

“You’re alright,” I told her, “you were in a car wreck. I pulled you out.”

She stared at me taking it in, comprehension coming slowly. Her mouth opened and the words that came out chilled me to the bone. “My baby’s in the car!”

I looked up at the car. The flames were much higher and they were spreading to the back of the car where the fuel tank was. I didn’t stop to think, I stood up and ran. Reaching the car I extended out and dove through the passenger window, stopping when my belt caught on the door window frame. I crawled in further and began searching.

There were clothes and books and an assortment of stuff scattered all over the inside of the rear of the Mini. I reached in as far as I could and began tossing stuff all over the car. “My baby! My baby!” I heard the woman screaming in the background. The sound of the growing flames was getting louder. My hand hit something hard. I grabbed it and pulled it to me, clothes fell off and a baby carrier was revealed with a baby. He was strapped in, awake, eyes wide and just sucking his thumb as if he didn’t have a care in the world.

“C’mon little guy, I’m getting you out of here,” I told him, hitting the release that held his carrier strapped to the back seat. Once he was free I began backing out through the window, dragging him behind.

Pulling him through the window as I crawled backward, the screaming words of the mother now changed to, “Move faster! The fire’s reached the gas tank!”

I didn’t even bother to look for myself. I got to my feet; the baby carrier held to my chest and broke into a run away from the burning car. I had taken two steps when I heard a loud “whump” followed by an explosion. The blast threw me to the ground knocking me out.