

Dear Diary!

Today is a fateful day for me because today the jury will decide in the trial whether I am guilty or innocent. It is strange for me to write like this and talk to a diary as he can hear or understand, But I'm so scared of the trial and stressed by the decision of the 12 jurors. Even though I never wrote anything like that today, I really feel like I should. So let's start, im Candido. I live in a poor suburb near the train station in a high-rise building in a small apartment. Below us lives a nervous old man who always looks at me with an evil eye. My parents are very busy trying to make money so I hardly talk to them about my difficulties at school. I am known as a problematic person and it has already happened that I broke things or hit someone who upset me. Dad is always mad at me for not studying enough and spending most of my time with friends or watching movies. Because I have no money, I sneak into the movies without paying. It is not that good for us in America. I wish I could go back to Puerto Rico. Many times I am hungry and feel that I have no place of my own



So Why do I write a diary at all?

Because maybe you will believe my story.

A horrible incident happened a month ago that changed our lives forever. Dad was murdered and the police officers who came to the murder scene decided that I was the killer. No one witnessed the murder and because inside Dad's chest was a knife identical to the knife I bought that day. They demanded to see the knife but I lost it. No one believes me that I'm not the one who murdered Dad. At that time I was in the cinema and watched a movie. But out of confusion I can not remember his name. Some of the neighbors testified against me and I feel that no one believes me. I hope that today the truth will come out and everyone will find out that I am innocent.

yours,Candido

