

of tigers chasing a weak injured animal hungry for the kill. They were shouting about locking him up in a cage like a wild animal and shooting him in the belly. If he were to be locked up, he would not know what to do or understand why he was there. I would hate myself even more right now if I let Lennie die that way. You did not see the anger in their eyes, an anger beyond any reasoning, an anger that could not be controlled. I had to protect Lennie. Even if I let him go, he would starve; I had to do something.

There is not a minute of the day that goes by that I do not miss Lennie. He was a burden but one that became part of who I am. Oh, if only I could turn back the clock but I cannot. What is done is done and I now have to be held responsible for it. However, Aunt Clara, you are the only person who would understand what I did and why I did it, I do hope that you can forgive me, even more than I can forgive myself.

I know that I will be meeting both you and Lennie soon. I do hope that you can find the strength to forgive me and that I will then feel peace at last as I am reunited with my wonderful companion Lennie and yourself.

The sun has set and I am now surrounded by darkness. Until we meet again.

Your loving nephew,

George.

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