

Paolo Barbini, and Family,

Hello Paulo, dearest Teacher. It is Rudy Hermann Guede, your ex-pupil, and ex-player, writing to you. The reason I'm writing to you, is that here in prison you have a lot of time to think. It's something that usually escapes us when we are immersed in the ordinary life, not that I didn't think, or hadn't thought during those times, but it's that here inside, there's more "time" to do it. In a few words, you realize how much people have done for you, and that you haven't ever had the time to thank them.

Here, I spend much of my time remembering. And how could I not remember the first time I met you, back in the days of Elementary School at Ponte San Giovanni when I was in grade 5, class B, if I'm not mistaken. From then on, for quite awhile, I began to exist for you, and vice-versa, you for me. This, insomuch as before this time, we didn't even know of each other.

At that time, I'd been playing basketball for a short while. But with you, I learned to love this sport, quite so. Thanks to you and your son Francesco, I was dedicated. I gave all of myself not to skip even one practice. It came to my mind that when I entered your house the first time, I was shy, and a little embarrassed. But with the passage of time I got comfortable, because I was at your place every time we had practice, in other words, 5 times per week. God, what great times I had with you all, arriving, and enjoying the delicacies that your wife made for me to eat. You know, I still remember when she was cooking the stuffed artichokes and stuffed zucchini. Oh God, they were fabulous! Then I'd go upstairs to Francesco's room, and we'd play "Pro Evolution Soccer," on the Playstation, and he always beat me. Sometimes he let me win, but he did it on purpose.

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Then by around 3:30, you'd get the car, the Mitica 4x4, when the weather was bad, and when it was winter. Or the Mitica 125, when the weather was nicer and we took San Girolamo to get to the stadium. And what can I say of the games won and lost together? It was great when we went to the away-games in the Mitico minibus. There was laughter on board, with Segoloni, who called me "Little Chocolate." God, what beautiful moments. And Francesco, your son, who at that time played with the No. 1 team, and I went to see the games, and I admired that guy, his way of doing things, his conscientiousness. I wanted to be like him, I wanted the no. 8, I wanted also the number that he wore. And I had that number, and I felt like Francesco, the point guard of the team. I remember also, from that time, that I knew that little, all black dog that you found abandoned and took to your house, and that often I took him for a walk. A thanks and a greeting to Ilaria, who like all the mothers, cooked for me. What can I say, Paolo? It would be a lot to remember, but these pages wouldn't be enough to describe, to remember, to recount all you've done for me. In my heart I have wanted to say, I have wanted to be able to say these words in person, and it displeases me not to have done it before. But you all know that I thank you with all my heart. I thank you, Paolo, your Wife, your Son... Your Son Francesco (THE BROTHER I WOULD HAVE WANTED TO HAVE) And that little black dog.

THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING

Rudy Hermann Guede

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This story, put together with what has happened in my childhood and adolescence until today, is an explosive mixture, for me. I'm just not able to sleep anymore. I'm not able to close my eyes without seeing all red. I've never seen so much blood, it seemed like a river.

I tried to help her, she who squeezed my hands. She was strong, "But don't leave me alone," she repeated to me. I told her "Don't worry I won't abandon you." Damn, if I had only had my cell phone with me, perhaps I might have saved her. Only once before it's happened, that I've seen so much blood in my life, when I was a child in Torgiano, because I was living in that area there. My "father" smashed a stick over my head. There, I saw so much blood coming from my head and pouring down on the ground that I looked like a fountain. But this has nothing to do with that evening, and is nothing in comparison.

He tried to hit me, but I knew how to defend myself, in contrast with Meredith. He hit me on the hand. It was sharp. It seemed like scalpel. Only grazing me, it created a deep injury, but I fell to the ground. I tried to come up toward (him) but thank God, he left the house. She was moaning, trying to speak. I got up and went to her room and she, I repeat, she was trying to say something, but I made out only a sound "af, af, af." I tried to write on the wall because she wanted to say something, but there wasn't time to look for a pen and a sheet of paper. But I was only able to capture those two letters. Her mouth was full of blood and her neck was bleeding. Maybe that's why she wasn't able to say what she wanted to say. I tried to stop the blood. I took a towel from her bathroom, but in less than a minute it was all soaked. I took another, but it was no use.

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There was only red, nothing else. Damn, if I hadn't gone to the bathroom, perhaps I would have opened the door, and maybe nothing would have happened. Oh my God, why all this, what had that person tried to tell me with "black man found, guilty man found?" Did he know me? I wasn't able to see him well because the house was not well lit. Only Meredith's room had light. I remember because the abat-jour was switched on. Maybe that's why they accused Patrick, the first black man close to Meredith?

I didn't go out often with Amanda and Meredith, on the contrary, to tell the truth, we never went out together. And therefore that person who asks me, not knowing me, he could have been able to say that Patrick was the guilty one? Because he was close to, and went out often with Meredith? Or with Amanda? They had to blame someone and therefore, as she was seen with a black man, there was no problem, because they knew how to find him. Damn, it's an absurd story.

I left the house in shock. I was outside, but didn't know where to go, seeing still all that blood. It was all so red. I thought of going home. I had wet trousers and tried to cover it with the sweatshirt. There were a lot of people in the street, in Piazza Grimana. There were some guys still playing basketball even though it was dark.

I arrived back home, not knowing what to do. I remember having taken off my pants. I changed only those, because of the clothes I was wearing, only the trousers were dirty. I put on the "Pelle Pelle" ones, I remember because many of my friends said they looked like pajamas. I washed my hands, they were full of blood, in the sink, and I left. I just wasn't able to stay home. It seemed I was seeing blood everywhere. I went to Alex's house, where, by the way, I already passed, an hour before. I also met Philip.

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I also met Philip beforehand, in front of the Kebap near La Tana dell'Orso. We had decided to meet at Alex's place, and I then told him that I had to meet a person, and he understood immediately that it was a girl. I arrived at Alex's place, I think, around 11:30. And I think we would have left there around 12:00, approximately. Alex usually would leave home late. When I am there they would talk to me, and usually we would kid around, tease each other, but I, that evening, I had a head where (sic) I was confused. Every so often I tried to react to make my friends understand what was happening to me, although I would have wanted to have been asked what was wrong (with me).

I kept thinking of Meredith. I knew she was struggling. I wanted to ask for a phone to call, and what to say to my friend... how could I say to them I have to call 118 (NDT: The Emergency Number) that's why I was afraid. That evening, I remember that I was saying to Alex to leave earlier because staying home was unbearable. I was seeing blood everywhere. That evening, maybe I could have saved a life, but I was a coward. I, who as a child, to escape from the awful world I was in, looked at everything that had to do with heroes who saved the world and people. I, who as a child often dreamed of saving the world, wasn't even able to call 118; it's so easy. I'm ashamed of myself. I would have wanted to be in her shoes, because she would have done what I didn't do. I didn't rape Meredith. Because I really respect women in that, never having had a mother, I mean my real Mother, I saw in many female figures I knew, to be my Sweet, Affectionate (mothers). I am willing to do whatever...

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I went there only to talk to her, not hiding the fact that I found her to be a beautiful girl, charming and Sweet, like so many Fine girls I have known. We saw each other the night before, Halloween night, in the house of some guys. That night I was going in and out of the house of some Spanish people with whom I became acquainted, because they are friends of the two Spanish girls that live above me in Via del Canerino, No. 26, in Corso Garibaldi. And that night I was at their house. We watched a soccer game and talked. After that, we went to a masquerade party, and there I met many people, among them Meredith. I didn't recognize her because she was dressed as a vampire. I, instead, was dressed normally, and it was she who recognized me. When I recognized her, I said, "Do you want to suck my blood, because you lost the Cup?" And she began to laugh. This is because the week before, the British had lost against the South Africans in the Rugby finals. And that night we encountered each other, also saw each other during the whole night, for the duration of the game. And we shared a lot of jokes. That day there were already, me, Alex, Alex's cousin, with his friend Philip, and behind us a group of British people, among them Meredith, that I already knew from before. That night, the night of the 31st, we had a Lot of fun. It was also the evening in which I had the possibility...

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In order to make the most of that whole evening there, I flirted. It was the reason for which we had to see each other, because I told her that I would have liked us to talk again, and she accepted. After which, I, with all the people in the house, left to go to the club "Domus." for the masquerade party. But Meredith didn't come and I don't know where she went because I didn't see her again inside "Domus," but I knew that the next day I would see her.

I've been described as being obsessed with American and English girls. All this is false. I'm not a sexual scoundrel, and I've never been with an English girl, or an American. I go out with everybody and most of the people with whom I go out are male, and I wasn't obsessed with any type of girl. The judgments as far as girls are concerned, I make them like my peers do. Because if I am obsessed, all of those people at both the "Merlin" and "Domus," what are they? Not to mention the 'entourage' that works at both "Domus" and "Merlin" who trade their young girls amongst themselves as if they were pawns. If I try with a girl, I'll make an attempt, without going to see if she's Indian, American, English, Chinese or anything else, mentally and sexually, I'm ok with that. And I repeat, I check out a girl's "back side" like all my peers, and all people, independently of race. In my house I have had many friends, male and female.

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They describe me as a maniac. I've tried with many girls who came to my house, but I always respected them, like Vildana, a Croatian girl I met, Victoria, a Bulgarian girl, as well as other girls who've been at my house, and with whom I have a good relationship because I have always respected their wishes, whether it be "yes" or "no." I repeat once more, I would go to see at the place of those who gave me the Profile of a Don Juan, go to see those who used to be part of the "Entourage" of the "Merlin" and of the "Domus."

And then the story of the "Baron" makes me really laugh. Drug "Baron," like, you've got to be kidding! Never in my life until now have they arrested me for narcotics possession. A few months ago, they arrested me in Milan for attempted theft. That was the only time I was arrested and taken to the police station but this story as well would have some explanation that would clear it up because I believe I was a victim.

Every so often I smoked cigarettes. I smoked, in a manner of speaking, because I still have virgin lungs. I smoked because, like a lot of stupid kids, I had to imitate my friends. But I wasn't a smoker, because I never bought a cigarette "Pack." As far as drug possession, I smoked pot. Here too, I "smoked" in a manner of speaking. But that I sell it, that's a bit too much. I never sold drugs, not even pot. I don't even know how to roll, or rather I don't know even how to make a joint."

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I would always take a joint into my hand because they passed it to me. And then the name "Barrone" was given to me by two Italian guys who live on the floor downstairs. They were the ones who gave me the name of "Baron Davis," in Italian, "Barrone Davis" after the basketball player who plays with the "Golden States" (NDT: The Golden States Warriors) of the NBA. That's the reason behind that nickname. They had given me that name for not even three "3" weeks. On the other hand, they called me, you could say, my whole life "Little Chocolate," a nickname that was given to me by the Awesome Roberto when I began to play basketball with the "Lio." Because before that I played with "Ponte Vecchio" where I began playing basketball. Many friends of "Ponte" called me "il Gede Vedi Banana." Il Banano, il Peco, il Pasqua, il Mincio, friends with whom I attended Elementary School, Middle School, and high school. Friends like Polly, il Mincio, Astenio, il Lercio, il Bottolone, Il Giuglio. They often called me "Slave" the "Black(man)" with love, not to offend. Then Camy, Iaia, and Polly, called me "Rudy the Banana Eater" because I ate so many bananas. I was crazy for them.

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Then I have Gabry who often called me "Amico." These are the nicknames I have been given, not the "Barrone" as people claim. I can't deny that when I was in Pavia I worked in a bar, actually was being paid under the table, where prostitutes were circulating, but I worked in that bar to make ends meet. I actually worked from morning through the night for 70 euro/week, and there is much to say about this as well. And at the same time I was trying to play with Edimes, that is a team from Pavia in A2 series. There I met many nice guys, great and strong. But I had to leave Pavia because the bar owner fled, leaving me with nothing, and I went back to my aunt in Lecco. Therefore don't finger me as a dope-head and a maniac. How I met Amanda and Meredith: Amanda I don't know her well. 1) I met her once at "Le Chic," not knowing it belonged to Patrick. I had gone there once because I had been given a flier with the name of the club. When I walked inside I saw Patrick who I knew, so to speak, because I saw him often and I also had a photo taken with Him and Me inside the "Domus" one night. He is a normal and nice guy, but I haven't spoken to him much (in a deep manner). But my first impression was of an ok guy.

It was inside the club where I met Amanda. I remember very well that she approached me with a smile stamped on her face. That evening I was by myself. I began to talk with her “How are you... Where are you from,” until she told me she was from Seattle. I was happy because a few days before that, a guy with whom I’d become very close, who was from Seattle, had left Italy. I told myself, who knows, perhaps she knows him? And then I told her I had a friend from Seattle who studies at UW, that is, University of Washington, whose name is Victor. At once she said yes, then asked if he was Chinese. I said no, Victor is part Russian, and I realized we were speaking about two different people. But there and then, between one thing and the other, we began to talk. I asked her if they played Hip Hop or R&B in the club, because that evening they were doing Latin American type of Music, which I don’t care for much. And she said that here they play Salsa and African Music. That evening I drank sangria, and it was Patrick, I remember, who served it. I even remember the price, 2 Euros. Then I left the club and went to meet the guys I would often go out with.

It was the first time that I met Amanda and after that, I ran into her many times, but it was always “hi” and “bye” each going our own way. I didn’t strike up a relationship (with her). I already had my group of friends with whom I went out. There wasn’t any Reason that I’d get attached to her.

Also, one evening that was Owen's birthday, if I'm not mistaken. Me, Alex, Philip, MJ, Owen, Ben, Mike, and other guys went to celebrate. I remember Well that evening, because Owen got Drunk and I took him to sleep at Alex's house. Then we went out again until at the end of the night, in front of the "Shamrock," we met the two Italian guys with whom I often played Basketball on the small court of Piazza Grimana. It was these guys, with their friends, who approached me. That night I was a bit high/tipsy, but conscious and talking. By then it was time to return home, but talking with these guys, I lost sight of my usual friends and stayed with them.

That is to say, I knew them and I decided to stay with them. At that point, a girl approached us and started to chat us up. I asked where she was from, where she came from, etc, etc. She told me her name was Amanda, and she was from Seattle. Then and there I hadn't recognized her and I told her that I'd met a girl from Seattle, around before. And she said that she was that girl, at which point, I made the connection of having already seen her. Then we talked, me, the guys, Amanda, while we were going home. Having arrived near Piazza Grimana, I said bye to the guys, but they convinced me to come with them to their house. It didn't take much to convince me.

I went to the home of these guys for the first time, even though it had been four months since I first spotted them playing basketball together. It was that evening that they gave me the nickname "Baron Davis." In the meantime, Amanda went to her house. The guys living downstairs entered their house. We all began to critique Amanda, some more, some less, in the sense that she was a pretty girl. Some imagined doing it with her, etc., etc... Stuff that all guys do, some more, some less. That evening, I don't remember exactly what I said about her, but to go to bed with her, yes, because all of us guys ended up with that as the goal. Then one of the guys (I don't remember their names well) began to prepare a joint and I asked if I had to pay, and they said "Of course not." We began to smoke in the house. "Smoking," I put that in quotes. We imagined ourselves, each one of us, with Amanda in bed. We were guys at home, what were we supposed to be thinking, if not this? Then I heard a knock at the door and who was it? Amanda. We all looked at each other and laughed.

Amanda sat down and she too, began to smoke. Then and there, I knew she smoked a lot because the guys told me so, and I saw it with my own eyes. For the entire evening she had a joint in her mouth, and she was smoking and smoking. I, in comparison, was a real novice, which I am with regard to smoking, because I know little. That evening my glance and Amanda's glance kept meeting a lot, and she exchanged with me, a smile of the type...."

Nothing more than that happened. We talked about everything that evening. I remember that I asked one of the guys, who lived upstairs (to him) and he told me “Two Italian girls, Amanda, and an English girl.” I said “Lucky, just like me” because where I lived, upstairs there were 2 Italian girls, 2 Spanish girls, and two Mexican girls. Before that, 2 Italian girls, 1 Cypriot girl, and 1 Japanese girl lived there. In short, something in common, you could say. Later I heard knocking at the door. I opened it, and a girl came in. It was Meredith. She came in, she looked at me, and I looked at her. Damn, she was Beautiful. In one glance, I recognized that she had to be the English girl, in light of her Italian. In fact the first thing I told her was “You don’t seem to have anything English about you,” speaking in English. And in fact, if I remember, she told me her mother was Indian, or something of the kind from those places. I looked at the two girls and saw that she was very pretty, but that was the end of it.

There, for the first time, I met Meredith. Maybe I had already encountered her in other places, but I had never noticed. That night, we spoke at length, you could say, all night. We spoke of everything and more, until when tired, it was thought to go to sleep. The two girls went to their place, and we guys were left “high and dry,” as they say. I was too dead-tired to see my way home, and I asked the guys if I could stay at their place. And that’s how I slept at their place on the Sofa, and not on the Toilet as it was written. I slept on the Sofa, next to the black cat belonging to the guys.

(NDT: Missing word) I think it must have been about 5:00 in the morning when we went to sleep. I was in the same state as everyone else. Some more, some less so, but we were all dead tired, exhausted. I woke the following day around 9:00 approximately, or 10:00 (~~scribble~~). It was the black cat that woke me. I knocked on the door of the room of the two guys, and greeted them, and (said) we'd meet up again at the basketball court, which happened.

In the days to come I saw Amanda and Meredith around town. We said "hi" and that was it. Then one day, the guys invited me to eat out. It would have been all the guys from the other night, but I was late. I went to their house, but no one was there. So then I went to "Le Chic" to ask about Amanda, maybe she knew where they went, but she wasn't there. So then I figured that she was with the guys, going out with the others. Meanwhile I went with my usual friends, hanging around in the center of town. It was Saturday that evening. The next day, Sunday, I went to the guys' house and found them. I told them I'd tried, but couldn't find them the day before, that I'd gotten to their house late, etc., etc., then that I hadn't seen them in the town center, and that I'd gone to Le Chic to ask about them and Amanda, but not even she was there. And they told me that they'd gone after dinner to "The Red Zone." Then we spoke a lot about what happened to the guys at "The Red Zone." But this is their own business that has to do with them.

(NDT: missing words)...continue to see. Until, as said, the day of the England-South Africa final arrived, where I saw Meredith anew. For the entire duration of the match I happened to turn around often to look at her, because she was Very Beautiful. Then that evening, once the match had ended, I teased some English people in a joking way, then it was over.

We tried to go to “Domus,” but Alex couldn’t get in, since he’d fought with one of the club bouncers. So then everyone returned to the town center, then each one of us went home. From there, like all the times, I met Amanda and The guys at the court. With Amanda, it was by chance on the street, and it was always “hi” and “bye.” I never got tight with her, and vice versa. I often saw Meredith at the “Merlin,” and spoke to her. Until the evening of the 31st of Halloween, I didn’t speak with her in any in-depth way. I followed the English disappointment in rugby, and that evening we saw each other a long time, and had a lot to talk about. I flirted with her and stole a kiss, and that’s all. That’s the reason to want to see her the next day. She gave me the time and place of the meeting.

That (day) I was happy. For this, I left home early, I think around 7:30 in the evening. I first went to Alex’s house, but he didn’t immediately open (the door). I think about 5 minutes went by. I waited a bit because I saw the light of his room on, and I waited. In fact, he was washing himself. It had been a while since I’d seen him. In fact, he went for awhile to his home in Greece. I talked with him a little at his place, and then I left, saying that we’d see each other later. This was our appointment. I said to Alex that I was going to eat and I’d return later, then seeing that it was still early...

Before my meeting with Meredith, I went to the town center. I walked around, to see where to eat. Then I decided to eat at the Kebap, so I went toward the one that's next to "La Tana dell'Orso." I met Philip there, an Austrian friend who was speaking with a girl, and he directed me to the Kebap and I ordered something to eat. I waited a bit because in front of me there were two girls who were ordering. Then I ate and went towards Philip, who was still talking. With Philip I spoke at length, then we agreed to meet later at Alex's place. I told Philip I had to go meet someone, and he jokingly asked me if it was a guy or a girl. I pointed out it was a girl, because he was referring to an awful one-night stand that happened to me a few days before, regarding a "guy."

Then I headed for Meredith's house. With all the running around I did, I think it would have been around 8:30, approximately. Because we were supposed to see each other at that time, even though I didn't have a watch I tried to arrive on time, because I usually arrive late. As I arrived in front of the house, I noticed a white car with headlights on, and a Drug-Dealer I often saw on Garibaldi Avenue, but I didn't make much of this, and I went into the yard. I knocked on the door, but no one answered. I went downstairs to the guys' place, but no one was there either. So then, I waited in the yard.

Sometime later, here's Meredith, she was smiling, and asked me how long I'd been waiting, and I told her for about one minute. She smiled, then took the keys out of her purse, opened the door, and we entered. There wasn't anyone in the house because it was dark everywhere, in the kitchen, in the living room, then she yelled "Anybody here," to let people know she was back, but there was no answer from the other rooms. Even though I'd bought some drinks with the kebab, I needed to drink some more because it was very spicy, and I asked her if I could drink something. She told me to help myself as if I was at my place. I opened the fridge and drank some apricot juice and water too. Since she wasn't paying attention, I drank out of the bottle because I didn't know where the glasses were, and then I sat down.

I don't know what problems she had with Amanda, but I heard her complaining, so I got up and went to her room. I saw she was furious and she said- her exact words- "That whore of a dooper." Heavy words for two people who were friends. Then I asked what had happened. She said she couldn't find her money and she showed me the drawer next to the bed where she also kept her lingerie. "Maybe it was a thief," I said. But we saw there was no sign of a break-in, neither inside nor outside the house. So it had to be someone from the house and she was complaining only about Amanda, and not about the other two girls who lived there. From there she went to Amanda's room to see if there were signs of forced entry in her room but there weren't any. Then she opened Amanda's drawer, and I saw her money wasn't there. Meredith knew where Amanda kept the money and she became (NDT:possible word: "furious").

Also, I checked the other rooms but everything was in order. So I tried to speak to her and calm her down, saying that a girl shouldn't get upset or she'll get wrinkles, and she laughed. I told her to laugh because everything would eventually work out. It was enough to wait and speak to her (Amanda) and to the other girls, if they knew something. She calmed down and talked about the previous evening, the party, me, and her. We were more or less similar. From what I understood, her parents were separated and this had affected her teenage years. She was more or less like me, not much extroverted. I also had- in different ways- a perturbed childhood and adolescence, I told her, but one falls down and then gets up. She had something special. She asked me about my life, my parents. I told her I had many mothers and fathers and brothers/sisters, but none of these would be mine forever, and she understood that I had lived with many families, and I don't have true parents, and she told me it's better to have many, than have none.

We talked, and at this point, I told her that I needed to go to the bathroom, the kebab was bothering my stomach. She said I could go to the bathroom near the fridge, and I went. While I was in the bathroom I heard the sound of the doorbell. I am sure because it rang more than once. Then I put my headphones on and listened to my Ipod. During the time I was in the bathroom I listened to my favorite three songs. While I was listening to the last one I heard screaming, even though the volume was loud, very loud screams. I wasn't even finished yet, I tried to go and see what had happened as soon as I could. I opened the bathroom door...

I went out, but in the living room and kitchen there wasn't anyone, so I went toward Meredith's room. There was the back of this person inside the room and I said "Hey what's happening?" Then I immediately saw Meredith's body on the floor and I also saw blood, and I said "What the f**k have you done?" I yelled, and the person turned around. He was a male, he was Italian because he insulted me and had no foreign accent. He had the knife in his hand and he tried to get me. I tried to shield myself with my hand but it was a sharp knife. Only brushing against me, it made small but deep cuts. Like a scalpel, it only needs to brush against you and it cuts. I hadn't zipped up my pants and while backing off I fell. He tried to attack me but I took a chair to protect myself, being stronger than him. Although I had a chair and he had a weapon, he exited through the front door telling me "black man found, guilty man found," he yelled.

I got up and went to Meredith's room. She was all covered with blood. Her neck looked like a river, she was asking for help. I kneeled next to her and tried to close the wound, I never saw so much blood. I went to the bathroom, took a towel, and it was soaked. I took another one, but darn, nothing. So much blood was flowing that the wound wasn't even visible. I asked her what had happened and she was repeating that sound "AF, AF, AF." I tried to write somewhere. Since my hands were all covered with blood, I tried to write on the wall. It was the fastest way, I thought. She was holding my hand. She didn't want to die, but I wasn't able to save Meredith. I didn't have a phone...

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After those words (NDT: black man found... etc) I was scared. I was covered with blood. Who would ever believe me? She told me not to leave her alone. I knew it because she was wailing with her arms stretched out at me. But I was shocked. All that blood, only on TV and in horror movies, something like this had never happened to me before. Even now I can't sleep. I see that sweet face covered with blood.

Why did all this happen to her, why? If only I had been man enough I would have saved her. But I am not, and I'm ashamed of myself. I would want to be in her place and she'd still be alive. I could have saved her. I dreamed of saving the world and wasn't able to save one person. I have been selfish. I only thought of myself and for this reason I don't deserve to live. It's not fair that I live and a sweet and scented flower like Meredith has been broken, while I breathe this air that she should be breathing. No, it's not fair. I hope Up There (NDT Rudy is referring to Heaven) She will forgive me one day because I believe I'll never make it Up There because of my cowardice. She will be a new star, a lost angel called Meredith.

I am asking myself how is it possible that Amanda could have slept in all that mess, and took a shower with all that blood in the bathroom and corridor? Why Patrick? Who was that person, Raffaele? And then "AF, AF." It could be his name. And then if thieves had been there, why isn't Amanda saying a word about the missing money? And who was in the house below when I left? What has ever happened between Amanda and Meredith?

If you're hiding something Amanda, please say it. Why have you accused Patrick? In order for the person who told me "Black man found, guilty man found" to think I was Patrick? Did you all already know who to blame? I am sure that Meredith was still alive. If you say you slept at home, why didn't you call an ambulance, but instead slept quietly (NDT: without a thought). Why are they saying she has been raped? Meredith and I, that night, only talked and that's all. What the f**k happened? Speak the truth. What are you hiding? If it wasn't Raffaele, who was there on that night? One of your many druggie-lovers you were bringing home? Was he someone from the "Merlin," "Domus," was it all of you downstairs?

Many describe me as the New Patrick, but I haven't done a thing. I tried to save that sweet Angel. I was scared. I had never witnessed anything like this before. That night I couldn't think about anything else but Meredith. She could have been saved, if not by me, by someone else. After I went to my place, I went to Alex's place, and it was around midnight. If you say you slept at home, what else had you been up to, you and whoever else? Did you hate your friend so much, to the point of killing her or wishing her dead? May God bless you if this is what has happened. (NDT: Rudy probably means May God Help you or similar)

As far as I'm concerned, I don't deserve to live. I too, should have died, in so much as I wasn't able to save a human life. What happened shocked me, but it's not a valid excuse and I realize perhaps now that I do not have to face a problem--- life is made of this, too. To fall down, and to know how to get back up again, but perhaps I don't know how to fall, or rather, I fell, but don't know how to get back up. It's always been other people who've saved, or pulled me up. He had reason, Paolo has reason to say I am a Loser, and it's true. My life hasn't been easy. Yes, I'm inclined to tell lies, but this time, no. What happened, it's greater than me. What I've said is what happened that night. Thanks to Giacomo, it was my intention to return to Perugia, to tell all that happened. I'm done with escaping and then, from what? I don't know, because I'm not guilty, if not for the fact of not being able to save a Divinely Sweet Being, Alas...

This story added to the pain that plagued me, suffocates me and leaves me unable to continue to live. It's bigger than me and I'm not able to bear such a burden. As far as my life, I say only that it's doesn't matter how it went. I would have liked to have had a family, all mine, but the more I look around I see that I've been lucky as far as families go...

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I have had, and there are people who instead, have not had. My True Father, I don't accuse him of anything, only that he could have been a bit better as a parent. And with regard to him, I too could have been better as a son. My Mother, I hope she is well wherever she is, and that the good Lord protects her. I have All My Friends, all of them that believe in me, all of them with whom I've grown up, done Elementary School, Middle School and High School. Thanks for having taken me into your home and for having given me protection and warmth. Thanks to your parents and to your bothers and sisters who welcomed me with outstretched arms. You'll always be in my heart. (~~SCRIBBLE~~) I ask forgiveness from Francesco Giovagnini and his family, for what has happened despite their help towards me. I hope you all forgive me. I have never forgotten that Episode. I'm sorry, Giova.

To My Teachers, if in these recent times, I disappointed you , I ask your forgiveness, and I thank you for all that you've done for me, I alone, know what you've done for me. I kiss you with all my life.

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Iaia, Bruna, Pally, Camy, Paolo, if with this story I have made bad publicity, I ask that you forgive me. And I ask that you forgive me for what happened before. You know what I am talking about. I have received, I've been given the possibility to be somebody, but I was not of the level that people must be to be great in your hearts. Bruna, a special mother... I've never had the courage to tell you that I love you. You know that I always hold you in my heart. You are marvelous, the Mother that I Would Have Wanted to have, if you could have been my real Mother. "I Love You Mama Bruna."

Iaia, Camy, Pally, or Paly, what can I say? Thank you for all the help you've given me and I hope to always Be Your "Woody the Banana Eater."☺

Paolo, you are a true Father, and your sons know it.
Roberto, Your Little Chocolate Was and Will Be Always Sweet.
Tetti, You were my only true flame.

Dear Friends of the Awesome 3b-4B- and 5b classes in Elementary school
You were Marvelous, also with those of the 3A-4A and 5A classes.

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A Hug to Sabrina Magliorelli, a girl that was close to me since young.

Gobry, Lucia, Lorenza, Angnese, Andrea, a Hug. Words are not enough to describe how much I love you all.

Grandma Gaetana, a special grandmother.

Daniele “My Captain”

To the Awesome: Nicolo Pasqualini, called by me “il Pasqua”
Giacomo Benedetti, called by me “il Bonano”
Nicola Mincigruci, called by me “il Mincia”
Billi Riccardo, called by me “il Peco”
Marco Pollocconi, called by me, “il Polo”
Simone Benedetti, called by me, “il Bananno”
Francesco Bruschini, called by me, “il Brusco”
Lorenzo Caldarelli, called by me, “il Caldo”

II GEDE SALUTES YOU!

Rudy Hermann Guede