





① At around 5 in the evening Raffaele and I returned to his home and got comfortable. I checked my email on his computer for a while and then afterward I read a little bit of Harry Potter to him in German. 1298

② We watched Amelie and afterward we kissed for a little bit. I told him about how I really liked this movie and how my friends thought I was similar to Amelie because I am a bit of a weirdo, in that I like random little things, like birds singing, and these little things make me happy. I don't remember if we had sex.

~~③~~ ~~④~~ ~~④~~ ~~④~~ Raffaele made dinner and I watched him and we stayed together in the kitchen while dinner was cooking. After dinner Raffaele cleaned the dishes and this is when the pipes below came loose and flooded the kitchen floor with water. He was upset, but I told him we could clean it up tomorrow when I brought back a mop from my house. He put a few small towels over the water to ~~so~~ soak up a little and then he threw those into the sink. I asked him what would make him feel better and he said ~~something~~ he would like to smoke some hash.

③ I received the message from my boss about how I didn't have to come into work and I sent him a message back ~~with~~ with the words: "Ci vediamo. Buona serata."

⑤ While Raffaele rolled the joint I layed in bed quietly watching him. He asked me what I was thinking about and I told him I thought we were very different kinds of people. And so our conversation began, which I have already written about.

⑥ After our conversation I know we stayed in bed together for a long time. We had sex and then afterwards we played our game of looking at each other and making faces. After this ~~is~~ period of time we fell asleep and I didn't wake up until Friday morning.

This is what happened and I could swear by it, I'm sorry I didn't remember before and I'm sorry I said I could have been at the house when it happened. I said these things because I was confused and scared. I didn't lie when I said I thought the killer was Patrik. I was very stressed at the time and I really did think he was the murder. But now I ~~remember~~ remember I can't know who was the murder because I didn't return back to the house.

I know the police will not be happy about this, but it's the truth. I don't know why my boyfriend told lies about me, but I think he is scared and doesn't remember well either. But this is what I know, this is what I remember.



my sister and I finally remember. It can't be a coincidence. I remember what I was doing with Raffaele at the time of the murder of my friend! We are both innocent! ~~It~~ This is why.

After dinner ~~the~~ Raffaele began washing ~~the~~ the dishes in the kitchen and I was giving him a back massage when he was doing it. It is something we do for one another when someone is cleaning dishes, because it makes cleaning better. I remember now that it was AFTER dinner that we smoked marijuana and while we smoked ~~we~~ I began by saying that he shouldn't worry about the sink. He was upset because the sink was broken but it was new and I told him to not worry about it because it was only a little bad thing that had happened, and that little bad things are nothing to worry about. We began to talk about what kind of people we were. We talked about how I'm more easy-going and less organized than he is, and how he is very organized because of the time he spent in Germany. It was during this conversation that Raffaele told me about his past. How he had a horrible experience with drugs and alcohol. He told me that he drove his friends to a concert and that they were using cocaine, marijuana, he was drinking rum, and how, after the concert, when he was driving his passed-out friends home, how he had realized what a bad thing he had done and had decided to change. He told me about how in the past he dyed his hair yellow and another time when he was young he had ~~cut~~ cut designs in his hair. He used to wear earrings. He did this because when he was young he played video games and watched Sailor Moon, a Japanese girl cartoon, and so he wasn't a popular kid at school. People made fun of him. I told him about how in high school I had been unpopular as well, because the people in my school thought I was a lesbian. We talked about his friends, how they hadn't changed from drug-using video game players, and how he was sad for them. We talked about his mother, how she had died and how he felt guilty because he had left her alone before she died. He told me that before she died she told him she wanted to die because she was alone and had nothing to live for. I told Raffaele that it wasn't his fault that his mother was depressed and wanted to die. I told him that he did the right thing by going to school. I told him that life is full of choices, and those choices aren't necessarily between good and bad. There are between what is best and what is not, and all we have to do is do what we think is best. I told him that mistakes teach us to be better people, and so he shouldn't feel nervous about going to Milan to study because he felt he needed to be nearer to his friends who hadn't changed and he felt needed him. But I told him he had to be true to himself. It was a very long conversation but it did happen and it must have happened at the time of Meredith's murder. So, just to clarify, this is what happened.