

*It sounded like a good life even though she said it like it was nothing special.*

*In the holding pen, across from where we enter the courtroom, the guards were talking about their lives. One wanted to talk about how much money his kid's teeth were costing to have them fixed. The other guard didn't have any kids and he wanted to talk about how the Yankees were doing.*

*We didn't start on time because one of the jurors was late.*

*"The little blonde," the guard who wasn't married said.*

*"Her old man probably had something for her to do before she left the house."*

*They laughed. It must have been funny.*

*While we were waiting, they brought King in and handcuffed him near me. I thought of the movie, of what kind of camera angle I would use.*

*I could smell the different scents of him. He had on after-shave lotion and some kind of grease on his hair. I could separate the smells. Please don't speak to me, I prayed.*

*"They ain't got nothing yet," he said. "Osvaldo don't mean nothing 'cause they let him walk. Anybody can see that."*

*I didn't answer.*

*"You thinking about cutting a deal?" he asked.*

*King curled his lip and narrowed his eyes. What was he going to do, scare me? All of a sudden he looked funny. All the times I had looked at him and wanted to be tough like him, and now I saw him sitting in handcuffs and trying to scare*

*me. How could he scare me? I go to bed every night terrified out of my mind. I have nightmares whenever I close my eyes. I am afraid to speak to these people in the jail with me. In the courtroom I am afraid of the judge. The guards terrify me. I started laughing because it was funny. They do things to you in jail. You can't scare somebody with a look in here.*

*A court officer came in and got us. When I went into the courtroom, I saw a group of kids sitting in front. It looked like a junior high school class.*

*"Once the trial actually begins there will be no talking," the teacher with them said. "This is part of the American judicial system, and we have to respect every part of it."*

*When I looked at the kids in the class, they turned away from me quickly.*

*I sat down and looked straight ahead. It was easy to imagine myself sitting where they were sitting, looking at the back of the prisoner.*