

488
Oneghus
Zat

SOUND

Isla's Trap

Cats musical



The five heroes, Oneghus, Wong, Estor, Cullen and Icon took Isla into the vice District Catto. Some distance away Rattray and Saltmire waited their signal to broad to Wong aboard an assault ship.

Here the buildings displayed gargoyles of a sexual nature crafted out of pink sandstone but poked marked by centuries of erosion.

Since unemployment was high in Catto District early school leavers made money out of sex to buy Play Station 2006, so Oneghus hired what he could to rebuild the ruined Palace of Astrod and gave away as many home comforts as he could to dampen treat or trick? And the priests played upon the disillusioned young in the name of god.

Now most of the streets of Catto were narrow with alleys leading to establishments and the narrowness restricted flying craft to the few broad streets. So who policed Catto's dark lanes? Robot police for what humanoid police found here were on the take.

The minute you sat on a bus or tram ploughing across Catto you knew were you were for advertising holograms on these public vehicles changed to reality sex: an invitation to treat. Catto Council charged high fees for these licenses.

And the mayor of Catto could be found on a house boat on one of Catto's many canals that stunk bad as sewers needed rerouted to treatment works. But Cattonians were proud of their canals that soaked up muck unemployment in floating casinos and restaurants, brothels and houseboats, some ordinary and others palatial.

If only they did fix the sewers and maybe you could eat with confidence the fresh



fish in the restaurants.

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Wong watched the last water bus drop its drunks off. He put on a stern face to frighten off potential customers away from Isla beside him. But there is always one and he was bespeckled and Isla reminded him of his daughter whom he had been allowed to fondle under The Beast after paying the black robed priests. But Oneghus ruled now and now he was forced to come to Catto.



“Bugger off,” Wong hissed.

But the man squeezed Isla's teenage chest and that was enough for Wong who somersaulted him away, and of course the spectacles fell off cracking.

“Bugger you mate,” the man hissed swaying into an amusement arcade that did not deal in arcade machines but adult amusements.

“Fra So Hemming there is a new pip outside with a girl; I just thought I did let you know,” the man vengefully to Harbo's henchman.

Fra So clicked three bodyguards to his side wearing flowering togas and felt hats

to advertise their profession, SEX PIMPS and together went outside to make sure the new pimp knew the rules: that he now worked for Fra So who would collect a cut for himself and his Boss Harbo.

As soon as Fra So saw Isla in that silver body suit and knee high red boots he felt excitement grow and knew Harbo wanted that girl.

“I am Fra So, I work for King Harbo, ruler of Catto, if you want to live buddy you now work for me, 70 for me and 30 for you, (and he would give Harbo 20 out of the 70).

If you complain,” and he clicked a finger and the henchmen closed upon Wong who allowed himself to be kicked and punched a few times, “understand and for tonight I will take her off your hands; the Boss would like to sample this beauty himself,” and Wong allowed Fra So to take Isla away hoping the Boss was Harbo, but Fra So had other ideas, he would sample first.

“Look at the coward run,” one of the henchmen watching Wong run away, but all Wong ran too was into a dark lane too watch and inflate a compressed rubber floater which he got into.

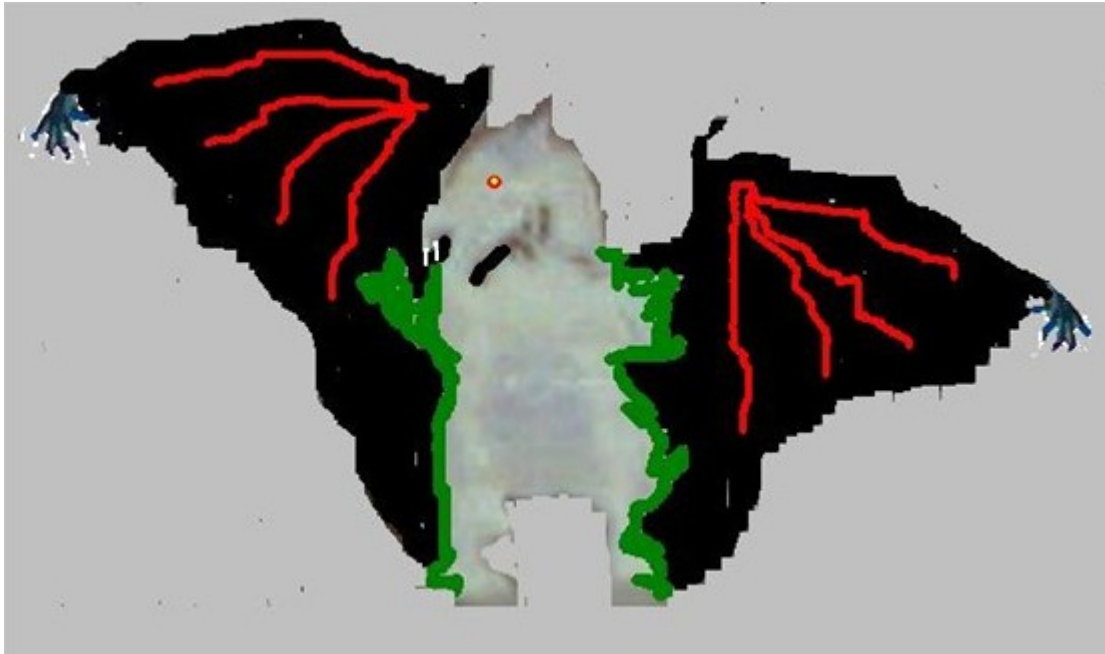
And quietly he rose to follow Fra So who left the henchmen outside the amusement arcade. Fra So knew he didn’t need protecting, he was well known in Catto.

And the henchmen were known to Wong who shot each from above. He was Wong, a law to himself, nobody beat him up and got away with it and he saw himself as an extension of Oneghus’s Justice. They were pimps who enslaved women as sex machines so deserved no better fate.

Ahead of him was Oneghus in a small naval craft equivalent to a motor patrol boat

except this one hovered in the sky.

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They threw me out of the Blood Bank

The Zat had a dark taut leathery skin and taloned humanoid fingers at the tip of each wing. Its belly was empty but when full would sag with blood for it was a vampire.

Its keen eyes and nose thermal cells had picked up Fra So. Underneath the Zat a sucker bird encouraged it to attack as it hoped for scraps as it was hungry.

Fortunately Zats were not plentiful for they were almost extinct. Also it laid a single egg yearly plus the problem of finding an almost extinct mate.

Then after a good drink of blood would sleep for months away from the dehydrating heat and annoying mates.

Unclean they were, full of disease contracted from victims.

“Dung heap,” Icon swore.

“Oneghus’s Zat,” Cullen joked thinking they were about to adopt again.

Ahead the lights of a ship and the pimp’s bat landed amongst them.

“God Almighty what has Harbo created out here in the desert?” Oneghus asked.

“We have Harbo Boss,” Wong hoping.

And Far So dismounted and pulled Isla off when the Zat’s talons closed upon his flying bat: blood gushed wildly.

Wong fired a laser bolt into the Zat’s rump.

The pain of its burnt rump made it drop its prey and Fra So was so terrified he never noticed Wong’s shot: Isla was valuable and that’s why men were running out of the ship city firing at the bat.

They grabbed Isla and took her through a lighted door closing it behind on Fra So who was taking flying lessons held high in the twinkling sky by talons?

One sucker bird that clean up a Zat after feeding bit the base of Fra So’s spine, its little needle vampire teeth going home.

Fra So lost the movement of his limbs; that pleased the Zat as a struggling prey might free itself.

“One dirty pimp getting his just deserts. Do we see pimps giving their whores their earnings? No, but see them entice young pretty girls into their nightmarish web so suck Zat suck him dry,” a whisper excitedly.

SOUND

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Sound track Magnificent 7

“What a pretty little girl you are?” Oneghus recognised Harbo’s voice, “What’s your name?”

“Isla, what’s yours?”

“King Harbo.”

Oneghus ordered Wong to land upon Harbo’s ship city for so huge it was, the bulk was a city of interconnecting corridors.

“Have some choc,” Harbo sweetly, “and then go off with this woman and bathe,” Oneghus heard a door opening and closing. He also heard the woman bath Isla and

Isla ask why she was touching were she shouldn't.

And Harbo paid the price of his own evil success for his man watching the radar was tripping so saw pink rodents and not Col Saltmire following Oneghus or Wong

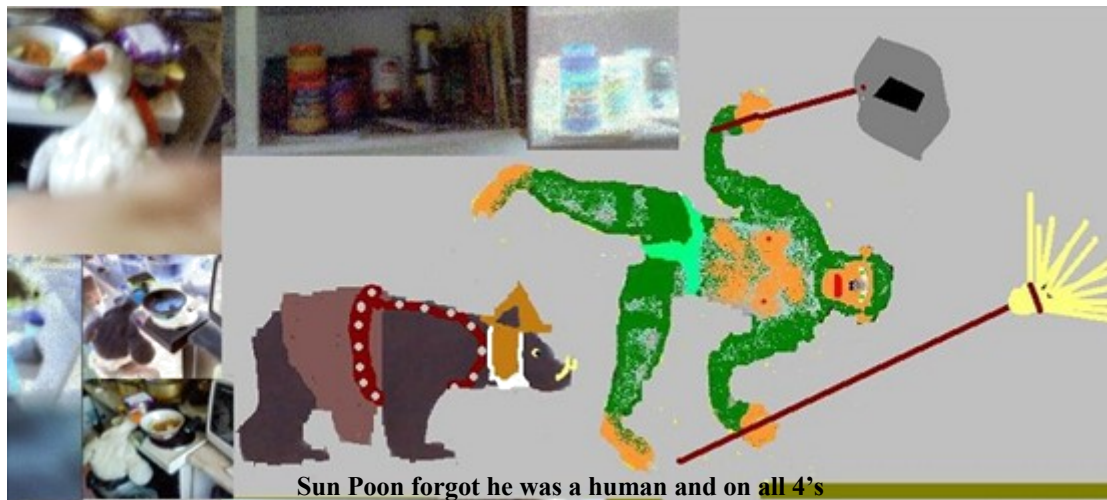
land, or Wong opens the door Isla had gone through.

Yes fun was coming to Harbo's desert ship city.

And Cullen stuck a soiled sock of Isla's under Yaw's nose who then was off on the trail inside the ship city.

"What?" A blue skinned Hessian as Yaw barged into him, never mind Sun Poon gored him drawing him clean.

Yaw imitated humans too much



And the beasts of Oneghus were just that, Yaw was hungry, and were have we heard that before? And the air was full of cooking smells so his brain lost Isla's scent as his mind filled with floating apple pies and bowls of dumpling filled hot sour noodles.

Oneghus couldn't believe it so stood with legs apart with hands on hips staring out

of eagle eyes hoping Saltmire wouldn't land till he had Isla safe. But fate took over,
SOUND
exciting 007 music

A crew member dispatched earlier had been found.

"We rush through, give them hell, kill heaps, rescue Isla and escape the other end,"

Wong told his friends.



And Isla put her trust in God knowing God would not put her life in the hands of fools.

And Wong and the others burst into the mess room killing men with mouths full of chicken curry or pumpkin pie.

Yaw reached the end changing his hands from clenched fists he had beat heads as he ran along into open palms to open swing kitchen doors.

The smell of roasting meats was calling to him.

The smell of boiling curries sang to Cullen.

"Get a move on," Wong shouted pushing them on knocking over a kitchen porter who dropped his cauldron of boiling water onto gas cookers extinguishing them. And gas filled the kitchen as the heroes escaped out the far swing doors as laser fire splintered it sending lethal sticks into kitchen staff.

And the gas ignited blowing the stove apart and extinguishing other cookers.

Oh my oh my the gas was stinking the place up and there were fires burning away. Get ready for a big bang and it happened.

"Show me were Harbo is?" Oneghus threatened a young steward as he pushed his head a fraction in front of Sun Poon's tusks.

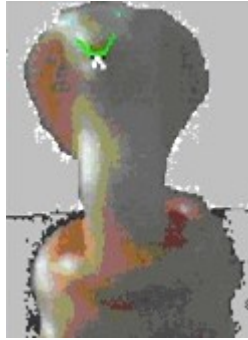
"Follow me; just don't let it get me."

And it followed close to Harbo's quarters.

That were empty.

alarm bells were sounding. So were the cages of Harbo's venomous reptile collection.

The contents were slithering on the floor.



Some flying.

Some eating others, that was OK as it reduced their numbers.

Others intent on finding crevices to escape by.

And the heroes were just men after all.

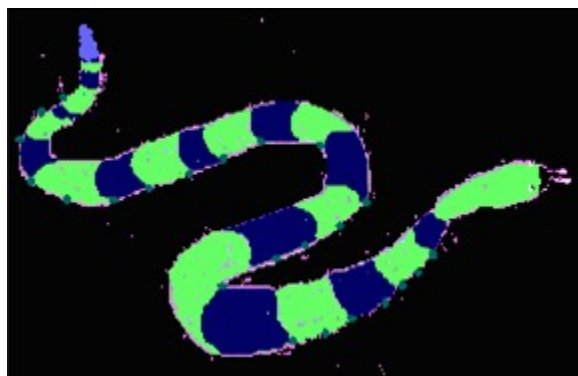
Yaw escaped by breaking down a door and the screams of the women in there filled the air.

It was a red lit room filled with some of the best of Harbo's street walkers for his amusement.

**SOUND
EXPLO
SIONS**

"This tubs had it," Wong as a bang shuddered the ship.

"Harbo took Isla," a transvestite answered Oneghus's questioning mind, "now kill that snake, hurry please please," and Oneghus shot a green reptile just as it reared itself to bite the stocking clad CD but a sucking snake that climbed walls by suckers fell off the ceiling



and landed on the transvestites' head.

Oneghus shot it but not before it had bitten the man.

So Wong put his laser to the man's head and squeezed saving him an agonising death.

Is Wong a psychopathic killer or a sensitive man?

"Frigging reptiles," his answer and blasted a clean space about them.

No one said anything about Yaw or Sun Poon who were eating raw snake.

And the laboratory eyes of Icon saw it, Isla's false wart that was a homing tag.

Harbo knew Isla was bait, well his ship could burn and so could his crew. He had a bag full of wealth and Isla to sooth his looses: forcefully.

"Harbo," Oneghus summed it up beautifully.

"The ship is going to blow, hurry to the emergency exits," Wong shouted at the girls who decided safety was to follow them.

On the Poop Deck they met Saltmire who told Oneghus he had seen a single life boat catapulted from the boat.

Oneghus just knew Isla was in that boat with Harbo, just call it intuition.

Leaving Saltmire to tidy up he and the heroes and his beasts took a small craft from Saltmire's men and followed in the direction of Harbo.

"It's that Zat again," Estor warned.

"And there is the lifeboat," Oneghus pointing.

And watched the Zat attack the lifeboat.

"Zacross take care of it," and he flew off and now men put their faith in a beast to find hope.

The Zat meshed its talons into the life boat.

Zacross screeched and the Zat saw it and panic filled the vampire and in its efforts

to free itself to face Zacross dragged the boat heavily down into the dark night sand.

Oneghus's pursuing craft landed about 100 feet away and Oneghus and the heroes disembarked.

In an effort fed by adrenalin the Zat freed itself and flew into the night, choosing not to fight and maybe loose its second dinner for a figure dangled from its talons; Zacross flew after it intent on depriving the Zat mothballed breakfast when it awoke again.

Zacross had better not eat Isla even if dead.

And dread gripped Oneghus, that's what you get for trusting beasts, that was not a dog or dolphin in the sky, but a Beast of Oneghus, a beast struggling to be human and making a dam good job at it.

Yaw and Cullen lent their strengths to pull back the twisted framework of the crashed lifeboat.

"Grunt," it was Bee Bear face Sun Poon pawing and sniffing the ground alerting then to danger.

"Slither," Oneghus just knowing from Sun Poon's mind.

"A mind is a mind, all mind of the same mind, the universal mind that is eternal." A whisper.

So everyone stopped what they were doing hoping the judge was crazy.

And knew Oneghus wasn't when they heard it slithering the sand.

Sun Poon blurted past Oneghus as his bodyguard circled him hitting the slither square on and was tossed aside with scales stuck to his tusks.

The slither stopped dead, the pain of scales ripped off was similar to finger nails going astray in a dungeon.

“We have Isla,” Cullen shouted.

She was not afraid; she recognised Yaw and buried her head into his green soft warm fur for comfort as the heroes blasted the slither.

Now only Wong and Icon stood outside the craft they had come in.

Where was Sun Poon the heroic boar?

Out of a corner of his eye Oneghus saw the slither move like a lightening flash and as quickly he zoomed his craft straight up out of the way.

And titling his craft looked down; the slither was rendering the lifeboat to kindling and where was Wong?

And it was the largest greenest slither any had seen and Oneghus cursed Yokel for playing God.

Then Wong appeared just at the base of the slither’s head and plunged his short sword deep into the nape of the neck.

A gush of slither blood drenched his face.

In a final effort to rid itself of Wong the slither uncoiled shooting itself straight



into the night and away.

A faithful Bee Bear man like creature ran after it intent on giving out a good tusing.

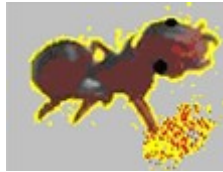
And as Oneghus sped after them Estor dangled a rope ladder over the side.

The craft’s search light was switched on and picked up a twitching slither and soon

Wong was climbing up the ladder.

And Zacross took Sun Poon in his claws and lifted him high and that night the Chadite swore to leave the flying to Yaw; he was running in the future, flying was for the birds and such and would never prove the saying, "If pigs could fly?"

And a short sword had cut the slither's spinal nerves and blood spilling onto the desert was



already bringing ants and hungry souls.

Why not, free yummy was on the go.