

Creative writing: godzilla in japan

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Some time ago, on the Asian island of Japan, a great terror arose from the Pacific... On board the Japanese submarine Yamitsu... Captain! calls a man posted at a radar station. Come quick! Look! The captain peers at the dimly lit bleeping screen, My god! Ive never seen such an enormous transfluxual pull on the surface of the ocean! Then all of a sudden the Yamitsu and its valiant crew were plucked out the ocean and rose high into the air. Then, with extreme violent force, the Yamitsu was split in two by an unseen monstrosity. The crew was flung into the ocean, screaming, never to be seen again. At the Tokyo Center For Naval Training... Excuse me sir, calls a professor running down a narrow corridor to catch up to one of his superiors. Could I have a word with you? We seem to have lost contact with the Yamitsu and her crew. Things were running smoothly until about half an hour ago when the detected.... when.... when they detected a transfluxual distortion of tremendous proportion, he said worriedly. What was it caused by? asked the commander perplexed.

A distortion this big could only have been caused by, he paused, well...a distortion this big could have only been caused by Godzilla. The commander gasped in shock. Was there any visual contact established? he asked. No sir, but our indications lead us to believe that the only possibly cause could only be Godzilla based only the fact that the distortion was so big. Very well. It is imperative that we establish visual contact before we take this whole thing way to far. Tell the pilot to determine his course, if he is headed for Tokyo we must take necessary actions. At once sir. 45 minutes later on board a navy helicopter above the Pacific Ocean... Good lord! It is Godzilla! I never believed I would see him again! Tokyo is doomed! The city of Tokyo was

prepared for such an attack. Godzilla had repeatedly bashed the city time and time again for many years. The city was evacuated as soon as it was known that Godzilla was headed towards the city and the military forces massed along the coastline where he would arrive. Hopes were high that Godzilla would be killed and stopped forever. The experimental Super X was in its final stages of testing and would be implemented if necessary. The soldiers grew more and more afraid as the time came of Godzillas arrival, they feared for they lives, but they knew that he must be stopped, no matter what the cost.

Time passed and the men grew weary. They stood their guard scouring the shore for first site of the monster. Then, with horrific volume, Godzilla growls could be heard through the haze. The sound bellowed through the silent city, and out into the countryside. The time had come for the war against Godzilla.

The soldiers, in many rows, must have numbered into the hundred thousands. They manned their battle stations and prepared themselves for the onslaught. As Godzilla came into firing range the site was blazing with explosions and alive with noise. They bombed on Godzilla with all they had, unloading tons of missiles and bullets. They attacked from the ground by tanks and rocket launchers, and by air with war planes. There efforts were futile. Godzilla, barely slowed by the assault, unleashed his raw energy upon anything standing in his way. The soldiers watched him climb onto the land and out of the ocean. They quivered with fear, for they knew their fate. As Godzilla passed through the lines of men and artillery they were crushed

under his feet. He kept walking, on to Tokyo. As he moved toward the city the general knew what must be done. Prepare the Super X. We must save the city! This is our last line of defense!

The Super X, a compact hovercraft, was small but very lethal. Laced with heavy armor and apocalyptic weaponry its sole purpose of construction was to defeat Godzilla, once and for all. The Super X was fired up and slowly headed toward Godzilla. The two pilots had the weight of the Tokyo resting on their shoulders, it was up to them. As they prepared to attack Godzilla didnt even notice them. They armed a dozen protoplasmic missiles and fired them directly at him. The monster growled in pain and swayed. The missiles impacted him severely. Godzilla stared at the small machine. Then, with plenty of ammo left, they armed themselves again. Endomorphine missiles, to slow him down, were fired, and again they hit the already stunned monster. The Super X was really damaging him. Now they would go in for the kill.

The Super X was ready to kill Godzilla. He was stunned and swayed back and forth, looking around lazily. The pilot armed the nuclear tipped superergonomic missiles. With his finger pressing down on the button he knew he was going to be the one to save Tokyo, and kill Godzilla. The city of Tokyo had no mercy for him, and the missiles were fired. The missiles impacted and exploded with such violent force as I have ever seen. Godzilla did not fall right away. He stood swaying, trying to stay up, but his efforts failed. He fell to the ground and everyone knew that that was the last of Godzilla.