

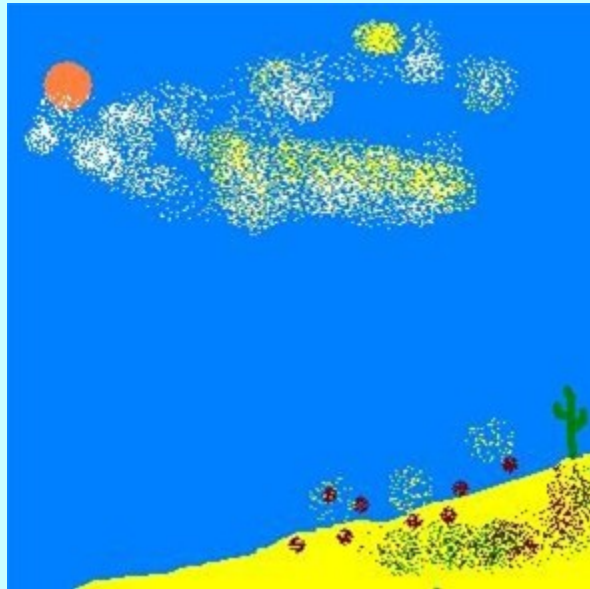
Oneghus

Emperor

**SOUND**

Backdrop: Blue sky, puffy fast moving yellow and white clouds.

**Beethoven Pastoral music**



The Lord of Hesse wore like Judge Oneghus Brown the imperial livery of yellow, green and red of finest silk, open at the front its gold button idle, for the heat of Hesse prevented the robes closure.

The robe's borders were laboriously hand stitched in scarlet; bright red of reds to show galactic dignitaries he was a Planetary Lord.

Now he was at Circus Slitherdrome sitting on a golden dragon throne. It was difficult to see him, for his gold throne was so huge. It glowed in the glory of the yellow sun, and it reminded all space lings gold was wealth, and money power and he, fat Lord Hesse was the apex of corruption on Hesse.

**SOUND****Electric motor hum**

He felt secure in his viewing box; a powerful force field was operating. After all, assassins wanted him dead.

**Sweaty smells**

And a fly drank sweat from his left ear, it had buzzed in with Hesse.

And grinning Hesse watched the sawing of Innocents, enemies whom he saw as nothings for they believed in a dead God who said He would return and establish a government on Earth.

**SOUNDS****Human moans and screams**

Anyone believing that rubbish deserved Slitherdrome.

Innocents first called by Oneghus then by everyone because the word Innocent seemed fashionable. But Oneghus meant exactly what he meant, Innocents; they could not trade, get jobs, be married legally so that their children would be bastards, all because they refused that tuft of fur Oneghus's personal guard had,

The Beasts mark

**666.**

**Manure smell**

The year 49999 A.D. and The Beast being emperor who was the dragon Emperor Satan 1 ruled on Earth.

Beware The Beast and here is his mark, **666**.

So Lord Hesse grinned as he watched a slither chew on an Innocent.

To you who do not know what a slither is, it is a giant snake but segmented like a worm.

They come in various colors and this one was transparent pink.

Also have pointed tails to defend if attacked from behind and many wondered if the slither was a genetic cocktail of Dr. Yokel.

And the crowd cheered as it watched the lump squeezed down into the slither's gullet where enzymes flowed onto the struggling food. "Great, encore," the excited crowd and there would be many demanding orgies to vent their excitement.



**A slither mouth open to swallow tiffin**

“How can they cheer?” A woman sickened.

“Smile to show them you appreciate their clapping for it is I who give them excitement,” Lord Hesse to the beautiful blue skinned Hessian woman beside him, his wife.

A lady who stayed out of the burning sun so was lightly tanned.

A lady whose hair was flaming orange.

Whose eyes deep emerald.

She was not one of Yokel’s mutants or Space Walkers.

But a Hessian.

And fat Lord Hesse envied her racial purity.

And showed it by playing with his black swarthy hair that flowed down his back, except for one lonely pigtail.

And that fly rested upon that.

A metal fly which allowed the mysterious Dr. Yokel to listen in.

“Only you excite me Lord,” she lied for they both knew he was fat.

Hesse moved disturbing the fat ripples on his chin.

Then he turned yellow eyes onto her causing head movement so his over waxed black pony tail protruded from the back of his skull and bounced once.

A metal fly became airborne and landed again.



**Yokel's fly landed on Hesse's chin, it found the bristles ticklish**

And in those yellow eyes knowledge he kept her for Satan when he visited and forced coupling upon her.

Under the dragon emperor who was The Beast anything was allowed as long as it was paid for in gold.

And Hesse knowing this glorified accepting bribes in gold and flesh.

For he knew more beautiful women existed than just his wife and as apex of power, were his for the taking.

Now fat Lord Hesse turned yellow eyes onto his only daughter Alloa who was safe from his sexual appetite for she engaged to Appomax, The Beast's son.

A prince of a heavenly principality and it is said beware the principalities of heaven.

Such a marriage would bring Hesse rewards, a Lordship of a galaxy and a deep purple robe.

Alloa managed a weak smile, more a plea to father to break the engagement.



**Lord Hesse at Slitherdrome**

And Appomax had a tanned black humanoid body with a ram's head.

He who caused his Earthling mother great pain in unnatural childbirth.

And he showed his wealth in his kilt of fine beaten gold studded in gems. In contrast to him Alloa's skin was light blue with bright yellow flowing hair down her back and eyes deep green and she wore a Greek style red toga.

Her soldier brother Oberix sat emotionless beside her.

And Appomax ate the fly.

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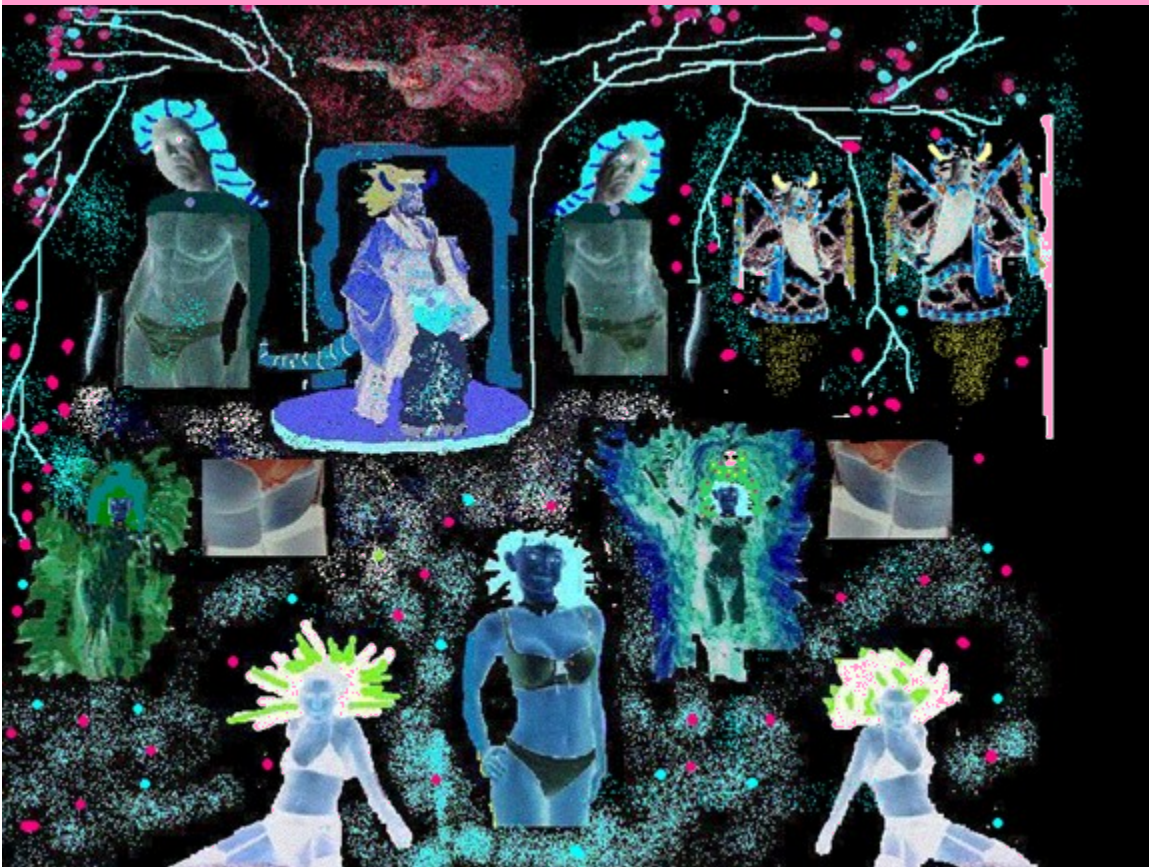
Scenario: Satan's court.

Color shade: Pink sulphuric haze.

In Satan's court rich merchant Sagor from Planet Hesse who believed he was well favored by The Beast.

People from all species of life sought Sagor with gifts and bribes hoping advancement.

Sagor the big man with a good physique who wore a silver space suit and polished knee high gold polished boots.



**The Court of Satan invites you**



His green graying hair was pulled tight and tied with a silver ribbon and so long his hair it reached his knees.

He fought his nervous twitches as he waited to see Satan who is the dragon. He also managed not to swat any of Satan's pets, swarms of real black bristly flies.

Sagor the only child of a Hessian mining baron and now after years of hard graft, bribes and assassinations he now almost had the monopoly of the Hessian gold trade.

And his emperor sat upon his throne at the top of a ziggurat.

**Rotten egg smell**



**The Chief of all cities in the Outer Darkness  
Old Nick, and to tempt you doors to enter like lust.**

Ah the throne of The Beast, kings and presidents of past ages would have gaped; solid Welsh soft gold encrusted with red fiery carbuncles and diamonds.

Its arms ended in dragon mouths, the legs as dragon feet whose claws embedded the throne into its gold mound.

A red dragon's head spurted from the top of the throne, red for rubies and emeralds its eyes, and sparkling glared at the courtiers.

Such the throne of the dragon emperor.

And curled underneath the throne was the living dragon eating white mice.

Full of living sin.

The dragon was a bright red, yet its scales glimmered gold, great was its power.

Upon the throne sat The Beast whose body was a leopard's, feet like a bear and face a cross between a humanoids and loins.

Ten horns came out of its body and the amazing thing it possessed six identical heads as the one described.

Each had a tattooed name upon its forehead.

Secret names.

And yards of yellow, green, red and purple silk loosely wrapped about its body.

While walking down the steps a second beast.

It looked like a man in a black leather suit with much red and gold braid.

Lamb horns came out of its head.

This beast was The Slayer, he who had permission to lead the dragon emperor's armies to war against all God believers.

And Slayer passed rows of angels dressed in an array of colored togas and now again they chanted:

“Give praise to The Beast,

Worship and adore him,



Who is like The Beast?

Who can defeat him?"

And images of the dragon and the many headed beast of gold littered the sides of the flight of steps and galaxies.

And men, women and children coupled in front of these images in worship.

Now Slayer stopped half way down this flight of stairs for he was speaking to a huge angel.

"Apollyon soon we will go to Hesse."

"I look forward to it; the Innocents are resisting there," Apollyon, "but see Sagor who awaits audience with god the seven headed one."

"He wants the Hessian gold mines," Slayer replied.

"His god will grant it but for a price," Apollyon, "all things are bought."

And Slayer moved to halt before Sagor.

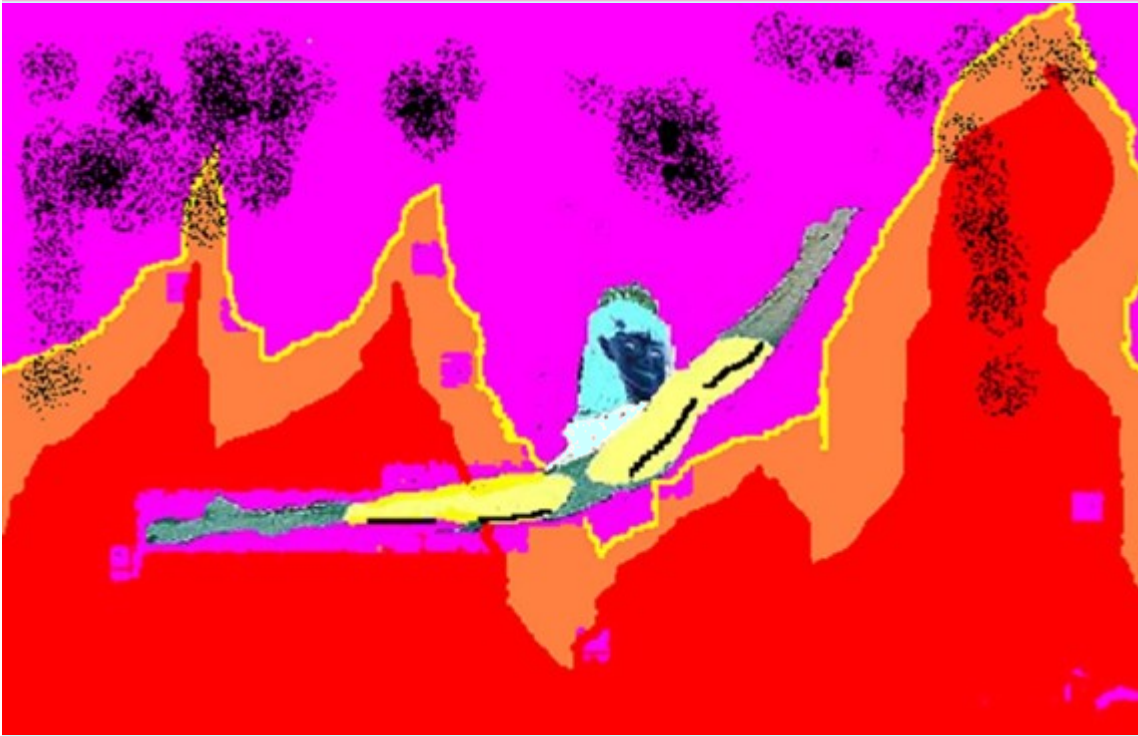
"Your god will see you now," and Sagor walked up the long flight of steps.

And knew he would be exhausted and a dragon ploy so they seeking audience would be submissive and controlled.

Now horns blared and Sagor saw young girls from galaxies fill the courtyard and forgot his audience as lust entered.

Lo the dragon reads his mind and was pleased and summoned a naked twelve year old red head to Sagor.

At once she cooed him.



### **Sagor was impressed by the girl's aerobics**

And Sagor felt the dragon's leer so turning struggled on as the adolescent clung to him.

Lust without guilt, any pleasure obtained and Satan was loved for it.

"Sagor," it was a second call for Sagor's language implant was faulty, another of Dr. Yokel's cheap products.

And Sagor jumped, Apollyon was beside him.

Sagor felt fear for Apollyon started at him with cold black shark eyes.

"You will pay the cost of tomorrow's circus." Apollyon informed.

"Anything Lord," Sagor bowing and Apollyon led him to his god.

And Sagor knew when he returned home would extract that extra expenditure from Yokel or donate the scalpel wielding imbecile to Hesse Slitherdrome.

And the dragon reads Master Sagor's thoughts and was wrath for he was reminded of a troublesome planet, of Innocents and a judge whose loyalty was questionable.

"Prince Astrod was killed when I conquered Hesse, didn't Yokel assure me of that?"  
The dragon's turbulent mind.

MEANWHILE:

Cernurex sat down for lunch, dried fish from the purple Iodine Sea with sultana rice unaware of a visitor.

Madam Loo comes to indulge with Master Lugson the merchant.

"You are invited too," Cernurex was used to such orders; the fish was really good, besides she looked so sweet in her day dress and the man Lugson liked looking at sweet young girls; children were not valued enough by the Law of Hesse.



**Just another street beggar that is all in a day dress  
Run child run your leaders don't care if you live or die.**

\*

A touch of a stink of Evil:

While Oneghus Brown Inquisitor Extra Ordinary watched Harbo drop from the night sky two other beings watched events on Planet Hesse. One was on the planet and the other at the beginning of time.

**SOUND**

**Christian hand clapping choir**

He on Hesse was dressed in bat skins, his skin tanned and leathery, for food honey, insects, dried meats, fruits and water.

He was the prophet, an earthling and enemy of the dragon.

And hated Oneghus as something lower than amoebas. But amoebas he forgave as they were without a reasoning brain.

Judge Oneghus Brown he knew had a brain.

“Armageddon is near,” he shouted at his followers, “we must gather our hosts and fight with God, already God’s Messiah is coming with an armed armada crewed by angels to burn down the ziggurat of The Beast.

Lo the jackal’s day will be over.

And Oneghus made accountable.”

A cheer rocked the dry air.

Some did not cheer knowing many Innocents owed their lives to Oneghus and were not believed for the prophet accused them of whoring The Beast.

“Enough Innocents have died,

Death to The Beast

And his kind,”

And the faithful repeated.

“Victory to our God who sits on the throne,  
Victory to His Lamb,  
Praise, glory and honor to The Lamb,  
Amen.”

And the Lamb was the other who watched Planet Hesse.  
And the prophet watched a yellow dust cloud closing and saw a man in it.  
And the dust settled at his feet while yellow sand fell from the man at the prophet’s feet.

“Harbo has your daughter,” the man.  
The prophet did not flinch an eyelid.  
“You hard man,” Helena, Oasis’s twin muttered.  
His faithful knew of others suffered because of the slaver, and now Oasis his daughter was to meet Oneghus.

“She will be delivered from the evil ones,” the prophet told his flock.  
They believed.  
And got blue skinned simple Peter Innocent to take a message to Joshua the War Lord who was in Hesse City trying to free imprisoned Innocents.

“Do not do anything until Oasis arrives,” Peter’s oral message.  
Lo Oneghus did not know the prophet had a family as his spies had failed him there.  
Only that the prophet turned sand into water.  
A man who rejected Yokel’s drugs.  
He cured his own and his own were the faithful.

A man was bitten by a snake and scorned a stolen vial of Yokel's finding health in faith in his God.

And Oneghus remembered an Innocent assassin put a venomous black boot lace snake in his shoe.

And the assassin told Oneghus it was a stick not a snake and the prophet turned it into a snake by wishing it.

Oneghus had smiled.

"Truly a man of The Lamb," the assassin dying through the power of the prophet's will and his death gave power to the prophet, for many whispered it was done to save the assassin from torture.

"Cyanide," Oneghus reading the coroner's report to his guard.

"No, a charlatan. Master illusionist as our emperor has it told," Wong.

But Oneghus knew the truth; the trickster was his emperor Satan.

Had given power to Indigo Sess his High Priest to make rain and soil to yield crops.

To summon demons to terrify his Hessian subjects.

"We don't need a prophet when we have Indigo," the citizens of Hesse City.

And Oneghus knew Indigo couldn't work miracles no more. The emperor had fat Lord Hesse send in troops these days to make his loyal subjects obey.

And Oneghus didn't like the prophet if Joshua defeated the imperial troops; the prophet would establish a totalitarian religious state worse than The Beasts.

"And Joshua is a man of true grit," Wong, "a pity he isn't on our side."



And Oneghus had only seen Joshua leading charging war bands for Joshua's belief in Heaven was strong.

It was true Joshua would not ask his men what he could not do.

And Oneghus asked Innocents followed Joshua or the prophet?

A Hessian Tarzan Joshua and like Hessians, blue and scantily attired.

And Joshua carried a small decorative shield to deflect laser bolts.

Lo a cloak of dried green bat skin.

Decor long gone from laser singes.

And habit of being in the lead, also cost him dear many named riding hounds.

And his blond hair escaped from under his titanium helmet, also strips of the same metal along with platinum and rhodium did bind his chest.

And his brown eyes peered from his helmet slits and he stunk of sweat and hound pooh.

And seen Oneghus from a distance and both men knew their paths would cross but when?

And Peter found Joshua and the later waited for Harbo. In the meantime Joshua sharpened his dagger for stabbing Harbo often.

It would be like slaughtering meat for food, for Harbo to Joshua was lower than farmed vermin and wondered if lower life forms had souls? Harbo he knew did not.

But events had taken place that would ease the prophet's mind depending how he viewed things?

Harbo dumped his captive on yellow sand and she curled up hiding exposed limbs.

Harbo was evil, a product of the dragon's reign, totally corrupt, self indulgent, always seeking gold to buy the pleasures his imagination demanded, and if no gold stole pleasure from weaker souls.

For it was illegal to soil innocents before they went to the brothels, only because the tax man wanted your money.

Sadism, incest, murder, child sex, mutilation, arson from a growing list and bought with gold and the tax on gold and made the races of the Heavens greedy for wealth and the dragon controlled all the known supplies of gold.

"Rape doesn't exist, women were made to seed men," an utterance of The Beast.

Then listen well, one is three; the red scaly dragon is Satan who is The Beast who is the many headed god who gives power to Slayer for miracles.

One is three, the same, 666.

To the miracle starved human race they were truly gods.

"Prophet's brat," Harbo hissed, his handsome golden face contorting with desires so grabbed her limbs parting them.

She screamed.

Oneghus the Inquisitor Extra Ordinary heard.

And Harbo fought the girl ripping her yellow pants, then stood breathing heavily enjoying the girl's discomfort, allowing himself free selfish excitement.

And pulled down his shorts revealing his glory.

“Am I not beautiful,” for Harbo was mistaken in his belief all women saw him was desirable and wanted him to fill their bellies with his seed.

Wisely for her mind’s sake she kept her eyes shut.

Harbo was truly evil.

Harbo was excited.

Harbo had the mark of The Beast.

666.

A deep silence now made Harbo stop his rape for silence is noticeable.

The shadows of other men had fallen across Oasis.

Just eerie shadows on moonlit sand.



**And Oneghus wanted her it was his destiny**

And Harbo’s gaze followed one shadow to the giant paws of Light and noticed the hound under the rider had bad breath.

He concluded it must have intestinal worms and must avoid its lick.

And furious Harbo stood up holding yellow pants in his left hand.

Harbo thought he was a perfect statue of manhood, he was wrong; he was a statue of evil.

“Who dares disturb Harbo?” He dropping his other hand to where his holster should have been and “Crap,” realizing it missing.

“Oneghus,” a quiet reply and Harbo of all people knew of him and fear his victims experienced passed to him.

Oneghus’s zeal in hunting Innocents and law breakers was infamous and Harbo knew he was breaking the law taking an Innocent female before tax and registration paid.

He swallowed hard on a dry throat finding the experience painful and the hound licked his lips.

“What are you doing?” Oneghus knowing.

And Harbo’s collywobbles that most embarrassing intestinal rumbling showed his nervous disposition.

Now Harbo said what came naturally to one so spiritually corrupt.

“How much?”

“Leave the girl and go,” Oneghus seeking to avoid a fire fight killing folk again.

But Harbo thought the judge crazy reasoning when Oneghus reached Hesse City he would collect the Innocent bounty paid for by Sagor’s Slitherdrome and thought Oneghus greedy.

“I work for Lord Hesse,” Harbo seeking protection of a bully’s name.

"I command you," Oneghus tonelessly.

"I repeat I work for Lord Hesse," Harbo insisting wondering how in such a big desert their paths had crossed.

The name of Hesse gave him courage and he remembered he had armed men behind him somewhere.

"What's your name slaver?" Oneghus asked.

"Harbo."

And unseen in the shadows Oneghus's own men had fanned out unlike Harbo's men who were paralysed at being caught had fear making them dribble pee, the fear of the condemned entering Slitherdrome.

Their guilt was obvious for they had wanted what Harbo was getting so had entered the cages.

They needed a lead from Harbo and also to pull up their thick leather bat skinned desert trousers that loitered about their ankles.

"What's up with you, she's an Innocent, fit for the brothels and Slitherdrome," a naked Harbo backing off towards his magnificent flying bat Zeetor, "and going to have a queue forming for this own, she isn't half pretty. I'm only going first so what's wrong? Of course you want first that's it?"

"Not before offering repentance to save herself from Slitherdrome only," Oneghus coldly, "besides you didn't pay the tax and I hate rapists, understand?"

And Harbo understood death stated him so reached for a rifle hanging from Zeetor.

This was the lead he gave his men.

“Zip,” a laser rifle.

“Grief,” Harbo falling holding a burnt left hand.

And seeing Harbo go for his rifle his men copied and paid with their blood.

“Enough,” Oneghus commanded as yellow dust in the silver moon rays settled down.

Two of Harbo’s men lay dead with gore seeping from eye sockets.

Another curled pushing his bowels back in and a last was holding a leg stump which made him jump about before he toppled over.

The others had wisely surrendered.

“Ester chain them,” Oneghus “Cullen their valuable,” for a third went to The Beast, a third to his men and a third to himself, a beast law.

Now Oneghus ordered the women out of the cage and filled with Harbo and his men, dead and living. And then with his dragon scarf tied it about the cage lock and waxed it with his imperial seal.

“Your imprisonment for denying The Beast his law and imperial judge his commands,” Oneghus standing back, “your cage will wonder these sands where time has no rule.”

And as Wong chased the bats into the air...”May the curse of The Beast be upon they who break my seal.”

The epitaph filled Harbo’s men’s ears, any thoughts of reaching Hesse City and getting Sagor or fat Lord Hesse to free them had vanished.

“Satan my god give me revenge,” Harbo shouted.

These were difficult times needing difficult solutions.



\*

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Sagor obtained the Hessian gold monopoly at a price, half the profits to The Beast, his two beautiful daughters invited to court and a sworn public declaration that there was no god but The Beast.

And Sagor's wife now hated him for turning their daughters into court whores;  
But The Beast was happy

And Sagor? What price two daughters for gold? They weren't virgins anyway and he could always get more from someone else.

And The Slayer and angel Apollyon were happy too for they were going to Hesse to kill Innocents.



Sagor thought he was the captain of the Enterprise in Star Trek

Soon all would travel through space and time to Hesse and another would go, the Imperial Chronicler, Khronika. A tall Earthling whose blue smock reached his ankles disturbing yellow dust, and the indigo blue vastness of cloth was broken by a bright dragon motif on his chest.

Even his hands were gloved in blood red leather and one saw from his sparkling eyes he had intelligence.

But whispered he had sold his soul for the title Greatest Orator for only such a being could be the official chronicler, The Beast's propaganda quill.

And here is the truth of the whisper, The Beast who is the many headed god, who is the dragon, who is Satan, knew Khronika's selfishness and took not his soul but the man's girlfriend whom he loved.

And now she, Donna stood at the bottom of the dragon's throne, a zombie to the dragon's will and reminder to Khronika of his selfishness.

Even now a minor demon perverted her body.

And the dragon thought this a jolly good joke, but his humor found no home in Khronika who heard Donna's screams and was ashamed and hated the dragon and was glad he was leaving for the frontier and Hesse.

There to forget Donna but the dragon who flourished on hate had her screams ready to follow him; no escape.

**Update** Cernurex had no available money and never stole always taking what was offered for free, and always suggesting to the owners of her body to teach her to read,

Cernurex had ambition, the world owed her nothing, she had seen others make it off the streets and hoped to start off working as a store woman out on the frontier where qualifications were not asked for, for only the suicidal volunteered for the frontier desert lands.

But Madam Loo had ambitions too, she had risen out of the streets a different way, as Master Lugson's kept woman and was her idea to open high class brothels across Hesse Planet, why wasn't Oberix the son of Lord Hesse a client now?

And liked the looks of Cernurex so drugged her orange drink with heroin.

Like written, Cernurex was poor and could never afford an anti drug cocktail so was open to exploitation.

And what exactly was an anti drug cocktail, well let's put it this way, there were many happy men on Hesse who had very obedient wives and vice versa.

They were always slaves for who ever had them hooked on what their bodies needed and was legal for the anti drug cocktail and drugs themselves were taxed.

What a lucrative source of income for fat Lord Hesse.

Poor Cernurex,

She had no cash,

She had grit,

But that wouldn't buy her anything,

Poor defenseless Cernurex.

Never mind Yokel had drugs to make sure she didn't waste away,

So would always look curvy and nice but just a junkie

**“When will a man like Judge Oneghus rescue me?”**

**“Have some more orange juice dear,” Madam Loo.**

Coming to Madam Loo for each batch of junk had an I.D. number.

Only Madam Loo’s batch numbers could satisfy Cernurex’s cravings.

And sure like said, she would never need to buy anything,



Master Lugson would provide free knickers for Madam Loo to

select from. Owning a brothel in 49999 A.D. was like playing with a doll's house

It was fun.....

As for Cernurex, she learnt long ago not to put her faith in her government, she needed a hero!

And the grey slater (wood louse) scurrying across her bedroom floor had more belief in God than she did and it was a street urchin too and never did to its own kind what Master Lugson and Madam Loo did to Cernurex.