

A very hot day A very hot day A very hot day A very hot day

Oneghus



“Gee up please,” and dangled carrots to encourage.

SOUNDS

The Lord of Hesse decided to arrest Oneghus and drag him about Hesse City

Excited crowd

chained showing Hessians, he Lord of Hesse was the authority.

1200 August 22 49999

We find Hesse standing in his gold chariot which was embedded in green carbuncles spotted and streaked with red.

He wore a diamond tiara on his head.

His hair was tightly pulled back and oiled to glisten in the yellow sun.

He wore a yellow toga, trimmed in green and red with a gold laced hand stitched face of the dragon on the chest.

He was fat Lord Hesse.

Hesse looked every inch a Lord, powerful, opulent, feared, and all who looked were supposed to be filled with awe.

A dark blue muscular Hessian, clothed in golden armour, oiled and sprinkled in gold dust struggled at the reins to keep red white riding hounds in check.

Whereas Appomax preferred to be carried in a sedan chair by twelve naked handsome humanoids; six up front, six behind. Appomax saw a sexual connection to their positioning and was aroused.

And a golden chain connected the youths to the sedan. Chains that would tighten if they dropped their load Appomax.

Such the ways of the beast.

Six spare men and women chained by the waist to the sedan's rear; replacements for those who faltered.

Appomax believed in equal opportunities for the sexes.

Seven of the total humanoids were criminals. The rest zealots who believed destroying themselves for Satan an act of devotion rewarded in Heaven. They had forgotten God had commanded not to take life; even their own.

In front of the chair, a taskmaster in pink tights carrying a bull whip.

This one had lasted six months, if the slaves let the chair fall, he became one of them. So far he had kicked six pullers dead for showing weakness and replaced them at once.

He was worrying too much, Appomax found him pleasing in his pink tights.

Behold, throw yourself prostrate when Appomax cometh in case it becometh his whim to have his taskmaster fail you when he passeth.

Behind a platoon of praetorians in black togas and gold plated titanium breast

Not a mouse squeaked for him



Yes it had to be him

plates.

Their gold helmets of the same metal had horns of silver, and a long bushel of yellow dyed Innocent hair was attached to the apex of each helmet.

And stomped heavy boots in unison so the populace would hear and prepare to humble themselves before their rightful Lords.



He lied about his age to go to war

In front a squadron of cavalry dressed as the infantry, except black plumed. All carried bat skin shields to protect against laser bolts. All were armed with laser rifles

SOUNDS

and hoped to use them on disloyal citizens

“Gee up horse.”

Horse manure smells

Most of these troopers came from prisons.

Totally loyal to the beast.

666.

In front of them a band played tinny music. Indeed a show of colour, noise and brute power.

**SOUND
Lovely marching band**



**Retarded spirits and marching kids loved a military band
and teddy bears**

Lastly, at least thirty zealots men and women slicing off their ears, fingers and privates at arranged intervals. Indeed a lot of body outer appendages to go about, or in this case to be cast aside. Never mind, Dr. Yokel genes were commercially available! And dancers both men and male aroused the crowd to attach sexual meanings to the zealots and love The Beast and his ways.

SOUNDS**“Hey that bear isn’t 16?”****Come Dancing was a great TV hit and see why?****WOLF WHISTLES**

But unknown to them, Alloa, Hesse’s daughter had informed Oneghus of their numbers and route.

Oneghus also knew the majority of the citizens hated them and given a victory would rebel.

And the judge collected three hundred judicial troops loyal to himself, so that he outnumbered the beast’s guard, those professional killers. Then waited for his enemy at the far end of Victory Square ready to envelope.

And his friend Rattray had given troops loyal to the beast long weekend passes.

Now all depended upon Oneghus’s trap, by any god that could hear Rattray hoped Oneghus was The Deliverer.

Now he waited wearing his titanium helmet and breast plate, while his silver staff stick and gold handled laser pistol lay on his table that was ablaze with radios and

phones.



1330 Rattray's ears were straining listening to Hesse noisily reach Victory Square were Oneghus greeted them.

Hesse was exhilarated at seeing his prey Oneghus.

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1335 Hagi stood in a derelict hall of a palace which had once belonged to a forgotten

Prince of Hesse.

Hagi's spies kept him informed of events which he translated by means of augury to the assembled masses come to hear him.

The third omen, the last shooting star had just occurred. A meteor had landed in a field of barley and set it alight. The fire still blazed sending dancing reddish light against the gargoyle decorated walls of Hesse City.

"The judge is about to rebel.

He will fight that loathsome creature Appomax in Victory Square this new day.

We will help our deliverer, what will we do?"

"We will fight," the believers loudly.

"Then you will bring Oneghus here where his destiny belongs," Hagi told them.

"We will bring back Oneghus to meet his destiny," the crowd and the drummers started beating skin drums and the followers of Rad smoked hallucinating Yab weed

in great quantity.

*

The communications centre was a massive stone structure covered in gargoyles blaring hymns and marshal music. And the football shaped roof bristled satellite dishes and antennae.



1350 Major Hackney of Drum was a Hessian aristocrat and a son in law of Rattray and led his men from his motorised column into the above building with relish.

He hated the beast; as an aristocrat he had to watch the priests bleed his estates of wealth and the health of his estate workers.

Once had three beautiful sisters, but Indigo saw them and took them as temple courtesans. Here at court Indigo could not wait to put his grasping dirty hands on them before they were passed on.

The youngest sister committed suicide.

Poor Indigo and Hesse could not understand why. They should have been Honoured; it was a privilege to couple such important men.

The bottom line was Appomax knew a woman was a woman built by God for his pleasure or God wouldn't have made women that way.

And the older sisters survived hoping for better times.

Now Hackney believed those times had come and he wanted revenge.

It had come as a shock to him at the staff meeting when told Rattray and Oneghus were mobilising against the beast.

Now many other similar meetings had come and gone, and on reflection there had

been no pro-beast officers present.

Those rebelling had suffered as he had, they were already dead so only lived for revenge.

And was a brilliant idea of Oneghus to block out the beast's telepathic thoughts, get an innocent to lay hands on you, or any person who was good. Evil begets ignorance, goodness spawns light; it was enough to protect his mind.

And the two policemen at the entrance did not try to stop them as Oneghus was using his new post well; they were his men.

One Hessian did try to stop Hackney, the Broadcasting Commissioner who owed his powerful position to Hesse. He knew what side his butter was on. Or how else could this middle aged man with fat ripples abuse young pretty girls seeking stardom. He was thankful for someone called The Beast who allowed his lusts to be satisfied.

And why he waved a gun at Hackney and ordered him out of the building. He was in the process of interviewing a fourteen year old blonde female actress on his office sofa.

His braces were empty as the trousers they sought were at his ankles.

His excitement peeked at Hackney from between shirt buttons.

It reminded Hackney of a purple turkey's neck and to save himself from being put off poultry for life shot it.

The young girl on the sofa screamed an awful lot of deafening shrieks.

Hackney left her quickly with relief.

And Rattray was pleased, the communications centre had been captured without a major battle. Why when he looked up he could see those similar in taste to the

commissioner scurrying on window ledges on all fours trying to escape vengeful abused staff. Now and again an adjoining window would fly open and many pushing hands push the abuser off.

“Oneghus’s justice,” street urchins cheered as an evil doer picked up speed descending.

“Down they fell with a howl. Born ten thousand years ago and through divine planning to pass over in such fashion because they opened the door leading to this evil road. “Open me open me,” a small rusty door had pleaded but they opened the big red one instead.

“So is it vengeful murder or planning?” That unidentified whisper.

“Are wars designed for each of us to turn left or right, up or down, to show mercy or vengeance, to be God-like or man-like? To show we are born of the spirit or born of books? To shoot in the leg or in the head? Or take life when we never made it in the first instance? The divine plan has a plan for us turning right and a divine plan for us turning left. Magnificent isn’t it?” Another whisper but female in origin 2000 years ago.

But things went differently at the Image, Video, Hologram and Telepathic Exchange; the phone exchange.

The police were under Oneghus’s command but the place was a rabbit warren of secret police dens. And they fired lasers into the thronged crowd to cause panic.



1420 The last two secret police surrendered thinking they would be treated as prisoners, but the soldiers gave them to the crowd who did not have God on their mind.



1445 “Bring Oneghus back alive, but cut the others down,” Hesse triumphantly ordering his cavalry.

“No, do not bring Oneghus back alive,” Appomax butted in, “we do not want the peasants to take to the streets in sympathy while their darling martyr awaits trial do we?” He said this as he gave drugged sweets to a boy, aged six he had picked off a street. No time like the present in furthering the Kingdom of Darkness.

“No no of course not,” Hesse betrayed his fear of Appomax, “Commander of the Horse, you heard our master, go.”

The squadron galloped off.

And tearful mother waited for the return of her son in a basement flat. Dr. Yokel’s anti addiction treatments were expensive. Her six year was now an addict but society blinded by lust failed to see the evil of what Appomax had done?



1500 Red streak in blue sky.

Oneghus had fired a flare.

And the square filled with his judicial guard. Laser bolts crashed into the cavalry and foot troops. At the same time retreat for fat Lord Hesse was closed as Oneghus Troops swarmed into the side streets behind them.

“How dare them, Oneghus daddy will burn you in hell,” Appomax wailed like a banshee.



1503 Lord Hesse felt his left arm brake as a laser bolt exploded in it.

“Back to the palace,” he groaned to his chariot driver who was more than willing. Driving over wounded comrades, once friends, now a hindrance to the chariot

wheels.....666

Then the driver felt his shoulder blades splinter and he was thrown out for Appomax had tossed him aside.

“Follow the son of the beast,” he roared till about him followed those standing, eager to show his father Satan their devotion.

Made straight for a blockaded exit, his men blasting as they ran only to be overtaken by three cavalrymen. Appomax smiled, the more the merrier for his chance of survival improved. He grinned showing sharp flesh tearing teeth.

He was indeed the son of the beast. Who would save Alloa, Lord Hesse’s daughter from him.



1505 Appomax’s grin fell apart as a laser hit his back. He screamed as dark

purple

plasma pumped down his muscular legs.

Now the chariot was close to the exit and laser charges were splintering the chariot’s occupants.

Lo Appomax slowed the chariot behind the last three remaining horsemen.

Lo the chariot now bounced off two fallen horsemen. The third was about to be pulled off his horse in melee and a gap was created.

Appomax drove through it as his troops went to their promised lands in hell, promised of Lordship over the damned who were to be their slaves.

“Eternal progress is open to every soul, but these souls want to stay in the Outer Darkness,” the female whisper again on the internet of mind.

Just as Appomax rounded a bend laser bolts hit him. He fell forward, the humanoid

So retarded even the missionary spirits of Heaven would find it impossible to impress upon him repentance and progress through suffering.

And a dead hound entangled the other galloping hounds and the chariot stopped.

Now Lord Hesse found his courage returning with the peace of the side street and cut the dead canine free.

He looked at Appomax who looked dead, but you could never be sure with these demons.

Back in side the chariot, Hesse was about to release the brake when he heard riders behind.

“They are boys,” it was Oneghus.

Hesse overcome by panic picked up the reins and nothing happened. He had forgotten to pull the brake lever back.



1525 Now the dark spirit in side Appomax took over and his corpse stood up, the eyes red.

Shoving Hesse aside he pulled the brake lever off and threw it, hitting Estor in the face. Then he opened his mouth and a sheet of piercing screams shout out hurting the eardrums of all living things directly in front.

Quickly Oneghus and the others got back behind the corner wall. Cullen carried a senseless Estor.

Appomax drove away.

Hesse saw laser bolts explode hunks of tissue from Appomax’s broad back. He also knew no living thing could withstand that punishment.



1530 The judge, Wong and Icon were close, only firing on straight bits of

road.

The chariot now sped past regular army troopers, armoured columns and cavalymen while overhead, flying machines roared to be followed by bangs and dense smoke. Hesse City had become a battleground.



1545 At the end of a long statue lined avenue Appomax could see the palace and taste the smoke wafting from it.

Now none knew Appomax needed a body to survive or his demonic spirit would float away into the Outer Darkness and fade into nothingness, past the places where the gnashing of teeth is heard and the wails of the unrepentant.

“Even Appomax is made of the Divine Spirit who loves him, who wants Appomax to become good and progress to light,” the female whisper.

Now Oneghus was amongst Rattray’s regular soldiers and he stopped at a radio man.

“Kill Appomax,” was sent to all men.

Colonel Saltmire of the 9th Land Regiment was inside the palace grounds. He had led the assault with his friend Colonel Wok of the 1st Battle Tank Regiment. Both got the radio message, both hated the beast for personnel reasons.

Both saw the chariot approaching. Colonel Saltmire ordered an anti-tank bazooka team to aim at it.

Hesse was hysterical and showed it by screaming wildly at Appomax to surrender. Appomax replied by kissing him. Hesse was disgusted at the sexual appetite of Appomax at a time like this.

But Hesse’s mouth was filling with a stink as a new mind entered his brain.



1550 Lord Hesse saw the bazooka team fire.

Hesse “save me Jesu Innocent,” but silence came forth instead.

His mouth had been kissed by the Kiss of Possession.

No one could hear him, only two minds could.

The new mind was laughing at him.

The bazooka shell sent bits of Appomax everywhere.

Lo Hesse knew his body was tumbling across paving stones. Felt bones brake and wished it would all stop, but didn't. The new mind in his brain had him up and running.

Poor greedy Lord Hesse running on a broken leg. Did it hurt?

Here was the man who sent Innocents who loved Light to Circus Slitherdrome.

Fat yellowed eyed Lord Hesse.



1600 Some Raddite handed over a six year old boy to a grateful mother whose right wrist was bandaged by a dirty cloth. She still held the Stanley knife, that weapon of the poor in a hand.

At her feet, a tuft of fur.

666.



1601 Hesse saw he was leaping onto a scout craft, tossing the driver out, that he was

now driving the craft towards those massive palace titanium, platinum, rhodium and forty inches of solid steel palace doors.

Shame.

And noticed too his left arm was gone.



1602 The craft now belching smoke slid to a halt under the palace gazebo.

That balcony where Hesse so often watched his guards square bashing while he sat fanned by little girls.

Then the doors opened and troops came out firing, giving cover to medics, killing one by mistake as they dragged fat Lord Hesse inside his sanctuary that preserved beasts from extinction.

Lo Hesse was aware of sharp pricking needles as he was carried deep down his private bunker that had been lavished in the mod con's of the medical world, including up to date magazines in waiting rooms.

One of Hesse's pet hates, out of date Fashion magazines and nothing else to read. So when he got into power made a law making sure waiting rooms were furnished in new books and never brought out laws stopping child labour.

In fact made laws encouraging it.



1610 Now fat poor Hesse saw two faces, Yokel's behind his green surgical mask and Appomax grinning in his third eye which we are all born with: God's telephone.

Anyway: Appomax was too strong for the anesthetic and Hesse was awake as Yokel worked with clamps, sponges, saws, needles and cat gut ignoring the glazed eyes of Hesse.

Lord Hesse wanted to scream but Appomax wouldn't allow in case Hesse tell them he was alive: that was their secret.



1620 Lord Hesse had a cardiac arrest and saw a tunnel with bright lights and people at the end and thought he was escaping from Appomax's grin.

He felt his soul floating out of his body, could see Yokel bringing something

towards his chest.

Appomax wasn't grinning, could hear the gnashing of teeth from the approaching void were those who have nothing to do with love gyrate too.

Hesse saw it as well, for the bright tunnel he saw changed to hell for he had 666.

A level of light that is dim.

But Appomax needed Hesse and cheated, using his strong mind to start up Hesse's heart, pulling Hesse's spirit back into his body.

"Well done Dr. Yokel," Hesse heard medic give praise.



2100 Lord Hesse lay in a bed unaware topside had fallen to Oneghus, but was aware of a female nurse.

Was Lord Hesse a eunuch or just blind?



Nurse with a rectal thermometer to get rid of teddy?

She was figuring pumping a needle of air into his carotid.

She was scared, hated guns and knew peace would come when Hesse died. She had no thoughts about Appomax, he was dead they told her.

She figured a nitrogen bomb would come down to them on the end of a military

mole and bang, bye mummy.

But Hesse was shocked to find himself kiss the amazed, frightened wide eyed nurse.



2310 The Kiss of Possession.

And Hesse fell back into the mattress and the drugs took effect and he lapsed into blissful unconsciousness.

The nurse walked away tucking up loose hair intent on escape and revenge.

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1400 Hagi heard the guns and sent knotted quipu strings summoning Rad's followers help the deliverer, Oneghus.

The idea of using knotted strings meant when a Raddite was caught, he unknotted the string and his interrogators never knew of the quipu's existence.

And the Raddites fell upon the troops of Satan.

Now Hesse's son, Oberix, a handsome youth and Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Heavy Dragoon Guards had been at an inspection parade this fatal day.

Oberix, soldier, born to play marching figures, he struck an imposing figure in his Colonel's uniform. 1500 Oberix led his legion out of their barracks in his personalised heavy



The kid weed

SOUND



battle tank.

So did teddy

Once heard never forgotten



The vulture believed in mobile dinners

This young blond blue eyed blue skinned boy was the greatest threat to Rattray's troopers. Oberix's men were loyal to him, not Hesse or Appomax for Oberix treated his men respectfully and had proven himself a capable leader against Ka.

Oberix also refused to speak to his family. A pity for Alloa never told about the revolt and who knows?

He might have thrown in his lot with Oneghus.

But fate.



1600 Oberix's multicoloured tank cleared a passage to the gates of his father's palace and now Colonel Wok ordered his tanks of the 1st to engage.

Lo, Saltmire ordered his 9th and newly arrived 10th infantry to retreat behind Wok's battle tanks.

Oneghus advanced on a baying Light.

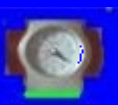
"Here we go again," Wong joked to Icon behind Light on Fighter and Speed. Hound and men suffering adrenalin rush.

And Rattray's men saw Oneghus as Roman legions at Georgiva and Oneghus as Caesar and took heart and returned to the fight.

Also Oberix saw Oneghus, quickly then he sped his tank towards his enemy sighting his tank gun.

Just as he had his finger on the red fire button, like Hitler before he hesitated. It was admiration for Oneghus the man; he whom the street urchins sang off and made Hesse Planet famous and he was Hessian and so shared that fame.

Oneghus was a larger than life figure.



1620 “Prince Astrod,” the Zarpod bellowed and took Oberix out of his open turret with his talons.

A hundred feet up Zarpod got heart burn from eating at the temple earlier too fast.

Why Oberix fell a hundred feet to the ground.

And Oberix’s men saw, lost heart for they fought for Oberix not Lord Hesse.

And starting surrendering or fleeing while a Zarpod landed at Oneghus’s feet.

Wong felt his stomach muscles tighten ready for a fight.

There was a real Zarpod in front of him.

Zacross winded and the gas made Icon very faint.

The breeze you know was his way.

And Zacross howled a familiar sound and Oneghus smiled as his eyes lit up. The sound had haunted him from the first he set foot on this barren yellow planet and he knew he would never need Dr. Yokel or shrinks to explain away his dreams.

He was home; he was day dreaming he was Prince Astrod.

Zacross was howling for his prince.

Rattray copied Zacross in a bowed submissive stance. He had heard that howl only a short time ago when he and Oneghus had discussed rebellion.

Other soldiers copied, the deliverer had come; now they couldn't loose.

"Prince Astrod I am home," Zacross bellowed.

"Rad, give praise to Rad," Icon betraying his religious leanings.

"Prince Astrod," Zacross again.

And the remnants of Oberix's troops came over behind their officers, Raddite beliefs ran strong in Hessians.

Icon hugged Wong.

Zarpod's were the legendary guardians of the Hessian princes, all knew fat Lord Hesse had none, and now here was one straight out of mythology that bowed to Oneghus, howling and most of all, calling Oneghus

Prince Astrod.

"Swear allegiance to my Prince Astrod," Zacross demanded and men did.

As for Oneghus, he was an Earthling so understood naught of the proceedings, but was playing his role, it was winning a war for him.

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1500 Joshua with Fluke, led his war band to the Mountain Gate of Hesse City which he could see was being attacked from within but by whom?



1530 Another heard the guns, Colonel Sess of the 21st Light Cavalry Regiment of Hounds. Yes the name, a second cousin of Indigo and as rat faced and evil. He promptly ended desert exercises and raced his regiment across irrigated sands and melon fields back to Hesse City.

Flocks of starlings landed behind Sess and ate the squashed melons as a farmer pulled his hair out and danced in anger in a field; he was ruined.

Rattray had had hoped to shut Col' Sess out but the men at Mountain Gate were

regular attendants of the Church of Beast.

Now the gates was open for Sess.

“Bleed with me,” Rattray asked over the ear microphones and rushed the gates a brave

and desperate man.



1600 Joshua’s war band lying flat amongst the rolling yellow sands hidden under bat skins and marching through them Sess’s 21st.

The innocents rose like brown locusts.

Rattray smiled, why should he worry, Oneghus was the deliverer and on their side.



1620 Colonel Sess was rallying his horse troopers but an aid, an amateur historian was reminded of an Earthling quotation from a civil war, “Will you ride upon your death this instant my Lord?”

Whether Sess heard Lieutenant Hood will be for historians and war gamers to decide. Hood in his later years did insist Sess grinned.

Hood never followed as a shell took out his riding hound.

And Sess led his glorious charge into the annals of military history and poetic fame.

Joshua saw his hated enemy Sess in his gaudy non regulation uniform. “Pink shouldn’t be on men,” and Joshua shot him dead.

And Joshua swore he saw a transparent Sess rise from the dead one and walk away, away into nothingness.

“Gone to the promised land of 666,” an Oneghus thought, “Heaven, Heaven is God, God is everywhere, even in the Outer Darkness God is.”



1630 Sala and Ka hindered the uitlander, (Hessian for outlanders) troops of the beast as they left their outlying cities to rush up highways. Sala wasn't doing it for Oneghus, he was doing it because he wanted to be a god.

Yes indeed Rattray smiled.

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1700 Now Oneghus held a council of war.

"The Slayer's imperial fleet is due; we cannot blow the bunker without wiping out the city," Rattray advised against what Wok had in mind. For Wok was influenced by a Rad saying, "Cleanse my City."

"Block it up with rubble," Oneghus and they took his suggestion as an order for he was The Deliverer, although none had openly called him that again.

It needed time to sink in.

And soon broken masonry covered Hesse's bunker.

Teddy was definitely going home



The laser pole was a last attempt to defend Hesse's bunker

"Changing the subject, I am already feeding the Slayer false info' and jamming his

signals,” Rattray looking at the settling dust.

“It was a beautiful building,” Wok sadly.

“I still have a mission,” Oneghus, “I must go to the Cooler Moons, then to Sala and Ka. You must do your best friend Rattray.”

“Yes, you still do have a mission to complete,” Wok and Oneghus wondered what he meant, and then shrugged it off and Wok continued: “News of what has happened will ignite this planet. No one will doubt my word anymore.”

“Go then and follow the deliverer’s path,” Rattray and with the others saw Oneghus standing with hands on hips, legs apart with that strange eagle light in his eyes.

And Zacross howled, who could doubt that Oneghus wasn’t the deliverer?

And street urchins played Oneghus and robbers amongst the rubble of what had been Hesse’s palace but was now his mausoleum.

Justice, Oneghus’s way and then sulphuric stink as a hologram built up.

Even Wong looked nervous as he wondered what was forming in front of them. Then saw the personage he had sworn revenge against.

He lifted his laser pistol and felt it swiped away as Oneghus brushed it.

“Wait,” Oneghus.

Wong saw his governor’s eyes and was frightened of the cosmic power there. Who was his friend Oneghus?

He knew the Raddite answer.

The reincarnation of Prince Astrod who had running in his veins the power of the other side of the curtain that separates living from dead.

“Oneghus,” Slayer hissed.

“What?”

“Welcome judge, Ursa Mingo will make you my prisoner till I return from conquering Hesse,” Slayer coldly snake like.

“Is that all you have to say,” Oneghus.

Slayer laughed, his demonic eyes glowed red and the judge felt his heart being forced to stop. Oneghus blinked and Wong pulled his trigger. The hologram broke and Oneghus felt the scream of his enemy travel through the mind's electron energy bridges.

Oneghus wiped his nose bleed away. He had been right not to trust evil.



Postscript: Cernurex had been promoted to a pole dancer in the foyer of Madam Loo's hover yacht; if that was promotion? Indeed she was elevated as the circular table she wiggled from was at chest level.

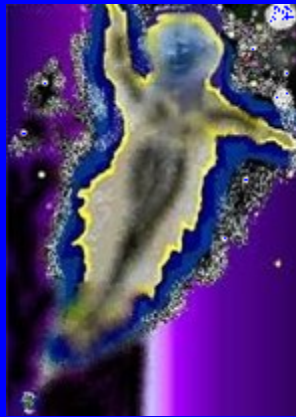


For here buyers for Lugson undies came to be filled with stimulating cocktails, be entertained and then buy.

Yes Cernurex was a dancing model as she wore the creations of Lugson. And money stuffed into the elastics was a perk of ownership for Madam Loo.

And her message in a bottle was half a mile from its destination; but she didn't know that, in fact her hope was fading a little because its FIRE had been dampened by her orange juice that Madam Loo gave her.

“Why do you degrade your women so?” A whisper hovering just above Cernurex's head and showered the girl in love and Madam Loo in an attempt to change the Madam so Cernurex might be saved: for where was Oneghus her hope?



**It was Cernurex's granny ministering love
as a spirit as God Law orders**