

The Man

Who?

An orb of light headed towards Planet Old Earth so fast it was incredulous, it did it by passing through doors that led from one dimension of light to the next and suddenly the orb was hovering in a darkened bedroom; a man and a woman were hoping for a child below it.

“I hope you want a son like me,” A Man Zardok mused inside the orb of light.

“Better hurry,” Nestasha prompted behind him.

“Nesta, better get used to it the human way,” and he quickly joined with Nesta’s orb of light for one last union before?

“Look look, fire flies, how beautiful, I have never seen them before,” the human woman in the bed seeing the sparkling lights from the union of A Man Zardok and Nesta; the last time as orbs of light till she went back to the school A Man Zardok had entered and she would know him as The Man then, and he would be hers again.

And the earth woman’s companion strained his head back and saw little orbs of coloured light in the bedroom.

“The Man,” Nesta whispered to A Man Zardok’s mind for she was in love with him and could not wait till they met again, “I will always be close to you till I am born.”

“It is time, love you to the end and beginning of time till the end and begging again,” The Man and his orb of light that was vibrating faster than the ions about him

went through the earth woman's belly into her womb where an egg had just met a sperm.

"Miss you," Nesta mourned.

"Born Cluny James Smith, Glasgow, Dept. of Europe, United earth, Old Earth, A.D. 50123. Immigrated to Dept. of United States, United Earth, Old Earth A.D. 50143.

First genetic transplants A.D. 50144.

Second genetic transplants A.D. 50145.

Joined Space Foreign Legion A.D. 50146.

Promoted colonel in the field 50148.

Declared Protector of Space Field Army on the field 50149.

Such was the meteoric rise to power of one man of common origin, Cluny James Smith. For war gives the poor the chance to prove their worth and end up KINGS.

Who?

The Man."

Taken from the surfaced chronicles of Tintagel Tasciovanus the Wise Spy. Works written by the original human grown from the foetus of a human mother and not the clone or robot, during the years A.D. 50147>50220.

And on New Jupiter where the clouds come in shades of the gaseous atmosphere, white, yellow, green and red and change their colour pitch as the sun sets and rises and whose six rings leave six illuminated bands on the planet at night and

whose cities are domed, like other planets and contain an earth atmosphere with white Columbus clouds, a nuclear firing ball as a mini sun, fertile soil and Earth germs;

And in the largest dome of Jupitermegapolis is Castle Jupiter, a great gothic folly on a man made mountain of dirt, concrete and steel frames, and home to Aelfric Europe:

“We have fed him a whole vial of Uranus Black Plague and he still lives,” Posidonus a small over fed man with a dyed green Mohican hair cut in an oversized blue silken track suit complained. So smooth the smock his belly button showed as his large round stomach pushed it forward, and his true brown chest hairs showed, for Posidonus was full of FEAR for if he was discovered as a spy he knew what would befall him.

The Man.

Yes The Man would have injected him with a dose of the substance in the vial but in a public execution square with a cloth sign hanging from his neck on his naked body to add humiliation.

“TRAITOR.”

The sign would read.

And Posidonus knew he would take days to die under the two hot suns of New Saturn 12, home planet of The Man and the Dictatorship.

And Posidonus would be dehydrated as the red ravens there urinated in his empty eye sockets after they gad feasted upon them and moved to feed on his slit abdomen.

And he knew the red ravens were not afraid of man and are three times the size of those back on Old Earth.

And Posidonius did put all his trust in his long black haired friend Aelfric that this would never happen to him? He knew Aelfric was the only man alive capable of removing The Man from society and then things would return to the old imperial system where those with wealth

like himself

need not worry and stay awake nights fearing The Man's police knocking at the door.

So Aelfric Europe looked at the little Fourth Secretary to The Man with disgust and was not surprised The Man had survived sixteen previous assassination attempts.

Aelfric had the ugly Posidonius too work with.

"Why does the man deliberately made him self out to be ugly/" Aelfric often thought.

Aelfric did not see Posidonius as a friend but as a tool to an end.

To bring back liberty and freedom of speech and thought and ways.

Aelfric knew why Posidonius had not been beautified with genetic implants like most men, by the masters who wanted youthful virility publicised and who forced it upon billions of their servants, slaves, serfs and contracted labourers so masters would not have to look upon ugly faces.

Posidonius could afford to be ugly. Women and boys he could buy, friends he didn't want for they always asked for loans. So he enjoyed his very large lips to be different and it said something against society.

Posidonus with his green Mohican put FEAR into his victim's by simply being outrageous.

Why Aelfric wished Posidonus was visibly pleasing to look at for he had to look at him often. He must demand Posidonus get genetic implants or else did terminate the relationship.

Now Aelfric waved his ruby encrusted brown gloved right hand and the lone human red head dancer fell flat on her stomach. All knew Aelfric bored easily and then became dangerous.

ALL?

SILENCE of the grave.

For the chamber suit had stopped playing the Nutcracker.

"I am afraid," Posidonus as saliva dribbled from his bright red lips. Posidonus liked to keep in fashion, he liked the brightest of reds and it was fashionable in high society for men to wear cosmetics and fine linens for their silken smoothness.

Aelfric wondered why a man such as The Man kept kept such a Fourth Secretary in employment.

But Posidonus saw the curled lips of Aelfric's and responded, "He cannot silence everyone and alienate himself totally from the upper classes you know? Why my family members have loaned him fortunes to stay in power.

PAUSE.

Besides I get my job done."

And Aelfric thought, “Loans that will take The Man a century to pay back without interest and you will still not be advanced beyond the kitchens. The Man simply doesn’t want your types influencing government, and you don’t have The Man’s intelligence to see it, so fools go ahead and loan your money to your enemy.”

Why Aelfric left it at that, the Fourth Secretary ran the domestic side of The Man’s household and all knew The Man’s tastes thanks to Posidonus and all knew the tastes of Posidonus were different from The Man for he was not into the bizarre.

But Posidonus had a gift with kitchens and ran them well so The Man could ask for a sudden banquet for visiting aliens and get it.

And Posidonus saw Aelfric’s yellow mascara eyes narrow and so became nervous and fidgeted.

Aelfric like anyone else disliked traitors; they might betray you some day.

And it was Aelfric who had spoiled the soft Posidonus to get him to spy on The Man.

And Aelfric grabbed Posidonus by the cheeks and kissed those big red lips.

THEN LAUGHED.

The dancer gave a timid glance.

A moth landed on a harp string.

Not a musician moved.

Aelfric was a dangerous bored man who had experienced ALL life.

And the moth flew on and landed on the dancer's right nipple. It was the bright yellow feathers that passed as clothes on the girl's bosom, rump and other parts that had attracted the insect.

The moth had eggs to lay.

Two minutes later the dancer tried to blow the insect unsuccessfully away.

SHE HAD MOVED.

Guess who noticed.

Aelfric.

And drummed his fingers on his chair resembling a throne.

"Come here," he ordered and the dancer gingerly crawled over to him.

"Kiss my feet," he commanded and his silken red slippers were removed and the act done.

Aelfric craned his neck to see if she had removed any rings from his toes.

He was extremely wealthy and she extremely poor.

"MY feet," he shouted and using them pushed the girl backwards.

Besides him Posidonius no longer afraid for his friend Aelfric was no longer angry at him.

The dancer saw in Aelfric's eyes hate for all life and the hate was directed at her.

"I am contracted to you for one month master," she said in New English which was a mixture of English, Chinese, Russian and Spanish with a smattering of other tongues.

In the last three weeks she had seen horrors in this house and servants with missing limbs who had been sent to Posidonius for correction.

SHE WAS INDEED AFRAID.

“I am aware of madam Butterfly Chou’s contract of employment,” Aelfric.

SILENCE.

“You are mine to bid as I desire for that time; everything I bid, I own you lock stock and barrel girl. Mine mine mine mine mine,” Aelfric was losing it

He was bored, could find nothing more about LIFE to interest him apart from trying to rid society of The Man.

The girl was as if she had become a white grub, a thing to loath and hurt.

“Take her away,” he shouted.

Posidonius brightened and squirmed excitedly as guards resembling newts on hind legs covered in ceramic plated armour approached the girl dancer. Aliens with no sympathy for the human dancer, Aelfric fed them well.

In her eyes was terror directed at Posidonius, of all men to be handed over too

ALL WORKING GIRLS AVOIDED HIM.

They knew the truth about him.

HE WAS WORSE THAN JACK THE RIPPER.

Some said he was as he had been reassembled when cloned.

So great was her fear that she started to scream hysterically.

Aelfric understood and smiled, she was entertaining after all.

Beside him Posidonius's mind was playing doctors but the trouble was, he wasn't a real qualified surgeon?

Never had been.

Maybe there was some truth in the whispers of the working girls, 'Jack the Ripper reassembled.'

Posidonius just always wanted to be a doctor.

And his money made it real without the years of study involved.

And exams.

Money bought Posidonius everything he desired so he couldn't care if he had big red lips with a green Mohican hair cut.

Money counted where it was needed.

And money didn't care what you looked like.

"Thank you Aelfric," Posidonius said rubbing his hands with a low bow and Aelfric was pleased Posidonius knew his grovelling place.

Now Aelfric was alone, it was time to think so he turned up the rose tinted light on the chandeliers above.

His left sparkling jewelled index finger twitched.

Quickly the chamber suit played Swan Lake.

And Aelfric thought of the seventieth way to assassinate The Man rather than what Madam Butterfly Chou's contract said he could do and not do with the dancer.

Compensation would be demanded and paid.

The dancer was just that, a dancer, a no one

In six yellow feathers.

But Aelfric was wrong, there was one who knew LIFE was not boring and he was

The Man.

*

And The Man was young and his once handsome face was scarred for a sword cut ran from his left temple to his right upper lip.

And his left eye was not an eye but a camera lens.

And his left eye had been stabbed out by an assassin's dagger; Aelfric's first assassination attempt.

And unflinching The Man had strangled the assassin as his grey remaining eye focused, such the metal of The Man.

The assassin would not talk anyway; war had hardened The Man and made him a killing machine when required with the mind and reactions of a beast.

And his left hand was gone, blown away in battle and replaced by an eleven fingered electronic hand.

An extra finger allowed one to do wonders.

And his legs were bionic for a tank had crushed the originals he had been born with.

And from his back sprouted silver wings and bulging bird wing muscles interlaced with nuclear mini power plants; thanks to the first genetic implant surgery.

For he was **The Man**.

And most of his body was not his own but machine shop cogs; hydraulic works and regrown shell splintered organs.

He was a soldiers' general and loved by his men for he fought up front with them to the dismay of his staff officers.

And the above was thanks to the second genetic implant.

Now he was mostly bionic and no longer human, *well almost!*

Except his soul and spirit were human and of a divine origin.

And his brown hair was long and a gold head band kept it out of his eyes.

And his remaining grey eye was cold and hard.

But it would twinkle kindness to a child and mischief to a woman.

And his teeth were white and strong and not the originals but grown from implanted genes.

And apart from these wounds he might have been called a handsome man, maybe once, and still was for his face still showed the original gentleness he had been born with. He had no flab and exercised daily for his new body parts demanded it or MALFUNCTION would occur.

And he was a renowned space warrior who would give a screeching war yelp before going into battle and his enemy would become afraid and ask, "What do we fight? A demon or a man?"

"No The Man," he would laugh back.

For he was The Man.

Cluny James Smith.

Dictator.

He who had risen through the imperial war machine in wars against aliens, pirates and rebellious planets and had seized New Saturn 12 as his own declaring himself DICTATOR and enemy of the imperial system. “LET ALL LIFE THAT HATES CORRUPTION COMETH TOI ME AND DRINK FROM THE PURE WATERS OF THOUGHT THAT IS NEW SATURN 12.”

So he started his wars of conquest at the expense of the empire and the Emperor Augustus could not forgive this commoner who was stealing the empire from under his nose.

“1,000,000,000 gold imperial dollars for the dictator’s head,” was Augustus’s reward and answer to The Man.

And The Man lived in Saturnmegapolis that still fabled city of light, masses of shiny stainless steel sky rises that reflect the original two sun’s rays and threw them down upon the teeming streets below. Where the sky is orange three miles up and blue below for massive apparatus pump out Earth’s copied air.

And Planet New Saturn 12 is The Man’s and has 2 types of huge plastic domes, one to contain the pullulated war air in and not the living, and one under which his cities were built. As he said, “Take your recycled air away; give me just air to breath.”

For it was his intention to clean all of New Saturn 12’s air but knew he needed the domes for they were radioactive proof.

And as for Posidonus?

“I have not condemned yet for he will lead me to his paymaster,” The Man.