Nightwatch: A Flash Fiction Zombie Story

There was the smell of decomposing flesh in the still night air but I had no sense of how long it had been there. I adjusted my grip on the spade I was holding. I sniffed again, was it my imagination or was it getting stronger? A twig cracked behind me. I turned and swung. I caught a glimpse of a face, cheeks rotting and teeth bared, just before the spade obliterated it. I stared at the fetid corpse, shocked at how close the zombie had got undetected. My lesson learned, I swore I'd never fall asleep on watch again.