

- Amanda Knox (Friday, Nov. 9, 2007)

Buon~~a~~ giorno Signore Ghirga e signore vedova. I'm sorry, but I must write in English to make sure I express myself clearly. Please excuse my handicap. I trust you are well, though probably very busy with my case and for this I thank you. What I want to provide for you now is help, because I know my position is a little confusing. I want to write for you everything I know as best I can and I especially want to tell you about this so-called "confession" that the police received from me. I want to begin with this "confession" because I know it is the most confusing, and so I will begin with that night.

The night of Monday, November 5th, 2007, and the following early morning of Tuesday, November 6th, 2007, was one of the worst experiences of my life, perhaps the worst. Around 10:30 pm or 11 pm ~~about~~ Raffaele and I arrived at the police station after eating dinner at the apartment of one of Raffaele's friends. It was Raffaele who the police called, not me, but I came with him to the Questura anyway while he was to be questioned for support, as he had done for me many times. When we arrived he was taken inside and I waited by the elevator and looked through my books while I waited. Not long afterward one of the police came and sat by me, wanting to talk with me, supposedly to pass the time. He didn't tell me he was a police officer. In fact, he said I could tell him whatever I wanted because it wouldn't matter. At the time I was frustrated and I told him so. I thought it was ridiculous that the police called us in at ridiculous hours of the night and kept us at the police station for hours on end with ~~only~~ only vending machine food to sustain us, especially since we were all doing our best to help the police. I had been asked twice to reenter the home of my neighbors and mine, first to witness blood in the neighbors' apartment and then to look through knives in mine. I really feared the place. Inside my own home I broke down crying because I couldn't stand to be inside. ~~These~~ These were the reasons for my frustration and I told him so.

He then wanted to discuss who I thought the murder could be, but as I had already told them before, since I wasn't there at my home, I couldn't have any idea, but ~~he~~ he wasn't satisfied with my answer. Who did I think it was? How would I know? I didn't know anyone dangerous. Soon I was joined by other police people who only wanted to "talk" but who interrogated me again with the same questions. What males had ever been in my house? Who knew Meredith? Did I have any phone numbers? I gave them all the information I could. Names, phone numbers, descriptions. But it was all giving me a headache. I had already answered these questions before and I was confused as to why the police wanted so much to talk to me. Why me? Why did they keep asking me who I thought the murderer was when I already told them I had no idea?

And then they brought me inside, because it was "warmer". I

asked where Raffaele was and they told me he would be done soon,
but in the meantime they wanted to talk to me. The interrogation
process started rather ~~fast~~ quickly. One minute I was just ②
talking and the next they were asking me where I was between
3:30 pm and 1:30 am ~~between November 1st and 2nd~~ between November
1st and 2nd. I told them I was with my boyfriend, like I had
already said. They asked me what I had done during this time
period and I found that I couldn't remember a lot. I told them
we watched the movie Amelie together, that we ate dinner
together, that after dinner Raffaele washed the dishes and spilled
water on the floor when the pipes came loose. I told them that
we smoked hash somewhere in that time but I couldn't remember
more. They told me I was lying. They told me they knew I had
not been with Raffaele. They told me they knew I met someone
that night. They told me they had proof I was at my house ~~that~~
that night. This really confused me. I told them I wasn't lying and
they began to get angry. Stop telling lies, they told me. We know
you were there! But this didn't make sense. I was frightened, because
I couldn't for the life of me remember what I did during the time
they were asking me. What were you doing?! Where did you go?! We
saw you were at your house ~~!!~~!! Who did you meet?! But this all
didn't make any sense. How could they have proof that I was at my
house when I wasn't? Why did they think these things? Why me?
They told me Raffaele had finally told the truth and that he had no
reason to lie. They told me that they knew I had told Raffaele to
lie, and I told them this wasn't true. I had never told him any
such thing. We talked about the message I received from Patrik
and I told them yes, I received a message from Patrik, he told me
not to go into work that night because there was no one there. I
didn't remember if I had sent a message back, so I said no, but they
had taken my phone and showed me the message I forgot I sent:
~~with~~ with the words, "Ci vediamo. Buona serata." They called me a
stupid liar. They said I was protecting someone, who was it?!
They stuck pieces of paper in front of me, to write down the name
of the murder, but I didn't know. And I still couldn't remember
what me and Raffaele had been doing at his house. I had nothing to
say to answer their questions and it was terrifying me. Why couldn't
I remember. The interpreter told me that one time she experienced
a horrible car accident and couldn't remember what had happened
until a year later. She told me perhaps I had seen something
horrible and I couldn't remember. Since I couldn't remember
what I had been doing at Raffaele's house I started to think what
if it was true? What if I had seen something and I didn't
remember? But it didn't make sense. ~~and~~ I remembered being
at Raffaele's the whole night. But in the meantime the police were
telling at me, telling me I had to tell them now, who the killer
was, or they were going to put me in jail for 30 years for

protecting the killer. They told me they had already caught the killer and they just wanted me to say his name, but I knew nothing. My mind was a blank slate. Now, now, now!!! They were yelling at me. One police officer hit me on the back of my head twice. My head was searching for any answer. I was really confused. I thought I was at my boyfriend's house, but what if it wasn't true? What if I couldn't remember? I tried and tried and tried, but I couldn't remember anything until all of the police officers left the room except one. He told me he was the only one who could save me from spending the next 30 years in jail and I told him I couldn't remember. I asked to see the message on my phone to see if I remembered sending that and when I saw the message my mind thought of Patrik. It was all I could think of, Patrik. I imagined meeting him by the basketball courts, I imagined him in front of my house, I imagined covering my ears to stop the sound of Meredith's screaming, and so I said Patrik. I said Patrik and I regret every second of it because now I know that what I have said has done someone harm that I have no idea whether he was involved or not.

After ~~that~~ I said his name I was hysterical. I was weeping, scared of what could have happened to me. I honestly thought this could have been the answer. I was so confused. They told me that they had to write all of this down but I told them I wasn't sure. So they told me just to say what I had said, that I had seen Patrik. That I had heard Meredith screaming. I told them I was confused, unsure, but they weren't interested. While ~~they were~~ they were writing my so-called "confession", which they didn't call it to me, they asked me to say if it was okay to write certain things. I didn't explain, but just said yes or no according to what these images of Patrik were showing me, but I always told them I wasn't sure, these things didn't seem real. They asked me why he had done this and I didn't know why. Why would anyone kill another person? I told them he must be crazy. They asked me if I feared him and I said yes. I was so confused and the idea that he would kill someone frightened me. But I had never been frightened of him before, he has always been kind to me. After all of this I was allowed to sleep, finally. The whole thing was going through my head and I felt awful, to even think I could have been involved. But the more rested I became, the more sure I was that these ideas about Patrik weren't true, but I still couldn't remember what I had been doing at my boyfriend's house after dinner.

I seriously started to doubt when the police told me what my boyfriend had said. ① First, that when I received the message from Patrik, that I had told him I had to leave to go to work. This I knew, even then, wasn't true. I remembered and still do specifically that I had told him I didn't have to work and I kissed him and

said, "Yay!" (2) I also never told him to lie ~~for~~ for me. Why would he lie? Could he have lied about me not being there too? I was especially troubled by this because even though I had thought of Patrik, I still remembered being at Raffaele's house. I told the police of my doubts but they said not to worry, little by little, I would remember. So I waited.

I tried writing what I could remember for the police, because I've always been better at thinking when I was writing. They gave me time to do this. In this message I wrote about my doubts, my questions, and what I knew to be true.

~~When I was in prison~~ During this time I was checked out by medics, I had my picture taken as well as more copies of my fingerprints. They took my shoes and my phone. I wanted to go home but they told me to wait and then eventually that I was to be arrested. Then I was taken here, to the prison, in the last car of three who named Patrik, then Raffaele, and then me to prison.

I hope this clears up some confusion for you and I'm sorry again that it is in English. I hope you are in contact with my mother and if you are, could you please tell her I love her, that I miss ~~her~~ her, that I'm okay, and that I hope to see her soon.

I also just received the order of arrest and it says I must remain here in prison for one year. I'm assuming this means only if they can't prove I did it or not. So I'm not so sad, I just have to wait until they prove I'm not guilty, and that I wasn't there.

I want to write another message for you which describes my ~~version~~ version of events that at this time I remember very well. This I will do on a different piece of paper and a little later because I'm very tired.

Good luck and thanks,

Amanda Knox

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quasi mezzogiorno

Venerdì, Novembre 9, 2007