

Tiberius

Termites

Scenario: Backdrop, black smoke drifting from a burning Emerald City.



Illustration 177: Hail Tiberius Caesar a god come to live amongst us.

One good thing happened to Tiberius that Belenos flew out of the sun having seen him from above for it like a pet dog was faithful to the grave.

All the primitives ran fearing the bird for they saw it as a demon god. Then imagine their wonder when Tiberius mounted and flew above their heads.

They worshipped him unfortunately but he would take this to an advantage in the unification of Planet Tagget: they would do as they were bid.

“No no no, I am a man not a god,” he dropping off Belenos’s back for Tiberius feared what continually made new worlds about him.

He did not know what made Gravity and in many ways was as superstitious as his sun warriors. And although the primitives got up, it was not because they realised he spoke the truth but because god Tiberius had commanded it.

And Tiberius was sad fearing a thunder clap and a lightening bolt in his back from what made all.

“Men need something to believe in Tiberius,” I Simon, “be it a god or someone better than themselves. They should believe in themselves, I know, but you are their god.”

“Promise Simon.”

“Promise what?”

“Never ascribe to me supernatural powers for I am a man and never title me GREAT for great describes what built space. I have built nothing that can outlast my own life.” At that moment I saw his soul and was pleased I was following the right man.

I had chosen wisely, he was different from any human I had seen or alien at that. I also did not promise, well I was a little superstitious and a pink frog?

And for all his faults he was truly a GREAT MAN.

Then he picked up a red ant by its posterior avoiding the flesh tearing mandibles.

“Look Simon, the villain of Tagget,” and after he freed it but it did not escape for Crak squashed it with a stone.

“I will show mercy to that ant than I will to human or alien. I prefer the smell of this desert than perfume, I would rather quench my thirst with water than strong ale.....if

you want a god then pray to life that runs through us all, is common to all, ant, water and us, god the common spirit.....that is what god is Simon, spirit. That is all we need to know.

It is the way.

It is untameable.....but I will not pray to it as there is no need for I am conscious of it.

I remember only, treat your neighbour as you do yourself and I am afraid I don't treat myself well.

I am my own master, my own conscious, yet I am master of nothing. I may build houses which the winds blow down. Even the ants will not live my laws and together we become dust and are no more," he said to me.

"We both follow the way, the equilibrium," and we looked upon the masses of cavemen worshipping Tiberius with bulging eyes for he was their god.

Which was everything god Woo had striven for.

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And the head of Hagar was not quiet. Like an oracle it moaned prophetic utterances, so our friends the primitives became nervous. They could not understand Woo in his scientific glory had made this dead thing alive.

They saw it as a demon, a ghost come to torment them and begged Tiberius to destroy it which he would not.

"Do you believe in hell Tiberius?" I asked.

“Hell is what we make of ourselves. Salvation is when we break out of that hell. As for the head of Hagar I know it is not a ghost.”



*Illustration 178: They were
afraid of Hagar's ghost,
obviously they didn't have the
number of The Australian Zoo!*

“I have seen many shadows walk by me,” and he knew I spoke about the ghosts of slain soldiers and the other world of their domain.

“Once when I was young on Earth my bed floated often off the floor and felt my hair stroked and a dent in my mattress from a presence.

The experts said it was myself using kinetic energy to do that.....they are fools
Simon. I felt the surge of energy come towards me not out of me.

Twice it became matter, once in the shape of a silver brownish ape man; the other
as a beautiful woman in a grey smock, or perhaps there were the same being?

In the end it started to touch my body and I demanded it leave me and it did. To this
day I do not know what it was or wanted.

It lasted over four years had had plenty of time to harm me good if it had so wished.

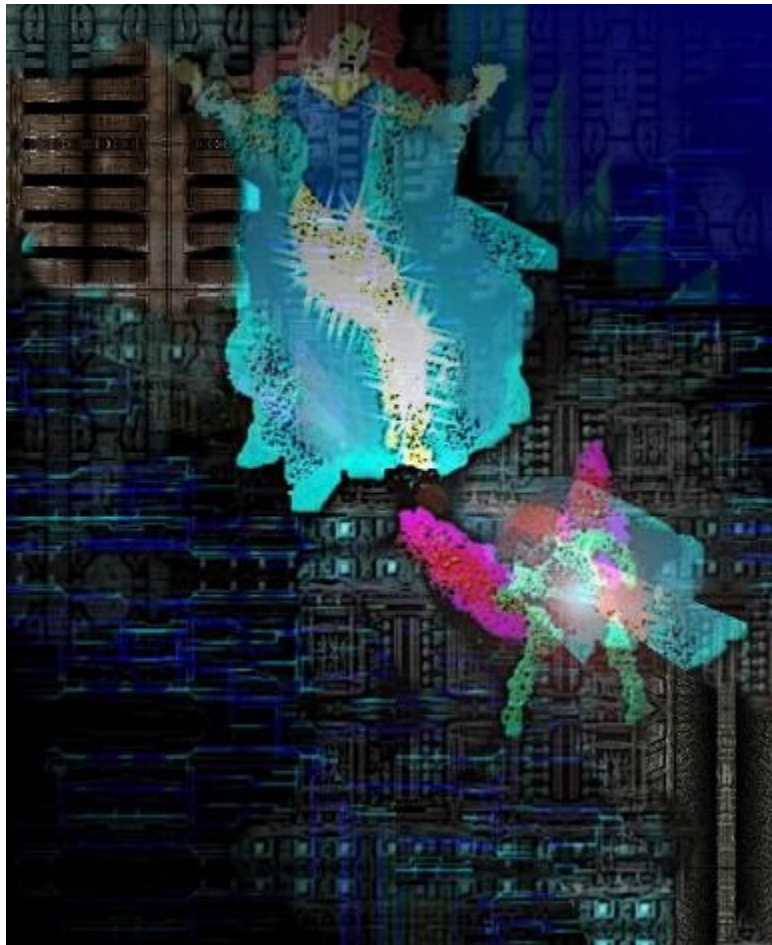


Illustration 179: Entities come in different sizes and figures!

Was it the soul of a dead thing or something already created before man came into existence?" He asked.

"You answered before; we are dust when we die."

He grunted and was glad for we knew dead soldier rose from battlefields seeking the way home to heaven.

"I have read Wayne's book of stolen tracts from other religions. One tract says beware of the Principalities of the Heavens," perhaps Tiberius it was such that visited you. A wondering power seeking a home, river and hillside, even you."

"Often when young I felt a great healing power but never had the courage to go out and say I can cure you for I feared ridicule. That power also came from without Simon.

If I could do such things I would bury my sword in shame and walk the road of spiritual enlightenment."

"Let Harkos be the monk, Tagget needs a warrior king, the universe needs you. Through your short sword evil and oppression is defeated. Hagar, Wayne and others are evil. There are many like them throughout space.

Space needs you Tiberius. Pick up your sword, it is your calling, it is the way. You Tiberius are as much part of the equilibrium as Wayne. You are on the side of good, Wayne on evil, therefore there is balance.

You cannot leave Tiberius or the balance would be upset and chaos result."

"You are wrong Simon. I kill so am evil for I did not make the stars. Also those on Woo's and Wayne's side see me as evil for I am out to destroy them. I also like my women Simon."

"Tiberius, what ever made us is using you to stop the genocide. Remember what animates you flourished through diversity. Try to be content with the flowers you have for the man and woman must give to the gene pool to make healthy life.

It is the way."



Illustration 180: Somehow one does not think these are the flowers of Tiberius?

Such the spiritual awakening of King Tiberius.

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Backdrop: every shade of green.

And we set off to find Ino unawares Emperor Lobodicus had landed on Planet Tagget, just as well or I might have been tempted to jack it all in there and there?

Lo the search for Ino was made easy for Philos made no attempt to cover his tracks for he was born arrogant and would die such.

“He is a jackass and I shall feed him to the ants for deserting his papa,” the head of Hagar would scream also, “ahead is the Jungle of Gloom,” and “no man can live amongst the plant kingdom.”

“What is this plant kingdom,” Tiberius asked me Simon.

“It should be Harkos you ask,” my negative reply.

But the jungle was a place for plant evolution for here plants ran aided by the wind, or on spring coiling roots and many hunted falling on us so we lost one man an hour.

As if the plants had minds they allowed Tiberius and we leaders to pass them, then they would attack our flanks and rear, taking those who were alone and weak. And the sick were taken so that the plants became infected with that new sickness.

Tongues of vegetable matter would leap out and with sticky membranes draw the victim back into a mouth. Those that pulled them back found the victim left behind patches of skin for so sticky the tendrils.

Yet many were saved, spears and copper axes chopping plants up. Then mother plant would rise out of the bush like a green elephant and even the laser guns could not immediately stop it.



Illustration 181: Inside each pretty flower was a carnivorous mouth needing you as dinner. The tendrils of the plant would lie about as innocent as dead wood till you stepped on it, then like a giant squid would have you without salt and pepper.

The plants had a central nervous system and took a long time to die. Their will to live was like other primitive life forms and was astounding, THEY WANTED LIFE.

“We need to bath Tiberius,” Morgan wiping green blood off her chin.

He grunted.

And everywhere a strong smell of chloroform from the plant wounds.

“A caveman says there is a poll ahead, I will take three and check ahead,” Zane and went before Tiberius could counter order.

“That man is to rash sometimes for my liking and for this planet,” Tiberius.

“He is young and wants a name so you can respect him Tiberius,” Morgan watching the flowers close behind Zane.

Tiberius was not like Zane, sure they had enthusiasm but Tiberius was not foolishly rash especially with other people’s lives.

In space you went cautiously, Tiberius had seen the bleached bones of many Zane Cameron’s.

And so rightly worried when Zane did not return.

Twenty minutes later we found the pool.

Saw finned Taggetian blue crocodiles circling underneath a suspended caveman who had been cut so his blood flowed exciting the dinners assembling below.

Who had roped him so?

Where were the others?

“I am Tiberius Grant,” he shouted drawing his guns adding to the others “get down.”

He was too proud and vain to take cover, always expecting his enemy to flee at the mention of his name; but what if the enemy had never heard of him?

But his shout made Philos appear at the far side of the pool, shining bright in gold chain mail.

Good God his face was riddled in pus.

“You want the others, come and get them Tiberius,” and Philos stood back while sun warriors appeared shoving the two cavemen and Zane out on a raft, covering us with archers ready to fire.

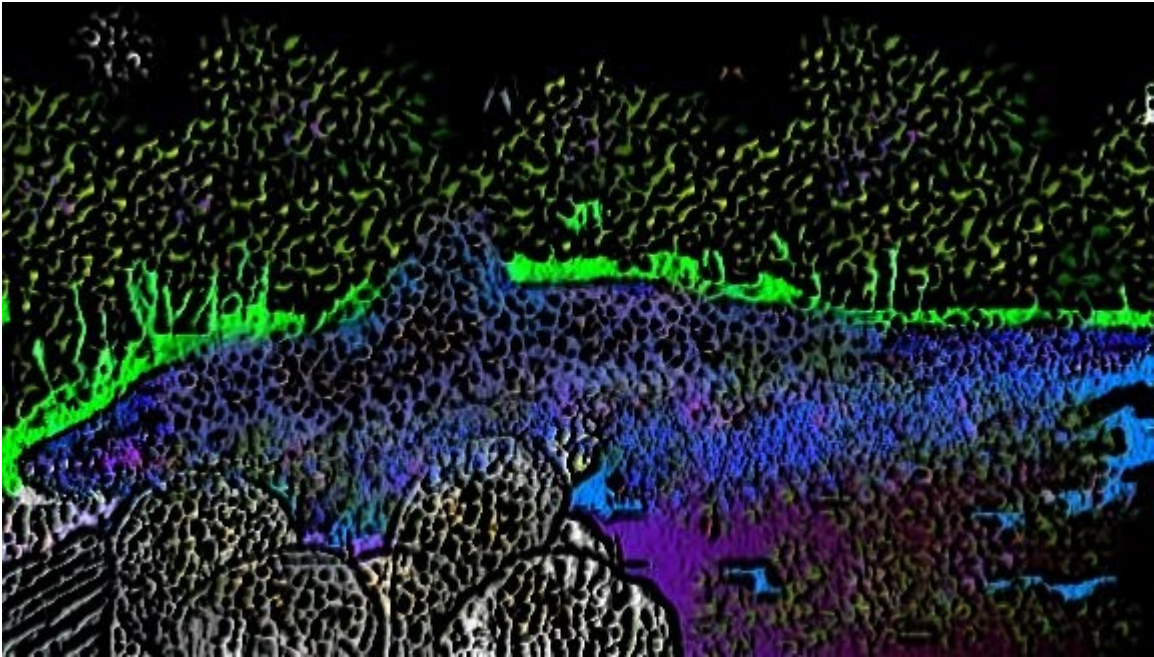


Illustration 182: The blue finned crocodile was good at issuing dinner invitations.

Lo most of Philos's men looked ill, ears and noses missing, the swelling sickness,
why had Woo not vaccinated them?

And Tiberius stood his ground, they had not fired, no need to drop and roll into the foliage. Tiberius hated that movement anyway, never knew when a snake might be in the grass and Tiberius hated legless snakes.

“Click,” Tiberius our general and the head of Hagar was handed to him.

“Want daddy? Fetch, catch Zane,” and Tiberius threw the head out. Now Philos had thought Hagar dead at his hands so went wild pushing warriors out to get him the head to finish off. *While Hagar lived Philos was not king.*

It had nothing to do with love for a parent and the warriors in the pool seemed too weak to drag themselves out so blue gums belonging to scaly bodies appeared and clamped about them teeth.

While other blue crocodiles raced up the bank into the warriors of Philos who himself screamed in horror as he prodded one off with a spear.

And Zane missed the head of Hagar that splashed and floated in the pool as fins bumped it.

I Simon saw the eyes of that head, wide with anger and fright. There sparkled evil there I am sure. Yet wished it safe in my hands so that I could destroy it rather than not know its destiny in the belly of a crocodile.

Twisted thinking, this is Tagget, deep space where nightmares walk.

Then Zane took hold of the head just as the raft was upended and all fell in.

FIREFIGHT.

Three minutes later Tiberius took an outstretched hand of a caveman.

He pulled and took from the pool only the top torso trailing organs.

“Tiberius help me?”

And Tiberius saw Zane swimming to him holding the head; also a crocodile about to bite and Tiberius’s gun were empty.

And he acted as a king by diving into the pool swimming underneath the crocodile monster that had Zane by the left arm.

He was Tiberius and cut open the belly of the monster so as soon as its entrails floated its brethren rushed it to devour the delicacies.

And Zane reached the pool side minus his left arm.

But still held the head of Hagar.

And Tiberius?

Was no more.

Under the pool he clung to the fin of a crocodile that brought him to an underground cavern full of termites the size of children, and Tiberius finding his guns empty drew his dagger.

“We are not your enemy alien,” it was as if a thousand voices spoke at once and Tiberius staggered, almost fell back into the water. But was saved by a soldier termite’s mandibles that pulled him away from the crocodile.

And unafraid the soldier termites marched into the pool killing the monster there, many dying in the process.

“They come and steal our young,” the voices boomed again.

Now Tiberius looked at the transparent insects and saw no expressions: just insect faces, uncomprehending.

“I am Tiberius Grant,” he shouted and his voice echoed.

“We know who you are or we would have killed you,” the voices.

And Tiberius found himself being pulled by the soldier termite and so went and was led to a space full of red crystals.

He went to touch but soldiers reared up opening claws so Tiberius stopped.

He knew they were not going to kill him, they were just threatening him.

Now a lesser mortal like Zane would have reacted differently with dire consequences;

Wayne definitely so to start a war.

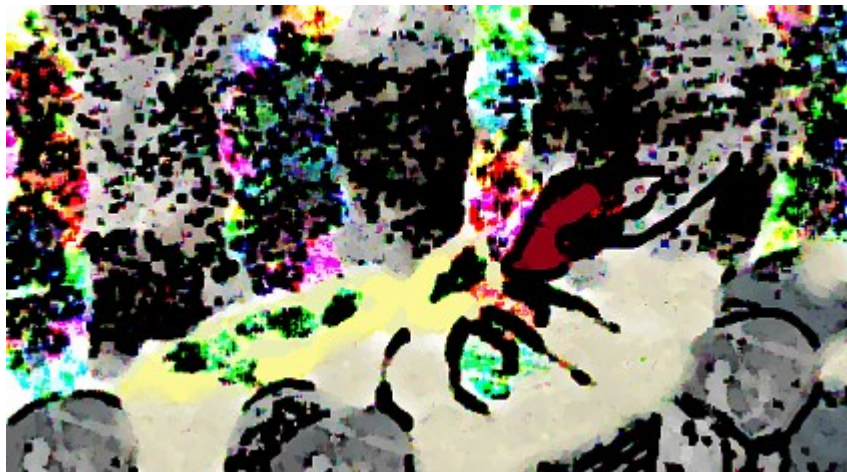


Illustration 183: They eat wood so must taste like paper mashy not sugar like some say they do. Who are these grub eaters that encourage us to be ill?

“We are what you aliens call spirits in the process of transmigration, awaiting to pass on. Some will go further into the other world finding bliss amongst the spirit world there, others will return to live in bodies such as yours or these insects.

And we are sorry to use your words to explain ourselves for your tongue lacks the expressions we need,” voices.

“Do not apologise, I am but a mortal in the presence of demigods,” Tiberius.

“We are not demigods but energy in a state of change that is all. We will help you if you help us,” voices.

“That is agreeable,” and that was the way of Tiberius.

So told him The Medic Woo was using their energy as a new force field. A field he wished to control and send armies to other worlds such as Wayne’s home planet in the flick of an instant.

Now Tiberius was really interested, armies sent by transmigration of the mind which is the soul; could it really be done?

Fakers said they could leave their bodies and travel distant lands?

Abraham Lincoln it is said consulted spirits to out fox the south. Winston Churchill also while the wrong information was given to Hitler and Lord Downing who won the Battle of Britain wrote books about afterlife.

Yes if these leaders believed then why not Tiberius.

“You must follow Philos while he still lives to where Ino is and use the mirror to burn down Emperor Woo’s Barren Rock Mountain home once and for all to stop what he is doing,” the voices.

“I was doing that.”

“We will send you.”

“Alone?”

“No.”

“Will we have to kill him?” A woman asked whose appendages were webbed.

“I hope not?” As Fial manoeuvred a termite for Tiberius to ride. She did not like deceiving Tiberius whom she liked. Let’s face it Tiberius was handsome, oozed charm and pheromones like it was no bodies business? “He is not stupid; he will eventually think this one out. He is a believer in himself not divine interventions but; like us follows *the way* as we do. Sooner or later one such as he will take transmigration exploring it to his own needs. To use WAY energy to pull apart a living thing reassembling it elsewhere.



Illustration 184: The Emperor Lobodicus was the type of man who wore buckskin, preferred moonshine and knew how to fight with a bowie knife.

The ancients were on the right track but called it soul travel.” And Fial hoped Tiberius would not be declared ENEMY by her father Lobodicus who felt he owed Tiberius one life for saving his daughter.

And we did not know that these aliens like the forces of Wayne had been weakened by a virus.

Lobodicus needed peace; he needed Tiberius to bring that peace about.

His daughter Fial would be the enticement to enter his web.

And as Tiberius examined the crystals she decided to appear to him.

“Tiberius,” and he saw her and knew why Emperor Woo said these aliens were superior.

“Et tu Brutus,” he said and she did not understand, instead she explained how she controlled the termites.

“Can you really send matter as in transmigration?” He asked.

She smiled.

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As for us we decided we must push on and complete our journey. The thought of Tiberius dead was a shattering blow.

We could only find solace in the way for the way of things is that all things die and the living must go on....we are responsible for our own pathways.

Dust to dust and ashes to ashes.

The way of life is the way of nature that belongs to the animating force that moves all.

And Fial used the natural energies that some would call witchcraft and the first to experience the way energy were the primitives who panicked feeling the strange but loving force flow into them.

It was as if invisible hands had gone over their bodies and they responded by tingling, then the force went deeper and they saw blue and yellow and faces and heat and cold; but the feeling was not harmful, but of love and any in pain felt rejuvenated. And all in all they felt as if their minds were floating up, ever upwards to a portal of light.

Then zoomed up a tunnel of blackness, the valley of death always heading towards that portal of light.

And then their bodies vanished.

Like Morgan and myself and the others they were aware they existed but had no physical bodies but had become a presence only; a presence of thought only.

Then darkness and at great speed travelled WAY LINES to become suddenly very heavy at their destination, where Tiberius waited for them outside the cavern where he saw his small army reassemble.

“Surely we were right in calling you a god,” the primitive cavemen falling on their knees and giving praises.

“What happened Tiberius?” Morgan and grunting disapproval at the primitives his allies explained”I have met the way.”

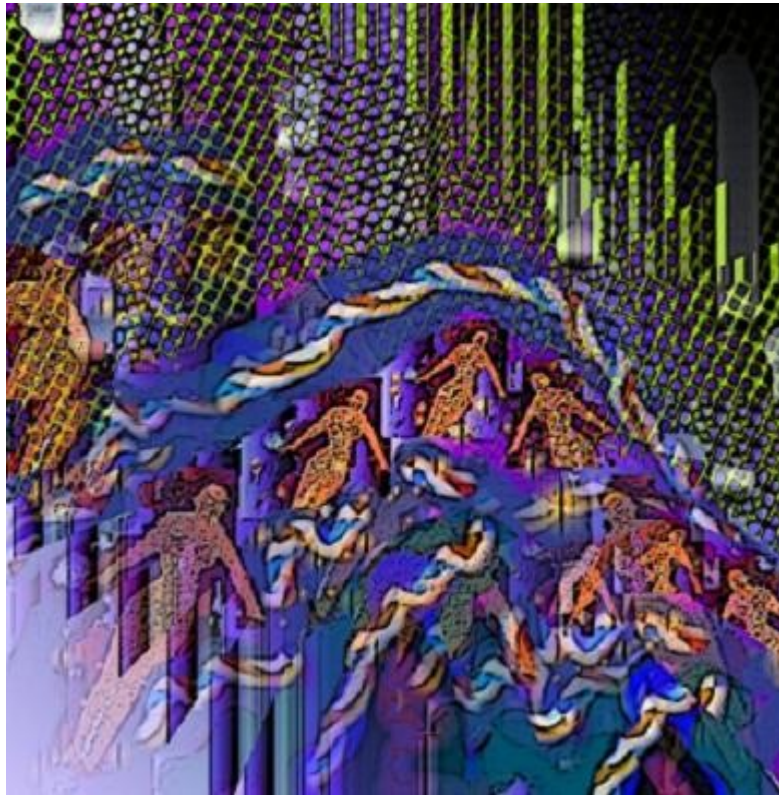


Illustration 185: Transmigration was faster than a MacDonald's.