

Planet Hesse 1 week later.

Not a whisper

It is so unspoiled I want to immigrate there



Snow on the mountains? Yes and home to riding hounds....howl

The prophet was deeply upset; his daughter was in a greater danger than at any time of her short life. Joshua was dead and only he the prophet was left to stand in Sala's pagan ambition.

And Sala knew his god Xon was divine.

Lo the shaky alliance between the warring factions of Hesse fell apart. The charisma of the rebellious Oneghus was missing. And Rattray knew it, and now sat at a long table watching wood worm and as Slayer did also, viewed flags and tiny models of soldiers.

And now holy men stood in front of Rattray, demanding laws making the worship of their gods mandatory.

So Rattray picked up a new flag; it represented a green regiment. All he had was new recruits and he stuck the flag besides the red flag representing Joshua's camp.

"Irrigation Plantation Farm No 7 was burnt by Sala. They told the survivors Hessians had no right to be on Sandmen land. Is Sala our ally or what? Come to it are

you?” Rattray asked the prophet.

“I am your friend Marshall Rattray; I have no wish to see the dragon return,” the prophet.

“If only Oneghus were here, “Rattray melancholy.

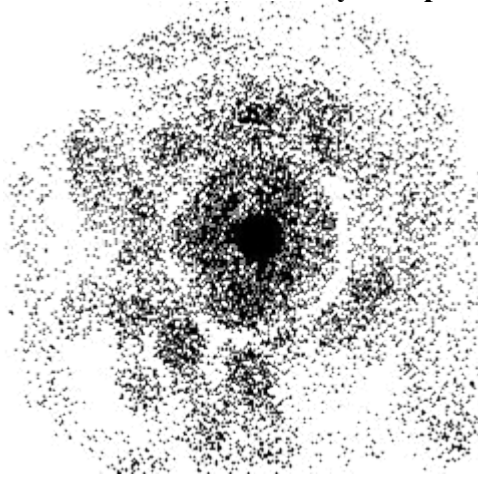
“I can bring them back,” the prophet admitted as he had been thinking of fetching Oasis, but to do that without rescuing Oneghus would separate Joshua’s men and Rattray when unity was needed.

And the prophet was solely tempted.

SOUND

Like rushing wind

“Gates of Hell? What did you expect?”



A dark hole welcomes you

“By entering hell,” the prophet satisfied with the look of astonishment on Rattray’s face. “Did you not see how God Innocent defeated Slayer? Armed with God nothing is impossible and I shall find my daughter.”

“And Oneghus,” Rattray.

The prophet eyed him as if he was the dung of a riding hound.

“Beware holy man you have not become so righteous you have forgotten love and forgiveness.”

And they stared each other out then the prophet left. The prophet sure his God

would damn Rattray along with Oneghus to hell, and his daughter too if she married that Monster Oneghus.

And news was brought Rattray the Cooler Tax Inspector Bilando, the one who liked Star had declared himself High King of the Cooler Moons and now civil war raged across the moons.

“I need those Cooler ships,” Rattray shouted and thought of retirement. He would be a tomato farmer and drink to forget life. Then noticed the air conditioner had broken down which enabled him to notice his armpits were soaking and reeking.

“Damn wars,” he cursed striding to open a window which just let in Hessian heat. He reached a left hand down and scratched prickly heat starting between his legs.

“I am Zacross the Zarpod,” he heard and saw a street urchin below playing Oneghus and Robbers and wondered if they would immortalise him in a street game?

None where, so he sighed, well he didn’t have a name like Oneghus (pronounced Enghus) whereas his sounded like rat! Nor did he have wings like the Zarpod.

looked up and waved.

He smiled down at them.

“I am The Marshall of Hesse,” a kid screamed and went back to the game.

And Rattray knew an inner happiness and threw the kids a handful of silver dolets and gold rils; he would be immortalised after all: silly man he already was immortal.

Postscript: The drummer boy could not believe his luck when he saw Oneghus shot.

“Blooming heck, I shouldn’t be here, I am a street urchin pretending at soldiers and I get this close to give him the message and he gets killed,” he complains to you.

SOUND

Then a kid shouted, “Hey look it is the great General Rattray.” All the other kids
Kids playing

SOUND
A lone Celtic bagpipe

