

2000hrs Palace of Astrid

“People of Rad your Prince Astrod,” Hagi pointing at the figure entering the packed Hall of Rad.

**SOUND**

“Astrod Astrod Astrod,” millions chanted across the ruins watching screens, and  
**A din to keep bats away**  
“*Whether Hagi still believed Oneghus was Astrod only he knew,*” a whisper.

Lo the desert resounded to the chant and the planet depths rumbled.

Lo a million roosting flying foxes flew above seeking a quieter bed. While under them men cursed their existence for they did what gulls do for the foxes were annoyed.

“Astrod Astrod Astrod.”

**Astrod Astrod Astrod a million throats**



**Of course some howled, coughed and grunted**

“Boss, we haven’t much of a prayer on a wing,” Estor slipping on fox dung on the

cracked marble floor.

“Actually it’s a wing and a prayer and I should know it’s my planet Earth,” Cullen his nostrils wanting to escape inside his face for the stench of dung was if they had entered a pig farm.

But Hagi felt very confident in numbers.

And so it was he held the crown of Hesse, hidden from Lord Hesse by the Raddites.

Now what is it again, Des a vu, Oneghus had been here before and in a flash saw a little boy watching his father wearing that crown. The boy he recognized as himself but the man was not the father he knew.

And the sparkling jewels on the crown sang to Oneghus, “Put it on, it is your inheritance.”

“Who am I?” Oneghus asked.

And a million glow worms added their own festival of light.

“Now the stink of burning rapeseed, cannot these buggers light their torches with batteries?” Wong complained.

And Oneghus dismounted from Light and his heroes followed suit.

And the great man took the crown and sat in his unknown father’s ruby throne feeling quite at home. Any fear of who he was now replaced with that eagle look.

And skin drums beat for the coronation had started, Prince Astrod The Deliverer was home.

Zacross howled and howled and Ur roared and Sun Poon squealed loudly all to



Hagi’s discomfort.

To Oneghus it was an introduction to Raddite culture, it was colorful and noisy. Then silence as hundreds of young boys and girls danced in, in such a way to embarrass even the black robed priests.

“Each is representative of a nature of our god,” it was Hagi’s squeaky voice; again feeling unsure of how Oneghus would react. If Oneghus denied his coronation a million believers would recover their shock enough to attack him the pretender; but the trouble was Hagi was exposed out here and could get hurt bad too.

Oneghus jumped startled, the face of a solar Bacchus was staring at him a few inches from his own.

“See, it is obvious these young devotees tell the story of Rad joining goddess Both making new life,” Hagi shouted.

And two mice under the ruby throne were making babies too. Rad nor Booth didn’t play any role in that, mice suffered from lust and then made more babies and more mice. Life was about God and that was about propagation but as the whispers said.

“In moderation.” Or as Oneghus suspected the prettiest got the strongest male. It was like breeding cattle and fine desert racing hounds; it was about lineage.

Oneghus read Wong’s thoughts telepathically, he also noticed the prophet looking ill over the dancers.

“Trouble,” Wong and Oneghus knew he was right, he was beginning to feel he had sprung a trap.

The female masks were pastoral while the male masks arrogant, powerful colors representing the creative force of Rad.

“This man fulfills the deliverance prophecy,” the boy in the solar Bacchus mask grasping Oneghus’s arm.

Oneghus peeled the fingers off him.

Now for someone fooling about with two beautiful woman Oneghus had no right to feel disgusted but he did, everything here reminded him of The Beast.

“In the union of Rad and Both life was created, death cheated and chaos vanquished,” Hagi excitedly as he slit a chicken’s throat and sprinkled the dancers in communion blood.

The boy in the mask gripped Oneghus’s arm again.

“Are these Raddites my people?” Oneghus asked himself.



**Even the rats were on in the act**

“Yes,” Icon replied mentally for the doors to these heroes’ minds were open to each other, like having telepathic channels in the brain for use, “Hagi has perverted the religion of Rad, Hagi is just a man,” and Oneghus remembered this religion had been a focal point of resistance against The Beast; he would quell his rising anger in

case he made them resist him. He thought of Oasis and that made him lust and XY6ABIL turned his lust towards Oppo as it was supposed to do.

It was working indeed it was.

And Oneghus recognised the eyes in the mask, they belonged with the voice to the new alter boy of Indigo Sess, Raddites even under black robes and he laughed.

Which made Hagi feel insulted, did Oneghus not fear the strength of Hagi's followers? Was he so confident he could laugh? Well Hagi would take care of that and he did.

"For Rad to materialise in Oneghus we need sacrifices," Hagi shouted.

"I have had enough," Oneghus sent this to his heroes but as he rose XY6ABIL gripped him so hard he could only see Oppo's face and he fell back into the ruby throne.

This was the age of the drug and the anti Christ Satan ruled on Earth as prophesied in the Book of Revelations.

And Hagi too busy pulling veils off the Statue of Rad that contained the Belly of Rad, did not notice there was something wrong with Prince Astrod.

And Hagi pointed at the Zacross and down the belly. It was a command and Zacross felt all the whipping and was afraid and the fear became a loathing for Hagi.

The alter boy was smoking a yab weed and blowing hallucinating smoke onto Oneghus.

Wong went for his gun as the believers in a sea of bodies pushed Zacross towards the belly.

There were scuffles and Ur and Sun Poon went berserk to catch up with Zacross who was chained.

And chains snapped about the limbs of Yaw and Sun Poon.

“What does Oneghus think he’s doing?” Cullen roared.

Oneghus was thinking of love and light and Oasis to escape XY6ABIL. Oppo the silly woman had taken away what made Oneghus different from other men, she had taken Oneghus away.

“Enough,” Oneghus roared standing for he had heard Cullen and his disgust for himself had steadied his nerve.

“What do you want Hagi?” Oneghus asked coldly.

Lo Hagi was speechless; he could not belief his luck so it made him mute.

And the hero guard were beside Oneghus by jumping over the heads of the thronged Raddites and Cullen went to break the chains on the beasts but were unsuccessful.

And so many Raddites and none noticed those who had fallen asleep in the scuffles. Just too many of them as Wong’s lasers could testify, Cullen’s strong hands tell you, just kept coming, too many and Oneghus knew it.

The prophet wished for his staff, he did turn Hagi into a wart.

“You,” the alter boy answered.

“To the Belly of Rad,” Hagi squeaked, “if Oneghus is truly The Deliverer he will come back to us as Prince Astrod, throw Oneghus in.”

Colonel Saltmire stood beside Oneghus, Colonel Wok beside Hagi.

*“Sniff sniff,”* went a whisper, *“I sniff the blood of civil war.”*

“No harm will come to you Oneghus, we are with you,” a voice inside Oneghus’s head and the spirits that were We and Us took hold of the man’s legs and made him walk his destiny.

“Boss,” Wong shouted and he saw Oneghus’s eagled look and knew Oneghus would come back, so lowered his aim from Hagi, and the eagle look froze upon a mobile cage that was lowered next to Hagi.

Inside were Oasis and Insect, “How?” Oneghus grunted.

But Hagi was slamming the door of the belly in hurried glee, you never knew with a man like Oneghus, he might spring out and change places?

And Oneghus fell down Rad’s Belly and thudded onto a living surface and the stink told him it was a slither. And Oneghus slid between the worm reptiles pink eyes and down a flat snout to land in front of a mouth that stunk of decay.

A shredded plaid trouser leg hung from a tooth.

Then Rad materialised from the spirit world.

I don’t think the slither believed it either; there was a winged man in front of it full of menace.

And the black humour is in Hagi and all the poor chickens he slit and played oracle games with their innards to summon Rad, his god, and here was Rad and poor Hagi weren’t no where here to see the spirit materialisation.

And Rad put forth his hands and the slither’s mouth stayed shut.

Spirit power.

“Believe I exist Oneghus?”

“I don’t think I have much choice,” Oneghus’s dry humour; if it had been a demon lackey of Satan he did be slither dung by now.

“I need you as a physical medium, I need your body Oneghus, come to me.”

But Oneghus was his own man and refused, his physical temple was for his use only.

## Oneghus

And Rad made Oneghus see Oppo and Oneghus weakened and Rad possessed him and as he did so Oneghus noticed a tuft of hair on Rad's lower left rib, 6666, now where have we seen that mark before?

"You are a demon?" Oneghus's mind and hoped the prophet had found his staff.

Just then several bodies fell down the belly; Hagi was depositing his problems for Oneghus had not reappeared as Rad, he was an impostor and Wong was killing folk again. He had so many to shoot at Hagi had escaped again.

Judas Priest, the Raddites was coming out of the plaster cracks like swarms of bugs.

Oneghus knew it was time for his justice.

"And Rad's justice," a mind added.

"What do you mean demon?" Oneghus.

"I am no demon but a Prince of a Principality of the Heavens. A mist, a solid body, a thought wave, a spirit whose Princedom is Hesse that Satan stole from me. I want Hesse back so the flowers may grow sweet again in the desert and I need you to do it," Rad.

"Why me?"

"You are The Deliverer my chosen one."

"You have 6666."

"Didn't you and besides it was ordained a millennium ago that the anti God come upon us," PAUSE, "I find no pleasure in what Hagi does. He has corrupted my image and made me filthy. Let us go Oneghus, son of Astrod."

And the glow worms that lived down here provided light and Oneghus saddened.



And the bodies that were Hagi's problems were the beasts of Lord Oneghus.

"Master," Zacross, "Hagi caught Oasis running from the house of Mistress Oppo, she did not fight, it was if she no longer lived," and Oneghus knew guilt, "but the other he fought good for being so little."

"Other?"

"The dwarf who gave the Beetlenut to Oasis or he would have used it,"

And Oneghus knew he was speaking about Insect.

"And he is in chains above with your woman. Master why does Hagi whip poor old Zacross so much, see the cuts?" And Zacross showed whip welts and cried.

"No she is with us look," Yaw pointing up with manacled wrists and there was Oasis lying on a ledge above them.

"Oasis are you alright?" Oneghus called up and she sat up and threw a stone at him; her aim was perfect.

"Oneghus as we flew the medium Douglas Daniel Holme out of windows, and kept Daniel in the oven from burning when the Persian king ordered it, so can we bring Oasis down and free the beasts of Oneghus as you well know," Rad and spirits disturbed the air so it vibrated like jelly and Zacross, Yaw and Sun Poon looked in awe of Oneghus and trembled but did not pee like Hagi did.

And Oasis felt cold air about her as spirit energy took her and lifted her down to Oneghus unharmed.

Immediately she struck him across the cheek, "You cheating jet sum," she shouted at him.

There was no point in apologizing, even though XY6ABIL was boiling in him. Now spirit is the same spirit that belongs to the creative energy that made all

universes seen and unseen for we are surrounded by worlds unseen and seen. And the good spirits and angels pored energy into Oneghus and healed him of XY6ABIL.

“Zacross,” and Oneghus indicated for the beast to kneel and Zacross knelt and Oneghus mounted.

Sun Poon put on his helmet and stood at attention proudly so his bear belly hung from the parts the breast plate did not cover.

“Yaw take Oasis, it is time for Oneghus’s justice.”

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“Look the belly,” the alter boy warned Hagi but Hagi was cowering from laser bolts but many did see Zacross squeeze out of the belly and when the beast straightened Oneghus sat on his back.

And silence like influenza spread across the great Hall of Astrod so even Hagi took note.

“Our god Rad,” and the call was taken up, there would be no more killing.

Now the Prince of the Heavens Rad grew wings out of the back of Oneghus using ectoplasm that physical mediums use.

And very slowly did a man believe without having to look just who had risen from the dead; Hagi the Squeaker.

And he was afraid, he was terrified, more, he was petrified, he had tried to kill a god, oh God what was to happen to him, and he peed and poohed some for he was a cobble wobble.

And Hagi dropped the chicken carcass he had been using as a staff to point his commands out.

The Insect wiggled a hand free and reached for a Beetlenut box and then

remembered Oasis owned it now, “It isn’t fair; bet its riding on her blooming hair again,” Wong heard him curse.

And Oneghus ordered Zacross to close upon Hagi and Hagi fled but ran into a wall of muscle, for Cullen had him, lifting him up by the neck so his feet wiggled and dangled and all saw him peeing and were he got all that wee no one knows?

And a fist of Oneghus slammed down into Hagi’s skull and the man made it to the stars at last.

“Do not kill him or any more of my followers Oneghus, I need them for they remember me,” Rad’s mind to Oneghus’s mind.

And the hall was silent, all waiting for Oneghus to speak.

“Even the innocents await a deliverer. I am a deliverer, I will unite such foolish people, I am the one who defeats the armies of Satan who is the mother of liars,” Oneghus and his voice reverberated echoing and people listened and it was Rad telling Oneghus what to say and what he said was good.

“Peace between us all that is my command to you, peace, we are one brotherhood, the brotherhood of intelligence so I command you to love each other in spirit and not the way of the black robed priest,” and Oneghus seeing the prophet toying with his staff at Hagi shouted “PEACE,” and annoyed the prophet obeyed, also really glad he was out of here at last.



And a Zarpod howled.

A grunt and a cough from Yaw.

A grunt and a bark from a Bee Bear who wore a bronze helmet and breast plate.

And Oneghus knew he was doomed with their beastly company for the rest of his days.



**You never knew what tasty morsels Zacross would find in a bin?**

“Be of good cheer Oneghus, they will make you a legend and besides, you will grow to love them,” Rad who thought it jolly funny.

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Everyone relaxed, the prophecy of doom wasn’t upon them. The prophet’s staff was under the hollow stone bench the holy man sat upon. Already mouse droppings stuck to it from the curious who lived there.

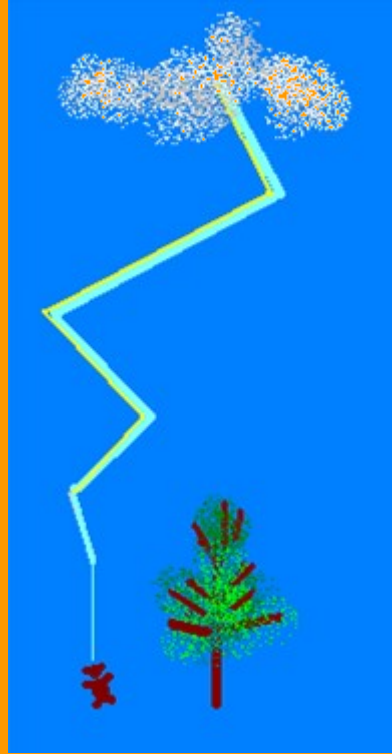
Only a man with Hagi’s sense of humour could have put it there.

And Oneghus stood there with silver wings in that disturbed builders dust like a switched on light bulb as disturbed glow worms flew about him. The prophet beside him with unbreakable faith like Moses in the Innocent tradition.

And the prophet took his staff and pointed it at Heaven through the broken palace roof that a builders repair gang had not fixed because they had been too scared of certain chicken offerings.

The sky rumbled, thunder rolled and people swore they heard a voice and lightning hit the staff.

**Lighting doesn't miss**



**The voice might have belonged to a teddy bear**

Well that's what the fool gets for doing what he did in a lightning storm and survived because of faith and nobody but those close noticed the rubber under his feet left by the builders to seal gaps in the roof and it saved his life.

That's what miracles are about, faith.

After that he could have demanded being worshiped but didn't because he was already getting that now. (Some even went as far to whisper he might be something Yokel had made.)

Then took his daughter back to Hesse City a man full of himself and full of the words he was ready to unleash on Joshua. And Raddites in the great Hall of Rad followed and it became a procession.

### **Excitement of a parade**

As it entered Hesse citizens ran into the streets as news of Oneghus's wings and

the holy man's arrival spread.

“Chili hot dogs, gherkins,” a street seller shouted.

The procession was so long it was dawn before Oneghus found himself at the Ziggurat of The Beast; the citizens weren't working this day, it was holiday time, they wanted another coronation.

Even seagulls from the canal came hoping morsels attracted by a hundred brass bands and thousand pipers.

And Zacross carried Oneghus up the ziggurat steps as escaped balloons floated by. Some had smiley faces on.

Behind came the procession. There was Yaw, also Hagi with a big bump on his head, to afraid to ask Yaw for a lift up; it would have made him look important too.

And the bear Sun Poon his tusks caught the light of the rising sun and his helmet and breastplate gleamed. He had picked up a spear and walked proud as he was an ambassador of his people, daring anyone to throw rubbish at him: he was one of Oneghus's beasts and the Golden Age was upon these once rejected ugly beasts.

And at the top Hesse City spread out below and it was chilly this high up.

And besides Oneghus Oasis now standing looking radiant for some unknown reason?

“I am grateful you have stayed by my side,” Oneghus said to her.

“I am not here for you, see father with my crown.”

“Crown?” Oneghus.

“Crown?” Wong.

“Crown?” Icon.

“Crown?” Cullen.

Oneghus shook his head and braced his legs with his hands on his hips and muttered something.

“He said some have no respect for people’s privacy,” Insect loudly.

Oneghus stared and Insect retreated behind Oasis.

“I am here to make sure Rolan claims his inheritance.”

“Rolan?”

“Rolan?” Icon

“Rolan?” Cullen.

“Rolan?” Estor.

“Rolan?” Oneghus.

“Yes little Rolan,” Insect popping his head round from Oasis’s hips.

“Rolan?” The prophet, Oasis had just asked for a crown, who’s Rolan?

Just then a panting Hagi arrived and took the opportunity to brush past his religious rival. Below the citizens of the city had gathered to watch, celebrate and Hagi wanted them to see him.

And an orange Admiral butterfly landed on his head.

**Holiday atmosphere**

And Hagi started telling how the Raddites made Oneghus what he was when Oasis accepted her crown from her father.

The citizens roared happily, there were drink sellers amongst them as well as chili burger touts.

“Yes little Rolan your heir,” Oasis told Oneghus and a whisper spreads like a wave of hands at a football match that Oasis had a boy in her tummy; and all knew that meant a peaceful succession..

“How?” He asked and Oasis seemed a little shocked.

And instantly he knew he had blundered, she too had been subjected to fantasy drugs and had Coolers and Sala? And? And? But Mistress Oppo, maybe she too was pregnant? Oneghus groaned as Oasis shoved Hagi out of the way to descend the ziggurat.

“Idiot,” Insect added following giving a tottering Hagi another shove for good measure.

“Oasis with child but whom?” And if pigs could fly Hagi did have sent daggers from his eyes into Oneghus.

“She lay amongst cabbages,” Oneghus answered angrily back bounding down the steps and an orange butterfly fluttered by for Hagi was tumbling down too.

And the entourage that had gone up now came down.

And the citizens of Hesse surged up to meet them and Hagi mumbled “Mummy.”

You see Oneghus had wings and Hagi had forgotten his whip so people took advantage of that fact; just perhaps perhaps, just maybe after all those feet he might perish?