

Notes:

*I've never seen my father cry before. He wasn't crying like I thought a man would cry. Everything was just pouring out of him and I hated to see his face. What did I do? What did I do? Anybody can walk into a drugstore and look around. Is that what I'm on trial for? I didn't do nothing! I didn't do nothing! But everybody is just messed up with the pain. I didn't fight with Mr. Nesbitt. I didn't take any money from him. Seeing my dad cry like that was just so terrible. What was going*

*on between us, me being his son and him being my dad, is pushed down and something else is moving up in its place. It's like a man looking down to see his son and seeing a monster instead.*

*Miss O'Brien said things were going bad for us because she was afraid that the jury wouldn't see a difference between me and all the bad guys taking the stand. I think my dad thinks the same thing.*