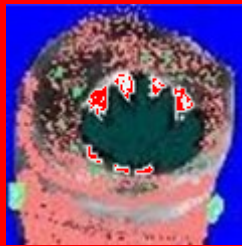


Oneghus

Slither



Joshua waited no longer and freed what Innocents found in Sagor's cages.

They killed the guards with long knives; saw them as beast dung and their Innocent duty to send them to hell.

And none on both sides ever thought deep enough to see they were brothers, made from the same spirit so were killing Living Spirit.

These imperial soldiers had made bets between themselves as too which Innocent would die first in the microwaves in Slitherdrome.

They now got their deserts, a blood letting: war was war. By the way, the soldiers thought the Innocents needed a good cooking for worshipping a STRANGE unseen God; indeed they were brothers.

**SOUND**

**Heavenly**

**Choir music**



### Strange and unseen



**“You forgot the apple,” the crowd roared....and Yokel Industries had perfected keeping heads alive for body transplants. Why go through cosmetic surgery hell, just get a new body”...the adds went!**

\*

So Joshua led his men out of Hesse City through the large underground sewers, and fortunately did not meet any venomous water insects which had evolved into ten feet monsters due to heat and chemical pollutants. Some said piranha had adapted too and it explained why some sewage workers were now legless beggars.

Why Oneghus Brown wanted Dr. Yokel arrested and blamed him for the “unforeseeable results” of flushing unwanted genetic material down toilets.

“It’s called the diversity of life and creation.” Dr. Yokel has snorted back. **SOUND**

“Fool, there’s one thing curing the sick, adapting animals survive changing **Vivaldi** ecosystems and cloning wanted proved generals and scientists and another bunging **4** DNA into a melting pot,” Oneghus sends his thoughts back sharply. **Seasons**

“When I look into a mirror I see God so act as a god,” Dr. Yokel. **Violins**

**Winter/spring/summer/autumn**

**\* Perfume smells mmmmm**

Anyway ahead of Joshua the slither had given up chasing the Coolers, deciding in its football sized brain to vent its anger on something easier.

It did not smell the stalking Coolers but Oasis and the bat. It must have been her body scent or perfumes or maybe it was a male. Let’s blame the bats, they had terrible cobble wobbles and too a slither that was Heaven sent. Its black beady eyes spotted her as a dark moving silhouette in the sky.

The Coolers behind also saw her.

But Oasis had seen the rising yellow dust of the slither hallmark. “I fear for my Oneghus who is on the ground.”

Then the Coolers shot the bats from the under their seats and lassoed the women.

“Manna from Heaven,” that greedy slither must have thought.



Oasis was confident she could get Oneghus to give her Zector the bat.

**SOUND**  
**Wagner/Germanic/Amazons/Thunder/Clash of steel**

The Coolers hoped to collect the bats latter; they were a source of protein. They were not cannibals. In this Dr.Yokel it is said was showing kindness. (Perhaps he was being cruel, for there was a definite lack of something on those Sot moons.)

Created by him too starve for he was impersonal to cobble wobbles.

Cullen would never eat a Cooler stew; it might have humanoid chops in it.

Estor thought Cooler music twangy and wailing cat like.

Wong saw Coolers as untrustworthy black robed priests.

And Icon thought Insect was lucky to have been treated well by Oneghus.

So did Insect.

“I try to treat others as my brothers and sisters for we share the same creative spirit that we call Father God. We are all a spark of the divine current at conception. Truly we are gods capable of loving, forgiving, patience, slow to wrath and productivity, so the Coolers are our brothers,” Oneghus speaks.

And you know, Oasis without thinking allowed her laser red light sight finder target an eye and behind it a Cooler brain that ceased to think when she fired.

So she never saw the Cooler trawler come up fast, its loading bays open, and on deck above two giant windmill blades making electric to drive the engines.

Out of the bays came Cooler hunters wanting the girls alive. Dr. Yokel sometimes provided fresh genetic material, but trouble was, he had a sense of humour. The girls was a safer way of introducing genes into the Cooler gene pool.

“Yes I agree there,” Oneghus has telepathically butted in, “sex is deliberately nice, given to us by what we call God. I agree with Dr. Yokel, go and look at the rabbits in a field; in fact the cows there will embarrass you.

“I like the agreement about rabbits, and I know all about Oneghus’s Law and what you do to those who make a decent living out of the sex trade so I am off,” Dr. Yokel replies as men like him had made sex dirty.

“It is me Insect; our High King Ursa Mungo has put women before gold on the list of priorities on his shopping list. There are many humanoid races littering the universes and a woman forced into revealing undies with lots of intoxicating pills and loud music thrown in makes our Ursa Mungo a very rice Cooler indeed.”

And all the time the snake worm slither below had caught up, had swallowed a bat in a hurry so now bat legs dangled out of its mouth as it coughed and choked.

Oh the greedy thing. Food should be chewed and savoured, after all a living thing has given up its energy for the slither to physically exit.

And under a barrage of Cooler laser fire it bled and hoped to vent its anger on something, anything but didn't for it gave up the spirit.

It would become thousands of burgers with relish, mustard and ketchup; lettuce, pineapples, cheese slice, raw onions and tomatoes. Wide mouths would be needed to eat that, and many Coolers had them.

And Oasis felt herself fall as Zeetor took a sleeper dart.

Winded on the yellow sand any remaining resistance was forced out by a fist slamming into her bare naval.

Like a bag of crumpled potatoes she was carried into the trawler bay.

Light from halogen lights blinded her and the coldness of the place made her cuddle up in a ball.

Blame Dr. Yokel not Insect for he made them resistant to cold for much of the moons of Sot were desolate tundra's that bloomed billions of yellow flowers in spring. But this was not spring, Oasis was the most beautiful female the Coolers had seen in a while.

“\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$,” was stamped all over her. Not a hair follicle was to be damaged on her bikini line that many a hungry eye glanced at.

And watched the bay fill up with wailing women, dead and drugged bats, the slither with a bat stuck in its mouth and her eggs.

The air was also heavy with the smell of a thousand pairs of leather shoes, the bounty from a raided shoe factory.

Grease covered the bay, spillage from machines dragged aboard.

Light glinted off gold silver bronze brass ware in a corner.

Squeals came from cages full of small primates and chickens clucked adding din and the smell of bird.

#### **PET SHOP SMELLS**

A cow squirted cow pat.

#### **ZOO SMELLS**

A couple of chained dogs fought each other.

#### **BARKING**

And down the cleared middle came a man with one leg smaller than the other, dressed like Captain Cook from Peter Pan.

Very pleased he was with the women and never got a good look at Oasis; Insect threw a sack across Oasis to cover her, for Cooler men are weak in the flesh.

So was happy he would take the red haired woman Star whose destiny in life had was beginning.

“Yes, she came to this physical world to experience life for her spirit is a spark of God and it is said ‘our Father God even knows when a sparrow dies’”, Oneghus interrupting again: it is her fate chosen before she was born.

Yes the captain was being promised lots of gold rills and silver dolets from Insect for saving his life, and would put in a good word with Ursa Mungo when Insect got home; for he was hoping to bribe Oasis’s escape somehow.

“Maybe a promotion High Chamberlain?” The captain urged Insect.

“In that case it should be you who should reward me for allowing life to have me in the right place at the right time,” Insect replied.

“Your life was planned before you were born and at each cross roads you are given the freedom of free choice, so choose wisely, left, right, up or down,” the Cooler captain replied with greed in his eyes hoping this was the time in Insect’s life he would choose to bribe.

And Insect brightened; his High King Ursa Mungo would expect gifts from his adventures on Hesse to counter the bribes from those who sought Insects temporary vacant job.

Such was the corruption that plagued Cooler life making the poor poorer who would only find happiness when they died.

And all was witnessed by Joshua who stood amongst the corpses.

“How do we rescue you? We have no ships,” he was very sad.

\*

Several nights passed before Oneghus reached the Mountain Gate of Hesse City whose honoured citizens built statues to themselves, their heroes such as Oneghus Brown, his guard, The Beast the dragon, Slayer and Apollyon.

Gold obelisks reached for the sky like towers of Babel. Gold painted houses had gold gargoyles.

This was the gold capital of a minor universe. If you didn’t have gold plate. Then gold paint would do. GOLD was the in thing.

Anyway telegraph and phone poles followed the roads in. Not all afforded fax, telex or hologram machines or private telepathic workers or psychics (mind readers).

And besides the poles the crucified of the black robed priests.





**“Want food, then I want you,” The Beasts’ priest and she said “NO.”**

**Pig farm smell**

And Oneghus was not happy seeing them; this was a perversion of the law and was coming to the realisation God manifests through LAW. But the stink of the corpses was lost amongst the smells of the city that wafted out of the great massive gates.

**SOUND**

**Disco music**

Also besides the crucified billboards advertising Zo Za’s nightclub with topless waitresses, male and female and live stage couplings.

And rising above all, the Ziggurat of The Beast.

An obelisk of evil:

The Mountain Gate was huge with several traffic lines flowing.

On ground levels people pushed, carried, drove, rode, all doing something moving.

Through the centre of the gate the Canal of The Beast that irrigated fields and had

ships ploughing it. It was a subsidiary of the Yellow River that flowed through the West Gate.

The canal went all over Hesse Planet and was desalinated water;

TERRAFORMING AT ITS MAGNIFICENCE.

And canal and river exited by South Gate while slaves dredged it.

The difference between an Innocent and slave was a slave was slave first, meat for Slitherdrome second; other way round for Innocents who said God is alive.

And a stone dragon's head was in the centre of the canal as it passed through Mountain Gate.

Gargoyles everywhere and through this gate went Oneghus in a hurry.

Now Oneghus understood his vision with a city he saw in the blue sky always. He was the solar cog bringing New Jerusalem closer to physical existence.

They were a team, he and his guard and the words "we, us, our, would figure more in their speech; welded together by purpose.

Now Oneghus would start at his own judicial headquarters, for here he had servants who hated The Beast and files on people. After all, he was a Syndic Judge, jury, executioner and C.I.A. rolled into one.

HE WAS POWER and it seeped through his pores and had trapped Oasis.

Knew his people the Hessians once away from The Beast needed to be weaned from abuses.

His people, the citizens of Hesse City.

His people, the citizens of rural farms.

Hesse Planet was his home.

His people were made in their spiritual father's image, of light and love. They made their own wickedness in their own hearts. Such inspirations tormented his mind; he had to force himself to accept Indigo Sess as a spiritual brother, to forgive and to love him; but would he love that loathsome man?

"Much better to slit his throat in the name of rightness," Oneghus telepathically.

And the five heroes knew if caught would be Slitherdromed.

"Oh a slithering we will go,  
Slithering in the gore,  
Slithering on our sleds.  
Picking up thrown gold,  
By them enjoying Slitherdroming," a street urchin ditty.

Oh Wong saw Hessian Haricot flies laying eggs in him and their pupae eat within, while he was beaten with planks till he was pulp. The gambling would be frantic, how long would a strong man last against the internal modified gluttons?

Oh Cullen knew he would be boiled in a cauldron till he could be skinned and be forced to see it made into lamp shades. As Nero flayed in the Classical Age.

Then his entrails would be the soup and he would be forced to drink that piping hot copying what the Macedonians did to the jews in the Classical Age.

Didn't really matter after that, he would be left to the flies and those gamblers.

Oh Estor saw himself in a chair with ear phones strapped to his ears, deafened by Beast toneless martial music copying Nero in the Classical Age.

Eventually his mind would crack and he would shout demented airs till an executioner disturbed a fly on Estor as he pulled a red switch.

"Chilli filled sweet tubers, soft drinks, hologram postcards," the vendors would shout competing with Esters electrocuted screams.

Not enough to kill, just to make him soil and degrade himself.

And at 4p.m. the fly returned for dinner.

And the bored crowd would turn their attention to another, leaving Estor to the flies and gamblers.

No hot soup to quench his thirst, just crusts on hot lips from the Hessian hot sun. To watch Icon stripped and mutilated and his famed parts offered as costly aphrodisiacs copying the Celtic followers of Astrides in the Classical Age.

“Spare him, let us have him,” the women would shout and in the stands Dr. Yokel would stand for applause for Icon was good advertisement.

“Make us another. How much?” Men and women for Yokel products.

Oh Oneghus knew he would be crucified and priests would not break his legs or pierce his right chest. But just left to die, his feet within reach of hungry desert jackals

that roamed Slitherdrome at night for living scraps.

Even known for gamblers to chase away the jackals to win a bet.

*“All a lesson from The Beast not to whore after celestial bodies.*

*Yes, Satan, chief of spirit folk inhabiting the outer regions of darkness in the energy fields that surround us. Their chief and chief of chiefs of their cities that are found in the Outer Darkness. The hierarchy of the Outer Darkness, where gold is cheap tinsel and red just watered brick. Satan, whose horns are like those who inhabited the Outer Darkness; horns of twisted bitterness, twisted anguish, twisted hopes, lost dreams, twisted spirits whose spiritual growth ends in protruding bony appendages.*

*And we kindly call them horns and the inhabitant’s demons.*

*Yes, your cousins, grannies and brothers, thieves and murderers who God in love allows eternal progress to reach the realms of light above,” a whisper.*

"I believe in a God because the compass points move," Einstein.

"We are surrounded by invisible worlds," St. Paul.

"I was taken to the third level where angels told me of Heaven's secrets," St. Paul.

Beware of The Beast, his number is 666.

**Sound**

**Loud Nazi/Stalinist/marching music**

The number of a man.

\*

People jumped when the Imperial Inquisitor Extra-Ordinary passed.

Slouching guards straightened, clerks didn't put off work for another blistering hot day.

And Oneghus allowed a last selfish smile as he remembered Oasis. Knew he could not afford to think on her.

There was work to done.

His good friend, Desert Marshall Rattray of Hesse was first priority.

Knew this army man hated The Beast.

Rattray's flat: Wallpaper colour LAVENDER...a healing shade.

"Remember what life was like when your parents were alive?" Oneghus asked.

"Don't bring my parents into this. I am not into ancestor worship, are you?"

Rattray.

"No, but I know they are near us wanting to help, so allow them into your life."

"Devil worship."

"No such thing, you know I am a sensitive, it is natural law that our departed loved ones are spooks hovering near us. Fields of loving energy allowed by the Creator Spirit to comfort us for eternity.

Listen to yours, they will tell you I am right, throw away the degrading beast.”

“Oneghus, it seems you have decided. I have not; I also have no wish to be Slitherdromed, our master has kindly shown me what would be my end,” Rattray.

“I remember your father used to wear white,” Oneghus.

“Yes, I thought it was to reflect heat back into space, then I realised it was against The Beast’s clinging dirt. I used to run behind him and the street urchins as he marched to Senate.

Marched.

He was an auld soldier.

The Beast crucified him because he read a Holy book called the Koran. It said God was merciful. Well there was no mercy shown my father and none will be shown me if I follow you.”

And Oneghus rose to leave and stood legs apart, hands behind back, glared at Rattray with demanding eyes, wanting Rattray’s very soul to follow to hell and back and be damned for it.

And Rattray wondered if Julius Caesar or Saladin had that look in their eyes.



**The Red Planet is above Marshall Rattray**

\*

Alone Rattray opened a wall safe behind a gilded picture of their emperor, the red scaly dragon.

Lit candles and asked images of his parents for guidance.

**Scented**

And remembered Oneghus's eyes.

**candle**

"Follow him," he thought he heard his father whisper.

**smell**

Rattray shook his head and picked up an old tattered copy of the Book of Rad.

"Rad, god of Hesse are you near?" And flicked pages finding prophecies of doom and deliverance.

"A man of Hesse's royal lineage.....Oneghus, never, he comes from Earth, but those eyes?"

At least there was hope for Rattray never reported him. In fact none of the people Oneghus spoke to reported him, as if they needed a catalyst only.

A catalyst called Indigo Sess.

It took this man two nights to find Oneghus.

The subject was Peter

Oneghus's office: Indigo slouches on his feet...wall paint, the man liked YELLOW  
 Luckily an Imperial colour

Hate swelled inside Oneghus for Indigo as he listened to Peter's fate.

Indigo felt the loathing and it was justification that he take over Oneghus's post.

The man Oneghus must go.

"What ails you my Lord?" Indigo asked.

"You will issue a fine in the name of The Beast of a hundred silver dolets for new statues to Satan for all are guilty of allowing Peter Innocent to profane the Ziggurat of The Beast.

Indigo was shocked, suspicious and didn't know what to reply.

“There will be no days off for a month, all most work to purify their bodies. A great sacrilege has been done, hasn’t it?” Oneghus asked.

“Yes my Lord.”

“You can sign them yourself; Satan will reward you with a share of the increased productions, you will profit handsomely. Do not say I am mean to you Indigo, it is my way of saying let us have a new beginning.” **Rat trap positioned**

Indigo wasn’t having any of this new beginning nonsense, but Satan would notice him.

“Yes handsomely rewarded as you cream your share,” Oneghus snarled, sticking his jaw an inch within Indigo’s face.

Oneghus’s spittle dribbled down Indigo’s lips.

“You pettifogger,” Indigo screamed sure now Oneghus the petty rascally inferior lawyer meant to be a cheap small time crook and help himself to the coppers.

As Indigo Sess, loyal servant of Satan would make sure every dolet reached his emperor!

And for once, Oneghus was right, a great sacrilege had been committed, the gruel that was the citizenry of Hesse must suffer for Peter.

Oneghus wiped away Indigo’s spit, they were still standing close.

He slapped Indigo’s face hard which put distance between them and robbed the priests’ mind of suspicious thoughts of trying to reason the WHYS?

“I will sign your edict Indigo, the people must learn to respect priests,” and Indigo’s mind reeled.

“What was Oneghus up to?” So never saw Oneghus summon his guard.



“Sign” Oneghus demanded and Indigo found Wong guiding his signature across the already prepared edict.

“We found out what happened to what was Peter Innocent, vermin got them,” Cullen disgusted that the rats of this city were eating dead folk.

“He was an Innocent,” Indigo shouted.

“Yes and you are allowing the citizens of Hesse to show their love for their emperor, these citizens must know who is in authority, isn’t that so Master Sess?” Oneghus asked.

“Yes,” Sess replied as Oneghus turned his back on him, legs apart, and hands behind back, but not before Sess saw a strange light in those demanding eyes.

And as Indigo turned to leave Wong tripped him up.

**Sound  
Of Madam  
Guillotine  
Falling.**

“Oh gad my nose, it must be broken?” Indigo moaned from the floor.

“Have thousands of this edict posted, let all see clearly whose signature is on it and throw him into the Forgotten Dungeon; the very same one poor Peter Innocent visited.

I believe the rats there leave no evidence,” Oneghus sending karma back to Indigo Sess.

“Are you mad? Satan will crucify you, I am his High Priest,” Indigo screamed but not for long as Estor gagged him and the others bound him.

“Listen, I hear a night jar, how sweet the night air, clears bad pestilence from the room,” as Indigo was carried away in a chest to the Forgotten Dungeon.

“I couldn’t really care anymore what Satan thinks,” Oneghus’s last words to Indigo Sess to think over in the dark.

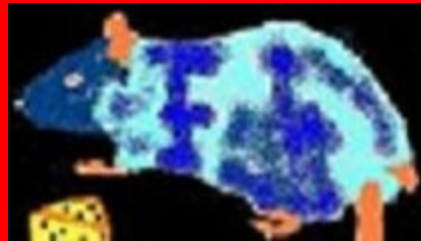
And Oneghus knew the edict would not be popular, Indigo Sess and his master blamed.

And the gaoler an Oneghus man fed his pet rat a morsel, oblivious to Indigo's ranting. Black robed priests had taxed him poor, beaten him stupid in their ceremonies, allowed public sexual humiliatings and now he had one, yes he had one....."go eat your supper Freddie," he told his rat.

And rats being intelligent knew to pass through the supper come slop trap door into Indigo's cell.

They say, just flush out one rat and more will follow.

"Of my God," Indigo groaned as more rats followed Freddie.



The holes in a cheese to Freddy was life's doors....you had to choose wisely?

And one was Indigo Sess.....yummy

**SOUNDS**  
**Ratty squeaks**

*And guess what, God heard Indigo and loved him too, even if he was an evil little runt. There would be no paradise for him, he had killed people, no sex either, (yes mental sex in an ethereal body is possible in the first plane of existence on the other side); he would have to go to the Outer Darkness and learn what suffering was about. Suffering brought changes in spirit folk, such as repentance which allowed souls to progress.*

AND THERE WAS GOD'S LOVE for the little evil runt who raped little boys and deflowered pretty little girls.

Indigo had a fondness for imported Asian girls with big brown eyes.

Yes, eternal progress was open to Indigo Sess and was lucky there was a God to allow it.

**SOUNDS**  
**Whipping sounds**

I mean would the Emperor Satan? Don't think so, that Burk wanted you twisted and perverted, retarded spirits filled cities in the Outer Darkness with their imitation lights.

And cheap tinsel as gold.

"Hiss, meow, snarl, roar, bark," Indigo used telepathic thoughts to reach vermin minds.

The rats ignored, something was wrong and exhausted Indigo gave up.

"Judge I hate your fricking guts," Indigo realising Oneghus's powerful mediumistic mind was blocking his.

And the rats with their little sharp needle teeth ran amuck on his feet.

"Get off bloody get off," Indigo shouted running here and there looking for an escape exit.

Wasn't all Oneghus's fault, Cullen had slipped a magnotorc into a Sess pocket. It was switched on and in the dark and amongst the greedy big rats Indigo wasn't thinking about pockets!

Pity, might have turned it off. Oneghus upstairs had more important things to do than telepath inside a twisted mind.

\*

Luck now helped Oneghus. Sala made peace with the Frie King Ka and put his spare time into burning Hessian frontier smallholdings.

The roads from rural areas were suddenly clogged with refugees spreading blood curdling tails.

And the rain just happened to fail just after fat corrupt Lord Hesse governor of Planet Hesse had just sold off what should have been in those granaries. Even the rats driven by starvation had attacked prostitutes in dark alleys.

And Joshua raided burning what granaries held food.

“Our ozone layer has holes in it,” Dr. Yokel of the Animal Physiology Department warned again and this time citizens took note because it was too late to take note.

“This is a desert planet, will our government (Yokel was careful not to blame Satan) please build desalination plants and fresh water canals from them.

We need forests planted, ozone plants erected, money rehabilitated from Lord Hesse.

Windmill powered turbines than dirty coal burners. We must protect our ozone layer, our planet is drying up.

Replace commercial flights with sail boat flights powered by wind.

Jet fighters should only be used in an emergency.”

But no one listened.

And Joshua raided freeing innocents and slaves who rewarded him by becoming innocents. The Frie and Sandmen slaves he had their throats slit, they had

no souls, refused to be converted, just apes pretending to be men.

They didn’t deserve life.

If only they would accept Joshua’s God and Jesu Innocent as the only true way to salvation?

\*

“Where is Indigo Sess?” Black robed priests asked.

“Where are our sacrifices, we must have sacrifices, no blood runs in the drains off the Ziggurat of The Beast.”

And the mind of Oneghus Brown went to work directing anger towards fat Lord Hesse.

Thought is living, it can cure or make sick.

"I don't believe in luck, I speak to too many spirit beings. One thing I have learned is that the will of God must be done; understand our road in the material world has already been set in the spiritual. The physical is no more than a school that we, the squealing spirit children are sent.

Earth, a gigantic spooky boarding school.

Hard too believe, well just look at the universes upon universes upon heaps of universes upon black holes upon black holes, then dare say this man or that man is the only way to God.

I'll tell you a spirit truth, God is diversity."

And the people of Hesse wanted someone living in authority to blame and they saw whose name was on the edict and took the equivalent of baseball bats to them.

Of course in dark alleyways; no one wanted to be a sacrifice.

Then the priests got smart and stopped walking the streets and Oneghus pushed more punishing taxing edits in the name of Lord Hesse.

And spread rumours what was taken was given to the priests and some top officials got richer.

And fat Lord Hesse sat on a shaded balcony of his gold gilded palace watching demonstrators at his gates.

Beside him Appomax.

Alloa his daughter also but she did not share their sentiments, she had heart.

"Funny are they not?" Appomax bored.

"Yes Lord," the crony Hesse, a fly buzzing near him.

"Who is in authority here, them or you and ultimately my father the emperor?"

Appomax asked not a smile on his black lipstick lips.

Hesse squirmed and blamed all his misery on Joshua and knew Appomax wanted to see action, plenty of it, the type gladiators gave audiences.

The fly buzzed closer.

Hesse tried squatting it and missing allowed his hand to fall upon a red button on his chair.

**SOUND  
air raid siren**

Sirens blared, lights flashed and those demonstrators climbing the wall shook as electricity hit them.

Pooch and wee shot down their legs, some semen flew as well; then their hair burst into flame and their eyeballs melted in puffs of smoke just like the electric chair.

And the cheap cotton togas, smocks, trousers and jeans evaporated into ash revealing hanging smouldering bits and bosoms whose nipples left their roots in smoke and flame; and the press watched too.

Appomax liked it; he was rubbing himself dog like in his chair.

Alloa turned away sickened.

Lord Hesse pressed a green button next and the fence slid into shaking soil as his loyal Praetorian Guard thundered across the palace lawn on spiked armoured riding hounds.

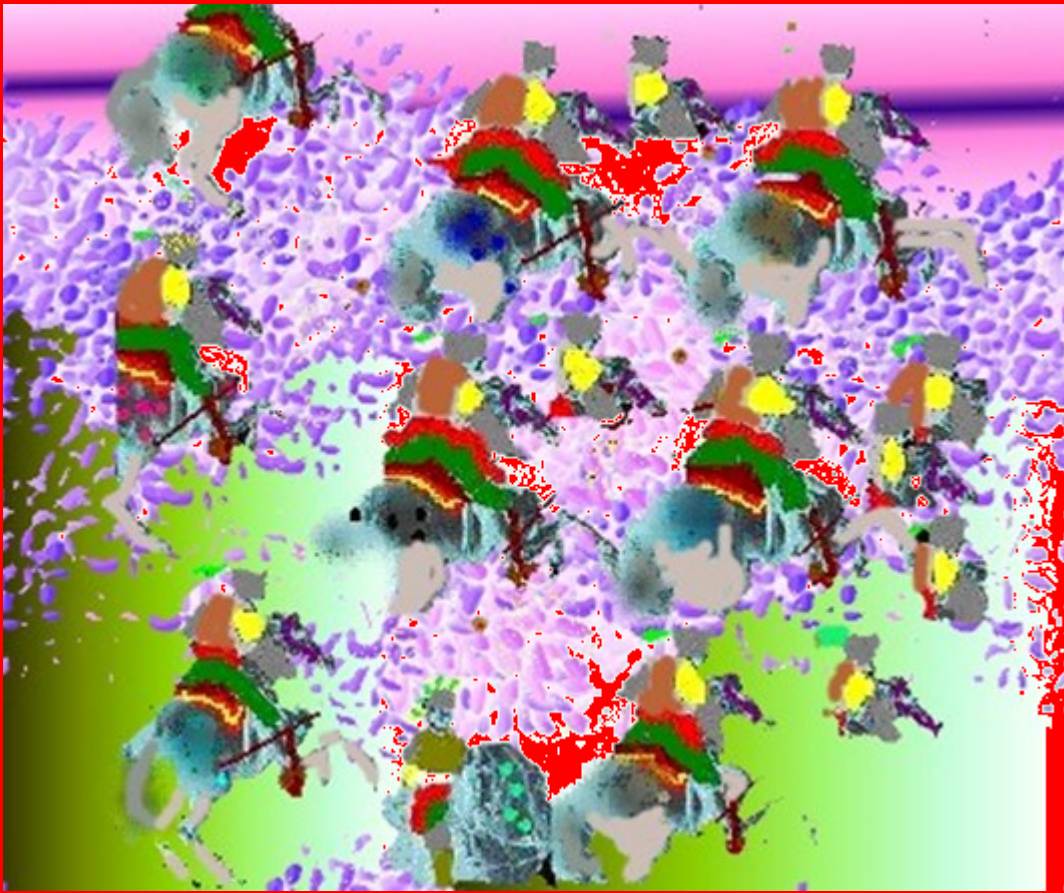
**SOUND  
race horses racing**

Appomax licked his lips, it was often rumoured the imperial family was partial to a bit of humanoid kebab.

Dipped in minted yoghurt of course.

Then it was all over as a thousand bodies lay moaning on the grass and moving pavement.

“Leave them where they fell,” Appomax ordered



### **Praetorian something but definitely not heroes**

Alloa wondered what excuse Appomax would give to sneak away when night fell.

And it was not lost on Hesse that many bright yellow cloaks no longer flapped in the charge's jet stream.

The demonstrators had weapons.

Raddites who worshipped Rad and were so secretive that Lord Hesse had dismissed the judge's reports on them as the works of an over jealous loyal serial killer of the dragon.

And was a mistake to judge others by yourself.

But Oneghus Brown knew they existed, so did the dragon and why he let Oneghus live so long, he was the only personage on Hesse doing something about them.

The mournful soul cutting wail of a child spilt the air. A young one sat next to mummy's broken body.

Alloa gave her father a murderous accusation.

Appomax gave the child a murderous gluttonous look.

A metal fly landed on his left cerebellum.

His purple amphibian tongue zoomed to it. Crunching sounds, then he spat it out, a metallic fly spy.

Annoyed he turned to Hessa, "For every one of ours killed, Slitherdrome a hundred of them, let the drains of Slitherdrome coagulate purple.

Go Hesse sharpen saws, heat tongs, boil oils and tell Dr. Yokel I want him."

Alloa vowed never to let that tongue inside her again.

Dr. Yokel seriously thought of taking a very long holiday and went for a replacement fly, and chose a roach for he was in a mood.

"Smile my princess," Appomax commanded coldly. He wanted complete obedience, especially from his women. Ah, the sort time she would spend as his wife would be pleasantly cruel, "cruel to her ha," remember this was a demonic psycho.

And the psycho's statues got karma desert.

"Warrant sales of all assets for those dissenting.  
Siblings will be taken to the imperial military brothels.  
Those caught twice will be Slitherdromed.  
See the mercy of our emperor.  
I forgive those caught once.  
Do his bidding as I am ordered too.  
Remember who our master is."

And Oneghus wrote them, and the citizens noted who their master was and statues to Satan, Apollyon and Slayer got karma too.

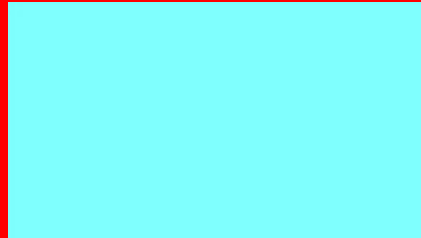


And Appomax being more beast than humanoid could not understand the logic behind the edict, but liked the threatening bit, saw Oneghus as the man for the job and promoted him to Chief of Police.

“A silly bloody mistake if you ask me?” Dr. Yokel.

“Shut up as no one is,” Oneghus’s telepathic reply.

“Boom, boooooooooom,” went Yokel’s cannon firing rain inducing chemicals into the cloudless ozone holed blue sky.



**The hole in the sky had sucked the clouds away and it was HOT**

Oneghus looked at the tasimeter moisture indicator on his wall.

The needles had not moved.

“I am open to any bright ideas you know?” Dr. Yokel inquired of Oneghus.

“Keep doing it Yokel, keep doing it but on a bigger scale. It gives us all hope.”

“Can’t you speak to your spirit friends?”

“I have, the living spirit is healing itself, and it takes time.”