

My name is Aliya Rahman, and I am a resident of Minneapolis. I am a Bangladeshi American, and a disabled person with autism and a traumatic brain injury.

On January 13, on the way to my 39th appointment at Hennepin County's Traumatic Brain Injury Center, I encountered a traffic jam caused by ICE vehicles and no signs indicating how to get around it. I had not wanted to pull into a blocked, chaotic intersection, but verbally agreed to do so and rolled down my window after an agent yelled: "MOVE. I WILL BREAK YOUR F***ING WINDOW." Agents on all sides of my vehicle yelled conflicting threats and instructions that I could not process while watching for pedestrians. Then, the glass of the passenger side window flew across my face. I yelled "I'm disabled!" at the hands grabbing me. An agent said, "TOO LATE." Not all autistic brains do this, but mine fixates on sounds, numbers, and patterns. In that moment the pattern felt very strong to me, and I thought of Jenoah Donald, an autistic Black man killed by police during a traffic stop in 2021. I remembered Mr. Silverio Villegas Gonzalez, who was killed by ICE in his vehicle last year.

An agent pulled a large combat knife in front of my face. Shooting pain went through my head, neck, and wrists when I hit the ground and people leaned on my back. I felt the pattern and thought of Mr. George Floyd, who was killed four blocks away. I was carried face down through the street by my cuffed arms and legs while yelling that I had a brain injury. I now cannot lift my arms normally. I was never asked for ID, never told I was under arrest, never read my rights, and never charged with a crime.

Approaching the Whipple Center, I saw Black and brown people shackled together and being marched by yelling agents. I continue to hear the word "bodies," as agents referred to us. "They're bringing in bodies 7-8 at a time!" "We can't use that room, there's already a body in there."

Agents repeatedly had to stop and ask how to do tasks. I received no medical screening, phone call, or access to a lawyer. I was denied a communication navigator when my speech began to slur. Agents laughed as I tried to immobilize my own neck. I asked for my cane and was told no, pulled up by my arms, and prodded forward in leg irons by an agent saying "Walk! You can do it. Walk." Agents did not know if the facility had a wheelchair. When I was finally placed in one to be taken to interrogation, an agent taunted: "You were driving right? So your legs do work."

Before I blacked out on the cell floor, my cell mate pleaded over and over to get me emergency medical care. A voice outside said "We don't want to step on ICE's toes." When I opened my eyes at Hennepin County's emergency room, I learned I was brought there to be treated for assault.

The impacts of DHS detention on my physical, mental, and financial wellbeing and safety have been very severe. But I do not deserve more humane treatment than anyone else, and I am here today with a strong spirit and a duty to the many people who haven't had the privilege of being released or seeing their loved ones come home. I am extremely distressed that violence from law enforcement has been happening to Black and indigenous communities for centuries,

and to DHS survivors for over 20 years. Our nation lacks rules and accountability around what a person claiming to be law enforcement can do to another human being, and I am not afraid to keep working on this problem even after ICE is gone.