

Police Report

This account is, to the best of my knowledge, a true and accurate view of events detailed below. I have not been paid to submit this information, and bear no relation to the victim(s) of this incident.

I was walking down the main road last Tuesday, when I noticed a commotion just up ahead. There appeared to be a large pool of sticky liquid coming towards me, and pouring down the drains. There was a really strange smell as well, something smelt really off, like rotten eggs.

I had been trained in First Aid from my work in the Kings Army (I was part of the cavalry), so I thought that I could be of assistance. I ran forward and offered my help in what appeared to be quite an accident.

When I got to the scene of the accident, there was quite a commotion. There were soldiers all over the place, with little trays, collecting what appeared to be shrapnel of some kind. There was a low moan from the pavement, and I looked around for an ambulance, but couldn't see any.

I went up to one of the soldiers and explained my first aid skills. He asked me to try and stop the loss of fluids to the victim's body. Luckily, I had my scarf on, so I unwrapped it and applied it to the victim's injuries, which were numerous. He seemed quite shell-shocked, and his words came out all scrambled at first. Eventually though, he calmed down, and told me that he had climbed up this large wall to admire the view, and had slipped off and had come crashing to the ground. I asked if he wanted me to call a friend or someone from his family. He said that his family were all hen-pecked and that they would treat it like some big yoke, so I shouldn't bother.

A little while later one of the soldiers told me that they couldn't put Humpty together again (Humpty was his name).