

Markku:

"I killed a man. I was pissfaced when I swung my fist one year, two months and 14 nights ago. I knew the guy. Not very well, but we'd sat together or with the rest of the gang at the bar. He seemed like an OK enough guy to me. Actually, I've got to know the man better now that he's dead and gone. I've kind of had to.

If people ask me what it feels like to kill another human being I answer that I don't know. I can't remember much anything about that night. No deliberate thoughts, no clear motive. We argued about something, what it was, I still don't really know.

But I do now what it feels like to be wakened in lockup with a splitting hangover by someone coming to tell you that you killed a man last night. Damn, I've had to live with it every day. I've been thinking a lot about whether God exists and will He forgive me. The prison parson said that He will, if I let God come to me.

I don't know, I guess I haven't got to that point yet.

What I do know is that the guy's mother will never forgive me. She said so in the letter she sent me here.

The days over here go slowly as hell, but they get faster in time, so I've been told. I work in the kitchen and I've actually learned to like it.

I've been thinking over my past life and where it finally took me. I've tried a hand at a few things in the course of the years. I was good at school and did alright at trade school too. Had odd jobs and the girlfriend and I split the rent.

But then I started feeling like the regular life wasn't enough for me. I set out to search for experiences on the wrong track somehow. Finally it all piled up and boiled over, I didn't see the signs of danger. I was feeling bad all the time. And then it was too late.

I guess we're all guilty of something at least.

I sometimes feel like I've never really known how to live, I just can't figure out the whole deal. I've always been the odd one out, in the wrong place at the wrong time.

One fine day I'll walk out of this cell for the last time. What'll be waiting for me, that I can't know now.

Although it's not easy where I'm now, it's kind of safe here in a strange way. Right now freedom is one of the scariest things I know.

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