

**Marie**

**Testifying on HB 2019 SB 673**

**March 25, 26<sup>th</sup> 2013**

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**Age 5:** I was about 5 years old when I was first involved in Child pornography. The main question that I've gotten, how could this happen and your mom not intervene. The answer, my stepdad would tell my mom that we were going to McDonalds when really we were going to someone else's house.

**Age 9:** At nine years old my step dad took my virginity and he starting selling me to guys he called his friends,

**Age 11:** I was 11 when I was first introduced to IV drugs. I had run away many times from the time I was 7 to the age of 12. One time when a police officer brought me back home I told him what was going on and he still gave me back to my parents. The last time I ran at 12 I spent a lot of time on the streets where I felt safer. I never really broke away from him for any substantial time until 12.

**Age 12:** I woke up one night and saw my step dad in bed with my 2 year old sister, making sexual body movements on her, and I knew I had to tell someone. I had thought he would leave my little sister and brother alone if he had me. I told someone at school the next week and they came and took us all out of the home and placed us in separate homes.

**Age 12:** I ran from the foster care. Child Protective Services filed a missing children's report. I spent most of a year on the streets staying in vacant houses with a small group of homeless kids.

**Age 13:** On my 13<sup>th</sup> birthday a so called friend of mine took me to a park. My dad was there and put me in the car and took me back to the house. I don't know why my friend did this but I think my step dad approached him on the pretense of helping me. I was again sold to friends but this time I was locked in the basement. While I was listed as a missing child, people were not looking for me at home. That's probably when I really felt mad. My thinking was more vengeful, but there was nothing I could do.

**Age 14.5:** I was about 14.5 when I had my son in the basement as a result of one his friends. Soon after my baby boy was born my step father took me down to Las Vegas to a woman in a trailer park. I know little about her but that I should get out of there so I ran from the persons house where he put me. I worked under the table doing telemarketing saying I was 22 and I lived with a pastor & his wife, but I never told my story.

**Age 15:** Right after my 15<sup>th</sup> birthday detectives found me, put me in the juvenile place, and they put my 4 month old son in child haven. They said they had received an anonymous tip but I don't know who it would have been. They sent someone down to get me & my son & brought us back to Washington. My son and I were separated. They put me in a group home and I assume they put him in a foster to adopt home. I took off from the group home.

**Age 15-16:** One night at a drug party I met a man in his 30s. **He was very nice to me and I stayed with him until I was about 16.** I would learn later that he is what is called a finesse pimp. He gave me nice clothes, good food, a nice home, and drugs. He always said he just wanted to make me happy. He never beat me or hurt personally. He did sell me for sex at parties at very large homes to politician, doctors, and other powerful people with expensive cars and cloths. All up and down Interstate-5 in Washington and Oregon.

**Age 16:** I took off from him and went back to the streets. I wanted to be a kid with a normal family and life again but that wasn't to be. I went back to abandoned homes and doing drugs, selling drugs, and just being mad at the world. I wasn't prostituting, I never prostituted myself when I lived on the streets. I was just walking to the mall one day in the rain when a car pulled up and offered me a ride. Instead of proceeding to the mall, he took me home and locked the garage. I went into the house where the doors locked from the inside. He took the stance of a boxer and came at me. He busted my lip.

I ran to the garage and got into the unlocked car. He got in and said he would take me back to the mall but instead drove under a bridge over pass where he told me I wasn't getting out. He had the doors locked somehow from the inside and I couldn't get out. He started hitting me and I stabbed him with a little knife I always carried for protection. He got out of the car bleeding and I was able to get out of the car then also. He had somehow unlocked my side as well. I stood watching him and the people slowly gathering around us for quite a while. I think I might have been in shock. A woman screamed at me and I left. The police came a few weeks later and arrested me in a low income housing development.

The lawyer representing me said that five or six women I never met came forward from the community to support me. They were interviewed by the lawyers and gave testimony that the man had beaten them up also. He was their regular John. While this should have supported my defense it could have also affirmed me as a prostitute unworthy of a defense penalty somehow. My attorney felt that because of who I was I should take the deal. It seems I did not deserve the self-defense plea. While they never called me a prostitute in the process they seemed to imply that I somehow should accept the violence that came with that title. They said I couldn't get self-defense because I had a weapon and he didn't. His fists seemed like a weapon to me. They arranged a plea deal and said they would go for 28 years if I went to trial. I was charged with manslaughter and sent to adult prison where I served 5 years. I had always wondered if I was an ordinary teen from a good home who was picked up walking to the mall, then beat up by a man, and found bleeding with a split lip, if I would have ever gone to jail. Would they have taken the time to have gone back to his house to see the doors that locked from the inside and took the time to listen to the women who said this former boxer had hurt them to.

I am now working for Shared hope International after being in their nine month skills program. I work to help other women. But I have a felony that doesn't allow me to ever do many jobs because of the inability of felons to get professional licenses.