

**TESTIMONY OF ARNOLDO BAZAN**  
**TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 2026**

My name is Arnolando Bazan. I'm here today to share the injustices done to me and my family. I mourn my peace, safety, and youth, because they, along with my father, were taken from me on October 23, 2025.

On that morning my father was driving me to school after we made a stop at McDonald's. We were celebrating because I had made it to the Varsity soccer team.

A car with tinted windows flashed its lights. When my father pulled over, multiple unmarked cars approached, and armed men with masks jumped out and started banging on the windows. They never identified themselves or explained why we were stopped. We didn't know who these men were.

I started recording on my phone when my father started driving. One of the unmarked cars rammed into our car multiple times. I even felt our car lift.

My dad stopped at a store and ran inside to find help. I saw men grab my dad and start attacking him. As a son, I could not just sit there. So I ran inside and screamed for these men to get off my dad.

Officers grabbed me and ripped my shirt. One officer put me in a chokehold. The officer choking me told me, "You're done." His grip was so tight that I wondered if I would make it out alive. With all of my strength, I screamed that I was underage and from the United States.

When the officer finally stopped, I began telling everyone who could hear me that these officers had tried to flip our car and that I had proof on my phone. The same officer who choked me then took my phone.

The officers put me and my dad in a car. They mocked us. They told me I was "gay for crying," "an illegal idiot," a "border hopper," and other de-meaning words. These officers even celebrated that they caught two people and that their bonus would be good.

After they took a picture of me, they tried to be friendly. But when that didn't work, the same officer who put me in a chokehold threatened me. He told me my dad will pay the consequences if I press charges. At one point, I asked for my phone, and one officer told me not to "worry" about it.

The officers drove me to my house, where my father and I prayed one last time. I tried to hug him, but he couldn't hug me back because he was handcuffed. The officers gave me my backpack, but I later learned that my phone was missing.

My sister Maria, who is here with me today, took me to the children's hospital, where I was sent to the trauma unit and received morphine for my pain.

When I finally recovered, I used the application Find My to locate my iPhone 2 miles from where my father was detained. My phone was inside a kiosk for people to sell used electronics. Someone sold my phone.

When I tried to share what happened to local police, they told me that they "can't do anything" to federal officers.

I later learned from my dad that he was threatened. Unless he signed papers to self deport, the government would send me to juvie and federal prison. So my father signed.

I couldn't drink correctly for weeks. My body ached for days. I couldn't sleep. I missed school.

All of this still affects me to this day. When I go to school, I pray I come home safely. Whenever I hear sirens or see an officer, my heart starts racing. I don't even know when I will see my father again.

I'm sharing my story so that this doesn't happen to other people. This is not the America that I know.