

intend to clean up Onalyon's side of the river first. The people have been figuring. Onalyon poisoned their minds against us in the first place, and a large majority of the nobles brought them out here to unseat the king. They saw how easily they could have been killed. Onalyon planned another war, and a number of the nobles, still remaining true to their hereditary traditions, joined him in that. Onalyon came over here, and sent for all his guns and ammunition. They figured two things: first, that the prince had seen something about a hundred degrees more destructive than they had been shown; and second, that the nobles had been willing to sacrifice a few thousand of them to pass the time away. Moreover, they got the idea that the princess was going to sacrifice herself to save them, and they've gone Bezzanna-mad! They're wearing pink ribbons for a badge. They intend to wipe out the entire nobility system, with the exception of the princess, whom they intend to make a queen, with me as a sort of side partner, I believe."

The king was much distressed. He paced agitatedly up and down the room, unconscious of the fact that his movements were seriously hampered by his having straddled one suspender.

"We shall have a worse slaughter than that with which Onalyon threatened us. We shall be compelled to kill thousands in spite of ourselves."