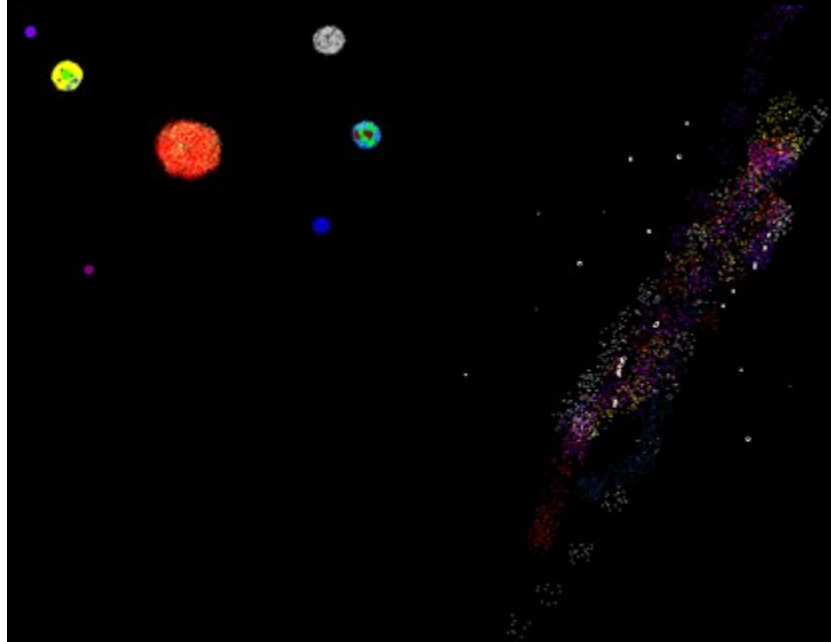


Oneghus

Heroes

Scenario: yellow Planet Hesse.



Yellow Planet Hesse and sisters revolve about their sun star KILLOXKY

“And one will come amongst us to deliver us from The Beast and return us to our god Rad,” from the Book of Rad.

SOUND
Silence of space

Harbo sat aside his flying mount Zeetor as the smoothed haired mammal graced the clear black Hessian night. See Zeetor was a giant orange bat that is what I. Judge Oneghus Brown saw it as.

And young Harbo wore brown leather pants, a shoulder belt, scabbard with cutlass, soft pull on leather boots and laser rifle tucked into his saddle holster. Sweat trickled

from his muscular features and blond shoulder length hair. Yet he could still see enough with his blue eyes due to his brown head band that stopped sweat flooding his eyes.

Enough to see the luminous altimeter attached to Zeetor's saddle.

Harbo was descending out of the high cool gray clouds clinging the Gold Mountains of the Yellow Desert of Planet Hesse.



Gold Mountains

Enough to gaze at the humanoid beauty bestriding Zeetor whose bluish black hair danced with the warming air stream.

And her nakedness would be complete if not for the yellow two piece and empty scabbard that hung from a belt. Riding boots gone, Harbo feared being kicked, Harbo was a bully. Also gone her cloak that protected her against the cold nights and skin eroding sandstorms.

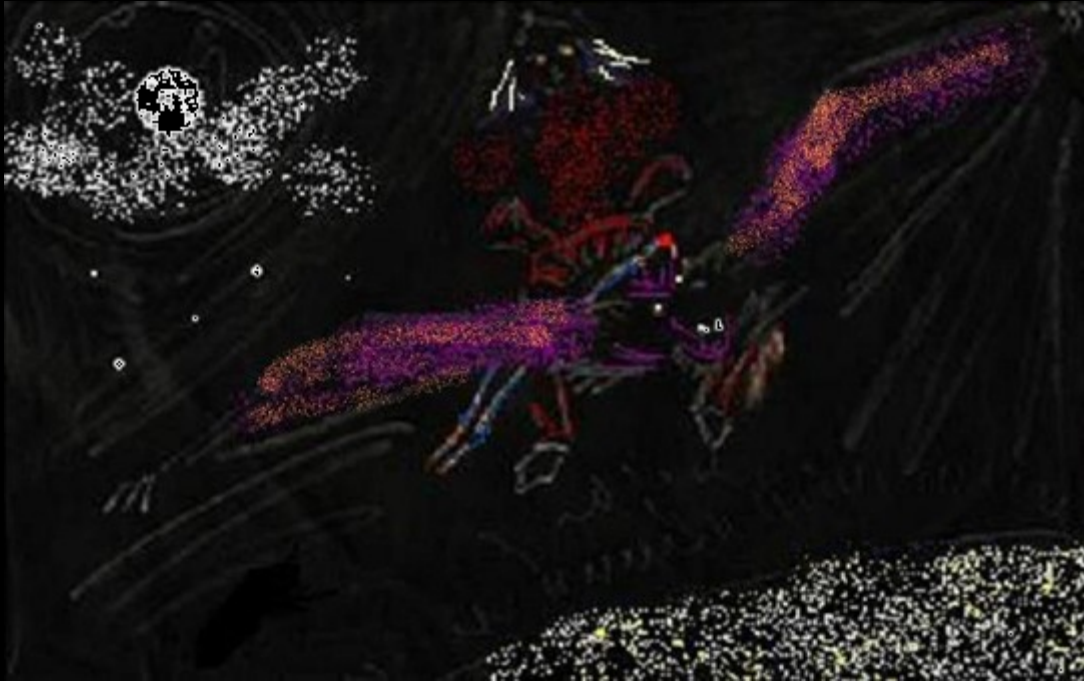
Harbo wanted her cold so her strength would be ebbed.

Harbo wanted the cloak gone so he could lust over her bare skin.

Harbo was not a descent man.

Harbo's throat was nervously dry.

We should allow our collective minds to call this slug some bad names.



Harbo not the bat was a creature of the dark

“I am going to rape her good,” the idiot thought; *“How do you rape someone good?”*
a whisper asked out of the night.

Sound
Organs “Phantom of
Opera”

Anyway, several hundred feet below and in front of Harbo and the column he led
there sat I, Judge Oneghus Brown, Inquisitor Extra Ordinary on my riding hound Light, a
huge dog like beast with white short hair.

Lo riding hounds are indispensable because Planet Hesse is just yellow desert and
making a compass error was easy because of the magnetic storms, then you missed the
shifting water holes and died.

That’s where a good riding hound saved your life; they smelled water, carried heavy
loads, were docile, gave skins for coats and their meat was protein high.

And since machine driven transport was rare a good riding hound was

INDISPENSABLE.

They also had an uncanny sense of smell so sniffed out law breakers.

And guess? The shifting water holes really moved because the planet's inner layers were not stable and water came with violent thunder storms that created over night, rivers soaking away into the sand but some, some made a water hole.

A hole that could dry up in days.

And Planet Hesse was twenty times the size of Earth and its sun's rays pounded ultra violet because little ozone was left due to wars between the blue skinned Hessians and Earth colonists from the European Empire and God's United Kingdom of America.

And four hundred years had passed.

A few roads had been built for Earth didn't invest in its conquests, just sucked them dry of juices.

SOUND
Trumpet fanfare

And now Hesse was ruled from Dragonsburg on Earth which was once The Hague, but now the capital of a mighty galactic empire and it had an emperor, Lord of all things living and dead, Mighty Leader in War, Emperor Satan the First.

And I, Judge Oneghus Brown, had come from Earth from American parents but now, I was Chief Syndic Judge Planet Hesse, and this my story how Planet Hesse rebelled against The Beast. A universal inspiration against tyranny and as I tell you this fantastic tale more of my past shall be revealed but for now?

On my right my large earthling friend Cullen on a large black hound, Huge. A big man with green eyes and a face full of freckles and his long red hair tied at the occipital by a red bow.

He had emigrated from the now defunct Christian fundamentalist dictatorship, God's United Kingdom of America, once known as the United States.

On Hesse he hoped new frontiers, where his dragon emperor had little sway, and found them, the miles of desert and abandoned military trucks and skeletons of dehydrated troops who had escorted geologists into aboriginal lands without riding hounds.

Combustion engines having been regarded as more reliable than riding hounds.

And the geologist bones were there too.

Cullen stood at six feet and weighed sixteen stone and so was an easy target for my enemies who whispered "He liked boy," than a decent taxed prostitute.

"I know I am ugly so why get a broken heart over a pretty woman? Now food I know will never refuse my advances and satisfy me till I burst and break my heart another way, but I will die happy."

And wore his uniform with abandon. Why look at his dusty green silk pantaloons tied about his large girth by a red leather belt and above rolled exposed belly fat where his yellow vest struggled to hide it.

Cullen I had met on Hesse just after my arrival ten years past always in front of me on minor charges. In the end sick of seeing his face I gave him the choice of joining my personal guard or giving me peace by working the state gold mines.

He decided to wear the imperial green pantaloons.

“The judge had no guard then so knew without me would be assassinated so became his guard for there was food and a chance to be a frontiersman,” Cullen explaining to you.

And to my rear Estor, tall and brown from Planet Depo; a rain soaked place.

And he imagined himself a great wit that had taught us patience.

And on the saddle of his skew bald bay and white riding hound Dart, apart from laser rifle musical instruments we would like to break.

A long metal flute that would not rust for it was stainless steel.

Mandolin, but our dry air preserved it.

A skin drum but was in a case to protect from perforation. And forty two stringed flat zither which we allowed for night prowlers stayed clear of our camp.

Last a mouth organ in a small black case and unfortunately chained to his saddle.

But a valuable man, loyal to his comrades and one of the best marksmen on Hesse Planet who could knock a fly off a man’s nose at a thousand feet, if we could find a man to volunteer and fly of course?

And Estor now silent composing a song about our exploits that street urchins would sing while playing Oneghus and Robbers.

And look into his eyes, haunted.

And his personal hygiene was worse than Cullen’s.

I have no soul but this tuft of fur on my right wrist and means 666,” Estor illuminating about the haunting.

And in his head band desert flowers.

White flowers for a violent man.

And was a month after I met Cullen I met Estor in court for peddling songs without a license. One look at his brown eyes and knew he could be loyal to me. So offered him the mines or work as a guard for me?

Wasn't much of a choice, the mines had a more infamous reputation than me.

And besides Estor, Icon the womanizer of our group, a product of the genetic engineering laboratories in Hesse City.

And here he was in 109F according to the pyrometer wearing dust free pressed clean clothes.

Did he hide a secret from us or was he just one of those annoying people who are always clean looking.

And like us, language implants courtesy of Dr. Yokel who invented them and by orders of Lord Hesse ruler of this planet in us. But somehow Icon had found time to record sixty languages whereas I had ten and most normal folk three.

Ah yes Dr. Yokel of the Animal Physiology Department of Zoo dynamics of Hesse University had made Icon into a handsome man for the flattery of women.

And rumored Icon had a thousand children throughout know space.

What could Icon with his black wavy hair and lilac eyes offer me in my task of jailing criminals? Why he was the best spy any syndic judge could want.

Made that way deliberately by Yokel who knew anatomy talks.

"I am who I am and love women and can never be faithful to any so tell them this as soon as I have too," Icon wanting you to know he is amoral but moral.

And found him in court on a murder charge.

He had killed a factory owner employing children on a 16hr shift 7 days a week.

“I am proud of killing that scum,” he had boasted so gave him the mine opportunities as well.

And in our eyes saw hope for the future, so became one of us.

And amazed us all by showing he had his own mind and not Yokel's artificial A.I. as he was after all, a programmed laboratory clone.

Which left the last of the heroes the street urchins to sing about, Chinese Wong who rode Fighter.

Another of Yokel's Animal Physiology Department of Zoo dynamics genes in adulthood, and Yokel showed his humor by giving Wong skin genes that gave him blue freckles to show all he was of blue skinned Hessian lineage and programmed him a Grand Master of Martial Arts and leaked it about Wong was a result of a book he had been reading, The Ninja of Hesse City.

And as a finishing touch Yokel gave him blue eye and yellow pupils.

“I got a sense of humor,” Yokel interrupting.

“With looks like mine is right I stick to the shadows like the assassin I am, but unlike many of Yokel's creations have not let my thinking become perverted. I am what I am so make the best of it, the world owes me nothing and have found family amongst Oneghus's guard,” Wong proudly to you.

Now to describe a Hessian; are humanoids adapted to a poor ozone layered planet and much intermarriage has occurred between them and Earthlings leaving a polluted climatic changed Earth, and no one worries about offspring due to the advancement of science.

Odd genes can be removed, shifted or added to make handsome humanoid babies.

A part of Yokel's studies Yokel forgot to mention to us.

"I am well and make my scientific minions from my imagination," Yokel laughs at you.

And Hessians can be any color of hair but mostly black and eye too.

Are blue skinned and proud of it.

And call half breeds, "Yokel's Mutants."

Earthlings, "Space Walkers."

Yes and met Wong in court for defacing dragon statues.

"The dragon is evil," he had screamed at me and didn't I know.

So I gave him the choice?

SOUND

Cheering crowds

And troubled me why they had all wanted Circus Slitherdrome by breaking The Beast's Law in the first place. There in circus to be sawn into little bits as slither food to a cheering crowd.

"Encore, bravo, give us more," the crowd would chant if a condemned screamed long enough.

"Rubbish finish him off," if he was silent.

Slithers go a slithering gobbling Satan's enemies up a plenty.



The heroes

And myself Judge Oneghus Brown dressed as the others but without Cullen's yellow vest or bare chests as the others.....but in a yellow cape with embroided green dragons with red eyes, open due to the heat which allowed the robe's edges to flap about Light's ribs.

The seems needed a tailor for our journeys were long and dusty over rock encrusted sands.

Another difference in our dress, our leather boots.

Guards' black, judge red.

I was the Boss, beware of me, look at my imperial dragon horned skull cap; examine my title, Inquisitor Extra Ordinary.

Look at my imperial colors of a high ranking dragon servant, a rank both a curse and blessing.

And can give you life or death, for I am Oneghus Brown.

*

“And I am the street urchin Cernurex, a Hessian thirteen year old and sleeps where I can, sometimes in the sewers, sometimes tied to a large tree branch and steal, rob and sell myself to survive.

I couldn't care less whose in power for they don't do anything for me for only know I need a cooling bath so will seek a merchant and allow him or her to take me home. And use my brains and steal or ask for birth control so will not end up like Morgantrex the eleven year old who fell pregnant and now dead, hunted down by the street cops for sport.

There is one thing having street urchins but another for a street urchin to inherit by
Breeding with betters and have heard of the judge and played Oneghus and Robbers and
wonder when

he will judge the merchants and cops?

SOUND

Seedy bar music

But he is a cop so how can he? Maybe he would like to take me home for some fun?



he will judge the merchants and cops?