

Oneghus

Sala the Sandman

Scenario: yellow desert



SILENCE OF A DESERT

The Hessian desert is beautiful; see the red pink sandstone edifices pointing skywards, and if one is ignorant the desert becomes lethal.

Because Frie live there.

And fat Lord Hesse continued an inherited divide and rule policy to stop people like Sala of the Sandmen, who believed winged Xon, the same divinity the Frie worshipped had spoken to him.

"Cleanse the land of unbelievers and make Hesse City my holy city so I may dwell there."

Mistress Oppo would have loved Sala for he was big, and mean with a white waxy skin to prevent dehydration.

But although grotesque to us he could stand and had a lot of cerebral cortex. In other words he could think, speak and communicate ideas. Like the Babel of chattering monkeys with many facial and body movements to add weight to their gibberish.

And some Hessians ate desert men spitted whole and glazed in honey. Of course they would not admit such a thing for desert men were almost humanoid; but ate them just the same to satisfy themselves they were eating a wild animal along with every other thing on Planet Hesse by divine powers to the benefit of Hessians.



Sala's innocent face belied his ferocity
**After all he was a highly evolved borrowing water seeking mammal
 whose race had been injected with some Yokel brain genes.**
"Hesse Planet would be such a boring place without me," Dr. Yokel

To Mistress Oppo it would have been kinky, like wrestling with an octopus in a mud arena.

And his ears hung down his bristly back, another winning factor IF he wanted Oppo. Gad it protected his bald massive borrowing head, mole like, and being beastly, Oppo would have fainted with delight imagining wrapped up in them ears.

You see Sala's head had an extra layer like a radiator and reservoir, but those knobbly bits were muffin to her.

And like the rest of his kin, strong limbed, webbed feet and toes, all for borrowing and those bristles were for moisture detection, natural evolved body bits. And his black proved Dr. Yokel correct, Hessians shared a common ancestor with them as many Hessians had black eyes too.

Some sort of humanoid ape; lucky for Yokel he lived in the future or would be burned as a heretic.

Yes Dr. Yokel was lucky he lived in the future but Xon's people would do that to him if they caught him?

Anyway, Sala was exactly two hundred years old. Access to modern wonders was not limited to citizens of the empire. The last injection of XF4890PTL he stole from the University of the City of White. With a scientist of skeletal implants whom he had remake his left arthritic leg. A second raid brought back the living plastic amoeba which grew into a new flesh

Needless to say, the doctor escaped the pot, as Sala saw in him Dr. Yokel.

Now humanoids might see Sala and his kin as beasts for the pot but the desert men had this chant:

The Planet is the womb we sprung from.

The planet was made by something powerful

Then open your heart and soul to this something

and be part of the planet you sprung from.

Honour the world you live in

and mirror this honour by honouring your parents.

Take from the planet only what you need.

And share what you have for the good of all.

All are brothers and sisters and when you pass on

leave no traces of yourself.

"

And Indigo hurried to Dr. Yokel's laboratory wiping spittle from his mouth, seeking Yokel to mend his vitals.

A dog decided the wall it was leaning against wasn't clean any more as Indigo passed so sought a tree instead.

A scurrying imported German Roach decided to go elsewhere and be crushed under someone's else's foot than Indigo's.

And a street urchin spat green phlegm at his shadow.

And Master Indigo Sess never noticed any of this life.

He was dreaming of boiling Harpostrex for treason and selling the gel off as paper paste. Of course when he was emperor. He had promoted his fantasy from being a new Lord Hesse, he was going places.

"

Sala had had his parents killed by inciting the tribe against them, blaming their slack religious attitude for the troubles the Hessians brought them, the Fagsy or Xon's people. Of course the fundamentalists backed him; they liked a good sawing, the screams and entrails entangling the large saw teeth had a good effect upon Xon's people; it controlled them, and any not attending religious meetings could expect the same.

*So at first there was opposition, so what if a couple thousand
people were sawn, and afterwards a handful a year followed suit,
it put
FEAR
where it was
needed.
And made sure you got a good attendance.*

You see now why the desert is a dangerous place.

And to make it more dangerous a raiding Cooler party had landed; come to steal for their moon Sot that was rich in animal life, waterfalls, springs, rivers, lakes and salt seas, not forgetting the fur trees, salmon runs, midges and rain. And for contrast the other half was tundra desert.

And nothing else.

Except Dr. Yokel's raiding parties come to extract good genetic material for experimentation out of Coolers. "My God, the genes are so flexible I can change a face without surgery, what profit if a female?"

And nothing else



SOUND

Looking good was life. Women wanted
men, men wanted them, and it was the way
things had been created. For Yokel investments extended into everyday life.

**Rabbits did it.
Yellow canaries in cages too.
Cows and bullocks at the wrong times,
so you didn't know where too look.
Your sneaky dog with
the parson's poodle
come visiting did it.
Doing it was natural,
it weren't dirty,
unclean.
But clean good natural sex.
Made evil by men's hearts.
Men begat evil, men reading too much law and not living in the living spirit.
Oh let me do it in the living spirit.
Oh let me sniff flowers
for yellow red blue
are the ways flowers do it.**

Music Hall everyone joins in music

And Cooler pillaging of Planet Hesse was the reason why the Slayer, remember him, no, never
mind, was going to wipe them out.

Already Satan has Harpostrex and Mistress Oppo advertising the Cooler moons as desirable
places to live. Why they showed spacious homes crowded with swimming pools loitered by Dr.

Yokel's experiments: handsome men and women.

Yes people wanted the Cooler moons.

More precisely they wanted Dr. Yokel's experiments.



Nothing could be nearer the truth

It was called damn good spin doctoring.

Satan was the devil so could afford the best.

Spin doctors made up for the lack of love in an electorate.

Satan had a job to do.

Satan had hell to fill; the Outer Darkness.

Satan had an enemy, God Innocent on Planet Hesse.

In fact anybody who hated killing.

Anybody who loved everybody.

Anyone who was in touch with the Living Spirit.

Spin doctors made Satan's citizens turn to him anticipating.

Drooling on their hunches begging for more.

Worse than dogs for a bone.

Dogs aren't depraved.

For the dragon who is The Beast who is Satan was capable of thinking as a beast for he is a beast
so insults beasts.

The beasts knew family love, social family values and mostly kill for food or to protect.

Somewhere along the line man had put manly attributes onto Lord Satan, like vulgarity, torture and killing for pleasure, oh yes, doing it at the wrong times when decent humans were looking at a picturestic view and them rabbits got in the way, yes just like Satan, animals were beastly.

Anyway the group of Coolers we are concerned with had left their jump jet trawler anchored on the fringe of the Blue Mountains, just before the Yellow Desert becomes the Yellow Mountains.

Twenty hunters all in air-conditioned suits to protect against arid air.

Joyous they had found a slither laying eggs in the sand. Slither steaks and eggs, a good catch and at once these hunters radioed back to their ship for assistance.

The captain sent men.

These men the Slither's pink nostrils smelled.

Here the argument of Dr. Yokel must be born out; for Yokel argues slithers do not hate all things, and their ferocity against humanoids lies with the way humanoids treat them.

Anyway this great slither shot straight towards the hunters.

It was hungry after its egg laying ordeal.

Slither eggs are the size of horses and many are laid.

So one hunter shot that pink nose and the slither went berserk.

It didn't matter what Yokel said about reptilian genes giving this animal a hard nose, the bullet entered a carbuncle.

It didn't matter the scales are used as innocent shields.

The bullet travelled along the hair follicle and hit a tooth nerve.

Yes sir the slither went berserk.

And the cooler who fired didn't care about slither arguments except one:

HE WAS BEING SWALLOWED

WHOLE.

Next the blue slither attacked a scout boat with two Coolers frantically trying to restart a stalled fan motor. Yes sir just like the movies. **Extras were Jaw bait.**

The Cooler at the controls kept hitting gas and the one behind, gave one last hefty pull on the

starter rope.

Spluttering engine sound then a roar as too much gas ignites.

And the Cooler fell overboard.

Slither ate him up too.

And the hunters stealing the eggs were glad what's his name had slowed down the slither. No one would miss him, he had bad breath and zits a plenty and his share would be gratefully shared out.

And the slither burped satisfaction.

*

Oasis knew Oneghus loved her but she always remembered whom he was, and it GOT in the ways of her returning love.

She looked at his wide jaw and solid forehead. His beak nose, but it was his grey eyes that showed his beauty, a mirror to his searching soul and when they looked at you, invited you to come and search the stars.

For what?

It didn't matter, the search would be fun.

His wavy brown hair for running hands through. And his hairy chest she could imagine next to her. Saw his large orange cod piece. For an Earthling he was handsome.

"Where did you get the scar?" She asked about the one on his right temple.

"Estor has sung about it, Hesse City is full of his songs," Oneghus did not want to speak about it.

And he smiled remembering his street urchins who played Oneghus and Robbers.

She knew he had put up a protective wall against her encircling perfumes.

And saw it as personal to pull it down.

"Are you afraid of me?" She asked.

"Too right I am."

And explains why a few days later as a yellow condor flew overhead he said, "I am setting them

free."

SILENCE then Wong spoke up.

"We done it before and we will do it again."

Oneghus picked up on the word WE. He was not alone; it made going towards Slitherdrome not lonesome, his men would be coming too. The crowds would be awesome that day.

"We know," Icon leaning over his grey hound Speed.

"There is much wrong in this land, let us put things right?" Oneghus as his eyes glowed with a strange distant light.

And the word 'us' was not lost on them, Satan would come to Slitherdrome that day.

Wong, a mixture of Chinese and Hessian genes mixed in a test tube by Dr. Yokel had wanted to make Planet Hesse his home away from The Beast, but invading dragon troops had changed that. Of course after the Slayer sent in a viral bomb that wiped millions out in a few days. In the name of the Beast's religion, of the true Messiah and Prophet, Satan, whose followers were ready to exterminate you and themselves in the process of domination.

Even Yokel who had potential viral bombs in the making shrunk back from manufacturing them.

"Life is for modeling with. There are building blocks a plenty and I am a child who plays with them," Yokel who had too much respect for LIFE and what **ANIMATES** life to destroy **life** like that.

So Wong only a hundred then allowed the black robed priests to plant the tuft of fur on his left lower cheek for vengeance sake. Now vengeance sake day had arrived. So moved his brown hound Fighter next to Oneghus's white hound White.

Brown Estor the Deponian who hated life and wanted eternal death to forget the slaughter Slayer's armies wrought amongst his pacifist people. Yokel was wrong; they should have dropped the viral bombs first and be done with the complaints afterwards. OR was he? There had been twenty million

smell of death

Deponians and using collective mind and all refused to change their belief except one.

The Slayer left orders to boil the lot of the chickens.....it took five years to complete orders.

And the one was Estor living in that awful word, 'GUILT'. Therefore he moved his skewbald Dart next to Light, lovely escaping death was coming.

Cullen was from Earth and as a youth had been reasonably happy until his parents forced him to take part in the Church of The Beast's initiation ceremonies. Then he was a skinny boy with fluff on his bum. Skin smooth and tanned white, girlish in appearance and just too good looking. The priest perverts wanted to brainwash him into a castrati to make sure they stay smooth and girlish and good singers in the choir; poor Cullen.

So explains why he eats and takes muscle pills, "No weedy priest will ever be attracted to me," Cullen.

So moved his black hound Huge next to Dart. It was time to stick some pineapples up some priests, like twenty million of them.

Icon was a womaniser, not that he wanted to be, but Yokel had been fantasising about himself, "A reflection of my dream", Yokel when created him.

Poor Icon, reared in child farms just to satisfy church members and priests.

And why did Dr. Yokel remain looking weird? "I love the face that goes with the mad scientist," he explains.

Poor Icon had no family. Poor Icon did not fancy the parenthood examples he saw as foster parents.

Poor Icon thought he was darn lucky not to have parents in fact. The beasts of the field made better parents than humanoids who had the cheek to humiliate the beasts of the field. Poor Icon had no soul so he thought. But Oneghus after speaking to his guiding spirit had told him, *"We live in a temple, our bodies enable our spirit to survive this material plane. When that dies and rots it is impossible to rise again so the spirit survives as an etheric body, vibrating so fast it can move through walls, the ghost that is your granny; but has been labeled a ghoul through ignorance and even that is shed aside for a finer body, so you see Icon you do have a soul and unfortunately, Estor death is not a release for you but a progressive beginning in the spirit planes, believe me; we do not*

die but answer for our wrongs,

"Thou shalt not kill

man or beast

steal or lie

but love

one another,

woe betides those that kill in my name."

"You are my family, I will never be alone again," and Icon moved his grey hound Speed next to Cullen.

Five imperial yellow green fates sitting on riding hounds restless at the paws, shuffling yellow sand, all men wanting death to cut silver life lines that connect the soul to the physical body.

The life lines of the Church of The Beast.

So it was then that the women knew something big was going down and suddenly Icon leapt off Speed and opened the cage shouting, "You are all free, go home."

But they looked at him as if he was nuts. Go home, out here in the dry hot wilderness?

And Oneghus loved Oasis more for she had kept their talks secret for none of the women knew of his leanings. Now harp music broke out as Oasis realised her hope had been answered, she could

love Oneghus back, he was becoming an Innocent.

And Insect ran amongst them in the cage prodding and pinching the women into realisation they were free. "Common as muck," he screamed as Oasis retaliated kicking him somewhere.

Oasis cast a worried glance at Oneghus hoping the violent act had not put him off.

SOUND

Magnificent 7 sound track.

The game of cat and mouse was truly on.

"In these times a woman should know how to protect herself," Oneghus jibed as Insect hobbled past on his way to the pack animals.

And as the Hessian sun began to set a small party of women were about to take their leave of Oneghus who wanted back to Hesse City.

"And nether do I jump out off the pan into the fire," Oneghus referring to the prophet and still ignorant of her prophetic lineage. "Go back to your camps, when I remove Lord Hesse you will know it will be safe to come into Hesse. I will be waiting for you," Oneghus giving Oasis a message.

"Our spies are everywhere, they will lead you to me Oneghus if you ever want me," Oasis made

it plain. She wanted the man and was making sure he knew. There were many flossy women in Babylon City of Hesse, harlots and Dr. Yokel's pleasure androids. And Oneghus did ask, "What spies?"

And the street urchins went quiet for they recognised her and sympathised.

"Where is Oneghus Brown?" Cernurex hopefully.

But then Madam Loo snatched her back in and allowed Master Lugson to use Cernurex for vile sexual life threatening fantasies as a lesson like putting a plastic bag over her head while coupling.

"And the laws of The Beast made this legal: surely Satan is amongst us?" Street urchins in despair.

And Satan replied, "Of course I am, you just don't know it, Why look in that window, isn't that a senator wrapped up in polythene, and worse he is in undies?" And intelligent life looked and saw nothing for they had grown used such ways.

And Satan added, "Why in that window is little Cernurex being fed drugged food for Master Lugson and others to spread jam on toast?" And Satan laughed and again the intelligent life saw nothing for they had grown used to such ways.

"Why look in that window there is a baby in a microwave for the father cannot stand the noise," and intelligent life looked and saw nothing for they had grown used to such ways.

"Why look in that window for there is a father in bed with a daughter," and intelligent life looked and saw nothing.



A spirit guide

“Why in that window that banker is changing 3 to 8 million and it is your monies he is taking,” Satan boasted and intelligent life looked and saw nothing for they stole anyway.

“I have them all for they don’t believe in me and here my friends,” Satan and opened another window and men were making adult movies and intelligent life saw nothing for they made them.

“Where is Oneghus Brown?” Cernurex hopefully.

“Where indeed?” Satan replied and laughed.