

## Fate of the Baby Butcher (999 words)

By Brian Trepanier

Butchie opened the car door and grabbed the driver's arm.

"Out of the car, bitch." he said, pulling her out and knocking her to the asphalt. He jumped in the driver's seat and sped away with his ride for the day, a red 4 door sedan, nothing fancy, but nothing that would get noticed, either.

The crime scene well behind, Butchie pulled onto a side street to rummage through the car and see what bad habits the driver liked to carry around, like maybe smokes, maybe drugs, maybe money for smokes and drugs. He had found all those things and much more in prior carjackings, usually something he could turn over for a quick buck before getting to the day's work of breaking into houses and stealing stuff.

He stopped the car and put it in park, and the very next moment the entire air space in the vehicle erupted into an ear drum piercing scream. He turned and looked in the back seat.

There was a baby strapped into a baby seat, and the baby was not happy.

"Oh shit, you're not supposed to be here." Butchie said, realizing in a panic he just escalated from car thief to kidnapper. "You are not part of the plan." he said, staring at the screaming red-faced baby who showed no signs of letting up.

"Shut up, I need to think." Butchie said but the baby continued screaming, indifferent to the wrench suddenly placed in his plan.

"Okay, I will call the cops, tell them where to find the car. No missing baby, no manhunt. Okay, good plan." Butchie decided. "I need a payphone."

He put the car in drive and once moving, the baby stopped screaming.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" Butchie said. "You like car rides, do you? Were you being driven around to make you stop screaming? Don't worry, you'll be sucking on your mommy's tit soon enough."

Butchie spotted a payphone and pulled up alongside, steeling himself for the scream that would, and did, come when the car stopped.

He pushed on the door to get out fast but it was stuck.

He leaned on it again, harder, but it would not open.

He tried the lock, up, down, nothing.

He tried the window.

Nothing.

He slid over to the passenger side, same result; neither door nor window would open.

All the while, the baby continued to scream.

"Shut the fuck up, you little shit." Butchie yelled, reaching into the back seat and trying the two doors. They were not going to let him out, either. Frustrated, he raised a hand to slap the screaming baby but brought it back down.

Suddenly, the air conditioning that had been keeping the car cool started blasting out heat, quickly turning the car into an unbearable sauna. The temperature controls did not respond.

"Okay, this is seriously fucked up." Butchie said, and kicked at the windows. He was not a small man, but the windows held firm. Butchie was trapped in a sweltering car with a screaming baby.

He put the car in drive, heading back to the intersection where he carjacked it in the first place. Once in motion, the baby stopped screaming and the car's air conditioner started working normally again. The windows and doors, however, remained stubbornly locked tight.

He would return the car, say he chased after the bad guy and caught him and took the car away from the thief and was returning it and maybe actually come out of it a hero. Whatever the case, it would be a better fate than if he was charged as a kidnapper.

Not having paid attention to anything beyond trying to open the doors and windows during the return trip, with the intersection close, Butchie now paid attention to his surroundings and saw the world had changed.

Not just had changed, but had been destroyed.

Buildings were in ruin. Lamp posts bent from having rusted through. Abandoned vehicles rotted all around.

As he slowly rolled through the ruins of what had been a busy intersection mere moments before, the only thing Butchie could think to say was, "What the fuck happened here?"

He stopped the vehicle and the baby started screaming and the heat started blasting. Butchie turned to the baby in the back seat.

"This has something to do with you, doesn't it?" Butchie said, his mouth sneering and his drug-ruined mind not really comprehending. Whatever happened outside the car was not natural and it had to do with the baby, Butchie saw that. It was fate that brought Butchie and the baby together, and they were brought together for Butchie to make things right.

He pulled up his pant leg and took out the long butcher knife that was his motivator of choice when someone needed motivation to hand over something he wanted, but it also had other practiced uses. He had been a butcher at one time, but hard drug use had messed with his mind, and all he had left from that era was the knife and the nickname. He believed the only way out of the car was to kill the screaming baby. The baby was the lock and its death was the key.

Without hesitation, Butchie leaned over the seat and plunged the knife into the baby's chest, but the screams did not stop, they only grew louder and more painful to his ears. Butchie fell back, hands over his ears, trying to block out the pain and humiliation of a wasted life screaming at him from the past. He turned away from the back seat and the crying undying baby, and placed his hands on the steering wheel, his flesh searing from how hot it had become. Unflinching, Butchie put the car in drive and began rolling away the first miles of his eternity; the passenger, the baby Butchie was when born and the driver, the man he was when he died using a knife to carjack a gun owner.