

363
Oneghus
Fluke

Not all could afford Yokel gene beautifications



**Why bother, get it on the cheap, just breathe in,
the air was polluted with DNA codes**

SOUND

Wind whistling

“Someone’s following boss,” Wong and sure, several craft behind closing.
At last they were all *zooming* across the yellow sands of Hesse.

“What?” Icon. Yes Oneghus didn’t like it, with all the turmoil these days it could
be friend or foe.

“Maybe Hessian troops?” Estor.

Oneghus looked at the blue fluttering of cloth above each craft. The Hessian
colours were yellow and green vertical stripes. These were Sala’s colours to be sure.

And time seemed to speed up as the clouds ran across the skull of Heaven so the
sun began to sink and darkness crept over the land. Camp was made and Oneghus
divided themselves up into three hourly guard duties for Sala’s ships had stopped too.

**A camp fire? Sure, Sala’s men knew exactly where they were. And the fire
roasted the hare Oneghus was eating. “They are watching us so I will take Icon**

because of Yokel’s night vision gift to him, Wong guard our camp, when we have

finished eating I visit them,” Oneghus swallowing hare.

Bright is the idea



Modern art, a sunset

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Oneghus crept by red cacti whose foot long thorns had impaled many a night traveler giving rise to desert songs and nightmarish stories. Anyway there were two delays, one for Hessian Viper and the other a Hessian Scorpion. And they watched it crawl towards the viper and knew a battle over who was to be diner was about to take place.

And looked up attracted by passing engines.

Oneghus was worried, should he turn back or go the last fifty yards?

“Sandmen, we must help Wong,” Oneghus urgently. So hurrying they heard lasers and shouting then

SILENCE. The only sound the hiss and swirl of sand as viper and scorpion fought for diner.

“Wong,” Oneghus shouting seeing his friend lying face down and Fluke’s headless body motionless across the fire, the sparks swirling heavenwards. him. “With the head gone the brain could not be revived dam,” Oneghus cursed.

Only Joshua remained undisturbed on the blue medic air bed alive with tubes and drugs waiting the prophet's healing staff: *(drugs now kept a brain alive without oxygen for long periods allowing medics to stabilise and the patient to be brought to a Yokel hospital for stem cell repair work.)*

And Oasis was gone.

Icon turned Wong over; he had been lasered in the stomach, the wound being cauterised by the beam of light but he was alive, just

"God Rad please do not let him die," Icon prayed.

"Fluke's had it," Oneghus helping Icon lift Wong onto Estor's flying machine. Out in the darkness Oasis, Estor and Cullen were captives, and as much as Oneghus peered into it, all he saw was night.

"Yokel can clone Fluke again," Icon said pulling straps tight across Fluke to hold him on the craft.

"Sala will use her as a bargaining tool, also as a shield against my wrath. I will come for her Sala and there will be no more Sala," and Oneghus wondered If.

And he hated heading for Hesse City while Oasis was somewhere out there. But searching for her at the moment would be pointless. The desert men were heading home with their booty, he would do better to pinpoint Sala from Rattray's patrols.

And as they neared the arched glow of millions of lights of Hesse City on the horizon they became aware of thousands of camps below; blue flags flying from poles

Who upon hearing his craft fired lasers at them and to avoid them Oneghus flew high, levelled the craft and headed towards the huge silhouette of the Ziggurat of The Beast.

And below a battle was progressing between Hessian troops and Sala's men.

Clearing he

could see now

SOUND

Thump of heavy guns

Brave men who loaded and fired till the guns were too hot to fire

as the sun rose behind the ziggurat.



Ordinary men just fed up with 666

"Oneghus, Prince Astrod, the deliverer is alive," the calls of joy as Oneghus began to fly over the troopers heading for the Mountain Gate. Only twenty feet above them as Joshua's riders flanked them on their hounds, escorting them home.

"Joshua," they shouted drowning out the early breakfast sounds of Hesse City.

"Yes Oneghus lives, I saw him," Rattray overheard a box calf boot maker say to a male nurse.

"No he is dead; Sala's men killed him in the desert. That's Flukes head on a stake out there and the only reason Oneghus's head isn't on display is because Sala is afraid of Oneghus's spirit," the nurse replied.

"Well I just touched him on my electric hover motorbike, he is flesh and breathing

and coming to see Rattray,” a policeman.

Therefore Rattray sought his prince and found him at the Department of Cloning
SOUND
Hammer horror music
 summoning Dr. Yokel. Here Rattray pushing jars of mice sweetmeats aside, a clerks
Thermaldehyde stink
 breakfast and found a phone and ordered Yokel’s release and escorted here, for he
 was taken prisoner when the bunker fell after Alloa opened its doors.

“Look at this?” Oneghus to his friends.

“What?” Icon peering at pickled organs in glass jars.

“Did I look like that at 8 weeks?” Icon.



Oneghus enlarged a screen showing lots of Yokel’s writings; and what they read increased their respect for the man. He might be insane but he was a genius.

“If he can create mutant Coolers and let them believe something else? Think what he can do for us against Satan?” Oneghus illuminated.

“So you have discovered my little secret,” the voice belonged to Yokel.

“Is our water safe to drink?” Icon.

“Oh yes, the drugs I put in the water system to allow you to remember what I want

have been allowed to seep into the desert, er, the reservoir was hit by Slayer's missiles," Yokel replied carelessly.

"You created me too and I don't like your answer," Icon cocking his pistol.

"Either do I, are we dreaming this or are we real doctor?" Oneghus asked pinching himself.

"Do you want to kill me because you are related to mutants?" Yokel very straight faced.

"No one will kill you, mend Wong and Joshua whom the prophet gave healing with his staff and clone Fluke that is why," Oneghus wondering if he was cloned too.

"Yes my trained medics do wonders don't they?" Yokel even in a corner knew how to be cheeky with such a reference to the prophet.

But all in the room knew he was right, the mind Yokel had given them drugs to almost revive the dead, stop a brain starved of oxygen from swelling and dying, tiny vials that were condensed plasma taken from the idea of Zip Files. You do not terminate someone like Yokel and send humanity back into the dark ages or do you?

Yokel a pioneer of stem cell research and Zip medicine. Ethics to Yokel only existed when aborting life. To Yokel it was unethical not to find a cure for a sick child because one man believed God speaks to him.

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Oneghus stood atop the Ziggurat of The Beast, looking over the massive walls of Hesse City. The road life had given him was for a purpose, even if life was a bitch and then you died. His life was entwined with this planet for it was planned before he was born.

"So you will go and rescue Oasis once more friend?" Marshall Rattray asked.

"Yes while I recover my Cooler ships Icon can find her and then I will work on

Sala personally,” Oneghus promised.

Rattray didn’t think, he knew Sala was a fool. One just didn’t kidnap the woman of Oneghus and expect to live. Here was the man who had defeated Satan and now this crazy desert man believed he was a match for Oneghus. Why, did he want some of Oneghus’s glory, was that it, Sala felt out of it, needed Oasis to bring him back into the limelight. Let all the races see that he was an important being, powerful enough to abduct Oasis and bargain with Oneghus.

Did Sala really believe he was one of the boys enough to think Oneghus would spare him.

Oh well soon Sala’s head would replace Fluke’s on a stake in the desert outside Hesse’s walls.

Such a foolish and stupid desert man.

A drop of moisture and plants sprouted quickly



Hesse might not be a healthy place after all?

Postscript: Yokel invented the medic air bed too that cooled a body down, and from micro chips inserted in the bed lining took over body functions, sending signals to cut tissue to multiply and heal, to unwrap Zip medicine one folder of cell becomes 8 pints of blood.

Yes the medic air bed was the field hospital of their age and stabilised a patient till taken to a Yokel hospital where doctor knew Yokel medicine.