

Well boss what do we do now?

Oneghus



All go back to the Father

“Well boss what do we do now?” Wong asked familiarly.

Oneghus was away with the fairies, feeling at one with the universe. He belonged to it; it was our father God, the Living Spirit.

In his mind he imagined he was in amongst oaks. Sacred to him because they were trees, living spirits as he was, bursting with the same creative energy as he and he absorbed their energy.

He saw them as his very distant relatives.

Had seen them along with flowers in invisible worlds that floated by his third eye; that we all have, our phone link with our Father.

“I agree with Oneghus,” Dr. Yokel butts in, “God would not create us and abandon us without a means of listening to Him in a quiet corner like the exalted spirit in the physical man the Nazarene said, “listen to the still voice within.”

And Yokel’s mind intrusion brought Oneghus back, so his vision saw the three inch Hessian earwig scuttling across the dusty window sill.

And saw in the ear wigs chitin eyes God.

The earwig had a soul.

SOUND

Leaves rustling

Same spirit, same God, same Father and same Heavens above.

Where the lion will lie down with a sheep and not devour it or you but purr.

All made with the same spirit, the spirit that returns home.

“We now issue edicts proclaiming those other ones are illegal,” Oneghus as a giant Hessian orange wolf spider descended from the ceiling onto the ear wig.

Crunching squelching sounds followed.

“The living spirit does indeed tend to the needs of the flowers in the field,” Oneghus and “hire some cleaners above rates of pay” to clear out the bugs.

“The people will love us,” Wong.

And the ‘us’ made Oneghus smile so advancing he threw his arms wide and hugged Wong dearly.

“We love Oneghus,” a voice of a street urchin floated up past the ascending spider.

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Appomax’s amusement over the Slitherdroming of the rebellious was short lived. As he was more beast than human, he failed to understand that humanoid races take just so much, and then they fight back.

And there was no help from father who grew obese with the emotions of anguish fed him.

Already Sala and Ka were approaching the gates of the city. Things were getting untidy, a strong leader was required and knew fat Lord Hesse wasn’t the man.

Oneghus was, the people loved him, and he could get the people calmed down, united to meet the desert wild men threat.

Give Oneghus all the power he needed as long as he, Appomax could return to Earth. The sooner he married Alloa the better, another condition he was here. To secure the gold monopoly to his father Satan’s dynasty thus cutting Sagor out

Bugger them; just take the mines without this marriage farce. Thinking of buggering made him smile, which was all Alloa was fit for. As part beast he was barbed and lusting, his conscious trapped to the lower energy levels. Already he was salivating, Alloa had a remarkable curvy body and knew how to scream and wiggle in agony that fed his hungry soul.

And that is what he did, he sought her on all fours, padding along corridors so servants cowed and averted their eyes in case he possessed them.

Baying he gave hounds a bad name and warned Alloa what was to come.

“No, this marriage isn’t worth it,” Alloa and raced to her chest of draws frantically searching for a laser gun to kill the beast that burst upon her.

“No, not this way please,” she pleaded.

And Appomax shamed beasts for although we see rabbits do it his way; the preferred way is the correct way.

And Appomax glorified wickedness and shamed non heterosexuals.

Across space Satan registered Alloa’s pain and rupturing insides.

“There is no dimension of time as we understand it, one second a vastness the next all condensed into a tiny spot that contains all the universes of creation. Up down right left north south west east circle all ways in one thought, God the living spirit, father to the clean and unclean.

And why it is written correctly “**Thou shall not kill,**” Oneghus breaking in mentally.

We should charge him and Yokel admission fees.

“I heard that,” Dr. Yokel.

And as Appomax coupled he lusted for another, so that he saw not Alloa but Mistress Oppo bent in front of him.

Remembering Oppo made him remember his desire to be Lord of Creation, Emperor Appomax the First.

And neither he nor his father Satan could ever be that, but they would never give up trying, not even till the last day when the old world becomes one with the spirit world and God’s kingdom is no longer two worlds but one.



**Appomax could not hurt Alloa's Light, her
Soul was indestructible**

Then shall we throw away our physical etheric bodies and walk free amongst our departed loved ones.

No more physical death.

And Appomax tossed Alloa aside and sought Mistress Oppo.

An aide of Dr. Yokel approached Alloa and injected her with a healing genetic cocktail. She must be ready for Appomax at a moments notice.

He might even return now.

Sweat poured down the aide's brow.

She did not want subjected to what Alloa had been.

So did not tighten the tunicate enough and hurt Alloa more.

A howling went Appomax seeking Mistress Oppo.

Poor Appomax didn't have enough reasoning to see through Oneghus; another reason why dada wanted stronger human blood lines in the imperial lineage; beasts were thick as toast.

And fat Lord Hesse transferred all the inmates in his goals to poles; some crucified, others impaled, didn't matter which, as long as they died a lesson to others.

And the lesson was to hate him and his master.

Lo when night fell the rioters burned down the executed. You know there always was a lumber shortage on Planet Hesse. Never mind Hesse had them thrown off cliffs.

The end result was the same: hatred.

And Marshall Rattray disobeyed orders; he did not arrest Oneghus or anyone else.

He blamed desertions.

"The Apollyon and Slayer will be here soon," and Hesse gave away a secret.

And Appomax disappeared into the sheets of Mistress Oppo who advised him to let Slayer quell the rebellion.

Her way was the way of the bed.

Appomax loved her, promised her she would be empress. She reminded him of himself, dangerous, exciting, beautiful, desirable, lustful, wanting, and exciting.

And better, Dr. Yokel had given her multiple wombs to entice Appomax The Beast.

Which made Appomax really excited thinking about his litter.

This was lust, not in moderation either but Dr. Yokel's fertility pills were swallowed by the dozen.

This was unlimited sex and would last for days.

Just want every one wanted, especially Alloa, Appomax out of the way.

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"Oneghus is motivated by greed," Oppo told Appomax who agreed for he was incapable of being motivated by finer tunes.

And Mistress Oppo had 666.

And you know, Peter Innocent had died praying for a miracle, his death was the miracle, it had sparked a rebellion against wickedness. His forbidden book said his soul had gone to God's court to wait for judgement day to accuse his torturers of murder.

The Innocent Book said hell was real.

Well Peter Innocent knew he wasn't going there.

"And like others he believed Heaven awaits only the faithful," Oneghus again, *"I'll tell you a truth, God is God of all, his Heaven is open to all for we are all his children."*

Some just start off progressing lower down the energy levels. Karma is real; you pay for your wrongs here or hereafter, no joking," a whisper.

And the Assistant High Priest and assistants came visiting Oneghus enquiring of Indigo Sess, and Oneghus showed them where he went. And there was variety of meat for the rats too, The Prefect of Police came, The Head of the Priestly C.I.A. and others, so that many key workers in the Hessian administration failed to show up for work.

And since food was plentiful, the vermin of the Forgotten Dungeon had many multiple litters: Appomax would be jealous if he knew.

"Oneghus's justice," a chorus of street kids shouted.

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And one day Fluke Innocent was brought him, a big blue Hessian.

"Your chains are off," Oneghus reminded Fluke hoping he would relax.

Fluke looked at Oneghus as if he were nuts.

"How do I know you are an Innocent?" Oneghus, "Swear loyalty to The Beast."

For an answer Fluke spat.

Icon slapped him.

Fluke twisted free and head butted Oneghus; that hurt.

Icon and Wong beat Fluke severely till stopped by Oneghus who had recovered.

"Here is an image of Jesu Innocent, spit on it Fluke," Oneghus trying hard to find out if Fluke was a spy.

He had had reports one was due. But whom?

"Jesu Innocent give me the strength of Samson Innocent too slay these devils," and

Fluke frothed and screamed. Oneghus shook his head, he knew only God forgives in the end.

A lonely dark cloud full of Yokel's rain passed the sun darkening the room. And when the sun appeared, a breeze rustled Oneghus's yellow imperial robes.

It blew away the atmosphere.

Spring scents

And Fluke saw the sun's rays behind Oneghus and swore he had wings.

"Rad," Fluke shouted.

Oneghus drummed up his mental powers and felt thought passing into his right temple at a hundred a second. Spirit people were talking to him.

Air shimmers

He was riveted to the spot and Fluke would tell everyone Rad himself was speaking.

A doorway to Heaven had opened,

Fluke felt humbled.

Cold swirls about feet

He had been a Hessian pagan before conversion; superstitions ran deep in his blood.

"Take him away," Oneghus ordered, his mind made up, Fluke would escape tonight and lead them to Joshua or an imperial priest.

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SOUND



Music from Jaws

Darkness came and Fluke wasn't the only fugitive escaping. Indigo had found his secret passageway and gone down a dark slippery tunnel with the rats that forced him to jump into a stream at the end.

When he surfaced his head scraped a rough ceiling but at least the vermin were gone.

Then he felt his left foot tugged and he sank and his mouth filled with soiled Andrex paper.

Indigo was terrified.

TERROR

Then what had him rushed forward hundreds of yards into a lightened chamber, and there where railings. And he knew fear, the hapless fear of being in water with something unseen that is going to eat you for super. He could feel its energy pushing into him, setting up waves as he ploughed water.

SOUNDS
Gurgling sounds

And then the railings, near, nearer, which he took hold and his foot slid across teeth and was free.

Quickly he scrambled up the railings and relieved, saw he still had hands.

A used condom stuck to his left eye.

He had been in a sewer; a sewer shark had had him in its teeth.

And he fell onto his back, blood seeping from deep wounds over the cement

edge

into the fetid water.

And the shark grew excited on the blood with so much thrashing that Indigo half expected it to jump up and devour him, but did make him crawl further away from the edge and see to his bleeding.

Then the shark leaped high and splashed heavily so Indigo scampered away screaming, chicken skin stuck to his head.

A disturbed rat gnawing a cockroach takeaway bit him.

Running he hit a low hanging hot water pipe, flooring himself.

And there, panting fast and hard, making himself dizzy, remembered what the priests had scalded,

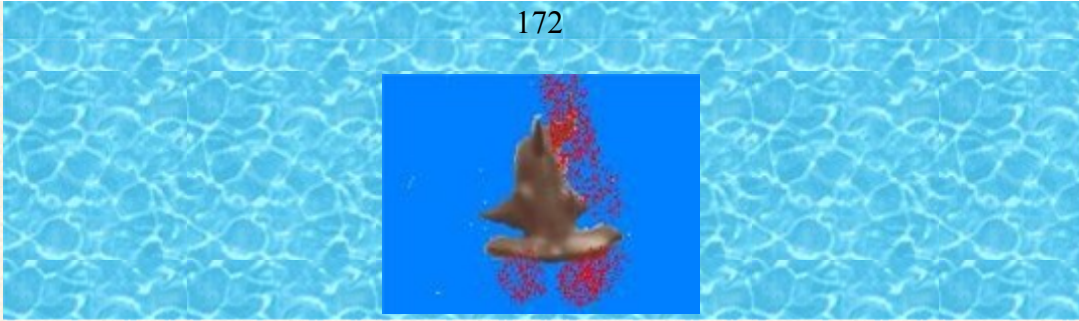
“Stop playing with dinner and eat,” and sent that thought to the shark.

Just then, as he was in the right place at the right time, sewerage rushed out of a pipe above, full of Dr. Yokel’s genetic cocktails.

“Oneghus you,” he swore. Even in space that disgusting four letter word has survived. And Dr. Yokel had a reputation to live up to. He had a Frankenstein ego to feed.

So a two headed dwarf with sixteen breasts landed heavily on Indigo, he screamed and screamed and screamed.

But there was no one to hear him for Yokel’s experiment had gone wrong and its soul had left.



*

“So that’s how they escape?” Oneghus watching Fluke go down a sewer.

“Boss his choice if he’s going to end up shark soup, you cannot expect me down there?”

And Estor was ignored and with a sigh resigned himself to follow where low voltage lights made the sewers gloomy and the shadows crawling with imagination gone wild.

And down they all went and the smell of rotten carcass hit them.

“Sewer slug,” Icon warned.

“Another Yokel nightmare,” Wong explains.

Yes the bluish soft ten foot long slug rippled after its lunch Fluke.

And the smell enveloped Fluke.

Vomit smell

“And Yokel didn’t regard himself as humanoid any more. His genes were so altered he was universal, “a blasphemous creator”.

And done a deal with Emperor Satan eons ago. His soul in exchange for the greatest scientific mind ever. It pleased Satan, who knew there was only one creator spirit and it wasn’t Yokel. And it pleased Yokel who thought he was the only creator spirit.

And if anyone ever cast out the demonic spirit principality that lived in the physical shell Dr. Yokel, Yokel would turn to century's old dust.

He was a very old man who seemed to have forgotten his origins.

Around when the last legal Prince of Hesse, Astrod had fought The Beast and lost because someone had murdered him.

Astrod's Chief Physician, a certain Doctor we have grown to love?

Anyway Wong has explained enough, enough Wong.

"Jesu Innocent forgive my sins, I am dinner," Fluke gasped, as he saw the blue slug.

Ahead was bright light at the end of his tunnel; freedom, but would he make it or be slug pellets.

Hurrying he heard voices, mutants that ate well down here or sewer workers?

He was in a state, the mutants were cannibals and their delicacy was peanut roasted sweetmeat.

The sewer workers would question his presence down here and shoot first.

And if handed over to the black robed priests would torture out of him this Innocent escape route.

Yes Fluke was in a mental state.

And behind the slug Oneghus and his heroes.

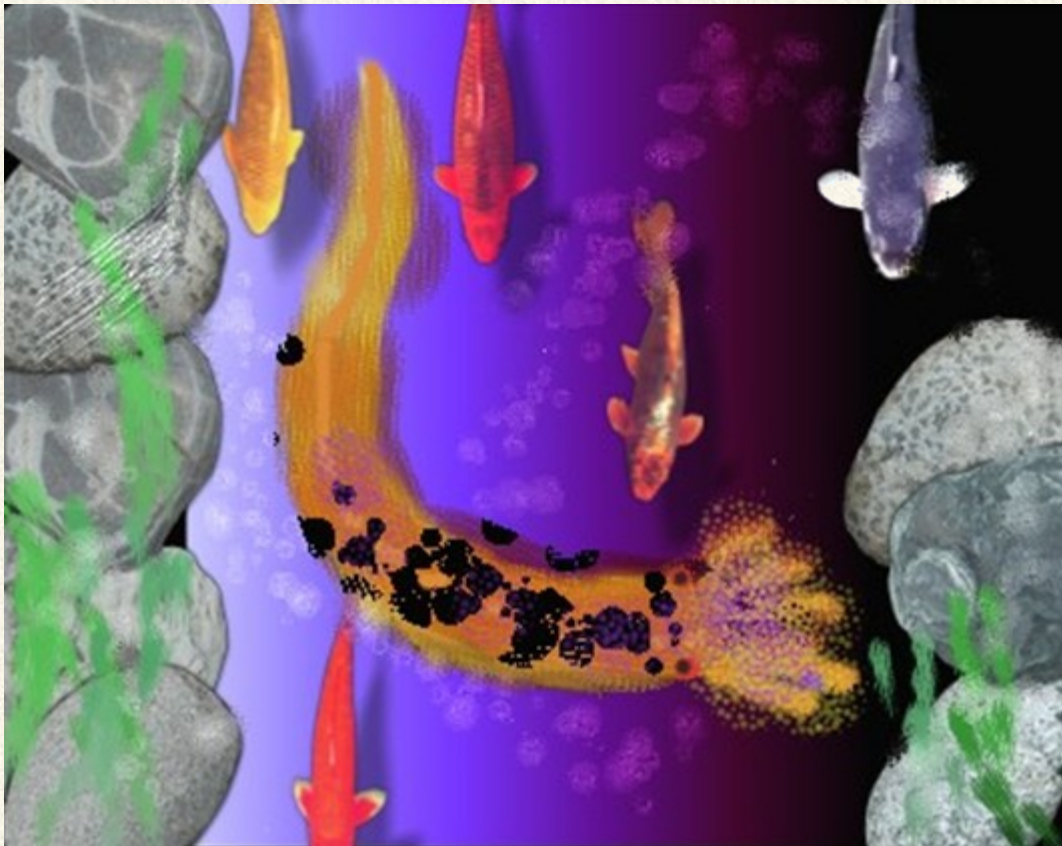
And Fluke was in the right place at the right time. Behold, he made the light, stumbled into a sewer truck, pulled by a battery operated train for hauling workers

for the sewers are miles long.

And above him the rubbery slug mouth dripping gastric juice onto him that was acid.

“God almighty,” he screamed as holes appeared in his flesh.

A fine specimen but it was a hungry specimen



And had no idea what blasted the slug into oblivion?

“Are you alright mister?”

“What are you doing down here?”

“Hey here’s another.”

“This one looks dead.”

“Better hold the gun on them, might be mutants,” the sewer workers.

Then Oneghus and heroes walked in.

“I am the judge,” he said as his guard spread out.

“By The Beast so it is,” a saluting worker.

His five buddies copied not sure what to do.

The last didn’t, he chewed gum with exaggerated mouth movements so drawled,

“No sane judge would come down this stink hole,” and cocked his laser pistol.

“Oh no,” Wong cursed sensing death come close.

“Been watching too many movies,” Estor to Wong.

“That’s about the funniest thing you said Estor,” Wong and Estor beamed child like.

“Who especially but Oneghus and his men would come down this toilet?” Cullen barked.

“Yes that the street urchin judicial heroes are here,” Icon shouted.

“And I am Wong and sure you heard enough about me from my crazy friend Estor here.”

“We will take the escaped prisoner,” and Oneghus signalled to his men to take Fluke.

The sassy worker did nothing, realising these men were crazy enough to be who they said they were.

And lady luck must have left for the stink was terrible. The dead slug was

fouling up the place something as the other sewer workers had carried the other bleeding found man amongst them.

“I might have known,” Oneghus recognising him.

“Oneghus,” Sess’s weak voice replied.

Yes, blame the stink, lady luck was swallowing mouthfuls of clean fresh air topside.

And that blasted priest got recognised for sewer workers bowed and grovelled on the wet sew water cement floor. Slaters (wood lice) knew better and went home disgusted.

Indigo Sess was The Beast incarnate to the workers. His presence made that sewer muck holy water.

And Oneghus knew Indigo must not reach topside and talk.

“Oneghus is a traitor, an innocent, kill him and the emperor will reward you with harlots in olive grooves,” Indigo Sess ordered.

“Oh no,” Oneghus moaned, they were about to kill again.

The sewer workers wanted blessed, here or here after, didn’t matter, harlots, Jezebels for eternity, a life time of unending sex till the end of time.

Yes they did send the devil worshipper Oneghus to the fires of hell.

FIREFIGHT.

And the heroes shot them all dead.

And as the shooting lasted that priestly creature tumbled into the miners’ train,

his left elbow jamming the accelerator down.

Because he was thrown back he never got a chance to pull the train whistle, but he was off, away from that hated beast Oneghus and his under dressed ghastly men.

“Please don’t kill me,” the last living sewer worker pleaded.

“We are becoming like The Beast, let him go,” Wong sickened.

No one objected, they didn’t like being like the executioner the emperor.

177Not that they had never executed before, but they were changing, repenting within and that comes from suffering, and their spirits were beginning to shine.

Blood dripped from them to coagulate on the cement, and wasn’t theirs.

“Go home to your wife and kids,” Oneghus told the man who grovelled away, got confident, picked himself up, ran, fled, started thinking again off rewards.

“Should shot that one in the back, think we are going to suffer for it,” Wong.

And Fluke was gone.

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Lovely fresh air scents



Outside, about a league from the city Fluke emerged, stinking but free.

A lump of human waste had smeared down his left leg.

But he stretched, happy to be gazing at the distant mountains and security. So started walking that way.

“You aren’t going anywhere Fluke,” who deflated with weariness.

“Please shoot me and get it over with.”

“I am not shooting you. Please sit down, we believe you are an innocent, we had to make sure you were not a spy,” Oneghus and it took his guard to make Fluke sit.

Too Fluke the world had gone crazy, it wasn’t right, these vermin were telling him how much they loved him and were shedding tears over innocent dead.

“I have had enough, what do you want off me?” Fluke asked.

“Our uprising will fail if we don’t get help from Joshua,” they told him.

Fluke was real quiet, he couldn’t cope, the judge an enemy of The Beast, any enemy of The Beast was his friend; but the judge? Him of all people! Life was cheating Fluke of his hatred and if true, could he forgive Oneghus?

“If you want references, ask that girl Oasis, we freed her; she is a leader amongst women.

Fluke looked at Oneghus, “All I have seen and heard I will tell Joshua. As for Oasis, the Coolers took her.”

SOUND

Cymbals crash

It was obvious to Fluke that Oneghus had a soft touch for her. Now he could “What?” Oneghus shouted.

trust Oneghus a bit more than just as far as he could spit which was a metre.

Oneghus noticed his men watching him, studying him. He was embarrassed, was his want for Oasis that interesting?

“I am Oneghus Brown; I will get her back from the Coolers.”

His men sighed, they were off again, they would need warm clothing, it was rumoured to be freezing on the Cooler moon Sot.

“If you rescue the prophets daughter, Joshua himself will swear fidelity to you,” Fluke.

“You wanted Joshua’s help, well you got it, a marriage alliance with the prophet’s girl,” Wong.

“United against The Beast, what a nice ring to it, I will sonnet,” Estor.

“What will her father say?” Icon.

“A wedding feast,” Cullen seeing Hessian roasts.

“Are you all crazy?” Fluke.

“He is we aren’t,” the heroes.

“Only a man like Joshua could win Helena’s sister. They are twins and He (meaning Oneghus) must be like Joshua. Now I used to think there was room for one pair of them, things will be interesting,” Fluke was beginning to talk rabbit.

Oneghus walked into the night darkness to find privacy.

Laughter behind him.

He looked at the twinkling night sky and saw a comet approaching.

Because he was a sensitive he knew the sky was mind, collections of freed minds vibrating at speed so were unaffected by the comet.

One day he would pass over and his mind would join them.

“Would I then be looking down at a heir,” and his laughter joined that rising behind.

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He stood in front of his silent watching men, legs braced apart, hands on hips, eyes burning with desires.

“I am Oneghus Brown,

Who am I Wong?”

“Justice”

“Estor?”

“The Judge.”

“Icon?”

“The Boss.”

“Cullen?”

“The deliverer.”

Oneghus shook his head.

“Not the deliverer. I have no Hessian royal lineage. But I will tell you who I am.

I am Judge Oneghus Brown

no longer Inquisitor Extra Ordinary. Now who am I?”

“Judge Oneghus Brown,” his men in unison to the amusement of Fluke.

And Oneghus hoped they would not forget his authority over them was now based on loyalty to a cause and not fear of punishment.

Postscript

And Cernurex wrote a letter in a bottle and tossed it out her window

A street urchin saw it fall and bounce as it was a plastic bottle.



“My name is Cernurex,
Please Mr. Judge Oneghus come and save me.
I am a prisoner at
Madam Loo’s and
Master Lugson beats me.
Please come.
I know you will because the
Street urchins sing about you.
Love
Cern XXXX”

It was indeed a call for help and faith in her belief Oneghus would save her. And the street urchin who got the message passed it down the line of street urchins in the hope it could be given to **The Man**.



The Man

And many street urchins had lost their limbs to The Beast's priests during horrid rituals.

Others through perverted sexual acts carried out by men and women blinded by The Beast who got kicks out of mutilating street urchins.

And The Beast allowed such things against street urchins as they believed in
FREEDOM.

In that way these orphans were enemies of the established Church of The Beast.

Some mugged the black robed priests and left them for the night scavengers to feed upon; the mutated large roaches and rats that ate anything silly enough to sleep off a heavy night's drinking in some of the back alleys of Hesse City.

Armies of soldier ants now with enough intelligence to wait in the drains for a mugging and their scouts would signal back to the main army and in a few minutes just black robes left.

Intelligent because Yokel always spilt his genetic yuks down drains.

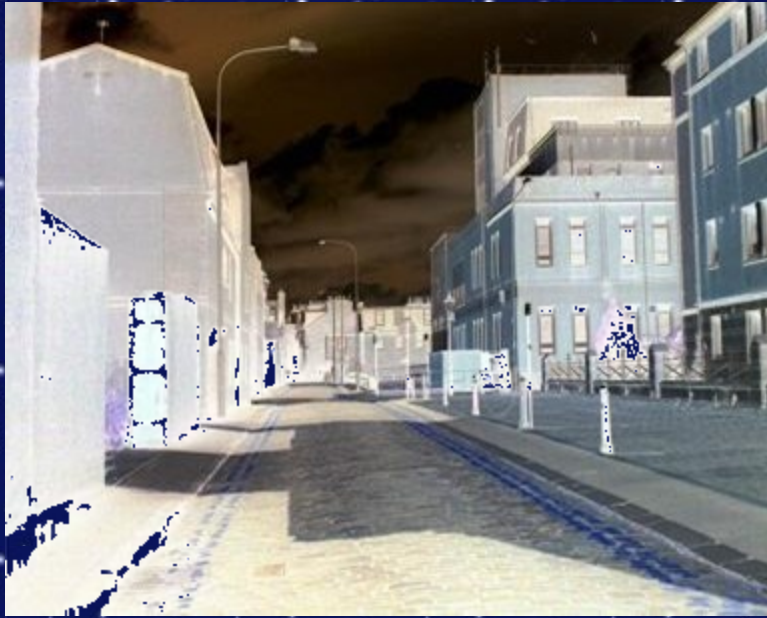
“Oh what a careless mannie I am,” Yokel blushing and knew he was deliberately playing God.

Intelligent enough to know if they tried to take over Hesse City Yokel had chemicals to wipe out the soldier ant species.

Yes so not all the black robed priests got it there own way.

Why some it was witnessed by the urchins saw them bundled into vans and taken away to be part of the nasty sexual rituals they promoted: but with a difference, they were the main stars this time.

And The Beast was happy; perversion whether from priests as victims or organisers didn't matter, as long as it perverted.



The dark lonely streets of Hesse at 4:40 am



*Me and my
buddies want a
nice drunk to eat
please*

