

Godzilla's Wrath

By Seiji Suenaga

-PROLOGUE-

"August 27th, 2020.

Dear Journal,

It has been nearly three years since Godzilla's last attack, but I cannot forget it. All of the people, just lying there- helpless as Godzilla stormed through. That was on September 9th, 2010- my birthday. I had been expecting balloons and streamers when I woke, but found instead the apartments I live in to be half destroyed. I was bleeding from the back of my neck, and was sprawled out on the cold ground, in a giant pile of rubble. I did not remember anything that had happened, and I wondered what could have done this much damage. As I weighed the possibilities, a deafening roar split through the air. It was all too familiar- it was Godzilla. The ground shook as he neared, and I scrambled to my feet. I began to run, not knowing where to. Everything around me was destroyed and fires were burning brightly left and right. Another roar signaled the monster's arrival, and I saw a giant, clawed foot smash down right behind me as I fell from the tremor. It seemed I fell for minutes before I crashed to the ground. I painfully turned to see Godzilla's dorsal fins swaying on his back as he left the area. He was heading back to sea- back home.

I remember thinking, "Thank God," before I blacked out. I awoke to find myself

in a hospital bed, along with hundreds of others. I was stiff and sore all over, and could not move. Heart monitors beeped steadily from somewhere beside me, but I was too tired to even turn my head to look.

It hadn't been Godzilla's first attack on Boston. During World War 3, (August 7th, 2005 - June 3rd, 2007.) war between Russia and the US brewed. The two countries started a weapons buildup, but Russia could not equal the U.S.A.'s enormous firepower. So, they sneakily obtained the most powerful force they could think of—Godzilla. He was transported via teleportation to the Boston Bay, and went on to attack the US; he did not know that it was Russia who had moved him from his home. He was mad, and at first attacked out of rage. However, two years later—after the war had ended, and there was peace between all of Asia and North America- Godzilla once again appeared, attracted by an energy source that had been discovered in the US in 2003. That energy was known worldwide as Thermal Energy (Scientists developed equipment using the most advanced technology currently available. The machines used heat to generate clean, safe energy. Heat was unlimited, not like gas or other old power sources, so this new energy dominated modern life.). And so, Godzilla returned to feed on this energy. He arrived at the Rhode Island Thermal Energy plant early in the morning and absorbed all energy there. This caused severe energy depletion and Godzilla could not be fought, but for ineffective weapons such as missile launchers and the like, but Japan had determined already that these types of weapons were useless against Godzilla. Godzilla stole energy from all of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont. He then returned to his Boston Bay home. The self-centered US leaders demanded that Godzilla be taken back to the Japan area. Most Japanese citizens did not want Godzilla to return to

their now-peaceful ocean waters. Nevertheless, teleportation vehicles were sent airborne to Godzilla's new living space, but only to be destroyed. Godzilla was far too powerful now that he had a new energy source. Operation G-Teleportation was abandoned and Americans could only hope that Godzilla would not strike again...

But he did. September 9th, 2010. He trampled hundreds of people and buildings, and not until he had once again drained both Massachusetts and Rhode Island did he leave. Hundreds lay in hospitals, only to die the very next day. It was evident that the devastation of Godzilla would continue for years to come.

And now here I am, fully recovered physically, but never to recover mentally from what happened ten years ago... I will never forget it. I am forever scarred. And I the fact that I know Godzilla will return makes me more terrified than ever.

I am going to see a psychiatrist next week."

-CHAPTER ONE-

“Not again. It can’t be happening again. I won’t let it. It isn’t happening. It isn’t happening. But I know that it is. And that fills me with more fear than some will ever know. I cannot help but envision the scene from three years ago. I close my eyes tightly, and tears run down my cheeks. I begin to softly weep, and I slowly cower into a corner of my neat apartment in the Windy Hills Apartment Complex. The noise is growing, and none can mistake that eerie call of death. It starts low, but then suddenly jumps into high-pitched yelps. Explosions. Roaring engines. The air force has arrived, but they know that their missiles are not damaging the target. For a while now, the Air Force has just been using missiles to distract Godzilla, and hopefully take him back out of the city to prevent further destruction.

“Now all is quiet. I hear the flames burning brightly, but nothing else is making any sound. I open my eyes, and see my home still intact. Getting up, I look out the window expecting to see toppled buildings—total annihilation. But rather, I see something large, white, curved, and shiny. I draw closer to identify what it is, but it is too big to see. Suddenly it begins to move downward. Not moving downward, per se, but swiveling in place. Finally a huge colored ring becomes visible, with a large black circle in the middle. It is Godzilla’s eye. I let out a gasp and take a step back. “The eye moves away, and Godzilla entire head comes into view. It’s enormous- barely viewable through the small window. Godzilla looks right at me. I scream, but it is drowned out by this huge beast’s mighty roar. I look at him, and see a faint light growing in his mouth. I know what is coming. Scrambling away, I lose my balance and fall onto

my back. I am helpless. Godzilla looks directly into my eyes one last time before he fires his ray at me.

“And then I wake up.”

“How long have you been having this dream?”

“Ever since Godzilla’s 2010 attack.”

“It’s the same every time?”

“Yes.”

My psychiatrist paused. He wrote something down on his pad, and then breathed a heavy sigh. He looked up at me. “Your experiences are more than most people will ever live to see. Things like that... Events so terrifying can often leave the subject with permanent emotional scars. Recurring dreams are not uncommon. Often they recount the experience in a slightly different way. This particular kind of scar is referred to as Post-Godzilla Syndrome. With most cases the subjects seek long-term psychiatric counseling. But you...”

“I don’t so much feel fear. More so... anger.”

“That explains the bar incident.”

“More or less. Whenever I think about Godzilla I remember what he’s done to people. Not just me, but people just like me; people who have lost their family, friends, and happiness to the demon. And it makes me angry. Angry with Godzilla. And revenge comes to mind. But after all of the studying I’ve done I’ve come to realize the no one person can destroy it. Humans cannot defeat it. It’s too powerful... It’s funny how what man creates they cannot destroy. Some say the same will happen with machines.”

“Some people also say that people are capable transforming into wolves. But it doesn’t

mean it's true."

"Nevertheless, my point is this. I've studied Godzilla for a decade. And I've learned that he is, for lack of a better term, a "superbeast". He lived in peace on his island for years until the A-Bomb tests, which is when his cells were mutated so much that he suffered serious physical and mental deformities. His bones were bent and splintered. He was filled with hate, spite, and malice. He's delusional. Although one cannot entirely perceive his psyche, I have begun to understand what goes on in that head of his. "His thoughts aren't that complex. He thinks the way a four-year old might. However, in this case let's pretend it's a 330-foot four-year old with serious emotional problems. And a heat ray. Not to mention near-impenetrable skin. So to attack it with bullets and bombs not only does not hurt it, but it angers him. It's like poking that four-year-old when he's trying to sleep. And all of that already-existing hate and rage explodes and he goes on one of his rampages. As he goes, he absorbs more and more Thermal Energy, which allows him to rampage longer and further.

"Meanwhile, aside from his psyche, his body is just as deadly. His hide is several yards thick, and stronger than anything you could find that exists on this earth. His heart possesses extreme power as it is a nuclear reactor, within the creature. But that has its downsides. All of Godzilla's organs are dangerously unstable. Especially his heart. If it's ruptured, or something of the sort, major cataclysm could ensue, like an explosion, or just radioactive leakage. The entire Pacific Ocean could be contaminated, and then some. And every time he uses his heat ray, which is actually a stream of gas heated to about 10,000° Fahrenheit, he endangers himself and everything around him. Who knows? The gas could ignite before it's left his body. It could send his organ over the edge."

My psychiatrist had remained silent while I went on about the biology of Godzilla. I continued to explain Godzilla's bone structure, radioactive flesh, regenerative capabilities, and so on. I mentioned everything that I had learned about Godzilla that I could think of, until finally he stopped me by putting his hand up.

"Thank you, Chris. I can barely keep up with my pad and pen! Anyway, I'm afraid we're out of time. I think that for our first session, we've made a ton of progress. So—I'll see you next Sunday?"

"Yeah," I said as I stood up and took a deep breath. My psychiatrist stood up and smiled politely as he held the door open for me. I nodded appreciatively and stepped out into the hallway. Downstairs my limo driver waited.

I hadn't been getting much sleep lately, because I was always in my lab studying one thing or another. It was always about Godzilla. And my discoveries on the creature had gotten me awards, money, and real estate. But none of that mattered. Sure, it got me better equipment, and my reputation as an acclaimed scientist had gotten me government backing, but I didn't care so much about that. What I cared about most was finding a way. A way to destroy the beast... or simply forget him.

Lately I had been working on some research that I called "Project Self-Destruction." No, I wasn't going to kill myself, and my labs were not going to blow up... At least not to my knowledge. It was a poison I was developing that was supposed to trick Godzilla's white blood cells into thinking his red blood cells and flesh were viruses. They would then go to work exterminating the "virus", eating away at Godzilla's blood

and tissue. Really, it would break down just about everything in the monster's body. Once it hit the air it was dead. I was still trying to figure out two things: how to make the cells consume radioactivity, and how to get the poison into Godzilla's bloodstream.

The latter proved pretty tricky. Obviously, nothing was getting past his skin. The only other options were to—A) get the poison into a capsule which would go into Godzilla mouth and become swallowed, and then from inside puncture Godzilla stomach and then release the poison, or B) get the poison into an open wound on Godzilla's body. B would have been simpler to carry out, if only he had any open wounds. The last time he did, his heat ray had gone off target and hit his own hand. But of course then we didn't have anything to use on his wounds, so we lost a perfectly good opportunity.

Sometimes I think that maybe I'm a bit obsessed. Maybe I care too much about killing it. Maybe I should just sit back and enjoy life. But I know I'd rather spend my life making a way to kill the creature forever, than let it live and terrorize future generations. So there I was. Chris Morgan. 39 years old. Single. I lived in Boston, Massachusetts in a large building with several science labs on each floor. I slept in the basement in a room with pictures and articles and notes about Godzilla covering all four walls, floor to ceiling. In fact, I had begun to put my newer things on the walls in the staircase leading to the ground level.

Next week was my birthday: the tenth anniversary of Godzilla's third attack on Boston. Every year it brought me right back. The fires, the screaming, the terror. I always dreaded my birthday. I thought it was funny that nine was my "lucky" number, and Godzilla attacked the day of my birthday—I was born 9-9-90. Then again, if you take off the zero and turn it upside-down, you get "666".

Anyway, there I was. Still Chris Morgan. Still 39. Still Single. Still living in Boston. And still deathly afraid of Godzilla. After learning so much about him, after understanding his nature, his mind, and his physiology, you'd think I wouldn't be so afraid. I would understand. And I wouldn't be afraid, since fear is often the offspring of what is unknown. Your own mind imagines exactly what scares you. But even though I understood the monster, I was still terrified. I still understood that Godzilla might never be killed. I still understood that he could still wreak havoc. He could get another chance to kill me. Ten years later.

I went to sleep that night and once again had my recurring nightmare. The one I had told my psychiatrist about. I woke up with a start as I do every night at about 3:00 AM. I sat up in bed, and wiped the sweat from my brow. Just six more days. Every year since 2010 I would become so afraid of my birthday, and then it would pass without any significant happenings. Except in 2016 when my favorite fast-food company, McDonald's, went out of business. They had lost a lot of business ever since the whole contamination controversy.

But that's beside the point. Each day passed insignificantly. Each one the same as the last. I continued my research, and devised a radioactivity-consuming chemical that does not so much "consume" it as it does destroy it. When the radioactivity meets the chemical, there is a somewhat mild reaction in which the chemical, liquid in form, bubbles furiously for about five seconds before it quickly evaporates and turns into 40% oxygen, and 60% carbon dioxide. I didn't know yet how I was going to get it to work in

the poison with the white blood cells.

On Sunday, the 7th, I went back to see the psychiatrist. We discussed my work for a while, and then delved right into my “interesting”, as he so eloquently put it, fear of the date of September 9th.

He surprised me when he said, “That’s interesting. Alright. Now. I want you to take everything that concerns Godzilla in your life: your nightmare, your fears, your hate, your studies—everything. I want you to take all that and think about it all. Then think about Godzilla himself. Picture him as he is destroying countless buildings... and lives.” My closed eye began to twitch as I pictured it, and a growing hatred built up inside me. “Now, let all of your anger out. Finish that poison. And destroy Godzilla.”

I opened my eyes and looked the man in the eye. I could plainly see it. You need no degree or personal experience to identify the malice in those eyes. He had obviously suffered personal trauma at the hand of Godzilla. And he definitely did not belong in this position now. He belonged in my position. The patient. Knowing my place, and when to draw the line, I got up and stepped out without a word. He just looked on at me with a persistent stare until the door closed behind me.

“The reaches of Godzilla’s wrath spread far,” I thought. He must have lost his family to Godzilla. I decided then not to return to those offices. I returned to my lab that evening and at last perfected and produced what I called “Liquid Death”, if only for its ominous sounding name. The scientific name I gave it was about twice as long. I found Liquid Death easier to say. The public probably would too.

I decided that I would go with the idea of putting the poison into a burrowing capsule, which would dig from inside Godzilla's stomach and get the poison into his blood stream. Maybe the internal wounds would be bad enough that Godzilla would die even before the poison took effect. Either way, he should die. And that optimism made me very happy, for the first time in ten years. For the first time, I had strong hope of actually getting rid of this terror. Both physical and emotional.

The next morning I left early with a small sample of the poison in my coat pocket. It was in a bottle made of shock-resistant glass, so it wouldn't break if anything were to happen. I arrived at the USAGA headquarters at about 9:00 AM. USAGA was the United States Anti-Godzilla Act. It had existed since 2009, but they could not prevent Godzilla's attack. I had been working very closely with USAGA the last few years, and I had been giving all of the information I gathered to them.

I took the elevator to the 7th floor, and walked down the hallway. Room number 1534-R. Each room had a label of four numbers and a letter—never an obvious name like “Prof. Fitzwilliam's office” in order to avoid the easy location of a target if ever anyone broke in, in search of a human whom they intended to kill, or information they wanted to steal. Lately security had been a huge problem in America. In any case, I entered the room. Inside I found a large room with metal walls, tables, floors, and so on. About thirteen scientists were working there, on various projects. One of the scientists, a short woman with long brown hair and small glasses looked up.

“Chris! It's wonderful to see you. We haven't heard from you. Where've you

been? Are you feeling okay? You aren't sick are you? Maybe you should see our medical specialist. He's very skilled."

She barely breathed between sentences. "Uh—no, Jean. I'm fine. I've just been working hard lately... and I went to see a psychiatrist... Anyway, I've got it."

She gasped. "You've got... *it*? You've got the Vokemehasto Niehamonosit?! It's finally done! Do you know what this means?!"

I chuckled softly, "Yes, Jean, I know what it means. It means the Godzilla threat has finally ended."

"Hah! Wait 'till those ****s down at "G-Labs" that are trying to re-create the Oxygen Destroyer hear about this! Oh... I'm sorry. Eh, hooray! We are going to avenge all the death that Godzilla has caused over the years."

I smiled at her warmly as I said, "Thank you. Much better. Anyway, it's much more than that." I started my way across the room to a large machine in a corner. "It's going to prevent any further death that Godzilla may cause. Future generations will not have to live with the horror. The pain." I put the glass container that was in my pocket into a small part of the machine. A glass pane closed down in front of the compartment, and the bottle was emptied of its contents. Our attention turned to another part of the machine, in which a small frog sat. I felt pity for the frog, as it had done nothing to deserve what was about to happen to it. Unlike Godzilla. But Jean was very eager and excited. She went over and set the machine up.

"Alright, Chris. I'll let you do the honors," she said. She presented a small red button on the computer console of the machine. I took a deep breath, and laughed at my own nervousness. I quickly reached up and pressed the button, and drew back as if I had

just poked a sleeping tiger and I waited to see what happened. I knew the process, essentially. Still, I watched eagerly. I had never seen it done with my newly perfected Liquid Death.

In the compartment in which the unsuspecting frog sat, a small metal syringe lowered and the needle slowly punctured the frog's skin. It showed little resistance, as it had earlier been given a small amount of Novocain. The syringe injected the liquid that had previously been in my glass bottle. Immediately I noticed something. The frog began to turn pale. Then its flesh started to contort and burn. It turned first black, then a bruise-like greenish-purple, and then finally it melted away altogether. Its bones fell to the bottom of the tank, and slowly they too deteriorated. Vents in the machine monitored the oxygen/carbon dioxide levels the whole time, and afterward they showed exactly the amounts they should. The air inside the compartment was completely harmless.

"Oh, I can't believe it! It's done! It's perfect! It works! Chris, you are a god," squealed Jean. The other scientists, though uninformed as to what project I was working on, curiously gathered around and watched the whole thing. They seemed to understand what it was going to be used for. Perhaps they had heard me talking earlier. In any case, Liquid Death, or Vokemehasto Niehamonosit, was a success. Godzilla's end neared. Finally. After 66 years. *Finally.*

-CHAPTER TWO-

I slept well that night, for the first time in ages. I woke up at, instead of 3:00, 9:30 AM. I opened my eyes slowly, and expected a dark room and sweat on my forehead. But neither were there. Instead, the room was lit by sunlight pouring in through the only window in the basement. I glanced at the clock and realized that I hadn't had my dream. I smiled and rubbed my eyes. I began to get dressed. And then I heard it.

Sirens. Warning sirens. They had been installed in 2006, after Godzilla's initial attack on Boston. They were used in 2008 and 2010 for his second and third rampages. They got people ready for what was about to come. But in my case, they just froze me in horror. The sirens echoed between the buildings and penetrated the walls of my own building. It rang in my ears, telling my to run. To get out of the city. But I couldn't move.

I heard the door at the top of the stairs open, and then feet rumbling down to my room. It was my psychiatrist.

"Come on!" he yelled over the sirens. "We've got to do it!" At the time I didn't have a chance to ask "*do what?*" But if I did have a chance, I wouldn't have been able to produce any more than choked terror from my tight vocal cords. He grabbed me by the arm and began to pull me toward the stairs. Once we got outside, the sirens became much louder. They shook me out of my shock. I blinked a few times, and looked around me. I was going down Myrtle Street, the street my building is on. We were on the sidewalk, because the street was jammed with cars trying to evacuate.

It was like a dream. A nightmare. Everything seemed to be in slow motion.

People were screaming and crying and trying to run. I realized something. My psychiatrist was leading me down Myrtle Street... to the East. He was taking me to Godzilla.

I pulled out of his grasp. "What are you doing?! We'll get killed!"

"Or Godzilla will. Did you make this poison for nothing?" He held up a large container full of about 1.5 gallons of Liquid Death. He had apparently swiped it from my lab. He started walking again, without me. I just stood there and stared at the hatred of a solitary man. One man who had been hurt by Godzilla's wrath. Just as I had been. And I began to follow him. I jogged up to him.

"That can't be used as is! We need to go to the USAGA Headquarters to load it into a burrowing capsule." The man stopped, and thought for a moment. Then he turned around to face the traffic jam on the street.

"Alright, which car do you want?" he said.

"What? Uh... what do you mean? What are you going to do?"

"Fine, I'll choose. That silver Chevette looks good."

"No—what? Where are you going? Stop!" He wasn't listening. He strolled over to the Chevette and opened the door. The driver inside looked at him with a panic-stricken face.

"Do you need a ride out of here? At a time like this, people need to help each other."

"It's not a ride I'm interested in," said my psychiatrist, "it's *your* ride." He grabbed the driver by the shirt and ripped him out of the car. He turned back to me.

"Get in!" he shouted. I couldn't think. I just ran over to the car and hopped in. I

was now with a seemingly mentally ill man with a gallon and a half of Liquid Death. In a fast car. I realized it just before he stepped on the gas pedal. The car roared as it sped up. It turned onto the sidewalk, and hurtled forward toward the intersection.

“Turn right. Then left at Cambridge Street.” I couldn’t do much else besides that. So I sat. Thinking about everything. What had happened? How did I get here? It had all happened so fast. I must’ve been dreaming. It was just a different version of my nightmare.

No, it wasn’t.

The drive toward the harbor wasn’t too hard. As we got closer to the water, and presumably closer to Godzilla, traffic lessened. Most people had gotten out of that particular area, and were now about two miles to the West. Note that I had discovered that my psychiatrist’s name is Anthony Hannigan. He and I arrived at Commercial Wharf on Atlantic Avenue a while later.

“Nothing,” said Anthony. Everything was in order, if you were to ignore the mess made by frightened people as they evacuated.

“If Godzilla were within ten miles of here, we’d be able to hear his roar. Or the explosions.”

“Well then where the hell is he?” A slight roar of engines could be heard in the distance.

“What’s that?” I wondered.

Anthony listened for a moment. “Jets. Planes are coming.” We looked around,

surveying the sky. Then we finally found about twenty specks on the horizon. They were coming right for us. We stood there silently until the fighter jets reached us and flew over our heads with a deafening roar.

“They’re going North,” I said. We jumped back into the car and followed the planes using Atlantic Avenue, which followed the edge of the water. They passed over the harbor and circled around and headed for the Charles River.

“That’s it,” I said definitively, “He’s in the Charles River. He must’ve swum up river. The plates on his back were probably spotted. Or the USAGA saw him on their satellite surveillance. And they turned on the sirens.” Anthony didn’t say anything. He continued driving on Atlantic Avenue, which became Commercial Street. Once he reached the Charlestown Bridge that goes over Charles River, he turned right and drove about halfway onto the bridge.

“Well, we’re right above the river. Let’s just hope he doesn’t surface beneath us,” chuckled Anthony without a smile.

“Hey,” I began, “if you don’t mind my asking... what happened to you? Why do you hate Godzilla so much?”

His eye twitched and I could see his eyes staring off into space as he went back in his memory to Godzilla’s attacks. “I was working as a psychiatrist in 2006, during the war. When Godzilla came, there was no warning. No sirens, no USAGA. I had just come home, and my wife had put dinner on the table. My two daughters... Anna and Lizzy...” he smiled as he remembered his family. “They were playing with their dolls in the bedroom. That was when everything started to shake. Plates and glasses slid off the shelves and shattered on the floor.” His face looked vague as he thought back to it.

Suddenly he smiled and looked at me. “I’m sure you remember it.

“Anyway... I got the kids and we all went out onto the streets. We didn’t have a car, so we just ran. I suppose it was for the best, because so many cars were just jammed onto the streets. People were smashing into each other. Doing everything they could to get away. But they couldn’t. Godzilla smashed the apartment complex I lived in, and crushed everyone in their cars. My family was lucky enough to get away.

“After that it was hell to find work. I managed as best I could, and I bought a small apartment for my family. In 2008, when Godzilla attacked again, we were able to evacuate because we had moved far from the harbor. Finally... in 2010, Godzilla... he killed everyone. Some say that was his most devastating and destructive attack. All I know is that I lost everyone I had. My parents had passed away a couple years before, and I had no brothers or sisters. I didn’t know any of my cousins or aunts or uncles. My wife and kids were all I had. And they were killed. I was at work when it happened.

“It just took him two seconds to kill everyone in the building. One blast of his ray. Everyone... just dead...” He was silent for second, but then he jumped as if someone had startled him. “Look! In the water! Do you see it?” He was pointing out onto the river, where the water had been disturbed. Ripples in the water formed ongoing rings. Several bubbles surfaced and created a tumultuous frenzy.

“I think it’s surfacing!” he cried.

“We need to get off this bridge. He’s so big, even if he’s surfacing out there, he’ll probably still hit us.” Anthony started the engine and started off the bridge back to Commercial Street. Godzilla’s body began to break the surface of the water. His huge dorsal fins came up first. They were absolutely enormous. Then his back came up. Then

his shoulders... Finally his gargantuan head came up. It was a horrific sight.

“He’s... changed. He doesn’t look the same. His dorsal fins used to be long and jagged. His snout was longer before. Even his skeletal structure has changed. He looks so different now.”

“Well Chris, it *has* been ten years.”

“I know, but this isn’t natural. What would cause these kinds of changes?”

Anthony didn’t answer. Instead, we just stared in awe at the creature before us. His skin was brownish, and his arms were short and tipped with frightening clawed hands. He had a bit of a hunchback, and his head was short-snouted with long front fangs. The most skin crawling of all, though, was that his eyes were cloudy white, and had no pupils.

“Sure is one ugly b***ard,” said Anthony, quite seriously. “Now... who wants to kill it?”

“Yeah...” I said, deep in thought. Anthony got out of the car and opened the trunk. There lay the device that was sure to kill Godzilla.

“Today brings a new era. Life without Godzilla. Life at all for that matter.”

We hoisted the capsule out, and loaded it into the large tube that would launch the capsule into Godzilla’s mouth. It was guided electronically, and was very accurate. Which meant all we had to do was set the target.

Meanwhile, Godzilla stood there, sniffing the air. He was surveying the scene. He let out an eardrum-shaking roar, which caused us to stop working for a moment and put our hands over our ears. We were about to set Godzilla’s mouth as the target when something exploded behind us. The jets were firing countless guided missiles at Godzilla.

“That’ll only make him angrier!” I shouted above the noise. “Missiles can’t hurt him. Barely anything can pierce his hide.”

“That explains why this “Liquid Death” is being injected from inside of him.”

“Exactly.”

Godzilla roared again in anger. His white eyes followed the jets carefully. His back began to give off blue light. The light traveled to the back of his throat. Everything seemed to slow down for a second as Godzilla prepared his energy ray. He opened his mouth wide and the blue heated gas spread out to form a giant blue wall-like formation. Right in the jets’ path.

About fifteen of the jets flew right into the blue wall and exploded, raining down flaming steel upon the Boston streets.

I gasped when I realized it. “Those streets aren’t empty... There are still people here. They’ll all be killed. Unless we act fast.”

“Right.” And so we targeted Godzilla’s mouth—the back of his throat so it would go down his esophagus immediately.

“Alright... are you ready?” I asked.

“Are you?” asked Anthony in response.

I took a deep breath and reached for a plastic cover that flipped up to reveal a small red button, not unlike that on the machine with the frog.

“WAIT!!” cried Anthony, and he pulled my hand back.

“What the ***k are you doing?!” I yelled. My hard glare soon softened when I saw that Anthony was staring past me, over my shoulder toward the river. I slowly turned around, not nearly prepared for what I would see. There, heading upriver at least going 40

MPH, were the dorsal fins a giant creature. They were long and jagged, and reddish in color.

“That’s it... Those are...” I didn’t complete the sentence. Godzilla didn’t notice the incoming creature, as he was preoccupied with the last few jet fighters flying in circles above his head.

“It going to hit him!” said Anthony.

But I wasn’t listening. “*Two?*” I said to myself. I looked up just as the creature underwater slammed into Godzilla. He let out a deep growl, but then it turned into a distressful roar as he lost his balance and began to fall. As he fell he smashed the Charlestown Bridge, and part of Interstate 93, which also ran over Charles River. The pieces of steel and cement fell and splashed into the water. Godzilla hit the water with tremendous force, sending a mammoth wave out onto the surrounding area.

The water splashed onto the ground, and the force of the water sent our car, the launcher, and us sliding across the pavement. My eyes were shut for a time, while I waited for the pain to go away. It felt like I had broken my back when the water threw me onto the street. When I finally opened my eyes, my heart skipped a beat. There was the Godzilla I recognized. His snout was long and filled with sharp teeth, and several fangs. He stood upright, with smaller legs than the new Godzilla. His eyes had pupils, and his dorsal plates were long and jagged.

“It’s him. He’s the same as ten years ago.”

By then Anthony had gotten up. He said, “Two Godzillas?! Not only is that unheard of, but we only have enough poison for one Godzilla.” I didn’t have a response to that.

The new Godzilla got back to his feet and turned to face the Godzilla I knew. For a while they just stood there challenging each other with deafening roars. Suddenly, the new Godzilla's tail whipped around and wrapped around my Godzilla's neck. With one mighty pull, my Godzilla was on the ground.

It's funny that I call him "my Godzilla". I should call them by their proper names that US officials gave them later. "My Godzilla" was named Mire, and the new one was called Oni.

Mire Godzilla screeched from the ground as Oni slammed his clawed foot into his gut. Oni growled menacingly as he slammed his foot down again. His face seemed to show enjoyment as he caused further suffering. Mire's back began to glow red, and just like with Oni, the light traveled to his mouth. Oni knew what was coming. He bent down and wrapped his hands around Mire's snout, keeping his mouth closed. Mire let out a screech of despair just before his ray erupted inside his mouth as if he had tried to hold in a kaiju-sized sneeze. Oni released his grip and Mire's mouth opened, letting out a column of black smoke and a stream of blood.

Oni seemed to smile as he prepared for another onslaught, but just as he did so, a bright red heat ray burst from underwater and struck him right in the chest.

"What the—" wondered Anthony. Then four huge Mire Godzillas rose from the water.

"What the hell is going on here?!" I yelled, frustrated and frightened. "Six Godzillas? How is this possible?!" The Mires helped their downed friend up, and examined his burned mouth. Their reunion was short lived though, as a blue stream of heated gas slammed into the wounded Mire's back, incinerating several of his long dorsal

fins. He screeched in pain and fell to the ground. The other Mires growled in rage and began to advance on Oni. Though outnumbered, the solitary Godzilla stood ready for combat.

-CHAPTER THREE-

GODZILLA SPOTTED ALL OVER THE WORLD!!



Showa



Heisei



Mire



Oni

Boston, MA – Godzilla has attacked human cities 13 times since 1954. But now, he's made the count fourteen. Or really, four *hundred*. Hundreds of Godzillas have appeared all over the world. So far four species of the creature have been identified:

SHOWA: The smallest specie. It has eyes with no pupils or irises. Its heated gas weapon is only heated to about 4,000° F, appearing smoke-like. They've appeared near the equator.

HEISEI: The largest. It is only the third strongest, below the following two species. Its gas ray is second strongest (10,600° F). It lives in cold climates like the poles.

MIRE: Bigger than Showa, smaller than Oni. Its ray is the third strongest (at 7,000° F, it's red instead of blue.) It has adapted to most all climates.

ONI: Slightly bigger than Mire. It has no pupils or irises, like Showa. Its heat ray is the most powerful of all, heated to 14,000° F. It is also the most powerful in terms of brute strength. It lives mostly on the East coast of the US, and in parts of Europe.

All of the species are adapting very quickly. Thermal Energy seems to attract and strengthen them, and so many countries have shut down their Thermal Energy Plants.

“We have to get out of here!” I cried, “We’ll be killed in this battle.” Anthony silently agreed and gathered up the launcher. He loaded everything back into the car and got in. I followed his example and got into the car. When he tried to turn the key, the engine sputtered.

“Come on... This can’t be happening...” The engine continued to be stubborn and refused to turn over.

“Maybe you shouldn’t have taken that man’s car,” I said, scolding.

“Maybe you should shut up while I fix the car,” he retorted. I silenced myself as he made a series of attempts to get the car on.

“It must’ve been all that water that got into the engine... Start, you b***ard!!” he yelled and slammed his fists against the steering wheel over and over again, creating several loud honks that echoed across the empty city.

“Anthony! Stop!” I put my arm out and stopped his fury. We both peered out the windshield. Oni was on his back in the water, and three of the Mires were slamming their heavy tails onto his belly, repeatedly knocking the wind out of him. However, the fourth Mire was a little way away from the group. His eyes were locked on our car.

“Oh sh*t,” said Anthony.

“You took the words right out of my mouth. Hurry up and get this car started!” The Mire curiously took a few steps forward. He was soon out of the river and on land. The battle behind him continued, but he didn’t seem to care much. Meanwhile, Anthony persistently turned the key again and again and again...

The Mire was getting closer. He walked through several buildings, thinking nothing of it. They were just small obstacles that he could trample. But they had people

inside. People who didn't want to leave their homes. Even if Godzillas were battling right outside their windows. Devoted people... Innocent people...

The sound of the car starting shook me out of my daydream.

"YES!" said Anthony as he slammed his foot down on the gas. I swear I got whiplash when the car shot like a bullet away down the street. The Mire noticed that the thing that had made such loud noises before was now speeding away from him. He quickly began 'running' as well as he could in pursuit.

"Faster! He's behind us!" I said, panic-stricken. The speedometer read 90 MPH... 100... As Mire ran, the buildings he destroyed were kicked forward, toward our car. Large pieces of debris flew onto the road behind and beside us. Anthony swerved to avoid being hit, and avoid rubble that had landed ahead of us.

"He's fast!" cried Anthony. Mire had lifted up his tail and bent forward, and was running quickly down the street.

"Turn right! Try to lose him!" Anthony followed my directions, but a few seconds later we saw Mire smash through a few buildings right behind us.

"Oh sure, he takes a shortcut," said Anthony. The Mire was just about to come within about 100 yards of our car when a large blue ball slammed into the side of his head. He was quickly taken right off of his feet and he smashed into the buildings on the right side of the road.

We drove onto a street facing the river and stopped. I got out and jumped on top of the car. From my elevated viewpoint I could see the one Oni walking on land toward the Mire that had chased us. The others—the three that had fought Oni and the wounded one—were all dead. They were piled upon each other in the river, forming a mountain of

Godzillas well above the surface of the water. The pile had been set aflame, and was burning brightly, sending a terrible odor into the air. The Mire was getting up after having been knocked over by Oni. By then Oni was pretty near. Mire looked past him at the corpses of his friends, and back at the Oni. They were both terrible beasts, but the Oni, for one reason or another, was more full of malice. Rage. Relentlessness. Power.

The Mire turned and began to charge through the buildings in order to get away. However, he had waited too long. Oni reached down and grabbed the end of his tail and reeled him in, so to speak. Mire fell onto his belly with a frightened screech. Oni grabbed Mire by his largest dorsal fin and brought him to his feet. He drew up his hand and flexed his fingers a few times, examining his long, sharp claws. His face contorted with rage as he spun Mire around to face him, and slammed his fist into Mire's chest. I flinched away, but curiosity forced my eyes back to the gore of the fight. Mire gasped and choked and coughed up tons of blood as Mire dug around for a second or two. I knew what was coming. Oni ripped his arm back out of Mire's chest and in his hand was Mire's heart. But unlike in the movies, it was not beating.

Mire fell over dead. Oni slammed his feet down on the ground in an almost sumo fashion and let out a triumphant roar. Victory was his.

"Chris, I don't think this is the best place to be right now," worried Anthony. I nodded and hopped down from the car and got in. We started the car without trouble and drove off, Godzilla continuing his victory roars behind us.

"That was unlike anything I've seen in Godzilla before. The Godzilla I've been

studying for this past decade was completely different. Like I told you, the Godzilla I know thinks like a four-year-old. This new Godzilla... it thinks almost like a human. But it doesn't have a conscience. It kills without hesitation or care. And it uses strategy. Did you see how it used that wall to destroy the jets? And it timed it well too... I think it's obvious we're dealing with the most intelligent and dangerous Godzilla ever." I had been talking almost to myself, but Anthony was listening. But not only to me.

"Did you hear that?" he asked. "The radio is saying there are Godzillas all over the world. There are four different species. They say they've been sleeping underwater and underground for years. Lots of them are waking up now..." The radio report picked up where he left off.

"It looks like they've been hibernating for years. But it's more like they were dead, and came back to life. Until today, they had no heartbeat, no body heat, nothing. That's why they didn't show up on satellite until now. There is no escape. The Godzillas will wipe out the specie that created them, and then take over the world. This is the end of civilization as we know it. We are all going to—" Anthony turned off the radio.

"The two species that we saw," he said, "Were Oni and Mire. The Mires were the ones you recognized. Then there are two other species. Showa and Heisei. They live in South America and the North Pole. We aren't in danger of them. But the Mires and Onis are quickly moving onto land and heading farther into the Midwest. Some Mires have already reached the Rocky Mountains."

I sat there processing all of it. "How could this have happened? Just yesterday I thought that we were going to get rid of Godzilla forever. And now there are Godzillas all over the world? The man on the radio was right. There is no escape. Mankind is going to

be wiped out.”

“There’s optimism for you,” joked Anthony, but at the worst possible time.

We drove West into New York and then into Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. Somewhere along Interstate 70 I asked, “Do you have any real idea of where we’re going?”

“Well... not yet. I just know we’re getting away from Godzilla.”

“Only we’re not. Didn’t you hear the radio? The Godzillas are all over. Some had reached the Rocky Mountains the other day. By now they’re probably right about where we are if not farther.”

“Are you always this pessimistic? That could be part of the Post-Godzilla Syndrome,” said Anthony as he thought and rubbed his hairless chin.

“Don’t tell *me* about Post-Godzilla Syndrome. You’ve got just as bad a case, if not worse, as me.”

“I know that! I didn’t say I don’t have it. I know..... I know.” His voice faded off at the last ‘I know’, and I remained silent after that for several hours.

We switched off driving as we continued on through Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas. The highway was littered with abandoned cars and other vehicles. I saw dozens of wrecked cars, and few with dead victims inside. Every time I saw a corpse I couldn’t help but flinch and look away. Meanwhile Anthony would often look right at it until we had passed it. I often wondered but never asked what he was thinking.

When we got about halfway through Kansas we came across a ravaged portion of

the road and stopped. The concrete was cracked and ripped up from the ground. Large pieces of the highway were strewn all around, some pieces thrown far out into the fields on either side of the road. In some places a huge footprint could be made out, but it was mostly just destruction and debris. We continued on, steering clear of the damaged road, and drove into Colorado. That was when we stopped and pulled out a map.

“Alright, we’re here. According to the last local radio broadcast, Mire Godzillas have been spotted all along here.” Anthony used a red pen to mark on the map as he spoke. “If we drive Northwest through the Rocky Mountains, into Wyoming, Montana, and then into Canada, we can stay at a little cottage my Great-Grandfather used to live in. I don’t think there’ll be any electricity—the power lines are probably all down. But we can just stay there until we figure something out. Until we figure out what to do. Where to go... All right! Let’s go!” He seemed strangely optimistic for a moment. I don’t know if that was just to cheer us up, or if he actually thought we were going to live. Either way, my spirits brightened.

And so we set off toward Canada. Off to Anthony’s Great-Granddad’s cottage. I doubted that we would be safe. I seemed to attract disaster.

-CHAPTER FOUR-

It was September 12th, 2020. I was driving, and Anthony was asleep. We were somewhere in Montana, headed North. My mind was cluttered with so many thoughts. Memories too. Most of all I was thinking about Godzilla—or the Godzillas, I guess. And Anthony's past. I was lucky that I hadn't lost any family in 2010. Just personal trauma. I wondered where my parents, brothers, and sisters were. When the Godzillas appeared on their TV screens they had probably left their homes and traveled... somewhere. They really had no place to go. No cottage in Canada. No refuge to get away from all of the horror. A tear ran down my cheek as I considered the possibility that they had been killed. I didn't cry, though. I just kept driving and tried not to think about it.

We had just entered Canada when Anthony woke up.

"What time is it?" he asked groggily as he rubbed his eyes and stretched as much as he could in the cramped car.

I took a look at my watch and answered, "It's about 5:30 PM."

"Where are we?"

"We're just coming up on Lethbridge."

"Oh good. The cottage is pretty near there."

We got there at 7:00. Anthony guided me the rest of the way to the cottage, right up until we pulled up on the gravel driveway. The cottage was a nice one, made of wood

with plenty of windows. Inside there was no electricity, as Anthony had predicted, so we lit dozens of candles and a nice fire.

“The last time I made a fire,” I said as we sat before the flames and drank juice that we had gotten at an abandoned grocery store in Montana, “was when a chemical I was working with spilled onto the flame of my oven and exploded.” We shared a laugh—something we hadn’t done in a while. Well, ever, really. It felt nice to forget everything and laugh with someone, who had become a friend of mine by now. After all we had been through, and all we had seen and learned.

“One time back in my old apartment the man living next door to me set fire to his carpet. Needless to say, that was a humiliating day for him,” Anthony joked. I smiled and took a draught of my juice. It was sweet and tangy orange juice. It quenched my thirst and pleased my taste buds. I thought it was funny that at a time like this I was appreciating the taste of orange juice. I decided not to think too much and continued to swish the juice around in my mouth. This was happiness and comfort I had not felt since I was a child. Not even before Godzilla’s attacks. Life alone was cruel. My days as a child living with my family were happy days. Careless, safe, happy days. It all went by so quickly.

“Chris,” said Anthony, taking me out of my deep thoughts, “do you think any Godzillas will come by here?”

Right when he said it I wished he hadn’t. I didn’t want to think about Godzilla. I wanted to savor my orange juice. I wanted to be careless, safe, and happy. Nevertheless, I answered, “Could be. So many Godzillas, they could cover a lot of ground.”

“We’re in Canada; Heiseis live here. I wonder what they look like. We’ve only

seen Mires and Onis. I think I'd like to see the other two species."

"Careful what you wish for. Some Heiseis might come crashing in here right now." I glanced out the window and saw peaceful stillness. In the distance was the city of Lethbridge, Canada. Anthony had told me that this city used to be largely Japanese-Canadian populated and had a small Godzilla memorial made for everyone who had died at the hand of Godzilla, whether it be in the US, Japan, Hong Kong, or elsewhere.

"If the Godzilla threat is ever ended and civilization returns to the world, they will have to add a hell of a lot of names to that Godzilla memorial you told me about earlier."

"Hah. Yeah, no kidding. But our names won't be on it."

"We can hope."

"Right now, Hope is all we've got. Unless someone can find a way to kill the Godzillas by the dozens, I don't think there's much of a chance that humanity will survive this onslaught."

"We're the pigs, Godzilla is the butcher, and the world is its slaughterhouse."

"Interesting metaphor," chuckled Anthony.

For a while after that the two of us sat in silent thought, staring into the fire before us as its flames flickered and cast long shadows across the room. At about 10:00 we got up and prepared for bed. We had spent a long time on the road. And we were finally sleeping in beds. I had a dreamless sleep, which surprised me. There was so much to dream about. Still, I was glad I hadn't had a nightmare about Godzilla.

I woke up the next morning to sound of Anthony working away in the kitchen. He

was cooking up some pancakes, waffles, toast, eggs, *and* bacon.

“Wow, this is a feast fit for a king. What’s the occasion?”

“I figure we might as well eat well before the apocalypse.”

“Good idea,” I said and sat down in front of a plate full of food. I was surprised at our own carelessness. Death and destruction was all over the world and here we were in a cottage in Alberta having a feast of a breakfast. I kind of scolded myself for not thinking or caring about the countless lives that were ending all over the world. “But certain death,” I thought, “would cause irrational behavior. One would want to live their last moments true. And that’s what I’m going to do!” I dug in greedily and shoveled bite after bite of food into my mouth.

“I don’t mean to sound like your mother,” laughed Anthony, “but slow down! You’re going to choke on something.” I laughed and put my fork down. While I chewed what food was in my mouth, I looked around the room. The kitchen was your typical cooking space: cupboards, a stove, a counter... and on the counter a radio.

“Hey, does that radio work?” I asked, pointing to the small box.

“I don’t know. It probably runs on batteries, so it should be fine even during this power outage. Let’s see.” Anthony picked it up and turned it over in his hands. He found the power switch and flipped it on. At first we heard only static, but as he turned the dial on the front we picked something up.

“...much on technology. That’s why they’re here. It’s drawing them in. We need to abandon those things. We need to learn to do without... Ah! Just outside there’s a large herd of Godzillas! They look like Heiseis. They’re so big! It looks like they’re going to go by without paying any attention to our little radio station. Wow! It looks like

about eighty-five or ninety Heiseis in this herd! It's like an earthquake as they walk. Their footsteps are loud like a fireworks show. Can you hear that? Can you hear them going by?"

"That must be a local station. Do you suppose the Heiseis will come by here?" wondered Anthony.

"You wished it. I told you to be careful."

"Hah. Superstition. Anyway, I *do* hope they come by here. I'd like to see them. I just don't want them trampling this house."

"We'll see."

The next couple days went by without any sign of Godzillas in our area. I was thankful for that, despite Anthony's hope to see some. We had good rations, and cooked using fire. I slept well, and that still surprised me. After a few nights I got used to it. I considered it a huge step up from before. But if one were to consider the situation at hand, your thoughts would become grim and unpleasant.

Anthony and I seemed, however, to be living the good life. To live without Godzillas right outside your window on September 16th, 2020 is to live luckily and happily. But always expecting the worst.

-CHAPTER FIVE-

It seemed we had only been there a few minutes. Those eight days flew by quickly. I am happy to say that I enjoyed each of those days to the extreme fullest.

I was shaking. No... I was being shaken. I opened my eyes. In the dark I could barely see the dim outline of Anthony.

“Chris! Wake up! They’re coming. Take a look. You’ve got to see it.”

“What? What’s going on? I’m sleeping. What time is it?”

“*Come on!*”

“Oka—Anthony, It’s 3:00 AM! Why am I even awake?”

“You’re awake because they’re here. Godzillas. You have to see it.” I sat up and swung my legs over the side of the bed. I rubbed my eyes.

“Oh,” I said quietly. I hadn’t realized before that the floor, the bed, the house—everything was shaking slightly. Anthony grabbed me by the arm and tugged me out of bed. I drowsily followed him, bumping into tables and chairs here and there until we got out onto the front porch.

“There!” said Anthony, pointing. I was in awe. There must have been ninety Heiseis. They were slowly strolling along, graceful despite their size. They moved with leisure. Their dorsal plates caught the moonlight and their eyes sparkled. It was a tremendous sight. A Godzilla ‘herd’ not but 900 yards away. Their occasional roars

echoed and shook not only the ground but also my eardrums.

“I got my wish,” said Anthony dazedly.

“I’ll say,” I replied, my eyes still transfixed on the massive herd. “Where do you suppose they’re headed?”

“Well they’re going Southwest,” said Anthony. “They’ll probably go on into Montana, Idaho, or Washington until they get to the Pacific Ocean.” I nodded thoughtfully. For a while we just stood there and watched the herd go by. Then we heard an echoing howl coming from the East. Every Heisei turned its head toward the sound with a soft roar. One of the Heiseis took a deep breath and then emitted a terrifying roar so loud that we had to cover our ears. Afterward there were a series of short, deep growls and roars from over a hill to the North.

“Either whatever is making those noises is really, really fast, or there are a lot more than I would’ve imagined,” said Anthony.

“Though I hate to say it, I’m thinking the latter is more likely. Should we take the car and leave?”

“Er... Just wait a little while.” The Heisei herd turned around and began to head back to the East. Then, on the horizon appeared a solitary figure. In the dark it appeared as a silhouette. But its size and shape confirmed that it was a Mire Godzilla.

“Only one?” I wondered. Anthony didn’t respond, but stared at the Mire. The Heiseis all stopped and began to emit warning calls that were deep and menacing. They made the night seem less safe with each one. Still, the Mire continued to approach. Then it stopped. The Heiseis let out low growls and lowered their heads. They opened their mouths, showing their long, sharp teeth. The Mire tilted its head the slightest bit, and then

threw its head back and called out with a high shrieking howl. Over the hill appeared dozens more Mires. Another herd. In total, it appeared they equaled if not outnumbered the Heiseis.

“I’m all for that running away plan,” I said, starting for the car.

“No... wait. I want to see this,” said Anthony. He walked down the steps from the porch onto the grass and a few meters out.

“Oh come on. Anthony! Stop!” He stood out in the grass, gazing at the 170 or so Godzillas. “Come on! It’s dangerous,” I persuaded.

The Heisei herd began to walk backward. The advancing Mires looked like pure evil. Their eyes reflected the light of the moon and sent a feeling of hatred and malice upon those they were approaching. The Heiseis moved backward in slow retreat ever nearer to our house.

“Anthony, Come on!” I pleaded. I feared for him. I feared for myself. Strangely, I also feared for the Heiseis. I know what the advancing Godzillas were capable of. I had seen it before. And that was with just one. I was sure ninety of them could pack quite a punch.

To the North there was a flash of white, a pause, and then another. I thought it was lighting at first. But then a massive shape came over the hill. It was a massive *herd*, actually. The eyes of each of the Godzillas seemed to glow with a white radiance. They didn’t appear to have pupils. “Oni?” I thought. No, these were smaller and had stood more upright. With Heiseis and Mires already here, the must have been Showa. They all let out a simultaneous cry that shook the windows of the cottage.

“My god...” As I looked over my shoulder and at the shaking windows behind

me, I saw through a window on the other side of the house and out to the South, behind the house. There were masses of Godzillas there. The shaking of the ground I had gotten used to and was ignoring, but I realized then that it was being caused by the Godzillas behind me. They were undoubtedly Onis, based on their eyes and posture. Just the sight of them sent a shiver up my spine. They seemed more full of pure evil than any of the others.

“Anthony! I’m leaving without you!” I yelled. He reached into his pocket and pulled out something silver and shiny. He held them up in the air. I heaved an exasperated sigh. “Give me the keys!” I cried as I ran across the grass. I then realized how terribly close the Heiseis were.

“You’re mad! We’ll be killed! The Heiseis will walk right over us and the house and the car if we don’t get out of here NOW.” At seemingly the same time I finished my sentence of warning, there was an explosion behind us. I jumped onto Anthony and pulled him to the ground. He shoved me off and looked behind us. The Onis were trampling our house. They were so close you had to look straight up to see their heads. Each foot step shook the ground violently. It looked like they were about to stop their advancement. Even so, with the other herds’ current movements, all the Godzillas were going to box us in. There must’ve been 400 Godzillas in all. Not one of them paid any attention to us. Two puny humans in the middle of it all. What did they care if we died? They didn’t. And they wouldn’t have cared if they had killed us in 2006, 2008, or 2010. We were insignificant. We created them, and that was all we needed to do. Once Godzilla was created, mankind’s bane was written in stone. We were doomed and it was inevitable.

Still, out of sheer terror, I got to my feet and I ran for my very life. I thought that Anthony was behind me. I looked over my shoulder to yell to him when I saw that he was still on the ground. I looked up, and a massive Oni foot was coming down onto him.

“NO!!!!” I cried, putting my hand out, as if to stop the Oni from moving any further. But gravity got the best of me. The Oni’s foot slammed down right on top of Anthony. My friend. My only friend. The only person I had. He was dead and gone. Godzilla had taken what I treasured most and crushed it beneath the ugly bulk of his one foot.

“ANTHONY!!!!” I screamed. I fell to my knees. I knew now what he had experienced. He had lost his wife and his children to Godzilla. He had lost everything. And now I had lost him. My chest was hot and it hurt to breathe and swallow. Tears freely flowed down my cheeks and onto the grass. The rest of the Oni herd was incoming, and I was right in its path. At first I thought that I wanted to die. But I realized that I had thought that ten years ago, too. I thought that I wanted to be taken away from it all, and my misery ended. But I learned to keep breathing, and to live on.

I got back to my feet. Wiping the tears from my eyes, I looked around. The Oni herd was no more than 40 yards away. The Heiseis and Mires were already locked in terrible combat. The Showas were closing in from the North. I quickly processed it all and took off. I fled. I ran to the gravel road, and then down it to where our car was parked. We had moved it far down the road in case anything happened. I don’t think we actually thought anything would happen. Still, I was glad we had planned ahead.

I kept running. My legs hurt and my breathing came in short gasps, but I kept running. I could see the car. Just a little farther. It was out of the way of the Godzillas.

Thankfully.

And here I am. I've calmed myself. I am in my car, looking out the windshield at the mayhem outside. The noise is deafening, so I've fashioned some crude earplugs. I don't know if I'm going to survive. And I don't know what the outcome of this war of Godzillas will be. But I will keep breathing. And I will keep living. And I will never, ever forget what started in 1954. And after so many years, it was finally unleashed in all of its terrible and tremendous power. I will never forget. I don't think anyone else will either.

THE END

-EPILOGUE-

THE LAST HUMAN SURVIVORS FROM 2022...



Denver, CO -- Over the past six years the Godzilla species have ravaged the planet we call home. Most of us aren't likely to ever see the sun. We will live our human lives underground, within the Rocky Mountains, in one of the 17 underground human communities located across the globe. Here we are safe from the terror named Godzilla. But now the last survivors of the Human-Mire War of 2022 plan to make the earth safer to walk on. They have formed an international army of trained humans. In total, there are about 6,500 people in the International Anti-Godzilla Army (IAGA). They will attack with full force on September 9th, 2026.

General Chris Morgan was quoted to say, "On September 9th, 2020, a terror struck. A terror so horrible, and so deadly that we have been forced into the ground. An estimated 12,000 survivors now live underground in the North and South America, Asia, Europe, and Africa. Mankind will live on. I used to think that we would all die under the feet of the nuclear creation Godzilla. But years of being deprived of sunlight will change one's ways of thinking..." The General declined any further comment.