

Texas, Jan. 6th

Dear Gene,

You can't imagine how I want to see you and how I regret what has happened so badly!

I must tell you why I am in jail, on death row. There was an accident... I killed our neighbour, Bill... I am so sorry Gene, really. I am a murderess but it was manslaughter, an accident, I was forced... Let me explain you.

I haven't been honest with you; I am going blind because of a genetic disease and unfortunately you're going blind too; that's why I had saved up so much money so that you could have an operation. Well... as you know, I had been recently fired from my job at the factory and consequently I couldn't save up money anymore; moreover Bill had money problems because of his wife... Oh Gene... I felt so oppressed; I couldn't do anything else but... Bill became brutal and aggressive. He even shouted in order to alert his wife. I was scared... He had betrayed me and that's why I was obliged to shoot him... so as to give you a better life thanks to your operation. It was the only opportunity you had to be able to see for the rest of your life.

You know... I wish I could be with you all the time but that's not gonna happen. Here, on death row, life is quite gloomy, dark and depressing. There is such a threatening atmosphere...

It's an ordeal when I think about you; I keep bursting into tears. I want to be with you so much Gene... I will soon be executed... hanged... it's the capital punishment and the law is uncompromising. Don't worry about me though. You must be strong.

Write back if you can; I'll be waiting for your letter.

With all my love,
Your mother Selma.
(300 words)