

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY
CITIZENSHIP AND IMMIGRATION SERVICES
VERMONT SERVICE CENTER
ST. ALBANS, VT

IN THE MATTER OF:)
)
 CLIENT)
)
 Applicant.)
_____)

**DECLARATION OF CLIENT
IN SUPPORT OF HER APPLICATION FOR T NONIMMIGRANT STATUS**

I, CLIENT, hereby state under penalty of perjury that the following statements are true and accurate to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, and that I incorporate the following statements into my application for a T-Visa.

1. My name is CLIENT, and I was born on DATE. I currently live in CITY, Virginia. I have a daughter named DAUGHTER who was born in the United States. I also have two children named CHILD and CHILD who live in El Salvador.
2. I suffered greatly during my childhood and adolescence. My father was killed during the civil war in my country when I was a little girl. My mother did her best to raise me and my three siblings and three half-siblings, but she was confined to a wheelchair and there were no relatives who were willing or able to help us when we were growing up. We were very poor and struggled to get by.
3. When I was 14 years old, I met a man named X. He was interested in me and started pursuing me romantically at a young age. He promised me a better life and said that he would take care of me.
4. But X soon became abusive and started beating me. He punched me in the face, slapped me, shoved me and kicked me regularly. He beat me in the head and all over my body with hard objects like wooden chairs and other pieces of furniture in the house. X caused me to abort during my first trimester of pregnancy because of his beatings. I have scars from the abuse.
5. I was very afraid of X because he constantly threatened to take my life. I was with X for six years and had two children with him – CHILD and CHILD. After we had children together, X began threatening to take my children away from me. After years of beatings, I finally had the courage to tell X that I was leaving him. When X heard this, he strangled me in front of my children. I thought that X was going to kill me, but he left me alone. The very next morning, I left with the children. I learned through family that

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X left El Salvador about three months later and went to the United States. I was relieved that he wasn't near me anymore.

6. A few months after ending my relationship with X, I met a man named Y. Y was a wonderful man and was very kind to me. He treated me very well, and we soon became romantically involved. We were very happy together. However, the Mara Salvatrucha gang began harassing Y and threatening his life. Y realized that he could not stay in El Salvador anymore because it was unsafe, so he left El Salvador and went to the United States in YEAR.
7. I was very sad when Y left. I loved him very much and I did not want to be apart from him. We spent many months apart, and it was a very difficult time for me.
8. About eight months after Y went to the United States, he told me to come to the United States. Y said that he was more settled and that he wanted me to join him so that we could begin our life together there. I was so happy at the thought of reuniting with Y and I wanted nothing more than to be with him.
9. Y warned me that coming to the United States was very dangerous and he said that I should not come alone. He told me that I should look for someone to help me come to the United States.
10. I was scared when Y said this to me. I had two young children and I did not know how I would reach the United States. I realized that the journey would be unsafe for my young children and that it might be better for them to stay with family until I knew how I could reach the United States safely.

Introduction to TRAFFICKER and W

11. I heard through word of mouth that there were people in VILLAGE, El Salvador that helped people go to the United States. I boarded a bus to get to VILLAGE to see if I could learn more about these people. On the bus, I met someone who said that he knew of a couple who were helping people come to the United States. I decided to go with him.
12. In VILLAGE, we went to a house where many people were gathered inside. A woman was talking to a group of people, and I soon learned that she was the one organizing groups to go to the United States. Her name was W. She told everyone in the house that it would cost \$7500 to reach the United States.
13. W then pointed to a man in the room and said that he was her husband. He was a very large, intimidating man, and I learned that this man went by the name of TRAFFICKER. W said that TRAFFICKER was leading the group to the United States and that he would take good care of everyone during the journey.
14. I asked W if she would be accompanying us on the trip, and she said that she would stay with us during the journey. I felt more comfortable knowing that a woman was also leading the group. I immediately called Y in the United States and told him that I had

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found a nice couple who would help me go to the United States. When I told Y that a woman was involved, he felt more comfortable and said that it sounded like a good idea to go with them.

15. W promised us that the journey to United States would be perfectly safe and that we would not suffer at all. After W finished her speech, group leaders asked us for a deposit to begin the trip. They told us that they would collect the balance of the fee during the trip. I gave them all the money I had saved, which was about \$1500.

TRAFFICKER's Abuse in Mexico

16. We began the journey on DATE. There were about 30 people in the group with me. We traveled across El Salvador and reached the border of Guatemala. Here, TRAFFICKER told us that we would cross the border in the middle of the night.
17. TRAFFICKER asked me to stay with him and said that he and I would cross together as a pair. Because he was the leader of the group and was being kind to me, I didn't think anything of going with him. TRAFFICKER seemed to be in his mid-forties, and I looked to him as a father figure.
18. As we crossed the border, I noticed that W did not accompany us. I was disturbed by this and I asked TRAFFICKER why she was not crossing with us. TRAFFICKER assured me that she had many things to take care of in El Salvador so she would not be able to do the journey. I felt worried that she wasn't coming, but TRAFFICKER convinced me that everything would be fine.
19. While we were crossing, TRAFFICKER started talking to me about my family. He learned that my mother had been in a wheelchair for most of my life and that my father had been killed during the civil war when I was very young. TRAFFICKER said that he would protect me now.
20. When we crossed into Guatemala, we boarded a bus. After several hours, our group arrived at the Mexican border. When we reached the Mexican border, we got off the bus and started going in cars, four people to a car. We drove into Chiapas. I was surprised that the border crossing from Guatemala was uneventful and that no law enforcement authorities questioned us while we crossed.
21. When we arrived in Chiapas, a group of strange looking men took us to a farmhouse in the middle of nowhere. I got a strange feeling from these men and I overheard a few of their conversations. I soon realized that these men were drug traffickers. It occurred to me that these men probably helped TRAFFICKER's groups to cross the borders.
22. After arriving in Chiapas, I noticed that TRAFFICKER's behavior changed drastically. He became very stern and mean with everyone. He began yelling at the group. I was surprised by his behavior and felt very nervous around him.
23. I was very uneasy staying in the farmhouse in Chiapas. I saw guns around the house, and I asked TRAFFICKER why the guns were there. TRAFFICKER told me that the guns

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were there to protect our group. I didn't trust the people we were staying with, and I felt increasingly anxious and scared.

24. After a few days at this farmhouse, our group left and began crossing through Mexico. TRAFFICKER's behavior towards me started changing too. He began trying to touch me and get close to me. TRAFFICKER brushed against me whenever he had the chance and on several occasions reached for my breasts and my buttocks. I quickly moved away and found other people in the group to stand next to when he did this. I started feeling very nervous and uncomfortable around him, but now that we were in Mexico around dangerous people, I didn't know what to do.
25. We continued driving through Mexico, and TRAFFICKER took our group to another house in the middle of nowhere. Our group was kept in a basement location inside the house. There were many people crammed into this room. While we were staying at this house, TRAFFICKER came to me and started giving me gifts. I immediately told TRAFFICKER that I didn't want any gifts or favors from him. I asked him why he was treating me differently or giving me special treatment, but TRAFFICKER just told me that not to make a big deal out of it.
26. While at this house, TRAFFICKER began making phone calls to family members of the people in our group. I could hear him telling the relatives on the phone that if they did not pay immediately for their family member who was traveling, there would be trouble. Everyone was frightened and desperate for their relatives to pay quickly.
27. TRAFFICKER came to me and asked me for Y's number. I gave it to him, and he called Y and passed the phone to me. I pleaded with Y to send the money for my trip, and as soon as I said this, TRAFFICKER ripped the phone out of my hand. He yelled to Y the bank account details where the money should be sent and then he hung up the phone.
28. That night, TRAFFICKER asked me to stay with him. He told me that I was pretty and that he wanted to be with me. I felt scared and I told him that I didn't want anything to do with him. I reminded him that I was married and I said that I saw him like a father figure. This made TRAFFICKER angry, but he left me alone that night.
29. The next day, TRAFFICKER started trying to bribe me to work for him. TRAFFICKER told me that he would help bring my children to the United States. He promised me an apartment and a good job in the United States if I worked with him. TRAFFICKER told me that I was very pretty and could earn a lot of money if I became a prostitute. I said that I would not do that under any circumstances. When I refused his offer, TRAFFICKER said to me, "You think you're a saint, but you're so stupid. You are worth so much. You should take advantage of that."
30. That night, around 11 p.m., TRAFFICKER came to me and said he needed to speak with me outside immediately. I was terrified to go outside, but I didn't feel that I had a choice.
31. When I went outside, TRAFFICKER told me that he wanted me to sleep with him. I told him that I didn't want to, and he grabbed me and said, "You can't say no to me." I was

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terrified and tried to get away, but TRAFFICKER grabbed me by my neck and started dragging me up the stairs to the top level of an old, unfinished house.

32. As we went up the steps, I heard the voices of other girls locked in rooms in the house. I was so scared that TRAFFICKER was going to rape me, and I bit him and tried to escape. When I did this, TRAFFICKER hit me and grabbed me harder. We reached the top floor of the house, and TRAFFICKER pushed me into the room and locked the door behind him. I was so scared and I started crying hysterically. TRAFFICKER told me not to resist, and said that it was best if I just went along with what he did.
33. TRAFFICKER raped me in that room. I was in terrible pain and I cried while he raped me. It felt like an eternity, and I felt myself bleeding. Afterwards, TRAFFICKER threw my clothes and told me to get dressed and leave.
34. As I began putting my clothes on, TRAFFICKER said to me that if I told anyone about what had happened, he would take me far away and kill me where no one would find me. He called me a motherfucker, and said that if I did anything with any other men in the group he would beat that person up in front of me so I could watch that person suffer.
35. I staggered out of the room. I was in so much pain, and I was devastated that I had just been raped. I couldn't stop crying and I wanted to end my life right there. I looked down at the rocks below and thought about jumping to my death. I didn't feel I could go on after what happened. But the thought of my children forced me to put myself together. I went back to the house where the others in my group were staying, and I lay down on the floor and cried the entire rest of the night.
36. The next day, I overheard TRAFFICKER say to the entire group that I was now his woman and that I belonged to him. TRAFFICKER said that he didn't want anyone talking to me. I cried in the corner while he said this, but everyone just glared at me as if I was a dirty, horrible person. I felt isolated and scared. I wanted to scream that TRAFFICKER had raped me and was threatening me, but I knew that if I told anyone about what TRAFFICKER had done, TRAFFICKER would kill me and attack the person I told. TRAFFICKER raped me on many occasions after that, about 15 times in total, and caused me to be raped by many others, around nine times altogether.
37. The next day, we left the house and went to Vera Cruz. I was constantly scared that TRAFFICKER might try to rape me again. TRAFFICKER pulled me aside at one point and told me that he was trying to keep me "intact" because of what was in store for me down the road. I realized that he meant that he was going to try to sell me to other men, and my body began to shake. I wanted to escape my horrible fate, but I didn't know what to do. I was far from home now and I didn't know who I could turn to because TRAFFICKER seemed to control everything and everyone. His threats to kill me terrified me.
38. When we reached Tampico, TRAFFICKER told me that from that point forward, I had to pay with my body because Y hadn't sent the money for my trip. I said that I didn't

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believe him and I asked him why he wasn't letting me talk to my family. I just couldn't believe that Y wouldn't send the money.

39. TRAFFICKER became angry and threatened me, "When I tell you to do something, you do it. If I say that you sell your body for sex, you sell your body. If I say that you die, then you die."
40. I was trembling because I was so scared of TRAFFICKER. TRAFFICKER said that I didn't understand how important he was, and he told me that he had killed people. He said that he knew where my mother and children lived in El Salvador. I started to cry and begged him to leave me alone. I was panicking now about what he would do to me.
41. One day, while we were in Tampico, TRAFFICKER separated me from the group and said that he was taking me out. I could see that he was heavily drugged and I started to panic. I asked TRAFFICKER where we were going, and he said that he was taking me to buy things. I knew that something wasn't right, and I begged him to just kill me instead of torturing me like this.
42. Instead of taking me shopping, TRAFFICKER took me to a hotel. I immediately started crying because I realized something bad was about to happen. TRAFFICKER told me not to talk and just said it was better to be at peace because it would be less painful. Then he raped me. I felt pain very deep inside of me, and I couldn't stop shaking and crying.
43. Afterwards, TRAFFICKER took me back to where the rest of our group was staying. When we returned to the group, I separated myself and cried alone. I was suffering so much and I had no one to turn to.
44. Over the next few days, I heard TRAFFICKER talking on his cell phone and saw him watching me as he spoke. He said things like, "If you pay the right price, I will let you have a night with her" or, "I have girls here that are worth a lot." I realized that he was trying to sell me to other men, and I felt horrible. I had a sick feeling in my stomach and I was paralyzed with fear.
45. After a few days in Tampico, our group boarded a bus to start driving towards the border of the United States. When we reached the city of Reynosa, we got into trucks and drove to a small place very close to the border of the United States. We were so close that I could see the United States on the other side of the river. I prayed that my ordeal was almost over.
46. TRAFFICKER took our group to a large barnyard and told us that we were staying here. There were many, many people inside the barnyard from different countries in Central and South America. Each group appeared to have its own coyote.
47. I saw a man walking around the barnyard inspecting people, and I soon learned that this man was the head of the entire operation. His name was Juan. The coyotes all took their groups over to Juan for approval.

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48. One morning, TRAFFICKER came to me and brought me a Nesquik to drink. He told me to drink it. I noticed when I looked at the carton that it had already been opened. This made me very nervous.
49. TRAFFICKER growled to me that he would take me to the mountains and leave me for dead if I didn't obey him and drink the Nesquik. I knew that I didn't have a choice, so I drank the Nesquik. I felt drowsy and tired and felt as if I was in a trance. Then I blacked out.
50. When I woke up, I was lying in a bed in a motel of some sort. I didn't know where I was. I saw that a pornographic movie playing on the TV in the room. I was naked and alone, and I felt severe pain deep in my body, in my vagina and in my anus. I looked down and saw blood on the bed. I immediately started crying because I knew I had been raped.
51. I slowly got up and managed to get to the doorway. I saw a man in the hallway standing guard outside the door. He looked at me and said that he knew I was a prostitute and that I was one of TRAFFICKER's women. I told him that I was not a prostitute and that I needed help to escape. The man told me that I should be careful because TRAFFICKER had killed a woman in this place. I was terrified and pleaded with him to help me. He just told me it was best if I didn't try to fight what was happening.
52. Just then, I heard someone coming down the hallway, so I went back to bed and pretended that I was asleep. The door to my room opened, and I overheard TRAFFICKER telling some men, "She's good. You'll like her." I opened my eyes and I saw two men giving TRAFFICKER money. I began screaming and crying, and I told TRAFFICKER to just kill me. TRAFFICKER walked over and hit me in the face. Then TRAFFICKER and the two men left the room.
53. I was terrified and looked for a way to escape. The door was locked and the room was too high for me to jump. I dreaded what would happen when the men returned.
54. That night, the two men returned. Together they began to rape me. They did so many terrible things to me and I just wanted it to stop. I was in so much pain and I cried out. I couldn't move afterwards because of what they did to my body. It felt like a big rock was inside of me.
55. Afterwards, TRAFFICKER returned to the room, and he and the two men who raped me dragged me to a car, and we began driving. After about twenty minutes, we reached the barnyard where all the other immigrants were being kept. TRAFFICKER took me inside the barnyard.
56. TRAFFICKER took me to a room at the back of the barnyard, far away from where all the people were staying, and I began to panic. He put me in the room and said, "You are going to stay in this room as long as I decide that you need to stay. I've given orders to everyone here to keep you locked up." Then he locked the door and left me alone.
57. While I was locked in the room, I heard TRAFFICKER speaking on the phone with his wife, W outside my room, arguing about why this group was taking so long and why he

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had not returned to El Salvador. He told her that he was keeping me there because I had not paid up. W knew that her husband was up to bad things but she was also interested in the money. When I learned this, I wanted to speak to Y to find out if it was true. Then I heard TRAFFICKER say that I was going to have to stay in the room. After this, I never heard from TRAFFICKER again, and I thought that he had probably taken the rest of my group across the border.

58. I was locked away in this room in the barnyard for two weeks. I was given food and water under the door, but I was not let out of the room. I felt totally alone and terrified. I was certain that I would never escape this place, and I wanted to end my life.
59. Then, one day, I finally heard voices outside my door, and I heard people saying the name Juan. I realized that it must be the leader of the operation. I was desperate and willing to talk to anyone who would listen to me now. I started screaming for Juan, and he opened the door and asked me what was happening.
60. I immediately started crying and I begged Juan to help me. I wasn't able to give Juan details of what had happened, but I told him that TRAFFICKER had treated me very badly. I told him that I was in TRAFFICKER's group, and he asked why I was still there in the barnyard. Juan told me that I should have left a while ago with TRAFFICKER's group to cross the border, and that I was fully paid. Another coyote came over to us. He spoke to Juan and told him that TRAFFICKER had instructed everyone to lock me at this house because I hadn't paid my way. Juan became furious and responded, "That asshole will hear from me." Juan said to me, "I get paid to help people cross the border, not to harm them. I don't want anyone here hurt by the people who work with me."
61. After my conversation with Juan, he and W spoke and he explained to her that I was already paid up. She got mad and suggested that I was sleeping with her husband out of my own free will. Juan passed me the phone and she called me a prostitute and a bitch and told me that everything was my fault. I started crying and told her that I thought she was coming on the trip and that she was the only reason that I had chosen to go with TRAFFICKER. I told her that if I had known that TRAFFICKER would torture me like this, I would never have come. She said, "you don't know what my husband is capable of. He will kill you if you ever return to El Salvador."
62. At that point, I fainted. Juan took the phone and told me to calm down. He told me not to worry because I would be joining a group that was leaving for the United States that same day.
63. W must have called TRAFFICKER and told him what I said, that it was his fault that I was still there, because he immediately called the barnyard and asked for me. I was terrified to speak to TRAFFICKER but the coyote who answered the phone said that he had no choice and that he had to obey TRAFFICKER's orders. As soon as I got on the phone, TRAFFICKER screamed at me and said, "You talked, bitch. Your life is over. I know you talked to my wife."

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64. TRAFFICKER continued, “Listen little slut, you will pay now. If you return to El Salvador, I will kill you.” He told me in gruesome detail about how he put another girl who talked on the railroad tracks and killed her. I was shaking now because I was so afraid and couldn’t stop crying.
65. TRAFFICKER continued to scream and said that he was capable of anything. He threatened me and said that he would be able to easily track me down no matter where I ended up. He said, “If you get to the United States, I can come to the United States and find you because I am Puerto Rican and I can do that. I know a lot of people, and I will be in contact with people in the United States ahead of you to let them know about you.” He said I should pray to God that I make it to the United States because if they sent me back to El Salvador, he could easily kill me there because he has a lot of money and can pay off the authorities and they won’t do anything.
66. After this conversation, I felt like my life was hanging on a thread and I was very scared. However, I also felt hope that I was still alive and I that I was finally going to be able to leave this horrible place where I had been locked up. That same night, two men who worked for Juan led our group towards the United States. We went by trucks and drove about 15 minutes to get to the river. We crossed the river by inflatable boats and reached the other side. The group leaders said that we had arrived in the United States.

Forced into Prostitution in McAllen, Texas

67. When we reached the other side of the border, the guides took our group to a house with many, many people inside. I heard from one of the guides that we were in McAllen, Texas. When we reached the house, a man who seemed to be about fifty years old received us and told us that we were staying at the house until more guides arrived to help us cross the desert in Texas.
68. The fifty year old man looked like the owner of the house, and he carried large guns on him. He walked around the house constantly to check on people and to see where everyone was. I was scared of the man and his guns and thought that he might shoot people who tried to leave.
69. The owner and the two guides who brought us to this house told our group that we had to stay inside the house at all times and that we were not allowed to leave. The owner said that if immigration knew that we were all there, the authorities would catch us and deport everyone. I was terrified that I would be caught by immigration and sent back to El Salvador, where TRAFFICKER might be waiting.
70. I asked the owner how long we would be at this house before we left. The man looked at me and said that sometimes it was two to three days, and sometimes it was longer. Then he gave me a strange look and smiled again. I shivered when he smiled like this at me.
71. Later that evening, I heard the owner talking on the phone. He looked over at me several times while he was talking on the phone, and then I heard him say, “She’s the best in the group. I’ve seen them all but I think you’ll like this one.” I immediately panicked. The conversations sounded very similar to what TRAFFICKER was saying on the phone in

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Mexico, and I began to think that this man might also be telling someone that I was a prostitute and that he could sell me. My heart was pounding and I wanted to escape, but I didn't know where to go. I feared that this man would try to kill me if I left, and even if I could escape, I was terrified that I would be caught by immigration and deported to El Salvador.

72. The owner of the house did not seem to sleep. The first night we were there, I heard him walking around constantly. At one point during the night, the owner started acting strangely, and I heard him say to someone that he had just done a lot of cocaine and that he was wide awake. Suddenly, I heard him shooting his gun, and everyone in the house started screaming. I was petrified that the man would shoot or kill someone. The other guides in the house managed to calm him down and restrain him, but everyone was terrified of what this man might do.
73. The next morning, around nine o'clock, I went to take a shower. As I was showering, there was a sudden knock on the bathroom door. The owner of the house opened the door and said that I needed to come quickly because my partner was calling and needed to speak to me urgently.
74. I hadn't spoken to Y in weeks, and whenever I did speak to Y during the journey, TRAFFICKER was always standing over me and threatening me. I was so anxious to speak to Y now. The owner told me that I had to go immediately to get the call. I was in the middle of the shower and still had shampoo in my hair, but the owner said that it didn't matter, so I ran out of the bathroom.
75. The owner pointed to a red truck waiting outside and told me that the man would take me to get the call from my partner. I saw the man sitting in the red truck and immediately felt nervous. The man had tattoos all over his body and seemed heavily drugged.
76. The owner insisted that Y was waiting to speak to me. The man in the truck motioned to me and said that we were going to the house where Y was calling.
77. I moved slowly towards the truck, but I began to have a very bad feeling about what was happening. I kept asking about Y, and the man kept insisting to me that we were going to the house to take the call from Y. I reluctantly got in the truck with the man. After we had been driving for a few minutes, the man turned to me and said that we were going to a very nice place. I started getting scared and began to realize that this man was not taking me to speak to Y.
78. We drove through a market area, and I told the man that I needed to purchase a few things. I was hoping to find a way to escape from the car. I saw so many people outside and I wanted to run into the crowds. The man slowed down momentarily, but then he turned to me and said, "You might try to get away, so I'm not letting you out."
79. When the man said this, I tried opening the door to jump out of the car. But the man started to speed up the car so that I couldn't jump. I kept telling him I wanted to go back, and I screamed insults at him, but he wouldn't listen.

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80. The man turned to me and asked, “You know TRAFFICKER, right?” I looked at him and my stomach dropped. I slowly asked him why he wanted to know. He replied, “TRAFFICKER told me a lot about you.”
81. I realized that TRAFFICKER had probably called people he knew in the United States and told them that I was a prostitute so that he could sell me. I felt certain that TRAFFICKER was trying to punish me. The man in the truck continued, “We find women like you who sleep their way to the United States. We know how you woman are, and we know that you will sleep with one man after another. When we find out about women like you, we pick you of the group and take you out.”
82. When the man said this, I began to sob and I told him over and over that I didn’t sell myself and I wasn’t a prostitute. The man just smiled and said, “You didn’t sell yourself. You were sold.” All I could think at that moment was that I preferred anything to this torture, even death.
83. The man took me to a trailer in a remote area and forced me inside the trailer. I couldn’t stop crying and I resisted, but the man pushed me inside. When I entered the trailer, I saw several women sitting around. I also saw four or five men in the trailer. It looked as though the women were waiting on the men. When the women saw me, they chuckled to themselves and gave each other looks.
84. The man with the tattoos took me into a bedroom in the trailer. Another man also came into the back room. The tattooed man said to me, “This is where we take girls that we bring back.” He glared at me and said, “Don’t try to escape. If you behave well, everything will be fine. If you don’t, there will be trouble.” He gave me a pill and told me to take it. I said that I didn’t want it. I was still crying, and my head was pounding. The man insisted that I take the pill. He told me that it was a tranquilizer and that it would calm me down.
85. I told the man that I wouldn’t take the pill, and he became angry. He grabbed my head and forced the pill into my mouth. When it went down, I started feeling lightheaded. I was still conscious, but my hearing began to change. After several minutes, the sounds felt distant and far away. My body became numb and tired, as if it was asleep.
86. One of the men then told me to choose a pornographic film from the collection. He told me that we would mimic whatever the people in the film were doing.
87. Both of the men took turns raping me. I was forced to do horrible things that were happening in the pornographic video. The men raped me in my vagina and my anus, and they put their penises in my mouth.
88. I thought that it would never end. Time was moving very slowly. In my mind, I kept screaming out for it to stop, but my body wasn’t responding to my thoughts anymore. I couldn’t speak or fight back.
89. Hours went by. Eventually, one of the men barked at me and said, “Get up and walk.” But I couldn’t move. Everything was dark, and I lay on the bed.

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90. The man again told me to get up and walk. In my mind, I kept asking myself, “Why don’t these people kill me? Why are they making me suffer?” I couldn’t speak.
91. The man pulled me up to a sitting position on the bed. He slapped my face to try to wake me up from my stupor. I felt ringing in my ears and slowly began to feel more conscious. The man asked me over and over, “Do you want to see your group again? If you do, you have five minutes to get ready.”
92. I felt the effect of the pills slowly begin to wear off. As it wore off, I felt immense pain inside my body and around my anus and vagina. I realized that I was still naked and that these two men were staring at me. As things began to sink in, I felt terrible and extremely ashamed. I looked at the men, and I started screaming, “Why don’t you kill me? This is because of TRAFFICKER, right? I am not a prostitute! Why don’t you just kill me now! Just kill me!”
93. The man walked over and hit me in the face right next to my eye. He screamed in my face, “Shut up, slut! Get dressed now!” My eye closed as it began to swell. I couldn’t see.
94. I managed to put my clothes on, but my entire body was aching and felt as though it had been ripped apart. The men grabbed me by the armpits and dragged me outside to the car. As we walked out, I heard the other women in the trailer ask the men, “How was she?” The men laughed and said, “Oh, this one, she was great!” I wanted to throw up when they said this.
95. The men threw me in the car, and we started driving. I asked over and over again, “How could you do this to me? Why would you treat me like this?” The man looked at me in the rearview mirror and said, “Look, we’re sorry, but a deal is a deal. We already paid for you, so there’s nothing we can do about it.”
96. When we were close to the house where my group was staying, one of the men in the truck called someone on the phone and said, “We’re here and we’re waiting outside.” At the house, I saw the owner of the house walk out and watch our truck.
97. I was in so much pain now and I couldn’t move myself. The men kept yelling for me to get out of the car, and I couldn’t do anything. Finally, one of the men opened my door and pushed me out, and I fell onto the ground. The men drove away. I somehow pulled myself up and walked slowly towards the house.
98. When I reached the owner, he smiled at me and asked, “Did you have fun?” As soon as he said this, I felt so much anger and rage. I screamed insults at him. Everyone inside the house was watching me now.
99. I continued to scream at the owner, “How could you do this to me? How could you trick me into going with those men?” Everyone was listening, and I knew that they must have figured out what had happened. My eye was swollen shut now, my clothes and hair were a mess, and I could barely walk because I was in so much pain.

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100. The owner just laughed and said, “Sorry, I’m just doing my job. TRAFFICKER told me about you before you got here. He told me that you were a hooker and that you came to the United States sleeping with him and other men to pay your way here. Since I know that you work for TRAFFICKER, you telling me that you are innocent and that you’re not a hooker means nothing to me.”
101. The owner continued, “In any event, you’ve paid your way to this point so I’m allowing you to leave with a group tomorrow. I will give you a tranquilizer for your pain. Be strong, because it is a long journey tomorrow.”
102. By now, I felt extreme pain inside my body and around my vagina, and my back was throbbing. I couldn’t even sit down because I was in so much pain. I felt raw inside. I was bleeding again and I hurt. A woman in the group saw me crying and she took me aside and said she would help me. She gave me some medication for the pain.
103. A man who was traveling with our group came up to me and whispered, “I know how these guys work. When they like a girl in the group, this is what they do to her.” He shook his head in anger as he said this. I felt stronger knowing that people in this group supported me.
104. That night, I prayed to God to help me get out of this place. I needed the strength to go on, and I hoped that I could find a way out.
105. The next morning, I was put into a group of people with mostly men and a few women. The guide told us that we would be walking through the desert for several days and that we would need to stay alert because we would be caught by immigration if we strayed. The guide said that if people didn’t keep up, they would be left to die in the desert. The guides also warned us that anyone that tried to escape without paying their fees for the journey through the desert would face serious consequences.
106. We walked for three days through the desert. It was terrifying to walk through the desert. The desert seemed so big, and I saw many snakes and creatures along the way. I thought that if I tried to go out on my own I would surely die.
107. On the fourth day, our guide told us that trucks would be waiting for us next to a large highway. We found out that the trucks did not come that day and we were forced to hide behind some rocks without food and water for another day. When the trucks finally arrived on the fifth day, the guides told us to run in pairs to cross the highway, where the trucks would be waiting for us. The guides said that if we didn’t run quickly, immigration would catch us and deport us.
108. I immediately ran across the highway, and I saw a truck parked across the highway. A man was waiting in the truck. I went with a few other people into the truck. I didn’t know where they were taking us.
109. As we drove, the people in the truck kept saying to us that anyone who tried to jump out of the truck would be in trouble. They took us to a house that was outside of the city of Houston, Texas.

Trapped in Houston, Texas

110. When we went into the house in Houston, I saw many people inside again. Most of the people were very young women and girls. I also saw five or six men walking around with lists of names collecting money from people. The doors to the house were locked, and there were three armed men pacing around the house watching us and circling around us.
111. One of the young girls who was staying in the house walked by me, and I tapped her arm and asked her what she did at the house. The girl simply said that she owed money, so she was staying at the house until she had paid her way. Then she walked away. I felt terrible fear when she said this.
112. The guides then began to speak to the entire group and said, “All of you are to remain here until your fees have been paid. If the money is not sent by your relatives by the end of the week, you will stay with us until we’ve decided that your fee has been paid.”
113. I began to panic. I could not imagine staying in this place any longer, and I didn’t want to be sold as a prostitute again. A guide walked over to me and told me that he wanted me to call my partner and ask him for \$2000 to pay for my journey. I called Y in front of the man and I told Y that he needed to send money. Y said he didn’t have the money, but he would try to find it.
114. The man glared at me and said, “Your family needs to send this money by the end of the week, or else you will need to stay here with these girls and work to pay for your trip.” He walked away. I was so scared when the man said this to me. I began shaking. I thought my nightmare would never end.
115. While we were staying at the house, I heard different guides saying the names “TRAFFICKER” and “W” over and over again. I realized how well connected this network was, because everyone seemed to know TRAFFICKER and W well. I wanted to tune all these conversations out because I was terrified just by hearing TRAFFICKER’s name.
116. On the third day at the house, a guide came to me and said, “Your partner is on the phone again.” I took the phone and heard another man’s voice. My stomach dropped when I realized that it was my ex, X. I couldn’t understand how he found me at this place. But then X said, “I know TRAFFICKER. I just talked to him, and I know where you are. I want you to come to stay with me in STATE. I will take care of you. I will make sure they bring you here to me.”
117. I panicked. X had beaten me so badly when we were together in El Salvador, and going to him would mean the end of my life. The fact that he was connected to TRAFFICKER made me feel even worse. X continued, “The guide told me that you need \$2000, so I am sending it to them now. I’ll give them my address so that they can

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bring you to me.” Then he hung up the phone. I immediately began to cry. I wanted to go to Y and I wanted this to end. Now I felt that I was trapped again.

118. I learned that X sent the money that afternoon. A guide came to me and told me that a man and a woman were driving a group of people and I was going to go with them.
119. We left at eight o'clock that night. I was in a van with 12 other people. As we drove, all I could think about was what X would do to me when I arrived at his home. I dreaded seeing him again and felt certain that my fate was sealed.
120. We drove for several hours and then stopped at a rest stop to go to the bathroom. The man watched each of us as we got out of the van. I followed the woman into the bathroom, and I told her I needed to speak with her urgently. Then I began to cry hysterically.
121. The woman asked me what was wrong. My voice was shaking, and I told her that X was not my husband and that he was a very bad person. I told her that he beat me when we were together in El Salvador, and I began showing her the scars on my body and telling her that X had done that to me.
122. The woman went to her partner and told him what I said to her. Finally, they both looked at me and said, “If he is as terrible as you say he is, we won't take you there.” When they said this, I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I thought it was too good to be true. So many people had mistreated me along the way, and I couldn't believe that these people were willing to help me now.
123. I gave the couple the address where Y was living in Virginia. I was very nervous to say anything at first because I didn't know what they were going to do with me. But the woman looked at me and said, “If a man beats you like that, we don't want to work with him. I believe what you're saying, and we will take you to Y.” Over the next few hours, X called the couple repeatedly. When the phone rang, I jumped, but the couple didn't accept any of X's calls.
124. The couple took me to City, Virginia, where Y was living. When we arrived at the house, Y opened the door to me and I collapsed in his arms and sobbed uncontrollably. It had been two months since I left El Salvador. Y just looked at me and said, “I was so scared that I would never see you again.” He hugged me tightly.

Aftermath

125. After being reunited with Y, I thought that my nightmare had ended. But I continued to suffer from what happened to me during my journey to the United States.
126. I experienced serious problems with my vagina, and I went to a doctor one day to have it checked. The doctor told me that I had an infection and that it was very advanced. The doctor asked me if my significant other gave it to me, and then he asked me if I had had many sexual partners. I began sobbing when he asked me this because I realized that TRAFFICKER or any one of the men who had raped me had probably given me the

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infection. I had never had an infection in my vagina before, and Y had not had an infection before either. I had to begin taking medication to treat the infection.

127. It was very difficult for me to have sex with Y. I had horrible feelings associated with sex because of the repeated rapes. When Y tried to have sex with me, it caused me great pain, and I felt like I had a wound inside me that wouldn't heal.
128. When I became pregnant, the infection flared up again, only it became much worse. I had a high fever, and the doctor said that I needed to be very careful so that it wouldn't affect the baby. I was so scared that something bad would happen to the baby or to me because of the infection. Fortunately, I was able to have a healthy baby, but I continued to deal with the effects of having an infection from the rapes that I suffered.
129. About a year after I reached Virginia, X somehow managed to find my phone number. He began calling me daily and harassing me, telling me that I owed him for the amounts he paid to bring me into the United States. X threatened me by saying that TRAFFICKER was just a phone call away, and all X had to do was call TRAFFICKER and TRAFFICKER would help him find me and kill me. I couldn't sleep at night after he said this.
130. TRAFFICKER had repeatedly threatened me while in Mexico that if I Y came back to El Salvador, he would kill me. TRAFFICKER always told me that he was capable of anything and that he had killed many people before who had wronged him. When he had previously told me the story of another woman that he had killed on the railroad tracks, I was petrified.
131. Several months after I reached Virginia, I learned from my brother, BROTHER, who lived in El Salvador, that TRAFFICKER had found him and made threats against me. TRAFFICKER told my brother, "Tell your dear sister CLIENT that she better not be deported to El Salvador, because if she comes back here, I will kill her." BROTHER had heard from other people in the community that TRAFFICKER was a dangerous person, and he became very worried and called me immediately. BROTHER repeatedly asked me what happened with TRAFFICKER during my journey. I cried because I was so scared at the thought of going back to El Salvador and TRAFFICKER hunting me down. I couldn't tell BROTHER what had truly happened to me, but I told him that TRAFFICKER had mistreated me and he was upset with me.
132. My mother called me a few weeks later and told me that a man named TRAFFICKER had passed by her house. When she said TRAFFICKER's name, I immediately froze. Both of my children were living with my mother at that point. She told me that TRAFFICKER spoke to the children and to her and said that he was a good friend of mine and he just wanted to say hello. When my mother told me this, I panicked. TRAFFICKER had constantly told me during the journey that he knew where my family lived, and that he would harm my family if I didn't comply with his wishes. I knew that he had gone to the house on purpose to demonstrate to me that he was keeping track of my family.

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133. I'm so terrified to return to El Salvador. I know that if I go back, TRAFFICKER will find me and try to kill me for telling his boss, Juan, about his mistreatment and for telling his wife about what he did to me. I heard from my mother that she had gotten word that TRAFFICKER recently killed someone in El Salvador. I am so scared that if I am forced to return to my home country, I will be in grave danger.
134. W had also threatened me and said that she would tell everyone in El Salvador about how I was a prostitute and that I had slept my way to the United States. I fear that if I return to El Salvador, people in my community that hear these stories and mistreat me because they will think that I am a prostitute. I will have little or no support from the people around me, and if something bad were to happen to me, no one will try to protect me.
135. I am very depressed about having been raped by TRAFFICKER and the other men to whom he sold me. I cry night after night about what happened to me. I feel at times that I am in a very dark hole and that I can't come out. I keep reliving the rapes, and I feel traumatized as the memories unfold in my mind. If I see news on the television about a woman being raped, I freeze because it brings back such horrible memories. Now, when I see the Nesquik drink, I panic and want to throw up because of the horrible rapes that occurred after I was forced to drink it.
136. I feel so terrible about myself and I am so ashamed of what happened to me. I don't have the courage to speak to anyone about it. Y repeatedly asks me what happened to me and what TRAFFICKER and the others did to me, and I simply tell him that they treated me very badly. Y asks me if TRAFFICKER raped me or violated me in any way, and I insist that no one touched me. I am terrified that Y will not accept me or will leave me if I tell him the truth about how I was prostituted and raped. I don't talk to anyone about my experience. I can't tell my family in El Salvador because I fear what might happen to them if they know and TRAFFICKER finds out.
137. I can't sleep at night because I am so scared that TRAFFICKER is hunting me down. TRAFFICKER's face haunts me every night. I have nightmares about TRAFFICKER raping me or other men raping and torturing me, and I relived all of the horrible things that happened to me. I see TRAFFICKER's face in the dark and scream out many times. Whenever I hear noises in the house, I jump and scream.
138. I am terrified to go outside of the house. TRAFFICKER's threats to keep track of my movements or to kill me make me fear for my life. TRAFFICKER told me during the journey that he was a U.S. citizen and that he knew many people in many places, so he would always be able to find me. Whenever I go out now, I am paralyzed with fear thinking that someone is hiding in the shadows watching me and waiting to hurt me. If I see someone that looks like TRAFFICKER, I have an attack of the nerves and am terrified that someone will try to grab me and put me in a car to sell me for sex again.
139. I have been deeply affected by what has happened with TRAFFICKER. I am going to counseling now and speaking to therapists to try to piece my life back together. I was prescribed Zoloft to help overcome my anxiety and depression. I am focusing on

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moving forward and I am slowly starting to feel more in control of my life. I sleep better at night knowing that there are people here in the United States who support me.

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

CLIENT

Date