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Oneghus  
Legend

**Raddites lived amongst the ruins**



**Hagi was in fact a squatter**

There was one upon Hesse Planet who could be found among the ruins of the Palaces of the Princes of Hesse; Astrod who had warred against The Beast and lost.

And found here was Hagi, High Shaman of Rad, the old god of Hesse who was of both genders, and both humanoid and animal for out of Rad's back came heads, and one in particular, a Zarpod's.

Rad had two necks, one male and other female.

Rad had two bodies joined together, male and female to reproduce and fill the planets with offspring the Hessians.

Hagi was nine hundred years old.

Innocents rumoured he was agile because of evil forces.

But he was an enemy of The Beast and everyone else: and contended with the prophet for the most grumpy citizen on Hesse.

Now Hagi stood below the pink sandstone statue of Rad dressed in Frie skins and planetary signs stuck on the skins while beastly skulls littered his feet; he knew how to



Hagi was overdressed

dress for effect.

His yellow cod piece gaily providing long shadows from the light of burning torches as Hagi danced smoking hallucinating Yab weed, allowing him to see Rad his god.

“The deliverer rides a white beast and leads armies against devils.

A demigod in regal clothes to protect him from the sun who is Rad, his father whom we worship.

Four angel spirits guard him in human form.

An eclipse will herald him and three shooting stars,” Hagi shouted.

The eclipse had occurred and now Hagi could see the approach of the last shooting star. He also saw a man riding a white riding hound for Hessians rode them because of petrol shortages.

Could see his face, his brown long hair, his grey blue eyes and yellow robes of his imperial office. Hagi knew the man, knew he stood for justice.

“Oneghus is our deliverer,” Hagi and the worshippers shouted, “Oneghus save us,” and cut themselves with knives. Others inserted long needles into ears and limbs, some castrated.

Watching bats thought them stupid.

When the room grew silent, Hagi pointed at the skin drummers who beat slowly, a signal for men to drag three captured troopers and a black robed priest to Hagi who opened a door at the bottom of Rad’s statue and threw them all in.

And something ate them.

“None of these are the deliverer for it is written the deliverer will survive the belly of Rad,” Hagi.

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Harbo’s craft zoomed towards the glow of multicoloured light on the horizon, Hesse City.

And saw the last shooting star ignite a barley field.

He stopped the craft, puzzled, fearful.

Reminded him of the prophecy of doom. One Innocents put about Judgement day.

Yes, Harbo feared for his sins were many.

Howling.

Harbo should never have stopped for the howler was stalking him; it was hungry,

these wars decimated game and knew before humanoid life ran amok, there had been food.

Now it thanked its moon goddess Both for Harbo.

And hot winds carried this Zarpod upon Harbo who was moving again. So the winged Zarpod missed him and crashed into soft sand.

Horror in his eyes, Harbo had seen the monster. He saw hate in its blue eyes so hit gas.

He knew he was dinner.

Had never believed Zarpod's existed before.

"I hate you Frigging Oneghus," he spat.

What saved Harbo was his zig zag course amongst rock outcrops of pink sandstone.

The fingers of Both, the mother goddess who was the wife of Rad.

The Zarpod slowed, never mind, this night, next week, a month or a year it would find Harbo.

Because of this nasty streak the Zarpod was the most feared creature on Hesse.

And Harbo zoomed into the old Palace of Prince Astrod. Could see people everywhere, the worshippers of Rad as they went to help Oneghus.

The Zarpod saw as well and caught one and watched Harbo enter Hesse City.

"Blessings be upon us, a Zarpod, another omen," Hagi from a balcony and then he descended to confront The Beast.

The Zarpod belched and Hagi sank to his knees. The only person to do so for the rest with sense fled.

"We love your master Rad, we await his coming," Hagi told the Zarpod who was

holding onto dinner with hands, while its scaly legs balanced on the night sand.

Its face resembled a man with a beak. And being a Zarpod gave off silent horrid smells. Who could love such a creature except Hagi and its maker?

“Who are you?” The Zarpod.

“Hagi, High Shaman to Rad and Prince Astrod,” Hagi bowing, his forehead catching sand particles as he was sweaty.

“I remember Astrod and your smell Hagi, remember you well,” the Zarpod looking at Hagi with dislike, continuing, “Caged I was, guardian to Astrod with my brethren, and you worshipped me Hagi,” and the Zarpod threw away dinner remains and moved closer to Hagi.

“And Astrod has returned and we will take him here, he is in the city now,” Hagi.

The Beast stopped its intention of eating Hagi for being so foolish to worship it for the Zarpod knew it was not a god so Hagi deserved to be eaten.

There were no cage bars separating Hagi and the greedy Zarpod now.

“Astrod here?” the Zarpod, “I will be caged again. I am Zacross the Zarpod Hagi, one of the last of my race. I come across scents of other Zarpod’s but I fail to meet them, but Hessians everywhere.”

“The golden age has returned, come with me to Astrod's Palace to be loved as in the past,” Hagi remembering Zacross as the most troublesome Zarpod living, and why he was caged and slowly edged distance between them.

“No matter where I go, Prince Astrod will summon me through Rad the father of all things. I can not escape, I am a guardian, and I will be fed and no longer lonely.



All the flying kept Zacross trim