KALITA'S TRAFFICKING

I don't know if my family sold me or if I was abducted. Someone grabbed my arm, put me into a truck and took me to another country. They began to sell my virginity. They sold it many times. They sold it to disgusting customers who wanted to have sex with young girls. They would deceive them during the third and fourth days of my period: I would bleed during those times. The other days I was forced to place a very small fruit inside myself and it would explode and seem like it was the bleeding of a virgin. After this time I was forced to be a prostitute. During these years I had a friend who was also in my situation. I loved her more than anything in the world.

But one day I escaped, and I asked for help from an organisation. However, I could not stand the guilt of having left behind my only friend, alone, knowing that she would be punished because of me. I was silent about my story for many years until I met Chelita. Chelita was a young girl who had recently been rescued from a brothel. She was not doing well at all: she was very angry and confused. She wouldn't say, but I had a feeling she did not want to live. She told us that she was incapable of looking at herself in a mirror. I understood her. One day I sat down and I wrote her a letter, the third time I relayed my whole story, and I offered her counsel. I wanted to help in order to undo the guilt I felt from having had left my friend behind on the day I had escaped.

It has been a couple of months since I had the operation: my reproductive organs were removed. The fruit and forced sex had damaged them. Before the operation, I found out that Chelita had looked at herself in a mirror and I felt free from guilt. I was prepared to let go of a part of me.

I met Kala in 2008 when she had recently been helped by the NGO. Afterwards, we kept in touch for four more years. Kala, Chelita and I saw each other via the internet recently. We cried tears of happiness, knowing that life is easier to reconstruct when one is accompanied by others.