

Lady of the Flies

The first thing that hit me was the smell. I was let into the house by a colleague cop and it was like hitting a brick wall. "Careful, sir," he had said before I took the last step. I had looked around to see if I could hit my head, but I did not see anything and just stepped onwards over the doorstep. And... nearly fainted, because of the smell, that distinct smell of decay, heavy, lurid and penetrant. Heavy as it was, it was still able to rush up my nose, crawl through my synapses and flog my brains senseless.

"She's here," Floyd said. The thick detective gestured to me to come into the living room. "You would fucking not believe me if I told ya. So come and see for yourself." Floyd hadn't become detective because of his good manners. The heat made him sweat abundantly. He now and again wiped his forehead with a dirty handkerchief. If the smell hadn't filled every part of my conscience, I would have been disgusted by it. More like a robot than like a person I staggered on after him.

In the living room a nice old lady was sitting on the couch. She was surrounded by very nervous cops. Her hands were tied with tie-rips and even her legs were bound. The whole scene startled me.

"Is that really necessary?" I asked.

"Y...yes sir, haven't you seen what she's done in the kitchen," a cop stammered.

"Ehm... eh, no...," I said puzzled. I tried to think normal thoughts, but now a noise instead of the smell disrupted it. "What's that irritant noise," I demanded.

"Damn flies. The kitchen is infested with them," Floyd explained. "You wanna see what she's done?" he then asked. I was a bit put off. "Do I?"

I looked at the old lady and she smiled humbly. She seemed so innocent, so nice and harmless. I didn't know what to think of it. And then a fraction of a second she grinned showing her teeth covered with a reddish liquid. Her eyes gleamed evil. I took a step back and looked shocked to Floyd, who hadn't noticed it. I quickly looked back and there the nice old lady was again. An innocent, warm smile adorned her face.

"George, I'm afraid you should take a look in the kitchen. You really wouldn't believe me otherwise when I told you we've got a devil's spawn here." The old lady cried out in laughter. "Ah ha ha... You'd wish the devil was involved. I'm so much worse!" Her voice had been deep and rumbling, powerful and unsettling in more ways than just because it came from a frail old woman.

I escaped to the kitchen. At least I thought going to the kitchen would ease my mind, would release me from the chilling feeling the Devil really was upon us, but the kitchen was worse. It was no escape. The air was thick with the repulsive smell of decay. My stomach rebelled. The air was also full of thick black flies. They buzzed much more loudly than in the living room and the sound disrupted any logical strain of thought.

And then the sight of the kitchen kicked in.

Around the dinner table four people were sitting, or at least their remains were still sitting hands tied to their chairs. The remains were in different states of decay. That what had been a boy was so much gone his head had come loose and tumbled onto the plate in front him.

All the plates had pulsating pieces of meat on them. The meat and of course the remains were infested with maggots, wrinkling, pale white maggots crawling through them. The sight seized my gaze. I was so shocked I could not think, I could not move, not even my head. I could hardly breathe let alone swallow. My mouth was so dry the desert would think it was an ocean compared to that.

And then it struck me. I knew what had happened here. The old woman drugged this family, bound them with tie-rips to their chairs and then killed the boy. She fed him to the rest. The first to die was then fed to the others and this process she repeated until everyone was dead. This realisation was the last drop that made my stomach overflow. I emptied it in the sink. That also was not a great idea. The sink was full of wrinkling and pulsating bodies of rats. The old woman had caught them and dumped them there. The top one was bitten in half recently.

To ease my suffering I looked up. Through the stained, dirty window I looked out at an idyllic road with neat lawns and beautiful houses. Was this the same road where this house was at. I needed fresh air and opened the window. I craved for something normal, something nice, for clean air and the smell of freshly cut grass.

The door of the house on the other side of this tranquil road opened. A girl stepped out not older than ten. She had her hair in a ponytail and wore a pink gown. I quickly pushed the window further open to hear this something innocent. The lovely girl stepped out to play on the perfect lawn.

"Mom! I'm going to play outside with Steward," she called to her mother. I stared in the perfect daydream I now was in at the young girl with her ball under her arm as she closed the door.

'Where was Steward?' I wondered. The girl saw me, smiled and waved. She turned slowly. Why was her gown so dirty? She took her ball, threw it up in front of her and kicked it. There was Steward. His head turned around its axis and showed me all sides of the rotting flesh as it flew through the air.

I emptied my stomach again my gaze fixed on the girl. Only bile came out. It ran down my chin, stinging and dripped on the rat corpses. I could only groan one letter: "Aaaaaa" and point.

A cop who had watched me stare in utter peace looked at what I was pointing at and he too could first only make a one letter sound. He drew his gun. The girl did not mind the groaning men and just frisked to Steward's head. She picked it up and looked at the cop. She held the head out to him. "Do YOU wanna play," she asked, and the cop shot her. Her head jerked backwards as her brains came out at the back as the bullet exited. The cop kept shooting even when he was out of bullets. The gun clicked dry.

Panic broke out everywhere. "What the fuck!" a colleague yelled as he jumped the shooting cop. "Jesus!" another yelled as he saw the head of Steward.

"Sit down! Sit down," someone ordered in the living room. Screams of agony and shots, many, many shots followed. Shortly after Floyd staggered into the hallway holding his arm. Blood came gushing out from somewhere. He fell over and died, not from the wound in his arm, but because he was shot five times. 'That explains the gushing blood,' I thought just before my mind shut down.

I stared at him for a couple of seconds baffled, bewildered and shocked. Then slowly, very slowly it occurred to me that I should know if the old woman was dead or not. I drew my gun

and ran to the living room. In it all the cops were down and I nearly slipped on the blood of the old woman. A cop grunted and coughed. "I got her," he groaned. His last blood spilled from his grinning mouth. He died.

I ran out of the house to the colleagues I still had. Not as much as before we were still six strong. "Follow me," I ordered. We needed to know if anyone was still alive in the house where the girl had come out of. Probably not because no parents had come running out in a blind panic. With newfound courage and mainly on training and instinct we secured the house.

Unfortunately, we found the rest of Steward and mom as well. Both were tied to their dining chairs. Mom had been fed pieces of Steward and died from it.

And this house was filled with more horror. "That little girl was a maniac," the cop that shot her whispered to himself when he found dad rotting next to his bed. His throat was cut. He clearly tried to get help and made it some eight feet. Sister one lay bloated in the bathtub. She bled out as well, but the girl had tried to electrocute her first. The toaster could have been enough if the fuse hadn't burned through. The razor of dad had to do the rest. Apparently the last sister surprised the girl. She tried to run and only got some nasty cuts. She however tripped and smashed into a wall. The marks were visible. The girl got some sheets to make a rope and strangle her sister, but sis recovered. She escaped from the deadly hold, but with the sheets still around her neck she was an easy prey for the girl. The sheets were grabbed and the sister jerked her back by her neck. She fell and was knocked out. The girl hung her sister, but was so out of control, that she cut and slashed away. Perhaps the sister choked, perhaps she bled out, but she met her end horribly. Her dead body still hung from the balustrade her guts hanging from belly with maggots crawling over it. This house of course was also filled with flies, hundreds of them, thousands. I would even believe millions. Buzzing, flying, crawling over every corpse and barfing their stomach contents out only to sip it up again. And shitting on everything, small black blobs covering everything. I had nothing to throw up anymore, but the reflux tried it anyway. Goddamn messed up this was.

"This is totally goddamn messed up," the hero cop said speaking his and my mind. "Yes, son, it is. What's your name, by the way." "Bud, sir, but I think I'll change it to Patrick and become a priest now I've seen this shit." "Good idea, but not just yet. Let's finish this nice and clean. Wait for forensic to arrive and make something of this. Then you can pray and say praise to the Lord all day long." "I will, sir. I'll praise the Lord so much He'll get embarrassed by it." "You do that, son."

Forensic took forever to arrive.

"Hi, Josephine, glad you could come so quick. Bud here is planning to become a priest today so let's be quick about it some more"

Josephine could have stepped out of a Playboy just minutes before. She was hot. But behind those pretty eyes, that perfect hair and that smooth skin were brains that could have scared Einstein. She smiled and I'll not go into details about the effect of that.

"So? Where should we begin then, George?" she asked.

"I think the old lady's house," I said pointing at the first house I had gone into. She smiled as confirmation and my heart ran after her.

“Ehm, Bud, I should help her out,” I said to Bud. Bud could just produce a smile. “You do that, sir.”

I walked after Josephine to the house. She went in without hesitation, but I needed a second or more. Hoping she hadn't noticed it I drew a breath and hoped it would last a lifetime or at least all the time needed in the house. The outside fear of the smell embarrassed me, because Josephine didn't seem to mind the smell at all.

“Are you coming, George?”

Damn, she had noticed.

“Yes, yes, of course,” I said now really embarrassed.

“Could you ask a cop to help out,” she called. I gestured a cop to follow me. He did reluctantly. We found her in the living room. She looked upset.

“George, this room alone is days work. I can't rush this. A suspect shot by cops needs all the proper attention. You! Come here. You'll put a sign next to every shell you see.” The cop nodded and went at it.

She looked around, took her camera and started taking pictures.

“Were you here when this happened, George?”

“No, I was in the kitchen,” I said embarrassed for no reason really. Floyd thought it necessary for me to see the kitchen and then the little girl... and now my stomach was rebelling again. “No, I wasn't,” I whispered.

“It looks to me like the old woman got up and attacked Floyd. Everyone started shooting blindly. They killed each other. Only one shot hit her and that was fatal. You!” Josephine pointed at the cop putting down signs. “Take these sticks and put them in every hole in the walls. Come, George, let us look at the kitchen.”

Josephine left the living room, and I followed. I tried to stay professional and not stare at her nice, firm, round ass.

The first thing I heard when she entered the kitchen was a curse. “Damn it. Someone left the window open. Now all my evidence flew away. Who would do such a thing?”

I tried to keep a blank face.

“Ehm, I don't know.”

She looked around, studied the bodies and drew conclusions.

“The boy was the first to go. I think she slit his throat. He was then force fed to his sister. She died of course when he started to rot. The parents were starved, but were given the option to eat their son. I think they were drugged in some way, because they obviously did not scream or call for help.”

I wasn't so sure about that. Perhaps there was no one to hear them.

“Anyway, I'll find out if that was the case,” she continued, “when I get them to my lab. The mother was the last to die.”

I thought that too. “And then the old woman called the police. It is unfortunate that the flies are gone. It was really infested with them. And maggots, like thousands of them wrinkling through the flesh or what was left of it.”

She smiled when she saw my look of horror as the images of that returned to me.

“Oh, dear, you're really not cut out for this line of work, are you,” Josephine said pitying me.

“Well not for this part, no, I'm not,” I grumbled.

“Come,” she said. I followed her out. She crossed the street.

“You! Come,” she commanded another cop. She couldn't claim much more cops, because so few were left and someone needed to keep the nosy and the greedy away. I exchanged a

look with Bud. He grinned. Yes, I know. I'm trailing a bitch like a horny dog. Well, returning to that house of the girl was worse than being in the old woman's house. Here, it had been a young girl who did it all. So I needed all the encouragement I could get.

"Ah, this is better," Josephine called from inside the house. 'That woman is crazy,' I thought to myself. "George! Where are you? I need you!" The fine woman's voice lured me in. It was nice to be needed, but what if you're needed in hell? What then? "I'm coming!"

Josephine and her cop were in the kitchen. She examined the remains of Steward. Steward was producing a lot of flies by now.

"Goddamn flies," the cop grumbled.

"Yes, my dear, but they are very useful to me. So please endure them for a while longer."

I watched in even more horror than before how the boy was sort of belching as eruptions of flies were coming out of it.

"Is... is that normal," the cop now stammered.

"Yes yes, my dead. Now please let me work," Josephine said a little irritated.

I watched it all: The cop looking worried, Josephine taking a scalpel, flies erupting, the corpse belching and between that one single fly doing something odd. How could I notice one fly amongst those million others, but I did? It circled round and round, first up and then down, from small circles to larger ones with every full circle made. The cop made some comments and Josephine reprimanded him for it. And the fly flew straight into her mouth. I expected a reaction like coughing or choking, but nothing happened. I gazed at her puzzled and slowly drew my gun. Josephine stopped with what she was doing, looked at the scalpel and then at the cop. She stabbed him once. He looked totally shocked as he sprayed his blood all over her. I aimed my gun, hesitated a second and then shot her right between her eyes. Her magnificent brains splashed into the face of the dying cop.

She dropped and so did I. Josephine had been an excellent surgeon, but not so much a good aim. She had thrown her scalpel, knowing where to strike and only missed my artery by half an inch. It did get stuck in my windpipe. I succumbed and sitting half lying on the ground I could see her dead eyes gazing at me, empty, lifeless, judging. I cried soundlessly, because my voice was gone, hot, salty tears that were burning in my eyes. Flies landed on my face and sucked them away, barfing on me, shitting on me, but leaving me alive.

I survived, but an important part of me died that day. I left the force. I couldn't take it anymore. Paul took over. I believe he is dead now and the guy taking over from him is in a mental hospital. And I? Only now I can write this down. I wish the devil had been there that day. He would have saved Josephine and let me die. Luckily Bud did become a priest almost the same day. I hope he's embarrassing God.