

Selma's letter – Correction (adapted from Eliphania's paper)

Jackson Street, 8
Houston, 97202
Texas

December 11th 2003

My dear son,

I'm very sorry I haven't written for so long and I hope you will forgive me. I have finally found the strength to tell you what happened last month, why you can't see your mum, and why we won't spend X-mas together. I want you to know that I love you and I wish you'll never forget me. I'm writing from jail. But don't be scared; I'll explain you. I really don't want my son to grow up and believe his mother was a cold-blooded killer.

You know that I was saving money but you don't know why. I'm sorry for announcing this to you but you're going blind... like me. It's a genetic disease. So this money was to afford your surgery. But Bill stole it from me and had I no way out. I had no other choice but to go to his house and ask for it back. That's when the nightmare started. I asked him kindly and told him that I really needed my savings... for you... but he wouldn't let go. As I was finally leaving the house, he took a gun from his desk and threatened me with it. At that moment, I begged our God to allow me to leave that house alive and to be able to bring the money to the doctors for your operation. But he forced me to take the gun, shouting; he wanted me to shoot in order to pass for the victim. And I finally fired but I still don't know why exactly, and why so many times... I was so scared of losing you, so afraid you might become like me.

Now I have to face the consequences of my acts. I'm on death row, honey, and everyone thinks I have killed a policeman. But it was a manslaughter, I'm not a murderess. You're the only one who can believe it. You trust me, don't you? I never wanted to finish my life behind bars.

I love you so much darling. I miss you terribly in this dreadful cell. The other inmates are completely insane. I'm not like them. I don't belong here. I wail everyday thinking about you. I wouldn't have been able to tell these things in a face-to-face. I would have burst into tears all along and that's why I chose to write this letter. I want you to keep a good memory of your mum and not the memory of someone in prison, waiting for her death sentence.

Much love from as always.

Your mum

(about 400 words)

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