

ALL-DUT MONSTER REVOLT 7



ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLT MAGAZINE

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For more visit: <http://thesimmsproject.blogspot.com/>

Tess Stevenson graduated from the *Art Institute of Philadelphia* and is part of *Ground Up Studios*; a collective of other artists. She has published two books one for children and one for young adults; 'Jude' and 'A New Friend for Camille'.

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For more visit: www.elinoreeaton.com/

We are always looking for writers who like to highlight the rare and forgotten avenues, aspects, adventures in the giant monster genre as much as we do. If you are such a writer than **pitch us an idea for the article you want to write**. If it peaks our interest, then, you just might be writing for the AOMR magazine. Send "pitches" to: alloutmonsterrevolt@gmail.com

What we mean by **pitch**: an outline or prose summary prepared before the article, giving the topic and direction of the article often consisting of bullet points.

EDITORS NOTE: Part three of the *Weekly World News* retrospective was bumped from this issue but will be appear in a later issue of the magazine.

ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLT!

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 02 – ISSUE 07 – JUNE 2017

COVER ART BY MARLEE Z

BOX 13: Dai Kaiju Haiku Contest pg04

MegaGRON Raids Again by Doug Blakeslee... ...p62

In true Toho fashion, MegaGRONK returns from the murky depths of mystery to protect the Oregon from a new and strange threat. Can this monstrous mutation with malignant machinations be stopped? Read on, if you dare to find out...

Interview with Cover Artist Marlee Z... ...p28

It's always exciting when a talented artist is gracious enough to create a stunning cover for your magazine but when they bring to life one of your characters it is something completely different. We just had to find out all about Marlee Z!

Point Of Origin w/ Dr. Zulu Zombie... ...p53

Dr. Zulu Zombie, the Guru of Kaiju thoroughly rummages through the classic giant monster films from 1933 -2017 to learn if & how kaiju communicate and teaches us all about it.

Godzilla Audio Adventures... ...p23

For those whippersnappers in the late seventies who were lucky enough to have owned the continuing adventures of Godzilla vinyl. This article is for those who weren't so lucky.

Giants: Citizen Kabuto... ...p59

In our new feature Computers, Consoles and Kaiju, *Patrick Conlon* takes on Citizen Kabuto in the review of a mainstream giant monster game from the turn of the millennium.

Cybergecko Kaiju Gallery's Battle Arena... ...p18

Alex Strang proudly presents a new Battle Arena where artist *Tess Stevenson* has pit two unlikely kaiju against each other.

The Giant Jerk by Justynn Tyme... ...p19

Laughs abound in this one panel comic where Some City, USA is attacked by a gigantic, total jerk face!

Firesign Theatre's Martian Space Party... ...p07

For almost forty years the Martian Space Party laid buried in the Firesign archives. At one time traded from fan to fan it was finally and officially released in 2010. Justynn Tyme explores the rare treasure that is the Martian Space Party

Kong; Skull Island (a review)... ...p40

Over the last few years many high dollar giant monster films have rolled out with mixed results. When Kong Skull Island stalked across the screen *Patrick Conlon* and *Justynn Tyme*, like others knew it was more than just a typical gm flick.

Dai Kaiju Diner w/ Dr. Ken Kaiju... ...p20

It's been rough for Dr. Kaiju since he accidentally let loose the unspeakable in New York but he hasn't let a growing wall of pulmonary flesh prevent him from his culinary exploits.

Marathon of the Monsters... ...p15

The world of kaiju are filled w/ amazing models that crumble under terrible giants, sometime amazing giant monsters destroy terrible miniatures like the one *Justynn Tyme* built.

Atomic Rex vs Dorugan... ...p46

The cult classic Atomic Rex vs Dorugan never made it to the silver screen but *Matt Dennion* and *Chris Martinez* give us a illustrated taste of the what would have been.

5 Questions w/ Kaiju Assault... ...p57

The great guys at *Kaiju Assault* have grown and expanded a lot since this interview but its always nice have a look back.

Below by Shannon Connor Winward... ...p44

Another rarely explored giant monster medium is poetry but kaiju poetry like 'Below' can be powerful and encapsulating.

...and so much more!

All-Out Monster Revolt Magazine— Volume 2, Issue 7 — June 2017



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Unsolicited submissions of art and writing are welcomed—while the submitter retains the rights to said work—no guarantees can be made on the use of any submitted material. Please send all submissions to alloutmonsterrevolt@gmail.com

RADIOACTIVE MANGO RECORDINGS

ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLT

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Deadline: In hand by June 30, 2017. Entries received after that date will not be accepted.

Eligibility: The contest is open to the public. You must be 18 years old or older to enter.

Regulations:

One submission per person.

Up to 5 unpublished haiku that have not been submitted for publication or to any other contest. Publication is defined as an appearance in a printed book, magazine, or journal (sold or given away), or in any online journal that presents edited periodic content. The appearance of poems in online discussion lists or personal websites is not considered publication.

Haiku must be about giant monsters (kaiju).

Haiku can be about known giant monsters (Godzilla, Gamera, Mothra, Ultraman etc.) or giant creatures in general (birds, cats, reptiles, fish, etc.) You can name the kind of giant monster represented in your haiku or leave it to our imaginations.

This contest is open to international submissions, but all haiku must be in English.



Electronic Submission Process for The All-Out Monster Revolt's Dai Kaiju Haiku Contest:

Email your 5 (or fewer) haiku entries to:
alloutmonsterrevolt@gmail.com

Subject line:

All-Out Monster Revolt Dai Kaiju Haiku Contest

Type your haiku in the body of the email (do not attach any files to your email). Entries using attachments will be disqualified.

Please include your full name and postal address in your email submission.

Adjudication: The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.

The judges will carefully consider all entries, but if no entries are found to meet contest criteria no prizes will be awarded.

The judges' decisions are final



A dai kaiju example from our Series two's card 'Them'.

----- WINNERS -----

Four haiku will be selected as contest winners.

The winning haiku will become part of a series of All-Out Monster Revolt collectible cards with artwork created for them by AOMR Director Justynn Tyme.

The winning haiku will be published in Issue #8 of All-Out Monster Revolt Magazine.

Authors of the winning haiku will receive \$25 and an 8 ½-in. by 11 in. print of the pop card with their haiku printed on the front.

Payment to domestic

(USA) winners will be through PayPal (preferred) or bank check.

Payment to international winners

will be through PayPal only in US dollars.

Rights:

All rights revert to the authors after publication.

The All-Out Monster Revolt retains the rights to the winning haiku for the singular purpose of creating and reproducing the Dai Kaiju Haiku Pop Art Cards that feature the winning haiku. We return the rights of the haiku to their authors and request that they not be used in conjunction with any other trading card series.



Another example of the haiku we are looking for as seen on the Mothra card of series one.

This contest is sponsored by:

The Cicada's Cry: A Micro Zine of Haiku Poetry &
The Written Remains Writers Guild

Helpful Hints for This Contest

See examples of All-Monster Dai Kaiju Haiku Collectible Cards for inspiration.

Study examples of traditional Japanese-style haiku for inspiration.

Consider these six rules for haiku (from Jane Reichhold's [Writing and Enjoying Haiku: A Hands-on Guide](#))

1. Write in three lines that are short, long, short without counting syllables.
2. Make sure the haiku has a fragment and a phrase
3. Have some element of nature.
4. Use verbs in the present tense.
5. Avoid capital letters or punctuation.
6. Avoid rhymes.

Note: For kaiju haiku including a season word may prove difficult. If you can suggest a season in some way, that will be a plus for your haiku submission.

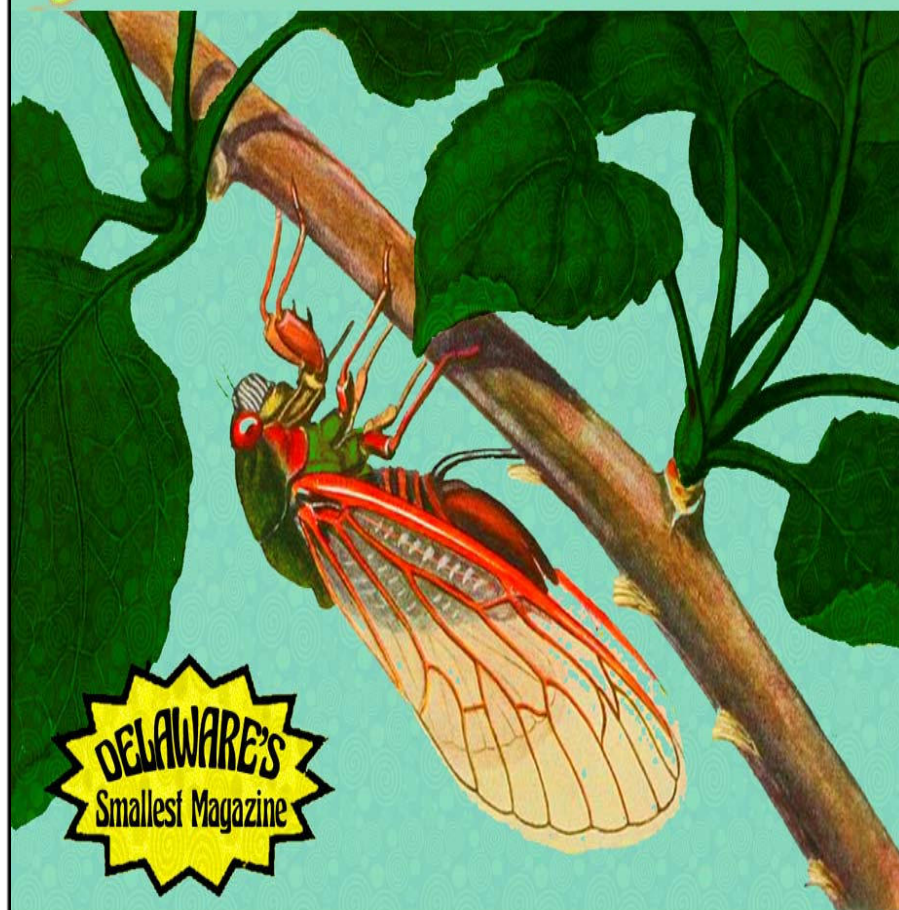
And finally, some of the best haiku are written in the present tense; use a fragment and phrase structure; contain a kigo (a season word) or suggest a season, or in some way reference nature; highlight a single, strong image; suggest a feeling/emotion; convey a sense of mystery, and have multiple levels of meaning.

We look forward to
experiencing your haiku.
Good luck, everyone!

**YOUR
AD
HERE

\$20**

THE CICADA'S CRY



A MICRO ZINE OF HAIKU POETRY
EDITED BY JM REINBOLD AND MARIA MASINGTON

WWW.THECICADASCRY.COM

MAGAZINE STATISTICS:

Over a hundred people read this magazine every month and even ISSUE 1 still gets up to a thousand reads every year and it has been available online since 2013.

When you advertise your giant monster related projects in the All-Out Monster Revolt Magazine there is no wasted effort because you are advertising directly to your target audience.

Our ad space prices are patterned to be affordable for every budget and your advertising with us ensures the continuation of the All-Out Monster Revolt Magazine.

Giant monster / kaiju ads are accepted first.

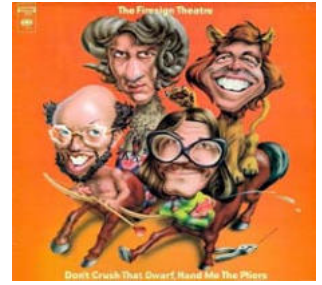
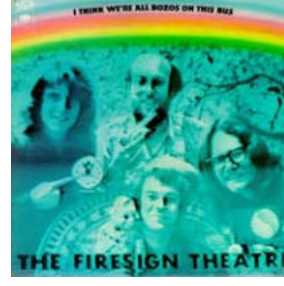
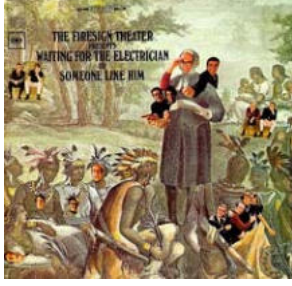
THE FIRESIGN THEATRE'S MARTIAN SPACE PARTY

LET'S EAT * NOT INSANE * JUST FOLKS



The Firesign Theatre were geeks, goofballs, bozos and totally brilliant. They took every facet of American life and put it through the blender. The comedy concoction they created was a rich, complex multi-layered caricature of the expanding consciousness of the human condition. It proved so popular they became historical and legendary figures of comedy.

FIRESIGN THEATRE'S **MARTIAN SPACE PARTY** SPECIAL FEATURE



ABOUT THE FIRESIGN THEATRE

For many of us, the 1960s seem like a wondrous age where the world we know today was forged in a cultural revolution. It was a great change that led to opportunities for boundless adventures in the physical or mind-bending worlds. During periods like these, musicians, artists, writers, people are transformed, distances are bridged, and the world suddenly shrinks in its infinite largeness. You now have access to much strange and wonderful knowledge that alters your perception of what you thought you knew. Then you realize 'Everything You Know Is Wrong.' In this way the world evolves, as it did in the sixties, as it did twenties, and ages before that. It was this moment in time (1967) that gave birth to the Firesign Theatre.

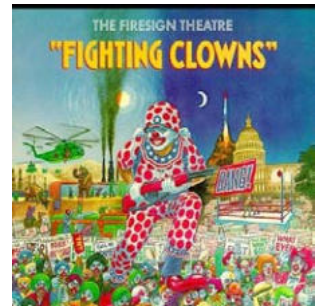
How does one describe the Firesign Theatre? Well, imagine, if you will, four mad scientists all named Dr. Firesign who are as similar as they are different. They have come together on a random Tuesday to have lunch together in a smoke filled laboratory. Suddenly, they all decide not come out again until they have used every element known to mankind to make a philosopher's stone. If you want to know what the elements were then listen to any of their radio serials. If you want to know what the philosopher's stone was then listen to any of their albums. There are at about ten of them available at any one time.

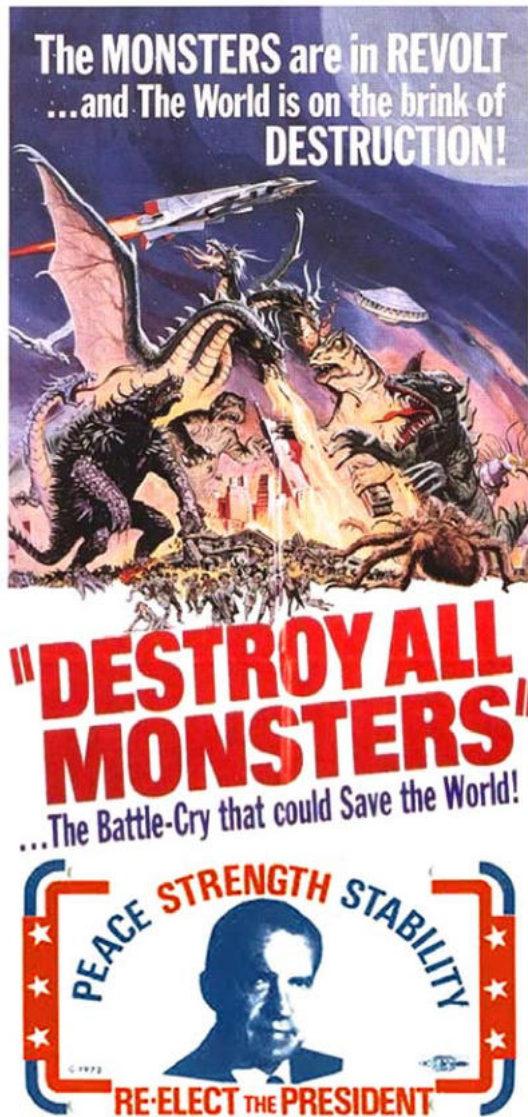
The Firesign Theatre was tantamount in America, as was Monty Python in Europe, but there were decided differences that allowed Monty Python to become an international sensation, while the Firesign Theatre remained a powerful underground tour-de-force in the world of comedy. The greatest contrast between the two that made all the difference was their medium. Monty Python was highly visible by way of television and movies almost on a weekly basis. The Firesign Theatre worked their magic regularly on the radio for decades in multitude of radio serials.

Even though the Firesign Theatre was not alone in the art of creating comedy albums—Python included—their albums were a comedy experience for the listener, instead of the listener experiencing comedy. Their albums, produced for a time through Columbia Records, were among the few comedy records that everyone had in their collection from California to New York. These dense, multi-layered, avant-garde radio plays with their sliding scale of intellectual humor ensured their replaying. While *Martian Space Party* was their first official film as the Firesign Theatre, they made a several movies and numerous television appearances over the years. Aside from their seemingly endless touring, video was never their official medium. Contrary to Monty Python at least, who only made comedy albums to supplement their visual work.

Since its creation, television has experienced a continual boom and has been effectively killing radio and radio theatre since 1955. The reason the Firesign Theatre's genius was able to flourish and be recognized in this hostile battleground was because of the counter-culture revolution. The Firesign Theatre was the voice of this movement because they embodied the true purposes of the Cultural Revolution. They were cosmopolitan bohemians. The group was comprised of four multi-talented artists / comedians who were inspired by the radio theatre of two decades earlier while energized by cultures and philosophies from around the world. Coupled with their keen eye and dedication to the edification of the American institution, they became legends in entertainment. They might not have shared the same spotlight as their contemporaries in the Monty Python Flying Circus, but their influence on comedy is still being felt fifty years later.

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FIRESIGN THEATRE'S **MARTIAN SPACE PARTY** SPECIAL FEATURE

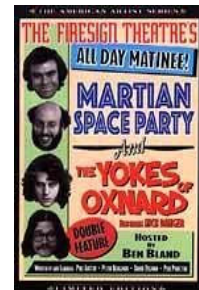
ABOUT MARTIAN SPACE PARTY:

Until recently, this performance was traded from hand to hand, from fan to fan because it was not available from any establishment. This performance, like all of their radio serials, was a treasure-trove for devoted fans, as these series were where the Firesign Theatre developed and honed their material. It was chaotic, unfiltered, and like the special features of your favorite movie, what you heard on the serials was quite different from the polished albums some say funnier.

Martian Space Party stood out even in these rare, hard to get radio serials because it was a diamond amongst the gold dust, a forgotten, possibly abandoned album. It was not only the last show of the 'Let's Eat' series, but also performed live. It was not just a live performance, but a honed and polished performance that was simulcast over television and radio. The performance was also filmed and shown around the country. The film featured only a third of the performance, and the album version of the show 'Not Insane' (1972)—a conglomerate of material culled from other sources—did not do it justice. So, the complete performance lay virtually unattainable for decades until the Firesign Theatre released it again with the help of Taylor Jessen and Seeland Records. Finally, there is an official version of their radio serials from 1970-1972 that includes the full-length *Martian Space Party*.



I wish I could reveal to you some rare particulars about how these four or five crazy guys felt about giant monsters, but it just isn't there. In all the writings by the Firesign Theatre about this show, the one glaring omission is the topic of giant monsters. Giant monsters were a major aspect of the *Martian Space Party* and featured prominently in the chaotic diorama footage spliced into the film during post-production, but it was never discussed anywhere.



However, I do know this. The diorama which embodies many of the themes of MSP was built by Phil Austin and Phil Proctor. One can assume that either Phil Proctor or Phil Austin were the kaiju fans. Now, I know Phil Proctor is a fan of some persuasion because he shared with me a 3D animated kaiju card from Japan that he has kept—at the ready one might assume for curious giant monster fans like me—since the Shōwa era. So, that must mean that Phil Austin was possibly the proud owner of those early Godzilla and Kong figures that were seen in the diorama.

There is also the fact that David Ossman is a film aficionado and would have almost certainly seen King Kong (1933), and Gojira (1954), if not more giant monster films, but he declined to speak on the subject. I know how he feels but I'll talk about that in another issue. Now Peter Bergman is a bit of a mystery, but he certainly seems like he would have enjoyed all the Godzilla films and the fact that most, if not all, the Godzilla references came from him might cinch that fact.

Still, it's not the conclusive evidence I was hoping for and the ambiguous nature of it is probably why I didn't pursue this before now. All things considered it's probably why I consider this show one of my all-time favorites because it just happened. I have always let the material speak for itself. Because, when you dig, you never know what you'll find. Or, in this case, what you won't find.



BARBARA WALTERS AND VICE PRESIDENTIAL
CANDIDATE GEORGE LEROY TIREBITER

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE NAT'L SURREALIST PARTY

So let's eat what we can chew on and that is the
MARTIAN SPACE PARTY!

FIRESIGN THEATRE'S **MARTIAN SPACE PARTY** SPECIAL FEATURE

ACT I: Commencement the Convention (Day 1)

Location: Gas War Island

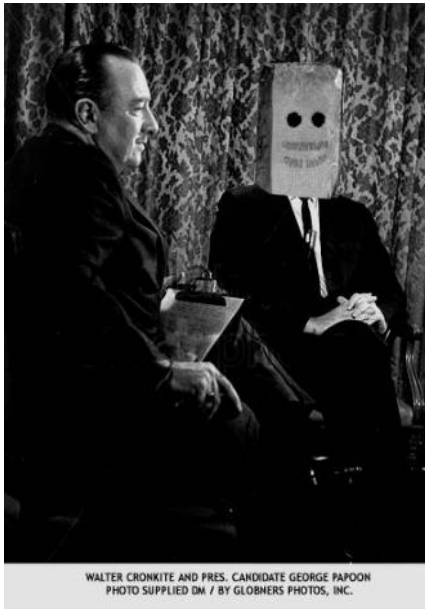
THE NATIONAL SURREALIST LIGHT PEOPLE'S PARTY

Not affiliated with the Nationalist Surrealist School of Broadcasting

1a. In attendance: Chairwoman Furburger, National Spider Caucus, Steamed Colleagues, Black Flies of the Commonwealth, Stewed Members of the Press Californian Rats Union, Committee of Amused Sheep, United Snakes of Amscra, and the Local Locust Plutocrat Populous.

1b. Rousing speech by Rev. Bob Tackle and the Martian Minstrels

Selection 'Oh Blinding Light' but heavenly music briefly interrupted by banner wielding protester who exclaimed "Not Insane!"



WALTER CRONKITE AND PRES. CANDIDATE GEORGE PAPOOH
PHOTO SUPPLIED DM / BY GLOBE PHOTOS, INC.

1c. Convention Report by Walter & Walter

Discussing the problems on Monster Island where the Martian Space Party's incumbent president is still being denied entry to the Forbidden City, one of the most popular rides on the island.

1d. Inter-Arach;

International division of arachnid industries (sponsor)

1e. Monster Island Report by Eric

Reports are coming in that the steam, terrible noises, awful smells and religious overtones in conjunction with the dreadful fear inspired by the Monsters' senseless destruction has made the incumbent president cry.

1f. Obloquy by General D.C. Blame

Speech was truncated by mutinous catcalls

1g. Commercial Break

I was Hitler's Dog Doctor (novel)

1h. Patriotic Poem 'I am the Presidents' Man'

Performed by Sir Charles Ganga-Banga-Lang and Sons

1i. Elegy for William Sprayachelre

Documentary of the last great resident by William Sprayachelre

1j. Hysterical Profiles with Walter

Interview with age-old officer Mr. Blanc of Monster Island (wrong feed)

1k. Monster Island Report by Charles B Smith

A recapping of the incumbent president's arrival on Monster Island, which was herald by a twenty one cheese bomb salute and followed by the reunion of old adversaries—The President and Residents of Monster Island. The gauche festivities were interrupted by the unexpected arrival of the 17ft tall Glutaomoto who was protesting the killing of lizards. His 400ft shadow loomed over the festive president all the way back to the great wall.

1m. Bird Of Prey Motors (sponsor)



DAVID OSSMAN



PETER BERGMAN



PHILLIP AUSTIN



PHILLIP PROCTOR

FIRESIGN THEATRE'S **MARTIAN SPACE PARTY** SPECIAL FEATURE

ACT II: Intermezzo Ceremony

Location: Gas War Island

2a. At The Monster Island Bar

Charles B. Smith gathers comments at the after party from delegates under the influence of the days' events.



2b. Musical Interlude

'Loons' by the Monsterland Band

2c. Mister Yamamoto of Hollywood

A Subsidiary of Ralph Spoilsport Motors (sponsor)

2d. Anything You Want to (part 1) by Shakeaspear

Stage play performed by the Democratic Party-Favors

2e. Hideo Gump Senior's Rendezvous Rump Room (Sponsor)

Taking reservations for immediate dinning only

2f. Anything You Want to (part 2) by Shakeaspear

Stage play performed by the Republican Party Poopers

2g. Young Guy; Motor Detective (radio play)

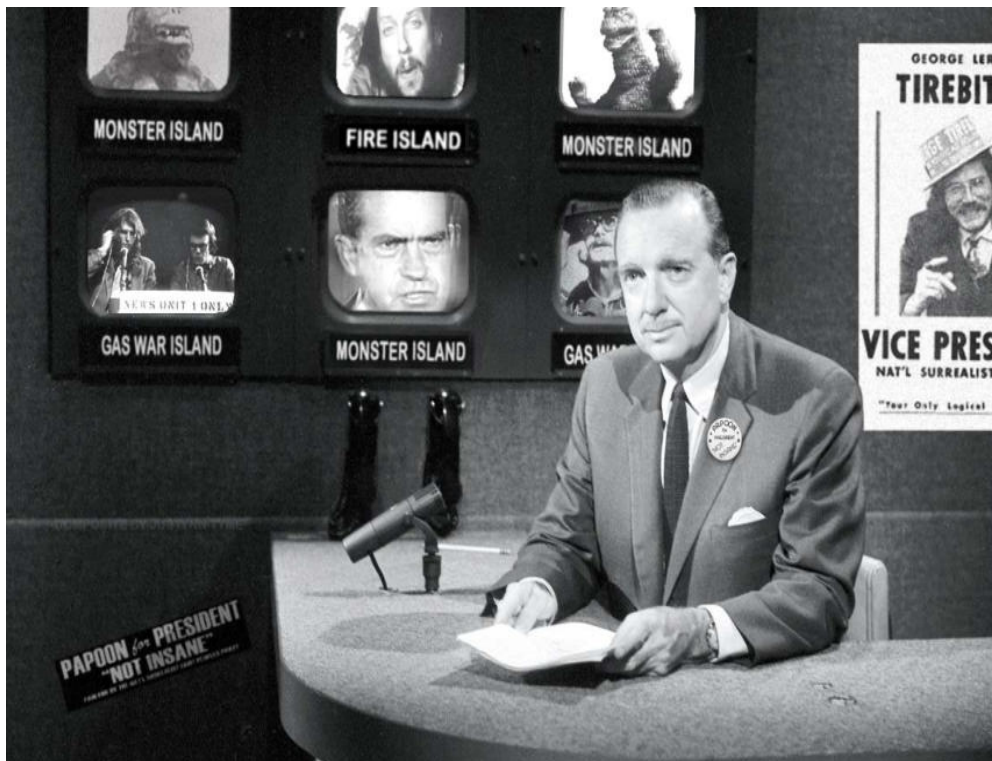
Performed by the indigenous members of Radio Prison

2h. The Hilerio Spacepipe Show (late night deprogramming)

Featuring the Fire-belles singing their hit or miss 'Lorraine, Lorraine' as well as special guest, Perry Slowfax singing his own ballad 'Communist Love Song' accompanied by Nick Danger and the Asphalt Arabs.



"THE PRESIDENT JUST DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIS HANDS"
UTV NEWS MONSTER ISLAND



WALTER CRONKITE LIVE FROM PAPOON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

FIRESIGN THEATRE'S **MARTIAN SPACE PARTY** SPECIAL FEATURE

ACT III: The Convention Continues (Day 2)

3a. In attendance:

National Association of Funny Name Clubs of American, National Spider Caucus, League of Winged Voters, March 8th Laughing Words Women's Shock Team, American Friends of the Martian Space Party, More Sugar Foundation, and Let's Vote For Papoon campaign staff.

3b. Charles on Monster Island

Reporting that the president is truly deadlocked in-between coming and going, as he waits in the imaginary nosecone of the spirit of 69, Mariner I. Militant Members of the Martian Space Party have suppress the massive mutinous monsters of Monster Island so that president may ascend, unaffected to the heavens. His fate uncertain as the 'Big Guy' appears near-by once again.

3c. The Nomination of Papoon for President

One Organism; One Vote!

3d. Glutamoto Attacks!

Just as Papoon takes the stage to accept the nomination as president, the Great Glutamoto attacks the Monster island base.

3e. Papoon Balloon Launch

Elsewhere, on Gas War Island the convention continues with the countdown to the launching of the Papoon [hot air] balloon.

3f. Glutamoto On A Rampage!

Continuing his attack Glutamoto breaks through Monster Islands' Defenses

3g. Presidents Rocket Ship Attacked!

What happened? You'll have to tune it!

3h. Blast-Off!

In synchronicity the Papoon Balloon heads for the moon and the former Presidents roto-bubble rocket makes its way to Mars.

Location: Gas War Island



"... because the President just doesn't know what to do with his hands he points out the giant spiders on Mars from a clear vantage point from on the Great Wall of China." - Charles



RESIDENT OF MARS, CHARLES THROAT WATCHES AS THE PRESIDENT'S ROTO-BUBBLE TAKES-OFF FROM EDMUND EDMUND AIRBASE ON MONSTER ISLAND

PHOTO / MY FAVORITE MARTIAN WEEKLY

FIRESIGN THEATRE'S
MARTIAN SPACE PARTY
SPECIAL FEATURE

What I've laid out here, in the previous pages is just a preview—unconventional as it—the bare bones of all that is contained within the *Martian Space Party* radio play. As with all their productions, there is layer upon layer of avant-garde humor and hundreds of hidden references. The older you are the more references you will probably catch. Never fear though, if you don't catch all the references—or just catch the giant monster ones—you will still enjoy this radioplay.

I didn't want to take the fun out of the experience of the giant monster aspects and references for you. I hope you will seek out this radio play because humor like this doesn't really exist anymore, and the only way to keep it around is to enjoy it, talk about it, and share it with friends. It may sound strange at first, but strange is good, strange is refreshing, and strange is exciting. So, to sum it all up...

Martian Space Party is about the nomination of an independent presidential candidate at a televised political convention where all eyes are on Monster Island. The current President is on Monster Island preparing to leave Earth for Mars, but he runs into problems with the locals—the residents of Monster Island, which are, of course, the kaiju.

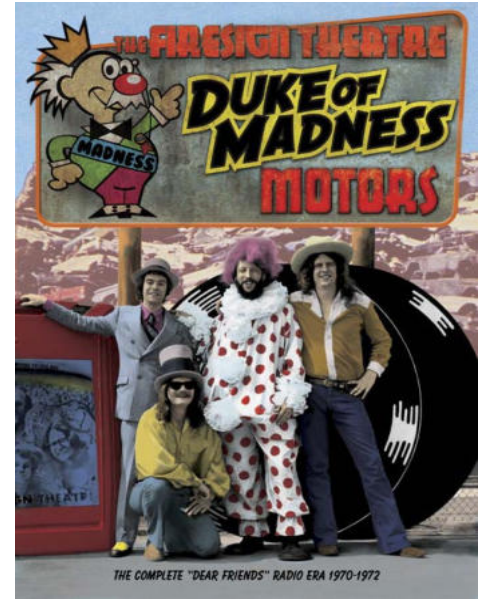
This is a must have for any giant monster fan because it is the embodiment of the Godzilla shōwa era. It's crazy, corny, campy, and funny, but best of all it is a giant monster radio movie. It's nestled somewhere in-between *Son of Godzilla* (1967), *Destroy All Monsters* (1968), and *All Monsters Attack* (1969) only better.



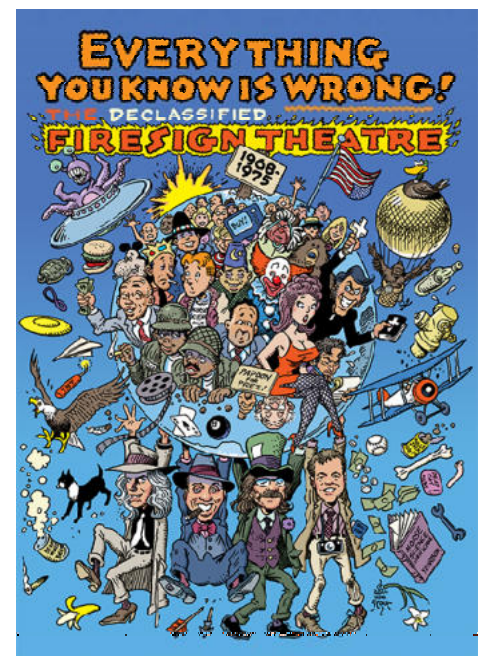
For those interested in exploring the four or five crazy worlds of Firesign Theatre's ground-breaking radio series from 1970 to 1972, which includes the *Dear Friends: Let's Eat* radio serial, that laid the foundation for *Martian Space Party*, and the full broadcast of *Martian Space Party*, there is the ***Duke of Madness Motors*** collection ([top right](#)). This collection has a guide to the three radio series written, performed, and produced, as well as, a data disc featuring mp3s of all three complete series, the reedited syndicated versions, and bonus material. As of the date of publication this collection is only available from the Firesign Theatre website. ([below](#))

If you are interested in seeing the *Martian Space Party* movie, the ***Everything You Know Is Wrong*** collection ([bottom right](#)) features not only the *Martian Space Party* short film, but also their *Everything You Know is Wrong* short film, and their hilarious car dealership commercials, as well as the *Questions and Answers* live performance and additional footage. This is currently available from both the Firesign Theatre website ([below](#)) and Amazon.

The Firesign Theatre @ FIRESIGNTHEATRE.COM
...because in the next world you are on your own!



The phenomenal Phil Proctor got his copy



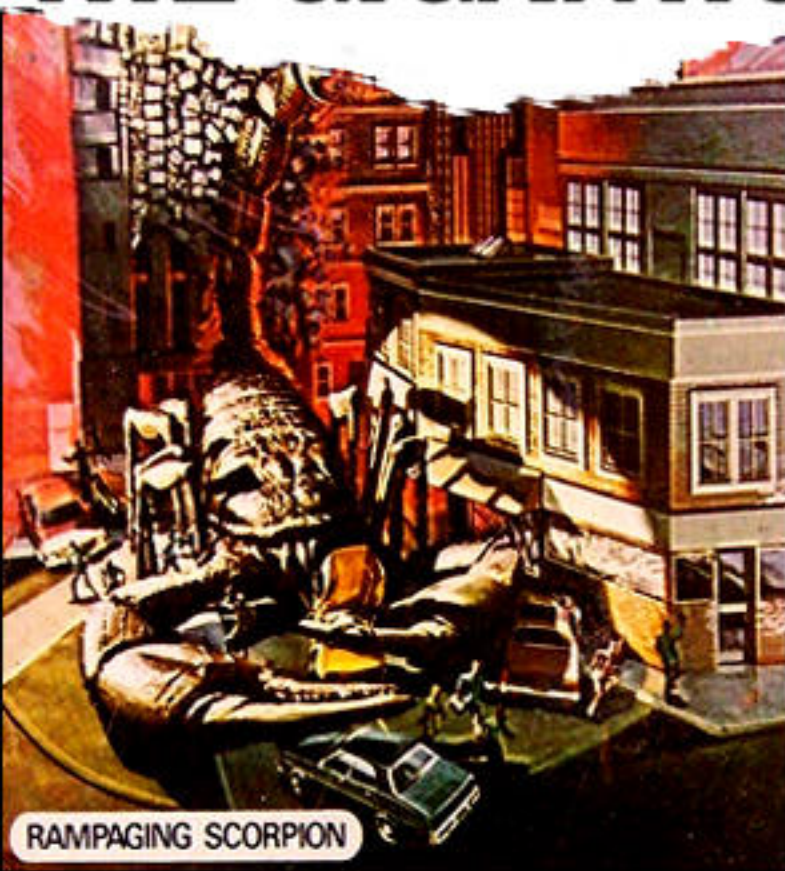
Credits: Names, characters, scenarios and photos copyright the Firesign Theatre with text variations and collage art based on their material by Justynn Tyme.

EXTRA

★★ *Daily Press* ★★

EXTRA

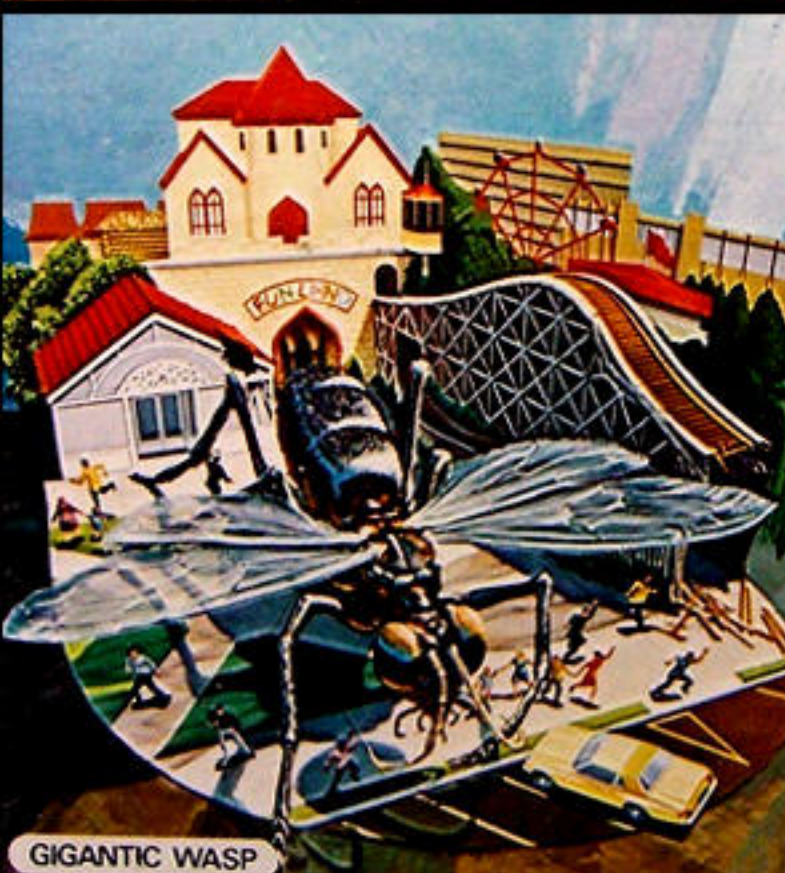
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MARATHON OF THE MONSTERS Diorama!



ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLTS
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ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLTS
**MARATHON OF THE MONSTERS
DIORAMA!**



The All-Out Monster Revolt's Marathon of the Monsters Diorama was built by Justynn Tyme, from December 2016 to June 2017

CYBERGECKO KAIJU GALLERY

Kaiju Designs by Alex Strang



CYBERGECKO SUPER KAIJU BATTLE ARENA:

ART BY TESS STEVENSON

GONEGEN-SEIJIN VS KNOBGOBLIN A

In the SpaceZone of Mezelera, the inhabitants take pride in having a constantly evolving language. Every 25 years there is a great galactic effort in replacing a letter from their alphabet with a new one. When the Mezelera invented the new letter 'FZ' to replace the letter 'A' a great zone-wide party was held to celebrate. However, the Gonegen-Seijin, who despise holidays and want all day to be the same, sent one of their most feared warriors in kaiju form to disrupt the celebration. Lady Gonegen tried to transform into a small plant and hide in a popular park to spy on the proceedings and then infuse the local food and drink with a sticky goo that would render partygoers immobile. Scientists quickly detected Lady Gonegen and exposed her. But the monster grew to kaiju-size and rampaged across the celebration grounds using its hand bulb to spread more goo. The spirit of the retiring letter A is coaxed to take on kaiju form—as a giant Knobgoblin—one last time to battle the invader.

The giant Knobgoblin A tries to brawl with the alien, but Lady Gonegen uses her Whirlblast to evade contact and to strike without warning. As Knobgoblin A loses power from repeated attacks it collapses on the fairgrounds. While most of the population has been immobilized by goo a small number have stayed away from the main area. These 'Wallflowers' finally become brave enough to approach and cheer on Knobgoblin A. With renewed courage, Knobgoblin A pummels the alien and twists its arms into a knot, then throws it into the secret invisible Gonegen spaceship nearby. After saving the planet, Knobgoblin A is allowed to continue its retirement, walking into the sunset forevermore.

For more adventures of Gonegen-Seijin and Knobgoblin A; please visit cybergeckogames.blogspot.com

When he wormed around the corner we knew we were doomed. It was a **GIANT JERK** and the rotten look on his face betrayed his malevolence!



ART BY JUSTYNN TYME

DR. KEN'S DAI KAIJU DINER



Ladies, Gentleman, and Hapless Victims! Welcome to the DaiKaiju Diner! I am your humble host, Dr. Ken Kaiju. Now, I know what you must be thinking. "What on earth is a doctor doing as the host of a cooking column?" Well, this column is more than mere culinary frivolity. It's about dealing with radioactive materials, deadly poisons, and the host of problems that come with trying to flambé flame retardant turtle flesh! What about the Iron Chef, I hear you ask? Well, I only cook in full titanium, with the blast shield in place. The CIA called me mad for daring to work with these ingredients, but I will show those fools at the Culinary Institute of America! You will all taste the sweet, succulent flavor of my victory!

DR. KEN KAIJU'S **ULTRA-QUICHE** RECIPE

Dr. Ken Kaiju here! It's been a wild few months here at the Dai Kaiju Diner since I last humbled and honored you with my scientific genius. I was forced to relocate my lair after a slight, let's call it miscalculation with some technology I was developing for a major fast food chain. Obviously, it was the sample provided to me by Dr. Alberts that was to blame. If you lived in the area once known as New York, let me be the first to apologize on his behalf for your lights being out. But, why dwell on your associates disappointments of the past. We must be ever looking to the future, that grand glorious future, where I will reign supreme over all!

Pardon me, I mean a future where your culinary genius is fully realized with my humble guidance, of course, leading you to your unavoidable destiny! Today, we begin to fight back! New York will not liberate itself from the crushing mass of flesh that threatens to devour everything in its path.

So, without further ado, I present to you my latest and possibly greatest creation: **Ultra-Quiche**. First, you will want to send loyal minions out into the wastes of the city to acquire a few hard-shelled embryos of the behemoth that bit them. When they don't return, send out more of them. Repeat this process until you are out of minions or fate has smiled on you and you have three superb embryos in your grasp. The number of hard-shelled embryos used depends on your commitment to fighting the monstrous horde. While awaiting news of the expiration of your faithful minions out in the fields start your quantum heat exchanger, setting it to three clicks below vaporization.



While your exchanger powers up, you will need to gather and prepare the irradiated vegetation that will be suspended in the mixture to prevent mutation of the embryos. I recommend several large fistfuls of plutonium enhanced triple-washed spinach based foliage called *Geboras*, as well as roughly half of a sphere of a uranium-laced tear inducer. Steam the *Geboras* until it no longer thrashes around your culinary laboratory. You may also use cryogenically frozen *Geboras*, but be sure to not let it thaw enough that it regains sentience. Place the *Geboras* into a centrifugal vortex and leave it there until all the moisture has been extracted. As this will without doubt rouse the remnants of malignancy in your flora, hack and slash your way through the violent foliage until the writhing mass is once again idle. Setting this mixture aside under armed guard by a reliable underling [not Scorby] is preferred. I think it bears repeating that I would not use any of your most valued minions in any step of this process.



Since you have already hacked apart the *Geboras*, what better time to turn your baleful eye onto the tear inducing orb? Attack it without mercy until the pieces that you have obtained are small enough to cause no harm to even the dimmest of your lackeys. Place a pan in a stasis field roughly 6-10 inches above your heat exchanger. I use only the finest bits of kaiju fat to sauté my villainous vegetables, but in a pinch a heavysset minion can do wonders. As it, or perhaps he, comes up to temperature and crackles, hurl the remnants of the tear inducer into the pan. Properly season them with thyme and basil, as we are not uncivilized. Cook all the fight out of the mixture and then add in the *Geboras*. Combine it well with a savage implement and remove from heat. Set this aside to allow the heat to dissipate, as we are moving on to the most dangerous part of this endeavor, the hard-shelled embryos!

First, don your titanium g-suit, and be sure to have at least three minions on hand before continuing. It never hurts to be too careful. Well, it hurts the minions, but they know the risks. I mean, you did explain the risks to them, didn't you? If not, excellent! Nothing breeds mutiny like fear. However, if they didn't want to be minions they should have never fallen for your timeshare presentation ploy followed by free mind cleansing at a culinary spa of their choice! But, I digress.

DR. KEN KAIJU'S ULTRA-QUICHE RECIPE

Now that the safety precautions are properly in place, we may begin. Place a measure of your favorite protein enhanced fatty solution into a properly reinforced containment unit. After securing your position behind the safety barricade, order your first minion to break apart the protective shell of the first embryo over the unit. Using the savage implement, your second minion should maul the mixture lightly, trying to incorporate as little of the first minion's remains as possible. As this process repeats for the remaining embryos, this would be a fine time to update your timeshare presentation!

Once all of your minions are exhausted or the mixture is complete, return to the now hopefully, cooled vegetation. Once you've had any remaining minions test the volatility of both mixtures, you are safe to combine them. Lightly chastise a random minion for not having divined your needs properly by preparing the pie crust ahead of time.

Once his incompetence has been highlighted and punished, pour your concoction into the pie crust that his replacement has provided. Place your unholy creation into your heat exchanger. Once all the virulence has been extinguished from the mixture, but before it has been rendered inert, remove and top with a light dusting of the remains of your shredded assistant. Return to the heat exchanger and bake until the stink of failure has left him. Remove and allow your creation to cool.

Congratulations! You have successfully quashed the raging menace of New York. There is no need to thank me! It is enough that you have pledged your undying allegiance to me, Dr. Ken Kaiju. And if you haven't yet bowed down to my genius, just let me remind you.

I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU ALL!



2 bags of fresh spinach or 10oz frozen spinach
1/2 cup chopped sweet onion (Vidalia)
1-1/2 to 1-3/4 cups shredded Swiss cheese
2-3 garlic cloves (crushed or minced)
1 Tbsp olive oil or 1 Tbsp butter
Bread crumbs (for topping)
3/4 cup heavy cream
1 pie crust (ready made)
1 Tbsp thyme
1 Tbsp basil
3 eggs

Preheat your oven to 375. Steam 2 bags of spinach and allow to cool or completely thaw 10oz of frozen spinach.

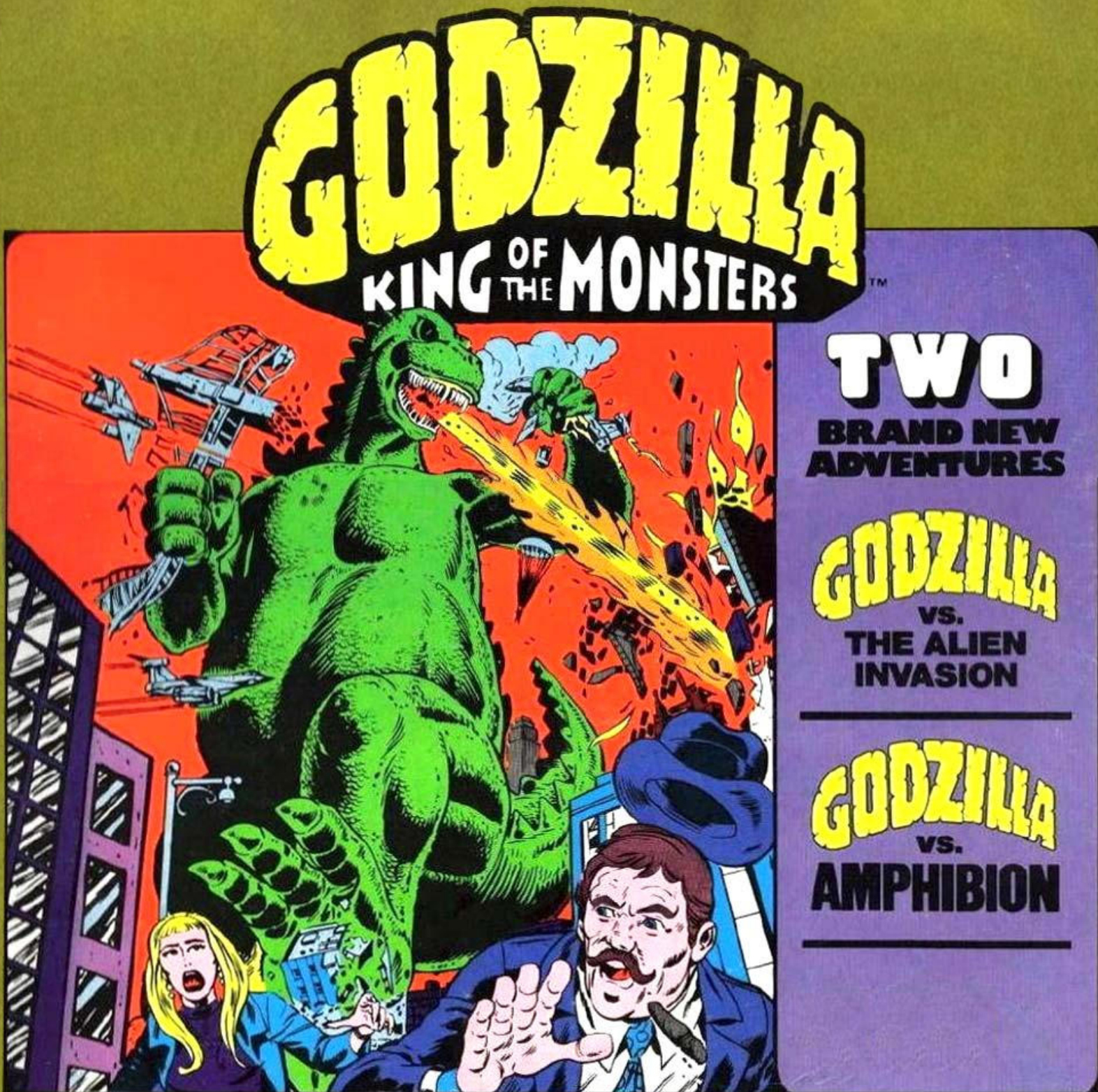
Once cool enough to handle, squeeze as much of the water from the spinach as possible, roughly chop and set aside.

Heat the olive oil & butter in a large pan over medium heat, making sure the oil does not smoke. Add the chopped onion, garlic, basil, and thyme and cook until the onion is tender, about 4-5 minutes.

Add the spinach, mix thoroughly, and set aside to cool. While the spinach mixture is cooling, add the heavy cream to a large mixing bowl. Add the eggs one at a time, whisking lightly to incorporate each egg.

Place your pie shell into a pie plate, crimping the edges of the crust with your fingers. Once the spinach mixture has cooled, add it and the shredded Swiss cheese to the egg mixture and mix thoroughly. Then pour contents into the pie shell and cook for 35 minutes.

Remove from oven, cover with the breadcrumbs and return to oven for 15 minutes or until quiche has fully set.



TWO
BRAND NEW
ADVENTURES

GODZILLA
VS.
THE ALIEN
INVASION

GODZILLA
VS.
AMPHIBION

GODZILLA, King of the Monsters

He's as big as a 30 story building; He's Godzilla, King OF THE MONSTERS. Now, FOR THE FIRST TIME you can be thrilled by the exploits of everyone's favorite monster, over and over again, in these brand new, spine-tingling adventures.

Imagine GODZILLA pitted against "AMPHIBION" in a battle to the death in the mysterious Bermuda Triangle AND saving the world from a dreaded "ALIEN INVASION".



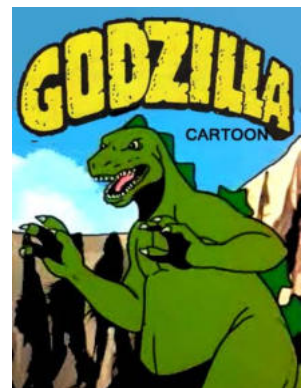
As a fan of radio theatre from its early days into modern times—yes, it's still around—I just might be a bit hard on this set of stories. I know the quality that was achievable at the time [1977-ish] and they don't quite make the grade. For comparison, we'll also touch on the marveling comic and cartoon from around the same time. However, for those who are not radio theatre savvy or enjoy books on tape, these radio plays just might crack your brain wide open and send it reeling on a wild adventure.

By this time radio theater productions still hadn't changed very much since its heyday, presumably because of its ruthless demise in the late fifties at the hands of television. So, if you were following the legendary audio adventures of Jack Flanders that began in 1972, these Godzilla radio plays might sound almost two dimensional. However, if you were listening to the adventures of *Spiderman* and *The Fantastic Four* produced for radio in the late sixties and early seventies these radio plays would be on an equal footing.

In fact, while ZBS was producing Jack Flanders for a much more sophisticated audience, kids were being treated to exciting, but uninspired studio productions like *Godzilla*, and the continuing audio adventures of their favorite characters and television shows such as *Star Trek*, *The Incredible Hulk*, *Space 1999*, and *Shazam*, just to name a few. There were hundreds of radio productions rolling out between the 1960s – 1990s. Kids who are not so discerning were easily distracted from assembly line quality by the thrill of their favorite characters having adventures right in their living rooms. The formats changed in the 80s from large 33rpm vinyl records which held on average about 40 minutes of thrilling adventure in contrast to the 45rpm vinyl records that held only about 15 minutes. The format changed again to cassette tapes which could hold up to an hour of amazing adventures, but they were stingy and they were usually less, no more than the vinyl used to hold. Unfortunately, they all sounded similar, but by far it was the pre-90s productions that are fondly remember.

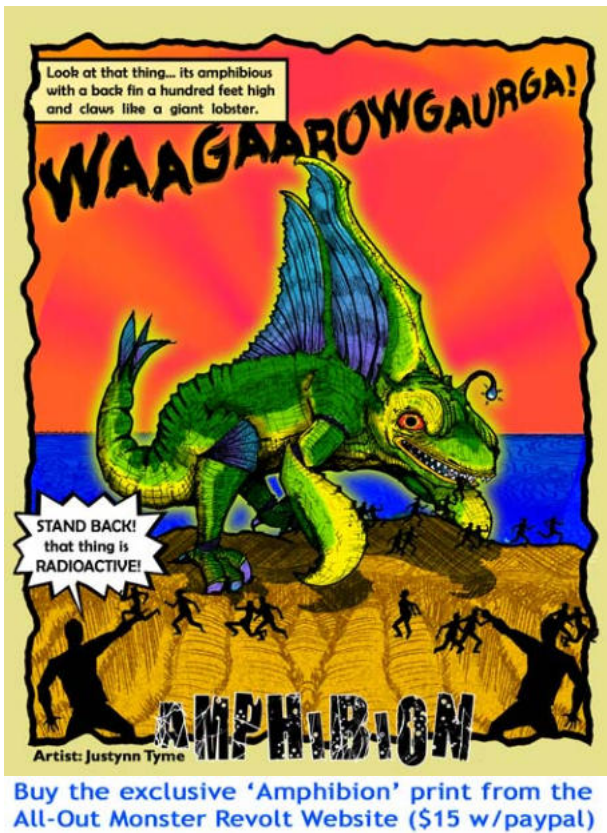
Around the same time as this production—there was only one—the Godzilla Comic was burning its way into the hands of the fans. Shortly afterward, the first Godzilla animation blazed across television screens. If you consider this album featuring two stories where Godzilla fights two monsters, as short as they were, it still took Marvel four issues to get to their first monster. Quite ironic considering their *Where Monsters Dwell* series and that Godzilla is a giant monster, it still took them all of three issues before introducing a monster foe.

In the Hanna-Barbara Cartoon they started off with a bang featuring a kaiju that was a cross between Rodan and the Fire Monster from *Destroy All Monsters*. However, for some reason Godzilla's official roar was not sanctioned for this series. So, Ted Cassidy (voice of the enraged *Incredible Hulk*) provided some very realistic growling. They didn't embellish it at all with echo or pitch change so it is realistic but not quite impressive. The radio plays do have the official roar, but are not as good as either series. More over, none of the American productions radio play, comic or cartoon features or even mentions Godzilla's trademark atomic breath. In the comics, he breaths fire and in the cartoon, he has... laser beam eyes. Wait, what?



Mainstream America might have put out some satisfying Godzilla adventures when there was an indeterminate hiatus looming over the Godzilla franchise, but it was far from accurate. Perhaps, the strong arm of Toho prevented these from becoming more so, but it was with good reason considering the tampering that went on with their movies. So, it might be unfair to point out the flaws, as these were not fully endorsed. Anyway, enough scowling at what we love. Let's check out this album in more detail.

CONTINUES NEXT PAGE



GODZILLA VS AMPHIBION begins on a chartered fishing boat in the Bermuda Triangle. A zone off the coast of the southern United State that was considered a maritime omen and a hot topic on many minds in the 1970s. The action begins right away as Godzilla erupts out of the water fighting [Amphibion] a sea monster. But, we are whisked away—from the action we want to hear—to follow along with the fishing boat fleeing back to port. Then the announcer taunts us with titillating dialogue...

So, Godzilla is in the Bermuda Triangle off the coast of Florida and what is this other sea creature that Mr. Bishop saw on his supposedly uneventful fishing trip?

When they get back to port, the Captain of the fishing boat proceeds to get Mr. Bishop drunk and convince him not to go to the authorities, as if two massive sea monsters fighting in the Atlantic wouldn't automatically fill a witness with so much fear they would run to the nearest person in charge. I guess it's okay because it is just some giant prehistoric lizard (second mention) that spits fire and a sea monster with a fin 100ft high. Irritated by the smarmy captain, Mr. Bishop leaps out of his bender straight to the... no, we don't know where he went.

The story picks back up when a scientist and son in a plane flying over the Triangle see the monsters. They take pictures and take them to another scientist to ask him about the "giant lizard" (third mention) who claims it's a Pliosaurus, an ancestor of Tyrannosaurs Rex. However, this third scientist suspects its Godzilla which establishes a real link to the movies. They go military headquarters to speak to Commander Radley who doesn't believe the evidence or assumption of a "giant lizard" (fourth mention) until a call comes in that a "giant lizard" (fifth mention) has made landfall. As if America hasn't learned anything, at least from Japanese films, they immediately go to a nuclear option in order to destroy the monster.

At the beach, some "surfers" see a "giant lizard" (sixth mention) coming ashore and are crushed. Godzilla is realized as a defender who triumphs over Amphibion in a nicely realized sound effects battle full of zooming fighters jets, great explosions, and monstrous roars that lasts a good three or four minutes. Ironically, the area is full of nuclear fallout and it's not even mentioned. Notably, this is the best radio play of the two and I would recommend repeat listening. However, it was like the writer had only one decent story in him/her because they totally hashed up...

GODZILLA VS THE ALIEN INVASION As the narration implies, the story starts out on a timber barge in the middle of Lake Michigan. The Captain and his first mate see the water churning as Godzilla erupts from the depths and heads off to Wisconsin like a tourist! In another part of Lake Michigan aliens hopped up on helium create an underwater hatchery, but Godzilla's atomic disposition causes them to hatch prematurely. They are gigantic, too, and look like string beans. String beans? String beans! They even refer to them that way. OMG! They're not as big as Godzilla who is first eyeballed at 300ft then later 400ft tall. Just as the tension builds, we are whisked along through an audio montage. In the background, Godzilla fights these alien string-beans in a lively, but not very satisfying sound effect battle with clips of dialogue thrown in. This production follows a legacy of fifteen Godzilla films and this is the best American ingenuity could muster? Little green men with little green voices, now giants that look like string beans. I won't even go into the 'he is just an oversized Tyrannosaurs Rex in a little world' malarkey.

Aside from its expediency, even though there's not much to it, the radio play is not totally rotten. Thinking back, I would have been agog over this if I had gotten it as kid. Just as well, I guess, because as a seasoned fan of radio plays and Godzilla, I find something utterly annoying about these stories. I don't know why, but it fills me with uncontrollable rage and disdain when they repeatedly refer to Godzilla as "some kind of lizard!" Ok, I am fully aware that even a dinosaur is "some kind of lizard," but come on. Who wrote this? The Kilaaks? ☹ ☹ ☹

DYNRATHE VS TENGAVORIRA

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キック!!!

HAHA! THESE TWO MONSTERS...

...HAVE BEEN FIGHTING FOR WEEKS!

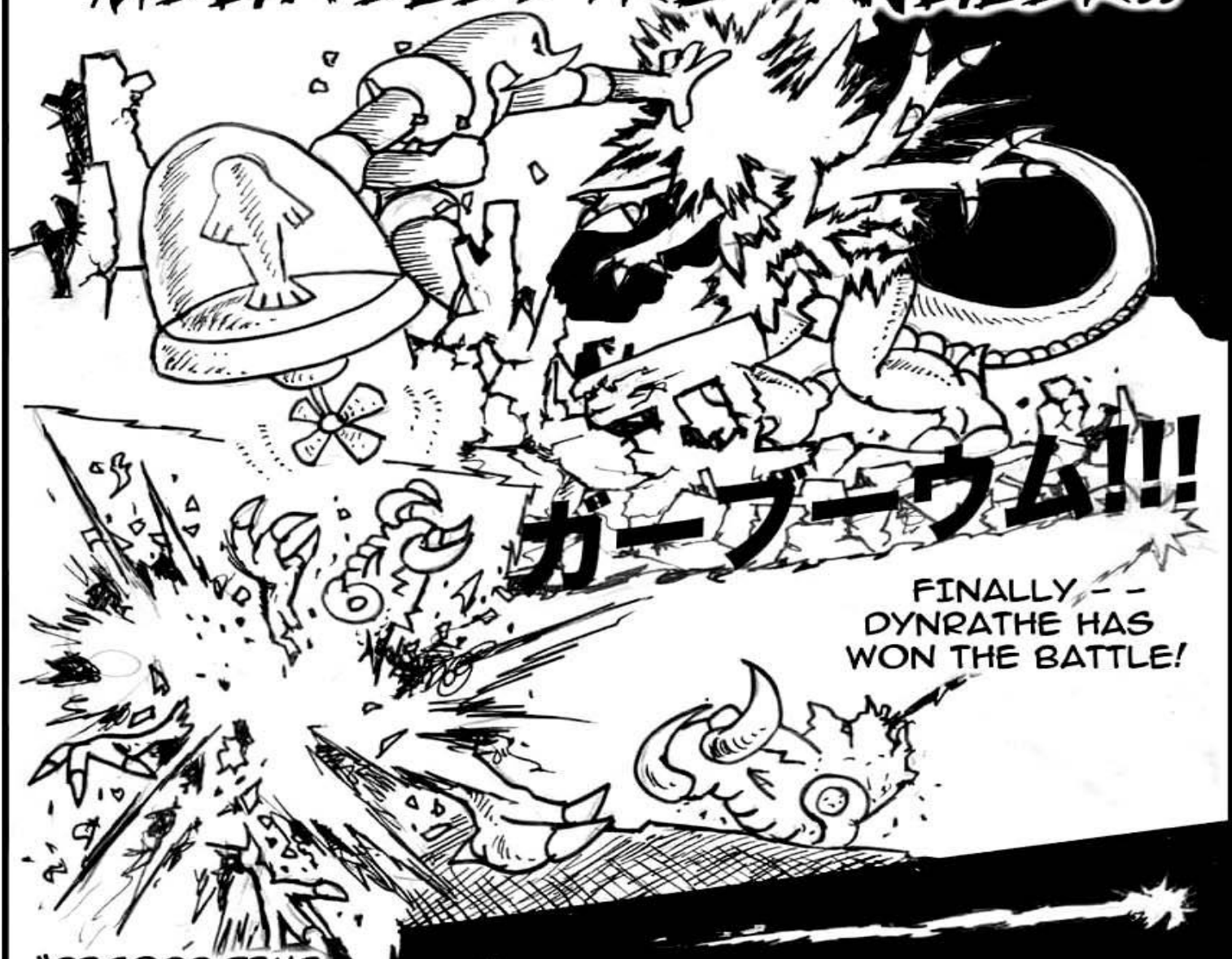
WORKER LITTAN

...HAVE BEEN
FIGHTING
FOR WEEKS!

WORKER LITTAN

"I HAVE WATCHED THEM COMPLETELY OBLITERATE ALL OF
THE ABANDONED CITIES ON PLANET GANYICE"

MEGA ELECTRO TANGLER!!



FINALLY --
DYNRATHE HAS
WON THE BATTLE!

"RECORD TIME
CLEANING UP
THAT PLANET!
HERE'S YOUR
BONUS!....

HOW DID
YOU DO IT
SO FAST?"



"THANKS
BOSS!"

I LET SOME
MONSTERS
DO THE
WORK!"

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INTERVIEW WITH COVER ARTIST MARLEE Z

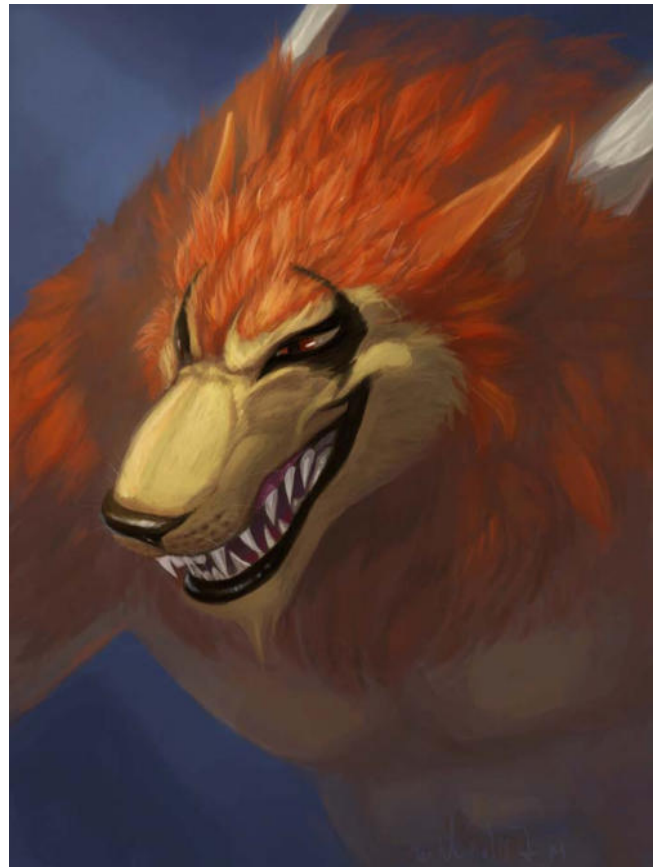


What peaked your interest in becoming an artist? How did that unfold into a career choice leading up to going to college for art and design?

I've always loved nature and animals, and I've had an addiction to drawing since I was about 4-years-old. I grew up watching Miyazaki movies, which always have an inspiring message of humanity not only living together with nature, but being a part of nature. Ultimately, I want to use my skills as an artist to help educate and bring people closer to the environment.

You list [giant] monsters as one of your preferred genres. What is it about giant/monsters that they have become one of your favorite topics to work with?

I have a soft spot for real-world large predators, which often get a bad rap and monsters are essentially large predatory animals. I empathize with monster-characters that are automatically hunted simply for existing. This is the general attitude towards real-world animal predators which are crucial to their ecosystems. I think a lot of people have the "dragon slayer" mentality. In other words, they see a large creature that poses a threat and their immediate thought is "I have to kill this." I'm the one who always roots for the monster. I want them to be allowed to exist. I appreciate that the kaiju genre usually wants the audience to feel compassion for the monster, and lets the monster have emotions and personality like a real animal would.



Even if you have celebrity status, with the high level of anonymity the internet offers, you really don't know who is following your career at any given time. As many can relate, you feel that you are not yet on people's radar with your artistry. Do you have insight as to why this might be and how do you deal with it?

It might have to do with fandom popularity? I know when I was drawing DC characters like the Bat-family and Young Justice back in 2010, I became sort of popular for a while. That was my busiest period of commission work. Something that has a strong fanbase is probably more likely to get noticed and circulate. I think my problem is I'm never active in any mainstream fandoms. I tend to draw characters from obscure shows or novels that only I and two other people like.



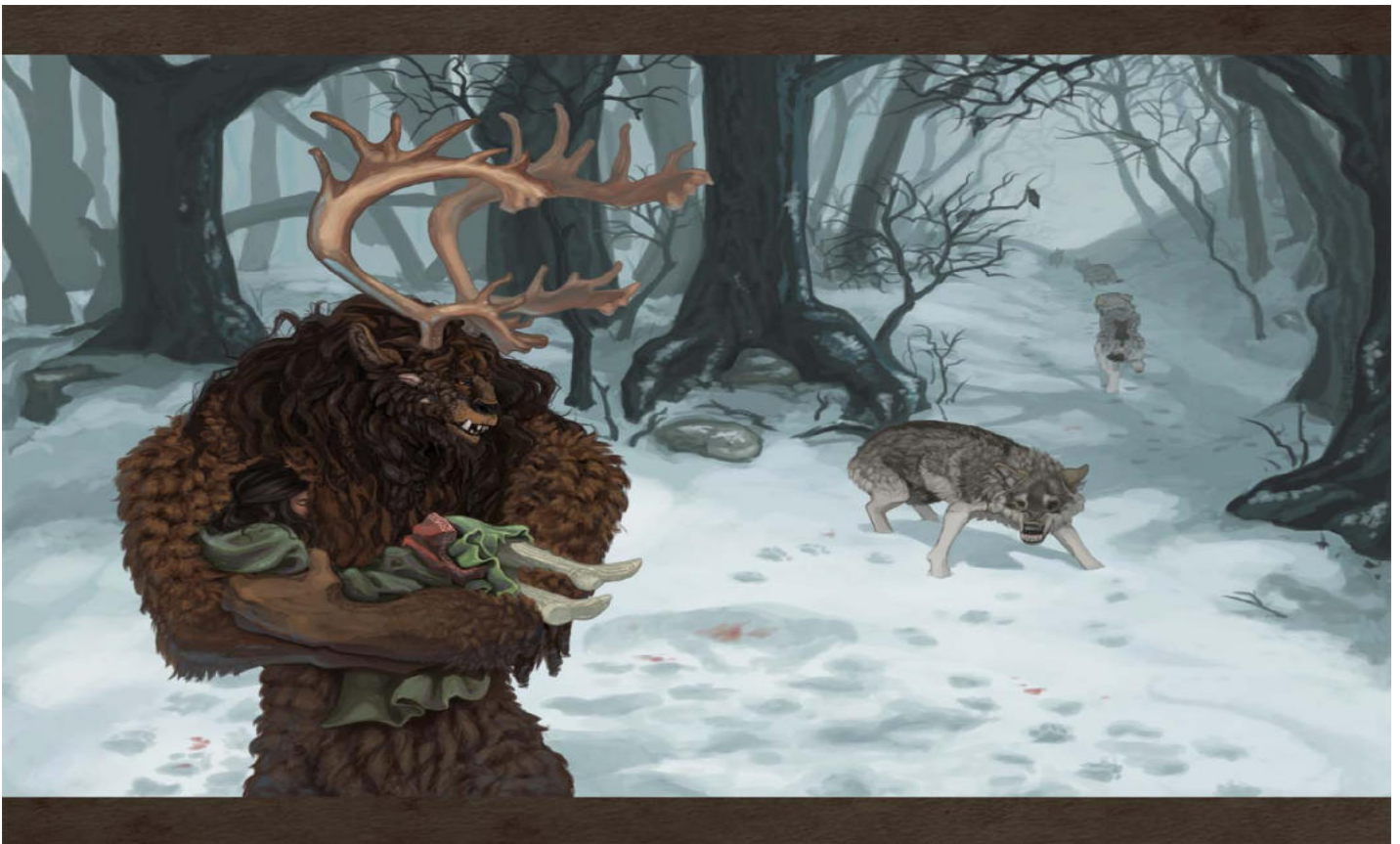


As a giant monster/kaiju fan what is your favorite decade of monster films and why? How do the current resurgence of movies compare in your opinion?

I'm not too sure of the history, but I think it was around the 1960's and 70's when kaiju were being written as "misunderstood creatures" and took on a guardian role, protecting humans or trying to keep balance with nature. I'm really into friendship stories.

I loved the MUTO's in *Godzilla* 2014! Their romance was precious, and I was heartbroken to see them die. I'm always interested to see different interpretations on character designs. 2014's *Godzilla* was a cute butterball!

I haven't seen the new *Skull Island* 2017 because *King Kong* 2005 is so perfect I don't need to see anything else. It was such a Beauty and the Beast love story! My heart!! But I heard there are dinosaurs in *Skull Island*, so maybe I'll watch it? Overall, the plot of *King Kong* is too sad for me, so I tend to avoid it.



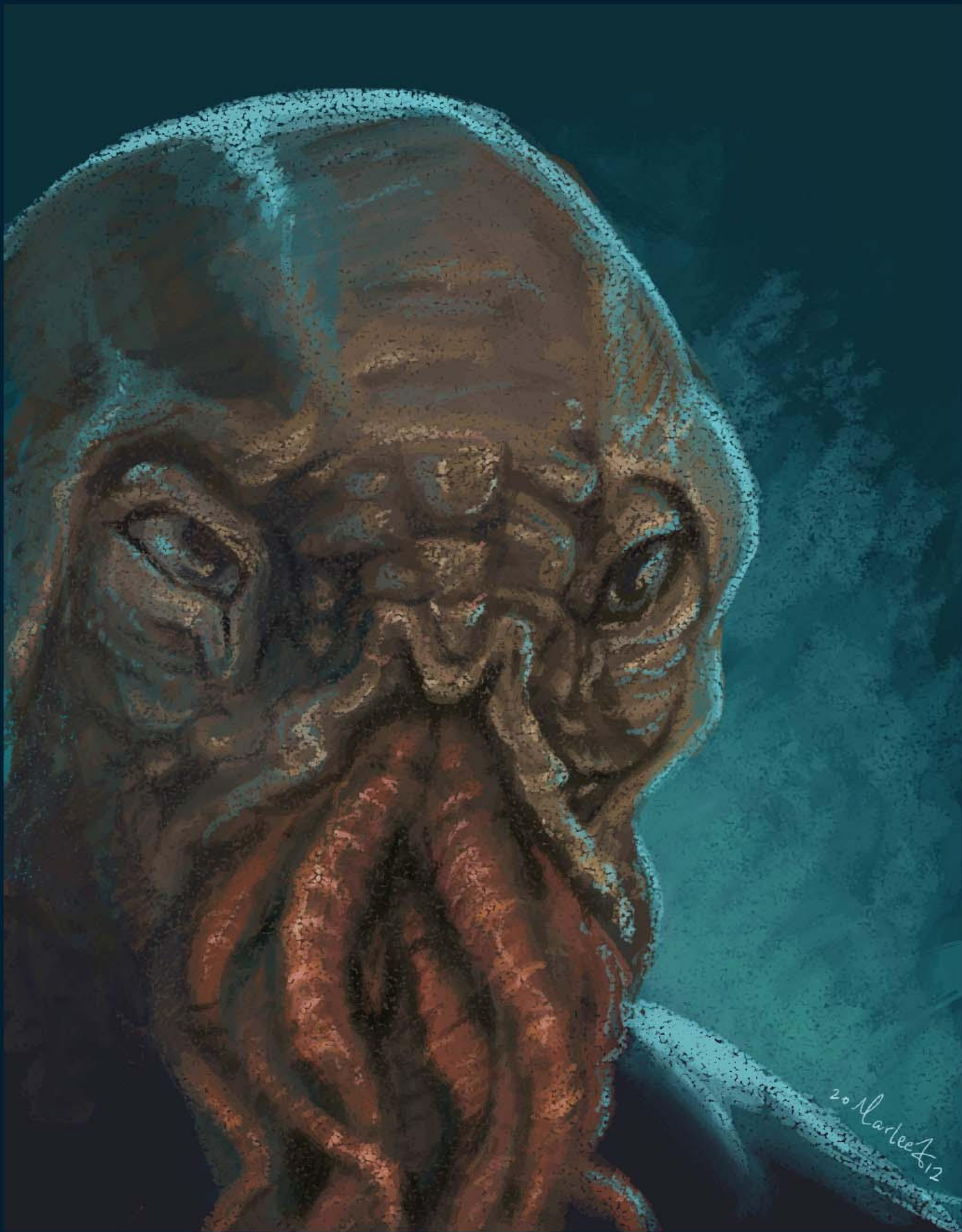
Do you prefer creating original characters or reinventing established characters? Where does the enthusiasm or affinity stem from for this approach?

I'm bad at original character design, but I do like taking existing characters and changing their look. I used to do that with a lot of DC super-hero characters. I'd make up my own hairstyles for them and tweak the costumes a bit. Whenever I cosplay, I love to re-imagine my character and either modify their outfit or make up a whole new outfit.

What do you consider the largest fault with the giant monster genre?

Honestly, I hate whenever the solution to a monster movie is to kill the monster. Most of these monsters are a one-of-a-kind phenomenon and should be preserved for science, or at least treated kindly. Just feed them. Build them a nature reserve. Send them to a place where they can live happily. I want everyone to be friends.





2012 Marlee712

What is the most notable milestone in your career and how did that come about?

I moved back East after living in California working as an animator for three years and it's been a dream come true. I could work remotely for the same company for a few more years, but they eventually ran out of work for me. It left me unemployed but that was ultimately a release. It freed me to pursue illustration as a career, something I never felt strong enough to reach for. Since then I've been working part-time at a dog daycare, and doing illustration for a children's book. I'm so much closer to who and what I want to be. Having a farmhouse in the woods, with honey bees and fruit trees and a dog puts me in a happy productive mood. I'm surrounded now by the things I love and that inspire me.

What [kaiju] artist has inspired you or enticed you to explore unfamiliar artistic avenues?

I don't know if you'd be willing to count Miyazaki Hayao, but his movies "Nausicaa and the Valley of Winds" and "Princess Mononoke" are the two movies that really shaped my life and still resonate strongly with me. Both movies involve giant monsters (bugs for Nausicaa and forest animals for Mononoke) who simply want to live in peace, but will protect their territory and their family when provoked. The message from those movies is that nature is a wild, precious thing that humans are a part of, and that we should look for peaceful resolutions rather than destroy what we don't understand.



With the new up-swing of giant monster movies unfolding at the theaters—not based on personal preferences—which giant monster would you like to see get a new lease on life?

Quadrupedal monsters are my favorite, so maybe Desghidorah or Anguirus.

Are you working on any major commissions you can talk about?

I'm currently working on an environmental education children's book called "Everything is Connected: An Ecological Tale" by my friend, Meredith Josselyn. The book is on Kickstarter. The story follows a coywolf mother and cub as they journey through various habitats and see the effect mankind has on their territory. It showcases the beauty of nature and why we need healthy ecosystems, and will hopefully inspire readers to love plants and animals. What we love, we instinctively want to protect.

<https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/1676967455/everything-is-connected-an-ecological-tale>

What are some of the pitfalls and highlights you have personally experienced as an artist?

Highlights: When I worked for the online game company Jet Morgan Games, I was really proud of all our Skylanders games. I did all the visual effects for those and oversaw character animation. It was a franchise my whole company enjoyed and we had so much fun collecting the toys and playing the console games as "research." Another JM game I was thrilled to work on was Disney's online 'Frozen' game. I animated the wolf and reindeer!

Pitfall: I totally love Transformers, but it's impossible for me to draw them. I never have good references and their anatomy confuses me. I had to give up because I just wasn't getting anywhere; you gotta know when to bail.





© Gruß vom Krampus



Of the big four [Godzilla, Ultraman, Gamera or King Kong] which is your favorite kaiju? Why them above all others? Or do you support an underdog; who and why?

I love Gamera! Given his body type, Gamera can do things that you wouldn't expect. He flies with jets that are a part of his anatomy. That's so ridiculous. Plus, he is a friend to all the children.

What advice might you offer to artists striving to be where you are now?

As cliché as it sounds, practice drawing every day. Use references; draw from real life, sketch animals or people in motion. Draw as much as you can!

Giant monster movies are the cornerstone for many fans, but there are a lot of mediums out there that feature giant monsters as a main staple. Outside of the movies where do you find your kaiju? Why there and what is it about that representation that appeals to you?

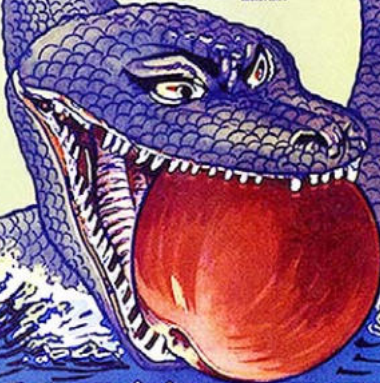
I'm a huge fan of costume and makeup! I really love seeing creature costumes and fur-suits, either at conventions or just on TV. I watch the SyFy TV series "Face Off" (a special effects makeup show) and marvel at the beastly characters that the FX artists can bring to life! It's so exciting to see a physical manifestation of something in an age where digital effects and animation are flourishing. To know that it's possible to BECOME a monster, not just create one, is inspiring. Seeing a person fully transformed in a creature costume with all their prosthetics and makeup is so visceral. It truly elevates the model to an otherworldly and believable non-human status. I wish I could be both the artist and the model!

What's the next big thing for you?

Hopefully, more children's books! I enjoy doing the illustrations and working with the authors, but, eventually, I want to write my own book.



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Everything is Connected *an ecological tale*

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we instinctively
want to protect

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この島で、人類は最弱。



トム ヒドゥルストン サミュエル・L ジャクソン ジョン グッドマン フリー ラーソン ジン ティエン ジョン オーティス W・テリー ノタリー M・ジョン・C ライリー

キングコング

DOKURO TQU-NO-KYOSHIN

髑髏島の巨神

ワーナー・ブラザーズ映画レジェンダリー・ピクチャーズ AND テンセント・ピクチャーズ 提議
 レジェンダリー・ピクチャーズ 製作 ジョーダン・ボート＝ロバートソン 作品 "KONG: SKULL ISLAND" トム・ヒドゥルストン サミュエル・L ジャクソン ジョン・グッドマン フリー・ラーソン ジン・ティエン トビー・ケベール ジョン・オーティス コリー・ホーキンス
 ジェイソン・ミッCHEル シェー・ウィガム トーマス・マン WITH テリー・ノタリー AND ジョン・C・ライリー キャスティングサラ・ハリー・フィン CSA 衣装メアリー・ボート 音楽ハンリー・ジャックマン 編集リチャード・ピアソン ACE 美術ステファン・デンヤント
 撮影ブリー・アダム ASC 共同製作トム・ヒドゥルストン 製作総指揮エリック・マクレオド エドワード・ティエン 製作トーマス・クルー D.G.A. メアリー・ベアレント D.G.A. ジョン・ジャシニ D.G.A. アレックス・カルシア D.G.A. 監修ジョン・ゲイティンズ AND ダン・ギルロイ
 脚本ダン・ギルロイ AND マックス・ボレンス・タイン 監修ジョーダン・ボート＝ロバートソン

LEGENDARY

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MOVIE REVIEW



First off, up until very recently American cinema hasn't taken giant monsters seriously since the fifties and even that was mostly atomic gimmickry. The new crop of giant monster movies in recent years is a welcome sight. They finally understand why Japan's kaiju movies have endured. The one overwhelming fact that has set Japanese kaiju films apart from American giant monster films is characterization. Japanese kaiju films had heaps of it and American giant monster films had none, even the good ones.

At last, American cinema is finally making great strides in turning our giant monster genre into a true kaiju genre, one that can make us proud. Beginning with *Pacific Rim* (2013) which was good, followed by *Godzilla* (2014) which was better, then *Kong: Skull Island* (2017) the best yet. Not only did this Kong have much more screen time than any other American giant monster, they gave him a definite personality—more so than an average beleaguered beast pushed too far by human arrogance, greed, apathy or fear. They gave him a solid purpose—as a heroic guardian of his home and his subjects within, if you will. They also gave him possibilities—as to where he might go from there. Dare I say defending the world?

KONG: SKULL ISLAND is a clever variation of the original story right down to the characters. This didn't occur to me until we were talking about it afterwards. I almost missed it. Basically, it takes the most interesting portion of *King Kong* (1933), which is the first half of the movie—before they bring him to America—and expand on his life on the island. I really appreciate that kind of movie making—taking the core elements of the source material and building another story around it—but you have to get it right or it doesn't work. For example, *Godzilla* (1996) was not a Godzilla film but in reality a great remake of the *Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* that imported the offspring scenario from *Aliens* (1981), which didn't quite work out. *Kong: Skull Island* was a better effort and better thought out.

However, the one thing that *Kong: Skull Island* lacks is the ending of the original which gave Kong our ever-lasting sympathy. As you undoubtedly know, in the original, Kong is kidnapped, exploited and almost resigns himself to subjugation just to be near Ann Darrow. It is this, fascination, let's say, that leads to his death. Kong's story was a tragedy. It was not beauty that killed the beast, but greed and arrogance. It was a haunting scenario that resonated with audiences because it highlighted a clear case of persecution for being victimized, which is all too real, more now than ever. *King Kong* (1933) was an incredible film—especially for its time—to have sentiment and apathy mixed with the callous stupidity of exploitation. *Skull Island* did not have that. It left us in awe, but not emotionally invested or drained.

Kong: Skull Island deals with the same subjects as the original only in different ways. If you are familiar with the original *King Kong*, you will see all those same characters and situations in this film just from a slightly different perspective. Just as the original, they go seeking something [unknown / presumed] but there is also the discovery and subsequent exploration of a mysterious island. The callous actions of the teams involved are what lead to Kong's involvement and in interference. A vendetta is forged by the leader of the military escort who lost most of his soldiers in the initial battle. The divergent aspect is that because of the vendetta, capturing Kong is no longer the goal. The goal now is to kill him. A nice twist develops here when other kaiju appear and become more of a threat than Kong. The military leader becomes the odd man out as Kong shows himself to be more honorable than the decorated hero. The rub becomes to survive not only the savage kaiju, but the shell-shocked military leader. The story is very simple, but the inferences and ties made to other current kaiju films set this movie up as the nucleus of an American kaiju series.

I consider it a nice tribute to the original film that doesn't really "remake" or "update" the original film yet again—as the American film industry is fond of doing—but a true continuation of the legend by people who give a damn as much as Cooper and O'Brien did in 1932. For years we wanted the new adventures of King Kong and we got *King Kong* (1976) and *King Kong* (2004). *Kong: Skull Island* is the movie we have been waiting for since *King Kong Escapes* (1968) and it tells a great story in such a way that it's great all over again. I really like this film because whatever its faults—few or many—this is at last a fitting rebirth of America's first and foremost legendary monster. Godzilla might be King of the Monsters, but Kong is father of all kaiju and without him there might not have been Godzilla, Gamera, or Ultraman. It is really very exciting and inspiring that Hollywood, no matter its faults, is actually taking up the mantle of the giant monster / kaiju genre. --- Justynn Tyme

MOVIE REVIEW

Genre movies are genre usually because of the tropes they contain. If you are a fan of horror, chances are your film is going to feature a psychopath. If you love action movies, someone, somewhere is going to leap through the air while firing a gun. And, if you love giant monster movies, chances are the monster will be a force of nature. Tropes are tropes because they work, and I'm not here to take anything away from them.

In the 1950s, if a movie was about space, it invariably featured men going to planets populated entirely by women. They would teach these women about the awesome power of men, and gender relations would move backward at a gallop, as I said tropes. However, there are those movies that move their genres forward, such as *Star Trek* and *Star Wars*. Both franchises elevated the concept of the space genre. The idea that you could use space as the backdrop of a bigger story on the silver screen seems so simple on the face of it. The multi-billion dollar franchises that are *Trek* and *Wars* are living proof that tapping an obvious idea first can create amazing returns.



This brings us to *Kong: Skull Island*. I went into this film having not seen the *Godzilla 2014* movie, so I had no prior frame of reference. This, for me at least, turned out to be a great benefit. I found *Kong: Skull Island* just about as perfect as the genre has ever allowed.

While Skull Island has many merits, and we will certainly examine them, I would like to expound first on the time frame of the movie. We are taken back in time to just after the end of the Vietnam conflict. We are introduced to our entire military cast as they are being extracted from the conflict. This setting heightens the tensions that our heroes are experiencing: the United States reeling from its first military defeat and the Cold War starting to heat up. The Island itself is a visual treat with enough variety in the terrain to keep the action moving. I never felt like the setting detracted from the plot, and the tensions that build between the characters leading up the climax is served well by the choice in time period.

Now, I'd like to talk about the characters. There are several in the mix that are a bit clichéd, but the reasons behind their actions transform them into more well-rounded characters instead of simply one note and flat. Colonel Preston Packard (*Samuel L. Jackson*) is a maniacal military commander driven around the bend by monsters. He is reeling from the indignity of having to leave the job in Viet Nam unfinished. His men that have fallen are left painfully unavenged by the popular dissent against the war. He is primed for a fight when the tactical dropping of bombs onto the island alarms Kong. His men and copters are destroyed and he is left facing an enemy that he is yet again told he is not allowed to defeat. Rather than accept this fate, he decides to make our protagonist kaiju the subject of his rage and the impotence imposed on him in Viet Nam. He feels like much more than the one note crazy commander that Michael Biehn presents us with in *The Abyss* (1989). His reasons are pure, even though his fury is misplaced. Brie Larson's character of Mason Weaver and Tom Hiddleston as James Conrad are firmly in the category of heroes, a very good choice in my opinion.

Our main hero, and firmly the protagonist of our story, is Kong himself. The story of Kong this time around is not of a misunderstood monster that falls for the token blond, only to be brought low by his amorous feelings. This time around our awesome ape has a mission and a purpose. He is the sole survivor of his race, and the protector of the island from the real villains of the movie, the Skull Crawlers. These creatures are large lizard like creatures whose heads are encased in bone, hence the name that John C. Reilly's character gives them. They are the main thrust of fear and horror on the island.

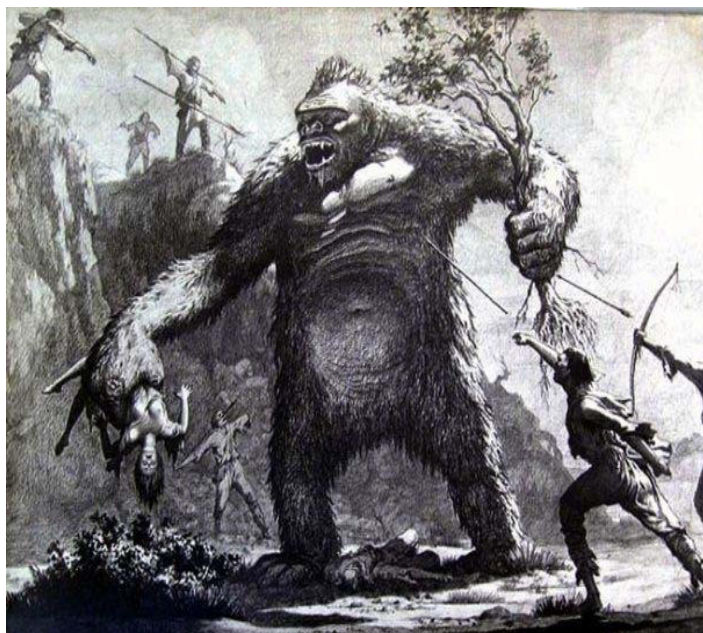
MOVIE R E V I E W

KONG: SKULL ISLAND: OVERLAYS, NODS, AND CEPHALOPODS

Speaking of horror, this is decidedly a giant monster movie. As such, several of our main characters are killed off by the denizens of the island. However, these deaths are not lingered on in the manner of other horror movies of recent years. We are treated to many fast kills that end just off screen and a few graphic deaths that are over very quickly. It was apparent to me that the character deaths were there to serve the tension of the story rather than for gore fetish fulfillment. For some, that may be a strike against the film, but I thought it rather refreshing to not have the plot stoop to the visceral to heighten the tense mood.

At this point, I can only say that I highly recommend watching this movie and I hope that Legendary Entertainment and Warner Bros. allow carte blanche with the Kong franchise. I know that I have not delved far into the film in this review, but I do not want to give too much of the film away. I feel that this film is best experienced with as untainted a palate as possible.

All in all, *Kong: Skull Island* feels like the tent pole movie that you could hang a cinematic universe on. But with *Godzilla vs. Kong* on the way, as well as a possible prequel detailing the travels of John C. Reilly on the island before the arrival of Monarch, only time will tell if my faith is well placed. - [Patrick Conlon](#)



Concept art from the original King Kong Movie

The most obvious nod was the giant squid battle scene which is a direct tribute to Toho's King Kong vs Godzilla (1963) where Kong saves villagers from a marauding giant octopus.

The crewmember walking across the deck as the helicopters take off from the carrier ship for the first time. It appears to be Charlie Hunnam, the main character from *Pacific Rim* (2013).

In the heart-warming reunion scene of Marlow and his family—at the end of the film—the way they lingered on the face of the Marlow's son. It struck me as possibly being, or is intended to appear as, a younger version of Brian Cranston's character John Brody in *Godzilla* (2014). Interesting side note, according to the IMDB the same actor played the younger Marlow seen in the beginning of the film and his son seen at the end of the film.

The name of the derelict ship which the indigenous people inhabited is called "The Wanderer" which is the original name of the ship that carries Denham and crew to Kong's island in the 1932 novel.

You could say that they stole the origin story from the superhero universe, in this case, *Batman* in particular. Not just because Kong's parents were killed, but that it is this event that turns him into a defender from the night monsters.

I was disappointed when I did some verifying for these nods that some have already been catalogued—even some I didn't catch, but I've only seen the movie twice. There are other vague ones rattling around in my brain for later. However, I do have one nod that so far no one has put a tag on, as far as I can tell, and it's this one.

There was also a nod to the *Them!* (1953)—one of the first giant monster films of the 50's nuclear boom and the first giant atomic insect film— it's quick but it's there. Can you find it?

This last one comes from our managing director, JM Reinhold who pointed out that the Mason Weaver character could have very well been a tribute to legendary photographer, Catherine Leroy who was the only woman in the Viet Nam combat zone ♥

BELOW

by Shannon Connor Winward

You think
you
know
how deep
it goes
but you
don't
dip into
the waters
beneath the
paper boats
your placid
dreaming
shapes
of memory lurk
should one rise
and lift its head
above the surface
primordial you
would ripple
and be

moved.



Shannon Connor Winward

Shannon Connor Winward is the author of the Elgin-award winning chapbook, *Undoing Winter*. Her writing has earned recognition in the Writers of the Future Contest and has appeared in (or is forthcoming from) *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Analog*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Thank You for Swallowing*, *Literary Mama*, *Star*Line*, and *The Monarch Review*, among others. In between writing, parenting, and other madness, Shannon is also an officer for the Science Fiction Poetry Association, a poetry editor for *Devilfish Review*, founding editor of *Riddled with Arrows Literary Journal* and a member of the Written Remains Writers Guild.

Riddled with Arrows is an online literary journal dedicated to writing about writing.

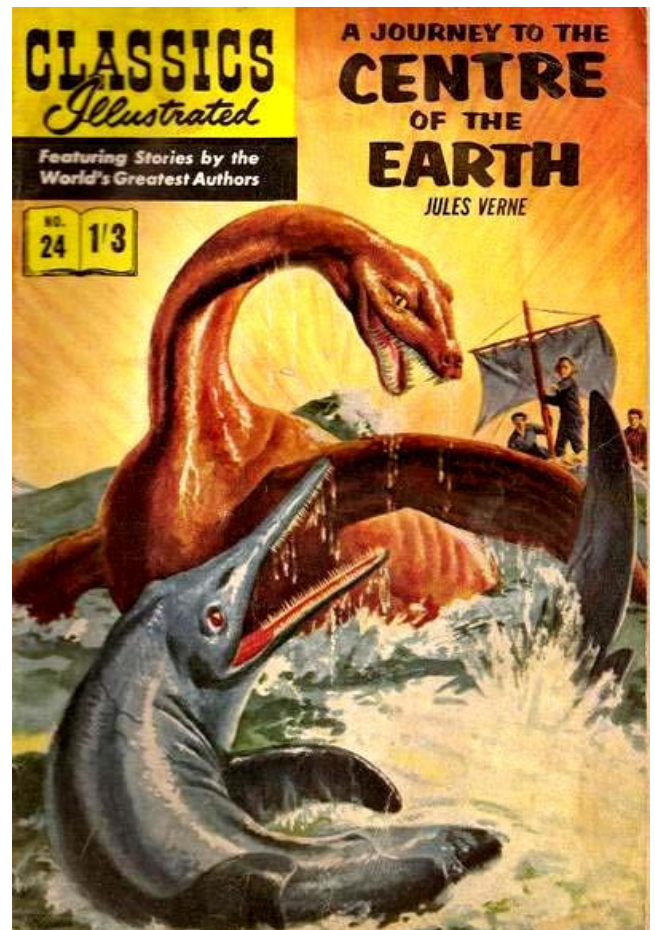
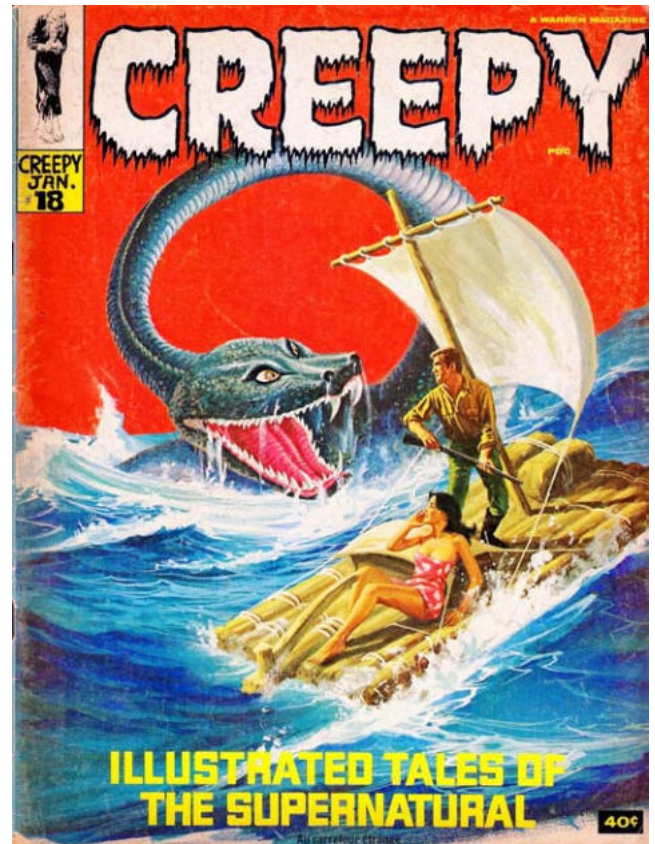
riddledwitharrows.com

The Devilfish Review is a quarterly online literary magazine with an emphasis on science fiction, fantasy, and horror fiction, and poetry.

devilfishreview.com

The Science Fiction & Fantasy Poetry Assoc. brings together poets and readers interested in speculative poetry.

sfpoetry.com



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Formed in the deep, dark universe a new race of godzilla borne of rage and vengeance has come looking to settle old scores. It is the most powerful kaiju the universe has ever seen and it has found its way into our solar system and it's only a matter of time before it meets earth's own most powerful kaiju.

Episode 1: The Saga begins

Episode 2: Star Godzilla vs The Kilaaks

Episode 3: Star Godzilla vs Gigan

Episode 4: Star Godzilla vs Dagora

Episode 5: Star Godzilla vs Alien Goddess

Episode 6: Star Godzilla vs Boba Fett & Samus Aran

Episode 7: Star Godzilla vs Millennians

Episode 8: ...subscribe to find out

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A KAIJU CONFRONTATION
OF CATAclySMIC PROPORTIONS!



ATOMIC REX

FIRE-BEAST

VS

DORUGAN

MATT DENNION

CHRIS MARTINEZ



DORUGAN VS ATOMIC REX

How the Dream Match-Up Almost Became a Fan Film!

The first Dorugan movie was released in 1959! The film became a cult hit and the rights to the character were purchased by Koyama Studios. During the 50's and 60's, Koyama produced several Dorugan films that were loved by a devoted fan base. By the late 1970's Dorugan's popularity had reached an all-time high. The monster appeared not only in movies but also in numerous advertisements and commercials.

Additionally, Dorugan merchandise was also very popular in the collectors' market. Due to the fact that the monster was generating money without the costs of having to make a new film, Koyama Studios decided to put the film franchise on hold for several years.

In 1980, the novel *Atomic Rex* was unleashed upon the world. The novel was a best-seller that was quickly optioned for a movie by Megalopolis Studios. The movie was a box office smash. In an interesting twist of fate, some of the special effects team members from the *Atomic Rex* film had worked at Koyama Studio in the 1970s.

With the idea of the kaiju super fight on their minds, they contacted their friend who still worked at Koyama. They discovered that Koyama still had both the Dorugan and Pengoro suits in good condition. The Megalopolis team indicated that they could borrow the Atomic Rex suit at night and shoot the *Dorugan vs Atomic Rex* movie in their garage. The team shot several scenes of Atomic Rex battling both Pengoro and Dorugan before Megalopolis demanded that the Atomic Rex suit be returned. *Dorugan vs Atomic Rex* would become a legend amongst the kaiju fandom.

In 2016, the unfinished film was finally able to appear at G-Fest with the consent of both studios. Koyama even added some stock footage to it from their movie *Fire-Beast Dorugan vs Garan the Horror from Space* in order to make the film into a more comprehensive story. For the first time, fans are now able to witness the clash they have longed for!

Art by Christopher Martinez // Story by Matthew Dennion & Christopher Martinez

SCIENCE ACTION TEAM
HEADQUARTERS.

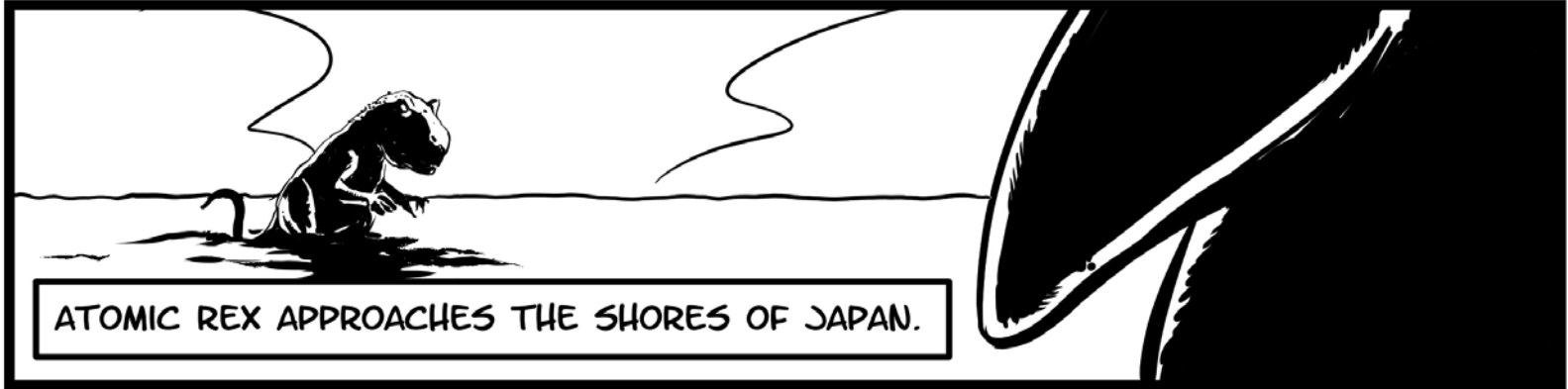
HAYANO! I AM
GETTING THE FEED
FROM THE DINOSAUR
ISLAND!

THE AMERICANS DETONATED
AN ATOMIC BOMB AND TURNED
THE DINOSAURS INTO KAIJU!

IT LOOKS LIKE ONE
OF THE MONSTERS IS
LEAVING THE ISLAND!

THAT'S NOT JUST
ANY MONSTER!

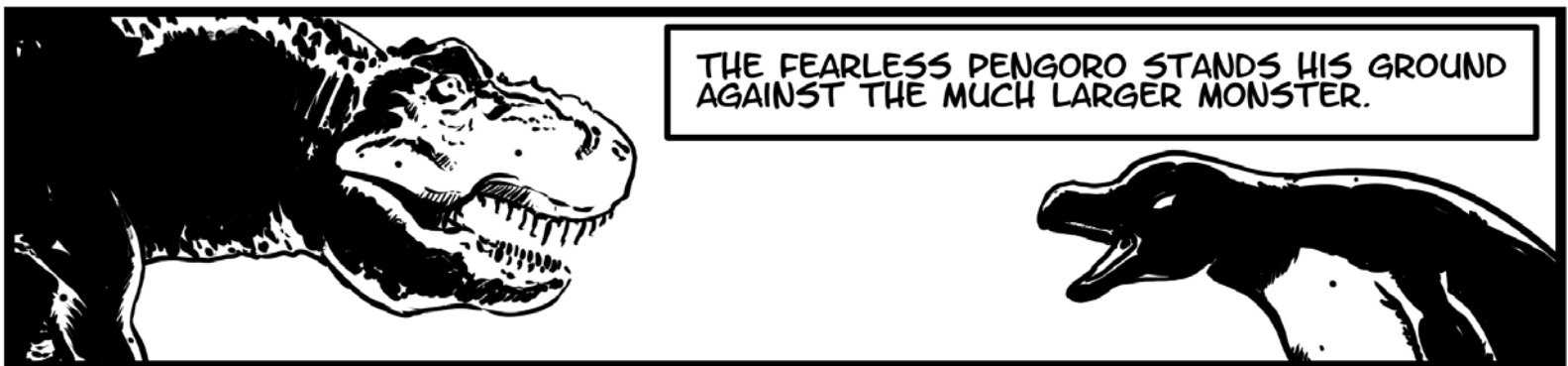
THAT'S ATOMIC REX!



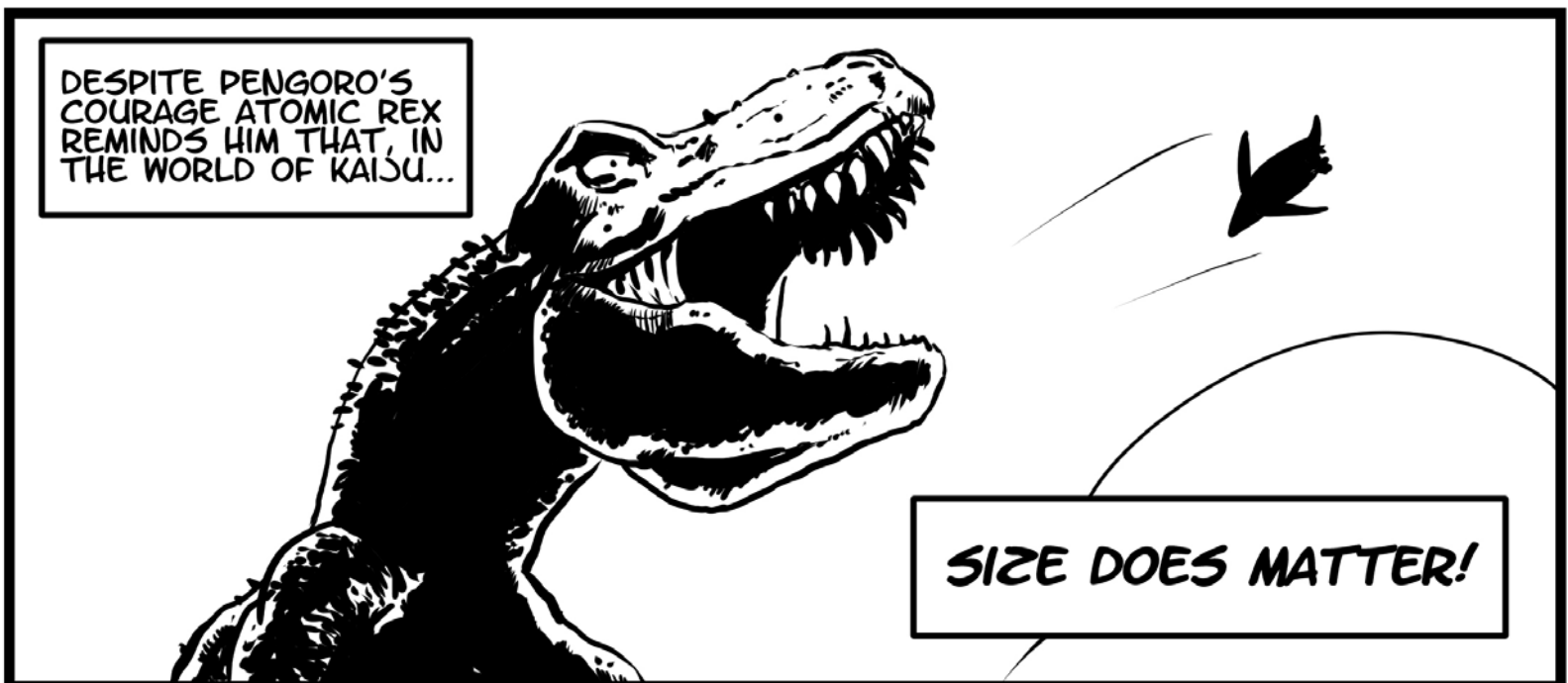
ATOMIC REX APPROACHES THE SHORES OF JAPAN.



ONLY TO FIND THE
TENACIOUS PENGORO
AWAITING HIM!

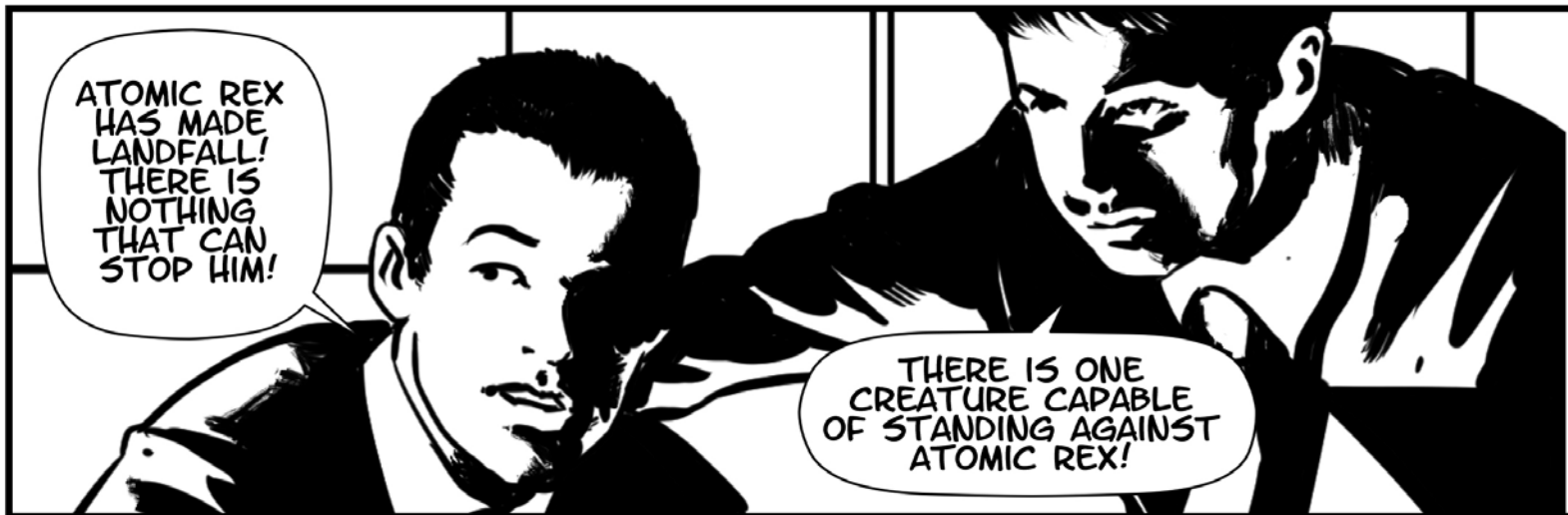


THE FEARLESS PENGORO STANDS HIS GROUND
AGAINST THE MUCH LARGER MONSTER.



DESPITE PENGORO'S
COURAGE ATOMIC REX
REMINDS HIM THAT, IN
THE WORLD OF KAISU...

SIZE DOES MATTER!



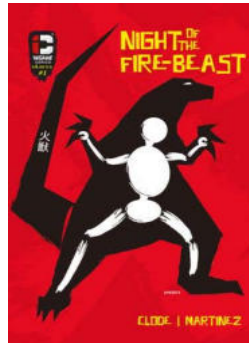


DORUGAN VS ATOMIC REX

by Matthew Dennion and Christopher Martinez



The previous comic strip was a glimpse into what could have been if a fan film had been made where Jonathan Clode's and Christopher Martinez's *Dorugan; The Fire Beast* had encountered Matthew Dennion's *Atomic Rex*! Dorugan is featured in the comic books '*Night of the Fire-Beast*' and '*Fire-Beast Dorugan vs Garan the Horror from Space*!'



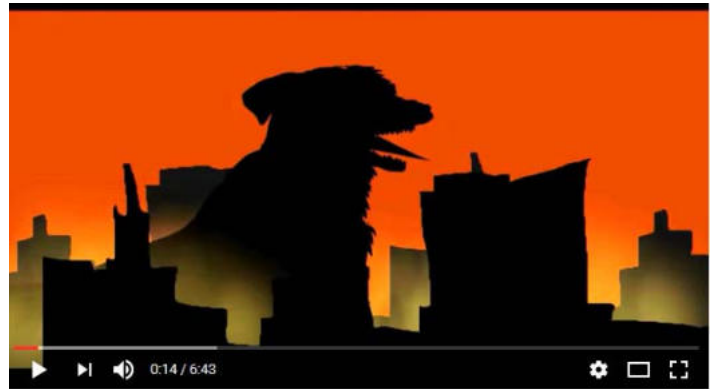
The Fire-Beast comic books take an unique approach by writing their stories as if they were low budget movies created in the 1950s and 1960s. The Fire-Beast comics are published by Insane Comics and are available in both print and digital formats as www.insanecomics.com

Atomic Rex is featured in the novels *Atomic Rex* and *Atomic Rex: Wrath of the Polar Yeti*! The Atomic Rex novels take place in a post-apocalyptic world ruled by kaiju. The North American continent is populated by numerous kaiju that each claim a section of the continent as their own!

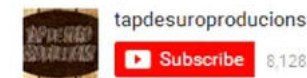


The Atomic Rex novels revolve around a last-ditch effort by humanity to draw the kaiju into each other's territory in an attempt to have them destroy each other. The Atomic Rex novels are published by Severed Press. They can be purchased in both print and digital formats on Amazon or at severedpress.com

Fire-Beast Dorugan comics are available at dorugan.com
Atomic Rex novels are available at mattdennion.com/books



MANGO, THE GIANT MONSTER!!! KAIJU MOMENTS # 26



146,665 views

264 likes

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When the All-Out Monster Revolt introduced its first official kaiju, our mascot Mango the Giant Monster we knew it would be a hard go for fans. For fans (of any genre) it can take a while to warm up to the "new" kaijus on the block. So it came as a complete surprise when Tap de Suro Productions wrote to us to say they would love to animate our kaiju in their Kaiju Moments series. Much faster than we anticipated, and before we had any real established vision, the first animation came out. It was just a story on the back of the collectible character card which was just the tip of the iceberg.

Since it was still all in my head, I had to sit down and imagine Mango's personality and actions and boil them down into a few iconic moves. I needed the audio for his bark and growl, as well as classic giant monster cinematic music for his scenes. In this case, the works of Sibelius were tailor made for the Giant Monster Mango. The finished work was just fantastic! Tap de Suro had captured the true essence of our kaiju perfectly. Sure, we thought his first adventure was the best thing ever, but what would other fans of the genre think? We did have concerns about how Mango would be received.

As you see by the stats (above) Mango is among the most viewed Tap de Suro animation, and is only surpassed by episodes of *Godzilla vs King Kong* and *Godzilla vs other Godzillas*. However, the reviews were mixed. Many saw the fun in the character and how he interacted with the fan favorites, but the rift was split nearly down the middle. It seems that having a dog kaiju best not just King Kong, not just Gamera, not just Godzilla, but Ultraman, too, was just too much for the fans. They went bughouse.

The first adventure of the Giant Monster Mango will be published this year. It has been in the works for a couple years now because it took time to get it just right. We are trying to establish a new standard and it's not an easy wait for impatient fans. Keep checking our Facebook page for more info and be one of the first to go on the official adventure with the Giant Monster Mango!

POINT OF ORIGIN

W/ DR ZULU ZOMBIE

Say, it looks like you've got a nice brain there. If you are not using it; can I have it?

I know just where to put it!

Greeting gurgles and geysers, I am Dr. Zulu Zombie rule breaker and kaiju maker. This is my new column especially conjured up to tickle yours brains. When you've been touched in the head as many times as I have you start considering dastardly plans like how to control giant monsters and make them do tricks. It's not as easy as it sounds.

First you need to know how they communicate. They are not like dogs or polliwogs; no, no, no. I had to go back to the historical records to find out how kaiju communicate. So, in this edition of [Point of Origin](#) we examine the complex art of [kaiju] communication.





Machines do it, people do it, insects and animals do it. So why don't kaiju do it, too? They do and how! On the surface it appears that giant monsters don't say very much. They just vocalize here and there to convey a full range of emotions. It hardly seems true. Well, it's not, not completely. Typically, giant monsters just roar. They roar when they are angry, roar when they are sad, and roar when they have been exploited and betrayed. Then there are the motor mouths and it's from there that we begin our **Point of Origin...**

Little Shop of Horrors (1960/1986)

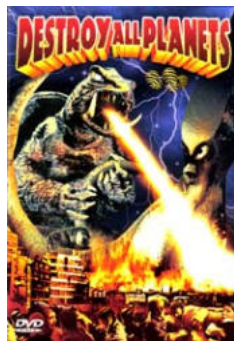
While technically not a giant monster film, this little gem does quite a lot for the genre even as a footnote. Audrey II, which in the original ending does grow to massive size, talks and can even sing!

Godzilla vs Gigan (1972)

This is not the first movie where kaiju talk, but it's the best known so we will start there. The interesting thing about this film—regardless of which version you saw—is the fact that Godzilla and Anguirus talk to one another in a language we can understand. Now, for the record, there were eleven Godzilla films before Godzilla vs Gigan and up until this point Godzilla and his cohorts do quite a bit of communicating in both kaiju speak and gesturing, but nothing we can call conclusive.

Gamera vs Viras (1968)

The fascinating thing about this series is that while it was clearly riding on the success of Godzilla, its efforts to create a worthy and unique entity made the Gamera series achieve greater strides. It is still not the first movie to give kaiju a voice, but it in fact did a better job than others. Viras is an intelligent alien and a very vocal monster. However, when Viras grew to enormous sizes he stopped talking. One might conclude that Viras' ship was integral in giving him speech capabilities.

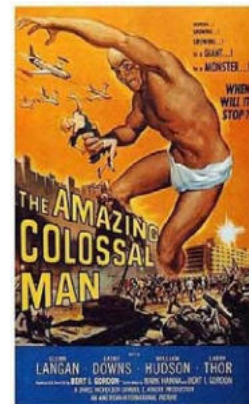


Attack of the 50 Foot Woman (1958/1993)

Nearer still was the Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman—and the space giant that turned her into a monstrous person. It is mentioned here because throughout much of the film, even though she possessed an average vocabulary, she mostly wandered around town shouting for “Harry!” However, the Attack of the 50 Foot Woman remake in (1993) and the countless versions afterward bestowed upon her a fuller vocabulary.

The Amazing Colossal Man (1957)

Bert I. Gordon came pretty close to having the first movie to feature giant monsters that talk. In this case it was a giant man who could talk. It doesn't really fall into the same category as “monsters” because generally people can talk and creatures can't. However it is important to note that when Manning (the amazing colossal man) finally succumbs to the atomic radiation and turns into the colossal beast he could no longer talk.

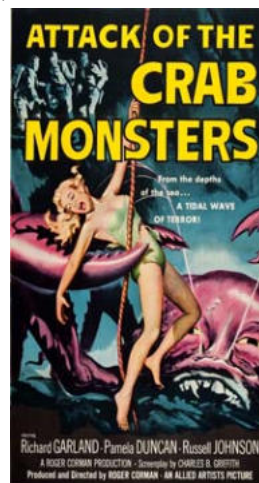


The Cyclops (1957)

The Cyclops was the first movie to feature a giant man mutated by the bedeviling of atomic energy. However, when they finally found this guy living in the Mexican wilderness, the natural radiation of the area had turned him into a giant brainless behemoth. He can't really talk, only mumble, if my memory serves me. But it is used to communicate much like in War of the Gargantuas almost ten years later in 1966.

Attack of the Crab Monsters (1957)

And, at last we come to the first movie where giant monsters talk. Leave it to Roger Corman and Charles B. Griffin to be the first to use this unique aspect. In this film, giant crabs born of atomic fallout eat people and gain their minds and memories then call to those they know trying to lure them away to be feasted upon. It's a particularly eerie scenario if you consider the fact that the voices of your friends or family come out of malevolent giant crabs who want to devour you. It gives a sinister twist to a family picnic, no?



Continues On Next Page



Well now gaspers and groaners, we come to the highly exciting communication skill known as GESTURING. Perhaps you are already familiar with gesturing. It takes many forms not just the rude ones you use in traffic. Those are universally understood, especially if someone punts your brains into next Wednesday. They got your meaning loud and clear. For kaiju however, it's not that well defined. So, in no particular order...

King Kong (1933)

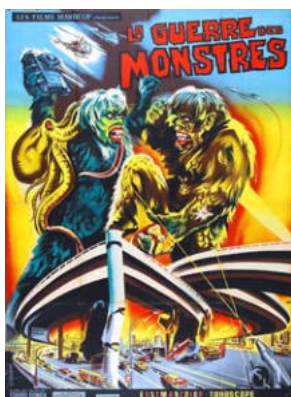
I don't often watch this film or any American Kong film because I am a sensitive sort. So when they fell Kong at the end, I just want climb to the top of the palisades and hurl watermelons at people. Such is the power of the O'Brien's and Cooper's personable Kong.

King Kong vs Godzilla (1963)

I'll never know why they didn't make an Odd Couple movie featuring Godzilla and King Kong taking on Gabara and Gorosuarus. It would have been hilarious fun because these two, especially in this film were two loveable and kooky kabuki kings!

War of the Gargantuas (1966)

A rare treat indeed having Jekyll and Hyde together in a movie at the same time! For much of the movie, Sanda and Gailah are fussing with each other through grunts and gesticulation. Sanda gesticulates and Gailah grunts. Gialah wants to eat out every night and Sanda uses a cut/stop gesture with his arm to voice a contrary opinion. They just can't agree on anything. We've all had that one friend or maybe you were that friend. In the end they duke it out & Gailah is sent packing without a doggy bag.



Gamera (1965 – 1971)

Gamera was a funtastic character and a personal favorite of mine. From the minute of his debut, he seems to understand children and would reply with an all-purpose roar. This aspect was seen in Daimanji (1966), King of Snake (1984), and that one craptastic movie—you know the one I mean. However, what really propelled him to the top of the class was how he rolled...his eyes, that is. No matter what those cockamamie kids said to him, Gamera just loved it. He ate it up and you knew exactly what those eyes conveyed. He was probably insane that's why he was so happy. A kaiju's life is a lonely and bitter one unless you're Gamera! Bye Bye, Gamera, Bye Bye!

King Kong Escapes (1967)

Toho's Kong is back in one of my favorite movies. In this film, like his other films, he's got what they used to call "bedroom eyes." The "why don't you come up to my mountain and see me sometime" eyes. However, apart from the original, Toho's version gave Kong much more to work with than any other film he's been in. Maybe Jackson's King Kong (2007) emotes more, but the recent Kong: Skull Island is redeeming.

Monsters (2010)

It's a quiet scene at the end of the film, a pay-off for sitting through this pragmatic concept film. It's not really a kaiju film, but there are two mountainous black octopi in it that seem as though they are talking or flirting through touching and flashing their bioluminescent patches on their heads, but blink and you'll miss it.

Death Kappa (2010)

This little mythical treasure brought to life on the big screen is quite the film. (Death) Kappa is a chatter box obviously communicating his delight in squeaks and chirps, but it's unclear if anyone understands the Kappa except for other Kappa. There is no mistaking his body language though, especially when he is wiping out Tokyo. While Hangyolas is an average kaiju he does do quite a lot of gesticulating with his arms.

Monster X Strikes Back (2007)

Talk about insane kaiju, Guilala seriously went off his nut between 1967 and 2007 and no one knows what happened to him in those thirty years. Maybe he was stuck on the Forbidden Planet with those lovely ladies who like to eat chilled children's brains. Through out the whole film Guilala is just enjoying itself. If there is anything more expressive than full on rage its insanity. Basking in death and destruction and all the while Guilala is laughing and mocking and gesticulating! There is no mistaking those gestures and jollies. He's bughouse and I hope that foul beast returns before I drop dead.



That's it for this Guru of Kaiju. Join me next time when we talk about giant trash cans on stilts. What fun! ☺

WHO WILL BE THE NEW KING OF THE MONSTERS!



KING SNAKE



IRON KING



BLUE EMPEROR



KING KONG



GAIKING



Q



RED BARON



KING CAESAR



KING KLOWN



OPTIMUS PRIME



RED KING



QUEEN KONG



GAMERA



KING GHIDORAH



FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER



KING KRAKEN



HOLOTHOURION



MOTHR



ULTRAMAN



THE BEAST

QÜESTIONS W/ KAIJU ASSAULT

Q: *There have been quite a few giant monster games over the decades. However, there seems to be a boom in giant monster games recently. As fans, why do you think this is happening now?*

Brandon: I have wondered the same thing, but ultimately I think it's simply timing and who doesn't love to destroy stuff! Here in the past few years there has been a resurgence of Tokusatsu, with Pacific Rim being a small hit here in the states, and Godzilla having fun again. You also have actual access to Sentai shows, and CrunchyRoll has made getting an Ultraman fix really easy.

Jack: I would have to give a good chunk of credit also to the newfound kaiju fans spawned by Pacific Rim and Godzilla. At the time, they were recent giant monster films that managed to get into the theaters and put some fresh fuel on the fires that keep us warm at night. They went over very well, and I think that made Hollywood take another look at the old giant monster plots and—to my inescapable joy—decide on attempting to make some new Godzilla, Gamera, King Kong, and Power Rangers films.

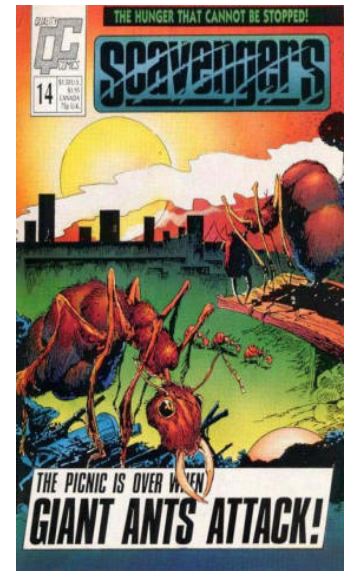
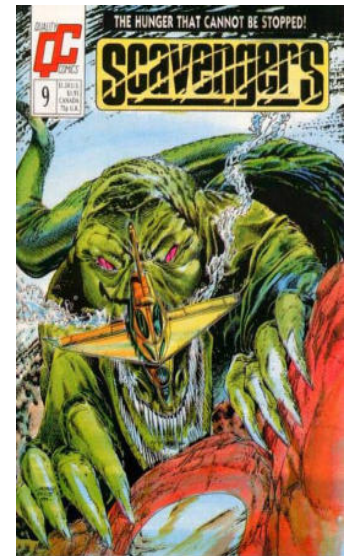
Q: *What was happening in the world of gaming that made you decide to create Kaiju Assault and strive to get it into the hands of the public?*

Jack: Haha! I think it's best to ask Brandon about what made him create his "Godzilla Card Game" so long ago. Brandon is the creator. I came in later and modified the gameplay and rules to what they are today.

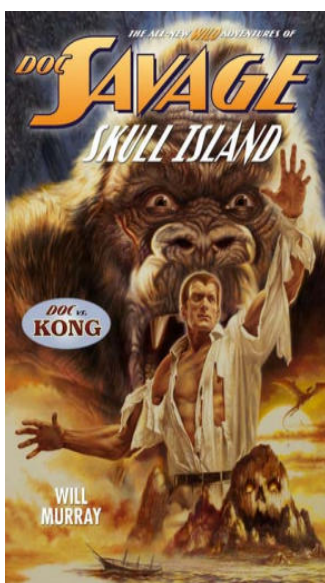
Brandon: A close friend of mine named Walter Lopez Jr., who is a walking encyclopedia of Transformers knowledge had been working on the concept for a card game dealing with Transformers. Naturally, he wanted me to play one night and somehow I won. Well, after being confused for several hours, I realized that I could use his basic structure and make a card game that wouldn't be nearly as confusing. So, I went home and thought "well he knew a lot more about Transformers than I did, but I knew GODZILLA!!! So I started to work on the game. The following Monday, I took my version of his game to school and Walter and I played... hundreds of games. It wasn't until a year or so later that I showed the game to my best friend Jack. Why it took me that long to show him I haven't the foggiest, but Jack, being a card gamer, really liked the simplicity....but all the rules were in my head. It was at this point that the game evolved. In fact, it evolved so much it almost doesn't resemble the simple little game from High School.

Jack: At our First G-fest (19) we brought the game with us as our hobby game. We never intended to be asked to sell sets to anyone but, while playing in the dealer's room, we managed to draw a crowd. We ended up playing all night until the hotel staff made us leave. The game was so well received that we couldn't ignore people's requests to have their own. So, we managed to find a printing company to take up the challenge and made Kaiju Assault a reality.

Brandon: At G-fest (21), we had a game that we could sell. We took 40 decks and 40 expansions and by the close of Saturday we had nothing left. We SOLD OUT! Same thing happened at G-fest (22), so we struck a deal to host the Table Top gaming room the next year at G-fest (23). It has really been a wild ride so far.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Q: *The question I've pondered a lot is: What is the quintessential giant monster game? Do you think that Kaiju Assault is that game? If so, why?*

Jack: As a previous gamer of multiple games, I have to say I truly feel that our game is a bit ahead of the rest. Kaiju Assault is setup so it's as complicated as you want to make it. Its simplistic, yet strategically complex system allows it to be enjoyed by all ages. The Tier system allows for superb balancing in the game, which I have yet to find elsewhere. Having all players playing from the same deck eliminates the pay to win aspect found in most games. The monsters we have range over several genres and represent the characters well. Kaiju Assault is the only card game I still play. Want to buy a few thousand *Magic the Gathering* cards, ha!

Brandon: Any giant monsters can be brought into the game... not just Godzilla, Gamera, and Ultraman. You could have Mazinger Z, the MegaZord, and the Big-O, even the StayPuff Marshmallow Man! The only thing that is needed is source material to create the card, and the character to be at least 50 meters in height.

Q: *What if I said I bought Monsterpocalypse, Godzilla World Wars, Godzilla Stomp and found all three to be missing a vital element that would allow me to play them.*

Jack: It's a question of how games are designed and made available. So often they are only playable by "experienced" gamers, which leave the causal gamers in bewilderment.

Brandon: Well, as Jack said, some games are just not designed for everyone...and that's a shame really. I know Monsterpocalypse has been around for years. Hell, Tim Burton was trying to get the movie off the ground (we still want that Burton!). That was a game made for people that are very hard core into that style of gaming....that game is lost on me to a point. GWW and GS had poor reviews from fans. They were not what the genre was about or what it became. I imagine the creators of those games spent many, many hours creating and making the best games they could under the limitations put forth by the companies....and TOHO.

Kaiju Assault on the other hand is just us and the only limitations are what we put on ourselves....as long as it works for everybody. With Jack being a long time card gamer and myself the anti-gamer, we balance each other out. To get it right, we brought in Alan Berkenhoff as our encyclopedia of kaiju smarts outside of what we know. Together you get something that you can play that understands the heart of these films and why we love them...nuclear allegory aside.

Q: *With the initial investment of \$35 for the core collection, folks can get booster packs for \$5 that will expand their game exponentially with even more giant monsters. What booster packs are available now and what's coming up?*

Jack: Right now, we have 'Science Patrol', 'Mighty Messerly', 'Hazard', and 'Great 18' expansion sets ranging from \$5 to \$10 with us paying the applicable taxes. I am not sure how much of the future plans we are willing to give up, but next G-fest we will be adding a new tier of monsters along with another few expansion packs featuring several new monsters, as well as additional military and hazard cards. Legendary kaiju are the kaiju we knew were too strong for even our Tier 5 category. Ultraman Zero, for example, will be included in the Legendary Tier.

Brandon Phillips and Jack Armstrong
Co-Creators of Kaiju Assault Card Game
<http://kaijuassault.wixsite.com/kaijuassaultcardgame>

PlayStation®2



NTSC U/C

GIANTS™

CITIZEN KABUTO

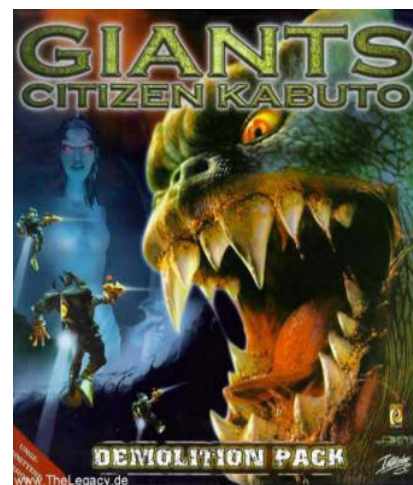


BY GAMERS. FOR GAMERS.™

GIANTS: CITIZEN KABUTO

In looking for the perfect game to start *Computers, Consoles, and Kaiju*, I wanted to find a title that had not been reviewed so much that I could bring nothing new to light. I will be reviewing the more popular games as well, such as *Shadow of the Colossus*. Kaiju game suggestions for future reviews are welcome.

For this inaugural review, I will be undertaking a lesser known game: *Giants: Citizen Kabuto* released in 2000. Developed by Planet Moon Studios and published by Interplay this single player mode is broken into three separate segments. Each segment of the story is led by one of three distinct races: Meccaryns, Sea Reapers, and the titular Kabuto. Each type of character has its own controls and methods of playing. This lends the game a lot of versatility, but also means that there may be entire sections of the game that you find arduous. I will spend a few moments talking about the Meccaryns and the Sea Reapers, but the bulk of my review will deal with playing the giant monster. This part of the game, unfortunately, is at the very end of the game. If you, like me, just want to get to running around and devouring villagers, I might suggest looking up the cheat codes that are available online and activating the pick any level code and jump directly to the kaiju portion of the game.



The Meccaryns are your stand-ins for space marines and behave very much as such. You start off as a member of a squadron that has crash landed on a planet and must find your companions. The first few levels are very much introductory. You will spend them figuring out how to move around the world, aim, jump, and utilize basic attack strategies. As you find your companions your tactics evolve and change. There is an impressive array of weaponry that you are provided, though I found myself sticking with the rocket launcher and grenade thrower for pretty much the entire story. I also found that sending the companions into dangerous areas was not only favorable, but necessary in the later stages of this segment of the game.



The Sea Reapers section throws you back into the role of a single player. Without a squadron of immortal lackeys to throw at your enemies, a much more careful and nuanced approach is necessary. Most times, I found myself skirting around large groups of enemies doing my best to remain unseen. In this section, you no longer have your vast array of weaponry, but the game makes up for that with the variety of spells you are given. The ability to claim objectives at a distance, as well as throw balls of flame into your enemies and immolate groups makes for a decent game balance.

Now, for the part that we're all reading this for: how good is the Kaiju portion of the game? Here, I think is where the game really comes into its own. You don't play as Kabuto, which surprised me as I thought that was the basis of the game. Instead, you play a challenger to his supremacy over the island. The game changes drastically from a third person shooter and into a third person fighting game. You stomp around the map punching and kicking your enemies with reckless abandon. One of the most fun things to do is drop kicking an enemy across the map in a high arc. You can also eat them to regain health. This makes your Kaiju pretty much invincible except for several difficult portions where the number of enemies can overwhelm your ability to consume them.

COMPUTERS, CONSOLES & KAIJU



Your size is another of the nice features of the game. As you progress through a level, you are tasked with eating a certain number of evil smarties (smarties are the race that act as guides during the first two portions of the game). When you consume a certain number of these scurrying baddies you grow. The level does not reload, but rather you grow and everything shrinks in comparison. I found it a very satisfying effect. Also, once you reach a certain size, you can create several minions that follow you around the level. You need to corral them, but once properly pointed in the right direction they can cull the herd of enemies rapidly. This last third of the game is where I had the most fun. I stomped around knocking down buildings and tossing hapless victims into my gaping maw. It very much had the feel of controlling a Kaiju, and a great time was had by all.

Now, to get down to the actual scoring of this game, I would have to give it a solid three out of five. The difficulty ramp in the first two-thirds of the game does grate on your nerves. There were quite a few times that I quit the game and walked away for the evening after the thirtieth time the last enemy in a level killed me. One of the biggest flaws of the PC version, which was fixed for the console release, is that if you die at any point in a level you go back to the beginning of that level. However, if your companions die, you only suffer a penalty of a few minutes without their aid. There was many a fight that I sent my companions headlong into the fray while I hid behind a giant boulder. I'm sad to report that the overall effect of this is that you feel like you are directing the game to play itself rather than putting yourself in the thick of the action. However, it was infinitely preferable to getting to the last enemy on a board only to die from a lucky kill shot that sends you right back to the beginning of a gauntlet of 50 enemy agents thirsting for your blood.



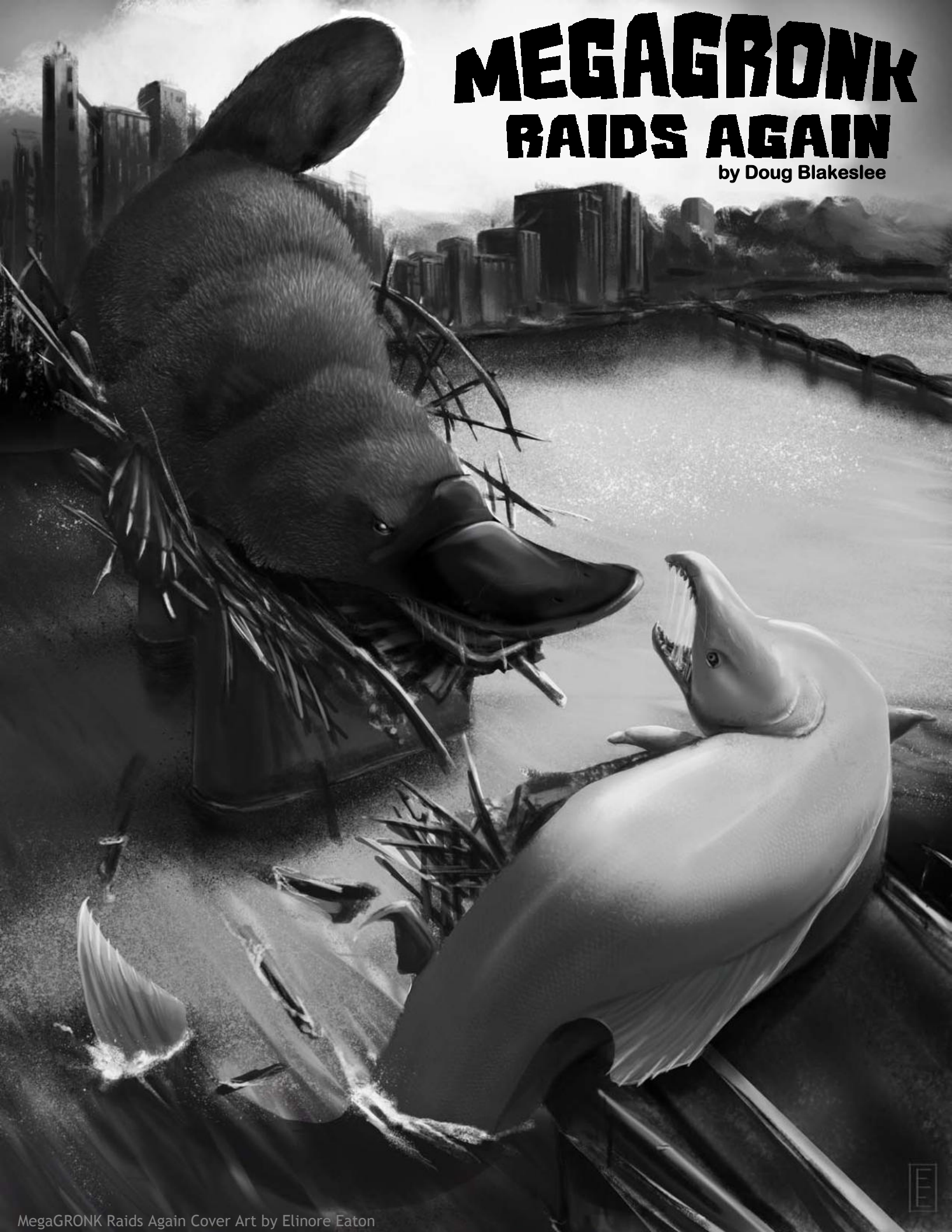
The AI of your companions is sometimes maddening leaving you to fight off an entire squadron while they busy themselves stuck behind a tree or chasing down a single fleeing enemy. The AI of your enemies can be quite a pain as well. They won't react to their friends being killed and that makes getting swarmed a very infrequent occurrence. Once they are hit, however, they run around the board dodging fire while hammering your health till you have only a sliver left. This almost always happened to me right before the final objective where the final guard or monster would tap me lightly once and send me back to the beginning of the level. That, and the fact that the ultimate showdown between your Kaiju and Kabuto is pretty much non-existent makes ranking this game higher than average an impossibility.

There are shining moments in the game as well. The twisted sense of humor that pervades every level had me laughing quite often. The levels of running around as the giant monster are so much fun I would recommend picking up a copy of the PC version of the game from good old games (<http://www.gog.com>), it only costs ten dollars and I guarantee at least that much fun can be squeezed out of the Kabuto levels.

Send kaiju game suggestions to: alloutmonsterrevolt@gmail.com

MEGAGRONK RAIDS AGAIN

by Doug Blakeslee



MEGAGRONK RAIDS AGAIN!

By Doug Blakeslee

He woke with a hunger gnawing at his belly. Food dominated his mind as he pushed out from under the rock and swam into the channel. Prey signs tickled the electrical receptors on the end of his bill, drawing him upstream. The lethargy of hibernation faded from his limbs with each paddle and sweep of his tail. He tapped his bill against the stone of life. It had sheltered him in his sleep, yet now had shrunk to no more than a mouthful. His hiding place could no longer be used and it was time to find a new one. First though, he had other business.

He roamed the waters of his birth, once again the king of his domain without peer or question. A colony of fish-things rose to defend their nest, not knowing or understanding the doom that rushed towards them. He would brook no trespass in his territory. Claws scratched and teeth bit as they attacked his oil-covered fur. An indifferent shrug scattered them. A snap of his bill crushed them. He feasted on the floating bodies, then dove to the murky, muddy floor. Underneath the debris and muck lay a bounty of eggs and he had a large void to fill. First, he would remind the world that he had awoken.

“GRONK!”



The hangar sat at the far end of the runway surrounded by a chain-link fence topped with concertina wire. Two guards flanked the gate standing under a giant sign that read M.A.R.S. Field Office. Monster Armed Response Specialists followed by Urchin Squad were in smaller letters along the lower edge. A late fall rain shower swept over the area, drenching everything and anyone unlucky enough to be outside.

Grey, cold, and utterly miserable. The perfect time for a run.

“Move it! The sooner you're done, the sooner you get into dry clothing!” Lieutenant Linda Merchant barked at the troops. A mixture of men and women dressed in camo pants and pea-green t-shirts trotted along the tarmac. She kept pace with them, ignoring the wet trickles down her back. “Come on, you maggots! I've seen three-year-olds with more spirit!”

A jeep raced towards her, kicking up spray, slowing at the last minute to disgorge Sergeant Tony Pike. “We got orders!” he called.

“Double time back to the barracks. I want you presentable for inspection in thirty!” Linda yelled. The column snaked towards the indicated building, their pace picking up close to a run. “What do they say?”

“For your eyes only,” her second-in-command said. He kept his black hair just at regulation length, complaining loudly if the barbers shaved him too short. He filled out his uniform nicely, though mostly in length rather than girth. Tall, skinny, and possessing whip like reflexes.

“Never stopped you before.” She climbed into the passenger side of the jeep and opened the envelope.

“Brass wants us to mobilize the whole unit. They've got some sort of signal upriver that's got them spooked.”

“Dead gulpers.” She scanned the highlights of the paperwork and glanced at one of the pictures. Nothing she hadn't seen before and that made her nervous. Wipers beat out a rhythmic time to clear off the windshield.

The eggheads called them Genetically Modified Aquatic Entities or GAMES. Troopers called them gulpers for obvious reasons. Amphibious fish-men spawned from mutant salmon had difficulties breathing air. Four years ago, after the 'incident', the army had formed M.A.R.S in response.

“Something chewed them up badly.”

“Has the National Science Board seen these?”

“Molly was all over the information. She's on her way here,” Tony said, pleased with himself. “Fiddler Team is also being deployed.”

“A family reunion. Fantastic.” One of the weapons in the M.A.R.S armory were CRABS, mobile battle frames that acted as support and armor. Linda returned to the orders, then grabbed the field phone. “Time to stir the hornet's nest.”

“Oh good.”

“Field office, this is Lieutenant Merchant. Orders acknowledged. Upgrade status to Code Outback. Repeat, upgrade status to Outback.”

Tony mouthed 'why' at her, as he pulled the jeep into the hangar.

"I have the report in hand and will confirm the information with our attaché, but for the moment, I want a Code Outback in place." She slammed the receiver back into the pack. "And don't give me that look, you know exactly why."

"It's been four years without a Gronk sighting."

"Our time's run out. I wonder what the hell woke him up this time."



Night descended and he emerged to feed, taking advantage of the lethargic nature of his prey and the concealment of darkness. He'd adapted to his territory, hiding on the bottom of the river to wait. He'd learned to swim under the inedible metal boxes that moved up and down the waters, to disguise his movements. Nests were becoming harder to find and his hunts took him further afield.

Still, he was the master of the waters and nothing had challenged his domain since his exile. The sturgeon crunched satisfyingly, cartilage providing a new texture. It had fought in the end, after trying to escape, but his electro-sense never once lost track of it.

His hunger wasn't the cause of his awakening. No, something else moved in the waters. Something large and dangerous. An intruder into his territory. He'd not found it yet, but nothing escaped him for long.

His webbed feet paddled him to the surface, breaching the water and pushing his head into the air. Time to declare a challenge. To let everyone know he was back.

"GRONK!"



Molly Wilson swept into Linda's office, waving a stack of photos. "When? How? Have you recovered the bodies?"

"Two days, something chewed on them. They're in the morgue waiting for your team," Linda said. The National Science Board had assigned her cousin as the attaché to M.A.R.S, but Molly had spent most of her time at conferences and chasing down rumors. "And nice to see you, too."

"Sorry, just got off the plane and came right here." She flopped back in a chair. "It's him, isn't it? Any sightings? Destructive events? Uptick in gulper attacks?"

"No one's seen him. The river patrol's done a few soundings but nothing conclusive. No wrecked barges or destroyed factories, if that's what you're getting at." Linda looked at the map on the wall. Red pushpins dotted the banks of the three major rivers in the area. "The last event was two months ago when a couple of stray gulpers swam up the Sandy. Not even worth the paperwork."

"Anyone doing some dredging in the channel?"

"Nope. No earthquakes, volcanoes, river accidents, or explosions that we can find." Linda sighed. "All we can do now is wait."

"Are those the only ones you found?" Molly asked.

"Yeah. A recon team checked out a possible nest sighting. Looks like his handiwork and they found prints that matched some of the older ones."

"I wonder why he didn't eat them."

"He's getting bored of fish?" Linda grinned.

"His kind survives on fish and anything else that lives in the river," Molly said. "If there were giant crabs or lobsters, he'd be in platypus heaven."

"Don't say that! One giant monster is more than enough."

"If only we can find where he sleeps. He has to have a spot to hibernate; there's no way the river can support him being active all the time." She traced a finger along the main flow of the Columbia.

"And then blow him to hell."

"Linda! He needs to be studied! Imagine what we could learn from him. Professor Pearson might have been crazy, but his work produced this marvel of nature."

Linda rolled her eyes. She'd grown up with the stories of Professor Pearson and the first Gronk. Molly's mother, Lisa, had been his assistant. Their dads had been the first ones to stop its rampage. Back then, however, it had been the size of a large car, not a barge destroying monster.

"The brass wants him dead. So far, we've been lucky, but it's only a matter of time before he wanders into the middle of Portland and tears up Burnside." Personally, she hoped he'd go up 82nd Avenue. Leveling could only improve that seedy mess of a neighborhood.

"How can you think of that?"

"Orders. If he's smart, he'll lay low and go back to sleep."

"Doesn't it bother you at all?" Molly huffed, pushing a stray blond lock out of her face.

"Only if one of my men gets hurt in the process." Linda snapped her fingers. "Speaking of which, Tony has twenty-four hours of leave coming up."

"I'm much too busy for him now." Molly yanked her bag off the ground. "I'll be in the morgue if you care to join in the process of scientific discovery."



"Mommy! There's a really big fish in the river!"

"That's nice, Jimmy. It can't hurt you." Lorretta Valley said, her attention focused on the new "Mammoth Hunters" novel.

"Mooommmmm..."

"What?" She raised her eyes to see a massive fin break the water, sending a wave over the isolated beach. The book fell on the sand, cracking the spine. "Oh, my god!"

"See? It's a fish, Mommy!"

"Jimmy! Come here!" Lorretta yanked her son as the scaly bulk heaved again, clambering to shore. A stench of rotted fish and sewage assaulted her nose. Two stumpy fin-legs dragged it along, leaving a furrow through the sand.

Baleful fish eyes swiveled back and forth, a dark and soulless gaze that surveyed everything as food or a threat. With a chill, Loretta realized that she and her boy were no threat.

GLUB! GLUB!

Its lipless mouth opened and closed with the sound, gills flapping to expose pink flesh underneath the covers.

With an ear-piercing shriek, Loretta fled, dragging Jimmy behind her.



The convoy stretched back over two miles. Jeeps, hummers, deuce and a half's, and long bed semis filled out the procession. All in military green, rolling with a police escort. Linda stabbed a finger on the map. "Here's the confirmed sighting. It's further upriver than we've seen him before."

"Can't see why he'd be there. No major waterways in the area, so he can't be following any salmon runs," Tony said.

"Something lured him there."

"More corporate hijinks?"

Linda's lip twitched at that comment. Last time MegaGronk, as they dubbed him, came ashore to track a nest of gulpers that Bishop Industries had decided to raise. The CRABS were their brainchild, though the US Army had taken the design to another company. "I hope not. Last thing we need is amateurs screwing everything up."

"Not like us professionals," Tony snorted.

"We have a clear mission with him. Protect, contain, and eliminate." The lead vehicle rumbled off the highway and up the ramp. The exit sign declared 'Rooster Rock State Park.' Half a dozen state patrol cars sat at the top of the ramp, as officers hauled the barriers out of the way. "I want all boaters cleared. Does the river patrol have an ETA?"

"They've not reported in, but will let you know when we got something."

"Molly's team?"

"En route, about ten minutes behind us." Tony leaned back in his seat. "And she's filed a protest with the brass about our game plan."

"Yeah, I get it. I'm not happy about it, but we have our orders. If the Science Board can come up with a better solution, I'm all ears."

The jeep hadn't come to a complete stop before Linda's boots hit the pavement. "Get the CRABS deployed and on line. Fiddler squad, I want you on roaming patrol for stray civilians. They get an escort to containment and debriefing. Recon, move out. I want eyes on the target. If he takes a crap, I want to know. All other teams hook up with your support and get ready to move out."

Affirmatives echoed over the radio band. People jogged and trotted everywhere, humping equipment and packs. One of the CRABS turbine engines whined to life. They were a marvel of technology, even Linda had to admit that. Six spindly legs, an oval body, and two large claw arms. A large windscreen across the front with four lights slung underneath, along with a red-lensed camera. Nestled in the middle of the roof sat a turreted thirty millimeter GAU-8 Avenger rotary cannon, flanked by twin ammo bins.

A breathless corporeal ran up to her. "Command tent is ready, sir!"

Field operations made do with makeshift accommodations, in this case a tarp hooked to a truck and stretched to cover the radio and a map table. "Do we have a recon report?"

"No, sir."

Linda grunted and hauled out a map of the area. "Tony, I want the CRABS deployed in the western parking lot. We'll have a clear line of sight to the beach when he breaches. They're to hold fire until my command. Have Urchin squad provide back-up."

The radio squawked.

"This is Private Williams. We've got eyes on the target." There was a pause. "Lieutenant, I think you need to see this."

"What's he doing?"

"Unknown target, sir. Repeat, unknown target sighted. It's not MegaGronk."



Linda dropped down her binoculars and swore. She was no stranger to the salmon-like gulpers, but this thing wasn't even close to their league. Sixty feet in length, four stumpy fin-legs, and an iridescent sheen on its scales. Biggest ass chinook she'd ever seen. "How long has it been like this?"

"Three hours," Tony said. "A mother and her kid reported it to the police. Not our boy."

"Thank you for the observation, Captain Obvious," she muttered. "What the hell, Molly?"

Molly quirked an eyebrow. "It's a form of *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha* judging by outward appearances. A possible evolutionary offshoot from the gulpers or perhaps a new breed that's been exposed to the same chemicals as Gronk."

"That's not helpful. Is it dangerous?"

Molly threw up her hands. "I have no idea! It's a giant salmon sleeping on a beach. Without blood and tissue samples, I can barely speculate on its origins, natural disposition, feeding preferences, spawning habits, or anything else you might want to know."

"I..."

"You what? Think we scientists have all the answers? I have shelves of information on Gronk and still not a clue on how he got that big or why he's still around. Four years of research and all I can tell you is that if you don't disturb him, he'll sleep."

"Then why is he awake now?"

"He's territorial."

"Oh crap," Linda said, turning towards monstrous salmon resting on the shore. She yanked up the radio from the corporal's hands. "I want everyone on alert. We've got a possible inbound hostile. No one, I repeat, no one will engage either creature without clear orders from me."

"There's no reason to believe that Gronk's on his way. He might be waiting for this thing to move away," Molly said, looking the river map.

"I'll have the river patrol cover a two mile stretch downstream." A distinctive throbbing had developed in her forehead. "That should give us enough time to prepare."

"Yes, sir." Her second-in-command answered.

"Tony's here?" Molly's head whipped around.

"He's operational coordinator." Linda nodded towards the tent. "Let's get some coffee and make plans in the meantime. That walking fish-fry isn't going to stay on that beach forever."



“Lieutenant? I have Captain Burles on the horn.” The communication operator held up the receiver of a field phone.

“I’ll take it here.” Linda held it up to her ear. “This is Lieutenant Merchant.”

“I have your report, Lieutenant,” said the gruff voice on the other end. “Command’s worried that this thing might get away during the cover of darkness.”

“It’s calm now. We move in, who knows what it’ll do. Our attaché suggested hitting it with a radio tag so we can track its position.”

“Too risky. I have your new orders. Engage the creature and destroy it. You have full authorization to use whatever force you deem necessary.”

“What about air or naval support? All we have is ground troops. If it hits the water, we’ve got nothing.”

“The army, navy, both state governments, and the politicians want it gone. It’s a threat to river navigation and imagine if it gets to the Bonneville Dam. Make sure it doesn’t get back into the river, Lieutenant. I expect an updated report within the hour.”

“Understood, sir.” Linda slammed the receiver back into the case. “No support. Jesus.”

“What?” Molly asked.

“How soon can you get a radio tag into that thing?”

“Fifteen minutes. Someone will need to fire it into a soft spot, like the gills or one of the fins.”

“Get going. In thirty minutes, I’m opening fire on it.”

“What?”

“Orders. I think it’s going to run and I want to make sure we have a way of tracking it.”

Molly’s face flushed red, but she turned and ran towards her car.



He settled along the bottom, eyes closed. Twice he’d risen to the surface to breathe, returning with only the barest of ripples in the water. His bill rested atop the muck ready to pick up any sign of the intruder, however faint. He ignored the things of metal and not-wood that pattered above him. Not even the strange balls bothered him, the pulses they emitted tickled his electro-sense, but did little else.

Vibrations reached him, a rhythmic pounding from up the river. He recognized they were not caused by his prey, but by the small not-fish things. They tasted bad, made strange noises, and wielded fire. The last part gave him pause for it caused pain and harm. Nothing else could match him and he meant to keep it that way.

A larger wave and signal. Strong. Full of life. Headed towards him. His webbed feet swept forward, assisted by his broad flat tail. He breached the surface and opened his bill.

“GRONK!”



“Echo Six, fire!” Linda ordered into the radio. The Avenger atop the CRAB whined as the barrels spun up, spewing out a stream of rounds. The other two members of its squad flanked the lead battleframe, illuminating the target with lasers designators. The giant fish gurgled and thrashed, as the depleted uranium rounds flattened against its scaled flesh. “Aim for the fins and gill slits. I want that thing down! TOW unit report.”

Plumes of white smoke signaled the firing of the weapon. A ball of fire erupted over the treeline indicating a strike on target. The giant salmon reared up, bubbles of slime frothing out of its mouth to spatter on the beach.

“Negative effect. Target is still mobile.”

Linda held up her binoculars and snarled. “Echo Six, deploy SABRE. Echo Two and Four will provide covering fire.”

Signal Augmented Beam Refraction Emitter; a single shot laser mounted underneath each battleframe. Experimental as hell, the weapon drained all energy and forced a reboot of the vehicle.

“Yes, sir!”

The suits scuttled forward, focusing fire on the creature as it twitched. Linda focused her binoculars on the thing's head. "Damn thing has armored eyelids."

"Must be a secondary mutation to prevent them from drying out when on land," Molly said, gasping for breath. "The tracking tag's in place."

"Good."

A buzz and hum reverberated across the park. The belly of Echo Six split open to release a metal globe on an extendable mechanical arm. A baleful orange lens glittered in the fading light of the day, pulsing and throbbing as the energy charge grew.

"We have a firing solution. SABRE shot in five seconds. Mark." Shutters snapped shut over the windscreens of the CRABS.

"All units cover their eyes." Linda turned away, pivoting Molly to join her. The egghead's explanation had put her to sleep except for the part about the beam having an effective temperature of 1,700 degrees. "No looking at the beam."

The shot payoff disappointed those unfamiliar with the process. No explosion or clap of thunder, just a brief zap like a static shock and the sharp tang of ozone. Being hit by it, that was another story.

A high-pitched wail came from the thing as it reared and flailed, swinging its tail. Picnic tables were smashed to flinders. Trash cans flipped end over end to crash through a stand of trees. A gaping black scorch mark marred its side; scales and flesh burned and charred from the beam's impact.

"It's still moving. That beam melted a tank," Molly muttered, pulling out a textbook sized electronic device. A green blob quivered near the center display. "The tracker's still in place."

"Lieutenant, the creature's retreating to the water." At the shore, the giant salmon rolled into the water, frothing and thrashing as it submerged beneath the waves.

"Evac protocol Sigma." Linda hauled Molly towards a nearby jeep. "You've been recruited by the US Army to fight giant monsters."

"I have to get samples!" Molly protested.

"Later. You've got that gizmo and I don't want to lose that oversized fish stick."

GRONK!

"Dammit! Not him. Not now," Linda snarled. "His timing stinks."

"He must have been attracted to the blood and the combat. I don't think he'll let it get away."

"Great, he solves that problem, then we solve him."

Molly glared at her. "When did you become so bloodthirsty?"

"Do you really think I want it dead? I'd have just as soon let him sleep, but I don't have a choice. Soldiers obey orders, even if they don't agree with them."

The highway tarmac whizzed by, as the driver wove in and out of traffic. Ahead, a police car cleared the path as they raced westward. On the right, the Columbia River flowed along in its normal lazy fashion, widening as it exited the Gorge. A wake rippled to disrupt the calm surface, the only presence of the fleeing creature.

"So you say." Molly turned back to the tracker, watching the pulsing blip on the green screen. She looked out the window. "It's right out there and swimming fast."

"Panic?"

"You burned it badly, so yes, in panic. Animals will do that when injured. We're lucky that it didn't lash out and attack."

"We'd have handled it." Linda looked past her cousin and frowned. Out in the water, a second wake joined in the chase. "Looks like we have company."

Molly pivoted her seat. "I don't think he'll attack until it stops. He's clever enough to keep it moving until it runs out of steam."

"How long do you think that'll take?"

"It could take hours. He won't let it get to the sea; that much I can bet on," Molly said.

"Why not? Won't chasing it out of his territory be enough?" Linda asked, half listening to the chatter on the radio.

"No. Unlike the GAMES, this isn't prey, this is competition. He won't stop until it's dead or he is."

"Great."



"The salmon's slowing down," Molly said, holding up the tracker.

The jeep bounced over the median and slewed across the lanes. Ahead, the lift span of the I-5 Bridge rose upward. A line of police cars blocked northbound traffic, lights flashing in the early evening gloom.

"Tony, give me a sit rep on the convoy," Linda barked into the radio.

"CRABS are twenty minutes behind us. The rest of the squads are inbound, ETA is five minutes."

"Tell them to break a few speed limits." She tossed the radio down. "Without support, all we can do is watch."

"Tell your driver to head over there." Molly pointed down on to Hayden Island proper. Home to the once famous Janzten Beach Amusement park, it was now taken over by a seedy mall, trailer parks, and a light industrial park on the western edge. "There's an old observation post near the train bridge."

Linda nodded at the driver who cut down an embankment, over the median, and along the sidewalk. She held on for dear life as he gunned the engine. "Mind the bumps. The board has an outpost here?"

"It's a listening station to try and find him. Not much use in the past, but it should give us an idea on what's going on underneath the water."

"I hope so, the troops are going to need all the assistance they can get."

"Linda, you can't kill him," Molly said.

"If we get rid of the giant fish, will he go back to sleep?"

The scientist sat back in the seat and furrowed her brows. "Likely. He's responding to a perceived threat if the past is any indication. What are you thinking?"

"We're gonna fry a fish."



The prey slowed as it passed between the pillars of not-rock. He gained on it, swimming harder and faster than he'd done since fleeing his mother. Webbed feet pushed the water as his tail added an extra kick with each stroke. The pursuit lasted a good long time, longer than he'd expected. To no avail. The weakening signs from his electro-sense told him now was the time to strike. To finish off the thing and feast.

He surged toward the surface.

"GRONK!"



"What do you plan on doing?" Molly asked, as she trailed behind.

"There's a main electrical trunk line running along the shore. I'm gonna drop it into the water and zap the overgrown fish," Linda said, scrambling up the scree bank to the tracks. The B&N rail line ran north to south over the Columbia over the only bridge within a hundred miles.

"You'll have to hit it directly. Do you know the odds of that happening?"

"Slim, but unless Gronk has something up his sleeve now, I'm not waiting for that thing to escape into the ocean." She paused as the sleek, furred body breached the water. The last time it had been nighttime and Linda had gotten only the barest glimpse. Even with the setting sun, she could make out all the details. The greyish duck-like bill and darker oil-slicked pelt, webbed feet and flat beaver tail that drove it forward, and then the unmistakable call.

"He's magnificent," Molly muttered under her breath.

"Has he grown? He's huge!" If she were to place a bet, it'd be that Gronk measured close to a hundred feet in length, more than double the last official estimate. "How did he double his size in four years?"

"Gronk might have been an adolescent back then. Mammals can exhibit large amounts of growth very quickly once they mature. If he's fully mature that is."

"If?!"

"Don't yell at me. He's unique and we don't have enough data to make any definitive statements on him."

Her next report to the brass was going to go over like a fart in church. "Fine. You and the corporal can help me get ready to drop the cable."

GURGLE! The salmon leapt up, tail wagging and pseudo-fins clawing at the air. Spotlights glittered off its body, reflecting and casting rainbows through the suspended water particles.

Linda admired the sight, following the surge to watch it land. "Oh crap..."

Metal bent and ripped as it crashed on the trestle of the bridge, half out of the water, scrabbling for purchase

on the concrete support pillar. Green foam frothed from its mouth, spreading on the surface, pitting and corroding the metal. Beneath it, a wake rippled across the river's surface, starting to turn in a wide loop and picking up speed.

"He's going to attack," Molly pulled out a hand-held movie camera from her bag. "I've got to get this on film."

"Change of plan. I'm going to electrify that bridge. Corporal, go find the mains and turn it off."

"Lieutenant, the squad's arriving." Two deuce-and-a-half trucks skidded to a stop and disgorged hordes of soldiers. Everyone paused at the sight, rifles held in hand like useless props.

GRONK! The giant platypus rammed into the side of the salmon, clamping on with his great bill. Bodies thrashed. Limbs flailed. Fragments of metal and wood whirled through the air. The pair fell back, caught in the wreckage.

"Get the mains attached to the rails," Linda barked.

Tony stared at her. "What the hell are you thinking?"

"Two birds with one stone."

"Linda, you were only going after the salmon," Molly protested.

"Then he needs to get the hell off the bridge."

GLUB! GLUB!

"GRONK!"



He squared off amid the wreckage, little more than a dozen feet between him and his prey. Crack! With a twist, his opponent flipped around and slapped with its massive tail. His feet scrambled to keep purchase on the slick and broken bridge, claws digging to halt his slide. They were too evenly matched. Despite the wound and the exhaustion, it fought on with the strength of desperation. It fought for survival and nothing spurred on prey more than wanting to live. He knew the feeling. He knew the cost of faltering.

"GRONK!"



"Lieutenant, the cables are hooked into the rails. We're ready to go on your mark," said the corporal.

"We've got everyone clear. Ready to go on our end," Tony reported.

"It's not going to work, Linda. There's not enough power to affect them." Molly lowered her video camera.

CRABS were blocked by traffic and it would take hours before they could be in place. "My alternative is to call in an airstrike."

Molly sighed and turned back to film the struggle.

"Okay, we'll flip the switch in thirty seconds on my mark." The second hand of her watch swept past the twelve. "Mark!"



His prey possessed a strength greater than his. He would lose this battle and be forced to secede the territory to the newcomer. His home and hideaway gone. No longer would he sleep under the warm rock and dream of the endless void. He'd give up the voices of the stars that sang him to sleep and asked him to protect the stone of life from those that would misuse its power. Give up or perish. Those were his choices now.

Then things changed.

A tingle raced along his tail, up his spine, and around his head. An invigorating rush that supercharged his muscles and burned away the fatigue. A familiar and warm sensation that he traced to behind him. The non-scaled one fed him power. How and why, he didn't know, but the result pleased him. He latched onto the flow, gulping it down in great swallows, as his life depended upon power.

Jagged bolts of static electricity zapped out, bleeding from the overflow, seeking to find an avenue of escape. The rest, he hoarded. He lunged forward, opened up his great bill, and clamped down on his prey's body.

ZAP!



“What the hell was that?” Linda peered over the hood of the jeep.

“He must be able to store up a charge like an electric eel, then discharge it down his bill. It must be another mutation on his species normal electro-static sense they use to hunt prey.” Molly scribbled in her notebook, talking as if on automatic. “This is going to turn evolutionary sciences on its head!”

“It can shoot lightning?”

“Not as much, but discharge it upon contact.” She jumped to her feet and began to walk towards the bridge. “I’ve got to see what happened.”

“Hold on, we need to make sure that the mains are disconnected.” She held her back until the engineers gave the all clear. “Urchin squad, fall in on my position, we’re going to check out the AO.”

Smoke rose from the structure, the wooden ties smoldering from the heat of the discharge. A sharp tang lingered in the air, tickling Linda’s nose. Small zaps and sparks discharged on the lines as the group moved out on the bridge. Creaks and groans accompanied each footstep, though nothing dislodged or dropped away at their movements. A gust of wind cleared the smoke to reveal a charred and blackened hulk.

“Anyone have some tartar sauce?” Tony quipped.

Linda glared at him and raised her radio. “We’ve got one dead GAME and a missing MegaGronk. All eyes on the river, I want to know if he’s active.”

Acknowledgments chattered back at her.

“I need to get samples for the lab. Blood, flesh, scales, whatever I can,” Molly said. “We’ll need a crane and barge to lift the carcass off.”

“Molly, he’s still out there. Everyone, we’re pulling out.”

“But...” Molly protested.

“No buts. I’m not risking your life. Your dead fish can wait.”

The radio crackled to life. “Lieutenant. We’ve got a sighting, one hundred yards west of your position.”

A familiar furred shape swam lazily along the surface. “Where’s he going and what does he have in his mouth?”

“I don’t know. His kind aren’t found in salt water, but there’s so much we don’t know about him,” Molly said. “He doesn’t look hurt.”

“Looks like a big rock,” Tony added. “Some sort of memento?”

“He’s not intelligent. Something to add to his burrow?”

Molly lowered her binoculars. “Are you going to chase him?”

“No. He’s got too big a lead and the thing that caused him to wake up is dead.” Linda sighed and began to form the official report in her head. “I want the AO secured, no one in without official permission from me or a written order from command. Move it!”

Molly gave a final look to the west. “He’ll be back.”

“How can you be sure?”

“I just know. We’re entering a new era.” She looked over at the smoldering corpse. “What other monsters are out there?”



He needed a new home. One that offered better protection, privacy, and space. His home waters were no longer large enough to contain him. Only the great vastness to the west held that promise and he would find a new place. The stone of life would come with him and be the centerpiece of his new lair. It sang and showed him the future as he swam to the west. He would return here. This was his true home and it would require his protection. He lifted his bill and swallowed, keeping his treasure safe for now.

“GRONK!”



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