

Oneghus
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Backdrop: yellow sand and desert sunrise
Glorious wonder



The vault of Heaven screams we are not alone

"Oneghus, she does trouble you?" Icon reading his master's mind.

"Am I that transparent?" Oneghus asked knowing he was to a mind thrower and that was what Icon was too. A man who knew his body was a physical shell and was mind and mind could read mind.

"We have all changed as the sand rolls with the blowing wind. The sand does not keep still for Ragnarok Judgment day is upon our group again and again and again for our present life is being repeated behind us and the answers to our dilemmas in the life already lived in front of us. The cormorant has already stopped pulling the sun across the sky and the sky is about to fall upon our heads," Oneghus, "and the world serpent will rise from the cold North Sea to devour Planet Earth and The Beast. And Earth will burn as the Fire Giants set it alight.

Then there will be no past, no present, no future and time as we understand will cease. Knowing will take it's place and our recurring selves and The Beast and his 666 will rest at last: time will become knowing; all three rolled into one.

Until that day beware 666 for it is like mushroom spores and that is a riddle.

What is truth?" As a termite repaired a wall in a ten foot nest next to him; a truth.

In the distance a hungry ant eater waited for the men to clear off. Its meat made a rich game stew and its yellow and orange striped fur, fashion for ladies boots.

"I an only 24563," Icon replied watching a big hungry wasp snatch the termite and pull it limb from limb in the air devouring it.

"Bullocks, life is the opposite of what we are taught. Where is the goodness of God in that nasty insect? The goodness of God is in what happened. God is life, life is God, the termite, us, wasp are all God. We have sinned making ourselves the centre of the universes. Behold a fornicating desert hare yonder, the same spirit fills all and the spirit makes me sick of The Beast."

"Master, I have already chosen," Icon.

"Have you, go seed the woman," Oneghus replied testing.

"Master I am a programmed machine. My new spirit wills me against my old self. A light grows in my forehead were as before it was dark. Yokel made me well; my brains want to immigrate south. An urge grows below the waist line."

"Seed her," Oneghus pushed and Oasis shielded the innocent woman concerned hating Oneghus to his last dark breath."

Visibly Icon's body sagged; he had willed organism and the fury of his master in his secret new belief of the universal spirit and brotherhood of all life.

"Be not offended Lord but I flee," Icon ashamed as he quickly retreated.

"I had to be sure, I had to be sure," Oneghus.

"Icon will understand, we too have to be sure of you," it was Wong and the others who had like moving shadows come upon him.

"We do not want to serve The **Beast any more** Oneghus," Estor.

"Either do I, I don't think any of us were meant too," Oneghus feeling free.

"Thank Rad." Icon added now back.

"Thank what ever name you have given the spirit of truth," Oneghus and he saw in his mind a light, and in the light a radiant being and tunnel that appeared between them.

Oneghus understood, one day in the future he would transcend that tunnel and go home.

Planet Hesse, the Earth, the Palace of The Beast, these were not homes, they were things that would decay.

And Oneghus smiled and so did his men for they were truly brothers and sons **of spirit** and that was a truth.

Another truth was that the ant eater driven by hunger and encouraged by the lack of attention given to it by the now zeroed on the termite nest.

"And the termites were no more and that's a truth," Estor watching.

"Even they are resurrected at the moment of death," Oneghus spoke out and all wondered at his strange wisdom, if it was wisdom? Even Oasis wondered about whether he was a fool or a wise man?

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The cool Blue Mountains

When the Frie landed in their dessert Blue Mountain camp Harbo smelt fires, heard barking, kids playing football and fooling and women chattering excitedly about the fresh meat. The imperial seal of Oneghus broken with loud raspberry airs and laughter for see, the Frie couldn't give an ape's wind

for Oneghus?

And Harbo played dead and was dragged out with dead extras and dumped in a deep hole in the ground, a primitive fridge.

And Harbo was victorious acting as a thousand blue bottles landed on him, attracted by his lack of deodorants, he lay still, to disturb them would send an insect cloud up and bring detection.

And we all know how flies eat so did Harbo who thought, "I hate you Oneghus," and added, "Stinking Frie, just Slither offspring." and wondered if Dr. Yokel might be responsible for their intelligence. "I hate you Yokel," he added for good measure.

A blue bottle crawled up his left nostril and got lodged.



Up Harbo's nose it was lodged

And we leave Harbo struggling not to sneeze.

Elsewhere extras were being tied to poles, the long skinny types that bent but never cracked.

A Frie cook walked up to one and took out the extras' entrails where it joined his stomach.

Some kids the cook fancied got him to agree to let them play with dinner, so gave them the entrail end he held.

And they ran about the common playing the Frie version of Oneghus and Robbers emptying the extra of his every thing's.

And didn't like eating dirty food so washed it in a cauldron and gave it back to the cook.

Who was busy skinning and the skin would make good crackling.

Hey, we are talking about a human extra? Meat isn't it and so gets the same treatment as any other meat in a slaughter house.

**EXCEPT THIS WAS A REVERSAL OF ROLES.
THE ANIMALS WERE DOING THE FOOD PREPARATION.**

And in camp fire light the boys showed their moons to the cook who became more sexually aroused and cut off some extras hanging bits and got higher from his acts of mutilation.

Yes, the cook was off, a right Jack the Ripper he was but no one cared, it was just FOOD he was

cutting up.

And Harbo reached up and squeezed his nostrils flaps killing the pregnant blue bottle lodged there.

Have you ever killed a pregnant fly?



**Only adult Frie felt pain they believed
Fish, fetuses, humanoids, never, they was made by god Xon
For Frie pleasure**

"I hate you Oneghus," he whispered and a thousand blue bottles went air borne. In this darkness no one will notice, except the thousand disturbed the millions on the other cooling meat.

And Harbo crawled up the ladder to topside and slithered into some bushes as the flies darkened the moon.

And watched a naked Frie priest with a human mask waving a wand with a shrunken head on it's top.

The priest was obviously excited which got Harbo's attention.

And watched an extra get strips of protein cut from him.

Gad the screams were deafening which made Harbo excited.

And the priest cut his thumb, what a shame.

But put the protein on a plate carried by a young Frie female bursting at the breast.

"By The Beast they are almost human," Harbo as his brains went south.

And as the priest sucked his thumb he noticed flies covering the moon and began to wonder why?

But the wretch Harbo was rescued because the camp din brought all the neighbouring bats out of their lairs, plus a million flying fruit foxes which feasted upon the flies.

So guess what? Without the flies the priest had nothing to wonder over.

He was definitely worse than Harbo for intelligence.

And the young girl carrying the protein called out, "Xon" and the shout was generally taken up.

And reminded the young naked priest of his duties. Besides wondering about flies clouding the moon slackened his sexual zeal. He too couldn't help noticing the assets of the girl, and unlike Harbo was in a position to abuse his office.

Anyway, little greedy eyes and watering mouths eyed the first offering to Xon, winged god of creation.

In the morning all the offerings would be gone and the Frie would know Xon had blessed them.

Xon blessed the rodents as well living under his totem that had lots of litters and more greedy eyes and watering mouths.

After all, there were lots of Hessians living on the planet, the food was inexhaustible.

And the Frie loved Xon who allowed them the rest of the food, like 95% of it.

Xon was not a greedy god.



Xon fed the rats well

And the sicko Harbo was excited over the sufferings of others. Man, like he was the main actor Hannibal in Silence of the Lambs, never mind Mr. Jack Ripper.

Truly evil.

Beware 666.

And somewhere in the desert the prophet shouted, "The Beast will continually be born, grow, flourish and die by the Sword of Light which is present in a man thing born at the same time.

The Alpha and Omega, where past, present and future exit as one.

And the cycle repeated till Ragnarok.

Beware The Beast Anti God and look well at your leaders for many have his number 666."

And Oneghus heard the prophet as silent words cutting into his very soul. It was a knowing, some said the medium ship of knowing.

Others denied it was knowing because it was too close to the Christ conscious, a cutting to the soul when the soul knows just like that!

But it was spirit talking to spirit and done fast and in a tongue only spirit could understand in an instant of a nano second but faster.

In a time measurement we discover in what we call death.

Have you ever died, Oneghus died once, he will tell you it later.

And Harbo wanted to leave and this wanting solved his guilty conscious. "I wasn't strong enough." he planned to say to his maker. It was a good excuse. After all the young Frie girls dancing about the living food had mastered the art of arousal. It was party time, the extras were the sausage rolls and Vol a vents, the lobsters and crabs thrown in live into boiling water so their delicate flesh would not be ruined.

BUT THESE WEREN'T CRABS, THESE WERE MEN. Slavers, rapists, thieves, junkies, drunks, perv's, normal men wanting bounty and the such; bad company so got what they deserved, arousal so never fell into an escaping blissful sleep.



The reptilian girls excited Harbo

Xon liked the protein hot and dripping blood.

No pepper or spice for the rodents ended up with the runs.

And plenty of screaming to work up the head banging while dancing and sexual drive.

And the young priest got his share of attention too; after all he was Boss for the night.

And never cut an artery.

Harbo swallowed hard on a dry mouth and crawled away into the desert darkness.

Harbo had become one of the few eye witnesses of human sacrifice to Xon. But because he was crawling never saw the priest offer the cut off bits to Xon, whom the Frie saw as dual sex, so creator of all life, therefore the Frie honoured the offerings.

And as Harbo left this new realm of mental sickness he heard an extra cry, "I hate you Oneghus."

And as Harbo began to run, stumble and fall he vowed he would make Oneghus scream like his dying men

And began to get aroused again. Oneghus was a powerful man, if not the most on Planet Hesse. The thought swelled his tiredness; he was aroused.

This time he succeeded in his manliness.

Now he felt uncomfortably wet, guilt over his flight of fancy set in and he hated Oneghus more, wished he was crushing the man's throat in his hands now. Oneghus's death would make him feel clean again.

On he ran while dry sand got in his eyes which he rubbed and made inflamed.

Dehydration set in, the desert's a hot place.

Sharp stones cut his shoes.

Enraged he threw them away.

And down to a crawl it was easy for the red ants to keep up with his feet and start picking away at them, they weren't choosy eaters.

Harbo might be depraved but his flesh sure did taste mighty fine.

Flies smelt his blood a mile away and zoomed onto his pores.

"I hate your frigging guts Oneghus."

Harbo was not original.

But bright enough to know that by nightfall he was dying.

Thoughts of childhood.



He had been a good boy, pleasing his parents who were hard working salt miners in the City of White; far south of Hesse City.

Lo salt encrusted buildings and filled the lungs of its inhabitants giving early deaths.

So then this well planned beautiful city with its monorail ringing it, and its many spires and building blocks towering high above its white tall thick walls was death.

So in the day gave off a mirage.

It was Oasis's mother's city and the salt had strangled her.

Here priests had favoured the good looking youngster Harbo.

"He will go far and not have to work in the salt mines," Harbo remembered them telling his parents.

So studied The Beast's teachings with zeal.

That to want was good.

To get what you wanted better.

And it was all yours and not for sharing.

For the haves would be richer than the have nots.

So was obvious some were blessed and some cursed.

Even thought of joining the priesthood. They escaped taxes, owned property, got a tenth of everyone's wages, ate well, screwed anything with bouncing melons and satisfied their egos by bullying the weak.

Would not officiate at burials or marriages unless given something.

It felt good to receive.

So let some give.

It made them richer and others poorer.

And the priests wanted Harbo for the wrong reasons, mainly sexual.

They were not good men.

Does that mean there weren't nuns and that sort of thing?

Yes there were and any man in tight pantaloons wasn't safe.

And many fell willing with child.

A constant supply of innocent babes as offerings because that is what man thinks pleases The Beast because some fool said he was in communication with the spirit of The Beast.

The Beast was not interested because there was no suffering in the parting.

There was no corruption of young minds.

Better to have allowed them to live and become an army of Harbo's now that would make The Beast happy.

Corruption of minds for as The Beast knew, 'tis the mind that survives death, along with memories' to become a message in some medium's mind. And here The Beast knew there was no danger to his throne for just before his rise good God fearing types of all Earth's religions had haunted sensitives down.

Anyway an army of Harbo's; perish the thought.

And Harbo was a young bully and been praised for it.

The strong bully the weak and take from the weak what is rightful theirs by Law of strength.

Another Law of The Beast.

Harbo the spoilt brat, encouraged taking what he wanted, he did just that. A little black robed priest he was and the priests saw their reflection and were pleased.

And like the true living spirit knows when a sparrow dies.

Then there was the Order of Discipline, for the priests of course, and watered down versions for the public. It was extreme bondage. Shocked, don't be, it existed before it became public viewing on the internet. For the dragon knew man, pain mixed with sexual arousal was IN; and Harbo gloated over breasts going blue tightened by ropes as a lady hung by her feet from the ceiling. Think an over statement? Did you see Harbo stand by the glass window watching the water in the nice warm pool? His eyes wide as lovely girls trussed up like hogs thrown in with weights, naked of course to be dragged out half drowned and thrown back in again.

Willingly.

And Oneghus Brown knew of them and tried hard to forget this dark side of The Beast.

The Beast stood for law and order and so did Oneghus Brown.

These zealots of darkness flourished and walked the streets flogging and mutilating with whips, knives, fire brands, long needles and hot fresh candle wax.

"Whose side am I own?" Oneghus wondered.

And Harbo's parents were zealots too so beat up on Harbo real good till he was black and blue to make sure the cycle of violence would continue with him.

But there was hope, who would have Harbo as mate?

There were plenty of females, males, she he males and cross dressers and with a sprinkling of sado bondage types thrown in as green water crest. Just like when you put in two hangers in a cupboard and forget about them, a year later there are a hundred hangers.

Harbo was handsome.

His body was hairless, his skin smooth and woman like.

The priests put clothes pegs on him. its freedom of choice.

And The Beast knew how to exploit this freedom for *democracy is its own enemy*.

That hurt.

They also wanted to make him even smoother.

AND THAT WAS ENOUGH FOR HARBO.

THE PRIESTHOOD ABSOLUTELY WAS NOT

FOR HIM.

And Harbo's god the many head one who is Lord Satan, a prince of the energy fields, a great chief of the Outer Darkness where those who hate light must go till they repent, was well pleased with Harbo.

Harbo loved the darkness and feared it too. There were goblins and such things in it waiting to rip your guts out.

Whereas Oneghus Brown did not fear the dark for good or bad spookies were naught but ghosts, your granny or aunt, pet or wild beast, the same as you, a spirit.

"For a light glows in the middle of my forehead so I am always in the light," Oneghus explaining too you.

And The Beast had his laws chiseled into a black basalt slab at the entrance of his court.

'Pleasure is good.

That pleasure is better if attuned to sexual heights.

Better still if down willingly.'

BEARE THE DAYS ARE NUMBERED. BEWARE 666.

And blue eyed Harbo entered society without body scars, speech impediment or defects. Except a deep dislike for homos. That was priestly work, depraved men needing to entertain a drunken public. But Harbo was a man who struck a stunning figure on Zeetor his bat.

Who knows perhaps the City of White might have passed on lung disease to him.

And did not join the imperial marines.

Cowardliness meant Slitherdrome and public self impalement as atonement and beastly forgiveness and a place in paradise with what your desires where, for eternity.

So joined Mr. Sagor's slavers.

Good pay and an unlimited supply of women.

And remembered his first lay at seven. Dr. Yokel wasn't the only inventor about!

Anyway, the congregation had gathered for the initiation ceremony in the local Church of Beast, so had the neighbourhood young.

Anyone refusing was called an Innocent and off to Slitherdrome.

Yummy went the horrible slithers.



**The male slither was always smaller
Than the female and coupled at the tail end**

Lo the local high priest wore his ram mask. Dope was rampant while a midi player churned out a steady drum beat as if there was galley rowers present.

And you were high, I mean high.

And Harbo's girl was six, a miniature woman as he was a miniature man genetically made that way. .

Except their brains were lacking as well as maturity lessons.

And with all those eyes watching Harbo was put off.

Gad no, was he going to take another wrong turning on life's path and seek sheep. People like that do exist you know.

And really enjoyed what he was doing.

This type of sex was natural.

And took six more that day.

Like said Dr. Yokel wasn't the only inventor about. And the girl Harbo never saw again but grew fat and gave birth and the child was taken away. A future marine would die for his emperor.

And Oneghus knew it should have been the other way round. The emperor was made for them, not they made for the emperor. And just maybe, when realised there won't be Hutu killing Tutu because someone wants to live in a palace but there is a world full of supporters wanting to swear loyalty to their new President.

Have armies full of boy soldiers walking about on crutches.

Bionic legs are expensive.

It might dig deep into the president's Swiss bank account.

And might not be able to afford number two thousand girlfriend.

Your kid sister he's about to make a court whore of.

Never mind, you swore loyalty to the man.

So go and step on a land mine and loose some toes.

Ha ha ha.

Evil begets evil

Evil spawns evil

Evil is the seed of evil

But light is the word

Light cannot begat evil

Or can it

The healing energy health both

the man

and the bacteria killing the man

So what is evil?

Harbo, Harbo, poor sick ill Harbo who would argue he was not sick.

And that day Harbo was welcomed into the Church of Beast and a tuft of hair began to grow on his left wrist.

666

The Beast's mark.

Now he could legally trade, marry, travel, do things which were once taken for granted. He could leave home too, have his own pad.

Was there any hope? Yes, in slack distant galactic provinces where mind still was strong and the light glowed. Yes there was hope, hope for repentance and progression towards light for all.

And these minds sang an enchanted chorus across space time, which is the past, present and future rolled into one.

We are all brothers

all sisters

love one another then

even The Beast in the field

all are the same

all are spirit

love one another

And that day Harbo full of male dominance and chauvinism went home and took his father's innocent slave to bed.

Not all innocents ended up in Sagor's Slitherdrome

Not all slaves were innocents

Not all slaves were females

She was from Planet Depo

She was light brown with green eyes and had long flowing rusty hair.

And our Harbo went to work on her for she awoke to find him with her.

Harbo thought rape was fun.

His victim did not think so.

Where do these types come from?

The red planet Mars?



Harbo a right dandy

He was Harbo, handsome and a male. Whereas she was a female born to please men and for being a female had never been taught how to read.

Reading was dangerous stuff.

It might make women realise their worth.

And this one a slave who would one day be sent to Slitherdrome for profit and to please Harbo to the end as he gloated over her being skinned alive and fed in bitties by a trainer's hand to a tame slither.

She would follow her offspring for she had been kept for breeding. It didn't matter they were Harbo's cousins.....*they were Deponians and ranged from olive to brown skins. Hessians were blue remember.*

And that bumpkin Harbo never flinched when later a fertilised egg was removed from her and sold to Dr. Yokel's fertilisation clinic that it was his son.

It was just a slimy Deponian.

And you know, she produced sixty fertilised eggs before a kitchen accident spoiled her smooth belly. **And it was cheaper to sell her to Master Sagor's Slitherdrome circus than buy Dr. Yokel's gene skin replacement therapy. The truth was, everyone had grown sick of seeing her olive skin.**

Yes to the last she provided Harbo's family with fun, the hung, drawn and quartered type.

Lo this was the world of The Beast.

BEWARE 666.

Anyway disturbed Harbo's childhood reflections were broken when he crawling on his bleeding blistering belly he snake like got close enough to see a party of mixed life forms.

Earthlings, reptilians, Sandmen and others.

Planet Hesse had them all.

But what where doing out here?

"Certainly not dying and Harbo sniggered at his joke.

Miners or slavers?

Then saw their floater, a flying machine shaped as a row boat, which sat upon gas filled cushions with a large rotor that blew wind into the sail.

Was anchored just near Harbo where the camp fire light ended.

What a struck of rotten luck for Harbo. Why couldn't someone throw a black mamba on him?

"Hiss," black mambas go, you know snake from South Africa, very bad snake too.

You get a green variety too.

And the creep wormed silently aboard and there in front of him in big LETTERS;

HEINZ PICKLED CENTEPEDE STINGS

Harbo's favourite crunchy but on a dry swollen throat? Harbo was Harbo and as their sour juice wetted him, "I hate you Oneghus Brown."

And these were Oneghus Brown's children he protected with The Beast's written law.



Harbo stole the ship Leaving the men as puddings For the Frie

Postscript Cernurex knew what she was doing was not what she wanted out of life. The divine spark in her wanted life not this hell Madam Loo and Master Lugson had created for her. From her cool room and only cooled because clients paid to get away from the heat, she listened to the street urchins play Oneghus and Robbers and hope grew in her heart for a better life, and remembered stories of Prince Astrod and Rad's Deliverer sweeping away evil.

SOUNDS

Children singing nursery rhymes

She was a street urchin and knew the songs of her kind; freedom burned in her soul. Put there by the Divine spark of life to make mankind creative and a mirror of the diversity of LIFE. To all the Cernurex's of life to those that harm you "*Compensation and retribution for all good and evil deeds done on Earth in the here or in the Heavens,*" a whisper confidently.