

Mom and Dad,

I don't know where to begin. The last time I saw you, I was pulled into a DRT van, and taken to jail. I am so sorry that everything happened the way that it did. I didn't want you to find out like this. I know you must be ashamed of me. I just had to write this letter. It will probably be the last time I will be able to send a letter. I had to explain so that you understand why. I love you both so very much.

I wanted to tell you about this for a long time. I was just so scared that if I said something that you would be angry with me. I didn't want to put you in this situation. I could tell by your expression that you were not expecting to hear my friend's name in the arrest decree. There was a reason.

What I am trying to say is that Beth and I have been in a relationship for a long time. You knew that we spent a lot of time together. Nothing would have seemed unusual for you. We have been friends since elementary and teens have sleepovers all the time. It started innocently. I chose to keep this from you for all of our safety. There was no way for you to have known.

We fell in love. I told her that I loved her after our second Supplicant test. We shared our first kiss during our vacation trip to the beach. We held hands in private. She even proposed to me two weeks before. I have never felt so happy and so sad at the same time. I knew what it would mean. I knew that it would be a matter of time before we were caught. We both did. We love each other, and no law can change that.

I tried, at first, and it didn't work. You remember when Beth and I were arguing. Those months felt like years to me. All I wanted was to be there with her. I know I hurt her by turning her away. I can't forgive myself for the things I said. I was scared of your anger and the law. Eventually, that no longer mattered.

Please don't feel that I chose to love you less. It does not mean that I love her more. When I look into her earthy brown eyes I see a love reflected back to me that none other could rival in intensity. I caress her cinnamon skin and I feel a golden heart that beats to the same rhythm as mine. For me, there is no other. There can't be. This was not a choice. It was only love. A force with a gravity to rival anything in nature. By denying her I was denying my own soul. When the soul is not tended to it rots and festers. I don't want that for you, her, or me.

I love you both. I didn't want to hurt you or anyone. I don't understand why loving someone should be a death sentence. They say it's a genetic flaw, that it is a disease similar to the dissident virus, but it isn't. It's only love. It's only love. I can not, and will not change who I am. If loving her means that I will be executed here then I will die knowing that I had true love in my life. Even if it was brief. It is more than most will know in their entire lifetime.

You know what love is. I've seen you both together. It is real. I wanted that for myself. I am slightly different, but my love is still the same. Most have their mates chosen for them. Most of those marriages are cold and devoid of passion. It is different with you. I wanted that fire in my life. I wanted to have my life filled to the brim with love. Why is that a crime worthy of death?

It doesn't matter now. They have us and it will be a short time before we are sentenced. She is here with me now. They keep us separate, but I have seen her in the yard during our work days. We have tried to get close enough to talk, but they won't let us. I ran to her when I first saw her. The guards attacked me. I had to stay in the infirmary for four days. My broken arm is still healing. Why give me medical treatment when they are just going to kill me? Why hold up the pretense that there will be actual deliberation before they judge us? Like there is some chance that we will be set free.

I know they will kill us. The guards have hinted at it. They do worse things to inmates than beating us. I just hope Beth hasn't suffered what I have. That thought hurts me worse than anything they have done to me. I fear that she is alone and in pain like me. I want to be with her. To comfort her. I want to tell her that it will be okay.

Despite all of this, it gives me hope. Our world can be a truly wonderful place to live. I have seen compassion from those who I thought were my enemies. I have witnessed bravery from the meekest of inmates. There is hope for mankind. One day we will be happy with each other and all of this hate will dissolve. It is easy to hate. It is hard to love. I believe that our kind will find peace. It will be a hard road to walk but we can have it if we fight for it.

I may never see you again. I may never feel your embrace, your kisses goodnight, or your affection again. I wrote this because I love you both and I desperately want you to be as happy as I was. You were an inspiration in my life. I don't know if you will ever read this or if it will reach you. If it does, just know that I wanted you to know what happened to me. I wanted you to know that I think about you both every day. I wanted you to know, that for a little while, I was truly happy. I love you.

Your daughter,

Clara Jones