

## Mungo

What The Elder told young mazarrats?

“Once upon a time a lizard Berserka carried a message of trade from Peelock to Lord Vinki flying a bright yellow saucer ship across the yellow sky, “The Elder telling young, “why so bright a colour was painted shows one cannot fathom lizard minds; it was so bright it is revolting and looks like a spinning yellow bird or a sun fallen from the clouds.”

Then Mungo saw the brightness hovering over a water hole as the warrior used his sextant to determine his position and Mungo fell in love with the yellow machine.

Now at Giant Footstep Rock, Mungo climbed for the yellow craft must pass here and here Mungo dropped into the machine and his falling weight drove his sword through the lizard who collapsed dead.

Now Mungo had no idea how to control the bright yellow machine and that shows us how dangerous he is.

And the yellow craft hit the Giant Footsteps’ and dented and Mungo pushed the controls down and the machine skidded on brown sand below.

“It wants me for tea for I can hear its tummy rumbling with hunger,” Mungo shouted hitting the metal engine cover.

“And shows mazarrats know more about technology than lion things, but he is the chosen Wild One and we must help,” mazarrats sang.

Then the lion left his mind and man’s reasoning came banishing fear.

## Mungo

“This button is red and has the Fermanian word STOP. I will pull or press and see what befalls?” And Mungo did and was happy the engine fell silent. But the craft fell straight down and landed on a bush so was saved damage but Mungo was thrown up then down so he landed on his head.

Now how to start and there was only one other button, green and Mungo pressed and the engine tummy rumbled and Mungo leapt away and returned with sword held out, *just in case.*

“He is lion man thing do not forget and full of hate, a wounded beast who loves Sasha now for Leah is gone,” a mazarrat called.

And Mungo sat at the controls and saw if he slid the pedals out the wing flaps moved and the black column stick tilted the head and tail.

“It is only a bird and birds I eat,” and confidently waited for the yellow saucer bird to fly and it did not.

“Wa wa wa listen bird fly or be cooked,” he shouted and The Elder smiled and you young mazarrats laugh for you know a control stick controls speed but not Mungo.

“Yes it was I who will teach, push the stick forward man lion thing,” The Elder from a safe distance and Mungo heard.

“Wa wa wa how can a mazarrat know?” Mungo’s arrogant reply, but he was a man thing.

“So I threw ripe fruit at him till he noticed me and chased me and I would not stop throwing fruit at him till he sat down crossed legged.

## Mungo

“We mazarrats know more than anyone, we are the keepers of all knowledge yet don’t boast it.

Listen Mungo, to the least is given the most, from the greatest is taken away.

We have nothing but songs and carving knives to write history on bark,” but Mungo sat there as if he hadn’t heard, but he was Mungo with a hunting lion’s sense so The Elder being me stayed put up my tree.”

“The lever you push forward for speed and pull back to slow and the speaking box tell it where to go and the bird will take you,” I added to the stubborn lion man thing.

Still he sat and I thought he didn’t believe me, then he got in and pushed the lever and he went round in circles upon the brown sand.

“Yaw a wa I puke,” for he was not good at flying even upon the sand.

And I did what all sensible mazarrats do when exposed to the noon day red sun; I slept knowing I was safe from the lion man thing for this lion needed a harpist to soothe his mind.

And awoke to find him crashed in cacti.

“Oh mazarrat please help me, come pull the thorns out.”

But I would not for he might eat me like he chopped off all heads these days!

“You are crazy, your word is like dung now. I throw stones at you, all you think is Leah, well if you want her that bad go get her but don’t expect me to pull thorns out of a crazy lion,” I shouted at him.

But at least I wasn’t throwing ripe fruit at him.

## Mungo

Now my idea took hold for humans know they think for themselves.

“I will do that,” he shouted back and roared and roared and became excited and I saw how lean and empty his belly was when he arched back roaring.

Saw how only a mazarrat could fill it.

“Come and show me how to hover like a fly?”

I tapped my head several times in reply; this was not the same Mungo I knew long ago.

“Do as I say, I am Mungo.”

“You are not a king, Red Hide lives and to be like a fly on dung push the red lever this way and that way insect.”

And he shot into the sky as a dot.

Now see how we mazarrats obey what Mungo dances too, he must fulfil the papyrus prophesy, that he is royal, must be a king and all I did was plant the idea of Red Hide’s death in his mind.

We all know what drives man things, greed and lust and converting things that they don't own.

And the bright machine slammed to a stop above me.

And Mungo shouted above the engine, “I can fly I can fly.”

“Better just speak to the bird and let it fly,” I knowing he would kill himself but he ignored for humans want control. And at the same time I used one eye to scan my surroundings just in case I needed to jump out of his reach.

## Mungo

“I hunger,” I expected this, “come, I will fly us home.”

“Mungo doesn’t dance any more just listens to voices in his head, one says eat humans sweetmeat from Peelock’s warriors and he does, another says, make Sasha’s belly swell and does.”

“Be careful Elder for my voices say you are nice and tender.”

“Another voice says wear a crown made of nuts and vines and Mungo does,” and I tapped my head and at this he danced from anger not love, and ripped out the lizard flyer’s liver and waving it he ate and roared like a lion.

“I am king of the lions, he boasted.

“You are king of Moragana’s grass bed.”

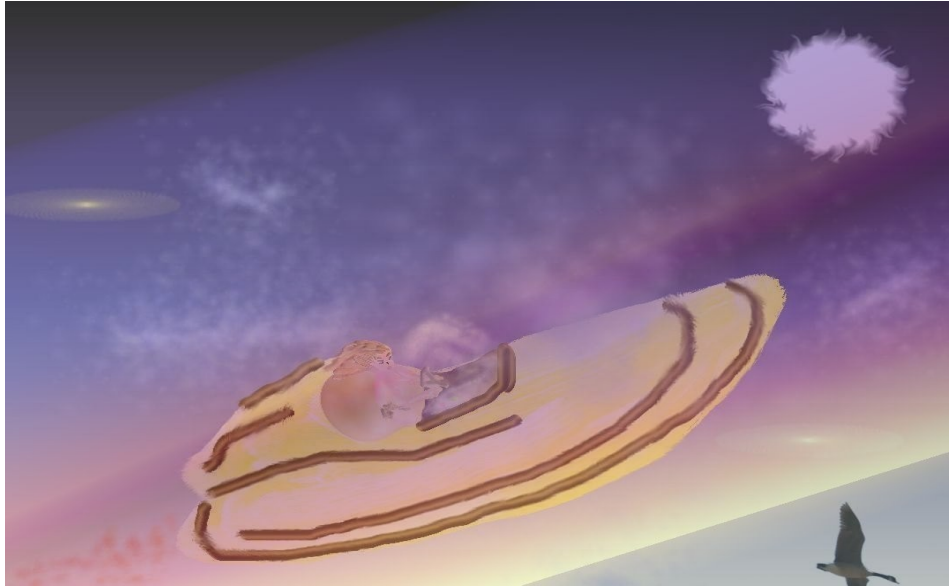
“She loves me.”

“Yes yes, but when will you burn Telephassa to the ground?” And realised my mistake.

“With this yellow bird before the moon is full,” he and I put it down to human arrogance.

*Oh yes he would show all his warriors the bright yellow machine and they would follow him towards Telephassa, why else had the machine been given Mungo?*

“Now I tire, tomorrow I will tell you how to attack,” and yawned and saw the impatience in Mungo's eyes.



*Illustration 25: The yellow machine*

And the attack was mighty; Mungo flew his yellow bird across the marsh.

Ah the marsh is an unhealthy place. Poisonous snakes and marsh crocodiles, but still thousands came following mazarrat drummers, “Mungo Mungo Mungo,” chanting, yes this is true for marsh mazarrats witnessed.

And all wondered where mazarrats had learned to make and play drums?

And at the first wall of defence about Telephassa City this horde killed all they found, the young and old, the drunk and poorly armed and at the second wall of defence about Telephassa City, hundreds of the horde fell dead from lizard archers, well armed and armoured.

And here a Serrant lived too.

## Mungo

*“It was not Mungo’s fault,” we mazarrats must sing to make sure his warriors see him as a king and don’t make broth out of him.”*

“Ah Mungo, remember me, it is I the Serrant and know where Leah is?” And Mungo forgot his climbing warriors scaling the second wall for he was obsessed with Leah.

“This city is mine,” and forgot the Serrant was evil, “take me in your yellow bird to Leah?” The Serrant added and Mungo imagining beautiful Leah allowed the cousin of the Fermanian beside him and it bit and threw coils about him.

Perhaps if the Serrant had showed patience it might have had Mungo over Fermanian lines but: who saved Mungo?

Malachi by tail cast the Serrant down the second wall.

“Wah save me,” the Serrant hissed in mid-air.

“Mungo,” was all Malachi said as blood fountained from Mungo’s throat and Mungo flew Mungo to John’s surgeons.

“Mungo is dead, Mungo is dead,” the warriors of the horde shouted, wept and fled the attack.

And at John’s ranch Mungo was pallid and John thinking him dying planned no evil, but went and sat on his veranda with Cameron Black drinking under the mazarrat lavender sun.

“Can get rid of the lizard now?” Cameron asked.

### Mungo

“Don’t have too; just fell on his sword for failing to protect Mungo his Lord and Master, these lizards surely like dying?” John as Angus Ogg pulled Malachi away from Mungo.

“At least will hold the first wall,” John gloating over the victory but it was a poor victory for Carman knew the wall defenceless so offered the weakest of her warriors there to slow down the horde.

“Why did Mungo not ask Malachi how to fly the yellow saucer bird?” A young mazarrat asked The Elder who replied, “Because Mungo is more human than he realises.”

“Is Mungo dead?” A very young mazarrat.

“Mungo is the jungle, is the jungle dead?” The Elder chided.

And John and Cameron hearing this talk shivered.

Now evil entered their heads, maybe it was time to help Mungo die with the aid of a pillow

### Cathbadh

“You have done well Serrant, now I can tell Carman my plan worked and patience is a virtue. She will advance me above Vinki and my position in her private chamber secure for she is the loneliest woman I know.”

“Hiss, can I go home to my wall?”



## Mungo

“The humans will make shoes and belts of you for what you did too Mungo. One Serrant looks like any other, hundreds of your kind have perished for your crime already, for their cast aside flesh now feeds flies and rodents.

For hundreds of millenniums too come man will hate the Serrant that lurks in the grass.”

“Hiss, my crime?”

“You murdered Mungo.”

“Hiss,” and the Serrant was quiet as outside the window a mob raced on its way to The Mighty One Carman’s castle demanding all tax raising powers be given to the Senate.

“Vinki you are a greedy fool, she knows you are behind this, taking the opportunity of Mungo’s attack to divide the city further and weaken it more. Make sure Vinki you don’t let the humans in who will close your Senate and then mount you on a wall as a trophy?”

“Hiss, master you are so wise.”

“I know,” and then “argh, I am summoned,” Cathbadh as a signal from a star ship reached his thoughts and the Serrant coiled under a rug fearing the god that spoke to Cathbadh.

“Clinton, yes Clinton, you land in six years.”

## Mungo

And Cathbadh sighed, a lot could be done in six years, who knows maybe he did greet the captain and show them how well he treated humans and then they did leave him to rule Telephassa.

Maybe he did invent new weapons and fight the new arrivals.

Maybe was a lot to ask of a disunited Fermanian world where city states existed all distrusting each other.

And all remembered what Carman did with a little push and then Ishtar was no more.

