

Oneghus

Soul

Colour: Blue sky**SOUND**  
Celtic harp music**Glorious wonder**

By the time simple Peter reached the war leader Joshua, the later had infiltrated Hesse City that sprawling square through which the yellow river flowed from the Blue Mountains up north, an oasis of flowers. A river several thousand miles long, deep, murky, heavy with yellow sand and milking it Sagor's poorly paid workers extracting gold.

And their discarded bodies bloated floated feeding the blue river crocodiles well.

Stone statues of the dragon littered the river bank and water gushed from their mouths irrigating, while sail and motor boats sailed past them.

Hesse City was a market.

**SOUND**  
**Kings Cross Station**

Cool mountain winds blew upon thronged streets, the city's relief from stinking open sewers.

Great buildings added grandeur to this metropolis and Circus Slitherdrome, and the dragon's ziggurat rose from a central paved red square making a sky line.

A monorails and underground system serpentine and in the south, markets, space port, brothels, circus registrar and the Great Southern Motorway that Joshua entered during the night.

And Joshua waited.



### Hesse City from canal

\*

The next day the sun burned necks making the living quench their thirsts with bought water, a marketable commodity.

\*

**SOUND**  
Of shifting sand in the wind

"There are some fine women in that cage," Icon dreamed aloud.

"Well friend, remember what happened to Harbo," Estor getting tempted too.

"Yes a waste of female flesh" Wong as his brain moved south too.

And Oneghus heard their remarks and forgave them for they were men and remembered who he was. He had risen through the ranks of the judiciary becoming one of a thousand Intergalactic Inquisitors Extra Ordinary.

Oneghus was power, was Oneghus Brown whom the urchins played Oneghus and Robbers.

"And I can give you life,  
or I can give you death."

Why should these women be Slitherdromed? Because they followed God. A flimsy excuse to provide entertainment for the masses. So Oneghus shook his head sadly, they would die because they refused 666, the mark of The Beast.

A million, plus or minus, whole families sawn or boiled in Sagor's Slitherdrome cauldrons and for what end? The Innocents were increasing instead of decreasing.

And Oneghus was ashamed having sent a hundred to their fate. And his soul was in rebellion over it and no one must realise or he was doomed for the cauldron himself.

"I am a servant of The Beast," he aloud trying to separate his thoughts from the tattoo on his forehead that now burned. And he knew the tattoo allowed the emperor dragon to sense his treacherous thoughts.

So it was with much anguishing mental lying he concluded by lunch time he was indeed a loyal servant of his emperor. The smell of Insect browning honey smeared desert locusts was filling his olfactory lobes.

And hoped the tattoo was satisfied.

And Insect deliberately tendered the women captives especially the one Harbo lusted over for he knew her true identity which meant profit.

And the others, enjoying campfire idleness, Wong cleaning weapons, Estor strumming his zither, Icon dreaming he was in paradise, Cullen pulling chewing meat from his mouth and Oneghus just stood beside the open cage watching that beauty.

Defiantly she stared back, all Innocents knew Oneghus, he was worse than The Beast he served. So could expect no mercy although she was glad he had saved her from Harbo.

And knew Oneghus could not understand rape for he was a man.

"She's lovely, isn't she?" Icon invading.

"Yes," were his thoughts that open?

Silence.

So, "I could set you free," he went on ignoring Insect sitting between him and her. He Insect was risking his life, why?

"For the price Harbo set?" She sneered back.

"Tell me your name, please," the word had come from intuition.

He had used please, a word that carries much weight in the world of the unseen.

"Oasis."

Honey blossom smell



Oasis

And Oneghus understood why her parents called her that; she was a bloom of vegetation amongst the yellow.

"Oneghus Conan Miles Brown," the judge giving his name not understanding why?

We can, the war of the sexes had begun between them. Could he not hear the violins behind him? His brains had moved south when they were needed in the bridge. Oh a woman's beauty is an iceberg in a lonely sea.

"You have the mark of The Beast," she explained nicely why she could never be his when she could have said nothing or "Go to hell werewolf," or "Push off beastie," but no, she was nice about it; after all Oneghus was a handsome man and power needing changed, he was indeed a challenge; her ovaries were thinking babies on a subconscious level.

It was sickening and Oneghus cursed the insanity of the times. Perhaps The Beast was wrong? He was already sick of Slitherdrome. This girl was doomed, he had best forget her.

And Icon watched with the Insect, uneasy with Oneghus's thoughts for they would bring an ill wind. "But hell, I hate The Beast too, should be hunting real jerks like Harbo not women," Icon and Insect

noted, indeed he thought he might not be sent to Slitherdrome after all, yes, profit was in the sands at last.

Yes brains had gone south for Oneghus's mind was empty as he took her hand and led her away for privacy. It was called abuse of power and she went instead of kicking, after all she was latterly for the cauldron. But she thought he was going to rape and prove her right he was no better than Harbo. But inner woman's ways knew she had him by the thumbs and was safe so wasn't making herself unpleasant.

And Icon tripped Insect up stopping him following.

"Who is she worm?" He demanded.

"Ah I see Yokel's number 24563 on your neck bracelet, an experiment gone off is we?" Insect could be insulting and stupid at times.

And got a boot for it.

"Sorry, I too am an experiment of Yokel," seeking now an alliance with the author of his discomfort.

"Accepted," Icon concluding the Insect had a lot to learn if he wanted to live; this man was pure ugly. What had Dr. Yokel being trying to put together, perhaps it wasn't a good idea for Insect to cook, bits might drop off into their stews?

"Go and help oenophile Cullen," Icon and Insect, "As long as that connoisseur of wines has left a sample." In fact Insect was glad to be away to avoid questions on Oasis who had been kind to him. And now he was repaying his debt, never let it be said he treated Oasis meanly to anyone. And it was a rare thing for a Cooler mutant to do that for that was what Insect was a mutant hunchback.

And Icon was dumbfounded, Insect was a dictionary not just a warty face.

And Insect used his mind to tell his implanted data recorder to remind him hourly that Hessians hated Coolers.

"And Coolers hate stuck up Hessians," he whispered.

Away from straining ears Oneghus told Oasis, "A long time I have been struggling, look how I repaid the evil slaver."

And she thought flabbergasted, "Evil, this slug slime calls Harbo evil?" but said instead; "Guilt in

the way to have me?" She was inviting trouble; gad she hated him, he was too handsome, his



**The man himself**

voice healing, he radiated danger and power: Oasis's hormones were working overtime. She after all was one of the most beautiful women on Hesse and knew it. "I will remain single for there is no one too match me," she had often boasted, and then felt the inner loneliness of that truth.

Oneghus turned away; he had become aware he was feeling uncomfortable with such female assets so close too him.

Oasis was both glad and annoyed.

Then her brains moved north too. Her Earth nanny Helenextrex had pumped into her, "Men like too talk before they mess you up because men like to talk," but he wasn't speaking.

What an ugly silence there was.

It needed an obliging riding hound too break wind.

Soon the awful stink descended upon them and they began to laugh. It was shameful for the situation was so serious. I mean it wasn't some work's picnic?

"Are you putting us in Slitherdrome?" She asked seeking an answer in his eyes.

"It is the law," he replied lamefully. Without law there is anarchy and there is only death for those who refuse 666," and remembered Joshua's war cry, "Kill imperialists, cut all prisoners throats." And it worked, many imperial troops faded away than fight. But the tuft of fur always let the spirit of The

Beast know where they where. Plenty of crucifixions to line the roads leading to the population centres.

And she read his thoughts through his blue gray eyes and she remembered the imperialist soldiers "Hang, draw and quarter the bastards," and he saw her words in her green eyes.

"Sit down,"

And she did and he stroked her dark hair because he wanted too.

And worse she allowed him too.

"Keep winding him in," Insect thought too himself and Icon read his mind for in these days Intelligent life had mastered the art of separating mind from body. It was not telepathy but knowing that mind was independent of brain.

Do you realise the implications of that?

"I sympathise," and he said the wrong thing.

"Like to a sick riding hound?" And in a flash she had risen and walked away letting the strain of the last few days out: after all she was only mortal and turned and made silly doggy sounds at him.

Insect groaned and saw himself being drawn and quartered.

Icon smiled, he knew all about women and men.

And Oneghus did not surprise any when instead of ordering her to stand still walked away himself It was the strain he knew; it was not nice trying to be Solomon the wise judge out of history. And made the mistake of looking at the Skull of Heaven about Planet Hesse and felt himself turning into a new power.

"I know I know," he said and some of the truth of creation passed through him and he knew he was of the same spirit as the spirit of creation. He was loved by that spirit and knew he hated The Beast.

His mind seemed to ride an elevator upwards and outwards as it expanded with a radiant light. Now a vulture flew past; immediately he felt he was related to it, they both shared the same spirit that animated all life. He picked up a small rock and felt the spirit in it.

"You're life too rock but at a different level of awareness," and sought Oasis.

"And what does superman want?" Oases no longer letting the pheromones in their skin attract each

other.

"The Beast is wrong," he said and rejoined his camp.

"Oneghus Miles Brown," she played with his name and hummed a summer air.

Icon felt the crucifixion nails hammering into his wrist.

But Insect saw a bright breezy future amongst the Innocents as their main general trader. After all Yokel had put Scots genes into him for the red hair and laughed at the pun. Scots in old European meant exactly a general merchant, a tinker with pots and pans. Never mind, there was money in the making and was happy.