

FOREVER DOOM

BEAST

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Prologue

April 29th, 1998 – Vaughan, Ontario, Canada

The day started as usual for Clark ‘Scooter’ Scott. He got out of bed as the same old boring individual he had always been. He wore his same old boring geek apparel. He put on his same old nerd glasses. He ate his usual bowl of bran cereal, followed by wheat cakes and scrambled eggs.

Scooter loved filling himself for breakfast. It was the one meal he got to eat in peace. If only he could enjoy himself for lunch and dinner. But no, he was a slave to his damned job – always getting pushed around – never time to eat. Would his life ever get any better – any less redundant?

Scooter would soon learn that April 29th, 1998 would be the day that forever changed his life. It was the day that the nightmare began, and has since never ceased to be. It was the day that he first encountered a creature so horrible, so vulgar, and so absolutely disgusting that he has since suffered an insurmountable disease of sorts.

This day has become a recurring nightmare since it happened. In fact, he was having this dream right now. This is his dream - a bloody nightmare that has stained his very conscience and subconscious forever. In fact, the entity, of which this dream is based, has bloodily stained him physically as well. However, there is a time and place for those events, but this dream is not it.

Clark left at the usual time: 6:20am. That gave him just enough time to head up the 407 into Scarborough, the location of his place of work – the Toronto Zoo. Clark was a zoologist – a damn good one in his opinion. He was in his mid 20s in 1998 and had worked at the zoo for 10 years. He was a boy genius and always had an interest in animals. Only he hated his job. He was the lackey. Here he was, the ace on the zoologist staff, but he was held back due to his nature. No one wanted a boy genius geek as his/her superior. Promotion after promotion passed him by.

Clark was about to make his exit when he realized a backlog of cars were in front of him. He slammed on his brakes, narrowly avoiding contact with the car directly ahead. Someone behind him was forced to peel on to the shoulder, honking loudly as he skidded to a halt. *Oh no, he’s getting out of his car.* A moment later, there was a bang on his window.

“You asshole. What the f### kind of driving is that? Were you day dreaming or something?”

“Sorry sir. I swear I was looking in front of me.” *Quick Scooter, think of a lie.* “My car does need some work – brakes are a little loose.”

“Sure. And that’s why your taillights failed to come on when you pressed on the brakes. F###ers like you shouldn’t be on the road. I bet it took you quite awhile to pass your license, didn’t it?”

Actually, that part was true, but no need to tell this guy any of that. Time for another lie, “I passed on my first try sir.”

“Bulls###. You know what. Do us all a favor and stay off the highways.” With that, he went back to his car. Good thing too. Clark was about to s### his pants. He wasn’t one for confrontation. He always built himself up as someone who could take someone down, but in reality, he was a weak ass pushover.

Clark decided to get out of his vehicle and see what was up. He saw there were about 10 vehicles ahead of him, and an OPP was already on the scene. As was a chopper overhead – make that a news chopper. Something odd must be amiss.

He came upon the first car and officer, and surveyed the scene. It appeared that there were some large tracks embedded in the shoulder of the highway. As a zoologist, Clark was familiar with most animal species. These looked unfamiliar to him, and rather large. Interesting.

Clark approached the officer and asked what the hell was going on. “Nothing to be concerned about. I suggest you head back to your vehicle...” The woman beside him started to cry. “Bloody hell. Hold on son.”

Son? This guy was no older than himself. Clark decided to eavesdrop on the conversation.

“Ok ma’am, calm down.”

The woman began to wail like a banshee “I, I, can’t calm down! I saw Bigfoot! Bigfoot ran in front of my car god dammit!”

“Ok now... we all know Bigfoot does not exist. It’s only a legend.”

“Tell that to my car!” It was then that Clark noticed the huge gash in the woman’s vehicle, interestingly close to some large footprints.

“Are you sure it wasn’t a bear? I know bears aren’t common around this area, but they are out there.”

“It was no f####ing bear! Do you think I’m blind? Listen officer, I saw Bigfoot – the f####ing sasquatch! Now, you file that in your report and do your job right. Else I’m going to report this to your senior officer.”

Ok, now this was getting out of control. Clark was always interested in supernatural life forms, but he never believed they really existed. Bigfoot was only a legend. Wasn’t it?

“Ok ma’am, please come with me. We’re going to need to run some tests...” The officer was smacked hard in the kisser then.

“I don’t need no f####ing tests! I know what you’re doing here. You think I’m some god damned lunatic who has lost her f####ing mind. Why don’t you piss off?” She glanced over at Clark just then and saw his jaw was practically at his waist. “What the f#### are you looking at? You piss off too geek.”

“Ok sir, I told you to get back in your vehicle. I’m going to have to escort you there now. Otherwise, you will be given a ticket for disobeying an officer’s orders.” The officer walked Clark back to his car.

Just what the hell had happened here? Clark came to his senses then and decided it had been a bear. The lady was obviously delusional – perhaps even drunk. Yeah, that’s it. Only it wasn’t it, as Clark would learn later that day.

Clark arrived late into the zoo, and he knew that meant the s#### jobs for the day. Not that it was different any other day. It just meant he was out on the remote areas all day. Running the dirty jobs – something the interns should be doing. Ten god damned years at the Toronto Zoo and he was worse than an intern. Yet he knew so much more than anyone else. He thought about relocating to another zoo, but where would he go? He was a Toronto homeboy and would probably never leave the area. He thought about shooting up the 401 to the Windsor area. There were a few smaller zoo type areas there.

Maybe a job at the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary, or maybe even Colasanti's. He had heard nice things about that place.

No, face it; he would never leave. Vaughan he was born, and Vaughan he would be buried. Always a loser, that's what his destiny was from the day his mother pushed him out of her birth canal. She had died then. Even God had spited him. Cursed him by taking his own mother. Just what had he done in his previous life to deserve this one?

Clark slaved over his duties on this so far typical day. Only it wasn't typical. He still wondered what really happened to that front car on the highway. A bear just decided to cross the 407? That didn't make sense. What kind of bear would stumble out on to a busy highway like that? They aren't that dumb. Clark knew bears better than that. Perhaps it was diseased. Yeah, that must be it.

It was around 6 pm when Clark's life changed forever. He was wondering when he was going to be allowed a bite to eat when he noticed a ruckus near the perimeter of the zoo. He decided to investigate, though he was a little scared. However, the day's earlier event had made him a little more curious. He wasn't sure how to respond to that change in character, but what the hell?

What he saw was a bunch of gang members huddled around the cow enclosure. Gangs were fairly prevalent in the area. He started to pull out his walkie-talkie for backup when he noticed blood at their feet. What the hell? Then they spotted him.

"Hey you, get over here." Clark looked around and mouthed "Me?" "Yeah you, get over here. Now!"

That got him moving. His nickname wasn't Scooter for nothing. Besides his last name being Scott, he was called Scooter because he was quick to obey orders. Always the lackey. He sighed just then.

"You have a cell phone?"

"Uh, n-n-no."

"Uh s-s-speak properly nerd. My friend here is dying."

"What?" What had happened here? "I don't have a cell phone, but I do have my walkie-talkie."

"Good, now use it to call a medic."

"Well, I'll have to call security first and..."

"Just do it you s###head. Quit stalling. People are dying, you might be next."

"Ok." Clark was about to radio for help when he noticed something lurking in the shadows. The gang members saw it too.

"What the hell?" the lead gang member exclaimed.

Yet it was gone before anyone could get a good look. Clark called security for backup. After they arrived, he knew he was not needed so he started to head back to the main building himself. Only he never made it.

As he was heading down one of the side paths, he noticed the scene that would haunt him for life. A couple of hoodlums – probably remnants of the gang – were obviously engaging in sexual activities. The nerve of some people. This is a zoo! However, that was not the haunting part. Hovered above was the outline of something massive – something over ten feet tall. It had something in its mouth. Was that a penis?

Just then it moved. It had spotted him. "Oh s###" and s### he did. It ran down his legs and to the ground. He soiled the front of his pants with urine as well. He would have

puked as well, but he was s####ting so much that it probably wasn't humanly possible. All he knew is that he was running – running for his life.

He ran towards a fence, since he didn't think he could make it to any buildings. He would try to make it to Reesor Road. It was his only chance. Perhaps someone would be driving and save him. Or maybe he could lose him in traffic and somehow get back to his own vehicle. No time to think about that now. Run damn it.

He did make it to Reesor. Unfortunately, and oddly enough, not a car was in sight. He must be cursed. There was almost always traffic on this road. He wondered if that monster was still behind him. Maybe it never chased him to begin with. Perhaps it never saw him. Or maybe... yeah, he was imagining things. Too occupied on the day's earlier scene. That bitch had spooked him all right. He was about to head back when he felt a sharp pain across his back.

“Aaaah, f####!” What the hell was that? He didn't stop to ponder. He took off again, s#### coming fresh from his ass once more.

He ran and ran until somehow he had made his way to 69. Just his luck. He would die on a highway with a number representing something he would never experience. Man, what would he give to have some hottie giving him h#### and he pleasuring her cl##. A 69 – nope, never to be. But he would die on highway 69 if he didn't find a way out of this and quick.

Then he suddenly felt faint. Clark 'Scooter' Scott was about to die. He knew it. It was then that he realized what the sharp pain was. That thing back at the zoo had sliced and diced his back. He saw the blood on the edge of the highway. A lot of blood. How much had he lost? He guessed it didn't matter now. A bloody 69 this turned out to be. F####.

Unfortunately, he would not get off so easy. The creature pounced on him like a cat pounced on a rat – a cat that hadn't eaten in days. Scooter didn't even have a chance to see his killer face to face. He was on his stomach, the creature on his back. All he heard was loud breathing, and something of a growling nature. What the hell was it? A werewolf? An alien? He felt the blackness start to take him in.

What happened next was the impossible. Clark Scott was actually going to survive the night. A car came racing by, just narrowly missing his now limp body. The creature on his back jumped on to the highway and howled. It apparently was pretty pissed. He swore he felt it turn back to finish him off when he heard sirens. Then a hideous sounding thud, followed by an indescribable wail. Then he thought he heard loud stomping, but he was nearly gone himself. The last thing he heard was “Bloody f####ing hell.”

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May 10th, 1998 – Sarnia General Hospital, Sarnia, Ontario, Canada

Clark Scott finally arose from his stream of unconsciousness. The doctors later told him that he should have died. His puncture wounds had nearly grazed his vital organs, and he had lost a ton of blood. If it weren't for the cop who had saved him, he would have died on highway 69 that night.

He rolled out of bed – that was a mistake. What day was it? What year even? As far as he was concerned, it felt like he had died and somehow been brought back. Maybe he had. Nah, like God would give him some important duty to accomplish. Unless...

What was it he had encountered? Perhaps he was put back on this earth to find this creature, maybe even destroy it. But what was *it*? Was it really Bigfoot? A werewolf? Just an overgrown bear? Or maybe it was a creature from hell – not that he truly believed hell existed. Maybe an alien? Whatever it was, he had a new purpose in life. God put him back to hunt down this beast, he was sure of it.

The nurse came in to check his vitals just then. It was at that point he decided to question who had saved him. “Nurse, can I ask you something?”

“Sure thing cutie.”

Cutie? Perhaps this nurse was just being polite. Though she did have a certain look in her eyes. “I wish to know the name of the man or woman who saved me that night.”

“Sure thing buttercup. I’ll check the chart for notes.” Was she hitting on him? Clark felt his manhood rising to occasion. Perhaps fate had granted him what he desired almost most of all. “It says here that he is an OPP officer named Jacob Lyons.” She glanced up from her chart. “You know, you should do something about that.”

“Wha...” Could she really mean? “What are you talking about?” he asked with a beat red face.

“Your bandage. It should be changed. You should be able to do it yourself now.”

“Oh that. I thought you meant something else.”

“He he he, don’t worry sugar, I’ve worked here long enough to see plenty of *officer salutes*. The washroom is that way. Feel free to think of me if you’d like. Anything to help you heal.”

Now that was embarrassing. He’d masturbated often enough, but he had never had a female catch him at full attention – at least not to his knowledge. He wasn’t sure if she was hitting on him, teasing him, or just being her usual self. She was attractive enough – hell, most women were attractive enough at this point. Oh well, better do as he was told.

Clark entered the private bathroom for patients and released his full h### # and started to s##### it. He started to think of the lovely nurse and was close to c#####. He looked down and his p##### began to shrivel in his hands. It started to bleed. Instead of s####, gushes of blood shot out of the h####. Then a grotesque clawed hand ripped through his torso and yanked the remaining limp c### from his groin. It retracted and he heard chewing behind him. Then he felt breathing, and thought he heard something like “You saw me. You must die.”

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January 14th, 2005 – Brigden, Ontario, Canada

Clark Scott woke up with a start, the same way he woke up every time he had that nightmare. That just happened to be nearly every night of his life. He had gone through so much since then, but that is when it started. Of course, the last part didn’t truly happen – at least not with the creature taking his life. However, it represented something truly evil.

Back in 1998, he thought God put him back on this earth to discover the origins of this beast. That may be true, but he had grown to accept that he was cursed as always. The hunt definitely was not what he expected. It was not easy. In fact, it was just as bad or worse than that first encounter. And time and time again, he had one man to thank for keeping him alive. Yeah, thanks a lot Jacob. I would be better off dead.