



Dear Juliet,

I love thee too much, and I knew it from the very first moment mine eyes beheld thee. Never did I believe in love at first sight, yet now I see that such disbelief was my greatest folly. Thou art the finest singer mine ears have ever heard. Tybalt would be proud of thee, though I forgot he is dead. Forgive my careless tongue, for sorrow oft cloudeth the mind. Now I hide beneath the bed, for they chase me with relentless fury. Fear gripeth my heart, for thou art far away from me. Thou art the best girlfriend I have ever had. Pray, help me, Juliet, for I wish not to die are we have children. My heart trembleth at the thought of losing thee forever. How art thou, my sweetest love. Art thou safe and untouched by harm. I am sorry I killed thy friends and thy cousin. Their blood lieth heavy upon my conscience. O Juliet, would that I could undo the past. Yet fate heedeth not the cries of desperate men. O no, I must go, for hunger tormenteth me greatly. My body weakeneth, though my love for thee remaineth strong. Farewell for now, my dear love. I remain forever thine, though darkness closeth in around me.