

Dear Pauline,

The days are going by
slow. and ^{each} day I break a little more.

I don't know if I can
go on. I am trying but not to
here nothing ~~to~~ is going to my
head. Pauline is it so hard to

call me and talk to me. Please I
beg you. I love you and Tina.

all I ever wanted was you to be
happier, but you never were. I've
always ask, you? Pauline what is
wrong. But you would never say.

you would talk to
those girl up to Hosp. But wouldn't
talk to me. like now, you won't
call me. Pauline believe me, when
I say, God has show me I was
wrong and I want you back.

It take a lot to say
I was wrong. But I do. because I