

## Tiberius

## King of Tagget

**From the History of Tiberius, author Dracon Polanski, and The Triad Faces of Tiberius, author Simon Data Scribe.**

Gentle Harkos, Lord of East Field was afraid of his brother and stood alone in a sun warrior's black armor looking north towards the Ziggurat of Cathedral of the Sun where he hoped it should be.

He had no illusions about what was to happen to him.

DEATH.

Then Hagar would inherit the Canton of East Field, lands and cities for Hagar needed those extra troops and Tagget would double in size, and look good on a map, the Canton of Tagget.



*Illustration 74: Old human cloth map of Tagget City and irrigated East Fields in east.*

A match for The Medic when he came.

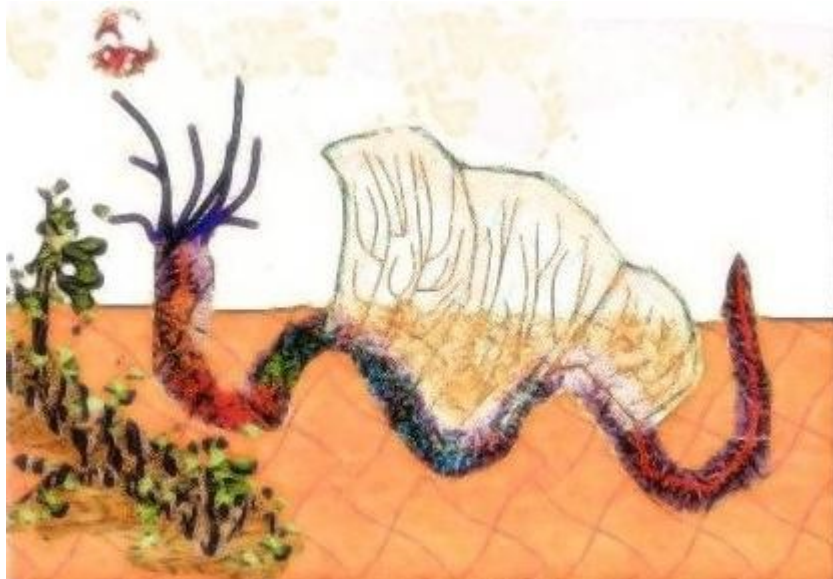
And the alien copper age mind of Hagar had not grasped the fact that it was 200123 A.D. and the universe was much larger than he grasped.

“Hagar the murderer,” Harkos spat forcing legs to move disturbing green sweat flies drinking on them.

And never noticed the mosquito bite him or bot fly eggs activated by his body heat hatch or saw them tunneling his skin for a fleshy meal.

Harkos was flustered and a meal.

And a light blue wind slug trailing his body heat saved him from the humpback shepherds that were also trailing him.



*Illustration 75: The wind slug used the wind to get about places; places where you where having afternoon tiffin.*

HOW?

The slugs where here a million years earlier, the shepherds nine thousand years.

One is never completely alone.

Harkos had the warm desert wind in front. Wrinkling his nose he turned and saw the moving shadow coming fast; the huge yellow dorsal fin of the slug catching the wind like a rudder and sail.

Criss crossing sand towards him.

Then it stopped for three minutes.

It had found a side winder.

That wasn't enough to appease its hunger.

It knew Harkos was main course.

Now Harkos had seen a dead slug, eaten one too; and knew in that mouth existed thousands of tiny yellow teeth that would chew him up good so the purple proboscis tongue could then suck him up more easily.

Now Harkos ran;

Ran off an orange dune somersaulting gyrating crashing into a grey shingle bed at the bottom.

Cutting head and soft tunic, denting badly his black copper armor, all things that would save his life.

The wind slug slid over its white slime down upon him.

Poor Harkos couldn't scream another thing that saved his life.

Now he drew his copper sword scrambling to his feet and in blind terror threw it so the blade stuck fast in the right gill.

The odds that he could throw a blade and strike blade first were thirty to one?

Then he ran twisting both ankles in the soft sand falling flat.

Another thing that saved his life for shepherd arrows and spears whizzed overhead killing the slug.

Snakes the slugs only enemy.

“A brave warrior, see he fought the monster with only a sword at close combat, see his sword in its gill,” one shepherd said.

“Yes he has seen combat, see his dented armor and torn clothes, a brave sun warrior, let us honor him,” another.

“He did not scream in fear, truly a brave man,” another for Taggetians respected brave men who knew how to die and not be called “Dead Men” and be sacrificed under a priestesses blade.

“He is indeed! A sun warrior who wears Ino’s escort blue ribbon about his neck. A hero?” Another warrior and helped Harkos and saw to his aches and took him to Ino.

Now half a mile away the litter of the slug waited in a burnt out modern scout car; compliments of human miners and Ino’s warriors.

Unfortunately the litter would become food for the red ants, it was the way.

\*

And Tiberius did not take Morgan’s advice and was now alone with the snake priestess. He had entered the nest of a female King Cobra and she was out to make the best of her chances with Tiberius.



*Illustration 76: I eat other snakes.*

Why the air was heavily perfumed while soft intimate wear lay scattered  
deliberately *for Ino was an orderly person!*

“Tiberius you know I am wanting you,” Ino sliding a hand over his belly.

Oh Tiberius knew, knew also he was attracted to her. He had tried to ignore her by  
studying a diorama of Tagget Canton.

So Ino did what any woman would do and pressed her body against him.

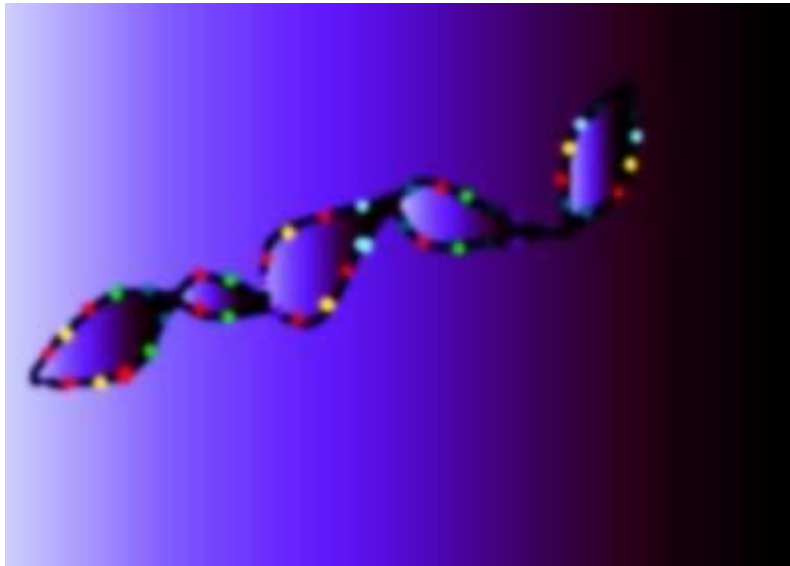
Now all he could smell was her womanhood.

And knew lust was winning, but also thought of Morgan whom he had seen a lot of  
lately. It was always the same every time he teamed up with Morgan, he wouldn't have  
any other woman to start with, but then lust always won; and Morgan wasn't here to  
make sure he stayed faithful to her. Besides, he and Morgan went back a long ways;  
they had many lovers so why was Morgan so against this beautiful snake?

But it was the way of 200123.

And 200124 and for the last 187000 years prolific mating had been the way....the gene pool demanded it.

Toxic wastes rendered human fertility unhealthy, therefore the healthy were given license to procreate at will....their genes where needed.



*Illustration 77: DNA, at death chromosomes unwind and give out light; perhaps this light is a duplicate of the DNA and build a new body of light?*

All they had done was return back to nature's basic laws; the strong had many, the weak none or few.

In fact Tiberius had been thinking lately that Morgan seemed to be almost on every planet he visited; chasing him and he was pleased for he liked Morgan to frolic.

But at the same time Tiberius was growing suspicious of Morgan's intentions. Talk of settling down, getting too old for war, maybe having babes was cropping up always.

If she wanted to create new life fine, but she could not expect him to settle. One parenthood was the way, abortions a thing of the past unless someone was doing it out of malice.

Healthy life was precious.

Tiberius was afraid although the idea of having kids was appealing, but knew it would be wrong to saddle them with a father like himself.

#### A WANTED MAN ON A HUNDRED WORLDS.

Pick up a history book and he is mentioned.....mercenary, war lord, blood letter, gun running womanizer, drunk, known heterosexual, never lost a war, a man of his word, a just military ruler. Nothing really good for any kid to brag.

And he didn't like the idea of starting to be faithful to Morgan, of only having one woman. It scared him witless, made him see himself setting up home with Morgan. As what? He was unskilled at all things except women and war.

And his mind deliberately did not mention to itself his many bank accounts that Dracon kept for them both.

But instead his mind joked toying with ideas like he could sweep the streets of Tagget City.

"Look at me Tiberius," Ino and Tiberius made the mistake of peering into the eyes of a snake. Like blank black discs with an inner sparkle of life, and Tiberius looked deep.

And his hands worked fast and Ino's black dress fell about her ankles.

He was escaping from the idea of one man one woman.

“Do I love Morgan?” He asked himself privately, “I don’t know?”

And then Ino stood back naked.

And the lust overcame the man, so he appreciated what he saw.

She was perfectly made and nothing snake about her.

And looked deep into those snake eyes again.

How could he allow her to kiss him after the sacrifices? Well Tiberius had become immune to alien worlds and the vast cultural differences between them and Earth’s standards; besides he was a male chauvinist pig to be blunt and lust had him good.

And by Earth’s standards he wasn’t doing anything wrong.

Tiberius did not see her as a mass murderer, he saw himself as that. Tiberius had become immune to killings and that frightened him.

Sure he did settle down, get into a brawl; and kill someone and get hung.

That frightened him too.

Not being able to stop killing.

So couldn’t settle down in a civilized world.

It would have to be in a planet like

Tagget where

Killing

Was accepted.

And Ino saw him as an alien, an intelligent cow or sheep. Killing humans was no different than killing her own people.



“What wrong have I done Tiberius?” She asked after the slaughter of the innocent missionaries.



*Illustration 78: Tiberius was promiscuous but so was life; in fact Tiberius's life had already been planned so he could experience the problems off jealousy and related hassles of promiscuity.*

By her own world standards Tiberius knew she had no wrong,

SHE WAS GUILTLESS.

Her world of Tagget always had one canton fighting another. She worshiped the sun, her god demanded sacrifices. Better to give humans than Taggetians.

IT MADE SENSE

AND TIBERIUS UNDERSTOOD ALL THIS.

Why Tiberius had become omnipotent, colorless. In a split second of thought he saw all these things. He was no longer human in that respect in that he understood.

Ino wasn't a serial killer.

Ino wasn't a psychotic murderer.

Ino wasn't a sadistic killer.

Ino was Ino of the copper age Planet Tagget.

And Ino took Tiberius's genes.

And outside a desert orange mongoose mated with a female. Over four days would couple a thousand times to ensure HIS genes survived only and; again next week with another female mongoose.

He was leader of the mongoose pack.

He was the fittest, wisest and strongest.

It was the way.

His genes were needed and let's face it; the desert was littered with weaker mongooses that didn't have the stamina to go a thousand rounds.

Anyway Morgan was exercising in the sand laser fencing. A most dangerous sport for the laser is deflected off you by means off a small tagget, shield, when Ino passed her.

It was the drop of haughtiness in Ino's face that made Morgan realize that Tiberius had bedded the reptile! Like Ino was saying I know something you don't and being women they knew what that meant?

It made Morgan lower her tagget and she paid for it with a small white scar across her left hand.

“Go to hell Tiberius, I don’t know why I bother?” She spat but knew, she had always loved him.

Let me look,” I Simon said brushing aside the sun warrior she was teaching. I felt ashamed for the warrior was gloating that he had marked the demon god’s woman, had bettered her; the idiotic fool.

If Morgan wanted his head it would be at her feet. And what of me? I was aligning myself more with Tiberius and his woman; strange bonds had sprung up between us. We were intelligent aliens on a strange backward hostile world and needed each other.

And that’s what happens when you keep strange company in a small circle.

“Tiberius doesn’t know where the grass grows greener?” I complained for Morgan.

“He is Tiberius, he promised me nothing except *to share my bed when he wanted*, it is the way,” she replied.

“He will return to you?” I asked and assured simultaneously.

“I am his favorite,” Morgan confidently.

And later that day Harkos left the infirmary and was billeted in Condor Barracks which is reserved for heroes. A roach infested hall with latrine buckets emptied thrice daily out in the orange desert where the red flies infested, then the ants on the flies and so the cycle of life.

The way and by Taggetian standards the Hall was modern.

Hygiene on Tagget was primitive and the mortality rate among young high; why I pitied the human woman; I had seen Vogue and Home Decor.



*Illustration 79: Even the unborn who died from disease go to houses prepared for them*

And thanks to the shepherds Harkos was in the Sun Cathedral but not the way Hagar had ordered.

And with the billeting went privileges such as freedom of movement, go where he pleased and have camp followers free as he was a hero.

And Ino heard about the hero and the slug and planned to make him a Sun Ball Warrior which the highest award for a warrior.

In five days time.

And Harkos knew Tiberius would be resent.

Five days in which to prepare the assassination of Tiberius Grant, five days too become a nervous wreck, five days too bite the nails off his fingers, five days too know hate for Hagar who had sent him here.

It is said the first time he passed Tiberius dragon he collapsed against a wall and his companions mistook his fear for the lingering effects of his battles.....that was day!.

Day 2 he was sick everywhere from nerves.

Day 3 he couldn't eat and had the runs.

Day 4 he got drunk and tried to relax with a camp follower but blew it in a minute.....Harkos had cracked. So spent the night ripping wings from moths attracted to the candle.....a thing Harkos would never do?

Day 5 he was a very ill snake man thing.

5 days had passed oh well!

"Ino wishes us to be present Tiberius," Morgan in their cell.

Now Tiberius was sitting naked on the edge of her bunk glaring at pink scales on the sheets.

"What is this?" He demanded.

"You slept with that snake," Morgan rasped.

"And you with that frog Simon," he retorted and someone was about to become a pink lampshade.

SILENCE.

"Who else?" He asked.

"Who did you sleep with when I wasn't about?" She threw back.

"We were on different worlds, it is the way," him defending his macho ways and from that moment knew he loved her and she saw his hurt and knew he did.....but damage was done.

“What was he like, you know that PINK FROG? Did he catch flies to pass the time away?”

“Simon was good, he automatically hops up and down like a frog, better than a human in fact,” she taunted him and although I was in another room I felt goose lumps on my flesh.

“So what was the snake like? Tasty in sweet and sour?” Oh Morgan could be nasty.

Now if they hadn’t loved each other they might have been friends but they did, so stopped speaking to each other.

That allowed me Simon to become the good friend of Morgan and although I liked and respected Tiberius, during this self imposed period of Coventry towards Morgan I despised him.....for he was hurting Morgan in whose sheets I had found a second home in...in fact despised him as a rival to be honest.

Well all he had to do was speak to Morgan and I did be replaced, but he was Macho so deserved to be deprived by a frog who knew how to hop!

And since he was hurting Tiberius that made Dracon moody.

Who took it out on training the sun warriors’ modern ways of disposing your enemies?

And eventually made me nervous for I started to think Tiberius might turn me into not alligator shoes but amphibian ones, pink ones!.

And that horrid snake Ino took advantage of the situation by accepting Tiberius often.

And the equilibrium was not a balanced plane.

Love had turned to resentment; one feeling must be sacrificed to make way for the other to restore balance.

It was the way.



*Illustration 80: And humans taught the snake kings modern ways of disposing your enemies, or better used the modern ways on the snake kings.*