

DEAD IN THAT BEACH HOUSE

by M. Glenda Rosen

Excerpt

For over a century the Hamptons had been a magnet for artists and writers. The views, the sea, the sunsets drew them into nature's web. But, The Sunset Development Group didn't care about any of that. They were aggressively attempting to buy up numerous parcels of prime land facing those views.

For years THAT Beach House they wanted stood alone on slightly over an acre of land, isolated behind sand dunes where it had been built for a fraction of a cost of what it was worth today.

For the last dozen years the law firm of Gibbons and Corbett, told them, "No, it is not possible to buy it until the 99 years is up as stated in the owners trust and will."

The original owners and law firm had been left a substantial amount of money for yearly taxes and minimal upkeep on the outside of the property, but it was clearly decaying inside.

It really didn't matter if the house rotted and was reduced to rubble. It was the land that was worth a fortune to developers.

The house had originally been built by Lily's great, great uncle, James Sinclair.

"I never met him. My uncle Willie said he was not a very nice man. I never knew what they meant by that."

It would be discovered one of the decaying bodies found was his wife. The other two skeletons, two female were found by the police were in an upstairs bedroom on top of a tattered beige lace bed cover. They were his wife's sisters.

All three 100-year old murder victims were proven through the coroner's examination to have been strangled to death after first being poisoned. Aunt Alice and Uncle Willie.

Not that being shot in the head at close range was any less despicable.