

Wednesday, July 8

They take away your shoelaces and your belt so you can't kill yourself no matter how bad it is. I guess making you live is part of the punishment.

It's funny, but when I'm sitting in the courtroom, I don't feel like I'm involved in the case. It's like the lawyers and the judge and everybody are doing a job that involves me, but I don't have a role. It's only when I go back to the cells that I know I'm involved.

Miss O'Brien says that Petrocelli is using Bolden's testimony as part of a trail that will lead to me and James King. I think she is wrong. I think they are bringing out all of these people and letting them look terrible on the stand and sound terrible and then reminding the jury that they don't look any different from me and King.

I like the last scene in the movie, the one between me and Jerry. It makes me seem like a real person.

The man they called Sunset asked me if he could read the screenplay, and I let him. He liked it. Sunset said he liked the name of the screenplay. He said when he gets out, he will have the word Monster tattooed on his forehead. I feel like I already have it tattooed on mine.

A preacher came to the recreation room with a guard this afternoon. He asked if anyone wanted to talk with him or share a moment of prayer. Two guys said they did, and I was just about ready to say I would when Lynch, a guy who is going on trial for killing his wife, started cursing at the preacher and saying that everybody wanted to talk to him and act like they were good when they were just criminals. "It's too late to put up your holy front now," he said.

In a way he was right, at least about me. I want to look like a good person. I want to feel like I'm a good person because I believe I am. But being in here with these guys makes it hard to think about yourself as being different. We look about the same, and even though I'm younger than they are, it's hard not to notice that we are all pretty young. I see what Miss O'Brien meant when she said part of her job was to make me look human in the eyes of the jury.

When Lynch started cursing at the preacher, the guards took the preacher out, and then they came back and turned the television off and made us go back to our cells.

Notes:

I couldn't sleep most of the night after the dream. The dream took place in the courtroom. I was trying to ask questions and nobody could hear me. I was shouting and shouting but everyone went about their business as if I wasn't there. I hope I didn't shout out in my sleep. That would look weak to