

## Thursday, July 9th

Miss O'Brien's saying that things looked bad for me was really discouraging. I wonder if the prosecutor knows what Osvaldo is really like. I wonder if she knows what I'm really like, or if she cares.

This morning one of the guys in the next cell expects a verdict. His name is Acie. He was telling everybody that he didn't care what they said about him. He held up a check-cashing place and shot the guard.

"All they can do is put me in jail," he said. "They can't touch my soul."

He said he needed the money and intended to pay it back once he got on his feet. He said that God understood and would give him another chance. Then he started crying.

His crying got to me. Miss O'Brien said the judge could sentence me to 25 years to life. If he did, I would have to serve at least 21 years and 3 months. I can't imagine being in jail for that long. I wanted to cry with the guy.

As I got dressed, I felt sick to my stomach. Mama leaves clean shirts and underwear for me. I thought of her in the kitchen ironing the shirts. I think about myself so much, about what's going to happen to me and all, that I don't

think about my folks that much. I know she loves me, but I wonder what she's thinking.

Mr. Nesbitt. I thought about Mr. Nesbitt and remembered the pictures they showed of him. When they were passing them to the jury I didn't look at them, but afterward, when the jury left, Miss O'Brien took them out and put them on the table in front of us. She made notes about them, but I could tell she wanted me to look at them. I looked at them.

Mr. Nesbitt's right foot was turned out. His left arm was lifted and bent at the elbow so that his fingers almost touched the side of his head. His eyes weren't completely closed.

Miss O'Brien looked at me—I didn't see her looking at me but I knew she was. She wanted to know who I was. Who was Steve Harmon? I wanted to open my shirt and tell her to look into my heart to see who I really was, who the real Steve Harmon was.

That was what I was thinking, about what was in my heart and what that made me. I'm just not a bad person. I know that in my heart I am not a bad person.

Just before I had to go back to the cell block yesterday, I asked Miss O'Brien about herself. She said she was born in Queens, New York. She went to Bishop McDonnell High School, and then St. Joseph's College in Brooklyn. After that she worked her way through New York University Law School.

"And here I am," she said.