

...what's interesting? I'm affectionately curious about how
...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 b/c
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
learning 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.