

For: Carmen

My name is [Name redacted]

I crossed the river on May 14 and on the same day I turned myself in to Migration. I came with my 15-year-old son. They asked for our documents and then they took me* to an ice box in the early morning. They took us out to take our photo together. My son was shivering a lot because they had the air conditioner on full blast. He was crying, telling me he asked them to get him out of there. Then on the next day a guard came to ask for [my son's] birth certificate but he didn't open the door. He told me to pass it underneath the door. He was with my son, who was trying to tell me something with gestures but I didn't understand what he was saying. Then they took me out the next day and moved me to another ice box. When I came out the guard told me to get on the bus because I was going to another detention center. I asked for my son and they told me "Lady, your son isn't here. He's very far away. You are getting deported back to your country" and I started to cry and I begged them to give me my son and the guard told me "don't make me give you an electric shock" and my friends tell me I passed out because of the bad news they gave me. I've gone for 23 days without hearing anything about my son. I'm distraught, please help me. This is the worst thing that they could have done to us. I want to be reunited with my son, I want to be with him. Help me, I can't stand the pain. Please take pity on me.

*Translator's note *She speaks in the first person here but it is unclear whether she was with her son in the first holding cell before the photo was taken.*