**Prompt:** How does Camus use literary techniques to convey this experience?

The judges came back to their seats. Someone read out to the jury, very rapidly, a string of questions. I caught a word here and there. “Murder of malice aforethought ... Provocation ... Extenuating circumstances.” The jury went out, and I was taken to the little room where I had already waited. My lawyer came to see me; he was very talkative and showed more cordiality and confidence than ever before. He assured me that all would go well and I’d get off with a few years’ imprisonment or transportation. I asked him what were the chances of getting the sentence quashed. He said there was no chance of that. He had not raised any point of law, as this was apt to prejudice the jury. And it was difficult to get a judgment quashed except on technical grounds. I saw his point, and agreed. Looking at the matter dispassionately, I shared his view. Otherwise there would be no end to litigation. “In any case,” the lawyer said, “you can appeal in the ordinary way. But I’m convinced the verdict will be favorable.”

We waited for quite a while, a good three quarters of an hour, I should say. Then a bell rang. My lawyer left me, saying: “The foreman of the jury will read out the answers. You will be called on after that to hear the judgment.”

Some doors banged. I heard people hurrying down flights of steps, but couldn’t tell whether they were near by or distant. Then I heard a voice droning away in the courtroom.

When the bell rang again and I stepped back into the dock, the silence of the courtroom closed in round me, and with the silence came a queer sensation when I noticed that, for the first time, the young journalist kept his eyes averted. I didn’t look in Marie’s direction. In fact, I had no time to look, as the presiding judge had already started pronouncing a rigmarole to the effect that “in the name of the French people” I was to be decapitated in some public place.

It seemed to me then that I could interpret the look on the faces of those present; it was one of almost respectful sympathy. The policemen, too, handled me very gently. The lawyer placed his hand on my wrist. I had stopped thinking altogether. I heard the Judge’s voice asking if I had anything more to say. After thinking for a moment, I answered, “No.” Then the policemen led me out.