

always had in these parts. Rural town, middle of the tropics. Gordonvale had always been a bit of a stinker. The only thing worth seeing was the cane fields. Even that was all sizzle no steak.

domestic, but he swore it might be something related to them immigrant workers who
I be right,

night. Bloody useless. Sarge made me take this by myself, even though it shoulda been me
and a few others. He seemed
ugh, weirdly enough.
Almost unwilling to let me go off tonight
just some cashed-
shrieking shack.

leave this for tomorrow. Getting out of the car was the hardest part, sweat already starting to drip down onto my brows. Flies were gonna have a field day with me.

Google maps on my phone showed a walkway to the shack, but I opted to go straight through the fields instead. Pushing stalks side to side was a bit of work though, especially when my hands got all slippery and the cane came back to hit me. Small cuts had already started forming on my hands, and bites from gnats started to itch up my arms. It was still only about

rather not stay for longer than I have to, but when you gotta go you gotta go. I had passed a few cans of beer outside the field, so someone had been sniffing about before.

got told it was another runaway case, and to close it as fast as we could. Nobody was gonna question why though. Too complicated, and we all wanted to keep our job. The media went wild though. Tabloids went out and everyone at the station got an earbash from what seemed like every local in a 10km radius. A search team was sent out to comb the fields, but nobody found anything, so it felt a bit useless. They were all long gone now, and the whole incident was swept under the rug. Any similar cases of immigrants or asylum seekers ended up the same way. A hush-hush open then close. It was cheaper labour, and it was easier than trying to get proper workers to work cane.

pushed the next seemed to grow taller and harder to move. A cloying scent wafted under my nose, and my eyes watered while I tried to ignore the wave of nausea that came over me. Google maps lit up my phone and in front of me was the shack. If you could call it that. The

especially any yelling indicating a dispute. Probably out having a strop. The loud creak of the door made me cringe as I tried to be as quiet as possible. All that met me inside were faded photographs and flies. *Lots*. Of flies. It was an uncomfortable, low buzz that made bile rise from my stomach.

The cases were always dismissed because they were about the Italian immigrants. Being a small town, rumours spread faster than police can draw conclusions. Once there was a whiff
connected

jobs easier too. Then the whole woke agenda got introduced, and one whiff we were trying to push the immigrant affairs to the side to make way for real cases, the more people thought all police were cr
e understaffed and doing the best we could.

~~hard with this place until I saw the flies. The windows were covered in a writhing mass and the sickeningly sweet smell that was viscous~~

smear of brownish red across the floor leading away from an arm. A pair of brown eyes looked at me. I ran flat stick outta that room. The flies crawled and buzzed around me until a photograph near the front of the house diverted my attention. The glass shattered with blood spattered on it, still fresh. A picture of the dead man in the room. With Sarge. I grabbed it and ran. The pathway back to the cane was clearer now, having spent a while carving my way through before.

Flies were in the bottom of my boots and crawling up my legs by the time I got back to the cruiser. The moon was out, and so was the truth. Some of it at least. Old mate who reported it was probably a schizo or knew there was trouble brewing out.

is tone was strange though and he
frowned upon seeing the picture but he kept composure.

and pull yourself together. Nobody died what are you on about?

The workers. What have you done?

, well he