



We were a large family at home my extended family. When the genocide started, I was only six years old. The killers came and first killed my parents and an uncle. Another uncle of mine threw me over the hedge into the neighbour's yard and that is how I survived the first encounter with the killers. I heard my parents scream as they were hacked down with machetes and *udufuni* (small hoes). I escaped to relatives who hid me. I later learned that they had left my grandmother but came back later and killed her along with two aunts.

We hid for some time with neighbouring kids. The *interahamwe* chased us out of hiding – together we requested to pray before they killed us. In the middle of the prayer I ran for my life and the killers took off after me. Since I had a clear lead on them,

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I know the people who killed my family my parents, three brothers and a sister. I would forgive them because there is nothing I can do now to bring them back but it also depends on the way they ask for this forgiveness.

We now live more at peace. Some of my fri

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