

Per I Miei Avvocati

①

- Amanda Knox (Friday, Nov. 9, 2007)

Buon~~o~~ giorno Signore Ghirga e signore vedova. I'm sorry, but I must write in English to make sure I express myself early. Please excuse my handicap. I trust you are well, though probably very busy with my case and for this I thank you. What I want to provide for you now is help, because I know my position is a little confusing. I want to write for you everything I know as best I can and I especially want to tell you about this so-called "confession" that the police received from me. I want to begin with this "confession" because I know it is the most confusing, and so I will begin with that night.

The night of Monday, November 5th, 2007, and the following early morning of Tuesday, November 6th, 2007, was one of the worst experiences of my life, perhaps the worst. Around 10:30 pm or 11 pm ~~at~~ Raffaele and I arrived at the police station after eating dinner at the apartment of one of Raffaele's friends. It was Raffaele who the police called, not me, but I came with him to the Questura anyway while he was to be questioned for support, as he had done for me many times. When we arrived he was taken inside and I waited by the elevator and looked through my books while I waited. Not long afterward one of the police came and sat by me, wanting to talk with me, supposedly to pass the time. He didn't tell me he was a police officer. In fact, he said I could tell him whatever I wanted because it wouldn't matter. At the time I was frustrated and I told him so. I thought it was ridiculous that the police called us in at ridiculous hours of the night and kept us at the police station for hours on end with only vending machine food to sustain us, especially since we were all doing our best to help the police. I had been asked twice to reenter the home of my neighbors and mine, first to witness blood in the neighbors' apartment and then to look through knives in mine. I really feared the place. Inside my own home I broke down crying because I couldn't stand to be inside, ~~and~~ these were the reasons for my frustration and I told him so.

He then wanted to discuss who I thought the murderer could be, but as I had already told them before, since I wasn't there at my home, I couldn't have any idea, but ~~they~~ he wasn't satisfied with my answer. Who did I think it was? How would I know? I didn't know anyone dangerous. Soon I was joined by other police people who only wanted to "talk" but who interrogated me again with the same questions. What makes had never been in my house? Who knew Meredith? Did I have any phone numbers? I gave them all the information I could, names, phone numbers, descriptions. But it was all giving me a headache. I had already answered these questions before and I was confused as to why the police wanted so much to talk to me. Why me? Why did they keep asking me who I thought the murderer was when I already told them I had no idea?

And then they brought me inside, because it was "warmer". I

left with Raffaele was and they told me he would be done soon
 + in the meantime they wanted to talk to me. The interrogation
 process started rather ~~quickly~~ quickly. One minute I was just
 sitting and the next they were asking me where I was between
 30 pm and 1:30 am ~~between November~~ between November
 1st and 2nd. I told them I was with my boyfriend, like I had
 already said. They asked me what I had done during this time
 period and I found that I couldn't remember a lot. I told them
 I watched the movie Amelie together, that we ate dinner
 together, that after dinner Raffaele washed the dishes and spilled
 coffee on the floor when the pipes came loose. I told them that
 I smoked hash somewhere in that time but I couldn't remember
 where. They told me I was lying. They told me they knew I had
 been with Raffaele. They told me they knew I met someone
 that night. They told me they had proof I was at my house ~~that~~
 that night. This really confused me. I told them I wasn't lying and
 they began to get angry. Stop telling lies, they told me. We know
 you were there! But this didn't make sense. I was frightened, because
 I couldn't for the life of me remember what I did during the time
 they were asking me. What were you doing?! Where did you go?!
 Where were you at your house ~~that~~!! Who did you meet?! But this all
 didn't make any sense. How could they have proof that I was at my
 house when I wasn't? Why did they think these things? Why me?
 They told me Raffaele had finally told the truth and that he had no
 reason to lie. They told me that they knew I had told Raffaele to
 and I told them this wasn't true. I had never told him any-
 thing. We talked about the message I received from Patrik
 I told them yes, I received a message from Patrik, he told me
 to go into work that night because there was no one there. I
 didn't remember if I had sent a message back, so I said no, but they
 showed me the message I forgot I sent:
 "with the words, "Ci vediamo. Buona serata." They called me a
 proud liar. They said I was protecting someone, who was it?
 They stuck pieces of paper in front of me, to write down the name
 of the murder, but I didn't know. And I still couldn't remember
 what I and Raffaele had been doing at his house. I had nothing to
 answer their questions and it was terrifying me. Why couldn't
 I remember. The interpreter told me that one time she experienced
 a similar car accident and couldn't remember what had happened
 until a year later. She told me perhaps I had seen something
 similar and I couldn't remember. Since I couldn't remember
 what I had been doing at Raffaele's house I started to think what
 if it was true? What if I had seen something and I didn't
 remember? But it didn't make sense. ~~But~~ I remembered being
 with Raffaele the whole night. But in the meantime the police were
 looking at me, telling me I had to tell them now, who the killer
 was, or they were going to put me in jail for...

protecting the killer. They told me they had already caught the killer and they just wanted me to say his name, but I knew nothing. My mind was a blank slate. Now, now, now!!! They were yelling at me. One police officer hit me on the back of my head twice. My head was searching for any answer. I was really confused. I thought I was at my boyfriend's house, but what if it wasn't true? What if I couldn't remember? I tried and tried and tried, but I couldn't remember anything until all of the police officers left the room except one. He told me he was the only one who could save me from spending the next 30 years in jail and I told him I couldn't remember. I asked to see the message on my phone to see if I remembered sending that text when I saw the message my mind thought of Patrik. It was all I could think of, Patrik. I imagined meeting him by the basketball courts, I imagined him in front of my house, I imagined covering my ears to stop the sound of Meredith's screaming, and so I said Patrik. I said Patrik and I regret every second of it because now I know that what I have said has done someone harm that I have no idea whether he was involved or not.

After ~~that~~ I said his name I was hysterical. I was weeping, I cared of what could have happened to me. I honestly thought his could have been the answer. I was so confused. They told me that they had to write all of this down but I told them I wasn't sure. So they told me just to say what I had said, that I had seen Patrik. That I had heard Meredith screaming. I told them I was confused, unsure, but they weren't interested. While ~~they~~ they were writing my so-called "confession", which they didn't call it to me, they asked me to say if it was okay to write certain things. I didn't explain, but just said yes or no according to what these pages of Patrik were showing me, but I always told them I wasn't sure, these things didn't seem real. They asked me why he had done this and I didn't know why. Why would anyone kill another person? I told them he must be crazy. They asked me if I feared him and I said yes. I was so confused and the idea that he would kill someone frightened me. But I had never been frightened of him before, he has always been kind to me. After all of this I was allowed to sleep normally. The whole thing was going through my head and I felt awful, to even think I could have been involved. But the more stressed I became, the more sure I was that these ideas about Patrik aren't true, but I still couldn't remember what I had been saying at my boyfriend's house after dinner.

I seriously started to doubt when the police told me what my boyfriend had said. ① First, that when I received the message from Patrik, that I had told him I had to leave to go to work. This I know now, even then, wasn't true. I remembered and still do specifically that I had told him I didn't have to work and I kissed him and

so that is what happened that I remember November 1st, 2007. Here is what happened Nov 2nd, 2007 starting from when I woke up.

- I woke up in the late morning and left Raffaele to sleep for a bit more. I told Raffaele I would be back after I took a shower.

- I left Raffaele's house and walked to my house. When I arrived the door was wide open, and my first thought was that was strange, because we always lock the door to my house. Otherwise the wind can blow it open, but I assumed that someone from my house had gone wickley to visit the neighbors, so I didn't think much. I closed the door but didn't lock it, assuming the person would return.

I called out if anyone was home, but received no response.

- I went to my room and undressed. I put my dirty clothes behind my guitar and went to take a shower. Before ~~getting in the shower~~ getting in the shower I took out my earrings ~~and noticed a few drops of blood in the sink.~~

~~and~~ and I noticed a few drops of blood in the sink. I thought they were from my ears so I picked at one of the drops, but it was dry. I got into the shower and after the shower I stepped on the mat in the kitchen and noticed the blood on the mat. ~~I~~ I looked

loser at the sink and saw blood on the faucet. But it wasn't a lot of blood. I assumed someone cut themselves or was having menstrual problems. I had forgotten my towel in my room so I used the mat

to get into my room without getting the floor wet to retrieve my towel. Then I brought it back to the ~~bathroom~~ bathroom. I still didn't think ~~any~~ anything was wrong, strange but nothing bad.

I dressed in my room and went to the other bathroom to dry my hair. It was after I dried my hair that I noticed the poop in the

ilet. This, together with the open door, ~~the~~ and the blood in the bathroom, was very strange, but I honestly didn't think anything had happened. It seemed like someone had just left our house very wickley. I didn't think that someone was murdered. I didn't know

what to think. I took the mop from our ~~own~~ closet and left the house, closing and locking the door.

I walked back to Raffaele's house and together we started mopping the floor. He began, but he went to put on his clothes I finished mopping up the water. ~~the~~

Then we had breakfast. Over breakfast (cereal, coffee, biscotti) I told Raffaele about what I had found at my house. He said I should call one of my roommates.

I called Filomena. She was worried so I called after her Meredith times. Once on her English mobile, one on her Italian mobile, and once more on her English number. I never got a response. Filomena

called me back wanting to know if I got a hold of Meredith, because she was the only roommate not accounted for. She ~~had~~ had already informed me that Laura was in Rome.

So Raffaele and I got ready to go and we went back to my house, bringing the mop with us.

When we arrived I opened the door and I went to Filomena's room and opened the door. The windows were broken and I

but her computer was there and so I was confused. I looked in ^{laundry} room as well and her room was completely organized. What kind of burglar would break in but take nothing?

Raffaele went into my room and I followed him. There was nothing missing. Then we knocked on Meredith's door and we got no answer. I tried the handle but it was locked. We went onto the terrace to see if we could see into her window, I even tried climbing over the balcony to see inside, but I couldn't. We looked through her key hole and all we could see was her purse on her bed.

I ran outside to see if the neighbors had heard anything, but no one was home. The lights were out and no one answered when I rapped on the door.

I returned back into the house and Raffaele said he wanted to try to break down the door. ~~So~~ So he tried and couldn't. ~~So~~

Then he called his sister for advice. I called Filomena to tell her what was happening. She said she was on her way home. Raffaele's sister said to call the Carabinieri. So we did. I put the mop away,

We waited for a little inside, but then we went outside to see Filomena's window. I couldn't figure out why someone would break the window if it looked impossible to get to to climb into.

Two policemen arrived and took down our names and numbers. I showed them what I had seen, the blood in the bathroom, how Meredith's door was locked. I thought the poop in the ~~the~~ bathroom was gone, though I didn't get a good look.

After, Filomena arrived with her boyfriend and two friends. She took over talking to the police. I stayed in the kitchen with Raffaele and they broke in Meredith's door. I heard Filomena scream, "A foot! A foot!" and the police told us to get outside.

Not long afterward the ~~the~~ carabinieri arrived and I waited. I waited with Raffaele for a while outside and then I was offered a place to sit where it was warmer in the car of ~~the~~ Filomena's friends, with Raffaele.

Not long afterward the police ~~then~~ told all of us to go to the questura.

What's important to also mention is Raffaele and I, since we've met have almost always been at each other's side. One time my friend, I went to class, but otherwise Raffaele and I have been together.

So that's that. I hope this helps.

Again, thanks so much for helping me,

Amanda Amanda Knox 3:45pm Friday,

November 9 2007