

Garage

The stench coming from the garage was putrid and to my shock I was not ready for what I would see inside. Rumor spread quickly that a local had rented out a recently leased garage. He opened it up and had called the police immediately after swiftly shutting it and remaining on scene till the first responders had turned up.

We had just arrived on the old Gillingham estate and already there was commotion. The tents were up indicating that the forensics team had arrived on the scene. When I turned up I was greeted by my top investigator, John, who was waiting for me to arrive. I got out of the car and felt a sudden sense of mass tension and quiet hysteria. I asked him for the rundown. He ignored my request, 'Constable you'd better come see for yourself'. My heart rate increased with the look of repressed desperation in his eyes. I knew then I was about to face nothing I had ever seen before. He led the way to the garage carving a path through the hustle and bustle. It was loud with chatter. We got closer and I could smell a rancid waft of what was unmistakably a decaying corpse. As we were turning the corner my ears deafened and became silent with a high pitched whine, I could feel the foreboding ambience.

My eyes laid rest on four bodies strung from their legs with large rusty shackles tightly clenching their ankles. Their arms hung lifeless, swollen, and red with weeks of collected blood. Naked they all had four enormous gashes from the bottom of their waist to the tip of their chin. Guts covering the floor, emagemating as one pile. Four wind pipes split open revealing the inner throat, some black with tar. I had seen enough. I turned away and vacated for a cigarette.