

The Man

The Dictator

The Man armed himself with a fallen shield and laser sword from a blue skinned lion faced mutant whose yellow veins riddled his face and chest, and so armed was a match for a hundred men for he was Nesta's Dictator with eleven fingers.

Now a red frog like giant landed on his back and The Man fell forward.

So the blue skinned one ran to wrestle his shield back. If left alone they would have fought better than their controller was working them from security cameras for there were many blind spots.

Now when the controller could not see he sent in another warrior and soon The Man stood alone in the shadows as the mutant warriors fought themselves.

And the sound of marching metallic feet grew louder.

Not FEAR but worry.

For the controller was making the mutant warriors walk like tin men on his joysticks.

And the dictator knew now they were controlled and even if they saw him, unless their controller saw him he was safe.

Now the warriors stopped fighting as the controller realised he had lost his prey; now cameras whirred breaking the silence.

Iron Maiden music came out of speakers as the controller accidentally switched on the music in his frenzy to work the cameras.

So a smile crossed the face of Cluny James Smith as he crouched on the moving yellow floor escalator strip that took him deeper into the lab and hopefully the controller.

All was dim lights, red, blue and green.

Still the metallic feet marching as the controller sent the warriors to the compass points to find the dictator who was now in the centre of the lab from which he saw a room above flooded with an orange light. Here the dictator ran up the metal ladder three rungs at a time and entered.

Revulsion flooded him and he lost his smile, yes he was used to seeing aliens but in front of him a mass of flesh, of what sex he wasn't sure but it looked pregnant attended by semi attired attendants for the room was an incubator.

Below The Man the war cries of the 5 baying for him.

"Dictator," the alien controller gasped and he whom was addressed cut the wires and the 5 below were FREE.

Now the controller worked frantically his joysticks and changed the music to the Messiah.

What did the 5 do? They ran up the ladder three rungs at a time also and The Man knew they were not interested in him for they stood glaring at the controller.

And they threw the alien out the window so he fell three floors to the steel deck.

Now the attendants went berserk and fought the 5 and The Man knew the 5 were fighting with him to survive.

His smile came back and got bigger.

He also noticed the 5 were very skilled at their job.

He was glad it was they who were slaughtering the attendants who now fled.

And he was alone with the 5.

“I am Zagor Blue Skin.”

“I am red.”

“Call me Hairless,” this one had tusks.

“Morair the Nobleman and he was the most handsome and green.

“Pyoo-ur the Sister and she was all woman The Man noticed for he was The Dictator.

“I am The Man.”

So the 5 introduced themselves and he shook their extended hands.

“This should be changed,” Zagor the Blue skin and with a wicked smile typed into the keyboard and the music changed to something akin to Jack and Jill went up the hill and Jack fell down and broke his crown; *referring to the alien controller*.

Then they all climbed down the metal ladder and here the 5 fought metallic centipedes.

“Yes, these men are good at their job,” The Man admiring them work.

Now when the centipedes were defeated the 5 picked up the slain controller and stuffed him down a rubbish chute that emptied into an incinerator below decks. For none liked discharging untreated sewage into space.

Above a six inch mutant blue bottle buzzed in protest as it had lost breakfast, lunch and supper for its young.

“It was evil,” Zagor Blue Skin told The Man.

“It was planning to detonate a virus bomb in your universe,” Red added.

“And make all ill and then break genetic codes and become vulnerable,” Hairless chirped bird like.

“So IT could alter the genes and make them like them,” Morair indicating at the lurking attendants, “slaves.”

“Or into bugs,” Pyoo-ur the Sister as she used her sword and the fly fell at her feet.

“Yes, look what it did to us. We were once proud warriors IT had captured on its travels. Forced to take the virus, forced to be controlled by wires, slaves; it deserved to die,” Zagor fiercely.

“Once there were many of us but of those that escaped IT sent us out to hunt and kill,” Red.

“So we have killed IT and freed all,” Pyoo-ur the Sister proudly and puffed out her chest and The Man was a man.

“Where are you going?” Red asked The Man.

“To save my friend,” The Man.

“We are your friends now,” Hairless touching The Man’s right arm in the fashion of close friends.

“Isn’t we?” Morair the Nobleman.

“Of course,” The Man diplomatically.

“Good,” Pyoo-ur the Sister hugging The Man who was a head smaller than her.
And The Man noticed she had been made like a cartoon woman, everything was exaggerated and was making it plain she liked him.

She was strutting her stuff.

And they went back to the orange lit room for here they hoped The Man would steer the lab some place for they had no homes; and here The Man saw Tintagel his friend float by on the viewing screen and he screamed a silent gargle of horror and hurt.

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“He was your friend?” Red asked.

“The best,” The Man.

“We are sad then,” Morair the Nobleman, “I will kill who did this.”

“We will all avenge your friend for you are out friend,” Pyoo-ur Sister.

And The Man sent a droid out to recover Tintagel’s body and when it was aboard set course for Vegas Hotel with the 5 who would become legends and be known as THE FAMOUS 5.

Zagor whose skin was blue.

Red was red.

Morair was green.

Pyoo-ur was flesh.

Hairless bone.....such their colours.