



Thai Women's Voices

The two Thai women who wrote these letters to lawyers and support group members are now in Japanese detention centers accused of two different murder cases.

Japan, December 21, 1991

Dear Friends,

My family's financial condition is so bad that my house is like a hut without proper wall, toilet, kitchen or bedroom. I was struggling to support my parents and other family members. I was told by an acquaintance to work at his restaurant in Japan and I decided to accept his offer, because I thought my family might improve their life if I send them my salary.

When I arrived in Japan in March 1991, my life was just like that of an animal. I was sold three times. I begged her (Thai woman boss) to let me go home but she told me that I owed her a lot of money and I must pay it back by sleeping with customers. Since then I was always scolded and forced to do all kinds of terrible things. It is impossible to describe here how horrible and miserable my life was. I was not allowed to go out. I had no physical or spiritual freedom. For six and a half months I was totally controlled by her. I was forced to sleep with men every single day, even during my menstruation.

I was intimidated, that wherever I try to escape, I would be traced and killed and my parents in Thailand killed as well. It was my responsibility to earn money and send it to my parents and prepare for my future. Therefore I searched for a solution. If you were in my situation, you would do the same thing. What I did was the only solution in order to be free from her. There was no other alternative. Please understand me.

Japan, October 22, 1992

Dear Friends,

"If you do good you'll get something good, if you do wrong, you'll get something wrong." A Buddhist monk used to teach me. Even if I'm a country woman with little education, I never thought of discrediting my body nor getting a night job. I only used my hands and feet to support my parents, my child and eight nephews and nieces ... I didn't expect any rewards for it. However, destiny misguided me. I believed what an evil man told me and I sold my body in Japan. I fell into a hell I never thought of.

I had thought Japan, as the whole world said, was a beautiful country with kind people. On the contrary, I came across human rubbish who lived on trafficking in women, the demon itself.

I, a clean person, changed into such a dirty and stinking person who could never be washed to be clean again.

I took part in murdering the madam and such a grave crime would never be forgiven in my whole life. Although, it was not me who actually stabbed her to death, I was holding her left arm and I'm ready to take responsibility for the mistake I made unconsciously. My clean hands are stained by blood. This karma (crime) could not be cleaned during my life on earth. The karma turned out to be the handicap of my foot and long detention ...

I used to struggle with a smile, but now I live in a dark world with nothing but the pain of my handicapped foot in lonely darkness and the fear of Japan.

I'm glad to know there are some Japanese people with warm hearts like you. Thank you for giving me white flowers, because they symbolize simplicity. I love white flowers.