

Mungo

Empress

red sun

And the building was made of chewed red dust and tunnels humid and lit by glow worms.

And the termites of Telephassa made it, the original slave workers of the Fermanian reptile ones.

“Are you sure you killed Mungo?”

Artebrates looked at the slim back of his empress trying not to let fear seep into his voice, “I am sure Mighty One,” he stuttered remembering waving his house flag and not hers.

And The Mighty One saw from the end of the Royal Observation Tunnel the rose flower below with humans on sixteen foot ladders plucking yellow petals as a coelophysis sat hunched holding reins to the flying wagon, waiting for it to fill up.

From the coelophysis head dropped a pink skull cap and about his groin a black lion cloth.

“Horrendous,” The Mighty One and Artebrates lost to her meaning advanced to see what she gazed at?

“The humans?” He salivated.....yellow clouds.

But Carman meant his flag waving exhibition.

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“Send for Cathbadh,” The Mighty One and left to walk down the Royal Observation Tunnel clapping hands to make the white bulbous termite workers hurry to send her message.

And Artebrates allowed a smile seeing the remains of runaway slaves, some dead and some moaning for Mungo’s deliverance.

“Always Mungo,” he spat and Carman now sitting on her solidified gold bee wax throne looked at him with pity. “We let the Death Root vine grow through their orifices and still others join Mungo,” The Mighty One.

Artebrates “They out breed us so can afford their losses,” and faced his empress relaxing since she showed understanding of his problem while below twenty six human prisoners were strapped to beams so young tender Death Root vines wrapped about them sucking the life out of them.

Flowers opened twenty feet higher up but it was the roots that yielded the bitter black poisonous gum.

Now and again a piece of human dropped to the ground as fertiliser.

And Carman saw Artebrates as a fragile old man and dismissed his flag waving as an old man’s folly and not a traitor rallying her enemies to his cause. Besides there was no one else to lead her armies apart from herself and she might get killed.

Why the aged decrypt Artebrates had had enough of war, he would not break her empire by civil war for his son Nudd whom she saw as the real threat needed being banished; their son.

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Silly of her, Artebrates in his youth had been her lover, but now, his skin was wrinkled, repulsive, not just from looks but from his stressful defeats from Mungo.

And now he had authorised the artists to chisel his great victory at Mungo's Mud House in the Temple of Fame. Already human masons who were better at details for their hands were nimbler had started work.

They had five fingered hands where as the number of fingers on a Fermanian was decided by the roll of genetic dice and what reptilian ancestor they hailed from

Some were still born with claws and these were quickly removed and lain outside the cities never to be seen again.

"Go ahead Artebrates carve yourself into history," she was tired of the wars and Artebrates.

At that moment his age relaxed his bowls and filled the room with his wind.

"Mungo's wound and he fell hard to the floor for forgiveness and hurt himself doing so.

And to be rid of him she kicked him toward the door and he fearing he might be done to death managed to leave the room quick enough.

The open door bringing relief to the stinky room.

When he was gone she checked her face for wrinkles.

The gene surgeons had done well all thanks too a tomato for shuttle genes had been reversed, not to give her new genes but to remove genes that caused a dead body to rot.

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“I am like the human Incorruptible One,” she smiled, seeing her body in a mausoleum visited by worshipping Fermanians as The Mighty One who destroyed the humans. Anyway: Artebrates had none, it was her desire he have none for his flag waving display.

“Die slowly Artebrates,” she hissed and Artebrates who wished for life knew she was selfish for selecting favourites for this gene therapy, while men who fought to secure her empire were allowed to die of old age.

And he hated her now for every bruise she put on his flesh and outside picked up his new bronze shield bearer.

And knew he was lucky to be still in command of the Southern Army because he had waved his house flag and not Carman’s flag and gasped at the numbers who came to it. As for her flag he had ripped it from her flag bearer and given it to his shield bearer to shred.

And this man Carman publicly blamed for raising Artebrates flag so had him executed, not Artebrates. She was not daft, she was aware of the numbers who had flocked to Artebrates flag; he would be disposed of naturally by old age and none would blame her.

But a mazarrat had seen.

“The battle had been hard fought and our dead numerous but Mungo was dead,” Artebrates personal letter to Carman who planned Hebat her fourteen year old to replace Artebrates and win the armies heart and then she would eat Artebrates.

## Mungo

that was OK she would acquire his generalship by doing so; the public would like that.

And Artebrates knew he had successfully got his empress drunk and bedded four years past by reminding her of their past affair and when she awoke next day, she was revolted by the wrinkled prune she had entwined herself about.

This union had made the boy Nudd.

With such thoughts he tumbled into his sedan chair and drew the red curtains shutting the world outside.

His hands creaked with arthritis and he felt the scars of battle Mungo had put on him.

Gone was the spring of his back legs from years of riding the armoured Triceratops replaced by bow legs from riding the saddle.

Always being summoned to the Mighty One straight from the hunt before bathing in rose scented milk. No wonder The Mighty One favoured Lord Vinki?

Always Mungo, Mungo and now Mungo was dead and with this thought came fear. The Mighty One Carman would no longer need him and then?

And remembered waving his house flag and feared.

Remembered the male child Hebat from the union of Carman and her brother Annunaki who had died on the field with Mungo's spear in his back while Artebrates sat drinking warm green tea in his field tent.

Why by god Telephassa had he allowed Annunaki to lead a scouting party that day?

Why had Mungo been in the area when he shouldn't have?

Peelock had reported him miles away!

## Mungo

Why had Carman sent her beloved Annunaki in the first place?

And Artebrates had been blamed.

His tongue had been spliced so he would speak with a dribble for ever more.

But Nudd's lineage to the throne was now secure and he had nothing to do with it!

Even when they tortured him further and prized off his belly scales so his innards threatened to spill out he proclaimed his innocence over Annunaki's death.

In the end blinded in one eye from the heat of a dagger and deaf in one ear from a stick pushed in, Carman believed allowed him life.

*But she knew he was innocent anyway.*

She just wanted the public to stop thinking she had murdered Annunaki. Put the suspicion on someone like Artebrates and have him tortured a little for effect, not too much or the army did revolt.

He was always a useful scapegoat, in the past, present and for the future, scapegoats were always needed.

And as he made his way through the Companion Tunnel he prayed to a statue of Telephassa for war against Carman. Nudd could be emperor, his son and because he had served another all his life did not think to make himself emperor.

Now the Mighty One had returned to the observation box and had watched the coelophysis drive the wagon away, cracking the whip on thirty humans pulling it towards the lunching pad where dandelion balloons would take the pollen to royal granaries.



*Illustration 33: Genetically altered to solve the Fermanian problems, but was coelophysis super slave come solder too late?*

“Annunaki had to die,” Carman mused not seeing a secret door open behind a bull headed statue of a praying mantis.

And Cathbadh entered heard and glided to stand at her back. And knew why she had spared old Artebrates because she had paid Peelock to lie about Mungo, knowing Annunaki was going to his death and thus one more claimant to her throne gone.

Annunaki had got ambitious, wanted the Rose Throne for himself. She knew he preferred his own sex, was more into poppy seed than Artebrates, was a drunk, only thought of lining his pockets and gambling and had made the mistake of hitting her and the only difference between them was that she held the power.

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And Annunaki was only one in a line of lovers, she had no intention of putting a man on the throne except her son; there had not a man since King Sess.

Besides no one hit her and that had been Annunaki's big mistake; even his beauty could not save him.

He also had human blood in him that if became common knowledge would be the end of the Rose Throne.

He also bedded whores and paid them for perversions and had the pox.

A secret she had had to endure for the empress must be disease free.

Annunaki had had to die.

"One day I will spin around and stab you Cathbadh if you keep entering in unannounced."

"If I was an assassin I would have killed you Mighty One, I am instead your favourite," and slipped his lilac scented hands about her waist.

At last she turned and looked into the eyes of her bin.

Cathbadh to rid her mind of bad thoughts against him changed the subject and concluded she was too infatuated with him to notice his dealings with the star ship. Her Tu, spirit was tired of being in this physical world, he would have to encourage her departure; he was not the worthless drunk Annunaki and would make no mistakes.

*He was just another man in a line of lovers who had thought the same thoughts.*

They were all dead; Cathbadh only lived as he was useful.

And as lust filled his eyes she read his thoughts for his mental barrier was down.



## Mungo

She would soon have the human masons seal that secret tunnel with Cathbadh behind it, you see she was paranoid, it came with the job.

So Cathbadh better wake up, but he was a man, full of himself, and Carman was a mixed up woman and it never occurred to him she read his body language time and time again.

*Bring on the masons!*

And she saw his ruthlessness as dominance, and no one dominated her.

And in the Tunnel of Fame human masons carved Lord Artebrates riding a Triceratops pushing his barbed lance into Mungo's head.

Another group dusted a six foot aquaria rock with more pictures showing Artebrates cutting off with his war club six heads belonging to the six companions of Mungo.

And the human stone masons groaned not wanting to believe they had no deliverer any the more the more.

**Cathbadh**

"Captain Clinton we cannot enter orbit as the main booster has failed," an engineer reported.

Clinton looked at the red ball in front of him and wondered how humans could have colonised this inhospitable looking planet. It looked too much like the Red Planet back home; he also knew the red sun meant nothing; he had seen blue suns and expected to see other colours before he passed over.

Not all suns burned as Earth's as a nuclear fireball.

## Mungo

He knew black holes existed to take the curious explorer into new dimension of Edinburgh Clark's magnetic energy new worlds of Saint Paul, "We are surrounded by unseen worlds."

"We got too land, Cathbadh said the place is crawling with lizards eating humans, we got to land and save our people," and forgot he was going to make Cathbadh governor as agreed; Cathbadh was one of them lizards that ate human sweetmeat.

And visualised spanking new reptile leather shoes in his cupboard.

Whereas Cathbadh was visualising seeing himself sitting on the Rose Throne with human space marines behind him, the real power and as long as he did what Captain Clinton wanted could lord it over all.

Human and Fermanians would live together almost as equals and that was better than be a lizard latrine cleaner.

And pity he couldn't see Captain's Clinton's thoughts for the man had just remembered Cathbadh and there was a vacancy for a toilet cleaner aboard ship.

