

This isn't fair! Fin thinks as the three twisters close in on either side of them. *That was supposed to be the last one!*

He stands back to back with April, the woman who, until a few moments ago, was his estranged ex-wife. She scans the tornadoes, which have begun to circle around them like a pack of sharks closing in on a baby harp-seal. The harsh winds twist and pull at their tattered, blood-stained clothes. They don't see the sharks yet, but they can hear them chomping and gnashing beyond the watery veil of the cyclones.

April adjusts her overworked push-up and says, "They're still coming. That old gypsy woman was wrong."

Fin nods at this and pulls the cord, ripping new life into his trusty chainsaw. April does the same with her own. She looks over her left shoulder and says, "I'm sorry, baby. I never should have taken the kids."

He looks over his right and meets her gaze. "I forgive you. I never should have taken the dogs. They shit so much. Are you ready for this?"

She nods. "Just like Lumber Canyon back home."

They rev the dual chainsaws, belting a gasoline-powered duet to the key of fuck-yeah, just as three massive great-whites leap from the twisters and bear their thousands of razor-sharp teeth in horrifying unison. In less than a heartbeat, April and Fin have brought their motoraxes into the paths of the smaller two, splitting them right down the middle from tip to tail like so many shark-shaped cords of wood.

Yes! April thinks as the two halves of her shark fly to either side, colliding with the halves of Fin's shark and flopping to the ground with a bloody splash. *My father would be so proud.*

But she has forgotten about the third shark.

With a crunch and a rip of tearing flesh, it collides with April's midsection like a runaway freight train, splitting her body in two before she can even blink.

"APRIL!" Fin shouts as the shark rockets past, bits and pieces of the woman he loved flying off in every direction. It is in this moment that Fin realizes that he has wasted the best years of his life in a shitty dive-bar instead of with his family. And now it's all over. No takesies backsies.

So be it. He thinks as the twisters inch even closer, obscuring his vision, and lifting him bodily into the air. The chainsaw slips from his grasp and clatters to the concrete.

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"Dad!" Matt shouts breathlessly, coming to a stop fifty yards from the three twisters that have just combined to form one mega-cyclone. He wipes the lipstick from his face and neck as he searches for signs of his father within the churning hive of spray, dust, and blood. The sounds of Fin's screams fill the air of the parking lot of the Long John Silver's, accompanied by the manic growls and chomps of the dozen or so sharks that are being propelled about the tornado like the blades of a huge, deadly, helicopter. Nova catches up to him and halts as well, eyes wide with terror. "Mr. Shepard?" She says softly.

Suddenly, out from the body of the swirling twister, a bloody, translucent, softball-sized object flies at them, ricochets off the concrete at Matt's feet and bounces off in the direction of the restaurant's dumpster, from which they had just come. He follows it with his gaze for a moment before realizing with shock what it is: a bloody breast implant. "Mom?" he whispers, horror etched into his young face.

And then Fin's screams suddenly cease, causing Matt to turn back around as the ragged and broken body of his father is ejected from the swirling death-vortex and lands with a horrible wet thud at their feet.

Nova screams. The cyclone bears down on them and whips at their hair. "No," Matt says numbly. "That sharknado... must pay."

With a barbarian-like shout, Matt steps over his father's corpse and begins running towards the gigantic, unstoppable tornado with nothing but his fists bared.

"No, Matt!" comes a shout from behind. He stops and turns, seeing Nova standing there, bloodied bikini top still miraculously in place after everything they'd been through. "You can't fight it! No one can!"

"Nova!" Matt shouts, tears welling in his blue eyes. "That thing killed my parents! I have to do something!"

"Not again," she says, stepping over Fin's body as well. "Don't you dare do this to me, Matt. You saw what it did to your parents. It will do the same to you."

"We blew up the others," Matt argues.

"This one's different!" she shouts, stepping right up to the man she suddenly and inexplicably loves. "This isn't a regular sharknado, Matt. It can't be defeated the same way as the others."

Matt sees that one of Nova's hands has strayed absentmindedly to the scar on her perfectly flat stomach. She notices his gaze and quickly moves her hand behind her back. Matt puts his own hand on her shoulder. "What do you know?"

She meets his eyes. They're fiercely blue with specks of gray, like a breaking wave on that sunny southern California day so long ago. The deadly vortex spins madly out of control behind him, but he doesn't break the gaze. "Tell me," he says.

"Matt, it's too painful."

"Tell me! What makes this sharknado so powerful?!"

Tears are now streaming down Nova's perfect face, and she finally breaks eye contact and turns away from the boy. "It was a long time ago. I don't want to talk about it."

Matt wraps his arms lovingly around her, feeling a little boob while he does so. "It's okay, babe," he whispers, incomprehensibly audible over the roaring din of a tornado no more than twenty feet away. "It's a shark bite, isn't it?"

"No. It's..." But the words catch in her throat. "It's... well yes but not from a regular shark."

This is confusing to Matt. He releases her and says, "Then what was -"

She cuts him off and turns back around. "Matt, I've seen a sharknado before, years ago, but it wasn't like this." She shakes her head back and forth, as if to say "it wasn't like this." She wipes her eyes, "It was something bigger. More ancient. More malevolent."

"What does that mean?" Matt asks.

"Matt, all of these sharknados are just regular tornados, but with sharks inside them, right?"

He counts on his fingers, then nods his head and says, "Yeah, so..."

"Well what if I were to tell you that there was a different kind of sharknado? One not spoken of since the elder days?"

"Nova, what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about that," she says, pointing a finger over Matt's shoulder. He spins and sees that the tornado has changed. Instead of a swirling gray torrent of water and dirt, speckled with the occasional underwater super-predator, there now spins an enormous, scarlet red hyper-tornado, twirling into the shape of a gigantic shark.

"What is that thing!?" Matt shouts, throwing a protective arm in front of Nova, touching a little more boob in the process.

"It's a megaladonado: a tornado not containing sharks, but *made* of sharks, and also in the shape of a shark."

As the beastly thing approaches, Matt can see its body is composed of a churning swirl of shark guts, blood, fins, and teeth, as if an entire pile of angry sharks was put through a gigantic blender. It opens its massive, swirling jaws and emits a roar unlike anything Matt's ever heard before, like a herd of elephants trying to stop an eighteen-wheeler carrying a shipment of airhorns from smashing into a backyard swimming pool full of drunk teenagers.

"You've seen this thing before?!" he shouts over the cacophony.

"Once," she says softly. "It...It killed my father and chomped a piece out of me."

"We should run!" Matt suggests.

"No!" Nova shouts. "That thing is a sharknado elemental, Matt! It creates sharknados, and it won't stop creating them until they overrun the entire world!"

The huge blood-beast lunges at them, snapping its Mac-Truck-sized jaws made of the smaller jaws of innumerable other sharks. They dive out of the way, but not fast enough. A flying shark-tooth lashes out, and a line of blood appears across Matt's left cheek as something round and white flies into the air and bounces across the parking lot.

Oh no, Nova thinks, *not his beautiful eye!*

Matt screams, "My beautiful eye! That thing took my eye!" He flails on the ground, clutching at his bleeding face.

The megaladonado swims through the air, cutting a tight loop and chomping threateningly at Nova and the prone form of Matt, now in a fetal position on the pavement. "We're dead! We're all dead!" he screams.

The ancient beast of maritime blood-lust roars again, and no less than six cyclones appear in the parking lot, called into existence by its ageless and unknowable power. Several small sharks burst forth from the mini-sharknados, but Nova just smiles and says, "Not this time, baby." With that, she cocks her shotgun, the one her father gave her just before she lost him forever, and unloads.

A few quick bursts of exploding shark later, and she's empty. The megaladonado bears down on her and opens wide. She tries to shoot it in the face, but she's completely out of ammo. With a sinking feeling, she thinks, *Well this is it. It's finally found me after all these years.* She lets the shotgun hang loosely at her side, and she closes her eyes with a finality that says "I'm ready to die."

"Babe!" shouts Matt from the pavement. "Catch!"

She jerks her head down to see Matt toss something up at her. She reacts instinctively and snatches the two small canisters out of the air, and realizes with satisfaction that they are the shotgun shells they got from the old gypsy woman earlier; the ones that had been filled with shark-shot and blessed over the bones of her father. *Yes!* She thinks. *This might just do it!*

But she isn't fast enough. With a horrifying chomp made from the force of a thousand shark-parts slamming into one another, she is engulfed.

"Nova!" Matt screams. "Not again!"

The megalodonado lifts its great red nose and does a victory lap around the parking lot, dismissing the surrounding mini-tornados as it does so. It roars in victory, and Matt cries tears of blood from one eye, and tears of tears from the other, bemoaning the loss of his mother, his father, and the girl he had just made out with in the dumpster behind the Long John Silver's.

Just finish me off! he thinks. *I don't have anyone else!*

The shark-shaped tornado made of a bunch of other sharks, as if reading his mind, turns towards Matt and approaches slowly like a cat toying with a mouse. It opens its great maw once more. *It's just like that old gypsy woman said,* is the last thought in his head.

But then, BOOM!

The left side of the megalodonado's head explodes in a burst of teeth, fins, and other assorted shark parts. It's mouth closes and it backs away from Matt in shock before, BOOM! Another blast tears its head clean off, causing the entire hyper-sharknado to erupt like a fountain made up entirely of seafood. Matt is completely doused in shark-blood and pelted with a hundred harmless little shark-teeth. He wipes his face and uses his remaining eye to see, with amazement, Nova standing in the epicenter of the sharkspllosion. Every square inch of her is covered in viscera, and she's bearing a few scratches here and there, but he's disappointed to see that her top has managed to stay on once again.

"Nova?!" he shouts, finding nothing else to say. "You killed it!"

She nods to Matt, then looks down at her trusty shotgun and says, "Thanks, dad."

THE END?

