

Lex Talionis



The Butcher
of Proxima
Príme

A Graphic
Short Story by
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Prologue

Evil - we have categorized it, documented it; given it names like psychopath, pedophile, sadist, et cetera. We have gathered, labeled, alphabetized, organized, and placed the information neatly into folders to be logically placed in vast filing systems. We have even made excuses for it, and on rare occasions, forgiven it. This all eases our civilized sensibilities. We no longer need to look at it squarely in the eye, nor take up arms against it. After all, we convince ourselves there is no such thing as pure evil.

But not everyone is so civilized, not everyone follows the rules and laws of society. Sometimes, to destroy evil it takes something equally dark - a selective malevolence that will do what others will not, or can not do. Not necessarily from a sense of justice or retribution, but a need for its existence; perhaps even its very soul.

It was a large, run-down bar, in a rusting spaceport, on a tiny moon, orbiting an insignificant planet. The patrons were all manner of scum - drug dealers, pimps, pirates, murderers, and thieves. Various alien races were represented here, from the small and furry to the huge and nightmarish. To the human eye, one could pick out features of insect, reptile, even mineral.



It was one of the most obscure locations on the outer rim of our galaxy, and few of the alien unkempt patrons had ever seen a human; those that had, had only experience with the one sitting alone in the corner of the bar.

The dark figure sat at a small, round, choaka-wood table, hunched over his drink. Dressed all in black, he looked like a seated shadow in the darkest corner of the large, square room. His back was to the wall, and from this vantage point, could see all that came and went without the possibility of anyone approaching him from either side or behind - a practice that had long become instinctive to him. He wore a leather, duster-like coat that came down to his ankles. On his head he wore a wide-brimmed, leather hat with its outer edges slightly curved down to further obscure his lowered face. His clothes made him appear out of place both in terms of location and time, whether on Earth or in this little back-mining system that appeared on few star maps.

All the regulars gave the gloomy stranger a wide girth. Some because they had heard the stories; others just had a feeling of apprehension upon viewing him, and still others, who's unique racial instincts, triggered a sense of unnatural danger that emanated from him. Still, there were those who were unaware; this he counted on, and prayed for to whatever demon gods he worshiped (or so the whispers rumoured).





The dweller of shadows had been in this sordid bar every night for a week. He waited and observed every disgusting reveler with righteous fervour, and then, tonight, his target walked into the small corner of this world.

The Butcher of Proxima Prime - Rog'Hu'Qua came through the bar's main entrance. He was a General of the Gulrathian Empire during the invasion of Proxima Prime. Over a billion Proximans were butchered throughout the takeover, and countless others taken away in chains to later beg for death. The stranger had seen his like countless times before. History festered with their tales of genocide, torture, slavery, rape; atrocities far too long to list.



The older Gulrathian didn't look any less formidable in his later years. Ape-like in appearance, he stood over eight feet tall; weighed almost five hundred pounds; with thick, muscular, too long arms that almost touched the ground as he swaggered into the bar. From the waist down, he still wore the traditional black, plastisteel plate armour of a Gulrathie warrior, but instead of a shirt, he wore grey, plastisteel chain mail. A holstered auto-beam pistol was strapped to his chest, and a power-blade sheathed at his side. His small, black eyes under a sloping brow scouted the grimy barroom, but stopped to focus on the human.

"YOU!" he roared. "They say you are looking for me." The giant eyed the outsider trying to size him up. "Do I know you, hu-man?"

"No, but I know you," a low, raspy voice countered as the man in the dark stood up. He was tall for a human, his layers of black clothes concealed the lean, muscled frame beneath. He raised his head to reveal a sallow, angular face, with cold, grey eyes that met the Gulrathian's stare. The confident old general became concerned

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