

Appendix C: Testimony of Liu Xianbin's Daughter

My Father Liu Xianbin and I

----- By Chen Qiao



Mom and Dad were married in 1994.



I was born on June 13, 1997.

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My name is Qiao Chen, I'm 14 years old. My father was sent to jail when I was two years old. Therefore, we only have two pictures with the three of us in it. Both of these pictures were taken before I was three.

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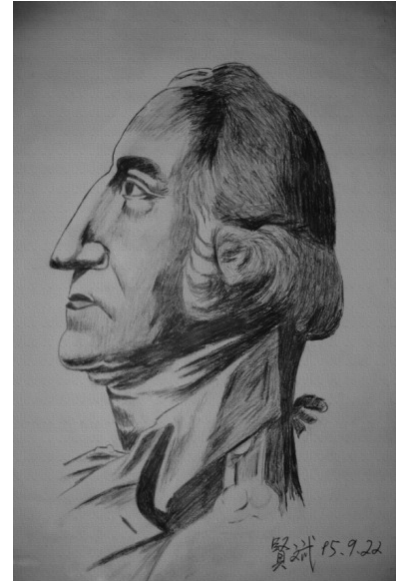


This picture was taken on June 20, 1999. Dad was sick on that day. He was taken away 17 days later, and was absent during my childhood.



November 6, 2008, Dad came back home. His daughter had become a beautiful teen girl.

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I cannot remember when I took my first trip to visit my dad in jail. Every summer and winter vacation, Mom took me on crowded trains to Nanchong, and from there we took a bus to Dazhu to see my father. We would travel for almost a full day to get there. During that period, Dad regularly wrote me letters. Sometimes, he sent me some comics and drawings that he had drawn. Since he had only a pen, these pictures usually had only one color. When I got them, I colored them in.

During major festivals, like the Spring Festival, Mom and I would write letters to Dad together. This is how the years that Dad had been absent from home slipped by. On December 6, 2008, Dad suddenly came to “my home,” but I was already a teenager. I didn’t know how to be close with my dad. Perhaps it was because Dad had been absent in my life for a long time, but I felt like a stranger had come into my home. At first, I

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wasn't used to having him at home. Fortunately, while we spent those two years together, we got closer and closer. Our relationship gradually returned and we felt more and more comfortable together.

Not long after my 13th birthday, a teacher came to my classroom and asked me to go to the school guardroom. When I got there, I saw two men were already there; they introduced themselves and said that they were police officers. After the head teacher arrived, we started talking. I remember, the head teacher was sitting on my right and the two men were facing us. One of them interrogated me and another took notes. The one who asked me questions was very serious. He ordered me to tell the truth and not lie. I was scared so I immediately agreed.

At first, he asked me some questions like: "What are your hobbies?" "What do you usually do?" and "How do you spend your leisure time?" I gave them the answers. I was confused as to why he brought up those unimportant questions. A moment later, he asked me: "How many computers do you have in your home?" At that time there were two: a desktop for my mom, and a laptop that I shared with Dad. I told the police this. Then he asked: "You two share a laptop? What do you use the laptop for?" At that time, I realized that the reason they came looking for me was related to my dad. I answered: "To surf the internet."

"Doing what?" He asked.

"Listening Music, chatting, watching movies, and reading," I answered.

"Do you write articles?" He asked.

"No, I sometimes write in my diary," I answered.

Then he asked: "What about your dad?"

"He surfs the internet, plays chess, and writes some essays." I said.

"Does he like writing articles?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"When does he use the computer?" he asked.

"Pretty much Monday through Friday, while I'm at class. It's mostly him who uses the computer," I said, telling them the truth.

"Are you sure you didn't write any articles on that computer?" he repeated.

"I've written some stories for fun and essays for school," I said.

"Do you know what kind of articles your father writes?" He asked.

"I don't really understand too much about his writings," I said, "I just know one is about the tainted *Sanlu* milk powder."

Then he told me to be more specific about the content of the article. I told him that I forgot, that it was probably an opinion piece.

When the discussion ended, the cops asked me to sign my name in the notebook to prove that these were my words.

When the interrogation was over, class had already ended. Some of my classmates came to ask me why the cops wanted to see me. I said I didn't know either. At noon, Mom called me. I asked her what happened to Dad; I was worried and crying. Mom comforted me saying: "Don't cry, don't cry, everything is okay!" I believed her and then I felt relieved. I thought the cops were just asking some questions. In the afternoon, I saw

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Mom was waiting for me at the entrance of my dorm (I lived in the dorm on campus). When she saw me she asked, "Are you alright?" I said I was okay, and then I went to school.

I went back home on Friday (I lived in the dorm on weekdays and went back home on weekends). Mom told me Dad was taken away again. Honestly, I did not feel too shaken. He was my dad, but I did not know much about him. Or, for the years in my memory, I did not want to actively get to know him. Moreover, I meant to avoid him sometimes. Before I came over to the US, Mom told me something more about my dad to help me better know and understand him.

Dad is a guest in my life; he comes and leaves in a hurry. His image in my childhood becomes dimmer and dimmer. When I turned 11 years old, he suddenly came back into my life. After living with us for two years, he left so quickly that none of us had time to say goodbye. Actually, I got used to living with just my mom and without my father by my side. So when he went away this time I was not that sad about his leaving. While Dad was gone, Mom raised me to be a healthily and happy teenager. However, when I look back, I feel something is missing in my life.

The life that I am supposed to have is disturbed by an intangible power; it surrounds and frustrates me. While my dad was with me in those two years, I was not willing to get close to him; I was shy and guarded like a hedgehog, not wanting to get too close to him. Now I am full of regret and guilt. I should not have avoided him during that time.

Memories of my dad are hard to recall, but some images come to mind: we played Gobang (*a type of Chinese chess*) together, he taught me The Analects, he asked me to practice fountain pen writing, and he brought me birthday cakes and so on. These moments were not a big deal when they were occurring, but they fill me with warmth now. Now I know memories of these ordinary routines are very dear to Dad and me. In the over 14 years of my life, I only have these two years of precious memories with him.

Not until I came to the US, did I know just how unfairly my dad was treated. Now that I have learned that American companies like Cisco Systems are helping the Chinese police monitor the internet and track down innocent people like my Dad, I do not know what to say. Anyway, I was happy with Mom, but I regret that I did not have Dad in my life. For the last 14 years, I have never said, "I love you" to Dad, but in my heart I know I need him; my mom and I both need him. If he had really done something criminal, then he should be sent to jail. But the truth is, he was sent to the jail by the Communist Party, merely for writing some articles to express his own ideas and opinions. This time, he was sentenced to more than ten years. When he is released, he will have become a 50-year-old man!

My dad is not a great man; he just did something that is right, which should be done by everyone who has a sense of compassion and responsibility. The more I get know my dad, the more I feel that he does not deserve to be sent to jail. Such a thing should not have happened. It has hurt a whole family, a group of people- those who care about my dad, and all those who have a conscience and who refuse to yield!