

## Saturday, July 11th

Before she left, Miss O'Brien warned me not to write anything in my notebook that I did not want the prosecutor to see.

I asked Miss O'Brien what she was going to do over the weekend, and she gave me a really funny look, and then she told me she was probably going to watch her niece in a Little League game.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to cut you off."

She smiled at me, and I felt embarrassed that a smile should mean so much. We talked awhile longer and I realized that I did not want her to go. When I asked her how many times she had appeared in court, her mouth tightened and she said, "Too many times."

She thinks I am guilty. I know she thinks I am guilty. I can feel it when we sit together on the bench they have assigned for us. She writes down what is being said, and what is being said about me, and she adds it all up to guilty.

"I'm not guilty," I said to her.

"You should have said, 'I didn't do it,'" she said.

"I didn't do it," I said.

Sunset got his verdict yesterday. Guilty.

"Man, my life is right here," he said. "Right here in jail. I know I did the crime and I got to do the time. It ain't no big thing. It ain't no big thing. Most they can give me is 7 to 10, which means I walk in 5 and a half. I can do that without even thinking on it, man."

It's growing. First I was scared of being hit or raped. That being scared was like a little ball in the pit of my stomach. Now that ball is growing when I think about what kind of time I can get. Felony murder is 25 years to life. My whole life will be gone. A guy said that 25 means you have to serve at least 20. I can't stay in prison for 20 years. I just can't!

Everybody in here either talks about sex or hurting somebody or what they're in here for. That's all they think about and that's what's on my mind, too. What did I do? I walked into a drugstore to look for some mints, and then I walked out. What was wrong with that? I didn't kill Mr. Nesbitt.

Sunset said he committed the crime. Isn't that what being guilty is all about? You actually do something? You pick up a gun and you aim it across a small space and pull a trigger? You grab the purse and run screaming down the street? Maybe, even, you buy some baseball cards that you know were stolen?

The guys in the cell played dirty hearts in the afternoon and talked, as usual, about their cases. They weighed the evidence against them and for them and commented on each other's cases. Some of them sound like lawyers. The guards