

# **I Am Kill Monsters - Giant Monsters**

## *Act 1/3*

Glass fell indistinguishable from the rain. Shards splintered across the street, the sound drowned out by the rainfall. McCoy's head was raised, his arms only rising in reflex to the falling glass. Standing as tall as the skyscrapers all around was the monster that had begun this destruction. One long, slender arm raised high over its head like a powerful hammer.

When it came down it took a chunk of the roof with it. The ceiling of the top floor caved in and McCoy hoped nobody was still inside. The monster, standing on similar long slender legs began to walk. Its circular head, with its one eye and crooked, spiked teeth, observed the skyline.

Loud thuds drowned out the rest of the sound. The ground trembled under the footfalls of the beast. It didn't seem to register that there were things below it. The monster merely attacked one building and then another, like it was on a quest for something specific.

McCoy motioned across the street as the monster began to attack another building. The building that had just been attacked had been evacuated. Hopefully they hadn't missed anyone. The group of people that hid near the doorway looked from the monster then to him and hesitantly, but eventually, began to run across the street to be led away by other soldiers.

The operation so far had been something from a nightmare. His unit, alongside a dozen others had been deployed to the city but were told only to evacuate citizens. His superiors had informed him that their plan for the monster was not to throw their military at it. McCoy feared a nuclear strike but he'd been told of no such thing. Frantic rumors had spread among the troops. Every second that passed agitated them more, made them anxious and hurried to get out of the city.

"Sir!" shouted a nearby soldier and McCoy looked over, "what is that?" He pointed up toward one of the skyscrapers and McCoy pulled his binoculars up to see. At the top of the skyscraper was a figure, standing in the rain, details obscured among the raindrops that littered the glass.

"A person." McCoy turned as the monster did. The monster and the figure faced each other.

"They're gonna get themselves killed!" Another soldier had joined them. The figure began to back up as the monster approached. Were they going to run? Where could they run to now?

"I thought we already cleared that building," McCoy shouted over the rain.

"We did," the first soldier said. A moment later the figure began to run toward the edge of the building. Toward the monster.

The soldiers had no more words, McCoy could only stare at what came next. The figure raised a hand overhead, brandishing something in their hand, jumped and collided with the eye of the beast. The monster turned, letting out a guttural roar. The next time McCoy could see its face the figure had disappeared, replaced by a large red slit across the monster's eye.

Had they been thrown off? McCoy began to search for any broken windows, for a figure crumpled on the streets, or any sign of them.

A soldier shouted and McCoy looked back to the monster to see the eye fall from its head to the street below, it roared as it fell. Backwards into another building, caving it in until the monster sat up in the remains, back supported by the far wall.

McCoy ran toward the monster. Whatever the figure had been, they'd cut through the eye. There was no sign of their exit so he could only conclude that they were still inside. The monster roared and writhed and by the time McCoy got there it had fallen still and silent. Dead.

Seconds later the figure, dyed venetian, exited the empty socket, rolling down the torso of the beast and stopping atop its thigh. McCoy watched as the figure collected themselves. Sitting up, gasping, and wiping the blood from their face, the figure turned toward McCoy and their eyes met.

A young woman with thin lips and green eyes stared back at him, the color of her skin and hair cloaked with blood, her clothes hidden underneath a plastic poncho used to keep the rain off.

She began to climb down the monster, her right hand gripping a machete and she landed before McCoy, half a dozen feet separating them.

"What are you?" McCoy found himself suddenly saying.

She met his eyes again, her own unsure, searching his face for a moment before she responded.

"I am Kill Monsters."

Act 2/3

Alan Salazar was the Ambassador of monsters: a strong man in a suit who had squared shoulders, giving him both an air of confidence and intimidation. Before him was a massive hole, leading into the crust of the planet. Beyond that was the home of one particular species of monsters.

"The Cyclops are antsy," he said as he turned his head to look at the approaching girl. She had changed, as he had requested, and dressed casually with boots, jeans, and a t-shirt. There was also a mechanical device worn on each hand, starting from the wrist and extending to cover the knuckles. Little protrusions stuck out on each side of the wrist, and across her palms were tiny pads for her fingers to rest on. She was soaked with rain, as was Alan, with blonde hair stuck to her face and neck.

Behind her were others, people that Alan hadn't expected. A squad of soldiers, looking tense and terrified, followed after her.

"Who are these people?" Alan turned to face them, scanning each one of them, trying to make out their details behind their military uniforms and equipment.

"Captain McCoy," said the man leading the group. Alan ignored him.

"They followed me," the girl said.

"*Stand down soldiers. The Cyclops won't like this.*" "Kayme you need to call ahead when you're being followed." Alan would have to report this when he got back to the facility.

Project Kill Monsters - Kayme for short - was an average looking girl. Her default expression seemed to be one of wary curiosity. Alan had noticed this since they'd first arrived in the city for the mission. He couldn't blame her. It was both her first mission and her first time outside of the facility.

"They look like the guards at home," she said. Kayme turned to look at the soldiers. It was true, their uniforms were similar. However the colors and insignias were different.

Captain McCoy spoke up. "Look, it's my job to protect people. So I need to know what the hell is going on. What was that monster? And what the hell is this hole?" He had a strong voice, demanding respect and asserting authority.

Alan met his eyes. "Cyclops. They live underground. We're here to find out why they attacked the city. You and your boys can return to base."

"No. If there are more of those monsters down there, then we're going in. We can't let any more people die."

"It's not that simple." Alan turned back toward the hole. "The Cyclops live peacefully. What happened here is the first event like this in recorded history. We're not bringing in guns to cause genocide. From here on out, it's all politics."

"Politics?" Captain McCoy didn't look like a trigger happy soldier, but he was starting to sound like it. Alan had seen this reaction before, among soldiers who believed they knew what was right and that the only answer was genocide. "You're bringing a hell of a lot of artillery for politics." He gestured to Kayme.

"She is my bodyguard." Alan looked over at Kayme. She was inspecting the hole now, wary eyes peering into the vast blackness of what would be a fatal drop for anyone else.

"We're going." McCoy sounded final. Alan stared him down again.

"No. If you are a risk to this mission she will cut you down here."

Kayme turned at these words. She faced the soldiers and curled her fingers into fists. The pressure area of her palms being pressed was followed by the mechanical sound of the sliding spikes as they exited from the outer protrusions on the mechanical 'gloves'. Sharp at the tips and durable, they were deadly melee weapons capable of penetrating most materials pretty easily.

The soldiers flinched at the sight of this.

"You will stay," Alan said sternly.

"Yeah," McCoy said in a voice that sounded not very happy.

"Let's go, Kayme." With a nod she swept him from his feet and into her arms and jumped.

It was a long way down, higher than the drop from a skyscraper. Kayme would easily absorb the impact. Alan knew they had made sure she was capable of things like this. She was super human in all aspects, durable beyond the limit of most creatures.

When he was on his feet again, Alan produced a flashlight and began to lead the way.

"Don't speak to them. Just stand there and remain silent. Try not to look around when we meet with their Elder. It is respectful to maintain eye contact. To break it is one of the biggest showings of disrespect for them."

"Halt!" The voice boomed in the caverns of the place and fire alighted upon the torches lining the walls. The vast cavern revealed a dozen Cyclops, all standing well above the height of the two of them. "Monsters," growled the closest creature, whose eye was bloodshot, and had a tense and angry posture.

"Settle," a second voice boomed. An older Cyclops stepped forward, massive and with a powerful appearance by human standards but old and decaying by Cyclops ones. He approached the two of them as his word silenced his companion. "You have come about C'lock."

"Yes. She attacked our city; we were forced to take extreme measures. For that I apologize. Now we wish to know why it happened." Alan looked upon his eye and hoped Kayme had done the same.

"As do we, Human." The creature gestured and another Cyclops stepped forward, kneeling to offer them his hand. Alan and Kayme climbed upon it and he carried them across the cavern, to a small hole in the wall close to eye level with the beasts, where he let them off.

"Do you have any leads?" Alan kept his posture as he spoke. He showed no signs of weakness: no fear or anger; no anxiety or mistrust. It would be suicide to give them any doubt that what they did had been right.

"C'lock spoke of a Human briefly before she climbed to the surface world. That is all I know. I have here her mate. Perhaps you can shed some light, Kol'ra?"

Kol'ra, the angry Cyclops from before, took a place by the elder's side. Alan, even as he maintained his gaze with the elder, could feel the Cyclops glare upon him.

"She killed my mate, Elder Kil'ros. I can smell the blood upon her. What disrespect for them to bring her here. I demand her blood."

"No." The elder rose one massive hand and rested it upon the Cyclops shoulder. "No more blood today. Tell us of your wife, Kol'ra. What do you know of her recent meeting with this mystery human?"

"Only what you know, Elder Kil'ros. She spoke of him to me. He said that her destiny was great." Kol'ra spoke of the word destiny as if it were a vile thing. All Cyclops did, as far as Alan knew.

"Then we are as blind as the Humans in this matter." The Elder stepped closer to the two of them. "Tell me, Human, why did you bring her here?"

"She's the only one that could survive the fall down here."

"You do not have other means of climbing down?"

"We do, Elder. However that would take too much time and we wished to meet with you quickly, before you would leave your home. We cannot risk bringing more fear to the people who have already lost their homes today."

"Do you know of the disrespect this brings my people? I speak of halting the bloodshed but do not mistake my words, human." His giant eye narrowed and Alan could feel it, his rage; but not just him, either. He was confident that all of the Cyclops wished to tear Kayme apart.

"I do. There was no better option. Now we must work toward finding what has corrupted this woman."

"Corrupted!?" Kol'ra's voice boomed through the cavern, so loud Alan almost winced. "Quiet your tongue, Human!"

"I share that sentiment!" A new voice sounded: human, not Cyclops. Alan turned to see McCoy illuminated by light of the great cavern, his squad of soldiers around him. He was carrying a bazooka. "Shut the hell up, you damn monster!"

He aimed and fired, hitting Kol'ra in the eye. With a roar the massive beast twisted away, stumbled and fell.

"Humans! You bring war into my home!" The Elder's rage broke through his wisdom. "Kill them all!" He raised one massive fist over Alan and Kayme and swung it down.

The fist came down, slamming into the little cave where they had stood.

A few seconds later Kill Monsters landed, Mister Salazar in her arms. She let him down as the Elder above them lifted a massive foot. Kill Monsters shoved Mister Salazar away as she pushed herself in another direction to avoid the monster.

The cavern reverberated sound, shouts, screams and roars. As the Elder kicked, she jumped. Her fingers pressed into her palms and the spikes shot out from the device on her wrists.

She cleared the height of his foot and her body absorbed the impact of his ankle as her feet rested down upon the top of his foot. The spikes stabbed inwards, arms positioned to come in at each side. The monsters skin was thick enough that they would not tear out, which held her to the beast.

His foot hit the ground. With a roar of frustration the elder brought his hand down to smack her away. She released him and jumped at the hand, once more absorbing the impact. The force stung her body and bruised her but she ignored it. She clung to the hand with her spikes, using the momentum, as he stopped his arm, to flip herself and land upon his wrist.

From there she sprinted up the arm. He tried again to remove her, and again she used it to her advantage; and so began her dance up his arms, the monster on the defensive. Most creatures his size would assume that the force he exerted from the simplest of actions would crush a human.

Kill Monsters was not a human. She was created to survive such force, created to endure and slaughter such creatures. She leapt from his arms toward his head. He leaned back, ruining her landing. She changed her tactic, pressing differently upon her palm, causing the spike on the right hand to retract back into the socket, and the other side opened.

The bullet that fired from the newly opened socket struck his eye and he roared in pain. Kill Monsters fell into his mouth and, pressing once more for the spike, she caught herself on his tongue. Raising her left hand above her head she pressed for the gun and fired the bullet. It was strong enough to carry itself through the roof of the Elders mouth and into his brain.

Then, pressing differently on both hands, she detonated the bullets. It was a set of explosions that were efficient, not dramatic. As the Elder fell dead the others would stop to look. When Kill Monsters emerged from his mouth, there was a silence on the battlefield.

It was not admiration that had silenced the cavern. It was not awe or surprise. Kill Monsters recognized the fear.

“The fighting ends here,” Mister Salazar spoke. His voice broke the silence and drew the attention of everyone. “I can call her off, but if you kill me she won’t stop until you’re all dead.” He had hidden himself in the darkness amongst the cavern wall, only now revealing himself to everyone.

The humans, Kill Monsters observed, had not fought well. Most of them were dead, crushed under the power of the cyclops. The living were scattered about. As for the monsters themselves, there were only two corpses. That of the angry one and that of the Elder.

Kill Monsters kept her spikes out, on display for those around and to protect herself in case one or more of them acted hastily. The cavern remained silent as the monsters and humans kept their eyes on her. They were afraid of what she would do next.

None of the cyclops spoke up. Instead they continued to watch her in terrified silence. She had asserted herself as the biggest in the room making her the center of attention. “We will leave now,” she said.

None of the monsters objected. Instead they watched as she turned and moved to Mister Salazar. He led her to the soldiers who had wasted untold amounts of ammo trying to kill a second one. They grouped up again following her announcement and quietly watched her, much like the monsters. They were afraid of Mister Salazar’s words earlier - that she would kill them if they posed a threat to the mission.

It was when they arrived at Captain McCoy that he reacted. His arm rose, gun in hand and she grabbed it. Turning it so the bullets would fly off to the side if he pulled the trigger, her other arm moved out to stab his throat. Mister Salazar grabbed her pinky, diverting it from the pad just enough that the spike retracted.

“What the hell are you?” Captain McCoy had gone from afraid to angry. Kill Monsters, who had already answered that question before, remained silent.

Mister Salazar spoke for her. “She is what protects you from them.” He pointed at the cyclops where they had remained standing, keeping their sight trained on Kill Monsters.

“And who the hell are you?” Captain McCoy jerked his hand but Kill Monsters’ grip was too strong.

“Alan Salazar. Ambassador.” Mister Salazar released Kill Monsters’ pinky and she brought the arm down to rest at her side.

“Ambassador? That’s rich. What they did was an act of war, ambassador.” He spoke the word as an insult.

“No, what one of them did was the act of an individual. What you and your men have done is an act of war. We’ll be lucky if we don’t have to watch their caves for the next ten



years.” Mister Salazar nodded to Kill Monsters and she disarmed Captain McCoy, taking his gun from him. The two stepped through the small group of soldiers.

“Wait.” Captain McCoy had pulled out another gun. The two of them turned and Kill Monsters pressed her palms against the spikes, sliding them free. “I want to speak to your boss.”

Mister Salazar placed a hand on Kill Monsters’ shoulder and she retracted her blades. Instead he stepped forward to confront the soldier. The trigger was pulled twice and the ambassador turned sideways, avoiding both shots at the same time that Captain McCoy pulled the trigger. He cleared the distance between them in two steps, grabbed the man’s arm and threw him to the ground, twisting arm and wrist with a foot pushed into the armpit to force Captain McCoy to release the gun.

“I’m a few million dollars too high on the food chain to even be talking to you. My boss wouldn’t even talk to your boss,” Mister Salazar said, applying added pressure for emphasis.

Captain McCoy grit his teeth. “My boss is the President,” he snapped.

“Exactly.” Mister Salazar released the man’s arm and kicked the gun over to Kill Monsters who picked it up. “Let’s go.”

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“I’ll be sending for someone to watch those soldiers. Furthermore we’ll have sentinels set up around the cyclops’ caves.” The man who had finished speaking sat across from Alan. Resting between two fingers was a cigar that filled the room with smoke. His hair and beard curled messily, patched with grey among the black. Old, tired, ice blue eyes rested upon Alan from across the room.

“Yes sir, Director.” Alan rose from his seat and the Director turned his seat to face the window. “Anything else?”

The Director turned his head to look at Alan. “How did she do?”

*“Below expectations.” Severely below.*

## **I Am Kill Monsters II - Serial Killer**

### *Act 1/3*

“Please God, forgive me for what I am about to do.” Jonathan Carver had heard these words before. Serving as a confessional priest had taught him that people, at their lowest, would always turn to God.

“What is it you must do, son?” Jonathan could barely make out the silhouette of the boy on the other side of the box. He could tell the kid was a mess. The stink of sewer didn’t help either.

“She only eats a special kind of meat. Human meat. She’s addicted and there’s nothing I can do to save her. She is a monster.” The boy’s voice cracked at the mention of human meat and Jonathan felt himself grow tense.

“Whatever it is you have to do, you can always stop. Turn to God in these times, son, and he shall save you.”

“No. It’s too late for that.” There was a thump as the boy put his hand on the little screen that obscured their view of each other. “I am sorry, father. I have to kill you.”

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The torso of the man exploded, spewing something with a vague resemblance to organs onto the girl in front of him. She screamed and the man in the mask tossed his body aside.

Martha Parker checked her phone.

“We have to go,” she whispered to the young woman to her left. Kayme was watching the movie with a look that Alan Salazar had described as ‘warily cautious’. Martha thought it looked more scared. Or curious. “Kayme.” She tapped the woman’s shoulder.

Kayme looked back at her and nodded. There was no hint that she regretted skipping the second half of the movie. She simply followed the order. While Martha had been told to not expect any objection to her orders, she still felt a little disappointed at the lack of reluctance.

“Did you like the movie?” Martha asked as they left the theater out into the cold night air. It was a half-assed attempt to see if Kayme felt anything about it.

Kayme was quiet for a few seconds. Her eyes wandered the streets, her body moving slightly in the direction of each noise. Martha had been told to expect this. Martha shifted uncomfortably and Kayme looked at her. "I did not." Her eyes began to wander again.

It had been Martha's suggestion that Kayme be treated more as a person after her first missions' performance. In her opinion, it was because Kayme only understood what was familiar—how to follow orders, and couldn't grasp the nature of people. So Martha had been assigned the job of her handler and was charged with taking time before their mission to see that Kayme spent her paycheck, even if it was only large enough to afford a trip to the movies.

Martha started walking with Kayme following after. "The investigator on scene said that the killing was of a priest. Jonathan Carver, served the church for thirteen years. They found him ripped apart, with everything but the meat still there. I'm guessing we're dealing with a Tronesarka that became addicted to human meat."

Tronesarka - an integrated species - were meat eaters. Only meat. They were allowed within society as long as they avoided human meat which was, to their species, highly addictive. They were, basically, human besides this one flaw. Or rather, they could pass for human.

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Murphy Humble knelt by the 'body' of the priest. Carver had been a good man, a man of faith. He'd helped Murphy and a ton of other folk during their lower points in life. To see him like this made Murphy sick.

"Whatever the hell did this is gonna pay." He turned to the gathered crowd. They were all the same like him, people that had lost someone to this killer: family, friends. Their town was small, their community tight knit. After about a dozen killings, they weren't going to wait for the government to bring justice. It was time for them to take things into their own hands.

"Tommy said he saw it flee into the sewers. Said it looked like a boy," grunted George Stockfield. His family had run a farm a few miles north. His wife had been the first victim.

"Then that's where we're going." Murphy stepped through the crowd. He looked over each one of their faces. Horror, sadness, anger - a lot of the same boiling emotions were in a crowd of folks that wanted justice, folks that hadn't seen a body before the killings began and shouldn't have ever seen a sight like this in their natural lives.

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Kevin Spencer heard them coming. They weren't used to the sewer. They weren't used to trying to keep quiet. Their footsteps echoed and their growing frustration turned whispers into shouting. They were hunting.

"Betty, we have to go." Kevin turned to his sister. He wanted to puke as he saw her eating. It was unnatural, disgusting. "Get up." He grabbed her by the arm and pulled her to her feet and she looked at him for the first time in an hour.

"Kevin? I'm hungry." He wanted to ripped her head off.

"We have to go before they find us."

"Who?"

"The people hunting us." He tugged her along. "Come on." She tugged back.

"Can I eat them?" She asked as she looked in the direction of the voices.

"No. Now let's go." He pulled at her again and, with a stumble, she followed.

The sewers weren't as big as Kevin would've liked them. It wasn't a safe hiding spot, it was just there, a convenient place to sneak away to. If they didn't flee into the town, they weren't going to make it.

After a few minutes of trying to move through the sewers quickly but quietly, Kevin felt his sister tug again. He stopped and looked at her.

Her cheek was peeling. It twitched and fluttered a bit before peeling further until it hung from her jaw, the edge connected to her jawbone. "I'm hungry."

"We don't have time for that. Come on!" He heard the echo of landing feet down the way and his head snapped in that direction.

Betty pulled away and was around the corner. He looked back and then at the figure as she approached, illuminated by the stars through a storm drain.

A young woman stared him down. Her fingers moved but Kevin couldn't make out any more than that. Then came a mechanical sound and her wrists appeared to sprout little spikes.

"Shit."