

STATEMENT - IÑAKI URIA

«They put me, nude and freezing, into a kind of cupboard»

(...) Cell: 2 x 4m. With the light on at all times. The door has a small window so that they can keep an eye on me at all times (constant opening and closing). Concrete bed: a block of cement of barely a metre in height with a dirty mattress on top. (...) There seem to be two rooms one beside the other, one occupied by myself and another in which almost constant interrogation can be heard. In addition to these two, I later learned that there was a third room: the one called the punishment cell.

(...) I don't answer them. No, yes, no, no. Absolutely nothing. That's what confuses them most. (...) At first they keep me standing up while they interrogate me. Given I don't answer them, they make me lift my right arm above my shoulder. Then they take off my shirt and vest. Still with my arms up, they make me crouch down, up and down. Time and again. Until I break. (...) So you fall flat on the granulated rubber floor. It's wet and you're in your underpants. At that time you feel a sharp pain in the chest: on the right-hand side, where the floating ribs start. I felt the pain on falling to the floor (...) the pain grows stronger and even they realise that you are suffering; "talk!", they say. (...) They try to humiliate me: poor devil, you've no idea what your mates think of you, even your employees do whatever they feel like doing, good-for-nothing, useless... (...) I'm on the floor, completely nude, the floor's wet, on doing press-ups my hands slip and I crash to the floor... They make like they're going to throw a thing they call the fridge onto my back.

(...) They took the hood off and put a bag over my head. First loosely, then tighter. As they tightened it round my neck the plastic started sticking to my face. My breathing made the plastic stick more and more, first to my face and then to my mouth. (...) They threatened me with the rope, with hanging me... but they didn't. They put me for a moment, nude, freezing cold, wet. etc., into a kind of compartment or cupboard in steel sheeting. It was in and out. Then they put me a chair near me, so that I could touch it: temptation within reach of my hand. (...) They've got me in a corner either crouching down or bent over, they say they're going to kill me and hold a gun against my head. I hear the click as they press the trigger. They make me bend over and oblige me to get into a sort of steel cupboard. They tell me to get back out again. Back against the wall. They've taken off the hood. Me with my eyes closed, Open them! It's dark. I can see a little red light from my dark corner: they're pointing at me with a laser or infrared weapon.

(...) They throw me into a kind of steel desk. I'm with the beast. The animal, panting, makes gestures, shouts, makes noises... and throws water over me. Over my head, my neck, my back. It's cold. He takes my trousers down and gives me little slaps with the hand on the buttocks.

(...) Then he starts hitting my buttocks with a round piece of wood, a stick or table leg. He threatens to put it into me and makes a couple of gestures but leaves it for later. Various Guardia Civil policemen come in and out.

(...) The doctor: having asked the usual questions I tell him about the sharp pains. That I'm in pain when I breathe and when I make certain movements. «The lung is ventilating correctly» he answers. Then I tell him about my left foot: the sprain, the tendon that's blocked and the tingling I can feel on the instep. He looks at me but says nothing: I can't raise the big toe of my left foot (I still can't) and, as a result, can't walk properly.

(...) As well as hitting me on the buttocks, the beast hit me continuously on the head with a rolled-up

newspaper or something like it. First softly, but then harder and more often. Sometimes he hit me on the neck and in the balls, but almost all of the blows were to the head. (...) They obliged me to do several gym sessions but I was exhausted. They put the bag back over my head, but looser than before».