Answer 3 questions

Who lives in the house across the street?

Why don't they come to the neighborhood parties?

Why have I never seen them leaving their house?

Some years ago, I used to visit my grandma every weekend. She was 80 years old and living in a suburban neighborhood. Sadly, I had the impression the end was near. She had been diagnosed with cancer some years previously and couldn't stand up for several minutes. She needed help with the most basic human being necessities. My mom tried to visit my grandma after her work, but for my grandma, it wasn't enough. She needed more human interaction. Almost all her friends had passed away, and my grandma was slowly falling into a depression. Nonetheless, I knew she was Pandora's box. She had a secret and had hidden it for several years. I had always been curious about the neighbors across the street and the story related to my grandma and my grandpa, who had passed away many years before. People in the neighborhood always seemed to be talking about it in hushed tones, I had heard bits and pieces but never the whole story. One afternoon, I faced my grandmother and asked her seriously,

“Why the house across the street was empty but you used to say to me every time I used to visit you that the neighbors will come to visit her home one day?”

She glanced furiously at me and said,

“You don’t know anything about it, a lot of time ago they were the best friends of the family until your grandpa died”.

I was shocked, I had never heard anything about it, I had always thought my grandpa had died because of a heart attack.

“What happened?” I asked her.

“Your grandpa and the man across the street were best friends since they were young, they used to do everything together. They had a lot in common, they loved fishing and they loved to play video games. They were like brothers.”

“One day they had an argument about a woman and by accident your grandpa killed him.”

I couldn’t believe it, I was in shock. I had always thought my grandpa was a good man, and I had never heard anything about this story.

“Why didn’t you ever tell me this?” I asked her.

“Your grandpa was a good man, he didn’t deserve to die in prison. The man across the street was a drunk and he started the fight.”

I was still in shock, I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I had always thought my grandpa was a good man, but now I wasn’t so sure.

"But, then, why do you the neighbors will come to visit her home one day?" I said again.

"They will come when they realize one secret about the whole story," she said.

"And what is that secret?" I asked her.

"Your grandpa didn't kill him," she said. "He was killed by the woman they were fighting about."

I was stunned. I had never heard this side of the story before. My grandma had always protected my grandpa's reputation, even after his death. I felt like I didn't know him at all or maybe I was just ignoring reality?