



Illustration 96: The Space port was an engineering feat of human genius....it floated in the sky using anti gravity but had been built over a city and a war had started, oh well 'mummy'.

Zane Cameron lurked amongst dark space port shadows thinking how he could ingratiate himself with Tiberius. He hadn't waited till the end of the last court data as news of Tiberius setting himself up as king was old news.

There was an air of childish instability about Zane to pack up for Tagget. He knew he couldn't return to earth, but all his life he had read science fiction and longed deep down top copy his heroes.

The trial of Dracon Polanski had brought the stories out of paper into dancing life.

Dracon Polanski was real.

So was Tiberius.

The wooden chair couldn't put him off.

Zane was off.....this was the space age.

200123 A.D.

Morag Brown walked down the long way home that night. Wayne said he did be late, she knew why; the trial was over, and he had General Macpherson's backing to proclaim himself sole ELECT and President and was drinking.

News of what he had done would take time to reach the home worlds of the ELECT.....because no alien was allowed to leave earth right now, live ones anyway.

And behind her a green military hover jeep slid over the pavement, (some things just don't change color) its huge black rubber lips kicking yellow banana peels, orange skins, red apple cores and condoms at her.

So feeding brown rats fled except one that had squeezed into a see through plastic mattress cover. It never stood a chance as it was rocketed to land a thousand feet over the red road safety barrier.

Unfortunately on a freeway below.

And a passing truck went over it.

Poor rat, it had a life to lead too.

Anyway Morag covered her face.

The officer in a front seat intently watched her as her yellow skirt open at the front lifted up, (soldiers don't change either over the eons). And the officer made sure the

engine idled on high revs longer than necessary as he lusted over her green knickers and decided to bully her into sex.

“Pass,” he demanded and actually had the nerve to use his swagger stick to open her skirt further indicating what he was looking for

He was a man with power.

Morag Brown showed him her plastic I.D. card.

Which made the officer change his mind, this was Wayne Haslam’s whore, so started warning her that a curfew was in place and the space loading bay was under the military police now.

Such the opinion the red tunic soldiers had of Morag Brown!

These men could wait for her, they would get her type soon, the Human Dominance Party was now in power; they were members.

“No stinking aliens will get off this night,” a sarge piped up.

“Go home mam” the officer told her, “the fleets are ready to sail, go home,” and he told his sarge to drive on.

So Morag Brown decided to look upon the space port from South Mount Street. It was lovely to see the ships and dream wild things about worlds they visited; she had been doing it since a little girl.

It cleared her mind allowing her to think straight, and that was needed tonight. Wayne had led humans into a genocidal war with the aliens. Was riding his tiger worth it or getting the hell out of here more sense? She guessed the fleets must have

assembled some time past, waiting for the signal to depart and their arrival at many alien worlds would



Illustration 97: The serge' was a mall man in spirit and build and enjoyed frisking girls in his head lights, even a Wayne Haslam dame?

be the first news the aliens would get of the war.

Wayne was a jerk.

It didn't seem fair.

"Don't move," and Morag froze, "I told you her I.D. will get us down to the ship," and she recognized the voice of Dracon Polanski. Her heart beat faster as she guessed

Whom he was speaking too?

She turned to find out.

Tiberius shook his head and handcuffed himself to her.

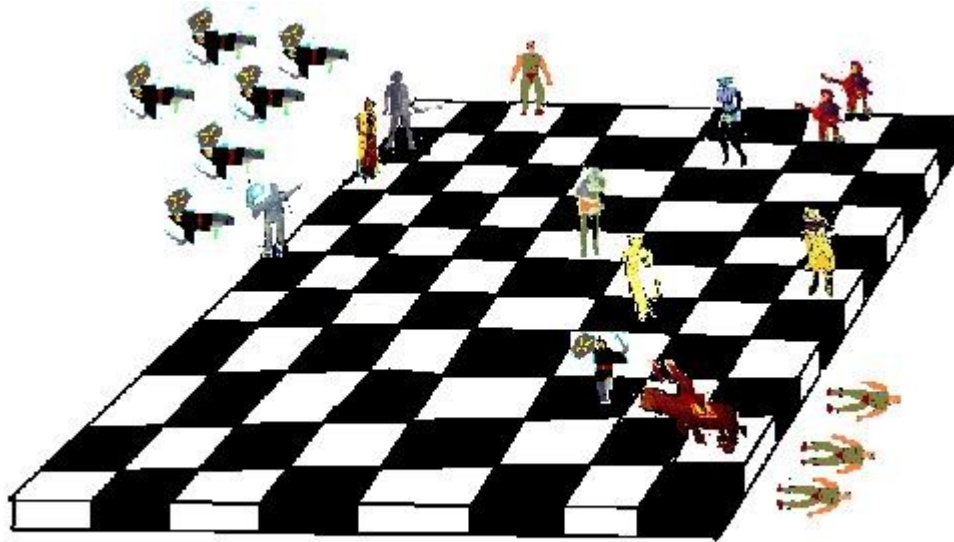


Illustration 98: Do you ever get the uneasy feeling someone is pressing a red button to start a war thinking they thought the war up. Or was it planned before we were born?

“You can put your trust in me as I don’t blast unarmed women, but I wouldn’t trust the security boys of General Macpherson. So you stay close and when we board ship you can walk free,” Tiberius grinned as he had just frisked her.

Morag nodded dumbly, men were all the same, and SEX was on their minds 24hrs a day. But then this man was Tiberius and he gave his attention to beautiful women only, and she flushed over the compliment.

Now Tiberius informed her which way to go and on the way down a siren and the three of them fell to the ground as streaks of red light slammed down from the night sky into the space port.

Wayne wasn't the only one assembling fleets.

Some alien world was ready because they didn't trust humans so guess who had been
taken by surprise?

The alien Emperor Lobodicus was not asleep.

Which was why the space port was erupting in red flames.

Then another missile slammed into the West Mount area of San Francisco and
Morag said goodbye to her flat.

Of course answering missiles shot up through the dark swirling clouds and
explosions followed.

Another two streaks of red light hit West Mount.

Morag wondered if her pet hamster 'Cuddles' had survived?

It hadn't, nor ten thousand human neighbors now just cremated ash.

It also hadn't been quick like they told you it would be, the burning had lasted three
minutes.

"What has that dummy got us into?" She moaned.

"A blood letting man," Tiberius standing up giving Dracon more antidote to the
Zenith, "dam stupid man to think lowly of aliens and not realize they have their spies
amongst his kind."

"You?" She accused.

"Some say I am rotten, but I don't sell information that leads to this type of mess,"
Tiberius and she looked at Mount where flashing blue lights indicated the stream of
emergency vehicles pouring that way.

The whole of Mount was a red glow.

“Ship’s still standing general,” Dracon.

Then the butchering started, any alien, didn’t matter if it had been your neighbour for ten years was dragged into the street and horribly done to death.

Many were hung from the hanging flower pot poles, other driven over so many times they became paper mashie.

But the young females were raped ; booze was in the air: the pretty ones were carted off to brothels never to be seen again but by customers, and some of those customers had been the young alien girls’ neighbors.

It was easier to do these bad things drunk and Wayne knew it.....why no red tunics stopped it.

THE ONLY GOOD ALIEN WAS A DEAD ONE.

Like the officer who had molested Morag earlier with his eyes drove by doing nothing except for one thing, murdering aliens.

Why Tiberius’s group watched a blue alien child run to that officer from their vantage point high on the lift off pad.

First the officer cut of her antennae, effectively blinding her so that she ran belly button first onto his steel bayonet.

Secondly with his right foot he shoved her off as if she was a bug; which she was, an alien bug. Then the girl’s mother came running over all hysterical with her antennae waving about in anguish.

Aliens might look different but have feelings!

Thirdly now the officer allowed his men to examine her, she wasn't ugly, she was all alien woman, and when his men had her ready for him he undid his belt and dropped his red pressed stiff tunic.

He had on yellow boxer shorts.

This he dropped to his ankles.

Wayne had given out his orders to the Human Dominance Party.

Alien belongings were now free booty, a future taste of worlds to come. And Wayne was being followed, moral was high, no defeats had occurred; after all they had only encountered friendly neighborhood aliens.

"I have had enough of this," Tiberius grunted and descended the lift off pad in a glass tube lift....of course after unlocking the handcuff.

Morag wanted Tiberius to kill the soldiers for they reminded her of Wayne's beatings.

"Who are you?" The officer grunted panting.

"Tiberius Grant, that's who," and shot them all dead.

WAR.

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Zane Cameron was intending taking a flight as near as possible to Tagget. In his two brown crocodile leather bags as assortment of gear he had bought over the years that he thought made him look like a mixture of several characters in his science fiction books.....historical ones included as well.

These days there weren't much of a border line between the two groups of literature.

Lo and Behold human space history had its Christopher Columbus's, Alamo's, Black Beard's and others.

Why Zane looked a mongrel cross between spider man and a safari leader. He had no idea what it was really like up there amongst those Super Novas.



Illustration 99: Zane amongst the Super Novas

He also read a lot of popular westerns, hence the pearl handled six shooters.

He was an example of Earth's boredom and lack of belief in what animates us.

Come to that, much of space was bored. The romance had gone, there were so many regular intergalactic space lines and settled worlds that space had lost its Wild West frontier image.

Until now, Tiberius Grant had rekindled it.

One trouble was Earth was over crowded with the rich and become stale and class rigid. Zane wanted adventure, a chance to make a name before all space was mapped.

Like the rest of his human breed, he had put a boundary on something limitless.....
SPACE for space was God's mind.



Illustration 100: The mind had no boundaries so could create anything.

The universe was expanding and would always have uncharted space for his like...
...so panic made him pack up leaving with his two crocodile cases.

Zane Cameron was afraid of missing out.

Obviously he wasn't attending the same parties as Morag Brown, for a start he wasn't anatomically built like her whose problem was getting too much of something.

And both wanted out for various reasons.

Anyway....Zane Cameron sought shelter when the missiles hit and stumbled onto a walkway to a private loading bay, found a silver ship and by devious methods learnt in the law business, opened the lock and went into the coolness of the ship's interior, then the privacy of a toilet.

So never noticed a tiny lone panic stricken money spider floating in after him.....it had landed in the wrong place.....and two small fruit flies buzz in. Also a caterpillar of a clothes moth was in the fold of his left green tartan checked cowboy legging. One of them flies was sick; it had fed on slime that had once been a black rat.

The caterpillar was sick too; its mamma's favorite egg nursery was the fur of dead animals.

Bet not many of you knew that, moth's lay their young on dead rodent fur so plenty of grub in the form of FUR.

The last meal of its caterpillars had been the black fur sticking out of a slime ball.

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"I keep my word Miss Brown, you are free to leave," Tiberius while Dracon sucked a Zenith Bizet one substitute to rid him of his Zenith addiction.

Morag felt ashamed, guess she wasn't all bad, maybe Wayne had goodness in him too if given a chance?

Here were the men she had been trying to terminate and there were no hard feelings towards her.

She knew she would have if their roles were reversed.

She was also mindful of Dracon forcing coupling on her on the screen images.

Maybe Dracon was not like Tiberius and more like Wayne?

Then the second batch of alien missiles came down.

Why Tiberius ran for the cockpit, slamming the cargo toilet door shut as he went by. Then Dracon shut the exit and locked it and ran after Tiberius as the engines hummed loudly into life. Why Morag followed for she needed leaded at that moment.

Why Morag hadn't moved as she had been momentarily blinded by the red flash of an alien missile hitting a terminal building, the space port was the target this time round.

Saw a five year old girl hurtling towards the ship from the blazing terminal building.....she was still clinging her brown teddy as she hit at seventy miles an hour.

WAR

had come.

Then a great gush of wind rocked the ship and Morag held breath praying they had a shield against radioactivity. Like the others fearing producing children without arms, caused by the rays on her eggs in her body.

Harming one's sexual prowess was the bottom line in human torture. Wayne knew that, he had forced many secrets out of his enemies by not clamping their ankles in

vices, but by gene removal, rendering his victim impotent. Except when Wayne got the information he still did the nasty for he was rotten to the core.

It would take a small fortune to pay someone like The Medic to use stem cells to grow new organs.....and that took a long time.

That was Wayne all over, bully, as his sister Maeve who fled years ago knew. She who had changed her name?

Then Morag was thrown through the ship backwards as the vessel rushed vertically for the night clouds, Tagget and fuelling stations on the way.

At three miles up Tiberius wasn't worried about the pursuing missiles after the first one went off target which proved his anti missile chaff was working or they did be dead.

What he was worried about was the three alien ships dead ahead bottoms showing.

Then Morag stopped floating as the ship restored Earth gravity.....landing heavily on her bottom, yellow shirt over head and her green knickers on view.

She felt humiliated, she was a D.A., deserved better, guess her ego was still intact.

“Missile silos opening for a third round general?” Dracon's voice on the screen.

But Tiberius had already lined up his laser canon on the alien ships.

The best defense is sometimes to attack and he wasn't going to have another five year old deaths on his conscious.

He fired a line of hot white light, swiveled his sights, an explosion followed, sent another into the second ship that went up immediately.

Now Dracon steered their ship leeward towards Tagget as Tiberius raked the third ship's side.

Those marking are of Lobodicus Tiberius," Dracon pointed out.



Illustration 101: Morag experiences weightlessness and floats near the lights.

Now Morag was scared, the Emperor Lobodicus was here. Wayne's terror of this alien had infected her.....the news papers said he was a gill breathing?

"Wow," Zane as his dream started coming true. He knew who sat beside Dracon, he who had freed him, Tiberius Grant.

By force he pushed the loo door open and fell flat.

Because the ship veered again to avoid an atomic blast Morag slid towards the shoes of Zane who was looking up her legs from his advantageous position and grinned.

Zane was a human man; green reminded him of the grass back home in a flower pot.

It was the way.

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And a sick caterpillar had fallen off Zane's clothing and crawled into the hold.

Zane Cameron was a lucky man.

One of the duties of Dracon was to lock the hold door.

They were all lucky people.

*

Two months later and after navigating past thousands of discarded multicolored commercial satellites, the ship made its first stop at ESSO 126. A space station where a crew could spend some time in artificial Earth surroundings. The debug squad made the rounds spraying one infected fruit fly which didn't die as it was already dead.

The new killer germ of The Medic had mutated once it realized hosts were in short supply. A spider, two flies and a caterpillar isn't much. Wayne had paid The Medic well for this same bug that was killing alien ELECT.

They were all in the hold together.

And the remaining fly had become a mass of germs immune to the aerial antibiotics of the debug squad. The Medic had done his work too well, he was the best at this type of work and why Wayne had hired him.

And the fly flew into ESSO 126 and sank into a large pot of Heinz tomato soup,

DISSOLVING.

Only one small hairy black fly leg stuck to the side of the pot unnoticed.

The next day Tiberius left, puzzled at the sudden sickness spreading through the staff of ESSO 126.



Illustration 102: Esso 126 Space Station just got an immigrant fly and it had a bug and was lose in the kitchens, oh well good bye humanity on Esso 126 and the adds kept blipping away 'Oh la la this was the palace to learn the Can Can.'

He was glad to be away.

And he carried in his ship the silk cocoon of a moth that a fly had landed on before it had died.

And Morag kept her fearsome suspicions to herself.