

Dusk. Sun 3/4 set.



1800. Hesse Metropolis.

SOUND

**Of a million motors and
horns stuck in traffic jams**

Harpotrex walked up to Cullen lounging in front of the judicial courts, confident

he could not be seen for he was wearing his spectromac that gave him invisibility.

It cost him dear for Yokel had the patent, and he hoped Oneghus's men weren't using magnum spectrheilographs or magnum spectrohelioscopes that would show up his light intensity as a figure.

He also hoped dusk would hide his silhouette.

So far undetected.

Oneghus should be coming out any second on his way to Mistress Oppo's.

Hoped Oppo would enjoy her last fling and grinned. He would miss her, but her kind were a dime a penny, no one loved them.

And so forgot that the same spirit that made an atom lived made Oppo live, so she

was indeed loved.

Ah! Oneghus had emerged and engaged Cullen in chit chat.

Now Wong comes who frightened him more than Oneghus. Psychopathic traits, violent personality, deep thinker, visionary and deadly at martial arts.

He needed to kill Wong.

Good, their magnums weren't on or they had got careless by gathering about the judge. The blind fools, he was the danger and he had just slipped past.

And entered Oneghus's private chamber.

Below, Wong the psychopath had seen Harpostrex's blur on the magnums and was following.

Wong



Peking Crane or Canton Snake move???

*

Mistress Oppo let Judge Oneghus Brown in.

He had wondered why Master Harpostrex wanted to see him urgently at Oppo's house. Knew of Harpostrex as he had worked closely with the man in the past, but Oppo was a mystery.

Oneghus wore plain clothes to blend in with the crowd. It would need his imperial yellow robes and following street urchins for him to be recognised. This was a pity as a street urchin with a message in a bottle sought him.

Underneath his rumpled red leather jerkin were two laser pistols in shoulder holsters.

Nor surprised to hear Oppo's voice on the intercom, but was on guard when he found himself in her home without Harpostrex present.

"I had to see you judge so used my master's name, forgive me."

"Is Harpostrex back from Earth?" Oneghus.

"No," she lied and held out a glass of chilled red wine. He refused even if stuffed full of antidotes.

And pulled from his jerkin a small bat skinned pouch; opened it and drank its warm stale wine; water Hesse filter system was malfunctioning and reservoirs were full of cholera.

Oppo smiled.

"Your wisdom is legendary, I mean you no harm," she sitting on a soft divan, allowing her long split black gown to fall off slender limbs.

I AM AVAILABLE.

"Why?" Oneghus? Was this guy related to the gibbons??

And Oneghus concluded she was wearing under that dress skimpy white panties and being male felt a flutter below.

"Why don't you sit next to me?" Oppo trained to see slight movements.

Oneghus was Oneghus not Harpostrex and drew strength from an image of Oasis. He sighed, it wasn't as if he was engaged or married. They weren't even dating and

Slow dance music

this was a time when having more than one partner was fashionable, even Indigo was permitted. It made for a healthy gene poll; the strongest got more siblings.

He couldn't see Oasis lounging with parted legs inviting attention, even after they were married. And someone whispered "Oasis is your soul mate."

Doomed to meet her ten thousand years present in the divine plan if he choose the correct door.

"I have always wanted to meet you," Oppo quickly undoing the sticky tabs holding the dress closed so that she revealed those skimpy tight white panties.

She was saying "Come play."

"A standing something has no conscience. She has enticed me and deserves fun," manly thoughts.

Heavy perfume

"I love you as a sister," Oneghus and got up to leave, you see, his standing something had a conscience.

"What are you doing?" She demanded furious, no one walked out on her when she was seducing.

Oneghus did closing the door behind him.



Oppo had a lot of mirrors to smash in anger

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"Why did I tell her
she is my sister?"

“Because you share the same divine spirit and therefore have one Father Spirit.
The man from Nazareth was right when he asked “*Who is my mother?*” A whisper.

Oneghus understood, all were created from the same divine spark, no one was evil,
to say that was to say the divine spark was evil. *It just gets lost some places.*

Evil was made by evil men and who influenced them?

Some mediums said by retarded spirits not wanting to progress.

Other mediums said that was rubbish.

“Judge the medium who speaks by his own spirit and actions. Remember Oneghus
God is love, patience; slow to anger, forgiving, and spirits claiming to know God
should be likewise,” the whisper again.

Retarded spirits always sang OFF KEY



They also used Fire Hydrants like dogs

*

Mistress Oppo went nuts; a man had turned her down. All men desired her,
Oneghus had, she had seen the signs in his moving pants.

Why had he walked out then?

Indigo would have drunk the drugs in the wine just to have her. But Oneghus

wasn't Indigo, Oneghus had some light in his third eye. Oppo didn't know that, she saw Oneghus as a horny man just like Harpostrex, a man with an excited something. Then why hadn't Oneghus coupled? Men were always men weren't they?

And knew fear thinking of Harpostrex, she had failed him. Hadn't he joked that she would meet the Chief Executioner of Satan.

Hadn't he pretended to pluck her entrails out of her belly and she felt her guts drawn out; it made her queasy.

Mistress Oppo broke out into a cold sweat.

Who could she turn too?

Appomax would dismember her and keep each part alive as he ate them saving her head for last, making sure she saw and felt all if he realised Satan knew his plans.

Mistress Oppo felt lonely, like that little girl trampling the yellow rape field.

She cried and prayed for her sins at last.

Sins, she had stopped believing in goodness.

The Beast was god but was evil.

Rad mythology? Just myths.

The Innocent God wasn't whom the innocents claimed him to be would have stopped Satan long ago, not watch his followers being Slitherdromed.

But she was wicked and evil? No she wasn't, she was a victim of evil.

"Help I don't want to lose my guts," she screamed kneeling crying hysterically.

She needed lots of shrinks.

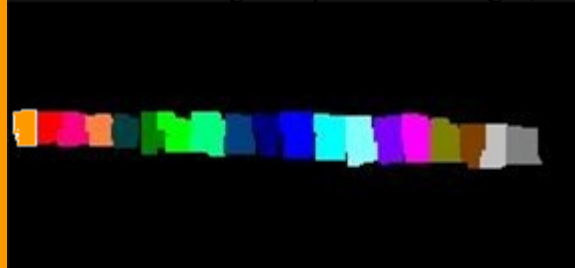
And guess what? The healing process of God had begun, she wanted change. Who said eternal progress isn't open to every human soul?

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Master Harpostrex saw the shadow in the corner besides the coat stand in

Oneghus's room.

That was a draw back when entering the spectrums of light, it dimmed vision.



So quickly he found the wall safe using a micro metal detector.

Found nothing incriminating.

Smart man that judge.

Another problem with travelling in the light spectrum it hindered hearing.

Harpostrex was spun round and screamed.

He had been on this planet long enough to know its myths. It was his job to know.

He had evidence that Oneghus was The Deliverer.

Bet you thought he was screaming because that psycho Wong had him.

Or maybe Mistress Oppo had used a scissors somewhere?

Nope.

A nightmare had bit his head off, Zarpod's could see into the light spectrum, why Prince Rad used them as guards.

And a head leaving a trail of ketchup rolled across the floor. Not that the jerking torso soaked the room either; Zacross was thirsty as a horde of mechanical flying spying bugs flew away from the body.

Anyway Zacross ate half the body; he had already eaten the worshipper earlier and felt bloated, especially after draining all those pints, non alcoholic of course.

So with difficulty flew out the window.

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SOUND

A long scream



My kingdom for a body

Oneghus looked at the shimmering head; it would decay in the light waves it died in.

There was no way of getting it back for cloning.

Harpostrex was truly dead; they lacked knowledge.

Wong showed Oneghus the magnumspectacle photograph.

Oneghus legs apart and hands on hips.

That strange look in his eyes.

His jaw went sideways and teeth gritted.

He remembered Oppo.

“I will bet my soul that was Master Harpostrex. Let’s do Oppo a favour, send her his belt.”

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Mistress Oppo had calmed down when she realised Harpostrex wasn’t returning, ever.

So sent a telepathic message to Oneghus as no one had found a way to intercept them; yet.

“Oneghus, this is Oppo. Help me and save yourself. Harpostrex was sent to arrest you on orders from Earth.

Help me Oneghus.”

Oneghus received the message as he and his men were trying to determine what the large hairy fuzzy object was in the magnum's photograph?

Whatever it was killed Harpostrex.

"It's a Zarpod," Estor.

"Trust you to come up crazy with that," Wong snorted.

"Poetic justice," Estor's reply.

Oneghus wasn't so sure he was crazy, either were the rest.

"Zarpod's look after the Prince of Rad," Estor added.

"Raddites have it the deliverer is back," Icon.

"But you are an Earthling Oneghus," Wong hopefully.

"That's right an Earthling," Oneghus.

*

SOUND

Singing in the rain

A Zarpod was seeing vomiting the contents of its meal into a trash can. Harpostrex was too full of rich antibodies to be safe food.

A fly landed on Mistress Oppo's windowsill, its tapes full.

Oppo loathed flies more than she had Harpostrex. So her robot tarantula shredded it. Never mind caring, Dr. Yokel would send another.



A Hessian tarantula