

DESIRE FOR A CHANGE

How we were pushed
into prostitution

PROBLEMS IN THE FAMILY

SUNITHA We came from Hyderabad when I was 9 years old. I have an elder sister, three younger sisters, and one younger brother. My mother was sick since the time I got my menstruation. I joined in a house as a domestic help. The owner's brother always used to follow me, and abuse me sexually. Both madam and Sir were employees. After they went to their offices, he would make me sit and watch the movies. Saying that I looked like a heroine, he would play with my cheeks. He would put his hand on me, and it was uncomfortable for me. If I resisted, he would force me. One day he brought a cool drink from outside. When I had refused to take, he forced me to drink it. Within a few minutes, I got into addiction and he raped me. I cried! He said that if I

told Madam, I would lose the job. So I had to keep quiet. Taking this as an opportunity, he started abusing me everyday. I could not tolerate the abuse and left the home. I met an aunty at the railway station. She took me to her home. For one month, she took good care of me. She bought me new dresses.

She also got powder and perfumes for me. She used to say that it would have been nice if she had a daughter like me. She said that I was her daughter from then onwards. Aunty's work worked on me very well. I trusted her and loved her. One day she took me to a marriage. There she spoke to many men and introduced me to them. They all seemed to belong to a high-class society. They looked at me as if they would eat me. The next day, a big car came and stopped in front of the house. Aunty told me to wear a good saree. Both of us went in the car and after half an hour, the car stopped in front of a big house. We both went into the house, where I saw one of the men whom we met in the marriage. We sat in the sofa and drank tea. He got up and went upstairs. Aunty said, "He likes you, go with him. Listen to me. Don't resist, you will come up in life" and sent me up stairs. I could not say no to aunty and so I got cheated. Aunty used to send me daily to some men. However, she never used to give me any money. I was caught in a police raid one day. Aunty did not come to my rescue. I could somehow get out of it and reached to another aunty.



REVATHI I never used to listen to anybody. Father used to come drunk and beat me. I could not tolerate it and left the home. That was my mistake. I did not know where to go and so sat in the railway station. A man dressed as a monk saw me, offered me food, spoke nicely to me, and asked me to come with him. We slept at the end of the railway platform. This continued for three days. After that, he forced me to get money by begging on the platform. Slowly I was used to begging and it continued for one year. Then there were biological changes in my body. Everybody started eying me. One night this man came drunk and fell on me. He threatened that he would kill me if I shouted. I kept quiet. He raped me. In the morning, he behaved as though nothing had happened. He brought tea for me. He was normal for a few days. He raped me again one day. With that, I got frightened. I took a train, and reached Visakhapatnam. At the station, I met many boys who ran away from home. I mingled with them. Of them, some were good. Others used to give me dirty looks. One day I thought of my mother and cried. I thought of going back home, but I did not know where my mother was. I sat alone. One boy named Raju used to come and talk to me regularly. He used to bring something to eat. I would not speak to boys. In the boy's batch, Seshu used to behave like a rowdy. He always tried to talk to me, but I never cared for him. One day it rained heavily. The station authorities asked us to go away as there was a visit by a minister. Some of us took shelter in the goods train. It was raining heavily. Seshu and Das also got into the same bogie. When Seshu lit a cigarette, I asked him for Raju. Seshu said that he would be joining. I slowly went into deep sleep. After some time I got up suddenly when Seshu, Sreenu and Das fell on me. When I realized what they were about to do, I tried to resist but in vain. I took up prostitution after this.



SUPRIYA Prostitution is our family occupation, but I was against it. I married a man of my choice. He was very good to me at the beginning. But after six months, I came to know some facts about him – he had all vices, and he had cheated many girls like me. He used to drink a lot and beat me. He used to ask me to dance naked. There were no limits for his atrocities. As I could not tolerate them, I left him without telling him and went to my mother.

My stepfather started forcing my mother to push me into prostitution. As I could not bear it, I came back to my husband, who by then had already

been living with another woman. I pleaded guilty and begged him to let me stay with him. He did not care for me and threw me out of the house. I decided to commit suicide and went to the railway track. A train was coming at high speed and I stood on the track with my eyes closed. Suddenly someone pulled me out of the track and I survived. He was around 40., he asked me, “Who are you and why do you attempt suicide?” I narrated him my story He then asked me if I could live with him. I could not say anything and went with him. The next day he went out of station and I was all alone. After three days he came back and brought some new clothes for me. Since he saved me, I trusted him. He proposed, “I want to marry you if you are interested in me.” I was spellbound. He took my silence as acceptance and took liberty by pulling me close to him. With a lot of gratitude and with the trust that he would marry me I succumbed to him. The next day, he tied the sacred thread round my neck as a mark of marriage. I lived with him for two months. He used to go out in the morning and come back in the evening under the pretext that he was working for a private company. One day he went out, saying that he was going out of station and could not return for 20 days. But he did not turn up even after a month.

All household items were over and the house owner was very serious with me for not paying the rent for two months. I did not know what to do. I realized that I was once again cheated! Being helpless, I jumped into a water tank, trying again to end my life. Someone saved me and admitted me into the hospital. Somehow, my mother came to know about the incidence and brought me home. The story came back to square one and my mother very seriously pressurized me to get into prostitution. I sacrificed my body to my mother and turned into a machine... She lured me for money and dragged me into prostitution.



SAILU My parents died in an accident when I was 10 years old and I grew up in my maternal uncle's place. For the first two years, life was good. As I attained puberty, my uncle started looking at me with lust. One day my aunt went to her parent's house and my younger uncle went to work. He took advantage of the situation. That night my uncle forced me and had sex with me despite my constant pleading to him. He promised to get jewelry for me if I obeyed him. At



last, I had to succumb to him. Since then he sexually abused me whenever he had got the opportunity. My younger uncle came to know about our relationship and he blackmailed me to have sex with him as well. In the meanwhile, I became pregnant, my aunt came to know about my pregnancy, and became furious. I left home, as I had no other alternative. When I was in the bus stand, I met an aunty. I believed in her sweet words and went with her. She helped me in undergoing abortion and took good care of me. One day she took me out saying that we were going to her relatives' place. However, she sold me out to a brothel, where I was brutally tortured to make me entertain customers. I could not tolerate it and I took up prostitution.

LAVANYA My parents were separated when I was a child. My mother took up prostitution. During my childhood, many men used to come to our house and my mother used to make me sleep outside the house. I became



a teenager in this atmosphere and stopped my school after completing my VII Class as the high school was very far away. One day my mother introduced to me a man saying that he was my paternal uncle. My mother used to go out with him regularly at night and come back very late. They used to drink a lot at that late hour. However, my mother used to take care of me at the best of her ability and my uncle also seemed to be good to me. Once, my mother went out of station and did not return for a week. Then, my uncle took me out to show a movie of popular

hero Chirinjeevi. We went and sat in the theater and one of my uncle's friends came and sat next to me. After the movie, we went to the house of my uncle's friend. His friend brought food and liquor. I ate the food and went to sleep in a room showed by my uncle. My uncle and his friend took liquor for a long time. Suddenly I woke up at night as somebody was lying on me. As the room was very dark, I could not identify the person. I tried to push him but he strangled me and threatened me, "Listen, if you don't cooperate I will kill you". Then I understood that he was my uncle's friend. As I tried to call my uncle for help, he said that my uncle himself had sent him to me. I realized that I was at risk when he was trying to undress me. I kicked him in an attempt to save myself but he slapped me and hit me to the wall. I became unconscious. After I had come to my senses, I realized that I was raped. I could not find either of them.

PARVATHI I am the eldest of four children in the family. My father used to take care of us with lots of hardship. However, my mother always troubled us by not giving us proper food. She used to drink and beat us. She used to make me get liquor for her and everybody used to make fun of me. They would ask me if the liquor was for me or for my mother. All used to make fun of me. I could not tolerate it and ran away. I came to the bus stand. An old woman brought me to Narsaraopeta. She threatened that she would see my end if I did not listen to her, and pushed me into prostitution.



Differences with husband / siblings/ parents

SYAMALA : I got married when I was only 12 years old to a man of 20 years old. I was sent to my in-law's house three months after my marriage. There I used to work like a donkey. I never had time for myself. I did not know what sex was. My husband used to ill treat me a lot and force me for sex every day. Day and night, he would take me into the room to have sex. I became pregnant and when my mother-in-law took me to doctor, who scolded my mother-in-law for my being pregnant at such a young age. I was aborted. My mother-in-law in turn scolded me and warned me to be away from my husband. But my husband never used to listen to me and would always force me for sex. I again got pregnancy but I did not go to the doctor. I delivered a baby girl. Once I went to my maternal home and stayed there for many days. I didn't hear any news from my husband. I gradually realized that they were not interested in taking me back. My family started pressurizing me to find a solution to the problem as I had to take care of my mother and my daughter. Therefore, having no other option, I came into prostitution.

HASINA : Karim used to follow me daily, saying that he loved me. He used to say that life without me was useless. He was handsome. Slowly we developed intimacy, and we used to go out. One day, Karim's mother came to my house and said that she wanted to get her son married to me without any dowry. My parents were very happy and immediately performed our marriage. We used to live in a big house on the first floor. In our house, many girls used to come and go, even my mother-in-law used to go out regularly. I could never understand where she went. We all were very happy during the first six months after my marriage. I came to know about her only after 6 months that she would supply girls to officers. The maid in my house told me that before my marriage, Karim was married twice and both the girls were forced into prostitution. I

was frightened when the maid told me all these things. I was afraid that I too might face the same situation, and my turn came up.

VANAJA : I am 15 years old. My parents died of AIDS when I was very small. My maternal grandmother took care of me. I had a maternal uncle who was 10 years older than I. He is a farmer and my grandmother wanted me to marry him. So I developed love towards him since my childhood. Nevertheless, he never cared for my feelings, as he was in love with another girl in the same village. When I had told my grandmother about it, she was angry with him. But he could pacify her for the time being.

One day my grandmother went out of the village. I was sleeping after having had my lunch. I felt that somebody was feeling my private parts. I woke up suddenly and saw that my uncle was trying to abuse me. I resisted and I asked him how he could touch me when he was not interested in me. He said that he would marry me and so there was nothing wrong in having sex. I tried to tell him that we could have it after marriage. He persuaded me and forced me. Hoping that it was the best opportunity to get his love, I succumbed to him. After that, it became a regular practice for us. Whenever we were alone, we used to have sex.

One day my uncle came with a girl, and there was a group of village elders with them. As the girl was pregnant because of my uncle, the villagers wanted him to marry her. Hearing it, I broke down. My grandmother also was shocked. However, she told me that she would look for a groom and get me married. My uncle did not change even after his marriage. He would come into my room and force me to have sex with him. His wife overheard his words and shouted at me. I could not bear it and left the house. I reached a town, where one auto driver told me that he would take me to an orphanage and sold me to the brothel.

LALBEE : My parents passed away when I was a small child. My brother took good care of me. As we were poor, he used to work hard and fulfill all my wishes. With great difficulty,

my brother got me married, but I was not happy. As I had the influence of cinema, I wanted to marry a hero. But my husband was very dark in complexion. Though he was good, I could not accept him. I used to fight with him over petty things. When he tried to talk to me affectionately, I would quarrel with him. I didn't like to make love with him.

One night he tried to force me twice or thrice, but I resisted. He was angry and hit me. When I had cried, he apologized and left the house. Since then he used to come drunk daily. He started quarrelling with me. I also quarreled with him. He became suspicious. I thought that the conditions would not change and left the house and went to a nearby town. I was sitting in the bus stand all alone.

One of the porters in the bus stand observed me and asked for my details. He was very handsome and had a good physique. He asked me to come with him, and took me to his house in the evening. He said that his wife had gone to her parents' house. He brought food and alcohol. He drank alcohol. He offered me it, but I refused, as I didn't have the habit. After that, we ate food. Saying that we would sleep together, he pulled me on to the bed. As I liked him, I didn't refuse and we had sex.

The next day, he introduced me to his neighbors as his sister's daughter and told them that I had come to write exams. After 2 days, he proposed to marry me. When I asked him about his wife, he said we would take a separate house for me. He also said that he would search for a good job for me and whatever I earned would be mine. I felt that I did a good thing by leaving the house. He took me to one house and there introduced me to one woman. She asked me to go into the house. When I came out he was not there. Later, I was told that he had sold me to the brothel.

JYOTHI : My parents died when I was a small child. So I was living in my maternal uncle's place. I used to do all the household work. My uncle was good but my aunt was cruel. She refused to send me to school. I used to do all the work in

the morning and read my cousins' books at night. I didn't have proper clothes to wear, and I realized how painful it would be to be an orphan. My aunt brought a match when I was 15 years old. The man was already married and was 50 years old. My father's age! He also had children and his daughter was going to college and was staying in the hostel. I cried a lot but my aunt didn't listen to me and forcibly got me married. My uncle couldn't do anything. Everything happened without my consent. He used to come home drunk every day and torture me physically and mentally. I was scared of him. He was transferred to a place, which was about 3 hours away. Initially, he used to commute regularly.

But after some days, he felt that it was difficult to travel and thus wanted to shift the residence. But later he changed his mind. he was coming twice a week. One person, a distant nephew of my husband, used to regularly come to our home in his absence. Though he was elder to me, he used to tease me by calling me aunty and was jovial with me. We developed intimate relation and I was attracted to his words. One day he proposed to marry me saying that I could not be happy with the old man. Initially I resisted but attractions took over me.

One day he took me to a movie and he kissed me. He bought ice cream for me and asked if my husband would come home that night. I said that he would not as it was a Friday. He proposed to stay at home that night. Slowly he took advantage of the situation. He pressurized me to marry him and one day both of us eloped to Vijayawada, where he took me to an aunty under the pretext that she was his aunty. He sold me there and went away.

INDIRA : I studied up to 10th class and all my friends used to praise my beauty. As my father died and due to financial constrains, my mother looked for a suitable groom for me. One of my distant relatives brought a marriage proposal. They said that the groom did not want dowry and that he only wanted a good-looking girl. Everything happened quickly and we shifted to Hyderabad as he was working there. We used to stay in a suburb area on the

pent house made of asbestos sheets. We lived happily for six months. One day a woman came and claimed that she was his first wife. She caught his color and quarreled with him. I was very upset. We did not talk much to each other from the next day onwards.

I was then pregnant and was not sure what to do. Because I could not question him or go back to my mother, I kept quiet and wanted to look for a job. My husband started being absent from the house for a long time and I also didn't bother as he cheated me.

One day, I happened to meet my childhood friend Kamala in the city bus and came to know that she also stayed in Hyderabad. I told her my whole story and requested her for a job. She assured that she would stand by me and took me to her house. Though Kamala seemed to be simple her house was well furnished with LCD TV, Sofa, AC, house cleaners etc. I felt that her husband might have been very rich. As she proposed that I could stay there, I took bath and had dinner. I enquired about her husband but she first wanted to know my future plans. I told her that I wanted to get a job, get aborted and not to go back to the my husband, who cheated me. She immediately apprenticed me and proposed that I could stay with her and I accepted.

She helped me in being aborted and I took rest for a week. One day she said that she would go out of station for a couple of days and suggested me to be at home as there was a help in the home. When she came back, she brought very good cotton saris for me. I never wore such costly saris. She also took me to a beauty parlor and after an hour I couldn't believe my self. One day I asked her to share about her life, she cried and said that she was also cheated. After one week, she took me to a house for employment for me. She asked me to sit outside and went inside to talk to the madam. She came back after 10 minutes and said that she would come back in half an hour, asking me to go inside. Later I came to know that she had sold me out to the brothel for 1 lakh rupees.

Sexual Abuse / Rape / Atrocities

- PADMAJA** : I have two sons. Ever since my marriage, my husband was suspicious. I thought that as time passed he would realize, but his suspicion grew more and more. I could not tolerate it and left the house with my children. Having no other option, I took up prostitution.
- REVATHI** : My father died when I was young. My mother used to work and feed us. I am the only daughter for my mother and I have four elder brothers. My brother raped me. When I told my mother about it, she asked me to keep quiet. I could not tolerate being abused by my own brother and the indifference of my mother. I left the house. I was abused by many people. Later I took up prostitution.
- GANGA** : My parents died when I was young. I had one elder sister. After her marriage, my brother-in-law sexually abused me. I complained to my mother. But she said that it was not an issue to bother about as he was my brother-in-law. I could not tolerate it. I left home. I was cheated and brought into prostitution.
- SRAVANI** : My parents were separated. I stayed with my father. When I reached puberty, my father stopped me from going out. If I went out, he used to be very suspicious. He used to ask me with whom did I sleep. I could not tolerate it. I left the house to come to my mother. But on the way I was cheated and forced into prostitution.
- SONI** : I entered into an argument with my brother and sister-in-law. I left the home and took a train. I was raped by four people in the train. This happened for three days continuously. I became unconscious. When I came to senses, I found myself in a brothel house.

Friends

NAGAMALLESWARI : My father died, and my mother was living with another man. I was working in a cotton mill, where we had work for 6 months and for another 6 months we did not have work. My mother fell ill and the man she trusted left us. We had no money. When I asked my friend for financial support, she advised me to get into prostitution and brought me to this place.

ARUNA : After the death of my parents, I was staying with my aunt. I was doing embroidery on saris and earning money. My friend Kumari said that we could not earn much in it. She suggested that I should do something else for more money, with which I could marry a rich man and live a happy life. She said that if I closed my eyes for 5 minutes it would be enough and I would get money. She pushed me into this by thus instigating me.

LAKSHMI : I was born in a very poor family. However, I always dreamt of a luxurious life. I could do anything to fulfill my wish. My friends took advantage of it and they brought me into prostitution.

NAGAMANI: My mother died and my father married again. My step-mother was very cruel to me. I used to share my sorrows with my friend. One day, my friend introduced me to her aunt. She heard my story and felt pity. My friend said that she was kind and that she had found employment for many. She persuaded me to go with her. I went with her and she brought me to the brothel.

DURGA : I used to work in a cotton mill, where I had a friend called Malleswari. Whenever we had free time, she used to take me to one woman named Madhavi. My friend used to do prostitution there. She also made me do that and that was how I gradually got into it.

How we live

INCOME IS INSUFFICIENT :

- Indira** : The income that we get in prostitution is taken mostly by the owners.
- Jyothi** : We have to pay the brokers from our share of earnings.
- Nagamani** : We get very little of what we actually earn. Most of our earnings are taken away by others.

MAJOR SHARE TO THE POLICE

- Durga** : If we are caught in police raids, we have to pay a lot of money to the police to come out.
- Syamala** : Even to continue in prostitution, we need to bribe the police. Police say that they will not let us live with peace unless we pay them from what we earn.

DON'T HAVE PROPER SLEEP

- Mastani** : In this profession, many customers come at night. So we do not have proper sleep. We are made to attend to customers night and day. We don't have rest.
- Sirisha** : Madams force us to go even if we are tired or sick saying that they have taken money from the customers.

PHYSICAL AND VERBAL ABUSES BY CUSTOMERS

- Sufia** : There are different types of customers who come to us. They abuse us both sexually and physically.
- Neha** : One hurts the entire body. One burns with cigarettes. Some customers take pleasure in speaking filthy language. Some pretend to be good after they come into the room. But they ill-treat us while leaving us. Many customers hurt us either physically or mentally and enjoy themselves.
- Lalitha** : Some of the customers do not use condoms. They say that if we don't insist on use of condom, they will pay more. If we refuse to listen to them, then they will beat us and force us to obey them.

Health

- Swarupa** : Here there is nobody to care for our health. Even if we suffer from a fever, we will have to entertain customers. We get different diseases from the customers.
- Malleswari** : Once you get into prostitution, you don't have time to think about your health.
- Nageena** : Because some of them refuse to use condoms, we contract many diseases from them and as a result of that we suffer a lot.
- Jyothi** : We all know that we will have to suffer from different diseases. We cannot do any thing but to continue to entertain customers. Even when you are ill, you must be ready to entertain men. Some of the prostitutes are suffering from AIDS. There is none to bother about or take care of them

Self respect:

- Lavanya** : After entering into this, we have to listen to many things from many people. We have to listen to the taunts of people in and out of the family. There is no respect for us in the family
- Lakshmi** : There are many people, who intentionally ill treat us to make us feel hurt.
- Mastani** : The customers, owners, rowdies and brokers — all of them verbally and physically abuse us.
- Rajeswari** : During raids, the police take away all the money we have and they talk ill of us. The customers, brokers and madams ill-treat us.
- Syamala** : I have children. If they come to know about my profession, I will forego their respect and love for me. They will also hate me.
- Indira** : Because of me and my profession, even my children cannot expect sympathy or respect from the society. They cannot be allowed to mingle with other children.
- Revathi** : They face discrimination in the school also. When they feel that their mother is into prostitution, they feel bad about themselves as well.

How and why we do this

- Malleswari** : Discrimination in the society
- Padmaja** : There will be no respect in the society.
- Neha** : Parents will not welcome me.
- Jyothi** : Nobody would marry me.
- Sufia** : There is no other way to take care of my children.
- Sravani** : I do not have security.
- Parvathi** : I do not have a house. Where do I go?
- Soni** : Relatives will not accept me.
- Lavanya** : We are used to bad habits, like consuming alcohol and tobacco. It is difficult to get rid of these vices.
- Syamala** : My children will treat me as an enemy.
- Nageena** : My situation is such that nobody would believe me.
- Vanaja** : I am unable to understand who is good and who is bad.
- Sailu** : Nobody will give me any work
- Indira** : People Know what I do, and so they will not take care of my children
- Lal Bee** : People are least bothered about our sorrows and joys. Nobody will stand by us in difficulties or happy moments.
- Revathi** : When my own brother has raped me, how can I trust anybody else? What others will do to me?
- Ganga** : I don't have the courage to face the society

How Law Enforcement agencies act

- Supriya** : I have noticed in a number of cases that the police register cases against the women in prostitution without booking cases against the traffickers, madams, brothel owners and brokers, who are responsible for forcing many innocent girls and women like us into prostitution. It is a well-known fact that the police take a lot of money from them.
- Revathi** : When I was doing prostitution in Tirupati on contract basis, I was taken to Kolkata for a meeting with NGOs on legalization of prostitution. The essence of the meeting was that if prostitution was legalized, the prostitutes would be protected from gangsters, traffickers and police. I do believe that it is impossible. Now prostitution is not legalized, yet many brothels are there and prostitution is everywhere. How many traffickers, brokers and brothel owners are convicted? What I mean to say is that when it is not legalized, the net of the traffickers is strong, and if the prostitution is legalized how stronger would it grow? So if it is legalized, the police and the traffickers would benefit, while many other innocent girls and women would be dragged into it.
- Sunitha** : I think that legalization of prostitution cannot be possible. In prostitution, you won't see humanity, but only exploitation. The more a prostitute is exploited, the more the brothels and the traffickers earn. There are no morals, no concerns, no sympathies. The prostitutes are deprived of their rights, and they must live like slaves. I have seen so many girls and women in prostitution, and nobody has ever said that this profession is satisfactory or that she has saved money or that she has educated her children or that she has no regrets.
- Lavanya** : I do not appeal for the legalization of prostitution. Instead of debating on legalization, enact Laws and strictly implement them to severely punish all the people who make a lot of money by exploiting us. Then only most of the problems will be solved.
- Vanaja** : I raise my voice for banning prostitution. The police should be very severe with the exploiters and traffickers. There should be an extensive campaign to make the public realise how miserable the lives of girls and women forced into prostitution would be..

Our dreams

- Indira** : Presently I teach for the younger children at the HELP Home. I want to undergo a teacher-training program on different teaching methods. I would like to work as a regular teacher at a school and look after my daughter well. I want to live a happy and independent life. But can I fulfill this dream?
- Jyothi** : I don't have too many ambitions or dreams. But the only wish I have is to get married and live happily with my husband and my children. But is it possible for me? Who can understand me and support me to make it a reality?
- Lalbee** : I am 22 years old now. I have lost faith in marriage and in men. My only desire is to protect my children from being exploited or abused, and to see that they feel secure about life. However, the question iswhere and whom can I seek support from?
- Revathi** : I desire to run a small business unit, and provide employment in it for some victims like me. I am confident that I can manage the business effectively, given my undergoing in-depth training in bakery, sanitary-napkin making, tailoring etc at the HELP Home. But who can support me?
- Ganga** : I want to finish Class 10. If NGOs like HELP give me a job opportunity to work as a counselor or outreach worker, I would intend to serve many victims like me.
- Lavanya** : My boy friend works in a hotel. I would like to marry him and run a small hotel of our own. Thus, I want to live happily with him and children.
- Syamala** : I have a peculiar dream. I wish I lived with my parents and enjoyed my childhood in my own community. I always try to be positive and happy, even though it is often difficult to be so. However, the reality is that I am a nobody and even my parents don't want me.
- Sufia** : I have not entered into prostitution by choice. I was forced into it by a some people strategically. Thus, I have suffered physically, psychologically and socially. However, the person responsible for all my miseries is happy and is in the same community. I wish he had been arrested and convicted severely. But who listens to my plea?

Our desires

- Malleswari** : Many victims are gradually realizing the reality. They know how miserable this kind of life is. We all are determined to come out of this web. Please understand our situation and cooperate with us to live our own life. Please treat us as you treat any other normal woman and involve us in all social activities. Then you will certainly notice a great deal of change in us.
- Revathi** : None of us have willingly taken to prostitution by choice. We come across many people, who either humiliate us or pretend to be sympathetic to us. Of the hundreds of men we have entertained, none has genuinely cared for us or supported us to come out of this. Give us an opportunity... and see how honestly we live and how we help many other victims live like us.
- Ganga** : If HELP had not stood by our side, we would have still been living a miserable life of a prostitute. HELP has imparted different vocational trainings for us. If anybody or any agency supports us, we would live a decent life with alternative livelihoods.
- Lalbee** : When I was doing prostitution, I was addicted to gutkhas and alcohol, and I neglected my children. But here in the HELP Home, I feel the difference and I realize what I have lost, because I live here with my children. I want to be with my children always and to take care of them well. Can you please help me in this regard?
- Vanaja** : I am fed up with the kind of life that I live. I am not sure when the police catch me or when I have to face the wrath of madams or abuse by customers. We live but we do not know what life is about. I no longer want this life. I want peace of mind. If somebody employs me, I would be happy and would work hard. I don't expect a higher salary. If I can survive, that's enough. But who is prepared to employ me?
- Syamala** : My life is meaningless for me. But it should not be so for my children. I want them to attend a good corporate English medium school and prosper in life. But who will bear the costs of their education?

- Indira** : If I say that I want to get married, you will laugh at me. But that's my strong wish. There are many women, who sleep with other men without the knowledge of their husbands. But when it comes to us, it will be ridiculous for you. I did not come into prostitution myself. If this trade is not of my choice, why do you stigmatise me? Yes, I want to live the life of a housewife, and look after my husband and my children with care and love. However, the question to which either you or I do not have answer is ...who will marry me?
- Sufia** : My parents and my relatives will not accept me. My children do not have father. I wish to provide at least a safe shelter for my children. I want to live in a house of my own with my children. But I do not know how to own a house with no money in my hands.

