[Snap Judgment intro]

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Okay, so I live on a street with a lot of families, children. Some of the mommies and the daddies, they look just like their kids. Others do not. In the middle of this urban hum, a common question is something like, "How did you build your family?" And my answer, it's pretty simple, it's even traditional. "We wanted some kids, so we had a couple." But other people just on our block whose children play with my own, they endured a much more torturous road before they could push the stroller before they could join the family carpool, bring birthday cupcake to the PTA meeting.

Today on Snap Judgment, we're following the story of one family and how the very thing which so many of us take for granted can be the hardest fight of their lives. We're calling it The Search for No Name Aporva.

My name is Glynn Washington. And yes, it's all right if you hug your babies a little bit longer than normal when you're listening to Snap Judgment.

[upbeat Music]

Now, we're going to start with the story about the search for someone's past, about who she really is. But, Snappers, this tale, it takes some turns like you have never heard before. Buckle up, Snap Judgment.

**Nancy:** So, just so I have it for the record, tell me in a full sentence your name, your age, what you do.

**Annaporva:** Sure, my name is Annaporva Green. I am 20 years old, and right now I'm currently a student at new college of Florida.

**Nancy:** Annaporva, what did you know about how you were adopted? Like, what did about your adoption story when you were a kid?

**Annaporva:** Melanieavalon.com/. I can say I didn't know that much, honestly. Part of that was me because I didn't ask a lot of questions. I knew I was born in India and I knew I was from Hyderabad. I knew I was given up at a young age, and I knew that I lived in a few different orphanages. That was all I thought I needed to know when I was younger because there were bigger things to think about, like addition and subtraction and how to carry your two's. [chuckles] I did think about my biological family from time to time, but they were just kind of blurry visions in the back of my mind. I was comfortable to let them stay there until I turned 14.

**Nancy:** What changed at 14? What happened?

**Annaporva:** Right. One of my friends and I, we were exchanging secrets over the phone. My secret to them was I've been thinking a lot about my hands because I have very large hands and very long fingers that are much bigger than my mom's and much bigger than my sister's. I had started thinking about whose hands do I have? Who do I look like? I got off the phone with my friend and took a day, and then I went downstairs to my mom. I asked her, do you have pictures of them?

She had them under a little file that said Hyderabad Pictures. I now have that same file saved on my own computer titled Hyderabad Pictures. I was scared to see them, and I remember just kind of trying to hold myself together. The first one that she showed me were of two sisters and a brother. I saved my biological parents for last because that was the kicker for me. So they're standing, and they're in this hut, and they're looking straight on at the camera, and they're not smiling. I remember thinking "Huh. Are they happy?"

**Nancy:** So, I imagine then you looked at your bio mom.

**Annaporva:** Yes.

**Nancy:** Can you tell me about that?

**Annaporva:** Yes. That was so much. I actually remember thinking, "This is my biological mother, but my mom is right here." I didn't know if I had to kind of control my emotions or not, because I didn't know if for some reason my mom would be jealous or resentful or angry or just have some sort of emotion that would cause her pain. I just kind of thought to myself, "I'm going to wait until I'm in my room and alone to cry," really. [sobbing] It was hard, but what was it like watching me see the pictures?

**Danielle:** Well, I remember watching you weep, but it was a very steady stream of tears quietly coming down your face. I mean, it was that deep, soulful, quiet weeping. I remember that moment at the kitchen table. Honey, I wanted you to be okay. I remember you're going to your room after that. Now in this moment, it sounds like you went to your room and really cried.

**Annaporva:** Yes.

**Danielle:** Yeah.

**Annaporva:** I mean, everything changed. I've been referring to them my biological family, has kind of blurry visions. All of a sudden, it was like they became so clear in my mind. It was like putting on your glasses or your contacts. They were no longer in the recesses anymore. Seeing the life that I have had and then seeing those pictures made me wonder and doubt if I was okay to be living the life that I am.

Adding all of that to hearing the rest of the story, such as the kingpin situation and the death threats and Maneka Gandhi. Well, I just sobbed because how does a 14-year-old handle all of that? I handled it by crying and eating lots of chocolate. It still strikes me and struck me then, just like, "Why? I was the one that was given up. Why was it me? Was there something wrong with me that they didn't want me?"

[pensive music]

**Nancy:** Okay, Danielle, can you hear me?

**Danielle:** Yes.

**Nancy:** Okay, we'll get right into it. For years, Danielle Green had been anticipating the moment her daughter Annaporva would come down those stairs asking about her biological parents. But she was still surprised, caught off guard.

**Danielle:** You know, she's never asked me any of these questions, but my concerns were more about, I didn't want to overwhelm and flood her with information.

**Nancy:** Over the following weeks and months, when Annaporva came to her wanting to know more and more about her adoption, Danielle avoided one question in particular.

**Danielle:** I avoided it until recently, not necessarily proud of it, but once I knew that I was going to tell this story, Nancy, I knew I had to tell her, I needed to make sure she knew everything first.

**Nancy:** The story begins over 20 years ago. Danielle had a lot going on at the time. She was 40. She was a student in grad school.

**Danielle:** I was a single mom, and I had one donor-inseminated child.

**Nancy:** When her daughter Hadley turned two, Danielle decided she was ready to have another.

**Danielle:** I simply wanted another child, and I was surprised that I couldn't get an American child.

**Nancy:** The adoption agency had encouraged her to adopt from abroad because in the US, a woman like Danielle would have to wait years.

**Danielle:** Single moms were not seen as desirable candidates to offer children homes.

**Nancy:** Of course, the international adoption process was no less arduous.

**Danielle:** When you have strangers going in and out of your home to make sure that you look like you're a sane person, you don't have fetishes, asking you many questions. Would you be willing to adopt a child like this or like that? Questioning that over and over to make sure that you really know yourself well.

**Nancy:** Months of paperwork and home visits turned into three years of waiting. And then, one day the phone call finally came. A three-and-a-half-month-old baby girl was available for adoption in India.

**Danielle:** When I got a picture of her, and then they sent a very poor grainy, black and white video of her in the orphanage, and I saw her move and cry and smile. It was like I walked around with this sense of pregnancy, that I was expecting another baby, and it was going to be as grand a mystery as giving birth. With all the similar things of not knowing who your child is, I had even clearer sense because I got to see a picture of her and her move, and I just couldn't wait to be with her.

**Nancy:** The picture the agency had mailed out was a black and white photocopy of a polaroid of the baby girl.

**Danielle:** I looked at that picture every day. I held that picture as I went shopping for items and getting the nursery ready, talking to my older daughter, who at that point was in kindergarten, and talking to her about the baby sister that was coming.

**Nancy:** Danielle knew only a few details about the baby at this point, the same details Annaporva knew growing up, that she was freely relinquished when she was a month old, that she came from a rural, nomadic tribe. In the adoption papers Danielle had received, the baby was referred to as No Name Aporva.

**Danielle:** I was really just sinking into the reality that this had been about three years in the making, and now it was here.

**Nancy:** In March of 1999, Danielle and Hadley, along with two family friends, landed in Hyderabad, a large city in southern India. From there, the plan was pretty straightforward. A social worker would meet them at the airport, get them settled into their hotel, and the next day arrange for Danielle to go to the orphanage to meet her baby.

**Danielle:** The social worker did not show up to meet us. And I wasn't particularly concerned. Maybe there had just been some kind of a mix-up. We got a taxi and went to the hotel. That's when so much began to happen that really led to the making of the story.

We checked into the hotel. We're trailing our luggage down the hallway. I remember unlocking the hotel room door, and as we opened the door, the phone rang. And I answered the phone. The social worker introduced himself and was whispering, and blurted out, "Is this Danielle Green?" And I said, "Yes." "I'm sorry. I'm sorry I couldn't meet you and explain everything in person, but I want you to go down to the lobby and get a paper, and read about what's happening." And then quietly and immediately, "Get out of this country. Just leave." And he hung up.

I remember sinking down into a chair by the phone and Hadley looking at me, and my friend said that my face had gone completely pale. I rushed out the door and went down to the lobby and looked at the row of newspapers.

**Nancy:** Danielle grabbed the first newspaper she saw in English. She hurried back to the room and locked the door behind her. But before she could sit down to read.

**Danielle:** There was a knock on the door. I answered the door and was met by two police officers, a hotel guard, and flashing camera lights of the press. All I remember is feeling completely overwhelmed, still exhausted from travel, and hearing a blast of questions from particularly, one of the men. "Why are you here? What are you going to do with this baby? What are your plans? Where did you think you would be taking her? Are you going to keep her yourself? Is she going to be domestic help? Are you going to raise her in servitude? Or, are you interested in the other services?" There was really no time to understand and process before another spray of questions would come flooding. One police officer looked at Hadley and said, "What is her problem? Is she sick? Which organ does she need? If this is a bona fide family, where is your husband?" They kept saying, "Are you working alone? Are you working alone?" I just stood there shaking my head. "I just don't know what you mean. I don't know what you're talking about."

**Nancy:** One officer pushed past Danielle and started searching the room.

**Danielle:** We had just arrived. We hadn't even opened a suitcase yet. And so, they didn't see anything. When the question stopped, they just said they would be in touch and then eventually left.

**Nancy:** Well, except for one officer who remained standing outside the door.

**Danielle:** I mean, the whole thing was at this stage, so baffling. After they left, I waited for a while and started reading the paper. I remember seeing some kind of a headline as to something about baby buying and selling sting was successful.

**Nancy:** The story talked about the recent takedown of two high-profile men who each ran an orphanage in Hyderabad.

**Danielle:** I went back to the lobby to see if I could find other English-speaking newspapers and saw that there were more articles and pictures of these men being arrested.

**Nancy:** The men were accused of sending out fake social workers to convince poor women in Hyderabad to sell them their female babies. Babies that they would in turn, "Export abroad" to childless couples in Europe and the United States.

**Danielle:** And then they talked about a woman, a social worker who worked for the orphanage, and these men who had been caught buying Lambada baby and the police had arrested her right then, and that led to the successful sting operation.

**Nancy:** A sting operation carried out right before Danielle's plane touched down India. One newspaper reported that over 200 children were rescued. Almost all of them were female babies from a rural nomadic tribe called the Lambada. And these Lambada children were preferred because of their fair skin and sharp features.

**Danielle:** I then sat down in the room and began to gather myself and realized that the names of these men were the names written on the documents of my child's adoption papers. Here I was adopting a Lambada child from the orphanage where all of this had taken place. I just thought, "Well, this will get straightened out." I just assumed that I would be cleared. But in the meantime, "Where is my daughter?"

**Nancy:** At that point how do you not start questioning more things about it, like that the baby that you are adopting is possibly purchased?

**Danielle:** I think that's a valid question. There was such a shock factor, in part being a naive American, in part because I contacted my adoption agency back in the state. I said, "Is there any chance this child was purchased?" They said, "No, we really do a very thorough investigation. There's no reason to believe that this particular child was ever in the situation to have been purchased." And I chose to believe them.

**Nancy:** Even though she was in the orphanage linked to the people that were trafficking babies.

**Danielle:** I did, Nancy. I'm embarrassed to say it, but to be honest, I just did. I was worried as to where she was. A lot of my energy at this point was really about how I was going to get her, and I needed to find out where she was.

[pensive music]

**Glynn:** When we return, Danielle begins her search for Annaporva when Snap Judgment continues. Stay tuned.

[pensive music]

Welcome back to Snap Judgment. When last we left, Danielle Green had just arrived in India, only to discover that the baby she was there to adopt had been rescued from an orphanage tied to a child trafficking ring. Snap Judgment.

**Nancy:** The newspapers all said that the two orphanages linked to the scandal were cordoned off as crime scenes and the children transferred to a secret government building.

**Danielle:** I didn't know what to do, so I thought, "What would I do if I were in the US?"

**Nancy:** Danielle started calling every local government official referenced in the newspapers. No one would take her calls.

**Danielle:** And I was just desperate. I showed up at their door and talked their secretaries into letting me speak with them.

**Nancy:** And she got face time with three officials.

**Danielle:** All three people said the same things. One is, "This is an election year. I am not getting close to this scandal. I don't even want you saying anything about being here." Two, "I don't even know if your daughter is living at this point, because we are receiving word that a lot of these infants are getting very sick and some are dying."

**Nancy:** And then Danielle went to the US Embassy.

**Danielle:** When I asked them, "Is there anything concretely you could do, or is there someone who could come here and help me, or is there any contacts you have here?" They said to me that right now, given the negotiations with Pakistan, we are not in a position to ask for any favors from local officials. I remember very clearly this one official saying to me, "You are in a very high-risk situation. A smart thing to do would be to leave the country. You also need to know, if you choose to leave the country without your daughter, you will never see her, you'll never get her." I remember the power of those words. I said, "Well, what do you mean? Why wouldn't I be able to find her?" They said, "There are so many basements of government buildings filled with handwritten notes and files of numbers of females who are lost in this system that you will never get track her down, it will be impossible. No one ever has."

I can still see that man's face standing up, looking down at me, saying that. And I knew hearing that I wasn't leaving without my daughter.

**Nancy:** What Danielle didn't know was that by staying in the country, she was walking into a perfect storm. For one, there was a question of her involvement in what one local newspaper called "The Infant Smuggling Racket."

**Danielle:** Folks believed that I was hired as one of those individuals who transport children to different countries in the west, undercover.

**Nancy:** And the story became much bigger in the days that followed, exposing a disturbing reality. The plight of desperate Lambada families who sell their female babies for what turned out to be loads sums of money. The adoption agencies cashing in on that plight and the very close ties these agencies have to the government. One local newspaper published photos of one of the men in question standing side by side with important state leaders. Another newspaper reported that five of the rescued babies had just died.

**Danielle:** Over and over, when I would be followed in the streets or getting in and out of taxis, the press would ask questions such as, "Why would a rich, white American single woman want one of these children? Look, this is a female, she is from a lowest caste, she doesn't deserve to get to do this. If it is her karma to get to live in a rich country, let her pay her duty now, and someday she will come back and she will be a little boy, and then he will live in a rich country. You are breaking the lines of karma. Who do you think you are?"

**Nancy:** One afternoon, Danielle stepped out of her hotel room with her daughter Hadley to pick up some food.

**Danielle:** And I had my arm around her, holding her very close. Someone in the street went by and said, "You want one of ours, we will take her." And that really freaked me out. I was scared and at times really numb, but I was not going to give up.

**Nancy:** Danielle kept knocking on doors, and that brought her to an orphanage run by Sister Teresa, a woman whom she was told might be able to help.

**Danielle:** And Sister Teresa opened the door. She said, nobody is going touch this, and there's nobody that can help you except Maneka Gandhi in Delhi.

**Nancy:** Danielle didn't know where this search would ultimately take her or how dangerous it would get, so she decided to send Hadley back to the States, where she would be safe with her grandparents. One friend agreed to accompany Hadley home. Danielle asked her other friend a different request if she would stay in India and help her find the baby. Her friend said no.

**Danielle:** I just knew I was in this alone.

**Nancy:** Did you ever question yourself?

**Danielle:** In what way would I question myself?

**Nancy:** People are bringing to your attention the danger you're in. Why not leave?

**Danielle:** I thought I would never have my child then that I would think about her the rest of my life and be haunted, that I had abandoned her. It's not an option to leave. At that point, I felt like I just need to shoulder up and just keep moving.

**Nancy:** Danielle's next stop was Delhi. From the airport, she hailed a taxi and asked the driver to please take her to the government building, housing Maneka Gandhi's office. When she stepped out of the taxi, she couldn't believe her eyes.

**Danielle:** There were just hundreds and hundreds of people camped out all over the grounds, just throngs of people trying to see her.

**Nancy:** Above everyone's heads, Danielle saw a sign by the main door that said Office of the Minister of Social Justice and Empowerment.

**Danielle:** I walked over and went to the back of a line and took my place.

**Nancy:** It wasn't long before a guard opened the door.

**Danielle:** A very distinguished, tall, white-haired man. Everybody would just press their bodies against each other and try to get in.

**Nancy:** When the guard opened the door again.

**Danielle:** He looked at me, and he may have recognized me from the papers. It may have been that I was the one fair-skinned face in the crowd. He called out in English and said, "The next time I open the door, try to throw me your hand over the heads of people, and I will keep pulling on you until I can get you closer." Then the door closed with that group of people, and I waited. I just remember the heat of the Delhi sun running out of bottled water I had brought from the hotel, just watching for hours, different parents and children waiting and crying and dripping with sweat as we all were hoping to get in. At some point, time seemed to leave me. I eventually got closer and closer.

**Nancy:** The next time the guard opened the door.

**Danielle:** His very large hands, I remember across people's heads and shoulders, reached out and got my hand, and then he grabbed onto my wrist and just kind of pulled me through the crowd, and I kind of stumbled into the door.

[intriguing music]

**Glynn:** When Snap Judgment returns, Danielle stands face-to-face with Menaka Gandhi. Stay tuned.

[intriguing music]

From Snap Judgment's underground studios, you're listening to Snap Judgment. When last we left, Danielle Green was one step closer to meeting Menaka Gandhi, who might be her last hope for tracking down. Annaporva Snap Judgment.

**Nancy:** The guard led Danielle and about 30 other people down a long hallway and into Maneka Gandhi's office.

**Danielle:** And there were rows of folding chairs, and we were instructed to sit and to not speak until spoken to.

**Nancy:** From her bag, Danielle took out a now wrinkled and faded black and white photocopy of the polaroid of the baby. She clutched it in her hand.

**Danielle:** My knees are touching the front of her large old wooden desk, and her desk was just piled high with large folders. There was an old black rotary phone and people standing around and running and fetching and doing various things as she would make commands. She was probably about 40, very dark hair, dressed in a sari.

**Nancy:** Menaka Gandhi would call on one person at a time to stand up.

**Danielle:** And there are probably about 10 people before me. She starts left to right, going up and down.

**Nancy:** And she'd ask each person, "What do you want?" Two people spoke in English. One man said that all the young people in his village were gone, so there was no one left to take care of the elderly. He asked Menaka Gandhi to please put a senior home in his village, like the ones they have in the United States. Another man asked for medicine, so he could put down his donkeys who were in pain.

**Danielle:** I couldn't really tell how she was responding because she didn't respond in English until she came to me. She looked at me and I said, "Hello, Mrs. Gandhi," and she said, "I know you." I said, "Yes. I'm Danielle Green." At that point, I reached out my hand to give her a picture and I said, "This is my daughter." And at that point, she immediately started yelling. "I don't want to see a picture of another baby. Don't you understand? I hear people looking for their babies all the time. Can you hear the crying babies outside my windows now? This is what I hear all day long." I said, "I'm just asking for you to believe that I'm not a part of the scandal and I would like you to help me get my baby." She said to me, "Look, you go to the Delhi airport, be there at 06:00, and I'm going to send a baby that will be given to you with all of her papers. You get on the plane and you get out of this country. I never want to see you again." I looked at her and I said, "No, I want my daughter." And then she really got angry and said, "You have to stop crying now. I do not tolerate anyone crying in front of me." She went on to the next person.

At that moment, it felt like it was all over. I'm just sitting there, I'm kind of shaky at this point and trying not to cry. I don't want to upset her more. She went on talking to two or three people, and then I just remember that she picked up the heavy receiver of her phone and started speaking in English. "I'm going to send this woman back to Hyderabad, I don't want her to be left alone for a moment. We don't need an American to disappear or be killed in this mess. I want you to stay with her and help her find her child. Let's just hope her kid's alive." She started yelling and saying, "I don't care. I want you to keep her safe. Help her find her baby. After that, she's going to have to prove her own innocence. My job stops here." I was just flooded with emotion. I was relieved. The same man who had given me his hand and pulled me in, motion to me, and I stood up and he ushered me out of the building.

**Nancy:** Danielle was on the next two-hour flight back to Hyderabad. An entourage of police officers and local government officials were waiting for her at the airport. They escorted her to a secret building.

**Danielle:** I just remember driving and driving, and then coming up to this very dilapidated building and seeing women squatting over dirty puddles washing baby clothes.

**Nancy:** Once inside this old government building turned makeshift orphanage, Danielle was greeted by the cries and screams of almost 200 babies.

**Danielle:** I was in the front with one of the police officers.

**Nancy:** And trailing behind her were more police officers, the government officials, and the photographer.

**Danielle:** This young fellow from one of the newspapers who stayed very close to me. A large group of us just began walking through the various rooms.

**Nancy:** Each room had rows and rows of cribs.

**Danielle:** And each crib had a little string with a tag on it, like a cardboard tag that would have a number on it. Some of them would say no name with the number, and some would say a first name, no name with a number. Other rooms just had babies on, like shawls lying on the floors, lined up against one another. I just continued going through the room and trusting that I would recognize my daughter. It was uncanny, I realized, an irrational belief, but one that I had. I imagine I looked at around 150, 160 babies going through very slowly. That in itself was an overwhelming and painful experience, meeting the eyes of so many babies. Some babies smiling and reaching out to be picked up. Other babies banging their heads against the bars of their cribs, and some babies sleeping. At one point they said, if she isn't in this facility, there are a couple of hospitals we will stop by afterward and continue the search.

I continued to walk up and down the aisles. In the last row of cribs, a little baby on her stomach lifted her head and she looked up and our eyes met. She had a little string around her wrist, and the string had a number on it, and it said No Name Aporva. That was the confirmation, "This is my daughter." I could see her even in this faded, copied black-and-white picture I had been carrying in my sweating hands all this time. I could see the resemblance of this younger infant to now this eight-month-old. I looked at her and I picked her up. She looked healthy and she looked strong, and she had kind of a little rag tied around her for a diaper. The press immediately started taking pictures, and so lots of flashing going on, and Annaporva's eyes just got bigger and bigger.

**Nancy:** As joyous as this moment felt, Danielle couldn't just take Annaporva home. Two things were stopping her. For one, as a result of the scandal, a temporary ban had been placed on international adoption. And second, Danielle had to convince a judge that she wasn't involved in this child trafficking racket and that she didn't pay for Annaporva. Danielle went back to Sister Teresa, the woman who ran an orphanage in Hyderabad. Sister Teresa agreed to take Annaporva in.

**Danielle:** So, everything seemed to look up, especially standing in this very clean, spacious, brightly colored orphanage.

**Nancy:** But that night, as Danielle prepared to go to a nearby hotel, Sister Teresa stopped her.

**Danielle:** She explained to me that it wouldn't be safe for me to stay by myself at a hotel.

**Nancy:** She told Danielle that she must remember, she was involved in a very dangerous situation. Her case was a criminal issue involving some very powerful men.

**Danielle:** "They will kill you, you don't understand." I didn't know if it was a figure of speech or what. And then she explained to me that "people are too upset and it's possible that you would be kidnapped or hurt. You need to be in hiding." She had set up a hospital room within walking distance, so she had thought through this very carefully. I was scared. I was scared, so if this is what she believed was best, I would do it. So, I agreed to go into hiding.

**Nancy:** When night fell, Sister Teresa walked Danielle over to the hospital building that was next to the orphanage. She led her up a back staircase, down a long, empty corridor to a dark, empty room. The windows were blacked out and there was a padlock on the door.

**Danielle:** I don't have access to newspapers, I don't have a television. There are a few people I can talk to. There's so much I don't know and they don't want me to go out. There was a little 10-year-old girl in the orphanage and somehow, she was entrusted with this secret. She would bring rice to me and some tea. Usually, in the morning, I would creep out down the back staircase and creep along the building and up the fire escape, and into a side door to the orphanage. I was grateful for any time that I could visit with Annaporva. I fell in love with her. I fell in love with being able to hold her and read to her and look in her eyes and feed her and do the things that mothers do with a new baby, all the while anticipating all the questions of, "Will I get her now or will I be separated? And what will that be like and how will it be for her?"

**Nancy:** When Danielle wasn't with Annaporva, she would throw a scarf over her head as cover and dash into a waiting SUV to meet with her attorneys, two women who'd agreed to take on her case. One week became two and two weeks became three. Danielle missed her daughter, Hadley, and she didn't know how much longer she could keep fighting.

**Danielle:** Because I was broke, I had spent all of the money that I had for staying there, paying attorneys, and I was calling back and forth from India, so I had huge telephone bills and I still had bills at home.

**Nancy:** But then her attorneys told her that there was one thing she could do to move her case forward.

**Danielle:** They said, "This is our hope, otherwise we don't know what we can do." And basically, they said to me, "The judge has said that if you will go to the prison where Peter Subayya is being held."

**Nancy:** Peter Subbaya was none other than the man who ran the orphanage where 56 children, including Annaporva had been found by police. Subayya had been arrested and locked up.

**Danielle:** "And if he will sign this document that her parents gave her up freely and that you are not participating in any kind of a ring, I will begin to process the papers." I mean, all of this is confusing. Why would they believe this criminal anything he would say? But those were the instructions.

**Nancy:** Early the next morning, Danielle slipped into a waiting vehicle that drove her to the outskirts of Hyderabad to the prison where Peter Subayya was being held. Sitting next to her in the back seat was Sister Teresa.

**Danielle:** We pulled up to the prison and I had thought Sister Teresa was going to go into the prison with me and stay with me. But she turned to me and said, "I won't be going with you. He will know who I am. He will see that I am helping you and they could come after me. He is dangerous. So do not mention me. Do not mention the orphanage where Annaporva is. Do not mention where you are staying. Once you take this step, all of his cronies outside of prison are going to know you are still here in India. We could be taken over on the drive home. I'm going to stay hidden in the car. The car had all dark windows and you go in and try to meet with him and get this form signed."

I went into the prison yard, in this dusty prison yard, and about every hour or so a guard would come and give me a motion. "Just wait, just wait." And I continued to wait. The temperature had been over about 112 that day. There was not a tree or any place for shade. It was the hottest I've ever been in my life. And then after about four hours, I was motioned to follow this guard. In a cell that looked more like a cage, this small single cell, it was just packed with men, all squatting. Subayya had his hands gripped around the bars, squatting very close. I faced him and I said, "Hello," and I held out the paper. "Would you be willing to sign this? I can get a guard that will come over with a pen and all you have to do is sign this." He said, "If I sign this, they will definitely think that I am guilty. You get out of here. Get out of my sight. I don't care if you get hurt or not." There was something that just felt so dark and rather evil. I left and went back to the waiting vehicle with Sister Teresa and told her I hadn't been successful.

**Nancy:** Before you approached her mom, Annaporva, with these questions, did you have any sense that there was a bigger story to your adoption story?

**Annaporva:** Oh, I knew there was something more, definitely. We referenced the carpool scenario with my friend Julian.

**Nancy:** The scenario goes like this--

**Danielle:** It was in third grade, she's riding along in the back of the car. I'm carpooling with her and this little boy, and this child starts talking about, "I know all about you." My ears perked up, and she said, "What do you mean?" He said, "My dad and I looked you up on the internet and we read all about you. I know all about your whole story." My heart's dropping because I don't know what he's going to say. It's like somebody else telling your kid something that's going to forever shape their lives. I'm positioning myself to interrupt if this child says too much. Fortunately, he didn't, and he stopped and we got home. I noticed that she was unusually quiet, and when I asked her about her feelings and if she had any questions, she said no. And I let it be.

**Annaporva:** I knew about that article. I found it and I read it myself.

**Danielle:** Back then?

**Annaporva:** Before I met Julian.

**Danielle:** You did?

**Annaporva:** In elementary school. Yeah, before that.

**Danielle:** How did you find it?

**Annaporva:** Hadley and I were just looking up our names on the internet, seeing what popped up, and the Star King article popped up and we read it and I saw a picture of me in it. All I got from it was confirmation that I was indeed adopted. Star King knows it, and that it sounded like it was a pretty tricky adoption. I didn't really understand all of it, and because I was so young, I didn't think I needed to. So, I just let it slip by.

**Glynn:** This story, original score by Renzo Gorrio, produced by Nancy López. This story is not over, not by a long shot. And on the next Snap Judgment, here is the stunning conclusion, Part Two of The Search for No Name Aporva.

[upbeat Music]

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Snap was brought to you by the team that never lets what they're really thinking. That goes double for the uber-producer, Mr. Mark Ristich, Anna Sussman, Nancy López, Pat Mesiti-Miller, Renzo Gorrio, Leon Morimoto, Marisa Dodge, Shaina Shealy, Lauryn Newson, John Fecile, Nikka Singh, Teo Ducot, Flo Wiley on drums. And though spies amongst the populace, they try to convince the influencers otherwise, but please note, this is not the news. No way is this the news. In fact, you could hide the secret thing in the secret compartment of your secret place, only to realize at precisely the wrong moment. But your significant other is not very good at keeping secrets. You would still, still, not be as far away from the news as this is. This is PRX.

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