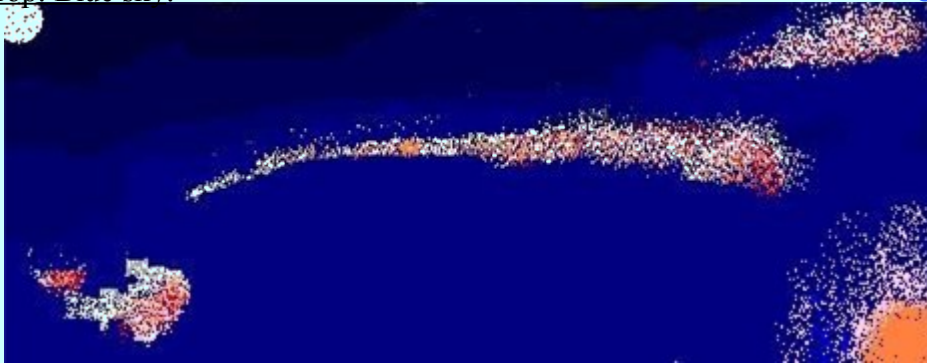


Backdrop: Blue sky.

COLD



She was almost in the atmosphere

Oasis looked at her bat Zeetor's saddle altimeter, and saw she was flying at a thousand metres. Also saw the saddle had wood worm; involuntarily her hands tightened the reins.

Insect noticed her whitening and called, "Meal time, here queenie, my stomach's got worms. You hear me, let's land."

Oasis allowed her eyes to focus on the annoying male sound and saw instead the ugly hunchback's concern. It moved her enough to regain control of herself.

The insect smiled.

"I don't mind heights either as long as there is a titanium ship's hull between my feet and space," he confided.

Oasis looked about; the women were hanging on for dear life. It was natural; none of them had flown bats before.

She had been told riding the winds made detection from enemies difficult. She looked about; there was nowhere to hide except sky.

Her vulnerability made her remember Harbo's attack. She looked at the small luminous clock next to the altimeter and was shocked they had been flying four hours.



Her bits the sun didn't shine on were rubbed raw and her back needed a good rack. And wondered if she did make it home before her periods started.

She thought of Light, that was a safer ride. The hound had nice manners, Oneghus needed worked on, then Light would be hers; and smiled: she was woman, a secret to herself and the creator spirit.

"What is Oneghus eating?" She asked aloud.

Her tummy rumbled loudly and she blushed.

"Down then?" The other women asked and invaded Oneghus Brown thoughts and wished these women would lead themselves. They put a strain upon her and wished someone WE know would start protecting her. So her father was the prophet? Big deal, she was humanoid like them and could be a complete idiot?

"Had too be with these types of Oneghus thoughts."

The Insect had paid Yokel Industries \$20000 Hessian for hearing aids: that allowed you to hear what was happening in the bedroom of the tenement next door; it was an unnecessary expense as he could mind read her thoughts?

Anyway: but they couldn't lead themselves, they knew who she was so expected her to lead; only the living cacti plant Oneghus t. didn't.

"No you are not, just stronger." They were thoughts but whose Oasis asked?

Startled she panicked; someone was reading what she would like to get up to with Oneghus in a cheap motel room where no one knew them. And now some low down was invading, she would use a blunt knife on the crab.

"I am Jesu Innocent," Insect continued protecting his crab skin while he led the party down avoiding her glances.

HE WAS AFTER ALL ONLY A CRAB WANTING HOME.

And they landed amongst outcrops of red limestone. Heat waves shimmered, a brightly coloured orange two headed lizard that God shone out of scampered away and a buzzard that God shone out ate it. This tall limestone's provided protection for all against lurking slithers.

Roast meats smells

Food: and the women prepared a mixed vegetarian and dried Hessian desert pig strips soaked in honey. And Oasis was glad leadership allowed her to sprawl flat doing nothing. She didn't feel like helping, she was the prophet's daughter and was pulling rank.

The prophet had never been a father, leaving her rearing to nanny Hellenestrix. As long as father was the prophet she would be treated special. "I want to know who I am and what I am worth? Is that a sin?" Oasis.

She looked at the Insect; he seemed concerned listening to a conversation, her private conversation.

"See this rock Insect, it's about to hurtle towards you."

The Insect ducked.

His game was up, Oasis was upon him.

“Get down, Frie,” and pulled her down. Didn’t apologise when her breasts rubbed against him. It felt good, why apologise for that. Instead he mentally thanked her.



The Frie again

Somewhere a yellow and black spotted desert pig ran out of the rocks. They are the size of Earth cats. Oasis forgot about yanking tufts of his red bushy hair and followed his staring green eyes to four Frie dispatching Hessians while a Sandman held a woman captive.

“They are in the rocks with us; there must be a slither near.” Oasis didn’t need any more confirmation about Insect’s telepathic ability: wisely she was silent.

Three of the blue Hessians were tied and each had a piece of plastic straw stuck into a neck artery. Natural gum plugged the dripping ends. The victims were filling drinking gourds WITH THEIR FLUIDS.

**Sounds
groaning**

What could she do?

“Nothing baby and Oneghus and his guard aren’t here so no heroics.” Insect mentally flashed back.

The Hessian meat was twitching now, wetting and soiling as death set in but not before the village meat was skewered with long desert cacti thorns.

Oasis was strong but her stomach was beginning to heave, making her legs sag as she had tried to stand with Insect’s laser pistol in her hands.

Insect slapped his empty holster; she was good, stealing from the prince of thieves unnoticed, and he took it back as one Frie prised a cranium off: sweetmeat and goat cheese was a desert delicatessen.

Insect felt her puke on the left side of his head.

He was motionless as steam rose from his head. DEATH was near, he was only the Insect.

Beside these men were on Frie land and heathen devil worshippers. Only the Frie worshipped the true God of the desert, Xon; and had forgotten the Sandmen.

And the desert pig ran between them. The buzzard saw God in its eyes and knew it was clean enough to eat. The Frie went berserk; Xon their god had proclaimed it a filthy animal. They did not see God in its eyes so threw stones at it and drove it away.

Squealing it was taken aloft by the buzzard who couldn't believe its luck; two meals in one day!

There was a scream; the Sandman had ripped the light smock from the red headed female Hessian captive and forced his dusty hand somewhere.

The Frie left one of their kind to cook the meat to prepare it for travel He didn't mind, the woman was going nowhere.

None of them felt any remorse about what they intended. No one knew, no law out here, she was a Heathen, a Hessian, deserved what she got, asked for it wearing a silken smock that showed what she was made of underneath.

THEY COULD NOT CONTROL THEIR LUST.

IT WAS THE NAKED BITCHES FAULT.

SHOULDN'T HAVE HER CLOTHES OFF.

THOSE LOVELY CURVES.

“Help her please help her, I been inside your mind, I know you can,” Oasis telepathed.

The woman screamed as the first Frie coupled her.



Rape in any form is wrong

**SOUNDS
A lonely sob**

Insect deliberated, looked into her eyes and took her spirit so reached into his pocket, deliberated, stared at her

The woman screamed again as the impatient Sandman joined the male fun.

Insect took from his open dyed purple sable coat a small silver hieroglyphic box, tapped it.

Buzzing sound and thanked his god (how he perceived god) the woman was silent as the remaining Frie gagged her.

Insect opened the box and apologised to the heavily black armoured nut shaped beetle there before tapping it onto his right palm; and placed a sugar cube next to it to pacify and bribe it. Promising this favourite morsel by telepathic thought symbols, for like Oneghus, Insect knew all things living **were Living Spirit** so therefore could be manipulated telepathically.

Insect was another blooming sensitive, a witch, a follower of the natural laws.

But the beetle loved Insect whom it saw as its god who loved and fed it.

Just as well, for the red headed woman seeking revenge saw it land on her assailants back.

There was an almighty scream, justice had been done. It was not the woman's wrong the Frie impregnator could not control his lust: should have learned that at High School.

And the beetle flew amongst them.

"Buzz buzz," it went, "buzz."

"Beetle nut?" Oasis asked.

The Insect nodded an assassin weapon, well where there was living muck there was coin, and so be there.

But Oasis had been brought up indoctrinated that Beetle nut was a huge mandible thing with claws the priests used on Innocent gatherings, many unexplained deaths were attributed to the BEETLE NUT. **FEAR smell**

Some said it was a vampire bat.

Joshua, that it was the evil of Priest Indigo Sess's heart manifested.

The Insect knew what Beetle nut was. He was named after them. And right now his one was on the right flapping ear of the grinning Sandman doing his naughty.



What a pretty little beetle?

Oasis wanted the Beetle nut to bite where it hurt.

Nanny Hellenestrix and her twin Helena had explained what a husband was equipped with.

The assassin beetle picked up her Image thought and targeted.

The Sandman felt the burning venom fill him.

Insect remembered what Beetle nut was in their language and sent terror amongst the living, and sent it buzzing so all could see it before it bit and didn't matter if you ran, it buzzed after you.

Then the slither ate those who ran out on the desert.

The buzzard saw God in the eyes of the last Frie that the slither chewed sending a right arm into the air.

A fast swoop down and meal three was obtained. The buzzard's consciousness was that advanced for it to see God had made it top of its food chain. It could not see there was higher life to answer to? But thanked God by allowing the warmth of food to spread out of its belly. And the air being God registered its thanks; just as the air had registered all the dying done that day: God knows when a sparrow dies.

There is no escape, every thought, every deed, every hypocrisy, just like when the pigeon meets the wheel of a car. We are the fish, the water is God. The buzzard knew, the unclean pig thought the Frie funny whom could never accept the Living Spirit is resigned to a few, them; *“Let’ face it, the desert pig is a clock work machine that pretends to be living flesh,”* a whisper giggling.

Yes the pig knew God had made it so wasn’t unclean. And Oasis and Insect shared these thoughts and became close.

Oasis rescued the woman as Insect rummaged through the abandoned personal items.

And Oasis sent to Insect what the red haired told her. The Frie meat on the skewers had planned to rape, thief and murder her when the desert men had arrived and taken their place.

JUSTICE

“Oneghus’s justice,” Oasis spat looking at the woman as she beat the dead desert men with rocks. Oasis let her be, only a woman or man raped and filled with unknown semen could understand the filth this red headed lady felt.

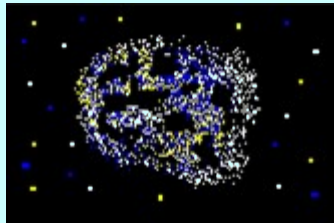
It ran down her thighs, it swam inside her; she wanted to rip her belly out to be rid of it. They might have diseases, she might get a baby? Could see love it? It would be spirit clothed in flesh. It would be God for the buzzard would see God in its eyes; given the chance and eat it anyway too.

“Made some impression this Oneghus Brown?” Insect asked telepathically.

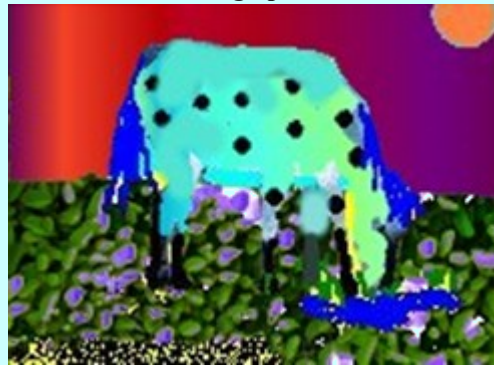
“Of course not,” she lied.

Because she was speaking to herself the other women looked at her as if she had a nut loose, Oasis that is.

And Insect flicked Beetle nut pooh from his fingers into a leather pooch. it smelt of strong almonds and was favoured by perfume makers. Just a little Beetle nut bonus.



Living Spirit?



A Hessian desert Jackass also Living Spirit