

The Man

Resurrection

Nesta's diary

"Master it is reported and confirmed the bodies of The Master Priest, Posidonus and Aelfric have vanished," Tintagel the Clone reported to my man and knew immediately who was behind such deeds.

"She will use them as third elements," I said and The Man looked at me knowing I was right.

"Order an attack on General Will's base, Planet Sirius, I knew I should have done this at the beginning, let us hope she is not too strong now?" The Man.

"I accept responsibility," Tintagel.

"For what; one must decide but to dither is to become ill so I weighed the facts and decided wrongly.

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Willmina's diary.

"I wondered why The Man did not attack earlier and glad he did not for waiting my emperor's enemy gave me time to prepare.

It also stops Augustus listening to his male generals that I am a joke for even Augustus sees the attack means The Man has taken me seriously.

I feel no pressure as I feel close to the unseen so have unseen helpers, I call them angels so feel no fear and wish Augustus never did what he did to me, for it reaffirms in the eyes of his generals I am a woman and to be used as one.

Many of my men left my legion after the news broke, but those that stayed respected me more when they heard I cried for it was an order.

“We serve Will not the emperor,” I heard the whispers and hoped my liege Augustus did not hear.

And my men defended themselves against The Man’s attack. It was a great moral booster and my men love me and recruits are going up for news travels fast.”

I have met Posidonius the Clone and know of the evil he is capable of so have secretly established him on New Saturn 12 to work his FEAR. I do not exactly like what he will do, cause FEAR amongst The Man’s citizens, FEAR to walk alone home at night, FEAR when you open the knock at your door, it might be Posidonius not the meter reader.

And Aelfric I have given a complete overhaul and wonder if it is the same robot for I believe cyborgs have souls for they can think and reason and have light in them, energy.

The Master Priest I cloned as well and have set him to work developing a warp engine, for ships to travel at warp speed cutting down travel time so the emperor’s ships may raid and disappear before The Man’s battle wagons arrive.

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Nesta’s diary.

All The Man talks about is this Willmina and I FEAR jealousy will cloud my opinions and so give the wrong advice to the dictator. But the more this imperial

general hurts my man the more he talks of her and I FEAR he will become obsessed, and then what will happen to me?

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Willmina's diary.

My emperor visited my front line base and made sure the press put his picture on the billboards with a telescope viewing The Man's lines so my victories will be seen as his.

He is my emperor and is my duty to serve him.

That is why I lay with him again and feel disgust for my emperor. He no longer is fit to command my loyalty. I had never read The Man and when my emperor returned to his throne I obtained a copy and began to read.

What I read amazed me, but was it all true? Did liberty exist in the dictatorship? I had heard The Man was worse than my emperor, a looter, rapist, murderer and child killer. But my emperor had hurt me twice and I wished he did leave me alone.

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"Posidonus well you have no FRIEND to protect you now, do we?" Aelfric Europe and grinned for the pair of them were in a rented property in new Saturn, smuggled in.

"Aelfric, I am different, what ever the other Posidonus did to annoy you went with him to the clone vats, come let's be friends," and Posidonus offered his hand but Aelfric looked past him at the table where a man lay dissected just alive. Unlike the

clone in front of him Aelfric had a hard drive that remembered everything about the original Posidonus and could see no difference between him and the clone.

S Aelfric took the offered hand and using his new bionic strength squeezed tightly till Posidonus fell to his knees whimpering.

“Nothing changes does it?” Aelfric and let go and wondered off to a hologram fax machine where he spent the next few hours organising a smuggling network into New Saturn 12, smuggling coke sticks and what he was buying from Flesh Markets.

He only stopped when he heard the man on the table give a big gasp and knew he was dead. It was time for a break, humans were all the same, trash, nothing changed, who said leopards change their spots; Aelfric still dreamed of being Absolute and thought General Willmina foolish to repair his circuits and establish him here. He knew he was too work as a third element but he dreamed of expanding his smuggling network across chartered space into Alien Land, especially the Rhegid Empire where a boy ruled, revenge was not the sole property of Madam Chou!

“What would life be without a droid?” Posidonus wondered as a droid disposed of the body in its self and exited the room.

Aelfric looked at Posidonus, what did he do to deserve being housed with him?

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“Please,” the girl begged of The Master Priest, “please,” as he advanced towards her she was forced back onto a work bench, one of several where experiments were carried out and behind her a black board with scribbles and equations on velocity and warp speed.

The Master Priest had got hold of her from the local internet pimp market; she was a Goth so should be ecstatic as she had met a real vampire.

But she wasn't, she could see the demon in front of her disrobing as he advanced, at first she got worked up smoking a coke stick, it made things easier until The Master Priest allowed his fangs to drop out.

Long and sharp hollow needles and when he took her wrist and kissed it she was cool, until he bit and drank. It hurt and she was used to the Gothic vampire scene and a bit of blood drinking, but there was something different here, he was really sucking up her blood non stop; he was getting carried away.

That's when she pulled her wrist away, the bites were deep and she wanted to bandage them to stop the red spread. But The Master Priest had tasted and wanted more and it in his eyes a look of anticipation, of dominance, and the girl saw knew this was no game and edged backwards, "Please."

And he pushed her back so she lay on the bench and he filled his special gut.

"Life is good," he said, "nothing changes."

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"My new general pleases me much," Augustus mused as he headed home in a fast ship. She was so incredibly loyal, incorruptible, naïve, childish but could win battles. In a way he knew she was fighting on the wrong side and when victory was his, he would dispose of her, her ethics were as dangerous as The Man's. Her soldiers he knew were loyal to her not him.

Twice he had forced her to lie down for he was her emperor and enjoyed abusing his position; it was a perk of the job. It tested her loyalty to the limits; it also helped to break down some of those morals she had. A little vice in her would bring her round to the true imperial way of thinking:

HEDONISM.

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“I look out the window sighing for her,” Slow Horse as he looked up at the stars wanting Nesta, the toy in the window he had been denied. Would Santa bring her to him?

“I hear General Willmina is a woman, these humans are crazy letting females do a mans job,” and he looked at her hologram. She was rustic but appealing and in his mind imagined her in his menagerie along with Nesta. “I must get her here; I am an emperor and can get what I want?”

Something’s never change; he was still a naughty boy.