



I was living comfortably with my family in Butare, when I was taken in by a soldier to work as a maid. I was 22. It was my only hope of remaining alive. The soldier used me and after a month he insisted that I should marry a man he brought to me. With no alternative, I remained with the man he imposed on me until after the genocide.

He warned me in clear terms that if I refused this husband, I would die. So, without further discussion, I went to live with this man. We lived together for four months and then I fled because he began to be violent towards me. Because I didn't become pregnant, he began beating me, saying that I didn't want to have a Hutu child. He had bought me a cloth. I wore it the whole time because I refused to dress in the clothes of people who had been killed.

I found out recently that I am HIV positive. I know the importance of receiving care however I have no hope of getting hold of treatment. I am a member of a group of women in a similar situation we try to encourage each other. We know that when one

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