

Tiberius

These colors reflects

Dracon

the fog of Zenith

TAKEN FROM HISTORY OF TIBERIUS.

and a drugged mind

“Tiberius Grant never left his green uniform. He was proud of his ribbons won during his military career. A tenth generation professional soldier. “Give me a good cause and I will give you my cutting sword.” Such his own description of himself,” Sergeant Dracon Polanski.

April 1st A.D. 200123

An Earth auditorium; Gold painted walls with hundreds of pictures and holograms of famous elect, the judges. ..the blue light dimmed so the living ELECT stood out, the music of Bolero stopped.

A raised red carpeted brown wooden oak stage was at the front where the defendant and legal people sat.

Then multicolored spot light suddenly illuminated them and began turning hypnotically.

Above the defendant the screened face of Tiberius Grant. Other screens showed the orange landscape of Planet Tagget. SUCH THE AUDITORIUM OF THE ELECT, THE SUPREME HALLS OF JUSTICE FOR THE COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS.

The defendant had wires plugged in his head, tapping grey matter so his memory was screened.

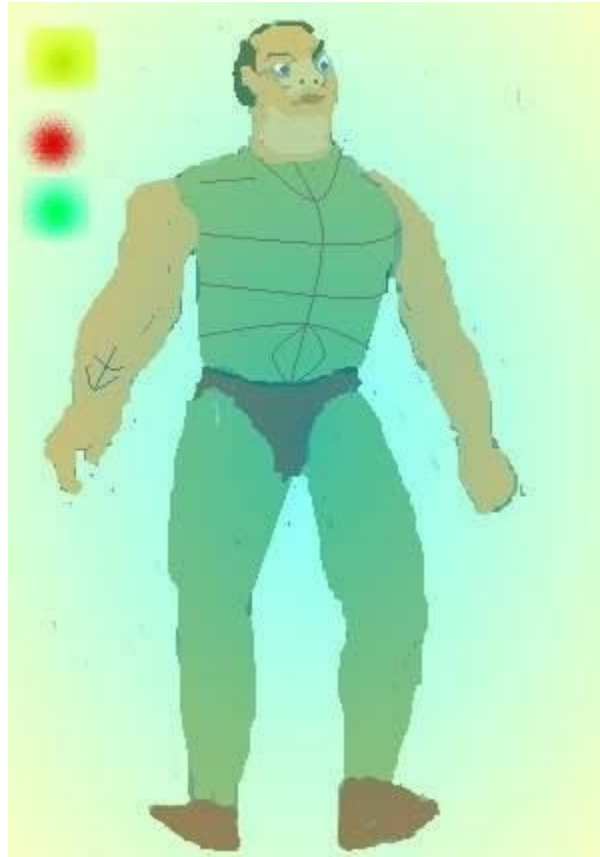


Illustration 1: Dracon was so full of Zenith the truth drug he sheepishly was led to were he rather not be?

And a sick three headed roach that had come up the toilet system was looking for a place to die. It didn't want to die, just hoped it wouldn't. It knew two heads were dead, full of viral spores waiting to burst, pressurizing the weakened chitinous insect walls.

Viruses hungry for tissue to eat.

Ate anything, human and alien,

Plant and waste.

And the roach knew this cool place was better than San Francisco Bay where the last whale died 198123 years ago.

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“Ouch, hey that hurt,” Sergeant Dracon Polanski.

The human in the white nurse’s body stocking uniform ignored him. She saw him as a grubby dirty little man with bad breath, worse manners and deserving this electric chair.

He couldn’t do anything about the needle; he was strapped in see and had an audience of thousands:

THE ELECTED.

Come to hear him talk and garrote his general.

“Blab la black sheep that’s me. Skeleton in the cupboard my gran said.....PAUSE...
...want to hear what my mum called me?” Dracon sounded drunk.

He was.

The nurse had aimed well, up his blue thumping vein and it hurt.

Deliberately.

Injected 10 mil of blue Zenith truth serum.

“Give me more,” Dracon just before his head span.

Then got revenge, vomited over her.

His head wanted cradled in his hands but couldn’t, hands strapped to this wooden chair..

Also ankles, neck and midriff.

Trapped like a mouse in a pet shop.

“Tell us what you know about the general’s Taggetian episode?” A soft voice in his ears.



Illustration 2: Dracon didn't have to screw his eyes up to notice her.

And Sergeant Dracon Polanski screwed up his eyes at D.A. lustiness Morag Brown and decided he would like to get in her white pants peeking above her red mini shorts... ..FASHION, encrusted with sparkles. Dracon would like to get his hands on those as well.

He decided she could miss them on her state wages. Dracon Polanski was Robin Hood and Dr. Hyde in one.

Then the screen showed him well with the D.A.....it was the wires in his head, they took his thoughts, made them private.

And he prided himself that he took from the rich and gave to himself. The general took care of conscience by giving to the poor. It made stealing much easier.

WHAT A WOMAN?

Dracon was all serving soldier.

The dying roach made it under the ELECT seats.

The owner of the soft voice noticed the bulge in Deacon's fawn one piece stretch fit and size army uniform.

"How much?" He asked.

For an instant the blond lawyer froze as did the ELECTED.

Dracon focused on them: "Like frozen icicles with bronze monkeys on their heads," he spluttered.

He was drunk see, like a skunk, blame the Zenith, it did that.

Also made Dracon dead sexy.

Forgotten he wasn't in some red light bar in another world.

D.A. Morag Brown flushed, automatically tried to close her waste coat cleavage, failed and

TWANGED a bronze button

Revealing more.

Her expensive white Wonder Bra Second skin bra that was so ultra smooth it was invisible.

No shirt,

FASHION, also asking for trouble

from men like Dracon and Tiberius.

So in a real fluster she closed her soft blue wool cape shut with a gold heraldic yellow scale pin.

And the ELECTED demanded:

“Why waste time”and, “His own gutter mouth condemns them both,” also, “I knew this was a mistake. Yes this was a mistake, electrocute him,” someone, maybe the Grand Elect Wayne Haslam who activated memory circuits and Dracon Polanski watched those who had sat on THIS seat before him,

Fry, hair flash, flesh melt, them jerk

Urine

Poop

BURN

Die

Then Dracon Polanski whose mother was a Glaswegian tenth generation removed was sick again and lost the sex rush.

“I demand a recess.” Defense Consul Zane Cameron called holding onto his red suit nervously.

Wayne gave three hours, needed it to clean the place up and there was a good revolving intergalactic licensed restaurant top floor. It had a reputation for lobster thermadore.

All that white lobster meat covered in hot yellow butter sauce.

THE ELECTED WERE HUNGRY,

They who wore white cloaks and golden head caps, the higher the rank their rank
dracon's blas monkey.

And Wayne Haslam made sure his problematical opponents had plenty of free beer and wine, wanted them that way so they wouldn't be mentally alert to his ways.

And his ways were not correct.

And many feet missed the roach.

The music of Bolero came back on.



Illustration 3: Wayne was up to date with fashion.

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Sergeant Dracon Polanski needed water, lots. Three hours left sitting strapped to this wooden chair wondering where his mate the general was? So he had started a conversation with the general's screened face above, and then got bored and cramp.

He didn't like this.

He was hungry,

They fed him tit bits.

Why waste public money? At the end plugs would be inserted into HIS wooden chair
and he would go out with a blaze.....ELECTROCUTED.

SENTENCE HAD ALREADY BEEN DECIDED.

Wayne Haslam was keeping him alive so the human public would hear and get behind
his war they didn't know anything about, yet.

So far Dracon had been lucky his nervous defense had pittied him and given him a
PINT OF WATER.

Mixed with lemon juice, sugar, salt.

“Bitter would be better,” Dracon had pleaded.

And the stewards had cleaned and pressed his uniform. He wasn't happy about that.
The last time it got pressed was when he had been in the regular army a hundred years
ago.

He was a sergeant see.....slob.

And he was proud of his unpressed fawn uniform.

Every stitch he could tell why it was put to rips. This one shrapnel wound on Planet
Celebes, that a dagger thrust on Satellite Lab 4678.

Not that he never washed, just didn't like pressed clothes. That was for officers and
gentleman and he didn't like them which didn't mean he didn't like Tiberius, Tiberius
was different.

Tiberius could never fit into an officer's mess which meant he was one of the soldiers, front line grave material.

"Messes were for fairy officers not real men," Dracon always explained to any listener as long as there was free drink and listening ears.

Didn't like the armed guard either that watched his fingers use the remote buttons operating the brown and yellow waste tubes that led under the chair.

A man needed privacy sometimes.

The rubbish they had fed him had given him thunderous runs.

He was glad he was no dame?

The swine's were leaving him here till his story finished, this chair was loo, bed, and coffin.

The colony of black rats knew that, the waste pipes were broken seeping raw sewage over the years resulting in ecosystems providing food and disease.

Every time a black rat died big green and blue bottles, mutated original versions that could survive in darkness away from the sun's lethal ultra violet rays came,

DINNER,

Laid eggs and went to inspect a revolving kitchen

Above.

Where the ELECT had gone for lunch.

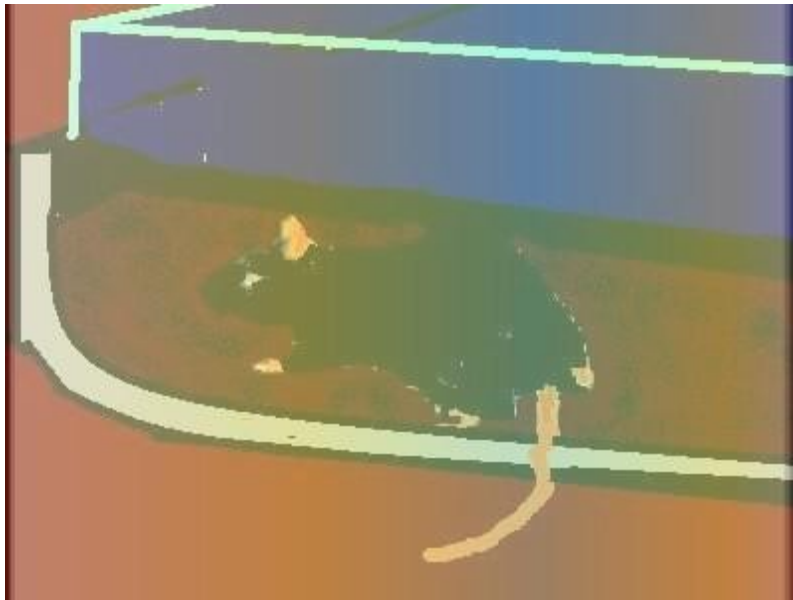
Plenty of lobster to go around!





**Illustration 4: Fly fly away
come back another day.**

**And a sick three headed roach had come this way and if one looked closer at the small slime ball,
they would see wings and hairy insect wings sticking out.**



**Illustration 5: A virus was having lunch, rat was on the a la' carte
menue.**

“Where the hell are you Tiberius?” Dracon shouted expecting his buddy to come waltzing in guns
blazing. And knew by tears streaming down his black and blue face that Tiberius couldn’t come
because he wasn’t on

Old Earth.

A screen showed Wayne Haslam running around looking like a pink swine wrapped in a straight jacket.

“Oink oink oink went the poker,” Dracon laughed adding, “You are a nutter Wayne.” Dracon remembered the Grand Elect using black rubber batons on him. “Nutter and gad help any woman lying under you.”

A black rat underneath knew that, it was tenth generation too. Seen them come and go, ate the fleshy morsels that fell off the executed. It also found the leg of a roach and.....
..eaten it.



Illustration 6: One dirty rasher.

Pretty soon bugs would inside its belly would secrete enzymes turning it into a watery reservoir of food for bugs to eat, swim, and breed in.

It was 200123 A.D. and when they electrocuted you they cremated you.

YES, THE COLONY OF RATS WAS WELL FED.

Dracon they knew was rich in minerals, vitamins, calcium and protein. And he was big, and the rats were happy for many had just littered.

Then the lights came on full and the hall filled up.

Bolero stopped.

D.A. Morag Brown. “Sergeant Dracon Polanski do you understand the charges?”

% mil of Zenith truth drug flowed in his veins. He felt happy but no longer sick.

He actually looked forward to the nurses strapping his upper right arm in red rubber to get more.

ZENITH HAD THAT EFFECT.

AND NO

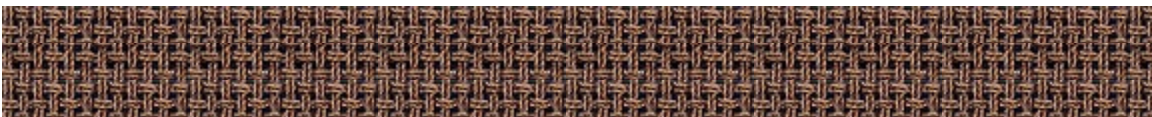
HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE CHARGES.

Zenith again.

And imaging Morag naked got him excited, Zenith.

Why condemned folks often elected for this way out of life, they went with a last bang.

But the white uniformed nurses had cheated him, shot it in his rump which had been a big pain. Come straight up to him and pulled down his draws sticking that huge silver needle in.



God it hurt, and as much as he shifted in his seat he couldn't get comfortable.

Now he felt like a dog on heat rubbing its bum on a hot summer pavement.

And he couldn't remember if he had clean boxers on?

HE HOPED SO?

A screen flashed showing Dracon naked in a red satin thong, it was horrid.

It was also 200123 A.D.

Morag Brown hated the screens.

It was the ultimate invasion of privacy, but then suspects had no rights. The truth had to be shown. She also hated it because she usually appeared naked in a suspect's thoughts.

And she didn't think Dracon was handsome.

D.A. Morag Brown. "Tagget, we want to know what happened."

"Sure, me and the general wiped out a Historic Trust planet, so what?" Dracon.

Defense Consul Zane Cameron. "My client doesn't understand."

Zane Cameron saw the sneering faces of the ELECTED. Knew he should have refused this case but the state demanded Sergeant Dracon Polanski get a fair trial.

How could he defend anyone full of Zenith? Zane Cameron sat down and stared at Dracon's mouth opening and closing in slow motion telling his version of events on Planet Tagget.

D.A. Morag Brown. "Please start at the beginning."

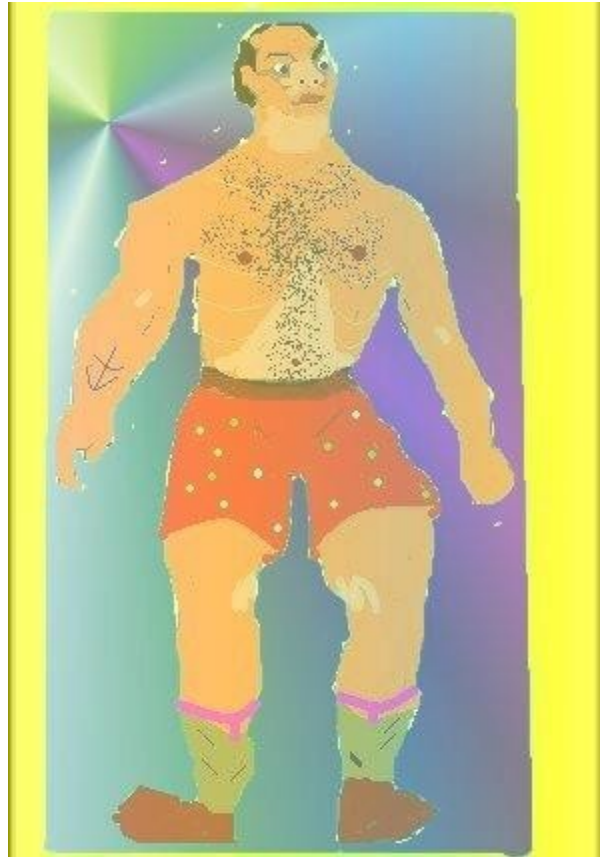


Illustration 7: She didn't think Dracon was attractive in his red shorts.

“We was in a bar in Middle Kingdom, ya know that new oriental planet?

BURP FART SNIFF

Zenith again.

Waiting for work, and as you know I keep the books for the general and everything else; he’s a busy man see.”

D.A. Morag Brown “Busy at what?”



“Killing folk, whoring, yeh, the general likes his woman,” just stupid boasting by an afraid man who only had words to antagonize his tormentors.

Zane Cameron didn't bother to say anything. The ELECTED wanted these two dead quick to patch things up with the free aliens who were complaining about human mercenary activity in their worlds.

Well they shouldn't have all those silly little petty civil wars and there wouldn't be any mercenaries.

Guess many of the ELECT weren't privy to Wayne's Haslam's ambitious plans?

Those free aborigines had the support of the aliens who had joined the ELECT a hundred years earlier.

That gave Zane an idea so he stood up interrupting the proceedings.

THAT WAS A STUPID ACT FOR A PROMISING LAD.

Zane Cameron “If the free aliens stopped warring they wouldn't need human soldiers. It isn't my client that should be on trial but his paymaster?”

Half the ELECTED seemed embarrassed over this truth. A quarter tried disappearing under their fixed soft navy blue seats.....and the rest demanded the immediate removal of the Defense Consul.

Dracon imagined himself giving the D.A. flowers, the screen showed a bunch of blue roses.

The Dracon spoiled it; he saw hundreds of green aphids on the flowers and a single green bottle waiting on a flower.

Zenith gave one a sense of humor.



Illustration 8: Aphids anyone?