

The Curious Case of Abbott Pendleton

By Chrono Eclipse

Part 1: Birth

On an overcast day on the 29th of February 19-year-old Cassandra Pendleton, the beautiful lone heiress of the Pendleton publishing fortune, went into labor. This was significant for a few reasons, one being that upon giving birth she would fulfill the final clause of her parents will and gain access to her fortune; and the other being that the slender dainty girl had shown no signs of being pregnant the day before. The identity of the father was never revealed.

The birth was... abnormal to say the least. The doctor in attendance was a well-respected OBGYN with nearly 40 years of experience in the field. Dr. Jenkins was the 62-year-old head of the department. He had a reputation for being old-school but with over 1000 successful deliveries under his belt no one could say that he was unqualified to oversee the unusual labor.

“Let’s see here... there’s no notes here in your file of an upcoming delivery... when was your due-date miss?” The gray-haired doctor asked, looking over the teenagers charts.

“I don’t have an effing due date! I’m not even supposed to be pregnant! I was playing video games in my living room when my belly started swelling up and my water broke! Just get this baby out of me!!!!” Cassandra screamed from the hospital table, her feet raised in the stirrups.

“Doctor, her blood pressure is spiking, we need to deliver this baby stat.” Nurse Carter barked, reading the monitor.

Head Nurse Anne Carter was an ever present face at the hospital. The husky 68-year-old woman had been working in the pre-natal ward since the Nixon administration and her nickname among the younger doctors and staff was ‘Nurse Battleax’ due to her no-nonsense attitude and her haggard appearance.

“Okay let’s see what we can do about getting your little surprise out of the oven eh? Heh heh.” Dr. Jenkins said, pressing his stethoscope to the young woman’s belly and listening for a fetal heartbeat.

The old doctor was used to delivering babies without much info to go on from the parent – especially teenage moms like Cassandra here... though as he looked at the mother-to-be she looked a bit mature for her age... He scratched his head not realizing that his hair was thick and filling in his forehead or that it was brown now instead of gray.

“Doctor – something... funny’s going on. These readings are all over the place!” Nurse Carter exclaimed in a softer, high pitched voice than the throaty grizzled one that the Doctor was used to hearing.

“Get this baby out of me!!” Cassandra screamed with a voice that was now much huskier.

Her feet grew veiny in the stirrups and the tone in her arms and legs melted into flab as she gripped the bedsheets of her hospital bed and pushed. Sweat ran down the creases of her aging face as her blonde hair began to gray.

“Uh... chill out for a sec... er, sec I’m uh, trying to remember what comes next...” A now 20-something Dr. Jenkins said staring in bewilderment as Cassandra's graying vagina.

He had suddenly forgotten everything that he had learned since med school.

“Just, like, breathe... keep breathing babe. You’re doing great!” A young, perky Nurse Carter said while holding the weathered hand of the now middle-aged pregnant woman.

She was also confused and internally panicking as if this was her first day on the job. At age 22 she had never delivered a geriatric pregnancy before and by the looks of Cassandra – that ‘geriatric’ descriptor was becoming quite literal.

“Yeah uh, maybe if you push really hard the baby will like... come shooting out and I’ll catch it! My buddies can toss me a brewski from across the dorm and I never drop it!” The now 18-year-old “Doctor” suggested.

“I saw on TV that if you do like breathing in rhythm that’ll totally do the trick. The moms usually all like “AHHH I’M IN LABOR!” and then like fade to black and the baby cries and then we cut back to passing the newborn cute little baby to you!” An equally teenage Nurse Carter offered while twirling a strand of her red hair around her finger.

“THIS! ISN’T! A! TV SHOW! I’M ACTUALLY HAVING A BABY RIGHT NOW! WE CAN’T CUT TO COMMERCIAL!!” Cassandra growled through gritted teeth as the rest of her hair grew gray and her breasts flopped down onto her baby bump.

The high school boy in the doctor's coat wasn't paying attention however, he was too busy staring at the cute busty 16-year-old girl in the nurse's outfit. The two of them awkwardly came together and began to make-out with one another in the visitors chair in the corner.

Cassandra wailed, confused as to what was happening but determined to get through it. She pounded on the emergency button on the wall by her bed with a bony aged fist. After a few moments one of the other doctors on staff, Dr. Lauren Pascal rushed into the room.

“Who pushed the call button... Isn’t Dr. Jenkins in with this patient?” The assertive, serious, 40-something doctor demanded to know as she entered the room.

Dr. Pascal’s jaw dropped as she looked around the room.

“Who let these kids in here? This is a sterile hospital room not lovers lane! Get out of here!” She yelled at the teenagers who quickly blushed and rushed off to find a private place to continue necking.

The adult doctor turned to the patient and was equally baffled.

“What is an old woman doing in prenatal?” She demanded to know, grabbing Cassandra’s chart. “The patient in this room is supposed to be a pregnant 19-year-old girl!” She shouted out to the hallway to see if someone could explain the obvious mix up.

“Please... get this baby out of me...” Cassandra rasped weakly as she rubbed her wrinkling stomach.

Dr. Pascal dropped her chart on the floor and rushed over to get a better look at the elderly woman in the bed.

“Oh my god ma’am... are you pregnant!?” The doctor exclaimed, never seeing anything like this in her 20+ years of practicing medicine.

Cassandra nodded slowly as her neck skin loosened into a turkey waddle. Her teeth began to fall out of her mouth a couple at a time.

“Okay! I need a team in here stat! Where is Doctor Jenkins!?” Dr. Pascal shouted into the callbox.

Several of the nursing staff rushed into the room, all gasping at the sight of the grandmotherly woman pushing a baby out from her dried up old uterus. Dr. Pascal began to direct them in what to do to assist her in the delivery and everyone in the room was so focused on their delicate life-saving tasks that they didn’t notice how youthful Amy Pascal now suddenly looked, her breasts were perky in her coat and her face didn’t have a line on it.

“We have to move quickly but carefully team! We’re about to do something that’s never been done in the history of modern medicine! Stay focused and follow my directions to a T! Understood? Okay now let’s see how dilated we are...” Dr. Pascal said passionately.

She lifted the gown between Cassandra’s bony frail legs and suddenly every staff member in the room was 8-years-old.

“Ewww! It’s all yucky down there like a gray prune!” Amy giggled backing out from under the old woman’s gown.

“Tag!” One of the other children said, slapping her on the back.

She laughed and began to chase the former nurse around the room. Cassandra groaned as her eyes filled with cataracts and her hair grew thin and wispy on her liver-spotted scalp. She had entered the hospital just a girl of 19 but now found herself a 100-year-old pregnant woman afraid she was about to keel over from the strain of giving birth.

“Please.... Help... me...” She rasped in a thin croaking voice to no one in particular.

Cassandra feared that all hope was lost as her mind began to deteriorate into senility when suddenly a group of naked women in their 30s and 40s burst into the room and began to attend to her.

“Check her vitals and get her stabilized!” The oldest one, a graying brunette woman with large sagging breasts and a pear-shaped figure, ordered.

“The baby is crowning!” A slightly younger blonde woman with tear-drop shaped breasts and subtle laugh lines observed.

They proceeded to keep Cassandra alive while delivering the baby. Staff from the hospital crowded the doorway to gawk at the scene. Minutes ago they had witnessed these women suddenly rush out of the newborn nursery room. No one could identify who these women were but all agreed that they certainly seemed to know what they were doing. A few of the nurses thought that the women looked related to some of the recent new moms that had given birth at the hospital recently. But no one understood why they weren't wearing any clothes.

The cries of a newborn baby broke through the calamity of the room as one of the naked women cut the umbilical cord and swaddled him in a wrap. She handed the baby into the wrinkled bony arms of his mother who looked down bewildered at her newborn son.

“Whose dis?” She asked, flapping her toothless gums.

A young candy striper entered the room with some paperwork on a clipboard.

“Um, I’m supposed to ask the new mom some questions about the baby? I’m not really sure what to do... This is my first day and uh... this is all like, really weird...” The girl said meekly looking around at the mix of naked middle-aged women, the ancient mother and the little kids in oversized doctors outfits.

As soon as she said that the baby stopped crying and began to giggle as the young woman gained a few decades. Her body filled out and pudged up, bursting some of the seams of her uniform. Her brown hair became sprinkled with gray and she had to squint at the forms in her hand since she was now in sore need of reading glasses.

The 50-year-old candy striper shook her head and sighed. She didn’t need to read the form, she suddenly remembered that she had been doing this for so long that she knew all of the questions by heart.

“Name of the child?” She asked in a throaty voice.

“Eh what?” Cassandra croaked as she laid weakly in the bed holding the infant.

“What did she say? I can hardly hear her.” The aged candy striper asked in a cranky tone.

“She said ‘A butt!’” 8-year-old Dr. Pascal declared with a giggle.

“Fine, Abbott... is that with two t’s?” The matronly candy striper asked not waiting for an answer and instead just recording it on the form and proceeding on to the next question.

And that’s how the child came to be known as Abbott Pendleton. He was brought down to the NICU for observation since by all accounts he had only been gestating inside his mothers womb for less than a day. But by all accounts he appeared to be a healthy, fully matured baby.

After a few hours of rest Cassandra found herself looking and feeling less ancient. She was still exhausted from the whole ordeal but now being in her 50s felt a lot better than being a centenarian. Dr. Jenkins and Nurse Carter were found in a supply closet down the hall entangled with one another in a state of undress - neither had any idea of how they got there but decided it best to take the rest of the night off.

Abbott was brought into the nursery with the other babies - including a group of newborns that were found crawling around Cassandra's room after her delivery. But within the hour chaos ensued as the attending nurse came in to discover a group of naked teens partying in the room. When she went to get security they came back to find rows of newborn infants sleeping peacefully in their little beds. The following hour she came in to find a group of naked middle-aged men and women holding a health and wellness conference in the room - and again when she went to get security they were gone and the babies were back in their beds. By the next hour when she came in to find a group of naked old codgers shuffling around reminiscing about the '40s - not the 1940s but rather the 2040s! She realized that Abbott was behind what was going on, him being the only baby to actually stay an infant throughout the evening.

He was put in an isolated room and talk was had about running tests on him to understand what he was doing and how he was doing it. But any time a staff researcher entered the room they ended up too young or too old to remember what they were doing. After 3 days of observation and pressure from the Pendleton Estate lawyer, the hospital administration decided to bury all recorded evidence of Abbotts unusual abilities and send him and his mother home, hoping to never see them again.

A car was called and Ms. Whitechapel, the executor of the Pendleton estate came to greet Cassandra and her newborn baby. The 35-year-old lawyer was shocked at the sight of the 19-year-old looking more like her mother did right before she passed.

The pre-maturely middle-aged heiress shoved her son into the arms of Ms. Whitechapel and instructed them to get back in the limo and drive home. She herself would be taking a cab far behind them.

It wasn't until halfway through the ride that Ms. Whitechapel began to observe her skin beginning to wrinkle in real time that she understood why.

Next: Abbotts Infancy