

My name is Rori Im 32 years old. I have 3 kids age 13, 8, and 3. Giving birth is suppose to be a beautiful thing, with my older two it was. With my youngest however it was more of a nightmare. I was 34 weeks when I was arrested. On January 4th 2019 a Denver detective came to arrest me at my house, for a warrant out of Gilpin county. I was walking out the door and headed to a doctors appointment. The detective saw me in the vehicle as we past him exiting his unmarked vehicle, he proceeded to get back into his vehicle and follow us. I'd asked my uncle to stop at a gas station to grab something to drink. While I was walking inside, I saw the unmarked vehicle and another unmarked but more noticeable cop car following, they missed the turn in. While waiting in line I seen the detective pull up and the other unmarked cop car, I walked back to my car, never did anyone say anything to me, I went to open the door and I was slammed into my car, belly first. They forcefully grabbed my hands and pulled them behind my back. I was yelling the whole time "I'm pregnant, I'm pregnant." Not that they couldn't tell with my belly, I was not small. After being placed in handcuffs does the detective ask me if my name is Rori. They place me in the back of the unmarked cop car and search my uncle car. After searching the car they come over to the cop car, the detective tells me that his arresting me for a warrant out of Gilpin county, Only thing I keep saying is that I would like medical attention due to being slammed into the side of my car belly first, I was concerned for my unborn child. After the detective demands that I give him permission to go back to my house and search my room, otherwise he's gonna take me straight to the jail, without me being cleared at the hospital, that my baby is okay. So I agree, because I'm concerned for unborn child. He calls for an ambulance, they arrive and load me into the ambulance, and handcuff me to the gurney, the detective tells the ambulance to follow them back to my house while he search my room and only my room. So they do we sit outside for about 20 minutes and my heart rate is high, my blood pressure dangerous, the paramedic tells the detective and says that he's concerned for the safety of my child about 10 minutes into us sitting outside my house, the detective tell them that he's almost done and to wait just a moment. So 10 minutes later when the detective comes out empty handed, he gives the paramedics permission to finally taking me down to Denver Health. Once arrived they monitor my baby for about four hours. Everything is clear, except my blood pressure is high, but not concernly high so the doc says I'm fine and to take me to jail. So again I'm put in handcuffs arms behind my back, but this time the cop taking me from the hospital to the jail also shackles me as well. We arrive to the jail, just past dinner, I haven't eaten anything the hospital wouldn't even give me because said I'd get food at the jail. There were no more sack lunch they were out and the kitchen was closed. No one there until morning. So all day without eating and no one cared I told a few Jail Cops my situation and they said that I would just have to wait till morning. So I sitting in booking, doing the book in proceeded about 4 hours into the 6-8 hour processes, I finally get to the Nurse, she has to check me out and clear me to go

upstairs. I sit in the chair she began taking my vituals, I to explain to her that I havent eaten anything all day she to doesnt seem to care gives me some gadorade, My blood prsure is still ever high. She says to go back in the main booking area and claim down she'll check my vituals in a couple hours. So about 6 closer to 7 hours in booking, the nurse calls me again, you can til shes trying to get out of there and go home her shift is almost over. So she takes my vituals once again, and my blood prsure hasnt changed, so the nurse looks at the cop standing in her office and says "I'm not staying here all night, take her back to the hospital until she has these baby." I explain to her that im not due for another few weeks, my due date is Febuary 20th, 2019. She express that she don't care. So again Im told to go and sit back in the main booking area (which is called the fish bowl.) and wait for a officer to get on shift and transport me to the hospital, So about an hour later and me hear these officer complain and pull strews on who is gonna be the officer that takes me. Its time to go and let me tell you the officer is not very happy that he lost the strew pull, because not only does he have to drive me there he has to sit with me his whole shift or until babys born, which ever comes first. Meanwhile, duing me waiting for them to decided which officer it was gonna be I was trying to get ahold of my mom, but the jail payphones were down, and I knew that my mom wouldnt be worrying about me about to be having the baby, I had a few weekd left at least, I'd ask one the officer that processes you in, if there was anyway he could let me make a phone call or if he himself would call my mom and let her know that Imm being took to the hospital to be introduced and have my baby. He told no, and explained to me that no one could know, for security reasoon, but that the hospital will notify my mom once Im bought back to the jail. Once the cop was finally ready he called me over to where he was standing, you could tell he was not happy about havig to do all these. He tells me to place my hands behind my back and he cuffs me up. Then he tells me to place one knee on the chair I was standing in front of, he puts the shackle on my ankle, I express that its a little tight, he responds with you'll live, then tells me to switch legs and puts the shackle on th other ankle. Then he points to the door I come in from and says walks, while walking I guess I was walking to slow for him so he nuge my shoulder as in to move along, I almost fall over, luckily I catch myself on the wall, and countinue walking toward the doors after getting my balance again. Outside the doors theres rows of cops vechicals, he points to the patty wagon (a van like vechical, just has no windows in the back and bars that outline the shape of the vechical, and a metal door behind the actually vechical door that they have to use a key to open and let you in and out of.) Once I hoble my way over to where it parked at, Im struggling to climb in, there two little mental steps u step on to get in and you have duck quite a bit to fit in the mental door, Being 34 weeks pregent, its not very easy to bed that far with being handcuffed behind your back and shackled. So it was a struggle to say the least. which only seem to irraited the officer more, he makes a comment asking me if Im so kind of retarded,

never had to get in a car before. I dont respond to his rude comment. I finally get inside the patty wagon where I sit as best as I can on the long metal bunch that is on the inside. He doesn't put my seat belt on and I can't with my hands behind my back. He just slams the metal the door and locks it then slams the van door. As we're driving to the hospital, he seems to be taking any bump or pot hole at full speed, I bounce all over the places trying to stay on the bunch as best as possible. Once we arrive at the hospital, and we get inside, and I'm given a bed, he uncuffs only one side of the handcuffs, my arms fall forward, he attached the side he just uncuffed to the railing the hospital bed. Then he uncuffs one of my ankles and again attaches the uncuffed shackle to the bottom railing of the hospital bed. A nurse then rolls me upstairs to the labor and delivery unit. Once in my hospital room, the nurse hands me a gown and tells me to take everything off and to put the gown on. I then ask the officer to unhook me, so that I can go into the restroom that's inside the room to change. He makes a huffing sound as he gets up from the rocking like chair that is in the room, He uncuffs the cuffs that are attached to the railing and leaves the cuffs attached to me. I go into the bathroom pulling a chain at my ankles, I reach the door to the bathroom and he tells me to leave the door half way open. So instead of being able to shut the door and use the railing next to the toilet to help balance me cause it's gonna be a challenge to get my clothing off over the shackles. I have to go into the shower part so that I can close the curtain, to have some privacy. After a bit of a struggle, and out of breath I'm changed into the gown. I come back to claim into the hospital bed, that when the nurse noticed my ankle bleeding from the shackles being extremely tight, so nurse says something to the officer as his cuffing me back to bed railing, And she too she hooking baby and I up the monitors. , She watch him put the cuff to the railing and again tells him "Don't you think that's the one on the ankle is a little too tight, it's bleeding. His responds to her was "She's a flight risk, and he's not gonna loosen it, I'll live." She then says to him " How fast can a 34 week pregnant women possible run." I kinda chuckle. He says nothing to her in response, She whisper "Sorry to me." I just give her a half smile, as she walks toward the door, 30 minutes goes by before the nurse returns with doctor, they come in to discuss the details of the process they go by to introduce. The doctor check my cervix to see if I'm dilated at all, she goes to closes the curtain to give me some privacy, but the officer stop her mid curtain toss and told her " These is to remain open at all times." She tries to tell him that she needs to check my cervix and she doesn't want to show my private part. He tells the nurse that I should of thought of that before I decided to go to jail pregnant and being give birth in custody. The doctor seems a little upset with the officer and how he is acting, but says nothing. She justs kept the blanket cover me as much as possible. I'm only 2 centimeter dilated. So she says that there gonna give me something to try and get my cervix to dilate more. They leave and the nurse comes back and gives me the medican to kick start my labor. About 9pm that night the doctor breaks my water, let

me remind you I left for my doctors appointment at 8:30 that morning. The nurses switch change is about that same time, so Im hoping that means the officer will switch shifts soon to, but come to find out his pulling a double someone called in. So his not going no where. About 17 hours after being arrested, them force introducing me, it time to welcome my baby boy into these world. So the nurse just sits on the end of the bed and puts her head under the blanket and use a flesh light cause they cant close the curtain. Im pushing but one of my legs is kinda stuck straight due to being shacked to the bed, and my ankle is still bleeding from the shackle. The nurse asks the cop if he could unshackle me again, explain to him that the baby is under a little disstress and they need to try to reposhrough and they need to reposition me to see if that helps baby come out. He says he not unshackling me there planyt of pull on the shackle to move around, Im to high of flight risk. The nurse again try to inform him that now I diffently aint running, I have an epidural and cant feel my legs to run. If I try to stand up I would collapse. He again tells her NO. The nurse is still having her head and a fleshlight under the blanket to keep me covered, after about an hour or so of pushing my heart rate increases, very high, but the baby is close enough to call the doctor in. They remove the bottom half of the bed and set up the doctors stuff to finish delierving. When the doctor comes in she grabs the curtain as she sits down, and the officer grab it and opens back up and says that the curtain cant be closed cause I'm a flight risk. The doctor says to him I dont think shes going anywhere these babys about to come out. He says he dont care and its staying open. So there I lay Legs in the air exposed completely. And these officer is standing at the end of my bed. The doctor asks for him to unshakle me because she needs me possesed correctly my babys head is a little big. He again says No. The doctor, myself, and baby struggle to get him out. The babys heart rate is begainning to drop. The doctor stands up and is face to face with the officer and says "you need to unshackle her now." He is not happy about it but dose it. But stands right at the end of my bed, even closer then he was provisly. As if he was the babys father or a family member just watching my son come out. Baby finally comes out. Born Jaunuary 5th 2019 @ 4:45am. They places him on my chest, for about a minute. Everything in the room seems to be getting foggy. So I tell the doctor that Im getting very dizzy, the nurse is trying to get me cleaned up and the plsenta out, but there is to much blood. I tell the nurse one last time before blacking out to grab baby. I black out. I was told after waking up from surgery, which I woke up once during surgery, but went backout immdiently. That I had lost a lot of bleed, and flat lined twice. I tore something inside from pushing so hard and them unable to pocession me correctly, the tiar caused me to bleeding internal and externally. I was rushed into surgry, to fix the tiar and stop the bleeding. I recieived a full blood transfusion, over a four day period. I was shackled to the bed during most of my delierey and again shackles put on after surgery for about half of the next day. Until the third officer since Id been there come on duty and was high upset that the last to officer had kept me

shackled, she unshackled me, and not until I was transported back to the jail 6 days after delivering my son was I shackled again. While I was upstairs in labor and delivery, just about 2 hours out of surgery, a person from child protective services showed up, to ask me a few questions. I was still very gruey. But thankful it was still that third officer there, and she inform the social worker that she would have to come back at a later time, to question me. The only part about any of these is that because they had to monitor me in labor and delivery unit due to my complications after delivery I got to keep baby with me the whole time, which was 4 day. The last two days I spent in jail hospital unit. Once I was taken to downstairs to the hospital jail, is when the notified my mom that I had had my son. When my mom want to the hospital the doctors told my mom that they had given him a spinal tap, cause of a fever. When I was upstairs with him still they tried to say he needed one and I told them no, he now to this day has a quarter size dark brown mark where the needle went in. I stayed two more days at the hospital. Due to me having to a full blood transfusion I had to give myself shots in the stomach, to keep from clotting. I did that for 3 months after having my son. Once I was released from the hospital, I was taken back to the jail. I wasnt told anything about where my baby was if my mom had him or anything. Until 2 days after being back at the jail. My son is 10 days old by these time. Thats when a social worker come to the jail and got to ask me all those question she wanted to in the hospital. That when I learned that my little sister had my son, which wouldnt of been my first choice of family members to go to but at least he was with family. I was told that they would be opening a cps case and that once I was released my son would still have to remain in my sisters care but the state had custody of him. I was finally transferred to Gilpin County were I was able to post bond and was released 14 days after my son was born. I was returning home with no baby, open cps case, my body still messed up from the surgery and the transfusion. It took me about 2 months before I had my strength up. I was having 2 2 hour visit a week with my newborn baby. My mental health was taking a toll, I was extreamly depressed, had no motivation to do anything, but go see my babe. I still have nightmares about giving birth to my son. I could have died, did die twice and no one in my family even knew I was there. Plus they forced me to deliver my babe over a month early. 45 days earlier. He had to have surgery when he was 4 months old. They say it was unrelated to being born early, but to be honest who knows. Im glad my son is health. But no one should have to experience anything like that, especially giving birth to your child. I felt like I was treated unhuman.