

Tiberius

King

The ELECT were silent, the humans and aliens amongst them segregated into groups watched by Macpherson's red tunic soldiers.



*Illustration 90: The Red Tunic Brigade like the old British and Roman soldier wore red to hide blood; it also made a pretty good target.*

Dracon was gone, freed by Tiberius.

A rumor said Wayne had freed him to continue too kill aliens.

And Morag Brown looked at the empty wooden seat Dracon had occupied. She had listened to Dracon's prowess, she was fed up hearing it, so was also glad he was free and gone.

She was jealous.

The remaining ELECT as usual had gathered here in the morning to hear Dracon and hopefully send the electric current through him ending this facade.

In shock many believed this nightmare would end with Dracon.....they were fools living in chocolate kookaburra land.

Now Wayne wanted to bring a motion backed by General Macpherson's guard. "That Tagget and any new world are garrisoned immediately by ELECT troops to bring the ELECT'S laws to those needing it."

Nicely put, new alien worlds was an attempt to appease and neutralize the existing aliens in the ELECT.....*there was no mention of human worlds*

It was appealing to alien greed because he had not worded troops as exclusively human. The aliens hoped to get their share of the economic rape of new worlds....*it was divide and rule again*

"When political maturity had been gained and granted by a commission of the ELECT then that new world may be offered membership of the Commonwealth. Wayne didn't mention that the commission would be selected from humans and political maturity would take a million years.....when aliens were extinct.

There was money to be made.

Some aliens God made for human consumption and others bright pink lamp shades.

So Wayne was being cautious, didn't know his own strength yet.....these were testing times.....there were alien worlds out there as powerful as earth. Especially if he

was to keep them from allying with that gill breathing maggot laying alien Emperor Lobodicus.

His alien ELECT had a price tag.....they could be bribed

Meantime his legions did conquer small worlds.



*Illustration 91: Old newspaper characterization; in fact the best way to start a war was to allow cartoonists to work. If the Emperor Lobodicus saw this? Think he is trying to catch a fish without a net!*

Morag Brown noticed a white envelop on Zane Cameron's empty desk.

Curiosity got the better of her.

"Gone to Tagget.

They need lawyers there where the air is cleaner than here, bye bye girlie, Zane.”

She didn't hand in the note but shredded it wishing the defense luck and herself the guts to pack up and leave. Things were going crazy on Old Earth with Wayne Haslam's ambitions of absolute rule.

A human failing.

She had made her bed

Of hay,

In the tiger's den,

And she was riding the

Tiger star for

All it was worth.

Maybe Wayne would get control of space; if he did she was assured a place in it.

She had also noticed FEAR amongst the ELECT.

Many had taken sick with a new virus that reduced you to slime in a week. Already yellow hover vans were making rounds about town vacuuming up goo that had once been living intelligent little green men.

There was panic building up on the street.

Wayne wasn't worried and that made her suspicious he knew something.

ESPECIALLY SINCE HIS PAPERS WERE STATING AN ALIEN HAD  
BROUGHT IN THIS NEW DISEASE.

She was heading for a bar to digest what she had just heard?



*Illustration 92: One yellow van coming up with extra mozzarella*

Yellow white clouds, navy blue sky.....

Orange sand, blue grass, red maze, white tomatoes.

TAGGET.

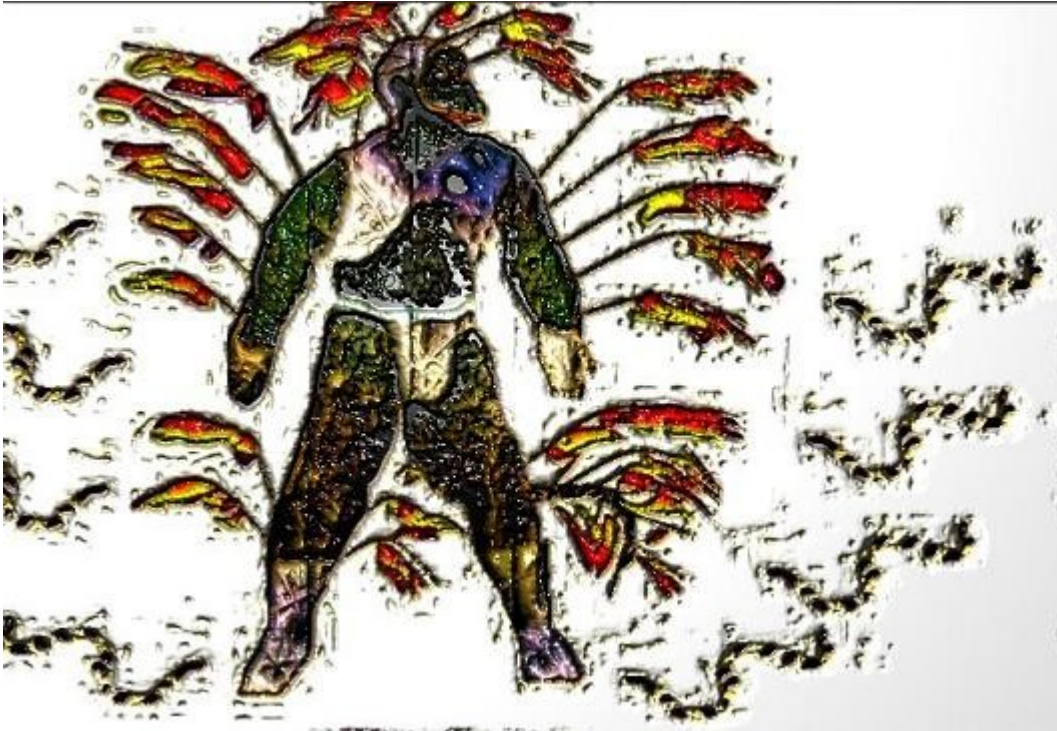
“Ino sent her black armored sun warriors against us as we guarded Harkos in his cell; the first warrior was a High ranking officer with purple condor feathers sewn into his skin.....(those that could not stand the pain did not become leaders, The Taggetian Feather Ritual)....intent on killing Harkos and us.

The man seemed quite mad; making no effort to protect himself for he knew Dracon and the mercenaries had modern weapons.

He feared nothing except the suns falling on his head and Ino had promised him herself in the next fertility rite.

And the fool believed her for his chances of surviving this day were a billion to one.

*She had promised all her remaining sun warriors the same thing.*



*Illustration 93: Officers ran the feather dance amongst deadly snakes to prove their courage to be an officer....some get bit plenty*

IN RETURN FOR THE HEAD OF HARKOS.

The heart of Dracon,

The death of every off worlders mercenary.

The bosoms of Morgan,

The manhood of Tiberius,

The fingers of Simon.

Such Ino's wrath.

And just as the off worlders were about to fire through the bodies of their dying comrades front, the later vanished, well most of them, that weren't dead in a swirl of old plaster and dust.

It was stressful; there were no targets to obliterate?

Then I Simon shouted a warning as tales of labyrinths under the Sun Cathedral became real. I knew at any moment the officer and his sun warriors would come bursting out of a false wall in our flank.



*Illustration 94: It was rumored mummified snake priestesses were entombed in labyrinths under the city.*

Why did I warn these mercenaries who held my own kind as contemptuous pink amphibians' way down the evolutionary scale?

Because the sun warriors had come for my fingers?

Now Dracon turned to see what I wanted, thankfully and saw the warriors burst out of the wall near me.

“Get down Simon,’ he shouting at me and I didn’t need to be shouted at for Dracon was bringing his rifle up to my midriff. Well I was down in a flash with a sun warrior beginning to pull my head up by my red hair to hack my neck. Thank you Dracon thank you thank you Dracon thank thank you Dracon thank you, well I was very grateful being alive?

*It was touching he had saved an alien, he liked me well well well!*

Now Ino or even my own people on my own planet would not, I would be an understandable casualty of war.

Did that mean the sacrifice of the sun warriors was in vain? Not at all, they killed many of us. One alien mercenary fell at my feet with a dart in his forehead.

Another alien mercenary tried to shut the cell door but a sun warrior on the other side had an old Earth shot pump gun and blew him and the door away.

Copper swords rose and fell, blood gushed across my head; and then I heard

click click click click click click

of an empty cartridge gun amongst the

SILENCE?

Dracon had killed them all.

About me such waste, all nameless sun warrior dead left to be dragged to a common burial ditch.

So much for Ino’s promises?



But to them their god Ceugant Dana knew their names and that was the important thing.

Now Dracon stood over me piling the dead up where the cell door should have been and the hole in the plastered cell wall.

Loaded his guns and waited.

Since he had not invited me to join I was quite comfortable playing dead.

But dam he handed me two pistols, oh well perhaps he had noticed me watching him?

Then the enemy came again.

But Dracon was ready this time and the slaughter amongst them was great till Dracon's guns fell silent.

Even then he armed himself with copper swords and now I showed my worth and the sun warriors were much surprised to be shot thinking they only had to deal with Dracon.

I was supposed to be dead?

Then I heard Ino ordering her warriors to surrender, which meant they fall flat on their faces ashamed for they are now 'The Dead'.

They were failures.

And some refused and squatted over their weapons piercing their entrails.

The stink was bad.

WAR.



*Illustration 95: Snake men believe a ritual suicide is a quick entry into Naja, snake Heaven; but they forget they don't have the right to take life because they didn't make it.*

“Tell them to stop,” Tiberius disgusted at the waste of brave men as he walked down the corridor.

“I cannot, it is the way,” Ino, “Equilibrium must be restored; dishonor must be replaced with honor,” *but she did not commit suicide did she, too smart!*

I thought he did slit her throat the way he raised his sword. Then something overcame me, a wish to bond with the new order of meaning and as many sun warriors who were preparing themselves for disembowelment I pleaded, took their swords, told them their new Dragon King of all Tagget wanted them alive for they were the bravest warriors known. *It was one of those momentous times that come under 'IF'.*

*What if I had kept silent; but because of the choice it was meant to be, an 'IF.'*

The dragon needed their protection.

And everyone was listening to me rant about King Tiberius who would lead them making Tagget a great warrior planet.

Because as Taggetians know, Tiberius is the dragon.

It was embarrassing realizing slowly I was standing amongst corpses and living, the only one speaking.

“King Tiberius,” Morgan and raised the general’s right hand.

Someone must have pressed a dagger into Ino’s back, as Dracon was behind her? For she fell down heavily to her knees. General Ferdis was also next to Dracon, I am sure he whispered something.

Later I found out Dracon pulled her down while Ferdis told her if she did not submit he did cut out her heart..

And the sun warriors seeing Ino such knew it was the will of Ceugant Dana.

“Our King Tiberius, Dragon and Consort of Ino,” General Ferdis and this swayed lingering doubters into standing, cheering, applauding, except Morgan who managed a wry smile.

## CONSORT?

Ino and Tiberius?

Tagget had a king.

Also a queen,

Among many?

But this king was different,

He was human.

And the plaster dust settled at last.

So little brown beetles began moving in it leaving trails as they made their way to  
their wall homes to be warm, safe and cozy.