

Precious Daughters

A Guide For Seeking the Broken-Heart Anointing of God's Love for the Victims of Trafficking



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of God's Love for the Victims of Trafficking

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INTRODUCTION

The situation is this: every day more than 30 precious little girls are stolen across our borders, raped, tortured and murdered slowly. It is nothing short of a national and international emergency. No amount of desperate action is sufficient for the gravity of the situation. And yet...most people in Nepal know and care little about this issue. It goes on silently, behind the scenes. It is never seen, and rarely makes the newspapers.

It Is Hidden: Trafficking is a crime that goes on behind closed doors. The nature of evil is to hide in darkness, and trafficking is one of the greatest evils in the world. To Nepali people, trafficking looks like this: a poor



young girl disappears for several years, and when she comes back, she is not so poor. She does not talk about what happened to her, because if she does, people will blame her. She does not talk about the day that she found out she was supposed to become a prostitute.

She does not tell her friends and family that she tried to say "no," that she pleaded for her innocence. She does not tell them how much it hurt her to be raped over and over, how brave she was to refuse even after they had destroyed her innocence, even after they had beat her, starved her, and raped her over and over. She does not tell them because they will not believe her. They will blame her, and say that she is not a suitable girl to be around. She does not tell them that the reason she finally gave in was because the horrible men who were doing these horrible things to her threatened to traffick her little sister, or her mother. She will be blamed and accused if she tells them, so she does not tell them. And because she does not tell them, trafficking remains hidden from society.



It Has Deep Roots in Society: There are a number of societal elements that combine to make trafficking possible:

- The widespread oppression of women. They are not valued and often don't have access to the same education and opportunity as men. The centuries old practice of dowry reinforces this and is reinforced by this—parents must pay for their daughters to be married, often leaving the poor with few options.
- The political climate of impunity for the powerful. People are not judged by merit, but too often by caste or class.
- The culture and poverty of family values by which families trade their own daughters as commodities.
- The lack of value of human life, so that girls are sold for as little as 200 Rs by their families in the villages.
- The perverse reasoning by which thousands of people accept the debt bondage of trafficked victims as a real debt that must be paid.
- The naivety and superstition that must pervade the culture so that people will believe the myth that having sex with virgins or very young girls will cure sexually transmitted diseases—thus driving down the age of girls that are in demand.
- The lack of political will among highly placed officials to fight trafficking, and inaction, laziness, indolence, and corruption among police and low-level officials. The laws exist. But no one bothers to enforce them.
- The culture that blames women who are themselves victims, for the evils others do to them. Rather than pitying trafficked girls and making every attempt to make it up to them (as we ought to do), people reject them, look down at them, label them as unclean, etc.
- It is no wonder, then, that there is a cycle by which trafficked girls themselves become traffickers, ensnaring others into the very evil that has so destroyed their life.
- The spiritual blindness that lays over the minds of the people so that they do not see all of the above things, and do not do something about it.



It is Spiritual: Demonic powers oversee and control the sex trafficking industry. "For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms"(Ephesians 6:12). "For though we live in the world, we do not wage war as the world does. The weapons we fight with are not the weapons of the world. On the contrary, they have divine power to demolish strongholds"(2 Corinthians 10:3-4). Here are some of the spiritual weapons with which we have to fight this battle:

Prayer: Prayer must cover everything we do in this fight.

Faith: Our work should be born out of faith in God' determined father-heart to see justice brought to traffickers, and the victims restored.

Love: Our motivation must be loved for God and the victims of trafficking. In the same way, we must love other believers. The unity of the Church is one of Satan's greatest fears, and one of Christ's deepest desires.

Forgiveness: God loves, and wants to forgive even traffickers, if only they will sincerely repent and turn to Him.

Truth: Our work is to shed light on the reality of trafficking.

It is Not Someone Else's Problem: God alone sees the events that make a person into a trafficker. And He loves the trafficker, because He is love. Our enemy is not the people who do these things to these little girls. Our battle is not against flesh and blood. It is a spiritual battle that we fight. As



humans, we want someone to blame for evils like trafficking. But as Christians, we must not look for someone to blame. Even the trafficker has a reason for having become what he/she is. He is sinful, as we are. Like him our only hope is in the Grace offered by the God who is Love. The blame is spread thinly over all—it is called, “sin.” Every time a person does any of the above things, or responds to any of the above things in any other way than by Truth and Love—they are part of the problem. Even when people totally uninvolved in trafficking do any of the above things, they are part of the problem. We must fight the temptation to divide up the world between “those who do such things” and ourselves. We were given much; many who do such things were given very little. Perhaps they were not loved, or wounded very deeply. Perhaps they themselves were trafficked. If we were in their position, how much worse than them might we have done? If they were in our position, how much better than us might they have done? We do not judge others, lest we be judged. Our job is to love others (including, specifically, our enemies), and judge ourselves. We ourselves are part of the problem. As far as I am concerned, *I am the problem*. By not having yet

found a way to stop it, I am the problem. I have not prayed enough, I have not given enough, I have not worked hard enough. The only thing to do about it, is what Jesus calls us to do: repent, go forth and sin no more.

It is the Greatest Injustice: The number of crimes involved in a single case of trafficking (rape, kidnapping, murder, among others) and the fact that it is perpetuated on helpless and innocent victims, and carried out systematically, day-after-day (instead of just once)—all these things combine together to make trafficking the greatest injustice in the world today.

It is not just one rape, it is as many as 40 rapes a day for ten years.

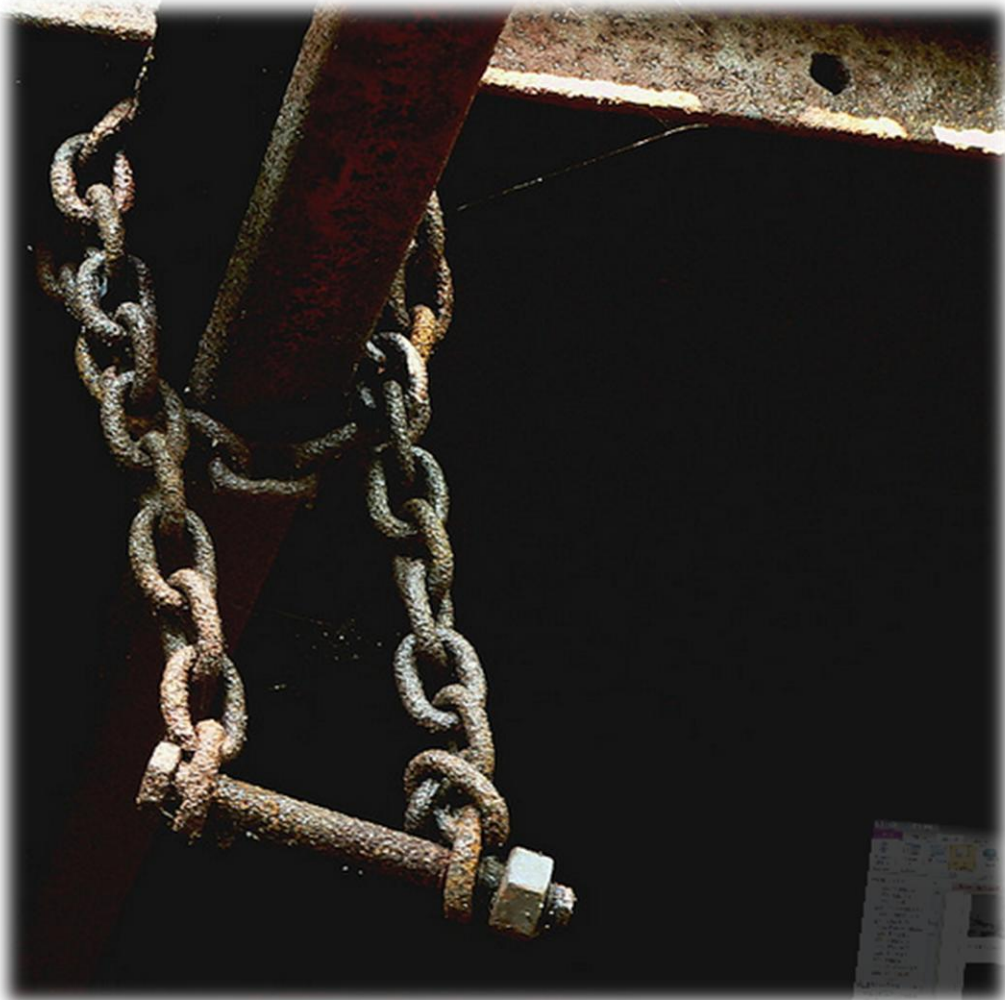
It is not just torture, it is the worst kind of torture, day after day for ten years.

It is not just stealing, it is stealing everything from an innocent child.

It is murder—slow, torturous, methodical, horrible murder.

Fighting It Is Not Easy: For all these reasons, fighting trafficking will not be easy. Society has been set up to support trafficking for thousands of years, and anyone who tries to stop it will be opposed every step of the way. Only those who are inspired by understanding the truth about trafficking, and so becoming annointed with God's broken-heart, will be strong enough to see this work through.





ELEMENTS OF TRAFFICKING

To understand trafficking, you have to understand the elements:

Innocent Victims: The victims of trafficking are poor young girls, usually from villages.

Deception: These girls deceived by false marriages, or false promises of a job. They consent because they are desperate for a better life.

"Breaking In": No little girl dreams of becoming a prostitute. All trafficked girls try to refuse to do sex work. But they are tortured, locked in dark rooms, starved, beaten, and repeatedly gang-raped until they consent.

Imprisonment: Since they are held unlawfully without their consent, even letting them go outside, or contact anyone could be risky for traffickers. Trafficked girls are prisoners of their brothels.

Forced Prostitution: These young girls are forced to have sex with dozens of disgusting old men every day. They are often forced to take drugs or alcohol in order to make them more docile.

Disease: Most end up with HIV. They are eventually forced out, and are left with nothing. They are often abandoned by their families, and rejected by society.

These five elements show up again and again in the testimonies of trafficked girls. It is safe to say that the vast majority of the 10,000 trafficking cases that occur each year, involves each of those five elements.



HOW PRECIOUS ARE THE VICTIMS

God loves every little girl more than you love your daughter, wife, or the person you love most. Therefore, the best way to get a clear picture of God's view of trafficking is to imagine it happening to someone you love. Then you will see how God feels when it happens to His beloved daughters.

Note: We recommend that you read this document aloud to your church or potential subcommittee members, asking them to picture these things happening to their loved ones.

THE Greatest Injustice

*P*icture a girl who is precious to you. Picture her face, her innocence and gentleness, the quiet hope for her life and wonder at the world. She is unfathomably precious. She ought to be blessed by every means possible.

Imagine that this little girl is poor and uncertain for her life. She is easily deceived because she is filled with hope. She wants to be beautiful and happy, and find someone who will love her and treat her like a princess, as God wants her to be treated. Picture her at home—her friends, her little bed, walking the paths that she loves and wondering what her life will be like.

Now imagine that someone comes along and offers her a great opportunity. Maybe it is a job, or a marriage, or a chance for education. These are the means that traffickers use to deceive little girls into coming to India. They arrive in the villages of these poor girls wearing smart western clothing, and promising jobs, education, or marriage.

So she leaves behind everything she has known: the dirty walls of her house that she has seen from a thousand angles, the paths of her village that she has loved, the face of her mother and father, her sisters and brothers. She says goodbye to her friends. She is excited and scared, but she is brave, so she sets out with the hopeful expectation of a better life.

*S*he is innocent, and so she is trusting. She follows the instructions of her benefactor because she hopes for, and so believes in what he has promised her. They travel, sometimes by bus, sometimes by train, stopping at hotels along the way to eat, and trying to keep out of sight. She looks out the window of the bus and wonders what her new life will be like, hopeful. They cross the border on foot, and she does not ask why they must be so secret, and swallows easily whatever explanation her benefactor happens to give.

They arrive, and she is told to wait someplace for her benefactor to return. Hours later, she is told that she has been sold. She tries to leave but the way is barred. She is told that she is no longer free, and that she must have sex with old men. That is her job now. This is her home now. She has a debt now, and she must pay it back. She does not understand. She never agreed to this. She never signed up for it. She does not want to do it. She wants to go home. But she cannot leave, because she now owes the brothel-owner a great deal of money. For what? What service has the brothel-owner given to her that is so valuable that it will take her more than ten years to pay it back? It is the price of herself. She has to pay back the price to have her trafficked. She is indignant, angry, still feeling that her benefactor will return, and absolutely determined that she will not do this kind of work. She is still a little girl. She has not yet been broken; she soon will be.

When she refuses, she is subject to the most horrible forms of tortures. Typically, trafficked girls will be beaten and gang-raped to be initiated into their new life. They are sometimes locked in a dark room, unable to see the light of the sun for days until they will consent. They are beaten with pipes and chords, burned with cigarettes, and have chilly power rubbed in their genitals. They are told that if they refuse, their mothers and sisters will be trafficked in their place. Day after day, if she continues to refuse, the tortures will grow worse. The other girls will tell her what is inevitable: she cannot hold out, she has no choice in the matter, she must accept her fate.

She will break. Her dream of meeting someone who will love her and cherish her will die. She will give it up to stop the pain, to see the sun, to save her sister, to save her life. From this day forward she is a prostitute.

She is not free to refuse customers. She cannot leave the brothel without an escort. She cannot contact her family or loved ones in any way. She cannot call or write a letter to her family. She can have no contact with the outside world, except the men she is forced to have sex with every day, and in many cases she is not even allowed to speak to them. She is a prisoner. She may be kept in a cage or a locked windowless room.

She may try to escape, but she does not speak the language, and will almost certainly be hunted down by agents of the brothel. And when she returns, she will be severely beaten. When the police come, she is hidden away, and even if she manages to get to the police, it is likely that they will sell her back to the brothel for a bribe. And again, she will be beaten. Even if she is rescued, she will be put in the “protective custody” of the police for several months, a virtual prison.

Day after day she must engage in every unspeakable form of sex, with the most sexually ravenous kind of men. She is violated in every possible way, from every possible angle. She has no say in any of it. She has no choice. She is beaten if she refuses.

One day one of the men she is forced to have sex with will pass to her the disease that will kill her. At first she will not realize it, and will probably pass it on to others for several months. Eventually she will be tested, her heart pounding as she waits for the results, and then dropping when she hears the words: “HIV positive.” She is forced to leave the brothel, and go back to Nepal. She left a virgin; she is returning with HIV. She wanders back to her village, heartsick and alone. She does not love the paths anymore. Her friends are all gone, and her family will reject her. She is unclean now, not a suitable person for good people to be around. She cannot possibly find a job; she cannot possibly find a husband; she cannot possibly find a friend. She is no longer welcome in the house whose dirty walls she used to know so well.

What does she do? What can she do? She has nowhere to go, no one to trust, she cannot work, she has nothing to eat. If she survives, and she is not helped by a charitable organization, she will do what she knows. She will wander the nearby villages until she sees a young girl at just the right age with a pretty face—a trusting, innocent girl as she herself once was. She will promise this young girl a job in India. She will lie, and the little girl will believe her. And the two together will take a bus to a border town in India, crossing the border on foot...

FACE THE TESTIMONIES

Read the following testimonies and let them break your heart.

Note: the girls pictured do not represent the girls in the stories.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #1

(from “The Rape of 100,000 Girls,” by Helen Brown)

Seema had left the poverty of her home village to work in Kathmandu. She was barely twelve when a smooth-talking flesh trader lured her to Bombay with talk of a better job. She hoped to become a film star. Instead she was sold into a brothel.

At first she resisted, screaming, crying and fighting off prospective customers, but the madam who ran the brothel would have none of it. She sent in a muscled toughie to hold the girl down while an old man raped her. The pain was so intense that Seema lost consciousness and had to be hospitalised for a week. After that it was back to the brothel where the other child prostitutes told her she could not win this battle.

Now Seema appears resigned to her fate. She hits the streets of central Calcutta as soon as it gets dark and stands near a lamp-post soliciting customers. Her parents in Nepal have no idea where their daughter is. She does not have the courage to tell them, and anyway, they probably think she is dead. It is better that way...

VICTIM TESTIMONY #2

(from USAID)

Fourteen-year-old Urmila Tamang (name changed to protect her privacy) is from a small village in Chitwan, Nepal. A woman from a neighboring district approached Urmila’s unsuspecting parents in 2002 with promises of a lucrative circus job for their daughter in Varanasi, a city in northern India. Ignorant about human trafficking, they sent Urmila without enquiring further about the nature of the job. There, Urmila endured a year of labor exploitation and sexual harassment as an acrobat and tight rope walker.



VICTIM TESTIMONY #3

(from Shared Hope International)

Gina was a young child -- only nine years old -- living with her family in a small village in Nepal. Gina wasn't sold. She was stolen.

Drugged with a "sweet drink" by a friend, Gina awoke on a train -- never to see her family again. When Gina arrived in Bombay after a three-day journey, she remembers being grabbed by the hand, rushed down a crowded street through "a sea of legs" to a dingy brothel. They put makeup on her face and then the "seasoning" process began.

She was repeatedly raped, beaten and starved until she was too afraid to leave her new "home." (Businesses have sprouted up all over Bombay whose sole purpose it is to perform seasonings for brothel owners.)

Because of Gina's young age, she was held out by her owners as a virgin -- again and again. Sexual encounters counted as many as 40 per day. Younger girls like Gina -- especially virgins -- command a higher price in the brothels.

Recently, Shared Hope International helped pay Gina's debt and brought her into one of our newly-opened Homes of Hope. There she is getting the physical and emotional care she needs to start a new life. She is learning skills that will help her become self-sufficient.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #4

(from The Protection Project)



"My name is Anita Sharma Bhattarai. I am 28 years old. I am from Nepal. ... On November 22, last year, I boarded the bus in order to go pay for my vegetables. I sat next to a Nepali man and woman. They offered me a banana to eat and I took it. Soon after I ate the banana, while I was still on the bus, I got a very bad headache. I told the man and woman that I had a headache and they offered me a pill and a bottle of mineral water to help me swallow the medicine. Immediately, I felt myself becoming groggy and then I fell unconscious.

The next thing that I remember is waking up in the train station in Gorakhpur, India.

...The man told me not to cry out. He informed me that there were drugs (hashish) tied around my waist and that I had just smuggled them across an international border. He told me that if I brought the attention of the police, I would be in trouble ... I could feel plastic bags under my dress.

... When we got to Bombay, he told ... that I would have to go to his friend's house and wait while he got us some money. She was a Nepali woman. She said her name was Renu Lama. I left the train station with Renu Lama.

... When we arrived at her house, Renu Lama told me that I should take a bath... [she] gave me some of her old clothes to wear... I felt very scared that evening and I refused to eat anything. I soon noticed that many men were coming in and out of the house and I realized it was a brothel. I began howling and shouting. I said that I wanted to leave. Renu Lama... said that I had been bought and I would have to work as a prostitute in order to pay them back... I cried a lot...

The next day, though, I insisted that I wanted to leave. The women began to slap me on the face. They cut off my hair. It was shoulder length in the back with short bangs in the front. Now that I had short hair, I knew that I could not leave the brothel without everyone identifying me as a prostitute. In my culture, short hair is the sign of a wild woman.

For the next couple of days the women beat me often. They slapped me on the face and head with their hands and hit me about the waist and thighs with metal rods. I begged to be let go. I said that I wanted to return to my children in time for the biggest holiday of our culture. The women mocked me. They told me that if I worked with them for a couple of days, they would send me home with three bricks of gold and 30 to 40,000 rupees for the festival.

... On the fourth day that I was in the brothel, my first client came to me. I refused to have sex with him. He had already paid so he grabbed me and tried to rape me. I fought him off. He had managed to get my clothes off but he was very frustrated because I was resisting him so much. He stormed out and asked for his money back. A couple of the brothel owners (voluntary prostitutes) came in and beat me. When they were done, the same man came back in....

I only had one client my first day. But the next day, and every day after, I had three or four clients each day. I managed to get an ink pen. I would write messages to the police on the inside of cigarette boxes and send them out with my clients. Many clients promised to help but none did....

Downstairs there was a door that led outside. Several iron rods used for beating were leaned against the wall beside the door. One of the owners always guarded the door. Outside the door was a metal gate. When customers were not coming in and out, the gate was closed. The gate was held by a heavy chain that was locked by a large padlock.



One night I tried to run away with one of my associates. We were caught by the brothel owners before we even made it to the gate. My friend was sold to another brothel in Sarat where the brothels are said to be even more tortuous than the ones in Colaba, Bombay where I was held.

...I had to try again to run away. I asked some of the other girls to run with me, but they were too afraid. We had been told that we would be killed if we tried to run away. But I had determined that I would rather die than stay in the brothel. The other girls pooled their money together and came up with two hundred rupees. In exchange for the 200 rupees, I promised that if I made it out alive, I would get help for them.

A couple of days later, I had a perfect opportunity. Renu Lama was out of town again. The owner who was watching the gate was drunk. A new maid had just been hired to clean and cook in the brothel. The new maid was doing chores and had left the gate open just a little bit. In the middle of the night, I would guess about 4 a.m., I ran out of the brothel. I was wearing only my nightgown and carrying my slip in my hand. I ran down the street as fast as I could.

As I was running I saw two police officers. There were in civilian clothes but I knew they were police officers by the belts they were wearing. I ran to them, told them my story, and handed them the address of the Nepali boy. They took 100 rupee from me in order to pay for a taxi....

The police left me with [a Nepali family]. I did not know it at that time, but that same day, the Nepali boy had met Bob (Robert Mosier, director of investigations, International Justice Mission). He told Bob my story. Soon after I ran away from the brothel, Bob and the police raided the brothel where I had been. After searching the brothel, they learned that I had run away earlier that night. They came with Bob and met me at the house where I was staying.

Bob told me that I could go back to the brothel to get my things. I was too scared to go back because I thought I might be forced to be a prostitute again. But Bob assured me that I was safe. I went back to the brothel with Bob. I showed him hiding places where they found the other girls. All of the girls who were forced were released from the brothel and a way was provided for them to go back home. The two owners who were there that night are now in jail. Bob also arranged for me to return home to my family in Nepal.

When I first went home to my family, it was very uncomfortable. The people in the village laughed at me. In my culture, a woman is scorned if she is missing for just one night. I had been missing for two months. It was very hard for my family, especially since we are members of the Brahmin caste. So, today I live in Kathmandu. I work as a domestic servant in the city. I am still without my children since they went to live



with their father when I was taken away. I am told that my husband's new wife is very cruel to my children, but my husband does not want my children to be with me because of where I have been.



I know that my story will help other women who are forced into prostitution. I am proud that I was able to help Bob free the other girls in the brothel where I worked. Though I am grateful to be here to share my story, I am sad that I am not with my children - that my children cannot be here with me."

VICTIM TESTIMONY #5

(from The US State Departments T.I.P. Report, 2004)

Bopha lived in a rural village and married at 17. Her husband immediately took her to a hotel in another village and left her. Bopha discovered the hotel was a brothel and tried to escape, but she was forcibly detained and told she must pay off the price the hotel owner had paid for her. Bopha's debt kept increasing due to charges for her food, clothing, and other necessities. Bopha could not leave. Ravaged by HIV/AIDS, she was thrown out on the street and finally found her way to an NGO shelter in Phnom Penh. She has been there for two years receiving treatment; it is not known how much longer Bopha will live.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #6

(from "Rape for Profit," by Human Rights Watch Asia, 1995)

"Maya" is from a small village in Nuwakot district. She] was married to a man from a nearby village when she was around thirteen.

... In 1990 a fellow villager began visiting the house. The second time he came to visit, he brought another man along. They invited Maya and her husband to come out to see a movie. Maya's husband told her to go ahead without him. The three of them boarded a bus, which Maya said kept going farther and farther from Kathmandu. Eventually, they went through the border at Kakarbhitta. They were never stopped or questioned by the police.

After two days traveling by bus, they reached Bombay and the men left Maya at a house and told her they would pick her up the next day. They never came back. Maya realized she was in a brothel...

...The owner told her she could go home only after she paid off her debt. Maya noted that another brothel inmate, a woman from Trisuli, had worked there for thirteen years and had never managed to pay off her debt.

Maya was beaten severely for the first four or five days she was held in the brothel because she refused to have sex with customers. They continued to beat her until she submitted. Later on, she was beaten with bottles and thick sticks because she was not earning enough. ... The customers would select the women they wanted, and the women could not refuse, or they would be beaten.

...After one year in Bombay, Maya began to get sick. She developed a high fever and was taken to the doctor who gave her an injection, but she did not know what it was. She then returned to work.

Maya...and two other girls... decided to escape from the brothel. All of them had been beaten often and thought they should flee to save their lives. ...while some police officers often came as clients to the brothel, one branch of the police force frequently raided the brothel looking for child prostitutes. The three women appealed to these police to help them escape, and the police took them to the border and handed them over to the Hanuman Dhoka police station in Kathmandu.

Maya's health deteriorated after her return. She lost weight and suffered from diarrhea, high fevers and stomach aches. Since returning to the village, her health has improved slightly. ...Local health workers suspect Maya may not have escaped but was ejected from the brothel in India because she had contracted HIV.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #8

(from "Rape for Profit," by Human Rights Watch Asia, 1995)



At thirty-four or thirty-five years old, "Tara" is a senior woman in a brothel in Bombay. She was described as the "in-charge" of the younger brothel inmates by a local activist. Senior women like Tara are frequently used by gharwalis to keep track of newer inmates. They watch for escape attempts, listen for forbidden conversations with customers, and accompany younger girls when they leave the premises for medical treatment. The interview with Tara was instructive because it reflected both her experiences as a young trafficking victim, and her attitudes now which are closer to those of brothel management.

Tara arrived in Bombay eighteen or nineteen years ago when she was sixteen years old. She told Human Rights Watch/Asia that she grew up in Nuwakot jilla [district] and got trapped into prostitution when she went with two girlfriends to see the cigarette factories at Janakpur, on the Nepal/India border. We fell into the clutches of a dalali [procuress] -- a Nepali dalali at that. We were three girls together, in the beginning. We spent two years together, but then we were

separated. I don't know what happened to the other two girls. I often wonder what happened to them. When I was captured, I could not escape or return to my home: they would have caught me for sure. If I had known what was to happen to me, I would have killed myself halfway. [But] leaving this life is not an option for me, I simply cannot think about it. My purity was violated, so I thought: why go back, go back to what? I may as well just stay here. If I ever catch that damn dalali, I don't know what I would do to her. If I ever catch her, you have simply no idea what I will do to her. Tara described her bewilderment upon arrival in Bombay: When they brought me here, it was in a taxi. I kept looking around, wondering what kind of work was going on in this area of this big city. Everywhere I looked, I saw curtained doorways and rooms in this area. Men would go and come through these curtained entrances. People on the street would be calling out, "Two rupees, two rupees." I asked the other Nepali women if these were offices; it seemed the logical explanation. In two days I knew everything. I cried.

The building in Bombay where Tara lives and works has two floors, and probably houses about fifty women. There are two "maliks" [bosses] for the building. Tara said there were four rooms on her floor, and four Nepali girls and two Indian in her room. She said that when she first came, there were mostly Nepali girls working there, and a Nepali gharwali. Now both Indian and Nepalis work together. She said that like her, these younger Nepali girls came from the mountain areas of Nepal. Despite the fact that Tara was herself an unwilling victim of the industry, she remained caught in the system for nearly twenty years and is now a senior inmate with management responsibilities. Her testimony, bitter when referring to the past or to women who have managed to escape, was generally sympathetic to her gharwali – with whom she probably shares a similar history. The fact that she has not attempted to return to Nepal or to open her own establishment suggests that she has not escaped the cycle of debt.



VICTIM TESTIMONY #8

(from "Rape for Profit," by Human Rights Watch Asia, 1995)

In 1989, when she was fourteen, "Neela's" stepfather took her from their village in Sindhupalchowk to Bhaktapur, a suburb of Kathmandu, where a friend of his got her a job in a carpet factory. A few months later, in January 1990, a young male co-worker who had been introduced to Neela as her "cousin" suggested that they leave the Bhaktapur factory and go to Kakarbhitta, a town on the Indian border, where, he claimed, working conditions were better and they could earn more money. Neela agreed, and was taken out of the factory by her stepfather, her stepfather's friend and this young man. After six days, traveling by bus and by train, they arrived in Bombay.

There, Neela was taken to the grounds of a temple where the men introduced her to two women. She was told to go home with the women; the men would join them later. Neela was taken to a house that she later discovered was the home of the brothel manager. She stayed there overnight, and at 6:00 the next morning she was taken to another house where sixteen or seventeen girls were asleep on the floor. Because she was so young, Neela was taken to a separate "training" room where she was kept for three months, after which she was told she had been sold for Rs.15,000 [\$500] and would have to work there until she paid off her debt. Her first customer was a middle-aged man who paid Rs.5,000 [\$166] for her because she was a virgin. Neela said the manager always charged more money for new girls, but she was never told how much the regular customers paid; all the money was given directly to the owner. Nor was she told how long it would take to repay her debt.

As the youngest in the brothel, Neela's treatment was better than for many of the girls and women working there. She was not beaten, even when she was caught trying to escape one night by pretending to go to the toilet which was outside behind the brothel. However, she was insulted and threatened, and saw others who worked there frequently beaten severely, "until blood came from their mouths," for trying to escape and for fighting.

Many other girls in the brothel were under-age and all were Nepali. Neela told Human Rights Watch/Asia that the brothel was frequently raided by police in search of underage girls and that when the police came, the brothel owners would try to hide the newcomers, because "not all police were the same." Sometimes police who came in civilian dress as paying customers and sought her out specifically would raid the brothel later.

Neela said condoms were not available in the brothel where she worked although customers sometimes brought their own. She never asked a customer to use a condom. After about a year in the brothel Neela was picked up in a police raid and taken to an ashram, a shelter, for children because she was underage. In the ashram she tested positive for HIV. After two years there, when Neela was eighteen, the police asked her if she wanted to go home. She said she did, and the Indian police informed the Nepali police and she was taken to Kathmandu. She was brought first to Hanuman Dhoka police station in Kathmandu, then to Bhaktapur police station.



She was held for eight days in Bhaktapur police detention. During that time the police took her to Teku Hospital for an HIV test. She was not told the reason for the test; the police only told her that they were taking her for a check-up because she was returning from Bombay. Afterwards she was told she had tested positive for HIV. Neela said a journalist interviewed her just two days after she arrived in Kathmandu – while she was still in police custody – and her photo and story were published in a local paper, but she did not know which one. Because of this she decided not to try to locate her family. She now lives in a shelter.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #9

(from “Rape for Profit,” by Human Rights Watch Asia, 1995)

Sanumaya (Sanu) Chaudhary, age fifteen, was trafficked to India in 1991, also by a co-worker in a carpet factory, and rescued in January 1992. Her case was first published by the Independent, a Kathmandu-based English-language newspaper, in September 1992, soon after she lodged a complaint with the police against a twenty-year-old woman who had taken her to India. Since then, Sanu’s story has been reprinted by several organizations who worked with her. Sanu’s parents were migrants from Bara district in south-central Nepal who had come to Kathmandu to work in a carpet factory. Sanu’s parents placed her in a small boarding school for destitute girls near the factory, but she was expelled for her suspected romantic involvement with the factory manager. Back in the carpet factory, Sanu, who had just turned fifteen, became friendly with an older girl who told her there were better paying jobs available in a carpet factory in Raxaul, just across the Indian border. The two girls talked it over with Sanu’s parents and decided to go to Raxaul. Sanu took a only a change of clothes. She borrowed bus fare from her new friend.



After three days of traveling by bus and by train, the two girls arrived in a city Sanu thought was Raxaul. It turned out to be Bombay. The girls went directly to a building Sanu’s companion said was the carpet factory and met the manager. Sanu was told she could have a bath; when she finished bathing, she found her friend had disappeared. Sanu was taken to a large room with five beds separated by curtains. She was given a nightgown and her clothes were taken away. Several older girls wearing thick make-up came into the room with men and drew the curtains behind them. The noise the couples made frightened Sanu. Then one of the men she had seen at the entrance to the building came into the room and ordered Sanu to go to bed with him. When she refused, he raped her and beat her for resisting. For the next week, Sanu was subjected to repeated rapes and beatings by brothel guards – a “breaking in” period that is routine in many brothels. After a week of this abuse, she stopped fighting and began taking customers. Sanu was told she could leave the brothel when she repaid the Rs.50,000 [\$1,666] the proprietor claimed had been paid to her parents.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #10

(from "Rape for Profit," by Human Rights Watch Asia, 1995)

In addition to actual recruitment from the factories, false offers of employment in Nepal's carpet factories are a common ruse used to entice potential recruits. In an interview with Human Rights Watch/Asia in March 1994, "Santhi", age twenty-nine, told interviewers that after she was tricked into going to India by traffickers who offered her work in a carpet factory, she spent more than ten years in Bombay brothels before finally making her way back to Nepal. In Bombay, she contracted HIV.



Santhi, who returned to Nepal in 1991 after more than ten years in a series of brothels in Bombay, ran away from her home in Sindhupalchowk when she was a teenager. She went to Kathmandu where she first found work as a domestic servant. A male cousin came to Kathmandu to visit her and offered to help her get a job in a carpet factory in Birganj, a town on the Indian border. He told her that if she worked in the factory for two months she would begin earning a salary. Santhi left the house where she had been working and went with him. They travelled by bus, and then by train and then by taxi, going from Kathmandu to Birganj to Bombay.

Midway, they were joined by an older man whom Santhi did not know. When they reached Bombay they stopped in a park. Santhi was told to wait with her cousin. The older man left them in the park, and returned with a woman he introduced as his sister and said that they should go with her. They all got in a taxi

and went to a house. Santhi was put in one room and the men were given another. That was the last time she saw them. Santhi found out later that a month after she arrived in Bombay, her cousin took her sister from their village and brought her to Bombay as well. Her sister and she were bought by the same person, but were kept in different brothels.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #11

(from "Rape for Profit," by Human Rights Watch Asia, 1995)

"Sita", thirty-one, returned from India in October 1993 after working for ten years in a Bombay brothel. She is a high-caste Hindu from a small village in Tanahu District, near Pokhara. Sita was married when she was fourteen. After two years of marriage, she became pregnant and her husband went to

India in search of work. Her in-laws mistreated her so Sita returned to her parents' home. In 1983, when she was twenty and her son was four, a neighbor (who was also a relative and a close friend of Sita's) commented that Sita's husband had been gone a long time and probably was not coming back. She asked Sita if she would be willing to remarry, because there was a man from India who wanted to marry her.

Soon after, the neighbor came to the house and told Sita that the man from India was waiting for her on the bridge at the main road and that he wanted to elope. It was around noon; Sita told her family she was going to the fields to work and went instead to the bridge, perhaps ten minutes away. She brought her son with her. The man was waiting for Sita as the neighbor had said. They caught a bus to Pokhara, the nearest town. In Pokhara he offered Sita a cigarette. Sita said she had learned to smoke from a friend in the village and so she took it. After smoking the cigarette, she remembers very little and thinks she may have passed out. Sita said she remembers boarding another bus and then waking up in a large cement room with a ceiling fan and three beds with curtains around them. The door was closed. There were six or seven other women in the room and she asked them where she was, but they spoke to her in a language she did not understand.

The man who brought her there took Sita's son and said he would show him around town. They never returned. Sita was frantic. She wanted to go out and search for them, but the owner, a woman from eastern Nepal, told her she had been sold to a brothel and could not leave. Sita never saw her son again. Sita escaped to Nepal in October 1993 with the help of a Nepali vegetable seller she befriended in the brothel. Everyone in her village thought she was dead.

When Sita returned to Nepal, she was afraid to go directly home -- worried her family would not accept her -- so she sent a message from Pokhara saying she had returned. It was the time of the Teej festival, when married daughters return to their home villages to visit their families. Everyone in the village came to the place where she was staying and hugged her and cried. Sita lives in her parents' home, where we were able to interview her. She says her family treats her well, because they know she was taken to India against her will. According to a lawyer familiar with her case, her brothers are less welcoming, and Sita may face problems when her elderly parents die.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #12

(from "Rape for Profit," by Human Rights Watch Asia, 1995)

"Devi," age twenty-seven, lives with her parents in a small house in a village on the outskirts of Pokhara. She is a high-caste Hindu. Devi is married, but her estranged husband is said to be working in Korea, and she has not heard from him in years. Devi was trafficked to India in early June 1993. She returned to Nepal in December 1993. During that time, she was sold to three different brothels in less than four months because she refused customers and repeatedly tried to escape. When she finally did escape she worked in a textile factory for three months before the owner of the factory brought her home. Devi was taken to India by neighbors, a mother and daughter, whom she knew quite well. They told her that they had to go to a market far from their village to pick up something and asked her to come along. Devi often went places with them, but usually they travelled by bus. That day there



was a taxi waiting for them. They travelled a long way, and it was very late when they finally arrived in Badi Bazaar. They got in another taxi and arrived at a village house like her own. She was put in a room and the door was locked. Devi had no idea where she was.

A woman called Nithu told Devi that the woman she came with had gone out and would be back later, but she never came back. After three nights, Nithu made Devi travel with her by taxi and then train to another town. When Devi pleaded with her to let her go, she was told "No, you have been sold and have to work. All Nepali girls have to work."

Devi was taken to a room where she saw five girls from Pokhara whom she knew and four others. She asked the other girls there to help her escape, and eight days later when the brothel owner found out, Devi was sold to another brothel. After three or four days she attempted to escape again, this time by appealing to a Nepali client for help. She was overheard by another girl in the brothel who informed the owner. Devi was sold late that night to a third brothel. There were underage girls in all the brothels in which she worked. In the first two the average age was fifteen or sixteen. In the third brothel there were fifty girls and women of all ages; the two youngest were fourteen. Devi was never told how much the first two owners paid for her. The last owner told her she had paid Rs.40,000 [\$1,333] for her and that she would have to work it off.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #13

(from "Rape for Profit," by Human Rights Watch Asia, 1995)

"Kamala", age twenty-six, returned to Nepal in September 1993 after spending nine years in India. She was drugged and abducted by her stepfather's elder brother and his son and trafficked to India when she was seventeen. Kamala had been visiting her uncle and his three children, who lived in Biratnager, a town very near the Indian border. Once when she was visiting he suggested that they make a trip to Jogvani. The uncle, his wife and eldest son went along. Along the way they stopped for tea. Kamala was given milk. The milk smelled bad, but she drank it anyway. The next thing she remembers is waking up slightly on a train and then perhaps again in a taxi. When she really woke up she was in a big hall with a lot of lights, which turned out to be a hotel lobby, but she does not know the name of the hotel. Her cousin and uncle were with her. They told her that they needed to go to the bank and left her alone in the hotel lobby. While they were gone Kamala overheard two men speaking Hindi; they were talking about taking someone to a brothel. She asked the men what they were talking about and who they were taking to a brothel. She asked where her relatives had gone. The men told her she had been sold. She started to cry and said that it was impossible, she did not believe it. They asked her if she could read and when she said she could (she had studied up to the seventh standard), they showed her a receipt for Rs.40,000. The hotel owner told her that this was not the first time her uncle and cousin had brought girls there. They had brought two other girls previously – one was Nepali, one looked Indian and was from the Terai.



The men tried to put her in a taxi. She said she had to go to the toilet first and a small boy showed her where it was. She locked herself in and would not come out. She said she was able to lock herself in because the hotel owner did not know she was there and there were a number of stalls, so she hid. That was at about 9:00 P.M. She hid in the toilet until about 4:00 A.M. By then she was sure the men had given up. She slipped out of the hotel and escaped. She was taken in by a woman who lived in a nearby slum who got her a job as a domestic servant in the home of a couple who worked at a hospital. But as is the case with many domestic workers, her employers "held" her salary for her so that when she left their service, she had no money. It took Kamala nine years working as a domestic servant in two different households to make her way back to Nepal.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #14

(from "A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners," by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

I came here in Kathmandu from my village to stay with my sister. There, I met my aunt Shashi (name changed). One day she introduced me to a man named Bimal (name changed). This man started to come and see me everyday. One day my aunt insisted that I marry Bimal. In fact, she told me saying that Bimal was waiting for me in Soltee Hotel, Kathmandu. I went there with the mother of an acquaintance. In the hotel, Bimal proposed me to marry him. He said that he would marry me first and then take me to his house. He took me to Manakamana Temple in a taxi. After marrying me in the temple, he took me to Siliguri, India. From Manakamna, we first got into a truck, then in a bus and arrived in Siliguri. From Siliguri, we boarded into a train to Pune. In Pune, he introduced me to Thuli (name changed) who was a brothel keeper. He had sold me to Thuli for Indian Rupees 90,000. I had spent 14 months in the brothel before I was rescued by Maiti Nepal.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #15

(from "Lost Daughters – An Ongoing Tragedy in Nepal")

Tamang's wife, Sunita, cast a quick glance towards Tamang. It was then he felt overwhelmed with love.

"What can you do now by crying?" he said to his wife. "Instead, let's leave this village and go far away, tomorrow right away! Could it be that our daughter went to Kathmandu?"

"I had suggested that we should get Tara married in time," said Sunita. "You heard my words in one ear and let it go through another ear. Now, who knows, someone could have taken her away and sold her!"

Tamang's heart was broken in two as his wife spoke. He felt as if someone had smeared his burning chest in salt and red chillies.

As Tamang got up abruptly he thought of the young man, Harka, who grew up in his village. In fact, he had heard rumors from time to time about the intimate relation of his daughter with Harka. Maybe his daughter was taken away by him. "Harka is not a good man. I don't trust him," thought Tamang. "He was under police custody for seven days when he was involved in a squabble in the village."



Tamang couldn't get a wink of sleep the whole night. On one hand, he was extremely worried at the thought of his missing daughter. On the other hand, his wife didn't allow him to fall asleep because of her nightlong weeping. Seeing his own cold bed he was angry and disgusted. "What is the use of such a life which is full of so many wants?" he said. Even if Tamang worked hard through the year, he could not afford sufficient food for the family nor could he spend more than a few rupees in front of his friends and relatives. And now, on top of it all his daughter, Tara, is lost.

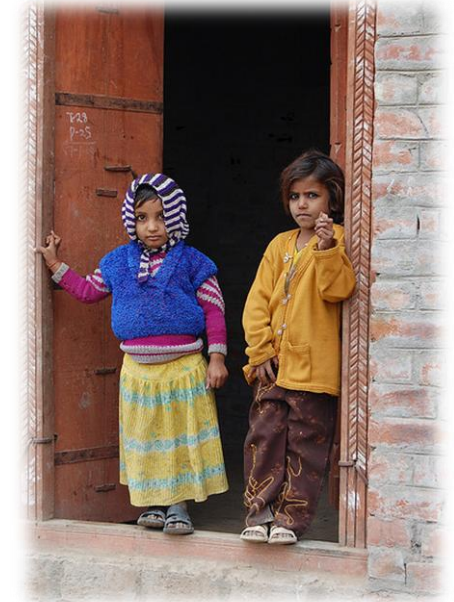
The next morning as Tamang walked slowly on the street of his village, he went to talk to his good friend, Murali. Many years ago, there was a severe famine in the village and Tamang's field had no yield. It was Murali who proved himself and gave Tamang 48 lbs of corn and 32 lbs of rice for the season. It was Murali who didn't accept any repayment of the loan. Tamang had never forgotten such generosity.

As Tamang walked the village street he saw a crowd had gathered as a rising noise came from a stream of people. Tamang was startled. He had seen this kind of crowd and uproar only once before at the time of the election in Nepal. What kind of unexpected calamity had fallen in the village? Tamang headed straight toward the house of Murali.

As Tamang walked closer to Murali's home, people began shouting. Then, through a break in the crowd Tamang saw his friend, Murali's daughter laying on the ground. Her dead body was on the edge of the street. She was filled with death. Had died of HIV/AIDS and someone had thrown her body there.

"The poor soul!" cried an old woman in desperation from the street. "Who was the one who killed this girl at such a young age?" she asked. "She never spoke a bad word to anybody. Such a good girl who has now become a victim of such an evil fate!"

On the grisly sight of Marali's daughter Tamang thought of his own his daughter and wife. He thought of the conditions of his family, of his life, his home. He was paralyzed with grief. He fell over the body of the young girl and started crying. Now we have to live a pathetic life here," he said. "We are in Sindhupalchowk, as thousands of young girls who are living in the rural areas are the victims of trafficking!"



VICTIM TESTIMONY #16

(from Nepal Glossary)

My father died when I was two years old. After that my mum kept me at my aunt's place. ... A foreigner sent money for my education. I was studying in a government school from the beginning. Later I was admitted into an English school in class eight. I had difficulty adjusting, and failed. My sponsor stopped sending money. I discontinued my studies because of financial hardship.

...Then I thought of looking for a job. I told the neighborhood dais (older males) that I was interested in working if I could get a job. Then one dai arranged a job for me in a hotel. There in the hotel I got acquainted with a friend. We came to know each other because she was a dancer and I a waitress. ... I was not able to go home because of the distance and I had to work from 10 in the morning till 10 at night. So I got permission from my mother and started staying with the friend...



Some months later my friend said, “Look, how long am I going to be dancer in this dance restaurant and how long are you going to be a waitress here? Let us look for some other work or business,” she said. I was attracted by the idea because of the greed to earn more and because of poverty. Then I asked my friend what kind of business she was talking about. She said she knew some brothers (young men). My friend said that these brothers were really good people and that they dealt in diamonds. I didn't even know those men. She said that she would introduce me to them. Two days later two men came and my friend introduced me to them, saying these were the brothers. The friend said that these brothers would give us diamonds and we had to carry the diamonds to India. I asked the brothers then why they needed to take us

girls. Because men wouldn't go, they said. They said they had to take girls because girls were not checked as thoroughly as men. Mainly because I trusted my friend and because she said the men were really good and she knew them well, I agreed. So I said “Fine!” and went.

After that we first went... to have tea. While waiting for something to eat they gave us Fanta (a soft drink). ... After drinking it, we felt very sleepy and sick... So we went with them. We crossed over to India.

After crossing into India that man kept us in a hotel...

He took us to a big house. We hadn't even climbed the stairs and there was a fat woman sitting there... Since we didn't know [who she really was] we greeted her. Then they took us into a room and kept us there.

...[the boys who were with us] left. I was a bit frightened and uneasy and held on to the hand of one of the boys. And I asked him why we were being kept in the room like this and what was really happening. “It's nothing,” he said, “you two shouldn't panic.” “Stay calm here, the brothers will come back with the money and then we can all return to Kathmandu,” he said...

... Shortly after that, the fat woman came, after 5, 10 minutes. She pulled away the boy I was holding and asked him to go with her since his brother was calling him. She told the two of us to wait in the room and left with the boy. “Your brothers are going to come back with money,” she said, and locked us from the outside. And we kept on sitting there. We felt like crying for this had never happened to us before. And so we sat there....

A woman entered at one o'clock in the morning. “Your brothers have come, let's go,” she said. We were so happy then. But the woman said, “The two of you shouldn't go together, you must go one at a time else the police will suspect.” Saying that, she left my friend there and took me alone. And so I was taken to another house. I asked that didi (elder sister) where the brothers were. Then that girl said “Your brothers will never come back again. They have sold you and left.” And I felt as if I had fallen off a cliff.

... All I could think of was: what am I to do and how do I escape? I kept thinking of that in my mind. I had no interest in the food they served... I was kept in a separate room.

... I was trying to run away. So I wore that and entered a room. There was only [a screen] on the window... I had managed to take out half the netting after locking the room from inside. Somebody knocked and asked who was inside. “I am here, didi, I am here didi, I am going to sleep here. I don't like sleeping outside, I will sleep here,” I said. I was frightened... They realized I was trying to run away. Two, three of them beat me very badly, all were women. So the Madam to whom the boys had sold me first, sold me to the second Madam the next day. The second Madam called up the previous Madam and she also came and beat me badly. She beat me with this big stick. I was beaten until that stick broke. My condition was really bad. They banged my head on the wall. I can't tell you now how I felt...

After they beat me up like that, “This girl is going to run away, we've got to take her to another house,” they said. So they sold me to another house. I told the didis, “I won't do such work. Please, let me go from here.” And I pleaded with them. They told me people who come here can never return. They said you work hard, and if you work well we will send you back in two years, they said. I didn't even eat for two-three days. What can one do in a place like that when you are compelled by circumstances...? I suffered a lot, and was forced by circumstances to do that work. Three months after that one Indian man came. I had requested many men who came there to help me get out. “I want to get away from here,” I had said. Most of the men were too frightened to help me get out of there. It was a very dangerous place. There would be rowdies (thugs) there. If anybody came to help girls escape, they would kill the helpers. That's the kind of place it was... No Nepali customers are allowed to come in there. They are afraid that if Nepalis come they will tell [other] Nepalis [about the girls who have been sold]...

VICTIM TESTIMONY #17

(from Sex Trafficking in Nepal: Context and Process)

When a lady (a dalal) who rented a house nearby told me that she could give me a good, well paid job in a carpet factory, I eagerly agreed to go with her. I left early in the morning with the woman and we went to the Kathmandu carpet factory - I was just 15.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #18

(from Sex Trafficking in Nepal: Context and Process)

“My two brothers earned their own living... I thought “If boys can work, why can’t girls?” “Of course I can earn my own living; I shouldn’t have to depend on my parents”. So I asked my mother if it would be alright if I went to Kathmandu to find a job. My mother agreed to this idea, although she knew that she would miss me when I went away. In the city I hunted for some sort of job in shops and hotels but no one wanted to employ a village girl with little education. Eventually I managed to find a job working in a carpet factory.”

Tara was taken to Kathmandu when she was twelve years old to work in a carpet factory, where she worked for five years. “..... I met Hari while I was working in the factory and we became very close to each other. He told me that he would get me a good job. When he mentioned that I could earn a lot more money I instantly agreed to go with him. I went with him. After 3 days we reached a big hotel in a new city.

“Why am I here,” I asked. “You are going to do some cooking and cleaning work,” he replied. A little while later they told that I had been sold by the man” One day I heard that there was another factory near by, which paid higher wages... So I went to the other factory to ask them if they had a job for me. “You’ re in luck,” said the manager. “I need someone to accompany me and my wife to Hetauda (another city) to collect wools for weaving. It will pay very well.” I immediately agreed and took this job. I did not think anything strange about it, especially since I would be travelling with his young wife. After a long journey I found myself in Bombay. Later I found that I was sold for Rs40,000 by the manager.”

VICTIM TESTIMONY #19

(from Sex Trafficking in Nepal: Context and Process)

One day I eloped with him (the dalal). He brought me to the bus park and explained that he would take me to his aunt’s house in another district for a few days. On the way he offered me a bottle of coke. After drinking it I felt sleepy and woke up in a train that soon reached Delhi... On the day of Shivaratri (Hindu festival) I went to the River to light a candle, where I met one of my relatives who was with a few men. My relative introduced me to one of the men and asked me if I would marry him. I did not take the offer seriously, besides I hardly knew that man. But my relative kept insisting. “Come on,” she replied me. “At least think about it. He lives in Hetauda (another city) and is a great person. I did think about it and the idea of remarrying gave me hope that perhaps happy days would come again. I agreed and I went with him. He took me to an Indian restaurant and after this I cannot remember anything else. When I awoke I found myself in the world of brothels. I had been sold for Rs 30,000.



VICTIM TESTIMONY #20

(from Sex Trafficking in Nepal: Context and Process)

...At the age of 15, I went with a friend to watch a movie and met a young man with whom I became friendly. After some time he suggested going to a bigger southern town to buy cheap cloth with which to start my own small business. I went with him without asking my parents. Instead, he took me to India. One day, my friend Sita, her husband and myself went to watch the movies together. After the film they asked me if I would go to India with them. I could not refuse their request, as I was interested to be an actress and I also felt indebted to them for always welcoming me into their house. We caught a train and spent three days travelling. Eventually we reached our destination- Bombay. At first we stayed at a hotel but were soon taken to another place where the women were decorated with expensive jewellery, clothes and scents. There we met a fat lady who was introduced to us as film director. She seemed very kind and generous and we were impressed. Sita's husband told the "film director" to let us rest and said that he would come back after he had been shopping. He never returned. We were told that it was a brothel and the lady was gharwali (brothel owner). We had been sold for Rs 60,000 by the man.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #21

(from Sex Trafficking in Nepal: Context and Process)

Dilmaya was taken to India by neighbours whom she knew quite well. They told her that they had to go to a market far from their village to pick up something and asked her to come along. Dilmaya often went places with them, but usually they travelled by bus. That day there was a taxi waiting for them. They travelled a long way, and it was very late when they finally arrived in Badi Bazaar. They got in another taxi and arrived at a house where she was put in a room and the door was locked. Dilmaya had no idea where she was. A woman told her that the lady she came with had gone out and would be back later, but she never came back. After several days they travelled to another town when Dilmaya pleaded to let her go, she was told "No, you have been sold and have to work. All Nepali girls have to work."

VICTIM TESTIMONY #22

(from Sex Trafficking in Nepal: Context and Process)

One couple came to our village for Dashain (Nepali festival). In the last day of festival they came to our house and talked with my father and mother, they need a girl to look after their three year old child. My father agreed to send me with them to India to earn money... next day I went to India with them, they took me to a big city, they kept me in a small room and went out. They never came back. Later another Nepali sister came and took me; she told me that I was sold.



VICTIM TESTIMONY #23

(from Sex Trafficking in Nepal: Context and Process)

After two years of my marriage, my husband brought a sauta (a co wife) who gave birth to a son and I was then completely rejected from them. In the mean time, one woman who had come home for vacation promised me and my 3 other friends good jobs in Calcutta. We ran away with her and she took us to Calcutta. But instead of giving good job she sold three of us to different brothels.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #24

(from Sex Trafficking in Nepal: Context and Process)

There are several grades of sex workers based on beauty, hard work and "talent". The top is a 'call girl', then comes 'bungalow' which is a higher grade of regular brothel, then comes the 'pillow house' which is the lowest. Most girls start out in a pillow house and work up if they do well... .. some girls receive training, how to approach customers, language. During training girls are beaten and locked in a room like a jail... until they stop fighting. At first a girl gets two or three clients a day and then it escalates....

VICTIM TESTIMONY #25

(from Sex Trafficking in Nepal: Context and Process)

When they brought me here it was in a taxi. I kept looking around, wondering what kind of work was going on in this area of this big city. Everywhere I looked I saw curtained doorways and rooms. Men would go and come through these curtained entrances. People on the street would be calling out "Two rupees... Two rupees." I asked the other Nepali women if these were offices, it seemed the logical explanation. In two days I knew everything and I cried. When I entered the brothel I saw many girls who looked younger than twenty years of age. I did not know what they were supposed to do. They looked very strange to me. I had never seen girls wearing so much make-up and bright red lipstick. Their clothes were different too. They all had on very short skirts with lots of jewelry.

They were not typical Nepali girls. The brothel-keeper told me to take a bath, get make-up and put on some clean clothes. "What is my job?" I asked.

"Why am I here? What's going on? I want to go home."

"You will do what I tell you," said the brothel-keeper. "You will find out in a few hours."

"I don't want to stay here," I replied more forcefully. "Let me go now. I don't want to stay here."

But the brothel-keeper just laughed and walked away. I looked at the other girls for help." There's no way out," they said. "You're going to be working as a prostitute."

I worked in three low-grade brothels or 'pillow houses' and later in one fancier brothel commonly called a 'bungalow'. In the pillow house I had ten to twenty customers a day and, except for regulars, customers paid 25 rupees [50 cents] for five minutes. I also worked for four months in a bungalow which charged 100 to 300 rupees [US\$2-6] per hour. Some customers would pay to take the girls out all night, or sometimes for days at a time. If they were taken out to a hotel they paid at least 1,000 rupees [US\$20].



I tried to run away from the brothel many times but my attempts were always unsuccessful. There were always guards working for the brothel-keeper who could catch me. When they caught me they would throw me to the ground and beat me with sticks and pulled my hair. I had one regular customer who was always very kind to me... He helped me to escape from the brothel and took me to live in his house which he shared with his brother. I stayed with them for three months but unfortunately his brother did not like me being there because of my background....and as we were not married... so he took me to a shelter for destitute women in Bombay. Then, I was eventually brought back to Nepal. The brothel where I worked had a window so that all the girls could be observed by the management. When I was seen trying to escape, I was beaten. Whenever there was a police raid the owner would hide all the girls; those who tried to come out would be beaten.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #26

(from IRIN)

BANKE, 22 August 2007 (IRIN) - Sixteen-year-old Sushma does not want to reveal her true identity for fear that the traffickers who sold her into the notorious brothel area of Kamathipura in Mumbai, India, could track her down and kill her.

"I should have listened to my village schoolteacher who told me not to be taken in by false promises of a job abroad," she told IRIN, expressing regret that she had left her village in Banke, nearly 600km southwest of Kathmandu, without even informing her parents.

"There are so many innocent village girls who have been lured by traffickers with false promises of earning a lot of money in a foreign country," said Sushma.



VICTIM TESTIMONY #27

(Oh God! Save Me – From Maiti Nepal)

I was studying in standard 8th, unlike all other students I was a little more naughty and in-disciplined but still everyone liked me a lot, everyone use to call me “KANCHI”. Santosh, I and my friends use to overpower all our co-students and we just use to rule the school, but that was when I was in my teenage still but everything is changed from then to now. Now everything has changed me, my lifestyle, my smile and my name as well. My name which I love the most is being changed by these people the name which was given by my father who is not alive now. I love him a lot and I just want someone to call me with the name I was known some months back.

Now no one call me with the name I love the most, now I am pretty. And now I don't have friends. I am alone in this world which I have not seen because I have not moved out of my room since I arrived here way back.... My life changed when I was studying in 8th standard and two persons... came to our village.... They both became close to my younger brother and then to my family. They used to visit our home frequently and I even considered them as my elder brothers. I along with my younger brother used to go to their place. They were so good that everyone in the village started liking and trusting them.

Then in February Suman gave an offer to my mother that why don't you send your daughter to work in India there she will earn and study and send money back home every month. My mother initially said no but as one of my friend was also going so she approved without knowing that her daughter will never come back because both of them were in the business of selling teenage girls. They used to pick girls and sell them in brothels all over India and even outside India.

Our journey started on 6th April 2006 and we reached here by 10th April 2006 here in Pune, with big dreams in our eyes. They took us to a building. I said to my friend that I don't like this area and I thought there were something wrong but she said wait you were just fearing too much everything will be ok. I knew she did also not know anything. Then Suman and other guy had a talk with some old lady there in other room and came back to us to say that we have to work and stay here. He will come there regularly to see everything is all right or not. Next Day when I woke up aunty came and briefed me about the work which I need to do whether I like it or not. She told me that she has paid huge sum of money for us. At that time I actually came to know that we were being sold in brothel. I cried a lot and said I will not do that but in return I get pain and starvation, they beat me up with stick and locked me up in a dark room without food for 3 days. But after that I broke up to accept whatever was there in my fate but with a ray of hope that someone will come in my life who will save me from hell and love me as a simple girl would like to.

Now I was one of the top selling bodies in the market and daily count went up top 25-30 or even 40 some days. It was so painful, and bloody for me in starting but soon my body adjusted to all these but still I feel pain either it may not be physical it's from the heart. I used to talk very less and spend my time only thinking of home and praying to god, please send me back. But this didn't happen all my prayers were perhaps lost in the prayers of other girls who are suffering here and were sold here like me. I don't like or even dream of being here but I am here.

A place where I am living since 1 year and 4 months, I had not even seen the sun, moon or even the exterior of our apartments. All my dreams have been ruined and raped by those two persons. I feel like being raped by all those who spend Rs.120/- for their sex desires. Soon I know I will be free either my friend from Nasik will get me out of this place as he has promised or perhaps I will commit suicide.



Every one see my smile which I am forced to carry on my face and makeup which I am forced to do but no one accept one or two have tried to see beneath and understand my pain and sorrow and hardness of my life. I do want to go home but I fear will they accept me if they get to know about my present life.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #28

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

Because of the Maoist activities, many police used to come in our village. One day two policemen came and asked for a night's sleep. They had a packet of Wai Wai (instant noodles) which I cooked. After we ate, I realized I was attracted to one of them, Yadav. I could not survive without him and came with him to Kathmandu without finishing my school exams. He promised to marry me. He transferred his job from Rolpa to Bardibas, Dhanusa. Later he told me he had quit. He brought me to his house and we stayed there for three days. Then we came to Kathmandu to find work. In the meantime, we came across a Tamang boy, Rabi, who said that he would help us get a job in Delhi. So we went to Delhi by bus. We stayed at a hotel. Rabi and Yadav transferred me to a brothel in Delhi where I had to submit to prostitution the same night.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #29

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

Sunita was just fourteen, and working at a maternity hospital when , “I fell into love with a boy, Bishal Tamang.. The bliss lasted three weeks, until the day Bishal introduced her to his uncle, Rudre. Bishal suggested that the three of us go to Darjeeling to visit his sister and borrow some money to buy land in Kathmandu. We stayed at Pashupati Nagar for two days. At the Indian border Bishal told me to tell the police I was his wife. They brought me to Sushma Jogini’s house in Pune, and told me that Sushma was Bishal’s sister. The house was the brothel where Bishal sold Sunita.” Now 19, Sunita is rehabilitated and living in Jhapa.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #30

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)



Ruby was a waitress at a Kathmandu restaurant, where she made Rs. 2,000 a month. But her friend, Nabina, had a better idea. Together they set out to export diamonds to India. At the border, Ruby took a packet that looked like diamonds and crossed into India. Within five days, she was forced into prostitution at a brothel in Pune. Now 20, she is rehabilitated

VICTIM TESTIMONY #31

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

There is a so-called sitting room to select girls. The girls have to buy the make-up kits themselves. The owners force the girls to be attractive and attract clients. They have to act happy and smiling. The room is of low height. The girls have to get made-up and smart and should stay in the sitting room from 3 p.m. until mid-night. The gharawali (brothel owner) hits girls with a bottle of beer, with a stick, and passes electric current into their bodies if girls refuse to be involved in prostitution, if they cannot earn much, or if they attempt to run away, says Purnima, a rehabilitated girl.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #32

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

At age sixteen, Geeta was sold to a brothel in Bombay. She recalls, . I had to be with ten to twelve men in a day, but I did not get any money. Gharawali (the brothel owner) used to take about Indian Rs. 150 per client. Jamuna says, .After two days at Pune, my regular routine started early every morning and went on until 2 a.m. I had to entertain fifteen to twenty clients. Every client used to pay Indian Rs. 70 to the gharawali (the brothel owner). I used to get only five rupees per day.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #33

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

Nanu recalls, ‘While I was in Bombay, I was used to going to the cinema with clients, eating chicken, and getting gifts like watches and golden necklaces. They asked me to go to their homes. One client proposed marriage, but I was afraid of that. I could wear what I wanted, Kurta Suruwal or sometimes jeans. I did not use much lipstick. I was quite aware of AIDS and did use condoms during intercourse.’
‘The doctor regularly visited us for health check-ups.’ Nanu later left the brothel life, married, and had two children. When her husband left her, she moved in with her parents in Makawanpur District. She misses being able to earn her own money and eat well.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #34

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

Purnima, 22, told of severe life conditions at the brothel. ‘Four days after I arrived they compelled me to entertain clients. One day when I felt sick and refused, the brothel owner struck me in my vagina with a sharp knife and I almost died. Really, it was hell. Nepalese clients treated us worse than other clients. I still cannot believe in any Nepalese man, even my own father and brother.’

VICTIM TESTIMONY #35

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

When her fake husband sold her, Sunita was seven months pregnant. Her buyers arranged an abortion, which resulted in severe bleeding. Even so, within three days, she was forced to begin serving twenty clients a day, from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. When she refused to engage in prostitution, the brothel owner beat her cruelly with a hot iron, beer bottles and sticks.



VICTIM TESTIMONY #36

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

Kalpana, 17, spent eight months in a brothel in Bombay before an Indian NGO rescued her. She now lives at a rehabilitation centre in Kathmandu. She told us, ‘If my mother heard that I was sold in an Indian brothel, she might commit suicide. Therefore, I do not go to my house now. When I become able to support myself, then I will visit my mother.’

VICTIM TESTIMONY #37

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

Nanu was seven when her father died, and her mother did what was necessary to feed Nanu and her older brother: she engaged in prostitution. When Nanu was thirteen, her mother’s clients began to use her, offering better prices for the young girl than they paid the mother. Now fifteen, Nanu engages in prostitution in Nepalgunj.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #38

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

Sawana, from a Muslim family, was just seven when she married and thirteen when she gave birth to her first child. When the baby was only a month old, her husband divorced her. With the help of friends, she engaged in prostitution to earn enough to survive. Now 18, Sawana remains in prostitution at Nepalgunj. Her wages support her sixty-year-old mother and five year old son.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #39

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

‘There is a network at village and country level. The administrators who come to this district, like the Chief District Officer and DSP are transferred elsewhere within around three months if they are against trafficking. Political parties support this. People from all parties are involved. If only two (trafficking) brokers suffer, the vote will be ruined,’ says a social activist.

VICTIM TESTIMONY #40

(from “Nepal - Trafficking in Girls with Special Reference to Prostitution”)

‘It is not their people who are trafficked and die due to HIV/AIDS. It is our own relatives, daughters, daughters-in-law and sisters who die. The VDC chairman is not cooperating with us in controlling trafficking. We ask him for money but he never hears us,’ says a social worker.

TRAFFICKER TESTIMONY #1

(from “A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners,” by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

My name is Mohan (named changed). I am 30 years old, married, and belong to a labor class. I am from Palchok VDC of Sindhupalchok district, Nepal. I come from very poor family. I always had a strong desire to earn lots of money and buy nice food and clothes. I was unable to get a good job despite of my several attempts. During this period I happened to meet a person named Saila (named changed) who suggested me a way of earning lot of money and that was to lure and sell young, uneducated and poor girls in Indian cities.

In my village, a married woman named Dipa (named changed) was living with her mother because of the physical torture from her drunkard husband. Dipa used to come to me and request me to help her find a job. I told about this woman to Saila who suggested me that we should try to take her to India and sell her. Since Dipa was desperately in need of a job, she was easily convinced by our trick (assurance of a nice job) and agreed to accompany us.

We brought Dipa to Melamchi from her mother's house on 19 November 2002 and from there three of us together traveled to Katmandu by bus. On the same day, we boarded a night bus from Kathmandu to Sunauli, a border town of Nepal. The following day, we boarded a train from Gorakhpur to Delhi. My friend, Saila took all the initiatives and was successful in selling Dipa in the red light area of G.B road, Delhi (brothel no.64) for Indian Rupees 50,000. At that time I received only Nepalese Rupees 3,000. I learnt that 8 months after she was sold, the police had arrested her during a police raid and she was confined to the jail (India) for about 8 months. Dipa was pregnant when she was arrested. She gave birth to a daughter inside the jail. A Bengali woman (presumed to be from an NGO in India) helped Dipa's release. She returned to her village via Katmandu. She had provided all information about me to the police. I was arrested in March 10, 2002 from Dhulikhel.

I was accused for human trafficking and was presented in the district court of Sindhupalchok District. The court had announced 10 years of imprisonment and a fine of NRs 80,000 against me. My partner Saila could not be arrested as his whereabouts could not be identified. I was sent to Central Jail of Katmandu for this crime. I feel I was unlucky because I got arrested on my first crime. Now, I am spending my life as prisoner. I have realized that my act was cruel and I must be punished for my deed.



TRAFFICKER TESTIMONY #2

(from “A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners,” by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

My name is Alok (named changed). My age is 30. I am married. I belong to labor class. I cannot read or write. My economic condition is very poor. I got involved into trafficking because of my friends. I have sold three girls in India. I have earned Nepalese Rupees 160,000 from this profession. We used to operate in a group and our group comprised three of us. Now, all of them are out of my contact. I am the only one who got arrested and imprisoned for this crime.

Two out of the three girls which we had sold were sex workers. In fact, there was an understanding among us and the two girls that the money earned would also be shared with the girls.

We all went with a group decision and sold them but I was the only one who got arrested and sent to jail, because of lack of money to pay the girl. I was arrested in Chabahil, Katmandu in 4/3/2000 and filed case in Kathmandu District court. Court decided 10 yrs penalty. Now I am passing my days in Central Jail. I make caps inside the jails. Anyway, I am spending the days. I think I will not repeat the same work after my release.

TRAFFICKER TESTIMONY #3

(from “A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners,” by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

My name is Ashok (name changed). I am from Kavrepalanchowk district. I am 40 yrs old and married. I belong to a poor family. I used to run a small business to earn our living but the income was not sufficient. There was a big gang of traffickers with whom I became friends and joined the gang. This gang used to sell girls in India. I was involved in this job for 3 years. I used to sell innocent girls with the help of others to India by giving them a false promise of a good job and good income.

I have earned NRs. 30,000 from this business. I used to take girls from Gangabu area in Kathmandu. In one occasion, our gang sold 3 girls in Mumbai with the help of a driver named Navin (name changed). I felt very bored because I made the plans while the other boys sold the girls. Because of my involvement in the gang, I had spoiled my future and jeopardized the life of many girls. The police was able to arrest me through Navin. I was arrested from Satungal, Kathmandu on 4/10,2000. The case was filed at the Special Court, Kathmandu. I was sentenced to 12 years of imprisonment and a fine of Nepalese Rupees 240,000.

Sometimes I get frustrated with my life. I am not aware if my family members are dead or alive. I repent for my deed which according to me the most terrible crime.



TRAFFICKER TESTIMONY #4

(from “A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners,” by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

My name is Kale Bahadur (name changed). I am 55 years old and married. I am illiterate and a poor farmer. I live in Gaidakot VDC of Nawalparasi District. I have sold as many as 16 girls with the help of our group members. All of them were more than 16 years of age. I have earned NRs 500,000 from this business. I lured girls by convincing them with promises of good jobs. We usually took the girls to Pune and Delhi and sold them there.

One of the girls, Maya (name changed) whom I had sold in a brothel in Pune was able to escape. She then reported about me to the police in India. In her report, she had said that I had sold her for Indian Rupees 20,000 to a brothel owner on April 4, 2000. I was caught in Butwal (Rupendehi district) Nepal. I am now serving 10 years of prison term for human trafficking and also penalized a fine of NRs 64,000. As I am unable to pay the fine, I have to remain in Jail for longer duration.

I have no regrets for my act because the girls could earn good money and I also could have a proper living. I usually tricked girls with the help of another man. They sold them in India and provided me the commission. So, my name was not revealed initially in front of them. In this business money does not remain in our hand because it needs to be distributed to the other related person. I am considering about engaging in a good profession as soon I am released.

TRAFFICKER TESTIMONY #5

(from “A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners,” by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

My name is Pran (name changed) and I am 30 years old. I am from Makawanpur district. I used to work as a casual laborer. I have never been to school. I started this profession 4 years ago. I have sold more than 20 girls. Most of them were from Kathmandu. Some of these girls (three girls) were aged 16 years and below. I usually earned NRs. 480,000 from this business. I have sold half of them to Mumbai and half of them to Pune. I trapped the girls in the pretext of falling in love with them and then promise them with a good job. I used to seek out for my prey (girls) at two places of Kathmandu - Baudha and Chabahil. The other place was Hetauda of Makawanpur district.

I was arrested when a girl aged 20 years from Makwanpur district managed to escape from the brothel and returned to Kathmandu after six months. I had sold her for NRs 48,000 to a brothel keeper of Mumbai. This girl filed a case against me after her return. On May 30, 2000, the Chabahil police caught me. The District Court, Makwanpur sentenced me a 12 years penalty and a cash fine of NRs.48,000. I am unable to pay the fine. I have friend who was also involved in selling girls. He has not been arrested yet.

After the completion of my prison terms, I will work as farmer. I regret for my crimes.

TRAFFICKER TESTIMONY #6

(from “A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners,” by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

My name is Palden (name changed). I am from Bhutan. I am 34 years old and married. I have several nicknames. I do not have any formal education as I grew up in a poor family.

I was arrested with my partner at Jay Gaun, Bihar (India) on 1st January 2001 by Indian and Nepalese Police force because of the confession made by my partner who was arrested before me. I was bought back to Nepal and taken to Maiti Nepal. At that time, a group of 21 girls who had been rescued from Indian brothels were being sheltered at Maiti Nepal. Among this group of rescued girls, some of them recognized me as the person who sold them. I also recognized those girls. When I was brought in front of these girls, they began beating me by their sandals and shoes. My head started to bleed as I was unable to do anything to protect myself from their beatings.

I was taken to District Police office at Hanumandhoka, Kathmandu. Later, the Special Court announced a 15 years imprisonment for my deeds and a fine of NRs 7, 64,000. In order to generate some income to pay back the fines, I make caps inside the prison.

I was attracted to this trade (trafficking) when I was serving jail term in Jhapa prison for 'attempt to murder' crime. One of the prisoners was a trafficker and it was he who shared all the dirty tricks of selling girls. After I was released from the Jhapa prison, I began to get involved into the trafficking trade. I had spent over 10 years in trafficking during which I had sold more than 80 girls. I earned around IC 4,000,000. The amount I had earned through selling girls is still safe with me. Two in every five girls I had sold were minors (16 years of age or under). I employed various tricks to trap the girls such as promise of marriage, love affairs and promise of a good job. I usually took the girls to Kakarvitta and Pasupatinagar (eastern border towns) to cross the border and to Siliguri (West Bengal). From Siliguri, I used to take them to Mumbai and Pune brothels. The amount of money I fetched from selling a girl ranged between Indian Rupees 50,000 and 1,00,000.

Prior to contacting a girl, I used to study girl's family status, her behavior and her safety-nets. If I was unable to convince the girl, then I had to apply an alternate strategy. One way was to approach the parents of the girls directly and convince them saying that their daughters would be in safe hands and would be in the company of other Nepali girls who had taken advantages of this great employment opportunity (He smiles)



I had sold ... (tries to recall the names the girls he had sold so far) and several others. I cannot remember their names now. I think the girls had been preparing to file cases against me after they were rescued since there was prize money of NRS 40,000 announced by the government on my head to anyone who provides information on my whereabouts. Five years ago, I was arrested but I was able to escape after bribing the police. I think anything is possible in Nepal if one has money. If I come out from this prison I will do some other better job (he did not specify the "better job" he had in his mind.

TRAFFICKER TESTIMONY #7

(from "A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners," by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

I am Naresh (name changed). I am 26 years of age. I live in Jyamarung V.D.C of Dhading district. I am 26 years old and single. I started this business at the age of 16 through peer pressure. The job was quite easy for me. I pretended to fall in love with the girl, take her for sight seeing in different places and finally sell her in India. It was just a matter of 3 days. We worked in a group with other well known traffickers. Two of them were female traffickers. Some of them have not been arrested yet. They know me as "LITTLE MASTER". However, I used different names in different places. I was 21 years old when I was caught.

I had sold 70 girls so far. I was the one who had sold 16 girls in school uniform in India. They were taken in the pretext of "Educational Tour" for which I had hired a bus. All of them were sold in a same brothel. Since then this brothel keeper used to pay me Indian Rupees 3, 00,000 monthly.

I had opened a Kurtha Salwar (Ladies Ready-made Garment) shop in Pune, India. In Nepal, there are many young girls who seek employment. Most of these girls belong to poor economic backgrounds. I usually sought such girls and promised them good jobs in India. I had actually employed some of the girls in my shop in Pune.

There are also cases, where I have ditched the husbands and sold their wives. Firstly, I made false offer to provide job to the two husbands living in Pokhara. When they agreed, I convinced them to bring along their wives also as they could be engaged in export-import of ready-made garments. When all of them arrived in Mumbai, the wives were sold from the hotel we stayed while their husbands were away. Then I warned their husbands against



reporting to the matter to the police as they too would be arrested for selling their wives since they were the ones who brought their wives to India. I had learnt that the wives were rescued from the brothels and, had put their husbands behind bars for partnering with me in selling them.

To-date, I had sold girls from 27 districts of the country to different cities of India. The districts where I worked most for picking up the girls were Jhapa, Sunsari, Dhausha (Janakpur), Chitwan, Makawanpur, Kathmandu, Lalitpur, Pokhara, Dang and Dhading. It seems, there was a prize money on my head as the person who arrested me was awarded Rs.1, 00,000 by the Nepalese Government. I was caught on 5th May 2001 with the help of Pune Rescue Foundation and Maiti Nepal. I have been penalized for 12 years of imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 252,000 by the Special Court. All my property had been seized by Indian Government. I have no property in my hands now.

I do not feel guilty for what I had done. While in jail, I was able to complete Masters Degree in Political Science and now I am planning to pursue a Masters degree in Sociology also. At present, I am teaching in a school located within the Jail and am able to earn some money from this teaching job.

I intend to work against Human Trafficking after I am released from the Jail. I will devote myself in creating awareness against trafficking in the villages and prevent girls and women from becoming victims of trafficking. I also will dedicate all my efforts to rescue the trafficked girls after my release.



TRAFFICKER TESTIMONY #8

(from “A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners,” by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

I was married to Thule (name changed) in 2000 A.D. My husband introduced me to Daan (name changed), Five of us, myself, my husband, Daan, his wife Kusum (name changed) and Naresh (name changed) started off to Darjeeling for sight seeing during April 2003. From Darjeeling, Naresh insisted all of us to visit Pune to meet his sister there and took us there. Once we reached Pune, he took us to a house belonging to Sharmila (name changed). The three of them including my husband sold me and Kusum for Indian Rupees 70,000 to Sharmila who was a brothel keeper. We were rescued by Maiti Nepal.

TRAFFICKER TESTIMONY #9

(from “A Study on Male Trafficker Prisoners,” by THE DAYWALKA FOUNDATION)

“Usually girls of Mongolian faces are highly sought after by clients. Therefore, if we were able to take Nepali girls aged 16-19 years with Mongolian faces, long hair, slim body, separate and proper hips, fair skinned, medium height, such girls would fetch one lac Indian Rupees. On most occasions, we earn 50, 000 to 80, 000 Indian Rupees and the rate depends on the age and appearance of the girl. If the seller is new in the business he/she will get only IC. 30, 000 to 35, 000 Indian Rupees only.

GUIDE TO PRAYING FOR TRAFFICKING

Traffickers

- For God's wrath to be carried out against active traffickers, and for them to be brought to swift legal justice on a wide scale
- For the conversion of traffickers in prison
- For those tempted to traffic girls to be convicted and physically prevented from engaging in trafficking
- For alternate means of employment for potential traffickers

Trafficking Victims

- For vulnerable women to be educated about trafficking
- For women in the process of being trafficked to be rescued
- For women who have been trafficked to be liberated and restored, and to have the courage and means to prosecute their traffickers
- For Christ to reveal Himself to the victims of trafficking, and to show His love for them

Sex Industry Clients

- For alternate and legitimate means for men in destination countries to meet women
- For men engaged in buying sex to learn the truth about trafficking
- For men engaged in buying sex to be convicted of their sins or brought to justice

Societies

- For a widespread change in consciousness about the seriousness of the injustice of trafficking
- For a widespread perception that trafficking is dangerous and risky
- For corrupt police and officials to be brought to justice
- For courageous girls who are willing to share their stories to break the hearts and change the minds of many about trafficking

Christians

- For God to raise up an effective army of prayer warriors
- For those who are actively engaged in the work to be spiritually protected from spiritual and physical attack
- For God to call more Christians to active effective work against trafficking

Spiritual

- Against the principalities, powers, and strongholds of Satan that lie behind the trafficking industry
- For the mobilization of angels to protect victims and those helping them, and to join in the spiritual battle against the demonic powers that uphold the sex industry