

**Background: Dull battleship grey of a ship's hull.**

“Masses of Hesse bear my minor opuscle and be glad there is one called Estor,  
who can fill your ears with such minor literary compositions.

**BUT**

**A Chinese fiddle plays**

Oneghus, great obelisk of law,  
Rising out of arid yellow sands.  
Around you are scorched lands.  
Once rich in mangoes, guavas, paw paws.  
Now the yoke of The Beast's foot,  
Lies heavy upon us like saddle and harness.  
Our muzzy minds are full of sadness.  
The Beast his legions all in marching boots,  
Does tramples, stomp, tread us.  
Oneghus come, tip the weighing scales.  
So The Beast will wail  
As justice is done.”

Oasis had found time to read Estor's Scaramouch's boastful verse. She and the women were inside cages in the ship's smelly hold: no latrines.

And was pleasantly surprised to see a small man enter dressed in Prussian blue fur robes. The collar of which was white with red stripes; a dandy.

Upon his head black leather cap and finest satin gold and copper garments underneath the robe.

Oasis held her breath, hoping his nature had not changed for he carried a long sjambok, that heavy hide whip, in his right hand.

He cracked it across the floor shouting, “Here I am master filthy women and you will wish by your tupana ancestors that you were never born.”

“Well at least this place won’t be vapid, dull, insipid or boring,” Oasis wisecracked.

And whip snaked floor.

**SOUND  
HISS**

“Silence and be thankful it is Insect who is your keeper. How do you like your new vivarian where we keep living birds and mammals,” the Insect joked back.

This zany clown was an imbecile and she befriended him to be called a wild beast. And God help them when they reached Moon Sot.

“Ha,” Insect, “I joke, hey you know me, your friend. Of course I will not keep such pretty things as you here.”

With this prophecy Insect clicked his right fingers and nothing happened. Oasis smiled at his discomfort, the little zingaro of a space gipsy was embarrassed.

The Insect knew he was looking foolish, the little xylonite celluloid composition of Yokel had not been obeyed by the women slaves.

And kept clicking fingers frantically and when a large bullying grey woman appeared, he seemed annoyed, frightened and relieved at her entry.

“This is Zola; she will guide you to the zeana. And these new women’s quarters will be more to your liking as women of the Kings of the Moons,” Insect.

And Zola picked up Star and kissed her.

Zola was a eunuch in the process of changing into a woman by buying a Dr. Yokel transformation cocktail. It had cost her \$50 000 so far.

*“And never believed that when you die and pass over what you cut off grows back, a leg, an arm, a hand, a foot, something else, just a waste of money spent,” a*

loose live thought floating about the psychic level clinging the material just butting in.

*“Interesting isn’t it? Who are we to mutilate in the name of law what God Has? made and remakes when spirit splits from flesh at the moment of death. Then why Oneghus’s justice?”*

*But God loves us so much we have natural endomorphs released at that moment so don’t feel apart from the initial choking,”* a whisper from an energy level above.



**Cooler's invented Gothic hairstyles**

And as Oasis walked the vessel became aware how hairless Coolers were and remembered stories about interbreeding with Hessians. With sadness she knew her

fate. Why did she have to be a woman? If only Oneghus would rescue her again?

Then what was obviously an officer stopped their advance, exchanged words with Insect and Zola, then inspected them. Oasis felt raped and sneered back at his spotty green taut skin.

Insect thought, "This is the captain, how can I help you if you provoke him?"

"Quisling," Oasis thought back as the captain held her right breast in his hand examining it; a breast not a chicken fillet.

Connoisseur.



And "You you you you you you you go with the transvestite Zola, goodbye, nice meeting you, perhaps we will meet again in a docking tavern, who knows?" The captain was also cruel and typically male chauvinistic.

And Oasis and remaining was for himself; he was greedy.

### **SOUND Belly dancing music**

And his quarters were a palace compared to the hold. Then Zola and Insect appeared with robotic trolleys full of towels, soaps and inappropriate clothes.

Did Insect look at Oasis, no, was ashamed, he had befriended her and that plagued his conscious, deep down he had a glowing light wanting to expand. A dangerous occurrence in his occupation as a Cooler.

Anyway as Insect mentally stewed, Oasis bathed and felt physically cleaned.

The food was good and the women too hungry or caring or accepting fate not to eat in case of drugged DNA.

Then Insect cracked his sjambok for attention and pulled back a green pastoral yashmak; a veil so fine Oasis could fatefully see a large bed behind it.

The red haired captain was there and said, “The zeana quarters. This one stays,” he pulling Oasis towards the bed and himself.

But she struggled and her knee became too heavy to rise into his bulging white codpiece. **OUCH**

**A little discomfort**

Did we tell you the captain was quick, quick to recover, quick in getting aroused? quick in ordering like a little, in this case, big vermin, quick in throwing off clothes, quick in the dry shower that hovered and powdered and left you smelling nice as a cleaned babies bum? Quick to fluff up his hairy red chest and pull on purple pantaloons and a striking white codpiece. Quick to stuff his dainty feet into red tapering felt shoes.

Finally, quick to throw over his head a gold torc that blinded to take some of the attention off his chest.

Not forgetting he sprayed mint freshness into his mouth. But forgot the teeth in the haste and they was yellow and had meat strands still stuck in them. He needed Dr. Yokel floss cleaners that melted between the teeth dissolving food found in 20secs or money back.

Also never noticed he laddered his purple pantaloons.

By the way a Yokel brand promising a life time freedom of larders.

And the captain was definitely not the comic relief; he was a male who believed in male dominance. Females were made for coupling only, to have babies and because they had babies, God never intended women to read and discover X –rays, invent nursing and go to the moon as astronauts.

Oh well some men refuse to see women are of the same Divine Spirit as a man. And the captain was indeed an arrogant twerp.



The gold torc did not dampen the red

Pity Oasis's knee dropped as the relaxing drug took effect.

"No she doesn't," a commanding voice behind.

"My Lord, you are the King's Inspector, your wish is my command," the captain wishing the new arrival overboard.

The Insect had clandestinely summoned him behind the captain's back.

"Insect take the girls to my quarters were I shall see whom are fit for the king's service," the inspector who was covered in fur and clothed in a red jump suit with medals pinned to it. Across his chest also was emblazoned their snake god Soni, the cold serpent.

As they left the captain pressed a gold coin into Insect's left palm.

Insect smiled back, he wanted to disembark limbs attached to torso.

"Do not worry Oasis, I am looking after you," Insect thought to Oasis.

You see, he had tuned into her individual thought waves, like a finger print, we all have them, and then is like dialing a phone by thinking of the person you want to impress your thoughts upon.

*"Thought is alive; the stars above your head sit a field of billion upon billions of*

*Thoughts that are minds inside a divine skull cap,*” whisper again.

Anyway enough of passing confusions.

Oasis laughed, the Insect was funny.

\*

The inspector’s quarters were more luxurious than the captain’s, but Oasis couldn’t care.

“Insect,” the inspector, “this red head excites me,” and he pawed Star as if she as an individual did not exist.

“Teach them the moon dance, the king will like that and so will I. Rewards will be great, but the real beauty is this one,” and he cupped Oasis’s breast till they hurt.

Oasis was exhausted, full of drugs her tired stomach violently exited onto him.

*(Good show)*

Who did a mental and Insect pushed Oasis out of his room snaking his sjambok with a crack, promising the inspector justice.

“No no no unless we have Yokels skin rejuvenating cream, which we don’t, so don’t touch her,” Insect and the inspector fearing a loss in profit from damaged goods gave Insect his sjambok back.

“Leave the red haired one’s name off the registrar, she does not exist, the king can have the rest,” and the inspector bribed Zola.

The red head had a name, Star, but according to Cooler mythology Soni the serpent god made women last and when old, became hags, to be replaced by a younger women. *That is why hags are always evil witches giving away poisoned red apples to kids and why Hags need a good beating with a sjambok?*

What was the Divine Spirit to do with these arrogant Coolers?

“Thank you for helping me,” Oasis thought to Insect.

“Helping you?” For he still had the captain’s gold coin in his pocket.

She sensed his guilt so responded, “Oneghus told me he wants to marry me,” in an effort to put fear into the Insect and better her treatment.

“Him you?” And he laughed, “A good try blueberry, but get this, Oneghus rules Hesse and both you and me aren’t ever going back there, so we had better make the most of our situation.

Up here Coolers rule, and don’t think I enjoy pushing you around. You were kind to me on Hesse. But I want to live and I will help you survive in my crazy mutant world, alright?”

So switched on the battery on his olive waist belt that electrified his whip and prodded her belly button.

Angrily she ripped the sjambok from his greasy small hands and brought her knee up somewhere that turned him blue and collapsed him on his knees.

His whimpering wouldn’t stop so touched her spirit so threw away the whip.

“What is happening?” She asked Insect who once shared her camp fire adding, “I am sorry, my plight is not your fault.”

Eventually Insect looked up, no one had apologised before after beating him; this was a new ball game.

“I like you Oasis, but if I don’t obey orders I will find myself in the arena against the retiarus. A fearsome gladiator with a trammel net to catch me and then spike me through with his trident,” Insect moanfull like a male, hoping sympathy.

It was his eireacon, peace proposal so that she would understand his plight.

“Believe me Oasis when I whip it will fail to scratch your flesh. But I must act my job and will try to protect you,” he told her.

**SOUND**

**Gentle hum ships nuclear engines**



“Then help me escape,” she pleaded.

“To where? We are both trapped,” he and took her back to the captain’s quarters for he had a plan.

And the captain pulled Oasis by the left arm towards his sumptuous four poster gold plated bed he had stolen from a rich Hessian. (*Good plan Insect?*)

Oasis’s outburst had robbed her of any strength, now she allowed herself to be thrown onto the soft deep mattress where she bounced dizzily.

The captain watched her moving body hungrily. Insect still guilty gave him the look of disgust Oasis couldn’t.

Finally when she stopped bouncing the captain discarded his robes revealing his green bisexuality. This was the mutant world of Yokel’s genetic codes without rules.

And the captain wanted rid of Insect so as an added turn on used the sjambok on Insect who lied, “The inspector wants her back to learn the moon dance? Don’t refuse him or his guards will come for you,” wanting revenge for the smarting and the captain should have watched for Insect was drugging the wine.

The Insect was only a wart ridden dwarf with red whip lashes too afraid to hurt a fly. After all, Insect might be a chamberlain and inspector a higher rank; this was the inspector’s ship and the pair could keep themselves company on some lonely moon as crucified fly food.

And a watching fly landed on wine spillage and drank. It would never wake up, it had just overdosed on julep. The assassin’s bitter sweet drink laced with nastiness.

But the captain was too interested in his anatomy hoping he was impressing Oasis so drank the wine down in one gulp.

“Belch,” and beat Insect till he withered at his feet, “That was fun?”

Poor Oasis, now the vicious Rottweiler turned his attention to her, his hands uninvited of course.

His cigar breath floated over her nose churning her stomach.

And as he moved to get on top he showed he had a small womb with a fetus in it growing from his stomach, the captain was pregnant. Dr. Yokel flushed genes up here too; (*the water just wasn't safe to drink?*).

And he coupled robbing Oasis of a precious thing.

“More wine more wine,” he shouted.

Somewhere Insect stirred and pored white muscle relaxant into the drink.

The captain slurped away spilling on Oasis.

“I will consummate again,” he shouted but never did.

The muscle relaxant along with the julep affected him as the arriving 7<sup>th</sup> cavalry.

“What’s this,” he moaned just as realisation set in and turning to Insect collapsed in a heap.

Insect used a porcelain jug on his head just to make sure.

Oasis wished she had never met both of them.

“Ah gad god Soni what have I done,” Insect knowing he had to get off this ship and back to the royal court where he had power to survive.

Just then the doors opened behind the organic muslin yashmak veil as Zola entered.

“There’s gold rils if you help me,” Insect hoping Zola was a greedy frustrated person who used silver dolets to buy affection.

Much like himself before he met Oasis, now Insect was painfully realising friendship was not bought.

Insect put all the blame on the inspector.

Seeing the captain's money belt he helped himself to gold rils and gave them to Zola.

"The captain won't remember anything," Insect reassured her.

The precious stones he kept, he wanted to visit one of Dr. Yokel's clinics and use his stem cells to become handsome; Insect wanted Oasis and if not her, Star, the red head or another but a woman: Insect was fed up being Insect.

Anyway, down in the hold where Zola had pushed Oasis on a trolley, Insect gave Zola a fantasy pill for the captain.

Zola would make sure he took it down his slobbering throat; a pill that would make him think Zola was Oasis.

And to waken his lust, plenty of speed.

And no one asked if the captain's heart could take the strain; who cares, *he was a thief, a rapist so had forfeited his rights.*

And Zola when she was back with the captain found a bonus, the captain was also

\*

**SOUND**

The next day Oasis found Zola bullying her along the ship's corridors till at last **Aerobic dance music** a she.

she was in a gym with the other girls.

The sweat of exercising filled the air.

"They got you too?" It was Star the red haired who asked. Oasis gave her zombie look and Star nodded agreement.

"Here is Stinger," Insect shouted as he let loose his sjambok across the floor. "Let

us have Leden't use it while we learn the Moon Dance

The whip hissed missing her right ear.

“Go and put on those clothes,” he shouted.

She shrugged and did so, no longer caring who saw her charms. The drugs had a depressing effect upon her. She had been raped, she was now disturbed. Life was a bitch and then you died, just ask any metal fly.

And Hessian fashion was light because of the heat but the clothes Insect provided didn't exist!

For the rich and middle classes the cups were made of silver and gold.

If these clothes were designed to arouse men, what was the dance like?

“I am sorry, but co-operate,” Insect privately to Oasis.

And she did.

Somewhere her mind knew the opportunity to escape would arise. Somewhere Oneghus justice would catch up with the captain and Oneghus would ask her to pass sentence; and she laughed, it was her body that was violated and she would violate back.

**SOUND**  
**Japanese Zen music**

Anyway halfway through the dance Insect gave them 7up to drink. Oasis did not like the guilty look in his face. Mind you whatever was in the drink took the physical strain out of dancing. She was now high and when the inspector arrived to watch he showered them with silver rils which Insect gathered.

The girls would have no need of rils here, Insect did.

Afterwards they were led to a canteen and fed. And she noticed the Coolers were animals. Some had fine fur that would be lovely to snuggle into in cold nights. Others skin like porcelain, so fine you were afraid to touch. And the children that were about, some were hideous, some not, the children of slaves.

And Oasis guessed if they kept interbreeding with a human species they would become hairless.

And knowledge entered her she was witnessing the forming of a new sub species.

“Don’t eat,” Insect thought to her telepathically.

But the drugs within her demanded to be burned up with calories so she ate.

Shrugging guilt off himself he left to eat proper food elsewhere.

“How nice to make fine hairless babies,” she told Star, “oh Jesu, what am I thinking, what did Insect tell me, ‘Don’t eat anything?’” And she felt a rumble in her womb that was hungry for a Cooler fetus.



Thanks to Yokel Cooler babies could tango at year one....So could teddy

“Help me escape,” she sent a message to Insect who replied.

“Who do you think I am? A thaumaturge, a wonder worker? Your father’s in that line of work. Let him make the yellow clouds pull this ship back to Hesse. This ship is going home,” and he meant his home.

And his thoughts enveloped her in a grey whitish wispy cloud, akin to the vapours of dry ice, and in that cloud his mind entered her mind and took hold of her memory, so saw for himself her green eyes so down cast, the eyes of a broken slave girl.....and Insect did something wonderful, he cried for her both of them.