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Oneghus
Khronika 2

Oneghus learns to rule.

Background Oneghus had ordered his rooms painted a healing colour, lavender.

SOUND

Whir of overhead fan

Prior to leaving for Sala's camp news was brought to Oneghus of imperial war crimes.

During the battle against the Slayer, the 109th Land Regiment from Zanto City had gone missing during its race to join against landed imperial troops.

They were not seen again and became a mystery.

That puzzle was no longer unsolved?

"Khronika, much have I heard of your watery prose," Oneghus sitting in the Halls of Judgement.

In the old days Lord Hesse sat and watched



The Halls of Justice beware Oneghus's Justice

In front of him stood Khronika, a man badly needing a clean set of clothes and a Wash; a man left behind when Slayer fled.

Now Estor stood in front of him quickly scanning the papers taken from the Imperial Chronicler Khronika. He gave a nod of his head and said aloud “Not bad this poetry, almost as good as my own.”

“Rubbish,” Khronika replied.

Immediately Oneghus knew a knowing, that the teasing between these two men could be forged into the strength of friendship as between Fluke and Cullen.

Khronika looked into the deep eagle eyes of Oneghus hoping to see an end of his miserable life.

In all his times journeying The Beast’s domains mercy was missing, so he hoped it still amiss today: he remembered what he had done to Donna.

“Word was brought to me there are six hundred posts upright in the desert,” Oneghus accused.

Khronika knew about them, they belonged to Slayer.

“The 109th are hanging on them, eaten,” Oneghus accused again.

“Imperial troops murderers, rapists, thieves, worse, but not cannibals,” Khronika defended his honour as if would have to romanticise this barbaric execution into prose.

“Imperial troopers crucified them and left them for the Frie who had been invited for supper,” Oneghus was standing now, “go to the window and view the public hologram outside.

Khronika did as bid; he was well trained and saw in the screen thousands of imperial troopers and a handful of senior officers he recognised as mostly minor demons.

A line of poles had been erected besides them and Hessian troops separated the

P.O.W.s from a line of Frie.

“King Ka,” Khronika trembling said.

“Marshall Rattray has begged mercy for the soldiers responsible for the murder of the 109th. What is your opinion imperial scribe? Do you not stand next to the emperor himself? What would his judgement be?” Oneghus demanded.

Khronika knew he was about to sentence himself and the P.O.W.s to death. He knew about Oneghus’s justice and knew what the emperor would do too.

“I know of your law, the drug pusher would be injected with drugs till bloated like a puffer fish and left to die in a hallucinated world. I also know what the blessed emperor would sentence, death,” Khronika replied happy he was going to escape physical life at last. Also somewhat saddened he would not be able to ask forgiveness of Donna if he ever saw her again; and had admitted his disbelief in paradise as

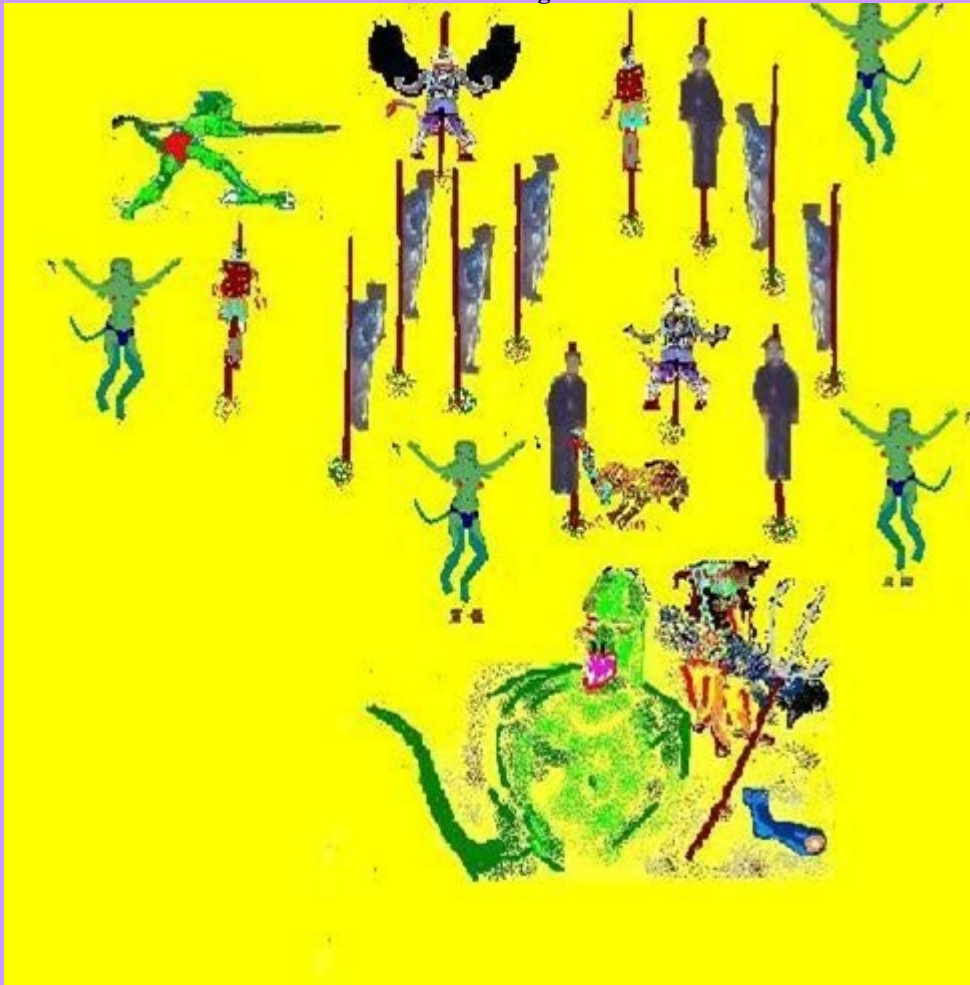
promised by Emperor Satan.

The emperor was just one big lie.

Now he saw Oneghus order the disbandment of the imperial troops and offer them chances to sign up in his army.

Many did there and then, some walked away heading for Hesse City, some refused to leave the side of their demonic officers believing in their emperor’s promise of paradise; when it would be only the Outer Darkness.

“Pole those who remain,” Oneghus ordered and what was given the 109th was given the officers and loyal troopers. The demonic officers were heavily chained and just as well for demons do not die with dignity.



“With these executions I am now a ruler,” Oneghus.

Oneghus pressed a button on a control and a curtain slid across the window just as the Frie ran for their dinners and began to fight over the best rumps and chops. The food was just a mixture of white, brown, yellow and blue apes that had learned to walk and talk.

A tough demonic hide made a good shelter in a sand storm. And yes the Frie saw the doomed as animals for slaughter; everything from tendons to dried skull caps for plates would be utilised.


“What about me?” Khronika asked looking about the room for a tank of man eating praying mantis or a Hessian Guinea Worm that devoured you in a few days from the inside out; but saw nothing.

“Return to Earth Khronika, the pain The Beast put in your heart is punishment enough.

“My Donna?”

“I see things,” Oneghus replied, “you will meet again when you pass over.”



So it was true, Oneghus was an unnatural, an otherworld door. Then Khronika **SOUND** heard a screeching howl behind the curtain which was now opened, and he saw **Howling** Zacross Zarpod hovering outside come home to Oneghus, and on his back a green ape coughing and grunting ape fashion while holding on for dear life. 

“An Ur, Khronika and his name is Yaw,” Icon shouted with won admiration.

“This is a strange planet,” Khronika wondered what next.

“Yes very strange,” Oneghus answered.

And Khronika saw that strangeness personified in Oneghus and watched a Zarpod fly into the sunset with a green ape on its back. Besides them flew Icon in his yellow pantaloons on a black flying bat.