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Tiberius

God

The Medic or he who is called The Emperor Woo was not a happy man.

Shame.

His city of green, that fabulous emerald megalith built with slave labour was ash.

The mortal Wayne Haslam was victorious causing the divine mind of Woo to collapse.

Withdrawing into himself Woo fled to his refuge, Barren Rock Mountain, that place he had taken Morgan and the others too in the bullet train.



*Illustration 186: You needed your green wellingtons and black umbrellas to walk this heather here!*

Behind rolled a vast plateau of white forest, heather tundra, chill winds and Ino and God knows what behind her?

And Woo remembered his great past.

Can you imagine the shock when Wayne sent shock troops into his throne room where Woo sat upon his green emerald throne surrounded by high ranking bison warriors?

His off worlder mercenaries having more sense had fled. And Woo had realised the game was up when his loyal bison men attacked the human invaders and died.

Then Wayne walked in, “Well Medic your prices were too high so guess we either send you back for trial on the wooden chair or we kill you now.

What will it be?” Wayne had asked.

But Woo could not answer; his eyes were riveted on the last withering dying movements of a few loyal choking bison men.

So Wayne drew his pistol and shot these last six in soft parts such as the belly, also their privates and ordered his shock troops to finish them off with the bayonet.

Truly Wayne was a cruel evil man?

Others in space like Morag and a lost sister Maeve knew what Wayne was like too.

“Am I the criminal or you Woo?” In his mind he had already shifted the blame of killing these brave men whose last moments at animated life fascinated Woo; *it was his fault for not answering Wayne.*

All Woo could do was stare at Wayne in an incredulous disbelief.

“Take the idiot out and kill him anyway you want,” Wayne dismissing a life he had not made again JUST LIKE THAT as he examined the throne.

It was worth a fortune,

In fact the whole damn city was.

The war against the aliens was paid and now his enemies had just been bribed to support him too.

So shock troops took Woo and passing a busted up veranda Woo flung himself over.

Away he dropped like a stone.

Like a pet rat I Simon once had that had cancer and threw itself of a veranda to end its suffering, Woo knew what he was doing like the rat did.

His time to die had come about.

Below was the red river of larva.

And a blast of hot air blew up towards him, caught him and thrust him into the branches of a parasitic vine that sucked the minerals out of the rocks here.

Shots ran out.

His left pinkie vanished, so did his left ear; then he was up and running down a corridor.

\*

Wayne in retaliation rounded up all the wounded bison men he could find; there weren't many, any whole ones had run already.

He also rounded up lots of turtle folk, he did not regard them in esteem as they looked ridiculous in their shells and Wayne hadn't had turtle soup in ages.

HE FANCIED SOME NOW YES HE DID.



*Illustration 187: A spud and sausage on the end of a stick and all was bash! The larva was so hot the bison men had washing lines near by.*

“Where did your Emperor Woo go?” As if they would know and a chef sharpened his knives behind scenes.

None answered as none knew except for the bison men who out of vanity and at their shame of still being alive or malice towards the turtle folk remained silent.

Wayne wasn't found of snakes but my his tummy was rumbling over hot turtle soup.

“Dirty aliens that is all you are,” Wayne said sealing the alien’s fate and yet he was the alien here!

Once Tagget had been cleaned of these ugly things in front of him a mixed sex garrison would be established; their purpose

Guard Tagget

And mate.

They would be the first military settlers here.

And the first thing Wayne would do was put a bounty on snake scalps.

And as for the bison men he didn’t fancy eating them, well he had them thrown off the veranda to splash into the red river below in plumes of smoke.

One instant you were alive and the next vaporised.

“There is no good alien but a dead one,” Wayne lived up to his motto yes he did.

And all the warriors died happy, Wayne had given them a second chance to die at the hands of an enemy.....they would now go to Ceugant Dana’s Hall of heroes.

“Now tell me where Woo went?” He asked the couple of thousand turtle men and their woman folk and kids.

But they weren’t privy to Woo’s secret so made silent gestures with their lips and hands.

Wayne thought they looked ridiculous so “Men here are your suppers tonight,”so saying he turned his back on them to gaze out the remains of the veranda wondering where Woo had gone.

And behind Wayne the turtle folk as a unified race had just ceased.

And that night Wayne was not alone with these thoughts, “Turtle was a bit grisly, maybe too strong, but mighty fine and filling anyway.



*Illustration 188: Wayne stuck medals on himself to blend in with the marines.*

And his men toasted Wayne his victory and for being generous with the drink and food quite forgetting their sinking spirits.

It made them believe they would return to Earth soon and spend their loot; in reality it was a night's bliss for them to ignore

.....Woo's VIRUS that reminded them what Woo could serve up for them and he was still alive; a dampening thought.

And General Macpherson did not drink, knew they were in more trouble than Wayne cared to admit. All the new recruits who hadn't been vaccinated due to corruption were dead.

Over six thousand men and women.

That left them with one hundred thousand vaccinated shock troops, and as time went on their numbers would dwindle. Earth was a year away, the new prototype wrap engines had not been fully tested. Time was running out, Lobodocus was here, Lobodocus was nearer home.

Wayne would not be the winner this time, logistics would prove that point.

Macpherson and some of his aides ate army rations instead.

Wayne didn't notice, he was gorged on turtle meat.

"You made me come," Wayne would shout at Macpherson and "now I am here I intend to stay."

And Macpherson watched Wayne and his soldiers pour emeralds from hand to hand while they dreamed.

But Wayne was rich already so, what did he dream of? Horrid things, perversions that even the animator never created?

The emeralds weren't worth their lives but Macpherson and his friends made sure they had their share too, just in case they had to flee and set up new homes on some God forgotten place. The emeralds would help the forgotten bit be not too bad!

And General Macpherson planned to replace Wayne Haslam again, this time round Wayne wouldn't be returning to Earth?

But what Macpherson didn't realise was he was as bad as his boss Wayne, for he had stood aside allowing Wayne to order genocide while he commanded the army and could have done something about it.

To Macpherson and his like there was no difference from eating turtle folk and eating dolphins.....both were highly intelligent animals and tasted real good.

Let's face it Macpherson didn't like aliens either; *a good alien was a dead one blah blah blah*.

As Simon data scribe knew, not many did, and as humans were aliens on some planets they weren't liked either.

Aliens were zoo pieces and humans tasted like pork.

Such then Wayne and his troopers of The Human Dominance Party.

\*

Ino was taken by surprise when Tiberius and his followers materialised in front of her.

So many of them that they fell onto the mirror platform.

Transmigration over such a long distance is not a quick process. It works by taking your life force, that's the secret. Your private ion code that triggers life again and usually the damage rate is low, like heads sticking out of bottoms.

But with numbers like an army involved, Fial and her Lobodicusians knew the rate would be higher.

So the sight of deformed cavemen dropping out of the sky upon Ino's warriors proved too much.....the bravest sun warriors believed the sky was falling upon their



head, the greatest fear of Taggetians and buried their heads in the soil or under bushes so were killed easily.

It was murder as they did not defend themselves.

To the sun warriors it was the end of the world that they lived daily in fear of.



*Illustration 189: It always happened to the extras, the primitives to illustrate transmigration wasn't 100% sure proof; body parts got mixed up, howl woof.*

It is also a great fear of the way.

Some thought the shadow world had opened upon them, while in fact it was only science.

And Ino at first taken by superstition believed also the sky had fallen until see saw

HE WHOM THEY HAD WAITED AN HOUR IN THE SUN FOR,

Tiberius.

She was about to swear at Tiberius when Dracon materialised on top of her felling the woman. To Dracon he didn't mind, she was softer than landing on the ground.

And Tiberius committed murder to reach the sun mirror and many he just pushed off the platform.

He didn't even have time to figure out what type of remains the seared black meat was that the laser had burned.

Now home to carcase egg laying flies that didn't care either.....the yellow, red and white bottles of Tagget; flies.

Hundred of them.

And Tiberius accidentally pulled the lever activating the sun mirror. Maybe if he didn't have such a sore head he might have thought twice about what he had done.

And the rays of eight suns shot out across the mass of bodies so there was much death amongst friend and foe. And by the time Dracon came over and helped him shut the mirror down, Ino's warriors were running for their lives.

The primitives seeing Tiberius close the mirror took heart and chased the fleeing backs and slaughtered many more.

"Tiberius," someone spat venomously.

And Tiberius being a gentleman helped Ino to her feet.

"We meet again."

\*

“There is hope for humans and us to live together father?” Fial asked her father the Emperor Lobodicus. He nodded agreement; he had plans for Tiberius so was allowing him to possess the sun mirror to use on his enemies.

It was the height of laziness.