as mazarrats threw nuts at him as the lions Abel and Eve waited to retrieve Mungo's corpse from the pool.

"Stupid mazarrats," Malachi.

And his three foot arrows sank between tadpoles and Mungo holding his breath swam towards Malachi and each time he surfaced an arrow fell beside him and nuts bounced off Malachi.

And Malachi imagined the executioner and sweated fear and hit Mungo's right ear for Moragana was now throwing rocks not nuts and Sasha was sending her own arrows at Malachi too, so the aim was bad.

"Blooming hell," Malachi cursed stumbling behind thorny shrubs.

Then Mungo caught a water snake and threw it at Malachi and his hunting lions.

"Bad boy," Malachi swore jumping into the pool to be away from the poisonous reptile as his two hunting lions clawed up a rhododendron tree for safety.

But mazarrats at the top poked sticks into their eyes to get them down where there was much hissing going on below.

Going on about Lord Artebrates feet who was dancing here and there to avoid the snake's strikes.

Now laughing Mungo slashed Malachi's belly and cut sixteen scales from him. Then kicked Malachi somewhere for a joke and swam away.

Mungo

Leaving Malachi to surface in a pool of his own and Mungo's blood.

It was a good thing he did surface and just in time to see a sixteen foot snake enter the pool. Just as a water melon thrown by mazarrats hit his face and disintegrated.

“Hell fire and damnation,” Malachi swore swimming away backstroke to keep an eye on the water Taipan, a very bad snake and had a memory like an elephant for it never forgot who annoyed it.

And Mungo escaped riding Sasha back to her father's pride met Moragana before the jungle became red grass plains.

“I saved you Mungo, come away and give me babes as reward,” Moragana pleaded without any pride and she was an ape who had travelled through the tree tops to meet him.

“Cannot you get it through your thick skull I am Sasha's and she will be my first female of my harem and I don't want a harem anyway, I just want Sasha,” Mungo moaned much in love, “in fact I don't want this Wild One thing the mazarrats sing about as I don't understand, so go away Moragana.”

“I told Malachi where you were, I will again till you swell me with man thing babes that will be beautiful man things like you are,” the ape hotly.

“You are a monkey not an ape,” Sasha insulting for monkeys was known for their foolishness while apes weren't.

“Malachi promised to be mine tonight,” and Moragana swung away on vines believing her lie.

“We must stop her as Malachi will put her in the Pot Market,” Mungo pained at the ape's future plain to see.

“We can free her later, being ready for the pot will teach her some manners, any way let me help you,” which was just an excuse to cuddle up to Mungo and get him red in the face and

Mungo

because he had said those nice things about her, she forgot about her promise to lie with a black lion so Mungo's wound was seen to; stuffing it with an antiseptic moss and putting ants on it to bite it close.

“The man thing, I will eat first and belch then that stupid lioness,” Red Hide the red lion who had been sitting on a wooden tree stump shaped to resemble a throne upon seeing Mungo.

“Mungo has cooped over Malachi again, he does lions proud and I claim the protection of the pride for him,” Sasha growled and Red Hide saw she loved Mungo and he Red Hide was wrath so beat her.

And other lions pulled him off, those lions that had agreed with Sasha.

“What is this, does Mungo claim my throne as well?” Red Hide prophesied.

“Mungo is leaving,” and he walked away painfully.

“Man thing,” Red Hide cursed and was repeated by his companions only.

“Wait,” Sasha and ran after Mungo.

“I will banish you,” Red Hide and did not specify whom? “Are you The Wild One?” He with an afterthought afraid for he had heard mazarrats sing.

As for Moragana she went to Malachi's green tent that night.

“Malachi it is I Moragana come for my reward and your promise,” she called from a rhododendron tree.

Now Malachi was sore and confined to his hummock for lizards slept on them for their tails to hang free and he thought, “That ape has some cheek,” and summoned Artebrates to ask him to catch the ape who was a slut with no brains. And Artebrates was with the executioner when asked for he was saying, “Malachi is friend I hope, so make sure with this gold coin your dagger is sharp and clean when you take thirty scales from his back.”

“Surely come to me Moragana and make Mungo jealous,” Malachi called out to the ape.

Mungo

And Moragana came down from her tree knowing Malachi was a man of his word.

And he had promised her nothing.

“Here drink the stuff Fermanians are made off and be strong and brave and fearless like us,” and she wanting to copy those with intelligence allowed Malachi easily to get her drunk.

“Is this the human ape that mimics her betters?” Lord Artebrates entering the green tent.

“Another lizard wanting me?” Moragana foolishly.

“Give her to the slaves,” Artebrates ordered and House Carls carried Moragana the nymphomaniac human ape on a pole to where the slaves ate, and they knew of her and said aloud, “Thank you Lord Artebrates and Master for your kindness,” and Artebrates hearing said to Malachi, “it does no harm to spoil the poor.”

And the poor in their minds cursed Artebrates for sending them Moragana and not a real human woman; and knew Artebrates and his kind saw slaves as monkeys or worse, rodent scum.

And Malachi did not break his promise, he had told Moragana JUST to come to his green tent so was still a man of his word.

And Moragana got what she wanted, men, the foolish drunken ape.

*

Cathbadh

Cathbadh allowed The Mighty One Carmen to wipe her sandals on his red pig tailed head. His audience was over and again been rebuffed over the approaching star ship.

“It is Fermanian, slaves existed before I was born,” she told him. What could he do? To argue his point at the moment would be dangerous as Lord Vinki and his Wonder Lords who formed the Modernist Party held favour were present.

And Vinki meant to stay influential as Cathbadh knew he was fleecing everyone of what they owned.

Mungo

“Now, if the scribes tell true The Wild One will bring judgement upon us, then we better get rich quick,” Cathbadh quoted Vinki sourly as he walked out of Carmen’s rose garden.

“WA let me die Cathbadh,” a lizard man begged nailed to a wind wheel turning slowly in the summer breeze.

But Cathbadh ignored, the man was a fool to get drunk and demand Prince Annunaki’s son be emperor.

He deserved what he got.

“I had better play a middle game,” Cathbadh to himself, only Artebrates whom the army followed can rid Telephassa of Carmen and he is loyal to her; but change was coming and it would slap those unprepared. Humans in a star ship and if The Wild One was true, judgement also? But Artebrates had changed by calling Malachi friend instead of servant and that was as far as any of the established ruling elite would concede to change.

“Foolish Carmen, the civil war would continue,” Cathbadh.

And it took the safari forty nights to get back to landscaped plains where Fermanians watched humans plough soil with wooden yolks, and all the time Artebrates drank with friend Malachi who thought, “How can he be jovial with me, soon the executioner will come, is he so high and mighty he sees me as a toy to break at will?”

And when Artebrates reached the first military fort he gave instructions for Malachi to be tied to a wheel and have thirty scales removed.

Nearby a Fermanian who had one hundred scales taken so had run out of back scales so flesh was taken so died on his wheel, now hummed to the sound of insects.

“His crime?” Malachi asked the executioner.

“He spared human children when their camp was raided but Artebrates had ordered ‘kill,’” and Malachi’s soul cried in disbelief, and gasped when the first scale flew off him and a

Mungo

mazarrat sang, "Malachi was his friend."

Lord Artebrates hearing came to the executioner and said to both; "A reminder Malachi who are your friends, executioner make that filthy scales," and at that moment Artebrates hated all that was lizard for Malachi he really did like but an example needed to be seen.

And Moragana fainted as soldiers placed bets if Malachi would survive.

And time waits for no one while crane toads hunt frogs in the radioactive rain of New Uranus.

And that was the first time Mungo slept with Sasha the beautiful lion woman. For he saw himself as a lion man and for the next six months did not dance naked to the sky and becoming one with the Oneness, for he was content to be with flesh.

Dreaming of cubs and not serving the Oneness that made his eyes shine.

And Sasha was more lioness than Mungo so she was not faithful and loved watching young males fighting for her.

You see her lion genes were too strong and over rode her human side. For she thought, the strongest will give me strong cubs," and momentarily forgot Mungo till he found them all, and he would shout "Let me challenge the winner for I am the strongest here."

"You are man thing and will be eaten, now come and comb my fur like no other lion can for you have five fingers, then maybe I will be kind to you," and the foolish man would eagerly comb and forget The Elder and the ways of Light.

But Mungo was man so suffered from guilt and often told the mazarrats this during this six month period when Mungo sought the ways of flesh than the spirit.

"Pray tell us," the small mazarrat would prompt.

"My guilt is I did not seek Moragana the ape human female for now she is in Telephassa a pet in a lizard brothel.

Mungo

“Why did you fail to free her as you wished?”

“I had to wait for my wounds to heal,” Mungo replied lying and mazarrats sang far and wide,
 “The shame is Malachi’s.”

“Mazarrat dogs,” was Malachi’s angry reply and caught many and beat them good to stop scribes hearing but failed. And the scribes of Telephassa made Malachi out to be a liar and cheat, an unworthy lizard man who could not be trusted for his broken promise to Moragana.

Also, “And Mungo tried to free Moragana but for his wounds,” while Malachi tore hair from his mane and drank shouting often, “Mungo I should have killed and hate all mazarrats,” over his drink very intoxicated.

And lizard men did not feel sorry but laughed at the drunk behind his back, and when he got really drunk laughed in his face.

And since the lizard law prohibited Malachi regenerating new scales for six months to remind him and others of their place, he decided to hell with it and hired a surgeon to insert bronze scales, and hired a shoe shiner to rub them up to catch the lavender sun’s rays.

Also The Elder feeling his age used this as an excuse not visit Mungo saying, “Mungo needed time to think for himself.”

“He is man thing and can reason,” he told younger mazarrats come to learn how to carve history into tree barks.

And time waits for no one as a Star Ship approached New Uranus and at sixteen Mungo courted white Sash seriously for she was ready for his cubs for he had not seen his own human female kind really.

Cathbadh

Cathbadh closed his eyes and extended his mind out to the star ship bridge. “Captain Clinton we have woken up too soon, it will be another forty years before we reach New Uranus,”

Mungo

Cathbadh heard and groaned.

“There is a mental probe and it is not human,” a computer and Cathbadh was amazed it could detect him.

“Can you get a hold on it and ask about the human colonists?” Captain John Clinton but Cathbadh broke contact.

Cathbadh you see had the ability to cast his mind, and kept it a secret which helped him survive since Vinki sought continually to destroy him, fearing he might influence Carmen.

And that day Cathbadh sold his pork belly company to Vinki, a space ship was coming; and with the money he bought diamonds and gems which were small and not bulky like gold bars; war was coming in a big way and Fermanian society was about to collapse.

