

**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
EXECUTIVE OFFICE FOR IMMIGRATION REVIEW
IMMIGRATION COURT
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA**

IN THE MATTER OF:)	
)	
CLIENT)	File Number: A# xxx-xx-xxx
)	Individual Hearing Scheduled
Respondent)	DATE
In Removal Proceedings)	Before Immigration JUDGE
_____)	

**RESPONDENT’S DECLARATION IN SUPPORT OF HER APPLICATIONS FOR
ASYLUM, WITHHOLDING OF REMOVAL, AND, WITHHOLDING OF REMOVAL
UNDER THE CONVENTION AGAINST TORTURE**

Summary:

I am a twenty-year-old female native and citizen of the COUNTRY. When I was fifteen years old, armed uniformed government soldiers came to my house and took me to a local police station. They held me there twice – the first time for two weeks and the second for about four months. They raped me several times and asked me questions about my sister and her husband. They accused me of being Tutsi. When the soldiers released me from detention for the second time in XXXX, they told me that next time I would die in prison. I lived in fear until XXXX when I received a summons to appear in court. I was too afraid to go to court because I feared being detained and raped again, so I fled COUNTRY in fear and came through Zambia to seek safety in the United States.

My Childhood:

1. My name is CLIENT. I was born on XXXX province of the COUNTRY. I am the only daughter of my mother, and, the youngest child of my father, who had three other wives. My father passed away when I was only two years old.
2. When I was young I lived with my mom¹ and my step-sisters and brother in XXXX in the XXXX. I have two step-sisters, F and C, and one brother, M (“M”). F’s mother is Tutsi, and, I

¹ As stated on my I-589 Application for Asylum, I believe my mother’s name is AS. On the birth certificate my aunt gave me, my mother’s name is listed as “MB.” I do not know why the certificate says this or have any knowledge of a person named MB.

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don't know her name. C and M have the same mother. I don't know C and M's mother; she could also be Tutsi.

3. When I was very young, somewhere maybe between seven and nine years old, I had my first experience with soldiers in COUNTRY. I don't remember the date, but, one day some soldiers came to our house. I had really never seen soldiers before, and, they had guns strapped to their backs. They came and started to ask for my sister, F, and her husband. I think his name was XXXX knew I had met him before but I didn't know him very well.
4. I was very afraid when I saw these soldiers. I think they came to our house more than one time, but, I only remember seeing them once. They took F and she never came back. I don't really know why F was arrested, but, I think it was something to do with them being Tutsi and a land dispute. No one really spoke about her XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX my Aunt received a letter from F. We were so surprised to hear from her at that time and learn that she was living in the United States.
5. When I was about 11 or 12, sometime I XXXXX, my mother suddenly left and went back to her home country of Zambia. Because of this, I don't really know much about my mother, including why she was in COUNTRY. My mom told me at the time that she was going to Zambia, but, that she was coming back. After about 2 years, I realized that she wasn't coming back. My mother never called or got in touch and I never saw her again.
6. After my mother left for Zambia, I lived with my aunt in XXXX. My aunt was my father's sister, and, I knew her before I moved to live with her, my half-sister C, and my aunt's daughter, XXXX, who was a year younger than me.
7. Life was difficult when I was growing up. Sometimes there was no food in the house and we struggled to get by. I always loved school and I attended the [school] in XXXX which was right on the border with Zambia. I especially loved reading and English and I was able to attend the school because it was free.

In XXXX Soldiers Arrested and Detained Me for Two Weeks

8. One day in March XXXX when I was fifteen years old, I had walked home from school with my cousin, S. I'm not 100% sure of the exact date in March but I originally thought it was March 18th. Now I know that day was a Sunday, so, I know that's not the right day because I went to school on the day the soldiers came. I had changed out of my school uniform and into a dress. I was washing the dishes when we heard a knock on our wooden door. My Aunt was home and she opened the curtain to look outside. She saw soldiers and I was immediately afraid.

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9. My mind jumped back to the time when soldiers came to take my sister F away when I was very little. I also knew that soldiers had come and taken a man who lived in our neighborhood. The man disappeared and no one ever saw him again. My Aunt answered the door and the soldiers asked for me by name. I had no idea why the soldiers were looking for me, but, I knew I had done nothing wrong so it couldn't be good. My aunt wanted to hide me, but, she was scared and the soldiers wanted to open the door. The soldiers wanted to search the house, anyway, so, my Aunt told them I was there.
10. There were three soldiers, wearing a dark green uniform with hats. They had guns slung across their backs. One of them took my arm and they led me to a white van. On the side of the door it said "police." As I left, my Aunt told me that she would be praying for me.
11. I sat in the back seat next to one of the soldiers, with his gun. He didn't speak and was silent. The two soldiers in the front were talking and laughing.
12. After about twenty minutes, the van stopped and we arrived at a police station in XXXX I had never been to that police station before but I recognized where we were. The men grabbed me by the hands and opened the door, and told me to go inside. They told me to sit down in a chair at first. Then, they walked me down a hallway, past people in cells, to a small room.

The Soldiers Interrogated Me About My Family and Said I was a XXXX

13. In that room there was a light, two chairs, and a desk with papers on it. All three of the soldiers came in to the room and asked me to sit down. One of the officers also sat down – he told me that he was the officer-in-charge and he also had a badge reflecting that on his uniform. The officer-in-charge and one other soldier started asking me questions. I never learned their names, so, I will call them officer-in-charge and the talking soldier. The third soldier was silent.
14. They asked me about where my brother was and if he left anything in the house. Before the soldiers came to take me to prison, my brother had left for business. The soldiers also asked me where my sister F was. I told them that F was in the U.S. and I knew that from a letter she sent to my aunt in XXXX and one in the beginning of XXXX. They didn't believe me. I didn't have any other information to give them. They asked me about F's husband and his family's land and whether he had a gun. I really didn't know the answer to any of these questions. I had met F's husband when I was little, but, I didn't know him well and I had no idea where he was or anything about his land.
15. The soldiers thought that F and I had the same mother, and, that I was also half-Tutsi. They said, "You lived in the same house, you have the same mother, you must be Tutsi." I tried to tell them that F and I had different mothers and that I wasn't Tutsi, but, they got angry and they said that I was lying.

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16. The soldiers tried to scare me, saying, “You know you’re going to sleep here if you don’t tell the truth.” The same two soldiers went on asking me the same questions, over and over again. This went on for about 3 hours and they repeatedly accused me of lying. At one point the officer-in-charge grabbed me on my thigh. The other soldier who had been talking told him not to do that.
17. During the three hour interrogation, the soldiers gave me water. One of them kept slapping his rifle against his hand, over and over again. That really scared me. Eventually, the soldiers said that they would find me a place to sleep.
18. They took me to a room with a small low bed with a blanket and a thin sheet. The door was heavy and had bars at the top and locked from the outside. There was also a toilet right there in the room. That night, I cried all night, without sleeping. I could hear noises and could tell that other people were being held in cells around me, but, I couldn’t see any people.
19. The next day, the same three soldiers took me back to the same interrogation room. They asked me again about “the land” and F’s husband. I didn’t know where this land was or what they were talking about. This lasted for about an hour with the officer-in-command and the other shorter soldier asking me questions. They told me that I was going to stay in prison because I didn’t want to tell the truth.

On My Second Night in Prison, One of the Soldiers Raped Me

20. On that second night, the third soldier, who had been silent throughout the interrogation (“silent soldier”), came into my cell. I was lying under the sheet on the bed, crying, wearing the same dress I was wearing since the soldiers came and took me from my house. The silent soldier came in, with his gun on his back, and he didn’t say anything at first. Then, he told me to take off my clothes. I was so afraid that I wanted to scream. He knew I wanted to scream because he tapped on his gun and said – “I’m going to take this out if you scream.”
21. I took off my dress and the soldier took off my underwear. He kept his own clothes on and told me to lie down. I was silent and afraid because I already knew what he was going to do. I had never been with a boy, but, I knew what he was about to do to me.
22. The soldier took saliva from his mouth and rubbed it on my genital region. He pinched my nipples. Then, he raped me. It all happened quite fast and caused me a lot of pain. Afterwards he told me to put my clothes on and keep my mouth shut.
23. When I used the toilet in my cell I could see that I was bleeding. I was in great pain. Of course I couldn’t sleep. There was no sink or water even to wash myself and I felt so dirty and ashamed after he raped me.

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24. The next morning, my aunt came to see me around 11am and she brought me a sweater, some pants, and some socks. I was glad for the clothes because I had been cold. She came to the cell and spoke to me through the door. I was crying and my aunt was also very sad. I couldn't say anything about what was happening to me, especially about the rape, because other people could hear me and I was so ashamed. My aunt asked me when they would let me out and I said I didn't know. She told me she would come again when she could.
25. On Sundays, all the prisoners were taken to work in the garden, planting vegetables. It was only then that I saw the other prisoners. I was the youngest one there. One older lady smiled at me, but, we did not speak to one another and everyone was afraid of the soldiers.

The Soldiers Interrogated Me Again and Then One of Them Raped Me Again

26. The next day, on a Monday, the same three soldiers took me to the interrogation room. They asked me the very same questions again. They said they would let me go if I answered their questions. I didn't have any answers to give them. The officer-in-charge slapped me with the back of his hand on my face, and he called me a dog, "Imbwa" in the Lamba language. After asking me all of these questions again, they took me back to my cell. They told me that they would let me go on Friday.
27. On Wednesday of that same week, I was half-asleep in my cell, under the covers, when the silent soldier entered my cell. He told me to take off my clothes and he said "now you know what I'm going to do." I was so scared, I didn't want him to touch me and I knew there was nowhere for me to run. I started crying. He told me to shut up and said "This is what you get if you don't tell the truth." He told me to be quiet and he went ahead and raped me again.
28. The conditions of detention were bad. I was fed only once a day with rice and sugar. I was only allowed to wash myself once, in a communal shower. I had only one dress and could not change even my underwear.

After Two Weeks and Two Rapes, the Soldiers Released Me from Prison

29. On Friday, I was released. My aunt had been notified that she should come to pick me up. My aunt came to my cell and helped me to pack my clothes into a bag. She asked me if I was OK and she hugged me tightly. We both cried when we hugged.
30. My aunt took me by bus straight to a medical clinic close to our house. I was having headaches in prison in the morning and the evenings. At the clinic, we told them that someone slept with me. They checked my vital signs and looked at my vagina. They asked me who had raped me, but, I didn't tell them because I was so scared. Only my aunt knew who had raped me, and she was very angry and sad, but, there wasn't anything she could do about it. There is no one you can

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go to when it is the police or soldiers of your own country who rape you. The clinic staff could not do very much for me, so, they gave me some pain medication and we went home.

31. After a couple of days, on the Monday, I went back to school. My classmates asked me where I had been and I just said that I had been away.
32. I was so ashamed, sad, and scared. I wanted to kill myself. I was so afraid that I would see the soldiers again. In COUNTRY, soldiers are all over the place, riding motorbikes and walking around. Even when the soldiers were walking away from me, my body seized up and I became very afraid.
33. I couldn't speak about what had I had been through. My cousin knew a little bit about what happened to me, but, I didn't tell her about the rapes. At school, I was miserable. I used to be so excited about school, but, I lost my interest in almost anything and didn't see the point of living. Even now, I also feel like life is not worth living and that I want it to be over.
34. At night, I had trouble sleeping. Often, my aunt woke me up because I was screaming in my sleep. Each night, I started to pray to God before I slept so that I wouldn't have nightmares. In the nightmares, it felt like I was re-living being raped and imprisoned.
35. We had no way of contacting F to let her know what had happened to me. We didn't even know how to get in touch with her.
36. The last time I saw my step-brother M was before I was taken to prison and raped. He is about 27 now, and, I have no idea where he is. While I was in prison I was told that he went away for business and he never came back.
37. I also never saw my half-sister C again. She also left while I was in prison and my aunt told me she moved to Zambia and maybe she got married, but, I think maybe she is in COUNTRY now. She would be about 25 years old today.

In August XXX, the Soldiers Came Back and Detained Me Again

38. On Friday, XXXX, two of the same soldiers, the officer-in-charge and the talking soldier, returned to my house where I lived with my aunt and my cousin. There was a third soldier who I did not recognize. At the time, I had come home from school and I was outside with my aunt, washing clothes by hand.
39. My aunt saw the white van approach the house and the three soldiers, in uniform, get out of the car. She immediately started shouting – saying “What do you want from her? She doesn't know what you're asking for!” They told her to be quiet, and, one of them used his hands and pushed

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her out of the way. I was absolutely terrified and I wanted to run away when I saw the soldiers, but, they were already so close and they had guns slung over their backs.

40. After they pushed my aunt to one side, the officer-in-charge told another officer to grab me. He took me by the arm and led me to the white van. I had nothing with me but the dress I was wearing. My aunt was screaming for them not to take me and to leave me alone. We were outside so neighbors on our street could see that the soldiers took me again.
41. In the van, the new soldier sat with me in the back seat while the officer-in-charge and the talking soldier sat up front. I started crying. I was most afraid that I would be raped again. The soldier sitting next to me asked me what I was crying for, and, I tried to stop.
42. At the police station, the soldiers took me to the same cell where I was held before and told me I had to stay there. I did not eat or drink anything that night. I cried all night and couldn't sleep.

The Soldiers Continued to Interrogate Me

43. The next day, the officer-in-charge and the talking soldier took me to the room where I had been questioned before. I sat on a stool and the two officers stood asking me questions, with their guns on their back.
44. The officer-in-charge said "I know you know where your sister and her husband are hiding. Tell us the village and the township where they are hiding." I insisted that I didn't know any information and had already told them my sister was in the U.S. I tried to explain, again and again, that I was 7 or 8 when they left and I didn't know where my brother-in-law was now. They didn't believe me and said, "Why aren't you telling the truth?" They did not believe that F was in the U.S. and kept saying that she was hiding and I just needed to tell them where. They asked me if F or her husband had left anything at the house. They seemed more concerned with finding F's husband than F herself.
45. At one point, the talking soldier grabbed my arm, but, the officer-in-charge told him not to touch me. Another time, the officer-in-charge pounded his fist on the table and said "Why aren't you telling the truth!" That really scared me. At the end of the interrogation, he said something like, "You're not cooperating, you're going to stay here until we figure this out." Then they took me back to my cell.

The Interrogations and Rapes Continued

46. The night of the interrogation, I was lying on the mattress, unable to sleep when the talking soldier came into my cell. He didn't really say too much – he just took off my dress and told me to be quiet. He unzipped his pants and raped me. At that moment, I wanted to hit him, but, I was

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scared that he would hurt me even more if I struggled at all. After he was done, he told me to put my dress back on and not to say anything to anyone. I cried that night and couldn't sleep.

47. Around three days after this, the officer-in-charge came to my cell and took me to the interrogation room. He asked me if my aunt had any information about F or her husband. He kept saying – “tell me the township” where they were hiding. At one point, the officer-in-charge grabbed me by the collar of my dress and he said “Do you know that you get in trouble if you don't tell the police the truth?” He questioned me for maybe around an hour and a half. He took me back to my cell and asked me if I wanted to stay in the cell forever.
48. That night the talking soldier came to my room again. All the rapes were always at night. He said that the officer-in-charge had sent him and that he thought “maybe I needed this,” meaning the rape. He told me to lie down and he said I knew what he was there for and I better not scream. He also called me a dog in the Lamba language.
49. I wasn't questioned every day. Sometimes I was taken to dig in the garden outside, planting vegetables with other prisoners. They were all ages, some were young like me and some were older. I remember there were some boys who were maybe between 12 and 14 years old, and they were being taught how to use weapons. I only ever spoke to the woman who had smiled at me the first time I was detained, and she asked me why I was there. We were guarded by soldiers with guns who stood around the gardens where we were working, so it was difficult to talk.
50. I was only fed once a day, but, my aunt three times to visit me and she brought me food the first two times. My aunt also brought me underwear and socks when she came to visit me. I wore the same dress for the whole time I was in detention. We were allowed to shower twice a week. My aunt was questioned on one of the times she brought me food – the soldiers asked her if I was Tutsi. My aunt told me about this afterwards.
51. Sometime in September, the silent soldier who had raped me twice during my first detention returned. He came to my cell at night and didn't say very much. I remember once that he told me that I deserved to be punished for not telling the truth. His punishment was to rape me again. I am not 100% sure but I know he raped me at least 2 more times.

During Further Interrogations, the Officers Accused Me of Being Tutsi Again and Threatened Me

52. The third time I was questioned was sometime in September, I think. The officer-in-charge came to get me in my cell with another officer who he introduced as a chief police officer from the Ituri district. Together, they asked me again about F's husband. They wanted to know where he was and if he had any weapons. Both officers were wearing their uniforms again, with guns. The interrogation lasted around 2 hours. The police officer from the DISTRICT said that F and I had the same father and the same mother. He said that I must be Tutsi, too. I insisted that I didn't even know F's mother and she wasn't my mother. This time neither of the police officers touched me, but the chief police officer from DISTRICT threatened me – he said something like, "You know a lot of people get killed for not telling the truth." He told me I was lucky to be alive. I never saw that police officer again.
53. The fourth time I was interrogated was also, I think, sometime in September. The officer-in-charge and the talking soldier took me to the interrogation room again. This was the last time I was questioned. They said that they didn't know why I didn't want to tell the truth. I insisted again that I wasn't lying and I didn't know where my brother-in-law was and that my sister was in the U.S. At one point the talking soldier started to touch me on my leg. The officer-in-charge slapped his hand away. This interrogation lasted only a short time, and then they said I wasn't cooperating and led me back to my cell.

I Was Released in December XXXX but the Officer-in-Charge Told Me Next Time I Would Die in Prison and I Lived in Fear of Being Detained Again for the Next Year

54. I spent almost four months in that cell before I was released. I had a small calendar from one of my school books with me in prison, so, I kept track of the days. On the day of my release, the officer-in-charge came to my cell and said that I was useful so they were going to send me home. I was happy and sad at the same time. The reason I was sad was because I was afraid of having to live with everything I had been through. The officer-in-charge also left me with fear in my heart because when he dropped me off at my house in his white van, he said that next time I would stay in prison forever – that I would die in prison. They told me that I would grow into a woman in prison.
55. I knew from my calendar that the date of my release from prison was December XXXX. After my release, my aunt took me to a clinic close to our house. They gave me pain pills because my back and my vagina hurt. I think my back hurt from bending and digging in the prison garden every day. I don't know exactly what was wrong with my vagina – it had little cuts in it and it burned every time I urinated.
56. The women in the clinic asked me what had happened and I told them I had been detained and raped by soldiers. They just shook their heads because it was a common thing for soldiers to do

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that. My aunt told me about soldiers who came to a house in our neighborhood in the middle of the night and raped a mother and daughter who lived there. This made me hate the soldiers even more.

57. In December of that year, close to Christmas and maybe about a week after my release, F got in touch with us again. We had received a letter in XXXX and another earlier in XXXX. She called and spoke with my aunt and my aunt told her what had happened to me. My aunt passed the phone to me and F explained that she was living in Virginia, in the United States. I told her that I wished I could see her.
58. After I was released, I was very afraid and scared of what would happen next, especially because the soldiers had warned me that there would be a “next time” and that I would die in prison. I lived my life in fear and I was petrified whenever I saw soldiers or white vans.
59. I felt even worse than after the first time I was released from prison. I could barely sleep and when I did sleep I had the screaming nightmares. I did not feel like living then. I thought about going to a drug store and buying a lot of pills and taking them all at once. I thought about taking my own life all of the time, and I still think about it a lot. I never killed myself because I was taught in church that it is a sin.
60. I went back to school in January XXXX. I had always loved school, but, after this I had a hard time paying attention. In school I would find myself thinking about the time I spent in prison and asking myself over and over again – why me? I had a few friends but I didn’t tell any of them what happened or where I had been for four months. I was too ashamed.

In December XXXX, I was Summoned to Appear in Court

61. In December XXXX I realized my life would never be normal again. I came home from school one day in December and my aunt told me that three soldiers had walked into the house, including the officer-in-charge who had taken me before. My aunt said that the soldiers did not even knock, but that morning they had just walked into the house and left a summons for me to appear in court on XXXXX. I’m not sure the exact day that the soldiers brought this to my house. I wasn’t home when it arrived and my aunt gave it to me when I came home from school.
62. When I saw that notice, I immediately felt very afraid. I told my aunt that I didn’t want to go to the court because I was too afraid of what they would do to me. I thought they would ask me questions and keep me in prison again, and I knew that I hadn’t committed any crimes. I was very afraid because the soldiers had warned me the previous year that the next time I went to prison; I would grow into a woman there and also that I would die in prison.

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63. On the day of the court hearing I went to school. I was very scared all day and I started wearing a tambala on my head so that I wouldn't be recognized. I was very afraid when I returned home that day. I remained afraid the following day and every day after that. I felt like it was only a matter of time before the soldiers would come for me again.
64. My aunt asked me what I wanted to do, and I said that I wanted to go to Zambia to try and find my mom and escape from the soldiers. My aunt helped me to buy a train ticket to leave because she had some money from selling potatoes and onions. We decided that I should take the train because we thought it would be risky to visibly walk, carrying bags, across the border.

I Fled COUNTRY and Crossed the Border into Zambia

65. It took a little bit of time to get ready to go and buy the train ticket. On XXX I traveled to XXX with a small bag with a few clothes, my birth certificate, and the summons. It was so close by that it only took one hour. I had crossed the border into XXXX before because my school was right on the border of XXX. There are signs on either sides of the border, but there's not really a fence, so, you can walk back and forth.
66. I arrived in Zambia in the early evening and I didn't know anyone. I went to the market, which was still open, and asked the ladies who were selling goods if they knew my mother or a place I could go. I just knew that my mother was supposed to be in CITY. They told me to go to a church where someone could help me.
67. I woke up on Christmas morning, XXXX in the church shelter. Christmas was not a big celebration for me usually, but, our special meal was rice and chicken, and I missed my aunt and cousin. The church shelter was for people in need, and I stayed there for a couple of months.
68. In XXXX I started to travel back and forth between Zambia and COUNTRY so that I could keep attending my school, the [school], which was just across the border. This was about a 15-20 minute walk from where I lived in Zambia and I did this most week days. In Zambia I couldn't attend school because I wasn't Zambian and they had a lot of problems with the schools being closed and the teachers going on strike. It was actually quite common at my school for students to live in Zambia and go to school in COUNTRY. It was easy to go back and forth and I just crossed the "border" into COUNTRY. This was possible because my school was right there on the border.
69. I was afraid to go back to COUNTRY for school, but I desperately wanted to keep going to school. I disguised myself by wearing a tambala on my head, which is like a head scarf. I was very afraid when I saw soldiers on the street. I tried not to draw attention to myself and looked down as I was walking.

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70. When I crossed the border into COUNTRY I never went to my aunt's house even though I really missed her and my cousin because I didn't want the police officers to find me. I didn't see my aunt again after XXXX when I left COUNTRY to move to Zambia. I saw my cousin in school only twice. My cousin took two letters to my aunt for me. I crossed the border into COUNTRY to go to school most school days in January and February XXX. I stopped attending school in COUNTRY in March because I was getting tired of going back and forth and felt like every time I went to school I took the risk of being seen by soldiers who might recognize me. I was too afraid to keep going to school.
71. Life was not easy in Zambia. It was hard to get enough food to eat. Zambian police would stop you if they thought you were foreign and if you didn't have money to give them, they would send you back to COUNTRY. I was very afraid of this.
72. At the church I met a Zambian woman who was a church member. She asked me about myself and I shared my story with her, I told her everything that had happened to me in COUNTRY. She felt very bad for me when she heard my story and a couple of weeks later she offered to let me stay at her house. I lived with this woman, her husband, and her daughter for about a month.

My Journey to the United States

73. The Zambian lady was a businesswoman and I think her business was buying and selling things in the U.S. and Zambia. I told her that my older sister, F, was in the U.S. I had F's phone number from one of the letters she sent us in COUNTRY, but we were never able to call because we didn't have enough money. The Zambian lady told me that she was going to arrange for me to get to the U.S. She and the other church members paid for my plane ticket.
74. The Zambian lady arranged for me to use her daughter's passport – her daughter and I were around the same age. She used my photo in the passport and inserted my middle name in the passport, too. I don't know how she did this because she only showed me the passport after she had altered it. I know it was wrong to use someone else's passport, but I was so desperate to get to safety and afraid of being sent back to COUNTRY.
75. When I left Zambia, I had very few possessions with me. I had the summons which I had taken with me when I left COUNTRY. I also had a letter from the church where I lived in Zambia, dated April 13, 2009, that they wrote me to try to ask churches in the U.S. to help me. This was in case I could not get in touch with my sister in the U.S.
76. The Zambian lady and I flew together to the U.S. I think that our plane stopped in Nairobi, Kenya. It was the first time I had ever been on a plane, and my heart was pounding, it felt like it was going to jump out of my chest. We arrived at John F. Kennedy airport in New York, New York on XXXX. The Zambian lady talked to the immigration officer when we arrived and I

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didn't say anything. After we arrived, the Zambian lady took the passport I used and the plane tickets. She told me that she really wanted to help me, but didn't want to get in trouble so I should never tell anyone her name.

77. In the airport, the Zambian lady bought me food, and then she called my sister, F, using her cell phone. The Zambian woman spoke to F first and then passed the phone to me. At first, F could not believe that it was me. I was crying. She told me that I should get on a train and come to Washington, DC, and she would pick me up there. I remember that F asked over and over again if I was OK.
78. The Zambian lady helped me to get on a train to Washington, DC. It was hard for me to say goodbye to the Zambian lady because she had helped me so much. I wish I could see her again, but I don't have any way to contact her and she didn't say anything about that when we said goodbye.

In April XXX I was Reunited with my Sister F in the U.S.

79. When I arrived at the train station in Washington, DC, F was there with her husband and two children. I didn't really recognize her, but, I think she recognized me. It was a very emotional moment and I felt some relief to finally be with my sister, far away from COUNTRY. We drove to my sister's house, which was close to City, Virginia, that same night.
80. For the first few days at F's house, I felt confused and sad. I kept wishing that I had gotten to see my mom in Zambia. I really didn't know F or know if she had changed since I had seen her last or how she was going to be. I tried to tell F some of what had happened to me in COUNTRY. F was good to me; she took care of me and took me to see a doctor.
81. I was scared to go to school in the U.S. I thought that the other kids might laugh at me, at the way I talked and the way I looked. But, I started school, I think sometime in May and then I went to summer school in June and July. School was scary, the other students looked, spoke, and acted differently than me, and a lot of the time I couldn't understand them or what was going on.

I Applied for Asylum in April XXXX

82. I didn't know about asylum until my sister told me about it in XXXX. She said that if it's not safe for you to go home, you can apply for asylum in the U.S. F gave me the form and explained how to fill in the form. She told me that I needed to complete the form quickly because there was a rule that said you had to apply for asylum within one year of when you arrived in the U.S. I had arrived on XXXX so, I had to apply before XXXX She came with me to my asylum interview, which I think was in May XXXX

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83. The asylum officer was a man. I was nervous when I got to the office, but he made me even more nervous. I felt like he was mean to me and he asked me so many questions. At times, I couldn't even speak because I was so upset and so nervous. The officer didn't ask for any evidence, he just wanted my ID and I didn't have any ID. I didn't know that I should have taken the summons and the letter from the church in Zambia. After the interview, I felt very afraid because I didn't think it went well, but, I kept hoping that maybe my case would be granted. Two weeks later, however, I returned to the asylum office and picked up the decision. I learned that my case was sent to court and I was very afraid of going to court and of being sent back home to COUNTRY.

84. In May XXXX I graduated from high school.

I suffer the psychological consequences of what happened to me in COUNTRY

85. I get very painful headaches when I talk or think about what happened to me in COUNTRY. It is the thing I most hate in the world – remembering about the rapes and the time I spent in prison. It is very hard for me to talk about what I have been through. When I think about this I feel very low and sometimes feel like hurting myself. Recently, I started seeing a therapist XXXXX who helps survivors of sexual assault.

I am Afraid to Return to COUNTRY

86. I hope to be safe in the U.S. and to move on with a new life. I would like to go back to school and become a nurse. I like taking care of people, and blood doesn't bother me. One day, I would love to go back to Africa, maybe Zambia or somewhere else, to try to improve the clinics there.

87. I am very afraid to return to COUNTRY after what has happened to me. I never want to have to go there again. There are elections in COUNTRY right now and I have heard that things are unstable. I am worried about my cousin and my aunt and it makes me even more afraid to go back to COUNTRY. I am afraid that if soldiers in COUNTRY realized who I was I would be arrested again, and again detained, beaten, and raped.

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I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the United States that the foregoing is true and correct to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, and incorporate the above statement into my application for asylum, withholding of removal, and relief under the Convention Against Torture,

Signed:

CLIENT

Date