

Hong Kong
Prisoner
Number: XXXXXX - XX

*A Zulu mother's plea to stop the trafficking of dangerous drugs
into Hong Kong*

Dear reader,

My sole aim of writing these short words to you, especially Africans, is to fulfil a promise I made to myself to be a firm advocate in Hong Kong's, anti-drug campaign. I am a young woman aged 25 from South Africa. A mother of three beautiful angels.

I am in jail in Hong Kong on remand and waiting for investigation of my case: trafficking in dangerous drugs, about 1.039kg solid Cocaine. Whereby, if I am found guilty, I will remain in prison for many years. I regret my actions and ask the people of Hong Kong for forgiveness from the depths of my heart for my wrong doings.

The emotional trauma and the psychological isolation I'm passing through now is something I would not wish for you, my brothers and sisters, to experience. That's why I took it upon myself to urge you not to be involved with drug lords or allow someone to use you to traffic drugs into Hong Kong or elsewhere.

Isolated here in prison taught me a lot of things I never knew in life. Separation from your loved ones is the most emotional torture you can ever imagine. On top of that, you get to lose your sense of maturity. Ultimate control of yourself is taken away from you. You are unable to make a choice or decision for yourself any longer.

Anyone who wish to still enjoy the freedom of life and the warmth of his/her loved ones should restrain from getting in touch with drugs or any illegal substances entering Hong Kong.

The punishment is equivalent of a life sentence.

There is no pardon or appeal process for a guilty plea and verdict.

Besides, let's think of the harm these drugs are causing in society as a whole. Let's think of the lives and homes damaged. I'm stuck behind bars and my children suffer for my stupid mistake.

For these reasons, let us consider these factors before we make a crucial error which we will forever regret.

Be extremely careful of people or friends you mingle with so as to not be deceived or tricked into trafficking drugs into Hong Kong.

Beware, stay away from drugs!

Thank you,

Prisoner XXXXX-XX
Tai Lam Correctional Centre for Women
Hong Kong

My journey started on the 28th February, 2016.

I woke up early in the morning around 4am to take a shower in my apartment on the corner of Kaptein and Klein Streets. The building is nine storeys tall; I live on the 6th floor with my husband and my three daughters. My city is the busiest and noisiest in South Africa. The City of Gold. Johannesburg. There is a Zulu saying: “E goli kwanyama ayipheli kuphela amazinyo endoda, nongenayo inkomo uyayidli inyama.” I will translate it later in the story; it’s both funny and interesting.

I enjoyed every moment which I spent with my happy family in this city. Thanking my husband for everything which he has done for me. Even now, behind bars of this prison in Hong Kong, he is still supportive, caring and loving.

How did this happen - me in prison? Leaving my own home behind in my lovely Johannesburg? Guess how:

I decided to take some days away to Hong Kong for business. I did everything business people do when about to travel: took my credit card, Passport, ticket, phone, ID and travel bag. Time had reached out for me to leave the house that morning. The cab was already down, waiting to take me to the airport. I was so happy and sad at the same time, leaving the love of my life behind. The man I left behind has been an excellent father, an exemplar of honesty and dedication. Hugging and kissing him, my tears ran down my cheeks. I said, ‘Goodbye Love, take care! I love you so much.’

Although he wished me good luck and safe journey, I couldn’t feel his words coz I was already missing him. Opening the cab door, getting in and closing the door - it wasn’t easy watching him walking away. The driver started the ignition, touched the gears and drove away. It took thirty-five or forty minutes to the airport.

Arriving at the airport, checking in and getting my boarding pass did not take much time. I waited for boarding and relax myself coz I like to be punctual every time, so that I can spend my spare time around the airport in those duty-free shops; buy shoes, make-up, and chocolates. Enjoying the atmosphere of the airport; meeting people with different cultures and traditions.

Boarding time reached, there I go, leaving my lovely country, home, friends, kids, family and my lovely, handsome husband; not knowing that prison is waiting to swallow all my dignity, happiness and freedom.

If I knew then what I know today, I should not have boarded that flight to Hong Kong via Dubai International Airport.

Don’t imagine how was my journey.

So fantastic and such good service from the flight attendants.