

BODY SNATCHED by Ana Diamond

EXCERPT

Black River reminded James of one thing: murder.

Hidden in dense foliage, the river stretched out far beyond his view and also happened to be a perfect spot to dump a body. He had no doubt there had been many missing people over the years who wound up weighed down by rocks at the bottom of the river until their flesh disintegrated into nothing.

His boss, Donald Abrams had a bad habit of telling him about their worst cases, probably to freak him out. The sicko with the garden of people floating upright like weeds was particularly gruesome. The chills he got from that one made the hairs on his neck stand up. However, since Manorview's crime rate was low, James wasn't entirely sure if the stories were folklore or not.

"Congrats on your last case. I heard you're a big boss detective now," Rick said as he reeled in his empty line.

James impaled a worm on his hook and swung the line out into the water. "Thanks. I wouldn't say big boss though. More like maybe I'll get to keep my job."

"Have you ever caught anything here?" Rick asked.

"No, but I hear there's trout."

And bodies.