

JUST LIKE THE DAY MY SON WAS TAKEN FROM ME





WHEN THEY KNOCKED ON THE DOOR







WANT TO OPEN

BUT THEY BROKE IN

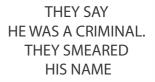
THIS IS A SECURITY PROCEDURE, MA'AM, STEP ASIDE!

> 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



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...

N



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



FOR THEIR CRIMES HERE





AND I KNOW I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE

AND WE ALL WANT JUSTICE