

A Female Practitioner Conquers the Evil of Masanjia by Using Steadfast Righteous Thoughts

A Falun Dafa Practitioner

[Minghui Net] *[Editor] This article describes the admirable Fa-rectification process of a Falun Dafa practitioner who was kidnapped and sent to the Masanjia concentration camp. The editors at Minghui Net hope that more Falun Dafa practitioners will write down their own Fa-rectification journeys, or will write down the Fa-rectification stories of fellow practitioners, for the encouragement of all Falun Dafa practitioners.*

I am a female Dafa practitioner from Dongbei Province (Manchuria), Northeast China. I endured a seven-day hunger strike in Masanjia and was unconditionally released. It was the mighty virtue of Falun Dafa and the great compassion of the Teacher that helped me to regain my freedom.

I had been illegally captured and held at the Masanjia concentration camp on Sept. 22, 2000. Before that, I had risked my life to speak out for Falun Dafa on many occasions. On July 22, I was seized in Tiananmen Square. Li You, the Deputy Director of the Public Security Bureau, pushed me to the ground six times, and began kicking me each time, leaving bruises all over my body.

On March 2, I went to Beijing to protect the Fa and was identified by the police. During this period of time, while enduring physical hardships, I went on hunger strikes many times to resist the persecution. In March, I had gone on a hunger strike with 132 fellow practitioners in Fushun Detention Center for thirteen days before being set free. On March 27, I was again illegally sent to the so-called brainwashing class. I went on a hunger strike for nine days and was unconditionally released. On July 18, I went to Beijing and was illegally detained. I protested with a hunger strike and they force-fed me, causing internal bleeding in my stomach. I was finally unconditionally released. On August 25, I was coerced into going to the police station, where I was abducted and sent to the Masanjia concentration camp.

As soon as I arrived at Masanjia, the malicious people were intent on brainwashing me. I firmly recited Teacher's instructions, "Validate the Fa with reason, clarify the truth with wisdom, spread the Fa and offer people salvation with benevolence - this is establishing the mighty virtue of an enlightened being." *[Rationality]* The wicked people unsuccessfully tried to brainwash me for four days. From the fifth day on, they began to physically torture me. They ordered me to squat with my head facing downward. The captain came forward, kicked me to the ground and told me to stand up immediately to resume the squatting position. I replied, "I don't have the energy to squat and I cannot squat, but I won't give in and I won't betray my faith. Do whatever you like." The captain got so angry that he took out the handcuffs and threatened to handcuff me if I did not comply. **I said, "I don't even fear death, so why would I be afraid of being handcuffed, being hung up, or being forced to squat?"**

It was very cold in the northern part of China in October. They made me hang from the handcuffs for a day and a night while I shivered in the cold weather. Later, I came down with a high fever. The spiteful people cursed the Teacher and Falun Dafa in front of me. Even so, I dissuaded them with a resolute attitude and solemn words. They said I defied the brainwashing, so they switched to punishing me by making me hang all day and all night, and forbidding me to go to the restroom. Later on, my feet were swollen so badly that it was indescribable. I could no longer squat, and had to stand to urinate. The only thing I could do was crawl on the ground in order to defecate. The prison guard couldn't stand it, and consulted the Team Director. But even then, after they brought me down from hanging, it was only to remain handcuffed while sitting. I still refused to give in.

They threatened that if I did not accept the brainwashing, they would use a more powerful electric baton on me, modified to have twice the normal electric current. They warned that, with my slight physical build, I would not be able to stand it. I thought, "Okay, come on. It's just this one life I have." After being hung up for fifteen days, I still did not give in. The degenerates were then ready to torture me with the electric-shock baton. After a physical examination, however, they discovered that I had a heart problem (actually it was something that was conjured up and it only appeared to be a chronic heart condition). I also showed a high fever of 39.5° C. (103° F.). They were afraid of taking responsibility for my death and had to leave me alone.

During this 9-month period, the brutes went to all kinds of extreme measures to physically abuse me. For example, they ordered me to squat on a small brick, barely large enough to accommodate a pair of feet. I squatted for over ten hours per day, until I could barely stand up. **However, the will of a Falun Dafa practitioner is very strong. Even though they mistreated me, I would not surrender, I would not betray my faith, nor would I betray our great Teacher. Later, they used all the tricks of psychological torture they knew, like "looking in the mirror" and "facing the wall," but I still refused to yield. Finally, they sent the traitors from the male labor camp to brainwash me, but they also failed. In the end, they had to yield to me and they stopped trying to brainwash me. It was exactly as Teacher had said in one of his scriptures, "If you have no fear, then there is no factor letting you fear."**

I matured through the tribulations in Masanjia's concentration camp. We had also received the articles, "Suffocate the Evil" and "Falun Dafa Disciple's Righteous Thoughts Are Powerful," etc. The Teacher pointed out the direction for us, just in time, exposing the evil behind the masks, and gradually the environment began to change. The people around me were being changed, too. **I stood firm on matters of principle. I would first state to whoever came to try to brainwash me: 1) Never allow the traitors to refer to the Teacher in front me. Because they were swayed to the unrighteous way, they have no right to call him their Teacher. 2) Never allow anyone to try to brainwash me by distorting the Teacher's words, because the principles that the Teacher taught us are for guiding genuine practitioners through cultivation, and not for the unworthy to sabotage. In either large or small meetings, regardless of the number of participants, as long as I was there, I would stop them without hesitation.**

In the beginning, they would not let me say anything. But as I always say, "As long as I am not dead I will speak out. Even if you cut off my tongue, I will still roar." They eventually gave up after failing to stop me. No one in my prison cell dared to say a word against our Teacher, nor did they dare to spread evil ways. Using a shameful traitor's words here, it is said that those who had been swayed to an evil way kept watch over the steadfast practitioners in other prison cells, but in my prison cell, the firm practitioners kept watch over those who had been led astray. So my cell was called "the special zone."

I would go tit for tat, with no concession, on matters of principle with those who had been swayed to an evil way. On other issues, I did my best to save them with my compassion. Although they had temporarily become shameful traitors, they will still have a chance to come back to cultivation. The immensely compassionate Teacher is still waiting for them to thoroughly reform themselves. We were illegally detained because we were validating Fa and clarifying the truth. We all have family members who are looking forward to reuniting with us.

The camp claimed they would release, within three months, those who betrayed Falun Dafa, but some of them have been waiting for more than six months. It shows us that there is nothing left but deception here in the camps. I pointed out the fact that the more bad deeds you commit for the evil forces here, the less likely it is that they will let you go. I said that they were supposed to first struggle for the freedom to go back home to stay with their families. After being encouraged and inspired by me, the traitors dispatched by the Second Station questioned the labor camp's own authorities. The traitors were then told that the policy had been changed, and that they would not be released until seven months later. I took advantage of this to arouse the

traitors' compassion in taking responsibility for positive change. We went on a hunger strike on May 27 to force the prison head to make a concession. Later, they released another batch of practitioners.

Throughout the tribulation, I encouraged those who had been first misled and then betrayed, "If they don't set you free next time, you should take action. If our steadfast Falun Dafa practitioners were to pass away, the evil perpetrators would be in dread of being exposed. If those who had been forcibly betrayed were in danger, they would be more scared. You were sentenced to limited imprisonment, but I will be imprisoned for life for firmly practicing Falun Dafa. So I have decided to go on a hunger strike to protest our illegal detention. Should I die, it would open opportunities for you. If I am alright, that means that my actions are correct." Those traitors supported me. It was four days into the hunger strike by the time the team leader found out. On the fifth day, they force-fed me and claimed they were saving my life. I told them firmly, "If you really want to save my life, just let me go home. Once I get out of here, I am going to eat right away with no need for force."

They replied, "So many people who have already served their terms are still here. How can we release you before them?"

I said, "I want to live and to live meaningfully. I don't consent to this endless detention, and my family won't stand for it either. But if I were to exchange my freedom for my beliefs, my life would then have become meaningless, so I would rather die than to become a traitor. I will risk my life for my legal rights." I told them clearly that I would not cooperate with the force-feeding. Although the result of that might cost me my life, if I failed to resist, then I would be assisting them in torturing me in the long run. It would speed up my death because, even though my stomach bled while being force-fed in Fushun, they still had people holding me down to force-feed me. After trying more than ten times or so, they still could not insert the tube into my stomach, and eventually gave up.

A policeman from the hospital said, "Your cultivation energy is really strong! You are practicing well." On the seventh day, with the Teacher's strengthening, I was successful in my hunger strike, and they had no choice but to release me. Finally, with my dignity still intact, I left Masanjia's Nazi-style concentration camp.

During the time when I was illegally detained in Masanjia, because of my determined resistance, they had no way of brainwashing me. For quite a long time they did not even try to brainwash me again. However, the traitors dispatched from the Second Station would not give up. Sometimes they even bypassed the Team Leader to come "have a talk" with me because they thought if they could brainwash someone as stubborn as I was, they would be highly praised by the team leader.

On the evening of May 12, some people came to brainwash me, yet I was delighted for the opportunity to promote the Fa to them. They started first, "I am thinking to give you an opportunity: You can just give up. There is nothing wrong with that, I swear to the heavens. 'There are deities three feet over our head.' I am not lying. You see, giving up does not cause the extinction of body and soul."

I firmly replied, "Opportunity? What opportunity is that? I have the so-called opportunity every day, every hour. Even if I gave up practicing at midnight, which would certainly delight the team leader, I would forever disdain to even glimpse at that kind of opportunity! I would never take that option! You have given up, but aren't you still confined here with me? Do you think they would trust you and give you freedom? Where is your freedom?"

Seeing my firm resolution, they said, "We have no way to move you." And they left with their heads down low.

June 18,2001