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When the war started, I was at home I was not studying. I was not given the chance to enter a public secondary school, and my parents could not afford a private school. Though I was old enough, I had not paid attention to ethnic matters. I had five older brothers. They had not been able to carry on their secondary studies



and loaded it so I had to run. I was surprised by Jeanne. She was usually friendly to me. I see her nowadays but I never talk to her about that day. I do not know why.

I went to the hospital of Nyanza. I sat outside. I did not know what to do. A doctor came and asked me what I was doing there. He asked me to leave the hospital. He also asked me to go to the roadblock. He is still working at the Nyanza hospital. I remember a wounded Tutsi child he refused to help. He said that they were told not to treat that kind of patient at the hospital. The child was finally helped by a nurse named Anastasia, a Tutsi woman who was later killed. She was killed with another woman by soldiers and . They both were raped first before they were killed.

I saw them when they were taken to be killed. It was a Wednesday. I do not remember the date but I know it was early May. I had managed to stay in the hospital. I always avoided the doctor because he had sent me away. During the day, I stayed with the relatives of the patients. They helped me. During the night, they would sleep in the rooms with their relatives and I had to spend my nights in the sorghum field of the hospital. One time, a girl called Pelagia who had been hired to clean the hospital came and told us that she knew that there were people hiding among the sorghum. I did not