

Raffaele Sollecito's diary.

Translated by www.perugiamurderfile.org

November 7, 2007

Dear father and big sister mainly, and all those who will read these lines.

I am writing to you from a damp and cold isolation cell. There are peepholes in every corner from where the guards [*agenti*] can watch you even while you relieve yourself on the toilet [*bagno*]. The mattress [*letto*] is made of industrial sponge, the television cannot be used, the toilet is very dirty and I requested [*sto facendo richiesta*] that they come and clean it. I received an extra blanket today and therefore, at least when I sleep, I am warm. Outside the window there is a reinforced concrete ravine and, beyond a completely empty enormous clearing, there is an armed guard atop the watchtower. Amidst this sad and depressing global panorama [*panorama globale*], one can see a small mountain house on the horizon. Well, that distant small house in the middle of the plain manages to get a timid smile of hope out of me.

I do not know if it is right that I must pay so much for not being able to focus on the moments in the time during November 1, but after this experience, believe me, I will never touch a joint again in my life. As I write to you, there is a pair of Moroccans (presumably) that speak an incomprehensible language and knock on my cell wall. They keep complaining also because they need a dose of heroin. I do not want to answer them. I don't care.

I was psychologically tortured at police headquarters. They handcuffed me and made me strip naked in front of Forensics [*scientifica*]. I was even barefoot. I cannot even blame them, given my stupidity. Due to the fact that I smoke cannabis, I forget even what I had to eat and also because I carry along with me a knife to mark tables and trees and I carry it so often that I brought it with me to police headquarters as well.

Let me write the reconstruction of the events [*fatti*]. Let's start from October 31, the day I went to Francesco's graduation (...) and I went to Paolo's house (...) and I then met with Amanda. I spent the day with her having dinner and then she went to the centre with her face painted like a kitten. I subsequently went out, painting my face as an abstract figure. I went for a walk in the centre and, after that, I met with Amanda again. We went straight home from there and we spent the night watching a film.

We got up at around 10 – 11 am in the morning and I wanted to sleep some more, so Amanda went to her house saying that she would wait for to me to have lunch. I caught up with her at around 2 pm and Meredith was also there, that poor girl, and she said that she had already eaten. So I made lunch for the two of us. She [translator's note: Amanda] played the guitar while Meredith was getting ready to go out.

An amusing thing I remember is that Meredith was wearing a pair of men's jeans which belonged to her ex-boyfriend in England. She left quickly around 4 pm, not saying where she was going. Meanwhile, Amanda and I stayed there until around 6 pm and we began to smoke cannabis.

My problems start from this moment because I have confused memories. Firstly, Amanda and I went to the centre going from Piazza Grimana to Corso Vannucci passing behind the University for Foreigners and ending up in Piazza Morlacchi (we always take that road). Then I do not remember but presumably we went shopping for groceries. We returned to my house at around 8 - 8:30 pm and there I made another joint and, since it was a holiday, I took everything with extreme tranquillity, without the slightest intention of going out since it was cold outside.

I don't remember what time I ate, but I certainly ate and Amanda ate with me. The questions asked by the agents of the Squadra Mobile made me remember that that day the water pipe under the sink had detached itself and this fact makes me very suspicious since it is not possible for it to detach itself. In any case, the fact is that it flooded half the house.

I remember that I surfed the Internet for a while, I may have watched a film and then you called me at home or you sent me a goodnight SMS [*messaggio*] at least [*comunque*]. I remember that it was Thursday and therefore Amanda had to go to the pub where she usually works, but I do not remember how long she was gone. I remember that she subsequently told me that the pub was closed (I have serious doubts regarding the fact that she had gone out). I am straining myself to remember other details but they are all confused. Another thing of which I can be sure is that Amanda slept with me that night.

Amanda woke up before me that morning and I could not manage to get up. I therefore stayed so I could sleep some more [*sono rimasto a dormire*] while she went to shower at her house. I do not remember if I had breakfast before or after Amanda returned to my house. I do not remember how she was dressed on November 1 [sic], but I am sure that she had changed and that she had put on the white skirt and her usual black hiking shoes. She was cleaned up and she had brought me a Vileda mop [*mocio Vileda*] in order to help me dry the floor around the sink. The previous evening I had placed only a few rags on the floor and they were not sufficient. After having cleaned the floor and perhaps having had breakfast at around 11:30 - 12 noon, I got changed and we went out.

Meanwhile, she had spoken to me about the fact that she had found something strange at her house. That is, she had found the front door open, faeces in the Italian girls' bathroom and blood in their bathroom [translator's note: in the bathroom Amanda shared with Meredith]. While we were going down Corso Garibaldi, she specifically demanded that I go see what was happening in her house. The investigators asked me if she had told me to say anything but (unfortunately, I now say) it's not like that: all I have said, I have said [*fatto*] of my own free will.

As soon as we arrived inside the house, I left the mop in the entrance and I went towards the other rooms so I could see what the hell had happened. I remember those moments well because I was agitated and alarmed. I think I saw Amanda take the mop bucket and carry it to another room (it cannot be inferred from the text, but the mop was apparently brought back to Meredith's and Amanda's house). The first thing I noticed was that Filomena's (called Molli) room had the door wide open. Ah, I forgot, Amanda had opened the house with the keys (a thing that they repeatedly asked me since she had told me that she had found the front door wide open when she had entered).

We were saying that Filomena's bedroom was completely disordered: broken glass on the floor and the room upside down. There was an absurd mess. The window was broken on the left side and it was open. Going forward, I noticed that Meredith's room was locked and that in the bathroom there were bloodstains on the sink and on the bathmat on the floor. The rest of the bathroom was clean. The stains on the bathmat were diluted with water. Going back I thought about accessing Meredith's room through the window and I tried to find where it was. I later found out that the only access to the window was at an unattainable [*improponibile*] height, and I therefore changed my mind. Meanwhile, Amanda was trying to enter the window by climbing over the railing and I stopped her. Since she does some climbing, she wanted to try to do something that according to me is absurd. She then repeatedly knocked [*cercato di bussare*] on the door, shouting Meredith's name (the bedroom door, of course) because she thought that Meredith was sleeping.

Meanwhile I was loitering around the house and I advised Amanda to call her friends Filomena, Laura and Meredith. And therefore, after having done so, she told me that Laura was in Viterbo, that Filomena was with her boyfriend and that she would have arrived later and, lastly, that Meredith did not answer. We look around [*facciamo un giro*] the house and Amanda is terrified and jumps on me because she tells me that the faeces were no longer in the toilet since presumably before, when she was taking a shower, she had seen that there were faeces in the bathroom and nobody had flushed the toilet. I have a look and leaning over I see the reflection of the water and, not seeing any faeces, I believe what Amanda had told [*diceva*] me.

In the end I think that the only thing to do is to break down the door of Meredith's room. I try, but I do not succeed. I then call my sister on her mobile phone and she tells me to dial 112. I dial it and I give them Amanda's name, address and phone number [*recapiti*] and I try to briefly explain the situation. They say that they would call me back. We stop to wait outside and suddenly two men show up. They tell us that they are *Polizia Postale* [agents] and that they were looking [*cercava*] for Filomena, since they had found two mobile phones and one of the numbers belonged to Filomena. Amanda remembers that those mobile phones were Meredith's and I ask the policeman to break the door down.

Initially, the policeman refuses because he did not want to violate any privacy rights [*per violazione della privacy*], but after Filomena, her boyfriend and their respective friends arrived, he convinced himself to break the door down. While they were looking at what

was inside they began to shout: «Oh God! A foot! Blood!». And they turn around terrified. At that point I move away and take Amanda and I take her away. We stop outside and, from then onwards, the mess [*casino*].

The judge questioned me today and he told me that I gave three different statements, but the only difference that I find is that I said that Amanda persuaded me to talk crap [*dire cazzate*] in the second version, and that she [*quella*] had gone out to go to the bar where she worked, Le Chic. But I do not remember exactly whether she went out or not to go to that pub and as a consequence I do not remember how long she was gone for. What is the big problem? I do not remember this, for them, important detail, therefore they should stop bothering me and start investigating her [*non mi rompessero e facessero le indagini su di lei*]. I tried to help them in the investigation by trying to remember and now I am the one taking it in that place [where the sun never shines...]. It would have been better if I had done nothing and had limited myself to saying that she had remained at my house. I would have spared myself a lot of anxiety. Let's talk about something else that it is better...

I may see you tomorrow, at least that is what I was told by Tiziano [translator's note: Tedeschi, his lawyer at the time], who I saw today and who defended me before the judge. At least I am happy for that. My total restrictions were removed today so I can watch TV... At least time goes by since I can do practically nothing. But, apart from the usual cartoons, it bores me. At this moment I am thinking of Vanessa (his sister, editor's note), I would like her to read this letter as well. I am very sorry for this whole mess and for having indirectly involved her due to her position [translator's note: she was a *Carabinieri* sub-lieutenant at the time]: I cannot imagine what she is going through now. I am so sorry, Vane, I did not want you to find yourself in this situation, please forgive me. I love you. I can now say that I have understood what it means to walk through hell and I pray to God that it does not happen to me again, or better still I have hope in the judge's good heart. Those of the *Squadra Mobile*, may God strike them with lightning!... No, I'm joking, but it is difficult to be sympathetic after all that I gone through. They want to depict me as a computer crime genius... But, ah ah ah, of course, a genius who lets himself be found at police headquarters wearing the shoes with which he committed the crime and with the knife with which he cut the victim's throat in his pocket... a genius! There is no denying it, a true Einstein! [Translator's note: Raffaele curses the police]. And I should make an effort to help them? Enough, it's better to stay calm. I am going to sleep now. I hope to see you soon. A big, big hug.

November 11, 2007

I just [*da poco*] woke up. I saw my father, Uncle Giuseppe and Mara yesterday. I am glad that father is close to me and uncle as well, I was not expecting that he would come, I was very pleased. They gave me clean clothes, and they made me understand that everyone is on my side out there. All this gives me great strength. Instead, I received information regarding the fact that on the morning of Friday, while I stayed in bed and Amanda went to take a shower at her house, she also went with an Argentinean guy, (...) I suppose, in a

launderette [*lavanderia*] and that this guy put some stuff in the washing machine, including a pair of blue Nike shoes...

All this makes me totally lose faith in Amanda after she continues to lie ... I mean, I don't know her well, but although she does not seem to me at all capable of killing someone, she may be capable of lying to hide the fact that she has relations with shady characters. I am actually starting to think that she cheated on me and that she hid everything [*l'impossibile*] she could from me. But who cares, I am sincere and I will never do such a thing because I do not stoop to such meanness; if I am seeing someone, it means that I like her and if I do not feel like seeing her anymore, I change. There is no need for casual affairs; I do not like to lie, neither to myself nor to others.

I made friends with a nice Romanian guy who helped me in the first few days since I had no soap, garbage bags, etc. A good guy, I would say, given his helpfulness. Then I hear that he tried to commit robbery and that he had a prostitution ring. And I reflect on how a man can do really stupid things and possibly change, perhaps, I hope. Then the other day a guard, while taking me back to my cell, asked me, "Do you like life in prison?" And I turn around with anger in my heart, which I did not express if not with my facial expression, and in my mind I thought: "This guy wants to make fun of me". So I answer "yes, of course, [*il cazzo*] !!!" to tell him to stop it. But he remains silent, and then he tells me: "So, life is not bad for you here". And I: "Look, I meant the opposite. But are you seriously telling me that there are people who like life in prison?" And he: "Yes, certainly".

At that point all my thoughts and certainties collapse like a badly made house of cards and it occurred to me that there are people who do not even have a house and food. And I answer him: "But you mean people who do not have a house?" And he: "Yes". And I: "I am really sorry". And he: "No, do not mention it, I am the one who did not make himself clear, I did not want to make fun of you".

This brief discussion opened my eyes. I am used to always having a clean house, a very hot radiator when it is cold, a very warm bed, a fabulous car, eating the best of the best, having the fastest computer on the market and a family that loves me... There are people who have nothing. And a filthy sponge mattress [*letto*], a tiny bathroom with hot water, a radiator that works only a few hours a day, two blankets, a 13" television set and something to eat, may really seem like gold...

I have tried and I try to repay what life has given me, but I realize that it is never enough and I will still have to work hard to do something for others and for myself. For the time being, I am spending my time trying to talk to doctors, psychologists, educators, guards, captains, even with the psychiatrist (a nice-looking woman) and I then watch television and write, I would like to start reading... I would like a computer... if only... the best would be a portable Playstation or a Nintendo ... Yeah, sure, if they let me use such a thing in prison it would mean that Italy has hit rock bottom!!!

I have been very anxious and nervous in the last few days, but to see my father who tells me "do not worry, we will get you out" makes me feel better. My real concerns are now two: the first one derives from the fact that, if that night Amanda remained with me all night long, we could have (and this is a very remote possibility) made love all evening and night only stopping to eat... it would be a real problem [*casino*] because there would be no connections from my computer to servers in those hours... The second one is that Amanda may have taken [*fregato*] the knife from me to give it to the son of a bitch that killed Meredith... even this hypothesis is a bit of science fiction, but possible, therefore I am worried... [*non sto tranquillo*]. You told [*dici*] me that there are no traces of blood on the knife, so I am much calmer... I cannot wait for the Rome Forensics' results to come out.

November 12, 2007

The facts are taking their course and I am slowly realizing that due to the fact that you, father, sent me a goodnight SMS [*messaggio*] that night and also due to the fact that in the first statement I made I said that Amanda had stayed with me all night long, I must admit [*dire*] that I said a 90% really stupid thing [*grossa cavolata*] in my second statement. And that is:

1 that fact that Amanda persuaded me to say something is not true [*è una cazzata*] and I have said so repeatedly to the judge and to the Squadra Mobile;

2 reconstructing [the events] I realize that it is actually very likely that Amanda was with me all night long, never going out. And I will certainly not be the one to lie in order to help the investigation and get everyone into trouble for no reason [*gratuitamente*]. Or better still, it would be fabulous for me if Amanda has done nothing, since it is [*diventa*] impossible that they find any traces on my shoe and on my knife and this story will have a happy ending for me and for you...

You will say that it is not a happy ending for Meredith. But in these moments I feel a little selfish since it is not my mistake, but the problem is that a solution to the case has still not been found... I understand that if we all ended up in jail it is also due to [*colpa*] my casual attitude [*leggerezza*] in regard to the facts of that evening and also [due to the fact that] we smoked (Amanda and I) several joints. And I am really sorry. As soon as I am out, I would like to offer my biggest and sincerest apologies to Amanda's parents, who are totally devastated and shocked. I am really sorry for all this. Forgive me father and forgive me Vanessa. I have lived with an extremely casual attitude a situation that I could not believe real, I would have never believed it and I can't forgive myself for that.

I am trying to kill time and in the meanwhile I hear the voices and shouts of the inmates playing foosball, I suppose, although I have never seen it. I listen and I think, I think deeply of all that has happened to me and that is around me... My brain these days seems to me an unstoppable machine that seeks to reconnect and imagine [the events]... Then I stop so that I do not go mad and I think of my friends who are out there and of what they are thinking...

I think of my brothers from Giovinazzo who must be worried and I think of Vito (...) who must be suffering greatly. I then think of my boarding school friends, who must be thinking "that madman has put himself in an absurd story"; I think of my buddies from university, Tozzo, Urte, Riccardo, Lucio, in particular the first two must be saying [*diranno*] "who knows what he has said for him to find himself in such a mess".

I think of my training buddies who must be all shocked... I think and feel responsible... I am paying for my superficiality. This means [*vorrà dire*] that this time I shall pay until the last cent.

November 13, 2007

Today is Tuesday and I saw father and Mara. You, big sister, I know that you are having quite a few problems for sticking your neck out [*a esporti*] and I am truly very sorry. Meanwhile today I was cheered up by the fact that I have many friends who are all with me. I am flattered and, above all, I feel in my heart that my brothers are with me more than anyone else. I am extremely lucky to have friends, or rather brothers like them. First of all I think of you, Francè, I was told that you said [*dichiarato*] that you are my brother and I want to tell you that I feel what you feel and what the others feel as well: Corrado, Raffaele, Saverio, Gianfranco (oh well, I picture him quite passive as always), Mariano (who is in Shanghai), Milko (who must be surely thinking that certain things happen only to me), Claudia, Valeria (do not think that your life is less interesting than mine or else, as soon as I get back, I will make you faint with a head-butt)... What? Did I say something wrong? Would you like to analyse my criminal aptitude from this sentence?

GIVE YOURSELVES AN ENEMA!!!

Enough! You went through every minor detail [*rivoltato come un calzino*] of my blog for nothing!

I was saying... I think of Paolo who is in Milan wondering what is happening and he is about to, or rather, he has already graduated. I would like to have graduated as well, Paolo, and celebrate with you these idyllic moments. I also think of my sweet [*"croccantino"*] Erica and Francesca my joy, Clelia and all of Piazza Porta. The great girls [*magnum*] of Piazza Porta... I think of Angela, Micaela, Annamaria and all my classmates from junior high school and high school, all shocked. I also think of Ana and Marta, poor girls, who must be dying of a broken heart and I also [think] of Fabri, Fili, Boc, Veronica, Valentina, Chiara #1, Chiara #2, the legendary Pasquale (do not get too high, you see what happens), Guido from Rome, Guido from Pisa (they put me in the slammer this time), Robertino, Alessandra, Enrico and our aerospace engineer) and all my friends from the Erasmus Programme who have seen [what has happened] and who are close to me, and who have known me and who know that one of my traits, which at times can be a flaw, is my total inability to do evil.

And it is precisely here that the various levels of my personality are created, [a personality] which tries in every way to defend itself by carrying a knife in his pocket and sacrificing itself for many years by learning and taking risks in a sport like kickboxing.

My personality is a combination of many weights and measures, adopted to find tranquillity and peace in everyday life made of battles and small victories. These days, and even weeks ago, I realized that the continued closeness to Amanda and also the (...) of prison have made me completely lose my daily dedication to prayer, which, although I did it sometimes in this period, it was not as (...) as usual... The problem is not that I've lost faith, but that a (...) of facts and changes have stormed my life and I found myself totally unprepared and lost in a context which I believe to be out of reality.

The reality is that my life has now changed forever and there is no way of going back: I can only pick up the lost pieces, put them back together [*reincollarli*] and make a puzzle... After all, every cloud has a silver lining [*non tutti i mali vengono per nuocere*], one must seize the good part from each thing otherwise life becomes impossible.

November 16, 2007

I saw on TV yesterday evening that the knife that I had at home (the one from the kitchen) has traces of Meredith and Amanda (latent)... I was breathless [*mi è salito in cuore in gola*] and I also got into a total panic because I thought that Amanda had killed Meredith or that she had at least helped someone kill her [*nell'impresa*]. But I saw Tiziano today who calmed me down: he told me that the knife could not have been the murder weapon, according to the medical examiner [*medico legale*], and that it has nothing to do with anything because Amanda could have taken it and carried it from my house to her house since the girls didn't have a knife like that one [*così*], they are causing a commotion for nothing... I feel as if I were living in a nightmare reality show. The 'nightmare reality show'. Unbelievable!

I am starting to have perpetual panic and anxiety attacks caused by (...) due to the wait for the results [*esami*] from Forensics [*scientifica*] that make disturbing remarks [*frecciate*] of this sort... Oh God, it is not their fault but of the (...) who do everything they can to get involved [*per poter immischiare*] in this story.

I would like to think of something else. I think of my friends who are close to me and I think of father who must be in great pain and must be worried in these moments; I am very sorry. I do not know what to do. I pray to Jesus that he give me the strength and the reason to deal with this situation and I pray to Him also to support father who is being confronted with an absurd situation.

November 18, 2007

They are keeping me in jail because of the kitchen knife that has a DNA trace belonging to Meredith. It seems like a horror movie... Thinking back and remembering, I remembered that that night father sent me a goodnight SMS message to be indiscreet [*indiscreto, sic*] (knowing that I was with Amanda), then, the following day, Amanda kept on telling me that if she had not been with me, she would be dead now [*a quest'ora*]. Thinking and

reconstructing, I think that she always remained with me; the only thing I do not remember exactly is if she went out for a few minutes in the early evening.

I am convinced that she could not have killed Meredith and then come back home. The fact that there is Meredith's DNA on the kitchen knife is because on one occasion, while we were cooking together, I, while moving around at home [and] handling the knife, pricked her hand, and I apologized at once but she was not hurt [*lei non si era fatta niente*]. So the only real explanation for that kitchen knife is this one.

I am worried [*non sono tranquillo*] because if they found such a small [*così irrisoria*] trace they can find other [small traces] on the rags and so on... What a nightmare! First of all they should prove that that the knife is indeed the murder weapon: the blade, the type of cut, the obvious traces on the blade, etc. Then if they want to find invisible traces of Meredith in my house, they will find many [*ne trovano a fiumi*] at this rate! There must be a divine justice to all this! I continue to wake up in the morning with accusing faces that stare at me as [if I were] a murderer...

What an absurd story. They are all prepared to point at me [*puntare il dito*] when nothing is known yet. I hope that father is well, and also all those who are watching this absurd matter. I hope that the real truth comes out [*a galla*]. None of the three is involved!!! I have read in the newspapers that this story is becoming really big in the media [*sta prendendo una dimensione mediatica enorme*] and all this scares me a lot, because if these [journalists] do not get the sensational development [*colpo di scena*] it will become impossible to stop them... the disappointment of the masses [*massa*], the money that will [be used] to compensate Patrick, me and Amanda...

Oh God, oh God, what a mess! I do not understand anything [*non si capisce nulla*]! Who put me in this story? I did a little [*un po' ci ho messo del mio*], but it is too much now.

They call me from the infirmary and I read on my case sheet that I was diagnosed with panic attacks a few days ago and that I needed to be visited again. Both Amanda and Patrick are calm, and this reassures me: if neither one of the two has done anything, imagine me [*figurati io*]! One must be must be patient. I very much like to talk with the [female] doctors or with the [female] social workers or the pastor or the [female] psychologist, they are very kind and willing to talk, all this gives me great comfort. I did not like talking to the deputy commander because he continues to investigate and to show me what can happen if I do not tell the truth. I will not talk to him ever again.

I continue to watch TV and in the morning, when I wake up, I work out to keep in shape. What else can I do?... I write... There is a girl in France who, inspired by the Perugia tragedy, killed a guy she met one evening: people are going crazy. We are all mad! I seem to be living in a comedy-reality-horror-show badly copied from Big Brother. That is [*cioè*] the worst of the worst!!! The guards are kind, at least some, not all. I know [*già*], it is impossible to change everyone's mind...

November 19, 2007

I exercised as always today, I keep in shape because I do not want to get physically weak [*accasciarmi*] and soft [*smollarmi*]; the food is terrible and I am losing my appetite a bit, but I hope that the truth will soon come out and that I will be able to leave prison. I spoke with the [female] educator and there was a nice-looking [female] trainee [in the educator's office]. Maybe I should not think about her since they are accusing me of being an accessory to rape and murder... But I must think of something nice, sorry! She has a nice smile and [*con*] curly blond hair; I was very pleased [*piacere*] with the fact that that she smiled at every joke that I made.

I thought I was feeling [*ricevere*] gusts of spring air in a huge dark and cold room. Prison is not a nice experience, mainly because at the beginning they locked [*sbattevano ... chiuso a chiave*] me in an isolation cell with [only] a ray of light coming in through the window, for hours without having the slightest idea [*segno*] that anyone could know that you are there, not a sound, not a hiss, just the squeak of your shoes on a floor full of dust and cockroaches and you that spend the time walking up and down scared and you think, you think for so long, you sit, you look through the cracks in the window and you pray that the truth come out, trying to remember...

They stuck me in prison because I do not remember exactly the events of that day, I have confused memories. Meanwhile I look at the clouds outside and I start pretending that I am drawing the sky looking for an answer that could explain me, my life, my destiny. Everything seems so mysterious, imperceptible, like an intense point of light in a completely dark tunnel... I follow the light, [a sign of] hope; no, I will never lose hope [*quella*]; my life does not end here; I shall follow my destiny until the very end... Up there, there is someone who watches me and moves the strings of a destiny determined by my choices.

There is mother, there is Jesus; what a crazy world here on earth, what say You Jesus? You were crucified because You did for others a lot more than what You should have done. Well, you know what I think? It is better to give a little less but survive... okay, I'm sorry, the matter is different for You since You saved us from sin, but sometimes I wonder if it was worth it. I have received letters from Corrado and his family and it I was very delighted. I have also received a letter [*anche un'altra*] from Mimmo and Paola. They are really close to me, I am very happy. All the inmates now greet me with a smile; I do not know whether it is because they have realized that I have done nothing or because I trust them.

November 20, 2007

(Raffaele opens the diary to the "November 20" page with a, for him, decisive conviction, editor's note) The real murderer of this incredible story was finally caught today. He is a 22 year old Ivorian [and] they found him in Germany. I saw father happy and smiling, but

I am not 100% calm at the moment because I fear that he might invent strange things. The prison cook [*cuoco della mensa*] is black and he kindly asked me why I had not been already released. Well, the reason is simple: there are my footprints around the house and therefore new developments [*colpi di scena*] can always emerge from this story: I cannot stand them! Like Meredith's DNA on the kitchen knife from my house. I get tachycardia and I feel ill. It makes me happy [to know] that I have many supporters everywhere. I await my future with patience; it frightens me at times, obviously [*si sa*]. Actually, who could have expected all this? Life is a long and dark (at times) road, but I will not lose hope. There is a rainbow after the storm. Come on Raf! [You are] one of the guys from Giovinazzo; [you are] one of them, [you are] one of them!

November 23, 2007

They moved me to another cell today. I spent a lot of time cleaning it from top to bottom and I am also a bit disgusted by the conditions in which they had left it. I met that policeman again who had asked me if I liked life in prison and we joked a bit about the fact that the cell peepholes have a cover and I wondered why. Then, with a "I had never asked myself that before" expression on his face [*con aria della serie*]," he tells me: "I do not have the slightest idea; I do not care!"

And I think about it for a while and I find the solution! They do not want the other inmates to look through the peephole when they are passing by. I therefore tell him with a smile on my face: "Must I really tell you what it is for?" And he: "I do not care at all". Meanwhile I ask him: "If you tell me your name I will quote you, since I have already written [*parlato*] about our conversation, so you can become [*diventi*] famous". And he: "No, absolutely not. I am really not interested. I do not care". And I kept on thinking: "Well, actually, if I become famous it will not be due to a pleasant event. On the contrary, it would be due to a tragedy and this is very sad. Yes, but why should one want to be famous [*già, perchè essere famosi*]?" They all look at you and they judge you and they analyze every minor detail of your life [*rivoltano la tua vita come un calzino al contrario*] and they even accuse you if you breathe too slowly. It is best to let it go, to not look at success, at money [*soldi*], at money [*denaro*] but to lead a quiet life without stress and suffering; it is really not worth it for me.