

DECLARATION OF ASHWEEL MAJOK

I, Ashweel Majok, hereby declare under penalty of perjury pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 1746 that the following is true and correct.

1. I make this declaration based on my own personal knowledge and if called to testify I could and would do so competently and truthfully to these matters.
2. My name is Ashweel Majok. I am 36 years old and from Sudan.
3. I was detained at the Camp East Montana ICE Detention Center, located at Fort Bliss in El Paso, Texas, from January 2026 to February 2026. I am currently detained at the El Paso Service Processing Center.
4. Before I was detained by ICE, I lived in Minnesota and was arrested outside the Rochester, Minnesota, police department courthouse. I have a 6-month-old son who is a U.S. citizen.
5. At Camp East Montana, I was held in the D-1 unit. Geraldo Lunas Campos used to live in my unit and then was moved to D-2. Many of us who knew Geraldo are now at the El Paso Service Processing Center. On the day Geraldo died, I saw Geraldo in the hallway between D-1 and D-2 handcuffed and in a wheelchair. Then, I saw the guards put Geraldo in a chokehold. Geraldo was screaming that he couldn't breathe. The guards took Geraldo away, but we could still hear him screaming for about another twenty minutes. Then, there was silence. I called my mother and told her to call the cops. I was scared for Geraldo's safety because of what I saw and heard that day.
6. When I first arrived at Camp East Montana, I was put in the processing area for about seven days. I slept on the floor underneath the metal benches with no blanket. For about seven days, I was in the street clothes I was arrested in with no access to a shower. I was with about twenty-four other people in the processing area, and we all slept on the floor together. It was so crowded that I couldn't even put my arm out without touching another person. During this time, my stomach felt like it was ripping apart because the facility didn't give us enough food. For those approximately seven days, the facility did not give me my medication for diabetes, high blood pressure, and depression. During those seven days, I felt like I was going to die.
7. After those approximately seven days, the facility brought me to the general population to sleep on the beds for about three or four hours and then returned me to the processing area for another approximately three or four days. When I returned to the processing area, this was the first time I talked to the medical staff. The medical staff took my weight and height and asked me what type of medication I take. I told them what medications I had been on, and the staff told me they would get my medication right away, but they didn't. During this

time, my head was hot and I was seeing stars. I couldn't breathe and I didn't have enough energy to walk around the unit.

8. At Camp East Montana, I never consistently received my prescription medications for my diabetes, high blood pressure, and depression. There would be one day when I received all my medication and then about three to four days when I didn't receive any medication. This pattern repeated during my month at the facility.
9. To administer medication, the nurses would come by the pod several times a day, and the guards would tell the nurse to give the detained individuals their medication. When the nurses didn't bring me my medication, I'd ask the guard and nurse where my medicine is. They said that there's not enough medication because there are too many people here. They also said that my medication for diabetes, high blood pressure, and depression would come in two or three days, but that wasn't always true. Sometimes, they didn't have any of my medication or sometimes, they only had some of my medication.
10. On the days when the facility didn't give me my medication, I put my name on the sick call list and told the guards that I didn't feel well. The officer would write my name down. Then, they'd take me to the processing area where the hold rooms are and put me in a room for hours to wait for medication that never came. This happened around four or five times. When the facility didn't give me my medication, I felt so much pressure in my heart that it felt like there was a whole car on top of my body. When they didn't give me my medicine, I experienced migraines and had trouble with my vision.
11. I asked to speak with a psychiatrist several times at Camp East Montana because I felt like I was going to die and I didn't feel safe at the facility. I felt suicidal. Approximately four times, the facility told me that they were going to take me to the psychiatrist, but then they would take me to "the hole" where I'd wait for hours and then be returned to my regular housing unit without ever seeing anyone. The hole is a solitary confinement room with an open top with one bench on the right side and one bench on the left side. There's a door with a small window and when you look out the window, you see a table and folding chairs where the guards are. The fifth time I requested to speak with a psychiatrist, I told the nurse that I felt like I was going to harm myself and she told me to do it. When the nurse told me that, it made me feel like there was no hope. I stopped asking for help for my mental health after that.
12. At Camp East Montana, I never received dietary meals for my diabetes. The regular meals were a small plastic tray with a sticker that said, "8 ounces." The regular meals made me have diarrhea and stomach pain. I'd eat the food and run to the bathroom twenty minutes later because the food just ran through me. By the time I went to bed, I was hungrier than I was before I ate. I told the nurse about the problems I was having and that I needed a different meal, but the nurse said that the regular meals were all I could get and there wasn't any special meal for people with diabetes.

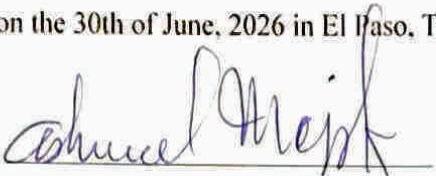
13. In general, the food at Camp East Montana was so little. People were fighting over the tortillas. They would clean up the unit just so they could get another tortilla from the guards. Before I got to Camp East Montana, I weighed about 220 pounds. By the time I got to the El Paso Service Processing Center, I lost around thirty pounds. I know this because the El Paso Service Processing Center staff took my weight during intake and told me that I weighed about 190 pounds.
14. I was never given access to soap while I was housed at the facility. Instead, the staff gave us tiny shampoo packets to wash our hands, our bodies, and our hair. Those were the same shampoo packets we used to wash our clothes with. Because we had to use shampoo packets to wash our hands and clothes, sometimes I'd just wash my body with water because the shampoo packets ran out.
15. In the unit where I lived, there regularly was fecal matter around the toilet bowl and the water with fecal matter sometimes overflowed from the bathroom to the bed area. People would put on sandals because they didn't want their feet to touch the floor, or they'd sit in bed so the water wouldn't touch them. It was particularly bad on three occasions. Those three times, overflowing water with fecal matter was so severe they had to move us out of the unit.
16. In the one month I was at Camp East Montana, they only took me outside for recreational time once.
17. In the one month I was at Camp East Montana, the facility only washed my clothes once. Because of this, I had to wash my clothes myself. I had one uniform, one pair of underwear and one pair of socks. I would wash the clothes with water and shampoo in the sink. For two or three weeks, we told the guards that we needed laundry, and they said we needed to work our way up. I wasn't sure what that meant.
18. In the one month I was at Camp East Montana, the facility never cleaned the unit I was in. Because of this, we would clean our own unit using a garbage can, a dustpan, washing rags, and spray bottle that the facility provided. Sometimes, we got a dollar or extra food for cleaning. We mainly used the supplies and water to clean the dust. When the facility turned the air conditioning system on, dust would come in from everywhere and we'd be coughing from the dust. My bed was right below the pipe where the dust came from, and I had to cover myself with a blanket and a towel to try to protect myself from the falling dust. I used a combination of a blanket, towel, or t-shirt to try to cover myself because the blanket wasn't long enough to cover my entire body. My podmates did this too.
19. Because of the mistreatment I faced at Camp East Montana, I submitted four grievance letters to the facility. I submitted one of the grievance letters after I told the nurse that I felt like I was going to harm myself, and she told me to do it. I never received any response from any of the grievance letters, and no one ever came to talk to me about them.

20. Although I am no longer at Camp East Montana, I am submitting this declaration because I want to help people who are there, and I don't know whether, in the future, I may be moved there again. There are approximately four people who were moved a few weeks ago from the El Paso Service Processing Center back to Camp East Montana. They were all moved after they submitted a habeas petition.

Everything in this declaration is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and recollection.

Executed on the 30th of June, 2026 in El Paso, Texas.

Signature:

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Samuel Meik", written over a horizontal line.