

425
Oneghus
Unforgiving

“My darling,” Oasis whispered clinging to Oneghus as they stopped at the edge of a gigantic hole caused by some prehistoric meteor.

Five figures joined them.

Oneghus appealed to Icon to disengage Oasis from his neck which he did, for Oneghus was truly embarrassed by this public affection.

And Oneghus noted Zacross Zarpod looked well fed.

“Why is the Nutcracker angry?” Oasis asked of Insect.

“Nutcracker?” Insect wondering to whom Beetlenut belonged, “he didn’t get his reward.”

Oasis dropped fingers between the elastic of her blue dancing pants. The eyes of Oneghus followed and he forgot Mistress Oppo.

Oasis had come out of Sala’s camp wearing a light blue fluorescent cloak only. Her round blue breasts bounced as she walked and her red nipples pointed home; her mood had brightened and so had the spirit of the following soldiers of Oneghus.

Oneghus who noticed one closer than the rest watching Oasis and when he saw the eagle eyes of Oneghus upon himself, quickly averted his gaze to study a bat overhead.

They were men after all.

And Icon wondered how his Boss was to explain Mistress Oppo to Oasis.

Oasis handed Insect a bit of dried honey comb she had taken from the elastic, “Give this to Nutcracker.”

“Give it you him yourself since you are on first names,” Insect was jealous.

“No,” Oneghus alarmed as Oasis tapped Nutcracker onto a palm. Oneghus wished



she did drop it so he could accidentally stand on it.

Nutcracker's mouth opened, it was going to bite.

Insect resigned himself to Oneghus's instant justice.

Nutcracker bit honeycomb and munched away happily.

Insect's inside relaxed in a tremendous whoosh of foul air.

"Boss they are following," Icon warned and a hard glint entered the eagle eyes as behind torches spread out from Sala's camp illuminating night jars chasing moths under the stars.

But Oneghus was not worried, every few hundred yards they met more troopers and their numbers grew.

Icon liked the odds.

Oasis was engrossed telepathically with Nutcracker to notice.

Insect would be happy when the whole Hessian army was here, that was the sort of odds he favoured.

Now a probe of enemy searchlight moved across the ground, nearer, closer, adjacent finding a badger eating a worm.

“Nutcracker goes to work,” as Oasis disentangled the insect from the strands of her long blue black hair.

Why Insect gave her a filthy jealous look as he resigned himself to the loss of his traitorous Beetlenut. Well it was a male and Oasis was very beautiful, like himself a convert to Oasis’s beauty.

And the smile Oasis gave Insect melted his ugly mood away, he would find a

SOUND

Five minutes later the light veered right and exploded as it toppled over into a harmless cricket and let it sing him too sleep.

Laser zips

boulder spreading ignited fuel across the desert.

“Ur and Chadites war band look,” Cullen pointed to a moving silhouette. It looked like a swarm of bees and it was heading towards Sala’s men.

amongst screams.

Oneghus used all his mind to crush the sexual additive drugs inside him and bring himself back to reality. Ahead more troopers were coming out of the night to meet them. Just as well, Sala’s men had the confidence of drink lingering in them, they were drunk and many were vomiting from the saddles on their horses and bats

SOUND

Like African jungle

of Sala's men and then back into the night. Again and again they hit the Frie terrifying them and so it was only the determined that reached Oneghus's party because his ship had picked him out in its own probe lights, giving hope and making them a target.

The Frie on bats like magnificent Zeetor attacked throwing lances and shooting.

It was a fire fight and Zacross risked his life by flying amongst the Frie snapping his heavy beak.

Medics quickly inflated stretcher rings about the fallen, they would be cloned later.

Oneghus wiped others blood from his lips and hoped it did not carry any mutated infectious diseases for this was 4999A.D. when Satan allowed suffering upon man in the form of disease which was ignorance of Light.

Suddenly a trooper beside Oasis disintegrated showering her with blue intestines and a medic deposited a finger in a pouch.

This was A.D. 4999 and all that was needed for a clone.

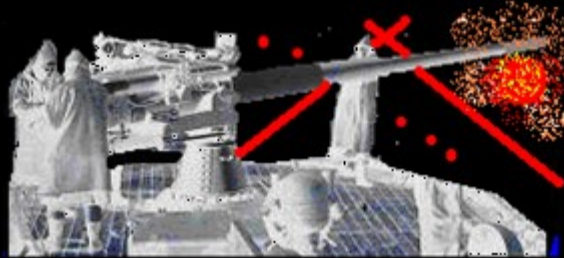
As they got nearer the ship Hessian Vulture dung beetles were already surfacing to gather up morsels to feed their young underground.

Like Space Invaders the flies competed



God made them to be dustmen so are clean

The S.S. Jewel of the Desert was amongst them, its guns sending tracers racing across the night sky. It also sent several missiles into Sala's camp.



"Oneghus's justice," Oneghus was finally disgusted at the destruction of life. Zacross howled excitedly.



howling

And Yaw walked away from his Urites to follow Oneghus and he was Sun Poon bade his neighbours' goodbye and walked with Yaw.

Zacross was really excited now; he was no longer the only freak in existence, there were three now.

From now on street urchins would howl cough and grunt and play Zacross, Yaw and Sun Poon. Each kid identifying with one of them as abused kids in homes hold onto a football club or a film star or have coloured stones or lucky charms under their pillows.

So the three freaks gave strength to the street urchins and an added twist to Oneghus's Justice and evil men shivered at night and stayed in the shadows when they went their bad ways afraid the street lights from glow worms would bring the three freaks at them.

And even those like Icon who walked The Light out of respect for a beak kept their distance; after all Zacross was often seen eating out of bins.

A howl, cough and grunt makes 3 Freaks



I count 4