

(English translation below)

Gracias por la oportunidad a hablar aqui hoy. Yo soy Maria Rubio. vengo de Honduras y tengo 47 anos. Vivo actualmente en Jamaica, Queens. En mi pais era abogada de derechos humanos. Tuve que salir de mi pais por defender a un cliente, una mujer que fue multilado por miembros de una ganga. Por defenderla la ganga me amenazo que me mataria y intentaron a matarme. Sali de mi pais para salvar me vida y tuve que dejar mis dos hijos en Honduras. Al llega en Nueva York, tuve que empezar mi vida al neuvo.

Mi primer trabajo en este pais fue en un restaurante sirviendo y limpiando. Alli yo trabaje por un mes sin pago y despues de un mes tuve que salir porque nunca me pegaron. Por los ultimos casi dos anos he trabajado liampando casa. Trabajo para una compania basado en New York que me manda a limpiar casas no solamente en Nueva York, pero tambien en New Jersey y en Long Island. A veces tengo que viajar por dos horas para llegar al trabajo y la compania no me paga transporte. En este trabajo tengo una hora de entrada pero nunca tengo una hora de salida. Trabajo 12-13 horas al dia, casi todo timepo de pie or de rodillas, sin parar or tomar agua, or tomar un break. A veces llego a las 9 de la manana y no puedo almorzar hasta las 4pm de la tarde. Trabajo 5 dias la semana y muchos fin de semana tambien, unos dias desde las 8:00 de la manana hasta las 2:00 de la noche. Gano \$80 dolares el dia.

Por trabajar de rodillas todos los dias dane el nervio de mis rodillas y me duele constantemente. A veces por el dolor no puedo subir las escaleras en el tren y no puedo pagar por los medicamientos para controlar el dolor.

Despues de todo eso me quedo en mi trabajo y no llevo quejas porque tengo que soportar mis dos hijos. No puedo perder mi trabajo.

Es importante que eschuan mi voz porque atras de mi hay miles de mujeres trabajando en las mis situaciones con las mismas experiencias.

Thank you for the opportunity to speak today. My name is Maria Rubio. I am from Honduras and I am 47 years old. I live in Jamaica, Queens. In my country I was a human rights lawyer. I had to leave Honduras because I defended a client, a woman who was mutilated by members of a gang. Because I defended her the gang members threatened me and attempted to kill me. I left to save me life and I had to leave my two children in Hondurus.

Upon arriving in New York, I had to start my life over. My first job in this country was in a restaurant serving and cleaning. I worked for a month, but they never paid me so I had to leave. I started working in a different restaurant and all started well until the owner asked me to wear a short skirt and sit with the clients to earn more tips. In this job they paid me only \$25 for the entire day and my boss took all my tips. When I understood that this was not a normal restaurant and that part of my job would be to flirt with the clients and let them touch me, I left the job.

For the last two years I have worked cleaning houses. I work for a company based in New York City, but they send me to clean houses not only in New York, but in New Jersey and Long Island. Sometimes I have to travel for two hours to arrive at work and the company doesn't pay me for this. In the job I have

a start time, but I never have an end time. I work 12-13 hours a day, almost the entire time on my knees, without stopping or being able to take a break for water. Sometimes I arrive at 9 in the morning and I don't eat till 4:00 in the afternoon. I work five days a week and many weekends as well, some days from from 8:00am to 2:00pm at night. I make about \$80 a day

I have had three accidents in my job. The first time my manager told me to clean an apartment that he was going to rent out to new tenants. He told me "the work you normally do in 10 hours, you need to do in five, because I have to rent this apartment today." He didn't give me gloves or a mask and I didn't know, but there was fungus in the apartment. When I left, I started to feel bad and after a few hours I had to go to the hospital. I had a fever and was so ill that the hospital put me in quarantine, thinking I was infectious. After three days I left the hospital and had to return to more time and be out of work for a week. They didn't pay me to be out of work.

The second accident was because I always work on my knees almost the entire day. Because of this I damaged a nerve in my knee and it hurts me constantly. Sometimes I can't even walk up the stairs to the subway due to the pain. The third accident, I was cleaning the floor and a client asked me to clean it with a lot of water. Because I was using so much water, I slipped and fell from the third floor to the second on my back and injured by spine.

Even after this I stay in my job and I don't complain because I have to support my two children. I can't afford to lose my job. It is important that you hear my story, because I represent thousands of other women who are in the same situation and have the same experiences.