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Hiding in the sorghum fields with my cousin, I was a frequent victim of rape. So much so, that I couldn't say how many men raped me. Some of them came from nearby villages, but many others were unknown to me. After a while, the girls were advised it would be safe to return home.

When I arrived in Butare, I saw that our house had been demolished. Soon afterwards, I ran into Philippe who belonged to the same prayer group as I did. He took me home, saying that he was going to take me as his wife. But after two weeks, his parents threw me out. Back in the woods, I had no alternative but to go with a stranger who also made me his "wife."

I lived with him for two months. A prominent killer, he was cruel towards me. Moreover, his home was a slaughterhouse. Other killers came to the house, not only to have meetings about killing, but also to actually carry out the murders.