

SAINT PATRICK VS. GODZILLA

CHAPTER 1:

THE THREAT FROM BEYOND THE ROOM

PROFESSOR LOLLIPOP could not understand why no one would take him seriously. Here he was, Japan's top scientist, presenting important research at the Big Science National Symposium, and none of his colleagues appreciated what he had discovered. "In conclusion," he concluded, "The islands of Japan and Ireland were once a single continent, split apart by an unimaginable force. And the residual power of that cataclysm remains locked beneath the earth like the layer of mustard within this corned beef sandwich!" He jabbed the sandwich at the audience for emphasis, only to have a fleck of mustard fly out and strike him in the eye.

"Why that's absurd, Professor," a scientist in the front row shouted at him. "It's crazier than your theory that turtle-monster Gamera was created by the people of ancient Atlantis, rather than descended from prehistoric petroleum-consuming fire-breathing reptiles as we know him to be! Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!"

The professor could only step away from the podium and wipe the mustard from his eyeball. The ridicule of his peers was more painful than any eye-searing mustard, even of the spicy brown variety, could possibly be.

Meanwhile, in the back of the room, two agents of the Special Science Patrol regarded the professor's antics with detached ignorance. The first to speak was Gary Tananaka, top and handsomest SSP agent. "The professor got himself

into hot water again, much like the time we had to rescue him from the boiling lava pit of the subterraneoids during the Case of the Missing Mole People. His great intellect is matched by an incredible tendency to blunder into inconvenient trouble." *Not unlike a certain junior agent of the Special Science Patrol*, Tananaka thought to himself but did not say.

AS FAR AS TANANAKA WAS CONCERNED, THE BOY HAD THE PERSONALITY OF A HADDOCK.

"What certain agent of the Special Science Patrol?" asked Tananaka's partner, because it turned out Tananaka had spoken his thought out loud after all. *I have to stop doing that*, thought Tananaka, adding aloud, "Did I

say that out loud as well?"

"Say what out loud?" queried SSP agent Jimmy Jacko, who was Tananaka's partner and a constant source of irritation. Jimmy was just ten years old, making him the youngest SSP agent by far, and though he was credited as a boy genius and had invented more than thirty-five different giant robots, as far as Tananaka was concerned the boy was an obnoxious clod with the personality of a haddock.

It was beyond Tananaka's comprehension why this boy, whose 35 robots had each exploded in massive balls of flames just minutes after being created, was permitted to be an SSP agent at all, let alone go on dangerous missions where he inevitably stumbled into some death trap that complicated everything tremendously.

As Tananaka contemplated drawing his electro-pistol and administering a severe electric charge to his partner, the room was shaken by a loud explosion.

"Ahh!" Cried Jimmy. "Gary, look there!"

"Yes, Jimmy," answered Tananaka, "There's a collapsed wall and a huge plume of smoke directly in front of us. There's no need to direct my attention to it. Obviously I'm going to look there."

The far wall of the auditorium had been blasted to rubble, and through the opening pored a half-dozen men wearing matching purple jumpsuits, black fedoras, and dark sunglasses.

IT WAS THE PURPLE SPIDERS GANG. "It's the Purple Spiders gang!" shouted Jimmy, unnecessarily.

Tananaka gave Jimmy a stern warning: "Stay back, Jimmy, and don't..." but it was too late. In the sixty seconds it had taken Tananaka to don his radio helmet, snap the chinstrap into place, and properly knot the jaunty cravat which completed the standard uniform of the Special Science Patrol, Jimmy had blundered right into the Purple Spiders. The irritating boy was now hanging by his ankles from the ceiling with a time bomb strapped to his chest.

"Stay back, or the boy will be blown to bits," threatened Scar Brow, leader of the Purple Spiders. He raised his cigarette holder to his lips and took a deep drag from the cigarette that smoldered evilly but elegantly at its tip. "Heh heh heh heh," he chuckled, satisfied by the smooth flavor of cowboy-harvested American tobacco.

Tananaka wished he could think of a way to ask Scar Brow where he'd purchased the cigarette holder. He wondered if it was standard issue for Purple Spider agents. *Their uniforms are so much more stylish than ours,* Tananaka mused, glumly.

"Don't worry about me, Gary!" shouted Jimmy Jacko, uselessly, from his vantage point above the fray.

"You know, that boy is one of our top agents," Tananaka said to Scar Brow. "He's a boy genius. If we lost him, I don't know what we'd do. Now about that cigarette holder you have there..."

But then Scar Brow dropped a smoke grenade, filling the area with oddly-hued plumes that enabled the criminals to make their getaway.

CHAPTER 2: THE MULTI-TENTACLED MENACE

LATER, AT SSP HEADQUARTERS, Gary Tananaka approached the reception desk, where the SSP's only female agent Mitzy Mitshushi was in the midst of her critical duties, mainly answering the phone and light typing.

Putting on his most charming face, Tananaka leaned over her desk like a crane eager to find a plump frog in a marsh. "Come on, baby," he said to her. "Let's flirt a bit, why not?"

"Our ancient traditions of emotional suppression have sustained us through centuries of turmoil. It would be foolish to cast aside the honorable cultural norms of our ancestors simply because of the modern fad for western-style frankness," she replied succinctly. "Also, I find it confusing that you spend so much time with that boy Jimmy Jacko."

"But let me tell you about this elegant cigarette holder I'm thinking of buying—"

Tananaka's retort was interrupted by the bellowing of Commander Arigato. "Tananaka! Get back in here immediately!" As Mitshushi watched the gangly Tananaka scramble pathetically down the hall, she thought, *When will I find the courage to tell him how much I love him?*

MEANWHILE, DEEP BENEATH THE SEA OF JAPAN, King Mollusk paced in his throne room, his tentacled face furrowed in frustration. For how long had he desired to conquer the surface world and resurrect his lost aquatic race from their slumber underneath the waves? Several years, probably. Yet his every move was frustrated by the air-breathers.

"Fools!" he shouted. "Where is my chief scientist? King Mollusk demands results."

The craven Doctor Shiver stumbled into the chamber. "Here sire! I am happy to say that we

have identified the substance that our agents retrieved from Professor Lollipop."

"And?"

"To be specific, it is a partially-consumed corned beef sandwich."

"WHAT?"

"With, er, mustard Sire."

"Curse the Special Science Patrol! Those clever devils! They encoded his data in the form of an edible matrix of organic matter!"

"Yes, sire, that's the only possible explanation."

"I want that sandwich taken apart molecule by molecule! You must break the code of the corned beef!"

"Certainly sire." Dr. Shiver began to back out of the room.

"Wait!"

"Yes, sire?"

"The Special Science Patrol is bound to confer with the Professor. They may try to acquire the hidden source of power he has discovered that we are also attempting to locate."

The grotesque sea monster stroked his face-tentacles in a disgusting gesture of deep thought.

"Sire?"

"Heh heh heh. Heh heh heh heh heh heh." King Mollusk's eerie chuckle caused the blubber around his throat to quiver.

"Heh heh heh..." laughed Dr. Shiver, cautiously, and then with more conviction. "Heh heh heh heh..."

"Heh heh heh heh heh heh heh heh!"

"Heh heh heh..."

"All right, stop," blurted King Mollusk. "You're making me uncomfortable."

"Sorry, sire."

"Keep the Special Science Patrol under observation. Follow them and they will lead us right to the hidden treasure we seek. The fools!"

"Heh heh heh heh..." Dr. Shiver took the opportunity to stroke his beard as he laughed.

"Stop laughing! I'm not through yet."

"I'm sorry, my liege."

"Now...we'll need to keep the bulk of the Science Patrol distracted. And I have just the distraction we need...yes..."

"Sire?"

"Yes, quite a large distraction in fact. A large distraction indeed."

"Excellent, sire."

"You will understand what I mean when I tell you, this particular distraction is quite...big."

"A fine choice, sire."

"One might say it is...monstrous."

"It's Godzilla, isn't it, sire?"

"Eh?"

"I mean, we have to be talking about Godzilla, right?"

"Fine! It's Godzilla! What else would I be talking about? God forbid we waste any time enjoying the moment. Of course Godzilla! Now go! Unleash Godzilla, idiot!"

"THEIR CUSTOMS OF
JIG-DANCING, CLAY PIPE
SMOKING, AND WHISKY-
DRINKING MAY SEEM
STRANGE TO US."

GARY TANANAKA AND JIMMY JACKO

clambered out of the hyperjet cockpit and leapt to the ground, landing with dramatic grunts of heroic effort.

"We made it," Jimmy exclaimed. "I can't believe it takes a whole 45 minutes to fly from Japan to Ireland!"

"That's the best that the technology of 1974 Japan can do, Jimmy," Tananaka responded, regarding the grassy, soddy field in which they had landed, but unable to see very much because it was night time. He made a motion to shake the mud of his Special Science Patrol boots, then gave up, because as far as he could tell, this place was all mud.

"Gosh, this country of Ireland sure is strange," Jimmy added. "Where is everybody?"

"This is a simple land of farmers and sheep-herders, Jimmy," explained Tananaka. "Their unassuming customs of jig-dancing, clay pipe

smoking, and whiskey drinking may seem strange to us, but we mustn't feel superior just because we have electricity and running water." Tananaka swatted at some type of fly that buzzed near his left earlobe. "Anyway, I expect most of the population is attending the festival of Saint Patrick. They're probably all at his temple making offerings."

"Gary, look! Someone's coming! It must be our contact."

The stranger, once he was close enough to be observed in the dim moonlight filtering through the thick clouds, proved to be a man of average height, dressed in the uniform of the Special Science Patrol Irish Branch: green breeches, buckle shoes, flat tweed cap, wool sweater, and a shamrock-shaped identification badge. He gripped a tall walking staff in one hand and in the other carried a long clay pipe from which a miasma of tobacco smoke drifted. Tananaka indicated the pipe to Jimmy with a sidelong glance, and the two nodded knowingly.

CHAPTER 3: THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

"GARY TANANAKA, SPECIAL SCIENCE PATROL, Japan Branch." He saluted and then held out his hand, wondering suddenly if hand-shaking was the custom in this foreign land.

But the stranger, placing his pipe between his teeth, gripped Tananaka's hand and shook it enthusiastically. "Top O' the mornin' to ye lads!" He exclaimed. "Me name's Seamus O'Shaughnassy, liaison officer for the Special Science Patrol, Irish branch! Saints preserve us but I had a divvil of a time calm'n' down ol' farmer O'Malley when he cast his eye on yer big metal bird there, landin' in his potato field like the tree of St. Brigit. Off his nut, he was, raisin' a ruckus like to be heard from here to Dublin'. Though 'tis likely it was jest the Arthur Guinness talkin' "

Tananaka eventually extricated his hand from the Irishman's grip. "Er...yes...well...we appreciated you meeting us on short notice."

"Tis nothin' " O'Shaughnassy bellowed. "An' who be this wee leprechaun you have with ye, then?"

Tananaka groped for the phrases he had prepared for this situation: *He's just a mentally disturbed boy who follows me around for some reason. Please don't talk to him. This is part of his therapy.* But as always, the irritating child was too quick to respond.

"Jimmy Jacko, sir. Honorary junior agent of the Special Science Patrol. Pleased to meet you."

"Aye, sure an ya are boyo! Such a t'ing, a wee bairn like yersself, raisin' yer fists agin' evil like ye was yer man Jack Dempsey! A burra wurra brah do de didey dooly doo..."

As O'Shaughnessy's dialog trailed into an incomprehensible string of gibberish, Tananaka found himself wondering what language they'd all been speaking. It seemed unlikely that the Irishman knew how to speak Japanese, and he and Jimmy certainly didn't know how to speak Irish. *Is Irish even a language, Tananaka wondered? Or is it just another version of English?* Which didn't matter, since neither he nor Jimmy could speak English either.

"So," Tananaka interrupted, causing O'Shaughnassy to cease the high-stepping jig he'd inexplicably started, "Can you help us locate the spot on this map?" He snapped his fingers at Jimmy, who stared back at him blankly. "That means give me the map," he hissed.

"Lucky for us," Jimmy told O'Shaughnassy as he handed him the document, "The professor absentmindedly placed the map in his lunchbox and his lunch in his briefcase!"

"Boondock saints preserve us, ye sure have the luck o' the Irish wi' ye, laddie," O'Shaughnassy answered. "Fer it's sure as a the skin on a potato that I ken just where this spot be. Mother McCree, 'tis not far, but, a mere tiddle across Fagan's glen."

"What luck!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Can you take us there now?"

"Aye, boyo, and faster than you could say 'Who put their trousers in Missus Murphy's chowder?! But first allow me ta freshen up with this bar of Irish Spring. It's a soap strong enuff fer a man, though me wife admits that she likes it too. Now how's about I regale ye's wit' th' tale o' how the McGillicutty brudders got some Arthurs in 'em and old man Fagan..."

"Tell us while we walk," Tananaka interrupted, slapping Jimmy on the back of the head to snap his attention away from the Irishman's monolog.

BACK AT THE HEADQUARTERS of the Special Science Patrol, Commander Arigato looked up from his desk as agent Mitzy Mitshushi entered.

"Thank you," said Commander Arigato as the young woman handed him his afternoon tea.

"Commander, any word from Agents Tananaka and Jacko, who are on a remote mission at the island nation of Ireland attempting to locate the area calculated on the professor's map?"

"They must find the ancient source of power identified by Professor Lollipop before our enemy King Mollusk gets hold of it," answered the commander. "But we both know these things already. There was no reason to say them. No, I have not heard from them." He took a sip of his tea.

"They may be in danger. How I wish I could have gone with them on their mission," said Mitshushi. "After all, I too an a trained agent of the Special Science Patrol."

"You?" the Commander replied. "That is absurd, you are only a girl. The thought is comical to me. Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha." The Commander's jolly laughter resembled the gasps of a robot being asphyxiated by an anaconda. "Silence," he added. "The weather forecast is on television. I have plans this weekend."

"... clear skies and warm temperatures tomorrow for Tokyo and the surrounding areas," the announcer was saying. He shuffled his stack of papers. "And now for the monster forecast. Well, with Mothra still in hibernation, and King Ghidorah not seen since his disappearance at the hands of the Futurions, there are no monstrous threats in the vicinity..." suddenly the announcer raised a hand to his earpiece, and his flat expression changed to one of bug-eyed anxiety. "Ladies and gentleman! I've just been given a late bulletin! Observers report that...can I get a confirmation...approaching Tokyo Bay at this very moment... none other than the terrifying Godzilla, King of Monsters!"

"Oh!" gasped Mitshushi.

"To repeat for those who may have gasped," the announcer continued, "Tokyo is under imminent threat of Godzilla attack! And we can confirm that this is not Mechagodzilla nor Space Godzilla, but the original Godzilla himself! All citizens of Tokyo prefecture are advised to implement preparations to run for their lives."

"This is most disturbing," the Commander declared.

**"OH!" GASPED
MITSHUSHI.**

CHAPTER 4: CLASH OF THE ICONS OUT IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, The awful truth was true.

Godzilla, the King of Monsters, was on the move.

It had been ages since the great beast was roused from his home beneath the sea, and the enormous gargantua could hardly decide what to do first. He spotted a small fishing vessel which was tossed in the tsunami-like waves created by the enormous reptile's passage. To Godzilla, the boat seemed no more than a small plastic model bobbing in a tub of water.

"Erraaarraaarreeeeehahhhhaaaa!" the monster roared, tickled at the idea that he was actually normal-sized and everything around him was tiny.

He was in such good humor that he swallowed the boat whole without first snapping it in two.

MEANWHILE, Gary Tananaka and Jimmy Jacko, boy genius, once again clambered out of the hyperjet, this time placing their feet on the familiar, well-organized soil of the nation of Japan. "Gary," said Jimmy, "Where is everyone? The landing field is deserted!"

"Yes," said Tananaka, "Something's not right. Well, no matter. It's after five and I'm going home for the day, you just go do whatever it is you do when--"

"OOOOH!!! Gary, look!"

"What is it? Probably nothing important, tell me about it tomorrow." *I think there's a shop near here that might sell the same kind of cigarette holder that Scar Brow was using...*

Tananaka's ruminations were interrupted by an earth-shaking roar that nearly knocked the duo off their feet. With no other choice, Tananaka turned to view the direction in which the boy was still pointing. And there, against the Tokyo skyline, he saw the great atomic lizard himself, Godzilla, King of Monsters, leaning casually against a skyscraper and picking his teeth with the broadcast antenna of a nearby television station.

"King Mollusk must have released him from beneath the sea, Gary! Remember Scar Brow alluded to a 'giant surprise' when he ambushed us at the lost Tomb of Saint Patrick?"

"Yes, Jimmy. Interesting. Well, I supposed the hyperjet has enough fuel left to carry one of us to a safe distance..."

"If only..." Jimmy mumbled. "Gary, that's it! It's the perfect time to use this!" Jimmy presented to Tananaka a gnarled, crooked, wooden walking stick.

"Jimmy..."

"The beta-shillelagh! The ancient cudgel of Saint Patrick himself! The leprechauns said it contains ancient power!"

"Jimmy, those drunk leprechauns were crazy. You can't go around believing diminutive freaks who live underground. Didn't you learn anything from the Case of the Missing Mole People last month?"

Jimmy pushed the shillelagh into Tananaka's hands. "We've got to try it! But how to activate its power..."

Tananaka regarded the gnarled club. *Maybe a rap across the mouth would shut this kid up.*

"I need to eat something to help me think," Jimmy said.

"Luckily I have still have part of the professor's extra corned beef sandwich—the same one that convinced the leprechauns we were on their side."

"Yes, yes, leprechauns, I was there," Tananaka answered. "Jimmy, you're blocking the ladder to the hyperjet cockpit." Off in the distance, Godzilla flicked his tail, wiping out three all-night noodle shops.

"Do you want a bite of my sandwich, Gary?"

"Get that horrible thing out of my face," Tananaka cried. He waved the shillelagh.

The corned beef sandwich struck the ancient sacred wood.

There was a sudden flash of blinding, eldritch green light.

ELSEWHERE, COMMANDER ARIGATO AND agent Mitshushi watched the tele-screen silently as the great monster Godzilla swatted a trio of jet fighters out of the air, much in the way that a normal-sized bipedal lizard might swat away three tiny but extremely detailed model airplanes.

The Commander sighed. "Our entire defense force is oriented towards protecting Japan from giant monsters," he said. "And they fail every time. Even Godzilla himself looks bored."

"Oh, Commander, shouldn't the Special Science Patrol be helping?"

**"GET THAT HORRIBLE
THING OUT OF MY FACE,"
TANANAKA CRIED.**

"We are helping," the Commander growled to her. "Somebody has to test this monster-proof bunker. I'll stay here, five miles underground, during the entire crisis if that's what it takes to prove the superiority of Japanese engineering and construction."

"Commander, look at that!"

"I'm already looking at the screen, Mitshushi, there's really nothing else to look at in this room—AWHAAAAAH?!"

An unbelievable tableau was unfolding, an event literally twice as unbelievable as a giant atomic-powered mutant reptile. For now a second titanic figure had appeared on the scene.

IT HAD THE FORM OF A MAN, a humanoid giant dressed in green robes, with a long gray beard and carrying a wooden cudgel. On his tunic was a green shamrock edged in gold.

"Commander," Mitshushi said, interrupting the stunned silence, "This is f*kin' nuts, right?"

"I can hardly believe my eyes," the Commander whispered. Godzilla released his trademark bellow, and beat his reptilian fists against his chest in challenge. The green-clad stranger brandished his cudgel in a defensive posture.

"Who is that?" Mitshushi asked. "A roboclone of Metamorphic Monster M? A disguised version of Illusiotron the Invisible? Mothra?"

"That's Saint Patrick!" The new voice belonged to Jimmy Jacko, who apparently had entered the room at some point. "The power of Saint Patrick, unleashed from the beta-shillelagh, has possessed Gary Tananaka!"

"Tananaka?" the Commander bellowed. "That lazy, incompetent boob?" He fumbled in his pocket for the map to the secret sub-bunker, hidden miles beneath this one, that only he knew about.

CHAPTER 5

SHAMROCK SHAKEDOWN

"LOOK!" MITSHUSHI CRIED.

The two behemoths moved towards each other, with ponderous steps so loud that they shattered what few windows hadn't already been shattered. This would be a bonanza week for the glass repair industry. Godzilla lunged forward, eyes yellow with rage, snapping at Saint Patrick with teeth as long as several men standing on each other's shoulders. But the humongous Saint swung his cudgel, swatting the great reptile like a woman beating the dust out of a carpet on a clothesline because her husband was too cheap to buy a vacuum cleaner.

Godzilla staggered backwards, his tail knocking down a hospital, a children's hospital, and a hospital for puppies. Opening his mighty maw, the King of Monsters called forth his famous Atomic Breath, unleashing a hellstorm of nuclear energy that erupted onto Saint Patrick like a waterspout of destruction.

The great Saint fell to his knees.

Back in the science bunker, the commander groaned, "I knew it. Ancient power or not, Tananaka is making a mess of things."

"His mind is overwhelmed by the power of Saint Patrick," Jimmy explained. "He needs my help—with this!" The boy genius waved a ragged, stained and dirty cloth in the air.

"Nobody's interested in a schoolboy's underwear, Jimmy," Mitshushi sighed. "This isn't one of those clubs in Osaka."

"It's not underwear! It's a tapestry fragment with instructions on how to use the power of St. Patrick. I translated it on the flight back." He sat in front of a communications panel which had been in a corner of the room this whole time but didn't bear mentioning until now. "I'll broadcast to Gary's Special Science Patrol communicator; he just may hear me."

"Sure, kid whatever," the commander replied. "Agent Mitshushi, there's room for two in the escape vehicle ..."

"Giant Saint Patrick!" shouted Jimmy into what was probably a microphone.

Saint Patrick had been lying on the ground as Godzilla rained curiously human-looking punches upon him. Then the huge mutant lizard stepped back, reached for the trestle of a nearby elevated train, ripped the metal structure out of its concrete mooring and began shaping it into a sort of hammer.

Saint Patrick sat up, his expression changing from confusion to slightly less confusion.

"Giant Saint Patrick," Jimmy commanded, "Use Shamrock Shuriken maneuver!"

Saint Patrick leapt to his feet. With a series of wrist flicks, he threw a number of glowing projectiles towards Godzilla. Each was shaped like a three-leafed clover, and when they struck the great lizard's hide they erupted in a shower of green sparks that knocked the mutant reptile backwards, crushing a convent and a home for the blind.

"Good, Giant Saint Patrick!" Jimmy was saying. "Now, activate flaming shillelagh!"

The humungous Saint raised his wooden cudgel before him. Suddenly it erupted in scratchy red flames, which surged forward as Godzilla regained his footing. With a roar that burst the eardrums of several dozen schoolchildren hiding nearby, Godzilla retreated from the spout of fire.

"Jimmy," the Commander said, "Tell Giant Saint Patrick to run away. You know, lead Godzilla back to the sea or something." *I'm grasping at straws*, the Commander was thinking. *My years at the academy of giant monster defense tactics never prepared me for this.*

But then Godzilla suddenly spun to the side, his mighty tail whipping around, pulling down a grove of thousand-year old endangered cherry trees,

and slammed into Saint Patrick's legs. The colossal bishop of Ireland tumbled to the ground. Godzilla pressed his advantage, swinging one mighty leg backwards and kicking Saint Patrick in the kidney. The gigantic saint rolled away, crushing a warehouse of emergency medical supplies and a clinic for depressed kittens.

THE COLOSSAL BISHOP
OF IRELAND TUMBLED TO
THE GROUND.

"Give me that microphone," demanded Commander Arigato. "I'm telling Tananaka to let Godzilla eat him. Maybe the monster will be satisfied and go back where he came from."

"There's one more chance," Jimmy said.

"Giant Saint Patrick!"

"I don't think you need to say his name every time," Mitshushi noted. "I mean, he knows who he is."

"Giant Saint Patrick! Implement... the Anti-Serpent Technique!"

GODZILLA REARED his fearsome head back, preparing to unleash another bout of atomic flame. The incongruous jagged fins on his back crackled with energy. Saint Patrick pushed himself onto one knee. He bowed his head and clasped his hands together.

"He's giving up," the Commander shouted. "This is just the kind of thing that makes it impossible for the Special Science Patrol to get any funding."

"No, commander," Mitshushi responded. "Look what's happening to Godzilla!"

The King of Monsters seemed puzzled, to the degree that a face with the consistency of thick rubber might be said to have an expression. Saint Patrick remained in his kneeling pose, and now a faint green glow was enveloping him.

"Of course," Mitshushi exclaimed.

GODZILLA TOOK A STEP BACKWARDS, seemingly trying to resist some invisible force. Saint Patrick stood, spreading his arms wide, and Godzilla

staggered backwards again, this time crushing an ambulance and a circus wagon full of clowns.

"What's happening?" the Commander asked.

"Saint Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland," said Mitshushi. "He has the power to repel reptiles. And Godzilla..."

"...is part reptile," the Commander finished. "Of course! It's so blindingly logical!"

Step by home-destroying, life-ending, infrastructure-shattering step, Godzilla was forced towards the waters of Tokyo bay. In the end the monster seemed resigned to the outcome. With an anticlimactic shrug, Godzilla turned to face the ocean and began the long walk to his undersea domain.

"Good work, Giant Saint Patrick! Giant Saint Patrick?" Jimmy's voice trailed off in confusion. For the tele-screen now showed no sign of either of the two titanic combatants. All that was visible was the incomprehensible loss of life and property left behind by the clash of gigantic forces beyond the ken of man.

"Thank god that's over and that I sold my Tokyo condominium last week," the Commander sighed.

EPILOG

Gary Tananaka opened his eyes to find himself sitting on a pier in Tokyo bay. There were plumes of smoke everywhere, sirens wailing, and the overpowering scent of burning wood, scorched asphalt and overturned aquariums. His Special Science Patrol communicator was beeping like an angry sea urchin. He stood up, brushing dirt from his uniform, and flexed his aching shoulders. His foot tapped against something, some sort of gnarled branch of wood. Tananaka picked it up, turned it over in his hands, and then tossed it out into the ocean. *That does it*, he thought. *I'm quitting the Special Science Patrol and going to work at my uncle's glass and roofing repair business.*

written by Rick Chillot