

## **Death Letter**

As I drove up to the house, feeling a little buzzed from the beer at the local bar, my eyes widened with shock? No, maybe fear? What were three police cars doing at my house? I rushed out of the car and ran up the driveway, crossing under the police tape. I saw an officer rush me to prevent me from going any further.

“Sir, you can’t be here this is a crime scene,” he informed me.

“This is my house!” I exclaimed.

My heart raced, no, it pounded so hard against my chest, the constant pounding made me nauseous. I thought of my family, Kelly, my wife of twenty years, Devon, Shelly, what happened kept replaying in my head. Did Devon have an episode being he was a special needs child? This had been something I always feared.

“Sir, you’re the owner of this house?” the officer asked.

“Yes.”

“Come with me,” he said.

He walked with me up to the home. When I saw the blood trail from the steps up to the front deck, my chest seized. I fell on my ass and the tears choked me. She told me before work that I was being a selfish bastard with having to work such long hours being a FBI agent and all. And she voiced her opinions about how she never had any time to herself. Raising Devon alone was a challenge. I found it odd of her to say such things. She knew my job when she married me. She had never been so different like she was this morning.

“Sir, sir, what is your name?” Another asked.

I never heard their voices. The tears continued. This was my fault.

“Sir?”

My eyes blinked and I finally saw him wave his hand in front of my face.

“Sir?”

I gulped the tears back and he offered me a hand up. I reluctantly took it. He led me into the home. There she was, sprawled out on the kitchen table covered in blood. I immediately went to the sink and vomited.

“Sir, what is your name?”

I flashed my FBI badge to him.

“I’m sorry sir; you’re under arrest for the murder of Kelly, Devon, and Shelly Lidstrom. You have the right to remain silent —”

“Wait what, no I didn’t do this. I could never be capable of such things,” I rasped out.

“We have this note here.”

“No, no, no, no, no!” I screamed at them while the tears continued down my rosy red face.

This was a nightmare; I just needed to wake up.

“Is this your handwriting? It reads; I can’t take this life anymore. All this horror I see everyday is too much for one to take. I’m taking my family from this evil wicked world,” he read to me.

“No!” I shouted once more.

“Sir, can you write something for us?”

I gulped hard and couldn’t fathom what had been taking place. When I came to, I found a pen in my hand.

“Please write something,” he said.

My trembling hand wrote my name, badge number and the names of my family members. The officer matched the handwriting.

“It’s an exact match.”

“No! I was at a local bar!” I exclaimed.

“Can you have this verified?”

“Yes.”

During the commotion, my team arrived. I saw Jen walking to me. My best friend was there to make all this pain go away. She would see that this wasn’t me. I saw her. The officer’s tight grip on my upper arm never loosened. She gestured to the officer to let me go. He refused.

“Jen, tell them this is just a misunderstanding, please!” I begged her.

She hugged me deeply.

“What do they have?” She asked.

“A letter, a letter that matches my handwriting, but Jen, I didn’t do this!”

She looked over the letter.

“Do you have a vision yet?” I asked.

“No sorry.”

The officer let go of me and rushed her. “You cannot be here,” he claimed.

Jen chuckled at him. “Seriously, on whose orders?”

We both turned around, and he walked in the home, the Director of the FBI, Matt Morningside.

“Matt!” I shouted.

“Jen, you’re retired,” he reminded us.

“Yeah, but I do private investigation now,” she said.

“This is our scene now. Officers, you can leave,” he ordered.

“But…” Jen clamped her mouth shut with Matt’s harsh glare.

“Jen, Matt, you have to know, this isn’t me,” I stated.

Seemed nobody could hear my words. Whenever I spoke, my words echoed as if I had been forced into a dark tunnel of horror. Why wouldn’t they listen to me? I watched Matt and Jen have a shouting match as I stood silently.