

- Letter page 1 -

I remember the first time I met him. He was lovely, with gentle manners and a magnetic charisma that drew me to him. His cunning smile thrilled my heart, making me feel like I was going crazy.

He was passionate. I was passionate. Our passion was absolute, leading to a natural consequence - a baby growing inside me. When my parents found out, everything accelerated rapidly. There was yelling, a rushed wedding, and a move to a new house, all in preparation for the arrival of our child. Initially, I was happy that we were now married, even though my parents weren't ecstatic about the situation. I loved him, and I believed he loved me too.

We were young and far from wealthy, but we held onto hope for a better future. He started to work a lot so that we could raise our future child. He didn't like his job but told me that he could bear it for me and our baby.

Everything changed when the baby didn't scream, didn't take his first breath. It was the beginning of the end. He blamed me for what happened. Both mine and his parents blamed me for that as well. *What's wrong with you, Evelyn?* All I wanted was to be understood and comforted.

- Page 2 (mirror note) -

I couldn't do anything. I couldn't do chores. All I could do was lie on the bed and cry or blankly stare at our bedroom ceiling. After two weeks of lying, James hit me for the first time. He was irritated that I couldn't just put myself together and be his old, happy, passionate wife again. *Just get over it already.* His eyes flamed dangerously, and that was when I first became afraid of my husband.

I started to do chores around the house again, cooking dinner and waiting for James to return from work, but it wasn't like it used to be; it was much harder, it wasn't sincere, and he felt it. Everyone told us to try once more to make another baby, but I couldn't.

Every time James touched me, all I thought about was the feeling of holding the body of our dead son.

He became more and more angry. There was no more passion in me left, he hated it and, after some time, just took what he wanted without asking. *I have needs, Evelyn.* I had no appetite, got skinnier and skinnier. The person I saw in the mirror seemed to be dead already. *Why did I marry you?*

- Page 3 (piano note) -

He started to beat me when I did anything wrong. For him, all that I did wasn't good enough. Dinner is too cold - *I don't even feel I have a wife* - a shelf is dusty - *what do you even do the whole day?* - not reacting to his petting - *maybe you're cheating on me? That's why you don't want me anymore?*

Sometimes, my mom paid me visits and saw me with bruises. *What did you do, darling, to piss him so much? Be more flexible. You need to understand him, and it's hard for him to see you being like this.* It was my fault again.

- Page 4 (kitchen note) -

*Pathetic.*

No more love left in his eyes.

*Do you understand how much I sacrificed to be with you? And for what?*

He returned from work and was furious. He hated his job so much right now. He hated the way people looked at him there - like garbage. He hated all of them, but the only person he could hit without consequences was me.

*It's all because of you!!! You've ruined everything!!!*

We were standing in the kitchen when he told me this. I felt so abandoned. It was so unfair, and nobody was there to help me. I saw a knife. I grabbed it, trying to cut James, but I was too weak. He only got a scratch. *YOU BITCH!!!* He beat me, and for the next few days, I couldn't breathe without pain.

I had nobody. Everything was meaningless. I knew he wouldn't let me live, and no one was going to help me escape from him - *it's your fault he beats you*. I was the only person that could help me.

I decided to kill him.

- Page 5 (bedroom/painting note) -

James had a gun. He thought I didn't know where it was, but I eventually found it.

At first, I wanted to kill him when he was sleeping; however, in that way, I wouldn't see his reaction. I wanted to see fear in his eyes. I wanted him to feel powerless, like a miserable maggot. I wanted him to feel how I felt.

I put sleeping pills into his dish. He went to bed early and fell asleep in minutes. I wanted to be sure that he couldn't stop me, couldn't cause me any more harm. I started to tie his arms to the bed, afraid that he could wake up and kill *me*.

After that, everything was rapid. I woke James up and shot him in the head. He feared me. He begged me. *Who's pathetic now?*

The last few years weren't life at all - it was just existence. And nobody heard me, nobody helped me. Nobody. I killed James, but I know that I still can't live. Nobody will let me live, and I don't want to go to jail and continue this miserable existence. And what if they will want to execute me? No. At least now, I don't want to be miserable and I'll finish it all by myself.

The only thing I'm sorry about is that I will not join my son after death. I will not go to heaven.