

AMAIA URIZAR DE PAZ

I was arrested on Friday, October 29th, at three AM, while I was in my parents' home. My parents were in when I was arrested. They banged on the door as they shouted they were the *Guardia Civil* and they demanded we opened the door. This made me scared and nervous so I ran to my parents' bedroom, seeking refuge.

My mother opened the door and many *Guardia Civil* barged into the house, aiming their guns everywhere and asking for me. I realised there was no way out and my heart sank... I came out and told them I was Amaia.

They sat me down on a chair by the door and a woman *Guardia Civil* read me the arrest warrant in front of my parents and told me I was being arrested for co-operating with ETA.

At the beginning they began shouting at me but then they gradually calmed down. I was afraid because of my parents, because they knew what would happen to me during the next five days... then I became dizzy; I think it was because of the horrible situation.

They said they were taking me to my room to begin the search. They dismantled all the wardrobes; they took all the clothes out and shifted all the books. Meanwhile, they took all the things they thought were important: letters from prisoners, study notebooks, photographs of friends and family, maps, an address book... There were about six *Guardia Civil* doing the search, the rest were with my parents, by the door and there more on the stairs of the building. They left my room in a state, a complete mess. When they were done, they went into my older brother's room; he is in jail and I told them they had no right to search the room because it was his and there were only things of his in there; it was not a room any of us would use. They took nothing from his room. Then they took me to the living room. While they were searching everything it was impossible for me to make a mental note of what they took because the six of them were turning the place inside out.

I was nervous but calm at the same time. I was completely terrified to see all these masked *Guardia Civil* in my parents' home. Every so often I looked over at my parents, half to let them see me calm and half to make sure they were being treated correctly.

When they were finished in the living room they took me to my parents' bedroom; I told them the same as when they had taken me to my brother's room, but I realised they had seen me come out of my parents' bedroom as they barged into the house. They turned the room upside down, searching every corner, and they took a few papers.

While the search was going on I had a dizzy spell and the female *Guardia Civil* took me to the kitchen to eat some sugar. When I felt better they took me to my room. They made me get dressed and put some clothes in a bag (knickers, T-shirt, trousers and a few tampons). I was very nervous and I didn't know what to take, I didn't want to leave the house and be left alone with them...

They took me to the door and handcuffed me behind my back. They took me down the stairs while they told me to stay calm. Before we got to the main door they ordered me to keep my head down and as they told me not to even

think about looking up, they handed me over to other men. They grabbed me by my arms, they told me “keep nice and quiet” and they took me out into the street and put me into a dark car. I could hear my mother shouting encouragement for me; I was terrified, I was in their hands and could do nothing to get out of that situation. I just couldn’t believe it; it had to be a nightmare...

In the car, I was sitting between two men and had my head down. As soon as I was put into the car, the one on my right took the handcuffs off and handcuffed me again, in front. He started talking, “you have been caught, Amayita [little Amaia], and you have to realise it; we don’t care because we know everything, but you must be clear about this, you have to tell us everything yourself and there are two ways to do this: the easy way or the hard way. I don’t think I need to explain this, do I? So now you can think about this, because I’m going to give you the chance to start talking now, otherwise, I shall sleep for the whole journey and when we arrive I shall be rested and if you haven’t said anything by then you are going to shit yourself...” I was shaking and got dizzy, I asked him for sugar because I knew the woman who’d been in the house had given him a couple of sachets. All four of them in the car started laughing and one of them showed me the little packet of sugar and told me he had thrown it out of the window.

They repeated the same thing over and over, saying I’d better start talking or he’d make the decision to start beating me and I was going to be in their hands for five days and there was no going back now... I was bewildered; I didn’t know what they wanted to hear and decided to remain silent, because I assumed they would beat me no matter what I did.

I told them I didn’t know anything and they said this was a bad way to begin; every time he spoke to me he called me Amayita, like my friends and family do. This was insulting, because they spoke to me as if they were close to me and friendly with me and this was disorientating.

Since the journey was long and the person who had been arrested before me had been taken to Madrid, I thought that was where they were taking me too. I was right. I thought we had arrived when the car stopped for the second time. Before that it had stopped at a petrol station, I knew because of the smell.

As soon as we arrived in *Guardia Civil* quarters in Madrid and before we got out of the car they covered my eyes with a mask. The one that had talked to me during the journey said “we have arrived, whore, and you still haven’t said anything”, while he left me in the hands of other *Guardia Civil*. These ones, among which there was a woman, took me to a bathroom at the bottom of a flight of stairs; they told me to strip and stand under a shower there. They soaked me with cold water and then gave me back my knickers and bra. They took my earrings, my bracelets, rings etc.

They blindfolded me again and put me in a cell, they the woman told me how I was to act every time they knocked on the door (when I heard her voice I realised it was the same woman who’d been in my home during my arrest and the search): I was to stand against the wall opposite the door, with my back to the door at all times, with my legs slightly bent and my arms behind my back. She said this and closed the cell door. That cell would be similar in size to this one here in Soto del Real jail; it was painted white, there was a bed with two dirty blankets and there was a light set in the wall, behind a metal grill. The door had a little peep-hole which they opened and closed constantly. It’s hard to

explain, but I was calm, terrified about what would happen the coming days, but calm. I kept thinking about the moment of arrest; I was also worried about my parents...

About ten minutes after they had put me in the cell they knocked on the door twice and I did as they had told me; I stood with my back to the door, against the wall; my whole body was shaking because of the fear. As soon as the door opened I heard the voice of the one who'd come in the car to Madrid, telling the other one, who he called Garmendia, to do what he had to do. He jumped on me, threw me on the bed and grabbed my arms tightly. I started shouting at him to leave me alone and they shouted at me "shut up, bitch!" Then I saw them, they were masked and the one who'd been in the car had his trousers and underpants down and he was coming towards me, laughing and saying "we're going to fuck the boss' girlfriend" He jumped on me and rubbed his body against mine. I could feel his penis between my legs; I was crying and kept trying to get him off me, while they shouted they were going to rape me. The door to the cell was open and I don't know how many *Guardia Civil* were there, all shouting and laughing, saying they were next. I shouted at them; I was crying, but they didn't care. The one who was on top of me felt my body all over with his hands and pushed himself harder and harder against my crotch while he shouted, "what does your partner say to you when he fucks you, up ETA? I'm sure you're horny, bitch, we are all going to fuck you and you will disgust him because we are going to have a great time with you...!" The ones standing at the door asked for their go and laughed, saying "we are all going to fuck you, even the bird here with us" They continued with this for quite a while and I was completely lost, because that was only the beginning and they had five days to do whatever they wanted with me. I was completely terrified; I was alone in their hands...

When they left my body hurt all over; I felt very weak and couldn't stop crying; I was soaked, lying in a corner with a blanket over me.

I don't know how long it was until they knocked on the door again. I was shaking, completely terrified; I didn't even have the strength to stand up and they started shouting, "get up bitch, this is for real now, get in your position!" I did so and the door opened, they were laughing and they blindfolded me. They took me out of the cell, handcuffed and with my head down. We went down some stairs, up other stairs we turned one way, then another and they put me in a room, against a corner. A man who I had not heard up until then started talking to me. He said he knew I hadn't said anything interesting yet and that hell was starting from that moment. He said I had two options and it looked like I'd chosen the hard way, therefore everything they did to me from then on would be my fault... then he asked if I wanted to change my mind. I couldn't stop crying, I was shaking and I told him I knew nothing; I said I didn't even know why they had arrested me. Then he said "so that's your choice" and added that he was leaving me in his men's hands and we'd see if I was brave enough to stick to my story when he came back. Immediately, another one grabbed my arm and took me to another room. This room was covered with tiles. When they put me in that room they took my blindfold off and I saw there were five masked men there. There was a white light that hurt my eyes. They sat me in a chair and showed me a packet of bin-liners as they asked me if I knew what they were for. I said I did and they made me explain what they used them for. They were laughing away until one of them banged the chair with his hand. They told

me I had wasted all my chances and from then on I would find out what they called torture. They shouted the names of friends and acquaintances and wanted me to tell them where they worked. I told them I knew many of them but they had nothing to do with ETA as far as I knew; then they would shout at me and insult me, “whore, bitch, liar” and they placed a bag over my head while they pulled it tight at the back. At the beginning I felt hot, my face was covered in sweat; I tried to move when the bag covered my mouth, I couldn’t breathe and I would begin to feel dizzy; I would manage to rip the bag with my teeth and then, when I could breathe again, they would smack my ears with the palms of their hands. My head was spinning, I could hardly hear them, I was completely bewildered, but they kept shouting names and since my answers didn’t change they would put another bag over my head.

I don’t know how many times they did *the bag* to me during that first torture session. Once I fell to the floor with the chair and everything, dizzy, and they laughed and laughed and shouted “get up whore, is that all you can take?” while they kicked the back of the chair... they made me drink water constantly, saying they had opened the bottles just for me.

When they saw I had recovered a bit they would begin the interrogation again, shouting names and more names, beating my ears and putting bag after bag over my head. They suddenly stopped, took the handcuffs off and lifted me up while they blindfolded me again. I heard the door open and they took me back to the cell, holding my arms.

When I was in the cell, since I felt very cold, I’d cover myself with one of the blankets there. I only had my knockers and bra on. I could hear knocks on the wall and knocks on the door and I would stand in the position, shaking, thinking they were going to come in, but they didn’t come in and as soon as I was going to sit down, they would start knocking again...

I was tired, afraid, fearing what they would do to me; I felt queasy so one of the times they opened the peep-hole I asked to use the toilet. Then one of them said “if you throw up, tough shit; we’ll make you eat it” After a while, they knocked on the door again and I stood up in the position, the woman came in and she put a bottle of water in my hand; then she left. I don’t know how long it was until they came to get me again, but they knocked on the door all the time, the peep-hole was open, so I could never relax.

They took me to the interrogation room again. The *Guardia Civil* who had sat next to me in the car was there, he started talking to me. I was very nervous because I couldn’t forget what he’d done to me when I arrived; his voice, his smell... it all reminded me of what had happened earlier. They put me in a corner with my back to them; they made me keep my knees slightly bent. I felt terribly tired, since I was dizzy, I’d fall backwards and then the one behind me would push me towards the wall. The one from the car asked the questions. He told me I hadn’t said anything up to then and I was to know they had other methods, as well as *the bag*, to make me talk; he told me that if I said what they wanted they wouldn’t lay a hand on me and it was up to me, but he was not going to give me another chance. They told me the previous detainee had not behaved like me and he had talked, which was the reason I was there, because he had sold me down the river, and I was to do the same thing if I was to get through the following days; they said everyone did it but, so that people on the outside didn’t know, they complained they had been tortured; I only had to declare everything they told me and I’d better be clever or I would be leaving

that place crawling on all fours. They said I'd spent a long time with no sleep and I hadn't achieved anything, so I'd better start owning up to everything. They made many comments about my boyfriend, asking whether I knew he was going with other women while I waited for him like a fool... they mentioned the names of friends of mine telling me they had slept with my boyfriend; they went on and on about this, trying to hurt me. During this interrogation session they only said stuff along these lines, blaming my boyfriend for my being there. This went on for a long time; I couldn't stand in that position any longer, I was shaking, crying and sweating. They said they liked my body; I don't know how many of them there were, maybe three or so, and they said I looked great in my g-string and I'd look even better without my bra. I started crying again because I was afraid they would do the same as they had done to me before, or they might even go further. I was trying to stand up straight but they didn't let me, they made me keep the same posture. They took me back to the cell.

The walls in the cell had "paint splatters" and I don't know why, but I started seeing images on the wall, they moved. I was afraid I'd end up losing my mind, the cell changed size, the door moved nearer and further, the floor also moved... I didn't know (I still don't) whether it was my mind or whether they had put something in the water they made me drink... I felt extremely unwell... I could feel my mind reeling and if I shut my eyes, I would feel dizzy. They opened the peep-hole again and one of them, who was wearing a white hood, began shouting at me, saying not to look that way and if I did it again he would beat me up he told me he was coming in and I stood in my place. I thought he was going to beat me up and I couldn't stop crying. He blindfolded me and took me back to the white-tiled room. When I went in I heard the sound of running water, as if they were filling something up, and they laughed as they whispered "Amayita, Amayita" in my ear. I don't know whether it was because of the terror or why, but I lost control and peed myself. Some of them started to laugh at me, but others got angry and told me I would have to lick the whole room clean. The sound of water stopped, they made me move forward and kneel down. They took the blindfold off. They tightened the handcuffs behind my back. The bath was in front of me... I became very nervous and tried to move backwards, but there was no way out, I was surrounded. I knew what they were going to do, one of them shouted names which he would link to various "active service units"; they only wanted me to agree to what they were saying. I continued to repeat I knew nothing; saying it was true I knew nothing, they were only friends or acquaintances and that what they were saying was not true, at least as far as I knew. Then one of them grabbed my body and another grabbed my hair and they stuck my head into the bath, roughly, so that my chest hit the edge of the bath: I felt I was drowning, I tried to pull out, with my legs, sideways, but I couldn't; I tried to get my head out of the water with all my strength, but it was impossible. I swallowed too much water through my mouth and my nose. I was dizzy, I had no strength, but they didn't care and they continued shouting and giving me more and more names, shouting at me to agree, to say it was true. I couldn't speak because I was crying so hard and they kept putting my head under the water over and over. They didn't expect any answers by this time because they didn't even give me the chance to reply, when they pulled my head out of the water it was just to allow me to breathe for a brief moment. I couldn't take it any longer and I thought I was going to die, I couldn't do anything to help it and I let go of my body, as if it were a puppet. I gave up

struggling, I just wanted it all to end; if their aim was to kill me, let it be quick... But they were really in control of what they were doing, because they gave me just enough time to breathe; they didn't want anything to go wrong and at the time that felt reassuring. In order to get out, I agreed to what they said and said I would sign whatever they said, so they took me back to the cell. I wasn't even fit to walk, I was wrecked and they dragged me to the cell. They left me there for quite a while, wrapped in a blanket because I was cold and wet. I sat on the bed, in a corner, crying.

Suddenly, they knocked on the door and I stood in my position, feeling nervous. But they were calm; they blindfolded me and said they were taking me to the interrogation room. When we got there, they stood me against the wall in a corner with no handcuffs (I spent most of the time handcuffed). Then I heard the voice of the *Guardia Civil* from the car, he was calm and he said I could sit down, but I refused because I didn't want him to think I trusted him, because I didn't want them to think I made any differences among them. He told me I was very clever, but a bit headstrong, but in the end, even if it had to be by blows, I would learn to have a good attitude; he said his men had told him I had good news for him and that meant I was going to admit everything, so I'd better start talking. I remained silent, shaking. Then he said he was going to tell me what I was to repeat upstairs and if things didn't appear in my statement exactly as he had told me them I knew what to expect. He said I'd better memorise it all well. Then they began reading out the questions they were going to ask me for the statement and I had to answer. This went on for a long time, while I memorised the answers.

They gave me back my trousers and jumper and handed me a towel to dry my hair. They told me they would be listening to my statement and if they didn't like my answers, I knew what to expect. They also told me I was going to see the forensic doctor and not to say anything about the torture, otherwise I would suffer much worse torture. They blindfolded me again and took me "upstairs", to a small room. There were three people there; one was at the computer, typing, another one asked the questions and the person sitting behind me was the court-appointed lawyer. When I went in, one of them read my rights and said I couldn't look at the lawyer or talk to him. I turned around and saw it was a woman, sitting in a corner. I saw there was a mirror behind her and immediately heard two knocks from behind the mirror. I was sure my torturers were behind the mirror, listening to my statement. The one who'd read my rights had some sheaves of paper with the questions and the answers. I was completely terrified, I was afraid if I didn't say what they had told me they would torture me again. I knew they wouldn't leave me alone even if I said what they wanted, but I was overcome by fear and I tried to answer to the questions. I was very nervous and I didn't want to denounce my friends and acquaintances, especially as it was all a pack of lies. I would get stuck when I tried to reply; I couldn't bear thinking these people would be tortured like me and I'd start to cry. Then I would hear the knocks from behind the mirror. The men in the room pretended not to hear the knocks and would offer me water and cigarettes, but I declined. When they finished asking questions they printed the statement out and gave it to me to read and sign. Everything was in the statement, even things I'd forgotten to say. Then I realised it had been prepared beforehand, because everything they had wanted me to say was in the

statement, because there were things there that I had not said. I signed the statement.

They told me to stand up and blindfolded me again while they said they were taking me to the forensic doctor. They took me to another room and took the blindfold off. This was a very small room; there was a Red Cross medicine chest and a table. The man there flashed some ID at me; I felt he didn't trust me. The first thing he asked me was whether I had suffered ill treatment and I answered I hadn't, crying, he asked me if I had my period and whether my body hurt and I told him to have a look at my eyes, because my left eye was swollen and red. He had a quick look and told me it was nothing; he said it had probably become infected when they did *the bath* to me and asked if I wanted some eye-drops. I couldn't believe it, first he asks if I'd suffered ill treatment and then he tells me about *the bath*... I refused the eye-drops because I wanted to still have a red eye when they took me to the judge. He took my blood pressure because the *Guardia Civil* had told him about my drops in sugar level. He asked me what day it was, where we were, I said I didn't know; when he asked whether they'd given me anything to eat or drink, I said they hadn't, other than the water. As soon as he was finished, a *Guardia Civil* blindfolded me again and while he led me to the cell he told me I'd done very well, both at the statement and with the forensic doctor.

They took me back to the cell. They told me to try to get some sleep but shortly knocked on the door again. I stood in my place and two masked men came in. they told me to move over under the light and said they were going to put give me some eye drops, while they showed me a large bottle. I told them not to put anything in my eye, but one of them said he didn't care what I wanted and he was going to put the drops in my eye no matter what, so I was to decide whether to do it the easy way or the hard way. I don't know what that liquid was, but they poured some in each eye and left. Then I spent quite a long time in the cell while they switched the light on and off and banged the door. I couldn't calm down and kept having dizzy spells. But I didn't want them to come back in and I remained seated on the floor with my head on my knees, until they came to get me again.

They took me out of the cell again, blindfolded, and led me to the interrogation room. They put me in the usual place and one of them started talking to me. He said I had behaved well during my statement, but if I ever dared to look at the lawyer again, I'd find out what not doing as they said meant. Although when he began talking it was in a calm tone, he became more and more agitated. He told me he was going to show me some photographs and I was to tell them the names and surnames of the people in the photographs as well as their home and workplace addresses and since it would take some time, I was made to sit down on a chair. My arms were tied to the back of the chair and they tied my ankles to the legs of the chair with some sort of manacles made out of rope. I felt really helpless in that position because I couldn't move at all and this scared me. One of them took my blindfold off, I was up against the wall, then one of them who was wearing a mask, put a printout of a photograph in front of me, I don't know how many they showed me... but whenever I said something they didn't like they threatened me with *the bag* and *the bath* and sometimes they hit my ears with the palms of their hands, which caused me to feel dizzy. I told them I knew most of the people in the photographs from the pub, but I didn't know where they worked or lived. They

carried on showing me more and more photographs until they got tired of this and then the one who played the boss started shouting at me “fucking bitch, you haven’t learned anything during the last days and now you’re going to learn!” and things like that. He told me right then he didn’t care to shoot me and he blindfolded me. He asked me whether I’d told them the truth about the people in the photographs and whether I’d told them everything I knew. I said I had, I didn’t know anything else about them. I was completely terrified, crying... he shouted at me not to cry because he knew everything and I still hadn’t told him half of it and it would be much worse for me if it had to be him who said it instead of me. He said the game had finished. He lifted the blindfold up a bit and showed me a gun. It was made of metal. I tried to resist; I was terrified thinking he was going to shoot me... Laughing, they asked me if I wanted to hold it; they asked if I had “the balls” to shoot them, like my brother and my boyfriend. I said I didn’t, weeping and shaking, and they carried on laughing and said things along the lines of “traitor bitch”. Then I felt the metal between my legs and a *Guardia Civil* whispered not to move, I was crying and then I began to scream like mad while I tried to close my legs, but I couldn’t because my ankles were tied to the chair legs... He put the gun between my legs and pulled my knickers aside with his hand; I kept screaming at him to leave me in peace, but he began beating my ears with his hands while he shouted at me to stay still or he might shoot me by mistake because it was loaded. I could hear the laughter of the others, saying things like “bitch, slut, whore, you’re going to like this...” He put the barrel of the gun into my vagina while he shouted in my ear over and over “what does he (my boyfriend) say when he fucks you? Up ETA?!!” I couldn’t stop crying and I had no strength left to scream. He started putting the gun in and out of me, more violently, which was very painful and while he raped me he whispered “so you do like this, whore”, “you are never going to have a son of a bitch because I’m going to shoot you”; his smell was all around me, it made me feel sick, I don’t know if I will ever get that smell out of my head... They were all laughing; one of them held me by my neck while the other put the barrel of the gun in and out of my vagina and grabbed my breasts very violently. I could feel the cold metal inside me and they kept saying it was loaded and it would be my fault if it went off... I don’t know how long the rape lasted for, but I was unable to speak, it was like I was lost; they were raping my body in that room but for a moment I managed to escape; I remembered my people, I was with them, protected... Suddenly, he very roughly pulled the barrel of the gun out of me while he told the others, “look at this, the bitch has come”, “we’ll have to do this again, this slut likes it...” I came back to reality, I was very sore... They showed me the photographs again, one by one, and told me what I had said about each one of those in the pictures (where they were from...) plus what they wanted to charge them with; they told me I had to memorise it all in order to repeat it, when they took me upstairs for the statement... they went over it many times, I had to repeat it all over and over and, if I made any mistakes, they would start beating me on my ears again and telling me they were going to rape me again.

They took me back to the cell. They poured that liquid in my eyes and left me there until they knocked on the door again; I stood in my place and they gave me my trousers and jumper to take me to make my statement to the police.

I was in the same room as before, with the same officers, but this time the "lawyer" was a man (I didn't see him but I heard his voice). This time they showed me the photographs, there were six or seven photographs on each page, and I had to sign the photographs of people I knew and say why I knew them. I was very nervous and I couldn't remember most of the data, every time I stalled I could hear the knocks from the other side of the mirror, the same as in the previous statement, putting pressure on me. This went on until we had gone through all the photographs. When we finished, they asked for permission to take a DNA sample. Since I was terrified, I didn't have the strength to refuse; I said I agreed. They did that thing called a smear, rubbing a couple of those earbatons on the inside of my cheek. They blindfolded me again before taking me out of the room and they took me to the forensic doctor, who asked the same questions, whether I had the period, whether I had suffered ill treatment... but he wrote nothing in his notebook.

They took me out of that room, blindfolded, and took me to the cell. I spent a few hours there, I'd say I was "calm", although they would knock on the door and open the peep-hole, but they didn't come to get me. I couldn't get to sleep because I was terrified and tense; I couldn't get what they had done to me out of my head... they had gone as far as to rape me, nothing worse could happen, I felt dirty, I felt sick just by thinking about it; I didn't know why they had raped me and I couldn't stop crying. When they came in to get me I had a small dizzy spell, probably because I was so afraid, and before they took me to the interrogation room I asked to go to the toilet. A woman's voice told me to hurry up; as soon as I was in the bathroom I took my knickers off to see if I was injured, torn, because it hurt badly. But I was "all right"... I looked at my eye on the metal plaque of the water boiler, but it was not red any more, it was better than before, apart from the tears...

They told me I was being taken to the interrogation room; they put me in the usual place. The same officer told me I had been there for two days and I should know that my comrades had had time to get away; he said I knew what they were capable of, so I'd better start talking... I kept telling them that I knew nothing and he would shout at me; they talked to me about anything and everything, my boyfriend, my family, my job, my studies... Until they got fed up and threatened to rape me again, they threatened to stand on my head...

From this time on everything was somehow calmer; they put *the bag* over my head twice, as if it were a game, when I didn't expect it, and that frightened me even more... they took me to the room with *the bath* once more, and they put my head in it again. It was mostly threats from then on, threats about rape, *the bag*, *the bath*, etc. they said they would do it to me and to my relatives. They kept going on about my boyfriend, and kept asking many questions. They told me I had to make a new statement and they would only ask me questions about my boyfriend. This they did very quickly.

They took me to the cell with the blindfold over my eyes. When I went in I started to cry... Suddenly I heard the voice of the usual *Guardia Civil*, telling me to stand against the wall. I was shaking, terrified, I couldn't stop thinking about what he'd done to me when he'd first come into the cell... I thought he was going to do it again. When I stood as he had ordered, he came into the cell and started to talk... he told me to take the chance to sleep, to think well about what I was going to say to the judge and to be clever, because if I didn't repeat everything I'd said in my statement to them I would be taken back with him and I

would not come out alive. He said I couldn't tell anyone what had happened, on the one hand because they would know about it, and on the other hand, because people on the outside would be repulsed at me, especially my boyfriend, because he would never want to be with me again. After he said that, he closed the door and left.

After a while, the female *Guardia Civil* ordered me to stand against the wall because she was going to leave a sandwich and a bottle of water on the bed. I did as she said and when she closed the door I saw the sandwich on the bed; I didn't touch the food or the water because I was afraid they'd put something in it (some kind of drug) and she came back in to take them away.

At that time, I tried to reassure myself, thinking about the folks at home; I kept saying to myself they were with me, because I felt terribly alone... I didn't know how long I'd been in the hands of the torturers and was afraid it wasn't true they were going to take me to the judge soon... Suddenly they banged on the door violently and I stood against the wall, terrified, because they had banged very hard on the door. I heard the door opening and two men jumped on me, laughing and saying this time the rape was for real... At first I tried to shake them off with all my strength, but it was impossible and one of them was smacking me to get me to stop resisting. The door was open and there was one of them at door, looking out. One of the ones in the cell held me down on the bed while the other pulled his trousers down; I was crying, desperate, but I stayed completely still, because I had no strength to resist them, "did you think you were getting off?" said the one with his trousers down; when he got on top of me I didn't even move, I looked him in the eye with hate, and I couldn't stop crying. He was rubbing his body against mine and saying filthy stuff, but then they all started laughing and left me lying on the edge of the bed, curled up, while they said I repulsed them. By then I was past it all, I couldn't take it any more, I wanted to be with my family, to get out of there; I just wanted the nightmare to end.

When they came to get me the next time, after a long time, the woman came and led me to the bathroom with my eyes blindfolded, they made me shower and gave me clean clothes. When I'd finished they blindfolded me again and we stood there for a while until the *Guardia Civil* car arrived. They told me I had to ratify my previous statements in front of the judge; otherwise I knew what to expect, and not to say anything about the torture if I didn't want to be taken back to that place... He said this and left. Then they put me in the van and removed the blindfold; they were taking me to the *Audiencia Nacional*, I began to cry, I was finally leaving hell...

The *Guardia Civil* present during the statements were: the one asking the questions was young, about 30 years old, with fair hair, big sideburns, he had a tuft of hair under his bottom lip, he'd be 1.80 tall more or less, he had a big nose, a crew-cut, light coloured eyes and he was fair skinned and spoke Basque with a heavy accent from Bizkaia. The one who typed on the computer was older, about 60 years old, he had grey hair, he was tubby, short and had a round face.