

Billy Callback Sides #1

BILLY

Yeah, I saw the monster. Couldn't help but see it. But you know what? I seen 'em my whole life. Just as big, in their own ways, but just not so, how do you say it, obvious. That thing in Tokyo? Real goddamn obvious, with an attitude. I looked it right in the eye. Not many can say that, I reckon. Thirty floors up, right in the eye. And the window, the wall -- it all just dissolved, like fog, like a dream. We stood there, me and Mason and George, nothing between us and the night and it. I felt its breath. And then ... and then -

For how many they say died back then, I can't, my mind -- it won't hold it.

What my head does hold ... well, I live there a lot these days. Maybe it's because of the dope they give me. Who knows? Sometimes I drift in and out, but most times, I'm clear, and these pictures run behind my eyes. There's this dog, see, this dog I saw when they carried me out of the city. A dog, dragging a leash. A dog with its hair burned away, this pink and red dog, the only color in that world of gray ash. This burned dog running from the fires of Tokyo. I see it run at our convoy, eyes popping out of its skull, running smack down the center of the road. And nobody moves. The trucks hold straight, and the dog vanishes for a second, and then I hear a yelp and a thump as it slips under the wheels. A yelp, then nothing. This nurse sees the look on my face, and she goes, "Shikata ga nai." Nothing to be done. I heard it a lot back then.