

## ALMA SHALABAYEVA STATEMENT

### May 29, 2013 – Day One

1. Everything took place at night – on the night of May 28-29, 2013. At midnight. The house where we were staying was shuttered because the windows went all the way from the floor to the ceiling. I was in the house at this time, along with my six-year-old daughter Alua, my older sister Venera, her husband Bolat, and their younger daughter, nine-year-old Adiya. Two more people were living in a separate little guesthouse – Vladimir and Tatiana, who were helping us around the house.
2. I was sleeping in the children’s bedroom with my daughter. My sister, her husband, and their daughter were sleeping in the adjoining bedroom.
3. A loud noise woke me up at midnight. There were people knocking on the windows and breaking the metal shutters with which we closed up the windows for the night from the outside. They were also knocking on the doors. I think they had climbed into the yard over the fence that encircles the house.
4. I ran out into the corridor and over to the main door. At that moment Bulat and Venera also ran out from the bedroom, having been awoken by the noise. They were very frightened. It seemed that a tornado or an earthquake had descended upon the house.
5. I opened the door and tried to ask them in English who they were. But they just pushed me aside. A swarm of 30-35 people burst into the house. Another 20 or so people remained outside. But in total around 50 people took part in the attack. I was not able to count exactly, since they were moving around all the time and had run off to different rooms. This was a whole armed gang.
6. They did indeed all look very frightening. Some of them were wearing earrings. They were dressed in black clothing that appeared to me to be old: some of them had worn-out pants with holes in them. Some of them had large gold chains around their necks. Half of the people had beards. One had a punk hairdo – with gel his hair had been made to stand up like spikes. They had no external identifying signs or badges showing that they were police or military. But then all of them did have pistols.
7. Among the attackers there was one woman, some 30 years old. She was dressed in denim. She escorted me anywhere I went in the house. She was never more than a step away from me. Factually she was keeping a watch on me. They all knew each other well and were constantly talking amongst themselves in Italian.
8. They took us into the parlor. We were surrounded there by a group of some 20 people, who did not allow us to do anything. We did not even have the opportunity to move, although our children were sleeping in neighboring rooms. In the first minutes, Bolat, Venera and I got horribly frightened and got totally confused from fear.
9. There was a frightful din in the house. People were rushing around the house, they were turning everything over, and there was wild commotion and knocking noises. I had the impression that they were looking for something or someone. But I could not understand a thing. It was only later that I finally understood – they were looking for my husband, Mukhtar Ablyazov. But at that moment I simply fell into a stupor. And at that moment I had only one feeling – that they had come to kill us. There was one thought at that moment – they were

just going to kill us all without a trial and investigation and nobody would ever know. They had burst in. And also, they did not show us any documents. No arrest or search warrant. We had no lawyers, no attesting witnesses and no interpreters. We were in complete bewilderment. I simply did not understand what they were doing.

10. Then, the head of this group got some kind of identification from his pocket. It was wrapped in cellophane. He waved it in front of me, and then quickly hid it back in his pocket. I asked him in English to give me this identification, so that I could examine it and write down his given name and surname. But he gave a short answer – no. He understood a bit of English and when he spoke he mixed English and Italian words. But when I tried to ask him – “what has happened” and “why are you here”, he did not answer me at all. I saw that he had in his hands some kind of package of printouts and photographs that had been printed from a computer. He had a little pin on the lapel of his blazer, but it was impossible to make it out, since there was a jacket over it.
11. Then, having collected myself a little bit, I began asking them in English “Who are you? Police? Are you police?” But I could not get an answer out of them. At some point, I began to suspect that these were not in fact police, but some kind of gang that was pretending to be police. Their behavior was too strange for police, too coarse.
12. I was very worried for the children. After all, we were all in one room and we did not have the slightest idea what was going on in the house and with the children. We simply got scared that they were going to rape the children. And at that point Venera explained with gestures and words that there were children in the bedrooms and that she needed to check on them. They allowed her to go, but somebody went right behind her. A small group of people followed. By that time they had also taken Bolat out from the room.
13. The telephones were located in the bedrooms and they did not let us in there. There were no telephones in the big room. When we asked about a telephone, they categorically said – no. We did not ask any more, we were too scared.
14. They kept an eye on our every move. When I simply raised my eyes upwards, they immediately noticed this and then they started digging around in the ventilation shaft.
15. The senior member of this group did not want to listen to us. He kept on moving around the house. In the kitchen was the staff, brought in from the little guesthouse. They interrogated them there. Two people – a husband and wife. Tatiana and Vladimir. Natives of Ukraine. They have been living in Italy for many years already. They have a residence permit for Italy. We did not know them very well. But they seemed like nice people. We had good relations. They simply watched after the house.
16. The head of the group asked us – how many people in the house? I answered – three adults and two children. And then I added – there are also two adults in the little guesthouse. I said all of this in English. He understood it. But the swarm that formed around me did not believe me. They looked at me malevolently and furiously. I could see that they were looking for someone but could not find him. It was very noisy. I decided to check up on what was happening with the children all the same. There was some kind of noise coming from the part of the house where they were sleeping. I got up from the chair, said “children” in English, and showed with a gesture that I wanted to go to check on them. But one of the attackers, who had earrings and curly hair, pushed me roughly so that I nearly fell, grabbed me by the shoulder, and forcibly sat me down in the chair. He was so angry that I simply got petrified from fear.

17. But later I collected myself all the same and started asking: “Who are you? We are not guilty of anything! This is a mistake! We need a lawyer!” No one had any intention of answering my questions. Nobody was listening to me. They were speaking in Italian and I did not understand them.
18. I did not even think of asserting my rights, since they were very angry. Of course I did ask for a lawyer, but nobody responded. I could not understand – are these gangsters or are they really police, disguised in civilian clothing? They definitely did not carry themselves like police, but like gangsters. I was feeling horrible stress.
19. At some point, I heard the sounds of blows and moans. Such resonant blows. Venera’s eyes at this moment widened in horror. I jumped up and started to shout that this was unlawful, that they were violating human rights. I lurched in the direction of the bedroom. But someone blocked my path, pushed me hard, and subsequently pointed at the chair, for me to sit down. I thought that it was all over, that they had come to kill us. That the enemies of my husband had hired them, and they were going to kill us all now.
20. Then the head of the group, who spoke a little bit of English, asked me: “Just who are you?” At this moment I got horribly frightened. I thought that if I gave him my given name and surname they could simply kill me together with my daughter. Her surname is Ablyazova, like my husband Mukhtar’s. And I said: “I am Russian”. At this moment, an Italian with a big gold chain who looked like a Mafioso from a film started to yell at me in Italian. It seemed to me that he wanted to hit me. He was very tall, tanned, and with an athletic build. When he was shouting, his hand began jerking in the direction of his pistol. I thought that if I did something wrong, this would be the last mistake I would ever make in my life. I thought that he would start beating me and would kill me. He continued to shout at me in Italian, I did not understand what specifically he said. The only thing that I could make out in this stream of invective was “Russo bitch!” I was in shock, I froze and closed my eyes.
21. Then they ordered us to produce a passport. Our passports. Kazakhstan documents – my passport and my daughter’s were both in the same purse. There too was my passport issued by the Central African Republic (CAR). I decided not to show the Kazakhstan documents, simply because I was afraid that if they saw them, they would kill me and my daughter. I decided to show the passport issued by the CAR. They had not found these documents themselves, because they were not really conducting a search. They were obviously looking for a person and weapons.
22. The CAR passport was diplomatic and I thought that once I produced it, I could stop the lawlessness. This passport had been issued to me in April of 2010. I was in Europe on my own Kazakhstan passport, all the notations and visas were in that passport. But since I knew that my husband’s enemies were keeping a watch on us and I was afraid that they would be able to trace my husband’s whereabouts from my own movements, we moved around in Europe mostly on trains and by car.
23. They ripped the passport out of my hands and started to scrutinize it, crumpling and twisting it around every which way, passing it on to one another, shouting something in Italian. They obviously had not expected such a document and were somehow excited. I did not understand anything. I asked, “English, please”, but they were not listening to me. They carried it away to the kitchen. Then they brought it back. For some twenty minutes I did not see it at all. They spoke about something in Italian. Then the senior one asked me, “Who are you by nationality?” I said in response – “Central African”. He said, “You do not look it.” Then I said once again – I am Russian. I was afraid that they would identify and kill me. I decided not to admit that I was from Kazakhstan, that I was Kazakh.

24. My sister came and gave them the Kazakhstan passports for her family with a separate Latvian resident's card for each family member. As soon as they saw my relatives' Kazakhstan passports, I noticed that they became animated and started intensively calling someplace and reporting something.
25. Then one of them started to show some kind of papers with Italian text on them. Computer printouts. There were photographs on these printouts too; they were bad quality. They were going through some kind of printouts in their hands, but I could not understand what kind of documents these were. But then they started to show the photographs printed on the paper. Of very bad quality. As if they had been made on an old printer. There were many photographs there. Subsequently a person who looked literally like a gangster read a surname on a little piece of paper and asked me: "You Zharimbetov?" I said: "No." Then he asked: "You Ve-ro-nika? VeronikaYefimova?" I said: "No." Then they named several more surnames I was not acquainted with. I do not even remember them. Then he asked: "MuratbekKetebayev"? Then he showed a photograph of some person – a black person. He asked if this would be me. This was some kind of obtuse action. His objective was simply to mock me. They started to ask if I knew him. And then he showed a photograph of my husband Mukhtar. He asked: "Who is this?" So they would not identify me, I said: "No". I just got scared that if I said that this was my husband, he would simply tear me to pieces on the spot, so frightful and malevolent did this man look at that moment, as he was interrogating me. I said: "No." I did not know what else to do.
26. When I attempted to assert my rights, the eyes of the person with the gold chain bugged out and he made such a malevolent face, and pointed to himself and said to me in Italian – "I am the Mafia". And he started to make a gesture as if he was pulling the chair out from under me. Obviously he wanted to scare me. This was very convincing and frightening. And the senior person did not even lift his eyes. I did not understand why he was doing this – was it true that he was from the mafia or was he scaring me? At this moment I thought that these were real gangsters who had simply taken the police with them for cover and had come to kill us. After all, they had surrounded us with a dense ring and we could not do a thing. At this time, another swarm of them continued running around the house and looking into every corner.
27. At some point they brought Bolat into the room. He had a red and swollen eye, a broken lip, and a wound on the bridge of his nose. His face was wet. Blood was coming out of his nose. He said that they had beaten him. I jumped towards him, but two people grabbed me right away to let it be understood that they would deal with it themselves. Venera began to express outrage, but they straightened her out. She started to cry quietly. But nobody reacted. I started to express outrage, in English, that you cannot beat a person like that, but they sharply cut me short, ordering me to shut up, and they brusquely seated me in my place. I could not do anything and felt completely helpless. They were pretending that they did not understand what we were saying to them.
28. They sat Bolat down at the table. They started saying something to him. He did not understand anything and started to ask for an interpreter. But to no avail. Then he asked to speak in Russian – "*russo please*". In response, some bearded person in a brown jacket simply struck him. I saw how he struck him. This was a blow with a warning – "keep quiet and do not act up".
29. They only began to write up a search record two hours after the start of the raid. They asked to be brought a computer so they could write the search record. Although I consider that they were not doing a real search, the way the police usually do. I got up and brought them our laptop. One of them sat down to type up the text. It took them probably two hours to write a

text that was half a page long. I got the feeling that they had not prepared themselves to write such a document and they were simply not sufficiently capable of doing it. Three people were writing up this record. They were writing something in Italian. The computer that I had brought them, a MacBook Pro, was for general use by the family. The children usually played on it. Some of them could not figure it out for a long time. There was no Italian installed on it, and they were configuring it somehow. They wrote something on half a page. Then there arose the problem of how to print it out. They tried to print this text out on our printer. Had they been writing this document out by hand, everything would have been faster.

30. They did not attempt to look for something on the computer, to check the files. Another computer, in which there were photographs, was lying in plain view in my bedroom – they did not show any interest in it. But they did show interest in my camera. They took it and started to look through the pictures on it. They found a photograph of Mukhtar. A photograph of me with Mukhtar. Him with our daughter. They identified him when they did a comparison with the photograph that was in their printouts. After they had seen this photograph, they decided to seize the memory card from the camera. They showed me the printout with the photograph of my husband and asked – is this him in the photographs in the camera? I said no. Later, their chief said to me that weapons had not been found in my house and they were taking only that memory card. They did not explain why they were doing this. It seemed to me that he wanted to double-check with someone that the person in the photo with me and with the child was the same person as the one they needed.
31. These people were constantly phoning somebody and consulting with somebody about something the whole time. At some point, I noticed that they had photographed me on a mobile telephone.
32. They finished writing up the record, in Italian. The chief of this raid team started retelling me what was in it in English. And then he said that they were seizing the memory card from the camera. He gave me a pen and told me to sign. Factually he forced me to do this. I had seen how they had beaten Bolat, after all. I had no way out. At this moment I had only one thought – to survive.
33. The whole gang truly was in a rage. By all appearances, they had not succeeded in finding anybody or anything that they wanted. They said that we were going down to the police station, where we had to sign something and then, supposedly, we could return home. But this was a deception.
34. They grabbed Bolat's Kazakhstan passport and my Central African one, and they also had Bolat's permit card for residence in Latvia. They wanted to take all the adults from the house, but there were sleeping children in the house, so they decided to leave Venera behind. The domestic assistants had gone back to the little guesthouse by that time.
35. Then they said to me – "get dressed, you are coming with us". The woman from the group went with me into the bedroom. She was stuck to me like glue. When they were taking us out of the house, I wanted to take a telephone, but the woman was watching my every move and I simply got scared that she would take it away. Bolat did ask to take a telephone – he gestured at the table where the phones were lying. But they did not permit him. They pushed us forcibly out of the house. They took the passports with them. But Bolat's permit card for residence in Latvia remained in the house.
36. When they led me and Bolat from the house, we did not have anything with us – no money, no telephone, no documents. We did not have either a lawyer or an interpreter.

37. When we got out beyond the fence, we saw 15 cars. All of them were without identifying marks as police cars. At first they wanted to seat us in different cars, but I began to demand categorically that they put us together. I was just afraid that they would start beating Bolat again. Surrounded by this escort, they drove us in an unknown direction. We did not understand at all where they were taking us and why. From time to time, they turned on police flashers. As if they were playing around. We rode for about half an hour.
38. They led us into a police building in the center of Rome. A high multi-story building. The car drove through gates. I only became sure that they really were the police when they brought us upstairs. They put us in one of the rooms. There were cabinets and a little desk there. It looked like a waiting room. They held us for some 40 minutes in this room.
39. Then they led us into another room where we had to wait once again. All this time in the police building, I could see people from the raid team strolling around the corridor. Subsequently they led Bolat and me into a room where the head of the raid team and several more people from his team already were. They said to me that we had to sign some kind of document. I asked – what kind of document? He started to say something about the camera memory card that they had seized. To the extent that I understood his bad English, we had to sign a document about this and they would release us, and if we did not sign, then they would arrest us. He also added that they would drive us to take fingerprints and to get photographed. All this was based on his words alone. In reality we did not know what we would be signing.
40. In the meantime, all those same people who had taken part in the attack on the house had crowded around the desk of this chief. In all there were 6-7 people in these tight quarters. Two or three of them kept phoning somebody all the time, just like they had been doing during the attack on the house. They were constantly coordinating their actions with somebody. Before signing the document, I asked: “Have you got a translator?” There was no translator. I was all worn out already and decided to sign, so they would let us go more quickly. I was afraid that they would send us to jail like he had threatened. In the end, I signed the document and told Bolat that he too should sign.
41. Bolat did not want to sign. He mentioned the word “*avocat*”. After this, the whole office started hooting and malevolently shouting at him and me. This was very unpleasant. They were shouting right into my face, bringing their own faces very, very close to my face. I even felt their breath. This was very frightening. Under such pressure, Bolat ended up having to sign after all. True, he managed to add the following in Russian: “I do not know what I am signing”. The people around us noticed this notation and started asking him what it said. But he merely shrugged. Bolat and I were in a state of high stress. I had tears flowing from my eyes the whole time.
42. Then they drove us in some kind of car to the migration service. It was the chief of the police who told us this – that same person with the pin who had interrogated me at the house and had not let me read his identification. He was with us the whole time throughout this night. He was wearing a black suit and a light-colored shirt. I got the impression that this person was not a permanent member of the team that had attacked our house, but had merely been taken along by them. He was somehow more educated in comparison with the rest. But there was still the feeling that they knew each other.
43. It was already after 6:00 in the morning. They told us that they needed to take fingerprints and photographs and after they took the prints and made the photographs they would let us go home. They deceived us.

44. They drove us someplace once again. Another car drove next to us. They drove us for some 40 minutes. On the bypass road, somewhere into the southeastern side of Rome. I had the feeling that they were taking us somewhere to kill us. That they would drive us out somewhere beyond the city and would simply shoot us.
45. We drove out into a suburb. They brought us to some kind of three- or four-story yellow building. Then the cars drove through gates into the courtyard. We passed through doors. There was a counter there on the first floor, and behind glass stood three policemen.
46. It was a bit after 7:00 in the morning. They took us in and told us to sit by the entrance and wait. We waited an hour or an hour and a half there. They explained to us that we were waiting for them to start the workday. At about 9:00 in the morning, one of the three people escorting us went down the corridor and into some kind of door, and was there some 10 minutes. He subsequently came out, came up to us, and said: "Wait." Then, after some time he walked there again. Once again he came out. And called for one of us. Bolat decided to go first. He did not know where they were taking him. The escort had a folder in his hands, in which there was some kind of documents.
47. When they brought Bolat back, he told me that they had special equipment there and that they had taken his fingerprints and had photographed him. He was upset and was complaining that we were not criminals. They told me to go there too. They led me up to a desk in a room with printers and different kinds of equipment. Two men sat behind the desk. One of those who were sitting got up, came up to me, took my hand forcibly and started to take prints – first each finger, and then – the entire palm. Then he pushed me away and told me in Italian to stand against the wall. I stood like that for some ten minutes, while he was printing something out. Then he led me into some kind of booth, pushed me onto a seat in it, and showed with his finger – look at the screen. They photographed me.
48. I understood that there was no sense being outraged. They did not understand English. The police boss was not with us. Only people from the raid team were left. They led me back to Bolat and we continued to sit and wait. Half an hour passed. Three men in regular clothes appeared. Our escorts handed them the folder with the passports. They discussed something out on the street. We understood that they had transferred us to this group.
49. Then using the stairs they led us to the second floor. There were enclosures behind glass partitions. They looked like preliminary detention cells. Beyond the enclosures there was a lobby where some civilians were sitting. I think these were refugees. The three people escorting us were constantly with us. They did not introduce themselves to us. One of them was graying. The second one was of thickset build, shaved bald, and wearing wide jeans. He did not talk. The third one was tall, wearing jeans. Possibly they were members of the raid team, but it is hard for me to assert this for sure. At that moment I was already very tired. Under the control of the escorts, we sat down on seats in the lobby. We were there for several hours from approximately 10:00 in the morning.
50. In the lobby there was a glass partition with little windows. Behind the glass partition stood desks, behind which sat people in uniform and in civilian clothing. There were also people whom Bolat and I had remembered as participants in the attack on the house walking around over there. They freely entered the area through a service entrance and were conversing and making telephone calls from there. Since the glass separated us, it was impossible to understand even approximately with whom they were talking and about what.

51. Then they started to call us up to the little window to ask questions. Several people were behind the little window, asking various questions. Factually I was Bolat's interpreter. They were asking various very simple questions, in very primitive English.
52. They were studying Bolat's passport and were asking him where he was from and where he lived. Bolat said that he was a resident of Latvia and that he has a Latvian residency card. They just could not seem to understand what "Latvia" was. They kept asking again and again very many times. One of our escorts looked at Bolat's passport and said – everything seems to be normal with the passport. They asked Bolat how he had ended up in Italy. He recounted that he had come with his family at the beginning of May and that he has a Latvian residency card and copies of the transportation tickets. Bolat offered to go and bring back the residency card and the tickets. At first they promised him that they would let him go under the condition that he would be able to bring the visa and tickets the following morning. But then they told him simply to sit and wait. Bolat asked, in broken English, "*I am arrest?*" They replied "No." "*I am free?*" asked Bolat. They said, "Yes." But they were not letting him leave. They pointed to the seat and said in Italian: "Wait". They did not want to give him back his passport. I asked in English, "What kind of problem does he have?" But they answered, "*no problem*". There are no problems, but we are not going to let him go – Bolat and I could not understand a thing.
53. They were calling me to the window constantly and were asking many questions. The people behind the counter had my CAR passport. The last time I had seen it was in the house, when the people who had carried out the raid on the house were passing it from hand to hand, leafing through the pages and crumpling it. And there I saw my passport with the people behind the counter. It now looked quite shabby and old. When I had given my passport to the people who had taken the house, it was a brand new document. Now it looked very old and rumpled already.
54. All the questions they asked me were about my passport. It seemed to them that it was a forged document. I was telling them that it was not forged and that it was a valid document. But the whole time it seemed to me that they wanted to find something in this document. That is why they were crumpling it. The questions were the same ones. Time after time. In bad English. "Who are you?", "What are you doing in Italy?", "Why do you have a forged passport?", "You have a forged passport?", and "When did you enter Italy?" were their principal questions.
55. In the afternoon, a woman jumped out from the office behind the glass partition. She had light-colored hair. She was Italian, aged between 35 and 45, taller than me, approximately 170 cm, of average build. I think she was not a natural blonde, but colors her hair. She wore glasses. She immediately started to shout at me. She did not even introduce herself. She merely shouted, accusing me of having a forged passport. She was speaking in bad English, but I understood her. Her behavior was very inconsistent. At one moment she was shouting at me and then suddenly she started smiling and was promising that they would soon let me go, that she herself would make this happen and that everything would be fine. I could not understand what her goal was and why this spectacle was necessary. I was already thoroughly exhausted emotionally and her shouting was bringing an onrush of tears. It was very hard for me to control myself.
56. I was telling all these people who were interrogating me: "Call the CAR embassy. They know that my passport is real. They will give you confirmation. Call the embassy." I do not know whether they called the embassy or not. I think not, because otherwise they would have had confirmation that my passport was real.

57. At some point, the escorting people decided to drive Bolat to the house for his documents. I told him – “get in touch with the embassy, let them provide confirmation that my passport is real.” But Bolat was not able to do this.
58. I answered the very same questions over and over. It seemed to me that these people were not hearing me; they simply wanted me to confirm that my passport was forged. This was like psychological torture. They asked the same questions over and over but did not listen to the answers.
59. The people who had raided our house were constantly nearby; they were walking between the desks. Apparently they were rotating in shifts. Those who were escorting us all the time – three people – were also rotating in shifts. After their lunch break, three other people came and let the three who had come in the morning go. I definitely recognized one of them – he had definitely taken part in the armed attack on the house.
60. At some point they led me behind the counter and sat me down next to one of the desks. They continued to interrogate me there. They brought Bolat back. He came up to the counter and slipped me a telephone with a little piece of paper through a door that was ajar. I grabbed the phone and started to make a call, but somebody snatched the telephone from me and gave it back to Bolat. He had short dark hair and a moustache that transitioned into a narrow little beard. They simply prohibited me from making phone calls, but did not explain why I could not call anyone. They simply did not give me an opportunity to get in touch with lawyers or with my sister to find out how my child was. After this, I still asked several times to be given an opportunity to make a phone call. But they never did allow me to do so.
61. All told, I spent approximately 15 hours in this migration building. A large part of the time I was answering the same questions over and over. I had not had anything to eat or drink since the evening of the previous day. I was experiencing stomach pangs from hunger and I felt nauseous. My head hurt horribly from the stress, the fear, and the constant tension. It was very complicated for me to understand their English. At approximately 21:30 I simply lost all strength. The thought came to me that too many people had seen me and that already it would not be so simple to kill me. I understood that I would not manage to get myself a lawyer. I decided to tell them who I was and why I was in this situation. Of course, I did not want to say anything without a lawyer, but I simply did not have the strength to fight for my rights. My nerves would simply not be able to withstand it. I sat down next to the chief of the migration service (at least I think he was the chief of the migration service; these people did not introduce themselves at all, so this is what I am going to call him in this testimony) and started talking. I admitted that I was from Kazakhstan. I said that I was from Kazakhstan, that I was the spouse of the leader of the Kazakhstan opposition. The chief got very animated and started translating my story to all these people from the raid team; there were some 12 people of them there. These people surrounded the chief and me and started to listen to my story. I told them that my country was being run by a dictator who has been in power for more than 20 years now. And I said it like it is. How Nazarbayev exterminates the leaders of the opposition. I told them how they had killed Altynbek Sarsenbayev and his assistants. I told them about Zhanaozen, that they had shot the strikers there. I told them that they had locked Vladimir Kozlov up in jail. I told them that all the materials are available on the Internet. Everybody listened attentively to what the chief was translating. I also told them about how and for what they had arrested my husband. He had said that they had held him in jail in an iron box. That all the wealth in Kazakhstan belongs to Nazarbayev. I said that my husband had one of the best banks in the former USSR and that Nazarbayev had taken it away. And now Nazarbayev controls the entire banking system of Kazakhstan. I told them that we had left for London. In England my husband received political asylum. I said that I have a Kazakhstan

- passport. That I have permission to live in England. It had been linked to my Kazakhstan passport. That I have a residence permit in Latvia. That is, I told them everything. That my husband had said on television how the president steals, that he has evidence about how the president steals. That nobody else possesses this information. How money is taken out of Kazakhstan. That Nazarbayev had ordered my husband's assassination.
62. As soon as I finished talking, I noticed that they started to turn off their dictating machines. That is, they had been recording everything that I had been recounting. The chief of the migration service also wanted to record me, but his battery had died and he simply could not do it. But he had wanted to record what I was saying. At that moment I was hoping that having heard me out, they would simply release me. I maybe gave them too much information that they did not need. I was saying only the whole truth about my family.
63. But as soon as I finished talking, one of the people who were standing around me said that I had a forged passport, that there were two pages numbered 36 in my passport. I replied that when I had given them the passport everything had been normal; all the pages went in order. He showed me the passport, but I could see that it had somehow swollen. Simply increased in size, probably by two times. They did not raise claims about how the passport was filled in, about what was written on the front page. They were saying that they had written only that there were two pages numbered 36 in the passport. But there was no way I could check what they had written – there was no translator around.
64. At that moment, they were not asking me about where my Kazakhstan passport was. But they did ask about the opposition. Trying to understand things more precisely.
65. It seemed to me that the chief of the migration service empathized with me, but I got the feeling that enormous pressure was being exerted on him. I think that he was afraid of these people, the ones who had raided our house.
66. After I told my story, they started to turn off telephones, and that is why I understood that they had been recording me and had suddenly begun to make telephone calls to someplace and run around agitatedly. After that, in literally 10 minutes, a convoy came for me. There was a woman there and two men.
67. They forced me to sign yet another document. The woman from the convoy only translated for me that it concerned entrusting my daughter to my sister for one night. I signed the paper, although I did not know what I was signing. The document was in Italian. I had a choice – not to sign – but I was under such pressure that not to sign was impossible.
68. They did not lodge any charges against me. They simply said, "Here is a forged passport and two white pages in it are repeated." And they were not allowing me to make telephone calls to lawyers. They were not even allowing me to call home. All this time I was isolated from other people. I was behind a glass partition. They had suspected that I was somebody's wife, but they did not know how to turn this against me. They did not know what charges to lodge against me.
69. Due to all this stress, I was moving and acting mechanically. I was thinking only about how to survive. In the course of the day they did not give me anything to eat or to drink. Only the chief of the migration service took pity and bought me a roll with ham. In my state of stress I did not even want to eat. I just took a bite one time and could not even chew it. I sat and cried and was afraid. I did not know where everything was heading, after all. They did not change their attitude towards me when I told them everything about me and about my husband. I was thinking that they would drive me out someplace out of town and shoot me.

This was a horrible state of fear and unforeseeability. And I was very much afraid that my child would be left alone.

70. They put me in a car, on the rear seat. A glass partition separated me from the driver and the woman sitting next to him. In the window of the car I noticed that several more cars were escorting us. They drove me away without a passport. At that moment I had no documents whatsoever.
71. When they brought me in, they led me through many doors. I passed through a metal detector. As I understood it, they had brought me to a jail. The next day, I found out that this place is called the Ponte Galeriadetention center and it is located next to the city airport Fiumicino. At long last I ended up in some kind of room. Someone asked me my surname and given name and asked for my passport in English. I decided to keep silent. But at this point people from the raid team started whispering something to the people who were working in the jail. All this time they were nearby. Factually they were accountable to somebody for getting me delivered to this jail. They were constantly contacting someone by telephone, reporting on something.
72. Upon my intake into the jail, they took away my shoelaces and wedding ring. There was nothing else to take away from me. This all was already around midnight. It was dark already. They led me to a cell. The cell was in that same building, but in a part that was separated from the office part by grating.
73. In the cell there were six beds and three women. One was from Africa; another from Colombia; the third – spoke Italian. We conversed little. Everybody spoke their own language – Italian, Spanish, Arabic. At that moment when I ended up in the cell, I understood that they had deceived me. They had told me that if I signed everything they would let me go. I was afraid. This was the first time in my life that I had ended up in such a situation. After all, I had never held a job; I had always cared for children. And here I had suddenly ended up a criminal. I felt a frightful fatigue. They issued me some disposable bedding and a polyurethane mattress.
74. I looked like an outsider there. I was dressed differently. I was wearing a red jacket and beige slacks. I simply sat on the bed and kept sitting there. I was in a dejected state. One of my cellmates felt sorry for me. This cellmate helped me make the bed and she tucked the blanket into the sheet. I thanked her. That is how I spent the whole night from Wednesday to Thursday in the cell. I do not remember when I fell asleep.

### **May 30, 2013 – Day Two**

75. On the morning of May 30, everybody in the cell started moving. The women got ready to go for breakfast. But at that moment I did not have any appetite. I wanted very much to phone my sister. I did not have a phone, although the other cellmates did have phones. They spoke on their phones undisturbed. I asked one of the female guards for a telephone. She did not give me a telephone. Some woman from among the detainees apparently felt pity on me and gave me her telephone and said that I could make one call. I immediately called my sister. But nobody answered the call.
76. I began to feel very uneasy. Everything was just shaking inside of me. I did not know what had happened to Bolat – had they released him or had they sent him to jail like me? I did not know what was happening with Venera and the children. Had they found lawyers or relatives?

- I was horribly afraid that they had stolen my girl after I told them the previous night everything about me and about my husband. After all, I was in their hands, but I did not know what was going on with my child. This was like torture, to think about what might have happened and why my sister was not picking up the phone.
77. At approximately 10:00 or 11:00 (I do not know for sure what time it was; I did not have a watch) they led me out of the cell. And brought me to some room with an Italian man in it. He was graying, thin, and some 45-50 years old, of average height. I do not know what his name was. He knew Russian. He said that he was the lawyer of this jail. He told me to tell him what had happened. I told him my whole story – how they had attacked our house at night, how they had detained me, how they had delivered me to the police station and to the migration service. He was listening, but was not really writing anything much down. Then he started to talk to me about the rules. He said that I could be kept in jail only two days. He said that on the morning of the second day I was going to have a trial. This trial could result in three decisions: either to release me, or to place me in detention, or to send me out of the country. He said that I needed to call the embassy of Kazakhstan. He said that he would try to connect me with the Kazakhstan embassy that day. I told him that there was nothing for me to talk with them about. I did not want to speak with the Kazakhstan embassy. I was afraid of the Kazakhstan embassy. I said that I would like to speak with lawyers. After this they took me back.
  78. They issued me a card that could be used to get food. They told me that phone calls could also be made with it. But I didn't have a telephone. I went to the place where they were giving food. The women could move about freely inside this part of the building. Everything looked like a big commune. I took food and gave it to a woman, asking her in exchange to use her phone, so I could make a call. She gave me her phone. I could make a call on this phone only with the card that they had given me. There was a pin-code on the card. That was how to use the money that was on this card's account. This was all included together with the food ration. I finally managed to get through to the house, to the domestic assistant Tatiana. She handed her phone to my sister and I explained to Venera where I was. She told me that the lawyers were already at work and would soon be there. After this they took me back to the cell.
  79. At that moment I had a sense of complete helplessness and hopelessness. I did not understand where my passport was; I did not understand why I was sitting in this jail. But I was just guessing that some kind of people in power in Italy had received some kind of special order and they were carrying it out. But from whom and why? I could not understand. But I could understand that something abnormal was happening. And this was frightening.
  80. I ate practically nothing that day. I drank some water. All in all I lost several kilograms over these three days. I had no appetite. I was stressed. At that moment I was in a state of complete psychological and physical exhaustion.
  81. A lawyer and interpreter came to see me after lunch. I did not spend enough time with them. I think that I did not manage to tell them everything. My thoughts were getting mixed up because of my worrying. They said that now that they had finally found me everything would be all right. The lawyer said that they were putting together some kind of documents. The lawyer gave me his phone number. I wrote this number down twice, on two slips of paper, just in case. After this they once again took me back to the cell, where I began to wait for the next day and the court hearing.
  82. This day seemed very long to me. At some point they took me again to meet with this Italian who spoke Russian. When they led me into the room, he immediately handed over a

telephone receiver. Someone from the Kazakhstan embassy was already on the line. I did not even know what I could talk about with this person from the Kazakhstan embassy. I could not count on the embassy's help. My husband had received political asylum from Kazakhstan and it would be strange for me to be asking them for help. But this man who spoke Russian passed the receiver to me and said that I had to speak with them. A man was speaking with me. He said that his name was Arman and that he was the consul. I did not tell him my name. I said that they were accusing me of having a forged passport. He asked, "What kind of forged one?" I told him about the CAR passport. To this he replied that according to Kazakhstan law you cannot have dual citizenship and two passports. I understood that he was not going to help me. I thanked him and hung up the receiver. I told this Italian: "That is all, I have finished the call". We said goodbye and they took me to the cell.

83. I forced myself to eat yogurt for supper and then just fell asleep.

### **May 31, 2013 – Day Three**

84. On the morning of May 31, they led me to some kind of premises where there were other detained women. There they ordered me to sit. In about an hour and a half they led me into some kind of room. A woman and a man were sitting there. The woman was in clothing that looked like a uniform. She was the head person there. The man was dressed in ordinary civilian clothing. He was sitting to the side of the woman. Three of my lawyers entered the room through a side door. It turned out that this was the tribunal that was to examine my case.

85. My lawyers began to ask questions about the reasons for my detention. The woman declared that the ground for the detention was the forged passport. The lawyer asked that this passport be produced. The woman declared in response that she did not have it. Then the lawyer began to say, "How can we conduct an examination if the passport is not here and there is no opportunity for us to understand – is it forged or not?" The woman replied that the passport was not there. And they could not release me – because it was not there. The lawyers were getting outraged. They were absolutely sure that the passport was with the administration of the place where I was being held. The woman kept shrugging her shoulders all the time. It looked like she too did not very much understand what was happening. The discussion was in Italian. But there was a Russian interpreter there, who interpreted for me. I could not participate in the discussion in a real way; the interpretation was coming with a small time lag. There was some kind of dead-end situation happening. Formally they could not release me without a passport. I am not sure I understood all the details of what was going on. The entire hearing took less than an hour. They did not release me, but took me back to the cell. They did not allow me to speak with the lawyers.

86. Again, I did not eat anything. After some time, a woman came into the cell – a guard; she gathered all my things and said: "You need to come out." I went after her. I followed her out of the cell, with my things. She led me out into the office area. Then in the office area there were some 20 people. Among them I saw the same people who had surrounded me on the first day, who had burst into our house on May 29. There were several of them. I again started to demand a lawyer. A woman with short light-colored hair came up to me. This was that same woman whose acquaintance I had first made when they had taken me to the migration service. This was that same woman who had been screaming at me in the migration

- service. At that moment I did not know her name, but of course I recognized her immediately. Later she called herself Laura. But how real this name is, I cannot say.
87. Laura came up to me, smiled, and said: "Call your sister please and tell her to give the child to those people who have driven to the house." I got horribly scared. What people?! Why do we have to give them my daughter?! I started to demand a lawyer and refused to call the house. She continued to insist. She said: "You now have an opportunity to meet with the child, we are going to bring the child to you for a visit. Your daughter has not seen you and misses her mother. If you do not call, they are going drive you off to jail and you will not see your child." But I said that I was not going to call my sister and that I was demanding a lawyer. I got the slip of paper with the lawyer's phone number from a pocket and said, "Give me a telephone please." Laura tore this slip from my hands and hurriedly ripped it up. I was just taken aback! Judging by the confidence of her behavior, she was carrying out somebody's assignment to the letter. She had been given an assignment and she was supposed to carry it out. She said that according to the law I could not now talk with a lawyer. That Italian who spoke Russian was also there. He was also trying to talk me into calling my sister. Laura dialed the number of her people in the house. These people passed the receiver on to Venera. Venera was just sobbing into the telephone. She said that these people had come by again, they wanted to take my child and they had taken all the telephones from her and she could not call the lawyers.
88. I started to shout into the receiver, "Do not give them the child, do not go anywhere without the lawyers! Only with the lawyers!" Hearing the Russian word *advokat*, Laura snatched the telephone and turned off the telephone. I was just shaking. They ordered me to sit and wait. I sat in this office and waited for something. I did not have an opportunity to make a phone call. The people looked as if they were waiting for something too. Some sat in the office, some walked around back and forth, from the office into the corridor and back.
89. Then suddenly everybody began to move, they started to make phone calls and told me that we had to go. I asked, "Go where?" At this time, the Italian who spoke Russian started telling me – "You must go." I said – "I need to call my lawyer." Then he declared – "This is impossible. According to the law you must go." Laura started to tell me that they would drive me someplace where I would be able to meet with my child. The people around started to rush me, "go, go!" Someone said more than he should have and let it slip that I must go to the airport. "This is pressing, you must go!" Laura was telling me.
90. They led me out onto the street and put me in a mini-bus. There were more than ten people in it; I remembered some of the faces from the time of the attack on our house. Laura sat down next to me. I heard that they were talking about Ciampino airport and understood that we were going there. The Italian who spoke Russian also sat down in the mini-bus. He sat down behind me and I did not have an opportunity to speak with him.
91. During the journey, Laura began to talk with me. She began to ask some strange questions, given the situation: "Why do you think it is so bad in Kazakhstan?" I began to tell her straightforwardly what was going on with the opposition, that Nazarbayev was a frightful person, that he used other people to do all his dirty deeds for him, and that he wanted to kill my husband. She asked me what kind of relations Nazarbayev had with the Russian president. I said that they were very good. When I finished, right before my eyes she dispassionately got out her telephone, which she had had hidden someplace, and turned off the dictation machine. She had been recording everything that I had been saying.

92. In the end we drove to Ciampino airport. Several cars escorted us. They led me into some kind of office and told me to sit. I must have sat there for about an hour; I did not have a watch.
93. Then suddenly they said to me that they had brought my child. They opened the door out into the corridor a crack for me. I saw my girl, and she saw me and ran over to me. I felt that it was some kind of horrible trap! Now the child was with me and I absolutely was not able to do anything anymore. At this moment, I desperately wanted to burst into tears. But I did not want to show my daughter my tears so I restrained myself. My daughter and I hugged each other. She seemed all puffy somehow, as though she had been crying a lot. She started complaining in a child-like way and telling me how she had lost me, how she had slept without me. I started praising her, telling her what a brave girl she was!
94. We were in some kind of small office. There were two desks there. There was no water in it. I gave my daughter a paper and pen for her to draw. The person whose office this was, some man, took pity and brought a roll with cheese for the child, a chocolate candy and a bit of water. I did not have any appetite. I gave everything to Aluasha. True, she did not eat anything particularly either; she just took some small bites out of the roll. I also bit off a little bit of the roll, in order not to die completely of hunger. It seemed to me that when they brought my daughter, they wanted to drive us someplace right away. But then something happened and we got delayed.
95. At first the person whose office this was sat with us. He was bored and started to show me his family, his children, on the computer. He did not try to ask me about anything. But then he left. We waited for a long time. There were no lawyers or interpreters at that moment; there was no telephone either. I sat completely without rights.
96. People kept going in and out. Some of them I recognized, because they had participated in the raid on the house. Others were people completely unknown to me. They were all dressed in ordinary clothing. They were walking around me all the time.
97. In the office there was a tinted window out to the main room. At some point, my daughter began to examine the people on the other side of the glass. She noticed my nine-year-old niece, my sister's daughter, on the other side of the window. My daughter started to bang on the glass. My niece also noticed my daughter. They both pressed themselves against the glass and began to play through the glass. The men escorting us saw this and did not chase my niece away. I asked them to permit my niece to come into the room, so that she could draw a little together with Alua. They permitted the children to play together. Someone called my niece into the office. The girls were very happy to be together. They started drawing. I quietly asked my niece to walk over and inconspicuously take a telephone from her parents and bring it to me. My niece left, but they did not let her back any more.
98. Laura was right next to me all this time. She would go out to make phone calls, and was constantly talking with somebody on the telephone and was coordinating her actions with somebody. She was trying to calm me; she said that everything was going to be fine and that they would let us go home. She showed a photo of her 9-year-old only son.
99. After a time, Alua had to go to the toilet. I asked Laura if we could go to the toilet. Laura led us to the toilet, which was located in the main hall of the airport. One of the men came behind us. On the way back, my sister ran up to me in tears in the main hall. She had seen how they had taken Alua and me to the toilet. We hugged. My sister was crying and kept repeating: "What is happening?" I had difficulty controlling myself to keep from breaking into

tears and frightening my little daughter. Laura pulled me away from my sister and said that everything would be fine.

100. I had already understood that they intended to remove me to Kazakhstan. I knew what this would mean for me, for my husband, and for my children. I walked up to one of the people who was sitting in the room and said in English, "I am asking for political asylum!" I said this loudly and several times, looking straight at this person. He pretended that he did not understand, but I know he did. There were another two people in the room, and Laura. They all immediately jumped out of the room and shut the door (but did not lock it). I remained alone with my child. I could see through the glass how Laura started to dash about the corridor and to speak on the telephone. I saw that she had just gone crazy! I remained alone with my request. Nobody was explaining anything to me. My daughter and I sat for another four hours.
101. All of a sudden, at around 18:00, Laura walked in. She grabbed my child and ran out with her. I threw myself after her. Laura ran through the entire airport. She was carrying my daughter in her arms and was joking with her somehow, tickling her, pretending that this was all just a game. I ran after them. At this moment I just was not even thinking about anything. Laura with my child in her arms was running in the direction of a mini-bus, which was on the interior side of the airport – practically on the runway. She jumped into this mini-bus. I followed her in. The bus drove off. This is how she lured me into the bus. Aluasha did not even understand anything. Laura sat her down between us in the bus. I started to ask what was happening, where we were going. But she did not say anything of substance. There were about another five people in the bus besides us. All of them, other than Laura, were armed. I saw how these weapons were peering out from under their jackets. They all were Italians. The Italian who spoke Russian also sat in the mini-bus. I said to Laura, "Laura, I want political asylum!" But she said to me so tenderly, "It is already too late, everything is already decided."
102. The bus turned around the corner of a building and stopped. This Italian who spoke Russian suddenly said to me: "Do not tell anyone that I speak Russian". At that moment I naïvely thought that he wanted to help me.
103. I and the child, the Italian who spoke Russian, and another couple of people got out of the bus. Laura remained in the bus. A graying Italian in a denim jacket was standing next to the bus. He did not introduce himself to us. Right away two people from Kazakhstan came up to us. It seemed like they had appeared out of nowhere. One of them introduced himself to the Italian, but I could hear. He said in English that his name was Armanand he was the Kazakhstan consul in Italy. I could not hear his surname. The second one introduced himself in English as an assistant and an interpreter from Italian. The second one was called something like "Nurlan".
104. The Italian said to me: "Now I will read out a document to you. You must respond – 'yes' or 'no'." He started reading the document in Italian. The man named Nurlan was translating the text. He said, "You must leave the child in the custody of Vladimir Simakin." I was in shock. This was a man from Ukraine who worked at the house and was our driver. Why must I leave my child in the custody of someone who was not a family member?! This was some kind of absurdity! The child has a family. Why did they not name Venera, my sister?! I did not understand why they wanted to take the child from me and give her to someone who is not a member of my family! I did not answer and said in Russian, "I am asking for political asylum."
105. This "Nurlan" from the Kazakhstan embassy interpreted my request into Italian. As I understood it, he had interpreted it correctly. The Italian said in English: "This is impossible." He said that a decision had already been made at the top, that it was already too late, but he

did not say whom it was who had made this decision. They asked if I wanted to take the child with me. That is, they put me before a choice – to give my child away to a little-known person whom I could not trust or to take my child with me. I was, of course, forced to say that I was taking my child with me. Why did they want me to give my six-year-old child over to a strange person? To take the child from him? I was simply horrified. I said, “I am not going to give away my child!” They told me to sign something if I did not want to give the child to Vladimir. I signed.

106. The group of Italians with Laura remained by the mini-bus, while I was taken with Aluasha to the airplane. This Italian who had read the document led us. Along the way, the Kazakhstan consul asked the Italian in English whether there were any kind of documents on us. The consul asked the Italian in English: “Please give her passport.” The person answered in English: “No. I do not have her passport.” The consul asked in English: “So where is her passport?” The Italian did not answer. The consul continued: “Please give some kind of letter.” And I heard how the Italian answered him: “No.” The consul only shrugged his shoulders in bafflement.
107. I got the impression at this moment that the consul was simply doing what they had told him to do and did not even really understand what for. He spoke no Italian. He spoke English badly. They were taking me and my child away without any kind of documents – without passports, without accompanying documents and without tickets. We were not going through any passport or customs control in Italy.
108. We climbed up into the airplane. A flight attendant met us and she said “Hello” in Russian. I understood that this was an airplane that the Kazakhs had brought in. Even the pilots did not ask for any document. Nobody was asking us anything. We were flying out without documents. Practically speaking, they had simply abducted us.
109. I was as if in a fog; I tried with all my might not to start crying, in order not to frighten Aluasha. I had had almost no sleep at all for more than forty-eight hours and was like in a fog. But I did speak with them. The consul – a thirty-year-old lad, has a daughter, two years old. The second one – three children. The second one was taller. As we talked, they pretended that they still had not understood who I was and why a special plane had been sent for me, and such an expensive one at that. They definitely knew who I was, but pretended that they did not.
110. This was somebody’s private airplane. Very luxurious. These people from the embassy were astonished the whole time that they had actually sent out such an airplane. The consul said that they usually fly through Byelorussia – it is cheaper that way. They wanted to watch a movie, and the flight attendant brought them films on disks – all of them were in Russian. During the flight, “Nurlan” spent nearly the whole time in the cockpit with the pilot. The flight attendant kept exchanging whispers with my escorts the whole time during the flight. She was speaking Russian. Something was obviously going on in the cockpit with the pilots, some kind of discussions with the ground were taking place. You could feel the tension in the cockpit. When “Nurlan” was passing by on his way to the toilet, I asked him: “So what are you doing there?” He told me that he liked looking at the instruments and at how an airplane flies. That they had even let him steer the plane. He was clearly lying to me. It was too obvious.
111. We flew for about six hours. On the airplane I ate for the first time in all these days. When we landed in Astana, I looked out the window and saw a mini-bus standing there and next to it – three people. The stewardess said, “You may go out.” My escorts were standing next to her – this was at the other end of the airplane. In the meantime, I noticed that the stewardess was passing some kind of papers on to them and was whispering something. But they did not go

- with me. They remained in the cabin. They told me to go out first with the child. I was simply in a stupor, this was already not fear, but complete stupefaction; I was thinking only about the child and about not falling. I was nauseous. At the moment, when I was going out, I saw that the flight attendant had handed the people escorting me some kind of papers.
112. They seated us in a car, and we drove in this car into the airport building. Three people were leading us in a bus. When we drove up to the building and I got out with the child, I saw that someone was photographing us through a glass door. But this person quickly ran away. One of the escorting persons remained in the bus, another stayed behind at the entrance, while the third passed through into the building with us. He led us through the airport. He did not have any documents either. There were some other people there as well; I did not remember them at all. I went as if in a fog; I was only thinking about them not taking Aluasha away.
113. As we were going through passport control, they began asking the escorts for documents. But some woman said the phrase: "They are going through." And they let us through. People were on telephones the whole time; they were jumping away from me every time their phone rang. They were on the phone constantly, they were accounting to somebody. "We are still in the airport, we are going through..." Not for a minute did they take the mobile phones away from their ears. They were getting orders and were reporting on every step they were taking.
114. Some person met us and started to fill in documents for us, asking surnames, and then asked the question – where were our passports? I replied that I did not know. He told me to sign some kind of protocol. My surname was there and it said that I had been deported from Italy. I signed. I did not pass through any other control.
115. Then they led us into some kind of room and told us to wait. Three people came. One said that he was the deputy chief of the KNB of Atyrau Oblast. "We have brought an order on the initiation of a criminal case and its acceptance for proceedings", said one of them, and held out to me some kind of paper. "You familiarize yourself with it and sign it."
116. I was served an order on the initiation of a criminal case against me and two other orders of some kind. They told me to read the order on the initiation of the criminal case and to sign a written pledge not to leave town. As soon as I regained my composure, I categorically refused: "I am not going to sign anything." And I did not sign anything. They said that while I had been in England, I had forged and issued a Kazakhstan passport in my name and the name of my children. I told them: "You understand that this is absurd. I have never laid eyes on this passport. Never held it in my hands. Never used it." One of them said with some discomfiture: "Why do you not go ahead and sign the document." I said again that I was not signing anything. Then he signed it himself, and asked another person to sign it too.

\* \* \* \* \*

Настоящее заявление было подготовлено первоначально на русском языке и переведено на английский язык по моей просьбе.

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This statement was originally given by me in Russian and translated into English at my request.

*Алма Шалабаева / Alma Shalabayeva*

22.06.2013

