





After a time, the Christian lady came and told us that my mother had just been killed with an axe. My young sister was with her and had escaped death, but had been injured in the head and she was unconscious. They buried my mother and left my sister beside the grave because she was not yet dead. She was four years old and she spent three days in those conditions.

She survived. The wind woke her up. She went to ask refuge from the neighbours. But they refused. She then came to the house whose owners were related to the people who were hiding me. They sent a message that I should come to their house.

When I found my sister, I felt a deep hurt in me. She used to cough and spit out meat. She couldn't eat, or speak but she recognised me. A lot of the time I just wept. We heard news of our family members who had been killed.

The people who hid us were Adventist Christians and they looked after my sister well, but they couldn't believe she would get better or survive.

The killers would check from house to house looking for people to kill. We had to hide in the bush near the house from 5am to 8pm. During the night we could return to the house. We lived in these conditions until the month of June.



secondary school, I too became sick with tra