

The Cord

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They're taking over ...

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The Cord

Listen to me. Come close, darling. I can't let them hear me tell you what happened ten months ago.

I was on my way to the train station after work. I walked through a tunnel and heard a thump. My body stiffened, I quickened my pace. I didn't want to look behind me. I heard a scream. My heels tapped the concrete, echoing through the tunnel. I gripped my bag and was almost out of there when I heard another scream. That's when I turned around.

I saw a woman lying on the floor, at the other end. She was sweating, gripping a dirty blanket. Her hair looked tacky and she was barefoot. She screamed again. Her legs were spread apart and I called out to her. "Hey, are you okay?"

She turned her head and her bloodshot eyes hit mine like a bullet to my stomach. She gasped out the words. "I'm having, a, b-b-b" She sobbed, then screamed out, "Baby!"

And something red and slimy came out of her and the tunnel echoed the screams of a newborn child. Holding my breath, I ran towards her and had to turn my face away when I saw the baby lying there like that. This was wrong. She shouldn't be here. "I'm calling an ambulance, okay?" I said as I reached for my phone.

"No!" she said. She began sobbing again, then closed her eyes. The baby's screams seemed to be multiplying. "Shut it up," she said. She opened her eyes and looked at me. I crouched next to her. She took my hand, picked a knife up from the floor and whispered, "Please."

I stared at the knife. "You want me to cut it?" I said, thinking she meant the umbilical cord.

"No," she shook her head. "I want you to kill it."

I gasped.

She begged. "Please, just do it."

"Why?" I said. My lips trembled.

"It's evil," she said.

"What?" I shook my head. "Why?"

"It just is," she said. I looked down at the helpless baby, still crying.

"You're just confused," I said. "You need to get to a hospital. You and the baby."

She sighed. "Okay," she said. Then she handed me the knife. "Can you please cut the cord?"

It was a very sharp-looking kitchen knife. "I can't cut the cord with this," I said.

Then something bizarre happened. She came forward, picked up the baby and shoved it towards me. I grabbed it and dropped the knife. The baby stopped crying. "What are you doing?" I said. "You need to be

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careful. Iâ€™m calling an ambulance now.â€

I reached for my phone and thatâ€™s when she picked up the knife and lunged forward with it. I screamed. She screamed, and the baby started crying again. I backed away from her, then whimpered because this crazy woman had cut my leg. I went to stand and get the baby, and myself, further away from her. But something stopped me. The umbilical cord. Panicking, I screamed for help. There was no one around. Well if there was, no one was bothered by my cries. The woman held the knife pointed at me. â€œThis is your last chance,â€ she said. â€œKill it!â€

I bent down with the child in my arm and picked up the knife. Then I stood and gripped the umbilical cord a few centimeters from the baby. I stepped back a bit so that the cord became taught. The woman gasped. â€œNo!â€

â€œSorry,â€ I said, raising the knife. Then I took a deep breath and swung the knife down. She screamed. I dropped the knife and tried to comfort the baby.

I knelt down and took my jacket off, which I then used to wrap around the baby. It stopped crying. Well, was it a he or a she? I still didnâ€™t know, which prompted me to lift the child up and take a look. There was nothing there. It was the strangest thing. The woman caught me frowning at the baby. â€œDo you see now that itâ€™s not normal?â€ she said. And then she fell forward a bit. She crawled with some effort and picked up the knife. I held the baby tighter.

The woman was careful when she got off the floor and looked every bit evil as she stumbled towards me with the knife. She was aiming for her child of course. But I moved away and she fell over with a miserable sob.

â€œEnough of this,â€ I said. â€œIâ€™m calling an ambulance.â€

The woman looked up at me, on her hands and knees. Her body shook as she began to laugh. â€œItâ€™s too late now,â€ she said. â€œToo late even to kill the monster.â€

â€œMonster?â€ I said. â€œWhat do you mean?â€

In a very small voice, she said, â€œI was injected with something foreign to this planet.â€

Sheâ€™s on drugs, I thought. I picked up my phone. And then she spoke her final words: â€œThat alien doesnâ€™t deserve to live because it is the start of the end of human civilization.â€

I felt the baby move. Its left arm swung back and it aimed its tiny palm at its mother. It made a swift, horizontal motion. A red line appeared along the womanâ€™s neck. Her head slid down with the force of gravity and hit the floor.

Horrified, I let go of the baby. But it now had a firm grip on me. I screamed. It opened its eyes and they were dark red, like wine. I tried to push it off. It opened its mouth wider than it seemed possible and screamed an inhumane scream.

It called its fellow members and they took me away. They did things to me and theyâ€™re everywhere now. Theyâ€™re taking over our planet, one pregnant woman at a time. But itâ€™s not too late to stop them, dear husband. Kill our baby as soon as itâ€™s born. Donâ€™t cut the cord. Kill it.

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