

December, 5 months later

It is five months since the trial, almost a year, minus a few days, since the robbery in the drugstore. James King was sentenced to 25 years to life. Osvaldo was arrested for stealing a car and sent to a reformatory. As far as I know, Bobo is still in jail.

My mother doesn't understand what I am doing with the films I am making. I have been taking movies of myself. In the movies I talk and tell the camera who I am, what I think I am about. Sometimes I set the camera up outside and walk up to it from different angles.

Sometimes I set the camera up in front of a mirror and film myself as a reflection. I wear different clothes and sometimes

try to change my voice. Jerry likes to use the camera, and I let him film me, too. Whatever I do pleases my mother, because I am here with her and not put away in some jail.

After the trial, my father, with tears in his eyes, held me close and said that he was thankful that I did not have to go to jail. He moved away, and the distance between us seemed to grow bigger and bigger. I understand the distance. My father is no longer sure of who I am. He doesn't understand me even knowing people like King or Bobo or Osvaldo. He wonders what else he doesn't know.

That is why I take the films of myself. I want to know who I am. I want to know the road to panic that I took. I want to look at myself a thousand times to look for one true image. When Miss O'Brien looked at me, after we had won the case, what did she see that caused her to turn away?

What did she see?