

I'm writing this in prison knowing that I'm not actually going to send it to you from here. I'll give it to you when I am free, and just that thought is making me feel better already. You're on my mind is what I'm trying to say. Everyone is on my mind actually, everyone I love, there's not much else to do here in prison than think. But you are special. When I first saw my mom after a couple long months and a good 4 days that were probably the longest four days of my life, I cried 2 times, once when I first saw her, and the other when she told me that you had told her to tell me that you love me. I don't know if it's really true, because I know you wouldn't say that without meaning it, but this isn't exactly a normal situation. I'm incarcerated in Italian prison for a murder I didn't commit, and you are precisely on the other side of the world. Regardless, I want you to know that I think about you holding me because I know you would. I give you're cyber-hug in my mind and when I'm lying in bed I imagine the heavy covers are you, because you are the one I want to protect me now of course my mom and dad are here and that makes a world of difference especially mom, which you already could guess.

I've been here 8 days and I'm looking forward to around 14-21 more, or 3 weeks my lawyers told me. Once it's all over it'll be great but now... just thinking about it makes me feel sick. I've only been here 8 days and I've already felt like biting through the bars a number of times. I feel crushed inside my head by these small, white walls and always the yelling of the other incarcerated women echoing down the hall. It's cold, really cold, which just reminds me of the time you kept me warm up in that mountain. In fact, you've always kept me warm - I don't have to say just one time.

But this isn't what I wanted to write to you about. Sorry, I'm a bit distracted. Manella is arguing with the agenti again. What I really want to say is thank you, because I love you and because of who you are, I can think of you and feel hope. It's bittersweet, because I want to be with you now, but it still helps, and especially knowing that you are thinking about me, which I know you are. I imagine you are spending your days studying like you should, but I feel you in my mind, so I know you are thinking about me.

What a mess. I'm just tired of it. I want to go. I imagine myself limping in the free open air with you and I'm not sure if I cry from happiness or sadness.

Now, just now I've been told they scientific police have found my prints on a knife that also has Meredith's dna on it at Raffaele's house. Great. I didn't kill her.