

Saturday Night at the Yeti Fight

by Joe Lyons

“What part of ‘only bettors can watch the Yeti fight’ do you not understand?!” he yelled. “Either place a bet or get the hell out of here!”

I begrudgingly gave him all of the money I had on me, about two hundred, and placed it on Demonio Blanco. Damn it. Didn't think I was going to have to do that. It's going to take a lot of paperwork to get that reimbursed.

“Whoa! Big spender! Head on in”, he barks at me sarcastically with breath so bad it's practically visible. I pass him and enter the makeshift arena, almost filled to capacity with a throng bloodthirsty gamblers.

I can hear the Tac-Team chattering to each other in my ear piece. About 2 more minutes and they'll all be in position. Provided our intel is good, this will end up being the 4th successful bust this year for the newly formed Gen-Crimes Task Force. The I.B.I. was hesitant about letting me start this team, but you can't argue with our arrest record...that and the science division gets to study all of our rescue subjects. I'm not thrilled about that, but until there's a better alternative, I don't have too much of a choice.

“In position, sir,” whispers Rodrigo over the com. “We'll go on your signal.”

The crowd starts roaring when the combatants are led into the ring. I have to push my way through the mob to get a better look at them. Sure enough, there they are, being led in by their handlers; eight feet tall, white fur, fists the size of basketballs and covered in scars from previous battles. These were Yeti if I ever saw them. Two missing links stand right in front of the crowd and they're met with cries for each other's heads.

Now all that's left to do is to confirm that they're Yeti and not a couple of muscle men who modded themselves to look like Yeti. That's always first. We learned about that the hard way in the early days. We still laugh about the Fish Boy of Bangor that we tried to rescue from that carnival in Maine, who just turned out to be a midget with an incredibly specific fetish. The lawsuit is still going on I think. The easier it becomes to get gen-modded at unlicensed clinics, the harder my job gets. Self-modding is not necessarily a crime...yet. Our job is to protect the creatures that had no choice in their modding and the beings that shouldn't even be alive in the first place.

Well, the fact that they're on leashes seems reassuring, but I've got to be sure. The scanner on my glasses is working overtime to process the data. Thankfully, the data starts reading out on my lens before the fight even starts. Definitely lab grown. Probably started with an orangutan fetus and then had polar bear and human DNA grafted into them. Exhibiting signs of low intelligence and high aggression (which means it will be a load of fun trying to get them back to HQ). These specimens are the closest anyone has ever gotten to an actual Abominable Snowman. It would be remarkable if it wasn't so tragic.

The last thing I always check is their eyes. It's hard to see Demonio Blanco's through the fur, but one glimpse is all I need. I see a look that is all too familiar. It's a hollow look of sadness and confusion. It's all I need.

“Move in.”

