

Thursday, November 22nd, 2007 15th day?

Last night right before I went to bed I was taken down to see yet another doctor who I haven't yet met before. He had my results from a test they took - which says I'm positive for HIV.

First of all, the guy told me not to worry, it could be a mistake, they're going to take a second test next week.

Secondly, my head, at least last night, was swimming in itself. I had a raging headache because this is by far the worst experience of my life. I'm in prison for a crime I didn't commit, & I might have HIV.

I don't want to die. I want to get married and have children. I want to create something good. I want to get old. I want my time. I want my life. Why, why, why? I can't believe this.

Thirdly, I don't know where I could have got HIV from. Here is the list of people I've had sex with in Italy in general: