

“The Love By Night and Day”

By Detective Writer

It is said that blood is much thicker than water. Or is it? What can truly be thicker than blood? Revenge? Theft? Murder? It all began in the winter night of 1952, to where Mr and Mrs. Anderson: a wealthy couple would have both of their lives changed forever. Mr and Mrs. Anderson, a well known married couple for more than ten years have never been seen as to ever have a fight or quarrel. The two are seen to be such a perfect couple. One would think that their happily married life together would never end. Or would it? Until one night in 1952, everything one would ever think he or she knew about the Anderson couple, they thought wrong.

The Anderson couple were never seen to have any conflict with one another. They were seen as the happiest couple there was. Even their servants never once had either one of them yell at each other.

“They are so sweet together, they have always been in love”, said one of their maids. However, what a couple does behind closed doors may not stay behind closed doors.

It all started one cold winter’s eve night of January 1952 when the Andersons arranged a dinner party in their luxurious mansion. Everything had been arranged from top to bottom. The day prior, Ms. Anderson had spent the entire morning getting ready for the party. She did not let her employees rest until the prized silverware had been perfectly placed and polished. Mr. Anderson had spent the day arranging his best brandy and cigars to share with the gentlemen later on in the evening. Their head butler Charles Ramson, also known as “Ram,” had spent the day with Mrs. Anderson, making sure anything she asked of him was done. Around five o'clock,

the mansion had been set to perfection for a busy night of socializing and laughter, with rich food and wine provided.

The guests had began to arrive around seven thirty. Once they arrived, not a single soul was surprised by the extraordinary shining silverware, great amounts of of Mr. Anderson's famous brandy and wines, glorious food enough to last them for days along with a beautiful dance floor ready for anyone to head into. The party was set to begin.

The party first begun with a simple toast given by Mr and Mrs. Anderson, letting their guests know to enjoy the party and to be aware of any *funny business* that may come their way on the dance floor.

“We would just like to say now that we are very glad you all could come and spend the evening with us. I have a feeling we are in for a night no one will ever forget. The dance floor is yours, do with it whatever you wish. Also we ask that you all be cautious as to what could happen on the dance floor tonight. After all, what we don't know, we will know, right?” The crowd did not take what he had said to heart and had laughed.

A few hours had gone into the party. Everyone was having an excellent time: smoking, drinking, *dancing*, eating and talking. The wine was almost finished and a few gentlemen were drunk. By orders given by Mrs. Anderson, Ram was sent into the wine cellar to get more alcohol. Ram did not question Mrs. Anderson's orders, especially when he noted her strange appearance of having her makeup smeared and her legs looking a little swollen. As he was coming up the stairs back to the party, a blood curling scream was heard, along with a heavy crash. “BANG!” A dark figure had fallen out and hit the dance floor. The figure broke his neck and cracked his head open, bleeding to death. The figure did not scream nor made a move He had a dark handprint on

his dinner blazer of black paint. He was also holding onto his favorite glass of brandy. The dead man was Mr. Anderson.

Mrs. Anderson ran into the room, not caring a single bit about the guests viewing her questionable appearance.

“NOOOOOO!” she screamed. “My love, my love, my love, you cannot leave me! You can't!” Mrs. Anderson wailed. The guests looked around each other, wondering what happened. No one had any idea. How could Mr. Anderson have fallen through the chandelier onto the dance floor headfirst? Was it an accident or was it murder?...

Mrs. Anderson could not comprehend anything at the moment. She was too emotional to feel anything other than seeing her husband dead. One of the guests, Mrs. Lisa Feldman, came up to Mrs. Anderson and asked her if she needed anything.

Mrs. Anderson said “my husband”.

With the corpse lying in the middle of the dance floor still bleeding out, the guests had gathered together. They tried to figure out what exactly happened; however, they found no answer. How could Mr. Anderson be dead? Who would have killed him? Why?

Mrs. Anderson had excused herself into her room for the remainder of the evening. She would not speak or open the door to anyone, except Ram. Meanwhile, the guests had come together once more to possibly track down the killer of Mr. Anderson. They began to look around the mansion, searching for any clues that could help them find him or her. They found nothing. The guests then went to question the servants: especially Ram. The servants all had clear stories, including Ram, who would occasionally return to Mrs. Anderson's room to check up on her.

It wasn't until another of the guests, Mr. Avery Jackpar had come up with the idea to possibly turn off the lights and check on prints of the possible assailant. He had a reputation for being a very curious man. Whenever something fishy was going on, Mr. Jackpar just had to find out what went on. The guests did not think they would anything. Until they stumbled upon the wine cellar.

The guests had found a mysterious looking handprint on one of Mr. Anderson's best whiskeys. It was noticeable because the handprint was covered in black paint which had been on the front pocket of Mr. Anderson's dinner blazer. The guests were clearly on to something. They soon realized that Ram had a strange looking thumbprint on the whiskey he had brought out earlier to the party. The guests then went up to Mrs. Anderson's bedroom.

When they arrived, one of the guests had knocked on the door, it opened just a crack. The room was completely dark, pitch black. Until the group had began to hear mysterious sounds coming closer from the bed.

Deciding to go in no matter what they might find, the group took the risk. Once they kicked the door open, they found Ram and Mrs. Anderson together on the bed she shared with her husband in a compromising position. The group decided to question them. Ram, wrapping himself up in a towel, decided to tell the group he was just trying to comfort Mrs. Anderson.

"Now, now, everyone, I realize this may seem like it was something absurd, but I swear to you all, I was just trying to comfort her. I mean, for God's sakes, the woman just lost her husband, she needs to heal".

Mr. Jackpar, being the inquisitive man as he always was, would not go along with what Ram was saying.

“No, you're lying, you are absolutely lying. You two are having an affair and you arranged to have her husband killed just so you could continue to have your little fun.”

“No, that's not what happened” said Mrs. Anderson. “We were just, we were just, we we we, we were just...”

“There you go, my point exactly, you had your husband killed just to keep being the little strumpet you are” said Mr. Jackpar.

“I'm not a strumpet, I was just lonely. Ram was there and he made me feel better. I didn't expect it to happen, but I fell in love with him. He fell for me. We have been lovers for quite some time now and I admit it was wrong to see him, but we needed to be together.”

“We are responsible” said Ram. “We are responsible for the death of her husband. That scoundrel did not appreciate her as much I do. He did not love her like I do. He would never make her happy. He was not me.”

“Ram and I set up the whole thing.” said Mrs. Anderson. “This all felt like a dream”. Slowly looking back to Ram and placing her hand on his cheek softly, she said “but I love you too. Even if we do go to prison, I will happily stick by you. It's you and me Ram: forever.”

Turning back to the group, Mrs. Anderson said “you can send us to jail. It doesn't matter but you can never send away the love we feel for each other. Ever.”

Therefore, the police were called and Ram and Mrs. Anderson were taken into custody. The body of Mr. Anderson was set to be buried in the Anderson mausoleum. Former friends of the Andersons no longer came back to the mansion and it was soon sold. Life had become a real heartbreaker for those who knew the Andersons as a perfect couple.

It was a few days after the dinner party, Ram and Mrs. Anderson were going to be taken down to the county jail where they would await their trial. As they were walking down the street, escorted by an officer, a car had come up from out of nowhere. The car had seemed possessed as it swerved through the road. The car came up very fast and ran over Mrs. Anderson and Ram, killing them both upon impact. As people in the distance began to gather around to see what happened, a lone dark aura came from around the corner. The aura transformed into the ghost of Mr. Anderson. He was watched Ram and Mrs. Anderson as they were taken away. People gathered around the two. Mr. Anderson threw his head back and cackled, revealing two bright red eyes as he did.

“Haha, oh death, it does not wash all sins. A marriage is a marriage. Do not cheat. It just brings you down to suffer like me.“Hahahahahahahaha!!!”