

Qelbinur Sidik

Full statement

1. I am Qelbinur Sidik, from Urumqi, East Turkestan and I am a victim of China's concentration camp. I was born in Urumqi and grew up there. I went to college in Urumqi and was placed as a Chinese language teacher at the local 24th Primary School. I worked there for 28 years. Then, I was forced to retire early on February 10th, 2018. I came to the Netherlands to visit my daughter on October 9, 2019 and wanted to have a medical checkup for her.
2. In September 2016 in Urumqi, East Turkestan, suddenly in our school, and every school in all the cities, there was an exam in Chinese language for all the teachers. There was an evaluation of the teachers. Teachers were told to teach classes only in Chinese, which they called "open lessons". Around seven or eight Chinese teachers came in as evaluators for these open classes. They entered the classrooms and listened to us to evaluate our lessons. At the end of the classes, they allowed us to talk about the course design. In this way, the fall semester of 2016 was a period of screening, testing, evaluating and eliminating teachers. Teachers had to take more than 10 exams. Even the Uyghur language teachers and all other subject teachers were forced to take those exams. There were more than 10 Chinese proctors. The fall semester of 2016 had ended like that. In 2017, the spring semester starts in February. We started working on February 26th. We cleaned the school for two days and prepared notebooks and materials. On the morning of the 28th, as we were receiving all our work and preparing for the normal lesson, the president of the school called me and said, "you have to come to my office immediately, there is something important". When I entered his office, he said "You need to go to the party committee office of the Saybagh district education bureau at 1:30 pm. You have an important meeting there." When I asked "What meeting is it?" He said "I don't know, but you need to go."
3. Usually when we are sent to a meeting, I ask what kind of a meeting it is. Because, I was responsible for the school's cadre work. Also, I was in charge of the archive work, the head of the Chinese language research office, group leader of the teaching and research team and I taught two classes in Chinese. I had those tasks. That is why I ask "what meeting?" when I am scheduled for a meeting. For example, if I have a meeting on cadre work, I would bring my notebook on that. If it is a meeting about "archive work" I would bring my "archive work" notes. So, I immediately asked, "what meeting?" He responded "I don't know. You have to go in the afternoon". I got there at 1:30 pm. That building is near Hong Shan (红山, red mountain). There is a publishing office across the street. When I entered the office of the party committee, Song LiYing, the party secretary of our education bureau, was there. We often called her

“Song Secretary”. In the room, there were two assistants of Song, 7-8 Han Chinese teachers and another Uyghur teacher from 88th primary school. He also studied at Chinese school.

4. The meeting got started. In the beginning, she said “We have just started a new semester. We have gathered a number of illiterates for you. Starting from tomorrow, March 1st, you will start teaching the national language (which is Mandarin Chinese) to them at designated locations.” Then, she handed each of us 3 books. It was a three-part book. The title was “Special textbook on bilingual education”. She, then, said: “We have a condition for you. When you go there, you don't tell anyone what you saw, what you heard or what you knew. You keep it very confidential. Not to mention the school leaders, principals, or even your coworkers, friends and your family members. I was surprised. I didn't know about the rest. I wondered, "It is a bunch of illiterate people. Why do we need to keep it a secret?" I never thought I would be teaching at a concentration camp. While we were sitting, she handed out 4-5 pieces of papers. Normally, we were not allowed to take pictures. “All you have to do is sign those forms” she said. We all signed our names and stamped our fingers with ink. I noticed words on one of the lines saying “If any information is disclosed, he/she will also be a victim. His/her relatives can also be involved.”
5. After we signed, she said “Due to the time limit, we will not explain the contents of these forms. But like I said, you must keep the secret and don't tell anyone.” Then, she asked me, “Qelbinur teacher, your daughter is in the Netherlands, right? ” It is a fact that is well documented. Everybody who has relatives abroad is known. There is plenty of information about my daughter at the education bureau or the school. Even the residential committee asked us to report multiple times where my daughter studies, what city and asked for her passport copy. I responded to her saying “Yes, my daughter is studying in the Netherlands and she is going to graduate soon.” She asked “What did she study?” I said “She is studying medicine. She wants to become a doctor.” Then, she said “Okay. Netherlands and China have very close relationship. We can bring your daughter here.” I guess that was a warning. After her last words, I felt uncomfortable. Inside, I thought “Why is she saying this?”.
6. Then she handed us a piece of paper with a police driver's number and said, “If you call that number, that police officer will be responsible for your commute.” Then we went back to our schools and delegate our regular work to others. Next day, March 1st, we called the police driver and went to the designated place. The place I went for the first time was a men's concentration camp. They called it the Fifth Village in Sangfanggu. The camp had no name of its own. Nobody told us its name. He drove me to the top of a mountain by car. The first man that drove me was a Han Chinese policeman. He was alone. We greeted each other casually. “What school are you at?” he asked. I said “24th school”. “You are teaching here?” he said. I said “Yes”. We said those words until we got there. When we arrived at the camp, he got off the car. I saw a four-story building and it

did not look new. Nearby, there was an army base, where the police stayed. It looked like an old building, but it was a compound. The walls were covered with barbed wires and seemed so strong. Its doors were electric. The policeman tapped a card and opened up the door. I followed him.

7. As we entered the compound, I saw the police and the soldiers (I thought there were a lot of soldiers) patrolling the compound. As soon as I entered the courtyard, I was in a state of fear. Normally we often saw them on the streets, but at schools and in places like that, it felt different. We went towards a building. The door entrance to the building was in three layers. Outside layer was a wire string door. In the middle, it was a metal fence door. Third door was also a metallic door, similar to our apartment doors. He opened those three doors. We went inside. As I entered the hallway, a policeman was sitting at a table next to the door. The driver said, "This is a teacher who came here to teach." I say yes. I was asked to write down my name, ID number and phone number. I filled in my information. After that, the driver led me to an office. As we are walking down the hall, I noticed more iron fences and wires on the right side. On the left, the second floor was visible. I took a glance. Next to it, I saw a sign on a room saying "Jiankong shi" (监控室) . I figured it was a "camera room". A policeman was sitting at a table in front of the door. There were four armed soldiers on each side next to the table. Inside the building there were also soldiers.
8. When I walked into the office, there were five Uyghur female workers in that office. Following day, I found out that they were actually ten. They were brought from various Residents Committees. They rotate every 24 hours. Today, five female workers work 24 hours, and the next five other female workers work 24 hours. As soon as I entered that office, a girl recognized me. Her name is Mahire. She works for the Lingku Residents Committee near our school. She asked me "Hi Qelbinur teacher, you are at 24th primary school, aren't you?" I said "Yes. Do you know me?" She said "Yes, I work for that resident committee. My daughter goes to your school." I said okay. She asked "Did you come to teach here? How long will you teach?" I said I came here with a six-month contract and I asked her who those illiterate people are. She said "You will know." She did not say anything beyond that. Then, I saw surveillance cameras even in that room.
9. They asked "Teacher, are you ready? If so, we can bring the Xueyanban (学言班) (students)." The detainees were called like that. I said I was ready and took out my books and notes. We walked to the table where a policeman was sitting. We stood in front of the front fence barrier. They said, "We will take some people out, and then you can come in." One of the female workers opened the three locked doors located on the right of the corridor with the different keys, one with an electronic keypad, one with a regular padlock and 3rd one was intertwined by wires. So, the worker went in. The girl came in and shouted "class started, class started", shouting and opening the door of each cell. The cells locked by chains were opened. I saw them coming out. When I looked at them as they came out, I noticed that they are older adults with chains on their hands and

feet. (I burst into tears every time when I gave a testimony about them. People have been trying to comfort me and I've also promised myself not to cry every time when I speak about them but I can't help it when I think of them and their condition at that moment.) I guessed they must be newcomers who had not yet got a chance to shave their beards. When they passed by me, it flashed through my mind that these were the people we normally are too timid to greet on the streets (I live in Yan'an Road and there were more mosques than other parts of the city) out of respect.

10. I am standing at the door, trembling. I felt the despair and helplessness in their eyes while some of them looked at me, then looked at the chain in their hands, as if I came to rescue them. My heart was pounding. I trembled and didn't know what to do. I had to restrain myself because I was surrounded by the armed police. "God, please give me some strength," I keep begging inside my heart. I saw there are ten people in each cell. They all came out from the cells. Turns out, there were seven women in the cell located in the corner. They came out and looked at me too. Three of them were young girls. Four of them were adults at my mom's age. They all went into the so-called "classroom". I entered the room after she opened the door and said, "You can come in, teacher." I saw the right side of the room looked like a classroom and there was another cell on the left side of them.
11. The prisoners lied on the cement floor, the cell was dark and the window was sealed by tin. I was able to peek through the window and saw there were around 10 thin blankets. My heart ached again when I imagined what they had for bedding. I passed the cell and entered the classroom on the right. I saw a table in front of the classroom. It was the teacher's desk. There is a moving board and small chairs in the classroom. Those chairs looked like the chairs that students would bring from their home when we have outdoor events at school. I saw 97 people sitting in rows. Armed police and military personnel stood at the back of the classroom. Those five female workers came forward and sat down in the front desks. All prisoners sat quietly, unable to lift their heads.
12. These are big, wise and decent looking people. As soon as I entered, I said, "Assalamu alaykum," without realizing it, because it was a normal greeting and no one had said anything to me. However, I saw people whispering, eyes looking down. The female workers sitting in front also said something. "I will teach you the national language from today," I said. My name is Qalbinur. I am a teacher from 24th Primary School who teaches Chinese." I started the class. I feel like I'd break down if I don't start the lesson. I later noticed that eight surveillance cameras were installed in different corners of the classroom and two of them were monitoring me from the top of the board. I turned around and started the class. I heard the crowd sniffing, weeping while I was writing Chinese Pinyin on the board. I just couldn't look back because I knew I'll break down if I look back and see the scene. I am writing and reading letters. I started with Chinese vowels and asked them to follow me and read it without looking at them. I didn't want to see them weeping. My voice trembled, I think they felt

that too. Finally, this four-hour class ended. It felt so long, so slow. It was normal to host classes that were requested by Chinese leaders to evaluate your teaching and they call it "open lessons". While some of my colleagues said they get nervous when they teach in front of those Chinese leaders, I personally never felt nervous since I was just teaching my students in school. But this was different, I thought this four-hour lesson is the longest and the scariest time in my teaching career. I will not forget this four-hour lesson.

13. At 12 o'clock, I picked up the notebook and left the classroom. I walked to the yard, looked up to the sky, "are you seeing it? What's happening?" I did not see cameras in the yard. These people detained in this camp were religious figures and scholars. From 12:00 p.m. to 1:00 p.m. was the lunch break. The female workers said they're going to distribute the detainees food. "I want to help, too," I said. The female workers agreed. A metal basin was filled with rice soup. 2 steamed bread and the so-called rice soup (it was more like water, rarely saw rice in the soup) were distributed to everyone through the door of the cells. I gave one extra bread to each of two people who were older without knowing it counted as a big mistake until someone shouted "bread is missing!", it almost made a chaos. The girl called Mahire, told them immediately that the female workers miscounted the bread when they took the bread from the kitchen and got two more breads from the kitchen. Mehire asked me to be extra careful next time saying that everything is counted here when we're eating in the yard. She also asked me not to help them tomorrow because I almost put them in danger. I was horrified.
14. I finished the class in the afternoon and left. This is how my lesson continued for the next couple days. Ten days later, I noticed men's beard and heads were shaved, women's hair was cut into short when I arrived around march 10. Everybody was wearing two-piece clothes that looked like grey pajamas. They also wore a vest which had an orange label to it, no one was allowed to ask their names, they were recognized by the number written on their vests. Women at their age usually would wear a long dress over their knees. I could see how embarrassed they felt wearing the pajama-like clothes they're wearing at that moment. I felt bad for them. Another 10 days or so passed and there would be a huge number of newcomers who are mostly young men from the day of March 20th to April 1st. I came to get closer with a guard named Qadir since I'd get chances to talk to him occasionally. I asked him where these people came from? He told me that he doesn't know, and it's not a new thing that the armed police detain loads of people and transfer them to the camps by buses overnight.
15. You can't imagine how fast and sneaky are Chinese communists are when it comes to speeding up. On March 20th, the stairways to the second floor were open and the rooms were vacant. Just over the night, they installed fans blocking the stairways to the second, third and fourth floors transforming all the offices into cells. The change overnight was mind blowing. On March 21st, I was told by Qadir that there won't be classes in the morning because there were too many detainees and they have to come up with a schedule. I helped the female workers since I didn't have classes in the morning of that day. I taught six to

seven hours every day but every hour to a different group of people. For example, if I had to teach six hours on Monday, the first hour would be a crowd made of 100 people who were mostly elderly, and the next hour 100 people who were mostly young men and so on. I thought there might be around 7-8 thousand detainees because the crowd didn't repeat in days. Whether it was seven or eight thousand, all who came later were all young men if not teenagers. Most of them are around 18 but there was a 16-year-old boy. I heard him calling out to me "teacher Qelbinur" when I walked by the second floor. My heart stopped when I saw this kid. I recognized him. He just graduated from school and was admitted to an athletic school because of his talent in long-distance running. I could stand still, and I asked Mahire (one of the female workers) what was the reason behind this kid's detention.

16. These female workers were responsible for documenting everything about the detainees, where they from, what they did, where they went etc. Then she told me that "they found an illegal app on the boy's phone". I forgot the name of that app because the list was too long for me to remember. On the next day when Mahire handed him the food, he asked Mahire to pass these to me: "could you please tell teacher Qelbinur that I have a brother who works at Saybagh education department, she knows him. Please ask her to tell my brother that I'm here". I was heartbroken. There was no way I could pass this message to his brother. No one knew where these detainees were kept. When the husband was detained at night, not his wife nor his children know where they're going to take him to. They simply are not allowed to ask. If they go to the community center and ask their family member's whereabouts, the police will threaten them by saying: "you'll end up going where they went if you come to ask us tomorrow too". No one knows where they are, if they're alive.

17. There was no class arranged in the morning of April 1st. I went in and went out with the female workers until noon. I asked Qadir when we were alone if he could show me the monitoring room. He said I shouldn't be curious about this. I insisted saying that I've never seen it before and he agreed to bring me in. We got into the monitoring room when armed police were out for lunch. 'Ok, take a look' he said. There was only one Uyghur guy in the room. I saw there were huge monitor screens hung on three walls. One can easily see all the cells and people in them. I noticed there were around 30-50 people in each cell, depending on the size. The detainees sat silent, motionless. The watcher lights up the room if he sees anyone talking or moving around. When the light turns on, you could zoom in on the TV and see very clearly what's happening inside the room. He showed me everything and demonstrated how it works. "How do they sleep at night?" I asked. He said they take turns every three hours. I figured they barely slept. I said 'I see'. When we came out to the front yard, I asked him "Qadir, I have lived in Urumqi for so many years. Believe me or not, I have never met any of these guys on the streets here. Where did these thousands of guys come from?" He replied "Oh, teacher Qelbinur, I also wondered if they were molded in factories. They are all so handsome, as if they were chosen. I was also surprised. It's like they were molded at a factory."

18. As time passed, detainee numbers grew more and more. Detainees there could not take a shower. There is no place to shower. The men's camp had only one public toilet on each floor. The bathrooms could be used three times a day. I asked the girls there, how is this, how is that, what kind of food they had. I noted that detainees have only one minute to wash their faces and hands. They were allowed to use the toilet only three times a day and one minute each time. They didn't even give toilet papers to them. "What do they do if they don't have the toilet paper?" I asked. "We don't know. There are not enough toilet papers" they told me. I was speechless.
19. It was the end of April or maybe May. At noon, I saw that the soldiers and the police were gathered in the yard. There are two giant basins. They poured boiling water into them. I saw them soaking the clothes of the 'students'. The soldiers and police were laughing. As soon as I got out of the building, I looked at and wondered why they were laughing. I went near to them, where they were gathered. When I went, those policemen were telling each other "wow, look, look, did you see?" as they were pointing at some bugs. The detainee's bodies had bugs, because they could not even take a shower. The policemen tried to kill bugs by soaking the detainees' clothes in the boiling water. They're soaked in boiling water and said "Wow! These Uyghurs are tough, they would not die even if you torture them, starve them or freeze them. Even these bugs from their bodies are also running away without dying in the boiling water!" They were insulting the Uyghurs. I looked at the sky and silently said "Oh God, I know you are seeing these and you are witnessing all these." The soldiers were laughing continuously, saying "wow, wow look at it".
20. I was so skeptical of the water detainees were drinking. Because if you go into the Hui's restaurants, they'll call the thermos as Baowentong (保温桶). Those who take tea in large jars are warm. Police take water out of the Bowentong (保温桶) and pour water to the detainee to drink. I often see those things. One day, when I poured tea into my cup and got water from it, it was boiling water. A woman ran out. "Hey teacher, don't drink this, don't drink this" she shouted. There were three Hui people working in the kitchen of the camp, two female and one male. The male was the chef. I was devastated. "What are you talking about? Why can't I drink?" I said the students drink it. She insisted "No, you can't drink it." I asked again "ok, so what do I drink?" she said "Come, we got boiled water inside." She gave me another kettle, so I poured boiling water from that kettle, and sat down at the kitchen to have tea. It seemed as the chef in the kitchen didn't see that female worker giving me different water to drink, he also shouted at me. "Hey teacher, what water are you drinking?" So, I walked near him and asked "You are shocked, too. I drank the boiling water inside. What's in this one? Is there anything in it? Any kind of drug?" "No, are you kidding? teacher, sometimes we just want don't let your stomach get uncomfortable if it doesn't boil." he said. I have thanked him and his care of me. I have been so skeptical since that day.

21. I've been in that men's camp for six months, and I've never seen that Baowentong (big kettle) being washed during my six-month stay. Then I asked the girl, Mahire, in the yard "My sister, do they put a kind of drug into that boiling water?" She said she didn't know. I told her "I've been shouted at by the chef and female workers; they were so worried about me that they even got nervous. The woman said, don't drink, don't drink. Would he do that without any reason if they didn't put any drug into it?" She still said "We have no idea". In addition, there are two Chinese nurses for the men's camp there, and on Monday, detainees do not attend classes for two hours. Because in these two hours on Monday, the nurses extract blood from those detainees. Also did unknown injections to male detainees. After that, one tablet is given. White, crumbly tablets. I saw this white, small pill with my own eyes, (the little pill is so small, too) that gives it to them. I didn't ask once, twice, many times.
22. Then one day the face of one of the two nurse girls was a little more open and a little more talkative. The other one's eyelids are so bad that they can't even be seen. That's why sometimes I greeted her and said hi. One Monday, on my way to the class, I said to the nurse, "you are working hard. What are you injecting them?", "Look, you know this, because these people don't go out of their cells much. Therefore, the government will take care of them and give them vitamin supplements. These medicines will replenish calcium." I thought in my head that the same government had locked them up. Why would they give them vitamin supplements? They must have been doing it for a purpose. As I said, the people who came here, as if in the first place, were shining brightly on the faces of the people, and the healthy people were losing weight dramatically. If you don't see the sunlight for days, your face would look like that. Weight loss will be followed by fatigue and constant tiredness. After that, it was so difficult for them to get in and out. They walked so slowly. Same would happen to us if we slept for two days on the cement and our bodies would not bear it. Police would take some detainees out if they are in bad condition, and they would bring more back again after some period. These detainees are moving (out/in), alternating in various ways.
23. Here, there were one or two people who were so active in the classroom. I asked those girls. That one man was very active in class. He might think if he knew the Chinese language well, he would be released sooner. Later detainees learned national anthems, we taught them red songs, called Hongge (红歌). We wrote the text, and they learned. Some were so passionate about this lesson. For example, if I taught a poem today, they had to memorize it by the next day. One day, I asked the female workers about that man. "What's that brother's name?" I described him. "Osman." they said. "He is also a very tall, very healthy man. He looks rich" I said. "Yes, he owns a grocery called "Jinlong", which corresponds to the Shisen side. He supplied the restaurants and cafes of the whole of Urumqi, very rich, his business up to a million daily. The man was brought in because he was rich. He was detained because he had made a lot of money. What I mean by those who come later is that those who come later have opened such big restaurants. Some were entrepreneurs. Some had

large wholesale retail stores. The smallest of them even had a place known as the Iceberg, Bakery, and 'Dilber Lamb Lung Restaurant' on the Consul Street. Our local Dilber (a lot of people who come from different places to have lamb lungs and legs, as it's famous) has been detained, including the women staff. The greatest entrepreneurs, the rich, the intellectuals, the actors, the writers, the poets, no matter how successful they are, no matter how hard they try to open a shop, no matter how hard they try to move on success, no matter how much hard worker they were, all of them were locked up in the camp.

24. I learned about Osman. He was very active in the classroom. He was not afraid of making wrong sentences in Chinese. He always tried his best in the classroom. Later, at the end of May, he disappeared. In the classrooms I could easily spot him due to his size. The big ones are known and remembered easily, and you can identify even from the hundreds of people in the classroom. I asked that girl again "Do you know what is up with Osman?". She said "He had high blood pressure and diabetes disease. One night, his disease appeared. However, he died on the way to the hospital." He was someone I knew personally.
25. There was another man. I forgot his name. That man was such a hard-working and had his own restaurant somewhere near Dawan district. The same case applies to him. The man was also missing. Because, I remember the faces and names of the men who were very hardworking and always called me many times in the classroom, actively. That man was also very diligent and sat in the front row. Later, I asked about that man from Mahire. She responded "teacher Qalbinur, he got urine poisoning. He asked the policeman to take medicine as it was very painful, but didn't get medicine." I have never heard of it being the last stage of urinary poisoning. The man also died on the way to the hospital". I eye-witnessed these two cases. And what I heard from the female workers. There is such a tragedy where these men are, these cases in this men's camp are such tragic incidents that are countless. It won't end no matter how many hours you talk. The biggest head of the camp is the bureau of judiciary, which is called Sifaju (司法局) in Chinese. Qingju was the head of the camp. Qing is bureau chief as well. I don't know what the given name is but the family name is Qing. Another man was called Aiju. His name was Ahmet. He was the Deputy Chief bureau of the Judiciary. Those two were in charge of the camp.
26. There have been such tragedies during my classes. Many have been displaced, many have come, many have died and become ill. The detainees were called out and taken away, whether during class or at lunchtime. During the class, police say, 'number XX' There were interrogations just underground on the first floor, less than an hour and a half after they had left. The voices were heard. That makes your whole body in turmoil. That's all there is to it. We know that person is suffering. The same is true at night and in the daytime. The voice had been heard even in the dreams. The sound of these torture was all over the building. So wild. Those who have suffered so much cannot go to class. After months in the cells, their limbs were severely injured, and those with disabilities were taken to hospitals, and those who could not be treated were amputated.

27. You know, many Uyghur children, you know, things don't go easy on their minds. They sat there day and night interrogated, and they had committed no crime. There were many children who had studied abroad, and when their parents said, "Don't come back, my child, do not come back" and they did not understand, "What could they do to me? I only studied abroad." It did not cross their minds either. Many of them lost their minds with mental illness. Then you may have heard the government lie saying, "A lot of students graduated, and they had been released." Outside, a number of such ill former detainees were on the streets. They are so skinny. As soon as someone saw them on the street, they knew that person was out of the camp. Then there are those people that were so sick and handed over to their parents, and some of them aren't happy that they went back to their homes and want to go back to that camp again. Since there are a lot of Uyghurs in our residency area, I have heard boys or husbands saying 'take me back to the camp'. They were asked, 'Why do you want to go back there?' Because there was something addictive in the food, water, and injections police gave them. The definition is clear. The people there will be as depressed if you look at them later. 'When will the teacher finish the lesson, will the book be over, and when will it be over?' detainees asked me over and over. When a book is over, it makes them happy. If I ask them to do some exercise regarding yesterday's class, they will say, 'Teacher, could you start a new class today?' 'Don't interfere, don't talk,' the police shouted at them. The days kept going in that way.

28. And then you see, those detainees lived up with some expectations for four or five months. Later those people completely gave in. They despaired from life, and everything else. It seems like nothing in their mind, including their children, wife, their business etc., and it was such a frustration. All detainees were brainwashed. Maybe from the medicine, or the injections. You can feel the pain, I can't tell my family or my friends those things. We can't talk on the phone openly. We had to turn off our cell phone in the morning and open in the evening. I came home and told my husband. My tears were out of control when I sat down at home. Finally, a week later, my husband said 'don't tell me please, you won't be able to sleep and neither can I' and he decided to sleep separately in another bedroom. When we had arguments, he even said, "I saw you crying even at midnight. Maybe you can sleep at the camp." If I even can't talk to him, I will be destroyed mentally too. Our food did not taste like food, and when I come home and cook, or have a cup of tea, I would think of those people in the camp, when I go to bed, those detainees sleeping on the cement came to my mind, with such tragedy, with such things.

29. On August 27th, it was one day before our contract ends. Before we came here, we signed a contract until August 28th. I walked into the office of Qingju. I told him "My contract will end tomorrow, and I need to go back to my school. My students are in the fifth grade at my school and I have two classes. They will graduate next year. They need me more than ever". I explained to him that I had taken them from the first grade. "Yes, we have that form" he said. He wrote a lot at the end with his signature. I looked at the form and he was writing, 'She

kept the secret very confident, reliable, serious ...'. I said thank you to him, he said to me 'you worked hard, thank you too' and he sent me away.

30. The next day, on August 28, I returned to my school. When I got back to school, it was such a big, dramatic change inside school. Previously, at the gates of the school, it was written as 'Urumqi City No. 24 Primary School.' It had Uyghur on top and Chinese on the bottom. Now, it was only in Chinese. When I entered the campus, there were slogans, billboards, and billboards all over the school that was kept Chinese only. There was a four-stories teaching building. There were twostory other sides. On each floor was a well-known Chinese poet, and we had Uyghurs with them. There were a lot of calligraphy. Now it was completely Chinese. In the classrooms there was a standard of student behavior, a rule of the students, in two frames in Uyghur, and other two frames were in Chinese. There is no Uyghur, now. You just can't find it, there is no Uyghur letter anywhere.
31. Did I mention I worked on archives? When I entered that archive office, one Chinese, Liangchen, was sitting in the archive office. She said "Hi, you are back." I said yes. I opened the archives up voluntarily. Initially, we set up the whole archive in Uyghur. Since September 2004, when the Chinese came to our school, and since it was a bilingual school, our archives have been changed to bilingual archives, and we have rewritten each archive in bilingual. When I look back, there are no bilinguals in that profile. We have to do it completely in Chinese. I asked her "Why is this so? What about the rest of the archives?" She replied "It was an order from top. We're both going to burn those archives". I was shocked. I had no energy to talk and no power to explain to them. I became kind of powerless and tired at that level.
32. Then I went into the principal's office and showed him the paper saying I was back, "You worked hard. You did your job very well." said the Chinese principal, Lihongjun. He didn't say anything else, such as regarding the camp, "You've worked hard, and are you going to take your own classes?" he said. I say yes. My classes were 5th grade class 3 and 4. Class 1 and 2 were Chinese classes. I entered the classroom (that emotion cannot be described by any words), the bright classroom greeted those innocent, cute kids in front of me as 'hello teacher (in Chinese)' I looked into the classroom and put the notebook on the table and breathed deeply, it was so comfortable. In our class, one kid, the class president, was very sharp. His name is Salahidin. He told me "Teacher, you came back and it seems you were so happy to see us, huh?" I said "Wow, my smart kid, how did you find out?" Tears almost dropped from my eyes. He replied "I figured from the way you looked at us and your deep breath." I said, "That's the reason you're the president, smart kid" I said. I missed my class. So, I went back to my normal state and said I was a little relieved. I was upset when I got into the office. I can't say what I want to say with someone else. I spent two days in school.
33. Then our principal once again called me to his office "Come to my office now" he said. I did not feel good. When I entered, Songling, the secretary of the party

committee, was sitting with two cadres. One is a secretary of our own, and the other one is a director. When I came in, she said "How are you? Are the kids happy to see you?" I said "yes, they are, and I am also happy with them". He said "unfortunately this happiness with your kids only lasts two days. Tomorrow you will be sent to the school at Tougong." I could not say no to them. Because we have no freedom to say no. We can't say. It is impossible. It was a school in Tougong, and I thought they would send me back to another camp. So, I kept quiet. "What do you think? Are you under pressure?" The director asks "Any problems?". I responded "No, I have no pressure. I have to teach them the national language, and here I am also teaching the same thing to the kids." I corrected myself wisely. "Then sign this form" she said. I signed. They gave me another police driver's number. It is the phone number of the police driver who will take me to Tougong Camp. From September 1st, 2017, I went to a class at a females' camp in Tougong. The police driver dropped me to the camp everyday just like previously.

34. I was taken by a police driver to Tougong concentration camp to start teaching inmates on 9/1/2017. Inside the camp, there was a building. It was grey, and has 6 floors, but no balconies. Anyone can tell it's not a new construction. The building was surrounded with other residential communities, so one can hardly suspect that it's a prison or a camp. There were 4 characters, "LaoNian Gong li", carved in to the middle part of the front of the building. The car stopped in front that building. The building was very similar to the male concentration camp, it was wired with hard wire, and the doors were heavily guarded.
35. Then we walked into the building. We passed multiple security checks. The police who took me there led me to a room. There were two Han Chinese females and 3-4 male Han Chinese males in the room. They looked like they were the wardens of the camp, but they were not wearing police uniforms. The two Chinese women started explaining to me "This building has 6 floors, and there is a classroom in each floor. You start teaching in the morning. Your first class is on the first floor, second is on the second floor, and third is on the third floor, and after you are done teaching the 4th floor at 12 you will come down and we will take you out for lunch. After lunch, starting from 1pm, you need to go up and teach the in 5th and 6th floors. After you finish teaching your afternoon classes, we will take you back your room. Now you can go start teaching" Then the police officers took me out along with the one other Chinese woman. There were more than 20 cells in each floor. It looked this building was used to be a community center for retired Chinese people, where they play Majiang or poker in different rooms. There was a large hall in each floor, and it can handle 200-300 students.
36. After multiple security checks, we entered the first floor. The most absurd thing is there is a check point on the stairs that connect each floor, so people would need to go through security checks each time go up or down one floor. My first impression was this might a prison for world's most dangerous criminals. I walked in to the classroom on the first floor. The first difference I noticed was, I

was in a cage, it was other way around in the male camp as I didn't have anything blocks my views. The room was so dark; all windows were shut up to 80%. There was lamp over my head, but I couldn't see anything beyond the third row in the classroom.

37. So, I entered the cage in the classroom, students entered through another door. They can only enter the room after I settle in my cage. In my first class, one male Chinese police and one Chinese woman sit next to where I stand in the cage. They both had their masks on.
38. The janitors were all Chinese male, and they had their masks on all the time. The reason is the entire building smelled so badly that one normal person will not be able to stand horrible smell of urine and feces. The cells in each floor were different from the male camp. The was 20 centimeters long hardwood floor, and there's a bucket for all their urine and bowel movements. This is why the entire building smelled like that. All of the Chinese officers and personnel had their masks on all the time to protect themselves from any germs, but we have to go into classrooms mask free. They split different classrooms with each other, so a pack of few manages respective classrooms.
39. There number of inmates in this building was mind blowing. One class after another, everyone had the same clothes, grey colored shirts inside and orange jackets with numbers. Sometimes I noticed the numbers, and they were into 7000-8000, and therefore I concluded that there were at least 8000 inmates in this building. 90% of the inmates were woman aged between 18-40, and older inmates are taking up around 10%. Their cells are on the top 2 floors. Everyone's head was cleanly shaved; you can't tell the difference between man and woman with a simple glance.
40. There was no sign of hope or and they looked extremely sad and depressed. Their steps were heavy, like they had the mountains on their shoulders. They couldn't move their limbs like normal people, as they looked like they've been tortured all night and day. I met a friend of mine on the first day I went to teaching. She is a Chinese woman police friend from my old office, we were close and hung out sometimes outside of work. She was writing some notes in front of a cell. "Did you come here to teach?" She asked." Yes, I did. What are you doing here?" I replied. "I'm here for work, let's meet at the front of the building at noon." Since there's no cells in the yard, she though it was easier to talk with each other. As we were talking, the door of one cell opened, and two Chinese soldiers took one girl, 18-20, on a stretcher to outside. We quickly looked into each other's eyes, decided to meet outside at noon. The girl looked dead to me. I don't remember how I finished teaching all morning that day.
41. Later at noon, my Chinese friend told the girl was dead long before they got her to the hospital. The reason was her period didn't stop for more one and half month, and they didn't even bother to take her to a hospital during that period. She lost too much blood and died as a result. If they had an ounce of human

decency or sympathy, they would've taken her to the hospital and she could've been alive now. I still can't comprehend this tragedy which I witnessed with my own eyes. At noon, we met outside. I started with our conversation by asking "I heard before in previous camps that raping inmates is very common in female concentration camps. There are lots of girls here, do you know if it's true that police are raping these inmates?" yes, of course, as a matter of fact this is why I'm here to investigate such cases". "What do you investigate?" I asked.

42. Male police officers really like working in female camps, as most of them volunteer to be in these camps. They brag about whom and how they raped during their inner circles after getting drunk, and that's how the news got out at the first place. That's why my friend was sent to investigate such reports.

43. When I met her this morning, she was asking questions from the inmates about police raping. "This is just an act. No one really cares" I said. She agreed and said yes. " I'm very surprised, what's the point of asking questions inside the cell or the hallway as they can all be monitored through a live camera? If you really want to know, you should take them into private rooms." I asked. She said "we asked if they've been tortured during the investigations, inmates said yes, because they force us to confess for the crimes we never committed. Then we asked if they have been raped, most of them started crying. I told them it's okay to talk to us, we would take notes and they would need to sign". "It's like signing their death sentence, this is such a ridiculous investigation" I said. "I know, it's just an act to show it upper level officers" she replied. " How do they rape? I guess you guys know a lot more than I do" I asked. " You really don't want to know" she replied. " I do actually, I've been hearing a lot lately, and really want to confirm it with you to see if everything they've been saying is true or not. I asked. "What's not to believe these rumors? There is a reason male police officers would beg to come to this camp since there're more pretty girls here. They take girls into the investigation rooms where there's no camera, and 4-5 police officers rape one girl one after another. After raping, they take electric rods and stick it into their vagina and rectum to torture, and rape again after" she said. "I really shouldn't have asked. And you shouldn't have told me!" I said with disbelief. "What do you say to the more vicious abuses than this? Some girls bleed a lot during the rape, and they still order them to clean up the room after. Some other girls even bleed through their ears and mouth. You can imagine what else going on in here".

44. In the beginning, I regretted asking her about the specifics, but the more I listened I could not hold it and cried out loud, because I have a daughter too. "oh, my lord, these are the precious daughters of someone else too! Disgusting Chinese policemen! Is God seeing these humiliations and torture? Maybe men can stand this for a bit, but these are just little teenage young girls. God, what kind of tragedy is this?" I said while crying. "Do you want us to die?!!" my friend yelled at me. At 1pm, I went back to the office. "why you didn't eat your lunch?" asked another Chinese officer in the office. "I shared some of my friend's food. It's been a while since we met, so it took while" I told him. I lost all of my appetite after listening to

the stories, how am I supposed to act normal and eat and drink like everyone else? I went on and finished my classes on the 5th and 6th floor before going home. I remember I was shaking in the whole afternoon.

45. Later, I found out that all females here get shots to stop all menstrual cycle. They are given random medicine periodically, which also controls their menstrual cycle. They do blood tests to check any contagious diseases among inmates. Some inmates experience side effects like severe bleeding from the shots and pills.
46. One day I taught about Zu Guo (祖国), motherland, and I ask students to put it in a sentence. All of them wanted to answer, and it took the whole 2 hours class to let them do it one by one. Among them, one girl said "I love my Zu Guo (祖国). Because I love my Zu Guo (祖国), my parents spent a lot of money to send to America to study. I came back because I miss my Zu Guo (祖国), my parents and friends. I was sent to here to study Chinese right after I landed at the airport without seeing my parents. I love my Zu Guo (祖国), I thank to the government and communist party for giving me this opportunity and learning environment."
47. All of them are using this opportunity to share their stories indirectly. I stayed strong listening to all of their sentences, and when I almost break out, I looked to the black board and kept writing and erasing the word Zu Guo (祖国). Another girl said "I love my Zu Guo (祖国). I have 4 kids. The youngest was just 15 days old. I was breastfeeding when I was taken to here to study Chinese. I thank the government and the communist party for giving me this opportunity." "So, she had young baby" I thought to myself. "I love my Zu Guo (祖国) too" another girl said "I was supposed to get married, and all the invitations were sent out. My fiancé was taken a week before the wedding and I came here couple days after. I thank the government and the communist party for giving me this opportunity." Under normal circumstances, they should burst out crying while saying these words, but none of them cried. I listened to all of them.
48. Some went to study in Egypt, some in Saudi Arabia, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan. One said she's only 18 and studied in Kazan University, it was her first-time leaving home, and she came back after a semester and was sent to here. Some studied in Japan, Korea. I learned this from their sentences, no one else would tell me this. They all looked hapless, like they accepted that this is their reality and from now on they live like this for the rest of their lives. They were conditioned to look normal after all the beating, raping, torture, and etc. I noticed carefully to their actions after learning about the rape cases. I thought they couldn't stand or sit well because the room is cold and the chairs are too small. But in reality, it's because their body hurt after the beating and raping so their movements are hindered.

49. One time, a police driver drove me and a 70-year-old law teacher together. I sat in the back and rolled down the window as I listened to their conversation. The law teacher said "what is this government doing here? I was brought here to teach law to these students. Later I found the classrooms are divided based on their education level. Classroom one was called "elite class", and it's filled with people who studied abroad. There are people with graduate degrees. I was shocked by the quality of their questions and answers. That's why I don't understand why the government wants to have these kids in here."
50. He kept talking about the horrible things he could not comprehend." I looked at the food that they're given. It just water and just one small bun. No wonder they're losing weight day by day and look sicker and sicker. It's one thing that they don't feed them enough, leave them in cold rooms without proper clothes, but they also beat them, rape and torture them, make them confess to the crimes they didn't commit. Do you know anything more inhumane than this?" I was not sure if they were just tempting and testing to engage in this conversation, so I kept quiet. "Do you know they rape them one after another? Such cruelty, don't you think? How do you feel normal after seeing and knowing all this?" He kept talking to the driver. These are the things that I witnessed with my own ears and eyes.
51. Life went on, I was there every day to teach my regular classes. I was supposed to teach there from 9/1/2017–3/1/2018, but I couldn't stand it anymore. I was still suffering all the traumas from the male camp, and there's no way I could take it another 6 months at the female camp. In July 2018, I was told to have IUD performed on me by the local community office, She Qu (社区), and it was a necessary for all the women from 18-50. In November, when I was teaching at the female camp, my period did not stop for 15 days. One day, I could not get up from my bed. I told my husband to take me to the hospital. After getting to the hospital, my blood pressure came out as 45/65. Doctors admitted me to the hospital and took out the IUD before starting the treatment.
52. When doctors were examining me, my phone ringed and it was from the camp. My husband answered the phone. I can hear him yelling "Why is Qelbinur not at the school? And why are you answering the phone?" "she's in the hospital" my husband said. I took the phone and told him "My period did not stop and I lost a lot of blood". "Every woman experience period, what's wrong with that? You can still work, why didn't you call us?" That afternoon, they sent two officers to visit me in the hospital. They saw my pale face and asked me "You look so ill. Are you stressed out? Is teaching at the school stressing you a lot? What's there to stress about?". I told them it was just my period was irregular and that's why I feel very tired all the time. After 45 years old, all women experiences the same physical challenge and this is the stress that I am under.
53. They asked me "who should we send now as a substitute?" I told them I don't know, and they asked me to recommend. We had a Uyghur teacher who teaches Social Morality, so I told them they can replace until I get back to normal which could take around 20–30 days. After that they looked at my charts and

stormed out the room. No “rest well, wish you a speedy recovery”, not that I expect such humanity from them.

54. After discharged from the hospital, my husband told me “if you get sick again doing this and that, going there and here, I will not take care of you anymore. If you quit going to school, they would only fire you. But if you keep going and teaching and get sick again, I’m not going to care for you anymore.” So, I stopped going to the camp, nor I had the energy to stay in the podium. I end up not going to the school for the entire year of 2017.

55. I went back to school in February 2018. Everything was upside down when I went back. There was a large conference on the first day where every staff at school need to report. “Qelbinur sidik Tong bao (report)” I was the first one called by name. They kept reading “Since she failed to accomplish her duties last year, her Renshi Ganbu (人事干部 Human Resources officer) title is transferred to Xing Jianjun- a male PE instructor. Liang chan will take over her Dang An Gong zuo. Jiayan will step in as a new group leader for the instructors. I remember all these three names, because my name was called first on the first day back at the school.

56. There were two Chinese classes. My class was combined with Chinese students. Each Uyghur girl student sits with a Chinese boy student and a Uyghur boy sits with a Chinese girl student. Every class is organized like that. We are not allowed to teach; we only teach as substitutes and we spend majority of our time at the front janitor’s office or help security guards at the school. I could not say anything; I was just glad that they did not send me back to a camp for not doing what I was told.

57. After few days, I was called to the office “You start writing a request for retirement and make sure that statement says you are voluntarily retiring.” I told her” I know I was not able to finish the job that you assigned last year, but that was because my physical health didn’t allow me to. I beg you to let me stay another 2 years at the school, I can be a janitor or a security guard. In two years, my working history will be 30 years, and I can retire then” She said “there’s no way you are coming back to school. You should leave now and write that retirement request as soon as possible”. There was nothing I could do, so I just did as she asked and brought the letter to her officer. It turned out that there was 12 of us who requested to retire “voluntarily”. I worked for more than 28 years for than school on days and weekends doing all sorts of jobs just to be fired just like that. In February 2018, I was forced to retire and left the school.

58. The May 5th was my birthday and I turned to 50 on May 5th of 2019. On May 20th, that young lady informed that “Qalbinur Sister, you have to go to the hospital to get sterilized, we have no way to help you”. Upon hearing it, I was shocked and almost dropped my phone to the ground. I told her that “dear sister, what are you talking about? I have just turned to 50. I am willing to meet any other requirements, but I cannot do this one. No, she said, if so, you have to go

to the Bahuliang (八户梁) Police Station and meet with our police officer Li Wen Jiang (I even did not forget that name) and talk to him. Can he help me, I asked her? He will say the same thing as I said to you. We really cannot help you. You have to get this done. Is there no way I can escape from this procedure? No, you cannot she said. We were asked to go to Chang Le Yuan. When I went I saw lines of people waiting to be called. When it was my turn, I entered a room where there was a physician and a nurse. That physician was relatively older. Seeing her I thought retired doctors must have been recalled for this scheme or he was really working there, maybe. I don't know. Get on the bed said the physician. I did. The physician started to say "it is not painful at all, you will not feel the pain. It is different from planting UID, it may hurt a bit, but you really don't feel it. I was not as detailed as this in my other attestation. So, I had to lie down on the bed. I was given IV, and injection. I don't know how long that process took, a half hour or one hour, I really don't know. Done, you can get up now, they told me. But I could not stand up because I felt very dizzy. I was feeling dizzy, I told them, it is because you lost lots of blood, they said without any concern. But they stamped on my paper that I got sterilized.

59. Recalling that now, I don't really know how I got home on that day after taking a taxi. I have somehow lost myself. I locked myself at home and did not go outside. I needed to recover quick because I should leave to visit my daughter within a week. This caused much trouble for me. After getting the paper work about my sterilization, I submitted it to that young lady. It proved that I had done a good job in meeting government's demand. Thus, I was able to get my passport on September 15th, 2019.
60. What can you say about this suffering, and to which one I can complain about. There have been many unbearable things that took place during that time. When the year turned to 2017, everyone became hectic because the month of May was determined by government as the "Ethnic Unity Month" (民族团结月) and everyone whether it is Uyghur or Chinese, students or teachers, they must get together and carry out some activities to show that they are united. And our photos must be taken and sent to education bureau of Saybagh district as well as to the newspapers. This repeats itself every May.
61. However, in May 2017, the nature of this activity has changed, and we were paired as "twin relatives". We were given a "relative" and my relative was the leader of my husband's work unit and he is a high ranking official. They paired him with me as my relative. He visited our home once in every three months starting from May. When he visited us first time, he brought his wife and child and they stayed for a week in our home.
62. We prepared our best dishes for them. We taught them how to cook and we ate together, and we studied together and travelled together and slept together. In short Chinese government provided these Chinese beasts an opportunity to torture, humiliate, rape and kill Uyghurs inside the camps and even sent

Chinese men to Uyghurs house so Chinese deprived Uyghurs who are outside the camps of the peace and human dignity.

63. Sorry for me being emotional and impolite, but I have to tell the truth, and I have not said this type of crude and ugly words before. Chinese government sent the Chinese men to rape Uyghur women. As if it is not enough, this has to be written on their notes. Because each of them has a notebook that they need to write what took place between us, things like what we did in this week must be written.
64. There was a thing in the document called “five together” (五个在一起), and they are: cook together, eat together, study together, travel together and sleep together. These Chinese men particularly emphasize “Sleep together”. I was lucky that I had the husband, he cannot do anything even if we sleep together. I prepared the bed for my husband and my “Chinese relative” in other room and I sleep in another room. Despite that, this Chinese beast told me “you did not treat me well, you did not make me enjoy, you did not sleep with me”. He told me this several times. I told him “I cannot sleep with both of you, because you both snores, and I cannot sleep at all. I hope you understand”.
65. The Chinese love drinking alcohol with food. Knowing that I reminded my husband not to get drunk. He told me not to worry. When I told him “if something happens to me if you get drunk”, the Chinese asked me what I was telling to my husband in Uyghur and I replied back that I was telling him enjoy the wine with you. He is taking advantage of drinking removes all of his clothes only leaving his trousers and sit nakedly. He told me to come and sit close to him and hugged me and said “you are beautiful, let me kiss you, your food is great” and he disturbed me that way. I looked at my husband for help, but for some reason he was busy with drinking, I was pissed off that he could not protect me from that beast by telling him” I am her husband, you cannot do this to her, would you allow me to do the same thing to your wife?”
66. I don't know what happened to my husband, he completely lost his dignity. Once, he was drunk, and that Chinese demanded I sleep with him. Then I told my husband if this Chinese man rape me tonight, I will kill him and then kill myself. Two people will die in this house. Then my husband came to his sense and shouted at me and said: “Are you crazy? You are idiot? What kind of teacher are you? Just be patient for a while this will be over.” What can I say? Is it really nothing? So, I put these two men on bed first and sit beside their bed. When that Chinese came to me said: “let's sleep”, I told him I would sleep later as I could not stand with the smell of alcohol. Sometimes he demands me drink with them. I tell him I just toast with them and I allow him to do whatever he wants to do with me with disgust.
67. I pray silently and say that “Oh my God, do you see? please get rid of this beast. When I cook he comes close to me and ask me to teach him how to cook, and ask me to touch his hand and hold his hand to cut the vegetables. I must cut the vegetables by holding his hand, and when I fry things I must hold his hand and fry things. When I cook, he hugs and kisses me. He did it several times. As

a vulnerable woman, what can I do? I shouted at my husband if he is alive or dead. This Chinese beast threatened me by saying "if you don't treat me well, I will write this into my note". Then I find excuse in order not to be written into his note and although I am the victim, I apologized to him several times. While he was eating he orders us sing a song. My husband sings and I dance for him. While clapping his hands, he observes our emotion, attitude. When we feel relaxed, he asks us if we are religious, if we pray, if we dress with Muslim attire? I tell him that although our faith is Islam, our parents did not teach us about religion, I even don't know how to dress with Muslim attire. Then he asks if I pray and I say "no, I don't pray because I am a teacher, so I teach students science, not religion.

68. Then he asks furthermore "every Friday, Muslim men go to Mosque, your husband may go to a mosque on Friday." Then I say "No, he does not know how to pray, you see he drinks wine." Then he tells my husband, "Tursun, your wife is witty, whenever I say something to her, she responds very quickly", I defend myself, "not that quick, I am just stating the fact, please don't misunderstand me". And he digs us more. For example, he asks us how we view the current government policy? There are policemen on the streets and police stations everywhere. And they check your guys everywhere, that must disturb you. But how you view this policy? He asked us that question several times and I have answered: "They are doing it for the benefit of us. Our government is protecting our security. We were afraid at night before if we were on the streets, but we are not afraid of anything, because we have the police to protect. So, we can come home safely without worry if we are late at night." And then he repeats the same thing: "You are quick to respond, you are witty." That is my "Chinese Male Relative."
69. There are of course IUD, sterilization. Uyghurs are living under the layers of cage. People in the concentration camps and the jailhouses are living under extreme pressure. They even forgot who they are, and forgot their relatives, children. Uyghurs outside the camps are living under an open prison. They too not free from pressure. When you come into a building, the police will check you and your documents.
70. My house is on the third floor of first building. And young guards who have just been employed shout at people asking them to show their IDs, and they check their phones too. One sometimes is compelled to carry two bags, one for ID and the other one is for the phone. Because they check people on the streets, on the entrance to buildings. Sometimes the armed police come into your house and step on your carpet with their dirty shoes. They carry a red colored flashlight, later I heard that if they find something "sensitive" that flashlight will light up. For example, if they find "Qur'an, the prayer mat", that flashlight will signal. They check every corner of the house suspecting that people might hide them there.
71. They check every house at least once a month. sometimes they come with neighborhood committee members. While those committee members are engaging with us at the door, the police check all houses including kitchen,

drawers, cabinets. And sometimes they knock the door at midnight. Because they run into buildings, we would lose our sleep because of anxiety and fear. After that they distribute government announcements.

72. On it written: "Those who do not comply with our work, you would sit in the iron chair in the police station, to those who oblige our work, we will bring their kids". There are also various rumors and we believe in some of them, for example, we heard "someone's kid was brought back from America and now he is in the camps; someone's husband was someplace, he too was brought back". Then people really believe in the power of government that they can extradite any Uyghur from abroad. Because repeated hearing of that kind of news makes one to believe in that lie.

73. I was so worried at the time (especially I am very worried, probably the men do not worry as much as women). It was 2017–2018 that arbitrary arrest has peaked. When there was a loud noise, we all looked out the window and saw many people whose head was covered by black hood and taken to somewhere around 11:00 or 12:00 pm. That scene is very terrifying and very cruel. That made us not remove our clothes at night. Because it could be our door that to be knocked on. We heard that many people were taken with their pajama. Worried that it would happen to me, I brought some medicine in 2018 and kept it in my bed for several months.

74. As I could not contact my daughter, and heard that Uyghur children abroad were brought back, I thought that I had better die taking more medicine than seeing my daughter be brought back and thrown into the camps. I was ready to die taking more medicine if the police knock my door with my daughter. I did not want to see my daughter in that camp. I better not see her sufferings because I knew how those camps were. Seeing me panicked, my husband tells me that "you would be going crazy, you would be going out to the street madly". So be it I say to him and cry nonstop. I had nonstop worry that the police would knock our door and thinking if it is turn next time. We had not slept well without removing our clothes and I had that medicine with me that I kept it for months. You see, even people who are not in the camps are under this kind of pressure and under stress. Girls and ladies over there are sometimes on the video. They were forced to sing and dance and show to the world that they have happy life. That is all lie, that is just a play. Sometimes they ask their female police officers to take the role of happy Uyghurs. Some people are forced to dance and forced to show happy face. And sometimes some people just drink and drink too much in order to protect themselves, because when they show to the Chinese that they are interested in drinking and having fun, the Chinese think of them nonthreatening, and thus leave them alone.

75. After this, they have worked hard on propaganda. They said "we closed the camps, we have found employment for them, we released most of them". In fact, there was none come out healthy from the camps. They just return those who are near to death to their relatives. And they die as soon as they released

from the camps and some die even within 1-2 weeks. There were increasing number of deaths between 2017–2018. I can tell you one thing. It was May 2018, and I remember the events in May as it was my birth month.

76. My house is on the first building, and the police returned the body of a Uyghur man to his mother who lives on the third floor of third building. The reason for his death, “he just died” according to the police. No man can enter our building. I am Uzbek, my neighbor below my floor is Tatar. I went to her house and asked her “let’s go and visit to that lady who lost her son, no matter what”. Her name was I believe Mrs. Ayshem. I saw her talking about his son who have disappeared. She told me that herself even. After hearing her son’s death, I visited her house in the third floor of 3rd building with my Tatar neighbor.
77. As we entered her house, we saw there were several cadres from neighborhood committee who were sitting with her. Seeing us, she cried and lamented. Soon after we entered her house, several young men took her son’s body for burial. She cried and so did we. There were none except neighborhood committee cadres and us. So, we stayed for a while. The most shocking thing is her son’s body was returned to her house. It was because there were many people died on that day that her son could not get his turn to be buried. Mrs. Ayshem cried very hard. I don’t know if they washed the dead young man’s body and how they buried him. Seeing this we all including the neighborhood committee members cried. This kind of death certainly a lot in 2017–2018. I have never heard the thing that “even dead men are in line to get buried”. So that was real tragedy.
78. The company that my husband works for is a big company that almost all of them are Chinese. They would produce construction materials, cements bricks. They take time off in the winter. Their vacation starts on the 20th of every November and they start their work next April. They cannot work in the winter. Because their work environment needs hot temperature. My husband told me that the Chinese brought more than 100 Uyghurs there and they are from Kashgar, Atush and Aqtu. I did not know the place name Aqtu.
79. One day my husband came back from work and told me: “our company suddenly brought numerous young girls and boys”. When I asked him: “what happened to them?”, he said, “some are college graduates”. Then we said they are forced to work as slaves. When I asked him how their situation is, my husband said “my boss thinks my Chinese is good, (but it is not really that good, and sometimes I teach him Chinese) and asked me to translate, and so I did.”
80. I doubt that he did the translation work well, because at that time he called me and asked me many questions like “how to say this and how to write that” and asked me say or write through WeChat App. I was wondering why he was doing that.
81. Those young people’s phones were confiscated by the government and allow them call their family once a month. They are not allowed to leave from their

workplace, and not permitted to contact with anyone. Basically, they have no outside contact at all. They work 12 hours a day, and their salary is 1400 Chinese Yuan, 1600 or 1700, I am not sure but around that range. Their food was provided by that company, but they sleep at different places. That is a company that uses slave labor. This is the company that I know, saw and heard. The workers there are slave labors.

82. Another place that they use slave labor is in a place called “Badawan Gong Ye Yuan” (Badawan Industrial Park). There are also hundreds of university graduates that their job is to make Nan/Bread. I saw that place with my own eyes in April 2019. I thought there was no such place before there, it must have been built recently, but it was very big place. These are the two places that employ slave labor. I saw those places with my own eyes, and I went there. So, I know them very well.