

21/08/2001  
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## Chapter 4

As is seen I

2.

**Chapter 4 continued.** Time: 36:AB, 4th  
moonphase,  
LO 2nd moon  
rising.

As is seen I, Vircingetoris, am on this highway.  
The cars keep shipping by.

Their bright wet shining glorying lights keep  
glossing mein eyes.

I, Vircingetoris, am a Demigod, and the huge neon  
light filled tech city is several kilometers before  
me.

Trouble is within a 1000 km radius. This huge  
'Apotheum Colleseum' domed citadel city has secret  
electronic surveillance systems, not to mention their  
super advanced highly paranoid laser defence  
system...

Your mission here is to take out, in any possible  
means, their spy system. This includes the afore-  
mentioned other systems.

Why?

Because, like you know, their populace is  
enslaved. Also we do have a slight interest in their  
resources & technologies.

For now, look like an average local; who has lost  
his way along the way?

**BOOM!** I see their sirens.

Within seconds they have their aeronautic  
taskforce coming at me. Thanks to my previous R&D  
granted to me by my ever devotional 'gods &  
goddesses' I know that I must stand still, arms at  
side, not moving, waiting while their police &  
psychologist drag me away and lock me up.

I wait. The stars don't shine through the heavy carbon monoxide polluted sky. The winds are unpredictable, the croplands grow only hemp, femel, and thyme, it is merely a question of time, plus other sturdy protein-brushes with tie-dying bearing berries. There are no animals left except for the humanoidish population of course. My heart is pulled by the empty fields poisoned from excessive acidity & nitrogen dumping. Well, what do you expect from 500 million people piled in a 2500 km<sup>2</sup> (50x50 km) fortress?

They are mere seconds away now though they spotted me minutes ago.

I, Vircingetoris, found my way here, 'lost & helpless.'

I, Vircingetoris, am on a mission from Planet Earth (equiv.time:2013, 8:00 Nov 16. So what (I'm here now!)) It is merely a question of time.

It does not matter though, I am not a cyborg soldier, I am a Demigod! Thoth is my idol! Horus is my protector! RA is my god!

I make silent blessings as they swoop down on me. Dirt-dry poisoned dirt blows around me and my upward directed closed eyes.

Their stealth helicopter doors open and I hear, now eyes forward, looking, open, their hardcore trance jungle military rhythm music coming out...

The last I think before they step out with laser rifles (LAW''s).

They jump out both sides, crouch positions, rifles aimed at me. Their commander shouts at me in their language (a sort even metered spike guttural clicking speech). Thanks to my brain implanted translatordevice (biological implant, undetectable, thankfully my gods & goddesses don't think they have psychics... through scanners, maybe a psychic)

The same implant immediately translates my proper response (No proper response, I am laser (lds) bbq meat.)

They have adamantite silver-chromed blackhelmets with multi-spectrum laser lightgoggles. Their layered padded strike unit vests and plastic/metal compounded (laser-deflective) suits, costumes, rapidly come at me.

The commander sticks his finger at my nose and I appropriately customarily bow and then stand on my knees. He, as is traditional, vice-grips my neck, lifts me, lets me throttle a bit, and then throws me into the copter.

The last I see before being injected with heavy-duty aneesthesia is the hard-to-crack-encoded ldscannons lined along their walls in diamond fort towers ever piercing the skies, ever piercing the grounds, ever piercing the waters, ever piercing, ever pointing, ever piercing...

I wake up in a minimalistic cell, the only worth being the fine after head buzz. There is knocking on the only door of this 9m2 cell. A commander walks in.

'Who are you?', he demands.

I must respond; 'I am Vircingetoris, lost along the way?'

He nods curtly, leaves, & slams the door shut.

Some unspecified time later, 3 hours according to my internal clock instinct, a lesser official walks in, after knocking on the door.

His voice is rich & textured, 'We've see that your I.D. is valid & acceptable.'

I think: 'Buggers, suckers, I have almost already won.'

I think: 'Nothing quite like forged science!'

He speaks again: 'You are classified in the B-class citizen level, and you have behaved, thus you may begin observed slave duty.'

I thank him.

O.S.D. duty means fitting compounded plastic/metal parts together with computer robotic assistance.

'Thanks to my gods & goddesses & my altared identity. They suspect nothing. **HAH HAH HAH.**'

Yet that's not the problem. The problem is within a short period of time (it is now Time: 63:BA, 3rd moon phase

OL 2nd moon non)

I must infiltrate their bastard capitalistic hierarchy, incite a revolt and instill a socialistic domain so that my 'gods & godesses', clones can take

over this 'Apotheum Colleseum' city citadel complex.  
The riches in resources & technologies we could win!

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