

Mungo

Lust

And Mungo left deep tracks in the mangrove mud that was a natural defensive for Telephassa City and now stood below a sixteen foot clay wall no longer roaring. Lions roaring yes for his roar had set of challenges and those Fermanians who did not recognise his roar thought the noise commonplace.

And mazarrats added to the din, just to be annoying of course.

Also the hum of a crystallization plant where crystals filtered brackish water feeding city water pipes.

And the wall was cheaply made by an army of thirty six thousand slaves who lived in barracks on the Telephassa side of the wall a mile away on drier soil.

And Mungo noted where the pipes went but did not know it took the slaves twenty years to build the walls of Telephassa City and he stood on slave graves and one skeleton was exposed covered in osteophytes, bony outgrowths caused by heavy labour and the spine crushed by a falling limestone block.

And Mungo wrinkled his nose for the mangroves stank of sewage.

An unhealthy place and small bull sharks swam amongst the shallows for they were capable of living in both fresh and salt water.

And in the summer plankton came with the tide carrying hitch hiking cholera.

Mungo

And swarms of biting insects left Mungo alone for he had berry juice rubbed on and as jungle talk had it, Telephassa City was rife with Purple Fever, so he ate red mangrove melon to protect himself.

Another had been here under the red moon, the hunchback over seeing the refilling of beakers full of jam made from white Calceolaria flower containing naphtoquinones to kill bugs naturally resistant to Fermanian insecticides.

The bugs carried liver flukes and other nasties.

He had also checked a pseudomona bacteria meter for they ate leaking oil in freezing conditions for winter was blowing in from the North Pole.

“This is easy,” Mungo spoke to Ono as they heard the armour of guards above fade as then he climbed after the fashion of primates.

“You are a foolish young man; you have Sasha for cubs so why sniff about the skirt pleats of a Fermanian witch?” Ono angrily wanting to tell Mungo that Leah was a Comforter but afraid Mungo might succeed in capturing Leah and then he did leave his mother who said cruel things about Leah.

And several times Mungo stopped as guards passed and then Mungo was above and.....

“Wow a man thing,” and Mungo faced an adolescent Fermanian in cotton armour from a poor regiment as the Fermanians put their expendables up front.

And Mungo sailed through the air landing both feet on the lad’s chest so fell together on hay below with Mungo just missing a pitchfork.

Mungo

Now Mungo could have killed for the lad was hated Fermanian but saw terror in those pink eyes and knew the soldier was a boy, not adult.

So Mungo with the boy soldier's own sword hilt coshed and Mungo's spirit gladdened he had not taken life he had not made for once; *he was not all man thing.*

Now while Mungo approached the lighted trench that was the third defensive line of Telephassa City, Sasha came to Ono.

"What has the lizard woman have that I do not have?"

And Sasha stood erect so Carman's red ruby dress fell alluring about her limbs.

"She is made after his own kind," Ono replied.

"She is made from slime scooped from middens," Sasha spat, "why cannot he take this human women just as Comforter instead of this mud and come with me?" Sasha bitterly.

"Mungo has seen man things, freed them from their lizard masters but never seen a female of his own kind," Ono looking up the wall and fell silent as guards passed.

"In my belly is young," Sasha and stood to open her dress and rub her belly and Ono saw Sasha was grotesquely human in appearance, what had Sasha been doing? *A mazarrat knew who had been drinking potions in a power station.*

"Mungo's," Ono afraid of Red Hide for she had seen Sasha lie with lions to make Mungo jealous.

"Of course," and Sasha then bounded up the wall and vanished.

Mungo

“Eya what shame Mungo brings me to abandon Red Hide’s daughter with cubs for a vat whore,” Ono screamed and rent her fur.

Now Sasha followed Mungo’s scent to the young lad tied up.

“I will kill you because you are lizard and Mungo’s young are hungry,” and ate until she realised she was too heavy to run so lay down for an hour.

She ate him because Mungo had rejected her for a piece of slime.

Now Mungo’s act of kindness had not gone unnoticed for mazarrats, those creatures possessed with intelligence and sought after by civilised races of New Uranus had watched with their many coloured eyes.

They also saw what Sasha did.

And it would take three months before a trapped mazarrat would sing about it from a cage in a Fermanian household and what happened become the possession of back street scribes and papyrus books.

“The Wild One’s Cubs,” a sample title and the pulp fiction would argue seriously that Mungo was whom they stated him to be, “He will come from jungle royalty,” but there had never been any mention of him having cubs; never mind the scribes had papyrus books to sell and a bit of smut always went down with the buying public.

Mongolism was fashionable as citizens followed him as, “He will bring judgement and feed us to his lion friends,” it was written by the scribes as the mazarrat prophecy sold books for it was they who sang about it first from large bird cages.

Mungo

Anyway: At the trench the scribes would again have opportunity to spread Mungo's fame, for here a centurion of archers was allowing a shaman priest to call upon his ancestors to help his ill child.

For the Fermanians believed that on the 5th of Sead Leaf month the underworld opened its purple gates and allowed spirits freedom to the real world from springs.

Now Mungo seeing no enemy allowed himself to slither down one side of the trench for he feared no obstacles and would solve the problem of getting out the other side of the V sided trench when he got down.

This is the way Mungo worked.

And Mungo looked up the twenty foot mud trench and began digging holes in it with his dagger to make steps.

"Hiss a man thing," a voice and Mungo knew twenty knew no fear and stuck his dagger under the Serrant's throat.

"Wa I will kill you man thing," the Serrant hissed.

"No beast with stumpy legs I will slit your throat unless you help Mungo of the Lions of Ono," he hissed back.

"Holy rainfall, the man thing speaks," the Serrant and Mungo pushed its coiling body away and stamped its tail.

"I will give you three seconds then I slit," Mungo added and counted.

He got too two.

"Agreed Mungo," a hiss but Mungo kept his dagger where it was.



Illustration 7: Mungo got the better of the serrant

Mungo

“Now dinosaur droppings with the rest of your body pass it upwards so I can climb this trench,” Mungo instructed.

“Are you crazy, Fermanians above will kill me?”

Mungo counted again.

So the Serrant obeyed this crazy man thing who it now loathed.

And Mungo made the serrant raise its head as he climbed so he could cut a throat if treachery arose.

Anyway it seemed hungry and he wasn't going to be any supper.

Now at this moment the silent shaman with the centurion carrying his son came to the wall to summon the spirit folk where the boy was laid out.

And the moon was crescent and under it flew a vampire bat.

“God Telephassa protect your shaman as he calls upon the ancestors of the centurion **holy warts a man thing**,” he blurted as Mungo jumped off the serrant's head and kicked shattering the shamans' pearl cod piece so the shaman fell down the escarpment trying to stop those expensive pearls escaping. Some where black pearls.

And because of that did not break his fall but broke his neck.

“I will not kill you if you keep silent,” Mungo told the soldier holding the child for Mungo had much pity in him.

“Spare my son?” The soldier begged and Mungo saw the child was gravely ill so sheathed his own short sword.

Mungo

“Centurion of Centurions it is I Mungo and I will kill him for you,” the serrant hissed as it held the top of the trench with stubby fingers and Mungo slapped its face so it fell backwards towards the shaman.

Some where black pearls.

“Wah Mungo you latrine cleaner,” the Serrant hissed falling.

“Mungo,” the centurion, “only a man thing as you would come here,” and still he did not draw his sword for the boy child was not threatened.

Now Mungo lifted the child off the wall and gave him to his father. And the centurion could have attacked but did not.

“The priest can not save him but I have seen this fever on lions for the face turns purple and they eat mangrove melon,” Mungo breaking a bit off his red melon destined for Leah and mashed it in the boy’s mouth and the centurion allowed for he wanted his child to live and would try anything for it was his child dying.

“Mangrove melon? If this is so you have saved our city for the sickness is rife everywhere, scores die as our scientists seek a cure and when Flood month comes the virus goes.

Will you kill me now?” The centurion.

“I go my way, you go yours, I passed melons on the way in, feed them to him and your boy will live,” and then Mungo vanished as the boy began to open his mouth for melon as it eased his swollen throat.

Mungo

“Truly there is mercy in the world,” the centurion and carried his boy to his barracks where he ordered a company of soldiers to follow him into the swamps for the healing mangrove melons.

And the centurion’s name was Enkalla, brother to the hunter Malachi.

As for the shaman with chicken bones Sasha added his to them.

And the Serrant it lay unconscious in the trench for it had landed head first, so a vampire bat full of disease sucked its blood. And Sasha was too full too eat the serrant, besides the bulge of the shaman amongst the coils was off putting.

Now there are many walls surrounding Telephassa that if a human slave walks from north to south would take forty days and likewise from west to east, and Mungo avoided further walls by walking open sewers for he was heading towards a castle on a hill and it belonged to Lord Artebrates for mazarrats told him Leah was there.

And Mungo saw two hunting lions tethered to red posts ready to warn House Berserkas at the drawbridge of danger.

“I am Mungo a lion like you, let me pass?” From the shadows.

And the lions growled alerting guards.

“Why betray another lion?” Mungo asked.

“You are a man thing yet speak our tongue and stink of cats urine,” the black bitch Eve answered and she looked like Ono and squatted and made her scent.

Mungo

“My mother is Ono,” Mungo answered and the white male Abel stopped growling, “Ono was our mother but you are man thing,” and he made his mark too as he was as excited as his sister

It was also the way of cats.

“I was raised by Ono,” Mungo replied and as House Berserkas approached he allowed darkness to swallow him.

“What ails you you flea ridden cubs of cows,” a berserka for a lion to have a cow as a mother is insult and these hunting lions had been humiliated enough for they were not allowed clothes or gold ornaments that the Lions of Ono pine; so were naked.

The only things allowed spiked collars and limb studs and when in battle body armour.

“Mazarrats,” Abel and Eve did not disagree and the guards left.

Then, “Mungo,” Abel whispered but Mungo was climbing the castle wall following Leah’s scent.

And when The Elder heard from mazarrat songs Mungo had not killed but shown mercy he was glad for one chosen by the Stillness about a living being must be kind and forgiving to be able to have the eyes shine bright. then dance unashamedly naked to the Unseen maker who made all bodies naked in the glorious act of creation.

But for how long would Mungo show he was a responsible man thing and because he was man thing The Elder knew it would not last. Mungo he knew had a weakness, the flesh.

Mungo

Cathbadh

For forty nights Cathbadh had watched the funeral pyres blacken Telephassa's yellow clouds. Now he had just left Carman pleased, he had been made Chief Judiciary with emergency powers to stop the food and fever riots; power was his.

In his left hand he carried papyrus parchments banning books on The Wild One and "About time," he knew..

"Why hadn't you thought of this Lord Vinki?" Carman had asked and Cathbadh would have liked to say, "Because you are an idiot Vinki," and now he knew Vinki would hate him more.

He also knew Vinki had employed trouble makers to make the mob demand an electoral senate of which Vinki would control; *Vinki could dream.*

Now Carman's answer had been to send House Berserkas to silence the mob and those who had not died decorated metal cages at cross roads while roof top ravens waited for them to die.

But the blow to Vinki would come from Cathbadh for he had the power to open Vinki's granaries to feed the poor.

Making Cathbadh very popular with the mob.

There was no other way to do it, Artebrates was on sick leave taking fever but Cathbadh knew he was smoking poppy seed as was his restful fashion between wars.

"What was that?" Cathbadh hearing Mungo's roar and shivered as thoughts of Mungo came to his mind so looked for a star ship amongst the stars.

Mungo

“We Fermanians cannot even kill one human running loose in the jungle so what hope do we have against a ship load of them?” And Cathbadh sighed for he knew the new human arrivals would be armed with modern weapons not a dagger that Mungo carried.

And Cathbadh showed his despair with a deep sigh.

A black rat on the hunt for scraps heard also and ran for cover.

A serrant couldn't hear, it was still unconscious.

A shaman would never admire his black pearls again.

A vampire bat heard and being full crawled into a crack in the wall.

A good thing the serrant hadn't been able to see what had been feasting on him or would have died of fright.

A bad thing now as the serrant full of disease would die slowly and spread it.

A centurion with his men collecting melons heard and looked towards the roar, “Thanks,” he said and his men didn't complain, the centurion had told them why they were here.

A great hunter heard the roar and felt his ribs wondering if he was too loose another?

A mazarrat sang, “Malachi was his friend,” as answer.

A Wonder Lord called Vinki heard the roar and from fright loosened his bowels some so furious sought a toilet and a change of silken underwear.

Mungo

A great general instead of dreaming of killing human rebels saw lions coming to eat him but couldn't wake up as he was full of poppy seed.

A queen heard and hoped The Wild One would come so she could have his head on her wall.

A hunchback heard and understood and hoped Mungo would spare him for the kindness shown Leah.

Leah smiled, she knew why a lion man thing was roaring about Telephassa.

A black lion bitch added her own roar to confuse the issue.

A white lioness awoke and was silent, she was on the wrong side of the wall to go roaring alerting the enemy she was here.

Some bones of a boy soldier was evidence he never deserted his post.

