

Mungo

Nannaha's bite

Nannaha called, "Fine gentleman want a young girl?"

And the lizard in fine pink silks hurried on afraid someone noticed he had looked at the outcast Nannaha.

And Nannaha cursed Mungo.

"How much Nannaha?" A following dandy asked to be antisocial.

Nannaha smiled, "For you dinner and rent."

So the dandy with his human femur walking cane lifted her thin black cotton kilt and smiled.

"I see why Vinki loved you," words chosen wisely and Nannaha rubbed her forehead in submission on his sandals.

She was seeking a new Lord and Master.

And at once the dandy wiped his soles on her hair and was satisfied, "Come," he and stopped off at a dressers and bought Nannaha fancy clothes.

"Beautiful as I remember you," he and Nannaha froze holding up red linen; yes he was familiar but who? Did it matter; she had had dozens like him seeking to master the mysterious Nannaha.

And he took her to a neighbourhood famed for mistresses and greed entered Nannaha for she saw herself this young naïve dandy's kept woman.

Mungo

Up a wooden stair case at an inn as the innkeeper filled tankards with warm minted beer as a fire sizzled with fat dripping from a spitted slave.

Human of course for Telephassa was a lizard city.

“I am hungry, I work better on food,” Nannaha told the dandy.

He nodded, told her to go to the red door and summoned a waitress and ordered six ribs in lemon and some broth.

At the door Nannaha found no reply so entered finding the room warmed by stored solar heat and a table set with the remains of warm food.

A bath foamed with salts nearby to the solar panels.

And Nannaha undressed and slipped into the bath never noticing in the dim light a man in a chair.

“It should taste sweet and juicy for she was young,” the dandy entering putting down the food and then helped her wash and he liked, for her skin glowed under the bubbles.

Why Nannaha crooned with pleasure.

“I see you have met my seventh cousin removed,” the dandy indicting Nannaha follow his line of sight and she made turbulence in the bath so soapy water splashed onto the floor.

A silent man had watched her undress while she touched her body preparing it for work.

Even one such as Nannaha could be embarrassed.

“Hello love’.”

“Vinki,” she gasped with recognition.

And Vinki got off the chair and approached dangling a gold torc as a gift.

Now Nannaha remembered who the dandy was, Isisaramman the little dung head who as a teenager pulled her bosoms when she bathed. The little twit who preferred to lose his virginity sleeping with slaves than with the beautiful Nannaha.

The cruel one who slid a hot lance into her bum when she slept and Nannaha feared;
he wasn't little any more.

Yet her fingers closed upon the gold and it was hers.

“You will become Cathbadh’s comforter,” Vinki opening the door on the next chapter of her life.

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“It is Lord Artebrates, he sits in his howdah as if Lord of all things,” Malachi to Mungo.

“Then we will give him all things,” and Mungo signalled so catapults threw packets that at Pteranodons feet exploded.

“What is this?” Artebrates covered in brown dust now.

More detonated killing lizard men and Mungo rode Ono the lioness with Sasha about to be deliberately seen.

At once the mass of warriors, human and lizards attacked Artebrates.

“Charge,” it was the worst command Artebrates ever gave.

Mungo

You see as long as lizards used humans as slaves they could never realise men things could outsmart them.

And Mungo did what the mazarrats sang later, “He had trenches filled with spikes.”

Also, “Mungo left his lions and rode his yellow bird and trailed behind him hooks.”

“Wah I am dead,” Artebrates a hook in his left hand.

“And in closed ranks, human Berserkas armed with missile weapons pored death into the lizard charge,” the mazarrats.

“And Mungo fired the trenches and Pteranodons burned.

“Let only the pha riders and lions go after the lizards,” and Malachi looked at Mungo above and said, “My little human general.”

“One day I will eat that slave,” Artebrates as he fled.

“How can a slave defeat you again and again?” Carman much later and should have listened to Mungo’s roar, “I am a lion thing man thing.”

“Perhaps the answer lies in the inventions that you have used for peaceful purposes when you should be like men, and use your flying machines for war. Are you so afraid of change that you still fight the traditional ways?” A mazarrat called The Elder sang.

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“My belly is full, you must make me queen, when will you kill Red Hide?” Sasha asked.

“What harm has he done me?” Mungo.



Illustration 26: Ono the black lioness

“Because your cubs must have an inheritance,” Sasha opening her favourite ruby dress of Carman’s and Mungo saw her womb was full.

“What have I done thee Leah my sweet?” Mungo and hurt for Sasha was not Leah.

“Leah is dead, you know she was sent to the vats to be boiled down back to lizard broth, you must forget her for now I am new life,” but Mungo was not happy for he was still possessed with Leah and would have fallen upon his copper sword if Malachi was not present.

“He wants a human woman,” Ono from a rhododendron meaning Keira.

Mungo

“I am Mungo, master of all,” Mungo and sought Keira who welcomed him.

“He no longer dances to the Unseen name, he has forgotten goodness,” Sasha and Ono agreed.

“His manhood rules his head, he is right, he is master of all easy lays,” Ono cursing Mungo’s sex drive.

And when Mungo had finished his business he felt as if his head was on fire.

“What ails thee lord?” Keira asked him.

“I see maggots that are the lizard dead come to haunt me, they suggest unclean things and I do them, help me Keira?” And she held his head on her chest.

Later when Mungo slept, “He is my lord,” Keira.

“God Telephassa sends unclean spirits to those who forget him,” Malachi sorry for Mungo had not asked to be master of all but was chosen. “He is lion thing and the strongest so the strongest propagate,” which was true for Mungo was The Wild One brought up without civilised values and Malachi wondered what those values were? “It is what I am fighting for, Mungo will follow his fathers and men will call him Mungo the Great but he is a killer and not great.

He will bring down Telephassa and lizard and men will then live together.

For that alone he has been chosen and as the scribes say one son will be wise and another mighty and another king, which, Leah’s or Sasha’s?” And Malachi opened his heart to what Mungo had danced too and cried with joy.

“Malachi tell me the name of Mungo’s unknown God?” Keira asked.

Mungo

“It is Unseen Spirit,” Malachi and Keira left him to seek Hamo, Angus Ogg’s son and be comforted for she was afraid of the unseen that went bump in the night.

“Mungo come with me,” Malachi helping Mungo to his yellow machine bird and instructed a harpist to follow and play, for in Telephassa music quells unclean spirits and Mungo went to Peelock’s castle.

“My love be careful, I almost lost you to your own sword, return to my cave,” Ono clutching Malachi.

“I will return,” and Malachi smiled and Ono feared Abel and Eve for they had almost killed Malachi during the battle and she had come across their scent often in the jungle.

“Hunting lions hunt the great hunter, will I have to kill my own children for Malachi my lover in twilight years,” she asked watching Malachi depart.

And remembered how Malachi had come to her drunk and asked for a bed.

“Expect me to sleep with the lizard that took my cubs?”

“And replaced them with The Wild One.”

And Ono sighed knowing fate had stolen her cubs and her hate for Malachi crumpled.

“I have always wanted you, at first planned to have you and sell you to harlots for you are beautiful,” Malachi.

“You say I am still beautiful, how can this be? I am old.”

“I too am old serving your cub Mungo and only want you now for myself. We have much in common and I have not known a woman since I joined Mungo.”

Mungo

“I have not known a man since Mungo threw me in the cacti and never a lizard man thing. Your heart is good; you love Mungo my cub and will die for him. You are a true Fermanian, brave and fearless so come Malachi great hunter and take away our lonely hearts.”

And that is how Malachi knew Ono whom he had wanted since the first lunar day he saw her.

“Malachi was his friend,” and both heard and shivered over the word ‘was.’

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Now The Elder was mighty sore in spirit for Mungo was not acting how a saviour should. He had not swept aside the old ways but indulged in them up to his armpits!

Where was the forgiveness and compassion that was supposed to be with The Wild One of the Unseen?

Instead he cut heads off and throws the trophies about as if they were water melons, and the bodies rolled into shallow ditches or were dragged out to the fields for the carrion to eat to save all the trouble of burying them.

“Dance Mungo, dance again and be filled with the Unseen and know that mercy is first before the Unseen spits you out like it has swallowed a bitter bug,” The Elder moaned also; “You are a tyrant Mungo, you sleep where your lust takes you without conscious. You are no better than Carman and Ishtar who abused you and you love Leah. What will you come to silence me for ever too for rubbing you? Stop killing

Mungo

and then the spirits of the dead will not haunt you and you won't need a harpist Mungo to soothe your brain.

Mungo the Wild One, how correct for he is so wild he has no boundaries and drags all back into the world where strongest rules, the rest servant.”

