

At Dubai International Airport, I was to be in transit for a couple of hours. It's very hard to understand reality sometimes unless you were there to observe the movements and action.

Sitting on the transit seats watching people rush for the boarding gates. Fascinating and boring at the same time; I wanted to move to my final destination.

Out of the blue, a well-dressed gentleman approached then sat down next to me.

I thought, *He is a brother or friend?*

All my loneliness disappeared but, it was actually the moment when day ended and night began.

To this regretful day I wonder, *Will I ever see the day again?*

'Hi Sister,' the man said. 'How are you doing?'

Before I had a chance to reply he continued, 'Do you mind if I join you?'

'Suit yourself, Brother,' I responded but felt awkward. Little did I know that he had plans that would destroy my life.

We chatted: the man said he was a business man from Nigeria, dealing in mineral resources.

'Business is going well, too,' he said and embellished his tale further. Soon, he must have sensed that I was feeling more comfortable.

'You will be in Transit for a couple of hours,' he said. 'So, let's continue our talk in my airport hotel room.'

I trusted him by now; I wasn't suspicious.

So, I got up, he carried my bag and we took the inter-terminal train to the concourse, nearby.

An elevator delivered us to Floor 4, Room 3424.

He opened the door and I was mesmerized.

Whoa! I thought. Can't deny this man is a business man; a luxurious room fit only for executives; so lovely!

He ordered some green salad and juice for me.

As I enjoyed the meal, he introduced a new topic.

He needed assistance...

Welcome to Tai Lam Correctional Centre for Women, Hong Kong! Here I am talking about prison-life in a Chinese prison with Chinese people speaking Cantonese and Mandarin. Many more don't speak English.

1st March, 2016, being welcomed by lots of warders in this prison wearing Navy blue trousers, and white shirts and black jacket. Every one of them was hold a clipboard with few sheets paper on it asking me personal questions. Finishing from the first, second, third and then photo shot for the prison ID, you file is done for your new home.