

From the HISTORY OF TIBERIUS and The Triad Faces of Tiberius or often called,
‘The Works of Simon Data Scribe.’

Morag Brown lay thinking on the red air bed while Wayne slept. A nightmare had awoken her; until this trial was over she knew she would have many.

She blamed the general.

Although he wasn't present.....if he wasn't being tried in absence she would never have met

the beast Wayne.

Also the horror stories Dracon was coming up with.

Also Wayne and his Human Dominance Party ideas; frightening, only a tip of himself revealed to her.

Also seen an architect's diorama on the table in front of his bed.....a slaughterhouse.

Brightly painted surrounded with flowering shrubs and a children's park, and since the roof was off she saw beyond the so called reception there weren't rooms the coming quarantined aliens expected, but a killing area where slaughter men waited with stun guns and others to hook the stunned ones up on conveyor belts.

Nothing wasted.....black puddings and brown sauce, fried eggs cool..

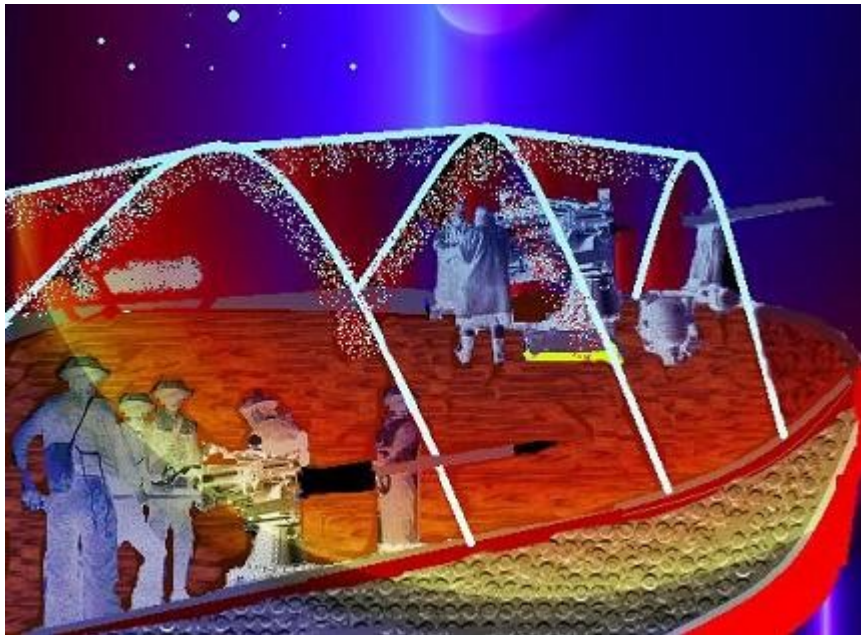
Some aliens gave furs, hides, ivory ornaments.

Some bloods inks in natural colours, also wigs.

Others weren't fit to eat, they went straight to the fertilizer or cat and dog food departments, and others were ended as chops, minced pies.

And Wayne told her, "Prolong the trial, excite the aliens," that was confusing, original orders from THE ELECT was for a quick trial.....THIS WHOLE TRIAL WAS CONFUSING.....THOSE WHO LEAD US INTO WAR DO THAT.

If this dragged on it would lead to an alien war.



54: Medals made men want artificial limbs and why mothers only understood WAR. They were the ones who carried sons in their bellies and went through the hell of childbirth.

Didn't Napoleon understand this and he personally designed his soldiers glitzy uniforms to attract recruits; what day dreamers of artificial glory.

And she knew that was what the Human Dominance Party wanted; an excuse to invade planets like Tagget; had plenty and after what Dracon was saying, the press were demanding it happen.

“Send in Human troops too protect the missionaries and miners.”

And that Intergalactic newsman, his manner was disturbing. He had looked at her as if he knew her intimately, who the hell was he? She would check his name later if she got a chance.

The man was mentally knowing her in the perverse ways of Wayne, how?

So she examined herself in Wayne’s mirror, her chest showed his bruises.

It would heal in a matter of hours after she took a stem pill that made cells repair.

Oh lots of her wanted away from Wayne; the question was would he allow her to go alive?

And the part that had drawn her to Wayne, that bit wanting dominated by a macho man.....what do women think?

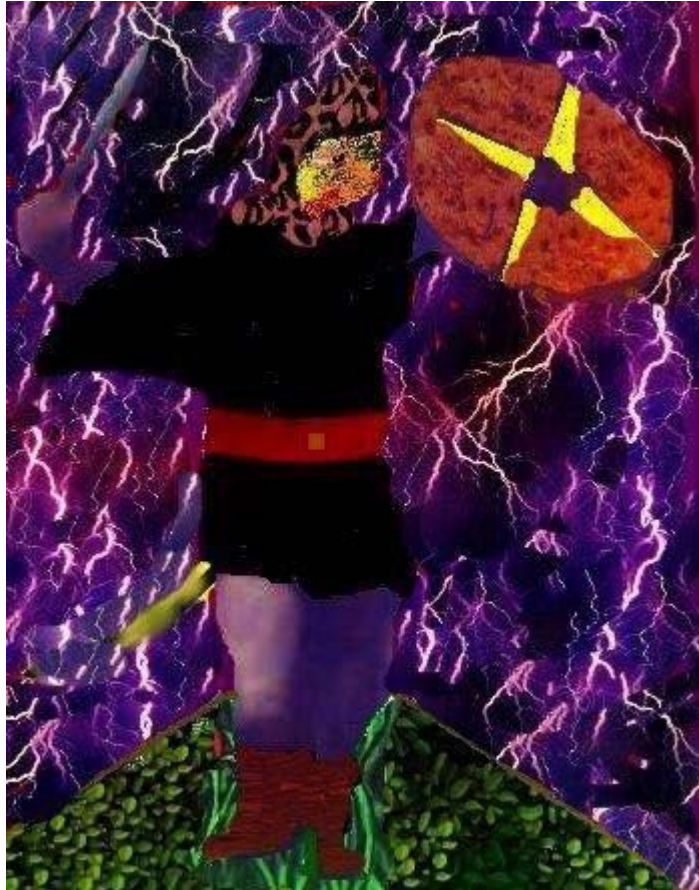
Was satisfied, why her man was the most powerful man in space and no one had better forget it.

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“The general, he starts training sun worshipers in the use of modern weapons captured from Hagar and Harkos.

These Taggetians still thought battles where fought between thousands on orange sand, chariots, cavalry, pike men. Phalanxes all hacking away at each other till none left

to chop up; oh yeah, the general had it easy, just waded in blazing modern weapons and the battle ended.



55: A sun warrior

Sometimes you got one Taggetian with a mind, like King Hagar who flanks a lot and knows human weaponry isn't the magic of gods and gets hold of them for his own troops. Well so does the general, and his problem is to teach these primitive copper age people that you can't have thousands of troops fighting the old way with axes.

Do that and you die.

Them enemies that don't grasp it Hagar slaughters in battle, takes over their cantons and feeds the ants well.

Then again why not? To the victor belong the spoils? Let them blow themselves into slithers, soon wouldn't be any snakes left. Is depopulating the planet in time, open for human colonization?

What do you think pretty lady?" Dracon.

D.A. Morag Brown. "We are not hear to be lectured on the finer points of genocide," she applied for censoring but Wayne refused and she saw his annoyance. After that she swore never to open her silly mouth like that in his presence.

Zane Cameron. Had been contemplating suicide, but not now, realized life continued elsewhere. Old green toxic Earth wasn't the 'BE AND END ALL IN LIFE.' There was always fresh starts elsewhere if he could pluck up the energy to break the mental barriers that held him addicted to Earth.

WHAT HE KNEW

ALWAYS AN EXCUSE NOT TO GO.

Suicide wasn't worth it.

Wayne Haslam the Grand Consul of the ELECT wanted the trial to go down the slippery path to war.....we can all see that.

Both lawyers could see the aliens amongst the ELECT squirming in their seats, dissatisfied with the way the trail was being handled.

More Dracon:

“Ino she comes and sees Simon and tells him to tell the general a ship load of missionaries has been taken prisoner by Lord Harkos, that crocodile brother to Hagar.

Held in his Fort of Sand the southern gateway to the orange desert and his rich farming lands.



56: The domes kept the lighting storms away from crops surrounding Southern Fortress

“I suppose you will want to rescue them?” Ino asked me with Simon hovering in a red smock behind.

Well I was seated minding my business, eating snake in a hot sauce waiting for the general to make an appearance out of Morgan's cell."

Zane Cameron. "What do you mean cell?"

Morag Brown. "What do you mean eating snake?"

Dracon's reply. "We were humans, not fit to live amongst decent Taggetian folk. I'll tell you this for free; if a Taggetian approached us we had to side step off the blue paved sandstone they called walkways.

Not them that ended standing in donkey droppings or that blasted orange sand that was alive with poisonous insects. No, us humans because they saw us as second class. Fodder, you could see it was in their eyes, "What do you taste like?"

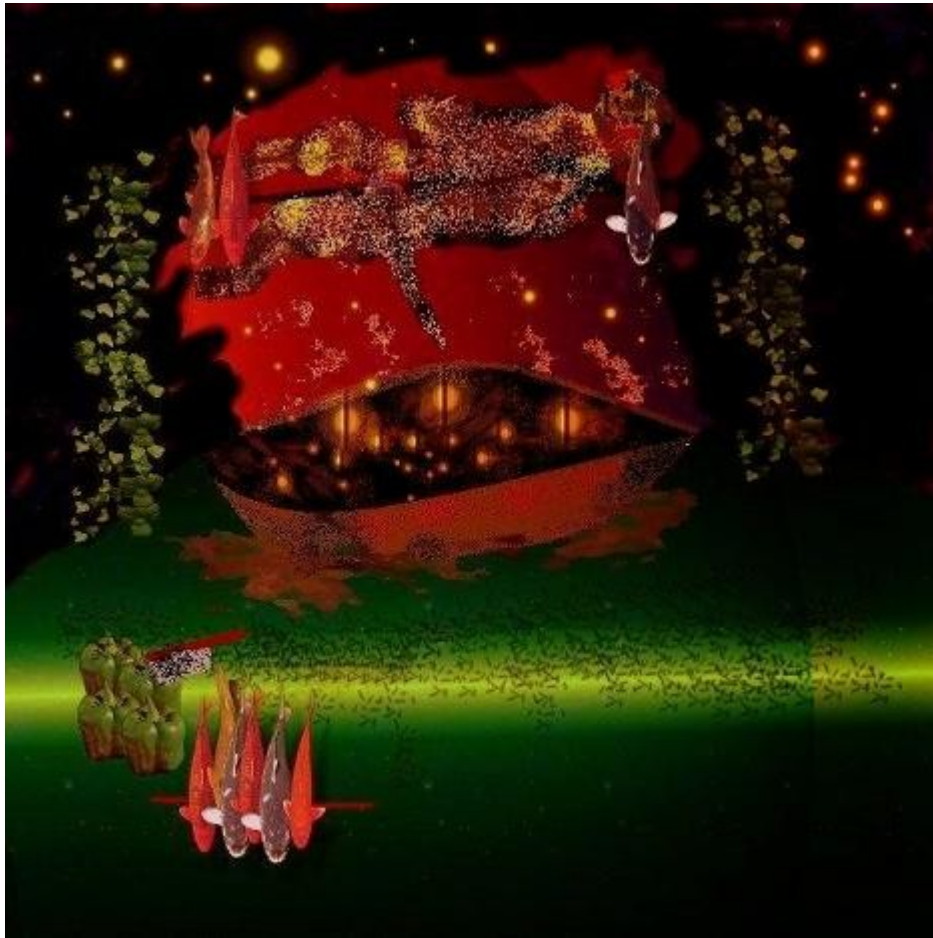
So when a hero is killed they eat him thinking his bravery passes on to the diners. Developed out of trophy collecting.....chopping their enemies heads off to make sure the soul was trapped inside and not free to seek revenge.

That's how it started, sort of developed into cannibalism, starting eating P.O.W.'s, sort of an insult. "You will be dung," is a great insult to a snake.

Like they tell their dead ones, them under the red square, those ones that didn't allow themselves to get killed in battle....."You are for the chop and wok..... (Dracon thought this very funny).....fat ones go first.

These snakes don't like fat people, put taboos about it. Eat them first, snake fat tastes like barbecue sauce, so they marinate the meat in the fat. So when they offered me snake I ate it.

Guess curiosity got the better of me and you know what? They taste just like snake you eat in them oriental restaurants, like chicken.....mighty delicious whoever it was."



57:Suckling snake and fish, in cranberry paste

There was a general uproar amongst the alien ELECT and their human supporters demanding the immediate TERMINATION of Sergeant Dracon Polanski.

And the black rats under Dracon's seat weren't excited and moved away from his seat. They had learned from past experience that when the chair sizzled with blue light, dinner fell amongst them when there was an excited uproar.

Besides all the rats knew to get greedy and get to close meant you became a quick fry up to your cousins?

And another reason they weren't excited was that a virus was dissolving them into furry slime balls.

"Silence," Wayne boomed and backing him was the tribune of the Elects Praetorian Guard marching in with a cohort.

Morag panicked and fell so she knelt huddling her head in Dracon's lap who crooned sympathy....Morag was expecting the start of the war...he was expecting also.

And there was one all mighty FIREFIGHT.

And Morag knew why Wayne wanted the aliens worked up.....got an excuse to thin their ranks, after all these were the ELECT of their species'.

And the tribune and her ELECT cohort lay dead amongst dead ELECT, under and on top of blasted chairs or splattered across walls where they had been blown.

And Macpherson watched

As they beat the aliens

And their human sympathizers that were still alive.....beat into shapeless forms so



58: They came out of the multi coloured lights so were hidden in the glow so were victorious, besides everyone knew aliens couldn't fight.

that they ceased to groan and moan and

their mamma's and papa's wouldn't recognize them.

Just to make sure they were dead and were part of The Human Dominance Party belief in how you treat an alien.

"You will listen to what happened to the missionaries," Wayne demanded going purple in the face and his eyes, they were sort of bulging.

But all knew what happened five years ago.

They were more interested in what was happening now. Wayne had just taken over the ELECT.

Forcing them to watch his excuse why he had just started WAR. History needed to justify his actions and if not history could be rewritten?

So on orders the nurse in the white body stocking gave Dracon another 5ml of the thick stuff.....ZENITH. He was looking forward to that injection. ZENITH was addictive but no one cared as the CONDEMNED wasn't going anywhere but to the black rats below, the sewer underneath and the sewage plants that provided fertilizer for Earth's vast ranches that the ELECT owned.

SILENCE.

Now Dracon speaks: "I could see Ino wasn't happy about Tiberius spending a lot of time with Morgan. SHE WAS JEALOUS, beat all doesn't it, a snake jealous?

Well I wasn't interrupting the general's pleasures. No one asked them missionaries to come knocking on Taggetian doors? When the general goes and rescues them, then he goes?

Me I did prefer to stay behind and not risk getting killed for them 'Pearly folk,' but I know I will have too because the general will.

Well, Ino just had the gray cell door busted and stands there while Morgan runs about embarrassed, flesh naked, but Tiberius just lies under a yellow and black checkered snake scale

blanket.....waiting for Ino to clear off.....and she did, stamp=ping her feet and slamming the door remains shut.....and they went and fell off.

Well the general had his orders, to go to her war room and get instructions to rescue them missionaries. Ino wanted to look good on human media, get human backing.

Human backing for what?

To be ruler of all Tagget with a human army propping her up. So I figure me and the general haven't done any wrong? Are we the advance guard of the human Elect?

PAUSE.

Or should I say Wayne's?

This time silence amongst the ELECT because troops of General Constantine Macpherson stood amongst the living
and the dead.

Zane Cameron applauded his client.

Morag Brown was scared.

Dracon continued....."The general he and Morgan gather together a raiding force and decide to pay Harkos a full moon visit.

You see, these sun worshipers also have a moon religion when every full moon all snakes reaching puberty roll about the orange sand under the watchful eyes of the moon priestesses. They line them up and the woman chose. Any snakes, eh sorry, Taggetians hatching from these couplings become moon warriors. That's if they are male, you want to know what happens to the females?

The ELECT were SILENT.

General Macpherson's cohort had brought order with their stun sticks to the remaining aliens. And to demonstrate one alien ELECT had been removed forcefully. Later his broken body would be found in the back of a furniture removal lorry under stacked beds.



Illustration 59: Humans saw Taggetians as snakes so must make babies as snakes in human zoos, in fish tanks with ogling humans licking ice lollies.

“They become moon priestesses, lesbians and the prettiest from a core about the High Priestess of the Moon.

Once a year she couples with a snake, err man snake thing; the most handsome virgin is chosen. It has to do with the fertility of the moon.

If she doesn't get pregnant, they eat him. He isn't any good like a brown spot on a potato.

All done in secret.

Of course no decent Taggetian believes there is a moon goddess sitting on a throne on the chief moon,” Dracon and he added “smart boys learn a snake woman's fertility cycle to avoid being a failure.”

Morag Brown. “Why don’t they believe any more?”

Reply. “We humans brought them into the modern world.

PAUSE.

(Dracon decides it is safe to continue his story. He likes the way the ELECT hang onto his every word. They have too; those that fidget receive many batons.)

Lot of moon priestesses found these days cut up. Those boys wanting revenge see...
...we humans taught them didn’t we?

PAUSE.

So we visit Harkos”.....here the data tape of Simon takes over.....”The fort of the Mighty Lord Harkos was made of yellow stone with stained glass windows. Harkos might have been the butcher’s brother but he was a patron of the arts. By Taggetian standards he was refined, cultured, and merciful.”

“Gad general, we aren’t really going in there is we?” I Dracon had asked.

Dotted about the orange desert and the blue grass irrigated fields around the yellow fort were heads sticking out of the ground.

Some just bleached skulls, some insects feeding on them, and a few screamed at the scavengers that were too impatient for their dinners.

“The place looks heavily defended,” Morgan voicing her men’s worries.

They didn’t want too cross that cemetery.

Then a live body is carried past us on an army of ants. The mercenaries look sick, but the ants have chewed her open.

So Tiberius cuts the snake head of her body as an act of mercy.

Is he merciful?

I get the feeling the likes of Planet Tagget has never been encountered by any of these human warriors.

And Tiberius looks behind down his side of the orange sandy ridge.

A smile crosses his peeling sun dried lips for Ino sits on a gray humpback, too proud to dismount and lie flat with her peasant warriors and behind her stood her escort, their black shields polished.

Anyone on the yellow Fort of Sand we see them.

“Leave her alone Tiberius,” Morgan advised.

And Tiberius looked back at the fort the element of surprise gone now and says, “We strike tonight,” changing the subject.

And leaving a look out the little group went down and saw to preparations for the assault.

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“I was not a happy man; do I have human permission to call myself a man? Anyway I Simon thought it a bit much that Ino ordered me to ‘Stick to Tiberius like paste.’ Which meant follow him into battle?

I am a scribe,” I protested and she gave me a sun warrior’s black chest armor.

And I saw the amusing look in Tiberius’s eyes as I put it over my blue smock.

“Those stars on your frilly dress will show up as nice targets frog,.” one of the alien mercenaries joked about my fashion, pink lots nice on frogs at the moment.

“Never mind him, just mind me and the general,” Dracon said taking me away to darken my printed smock. At times Dracon could be sympathetic and I learned he was



Illustration 60: Simon Data Scribe was all MAN as well as a pink amphibian.

not as evil as he made himself out. I often saw him with snake children on his knees as he talked away with them.

HOUR AFTER HOUR.

DAY AFTER DAY.

WEEK AFTER WEEK.

MONTH AFTER MONTH,

THE MAN WAS FULL OF FASCINATING TALES TO SPELL BIND CHILDREN.

It takes a special type of person to listen to little people. Seeing him thus gave me an insight into Tiberius as well. If Tiberius was as cruel as his opponents said he was?

Would he have Dracon Polanski the Child's friend as his friend would he?

And night fell and Ino rode her gray humpback over to Tiberius.

“Bring me back prisoners Tiberius.”

I knew why she wanted them, the mid summer sun solace was approaching, sacrifices were needed. If prisoners weren't at hand, then Ino would ask for volunteers from her faithful.

The dungeons did not hold enough.

Of course some would stand forward, and just what was the point then pf careful strategy to keep casualties down amongst our snake warrior allies when they just sought death?

Fortunately the sun religion demands large families.

Tagget lacks arable land and snakes like Harkos and his irrigated fields.

Note ZX.....To swell the depleted ranks of the sun and moon regiments, to provide priestesses and ultimately self sacrifices.

Tagget society is divided into these classes as well. Most free women don't exist, they are usually priestesses, so you see, and a man is warrior, a woman priestess and the priestess's couple with warriors to provide more of note ZX.

God Ceugant Dana is more apt to listen to prayers if a person is sacrificed than a bullock.

Yes Tiberius read her wrong; he thought she was asking him to be merciful.

He was speaking to a snake, a female variety of King Cobra, one that eats other snakes.

Then Ino gave Tiberius a Taggetian white primrose from her floral head band. A fertility sign, she was in heat, willing to couple and she had chosen one with the flower.

Why Tiberius, his strength and reputation would go into her and all would know and her enemies flee from her.

And as for Morgan, I saw the jealous look in her eyes. But what could she do?

Tiberius and Morgan both had other partners but not usually when present on the same planet?

200123 A.D.

:”Dracon you’re a luminous were creature, a nightmare come true. A blade that knows no conscience,” these words passed my mouth as I watched Dracon Polanski sneak up to two ‘snake’ guards outside the fort.

And silently deposed.

And one minute Tiberius the general was beside me and the next at the fort gate alone.

I looked at Morgan wondering why she hadn’t followed. She tried to pull me down as I rose to follow. Panic took hold of me, what had they planned that I couldn’t witness?

Worse what was planned for me?

Worse Ino would turn me into a pink lamp shade as I had been told to be like paste?

I RAN ON.

Skirted a broken down imported Ford Tractor that no one knew how to mend...
..disturbed the nesting quail there.....stood on a batch of turquoise Sky Lark eggs...
.jumped over two dead guards.....not failing to see their staring eyes nor stand in the
congealing mess that was blood and was shocked to see they were young boys.

And none of this need have happened? What were Hagar and Harkos coming too to
sacrifice youth for their own needs>

Entered those deserted gates and stopped in the center of the square looking for the
general.

“What do we have here?”

I am scribe not warrior so, can be excused for jumping out of my porous pink frog
skin.

I felt my legs weaken as I looked into the face of a Taggetian snake officer. See my
world calls Taggetian SNAKES too. God knows why when our common enemy is you
lot.

And the next I knew was cheese wire dropping over his head and he died.

Immediately I was showered in blood and my adrenalin was rushing....I, was
excited....WAR.

“Sssssssssss,” Dracon and I stepping over a loose head following him to the general
who was planting Semtex charges against barrack copper doors.

“Lie down,” Dracon pushing me down flat.

I couldn't believe no one had not come out to welcome us Harkos's way. They must have seen Ino displaying herself on her gray humpback and then it dawned upon me... ..they did not have any sun vaccine as Ino had given her warriors and no snake would be manning the walls in the sun shine would they.

No snake in their right minds would cross the orange desert and attack this strong fort. They just hadn't seen us well well well...

These arrogant warriors were behind those copper doors playing dice and priestesses.

ARROGANCE.

A common failing amongst aliens and humans indicating a common creator?

And Ino had not told Tiberius she had a vaccine, bought at a price from that vile human who had landed in the western hemisphere.

Although Tiberius knew there was something different with her and her men,

SNAKES DON'T COME OUT IN THE NOON DAY SUN.

Anyway.....red ants stirred a foot from me smelling the blood of the snake on me.

Also blue flies came eager to lay their young. Deftly I tried to rid myself of them while I watched the general return to the gate.

Dracon beside me.

My torturer forcing me down and the insects were upon me and being of amphibian ancestry I fought hard not to eat them.

I am Simon, alien and deserve respect.

NOW MANY FIREBALLS.

Raining door chunks, plaster, straw beds, torsos....their mothers wouldn't recognize them.

WAR.

The fort now awoke and snakes ran out to be met by Morgan and to her men.

SLAUGHTER.

Most of the snakes were not armed with modern weapons but with pikes, bows, spears and their famous short sword.



61: A brave Sun Snake Pike man whose religion made him fearless

Does that mean Tiberius's party will boo them away? Not at all, these snake warriors were out to kill: there were many opposites to the red tiled square of Ino's with a dungeon below.

Anyway:

“We will rescue the missionaries and head home,” the general so calmly you did think he was off to a picnic?

A black owl hooted, awoken swallows flew overhead, purple bats darted amongst us and every known beast protested at the rude disturbance of the night their blanket.

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“The general must have taught Dracon his evil ways,” Simon, for we were in the officers mess.

Lord Harkos was absent, but the governor of the fort was being shielded behind a junior officer and two troopers.

“Get back,” Dracon shoving us out of harm’s way as we tried entering the mess as two copper headed spears thudded into the doors.

“The officer has a laser pistol, must be imported,” Dracon hissed his warning.

So the general’s answer was to toss a green grenade in.

There was a BANG and body parts flew past us and then the horrid groaning.

Then Dracon went in and the governor was still alive under his snake shield that had tried to cling to him to save him.

“Shoot me so I can have a warrior’s death,” the snake hissed at Dracon.

He was asking the wrong human so he got shoot.

It was the soldier’s way of Tagget.

But not to end the governor’s disgrace but to start it.

Dracon had shot him in his right foot.

“Where are the human missionaries?” The general asked.

“They are not here.”

So Dracon shot him higher up the limb.

The governor had forgotten an important lesson, ‘The only good alien is a dead one,’ quoted from Wayne’s ‘The Book.’

“Where are they?” Tiberius asked again.

“Have mercy,” the governor begged, “King Hagar will impale me if I give them too you,” he cried desperately as his broken limb was prodded by Dracon, after all he was only playing with dinner covered in a hot sauce.

At this point Tiberius looked at Dracon and myself, “And if Ino gets the missionaries first?” For Ino had sent in her warriors to help Morgan’s men attack. The fall of the fort was eminent now as we could hear them going insane on the other side of the broken stained glass window, taking trophies.....all thought of sacrifice forgotten.

Later I learned that Morgan and her band had stood idly by taking no part in the murdering, allowing pleading snakes into their circle for protection.

These Taggetians would now call The Dead, like those under the red tiled square in the Sun Cathedral. They had not fought till death, had thrown down their copper weapons pleading for their LIFES.

Also Morgan disgusted, gutted a too enthusiastic Ino sun warrior who got through their protective circle.

Her men tossed him out as a warning.

None would notice an extra body anyway.

“We will find them,” Tiberius told the governor.

“I plead for my life, don’t let Ino take me,” the governor.

“Becoming human after all?” Dracon joked and helping the governor up he led us to a wall covering where he pressed the eyes on a painting so a panel opened; and he led the way down to a dungeon below.

I Simon looked at the governor who was bleeding to death and wondered if they would treat a human governor in this way? Probably, Tiberius and Dracon were cold blooded murderers.

BUT THIS WAS WAR.....THIS WAS THE GOVERNOR WHO HAD littered the orange sands outside with heads.

So he deserved to die.

We should have given him to Ino too play with.

So.....the dungeon was deserted apart from the dead and multicolored Taggetian rats that fled from us.

Ino had beaten us here.

And the dead were chained missionaries hanging from wall chains.

Their eyes dangling from nerves down cut cheeks.

Their bones broken stinking from their limbs.

Their pink tongues lying at their feet.

The women and men burned inside by hot pokers.

MUST I GO ON.....WAR.....and who had ordered it? The God of war or thinking beings?

“Lord Harkos would never do this? His brother Hagar was responsible,” I Simon tried to protest and protect Harkos the gentle one.

“Yes yes Hagar left orders. Harkos went to play in his fields, Hagar did this,” the governor coughed.

And the human came out in Tiberius for he spat in the governor’s face and led us into the now deserted square.

Dracon dragging the semi conscious governor.

A make shift tunicate had loosened.

The governor’s blood was leaving him not that anyone seemed to notice?

Well Dracon wasn’t making an effort to tighten it.

Blooming alien haters.

Actually neither did, Simon.

Certainly the general didn’t mind if the governor died.

“We go,” Ino shouted at Tiberius and her sun warriors, many hundreds of them now surrounded us and hurried the missionaries she had out into the orange desert through ripe red Taggetian corn, smashing irrigation pipes and destroying destroying destroying.

The escaped water drowning yellow moles, blue field mice and bugs.

And we followed.

Behind Morgan and her men who carried their wounded and dead. There was no dying as if what could be called medics, men with a basic knowledge of sticking an injection into you got to you, that is before you expired, you lived..

And we skirted an open cast diamond mine, deserted by humans who had flooded it when they hit the water shed, now the home of bloated floating humpbacks that had been ignorant enough to drink from its toxic waters.

So much water and not a pond weed growing.....the place was death.

We must have been half a mile away when the fort magazine blew apart. I knew Lord Harkos would rent his clothes over the loss of his trampled blue red fields than the imported Earth weapons and burning of his fort.



Illustration 62: Taggetian dead.

“I like you Tiberius,” Ino.

There was still the promise of love on her purple lips.

Slowly Morgan and her men circled their own prisoners, those who had surrendered asking LIFE.

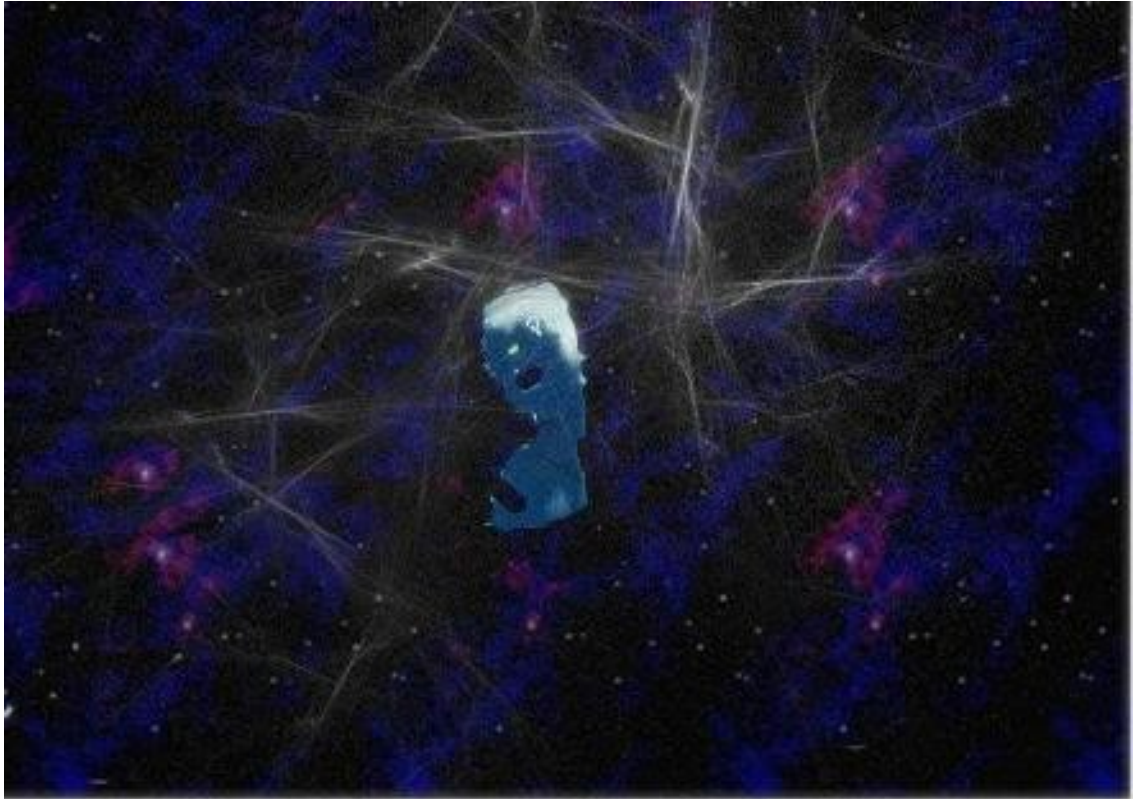


Illustration 63: Life, a spirit waiting to be born into a Taggetian snake family

The creator's most precious gift to us all.

Slowly hundreds of sun warriors circled them.

Tension was growing; I could feel static off others, so much my amphibian red skin hair shot upright.

It was now up to Tiberius and Ino whether we lived or died.

"Tiberius, the summer solace is upon us. This female will gut us like pigs of our offal, and then stake us out so our meat is a clean offering to the 8 suns Ceugant Dana above.

Give us mercy Tiberius,” the governor managed to plead.

“Look a hero,” and the governor looked up and Tiberius cut his throat.

Mercy granted to the living for we did not want to die for the likes of this murderer.

Tiberius had remembered the dungeon and hanging missionaries.

SILENCE apart from gurgling and hand movements trying to hold back a gushing fluid.

If you listen hands make the air whisper.

“I want the rest though,” Ino was amused.

The rest she did not get for these thirty knelt with eyes to the mother goddess Tagget awaiting mercy from Morgan.

Ino must have given the signal for a copper headed arrow sang its flight path and stuck in an alien mercenary’s neck who

Jerked his life away on the orange sand before off worlders medic soldier could help.

No one saw who sent the arrow, but we all saw Ino’s warriors smirking.....therefore

Tiberius

Shot the nearest sun warrior dead.

He pumped six bullets into the man and calmly reloaded, then smiled at the rest of them.

The smirks were now gone.



64: Yes Ino expected men to literally die for her especially her governors.

And the mercenaries knew Tiberius he who made them swear loyalty had dispensed justice. The slate between them was clean, he would protect their interests; they would give him no more trouble.

EQUILIBRIUM HAD BEEN RESTORED BEWTEEM THEM.

IT WAS THE WAY OF THE SOLDIER.

SILENCE.....a stand off, then Morgan took things in hand by telling the prisoners to run.....and they did.

They were 'The Dead' anyway.

They got maybe a hundred yards into a herd of orange desert sand mongooses that went crazy trying to run back into their burrows.

Another hundred yards and the chasing sun warriors had them, poking, stabbing, hacking till none remained alive for blood lust was upon them.

This Ino was cheated of her solar sun sacrifices.

The sun Ceugant Dana who had eight personalities for each of the 8 suns would not be happy.

Only six resigned prisoners Ino had herself....not enough to stop chaos overcome order. Ceugant Dana needed lives for strength to keep back darkness, needed blood to keep the 8 suns orbiting.

Equilibrium was at stake.

Ino was defeated, how she ached to order her archers to fire, but her warriors were squabbling amongst themselves as they cut trophies and robbed the corpses.

Besides, Tiberius his cartridge pistol was leveled at Ino.

She knew he would kill her and be damned.

The promise of her purple lips wasn't enough.

"Let's go home Tiberius," Ino and rode off with the human missionaries. In her head was anger over being bettered by a man, and worse an off worlder, General Tiberius Grant.

She did not JUST offer herself to anyone....snake warriors became willing sacrifices JUST for the pleasure of pleasing her.

But they had been indoctrinated from childhood to be sacrifices in one way or another; on a temple alter, in battle, as farm laborers working long hours, as workers, as the play things of priestesses and that Ino owned them.



Illustration 65: Religions demand sacrifices to restore equilibrium; just look at stars here swirling God knows where?

The pleasure to please her,

She the chosen of Ceugant Dana.

AND TIBERIUS GRANT HAD IGNORED.

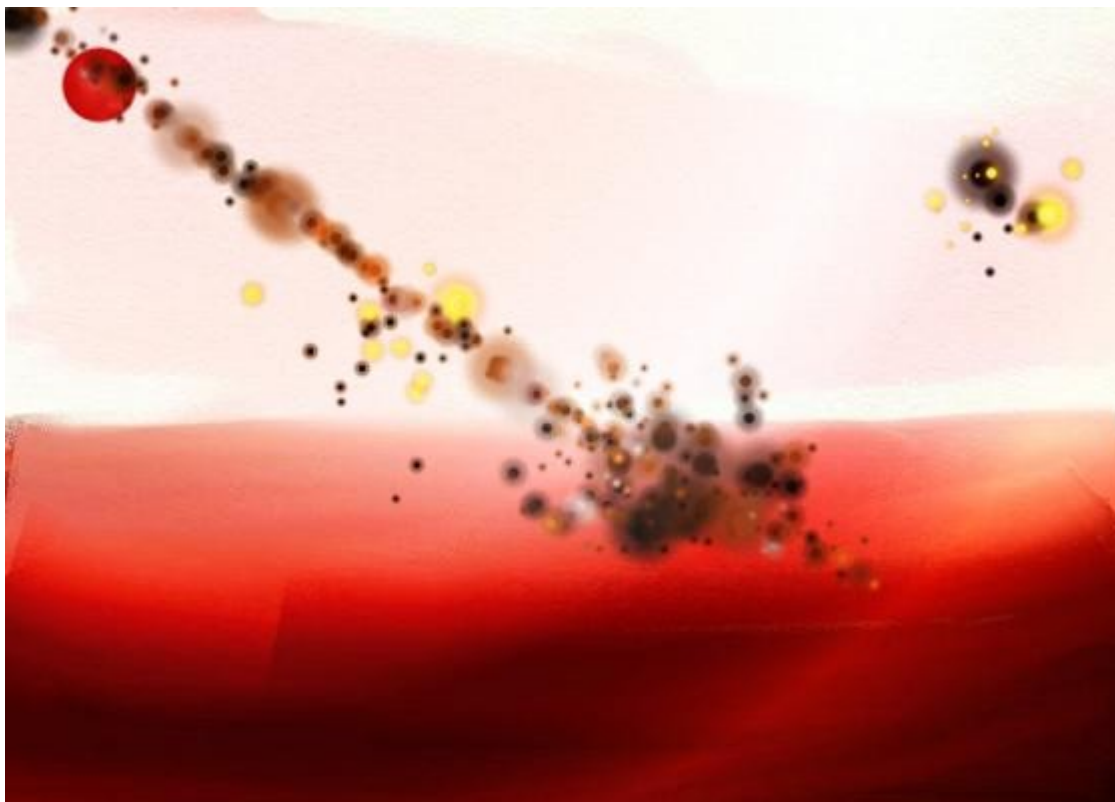
And I was amazed I was still alive.”

Simon Data Scribe.

SILENCE....even the alien ELECT were cowed by the story of butchery by aliens towards aliens. Grand Consul Wayne had won; aliens were not fit to rule them selves.

The remaining live human ELECT would back Wayne when he made his final move for
Human Party Dominance.

“WE DEMAND WAR,”the papers would print.



*Illustration 66: The orange sand of Planet Tagget had turned red with soldier's blood;
it was their time to die.*