

The Butcher of Box Hill

A 'Monster Town' Novella

by

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It was never as easy as he made it look. But for JD Enron, hunting monsters came as naturally as breathing in and out.

"Everybody in place?" he barked into the voice-chip imbedded in his rear right molar.

"Roger that," echoed the members of the monster wrangling strike force that surrounded the old warehouse on the banks of the Hudson.

"Good. Because I'm missing a Yankee game for this, and if I ain't back in time for the ninth inning, I'm not gonna be shy about hiding my disappointment."

"Err...being a Yankee's fan, sir, wouldn't you have gotten used to disappointment by now?" said Walker from his position at the rear of the warehouse.

A couple of the strike force stifled a laugh. The Yankees hadn't won the world series since Obama was in office. And two decades in the wilderness was one hell of a drought.

JD didn't miss a beat. "Look Walker, I realize that because your mother is the fluffer for the *entire* Redsox team, that you feel obliged to support them. But that doesn't mean the rest of us need to suffer through your opinions on baseball, ok?" He signaled to Trent and Tanaka, the monster wranglers nearest him, to prepare to

move in. "Now button it up ladies, we're going in on three, two..."

Before he could finish the count, the wyvern burst through the warehouse door at about mach two, its armour plated reptilian wings catching Trent and Tanaka square in the face.

"Son of a bitch! The fucker's airborne! I repeat, the fucker's airborne!"

Leaping over the prostrate bodies of Trent and Tanaka, JD sprinted after the wyvern and unclipped a retractable lash-cable from his wrangler belt and fired it into the air. The heat seeking cable soared through the bleak New York sky and quickly found its mark, wrapping itself tightly around the wyvern's trailing leg, and yanking JD into the air, just as a midnight bath in the Hudson beckoned.

Trent and Tanaka hauled themselves to their feet, Tanaka wiping blood from a nasty gash on the side of his face. He looked up at JD, who was already forty feet above the ground and rising. *"Damn that man's got a death wish..."*



Though by no means the strongest of the monsters, wyverns were still powerful enough to toss the family Volvo thirty feet down the driveway if you happened to piss them off. Something that was a distinct possibility given they hated norms with a passion. And monster wranglers from the Brotherhood of the Hand in particular. Luckily for JD, his 200 pound frame didn't register as a Plus 1 passenger on the rapidly ascending Air Wyvern flight until it was too late, and he had retracted the lash-cable to bring him within touching distance of the beast.

"Hey, ugly! Remember me?" he yelled into the wind as he aimed his infrasonic handgun at the creature's head.

The downside of sonic weaponry - and this is why it never became the weapon of mass destruction its manufacturers had hoped - is that it has an exceptionally limited range. The up-side is that, if you point it at the head of someone who is within fifty feet of you, it vibrates their inner ears so violently, unconsciousness is almost instantaneous. So by the time the wyvern looked down and realized JD was there...it was already deciding to take a well earned nap. Which, when you're 30 stories above the New York skyline, can be a tad problematic. Especially for the passengers flying coach.

"Oh shit..." said JD as the wyvern dropped out of the sky like a deadweight, whip-lashing him behind like a badly constructed scarecrow.

At times like this, when immanent death seems to be the only channel available on life's remote control, most people do the sensible thing and panic (and possibly soil themselves). But, JD wasn't most people. So, as he fell, and the world spun around him like a helter-skelter, he calmly reached around and grasped the second lash-cable from his belt (monster wranglers always carry two) and fired it at that sharp, pointy thing that was whizzing by to his right.

The cable wrapped around the Empire State Building's lightning rod more than a dozen times before gaining purchase and sling-shotting JD and the wyvern toward the 86th floor observation deck. JD hit the deck hard, but instinctively rolled and flattened himself to dissipate the kinetic energy of the fall. The snoozing wyvern wasn't so lucky however, and smashed straight through the observation deck and the three floors directly below it, ending up in the office of a very surprised Jewish lawyer named Mushkin, and his equally surprised Taiwanese Holo-Hooker, Cherry-Anne.

JD dragged himself gingerly to his feet as the young lovers and obligatory Japanese tourists snapped away with their holo-cams to record the event for posterity and e-bay. "Thank you, thank you," JD said as the crowd burst into applause. "It was nothing, really. It's all part of the job". And then, like the rock star he was, JD jumped through the hole in the observation deck floor to secure the wyvern once and for all, so he could transport it to Monster Town, New Mexico, where all the hell-spawned freaks belonged.

