**Portia’s suicide note**

[in this note, multiple reasons are given for Portia’s suicide to show the complexity of her thoughts and the toughness of the character. The reasons include: 1. Portia felt guilty and wanted atone for his husband; 2. She thinks that Brutus does not trust her as before.]

[all the settings and past stories are made up by myself.]

Dearest Brutus,

I am at the stove, writing to you this letter.

To be honest, I do not intend to write this to you. I even want to drop the pen now. But I can’t. I can’t leave you without letting you know the reason, and letting you think that I am so cruel to leave you alone.

So I shall suppress my grief, and keep writing it.

I love you Brutus, so deeply that I shall die bravely for you. Since we got married, I had been wishing that everyone in the world could be as happy as we were. I thus expanded that emotion to everyone in Rome. I wish people could love who they love. But you, Brutus, killed the one they love deepest. So it is time now for me to atone for you. I do have selfish motive for that. I am afraid I shall change my affection for you because of this.

Please don’t feel sorry for me.

Do you still remember that night before our marriage? You told me that you may not accompany me all the time. I knew you were busy, as you were one of the most honorable men in Rome. And what did I say to you? When you are ready for an expenditure, inform me, so that I shall go with you.

But now I am still here, at our house, through the gate, past the corridor, taking three turns, in the chamber at left hand, the very place we sat ten years ago, side by side, hand in hand, whispering in one another’s ears. Was there anything that we could not talk about together? Any feeling that we shall not pour out and share with each other?

Looking back now, the only remaining is a bleeding heart.

So now I shall burn the heart, the heart that used to be so fully devoted to you and Rome, with my everlasting faith and love.

Now that you don’t trust me anymore, I shall turn to death instead.

After that, my spirit shall be with you whenever and wherever you are.

Fare thee well

Portia

**Brutus’ deeper reflections (soliloquy)**

Calm down, Brutus, calm down.

You are the leader.

You have huge decisions to make ahead.

YOU are the one who decides the success or failure for the entire Roman empire.

…

But still, she has left me alone, to face all these challenges ahead.

Of course, I love Rome and its people and Caesar.

Of course, I bear in mind every single word of our promises.

But which one should I choose? You knew me so well and to you, the answer was so obvious.

I stabbed Caesar all because of the Rome I love. I never told anyone the heartache I suffered every day when Caesar’s last stare keep flashing before me when I am walking, eating, or sleeping. But I have never regret doing that, as it is only my suffering can bring liberty to all. Neither do I regret for not telling you the conspiracy, as I knew you so well and by no means would you remain silent.

I did not tell you those because I loved you, too.

I did not want you to suffer what I have suffered. That is my own affairs, which you, as a woman, shall never bear.

But I do regret for not accompanying you, which I make up to you soon, after the war ceases and the people are safe. I shall follow you to where you are and be by your side FOREVER.