

DETECTIVE DOCHERTY AND THE DARK CURSE

Patricia stepped carefully toward the creek and whispered, “Chandar, over here.”

Chandar approached her, holding his camera up. “What?”

Patricia squinted. “Do you see anything?”

“Hm.” He studied the dark languid water flowing out from under the abandoned bridge.

“No,” he replied solemnly. They had been to the bridge two nights in a row, only to find trash and graffiti.

“Nelson and Daivey said they saw fairy lights here,” she told him with a sigh.

“I know,” Chandar replied and then turned off his camera and capped the lens.

“I really wanted to get some footage of fairies for our final video project. It would have demonstrated how important green spaces are, not only for people and wildlife, but for the fairies too,” Patricia explained as she stared longingly at the creek.

“Even with the Great Awakening, it’s hard to imagine them in a place like this,” Chandar said. He pulled his backpack off and opened it to put his camera away.

She replied, “For me, it’s hard not to. Where else are they going to go? Every day there are more roads; housing developments eat up more farmland and greenspaces—Canada is losing itself to development and industry. I wanted video evidence of these poor fairies living in our filth. I really felt it would bring the message home.”

“Well, we did get day footage of the graffiti and garbage that’s blown down from the highway,” Chandar offered.

“The Don River Valley Park is supposed to be a greenspace for all of us to enjoy, instead people just come here to do drugs and litter,” Patricia complained.

Chandar walked up and put his hand on her shoulder. Her blonde hair was almost white in the night, minus the green tips at the bottom. Seeing her now, he realized she looked like a fairy herself. “I know, but we can only do our best to help and know that we tried. More and more people are investing in green technology and Mrs. Bonevre said the that environmental programs and fields are expanding.”

“Yeah,” Patricia agreed, but she looked out over the water with a combination of last minute hope and disappointment.

He watched her quietly. One day he’d work up the guts to tell her how he felt.

A twig snapped, followed by a loud thud, as if someone had fallen over.

“Did you hear that?” Patricia asked spinning around, and then barked, “Get the camera out!”

Chandar fumbled with his backpack and got his camera ready. He had the cap off and the power on in seconds. “Where did it come from?” he asked.

Patricia grabbed him by the shoulders and turned him in the right direction.

It was getting darker and he could only make out what was encompassed by the small light from his camera.

There was a grunt and more thudding as a dark figure struggled behind a tree in front of them.

“Do you think it could be a troll or something?” After he said it, Chandar began wondering whether being out there at night had been a good idea.

“Are you saying that just because we’re by a bridge?” Patricia asked him.

“It really isn’t that far-fetched... a lot of trolls do live under bridges.”

A hand came up onto the tree’s side and scraped along the bark as it gripped it. They both jumped but didn’t run. Chandar found it amusing how Patricia put her hand on his chest, as if to protect him. He wondered if now was an appropriate time to tell her he’d almost peed himself.

Looking through the lens of his camera, he could now see the hand belonged to a man—at least, he thought it was a man.

“Hey, are you okay?” Patricia asked stepping forward, but Chandar took her hand.

“Don’t,” he cautioned, a bad feeling welling up inside of him. There was nothing, absolutely nothing normal about the man’s face. He looked wrong, like he shouldn’t be moving—like he should be dead.

“Hhhhelp,” the man pleaded in a raspy, almost indiscernible voice.

Chandar gripped Patricia’s hand and backed away, gently pulling her with him.

“He doesn’t look good. I’m going to call the police,” Patricia said. She went to get her phone out from her backpack as the man stepped into full view.

He came into focus as he approached them. His clothes were too large for his body and hung off him like rags. He limped towards them, his head bobbing oddly, but his eyes remained fixed on them. As the white face with odd bruising came closer, all the hairs on Chandar’s neck stood on end.

“Patricia, run!” he shouted as he turned and pulled her with him.

A sudden bright light blinded both of them. Taken by surprise and unable to see where they were going, they stopped dead in their tracks, arms raised.

Oh, thank God, Chandar thought, *there is someone else out here!*

“You, sir, are out of line. I say, you know you can’t just run about eating people in the park. Shame on you,” a voice with a subtle British accent reprimanded the sick man.

“Are you two all right?” the voice asked them.

“Yeah, we’re all right,” Chandar replied, unable to make out the new guy’s face.

Wait... did he say something about eating people?

“Did he bite or claw you?” the voice asked.

“No,” they both responded.

“Good, now run along. I don’t expect this will hold him long. It’s meant for vampires.”

Chandar and Patricia exchanged glances. They could hardly make each other out in the light, but it wasn’t hard for him to imagine her expression.

“Oh, no. Nope. Looks like he’s back up. Time to run,” the voice urged as he snuffed out the blinding light source, revealing a short, middle-aged man.

Chandar and Patricia turned to see the sick man getting up from the ground and gripped each other’s hands tight.

“This way!” the fat man yelled, holding up a flashlight.

Sarah WaterRaven

They didn't hesitate and followed him. He was surprisingly hard to keep up with, but their pace quickened as they heard the thud of heavy footsteps running behind them.

Chandar felt a cold hand grip him.

He yelped.

"Chandar!" Patricia shouted and then pulled her hand free of his.

As he tried desperately to reach for her, she slipped her backpack off and swung it, hitting their assailant.

"Chandar, run!" she told him as she hit their attacker.

The man stumbled back, letting Chandar go, but recovered and moved so fast he hit Patricia, sending her and her backpack flying until they smacked against a tree.

Chandar was running toward her when he was suddenly knocked aside by something enormous. He fell backwards onto his backpack and dropped his camera.

It took him a minute to recover, but the camera's light revealed a gruesome scene in front of him. A gigantic hairy monster was ripping the corpse-man apart. The man struggled against the creature with incredible strength, but the beast crushed one arm in its jaw like a dog did a stick. The man roared and showed a hideous set of sharp teeth. He bashed his other fist against the giant wolf-like creature, but to no avail.

Patricia screamed as she got up and then stumbled back.

Chandar was too afraid and too overwhelmed to move. There was so much blood...

"Come here lad," the strange man instructed him.

Chandar looked up and took the hand offered to him.

He stood up and was about to retrieve his camera, when the man said, "I think you better leave that with me."

Chandar nodded, though much later he'd curse himself for being so stupid.

Their hero rummaged around in his waistcoat pocket and pulled out a curious looking pocket watch that glowed in the dark. He was seemingly oblivious to the enormous wolf tearing a man to pieces only a few feet away from them. Chandar would reflect later on how odd it had been that he'd noticed the watch at all.

"Well then, the rest of the pack should be here shortly. Let's see you two out of these woods safely. Come with me."

Chandar and Patricia took each other's hands and followed after him, neither of them looking back.

"Excuse me," Patricia said in a dazed voice, "but what do you mean by pack?"

"Werewolves of course—a pack of werewolves."

I hope you enjoyed the sample!

-WaterRaven