

500  
Oneghus  
Zealots

Underneath The Beast's ziggurat.

**SOUND**

“Can no one kill the Monster of Hesse? Harbo is a worm, a gormless dung,” Indigo spat as testified by a prisoner of Oneghus's pleasure.

**Pan flute music**

He was speaking to Sagor.

“You have forgotten Indigo,” Sagor as he finished a glass of red wine.

“What?” Indigo.

“He's The Deliverer.”

Indigo leapt from his dragon throne screaming at the naked life forms about him:

“Zealots, prepare for glory. I want Oneghus's head dangling from this long spear,” he and a Zorian bird man took the spear with contempt for Indigo's weakness.

Indigo was the High Priest of the Emperor Lord Satan and a weakling.

And the Zorian flapped its ten foot wings excitedly while Indigo rubbed hands.



“With such an army Oneghus doesn't stand a chance,” Sagor sarcastically refilling his glass.

He drank a lot these days.

“I agree my darlings will have me topside,” Indigo.

“Yes, living in The Beast’s ziggurat has drawbacks and Indigo,” Sagor.

“What?”

“He is The Deliverer.”

Indigo attacked a dummy Oneghus look a like with a sabre and maybe Sagor but the merchant dropped dolets that Indigo eagerly picked up.

Meanwhile a fanatic in a ram’s clock and mask pushed a foot long silver needle through his left arm. There was nothing unusual about this; he already had a six inch needle through his nose. It was his demonstration of love to Satan.

6666

And behind him an Earthling was allowing a strange looking elephant woman to unwrap his belly button.

Sagor looked at Indigo and through the yab weed smoke at the zealots and knew The Beast was evil. He had scraped his mark of The Beast off his skin with a broken tin lid.

Indigo had thought this funny.

And both surfaced once a week to pick up brown worn leather pouches full of money from their families who left them.

Gold bought power and Indigo had joined the Zealots who still saw him as High Priest. And Sagor knew his chances were with Indigo for he was homeless.

According to Marshall Rattray’s History of the Hessian Wars, it is about now that Satan made an appearance.

As the scribe Estor who has picked up pen to paper to write this History of Oneghus, I take the liberty of adding:

“Evil is never defeated, will never be defeated until He who Lord Oneghus sees comes. Ragnarok, that day when the sky will fall upon our heads and tidal waves drown us.”

The same prisoner, the only surviving Zealot of Indigo has testified without torture that while Sagor and Indigo planned, Satan came.

“My loyal friend,” Satan not indicating who?

Indigo prostrated himself as did the Zealots with their long needles which caused several needles to penetrate arteries and Satan smiled accepting their sacrifice to him.

And Satan’s spirit grew strong as he adsorbed the PAIN.

And Satan helped his Zealots die as he twisted the needles deeper this way and that, probing organs in sadistic ways promising them paradise.



And Sagor shifted in his seat fearing Satan had come for him as he listened to the Father of Lies who had just ran a talon across a throat because he gloated in the spray of blood and death approaching his victim who now was a fish out of water.

“I know what you think of me Sagor, but your punishment is to be denied freedom.

Forever my slave, hating me and loathing what you see.

Come embrace me as Indigo my faithful servant licks the clotting blood off my cloven feet.”

Sagor stood up hating himself, not wanting the genitals in Satan’s hands to be his as his emperor ate them as a delicacy.

“Lord, I enter your paradise,” the owner gasped as his last blood dribbled from the wound.

“Loving maidens await you,” Satan lied knowing the fool was on his way to the Outer Darkness.

And as Sagor lifted his foot over the last zealot body separating him from Satan, the later offered him the delicacy to eat.

Sagor saw the glint of hardness in his emperor’s eyes and felt his flesh cringe and out of terror ate.

“And Sagor felt as if someone had stepped on his spirit that had gone quiet to listen, but Satan seeing Sagor beginning to listen to the spirit that is shared by all living things, animate and inanimate, seen and unseen took Sagor’s chance at repentance from him by distracting him by hugging Sagor.

Sagor gasped as needles came out of Satan’s body piercing him even his heart that Satan kept beating.

Lo the Father of Lies opened his mouth and Sagor heard the moans of his courtesan daughters being mounted.

Like a screen Sagor saw in the Master of Obsessions eyes his daughter’s nakedness whom he had sold to Satan for gold rights.

“Love doesn’t exist in you Sagor. The light from your jewelled clothes and washed

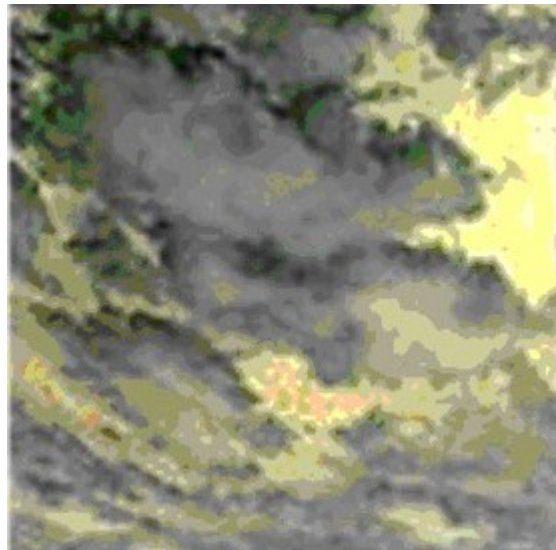
body is but tinsel if your soul is not clean. Feed me Sagor feed me,” Satan as his talons caused Sagor’s flesh to vibrate quickly so the talons moved inside Sagor squeezing this and pulling at that.

Sagor screamed silently and Satan ate the scream.

“Suffer father,” Sagor heard his daughters shout and saw them raped by Rottwiellers The Dogs of Hell.

And Satan withdrew but the needles remained and Satan seeing disbelief in his follower’s eyes pushed a needle dangling from Sagor’s glory further and Sagor fainted but Satan refused to let the bliss of unconsciousness arrive.

“Indigo my most faithful friend, gather the Zealots and steal Rolan, Oneghus’s baby to give me,” Satan softly stroking Indigo’s cheeks.



**The strange clouds hovered over Satan**