



This is the testimony of Helen, a survivor of the Rwandan genocide

I was only sixteen when I witnessed the genocide. My entire family was slaughtered in the massacres of 1994. For four months, I managed to survive alone, running from swamp to swamp, hiding in shrubs and abandoned homes, all the time hiding from the killers. Eventually a family friend found me wondering the street. She recognised me, and horrified about my physical and mental deterioration she helped me.

For sometime before the genocide, feelings against Tutsi's were intense. Everyone knew that something terrible was going to happen. When the time finally came, the attackers came running into our houses, screaming and singing songs about how they were going to kill us all. There was this huge noise, like a massive swarm of bees descending on the house. All the children managed to run away. But my energy just left me. I was drained. But I did manage to climb and hide in a nearby mango tree. They didn't see me. They chased the children, then went into the house and killed everyone in there - my mother, my father, my grandmother, all the people hiding there. I didn't s



passion is to have a child, somebody to live for. But how can I do that, when my life is just one big nightmare of unanswered questions? Bad times are so bad. People think the genocide is in the past, but I live with it still. Everywhere there is something that reminds me it. I no longer have a sister or mother. I'm not jealous, just so sad i