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SUBJECT Italian

NOTES This is my prison diary. It commences
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IX BLASETTI

My

PRISON

DIARY

* Il mio diario del prigioniero *

I'm writing this because I want to remember. I want to remember because this is an experience that not many people will ever have. I'm not saying 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 still 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 definately 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 her mysteries, but at the same time she also joined us to watch silly gameshows on TV together. Then there was me, the littlest one. Young, but also very particular. I do things like sing and play the guitar and stretch. 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'm 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

...king boots which I was wearing, a plate, two spoons, feminine pads, toilet paper, a toothbrush, tooth paste, cups, sponge. I have also received spiced rice with peas, and one with cabbage for dinner. For breakfast I received milk with 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 in all I haven't been hungry. I drink water 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 holes will close, but that's really not 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 scared and confused.

What I really want to do is talk to my mom. She arrived last night but hasn't been able to talk to me. She's most certainly freaking out, but after I'm interrogated either today or tomorrow I'll be able to talk to her 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 prison the trees are yellow and losing their leaves and beyond them are 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 the wall next to my bed~~ in another wall written with black pen are the words written as:

LIBERTÀ

which means: Freedom

SI ESCE

One leaves

ESCE PRESTO

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 man who were sitting in a room during the night. From a window in flew a bird who fluttered around the room a 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 he 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 done 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 Meredith was murdered. I cried I was so happy. I wrote everything I could remember and an explanation for my confusion previously. And this is what happened since I've been here. Just a spegghetti.

You know what's interesting? I'm affectionately curious about Raffaele. Are they treating him well? He must be really scared. I also want to know why he lied about me. Is he still lying? What will happen to me if he keeps it up? I know I'm not a suspect of the murder because Meredith was raped and then killed, but the police want to think that I'm involved. Most likely they will yell at me again and tell me I'm a liar and I'm trying to protect someone. But now at least I know it's not true. I remember what I did that night and there's no way they can prove that I was there, and especially that I was in Meredith's room, because it is impossible. They lied to me when they told me they knew I was at home because that is impossible. I WASN'T AT HOME, and therefore they can't prove it. I'm upset they lied to me about that. They really think I'm involved and it's sad, because it means they still have no idea what happened. They really don't know who killed my friend. They know nothing if they want to lean on me and my testimony because I know nothing. It's so sad.

The people I want to see are these:

My mom of course. What I really want is to walk out of here with no evidence against me, straight into my mother's arms for a big hug. She will cry when she sees me as well. When I'm able to walk away with her, hand in hand, I will know that I am finally free.

Raffaele, to ask him why. What has he to be afraid of if he's telling them these lies about me. This is one thing I just don't get. I really care about him, 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 he knows I don't. Why would he tell them I told him to tell lies? It doesn't make sense.

My roommates. I don't know if they know what has happened to me, but I want to tell them and I want to see them and of

use I want my room to meet them. They are the best friends I have 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 my last sheet of paper for the moment. In bed I've been thinking about what I'm going to do when I'm finally out of here. 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 that means. Maybe now I know the world can be really dangerous and even more than that, ~~the~~ life and the world can be confusing and sometimes without sense. I might even become a more initial person, because someone had to help me remember, it was all gone and now it is here, safe and sound, secure in my hearing 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 say.

I don't like the feeling here in prison. I live here like I've never lived before. It's a half-life. I wake up and am happy to see another day but only because it means that it will be over. I've never thought that way before. When I was free everyday was a gift, an opportunity. Here, the opportunity is for those outside, and I become frustrated the more and more the outside world doesn't take advantage of that gift. My only consolation is that sometime I'll be able to live again, but now I wait to live. Now I'm not living. This is not living. This is waiting. Waiting to live.

After this is over I think I will go back to the US. Compared to the US, there is nothing for me here. I keep imagining my friends and family and I almost feel bad for them. If I was in their shoe what would I do? How would they greet me? I think it's one of those things that can't be said in words. Of course I will talk to them about my experience, but I don't think immediately.

But I also want to come away from this happy. I don't want to be sad or traumatized. I want to be happy, I want to be me, free, singing, jumping, dancing, laughing.

Things I know will change: I will never smoke marijuana again. I can't, because I told the priest I wouldn't. I will have all the patience in the world, because nothing compares to waiting to live again. Waiting unfairly, innocent, and knowing that outside I'm seen as a sinister monster. I don't care what the others think. I know I'm innocent, all that is left ~~is~~ is my freedom.

When I am free I will return to the US, but I will return to Italy to study. I am not afraid of this country. This country is part of me now. I can speak the language (badly), I have friends here, this is a place that I have called home. And before all this I was so happy. I love living here. But as soon as I am

see it will be a time for family and the friends who have always
been like family.

Here is my chant, my song here:

When I find myself in times of trouble. Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, Let it be
And in my hour of darkness she is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, Let it be

Let it be, Let it be, Let it be, Let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, Let it be

And when the broken hearted people living in the world agree,
There will be an answer, Let it be
For though they may be parted there is still a chance that they
may see

There will be an answer, Let it be

Let it be, Let it be, Let it be, Let it be
There will be an answer, Let it be

And though the night is cloudy, there is still a light which
shines on me

Shine until tomorrow, Let it be

I wake up to the sound of music. Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, Let it be

Let it be, Let it be, Let it be, Let it be

There will be an answer, Let it be

Let it be, Let it be, Let it be, Let it be

whisper words of wisdom, let it be

It's almost scary how much I can feel this song at this moment. (Thank you John Lennon!) The first time I sang it in prison to pass the time I wept when I sang, because this song is me now, sad, but full of hope. Here is why:

- When I find myself in times of trouble Mother Mary comes to me
- Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

When I first arrived in prison I was held in isolation and was forbidden to speak to anyone except the guards. I had nothing with me but the clothes I was wearing so to pass the time I laid quietly in my bed, thinking, crying, sleeping. I wasn't hungry and when they told me to eat I got a stomach ache. And the worst part was, I still couldn't remember exactly what I had been doing at my boyfriend's apartment. This was my great mystery that I had to answer, and I couldn't. And I knew if I couldn't remember this would be reason enough for the police to think to accuse me, which I learned later was exactly what they were doing. Then a guard the second day brought a sister to my door to talk to me and bring me courage. I'm not religious, but I was eager to talk to her anyway, and she told me how all I had to do was have patience and God would provide the answer. I nodded along, but as she left I remembered what I had done when I was with Raffaele in his apartment and I wrote it all down. Hence, the beginning verse which continues:

- And in my hour of darkness she is standing right in front of me
- Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

She told me to have patience and God would provide. Well, I'm waiting and at least now I know the truth, the truth about me, and so I wait for the rest of the world to know it too.

Let it be, Let it be, Let it be, Let it be.
Whisper words of wisdom, Let it be.

So I wait. "Let it be."

And when the broken hearted people living in the world agree
There will be an answer, Let it be.
For though they may be parted, there is still a chance that they
may see
There will be an answer, Let it be.

Wow. I've never felt this verse more before. My friend was murdered. My roommate, my friend. She was beautiful, smart, fun, and caring and she was murdered. Everyone I know is devastated for her, but we are also all at odds. We are angry. We want justice. But against who? ~~Who~~ We all want to know, but we all don't. The only one who truly knows is the one who has done it, and he is not broken-hearted. He (or she) is ~~not~~ alone in this world with this guilt that doesn't trouble him, because he hasn't announced himself. And so, we, the broken-hearted people search for an answer, and when we know the truth, I will be free. So I wait.

Let it be, Let it be, Let it be, Let it be.
There will be an answer, Let it be.

So I wait.

- And though the night is cloudy, there is still a light which shines on me

- Shine until tomorrow, let it be

I know I am innocent. This is light enough. I may be in prison for a crime I didn't commit, but the truth is out there, and I wait day by day, for it to be discovered.

- I wake up to the sound of music, Mother Mary comes to me

- Speaking words of wisdom, let it be

My music now is the sound of women ~~and~~ wailing through bars and the sound of wheels of medicine carts rolling along the hard floors of the echoing halls. My music is the music I make myself, the songs I remember, this song.

- Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be

- There will be an answer, let it be

- Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be

- Whisper words of wisdom, let it be

So I wait. The waiting is pain because it is waiting without life as life passes me by, but I'm waiting still, because it is all I can do. I think about my freedom and it is what I do to keep going, because I know I will be free. I will be with my family and my friends and I will be able to live the life I've always seen myself living: traveling, marrying, having children, writing, speaking, helping, dancing, free. Loving. There is no place for love. I need to be with the people

I love so I wait. And the waiting is such pain that I almost
can't stand it, but I do. I don't know if it means I will grow
stronger everyday, because I always feel so fragile, but I
survive on not thinking about it, and visits that I'm allowed
once a week for an hour each from my mother. She is everything
to me now. But I'm not lost. I am innocent and so I will be
free. Free. Free. Free. Libertà. Avrò libertà. I will have
freedom.

~~Wed~~ Wednesday, November 14, 2007 The 7th day?

So here I am still. Talked to my lawyer (the one from Rome) and the main topic, getting me out of jail, goes as such. When everything has died down with the journalists, which could take at least a couple of weeks, it is more likely that I'll be at least released from prison. My lawyers are trying really hard to get me somewhere else, and afterwards, when the opposition has presented the "evidence" against me, after this they will confront the evidence with the judge and prove the evidence means nothing, and then I will go free.

Something interesting that has come up is about Raffaele. Apparently he told newspapers (though who can trust them) that all I've done is made his life crazy and he wants nothing more to do with me. Ouch. Also, apparently his lawyers want to have a "cross-conference" with the judge, ~~at~~ where we would both be together with the judge answering questions. I haven't been able to talk to him and it's not like I'll be able to talk to him then, but at least then we'll be able to clear things up. I'm hurt by how he is acting about me and this situation. After all, I didn't kill Meredith and I didn't tell the police lies. But it doesn't matter. Now I just have to worry about myself, which I've been doing in the first place. I'm going to tell the truth, which he hasn't been doing, and in that truth I will disprove our involvement, because he was with me this is absolutely true. And then, when this is over, if he doesn't want to ever talk to me again I understand. I'm hurt, because I care about him, but this has been a traumatizing experience for us all, and I'm not surprised if he wants to cut ties with the load of it, including me. All I can say, though, is ouch.

So I'm here definitely until the end of the month and

then piece by piece my lawyers will take down everything against me and I'll be free. As for now I have to stay out of the public spotlight and stay calm. I received letters from two people (two guys) who are wishing me luck and believe in me, but I've been told not to reply, so I'll wait until this whole thing is over to do so.

Another odd thing. Apparently someone out there saw my story on TV and thought I was "hot" so they set up a website where people comment on how pretty I am. Weird. Flattered, but that really isn't important right about now. I just want to get out so I wait and keep quiet.

Mama mia I just want to go home. It's going to be a long 2 or 3 weeks while I wait for the police to search through all of the evidence. My lawyer said there are boxes and boxes of evidence that were seized, and so I'm hoping to be free in the middle of December. We'll see.

When I find myself in times of trouble... Let it be...

You know what one of the biggest punishments of ~~prison~~ prison is? Coming after the personal freedom of being able to have a life, relationships, ambitions... is the fact that it is boring as hell. There are a lot of hours to pass with not a lot to look forward to. I'm not surprised some of the ~~ex~~ women here are a little bit off, they have nothing here. Yeah, Italian prisons are pretty fuckin' swell in prison standards, but it's still prison, it's still behind bars. It's still waiting to live.

However, I have access to a library, I have 8 public channels of television I can watch in my room, I have a bathroom, I have a reading lamp. No one has beaten me up. In fact, one guard, on finding me crying, came into my cell, held me while I cried, and

gave me a pep talk. My roommate has already sneakily washed my underwear twice while I was either not paying attention or while I was talking with my lawyers.

Forget about much of the outside however, which is one thing I miss the most. And space, not much of that. When I'm taken for my 1 hour of outside everyday I'm taken to a tiny courtyard senza view of anything, which is taken up mostly by a muddy rump patch of a "garden", a few small plants and a lot of mud, that surrounds a strange statue, and here I skip around the garden patch, do jumping jacks, and jog around in small circles. More, which is something I can't really do in my cell. Most of my time is spent in bed, and I've started to do situps while I watch TV to prevent myself from getting too soft, *Mama mia che barba!*

I don't want to be here into December but it's a distinct ~~possibility~~ possibility. My lawyer pretty much promised I'll be here until the middle of December and I'm starting to think I'm not going to be home this Christmas. I might be out of prison, but I don't know if I'll be free. It all depends on the forensic scientists and how well they go through evidence (and how much evidence there is). It would be so much easier to wait if I weren't here!

I watched TV today, which is something I generally don't do. In the beginning I didn't like listening to the journalists, and they still don't know what's going on, but they're catching on a bit and it makes things easier. ~~Attention~~ Attention has shifted off me a tiny bit and Raffaele is getting a lot of press. Thankfully everyone who knows me is just talking, because as soon as reporters won't be swarming me, it is way more likely that I can leave here.

I'm not really sure what my "position" is the public. They keep showing the same clip of me kissing Raffaele and my mom saying I'm innocent and I pick up a bit, but I can't follow the whole

of conversation. I think people are still mystified by me. But it doesn't matter. After the political scientists are finished, they will be able to say the truth for me. And I will go home!

Will I talk with reporters after this? I don't know. We'll see. I'm bothered right now. I just want to show my mom and need not Perugia is like, but it's a little difficult now. And when will I get all my things back from the house? My life (in materialistic terms) is in there. I know my real life is more important, but I'm mostly worried about 3 things:

- camping / hiking gear
 - music
 - computer
- / My babies!

I don't care about clothes or bed things or books for that matter. But these things, ~~are~~ especially my music, were hard and expensive to achieve, and were achieved over time.

Let it be, Let it be, let it be, Let it be.

There will be answer, Let it be.

Thursday, November 15, 2007 8th day?

I've noticed MTV is it as bad in other countries. It still just shows music videos. Granted, there's a lot of annoying advertising, but it's still about the music. Generally popular music and it is like when Avril Lavigne comes on, but other times it's pretty okay. When everyone else goes outside to walk, I'm not allowed to join them, I switch it on and listen. I'm incredibly deprived of music here, but I imagine how great it will sound when I'm finally at home. And a pizza, not because I'm hungry but because the pizza is amazing here in Italy and I can't get it in jail. So that, a nice long walk around the city, seeing my roommates, all the while with Mom and Dad, showing them around, introducing friends, like I wanted to before all this happened. I'm so bored!

Adesso voglio "ostentare" la mia "bravura" con la lingua italiana, solo perché penso è una buona idea di fare la pratica. Allora, su che voglio scrivere? Forse mamma. Mh, parlo sempre su mia mamma. Forse ~~scrivo~~ sui ~~miei~~ miei amici qua a Perugia. Ecco!

Ho già scritto un poco sulle mie compagnie della casa. Allora, comincio con Spyros, la persona che penso ~~è~~ sia la persona più brava come un amico dopo le mie compagnie. Mi piace Spyros per molte ragioni, ma la ragione maggiore è perché lui è come Brett per me qui a Perugia. Ci vediamo qualche volta, ma ~~è~~ è sempre una esperienza buona per ci stessi. Parliamo sul tutto, non dobbiamo avere una ragione. Abbiamo parlato ~~sul~~ sull'amore, sull'amicizia, sulla politica, e anche sulla noia, sulla cena, sulle cose piccole nella vita. con lui posso ridere ~~me~~ e parlare che e quando voglio. Lui è alto e più grande di me; penso che lui ha venticinque anni. Lui soffre dalle calvizie ~~in~~ incipiente, ma ha una buona faccia e anche una brava personalità.

~~Il mio amico~~ Raffaele è un buon ragazzo anche con ~~le~~ altre persone. Lui è più basso, ma con me lui parla sul suo passato e più importante, sulla ~~sua~~ sua madre morta. Raffaele è studioso, e con me lui è sempre gentile. Mi abbraccia e bacia sempre. Generalmente, quando siamo insieme, parliamo un poco, ma generalmente ci divertiamo a stesi, solo questo. Non dobbiamo fare niente particolare. È molto sicura con lui.

È i miei amici negli Stati Uniti ~~che~~ includono Madison, Brett, Andrew. Questi ragazzi sono ~~la~~ i miei amici del cuore. Madison è intelligente e creativa. Lei è innamorata ~~con~~ un bravo ragazzo. ~~Il mio amico~~ Lei studia la fotografia, ed è una vegetariana. Voglio abitare con lei quando ritorno negli Stati Uniti.

Brett è anche una ragazza molto intelligente. Ci siamo conosciute quando eravamo bambine e abbiamo rimasto amiche per quasi nove o dieci anni. Lei è come una sorella. Durante questi anni quando abbiamo cresciuto, diventiamo molto diverse dalle ci stesse, ma il tempo ci ha fatto come sorelle. Lei è ambiziosa ~~ed~~ ed elegante. Lei sa come leggere altre persone e capire come lei possa ricevere che vuole. Lei ha una mente per affari. Ma lei è anche molto gentile e generosa, soprattutto con me.

Andrew è il mio amico del cuore. È un musicista, piccolo, ma con una grande personalità. Parliamo sul tutto, e anche lui il mio socio ufficiale quando scalliamo "le rocce" alla sinistra. Andiamo insieme per avventure tra la città e suoniamo insieme spesso.

Friday → ^{goes to snow}
^{now} bonny it is

1169

~~Thursday~~, November 16th, 2007 9th day?

Dearest DJ,

I miss you. I know of anyone in the world, you would make me feel better. Mom too, which is why I'm okay right now. It's funny, I'm not sure what to write. First time ever, right? Maybe it's because I don't want to write to you about my experience here. I'll tell you all about it when we see each other in China. I can imagine it now, because right now I feel it all inside me, a hard nut growing bigger and denser from all of this - sorrow, frustration, moments of weakened hope. I want you to reach inside of me and open it and make the ~~the~~ whole thing dissolve, because I don't want to have this hard thing in me forever.

But even when everything keeps looking worse and worse for me on the outside I can't help but feel separated from it all, like all of this is something happening to someone else, and my problem is some random people are keeping me stuck in a cold place where I don't want to be, and I can't decide if it's because they are protecting my safety or theirs. And then the whole thing seems ridiculous, because I'll be safe once my mom takes me back to the US, and I would never hurt anyone.

When I go to sleep I imagine my blankets are you. Otherwise I feel so alone. I believe me, why does no one else? So, just so you know, I am using your cyber-hug. Quite a bit actually.

I miss you, and I hope to see you, at least through Skype, soon, when I am free. Believe in me, because maybe if you do the others here will too.

I know you do, Love,

Amanda ☺

P.S. Thank you for the I love you.

Complacently bored. Yep. Aspetto, aspetto, aspetto.

When I find myself in times of trouble.

If you think about it, there really isn't much time in a day. What's 24 hours? I sleep from 9pm - 7am, that's 10 hours already. So 14 hours, and what's an hour? 60 minutes? What's a month? A month of my life, possibly more. I wish this whole police thing was a lot easier, then I wouldn't have to wait.

It's cold here. Really cold. My toes are always freezing. So are my hands. And my neck.

Dear DJ,

Right now I need you to hold me. I now have the hard thing in my chest and it feels like someone really strong and cold is pressing the sides of my hand together. Please, I can't be alone right now. I'm sorry for being weak, but I'm sick and I'm tired. I want to go home. How can I do this for another 14 days? How can they look at me, treat me like a murderer. They really think I am and it's not fair. This can't be my life. Please, this can't be my life. Please, hold me now.

Dear Mom,

Please don't leave me here. I need you to get me out. I don't belong here. I want to go home with you. I miss my life. Love you.

And in my hour of darkness she is standing right in front of me. Speaking words of wisdom, Let it be.

I know I'm not writing to anyone, but you who are reading, listen. Do you know what it feels like to look across at the person in front of you and see them looking at you like you are a monster? Do you know what it feels like for someone to call you a liar straight to your face when you are telling the truth? Stupid liar! Then hit you?

I can't stand this feeling of being hated for something I didn't do. For being treated like a criminal for something I didn't do. To have my life inflected through for something I didn't do. To have to crap scared out of me until tears and wailing were all that could escape my throat for something I didn't do and know nothing about. For going to jail when my friend was murdered.

I've actually imagined myself dying, but I don't let the thought last for long. I don't want to exhale myself and float out the window because then what? My life is here, right now, and I want it back.

I know this sounds babyish, but of anything in the world that is unfair, this would have to be up there. Not that martyrs and things don't take the cake, but I'm innocent too, and even though I haven't been killed, I'm not being allowed to live either. I'm so desperate for this time of my life to end, when the only thing I look forward to is the hour every Saturday and Tuesday when I can talk to people who believe and love me, Mom and Dad. And even this encounter is bittersweet, because I'm not with them, safe at home, I have to return behind cold, grey bars and think about them until next they come. I'm sick of it.

At the very least 14 more days. It's strangling me slowly.

Sunday, November 18th, 2007 11th day?

The women are screaming again. During the day yesterday, presumably while they were all playing cards together where I'm not allowed, Mariella called another woman the Italian word for "nigger", which I think is "nera" but I'll have to check. Anyway, the whole day the guards were going crazy trying to separate these two screaming ladies. I didn't see anything of course, ~~but~~ I was in my cell reading all day, but of ~~course~~ course I could hear every little thing, including all the clunking and banging and chanting from the other women and the whistling from the guards. Then in the evening, once everyone was in their respective cells again, it was getting pretty late and Antonella, the woman across the hall from me who always keeps her window open and then runs around talking to herself wearing 7 sweaters, a hat, and a pair of shorts, started asking the guards for coffee and cigarettes. I'm presuming it was past the time for this because the guards didn't give her anything, and she started screaming and banging on her door too. I fell asleep to these sounds. It's still going on right now, the next day, between Mariella and the other woman, although it's a little more hushed because I think they are outside at the moment. It's amazing how sound receptive these halls are. I'm also glad I can sleep through anything.

The "vise-capo" guy is getting kind of weird. He says he looks at me like a daughter, but whenever I'm with him I always feel like he's looking for something - like I'm some great mystery and there's a double-meaning behind all my words. That, and he seems very interested in my sex life. And he's constantly telling me I'm pretty. I don't trust people who are always commenting on my looks.

For example:

- ① He winks at me when I receive "fan letters" from male inmates who have seen me on TV.
- ② He tells me not to cry because it makes me ugly.
- ③ He's commented on my figure quite a bit and blatantly gives me a stare up and down when he sees me.
- ④ He asks me if I dream about sex.
- ⑤ He wants to know if I'm good at sex.
- ⑥ When I told him I thought it strange that he was so interested in my sexuality (I was being polite, what I meant was RUDE) he acted like it was no big deal and it was my fault for not drawing the line. Yeah, right. The first time he asked me about if I was good at sex I looked at him incredulously and said "WHAT???" and he just smiled and said, "Come on, just answer the question. You know, don't you?" At first I chalked it up to cultural difference, but I talked to my roommate later about it and she said that was an incredibly rude thing to do. So now I'm pretty much convinced that he's trying to prove to himself that I'm a play-girl. Maybe he wants to talk to the media.
- ⑦ He brings me "news" as if to help me out and forcedly wants to know how I feel about the accusations against me. He was the first person to tell me about this so-called "knife" that has my fingerprints on it and Meredith's dna on the blade and I told him I didn't know anything about it, I never dragged a knife around and he just persisted - "YOUR fingerprints. HER dna." I just told him I was innocent and that I'd wait for other proof to prove I am innocent. "YOUR fingerprints. HER dna." Okay, I heard you.
- ⑧ I'll tell you about last night. I was brought down to his office and he lit a cigarette and looked at me with his sleepy, hungry red eyes, and not wanting to have to talk to him about my case I started up right away talking about the book I read and how I

talked to the psychologist today, and the priest came to see me. "How come you were crying yesterday?" It's true, I was crying. The police had come to search through my bag to see how guilty my school books were and one police officer asked me if I had seen the news, about the knife. Wanted to know if I had anything to say. I repeated my story that I wasn't anywhere near Meredith when she was murdered. Then he laughed and said, "Another story? Another lie?" He stared right at me like I was no better than gum he wiped off the bottom of his shoe. It was the first time anyone has looked at me like that before. So when I went back into my room I cried at the unjustness of it all, me being in prison, my friend dead, the police following a cold and irrational trail because they have nothing better. I told the "wise-capo" this was why I cried. He just shook his head and repeated, "Why were you crying yesterday?" Insinuating that I was scared of something. I just told him that I was innocent and had nothing to be afraid of. "But YOUR fingerprints, HER dna." Yeah, I heard you the first time. It means something. Know why? Because I DIDN'T KILL HER.

Oh, it's not over. He asks if I dream. He asks if I dream about sex. Now this is getting on my nerves. I tell him that sex is not important right now and blatantly ask him why he's so interested in my sexuality. He says he's trying to understand my personality. I don't tell him he's rude, though I'm dying to, and I just tell him it's embarrassing for me. "Why?" My mind says, "Because you're a dirty old perv, that's why," but my math says, "I'm not ashamed of my sexuality, but it's my own private business and I don't like talking about it." TO YOU, I don't mind talking about my sexuality, but only when I bring it up.

Oh, it's not over. He looks at me seriously and starts talking about Raffaele. How RAFFAELE thinks I know something that I'm

afraid to tell. Bull shit. The POLICE think I know something, which is of ~~course~~ course foolish because I've racked my brains more than anyone else to understand / remember exactly what happened that night, and I've already said it. I tell "visc-capo" just as much. "YOUR fingerprints, HER dna." I'M INN-O-CENT.

He finishes up by telling me my hair looks nice today. Gee, thanks. It's in a pony-tail. I don't let him hug me, which he tries to do when we part.

He was nice when this all began but I'm uncomfortable around him now. He thinks I'm a criminal just like everyone else, or maybe ~~he~~ he thinks I'm just a scared, stupid girl, but anyway, it doesn't matter. I'm just fine because I'm innocent. It's all the consolation in the world.

My roommate, meanwhile, is fervent that I buy things, namely food, because apparently I'm wanting to eat so much. I tell her, no, I'm fine, and pretty much ignore her when she snaps back at me that of course I'm not fine and she doesn't understand me. Why don't I make myself more comfortable? Because I'm not living here. I'm getting out.

Manella and the other woman are back inside. The screaming and banging and chanting recommences. They are chanting presumably a bad word. I don't know what it means. "FLASCIA." Banging. And the poor guards ("Agenti!") trying to sort it all out. It's not good to keep people trapped up like this. They harbor badness inside and can't help but really let it out when they get the chance. They are like enraged animals. I'm reminded of starving monkeys and it makes me want to become a vegetarian and join "P.T.E.T.A." No wonder there are nuns here. But not today. Today is Sunday. But there is never screaming when the nuns come to visit.

I bet my ears are disgusting. I don't have Q-tips here, I

have pretty much everything else, shampoo, soap, deodorant, oil of
 oz, but no Q-tips. Gross! I also don't have tweezers so of
 course my eyebrows are going to feed. Yummy, right? Also no razors.
 which means I'm pretty all-natural at the moment. Well just
 pretend I'm trying out being a stereotypical hipee, which includes
 the prison part, ~~██████~~

I'm reading the dictionary and I found a highly useful phrase:
 far girare le palle a qualcuno: to piss somebody off
 prendere un abbaglio: to make a mistake
 abbondante: lit) plentiful

* tre metri abbondanti: a good 3 meters

* un kilo abbondante: well over a kilo

pesce grosso / pesce piccolo: big shot, bigwig / small fry

Pesce d'Aprile!: April fool!

non sapere che pesci pigliare: to be at a loss what to do

(lit) to not know which fish to take

addormentarsi / svegliarsi: to fall asleep / to wake up

vago / vagamente: vague / vaguely

sostenere (dare) un esame: to "take" an exam

stronzo: turd, bastard / bitch, shit

stronzata: dirty trick, shitty thing, bullshit, crap

dire stronzate: to talk crap, to be full of shit

Monday, November 19th, 2007 12th day?

Una settimana fino al mio udito al tribunale. Che faccio nel frattempo?

• Devo accettare che probabilmente ho ~~diarrea~~ ^{since I have been} diarrea a causa del mio cambio di alimentazione da allora sono stata qua. Mangio che gli agenti mi danno per i pasti, e ^{sto cominciando} ~~comincio~~ pensare che i pasti non sono abbastanza nutritivi.

• Grazie ~~per~~ ^{J.K. Rowling} per Harry Potter.

• Grazie Italo Calvino per le fiabe italiane.

• ~~Non~~ A me rifiuto lasciare di diventare più comoda qua. Per me è quasi ^{admitting defeat} "ammettendo sconfitta". Non sono membra di qua e così, perché dovrei considerare la mia cella come la casa mia? No, questo posto è una gabbia temporanea a cui non voglio mai ritornare. La mia compagna di cella pensa che sono strana - perché non compri niente per te stessa. Se tu vuoi caffè, compri un fornello! No! rispondo. Perché comprei qualcosa che ~~userei~~ userei solo per un mezzo mese. No, grazie.

• Voglio scrivere una storia o una poesia, e forse sarebbe un buon progetto.

• Scrivo in italiano.

• ~~Le~~ Le flessioni in avanti! Voglio ~~uscire~~ uscire da qua con un buon stomaco e uno spirito liberato!

• Penso sulla ~~famiglia~~ famiglia e sui amici.

Non parlo molto nella cella, che so infastida la mia compagna di cella, perché lei vuole sempre lagnarsi di tutto, come male e pigro è il suo ~~avvocato~~ avvocato, come inguste sono le legge qua, come grande è la mia situazione. Non mi piace parlare ~~su~~ su queste cose, e così, non mi piace parlare molto. Oddio quando una persona si sta lagnando.

Country road... Take me home... To the place... I belong!

Via campagna... Mi prende a caso... Al posto... dov'è sono membra!

Mi fido dei miei avvocati e anche della mia innocenza. Ma sono anche stanca di ricorrendo a MTV per divertimento. Nessuno dovrebbe guardare quanto io adesso.

I received 23 "fan letters" today that I think the jail has been saving up for me from at least the past couple of days. That makes the count up to 35 letters. Oh yea, and I got a postcard from the post office saying I have a package too. Fun...

I don't care about all this stuff. I just want to go home.

I have decided that I'm going to write to everyone who sends me letters, but I won't send them until I get out. As for the letters themselves, they vary, and are all from guys ranging from 20-35 on average, although I did receive a letter from a guy in his fifties. All of them reassure me that they believe me and wish me courage, and patience. Some ask me to have faith in God. Others bash the Italian justice system. The ~~most~~ majority comment on how beautiful I am. I've ~~received~~ received blatant love letters from people who love me from first sight, a marriage proposal, and others wanting to get to know "the girl with the angel face". Included in one was an article cut from a newspaper that talked about this new "Amorita" fad, about the letters I'm getting, as well as the websites that have popped up where people post comments like "She's hot" or "I'd do her".

I think the same thing about this as I did before. → If I were ugly, would they be writing me wishing me encouragement? I don't think so. Oh well, this is what my life is and I'll write

to them just as well to thank them for thinking of me and to let them know that their letters did help by distracting me with a very real and (funny?) thing about life and human nature: the unmistakable and irresistible attraction of a pretty face. And jeez, I'm not even that good-looking! People are acting like I'm the prettiest thing since Helen of Troy which makes me think of DJ...

Dear Fam,

I'll probably still be bouncing around the cage by the time you get this, but hopefully I won't be ⁱⁿ for much longer. And by bouncing around I mean sitting on my ass doing absolutely nothing. This is what prison is like. Almost as bad as having no life, no choices, and no privacy, this place is boning as hell, which I'm sure is probably ~~the worst~~ one of the very major points. Although I'll give it to the Italians, it's not like I'm THAT uncomfortable. Sure, it's REALLY cold, but ~~they~~ mosquitoes have managed to survive within to bite me every night. I have 3 channels of TV which follow the glorious advances of "my story", which is to say the huge mess of this whole sick situation, which thankfully seems to be turning its attention away from me for the first time since I was arrested. I was really bugged by ^{the unfairness of} all for the first part, and not to say that I'm enjoying myself now, but I am feeling better knowing that I'm innocent ~~and~~ no matter what they say ~~it doesn't make a difference~~ makes all the difference. Only problems, the cops are convinced I know something that I'm not saying, which of course is ridiculous. Will they believe me? Eventually, they'll have to, right? Will I be home for Christmas? Hoping my ass off ~~but~~ but the forecast

looks grim. The police ^{must} really, really like me ~~very~~.

But enough of that. I'm fine, don't worry, although I know you ^{are} ~~worried~~. Honestly it's not like ~~that~~ I myself am at my most relaxed, obviously, but I'm not scared or anything, because they got to get it right sometime, right? I'm just ready for that.

As for interesting things... there's not much. I spend a lot of time thinking about you guys, what you must be thinking, what I'm going to do when I see you guys again. That, and seeing my friends. ^{I want to see!} The idea of doing the things I was doing before like nothing has happened does seem strange, but it's exactly what I ~~want~~ ^{want} to do. In the meantime I feel like I'm just closing my eyes and doing my best to make the days go faster.

I do sit ups, sing, read, write, sleep, eat, drink. ^{think} Take showers in the morning. Usually have to talk to some person or other in the afternoons, whether it be to talk to the psychologist, priest, doctor, police, prison officials. Sometimes I sign a piece of paper.

Interesting thing: so far I've received 35 letters from various "admirers". I've heard about ~~the websites~~ the websites. Mostly it's stuff like "good luck", "courage", "I believe in you", "You're beautiful", intermingled with "I love you, will you marry me?" and "I ^{have faith in God} ~~don't like you're boyfriend~~". ^{Need anything from the grocery store?} Most are from inmates? ^{which means a lot of solidarity} All are from men ranging from age 20 to 35, although I definitely received one letter from a man in his 50's. Thankfully his was rather fatherly. Needless to say, I would much rather receive letters from you all, so here's my "address":

Amanda Knox

Casa Circondariale Capanne

Perugia, Italy

I'll find me. ~~Can you guys do me a favor and tell my friends too?~~ Can you guys do me a favor and tell my friends too?

^ my Dad's part of the family and

I know this letter is anything but satisfying, but there's not much really to everything with me right now. Pretty much ~~just~~ just waiting for Italian authorities to go ~~against~~ ~~their~~ ~~wishes~~ and prove me innocent. ~~Yeh~~ Yeh for lawyers!

Love you all with all my heart. You keep me going because it is you I look forward to.

Let me out!

Amanda ☺

P.S. I love you all especially so because you know I wouldn't hurt a fly. ~~These~~ These mysterious November-mosquitos ~~on the other~~ ~~hand~~... however...

P.P.S. Email responses if you can. They arrive faster. My dad can give me the responses (print off) or my lawyers too. Mom probably knows ^{all} the hook ups. If not, I already gave you "my address".

P.P.P.S. I LOVE YOU ALL AND I REALLY REALLY MISS YOU.

P.P.P.P.S. At least there is an out-takes show on TV. No matter how low I'm feeling I can never get enough of seeing people fall over at inappropriate ~~moments~~ ¹⁰⁰ moments or calls for that matter. He He He. That she ~~goes~~ groans!

Tuesday, November 20, 2007 13th day?

Visiting day! Dad's coming, which is mighty swell. I'm going to see if I can give him the letter I wrote for him to ~~give~~ email to the rest of the fam. I'll be glad to talk about something else besides my case and being in jail, which is what everyone seems preoccupied about here. I'm just trying to live as normally as I can under the circumstances.

I've begun watching TV again, about my case that is, only because I'm curious, though of course I don't believe anything that is said. I'm just interested in how far the police are getting. When they catch the right guy, I can go.

Maybe I'll start answering those letters today, just to say thank for the support, it made me feel better when I was feeling down. That, and, excuse my Italian, lo so che è orrendo!

* Caro _____, Primo, devo esprimere che il mio comprensione della lingua italiana è ancora nella sua infanzia, e così, lo so che ~~sempre~~ ti sembro come una bambina quando scrivo. Scusarmi per mutilando la tua lingua!

Devo esprimere anche che nel prigione ho deciso aspettare di mandare le risposte fino a quando ero provata innocente e quando ero fuori. La ragione era perchè, ~~usando~~ inclusiuti con ~~lettere~~ le lettere dalle persone che fanno gli auguri erano anche le lettere dai giornalisti. I miei avvocati mi hanno ~~consigliato~~ consigliato di rimanere via dalla pubblicità durante l'investigazione, ed ero d'accordo.

Ma, ~~sempre~~ dovresti sapere che ho apprezzato tutto il sostegno dalle lettere che ho ricevuto.

→ Recognition of nice things and stuff about the letter.

Best wishes,

Amanda

The policeman just now (blabbing very fast so of ~~the~~ course I can't understand a word he says), but I did catch one thing:

"Rudy."

Me: "Rudy? The 4th person?"

The policeman: "Yes. Rudy. You know him?"

Me: "Vaguely."

The policeman: "Vaguely, huh? We'll see what he says about that." Scowl.

Me: "Okay." Have fun hating me, buddy. I haven't done anything.

↳ I am so sick of the way they treat me.

Another interesting thing: the TV is now calling Raffaele my ex-boyfriend. Granted I'm not taking anything the reporters say for anything, but if he's been talking with journalists, which he has, then I might be able to believe this one. Granted, after all of this, I'm not surprised if we split up, but of anyone who has the right to be angry with the other, it would be me. He's the one who lied about ME. He's the one who is still lying about ME. I've never indicated him because it's the truth, but it seems like he or his council don't care about the truth anymore and just want to separate themselves from me as much as possible. Well, it's not important, I'll forgive him when the time comes, silly ~~boy~~ boy.

And anyway, I'm thinking of DJ anyway.

Talked to Dad at 9:30 am. Got to love Dad. Apparently he was up at 6:30 am and was here soon after that. It took him approximately 2 hours to get through the gates and to me. What processing.

He's really sweet. Tells me not to worry of course, and let me know about his crazy day yesterday. It's such a

relief from everything else I'm always having to listen ~~to~~ to. I even laughed, which felt so good, so natural. ~~He's~~ He's being really cool and it really helps to have him here to look forward to.

Updates about home: Apparently Ashley is following the news really closely and always wants updates from Dad. Deanna's not in great shape after the operation. Apparently her tonsils were the size of mandarin oranges by the time they fished them out. She's recovering.

Updates about me: My lawyers are optimistic that they can get me out of here within the next two weeks. Yeah! Granted, it will be probably a transfer to house arrest, but I'll be able to see Mom and Dad as much as I want and play guitar and do whatever I want as long as I don't leave my location → where I'll have a room to myself and everything. And then it's only a matter of time until I get to go home.

So I wait.

Had an interesting conversation with my roommate though. She confronted me about my optimism, saying how did I know I would get out soon and not after 10 years? Because I'm innocent. Oh yeah? What about the knife, what about the bloody keys? You watch the TV too much. There was no blood on my keys and I never brought a knife back and forth between the houses. Like I said, I'm innocent. Then why'd you lie? I didn't lie, I was scared and confused! And you're not confused now? No! What does your dad think? He believes me honestly. Hmm...

I'm actually offended. It just goes to show how much I don't belong here. She wants me to get more comfortable, buy things, make myself at home - all because she thinks I'm guilty of something! When is this going to end?!

Alright, let's imagine how everyone will react once I am back in the United States:

DJ: The minute we see each other ~~we~~ we will run to each other and he will hold me against him while I cry and cry. I will say I love him and he will say I love you too and he will hold me, stroking my hair until I have stopped crying and then we will kiss. I don't know what afterwards.

Andrew: He will hug me as well. Tell me he can't fucking believe this happened to me and will cuss out the foreign police for torturing me. He will then want to know everything.

Brett: Hug me and squeel and start crying. Say she can't believe this has happened and I'll have to soothe her, tell her I'm okay, tell her I missed her. She will want to drive somewhere with me, maybe with Amic, and we will go get Dicks or some food and find a viewpoint to talk at.

Madison: Will hug me and won't ask to know anything, only to know if I'm okay and if I need anything, and I will tell her everything into the night. She'll make delicious omlets.

The Family: We will all have a big dinner together. But that comes after — maybe with everyone who can come who I can invite. They will meet me at the airport and all take turns hugging and kissing me, touching me, taking my things for me.

Everyone: I want to have everyone family (both) and friends over for dinner, a giant feast at Mom's.

Who needs to be there: Mom, Chns, Deanna, Oma, Christina, Kevin, Ryan, Kyle, Mickey, Janet, Nick, Izabella, Dad, Cassandra, Ashley Delaney, Rob, Dee, Justin, Carey, Grampa & Grandma from Vashon, Brett, Nicole, Madison, James, Will Terrano, Andrew Seliber, Brett Pam, Stefani, Ben, DJ (He might still be in China unfortunately), DJ's parents (if they want, but probably not), Josh, Amic →

U.S. PARTY!!! (36)

1186

DJ's parents?

Judy?

Oma

Janet + Mickey Mom + Chris Christina + Kevin (15)
Nick Izzy Me Deanna Ryan Kyle

~~Grandpa + Grandmother (Vasna)~~

(11) Grandpa + Grandmother (Vasna) Margo?
Dad + Cassandra Rob + Dee
Ashley Delaney Justin Carey

Brett + Amir, Nicole (3)

Brett, Andrew, Madison, James, Will, Josh, Tom, Stefani,
~~Ben~~ (9)

41

Susan + Avery (2)

≈ ~~41~~ people

Most Definatly:

(13) Oma, Mom, Chris, Me, Deanna, Christina, Kevin, Ryan,
Kyle, Janet, Mickey, Nick, Izzy

(4) Dad, Cassandra, Ashley, Delaney

(1) Brett

(2) Madison, Seliber

Most Definatly = 20 + people

TO EAT:

TO DRINK:

TO WATCH:

TO DO: dance, sing, play

My roommate isn't very smart. We just had an argument about how many ~~we~~ weeks I've been here. I believe I arrived the 6th or 7th, today is the 20th. That means that I've been here 13 or 14 days. We argued whether this is 2 or 3 weeks. She's confused because Meredith was murdered the night between Nov 1st and 2nd. I had to explain this to her. I'm glad I'm getting out of here soon. Oddly enough she cleaned my underwear behind my back today. I'm looking at today as the half way point. It can only look up from here.

I just watched the movie *Synbad* and what a story! Friendship, love, adventure, magic, a race against the clock in the name of justice!

Synbad is best friends with a guy named Pronto. Pronto is in charge of protecting a sacred, magic book which protects his home. But Enis, goddess of discord, wants the magic book "of peace", so she frames *Synbad* when she steals it. *Synbad* is arrested when the island is plunged into a state of turmoil and is sentenced to death when he ~~pleads~~ pleads his innocence. Pronto stops the court however, and says he will stand in *Synbad*'s place should *Synbad* be able to bring the book back. The judge, Pronto's father, is astonished at Pronto, and thinks *Synbad*, being a thief and a pirate, will take off and not come back. It is for this reason that ~~Pronto~~ Pronto's fiancée, Manna, stows away on *Synbad*'s ship. She bribes *Synbad* and his men with jewels to further convince them to follow through and return with the book. *Synbad* allows her to stay aboard grudgingly, but locks her below deck, reasoning that a pirate ship and adventure are not places or things meant for women.

Manna has to break free and save them all when Enis sends her

first obstacle. It is the cunning voices of women that ring around them as the ship passes through 2 adjacent cliffs, distracting them as the ship is pummeled on both sides by jagged rocks ~~and~~ rising and falling from the water. The waves, strangely resembling women, wash aboard the ship and drag sailors overboard. Marina breaks free from below and, ignoring the voices of the "women", safely guides the ship through the cliffs as best she can and rescuing the men from the waves as she does. It is only after the ship is safely through, damaged, but in one piece, that ~~that~~ Synbad & his men come to and Synbad must admit a small defeat and allow her as one of the crew.

Marina doesn't have much time to gloat however, when the ship reaches the shore of the island that was hidden beyond the cliffs. The crew climbs ashore, seeking to resupply with what they can find ashore, where Marina and Synbad recommence bickering about her abilities as a woman. Their argument arouses the attention of the previously dormant island, which turns out to be a ~~gigantic~~ gigantic fish.

Patrick got out today! Finally! Something is going right! Me next! Well, most likely Raffaele before me, but soon! I'm so happy!

Wednesday, November 21, 2007 14th day?

2 weeks. If you think about it it's not that long of time - except when you think what has happened and also in the meantime what has been done.

In two weeks... Me, Raffaele, & Patrik were arrested. The police took our things, stripped us down, accused us. They found a bloody footprint to accuse Raffaele and a knife to accuse me. They found nothing against Patrik and so he has been released. Yeah! They found more fingerprints and have arrested a guy I vaguely know who's name is Rudy. Reporters have printed all kinds of stories, all kinds of explanations. I have been "victim", "witness", "cohort", and just plain "sexy", in their eyes, of course. They have badgered my friends and family, reaching out as far as Germany and the United States. I have cried, laughed, sang.

But what have I done in prison while the whole world has been buzzing outside? Trying to mind my own business for one thing. Trying to pass the time. I want to just say my piece and get it over with, get out of here.

Things are looking up though. Patrik is free. I'm ready. The polizia scientifica (CSI) are opening my "box" today. So it's me next then. I hope my "box" isn't too big and doesn't take too long. They'll probably be done by the end of next week. I hope that means I'm out the week after that. In the meantime my lawyers are hoping to at least get me out of prison and on home arrest. They want me out of here by next week and are feeling hopeful, optimistic, so I am too. If I was here only one more week... It already feels like forever so what's the difference? I wonder if house arrest means I can use the internet? I would like to be in contact with the family.

What are my values?

Friendship

Intelligence

Compassion

Workmanship

Ambition

Love

What do I like?

Adventure

Learning

Creativity / Imagination

Art (visual, oral, ~~and~~ music)

Companionship

I can see your face yearn

And I know it ain't real

It's just an illusion

Caused by how I used to feel

And it's making me so angry

To know that the flame will always burn

Flame will always burn

Lord why can't I get over

And when will I ever learn?

Old love leave me alone old love

I can feel your body

While I'm lying in my bed

There's too much confusion

Going round through my head

And it's making me so angry

To know that the flame will always burn

Flame will always burn

Lord why can't I get over

And when will I ever learn?

"Old Love" Eric Clapton

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why got out of bed at all
 The morning rain clouds up my window and I can't see at all
 And even if I could it'd all be grey, but your picture on my wall
 It reminds me that it's not so bad, it's not so bad
 I drank too much last night got bills to pay
 My head just feels in pain
 I missed the bus and there'll be hell today
 I'm late for work again!
 And even if I'm there they'll all imply that I might not last the day
 And then you call me and it's not so bad, it's not so bad
 And I want to thank you for giving me the best day of my life
 Oh, just to be with you is giving me the best day of my life
 Push the door I'm home at last, and I soaking through and through
 And then you handed me a towel and all I see is you
 And even if my house falls down now, I wouldn't have a clue
 Because you're near me
 And I want to thank you for giving me the best day of my life
 Oh, just to be with you is having the best day of my life

"Thank You" Dido

?

If I were to take an exam right now, what would I say?
 Se sostengo un esame adesso, che parlei?

Antonella is seriously talking to herself ~~and~~ across the hall.
 She's angry about not receiving something and is having a
 crazy person conversation with herself.

Speaking of crazy people, I think my roommate is in here for
 murder. In an article that someone sent me that is about me, she
 is mentioned only briefly as a woman who is in here for the
 same reason as me. ~~But~~ But she has already had her trial &
 has already had her sentence. I think she either murdered or

helped murder someone. And she's cleaning my underwear behind my back. How weird of a world is this?

Thursday, November 22nd, 2007 15th day?

Last night right before I went to bed I was taken down to see yet another doctor who I haven't yet met before. He had my results from a test they took - which says I'm positive for HIV.

First of all, the guy told me not to worry, it could be a mistake they're going to take a second test next week.

Secondly, my head, at least last night, was swimming in itself. I had a raging headache because this is by far the worst experience of my life. I'm in prison for a crime I didn't commit, & I might have HIV.

I don't want to die. I want to get married and have children. I want to create something good. I want to get old. I want my time. I want my life. Why why why? I can't believe this.

Thirdly, I don't know where I could have got HIV from. Here is the list of people I've had sex with in Italy: general:

- ① Kyle - also a virgin
- ② James - checks regularly & always used a condom
- ③ Ross - one night stand - pull out
- ④ DJ - condoms, mom is a nurse, he would know
- ⑤ Elis - pull out - ~~only~~ one night stand
- ⑥ Danielle - condoms, one night stand
- ⑦ Raffaele - condoms
- one time w/o

→ So, people I could have got it from:

- Ross
- Elis
- Raffaele - used to use extensive drugs...

Oh please please let it be a mistake. Please oh please let it not be true. I don't want to die.

I've decided not to freak out about this. There is no way I have HIV. No way. The world, my life, something would have to be really unfair. I need to live my life again after this. I need to be happy. I need to be free.

I'm not even mad that reporters are sticking my face next to Rudy's on TV. It doesn't matter. I never called him, I barely know him. I don't know if he did this. All I know is I did it and unless Raffaele got up after I fell asleep, took my keys (not) and got into my house and murdered my friend and returned to his place and went back to sleep with me (I highly doubt it), then I know he's innocent too. I don't care that the journalists (and therefore the police) are presenting me as a liar and a cohort in murder because it isn't true.

And of course dear old vince-capo is insisting that I ~~stay~~ "stai tranquilla" as he says, but then when I tell him I am I says I'm too tranquill because "YOUR fingerprints, HER dr I'm becoming convinced that he's no better than the police, that he's trying to play mind games with me, trying to scare me though he's not remotely as good as the police at the Questura. They actually confused me, told me lies, yelled at me, kept me up all night, called me a stupid liar, hit me. And what's strange is I'm not even mad. Sometimes I'm frustrated and sometimes I'm sad by the way they are treating me, but I know it's all because they want to find the real murderer and are showing no mercy along the way. I'm not a police officer, so there's no way for me to know how it feels to be them, I just hope they don't drag this out for the heck of it, just to keep me here. But I have a date. November 30th (8 days from now!) to lay out my piece. I know opinions are stacked against me but I haven't done anything so I know there is no proof. The

knife, I don't know what to make of it. I NEVER CARRIED A KNIFE BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN MY HOUSE AND RAFFAELE'S. It's that simple. I DIDN'T DO THIS, I DIDN'T HELP ANYONE. I DON'T KNOW WHO MURDERED MY FRIEND. I WASN'T THERE. That's the TRUTH.

The priest hasn't asked to see me again. Maybe he thought I helped murder someone like everyone else and he was hoping to convert me and have me confess. I told him the truth. I told him the path for me is very straight and clear — tell the truth. Interestingly enough, I received the package sent to me. Turned out to be a book sent to me by the prison ministry called "How to be Born Again." I hope the reason they sent this book in particular was merely out of ignorance (because they can't speak English) because the book is more than just an ~~insult~~ insult to my intelligence. Of course I'm reading it, because I have respect for the priest as well as for the nuns. They have been nothing but kind to me. But the book does things such as:

- equate people who find meaning in other religions to people who seek psychiatric help or turn to drugs & alcohol, crime:

Preface (pg 9): "In like manner, people frantically pursue all sorts of promised cures for the renewal of their inner lives. Some people hunt for renewal at the psychiatrist's office. Others search for spiritual renewal in exotic oriental religions or processes of inward meditation. Still others seek for inner peace and renewal in drugs and alcohol. Whatever the path, however, they eventually come to a dead end."

"Why am I so Empty? (pg 22): "We read everyday about the rich, the famous, the talented, who are disillusioned. Many of them are turning to the occult, or Transcendental Meditation,

or Eastern religions. Some are turning to crime."

Does God Really Speak to us? (pg 40): "In his book Evidence That Demands a Verdict, Josh McDowell quotes a former professor of Sanskrit who spent forty-two years studying Eastern books and said this in comparing them with the Bible: 'Pile them, if you will, on the left side of your study table; but place your own Holy Bible on the right side - all by itself, all alone - and with a wide gap between them. For... there is a gulf between it and the so-called sacred books of the East which severs the one from the other utterly, hopelessly, and forever... a veritable gulf which cannot be bridged over by any science of religious thought'."

I haven't even read half the book. I've read 4 chapters. I wouldn't be surprised if this writer were racist because his bigotry is highly apparent. Of course he's trying to justify his own religion, but he's polishing over & even lying about important facts, and then supporting his claims with ridiculous and even insulting "observations". His treatment of Eastern religion is astonishing. How can he claim in any way that people can't find meaning in Eastern religion when there are more people who find meaning in it than there are of people who are Christians? Equating Eastern religion to a bad as much as alcohol and drugs and crime is beyond acceptable to anyone who has brains enough to read the meaning behind (not even behind - blatantly laid out) by his words. I'm insulted and I'm not even religious.

— undermines intelligence, equating it to pride:

In Why am I so Empty (pg. 20) he recognizes "the mystery of an anthropos, the 'upward-looking one', the one who is searching, inquiring for life's deeper ~~meaning~~ and often hidden meaning." but...

Why am I so Empty? (pg. 22): "They [Intellectuals] would like to save themselves, because pride nourishes self-esteem, making us believe we can manage ourselves without God".

"Every man would like to be God"

Why am I so Empty? (pg. 24-25): "The intellectual has a certain set of beliefs which are self-sufficient and he believes his system is ~~complete~~ complete. Other intellectuals accept blindly the counterfeits which may be veiled in such complex language and thought patterns that the denial of their premises would sound ignorant."

Can Anyone Tell Me Where to Find God? (pg. 30): "Although the wise person seeks God we have seen that he doesn't have the intellectual capacity to reason his way through to God."

Billy, as our author would be called, is arguing that intellectuals and people who think for themselves are themselves ignorant, because they can't just accept. He acknowledges that there is a desire within man to answer the question why, but doesn't accept any form for answering the questions save through faith in his God. He rejects any form of scientific discovery, claiming that it is not complete enough to understand the totality of "God's creation" and of course now it isn't, but he doesn't recognize human progress ~~of~~ understanding our environment and the complete infiniteness of everything that is, justifying solely that as of now it is ~~an~~ incomplete.

He also presents intellectuals as individuals who will believe anything as long as it is contradictory to faith, which in itself is absolutely ridiculous. It's not a one way or another. There are religious scientists in this world. "Billy's" perspective is once again disturbingly black and white.

I've read more but I can't anymore for now. I'm too

troubled by the idea that I'm supposed to find solidarity in his faith.

I don't know how the universe is made, nor do I know ~~where~~ where "I" will go when I ~~die~~ die. What is important to me is to try to live well, to help others, to create, to love. The priest and the nuns are not satisfied ~~with~~ with this answer. One nun even told me that a person without religion is no better than an animal, but I disagree. Maybe it means I'm ignorant, which very well could be true because I haven't devoted my small life as of now to the discovery of religion, but what I have seen is there are people who are good and only want to help others who are without religion or who find peace through other religion. I may be w/o religion specifically, but it doesn't mean I live my life like an animal. I do my best - and I don't hurt anyone else. I like helping other people, I love to love. I trust, and sometimes I get hurt in the process but I don't hate, and this is why I'm so sad when the police look at me with hate and mistrust. Anyone who knew me, my friends and family, would tell these policemen they have the wrong person, and that I wouldn't hurt anyone. I don't like seeing people hurt. When I do, I want to help. And now I have to help myself, because inside I have been hurt by these people who yell and hit me and treat me like a criminal. I'm innocent and my freedom has been taken away as punishment for a crime I wouldn't dream of committing. NEVER. ~~I would~~ I would never hurt so many people the way someone hurt Meredith and everyone else who has ever known Meredith. She was a good person. I may not be perfect, like everyone else, but I'm not a murderer. I'm not an assistant to murder.

I also hope I'm not sick like they say I might be, because that is an even greater prison than this one. I don't want to die.

"No Angel" Dido 1199

If you gave me just a coin for everytime we say goodbye
 Well I'd be rich beyond my dreams, I'm sorry for my weary life
 I know I'm not perfect but I can smile
 And I hope that you see this heart behind my tired eyes
 If you tell me that I can't, I will, I will, I'll try all night
 And if you say I'm coming home I'll probably be out all night
 I know I can be afraid but I'm alive
 And I hope that you trust this heart behind my tired eyes
 'Cuz I'm no Angel, but please don't think that I won't try and try
 I'm no Angel, but does that mean that I can't live my life?
 I'm no Angel, but please don't think that I can't cry
 I'm no Angel, but does that mean that I won't fly?

I received 13 letters today, which makes the grand total 48 letters and one book and I also got another notification for another package. What makes today different is today I received a letter from someone I actually know: Ben Poland, a friend from German class back in the States. I was so happy to receive this letter. He was very supported and read right through the news that claims things against me. I know my friends believe in me, but it means so much to actually hear from someone, to see their handwriting, which I know, and to read his words. I'm writing him back immediately - as soon as I get international stamps. Receiving a letter from a friend means so much.

Another thing: I got a good talking to by the Vince-Capo today. He said that my roommate was telling people that I DEFINATELY have HIV and the guards were asking questions. So he sat me down ~~with~~ with the doctor who said it was absolutely unsure and the test would almost definately come out

negative. He had a weird way of showing his support however. He said that he would most definitely have sex with me right now. He was so sure that I had nothing to worry about. Then he joked about having me promise to have sex with him. Once again ol' vince-capo is hitting on me. But I don't care right now. I'm just relieved about almost definitely not having HIV. He even told off my roommate for freaking me out about it.

Friday, November 23, 2007 16th day?

I'm reading a romance novel that the consulate brought me, and I'm actually enjoying it. Soaking it up. How sad is that? So it's come to this. → I could definately see myself interested in Oprah's bookclub, but cheesy romance novels? I must be really, REALLY bored.

Plus about today: my lawyer (the one from Rome) should be arriving today to chat me up. I want to know what's going on. The TV said Rudy said something about being at my house that night with another guy, and it was the other guy who killed Meredith. I don't know what to think. I mean, could be true, could be not, but I know better than to trust publicity.

All in all I'm glad something is being figured out. It means finally the creep who did this will go to jail and I'll get to go free. I might even be able to see my family at Christmas! I mean, it's not like they don't have someone else and they won't find proof against me because it doesn't exist. It finally looks like there's a conclusion about to happen, and I couldn't be happier. I'm so so ready to be done with this.

I want to get another tattoo — the words "Let it be." They mean so much to me now. I don't know where, I just want them. And I want my pierced ears back. They have most definately healed and closed. After so many weeks too! Well, I guess it wasn't so many. Little more than the amount of time I've spent in here. The beginning of October, before school started. That's right. God, my memory is horrible.

I want to go home! I want to go home! How many days until Mom comes back? She left last Sunday, so she's been gone 6 days. That means 8 days left. And my tribunaie is in 7, exactly a week from now. Dad comes tomorrow, that's always good. Things are really looking up. I hope the police have changed

their minds about me. They kind of have to with the new turn of events, right? It just goes to show more and more that things will be alright. When I'm out I want to forgive Raffaele. All I feel now is generous. I'm just happy thinking about how happy I'll be to be free. Oh, please let me be home for Christmas!!! Please, please, please! And please let my test come out negative! Please, please, please!!!

I had a meeting with my lawyer today and he is looking good, feeling optimistic, and so am I. We talked about the whole process of the tribunal that will happen exactly a week from today, and it sounds like a fairly simple process. Tell the truth. Check.

I'm waiting on Raffaele also apparently, because he's my alibi. His lawyers, however, are convinced that I'm evil and want to have him express this. However, Raffaele apparently has been trying to tell the truth.

Just thought I'd slip in a little information about my roommate who at this time is telling me ① that I must have done something to be here and ② how nasty communities for home arrest are. It's like she's trying to convince me to stay. I'm getting kind of creeped out by her. She's, honestly, a slow and rather particular person, and I think she's sucked into the TV versions of everything way too much. No wonder she talks to me like I'm a criminal, my lawyer said the police are now coming up with the idea that I'm a criminal mastermind and that I actually PLANNED this murder. I'm beyond words for how ridiculous the police are being. I think they are really caught up with this idea about an angel really being a demon — which is what my lawyer said was their new slogan. How flippin' ridiculous! That's all I can say. It's so far from the truth that when my lawyer told me my jaw dropped. I can't believe it.

Here's an interesting turn of events. They had me change cells! I'm no longer with Romanielli (don't remember the first name, I think it's Rosella) who was actually getting on my ~~case~~ nerves. Now I'm with 3 women who I thought just worked here, because I've seen them wandering around in uniforms before. Their names are Patricia, Vittoria, and Fortunata. Patricia & Fortunata work in the lavanderia and Vittoria in the cucina. They are so much better than Romanielli. In fact, they were scandalized when I told them about how Romanielli was always wanting me to buy things for her and always wanted to talk about my case. These women immediately laid it out that they weren't interested in what I had or hadn't done. Since we are living together it is best that they don't know, they said. I've only been here to move my stuff in, have dinner, and watch TV a bit, and I already much more comfortable. It's even warmer here.

I'm still not getting too comfortable, though. I'm hoping to be out of here soon. Luciano said that highly hangs in the balance of the tribunale, but at least I don't have Romanielli barking at me anymore.

I am now going to look up all of the naughty words in Italian that are of course necessary to learn:

- = bastard: stronzo
- = bitch: stronza
- = slut: sciattone, squaldrina
- = fuck: chiavata (lay), scopata (hook)
- = to not give a fuck about something: fottersene di qualcosa
- = fuck all: un cazzo di niente
- = Who the fuck are you?: tu, chi cazzo sei?
- = fuck!: cazzo!
- = to fuck: scopare, chiavare

- fuck around/about: cazzeggiare, non fare un cazzo
- to fuck around w/ something: cazzeggiare con qualcosa
- to fuck off: andare a farsi fottere, andare affanculo
- to fuck up: mandare a puttane
- fucking (adj): fottuto, del cazzo
- son of a bitch: figlio di puttana
- pussy: pissera
- cunt: fica, figa
- dick: uccello (bird), cazzo
- Cavoli miei!: It's none of your business!
- Cavoli tuoi!: That's your problem!
- Che cavolo vuoi?: What the hell do you want?
- del cavolo: stupid, rotten, lousy
- entrarci come i cavoli a merenda: to be totally beside the ^{point}
- me ne importa un cavolo: I couldn't care less.
- ~~ove~~ Dov'è quel cavolo di...?: Where's the blasted...?
- vaffanculo: piss-off!, sod off!, fuck off!
- vaccata: dirty trick, botch-up, cock-up, crap
- ~~scopo~~ - chiattore: short & fat person
- peccato!: what a shame! drats!
- culo: bum, arse, ass, butt
- Hai proprio culo: You're a lucky bastard!
- leccare il culo a qualcuno: to kiss someone's ass
- mandare qualcuno a fare in culo: to tell someone to fuck off
- prendere qualcuno per il culo: to take the piss (out of someone),
to have somebody on
- non è affar mio / la cosa non mi riguarda: it's none of my business
- bado ai fatti tuoi / non t'impicciare: mind your own business
- persona dalle mani di pasticcina: butterfingers

Saturday, November 24, 2007 17th dd 305

I slept really well last night. It was much warmer in this cell and it was after spending a fun night with Patrizia, Vittoria, and Fortunata. Fortunata sleeps furthest from me, più ~~vicino~~ vicino alle finestre. Vittoria is next to her and she is more spirited than Fortunata. Fortunata is rather quiet. Patrizia, who sleeps nearest me, has taken a liking to me I think. She's already gone out of her way to make me coffee twice, and she speaks the best English, though we always speak Italian. I can actually understand them, they talk and don't bark at me like Romanielli did. They also taught me a bunch of bad words last night, which was fun. Another one: mannaggia, which isn't in the dictionary but is an ~~aggettivo~~ adjective and people say it when something goes wrong.

Dad comes again today, which is always exciting for me. I'm looking forward to hearing about how the family is. That's my biggest curiosity at the moment.

Also, the TV said Raffaele has been finally professing my innocence. I hope I'm out of here soon.

Just had a lovely breakfast with the girls. Biscuit bread with butter and marmalade that Patrizia made herself yesterday. It's beyond me how. Vittoria made the coffee and milk — they don't take the stuff they serve here because apparently they water the milk down. Vittoria would know, she works in the kitchen. I'm pleasantly full of real breakfast — if with a little more sugar and caffeine than I'd wish, but I'm far from complaining. Thank God I changed cells! Romanielli wanted me to buy clothes for her when I got out!

Okay, now it's time to practise Italian:

Oggi è sabato. Significa che mio padre viene per visitarmi, è questa è la mia attività preferita. Mi manca ~~molto~~ la mia

famiglia più di tutto. Vedo il lato positivo delle cose: sono nella cella nuova con tre donne che sono molto migliori di Rosella. Rosella ha voluto che compro sempre qualcosa per ~~per~~ lei, e la spiegazione era perchè lei non ha soldi per niente. Ho sentito compassione per lei, malgrado ~~io~~ ho pensato che era strano che lei ha ~~insinuato~~ insinuato che era la mia responsabilità di prendere cura di lei. Adesso non è un problema. Non devo trascurare lei quando lei comincia parlare incessantemente sul mio caso ~~o~~ o quando lei ha voluto leggere la ~~la~~ posta mia. Penso che lei soffre dalla solitudine, ~~è~~ forse lei è un po' matta.

Se ~~sono fuori~~ sono fuori, ~~comincerò~~ mi alzerò ~~e~~ più tardi e farci colazione con Raffaele. Dopo, probabilmente *studiamo* un po' e ~~comincerò~~ *camminiamo* insieme, nel centro. Forse *visitiamo* una città piccola vicino a Perugia.
 * [Non mi ricordo la forma "noi" per la ~~congiunzione~~ coniugazione "condizionale". Per questa ragione uso la coniugazione semplice "presente", ma ~~io~~ riconosco che non è corretto grammaticalmente.]*

Just talked with Dad and it looks like he can use internet now at his villa, which means he's recommenced work from a distance. Mom & Christina^{gr} arriving this coming Friday, so while I'm talking with the judges Dad is going to be picking the two of them up in Rome. Hopefully it won't be long afterward that I'll at least be ~~at~~ at home arrest & I'll be able to see them everyday. I was both surprised and glad that Christina is coming too. I know that she's coming for Mom's sake more than mine and I'm really glad b/c I would do the exact same thing if Deanna were in the same situation as Mom. Deanna is apparently in the hospital not only

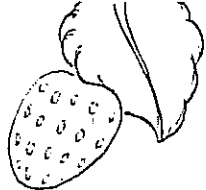
with her recovering throat but also with a bad case of pneumonia. What is it with that girl & sickness? Delanie is also in a cast b/c she strained her ACL, which is better than it being broken.

Also, apparently last Thursday was Thanksgiving Day. I didn't even know! I hope I can have another Thanksgiving when I get home. Maybe that can be the celebration party. I really really hope to be home for Christmas. Come on police! Let's go!

Adesso voglio descrivere le mie esperienze lavorando. Il mio lavoro vero era quando ho lavorato come una barista negli Stati Uniti. Era al caffè si chiama "World Cup" che era posseduto dalle due copie quasi giovani. Quando ho lavorato ho fatto il caffè, ho fatto panini, e ho lavato il caffè dopo quando i clienti sono usciti. Mi ha piaciuto questo lavoro per molte ragioni:

① Amo caffè. Ho cominciato bere il caffè dopo la età quando la maggioranza del popolo, ~~quando~~ quando ~~cominciato~~ ho cominciato frequentare la università. Prima, quando ho frequentato la scuola superiore, i miei amici hanno già cominciato bere il caffè perché era un bevanda degli adulti. Invece ho pensato che il caffè non era gusto. Infatti, non ho ~~già~~ già provato, ma questo è che ho pensato.

Frequentando la università si cambia. Ho cominciato bere caffè perché ho cominciato rimanere alzata fino a tardi tutti i giorni per studiare e uscire con i miei amici, come tutti ~~gli~~ gli altri studenti. Era una necessità, perché ho preferito molto il gusto del caffè più del gusto della soda. Ho smesso bere la soda quando ero una bambina perché veramente non mi piace ~~molto~~ molto zucchero. Ho cominciato amare il caffè, e adesso caffè è una passione.



Generalmente il caffè dagli Stati Uniti non è buono. Io so, ho provato molti tipi del caffè fatti ^{dagli} arrostitori vari. Fortunatamente sono di Seattle, la sola città negli Stati Uniti che è famosa per il caffè. Gli arrostitori si chiamano "Starbucks" sono di Seattle. Ho visto il ~~café~~ primo café del Starbuck molte volte.

Patrizia has just been talking to me about my lawyers. She says that yes, they are good lawyers, but they are all under the control by the same influence, though I'm not sure who or what this influence is. She says that the lawyers for Raffaele & Patrik were under the same influence as well. She said I need an important person outside those "who are controlled by the same hand". She said she already sent my father un bigliettino with the name of a really important young lawyer who I apparently NEED. I'm not sure what to think. I'll talk to my dad about it, but I can't tell if it sounds fishy or not. I mean, if she has all the connections, why is she stuck in here? Plus, my lawyers now are working their asses off for me, bringing in specialists, and are fighting strong to get me out. What's wrong with them? She gave me the impression not only that I need to change, but I have to, as she said, run from them. But it doesn't make sense, my lawyers are definately going against what Raffaele's lawyers are saying. Is she only saying this because she thinks I'm guilty? Why does ~~any~~ everyone have a say about my lawyers? Especially since I've never complained? In fact, I trust my lawyers. They more than seem to know what they are doing and it's not like my position is so difficult: the police want to believe I'm guilty, but I'm innocent. It's as simple as that. All I have to do is wait for the truth about Meredith's death, of which I'm no part, and my lawyers have to prove that anything the police have against

me is nonsense. I'm not even worried about this "knife" that the police are claiming was used to kill Meredith because I never brought a knife back and forth between our houses. I've never carried a knife anywhere. The last time I had a knife in transit was when I came to Italy from Germany and I brought a kitchen knife in my suitcase. Other than that, no. Of course Raffaele and I have used this knife to cook, and it's impossible that Meredith's dna is on the knife because she's never been to Raffaele's apartment before. So unless Raffaele decided to get up after I fell asleep, grabbed said knife, went over to my house, used it to kill Meredith, came home, cleaned the blood off, rubbed my fingerprints all over it, put it away, then tucked himself back into bed, and then pretended really well the next couple of days, well, I just highly doubt all of that. He made the same mistake that I did, got scared when the police yelled at him, or at least that's what I think. I don't know, but that's what I think. Why the police started with him I don't know. Maybe because we were the people the police found at the house. Anyway, it doesn't matter because what's done is done, and I'm innocent. All I have to do is wait for the outside world to believe it. Thank goodness my tribunale is the 30th. I want out. I want home. I want my life back.

And though the night is cloudy, there is still a light that shines on me

Shine until tomorrow, Let it be

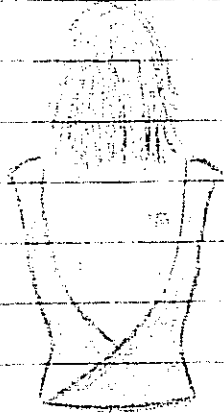
I'm sensus about my tattoo. I want "let it be" somewhere on my body. Maybe my arm?

(60)

Abbiamo i colori
nella cella!

- 1210

~~Non ti piace!~~
Mi piacciono!



① Pensi che ho ucciso la mia
compagnia della cella?
Pensi che ho aiutato uccidere
lei?

② Credi che sono innocente?

Let ult Be

Let ult Be'

II ET II BE

Let ult Be

Let H be

Ricomincio studiare. Ho proprio visto "Chi ha montato un'accusa contro Roger Rabbit?", altrimenti saputo ~~che~~ come "Who framed Roger Rabbit?". Mi piace molto questo film. Sono più fortunata; ci sono i due film di "Men in Black", o suppo, "Uomini nel Nero" (forse?). Qui nel prigione guardo molto il TV (non c'è niente altro di fare) e penso quando esco non vorrei guardare il TV più per tutta la mia vita. Ma, almeno imparo molto italiano quando guardo. ~~Ho visto~~ la cultura è anche evidente tra ~~gli~~ i programma nel TV.

Che faccio domani? Mamma mia, è domenica domani! Che barba! Ho studiato molto oggi, ma domani? Vorrai studiare più? Perché no? Questo non è come compiti. Mi piace scrivere e soprattutto nella altra lingua. leggo? Ho solo Harry Potter e le favole che non ho già letto. Oh, ho anche il testimone nuovo.

Quando ritorno negli Stati Uniti voglio riorare i miei ~~orecchi~~ orecchie e voglio ~~latuare~~ latuare più la mia schiena come ~~il~~ il disegno sulla pagina ~~pi~~ precedente.

Sunday, November 25, 2007 18th day?

Another Domenica. I was woken up by voices in the corridor. Apparently one of the other inmates wasn't doing so well.

At dinner yesterday Patrizia explained her position in regards to my lawyer-situation. She's afraid my lawyers aren't doing enough. I should be out already according to her. To her everyone who I'm depending on either doesn't care or is too inefficient - lawyers, consulates, everyone handling my case. She really wants me to try her lawyer (for free) because she says he doesn't want to see me in here for 20 years. My only concern is, why would I be in here for 20 years if I am, in reality, completely innocent? The only thing I screwed up on was when I said I saw Patrik, but I never said his name with any sort of malicious intent behind it. I only said it to say something, I was trying so hard to know something, and I now what I said was wrong, which is why I'm telling the truth, that I've remembered, now.

La sola cosa che ho ~~sbaragliato~~ sbagliato era quando ho detto Patrik, ma non ho detto il suo nome con una intensione male. L'ho detto solo di dire qualcosa, ~~stavo~~ stavo provando di sapere qualcosa, e so che ho detto era sbaglio, ~~e~~ e quale perchè io ~~non stavo dicendo~~ sto dicendo solo la verità, che ricordo, adesso.)

I have received letters, however, from inmates who have claimed to be innocent but have been imprisoned anyway and that bothers me. I can't be kept here if I'm innocent! I have a life to reconstruct. My mom and dad have stopped their lives to wait with me. They are paying for another college education all because the police got it wrong. Che miseria!

to make someone's day: far felice qualcuno

I'm ~~puzzled~~ puzzled by this sentence construction:

- * He makes me laugh. → Mi fa ridere. (I think) ✓
- * He makes me happy. → Mi fa felice. (I think) ✓
- * He makes me sign the letter. → Mi ha costretto a firmare la lettera.
→ Don't make me laugh! : Non farmi ridere! (nel dizionario)

Sai che mi fa felice? Sè dopo il tribunale a venerdì i giudici ~~hanno~~ mi dicono che sono liberata e posso ritornare negli Stati Uniti con tutte le mie cose. Quindi, quando arrivo all'aeroporto, tutta la mia famiglia mi accoglie e andiamo insieme alla casa dei miei, dovè stiamo insieme tutta la notte, mangiando, parlando, insieme.

~~Sono stata~~ Sono stata nel prigione per diciotto giorni e che ho fatto durante questo tempo che è costruttivo? Ho praticato il piccolo italiano che so, ma è difficile quando voglio studiare più. ~~Non~~ Non mi hanno ricompensato i miei libri della università e non ho visto nel catalogo della biblioteca un libro della grammatica italiana. La prossima volta devo ricordare ~~al mio padre~~ mio padre a ~~prendermene~~ prendermene uno.

Che fa DJ adesso? È probabilmente nella classe. So che pensa su me tutti i giorni, come io.

Ho proprio letto il articolo più ridicoloso nella mia vita. Era su me ed è recente. Il ~~giornale~~ giornale "Oggi" è uscito ~~il~~ il venerdì scorso. Nel articolo, il giornalista afferma che il caso gira attorno me, perchè tutte le persone complesse sono connesse a me. Patrik, per cui ho lavorato. Raffaele, chi, secondo l'articolo, era il mio fidanzato, ma non vuole vedermi più. Okay, va bene. Ma Rudy? Secondo l'articolo, compro ~~la~~ i droga da lui. NON È VERO.

Oh, aspetta. C'è più...

Secondo l'articolo, mia madre è la ~~ragione~~ ragione che sono "mandata a puttane". Secondo l'articolo, lei ha lasciato mio padre per un uomo più giovane (di ventisette anni), e dopo, non sono stata la stessa. Che cavolo! Il mio papà ha lasciato mia madre quando avevo un anno e quando mia madre era incinta ~~con~~ con la mia sorella. Sono cresciuta sulla cura devota della mia ~~mamma~~ mamma, e quindi, mia madre è tutto della mia vita. Lei è la mia eroina.

Avere:

Presente	Imperfetto	Futuro
io abbiamo	avevo avevamo	avrei avremmo
tu avete	avevi avevate	avrà avrete
lei hanno	aveva avevano	avrà avranno

Passato Prossimo	Trapassato Prossimo
io avrò abbiamo avuto	avevo avuto avevamo avuto
tu avrai avete avuto	avevi avuto avevate avuto
lei avranno hanno avuto	aveva avuto avevano avuto

Passato Remoto	Condizionale Presente
io avessi	avr
tu avessi	avresti avreste
	avrebbe avrebbero

Congiuntivo Presente	Condizionale Passato
----------------------	----------------------

Congiuntivo PassatoCongiuntivo Trapassato

Zafira (la mania di Mosel) ma anche Sefora
Gaetana (una donna in carcere che mi serve latte e caffè)

Mom arrives in 5 days. I'm more than ready. Oh, please let my tribunale go well. I don't want to be here anymore. I don't want to have to think about lawyers. I don't want to sit and imagine what I could be doing instead. On the plus side, at least I'm learning Italian, though I'm sure I'd be doing a lot better if I was actually in school, but who knows. I definitely study the same amount of time in here.

Mamma, mamma, mamma. Okay, è tempo per le notizie ultimissime:

~~Secondo il TV~~ Secondo il TV, Rudy ha detto che lui era alla casa mia quando Meredith ~~ha ucciso~~ era uccisa, e che lei ha morto ~~nei suoi bracci~~ nei suoi bracci. Lui dice (di nuovo: secondo il TV) che lui era lì, io e Raffaele no, e lui ha visto ~~il~~ il uomo che ha ucciso Meredith.

Ma, perchè è uscito lui dall'Italia? E chi è questo uomo italiano che lui ha visto, se è vero?

Non lo so se la mia situazione è migliore ancora. Sicuramente c'è un ragazzo in carcere che era alla scena del delitto quando era successo e lui dice che io non ero lì, ma anche forse lui dice bugie sulla sua situazione.

~~La~~ La mia situazione gira attorno il mio testimonianza e anche quella del Raffaele (che suppo non posso chiedere

$$66 \text{ kg} = 140 \text{ lbs?}$$

↑ I gained weight!

$$.453 \overline{) 66}$$

(66)

$$.453 \overline{) 66} = \frac{66}{.453}$$

$$66 = .453x$$

$$\frac{66}{.453} = x$$

1217

mio ragazzo." Ma, se lui vuole difendermi finalmente con verità, forse tutto che i giornalisti hanno scritto ~~che~~ cui lui ha detto su me è anche cazzata. Sinceramente non lo vedrò di nuovo. Perché no? Lui è un buon ragazzo in una brutta situazione come io.

Spero che lui dice la verità a Giovedì.

Spero che esco presto (questo Venerdì!!!).

Spero che vedo mia famiglia ~~spesso~~ presto.

Spero che posso parlare con DJ presto.

Spero che sono negli Stati Uniti per Natale.

SPERO CHE I GIUDICI CREDONO A ME.

Voglio essere liberata. Sono degno di essere liberata.

Liberami! Liberami! Liberami! Voglio ritornare a casa!!!

Che è buono, carino, è gli agenti mi dicono sempre, "quando è il tuo tribunale? Spenamo che tu esci!" Mi fanno

ce perché loro non pensano che sono una criminale perché

mi vedono tutti i giorni e sanno che non sono un

mostro. È penso anche è un buon segno che il ispettore

parla spesso con me perché significa che la polizia non è

occupata da me più. Loro pensano su Rudy, la persona

che in realtà era alla casa mia quando tutto era successo.

Io sono felice. È più facile di scrivere fluentemente. Non

ho creare sempre per le parole ~~per~~ perché posso già

ricordarle. Sì, certo, non sono fluente con l'italiano, ~~ma~~ e

ho studiare ancora più, ma ~~ora~~ posso comunicare e

imparare la lingua attorno me, e posso rispondere. Capisco

polizia, capisco le conversazioni, so come posso

ricordare i significati delle parole che non ho già imparato

memoria. Ma, il dizionario è ancora un amico del cuore.

Dovrei scrivere una canzone. Forse domani.

2.54cm = 1 inch
30.48cm = 1 foot

5'3" =

(68)
2.54
x 3
7.62

30.48
x 1.5
152.40
+ 7.62
160.02

3
~~18078~~
1 metro 60 cm

Lunedì, 26 Novembre 2007 19th day? 1218

Oggi è il giorno quando la polizia scientifica e anche i miei avvocati riesaminano il corpo di Meredith. Non sono sicura perché una riesaminazione ~~mi~~ mi aiuterebbe, ma successe oggi. ~~oggi~~

I will see my mom hopefully on Friday, but I'm thinking probably not, the way Italian bureaucracy works. I have no idea if the judges will decide right then on Friday if I can go or not. Will I have to wait a few days? No idea.

Ho ricevuto finalmente un libro grammatica. Quindi, ho studiato molto oggi e posso continuare imparare la lingua. È i ~~con~~ coniugazioni dei verbi che mi danno ~~guai~~ ~~guai~~ guai.

Voglio sapere una poesia o una canzone che possa suonare alla mia chitarra ~~che~~ ^{che} si chiama: "COME SAI??" o forse "COME SAPETE???"

~~conoscere~~

Mi conosci? Apre i tuoi occhi e vede che quando è detto che sono un angelo o sono un diavolo o sono una ragazza persa

Riconosce che è ^{realmente} perso → la verità!

Ho proprio adesso parlato finalmente con la donna, si chiama Stella, che ha parlato con mia mamma e mi offre ~~compr~~ uno spazio nella sua comunità per i ragazzi giovani che sono nel guaio e devono avere aiuto nella vita. È una comunità per i giovani che hanno usato i droga o come io, che sono arrestati domiciliare. Non posso usare l'internet lì, ma posso suonare ~~alla~~ la mia chitarra e posso vedere i miei genitori quando voglio.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 453 \\
 \times 125 \\
 \hline
 12265 \\
 8060 \\
 45300 \\
 \hline
 55625
 \end{array}$$

(69)

- 1219

Sono ingrassata! Quando sono arrivata nella Italia ~~pesavo~~ pesavo sessanta chili e adesso peso sessantasei! Sei chili più! Mamma mia! Devo smettere a mangiare i biscotti! Non voglio più fino a Natale e dopo Natale non voglio più fino a quando sono ~~cinquantacinque~~ cinquantacinque chili, ormai saputo me centoventicinque libbre.

Non so come, perché non mangio molto, ma nel peggio non muovo molto, sfortunatamente. Provo fare le flessioni in avanti, ma so anche che non è abbastanza ginnastica. La mia ultima è di smettere a mangiare come mangio adesso. Non posso più i dolci, e meno dagli altri.

Things They Are Saying That Aren't True:

Patrick fired me for hitting on customers.

On Monday, November 6th, 2007 I met Patrick outside the University of Foreigners and ~~he~~ told him I couldn't work anymore b/c I was scared to go out at night.

As for hitting on customers, I went out of my way to AVOID being hit on by customers.

My Mom left my Dad in 2005 for a younger man of 27 and ~~I~~ I wasn't the same since."

My father left my Mom for another woman when I was one year old and my mother was pregnant with my sister. I have a good relationship with my father, who always lived close, but my mother is my hero. I have an amazing relationship with my mother. When I was twelve she finally met my stepfather, who is now 45 years old. He is wonderful and I love him.

~~My father told me~~ I "confessed" about Patrick.

Long story, but NO!!!



(70)

1220

I really didn't want to write this,
but, as a friend of mine ~~once~~ wrote me when
I wanted to live again in jail:

To all those who believed I was a criminal mastermind and a
murderer:

I forgive you. How could you have known? You believed the
recycled rumors of newspapers who were all trying to sell a story,
and there was nothing else for you to think. Heck, if I were in your
shoes I would do the same thing. It's amazing how painful it is
from the other end though.

Some might argue that it was partly my fault. I never made
any public statements and never asked anyone to do so for myself
and so nothing was provided to defend me. I chose to instead
defend myself only where I thought ^{my story} ~~myself~~ belonged, in court.

Who wants 15 minutes of fame for being accused of
murdering a friend? Meredith was my friend and I'll never
forget how wonderful she was. How is anyone else supposed
to know what it feels like to feel like your own death was just
as close? It was my home after all, and I could have just as
likely been found there with my own throat split like no one's
should ever be.

It's so easy to hate what seems unresponsive and untouchable
when you know you can move on with your life afterwards and
forget the hatred and replace it with other concerns. I, however
will forever live with the experience ~~in~~ in my life when I was
complimented and spurned. I looked into eyes that regarded
me with anger and disgust. But they were ignorant. You were
ignorant. I forgive you.

I was never angry. I was sad. So so so sad. Before then
I've never been looked at like that before.

Now, for those who want to know my story and my word
from my own mouth, here they are, and here is who I am, as
much as I can try to express.

Souls experience strange, inexplicable tugs at times; some
all part of the universe seems to demand this of me."

P.S. Thanks for writing me, Ben Poland.

But I lied when I said this was who I am. This isn't who
am at all. This is one horrible experience in my otherwise
quail and fortunate life. Maybe I had to experience something
horrible because I didn't know what it felt like to fear, to be
ed, and I didn't yet know what injustice was, what
usation meant, what true ignorance was. Maybe the police
w what it means to see a person instead of a criminal. Is
re a moral to this story. Can't be sure, I'm not the only one
has effected. I've chosen to live my life even more gratefully
n I had before. What ~~kind of~~ sort of demand has the
verse made of you?

I'm twenty years old. I'm just starting to get an idea about
I am and who I want to be, and I was told that I
uld never see or discover that ~~that~~ person, because I would
nd the substantial part of my life in prison, ~~and I~~

Martedì, 27 Novembre, 2007 20th day?

I have now been here as many days as years I've been live.

Dad comes today! And hopefully he's bringing swiss cheese! He probably won't be able to get it in, with the luck we've been having, but it's enough just to see him. And the next time I see him ~~after~~ after this time he will be visiting with mom, and hopefully I'll be free.

I'm not trying to be too hopeful ~~because~~ because I've seen the news and it's the police who are influencing the news. They portray me to be a monster, so I'm pretty sure they'll still want to be keeping an eye on me. But I'm crossing my fingers for at least home arrest.

Stella came yesterday to talk to me. She's the one offering me a place at her "community" if I'm not allowed libertà after my tribunale. Apparently there's no TV or internet, but at least I can play my guitar. I don't care about the ~~TV~~ TV thing, but I was hoping I could use the internet to be in contact with friends and especially to talk to DJ. But maybe I won't even have to go there at all. I'm hoping.

Patrik was on TV last night. I didn't watch, I went to bed. I didn't want to hear if he was saying bad things about me or not, so what's the point of watching? I'll ask my lawyers if he said anything important.

I just realized that I'm probably going to be swarmed by reporters when I go to my tribunale on Friday. I really don't want to have to deal with that. I don't want to talk to any of them at the moment. Maybe when this is all over, but now? No, I'm not ready or willing. I need to be free. Then I can correct them on all their mistakes.

I'm not going to pretend it doesn't hurt, what they say,

but at the same time I know the truth will eventually come out so it doesn't matter what they say now, when no one is sure of anything except the person who did this.

I'm supposed to be reading the Bible for when I talk to the priest but my head is not into it right now. What's on my mind is seeing Dad, who no doubt is already here and is going through the checkpoints to see me. That, and though I know what I have to do on Friday, I'm still somewhat nervous. Friday is a big day for me.

Here is what I did that night:

5pm: Left my house with Raffaele and walked to his apartment.

10:05 pm - ??? : ① Used the computer to look up songs to play on the guitar.

② Read Harry Potter in German w/ Raffaele.

③ Watched Amelie.

④ Prepared and ate dinner → Fish.

⑤ While cleaning the dishes a bunch of water spilled on the floor.

⑥ We tried to soak up a little with small towels but there was too much.

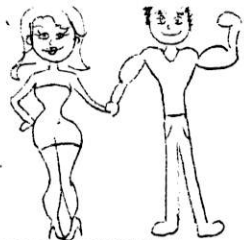
⑦ Raffaele rolled a joint.

⑧ We smoked the joint together and talked.

⑨ We had sex.

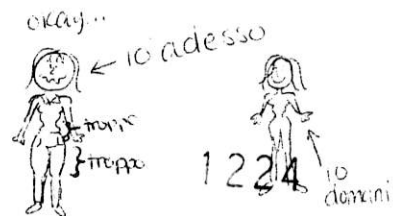
⑩ We fell asleep.

It's that simple. What I'm confused about is that my layers don't exactly want me to express all of this. They are lying on an email I sent to friends and family describing what I had done that night and what I had seen in the neighbors' apartment. That, and the note I left at the



I idoli
d'amore!

(74)



Questura the morning I was arrested that explained my position about what I had said about Patrik, which proves the "confession" the police are claiming is crap. That should clear me up. I should be free. Yeah, there's that knife with Meredith's dna (impossible!) and "Raffaele's" footprint → but really it's a shoeprint, it could be anyone's with the same shoe as Raffaele. All I know if Raffaele was with me when I went to sleep and he was there when I woke up. That, and I can't imagine him hurting anyone, he's so gentle. He'd have to be the best actor in the world.

So we'll see how it goes. Raffaele goes first → on Thursday. I wonder why he wanted to go before me. He asked specifically to do so.

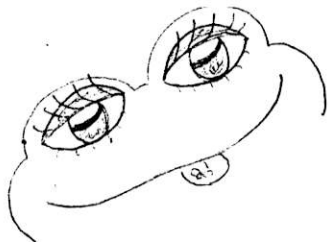
Now I think I'll make my bed and study.

Spoke to Dad and he is doing well. He talked to Deanna over the phone and apparently she sounds really good for having had a throat operation and ~~my~~ pneumonia at the same time. Delaney has a little boyfriend, ~~is~~ if that's what you call a nine-year-old crush.

Apparently Chris is getting in touch with a firm that sues tabloids for printing false information. I think he wants serious recompense for having been bothered at all times of the day and night by reporters and also because of all of the ridiculous crap the reporters have been making up about me to make a story. Well, he should be successful because ~~the~~ I've been turned into a monster in the newspapers and I'm personally tired of it. Good for Chris. Get 'em back!

Breakfast: coffee + milk, 4 biscuits w/ butter & jam

Spontino: 2 biscuits w/ jam + 1 mandarin orange



95

1225

Lunch: speghetti, 3 mozerella (fried), bread + olive oil,
1 mandarin orange

Today so far: 1 coffee w/ milk & sugar

6 biscuits w/ butter & jam

2 mandarin oranges

1 piece of bread w/ olive oil & salt

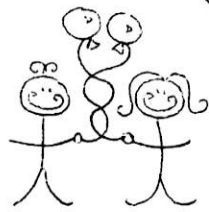
1 ~~full~~ full serving of speghetti

3 fried mozerella pockets

Received 5 letters today from people I don't know but one really caught my eye. His name is Gianluca and he is 22 and he really was sad that the newspapers make people out to be monster b/c he knows from experience. He said that whether or not I'm guilty, I deserve to be happy and he told me to look to the future, a time I can hope for. I don't know why this letter struck me so much. I think it might have been because he didn't profess his love of me and he didn't jump to any conclusions about my guilt or innocence. He just said that despite it all, I deserve to be happy.

It's like what the priest said to me today. He said that no matter what I do, I can always return to what I know is right. And what I had before I was here was happiness and despite me being here, I can still go back to a happy life and even live it better, because I have known what it is to live ~~in~~ in fear and confusion, with hatred and insanity ~~glaring~~ glaring at me from all sides. But I'm not lost. I deserve to live and in living I find happiness. I am just this day.

I found out today what Rosella Romanielli did to get put into prison. Apparently she became pregnant by her own father, and then



(76)
I palloni
d'amore!

La risurrezione
d'amore!



1226

Killed the baby after it was born. I was living with an insane murderer. Holy shit. I don't belong here, I don't belong here. Please, please, please. I don't want to be here anymore → not that I wanted to be here in the first place.

Patrizia Plini & Fortunata Balcaza → these are my cool roommates.

Cena: 2 1/2 pieces of bread

2 eggs

3 slices of cheese

1 full serving of salad

3 mandarin oranges

1 coffee w/ zucchero

1 biscotto

Tutto insieme: 3 coffees w/ sugar

2 servings of milk

6 biscuits w/ butter & jam

5 mandarin oranges

3 1/2 pieces of bread

1 serving of olive oil & salt

← 1 full serving of spaghetti → BAD

3 fried mozzarella pockets → BAD

2 eggs

3 slices of cheese

1 full serving of salad

1 biscotto

Do I need all
of this?
NO!

I can't wait to see Mom again. Mom, the family, DJ, my friends, soprattutto Brett, Madison, & Andrew. Oh, I want to go home!

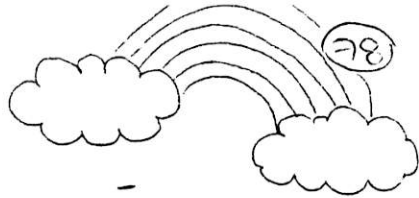
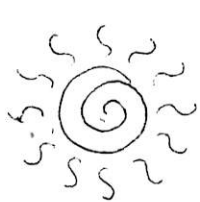
Wednesday, November 28th, 2007 21st day

So the big thing today is I spoke with my lawyers about the hearing on Friday. The subject of the day at this hearing (the issue) is to fight my arrest order. I'm going to make a statement to the judge:

I want to confirm ~~my~~ my memo that I wrote at the Questura on November 6th, ~~2007~~. I also want to confirm that ~~I~~ today I am sure I was not at my home between the 1st of Nov and the 2nd. The only reason I said otherwise was ^{because} the police put me under stress and pressure and brainwashed me. I also want to say that I'm so sorry for what I have done to Patrik, and I'm so happy that he has been freed.

I'm so sorry for all of this confusion. All I want is for all of this to work itself out because all I want to do is go home. I'm innocent and I don't belong in prison.

This is what I want to say. We'll see how it goes. It's the truth, it's how I feel. I just want to go home.



Giovedì, 29 Novembre 2007 22nd day

Patrizia told me to watch the news this morning. They said
① Rudy says I WAS NOT at the house and ② the "knife" problem
is being thought of as not valid because the dna evidence is
either very little or nothing at all. I'm not quite sure what that
means, but it's good. And what is also good is my lawyers don't
talk with reporters, so this information is coming from the
police. The police, then, are discovering little by little that I had
nothing to do with this, and this information couldn't have
come at a better time. Tomorrow I go to make my statement:

① I confirm the memo I wrote at the Questura November 6th.
② I KNOW, I'm SURE I wasn't at my house between the
1st and the 2nd.

③ I only said otherwise because I was stressed and pressured
by the police. They brainwashed me. ~~in the past~~

④ I'm so sorry for all of this confusion and especially ~~for~~
~~for~~ for what I did to Patrik. I'm happy he has been ~~set~~ set free.

⑤ It's all just a big mistake. I'm sorry and I'm also
innocent. All I want is to be free again and go home. It's all I
think about.

Straightforward, and exactly the truth. I hope this,
combined with whatever testimony Raffaele will give today and
tomorrow, as well as the news of the scarce evidence against
me will be enough to at least grant me home arrest. I don't want
to be here for another month.

I don't know whether to be optimistic or not. Either way,
though, I have to accept the decision of the judges, and
whether or not I'm freed tomorrow or later, I just have to know
that I will be freed sometime in the near future, ~~maybe~~ maybe
before, but at least when the investigation is over. I don't have to
be afraid, I just want to go home as soon as possible.

LA PAGINA N. 78

E' IN BIANCO

1229



Mattafix "Living Daffur"

Michael Bubiè "Everything"

The Fray

Old Man River "La"

Cherry Ghost "People Help the People"

Mika "Relax, Take It Easy"

"E Fium è Buio"

Francesco Renga

Kylie Minogue "2 Hearts"

"Sono come tu mi vuoi" Irene Grandi

Rino Gaetano (film)

Alicia Keys "No One"

Foo Fighters "The Pretender"

"New Shoes" Paolo Nutini

"Across the Universe" (film)

↳ Beatles film!!!

Jennifer Lopez "Do It Well"

Elisa "Qualcosa che non c'è"

1231