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Honorable Chair, Ranking Member, and Members of the Committee,

I want to take you back to 1991. I was just a happy primary school child who loved playing soccer. Like most children in our village, I knew nothing about politics. We had no TV, no radio, no internet. Life was simple.

One day, while walking near my home in my traditional Nepali clothes, a police officer stopped me. Without explanation, he told me to take off my clothes. I was confused and scared. When I resisted, they forcefully stripped me down to my underwear. I ran home, crying. That evening, my father explained that the King had ordered everyone to wear the national dress—Gho and Kira—at all times. Not following the rule meant punishment. It was a way to erase who we were—our culture, language, and identity.

Another time, an Army officer dragged me to his camp from my home. As a Hindu, I don't eat cow meat—cows are sacred to us. But he forced me to eat rotten cow meat. Then, they forced me to mow their lawn.

I also remember a day when seven Army officers barged into our home during lunchtime. Without saying a word, they kicked our food and scattered it on the ground. It was meant to humiliate us and scare us into leaving the country. This became normal—fear and insult every day.

But the deepest scar came when one of our closest relatives, Punya Dhakal uncle, disappeared. He was kind, loved, and respected. Later, we found out that the Army had taken him. He was brutally tortured.

One of his cellmates, Rizal Dai—who is here with me today—still shakes when he speaks of it. As I was preparing this testimony, he told me, “I saw it all. We were in the same cell. They beat us one by one. The officer who beat Punya was cruel. He broke his skull. Blood came from his mouth, nose, head, skin—even his private parts. There was no place he wasn't bleeding.” He recalled.

After much torture to the pulp, one last day, Punya uncle struggled to breathe. Rizal Dai took off his blood-soaked clothes, hoping to ease his pain and breathe. But it was too late. He died in front of him. The Army then forced Rizal Dai to put his body in a box. They never returned him to his family. His family waited months, hoping that the government would return his body. His family never healed.

I was just a boy, but these memories are deep in my heart. They were my first experience of state-sponsored cruelty.

This is not just my story—it is the story of thousands. Silenced. Humiliated. Erased from their own land.

Thank you for letting me speak. I don't share this for pity, but for justice—and so these stories are never forgotten. I ask for your support.