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Maria Lucia Goncalves Marafao (Caroline's Mother)
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2. In 2004, I graduated from Xi'an University of Architecture and Technology, with Bachelor's degree in Information and Computer Sciences.

3. After graduation, I worked first at Foxconn Shenzhen as IT Product Manager until April 2005. From April 2005 until January 2009, I worked at Huawei Technologies Senior Purchase Manager of Pakistan, Senior Purchase Manager of Bangladesh, Outsourcing Product Sales Manager, Optical Network Product Sales Manager, Turnkey Department Director of Huawei South-East Asia, and Account Manager of Philippines.

4. From March 2009 until September 2010, I worked for Rosenberger Asia Pacific (Germany) Electronic Co., Ltd. as Philippines Sales Director, Latin America Sales Director, and Brazil Sales Chief.

5. I was making very good money at the time – my income from Rosenberger Electronic Co. was about \$60K, and my personal businesses in the Philippines and Vietnam brought me around \$80-100K annually.

6. In May 2011, I started working for ICT Company as its Asia Pacific Director. Jason Yuyi started working for ICT in August 2011, and Cathy Yu in September 2012 – this was Cathy's very first job after graduation in July 2012.

7. We loved working at ICT. We not only made good monthly salaries, but were also rewarded by the Company with commissions, bonuses, flexible working hours, and friendly treatment. Our families also felt happy for us with ours jobs at ICT. With a good income and flexible work schedule, it was more than enough; most importantly, the Company provided us with freedom.

8. The three of us built a marketing platform and developed sales channels and hundreds of new clients, covering the majority of the main business partners all over China. ICT was satisfied with our work efforts and the results and achievements of our small team consisting of only three people.

9. However, an enormous disaster fell into our hands when HP/HPFS/H3C came into play.

10. In 2011, ICT informed us that there was an opportunity to get "good stuff" for resale from HP/HPFS. We felt grateful for that opportunity because it would allow us to help our Company even more by gaining more sales and profit and, as employees, we would also be making more income.

11. In order to make our best at this new chance for the Company, Jason and I proceeded to canvas the market, check the sales opportunities, potential buyers, and best sales prices based on the information about the products models, products conditions and qualities sent by HP/HPFS to ICT.

12. ICT had hundreds of clients in China as well as contacts in Taiwan, Hong Kong, Philippines, Vietnam, Japan, Korea, and Brazil. As long as there were any potential buyers, Jason and I spent days and nights making phone calls, sending emails and creating online ads just to prepare for the “big future.”

13. One of the reasons we had so many good buyers was because the equipment was manufactured by HP/H3C, a world-famous company; we not only got positive feedbacks from our clients, but also had their target models and target purchase prices and qualities. These were based on what information HP/HPFS passed to ICT and were fully trusted by our clients. Our clients trusted the conditions and the authenticity of the products. Our clients sent us feedbacks us through QQ (a popular Chinese instant message social network), and phone calls. We sent those feedbacks to the ICT Company through email immediately including the client’s name, which models they wanted to buy, the price and the quantity. These were a priority to our company because they helped us understand the future sales and profit at this deal with HP/HPFS.

14. After the contracts were signed and ICT paid for the first batch of the goods from HP/HPFS, we all felt ecstatic, and it has been a long time coming. Jason and I arranged for the sales of the goods from HP/HPFS, and we even got some clients’ pre-payment as reservation for the hot selling models. Of course, we also sent the feedback to ICT through emails.

15. However, when the goods reached our clients, the conditions and the quality made our clients extremely disappointed -- this was not what HP/HPFS had told us. The products which were poorly packaged, parts were damaged, scratched, along with many other defects, and some were missing logos. It left us with no choice but to lower down the sale prices to almost nothing; still, many clients cancelled their purchase orders. Moreover,

the most important part was that it damaged our Company's name -- many clients thought that ICT has "lied" to them about the equipment.

16. Because of this, we experienced an exceptionally tough situation of sales. We were left with a tremendous amount of stock on our hands, and wasted expenses. And we had to spend most of our time and energy explaining to the clients and trying to recover the company's damaged name. The least the company wanted was clients' disappointments, failed hopes and less-than-expected qualities of the products.

17. Due to the tough sales and demanding customer services on the products and the horrible conditions the came in, we got Cathy to join our team in September of 2012. Jason and Cathy went to Beijing and stayed there just so they could work more closely with the clients and trying to gain back our name. Jason and Cathy gave up their family and freedom just to work on those poorly conditioned products sent by the HP/HPFS company. I stayed in my house in Rushan City (approximately 1,000 kilometers or 621 miles away from Beijing). I made additional calls to Jason and Cathy about work and solutions every day, instead of communication face to face as before.

18. Until December 2012, all three of us spent majority of our days and put all of our efforts into those badly conditioned products. We tried finding solutions and communicated with ICT Company and contacted the clients.

19. And then the disaster fell on our heads, caused by HP/HPFS/H3C. It was at around 9:00 am on December 10, 2012, a Monday. I started working and wanted to communicate with Jason and Cathy (they were still in Beijing) about work and feedbacks. But both Jason and Cathy were not online at the time, which was unusual. I made calls to both Jason and Cathy but no one answered. I thought they both might have been on their way to visit some clients, so I waited another hour. After an hour passed, I still did not see either

of them online which led me to calling them again, but still no answer. I kept trying to call them until lunchtime, and there were still no answer.

20. This felt really strange to me; something unusual. Even if they had gone to visit clients, they should have finished the meetings and would have been back by lunch time. I had no any way to find them, therefore, I made calls to Jason's and Cathy's parents. Each of their parents said that Jason and Cathy did not return to their hometown, and even they kept calling Jason and Cathy several times with no answer. I started to feel nervous, that kind of feeling when your gut is telling you something's not right. I even contacted some of our clients to check whether they knew where Jason and Cathy were, but none of them did.

21. Our clients did not suspect anything bad has happened to Jason and Cathy. I started to worry more: both of them stayed in a busy city they were not familiar with, anything could have happened. A thriving city such as Beijing brought many dangers, a car accident? Robbed by burglars? As the director of the company, one of my responsibilities was to hear the work results from my team-members. I also needed to make sure my team-members were safe. I also did not want Jason nor Cathy's parents to be concerned about their children.

22. I made a dozen of calls to Jason's and Cathy's families that day but I could not wait any longer. My priority was to figure out what happened to my co-workers, instead of focusing on work. I made the decision to drive and pay a visit to Jason's and Cathy's parents. I suggested my wife, Caroline, to stay at home and wait for me to get back so she did not have to worry.

23. I paid visits to each of Jason's and Cathy's parents. Upon arrival, I immediately saw the nervousness on their faces and felt their tension. I was the only one whom they could get any updates from but could not provide them with any news. Jason bought a new house in Yantai City, so we wondered maybe Jason and Cathy might have felt

tired of the demanding work and wanted to rest for a short time by going to Yantai. This was the last place in hoping of finding them. Cathy's stepfather, Junfang Yu, accompanied me to Yantai, a 3 hours drive, where we still did not find them and drove back.

24. We had some relatives in Beijing so at the same time, we asked them to go to our company's office. However, the door was locked, so they called the police, but due to China's policy they would not open the door because it would only be regarded as missing if it has been 48 hours. I felt so upset and discouraged that I did not have the power to find them. There was nothing we could do except to wait and call the police again next day.

25. After sending Cathy's stepfather home, I drove to my parents' home and told them what happened. I called Caroline, filled her in with all the information and told her that we needed to keep looking for Jason and Cathy with their families tomorrow. The sleepless night was filled with tossing and turning. My mind was set on finding Cathy and Jason. It was my responsibility to keep them safe, plus I did not want their families to worry. On the other hand, I also felt sorry about leaving Caroline behind.

26. On December 11, 2012 the relatives from Beijing received a phone call from the police station with horrific news that Jason and Cathy were arrested and sent to Beijing Haidian Detention Center due to "*suspicion of selling commodities bearing counterfeit registered trademark.*"

27. Every one of us felt shocked and frightened. What just happened?!

28. After hearing the news, I called their families in efforts to calm them down. Meanwhile, I made urgent reports to ICT Company through email and calls and worked with ICT Company together to prepare all the necessary documents, including the scanned contracts signed by HPFS and ICT (which were in English but I made remarks in Chinese on the important parts), the Employment Letter from ICT stating that we worked for the company, the Declare Letter explaining the transaction and the fact that the equipment was

sold to ICT by HPFS as H3C-manufactured equipment, and everything we could think of to provide to the police.

29. Several days prior to December 16, 2012, I tried everything in my power to look for a way to save Jason and Cathy: I made hundreds of phone calls, visited people who may provide any help, thought of solutions with ICT Company, and communicated with Jason's and Cathy's families numerous times daily in attempt to alleviate their concerns. No matter what I did, I felt helpless. We put our business on the back burner and focused on our employees who were detained. In the middle of it all, I drove home, back in Rushan and brought my wife to my parents' house. It was more convenient because my parent's house was closer to Cathy's parents' house. I worked all day and night for this tragic matter that was created by HP/HPFS/H3C.

30. A couples of days passed, and there was still no way to bring Jason and Cathy out. It seemed like we lived in a different world compared to Jason and Cathy. There was no way for us to get in touch with them, nobody ever seen them ever since they went "missing". Although we knew they were held in Beijing Haidian Detention Center, we were not allowed a single visit due to the strict rules.

31. On December 14, 2012, I went to the bank and withdrew 5,000 American dollars and 100,000 RMB cash. IDs and bank savings cards were all prepared along with a hotel booked in preparation to go to Beijing.

32. On Dec 16,2012, I spoke to my parents and Caroline: "I will go to Beijing to bring Jason and Cathy out and I will be back soon after." Again, I was sorry to leave Caroline with my parents, who could not communicate with each other very well. Caroline is Brazilian so her main language was Portuguese. My parents did not know how to speak English or Portuguese, the language barrier alone was a torture. It was a heart-rending experience to

leave them like that, but I had no choice. The last words said to them in person was "I will come back to you very soon!"

33. My mind was filled with determination to go to Beijing in order to bring Jason and Cathy out. I never got a chance to hug my parents or Caroline because I thought I would be back soon. This tragic event could not have come at a worse time because it was close to Christmas, New Year, and our wedding anniversary. Everyone was busy and happy at the coming holidays! Instead of preparing for the holidays, we were busy with the matter caused by HP/HPFS/H3C and suffered from the situation they have created. Jason and Cathy were put inside the Beijing Detention Center while the people who caused such damage from HP/HPFS/H3C ignored the problem, and never even lifted a finger to acknowledge what happened. They created this, and threw this mess into our hands.

34. On December 16, 2012, I drove to Cathy's parent's house and left my vehicle there. Cathy's stepfather and I took the bus at dawn (taking bus from the village was much easier way) to go to Beijing. It took us 9 hours in the cramped bus to reach our destination. I loved Beijing but I also never want to go there anymore because of what happened.

35. Cathy's stepfather and I stayed at a relative's house that night. The relative we stayed with was an elderly, 70+ years of age, and he still led us to the Beijing Haidian Detention Center area as well as introducing us to some lawyers.

36. December 17, 2012 was my wedding anniversary. Where was I? In Beijing, on the way to the detention center and lawyer's office. Caroline was at my parent's house cluelessly sitting there without me and unable to talk to anyone because of the language barrier.

37. On Dec 17, 2012, we were confirmed that no visitations to Jason and Cathy were permitted, and the only way to get in touch with them was for a lawyer to arrange a "lawyer visit." I paid 100,000 RMB to get 2 lawyers (at that moment, I was not aware I

needed a lawyer for myself as well). I remember our lawyer did not get a chance to visit any of them on that day. I put 1,000 RMB at the reception gate under Jason and Cathy's name, and around another 200 RMB to buy clothes for them to use inside. Furthermore, the lawyers asked to prepare more documents, so with their suggestion I worked into the late night with ICT Company after we took a taxi back to a hotel (we did not want to put more burden onto the relative). Beijing Detention Center, the largest detention center in Asia, is located at the foot of a mountain around a 2-hour drive out of the city.

38. From December 17, 2012 to December 21, 2012, Cathy's stepfather and I began our early mornings by visiting the lawyer's office. Each night, we went back to the hotel. I communicated with ICT Company every night along with Jason's, Cathy's families, and mine.

39. Through the lawyers, we submitted our necessary and completed documents to the pre-investigator of the police who worked inside the Beijing Haidian Detention Center.

40. In the afternoon of December 20, 2012, pre-investigator Zhang Jian, called me to explain the documents submitted through the lawyer, and appointed to meet me in the morning of December 21, 2012.

41. At night, I communicated with ICT Company about it. I shared all the contact information of my friends' who can speak English with ICT Company, in case of any misfortune the next day. ICT suggested to me not to go because it could be dangerous, and instead fly to the United States. I appreciated the suggestion, but I was the only person who could solve this problem in China for our company. I was also the only person who can be contacted with by ICT Company. My other 2 team-members were "lost," I was the last one left.

42. On December 21, 2012, Cathy's stepfather and I took a taxi to meet the pre-investigator. I spent a lot of time preparing on what to say and how to give my best and

strongest answers to the pre-investigator. I told myself that today would be the day for the police to realize that HP/HPFS/H3C made a terrible mistake, today would be the day I would bring Jason and Cathy out!

43. When we arrived at the Beijing Detention Center, I called the pre-investigator Zhang Jian to let him know I was there and asked which gate to meet him at. He told me to wait and that he was going to bring me in. After the call, I received a phone call saying that a colleague of Zhang Jian's will be picking me up instead. Later on, a police car arrived. A policeman came to me and said "go in the car and I will bring you to meet the pre-investigator." (I found out that his name was Zhang Xiaole, who turned out to be one of the policemen who arrested Jason and Cathy.)

44. Before I stepped into the police car, Cathy's stepfather felt shocked, as did our lawyers who met us at the entrance to the Detention Center because we had planned to see Jason and Cathy.

45. I told Cathy's stepfather: "Let's follow their rules, that's the only way I can explain to them. Just wait for me here, I will come back today. Don't wait up for me if this takes more than 3 hours. Just go back the hotel, and I will directly head back to the hotel when this is done. Tell Caroline and my parents I will be back soon!" I brought all the necessary documents, and carried a bit of extra cash for taking a taxi back to the hotel.

46. I entered inside the police car, not knowing it was my last chance of freedom, and left Cathy's stepfather alone looking like he was about to lose his mind.

47. In the police car, Zhang Xiaole asked me: "What is the problem?" I simply replied "There isn't any problem with us." He raised his voice and said "There is no problem with you? Why did H3C state that the transceivers you sold are counterfeit?"

48. "I am sure H3C made a mistake. The transceivers we sold were from H3C's mother company -- HP. We are an American company, and we have signed contracts with

HP. I have brought all the documents and also submit to the pre-investigator through our lawyers,” I replied.

49. “You know H3C is the trademark holder and also the manufacture. They are the only expert to identify H3C’s products! It is their own products so obviously they would know. Besides, H3C has submitted us their official Identification statement showing the transceivers we got from your office are counterfeit, and stamped with H3C’s company stamp. What you say? You think we would trust you or trust H3C?!” He barked.

50. When the police car stopped, I found we arrived at the Shuang Yu Shu Police station instead. I was put inside the investigation room where I saw a hard steel chair, a video camera, and handcuffs. I could see the others that were seized and were made to squat on the ground. My brain felt so empty. I didn’t know where I was and felt shocked to the point I got dizzy. I had to calm myself down before answering their questions.

51. Three policemen, one of them was Zhang Xiaole, came into the investigation room, and made an investigation record on me. All in all, the police said: “H3C is the trademark holder and the manufacture. H3C has submit the Identification Statement showing the transceivers in your office are counterfeit, and H3C has submitted the arrest application charged at your people.” They added “H3C official statements are powerful enough for the police to arrest you. We trust H3C, we do not trust you.” After the investigation record was completed, I asked the police to send me to meet the pre-investigator Zhang Jian. Once everything was processed, they agreed to send me to Beijing Detention Center.

52. At the Shuang Yu Shu Police Station, my fingerprints and footprints were taken (quite scary when doing these for the first time). I did not know why they needed them to begin with. I still hoped to meet the pre-investigator to explain everything in order to bring Jason and Cathy out as I had hoped. All my belongings including my cell phone, my identifications, cash, the documents I brought, were in the hands of the police. I had no way

to let Cathy's stepfather or my family know how I was and what was happening or what was going to happen. At that moment, I might as well have been a "lost man" too.

53. On December 21, 2012, at around 8pm, the police placed me in the police car on the way to Beijing Detention Center, where the pre-investigator waited.

54. When we arrived, Zhang Xiaole and another policeman brought me to the lobby of the front building of the Beijing Haidian Detention Center, where all the suspects will be sent inside. Towering walls with electric barb-wire netting surrounded me; cement floor, pale lighting, angry policemen and Armed Police Force -- I felt like I stepped into hell. I could not imagine how Jason and Cathy were feeling, especially Cathy. She was a young girl, who was only 3 months in the at the ICT Company and just graduated college 5 months ago!

55. At around 9pm, the policeman, Zhang Xiaole called me to stand in front of the reception desk of Beijing Detention Center. The policeman at the reception glanced at the documents I provided, and shouted at me with obscenities:

"What the f*** company are you working for?" -- "ICT Company."

"What is the f*** ICT Company? Where?" -- "Please have a look at the document I submitted about ICT Company. It is located in Boston, USA."

"You said your company signed the contract with HP?" -- "Yes, and I have submitted you the copies."

"You said you are the employee but not the owner?" -- "That is correct, we are the employees and I have submitted the Employment Letter."

"You said your products are genuine? Why did H3C say they were counterfeit?" -- "I have submitted you the Declare Letter, in which I wrote in details to explain." And I explained it again.

56. At around 10:00 pm, the pre-investigator Zhang Jian came to investigate me. I explained all the history and details on how ICT Company got the goods from HP/HPFS and the connection between H3C and HP including HPFS.

57. At around 10:30 pm, Zhang Xiaole came to me and said: "Don't worry if you don't have a problem, nothing will happen to you. If you have a problem, then there is nothing you can do." He asked: "When you go to buy an iPhone, you can buy from anywhere? You must go to buy iPhone in the stores Apple authorized." I answered: "The goods are second-hand, old stuff, there is no limit on old stuff, and ICT bought them from H3C's mother company -- HP/HPFS!"

58. I realized that there must have been no information shared from HP/HPFS to H3C, HP/HPFS did not even inform H3C that ICT Company got the permit to resell their goods. H3C did not know about such agreement, therefore, it did not know about ICT Company. I felt like I was in danger already because we did not have a strong enough proof compared with H3C's statement to make the policemen trust us. Who were they going to believe? A huge well-known company such as HP, or a small company such as ICT?

59. At around 11:00pm, the reception desk called me up again. The same policeman who shouted at me earlier got even angrier. He shouted: "You are a big liar!" At that moment, my legs shook nonstop, but I got the courage to say that what I said was all true.

60. "Shut up! You said the contract was signed by HP so I called HP China, but they said they never heard about such contract. Nobody from HP USA or HP India informed them about such contract either. HP China said on the phone that these contracts you have were freely downloaded from their websites!" I could not believe what I heard, I felt the sky was crashing down.

61. "Are you sure?" I asked him. "What did HP China say? Our Contract is genuine and truly signed by HP!"

62. "Screw off! This was what HP China said. As policemen, you think we would lie to you? We called HP China just now. They said they never heard of an ICT Company,

they never heard there was a contract between ICT Company and HP. I already told you, they said these contracts can be downloaded freely on their website! What do you say? You are such a liar. You are telling me that your products are genuine, but wouldn't H3C, who is the manufacturer, know their own manufactured products?"

63. I tried to explain that those transceivers are second-hand, used. Some have lost logos, some scratched, some with defective functions. From the year H3C started manufacturing transceivers, they changed the appearance and their standards several times, including their logos. H3C has changed and chose several different OEM factories, such as Hisense, and now H3C stopped using Hisense. H3C didn't keep the same design standard from the year they started to issue them, of course they looked different. Therefore, we were confused as to why H3C used their latest standard to identify our goods that were made based on their past versions.

64. But the policeman would have none of that: "All that matters now is that H3C confirmed and submitted to us the official identification statement saying your transceivers are counterfeit. H3C is the trademark holder and the manufacturer, their statement is strong enough for us to trust. Who else can be more trustworthy for us to identify than H3C's own products?!"

65. I felt this crushing pain in my chest, I couldn't breathe. I was played by HP/HPFS/H3C. I was an ant in their eyes. Nothing I say will match up to what HP/HPFS/H3C had said!

66. "And your contracts are all in English," the policeman continued. I explained that I translated the key information into Chinese for the police to show that the goods are from HP, "If you want to a complete Chinese translation, let me go back my hotel. You can even put my ID on hold, I will bring back the Chinese version."

67. The policeman laughed in disgust and said: "What H3C provided us and what HP China have told us are strong enough already, we don't need to hear any more from you. Now sit back down you lair!"

68. I felt there was no way for the policemen to trust me, I was nothing compared with the answers and statements given to the police by HP China/H3C. At around 11:40 pm, the police came to me and asked me sign some documents, and then Zhang Xiaole told me they will put me inside.

69. Before putting me inside, they brought me to a doctor's room, I was forced to strip off all my clothes. They checked me out thoroughly, all over. It was also freezing that day. They took an x-ray and had my blood drawn to make sure I was not hiding anything inside of me, and to make sure I didn't have any diseases.

70. At around 0:00am, Zhang Xiaole and another police brought me to the gate of the inside building, where the cells held the inmates. There I was, in the Detention Center, in only my underwear. All my clothes were collected by the policemen.

71. As gate opened for me, the armed police shouted "Faster!" I hurried on the cold stone floor without socks or shoes. The entrance was filled with silence, and pale lights, and there my nightmare began.

72. I could not believe I was in such a place like this. I was puzzled, shocked and sickened! How come I was sent inside? I absolutely did not see this coming. It was like a train had hit me so quick, I never had the chance to react. HP/HPFS and H3C put these problems on us and refused to offer any help. It would have taken just a few minutes for them to check among their own company system to make everything clear. If they had been honest that there were no such thing as a freely downloaded contract, we wouldn't have wasted our lives in the detention center. As a college graduate, working abroad at international famous companies, such as Huawei Technologies and highly trained, I never

thought I would be sentenced as a criminal. I was sure Cathy's stepfather informed my family that I was captured by the police. I did not want to imagine how my parents, and my foreign wife were feeling then. Caroline was only 23 years old at the time in 2012. She was with her in-laws, who could not communicate with each other due to the language barrier.

73. Before I passed through the doors of the x-ray room, another policeman stopped me. He called me to a room nearby and demanded me to take off the last piece of clothing I had on -- my underwear. I lost my dignity as he checked me around. He then ordered me to go under the shower as if I had not been shaking enough from the freezing winter weather. I already felt the coldness from the wet floor as I approached closer to the shower head. I did not want to go, but he kicked me under the shower, and smirked as he turned on the water.

74. When the freezing water fell on my head, it felt like everything was moving in slow motion, drop by drop. I held in my tears; I did not want the policeman to get the satisfaction of seeing me breakdown. In my heart, I wanted to fight back. I was a high-level director, brought home good income, owned businesses, had a happy family, and earned respect from all kinds of people. I had my freedom, but now I was put behind bars.

75. The five-minute cold shower felt like an eternity. I couldn't stop my body from shaking. My whole body turned numb and there were no towels to wipe the water off. Not only was I soaking wet, the police handcuffed my hand behind my back, with my two thumbs locked -- so painful! After the painful shower, I was sent for an x-ray and registered my information again at several gates. I remember passing through 2 other gates held open by policemen. Then, I stepped into Cell 202.

76. On December 22, 2012 at 00:20 am, at the gate of Cell 202, stood two towering men that looked out. I stood on the opposite site of the cell waiting for the police to open it. From outside, I dared not to look straight inside the cell, because it was not allowed.

With just a glance, I saw the pale yellow and dim mixed lighting. The lighting alone could send you into depression. The cell was crowded to the point there was almost no space to breathe. Like pigs, everyone crowded together; people lying everywhere, on the boards, on the floor, in the corner, right beside the toilet, in front of the door -- every single inch was covered with bodies. My nose was plugged up from one whiff of the atrocious smell. It was filled with heavy, wet air, sweat, urine, and feces that accumulated within.

77. Then I was shoved inside. The police locked the door and walked away, not speaking a word. I did not know how I was supposed to behave. What was suitable to do or what was suitable say? I needed to steer the attention away from me and not attract anything upon myself. I dared not move. A man with short hair with a vicious expression on his face approached me and told me to squat down. Because it was sleeping hours, he spoke to me in a hushed voice. He took a book, asked some basic information about me and recorded it in the book (the "leader" of Cell 202, was allowed to have a book and pencil granted by the police to record down information). There were around 8 people standing in the aisle, and 2 men sleeping between 2 standing guys due to the limited space.

78. Cell 202 was around 300-square-feet, with approximately 45 men. I could not count exactly how many men were in the cell but every space was filled.

79. One guy ordered me to stand for 3 hours, because there always needed to be a few people on duty to monitor everyone to make sure no one killed himself, or started any violent acts, and to stop whomever was snoring. I stood there with some others, and of course every minute felt like an hour, and every hour felt like a day. Talking was not allowed, not even moving. We were not allowed to use the toilet, only allowed to stand there 3 hours until our duties were up.

80. There was one dim light on the ceiling located 8-10 meters above the ground that stayed lit 24/7. There were 4 video cameras in each corners of the wall that also monitored everyone 24/7.

81. When my 3 hours were up, an inmate came to me and pointed to the toilet indicating me to sleep next to it. The toilet in the cells were not toilet bowls that you sat on, they were the squatting kind. I knew this was the lowest ranking position in the cell; having to sleep next to something so filthy such as a toilet. Every person in that cell slept next to one another and all were alternately arranged as head-to-foot to sleep. We had to share a thin cover that was unwashed, stained and pungent in odor. There were always people that used the toilet which my head faced. There were constantly people walking over my head and doing their business.

82. December 22, 2012, my first daytime in Cell 202, started at 5:45AM, when the leader shouted loudly to wake us up. We were asked to move quickly and squat down in the space of the aisle near to the door. We were all like ducks in a row crowded together. Talking, or movements were not allowed while we waited for few of the men to fold all the blankets together and store them in the corner.

83. The air was filled with dust which led us to our uncontrollable coughs. Meanwhile, a couple of men also prepared two blankets folded up into mats on each side of wooden boards for the leader, and second leader to sit on. Next, they arranged for the older inmates who have been in longer to wash their faces and brush their teeth. As for the newcomers, we did not have the privilege to wash our faces or brush our teeth. Instead, the newcomers were still made to squat down and wait.

84. After the second leader of the cell washed up, he called the newcomers to come see him one by one, squat down before his legs. We reported our names, age, place of residency, and the reason for our arrest. We had to use our loudest voices to shout out the

information that were asked. If we didn't speak clearly, or wasn't loud enough, we were slapped. The first time I didn't shout loud enough, and received a stinging slap across the face. I shouted louder right after. In fact, almost all of the newcomers got slapped because it provided some type of entertainment for the leader.

85. After the report, the third leader taught us a lesson on the correct way to give a report. One by one, he shouted the information and we were obligated to repeat it loudly and correctly: "Sir, my name is Cheng Yongguo, from Shandong, and suspected of selling counterfeit products. I was captured inside on Dec 21, 2012. Thank you, Sir!" Nevertheless, no matter how clearly or loudly we spoke, we still received a strike to the face. My face burned and I never felt so humiliated.

86. Once I learned, I was told to squat down in the space facing the toilet along with the other newcomers. It was not a minute of squatting, or an hour, it was hours of squatting in the same place where moving and talking was prohibited. At first, it became really painful to squat, but after several of hours, I could no longer feel anything below my waist.

87. At around 6:45am, it was breakfast time. The leader arranged the better positions for the higher-level inmates, and left a small space for the newcomers to sit. This was the first time I had a chance to sit. However, I was still not allowed to look around, especially towards the door where food was delivered. When food was brought by the police, he asked how many people there were. Two of the leader's sidekicks answered his question, and took the food as it was delivered through a little entrance within the door. When all the food was delivered, they were firstly placed aside for the leader. The sidekicks sorted out all the good portions in the meal into their bowls, while the newcomers waited and looked away. The bowls were made from cheap plastic that had been used for quite a long time. We were

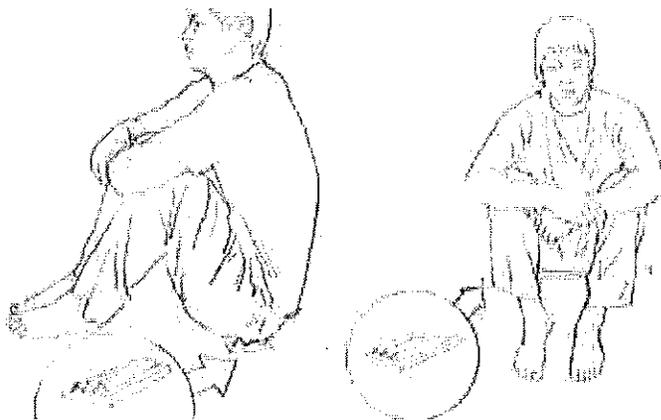
not entitled to look at the food, but I knew when I stayed long enough in the cell, I would have “the right” to see.

88. What I ate for my breakfast was a bowl of rice porridge with 10 pieces of salted radish not even the size of a finger. The rice porridge was almost all water with few pieces of rice. The “meal” smelled like mildew and was not nearly enough to feel full.

89. Breakfast was only limited to 10 minutes for everyone to shove in their meal, except the leader. We then were forced to get up from the boards and squat down in the aisle again to wait for them to clear away the food and bowls. You would think the newcomers could help out on cleaning up in hopes of gaining better treatment, but that too, was forbidden.

90. After the boards were cleaned, the newcomers were taught the proper way to sit on the boards and know the “rules.”

91. The sitting position is pictured below: no moving or talking was allowed until the boss gave the order to “rest” for 1-5 minutes, depending on his mood.



92. With this position, all the pressure of the body came down to two pressure points on the rear; entire body weight was shifted onto those points. It only took about 5 minutes of sitting to feel the uncontrollable pain that followed. In addition, the wooden boards did not help any. The worst was when the boss would usually order the newcomers to

sit in this position for 1 or 2 hours at a time, only then accompanied by maybe a 1-5 minutes break, and it was back to sitting like that again. During that time, the window was also opened which added more to the pain because the chilly wind blew directly at us from head to toe. We sat there the entire morning in silence until lunchtime, which occurred around 11:15am.



93. We obeyed the same rules at lunch time as breakfast time by squatted down while waiting for the boards to be cleaned. We were then asked to sit on the edge of the boards and wait for lunch.

94. All the foods were delivered through a little hole within the door and same as before, we were not allowed to look. It was a “lucky day” for me, because our lunch consisted of meat. Saturday was the only day out of the week that meat was supplied. Nevertheless, all the good meat pieces were picked out for the bosses, and only gave a tiny portion to the “high-level” inmates they liked. Newcomers like me got the leftovers of the soup, with a couple pieces of bread. Even though I got the urge to vomit after seeing the fat and grease that floated on the top of the soup, people devoured it as quickly as possible. A few days later, I realized I was one of them who also consumed the food in no time.

95. Then after lunch, the newcomers squatted down again while we waited for them to clean up the boards and wash the bowls. After that, we were asked to sit on the boards again with the same position, suffering for another hour. Finally, it was the time for our afternoon nap at 12:15 pm.

96. We waited for some inmates to bring out the thin blankets and I was ordered to sleep facing the toilet again. The blankets were made only to cover one person, but each of us had to share it with another. There was not even enough space for us to sleep on the back, therefore, we always had to sleep on our sides without any movements. Our afternoon nap lasted about an hour, until 13:15 pm.

97. We sat on the cold boards once again with our knees pulled up to our chests, still so painful, for another 4 hours until dinner arrived at 17:15pm.



98. It was the same routine as lunchtime, but this time without any meat supply in our dinner. As mentioned above, meat was only limited to once per week, and that was already served at lunch. I had to cherish those few pieces of meat that came to me.

99. When dinner was finished, and the boards were cleaned, we returned to sitting on the cold hard boards. The throbbing pain lasted for another hour or so until the officials of Beijing Detention Center came to inspect the cells at around 19:00pm.

100. The officials arrived in a team, and stepped up to the door. We all stayed absolutely still, no talking, no sneezing or clearing our throats. The officials glanced in the cell and asked if there were any problems. The leader of the cell responded with: "No, sir!" Even if problems did arise, we did not have the courage to say so because that was asking for "death."

101. Around 19:30pm, the officials had left and it was time for us to shower. All of the newcomers were forced to take cold showers. That was the rule, no exceptions. I stood in line shivering with only underwear on, not wanting to get under the frigid water, but at the time I also wanted to get it over with.

102. The gang, arranged by the leader, turned on the cold shower to the strongest force and called us up one by one. When it was my turn, I suddenly felt the chilly wind cutting through my skin from a nearby window, as well as the stream of cold water running beneath my feet. My lips chattered while the gang laughed, and ordered me to go under the shower. "Hurry up! Do not come out until I say so!"

103. I hurried into the shower while it blasted with cold water. It did not take long for the water to reach from my head to toes, and the cold from my skin to my internal organs, that's how cold it felt. I rubbed my body back and forth in efforts to keep warm, but it was of no use. Ten minutes of abuse, and the gang eventually called me out. After I stepped out, the newcomers all shared one small hand towel to dry off. Because it had already been used by so many people, it was soaking wet by the time I used it. After that, we were ordered to put our clothes back on and sit on the boards again while everyone finished their showers. It took another hour for me to finally stop shaking. I probably developed a fever later on.

104. At the end of my first day in Cell 202, my entire body ached, inside and out. The result we saw from sitting so long on the boards was a purple-red color on our buttocks.

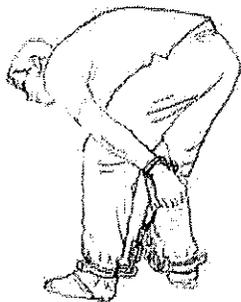
While we sat on the boards, we were divided into 4-5 teams to take on the duty of monitoring people at night for 2-3 hours. At 21:45pm, it was time for bed.

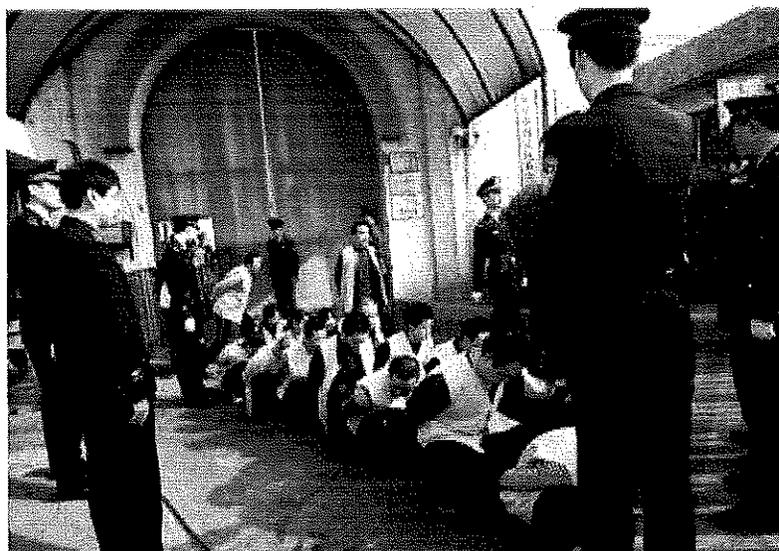
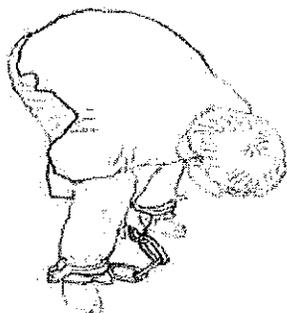
105. To sum up that day, all I had done was squat or sit for 4 hours in the morning, 4 hours in the afternoon, 4 hours at night, and 2-3 hours of standing on duty; the rest I slept on the floor next to the toilet and shared a blanket with another inmate, and maybe got to clear my throat if I was lucky.

106. The leader of Cell 202 shared his story of how he got sent in. He murdered two people by defending himself which was why he was not sentenced to death. He stayed in the prison located in Xinjiang for 18 years his first time, and another 18 years his second time. This time, he was sent in for beating up a policeman out in the streets, and was probably going to be locked up for 1-2 more years. Even the policemen felt frightened by his presence because he did not care anymore.

107. Before heading off to bed, the leader made us listen carefully to what went on in the other cells. I heard powerful slaps and loud screams that followed. He told us that if we did not obey his orders, he would punish us and send us to the other cells for a worse treatment.

108. In the daytime, the police would bring the ones who fought in cells to show to every cell, chained, as a warning to the others, to make us feel afraid and listen to their orders.





109. December 23rd, 2012, was my second day in Cell 202. There were 5 new suspects put in, which added more people to the space we never had to begin with. Breakfast

consisted of bland vegetables cooked with water, instead of oil. I already felt famished not long after eating the first meal. Again, I spent 12 hours of sitting or squatting without movement or talking; 2-3 hours of standing on duty at night; a freezing shower at night, and sleeping on the hard surface facing the toilet.

110. In fact, most inmates were limited to urinate once in the morning, once in the afternoon, and once at night before bed. Most of the newcomers, including me, did not have a bowel movement until later on because of all the stress we were put through.

111. I spent 12 days in Cell 202, during which:

- I missed out the Christmas Day, and New Year with my family;
- I sat on hard wooden boards for 4 hours at a time every morning, 4 hours in the afternoon, 4 hours at night before sleep, spent 2-3 hours standing on duty at nights, slept on the floor facing the toilet, and shared a blanket with another guy. Even shifting during sleeping hours was not allowed and we were forced to sleep sideways;
- I drank dirty, unfiltered, pipe water with little stones that floated inside; I was basically starved because only light vegetables were offered;
- I was threatened by the leader and his gangs on a regular basis;
- I was banned from moving and speaking all day long;
- I was forbidden to receive any news from my family and vice versa. I had no visitation rights;
- I wasn't allowed to wash my hands, face, or brush my teeth. Additionally, defecation was strictly limited, and stress added on top of that.
- I was forced to take an ice-cold shower every night.

112. Every day was a repeat of the day before in Cell 202. Besides facing the harsh treatments from the gangs and police, thoughts of why I was arrested never left my mind.

113. Why did they magnify a straightforward situation into something problematic? While the three of us were suffering in the Detention Center, HP/HPFS/H3C took their sweet time as we did not receive any updates from them. We were of low priority to them, if any.

114. We suffered inside the locked doors while HP/HPFS/H3C carried on with their lives. We lost what we treasured most in our lives: our freedom, happiness, family, friends, income, and humanity. Jason, Cathy, and I were not the only ones that endured the cruel treatments -- our families also worried and suffered together.

115. It would not have taken HP/HPFS/H3C any effort to present that ICT company and we 3 employees were not at any fault. They could have stated that they made a mistake and we would have been released.

116. Both HP and H3C had hundreds of offices located in China. They had a major office located in Beijing, which worked with the police often. This situation would not have been very easy for them to figure out, and would have cleared our names and regained our freedom. Unfortunately, HP/HPFS/H3C did not take any action with our case. They would not own up to their mistakes. Perhaps they did not want to damage their name.

117. As more days passed, more pressure was built in me because I did not get any updates from HP/HPFS/H3C. When I was locked inside, where everything was prohibited, my mind always focused on one thing. I played different scenarios in my head over and over again. My heart raced, and I felt fidgety, but not allowing to move added to the pressure I was under.

118. The reason I came to Beijing Detention Center in the first place was to clarify the situation with the police, but that took a turn for the worse and I was put inside. ICT company was partners with HP/HPFS/H3C but they treated us like we were nonexistent. Why have not HP/H3C acted upon this problem during these 12 days?

119. I was still in shock and lived in a nightmare. Their demeanor on this case proved to us that they were not as great of a company as they were made to be, or claim to be. Action explains everything, and in this case, they have not lifted a finger. It was their issue to handle, but they pushed the problem on someone else's shoulder.

120. On January 3, 2013, I along with around 20 suspects were removed out of cell 202. I was put into Cell 209 with the other 7 or 8 suspects from Cell 202.

121. Being transferred to another cell, it meant that there was less chances and hope for me to get out. Worse treatment followed.

122. All that time, I could not believe that HP/HPFS/H3C needed to take forever and a day to provide the police with a simple explanation. One day or two was understandable, but a week? Two weeks? HP/HPFS/H3C did not take a day, a week, a month or even 210 days to do what they should have done to end this calamity. They purposely avoided doing anything. From all the records we got from the prosecutor, along with the communications records among ICT and HP/HPFS, it appears that HP/HPFS/H3C did nothing to help.

123. The ICT Company and our families urged HP/HPFS/H3C to do something, even the police and prosecutor sent out orders/requests. Regardless, they kept lying to ICT Company, to the police, and to the prosecutor. They even altered many key aspects of the letter they promised to submit to the police -- which was completely different from the draft letter they shared with ICT. If that was not intentional, I do not know what intentional is.

124. In Cell 209, we were first forced to squat as usual and to wait in line for the leader of Cell 209 as he examined us, and recorded our information into a book. The leader of Cell 209 was a drug dealer who also used drugs. He has stayed in jail several times and was not afraid to stay for longer. He strictly followed the police orders and managed the inmates carefully.

125. We were warned not to make a sound for the first 3 days without asking permission from the boss, and received the same bitter treatment as in the previous Cell 202.

126. January 16th, 2013 was the 37th day into our case. That day, the pre-investigator called me out and informed that an "Arrest Letter" was issued to me. My head spinned, I was shocked. This was impossible and ridiculous. I refused to sign the letter because there was not any reason for me to agree with it.

127. H3C officially claimed that "the transceivers we sold were counterfeit." Once again, I gave the same answers in the investigation records several times as before: (1) Contracts were signed by HP/HPFS; (2) the goods came from HP/HPFS; (3) H3C was a subsidiary of HP.

128. The pre-investigator told me that the official letter stating that the goods were counterfeit was enough for them to process the case. There was no reason for them to not trust such a huge company. H3C was seen as a professional company who knew their products best. As long as H3C said the word, it was good enough for the police to process the case without a doubt.

129. Every time I was called out for an investigation, I wanted the pre-investigator to ask HP/HPFS the same question: to give their explanation of what they should do and ask H3C why they only based their claims on the appearance of the equipment to make the judgement. Why was not H3C informed about this contract from HP/HPFS yet?

130. My questions were simple, but we never received any clear answers from the questions asked to HP/HPFS/H3C. The police and prosecutor asked HP/HPFS/H3C several times to give us an answer, but they still played around and avoided to answer.

131. If HP/HPFS/H3C provided a clear answer to the police or the prosecutor, and admit the contract or goods came from them in the beginning, we would not have been sent inside the detention center. I would not have been constantly worrying, wondering, or

struggling. However, neither of HP, HPFS, or H3C said anything to help. They avoided their responsibilities, enjoyed their freedom, while we were abandoned in the jail cells.

132. In the afternoon of January 16th, 2013, my lawyer, Mr. Huang, was finally granted the permission to see me. He said he got in touch with ICT company through Ryan's (an American who worked for ICT Company) wife, who was Chinese, for some updates about what HP discussed with ICT -- such as what HP communicated with ICT Company to "tell" ICT what they planned to do. Almost a month went by since my imprisonment (and more than a month for Jason and Cathy), but Mr. Huang still received no useful information to support his work from HP/HPFS/H3C.

133. Every day of sitting or squatting in silence, I expected to hear something from HP/HPFS/H3C, and hoped to be released.

134. Around 2 weeks after I was put in Cell 209, I luckily received a "reward" -- I was allowed to scrub the floor by using a towel, along with 3 other inmates. Cleaning the floors was a reward to us because that meant we did not have to sit or squat during those times of cleaning and could move. The floors were cleaned 8-10 times per day. One before waking up, one before breakfast, and after breakfast, another one before lunch and after lunch, before nap and after nap, before dinner, and after dinner, and the last one before sleeping. Even with this tiring work that killed your back, every newcomer wanted to help because they at least got to move around. It was much better than sitting on the hard boards for hours at a time.

135. Another 2 weeks later, the boss assigned me to clean the toilet area. I used a toothbrush to scrub the toilet, the mirror and every inch of the wall. I cleaned the bathroom every day, once after every meal and after everyone's shower. When it was the daytime, and was time for everyone to finish their business, I was the one that prepared a wash basin full of water and waited by the door of the bathroom. Once they finished, I poured the water into

the toilet to flush it down so it did not stink up the whole cell. If I failed to do so, I was scolded and threatened.

136. After 2 more weeks, I was “privileged” to clean the boards 8-10 times per day. I got to do all kinds of work in Cell 209, including washing clothes by hand, preparing the food, washing bowls, and preparing the boards and blankets before sleep. While it would be considered a chore or punishment for most people, it was a blessing to me.

137. I stayed in Cell 209 until March 3rd of 2013; during that time, I missed out on Caroline father’s Birthday, my mom’s birthday, my birthday, and Chinese Lunar New Year and did all the work I never did before, and suffered the harshest treatment in my life!

138. In the morning of March 3, 2013, I was transferred to Cell 603 located on the second floor. That meant it was pretty much impossible for me to get out because the deeper I went, the less of chance I had to be released.

139. I received the same mistreatment there as I did in Cells 202 and 209. We had to obey the rules that were pasted on the Cell walls. Because I was so anxious, I could not remember all the strict schedule and rules, and failed to pass their test. As a result, I was punished with another 3 days of no talking and no moving. Talking was prohibited as well as any movements for 24 hours.

140. I was not allowed to talk for 6 days in Cell 603 again, after the harsh experience of Cells 202 and 209.

141. On the second day of being put into Cell 603, the police in charge of the cell came to check on me. Again, I had to squat on the floor with my head stretched upward to look while I reported to him my story (I could only recall his surname-- Zhang. I can’t recall such details more than 4 years ago). He came to me again that afternoon after reviewing my file, and was shocked to find out it really was what I reported him to be. He saw that I had a great work experience and had worked for HUAWEI Technologies (one of the top 500

companies in the world). He did not believe such a tragedy happened on me. Him and I both thought the same. Then he told me that there will be a day for me to free from the dirt that was thrown on me.

142. After the first 6 days of stay in Cell 603, I was arranged to do basically the same chores as I was assigned in the previous cell. I remember one moment clearly in Cell 603 that stood out the most. Unfortunately, the toothbrush I used to clean the toilet slipped out of my hand. I was about to grab another toothbrush, but when the boss saw what happened, he yelled at me and said to take it out with my bare hand! I had no choice but to do what he said and reached into the filthy toilet. He stated: "I know you had a pretty noble life outside, but now you are here for a reason. You must obey all the rules and listen to the order! We don't care who you are!"

143. I have stayed in Cell 603 from March 3rd, 2013 to July 18th, 2013.

144. In those 210 days, from December 21st, 2012 to July 18th, 2013 of being inside the Beijing Haidian Detention Center, I have endured the worst conditions of my life, created by HP/HPFS/H3C:

- a. Loss of freedom;
- b. Loss of human rights;
- c. Loss of happiness;
- d. Loss of face, constant humiliation;
- e. Loss of the privilege of seeing my wife and my parents;
- f. Loss of fresh air, the ability to look around, to walk, to exercise (except the 2 minutes of walking from the cell to the investigation building on the rare occasions when I was called out for the investigation)
- g. Numerous threats at all times;
- h. Sleeping on the cold floor, always sideways, next to the toilet;
- i. Faced with the worst food, filthiest water, and polluted air that I have ever encountered;
- j. Experienced physical injuries, as well as severe mental pressure;
- k. Delayed medical treatment that showed no improvement.

145. I was not the one searching for trouble. Certainly, I did not deserve all the punishments when I was not the one at fault. I had absolutely no criminal background, and even received an apology from the prosecutor at the end. But I have not received a word from HP/HPFS/H3C who put me through this nightmare. The only thing that kept my hopes up were my family, lawyers, and ICT Company. They were the only ones I focused on to help me keep my sanity. They were the only ones that kept me alive, regardless of how dead I felt inside.

146. Overall, in those 210 days, my family wrote me numerous letters, but I only received 4 of them. I received the first letter at the end of February 2013 which was after Chinese Lunar New Year. I have undergone the most excruciating moments of my life inside.

147. On rare occasions, I was able to meet my lawyer. I was only allowed to meet him once in the first 30 days I was inside, then every 1 or 2 times every couple of weeks, and then another 20 days after that. Every visit was very limited on time, just to check how I was doing inside and what I needed, as well as recording my answers and if any updates came up.

148. The only time I got a chance to breathe in fresh air was from the 2-minute walk from the cell to the investigation room on December 22nd 2012, December 24th 2012, January 9th, 2013, January 16th 2013, and March 3rd 2013.

149. From the end of March to the beginning of April 2013, ICT Company has submitted a 281-page long file certified by the U.S notary and China Embassy to the Chinese police and the prosecutor. It was to explain all the details by ourselves rather than HP/HPFS/H3C.

150. On May 23rd 2013, the pre-investigator investigated me again after the second round was returned by the prosecutor.

151. Around July 15th 2013, the Head Prosecutor, Ms. Qiu Zhiying, brought her team to visit Jason, Cathy and me for separate interviews. When we finished, I had felt the

apologetic expression that appeared on her face. She informed me that my in-laws had booked a flight to Beijing from Sao Paulo, Brazil -- my wife could not hide such a tragic event from them any longer, so she told her parents what had happened.

152. My heart ached as I did not want to imagine how hard this was for her. Almost every day, my wife and I used to video call her parents before I lost my freedom. From December 21st, 2012, I suddenly disappeared. Even though my wife knew what had happened, she announced to her parents that I was gone for a business trip in Beijing, and that I could not come back for a while.

153. Caroline did this for me in order for me to not look bad. Caroline's parents could not understand why I could not get in touch of them even if I was on a business trip. I would have Skyped them during my free time if I was really on a business trip. Christmas, New Year, Chinese Lunar New Year, and birthdays had passed without a call to them. They wondered why I could not take a minute out of my day to call them, while in reality, I was locked inside.

154. Caroline's parents didn't know how to speak English or Chinese, so Caroline, my parents and some relatives went outside of the village to pick them up from Beijing Airport. It would have been a delightful family get-together if I had been there. However, it was a depressing moment for everyone; it was not the family reunion anyone wanted, not under this circumstance.

155. The six investigations listed above were the only times I got a chance to step out from the cell to breathe in a couple minutes of fresh air. It was the only moment I got to see green grass, to soak up some sun. In those 210 days, I was only allowed limited visitations by my lawyers. The rest of my time was spent sitting or squatting inside a lifeless cell overcrowded with inmates. Lacked of decent meals, breathed in polluted air, consumed

contaminated water, threatened on a daily basis, but I still tried to look for that glimpse of hope.

156. For almost the first 30 days from December 21st, 2012 to January 16th, 2013, our lawyer had only one-time visitation rights to discuss what was needed. It was the only chance for me to get an idea on what was going on in the outside world.

157. I was not allowed to write any letters to my family, lawyers, or anyone during the first 30 days or longer. I was not allowed to receive any letters until near the end of my stay in Cell 209, almost 3 months later.

158. When I finally was allowed to write letters, I was forbidden to include anything about the case. Only simple explanations was allowed, such as I was doing fine in there. I was allowed to ask my family simple questions such as: send me some money, or clothes. We were absolutely not allowed to describe the terrible conditions of the water, environment, people, the strict management or the detention center overall.

159. I was locked up in hell for 210 days for something I was completely innocent of.

160. After lunch on July 18th 2013, the Head Prosecutor, Ms. Qiu Zhiying, brought her team with the "Release on Bail" letter to set us free from the detention center. Before we came out, the police checked us thoroughly to see if we had anything on us. I begged the police to let me go with my letters I received from my family, and receipts I kept from the instant noodles I purchased inside. I wanted to keep those memories, even if they were awful, because they reminded me that I got through it.

161. There were no words to describe how happy I felt when I stepped out from the gate of the detention center. I felt disappointed that I missed out on Spring and how beautiful the season is always filled with vibrant colors, birds welcoming the new season. Even though I missed out on the season, I never felt so happy to have my family by my side once again.

To have my own schedule, and happiness. I felt so happy to walk around, so happy to speak, happy to sleep on my own bed, covered with clean sheets, and a warm blanket shared with the one I love. I felt happy to eat good food and eat off of real silverware, happy to wear clean clothes, to take hot showers, to not feel frightened, to freely use the bathroom, and most importantly, to have my freedom back. Jason and I had so much to talk about we did not know where to start. We had a million topics to talk about while Cathy was brought back to her relatives in Beijing.

162. All of us wanted to return back home to our families the first day after our release, but our home was 1,000 kilometers away from Beijing. We did not have enough cash on us. We wanted to buy a train ticket, but they were all sold out. With that, we stayed in a hotel that night and hoped to get some sleep before tomorrow's journey back home. That night, I could not fall asleep because I was scared that if I closed my eyes, I would be back inside. The next morning, we took a bus and reached our hometown 3 days later around 4 in the morning.

163. I remember the exact expression my dad had on his face when we met. His face was neither excited nor sad -- it was blank. I knew those 210 days made his heart shatter. I was on the verge of crying when I saw what this had done to my dad. I hated the ones who put us through this disaster. In my eyes, HP/HPFS/H3C only cared about the dollars they made and did not show respect to people or the law. They thought they could belittle anyone.

164. The day I reached my hometown, my mom stayed with my in-laws at my house which was not in the same location as my parent's house. I drove to my house that same day, and the moment I opened the door, everyone embraced me tightly for a good half an hour in silence. I knew they had plenty to say, but did not know how to start. It was tough for everyone.

165. After a delicious meal with the family that day, I went out to buy some medication to cure my breathing problem, my feet, and the soreness on my bottom. Needless to say, there was nothing to cured the mental pressure I have been put through.

166. After I was released, I have had nightmares back to back. I always dreamed I was still inside. I wanted to open my eyes to check if it was really a dream. On the other hand, I also feared to open them because what if it was not just a dream? I was afraid to see the same dim lights that hung on the ceiling, and the crowded room filled with inmates.

167. The release on bail was one year. I had plenty of well-known companies that would have given me a job offer, but I felt ashamed to tell them I was on bail. I was not allowed to travel out of my area, and the worst was that I could not go out of the country. Most of my experience was in international marketing, but I could not accept any offers. There were at least 50 companies who offered me a job, but sadly I had to turn them down.

168. The bail ended on July 18th, 2014. At the end of 2015, I received a No-Crime letter from the Police. I received no income since my arrest in December 2012, while having to pay loads of expenses into this matter. The lawyers had to get paid, traveling fees, hotel fees and all the people who went to Beijing to communicate with the lawyers. We arranged for our relatives to take out the goods that was left in our office and send them back. We paid the office rent fees, plus the penalty on the delayed payment when no one could pay after we were thrown inside.

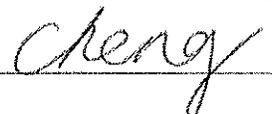
169. With all the information and exchanges with our Lawyers/ Policemen/ Prosecutors, the case files from the head prosecutor, letters to and from my family, I still can not wrap my mind around what had happened to me. Such a well-known company like HP/HPFS/H3C carried on with their business as usual, and completely ignored us.

170. ICT Company informed HP/HPFS we were put inside Beijing Haidian Detention Center due to selling "Counterfeit Products officially Identified by H3C," which were from HP/HPFS.

171. HP China reported to the police that such kind of contracts can be freely downloaded from HP website, which was false. HP/HPFS made up many "stories" to ICT company on this case. For example, HP has submitted an application letter to the police stating that they will inspect the seized transceivers "next week" -- but till this day, neither ICT nor the police, the prosecutor, or our lawyers have seen one report of their inspections from HP or HPFS or H3C. And till this day, we have received no apologies from any of HP, HPFS or H3C.

172. In conclusion, what we know for certain is this: the transceivers were from HP/HPFS but H3C, their manufacturer and trademark owner, officially identified them as counterfeit and never wavered from that judgment. We also know for certain that we are not, and never were, at any fault in this case.

I declare under the penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.



YONGGUO CHENG

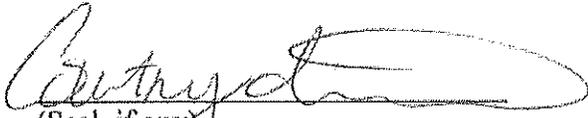
Signed this 3rd day of August, 2017,

Manchester, New Hampshire

Acknowledgement for Yongguo Cheng for affidavit:

State of New Hampshire
County of Hillsborough

This instrument was acknowledged before me this 3rd day of August 2017 by Yongguo Cheng.



(Seal, if any)

Title: Notary Public

My commission expires _____

<p>Courtney Ivanovitch Notary Public, State of New Hampshire My Commission Expires Oct. 07, 2020</p>
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