

Scenario: A cage somewhere in the blue sky.



A fair wind blows for ships

Harbo's throat ached for water. Green phlegm stuck to his tonsils for there was no spit left in him to cough.

"Aborigines," one of Harbo's cronies, you know the extra that gets paid a \$1 a day for jumping out of a towering inferno and never heard the director shout "Let's break for the weekend.

"Bullocks," we got no guns, another extra.

And below their silhouettes thirty flying lizards with thirty white scaly warriors.

"Let's hope friendlies," another extra praying to The Beast and The Beast felt his prayer through the energy belts that infiltrate the universes; and was happy, gore by the bucketful was coming. Let's face it, the extra was praying to the wrong God?

And some prayed to Rad the persecuted old faith of Planet Hesse, the deliverer.

And all found time to curse Oneghus Brown.

And frenzied shouts and leathery wing beats seemed nearer and men peed.

"Frigging Fries," an extra already feeling his entrails pulled out of him. See, the Frie knew how to make a hot entrails soup and didn't need any earth chef to teach them how. In fact they could skin a victim down to his appendix in fourteen minutes flat, just as good as any earth abattoir turning a Frie into sausage meat.

Yep, praying to The Beast was a wasteful.

My them Frie claimed the planet as theirs with no room for anybody else.

And grappling hooks fell about the meat and were a shame for extras that didn't move fast

enough.

And Harbo wished the Frie all dead for it was government policy to pay for a bounty on a Frie head because there was gold in the Blue Mountains where the Frie lived and their reptile skins fetched a good prize from a tanner from which they left as pet food.

For Hessians thought the planet belonged for them and there wasn't room for anybody else.

My, haven't we heard that before.

*

Sagor's tub was an armed merchantman. A fat welded steel ball with stabilising fins and not built



A pirate's tiffin...Sagor's tub

for speed but for cargoes. It weighed a hundred thousand tons and was full of immigrants escaping Emperor Satan and had answered government "The grass is greener on the other side," the other side being Hesse and didn't know Sagor owned Slitherdrome which was always on the look out for down and outs needing bed and breakfast with them being the star attractions.

And the ship twenty cannons as defence against anyone out for a fast buck and Sagor felt like that buck. Slayer had wanted an extra, "Twenty million," so Sagor didn't pay for protection. Should we feel? sorry for him? Maybe he might meet some Cooler pirates; we can hope.

In front of him a speeding imperial fleet with Apollyon thinking of being that pirate, but his Master Satan wanted a quick messy end on Planet Hesse. But it was tempting, Sagor's hulk would fill

his master's coffers and seed more corruption, oh was it tempting.

"May some god protect me," Sagor bemoaned but no good god would come within spitting

SOUND

Blaring loudspeakers

distance of him. You sow what you reap and up to seven generations I am told, so think twice about

being a Sagor Jackass.

*

Place: Metropolis Hesse.



**The devotes bought colored lanterns
so the Ziggurat of The Beast had a carnival atmosphere for candy floss was sold here and flowers still
pollinated.**

Joshua and his war band hid their laser armour. Then mingled with the crowd. At night when the city was quieter they would regroup and see how things were.

Joshua thought of his love for Helena, Oasis's twin, his wife. Her face filled his mind, could smell the primrose in her bluish black hair.

Her green mischievous sparkling eyes, inviting him to fill her belly with seed. Their marriage was good, there were no perversions bought or needed, it was love and about making babies like nature intended.

THEY KNEW ABOUT GOOD ALL FASHIONED FUN.

For Helena he must rescue Oasis for the separation had depressed her and had interfered with her lust for him. He was beginning to ache like a bull elephant in heat and smelling. It was only nature at work again and was no sin. His hormone level had built dangerously high and he was too God fearing and righteous to toss himself off behind a sand dune. That would be dirty and he would have to bath many times to clean himself when it was his spirit needing cleaned not his flesh.

THIS MAN HAD A PHYSICAL NEED.

Helena the bore compared to the vocamp Oasis but both strong determined women. "She needs a man and babes," Helena about Oasis. And Joshua knew on legal and religious grounds he could argue for a second wife.

Two Helena's, could he handle them, was he man enough. It would be fun, when one was spent he could have the other. Two in bed, two faces the same, no, these were immoral thoughts.

He loved his Helena.

One wife was enough.

And put the temptation down to the devil not his anatomical swollen bits.

And never saw it as the dominant wanting to spread its genes about for the propagation of its own line, like how male lions kill off a dead rival's siblings before mating the lioness.

NATURE'S SELFISH WAY.

Helena, Oasis, these were the prophet's children and expected to behave and Oasis while single chaste, pure and wear white.

Could wear pink and wouldn't make any difference, is spirit want counts not cotton fibres weaved by machines.

Ah the prophet expected his girls to do what the written word of God said and had added a few himself to the sacred literatures. Now his inspired teachings in a thousand years time would too be accepted as God's written words.

And Helena had married to escape him and but there was only one dashing handsome Innocent Joshua or was there?

Oasis had met Oneghus Miles Conan Brown.

And Helena was fat with his child; the brown smear ran thick from her belly button to her flower.

Then a passing agricultural flying craft woke Joshua from his thoughts. Tens rotors above lifted his coat and his ears filled with swine squeaks.

The air was filled with dung.

"Gad", he spat.

*

Now messenger Peter had been caught up in the colour of a temple gathering. Remember him, sent into Hesse City and like a child in a zoo forgot where he was. French horns, cymbals, people were happy, children carried balloons.

Street vendors sold sticky toffee puddings, newts in jars, rats in cages for amusement at home. They expected no kindness at home; they were for your frustrations.

Everywhere gold tinkled and poor Peter never noticed the steps he ascended but did see hanging gardens and people watering plants.

Warnings of a tall stepped building flooded his mind.

And realised he was on the Ziggurat of The Beast. From what told, at the top was a gold statue with blood red ruby eyes.

And a blood drenched alter.

He would have to turn back.

But couldn't for the crowd did push him forward.

In fact, became angry with him for the hold up. I mean there was this teenage female Frie in a white brief being hung up from a T bar by the wrists.

And Peter noticed how soft her body scales were, so soft they weren't noticeable and she was pretty. Peter wanted to look away but death had fascinated him. It was like watching an intelligent cow being slaughtered.

The Frie breathed deeply and her young breasts expanded and his hanging bits twitched. Peter had never seen tits before, even reptiles.

At that moment a priest stuck a flint knife into her chest followed by his hand and out came a gush of blood.

Her blood fell upon his face.



**Peter had only seen mammary glands on his mother
and he couldn't remember them**

"How lucky you are mate," a man to him, "I have been pilgrimaging regular and never been touched by offering blood. Now all your sores will vanish and I'll still have no water for my melons."

"Sweet Jesu Innocent help me," he prayed in the fashion of some God believers.

The man hesitated not sure what he had heard.

Then topside and black robed priests everywhere keeping a watch on the gold offerings in cauldrons and that was not all on offer. Lo, because Peter offered no gold they thought he was offering flesh.

And when none came presumed his own, so handed him a blade to mutilate himself. And everyone about him fell silent, especially the womenfolk for The Beast had renewed an ancient festival where men cut themselves to Artibates, goddess of love as an act of loving devotion; but had substituted himself for the goddess, besides she was supposed to be beautiful, he wasn't. Nor did the priests care if adequate emergency treatment was available. There wasn't, the idea being you bled too death for him and the bitties were thrown to the women as a free good luck charm. A whole subculture existed for gelded men, it was fashionable and sometimes hundreds were done at a time dressed as farm animals.

The only thing The Beast gave away the unmentionables; it cost him zilch and got a foolish soul out of it into the outer grey areas of the lower energy belts.

And Peter noticed on a nearby alter a small red thing beating.

A heart so swooned so offered little resistance to The Beast's priest who pulled his lower clothing away and used the blade on him.

His bitties were thrown to the crowd were women folk fought like sea gulls over them.

"Let me in your position friend," the melon farmer to someone, "that's better," the farmer happily as Peter's blood spurted onto him, "my melons will have water after all. How lucky I was too meet you friend," him to Peter.

As for Peter he was pushed forward and stumbled down steps where people stood on his face, kicked his ribs, stamped his spine and generally messed him up.

After all he had chosen to die for his emperor and they where willingly helping the lucky man enter The Beast's invisible kingdoms that surround us all.

And Peter died slowly finding release when his mental consciousness split from his body and floated above it.

"Is that really me, my I can not feel a thing," just before he zoomed down a dark tunnel and emerged at the other end in a radiant light that didn't blind him but welcomed him.

And there in front was a brilliant being that had nothing but love for him.

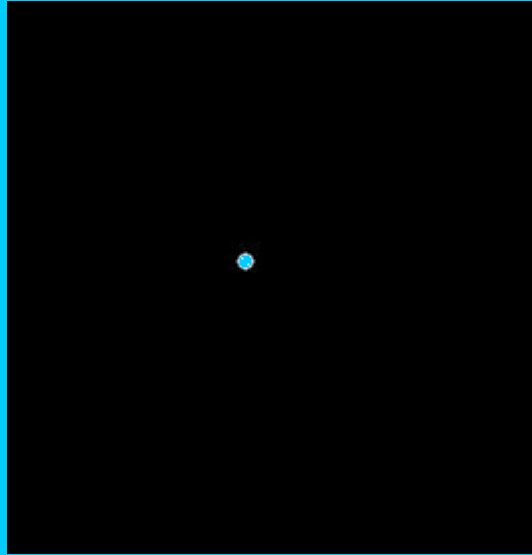
"Am I dead?" Peter asked.

"Yes," the being and in an instant Peter's life flashed before him and Peter was lucky he had never killed or stolen anything for he was watching and judging himself.

"Come with me," the being and allowed Peter to enter a beautiful world were LOVE was the true law of all spirits. And you know, Peter found out he was a spirit and there was his deceased mother, his sister, his pet dog and mouse and they were all the same, they were spirits.

"Gee whiz, animals go to Heaven too," Peter and as Paul said "Is a pity the poor have to wait to die to find happiness."

And in this case, the imperfectly made and the types like you know Pol Pot and Hitler who stick them in hot ovens, well let's have a laugh about them.



**Through the valley of death we travel
to a light and all enter
home again**