

193  
Oneghus  
Mingo Start

Background human emotions: hate, love, fear, superstition, joy, glory.

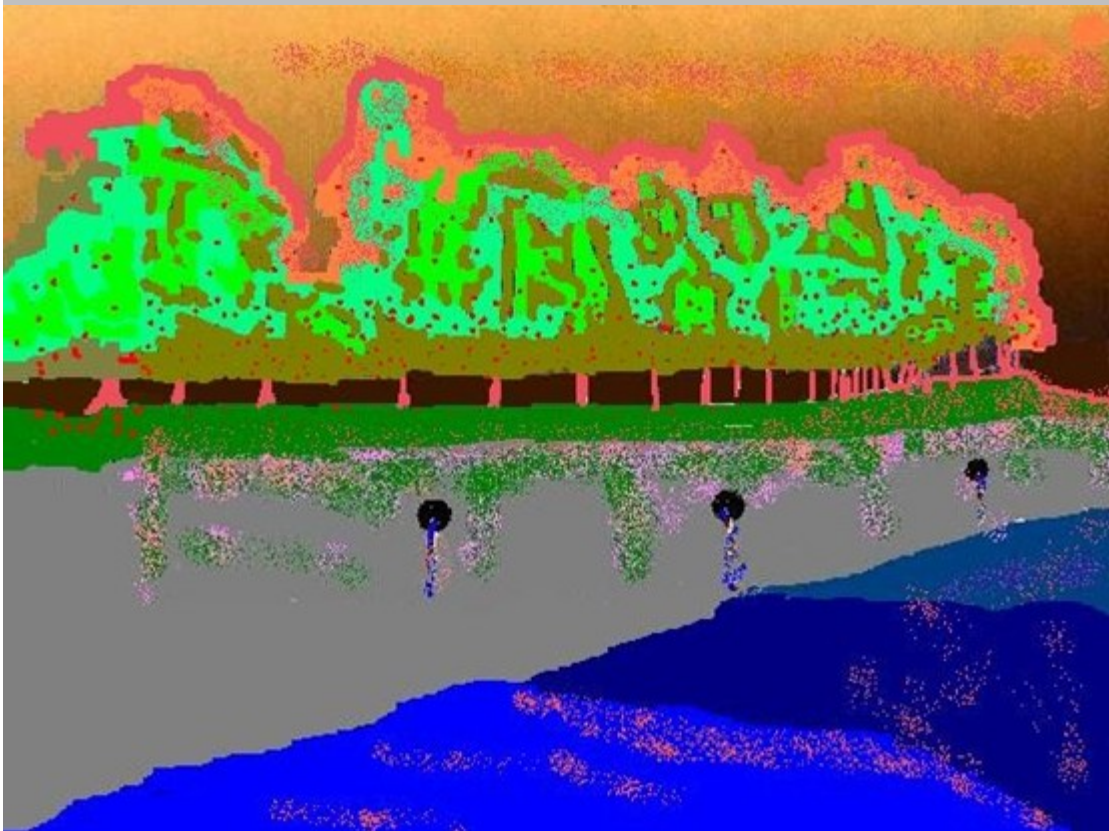
Indigo Sess did not escape the sewers that night for the train rolled in circles.

He slept as Yokel inserted genes; blood code coagulate stopping him bleeding to death; and another worked overtime making cells, red and especially white cells as the sewer is an unhygienic place: it has black mould on the walls.

Behind him rescue had been organised by a joyous sewer manager who had heard  
**HAPPY SOUND**  
the tale of the freed sewer worker. **Melodious humming**

He was Mingo Start and hated Indigo; for he had a beautiful daughter, Princess.  
Now only holograms remained of his auburn blue skinned six year old on his rough wooden desk amongst sewer papers and real dead flies littered the window still.

You see Master Sagor had passed through a green tree lined avenue where Mingo lived, and seen Princess riding her robot red riding hound.



Princess knew happiness here

And Sagor knew of someone who would pay well for her, Indigo Sess. Well known, respected and feared with a taste for young little people.

Horried Mingo refused, but Sagor returned with Indigo who was religious law on the planet and took Princess into the Sisterhood of The Beast. Of course there were religious guards present that gave Mingo a good beating in case he objected; and there was always Slitherdrome.

Was it a wonder that Mingo Start now rode a sewer train looking for that?  
pedophile priest he hated most: Indigo Sess. **SOUNDS**  
**Electric motor**

\*

The only reason the soldier woke his general was because the personage demanding that action was Oneghus.

Field Marshall Rattray listened intensely. It was bad news about Indigo and now Oneghus was asking him too join in open rebellion or do nothing to stop his revolt.

As Oneghus said, he had three thousand judicial troops. Marshall Rattray now told what his daughter a friend of Alloa had said; ‘Oneghus was to be arrested along with himself; Lord Hesse wanted a Field Marshall who he was sure of.

He also knew the Slayer was on his way and would slaughter millions; it was the emperor’s way of restoring order.

“I will help or there will never be another time to free myself of this fur that grows on my wrist, the mark of the beast,” Rattray.

Oneghus at once sent Wong and Icon to find an innocent captive. He was about to free his friend of the telepathic influence of Satan.

And here the details of their plan.

- 1....Rattray would enlist his men and friends.
- 2....Form military alliances with their desert enemies.
- 3....They would take control of Hesse City, allow Slayer to land thinking Lord Hesse was in command.

4....And attack the docking fleet when it was vulnerable.

5....Rattray wanted command of the united forces.

“And how are we to achieve all of this in such a short time?” Rattray doubting the impossible.

“Nothing is impossible where there is a will, besides I trust the Living Spirit,”

Oneghus said leaning against the moonlit window, silver rays glowing him



Death head moths landed on both men, it was their mating season.

“Are you he?” Rattray meaning The Deliverer seeing the skull on the back of a moth as a bad omen for Satan.

“Don’t be foolish friend. I do not believe in superstitions conjured by shamans,” Oneghus.

And Oneghus felt one with the moths for he was at one with the Living Spirit of creation, God, who is God of the moth, God of all men, God of all animals: a God who does not make dirty what God has made. And a grey owl with a ten foot wing

span with a horn on its head just happened to fly by.

And Oneghus saw God in it.

And was one with it.

And the four inch black Slater that crawled out of the old splintered window frame.

And saw God in its eyes and felt one with it.

For they all shared the same spirit.

None were unclean, all were of spirit.

And a dog squatted outside on the sand.

And Oneghus felt at one with the dung for the dung was alive with bacteria who shared the same spirit.

And Oneghus knew dung was not unclean but only dirty in man's mind.

"We live in spirit and spirit lives in us, but at different levels of consciousness and in that I differ from lower forms," he said allowed.

"What do you mean?" Rattray asked.

"Am I he? The Deliverer?"

"I believe so," Rattray behind him, "I had strange dreams lately,"

"Let us hope so."

\*

Little Isla Innocent was twelve and had blue eyes, purple hair and was a stunner.

Yokel cosmetic genes floated the reservoirs and some said that is why Hesse had the most beautiful looking cats and dogs out.

Rattray got horny, was his fault not the girls. God had made her that way; society made it all right too desire and blame her.

But then she put her hands on him, and being a natural channel for healing powers silenced his lust.

He was free of 666.

She was just a normal child to him and safe and to prove it dug out of a pocket a humbug mint which she refused as she did not like strong mints.

He would take her to his general friends knowing once free of 666 would join Oneghus.

“We were lucky to find her boss,” Wong.

“Yes, you have freed so many innocents the Slitherdrome cages are empty,” Icon.

“Where are your parents?” Oneghus asked Isla.

“They went slithering last month and to Heaven. Can I go to Heaven too?” She asked.

Oneghus clapped hands behind his back and glared at Rattray who swore an eagle was staring at him. The strange light shining in Oneghus’s eyes frightened him. It was the light of truth, justice, hope and made lesser men take note: here was someone to follow.

Then the sun blazed behind Oneghus from the veranda illuminating him like an Aztec bird god. Rattray half expected Oneghus to sprout golden wings and cough like an eagle, howl like a wolf and shoot flames from his mouth.

A work’s siren wailed finishing time, a clock chimed and someone screamed outside, a mugger was at work.

The air conditioning had broken down and an old ceiling fan rotated above.

A sign of the times.

Rattray wiped sweat from brow. A superstitious man who took everything as omens. Oneghus smiled gently at him.

And a Zarpod howled for its master.

**SOUND  
WEREWOLF HOWLING**

Rattray shivered and not because a pooh was moving in his bowels.

The Zarpod howled again, Rattray would have garlic put up, he believed in vampires and ghouls.

He was a sign of the times; Emperor Satan had opened the gates of hell.



Sometimes our destiny is pushed onto us

**And Marshall Rattray blinked his eyes and the wings were gone.**

#### Postscript

And although Cernurex smiled to Madam Loo's customers, her smile was false and only her addiction was happy when Madam Loo gave her orange juice. Her body she could not stop physically responding to customer usage because that was beyond her control; her body was full of Yokel's DNA manufactured codes.

But that one single act of throwing a messaged bottle out the window became a fixation to her; a star to believe in.

And the street urchins sang and included in their rhymes updates of the bottles journey towards Oneghus and events on Hesse Planet.

And the desire for justice against the evil drug dealers Madam Loo and Master Lugson gave her strength. Oneghus knew how to deal with their types.....

“Oneghus's justice.  
For drug pushers are evil.  
They destroy lives.  
So deserve no tears.  
Oneghus knows what to do with them.”

The street urchin ditty went.