

## Oneghus

Ka

**Smell of age and dust**

The Great King of the Frie, Ka these days couldn't keep warm so stayed amongst fallen scales in his bed hunched inside his blue heavy bat skin coat that needed dusting and airing, but he couldn't care. He only wished the moaning woman outside his tepee would do him a favour and die.

His long fingernails were black with dirt. His yellow teeth needed cleaned and breath stank and was balding so white hair coiled into black strands; he also suffered the minor complaint of dandruff.

His grandson Satsoi found the feathered fan heavy which he used to fan Ka. And would struggle for Satsoi was twelve for Ka trusted no one else.

In fact didn't trust Satsoi totally either for a loaded cocked pistol was held in Ka's right hand pointed at a belly?

And worried so much urine dribbles escaped him regularly.

After all, Ka was a thousand years old and could go any time and in the moment of death squeeze that trigger.

And outside the tepee a moaning woman hanging by her toes from a beam.

Of course the desired effect of weight and gravity would have effect.

You see King Ka was a cruel man if Frie could be considered men, but being reptile had different values.

Here Dr. Yokel was correct; evolution had given the Frie a different outlook on life.

Didn't they live in a cruel harsh environment and worshipped a god who never talked of mercy and forgiveness, just damnation for those who did not believe in him

and severe punishments for those who broke Frie social taboos.

She had been a favourite concubine, for that was what women were, child bearers, below the riding bats in importance. Existing to please men and cook for their husbands.

Female children were not favoured if blemished. Even then, pretty ones surviving were treated like cattle, targets of future marriages. Like prized cattle so were never taught anything apart from women's handed down lore.

Sexual techniques, sewing, cooking and easy child bearing methods.

And goes to explain why Ka wished she would hurry up and die.



After all, she had put a yellow desert cobra into his bed on the instructions of his son, Potsoi, who had promised her marriage and status of first wife.

The woman groaned louder, the obese woman beating her with a wild rose stick

had burst her skin.

Since the condemned was smeared in honey, that and fresh blood ran onto the millions of red ants in the pit below already high on anticipation.

They knew the shadow above would by experience drop amongst them. Knew it was feeding time, knew Frie must be crazy to kill their own; it went against the laws of survival. Surely one did everything to make sure specie members survived for eternity?

But the ants did not have a complicated religion that demanded death and mutilations.

**They were just stupid ants.**



“So you want to be King Potsoi?” Ka grunted amused and the camp outside fell silent. The woman now only dangled with the toes of her left foot. Bets had been won and lost and the outcome of final bets would not have long to wait.

And thinking of honey made Ka hungry and look at a trussed immigrant Earthling boy in a corner, who seeing Ka’s look screamed for his daddy.

CHEERS outside, the woman had fallen.

Silence, the ants had just started to crawl on her.

Now she was screaming, a scream that would not break for breath as millions of red ants nipped. The crowd edged to close and several Frie fell in. Ropes were thrown to them for escape.

And the lesson would not be missed on female children; they were not equals to males.

Ka licked his lips, he would eat the boy baked in honey, he liked honey more than eating humans.

Remember he was a reptile.

Remember humans ate reptiles, ate snakes and turtles.

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Sala of the Sandmen was happy; things were going well in his efforts to become king of all desert races.

Let foolish Ka keep thinking he would keep Ka alive by capturing Dr. Yokel to give him rejuvenating drugs. He would give him red ants stuffed down every orifice as soon as all Ka's heirs had been done to death.

For ka had made Sala his heir and Sala, Ka his, part of the alliance agreement against Hesse. Except Sala knew what to do, he was doing it now. Potsoi, heir to Ka was staked now outside Mountain Gate, Hesse City with a desert scarab beetle in his hair.

And poor heavy Lord Hesse did the wrong thing; he cut Potsoi down thinking appeasement and sent him home with an escort.

This angered Appomax something.

And Sala had bribed Potsoi to bribe the executed woman and Ka would hang Potsoi by his toes.

And Satsoi, well a programmed moth loaded with cobra venom was on its way.

And a scarab beetle let go of Potsoi's hair and flew away to find Oneghus Brown with a message from Sala.

"Greetings new Lord, I have given you the child eater Potsoi as a gift of friendship between Rad's deliverer and King Sala.

"Sala knows our plans, but how?"

Sala knew, he had captured an innocent messenger and stuffed him full of red ants. And after the man had talked, the sage and onion was added to the ants.

“We will not give Potsoi back,” and Oneghus was a man of his word.

Should have seen the look of relief on Potsoi’s face, he was escaping Ka’s vengeance.

Ha ha, everyone knew Potsoi ate Hessian children and Oneghus knew what to do with that type of culinary expert.

Hanged him by his ankles outside Hesse City from Causeway End Suspension Bridge.

The drop was a hundred feet.

Below street urchins played Oneghus and Frie, Oneghus and robbers.

“They will inform me if any attempt is made to steal a single gene from you for resurrection purposes. Your cremation fire below will keep them warm tonight and the wind will scatter your ashes.

Tell me Potsoi, who will bother to search the desert for a single gene of yours, who loves you enough? To oblivion you are going and oblivion will keep you,” Oneghus.

And could not lie.

“Physically you will be obliterated, but your spirit never dies. To Father Spirit you will go, open to eternal progress, and see Potsoi, even for you there is hope.”

“I go to my Heaven, keep your Hessian crap to yourself,” Potsoi screamed back just before Wong shoved him off the edge and he bounced back on his ankles screaming.

“Bloody child eater,” Cullen shouted.

“Still a child of spirit,” Oneghus having an awful gut feeling he was doing wrong.

He had taken so many lives, what was a Frie who played with his food? And Oneghus had an image of veal for the butchers and Hessian children to Frie were just that, VEAL.

And they came a hundred thoughts a second, no language, just pure thought that transcribes all tongues and understood by every soul.

*The language of spirit!*

*“You are being used to put things right, which means death and destruction for some for they will not listen.*

*But remember you have no right to take life; you did not make it and is not yours to take,”* a whisper and Oneghus knew he was in the wrong business.

And the swing out and drop had loosened Potsoi’s joints so with a long scream he



thudded next to the street urchins.

**SOUND**  
**Of a sack of potatoes**  
**Hitting sand from a 100 feet**

“Oneghus’s justice, now that’s what I call justice,” Wong smiling.

“Three cheers for Oneghus,” a small man in the watching crowd.

Appomax was not pleased; they should be cheering for him.

And Lord Hesse shook from nervous exhaustion and damned Oneghus for being so decisive.

Guess what? King Ka was so pleased Potsoi was gone he sent Oneghus the boy as a thank you gift instead of baking him in honey.

“Ka told me to tell you ‘I want no trouble with The Deliverer.’”

“Deliverer what’s all this nonsense?” Oneghus but his heroes kept numb, their growing suspicions were being confirmed, a roller ball of rumours was fast becoming true. It had to be true, Ka knew of it, so did Sala, so did a million desert men.

End of chapter tidy ups.

**SOUND**  
**Wolf howling**

Sala met Oneghus.

And a beast howled and that strange look came upon Oneghus as he stood legs braced apart.

So Sala went away believing Oneghus was touched by the gods who made gods.

And everywhere Oneghus went there was that strange howl and Sala being of the desert recognised a Zarpod’s howl, the guardians of Hesse’s Princes; winged beasts who sought their prince but never found him.

And uneasy Lord Hesse didn’t have a mythological creature watching over him. But he knew what a Zarpod was and so did Appomax and Satan took note and remembered Oneghus’s past. A past he forged with Dr. Yokel who had inserted Earthling genes into the baby son of Astrod, last rightful Prince Hesse, not Satan’s usurper Lord Hesse.



And somewhere in the desert Sala cleared his throat and spat hatefully at an imagined image of Oneghus.

Oneghus was The Deliverer, Sala was not destined to conquer Hesse, Oneghus had been chosen.

“I frigging hate you Oneghus,” now where had we heard that before?