

Dear reader,

before I say farewell to the world, I wish to tell you a little story from my life. It will help you understand why I did what I did. As you might know, the doctor prescribed me morphine, to which I got addicted. As the Finch boy damaged my flowers in reaction to my erratic behavior, his father sent him to me in order to apologize. I took that as a happy excuse to make him read to me, which should distract me from the pain I was feeling when not taking morphine. I seriously had to get rid of that addiction – which had developed meanwhile – before I died, and I knew I had to die soon anyway, with or without morphine. My doctor told me so. Being dependent on something – anything – had always been my greatest fear, and so I nearly died from the idea of having to die as a morphine addict. Again, the Finch boy was a great help for me in distracting me from the pain I suffered. And I think though he loathed reading to me, deep inside he knows that this was an educating experience, and he learned from it.

His father, Atticus, always differed in opinion from me. But in this aspect, we shared one trait: He would never succumb to something that he could fight against, and so I never did. Dying painfully still seems a better solution to me than dying as an addict, than not dying as myself.

Regards,

Mrs. Henry Lafayette Dubose