

Oneghus

The Slave Traders

Scenario: Moonlit desert.



“Look,” Cullen in his American accent pointing at flying bats crossing the moon like witches on brooms, “another Lord Hesse cargo,” and spat.

“I see them,” I Oneghus taking the opportunity to stop Light and both drink water; the others copied.

And together watched the silvery cage full of slaves pulled by shadowy bats with riders, and this was the column behind Harbo.

“All females, what a waste,” Icon unable to help himself.

“Don’t worry Icon,” Estor about to annoy Icon, “those fish will still dance for you in the brothels.”

“What are you talking about? I never pay for what I can get free,” Icon snapped.

“Then you are lucky,” Estor.

“Do you two mind,” and knew the heat was affecting them.

“Forgive me I am perverted by the times,” Estor.

“Even if the enemy is women, sending them to the brothels is worse than death and a cheap entertainment for the dragon’s subjects to keep them from thinking about him and the ill economy.

And these women, because their foolish religion will not allow them to accept their emperor as god.

A statue of the god Emperor Satan



Men need stone statues to call divine

Have pity it is their men folk we trade laser bolts with,” I Oneghus to make my men think.

“Master,” Wong, “are you tiring of this world?”

I knew his meaning; yes I was sick of killing.

The enemy religion was a danger to our world, or better my secure little private mental stable world. They had to be stamped out at any cost, even their children who planted bombs.

“TERMINATE THEM,” my imperial orders.

And my thoughts a broken record playing the same tune, the orders were wrong?

So women and children I spared and sometimes the men folk.

AND KNEW THEIR KIDS WOULD KILL ME THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY THEY
GOT.

“I am sorry master,” Estor and he and the others watched me use my right callous
dusty hand to rub my sweat streaked tanned forehead.

And arched my neck as my schizophrenic mind fought to the wrongs of sending
Innocent folk to Slitherdrome.

My mind hurt,

I wanted to retch,

And there was no pity for me,

Oneghus Brown,

Whom Innocents hated.

Only self judgment when I died.

Then I felt a damp cool chamois of sheep’s leather pressed into my left hand and
looked into the givers eyes and saw the same mental pain there.

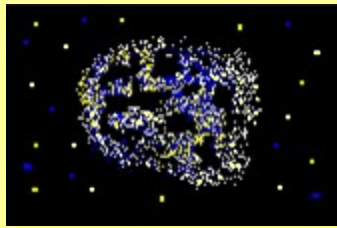
I opened my mouth revealing artificial pointed incisors our emperor dragon had
instructed his syndic judges have.

His idea to make us feared and subjects docile.

But I couldn’t find any words, I was the judge and here I was trying to apologise my
turmoil.

“We understand,” Wong and Cullen placing supporting hands on my shoulders.

Yes they understood and Estor had summed it, “Perverted by the times.”



The Innocents saw God as Living Spirit

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Harbo’s throat was dry from dust and drier every time he looked at the Space Walker woman astride Zeetor.

He had Lord Hesse’s orders to take these believers in the dead Innocent God to the brothels of Hesse City, there abused before going to The Circus Slitherdrome.

Because THEY DID NOT HAVE THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

And could save themselves by publicly stating Emperor Satan god. And Harbo was glad he would miss, Judge Oneghus Brown for the judge hated slavers and robbed them of their cargoes.



“Damn this dry mouth,” Harbo and to wet it ate pickled centipedes.

(Hessian centipedes were considered a love potion because their venom had a rather strange effect, it acted like a super Viagra....unluckily Harbo had a jar of them.)

POSTSCRIPT.

Jasmine smell

Cernurex was lucky; the merchant had been kind to her treating her as a child for she was a child and because of her fair blue skin and long blue hair wished her to stay longer.

Seeing no harm in it she agreed, “Maybe luck has arrived and will become his mistress for he is not married.”

Pomegranates smell

Here buy exciting things on the hologram Internet,” and Cernurex saw the web site opened at sexy lingerie.

“White goes with blue, don’t you think so?” She teased thinking of lunch.

“Yes,” the merchant thinking of Madam Loo and selling the child in a few weeks time and replace her with a new child and have the benefit of sleeping with Cernurex at Madam Loo’s who let him in free. After all, he gave Madam Loo massive discounts for buying his shops lingerie.

Run girl run
villainous people are about

Washed clothes smell