

410
Oneghus
Kingdom

Harbo still lounging on his sofa bed bored.

Plum wine fumes

He switched on the holographic television and started rapidly changing channels.

Sound

A head of a news caster balanced on that small pink reading table Sagor thought ugly.

News anchor man

Harbo shoved the head back into the 80" colour deluxe Sony Earth imported Hologram T.V. and worked his way through sixteen more channels to Hesse City Channel.

A distraction from a self awarded pay rise showed



Stuff the head get the dancing girls on

They all blared martial music except the Provincial Golden City Channel which howed should be cartoons. Instead it showed imperial troopers being eaten by Frie.

That should have appealed, but something deep down was bothering him, it was called aimlessness.

Disgusted he threw down the control and decided to go watch Indigo vanish.

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"Sewer colours again phew get out the clothes pegs," a whisper seriously advises.

"I smell something vile Horatio, do you?" Hackney asked as half a mile in front.

"I smell something vile, do you Saltmire?" Wong half a mile behind Harbo.

And between Horatio and Wong in the sewers sat Harbo with legs dangling over a railing dropping chub on Indigo.

"Splat," a chunk of rabbit hit Indigo's loin, spotting his cheeks with blood.

Behind Harbo two bodyguards watching. They wished a slither would appear as they were bored.

Indigo on the other hand hoped nothing would come.

"I smell something vile mate, do you?" One of the guards.

"Just chub," Harbo answered, "one of you take over," and Harbo wiped greasy red hands on the trousers of the guards.

Anyway: Wong was worried, there was a slither about.

Elsewhere: Horatio and Hackney were running.

The slither's scales were rippling smoothly like a rush of steam as its belly muscles contracted and expanded to carry its gigantic weight towards food.

"Run faster, I can hear it," Wong.

Anyway....Indigo although tied, jumped and toppled as Harbo landed next to him.

"No miserable skinflint wipes chub on me," Harbo's pusher complained.

"You had better kill him," the other guard advised.

His shiftless mate unholstered his laser pistol.

"Buggers," Harbo cursed.

Then Horatio and Hackney skidded into Indigo and Harbo.

Then Wong into them firing.

And the pusher dropped dead over the rails shot by Wong.

He hit the deck topside, cracking his skull emptying more chub out.

Harbo retched.

Indigo being a priest was more seasoned.

Then the man slid into the drainage ditch.

“Dragon dung,” Indigo screamed as he was upset for the dead man’s feet had reappeared sticking out of the mouth of the biggest son of a bitch slither Indigo had ever seen.

Except this wasn’t Slitherdrome where slithers were separated from you.

And worse he was all tied up.

But Harbo wasn’t and got to his feet to run and a little tied up man pushed his tied up feet out, “Goodbye moron,” Indigo spat as Harbo fell into the open mouth of the slither.

Harbo’s fingers were clutching slither teeth and being shredded.

And Harbo used these teeth as piano keys ouch



Slithers was all mouth so was cousin folk to Harbo?

Only thing saving him was all slithers got small gullet openings and was trying to position the first man in its mouth to a swallow without choking on Harbo.

“Oh Satan save me,” Harbo shouted to his god but got covered in slither sticky saliva which made him real slippery.

Then the other guard wounded dropped down, also shot by Wong.

So the son of a gun slither dropped its mouth to cough up the first dead man and

Harbo and the last man out so it could start again; it was getting confused.

“The devil looks after his own,” a whisper.

Now Harbo all slimy slithered out the slither’s mouth and didn’t need telling twice for he was running so fast he should have been in the Olympics and won gold.

And the wounded man fighting the slither gave him time to flee.

And guess what, everyone thought he was inside a slither’s tummy.

And Indigo all tied up edged away from that now rising head.

But edging wasn’t good enough, should have been up and running, but couldn’t see, was all tied up like, shame.

Teeth punctured his thighs and blood squirted and hit the ceiling. Being a practiced priest Indigo knew it was arterial. And the reality of 666 sank in. Approaching death was kind enough to allow him a glimpse of the Promised Land.



“Hello Indigo,” the dragon said smiling.

The Outer Darkness where he heard wailing and gnashing of teeth. And a terrible loneliness hit him. Horrid faces appeared of people he knew that grew bony projections out of themselves and he called them horns.

And saw cities and each had a chief and chiefs over them dressed in cheap tinsel and Lord of them, Satan Chief of Chiefs of the Outer Darkness. This was not a Promised Land, this was hell. And he remembered hell was his promised land so was full of anguish, tough.

Now the slither being was shot by Wong many times, so in anger crashed its head into the ceiling which burst in plaster and Sagor saw its head appear in his room above the machine shop.

The mouth Sagor saw had Indigo Sess in it; saw also that mouth take him too.

Below the slither's belly was opening from Wong's intense laser fire. Even if it managed to chew its dinner good for digestive reasons, it would starve as supper was emptying out its wounds below.

And the slither had had enough and fled with its prizes in its mouth.

And only a dead slither forgot, so this one remembered and so headed for the man who created it, a memory in a DNA strand; Dr. Yokel who made the Coolers.

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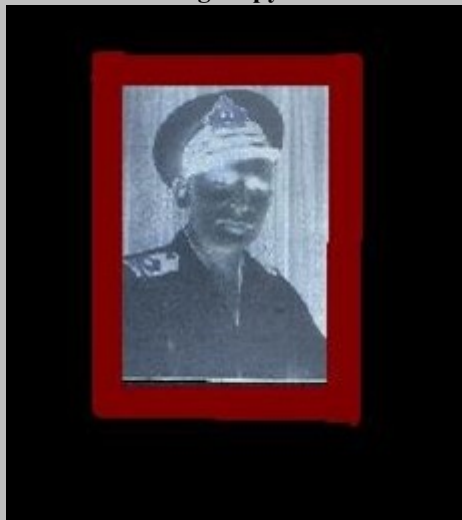


A handsome hero Col. Saltmire

Colonel Saltmire led six men through the busted doorway above finding charred bodies of gangsters who had fought to the last. Fought not for Harbo but not to be incarcerated in a hot Hessian jail.

Colonel Wok never followed Saltmire up the stairs; he was a tank man and had figured out why he had been asked to come. Obviously Oneghus knew he was a spy: now Wok looked at Wong with murderous intent.

At last Hagi's spy revealed



Col. Wok the Raddite hero