

Prologue

“It’s alive... *Alive!!!*”

A soldier shouted in fear as the radio crackled with startled cries and the rat-a-tat of gun fire. A long hiss followed as the signal went dark. The old man lowered the walkie-talkie and surveyed the work of his team. Below the high cliff where he stood, sirens began to wail as gun fire and explosions wracked a lonely military base nestled between the painted hills of the Nevada desert. Above, heat lightning sizzled as a far off bunker crumpled in a roiling cloud of dust.

Emerging from the fog of destruction obscured by the darkening twilight, a massive creature stomped. Its eyes burned an evil green. Spot lights glared down trying to track the rapidly moving monster. Men in military uniforms scurried in pursuit. Tanks fired and machine gun studded Humvees crisscrossed the tarmac trying to halt its progress. Explosions threw up gouts of concrete, fire and steel but the creature was impervious to attack. The machines of war and heavily armed soldiers were like playthings. The giant swatted each aside easily.

The monster bound forward making a steady path toward the outer fence line leaving a path of destruction and chaos in its wake. The creature plowed thru the electrified fence tearing a massive hole that arced with blue lances of electricity. The heavy clomps of its footfalls echoed off the cliffs as it stomped into the darkening wastelands leaving only deep rectangular footprints in the desert sands to mark its passage.

“Master...” the radio hissed.

The old man raised the receiver eyeing the burning guard towers, smoking tanks and flashing emergency lights below.

“Report,” he whispered, his voice dry and ancient.

“The creature has been freed.”

“I can see that,” the old man allowed himself a rare smile. “Did you retrieve the object?”

WHOOMP!

“There were... complications...” his minion said nervously as a large concrete tower evaporated in a column of flame. “The woman was here... she proved... difficult.”

The old man growled, “*Mina Harker...*” He gripped his radio tightly, his gnarled fingers whitening, his momentary smile melting into a frustrated scowl.

“We barely escaped her.” A long pause. “What are your orders, Master?”

A small mushroom cloud blossomed on the horizon as the Monster encountered a final group of American resistance. The destruction soothed the old man's nerves helping him to refocus. His grip on the walkie-talkie loosened.

"We will deal with the object and *that* woman later. Meet me at the rendezvous point in five minutes."

"Yes, Master..." the radio squawked a final time.

The old man sighed as he watched the fires burn below reflected in the dark sunglasses he always wore, the deep lines on his face relaxing.

So, the mysterious Mina Harker was here. That would mean she too would be tracking the monster, *his* Monster. So much the better. The creature once released would track down those he sought, the heirs, like a dog to his bone. And once he had them and the powers they possessed... he would be invincible. But he would need to act quickly. He would need to make plans.

The old man watched as another section of building dissolved in a sheet of flame. His men had done well. While not a complete triumph, the release of his creature would prove decisive. Years of toil, sacrifice and planning would soon be paid back one hundred-fold. His mind raced with the needed preparations for the final stage of his master plan.

"Come if you will Mina Harker, my old friend," he whispered. "Doctor Victor von Frankenstein and his Monster will be waiting for you."

He chuckled as another explosion wracked the night... a night that reminded him so much of one long ago. The night that had set him on his path to destiny. The night Frankenstein met his Monster.

Chapter 1: Mina

Roswell, New Mexico... Spring 1938.

“Keep your britches on, Brady! The old RCA is warming up!” The young girl shouted, waving away her little brother.

The two sat in the sitting room of their small farmhouse far on the outskirts of Roswell, a forgettable hard-scrabble farming town in the middle of the New Mexico high desert. Momma was in the kitchen nearby, finishing up with the dinner dishes, humming a new Count Basey tune while their lazy, flabby-skinned blood hound snoozed in a corner, far away from the soft glow of their large RCA radio.

“There!” Selma announced, satisfied she had got the dials just right. She settled back on the threadbare love seat snuggling into their mamma’s latest knitting project. Her four year old brother came to join her, one strap bravely holding up his over-sized coveralls. His face was still plastered in spaghetti sauce from dinner.

“Brady, your face is a mess!” Selma protested.

He used a section of Mamma’s crochet to wipe off both cheeks. Selma gave him the stink eye as he managed to hide the evidence deep in a crevice of one cushion.

The radio crackled to life with a dramatic announcer’s voice. “The Adventures of Flash Asteroid brought to you by Oval-Aid with new saccharine flavor crystals! It’s like sugar... but from the future!”

A giant slurping sound.

“*BY THE GALACTIC LEGIONS, I LOVE IT!*” Flash Asteroid announced in a loud baritone.

“I hope Momma gets us some Oval-Aid from the Piggly-Wiggly...” Brady confessed in hushed tones as they listened raptly.

An orchestra introduced the show, punctuated by sound effects of alien mind rays, rumbling rockets, and shouting space marauders.

“Then you better hope she doesn’t check her knitting before she heads to the store...” Selma smiled, hugging her little brother close. “Now hush, the show’s starting!”

“When last we left Flash Asteroid and his faithful companion, talking Martian super dog, Buck Barkstar, they had been captured by nefarious alien scientists with a secret plot to conquer the Galactic Legion,” the narrator intoned. “Flash

and Buck now find themselves strapped to a lab table in the Alien mothership hovering high over Earth as the Aliens prepare to do their worst.”

“At last I have captured you, Flash Asteroid!” the Alien Commander shouted in a sniveling voice.

“You don’t scare me, you eight-armed coward!” Flash replied bravely. “Let me out of these space chains and see how a real American fights!”

“You are now a prisoner of the marauding Pirates of Uranus!” the Commander replied. “We are going to poke you and probe you for all of your precious Galactic Legion’s secret defense codes!” The Commander cackled loudly as only evil radio madmen know how.

“Ron’t tell him anything, Rash!” Buck Barkstar yelped.

“I won’t, faithful companion,” Flash reassured his canine sidekick. “It will take more than words to break Flash Asteroid!”

“We’ll see about that...” the Alien Commander chuckled. “Bring out the Probe-o-tron!”

Nefarious music played followed by an evil buzzing and chirping of a robot entering the scene.

“Start with the dog...” the Commander muttered grimly.

“Selma!” Momma called from the kitchen.

“Momma, Flash Asteroid is on! Can’t it wait for Little Orphan Annie?”

“You come in here this instant, young lady, ya’ hear!”

“Alright...” Selma sulked as she got up slowly.

She returned a few minutes later, finding her brother leaning in close to the radio. The Probe-o-tron was beeping and whirring as Buck Barkstar yelped. Suddenly, a fight broke out as Flash broke free of one of his many-armed captors. He crashed the Probe-o-tron into a control console and the ship’s emergency horn began to blare.

“Curse you, Flash Asteroid!” the Alien Commander wailed. “Now we are all doomed! This ship will crash into your Earth’s atmosphere, demolishing everything it hits and us with it!”

“Come on loyal companion!” Flash announced to Buck. “Quickly, let’s get to the escape pods and warn the Galactic Legion before it’s too late!”

“Selma!”

“Momma! *What?*”

“Go outside and get your Papa, please.”

“But this is the *best* part, Momma!” Selma wailed, exasperated.

“Now!”

“You better tell me what happens!” she hissed at her little brother who looked at her wide-eyed.

She stormed out of the front door toward the barn, stomping thru their dry yard. She paused, looking up in the sky as a shooting star flashed brightly overhead, followed by another close by.

“I’ll be!” she wondered.

The first star shot rapidly thru the clear night sky. It was bright green. The second followed close on its heels, a deep scarlet. The two were as rare as they were pretty. Selma sighed loudly as she admired their beauty. But then something odd happened. The stars changed course. Selma did a double take.

In the sky overhead, the shooting stars zigzagged erratically like two biplanes in a space age dogfight. Lights flashed brightly as the two objects zoomed past each other, making pass after pass. Suddenly, the red one ignited in a far off explosion. It descended in a sparkling trail falling far, far to the east. Its green opponent limped along on the edge of the sky. It slowed as if damaged and began to fall growing larger, coming closer and closer...

Suddenly, the dark yard lit up as bright as day. Overhead, a huge emerald light roared by, shaking the tree with Selma’s favorite tire swing and the plants just starting to peak out of Mamma’s garden. Their scarecrow bucked wildly, buffeted by the raging wind.

“Papa!” Selma screamed, as the light became overwhelming. It whooshed by as quickly as it came followed by a large hollow boom in the valley distance. The yard grew quiet and dark once again.

CREAK...

Selma screamed as she saw the rusty door to the outhouse rattle and her father emerge, his overalls down by his knees, shuffling toward his daughter to find out what had just happened.

“Selma, baby!” he shouted. “Are you alright!”

She turned to her father, her face stricken with fear.

“Papa, put your britches back on!” she wailed. “Or the Pirates from Uranus will get you with their Probe-o-tron!”