

#Cover letter

To the members of the China Tribunal:

Please find attached a translated account of my experience regarding forced organ harvesting in China in the 1990s. It was first published in the Chinese edition of The Epoch Times newspaper in March 2015; the following version has a number of expansions from the original as submitted, in particular on the identity of the forced donor and more. An English-language version of the article was published in March 2019 by the English edition of The Epoch Times. The links to those articles are:

Chinese: <http://www.epochtimes.com/gb/15/3/5/n4379800.htm>

English: https://www.theepochtimes.com/former-intern-recalls-horrific-experience-of-witnessing-live-organ-harvesting-in-china_2821357.html

The attached document is based on the English translation by The Epoch Times, with some expansions made.

Thank you for your attention.

#Letter

Secret Military Assignment

The events I'm about to describe occurred in the 1990s. At that time, I was a student about to graduate from a certain military medical school in China. I was interning at the Department of Urology, Shenyang Army General Hospital. One day, the hospital received a phone call from the Shenyang Military Region in northern China saying there was an order for some medical personnel to immediately board a vehicle and go carry out a military task.

The group of six who were chosen included two female nurses, three male military doctors, and me, an intern. The department head gave an order: From that moment on, we were to cut off all contact with the outside world, including relatives and friends.

We immediately boarded a van, the inside of which was completely covered with a light blue swath of fabric. The hospital also dispatched a military vehicle. The door was not yet closed and inside I could see a soldier holding a gun.

The military vehicle led the way. After getting on the expressway, the military vehicle put on its siren and all the cars gave way. We drove at a very high speed.

Eventually, we arrived at our destination, and after we exited the van, we found ourselves in a place surrounded by mountains. Soldiers were standing guard around a building. A

military officer who came to receive us said the building was an army prison close to Dalian City in northeastern China.

A Nightmare Begins

That night, we stayed at the local military guesthouse; soldiers stood guard outside our room. In the morning, a nurse and two soldiers went to the prison to collect blood and classify the blood type. After they returned with the blood, we all boarded the van and sped off.

After we stopped, I looked through a crack in the door and could see soldiers surrounding the van, all holding submachine guns. They were facing outward with their backs toward us.

Our van was stopped some distance away from where the actual shooting of the prisoner took place. We heard a gunshot, but I do not know if the bullet actually hit the prisoner. When we saw the prisoner, as I explain below, his neck was bleeding profusely — but whether this is because he was shot in the neck, or cut, I do not know.

We waited in the van; no movement was allowed. Suddenly, there was a knock. I opened the door and saw four soldiers holding a man who had rope tied around his feet and neck, with his hands tied behind his back. The man was unresponsive.

The man was lifted into the van and laid on a black plastic bag that had been placed on the floor earlier. The bag completely covered the floor, and at a glance, I could tell it was specially made.

The rope the man was tied up with was very thin—the kind that will cut into the flesh if pressured. He was tied in such a way that if you stepped on the rope that went from his neck to his wrists at the back, he would be unable to move or struggle. If he did, the rope would tighten and he would be strangled.

One of the doctors told me to step on the rope and also hold the man so that he couldn't move. When I held his leg, I could feel that his body temperature was hot. I also saw that his throat was full of blood. It wasn't obvious where he was wounded, but there was most definitely a wound.

The Horror Unfolds

At this time, all the medical staff quickly put on surgical attire. The head nurse cut the man's clothes open with a scissors and then swabbed him with a disinfectant from his entire abdominal region to his chest a total of three times.

Then one of the doctors took a scalpel and made a long incision from under the sternum all the way to the umbilicus. The man's legs began to twitch. Then the doctor opened his entire abdominal cavity. Blood and intestines gushed out at once. The doctor pushed his intestines aside and quickly removed a kidney; the doctor opposite removed a kidney from his other side. They were very skilled, experienced, and fast.

The doctor told me to cut the veins and arteries. When I cut, blood immediately spurting out. There was blood spurting from all over his hands and body. This blood was flowing, verifying without a doubt that this man was alive.

By this time, both kidneys that had been taken out were put in an organ transport container that the nurse was holding.

Brutal Removal of Eyeballs

Next, the doctor opposite me asked me to remove the man's eyeballs. I sat down and leaned closer. At that moment, his eyelids moved and he looked at me. I held his gaze briefly. There was sheer terror in his eyes—the kind of terror that can't be expressed with words.

My mind went blank and my whole body began to shake. I felt terrified. I was paralyzed.

I told the doctor that I couldn't do it.

All of a sudden, the doctor roughly grabbed the man's head with his left hand and, while using two fingers to hold his eyelids open, used the hemostatic forceps he already had in his right hand to gouge the eyeballs out. It was done in one motion.

At that point, I was shaking and sweating profusely from head to toe. I felt I was about to collapse.

I remembered that at the guesthouse the night before, a military officer came to talk to our director. There was one thing he said that stuck in my mind: "Under 18 years old, the body is very healthy." Was he referring to this man?

After the doctor alerted the officer in the passenger seat that we were done, the rear door opened and four soldiers got in the van, wrapped the man in a big plastic bag, and dragged him to a military truck parked nearby.

Right away, our van took off, and we drove very fast back to the hospital, again with the military vehicle leading the way. All the surgical gowns, surgical caps, and rubber gloves we had worn were put together to be destroyed when we got back.

Upon arrival, the organs from the man were immediately sent to the operating room where a group of surgeons was waiting, ready to begin transplanting them into a patient on the operating table. I didn't take note of how many surgeons there were, but there were more nurses than surgeons in the operating room.

I did not see the face of the recipient, because there was a white cloth pinned up blocking it. Only the anaesthetist was back there, monitoring things. I only saw the rest of the body, where the recipient had been cut open for the transplantation of the kidney. Though they removed two kidneys from the donor, only one of them was used. They evaluated them both in the operating room to determine which was best. Presumably the other one was disposed of. They transplanted the new kidney without removing the original one.

By this time, I could no longer do anything; my entire body felt utterly weak. The director saw my state and allowed me to rest on the side. I laid down, but I was still able to see them perform the surgery.

Background on the prisoner

I became aware of the rough identity of the individual who was killed that day. Previously, I was one of the individuals who accompanied a nurse to take blood from a soldier in military detention. This soldier had assaulted his superior officer, who he accused of bullying him; for this he was detained, awaiting further punishment or a court martial.

At the same time, however, another military officer had been given the assignment of finding a suitable kidney for a higher-ranking military cadre. As part of this search, he ordered that blood be removed from this prisoner. Apparently the search for a matching kidney had been dragging on for some time, and given that this soldier was found to be a match [kidney matching requires both blood and tissue type by compatible — Ed.], he was selected to be killed. I was told this story by the officer who had located him and ordered the blood test, as he informed a number of us over lunch once we drew the blood.

To be clear, the victim had not been sentenced to death via court martial. This was an illegal, secret killing conducted by the military. No one questioned the process. Those with power in the military system are able to act as they please, and under communism there are simply different concepts of the value of human life. Those with the power can kill.

A Dreadful Burden

I soon left my job at the hospital and returned home. I was still extremely feeble and also developed a high fever. My mother asked what was going on, but I kept my explanation vague as I dared not divulge the matter to anyone.

But the pain was far from over. On the one hand, the entire experience was too horrible to even think about, let alone talk about. I had seen the brutal murder of a fellow human being first-hand, and my heart was extremely uneasy. I was also worried that I would be chased down and killed by the authorities. The burden of it all made me absolutely miserable.

For a long time, the scene in the van that day played over and over in my mind—how a living being just like us had his organs ripped out while he was still alive, and the frightful pain and fear in his eyes as he looked up at me. My heart couldn't bear it. I felt like I was going crazy, and constantly felt on the verge of collapse.

I was able to avoid being tracked down and questioned about the incident because after I went home, I told my relatives — who had been high-ranking military officers themselves — that I wasn't going to continue the internship because I had a better opportunity to get a job elsewhere, making more money than the military system. I never mentioned a word of this incident to them, because it was a military secret. My family told the superior officer at the base that I had other connections to get a better compensated job, and I presume this officer would have had no idea I had been involved in this procedure either. This was a secret military operation, and anyone who divulged it could have been in danger.

Many years have passed since then, but that horrible memory still cannot be erased. All those years, I didn't want to touch it and purposefully avoided it. Because whenever I mentioned it, I could not hold myself together.

When the media began exposing the forced harvesting of organs from Falun Dafa prisoners of conscience in China, I at once understood everything: All of this is true, and forced organ harvesting already long existed in the Chinese Communist Party's military system. It's only that the persecution campaign against Falun Dafa provided a much larger source of organs.