

The Man

More Man

Backdrop: absolute nothingness, the finality of physical death.

“Or as Tintagel would say more insight into The Man’s mind,” a future historian of New Saturn 12.

Often The Man as he travelled space with his hands folded across his chest looked into deep darkness where stars twinkled and comets passed and knew the greatness of creation and was one with it.

It was not spring fever, he was with his animator.

And he was happy and filled with joy and screeched and when able to fly when he went to the ship’s hold, stretch out his silver wings and be thankful mankind had advanced so far genetically that he could.

“I am like a bird.”

“You act as a god, his enemies would reply or “Scientists play at God.”

“But there are no more horrid children’s diseases,” his reply and they were silent but plotted behind his back.

Backdrop: Death the conqueror and a funeral procession.

“Perhaps we are higher than the angels but ignorance is suffering and that is darkness and those who have things to hide like darkness,” from The Man vol pp99.

And his enemies appointed Augustus as Pontiff of all Religions and he was amused as he was already ABSOLUTE. It was their hope that “Long live The Man,” would cease to be shouted while the rebellious were crucified.

And The Man did not worship in any temple that gave power to some but worshipped what he knew was good and so earned the name BLASPHEMER.

Such the goings on as Tintagel Tasciovanus the original was sealed into a glass coffin suspended in animated fluids that sparkled with life and light. In a few months time the clone would be serving The Man for already in the vat it was full grown.

New Colour: Brightly lit domes of Vegas Hotel Planet within which eight and twenty layered roads criss crossed and sky scrapers touched almost the dome roofs.

FLASHING NEONS, noise and movement and even nature for bugs lived here too.

Birds of Paradise and house sparrows while ferocious beasts on chains went on patrol with the robotic Vegas Police. And every bank had an outlet here too!

“War,” Zagor Blue Skin said looking out the viewing screen of The Man’s ship at the domes of Vegas.

And The Man knew why war must come here for here was a play room for the powerful and he did not hear their calls of “Bring more slaves,” but heard “Long live

The Man” as a slave was thrown into a bath? He was he 'Who Condemned the Guilty.’

He was coming for the oppressed and to put an end to the flesh and drug markets and those that profited he would send to darkness.

“The Man is here with a vast fleet,” the commandant of the imperial garrison and Posidonius trembled so much he spilt his drink and the young bar attendant hid his smile but slipped away to meet The Man with open arms. Nor did the waitress come back with Posidonius’s supper for she was running telling as many of the oppressed what she heard.

“Where is my supper?” Posidonius screeched but it lay on a kitchen stainless steel table. Only the chefs were there trying to cope with a thousand orders.

And outside the dome a platoon of imperial garrison soldiers looked at the stars from their weather proof uniforms and then deserted.

They remembered The Man’s super market plastic bags with the message stamped on them ‘Send More,’ and the bags remember contained interesting parts of imperial troops.

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The Man watched with the 5 who never left him and accepted that it was their preordained purpose in life to protect and serve him; watched his missiles head towards Vegas’s defences.

“What was that?” Posidonus as the dome he was in shook as it was hit and alarms rang. Now the powerful deserted him heading for the bunkers as decontaminating vacuum hovers above fixed to the ceiling began sucking the air through them to rid it of the outside green mist that made you a mutant.

A pinball machine landed beside Posidonus whose eyes were glued to watching a card table, whole bar, a mirror, small electric tram once used to get from A to B for Vegas was big go out the hole in the roof and dome above him.

And on the other side of the hole The Man and the 5 and his shock troops shut their visors, they were going to war. His ship’s captain flicked a switch and a taped screeching war cry of The Man blasted Vegas.

“This is when The Man hated war for the innocent suffer with the guilty. He knew many he had come to liberate where dying already. But the missiles had stopped, Vegas would be in panic, its imperial garrison he hoped in disarray and the minions of Llatchur too busy stuffing suitcases with loot; then head for a tube lifeboat and escape,” Tintagel the clone.

“War, Mars must be delirious,” The Man.

“We are the 5, The Man’s friends and we are an army, Pyoo-ur the Sister, Red, Hairless and Morair Nobleman,” Zagor feeling the New Saturn 12 vaccines gave them new strength.

And The Man grinned, the 5 were children, innocent naïve mutant creations so could not think badly of them. They were his new friends, luck gad given them to him. Luck had taken away Tintagel the Original, equilibrium was restored.

It was the way of the racing white clouds, of the unspoken powers that drove men to great things.

It was the magic of things, the way it had been and always would.

The air waves heard his screech.

The Man laughed, these mutants would become his bodyguard since they intended sticking to him, and a pity he had not met them earlier or they could have guarded Tintagel.

“Who’s that crazy got with him? More crazies?” An imperial commandant and his men overheard.

And inside many a dome little boys heard and got excited. The legend was here too sort the bad guys out. There would be peace and they wondered who the 5 were and their imaginations blossomed.

Enough to make new space games of The 5 against the mobsters.