**King**

**Monologue:**

*(Writing a letter)*

While I am lying here, I think perhaps I die. This heart, which you say I have not got, is a matter of concern. It occurs to me that there shall be nothing wrong that men shall die, for all that shall matter about man is that he shall have tried his utmost best. But I do not wish to die without saying this gratitude, ect…ect… I think it is strange that a woman shall have been most earnest help of all. But, Mrs. Anna, you must remember that you have been a very difficult woman, and muh more difficult than generality!