

And the official Chronicler Khronika of the Emperor Satan stood to the left behind the Lords Slayer and Appollyon.

All about were machines, computers and such.

Tapes spinning, whizzing, stopping, rewinding, erasing, ejecting. Multicoloured lights flashed in bars, groups and singularly.

Men watched the machines for errors that might blow the S.S. Dragon's Eye apart. A computer on the bend was fatal for machines developed minds imitating their inventors.

And copied human suicidal traits.

They were after all, only machine.

Anyway, Khronika wore a dark smock with strange white cuneiform figures etched over yellow dragons.

A wire came from his left ear and entered his left smock pocket.

Dictating his thoughts for history.

Ahead of him the cold vastness of space which if he opened his eyes to see, could see zillions of minds staring back at him and not twinkling stars.

Behind him a war fleet and behind that, a lonely merchant, the angry Sagor.

And Khronika dictated thus:

In the year 4999 A.D.

Lo and behold.

Hail, praise our conquering emperor. Behold,

in the year 4999A.D.

I, Khronika scribed.

Vast grey vessels.

Ten score imperial vessels.

Sailing steel cribs.

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For the rebel Oneghus Brown.

Braggart that thou art.

Think thou strong in heart?

Hide away hide away Oneghus Brown.

The might of our mighty emperor cometh.

Ten score imperial vessels.

Rebellious planet Hesse.

Rich and greedy we lootheth.

To no avail.

Thinks thou strong in heart.

Hear the mouthing sheep.

Your sounds, no avail.



Khronika sold his soul to The Beast for fame