

Correction for your letters *(adapted from Quentin's paper)*

Houston. Jan. 15th,

Dear Emma,

my execution is coming soon; I'm afraid, I'm really frightened. I would like to see you one last time so much; but we can't because I did this horrible thing. And it's fair... I must die, I'm a murderer. I have accepted my fate but I have felt so much remorse for the family of my victim for many days now. I keep thinking about the life we could have if I were not in jail, if I were respectable.

You know, I killed this man in order to have more money for us, so as to organize a journey for our honey moon. But now, I know it was not the right decision I took. I was so stupid.

Oh darling... I feel so hopeless and guilty. If I could, I would go back ten years in time so as to change our lives. I loathe being in prison: how gloomy and depressing it is. I sense death is coming and it's not far from me. The other inmates are brutal with me but luckily I'm alone in my cell. Sometimes I would like to end my life, to commit suicide but thanks to your letters, I do nothing. They give me the love and the strength I need even if I'm waiting for my number on death row. There's no escape and every night I wail out of despair because I'm in so much pain.

I know I'm repeating myself but I would really love to spend the rest of my life with you, sweetheart, – and the kids. They have surely grown up a lot by now. I'd be proud of them. Tell them not to ever make the same mistakes I did. But I'm sure they won't because you are with them and you're so kind and tender. I know I haven't been a good father or husband and that's why I'll never see you again. Please, send me a picture of the family in your next letter. Tell the children I love them, that they will have to be strong and courageous and that I'm sorry for all the things I did.

I've got to go now. I love you all.

Henry

(369 words)