

THE SCREAM SILENCED BY FEAR

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Screaming did not help, his hands didn't let me. I tried to get up and get out running, but his body stopped me. I couldn't do anything, just to endure and continue with that immense pain that devoured my body like fire in a chimney.

Having to walk away from people, for fear of not knowing their reaction; not letting anyone getting near me, living with an isolated mind in a misfortune that I don't know how long it will last. Living with uncertainty of not knowing what will happen tomorrow and the day I fall in love and that I'm not accepted because my body is no longer normal, but a piece of rotten meat that has no value as a human being. Which person could be interested in someone like me, if I disgust myself? There was no support, it was just me trying to live with such a painful memory; I had to face this very destructive stage in my life.

A shelter

Years passed, two to be accurate. I armed myself with courage and decided to seek shelter, since I still had hope to return to my life at my mother's side, but the only thing that I found were drugs and more destruction, and another barrier to get through. Up to this moment everything was wrong, I could not convince myself of being someone in life if in all ways I was fucked.

I also remember when I lighted my first cigarette to calm that trembling of my body, from where it sprouted so much fear because of not knowing what would happen when that man entered my room to continue destroying my life night after night.

At thirteen I tried marijuana, and that's how I was able to develop a bit more as a person, because that was the only medicine that helped me calm down a little bit the pain that I felt inside me, forgetting by moments what

was happening. Drugs were at that moment some kind of rocket to fly away and know nothing; they were support, doctor, therapy and my family. There was nothing that marijuana didn't cure me.

At first, my life seemed to be fabulous, but what a surprise I got! Everything seemed normal, I had everything that a girl would want: toys, school, dreams, but I think I needed something else, my real family.

Everything was strange to me, I could never understand why I got a life that I didn't choose. I asked myself everyday: why don't I have my mother and father with me? Is it that they don't love me?

My childhood

Having the dream of being someone in life, having studies, a career, doing big things that would make me shine as a successful person, didn't cost that much, as long as you don't get your life destroyed.

It all started one night, when someone came and, without mercy, decided to finish with my life, my dreams and with all that I had. Took my life in his arms and threw it without remorse. In that moment I felt dying, because I had to see everyday, during two long years, a monster, and not an imaginary monster, but real and destructive, lying next to me, with bright eyes, illuminated with a single ray of light that was able to enter through a crack in the window; with the only purpose of destroying me without any compassion nor remorse.

From girl to woman

Yesterday in glory and now in hell, what a thing! right? At ten years old the dreams to fulfill of that girl that had so many goals in her life, were gone in a blink of an eye. That stage in my life left me wanting nothing. That day I died without wanting to achieve my goals. That girl had been left behind, and all to be a woman at ten years old. A woman appeared with thirst of revenge against the person that had taken her life without any right.

Work

Work, for me, was another thing that made me forget the pain. It became in one of my favorite hobbies, until one day, as some say around there, hunger came. My mother wasn't home, only my brother and me, and hungry. In that moment I didn't have a job, and suddenly an idea struck me. Two houses from mine were two men drinking with a neighbor and it occurred to me to go there and ask for money. Oh!, what a surprise I took! The man's words made my teeth crunch and made me feel inside something that I can not explain. He told me: "What do you want?" When I asked him for money, he answered me: "All in this life is earned, and if you want money, you have to earn it". I didn't know what to answer, I was stunned looking at him. The man didn't know my age, since my body was quite developed. He believed I was a sixteen or seventeen-year-old girl. I turned to look at my brother, and I surrendered to that man without knowing him, without knowing a thing about him. All I knew was that my brother and I were hungry.

My new life

After that day, I decided to start a new liberal life, without rules or prohibitions, to go around the world searching new people, breath other airs, know other frontiers.

I decided to look for a good man who could make me feel something different from my first time, and I found him. At fifteen years old I joined a forty-eight years old man that made me happy just for the fact of taking me out of the place where I was being eaten by worms. For a moment in my life I had felt what it was to be with someone because I wanted to, and not for the circumstances of the damned destiny that I didn't choose.

The separation

That relationship ended after a year and a half. I separated from that person because I didn't feel a thing for him, or maybe because I hadn't overcome that pain, since there were times that he wanted to touch me and the only thing that I did was reject him. I couldn't stand him putting a finger on me, in

a way I was to blame that our relationship ended, because I couldn't forget the face from the person that destroyed my life. I carried that memory like a tattoo in my mind, just for moments I forgot, it was a stain that always stayed in my body, and as much as I wanted to wash it, it never came off.

Going back

Each man in my life, each caress in my body, is like reliving the horrifying time. It is despicable being with someone without wanting to be. After so many nights of being with some men, I have not been able to recover that trust in me and I always end up feeling like trash that only someone wanting to satisfy his desires, would pick me up from the floor.

It is sad living a life that I didn't chose, looking around me and watching the world go by while I, stuck like any shoe in the cement, I'm still tied to a childhood memory, asking me everyday, what did I do to deserve this? Who have I hurt to pay so high?

I live with the daily illusion that tomorrow I will wake up and everything will be gone to the oblivion, but what a fool I am! Everything is an illusion, and this is my reality, my raw reality with which I have to live forever. After so many things that had happened in my life, after doing all that was within my power to accomplish my dreams, I didn't succeed, since I always ended up damaging myself.

My infidelity

I went far away, with a good man, and we promised each other to be together in the good and the bad. Everything was going well, until one day I failed him as a woman, I cheated on him with his best friend. He didn't know, or at least not while we were together.

That obsession of taking men and make them suffer didn't end. The word revenge was still in my mind and I couldn't stop, because for me it was a satisfaction to look the face of pleasure of a man, and then the face of pain when I push him away like any trash.

After a while, my partner noticed my infidelity and I had no way of denying it. Since I was not ashamed, I didn't care about anything. He hit me

until he got tired, his eyes reflected tremendous rage, a killing desire; he had become into the demon itself. I didn't know what to do. I took refuge in a corner to wait for the pain from the beating he gave me to pass a little. I heard the footsteps of that man approaching my room and the fear returned. He opened the door and, seeing me lying in that corner, he kneeled and told me how it was possible that I would do that to him; He, who would break his soul to give me the best and that I didn't lack anything. I remember so well when he told me that he loved me, not to hurt him, because he would never do it. Questions started in my head like a whirlwind without stopping: How can someone love me if I don't even love myself? How is it that he gave me everything? And I felt so empty, so out of the world and to what was around me. "How stupid I am!", was what my mind said. He took me in his arms and carried me to bed. He told me to forget what had just happened and to forget that vengeance idea against all men. He asked me that, at least, not to do it against him. My mind went blank, I didn't know what to say, since those words left my heart without a breath and couldn't utter a word. He forgave my betrayal and took me in his arms, he made me feel loved, something very nice. We slept until next day. When we woke up, he wasn't there. He had left to work to give me what I didn't deserved, or at least that was going through my mind. We stayed together for a few moments, which became months...

The reunion with the past

Certain day, an unexpected call from my sister, who was crying, changed my life again. I had to go back, because my mother, the person who raised me, was very sick. I packed the necessities, I called my partner and told him what had happened so that he would come home soon. He took me to the station to take the bus; when I got in and watched him through the window, something inside me told me that I wouldn't return to that place and, much less, with that man that loved me so much.

After long hours, eager to get where my mother was, to hug her and tell her how much I had missed her all that time, the moment was approaching again. That air that I breathed again gave me the feeling of being in the same place where my misfortune occurred; when I got off the bus, I felt emptiness in my soul.

How curious life was returning me to that place where I didn't want to be anymore, but where the circumstances forced me to return without being able to do a thing about it. My mother was disabled and it was my duty as her daughter to help her, for there was nothing she could do.

Arriving at the hospital and watching my mother in a bed without being able to move and almost without speech, my soul felt the pain for not being able to do a thing nor take her with me. My eyes filled with tears. I ran and hugged her, I told her that I loved her, not to worry, that everything was going to be fine, that I would help her; or at least that was what I thought.

Many things went through my mind, the most important: How would I do to support my mother if I had only one hundred pesos in my pocket and she was waiting for her medicines? I started to give ideas to myself and it only left me going back to the same, to the most difficult stage of my life: clients and drugs. After a long evening at the hospital taking care of my mother, from the corridor where I was with the baggage without knowing what to do the next day, I heard some steps in the distance. I turned and saw the man whom I despised so much for having ruined my life. I wanted to kill him and get out running, but I couldn't. Watching my mother sick, I couldn't do anything, just tell him: "Hello!" his gaze reflected certain lust towards me, and I noticed that the man still remembered the night when he ruined my life. Memories returned to my mind threatening my soul, insinuating a pain that would get bigger each time I looked at him. I left the place with my suitcases and sat down on a bench, frost by the serene of the dawn, until tiredness overcame me.

The next day, a hand touched my shoulder and, upon waking, I saw my sister. I got up, I hugged her and, after telling me what happened to my mother, she invited me to breakfast. Then, we went to the room to see my mother. My sister told me to go home so I could rest a little bit and to come back the next day to stay with her.

I left the hospital and took a cab. With so many questions in my head, I didn't know who I had to look for to get money and support my mother. I asked the taxi driver to take me to an address, afraid of not finding the person I was looking for, since I had no money. Finally, we arrived.

The best support

I knocked on the door of that house that once served me of shelter before I went far away. Came out the man of dark skin and advanced age whose face, when he saw me, lit up as of a child with a new toy. He invited me in and started to ask what had been of me, why I had abandoned him without saying a thing, and many other things that had no answer, or at least not for the moment.

I asked him for his phone to call the man that I had left in that place, far away, and to inform him that I was well, that I already had seen my mother and that I would be in communication with him. When the call ended, I continue talking to that man. I asked him to let me stay at his house for some days and, without thinking, he answered yes, that there was no problem, that I knew that his home was my home. He supported me a lot: He gave me a car so I wouldn't struggle going to see my mother. He gave me home and, the most important, he helped me financially with all my mother's expenses while she was at the hospital.

After having my mother at the hospital for fifteen days, finally she was discharged. I took her to her house. For me it was very difficult to open that door, the door that so many nights I heard squeaking and all my life with it. My mother asked me to stay to have me close, but I told her no, that I would leave later. My heart didn't resist being there. All those dark images took over my thoughts again, and I realized that still I didn't forget my misfortune.

Lost love

Days kept passing by and I was stuck in the same place, but, thank God, my mother was getting better and soon I could go back to the place where I had left that man who worked and waited for me.

When finally, everything seemed to be all right, something occurred that ended again with my illusions and with all those things that I had planned for my future; everything collapsed. I grabbed the phone to call that man that, according to me, was the only one who loved me. I got a big surprise: an unknown voice answered and, when I asked who was speaking, she replied: "I am his girlfriend, what do you need?" I didn't know what to answer, I just hanged up the phone and kept looking around me and saying once and again: "Why does all the worst always happen to me?"

My plans changed. Those dreams had gone to the emptiness which has no end, there where all the destroyed dreams were, the oblivion!

I stayed in the city, I continued with my routine life: sex, clients, drug, money and doom. I did lots of business with my body, I had even promotions! I felt like a ticket in hands of the highest bidder. I met more people, I engaged in drug dealing and started business, that way I didn't need to give up my body. I liked that and I kept that life, it made me feel a "hotshot", I did what I wanted, there was no person that made me feel bad, I felt that everyone was at my feet and with only a finger snap I had them at my mercy. How well I felt! at least at that time. During that stage of my life I met a man I'd rather not say his name, but whom I considered a client-friend.

The disappointment

One day, he arrived at my house and asked me if I had money, because his wife was pregnant and he had no job or money to go out and get it. At that moment I remembered that once I was told that to deserve you must do, and that what I had cost me a lot. With face of disappointment, he decided to go home. Some days passed by before I saw him again, but this time he didn't come to ask for, but to offer me a job that, according to him, would give us money and that way he would solve his marriage life. I accepted that job, without thinking about the consequences. We agreed to meet in a few days. Meanwhile, I had thought things better, when I saw him again, I told him I didn't want to be a part of it, that it was too risky, that planned things never turn out well. He replied that I couldn't back out, because there was someone above him and they couldn't risk being reported and that if I didn't do it, I would have to cope the consequences.

I had no option

"Do it, or you are fucking death", I gave in. I went to see my mother and told her I was going to do a business, that I would take her money in a few days. I remember those eyes clouded by disease, that body sitting in a corner waiting to be attended, telling me over and over: "Don't do it, for what do you want more money? Look that Christmas Eve and New Year are coming

and, if you are not with me, I will die of grief". Those were my mother's words. What she didn't understand was that if I didn't do it, my life was in danger. I was impotent, I imagined the worst that could happen to me and could not do anything. I could only wait until the moment arrived.

At last, the day arrived. I had no idea that it would be the worst of all. What happened that afternoon, was something that marked me forever. My life took a huge turn. When I saw that light that followed me, I knew that it was not any car. That woman's face was a face of supplication, she asked me with her eyes full of water not to harm her. I remember that I told her that everything was going to be fine, that I wouldn't hurt her. I asked my partner to take the gun away from her head. I stopped the car and went down to buy a bottle of water and some pills to give the woman that wasn't feeling well, and it was my fault and the idiot's who forced me to do that.

I knew that I was nobody to deprive that woman of her freedom, and much less to ask for money in exchange for her. The only thing left was to promise that nothing would happen to her. I don't know why I said that, if I wasn't even sure to get out well of it myself.

Nerves invaded my body when we reached the place where two days ago I had been locked up and without communication, because they said that they had to have me there to assure that everything would come out fine and I wouldn't spoil their little work.

The consequence

Suddenly, through the rearview mirror I saw some colors that meant to me: "Run because they catch you", yes! were the colors of a patrol siren, and with it, two policemen that asked if something was happening. I told them no, that everything was fine, that the girl was feeling sick and that was why she had her face deteriorated. My hands began to tremble; she said everything with her eyes. My partner ran as a hare fleeing his hunter. I felt a slap on the back of my neck, they took me out of the car and later put me in the patrol, they handcuffed me and threw me like a dirty rag ready to take to the laundry. My mind went blank, I didn't know what to do, I was in *shock*. After few hours, or minutes, I don't know how much time passed by, a big slap brought me back to reality. All around me there were many patrols and they were taking me to the investigative police station. I gave my statement and

thought that they would let me go, but it wasn't like that. They locked me in a room and hit me until no more. They put me a jacket around the head and wanted me to tell them the whereabouts of the man who had sent me to kidnap that woman, but I didn't know. Luckily I remembered that the man had said that she was his cousin and that was how I managed for them to stop beating me.

I was taken out of that room and then to a very ugly and cold cell. I was there for a while. Then came a custodian and took me to the room again. I asked them, please, not to hit me anymore. The custodian opened the door and, oh, surprise!, there was the client-friend. He looked at me with eyes injected with rage, and the commander asked me if that was the person who had sent me. I told them yes, that it was him, so they started to beat him so he would say everything. The echo from the beating was heard in the hall, cries of pain. In that moment I started to talk and reproach myself, again and again, how stupid I had been for having accepted that job, but even more stupid for trusting that guy.

The new life

The list! It was a cry at dawn on December 23 2007, an iron scent breath, a cold that enters from the hall and a woman saying some names, none known, to ask what was I doing there. Suddenly, a push finally woke me up and said: "Answer!", and I said as everyone else: "Present!"

I was in jail, and questions started: Why are you here?, federal or common?, What is your name?, What neighborhood are you from? And I don't know how many more things. I was feeling awful, I wanted to cry, but I couldn't. My eyes didn't have tears anymore, or would it be out of shame that others were laughing about me? I did not know, I just knew that I was heartbroken for not knowing what would happen to my mother. Who would look after her? I felt like dying.

As soon the sun rose, a fellow lent me a minute of her card and called my mother. As I heard her voice, my soul broke. I told her that everything was going to be fine and that in a few days I would be with her. In those moments I didn't know the seriousness of the crime of kidnapping. The other girls told me that the sentences were from twenty years or more. I didn't

believe them and said that they didn't frighten me, that I was going to leave soon, but once again I was wrong.

My concern

My trial was in ongoing. I was getting to know all prison companions; the majority didn't like me, but it was like everything else. In the beginning nobody liked me, but as time passed, I started earning the affection of some.

I was feeling good despite of having lost the best of my youth, but there was someone that didn't leave my thoughts for anything in the world: my mother!

Everyday I called her to check if she was fine and to tell her that I loved her. She was the only person for whom I looked forward to go out of there someday; she was the reason for not getting depressed or lose hope. At the beginning of my new life, I didn't let anyone come close to me, still had air of greatness, but as time passed, my heart was softening and I allowed myself to feel loved by some companion who wished my friendship. I met someone special, the best friend or the only friend of my life. While she was here, she was always with me, in the good ones and the bad ones, always firm like a soldier. I call her "mi muñequita" because she is very short, but with a huge heart. She helped me overcome the confinement and that nobody would make me feel bad; I have no words to thank her everything she did for me.

The wait

After nine months my conviction came, but before that, I married a man a barely knew. For me that wasn't new at all, since all the men that went through my life I knew them from one night, but what was new was signing a marriage certificate, something I never thought I would do. Anyway, I had to look for a distraction from the confinement. Unfortunately, we had to separate, since he would soon go out of this place and I didn't want to take any chances to suffer his absence, neither did I want to tie someone up for a mistake I had made.

Finally came the day I was waiting for: my conviction. Heard my name around ten o'clock in the morning, and they said to me: "You go to the other". I commended myself to all the saints so they wouldn't give me many years, but it wasn't enough.

Arriving to that room where there was just a little window, my hands began to sweat, and how not! If I was about to know if I was going away free. Suddenly, a window opened and, with it, a horror squeak. A pretty young woman greeted me, her name was Olivia and she was the notifier who would give me the news of my conviction. She began to read the crimes I was accused of, they were like four, from which I was absolved, I only had one left, the worst. That woman asked me if I felt prepared for the sentence and if I didn't have any heart problem. I replied not to make my agony longer, to tell me once and for all how many years I had to be there, paying for the salvation of my life.

My heart accelerated increasingly. I breathed deeply and managed to calm a little the shaking of my hands, when suddenly I heard: "Your sentence is twenty years without right to benefit". I asked what did it mean that thing about benefits. The notifier explained to me that I had to pay the twenty years without a day more or a day less, unless my family and lawyer could fight a lot to prove my innocence, but that I knew would not happen. I appealed the sentence, but I obtained only the confirmation of the twenty years.

When I left the courthouse, I had my mind like in *shock*, I could not think, I could just hear the notifier's voice in my mind. I didn't know if I was dreaming; in few words, I was in space. I arrived at my location, took the phone card and called my mother.

Lie for love

I lifted the phone still confused, I did not know what to say to my mother, or if to hide it from her to not make her suffer. She finally answered and asked her if she had already taken her medication and how she felt of her pressure. "What is it?", she said. I replied that nothing, but I could not lie to her, she had every right to know what I was given in the sentence. I just had to lie to her so her heart wouldn't stop, since her health was a little delicate.

I mentioned her that I had just arrived from Court and that I was sentenced to ten years, but was still missing the appeal and the protection. "Do not despair, I'll soon be with you", I affirmed with the soul in thousand pieces for having lied to her, and all so that she wouldn't get bad. I still remember those words of pain coming out of her mouth to tell me that she wasn't going to last very much, that she was feeling very bad, that she did not want to be alone, that she wanted to die so she would not feel my absence, that she would not stand to be like that. I tried to calm her a bit, until I did, or at least she made me believe that. I hung up the phone and called my sister to give her the news; she took it a little calmer.

Reality

I had to learn to live an isolated life in this place. It was difficult the first year, since it was complicated to coexist with only women and, somehow, familiarize myself with each one. I share with them the same pain, the isolation of the outside world, live daily with a different story and, in certain way, a same mistake that has marked us.

Buried in life

The most difficult thing of being locked up is living the family absence. In the beginning they come visit us every Sunday, then every fifteen days, then every month, and so on until they forget about us. That is something we have to learn to live with. I have seen some cases in this place! Many companions have fallen into depression due to family absence.

It is very sad to wait every Sunday for your family and not to see it arrive, it is a huge pain that I have to go through every week. I feel living death, jail for me has been like a cemetery. In the beginning they used to bring me flowers every week, then every month, and now not even the Day of the Dead, how sad, right? But I can't do anything, just wait until my sentence is fulfilled and learn to live suffering for something I did not even do, only for fear of death.

I could not do anything

One of the most difficult mourning I've had to go through has been my mother's death. After I told her the news about my sentence, she fell into a very deep depression, did not want to eat, did not want to know anything, just die.

One day I phoned home like I always did, only this time that call changed my life. I heard a voice that wasn't my mother's, was the voice of the neighbor. I asked her what happened, why wasn't my mother answering me. She replied that she couldn't because she was feeling very bad, she was very weak. They could not fool me, I had to be realistic and accept that my mother had her days counted and couldn't do anything. Great rage and impotence invaded my blood, since some damn bars prevented me from being with my mother in her last moments. I would have preferred to die, at least that way I would not keep on suffering as I was doing everyday, and all for a destiny that I had not chosen.

Worst of all

On November 13, 2008, my mom died. It was a difficult mourning, when I looked at her again, was in a coffin, and all was my fault. I had been the only one to blame for my mother's death. I do not even know where her grave is, I can't leave her a flower as I would like to; I am afraid that, as time passes, not even her grave will exist. Sometimes I think what will happen the day I go out and I do not find her where I left her, where I saw her for the last time. I will always feel guilty of my mother's death. Going through such a life has not been easy at all. The everyday question is: why does this happen to me if I never hurt anyone? Why did that man end my life? Why wasn't my mother with me? To be in this place is to be dead, now that, as time passes, I realize that everything I have done in life has been pure suffering, day by day, and my prize for that was jail.

Living with fear is not a life, but how else can you live if each time that I trusted I was hurt without mercy. The only thing I can thank for is that, since I am locked up, my childhood memory has been going away a little, since I

don't have to put up with anyone to eat, nor see the face of lust of that man. What stuff, Right? One confinement took me out from another. I tried so many times to rebuild my life, but that disgrace, in one way or another, was spoiling my goals. Maybe it seems strange that I don't mention children, but I don't have them. That man not just had ruined my life, but also the right to be a mother; he destroyed my maternal illusions. There are times when I think on the possibility that if that man would have made me pregnant, perhaps they had believed me. Well, that child nightmare had ended and I started with another one that I hope it ends someday, because, truthfully, I am fed up with everything that has happened in my life, enough already!

Forbidden fruit

After so many confusions, came another to my life. It was a desire to try something else, forbidden, that great sensation of being with a woman, because my brain was damaged by pornography, lust, and I was no longer satisfied. I wanted to know if my sexual preference was just an impulse of knowing what I really desired.

On several occasions I had encounters with women, but none could clarify my ideas. Until one day I met this woman, with a mature body, but with everything in its place and a radiant smile. Something inside me began to be removed, and each day I desired her more. One day she looked at me, and with that shine in her eyes she drew me towards her. We became friends and I didn't dare telling her that I wanted more than her friendship. Time was saying all. One day, without waiting, that confusion was not more than my reality. I liked women.

My present

Today I find myself trying to make a new life locked up, and, although there are not many options, I do everything possible so that my stay is not so bad. I'm struggling not to think in negative things, since this is something that affects us much as human beings.

Today I am a woman like all in this place, with a desire and a goal: to be someone better. I have learned to forgive and to strive to be better everyday. Today I have no limits and know that I am capable of going so far as where I want to go and that these walls are not an obstacle for me.

I realized the things I have to do for myself and to me, and that although I have many falls, I can get up. What is important isn't falling, but having the courage to get up.

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