

I always suspected what he had done. I suspected all of it, I truly did. And yet, when I knew for sure, it still shook me. For so many years he had been leaving the house for extended periods, sometimes up to two weeks. I thought they were business trips... I didn't know. If I did, I would have gone to the police. Or, at least, that's what I told them when they came around asking questions. Truth is, I knew. The whole time, I truly knew. Not that I contributed to the act, but I sure as hell cleaned up after. Multiple times, I thought about confronting him... leaving him, even, but there was something about his face... perfect lips, perfect eyes... I couldn't say no. And so I obliged. He forced me, officer. Or, at least, that's what I told them when they persisted with their questions. And then, one day, it was over. He came home frantic, saying something was going to happen. He was running around, packing bags and smashing any evidence in a frenzy. It took two beers and an unnecessary amount of force to calm him down. He had to get his head in the game. If he went down, I sure as hell wasn't going down with him. So, while he packed, I burned. I burned any evidence that could possibly tie me to any of these felonies. Not that there was any... I mean, I didn't commit any crimes, sir. Or, at least, that's what I wrote in my witness report. I received a phone call, thanking me for my help to the police. They caught him trying to skip town in a stolen car. He was in their custody, and it was all thanks to my report. I smiled to myself as I watched the news report; 'The Janitor, the serial killer with the MO of murdering his victims with cleaning products, has been put behind bars!' Everyone was celebrating. My husband was in jail. It was over. The neighbourhood threw a block party to celebrate the capture of The Janitor. Loud music, cheering, and different party games. I was invited, but I thought it would be more respectful to my jailbird lover if I simply watched from my blinds. As I noticed the party lights flashing brightly, I realised something. This was far from over... what if someone became a copycat killer? At least, that's what I said in my police report a few months later. See, as it turns out, they caught the wrong person. The Janitor was still at large. They had claimed six more victims in the span of 3 months. No one knows who it was... except you, and me. But soon it will be only me. And I told all this, every word, to the final victim as I forced drain cleaner down her throat.