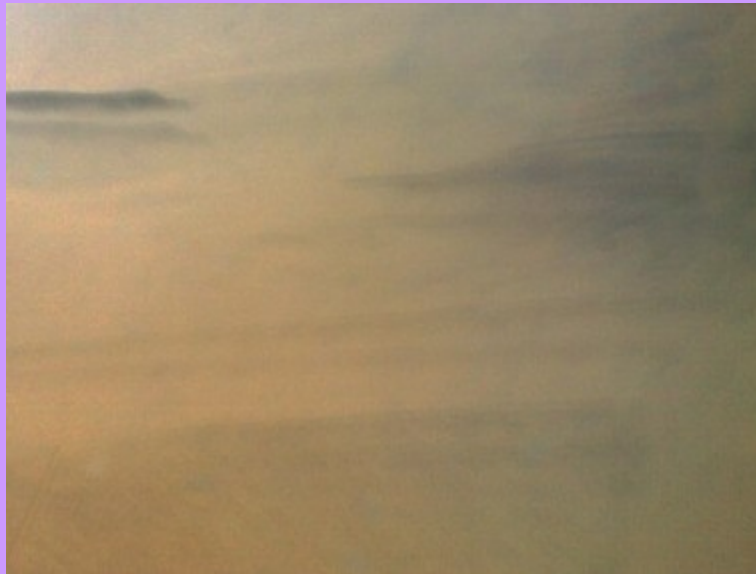


431  
Oneghus  
Marchers

Scenario: Oneghus's old court.

Oneghus sat in a swivel chair practising meditation; outside his window the sky was darkening.



A lone dragonfly flew past.



It had just listened to Wong's account of meeting Harbo.

Behind him Rattray was looking through a zoom telescope.

"Going in their droves to Hagi's ruined palace, must be half the city Oneghus,"  
Rattray exclaimed worried.

"What's that?" Oneghus came back to earth and was quickly beside his friend.

Rattray handed him the zoom scope.

“Suppose we had better rescue him, I had hoped as long as our spies kept telling us the prophet was alive and fed, I could keep him there, in fact both, but Oasis is demanding I do something,” Oneghus his legs braced apart and hands behind back. “Gather the garrison Rattray, it is time we go and reclaim Astrod’s ruins as my own home.”

And all except Oneghus froze for a second, the prophecy was being fulfilled, The Deliverer was going home

Outside the window a swallow swallowed the dragonfly.

Now Dr. Yokel only heard fizzing sounds as his toy dissolved in the belly of the robotic swallow, designed to seek and destroy flying pests.

\*

#### Ruined Palace of Astrod, Hagi’s chambers

The prophet now sat on a green bean bag, annoyed with Oneghus for not rescuing him. Furious with Oasis for sleeping with that monster, and past boiling point with Joshua for not bringing his war band and burning these ruins further and Hagi with them.

“Shaman Hagi a message from the barracks,” a hooded figure.

“At last you will feel Oneghus’s justice and I will be free,” the prophet to be annoying.

“And I will tell Oneghus we, mm, both of us have been waiting here to crown Oneghus The Deliverer,” Hagi coughed up.

The prophet counted the gold filings in Hagi’s teeth through the man’s grin.

He would get the people of Rad to demand Oneghus enter the Belly of Rad to prove Oneghus was The Deliverer.

If he truly was whom he claimed to be, he would thank Hagi for showing him the way. If not, well, Hagi would be free of receiving Oneghus's Justice as the man would be dead like all who went in Rad's Belly.

"And there is the question of Zacross; the beast is too friendly with that monkey who is too lazy to walk and hitches rides everywhere. And now rumour has it a tusked Bee Bear faced Chadite runs in their shadow," he was speaking aloud and the prophet loved the worried lines on Hagi's forehead.

Hagi was clutching his torso, for a moment the prophet thought he had had a cardiac arrest. But Hagi was imagining Zacross's beak pecking him in twain.

"Zacross can follow Oneghus into the belly, and that stupid monkey is so loyal it will jump in to save Zacross and that warthog bear will race in to save them.

What is the saying again, one for one and one for all," and Hagi chuckled.

The prophet thought Hagi an ugly underfed man and knew Hagi had underestimated Oneghus, mind you, if both killed each other he would be king of holy men again.

And a whisper fed up whispered, "*These two fakirs deserve each other.*"

\*

Oppo's flat.

Mistress Oppo was worried, Oneghus had neglected her and her colonel lover had informed her of Hagi's plan. And her telepathic subconscious messages to Oneghus had been ignored; Oneghus was deliberately standing up to her, how dare the man, even if he was the conqueror of a planet; she Oppo pulled the strings on his crutch.

It was that entire whore Oasis's fault, her long blue black hair and blue soft skin, playing Oneghus nightly when he should entertain her.

Oppo was furious with life.

So picked up one of Harpostrex's toys, a winged red squirrel. A spying bug that waited instructions. How well did Yokel's factories make them? An idea crossed her mind, Yokel too conquered universes, not with soldiers and ideologies but with science. But he was an escaped weenie sausage compared to her men, but that could be over looked because he was fabulously stinking wealthy.

Mistress Oppo was toying with an idea of a liaison, have you guessed?

DOOR INTERCOM.

Oneghus's voice.

Then why not the two of them? She asked herself.

And allowed him to enter.

"I know you have tampered with my biology so for the good of Hesse, free me," he asked her.

"Why?" She asked.

She saw lust rising in him, men made it so obvious so she obliged him putting a hand on his cod piece. And decided to feed him stronger dosages of

XY6ABIL.

"I have another secret to tell you Oneghus," she purred as she worried him somewhere.

She ran squealing, he chased laughing.

XY6ABIL run Oneghus XY6ABIL RUN FOR YOUR LIFE. But only ran as far as her pink bedroom the dope.

Outside Wong and Icon shook their sad heads. Behind them Insect held the reins to Oasis's hound Light, his mistress was crying.

A squirrel, purchased by Harpostrex lay where it had been dropped and reported

all to Dr. Yokel.

“The rumours are true,” Oasis aloud, she would leave for Helena’s her twin with a secret Oneghus would never learn.

“He does love you, ours is 4999A.D. a world of metallic plastic mayflies and drugged bananas, forgive him Oasis,” Insect begged remembering how he had drugged her.

Oasis ignored and spat hatefully, she was a woman in love, and 4999A.D. had nothing to do with it.

Oneghus better run for his life, a woman had it in for him.

\*

Hagi watched Oneghus at the head of the long column of troops and stepped back as if he had seen death.

Above them a storm was brewing in the sky; Hagi swore he saw his God Rad in the cloud shapes; but the only shape there was Yokel’s forming rain clouds.

Thunder rolled followed by a blue flash.



There was Zacross that flying slither with that green fruit eating ape on his back and a grunting tusked bear under them wearing a helmet and breastplate. Monsters of the desert coming for Hagi who was cruel to all beasts and *the cruelty knew judgment was here so cringed in fear.*

Who was this man Oneghus? Hagi saw Oneghus as a witch forgetting he was The Deliverer in fear.

Was Hagi piddling yet, no, obviously not that fretful YET.

And at the head of a regiment of foot he saw a colonel, Saltmire. The 9<sup>th</sup> loyal to Saltmire and Oneghus.

Was Hagi piddling yet, yes, a dribble had spread out from under his smock.

The prophet edged away disgusted, he never peed in the face of danger: so felt superior to Hagi the cur.

Hagi spat onto the cold palace pink sandstone stones and his spit landed upon an earwig and slowly drowned it as some enzymes in the spit began to dissolve the insect chitin.

Oneghus was coming ahead of army banners.

Hagi kicked a loose stone and yelled in agony.

The prophet giggled.

Now tremendous noise, noise of battle tanks the height of telegraph poles, their canons bristling at Hagi.

And the prophet watched a smile grow across Hagi's ugly mouth, a colonel, Wok to be precise was in his famous yellow and black striped tank.

