

raped and most likely they were trying to protect someone. I remember what I did that night and that I was there, and especially that I was in Merced because it is impossible. They lied to me when they told me they were at home because that is impossible. I WASN'T AT HOME because they can't prove it. I'm upset they lied to me about that. I think I'm involved and it's sad, because it means they have no idea what happened. They really don't know who killed me. They ~~know~~ know nothing if they want to lean on me, and I don't know anything. It's so sad.

people I want to see are these:
- mom of course. What I really want is to walk out of here with no one against me straight into my mother's arms for a big hug. She and in hand, I will know that I am free finally.
- dad, to ask him why. What has he to be afraid of if he's telling them lies about me. This is one thing I just don't get. I really care about and when I look into myself, I still do. I just want to know why he wants to tell the police I had something to do with it when I know I know I don't. Why would he tell them I told him to tell lies. It won't make sense.

roommates I don't know if they know what has happened to me, I want to tell them and I want to see them and of course I want to meet them. They are the best friends I have here in Perugia. I was in bed all day dozing because there really wasn't anything to do. I'm not allowed books, so all I have is this pen and this is my last sheet of paper for the moment. In bed I've been thinking about my friends at home, wondering what I'm going to say to them about this experience, because I know I'm not walking out of this the same person.

How can I grow from this? I don't think I'm ever wandering around alone after dark because of this. I also hope that I'm not scared to be alone. I don't want to be traumatized because of this. I want to live happily like I was, if understandably a little more cautious. I guess I've grown up a bit and I'm not even sure what this means. Maybe not. I know the world can be really dangerous and even more than that, a chaotic life and the world can be confusing and sometimes without sense. I remember, it was all gone and now it is here, safe and sound, secure in the cleaning mind. I am safe because at least I know. And the world will have to believe me because it is the truth, I don't care what the police

Journal of it Good for

- Chn:
- 3 milk, 4 biscuits w/ butter & jam
 - Sputino: 2 biscuits w/ jam + 1 mandarin orange

hasn't been able to talk to me. She's most certainly free or I'm interrogated either today or tomorrow I'll be able to and hopefully soon afterward I will be able to go free.

It's a sunny day outside my barred window. From my window I can see a walled in area outside that is next to a fenced playground for those prisoners who have children. Beyond the compounded area of my cell the trees are yellow and losing their leaves and beyond them are the low hills, brown with the aging of the trees and the grass. My cell is at the end of the hall and there is another window there, from which I can see a building on a hill not too far in the distance. It's interesting. I'm noticing things in my room that I haven't noticed before. For instance, next to my bed there is the print of lips with red lipstick on the wall. On another wall written with black pen are the words & written così: which means:

<u>LIBERTÀ</u>	Freedom	✓
<u>SI ESCE</u>	One leaves	
<u>ESCO PRESTO</u>	I leave soon	

I talked with the father here just a moment ago. He is a very sweet man who asked me about my life in Seattle and also gave me advice. He told me a story to represent his idea about life and death. He told me about some wise men who were sitting in a room during the night. From ~~the~~ a window in flew a bird who fluttered around the room while, and then left out of another window on an opposite wall. He said this was the great question of life, where did the bird come from and where did he go? This man, who doesn't know me, I told him I was happy, because I was able to give what I knew, finally, to the police, and this man cried. This man told me to do what I felt was right in my heart, because this was what God was. He wants me to come to his church in Perugia and I want to. This man was a good man and I felt something for me. This man cried for me being here.

I also want to remember how I remembered everything that had happened that night. I was in my cell thinking and thinking and thinking and thinking, hoping I would remember, hoping that I had found the right thing, worried that maybe the police were right, maybe I had seen Meredith's death and maybe I really was confused and couldn't remember something so tragic. But this isn't so. In my cell I was waiting for an answer to come to my head when a sister arrived at my door. She told me to be patient because God knows everything and would help me remember the answer. I nodded along and after a while the sister left, wishing me good luck. Perhaps a minute later I sat down again to write and try to remember and then it hit me. Everything came back to me like a flood, one detail after another until the moment my head hit my pillow and I was asleep the night Meredith was murdered. I cried I was so happy. I wrote everything I could remember and an explanation for my confusion.

ing this because I want to remember. I want to remember this is an experience that not many people will ever have. I'm glad everything^{that} has happened has happened. If it were up to me my friend would never have been killed and ^{we} all would be living together in our home. We really were very good together. We all had our part in the house. I looked up to Laura. She is a very opinionated and strong woman who plays guitar and listens to music. Filomena, she is definitely the most loved I think because she sings and is very funny. She gives advice to everyone and is always happy. Meredith was the most studious and she also went out with her friends to discotecas and to have dinner. She was very smart. To me she was always a good friend. She gave me advice and also protected me when she knew I was in an uncomfortable situation. She was the most solitary of us all, but only because at home she liked to be at peace to read, but at the same time she also joined us to watch silly game shows on TV together. Then there was me, the littlest one. I'm young, but also very particular. I do things like sing and play the guitar. Laura really liked me because she told me I was a free spirit.

I want to remember what it has been like in prison, but even though I am here, it is like I am not, because I know I'm a special case. I have a cell to myself, although it is built for two people. It also has a room attached with a shower, toilet, and two sinks, one is the bathroom sink and the other is for washing dishes. In my room I have cabinets, though I wasn't allowed to bring most of my things in, just a pair of pants. I also have a reading light, though I'm not allowed my books. Go figure. The things they gave me were a new pair of shoes because I wasn't allowed my old king boots which I was wearing, a plate, two spoons, feminine pads, toilet paper, a toothbrush, toothpaste, cups. I also have received spiced rice with peas, and tuna with cabbage for dinner. For breakfast I received milk with ~~so~~ coffee, and a little while later, bread and two apples. They also have given me two little dessert cakes, but I don't like them.

All and all I haven't been hungry. I drink like crazy but food gives me a stomach ache. The rice was good. I ate most of it this morning. I didn't eat the meat and cabbage however. Chugged my latte. They took all but two of my earnings and I'm afraid the ~~cell~~ holes will close, but that's not really important at the moment. The prison staff are really nice. They check to make sure I'm okay very often and are very gentle with me. I don't like the police as much, though they were nice to me in the end, but only because I had named someone for them, when I was very confused.

What I really want to do is talk to my mom. She arrived last night