

This document presents the first complete transcription and translation of Rudy Guede's "German Diary," in English. It contains the thoughts, observations and memories he put to paper in jail in Koblenz, while awaiting extradition to Italy. His only counsel, at that point, was a court appointed German lawyer whose principal brief was to deal with the conditions of the extradition.

Three persons were key to the preparation of this document: Traduco, Sparrow and Nicki. They invested many hours of emotive work into the project, and were supported by the excellent multi-point-of-view, multi-timezone, and multi-cultural discussion resulting from Steve Huff's True Crime Weblog on this tragedy: http://www.truecrimeweblog.com/.

No media organization has dedicated time to this diary, beyond picking out a few outstanding phrases from the whole. And here we have the whole, a distressing tale.

For those who have studied English literature, you may pick up the reference in the subtitle to Keats' poem "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer": until the early 19th century, there still had been no direct translation of the Greek classics to English. All ancient Greek literary works were retranslations through Latin, French, or other languages. Keats was overjoyed to discover the precision and recovered elements and meanings in Chapman's first ever direct translation of Homer into English. The poem reflects this joy of discovery. At the end he says he feels like

"stout Cortez when with eagle eyes He stared at the Pacific – and all his men Looked at each other with a wild surmise– Silent, upon a peak in Darien." *

^{*(}actually Núñez de Balboa was the first European to see the Pacific from the Americas)

Instead of an image of Spanish conquistadores looking wide-eyed at the Pacific, on the cover of Rudy's translation it is more appropriate to see Dante discovering Hell.

This translation of Rudy's text will move you with strong emotions, as Keats was moved by Homer. But while Keats discovered joy and opportunity, we discover profound sorrow and loss. While painful, it illustrates to us how precious is this life; a crushing lesson learned at great cost by Rudy Hermann Guede.

In analyzing this crime, ALL scenarios are valid for discussion, none should be vetted. That is the value of the True Crime Weblog, with its rich, heterogeneous and diverse input, with arguments which go from "Lone Wolf" to conspiracy, and why not, with a sprinkling of motivations from horse-play gone wrong, to robbery, to sexual, and from accident to premeditated.

As we go through the scenarios of what may have happened in the crime, with the objective to understand - not investigate -, the **only** moment which is truly important is the day when the evidence is presented, like in any other serious crime case.

We should only hope that there will be one single ending, that justice is served to those responsible for each of the crimes which may be determined by the ILE. We should note that after the most recent appeals court decision on April 1, 2008, the victim's family has once again expressed confidence in the Italian justice system.

(4 April 2008)

Barbini Pavlo e tamiglia has Pado carinimo Professore, chi ti scrive à Guck Rudy Theman un tuo ex allesso ed, ex giocatne, il motro je il quole ti scrivo È che qui in prigime hai un socco de tempo per jensore, cosa che di solito ci spegge quando siono immersi nella ista ordenana, mon che o mm peni o dosia persato devante que persodi, ma é che qui dentro ai l'itempi" per forbe, in josche parole reolizi quanto le perme absissione per tè est mon hai mon auto cen'istante per ringroccorli. du paro molto del mio tempo a ricandore a ame ma ricandore la prina petro che ti ho consciuato, mi ricando che era si tenji delle Eleve-tori a Park Som Gioverno, Faccero la 58 re mm voide enate polo li in poi per an sel persolo ho comerciato ad arristere por te ed vicaversa te per me questo. In quel periodo giocovo a bastet da poco, ma con te ho imponata lol amore questo sport, si possio così, oprovie a te ed he tuo piglio In almone aqueon april. In data tetta me sterro per men soltore meanche betta, en timido ed un po imboroccato, moi col persone del tempo mi ibituai, puche en li da voi agni volta che avertame l'almomento mia 3 volte alla settimama, caspita che munuti belli ha parrato cu voturnour e questovo le delesie che trea moglie mi parece mongiore, soi he mi & rimarto in merte quando lei encirco i corcido e le tucchine i giore, carpita se enon fovoloni, Pai andres di sopre da Francesco.

2 giorsvano ad Protvolution soccer em la place e mi battero. senpe, quelche volto mi foccusa vinare, mo lo faccus

Paolo Barbini, and Family,

Hello Paulo, dearest Teacher. It is Rudy Hermann Guede, your ex-pupil, and ex-player, writing to you. The reason I'm writing to you, is that here in prison you have a lot of time to think. It's something that usually escapes us when we are immersed in the ordinary life, not that I didn't think, or hadn't thought during those times, but it's that here inside, there's more "time" to do it. In a few words, you realize how much people have done for you, and that you haven't ever had the time to thank them.

Here, I spend much of my time remembering. And how could I not remember the first time I met you, back in the days of Elementary School at Ponte San Giovanni when I was in grade 5, class B, if I'm not mistaken. From then on, for quite awhile, I began to exist for you, and viceversa, you for me. This, insomuch as before this time, we didn't even know of each other.

At that time, I'd been playing basketball for a short while. But with you, I learned to love this sport, quite so. Thanks to you and your son Francesco, I was dedicated. I gave all of myself not to skip even one practice. It came to my mind that when I entered your house the first time, I was shy, and a little embarrassed. But with the passage of time I got comfortable, because I was at your place every time we had practice, in other words, 5 times per week. God, what great times I had with you all, arriving, and enjoying the delicacies that your wife made for me to eat. You know, I still remember when she was cooking the stuffed artichokes and stuffed zucchini. Oh God, they were fabulous! Then I'd go upstairs to Francesco's room, and we'd play "Pro Evolution Soccer," on the Playstation, and he always beat me. Sometimes he let me win, but he did it on purpose.

Poi via verso le 15:30 purolevi la macchina la mitica 4x4 quando il tempo era brutto e quando era- mueno, offere la Mitico 125 quosobr si avicinova la bella stogine a pareson Ion Girobone en orrivorous fine al politicetto. E che dire delle portite Vinte e Perse inviena, eno bella quando pocarromo la trosperta cin il Mitico felmino, cena do videre em segolohi a bordo che mi chionala listobatione caspita de bei munet: E Francesco tur figlio che in quel priorde giocovo. en la 1º squedre e mi potar a vedere le portite, ed is ammirous quel ragoccir sil ous muto di for mois, Volevor essere ime lui, Volevo il no 8, Volivo anchio il nomemo che indemara Ed ethi quel numero, e mi sertivo come Francesco il Play della squal Ti riccordo anche di quello volta che o conociato quella cognolina. june petovo a sposso. Un apocia ed un soluto ad Sloria de iniene ella machi curinare pu me, lha dire Paulo ci sorebbe forto da roccut.
Is non mi saderebbero i popli per dexrivere, ricardore, roccutore quosto aute fathe jer me, in mis curre avei voluto dire, avei voluto joter dire queste pardi peronolmète e mi dispose non averlo fotte prime, mo soppate the vi ringrozio con tutto il cure, ringrovio Te Paolo, tua Moglie, tuatidi : TUO FIGLIO Francesco (IL FRATEUR CHE AVREI VOLUTO AVERE) & quella comproli titla neva GRAZIE DI TUTTO

Then by around 3:30, you'd get the car, the Mitica 4x4, when the weather was bad, and when it was winter. Or the Mitica 125, when the weather was nicer and we took San Girolamo to get to the stadium. And what can I say of the games won and lost together? It was great when we went to the away- games in the Mitico minibus. There was laughter on board, with Segoloni, who called me "Little Chocolate." God, what great times. And Francesco, your son, who at that time played with the No. 1 team, and I went to see the games, and I admired that guy, his way of doing things, his conscientiousness. I wanted to be like him. I wanted the no. 8, I wanted also the number that he wore. And I had that number, and I felt like Francesco, the point guard of the team. I remember also, from that time, that I knew that little, all black dog that you found abandoned and took to your house, and that often I took him for a walk. A thanks and a greeting to Ilaria, who like all the mothers, cooked for me. What can I say, Paolo? It would be a lot to remember, but these pages wouldn't be enough to describe, to remember, to recount all you've done for me. In my heart I have wanted to say, I have wanted to be able to say these words in person, and it displeases me not to have done it before. But you all know that I thank you with all my heart. I thank you, Paolo, your Wife, your Son... Your Son Francesco (THE BROTHER I WOULD HAVE WANTED TO HAVE) And that little black dog

THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING Rudy Hermann Guede

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ellesta obria mena insiene a quento successor sulla mia esponsia ed addicenzo fino ad aggi è una miscella esplosivo. fen me, non ce la facció jui a damire mon vissor ad chiadre gli orchi The vedo tutto rows, non arres visto mai tuto quell mujur, sanbras era forte mon loscioni solo- mi rijetero, io le dicere mu precupol par ti dissondera colle se apri acto cu me il allulare fore L'aries soluto volo uno dolto mi è sacremo di dedere tanto sonque mello mis vita quando un girm. a torgiono puche abstav a geal og the smi usu dalla testa e si riverso per testa li violi tuto sample. sero è niente in anqueto mue los niente o che vedere an grade sero è niente in anqueto, avevo Certato di colfirmi mo-mi sulla namo que tagliente, sembrava un sistem solo spirocodom mi ha portocata prita propude, mo coduto per terro ha cercato obr penini ivantre no grovie a die e usale delle caso lei si formutato cercaro de polore mi sam alesto e sum adata in somere sur e lei ripto cercoso di dire quolono mo costav solo un dire quolisa mon caro leyo di careore uno juna ed un foglio ma rivilité solo a captore quelle dire lettere seur la torre pieno di songre che mi volure pieno di songre del seur boupe di se presento di ferrore quel songre la presso in dire quella lever un alla pressone de l'este un obte pressone de l'este un obte pressone de l'este un obte prome de un minute eso tute institute.

This story, put together with what has happened in my childhood and adolescence until today, is an explosive mixture, for me. I'm just not able to sleep anymore. I'm not able to close my eyes without seeing all red. I've never seen so much blood, it seemed like a river.

I tried to help her, she who squeezed my hands. She was strong, "But don't leave me alone," she repeated to me. I told her "Don't worry I won't abandon you." Damn, if I had only had my cell phone with me, perhaps I might have saved her. Only once before it's happened, that I've seen so much blood in my life, when I was a child in Torgiano, because I was living in that area there. My "father" smashed a stick over my head. There, I saw so much blood coming from my head and pouring down on the ground that I looked like a fountain. But this has nothing to do with that evening, and is nothing in comparison.

He tried to hit me, but I knew how to defend myself, in contrast with Meredith. He hit me on the hand. It was sharp. It seemed like scalpel. Only grazing me, it created a deep injury, but I fell to the ground. I tried to come up toward (him) but thank God, he left the house. She was moaning, trying to speak. I got up and went to her room and she, I repeat, she was trying to say something, but I made out only a sound "af, af, af." I tried to write on the wall because she wanted to say something, but there wasn't time to look for a pen and a sheet of paper. But I was only able to capture those two letters. Her mouth was full of blood and her neck was bleeding. Maybe that's why she wasn't able to say what she wanted to say. I tried to stop the blood. I took a towel from her bathroom, but in less than a minute it was all soaked. I took another. but it was no use.

now now, niert ollo, covollo se non fassi andato in The forse la jorte l'ounei oferto is chi so ha sorethe successo ante, o mi- dio perché tretto questo, cono also accordi dimi quello truno. com "troubto un major troubto un colfarole" mi conscesso ? non une riescito a vederlo bera ferche la casa ero poto ill'unimoto- solo lomero di Heredith ero ill'uni noto mi mantho perché dero. L'Abogour icino a Heredith ? to men want year can known a Heredith and per le la vento mo siano mai usate insieno, e denque quella ferona mi hiede non amountain abbie fotute die de sie Patrick il colpute ? ferebe viein land of the con liered the ? o an Anada? Dalhow dose la colpe on uno luma : pero un recedir no o an Honorde: valuon acre lo- coppe and in C'era problem perde software o trovoide carollo é una storia comercio. To sur esche chactato dello
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There was only red, nothing else. Damn, if I hadn't gone to the bathroom, perhaps I would have opened the door, and maybe nothing would have happened. Oh my God, why all this, what had that person tried to tell me with "black man found, guilty man found?" Did he know me? I wasn't able to see him well because the house was not well lit. Only Meredith's room had light. I remember because the abat-jour was switched on. Maybe that's why they accused Patrick, the first black man close to Meredith?

I didn't go out often with Amanda and Meredith, on the contrary, to tell the truth, we never went out together. And therefore that person who asks me, not knowing me, he could have been able to say that Patrick was the guilty one? Because he was close to, and went out often with Meredith? Or with Amanda? They had to blame someone and therefore, as she was seen with a black man, there was no problem, because they knew how to find him. Damn, it's an absurd story.

I left the house in shock. I was outside, but didn't know where to go, seeing still all that blood. It was all so red. I thought of going home. I had wet trousers and tried to cover it with the sweatshirt. There were a lot of people in the street, in Piazza Grimana. There were some guys still playing basketball even though it was dark.

I arrived back home, not knowing what to do. I remember having taken off my pants. I changed only those, because of the clothes I was wearing, only the trousers were dirty. I put on the "Pelle Pelle" ones, I remember because many of my friends said they looked like pajamas. I washed my hands, they were full of blood, in the sink, and I left. I just wasn't able to stay home. It seemed I was seeing blood everywhere. I went to Alex's house, where, by the way, I already passed, an hour before. I also met Philip.

Incubato on the Philip pine d'aconti all trobay vici un Matoria Vellar, a craver doti affertanto a casa di Alex la pit de era una ragozza mor arrista a como di Ales medo now le 4,30 e from de sorem usch vin di coso sur vero le Raise les e solite usais tordi di coso merbe ero li lou mi porteten solito ci perdersu in gine no io quello sero deva la testa leve en enfun spi tanto cercovo di reogise for me for afice or rei amini esso mi sterre succendendo anote se arei detideroto de mo Mero-chiesto coro à de ma aroloca Pensaro Avana a Merestith apper and total total volero chiedre un telefon per chorone "

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I also met Philip beforehand, in front of the Kebap near La Tana dell'Orso. We had decided to meet at Alex's place, and I then told him that I had to meet a person, and he understood immediately that it was a girl. I arrived at Alex's place, I think, around 11:30. And I think we would have left there around 12:00, approximately. Alex usually would leave home late. When I am there they would talk to me, and usually we would kid around, tease each other, but I, that evening, I had a head where (sic) I was confused. Every so often I tried to react to make my friends understand what was happening to me, although I would have wanted to have been asked what was wrong (with me).

I kept thinking of Meredith. I knew she was struggling. I wanted to ask for a phone to call, and what to say to my friend... how could I say to them I have to call 118 (NDT: The Emergency Number) that's why I was afraid. That evening, I remember that I was saying to Alex to leave earlier because staying home was unbearable. I was seeing blood everywhere. That evening, maybe I could have saved a life, but I was a coward. I, who as a child, to escape from the awful world I was in, looked at everything that had to do with heroes who saved the world and people. I, who as a child often dreamed of saving the world, wasn't even able to call 118; it's so easy. I'm ashamed of myself. I would have wanted to be in her shoes, because she would have done what I didn't do. I didn't rape Meredith. Because I really respect women in that, never having had a mother, I mean my real Mother, I saw in many female figures I knew, to be my Sweet. Affectionate (mothers). I am willing to do whatever...

soudoto li solo per portore an lei ren Novando de mi Lacen à una bella ragozza, apprimente ed é Doble come tante Brase ragoza de la consciuto, i siano viste la sero pina le sero di Hallaireen melle coro di clami rogossi lo gruello sero-cra Meitre de andotor a coso di clani rayozzi spogoli di an aras yell innounce jerchi omivi delle du napoza po quele de abbiton Dopo di me in Via del Comerin 126 in Corso Gronbold' quelle sera some stato a lass I'm obbian visto ma josh to li coleio e forlato dopo di che siam andati o questo festa non l'avert ricumsante puché Harcherstu de varfin le indece pur vestito marolinete ed é stato-lei a rianasceni quando to aisonosciuto le ho detto "che si vuoi auchiore il soque poule dete provola colle! e lei si era messa a ridere questo jerali setti more pina I'd rightono avero jour contro il bud Africo- nello
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I went there only to talk to her, not hiding the fact that I found her to be a beautiful girl, charming and Sweet, like so many Fine girls I have known. We saw each other the night before, Halloween night, in the house of some guys. That night I was going in and out of the house of some Spanish people with whom I became acquainted, because they are friends of the two Spanish girls that live above me in Via del Canerino, No. 26, in Corso Garibaldi. And that night I was at their house. We watched a soccer game and talked. After that, we went to a masquerade party, and there I met many people, among them Meredith. I didn't recognize her because she was dressed as a vampire. I, instead, was dressed normally, and it was she who recognized me. When I recognized her, I said, "Do you want to suck my blood, because you lost the Cup?" And she began to laugh. This is because the week before, the British had lost against the South Africans in the Rugby finals. And that night we encountered each other, also saw each other during the whole night, for the duration of the game. And we shared a lot of jokes. That day there were already, me, Alex, Alex's cousin, with his friend Philip, and behind us a group of British people, among them Meredith, that I already knew from before. That night, the night of the 31st, we had a Lot of fun. It was also the evening in which I had the possibility...

Mode offwholite income do tall quello sero as he flintell ette de mi soubble position per lorci quere e lei acette. Defor oli la Io an tute le jusue de erono nello asso siam usa ti Per andere al club (Dorws Jer la festa in Mandera Ma headit nom vene a non so dave and ferde me la vieligien avrei visto Sano stato describir come omninato dalle finence dolle Inglesi tuto questo è del folso, non som un Monioni mide a me some mai otato an una nagozza infer eo (Arania. achi e run suro smerinto do nemuo tipo di rogora le stiche per quarto riquardo le ragotte le possio cure le pro i mici cortarci Perche se io sono ossessinato tretti quelli le Une sion al Mertin sia al "Danus" cora sono? a che ine dell'Antungo che Lavra sia nel "Damis" che d''Halia" che reaution tra di loro appezine come se formo jedine? Le cisto an ma ragitto a provito sego ordere a vedere che Gio India the rate. If corre min he auto Holliamia

In order to make the most of that whole evening there, I flirted. It was the reason for which we had to see each other, because I told her that I would have liked us to talk again, and she accepted. After which, I, with all the people in the house, left to go to the club "Domus." for the masquerade party. But Meredith didn't come and I don't know where she went because I didn't see her again inside "Domus," but I knew that the next day I would see her.

I've been described as being obsessed with American and English girls. All this is false. I'm not a sexual scoundrel, and I've never been with an English girl, or an American. I go out with everybody and most of the people with whom I go out are male, and I wasn't obsessed with any type of girl. The judgments as far as girls are concerned, I make them like my peers do. Because if I am obsessed, all of those people at both the "Merlin" and "Domus," what are they? Not to mention the 'Entourage' that works at both "Domus" and "Merlin" who trade their young girls amongst themselves as if they were pawns. If I try with a girl, I'll make an attempt, without going to see if she's Indian, American, English, Chinese or anything else, mentally and sexually, I'm ok with that. And I repeat, I check out a girl's "back side" like all my peers, and all people, independently of race. In my house I have had many friends, male and female.

Joestiveten une un moriavo, cio provoto an Nolte porre de sur lemite a cosa miso ma le ha serpe rispetto me (Vildone Det un- ragotte houte de ho anoxisto, Victoria mo ragorra Bulgare cosi obte rayorre che suo stale a asa miaon our habun asynto jerda ha sempe nisptato il low volere the sia "31" o ho" rejette archa ousheis vedere al proto di colore he mi hom dotte in Profile de don Géasin di anolere a eder colors dre allors four porte Dell'Antinge del Gerling

e del Gornes! E poi la storia del Borone! mi for olgista lidere Borne della drogo Ho griondo mai lai nella mia vita- fino ad oggit milam funoto per fossista à stuppenti alui men for mi ham firmito a Milone en tertato purto Il mica volto de sia stato ferrato e fortato in commo ma a che queto toria a mebbe delle fiegozione la chiorisa perde atenzo di espere citime. Now Vergin, puravo proli une Molti ragozzi stopoli dovero manitere; miei amini ma nor ero un furstore jerche moi ho Who to an Didorette "Poahett" Or quant rignordo le chugh endo o un to tropo moi verduto obragle mendo una como che l in so reach college office for mon so fore mande

They describe me as a maniac. I've tried with many girls who came to my house, but I always respected them, like Vildana, a Croatian girl I met, Victoria, a Bulgarian girl, as well as other girls who've been at my house, and with whom I have a good relationship because I have always respected their wishes, whether it be "yes" or "no." I repeat once more, I would go to see at the place of those who gave me the Profile of a Don Juan, go to see those who were a part of the "Entourage" of the "Merlin" and of the "Domus."

And then the story of the "Baron" makes me really laugh. Drug "Baron," like, you've got to be kidding! Never in my life until now have they arrested me for narcotics possession. A few months ago, they arrested me in Milan for attempted theft. That was the only time I was arrested and taken to the police station but this story as well would have some explanation that would clear it up because I believe I was a victim.

Every so often I smoked cigarettes. I smoked, in a manner of speaking, because I still have virgin lungs. I smoked because, like a lot of stupid kids, I had to imitate my friends. But I wasn't a smoker, because I never bought a cigarette "Pack." As far as drug possession, I smoked pot. Here too, I "smoked" in a manner of speaking. But that I sell it, that's a bit too much. I never sold drugs, not even pot. I don't even know how to roll, or rather I don't know even how to make a joint."

Joenpe person mono uno como jerche me l'hour pueto e Poi il Nume Boumel e stato toglioto jerche i be ragozi Italiai de abbitam el par di sotto sono oro ad aloni obsto il Mone di Dovan Varil in tobiane "Borrone Daro" in quato al grocatore di Bostlet he pioco em i Golden States in NBA seco il jerche di Rue soponeme che Hi averbno obilitato meande tre 13 settino ra fo mon é che mi chionoro con Do una Vita L'occolation ropramme de mi é stato dato de Vitica Roberto made ho iniciato a piocore a bostet an la "Lio" Parche pino giocoro cu la Ponte Hechio dove ho iniziato Botlet. Molti Anici del Pante Michiomono il Jede indi Bonom Davario, il Peco, il Posoprio, il Minio ania an cui ho fotto Asternio, il dercio il Bottolne il Ginglio Mi chiarano per Hove il West son il ause non ju Mudere Poi là carry la Jaia e Polly Rusy il Kargio borone Perché mogiono tente Bonane

I would always take a joint into my hand because they passed it to me. And then the name "Barrone" was given to me by two Italian guys who live on the floor downstairs. They were the ones who gave me the name of "Baron Davis," in Italian, "Barrone Davis" after the basketball player who plays with the "Golden States" (NDT: The Golden States Warriors) of the NBA. That's the reason behind that nickname. They had given me that name for not even three "3" weeks. On the other hand, they called me, you could say, my whole life "Little Chocolate," a nickname that was given to me by the Awesome Roberto when I began to play basketball with the "Lio." Because before that I played with "Ponte Vecchio" where I began playing basketball. Many friends of "Ponte" called me "il Gede Vedi Banana." Il Banano, il Peco, il Pasqua, il Mincio, friends with whom I attended Elementary School, Middle Schoool, and high school. Friends like Polly, it Mincio, Astenio, il Lercio, il Bottolone, Il Giuglio. They often called me "Slave" the "Black(man)" with love, not to offend. Then Camy, Iaia, and Polly, called me "Rudy the Banana Eater" because I ate so many bananas. I was crazy for them.

to the Godory the mi dionor of the "Amico! of. Just som i sopo nom der the ho now il borne are diano In nego de guardo em a Pavia ho lavrato in un bor tra I altro in new, dove dera un gin di troya no To baract in guel bor for jeter carcore di arrivre a fin nesse Ina l'oltre Lacrait anche delle Mattine fino a serve jen l'ado steur momento cercato di giocore an l'Edimes
che è uno socio di Para che to un A 2 li ho finosciute molti rogozzi simpatici, forti e brovi ma dweth. Lossine Paio jacht il gestre del Bor sconforce loseindus senza & Vienta e torrai a l'Ecco do Mia Zia Jugu mun Doteni Del chagato o del marioca de modo la Person Amerida e Heredith : Amerida mon la conoxu del tutto di Potrich, ero ardato li uno volta perchi mi era stato dato fine mon un volontino su qui scritto il line del Locale pertusto dulo Toli Jahick the gio unocuro jer dire jerite vedur njero ad ho anche me fotte em Dui ette fotte duho d'Orner uno sero- è una Jenna monole a simpatica ma non air ha mai jordato in Mode Mroffondito me all'infato mi e serfiotto una dersone

Then I have Gabry who often called me "Amico." These are the nicknames I have been given, not the "Barrone" as people claim. I can't deny that when I was in Pavia I worked in a bar, actually was being paid under the table, where whores were circulating, but I worked in that bar to make ends meet. I actually worked from morning through the night for 70 euro/week, and there is much to say about this as well. And at the same time I was trying to play with Edimes, that is a team from Pavia in A2 series. There I met many nice guys, great and strong. But I had to leave Pavia because the bar owner fled, leaving me with nothing, and I went back to my aunt in Lecco. Therefore don't finger me as a dope-head and a maniac. How I met Amanda and Meredith: Amanda I don't know her well. 1) I met her once at "Le Chic," not knowing it belonged to Patrick. I had gone there once because I had been given a flier with the name of the club. When I walked inside I saw Patrick who I knew, so to speak, because I saw him often and I also had a photo taken with Him and Me inside the "Domus" one night. He is a normal and nice guy, but I haven't spoken to him much (in a deep manner). But my first impression was of an ok guy.

The duto of local the conth Anodo Hi neurodo benimina mi si aricino con il soni so danto sulla faccia, io quello sero for do solo li iniciam a portore "come stail "di dore sei 12 in a quardo un mi disse de era di Sestle li pui antento ordie joechi fioni prino oveva lasciato LItolio- in rayozzo n ani aver strette amicicio che era arde tri di Gestile issur detto chi so mayori la conoce ed allors le ha dette Le alero un ama di Seattle che studio all UN ossion he poloser di due jerme differenti mo lita a Mette hume cofficione da prima iniziato a porlore, le ho chiesto se nel orde meturno Hip Hot o Reb Jacke grulle sero foccurre potine Americano tipo di Plusica da non la justo Molto e leidine pro qui puro solso e Hurico Africam, quella sero bevi la sorguis-The la serie Patrick ricando ande il prezzo 2 € pri usa pur dulla à state la pina volta de incutrai Anando n segunto la in cubai multo volte ma cra Ciarie via agrum gia un mir gruph de cerriar con como cono min care thativo che

It was inside the club where I met Amanda. I remember very well that she approached me with a smile stamped on her face. That evening I was by myself. I began to talk with her "How are you... Where are you from," until she told me she was from Seattle. I was happy because a few days before that, a guy with whom I'd become very close, who was from Seattle, had left Italy. I told myself, who knows, perhaps she knows him? And then I told her I had a friend from Seattle who studies at UW, that is, University of Washington, whose name is Victor. At once she said yes, then asked if he was Chinese. I said no, Victor is part Russian, and I realized we were speaking about two different people. But there and then, between one thing and the other, we began to talk. I asked her if they played Hip Hop or R&B in the club, because that evening they were doing Latin American type of Music, which I don't care for much. And she said that here they play Salsa and African Music. That evening I drank sangria, and it was Patrick, I remember, who served it. I even remember the price, 2 Euros. Then I left the club and went to meet the guys I would often go out with.

It was the first time that I met Amanda and after that, I ran into her many times, but it was always "hi" and "bye" each going our own way. I didn't strike up a relationship (with her). I already had my group of friends with whom I went out. There wasn't any Reason that I'd get attached to her.

The lune sero de ero il anglian di aven se inn Bookin ardan funi Io, Alex, Philip, MJ, Odkin, Ben, Hite a obli ragorei puri a lesteggiare the riccordo Dew di wells sera Judie aux si VBRiace a la jortono a clornisa La casa di Alex e poi niuram finche a fine serata Wanti alla Bharack! Non incutrar i due ragozzi Italiani a cui giocovo nem al compete di finzza fermo a Booket nur i rayour in dei las anici ad allinossi a me, quella dera era alticair ma era cosciente perhamo anail eraterpo di torrore a coso- perlando con questi roposori persi the virta i miei soliti amia, e rimasti con questi rayossi. li di cime una ragozza ad iniziai od otlacore Bottom lien di dre ere de dave venne eu, ece, lei di dima ricumosciuta e le Dissi che ho conocciuto cure rayorero di paottle più pina è lei Mi disse che era quella rayorra al che calgai Di abrilo- pio Vista, foi borbano jo i rogazi. Amenda. rendersono la disolo di cara, arrivati via Amand Vierla Guinava dessa Cien ai mayora.
Loro o cara livro or venise anyora.

Also, one evening that was Owen's birthday, if I'm not mistaken. Me, Alex, Philip, MJ, Owen, Ben, Mike, and other guys went to celebrate. I remember Well that evening, because Owen got Drunk and I took him to sleep at Alex's house. Then we went out again until at the end of the night, in front of the "Shamrock," we met the two Italian guys with whom I often played Basketball on the small court of Piazza Grimana. It was these guys, with their friends, who approached me. That night I was a bit high/tipsy, but conscious and talking. By then it was time to return home, but talking with these guys, I lost sight of my usual friends and stayed with them.

That is to say, I knew them and I decided to stay with them. At that point, a girl approached us and started to chat us up. I asked where she was from, where she came from, etc, etc. She told me her name was Amanda, and she was from Seattle. Then and there I hadn't recognized her and I told her that I'd met a girl from Seattle, around before. And she said that she was that girl, at which point, I made the connection of having already seen her. Then we talked, I, the guys, Amanda, while we were going home. Having arrived near Piazza Grimana, I said bye to the guys, but they convinced me to come with them to their house. It didn't take much to convince me.

pondai a cosa di questi ragozzi for los priso- Voltos Lete se erono airea quatur nem de li introvedero de giocorono o bostet insiene, fu opullo sero de li diedero l'offellattico di "Baru Dais" nel patemp Anada Indo a casa sua i royorri abitovom al piono di sotto whatti mella cosa dei rayozci iniziamo tutti quarti on nitticore Amando chi più, chi nem sel sino de na una hella ragozza, di se la imaginara mertie le la faccera ecc, éce core che printrette i ragozzi li più chi meno, is quello sero un mi ricando di presciso. Da dissi nei sui confronti ma di aidore d'elle con li si ende sione ovrischi tutti i nogozzi o quel ocofo loi en Vi ragorci (Mr ni ricendo bere i mmi) aniacio a fore mu ano e To chieri de deser Jogor e su dimero 1/1/2 che 11 li iniziamo a funore nel nio casa Funore tio Vingolitle Dimoginario Degrum di Mai an Anonda of lette erapuro lei maschi a cora dellerano perore se no? Pai sentino rumine alla porto- e chi era? Ano da tutti noi en quandoni raddens, Anorda si sedete e vicio a furore ande lei fu li le rossi de puodo moltissimo perde me lo dissero inagozi e lo la serato alevo- uno como inor quato riquorde il puro jerde ne er freo. Quello sero il Mio agua apuello di Anada si incooccioreno Molto e lei mi manhima de 1

I went to the home of these guys for the first time, even though it had been four months since I first spotted them playing basketball together. It was that evening that they gave me the nickname "Baron Davis." In the meantime, Amanda went to her house. The guys living downstairs entered their house. We all began to critique Amanda, some more, some less, in the sense that she was a pretty girl. Some imagined doing it with her, etc., etc... Stuff that all guys do, some more, some less. That evening, I don't remember exactly what I said about her, but to go to bed with her, yes, because all of us guys ended up with that as the goal. Then one of the guys (I don't remember their names well) began to prepare a joint and I asked if I had to pay, and they said "Of course not." We began to smoke in the house. "Smoking," I put that in quotes. We imagined ourselves, each one of us, with Amanda in bed. We were guys at home, what were we supposed to be thinking, if not this? Then I heard a knock at the door and who was it? Amanda. We all looked at each other and laughed.

Amanda sat down and she too, began to smoke. Then and there, I knew she smoked a lot because the guys told me so, and I saw it with my own eyes. For the entire evening she had a joint in her mouth, and she was smoking and smoking. I, in comparison, was a real novice, which I am with regard to smoking, because I know little. That evening my glance and Amanda's glance kept meeting a lot, and she exchanged with me, a smile of the type...."

fre di tento no successe mento jordano di tutto quella serio. Pricado de clieni ad un diragozzi chi shitora di sopri e si line Due Italine, Amada ed un Inglese TI ir dissifaturatione Me ? inché dove abitair Is apa di me ceran 2I tolique e Espayarde nologia in comuni per dire. Più tardi Sentim Dumore alla porto mi quando archio la quanda copito era Bella- la occhio mi enti che devera essere la sagotto inglese per vio del sur Holiene plati la pira ana de le la dette e stato atre non hoi miente le la madre era Indiana o qualera del genera di quelle parti pradei le due ragocce e vidi de lei era melto bello no pri tutto 12. fu la pina volta che combis Meredith, forse l'asso gia manhata in alhi forti va van ci desto stai fatta coro-Ruella notte porlaro a lugo si puo dire fer tutto la notto porlano It tothe di jui fino a quado storoli si jenso oli andore a havine le due ragotte ardoron a caso-losso e noi mossh Visconerue a secció como si sud dire To ero tropo cotto for Medere la droide di coso e dieri ai regozzi se potevo danire de loro e pu con che doini de loro- sul Divor e mon sul Mater come à state santo Aoni sul Divan e si Pour accarta

Nothing more than that happened. We talked about everything that evening. I remember that I asked one of the guys, who lived upstairs (to him) and he told me "Two Italian girls, Amanda, and an English girl." I said "Lucky, just like me" because where I lived, upstairs there were 2 Italian girls, 2 Spanish girls, and two Mexican girls. Before that, 2 Italian girls, 1 Cypriot girl, and 1 Japanese girl lived there. In short, something in common, you could say. Later I heard knocking at the door. I opened it, and a girl came in. It was Meredith. She came in, she looked at me, and I looked at her. Damn, she was Beautiful. In one glance, I recognized that she had to be the English girl, in light of her Italian. In fact the first thing I told her was "You don't seem to have anything English about you," speaking in English. And in fact, if I remember, she told me her mother was Indian, or something of the kind from those places. I looked at the two girls and saw that she was very pretty, but that was the end of it.

There, for the first time, I met Meredith. Maybe I had already encountered her in other places, but I had never noticed. That night, we spoke at length, you could say, all night. We spoke of everything and more, until when tired, it was thought to go to sleep. The two girls went to their place, and we guys were left "high and dry," as they say. I was too dead-tired to see my way home, and I asked the guys if I could stay at their place. And that's how I slept at their place on the Sofa, and not on the Toilet as it was written. I slept on the Sofa, next to the black cat, belonging to the guys.

As Penso de seron dati circa le 5 del mothero quando siano adoti a donne ero melle stesso toto di tutti quanti ch: in chè men no tutti cotti, stanchi . Hi svegtiai l'indurani lerso le 3 cinco o le 10 mil gotho novo a sieghioni D'uni ollo comero dei due rayozzi a la solitai e cle a soremo aienti l'confetto, coro de successe nei gioni a dense riviole Anando.

1. Meredith in gian a si solutate e finise l'o foi in from i rayotte the abrow invitate a Hagiere fuori ci sorberes Itato tretti quelli dell'alho sera Moir partordi ander a was I sho ma mon cera nesser all'ora andri alle chete jer Reache di Amordo morgoni sofue dove erom andoti mo-merche lei cero- all'oro- collegai che ero cui i rogozi usura un gli oltri e mente andoi con i Miei solti suici lyjen Per il certa ano soboto quello sero, L'indononi Dimenco- andre a cora di rayozzi e li trovai e dissi l'or di d'esti ciati mo-Capeca, Roi de ma li allelle visti in culm e di essu ando los To alle dick per chiedere di bro est Aronda no neonde la Cers-e mi dimen portado che erano andate dofo Censai ragozzi d'Estatoria na questo e affore low de li rigued

(NDT: Missing word) I think it must have been about 5:00 in the morning when we went to sleep. I was in the same state as everyone else. Some more, some less so, but we were all dead tired, exhausted. I woke the following day around 9:00 approximately, or 10:00 (~~scribble~~). It was the black cat that woke me. I knocked on the door of the room of the two guys, and greeted them, and (said) we'd meet up again at the basketball court, which happened.

In the days to come I saw Amanda and Meredith around town. We said "hi" and that was it. Then one day, the guys invited me to eat out. It would have been all the guys from the other night, but I was late. I went to their house, but no one was there. So then I went to "Le Chic" to ask about Amanda, maybe she knew where they went, but she wasn't there. So then I figured that she was with the guys, going out with the others. Meanwhile I went with my usual friends, hanging around in the center of town. It was Saturday that evening. The next day, Sunday, I went to the guys' house and found them. I told them that I 'd tried, but couldn't find them the day before, that I'd gotten to their house late, etc., etc., then that I hadn't seen them in the town center, and that I'd gone to "Le Chic" to ask about them and Amanda, but not even she was there. And they told me that they'd gone after dinner to "The Red Zone." Then we spoke a lot about what happened to the guys at "The Red Zone." But this is their own business that has to do with them.

It continuos a vedere, finde une detto nom si assiver ol formo della finale Inglillerra-Sud Friae dale violi di Muar lereditt per tutto la durata della portità mi capitaca per di-inormi ser guardorla perobe lei è Holto Bella Poi quella soru inita la portita septin alcui inglesi in modo shoror foi fini l' cercono di ardore al Donnis No. Alex siccome aveva litigato in dei butto-fusi non le passon entrore ed all'ore-timore justi in antro poi ognus o casa Sure ille le come tutte le volta pranhovo Amanda, ed I ragozzi al conju, mentre Anardese jar poso in shoots ex era in ano evid non other mar legato j' con vicevenso. Heredith la vedeur sjew al Merkin a si joslace Inche la sera del 31 di Hollower non cetto porloto in modo Marthuranto seguiro- la dell'urine Inglese nel rugby e quello sero-« rederm o lungo acerono di cle porlore, etto Flinteto mi a è scapeto un bación e basta ecco il motivo di volento risedere il giorno dopo lei mis dato l'nonio ed il Luage dell'appertamenta. Quella ero conlecto Este questo sono usato pusto di casa junso circo verso le 7:30 di sero-Ino oudato prina a cosa di Alex He Zui mon mi api substo jathorono redo cinco o minuti la o apetlato un fo perche vedello la luce di camera.

The accera ed appetar in fath si star lavordo era do tera che camera.

Alexinipthe era andato ger un jo in Greccia a coso sua polici un po a luy. in hui e foi ardai via diardoi che ai sovern rivisti sia tordi questo era il mortio appeterneto, dissi ad Alex che ardais a Mangiore e torrocco si toroli, pri vederdo de era aretra presto ser

(NDT: missing words)...continue to see. Until, as said, the day of the England-South Africa final arrived, where I saw Meredith anew. For the entire duration of the match I happened to turn around often to look at her, because she was Very Beautiful. Then that evening, once the match had ended, I teased some English people in a joking way, then it was over.

We tried to go to "Domus." But Alex couldn't get in, since he'd fought with one of the club bouncers, so then everyone returned to the town center, then each one of us went home. From there, like all the times, I met Amanda and The guys at the court. With Amanda, it was by chance on the street, and it was always "hi" and "bye." I never got tight with her, and vice versa. I often saw Meredith at the "Merlin," and spoke to her. Until the evening of the 31st of Halloween, I didn't speak with her in any in-depth way. I followed the English disappointment in rugby, and that evening we saw each other a long time, and had a lot to talk about. I flirted with her and stole a kiss, and that's all. That's the reason to want to see her the next day. She gave me the time and place of the meeting.

That (day) I was happy. For this, I left home early, I think around 7:30 in the evening. I first went to Alex's house, but he didn't immediately open (the door). I think about 5 minutes went by. I waited a bit because I saw the light of his room on, and I waited. In fact, he was washing himself. It had been a while since I'd seen him. In fact, he went for awhile to his home in Greece. I talked with him a little at his place, and then I left, saying that we'd see each other later. This was our appointment. I said to Alex that I was going to eat and I'd return later, then seeing that it was still early...

Aprilomento an Hereditha andri in certar fecci in gian jon Colore dove morgiose, pri decisi di mongiare del Rebof ed andri icino a quello che ste accarta Alla Tara Dell'Assi' li incutari I hilif in Ania Austriaco che portaro cu uno royozzo e rii diremi 12. Hebap ed ho ordinate da magiore hossiptato un jo jerche dalarti thebak ed ho ordinato as morpho mosque mosque or cinho a Philip de pular ordinator, poi magio a andri rici sion dati offentamento o- più tordi A cose-di Alex, A Philip olimi i andore a in introre une jerma e hui scherzando Hi dime Un agotto o the regotto To hataneste una regotto ferche si aifferite lor mi sur diretto on caro de Herebitt on tuth i gon le fici credo che sorom stati all'incinca le 8 % d'anca 'erche ci doveron vedere per quell'ora anche

de vivore in nitorolo, arrivore purture che

uno mocchina binco am pori accessi alla corre zolita

in india alem in Corrolforibaloli, ma mo proporto. Pushon The veders ofen in Correlationali, ma me un magator tusher Mortoure (un diedi molta inpertanta) ed entrai nel cortile sumoi ella Porta mon molta inputared ed entra:

L'a cera- qualcura olli ora mon menum.

Spettaj mel contile di nata:

Mettaj mel contile di nata:

Before my meeting with Meredith, I went to the town center. I walked around, to see where to eat. Then I decided to eat at the Kebap, so I went toward the one that's next to "La Tana dell'Orso." I met Philip there, an Austrian friend who was speaking with a girl and he directed me to the Kebap and I ordered something to eat. I waited a bit because in front of me there were two girls who were ordering. Then I ate and went towards Philip, who was still talking. With Philip I talked at length, then we agreed to meet later at Alex's place. I told Philip I had to go meet someone, and he jokingly asked me if it was a guy or a girl. I pointed out it was a girl, because he was referring to an awful onenight stand that happened to me a few days before, regarding a "guy."

Then I headed for Meredith's house. With all the running around I did, I think it would have been around 8:30, approximately. Because we were supposed to see each other at that time, even though I didn't have a watch I tried to arrive on time, because I usually arrive late. As I arrived in front of the house, I noticed a white car with headlights on, and a Drug-Dealer I often saw on Garibaldi Avenue, but I didn't make much of this, and I went into the yard. I knocked on the door, but no one answered. I went downstairs to the guys' place, but no one was there either. So then, I waited in the yard.

, tempo dopo, Eas Hereditt, socialeso, Mi chiese do generato tempo em aspettando e le dimi de circo un minito, si mine a sonidere ja reste le diavidalle bossa ed ofin la forta ed entrame mor C'era negen er dire che era rienhoto mo dalle alhe storzo- nessure pressione In offents averi enfects insiene al helps ande de bere delle sissopro di sere accora perdo ero- molto ficcante e le chiesni le potent per quoliore e mi disse di fore au comodo some se formi l'acque rican lei nor mi vedus bevi dirette rete delle bottique un soffers dole eras i bicchieri, e poi mi sedeti, Non so che problemi avene au Anordo-ma serti che si lametrosa ed all'ora l'altai ed andais verso conero suo la vidi funiosa estisse estrali perde « Auella Thois di uno drogata y eram jorde eranti per due che erano oriche, pichiesi da era successo mi disse de mon vedeur fin i sui solde, a mi ficce sectere Il carretion account of letter dove tenero anche la bianderia interno-KForse è stato un ladro diriis la vederna che nun c'era nema inhorine sio dell'Esterno che dell'interno della cora all'ora botto to contra Amada e non della cara a ver en monera.

D. D. P. Encho le altre ragozze the abitation can lei Da li é andata in correra di Anomala. X Vedere de cera imporin nella sua com.

Some time later, here's Meredith, she was smiling, and asked me how long I'd been waiting, and I told her for about one minute. She smiled, then took the keys out of her purse, opened the door, and we entered. There wasn't anyone in the house because it was dark everywhere, in the kitchen, in the living room, then she yelled "Anybody here," to let people know she was back, but there was no answer from the other rooms. Even though I'd bought some drinks with the kebab, I needed to drink some more because it was very spicy. and I asked her if I could drink something. She told me to help myself as if I was at my place. I opened the fridge and drank some apricot juice and water too. Since she wasn't paying attention, I drank out of the bottle because I didn't know where the glasses were, and then I sat down.

I don't know what problems she had with Amanda, but I heard her complaining, so I got up and went to her room. I saw she was furious and she said- her exact words- "That whore of a doper." Heavy words for two people who were friends. Then I asked what had happened. She said she couldn't find her money and she showed me the drawer next to the bed where she also kept her lingerie. "Maybe it was a thief," I said. But we saw there was no sign of a break-in, neither inside nor outside the house. So it had to be someone from the house and she was complaining only about Amanda, and not about the other two girls who lived there. From there she went to Amanda's room to see if there were signs of forced entry in her room but there weren't any. Then she opened Amanda's drawer, and I saw her money wasn't there. Meredith knew where Amanda kept the money and she became (NDT:possible word: "furious").

The anholoi officer on be esti me tutto in ordine off no l'encoto di portone en lei e di colorlo- di cerdo che una rogozza Me non si dellebre avabliere se le le viengin le rughe e si re a ridure, à le dirié di ridure che tutto si southerisalte Bostava oppetar ; a fortore en lei e en le oltre rogotte se sapseur quotters une a jordome della sera prima idella feta di me e di lei eratare Veva andizinata l'adde parta aspi i sun eran seporati e questo le in a sum sustanta l'adde parta- e che era na rapores un fachissa in o men ane me archio ho auto in nodo diverso do la in importio ed un adolerario turbate le dissi, ma che si asole e poi is notize, capi substitute ero una de anda la vita num

i doir ju vinta obserti a minte alevo quolare de speciale per

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meti acra mio per semple e lu cap che en stato da tonte Joneghie e che gentori ven nor ce li avect, e mi dime reglio destre torti de nessuro, Porlan e da li in poi le dissi The ower ungenes di andre el bogo, il telog mi ever dathe olle stormaco e mi disse che pleso andore mel bago accorta d'Engo ed ndai un bago. Muhe ero mel bago senti il mon del Repsello. la . 11. Jerdi la sunsta jui di una volta, foi mi sono messo le custie ed has acoltato la munica dal this I Pol) per tempo che son Oscaltar I'ulino pezzolo sutito urlore mon ostarte tenemi il doline della Herica- olto, unlare di brutto, mon devo pricoso- finito di fore.

Cosa forre sur.

O la concata di andore al fini presto andore si presto andore si colore si colore si colore.

Also, I checked the other rooms but everything was in order. So I tried to speak to her and calm her down, saying that a girl shouldn't get upset or she'll get wrinkles, and she laughed. I told her to laugh because everything would eventually work out. It was enough to wait and speak to her (Amanda) and to the other girls, if they knew something. She calmed down and talked about the previous evening, the party, me, and her. We were more or less similar. From what I understood, her parents were separated and this had affected her teenage years. She was more or less like me, not much extroverted. I also had- in different ways- a perturbed childhood and adolescence, I told her, but one falls down and then gets up. She had something special. She asked me about my life, my parents. I told her I had many mothers and fathers and brothers/sisters, but none of these would be mine forever, and she understood that I had lived with many families, and I don't have true parents, and she told me it's better to have many than having none.

We talked and at this point I told her that I needed to go to the bathroom, the kebab was bothering my stomach. She said I could go to the bathroom near the fridge, and I went. While I was in the bathroom I heard the sound of the doorbell. I am sure because it rang more than once. Then I put my headphones on and listened to my Ipod. During the time I was in the bathroom I listened to my favorite three songs. While I was listening to the last one I heard screaming, even though the volume was loud, very loud screams. I wasn't even finished yet, I tried to go and see what had happened as soon as I could. I opened the bathroom door...

ino essetir, mo nel soltación non c'era nemo allora inota di sple era dentro la storza ed ha detto «Eti che ancade» or ha visto imedictamente il confo di Mereditt per terra e veduo onche songue ed to detto & Che coccolai ambinator ho culato e questo i é genato era un noschio era Holivano perché mi ha insultato non avera accento diserso overa il coltelli in more ed ha cercato di copini an la mem ha cercato ma la mem en ra Come un bisturi, bosto de ti spina e taglia, nun even i partoloni les alberte et indie treppiende sur cadute plu areato de verious whe se ever wa sod. It pottegen evends for forte di hui indresso e dicerdani (x opini un orna e usato dalla posta di. ti som riolato e amount un megno, Thousand it corpusary unum hieder ainto, mi am avera le cella amera di Hereditt I'd ho cercoto di chiudere quella fenta, covolla de fenta bruta In also mai visto tanto ao que mo andato mel boupor be pello en crecargorran pelacho meno sul Colle- ma un monin hi poco tenfo ero tutto zupo, me ho pem un olho mo corollo ninh Moito touto sonque che no si vedera la frito le ho chesto che s successor e lei ripetera quel sumo l'AFAFAFA ho arcoto de Evidence de quodre porte, doto che overo la mora ho cercoto di ma le non some la mora era il modo più reloce de mora la mono più reloce

I went out, but in the living room and kitchen there wasn't anyone, so I went toward Meredith's room. There was the back of this person inside the room and I said "Hey what's happening?" Then I immediately saw Meredith's body on the floor and I also saw blood, and I said "What the f**k have you done?" I yelled, and the person turned around. He was a male, he was Italian because he insulted me and had no foreign accent. He had the knife in his hand and he tried to get me. I tried to shield myself with my hand but it was a sharp knife. Only brushing against me, it made small but deep cuts. Like a scalpel, it only needs to brush against you and it cuts. I hadn't zipped up my pants and while backing off I fell. He tried to attack me but I took a chair to protect myself, being stronger than him. Although I had a chair and he had a weapon, he exited through the front door telling me "black man found, guilty man found," he yelled.

I got up and went to Meredith's room. She was all covered with blood. Her neck looked like a river, she was asking for help. I kneeled next to her and tried to close the wound, I never saw so much blood. I went to the bathroom, took a towel, and it was soaked. I took another one, but darn, nothing. So much blood was flowing that the wound wasn't even visible. I asked her what had happened and she was repeating that sound "AF, AF, AF." I tried to write somewhere. Since my hands were all covered with blood, I tried to write on the wall. It was the fastest way, I thought. She was holding my hand. She didn't want to die, but I wasn't able to save Meredith. I didn't have a phone...

dupo quelli parole mi som sperntato en tutto premo di songre hi mi dubbe credento, li mi dicero un loscioni da solo lo spivo perché si lonentavo en le mai obzalivorso di me, ma en shockato, tutto opeal songue solvin television nei film over me i mi era successo ma costo del genere, Tuttoro mo hichi tutto questo o lei serche, se solo formi stoto woma l'avec. Poluato-, ma non la sura e me na derapogra, Voirie store of the sur poto e le ou con vivo abrei potutto roluonto-, in Doprado di soliose il mondo e non sono siuscito o sollore uno usus, sono stato un espoisto to persoto solo o me e de un fiore dolce e profuncto come Mendett sia otato operator de dolce de profuncto come Mendett sia otato operator de dolce de d iede. Lei sone une muore stelle. Un gigeli splendute de non ci mottero moi li chiedo solo como è fimilia che Amando abbio potuto dumine ion tutte quel cosino, e fatto la docció- en tutte quel sorque nel sorque sel consologho? Perche Petrick? Che ero- quello jusma Rolloethe ? E PoiKAF AFT Purstone per il sur numi, e joi le ai sono stati i ladri ami dia Amada come mai sun ha-L'ulto mierte a proprito dei voldi maranti? E chi cero- nella ono di sotto quando sino ondato via? Cosa e moi sucomo

After those words (NDT: black man found... etc) I was scared. I was covered with blood. Who would ever believe me? She told me not to leave her alone. I knew it because she was wailing with her arms stretched out at me. But I was shocked. All that blood, only on TV and in horror movies, something like this had never happened to me before. Even now I can't sleep. I see that sweet face covered with blood.

Why did all this happen to her, why? If only I had been man enough I would have saved her. But I am not, and I'm ashamed of myself. I would want to be in her place and she'd still be alive. I could have saved her. I dreamed of saving the world and wasn't able to save one person. I have been selfish. I only thought of myself and for this reason I don't deserve to live. It's not fair that I live and a sweet and scented flower like Meredith has been broken, while I breathe this air, that she should be breathing. No, it's not fair. I hope Up There (NDT Rudy is referring to Heaven) She will forgive me one day because I believe I'll never make it Up There because of my cowardice. She will be a new star, a lost angel called Meredith.

I am asking myself how is it possible that Amanda could have slept in all that mess, and took a shower with all that blood in the bathroom and corridor? Why Patrick? Who was that person, Raffaele? And then "AF, AF." It could be his name. And then if thieves had been there, why isn't Amanda saying a word about the missing money? And who was in the house below when I left? What has ever happened between Amanda and Meredith?

is marcordi Amorda ti prego dello, jerche hai occurato Patrick, puli la puna che mi ha detto «Trovato un pupo, trovato lare la Colpa? Some Sieure che Meredith era ancora viva l'édici di der domité à cora come moi mon hoi chianato I dubulaza ma hai donito traquillo, come mai di un de state violentoto, io Heredith quello sero abbiaro larboto e Porto, che corro è nucerro jordo di la Verita, com mozardo De mon en nothelle chi entoto quello nottre moder Will Merlin " 11 Dottur", eraste vi di sotto? tolte mi descrivour and il blusto Portrict mo- to mu ha fathe miente ha provato a sollere quel dolce Angelo for auto jamo, mai assiromiteto ad une cora del genera I hallo sero mon rivicies a ferore nientalho de athrealith Potevo errore solvato se ma de me de quiolem olho de even state a cora mis- amo andato da Hex 2 d'enour enco-le 12:00 re dia di aver domito a coro-Tissa alla ai embinato tu e di altre addivi asi Che Dio ti beneshio- se questo à grunto.

If you're hiding something Amanda, please say it. Why have you accused Patrick? In order for the person who told me "Black man found, guilty man found" to think I was Patrick? Did you all already know whom to blame? I am sure that Meredith was still alive. If you say you slept at home, why didn't you call an ambulance, but instead slept quietly (NDT without a thought). Why are they saying she has been raped? Meredith and I, that night, only talked and that's all. What the f**k happened? Speak the truth. What are you hiding? If it wasn't Raffaele, who was there on that night? One of your many druggie lovers you were bringing home? Was he someone from the "Merlin," "Domus," was it all of you downstairs?

Many describe me as the New Patrick, but I haven't done a thing. I tried to save that sweet Angel. I was scared. I had never witnessed anything like this before. That night I couldn't think about anything else but Meredith. She could have been saved, if not by me, by someone else. After I went to my place, I went to Alex's place, and it was around midnight. If you say you slept at home, what else had you been up to, you and whoever else? Did you hate your friend so much, to the point of killing her or wishing her dead? May God bless you if this is what has happened. (NDT: Rudy probably means "May God Help you," or similar)

Quanto mi riguardo io non mento di vivere, Oncho datat line questo mon sono resocito a solvere una vita umano. outo successo mi ha oblocato ma nu à ma scusso volido-a me - rende enter force adopt the non deer apputare in problems. . Vita e poto anche di questo, Corder e soprisi riobsone no forse ir non so cadere a meglio sun coduto mo on sono mai ropeto riolsoni, sono stati sempe ghi oltre - rolevorini o or tinomi Avera nagione, Ha rogione fools or ire che mo un (Succtia gomene) ed à vero, La misto me i stata pace oi sur tendenzione a dere i bugie ma opueto volto no, quanto successo e jui pronde di ma quenta da me delle è quanto sucare quello nothe Gracia a Giacone era mia intervine tomore a Pornyio La jerché min ha colp- se sun quella di sun essere inscrito a solvere una creatura Divumente Dalce, Aime lusto-storio che si organze al debre che già mi ollique Mi solloco- e mi rende imposibile continuore a vivere tole perso. Por quanto riquoido la mia vita dia solv The mm inports per come six and sto-, Alhei Voluto olkne una somen stata lat misona più mi quanda intorna veoloda di formolie

As far as I'm concerned, I don't deserve to live. I too, should have died, in so much as I wasn't able to save a human life. What happened shocked me, but it's not a valid excuse and I realize perhaps now that I do not have to face a problem--- life is made of this, too. To fall down, and to know how to get back up again, but perhaps I don't know how to fall, or rather, I fell, but don't know how to get back up. It's always been other people who've saved, or pulled me up. He had reason, Paolo has reason to say I am a Loser, and it's true. My life hasn't been easy. Yes, I'm inclined to tell lies, but this time, no. What happened it's greater than me. What I've said is what happened that night. Thanks to Giacomo, it was my intention to return to Perugia to tell all that happened. I'm done with escaping and then, from what? I don't know, because I'm not guilty, if not for the fact of not being able to save a Divinely Sweet Being, Alas...

This story that is added to the pain that plagued me, suffocates me and leaves me unable to continue to live. It's bigger than me and I'm not able to bear such a burden. As far as my life, I say only that it's doesn't matter how it went. I would have liked to have had a family, all mine, but the more I look around I see that I've been lucky as far as families go...

ho duto, e ci suro jerme de intea sur ne hamo Mir vera Pashe um to la accurre de neute solv, de pottera enere un jo insegliare come genetare e nei sui empute anche la joteva ettre mighine ave pro figlio. Mio Mashe spro che stia ben ounque lei sio- e che il bin Die la protegy-, Ha tutti i Hier anici collar che credone in me Colleme au air sour cresciento, fotto le Elementoni, le Medie e le supriori in Ctorie jer averni jortato à casa Vostro- ed alerni dato protezine re colare, grozie ai vothi quitori ed ai vostri protelli e soille de mi hono accolto a braccia spete, prete ser pe nel mio cure All Andrews of the Serolow or Giasignini Francesco ed alla sua formiglia Jer quanto e successo mon atonte il lav aiuto mei mier confunti, Opero mi produiote, non ha mai dimerticato quell'Existolia Dusa Giova. Able this Maishe are in questi ultim Jeriode it ho dellured auro, e vi ringistio jer tutto quello che avete fatto per me Dolo Do-quelli de alete fette jer me · Boció en tutta la min ista

I have had, and there are people who instead, have not had. My True Father, I don't accuse him of anything, only that he could have been a bit better as a parent. And with regard to him, I too could have been better as a son. My Mother, I hope she is well wherever she is, and that the good Lord protects her. I have All My Friends, all of them that believe in me, all of them with whom I've grown up, done Elementary School, Middle School and High School. Thanks for having taken me into your home and for having given me protection and warmth. Thanks to your parents and to your bothers and sisters who welcomed me with outstretched arms. You'll always be in my heart. (~~SCRIBBLE~~) I ask forgiveness from Francesco Giovagnini and his family, for what has happened despite their help towards me. I hope you all forgive me. I have never forgotten that Episode. I'm sorry, Giova.

To My Teachers, if in these recent times, I disappointed you, I ask your forgiveness, and I thank you for all that you've done for me, I alone, know what you've done for me. I kiss you with all my life.

IAiA, BRULA, Pally, CAMY, Pack se an questo storia vi ho Itallo Brito Jubilicito chiedo scuro, e chiedo scuro ja quoto necesso vieno, copinete de coso porto di acte accolto, dato lo Mihelita di appre qualcum ma in un suo stato all'alteria he persone quanto sia grande il vostor cuou Bruse ma moste speide men ha mai auto il corregio di disti Ti voglo here, sofi de la serpe tento nel curse Shi Merovighiora- la Hastre ela Aurei voluto avere, se fossi tato la mis- vera Hordre "Ti Voglis Dene Harma Brum" IAIA. lamy, Pally ofaly che din, Gracie de tuto l'acuta che Mi ovete data e spero di Enne jer sempre il vostro Parlo sei un vero Porche e questo ituri figli lo somo Roberto. Il Tvo cioccolaTivo E Stato a Bora Serpe Dolca Tetti. Sei stata la mion unica desa frama More Anice Della Milico- 36-48-658 le demandori ani Voi som stati Merovighisi anche an quelli della 3A-490 5A

laia, Bruna, Pally, Camy, Paolo, if with this story I have made bad publicity, I ask that you forgive me. And I ask that you forgive me for what happened before. You know what I am talking about. I have received, I've been given the possibility to be somebody, but I was not of the level that people must be to be great in your hearts. Bruna, a special mother... I've never had the courage to tell you that I love you. You know that I always hold you in my heart. You are marvelous, the Mother that I Would Have Wanted to have, if you could have been my real Mother. "I Love You Mama Bruna."

Iaia, Camy, Pally, or Paly, what can I say? Thank you for all the help you've given me and I hope to always Be Your "Woody the Banana Eater."

Paolo, you are a true Father, and your sons know it. Roberto, Your Little Chocolate Was and Will Be Always Sweet.

Tetti, You were my only true flame.

Dear Friends of the Awesome 3b-4B- and 5b classes in Elementary school

You were Marvelous, also with those of the 3A-4A and 5A classes.

Ma Un Abbracio o- Gobrino Maghirelli ma rayona Che mi à stata vicina de piccole John, Lucia, Louzo, Anguere, Andrew, en Albrocio li jorde nun bosteribere jer descrivore quanto vi ami la Nome Gaetona mo-muna speciole Daviele "O mio Capitono" Ai Mitici "Wicolo Pasqualini detto da me il Yaqua Giacomo Bienedetti detto de meil Bonor Min cique i Vicolo-dello da me il Mineio Riccondo Billi dello de ve il Peco MARCO Pollocenii detto da me il Pola Gistone Benedetti detto da Meil Baranino BRusdini Francisco oldto da me il Brusca Lorenza Coldonelli detta da me il Coldre 11 12 GEDE VI SALUTO

A Hug to Sabrina Magliorelli, a girl that was close to me since young.

Gabry, Lucia, Lorenza, Angnese, Andrea, a Hug. Words are not enough to describe how much I love you all.

Grandma Gaetana, a special grandmother.

Daniele "My Captain"

To the Awesome:

Nicolo Pasqualini, called by me "il Pasqua"
Giacomo Benedetti, called by me "il Bonano"
Nicola Mincigruci, called by me "il Mincia"
Billi Riccardo, called by me "il Peco"
Marco Pollocconi, called by me, "il Polo"
Simone Benedetti, called by me, "il Bananno"
Francesco Bruschini, called by me, "il Brusco"
Lorenzo Caldarelli, called by me, "il Caldo"

II GEDE SALUTES YOU!

Rudy Hermann Guede