

Two sisters: Giuliana and Mithal

The text you are about to read is a combination of words that were all written by Giuliana Sgrena. Some of them were part of her appeal contained in the video released by her captors and the others are from an article she wrote on July 1, 2004 about Mithal, an Iraqi woman detained in Abu Grahb. It's the story of two prisoners, two victims, perhaps not by the same hand, but certainly of the same injustice.

Giulio Stocchi

it is a long story
the details are painful
days of hell

Since the end of January I was here to bear witness
To the situation of a people
Who is dying everyday

at the end they took me
to a cell, three feet by five
gave me a bottle of water
and they left me there for six nights

Children old people women,
They are raped
And people are dying everywhere
On the streets

we ran after her for half a day
then a new appointment at her home

She doesn't have anything to eat
No longer has electricity
Doesn't have water

sometimes they forced about one hundred
prisoners to lay on the ground
then they would walk on them

I beg you
End the occupation

often they would force us to drink
water from the toilet

I ask the Italian government
I ask the Italian people
To put pressure on the government

Mithal massages her hands
and remembers they had turned black
because they were tied too tight
she couldn't move them anymore

Pier, help me, I beg you
Please have them publish the picture of children
Hit by the cluster bombs

The black shadow of her *kajal*
Makes the grey-green color
of her large eyes stand out

I ask my family
To help me

a woman soldier
had untied them to allow her
to go to bath-room

And all of you
Who have fought, side by side with me

so I gave her my earrings

Against the war

I have done nothing wrong
Why should I be afraid?

Against the occupation

and then from the cells next to mine you could hear the screams
of men being tortured, you could hear their crying and howling
recorded and then re-played over and over
all night long at high volume

Help me,
I beg you

together with the sound of footsteps
on the gravel drawing near
but there was only sand there

This people
must not suffer anymore
like this

I recognized some of the detainees,
like Abdul Mudud
whose jaws they broke
and whose eye they took out

Withdraw the troops from Iraq
No one must come to Iraq any more

our destination was Abu Ghraib.
An Iraqi woman from outside
would give me a banana, once in a while

Because all foreigners
All Italians
Are considered enemies

in a big room
there was a doctor
who wanted me to undress
he threatened to cut my clothes
off of me

Please
Do something for me

at the end I asked him if I could
at least keep my underwear on
and he said yes

Pier
Help me
You were always at my side
In all my battles

the United States has occupied our country
we have the right to defend ourselves

I beg you, help me

they took me
to an ice cold room,
my teeth were chattering
all nice on display
were the instruments of torture

Show all the photos
I took of Iraqis
Of children hit by the cluster bombs
Of the women

one of the women prisoners
was forced to walk on all fours
her knees and her elbows
completely worn out

Help me, I beg you

another woman, they forced her
to separate urine from shit, with her hands

Help me to ask
That the troops be pulled out

then a black woman soldier arrived
and she was constantly shouting to me

Help me

but seeing that I wasn't scared at the end
she apologized and "You're brave", she said.

I ask my husband
I ask Pier
Help me, you please help me

a sixty year old woman
who said she was a virgin
was always threatened with rape

Only you
can he help me all the way

another woman's body was all ruined
because they would throw her against a wall

to ask that the troops
Be pulled out

another woman was locked in a small
cage for six days and she couldn't
even move

I count on you
My hope lies only
In you

sometimes they would turn up the heat to the maximum
and in order to sleep I had to throw on myself

You must help me to ask
That the troops be pulled out

that tiny bit of water they would give me
sometimes they wouldn't give me food or drink

All the Italian people
Must help me

we heard the children screaming
they too were being tortured

All those who have stood with me
In these struggles

They primarily used dogs to attack them

Must help me

one day they made me lean against a wall
with my hands raised
I couldn't resist in that position

My life
Depends on you

At the end I ask them to let me write something
to my children, because I would kill myself

Put pressure on the government
Help me

I was released after
eighty days
they even gave me
my earrings back

This people
does not want the occupation

the United States have occupied
our country
we have the right to defend ourselves

Our people don't want the troops

We have a right to defend ourselves

Doesn't want foreigners

I have done nothing wrong
Why should I be afraid?

Help me

I have done nothing wrong

I have always fought side by side with you