

Scenario: Before Hagi watched Oneghus depart for the moons, Mistress Oppo wanted Oneghus and the letter she sent was not ignored this time; he went at once for he still had traces of fantasy drug in him: always time to spare for the beautiful Oppo.

And Mistress Oppo knew how to spend that time.

Oh Oneghus go and wash in some freezing water. Men and stupid beasts think themselves superior to their females. Well Oppo and a billion women knew men were slaves to their reproductive urges.

Now Oppo had heard the rumours of what had happened to Oneghus and as he walked into her apartment she made sure the air was heavy with stimulants. And Oneghus wanted to sit and the only seat he found was her black satin bed which he dropped heavily into. Inside his head a little still voice screamed at him to get out.

“Oneghus, would you like to know a secret?” Oppo asked as she slid up to him and nibbled his right ear.

Her perfume was laced with fantasy drug; her red lipstick was full of it, Oneghus listen to the still voice and flee.

“Why else have I come?” He replied like a typical man thing.

One of your colonels is a traitor and you are mine and that will be your secret from Oasis,” she said sliding over him and kissing.

Now Oneghus is the man and yet the woman gets called dumb? If it is not the female then let us harness their talents in the running of our worlds?

“Is it Colonel Saltmire?” He asked.

“Not yet Oneghus, only I know whom between us,” and she stood and slithered out

Good boys look away**Bad teddy**

of her black silk night dress and revealed evoking colours underneath.

And Oneghus liked red and Fantasy drug made him see himself as a bull and Oppo the wanton woman.

Now outside Zacross flew with an ape on his back unable to help his prince. Hagi had not ordered them to help but where here out of Zacross's guilt. And Oppo and Oneghus could not hear the howl or grunting cough for Oppo's windows were sound proof as well as laser proof. But an army of street urchins heard and saw and knew Oneghus was nearby and bad men intent on evil hurried out of the neighborhood to look for safer pickings. And the wind heard the gossips and turned it into whispers on the breeze and found Oneghus.

Oneghus wished he was with Icon, but his duty was to millions and not just Oasis;



but in this case his duty was to selfish self.

Howling

What a litter bug?



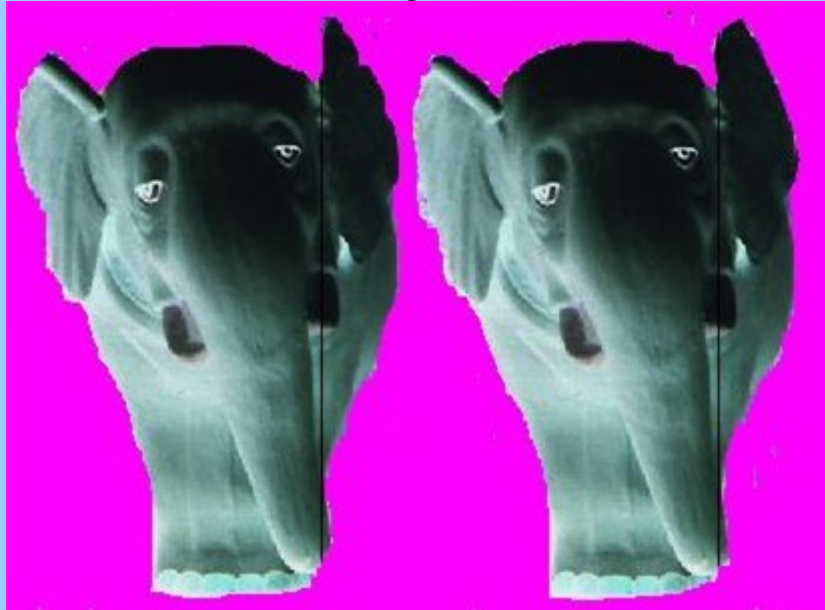
That ape better have nappies on?

He knew inwardly as if he had known it all his life he was born for others, and there was nothing he could do to change it apart from serving self. But Oasis had come to know this too and accepted she could not change the man into a God fearer: God had made Oneghus what he was. He was Oneghus a man whom she had accepted as to what he was, not for something to mould into a living room ornament, but being a woman that idea would surface many times or the races of space would have become extinct long ago.

Also over exposure to addictive substances made her not care what Oneghus did as long as she got her share of the action; part of her still lingered for a cuddly Cooler fury baby

And the crews in the imperial fleet were frightened for they felt they were going to their deaths this instant for their radios had picked up a Hessian radio frequency to the Outer Moons.

A drunk drug crazed mind



Perhaps Oasis needed some detoxification

“I am Oneghus,” and they knew him as the victor of Slayer and Apollyon. “Look at your night sky and see my fleet. I have not come to fight my people the Coolers but to arrest one man, the Inspector of Taxes who has usurped my throne.

Your astrologers will tell you The Beast’s second fleet is upon you. Together as before we shall send it back to Earth destroyed.

Otherwise expect no mercy from the dragon that will fill Slitherdrome with Cooler carcasses.”

Lord Milando heard too aboard S.S. Appomax; he had met the judge twenty years past and knew Oneghus to be strong of character and a lawyer not a sailor.

And Milando was divorced, allowing his wife to take the children so he could pursue a naval career: and was headstrong, rash and ignored inferiors and subordinates.

Milando used gold sheets

He answered Oneghus thus: “I am Lord Milando, feared Admiral of the Imperial fleet. I am an Earthling so seek Hessian blood in the arenas. What is a Hessian to me?

A rebel who deserves no cloning but to be digested in the bellies of wild beasts.

My men itch for battle and we outnumber you all.

Throw down your weapons and flee your world in your ships while you can escape for I come to destroy you.

I am the mighty Lord Milando the Destroyer of the Planets Depo and Yellow. Where are those races? Those that exist are slaves and you hideous creatures will not be slaves, who will buy such ugly mutants? Slither food you were born and slither food you remain, flee, flee while you can.

Look at your sun, what sun? My ships darken it and your moons for so numerous are they.”

*

“Release me Hagi for I am needed,” the prophet with busted lips *“for Hagi had hate in his heart that stopped him from realising that as he hated so would hate come back to him,”* a whisper.

“Release yourself and prove God is mightier than Rad,” Hagi looking up through a hole in the roof at the imperial lights in the sky.

“You do not understand, I have offended God so God will not listen,” the prophet knowing he was wrong to judge Oneghus, in fact judge anyone and that hurt admitting.

“God does not exist,” Hagi slapping the prophet and then summoned followers who brought in a struggling blue skinned Hessian.

“If your god is stronger then destroy Rad,” Hagi pointing at a massive statue of Rad. And the belly of Rad opened for Rad was hungry and Major Hackney of Drum was thrown in and remember him, well now he is gone you wont have to remember him again.

The prophet groaned, God did not want sacrifices but the love that existed in men's Hearts; and fought not to add Oneghus's heart beating in a dog's bowl.

Now why Hackney, well he had discovered a spy and had followed him here with a finger ring camera but had never expected to find the ruins thronged with Raddites who knew what to do with him and had done so.

Even now the spy, a colonel stood beside Hagi with eye slits in his black hood for he feared detection.

And Hagi waited, the colonel waited, the prophet waited, even Hackney waited for God to come save him.

Nothing except the sound of a thousand respiratory organs sucking hot dry desert air.

Below where Hackney lay disturbed rats ran amuck, they would be back for scraps left for Hackney would be the scraps they knew.

Above Hagi waited for screams, he knew the prophet would interpret silence as Rad's disapproval so ordered another prisoner thrown down Rad's belly.

Down below Hackney's nostrils curled at the familiar overriding stench filling the tunnel he lay in, Slither.

In the darkness he ran his fingers along wiring to an old rusty bronze switch.

He was in an old sewer, but still on Mingo Start's map as a dotted line.

Wild beasts dropped from the air



Sucked your blood and donated rabies

Gone the beasts who fed upon Rad's sacrifices, gone where? Sagor's ship had brought down many tunnel ceilings and they had escaped into Slitherdrome and the streets of Hesse. And if they could go up so could the slither that wanted Sagor come down; and was now chasing Harbo who was heading towards Hackney.

And the slither took a brake, it had found a Hessian tiger, a late escaper and stopped for Tiffin with greens on it; these tunnels were mouldy.

And Hackney hearing the belly open switched off the light and in the darkness beside him landed a body. **SOUND**

The body stood up cursing his luck, "To escape The Beast emperor only to be **thud** swallowed by another," it complained and then almost died of shock when a light went on.

"Aren't you Horatio that new officer who joined Rattray's intelligence staff?" Hackney asked as each stared at each other in disbelief.