

Mungo

Hurreva

Now Hurreva was a floating city built upon connecting tubes filled with the gases of dinosaur methane and hydrogen.

And it was a mighty city and needed flying beast or machine to enter it.

“It is from Heaven surely for yellow clouds float across its silver houses,” Enkalla Centurion in wonder.

“No it is Fermanian,” Mungo wondering how they would climb up to the gates?

“How do you know man thing?” Malachi grumbled for the papyrus books said god Telephassa lived with the Queen of Hurreva here and it was a gateway to Mount Tullos where the gods lounged and all lizards that died as martyrs got there to be served by maidens, truly Heaven

“The air is full of Fermanian dung,” Mungo replied and walked onto a roadway.

“Dung?” And Malachi sniffed before he felt he had been had and gave an indigent snort.

The Elder rolled about laughing and scratching fleas.

“The Hurrevians will think we are invading with our numbers,” Enkalla warned seeing signal flags.

“They do,” Mungo shouted and Malachi cursed for above came warriors in baskets held aloft by gas filled seeds and large drums were being beaten in them.

Mungo

“Why didn’t I think of putting the fern swamp tree seed to such use?” Mungo asked as the first basket hovered fifty feet above, “then I could fly.”

Malachi tapped his head then drew an arrow.

“Put this on slave,” a voice above the owner of manacles thrown at his feet.

“I will not,” Mungo shouted up and an arrow replied.

“Wait brother Fermanians I am Malachi, you must have heard of me, I know I am famous and there is trade between Telephassa and Hurreva. I come in peace and seek service within your city as a hunter.

We all do, we are all mighty men wishing to give our shields to the glory of Hurreva.”

“I didn’t know you were famous Malachi?” Mungo.

“Not know Mungo.”

And a mirror flashed from the basket to Hurreva which answered.

“I don’t like the look of their faces, maybe my fame hasn’t reached here?” Malachi and winked at Mungo.

“The Fermanians must put on manacles and their truth established in the Arena of Criminals when they get their weapons back,” the voice shouted down, “but the man thing will go to the slave pen.”

“They are crazy; don’t they know who I am?” Mungo complained walking away from Malachi waving up.

Mungo

“Obviously but in case they don’t, don’t tell them,” Malachi warned too late and Mungo was greeted with laser, arrows and lances so he fled.

Wise thing to do.

“You have killed one of us and wounded two,” Malachi shouted up and those above seeing Mungo gone into the jungle stopped killing.

“Malachi’s arrow killed too and nets dropped that had pythons coiling them making freeing oneself a nightmare.

And Mungo roared and came and cut free Leah then the others but was trapped himself as a python’s coils dropped over his body.

“Pythons cousins of the serrant without stumpy legs,” mazarrats in the jungle chorused.

And the last to help was Sasha come to aid Mungo and when she was trapped her lion kind came to free her.

And Mungo did not fear as he was lifted into the air but took in all the detail of the land below and the approaching city and threw a decapitated snake’s head at his captors and it fell below amongst armed mazarrats who had appeared from nowhere.

“Armed mazarrats?” It was heard shouted by the captors..

“Mungo,” was Leah’s silent warning as a Pterodactyl flew out of the yellow clouds and attacked his net, and here the decapitated python's body dropped into upon lizard men in a basket below Mungo who were knocked over board screaming as the headless giant torso thrashed.

Mungo

And the Pterodactyl seeing the lizard men an easier supper flew for them.

“Shot it down, shot it down,” a centurion shouted to his men in the baskets and Mungo was able to think.

“Mungo fly,” Malachi proclaiming his belief that Mungo was capable of anything.

It was now the time for The Elder to stare disbelieving at Malachi, “What faith?” He added and dared to look to see if Mungo flew.

Leah screamed in terror for her love for Mungo was a woman’s logic.

“You read too much pulp fiction,” Nannaha laughed as Leah swooned seeing Mungo fall and then he was out of sight as their baskets flew into an empty plastic sphere surrounding Hurreva City, then a second sphere which had parasitic plants emitting antibiotic gases and then a third which heavily armed Fermanians rode tamed Pteranodons covered in brass armour plates.

“To the Arena of Criminals then Malachi?” Enkalla joked hugging his son full of worry breaking the stunned silence.

“He **was** The Wild One wasn’t he?” Akkad asked.

The Elder didn’t reply, he had devoted his whole life to Wild One tales and prophecies and it was a lie for nothing said Mungo would die like this? And then the timing of the armed mazarrats had been late and he blamed them for his predicament; he should be free.

Mungo

And was smart enough to realise the armed mazarrats had come up against flying weapons and had been ineffective against them. Therefore a new weapon was needed to combat these Fermanian trapeze artists, *flying mazarrats of course!*

And The Elder was the only one amongst them that saw IF the lizards could build a floating city, they could travel the stars if they woke up one day, it was a frightening thought.

And Nannaha laughed for she saw their predicament, they had given their lives for a joke.

But Mungo was not dead as he fell he caught trailing vines underneath the floating city for he was thinking.

Nor was afraid and as he leapt his heart calm as he scrambled down an uncoiling net and the python living there tried to bite him.

“Ugly legless brute with no brains,” Mungo shouted at it, “leave me or I will kill you,” but the snake was hungry and shot its head out which Mungo stuck his dagger in.

And it was it that fell as a blur to his watching friends and others.

“He is falling, the damn man is truly dead,” Nahanna saying epitaph.

“Mungo,” Leah screamed.

And the python hit the ground below as a puff of dust.

And The Elder shook his head in shock.



Illustration 19: Wicked lizard woman Nahanna

Now Mungo swung underneath the floating city of Hurreva with these words, “I have much to thank Moragana for she taught me how the apes do this,” and he made ape and monkey talk for he joyed at being alive.

He swung with no safety net below.

And saw sewage openings and jumped for one and caught railings and hung there.

And watched the net he had left fall hundreds of feet to the swamp below made from what came out of the openings!

“Leah and my friends need me,” he said and climbed the rungs into darkness.

Mungo

“Will I ever know true happiness?” Leah asked.

Malachi said nothing.

The Elder threw his arms out so the power of the universe, Mungo’s unnamed God could tell him what must be done or he was at a loss.

It was fortunate John Wrexham and Cameron Black were not there to see or they did burn their baboon for blasphemy.

Only humans could be the Lord’s anointed prophets.

Hurreva City.

“My Lord Artebrates trust not Carman,” the hunchback whispered to him with his back to the security cameras.

And Artebrates knew he didn’t need reminding.

And behind him Wonder Lord Vinki doing his best to win the sympathy of Queen Ishtar of Hurreva as all waited for the captives to arrive.

“Mighty One,” a herald careful not to let his excitement make him shout fell at their feet, “Mungo has fallen to his death; a detachment of guards has left the city to search the swamp below for his body.”

“Our common foe The Wild One is dead?” Ishtar said looking at Carman and happy took off her red ruby ring and gave it to Carman.

Carman kissed it.

It was noticed by all.

Mungo

“The alliance is still needed Mighty One for the subjugation of all humans,” Vinki quickly pointed out fearing his new commercial ventures in Hurreva would collapse without a common threat.

And Lord Artebrates felt a twinge of regret that Mungo was dead. Deep down he envied Mungo his freedom and had wanted to be the one to cage him and then what?

Let him go for Artebrates knew without Mungo an era representing his own life would be over.

“Don’t believe it till the body is found,” the hunchback advised.

Queen Ishtar smiled over crackling fingers and joints and threw one at the hunchback, for she had taken pity upon his deformity.

“Gracious majesty,” and the hunchback made a show of noisily extracting marrow and did not enjoy for the human bone made him think of Leah who loved Mungo.

“Curse the day my seed marries a slave,” he thought knowing the Fermanian genes inside Leah came from him and wondered if his father Artebrates remembered sending him to the vats and gene banks as a donor for he was full of poppy at the time and thought it a jolly good joke.

“There are carnivorous creatures down there,” Artebrates hoping they wouldn’t find Mungo and the legend could survive and he Artebrates would lead safari’s into the unmapped parts and receive glory from the Geological Society.

Mungo

“Fear not the alliance, we are equals Carman, sisters,” Ishtar Mighty One to Carman who returned her stare and Vinki saw desire there and was glad he would not be needed, he could vanish into go downs and inspect contraband.

Tactfully he backed away.

And Carman thought, “Witch of the floating city I will have you make me joy and no other. Agree to the signing of wills to make both cities one in case of death and the death shall be yours.” For Carman knew Ishtar was mightier in arms than she and why she had kissed the red ring as a sign of submission, the younger sister awaiting the command of the older sister.

And Ishtar thought, “Carman I am dominant in all I own and I shall chain you to the end of my bed and there you will grow old emptying my chamber pot.

These were nice people!

At this moment Malachi, Enkalla and Leah were brought in as trumpeters drew attention to them and Leah found Malachi held her chains to protect the young she carried, for he was saying to all she no danger, she is mine, leave her, show her mercy, and the chains he hoped would stop the Queens ordering Leah chained up roughly so hurting her.

“Malachi was his friend,” a mazarrat in a cage sweetly sang.

And The Elder acted ape so all saw mazarrats had peanuts for brains, he sang and picked fruit from a bowl.

And Nannaha broke from their ranks and fled to Artebrates.

Mungo

“Well my famed hunter seeking sanctuary?” Carman and Ishtar blinked and a guard slapped Malachi’s back with a halberd so he crumpled.

And all seeing Carman understood why they had not been welcomed, the witch had got here first.

Now Leah sank to her belly to protect the foetus or foetuses from a blow for she was part Fermanian who could bring forth many young.

“Leah beat me and Malachi raped me, even Enkalla his brother,” Nannaha lied.

“Enkalla and his little one, a shame they must be separated for the law states a condemned has no rights over his young,” Carman hissed and Enkalla pleaded the rights of the Arena of Criminals hoping to win his freedom and son.

“Even Akkad sat on my back and rode me like a pha degrading Lord Artebrates comforter,” Nannaha again.

“But you are going to the arena Enkalla, all of you except Leah and Akkad,” Ishtar replied stroking Leah’s soft curling long blond hair.

And Enkalla pained and felt like strangling Nannaha who was pulling Akkad away proclaiming she would be guardian.

“In a week’s time,” Ishtar added and the brothers saw themselves weak from malnutrition and torture unable to defend themselves against laboratory mutants.

“Oh Mighty One, Leah is innocent of all Nannaha’s claims,” the hunchback giving rose water to Leah to sip.

Mungo

And Carman was stopped slapping the porcelain bowl away by Ishtar who never broke a beautiful object, whether of stone, china or flesh.

And Artebrates said nothing earning loathing from his son the hunchback. More when Nannaha clasped him like a squid and shouted The Elder knew many secrets and mazarrats were an intelligent race spying on Fermanians.

“The red sun has touched your head child,” Ishtar sympathetically and when Nannaha protested Artebrates silenced her, two Mighty Ones were present and Nannaha was a Comforter.

So The Elder threw a banana skin at Nannaha and sang “Nannaha is a mazarrat.”

Many courtiers laughed.

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“We cannot escape,” Malachi looking out the open veranda as no bars were necessary. If they had wings they might fly as pigs could fly.

“Come away from there brother, this city shakes from methane build ups,” Enkalla warned which made Angus Ogg look out and was made dizzy by the height. Mungo he knew was not a pig.

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“That mazarrat had wit,” Carman to Ishtar eating grapes as they lunged on cushions and why she was more cunning than Ishtar for she sensed Nahanna spoke some truth.

“Nonsense, it is argued they are a cross between an ape and a mongoose,” Ishtar replied and shut her eyes as a fanner fanned with peacock feathers.

Mungo

And the fanner was human.

“It takes intelligence to make wit,” Carman troubled wishing she were in her own city Telephassa; her dungeons would made The Elder speak..

“My sister in desire, give orders to have its tail snipped, fur burnt and then thrown from our walls if it pleases you to make it talk like us,” Ishtar for this Mighty One hated men; even a mazarrat male with a peanut for a brain.

“I will,” Carman who never let an opportunity pass to be cruel.

“As it falls we we all listen to what it screams, usually the sight of the ground rushing up makes them say many things they would not say. Better than getting the truth out of them when they are drunk. Men are all the same, yes we shall throw that baboon off a wall and listen, also watch, it is good sport.

Such the Mighty Queens of the Fermanian cruel race.

