

The prophet's staff worked natural laws

It could poof up snakes and little bears from no where

Wong sat opposite Marshall Rattray's new hard red plastic desk. The Marshall was regretting getting rid of his wooden one.

The plastic felt like a child's drinking mug and Wong expected to see scattered beans, spilt milk and dirty tomato sauce finger prints on the surface.

Subconsciously he checked underneath his papers for squashed noodles.

"So it's agreed, you will take my two trusted colonels, Saltmire and Wok and a platoon of guards," Rattray sarcastically, "and if what Oppo has told Oneghus is true?" And Rattray gritted his teeth and Wong grinned.

Rattray was listening to Wong becoming a psychopathic killer bit by bit.

"Anyway, you cannot approach the old palace as Hagi might kill the prophet. That idiot beast Zacross has admitted taking him there.

Well Wong, rescue the prophet and do not harm Hagi, or the Raddites will desert our cause.

At the last moment we will inform our colonels so our spy cannot escape,” Rattray told Wong and Rattray wondered if this man was really Wong, you know Wong who had been shot in the stomach by desert men? Dr. Yokel was indeed a genius, there was surely no death as knowledge of fighting disease was a prayers answer and old age was a disease and bit by bit death had been conquered as it was meant to be.

Yokel to get on the good side of Oneghus had cloned cells from the dead Wong to obtain the spirit of life which he put back in the corpse that was Wong, and stem cells regenerated damaged tissue plus powerful drugs.

“Perhaps instead of looking at the sky for a New Jerusalem man should look about him,” a whisper.

“Let’s catch a traitor,” Wong said as if reading Rattray’s mind, he too wondered if he was the same Wong; you know the one whose body had decomposed. He could pinch himself and he was awake, he could cut himself and he bled, and his mind was alive: and he had memories of dying and a tunnel and loving people welcoming him, but no more; he wasn’t allowed those memories to keep.

*

Sometime later when the great Oneghus had returned:

“Oneghus, glad you are back from the Coolers,” Rattray truthfully.

Oneghus noticed the plastic desk and Rattray saw distaste in his friend’s eyes.

“Insect got it for me, convinced me a new desk would end the splintered fingers,”

Rattray apologising for the awful taste.

Then the two debriefed.

And Oneghus was upset Zacross had been wicked again. He had hoped Yaw would keep Zacross out of trouble.

“Wong can handle Hagi, means I can deal with Sala and be back pronto. I want to be there when our colonel exposes himself. Have Plot ready the S.S. Jewel of the

Desert. I will leave as soon as possible,” Oneghus rising to leave.

Oneghus couldn't understand why he headed to Mistress Oppo: a sudden urge had him. She had after all planted a lust bug in his sub consciousness, an easy thing to do for she was dealing with a man's hormones and testosterone made a man a very stupid man.

*

Wong found the sewers loathsome, and it had crossed his mind why he bothered to help the prophet?

Ahead of them Horatio and Hackney were hoping they were walking back to the city down the correct sewer.

Smell of stale wine

Not far from them in an old machine shop Harbo lounged upon a red ten seater settee. In front of him Sagor knelt. In a dingy corner Indigo lay trussed.

Unnoticed a silver moth laid eggs in the settee.

And the slither was returning to Hagi's ruins intent upon feeding upon Rad's offerings. It had lost the tiger, now it was really hungry.

In front of them all, Icon found Sala.

Did Harbo care? Nope, he was picking his teeth, grilled lizard tasted like snake. Chicken would have been nicer as he wouldn't have to forget what he was eating.

He looked at Sagor; the man had put on weight during his visit to Earth. Obviously wasn't eating lizard and snake, more like lobsters. Never mind, caring Harbo would starve off those excess pounds.

“How can you pay your way?” Harbo flicking the tooth pick at Sagor.

Sagor brushed his nose angrily.

“Touché,” Harbo, “we have cleaned your ship and I don't think Oneghus will allow you home?”

Sagor glared just as one of Harbo's lackeys arrived.

"Boss, good news, Indigo's family paid," and he dropped a leather pouch in front of Harbo.

Harbo ignored the greedy eyes of his servant.

"This should keep you fed Indigo," Harbo as he flicked a spinning coin towards the waiting henchman.

It was obvious the henchman wasn't satisfied and Sagor saw hope in that.

But men came and gripped Sagor's ankles and toppled him so his face hit the floor bursting his nose. They knew Sagor's fate so why be gentle?

"Cute are they not? Found them amongst Hagi's ruins, think they are called manacles, fit you do they? Maybe what they used to chain Zarpods with?" And Harbo chuckled over his humour.

Sagor looked at his chains, and they made him want revenge more than ever.

And a moth failed to send data back to its master, the damp down here had got into its electrics.

Somewhere Hagi looked at the prophet, without proper information he did have to keep him alive longer than planned.

"How boring life would be without you," Hagi not realising how truthful he was.

The prophet smiled, he understood but still wished Hagi dead or an Innocent; Hagi had the choice. These thoughts made him feel good; it made him feel forgiven by his God.

"By the way prophet, what is your real name? I might need it for your headstone?" Hagi asked.

The prophet's smile got bigger.

There was one thing in life that infuriated Hagi and that was the prophet's smile, as if he knew something Hagi didn't, and the consequence was he roughed up the prophet just a little.

SOUNDS

Foaming at mouth sound

"Take the filth to the old water pumping station," Hagi ordered Raddites and the prophet spat a broken tooth at Hagi on passing. Of course a line of red spittle attached itself to Hagi's face. It was as if someone had emptied a chamber pot on Hagi.

"Turn the lights off when you leave him," Hagi screamed wiping his face a dozen times on a guard's vest.

The prophet's smile returned, this was exactly the behaviour he expected from the dirty little shaman he knew so well.

4 Hagi shouted thinking of his golf



And the prophet thought about a dentist; hey is that 6 teeth?

*

And Hagi made more determined than ever to be cruel. “Slugs live down there, they shall be your company,” the man spoke to himself a lot, his types do. A little spittle foamed out of his mouth and Hagi was content to let more saliva reinforce it as no one was peeping till it dangled from his chin a bubble of foam; then it dawned upon him to check if his magno torc was on: it was not, the prophet was eavesdropping on him.

He went into a frenzy and dragged a mat away knowing he had exposed a micro world of insect life to take his venom out on by dancing upon them, his type that dribbled at the mouth and spoke to themselves behaved like this when annoyed. Some might be I.D. as our leaders.

If you behave like this, quick join a political party.

*

hic

And a centipede ate a clutch of moth eggs and one hour later Harbo caught it and threw it in a jar of vinegar.

Harbo remember liked his pickles: this one would be full of micro chips, copper and mercury bitties; hopefully poisoning the bugger for good.

*

Shrugging the shoving arms, the prophet shouted, “Murderer,” “Oneghus’s Justice,” “Nor will I eat your vile food, and if a slug should eat me,” but Hagi standing in a pool of insect chitin was deaf to the chant, his torc was switched on.

But the prophet’s words had sunk home, Hagi was thinking about Oneghus’s officers he had thrown down Rad’s Belly. They all knew about Oneghus’s justice, it was based upon justice similar to the punishment. Thinking about Oneghus reminded him about the orders to Zacross; he groaned, life was getting complicated.

That beast Zacross had been looking at him as if he was an insect deserving squashed, he had better lay off the whip, no whip harder, teach the beast who was master.

And these thoughts brought Hagi's mind to Yaw; he would order Yaw to kill Oneghus then there would be no more Oneghus's justice.

Such was the inner workings of this type of person.

Are they megalomaniacs? Are you one?

*

Harbo's machine shop'
smell_____

the source of stale wine

"So untie me?" Indigo hopefully.

"Why?" Harbo, "ever think why you are trussed? Because your face is ugly and I hate priests.

You are boring sniveling company and I will dump you in the sewer, lots of slugs there. I will send bits of you in the post to encourage your family's payments. An ear today, another next week, how many fingers do we have?" and Harbo pulled them up to his eyes and Indigo groaned from the unnatural position he ended up in.

"Have ten toes do we?" And used his feet to spread them apart for easy counting, but of course as he was a priestly product, just put his weight down on that piggy or the other little piggy. "We will cut them all off and refrigerate them, even these bits?" And Harbo kicked somewhere and Indigo moaned and being a priest hoped for more because it was sexual.

And Harbo having the mark of The Beast indulged.

"Remember I am a friend of Satan Harbo?" Sagor afraid of his fate as he watched a thief cut off Indigo's remaining ear.

"Yes, your wife seemingly won't pay for you, what have you done to annoy her?" Harbo rubbing Sagor's finger tips seeking inspiration.

"Release me and I will pay you handsomely," Sagor hopefully.

“Naw, Rattray cleaned you out already, but tell you what I will do, take your finger pads to press on the bank ATM to see if anything is left,” and Harbo took out a dagger and cut them off to put in jars of goo to keep them alive.

What sort of man was Harbo?

“He is a product of religion,” a whisper whispered. “Satan wrote words to paper and now words are listened too instead of whisperings of spirit, the spirit in you that is in a hare, raven, adder, owl or salmon.”

SOUND
Begging/whimpering noises

He sliced up Indigo on a table stolen from Madam Loo’s
And left him stubs to deal cards



"We got revenge at last," street urchins sang