



I am the only survivor of my family. I was only 19 years old when the genocide took place. My parents, three sisters and two brothers were killed in Gitarama on the 14th April.

When the killing began, my family escaped in many different directions. My two brothers and younger sister, then aged 14, escaped to Butare. Along the way my other sister and I separated from my brothers, managing to hide in a trench.

On 16th April we were discovered by some local villagers, who had joined with the . We pleaded with them to leave us alone. We were extremely lucky, because they did just that. At around 2.00pm, still on the 16th, we naively believed that the situation must have improved. We came out of the trenches.

The killers mocked us saying: "Aha, it is the girls. Let's go and 'liberate' them. We must give them something to celebrate." They took us and another girl who was carrying a baby, to a nearby hill. We passed a roadblock where we s y



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