

Monologues



Sexual Trafficking

My name is Anica. When I was 33, I was married and the mother of two. Our family's financial situation became a crisis. We had no way to repay our outstanding loans. Knowing how desperate we were for money, my cousin suggested I leave Moldova and go to Moscow to find work. I got a job selling fruit in the open-air market.

The owner of the market was a man from Chechnya who gave jobs to many Moldovan women. He paid a good salary and seemed concerned about our income. After several months he encouraged me and several other women to move to southern Russia and work on plantations where we could do our own harvesting and make more money selling in the Moscow market.

We agreed. We were taken from Moscow by mini-bus. We stopped multiple times along the way for more women to join us. Two days into the journey we started to travel only at night. We stopped for several days in Ingushetia. While we were there, we were drugged. When we woke up, we discovered that we were in Chechnya. This is where a war was going on. It was also the fundamentalist Muslim region of Russia.

We lived in a brothel and were forced into prostitution to serve the terrorists occupying the region. The brothel was in a village in the middle of mountains. There were more than 100 slaves from countries such as Ukraine, Belorussia, and my own Moldova in the village. Older women served as cooks and house cleaners, other women were forced to be prostitutes, and young boys and girls had to work hard on the farm. It was like a small colony from the Middle Ages.

I spent three years as a sex slave. I got pregnant twice. They sold my youngest daughter but she found a way to escape and called the authorities. The police come and sent us back to our home countries. When I got back to my village, my husband kicked me out with all four of my children because he did not want to live with a prostitute.

My children and I went to live with my parents. They gave us one room for all five of us to share. I tried hard but I could not find a job. The government aid I can get is only \$15 a month so we live without gas, running water, or a sewerage system. My third child has many problems with her lungs. My mother is an alcoholic and she often beats my baby girl. She calls hers: "degenerate from Chechnya."

I dream of going far from this village because all of the people know what has happened to me. I dream of finding a job and working to support my children.

I am not alone in my dreams. Women who have been sex trafficked, like me, need rehabilitation and restoration, not only from the slavery, but also from rejection and psychological trauma.