**DIAKA**

**German Institute for Applied Crime Analysis**  *For a society free of human trafficking and related sexualised violence*

**Input for SR VAWG's report on violence against women and prostitution**

**Annex: 2 Survivors accounts**

***Katharina***

I was 17 years and eight months old when I had to sell my body for the first time in a brothel in Mannheim. There were 21 men that first night. I still remember how I felt at the time: my body reeked of the sweat of the men who had me, everything hurt me, my stomach, my vagina, despite lubricant and anesthetic ointment. My nipples hurt from groping countless hands. The next day I could hardly sit, my abdomen was one big aching wound.

The man I thought was the love of my life demanded this of me. A loverboy is a man who pretends to be in love with his victims, most of whom are very young, in order to exploit them later in prostitution. I was ten or eleven years old when I met him at the stables. The girlish crush turned into a secret relationship. At the time, I thought I had found the most amazing man in the world. He promised me my own riding stable, that we would get married and have children.

I was in bondage to him, he programmed me like a computer, or trained me like one of his horses. It was impossible for me to make a decision against him. After I was released, arrested, and sentenced to nine years, he was able to manipulate me out of prison. It was a long and hard road before I was able to break away from him. I was only able to do this with very long and intensive psychiatric help. In more than ten years, I have had to sell myself to 25,000 men. The perpetrator earned well over a million euros with me, I didn't get anything from it.

I have experienced prostitution as abuse, humiliation and brutal violence. No "normal" person can imagine how sick these suitors are. I had to be insulted, insulted, humiliated and used on a daily basis. The strangulation of prostitutes gives punters a special pleasure. And I have never earned more than on days when I was visibly scarred by the abuse of my pimp. By the way, to this day I can't write with my right hand because the perpetrator broke my thumb several times and I wasn't allowed to go to the doctor.

None of the prostitutes I met did it voluntarily. None. At first, I didn't understand why all the women in prostitution were alcoholics, or drug addicts. It quickly became clear to me that there was no other way to endure it. Alcohol became my best friend. Without alcohol, at some point I couldn't write my name or bring a fork to my mouth, I was shaking so much. Several times in the hospital, I was found to have over three per thousand and more when my pimp had once again beaten me to the point of hospitalization. I was on the verge of cirrhosis of the liver and was really scared to death.

For me, prostitution meant working around the clock, 365 days a year. Playhouses and brothels are dark places, if there are windows, then they are usually taped black, inside there is dim red light. And I often didn't know what time of year it was. It didn't matter, I couldn't get out anyway.

Are there really women and girls who voluntarily lead such a life? I haven't encountered one in over ten years.

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***Liliam***

At the end of 1994 I was sold to Düsseldorf, I was 14 years old at the time and came from Brazil. I grew up in a favela, there was a woman who was very nice to me, gave me food and nice clothes. And I had no idea that she was working with traffickers. Street children like me are prime targets for traffickers.

At the airport, my pimp met me. In the beginning, he referred me to pedophiles on a weekly basis. I still looked very childlike. No matter how bad the guys were, I always hoped to be allowed to stay. I wanted a home so badly. I wanted men to fall in love with me. I didn't know then that these men would never marry a prostitute. I cleaned for them, washed their laundry, cooked and baked.

At some point I realized that the man who had just rented me had a wife and children. They had only gone on vacation. And he lived out his perverse fantasies on me at home, even in my crib.

I was beaten, most of the men who paid for me were brutal. Nobody cared about me, I was still a child. Some of them really enjoyed it when they caused me pain. To this day, I can still see scars on my back from cigarettes I put out. In the favelas, we children sniffed glue when we were hungry. In Düsseldorf I started taking coke and pills. Life as a prostitute is unbearable without drugs.

One of my clients was a dentist in Bochum and he was the worst person I had ever dealt with. The pimp's driver took me to the office and the next few hours were just hell: I had to strip naked and was tied to the treatment chair with cable ties. The dentist started extracting my teeth without anesthesia. And in doing so, he satisfied himself and splashed me wet. I almost went crazy with pain.

Because he got so much money for me – you're gold to me, the pimp praised – I had to go there twice. In total, eight teeth were extracted in this way in three sessions. After the second time, I begged my pimp on my knees not to send me there again. I wanted to do anything for him, just not put up with it again. If you don't want to, your grandma in Brazil and your child will have to pay, the pimp threatened. He knew where they lived because he had allowed me to send them money.

After the third time, I couldn't take it anymore. I saw only one way to protect my family and escape this torment: I had to kill myself. It was hopeless, I had no other choice and jumped out of the window of the practice. It was on the third floor. I crashed into a parked car, which saved my life. My hips were broken, I was in the hospital for weeks. When I was able to leave, the pimp was back.

For eleven years I had to sell my body for him until I had the courage to leave him and flee to Italy. To this day, I still suffer from what was, I can never forget it. My marriage failed when he found out what I had to do in Germany.

As a dark-skinned person, life is hard in Italy.

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*The German Institute for Applied Crime Analysis DIAKA e.V. (i.G.) is an expert council based in Munich. The institute's work includes counselling, training and public relations - with the goal of a society free of human trafficking and related sexualised violence. DIAKA works supra-regionally, independently, neutrally, soundly and reality-based*.