

From: Williams Ramos Pereira. From Brazil.

Date 24.09.2017

to: the people of "World".

(English) my story.

my name is Williams Ramos Pereira, I am a 21 years old Brazilian. I was arrested for carrying drugs in my stomach, into Hong Kong. I ask that you please read the brief account of my life as follows:

I started work at 12 years of age. I worked with my grandfather in the market, and I studied at the same time. Since my parents split up, my life completely changed. My father was an alcoholic and he drunk a lot. Every time that he arrived drunk, he beat up my brother and I. Eventually, my brother went to live with my mother and I stayed with my father. From 12 year of age, my life consisted of working and studying. Despite being poor and having a hard life, eating what was left over, hardly having much to wear, being humiliated and called all sorts of names, I have never stolen anything from anyone, I never got involved with drugs, I never sold it, I didn't smoke and I didn't drink. I always liked to work and I did it whenever I could find work.

At 17 I met my wife and 6 months later I ~~had~~ rented a small place for us. When my daughter was born, it was the most wonderful thing that happened to me in my entire life. All I wanted was to provide for my family.

not long after, the world came crumbling on me. I found myself without work - there was nothing anyone could offer me to do to earn a living. This was aggravated as I was not qualified because I did not finish my studies.

And in my experience, people are largely indifferent and do not offer a hand to honestly help anyone in difficulty. I had no choice left but start knocking door to door asking for food. I went through a lot of hardships, went hungry myself but did not leave my wife and small child without something to eat. I lost count how many nights I spent awake crying, looking at my family and thinking how could I find work to provide for them and give them a better life!

On a certain day as I was knocking on doors asking for food, I met a man who offered to help me.

I told him I owed a lot in arrears rent, I could not find work and he offered to settle my rent.

He said to me: "one day I am going to ask you to do something for me and it will not be good for you to refuse". I did not know what he meant to ask me to do "one day" - as he said. I ~~gave~~ gave him my number and address.

Two months later, he called me and told me to meet him in a distant area of the city. He said he had a job for me but did not say ~~what it was~~ what it was. I told my wife very happily that I was going to work, she was happy too that I had a job.

I kissed her and left. I could never have known that I would not see her again.

When I met this man, he took me to a place remote and abandoned. It seemed strange to me.

When I arrived in this place, there were hooded men there, all armed. I was beyond scared and traumatized

When I saw them; I had never seen that in my



entire life, and I thought "I am a dead man". And the man then said: "I have a task for you. You are going to swallow these pellets that you see here in front of you and you are going to Hong Kong". I was terrified, and I did not know what to do. At that moment I had to do as they told me or I would be shot on the spot. Then I thought of asking the police to help me but the Police in Brazil is corrupt and many work together with the criminals; they only help if they can get something in exchange. And I had nothing to offer them.

The man then said to me: "there is a lot of money involved in this. If something ~~is~~ goes wrong and you come back here without delivering what you swallowed, I will kill you and your family. Do you understand?"

When he said this, all I could think of was my family - my wife and young daughter... and now I don't know where she is, how is my little girl, if they are alive, how are they managing to live... I don't know what to do. I pray to God everyday to protect my family, and take care of them. I have no strength to carry on as like this, I'm consumed with fear and worry for my family. I would rather die than go on like this if I cannot help them. I am not criminal.

I always helped whoever I could even when I had next to nothing, and I never asked for anything in return. I am not a criminal, I was threatened with execution in my country and my family too, I was forced to swallow drugs or be killed, and forced to come

to Hong Kong the way I did. I never looked for this. if I refused to come, I would be executed. If I return to Brazil, I can be killed in execution manner by those who forced me to come here.

I have terrible thoughts of suicide. I am afraid I will not survive locked up in a prison, consumed by trauma and fear for my family and also for myself.

I come from a country where we don't see or believe in justice.

I'd like to thank you, for taking time to read my letter, and becaopull with another people.

~~any~~ may God Bless you.

Attn: Williams Ramos Pereira.  
From Stanley Prison, Hong Kong.