

Sagor and Indigo had been swallowed by the planet. That is what people believed as no one had seen them.

Repairs were proceeding on the Palace of Astrod and Oneghus was using the sweat of labour to use up the boredom of his citizens.

He had promised them games, holidays and festivals when the palace was completed. After all, these were the people of The Beast, used to pampering of their sensuous senses at the cost of unfortunates.

Lo he now stood looking out the window of Rattray's office, legs apart and hands on hips with that eagle look in his blue grey eyes; he was himself again.

Watching thousands of specks pulling slabs of red sandstone across the yellow sand.



Commercial space travel will bring us there with cameras

“I feel Harbo's evil fingers strangling me,” Oneghus.

“Boss I have an idea,” Wong.

Hagi looked at Wong with disgust; Wong should be addressing Oneghus as Sire.

The prophet was amused; anything that annoyed Hagi was from God.

“That Innocent girl, little Isla,” Wong continued, “Remember the one who

neutralised your tattoos; use her as bait to lead a trail to Harbo's new den. He will not be able to resist such a young girl with bosoms only developing as he is worse than a paedophile. He will wish to put chains through them as a claim to a gold mine and destroy their beauty at the same time."

"How right you are Wong, we should take the bosom defiler out and cut off his head," Icon remembering images of beautiful bosoms mutilated by internet sex masters The Beast allowed and wanted to corrupt new generations.

The great Oneghus tapped his lower lip with a finger.

Although Icon had not put his thoughts across clearly, he knew what the great man wanted, a death to pimps, woman abusers, sex traffickers and their cousins.

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Three days later

At the same time using Isla as bait seemed logical, but now her parents had been found, Oneghus knew he was being wicked; they felt they owed him their lives for being God believers his rebellion had freed them from the pens of Slitherdrome.

"She will be in no danger; a bug will be put on her as a mole. It will enable us to rescue," Oneghus lied knowing there would be danger, "and the gratitude of all Hesse will be yours when Harbo is caught. As a reward you will not have to pay taxes for the rest of your lives."

"We don't want special treatment, it will make others jealous and dislike our belief."

Oneghus was up against religion, thinking he knew religion because of the perverted beliefs of Satan were a mistake. These people believed in the one God who is Love that is Light the energy of creation working through evolution.

Angered with himself he stood scraping his chair, these people trusted him, he was

disgusted wanting to use Isla as bait.

“But he was wrong, they didn’t trust him, they trusted their beliefs,” a whisper.

What had Oasis told him, most of Hesse was quite content to allow the brothels to remain open for all sexes, the gambling, the drug taking; the belief in Hedonism was rampant: *pleasure*.

Turning Oneghus faced them exasperated, “Who am I to lie to you, Isla will be in great danger. Where ever Harbo is evil predominates, say no to me, refuse Isla to me,” he begged.

“If it is our time to pass over nothing can stop that,” the father replied.

Oneghus knew in his heart that was true. Once the silver cord that glued the soul to the physical body snapped, there was no coming back; the chromosomes that dictated our building blocks into physical temples unwound at death as light full of codes and then dictated the building of our spirit bodies, thus why limbs grow back.

He remembered the time he had been blown up by an Innocent bomb and died of respiratory failure and again and again for many months due to lung damage. How he had drifted out of his body watching a surgeon argue with a consultant why they should bother to resuscitate than just go for an easy clone.

“You are dead,” the voice of a presence had called out.

How he had argued against passing over, that he was too young to leave the physical world, that he was destined to be remembered.

“Yes isn’t we all,” the presence had argued back but Oneghus had been so persistent the presence had gone for another presence that Oneghus took as a superior for he had had to argue again and this time won, for the second presence had authority too allow his soul to return to his body. It had been as if he had been a naughty school

boy in the presence of his teacher and head.

There had been no **“Not his time, he must go back,”** and Oneghus had begun to realise ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN THE KINGDOM OF LIGHT.

SOUND

“Diversity for without God would be bored silly,” a whisper.

A BIG BANG



“We did be honoured for Isla to catch Satan’s heir here on Hesse,” the mother.

Oneghus was no longer listening, they was as bad as him wanting to use Isla as bait and they Isla’s parents; now he was watching a spider crawl across his right boot.

And he was sure it was whirring, the bug was damaged, and a natural centipede was chasing it, its pincers attacking the imitation chitin.

Oneghus crushed the spider thinking he was doing the centipede a favor and to his horror found the spider real and the centipede false for it was after the black box. How crafty of Yokel to implant spying equipment inside a real creature in Yokel’s customers quests for the bugs to be life like.

“Don’t worry Prince Oneghus, God will protect Isla.”

Oneghus wasn’t sure who was speaking but the prophet and Hagi were present now. “How did they get in?”

The prophet was glaring at him, “This is an Innocent child?” He was saying.

“And our religion will have the glory and Isla is prepared to be a martyr,” the father.

Yes, Oneghus maybe didn’t know about religion but he knew about martyrs, they

killed you in the name of God.

A shame everyone couldn't be like him, Oneghus, and then they did all know everybody was the same on the other side; spirit.

All spirit



All men, all women, all creatures for God the Living Spirit has its' birth in each

No death

"Once a prawn, chicken and pig were dancing on a beach.

A cow wondered down and ate some seaweed.

A fish swimming in the sea objected as it wanted the algae on the seaweed.

*A human, a fisherman knowing it was Friday needed the fish to eat,
but the fish swam away.*

'It is Saturday,' the prawn told the fisherman believing it so.

The fisherman was hungry so he ate the pig

*'You should have eaten the cow,' the prawn advised. 'And now because you ate a
pig you can never walk in the presence of God.'*

*Now the man was sad, he loved God so much he had wanted to eat fish for Friday
and would never have eaten the pig if he had known.*

*And he was so blind he could not see that they all lived in God, and if did he would
be ill as he was not brought up to be without blinkers for he believed only man had
God in him.*

*And when he realised God was in the fish, prawn, seaweed, algae, cow and pig he
would refuse to accept, for God made man in the image of God.*

But so was the cow, algae, seaweed, prawn and pig made in the image of God.

But the man had blinkers on so couldn't comprehend.

Yes a great pity all men and women weren't born with the Seeing Eye so they could speak, see, sense and hear the spirit folk that tell what it was like on the other side.

Yes Oneghus, you have killed men in battle, better pray for your own soul," the whisper.

And Oneghus wished they did go whisper somewhere else. He knew it was wrong to take life as he didn't make it. He felt the pain in his soul and knew his soul was asking God forgiveness.

The prophet was glaring at Oneghus.

And Hagi was beaming happiness; anything that caused his foe discomfort brightened his day.

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Now Yokel had hurriedly replaced a picture of Lord Hesse on his wall with one of Oneghus. On his table in front of him an open envelope with spider bit inside. He had sent it through the telephone not just a hologram to reassemble at the other end, but as the original capable of emotion. To murder, steal and have sex.

To deceive all the beautiful women into cyber sex thinking they were safe with a hologram, but in fact risking pregnancy, disease and mutilation at the hands of a cyber ripper.

Cyber sex would never be the same again sigh.

Never mind Yokel would be a lot richer as he wasn't marketing this invention for the good of intelligent species; the good never paid enough.



Cyber sex was now lethal for real men made real babies

“It is said behind every great man is a woman. In the case of Yokel, a universe full of women seeking cyber sex,” a whisper.

Whole Peace Corps, rescue relief units, field hospitals and of course, armies could be sent for real in a FLASH.

Yokel was like Hagi; he dreamed of empire and knew he suffered from a spilt personality. That came with great age and dreams and genetic interfering.

So wondered if Oneghus suffered like wise for he too was a great man.

“The title great is used wrongly, it should be given to great civilisation builders not those who slaughter and extend empires,” that whisper again.

Oneghus, Yokel had taken away from his murdered father Prince Astrod and genetically turned him into an Earthling.

Oneghus should be grateful to him, he had saved him from Satan who had Slitherdrome Oneghus’s closest relatives.

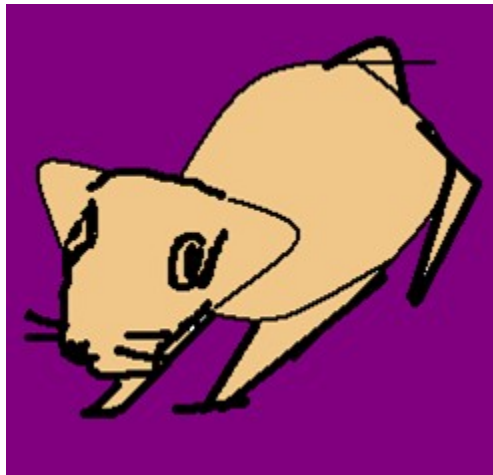
Now Yokel rummaged into an unlocked locker and took out a computer disc. It was labeled 'Alextrix Domo History' and the researcher who found it would be grateful like he who had discovered penicillin.

"Should I destroy it?" He imagining the disc burning his fingers, so tossed it into a waste bin, turned his back on it, smiled, grinned and put it back in a wall safe.

His ego was too strong.

But he was old, far older than Oneghus or any living intelligent known soul apart from Satan. Yes he had been around when Oneghus was a baby. "Who am I? A Prince of the heavens that is who and it is said, 'Beware of them.'

I need a guinea pig to send over the phone before I try it," and smiled wickedly, "to Planet Vortex to keep Lord Milando company is where.....maybe several guinea pigs," as he drummed his fingers to a slow march.



There was a plentiful supply of volunteer hamsters