

So I guess now I'm supposed to do again what I've been doing since last Friday afternoon: recount what I know. In the past few days I've been called a lot of things, a good girl, a bad girl, a good girl, a prisoner. People have talked sweetly to me, yelled at me, hit me, offered me help, and asked me a lot of questions. In this time I haven't known who to trust. Even in the dark I've feared my own boyfriend just because I don't know what happened and I don't know who did this. I only know I'm safe when I'm with the police or alone, although this is only the kind of safety I feel for my body. Alone, and with the police, I fear my mind. Alone I imagine the horrors my friend must have gone through in her final moments. My imaginations become more and more precise the more the police ask me questions. For instance, I know my friend was raped before she was murdered. I can only imagine how she must have felt at these moments, scared, hurt, violated. But even more I have to imagine what it must have felt like when she felt her blood flowing out of her. What must she have thought? About her mom? Regret? Did she have time to come to any sort of peace or did she only experience terror in the end?

With the police I fear that I will not remember something correctly, and the police will accuse me. I DID NOT KILL MY FRIEND. But I'm very confused, because the police tell me they NOW I was at my house when she was murdered, which I don't remember. They tell me a lot of things I don't remember. Here is what I do remember:

① I remember the last time I saw her. I remember I came home to take a shower the late morning of Thursday, November 1st and after my shower I put away my laundry and began to study in the kitchen. Meredith woke up around this time as well and from the kitchen I could hear her ~~singing~~ in the bathroom for a bit. ~~laughing~~ She came into the kitchen and we talked about Halloween and also about how I had talked to my friend Juve who didn't approve of my boyfriend because I had talked to him previously about a boyfriend I had in the United States. This boyfriend and I split up however when we left for Italy, he to China and I to Italy. Any, Meredith had told me not to worry about what Juve thought and told me to do what is right in my heart. After that I believe she started collecting laundry and I began to make lunch for myself while I waited for Raffaele to arrive. When he did ~~we made~~ he made a sandwich for himself and we ate, talking to Meredith a little when she went through the kitchen for her laundry, or to put more laundry in the washer. I don't really remember. After lunch I played the harp for Raffaele and during this time, around 3 or 4 in the afternoon, Meredith left the house saying "Ciao" or "Dimani..."

time I saw her in my memory.

After I played the guitar for a bit longer Raffaele and I left my house around 5 in the evening to go to his place. We kissed a little and then ~~read~~ I read a little to him in German, from a translation of Harry Potter that I had loaned to him to practise his German. After that we watched the french film Amélie and I believe after that we had sex. I can't remember which came first however, smoking hash or having sex. We do both in his bed together. After that we must have talked and stared at each other for a while, though I can't be sure. But I can tell you that one of my favorite things to do with Raffaele is to kiss and look at him in bed we make funny faces at each other and rub our noses together, an eskimo kiss they call it in the US, although I call it "unca munca". After that I ~~thought~~ I checked my emails and I believe a little after that Raffaele made dinner, which I watched him make because I want to learn to cook as well as him. While the fish was cooking we ~~talked~~ talked at the table. I don't remember if we held hands, but we usually do. After dinner →

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