Night Watchmen

When my partner hadn’t returned from patrol, I reluctantly went looking for him on foot. I found the patrol truck around the back of the empty warehouses abandoned in the darkness. I shone my flashlight across the buildings, then out into the woodland that surrounds us, only to see him standing motionless on the other side of the 15-foot high security fence, staring intently out into the woods as if possessed.

I called out to him.

“Hey, how’d you get over there?”

He turned, startled, his eyes manically darting around. I was horrified to see his body was covered in deep cuts and his clothes were shredded.

“What the hell happened?” I asked in shock, but he was too scared to speak.

He looked up, so I shone the light where he was looking and saw the razor wire on top of the fence was dripping with his blood.

“What the hell? What the hell did you do?” I exclaimed, but when I shone the light back on his face he was frozen with fear, staring wide-eyed at something behind me. He gasped for air in panic before finally forcing out the words, “For God’s sake, man, climb the fence!”