

Excerpt from
Godzilla Vs. Titanosaurus
Book III of
The Godzilla Saga

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UN Scientific Committee Inquiry
Direct Transcription
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I do not know if I am the luckiest man alive, or cursed. What we have discovered in the ice has shaken me to the core. I can't help but wonder if we are playing with fire here, doing something we shouldn't do. I don't know. Perhaps it's not up to me to say.

I do know that this has made me feel sick to my stomach. Though my mind wishes to keep moving forward, to discover more, my heart was screaming for me to stay back, to resign, to stop. I've never felt such a contradiction before. So perhaps this inquiry could help me make some sense of what I'm feeling.

I doubt it... but if working here had proven anything to me, it is that everything is worth a shot.

Perhaps this is why I chose to remain.

I could not believe what they had shown me. I was amazed when reading about the discovery of the Siberian Jarkoff Mammoth almost 70 years previous, but this makes that look like a minor discovery.

I was not a part of the research crew sent to retrieve the dinosaur, and I thank God for it. The cold was reported to be unbearable, and there were many cases of frostbite on those who returned. My friend James lost two fingers, though he remains jovial at the find. This is history in the making for sure.

The body was perfectly preserved, at least on the outside, and stored in one of the largest mobile refrigerating facilities in the world. After days of careful transportation, it was finally delivered to us. I had seen the photos taken by the oil crew who discovered the specimen, but they did not do it justice.

It did not take long for a quick 3D laser scanner to be brought in. First the head, then the neck, then the shoulders and arms. The technicians slowly scanned its body with our strict supervision as to not tamper with the specimen. After the pictures were developed and examined further, it was deduced that this was a male from the Titanosaurus species.

We then moved in to look at the beast's webbed digits. The webbing was a yellowish brown, the claws a deep black. The tail also seemed to be able to part from the tip to about half way up. With only the slightest bit of thawing, we managed to pry a small section open without doing any damage to the specimen. Inside was another weblike membrane. We guessed it was to help the dinosaur swim under deep waters. Its size also hinted at the mighty power the beast must have had. The tail's muscles alone were strong and bulky.

This discovery supported the hypothesis that the Titanosaurus species was mainly amphibious. This idea was aided by the fin along its back with the same sort of webbing. The bones previously found showed no such thing because the fin had not remained. The structure is not made of bone, but a thick cartilage fully capable of decomposition. My partners and I believe that these beasts would spend their time on land, but hunt in vast quantities under water. It reminds me of the polar bear. Even the beast's elongated neck suggests such. It would be good for reaching. The length of its neck could also serve as a way to vent heat. Any beast this large would have to battle its own body temperatures. That would also further why the thing would spend most of its time underwater.

Its snout was scarred suggesting this thing had been in several fights, and more elongated than we had originally thought. It reminded me of an alligator's. But the teeth seemed smaller than expected. Other skeletal remains found along the Greenland coast had none to be found, which I found odd. Usually teeth, if only a few, would remain from what I've seen from dinosaurs or other prehistoric mammals. I began to wonder if the thing was like a killer whale. Its chest was also extremely muscular. The pectorals and outer abdominal outlines were a brownish yellow. It surprised me how vibrantly colored the beast was. Perhaps this was a way to attract mates. It was clear this was not for camouflage. Perhaps a warning like the Amazonian poisonous tree frogs? Or something like the flamingo, the cockatoo, or even some of the Amazonian spiders who were vibrantly colored for the purposes of reproduction.

The pectoral skin was also covered in deep lacerations. I thought this could have been a cause of death, but was proven wrong. These had healed almost completely. What remained were just residual scars like someone who had an operation. But it made it clear to me that the beast had been in several fights. Perhaps with its own kind. Perhaps with something else. I do know these beasts lived around the same time and place as the Godzillasaurus-Giganticus who were the most vicious and largest of their species. It would be interesting if we could know just how the beast got so battered.

The body was covered with a dark red skin with hundreds of smaller black bumps that I thought were infected pustules. I personally examined the markings to discover that these were tiny pockets of fat, perhaps an adaptation to protect itself from the freezing temperatures. This and the webbed fingers furthered my hypothesis that the beast hunted underwater.

We looked into its eyes, pried them open with metal prongs. We knew we would most likely have to surgically remove the thick and yellow nictitating-membrane. But we could see the pupil underneath his right eye. As I looked into it, I was surprised not to see one similar to an alligator or most aquatic lizards, but one that looks closer to a human's. I could only look for a small moment before I took out the metal prongs and let the eyelid slip back down.

I had done this to many other specimens before, but this, somehow, felt wrong. Something was screaming for me to want to stop here, but my mind told me to keep going. So I did.

I could have sworn that as I stared into the beast's eyes, it was looking back. It was so unnerving to look down into it. I could feel the hairs creep up along my spine in a way I literally have never felt before. I should've taken that as a sign to stop. Stupid me.

Despite my personal qualms, the fact that the thing had circular pupils surprised me. I expected vertical ones so that the beasts could have better eyesight in dark places. This is similar to the Godzillasaurus. The shape of the pupils could mean that the thing was primarily diurnal.

The beast was 77 meters in length. It was just a little taller than Godzilla, though still shorter than the one from 2029. It was consistent with the hypothesis that the size was not a fluke. Things on land could get this big without crushing themselves under its own weight. Physics still worked, there was just something in its muscles and bones that kept it upright and moving. This thing before us could be our chance. A fantastic opportunity.

When we looked at the 3D layouts, we took note of the sizable brain cavity, which went against most other species of dinosaur. The brain was much more like a mammal's and similar to the Godzillasaurus species. We always thought the ancient Godzilla to be outliers on this front. This Titanosaurus has just proven us all wrong, and where there is another species like this, there are others still undiscovered and, perhaps, buried under the ice.

I began to look at the notes written by the scientific expedition and the oilmen who discovered the thing. There was also a hand found, though most of the body attached to it had disappeared. I had people take samples of the frozen skin and they relayed that the claw was roughly 17,000 years old.

Since the 1950's it is no shock to any of us that some ancient species did not actually go extinct millions of years ago. Most did, but some managed to survive well into the time of man. They could account for the reported dragons even. We had the pteranodon like beast dubbed Rodan in 1956 in China. We had a serpentine creature dubbed Manda striving deep in the swamp-like forests. Natives spoke about these based on what I read. We all just presumed it was myth or legend. Only recently had we found living Varanosaur in 2029.

What did surprise me was that a bone fragment discovered not far away from both Titanosaurus creatures was from a separate body. Both the full specimen and the claw were male. The bone fragment was from a female. So there were at least three bodies there.

It made my mind wander to certain species of salmon in North America where they would often travel to the same places over and over again over generations and generations for breeding or laying their eggs. Could this species have been the same way? Perhaps they migrated? I don't know, and I'll bet an expedition is being created as we speak to continue the search for further specimens in Northern Greenland. I know winter will put a damper on that. Perhaps it was too late to find anything else there.

After some considerable examining from the outside, we discovered that the full body specimen was a juvenile. The thing would have been roughly 20 years old. The ice showed that the beast had been frozen for a relatively small period of time. A precise date was impossible, but the layer of ice suggested it was since the last mini ice age of the 1850's. This shocked most of those around me, but I knew it to be entirely possible. However the lack of freezer burn was something I could not ignore. Something frozen for this long would show signs of damaged tissue. This specimen had none to be found. That should have been my first clue that we were not just dealing with a frozen corpse of a dinosaur.

We were to get a blood sample that day, and the equipment was delivered on time. We wore our surgical gear and made our way to the back of the thing. We would plunge a needle just left of the base of the spine where we believe we had found a decent vein, and not only gather a sizable blood sample to examine carefully, but also bone marrow which we guessed had been preserved just as well as the rest of the body.

The entire time, I could not shake the memory of the thing's eyes just staring up at me. They were so well preserved I could see the individual veins and flaws and lines. The fact the veins had not burst from the cold unsettled me in a way I still have a hard time fathoming. I was reminded of the bodies found from the Franklin Expedition. Funny how the timelines seemed to be identical. Roughly the same place. Roughly the same time.

We wrapped the surrounding area of the thing with a blue cleansing tarp, and used the square two by two hole in the center as where we would break through the skin with the elongated needle. We would use a small pump which would allow us to control how much blood we gathered and how quickly. It would also keep the pressure from inside exploding outwards. We all agreed to move slow.

When we began the procedure near the small of the thing's back, a smell began to permeate into the air. We were all wearing masks to shield us from any foreign viruses or bugs our poor immune systems were not inured to, even though this thing was most likely alive when our immune systems had built an immunity to anything this thing was exposed to. It smelled like strong fish, but not rotten, which was a good sign. It also had the distinct scent of salt water. It was foul, but we continued.

As we stuck the needle into the thing's skin, we found flesh and what we believed to be a vein. We were all startled to find blood flowing upwards into the vials we had set up connected to the needle. My immediate reaction was to order the pumps shut down. We simply were not ready, but I was horrified to discover that the pumps were never even on. At first, I thought it was the natural pressurization of corpses, but there was no gas escaping.

The vials were full and we quickly searched for a way to stop the bleeding. We were all panicking, in pure shock as the revelation came to us that the thing we were examining was alive. After hundreds of years frozen in ice, it was still alive.

But how? I was beyond confused. We had taken vitals. There was no heartbeat, no breathing, not even brain activity. The thing was clinically dead. How didn't the cellular walls burst? Yet here it was, pumping blood. Even with its body temperature so tremendously low.

As we tried to stop the bleeding, I began to think of an explanation. I looked to what I had read about certain frogs that could freeze themselves over the cold winters, only to sprout back to life when summer would arrive. But that was not frozen solid. This was beyond my knowledge. And it terrified me.

Blood had gotten on my boots as the viles overflowed. It was much darker than human blood. Perhaps this was due to oxygen levels? At this moment, I could not tell. But suddenly I found myself tumbling down on a bit of ice that had pooled from thawing the thing. The refrigerated chamber had frozen the running water, and I had lost my footing.

What I heard when I hit the side of the thing will haunt me for my whole life. It was the distinct thud of a heart beat. There was no movement from what I managed to see in my panic, but there was no doubt what I heard.

I looked up at the thing's face, and I could swear it had opened its eyes. They were staring at me, and for a moment I could not move. I would chalk it up to my mind playing tricks on me, but I swear I could distinctly see those brown eyes looking directly at me.

Those damned eyes.

The next thing I remembered was waking up in the UN Clinic. I had hit my head hard. Perhaps I did imagine the thing staring at me. But that thump from the thing's heart still rang in my mind. It was as if I could actually feel it. I could not chalk that up to a trick of the mind. I heard it. I felt it. I know it happened.

Yet it could not have been. It was dead. It was dead. I know it was dead. I ran through everything. I examined it myself.

I don't know what to do here. But all I know is that we have something quite fascinating on our hands. Perhaps it scares me more than it should, but with Russia and the US on the brink of war, there's no telling what's going to come of this.

And those eyes. I can't stop thinking about its eyes. I honestly hope I never have to look at them again.

I've tried to unravel my thoughts on the matter. All I can say is that I was never a believer in the notion that science should tread carefully. But those eyes. And every night that passes leaves me remembering those eyes just staring at me. Every night the same fucking thing. I sometimes can't help but think we should have left that damn thing back in the ice.

Perhaps this derails the point of this inquiry. But I was asked to detail what I saw and what I found. My colleagues and I have done so. We have told the scientific committee everything there is to know.

I haven't been back to see the thing since I awoke from the clinic. I used my recovery as an excuse. I did hit my head hard. A small concussion. I put my assistant, Dr. Fitzjames, in command while I recuperate.

But those eyes.

Those damned eyes.

-End Transcription