

Because Dracon really had her and a screen flashed her chest up, Dracon just couldn't help himself.

We skip on:

The screen changed.

Wayne's screen showed Tiberius's face.

Dracon had just told how the general killed a snake General: "Na never cut his throat,. took him by his pony tail, yanked his head back and made him swallow his own copper short sword.

Screen

From the top see, and each time he

blood

banged it down snaky fell to

his knees

red

begging mercy.

D.A. Morag Brown. "Was mercy shown?" *And none said maybe Dracon was showing off.*

"Yes he yanked the sword out and in one giant blow cut a snake head off. Should have kept thumping, these snake generals burned human farmsteads with pioneer families inside, screaming and mercy was shown, the windows had been boarded up by stinking snake general's orders," Dracon.

Defense Zane Cameron disappeared inside his red suit.

Some gentle dispositions wanted to retch, Dracon had that effect.

Grand Consul Haslam knew the general had done space a favor, but that wasn't the point.

THE GENERAL HAD KILLED AN ALIEN LEADER,

THAT WAS THE POINT.....sacrilege.

Now there was this trial where all the dirty human laundry would be exposed and he, Wayne Haslam would defend human space activity and drive the aliens out of the Commonwealth.



24: Tiberius was on the wrong side of the stone wall, but he didn't mind.

“This is murder, an example is needed or the rule of The Historic Trust will be ignored and the authority of the ELECT weakened.

The Historic Trust had been set up by you.

Men and women like the general have outlived their usefulness.

AS FOR DRACON POLANSKI.

The sooner life goes out the better,” D.A. Morag Brown.

Sergeant Dracon Polanski was shocked. Just as he was getting to like the woman she goes and asks for his termination.

He glared at her.

A screen showed Dracon throttling her till she went blue with bulging eyes.

She was innocent of Wayne’s ambitions, just doing her jib.

“Tell us Dracon when you changed sides? The ELECT waited. PAUSE.....Look at the ELECT, you are in their presence. Speak Sergeant Dracon Polanski,” Morag Brown felt she had just come out of a hand clapping church after that fine speech. She also knew the ELECT wanted this ended quick.

SHE WANTED PROMOTION.

SHE HAD SEEN GRAND CONSUL HASLAM LOOKING AT HER.

In the way only a man with ravenous intent does.

And no one saw a black rat that had eaten a roach leg dissolve into viral slime under the polished red floor boards.

And poor poor Dracon looked at the ELECT and spoke, awestruck that he was amongst The Mighty.

And the poor smuck spoke

Zenith.

Lo, nobody noticed the poor dead three headed roach seep body fluids. It was bleeding, spreading a deadly flesh eating virus amongst the ELECT.

Who would spread it to a zillion worlds.

There would be a cure scramble, like before, costly and only the wealthy would survive.

It was called accountancy, book keeping, making sure the troublesome demanding poor vanished.

It was also asking for trouble.

Mutated germs?

It was also called genocide.

The poor died and rich survived.

Nature's way,

Survival of the fittest.

AND WAYNE HASLAM PLANNED GENOCIDE ON THE ALIENS.

This time he didn't want the poor to go, he needed them to enlist, and he needed them to fight for him.

The results were the same.....they would be gone.

There used to be an ancient saying on Earth, “For every protected animal skinned someone just made a buck,”

Now they say,

: For every alien war won an ELECT got a planet.”

And he who was called The Medic, he who found the virus allowing it to escape on Earth inside a three headed roach would wait on the side lines with the tested vaccine.

Wayne already had his shots.

So did most of his private army, them that weren't totally loyal to his cause hadn't. These the Medic would sell the vaccine to if they had time and cash to buy, at inflated prices

Of course.

Wayne was about too clean space, make it fit for humans and people like him would be safer in it.

It was WAR.

Wayne financed the virus.

No one suspected The Medic; vicious bus appeared all the time, wiped out millions before The Medic or someone like him found a cure.

So much pollution was to blame.

But many didn't blame toxic waste, like Dracon and Tiberius knowing The Medic made them for profit.

Bugs and cures was one sure way to riches.

And Wayne Haslam slept well; he did what he believed so his conscience didn't bother him.

HE WAS RIGHT,

Everyone else was wrong.

It was said God helped those who helped themselves.

Therefore no one could say Wayne didn't work hard.

And everyone knew God liked a hard worker.

"Didn't the 'Book' say, 'when the master returns he expects interest?'" Yes sir Heaven was a kingdom. Court. Hierarchy, expendable workers, slaves.

Wayne Haslam interpreted the Book his way.

"The potter could do what he liked with his clay," Wayne had written in his "Book," he wrote it remembers? "Aliens are our clay," and humans knew he was right.

God was on his side, it would be a holy war against the aliens. Humans were on the side of righteousness.

Wayne's new religion.

Nobody minded dying for God and salvation, they might mind dying for him.

Wayne Haslam studied well,

Mass mind control.

He had invented a church,

Church of Humankind

Had writers go through every religious book he could find and wrote the "Book."

GOD'S BOOK,

Or as Tiberius called it,

“Wayne’s Book.”

The Bible couldn’t be called the Book anymore; it had become ‘Wayne’s Book.’

“It was the way,” Wayne shouted, but it was not.

The way was equilibrium of creation. What was taken away must be replaced with something better, not waste.

Wayne didn’t understand this, but as The Way was popular he was stealing from it as he had stolen from the Bible, the Koran and any other religious book he got his thieving hands upon.

He wanted humans thinking he had divine backing.

At first the aliens and conservationists had a good laugh over his ‘Book’, but not any more.

It was serious stuff.

And the aliens, as guilty as the humans, as war like, just waiting for war; one species would survive and dominate.

One to build factories and a rich trading empire. No one cared about black rats or roaches, dirty things deserving extinction.

And the alien Emperor Lobodicus of the Outer Suns and Moons wanted every human dead. “For every million killed I will reward my star ship crews with land and alien slaves,” meaning humans as we was aliens to him.

And the emperor Lobodicus slept well, he regarded humans as lower than



*25: Is this what Lobodicusians looked like?
No one knew, except they existed in some
dimension and they died for their emperor.*

roaches and black rats.

Lobodicus the only man alive who could defeat Wayne Haslam as he shared Wayne's ambitions, but for his own purple alien race....the papers said they were purple.

No one had ever seen a Lobodicusian and lived the papers said but there were many out there who had seen them and lived. Navy crews who saw them float past amongst the float sum after a naval deep space battle. They seemed purple but were so distorted by pressure no one was sure, and that was the problem when a magazine

went up it obliterated all on board.

And Wayne silenced those who said they were not purple, fear of Lobodocus helped his route to an alien war.

And a virus saw Lobodocusians as something purple to eat.

