

# A Police Story #1

"In telling you,  
Amber smiled ~~with~~ barely.  
"ripped her coffee, tea

"Whip," Amber, you're taking this one,

Cst. Murray stuffed in his toast

Cst. Gary adjusted his belt

This one with  
even drank coffee,  
Good, guess we're  
shits,

The radio cackled, they all tilted their heads

at Sgt. Mike adjusted the volume,

"Code Yellow, Wellness Check, ~~neighbors say~~  
at 551 Shelby Crescent"

At ~~that~~ <sup>Amber</sup> she walked slightly behind Cst. Murray

down the narrow hall. Two officers were already standing on each  
side of the door. They were chewing gum, ~~one~~ had

"~~Right through here~~" said one. Super just unlocked it.  
This is the one

Okay, routine, your first call. You'll always remember it.

Go on in, he nodded.

She turned the knob. It was dark so she pulled out her flashlight to  
never occurred to her to flick on the lights, she could see the

outline of a figure near the cushions. She glanced back to see  
the sliver of light coming through the door. Their voices indistinct.

She steady, very slowly, approached the living room. She couldn't at  
first get a bearing on what it was, she ~~first~~ shining the flashlight  
she saw the glint of a wheelchair. The man's face was slanted forward,  
longish hair concealing half his face. His eyes was half open.

It was only then she noticed the rancid smell. A smell she  
wouldn't forget. The bottom of the man's leg bled, seeped to

a mushy mess and pool of liquid. "What Hello?" she said,

she began to walk backwards. exhaled, pushed open the door

They all had a smile, "Well, is he okay Cst. Amber?" They all  
began to laugh. She shyly smiled, reddened

contrast  
her reaction

Focus  
on  
Deusman

cleared  
reaction

the chamber  
there