

Testimony of Zoilamérica Narváez against her adoptive father Daniel Ortega Saavedra

This is my witness and swear to stop writing the truth as the only true God, by the memory of my grandmother Zoilamérica Zambrano Sandino, whom he so often invoked in moments of despair and anguish, for my son and my daughter Caroline Alexander, who represent the light and hope of new life. I swear that everything that contains this testimony is the truth and nothing but the truth, it will find evidence of a life curtailed and the depravity of a man who was the protagonist of a social and political revolution, President of the Republic and current leader of the main opposition party.

The light that I seek is in truth and the courage to acknowledge the life that I was imposed and put our heads held high, despite the pain, to tell the world that survive has meant a tortuous path that does not end yet. I had to dive into the deepest reaches of my frailties and sequels to gain strength and inspiration that I need to face my reality and to open new chapters of my existence. Existence in the past had a soul deeply shaken but resistant to death.

The light is not on a lie, in silence, on the subjection of the spirit, cowardice and complicity, is not in the double moral aberration or the human condition. Therefore, with full awareness and determination itself, I have to carry out a fair and consistent act of total liberation of all prisons in my life, and say with the weight of the incalculable suffering that women and men, and the new utopia of a just society fully, they have been betrayed by those who hold great power, he committed sexual abuse, physical and psychological against humanity of a woman from her childhood, and whom I adopted as a daughter.

From March 2 this year, I have declared a crusade to win back my true identity and dignity of women and integral human being, for me, at this crucial stage of my life, there is no claim in the world more important than the encounter with my own being, but that many are unaware that in its wake and walk has accumulated sufficient forces to launch a struggle to find as the current main wall fabrics and remnants of power and the patriarchal system in place for centuries.

Who am I?

My name: ZOILAMÉRICA. My parents are: Jorge Narvaez Parajón (deceased) and Rosario Murillo Zambrano. I was publicly known as Zoilamérica Ortega Murillo, due to the adoption to made by Mr. Daniel Ortega Saavedra in the year 1986.

I was born on November 13, 1967, in Managua, a sociologist by profession (1995, Universidad Centroamericana, Nicaragua), a militant of the Sandinista National Liberation Front, and now Executive Director of the Center for International Studies.

My life, since I can remember, was marked by Sandino and Sandino. Supe of Sandino, uncle of my grandmother, when my mother buried an effigy of him in the courtyard of the house. And I have known of the Sandinista from where my mother spent her youth in their efforts and energies to the cause.

In solitude and empty my childhood, always wanted to contribute to their care and love my grandfather, my aunts, my grandmothers and maternal aunts.

The cause.

I affirm that I was sexually harassed and abused by Daniel Ortega Saavedra, from the age of 11 years, keeping them for almost twenty years of my life, and that throughout this testimony will set out in the forms occurred.

I affirm that I kept silent during all this time, the product of deep-rooted fears and confusions resulting from various forms of aggression that I became very vulnerable and dependent on my aggressor.

I had to pass a painful and exhausting way to know how to interpret and understand myself, consequences and effects of systematic and barbaric practices against me were committed from 1978 until February 1998, that is, until recently.

I was subjected to a prison from the house where the family resides Ortega Murillo, to a regime of captivity, persecution, spying and stalking with the aim of lacerar my body and mental and moral integrity. My silence was the expression of an atmosphere of hiding itself and the application of a fierce secrecy. Daniel Ortega, from power, their security apparatuses and resources available, they are assured for two decades to put a victim to their designs and choice.

Consecutive denounce this chain of events has not been easy to me, I've had to overcome fatalism and fear to answer questions posed from the depths of my being, such as: Why I had to this happen? What did I do to deserve the life that I had?. The answers I rebel and awakening claimed before the shackles imposed. Sense of opportunity in such a complex process could not determine nor worried me, because in a case like that I represent and facing an aggressor of great power, I had to be filled with bravery and courage to start my release and birth irrespective of time and events. My soul shouting and asked what I did well at the time that should be, now called full and total vindication.

For me now, the sense and the most important lesson is the deepest respect for life in its many dimensions. This respect is a basic, and not just because you sign in official documents that govern nations, but by a sense of humanity that tells us that if someone is not capable of respecting life, can not be considered human.

My experience shows how violent and disrespect life, not just an attack against it by threat of physical aggression that leads to death, but also curtailed its realization as an individual, and as being like everyone. I mean, with it, what lived was the attempt to assassinate MY RIGHT TO GROW, TO LIVE already have full exercise of my will. During all this time I was denied the right to exist as a human being, I remained a subject of another being. Quite simply, and I have no more words to express, HE REFUSED ME THE RIGHT TO LIFE.

If you join, that was my status as the first woman to be tarnished and subjected to humiliation, I must reiterate that those injuries were to my gender the most severe to the integrity and human rights. It was based on the characteristics of my sexuality, use patterns that are disadvantageous inferiority entretejió domination of the essence and embodiment of the patriarchal system.

The way they operated power and its instruments, lead me to fly a flag that determines that abuses of power in women's events are as diverse as those present in my case. Was abused in my capacity as the girl was abused in my capacity as the woman was abused my body, my emotions were abused were abused my capacity as a militant Sandinista and abused my conceptions.

The power, which took advantage of the naivety of my own childhood and adolescence, premiered in me all possible instruments of domination: physical, psychological, political, and military families. Against me, use was made of the authority, force, the destruction of subjectivity, and so on. I did damage from the exercise of supreme power in this country from a podium that today we must do recognize that the pursuit of the policy must be marked by a profound sense of ethics and human. I mean by this, that there can be a proclamation and a political discourse that is inconsistent with a personal practice individually.

Today, I directed my own sanitation and the process that many women still spend the night in silence, fear and darkness, for once walked the courage and lift the front, we are not being victimized or punished again.

Today, I celebrate the fact of being alive. Today, I have to thank those with small things, and without knowing it themselves, they gave me light and strength in the midst of the Holocaust to confront this challenge in my life, and certainly, of society as a whole.

II. From age 11 to 14: molestation

In 1977, after suffering my mother imprisonment for their political activities, my brother and I had to accompany him to leave and headed to Panama, where we live first, then we went to Venezuela and finally to Costa Rica, where we set up on 21 July 1979. For ten years the girl who was then exiled meant the separation of my main sources of love, affection and protection: my grandfather, my aunts, grandmothers, Rosi my aunt and my maternal aunts.

Living in an unknown country, without close relatives that met my needs, with a mother committed to a political cause, resulted in me fear, isolation, loneliness and shyness in an environment of extreme risk and persecution, and where the silence and restraint constituted the standard of conduct in this period, thereby interrupting the normality of my life in their transition from childhood to adolescence.

In 1978, in San Jose, Costa Rica, I met Daniel Ortega Saavedra, when I was eleven years of age are not met. In this country we live in conditions of secrecy, of seclusion, we could not talk to anyone to keep secrets and as such we learned to behave.

The house I live (my mother, sister and I) was an important center for political-military security are used to say, with much movement, entrances and exits of people, many of whom stayed overnight. Our true identity was a mystery and silence was about our lives. As techniques and Sandinistas live in hiding all the time. The secrecy was part of life underground.

Daniel Ortega, whose pen name was Enrique, from the beginning inspired me fear and distrust by looking at how rare since then, many people were coming to the unknown that house, with whom I had never close. After a few days, I learned that this man was strange commander, a very important person for the rest of the people and argued with my mom a couple relationship.

It was in this country and in the first few months that he was linked to us, who began his harassment with jokes and suggestions of malicious games, in which he forced me to touch her body. Then, when the weather was making progress and I showed the first signs of menstruation, said: "You're already list", not to intervene or trust relationship of affection whatsoever. Then I suddenly stormed into dark places to touch me and for my bathroom spy above the curtain, hiding my underwear and joking with them, sometimes came to do it in public. On many other occasions threatened to penetrate into the bathroom I was in, warning that it prove that it was good.

I was back then, a very religious education and therefore felt it vulgar and those foul words and phrases related to intimate parts of my body, and each time this happened I felt very offended and outraged.

I had no contact or relationship with any of the people frequenting the house of security, because I felt very strange to my mind and my age.

I did not have the opportunity to tell someone about those phrases, jokes and insinuations of my attacker. My mother took multiple jobs or responsibilities, but in reality never had clarity of what actually did. During this time, I felt a certain loneliness and abandonment, my mother was not a being or was near me yet. Since then did not have the confidence to tell me that his companion was saying things. Do not want to create problems for my mother with her partner and was afraid to interpret that complaints were suing maternal care. At various times she said that I was extremely challenging and demanding of care and pampering.

When I met Daniel Ortega copulating with a female employee of the house, did not know what to do, I felt shocked, stunned and quite threatened, because the verbal offenses were more frequent and shocking to me. My security disappeared because of threats made to me in a number of occasions began to be fulfilled by the nights, when my mother was sleeping, Daniel Ortega was heading to the fourth arrecostarse to where I was in my bed with his penis and rozarme parts of my body. I remember that I was shivering, shaking and felt very cold. I closed my eyes to not see anything, remained motionless could not do anything.

Early in the morning, when I enlisted to go to college and my mother still asleep, he stood and watched me, now no longer just for me beyond the curtain of the bathroom, but to masturbate. This came to do it repeatedly.

I started at this stage, nightmares with fuzzy images and strange sensations of fear, which in addition to episodes of rejection and disgust, I started to affect my way of being and my own interiority. Having a secret that I have not got to, I generated a lot of anguish.

Immediately after the assault on the National Palace, for security reasons, my mother, Daniel Ortega and we (the boys), we go to live in a house apart, away from the organizational activities of the FSLN. The atmosphere was much more lonely, or employee of Costa Rican nationality went to sleep. The night we were alone, locked in our room.

Daniel Ortega of the jokes were becoming real and direct sexual advances, I got up false and psychological assaults when he stated categorically that I argued with the driver of the bus from school, just for being someone who took us to love my brother and me. I then had 11 years of age and such phrases me were very aggressive. For example, I was wondering when you reach the school: "Have you come happy? As you did?" Among other phrases

extremely offensive. It was always like, when watching any emotional closeness with male persons, who incidentally were very few, mainly fellow students.

Since then, he, Daniel Ortega was making me think that any rapprochement with emotional and any man of any age, involved a sexual interest towards me. For me it was synonymous with sexual attitudes of obscene and vulgar Daniel, and therefore, little by little I began to have great distrust of all men. If the companion of my mother, assaulted my body against my will, what could be expected from others. He forced me to shut up and accept the humiliation she received from him.

The progress of the action of my assailant, was giving, and not only was his comment to my body when I swim, but went to the bathroom anyway, she masturbates fear and contempt. It was horrible to see, at age then, the image of a man standing on a wall and sustained shaking their sex as lost and unconscious of itself. I was scared and stayed in the bathroom until you see his shadow disappear by the crack of the door that he remained open. I was afraid to go to close the door, since it could use to apprehend. I preferred to keep physical distance from that table that I produced disgust and rejection.

During this time, too, was introduced in the fourth that I shared with Rafael, came to leave part of the blanket of my body, and then continued with handling concluded masturbating. I remained motionless and terrified unable to pronounce words. I was told not to make noise not wake up Rafael, who took as a pretext to my mother how many times it was forwarded to our room to take care of, supposedly, their asthma attacks. During these "care" my abuser did what it already has been reported, and said, "and you'll see that over time, this is going to like you."

My mother, to intensify their political actions, asked my aunt Violet would be to live with us to Costa Rica, where he shared room. She was returning very late of the University, and during that time segment, when my mother was sleeping, he crossed to my room.

It was my aunt Violet which reminded me that once he saw Daniel Ortega mannose and touch my genitals. Until recently, I remembered that also put his penis in my mouth.

At that time, my assailant was 34 years old and I eleven, which represented a considerable difference and advantage of his party; he was the companion of my mother, a political figure of great importance, control and power. A very dominant person. I resented my mother's loyalty to my assailant, I always felt that it preferred to him than to me, their attentions and gestures of affection for me were always the aggressor. He inspired me very afraid and I was not able to tell what she was living and suffering because he did not know if I believe.

My aunt Violet told me years later that on one occasion discussed the situation with my mother, where he received in response to threats and pressures that kept silent.

When the insurrection was declared the end of 1979, my mother chose to come with him to Nicaragua. She's not what I would have never believed that Daniel Ortega was doing with me. His preference was my aggressor, that he had no doubt. My mom made me much needed and never had wanted to be outside, but gave equal, because she was still at home Daniel Ortega always attacked me.

I did not understand why I played him, he did not understand anything about sexuality in general, much less than the male. To me all that situation was confusing, did not enter into my head why the companion of my mother did all that with me. However, I was always aware of

his position of authority, its image of superiority that was in that house, in his room were photos, was a leader, and listened to say that he was a member of the National Directorate, and could become Chairman of the Board of Governors. I always had the image that was very important.

For me, the triumph of the revolution meant to meet with my grandparents and aunts. He was happy to be back in Nicaragua, in a house with very different physical conditions to which I had previously, it was like to have a world of toys. The new house seemed to promise an atmosphere of family. I never saw before in a full heart, that is, men, women, children. I was hoping to be close to my mother and that maybe the situation would change in relation to it. I thought that finally there would be a new love and life, no secrets or mysteries, without running or silences.

We moved to the house where the family now lives Ortega Murillo, for the first time in my life I was placed fourth itself, which for any girl could have been a source of good news, but my fears were dormant. A few weeks later, he again returned to haunt the ghost my room with his face hard and thick glasses, continued his masturbation, putting my body on a cold and their hands trembling. At the age of 12 who then had persisted sensations of chills, nausea and tremors in my jaw.

As a defense mechanism to my assailant, invent stories for fear of not sleeping alone, actually suffered from a lot of fear, the nights for me were transformed into something that is not wanted, every time he approached me afflicting the darkness and despair. I needed to be accompanied, no longer stand being alone, but my mom insisted that it should get used to sleeping alone, and each time I took up the topic Regan. The truth is that even when sharing room with my brother Rafael managed to avoid their harassment, it remained all the time with their handling; from me, I was asleep the vain, staying still upside down, searching protect myself, so I learned to sleep in this position. He slept with his hands underneath my body, covering my vagina, and thought that their handling would not harm me. I thought that the show before him unconscious, he would not force me to anything else. The fear led me to find this way to protect myself without risks, confront, what he had much panic.

As they advanced, pervertedly I indicated that I moved, it would feel good. "You like him, really," he said to me, while I remained in absolute silence without having the strength to scream or call my mom. Fear not let me, I felt dryness in the throat, and stuck with tremors. His contact me transmitting intense cold and discomfort, disgust provoked me and I felt dirty, very dirty, it felt like a man who rejected me all soiled. Also, I came to feel that I left to do that from my mother's companion, but if you said, she would never believe me. In those years was that I began to bathe many times during the day to wash the dirt, repelled their handling and their cool touch.

Later, the nights were not enough, the evening also began to be used for their purposes. He estimated the hours of my free time and when I was alone in the house to attack me. After lunch, when my mother returned to her office and the impasse of the arrival of the college of my brother Rafael, who always came too late, without hesitation entered the area where did my naps on the couch in front of the TV, as far as he approached to touch my breasts, preventing any attempt to escape from me.

In my thirteenth year (1980), increased their arrivals to the house in hours that I was well-known couple, my mom was at work and my brother Rafael at school (there was a time that

he studied in Cuba). When reached, under the pretext of rest, closed the house, which by its architectural design me completely isolated, unable to go to the nannies who took care of my younger siblings on the inside. Daniel Ortega had its proper time to coincide with me in the hours when the house was alone.

For this period, his actions always consummated when I was asleep, to wake it had no escape. What manose and felt onto the head with his legs and arms on the edge of the sofa. Asleep, I became a martyr. I always woke up ice cream as their hands, in an irrational state of stimulation that he easily reached, without addressing any of my claims.

On one occasion I remember very well while he slept on the sofa and upon waking, he was watching a pornographic video regardless of my age and my status as the daughter of his life on several occasions Playboy magazine showed me that I rejected but it forced me to do well, I showed that tried to use a vibrator, but it worked. He always tried to awaken in me some kind of sensation and pleasure, he attempted to pervert and made me the object of his depravity and manipulation of my body of girls in transition to adolescence. He tried to explode my nascent sexuality in order to satisfy their sexual instincts and vices; for me, always met with resistance, denial, revulsion, disgust and chills.

I felt afraid of this man, he was the companion of my mom, my dad course, its always brought me closer to a sexual intent, I was very afraid and did not find anybody to whom to entrust what was happening to me. My mother did not think I ever felt so long, despite some attempts that I am sorry I did then, I lacked courage, confidence and affection on his part.

As part of my flight in the interior of that house, I would go up to sleep on the fourth of the domestic workers, which came up many times to get me to make me go back to their authority to my room. I remember that my mother I fall for being "afraid" when I was left to sleep on the carpet in the room my brother.

My first health problems started with nausea, vomiting so far had no explanation, but which eventually were complicated. Faced with these new expressions, my brother and me gave us personal attention and protection, yet always showed us, our health and our classes, but his insistence and harassment continued, never stopped, by contrast, advanced to establish On my personal activities, making constant phone calls to find out if he had already returned from college, or if I was at home, as according to him should be. Since then, I started to feel very guarded and controlled by him. And their investigations were not only during my bath, my body to its handling and its systematic sexual innuendo. Now it was the control over me.

Alicia Romero, came into my life in 1980, when he was hired by my mother. Immediately, conceived as an option on defense, real protection to me. I felt very alone, confused by not knowing how to do and defenseless before him. Was it that, little by little, I learned things that were happening to me since then, at least I found someone to talk to, in much replaced my mother, at least for the company and give me the affection I needed. Many times I ran to his room in search of protection, hug. Sleeping single thing for me was stormy, I still felt like shadows across the room, but my mother never allowed to sleep together. I remember that at midnight I went to my room to Alice's brother or not to be alone again and returned to the mine, in the early morning so that my mom was not aware. Daniel Ortega knew of my flight, he gave me and chasing me, as it were, where did I go back to my room and left me tranquil. In the fourth Alice always looked for shelter, where a little place feel safer. He never suspected that these moments with her enabled me off and that she was accompanying my

suffering. He anticipated that I would not count on it, otherwise we never would have allowed a rapprochement.

When I tried locking my room it was useless, because he opened the door with punches, knives and unarmed, I do not know how I managed, but always entered my room, had no way to stop them, I felt helpless. I arrived, also in vain, to locate obstacles (chairs, the toilet, etc.). Behind the door but did not achieve anything, as there was inside an omnipresent ghost behind me all the time. I wondered what insisted that was why I happened to those things, taking refuge in my bed sheets, lying in my bed was shaking, my body and assaulting him with their movements. I felt the need to escape, I go away, not to see anything of what that man did, suddenly I felt a distance, like an empty, dark hole, where I watched alone, weeping and trembling.

Weeks before the National Literacy Crusade, intensified its abuses during times of the day. I remember, he made a hole in the bathroom door to watch, I enllavaba more by fear than by intimacy. The hole that made it hid with a poster, I tried to find taparlo with tape and other things but it was difficult. It was then that I chose a bath with a shirt and underwear on. I felt a lot of shame and fear that by directly attacking me see me naked.

The supervision and monitoring were refined with distorted attitudes of father and manipulations of all kinds. Phone calls asking about my whereabouts became systematic during the rides and family meals inhibited me with their eyes on me. Part of its system against me were his attentions and meeting my needs, enabling it to a kind of rapprochement paternal, but not stop their abuse. In its ambivalence father abuser, he was always there to harass, hands, monitor and spy on my friends. I came to understand that he was not entitled to have friends or girlfriends, very few people I visited during the period I spent in that house.

Earlier, I said something about manifestations of damage to my health. Gradually introducing crisis were drooling and choking the breath is beyond me, I was breathing hard. Although people close to me asking about my reactions and rule, did not reveal what was happening to me, partly because it did not know that these things were the result of what was living, and partly because the trust had cracked a such a young age. The truth only I knew, even if it was not very well aware of the damages that were causing my health.

I remember once I looked at my mother to give me something, just making a comment that the matter was nervous and I knew the reasons. He then heard discussing violently with Daniel Ortega, whom he confirmed "I already know what's going on ...'re a sick!". However, nothing worth of that discussion, because the next day things again as if nothing happened. I do not know if it would come to something, but obviously if he pledged not to insist and do not bother kept his word, and if denied everything that you read my mother, because his lies continued abusing me and mocking her.

After his meetings and parties for adults, when all were drunk and my mother unconditionally heard screams and crying, he came with their practices and observances.

I started to feel rejected by my mother, when my physical state or behavior offended me, my recriminando "face of the victim", which according to her, upset and bitter to everyone, saying that my sadness and isolation infect the whole family. She criticized my sit-ins at the library, accusing of trying to make it hard to believe that it was; criticized my shyness described as bitter. She always felt a negative way I dress, my weight, my gestures, was criticizing all the

time. Their excuses to fall going up and put me in shame before the others. These attitudes were for me away from it. The felt so far away, despite being my mother, felt like being weird.

When Daniel Ortega noticed my sadness over the mistreatment received from my mother, approached saying that she was hysterical and spiteful, in turn, I recommended not make a case, in which anything to have him. It was so when I needed something, rather than ask her, for who will surely receive insults and ill treatment, the better he asked him. This new situation generated much me feeling guilty because I felt that accepting things of my hands aggressor, but in reality he needed. Also, I came to feel much confusion because the person and I feared damaged, was allegedly carrying careful with me, trying to meet my needs.

The months of the National Literacy Crusade were resting, but it was too early and I had to go back. During these months, I recall that Daniel came to visit me without my mom, I hid in vain, because my squadron mates forced me, innocent of all, receive it.

On the same day of my return to the National Literacy Crusade, received me with such phrases as This: "... and got Chichas. Back very well, and miss buttocks ...". By that time already had friends, but he was instructed to intervene each and every one of my friendly relations. Showed heightened interest to know them, asked about their habits, levels of reliability and sought kind treatment towards them. I was interrogated about the possibility of lesbianism of my friends and accusing me of a possible attraction to that. A few of them they trusted the prosecution of that was the subject of part of Daniel Ortega, who gave me reasons that perhaps naive this is a very jealous father. One of them, who managed to intuit what it might really wanted namely, said that similar things happened soap.

I tried to have a boyfriend at school. I got to have one, from whom he was afraid something were to happen and finally broke wrong with the relationship. I never got to feel good relations with the few friendship with boys, much less those that attracted me in a special way, because I felt dirty, marked and guilty about what happened in the house. I do, something should be done and could not. I felt guilty for not being able to. I thought that men would reject me, took my ugliness and such I like my mother instilled constantly and scrub; I did not believe deserve love for everything that in me was happening. I felt shame and fear that other people thought they knew everything. The world for me was my confinement, my sadness and my loneliness. The only pain I was feeling, but what was proving costly Hold on, take it from the way they were doing, with My words in a vacuum and darkness.

I never had a relationship with Daniel Ortega of confidence, it was very superficial, but for me was the father, the head of household and always tried to YOU. The topics of conversation were generally in the public and themselves from the formality father-daughter; those issues were relating to school. The talks were in common is significantly decreasing, I escaped his presence as many times. I was difficult to conceal my emotions shame, sadness and rejection. My mother, more than once, I drew attention for not showing affection in public.

To the extent that the abuse escalated, I was increasingly difficult. Their games and handling Sexual were increasing, they became increasingly damaging. From my part, was mired to

fear, to my horror at night and the dark, trembling and my visions of shadows haunt my room. The disgust was growing and my feeling of helplessness, too, everything was silent except Alicia, the only person who heard me throughout this period.

Since then I began to be silent and be a *ensimismado*.

III. From age 15 to 18: Continued Violation

Costa Rica came from forging rape and misappropriation of me, no one could stop him, always took care of appearing opposite of what was actually with me; not stopped him anything, the efforts of my aunt Violet were in vain and that weak demand for my mother. Despite the suspicions of people who surrounded him, did not dare touch the subject or suggest anything. He was and remains a man of much power in this country.

Daniel Ortega Saavedra raped me in the year 1982. I do not remember the exact day, but the facts. It was in my room, pulled on the carpet by himself, where not only me but also with handling aggressive and sudden movements hurt me, I felt a lot of pain and intense cold. I cried and I felt nauseated. Anyone act was forced, I do not ever wish it was not for my liking or consent, that I swear by my grandmother who got this. My desire had already been won by him. The ejaculated on my body for not taking risks of pregnancy and continued to do well over repeatedly; my mouth, my legs and breasts were areas where more accustomed cast their semen, despite my disgust and revulsion. He soiled my body, used it as a wanted no matter what I think or feel. The most important thing was their pleasure, my pain was ignored.

Since then, my life took a painful significance. The nights were much more frivolous, listened to his footsteps in the hallway with his military uniform, I remember the clear olive-green embroidered and complacent in their uniform even though he was not found in the country. His image invaded the entire house and I am constantly *acechaba*, terror was a permanent situation in the environment which they live, feeling increasingly powerless. I came to feel that was my landlord and much feared the reaction of my mother if you were to count what happened, I was convinced that I do not believe, that's why I preferred to keep quiet. For my mother Daniel Ortega came to mean everything.

Yes, I got to feel possession by him, it would be rejected and blamed for all the world. I never believe me, on account of what, if I was kid and he represented many-ideals. Obviously, all these people have been wrong, do not know what it really is.

During this period I continued to feel that my mother wanted me and I was debating in a world of much negativity, insecurity and uncertainty, did not get to think of me as my wishes and aspirations, but as long as the animal that was captive in that house, who made use and abuse the man supposed to be my father. Reasons for the silent since I had my own reality and fear, who do go?. I am confused as to what got it indispensable for my needs and protection in that area alone, the little that I have received from that house was what he gave me at the expense of my silence and submission. Its total support was guaranteed as long as my last meekness and show me at all times ready to be the object of their sexual pleasures.

In the last quarter of 1982, I mobilized in a brigade of cutting coffee. Not last the whole period because I had a severe nervous breakdown with severe headaches, choking, vomiting and paralysis in the hips and legs that forced my return early. The doctor who diagnosed cases sicosomáticas I attended, I did not know then what that meant, I gained awareness of the extent of damage several years later.

Despite having completed the treatment, the crisis continued. My running in the bathroom were more frequent, do not want to hear the scolding from my mother because they could not overlap, said that it was my thing. Weeks later, Daniel Ortega started providing pills tranquilizers (Valium) to hide from my mom, arguing that they would not need new contacts doctors. With these doses of pills passing a good time, he personally assured me.

The following year (1983), I changed my school because of embarrassment of my illness and my back early in the day's court. Did not want anyone to find out what happened to me. It was then that I joined the Institute Experimental Mexico, where increased my political participation and strengthens my commitment and revolutionary consciousness.

When I started my activities in the Sandinista Youth July 19, I remember perfectly well that Daniel Ortega offered to help me do some tasks entrusted to me, directed his secretaries to make tickets Kerman, spending reports in clean, among other issues. He was always willing to help me in my activities, and sought ways to approach me, to achieve complete their intentions, just as it did when I did go to his office staff, where he also abused me.

It is from my incorporation policy that Daniel Ortega linking their actions against me, in the political context of the country and the Sandinista Revolution. I was told repeatedly that I contributed to her emotional stability before the alleged coldness of my mom. So I did and Ante believe me, constantly downgraded on their role as the partner for life, promoting a distorted picture of me. His Blackmail reached such a point that I brought shame and a sense of moral obligation.

He built justifications for their conduct, under the argument that I, through the consummation of the sexual act, it provided emotional stability, but my answer was of total passivity, and hence there is no type of trade, communication and affection.

He thought that someone so busy just needed sex and that I was named to pass it. He manipulated me and I conceived as a sex object of a leader who deserved it all. So it was that happened for six years, making me believe that with my sacrifice and provide shelter for the Revolution, so for me it was not that important to the courage and self-esteem, everything he did for me was the Revolution. I came to feel on my shoulders and torturante the unbearable weight of it.

Daniel Ortega said that I was emocionalmente very badly, it could not work and blackmailed me by saying that any decision affecting its economy and to the Revolution, which only gave me peace of mind and so could perform better with higher duties for which it he cited the story. At different times, I said that happiness does not exist, that life is a valley of bitterness and should learn to live with what he gave me, it never would have something more than that.

Pursue happiness for one, in his opinion, is a selfish act and get over the Revolution.

When I started to make student activities and policies outside the house, already had my fifteen years. The security measures that best-of-control increased significantly. It was known that they were exacerbated in me more than any other member of my family and children of other leaders. He gave me a driver and escorts who sometimes helped me to circumvent the times and their actions; it was an attempt to avoid linking with my kids or friends.

Daniel Ortega personally questioned the driver about the activities that I performed, I think that in substance feared the possibility that intimate with someone they trust and my situation, or that well, through my political and social awareness acquire the seriousness of the facts to which he was subjected to and the injury was causing me. I came to believe that my sacrifice really contributed to the Revolution. However, I was never aware of the high costs brought this to my individual development.

Now, conscious and fully aware of the damage and the aftermath, I understand that during my adolescence generate mechanisms of evasion that limited the development of my own conscience, I looked for ways to escape, to forget the life I had, but it was impossible, my head was a rodeo images and ghosts. The scale of the damage is understood several years later, always morbid I was a young, weak. Daniel Ortega always tried my seclusion, never wanted my personal growth and psychological, I wake up. I remained for many years in the dark about life and about myself, I am traveling in a world very limited and restricted. He is to blame for the destruction of my adolescence and youth. The damage to my body and my mind have irreparable consequences.

At this stage, Daniel Ortega hoped to return to my classes every evening at home. I remember that I tried several times to stay in the college under the pretext of participating in meetings, but directed at command posts identified by telephone. Once at home, the scene repeated itself again and again.

The sexual act always followed the same patterns of aggressiveness. On several occasions I managed to not remove the clothes for me not to feel naked. I very much frightened of the extension of meetings with the door locked, had to persuade him to leave me in peace, but he continued until fully satisfied.

During those events closed eyes, I did not want to see you naked or semi-naked. For that reason, I do not know parts of his body, because I was disgusting. My eyes were closed a kind of mental security fence, but my body was being continually violated. In the dark interior managed to endure all those sudden and hurtful movement. To me they were simply inexplicable acts and attitudes towards me.

Their sexual practices, making use of me, the chairs in place, doing odd positions and forced me to say obscene words in order to excite or make your own fantasies, which were never mine because I lived it was an inferno. In its vulgarity and morbidity, I made repeated insults against me or force me to respond affirmatively to the following questions: "Truth that you are a bitch?, Do you you like you hit?, Would you like to do it with two penises?" , And so on.

Daniel Ortega gave me fear for my mother. Blackmail me saying that she knew what was happening and that their rejection of me was forever. My mother, he says, ever forgive me. On the other hand, indifference and abuse she deteriorated much communication between the two.

The alleged assailant of my attentions were on the rise, even in things that made me believe that this was some kind of affection, but still had injuries to my body and my mental health, that I was causing tremendous confusion. It always had an obsessive attitude to such degrees to make me poems and letters in which he reiterated his message of emotional blackmail, he insisted on telling me tell me about his alleged love for me, he made numerous phone calls from the outside and I brought special gifts to the return of their travel, and according to him, he devoted time to cultivate, which could certainly harm her. My confusion was tremendous, I did not know what it meant Daniel Ortega in my life, because in addition to insurance aggressor, moments behaved as a protector, it looked as political leader, I felt disgusted by his vulgarity, and I do not know who else. Worse still, I came to feel that was the only person who served my human needs, but at the same time I conceived and their personal property was subject to its designs.

It also gave me mythical interpretations of what was going through. I said that life had led me toward him, after so many years of struggle, as a kind of prize and that those conditions were difficult part of my destiny. He looked for ways to deformation of my pain and suffering, tried to justify their violent acts and awarded it to something predestined. Told me that my eyes are noticing my fate to him, who gave me in the end love, although he would like.

I was unable to seek help from my maternal relatives, since the political split. My grandpa was confiscated by the Revolution and my aunts were separated from my mother for reasons unknown. This situation, I added more uncertainty, I thought it might be rejected by the problems they had with my mom. Trust other people was something impossible, perhaps for my own shame and fear.

For all that I dared to share with teachers were some problems with my mother, but never told the real motives. And it was at this time of extreme need for friendship and companionship that I met Ana Clemencia, who since has been a great friend to me and important to support over many years.

My mother continued to have evidence of acts of Daniel Ortega and the deterioration of my personality. In 1983 he talked to me, telling me that he was ruining his life and that of my brothers, I suggested that I go to Cuba. She was blaming me of the situation and its solution was to go abroad, a kind of exile, Daniel Ortega to leave me in peace and I, in turn, left in peace to her and the family. It turned out that I was the problem of the family. For my mother, that relationship was with my consent, which really never happened, I was subjected to rape, abuse and assault permanently in her own home by Daniel Ortega. I was too afraid to go to Cuba because I felt that I would do it under conditions of abandonment and expulsion of my family. I also felt very fragile, and as happened when I went to the first day cutoff of coffee, my health and I succumbed to break images, emotional and physical discomforts, expressions of sorrow, anguish and ugly memories. My trauma and weaknesses were increasing. I thought that if I was going to Cuba and that nursing me to lose my family. Daniel Ortega told me that

my mother was vengaría for life from me, as it has always been spiteful and thus deshacía me. I had no choice but to silence, but inside of me a sea of contradictions and assumptions invaded me. I refused to go, I was terrified of falling ill and not able to say what really happened to me, not being able to say things that happened in my head.

The decadence and depression were my constant, my social activities were limited to political activities, the circles of the friends I refused or were thwarted. I dared not to establish relations of friendship for fear of rejection by the dirt that I felt. My headaches intensified, to which he justified as a product of my political activities and studies, urged me to resist as a matter of conscience, and I gave examples of other leaders.

Discrimination of my mother came up to devalue my political involvement, saying that my goal was to draw the attention of Daniel Ortega and compete with it. Their continued refusal to the point of pressure on me to move to live in the house next door and so, according to her, get rid of all conflict. I understood in their rejection and lack of pressure towards me, because I was assuming the problem in its relationship with Daniel Ortega. From his perspective, I was responsible for all that situation.

Finally, feeling rejected and I moved down to the house next to where we live, becoming the neighbor of my own family. This house is connected to the other through a passageway, which was perfect for my assailant, because it facilitated their cross when I wanted without external surveillance. In this house slept domestic workers, this time I lived among them, crossing well as rooms in search of protection. My nutritional needs and services were neglected by instructions from my mother, was a punishment. Forbade me to move meals, stopped to stock up on clothes and suspended all communication with me, I ran the floor for nothing. When you wanted to see my brothers had to sneak in hours that she not be located so as not to cause discomfort, or that I am not surprised at the entrances and exits. Alicia many times I took them to sneak to another house to stay awhile with that.

Domestic workers tried to help me, felt much pity. They took the risk to give me to eat in hiding, the instruction of my mother were strict. Sometimes my mother with me wearing the same clothes they bought for women workers. This situation was aware of Daniel Ortega, who sought a way to creeping workers provide food to me very carefully, then gave me money to hire a particular employee. He, somehow, had been the only person who showed concern for my address material needs.

My adolescence and the early years of my youth, the conclusion marked by the aftermath of six years of aggression and harassment. My family was not being my family, I became a being lonely, sad and captive. My situation was unfortunate, was seriously affected and my psychological growth was not normal. The various crises faced nerve that made me very fragile, with deep depressions and vulnerability. For fifteen years I had no awareness of myself, the concept self-esteem was unknown, nobody ever told me about it.

In these years, my story will be summarized in the sexual object that Daniel Ortega used to be satisfied, with attentions and manipulations that made me be very dependent on him, in spite of my pain and rejection. I never wanted that situation for me, but I do not know how I lived and tried to survive, perhaps without proponérmelo.

On two occasions blessed participated in full days of cuts in coffee farms in Matagalpa, thanks to the support they always gave me my closest friends. He, at least every two weeks, sought a way to reach Matagalpa and hidden from my mother visited me and ordered me to bring to its security agents, who took me into the house of the protocol of Matagalpa. I remember on one occasion made me come to Managua, only because he so desired, and use my body.

During that time my assailant climbed a security fence around mine. The times that I got out to the cuts of coffee, at least I did accompany five bodyguards, plus the chief. Its purpose was to keep me isolated from other young people, therefore always slept apart, withdrawal of my squad. Only two or three friends could be close to me, which devoted special attention to cultivate a kind of loyalty to him, because I sensed that they suspected my situation. A normal as it was among the brigade, I was not any victual I received from my mother, Alicia was me who prepared the Parcels and I would ship with him or my friends to where I was, to my mother I do not mind.

Daniel Ortega, making use of his great power, intensified its usándome sexual curiosity and imagination. I remember one of my returns for periods of mobilization, when he filmed one of many and continued copulative unwanted, then forced me to look at the video together as a second wave of pleasure for him. After this new ingredient to their aberrations, I am forced to do sexual intercourse with him in the presence of third parties; also began to use objects to hit, to buy underwear you encourage me and forced oral sex with a lot of abuse. On many occasions set out to do unnatural sex, which somehow managed to stop them, I do not know how, but it was prevented. Forced me to pronounce words and phrases for soeces aroused. Once advanced the time of continuing abuses and violations, style make these practices in the library, in the corridors of the current home of the family Ortega Murillo, the room where the TV (forehead to the kitchen), in the areas of laundry , In the gym and at home where my mom sent me to live (attached to the principal). All these acts were in hiding.

At the age of eighteen I graduated bachelor in the Institute of Experimental Mexico, in December 1985.

IV. From age 19 to 23: Intensification of abuse and attempted escape

When I turned my nineteen years old, I diverted the activities that were undertaken in the Sandinista Youth, where they were my friends. Outside the house, I was not sure because my ills were on the rise, emotionally I was very broken, the headaches from constantly attacking me months ago, I experienced sleepwalking, bulimia and repeated and deep depressions. I thought I become crazy.

Public places and the group were denied to me since when Daniel Ortega was proposed poseerme. My friends, I claimed my lack of sociability and thought it was a matter of distinction and lack of humility by not departir with that. To date, this situation is not completely over.

At the age of nineteen years, with prolonged abuse and sexual assault, remained in captivity suffer constant physical, mental and moral, I reiterate that he was emotionally broken, I felt that my mother loved me and did not get to believe in the esteem that other people had for me. Paradoxically, the house was obliged as a refuge because I understood that there definitive was my protector, "I stated with certainty that the dose of pills to be taken to eliminate my headaches and depression. It was he, in truth, I'm not allowed to ingest more than one dose for fear that I might commit a folly.

At the beginning of the year 1986 I suffered a very severe health crisis, which prevented me entering the university. It was intense and frequent headaches, dizziness and gastro-intestinal discomfort that I led the misuse of laxatives to clean. He also made use of the tranquilizer pills that my assailant was providing me but already did not have the same effect, then I proceeded to make several kinds of mixtures of pills to feel relieved momentarily. In spite of my poor state of health did not stop him in his sexual assault.

The medical checkup came when the headaches were becoming stronger and primers, such a degree that paralyzed my intellectual activity and almost completely prevented me lead a normal life. The different types of reviews that I practiced (electroencephalogram, ophthalmic, etc.), Both in Cuba and Nicaragua, concluded that my problems were kind of sicosomáticos.

Concerned about continuing my studies, I am worried for the first time my physical condition and with greater determination went to the doctor, whom he trusted me what was happening and what had been one of my short life. Perhaps it was the first attempt I made to get away from anything. For several months I received my medical care for overcoming gastro-intestinal problems and try to develop a psychological therapy.

I attended the Doctor, was subjected to many pressures to be compelled to deliver my clinical file a personal assistants of Daniel Ortega, also mounted a plot against him to avoid contact with me. From my precarious state of health, was said publicly that it was a product of physical exhaustion, mental and emotional development, stemming from the confluence of academic and political activities.

The disease has sharpened my isolation, the absence of mother, brothers and friends was evident. My own headaches were because of my state of almost total isolation, Ana Clemencia remember that on one occasion when I visited had to leave because of a sudden I became the evil that is not allowed me to sustain conversation.

My isolation from my health condition was such that there were days that only human contact I had with my assailant and Alicia, the first in conditions and enforced according to their satisfactions and the second, was close to giving me company at times I had free in the care of my siblings. Daniel Ortega came to be called up by telephone every two hours, and sometimes in less time for my state of health, displaying a purported concern is itself the cause of my state.

I was always alone, surrounded, besieged. Daniel Ortega came to be located as the only person with whom I had the opportunity to feel protected and safe in terms of my health. He knew what to do with my health, as I got to thinking. There were times when I felt so afraid to

crises that he preferred to be nerve near it despite its flaws and brusquedades, the important thing for me was knowing what to do when it comes to my depression and anguish that I felt die. It was a constant torture.

Actually, in depriving me a feeling of dependence. He became a kind of person omnipresent and omnipotent, he was my only option, and at the same time, the most wished to be rid of it. Obviously, Daniel Ortega was creating environments and situations favorable to him to locate in a relationship of extreme dependence and political respect, the level was such that I came to believe that only he was aware of my emotional states and who knew well the kind of medicine or pill to supply.

In the most disrespect to my sovereign state, Daniel Ortega worsened their sexual practices with me looking for places of greatest risk, I quoted in the dark of the kitchen, at midnight or the early morning, I was walking by the corner without clothing, move in different ways seeking his excitement. He arrived at a particular time, using blunt objects and proposed to my vagina.

Treated me worse than a woman who sells her body. Always referred to my computer on how to move his greatest satisfaction, I am insulted with vulgar words and morbid. Whenever I had not ordered and courage nor strength to resist.

I lived in fear being found by someone in the house, I lived to be this all the time, on the one hand I wanted to escape permanently, and secondly, I was afraid to know the truth so as not to be rejected or hated. He always saw it quiet, without anything to worry about these things I thought and felt.

Wishing to escape the unbearable situation in which I was, I decided to conduct studies of English in England, is also second in a gesture of concern for me, as well as academic think about my passing, I thought of the opportunity that I had to escape that harsh world. However, the attempt was foiled, because Daniel Ortega was in charge of calling the telephone every day, regardless of time, was like a call at 3 o'clock in the morning than any other time. I managed not to be out of reach.

Phone calls were a resource that you used quite frequently when it was not possible physical contact, they requested me to recall scenes of sexual practices and aroused to masturbate. The phone came to mean to me an object that came to be feared, I felt the rejection. These calls were made to pay phones at the School in England, which caused me stress, claustrophobia, anxiety, hopelessness and fear of an unknown country, a different environment, then, on the fifteenth day I had to return to Nicaragua.

Throughout my stay in England, a young Security personnel accompanied me to my request for an aggressor. I trusted her, I think I needed to trust someone. In what could it helped me a lot.

Once back, deepened the feeling of having no loopholes or several thousand kilometers from Nicaragua, was outside the scope of the persecution and harassment. I thought he had to resign at the end.

During this period, more than anything else, I came to believe more strongly that my destiny was to endure this life, their aberrations. I wondered about the certainty of the supposed emotional stability and that gave him the role, according to him, I was in the revolution: to be his sex objects available permanently. It was, therefore, my contribution to the revolution, as should interpret. In this way not only of me in silence, but forced to be immersed in its decay and corruption from power.

My mother, days after my return from England, were sensitized - that credible of my health problems and tried to help me, gave me the opportunity to work with the logistics activities of her office in the Association of Workers of Culture (April 1986), which allowed me to keep it close and learn about their great qualities as an artist and professional. I enjoyed very much accompanied in their meetings, sharing days of physical exercises, for the first time in the life of my mother and I appreciated at least made me believe that it was proud of my work.

The surveillance was stepped before my momentary departure from his area of control and influence, I was working on the ASTC. Every time that it was difficult to locate him, proceeded to make interviews about possible relationships with other men, inventing scenarios and plots that were part of his excitement.

Since I was eleven years probation, ever since I met espionage. I lived in a permanent state of siege.

Towards the men developed fear, I did not like them to sustain any kind of physical contact, not even accepted as a greeting kiss on the cheek, I hate liquor and I do not like the compliments to my physical attributes. Any reference to my body and took offense, because what I got was always morbidity. For that reason, I never felt comfortable in circles or social-recreational activities. Obviously, Daniel Ortega had achieved my inhibition and ensimismamiento, because for me, he was the prototype of men and not anybody I wanted to do more damage. I thought that men only knew of curiosity. Did not know a man that I have affection without sexual intentions, he's not allowed me to establish or deepen relationship with a man. My fear he moved to all men, and it was like not wanting to receive more damage.

On one occasion, my own mother prevented friendly relations with a potential courtship, when he warned a friend with whom I had a lot of identification and affinity, saying: "we do not goals, not for you ... you going to do you harm." I do not know exactly when he referred to the fence that was mounted on me Daniel Ortega, or, in my attitude to it.

I have not managed to understand why my mother apparently an attitude of resignation to the possession that had me on his life companion.

The attempts at bonding with my mother were frustrated because it was difficult for me to be used systematically by Daniel Ortega in the library of the house and in his office, and then share time at work or mother-exchange subsidiary. We must remember that it was only the references to arrogant, aggressive and tax that he instilled me. Honestly, I came to admire her work and keep appreciation, so I made efforts to avoid unpleasant situations, such as it is

expressed glimpse something to stop the situation imposed on me that his companion. There was a moment that pretended mood, which hides situations and never let me ask for help because of lack of confidence. I was sure that if returned to mention the subject, somehow blamed me and punished me. Yes, I was afraid to lose it again, although the recovery was not total. My isolation and loneliness remained constant in my life.

It was Daniel who forced me to suspend my work in the ASTC (early 1987) saying that my mother would start to treat me badly and offenses with avenge that this good relationship does not last long. Again gave in to pressure from my abuser, I informed my mother my decision to retire from his office, which reacted with resentment and rejection, as he thought and he reiterated the old argument that I had a voluntary relationship with Daniel Ortega and me ASTC for withdrawing from the restart. I think that somehow thought that tenerme close to it protected me and I kept away from my attacker. Neither dared to approach the matter in a clear and forceful, had already spent five years since the last reference on the subject. Both were being silenced by the power of Daniel Ortega and his vices.

The closeness with my mother lasted just 7 months. That was the first and only opportunity we both had, at least in the context of an employment relationship. As a result of my immediate withdrawal took positions before, stopped communicating with me completely and went back to feel his grim indifference.

At this time I turned my age, maybe that's why I got a deal that was beyond any consideration to my condition of women, my dignity was more severely injured with aggravating their sexual practices. Its bold reached such levels that it is not imported to quote the Government House, the resting place of his office, right there and try to sustain relationships in the presence of others, forcing them to swallow liquor to overcome the shame and shyness.

At the social level, still had a framework of relations restricted, as was compartmentalization and secrecy for the benefit of the revolution, as I said. He continued to feed my fears and dependence.

When I was totally dependent, myself, sometimes, required to call before the imminence of a new health crisis, or ask permission to participate in a special issue of the Sandinista Youth. My aggressor constantly called to the house to check my entries and exits or know my whereabouts when I was not at home. I got to have two types of behavior and interaction with him: first, during their sexual practices where I did not speak, only receiving orders and the second, when I called by telephone to assume its role as protector, leader, father. It always looked as if representing two people in one, that fueled my confusion.

To off did exercises constantly. I have not visited a nightclub at the time. I remained an object sex from him.

During this period, I managed to express my sufferings for the first time, he claims for their outrages in their sexual practices, reacted to what described as a lesbian by not like what I did and taught, and then elaborate on persuasive explanations, such as: my it was destiny that my life was not perfect, it was thanks to life certain privileges and that the fatality had written in my eyes.

It was in 1986 that I tried to flee the house and its brutal and unjust impositions, but it did not last long because it forced me to return again. On this occasion I spent two days where a friend and then where my aunt Violet, he also solicited support for my mom, taking their suggestions to go away, but it did not, rather, told to proceed on my own.

Daniel Ortega launched a secret but intensive search of my person, my brother headed by Rafael with the help of bodyguards. I placed it in the home of a friend and despite my refusal, my friend finally realized that running risks because shelter to the daughter of the President of the Republic of Nicaragua.

I sought to speak with a friend close to my assailant, to persuade him to let me live in another place and make my life. This person could only offer me a place where they live. Once moved to that location, the persecution continued.

From his lips came out arguments like these: "You do not want you to your mother, but the political cost of this to be known would be enormous," trying to convince me that it was his love and therefore should feel proud. I always worked the mind to assume a natural complicity, not that I questioned his betrayal to my mother nor his immorality.

Again I returned to the nearby house of the family Ortega Murillo. My mother sent the same room I took a child, a son of domestic workers, which did not prevent his presence to touch my body and ordered to continue. When it was not possible, call me by phone geared to go to the library, the room was empty when, the area near the laundry, forcing him to have sex on desks, on the floor, furniture or where it happened. Sometimes I indicated that I appear without underwear.

Daniel Ortega knew of my involvement in political activities outside of Managua, ordered his bodyguards for me and took me home to the protocol of the General Command of the Army, and under the pretext that he was extremely depressed once again proceeded to use my body.

On several occasions, my mother knew about the sit-ins at the library, please contact the place and taking a beating and kicking against the door, outside shouting that he knew who we were there. He threw me out the window that communicates with the nearby house he was living, and on that side managed to escape. I remember clearly the minutes of extended tachycardia and panic over the possibility of being beaten by my mother. In that situation I felt guilty because they thought it humiliating for my mother who also represented that situation, although I consider part of the problem. Both were to be victims.

Escape through a window and made me feel dirty offender. It was demeaning to escape sometimes with the underwear in my hands. I was subjected to forced sex and being under constant pressure to be doing something hidden and the possibility of being discovered by my mom.

So it was also during election campaigns (1984 and 1990), I indicated that he was awake on her return in the early morning for the same. I should be always ready and willing to go to the

library or in some corner of the room or the bathroom, in a chair, not to be noticed by the children who slept with me, to sexually abuse me and put me in the manner he wished. Many times I felt I was missing not to do my duty. Yes, it was a kind of Venadito moored at the expense of his master or owner. The discomfort continued and deepened. During all this time my assailant accustomed condom use.

In an attempt to public pressure, my mother confided to a close relative that my fault Daniel Ortega was being away from her. This person undertook against me, blame me and asked me to stop doing harm. Definitely, because I felt rejected by the entire world and even for myself.

V. 1986 - 1990: The instinctive escape, worsening of the abuse, development of minimum strengths

In 1986, with nineteen years of age, of whom eight were of abuse against me, I was adopted as the daughter of Daniel Ortega Saavedra with the consent of my mother. Days later, he told me that this act was to mean a link similar to marriage. That adoption was a link, a form of marriage, ie, who wore his last name not be by his daughter, but because of their sexual objects.

In my twenty years of age and continued captive profoundly alone and isolated. Despite having already spent so much time, no one suspected (it seems) of the anomalies in that house, nobody asked about my arrival at Government House in the middle of the night, the companions of the service watching the rejection of my mother I was asked anything, it seemed that nobody, absolutely nobody, was surprised by my seclusion. But I am sure that several people were aware of the case.

In 1987 I tried again to enter the university on the faculty of sociology, race on that I felt inclined and it is now my profession. Soon, I was also forced to retire because of my health ailments. Again I stopped the process of academic training for their cause.

My health situation was becoming increasingly untenable, my crisis continued, sleepwalking worsened to extremes that occur every night. The domestic security officials and the same Daniel Ortega met me on several occasions in the suburbs around and inside the house. This happened at intervals of two hours during the evening hours of nap and weekends.

For many years I was embarrassed to acknowledge that it was Sonambula, but the situation came to such an extent that I decided to entrust my mother after two years and feel very tired, waited for help on his part. During a trip to the family to Mexico, despite the fear of my assailant, she sent me to a psychologist for the purpose of diagnosing the causes of my sleepwalking, to what the doctor concluded that given the normal activities of the unconscious somnambulist done in my state, the situation was a reflection of the need for internal rid of things that were affecting me, was the birth of another personality that emerged at night to take another life and be free.

To overcome my aftermath, and particularly my sleepwalking, I was treated with hypnosis, a

treatment for epilepsy, and so on. During the sessions of hypnosis, I did not concentrate on efforts to avoid telling the truth, because he was under permanent threat.

In relation to bulimia, I felt a need to fill gaps with my personal food (love, support and protection), then led me to vomit or defecate in large quantities to clean my body inside of the dirt that I felt every day. At this stage I got too much weight and muscle problems said.

My depressive crisis became much more severe. Given the imminence of them looked to my assailant with the intention of sending me the pills used. The fear of my crisis and the need for the pills, I became a being highly dependent on him. I remember that every time I had the crisis not let other people observe me and carried me. When I presented more serious problems, Daniel Ortega has instructed me on the rooms near the place where the Department made its meetings (building known as The Registry), so that when the pills need to locate it with ease, or send a message through a couple of personal safety.

I did not have really an opportunity for serious and systematic medical care, because you always argued the non-convenience "because of political reliability."

My assailant, in an attempt to seek ways to stabilize emotionally, he managed to find job in the Support Team of the Secretariat General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (June 1987), at that time was the Secretary-General Alejandro Bendaña. Able to work half I had to eat high-dose pills supplied by the Daniel Ortega.

While at the Foreign Ministry, I enrolled in a course taught by the International Relations Institute of International Relations of the Cuban Foreign Ministry, which managed to finish with more effort, during this period he woke up my will and inner strength to cope with increased my determination notorious "pass situation. Also awakened, new professional interests, which became the major motivations in my life because I learned to appreciate my academic qualities as the good grades and raises somewhat learned my self-esteem.

Obviously, my job performance helped me a lot to discover new facets of me and raise my level of awareness of what Daniel Ortega destroyed my life. At the Foreign Ministry learned a lot, I developed skills and abilities that neither myself thought to possess. This was the second job opportunity I had, but first it developed outside the family, where I began to establish links with various people, but always with the systematic and almost daily presence of my relationship with the aggressor by his duties as Chairman of the Republic and the international activity of the Revolution.

It was in this ministry that I began to acquire a critical awareness about the errors or anomalies of the Revolution, thanks to the positions they co-workers (all Sandinistas) had the respect of items or decisions made. Also, I began to listen to comments and questions about attitudes and lifestyles of senior leaders of the Revolution, problems related to ethics and morality.

For me, a young Sandinista party with training and victim of abuse and assault, those criticisms were a kind of door to push different perspectives on everything that involved the Revolution. Then I began to recognize many things before that I was not able to observe and

understand. I realized that everything that Daniel Ortega practiced in me was linked to the question of ethics and honesty of staff stressed that the co-workers. For the first time I created a conflict of conscience.

He was in 1987 that met the faces of the Revolution: the face mystical and mythical projected to the membership through education policy, and face the reality of the practices of power from state institutions, where they expressed attitudes of corruption and shameful deeds that had nothing to do with what is preached to the foundations of the Sandinista.

All observed anomalies in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs led me to revise my own backyard, and I realized that many of these and heard the criticism, somehow had to do with my real family. This was decisive for a public awareness much more critical, my own appreciation, to discover that the Revolution was not perfect and that I was part of that system of power.

This reinforced my trend since 1984, during the election campaign, excluded from public life family. Every time you referred to me as the daughter of my assailant, causing revulsion because I felt that reaffirmed the possession of it on me. I did not want to participate in the lie of appearing perfect family, when in truth I lived an ordeal of aberrations caused by the head of that household, I was the victim of years. Evidence of what I am saying is that there are not many pictures and television outlets that reflect an alleged unity and normal family, many people even knew of my existence; not participated in any election campaign in 1990, that I remember.

My emotional life was reduced to be safe within the corral and trap the girl who put together from Daniel Ortega. I was blackmailed by making use of my conscience Sandinista, with the importance of protecting the image of the leader and my obligation to respect him.

For this time my reaction to physical contact body deteriorated. I did not like shaking hands to greet and even less that I be given the customary kiss on the cheek. It was arisca. I hate hugging or any other form of expression of affection that I had to do with physical contact. I felt that everything that was wrong, any friction in my body I was harmful and if worse came from a man. Give confidence to another person was a source of fear, that someone else could hurt me was a horror that is always antepuso any emotional motivation of character.

The revulsion I felt when talking to people was the product of consecutive acts of lies that I had to take to conceal the truth. To some extent not only lived quartered product of the railway safety measures that were imposed on me, but up to my own fears and restrictions. I was trapped!. The shame was so into my body, not discovered or used clothes that reflect parts of my body; not used pantaloncillos skirts or short, I felt sharp, as if everyone would see me in the footsteps of those humiliation. Whenever I tried to be completely covered.

In the Minex I had to face some challenges: to exercise my nascent academic and professional skills, together in a complex social environment and knowing the other side of the Revolution. It was in this ministry where I began to develop a field and own circle.

The fact of having entered this new area, completely separate from the house, exacerbated in me some internal contradictions in relation to the practices of Daniel Ortega. The start I

should also be a public person and have this double life came to hit a lot, mainly because those practices were increasingly aggressive, more violent.

For appearances before the world as a united family and fully normal, I was persuaded and I was forced to participate in some official trips of the President of the Republic-ie, my assailant, among which were those made to the Nations United. This was extremely difficult for me because I had to appear alongside him, my mother and brothers, my mother, not me who ran the floor, assumed all the time during these trips, an attitude of total indifference and hurtful, even dresses I used were those that were no longer useful, which always made me feel uncomfortable and unpleasant.

While Daniel Ortega used as a trash me, my mother treated me as waste. It was a double humiliation of man. The treatment was similar, though in different areas and demonstrations.

During these trips to which I refer, when my mother was out of the hotels, sent me a call and I am obliged to sustain sex in the closets of the rooms where it has always placed a chair for fear that some will find spy camera. This makes me even more terrified by the possibility of being caught in a foreign country.

When I began to participate with greater acceleration in social and public, my assailant was worried about my contacts with a host of people, because that was a very serious exposure to confidences that were not possible. This situation forced it to increase further its security measures and submit to extensive interviews and telephone night to ensure my silence, and when I have extra hours at the office came calling insistently. By this time I started to reject the call, and when not in use excuses to visit the office of Chancellor and then go to where I was intespestivamente and verify my presence. I began to feel persecuted.

During my time working in the Minex, I was surrounded four sisters, whom I came to have a lot of love and understanding, but above all, for me it was gratifying that efforts were launched to locate my friend Ana Clemencia, who sensed more clearly my suffering.

I have to say that to the extent that deepens my friendly relations with my colleagues, I was spending more time on them, and until we come to share many hours at home. Daniel Ortega, exceeding beyond what is already practiced in me, came to pressure on them to agree to hold sexual contact with me, to observe and aroused, which is not allowed at any time.

A Daniel Ortega came to him no matter their image before my friends, then started toward them also a primary level of innuendo that frightened despite the loyalty he instilled. Their displays of sex and were reaching farther. As far as I searched for ways to protect them personally and away from any bold.

My friends Ana Clemencia (1983), Aida and Aleyda (1987), helped me to the door from the outside world opened up to me with great solidarity, fraternity and trust. These, still very close to me, helping me at every moment to overcome my fears and sequels. That they were taking away time with their families, I spent hours of company and protection before the stalking of my aggressor, constantly reiterated my worth as a person and the importance of respect and

affection. They made me see the world differently.

When I received these visits, Daniel Ortega was beginning to forge his new tricks to affect in any way and take advantage of that circle of friendship every time you had brought liquor, which I found strange because I knew that either did not take and had no trends toward this end. On one occasion, when he estimated that some of them proposed drinks, urged frictions and movements in order to reach specific sexual fantasy, which is not achieved, but once stimulated proceeded to call me and practice what is happening in when the usual places.

I hinted on several occasions, from the first moments of his harassment and abuse, to sustain sex with people of my same sex; told me that I never liked men and that I watched inclinations toward lesbianism. This is what I said whenever I did not meet as he wished and impetus to their sexual dealings, which led me pleasure, quite the contrary, pain and bitterness.

On several occasions, while I was in meetings at the ministry, he was going to send emergency calls to go to where it was located and to the same thing, saying that at that time and that time was needed me.

It was during this time that I received from you, greater pressure to accept the presence of others in their practices where they used objects. Obviously for these practices he needed to get me out of the house. This was the moment that I quoted in a place built at the government house. I remember there was someone who went for help, he suggested that I bear the cross of my life, which was loaded with resignation. According to this person, I was up to me, ensure the stability of the image and statesman, referring the matter meant to harm the image of the leader and thus seriously affect the Revolution, what should be understood as the same thing.

When my mother came to spend more time at home, I was summoned to his office at the time available, even in the middle of the night, leaving the door ajar for their agents nearby and most trusted what they saw, they have always been loyal and accomplices.

On several occasions I suggested to hold practices with the direct participation of other men and women. Once I went deceived which appeared to call another person; the matter was, in fact, to force me to make another sexual practice, now with another man called by him. I closed my eyes all the time and follow the instructions that I was Daniel Ortega. He, from a chair gave indications of how to proceed. Even rushed things. Before my refusal, he abruptly took away my clothes and drove to another participant to abuse me, this person was directed by him in his performances. I felt fear and shame. Both came ... After what happened is with health problems that required immediate medical attention. Prior to this practice which forced me Daniel Ortega gave me liquor "to blow me." After this time there were no other because I managed to ridicule his traps.

That practice absurd, humiliating, injurious and filthy was one of the last things they showed me what he was capable of doing against me, I feared that I did a lot of damage. By this time, and practiced sexual subjected to heavy and painful blows that seemed too excitario; forced me to describe scenes with imaginary people in my circle friendly to achieve the same goal,

whether male or female.

In this period (April 1989) I introduced the possibility of a scholarship to study English in London at the Universidad Centroamericana, which lasted three months. Daniel Ortega continued calling twice a day during that period of time, which of course was very well known by the English family where he lived. He came to such degrees, which organized a trip to England to visit me where he was housed and well-assembled with pretexts proceeded to abuse me again.

The support that I received from Nicaragua, my friends and Alejandro period allowed me to endure the difficult moments and I spent in that nation. Although I had severe crisis, this time managed to develop mechanisms to deal with and stay in school. This time, and as something positive for my self-esteem, I managed to finish the English course.

The electoral defeat of 1990 and its political impact at all Sandinistas, it definitely affected my situation of captivity. During this period I continued to be lonely and abandoned by my family. That same year I discovered a tumor on my right leg and had to travel to Mexico to operate (May 1990) without the company of anyone, not my mother gave me the necessary support to a delicate surgery and risky results. Once there, a maternal aunt, who lives in Spain, was the only one that came after a few days to accompany me. Upon his return to Nicaragua still convalescing, I was in a wheelchair at the home of domestic workers.

It was during this period (September 1990) that my mother during an incident and I am a nervous breakdown ejected from the house at midnight, under rain and delicate state of health, I still do not fully restored to the operation of the leg, walked supported in a cast and crutches. Daniel Ortega months before and in anticipation of this outcome, decided to allocate a house that could be used to a situation like this, my mother threw me in the house with luxury of violence. Also, he argued assigned to the house that if my mother died not leave anything. It is precisely at this house where I move.

On behalf of my mother was a second action of absolute rejection to me. This time I felt the wish to hurt, then threw me onto the street ill, newly operated. I felt to be treated as a being who never left his belly.

So, for me, this new situation meant a new challenge: to lead an independent life, always alone, but away from that complex full of terrors for me.

VI. From age 23 to 30 (1990 - 1997)

The violent incident with my mother and her post-traumatic reactions, were sufficient grounds for Daniel Ortega tried to make me not return to the family compound Ortega Murillo.

Living at home in Bologna, his continued insistence. I called for establishing at what times could get, poniéndome nervous. He continued to insist on their control mechanisms.

On Oct. 5, 1991 she married Alexander Bendaña. Daniel Ortega did not hide his

disagreement, but at the same time considered, he said with much cynicism, that I could meet my needs of public life with someone, take life as a couple and their children, but he said that I belonged and that their relationship with me was indissoluble. This was apparent that his marriage would work authorization.

Daniel Ortega never respected my marriage or militancy or condition adviser Alexander. I said that the reasons that I joined him, my assailant, were divine. Again the fatality was overtaking me and took me impotence, but I felt safe at least physically, because their incursions into my body no longer possible. However, continued harassment via telephone calls vulgar, obscene and threatening. I did not want to show moods and new depression for fear that Alexander left me.

During the entire time I was married, harassment of Daniel Ortega remained over the phone every day, spaced by my refusal to answer their calls. As they got all sorts of sexual innuendo and many times I called to him to comment on details of my sex with Alejandro, at night wondering if I would love me and asked to leave the phone off to listen. Many night calls were not answered by me, pick up the phone in the background was a symptom of fear to confront it. It was like a permanent state of siege. Usually, when I came to sleep crisis depressed.

What frequent, persistent and obsessive of these calls affected me a lot. Their sexual advances were totally perverted to me and the make me even by phone, I am very much offended. I insisted on the possibility of supporting sex between the three, that is, between him, Alejandro and I, which gave him access to liquor. He said he would not participate actively, only that we observe. I also suggested that film and then see us, Alejandro and myself on video.

Then came those calls during which he was masturbating, reminding past scenes with him. Back to being sick to hear his rocky breathing. When he asked that I respond, he answered, evading-that I was among people, so I suggested that I move to another phone to call back, which I no longer get up.

All these circumstances, made during the first year of marriage crisis faced severe depression, fears night, claustrophobia, could not be alone anywhere. His persecution kept me in constant state of escape. As my frustration was evident at a certain moment I felt trapped again inside the fence that had tended for many years. I decided then to start a therapeutic process and professional care, even reserving the real cause of my situation, not the symptoms or problems of adaptation in my marriage.

I got to have two lives: the married woman and the dam of Daniel Ortega. I was afraid to walk in the streets, only I felt on my safe house where he raised a wall to avoid their bold and stalking.

Thanks to therapy overcame dependence on drugs, to which he so accustomed to me. I developed ways to control the phobias. After overcome some things, not to mention the story back to Alexander. I felt shame and insecurity as experienced.

During the exits to the outside of Alexander, Daniel Ortega insisted on call and quote the

Secretariat under any pretext, which are not coming. His harassment intensified during the absences of my husband, for that reason always hide any information about some of his travels and accompanied him on many occasions.

When I refused to phone for several days, he invented excuses to talk to Alejandro and once your chat, asking to communicate with me, which forced me to entrust him recently what was happening under our marriage, however, we immobilized his Political power and respect misunderstanding and protection to the leader of our party.

I came to feel fear again, the ringing of the phone. At the beginning I did not want to say anything to the workers in my house and office mates, I still felt an obligation to protect its image, but finally I decided. Many times the voice pretended to escape.

The trips that we undertook together Alejandro and I were to develop a mechanism to evade, escape and to protect us.

Suddenly called to the office where my co-workers on the understanding that these were matters of work, he provided the phones where we localizábamos abroad, their calls were for the same, with the same content that I have been pointing . I remember when we decided to stay for several months in Chicago, United States, their calls were quite frequent. It became a ghost in my life. I never went more than two weeks without calling. I received calls from him since Middle East, Europe, Havana, etc. ..

My political involvement was extremely limited by their impact on me, when I tried to work with the Forum of Sao Paulo, Daniel Ortega sent me to call from any room in the hotel where the meeting took place, so I chose to retire; remember once, was made during a meeting in his office with a foreign delegation and trusting that they were behind him, started from the bathroom to make obscene signs and masturbating.

In 1991, also started to work at the Center for International Studies. In 1995 I graduated from sociologist at the Universidad Centroamericana, my co-workers are virtually the same as that of Minex. My professional growth as a key feature always had the force of will, although the disease did not disappear sicosomáticas.

I had to keep diets led by nutritionists, the crisis of migraines were repeated frequently, the depressions hid very well. Somehow, through my career and public image, I came to feel better myself, but never stopped feeling the burden of secrecy, silence, which still made me feel dirty.

This period also took on the challenge of being a mother, which gave me a lot of fear, my emotional fragility and the absence of my mother gave me a lot of insecurity around a completely new experience. I felt very much the absence of a mother. I had serious problems because of the trauma of the specific stage of the rape in me that perpetuated against Daniel Ortega. Scenes of rape crossed my mind at times of post-partum recovery.

When my two children were born (Alejandro: 10 Nov. 1992; Carolina: Dec. 3. 1994), I did not believe properly assume my role as mother, I thought I did not have to give them happiness,

and the aftermath lasted did not know if I was really ready to raise them and help them in their growth and development. Auction, I remember that during my forty days of post-birth of my daughter, he called me from Cuba, recovering from heart attack suffered, making questions about whether he had already finished my quarantine and if I had resumed sex with Alejandro.

Even though I already had several years living in another house, my mother's attitude remained the same, the rejection was always present and extended to my children, during times of deliveries failed to demonstrate a gesture of support or concern Nor to date has come closer to them while grandmother she is.

My last situation is graphed as follows: it continued for six long years, his telephone harassment from any country in the world, came back to feel surrounded, with no escape; felt ashamed before my babies. The sequels were present and calls me provoked revulsion and anguish.

Since 1990 I have not made use of any appeal from the family Ortega Murillo.

VII. After age 30: The outbreak and the inevitable complaint

In 1997, the year he joined several matches and events in my life, Daniel Ortega intensifies sexual harassment against me, and I repeat my health crisis, which forced me to finally find and maintain an intensive and systematic psychological care. The new manifestations of harassment are the ones that led to my personal outburst that resulted in public denunciation.

A triggering event, it was my integration in January 1997, at the invitation of the National Directorate, the Committee on Design of the FSLN, whose mandate was to develop a proposal for the transformation of it.

Earlier I said that my decision to dissociate itself from the political work, was the reason for his escape harassment. However, after six years of inactivity and partisan issue with a lot of motivation, I decided to take responsibility.

By participating in this committee, tried a number of mechanisms of protection; always insisted that I proposed and the Commission's meetings are conducted outside the Secretariat of the FSLN, to which members agreed with it. Our meetings then, were the major venues Center for International Studies and Training Center "Olofito." This application is made to evade him, who without the slightest hesitation or respect proceeded to quote or send messages to me and left me to find him, when meetings were held in the Secretariat.

Specifying this situation better, I must say that during the few meetings that were conducted on the premises of the Secretariat of the FSLN, Daniel Ortega was waiting for me on the outskirts of the meeting rooms or waiting for me to leave the bathroom. First I indicated to

enter his office, what I refused, I sent messages to his personal assistant, on one occasion, at noon after a meeting of the committee with the secretaries Political Department, almost forced me to come to his office , To which I escabullí with great determination and detecting the presence of my fellow commission, I went toward them and immediately altered.

On this occasion, to which I refer, I had a sharp exchange of words which he claimed for the first time, with a force that came from deep inside me, that I leave in peace and not continue dañándome. Really no longer had his obsessive and was breaking boundaries again in all my spaces.

Similar scene was repeated during the meeting of the Sandinista National Assembly in October 1997 in El Crucero, which I was invited as a member of the committee, then I looked at the exit, in a dark area and I called my contact me attitude does not go in your search. During this meeting, he noted with whom departía, surrounded me and then I called obscene and making suggestive comments in relation to my links with various partners of the Front. The scope of my political involvement began to represent a scenario that we were allowing new impulses of permanent harassment towards me.

By the need to feel protected and my interest to achieve greater political participation, I proceeded to entrust to three companions of the Committee on Design of the FSLN, and then they external to the leaders of the Initiative Carlos Fonseca Managua my reservations towards the leadership Daniel, leaving glimpse of a political situations that are personal riñen with its revolutionary condition. I looked at this area the support and solidarity that I needed to confront my situation.

It also proceeded to trust my situation to other militants. I went to a member of the National Directorate of the FSLN to uncover the whole story of my life waiting for a much more belligerent attitude and consistent in the principles we profess, their words spoke of the stubbornness of Daniel Ortega and the possibility of continuing their acts , Also said that he had a dual attitude and acting in disregard its commitments.

A fellow of the Committee on Design of the FSLN who trusted them my story, I asked company, emotional support and fervently to keep the secret, either of them needed more support in my difficult moments.

The group of leaders of the initiatives which was composed, asked them understanding and patience with the process that necessarily meant to challenge Daniel Ortega, but first would do its best to resolve it in the strictly personal. I never used workshops and assemblies to publicly speak against Daniel Ortega and his leadership, I simply never spoke to him in a positive or negative. Above all, always claiming the importance of ethical and moral values, and left raised that should be the aspiration of a Sandinista Front transformed.

My involvement resulted in my public policy issues of identity, because to many people base FSLN had to shut up when I was linked to subsidiaries Daniel Ortega, when in fact what there was horror. They also had to pretend my sympathy and political respect. Somehow, I came to feel attacked by others on their way to me as the daughter of ... and I was wondering about him.

They returned Image and ghosts past. I started to have nightmares where I heard the footsteps of their heavy boots and looked him in his military uniform in the eighties and his thick glasses. Images that I caused convulsions and night terrors. The reappearance of physics Daniel, again, psychological and sensations stimulated situations past, even I did not remember that other activated. They returned dizziness, vomiting, problems with balance, I almost suffocated asphyxiation, during meetings or workshops. My depressive crisis during the nights became recurrent muscle pain, migraines and reappeared the claustrophobia that I am not allowed to travel during the last year.

This, coupled with a marital crisis, led me to start for the first time in my life a process of psychological therapy. Because of my status as a single mother and literally alone, as it had no immediate family support group, rather than the love of Alice and the workers in my house, was intensified in me the psychological fear of a relapse; this situation, I am worried on the way by my mother and now my children's exposure to my problems affecting their mental health. I am determined not to take risks for them and I proceeded to respond professionally.

For the first time, I said to two respected professionals, the causes of my current health situation and gesture to them a painful process to rewrite and reinterpret history as a whole. With anyone and never in my life, had addressed the story completely. This testimony, even, is a major personal effort of reconstruction, despite how painful it was for me, every sentence, every paragraph, every page, every episode, each image, each memory brought from the deepest reaches of my memory and sensations. During this attention I was opposed to the use of drugs, since not long ago I returned to use pills, pills Daniel damned!.

The psychological support included recognizing my strengths and weaknesses. I purchased the energy and determination enough to confront this defining moment in my life, the deep love of my grandmother, the strength shown in my horror at survival, the need for love and that many people without my family I have given, assumed as part of their own. Taking a bit of each new motif in my life, my hopes and dreams, I began to see a new world for me and embark on new paths, with a tragic past my side, not forgetting, but equates it and understood. My crisis, but not totally defeated, they are confronted with a light much stronger than them.

It is difficult to overcome the past when the aggressor and liable for damages in my humanity, continues to threaten my life, living single sabiéndome between women and two children. The most recent calls from Daniel Ortega, brought to my memory strengths and Dantesque scene of a past stuck to the wounds have not healed. I again feel helpless, cornered, he needed to scream, operate, and could not go back, my children are always a reason to blow in the middle of the straitjacket that represented my fears, should stop him, although I have recommended my psychologist isolate around to prevent a relapse strong.

I had to learn to hang up the phone, because I just left me immobile. The only sound that the phone late at night, knowing it was him, I produced a nervous breakdown that occurred in me more than once, the need to leave the house late at night or need to hurt my body. He reappeared again disgust, vomiting and migraines.

I should mention that to be living alone, which caused my brother Tino intensify its approach. He and I have developed a special relationship despite what separates us from all this history. I felt I wanted to be next to me and my children during my time of separation. The link with me Tino produced contradictory feelings in relation to whether it was time to try to get close to my mother. I felt very alone, and reaffirmed the reality that my children have no family. However, attempting to get close to them charged with harassment of Daniel Ortega was to be false.

Feelings resurfaced and newly identified, were evidence for me that my confusion and psychological trauma had not disappeared.

In addition to the harassment within the scope of my activities partisan, continued their calls threatening to reach into the night to my home in Bologna. I said to my separation was motivated by the fact that I was a lesbian, and that he had information from my circle of friends with whom Frequently departía pleasure. I understood until now, that the references to my alleged lesbianism was to provoke in me positive reactions to it.

After much complication, return of intense situations and my own questions of a political-moral, I am led to directly address the situation with Daniel Ortega. Initially, the day of my birthday (Nov. 13, 1997), I sent both him and my mother, a book entitled "From outrage to hope. Treating the aftermath of incest", by Dr. Mona Lisa Mendez Batres, book helped me a lot to understand the phenomena and my own sequels.

By sending this book, hopes that they themselves, for the first time, seriously addressing the issue, but I think I was wrong.

Having become aware of my process of therapy, they had the fear that I would make some kind of complaint, which in turn generated in me an expectation of a possible opportunity to bring my mother, which was not the case. His behavior was the same, continued to blame me, blame and punish.

The conversation with Daniel Ortega took effect on December 11 1997, which began on their side with an account of his health condition. I do not know if it was more a tale or if it was honest. I also know I made my problems, my serious health complications and Next, he missed so strong in face of the damage perpetuated in me, also argued against him by his first manipulations, both with regard to alleged feelings towards me Such as those related to political causes.

He himself acknowledged that in all this there are two victims: my mother and I, who never saw me as a daughter, that the prison caused severe disorder in their sexual behavior, you forgive. Showed concern for my statement and asked me if I would rather see him dead, or if one day you forgive. He expressed interest in continuing the conversation, I believe that his apology was genuine, real, what I thought of when I repented and felt regain dignity. Having the courage to deal personally with Daniel Ortega, with firmness and determination, made me much good.

His continued harassment. The same night of Dec. 11 proceeded to make a phone call on three occasions with various excuses. The next day, it did on two occasions and so on. I

thought it was a stage of fear of a public action on my part, but no. Again insisted saying "This can not end well. This does not end here." I understood then that the threat was always latent, that nothing that I said was sincere.

Faced with this new phase, my ex-partner, knowing the situation, for the first time it also confronted by telephone (last day of January 1998), in an attempt to stop him. Surprisingly, Daniel Ortega told him that Alexander was me who were looking for him and who had emotional and existential problems, he said that I was surrounded by people with no political maturity which I perceive were doing things differently. Immediately, informed by Alejandro exchange sustained, I proceeded to call in and deal with what he had said, of course, he refused all, well-has been his habit for those who do not know. Alejandro accused of having humiliated him and did not stand a jerk no such claims. I am frightened to be entrusted with this whole situation, that I was sick and asked you what I want for my peace of mind. I only asked him one thing: QUE ME leave in peace and respect MY POLITICAL PARTICIPATION. This was the last time I spoke with him (February 1998).

Given these facts, Daniel Ortega and my mother unleashed a campaign of disqualifications against me as the domestic game. Even started to talk about the history of abuse of distorted form. They promoted me information that I located on the side of Monica in Baltodano FSLN, was unleashed shares of persecution. Someone trusted Instructions have to report my arrival at the department of the FSLN and report what I addressed in workshops and meetings. I felt not only sexually harassed, but also politically persecuted. This took me to value my own participation.

My crisis was intensified. My therapist, before the facts, they recommended me get out of all partisan activities and travel abroad, so without harassment and removed from the attacks of Daniel Ortega, could undergo treatment. None of them approved or recommended public denunciation was considered extremely risky for my life and my emotional strength. I had the feeling that was being condemned to exile, was not taking the right either to live in my own country, to be cured here, and I was denied my right to political participation.

The evidence for which I had to go through have been too many. Leave the country meant for me to acknowledge guilt that I have not. I was saying that he could not sue to demand respect for justice or personal or political. SENTÍ HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE TO REPORT MORE. Speak with the bodies of the party? What could I expect it, if a member of the National confided to me that "the stubbornness of Daniel makes it act so obsessively? WHAT CAN I EXPECT FROM A PARTY TO KNOW HOW IT IS PERFECT Shaping and misled by Daniel Ortega Saavedra?.

That was the turning point: my life.

VIII. Finally

I mentioned all of those factors, in addition to submit to a notorious "pass and unworthy

situation, I drove to a personal holocaust. Again, during the first two months of 1998 I was feeling trapped. Daniel Ortega Saavedra, under the arguments of course love and predestination, brazenly insisted in his claim and harassment.

Today I say with great conviction, that love can not be called harassment of a man aged 34 on a girl of 11 can not be called love for the consummate violation on the spot and degrading sexual practices, can not be called love for the ambush, the persecution, isolation, espionage, the manipulation or blackmail emotional and political. That can not have another name that ABUSE OF POWER-based psychological subjugation that immobilizes the human being.

I mentioned before, my therapist did not recommend the measure to make a public denunciation, but that I undertook without the accompaniment of them. On the scale of the event was to be myself the absolute master of my final decision.

Thus, in the month of February of this year and in the midst of this situation, I began to consider the need to make this public denunciation. I spent many days and nights to reflect and consider this option. My meditations were highly spiritual and very aware.

I felt a calm, and above all in the first place was my urgent need to stop the harassment, and secondly, to leave the past behind. I became convinced and so I determined that the best way to stop the demon was directly confronted, in denouncing their own misdeeds and aberrations. What I require and demand forces to recognize and overcome my pain.

Recovering my last name is fair and a laudable act of vindication. It is necessary and indispensable to me, ENDING TO A FALSE IDENTITY.

Get my name involved say the real causes, lie or distort the history of my continuing tragedy meant negándome. In this regard, I wanted to be honest and act with truth, according to what actually happened to me and I survived, lively in the breath of life and love, because they want to live, and I am not ashamed and screaming.

I know that through my prayers, my meditation and deep faith of the newly strengthened, I will act with due patience and intelligence to make my decision on my true identity is achieved. I am convinced that there is no negative energy or coward soul, capable of halting the course of the light and truth.

I took the decision on Feb. 26, 1998. I proceeded immediately to prepare in all its implications, both personally and in politics. I took relevant measures of care and safety in relation to my children and people living with me in politics I decided to retire from the activities of the group of militants from Managua to which it was composed, did the same job in ensuring development of programs and projects that are under my responsibility and make clear the distance in relation to my personal case.

It was not an easy decision. At the moment I invaded anxieties, fears and pessimism.

The execution of my decision was made on March 2, 1998, in my home room, where I invited my closest friends to share them with me for a moment that was momentous. It meant

something like my baptism, a solemn event, which need not be sad nor a celebration. It was a farewell to a past life and the advent of a new one. So the way I've started my own liberation.

Zoilamérica Narvaez Murillo
Managua, May 22, 1998.

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