

Oneghus

Sagor

Sagor's ship circled Hesse, he was bitter, had given up his daughters for the gold mines of Hesse and now he stood to loose everything he had built up because people had got fed up of excessiveness, debauchery too the extreme and could no longer distinguish between amoral and moral.

And blamed so called Prince Ursa Astrod Oneghus Brown and his howling flea bitten friend Zacross Zarpod.

The question he kept asking himself was? Would the new authorities recognise his mining rights?

A Captain Horatio, a gallant man who had won promotions for jamming Slayer's missiles had been speaking to him and had given him landing permission, and that was all?

All was a big empty IF.

Now Horatio knew Sagor's ship was full of booty and had informed Rattray; and now Horatio had been given the task of landing Sagor.

The masses of Hesse now deprived of Slitherdrome needed the free gifts on that ship to keep them happy.

And Sagor had little choice but to land. Not wanting to buy on Earth at inflated prices, had made him buy only enough victuals to see his ship home.

And now he was home.

So Sagor viewed his scanner and saw Innocent war bands roaming familiar streets as his ship descended through clouds filling with water molecules.

Alarmed he ordered the ship too ascend, but Horatio had him.

A blast and smoke, flames, the screaming of sea men; cargo disappeared out the hole in the ship's belly; made by a missile sent up from Horatio.

Sagor's head spun as his ship spun round and round as a giant magnet pulled his crippled ship down to Hesse City.

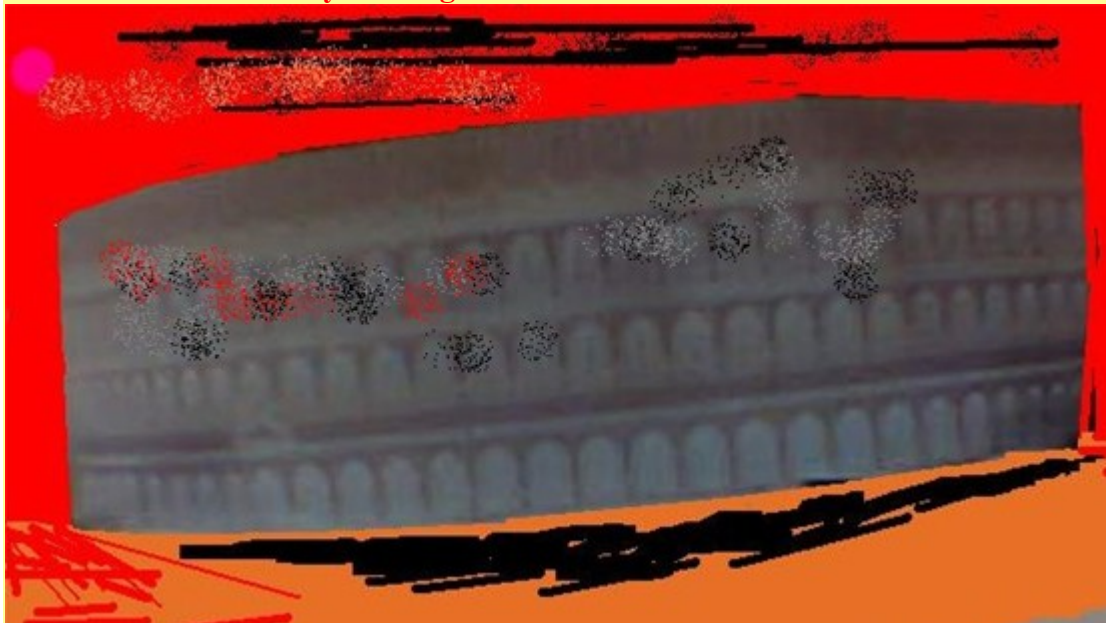
He, Sagor felt sick, like he had drank too much at one of his emperor's parties for so violent was the spin. Luckily the heavy furniture was bolted to the floor and walls or he did have been crushed.

But Sagor wasn't and as his face pressed the cockpit windscreen making an ugly face, he recognised where his ship was being pulled to.

Then a spinning brass spittoon hit the back of his head. He didn't even have time to moan and unconsciousness brought blissful unawareness when his ship thudded as it landed amongst yellow blood stained dust.

Bang on target

The sky was alight with fires from missile strikes



Sagor landed in Slitherdrome, karma anyone?

Also his ship had broken apart as it had landed spilling cargo out. Some wasn't cargo but misfortunate crew members in the wrong place at the right time.

Like cannonballs straight into animal enclosures and the animals weren't slow to free themselves. After all many had been injected with Dr. Yokel's stem cells to give them a good A.I. for battling gladiators and the untrained condemned.

The animals liked a good cheer from the crowds too. Food should be played with before being eaten.

And some caretaker who had a grudge against Sagor flicked a switch.

The rest of the animals, tigers, giant scorpions, vampire bats, slugs and all manners of beasts filled Slitherdrome, and there in its middle a broken ship.

And a merchant awoke and smelt slither.

And heard and saw his crew eaten and thousands of immigrants who had paid him their life's savings to come and make it rich in his Hessian fabled gold mines.

Yes the caretaker knew all about it, it had taken him thirty years to pay off the loan for the mine, the equipment, the guards against desert men and everything else.

"Buy buy Sagor," the caretaker knew all about Karma.

"Eternal progress open to every soul," an Oneghus thought interruption.

And Sagor laughed for he had saved Oneghus the trouble of Slitherdroming him.

He also emptied his bowels as a hybrid hyena tiger sprang onto the windscreen.

And a slithering across his left foot made him look down and pee dribbled down his suit legs as a cobra went through his sprayed legs.

"Iii iigiishjffj," which translated "I hate you Oneghus Brown."

And the troops of Rattray entered the arena gates.

A cargo needed saved, never mind the immigrants.



I smell a Sagorburger