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THE FABLE LOVE MADE 2

THE ICE BED HEART

By Aaron Dia Pemberton

A railing wind, gripped the sails of the Akkadian God ship like tram lines of the future. The invisible arriving of change and progression, from, uncertain deadness; filled with cool suggestion of speed and waiting destinations. The open sky was like the market of time.

The massive, 100 meter vessel parted the water like a monster, swimming up from the depths. It accompanied the cries in the wind like an orchestra oarsmen. The paddles slapped the water like brushes on drums. The sail was hard and luffing like the beat of stick on bass.

Through the horizon slowly, orange moments appeared like, angels watched over the ending day. It whispered with fatigue and tired with hearing the ends. 'To Enoch cherub and, to lake remain, to every night in distant dreams and games. The earth, in free flowing

colours a change. The force of all, and none exchange.'

Prince Omnie, listened to the stirring wind in the sail above his quarters. His red hair was loose and fallen in a ponytail. Subdue looking through candles over the trays on the table, to windows. The lowering sun glittered the gold dressing under his eyes and the protruding features tidily formed his face.

In his stillness, he possessed an oblivious space of expecting, like for a child he did not willingly conceive but would arrive expected. The concerns drew stoic blandness on his features and he sat poised with reflection on his thrown chair.

The door opened and Majie, the captain approached with intrepid strides. "There is a large vessel possibly matching the size of our own approaching our port bow. Should I adjust our course your majesty?" He spoke. The black beard was wet with sweat from the

days heat. His dark tan skin was oiled and clean looking. The gold on the Captain's limbs looked like it was slipping off the curved muscles the captain stood with. The Prince turned his attention back to the windows behind the Captain and replied, boldly.

“There is only one, Akkadian God Ship Captain. Be wise not to forget, should it be battle we would not evade.”

“This is why we cater to peasants to drop farm utensils instead of kings to bear Gold?” The Captain, asked.

“Majie, Gold is not everything. Take in her oars and prepare to engage the vessel, without hostile intentions. I will come.” The prince spoke.

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From the fight left Nat and Dua's son enraged with disgust, The Akkadian God, ship was finally out of sight. It was riddled in air of mixed convictions. Where, the men under Hithorn, had raised hostility to control Dua's presence and the presence of her family.

Her son, Ode, watched quivering after asking if his mother was on the ship, when Nat honestly spoke that he could not know. Dua, was vanished, left only the gathering of wheat and fish that was abundant enough to make them leaders. Her son's eyes glared with fire like kindling passion, to warm release of an eternity of pain.

In the making of life he could associate the blood of the men Nat had defeated, to the conviction of mortal evils he would face to denounce. The air was stale with fresh alert, like a war drill being alarmed in the way they needed to live with.

It was 4000 BC, and Nat firmly raised his hand, free from the weapon. He extended the long limbs before his hand could touch, Ode. “What are you doing?” Ode, asked. He took the boy and hugged him with unprovoked care. It was of a fatherhood that was new. A promise of making the best.

“Why did she leave?” Ode, asked.

“Because she had to. Because she loved us enough to show us. One day, I will have to leave also and one day you will too.” Nat, spoke. The stagnant marsh of croaking sounds was soon washed and the bodies cleaned of blood, left on the coast, like heaps of sea grass.

Ode and Nat, began to walk back to where the stalls of fish were being stored to make the food for the night in the village. The learning of a single outcast in the perfection that remained was unobtainable intentions. It mixed with many convictions as the God Ship

departed and asked many emotions they did not immediately understand.

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The Akkadian God Ship, approached what was now looking as a mountain peak pointing out of the water. Prince Omnie and the crew of officers gathered on the high deck outside the cabin to capture better what it was approaching them.

The ship brought an unsteady apprehension , like an equal presence in the domination of the sea. “Her vessel is moving in concordant behaviour to our own.” Captain Majie, spoke.

“Can you see a seal, Captain? What would indicate the service and origin?” Prince Omnie, asked.

As the ships drew nearer there was a soft purring under the sides of their vessels. The

waters slowed from parting at their bows and the images on their massive sides, sliding like mountains of moving earth, became bold, like prominent plates near to thunder in collision.

“It is your father, Prince Omnie.” The Captain declared. “Prepare to be boarded for our Pharaoh, Morte Gonn.” The Captain spoke.

“I will wait in my cabin. Show him aboard.” Prince Omnie, spoke. He sharply took steps to prepare for his father with slight show of tension in his snapping steps.

It was not long after The Prince heard the herald of the Pharaoh and the sudden elevation of spirits in the walking totem of power over that which they served. It was with subdued fleeting of the light to celebration, there was bright shuffling, candles lit and meats unpacked from closed boxes.

The Pharaoh was adorned in similar style of gold makeup and the head of fanned blades lulled the candles, like a low sun. They twinkled in the Pharaohs grey eyes, revealing a gold wig of hair above his glares.

“I welcome you father.” The Prince spoke, removing his gold adornments.

“Why do you undress? Have you something to surrender so soon, my son?”

“The trade has been successful. I have released the fishing men from dependency left them to value our enemies more than us.”

“Gold?”

“In the established future.”

“What future is that?” The Pharaoh asked, coldly and with peeling looks stated. “Your future, Omnie? Or Egypt’s?”

Interlude 1

The ponce excited revelling in the blue ponds, elated with new excitements in the coming night. Mermaids left shallows of this time and spirits in libertine fashion took their places. Cups made ching and guzzling lumps of squeezed liquids, burst to brims of their gathering.

The waters ran cool streams like springs and natural lights from jewels and quartz made lanterns from the moon outside. It was warm with privacy in the low caves trapped in the infinite number of years brightening their secrecy.

The walls were like fresh eruptions, turning and storming, simmering and warming, with radiant tenacity of unbridled energy, like fire. It was with caverns of mystery leading down and remaining, the, Ice Bed Heart, in the dimensions of its resonating force.

Withered out the high waves of water to low lagoons and rippling puddles, they sat over. The high mountain was no longer submerged and the events above water gave shape to new entertainment, immortal beings there shared.

“Did you think I would not be there, to halt that, CEO, charade? Sophia, a woman? Not even if she didn’t have balls.” A Bestial grinning character spoke, staring out the red passion of his burning eyes. The square irregular sharp features of his angelic head pointed towards the beauty on the white glare of, Lucifer, ahead of him.

“Where are you Cupid? You neither here nor there, expect to make something happen! Sophia, will never see you! You cannot change my persuasions now.” Lucifer, sat wetted in the black trousers of his suit with a red and purple shirt licking his skin like a tongue in mouth.

There was rivalling heat, like on a court of sport, steaming out the water between them, alerting the angels and divine ministries on the walls of wild mural explosions, like panic.

The Dragon man and The Dog man, coyly observed from a neighbouring pool of shallow spas. They kept an alerted weariness for the wellbeing of what they cared for. In the sacred recede that was, The Ice Bed Heart. The stir of such earthly engagements was immediately perturbing to them.

Ebit: That there a day to end them is, Lo?

Lo: Do not, Ebit, mock, dynasties found many before and finally a creature proved their values more than death. Dua can separate the ignorance from men and return, Lo, and behold.

Ebit: To whom, we or they? You, Lo, or ney, is better she stay?”

Lo: Not to, Lo. She will aspire to her father and maybe in like I low not further?”

Ebit: “Ebit like me?” The Drangon Man, spoke, feeling his muscles strap under the slapping of the pool. Lo, blushed red from the furry pouches of his cheeks, to glance away from himself.

.....

The Dredger, had moved onto the separation scheme in the, English Channel, making her passage to, Costa Blanca, in the Mediterranean. The white walls of the Mega Yacht were like an ice berg passing, as though it did not move. In the horizon it was like an island floated in the calm water she broke.

It was like an entire, Farm of Devil Fish, stopped the approaching famine and hunger with grace of heroic guile subjugated to cover

of, Devil Fish Incorporated. The Company name lit up like fireworks below the swimming pool on the 5 deck. It was like a burning star, arriving on the horizon by the moonlight of decorated night skies.

Dua, walked up from the tender garage on the ominous vessel, where 4 speed boats could be ejected from. Her hand glided past the shiny epoxy of the tenders' stylish classic shape. They had ebony trimming and inox finishes, like a motor yacht, each was 6 meters long, stayed lined like a convoy of life boats.

She felt coldness in the garage, like an immigrant, disassociated from. The chill removed her so severely she took air from the conditioned fans in the bulk heads and walked with living intention to the crews' cabins

On the deck outside, she was almost bewildered by the massive structure of the Mega Yacht, rushing the air from her speed of propulsion, up the sequin colours of her dress.

Her strapped heels were wobbling from the slow turbulence, while the air and waves moved her.

Eager to be inside, she opened the first cabin door she passed. Before the wind stopped combing the fine laces of her black hair, Manuel, the security guard, had peeled his brown eyes with surprise on her figure, before the other mariners' in the room.

“Hello boys, would you take me to your captain?” Dua, asked. The room was suddenly hot in mist of lust and loathing. A drunk desire of oblivious engagement whooshed, like champagne, down the polo neck, turtle wrap under, Manuel's chin.

It was with a shrug of dismiss, he directed the other mariners' to perform other tasks. He gripped, Dua, aggressively by the arm. Then his hand slipped the curve leading down to her thighs, to escort her to, Captain Philip and the owner, Hiprick Yeast.

The bridge displayed puddles of projected light. Dua, felt it like the earth was inside out, playing channels of the images she would only find on the limestone, where she once before resided. Dark silhouettes of men turned towards them as she walked elegantly into the cabin of the Bridge.

“What is she doing on this ship?!!” The Captain screamed!

“I’ll handle this Captain.” Hiprick, interjected. He was immediately captured by the unmissable mystic presence, frozen below her ruby red glowing eyes. Sophia, clicked with her heel boots to beside, Hiprick, as, Venus, watched, glowing like the moon in a white gown, from the cabins couch.

“Are you really on this ship? Or am I seeing something that is not really there?” Hiprick, whispered.

“Do you remember from somewhere else?”
Dua, asked, seductively.

Sophia, sharply sensed an uncanny attachment, one more disruptive then with, Venus, to her. Sophia, flashed her eyes in a burning resistance, grinding her teeth white. “Throw her off!!!” She screamed.

“No wait.” Hiprick summoned, in fascination about new interest. Like a reckoning pardon that could clean evils he had no real awareness of but saw opportunity he never had chance before to perform. Hiprick, saw himself like an expanding cloud, over something he had not been able to look over, while clouds beneath him obstructed it’s vision, until evaporating to past.

Venus, glided towards, Hiprick and spoke: “Ask her where she really is, less she reside in secret further more.”

“I see you are,, Venus.” Dua immediately replied, caressing, Manuel, to calmly release her. She then looked to Sophia’s upset startle “And you are the princess on this palace. Blue eyes are becoming on you. Less you clear the colour as myself to their natural white.”

“Who are you?” Sophia screamed, with such vexed knots she could hardly breath to declare more command.

“Dua. I see, Hithorn’s, apprehension towards me remains.” Dua replied, checking what remain by future Hithorn made, Farm of Devil Fish and smiling.

“I am, Hiprick Yeast. And believe the vague appearance of yourself leaves valid reason for my, apprehension, Dua.”

“Let me properly introduce myself. As that is the reason I have disembarked from SKERD and arrived here. That the mission on your voyage might change entirely from the

pillaging of my Kingdom in your puerile ignorance.

I am the deity Mermaid daughter of Uranus, the seas. Siren of the Oceans and immortal enchanter of all that which you believe is without dominion and superseding these tides.”

“Oh is that all?” Sophia, cracked with dispassion. “Throw her off the Yacht!”

“Fascinating,... You must know, Venus.” Hiprick, retorted. Venus moved elegantly up to the glowing deity Dua stood. A soft buzz of maternal guardianship took hold in Venus’s fiery eyes. Blond hair whisked like less gravity while spoke:

“We would be sisters being the uncast creature before Aphrodite to know myself now. This form of a Goddess, Dua, is, I cannot remember.”

“Then I come at a good time.” Dua, spoke.

“Or 1000 years too late, but better late than never.” Venus, replied.

“I want you to know, The Ice Bed Heart, It’s receded existence. My father can restore the damage done here. People do not have to be subjugated out of our care.”

.....

Lo: Thus that I Lo, might ascend to more. Not Ebit, already in loose the kingdoms serve. I to stand for a height I would remain.

Ebit: To the tragedy of their collapse, Ebit to learn again and again.

Lo: Not so low, Ebit, From her. Dua, already in collapse to Lucifer’s hell does her father’s height sustain.

Ebit: “Lo behold a Pantheon a new at trials of hell may collapse her too. As every negativity

draws form to their rise, not Ebit less, the
Kronos they disguise.

.....

Near to the coast of the Thames Estuary, it
was lighted with gold silt from the quickly
rising fire of the night torches. The city of
London was left like a lantern burning out
under the dark heavens that took silence to
home.

SKERD, was slowly proceeding to the
coordinates, Mathew, had found for the
discovery of, The Ice Bed Heart, to recover his
former connected burning, which was slowly
dimmed to a commercial play of hypocrisy for
expedience.

The light of viewing the preoccupied
copulated concerns was tainted for the sudden
storms of necessity. Storms that raged in wild

chambers to unmake the calm composure of people altogether for themselves

“Mathew, why don’t we just take the French Canals. This Gibraltar Biscay Key Hole, sounds dangerous.” Ronald asked, sitting at the coms station of the private trawler yacht.

“The Bay of Biscay, will be faster. Cherylton, can use the, Medium Monitor Control. The heart of, SKERD, to make a safe passage.” Mathew replied

“We’ve been out here for hours. It didn’t squeak. I think it’s broken.” Ronald, said.

A chord of major tones was amplified as he announced question of the AI, Cherylton.

“Dear Ronald, The Medium Monitor control is not only fully functional but active on your frequency of will. Lecturers of the unchallenged ideals to cradle the realist atrocities....Your quick reception in France

for the Napoleonic conserved communities is designated.” The AI spoke.

“Who is Napoleon.” Ronald, asked.

The device began to chime in a sequence of the autopilot, as they were engaged. Ronald, was calm removing his socks and folding up his trousers to sit at the communications centre of the bridge on, SKERD. Mathew, took a last check of the route parameters on the passage of the autopilot, before he made seat in the captain’s chair. “Hang on.” He said.

The autopilot and sonar detected all obstructive bodies and made a guidance route to the nearest port of France after the Gibraltar Straights.

“Engaging in ten second. Variables at positions below chart datum, unknown.” The Ai informed.

“What does that mean, unknown?!” Ronald, squeaked with nervousness tensing the chubby contours of his innocent features. And filled his blue eyes with wide waiting.

“Relax they are not classifiable with chirp sonar, that’s all.” Mathew replied.

“The collision course with vessels in trajectory of destination include, Dredger, with dangerous proximity to collide.” The Ai warned.

“Not surprising. Dua, might be on that ship.” Mathew, spoke in a discreet tone of expecting.

“Why don’t we leave it before the route is configured. Let’s stay in Paris.” Ronald, said.

“Many Napoleons’ communities reside in, Paris, Ronald. The Ice Bed Heart, however, does not.” Cherytton, answered.

“Who cares about, The Ice Bed Heart! I don’t care about, The Ice Bed Heart, you fucking machine!!!” Ronald, screamed.

“Cherylton, engage” Mathew, commanded

“Please initiate thrusters to cruising speed.”
The Ai, prompted.

Mathew, dropped forward the Morse levers to ignite revs bringing them to 20 knots for their journey into, Costa Blanca.

“There are whales moving alongside my hull. I cannot calibrate the calculation for their attention, which they pay us. It is a value unknown to me, Mathew.”

“Love, Cherylton?”

“There is not such a value. All appreciations calculated through position on the Medium Monitor Control. These whales hold not occupation to my directories of commanded response.”

“Maybe that’s why they are there.” Mathew, answered, braced in the pilot seat.

“Please check the matrix of my, Medium Monitor Control. It is the heart of your ship and those whales play no effect on it. However, there is a ferry ahead which will surmount right of way approaching our trajectory. I must stand down, please prepare to reduce propulsion.”

Ronald, was angry, suddenly swept into the belittled evolution not himself. As though he was branded a device that would behave in manner of type.

“How dare you build such a monstrosity. The university students that objected your findings were right.” Ronald, exclaimed in abhorrence.

“You would not even have heard their objections were it not after the perfect persuasion that, Cherylton, has brought with

the, Medium Monitor Control. In the slander of the order to end love and then robotise your subliminal dried landing critic after my epiphanies, are no less drowned into abyss, Ronald.”

“There is a dolphin swimming outside my starboard window!”

“And I have a, Mega Yacht, possibly holding, Dua, outside the trajectory of, Cherylton. Control yourself!!”

“Mathew, the ferry!” Ronald cried as the warning horn of the massive commercial vehicle blared out the imminent collision danger.

“Cherylton! Disengage autopilot.”

“I cannot enter separation scheme at this angle!!” The Ai spoke.

“What is happening?!” Ronald scream as the wake of the 200 meter commercial ferry piled

high waves enough to almost capsize the 38 ft yacht, SKERD. The collision alarm signalled in an urgent repeating until they could move.

Mathew, took the wheel Manually and redirected the yacht out of the swells, to sit in line with the currents forced. “Auto pilot disengaged, please insert new heading.”

Are we there yet?” Ronlad, asked, catatonic.

.....

Mathew opened a cabinet to reveal the heart of the ship in an uninterrupted vision. The Medium Monitor Control, which had saved their lives. The flickering chambers of its digital layered cup, were like brimming tea and steam flowing outward. From the lighted indication of the barriers between the layers, it was possible to see the strength of integrity

before the collapse of, SKERD'S, activity under duress, dysfunctionality or end.

“How does it work?” Ronald, asked.

“I don't know. Aaron Dia Pemberton, invented it. I just use it for my position. It can see what is looking at SKERD with a cosmic impalpable weapon, to remove her.”

“Remove her?”

“Destroy!”

“You can't be serious.”

“Not only that. These numbers are quantifiable of the need they possess to do so. They calculate how the position of their own declared presence, desires the effect of the event on our own.”

“So the ferry was...”

“Merely an example, the true applications of Medium Monitor Control, are for the inventor, the end of subjugation, an arrest of unseen

misconduct to the outcome of warped and deteriorated mental conditions.”

“That’s deep.... What does it have to do with Paris?”

“What might suppress Mathews necessity for fuel, before the label reception of, .” The Ai interjected.

“, is Italian.” Ronald, retorted

“The French don’t value Chanel, Mr Ronald.”

“I see her point, Cherylton.”

“Engage Autopilot, Cherylton, now.” Mathew spoke. The new route took configuration and the thrusters were reengaged. On the water there was a new calm, like a gap of cloudless passing. The dark sky was covering them in silk washes of simple water sounds, after.

The Medium Monitor Control, was like a construct of fiction, drawn from make believe.

It was an answer to world peace, removing the inhibited unseen reason for atrocities people had accepted to occur in their lives before. There was suddenly a real lifting of shooting stars changing the way Ronald thought about life. The cabins were lit like hollow burning fires.

It scanned for the course trajectory of other vessels and Dredger, with some eerie focus on the directed attention of position it would disturb, holding collected data of, The Ice Bed Heart, which, Dredger, would be more eager to know first.

It could calculate the barrier of synaptic response and endurance affecting and effected by other synaptic positions of values. Thereby, calculating the behaviour of people and assets to the events of their making. Utilising the concept of the Medium Monitor Control even the Ai Cherylton kept a silent trepidation

responding through her autopilot on the passage to, The Ice Bed Heart.

Chapter 2 - The Storms

The blanket of soft falling dew kept crystal coldness at the cool of the night. It was like an avalanche of blinding suffered secrecy. The new rising new ideas coloured espionage of new making on the slowly deriving purpose of their journey.

The cabins became lit with red ambiance which saw the urgent covering of their curbed excitement. It was quickly over shrouded with the frantic uncertain of difference, which they were creating.

An inspired movement of different driving desires, was being rushed, like the winds, freezing over coastlines. They eliminated a

buzzing precaution of their waiting looked onto the changing sea state.

The waves were soon unpredicted and turning to sudden swells of capsizing heights which summoned the monstrous rage of the swirling depths around the break upon the top sides of, SKERD.

In the quickening dark clouds, Ronald, was at his own heart, bursting from the chest of his body. He said nothing but looked with dead ahead wondering, of the normal conditions which he expected to sit by, on the passage.

The waves soon lifted the yacht into a slanted angle of rising over the rage of the sweeping currents. The boats top was like touching the sky in a cataclysmic front of pressures that would destroy it.

“We are going to die!” Ronald, shouted!

“No, we are going to be fine. She will take more than we can!”

“I Can’t take anymore. Who cares about, Cherylton’s, endurance level. I’m going to die!”

“Actually, Ronald, there is a Coast guard Pilot ship in the vicinity of 1 Nautical mile. Under the freak appearance of this storm I can request assistance.”

“To where, with what?”

“In accordance with private licence documents and passport the service affected these circumstances under the Medium Monitor control, will be omitting questions further to our Destination of the, Ice Bed Heart.” Our only fault is occupying the water before the coast guard, at this time.” Cherylton, confirmed.

“Good, get us out of here. Call them! Do you hear me !!!” Ronald, ordered.

“Mayday Mayday Mayday. This is, SKERD SKERD SKERD. We request an escort to the nearest port, restricted in our ability to manoeuvre. Due to meteorological events transpiring now.”

“Securite, all stations. This is the MCA Coastguard service. We hear you SKERD, and are on the way to assist. Hold tight.”

“Thank you, Over.” Mathew replied

“Where are we Mathew?”

“We are on the coast of, Portugal. We’ll be stuck there till morning.”

“Thank God.”

The Coast guard was a large 50 meter red motor yacht. She was as a creature under the ocean, weaving between the heaps and valleys of the water. As SKERD followed her in the humbled state of retreat, her stabilisers were overcompensating at increased motor speeds to carry her in pursuit and tow.

.....

In the heart of the storm, abiding like a liner carrying the cargo of volumes exceeding measures of watching, there was a structure.

Covered in the dark velvet of a stormy night; heavy from pour of rain and lightning showers, waited, Ghost. The vessel of mass industrial philanthropist zillionaire. Construct to the complete commercial functionality of the waters. Like a shark she was waiting, stealthy and undiscoverable from radar, until she saw intricate interest through the storm.

Ghost had detected the drawing proximity of, SKERD and Dredger, which had entered the Bay of Biscay, undeterred by the storm, near the commercial, Mega Mega Yacht and persisted through devices to raised intrigue on, Ghost, about the purpose they both followed.

.....

Dredger was strapped to the fine parts of water which divided under her hull. Like a combe she glided through the storm force winds which raised her bow like a spoon smacking down on the lowing curves of water.

She was so durable, within her cabins hardly any movement was felt, though the conditions were volatile looking out the windows. Venus, had taken an arm around, Dua, while they watched from the 12 meter window from the third deck. The lightning's forks struck surface of the water without segregating any particular mark.

They appeared like the liberated phantoms of an angry world, erected men of voltage, incendiary power to confront Dredger and Pantheon which resided with her. Sophia, was

unnoticed, as the electric buzzed glowing her sapphire blue eyes out of the shadows. There was a slowly bursting pressure she was moribund with watching, Dua and Venus from the dark gangway behind the saloon door.

Dua, was not afraid, she could have summoned a calm over the events but waiting preferred looking in the shared comfort of the celestial body that was, Venus..

On the bridge, Hipriick's white hair was filled with static, lifted like a bristle pad as he tried to keep his composure. "Turn her into the wave. Danm it! The salt is going to permanently stain her teak. This is a 200 meter mega yacht, not a dingy in a swimming pool."

Captain Philip adjusted her course to correct the angle of the ship's tilting.. Her course and trajectory did not change. It was air of an indomitable force which electrified the atmosphere out of retreat. The motors engage

in higher propulsion and brought them onward to newer urgency.”

“Do you know the, Ice Bed Heart, Captain Philip.”

“No Hiprick, I can’t say I do.”

“It is the only resource of undisclosed wealth which would conflict the forces I already possess with, Dredger. Forces that are unrivalled to the free making difference. Unpersuaded by money untainted by markets and real, Captain Philip.”

“We will be in, Costa Blanco, by early morning with ship’s correction initiated.”

“Good, I don’t want to be delayed. When I have The Ice Bed Heart. Nothing will change ever, less I change it myself.”

.....

The Lightning showers grew frequent forks, landing into the squirming swells of roaring seas. There was an overcasting unease of disturbed permanence. It covered the hours like infinity was reborn with rage.

The baron water appeared as unmaking itself in twisting pains, like it died in energies of natural revulsion. The restlessness moved out the silent giant ship, Ghost. It was creeping, like the tri hull below it stood legs tractor stepping at the sea bed.

The cabin lights illuminated her like a city, stretched more than 400 meters in length. The 30 meter high waves almost rolled under here trimaran hulls like the storm was a sea breeze.

The activity on the, Mega Mega Yacht, was scrambled, with urgency, while the crew sustained the vessels operation to the new heading she was embarking on. The gangways were like military barracks, narrow and cold, with doors to cabins and quarters. Red lights

were hot glowing as the cruising was unaffected by the storm outside.

The tin sounds of footsteps was like a positive abandonment of wealth. It echoed a shallow occupancy of void reality. The crew had a symbiont manner in their possessing. They were silent with orchestration of their tasks, like clogs working on a machine.

Ghost, stayed of an eerie creeping, covering the tormented water like it was only an apparition. Her dark aerodynamics reflected radar detection and sprayed wind, water and the lightning showered from the storm, off of her decks.

Slightly raised from the centre of the vessel was the officers' viewing post of the ship outside. A man and a woman watched like manikins from the Bridge there. It was radiated with automated screens selecting random images and split displays, like a hybrid boot up system that never turned on.

The two people watched flickering of flashes and lights, not even blinking. They were stiff with replete filling of the ships making.

They were of gripped obdurate manner, to constant foregoing, dead to each other in the androgyny the ship dressed them to. A captain's chair was positioned behind them. Their ebony skins rubbed dark in the red of the night bridge lights.

Only their features were distinguishable as different, one with a slender elegance and the other with a muscular brutishness. Their uniforms were military, with shaved heads and synchronised glares, watching.

“They are being escorted to Duoro Marina. Ghost, cannot enter the estuary for Portugal there. The opening is too small for the vessel..” The computer spoke.

“Then we will wait. The captain's voice replied, as the officers glares continued.

“What does a Mega Yacht and Bath Tub, take to the eye of a storm in the Biscay to meet? They will not know me, less I am the last thing they ever find!”

.....

The estuary opening, urgently marooned them in, Portugal, was like a calm flood from a waterfall after arriving through the storm in the, Bay of Biscay. Soft lanterns on the streets shimmered gently like illusions. As, SKERD, pulled into the, River Duoro, towed by the Coast Guard. Ronald, thought a mirage had appeared, before he believed they were safe in, Portugal.

The water was banked by the people fishing with crates of bait and beer. In the slow arrival to the, Marina, there was a humorous vibe of on lookers, as though,

SKERD, was an object they saw in the newspapers for farce of sailing.

The tow lines were with concord of the ridicule that they met, while the pearly top sides of the yacht attracted every eye. Then, Ronald's, exclamations of relief, captured the eyes of those uninterested in the half a million pound private vessel.

“Oh Go! We're safe! Do not go out there. Do not leave your homes, not even for bagels! I can't believe it! When do the shops open?”

“Will you sit down, Ronald! We are about to Berth in the Marina, just shut up!!!”

Ronald, was abashed in the immediate reflection of his own behaviour and headed directly into the lower cabins where he could rest, from the turbulence of the stormy water.

He could hear the, Coast Guard, relieving themselves as, SKERD, took a berth on the Marina pontoon. The portholes were foggy

with water splashes. He looked forward but could not see outside through the elliptical small glass his head could peer through.

The cabin cleared of humid heat. It was then chilli with emptiness. While he lay on the bed, removed his clothes he was in anticipation of his titillated senses. He felt like a flower grown from the wet pouring, which was not drowning him. Though he might have died, his convictions were to live for after.

He recognised the excitement with uninhibited projection of the emotions he felt to declare. It was when, Mathew, came into the cabin, Ronald, swooned to allure the affections of the one he lived with.

“What’s wrong with you now?” Mathew, asked.

“I’ve never felt better.” Ronald, replied. “In fact, I don’t want to stop.”

“It’s gale force 10 outside! You can’t be serious!”

“I want to find the, Ice Bed Heart. I want to revive something, something I have not shared with you for a long time.”

“If this is about the faculty report from the interview at the University of Essex...” Mathew, started to speak.

Ronald kissed him, holding the finely defined dimensions of his masculine features, until they were melted like syrup.

“I’m ready to forget about Essex.” Ronald spoke. “In the next days, I want you to show me what it was that inspired you. If life has removed it to dirty visions of appreciating an engagement of crossed designs. The faculties, the publishers, the endorsement bodies; I can be without them for the first time, breathe.”

“But if we breathed this way for the first time, with them, not without them. There would not be suffocating again.”

“I think they have air of a less considering intake. They are only in the softer sent of less disturbed climates. Not willing to live past what they have already died for.....

But to live past for what they have not lived? It is only a persuasion of what one finds. I will live that realising what I find in you, Mathew.”

“I love you too, Ronald.” Mathew, spoke.

They kissed intimately, with adoration for themselves and the lives which were removed from their unseen captivity. It was with nakedness the scratching labels of trend and the convention of roles, was quickly dropped.

They released a type of love for each other that was not contained through the profusion of designs that would block their existence.

They slumbered in gay karma sutra, quilted by the God Kamadeva, who saw their reunion opened, with Dua and her father. The passion of, Cupid and the prowess of Dua's offspring were not ruined in the scatter of Satanic forces above trade in 4000BC.

.....

Dredger, was drawing into, Costa Blanca, on the coast of, South Spain. The waters after the Key Hole of the Gibraltar straights were less disturbed storms. Winds drove loud whistles over the slightly weathered top sides of the, Mega Yacht.

As it was entering the entry coordinates for the Marina in Alicante, the crew relaxed to the tasks of mooring. They took the fenders from their jackets and put them to guard the external edges of the vessel.

It was still dark, with the cold air making sea fog, while the southern water warmed beneath them. Hiprick, had patted down his white hair, combed out the static electricity from the lightning showers and began to monitor the radar for their safe arrival through the fog.

“How long before we are in view of the coastline, Captain Philip?” Hiprick, asked.

“I cannot say in the Fog Sir, Our visibility is impaired to under a mile.”

“You are blind anyway Hiprick.” Sophia, spoke with fatally alarming tone, before the slow cracking of her black heels. “Allowing that girl to stay here.”

“To what consequence does my refusing her presence benefit me? Less you be the mistress of every detail that muddles me to never know.” Hiprick, retorted in defence.

“You can’t believe she is the daughter of, Uranus. Do you think Poseidon is going to welcome Dredger at the foot of her cave?!”

“To the contrary she might relieve me of the invoice that will show up at the foot your itinerary.”

“I have worked my butt off on this, Mega Yacht! I only use the pool 2 times a day and that just stops me from wrinkling out of shape, so I can meet your receptions on the 4th deck.”

“Sophia.... Get a drink.”

.....

The Dredger, graceful, was enclosing into, Costa Blanca. Her ensign was marked with the sovereign insignia of the integrity of her crew. The gentle stir of dimmed winds from,

Morocco slowly cleared the fog that isolated them.

In the water the arrested roughness of the sea was invitation to the superyachts in high spirits of the events; recovering from the Pandemic and preparing for the worse recession their industries had ever seen.

Sunrise was like liquid gold painted on the water running the low colour into the sky. As the mountains beyond the either coast, made passages of wind and uplifting to the Eastern territories, they would consolidate trade routes to.

The morning was different in the, Duoro River, on the coast of, Portugal, where, SKERD, was stopped. The light was breaking over the villages about the city centre, like a wiped stage to out of darkness.

Kayaks and dinghies had already mounted to tracks on the timid calm of the enclosed

site. SKERD, was stopped outside the glass walls of the white building reception. When Ronald woke up for coffee he could see the people inside selecting tourist flyers and material for their sailing trips ahead.

Ronald, took a zealous hold of his new thirst to live. He took clothes from the floor in the cabin and dressed, rushing out of the yacht. “Where are you going?” Mathew, asked, dreary from the early hour of the day.

“I am going to see what the shopping is like here.” Ronald, excitedly shouted.

“We’re in Portugal. You’re surrounded by Oranges, Ronald!”

“Oh my God, it’s so exciting. I love you, Mathew.”

“We need to get to Greece! Ronald!!” Mathew, yelled falling off the bed.

.....

The commercial Port at Costa Blanca's business gate, in, Alicante, Southern Spain, was lined with traffic of commercial and private boats. Dredger, was entering the port in a Mega Yacht channel, which was enclosed in the terraforming of the coastline.

Its structure stood larger than the hotel built next to the basin of water. The channel was used for the largest yachts in the world. When, Dredger, had been safely moored with her lines secured to the pontoon, Dua and Venus, disembarked.

“You can't just leave!” Sophia proclaimed, screaming from the tender garage.

“I've never seen this city. And I want to possess a different dress, something not tailored to, Dredger.” Venus said.

“What? Why? You are, Venus. Haven't you noticed! This whole ship and everyone on it,

myself included, seems to be involuntarily tailored to you!”

“So then,... a change might do us all a little good.” Venus, said. Walking ahead, like gliding off the tips of her white heels. Her dress covered her curves and fell cool, under her long blonde hair. Dua’s black sandal shoes and sequin dress was heated in the Mediterranean sun. It made her lustre like a show girl exploding from radiation.

“I might select a change of outfit also. We are not on, The South End on Sea, anymore.”

“How true. Spain has the best boutiques. We’ll find something together. Our father would want it that way.”

Directly outside the marina, high street stores lined the promenade. Dress shops littered the walls, near to restaurants and supermarkets. The clerks and waiters peeled their shutters open and prepared the tables

outside their entrances for the day's business to start.

Through the course of an hour they had collected bags of items: hats, shoes, and cooling fans. Venus, performed a gaiety in the early smiles, like a child. Although she possessed an adult cast of making, she was expressive with more novelty about these moments than, Dua.

It was when the recall of Dua's first engagements in the coast of Spain, here, left weary ideas of trade before these industries, the excitement in her was already spent.

There resided instead a glint of a different pleasure, maternal and unmoving, unlike her open seas had been to the cast of, Venus. Her offspring and the legacy of her first arriving here was already taught in Myth and Fable That Love, made.

They both walked back as grown grace over the storms of such they passed. They were: castration before the making of one daughter's way of life, then the ruin after the making of the others, in overcast of residing anarchy. Their new dresses were Zebra striped and Venus, kept a white hat while, Dua kept one black.

The breakfast on, Dredger, was being served in the dining hall on the 4th Deck, where there was not a sound more than the placed cling from clean plates. Bread and fruits were laid and fresh fish from the morning mongers of, Devil Fish Incorporated, waited their tasting.

.....

“There should be nothing which can change the unrivalled occupancy of, Ghost.”

“There is the undeterred ship in, Portugal and another in the gate of the commercial access in, Alicante. Both directed insolence, uncurtail approaching and possibly detecting, Ghost.” The Ghost, tracking system repeated.

“Why, is there such undisclosed information of the activity these objects have procured? It is to the near discovery of, Ghost, if not the visual fright of my ship itself!”

The Mega Mega yacht was in isolation 50 nautical miles off shore, which kept her in territories away from line of sight, where the estuary to Duoro River in Portugal and the Basin of the channel in Spain, hid.

The ship was in the immediate, overwhelming preoccupation, of where the interest of, Dredger and SKERD, derived. Dropped, like in the fathom of a submarine, the intentions of her Captain reduced her crew to unaccounted numbers.

The footsteps of vague taking on tasks to complete the safe arrival of, Ghost's, answers, was a precarious event of making. While the ship intended no question of action.

The military uniforms were in restraining conform of total autocracy about the behaviour of crew. They were constrained to their designated duty, in the random destruction or the self-absorption onto possession of matter, which target the unknowing vessels they hunt.

The gangways were littered under the flaring flashes of yellow and red lights that summoned distress from the insurgency of the secret boundaries, Ghost, kept.

The crew were acted in similar stark manner of surreal happening. Leaving their unshared activity to a slow refrigeration of cables. Cables connecting them to the unique combination of characters which made, Ghost, the matter it was.

The coordinates which the Mega Mega Yacht, proceeded to sustain held her open array in perfect observation of the SKERD and Dredger, which she needed in compliance of her assimilated fleet.

The captain in secret unease knew, hiding his position was not an advantageous movement, while others knew exactly where he was.

It was in an air of impetuous undergoing the officers saw gap to rip a mind of their opinions, out of their head and channelled to the making of one others which was not their own. A dark oppression on their houses until the complete enclosure of a new type of soldier; A destroyer, unmoral and without any scruple of activity.

.....

“Dua, Tell me about SKERD, this rival, before we reach, The Ice Bed Heart!” Hiprick, asked, as Dua and Venus, sat in the dining hall. The room was echoed in the resonate question of Hiprick’s making. The broad canons stretched to amplify what the walls pointed they were rayed over the furniture, as heaven.

“It is not a rival; Hiprick, I left because I chose to. I wanted to see the productivity of, Dredger.”

“To what? Dredger has no interest in the concerns of yourself.”

“That it is reduced to permit it so and watch the destruction of concerns we have kept since this all started. Farmers of Devil Fish, Hiprick. That is all you are to me. And now, Devil Fish Incorporated. Did you think I would avoid breakfast. How well you strip my kingdom and leave me dry, less I wet the awareness to some stir of refreshing.”

“I can’t take this woman anymore. If she doesn’t leave this ship, I’m going to leave the table. And I won’t come back.” Sophia belched

“Sophia, please.”

“No. You can handle the next reception on your own, Hiprick. This woman does not know what I go through to make these events happen.” Sophia said and stormed out the dining hall, leaving Venus and Dua with breakfast untouched on their plates.

.....

Ronald, was looking into the villages of Duoro, seeing them from the river, past the city centre that was closed. The land was dry with brown grass and hills of shallow dust. There were light leaves that occupied trees of orchards.

The barren nature of surroundings came as disappointing to Ronald's new enthusiasm for life. There was not a sympathetic breath, which in liberating, he could breathe. The entire span of the river banks was like an anticlimax to all, Ronald, was anticipating.

The release of newly harboured emotions he did not before understand; Translating past the institutions of social design, were overwhelming. In the chafe of the inopportune meeting to these elements, Ronald almost died again.

“Ronald we need to go!” Mathew, screamed running from behind the marina, into the tracks of the hills, Roland, stood by.

“Go where, there is nothing, there is no one!”

“Greece!”

“For what? This is all there is! And no one cares. No one ever did!”

“Stop!”

“Why?!” Ronald sighed, “Let me start over in this catastrophe. To think I listened to you, believed there might be something different! More than a grave, of nothing.”

“There’s , in, Paris. The Medium Monitor Control, confirmed. If you come with me now.”

“Fine,.... For, . I never liked oranges.”

.....

Waters were of a vast desert with tedious associating, in the rippling pass of their silence. They had newness of colour, reflected the light of day. It’s refreshing was the shrink of many men’s ages; Until the eons had faded to fear of a storming instant.

The seas in 4000 BC, were of less fickle charges, letting the new explores find ages

passing of their eternity of blue. It was in the air of such ambience; The Akkadian God Ship, could raise new ideals or ruin the oldest hopes before it.

The unstirred presence which harboured the service to God Oman and Apollo, was of a dutiful era. The correct arrival of trade was like all the oceans being divided by forces that would prevent direct delivery of people's hopes.

In the elements of skies, the Zenith would arrive to the support of the people, trade would liberate. The Sky Goddess, Hathor, was descending on just such a Zenith, in the event of the, Pharaoh's boarding, The Akkadian God Ship.

“Mortre Gonn, Omnies, father, was on the viewing deck outside the royal cabin, where the Moon was visible in the mid-morning day light. It was a white disc, clean like a cloud.

It's smooth surface was as the gold, shimmered, off the gentle rises of glassy seas.

When the watchmen pointed a sextant at the coordinates under the moon, the imminent, Zenith, for the, Sky Goddess, Hathor, was in line of constellation to arrive above them.

This unexpected opening met a rushing atmosphere of shock. The watchmen immediately ran to the Captain, with impetuous hurry, patting his feet, dangerously, across the wet decks.

The Captain crossed his muscular arms, with directing to stop the watchmen before an accident. His bushy eyebrows look down to reprimand through beady black eyes in his skull. Then he spoke. "I would throw you off this ship myself."

"I am sorry!"

"Save your apology! I will not have such incompetence as to ruin our stocks and safety,

with reckless charging, without even an enemy to cause such behaviour.”

“The reason is the, Zenith.”

“There is no battle event against our ship.”

“It is a Zenith for, Hathor, The Sky Goddess and her arrival is imminent, by the service of our Prince.”

“I will inform, Omnie, calmly, as otherwise would ruin mission to welcome the event.”
Magie, spoke and he immediately walked into the royal cabin, where the Prince and the Pharaoh, was seated.

“The Captain, my, Pharaoh.” A boy directed, as, Magie, entered the royal quarters. The sweet smell of incense and meats made the atmosphere a honey combe of partitions. The hard air was softened in gentle melting of edgy water, with precipice cliffs, like to ends.

When the cabins heated interior was of a liked stir to coming of better things, the

sharpness in the waters outside were more nicely sailed. However, It would be from great sacrifice in the removal of the anarchy upset, Greece and all the territories to the West, these waters would not sail, less on blood.

“My Pharaoh, Hathor will descend on us and Omnie has used her Sistrum, to bear trade on the peasants. We must flee less their blood is our guilt and serve us a punishment.”

“Damn you, Magie! There is no guilt in what I’ve done. The only guilt is in avoiding their conflicts and enslaving those who are disabled by them. I will not be held in contempt by your unsound judgement.” Omnie, declared and reassured further:

“My Pharaoh, there is nothing to fear as I will explain when, Hathor, is here.”

“Please, don’t wait on my account.” The Goddess, spoke, arrived in the white gowns,

gently flowing through air, like streams of milk from a cows nectar.”

“Hathor!” Morte Gonn, the Pharaoh, spoke in abject shock.

“My Pharaoh, do not be disturbed, your son has done me a service to the tranquillity of our peoples.”

“So I have heard, if not to the tranquillity, of Egypt. I too would like to know more.” Omnie’s, father said.

“Your Sistrum has been responsibly applied to exercise the possessed matter on the trade of our goods. Very soon the conflict on the West will cease. And they will have autonomy.” Omnie, said.

“Is it not to the pleasing of your crew their lives have been spared endless bloodshed and subjugation in the evil of the acquired bodies to their own undoing. The taking spirits of the realms we cannot reach, would serve their

capturers and damn you all.” Hathor, explained.

“I am Pharaoh, there is no such element as to damn me.”

“Forgive me Pharaoh, yet even an, Akkadian God Ship, cannot sail peacefully on waters damned to war. Unless, as your son has done, you provide them peace they believe they cannot possess. And that is all I came to command.

“Thank you, Prince, Omnie.” Hathor spoke and vanished, like trailing clouds out of their sight.

.....

There was a time the Serenity of passion was a lake, like ice, slipping only to itself. The

figures found arrived suited to each other and froze, preserved like Deities and Gods.

As the span of ages dwindled flames new, the changing eye of time turned red, with desires of more, melting the lake and removing the figures guarded by the serenity of passions resting there.

To hold the lights of their figures. The lake broke its ice into cards, which captured them in eternity. As the lake melted, the remanence of love as: Cupid and Aphrodite, made, The Ice Bed Heart. The mystical cards and allies of love to recall all that was passionate, which would remain after change.

As the lake melted, new creatures arrived, with roles for figures of difference.

“That doesn’t look like a passage plan, Mathew. There should be a route to the, Store, in, Paris, by now.” Ronald, spoke. The tides were lifting so it was possible to avoid

the bars which blocked their departure. The atmosphere on, SKERD, was in novel serene, with the invigoration of escape, refreshed from the storm now passed, which released their relief.

Mathew, was looking at the control panel display, where he uploaded data researched for the purpose that they travelled for. “The Ice Bed Heart, Ronald. These are the notes from the Museum where we saw the artefacts under mythology.

But I believe they are real. The cards, the Gods and the passion which the ice procured in sheets of receding. Imagine a way of life not renounced, thinned and removed our way of living.” Mathew spoke, peering unsparingly in hurtful longing at Ronald. Supportively, Ronald, answered:

“The Research Museum, just before our lecture of the Anthropology thesis: The new age of utilising commercial access. It was,

dramatic. How could I forget the subject of our first fight?”

“And now we are fighting for each other. This is not just about, , Ronald.”

“Of course not.”

“No I want you to understand. Paris may be the fashion capitol of the world, with such values to people, you might feel accepted everywhere afterward. But, it’s not what we are looking for. The Medium Monitor Control, has isolated over receptive activity in your production of neurons to dissociation from our real lives. Our functional relationship is compromised.”

“I am not a machine! How dare you typify me holding me like some captive in a laboratory? If I want to dress myself in eau de toilet instead of this sea salt flaking off my skin, it’s none of your business whether it t is functional for me or not.” Ronald, shouted.

“I’m trying to help you, Ronald. The Medium Monitor Control, doesn’t make a mistake. You’re in danger and The Ice Bed Heart, is the best hope of preserving what is really important to procure our love.”

“I want the heart of SKERD removed.” Ronald, coldly retorted.

“I can’t do that.” Mathew, said.

“Remove it or I’m, I’m staying in, Paris.”

“This is not about the over-active or psycho-activity of the neurons dis-functioning.”

“I will not leave with the heart of, SKERD!”

“Just like your dysfunctional now, already. It is the only defence in the polarity of corrupted events behind positions of order.”

“So call the police!”

“You can’t see what calls the police before we do, Ronald! There is no recognisable reasoning to our position, that holds which is

contesting against the corruption of theirs by their own making. Call the police, without the, Medium Monitor Control, you are asking them to hurt you themselves.”

Ronald, moved from the bridge in heavy consideration, lapsed moments that lasted strides, until he sat down on the settee and poured a dry whisky from the coffee table. “Is there any ice?”

“Cherylton is about to go underway.” Mathew, answered.

“Then I’ll drink it straight, Mathew.”

.....

On, Dredger, Venus and Hiprick, had been intrigued from Dua’s revealing of, The Ice Bed Heart, location and myth. The sparkling items in the dining hall on the Mega Yacht,

were lustred dull, in the new images of true powers, which lay preserved in the sheets of crystal ice, Dua left from.

“A harbour of every realm that defies my own.” Hiprick spoke.”

“To think Aphrodite recedes there and not here, is reducing.” Venus, spoke.

Hiprick, raised to stand in an unbridled zealousness, alarmed, Dua, at first, with slight pleasure.

“Captain Philip!” Hiprick, shouted. It was shortly after, the Captain’s steps could be heard walking down from the Bridge. “When can we make way? I need a new ETA for coordinates in, Greece.” Hiprick, commanded.

“Yes Sir, we must stop in, Marseille, to negotiate, Miss Sophia’s, canal fishing of the French waterways.”

“Can’t we do that another time.”

“It will exhaust you fuel budget and draw question on our eco green promise from the Volvo Penta engines.”

“Fine, fine!! Have everything ready for prompt departure. I want no further delays.”

“Yes Sir.” The Captain spoke. There was an eerie clapping from the table, like of a ghost, before, Dua, raised a glass to toast with, at, Hiprick and smiled.

.....

Ghost, had presented her unmoved point of coordinates to the stone dropping weight of her supremacy, 50 nautical meters off the coast from, Portugal.

The waters slowly subsided to a calm bath of waiting pools, which rose to slapping washes. The radiation of sunlight, taken the

catastrophe of global warming and the amplified poison of desperation under a recession, kept an evasion of activity.

The new ventures to repair the climate of events were only achievable in the combat of the haunting reality of the evils trade would not exchange.

The interaction of ship to ship confessions of the ascending pain to, unknowing returns of living a certainty under the sky, brought, Ghost, a market presence of business domination, that was entirely to sweep the world. However, with the activity of, SKERD, taking passage to the, Ice Bed Heart, and Dredger in similar trajectory, the impeded activity to plausibly hide, Ghost, was compromised.

The fear of which made a revving to immediate pursuit of reason for the activity real, against the impalpable surreal drawing away life that without Ghosts existed.

The three jet stream, propulsion system motors on the 400 meter Mega Mega Yacht was immediately initiated to draw on the course of, SKERD, to, France.

The Captain was waiting in the seclusion of his secure support of a Captains chair, to observe his crew in activity under his command. As he saw the true impact of, Ghost, would take the duress of the oppressive ruin in its own anarchy, to the order in symbiont making of its own.

The crew took a gravity less to march into their stations, like drone instruments, played to the removal of their own sounds. Then in the catastrophe of cataclysmic events spread panic in the screams of people, they were an insouciant replete of surmounted evils to end.

In the guile of pleasure they procured their occupied bodies to the disassociation of responsibility, for damning a watched reality into fiction.

The emissary on, Ghost, used her bracelet to activate her com and communicated to the corresponding coordinates to direct call the Vessels on her screen.

“Captain, I am scanning channels on the frequencies to identify the signatures in our target. I will have an open channel in a moment.”

“We don’t have a moment, Emissary Bridge. 50 meters off the coast of Portugal in radio range, even with our anti radar dynamics, we are vulnerable. Vice Roy, Bridge, can you offer a faster method?”

The muscular features of the robotic moving man took soft tones over the panels. His short hair abrasive in tidy stillness, he activated the closing coordinates for, SKERD, to appear on search and rescue frequencies, without escaping.

The Emissary Bridge then took graceful turn to inform the Captain “I have, SKERD, on direct radio channel 8.”

“Put me through.” The Captain, replied. “This unauthorised line of communication is not of my own intentions. Please forgive me.”

“This is SKERD, please identify yourself.”

“This is, Ghost. And SKERD is hardly a justified reply for treading into storm force waters.”

“Are you MCA Coastguard? I would like to apologise for that. Just one moment please.” Mathew spoke, while he checked, The Medium Monitor Control, for selected identity of who they were talking to. Cherylton, promptly replied.

“I have no position or identity calculations to quantify from, The Medium Monitor Control.

The ship you are talking to Mathew, does not exist.”

“That’s impossible.” Mathew declared in a state of disbelief beside, Ronald.”

“Your ship is hardly a blue water capable vessel and yet you persist to argue the perilous position of yourself last night. Putting in jeopardy not only the lives of your crew but others who needed to rescue you. You would be wise not to test me. I am not under the authority of your saviours.”

“Who is this whacko?” Ronald, asked.

“I don’t know, but we need to elude him.” Mathew, answered.

“Just take us to Paris!” Ronald, projected, when Mathew thought of eluding and said into the radio:

“We are travelling with commercial enterprises for the immediate displaying in France.”

The Captain, was in perplexed uncertainty about what France needed travel through the eye of a storm for. His silence took the unmanned position of the, Mega Mega Yacht, Ghost, like a vanquished continuity of acting. It then covered the entirety of the Captain for, Ghost, with rage.

“Do you take me for a fool!” The Captain of, Ghost, shouted down the com.

“Cherylton, cut communication and prepare for cruising speed into the canals for, Paris Marina.” Mathew, ordered.

“He is going to arrest us!” Ronald, squealed.

“No, Ronald. He can’t do that in the French canals. And he certainly cannot do that in, Paris. And if he could, he wouldn’t be invisible to, Cherylton and the Medium Monitor Control.” Mathew, reassured.

The Emissary Bridge, confirmed. “They blocked our communication channel and are

proceeding on their previous trajectory.”

“What about Dredger” the captain asked.

“She is departing, Alicante, Captain. The Viceroy, Bridge spoke.

.....

The cabin crew on, Dredger, cleared the decks and counters that were opened for the morning and breakfast. The bustle of a hundred feet was like melody in the discorded playing of ten minutes, after synchrony of an hour.

It was a hustle of watching and making a day would inspire to create. The flooding light in the massive windows releasing involuntary appreciation of the hours they were waking to.

The mid-morning sun on Spain, was already beating like a radiator, drawing heavy

waves from the white hull of the cleaned, Mega Yacht. Dredger, was shining like a pearl and drawing back out of Alicante, with a cool bill of maintenance.

It was now a unique ship, not only in the exceptional grandeur of her size but also the variety in grandeur of her crew. With a hand of unselected officers which kept secret about their abilities as people. Sophia, who had no option to select, Hiprick, Venus, Dua or the soon collected members of, The Ice Bed Heart.

Their ubiquitous response to the spiritual release of the passions they alone would control, gave them the inception and the rivalling force of a Pantheon, like Gods collected in concord of reviving purposes.

The Mega Yacht, was turned and headed en-route to the French Canals, in rapidity, when her approaching offshore revealed her to, Ghost.

“Dredger Captian, she is leaving our radar range.” The Emissary Bridge spoke.

“The Phantom Drive, match the signatures on that ship, Viceroy.” The captain commanded. Immediately in the sequence of added keys pressed to the computer of, Ghost, the AI, sounded with ethereal and hollow response.

“Phantom drive activated. Signatures of, Dredger, traces to boarding in, Victoria Docks, UK.

Owner, Hiprick Yeast, Philanthropist, uncanny with character of indomitable business roles.

His agent, Sophia, alias in signature frequency, Lucifer, sentient self-possessed life form, un-assimilating and incompatible to, Ghost, manipulation.

Venus, celestial cast of astrological makeup for performing path making and transference to arrive. Incompatible to, Ghost,

manipulation.” The Phantom drive of Ghost, verified.

“I knew it. That’s not a yacht. It’s a, Trojan Horse.” The Captain spoke.

“There is another signature newly added in Spain called, Dua. Origin unknown, traced writing style to, Olympian Sea Goddess.”

“A mermaid, on a, Mega Yacht! Phantom Drive, between SKERD and Dredger, are there route indications to Hades?

“No, Captain.”

“Where would they wake the armies to confront, Kronos, now? Predict their destinations.”

“Both Vessels are indicating routes to, France, Captain.” Phantom drive spoke.

“France? What is a pantheon doing in France?!”

The lady Bridge, held the gold shimmering bracelet over the com. Her uniform seeped dark contrast in the daylight, under her brown skin, tilting her shaved head. “The Phantom drive does not know, Captain.” She spoke.

“Why not?! What forces have they hidden to contest me?! Hades, the authority of undead, which might gather in rivalry of my un-living crew, are not marching on a catwalk! They have identified Ghost! Find out what force this new Pantheon, are employing in, France! Now!”

“The signature residence of, Hades and the underworld, is incompatible with, Ghost manipulation of matter, to, Kronos.” The Phantom Drive, warned.

“Bridge, switch off the, Phantom Drive, before I assimilate myself, to its despair.” The Captain, commanded.

“Yes sir.” The offices retorted in simultaneous response.

.....

The waters leading into, Gibraltar, were of unperceived variation. Winds took the state of surface like a fork might a bowl of spaghetti. The waves derived from the inserted venture was like curious taste of the individual attempt.

When, SKERD, had travelled, south of the regions below Spain, she was able to enjoy the quickly met taste of the Mediterranean. It was as a buffet of samples first causing storms and suddenly a calm welcome.

It was only a couple of hours before, SKERD, was meeting the, French Canals. Already there, Dredger was, stopped near to the estuary of the river leading into, Paris. Her

white top sides could be admired for miles, hundreds of meters from the position where she was anchored.

The tender garage doors were slowly opening to allow the motor yachts which lay within to be ejected. As the boats were disembarking the Mega Yacht Dredger, SKERD was nearing their location.

“Do you know, I’ve never been on a motor yacht before.” Dua spoke.

“But that’s ridiculous! You are daughter of Uranus my sister from the seas. That’s hardly believable, especially as you’ve come from the Saxons to empires after Rome.”

“But it’s true!” Dua, spoke, seating herself with caution on the finely tailored and designed seating for the day travelling of a few.”

“I would throw her off Dredger, but the shuttle, I believe she can throw herself off of.”

Sophia exclaimed seated gracefully besides the pilot.

The residing anger compiled into the stuffy midday air, was beginning to linger. Dua, was starting to feel a residing incapacity to stay amicable where, Sophia, kept their company.

SKERD, was soon in view of the, Mega Yacht, as the tender garage was being emptied of the occupied shuttles. The 12 meter trawler, SKERD, was unnoticed, while her approach at 8n knots was brought time of, Dua's, release into the canals.

“That's Dredger!” Mathew, exclaimed. The Medium Monitor Control, then said: “Mathew's attempts will be less than Edgar Allen Poe's, should he pass, Dredger, at this proximity.”

“Who is Edgar Allen Poe?” Ronald, asked

“It doesn’t matter, Ronald. He’s dead and we need evade being noticed by, Dredger, less we die also.”

It was soon after; Ghost drew on SKERD and Dredger. The ship of un-living and matter possessed beings of their own cells, undetectable by radar and unstoppable, quickly arrived.

“The ship cannot engage further to intercept the heading if Dredger and SKERD, she will be viewable by line of sight.” Emissary Bridge, spoke.

“All stop, Emissary Bridge.” The Captain commanded.

The cameras on Ghost viewed Venus holding down her white hat and Dua, holding down her black one, gripped into the velocity of winds that the shuttle motor yacht from Dredger was speeding through.

“What are these people, a Pantheon of models?”

Viceroy Bridge answered “The Phantom drive identified the Pantheon relative to, the secret Receded, Ice Bed Heart.”

.....

The motor yacht stopped at the river bank, near to a hall of political meetings that had superseding weight on what effected Government in France. It was unlike an official building, but more a country house with stately calm of undisturbed living.

Outside the brown walls of the highly elevated structure procession of people proceeded to welcome the motor yacht onto the private jetty.

Sophia, was bold with strong strides stepping out. The red and purple broach glinted the day's sunlight and her black dress stayed firm in the loftiness, which pursued them to arrive.

Dua and Venus, walked after, Sophia, with a nonchalant composure heading them onto the freshly cut lawn. It was an acre to the crowd of business people, before the building that erect behind them.

“Our routes are the promise of greater fishing in the Canals of France.” Sophia started talking, ascending to the stage.

.....

The Bimini on, SKERD, was immidiatly opened to avoid being seen when passing Dredger, which was stopped before the estuary of the French Canals. The blue canvas was

coarse with strong binding, which, Ronald found awkward to negotiate.

“It does not open!” He screamed.

“The Mega Yacht will see us if you don’t do it now. And there needs to be towels over the SKERD letters! Cherylton, says our passage will be permanently obstructed otherwise.” Mathew, ordered.

“Cherylton, should arrest Dreger, instead of harassing me like this!.”

“There is no time! The Ice Bed Heart, Ronald. Our only hope after the acceptance of privation to the directed assault from those on our refusal to accept privation ourselves.”

“Fine, your Bimini is open and the towels are laid over the letters of, SKERD!”

.....

“The promise of Dredger, is to only maximise your supply but to do so without the exhaust of your resources. The fishing in the canals will bring, Paris, closer to the autonomy this city deserves. I give you independence in the new age of industry.” Sophia, finished.

Venus and Dua, were overlooked in the tide of applause which people gathered. It was an air of electrifying optimism, grown invisible to the sacrifice or blood of drowning guilt.

The sagacity with which, Dua, faced Venus, in concern, stirred a different persuasion of words.

“What is that?” Captain Philip, asked from the bridge on Dredger, while sighting, SKERD, in covers. Hiprick, looked with smeared features of disdain marring his face.

“It’s obsolete! Ignore it.” He spoke.

Mathew, piloted past, into the canal toward, Paris Marina, and the, Store.

.....

“Emissary Bridge, I will require your presence in, Paris.” The captain of, Ghost, spoke.

“There are no functions which I can supply in the city of a fashion capitol. Ghost, will not be under command if I leave.” Emissary Bridge, answered.

“I will command, Ghost, in the vision of its making that does not favour the opinions of yourself, Emissary Bridge! Do you understand?! You are not here to advise how or what to behave, you will do as your told!”

“Then I am to board a, Trojan Horse to the undead rivalling of, Ghost, without the un-living crew, which you Captain create, to support me?!”

“Yes! Yes because I don’t give a shit. Those vessels are all that may have seen what I am. You show me what they are, least I destroy them in disregard of what purpose they carry.”

.....

“Dua and Venus, together walked in style of subdue elegance, past the cheering applause of the gathered outside the mansion. The stage was foundation to sweeping action of eyes in the melody low looks. The mansion was the structure from which one looked lowest from. The brown walls capturing centuries of looks onto privation.

The two deities, made a stance like idols of empowering stature. Until, Venus prompted, Dua, to stir:

“I am aware that you believe your central purpose in life carries independence. You will

be of the new order taking autonomy into the priority of your making. The unconsidered less important materials, tools, objects that cannot offend you, that are powerless to meet you, that have no level of authority about you, are, superficial. But without a consideration of your own making above theirs and the only way to enjoy your options, is from a taste of the ruined value of the very assets you seem excited by.”

The crowd was immediately hushed into concern while Venus, removed to further add.

“If you think I am a cast to help you. You’re very mistaken!”

.....

The Emissary Bridge, stepped out her leather adorned and stitched seat of the tender from, Ghost.

The likeness to a living constitution of the body collected prowess into the fashion world of France worth billions was quickly cloaked.

The Emissary Bridge, sat bouncing upon the waters of an undisturbed force that was otherwise peaceful.

The motor yacht was gliding with black enamel on her fibre glass body skating over the flooding tides that were entering the canals.

She maintained a humble disposition unreproached appreciating as, Dredger, stayed on observation of the approach.”

“What is that?” Captain Philip, asked.

“A most admirable and coveted device of genius, to be called: a woman.”

“I don’t understand, Hiprick.” The captain replied.”

“Put it this way, keep your dick in your pants and your head

on my charts!”

The Emissary Bridge, sped past to prompt arrival at where, Dua and the crew on, Dredger, were active in communicating of the powers under their abilities.

It was in the dispassion of involuntary orders, she took a camera from the pouch of her seat and made pictures. With every frame of making she saw a relief of indescribable detest. How such perfect moments became an entirely horrid display.

In the volcanic reception of excitement for the betterment which, Venus and Dua, would advise, there was a shriek of despair. Impaled on the Emissary Bridge, to loathing of herself to such, she left.

On pursuit SKERD, was, nearing, Paris Marina. The interests of the, Emissary Bridge,

expanded, to elated eyes evaporate of moisture and looking with hypnotic force.

She moved into the near berth beside, SKERD and walked out of the motor yacht to capture the motivation of Mathew and Ronald. She believed they were trying to suppress, Ghost.

Her uniform was glossy and black with an unavoidable taste one needed to notice. Gripping her finely contoured body and boasting her assets as the elegant matter she had become.

`The Emissary Bridge, was in complete cooperation until the ruin of all that was bestowed on her into the world, which was subjugated by, Ghost.

“The Gucci Store!” Ronald exclaimed. Paris Marina, was centre in the city structures of fashion to alert, Ronald and the, Medium Monitor Control.

“Mathew, I can disclose that the motor yacht outside our port on collision course is on optimistic activity taking my photos for use of commercial influence.”

“I hardly can believe that, Cherylton. You look older than a Rampart casket for the dead.”

“I am not dead, Mathew.”

“Then you have nothing to fear from whatever pictures they are making. They will not affect our ETA, to, The Ice Bed Heart.”

“Very well, Mathew.”

The Emissary Bridge, walked out of the pearly black shuttle and stood, unaffectionate, onto the slightly larger hull of, SKERD.

“She is outside.” Ronald, quietly remarked

“Who?” Mathew, asked

“The person that was taking pictures. I’m not dressed for this occasion.”

“Shit. It’s probably paparazzi. Just act casual I’ll go and talk to her.”

New gusts were dropping a light of change on the expected making of the day. Soon the sun would be boiling over the occupants outside. Then the Emissary Bridge, was more inviting of the view towards, Ronald, who walked to meet her.

“Hello.” Ronald, spoke.

“You, have not integrated activity to the preoccupation of my business.” The Emissary Bridger answered.

“Right, Now, that you’ve got me off guard, why not see what my real barracks are holding in value. I was on my way to the Gucci store, won’t you join us.”

“Yes.” The Emissary replied.

They walked onto the high street where immediately the overbearing intensity of new symbols drove an interest to the thinking of the Emissary of, Ghost, Mathew and Ronald.,

There was re-ploughing and pain of knowing such pleasure as to evade all preoccupied thoughts of less civil making.

“Why are we here?” the Emissary Bridge asked.

“You wanted pictures didn’t you?” Strapping himself in a new vest. It was leather and marked with wolf features protruding from his back.

“Such selection defies subordinate behaviour. I see an animal.”

“And I see a woman without scent of true perfume. Dressed in military attire which denies fresh arrival of such. I want you to dance with me.”

“Excuse me, I cannot dance.”

“Of course you can especially to the music playing over the shop floor.”

They almost instantly became absorbed into the rapture of the stereo music playing. ‘Why does it hurt so bad? Why do I feel so sad? I thought I was over you, but I keep crying and I don’t love you.....’

“Are you really Gay in love, Ronald?” The Emissary Bridge asked in converted tones. “I... I need to go!” She spoke in confused collective thinking.

“It was nice to meet you!” Ronald, shouted, as she ran into the black motor yacht that would bring her back to, Ghost.

She gave an impartial smile to the pictures she collected about her affairs. Dredger and SKERD, were well observed to what she felt was exonerating.

She drove out smiling, on the predetermined belief that no harm could come

to such enchanted individuals. Not long after, Ronald selected the vest and new shoes, SKERD, was making way out of the canals also.

“They ruined everything!” Sophia, screamed in the Bridge cabin of Dredger, which was also departing for, The Ice Bed Heart.

“Captain Philip, set uninterrupted passage for the Ice Bed Heart, in, Greece.” Hiprick, ordered.

“Yes sir.” The Captain of Dredger, replied and engaged full propulsion.

.....

When the Emissary Bridge, returned to, Ghost and docked the motor yacht in the, Mega Mega Yacht, garage, it was the afternoon. In

the clinging after the days humidity, she walked out. The garage was pressured with hydraulic sounds sealing the cabin after she returned. Dark compressed air suffocated her roaming breath of new experience.

The Captains and the Viceroy Bridge, were waiting for her to report. The Bridge, was like a closing lens of light after a bright day. It shined down into itself and lit the crew already only there.

The Emissary Bridge, felt them like a wet turban, running like eels to subtract her thinking of atrocious events they would not experience. Then she was offended, not capable of recalling and speaking the true emotions she experienced.

“Who are they?!” The captain demanded to know.

“They are seeking, The Ice Bed Heart, which, if we find, will secure your domination of all

the seas.” The Emissary answered to her Captain.

“I knew, I knew there was the Ghost hanging in the balance. Well done, Emissary Bridge. Viceroy Bridge, Set pursuit course after, SKERD. If coordinates of The Ice Bed Heart are from her data, Dredger, will serve me to hope of containing the items, The Ice Bed Heart.

.....

Intermission

Ebit: “That is all the most high will think before Lo to us”.

Lo: “Ebit, that your flights are so exposing to merit their opinion.”

Ebit: “Three ships, Dredger, SKERD and Ghost, Lo, to our humble reception.”

Lo: “Should we welcome them not, made similar digestion of, Ebit, bad taste.”

Ebit: “I think they need us Lo and they come believing they do not. Dua, has not prepared them for her father.”

Lo: “It is not food then, Ebit that we are talking about.”

Ebit: “It’s not a joke. Lo.”

.....

“Why are you upset, Sophia?” Hiprick, asked.

“They don’t consider me. You brought them here, Hiprick and I am slowly being overwhelmed!”

“Venus and Dua, are already credit to our crew, while you draw expenses.”

“How dare you! Taking for a mermaid after I, the real matters of life are in perspective of, Devil Fish Incorporated, thanks to me. If you really believe she is the daughter of, Uranus, let her revive hell at, Hades, on, Dredger.”

“What?”

You heard me! I am not here to watch my lifetime achievement shadowed by sequin in Italy. You can see what she really is!

“Alright. We’ll stop there. At Laker Avernus, the entrance of the underworld in cast before, Venus.

Don’t tell her..” Hiprick, spoke.

“You are a fool, Hiprick.” Sophia, revolted.

.....

“Why did that lady ask if I am gay?” Ronald said, on, SKERD.

“I don’t know” Mathew, replied.

“She will meet us again, hoping that I am not. It’s an envy of my appreciation for fine things like, Gucci. As soon as I adopt a woman, they know my appreciation for woman’s taste will disappear.” Ronald, remarked.

“That’s rocket science, Ronald, well done. Are you breaking up with me over a nun in military uniform?”

“Of course not.”

“There is evidence of the, Ice Bed Heart, in, Lake Avernus.”

“Italy?”

“We need to check. As it’s on route. A historical record of Hades and other effected Deities and Gods before the reseeding force of passion resided in, The Ice Bed Heart.

.....

When the, Mega Yacht Dredger, arrived, closing on the secret position of the Entrance to, Hades. There was an outburst of storms fell on the basin. It was like heavy screams whaling over the air's reprisals and anger.

Dua and Venus, could sense the undead marching like undirected spirits. A pale humility grew on both their faces, while abject awareness of their entirety filled their wombs. They took silence in accord of making right their withdrawal from entice of tempting spells to hatred.

“Is this, The Ice Bed Heart?” Hiprick, spoke.

“Cherylton, was quickly assessing the point of arrival to the same position in, Lake Avernus. The optimum speed was equal to other vessels and they were soon in radar range of, Dredger, whilst no other ships surrounded the area.

“There is another ship in range of the lake, Hiprick.” Captain Philip, warned.

“Can you put him on a direct line of communication, Captain Philip?”

“Now Sir.” The Captain replied , transferring the com to it’s owner.

“This is, Dredger!”

“Is, Dua, on that ship!” Mathew screamed from, SKERD.

Dua, ran to the Com.

“Mathew!” She screamed with excitement.

“Thank God. We will collect her now.”

“No.. She is not going anywhere.” The Captain, affirmed.

There was silence while the storm turned to a frantic disruption, glowing with lightning forks that would scorch the ship hulls to dust.

It was quickly after, Ghost, appeared to the line of sight of both vessels. The majesty of, Dredger, reduced to rubble and SKERD a speck, it resided looking over both. The captain, Emissary Bridge and Viceroy Bridge, kept conclusive expression of unmarked features, seeing them.

“What is happening, Hiprick?” The Captain, asked.

“The Ice Bed Heart, Captain, before, selected receding.” Dua, answered.

An urgent restraining biting out the fluid motions of, Dredger, took hold.

“I knew she would bring hell on, Dredger. This Goddess Deity stepped up to me while I had complete control, upstart, on the stage in, Paris, to final proclamation of this. Hiprick, this hell you brought upon yourself.” Sophia, declared, walking past, Dua and Venus, on the

bridge to the painful reality that both were cast under.

In the turning of incorrigible bleakness penetrating beneath the skin of the crew, doom, pressed new emergency of which at first they could not understand.

“What is this Mathew, another storm?”
Ronald, asked.

“Cherylton?”

“The Medium Monitor Control, has no identity on the 400 meter vessel starboard from stern, calculations to polarity of effect are not quantifiable.” The Ai, replied.

“Is that even legal? Mathew, spoke”

“No, Dredger has acquired billion franchise value of movements in the Mediterranean alone. These are to the captivity of, Dua, who plays direct influence on the resources after the Deity Goddess Uranus.”

“I thought she was a mermaid.”

“You cannot remove her from that ship without engaging in hostile actions of military distinction. My barrier synaptic charts show our position inferior and requiring arrest of your impulse behaviour to homicidal recapture, of, Dua.”

“Who asked you!” Ronald, screamed in annoyance. “Call her without the military and get her off that Mega Yacht! The most humane creature I have ever met deserves more than a computer to consider her affections.”

“I am detecting an increase in the force of polarities gathered here. There is more than the living about us, Mathew.

“What do you me ,Cherylton?”

“To arrest these impalpable forces you will need to brace yourselves. I must not allow

negation to neuron reduction that will cause your sea madness here.”

“What is it talking about, Mathew.”

“Hades, Ronald. Dua is raising the physical presence of, Hades. Sit still and don’t allow your mind to communicate the madness we are about witness.”

The lightning drew on, Ghost, as though it were a conductor of electricity. Here metallic black reflective hull shimmered in the awe and majesty it sustained looking in unaffected conditions towards, Dredger and SKERD.

“What is the source of this storm?” The captain asked.

Emissary Bridge replied “I cannot know. We are at the secret gate of Hades, It is possible the undead.”

As the Emissary spoke the fields of polarity began to take physical forms. A

ribbon of white slowly drew out into the bridge of, Ghost.

“What is this?” The captain projected.”

Vice Roy Bridge, screamed, hurled from his chair. Propelled into the corner of the coms at the end of the cabin. “The Undead!” He screamed.

“Captain, I can see them!” The Emissary Bridge, cried seeing the unselected and unwanted, sediments removed from time, marching like soldiers onto their un-living control.”

“Why are they here! Red alert! All officers and crew man your position, we are under attack!”

“Tell me, Dua, what hell hath you brought upon, Dredger.” Hiprick spoke.

Dua, remained silent besides Venus, in the complete absorption of powers which radiated

to the billions in the making of what was cast about her.

“This science is not of my doing, Hiprick. Your ship is making of your own interests. I am only showing you what your interests blinded you to not understand.”

Venus removed her hat, standing uncompromised. “I believe this is where I find affect to fight.”

“I knew this would happen” Sophia spoke, preparing herself beside Venus to correct whatever damages Hades was intending to do to Dredger.

“I have billions wrapped up for the return passage of Dredger. I don’t think I’ll let, Dua’s, invitations ruin that.”

“I would hope not.” Hiprick, spoke, seated himself beside the Captain preparing for an imminent storm that was not expected.

The new intensity of firing was without order or organised channel. The polarities of the arriving undead had manifest into vocal and physical presence of which was about to barrage all three vessels into catatonia.

The immediate persuasion of the storm dropped ended the stable occupation of the waters they had been exposed on. The undead with figures like monstrous images of un-growing and uncompromising discourse, took careering charge. Their unstoppable and constant momentum driving full obliteration into the living occupants of the lake.

“Cherylton?!”

“I am scanning your synaptic barriers against the invasion of impalpable forces which reside here. Our position leaves us in the offensive direction of obdurate undead. They refuse to live up to expectations.”

“Who’s expectations? This is all good for you. Your p[parameters aren’t being effected. As far as I understand, I’m about to join the undead.”

“Not with my parameters, Ronald. I will remove us before that is a concern.”

The radiated glow from the cast of Venus, took heat in dispel of their shocking reside to her own convictions.”

“These undead are welcome to heats of my game.” She spoke and redirected every wave of satanic polarity out of her making. “I won’t drop dead without a fight”

Dua, summoned enchanting sounds of melody that caught uncharted keys. And then in siren channel of ability, her red eyes glowed, like fire and her skin became lubricated a fluid to her tones.

From the water, vapours of repeated choirs, in spirit of sound, joined like an orchestra to throw the undead armies.

The entire lake appeared as a battle field, holding, oppressing, warriors to engagement.

“Emissary Bridge, report!” The Captain, on, Ghost, commanded.

“I have no response from the crew. Our occupation here is residing not under command.” The Emissary spoke before a volt of white trailing triggers fired into the Emissary, leaving her without sanity to comply.”

“SKERD, This is the, Emissary Bridge. Do you read us?”

“Emissary, Yes it’s, Ronald, we read you.”

“I would have liked to dance without an ulterior motive to suppress emotions and the making of your happiness. I can see now, I was wrong, un-living; I have full perception

and effect from the undead. It was my choice and I'm sorry. Ghost, will no longer function to serve either of us."

"Mathew, can, Cherylton, stop this?" Ronald, cried.

"Not more than she has."

"These zombies think Dredger is a grave! I won't allow that. These were centre pieces designed by the Italian craft men living over their fucking waves. Allow me to resonate the affect." Sophia, spoke and a huge burst of force dispelled every insanity of evil from her sight. The undead moved with unannounced retreat until finally, Lake Avernus, was tranquil as a beach in summer.

"I suppose you'll want to meet my father." Dua, spoke.

Ghost, was disabled, SKERD, was reengaging her power systems to control panels; The Emissary Bridge, was silent

seeing the final pass of air that she might breathe with sobriety. Her eyes were dilated from a drug not chemically prescribed. She was dying in insanity that had suddenly consumed her.

“I do not believe this happening!” Ronald, shouted, with abhorrence about the Emissaries passing.

“I want, Dua, off, Dredger!” Mathew, spoke.

“She made her choices, she is not your mother, Mathew.”

“Actually,... She is the only woman to step on, SKERD.”

“Mathew, take me home.” Ronald Projected.

Dredger, was the final obstruction between, SKERD and their journey’s end.

“My father, Uranus, is reachable in the blue caves I swim from. It would welcome a

participating to all of you. This was an unfortunate reunion of cause and consequences.”

“I don’t know this bitch!” Sophia, projected.

Hiprick, stayed in an uncanny recall of emotion and memory to the unobstructed desires he possessed as a young man.

“Captain Philip, lay in co-ordinates for Greece, get us away from these vessels, this place.”

“SKERD, is hailing us, Hiprick.”

“Now Captain Philip. I won’t repeat myself.”

“Yes Sir.”

The Mega Yacht left the carcass that remained of Ghost, floating into its graveyard.

“They are leaving” Mathew remarked from, SKERD.

Then we should too.” Ronald, spoke.

“Not without the, Ice Bed Heart., We’ve come too far. If, Dua, wants to stay on Dredger that’s her business but we came for, The Ice Bed Heart, We’ll follow her until we find it.

In the yawning exhaustive turns out of entrance to, Lake Avernus, Dredger towed the tides to escape destruction. Ghost, was running aground, floating as a unmanned ship onto the breakwaters, on the Italian coast line.

The black hull was lustre like a smoking diamond, crashing to sink at the arriving light of day. The clouds were passed to rides of gentle winds stirred power into SKERD’s turbines, while she made pursuit of, Dredger.

“I am detecting Italian military ships closing on the radar.” Cherylton, reported

“On us?” Ronald, cried.

“We’re not going to make it past the armed forces. What resistance does, The Medium

Monitor Control, possess to affect their heading.” Mathew, asked.

“I am compensating to take a towing course behind Dredger. Even without signals our signature will be ambiguous as an attached craft of pleasure would be. The 200 meters of the Mega Yacht is capable of completely removing the 12 meter definition of our own in near proximity.”

“Is that really necessary? Hiprick, will not release, Dua, while we are creeping up his ass.”

“She is the only associated reason for legitimate travelling into, Greece, that I possess. I have no synaptic recall of your behavioural integrity, to support the event of collapse, there.”

“I’m adjusting our course to match, Cherylton’s, new heading.” Mathew, answered.

The trawler took graceful alteration with her stabilisers activated. Her hull waked over the high breaking water out from, Dredger's, engines. The immediate stillness from taking a centre at the stern of the, Mega Yacht, was like a secured dragging.

“They are directly on our stern, Hiprick.”

“I don't care Captain Philip, as long as we are first to claim, The Ice Bed Heart.” Hiprick spoke.

Sophia, watched with vehemence in the removed composure to radiate her full power. She walked near to, Dua, who felt her charges as a live cable. “You are not ready for, Hiprick. This ship has guarded you from hell, who is going to guard your father from my ship?” Sophia, declared

“You see, Sophia, that is where you make a mistake, neither I nor my father need be guarded from what you value here. These

finely suited materials and waxed floors you click across. The tainted light drained out to opaqueness of struggling eyes to see; stuffed our vision with wealth and luxury not afforded”.

Even, SKERD, trailing behind to rescue me, is not indemnified from the true reception awaiting me. It would be easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than we, Dredger or SKERD, enter where we are going. But I invite you to experience my full majesty.” She spoke. Sophia, dimmed in curious reflection until viewing the approaching Island of, Greece.

“Mathew the military vessel is following us” Cherylton, spoke.

“First dolphins and now soldiers.” Ronald, projected.

“It must be tides, Ronald.” Mathew remarked

“We are not in duress of hostile polarity more than the forced boarding of my vessel, to confirm our condition.”

“Do not lose sight of, Dredger, Cherylton. I have greater value in, Dua and The Ice Bed Heart, than the satisfying of Italian soldier’s curiosity. How long before we cross the Greek boarder?”

“We did 20 minutes ago, Mathew.”

“That must be why they didn’t force to board us.” Ronald, spoke.

“Let’s not count on it, Ronald. This is a sacred artefact we’re about to uncover.” Mathew, spoke.

“We will be arriving at our destination momentarily, Hiprick.” Captain Philip, confirmed.

“Prepare the, Tender Garage.” Hiprick, ordered.

“There is no need Sir. If the coordinates are correct, Dredger can anchor along-side her banks.”

“Very well, prepare to drop anchor!”

The waters became crystal like paradise, untainted with silt and pollution. The unoccupied vicinity was near to baron, like an oasis. There was a pressing mystery almost disturbing to the ships that approached.

“It doesn’t feel normal, there’s nothing here and the water is glassy like it’s not real.”

“There are rocks real enough. Even behind Dredger, the breakwater can damage, SKERD’s, stabilisers.”

“How long will we be following them?”

“I think we are there. She’s dropping anchor.”

“Are we going to drop anchor?” Ronald, asked in air of expecting.

Cherylton, replied: “There are no tides in, Greece, to proceed on your trajectory, which may indeterminably prevent our departure.”

“I know, Cherylton, I want to get there first, prepare for landing and I’ll try to keep your propellers up so we can drag ourselves out.”

“Affirmative Mathew.” Cherylton, spoke.

SKERD, ripped the still washed to a brunt thrust unto the shore, ahead of, Dredger, now loading her crew onto the tender above deck.

“Why don’t we use the motor yachts?!” Sophia, exclaimed

“Please get in the tender. He will reach the Ice Bed Heart before we are ashore, Sophia.” Hiprick begged.

The coastline was like a glimmering mound of salty deposit, where the blue waters were like streams below the earth. Mathew and Ronald excavated the low hills leading to the limestone rock face, until the heard the

running waters, which, Dua, described , The Ice Bed Heart, to be.

“How can we get down there?” Ronald, asked. The sudden yells of the Hiprick flooded over the rocks. The clean air thinned to giddiness. Mathew, made a glance of support and climbed into the cave from the ceiling entrance.

“Mathew! Mathew!” Ronald, spoke in nervousness as the yell of, Hiprick, drew closer.

“You! You stop! The Ice Bed is not yours.” Hiprick, shouted.

“Watch hell freeze over!” Ronald, shouted and began climbing down into the cave after, Mathew.

They dropped what felt like a 100 meters until they crashed into a deep pool. The angry ripples of water spread until the cave rocks

where the passions of the ice bed heart were froze into.

Their glaring eyes stripped ever layer of bravery and ushered panic startle on Mathew and Ronald who, screamed, swimming to the centre of the pool. Giant figures of inhuman form waited wondering of their intentions. Cupid, in bristles of his primordial body showed arouse over their vision, Lucifer spat despise from the white glare in his eyes. Sweated under red sliding of his shirt, until black oil resembled his chest,

“Not Ebit too late.” The Dragon Man, spoke rushed into the blue cavern. Ronald, screamed at the sight of the massive man approaching with scales of a reptile.

“Lo and behold. They do arrive in satisfaction of solemnity expected less. Uncovered, Lo, a thousand years after deep receding, would they elevate my service to something greater.” The Dog Man, spoke. The fur on the pockets

of his cheeks softly fallen in clean moist of its puppy features.

“Yes, Lo!” The Dog Man, heard as, Dua, raised like the mermaid she was ordained. “A greater service will meet us all and they will meet my father.”

She spoke, when the screams plummeted from the cavern entrance above them. Hiprick, Sophia, and Venus, dropped in.

The waters which quickly embraced their fall, wetted their clothes and offered them safety, until they crawled to the cavern rocks at the foot of the Deities, giant standing, to their notice. “The Ice Bed Heart?” Hiprick, remarked in paralysis of shock.

“Indeed.” Lucifer, spitefully confessed and cleared while, Dua’s, father took presence. The walls did then brighten like blinding light until they were moved in receiving of, Dua’s, wish, none believed could be granted.

Dredger, was plainly manoeuvred out of Greece to guard the unoccupied territories that would show them a divine home not entirely receded anymore.

Mathew had a shard which he could return to the research museum in Essex, Ebit more impassioned to live.

The End

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Squint Koros UK, Thank you.