

The Untold Story

Charlotte was the lovely wife of Logan. Seeing how the couple accompanied each other outside their home seemed too good to be true. They always seemed to be happy with each other. A perfect match. But being neighbors with them allowed me to see into the part of their relationship no one else saw.

I used to enjoy sitting on my porch and being able to people watch, especially on the close to 'perfect' couple. Everyone in the neighborhood knew them. Logan worked as a dentist while Charlotte stayed home and cared for their dog. Usually, when I watched her alone at home, she would either clean the house, go on lunch dates with friends, or sit on her porch and read. It appeared that Charlotte was relatively happy with her life alone at home. As for Logan, I could only see him when he was home from work. Occasionally I would see him out with Charlotte on the weekends, but that was when they put on their fronts. Seeing Charlotte and Logan's home life was not enjoyable. I could hear them yelling when they would have their windows open, and sometimes, I could see them arguing through my kitchen windows. Of course, I was the only one in the neighborhood that noticed the natural ways this couple's relationship was like. If I ever told anyone how they honestly acted with each other, they would never believe me. Until one summer night, I heard a loud holler and a thud come from their house while I was sitting on my porch. I ran over to their front door and rang their doorbell to ensure everything was okay. Anybody that would have seen or heard the way they had been arguing the past couple of nights would have believed that maybe the arguing had gone too far this time. When I rang the doorbell, I heard Logan screaming to come in and help him. Apparently, whatever had happened inside was not good, so I rushed into the house and ran towards the kitchen to find Logan on the ground holding onto his wife, who was dripping blood.

"Please call 911." Logan looked up at me desperately.

As I dialed 911, I looked back at Logan and noticed no tears running down his face. I did not seem too worried about it at the time because he could have just been in shock, but it was weird. A while after I contacted the police, they rushed into the house and sped Charlotte to the hospital. They did as much as they could, but it was not enough. Charlotte ended up passing away that night, but no one knew how. The doctors said that she must have been given poison or drugs that would have killed her, and then she was stabbed. The murderer was unidentified, so they had to go under investigation to find out who had killed Charlotte. I was in awe once I found out about this news. I could not believe anyone would have desired to kill such a beautiful woman that would have never even hurt a fly. It tore me to pieces to know I would never be able to see her again. But I remembered that this situation was probably a lot harder for Logan, but at the time, it seemed that he did not seem hurt by it. The following days I watched Logan go along with his days the same way he used to when Charlotte was still alive. It weirded me out that he acted as though nothing had happened. Almost two weeks after the death of Charlotte, the police announced that they had found the murderer. To my surprise, it was Logan. My neighbors were speechless. Many posted that they wanted more information and believed the police had arrested the wrong man. But no one saw the moments I saw between the couple. It unsettled me to know that Logan was okay with acting like he did toward Charlotte. The beautiful woman did not deserve the ending she had.

This was the story I told my neighbors before I moved away from our wonderful neighborhood. Little did they know they were all right about the police arresting the wrong man. I knew no one would suspect me. Plus, I knew that setting up such an emotionless man for murder would be easier than cutting a piece of cake with a sharp knife. I am unhappy with what I did because I was fond of Charlotte. But I could not think of any other way to get rid of Logan. He was not a good person, and I could not stand him. Now I am on my way to a new part of the country.