

DECLARATION OF DENNIS DOE

I, Dennis Doe, hereby declare under the penalty of perjury pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 1746:

1. I make this declaration based on my personal knowledge except where I have indicated otherwise. If called as a witness, I could and would testify competently and truthfully to these matters.

2. I was born in Honduras. I am 20 years old.

3. I have no criminal record.

4. I went to the San Ysidro port of entry to seek asylum on January 29, 2019, after waiting in Tijuana since late November 2018.

5. In Honduras, I received death threats because I refused to join MS-13. I tried to escape MS-13 by moving to another part of Honduras but MS-13 found me and sent me a letter that said they knew where I was and that my life was in danger. I was afraid that, if MS-13 finds me, they won't just hurt me, they'll hurt my family as well.

6. After I fled Honduras, MS-13 killed my friend because he refused to join them. Before they killed him, he reached out to me. He told me he was afraid that he was going to be killed and he asked me for help. I wanted to help him but wasn't sure how. MS-13 killed him, his cousin who was in a wheel chair, two other men and a woman I don't know.

7. If I am sent back to Honduras I fear that I will be killed by MS-13 gang members.

8. I do not believe the Honduran government could protect me if I were to return to my country because the police are corrupt. Sometimes when people file police reports in Honduras, the police will inform MS-13 of the report, which puts the people who filed the report in even more danger. I did not file a report, because I feared that if I did my life would be in even more danger.

9. When I first arrived in Tijuana around late November 2018, I was told I needed to get a number at El Chaparral to be able to seek asylum in the United States. I put my name on the wait list and received the number 1834. I waited for approximately two months in Tijuana before I was told that I could return to the port of entry.

10. While I was waiting, I stayed at the Benito Juarez and El Barretal refugee camps, as well as in rooms that I had rented. The conditions were very poor. There was a flood in Benito Juarez, and my belongings were soaked, leaving me to live and sleep on the street for about two nights. In El Barretal, I tried to defend a friend who was being attacked, and I received threats from the attackers. Both places were very unclean. The bathrooms were very dirty because too many people were using them. I slept on the floor, often felt really cold, and sometimes went entire days without having food to eat. The rooms that I rented were usually

shared by approximately four to seven other people. Some people in Tijuana have been hostile towards us because we are from Honduras. While I was at El Barretal I saw people and police running and shouting. They said that a bomb had been dropped. It was tear gas. I saw people crying and a woman had to go to the hospital. I am afraid that something similar could happen again. I don't know who threw the tear gas.

11. In Tijuana, I have seen people who I believe are MS-13 gang members on the street and on the beach. They have tattoos that look like MS-13 tattoos – for instance, I have seen people tattooed with the MS-13 hand, the number 13 tattooed on their forearms, and even one man with MS tattooed on his forehead – and they dress like MS-13 members, with short sleeved button up shirts. I know that the MS-13 were searching for people who tried to escape them with at least one of the caravans. This makes me afraid that the people who were trying to kill me in Honduras will find me here.

12. When my number was called on January 29, 2019, at the San Ysidro port of entry, I was taken to a place where the other asylum seekers and I were instructed to remove our shoelaces and belts and keep only our pants, one shirt, and one sweater. U.S. immigration officers asked who had come with the caravan. One U.S. immigration officer asked me for my identity documents. Then we walked down some stairs and were told to line up against a wall in a hallway, with

our hands behind our backs and our heads against the wall. An officer patted me down and asked me if I consumed cocaine. I told him that I did not. He was aggressive and made me feel inferior and intimidated.

13. We were then told to sit down in a room with computers, and the officers called us one by one. When my name was called, another officer directed me to stand, asked me questions, and typed on a computer. He asked me for information like my name, height, weight, eye color, and skin color. Then he told me to sit down. I was called back up two more times so that a female officer could take my fingerprints twice.

14. Then I was placed in a cell until the next day. The cell had cameras in the corners and a little window on the door. There was a metal bench and a² metal toilet. An officer gave me a silver paper to use as a blanket and a very thin mat to use to sleep on the floor. There were approximately 12 other men in the cell with me. I felt lonely and desperate. I had never been in prison before.

15. The next morning, the other migrants and I were taken to another room to eat. Then the officers put us back in the cell.

16. Some time later, a female officer called my name and brought me to a room with many desks. The officer spoke very little Spanish. I don't know if she understood everything I told her. On our way to one of the desks, she asked me questions like my name, my age, and why I had come to the United States. Then

she told me to sit down. There were several other officers and people like me at the other desks in the room. I could hear what they were saying. The other officers were asking similar questions. Some officers were laughing at the answers the other migrants gave. The officers talked in English to each other, and they seemed to be discussing the answers they received with their colleagues. Because of the lack of privacy, I didn't feel safe answering the questions. I tried to answer as quietly as I could so that other people wouldn't hear.

17. The officer asked me several questions, including how, where, and when I left Honduras; when I entered Mexico; whether I was sick; my parents' names and where they are from; where I was born; whether I had entered the United States before; whether I had used another name; where I was going in the United States; and why I fled Honduras. I was not allowed to provide any information other than the answers to the questions I was asked. I expected to be asked more questions and to have the opportunity to provide more details. But the interview was fairly short and lasted only about 30 minutes.

18. No one asked me if I was afraid to return to Mexico, if I had received threats in Mexico, or if I had felt safe in Mexico.

19. The officer gave me a paper in Spanish. I tried to read it but I didn't understand a lot of what it said. I understood that I had to go back to Mexico and come back to the United States on March 19, 2019, but I did not want her to be

annoyed with me because I did not know what she might do with my case. When she asked me if I understood, I just said yes. I asked the officer if I had to go back to Mexico because of a new law that the President made, to wait in Mexico while I fought my case, and she said “yes.” She didn’t explain why I was being sent to Mexico and why others were not, how to get to my March 19 court hearing, or what rights I have. She did not ask if it was possible or safe for me to wait in Mexico.

20. The officer gave me a list of lawyers. She said they were lawyers in Los Angeles that I could call but she didn’t explain how an attorney in California would be able to represent me if I am in Mexico. I don’t understand how I can find an attorney if I cannot go to Los Angeles. Here in Tijuana, I do not know how I will find a lawyer to help me with my case.

21. The officer told me to sign several papers. They were in English and I did not understand them. She did not tell me what they were or translate any of them into Spanish. I didn’t know what I was signing. I didn’t ask questions for fear that I would be humiliated or aggressively told to sign.

22. Around the end of the interview, I asked how long I would be there. The officer told me about three hours and then I would go back to Tijuana. Then she put me back in the cell.

23. Some time later, another officer came and took me to another cell.

After a while, I was instructed to find my luggage in another room and to put it in the hallway. Then I waited in the cell with other people who were also going back to Tijuana. An officer called us one by one in the hallway, and handcuffed us with our hands behind our backs. We had to carry our luggage with our hands like that. We were told to get into a vehicle with metal seats. It had seat belts, but we couldn't put them on. The vehicle took us back to the entrance to Mexico. An officer called us one by one to remove the handcuffs and hand us our documents.

24. At the entrance to Mexico, there were officials from Grupos Beta, Derechos Humanos (Human Rights), immigration officials, and others. Mexican officials told us that the Mexican humanitarian visas that we had were no longer valid and that those who had applied for papers in Mexico before going to the United States had abandoned their applications by going to the United States. I was given a little paper called a Forma Migratoria and told to keep it until my court hearing in the United States. The Forma Migratoria that was given to me on January 30, 2019, is valid for 76 days.

25. Soon after I was sent back to Tijuana, someone who speaks English and Spanish translated the questions and answers on the statement I had received from the U.S. immigration officer. I realized that I was not asked some of questions on the paper. For example, the paper says that the officer asked me "Were you in contact with any of the organizers of the caravan during your travel,"

but the officer never asked me that question.

26. I do not know if the form I received from Mexican immigration on January 30, 2019, gives me permission to work. I asked the officials if I could work and they told me that I could probably figure it out. I don't know if I can work legally and I have been unable to find regular work in Mexico. I don't feel safe in public. There is a lot of discrimination against Honduran migrants, and I am afraid that members of MS-13 might attack me.

27. During the brief period I was in the United States, no one asked me if I was afraid to be in Mexico. I also did not have the opportunity to tell anyone I felt unsafe in Mexico because I was not allowed to provide any information other than the answers to the questions I was asked. Had I been asked if I was afraid to be in Mexico, I would have said yes.

28. I am also afraid that Mexican officials will deport me to Honduras while I am waiting here. When I first entered Mexico after fleeing Honduras, Mexican officers caught and deported me without asking me any questions at all. The officers did not ask if I wanted asylum or if I was afraid to go back to my country. If Mexico decided that they wanted to deport me again, I don't think anything would prevent them from doing so.

29. Apart from my fear of being in Mexico, I also am worried about how I will fight my asylum case. I don't know how I can find a U.S. immigration lawyer

while I'm in Tijuana.

30. I tried calling the immigration court number that is on the paper, but it is an automated system, so I couldn't talk to anyone or ask questions about my case. I also tried to check the status of my case, but the automated system said that my case is not in the system.

31. I was told to present myself in El Chaparral on March 19, but I am not sure exactly where. Without more information, I am afraid that I will miss my immigration court hearing.

32. Given the harm I have experienced in my country, I fear that if my identity and my status as an asylum applicant are released to the public, my life and possibly that of my family will be in danger. I wish that my identity not be publicly disclosed, and I wish to proceed with the use of a pseudonym in any federal action.

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the United States of America that the foregoing is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and recollection. This declaration was read back to me in Spanish, a language in which I am fluent.

Executed on February 4, 2019 in Tijuana, Mexico.

Dennis Joe
Dennis Doe

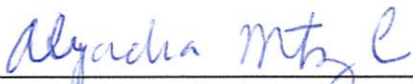
CERTIFICATION

I, Maria Alejandra Martinez Corral, declare that I am professionally competent in the English and Spanish languages.

On February 4, 2019, I read the foregoing declaration and orally translated it faithfully and accurately into Spanish in the presence of the declarant. After I completed translating the declaration, the declarant verified that the contents of the foregoing declaration are true and accurate.

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the United States of America that the foregoing is true and correct.

Executed on February 4, 2019 in Tijuana, Mexico.



Maria Alejandra Martinez Corral

February 4, 2019