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My name is Ange. I was eighteen at the time of genocide. I lost my mother, father, brothers and sisters and over 30 relatives.

During the genocide I hid with my friend, another girl, in an open sewer. One day, when she ran out to get some food the soldiers caught her and shot her. When I saw it happening, I screamed. I wanted nothing more than to be dead. I shouted, "kill me too." I wanted the soldiers to shoot me rather than be killed by machete.

One of them held a gun on my head but he didn't shoot. Instead, they raped me, beat me, took off all my clothes and threw me into a mass grave. My body was covered in the blood of the bodies in the grave. Many people were still alive – I saw one woman with her legs chopped off, still alive.

A man came by the grave he saved me, kept me in a shade and raped me. He gave me food and water but only so that he could keep on raping me. He said: "It doesn't matter, you are going to die anyway."

I managed to escape when this man went on his daily routine killing spree, and met a man who was kind to me. He also used me, afraid that he would be found with a Tutsi woman. He smuggled me in a petrol drum and took me on a hired lorry to the Congo.

Besides me, of my entire family only one sister survived. She returned to my home village ~~and~~ during genocide and was attacked again by the killers of my famil H V F



I have tried to commit suicide twice but failed to die. I live constantly in the shadow of genocide. Sometimes I imagine meeting my mother on the street. Sometimes I see people wearing similar clothes to my dead relatives. I follow them and tap them on the shoulder. I believe one day I will get a surprise when they return. I have never recovered their bodies that is why I think that one day they will come back.

Before genocide, I was a girl. I used to dress up with my mother and feel pretty. I used to really like myself. Now people tell me I am nice, but I have no feelings about it. Sometimes I watch women walking around, being happy, and wonder why I can't be like that. Then I'd remember that I am different. It makes me feel so sad.

I miss my mother and family a lot. I wake up and wonder who killed them. Sometimes I sit and cry and cry for no reason. I remember the people who raped me and killed my family and friends. I see their faces in my dreams. They are always running after me, and, when I wake up, it's as if they are still there.

Life will never be the same again for me.