

**Scenario: Tagget, orange sand, white yellow clouds, blue grass.**



*Illustration 103: A new world to let the Jersey cows roam free between white painted fences.*

I Simon speak from the heart.

I was glad when I saw the silver ship descend its final landing run. Upon it Tiberius our human king gone two years for the return trip to rescue his friend Dracon, well my friend as well.

Tiberius was in for a surprise, thinking this night landing essential for he remembered the hymn about our god and the lethal noon day.

Two years is a long time to be gone. I never doubted he wouldn't return as Tiberius was different from the others who came.

One,

He was close to nature,

Death and killing was part of the way, the equilibrium of life.

Two.

A man of his word.

Morgan his human woman was here or his woman from Morgan's view point and more of his woman from his own.

And Ino representing the exotic and erotic of space was absent. Much the same reason why Zane Cameron left Earth to find heroic adventure.

Orange Tagget had become the latest frontier of unknown space.

It was his spiritual deepness and dream of uniting Tagget that set him apart from Hagar.

We now had Ino's secret vaccine a traveling merchant sold us; now we too could stay out in the hot sun,

All day.

I looked upon the welcoming crowd, the sun warriors come to greet Tiberius, the woman and children Dracon had befriended.

In fact Dracon before his unfortunate capture by a scouting ELECT Commonwealth ship had worked his way under the skins of the snake people under Tiberius's just rule so that they loved him.

You see Dracon started orphanages to tackle the problem caused by civil wars. So children came from all over the planet, sometimes led by sun warriors who were glad to hand their charges over to him. For he set up programs that did not abandon the children when by custom and ritual they were, but put in place an after care service run by the priestesses of the sun and moon. Without such a measure many fell by the way side as robbers and prostitutes; and always a vast majority went into the army as sun warriors to keep the cycle of orphans complete for another millennium.

Whereas snake people held Tiberius in god like esteem for he was the dragon who flew about the sun god Ceugant Dana.

“How did you make this happen Tiberius?” Zane overcome by the sight of cohorts of sun warriors waiting for inspection on Harkos’s newly planted irrigated blue grass.

Black against blue.

Tiberius gave a shrug, put his hands on the hilts of his words, adjusted his red horn straps and walked to inspect his troops led by General Ferdis.

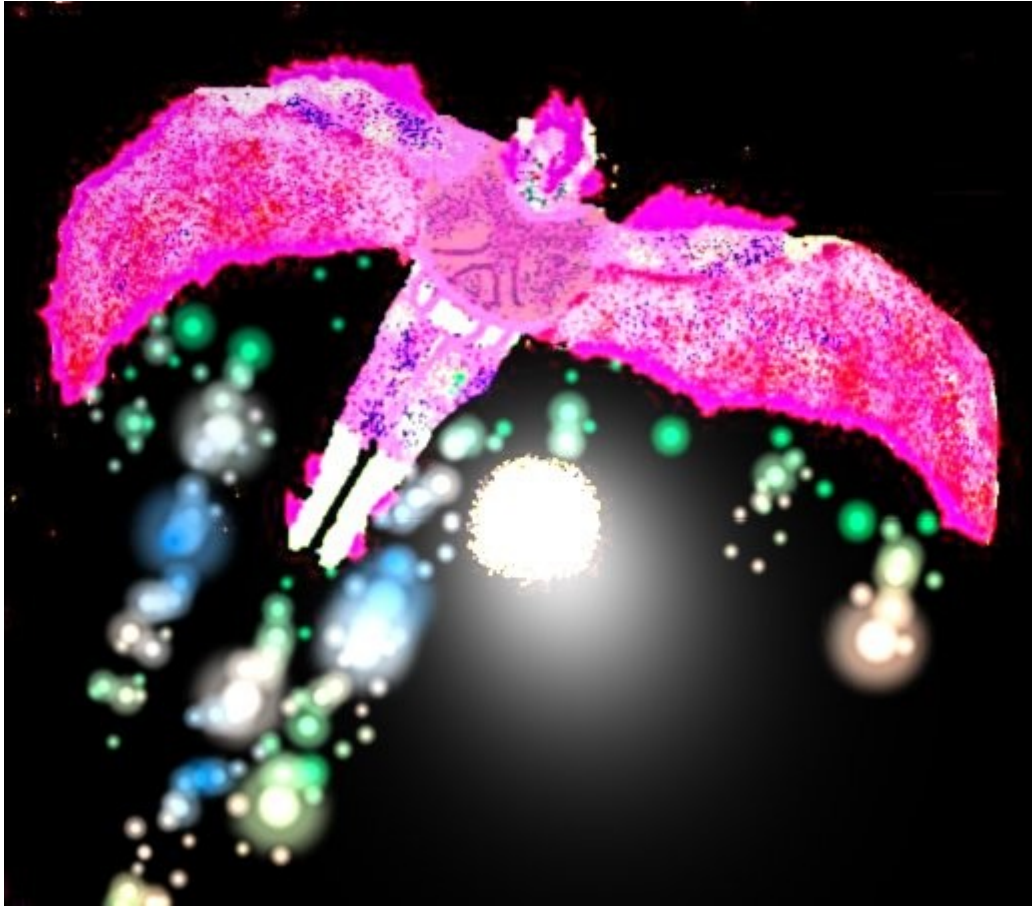
One reason why the sun warriors remained loyal.

And for all Tiberius knew he could be walking into a trap as Ino could have staged a coup.

But then he trusted me to keep him informed of events, a human trusting a pink frog? Amazing isn’t it?

So I Simon walked behind him feeling very important for I got to inspect as well since I was there; what else could I do, but indicate that armour was a bit dull and that

mane of hair too long and that snake man's shorts were ripped at the back, great fun.

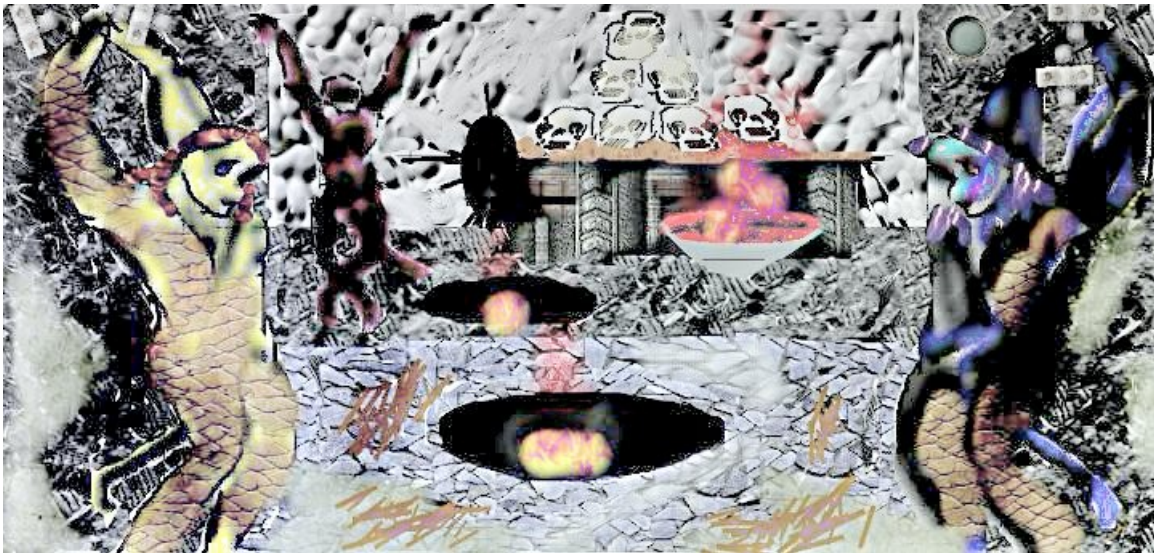


*Illustration 104: Is it a bird, the International Space Station or a shuttle, superman? No it's Tiberius the dragon flying about space.*

And the only trouble he had had from Ino was that she tried to seize his throne but a moon prophetess prophesied your return and told everyone to watch the sky, so that is what most people having being doing, watching the sky for you instead of fighting. Of course you paid General Ferdis well and you had me here too,” I beamed.

Tiberius smiled then laughed, “Where is the seductive witch?” Meaning Ino.

“Far in the west rallying support for her cause the old ways. Some canton rulers listened but Morgan crushed them and put those who surrendered under Red Square awaiting your judgment,” I Simon.



*Illustration 105: Under the red tiled square were dungeons where those who were afraid to die for honor ended up to be taught how to die.*

This stopped Tiberius for he was visibly overcome by the thought of thousands crammed into dank moldy cells.

Morgan had changed.

“Morgan pines for you and is troubled.....you know the other woman syndrome,” I said without cringing as I knew a secret.

Tiberius shook his head.

“Simon our ships loading bay is full of modern weapons,” and I saw a united modern Tagget.

“I have brought a secret prototype engine aboard ship Simon; it travels at hyper wrap speed and will reduce the return trip between earth and Tagget by a year. Also Earth science tests are preparing to send a ship down a black hole and it will come out

somewhere in some universe; the beginning of the mapping them and Wore holes, dimensions to other worlds. Brave men will be needed to travel the unknown Simon,” the great man told me and I supposed he was saying goodbye as he was off to new frontiers and certain death going down a black hole or through a wore hole those port holes to other dimensions.

“Don’t worry Simon, once Tagget is united there are many brave men we can send to map out our share of space, think Simon of the trading opportunities, the great wonders of architecture we might find, new medicines, new peoples, “ he told me reading my mind and was glad he talked about trading and not conquest.

“Ino had your child, a girl,” I told him and brought up the subject of the woman aboard ship.

“Morag Brown, Wayne’s prosecutor against Dracon, nice woman,” he replied.

I might have known, a pretty woman aboard ship on a long space flight.

“Aboard ship with a crew of men,” he said admitting nothing, *yes Tiberius what have you been doing I thought?* “Besides I like green on a woman.” He was pathetic ?

And just then Morgan came riding a chariot pulled by two purple humpbacks. It made Zane Cameron’s day for Morgan wore little, her red hair flowing wild, her bare legs tanned.

Morgan fearsomely beautiful.

“So Tiberius has picked up a prize?” Morgan appraising Morag Brown.

“I came along by accident, it isn’t what you think? I know all about you, you are Ino?” Morag seemed afraid for messing around with another woman’s man. Who could blame her? She had no friends apart from Tiberius, Zane and Dracon the crew aboard ship on that long flight over?

She had also forgotten what Ino looked like and should have noticed Morgan was tailless.

Space must affect people’s imagination for Morag tried real hard to look threatening, “Like don’t mess with me,” as she narrowed her eyes and rested her hands on her pistols, legs apart looking all WONDER WOMAN in her red and purple figure hugging space torso suit and blue boots, white wide belt and gold torc.

Morgan laughed dismissing her, so Tiberius had found a toy, but he was back.

“And you are you super man?” Morgan asked Zane who blushed. Actually Zane didn’t think he looked that much out of place. The sun warriors in their black breast plates, Morgan in a hard red metallic corset, yellow hot pants, ankle high sandals and gold head band seemed no more extravagant than his red cape, yellow skin tight one piece and red knee high boots.

Except sticking out of the chariot was a mighty two handed cutting sword.

Oh yes, he wore his pearl handled six shooters I almost forgot too mention.

Plus at his feet a purple sixty pound back pack waiting for a man servant. Poor fool been led to believe Tagget was full of eager half clothed beggar aborigines waiting for work under human guidance.

“I came here by design, I am a lawyer,” Zane didn’t need to say any more.



It was Zane's two green crocodile bags that won Morgan's heart. The man looked so childish he needed protecting and

Loving.



*Illustration 106: Morgan's chariot could fairly bounce with those rubber wheels, but they had a problem, they had big knives sticking out of the hubs.*

Two years Tiberius had been gone.

Morgan hadn't been faithful to Tiberius; the strain of Ino giving birth to her man's race had affected deeply. It was a reminder how many others he had started lineages on far distant planets.

While all she did was beg him for a child or three and he always refused.

She could understand him slipping under the sheets with a woman, but having the odd snake and a pink frog wasn't the same as having a human called Tiberius Grant.

These Taggetians might have two arms, two legs, human faces, but their blank dark eyes and small soft scales still made them SNAKES.



Only I Simon had come close to fill the bonding yearning for closeness with a man of her own species and that was because we were friends.....but I was a pink frog always and knew I would be nothing more than that in her eyes. A pet that could speak, hear her confidences and perform tricks upon her naked body.

*I was a loving pet, the best ones.*

Well did any of them ever ask how Simon felt? The only one of his kind here. I yearned for female companionship, a stable mate, children, just like Morgan did.

And she saw me as *her intelligent pink frog that is blooming all*.

“Agh ya ya ya va,” which in my tongue means ?.

“I am Morgan,” and she directed this venom at Morag Brown.

And since we were not on ESSO 126 no debugging squads had gone aboard ship.

Poor Tagget was open to migrating diseases of every kind.

So a moth hatched and flew away carrying The Medic’s new germ and Morag Brown had told Tiberius nothing on the subject.

She had put it to the back of her mind, glad to be away from Earth, thinking she was safe in deep space with the diversions of a crew aboard a ship designed for WAR not the hormonal needs of a horny female.

It is the way, men and women are a toxic chemical.

Such the dreams of self centered ostrich.

\*

One month later.



*Illustration 107: Tagget City Walls.*

Tiberius heading west to Tagget City, a circular mud wall full of brick towers and hanging gardens he had taken before he left two years ago. Now it was in enemy hands again under Philos, eldest son of Hagar with a vast copper age army.

And Tiberius came before Tagget City and saw the great yellow and orange mud and green basalt rock walls loom up out of the blue grass and orange sand of the desert.

And saw embedded heads facing west towards the mysterious sun refuge of Ino,  
that fabled green Emerald City.

Some were skulls, some flesh, hair and red ants eating them. The air full of moans  
and stink of decaying burst innards.

Now Tiberius dug out those alive that could be healed. The rest he had shot were  
they had been entombed in the mud walls and stakes, too far gone under the armies of  
ants.

You see Tagget lacked modern medical equipment when needed in places.

SO TIBERIUS THOUGHT AND WANTED TO AMEND.

But he was dealing with a species that had been brought up to die as sacrifice.

He lacked the knowledge of The Medic,

Emperor Woo.

So had indeed showed the dying mercy.

QUICK DEATHS.

\*

“It seems another world eons ago that Tiberius after being proclaimed King  
Of Tagget that night when Ino fought him for the first time came here with his sun  
warriors and humpback shepherds,” Dracon told Zane who wore his yellow suit.

Zane wanted a reputation.

He was getting one.

At first they called him that stupid yellow banana.

Now they called him Yellow Star Bird for he had come from space wearing that bright yellow uniform.

The aborigines were still laughing at him.

“What happened?” Zane.

“Just like now, all repeating itself....Tiberius brought up his heavy laser weapons. Of course Hagar had them as well as Tiberius used to work for him. But the people of Tagget City hate Tiberius. He had cheated them in the arena remember, and Tiberius uses hate to advantage, just like he is doing now,” Dracon pointing at Tiberius leading a small band of fast moving humpbacks with pendants fluttering, copper lance heads sparkling under the suns and above, a disturbed flock of green desert quail as he left his main force riding towards the city walls.

A second before the city crystal laser cannons fired Tiberius veered his shepherds down a gully.

It didn't stop the canon that continued pounding cacti, shrubs and bee hives about the gully heights.

And the advancing sun warriors of Tiberius's main army stopped, squatting behind ridges to wait.

The men eager to sacrifice themselves for the dragon of Ceugant Dana and gain entry to paradise in heaven.

Then the guns of Tiberius opened fire.

“See what I mean? Them Taggetian artillery are badly led allowing their sights to line up on Tiberius when an artillery duel has started,” Dracon explains.

And a terrified lone desert pale orange bison disintegrated from a stray laser charge.

And Zane tried to understand the feeling of hate for one human that could break down discipline. He was watching the huge copper and wood city doors open and warriors pour forth heading for Tiberius who seemed awfully close to them,

Like a decoy duck.

“Philos like Hagar his father has told every man of them down there that he will give them their weight in gold for Tiberius’s head,” Dracon happy Philos was an idiot.

And Tiberius and his humpbacks started to engage the enemy.

“Tiberius,” a mighty shout from his warriors and they began beating their shields and ran out of the gullies and gorges and river courses forward to sacrifice themselves in engaging the enemy of the dragon.

Flanking and pouring along the disorganized enemies rear.

Death was in the air.

WAR.

And mothers rent their clothes as their wombs remembered the pain of child birth

wasted

As their siblings were hacked to death on a battlefield.

WAR.

And the city gates were open.

As had happened the last time Tagget had been defended by Hagar over two years ago.

Zane was impressed.

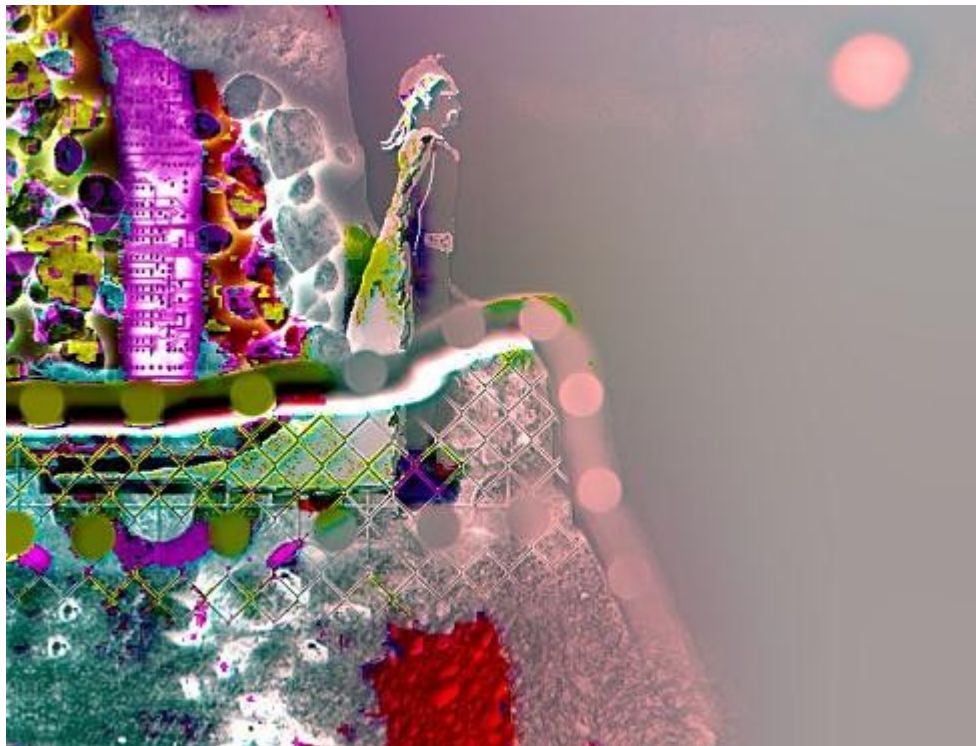
“When we get in you will get a chance to speak to Hagar himself maybe if the snake is there?” Dracon.

Zane turned looking at him, “You joke, I heard Tiberius killed Hagar?”.

“Yes sir right down there on that wall above the main gate. Shoved his sword into Hagar’s mouth.....but don’t forget this world doesn’t just import the likes of Tiberius,” and Dracon looked west fearfully where Emperor Woo The Medic lived.

Zane Cameron was amazed he had seen the day Dracon had shown apprehension.

“What is wrong?” Zane asked.



*Illustration 108: The Medic alias Emperor Woo alias The Venusian observes his cavern kingdom.*

“A man from Venus, come here about the same time as Tiberius. A medic man, where Hagar hired Tiberius to fight against Ino, he hired The Medic of Venus to be his medicine man. You see some parts of Hagar are good; he wasn’t all bad keeping all that modern medicine to himself but did so guess he was all bad after all?”

#### ROTTEN TO THE CORE.

Yes sir Tiberius cut off Hagar’s head and when Tiberius was trying to stop the slaughter and looting of Tagget City, The Medic Man he took that head and disappeared west,” and Dracon looked west.

“Where Ino went?” Zane.

“Yep, west were evil lurks,” Dracon.

“Evil?” Zane was interested; this is why he had fled Earth, for adventure and to be the good super hero slaying evil villains.

Yes Zane was still a boy; Morgan had been right about him.

“Moon cantons, moon warriors and everyone who doesn’t like a human king. Monsters, three headed snakes, quicksand swamps, mosquitoes so big,” hands indicated, “that they suck all the blood out of you.”

Zane believed every word.

“I wonder if this Medic is the same one Morag Brown talked to me back on Earth.” Zane pondered.

“What she goes and tells ya?”

“Wayne Haslam got him too invent a new killer disease,” and Zane told Dracon what he knew.



“We better catch Tiberius after the city falls and tell him, no point diverting his mind at the moment,” Dracon replied knowing there had been a lot of new beggars lately all sick looking, never seen the likes before, swelling and their skin peeling off rotten and stinking.

And the slime afterwards was what had been a beggar before.

Lo:

And the City of Tagget fell again to the Mighty King Tiberius who used the same tactics as before.....hate.....and Hagar who wanted Tiberius dead had urged Philos out to catch Tiberius and defeat.

So the head of Philos was found in the city in a gutter.

And Philos was the son from the public *ritual* of Hagar and Ino.

A cousin to Tiberius’s child with Ino.

And much joyous celebrating was let into the air as the head of Hagar was found stuck in a stake.

Trophies as the Taggetians believed the soul lived in the head so the trophy was taken to prevent it seeking revenge.

But to Morag Brown’s horror the heads were alive with blank snake eyes that followed her movements.

You see Planet Tagget might be backward in some respects, but in herb medicine it surpassed many civilizations, beside The Medic was here and had lent his expertise to the planet had he not?



*Illustration 109: People given a chance show their love and respect for their rulers.*

And later that night Tiberius visited Morag Brown to comfort her.

“I am sorry I took you from your own world Earth.”

“It has been an education,” she and Tiberius uncorked a bottle of whiskey.

She preferred cocktails but knew she would have to wait till either they imported a professional cocktail mixer or she got to a human world.

So she gulped down three doubles.

She needed it.

But she was wrong; Planet Tagget was a human world wasn't it? There were cocktail mixers here in the mining camps.

And Morgan knew Tiberius had gone to comfort Morag; in other words too comfort himself. It was the way between them, she knew Morag and Tiberius had got

too close on the voyage out. With the long life spans a couple usually stayed together because they were allowed that extramarital excitement.

Morag to Tiberius was a bit of Rosemary and thyme on a chicken, and the bird was Morag.

Now Morgan had been deeply affected by Ino's child birth for that was all she ever asked from Tiberius;  
a child.

And he had refused and she had a horrid gut feeling Morag might be with child.

There was a glow about her.

Women knew these things as men were too blind to notice.

So in her confusion Morgan decided not to take another infertile pill that lasted a month.

She was going to have a child.

She would tell Tiberius her decision when he left Morag and he would have to decide himself if he wanted her.

Yes Tiberius always returned.

There were many mothers bringing up children from different fathers. The strongest was allowed to couple with others to make the gene pool healthy. It was like having more than one wife, but because she was in charge of her own life, having more than one husband.

It added diversity to the universes as the gene pool was animated with life that was precious; a gift.

Why would she try and be different? She had seen her parents put on a show and swear in public that they never cheated but behind closed doors they did.

The way was more open and honest; it had to do with what was in the heart.

Being prolific *the way did not stagnate the gene pool.*

She wanted loved since Tiberius had rejected her.

Also wondered when bullying brother would reach Tagget from Earth? She vowed while Tiberius was gone she would kill her ELECT brother when he arrived.

At that moment Zane arrived in her cell.

“Come here,” she demanded and Zane in his child like curiosity did. Two hours later he emerged much more enlightened about THE WAY.

And a frog who was later with Dracon sending squads into the city to restore law and order and stop the looting, raping and murder that went with the spoils of Tagget City to the conqueror..

And the frog thought of Morgan and hoped for a sibling from her. What was wrong with that, our own worlds were a billion miles away and we were two rejected people.

Yes an alien is a person, with feelings, so I had pink skin? But I had wormed my way under Morgan’s skin and she at times longed for my friendship.

It would wake Tiberius up that Morgan could not be taken for granted.

In the way Tiberius treated his women he was not a great man, but a lonely lover always running from a relationship that might tie him down to a single woman.

The room was lit by candles that almost went out as Morag picked one up. Tiberius was gone back to Morgan, only his damp sweat remained on her but she was glad he had visited; his strong presence had stayed the horrors of this planet waiting in the night beyond the broken city walls.

All this ghoul and living heads talk was frightening. Always afraid of creepy crawlies ever since her older sister had put spiders in her sheets as a joke.

Bad taste.

Spiders infested this city.

Many were becoming viral slime balls.

She wanted earth.

She wasn't like that idiot Zane who sought freedom of adventure, a heroic death and fame, she was just Morag Brown, and then it arrived

THE SUN BIRD.