



## HANA'S EGGS

Hana was not raped or beaten. She was locked in. She was threatened with stares and silences that implied violence.

Hana was not aware of her beauty. Wherever she went, people would stare. She did not dress provocatively and did not use makeup. Everything about her was spectacular, like a Barbie.

She was locked up for many months in a nice apartment where she was under the supervision of three men from her country. One of them was her cousin and another was her boyfriend, who had brought her with promises of love and university studies.

Poor Hana: she was confused for a long time. She did not know what was being done to her. They would inject her but she did not have the side effects of being drugged. Some days of the month, they would sedate her to a sleeping state, but her body would wake up without pain. She was forced to exercise and to put hydrating cream on her body every day. She was scared all this would lead to her becoming a prostitute. This was not the case.

Throughout 2001, Hana and I would eat together in the dining room every day.

*“She would tell me that she did not understand what they were doing with her. They never touched her, never raped her (her biggest fear); at times they would ask her to put make-up on and would take pictures of her. They would inject her for many days and give her medicine, but although she thought they were drugging her, she never felt any weird sensations. In 2005, I saw her again on a trip to Granada. She told me that she was now aware of what they were doing to her: they would make her produce eggs, and then they were extracted and sold. They would also take pictures of her naked body (while sleeping) and her genitals, and then they would sell these pictures. We spoke about this calmly, as if it was one of those strange occurrences in life. Later, in 2007, I understood that this was organ trafficking. That she had been a victim. I talked to her again, we talked about the immensity of the crime and that it was now too late to do anything about it. Had I known beforehand, I would have been able to do something about it. Hanna now just wants to forget. In 2011, she began to see a psychiatrist, she had many fears... fear of pregnancy, of love, of her husband, but her fears and silences with regards to her past experience were the main source of her psychological distress... even years after this had happened.*

(2010)