

Later I was taken for X-ray for scanning me if I had swallowed drugs. I remove and swap my personal clothes for the remand uniform for winter: long green trousers and long-sleeve yellow shirt. While they do the body searching, you have to strip off your clothes step by step and they will be busy searching every seam or hem or collar of your clothes. I felt so humiliated to be naked in front of someone who I don't know and the worst part of all this I had to stand up straight and open my legs and squatting three times. Please don't imagine what I went through it will traumatise you.

First three days I slept in hospital department but I wasn't sick. It's their procedure and I left the hospital to another section for two days before I could meet the other remand people. I was so scared because I did not know what happened to the two ladies whom I met by the court and we came together by bus and then separated by Reception Office. It's now five days I don't see them. By the sixth day, I was taken to the remand day-room. On my way I heard a voice calling, 'Mzansi foo shoo' which is a slogan we use in South Africa. When I looked up where the voice is coming from the upper room of the dayroom where there was a workshop of envelope making. I was so surprised to see many black faces through the windows of Laundry and envelope making workshop. When I entered the dayroom, Whoa: three black people! And, about fifty-something Chinese.

I was given a paper with rules and regulations to follow while in the prison. The first rule: notify the Madam when you stand from your seats so that she must see where you're going. So, if you need to use the toilet you raise your hand. If you need to drink water or you need to see doctor you have to report. You don't need to share your food with anyone. You don't need to shout or yell. There were a lot of people from around the world: we were about nine South Africans, two Zambians, three from Uganda, five Kenyans, two Tanzanians, one Lesotho, one Ukraine, three Russians, one Mexican, many Asians including Malays, Thais and Mongolians. Also, South Americans from Brazil, Columbia, Peru, Paraguay, Venezuela, Bolivia, Honduras, etc. The lady from Uganda and another from South Africa asked the Madam if we could all sit together and talk, but slow and quietly. I wondered how these women ended up in this situation.

Their cases were the same as mine however, the many Chinese were here because of fraud, conspiracy, drug possession, indulging others to commit crime or over-staying in Hong Kong. These were people from Mainland-China, Vietnamese, Taiwanese, Indonesians and Philippines.

Time moved fast every day and I was getting used to the place. It's as if I have travelled to another planet where there is limited freedom and where there are many boundaries or lines you cannot cross without permission of the authorities.

In any case, being in jail by definition means losing many rights and freedom that most are entitled to. From the date of my arrest, I have attended Court uncountable times. My case was initially adjourned to 15th Sept, 2016 then 28th October and again to 2nd December.

Then, my first Christmas without my loved ones. I was heartbroken and decided to call my South African father and step-mum for the first time in ten months without knowing how they are going. Sometimes I would ask my husband about my family and write letters to them.

I just wanted to hear my father's words of disappointment I had brought on the family. He told me that it wasn't easy for him to accept that I was arrested and, to make matters worse, "with drugs." I am talking about a well-respected gentleman in our community. He's in the Diocese every day, preaching the word of God and guiding young people to be better in a better world where there is no using of drugs, misusing alcohol or smoking any substances.

A clean world. Preaching how to keep torn families together.

Here I am, caught transporting drugs which destroys families! I have betrayed God and I have betrayed my father.

The first words I said to him on the telephone were, 'Hello Daddy.' 'Repent my child,' he said. 'Ask God for forgiveness and come back home. I don't have any grudges over you but you nearly killed me. However, I forgive you.'

I cried out loud. The Welfare Madam came running and asked me if I was okay. I told her, 'These are tears of joy because my father has forgiven me.'

Then, I requested an emergency call to my husband. It was approved by the Chief Officer. I called and spoke to him and my youngest daughter. They were doing great but he had moved out of the rental house because he was not able to pay rent because he had lost his job and moved in with his family. This family was so supportive and comforting him to the great loss he had passed through.

For me, being in prison, it brought back a lot of depression, stress and anger in his life which is why he ended up losing his job.

When you are facing such situation you have to consult a psychologist for counselling.

It's not easy to lose your partner in such a way.