

Background: Hesse's bunker
Above: rubble and a war zone

SOUNDS
Explosions

The illusive Dr. Yokel knew Appomax and Lord Hesse wanted to see him; but he was a busy man and a genius because he had successfully altered life, besides everyone told him so.

Now Appomax had summoned him to the palace prior to arresting Oneghus and ordered him to wait for his return. And two praetorians were put into the luxurious waiting room. Dr. Yokel took one look at the bristling armaments and decided he was on his way to Slitherdrome. He should have known better than to spy on Appomax for his own gain.

So Yokel pulled a pocket mirror from his green right breast pocket wanting to look his best for his fans. The crowds of Hesse revered his name as if he was a demi god standing on the red stained sands of Slitherdrome.

Once Lilliputian diminutive in posture he craved to be handsome desired by females and so rearranged his physic to be six feet three inches, have wavy black hair, green eyes and a faint blue skin and steroid fed muscles and a lower anatomy that supported a monstrous green and orange cod piece; but he had not altered his timid nature.

Born one Alextrix Domo, Yokel had done well at school.

After graduating from the University of the City of White he had come north to Hesse City and entered the laboratories of the Animal Physiology Department and within a short time was head of it. That was two thousand years ago. And during that time had crossed the boundaries of science and become a legend. He was rich,

eccentric and power had gone to his head.

Isn't that hair clips? Someone needs a hair cut?



At least you have pants on this time.

Of children he had sired many lineages and given none long life as himself. It was an insurance policy against brats wanting to take over.

But what his parents didn't know was that he was a Prince of Heaven with planets under his rule and chosen his Hessian mother to carry him in her womb.

But had quarreled with the unseen power that is God who made him mortal as a lesson. Now he was trapped with his patient Lord Hesse below ground.

SOUND

And somewhere overhead howling coming from stereo the loudspeakers below.

Werewolf howls

"Oh dear that is a Zarpod," he mused and knew what a murderer's conscience was.

The Deliverer had come, Appomax would be joining him in Slitherdrome; a good vintage. And as he pulled on rubber gloves he heard nurses talking of monster.

“Had Dr. Yokel seen it?” They asked as he operated on Hesse.

His fingers twitched in fear and the surgical probe went into Hesse’s body an extra cm. and a squirt of red hit his mask. It was now he noticed Hesse was awake and Yokel wanted someone else to share fear.

Poor Lord Hesse and what a nasty bloke Dr. Yokel could be! Obviously not the London School of Economics!

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Sagor the merchant sat in his leather padded rocking chair viewing the imperial fleet at anchor.

SOUNDS

“10 Green sailors fell off a wall,” song.

Powered by solar canvas that gave wrap speeds



The purple landing flaps were down: at anchor and the days ration of rum was being served; hic.

“Ships in spirit look like this, no engines, just mind and energy driven,” a whisper concerned about climatic change.

He was impatient,

In his ship’s safe an imperial document granting him the monopoly of the Hessian

gold mines.

He was more stinking rich than ever; dribble oozed somewhere as a man knows when his adrenalin has triggered off a testosterone rush. A smile occurred for he remembered Madam Loo's and rumours she had a new girl Cernurex; when he was home he did visit and it would be a welcome change from his wife.

So Sagor sent a message to Slayer reminding him their master awaited profitable returns.

SOUND
Forced laughter

The Slayer got the message and made a public joke about it in front of the dark Angel Apollyon. Inwardly he knew the damn merchant was correct. His dragon emperor waited news, and each minute brought the personal imperial hologram to him via thought waves a reality so was afraid.

Why Slayer left the control room of the Warship Dragon's Eye and entered his private red upholstered bed chamber; it looked like a dome's room for powerful types.

Looked in a mirror, saw his cut right cheek. A cut Oneghus put there when his hologram shattered.

Oneghus was dangerous; he had the cosmos in him; that Spirit of Creation whom the innocents called God.

It was Oneghus's thought waves traveling up the holographic energy projection waves that had delivered the yellow splinter of glass to him.

Even Apollyon had been shaken at the power of cosmos.

Nothing like this had ever happened before.

Who was Oneghus?

It made Slayer and Apollyon hesitant.

Now that imbecile Sagor had caught up in his tub.

And giving commands.

Planet Hesse should be in flames by now.

Why was Oneghus wanting these Outer Moons?

A strong magnetic shield had gone up around the moons after Oneghus arrived.

He should have destroyed the moons earlier.

Somehow he knew he handed the moons to Oneghus.