

## Tuesday, July 14th

Miss O'Brien came to see me this afternoon. She looked tired. She said that Bobo's testimony hurt us a lot and that she had to find a way to separate me from King, but King's lawyer wanted to make sure the jury connected us because I looked like a pretty decent guy. She talked to me for almost an hour. Several times she patted me on the hand. I asked her if that meant that she thought we were going to lose the case. She said no, but I don't believe her.

I am so scared. My heart is beating like crazy and I am having trouble breathing. The trouble I'm in keeps looking bigger and bigger. I'm overwhelmed by it. It's crushing me.

It is a nice day on the outside. On the street below, people walk in what looks like a crisscross pattern across the narrow streets. There are yellow cabs inching along. On the corner there is a cart that sells food, frankfurters or sausages I guess, and sodas. People stand around buying what they want, then move away. It looks like something I would like to do, move away from where I am.

Tomorrow we start our case, and I don't see what we are going to do. I hear myself thinking like all the other prisoners here, trying to convince myself that everything will be all

right, that the jury can't find me guilty because of this reason or that reason. We lie to ourselves here. Maybe we are here because we lie to ourselves.

Lying on my cot, I think of everything that has happened over the last year. There was nothing extraordinary in my life. No bolt of lightning came out of the sky. I didn't say a magic word and turn into somebody different. But here I am, maybe on the verge of losing my life, or the life I used to have. I can understand why they take your shoelaces and belt from you when you're in jail.

Miss O'Brien made me write down all the people in my life who I love and who love me. Then I had to write down the people who I admire. I wrote down Mr. Sawicki's name twice.

Mr. Briggs will present King's defense first. Miss O'Brien will go second, but she says she has to be careful because if she says anything that makes King look bad and Mr. Briggs attacks her, it will look bad for me.

"We can use some friends," she said.

When she left and I had to go back to the cell area, I was more depressed than I have been since I've been here. I wish Jerry were here. Not in jail, but somehow with me. What would I say to him? Think about all the tomorrows of your life. Yes, that's what I would say. Think about all the tomorrows of your life.

When the lights went out, I think I heard someone crying in the darkness.