

My name is Rori Im 32 years old. I have 3 kids age 13, 8, and 3. Giving birth is supposed 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 doctor's 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 waiting 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 his gonna take me straight to the jail, without me being cleared at the hospital, that my baby is okay. So I agree, because Im 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 his concerned for the safety of my child about 10 minutes into us sitting outside my houses, the detective tell them that his 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 Im put in hand cuffs arms behind my back, but these 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 havent eaten anything the hospital wouldn't even give me creaker said Id 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 til morning. So I sitting in booking, doing the book in procedure 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 vitals, I to explain to her that I haven't eaten anything all day she doesn't seem to care gives me some Gatorade, My blood pressure is still ever high. She says to go back in the main booking area and claim down she'll check my vitals in a couple hours. So about 6 closer to 7 hours in booking, the nurse calls me again, you can't stay here she's trying to get out of there and go home her shift is almost over. So she takes my vitals once again, and my blood pressure hasn't 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 this baby." I explain to her that I'm not due for another few weeks, my due date is February 20th, 2019. She expresses that she doesn't care. So again I'm told to go and sit back in the main booking area (which is called the fish bowl.) and wait for an officer to get on shift and transport me to the hospital, So about an hour later and I hear these officers complain and pull strews on who is gonna be the officer that takes me. It's 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 baby's born, which ever comes first. Meanwhile, during me waiting for them to decide which officer it was gonna be I was trying to get a hold of my mom, but the jail payphones were down, and I knew that my mom wouldn't be worrying about me about to be having the baby, I had a few weeks left at least, I'd ask one of the officers 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 I'm being taken to the hospital to be introduced and have my baby. He told no, and explained to me that no one could know, for security reasons, but that the hospital will notify my mom once I'm brought 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 having 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 it's a little tight, he responds with you'll live, then tells me to switch legs and puts the shackle on the other ankle. Then he points to the door I come in from and says walks, while walking I guess I was walking too slow for him so he nudge my shoulder as in to move along, I almost fall over, luckily I catch myself on the wall, and continue walking toward the doors after getting my balance again. Outside the doors there's rows of cops vehicles, he points to the patty wagon (a van like vehicle, just has no windows in the back and bars that outline the shape of the vehicle, and a metal door behind the actual vehicle door that they have to use a key to open and let you in and out of.) Once I hobble my way over to where it parked at, I'm struggling to climb in, there two little mental steps you step on to get in and you have to duck quite a bit to fit in the mental door, Being 34 weeks pregnant, it's not very easy to do that far with being handcuffed behind your back and shackled. So it was a struggle to say the least. which only seemed to irritate the officer more, he makes a comment asking me if I'm so kind of retarded,

never had to get in a car before. I don't respond to his rude comment. I finally get inside the patty wagon where I sit as best as I can on the long metal bench 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 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 bench 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 attaches the side he just uncuffed to the railing of 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 he cuffs me back to bed railing, And she too she hooks 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 she ankle is a little too tight, it's bleeding. His response 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 woman possibly run." I kinda chuckle. He says nothing to her in response, She whispers "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 close 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 me 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 just 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 med 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 stright due to being shackled 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 planty 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 buttom 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 immidently. 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 recieved a full blood transfusion, over a four day period. I was shackled to the bed during most of my delierrey 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 groggy. But thankful it was still that third officer there, and she informed 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 days. The last two days I spent in jail hospital unit. Once I was taken to downstairs to the hospital jail, is when they notified my mom that I had had my son. When my mom went 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 have 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 wasn't 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 this time. That's when a social worker came to the jail and got to ask me all those questions she wanted to in the hospital. That when I learned that my little sister had my son, which wouldn't have 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 sister's care but the state had custody of him. I was finally transferred to Gilpin County where 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 visits a week with my newborn baby. My mental health was taking a toll, I was extremely 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. I'm glad my son is healthy. But no one should have to experience anything like that, especially giving birth to your child. I felt like I was treated inhuman.