

**To: The Ohio House of Representatives Criminal Justice Committee**  
**From: Tracie Hollin**  
**Date: February 25, 2020**  
**Re: House Bill 431**

Disclaimer: The following contains some graphic details as it is sexual and violent in nature.

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I was born in a sleepy little town that sits on the state line of Ohio and Indiana in 1975. My childhood was good until my parents divorced when I was 8. My mother (Who I witnessed multiple times pass herself to many men while married to my Father) got custody of me. For the next 10 years of my young adulthood I was abused at the hands of those I thought cared and loved me. Trouble started in school for me and I began to rebel somewhat.

At the age of 12 when I came home from school and was at the kitchen table doing schoolwork, I can remember there was a show on, Oprah. The topic of the show was about older men having sex with younger girls. That's when my stepfather (Who used to sit around in only his tight white underwear) said to me "Did you know my finger can make you cum?" I had no clue what he meant. That's when the trouble really started. For years I searched for trust. Love. Safety. I tried so hard to please my family-whatever they wanted I tried to do to please them. My mother fed me lies about my biological father. That he didn't love me. Brainwashed me because she hated him. Only to find out later in life he fought to get me but the system wants to keep kids with mothers... What's that about?!

At 14 one of my Aunts handed me over to a 32-year-old man named Victor that gave her cocaine. I left with him. I remember it vividly. I was terrified and drugged but really tried to act grown up and ok. This continued until I was 17 when I got pregnant. I called my Mom and she wanted me to come home. I thought this was a turning point only to have that completely shattered. The same month I turned 18 she called Hamilton County Sheriff's Office and told them: "She is of age I want her out of my house and I am keeping the baby" I knew nothing about rights. I had no clothes, no money, and no food. The deputy escorted me 60+ miles away to a place called the drop-in center. Again, I was terrified. A little girl being thrown away like trash! I was thrown right into the skillet by the hands that brought me into this world. I felt shattered. Still do at times. I take medicine to this day for PTSD because the nightmares are horrendous! The wound may heal but the scars are for life. It affects every aspect of my life from jobs, relationships, social engagements, sleep, eating etc.

I did not even make it into this facility because a young woman approached me. She befriended me; I was being groomed. She immediately took me to Washington Park where I met Carlito, a pimp. I don't remember much that night except being taken to a dark apartment and gang raped. From there he took me to different cities to traffic me for money. And for 11+ years, he kept me fed with drugs and I became very addicted. Jails, raped, guns held to my head, kidnapped, the list goes on.

I do not need to go into “war stories.” I am a victim of human trafficking that survived! I will share the “last ride” as I call it: the moment that my life was spared and I was saved by a police officer.

In 2006 I was almost murdered in a hotel by a man. I literally fought for my life. Blood was everywhere. As the phone cord went around my neck and the curtain was pulled off the window, I was fading in and out of consciousness. I remember him saying my body would be wrapped up in it. I saw my life flash before my eyes. I felt death on me. I could hear the old country church choir singing that I witnessed when I was 4 or 5 with my Great Grandmother in church. I cried out “Jesus help me” And right away a flashlight from A Cincinnati Police Officer came thru the window. I was rescued! I went to jail, however the man who tried to kill me did not! He didn’t go to prison because I was told by the courts that it was my fault. Again, the court system failed me and countless others.

That brings us to why we are here today. As you all know, we have ZERO systems implemented for holding these pimps and johns accountable. I would watch them be told “go home” as I was carted off to jail...over and over! They are fueling this. Let’s stop it at the source! These perps are Doctors, lawyers, married men with children, rapists, murders and evil. Why are we letting them roam free? If you take the food away from the dog it will starve!

With the grace and mercy of God I have 15 years of freedom! I am employed, have my own place and give back to my community.

I am sure a lot of you ask yourself, why? This is the fix to that question. I am sure most folks think “Oh, it won’t happen to me/here” I am here to tell it does. The face of a victim of Sex trafficking could be your neighbor, your nephew or you.

I ask that you pass this bill. Stand with me and the many other faces and voices that are not able to be here today be it because they are still trapped or...dead. Give us a fighting chance at survival because god knows we cannot do it without you! Or on our own. Let my testimony be the voices of those in human trafficking past and present. Human trafficking is a growing evil destroying community, expanding gang and drug activity and robbing the innocence of our youth.

**WE NEED YOU. WE NEED YOUR HELP DRASTICALLY. LET’S END THIS.**