

512
Oneghus
Dog Fight

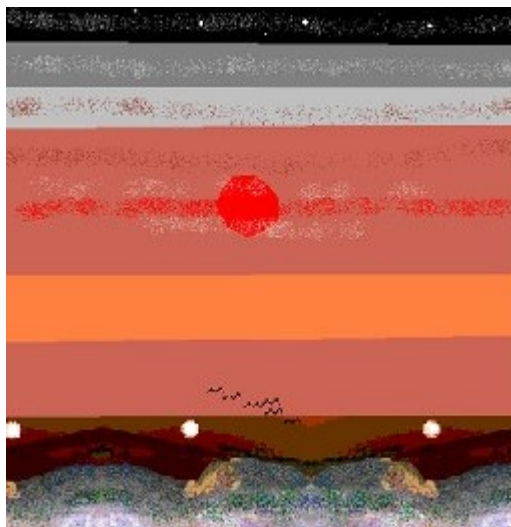
Oasis sprawled across her lover's body. All the bitterness between them forgotten. Rolan asleep in his cot. Her mind had accepted the fact that Rolan would have a brother called Conantrex. Now she talked to her infant: "Would you like a friend to play with Rolan?"

She did not really like the idea of Mistress Oppo coming back, but allowed her man his moral judgement, Oppo would return to Yokel who was lonely.....it was a punishment for them both.

Yes Oasis was happy these days and Zacross Yaw and Sun Poon slept behind her locked bedroom door.

She wasn't having a nanny, she was the mother and Rolan slept in a cubicle in the wall with a reinforced front. And she thanked God for the bodyguards and Z waves that would bounce anything off the windows like the hungry midges piling up in the garden.

And her mood was reflected in the rising sun over the Yellow Mountains wiping out the night and turned the approaching blue red and pink.



She felt good to be alive and close to the spirit of creation God.

Then a shadow filled the window and she thought it a rain cloud of Yokel's and was happy for the million trees Oneghus had planted needing water. Trees she knew where the lungs of the planet and Yokel was due credit for over his long existence he had brought rain and built leafy gardens: may be he wasn't as evil as they thought?

Then the shadow was gone and she wondered if she had dreamed and laid back puzzled undecided if she should wake Oneghus.

She should have.

It was no dream.

A dust cloud burst upon her.

A slab of sandstone had been pushed out the wall.

A second followed and then the whole wall.

Insect piled through the hole too choking from dust.

No one but a drugged man could sleep through that.

And the Zorian jumped into her room.

Already Zacross, Yaw monkey face were hammering at the door with Sun Poon poised with a trusty spear to charge in.

But someone had filled the Zorian's ears with wax, Indigo who refused to believe the street urchins that Oneghus could fly.

Too bad for the Zorian who might have gone home.

But this was 50000 A.D. the century Heavenly Princes walked the planets given them by God before Adam walked Earth.

Oneghus stood cutlasses in hand.

The Zorian stabbed with broken spear; Oneghus jumped and slashed cutting the spearhead off.

. Lo Oasis switched off the Z field and grabbing Rolan ran with Insect into the garden.

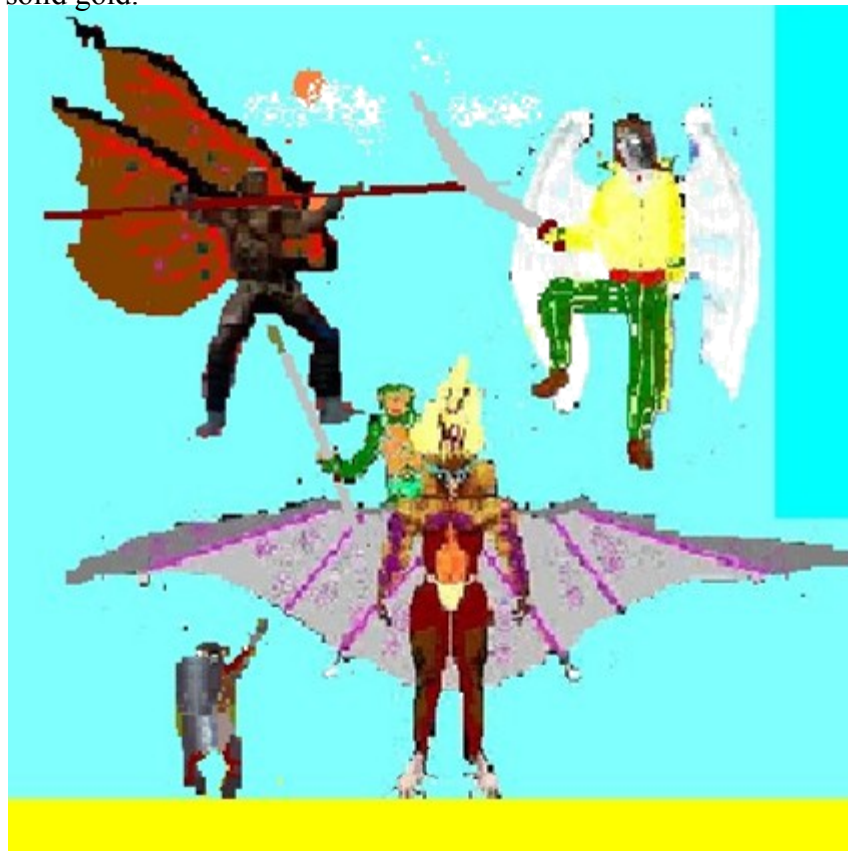
And the Zorian had lifted a bed to throw at Oneghus whose answer was to push his cutlasses through the mattress and the assassin felt his innards burst.

Then the bedroom door splintered amongst growls and human shouts and the wounded Zorian fled into the garden and now used his wings and took hold of the shed Oasis was hiding in.

And the Zorian now believed Oneghus could fly.

And Oasis had only seen Oneghus fly once, and so she crept forward and clung with Insect at the shed door's edge.

Coming up was Oneghus with white wings; mythology had come off mosaics of Oneghus's palace for behind flew Zacross with Yaw brandishing a silver spear whose head was solid gold.



While an excited Sun Poon squealed below.

Lo Oneghus closed the distance.

The Zorian managed a painful laugh as yellow plasma oozed from his thigh that had stiffened. He had lost so much blood and he was getting cold and knew he would drop the shed; hoping it hit a jagged rocky outcrop below to smash the occupants inside.

The Zorian was all mean and twisted with hate, “Ha ha ha,” as he knew he let go of the shed.

A woman screamed inside as Insect’s eyes bulged out of his head as he knew they were dropping and terror had robbed him of a single scream.

And they clung to each other all the way down.

It never smashed as Oneghus had a precarious hold on the roof which was splintering from the walls, and instead of smashing into the ground it thudded loudly.

The door had flown open on impact and as soon as Oasis saw Oneghus outside she ran to him and Insect to a leg.

“The spirits had held the shed as in levitation,” a whisper.

And the sound of aerial battle made them look above where the Zorian was.

Lo the citizens thrust their heads out of opened windows expecting to see dragons and magicians as anything were possible these days. The mark of The Beast had been removed, 6666.

Now Oneghus possessed with Rad shook off his loved ones and flew to help

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Encumbered with Yaw, Zacross found his movements slowed and was having a tough time positioning Yaw to parry.

“Be not afraid Oneghus, I am with you, Rad.”

“Surrender Zorian,” Oneghus again pleaded but was answered with a snarl of alien lips and a spear thrust.

“Death you have chosen and death will greet you,” Oneghus as he flew above his enemy. Now he thrust down with his cutlass and naturally the Zorian parried upwards and in doing so, took his eyes away from Yaw.

And so it was then the ape pushed his spear into the soft innards of the Zorian. Now men are cruel for they invent weapons of war, spears that are barbed and when withdrawn as Yaw pulled, the Zorian’s insides came out.

Oneghus looked into his enemies eyes and saw hate and a determination of will to live and kill Oneghus no matter how much pain.

And Oneghus ended it and gave death when he cut off the Zorian’s head and the Zorian’s torso collapsed as dead weight.

Now the weapons and artefacts of the vanquished were taken as trophies by street urchins who some sold them on and prospered and some kept them.

And these artefacts have only come to light as grisly mementoes of that ariel dog fight.

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“You have failed me Indigo,” Satan told a cowering terrified man below the ziggurat.

Sagor managed a sour grin for laughing these days caused much pain: he still had Zacross. needles embedded in him by Satan.

“We tried my lord,” Indigo whimpered.

Now Satan looked above and through the soil and saw kids playing and allowed his bumpkins the same privilege.

And saw a new street game played, Oneghus and the Zorian.

“Can no man rid me of this prince?” Satan.

And was Sagor who broke the silence.

“My Emperor, violence has failed, but subversive means can succeed,” and his emperor cast a curious look at Sagor and waved an impatient hand. He wanted away from this dingy planet as there were more important things to see to like the second coming of the Christ consciousness as promised.

The final day, Ragnarok, his Armageddon, when the sky will fall on his head, and as the Prophet Mohammed told the world, we have an appointment with death, the day we die is the day we are supposed to die. And as the spiritualists say, it was woven into time light years before we were born; into your DNA and *“There is argument amongst the spirit folk on level three of Heaven if that when a man or woman dies of violence or sudden means the appointed time has not been met, the life span not fulfilled, the diversity of gardens not planted, flowers not bloomed, music not written and so on: THOU SHALT NOT KILL and woe betide he or she that kills before the appointed time,”* a whisper called We. .

Lo the seeder of lies and wars knew his appointed time was drawing close.

“Perhaps you have a point Merchant Sagor, I will consider,” and Satan sat down on a red ruby throne that had materialised and behind it a legion of his black robed Praetorian Guard; his pet angels.

And the guard beat their dark shields and the air rumbled a reminder to Sagor and Indigo who was power here?

“You are of course correct Sagor, so your wish is granted,” and at once the needles in Sagor vanished, “and Indigo I spare you, help Sagor by rebuilding my beautiful church and Sagor you can use your wealth to subvert Oneghus’s Golden Age can’t you?”

And to help you my son Appomax will return.”

Sagor and Indigo asked “Appomax?”

“Anything wrong?” Satan threatened.

Sagor could feel invisible needles prick his skin so fell on his face promising loyalty. Ah poor stupid Indigo, always was a bit slow so the needles actually pierced his manhood so he fell moaning.

“Gold I will give to Sagor,” and Satan moved a finger and gold dust began to pore out of all the orifices of a gagging Sagor.

And dark powers kept Sagor alive as he went blue but Satan was only demonstrating where the gold would come from, him and ultimately poor Sagor.

“And Sagor’s happiness at being supported in gold turned to misery as his bowels would be clogged in gold nuggets, his nostrils widen and bleed, his ears deafen, and he would be reminded “You love wealth Sagor so why complain?” a whisperer.



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