



EVERY TIME THE MEN
IN BLACK COME




MY HEART
STARTS RACING




JUST LIKE
THAT TIME

JUST LIKE THE DAY
MY SON WAS TAKEN FROM ME




A person is lying on a dark-colored couch in a dimly lit room. They are wearing a light-colored long-sleeved shirt and dark shorts. The lighting is low, creating a somber atmosphere.

MY SON AND I
WERE AT HOME

A person is standing in a doorway, looking out into the night. Outside, it is raining heavily, with vertical streaks of water visible against the dark background. The person is wearing a light-colored hoodie.

WHEN THEY KNOCKED
ON THE DOOR

A close-up profile of a person's face, looking towards the left. The person has dark hair and is wearing a dark jacket. The background consists of vertical blinds or curtains, with light filtering through in vertical stripes.

HOW CAN I HELP YOU?



MA'AM, OPEN THE DOOR



**I DIDN'T
WANT TO OPEN**




BUT THEY BROKE IN

**THIS IS A
SECURITY PROCEDURE,
MA'AM, STEP ASIDE!**

LET HIM GO!
HE'S DONE NOTHING WRONG!





I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING
AND I STARTED PRAYING,
ASKING GOD AND VIRGIN MARY
TO HELP ME. TO SAVE MY SON



BUT THEY KILLED HIM



THEY SAY
HE WAS A CRIMINAL.
THEY SMEARED
HIS NAME



THEN THEY PULLED
THE BULLETS OFF THE WALL
AND BROKE THE FURNITURE
LOOKING FOR A GUN
THAT WASN'T THERE

THEY STOLE
WHAT THEY
COULD AND LEFT...



FORTUNATELY,
MY NEIGHBORS HELPED ME
PAY FOR THE BURIAL

SOMETIMES I FEEL
HE'S STILL HERE



I FEEL ANGER



I FEEL SADNESS





IF MY SON HAD BEEN A CRIMINAL,
I WOULDN'T RAISE MY VOICE,
BUT I KNOW MY SON WAS INNOCENT



I'VE TAKEN
THE CASE TO THE
PROSECUTOR'S
OFFICE



DON'T WORRY.

WE'RE GOING
TO WORK ON IT



BUT THEY GIVE
ME NO ANSWER



NOBODY PAYS
FOR THEIR CRIMES HERE



BUT I WON'T
STOP UNTIL
I CLEAR MY SON'S NAME



EVERYDAY



AND I KNOW
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE



AND WE ALL
WANT JUSTICE