

Wayne Haslam smiled; Zane was doing better than expected and it was planned the defense take the blame for starting the alien wars.

Wayne Haslam wanted to remain pearly white.

SILENCE.

Grand Elect Wayne Haslam had stood up.

Anyone with brains shut up.

“GREAAAAAAAAAGH,” A throat cleared, Sergeant Dracon Polanski never had any.

“Frog,” he apologetically swallowing

The greenie.

“May I remind that Intergalactic News is broadcasting events live to our alien friends?” Then Zane Cameron sat knowing his career was finished.

D.A. Morag Brown. “You were saying?”

Sergeant Dracon Polanski blew he a kiss, winked and was given 5 mil more Zenith to speed things up.

Now the screen showed Morag sitting on Dracon. She would wait patiently for Dracon's thoughts to clean. So watched for ten minutes, saw herself having fun, she began to like Dracon.

Always the way with the hated screen.

Anyway THE ELECT remained silent enjoying the spectacle; nothing about sex had changed over time.

And Wayne Haslam decided to bed his D.A.

With several grunts, groans and twists on the chair Zenith gave Dracon his Death Fantasy just before heart failure.

The nurse checked him out, he was still alive, knew her business, Wayne Haslam had ordered her not to kill him.

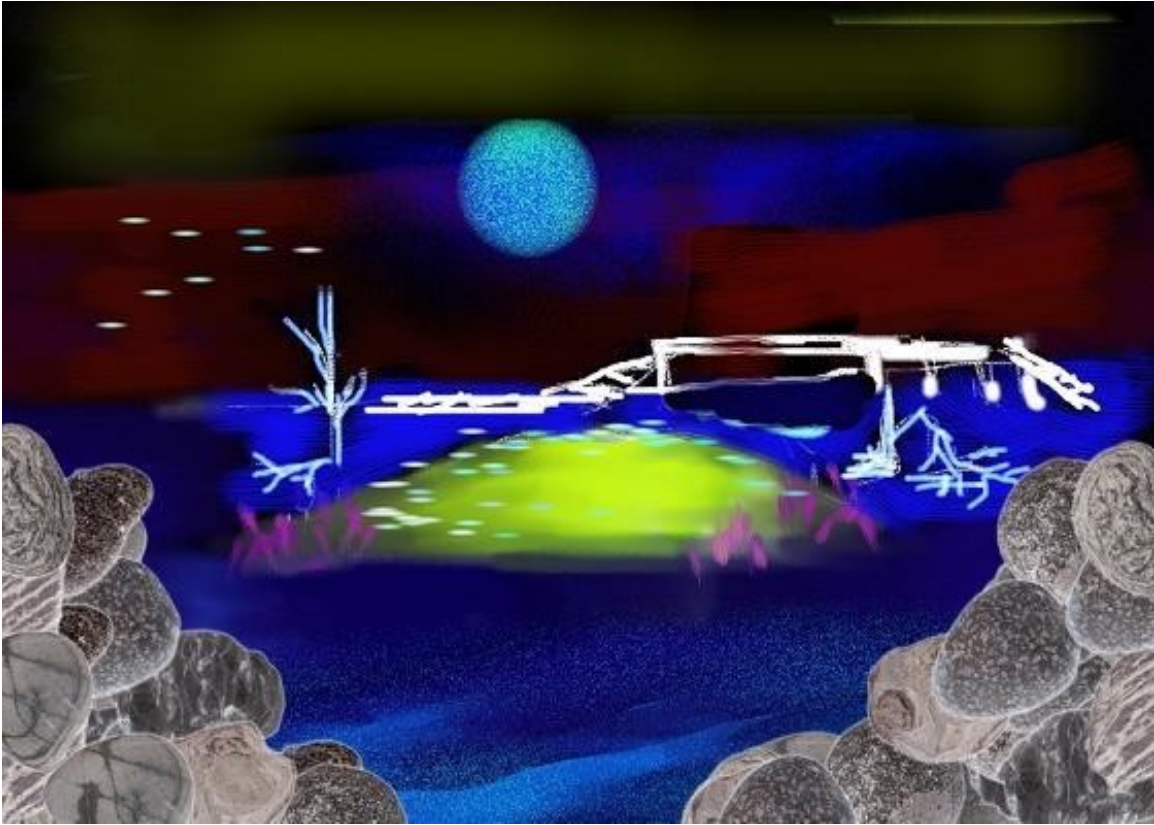
After the proceedings Wayne would send his crack Death Squad under General Macpherson to give her a lethal shot. Wayne didn't want history finding witnesses to the start of his alien war. That tickled Wayne pink; give her a big smile as she died on an O.D.

All Wayne Haslam GRAND ELECT could think was victory, new human populated worlds, some agricultural some industrial and dam the waste and insecticides destroying the alien environment.

That's what he paid The Medic for, what everyone paid The Medic for, progress.

Progress meant dead Earthen seas full of toxic waste.

Progress meant a scramble to leave Earth settling elsewhere.....Wayne would give them settlements.



*Illustration 9: "We have a divine right to waste planets," Wayne Haslam.*

Wayne was the people's man, war meant mummies losing sons. He made it his business to kiss babies. He wanted to be loved by his human species:

Wayne Haslam.

Dracon smiled at Morag Brown, she flushed, felt affiliated with him, part of his....it was the screen's fault were she had just watched herself with the condemned.....and opened her buttons showing more of herself than she should. It was hot in here with tension, no one would mind.

Wayne Haslam noticed.



*Illustration 10: Do go out in the olong grass when frogs are about.*

Wayne knew if Dracon kept this up war would be declared before too long. Then Dracon would be dead, the truth too. Morag had her orders; a promising girl always obeyed them, get Dracon too speak about aliens.

All knew how Dracon described aliens,

as murdering snake vermin.

There must have been a Dracon with Genghis Khan to whoop up was fever against humanity.

There must have been a Dracon with Hitler to make the Nazi fear the Jews.

Richard the Lion Heart had one against Islam.

Saladin the Muslim his against Christians.

And Wayne the latest, Dracon to get his aliens warring.

A black cat saw and anticipated dinner, like the rats it was partial to fried pieces.

The screen showed Dracon's thoughts.

"But the General Tiberius, he saw that pink credit slip for a million dollars then the picture, yep of the High Priestess Ino and that did it.....Pause.....the general can't ignore a distressed pretty dame.....Pause.....so we went.....The screen showed Tiberius making it with a snake.....Just like you pretty lady, Tiberius would come across space to help you; that man is addicted to women.

Morag Brown hoped General Tiberius wouldn't come across space. What she knew of him was from conflicting press reports.

The papers controlled by Wayne Haslam Grand ELECT made Tiberius a planet robber,

alien murderer,

rapist,

a no good blood thirsty mercenary.

The free papers said he was Robin Hood and defended human colonies deep in space against war crazy aliens.

And she wondered why Wayne Haslam allowed the free press existence.

And Wayne Haslam knew.....his papers had to please the alien ELECT.

The free network couldn't give a monkey's wind about whom they offended. They printed the truth about aliens, backward, war crazy, empire expansionists, child slavers and eaters.

And the aliens:

Saw humans as farm animals.

Many reared humans sold to them by humans as cattle.

Veal chops, don't ask for them in some alien worlds, it might be a human kid with apple sauce.

Eyeballs a la monde'.

Wayne Haslam wanted war.

Dracon and the free press would give war. And when started the free press would be controlled and those that DIDN'T?

Well there was plenty of Zenith and vacant wooden chairs like Dracon sat on.



*Illustration 11: Anything covered in a caramel sauce was eaten, even teddies.*

It was 200123A.D. and MOST aliens and humans hated each other.

It just needed spark to start THE WAR.

D.A. Morag Brown. “Let the ELECTED note that the general is also charged with immorality towards alien subspecies.”

It was a polite way of saying he had hot alien girlfriends. A new charge would now be thought up by the D.A. Office responding to alien women getting shipped to brothels.

For human and alien clients.

The traffic worked both ways.

Humans ended up in alien brothels.

The very thought of a pretty adolescent girl under a green scaled pig faced alien had started riots and resulted in.....lots aliens hung from street lights.

The Grand ELECT Wayne Haslam winced with pleasure, 'Subspecies: Intergalactic News; Human master race.'

And it was true, human were the dominant space race and people like the general he wished he had a hundred on his side.....and then he did have intergalactic peace.

He did bring all races under his wing.

Their leaders would join The LELECT.

And slowly over time,

Would become second class citizens

And die out

With a little help from himself and he who called himself The Medic.

He would not admit he liked the general.

Was just envious of his freedom ways.

And actually did the image of humans good.

Feared and respected.

Wanted and welcomed by pioneer settlers bringing new technology and soldiers that would fight for the new human universes.





*Illustration 12: A woman is a womagn, just as a sailor.*

The general sorted out alien messes which the ELECTED were forbidden to do.

He went in there leaving when there was one winner and peace.

Peace meant trade and profit.

Tiberius killed aliens.

Wayne wished he could be a space pioneer opening new worlds like General Tiberius.

“So we went to Tagget.....PAUSE..... (Dracon winced at the memory.).....foul place. Not like the tourist brochures have made it out to be. God helps anyone stupid enough to go there.”

Grand Consul Wayne Haslam.

“Don’t Edit.” And it was done, a speech over was not inserted by a relief censor, “We all know about Tagget from Mining Brochures: Wayne was feeling brave.....it cost billions to make worlds safe for human habitation.

It didn’t matter if they were already fit for the aliens, they was dirt and soon to be like the dinosaurs.

So Morag Brown decided to speed things up.....she was afraid Dracon would end her career.

She summoned the nurse back.

“Let’s start when the general changed sides,” she.

Dracon looked at Morag trying to remember when that was?

This blond was asking him to drop a lot of history.

Then Dracon screamed.



The nurse had pricked him; he got excited again on the screen, Zenith.

No one was seeing anything new, just different actors in the form of Dracon and Morag D.A.

Zane Cameron. “I object, cutting out why General Tiberius went to Tagget is defeating Dracon's defense.”

He didn't care any more, if he put up a good defense he might make living defending little green aliens out there,

SOMEWHERE.

Lots of worlds and generals out there.

Anyway....Morag Brown looked at Grand Consul Wayne Haslam.

“Objection deleted.”

There would be no defense.

Everyone knew Tagget was a backward hostile prehistoric little world,

UNDER

THE HISTORIC TRUST.

And Wayne Haslam wanted the aliens knowing what humans thought about them.

And General Tiberius had gone dragging the place into the modern world.

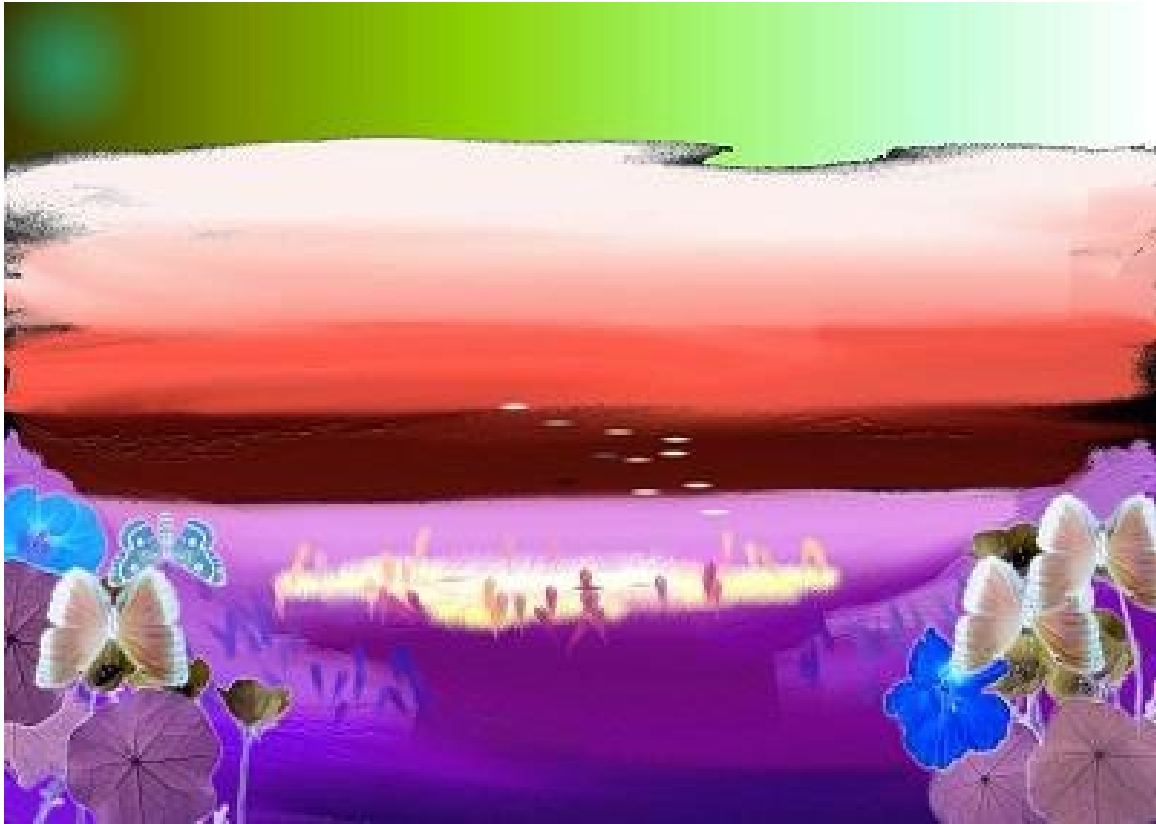
He had given it the potter's wheel.



*Illustration 14: Planet Tagget as seen through human eyes or more precisely Wayne Haslam's advertising posters to draw human settlers to an idyllic planet, rich in green pastures and ready for white fences and children running down country roads to school.*

**If you want to see what the place really looked like take a look over the page.**

**Yes there were pastures but without white fencing, and children were running but not to school. See up on Planet Tagget Wayne's advertising agency didn't exist as Taggetians didn't want to go to Planet Earth.**



*Illustration15: Tagget as seen through Taggetian eyes.*

