

Sing 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 definitely the most loved I think because she sings and is very funny. She gives advice to everyone and is always happy. Meredith was the most studious and she also went out with her friends to discos and to have dinner. She was very smart. To me she was always a good friend. She gave me advice and also protected me when she knew I was in an uncomfortable situation. She was the most solitary of us all, but only because at home she liked to be at peace to read, but at the same time she also joined us to watch silly game shows on TV together. Then there was me, the littlest one. Young, but also very particular. I do things like sing and play the guitar. Laura really liked me because she told me I was a free spirit.

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

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

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

What's interesting? I'm affectionately curious about how Raffaele is. 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~~ 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 free, finally.

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 course I want my mom to meet them. They are the best friends I have here in Perugia.

I was in bed all day dozing because there really wasn't anything else to do. I'm not allowed books, so all I have is this pen and this is my last sheet of paper for the moment. In bed I've been thinking about 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 this means. Maybe now I know the world can be really dangerous and even more than that, but life and the world can be confusing and sometimes without sense. I might even become a more spiritual person, because someone had to help me remember, it was all gone and now it is here, safe and sound, secure in my clearing 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.