

Friday, July 10th

Miss O'Brien was mad today. She said that Petrocelli was using a cheap trick. The judge said he was calling a half-day session because he needed to hear pleas in another case. O'Brien said that Petrocelli wanted to leave as bad an image in the mind of the jury as she could. She brought up the photographs again and made sure that the jury saw them a second time. Miss O'Brien said she wanted the jurors to take the bad images home with them over the weekend and live with them.

The photos were bad, real bad. I didn't want to think about them or know about them. I didn't look at the jury members when they were looking at the pictures.

I thought about writing about what happened in the drugstore, but I'd rather not have it in my mind. The pictures of Mr. Nesbitt scare me. I think about him lying there knowing he was going to die. I wonder if it hurt much. I can see me at that moment, just when Mr. Nesbitt knew he was going to die, walking down the street trying to make my mind a blank

screen.

When I got back to the cell and changed my clothes, I had to mop the corridors with four other guys. We were all dressed in the orange jumpsuits they give you and the guards made us line up. The water was hot and soapy and had a strong smell of some kind of disinfectant. The mops were heavy and it was hot and I didn't like doing it. Then I realized that the five guys doing the mopping must have all looked alike and I suddenly felt as if I couldn't breathe. I tried to suck the air into my lungs, but all I got was the odor of the disinfectant and I started gagging.

"You vomit—you just got more to clean up!" the guard said.

I held it in and kept swinging the big mop across the floor. To my right and left the other prisoners were doing the same thing. On the floor there were big arcs of gray, dirty water and swirls of stinking, brown bubbles. I wanted to be away from this place so bad, away from this place, away from this place. I remembered Miss O'Brien saying that it was her job to make me different in the eyes of the jury, different from Bobo and Osvaldo and King. It was me, I thought as I tried not to throw up, that had wanted to be tough like them.