

**From the Other Side**  
**by Kyrie Dunphy**

The door to his room was boarded off with caution tape, only letting the officers snake in and observe the scene that I had caused. They could see what I had done, but they couldn't see me. I should've washed out that bloodstain...

I remember what happened like it was yesterday: my girlfriend had left me for my best friend without my knowledge. She and I had been going out for five years.

As for me and my best friend, we had been close since we were children. We swore to never leave each other's side and respect one another for our decisions.

Now, they were both dead to me, both literally and figuratively.

*Good riddance, they deserved it...* I thought.

I recall visiting my friend's house just to ask him if he wanted to hang out with me, but once I entered, he was nowhere to be found. This left me confused since he was always there to greet me whenever I came over.

“Peter?” I called out as I observed the house.

It all appeared normal, but no sign of my best friend anywhere. Where could he possibly be? I searched almost every room in the house for him, and yet, I still couldn't find him.

Then, I heard the sounds of giggling coming from his bedroom while the door was closed. Looking back on it, I wish I didn't go in there, I could've confronted him the following day on what the hell was taking him so long.

I opened the door and walked in. What I witnessed still shocks me to my very core: my best friend was shirtless and on top of my girlfriend, who was slowly taking off her shirt and throwing it down near the bed.

My jaw had completely dropped. My best friend was sleeping with my girlfriend behind my back! How long had this been going on? Something in me...snapped at that moment. In a moment of blind rage, I ran to grab something.

I rummaged through the drawers and grabbed a pair of scissors. I still couldn't believe it...the two people that I was incredibly close with betrayed me. I didn't want things to escalate this way, but I knew things would be better that way.

"Why?! Why does this have to happen to me?!" I asked myself angrily.

I quietly snuck into the room and silently cringed when I saw my girlfriend unbuttoning my best friend's pants. He was preparing to take off her bra, and that was when I plunged the scissors into the back of his neck.

His scream was the most satisfying thing I could remember hearing before my death. I removed the scissors carefully from his neck, watching the blood slowly drip down my weapon of choice before shoving his body off the bed.

"Richard?!" my girlfriend asked in fear while attempting to reach for her shirt.

"Vanessa, how could you?! You were sleeping with Peter of all people and you didn't tell me?!" I shouted, my anger only rising.

"Richard, it's not what it looks like!"

"Oh no, I believe it's EXACTLY what it looks like! Tell me, were all five of the years we were together all a lie?! Were you and Peter doing it while we were dating?!"

"Please, Richard! I promise I won't do this again!" Vanessa said to me, begging. "We can start over!"

"I don't believe you, Vanessa...you betrayed the trust I felt for you five years ago." I snarled.

"Richard!"

"Vanessa, I said NO!"

With that, I stabbed her with the scissors. I had no regrets in doing this; my entire life was a lie, and everyone I was close to was a traitor. I managed to dispose of the bodies and the weapon, but I know that there was so much more cleaning I could've done.

What's the point in anything now? I thought to myself.

I was now a murderer, and I couldn't risk getting caught by the police. How would they react to a man who killed his best friend and girlfriend? So, I believed the only decision left for me was to put myself out of my own misery.

The last thing I could remember was slowly entering an indoor pool area late at night before plunging into the water.

You may be asking, “Richard, what was your death like? How does it feel?” I had died by drowning myself in the deep end. Now, on what it felt like, it was like suffocation.

I felt my insides get ripped apart as all the air in my lungs was replaced with chlorine filtered water. I wasn’t visited by a skeletal man holding a scythe gesturing me to come with him, nor did I find myself at the gates of heaven or the burning intensity that is hell.

Instead, I felt trapped, uncomfortable. Seeing the crime I had committed while my body was stuck underwater felt odd, but I still don’t have any regrets in what I done. Perhaps I did deserve this...

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