

AFRICAN RIGHTS

Working for Justice

WITNESS TO GENOCIDE NO 13
LEFT TO DIE AT ETO AND
NIVARIZA



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NIZARIYA

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ACRONYMS

CDR	Committee for the Defence of the Republic
CND	National Council for Development
ETO	Ecole Technique Officielle
FAR	Rwandese Armed Forces
ICTR	International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda
MRND	National Republican Movement for Democracy and Development
OAU	Organization of African Unity
PSD	Social Democratic Party
RPA	Rwandese Patriotic Army
RPF	Rwandese Patriotic Front
RTL	Télévision Libre des Mille Collines
UNAMIR	United Nations Assistance Mission for Rwanda
UNDP	United Nations Development Programme

PREFACE

Apportioning blame for the atrocities committed during the 1994 genocide in Rwanda has been accepted as a necessary part of efforts to prevent recurrence of this kind of tragedy. Genocide perpetrators are being prosecuted. But in lesser degrees, many more people, groups and institutions in Rwanda at the time of the genocide, or with the power to intervene in the killings, have been tainted by the episode. Their “guilt” is not of an order that the courts could establish, but it matters profoundly to survivors and to our understanding of how a crime of such magnitude could have gone uninterrupted.

It is generally agreed that more could and should have been done to stop the slaughter of innocents in Rwanda in 1994, and that the response of members of the international community was generally either inadequate or misguided. This recognition has prompted extensive criticism and, in some cases, heartfelt admissions. Greater openness about the mistakes made in April 1994 is to be welcomed, but it provides little comfort to the survivors’ and the victims’ families. Political, financial or bureaucratic decisions taken as far away as New York and Brussels knowingly left men, women and children in Rwanda to face hell on earth alone and little consideration was spared for their plight. *Left to Die at ETO and Nyanza* is about the human beings whose lives did not matter enough in international terms and whose deaths have become the statistics to prove this fact. It explores one instance of the extreme horror which the United Nations failed to combat because of what has correctly been termed a “lack of sufficient concern for African tragic situations.”¹

This report gives a detailed account of an incident which has already been subject of intense criticism—the hasty departure of the United Nations Assistance Mission in Rwanda (UNAMIR) troops stationed at a school in Kigali, the *Ecole Technique Officielle* (ETO). It is a record of the suffering of the displaced people who flocked to ETO in the belief that the UNAMIR forces would offer them protection from the mobs of killers intent upon genocide. At the time they were not aware that the political will was lacking for a mission to defend them. They also did not realize that the evacuation of expatriates was the focus of international concern in these crucial early days of the mass killings. They discovered the reality when, on 11 April 1994, the Belgian UN troops deserted them without warning. Survivors give graphic descriptions of the massacre by the interahamwe militia, which immediately followed. They then describe a second bloodbath at Nyanza later that day where most of the remaining ETO refugees, who numbered over 2,000, were slaughtered. Those who survived generally were saved by the Rwandese Patriotic Front (RPF) soldiers who were waging war against the government forces—the Rwandese Armed Forces (FAR)—for the area, which they later won. It is appalling to realise that had the UNAMIR troops left but a day later, many more people would have been saved by the RPF.

The question of how the tragedy at ETO could have been allowed to happen is not easy to answer. UNAMIR soldiers left ETO in part because they had a mission to evacuate a group of Belgians elsewhere in the country. Significantly, they left as soon as the small group of expatriates who had been under their protection at the school was evacuated by French troops. Several other reasons lie behind the decision by the Belgian command to pull out. UNAMIR peacekeepers were overwhelmed by the scale of the disaster; they lacked understanding of the political situation; they were constrained by their orders; and they had little time to reflect. Despite all this, they and the authorities that ordered their withdrawal could have reacted differently.

Many of the specific reasons for the collapse of UNAMIR have already been identified and acknowledged by the UN itself. The broader context in which mistakes were made is also known. Western economic and political influence shaped the decisions about the size and mandate of the UN force in Rwanda and the decisions made when the genocide was unleashed. The responses of troop commanders on the ground were undoubtedly governed by risk assessments based on the same

¹ Dr Salim Ahmed Salim, the Secretary General of the Organization of African Unity expressed anger at the UN decision to withdraw all but a token UNAMIR presence, OAU Press release no. 44/94, 22 April 1994.

considerations. Estimates of the international impact of human suffering in any given situation and, in particular, what the Western public will “tolerate,” were included in the calculations which dictated UN personnel responses at every level.

More broadly, the withdrawal of the troops at ETO is an emphatic statement of the fact that victims around the world are not treated as such but are instinctively given a value along a measure embedded in distorted global consciousness. It is safe to assume that had they been unable to evacuate the Westerners from the school, the Belgians would not have contemplated leaving; they would have known beyond question what their orders would be. This is a reality which undermines the UN system and it needs to be openly addressed with measures to reform attitudes as well as institutional practices.

INTRODUCTION

“The role of UNAMIR in the protection of civilians during the genocide is one of the most debated and painful issues of this period. Considerable efforts were made by members of UNAMIR, sometimes at risk to themselves, to provide protection to civilians at risk during the massacres. However, there do not seem to have been conscious and consistent orders down the chain of command on this issue. During the early days of the genocide, thousands of civilians congregated in places where UN troops were stationed, i.e. the Amahoro Stadium and the Ecole Technique at Kicukiro. And when UNAMIR later came to withdraw from areas under its protection, civilians were placed at risk. Tragically, there is evidence that in certain instances, the trust placed in UNAMIR by civilians left them in a situation of greater risk when the UN troops withdrew than they would have been otherwise.”²

As a programme of genocide was launched in Rwanda in April 1994, UNAMIR forces became bystanders to slaughter. There were 2,165 armed, well-trained soldiers in the country, yet they proved irrelevant in the face of the national catastrophe, protecting only expatriates and a relatively small number of Rwandese. The recognition that UNAMIR troops did manage to save some lives, and that there are examples of individual soldiers who acted with tremendous courage or compassion cannot prevent the conclusion that their mission was a failure.

More than a year ago, on 15 December 1999, the United Nations (UN) published a damning assessment of its own organisation’s response to the crisis, the outcome of an inquiry commissioned by the Secretary General, Kofi Annan. *The Report of the Independent Inquiry into the Actions of the United Nations During the 1994 Genocide in Rwanda*, is comprehensive. It reveals reluctance on the part of both the UN headquarters and the Security Council to engage with the reality of the mounting crisis in Rwanda. It also suggests that the forces on the ground were confronted with the inadequacy of the position from the outset, and were deprived of the necessary support, equipment and resources to make their mission meaningful. The inquiry provides careful analysis of the mistakes made by the UN in Rwanda at all levels, and a series of important recommendations. It also includes discussion of the situation faced by the refugees at ETO and the conduct of the Belgian UNAMIR troops there.

The value of this inquiry is enormous, as is the similarly frank report examining the UN’s failure to prevent a terrible massacre of Bosnian Muslims in the designated “safe area” of Srebrenica, Bosnia in July 1995.³ The people of Bosnia in Eastern Europe were also victims of a harsh campaign of “ethnic cleansing” launched by their Serbian neighbours. They too felt betrayed by the UN, although there was significantly greater attention given to their plight than to that of the Rwandese. There are some parallels to be drawn, and the UN is itself already mindful of many of the weaknesses that both conflicts exposed in its response to crises around the world. There are particular similarities between the massacres at Srebrenica and those at ETO and Nyanza in Rwanda. In both cases, UN peacekeepers failed to protect civilians who were brutalized and killed in large numbers. The stories of the survivors of Srebrenica have shocked people all over the world.⁴ This report aims to give voice to the survivors of the massacres at ETO and Nyanza. The full horror of their experiences is little known.

Bitter conflicts rage on in many countries around the world and particularly in Africa. UN peacekeepers must be prepared to respond appropriately in different roles and settings. Despite sharp

² Report of the *Independent Inquiry* into the Actions of the United Nations During the 1994 Genocide in Rwanda, 15 December 1999 (hereafter the *Independent Inquiry*), p.28.

³ Report of the Secretary General Pursuant to General Assembly Resolution 53/53 (1998): Srebrenica Report.

⁴ See for example David Rohde, *End Game, The Betrayal and Fall of Srebrenica: Europe’s Worst Massacre Since World War II*, Westview Press, 1998; Chuck Sudetic, *Blood and Vengeance: One Family’s Story of the War in Bosnia*, W.W. Norton and Company, 1998; Laura Silber and Allan Little, *Yugoslavia: Death of a Nation*.

criticism of previous operations in Somalia, Rwanda and Bosnia, UN peacekeepers have recently been the focus of the expectation in conflicts in Sierra Leone and the Democratic Republic of Congo, among others.⁵ They continue to face huge challenges and to prove inadequate to the tasks they have been set. The UN has acknowledged this fact and has shown a willingness to subject its internal processes to scrutiny in order to improve its capacity to fulfil expectations. The Secretary General, Kofi Annan, has suggested that “a process of reflection” is necessary on the part of the member states if the ability of the United Nations to respond to different types of conflicts is to be strengthened.⁶ UN peacekeeping efforts will only become truly effective when member governments demonstrate the political will to support them.

African Rights is publishing survivors’ accounts of the massacres at ETO and Nyanza more than a year after the *Independent Inquiry* report as a reminder of the importance of its findings and recommendations and, above all, the need to act upon them. Although the UN panel never lost sight of the human consequences of the disastrous UNAMIR mission, and showed sensitivity to the pain of the survivors, its mandate was to establish how such a failure occurred within the UN system. *Left to Die* reveals the breadth and depth of the suffering that emerged directly from that failure, and its enduring nature. The admissions made by the UN have had no impact upon this suffering. *African Rights* urges the organisation to back its acceptance of the report’s findings with rapid internal reforms and greater efforts to help genocide survivors in Rwanda.

To their credit, the governments of Belgium and France have also each initiated their own parliamentary inquiries into their actions at the time,⁷ which discuss their reactions into the early days of the crisis and their approach to UNAMIR amongst other issues. The errors and weaknesses exposed in these inquiries once again vindicate criticisms survivors have been making since the genocide, but offer no relief for the individuals who endure the consequences of these mistakes. The July 2000 report of the International Panel of Eminent Personalities to Investigate the 1994 Genocide in Rwanda and Surrounding Events, appointed by the Organisation of African Unity (OAU), makes the point that although there have been apologies from governments and institutions, none have “suggested that Rwanda is owed restitution for these failures, and in no single case has any responsible individual resigned in protest or been held to account.”⁸ This is an important recognition of the fact that apologies alone are an entirely inadequate response to the sense of despair and abandonment of the depth expressed by survivors of the massacres at ETO and Nyanza.

Survivors’ Accounts

The violence which erupted in Rwanda after the killing of President Juvénal Habyarimana on 6 April 1994 was a well-orchestrated campaign designed to eliminate all Tutsis and Hutu opposition politicians. The killings began immediately and people living in Kigali soon realized that their lives were under threat from interahamwe militiamen and government soldiers. From 7 April, thousands of them began to flee to the school buildings at ETO, in Kicukiro, which are owned by the Catholic Church. Ninety Belgian soldiers were stationed there and it was to them that the displaced people looked for protection. The refugees had little hope of finding refuge elsewhere. But some might have gone to the parts of the city which had come under the control of the RPF, such as the area around the

⁵ For a discussion about what local people in North and South Kivu in eastern DRC think about, and expect of, a UN mission, see African Rights, *The Cycle of Conflict: Which Way Out in the Kivus?* December 2000.

⁶ A Panel on United Nations Peace Operations was convened by the Secretary General and chaired by Mr. Lakhdar Brahimi, the former Foreign Minister of Algeria. It issued far-reaching recommendations for reform in its report of 17 August 2000.

⁷ See Sénat de Belgique, Session de 1997–1998, *Commission d’enquête parlementaire concernant les événements du Rwanda, Rapport* (Belgian Parliamentary Inquiry into the events in Rwanda, Report) 6 December 1997. For a discussion of the role played by France see the Assemblée Nationale, *Mission d’information commune, Enquête sur la tragédie rwandaise (1990 – 1994)*, 15 December 1998.

⁸ International Panel of Eminent Personalities to Investigate the 1994 Genocide in Rwanda and the Surrounding Events, Executive Summary, E.S.45, 7 July 2000.

Conseil National du Développement (National Council for Development) in Remera.⁹ Instead, they placed their faith in UNAMIR. As they arrived, militiamen surrounded ETO with the intention of attacking the refugees, but the presence of the UN peacekeepers acted as a deterrent. Any illusion that the UN would stay and defend the lives of the refugees was, however, soon destroyed. The conduct of the troops at ETO is remembered by survivors with a mixture of anguish and anger. The Belgian contingent pulled out on 11 April, and hundreds of refugees at ETO were massacred as the dust from their departing vehicles was still visible.

Survivors of the people who had sought refuge at ETO feel betrayed by the UN, as do so many Rwandese who believe the genocide could have been prevented by the international community. When the *Independent Inquiry* panel members visited Rwanda in 1999, they met a group of them at ETO itself and heard first-hand accounts of the killings. The inquiry concluded that the abrupt departure of the Belgian soldiers was “disgraceful” and that “the tragic events at ETO...have gained symbolic importance as an example of the failings of the United Nations Mission.” *African Rights* interviewed 43 survivors about the massacre at ETO and the subsequent tortuous march to Nyanza which they were ordered to take part in. At Nyanza, soldiers and interahamwe committed a second massacre. The accounts given by individuals who lost their loved ones in the slaughter make unbearable reading.

A number of testimonies in this report were recorded at the height of the genocide, in May 1994 when *African Rights* interviewed survivors of ETO and Nyanza evacuated to Byumba. They were in a state of shock, their days were marked by anxiety and hope, for many did not know the fate of close relatives from whom they had become separated during the massacres. Other witnesses were interviewed towards the end of 1999 and or in early 2000. Most of these later interviewees gave their response to the UN report and the expressions of regret made by the Secretary General, Kofi Annan. They welcomed the acknowledgement of the UN’s failings as an important step, but none felt it was sufficient given their personal losses. Just how immense these losses were is made clear not only by the testimonies, but also by the beginnings of the census of the dead, which is included in this report.

The people of Rwanda carry a profound bitterness towards the international community, as the UN itself is aware. Finding ways to build bridges with the survivor community should be a focus for UN policy on Rwanda in the future.

A Question of Justice

The International Criminal Tribunal of Rwanda has convicted one of the leaders of the onslaught upon the refugees at ETO and Nyanza—Georges Rutaganda, the second vice-president of the interahamwe militia and a member of the political bureau of the ruling party, the National Republican Movement for Democracy and Development (MRND). But the survivors say that others will need to be prosecuted if justice is to be done. They accuse a former soldier in the Rwandese Armed Forces (FAR), Colonel Léonidas Rusatira, of involvement in the massacre. The ICTR has already accepted testimony that Rusatira evacuated Hutus from ETO just before the massacre and that he gave the order to take the refugees to Nyanza.

African Rights has heard a number of allegations relating to Col. Rusatira’s visit to ETO and to his presence at a factory called Sonatubes, where refugees from ETO were assembled before being led to their deaths in Nyanza. These claims, which are included in this report, should be taken seriously; survivors argue that Rusatira played a vital role preparing for the massacres. *African Rights* has also heard accusations, most of them from Hutu residents of Kicukiro, relating to his attitudes and actions before and during the genocide. Most worrying are the claims that Rusatira held meetings for the interahamwe and distributed rifles. A convincing account of a meeting Rusatira is said to have held for militiamen at his house on 7 April was given by Isaïe Ndakaza, a 42-year-old civil servant from Gasharu 1 cellule, Kicukiro sector.

⁹ A 600 strong RPF Battalion had been stationed at the CND since its arrival in Kigali in December 1993.

Col. Rusatira invited the interahamwe and the militia of the CDR, the



impuzamugambi, to the meeting. I took part in that meeting. Rusatira told us we knew what was necessary to do, that he did not need to remind us of it, that our enemy was already known and that, what is more, he was not far away from us. After a relatively short time, a vehicle loaded down with rifles arrived. The people who were with me at the meeting hurried to help themselves. I said that I didn't know how to handle a rifle. They told me that if that was the case, I only had to look for a machete. I got a bit of wood. Rusatira went back into the car saying that he was going to come back that evening to give us orders. He didn't come back that evening. But the next morning he turned up and told us to begin to "work."

Antoine Rugasira explained that he lived in the same cellule as Rusatira, and got to know him well from around May 1992 onwards. He claimed he and several other local men were warned by the colonel that "we should organise ourselves" and promised "rifles so we could protect ourselves against the enemy invader [the RPF]." Antoine said he was one of a group of ten who were given Kalashnikov rifles to share by Rusatira and that he was taught to shoot by one of his bodyguards, Alfred. Antoine said the group "became friends" with Rusatira and were invited to parties and meetings at his house. In 1993, Antoine was present at one gathering during which Rusatira handed the leaders of the interahamwe in Kicukiro, Jean de la Croix Turatsinze and François Baziyaremye, "10 rifles destined for MRND militants." Antoine said there were regular meetings at Rusatira's house, "and he indicated the soldier who we should report to in his absence."

Antoine has provided compelling testimony implicating Rusatira in the killings at ETO and Nyanza (see below). He also said he attended the meeting held at Rusatira's house on 7 April and helped to erect a roadblock opposite it. He said Rusatira told the people present that:

We should begin to hunt down all those who "didn't have the same language" as us, in particular the Tutsis. He added that he was going to meet with the councillor of Kicukiro so as to increase the quantity of rifles all the more because the *Inkotanyi*, who were based at CND, had already

left the place to infiltrate the local people. We received orders to loot or destroy the property of Tutsis and to kill them.¹⁰

African Rights calls for further investigations of Rusatira's actions at the time of the massacres at ETO and Nyanza by the ICTR. We note with deep concern the indications that the Belgian UNAMIR forces had several meetings with him before their departure, informing him that they were leaving. Rusatira is now living in Belgium and is known to the authorities there. He is considered by them to be a "moderate," although according to the report of the Belgian Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry, he was a member of the military crisis committee established following the death of Habyarimana.¹¹ Rusatira therefore held a position of authority and one which suggests some level of complicity with the authorities orchestrating the genocide.

The issue of how to deliver justice in relation to the crimes committed at ETO and Nyanza goes beyond the direct participants in the killings to the UN itself. Survivors of ETO, and many other genocide survivors in Rwanda believe that the UN itself has a case to answer. A lawsuit has already been launched by two Rwandese women, who are claiming reparations because the UN soldiers who were assigned to protect their families made no attempt to do so. In one case they handed a Rwandese Supreme Court judge over to the killers; in another, they ran away while leaving a government minister, his mother, his wife and two children to be shot.¹²

Some argue that the UN should pay compensation directly to the victims of the genocide. Meanwhile the UN Panel has called upon it to help reconstruct the country. It is now well established that the genocide could have been halted had the international community been prepared to act decisively. Some 2,500 people who sought sanctuary at ETO discovered, in the most direct way possible, that the outside world did not care enough about their lives and most died in this knowledge. *African Rights* encourages those responsible, at every level of the UNAMIR operation, to try to find an appropriate way to convince the survivors that they have learnt personally and institutionally from the tragedy.

¹⁰ Interviewed in Kigali, 26 December 2000.

¹¹ See the Belgian Parliamentary Inquiry report section 3.2.2.2., which states that Rusatira was believed to be of the "moderate wing." In section 3.5.2.1. The report cites Rusatira's impressions of the "crisis meeting" he attended on the morning of 7 April, at which he said military leaders had decided to "force the Prime Minister out. Alive? I don't know." [African Right's translation]. Later, in section 3.8.3.1., concerning the reasons for the pull out of the Belgian troops, the report notes the establishment of a military crisis committee, adding that the Belgian ambassador had "contacts with Colonel Rusatira, who was a member of this committee." For the full interview with Rusatira see: *Audition du général Rusatira, CRA, CSR, Sénat, 1996-1997, 29 avril 1997, p. 383–384.*

¹² See the *Independent Inquiry* for details of the incidents concerning Mr Landoald Ndasingwa, Minister for Labour and Social Affairs, and Mr Joseph Kavaruganda, President of the Constitutional Court, and their families, pp 11–12.

CHAPTER I

UNAMIR

THE BACKGROUND

“Faced in Rwanda with the risk of genocide, and later the systematic implementation of a genocide, the United Nations had an obligation to act which transcended traditional principles of peacekeeping. In effect, there can be no neutrality in the face of genocide, no impartiality in the face of a campaign to exterminate part of a population. While the presence of United Nations Peacekeepers in Rwanda may have begun as a traditional peacekeeping operation to monitor the implementation of an existing peace agreement, the onslaught of the genocide should have led decision-makers in the United Nations—from the Secretary-General and the Security Council, to Secretariat officials and the leadership of UNAMIR—to realize that the original mandate, and indeed the neutral mediating role of the United Nations, was no longer adequate and required a different, more assertive response combined with the means necessary to take such action. By the time the genocide started, the mission was not functioning as a cohesive whole. In the hours and days of deepest crisis, consistent testimony points to a lack of leadership, a lack of military capacity, severe problems of command and control, and a lack of co-ordination and discipline.”¹³

The peacekeepers of the United Nations Assistance Mission to Rwanda (UNAMIR) were to police the implementation of the Arusha Accords, signed in August 1993, between the Government of Rwanda, then led by President Juvénal Habyarimana, and the rebel Rwandese Patriotic Front (RPF), who were engaged in a war since October 1990. The parties had agreed to the presence of an intervention force scheduled to arrive about a month after the agreement was signed and to be given wide responsibility for security. Resolution 872, which established UNAMIR, was adopted on 5 October, but it outlined a force differing in crucial respects from that originally discussed: it would neither “track arms caches” nor “neutralize the armed gangs,” which were already terrorizing civilians, in particular members of the Tutsi minority. Instead, its mandate included contributing to the security of the city of Kigali, monitoring the cease-fire agreement and investigating instances of non-compliance with the agreement. The deployment plan provided for 2,548 military personnel and its commander, Brigadier-General Romeo Dallaire, arrived in Kigali on 22 October.

UNAMIR was in Rwanda during months that saw considerable political tension, particularly in Kigali, including the murder of opponents of the government. Its presence, and its intervention in some instances, lulled targeted groups and individuals into a false sense of security that would have disastrous consequences when the crisis broke in April 1994. It would be wrong to suggest that the forces on the ground were ignorant of the scale of the developing crisis in the country or unwilling to respond to it. For instance, Dallaire proposed the Rules of Engagement for UNAMIR should allow the mission to “use all available means” to combat ethnic and political crimes, such as executions or attacks on displaced people, a request for which he received no formal response. Then, on 11 January 1994, Dallaire advised his superiors at the UN of extremely sensitive and, as it proved, accurate information provided by a “top-level trainer in the interahamwe militia.” The information gave details of the registration of Tutsis taking place in Kigali, which he suspected to be in preparation for their “extermination.” He said 1,700 interahamwe had been trained by the government army and his own personnel were capable of killing “up to 1,000 Tutsi in 20 minutes.” He also told of the existence of a major weapons cache and of a strategy to provoke the killing of Belgian soldiers to ensure the withdrawal of the Belgian battalion from UNAMIR.

¹³ *The Independent Inquiry*, p. 32.

Dallaire was intent upon action to prevent the distribution of the weapons, which was due to take place within days, but the response from senior officials in the Department of Peacekeeping Operations—the then Under-Secretary, General Kofi Annan and Assistant Secretary, General Iqbal Riza—was that this would go beyond UNAMIR’s mandate. Instead, he was instructed to meet with President Habyarimana and bring the information to his attention, demanding that he take the necessary action to halt activities which clearly contravened the Arusha agreement. This he did, but to no effect.¹⁴ The refusal of UN headquarters to take account of the gravity and implications of this warning of genocide is one of the most inexplicable and inexcusable facts of its involvement in Rwanda.

With the death of President Habyarimana on 6 April, the UNAMIR command sought to encourage the maintenance of the cease-fire and to uphold the government established under the Arusha Accords. Belgian peacekeepers were dispatched to reinforce the guard upon Prime Minister Agathe Uwilingiyimana’s home and arrived around 7:00 a.m., but they were surrounded by armed government soldiers and later taken to the Rwandese Armed Forces (FAR) base at Camp Kigali. Later that evening, Dallaire discovered that the ten Belgian soldiers had been killed. As the soldiers arrived at her residence, the Prime Minister had escaped over the wall and sought refuge in the UN Volunteers’ compound. Before the peacekeepers reached the compound to defend her, she was found there at around 10:00 a.m. and shot dead. This loss was followed by the news of the deaths of many other opposition politicians, including those UNAMIR was guarding.

The limitations of the mandate governing the peacekeeping force were swiftly exposed, but this did not lead to efforts to strengthen it. What followed was the decision of the Belgian government to withdraw its contingent from UNAMIR on 12 April, reducing its strength significantly from 2,165 to 1,515 by 19 April. This was a reaction to the loss of the 10 peacekeepers, but it was presented along with a recommendation that the peacekeeping force should be completely withdrawn. The Belgian action forced the debate about how the UN should respond to the serious violations that were taking place on the ground. It was estimated that several thousand more troops operating under a Chapter VII mandate¹⁵ would be required if the force was to intervene to prevent further fighting and massacres. However, the political will for such a commitment did not exist and the Security Council continued to ignore the genocidal nature of the killings. Although some African countries, notably Nigeria, urged the UN to expand UNAMIR, the reluctance of the major Western powers to commit forces and funds to a country which lay outside their strategic interests was very much in evidence. The Security Council opted to alter UNAMIR’s mandate so that it might serve as an “intermediary” between the RPF and the government forces while reducing its numbers to a mere 270.¹⁶ These decisions about the future of UNAMIR took place in the knowledge that thousands of people had already been massacred at ETO and Nyanza and tens of thousands were dying in similar anguish all over the country.

¹⁴ This episode is discussed in depth in the *Independent Inquiry*, pp 6–7.

¹⁵ Chapter VII would have enabled UNAMIR to take the necessary action to protect its own personnel, but also “to protect civilians under imminent threat of physical violence.”

¹⁶ See the *Independent Inquiry* report for further details.

CHAPTER II

SEEKING PROTECTION

“ETO was a site where many civilians sought the protection of the Belgium UNAMIR troops stationed there. About 2,000 people had sought refuge at ETO, believing that the UNAMIR troops would be able to protect them.”¹⁷

In the days after 7 April 1994, more than 2,500 Rwandese people flocked to ETO, a technical school run by Catholic Salesian priests, where a Belgian contingent of UNAMIR troops was stationed. The people who sought refuge there were mainly Tutsis—the targets of the genocide. But there were also Hutu opposition politicians, other individuals who had been critical of the government, and some who were simply afraid of the violence; all accompanied by their families. Fearful for their lives, they had fled their homes in Kicukiro, Kimihurura and other parts of Kigali. Some of the refugees came from communes in Greater Kigali. They took extreme risks to reach the school and several people were killed along the way. Some, who lived close to the school, reached there within hours of the early morning announcement by Radio Rwanda that President Habyarimana had been killed. Others fled first to the homes of neighbours. But when they discovered they were not safe there, they left for ETO. There were also groups of refugees who had initially sought refuge at the Catholic Parish of Kicukiro, but were taken to ETO by the parish priest when he realized that he could not shield anyone against the mounting threats from the interahamwe. The nuns and refugees from the nearby convent of the Order of the Disciples of Jesus of Eucharist were also taken by UNAMIR to ETO.

People went to ETO because they shared faith in the UNAMIR forces. They knew the soldiers were well armed and trained, and—because they had come to Rwanda as “peacekeepers”—that they had both the responsibility and the capacity to protect them. Their confidence in UNAMIR had been reinforced by the knowledge that, in the past, these troops had provided security for some opposition politicians and responded to a number of calls from individuals seeking help. ETO itself, like many other church buildings, had been a place of sanctuary at times of insecurity in the past. Belgian troops had been stationed at the school since November 1993 and February 1994, when tensions rose in the aftermath of the death of Martin Bucyana, the leader of the ultra-extremist party, the Committee for the Defence of the Republic (CDR).¹⁸ It was an obvious choice to go to ETO. Although some might have considered going to the RPF-controlled areas of the city, most residents of the locality assumed that going to ETO would allow them their best chance of survival. Roadblocks were established by the interahamwe and many leading politicians had been killed within hours of Habyarimana’s death. As Tutsi homes began to be targeted, they were frightened and disoriented; the UNAMIR base at ETO was a beacon of hope.

One of the earliest arrivals at ETO was Siméon Hitiyise, 29, from cellule Niboye 1. At the time he worked in a garage; now he is a driver. Siméon reached the school around 7:00 a.m. on the 7th. *African Rights* first interviewed him in a hospital in Byumba in May 1994, where he was recovering from the injuries he sustained during the massacre in Nyanza. His neck and right hand were extensively bandaged. He explained why he went to ETO.

I thought UNAMIR would protect me and that I was really safe. ETO was only 100 metres from our house. I got in through the gate by the cemetery. We had to put our hands up and be searched by the soldiers as we

¹⁷ See *The Independent Inquiry*, p.11.

¹⁸ A leading opposition politician was killed as a reprisal for Bucyana’s assassination, followed by attacks on Tutsis who were regarded as supporters of the opposition parties and of the RPF.

went in. I think there were already about 500 refugees by then and more kept coming all the time. About 80 people got in with me at 7:00 a.m.¹⁹

Eric Ruzindana is a 22-year-old student from cellule Kicukiro. Eric, his parents and two brothers, Gustave and Jean-Marie, left their house on the morning of the 7th. They went to the home of a neighbour, hoping to strengthen the group of refugees who had gathered there to organize their own defence. But the house came under siege just after they arrived there and the family headed for ETO. They went through the main gate at 10:00 a.m. Eric said they went there because “UNAMIR was there. We thought we were safe because soldiers were armed.”²⁰

By the time she reached ETO on the 7th, Epiphanie Mukandutiye, aged 48, said she was “half dead with grief.” Her husband, Wellars Niyombayire, and six of her children, aged between four and 16,



The Main Entrance to ETO

were killed earlier that day. She described how her husband was attacked near their home in Kimisange, commune Butamwa, Greater Kigali. Then as she and the children ran for cover, they were caught in an interahamwe ambush. Only she and the daughter who remained with her, Joseline Uwingenye, survived.

In her extreme distress she begged the militia to kill them too, but they told her “to die of grief” and struck her with a *massue* on the left shoulder. Epiphanie took her daughter to the home of an uncle, but it was dangerous there too and the family decided to leave together for ETO. They entered the building at about 2:00 p.m.

We went there because everyone else was heading that way, and also because we knew the UNAMIR soldiers based there would protect us from the interahamwe. I knew UNAMIR soldiers were at ETO from one of my visits to my maternal uncle. I saw them walking around the centre of Kicukiro, and someone told me they were UNAMIR soldiers.²¹

Chantal Mukampama said her family chose ETO as a sanctuary both because of the presence of UNAMIR and because the school belonged to the Catholic Church.

¹⁹ Interviewed in Kibali, 21 May 1994 and in Kigali 19 February 2000.

²⁰ Interviewed in Kigali, 15 February 2000.

²¹ Interviewed in Butamwa, 5 June 2000.

At around 12:30 p.m. on the 7th, we saw the interahamwe setting up roadblocks and we heard a lot of gunfire all over Kigali. That was when I thought of going to ETO, because it was guarded by UNAMIR so nothing could happen to us there. Besides, for a long time, whenever we felt threatened, we had gone to hide in premises that belonged to the Church. Not only did ETO belong to the Church, but there were those UNAMIR troops there with heavy armaments and those troops were Westerners, with all their resources.

Chantal, her husband and six children were part of a group of about 40 people who set out together. When they reached a bush near ETO, they ran into militiamen who accused them of killing “the Father of the Republic and trying to hide under UNAMIR’s protection.” The militiamen beat them to force them back, but the refugees ran until they reached the gate of ETO.

When we were right inside ETO, we sighed with relief, telling ourselves that we were safe. We found a lot of other people there and there were more coming in all the time.²²

Ignace Benimana had been threatened before because of his ethnicity. He is a builder aged 48 who had moved to cellule Gatara in Kicukiro after being driven out of his native commune—Mbogo in Greater Kigali—following the RPF advance in February 1993. He had been accused of providing the RPF with arms. On the evening of the 6th, Ignace was outside the house and saw “something in flames near Kanombe airport.” When a neighbour told him the next morning, at 6:00 a.m., that the President had been killed in a plane crash, he became frightened “because we were already in danger.” He said he sent his wife and five children to ETO as he had sent them to the clergy for protection in the past, while he hid near his home. He was sure that “UNAMIR soldiers would be able to stop the interahamwe getting in if violence broke out again.”

My wife and children got to ETO safe and sound. I remained outside with two young men, Egide Bayingana and Rwambaraga, both of whom died in the genocide. We stayed there until about 10:00 p.m. when the interahamwe found us and burnt down Bayingana’s house. We went into a banana grove while other Tutsis went to the UNAMIR base. The interahamwe discovered us the following morning, the 8th. The two young men fled towards Byimana (Gitarama) whereas I headed for ETO. The interahamwe made me turn back and chased me. I hid in the banana grove, made a detour and reached ETO that evening, between 5:00-6:00 p.m., approaching via a bush track leading to the back of the complex.

Ignace went to ETO with a group of displaced people who had also been hiding in the banana grove. He and the other refugees were refused entry and they joined the refugees camped outside in the sports ground at ETO.²³

One of the other men who had taken cover in the banana grove is Jean-Pierre Rukerikibaye, a farmer aged 37 who had left his home in Nyarurama, sector Kimisange, together with his wife and three children. He and his neighbours had gone to the aid of a man whose cattle was being stolen by the militia, who then turned on them. One boy was severely wounded and bled to death. Jean-Pierre Rukerikibaye was with about 30 others from his village when they decided to seek sanctuary at ETO, knowing that UNAMIR was based there. They had difficulty reaching the school, but felt confident that it would be worth it.

“We were sure that once we were in there, we would be safe from all harm because neither the army nor the militia would dare attack a place guarded by UNAMIR.”

²² Interviewed in Kigali, 16 June 2000.

²³ Interviewed in Kigali, 13 June 2000.

Or so we told one another. We followed some secret paths via Gatenga, and reached ETO at 5:00 a.m. on 8 April.²⁴

Florence Mukakabanda had been a refugee at the Parish of Kicukiro for several weeks and had only been back in her home in sector Kagarama for three days when the genocide began. Aged 24, she works for the Rwanda Revenue Authority and comes from Rwesero in Butamura, Greater Kigali. Florence and her family decided to sneak away when they learned that soldiers were shooting at the home of a neighbour. They spent the whole day trying to reach ETO, but even when they got there it was not the end of their struggle.

It wasn't easy because the place was teeming with interahamwe blocking our way. Every route was guarded. With great difficulty and sacrifice—some Tutsis were captured and held by the interahamwe—we managed to reach ETO, going in near the cemetery.

At first UNAMIR didn't want to let us in. It took nearly an hour of negotiating for them to allow us entry. A group of men were doing the talking. At around 7:00 p.m. UNAMIR let us in. They were partly forced to give in when the young men began to get impatient and jumped over the fence. The UN soldiers understood then that they didn't have any choice. With every minute that passed, more and more refugees were arriving.

We went to ETO because the UNAMIR soldiers were there. Because they were there, people said we wouldn't be in any danger. No Rwandese soldiers or interahamwe would dare break in when it was guarded by UNAMIR. If only that had been the case. Everyone near ETO thought it was the one place where their safety would be assured.²⁵

Florence Kabazayire and her husband both worked as teachers at ETO and lived close by in cellule Gatere. They became unsettled when they saw soldiers swarming all over their neighbourhood on the 7th. They decided to leave for ETO at the end of the day as “the situation was getting more and more confused.” They reached the gates of ETO at 8:00 p.m. Florence, aged 46, is a native of commune Kidaho in Ruhengeri. The mother of five children, she now works for the Rwanda International Academy.

We went to ETO in the hope that we would be completely safe. We thought that the UN soldiers were only there to ensure safety. Other than ETO, I can't think of anywhere else I could have gone.²⁶

When Léonile Mukakimenyi heard Radio Rwanda report that Habyarimana had been “killed by the *Inyenzi*”, she interpreted it as a call for a genocide. “Radio Rwanda was calling on the CDR to exterminate us because, when they mentioned *Inyenzi*, they meant us, the Tutsis.” She suggested to her husband, Pierre Kayigamba, that they leave for ETO. They lived in Gikondo, Kicukiro, with their five children. Pierre disagreed, fearful that the interahamwe who were already assembled on the road, would intercept them, so they spent the night of the 7th at home. The next morning the interahamwe raided the house and the family only managed to escape because the militiamen were busy looting their property. As they ran, they saw the bodies of two neighbours, an elderly woman and her son, in a pool of blood.

Pierre suggested they take refuge with his boss, Gatera, who lived near the government stores known as Magerwa. Once there, Gatera agreed with Léonile that they should all leave for ETO. But then a member of the interahamwe, whom Gatera knew, came to the house. He said someone wanted to meet Gatera and took him away promising that he would not kill him. Gatera never returned. Instead, the militia invaded his house. Again, Léonile and her family were saved by the greed of the interahamwe. They escaped through the back door and this time headed for ETO, which she said they

²⁴ Interviewed in Kigali, 5 June 2000.

²⁵ Interviewed in Kigali, 9 December 1999.

²⁶ Interviewed in Kigali, 30 November 1999.

reached “thanks to divine protection.” Eight-months pregnant, Léonile, a 37-year-old farmer, had special reasons for her sense of gratitude. She arrived at ETO in the afternoon on the 8th.

I was eight months pregnant and completely exhausted, so I went into one of the larger buildings used by the school children and fell asleep on my wrap, with my jumper as a blanket. I slept very well because I thought we were safe with UNAMIR. The Rwandese say that confidence makes you drunk and that is what happened to me.

We told ourselves that we were not going to die now because we were in the hands of UNAMIR. When we saw how well they were armed, we said that if the interahamwe ever came and attacked them, they would only have themselves to blame for what happened. We were not the only people with this idea, as all the Tutsis in Kigali were hoping to find protection with UNAMIR. A lot of them died on the way to the UNAMIR base.²⁷

The flood of refugees to ETO on the 8th also included some neighbours from Niboye II cellule who decided to go together. Gilbert Ndahigwa’s family saw the militia breaking into homes in the area and they decided to telephone and warn all the Tutsi families to leave for ETO. Gilbert is now dead, but his widow, Vénantie Mukandamage, aged 35 and mother of four, spoke of the reasons for going to ETO.

We went to ETO because we hoped we would be safe there. The presence of the UNAMIR peacekeeping troops gave us confidence. We thought no one could disturb the peace in a place guarded like ETO, especially as it was guarded by the UN. It was as though we were on the territory of another country which no one would dare violate. It was UN territory, and Rwanda could not violate it.

We didn’t have much choice, anyway. Previously, according to stories the old women used to tell us, people used to take refuge in churches. But things had changed, and it was no longer safe in the churches. We had to find a place with armed defenders to make sure it stayed safe.²⁸

One of the families who went to ETO at the same time was Vénuste Karasira, his wife and five children. Vénuste, 47, is a businessman and comes from Masango in Gitarama. He was not unduly disturbed when he heard the sound of gunfire in Kicukiro between 9:00 p.m. on the 6th and 7:00 p.m. on the 7th. “We thought it was just the continuing crisis in Kigali that we had got used to.” He fell asleep, confident that “it would blow over and things would calm down the following morning.”

We were unaware of Habyarimana’s death at that stage. I only heard the news about 6:00 a.m. the next morning. I was shocked and woke up my wife to tell her the terrible news. She was very shaken and said: “we’re finished!”

Vénuste and his wife locked themselves indoors and did not experience violence on the 7th, but the situation changed on the 8th, with reports that Tutsis in the area were to be killed.

At about 9:00 a.m. we grabbed a few belongings and went straight to ETO. We entered ETO via the cemetery.

Vénuste, Vénantie, their families and neighbours were so relieved to make it to ETO that, when they were refused entry, they agreed to stay at the stadium outside and did not seek to force their way inside.

We sought protection from UNAMIR because we had no alternative. The only other place we could have gone was the parish where other Tutsis had found refuge after the death of the CDR leader, Martin Bucyana. Some

²⁷ Interviewed in Butamwa, Greater Kigali, 5 June 2000.

²⁸ Interviewed in Kigali, 3 March 2000.

people had spent several weeks there. But all those refugees left the parish during the aftermath of Bucyana's death. In other words, the only safe place left was ETO. This was for two reasons: firstly, it was guarded by soldiers and, secondly, not by just any soldiers, because these came from the UN. The UN is not just anybody!²⁹

Assumpta Kabanyana was living in Kagarama sector where Tutsis had been under threat from the interahamwe for some time. So, when the interahamwe began their assault on 8 April, her brothers were prepared and fought them off. This was a temporary reprieve as the militiaman soon returned with reinforcements of soldiers from the Presidential Guard and a gun. As the house was bombarded with gunfire, the family scattered in all directions. Alone, Assumpta headed for her grandfather's home, which she found ablaze. She met a cousin there and together they decided to go to the parish to see if other members of the family were there, and then to go to ETO. Along the way they were spotted by the interahamwe who chased them. They ran through the woods and managed to reach the back gate of ETO. She recalls her sense of relief.

We were exhausted after running for our lives and the soldiers guarding the gate immediately understood our predicament. There were two or three of them. They searched our pockets and then let us into the compound. It was around midday when we went in.³⁰

Assumpta prayed that her parents would make it to ETO, but she could only see some of her aunts and uncles in the crowd. The following afternoon, Assumpta's sister, Umunyana, arrived at ETO. She brought terrible news of the massacre of their parents by the interahamwe.

Refugees continued to pour in to ETO on the 9th. With her two brothers employed at ETO, Jeanne d'Arc Kayitesi did not anticipate any problems in gaining access to the school buildings. Nor did she doubt that they would be safe there; they had gone to ETO during times of trouble in the past. Jeanne d'Arc, 29, lives in Kagarama and is a secretary in the sector office. She said she heard about President Habyarimana's death at 5:00 a.m., adding: "We immediately decided to flee and the first place we thought of was ETO." Even though the school was only about 600 metres away, getting there was no easy matter. They found that all means of access had already been blocked by the interahamwe militiamen who threw stones and threatened to kill them.

Out of a group of about 30 people, only Jeanne's two brothers managed to get into ETO. The others hid in a bush behind Jeanne's house. But at 8:00 a.m., a neighbour was killed together with his son. Shortly afterwards, it was pouring with rain and most of Jeanne's relatives—including her parents—and neighbours decided to seek shelter in a nearby house under construction. At 9:00 a.m., the militia found and massacred most of them; some were shot point blank range and others were macheted. Jeanne, her sister-in-law, Joseline, and a companion survived because they were still in the bush. She said they spent the rest of the night "dodging from one bush to another." The following day, the 8th, they tried again to gain entry into ETO. Joseline was in an advanced stage of pregnancy, and this added to their sense of desperation.

At about 7:00 p.m. on the night of 8 April, we had a go at getting into ETO. Joseline was nine months pregnant and I thought the birth and the care of her child would be easier if we joined the others there. Under cover of darkness, moving as quietly as possible, we reached the woodland belonging to ETO at about 10:00 p.m. But then Joseline had to stop, and she gave birth there in the wood, so we had to spend the night there.

We got to the main gate of ETO at about 6:00 a.m. and asked to go inside. At first they refused. My brother, Frédéric Muwarangabo, and Joseline's husband, had to intervene with Michel, the ETO director, to get UNAMIR to let us in. When UNAMIR wanted to refuse me admission, the

²⁹ Interviewed in Kigali, 28 February 2000.

³⁰ Interviewed in Ndera, Greater Kigali, 21 June 2000.

director, who knew me well, said I was on the staff. That is how I got into ETO. We got in before a large number of refugees arrived and were refused entry to the premises.

We went to ETO because UNAMIR was there. We saw they were armed and we told ourselves: “No-one will be able to attack or kill us in the presence of UN soldiers.” We had nowhere else to go. During the period after Bucyana’s death, our family, the Rwabukirikiri family and Augustine Ngabonziza’s family, all from the same cellule, had done the same thing. At that time we used to spend the night there and go back home in the morning. It was easy for us to get in because my two brothers were working there. They used to show their work identity card to UNAMIR to get into ETO.³¹

Gustave Ngarambe, a 22 year-old student, was born in Kicukiro and has lived there all his life. At 9:00 a.m. on the 9th, Gustave went to hide in the home of a Tutsi who lived nearby. But when this neighbour and his son were killed at 3:00 p.m., he took the road for ETO together with 11 other people because “we hoped we would be protected by UNAMIR.”

We went to ETO because of UNAMIR. They were there to ensure the safety of those Rwandese who were under threat. We thought that with the United Nations soldiers at ETO, no one would be able to attack us. We had nowhere else to go. Our only place of refuge was ETO.³²

Fidèle Kanyabugoyi, co-founder of the human rights organization, Kanyarwanda, had particular reason to be afraid in April 1994 as he was a primary target for the killers. Sadly, he was killed in the genocide. Fidèle was a Bagogwe Tutsi and almost his entire family had been wiped out during the massacre of the Bagogwe in 1991 and, after collecting information on the massacre, Fidèle was briefly detained in March 1992. On his release, his movements were restricted. In August 1992, men came to his house; when they didn’t find him, they cut his wife Spéciose Mukayiranga on her arms with a machete. After this incident, they sent three of their five children away to stay with friends. But Spéciose pointed out that the presence of UNAMIR in Rwanda was, from the outset, seen as reassuring by many people in a similar position to them. Opposition figures and critics of the government naturally looked to UNAMIR as their protectors and had been given a misleading sense of security.

When UNAMIR arrived it had given us telephone contacts so we could be in contact in case of insecurity. This gave the Tutsis confidence. Some brought their children back from exile in Burundi, Kenya or Uganda and they died during the genocide.³³

Fidèle and Spéciose lived in cellule Niboye I in Kicukiro. Spéciose spoke about their decision to go to ETO and the consequences which followed. She said that because of the regime’s hostility towards Fidèle, many friends telephoned on the night of 6 April to warn them that they could already hear gunfire in Remera. Fidèle’s immediate response was to hope that President Habyarimana’s death would disorganize the interahamwe and that the country would enjoy a period of peace. His wife thought differently. She said that she expected a lot of people would be killed, given how many had died in Kigali after the murder of the CDR president, Martin Bucyana. By the morning of Friday 8 April, the killings had moved closer to their area. On 9 April, the couple knew their lives were in danger. The domestic worker of a neighbour hid them in an annex next to their house and from there they saw and heard the interahamwe when they reached their house at 3:00 p.m.

We heard them saying: “They’re not far... the tea towel is still wet” and “even the tea is still hot.” We were saved by the fact that they were kept busy looting. They forgot the main objective of their visit and didn’t look

³¹ Interviewed in Kigali, 6 May 1999.

³² Interviewed in Kigali, 23 December 1999.

³³ Interviewed in Kigali, 14 December 1999.

for us in the surrounding area. When night fell, we hurried through the bush to get to ETO. We managed to get to the ETO fence and spent the night outside under the stars. On 10 April we got up at around 5:00 a.m. and went to ETO. There were militiamen everywhere, which made getting there very dangerous. The people at the stadium were happy to see us. We felt relieved to get there and thought we'd been saved. We thought we would be safe there because it was a base for Belgian UN soldiers.

Jean-Paul Biramvu, then secretary-general of the Collective of Human Rights Leagues and Associations (CLADHO), became suspicious when he saw that roadblocks had been set up on the evening of the 6th as he was returning home. He became more worried when he began to hear the sound of gunfire from 4:00 a.m. The announcement of a curfew early on the 7th intensified his fears as he remembered how the curfew had made people easy targets during the crackdown in October 1990. Initially, the ubiquity of the roadblocks deterred him from trying to flee. But the danger increased when a neighbour, a wealthy businessman, was murdered together with his Belgian wife and children. On Saturday the 9th, Belgian UNAMIR soldiers visited the house to see if anyone had escaped. Jean-Paul saw them and asked the soldiers to evacuate them. They offered to accompany them in their car to ETO.³⁴

Paul Secyugu was a member of the central committee of the opposition party, the Social Democratic Party (PSD), and a candidate as a member of parliament for the broad-based government agreed on in the Arusha Accords. He lived in cellule Sahara in Kicukiro and his home soon became a gathering point for frightened Tutsis.

Caritas (pseudonym) and her siblings had been displaced from their home in Gikondo months before and were already staying with Secyugu who was a friend of the family. Their father was in the hospital, having been badly wounded in a wave of anti-Tutsi violence which swept Gikondo, a sector with a large Tutsi population, in the wake of Bucyana's murder in February 1994. He later died of his wounds. She spoke of the growing tension at Secyugu's home as the politician called up friends in the army to beg them for help, but got no response.

At about 10:00 a.m. on the 7th they learned of the killings of Tutsis and became worried. At midday, Evariste Gasamagera, the bourgmestre of Kicukiro commune, arrived at Secyugu's house with a police escort saying that the situation was deteriorating rapidly and that he had come to evacuate them. The following day, Gasamagera told them that the killers were looking for Secyugu, so Caritas and the rest of the group went to ETO. They were initially refused entry, and were only allowed in at about 2:00 p.m. after the bourgmestre negotiated on their behalf with UNAMIR.

“We were enormously relieved to get into ETO, and overjoyed to see the UNAMIR troops there in force.”

I thought my life was no longer in any danger, that no interahamwe could get in, and no one else would risk his or her life when the UNAMIR force was so well armed. I ended up in the church. There were about 25 of us. We went to ETO because we had no choice. I thought that Secyugu, as a member of the Social Democratic Party's central committee, was best placed to know what to do, and that he had a good reason for his decision. As he was my godfather, I thought he must have some superior wisdom in choosing ETO rather than anywhere else. But, personally, I don't think he had much choice at all: ETO was our last chance.”³⁵

Gentile Umubyeye, aged 12, said she was too young to understand the situation, but was relieved to make it to ETO.

³⁴ Interviewed in Kibali, 19 May 1994.

³⁵ Interviewed in Kigali, 5 December 1999.

When we arrived at ETO and I saw the armed soldiers, I soon felt I was safe.

A large number of refugees who had first settled at the Parish of Kicukiro also came to ETO soon after the violence began. Some of them recall the date of their transfer to the school as the 8th, others think it was on the 9th, but all recall being escorted there by UNAMIR troops.

Once fear spread, the Parish of Kicukiro had been seen as a possible place of refuge. Father Louis Peeters, a Belgian priest, was in charge of the parish, with Father Fonke and Father Jean-Paul Lebel. They had welcomed many people to the parish in the past; indeed there were people already staying there who had been displaced in the violence of February-March 1994. After two nights at the parish, the 300 refugees and Fr. Peeters became aware of the number of interahamwe who were circulating outside. As the killings began in Kigali, UNAMIR troops decided to evacuate the expatriate priests and nuns at the parish and convent. The refugees knew they would have no protection against their would-be-assassins once the expatriates had left. When the soldiers came to escort the priests and nuns to ETO on the 9th, the refugees followed them.

Yvonne Mukanabaha paid warm tribute to Fr. Peeters and said she felt safe with him at the parish. Born in Kicukiro and aged 26, she was living with her parents in cellule Kanserege in sector Kagarama. By 7:00 a.m., within an hour of learning of Habyarimana's death, the family suffered their first attack and three of their cows were stolen. "We felt increasing dread," Yvonne said. Their fears were reinforced when two neighbours told them that roadblocks had been set up everywhere and that the massacre of Tutsis had already begun. Her father, aware of her apprehensions, took Yvonne to the parish, leaving her in the care of Fr. Peeters.

Fr. Peeters thought we had better seek the protection of UNAMIR. At about 7:00 a.m. on 9 April, he accompanied us to ETO. We went in through the gate by the primary school. We went to ETO because Fr. Peeters could see no end to the insecurity. He thought ETO was the only safe place left. There were armed UN soldiers there, and he thought no one would threaten refugees in their presence. We had no choice. ETO was the only place where we might find safety. He was at ETO himself. So there was nowhere else to go: ETO was our only refuge.³⁶

Two young children, Jean-Claude Rurangwa, aged 12 at the time, and his sister, Françoise Mukabaranga, 11, were among the refugees at the parish. Jean-Claude explained that they were from Gatara and had come to the parish on the 7th. He said they were first sent to their grandfather's house in sector Kagarama by their mother at around 8:00 a.m., but they turned back after a grenade exploded nearby. The situation at home was deteriorating and their mother, Madeleine Mugorewera, whose testimony appears later in this report, told them to go to the convent to find their older sisters. She gave them money and told them to tell anyone who stopped them that they had been sent on an errand to buy sugar. The ruse worked, and when a militiaman stopped them his colleague suggested they let them go. They did not find their sisters at the convent but at the parish. Jean-Claude, now an apprentice mechanic, spoke of why they decided to go to ETO.

When UNAMIR came and evacuated the priests, we went with them. The priests told us to follow them, so we followed their convoy on foot. The interahamwe did not dare to stop us because UNAMIR was there to protect us. We entered ETO from the cemetery side. The interahamwe were afraid of UNAMIR because they were well armed. That was why we decided to seek refuge with them.³⁷

Maximilien Rudasingwa was 15 and had been living in cellule Nyakabanda in Kicukiro. He was with his sister, Florence Nyirakindende, when a neighbour told them, on the morning of the 7th, that

³⁶ Interviewed in Kigali, 15 January 2000.

³⁷ Interviewed in Kigali, 3 February 2000.

RTLTM had broadcast news of the death of the President. His sister's response was to say: "We are going to be killed." An interahamwe gang in their district, known as the *Zoulus*, had already killed a number of people before the plane crash. Immediately afterwards, they stepped up their campaign, beginning with the murder of a neighbouring family. Maximilien said that "people spent the night at the Parish of Kicukiro whenever there was trouble." He and his sister made their way through the bush and reached the parish at about 4:30 p.m. the same day, but it soon became clear that the parish could not provide them with a safe haven.

On the 8th, the priest told us it was not safe at the parish because the interahamwe militia could kill us. That priest was very unpopular with the interahamwe. He advised us to seek refuge at ETO, as the UNAMIR soldiers were there, and no-one would dare attack them. We thought it was a good idea to go there, as it was bound to be safe, or so they said.

Some time later, at about 11:00 a.m., we saw a jeep full of UNAMIR soldiers arrive at the parish to take the local priests and nuns. Father Peeters told us to follow them, so we ran behind the jeep along the road and through the wood, until we reached the ETO football pitch.³⁸

Angélique Kadaka was 16 and lived in cellule Gatara in Kicukiro. On the 8th, the interahamwe made an attempt to kill her family in their home, and they took cover in the home of Father Fonke, a Belgian priest at the parish. There were about 30 refugees there. Following Fr. Fonke's advice, they ran behind the convoy that evacuated the priests and nuns to ETO on the 9th, and they got inside at about 11:00 a.m.

We found a lot more Tutsis already in ETO, and we all felt happier, telling one another that our lives were no longer in danger. We could see that UNAMIR had the means to protect us. People kept pouring in and climbing over the fence to get in, all running away from the interahamwe.

By this time, the danger in the surrounding areas was intense. On the way, Angélique saw her mother's corpse lying on the ground.

I saw the body of my mother, Nyirabudandi, on the road outside ETO. She had been trying to reach the home of my brother, Biseruka. But the killers had ambushed her and killed her there.³⁹

The priest at the Parish of Kicukiro believed that the refugees they had been sheltering would be best protected at ETO. Father Louis Peeters has lived in Rwanda since 1948 and had worked at ETO until 1967 when he became a parish priest. He said he encouraged the refugees to go to ETO "because they were in danger and I had no means of defending them."

We hoped UNAMIR soldiers would protect us because, not only were they armed, they commanded respect as well. The fact that the interahamwe waited until their withdrawal to massacre the people UNAMIR had been protecting proves this.

There was nowhere else to go except to ETO. The only other place where the refugees could have felt safe was Amahoro Stadium, but none of them would have risked the long walk there without an armed escort.

Father Jean-Claude Lebel is a Salesian and the current parish priest of Kicukiro. He too estimated that the refugees would have a greater chance of survival at ETO. He confirmed that it was the Belgian contingent stationed at ETO which evacuated the priests.

We decided to send the refugees to ETO, where they would be safer than here. We decided to do this mainly because we could hear gunfire nearby, and the interahamwe were prowling around outside. But we also

³⁸ Interviewed in Kigali, 19 June 2000.

³⁹ Interviewed in Kigali, 19 June 2000.

thought they would be more secure at ETO because of the presence of the other refugees and, especially, because of the Belgium UNAMIR troops. I didn't want to see the refugees killed. As well as my everyday duties as a priest, I was also the provincial delegate of my order in the Rwanda-Burundi region. I had two colleagues with me at the parish: Father Peeters and Father Fonke who have not returned to Rwanda.⁴⁰

Berthilde Mukamudenge said she was "mystified by it all" when she saw groups of neighbours in cellule Niboye gathering together on the 7th despite the imposition of a nation-wide curfew. At 11:00 a.m., about 30-40 people assembled at the home of a Tutsi neighbour. Berthilde, 24, left soon afterwards, afraid that the group would attract the unwelcomed attention of the interahamwe. She went to join the family of Oscar Nzabahimana, a Hutu married to a Tutsi.

I was absolutely terrified. My heart was beating so fast I thought my chest would explode. There were roadblocks every few meters. Anyone heading for ETO had to get there by a roundabout way, through the bushes. Hand grenades had started going off all over the place. At that point, I left with Oscar's family for Kicukiro parish. We could see the interahamwe looting houses and sharing out the spoils. In Kagarama, some people had been killed, including Kirinamaryo and Gatsinzi who came from Bugesera. On our way to the parish, we ran into a gang of interahamwe. They included the son of the Kicukiro councillor, François, a boy named Nzinga. He said to us: "How dare you run away? Don't you realize I can kill you right now? All I have to do is release the pin on the grenade." Budoni, who was with us, was a wanted man and he just kept running. The interahamwe shouted: "Where the hell does he think he's going?" They let us through but added: "You're going to seek refuge at the parish, aren't you? We'll come and burn you there whenever we want to."

When we got to the parish, the situation remained tense. We left when UNAMIR came to collect the priests. They had an armoured car and several other military vehicles. We tried to keep close to these vehicles, walking behind them or alongside.⁴¹

Recognition that the death of Habyarimana would mean suffering was immediate for Madeleine Mugorewera, who had experienced threats because of her ethnicity in the past. She and her husband stayed at home in Gasharu cellule in Kicukiro until 9 April, when they were told by a former local official to go to Rubirizi. Along the way they realized this was a trap and turned back to seek refuge at the primary school. As soon as they arrived, they noted the interahamwe presence at the school. The displaced people who had gathered there suddenly realized the militia's intentions and, as they began to stream out of the buildings, they were met by a gang of armed assailants. Madeleine, now a 51-year-old widow, ran towards ETO with a group of refugees and the militiamen in pursuit.

We changed direction and headed for the second exit of ETO near the cemetery. The interahamwe followed us as far as the gateway. One of the women who was lagging behind was almost killed, but she scared the interahamwe off with her screams.

Near the gate we were stopped by the UNAMIR soldiers and told to put our hands up. Night began to fall before they had finished searching us. To our great surprise they refused to let us go inside the compound they were guarding. The reason they gave was that there was no more room. They said they would guard us outside the compound whilst they remained inside themselves.

⁴⁰ Interviewed in Kigali, 15 June 2000.

⁴¹ Interviewed in Kigali, 17 February 2000.

We could see them all along the fence and at the guard posts they had erected inside, but we remained outside under the stars. There was a gate between us and those who were inside. If you wanted to talk to someone on the other side you needed to ask permission. For example my children were inside, as they had come with the priests and the nuns from the Parish of Kicukiro.

Madeleine explained her reasons for believing that there was some hope of survival for those at ETO. It was the second time she had come to the school in search of sanctuary.

Because the United Nations was there, we thought that our security would be more assured than elsewhere. In 1962, when I was a child, my parents and I had taken refuge with the missionaries at ETO and had been saved. In 1994, the missionaries were still there but in addition there were armed soldiers. So we saw it as a double advantage for people like us who had already been saved by taking refuge there once.

Our choice was guided by the presence of the priests under the protection of the UNAMIR forces. We didn't think there were any risks. Even though the UNAMIR forces didn't want to take us inside their compound, we saw the fact that they were nearby as a form of security. They were respected and even the interahamwe didn't try it on with us. When they made an attempt to attack us, the UNAMIR forces opened fire and the interahamwe scattered immediately. If they had stayed a bit longer perhaps there wouldn't have been as many deaths.

On Sunday the 10th, another large group of displaced people moved to ETO, this time they came from the convent of the Order of the Disciples of Jesus of Eucharist. Refugees had come to the convent from early in the morning on the 7th; some had been wounded. There were about 50 of them in all sleeping in the chapel. One of the nuns spoke of how they all went to ETO.

At about 8:00 a.m. on Sunday 10 April, a UNAMIR soldier came and knocked at our door. We hesitated before opening it. He was accompanied by Rose, whose husband was a teacher at ETO, named Karisa. They now live in Italy. She was wearing a UNAMIR uniform, complete with the blue beret. She said they had come to evacuate us. She came in with two UNAMIR soldiers, and talked to the senior nuns, who were Italian like her. They confirmed that UNAMIR was going to take us. We left just like that, taking only a few things with us.

We got into our two vehicles, and the two UNAMIR jeeps escorted us. There were two soldiers in each jeep; two had guarded the jeeps outside while the other two were in the convent. The refugees came with us, walking between the UNAMIR jeeps. Nothing happened during our journey from the convent to ETO, and the whole journey took an hour. We lived only 200 metres from ETO.⁴²

Another nun emphasized the reluctance of the UNAMIR soldiers to include the Rwandese Sisters in the convoy to ETO.

UNAMIR only wanted to take the four Italian nuns who ran our convent. There was Sister Agnès, who is still our Mother Superior, and Sister Mother Linda who now lives in another convent of our Order in Masaka. The European Sisters refused to leave us behind and UNAMIR eventually gave in. So we left with them.⁴³

⁴² Interviewed in Kigali, 23 February 2000.

⁴³ Interviewed in Kigali, 23 February 2000.

Apoline Uwantege, then 16, lived in cellule Niboye II and had arrived in the convent at 11:00 a.m. on the 7th. She is now a student.

We went to ETO because we had no choice. The only other place we thought might be safe was the convent, but the nuns themselves left the convent for ETO. We thought we would be safe at ETO.⁴⁴

Other individuals and groups of people streamed to ETO that Sunday. Anastasie Mukarukaka was among them. Anastasie is a 55-year-old widow with five children who was then living in Rukatsa in Kagarama. She was getting ready to go and work on her farm when she heard the news about Habyarimana's death. She immediately came to the grim conclusion that "it was all over for the Tutsis." Her husband was an employee of ETO and had spent the previous night there and she missed his presence. When two of her elderly neighbours were killed, Anastasie and her children hid in the homes of different neighbours.

By Saturday the woman who had taken in Anastasie and her 16-year son was afraid they would be killed in her house and they had to leave. After spending the night in a sorghum field, they went to join her husband at ETO. When she reached there, Anastasie found out it would be impossible to get inside the building and she and her son had to stay outside on the sports field.

I decided to go to ETO because I had nowhere else to go. Anyway, most of the local Tutsis had congregated at ETO and there were armed soldiers there.

ETO was only 800 metres away and it should have taken us only 10 minutes to go there. But in fact we did not reach it until 11:00 a.m. because all the roads leading to it were barred with roadblocks. We had to get round them to avoid being killed. We could see the UNAMIR soldiers at ETO. There were dead bodies lying on the road and all over the place. We got to ETO from Sahara via Kicukiro, and went in through the gate next to the primary school. The UNAMIR soldiers had locked all ETO gates and were guarding them. My daughter, Claudine, who survived, was inside, and told her father I had arrived.

"My husband, who worked at ETO, did his level best to get us in. The soldiers absolutely refused."⁴⁵

Emmanuel Rugangura had firm grounds for his belief that UNAMIR could help. When he was threatened in March 1994, UN troops had come to his house when he called for assistance and he knew that another man, Claver Kayumba, had been helped by them in 1993. Emmanuel, aged 54, is now studying in Canada but during the genocide he was living in Gatara, Kicukiro. He learned of Habyarimana's death on the night of 6 April. On the 7th, their domestic worker told them that Tutsis were being murdered and his wife, who worked for UNDP, went outside to investigate. Frightened, she fled to the Parish of Kicukiro.

When she failed to return after an hour, Emmanuel was afraid that she may have had problems and went outside to look. He soon realized the gravity of the situation and that there was little he could do. He then went to hide with a neighbour, an old Tutsi woman, whose children were Hutu. He believes one of them revealed his whereabouts as he overheard the woman's son telling his mother that the Presidential Guard were coming to look for him in their home. Emmanuel left the house on 10 April, thinking that he would be better off if he went to ETO.

It's no wonder then that Claver Kayumba, myself and others went to ETO rather than other hiding places. We thought that since UNAMIR did

⁴⁴ Interviewed in Kigali, 16 April 2000.

⁴⁵ Interviewed in Kigali, 3 February 2000.

something for us in the past, they would do it again today or tomorrow. That's why we made a mistake about UNAMIR. The worst thing about UNAMIR's failure is that UNAMIR had weapons.⁴⁶

Augustin Ngendandumwe, 30, had previous experience of the threat that the Presidential Guard posed to Tutsis. Augustin comes from Rugando in Kimihurura, near the base of the Presidential Guard. His family was forced to move to Niboye I in Kicukiro in 1992 following repeated harassment by the Presidential Guard and the interahamwe, in particular against Augustin and his older brother, Gilbert.

Augustin was on his way to work at 5:00 a.m. on the 7th when he heard that Habyarimana had died. He turned back to warn his family. He said they spent the day "on the defensive, ready for any eventuality." They packed their bags, hid all valuables in the ceiling and put two watchmen in front of the house. They saw waves of refugees going past their house and soon realized they too would have to join the exodus.

We went to ETO because UNAMIR was there. The government in power at the time was the one killing people and the whole country was controlled by the government. The only place left for us to go in Kicukiro was ETO. The UN represented power, the rest of the world. Rwanda could not attack the UN. We really felt safe because of UNAMIR's presence. We thought the RPF would come and find us there at ETO. The only place where we could have taken refuge was the zone under RPF control, but the roadblocks they had set up all over the place made it impossible for us to get there.⁴⁷

⁴⁶ Interviewed in Kigali, 13 December 1999.

⁴⁷ Interviewed in Kigali, 6 March 2000.

CHAPTER III

LACKING COMPASSION

“UNAMIR’s mandate was cautious in its conception: it was to become equally so in its application on the ground. Headquarters consistently decided to apply the mandate in a manner which would preserve a neutral role of UNAMIR under a traditional peacekeeping mandate. This was the scope of action that was perceived to have support in the Security Council. Despite facing a deteriorating security situation which would have motivated a more assertive and preventive role for the United Nations, no steps were taken to adjust the mandate to the reality of the needs in Rwanda.”⁴⁸

The sense of relief felt by all the people who managed to reach ETO soon gave way to further anxiety. The actions and attitudes of the soldiers did not meet their expectations. The refugees had assumed that the international peacekeepers would respond to their call for protection, but they found instead that the UNAMIR soldiers were seemingly indifferent to their fate. In the first place it was extremely difficult to gain entry to the ETO buildings, especially after the 7th. Refugees were generally turned away by the soldiers and often had to plead their cause individually. In this way many families became divided. In the end, those who managed to get inside the ETO buildings were only a little better off than the people who were left outside in the school’s sports ground. All the refugees were confused, terrified and often cold and hungry. Some of them had already lost family and friends in the past hours or days. The Tutsis had been publicly demonized by propaganda inciting Hutus to kill the “cockroaches” (*inyenzi*). The people who came to ETO desperately needed support and reassurance.

The soldiers at ETO were part of KIBAT II of the Belgian contingent, under the command of Lt. Col. Dewez, the Belgian commander, and Col. Marchal, the UNAMIR Kigali Sector Commander. Their position has been discussed both in the UN Inquiry Report and in the report of the Belgian Senate Commission of Inquiry. In both, the soldiers referred to the limits of their mandate and to the other constraints under which they were operating, including as regards to their weapons. They complained that they were given confused orders in the early days of the genocide and had been given inadequate information throughout their mission. Luc Lemaire was responsible for the soldiers based at ETO. He points out that they were told not to let anyone into ETO but that the Salesian Fathers allowed the displaced people entry. He received a series of contradictory orders regarding the refugees, it appears.

On the night of 7 April, Col. Marchal ordered the expulsion of all the Rwandese who had sought refuge at UNAMIR posts by 6:00 a.m. the following morning. However, Dewez later suggested that the priests should have a say in who stayed at ETO and Lemaire was instructed to protect all those at the school.⁴⁹

The primary need of the displaced people was security. For as long as they were there, the mere presence of the soldiers at ETO deterred the militia from harming the refugees. But the people who reached ETO were also in need of humanitarian assistance: medical attention, food and water, shelter and blankets. The refugees at ETO were severely traumatized; some were sick and injured and many had just seen members of their families being killed. There were young women who had just given birth to babies or were heavily pregnant; orphaned children; and elderly people. The survivors say that the soldiers did little to help the people who were inside the ETO buildings, although they did at least help the huge gathering of refugees who were outside in the sports field.

There were clear constraints upon the soldiers’ ability to act. There were only 90 of them and the number of refugees was to rise to more than 2,000. Although it is not stated explicitly, the soldiers

⁴⁸ The Independent Inquiry, p.22.

⁴⁹ See Human Rights Watch, *Leave None to Tell the Story, Genocide in Rwanda*, March 1999.

were clearly fearful for their own lives following the murder of the 10 Belgian paratroopers on the 7th. The deaths of their fellow soldiers must have shocked them and brought the realization that the Belgians were being targeted by the state.⁵⁰ This was an event which almost certainly coloured their view of the situation at ETO. No doubt any apprehension was justified. However, it should not have prevented them from responding to the refugees' plight with care and sensitivity as the situation required. The testimonies of survivors suggest that the soldiers maintained an aloof stance, exacerbating the refugees' feelings of despair and alienation.

Inside ETO: Limited Care

Neither UNAMIR nor the Salesian Fathers who were at the school could have anticipated the emergency, and understandably they had neither the food or medical supplies necessary to meet the needs of the many displaced people who came to the school in search of sanctuary. All over Rwanda, in churches and public buildings, people were similarly trying to eke out an existence away from their homes and without access to basic necessities. While the refugees acknowledge that most of the hardships they endured at ETO were largely unavoidable, there is a general feeling that, while the priests did what they could to help, the soldiers could have done more.

Survivors spoke, in particular, of the lack of food, but their criticisms largely relate to the attitude of soldiers rather than simply to their actions. Many developed the impression that the soldiers cared little about their plight. It should be remembered that the refugees were as much in need of moral as physical support. The Tutsis had been publicly condemned and rejected by former friends and neighbours, and sometimes even relatives. The behaviour of soldiers often seemed hostile to people who were at their lowest ebb.

The experiences of refugees at ETO did differ to some extent, and some reported more positive experiences of the soldiers than others. Prominent figures in the local community had some contact with the UNAMIR command. They were mostly politicians and businessmen who stayed together in a building known as the "white house." They did their best to liaise with UNAMIR, explaining the problems of the refugees, who were housed in the church, the classroom, the hall or other school buildings. Nevertheless, the refugees felt very isolated and confused. They looked to the soldiers as the authority in the school, but they did not intervene to bring order to the chaos in the buildings, for instance to give priority to the sick, young or old, as was done in several parishes.

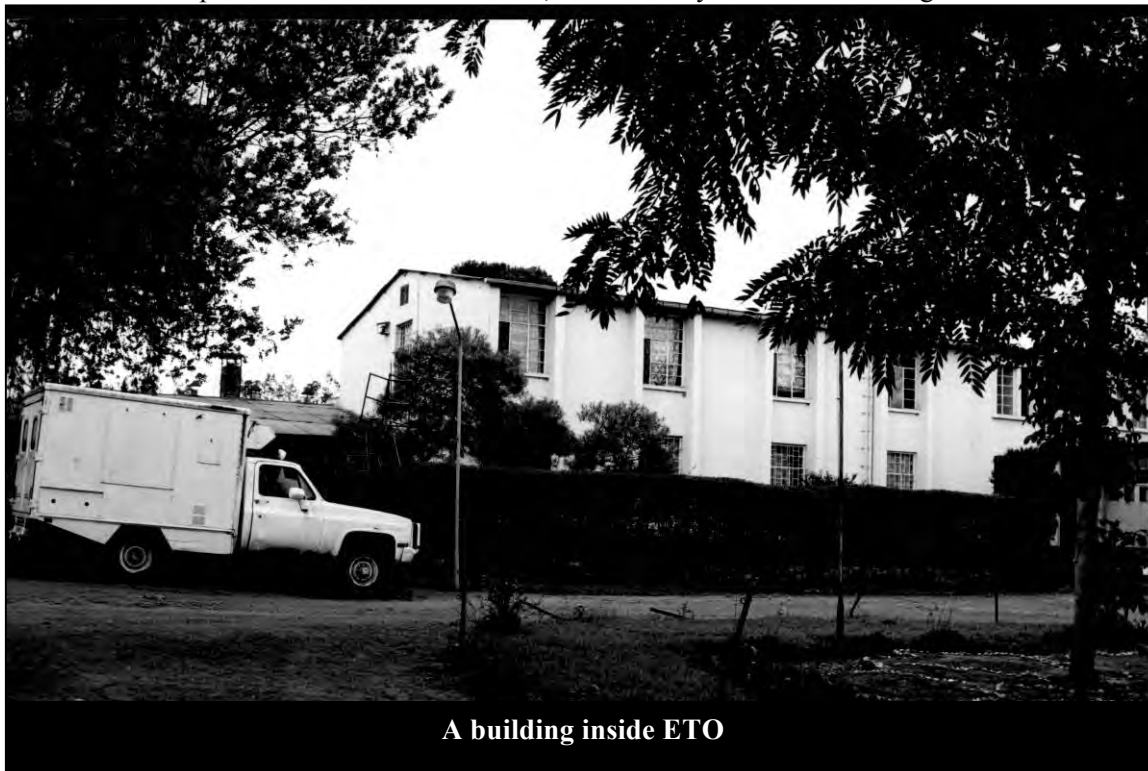
Father Jean-Paul Lebel, one of the priests at ETO, was aware of the practical and emotional difficulties being experienced by the refugees.

The refugees at ETO, I have to say, lived in a continual state of hunger and fear.

⁵⁰ Anti-Belgian feeling was being whipped up by the supporters of Hutu extremism who, amongst other accusations, blamed the Belgians for shooting down President Habyarimana's plane.

The priests managed to provide food for the displaced people who had mostly arrived empty-handed. Father Léon Panhuysen,⁵¹ a Belgian Salesian priest who has lived in Rwanda since 1969, was a spiritual head and teacher of religion at ETO when Habyarimana was killed. He said they gave the refugees mainly beans and potatoes, although some people also remembered being given rice and cabbage. Angélique Kadaka emphasized that the food supplies always came from the priests and that, although there was not enough to go round, UNAMIR did not contribute.

A lot of people had to share a plate. That meant that the strongest managed to eat, while the weak went hungry. The lucky ones were those who helped the cooks in the kitchens, because they were able to bring food



A building inside ETO

to their relatives and to young children. My brother, Safari, who died in the genocide, was one of them. He sent me food in a bag whenever he had a chance.

Maximilien Rudasingwa was grateful to the priests for managing to feed them, but he said the refugees ate only once a day and that even then, “eight people had to share a small bowl of rice and potatoes.”

According to Gustave Ngarambe, the Belgian troops were concerned with their own security, not with the survival of the refugees.

They weren’t particularly interested in the people under their protection. We had little to eat whilst they always had food to throw away, and if a refugee was injured it wasn’t the soldiers who took care of them. The refugees with medical training took care of the wounded. For example, a man nicknamed “Kiki”, who lives in Biryogo, was injured in the head but it was one of us who dressed his wound. They used to intervene only in very critical cases.

The failure to tend the injured is a source of considerable bitterness to Amran Harerimana. Amran lived in cellule Gasharu in Kicukiro. On the 7th, he barricaded himself in his house, together with his wife, Assia Mukamusangwa, and their two young children. On the 8th, ten interahamwe, reinforced by

⁵¹ Interviewed in Kigali, 14 June 2000.

two soldiers, arrived. They asked to see the ID cards of Amran's family and of all the people living in houses nearby. After careful scrutiny, they let the others go, but told Amran, Assia and a neighbour, Charles, to sit on the ground. Once they were seated, they pounced on them with their machetes and clubs. Charles and Assia died on the spot. When the men left, they believed that Amran too had died. On the 9th, friends transported Amran to ETO at his request.

I asked them to take me there because I knew UNAMIR was there and that as a result, my security and the care of my wounds would be guaranteed.

The reality did not match his expectations.

I arrived at ETO in the hope that my wounds would be well-taken care of. I was surprised to see only a woman called Frida who normally treated the ETO students. She came to dress my wounds but had no medicines. And she came only once during the two days I was there. No UNAMIR soldier came to help me. I received food on two occasions, but it was brought by the refugees. I don't know where they got it from. There were four or five other refugees with very bad injuries lying in the same place. I was very surprised to see that these soldiers didn't give any assistance to people who were very ill.⁵²

Epiphanie Mukandutiye was too distressed to eat or drink, but her little daughter cried from hunger. She says the soldiers showed no compassion, compounding her despair.

Even if I had wanted something, I would probably not have got it, judging by the dry lips and hungry faces of the people there. I had hoped that UNAMIR would give us something, but we got nothing. UNAMIR killed us in advance. Have you ever seen people packed in together, with nothing to eat and drink, and no blankets, only a few crumbs from the priests? I heard those wretched people saying, "*Abuvunamuheto b'abasirikari ba UNAMIR banyakuba uko nabaye.*" ("These damned UNAMIR soldiers: please God, make them suffer just like me.") I was left there like a lonely tree on a hill.

Yet those people lacked nothing. I wasn't interested in anything and certainly not in the few crumbs they handed out when they felt like it. I was more concerned about the children there. The days seemed very long while we were there.

"My daughter cried whenever she didn't get the handouts from the priests, yet the UNAMIR soldiers would walk past us guzzling milk and biscuits as our children cried with hunger."

Claire Kayitesi was with 20 others—11 of them from her family—when she arrived at the ETO compound on 9 April. They were searched and then allowed to enter. The lack of food, she explained, was due to the fact the refugees were eating the school's emergency stocks and that these were low given that it was the Easter holidays. Refugees inside were sharing plates between 10 people, but she pitied those who were outside for whom there was nothing.⁵³

Chantal Mukampama also lost her appetite through worry, but she said the "children used to fall on the food." They were given rice and potatoes, but it was never enough. She added: "You had to be strong to survive on what they gave us to eat there."

⁵² Interviewed in Kigali, 30 May 2000.

⁵³ Interviewed in Kigali, 26 June 2000.

At mealtimes, the scramble for food was a painful business. Florence Mukakabanda felt that there could have been greater efforts to organize the refugees, their food and accommodation, and that UNAMIR should have taken a hand in this.

No special arrangements had been made to accommodate such a large number of people. We slept in the rooms and had nothing to eat. Not one UN soldier came to help or organize us. Everyone made do as best they could. There were children, old people, men, women and babies all mixed together in one room. We had nothing to eat and remained in the same state of chaos until the following day.

On 9 April they gave us something to eat at midday, just some rice which they brought in pots and left there. The refugees had to fend for themselves, finding plates and sharing it. It was as if the soldiers were feeding their dogs. You can imagine what happened when these starving people were faced with food. It was complete shambles; only the strongest managed to get anything to eat. The soldiers watched it all but didn't do anything to help sort it out. They weren't trying to help; it was just a formality to them.

A Lack of Support

In the heightened tension of those few days at ETO every word and gesture mattered enormously. It is difficult to overestimate how deeply people were affected by the apparent lack of concern on the part of UNAMIR soldiers for their welfare or how much words of comfort and kindness would have meant to them. Florence Kabazayire was seven months pregnant and was too scared to leave the room once inside the school buildings. She feels that the soldiers should have at least come to ask how the refugees were coping, but she never saw any of them do so.

I can't say the UN soldiers really wanted to guard over us or had any compassion towards us.

“I never saw a UN soldier come into our room to comfort us or ask us how we were feeling. Not once. The soldiers weren't at all happy to have us.”

How can they justify their attitude towards the refugees? I don't understand why they didn't deign to show any moral support to the thousands of refugees who came to them. The fact that they did not come to take a look in the room into which hundreds of people were crammed throws doubt on their goodwill and their humanity. They didn't change their attitude and remained negative towards the refugees.

Jean-Bosco Rutaysire confirmed Florence's view.

Not one soldier came to look in on the refugees inside the rooms. They just walked around inside ETO without paying the slightest attention to the refugees who were supposedly under their protection.

The disinterest of the soldiers was apparent, said Jeanne d'Arc Kayitesi.

It was the priests who found us somewhere to sleep. If UNAMIR at least had the audacity to lie to us that we would survive, that would have given a bit of hope and encouragement to those who died in fear and despair, those who died unjustly. But UNAMIR did nothing; they took not the slightest bit of interest in us. I can't comment on their attitude, because

they didn't have one. Nor on their change of policy, because they made no attempt to do anything.

Florence Mukakabanda agreed that the soldiers kept their distance from the refugees.

There was never any relationship to speak of between the refugees and UNAMIR. There were soldiers walking around inside the fence and others in position, but there was no contact between the refugees and UNAMIR. I never saw them come to ask the refugees anything.

Not all the survivors shared this view, and two young girls commented positively on the attitude of the soldiers. Apoline was aged 16 at the time.

I myself found the UNAMIR soldiers quite friendly. They used to supervise when our food rations were given out. They even used to come and check up on us at night. They themselves told us they were going to leave and made it clear the orders came from the UN Security Council.

Gentile Umubyeye also felt that the soldiers had "good intentions" and said that some did come and "chat to the refugees in the chapel."

Denied Access

The UNAMIR troops were surrounded by people in dire need, but if the attention they gave to those inside ETO was minimal, they seemed even less concerned with the fate of those who arrived after they had decided to close the gates. Father Jean-Paul Lebel was not sure of all the reasons why the soldiers refused entry to some of the refugees, including, he said, "some wounded people." He said that the "official reason was overcrowding" and confirmed that the group inside ETO was large. But, for the refugees, their exclusion from the ETO buildings was a further shock to add to the many others they had suffered. It was not only the fact of their exclusion, but its manner which perturbed them. As he headed for ETO, Ignace Benimana had come across nine other refugees hiding in Kicukiro primary school. He described the reaction of the ETO soldiers when the group arrived at the main gate.

There was one UNAMIR soldier at the gate, and some more dug in nearby, aiming their guns at us. They told us to put our hands up, and to keep ten metres away from the gate. They said ETO was full of refugees and we would have to join the others on the sports field.

Families were divided by the closure of ETO. Ignace's wife was inside, and he was only able to talk to her through the hedge. Although she was hungry, he said those outside were denied even tap water.

No one gave us anything, not even water from the tap. UNAMIR drove us away when we asked them for water. We were kept alive by divine providence. Those who could buy bread outside found that a 50-franc loaf now cost 500 or 1000 francs. My wife managed to talk to me through the hedge because we were not allowed near the fence. She told me our children were hungry. But there was nothing I could do about it.

Anastasie Mukarukaka was outside while her husband was inside ETO. She found the soldiers to be unsympathetic and even hostile.

UNAMIR did nothing for us. They refused to let refugees get inside ETO. They were arrogant. They refused to let me talk to my husband and tell him what I had seen going on outside. When they did let us talk, it was through the barbed wire fence. Were the people in there refugees or prisoners? That is what I'd like to know.

**“They abandoned us because they never regarded us as human beings.
UNAMIR treated us in a cold manner and clearly despised us.”**

The soldiers had no sympathy for our plight. The sick got no treatment from them. I don't know their names but, if they are still alive, I would remember their faces. We even had to struggle to get water to drink. They always seemed on edge.

Spéciose argued that there was enough room inside ETO to accommodate more refugees.

Our relations with UNAMIR were non-existent. They didn't trust us and they didn't even want to help us. We remained outside during the whole period we were at ETO. The enclosure of ETO wasn't full. Why did they refuse to let us inside when the dangers were obvious?

Kanonko had remained in his home in sector Kicukiro for several days and then went to ETO because, he said, “UNAMIR soldiers were there and it was the only place where Tutsis were safe.” Although he is elderly, now aged 76, he was left to sleep in the stadium. He at least got some drinking water, brought out by people inside the ETO buildings.

UNAMIR should have let us into ETO, and not forced us to camp outside, in the open air. Fortunately, there were so many of us that we consoled one another.⁵⁴

Vénantie said she saw very little of the ETO soldiers, as she was refused entry to the compound. She said they did shout warnings about suspicious activity by the interahamwe to the refugees outside, but they never came to see or help them.

We had a terrible time, without food or water. It was a precarious existence. We had no idea what was going on, or how long we would be there. There were 800 people camped there, with no one to organize or help us.

The decision to prevent refugees from entering ETO after the 9th was so strict that even children became separated from their parents. Jean-Claude Rurangwa was 12 at the time and was inside ETO while his mother was refused entry. He said he was “too young to know what reasons they could possibly have for doing that.”

Refugees who did manage to enter the main compound condemned UNAMIR's decision to leave their fellow displaced people to camp outside. Florence Mukakabanda's family was also split up.

My brother had to stay outside whilst I, my aunt Génèreuse, my older sister Donata Uzamukunda and my brothers Rutagarama and Emmanuel Gasana, who are all dead now, were on the inside.

Florence considered UNAMIR's behaviour to be unreasonable.

Apart from the fact that they ignored our humanitarian needs, I can't see why they refused entry to people who were being threatened. There was enough room. They should have at least let them inside the fence. They didn't do anything, and look what happened. Leaving people outside in danger proves they knew what they were doing when they handed us over to the interahamwe. I don't think they felt the slightest compassion towards us whatsoever when they left.

Jean-Bosco Rutayisire, a 24-year-old student, and his family came to ETO on the 9th from the parish. They were among the last to gain entry to the school and they found space in the chapel next to the head teacher's office. He disputes the claim that the school buildings were full.

⁵⁴ Interviewed in Kigali, 16 February 2000.

People who arrived less than two hours after us were refused entry. The reason they were given was that all the rooms were full, but that was a lie because there were rooms which were not occupied. They were fully aware of how dangerous the interahamwe were and that the refugees were threatened and unarmed.⁵⁵

Yves Habumuremyi said those inside ETO tried to persuade the soldiers to allow in the refugees who had been turned away, but to no avail. The gates to ETO were permanently shut after 12:00 p.m. on the 9th.

At around 12:00 p.m., the UNAMIR soldiers closed all the gates of ETO. After that time no one else who arrived could get in. They had to camp out in the sports field of ETO. These refugees kept shouting to be allowed in, showing the guards at the gate that the militiamen were not far away. At the same time, those inside ETO kept asking the soldiers to let in the refugees on the sports field, but they refused. There were about five UNAMIR soldiers guarding that gate. The priests Michel and Lionel claimed that the reason for not letting the new refugees in was the lack of food supplies for so many people. They said ETO students had not left much food in the store.

Eric said it was clear that the soldiers did not welcome the arrival of any of the refugees at ETO. He questions their reason for excluding the later arrivals.

They refused access to families, saying ETO was swamped. That was untrue; there was plenty of room for them.

Some refugees go further to argue that the exclusions were the consequence of indifference. Jacqueline Kabagwira was allowed in on the 7th, but only after getting what she described as “a hostile reception” from the soldiers at the gate. She described the soldiers’ attitude to the refugees as characterized by “mistrust.” Their treatment of the refugees on the sports ground she found impossible to justify.

I never saw or heard of any UNAMIR soldiers doing anything to help the refugees.

“Why did they leave men, women, old people and children outside in the cold, vulnerable to the interahamwe?”⁵⁶

Assumpta’s conviction that the UNAMIR troops would protect the refugees was shattered when they refused to allow refugees entry on the 9th. That these vulnerable people should be left outside where, Assumpta pointed out, they were at the mercy of the interahamwe, was incomprehensible to her. Those inside could hear the screams of terror from the group outside when they came under attack from the interahamwe. It was then that she lost hope.

Some of us knew the language spoken by the UNAMIR soldiers. That’s how Ntasinzira and lots of other people begged the UNAMIR to intervene to save the poor refugees but they didn’t reply. I knew in my heart that they would let us down too when I saw their attitude.

⁵⁵ Interviewed in Kigali, 4 January 2000.

⁵⁶ Interviewed in Kigali, 9 February 2000.

Camped Outside ETO: No Help

While the situation inside the ETO buildings was difficult, the people who had been unable to gain entry and were gathered on the sports field were left to fend for themselves entirely. Although they were only a few metres away from the UNAMIR soldiers' camp, the people outside ETO felt very isolated and soon realized that the soldiers did not intend to offer them any assistance. As Vianney Ndacyayisenga explained, the refugees were left to try and manage as best they could.

We spent the night in the open. The only building was the sports grandstand. Most of the people in there were women and children. I spent the night outside, using my jacket as a blanket. We had no food supplies except for what we would organize from time to time. One day we bought half a kilo of rice and shared it among 10 or 12 people. I cooked it myself. Not one UNAMIR soldier ever came over to where we were to ask how we were getting on.⁵⁷

The refugees in the sports ground were cold, hungry and in need of medical help. They took the initiative to try and improve conditions for themselves. One of the men who took the lead in



One of the sports grounds outside ETO

establishing welfare committees was Fidèle Kanyabugoyi, the co-founder of the human rights organization, Kanyarwanda. His widow, Spéciose Mukayiranga, gave details.

Fidèle got together with other refugees to form committees responsible for the welfare of the refugees. We could see that UNMIR wasn't in the least bit interested in us. They set up three committees. The security committee was composed of Fidèle, Elie Mukuzagana, François Kanamugire, known as "Gitoki," and several young people. Three of them died.

There was also a provisions committee charged with looking for food and water, especially for the children and other vulnerable groups. It

⁵⁷ Interviewed in Kigali, 22 May 2000.

included Issa Rajabari, who is still alive. There was also the hygiene committee. The committees dug latrines and constructed a sort of shower in the branches of a tree. There were around four latrines.

Augustin was another of the many refugees who was not allowed inside the ETO compound. He spoke of the shortage of water, pointing out that this was available inside the school, but no attempt was made to distribute it outside the buildings.

We didn't get any assistance from UNAMIR. I had nothing to eat all the time I was there. No one could wash because they were not allowed to use the water supply, unlike the refugees inside the compound.

The refugees on the sports ground were extremely susceptible to attack. Augustin was on the security committee set up to try and protect the refugees.

Eventually, we got organized and established a daily routine for the refugees. We had to keep watch at night to make sure the interahamwe did not take us by surprise. We were in increasing danger, especially at night. We got no sleep because we had women, children and old people to protect. We rested during the day, so that we could keep vigil at night. We had torches to see by and our only weapons were clubs and *massues*. Other committee members included Théoneste Kayinamura; Jean-Pierre Uwakayibanda; Janvier; Marike Nsengiyumva; and a man known as "Gasongo."

Vianney Ndayayisenga highlighted the proximity of the militia.

No UNAMIR soldiers came to guard us. God alone protected us because we could see the interahamwe right next to us. About five or six UNAMIR soldiers had stopped us getting in. There were barbed wire fences near the rear entrance that opened into the bush. We gazed through the fence at those lucky enough to be inside, yet they were to die later when UNAMIR failed to protect them.

Madeleine spoke of the desperation felt by the refugees outside and their struggle to survive.

In the evening the men-folk organized themselves to mount a guard. The soldiers had suggested that if we came under attack we should shout to alert them. The able men, including Kanyabugoyi; Kayumba; Gitoki; Dismas; and Vianney organized us. They are all dead now. They helped to ensure our security, but also kept our spirits up. For example they asked us to share what little we had or to keep it for the children. In fact, from the moment we arrived until the moment we left, we received nothing from UNAMIR – no food, no blankets and no water to quench our thirst.

They didn't even allow us to use their facilities to wash. When it rained, we managed to shelter in the small stadium built for the football pitch which served as a bedroom for the majority of the refugees. All the time I was there I never saw a UNAMIR soldier go out of his way to ask us anything or even to reassure us.

She gave her opinion about the behaviour of the soldiers.

The fact that the soldiers kept us outside the compound when there was room inside shows their lack of goodwill.

"We never received any help of any kind from them – no water, no blankets, no food, nothing. No member of the UNAMIR forces even came to assess our situation."

None of the soldier mixed with us; they just watched us through the barbed wire fence. It was as if we didn't exist. They were only 200 metres away, yet they didn't even speak to the refugees. They told us to keep our distance and we had to respect that.

After eluding the interahamwe when they launched a raid at his home, 19-year-old David Kwitonda hid with his brother at the home of a neighbour. Meanwhile, his mother had managed to reach ETO. Early the following morning she arranged for a Hutu friend, Ntangungira, to find her children and bring them to the school. Refused entry to the school, David was among the crowd on the sports field.

We were faced with very difficult living conditions there. We lived on what little people had brought with them and most of that was given to youngsters like ourselves.⁵⁸

The presence of UNAMIR close at hand was the motivation for the refugees to stay at the sports field, despite all the problems. As Vénuste Karasira commented, it was thought they would offer some protection.

None of the UNAMIR soldiers ever helped us organize things. We made our own arrangements for food, making sure the children were fed. We dug our own latrines. We did what we could to give the refugees a minimum of organization. The fact that they refused to let us get right inside ETO was not a problem in itself. Being protected by them was the main thing. But they failed in that because they didn't really care about us. They did nothing.

Obvious Discrimination

Among their memories of ETO, many survivors dwelled on the contrast between the way UNAMIR received them, and the soldiers' very different attitude towards expatriates. They noticed and found it distressing that UNAMIR soldiers should make such an obvious distinction between the locals and foreigners. Although their purpose in Rwanda at this time was not simply to protect or evacuate foreigners, it was evident that they considered this to be their overriding responsibility. Jeanne d'Arc Kayitesi spoke of the "warm welcome" given to Europeans.

No one paid any attention to us. We stayed in the classrooms, and not one soldier came and asked for any information about us. We saw them coming and going. No one took any interest in us at all. But whenever a white man arrived, the soldiers fell over one another to carry his luggage or park his car for him.

In the opinion of Agnès, the soldiers at ETO focused on saving expatriate lives above all. She concluded: I don't think UNAMIR really saw us as human beings."

"They did not think we were worth bothering with, unlike the Europeans."

When the ETO director, Father Michel, was about to leave, he asked for all the keys to be returned to him. Whatever for? Unless they thought we would not be needing those rooms any longer! It was so heartless.

The displaced Rwandese were not given much opportunity to communicate with the soldiers, but Eric said they did discuss matters with the expatriates.

⁵⁸ Interviewed in Kigali, 19 April 2000.

The soldiers did not say a word to us. But it was different with the Europeans there. They used to speak with them, but not with us. I think they saw us as different from themselves.

There is a shared view among survivors that the Belgian soldiers saw them as part of the problem, rather than victims, and that their attitude was influenced by racism. This is reinforced by the accounts of the humiliation which some male refugees endured. The example of Emmanuel Rugangura's experience is telling. Emmanuel is the husband of a UNDP employee and had been under threat even before the genocide. Emmanuel ran to ETO on the 10th, being pursued by an army reservist sent to kill him. The soldiers had little sympathy.

When I got to the football pitch the Belgian soldiers shouted at me to "crawl." All the refugees had got up to see the newcomer. Even those inside the enclosure had come out. Kanyabugoyi of Kanyarwanda, the human rights association, took me to one side to comfort me. Most of the refugees thought that the interahamwe had shot me. My wife was on the inside and said to the soldiers: "That's my husband, he's been injured, you have to save him." The soldiers refused me entry.

Emmanuel was eventually allowed into ETO, but only after much pleading on the basis that his wife was an employee of UNDP and proof to that effect. As he pointed out, others "in the same position if not worse" were refused.

UNAMIR did not give us a warm welcome. Even though I arrived there towards the end of its stay, I can confirm that it was not bothered with the lives of the refugees. A Belgian major told my wife: "No room for sentiment here. I haven't seen my wife for five months." That's not the answer of someone who is responsible for people threatened with extermination.

Agnès Nyirabasinga observed the episode involving Emmanuel Rugangura and said it was evidence of the fact that for UNAMIR "Africans were not worth bothering with, unlike the Europeans."

I can't begin to describe the way UNAMIR treated us. We were a bit wary of them. Either UNAMIR had been ordered not to have any contact with us, or perhaps they were racist hypocrites who didn't want anything to do with blacks. But, in any case, there was never any contact between the soldiers and the refugees.⁵⁹

Another man who was forced to crawl as he approached ETO is Vianney Ndacyayisenga: he too



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Interviewed in Kigali, 8 February 2001

Inside a Classroom at ETO

ran there having just escaped from the militia. Vianney, 37, a driver, was from Kicukiro, sector Kagarama and was living in cellule Kanserege. At the time, he and his wife had one child; all three of them survived the genocide.

Vianney had known immediately that Habyarimana's death meant that all Tutsis "would be slaughtered" so he dug a trench in his garden in which to hide on 7 April. But he became restless when he saw the Tutsis abandoning their homes, and he decided to join them. They hid together in a field of sorghum, but they were spotted by militiamen who opened fire upon them. They ran to the home of a neighbour, but his son was also in the interahamwe and they found that the house had become an interahamwe meeting point. Vianney and a group of companions ran towards ETO on the 8th, between 6:00 and 6:30 p.m. Some were turned back along the way, including Vianney's father, André Nkurubindi, but Vianney made it.

We ran into a UNAMIR soldier who advised us to get in by crawling under the fence. We crawled in, but the UNAMIR soldiers would not let us stay there with them, and told us to stay in the sports field. So that was where we stayed.

Women in particular criticized the body searches conducted by the soldiers as unnecessarily thorough. Some refugees, however, said they understood the necessity for the procedure, given the proximity of the interahamwe. Indeed, with large numbers of refugees arriving simultaneously and the possibility of infiltration by the interahamwe, searching incomers for arms would appear an understandable precautionary measure. Nevertheless, it is worth noting the differences in the soldiers' approach depending on the identity of the new arrival as is evident from the following statements from two Rwandese women.

Yvonne was upset by the search, arguing that the soldiers showed little concern for the feelings and dignity of women.

Even the oldest women had to be searched for arms, and every part of the body that could conceal a weapon or anything else was examined. The searching was done only by soldiers who showed no embarrassment at touching women's breasts or bottoms. They acted as though it was an every day occurrence.

Rose Mushikwabo, 30, was new to cellule Gatere in Kicukiro and was little known by the local residents. She believes this, added to the fact that she had a European friend, prevented an attack upon her home in the first days of the genocide. On 10 April, an Italian woman married to a Rwandese who is also named Rose, came to her home, accompanied by two UNAMIR soldiers. She advised Rose and her friends to come with her to ETO.

We grabbed our things and piled into our car. We thought it would only be for a few days, and things would calm down after that. Besides, ETO was only 100 metres from our house.⁶⁰

Arriving as she did with several expatriates, Rose was treated less harshly than Rwandese. She was automatically allowed to enter ETO when other Rwandese who reached there on the 10th were turned away. Rather than a full day search, only her bag was checked.

We drove off with the UNAMIR jeep following us. I was in the car with Luciano and Roberto Ratti, and Sifa, who just happened to be visiting us. She was evacuated with us and now lives in Belgium. We had no problems reaching the ETO, probably because of our UNAMIR escort. There were interahamwe swarming all over the place, but they didn't dare stop us. We even saw some interahamwe up in the trees. When we entered ETO, the soldiers searched our bags, but did not do a body search.

⁶⁰ Interviewed in Kigali, 14 February 2000.

Another incident which showed the soldiers in a poor light was recounted by Jean-Bosco Rutaysire. He was one of about 30 young men who were ordered to dig trenches for the soldiers. They were supervised by the soldiers but, he said, never offered any encouragement or thanks for their work, which was exhausting.

There were three men in each group. I was in a team with Joseph Zitoni and Laurent Runangwa, both of them now dead. The trench we dug was at the main entrance to ETO. The soldiers told us what size to make it. They stood there watching but didn't say anything to us. I remember Zitoni asking them how long they were going to stay there but they didn't reply. We started digging at around 11:00 a.m. and finished at about 1:00 p.m. They asked us to do the work even though we were still tired. The trenches were about three metres long, one and half metres wide and one metre deep. The others who dug included Jean de Dieu Harelimana, alias "Kinonko" from Kicukiro; Kadafi, Tuyisenge and Mirindi from Gatare.

Jean-Bosco assessed the relations between the refugees and UNAMIR as "almost non-existent" and reached the damning conclusion that "they didn't treat us like human beings."

Jean-Pierre Rukerikibaye also dug the trenches. He feels the men were treated unfairly and without respect.

They promised us we would be paid in food, but gave us nothing when we had finished, just saying "Go and get some water to drink."

CHAPTER IV

THE SITUATION DETERIORATES

“When the UNAMIR contingent at ETO left, there could not have been any doubt as to the risk of massacre which awaited the civilians who had taken refuge with them. Indeed, the interahamwe and the Rwandese Government Forces had for days been stationed outside the school. The manner in which the troops left, including attempts to pretend to the refugees that they were not in fact leaving, was disgraceful. If such a momentous decision as that to evacuate the ETO school was taken without orders from the Force Commander, that shows grave problems of command and control within UNAMIR.”⁶¹

A Sense of Foreboding, 10 April

From the morning of Sunday 10 April, the atmosphere at ETO became even more strained. The refugees were alerted to the possibility of a UNAMIR pull out through meetings with the soldiers. Recollections of the details of these meetings vary among the refugees, but most speak of their realization that the soldiers would not offer them the care and protection they sought, and of the need to begin looking for alternatives. It seems that the head of the UNAMIR contingent at ETO, Lieutenant Lemaire, first met with a small group of refugees and then addressed the crowd inside the school, but not those in the sports field. Despite this, it is clear that no-one had any idea that the troops intended to leave the following day. There were discussions about what the refugees might best do in the event of a pull out, but the suggestions that the soldiers should first escort them elsewhere were dismissed, leaving the crowd under a cloud of uncertainty.

The expatriates at ETO were also nervous. They had been informed early on in the crisis that they would be evacuated. By the 10th they were told that paratroopers would come for them “at any moment,” but they did not appear to have communicated this knowledge to the refugees. The fears of all increased when the groups of interahamwe, which had been loitering outside the school, launched an attack upon the people in the sports field. They defended themselves with stones and the soldiers fought off the militiamen with gunfire, averting a massacre. This was a demonstration of exactly how important the presence of the soldiers was and what would happen should they leave. While it did prompt further requests from the refugees to be escorted to a safer place, it did not lead to an alteration in the plans of the UNAMIR soldiers.

One of the first incidents to cause concern among the refugees on the 10th was the arrival inside the school buildings of government soldiers. At first the refugees were very wary of the group, which was led by Col. Léonidas Rusatira. Some recognized Rusatira who had lived in cellule Gatara, sector Kicukiro for many years and was a high-ranking officer in the FAR. Rusatira is said to have discussed the refugees’ situation with the UNAMIR soldiers and representatives of the gathering. He is also said to have come to tell the Hutus at ETO to go home.⁶² According to Fr. Léon, Rusatira seemed “sincere, with peaceful intentions,” and he had come to assess the refugees’ food needs. The refugees agree that his visit took place on Sunday the 10th. Fr. Léon said the officer met with the soldiers and the priests

⁶¹ The *Independent Inquiry*, p.28.

⁶² See the International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda, The Prosecutor of the Tribunal against Georges Rutaganda, case no. ICTR-96-3-T, 4.4 Paragraphs 13, 14, 15 and 16 of the Indictment. According to the evidence of Witness A, in events alleged at the Rutaganda trial, Rusatira “asked the Hutus [at ETO] to separate themselves from the group. Thereafter approximately 600 to 1,000 Hutus left the compound.” (268). The factual findings of the trial support this conclusion stating: “Col. Leonidas Rusatila separated Hutus from Tutsis at the ETO, prior to the attack, and several hundred Hutus left the ETO compound.” (299). Details of the proceedings of the Rutaganda trial are available on the internet at www.ictt.org

and then went away to request supplies from the bourgmestre. Fr. Léon says they “received a vanload of beans, sent over by the bourgmestre... thanks to that Colonel.” Another account of Rusatira’s visit suggests that he came to the school looking for family members and gave sacks of rice to the refugees.⁶³

Belancille Beninka said Rusatira met with first the soldiers and then some of the refugees. Her husband was one of the men he spoke to.

At about 9:00 or 10:00 a.m. on 10 April, we protested against the entry of Rwandese soldiers into ETO. Most of us ran up to see what the soldiers wanted. That was when I saw Col Léonidas Rusatira. He was in uniform and accompanied by four other soldiers. He first held talks with European UNAMIR officers, and then he approached the refugees, and chose about ten men, with whom he held more talks. They included my husband and a man named Fidèle Kanyabugoyi. He promised them he was going to send us some gendarmes to protect us.

Col. Rusatira came back at about 4:00 p.m., studied the refugees out on the playing fields for a while, and then left again.⁶⁴

Jeanne d’Arc Kayitesi had lived near Rusatira “ever since primary school.” She recognized him immediately when he arrived on the morning of the 10th.

He arrived at 9:00 a.m. that day and said he wanted to address the refugees. He returned at 10:00 a.m. wearing army uniform. They called us together for a meeting outside the film theatre; Rusatira stood on the stairs between the film theatre and the “white house.” I had a good view of him there in front of me. He said he intended to send some Rwandese soldiers over to guard us. He told us to stay calm, but said it was pointless and impossible for UNAMIR to guard Rwandese when the government had the national army. The refugees didn’t want anything to do with the army, and told Rusatira what they thought of that idea. The meeting went on for about an hour, and they left immediately afterwards. The refugees outside the fence had no idea what was happening. Meanwhile the interahamwe were threatening ETO. They were shouting and firing in the air to frighten us. After the meeting, the UNAMIR people began packing up. They took down the tents, and loaded some items into the lorries.

Madeleine heard that the reason for Rusatira’s visit on 10 April was to evacuate “the children of a relative of his called Marie who had married a Tutsi” while Ignace Benimana recalled seeing people going home following his visit. Another refugee who remembers the visit of Col. Rusatira was Yves Habumuremyi, who thought he came around 11:00 a.m.

We saw a green Pajero drive up, and two Rwandese soldiers got out. As we watched them, I heard people around saying: “The one in front is Col. Rusatira.” They also went to the two-storey house where the leaders of the Belgian contingent were based, and held talks with them.

About 30 minutes later Rusatira and his men had left, the priests, including Michel, chose about 15 men from among the refugees, and held a brief meeting with them. They told the 15 men, including my father, that they could take us to the offices of the préfecture of Kigali, where we would be protected. My father and the others rejected the idea.

Yves agreed with Belancille that the colonel returned later that day.

⁶³ See Human Rights Watch, *Leave None to Tell the Story*.

⁶⁴ Interviewed in Kigali, 30 May 2000.

Rusatira's Pajero re-appeared at about 4:00 p.m. The Col. went back into the two-storey house, and spent a whole hour there in discussions with the priests and the UNAMIR soldiers. Then he emerged and headed for the sports field. He was accompanied by four other Rwandese soldiers who probably made up his escort. We had no idea what he had gone to see over there, but he returned a few minutes later, got into his car, and drove off.

As well as the discussions with Col. Rusatira, there were meetings between the refugees and the UNAMIR soldiers on the 10th. Jean-Paul Biramvu was included in a group of the refugees who met with Lieutenant Luc Lemaire to discuss security. The possibility that UNAMIR might leave was mentioned on the 10th, he said, but there was no suggestion of when this would be. When the issue was raised with the other refugees, it provoked panic.

On Sunday, representatives of the people who had taken refuge at ETO met with the head of the Belgian UNAMIR contingent based at ETO. The school was already surrounded by the Presidential Guards and the interahamwe. He said he would assure our security as long as they were there. But added that it was possible that his country would recall him after which he could not be responsible for what happened to us. He told us to start thinking about what we might do if UNAMIR left.

The refugees met to discuss their options. Some people suggested that we remain at ETO and fight attackers. Some suggested we move to Amahoro Stadium while others thought CND (RPF headquarters) was a better alternative. It was impossible for such a large crowd to make a decision by consensus or calmly, especially when everyone was very afraid.

The Belgian military commander said that when they left, we should either flee or return to our homes. He added: "Whatever you do, the most important thing is that you should leave as soon as we depart."

Florence Mukakabanda was among the refugees who demonstrated their terror on learning that UNAMIR was considering withdrawal at some stage in the future. She said that eventually the soldier who addressed the crowd appeared to capitulate to their demand to stay until the RPF arrived.

He told us the Rwandese government was demanding they leave.

"We shouted that UNAMIR had to stay to guarantee our safety. We stressed that the government was in favour of the killings and was hardly going to protect us when it was preparing carnage."

There were three people in charge of negotiating with UNAMIR. In the end, UNAMIR assured us it was going to stay just to stop us shouting.

Nevertheless, Florence said, there were soon indications that the soldiers were intending to leave. That evening and the following morning she saw them packing up and "dismantling the defences around their trenches." This activity was noticed by some inside, but was not visible to the refugees outside ETO. Spéciose, for instance, had no inkling of the prospect of a UN departure. She and the other refugees on the sports field were preoccupied in the aftermath of an assault launched by the interahamwe upon them. Brother Gaspard Nteziryayo estimates that this took place around 1:00 p.m. and noted that UNAMIR troops "returned fire." Following this incident, Spéciose said, the refugees tried to establish some normality, drawing comfort from the soldiers' presence.

With UNAMIR nearby we knew nothing serious would happen. People were telling each other war stories about houses being burned and people dying. We even started doing some washing!

Spéciose did, however, sense the increasing frustration of the UNAMIR soldiers which became more apparent from Monday. With hindsight, she felt they had begun to resent their inability to act and that this affected how they regarded the refugees.

On Monday, the situation began to deteriorate as UNAMIR made preparations to depart. By then, the Belgian soldiers were utterly disgusted with their inability to protect us or themselves. It was after the murder of their colleagues (the ten soldiers who were guarding Prime Minister Agathe Uwilingiyimana). Their anger and frustration about this made them indifferent to our security; it was as if we had murdered their colleagues instead of being victims ourselves. We were just objects to them and their attitude seemed to be: “You are all the same.”

Jean-Bosco Rutaysire agreed that the interahamwe were “still afraid of the UNAMIR soldiers” and this was the principal factor in forcing them to retreat on the 10th, although they were “armed to the teeth.”

Florence acknowledged that the UNAMIR soldiers managed to drive off the interahamwe, but she said this only made their lack of commitment to the refugees more obvious: UNAMIR knew the immediate danger they were in but took no action.

UNAMIR was always fearing the worst, but then did nothing to protect the refugees outside. When they left us to our sorry fate they were in no doubt as to what would happen.

Given the dire circumstances of the refugees outside ETO, Vénuste and some of the others from the sports field, like those inside, had already sought to persuade the soldiers to help them find a more secure place. He outlined the requests they made to the soldiers and their response, adding his impression that the soldiers were fearful. He said they gave some advice on what the refugees should do in the event of attack, telling them to “lie flat when you hear shots, for example, and not getting in the way of their gun sights.” Their presence, he said, did afford the refugees some protection. However, Vénuste described UNAMIR as “powerless and somewhat nervous observers” and the relationship they had with the refugees as “tentative.”

We had some discussions with the UNAMIR soldiers, and suggested ways in which they could rescue us from the danger that threatened us.

“We asked them to escort us to the RPF zone in Remera. Later, we asked them to go and tell the RPF that we were there at ETO.”

I don’t know whether they even acted on that suggestion. Whenever we suggested doing anything, they would reply, “We’ll see; we’ll see.”

Preparing to Leave, 11 April

Monday April 11 was the last day of sanctuary at ETO, the day on which more than 2,000 displaced people who had gathered there lost their lives. With the confused messages they had gotten from the soldiers in the preceding days, the refugees were totally unprepared for the sudden departure of the troops which took place around 2:00 p.m. The lack of information, advice or assistance in the crucial hours before the departure undoubtedly contributed to the scale of the disaster which befell the ETO refugees. Had they been given the opportunity to either plan or attempt an escape, the carnage would not have been as extensive. The decisions made by UNAMIR commanders on the ground on this last day were deeply flawed and while Lieutenant Lemaire in particular has since expressed shock and regret⁶⁵ at what ensued, it is clear that the soldiers knew the gravity of the danger in which they left the refugees.

The key factor behind the decision of Belgian troops to leave ETO on the 11th was certainly the evacuation of the expatriates. Had the French paratroopers not arrived to escort the Belgians and other Europeans at ETO to the airport, there would have been no question of withdrawal for UNAMIR. For several days the soldiers had been concerned about how this evacuation would be effected, but the moment this preoccupation was resolved and the foreigners left, Lemaire requested authorization to leave, which he was given by his superiors.⁶⁶ None were in any doubt that the interahamwe intended to storm the school. But whatever their subsequent regrets, the loss of refugee lives was apparently regarded as inevitable while the lives of expatriates were to be closely guarded. In fact the Belgian contingent at UNAMIR was expected to go to Gitarama to evacuate another group of expatriates, a mission which in the end proved unnecessary.⁶⁷

Lieutenant Lemaire apparently tried to find a means of getting help to the refugees; ultimately this came to nought.⁶⁸ Any initiative to save lives would have relied largely upon Lemaire's personal courage and ingenuity. While there is evidence of his concern about their situation, he could have no confidence that he would have the backing of his superiors or the UNAMIR command for an attempt to evacuate the Rwandese refugees.

Yet, as emphasized in the report of the *Independent Inquiry*, the order for Lemaire to withdraw at this stage ought to have come from the UNAMIR force commander, Dallaire, if at all. It is noted in the report that the arrival of the Belgian national troops "blurred the perception of the Kibati contingent... the Belgian troops within UNAMIR also began taking orders from and sharing material, with the evacuation force."⁶⁹ Clearly this was a factor in the events which took place at ETO. One solution to the problems Lemaire faced by the 11th might have been to wait and provide security for the refugees as long as possible.

The Evacuation

The fact that the expatriates would be evacuated was well-known by the 11th. Belgium had made the decision to evacuate its nationals on 8 April and most of the expatriates at ETO were Belgians. UNAMIR was expected to cooperate with the evacuations.⁷⁰ Both France and Belgium came swiftly to

⁶⁵ The OAU panel report quotes Lieutenant Luc Lemaire's expression of bitterness at being recalled: "As soldiers, we have to be ready to die at any moment." It contrasts this with the concern of the Belgian government to prevent further loss of Belgian lives. See paragraph 15.51.

⁶⁶ Ibid

⁶⁷ Ibid

⁶⁸ See Human Rights Watch, *Leave None to Tell the Story*.

⁶⁹ The *Independent Inquiry*, p.34.

⁷⁰ The OAU panel noted in paragraph 15.7 that the orders issued to Dallaire concerning the evacuations were exceptional in allowing him discretion to act beyond his mandate. The report comments: "The purpose of the

the aid of foreign nationals, and the United States and Italy also sent missions. French soldiers landed in Kigali early on the morning of 9 April and on the afternoon of the 10th Belgian planes carrying paratroopers were given authorization to land in Kigali. The following day the evacuations began in earnest.

Father Jean-Paul Lebel said that from the time he came to ETO on the 8th, there had been talk of an evacuation and they had been ready to leave for days. All along it was clear that it would be difficult to gain the inclusion of any Rwandese in the evacuation, although the idea of leaving them was intolerable to some of the priests.

My Salesian colleague, Father Léon, did not want to go, and I had to intervene as his superior, and make him understand that he would be in danger if he insisted on staying. The Belgium army chaplain also told me they would evacuate him for force unless I persuaded him to change his mind. Meanwhile, I was trying hard to get Jacqueline, a Rwandese girl I had adopted, included in the evacuation. I think the regular cancellations (about the evacuation) were due to the fact that the Belgians wanted to be quite sure the operation would succeed.

Brother Gaspard remembers the determination of Father Léon to stand by the refugees.

“Fr. Léon, and a Belgian teacher called Victor, began saying they would not leave and abandon the refugees in such an extremely dangerous situation.”

Their colleagues begun persuading them there were good reasons for the evacuation. But Fr. Léon went on refusing to go, until his colleagues decided to force him into the vehicle if they had to.

Father Léon Panhuysen pointed out that the militia had been stationed outside the school since 8 April and were easily able to monitor the movements of the Belgians. He knew the danger facing the refugees and wanted to remain with them.

I myself didn't want to be evacuated; I wanted to stay with the refugees. But my superior told me categorically: “Léon, you have taken a vow of obedience, and I'm ordering you to go.”

After days of speculation about when the evacuation would take place, finally on the morning of 11 April French soldiers came to prepare the expatriates to leave that day. Brother Gaspard recalled that the paratroopers in red berets arrived around 9:00 a.m. He believes there were Belgians among them.

The convoy was organized with two civilian vehicles following one military vehicle, and so on. It drove off at around noon.

Father Jean-Paul Lebel pointed out that the French came because their relations with local people was good while the Belgians were “afraid of local hostility.” Gustave and many of the other refugees realized that the soldiers who arrived that morning were French and were suspicious that this could mean the expatriates were leaving. However, there was no explanation given to the refugees about what was about to take place; on the contrary, Brother Gaspard said there was an attempt to deceive them.

By around 10:00 a.m., the refugees realized we were likely to leave them behind and were reacting badly. Seeing this, the lieutenant in command of the Belgian soldiers climbed up on to a tank, and used a loud-speaker to assure the refugees that UNAMIR was not going to desert them.

exception could not have been made more clear than by the words “ should this be essential for the evacuation of foreign nationals.” No such latitude was ever authorized for the protection of Rwandan nationals.”

The arrival of French soldiers, identifiable from the flags on their uniforms and their red berets, was a source of much concern to the refugees. Their apprehension increased when they saw the UNAMIR soldiers packing their bags, dismantling the guns from the trenches, taking down their tents and taking all their equipment towards one of the main buildings. The French soldiers returned later that morning, driving Jeeps with mounted guns through the small gate next to the field where the refugees were camping. They brought expatriates, including clergymen, gathered from different places. There were Spanish, Belgians, French and Italians amongst other nationalities. Vénuste said he talked to the Belgian soldiers as he saw them getting ready to leave.

As time went by, the situation became more dangerous. The interahamwe had been sniping at us from some few metres of the fence. When the soldiers began packing their bags, we had the chance to ask them what they were doing: “Why are you intending to leave when we are in danger?” “What’s going to happen to us?” Instead of replying, they just smiled grimly.

Belancille learned of the intended evacuation from one of the priests. She said the refugees had no doubt about its significance.

On 11 April, we saw some other white soldiers wearing red berets arriving in army vehicles. People around me said they were French soldiers. They were busy bringing in some white civilians they had evacuated from various places, concentrating them at ETO.

Meanwhile, the UNAMIR soldiers were congregating in one building. At some time between 11 and 12:00 p.m. they told us to get our children as the food would soon be ready.

During this time, Fr. Joseph Fonke told my son, Jean Nshimiye, that they were going home with the UNAMIR soldiers. My son told us about it. This threw us into a panic because the departure of UNAMIR meant we would be killed immediately.

Yves recalled that as the expatriates were loaded onto lorries, the refugees were offered food.

We saw the French soldiers come back at around 12:00 or 1:00 p.m., in about five Jeeps and three Hitachi minibuses. It was clear then that something was going to happen, especially as a priest from the Parish of Kicukiro, Fr. Joseph Fonke, told some refugees he was afraid he was going to be evacuated home with the UNAMIR soldiers. One of those he told was a young man named John Ntasinzira, who later died.

The French and UNAMIR soldiers began piling these people into the lorries. When they had finished they came and told us to go and eat. We refused, because we had just realized it was a trick to distract us, so that they could get away quickly without our knowledge.

The priests who were to be evacuated were having soup when the signal to withdraw was given. Fr. Léon ran with the others to board the vehicles. He described their journey.

We headed for Kanombe Airport, but had to make a detour via Rubirizi because the main road was packed with militiamen. When I reached the airport, I saw that at least five cargo 130 planes. We were told: “The Belgians this way.....”

In the experience of Fr. Léon, the “great hatred” directed at the Belgians after the crash of the presidential plane had a strong effect on the attitudes of the soldiers. This, together with the fact that they “lacked heavy armaments” led to the withdrawal of the Belgian contingent, which followed soon after their own evacuation. Brother Gaspard raises the suggestion that members of the other Belgian contingent based in Kigali were already working with the French to evacuate them. He believes the

fact that the soldiers who took them to the airport knew how to adjust their route indicated that they knew Kigali well.

The way they knew which detours to make on the way to the airport shows that the soldiers evacuating us knew the area well. I cannot state categorically, with no risk of being mistaken, that there were Belgian soldiers in the convoy. But I am sure that I saw with my own eyes the chaplain from the first Belgian contingent.

As a result of the protests from the expatriates, some Rwandese clergy were included among the evacuees, and a few other selected Rwandese. It is difficult to ascertain what the criteria for inclusion might have been. For instance Boniface Ngurinzira, a politician who was an immediate target of the extremists, had been under UNAMIR guard since before the 7th. He was brought with his family to ETO by the peacekeepers, but they offered him no further protection. He was not taken, although he asked the French troops to evacuate him, and was killed later that day.

Emmanuel said a list was drawn up by a UNDP employee, Cléophas Bazimaziki, who was married to an Italian. He wrote down the names of foreigners, Rwandese married to foreigners and Rwandese working for international organizations, but Emmanuel is not sure “who gave him the authority to compile the list.” When the evacuations began, Emmanuel and his wife, who worked for UNDP, were called up by a UNAMIR major. He spoke of their journey out of ETO and the warm reception given the French soldiers. But escaping from ETO was only the first hurdle they had to overcome.

ETO was occupied by Belgian soldiers but we were evacuated by the French. The streets of Kicukiro were already littered with corpses as we left. As we drove past, cries of “Vive la France!” rang out from the crowds lining the roads. We’d been divided into two convoys. The first went via Rubirizi to the airport. The second, our convoy, went to the French Lycée. When we got there the soldiers, probably French, wouldn’t let us in. We stayed outside under the amused gaze of the soldier guarding the entrance. Not far from there, at the entrance to the Kigali sports centre, there was an interahamwe roadblock. They came to threaten us, saying they were going to kill us in the night.

In the evening, at around 6:00 p.m. the soldier guarding the entrance came up and told us to “clear off.” I answered: “I’d rather be shot than killed with a machete.” He burst out laughing and left. It was as if they were mocking us.

We had no choice but to spend the night outside. We took advantage of the dark and the rain to slip under the vehicles in the school car park. There were around 13 of us.

The following day, around 10 lorries arrived to evacuate those who had spent the night at the French Lycée. We weren’t part of that group. The UNDP representative, Lemoire, arrived in an armoured car. My wife asked him why they refused to let us into the Lycée and he told her: “Boutros Ghali hasn’t given permission yet to evacuate the locals.⁷¹ They were waiting for the order from the UN and the UN Secretary General. Later, we made the most of the confusion to slip inside. That’s how we came to be evacuated.

⁷¹ The *Independent Inquiry* noted the bitter feelings of Rwandese national staff who were not evacuated in spite of the risk to their lives. It also criticized the UN for its lack of clear guidelines, saying: “The mistaken perception among national staff members in Rwanda that the United Nations would and could protect them shows a serious failure on the part of those in charge of security—in particular the Special Representative and the designated security official—to provide correct information to staff members.” P 29.

A nun from the order of the Disciples of Jesus of Eucharist was among the Rwandese clergy evacuated from ETO. This was the second time the UNAMIR troops had helped these nuns. The soldiers brought them to ETO on the 10th, but they did so only because of the insistence of the Italian nuns from the same convent. The Italian Sisters, who were determined not to leave without their Rwandese colleagues, had the support of the Italian consul who helped to convince the soldiers to take the Rwandese with them.⁷²

We were accommodated in the living room of the Salesian Fathers' main building. By the time we arrived, the UNAMIR soldiers were contacting the Europeans and warning them of their imminent departure. When they got round to the clergy, they first talked to the European nuns in our community. UNAMIR only intended to evacuate Europeans, but our Sisters refused to leave us behind. They told us about this. There were four European nuns and about 27 Rwandese. We heard about these discussions on Monday 11 April, only a short while before we left with UNAMIR.

What I did notice was that UNAMIR was not interested in saving the lives of black people. The Sisters categorically refused to go without us. Off course, we were last. UNAMIR kept telling our Italian Sisters: "If you refuse to leave, you'll be killed here." They were all aware of that because, as we were parking our vehicles at the French Lycée, some people charged up, armed to the teeth, and demanded the ignition keys. They drove off in the vehicles we had arrived in, but the Italians refused to give in. They insisted on saving us, whereas UNAMIR was going to abandon us for the second time in 24 hours.

Also in this convoy was another Rwandese nun who told of how the nuns finally left Rwanda.

UNAMIR was still insisting on evacuating only "foreigners." We left after the government ultimatum for the evacuation of foreigners had expired. We did not reach the airport until 11:00 a.m. on Tuesday because of the arguments over our evacuation. They didn't want to take us, and the Italian consul had to intervene directly on our behalf. We left in the last lorry of the last convoy. We took off from Kanombe at about 6:00 p.m. and flew to Kenya and then on to Europe.

Rose Mushikwabo spent one night at the school and then was evacuated. She knew she had only been taken along because of the efforts of her Italian friends.

Lucano Ratti's Italian family had taken responsibility for us. That was how we got evacuated with the rest. This was the case for all the other Africans there.

"Unless you attached yourself to a European who was leaving, you stayed behind."

Some other Rwandese were taken with the help of the Italian nuns from Kicukiro. There was a list of people connected to European families. That was how some people were saved when they had given up hope. There were about 20 people in our convoy excluding the soldiers. Our route took us from ETO to the airport via Rubirizi. We passed plenty of interahamwe, of course, but they didn't dare attack us because of our UNAMIR escort.⁷³

⁷² The Italian consul was one of the few diplomats who remained in Rwanda during the genocide. He also managed to evacuate children to Burundi.

⁷³ Interviewed in Kigali, 14 February 2000.

Rose spoke of her mixed feelings about leaving. She pointed out that her journey to the airport was without incident thanks to the UNAMIR escort.

It was hard for me to leave ETO. My heart was close to breaking. But, unfortunately, such is the will to survive. I can't describe what it was like to leave my friends behind, especially when their lives were in danger. It felt like sentencing them to death. They were terrified, in a state of shock. They kept saying to us: "So you too are abandoning us to the killers?"

Based on her own experience of travelling to the airport under UNAMIR escort, Rose is convinced that the refugees could have been accompanied to a safer location had the soldiers been prepared to try.

Grasping the opportunity to survive and deserting our friends in that situation was not at all easy for us. The Europeans were panicking. They thought the worst might happen at any moment, even on the plane. They were so overwhelmed by the whole situation that they hardly said anything.

UNAMIR could have saved the refugees. None of the interahamwe would have attacked ETO knowing that UNAMIR was there. They may have received orders to leave ETO, but they should have thought things through properly, realizing they had a duty not to let all those people be killed. They could have made arrangements to hand them over to the *Inkotanyi* in a place of safety. UNAMIR knew all about the danger the refugees were in, because they were continually being shot at by the interahamwe.

Jean-Paul Lebel said that while UNAMIR accepted their demand that the Rwandese priests be taken along, he had difficulties in obtaining the consent of officials to allow him to take his adopted daughter.

At first they refused to evacuate our colleagues—two Rwandese Brothers and two Congolese. But as we Salesians formed an indivisible community, the problem was resolved. They refused to take Jacqueline, because she had a Rwandese passport. I had to explain that she was my adopted daughter, but in vain. It got to the point where I told them I would not be leaving without her, adding: "I'm going to leave you a lot of bother." After an hour of fierce argument, the woman official who was making the fuss got tired, and stamped Jacqueline's hand, on condition I agreed not to take her to Belgium. I told her not to worry, because I knew we were not actually going to Belgium. We took off at about 5:00 p.m. in a Dutch Hercules plane and flew to Nairobi. We left there on 14 April. Jacqueline is now in Canada.

The Return of Colonel Rusatira, 11:00 a.m. – 12:00 p.m.: The Prelude to Departure

Many of the refugees remembered seeing Col. Rusatira arrive at ETO around 11:00 a.m. They questioned whether he had been asked to come and by whom. His presence intensified the concerns of refugees, and according to Florence, he told them UNAMIR intended to leave.

I don't know how he got there or who summoned him. He called a meeting which was held in the same place as before. The heads of UNAMIR stood next to him. He was wearing a military uniform. It was the first time that I'd seen Rusatira. He's about medium height. He introduced himself before he started the meeting and that's how I knew who he was.

His name was familiar to me anyway because I'd heard it mentioned all the time. None of the UNAMIR soldiers spoke.

“Rusatira said he'd come to tell us that UNAMIR was going to have to leave and that the government would come to ensure our safety. He said UNAMIR was leaving because its mandate had come to an end.”

We were shouting at all this and he cut us off short, saying: “Whether you like it or not, UNAMIR is leaving.” Then he added: “I'm bringing my soldiers to guard you.” He even joked, saying: “I can see some strapping young men here with you, you can defend yourselves.” Then he got into his jeep and left.

Jean d'Arc gave a similar account of Rusatira's visit.

Col. Rusatira came back and addressed us from the stairs again. He told us: “UNAMIR has made an irrevocable decision to leave. They are leaving now, straightaway.” After the meeting, UNAMIR began packing the rest of its equipment and loading it into the lorries.

Assumpta spoke of the visit of Col. Rusatira on the 11th, also noting that it was just after he left that the ETO soldiers began packing to leave.

Around midday or 1:00 o'clock we had seen a high ranking officer in the Rwandese army enter ETO. We knew him very well because he lived in Kicukiro. He was called Léonidas Rusatira. I knew him particularly well because he used to come and take my dad to do the welding on the doors and windows of his houses. He came to consult with the UNAMIR forces. Their meeting lasted about half an hour and then he left again.

According to Madeleine, Rusatira was in no doubt about the intentions of UNAMIR to leave.

He said the UNAMIR forces had to evacuate ETO because it had been requisitioned by the government. The UNAMIR had then asked what arrangements would be made for the refugees and Rusatira replied that the government had forces available which were capable of ensuring the security of the refugees.

Angélique did not hear Rusatira speak, but she did see him and confirmed that he came to ETO “in army uniform” and “with a military escort.” She recognized him from her neighbourhood in Gatare.

Ignace Benimana also has no doubts he saw Rusatira at ETO on the 11th, but he was on the sports field and therefore not aware of what he told the refugees inside.

I know Rusatira very well; we were neighbours. He left ETO at about 11:30 a.m. on the 11th, the day we were to die. On his way into the place for talks with the UNAMIR soldiers, he drove right past us. He didn't talk to any of the refugees on the playing field.

Solange Niwemutoni was also watching from the sports field as Rusatira drove away.

A lot of soldiers drove past us without saying a word, and drove off again. I was able to recognize Rusatira and his bodyguard, Alfred, among them. I knew Alfred well because he comes from Gatare in Kicukiro. I recognized Rusatira because I often used to pass him, out walking with his military escort, when I was on my way to early morning mass.

Rusatira went into ETO. About ten minutes later, a man I didn't recognize came over to where we were. He called out to a woman with us

who had twins. He told her Rusatira was looking for her. She was a soldier's wife. The UNAMIR soldiers let her in to join Rusatira. A short time later, we heard some refugees shouting. Then the UNAMIR soldiers who had been at the gate got in their vehicles and drove off, leaving the gate open. Then we heard gunfire and panicked.

Vianney is also from Gatare, the same cellule as Rusatira.

I saw Col. Rusatira at some time between 12:00 p.m. and 1:00 p.m., on 11 April. He came quite close to us, as far as the gate, and watched us through the barbed fence. The UNAMIR soldiers left immediately after talks with him. Rusatira was our neighbour and lived not far from us in Gatare cellule. He was in army uniform, surrounded by army bodyguards, including Alfred, who is probably on the run in Congo.

Chantal said she had known Rusatira for a long time, as he lived down the road from her. She estimated that he arrived between 12:00-1:00 p.m. and said that although he did address the refugees, not all of them were present. The fact that the soldiers began packing immediately after he had gone convinced Chantal that he influenced their decision to go. Claire also knew Col. Rusatira because he lived close by her home in Kicukiro. On the 11th, she said, he came with "an escort of 10 soldiers from the Presidential Guard and was in a green military Jeep."

Rusatira talked with UNAMIR and then addressed a few of the refugees, including old Kabahizi who died in the genocide. What makes me think it was Rusatira who ordered UNAMIR to leave, was that they began packing their bags immediately after he had held his talks with them and driven off.

The fact that UNAMIR collaborated with Rusatira and kept him informed in these final days and hours may well have had implications for the organization of the massacres which followed, particularly if the allegations that Rusatira was involved in them prove well-founded. According to Lt. Col. Dewez's account of the episode on 10 April, Lemaire had requested help from Rusatira to protect the refugees after UNAMIR's departure. He states that:

Rusatira explained that he headed a military school, not an operational command, and had no soldiers available to defend the ETO. He reportedly passed the request for help to Ndindiliyimana⁷⁴, chief of staff of the National Police, but he could not or would not help.⁷⁵

Yet this would seem to be in contradiction with the testimonies of survivors that Rusatira promised publicly that the government would ensure their security. In making such a promise his motives can only have been cynical. Not only was there no hope that the government forces would protect the refugees, Presidential Guard and FAR soldiers were gathered outside ready to assist in the massacre and were at the forefront of the killings which later took place at Sonatubes and Nyanza. Indeed Rusatira himself has been accused of involvement in these killings, not only by survivors, but by a former member of the militia.

Antoine Rugasira was among the militiamen who surrounded ETO on the 9th, waiting to attack the refugees. He claims he was there on Rusatira's orders and that they were told by him to "shoot only the *inyenzi* and not the UNAMIR soldiers." He said a meeting was held by Rusatira with the militiamen at around midday on the 11th.

Rusatira was in his Pajero car and wearing his uniform.

⁷⁴ Major-General Augustin Ndindiliyimana was recently extradited by Belgium to the ICTR detention centre in Arusha.

⁷⁵ See Human Rights Watch, *Leave None to Tell the Story*.

“He told us that for security reasons we should attack the refugees at ETO first, so as to wipe out the important accomplices.”

He said that after he had visited that place (i.e. ETO). He had confirmed to us that UNAMIR was going to leave and that they had arranged for the refugees to be guarded by gendarmes. He told us to completely encircle the forest surrounding ETO.

The Unthinkable: The Troops Withdraw, 2:00 p.m.

The French evacuation forces returned to the school around 1:00 p.m. The reason for their return was not immediately clear to the refugees, although some hoped they might be intending to help them. Instead, around 2:00 p.m. the Belgian UNAMIR troops withdrew from ETO. The decision to pull out was taken, it seems, in the knowledge that the Belgians would soon be leaving the country, an eventuality which the Belgian officers had been warned of since the 9th.⁷⁶ Although the decision of Belgium to withdraw its forces from UNAMIR had yet been stated officially at that point, it was evident that in practice KIBAT troops had come back under national command and were working alongside their colleagues in the evacuation forces. The UNAMIR command was unaware of the decision to leave ETO until later and the UN was only informed of Belgium’s decision to pull out of Rwanda on the 12th.⁷⁷ Lieutenant Lemaire had received orders from Lt. Col. Dewez to dispatch troops to Gitarama to escort some Belgians back to the city. This is the context in which Lemaire decided to take advantage of the security afforded by a French escort and the news that the road they had taken was clear. But he could not have chosen a worse moment. While the *Independent Inquiry* was aware of the wider confusion that affected the decisions made by the peacekeepers, it also blamed them for their timidity. “[The] peacekeepers themselves... by not resisting the threat to the persons they were protecting... as would have been covered by their Rules of Engagement, showed a lack resolve to fulfil their mission.”⁷⁸

Yves feels certain that the interahamwe were informed of UNAMIR’s impending withdrawal.

At some time between 2:00 and 2:30 pm., the interahamwe outside the fence began shouting and blowing their whistles. Somehow they had just found out that UNAMIR was going to withdraw.

Biramvu described the shock felt by the refugees as the Belgians drove away. In an act of desperation, some of the young men threw themselves in front of the convoy.

We could not believe what they were doing, just abandoning us when they knew the place was surrounded by killers. They jumped into their cars very suddenly and sped away. It still did not dawn on us that they were actually leaving. With thousands of unarmed refugees surrounded by the Presidential Guard and the interahamwe, such a thought was unthinkable. Besides, we had been listening to the radio regularly and we knew that the Security Council had not yet taken the decision to pull back UN troops.

In despair, some of the young men threw themselves on the road to prevent them from leaving us. Some of the Belgian soldiers took out grenades. They did not throw them into the crowd, but their action frightened everyone and people moved back from the road. Some of us who had cars wanted to jump into their cars and to run after the Belgian

⁷⁶ Ibid.

⁷⁷ See the Belgian Parliamentary Inquiry, the chronology of events, section 3.8.2.

⁷⁸ The *Independent Inquiry*, p. 28.

soldiers. But the young people prevented us, saying that we should all die together.

Maximilien Rudasingwa said the refugees tried to hinder the UNAMIR departure by forming a human chain.

The UN soldiers were forcing us to go and have lunch, hoping they would be able to withdraw secretly when we were not there to see them, but we stayed where we were to see what they were up to. Ten minutes later, they began driving out of ETO, one by one, in their lorries. We tried to block their way by making a human chain in front of the lorries, but they fired into the air and dispersed us. We were left there on our own, in despair, waiting for death.

Jean-Pierre Rukerikibaye was one of those involved in this protest. Like many others, he was angered by efforts of the soldiers to slip away “without our noticing.” He tried to force his way into one of the vehicles.

The soldiers on board hit me and stopped me getting in. They went so far as to fire into the air, and that made us panic and run away. They then seized their chance to get away without any more problems. We were left to be slaughtered like sheep.

Jean-Pierre was also convinced that the interahamwe had prior notice of the UN departure. Although they had surrounded ETO for some time, on the afternoon of the 11th, the militia appeared stronger; they were apparently “ready and waiting.”

The fact that the troops could leave without warning and without making any preparation whatsoever for the refugees’ security was incredible to Spéciose.

At about 2:00 p.m. they just left, without any warning, and without taking any measures to ensure that somebody took responsibility for our security. They could at least have told the RPF which was at CND. Young people threw themselves on the ground in front of their vehicles to prevent them from leaving, crying out: “But you can’t just leave us like that.” We knew and they knew that we were completely surrounded by the militia and soldiers who had already tried to throw grenades inside the compound.

Claire Kayitesi described the fact that UNAMIR soldiers called the refugees in to eat just as they were about to leave as a “trick.” She was, in any case, not convinced by it. The humiliation the refugees experienced at the hands of the soldiers determined to leave ETO is evident in her account.

We were too sickened by the behaviour of the UNAMIR forces to



believe in their generosity. We saw these same UNAMIR soldiers packing up their belongings and loading them into their lorries. The French were the first to leave, followed by the Belgians. Some of the refugees tried to bar their way by lying on the ground in front of the lorries whilst others tried to climb on board. The Belgian soldiers pushed the refugees down to stop them climbing into the lorries and terrified them by aiming their guns at them.

As for those who were lying on the ground, the Belgian UNAMIR soldiers let off rounds of shots into the air above them so that they fled in all directions. After that, the UNAMIR lorries, transporting the Belgian soldiers, were free to start their engines and they were able to drive off to join the UNAMIR lorries transporting the French who, seeing what had happened behind them, had slowed down to wait for their European brothers. The cortège was impressive and they all pulled out together.

Yvonne praised the courage of the young men who tried to stop the column of vehicles. They included Apollinaire Ntazinsira's son, John, who was later killed. There could have been no question in the minds of the UNAMIR soldiers that they were leaving the refugees in mortal peril, as Jean-Bosco Rutaysire commented: "They knew better than we did how much danger we were in."

Yves was also among those who resorted to action to try and prevent the soldiers from leaving. He said the young men who threw themselves in front of the convoy did so because their screams had had no impact.

We started screaming so loudly that the refugees camped outside seized their chance to come inside. They joined in the screaming, trying to stop the troops abandoning us. When we saw they were ignoring our screams, we decided to lie down in front of the convoy to stop it driving off. I laid down in the road with the others. Seeing they had no other alternative, they began firing into the air to intimidate us.

Agnès Nyirabasinga, a 45-year-old farmer, lived across the road from ETO and had come there on the 7th and stayed in a "kind of shower room" because there were already so many refugees there. She too lay in the road in front of the vehicles.

We tried to block the road to stop UNAMIR leaving. They had no pity for us. They fired in the air, and then the convoy of vehicles drove off, never to return. We had lain down in front of them to make them realize how desperate we were, because we had been counting on their protection. Their departure was the hardest blow we had to endure up until then. No-one told us to lie down in the road; it was spontaneous. Perhaps one person lay down first, and then all the rest followed their example, but no-one ordered us to risk being injured.⁷⁹

The speed with which the soldiers left and the killings began is highlighted by Assumpta who explained that the refugees could see and hear the interahamwe at one exit as the soldiers pulled out of another one.

The UNAMIR soldiers told the ETO employees to instruct the refugees to go and eat inside. Just when the refugees were on their way inside, the UNAMIR soldiers began packing up to go. We realized they intended to go. Soldiers in red berets arrived to collect those who were guarding us. Those refugees who had already gone inside came out again quickly. We all stood between the soldiers and the gate they intended to use as an exit. They fired into the air and, fearing for our lives, we scattered to let the convoy through. It included vehicles carrying priests and nuns from ETO.

⁷⁹ Interviewed in Kigali, 8 February 2000.

There was already a group of interahamwe beside another exit dancing, shouting and beating drums while UNAMIR soldiers were going out through the main gate. They were delivering us into the hands of the interahamwe who intended to massacre us.

The final moments leading up to UNAMIR's departure were tense and confused, Madeleine said. Some of the refugees thought the French soldiers who had come to evacuate the expatriates would in fact replace the Belgian contingent; others were worried that the French might be in league with the génocidaires. Then suddenly it was apparent that UNAMIR was pulling out.

UNAMIR began to break camp. The tents, the sandbags and all their equipment were quickly stowed into the lorries and in a flash they were moving out.

“We all got to our feet and shouted at them, begging them not to abandon us. We asked them to help us. Before the troops could leave some people lay down across the road to prevent them from going. But the troops fired into the air.”

So they let them pass. Those of us who were outside forced open the door and the gate. We got inside just in time to see the UNAMIR convoy move out.

Vénantie remembered applauding the arrival of the French soldiers “thinking they had come to protect us” and the sudden collapse of hope when they left with the UNAMIR troops. Angélique asked why they were not at least given some warning. She jumped into the bus taking foreigners and UN staff to the airport, but was soon thrown off.

UNAMIR's withdrawal was planned in secret and took us by surprise. If they had given us only two hours warning before they left, a lot of people would have been saved. But we saw their vehicles suddenly driving off and we rushed to stop them.

A boy named Gakire and I got into a minibus full of diplomats, nuns and priests. There were 35 of us in that minibus. But a UN soldier violently ejected both of us. We begged Emmanuel Rubangura and his wife, Odette Uwankana, to speak up for us. But the soldier wouldn't listen to them. Our brothers lay down in front of the UNAMIR convoy, to stop them leaving. But the soldiers fired into the air, and the shots so terrified them that they ran off, letting the convoy through.

Augustin begged a Rwandese couple, selected for evacuation because the wife worked for the Belgian Red Cross, to insist that he was a close relative. But they were unable to help him.

Ignace Benimana was camping on the sports ground, but his wife and five children were in the interior of ETO.

We realized UNAMIR was about to withdraw when they left one of the guarded gates half open. Our companions inside ETO came running out, saying UNAMIR was deserting them. That hardly surprised us. UNAMIR had already deserted *us* when they left us outside the fence.

CHAPTER V

TRAPPED AT ETO

Mayhem and Murder as UNAMIR Pulls Out, 11 April

“There were members of the Interahamwe and Rwandan soldiers outside the school complex. On 11 April, after the expatriates in ETO had been evacuated by French troops, the Belgian contingent at ETO left the school, leaving behind men, women and children, many of whom were massacred by the waiting soldiers and militia.”⁸⁰

The interahamwe and soldiers who surrounded the school were poised for attack. They invaded ETO before the dust of the vehicles used by UNAMIR and French soldiers had even settled. The refugees had no time to plan an escape; the survivors describe looking frantically for a route out of the courtyard while all around them the screams of their fellow refugees rang out. Many were killed within minutes of the soldier’s departure. They were shot, attacked with grenades and stoned. They were chased by militiamen wielding machetes, clubs and spears.

The participation of Georges Rutaganda, the vice-president of the interahamwe in this massacre, which has been established by the ICTR, is one indication that this assault was orchestrated by leading figures and certainly the result of advance planning.⁸¹ Witnesses at the trial also identified Gérard Karangwa, the president of the interahamwe at the commune level, among the organizers.⁸² With the soldiers gone, many of the people on the sports field saw the opportunity to get inside the school where they thought they would be safer. But as they forced their way in one gate, they saw the interahamwe coming in through another. They collided with the people from ETO who were trying to escape, screaming that UNAMIR had abandoned them.

While there were those who were not able to run because they were too young, sick or elderly, most of the refugees, almost instinctively, took the same routes away from the school. Some had already thought through the possibility that the UN soldiers might pull out. They had then concluded that their best chance of survival would be if they were given an escort to join the RPF forces at Amahoro Stadium or at the CND. Those who managed to get out of ETO tended to try and head for either of these locations.

Augustin had done military service and realized that the refugees were facing a well-planned assault. Their assailants had stationed men at all the exits and on the routes away from the school. He had decided to try and reach the Amahoro Stadium, but he said the area was so well patrolled by the interahamwe that whichever direction people took, they were forced to end up in the same place.

The interahamwe attacked like an army division. They were watching all the roads, all the paths, every gap in the fence; all possible exits, in other words. They came in shooting. In the general panic, we decided to head for Amahoro Stadium. I was at the head of the column, among the first to get out. The interahamwe soon guessed our intention and weakened us by killing and wounding some of the refugees. This took place as we ran.

⁸⁰ The *Independent Inquiry*, p.11.

⁸¹ Georges Rutaganda was convicted of participation in the ETO massacre as well as of directing and participating in the massacre at Nyanza, amongst other charges at the ICTR, on 6 December 1999 and sentenced to life imprisonment, appeal pending.

⁸² See the ICTR Rutaganda judgement, 4.4 Paragraphs 13, 14, 15 and 16 of the Indictment, Events Alleged, 276.

One of those killed was a man nicknamed “Goukouni.” There was also Jeanne from Muhutu’s place and Annuelle. The interahamwe had us at their mercy by undermining our morale like that. As a result, those who headed left soon found themselves back together with those who headed right. All roads and all means of access were blocked. We all found ourselves in a sort of “one-way street.” They left us a “corridor” which took us to Sonatubes. (Sonatubes is a factory for construction products).

Apolinie gave details of the route the refugees took out of ETO in an effort to reach the RPF-controlled zone.

We had heard that the *Inkotanyi* were at Amahoro Stadium, so we fled from ETO hoping to find our way there. We left via the gate by the teachers’ houses, went down past TRAFIPRO (a co-operative) and on to Sahara. But the local Hutus rounded us up and forced us to go a different way, towards the ambush they had set up outside Sonatubes. They stopped us there while they decided what to do with us.

Antoine said he was with other members of the interahamwe observing the departure of the UNAMIR soldiers and the efforts of the refugees to escape.

We saw the UNAMIR vehicles picking up the soldiers and leaving. Some of the abandoned refugees were following them on foot, others were heading towards the forest, still others were heading for SONATUBES.

Madeleine listed the range of weapons carried by the interahamwe. She was one of those who had just entered the gates of ETO from the sports field, but quickly retreated as they saw the chaos inside the school.

The first of the vehicles were already at the gate when the interahamwe put in an appearance. As they approached they fired on the refugees and hurled grenades. They were armed with clubs, spears, machetes, *massues*, guns and all sorts of other weapons. In the ensuing confusion we retreated towards the football pitch.

Amid the panic there were still some refugees who had, in Madeleine’s words, “their wits about them.” They advised the others to march towards the RPF-held part of the city.

Anastasie became aware that the troops had left when she saw the dust left behind by the departing vehicles. She went into ETO from the sports field just as the interahamwe “poured” in. She, like so many of the refugees, condemned the UN troops for allowing them “no time to reflect on our fate.” Despite this, she said, some of the men made a brave attempt to protect the women and children.

Gunfire broke out everywhere. The men wanted to defend us. They told the women, girls, children and old people to take refuge in the classrooms. They fought with stones, but the interahamwe used bullets. Stones could not hold off people with guns for long, and they had to give up the battle. Then we all fled ETO together.

A column of refugees made its way with difficulty through the streets of Kicukiro, flanked by the interahamwe who marshalled us in one direction. Eventually, we reached Sonatubes. We stayed there for a while in the pouring rain. Then they told us we were going to Nyanza, where we would find shelter.



Outside One of the Classrooms at ETO

Jeanne d’Arc Kayitesi had the horrific experience of having to jump over the dead bodies of family members and then witnessing the murder of one of her brothers as she tried to escape.

“The interahamwe shot or hacked to death anyone they caught, mainly those not strong enough to run away.”

My two brothers, Rutaremara, aged 34, and Frédéric, aged 29, were among the first to die at ETO. When the chaos started, my brother Rutaremara, who worked at ETO, dragged us into a classroom. Ten minutes later, the interahamwe found us and fired into the group of people. I managed to get out. I saw Rutaremara and his children, Elie, aged three, and Tahita, aged two, lying dead by the door. I had to jump over them to get out. The remains of my brothers and his children were still there after the genocide; their bones were left inside the clothes I recognized. Frédéric was killed at ETO too. I saw them shoot him. He was trying to run away with someone called Yovine.

Jeanne’s sister-in-law, who had delivered a baby in the bush two days earlier, had no possibility for escape.

My sister-in-law Joseline didn’t move. She took her two-day-old baby and put him on her lap and then waited to die. She said she was too weak to move at all. She stayed in the room we had been sleeping in and was probably killed there.

Marie Claire Umunyana was a child in 1994. A six-year old, she lived in Kanserege in sector Kagarama. She had been conscious of the intention of the interahamwe to kill the refugees during the days she spent at ETO and of the fact that it was only the presence of the “white soldiers” that had been protecting them.

The militia weren't to be put off; they kept coming back, chanting “Power!, Power!” The white soldiers who were protecting us finally left, and so did the white priests. We were left alone and in great danger. Once they realized we'd been abandoned, the interahamwe rushed in and started killing people wildly. A few others and I managed to get out of the college grounds and run away towards Remera.

Rurangwa, only 12 and unable to make contact with his mother who had not been allowed inside ETO, made a dash for the RPF-controlled zone with young people. They were lucky and managed to reach the RPF based at Chez Lando's Hotel.

When the UNAMIR soldiers fired in the air, we got ready to run away. The men said the women and children must stay on the inside of the column. Meanwhile the men had begun fighting off the interahamwe. They soon had to give up, because the interahamwe were shooting at us. The column we had formed broke up, and people scattered in all directions, looking for a way out. We left through the gate by ETO teachers' houses.

Some way ahead of us we saw four soldiers, who had stopped a woman I didn't know. They ordered us to put our hands up, and we did so. But there was a young boy in the group who screamed out: “They're going to kill us!” He jumped up and ran for it. I followed him, and so did about 60 other children. We ran through Sahara and came to the marshland. We made our way across it because we wanted to get to the zone controlled by the RPF. We knew the *Inkotanyi* were in Amahoro Stadium.

Before reaching the stadium, we had to get through a roadblock set up by the interahamwe. They alerted their cronies by shouting and whistling. We told them the *Inkotanyi* had invaded Kicukiro, and that we were fleeing to the FAR controlled zone of Kanombe. We kept on running as we told them this, to stop them checking us. Some of the interahamwe came after us nearly all the way to the RPF zone, as they soon saw through our story.

As so often in the genocide, some of the ETO survivors owe their life to the fact that it was the rainy season.

The rain was a big help to us as most of the interahamwe ran and sheltered from it. That meant we could continue on our way without too much danger.

The RPF position was by Lando's Hotel. There were 51 of us who made it, including three girls. They kept us there for a while, then sent us to Kabuye, and from there to the Byumba orphanage.

Jean-Paul Biramvu's wife and his baby were with him so he could not make an escape with some of the young people.

“As soon as the Belgian soldiers were out of the gate, the firing started. There was complete pandemonium. Some people ran out and were immediately shot by the Presidential Guards and interahamwe who had remained outside.”

About 50 young men ran like mad men to the RPF in Remera.

One of the elderly victims was the mother of Pascal Nsengiyumva, a builder aged 38 who lived in cellule Bwerankori, sector Kimisange in Kicukiro.

The interahamwe charged in, shooting people and hurling hand grenades. People died at ETO, including my mother, Pascasie Mukabaruta, who was ill and collapsed. The old people and the sick could not run away.⁸³

Such was Jacqueline Kabagwira's confidence in UNAMIR that she had set out for ETO from her home in Kanserege early on the 7th, and was not deterred by the numerous roadblocks along the route. The sight of so many other people, men, women, children and the elderly, all heading for ETO reinforced her confidence. They got in at 2:30 p.m. via the basketball court. She listed some of the victims of the massacre at ETO on the 11th.

The UN soldiers left us in the hands of the interahamwe. They began throwing hand grenades at us, and some people were killed outright, for example, Jean from Kagarama and his wife, Cécile Muhongerwa. Another victim was Nyongori's wife, Josephine, who had given birth that day. Her relatives, Rwabudirame, his wife, Chantal Mukankusi, and their children didn't want to leave Josephine and her newborn baby. They refused to join us saying: "It doesn't matter where we go, we will still be killed." They stayed there, and we never saw them again.

Vérédiane Mukantarindwa, 33, had only just arrived at ETO when the UNAMIR soldiers left. She was a teacher from Buyoga commune, in Byumba, on the outskirts of Kigali, but had come to town to bring her mother to hospital on the 6th. They stayed with a cousin that night but were betrayed by a friend in the Presidential Guard, who brought the interahamwe to attack them. Injured, but still able to walk, Vérédiane went to ETO, leaving her mother who was too ill to move. She had just been given food when the interahamwe launched the raid upon the school. At the same time a school friend of hers gave birth. Vérédiane was able to help the newborn child but could do nothing for its mother.

As soon as they'd gone, the interahamwe began to throw stones at us. I'd just bumped into a woman called Monique who'd been at secondary school with me. She was heavily pregnant. People began to leave because the interahamwe were stepping up the attack. Monique went into labour. She couldn't run away with the others and I could do nothing to help her.

As soon as the baby was born, I took the child and followed the others. Monique couldn't move and stayed where she was. As we ran, I was at the back of the crowd because I'd stayed to help Monique. The militia were striking at our heels. I saw a Hutu woman who was overcome with pity at my plight. I knew her. She took Monique's child from me. Since I'd seen her in the area, I told her the child was Monique's. The interahamwe militia were forcing us to move quickly.⁸⁴

Christine Uwayezu was eight at the time of the genocide and lived in Mugatenga with two brothers, four sisters and her parents. Most of her family were killed before they even reached ETO. Only Christine and her oldest sister, Francine Muhundwamugisha, got to the school. She knew she would have little chance of escape when the interahamwe invaded.

The white people went away. They cooked rice and told us to come and eat. While we were eating, they packed their bags and left. When they left, the interahamwe and soldiers in uniform came in and shot at us. They shot a lot. Some young men who could run like the wind ran. But I couldn't run like that.⁸⁵

⁸³ Interviewed in Kigali, 13 June 2000.

⁸⁴ Interviewed in Kibali, 26 June 1998.

⁸⁵ Interviewed in Kibali, 20 May 1994.

Florence Kabazayire, seven months pregnant and with two small children to look after, knew she could not run far. She urged her husband, Kagenza, to join the fleeing refugees and give himself a chance to escape. But he refused to leave her. They both taught at ETO and their house was nearby. Unable to think of where else to go, they decided to go back home.

In the chaos it was everyone for himself. Most of the refugees decided to try to reach the area controlled by the RPF. As I wasn't strong enough, I didn't think I could get there. I had two children to carry and was pregnant.

When we got home, three interahamwe came to get my husband. They took me there too and I was there when they killed him. He cried out for a long time but I didn't have the strength to do anything. I stayed there until 16 May when the RPF soldiers came to take me away.

Vénantie spoke of the attempt by some of the men to protect women and children. When this failed, she followed the crowd out of ETO.

After UNAMIR's withdrawal, those of us who had been outside in the stadium joined the rest inside ETO to share their fate. The men tried to fight back with stones and lengths of wood split off benches. They told us to lie down and tried to protect us. But it was far from an equal combat. Stones and bits of wood were useless against bullets and hand grenades and they had to give in. During the confusion and fighting, some women and I decided to make a run for it. "I won't die in hiding," I said to myself. I ran away with my younger sister, Epiphanie Mukamanzi, and my children: 15-year-old Mukandahigwa, and six-year-old Claudine Umutesi. They all survived. I also took Albertine Nyirabagensi, a six-year-old girl who had come from Kimihurura after her mother had been killed.

The men who had given up the fight joined us before we had even reached the stadium, and we all fled together and suffered together. We heard someone in the crowd mention Amahoro Stadium and that became our goal as it was controlled by the RPF. We ran as fast as we could past (Frodouald) Karemera's place, as he was an interahamwe leader and his men wanted to kill us. We got through, leaving those armed men gaping after us.

Meanwhile, another column of men refugees heading for Amahoro Stadium had been captured by the interahamwe and taken to Sonatubes. There was quite a distance between us and them. We headed for the Rubirizi area, but there was too much gunfire there for us to get through.

Vénantie and the girls retraced their steps and managed to reach the ruins of her home, thinking it unlikely that anyone would look for them there. She found a sympathetic neighbour who informed her brother of her whereabouts. Although their lives remained in danger until the end of the genocide, the fact that both Vénantie and her brother were Hutu and were given assistance by a friend enabled them to survive until they were saved by the RPF on 12 May. Her husband, Gilbert Ndahigwa, a Tutsi, later joined them. He was abducted and murdered on 7 May.

Yves said that several other Hutus, members of the political opposition, were still at ETO on the 11th. Some of them survived because they had the sense to run back to their homes during the attack, among them Evariste Gasamagera, the bourgmestre of Kicukiro. Yves ran in the direction of Sahara, but was herded with the others to Sonatubes. They marched there in the rain, overcome with despair.

Some of the refugees were hit by shrapnel from the grenades, or were shot and wounded and collapsed, too weak to go on. We were too frightened to help them. They were later finished off by militiamen. The road to Sonatubes was littered with bodies, but we were too fearful to find out who they were.

Vénuste described the panic as the militiamen burst into ETO. He said people fled in all directions and children became separated from their parents in the scramble for a hiding place. It seemed the interahamwe had anticipated that people would try and reach the RPF-controlled zone, and when they began trying to do so, many were caught and killed. He had no choice but to go with his family to Sonatubes.

The interahamwe did their utmost to turn us back and marched us to Sonatubes. I was still together with my wife and children, carrying the youngest child who was suffering from malaria. All the way there, they were insulting and threatening us, saying: “You’re going to pay for what you’ve done!” We were in their hands.

There was a huge crowd of people outside Sonatubes; mainly refugees, but soldiers as well. It had been raining all the way from ETO. When we reached Sonatubes, they made us sit down, while a group of about six soldiers decided what to do with us. They included Col. Rusatira, in his army uniform.

Vianney said the refugees knew instantly that the intention of the soldiers and interahamwe was to inflict “a hideous death.” He accused UNAMIR of “handing us over to the criminals so they could exterminate us.” He ran towards Sahara “under a hail of bullets,” seeing people around him fall to the ground. Belancille was running in the same direction, chased, she said by “vast hordes of interahamwe shooting and throwing hand grenades at us, hurling abuse.”

Léonile Mukakimenyi had just gone inside the school to lie down when she heard a lot of noise and the sound of gunfire. With her husband and baby, she ran to Sahara, “pursued by a howling mob of interahamwe.”

Angélique jumped out of the window to escape the carnage at ETO and went to Sahara. She was hoping to reach the Parish of Kicukiro. The route was strewn with the dead.

There were dead bodies lying all over the road, and even in the Sahara marshes. Then we walked up to Sonatubes, but we were stopped in our tracks by a roadblock set up by the soldiers.

Assumpta said people were massacred “at random” as they descended the slope towards the marshy area known as Sahara. There was, said Jean-Pierre, no time to think of others, and no way of holding back.

Immediately after the departure of the UNAMIR soldiers, the Rwandese soldiers and the interahamwe charged into ETO, firing and hurling hand grenades at us. We ran outside, abandoning the old and sick to be killed with spears and machetes. We ran through Sahara and arrived at Sonatubes.

Caught up in the stampede, Caritas says she doesn’t know how she “ended up at Sonatubes.”

Gentile Umubyeye had also hoped to reach Amahoro Stadium, but was diverted to Sonatubes.

With UNAMIR gone, the interahamwe came rushing into ETO, and we fled in all directions. Some of the young people tried to fight back, but were soon defeated because the interahamwe outnumbered them and were better equipped. They left us a sort of corridor as an escape route. We ran past TRAFIPRO, heading for the Amahoro Stadium where the *Inkotanyi* were based. When we reached Paul Secyuga’s house, we were told the road was blocked. The interahamwe turned us aside into a wood nearby. We had to go with them. We walked through the wood and wandered about until we came finally to Sonatubes and stopped outside there.

We found a lot of interahamwe waiting there. They asked us where we had come from. We told them ETO. By then it was pouring with rain and we were soaking wet.

Spéciose spoke of the beatings and brutality endured by the refugees when they reached the Sahara valley, and the torture which continued all the way to Sonatubes.

In the valley, the interahamwe and Hutus began to beat and kill anyone who resisted. They grabbed our watches, rings and even wedding rings. From the valley we went on towards the petrol station near the APAPER school.

“They were decapitating people and cutting their Achilles tendon. They were torturing us and the rain just kept falling.”

There were too many of us. All the way from the APAPER to Sonatubes there were miserable people who didn't know what to do. There were old men, old women, children, babies, and young people, all sorts of people.

The shouts of the refugees inside the school were audible to those on the sports field, alerting them to the departure of UNAMIR, David remembered. He joined the column heading for CND.

We rushed over to see what was going on. To our great surprise the UNAMIR soldiers were on board lorries and those who tried to bar their way were dissuaded by the shots fired by the soldiers to frighten them.

After the UNAMIR forces left, there was general confusion amongst the refugees. We were running everywhere but, in the end, we formed a column. We intended to go to the CND, but it wasn't possible because the interahamwe did all they could to prevent us.

Ernestine Gasibirege, a 39-year-old mother of three from Sahara, said the refugees who were fighting back with stones and sticks had no chance against the interahamwe who were “armed to the teeth.”

Somehow, amid the general panic, we all decided to head for the zone controlled by the *Inkotanyi*. We set off but the interahamwe seemed to have joined us. They headed the column and decided where we were going. The word was passed back down the line. At one point, we were forced down a road that did not lead to the RPF zone. That was how we ended up outside Sonatubes, sitting in the pouring rain. There were a lot of soldiers guarding us closely so that no one could escape. They searched us thoroughly.⁸⁶

Yvonne Mukanabaha was so paralyzed by fear that she said she “didn't move an inch.”

Once UNAMIR had gone, the interahamwe arrived *en masse* and opened fire on us. I didn't move an inch. I stayed inside the church, petrified with fear. It was only when a young boy came in to find his mother that I decided to leave as well. We joined the others on the athletics pitch in the stadium, and then left with them with no idea of where to go. The fact that we were all together meant that no one was too concerned about their own fate. When we reached Kagenza's house, four soldiers told us to put our hands up, but then let us go. We went on to Rutabagisha's place, and went past there down into the valley. While we were in the valley, the Hutus opened fire on us, killing four people and wounding a lot more.

We had to leave the wounded behind. It was raining. Amid the general confusion, I found myself outside the Petrosafari service station near APAPER, the primary school near Kanombe Airport. We sat down there.

⁸⁶ Interviewed in Kigali, 1 February 2000.

The others were at Sonatubes but there were so many of us that there were refugees sitting on the ground all the way from Sonatubes to APAPER.

At Sahara, Gustave saw his sister Jeanne d'Arc, aged 26, fall to the ground following a gunshot wound in the leg. It was the last time he would see her. He believes "she was probably finished off by someone or else she led to death." Jean-Bosco Rutaysire was there when Gustave's sister was shot. He recognized some of the other dead.

When UNAMIR left, the interahamwe invaded ETO. We split up and ran off in every direction. Anyone not strong enough to run, such as the old men and women, were killed on the spot. Rudakubana's mother and Kanonko's wife who were both from our commune were killed.

We went down towards Sahara. We were in columns several people deep. I was beside a young woman called Jeanne Nyiratunga. She had been hit in the leg and soon collapsed on the ground. When we tried to get her up, she refused. She begged us to continue on our way without her. She died there. The situation was so fraught and confused that we didn't insist on taking her with us. We didn't know where to go. We continued on to Sonatubes like robots.

Madeleine recalled the jeers of the locals who lined their route to Sonatubes.

[They said] "There go the *Inyenzi* followers of that priest (meaning Father Peeters), why did he abandon you?" or simply: "It's all over for you!" Their taunts were unbearable. They were all around us, spitting at us. It was awful. There were lots of us. The lines of people seemed to stretch on forever. The soldiers at Sonatubes had already spotted us and some of us took to the marshes. Those who did were lynched at a place called Kajeki by the group of interahamwe known as Zoulou. The rest of us continued to head for Sonatubes and the soldiers there stopped us.

They ordered us to sit down on the ground, right there at the crossroads. There were lots of soldiers and just as many interahamwe and civilians who had come to witness our fate. We sat down and endured the taunts and swearing of all these louts. They said they were going to burn us alive. I remembered turning round and the interahamwe who kicked me and told me to look to the front.

There can be no doubt that the interahamwe were under instructions to divert the refugees towards Sonatubes. As Eric's testimony explains, people were prevented from going towards CND by the roadblock.

Amidst all the panic and confusion, we realized we should head for the CND where the RPF battalion was based at the time. Unfortunately, we never reached it. The interahamwe did their utmost to stop us heading that way, and drive us to Sonatubes. We went past DUHAMIC-ADRI (a local NGO) and came to a roadblock down there. The interahamwe demanded our identity cards, and we showed them. When they saw we were Tutsis, they would not let us through. We had to find another way, but eventually we ended up at Sonatubes.

Siméon was one of the young men who had tried to put up a resistance against the interahamwe.

Although we young people had failed to stop UNAMIR leaving, we tried to resist the interahamwe. But we soon saw it was suicidal. We decided to share our parents' fate but stayed at the front of the column. Nearly all the Hutus in Kicukiro were there as well as the interahamwe. Several others and I tried to go a different way from the one they ordered

us to take. We tried to break out of the “corridor” of guards who were taking us to a place known only to themselves.

We ran down into the valley with the killers after us. They were firing their guns and anyone they caught was hacked to death with machetes. Some people died in that valley. One of them was Eugène Karimba, a student in Nyanza who had come home for the vacation. Another victim was Françoise Umubyeyi from Gikondo.

While some of the interahamwe killed those trying to escape, the rest forced the refugees to walk to Sonatubes where more interahamwe were waiting. I ended up there as well, in that huddle of despairing people. Some were terrified, some were wounded, and some had already been killed. I saw several dead bodies not far away. I can't say whether they were the bodies of people from ETO or from elsewhere, but there were definitely some bodies outside Sonatubes.

Berthilde described the scramble for safety which followed the attack upon ETO. She made a second effort to try and get away from the interahamwe but was captured and taken to Sonatubes.

Everyone was desperately looking for a way out so as not to be killed there. Someone shouted that we should head for the CND building where the *Inkotanyi* were based. We ran down the hill. But when we reached DUHAMIC-ADRI, the interahamwe blocked the road. They were armed with club and machetes.

They divided us into two groups. I was in the first one. I found myself at the head of the column of prisoners. When the interahamwe told us to stop, those of us at the front ran for it, and got as far as the marshland between Nyakabanda and Kicukiro. Some people managed to get across to the RPF zone, while others, myself included, only reached the school APAPER. The interahamwe were determined to stop us reaching the *Inkotanyi*, and they came after us and caught us there.

CHAPTER VI

A MASSACRE FORETOLD

Fear and Humiliation

“There is no doubt that the decision to evacuate the school, leaving thousands of refugees behind at the mercy of the waiting forces of the Interahamwe, is one which has caused enormous pain to the Rwandan people, in particular survivors of the genocide. The perception that the UN knowingly abandoned a group of civilians has damaged trust in the United Nations severely.”⁸⁷

When the refugees reached Sonatubes, the factory for construction material, they found a large group of soldiers and interahamwe waiting for them. They immediately ordered the refugees to raise their hands and sit down, then they subjected them to beatings, mockery and humiliation. Their earlier efforts to flee to the RFP-controlled zone was used as the basis for the taunts that they were *Inyenzi* (cockroaches), supporters of the rebels. They were, in the words of one survivor, “prisoners” and knew they had no choice but to agree to the demands of their armed captors. They were robbed of any money or valuables they had brought with them, as well as insulted and threatened. It was pouring with rain and the refugees were soaking wet.

It appeared, after more than an hour, that the soldiers had decided the location was too public for the massacre they had planned and the refugees were instructed to walk to Nyanza. The soldier who ordered the crowd to go to Nyanza was identified by several survivors as Col. Rusatira. Although some refugees recalled that there was some suggestion they might find protection or assistance there, subsequent events prove that there was never any such intention. This accusation against Rusatira is extremely serious and demands further investigation.

The walk to Sonatubes was agonizing, with the “din of a chanting mob” and the torrential rain. Caritas remembers shivering with fear and cold as she sat under the guard of the soldiers. Maximilien highlighted the fact that it was the soldiers who were in charge.

When we reached Sonatubes, we found a lot more FAR soldiers there. They made us put our hands up and sit down in the road. Then the soldiers began beating us, saying: “You wanted to get to the CND and join the *Inyenzi*”. There were a lot of Rwandese army vehicles coming and going. The soldiers would talk among themselves, and drive off.

Belancille said the interahamwe displayed their satisfaction at the news of UNAMIR’s desertion.

“They taunted us with jibes such as: ‘Where’s your UNAMIR? They’ve abandoned you, haven’t they?’ and ‘Now you’re in our hands, and you won’t get away again.’”

The power they had over a crowd of terrified men and women had clearly also become a source of entertainment for the soldiers. Two young girls were ordered to get up and sing and dance, according to one of the survivors.

The poor frightened girls got up and started dancing to a hymn tune. The soldiers were angry with them and roared: “Not that! Dance to one of

⁸⁷ The *Independent Inquiry*, p. 32.

your parents' *Inkotanyi* songs!" The girls were too frightened to do so and were made to sit down again with the rest of us.

The time at Sonatubes was, in the words of Eric, a sequence of "tense moments," with constant threats as well as mockery.

The soldiers and interahamwe were threatening to kill us. For example they told us: "Your time has come." They pointed to the CND building, the headquarters of the RPF battalion, saying: "There's the CND where your friends are! Go and join them!" There was a dog beside the road, eating a dead body, and they said: "In a few minutes' time, you'll be like that corpse and the dogs will eat you." One of them said: "We've seen what a terrible sin it is to be a Tutsi," adding "God has refused to forgive you."

Yves recalled being told: "We were *Inyenzi*, and had been trying to join our people in the CND building," while Jean-Bosco spoke of an incident involving a friend.

We were made to sit on the ground. A friend called Marike had a bag containing cassettes and a radio with him. One of the soldiers asked him what he had in the bag. Marike answered: "I've got some cassettes and a radio." The soldier instantly emptied everything out onto the ground and said: "Look, it's just Kayirebura⁸⁸ cassettes." The soldier stamped on the radio and cassettes shouting: "You Tutsis, we know what you're like!"

Spéciose, who was at the back of the crowd, heard the soldiers screaming insults and curses at them.

One group of soldiers told us that we had to change our direction, with the comment: "The Belgians lied to you." But another group of them was bellowing: "You will die, just like our brothers and sisters died in 1990! You are all going to die."

The refugees sitting in the mud included those who had been injured by grenades at ETO; they were bleeding and in great pain. Jean-Pierre said they were "continually crying and screaming." Siméon was wounded by a militiaman.

They started beating us with rifle butts, knives and big sticks. One interahamwe stuck a knife in my back which I could not take out for a long time. They were also looting from people, looking into their pockets and checking their ID cards.

Vianney also saw some policemen taking part in the abuse of refugees at Sonatubes.

When we reached Sonatubes, they made us sit down, and asked for our identity cards. They told us they would find us a place to stay, but we could go home the following morning. There were 15 soldiers, and they had called in the police from Kicukiro's central police station. A gang of interahamwe from there began beating us and stealing our belongings.

A Cry for Help: Ghanaian Troops Drive By

Although completely disillusioned by the behaviour of the Belgian troops, the refugees could not help but feel a glimmer of hope when they saw another UNAMIR contingent approaching. The fact they were seated on the ground and encircled by armed soldiers and interahamwe ought to have been enough to alert the soldiers, but the refugees also yelled out to the Ghanaians for help. Biramvu said they did not even hesitate but simply drove on.

⁸⁸ A Rwandese musician who was at the time exiled in Belgium.

After we had been sitting on the road for about an hour, a group of Ghanaian UNAMIR soldiers drove by in three vehicles. Although we were surrounded, we cried out to them, saying: “Save us!” But they just passed on.

Vénuste also saw the UNAMIR soldiers driving by in a jeep and commented: “Even outside Sonatubes, UNAMIR did nothing.” Yves recognized the flags and the nationality of the soldiers.

While we were sitting there, some UNAMIR armoured cars drove by, flying the UN flag. They were driven by Ghanaian soldiers. We cried out for help. But got no response. Instead of helping they glared at us. There was a lot of traffic driving by.

Eric argued the soldiers must have been aware of the danger the refugees were in.

Two UN vehicles drove past, and the occupants showed no concern for our fate. Imagine; people driving by as though nothing was happening, when it was obvious we were about to be murdered. There was a jeep carrying Ghanaian UNAMIR soldiers, and another jeep with a machine gun mounted on it. I recognized the Ghanaians because their uniforms are different from the Belgian’s, and they look different as well. They couldn’t even be bothered to stop and ask what was going on. I even think some women begged them to help, but in vain.

It seemed to Belancille that the soldiers were determined to ignore their plight.

We saw black UNAMIR soldiers drive past. We shouted for help, but they didn’t even look at us.

Ignace too was convinced that the soldiers heard their pleas but intentionally turned away.

“Some UNAMIR vehicles drove past with black soldiers in them. We begged them to help us, but they turned a deaf ear.”

Maximilien noticed the soldiers were Ghanaian and was shocked that they “took no notice” of the shouts for help from crowd of some 2,000. Angélique confirmed that the soldiers were “quite close.” Survivors are so sure that the Ghanaians must have heard them and understood the situation they were facing that they cannot understand why they neither responded nor went to fetch reinforcements to help them. Jean-Pierre finds this so suspicious that he feels UNAMIR “connived in the massacre” which followed. He commented:

While we were sitting outside Sonatubes, there was a UNAMIR vehicle there full of Ghanaians with heavy weapons. They must have seen that some of us were wounded. But when we begged them to help us, they would not intervene.

Colonel Rusatira’s Orders

When an officer addressed the refugees, telling them he would take them to Nyanza, Siméon thought this might lead to an improvement in their situation. He said: “One would be forgiven for thinking that they wanted to protect us.” Biramvu was robbed by the interahamwe of his passport, watch, radio and money and his wife’s handbag was stolen. He too held out hope that there was some truth to the claim made by soldiers that “we had to leave for a primary school in Nyanza where it was planned that a humanitarian organization would feed us together with refugees from other parts of Kigali.” Jean-Bosco remembers being told the move was for security reasons, that “we’d be safer if

we all assembled in one place.” But Yvonne heard the soldiers say they were being moved “somewhere where there is no fighting,” suggesting they wanted to ensure they were beyond the reach of the RPF. Berhilde was also very aware of the soldiers’ insidious intentions in taking the refugees to Nyanza.

They marched us to Sonatubes. The whole place was swarming with soldiers and interahamwe. They made us sit down and began making fun of us, saying: “There are your brothers, go and join them!”, pointing to the CND. Or: “Tell us again how you’ll celebrate when Habyarimana leaves power?” This was a popular song at opposition meetings in 1992-93.

The officer who seemed to be in charge said they were to take us to Nyanza. After hearing his orders, the soldiers remarked: “*Imbunda yanyiye yongeye yariye*,” meaning: “More work, or food, for my gun.” The other killers kept exclaiming: “Were all these *Inyenzi* really living at ETO?”

As soon as she saw the UNAMIR vehicles leave, Chantal had decided her only salvation lay in getting out of ETO as quickly as possible. Instead, she found herself a prisoner in front of Sonatubes. It became apparent to her that the wait was not only an exercise in cruelty, but was intended to give the soldiers time to put their plans into action.

An army vehicle arrived, followed by another vehicle full of soldiers. An officer talked to the soldiers who had made us sit down. One of them came and told us to follow him, so he could point out the safe place we should go to. We got up and set off in the direction of Nyanza.

Augustin spoke of the sense of hopelessness which overcame the refugees as they marched to Nyanza.

On the way to Nyanza, they hurled abuse at us: “Now try to reach the RPF zone!” and “Cockroaches, you’re finished!” At first, they told us they would be able to protect us better at Nyanza. But their slogans and insults soon showed their real intentions. We realized we were going to be killed. We were hemmed in on all sides with armed soldiers behind us and the interahamwe in front and on both sides. The whole road was lined with Hutus armed with bows and arrows. It was a nightmare. We gave up all hope of survival.

Claire said the order to go to Nyanza, issued to the waiting refugees by a soldier, came originally from Col. Rusatira.

The soldiers of the Presidential Guard were waiting for us there and demanded that we sit down right there, on the ground. One of them was standing right beside me. He asked me if I knew the song, “Soso.” The words of this song say that “one day we will meet again.” He said that for me that day had come.

“Another soldier told him that Col. Rusatira had just given the order that we should be taken to Nyanza because where we were was too public.”

I heard that comment with my own ears. As soon as he heard the news, the soldier went to tell the other soldiers who gave the command for us all to get up. We began the climb up to Nyanza. Some of the refugees were beaten and others had their belongings confiscated by the soldiers.

Madeleine said Col. Rusatira came to Sonatubes around half an hour after the refugees. She said another soldier passed on his orders to the refugees.

The soldier who reported his words said Col. Rusatira said they must take the “f-ing” refugees to “f-ing” Nyanza. All the town rubbish is dumped at Nyanza. The soldiers immediately ordered us to get on the road to Nyanza. They surrounded us on all sides, behind us and on both sides. We went on walking towards Nyanza.

Kanonko agreed that the decision to go to Nyanza was made by Rusatira.

We stayed there, outside Sonatubes, until Col. Rusatira arrived. He was in army uniform. He ordered: “Take them to Nyanza, and I’ll go and find a lorry and bring some food.” He was standing near me. I had known him for a long time. We lived in the same cellule, and I used to milk his cows. I knew him too well to make any mistake about what he actually said.

We were driven like cattle again, from Sonatubes to Nyanza. Old people like me were dragged along by the stronger ones.

During the trial of Georges Rutaganda at the ICTR, which concluded in December 1999, Rusatira’s role in leading the soldiers and interahamwe and deciding to take the refugees to Nyanza is also noted. In the evidence of Witness H it was stated that:

A military commander came and told them that he was taking them to Nyanza where he could ensure their safety. Led by Col. Rusatira and surrounded on both sides by soldiers and Interahamwe, who were armed with machetes grenades, spears and other weapons, beat and threatened the refugees.⁸⁹

A second witness, Witness W, supported this account of events.

Witness W walked towards Sonatubes, together with others who had fled the ETO. They were stopped at Sonatubes by soldiers who told them that Rusatira had ordered that they be sent to Nyanza where their security would be ensured.⁹⁰

It was found by the ICTR in relation to this incident that:

Many of the refugees who escaped or survived the attack at ETO headed in groups towards the Amahoro Stadium, where they thought they would be safe as it was under RPF control. These groups were stopped en route by soldiers, gathered together near the Sonatubes factory and diverted, having been told that Colonel Rusatira⁹¹ had ordered them to Nyanza where their safety would be ensured. Some women were taken forcibly from the group and subsequently raped. Flanked on both sides by Interahamwe, approximately 4,000 refugees were then forcibly marched to Nyanza. Along the way, these refugees were abused, threatened and killed by soldiers and by the Interahamwe surrounding them, who were armed with machetes, clubs, axes and other weapons.⁹²

⁸⁹ See the ICTR Rutaganda judgement, 4.4 Paragraphs 13, 14, 15, and 16 of the Indictment, Events Alleged, 277.

⁹⁰ *Ibid*, 285

⁹¹ Kinyarwanda speakers make no distinction between the r and l sounds.

⁹² See the ICTR Rutaganda judgement, 4.4 Paragraphs 13, 14, 15, and 16 of the Indictment, Factual Findings, 301.

The Death March to Nyanza

Several witnesses described the long walk from Sonatubes to Nyanza as a “death march”, an echo of what came to be known as the “death marathon” endured a year later by Bosnian Muslims of Srebrenica forced to march to Tuzla. The horrific sights they encountered along the way left the refugees in no doubt that they were to be massacred. The roads were lined with interahamwe armed with knives and *massues* who abused them verbally and administered brutal beatings. They passed heaps of dead bodies along the roadside. Several of the young women were abducted from the column of refugees and taken to be raped and killed.

The refugees all knew they were doomed, that they were, in other words of one survivor, on their way to “Armageddon.” The refugees knew that to be seen trying to leave the column would mean instant death and there were also still some who had believed Rusatira’s promise that they would receive some assistance at Nyanza. Their progress was tightly controlled by militiamen and soldiers.

Jean-Bosco relived the terror he experienced that day:

We headed for Nyanza completely surrounded by interahamwe, soldiers and seemingly every Hutu in the world. They insulted us as we walked. When we reached the place where Tabarwanda has its advertising billboards we saw two corpses, a lady and a child of about three. We continued on our way to Nyanza and they carried on insulting us. A soldier started to hit old Bwanakweri (now dead) to make him go faster, saying in a spiteful manner: “Move on old Tutsi.”

During the dark journey they were taking people off at intervals. They took Alice Kabwehir away in front of Ryeze’s house and we haven’t seen her since. A little later they took Appolinaire Ntasinzira’s daughter Fifi. She’s dead. She was taken into the bushes, presumably to be raped.

Spéciose was deeply traumatized by the words and actions of the supporters of the interahamwe.

Civilians lined the road and tortured us mentally. Someone who recognized Fidèle said to him: “Who’s going to write in Kanyarwanda now?” The old grandmothers had their walking sticks taken away just to increase their suffering. I can’t remember all the different forms of torture we had to endure on the road from Sonatubes to Nyanza.

Vénuste Karasira was certain they were marching to their execution and he witnessed several deaths along the way.

The soldiers ordered us to go to Nyanza. They used whistles to communicate their orders as there were so many people there. Their spokesman told us they had decided to take us to a safe place. Some people believed them. We started walking up there. The entire road from Sonatubes to Nyanza was filled with civilians shrieking insults at us. At first we walked along in a disorganized way. But as the killers and their supporters kept picking off anyone who strayed too near the edge, everyone tried to walk in the middle of the column.

In the end, we were walking in organized ranks. Even so, some of us still got robbed on the way to Nyanza. A woman stole my wife’s wrap, for example. That happened near the centre of Kicukiro. Fidèle Kanyabugoyi had his cap stolen and was hit on the buttocks with the flat blade of a machete. He fell down, and his wife dragged him to his feet. He said then: “I’ve just realized we’re going to be killed.”

Meanwhile, the murderers were still killing people on the way to Nyanza. An old man named Innocent Rwagisha was killed near the soil

research station, and he was certainly not the only victim. There were twenty times more killers awaiting us in Nyanza, as the Hutus lining the road went up there once we had gone by. We had no chance at all. We reached Nyanza by about 5.00 p.m. As it had been raining, it was already beginning to get dark. That was what saved those who are still alive today.

Yves said the march took them through the centre of Kicukiro where everyone seemed to know the story of UNAMIR's pullout from ETO.

We were guarded by soldiers and militiamen hurling abuse and tormenting us with taunts such as: "Where is UNAMIR? Aren't they going to save you? Did you think they wouldn't withdraw? Now you will see what we have got in store for you." We kept on walking, all the way to Nyanza. When we reached the local primary school, and found a lot more soldiers there, they made us stop.

Biramvu said they were around halfway to Nyanza when the numbers of interahamwe increased substantially.

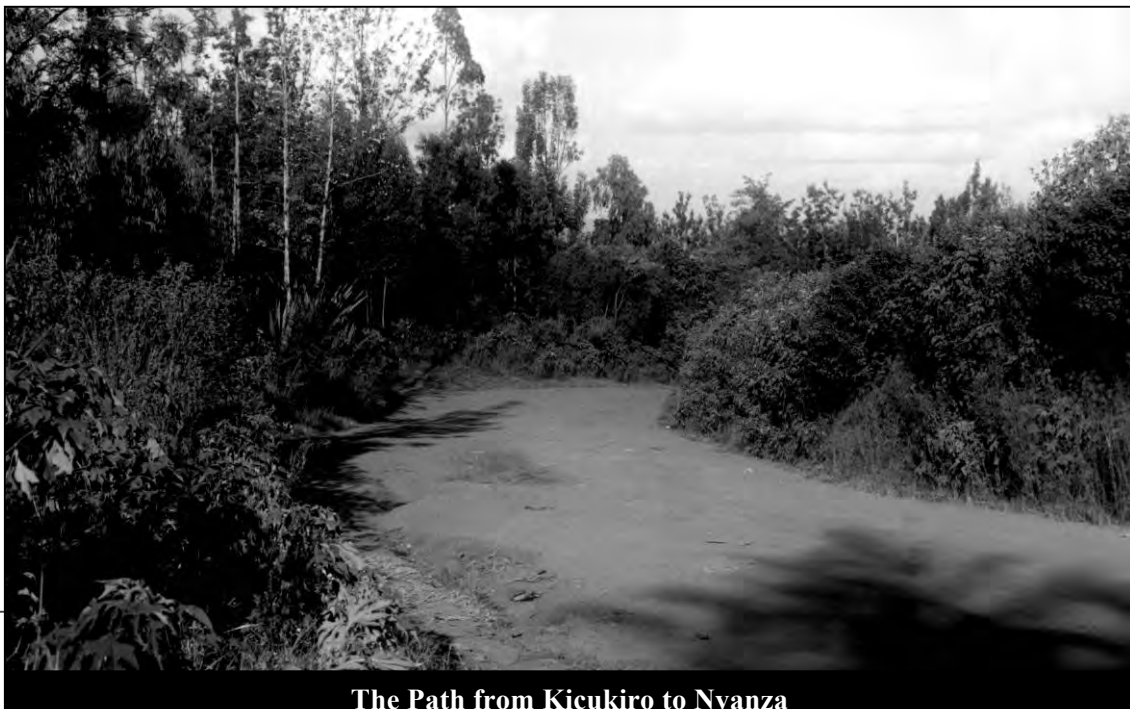
Several trucks of interahamwe had arrived to reinforce the minibuses full of interahamwe which were already there. We immediately understood what our fate would be. We were surrounded in all directions. As we continued walking towards Nyanza, they started killing people, hitting them with machetes and hammers.

For Ernestine the humiliation of that day was too much to bear.

The entire Hutu population of Kicukiro was there lining the road from Sonatubes to Nyanza. It was as though they had turned out to welcome a president or take part in some grandiose ceremony. But instead, they were jeering at us and we felt totally humiliated. They had orders not to let anyone escape from the net.

"The road was lined with civilians, and soldiers and interahamwe marched alongside us. They were ahead of us, behind us and flanking us on both sides. They were armed to the teeth and killed anyone who tried to break out of the column and run away."

When we reached a garbage dump near Kagarama sector office, some of



The Path from Kicukiro to Nyanza

the murderers wanted to kill us there, but others pointed out that the *Inyenzi* might see them. They then decided to march us to Nyanza.

Florence saw the few people who tried to escape being shot. Berthilde also emphasized that the refugees had no opportunity whatsoever for escape. The crowds which were like those that “used to line the road from the airport to Kigali when presidents attended international conferences,” acted as a wall preventing any one from straying from the path as they jeered and gloated.”

When we reached the advertisement billboards for Tabarwanda and Bralirwa, we saw two bodies lying in the road; a mother and a child. We realized we could be lying there like them before long. We marched on and as we approached Nyanza, the killers began beating us. Those who had anything of value, such as watches, gold chains, earrings, had them all robbed. There was nothing they could do about it, no way they could resist the armed thieves.

More and more killers kept arriving. I saw a Pajero jeep and a yellow lorry full of them join us in Kagarama sector. It was then that our worse fears, were confirmed: we knew we were going to die. Some people said we ought to throw ourselves in the Nyabarongo River, instead of being shot down like dogs. Tired and hungry as we were, we knew we stood no chance of getting there, especially with the interahamwe surrounding us like wolves.

Belancille remembers how the long trek and the verbal abuse of the onlookers affected the children who “would not stop crying.” But Jacqueline spoke of the incredible determination of the refugees to cling to life despite all they were suffering.

They marched us to Nyanza under guard, so that no one would escape. On the way, they each selected the person they would personally kill. If we saw anyone fall down, we left them and made more of an effort to catch up with the others as no one wanted to be the first to die. We were still hanging on to life, despite everything, Claude, the son of Tharcisse, who lived in Kagarama, died during that death march. He collapsed in the centre of Kicukiro.

The fact that people of every aged stood along the roadside added to the impression that Siméon had of the entire community carrying out their torture.

They kept beating us as we marched and the road from Sonatubes to Nyanza was soon lined with dead bodies. We knew we were going to be killed from the way they beat us throughout that death march. We were completely surrounded by hordes of soldiers, interahamwe and all kinds of civilians on every side. It was as though every single Hutu had come to exterminate us; women, children and young people too. They kept us under control when we reached Nyanza.

It was a long march to Nyanza and, as Madeleine recounted, she experienced robbery and betrayal along the way.

When a vehicle passed us the occupants would say sarcastically: “Give us some space to pass, we don’t want to knock you down. You are our treasure.” When we were passing the ETO Gérard Karangwa, who is now dead, the son of councillor François, said to us: “What sort of game do you think you’re playing?” The interahamwe seemed to be everywhere, threatening us. We continued on our last march towards Nyanza.

When we got as far as Kagarama sector office, a little boy of ten or twelve, carrying a sword which touched the ground, addressed Kayumba and demanded his watch. Kayumba, who was about 40 years old, complied

without complaint. When we got to Nyanza, we wanted to head for the primary school. Near the road, which leads to Rebero, the interahamwe shouted: “No-one move!” and we all stopped. They ordered us to sit down, which we did without hesitating. Then they told us to give them money if we wanted to be saved. Those who had any money on them gave it to the interahamwe in the hope that they would be spared.

The number of interahamwe and Hutus who had come to murder us was equal to the number of victims. They took everything they wanted – chains, watches, money, rings and anything else with any financial value. My daughter, Christine Kayirangwa, who is now dead, saw a Hutu girl called Rosette. They had been in the same class in primary school. She was from Burundi and she lived in the middle of Kicukiro; her father was called Mandevu. So Christine called to her: “Come here Rosette, I want to give you some money and you will save me.” She gave her the money, but Rosette quickly disappeared into the crowd of Hutus who were there that day.

Spéciose had not even heard where they were being led. She was at the back of the crowd and simply followed the column of people, aware that she had no alternative.

After we had been sitting for a while, we noticed that the people in front were moving; like sheep, we just got up and followed them. There were soldiers and interahamwe all along the route—at the back, at the sides, everywhere. And they were armed: we had no idea where we were being led. The soldiers kept saying: “You are going to die.” So of course we assumed we were being taken to our death. As we walked along, the militia were hitting people with machetes. Some of the people who were wounded fell down and were trampled upon.

The worst moments for Yvonne came when they reached the centre of Kicukiro, near her home.

The centre of Kicukiro was crawling with armed fanatics. A lorry load of soldiers even arrived at that very moment. They were set down there and marched with us to Nyanza. They kept hitting us with *massues* as we walked on. I was hit on the right shoulder with a *massue*, and my doomed companions suffered in the same way. They also began robbing us. They stole my wrap. Others had watches, gold chains and other things taken. They kept on hitting us at the same time. They also enjoyed cruelly taunting us saying: “Why has UNAMIR abandoned you when they were protecting you?” or: “You are going to pay for what you have done.” I was there with others from Kicukiro: Yvonne, Olive, Gahamanyi and Kadugara. They were all killed.

There were those who recognized that the threat to the lives of all the refugees was now severe and despite the obvious risks, they thought their only chance of survival lay in running away. Witness W at the trial of Georges Rutaganda said he was among around 150 people who broke away from other refugees as they approached Nyanza. Several of the others were shot from behind by the interahamwe, but Witness W was one of 60 who managed to reach the safety of the RPF zone.

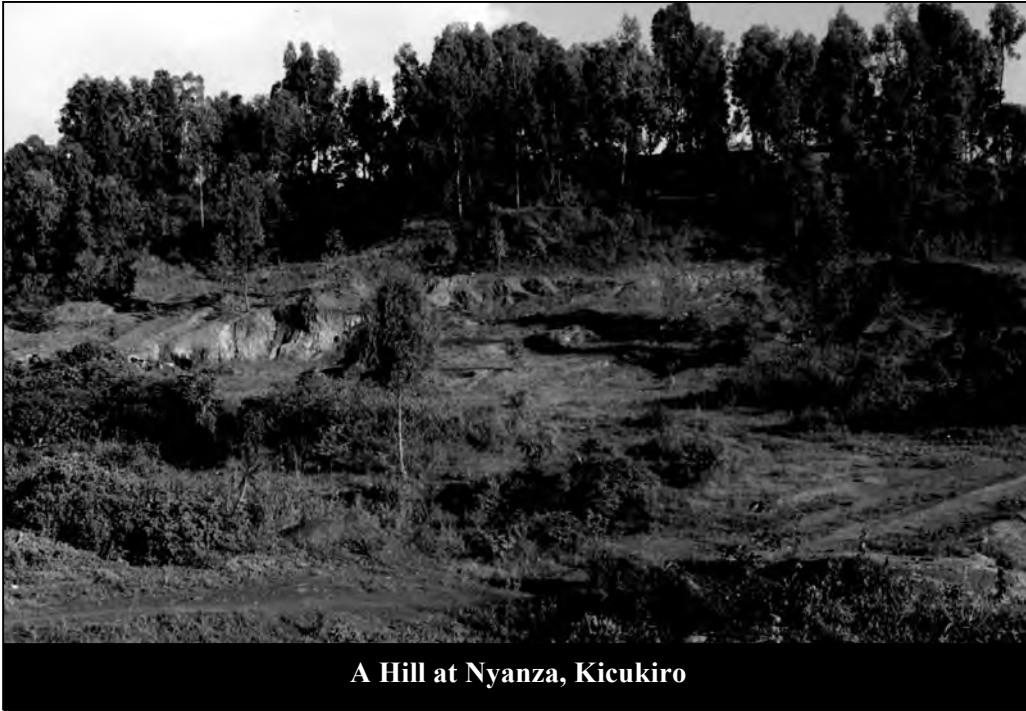
Caritas had no thought of escape. She had become numb by this time and simply kept walking the “very long” route to Nyanza.

“It is very long way from Sonatubes to Nyanza. Some people tried to escape, but were quickly killed by the soldiers, interahamwe and other Hutus escorting us. Don’t ask me how I felt. I couldn’t feel anything.”

The fact that my mother, brother and sisters were there with me helped to keep me calm. I didn't feel that I was going to die.

When we reached Nyanza, the soldiers ordered us to sit down on the ground. Next they began asking us for money, and some people gave it to them in the hope it would save their lives. Others just handed it over anyway, or were simply robbed by the interahamwe.

Although she was a young girl, Marie-Claire had walked from ETO to Nyanza without any of her family, having fled the school as the killings began. By the time she reached Nyanza it was clear to her that the militia were "getting ready to exterminate us."



CHAPTER VII

NYANZA

A Massacre to the Finish, Monday 11 April

“A force numbering 2,500 should have been able to stop or at least limit massacres of the kind which began in Rwanda after the plane crash which killed the Presidents of Rwanda and Burundi. However, the Inquiry has found that the fundamental capacity problems of UNAMIR led to the terrible and humiliating situation of a UN peacekeeping force almost paralyzed in the face of a wave of some of the worst brutality humankind has seen in this century.”⁹³

It was around 5.30 p.m. when the refugees finally reached Nyanza. They had been walking for more than an hour and were exhausted. The sight of another group of armed men, soldiers and interahamwe, who had evidently been awaiting their arrival, was confirmation that their situation was without hope.

After ordering the refugees to sit down on the Nyanza-Rebero road, the soldiers and the interahamwe, shouldering guns, took up positions on the bank above. Civilians gathered round, carrying traditional weapons, including machetes, axes, spears, spears and clubs. Georges Rutaganda, the vice-president of the interahamwe, was seen issuing orders and bringing arms.⁹⁴ One survivor, Ignace Benimana, who has testified against him in court, observed that Rutaganda and some of the other “authorities” had driven on ahead and “prepared the site of the massacre.” He also named Gérard Karangwa, the son of the former councillor of Kicukiro, among the leaders. So both the organizers and many of the soldiers and interahamwe responsible for the massacre at Nyanza were those who had committed the atrocities earlier that day at ETO.

The killings did not begin immediately; the refugees were left to contemplate death for around half an hour. Then, just as the soldiers were beginning to throw grenades into the crowd, one of them noticed a Hutu family still among them. The attackers halted, and told any Hutus who remained in the crowd to stand aside, allowing them the chance of survival. But, while several people were spared, when Paul Secyugu came forward he was recognized as a Hutu member of the opposition Social Democratic Party (PSD) and murdered. A number of Tutsis stood up, hoping to pass themselves off as Hutus, but they were judged by their appearance and those who were either known or were seen as conforming to the Tutsi stereotype were beaten back into the crowd or hacked to death on the spot.

The soldiers led the slaughter, firing guns and grenades indiscriminately into the stationary rows of men, women and children. Later the interahamwe moved in with traditional weapons among the mass of bleeding corpses to finish off anyone still capable of movement. But as darkness fell, it became increasingly difficult to tell the dead from the living and the decision was taken by the leading génocidaires to leave the massacre site and return the following morning.

The few people who either escaped injury and those whose wounds did not prevent them from disentangling themselves from the remains of their friends and families, used the cover of the night to take refuge in the woods nearby. They could only watch from a distance at about 5:00 a.m. on Tuesday the 12th, the killers returned to deal the final death blows to the wounded, stealing from people as they drew their last breaths and from the corpses which surrounded them. For the few who were still alive, their salvation was the sudden outbreak of gunfire which the attackers assumed came

⁹³ The *Independent Inquiry*, p.18.

⁹⁴ The ICTR Rutaganda judgement, 4 paragraphs 13, 14, 15 and 16 of the Indictment, Factual Findings, 304 states: “The Chamber finds beyond a reasonable doubt that the Accused was present and participated in the forced diversion of refugees to Nyanza and that he directed and participated in the attack at Nyanza.”

from the RPA, causing them to give up their task and leave. Each survivor of the massacre experienced his own trauma and loss at Nyanza, but all of them have been left with memories so terrible that every day since 11 April must have been live in anguish.

A True Genocide: Taking Hutus Aside

It is apparent from Jacqueline's account just how closely guarded the refugees were and the strength of the forces ranged against them. The reprieve offered to a few Hutus is another indication of the careful planning which must have gone into the massacre at Nyanza and the understanding of all the participants that they were engaged purely in the extermination of the members of one ethnic group.

When we reached Nyanza, we were ordered to sit down. The soldiers and interahamwe took up positions on the bank above us. The other Hutus stood around guarding us on all sides. They were armed with machetes, axes, clubs, *massues* and various traditional weapons. They kept us there in that attitude of submission for a while. Then they threw two hand grenades at us. Suddenly, someone shouted that there were some Hutus among the refugees. It was someone outside our group; probably a soldier. They stopped throwing grenades then, and ordered the Hutus to leave. They did so quite bravely, considering the terror they had been through.

Ignace Benimana estimates the number of Hutus who were allowed to leave as between 10 and 20, but there were several who suffered severe penalties for trying. Vianney spoke of the fate of one man who tried to leave with the other Hutus.

“A soldier on a bank shouted: ‘Any Hutus who got mixed up with these *Inyenzi* had better leave.’”

Kaningu’s younger brother left with them, but they hacked him to death with their machetes, because he was tall.

An equally brutal punishment was meted out to the opposition leader Paul Secyugu. Caritas witnessed both his death and those of two other people who were judged to be masquerading as Hutus.

I remember Secyugu getting up and shouting: “You know me well! I’m a Hutu!” Hardly had he said the last word, when he was cut to pieces. I also remember Badou. His mother was a Hutu. The interahamwe exclaimed: “We know about these marriages with Tutsi women. Your father can’t be a Hutu, or how else can you explain your height and facial features?” With that, they stabbed him in the heart. Another case I can’t forget was Karinda’s daughter. That girl was a Tutsi but, like me, she lied that she was a Hutu. But her father was well known in Kicukiro, so they said: “You, Karinda’s daughter, a Hutu? You’re lying!” she was hacked to death in front of me. She had been wearing a red T-Shirt.

Maximilien said the refugees were divided into two groups before the call for Hutus to leave came.

A soldier I didn’t know said: “Will the Buregaya family please leave the group of refugees, and will any other Hutus please stand outside.” The Buregaya family were Hutus. They and all the other Hutus got out of the way.

Madeleine recognized one of the soldiers, Chief Warrant officer Kayiranga, as he stood ready for the massacre. She said he was the one who gave orders for the Hutus to leave.

After they had stripped us of our valuables, the soldiers boomed out: “Any Hutus present come out, you are fools, what are you doing here with these *Inyenzi*?” The Hutus who had come with the crowd stood out; so did some Tutsis whose features didn’t give them away. They were made to stand aside. When one of the interahamwe shot into the crowd the Chief Warrant Officer shouted: “Who fired that shot? Who gave you orders to shoot? Is the Buregaya family still in the crowd?” Then he went on: “If there is any Hutu still there I want him to show his identity card so that he can be removed.” The Hutus were shown where to stand.

Finally someone called Damien, who was more than two metres tall, stood up and said he was a Hutu. The interahamwe went mad. They asked him how he dared say he was a Hutu with his height and his facial features before adding that he was an *Inkotanyi* from Rwigemera, the brother of Kigeli V Ndahindurwa’s family. A sword was thrust into his chest and he fell to the ground.

The soldiers, the interahamwe and the other Hutus were becoming more and more wound up. They threatened to burn their friends who were still searching us if they didn’t stop. They said: “Can’t you see its getting dark? We risk losing our opportunity; they may run away.” While some were unwilling to leave any money on the refugees, others were beginning to prime their grenades. The others stopped the searches and they left them a clear field.

Vénuste also gave an account of this horrific death.

The soldier ordered an interahamwe to stab him in the chest. The killer stabbed him with his sword, and twisted it around violently in his chest. He doubled up, collapsed at their feet and died. He was a tall Tutsi trying to pass as a Hutu.

Florence Mukakabanda kept her eyes on the soldiers as the Hutus in the crowd began to leave.

They searched everything, looking for anything valuable such as watches, jewellery and money of course. The soldiers were already taking grenades out of their bags which we could see very clearly. They were small, dark green army bags. People were scared and started to get up to stand with Hutus. Suddenly a very tall man I hadn't seen before got up and said he was a Hutu. The soldier who was supervising shouted: "A Hutu like you? Never." He then turned to speak to an interahamwe saying: "I don't want him here." The interahamwe drew out his sword and pierced the man in the heart. He plunged his sword in and the man died instantly, falling at the interahamwe's feet.

Yvonne was one of the first to be shot. She agreed that Kayiranga was the soldier who called a momentary halt to the killings.

A soldier shot me in the back. I fell down and leaned against an old lady named Cécile from Kicukiro who died.

At that point, a soldier named Kayiranga ordered: "Buregeya's children get out of here! Any Hutus, get out quickly!" They got out and the rest of us stayed there, not knowing what to do. My wound started bleeding. A few minutes later, they began firing into the crowd and throwing hand grenades at us as well.

Anastasie Mukarukaka counted her blessings when the killers asked Hutus to stand aside. Although a Tutsi, she had managed to obtain a Hutu ID card. She showed her card to one of the men directing the operation, but he realized it was a forgery.

He said to me mockingly: "I know your father, and I've known you since you were a little girl: you're no Hutu!" Then he added: "Clear off, or I'll kill you right here!" I felt deep shame as I went and sat down among those who were waiting to be killed.

Angélique Kadaka was sitting next to a boy who tried to pass himself off as a Hutu.

A boy named Alex was so frightened that he got up, saying: "I'm a Hutu." He was badly beaten and ordered to sit down again. One of the girls in my extended family asked him: "Why be a coward?"

Biramvu said it was mostly the Hutus originally from Gisenyi and Ruhengeri who benefited when they were told to leave. Identity cards were checked and any whose allegiance to the Hutu Power doctrine was in question did not escape. Biramvu understood that those left at Nyanza were certain to die. Having nothing to lose, he seized the moment when the first bullets were being fired to escape. As his killers were concentrating on eliminating the mass of people, he was able to carry out a plan, made minutes before with his wife, that he would run with their baby and she should try and get away and meet them later.

We hoped that we would survive and meet later in the forest. We indicated where in the forest we should try to link up should we survive. The killings began at about 6.30 p.m. As soon as I heard the first shot, I ran with the baby. I was lucky because I managed to escape with one blow of the machete to my forehead. I looked everywhere in the forest for my wife but I could not find her. I went to the home of a teacher at ETO. He lived near ETO. I stayed with this friend but I took the baby, a 16-month boy, to

be looked after by some nuns. I felt that I could not care for him on my own under the circumstances.

After two weeks, Biramvu received a message from the bourgmestre, telling him that his wife had survived and was hiding at the home of a soldier who had saved her.⁹⁵ He decided to leave his wife there, on the basis that as a Tutsi, she was safer hiding at the home of a soldier. But then the soldier said he had been threatened by his colleagues, so Biramvu's wife joined him where he was hiding. On 2 May the RPF arrived in their neighbourhood and took them to safety on the 3rd.

A Rainfall of Bullets and Grenades

With the Hutus gone, the soldiers and interahamwe began a systematic and unrelenting assault upon the gathering of defenceless people. The soldiers were well-armed to the extent that, Jacqueline said, bullets and grenades "rained down on us." Then, when their ammunition ran out, it was the turn of the militia.

After the guns and grenades, machetes and traditional weapons finished the job, killing survivors and the dying. It took them until late in the evening. I was lying under some bodies when the grenades started raining down on us. I was sitting with my 18-month-old child on my lap. I rolled over to protect him from the smoke from grenades. I was aware of what was happening all around me, but did my best to protect my child.

When they were finishing off the survivors afterwards with their traditional weapons, they noticed I was moving. I had to move because the child lying under me would not keep still. All I remember after that is the first blow I received on my head. I was hit with a *massue* and passed out. I didn't come round until next morning when the interahamwe resumed work.

Vianney lost his hand when a grenade exploded close to him.

"Bullets and grenades rained down from all directions. Tutsis were massacred there. I think God abandoned us that day."

I ran away. One of them tried to aim a pruning knife at my neck but, as he was a short man, he only managed to cut my cheeks. I fell down, and they threw a grenade at me, injuring my left hand and arm.

Survivors are haunted by the memory of their experiences at Nyanza and they relate them in agonizing detail. Spéciose evokes the images of the last hours and minutes of her loved ones with terrible clarity. First, she explains, came grenades "to scare us," then the pause to ensure that the people they were on the point of massacring were all Tutsis. It struck Spéciose how silent the crowd remained as the soldiers fired guns and grenades relentlessly into their midst. "We were so stunned," she said, "that it was only afterwards that you heard voices moaning in agony." She listened to and memorized all the sounds and words that rang out in the dark. There were children "crying over the bodies of their dead parents" while the interahamwe moved through the bodies killing and looting. She heard victims call out to their attackers, promising them money if they would "end the misery." Others bargained for their lives with the last of their money and possessions; after handing them over they too were killed. Spéciose was hidden by dead bodies, but her husband was not and was soon discovered. She heard his protest and his murder.

⁹⁵ Interviewed in Kibali, 20 May 1994.

I have remembered every word I heard during the massacre.

“Every death cry, every child asking for its mother and every half-dead person asking the interahamwe to be finished off quickly is burned into my memory”

After the Hutus amongst us had been taken away, they started to shoot and throw grenades. Then they ran out of ammunition and I heard someone saying: “We’ve run out of bullets, do it the traditional way.” They began to use machetes, spears and *massues*. You could only hear heavy blows and groans. It was like being in an *abattoir* and hearing the chopping of bones. All that noise!

They were asking people for money and then killing them. When they got to my husband they said: “You’ve got rich under Habyarimana and wear a jacket. But you even dare to kill our *Umubyeyi* (the father of all Hutus).” They continued to harass him saying: “You even took part in the entertainment”—meaning the singing and dancing in which Habyarimana’s good deeds are portrayed. He replied: “I never did because I didn’t believe in it.” With these words I heard a heavy thud and I knew he was finished.

I didn’t see anything. I was in a state of mind I can’t explain. I wasn’t afraid or sorry. I didn’t feel ashamed or have any feelings whatsoever. I was already dead inside because I had no thoughts when awake. But my ears captured every sound. I heard the killers and the dying. I even heard the machetes and the *massues*.

With her legs trapped by corpses right up to her thighs, Spéciose was unable to move. When someone climbing over the dead stood on her chest, she managed not to scream, knowing that she had to appear dead if she was to survive. But some of the refugees no longer had any will to live.

Someone called out to interahamwe from underneath the corpses. “Come and kill me you cowards! I’d be surprised if you don’t end up dead yourself.” He was trying to make the interahamwe angry so they’d be done with him. That didn’t happen. If they saw you were suffering, they left you to die a slow death.

When they were through with the killing, they started to strip the corpses of all their clothes and look for money. The corpses were naked with their buttocks in the air. When they were searching the corpses for money they’d say: “They mustn’t take money from our bank *ikuziku* (i.e to their graves).”

As she lay in the dark, Spéciose could not at first comprehend that the movements made by severely wounded people beside her were the last signs of their life. She and a little girl clung together.

Then they left. Night started to fall. It was probably around 8:00 p.m. Cries began to rend the night. My agony continued amongst the corpses. I started to chat with a child who was crying on his mother’s back but finally he died. Some of the dying were kicking me and digging their nails into my skin as they died. The fool that I was, I thought they were alive and wanted to insult me so I started to abuse them: “What do you want?” or “Leave me in peace.” Eventually they stopped and I could hear them vomiting or shitting and then it was over. They had died. I finally realized that was how they died.

A little girl called Aimée Kaberuka came up, confusing me for her aunt. Aimée was around eight years old. She was naked because they had taken her clothes. She came up to me and said: “Aunt, I can’t carry on sitting in this blood, its cold and I’m naked.”

I told her: “Put your head on my chest and your legs on the corpses.” She retorted: “I don’t want to put my legs on the corpses. If you don’t want to leave, I’m going and I’m not coming back.” Her father was lying injured nearby and said: “Aimée, do what your aunt says.” Aimée agreed and rested her head on my chest. She started to tell me stories saying: “Aunt, you know I study at APAPER and that I always come first in the class.” She was even insulting the other children saying: “What are you doing there?”

As she was telling me her stories, one of my cousins called Hitiyise butted in: “Spéciose, come and help me, I’m injured and I need to lean on you.” I told him off and said there was a child, Aimée, who deserved more attention.

Spéciose heard her husband, Fidèle Kanyabugoyi, a well-known human rights campaigner, whisper an account of massacre; she said it was “as if he was relating a report to a human rights organization.” Then he fell unconscious. Fidèle’s brother was still alive and found Spéciose to urge her to try and escape. But although it was the middle of the night by then, she could still hear the whistles of the interahamwe and was too terrified to move.

Gustave remembers the cries of pain of the refugees and the cloud of black smoke which hung over them from the grenade explosions. He and two friends managed to free themselves from the corpses around them and to find a place to hide in Kicukiro.

Machetes, *massues*, spears and other traditional weapons were used with the grenades to complete their work. I made the most of the chaos to get away from the corpses. I was with Eric Ruzindana, 27, who’s alive and Claire Mujawamariya, 28, who’s also alive. It was starting to get dark. We hid and waited until it was completely dark. We were near where the massacre was taking place and could see the interahamwe chasing the Tutsis.

Eventually, under the cover of darkness, we went to Ryeze’s house in the centre of Kicukiro. Ryeze’s son, Toussaint, told us that his mother, a Tutsi, could hide us. We stayed there until 25 May when the people of Kicukiro began to flee. The *Inkotanyi* then came to take us away.

Vénuste saw some people succeed in their efforts to escape and others who were caught, before he was covered by dead bodies. When the interahamwe were sent to complete the killings, the child Vénuste was carrying was discovered and subjected to immense trauma leaving him unable to speak. His first words came only after a year of intensive therapy.

After the grenades, they turned to traditional weapons. One of the killers found me, and shook me to see whether I was alive or dead. I played dead and was so covered in blood that he easily convinced I was. He stole my wallet, containing my money, my identity card and all my other identity documents.

The two-year-old child I had been carrying all the way from ETO was still with me, untouched by the grenades. When the interahamwe began searching me, the boy cried out: : “Daddy! Daddy!” The interahamwe struck him over the left eye with a sword, saying: “What’s the point of saying “Daddy” when he’s already dead?” The boy fell down unconscious.

When the killers finally left, Vénuste began calling out to see if there were other survivors. He heard his wife screaming for him to get her out from underneath a pile of bodies. She had been shot in the right thigh and their eight-year-old son had a shrapnel wound in the head. With some other survivors, the family decided to make their way to Amahoro Stadium, avoiding the roads. But the following morning they were seen by a group of armed men. Vénuste was saved just as he was on the point of death.

It was between 11.00 p.m. and midnight when we set off, led by Bizuru's son, Adam. But Adam didn't know the Kagarama footpaths any better than we did, and we spent all night going round in circles. As day dawned, we were still in Kagarama, and fell into the hands of some Hutus who were starting "work" early.

There were about ten of them, armed with guns and machetes. When they ordered us to stop, Adam ran away, but they shot him dead. We were so frightened and despairing that we obeyed the killers' orders to sit down. I put my head between my legs, and sat waiting for a machete or bullet to smash into it. As I waited for certain death, I was surprised to see the man with the gun toppled over. He had been shot by the RPF soldiers who had entered the village, unknown to the interahamwe. The other killers ran away. So we had a very narrow escape indeed.

We took the soldiers back to the scene of the massacre in Nyanza, and tried to get the remaining survivors out from under the dead bodies. Meanwhile, there was a furious battle going on between the RPF and the FAR. That was the day I lost my arm, and three of the 19 people in my group of survivors were killed at the same time. After that, I was evacuated to Rebero, and from there to Gishushu.

The positions the killers took up to begin the massacre were an indication that this was to be a systematic and thorough massacre. Ernestine described the scene.

Those with guns and hand grenades stood on top of the bank while those with clubs and machetes stood below it. We were completely surrounded. A few minutes later, they started "work." They began firing at us and grenades rained down among us.

It was a hellish scene of blood, fire, clouds of dust raised by the grenades, mutilated bodies and the screams of the wounded and dying.

After using their guns and grenades, the killers moved in with knives and machetes, finishing off the survivors. They hacked them to death with machetes, stabbed them with the spears or clubbed them to death using all kinds of traditional weapons. They kept at it until late when they withdrew in case of a surprise attack at night by the *Inyenzi*.

All the time screams were coming from the mound of torn flesh and blood. Some people were yelling: "I'm a Hutu! Come and save me!" The interahamwe would go and check by torchlight whether the person was telling the truth. If they decided they were Hutus, they pulled them out and took them away for medical treatment.

Fortunately, I myself was not wounded. But when they began searching through the bodies to find young girls to rape—or to kill if they resisted too much—I managed to slip away and lie down in the long grass near the massacre site. I was also very lucky not to be caught when they hunted

down survivors that evening. Once they had gone, we left under the cover of darkness and took refuge in a nearby wood.

As a final gesture of love, Yves Habumuremyi's father, Jean-Berchmans Habumuremyi, asked a soldier to shoot his children, to spare them death by a machete or a spear. When they got inside ETO on the 7th, Jean-Berchmans had commented: "We've escaped death for the time being." Just four days later, he lay dead in Nyanza.

They threw hand grenades into the crowd. My father told us to gather around him. He tried to bribe a soldier standing near us to shoot us, so that we would not be killed by traditional weapons. The soldier accepted the money, but did not do as he promised. Seeing that people were being killed all around me, I flung myself down and let the bodies fall on top of me. One of them was my younger brother, who had been shot in the chest. I soaked myself in blood so that the killers would think I was dead.

It was 6:30 p.m. by then, and the darkness made the killers leave, hoping they had finished their "work." Once they had gone, the wounded began calling out for water, but there was no way to help them. I had a bullet wound in my left arm.

Another father, Ignace Benimana, tried to protect his children despite his own terrible injuries.

When they started killing us, a soldier standing over us shouted: "You predicted that the day Habyarimana died, you would be overjoyed and celebrating. Well, here you are: celebrate!" He had a bag full of hand grenades. He threw the first grenade and severed limbs began falling on us while other soldiers opened fire. Anyone who tried to run away was cut down by those with traditional weapons. We could hear their cries as they were hacked to death.

I was hit in the left arm. When I tried to move it, I couldn't; it was too badly injured. I was clinging on to my son, Rémy Nshimiyimana, with my right hand. When I looked to see if he was all right, I saw that his leg and the left side of his chest were covered in blood, because I was bleeding so badly.

It was about 5:45 p.m. When they opened fire on us. The ones with guns left between 7:00-8:00 p.m., leaving those with traditional weapons to deal with any survivors. That night none of them realized I was still alive. I could hear someone begging them to kill him, offering them money. The terrible pain they were in drove them to beg for death.

Mothers, as well as fathers, struggled to cope with horrors that words cannot convey. Chantal looked towards her daughter, who had been sitting next to her, as people began to be blasted by the gunfire and grenades. Chantal's husband, Pierre Bizuru, and four of her six children—three boys and a daughter—were among the victims.

"I saw my daughter, Denise, with her head between her legs. I called her name, and she didn't answer. I raised her head, and saw she was bleeding badly from both nostrils. I realized she was dead."

They went on firing at us until about 6:45 p.m. Then the ones with the guns left, and those with spears got on with the dirty work for the rest of the evening. They had all kinds of traditional weapons. The interahamwe only left when they got tired.

I carefully crawled out from among the bodies. I called Mugabo so that we could get away. But he did not answer. Someone told me he was alive, but could not move because of his leg. I propped him up, but he just couldn't walk. He told us to leave him to die there, because they intended to exterminate us. It was midnight by then. I hid in the bush.

Chantal spent two nights among the dead. On the 13th, she joined the survivors taken to Rebero by the RPF.

It was probably the fact that she was knocked unconscious that protected Anastasie from the notice of the interahamwe. When she came round she found that her 16-year-old son had been badly wounded. She regrets her advise to him.

The air was full of hand grenades emitting black fumes as they exploded. It was terrible. I had the impression I had been hit on the right side of my forehead. I felt it with my right hand. But I remember nothing after that I must have fainted. I don't even know when or how I got hit on the left side of my neck and on my right hand with a machete. I only found out when I came round.

The first thing I heard was a girl named Uwimana asking her mother, Colette: "Mummy, can we go now?" Her mother answered: "No, I can't move, I've been shot!" A few minutes later, my son, Shyondori, called out to me: "Mummy, come and see where I've been shot!" I tried to get up, unaware I had been wounded with a machete. When I tried to move my right arm, it would not respond. It was so heavy I just couldn't lift it. I couldn't move my head either, and it was very painful. I had lost a lot of blood.

I decided, reluctantly, to discourage my son. After trying to get up, without success, I decided to tell him the truth. "Shyondori," I said, "just be brave, my son. I want you to know we came here to be killed, and we can expect them to come and finish us off." I was not in my right mind when I said that to Shyondori. I couldn't think straight; in fact, I had gone mad. As his mother, I should have comforted him instead of discouraging him like that.

The instinct for survival and the determination to save and protect loved ones were difficult to reconcile in a situation where life depended on one's ability to appear dead. The predicament became particularly acute when confronted with small children who were injured and bewildered.

Marie-Rose Hodali was carrying her youngest sister, Consolée, on her back when the shooting started. Marie-Rose, 25, is a native of Nzove, Shyorongi, in Greater Kigali. But in April 1994 she was living with her family in sector Kagarama in Kicukiro. They had been driven out of their commune of origin, Shyorongi, in 1991, by neighbours who destroyed their house and who wanted to kill them. On the 7th, they went to ETO "in the hope of being protected by the Blue Helmets." Marie-Rose told of the suffering of her sister on the final day of her life.

I held her in my arms and we lay on the ground. A soldier shot us. The bullet tore the child's face and then hit me in the right breast. We were covered in blood, ours and other people's. Consolée did not die immediately. When she saw the blood she cried and called out to me, pulling me against her. I will never forget that.

Unable to continue, Marie-Rose broke down in tears.

"I had to play dead. But the child could not bear that and would not leave me alone."

They killed until 6:30 p.m., leaving night watchmen to kill anyone who wasn't dead yet. I was bleeding a lot.⁹⁶

As described below, Consolée did not live for long.

Berthilde was also carrying a child on her back, the son of Oscar, in whose house she had hidden when the genocide began. After managing to crawl out from under a pile of bodies with the child, Berthilde was seen and pursued by a militiaman.

I tried to run away. The interahamwe blew their whistles and came after us. I kept on running until my legs just gave up and I came to a stop. There was an interahamwe right behind me, who had his eye on me the whole time. I was so exhausted and out of breath that all I could say to him was: "Spare me!" That was the last thing I said. His immediate response was unexpected; he swung at me his machete, cutting my right hand, my forearm and my neck. I lost the little finger and the third finger of my right hand.

I passed out after being attacked and that interahamwe probably thought I was dead. He left me there. When I came round, I was bleeding badly. Whichever way I turned to reduce the bleeding, it only got worse. But, weak as I was, I managed to drag myself to take cover under a bush. The child was still there. He was only 18 months old.

After she was knocked flat with the butt of a rifle, so many people fell on top of Angélique that she almost suffocated.

I heard them hacking survivors to death with the machetes. They didn't dare groan or cry out. When they got tired of killing, they said: "Let's go and come back tomorrow." They were stealing from the dead people's pockets as they said that. I crawled out of the pile of bodies and called to my younger brother, Safari, to see if he was still alive. No answer. Then I called to my elder sister, Mugirasoni. No answer.

I felt all alone in the world, so I decided to stay with the bodies, and sleep until the return of the interahamwe. And that was what I did.

Vérédiane was discovered by the RPF soldiers who had been informed of the massacre and came to search for survivors.

The militia threw lots of grenades which exploded in our midst, killing many people. The first grenade explosion tore into people's bodies and we were spattered with human flesh. I don't know what happened then; I just saw the interahamwe running away.

They thought we were all dead as no-one was moving. A few minutes later, I heard people talking. I called out that I was still alive. When they came towards me, I saw that they were *Inkotanyi*. There was a child called Mariette. The militia had struck her in the neck with a machete, but she was still alive.

Together, we crept out from among the bodies. The RPF soldiers hid us in a bush. They hadn't yet taken over the area and were still fighting. They had imitated the interahamwe by using whistles. So, the real interahamwe had run off, thinking they were being called by their colleagues.

When the fighting started, the interahamwe militia lost and fled. That was why the RPF soldiers were able to spot us and hide us.

⁹⁶ Interviewed in Kigali, 16 August 1997.

After they had hidden the refugees, the soldiers left to rejoin the battle. From their hiding place, Vérédiane could hear the voices of the militiamen who had returned to complete their task.

Seeing the bodies of their victims, they were very pleased with their exploits. They congratulated themselves on killing so many Tutsis.

The child who was hiding with her, Mariette, was seriously injured and bleeding badly. Vérédiane used her cloth as a bandage, wrapping it around her neck. Then that night, around 8:00 p.m., the RPA soldiers returned to evacuate the survivors to CND. Along the way, close to an area called Magerwa, the interahamwe attacked the group, but were fought off by the soldiers. When they reached Kicukiro, Vérédiane found herself near her cousin's house, where she had left her mother. Believing the soldiers would not want to deviate from their route, she decided to slip away from them and try and rescue her mother herself. Although she found her mother, Vérédiane was seen by a nearby resident and brutally assaulted.

I stayed with my mother the whole night, while a violent battle raged. Shells were being fired and broken glass came flying through the air. We went to lie in the corridor so there was no risk of a wall falling in on us. The fighting continued and I didn't know that the *Inkotanyi* who had been holding the area had been beaten back by the ex-FAR.

When the fighting ended, I heard people approaching. I thought it was the *Inkotanyi*, but it was the interahamwe. They were led by an interahamwe, a refugee from Burundi, who lived close to my cousin. He took two 8-cm nails and drove them into my head. Then he took more nails and drove them into my forehead with a *massue*. The fighting still raged nearby. The *Inkotanyi* had come back to oust the ex-FAR. These interahamwe were also beaten and finally the *Inkotanyi* regained control of the area.

Vérédiane and her mother were found by RPF soldiers and taken to Byumba. Her mother died there on 20 June and Vérédiane spent the rest of the genocide working in an orphanage there.

The girl mentioned by Vérédiane is Mariette Kabanda who was 14. *African Rights* interviewed her in an orphanage in Byumba in May 1994; she was nursing extensive machete wounds to her head. Mariette attended a boarding school in the préfecture of Kibungo but had come home to Kicukiro for the school holidays. She and her family had arrived at ETO on the 7th after their home was raided. At Nyanza, the family had become separated. Mariette witnessed the murders of her brother, Thierry, and her mother, both of whom were sitting at the front and were immediately killed by grenades. Later, she found her father had also been murdered.

My father and I were towards the back though we were not sitting together. The interahamwe kept killing people until they got to us. They reached Papa and hit him with a machete. I could not see if he was dead or not. They also hit me on the head with a machete. I fell and became covered up with many dead bodies. So the interahamwe thought I was dead. When they left I went to check on my father and realized that he was dead.

The next morning, the interahamwe came back and started attacking the remaining people with machetes and spears. I kept my cover under the dead bodies. That night a government soldier came and told us that RPF soldiers had captured Rebero and we should go there. He went around with a torch looking for people who were still breathing. When he found us he told us to get up and tried to persuade us to go to Rebero. We were scared because we thought this was another trick by the killers. No one got up. No one wanted to be the first. But then one man got up and the soldier did not shoot him. So the rest of us also got up.

Mariette was taken to Hotel Rebero, then later evacuated to Byumba.

Madeleine's experiences of the massacre were no less traumatic. She lost consciousness under the weight of dead and wounded bodies.

Around 5:30 p.m. the grenades started to pound us and explode, pouring out black smoke. People were groaning or shouting for help or simply screaming in pain. The dead and wounded fell on top of me and I passed out. I was almost suffocated. When I regained consciousness I looked to where my husband and children had been, but I couldn't see them. There were so many dead bodies it was difficult to recognize them and the situation didn't help either.

It was starting to get dark; the interahamwe were still shooting anyone who moved or made a noise. They made sure they were dead, using machetes, knives, spears, *massues* or other traditional weapons because they had exhausted their supplies of grenades. I was able to steal away with my two-year-old child. But it wasn't easy, firstly because I didn't have the strength to walk, not having eaten or drunk anything for four days, and secondly because the interahamwe were hunting down those who had escaped the massacres. They were searching everywhere amongst the bushes.

Madeleine squeezed into the bushes to hide, but about half an hour later she was seen by two children. It was impossible to keep the three terrified, hungry and thirsty children quiet.

They asked me if I would be their mum and they stayed with me. A bit later they started crying for the auntie who they had probably fled with. I calmed them down and explained that she was dead, that she had been killed and that we all risked being killed like their auntie. A fraction of a second later I heard shots behind me, about 100 metres away. After the shots I could hear children screaming and I thought they must have killed their mother. A minute later again, the children's screams stopped; they had also met their end.

During that time, my prayers were all mixed up. On the one hand I was asking God to spare the three innocent lives that I was protecting; on the other hand I was saying to myself: "God is unjust, he has had my children and my husband killed and now even the little one who escaped with me is going to die."

Around 2:00 a.m. the children started wailing again, crying for water and saying they were hungry. I was at a loss as to what to do. My own little boy was asking to go home because he was hungry and I couldn't do anything about it. I tried to calm them down but without success.

Jeanne d'Arc had to push off dead bodies before she could escape the massacre site and hide in the bush.

As it was getting dark, they decided to kill us *en masse*, and threw some hand grenades into the crowd of people sitting on the road. Their screams of agony rent the sky over Nyanza.

After the grenades, they finished off survivors with bullets and machetes. They went on killing until around 8:00 p.m. What saved me was blow from a *massue* above my left eye. I fell down unconscious and the dead bodies fell on top of me. Those dead bodies saved my life.

Claire was sitting beside her mother at Nyanza when the soldiers began throwing grenades at them. Nothing could have prepared her for the savagery of the massacre which followed.

The first one exploded right next to her. It was around 6:00 or 6:30 p.m. My mother fell immediately and a child who was beside her had its head blown off by the same grenade. After that we came under intense fire. When their ammunition ran out, the soldiers told the interahamwe to continue the work, but not to search our pockets because it would be a waste of time. They told them just to concentrate on making sure that there wasn't a single Tutsi survivor.

I could hear all this because I was still alive and unhurt amongst the dead bodies. Then I heard the interahamwe massacring the wounded with machetes and spears. I lay there pretending to be dead and waiting for them to get me. My turn came around 2:00 a.m., when I felt a *massue* hit me, first in the ribs, then on my back, because my head was a bit hidden.

Among the participants in the massacre were some whose commitment to the slaughter wavered.

An old man whose name I didn't know came up to me. He asked me if I was a member of the Muhutu family. I replied that I was, not knowing whether I would be killed or saved. He immediately told the interahamwe, who had started to inflict blows on me, to leave me alone because the Muhutu had done him a favour. They pulled me away from the bodies and made me sit down right beside the water tap.

I found others there, including a girl called Bébé, the daughter of Nyirahuku, who were all there because Hutu was mentioned on their identity cards. Each of the interahamwe remained beside the person he had just saved. The old man who had saved me said he had nowhere he could take me because if his wife and daughters saw me, they would kill me before his very eyes. He said he was leaving, but that he was innocent and washed his hands of my blood.

The interahamwe each left with the person they had saved such as Bébé and the others. I stayed there with a pregnant woman and a mother whose child had a cut ear and a wound to the thigh. There were four of us all together. We took advantage of the fact that the others had left to squeeze into the shelter where the tap was and we spent the night there.

Assumpta said the refugees had no option but to follow the orders of the soldiers at Nyanza "like sheep." As they sat down, she realized that "our end had come."

I don't even remember how I came to be lying on the ground. A few moments after that I felt my sister's hand on my arm. She asked me if I was still alive. I opened my eyes immediately and looked at her. I saw that she was keeping calm although she was lying in a pool of blood. I wondered whether it was her own blood or whether it was from the other victims who were lying all around us. The shooting had just stopped and there was a terrifying silence. She said to me: "It's all over." Those were the last words she uttered. As the shooting was replaced by silence, I turned over to sleep on my stomach. However, the interahamwe were still around; they were going through the piles of dead bodies.

"I could hear the blows of their machetes and *massues*, which they were dealing out to those who were on the point of death. The wait for my turn to die seemed endless. But in the end, my turn didn't come and there was a profound silence all around me."

When Assumpta opened her eyes she saw dead bodies all around her. She saw a young man get up, bleeding heavily from a gunshot wound in the stomach, and decided to leave the massacre site with him. They went together to “beg for water,” in the nearby houses, but were turned away by an old woman. At the second house they visited, men were standing outside and immediately one of them hit Assumpta’s companion with a machete. He fell to the ground. She ran into the dark and found a hiding place in the bushes. When she emerged to look for food on the 13th, she was found by a group of RPF soldiers who took her to the CND and then on to Byumba with the other refugees they had rescued.

Yvonne described the massacre through a veil of tears, and was forced to stop on several occasions.

All the people killed or wounded near me fell on top of me. They went on shooting until 6:30 p.m. I felt nothing at all. I felt neither fear nor any distress. It was as though everything that was happening was a long way from me, made no sense and meant nothing to me.

Some time between 6:30 p.m. and 7:00 p.m., the soldiers and the others with guns left. The ones with bladed weapons remained behind to examine the bodies. They killed the wounded and the dying.

I was still lying under the pile of bodies. I got cramps in my leg. When I pushed back some of the bodies lying on me, the killers noticed. I had a baby at my breast. They tore her away and struck her with a machete. They threw her down onto the bodies, right beside me. She was crying, but I didn’t know what to do. Fortunately, the child who was 18 months old at the time did survive. They grabbed me by the arm and struck me with a machete. Then they dealt with the other people nearby. They were checking the bodies by torchlight, and perhaps that is what saved us. If it had been daylight, I think they would have killed me immediately.

It took me all night to climb out from under the bodies. Some other people also managed it. As I was exhausted, I just stayed there by the bodies. My back hurt so much I couldn’t move.

A woman named Umuhire got out from under the bodies at the same time as I did. I recognized her and asked her: “What shape are you in?” “Not too good” she replied, “but I’m going to try and get to my grandmother’s in Murambi, Gikorongo.” Then she added: “You didn’t happen to see my mother among those bodies?” I replied: “She is dead, cut to pieces by machetes.” Umuhire said nothing. It was too dark for her to take a last look at her mother. She left and never returned.

Siméon remarked upon the determination of the soldiers to begin the killings. He said they told the interahamwe to wait, then began lobbing grenades, up to fifteen at a time, and shooting. He escaped injury at first but was later discovered by the interahamwe.

“There was blood everywhere and people moaning in agony. As people were hit, the blood spread out, spraying from their backs. There were people asking to be shot instead of being ripped apart by grenades. The soil was reddened with blood. But they also had guns and they shot, shot and shot. Some people had been beheaded; others had lost arms or legs.”

I was lying in between a lot of people. I was not touched either by the grenades or the guns. The dead bodies fell on top of me. But when they came back for the survivors, they dragged me out. I don’t know how they

knew I was alive. I was struck on the left ear with a machete. I passed out and didn't feel anything else after that. But they cut my neck and right hand with a machete and stabbed me in the back with a bayonet. Then they robbed me of my shoes and blue jeans. I think they left me my T-shirt because it was covered in blood. Then they left me for dead.

Jean-Bosco saw his brother and niece die in front of him.

They threw grenades into the crowd. My brother Cyewusi was in front of me, carrying my four-year-old niece Sandrine. I'd been carrying her since Sahara because her mother, my sister Florence, who's now dead, was tired from carrying her. When we got to Nyanza, I'd given her to my brother because I was also tired. Shortly after the grenades started crashing down to us, Cyewusi said: "I'm finished." I didn't think after that. I just got up and started to run. The killers were chasing me but I outran them after a few minutes. I hid in the bushes about a kilometre away. I could hear the cries of people being torn to pieces, either where the massacre was taking place or in the bushes next to me. I even heard the voice of twelve-year-old Nyanisaza asking for mercy and unfortunately not getting it.

Apolinie described the noise at Nyanza as "one scream of pain." She was with her family at Nyanza and although she neither saw them die nor found their bodies, she knows her parents were killed there. During the night she found the surviving members of her family.

We called out to one another and we all emerged from under the bodies. I was reunited with my sister, Claudine Umulisa, nicknamed "Fifi"; my brothers, Floribert Kiyonga, alias "Soda", and Bertin Musoni. We were joined by Félix; Angélique Numukobwa; Françoise Kayirere; and Jeanne d'Arc, alias "Bebé." I had not been wounded at all and was completely without a scratch.

We left the scene of the massacre with no idea of where we were going. We wandered around all night just looking for somewhere to hide. I don't know how many hours we kept going, but I remember that dawn found us hiding in a banana grove. It was the morning of 12 April.

Sitting near Florence were some elderly people. They were pessimistic about the chances of survival of the refugees, remembering that in 1959, Tutsis had been killed in Nyanza. They began to pray, but were answered only by a militiaman who said: "God can't hear you. The Tutsis' God doesn't exist any more." Immediately afterwards the slaughter began.

The interahamwe and the Hutus didn't wait. They threw grenades and shot at us. Some people were killed outright. Others were groaning whilst the survivors were struggling to breathe in the crush of dead bodies. It was starting to get dark. A young man made the most of the darkness to shout: "We can't die here like cripples. Anyone who can, run with me." Fortunately I hadn't been injured. I got out from the corpses I'd been hiding under and ran.

Some of the interahamwe were completing their work, others were chasing the people running away. From the surrounding hills we could hear shouts of: "There they are, there they are." They were definitely talking about us. I was lucky on two counts. Firstly, I'm a girl and secondly it was dark. When they were chasing people, the Hutus weren't particularly interested in girls. They would run past us to catch the boys. There were two interahamwe, for example, who saw me but who went after a young man some 200 metres away instead.

My second piece of luck was the dark. It was around 6:30 p.m. and almost night, which helped us hide. I hid in the bushes and then later went to Karembure. I wandered around there until the RPF arrived.

Gentile Umubyeye, aged only 12, saw her mother and brother die in front of her.

I was in the middle of the panicking crowd, being pushed this way and that by people dying and others trying to get away.

“I fainted and was unconscious for some time. When I came round there was a pile of corpses with the thick black smoke from the grenades still drifting over them.”

I got up and just ran. I had no idea where I was going. I don't know how long it took me to reach a banana grove, nor how far away it was from the scene of the massacre.

Some interahamwe came into the grove hunting for more victims, so I had to leave that hiding place and find another one. I approached an old lady who lived near the grove and asked her: “Please, dear lady, will you hide me?” “Get lost, you cockroach!” she retorted, and her children ran after me, wanting to kill me. There were five or six of them; some were older than me and some younger. I ran away and left them behind.

As I ran, I passed a girl who had probably also been looking for somewhere to hide. The child killers I had escaped by a few metres caught her and hacked her to death right there with the machetes they were carrying. That girl saved my life in a way.

I went on my way and, when I thought I was out of the reach of interahamwe, I took off some of the clothes that had been hampering me as I ran. Before the genocide, we had got used to wearing several pairs of trousers in case of an attack, so I took off some of them. Despite all my efforts, some interahamwe saw me. They came and took my trousers. They didn't harm me as they thought I wouldn't get another 100 metres without running into their cronies.

After discarding my extra trousers, I ran on and a few metres ahead, I found my mother: “Are you really still alive, my child?” she exclaimed. Before I had time to say anything, we heard the killers shouting: “There they are! There they are!” They meant us. It looked like we were finished. My mother said: “Run for it, quickly; I don't want to see you killed in front of me!” I just ran without a word. My mother could not run as fast as I could, and so they soon caught her. They killed her at once. I was only 200 metres away, and saw them hack her to death. I found a bush to hide and from there I watched all the killing going on around me.

The interahamwe came back again at nightfall. I could hear what they were saying: “Anyone who is still alive had better come out, before we find them!” A man came out from under the bodies, saying: “I'm still alive, but I don't want to live, so kill me quickly!” They killed him showing no mercy. The killers left at around 10:00 p.m.

Shortly afterwards the interahamwe turned up again to kill anyone who still refused to die. They found my 25-year-old brother, Gilbert Rurangwa, and asked him who he was. They first asked: “Where are you from?” He replied: “I come from Gikondo,” and then they asked him what address

exactly. He told them, Gikondo-Nyenyeri.⁹⁷ They asked him: “What’s your address in Gikondo?” “Gatege’s house” he answered. They all exclaimed: “Oh! We’ve had a hard job finding you!” and added “Where are the others?” He didn’t answer that question. Then they asked him: “Where do you work?” He replied: “At the Red Cross.” “Oh so you work with those *Inyenzi!*” they exclaimed.

Next they asked him if he had any money and he said he had none. That was the end of the interrogation. Then they took of his shoes and clothes and hacked him to death. There were four killers. The shock of seeing my brother killed like that made me pass out again.

Caritas looked to a former classmate to save her when the Hutus were asked to step aside. He took her with him and they were led by militiamen to stand at a distance from the Tutsis. From there Caritas saw the full horror of the massacre, witnessing the grenades and shooting, and later the butchery of the interahamwe. One of the group was killed by exploding shrapnel but the rest, including Caritas, were able to escape after the massacre.

It was ghastly. Heads and severed limbs were sent flying through the air by the force of the explosions into nearby banana groves. Children were screaming and wounded people were groaning. Anyone who tried to get away was caught and hacked to death. It was an unimaginable scene, hard to describe.

They went on killing, while we remained there not far away.

“The way they finished off the wounded survivors was horrifying. They cut people to pieces like meat in a butcher’s shop. The whole place stank of blood.”

As night fell, we kept quiet and eventually managed to slip away. We went down to the centre of Kicukiro. We came across Hutus or interahamwe, but made no mention of the Nyanza massacre. We never mentioned we had narrowly escaped that massacre. We reached Kicukiro’s shopping centre without problems. I was with Eugène Gakwaya, the son of Gakwaya from Nyanza-Nyabisindu in Butare préfecture, and some other people I didn’t know at the time. Not far from Kicukiro market, on the road at Gatenga, there was an unfinished house. All eight of us took shelter there. That must have been at about 8:00 p.m., and Eugène left about half an hour later. He told me he was going to Nyamisambu. He didn’t come back anyway. Early next morning, at around 5:00 a.m. the RPF forces arrived and rescued us.

Kanonko said he saw Col. Rusatira at Nyanza and that he overheard him criticizing the soldiers and interahamwe for being “behind schedule.”

An old man named Karibwende shouted: “You son of a bitch! Kill us quickly instead of dragging it out!” Kanyabugoyi spoke up in support. The soldiers then opened fire on us and blasted us with grenades. The grenades were followed by machetes, clubs and other traditional weapons.

When they began throwing the grenades, I received shrapnel wounds to the head. I collapsed unconscious and never felt the machete hitting me in the neck, nor any of the blows from the clubs and *massues* I received all over my body. I was beaten on my legs, and on my chest: my body was covered in bruises.

⁹⁷ There are two Gikondos, Gikondo-Magerwa and Gikondo Nyenyeri.

I came round the following morning. The interahamwe came back, and began searching bodies. They said: "We'll kill anyone who's still alive after the search." A few minutes later, a shot rang out. The interahamwe scattered, saying it must be the *Inkotanyi*. Almost immediately afterwards, RPF soldiers arrived and got us out from under the dead bodies.

Augustin said the interahamwe were scared away when a bright light shone over the site of the massacre, but by then most people were already dead.

Hand grenades pelted us. The sound of explosions mingled with the screams of people being blown apart. Kayonga and Aimable's wife were killed right in front of me. What I find hard to bear is the fact that all those people who died at Nyanza were already exhausted when they were killed.

The dead bodies fell on top of us. We crawled out at around 10:00 p.m. At that point something hovered over us with incredibly bright headlights, perhaps an aircraft. I didn't know what it was. The interahamwe, who had been robbing the dead even of their clothes, ran away. We seized the chance to hide in the bush. We made our way from there to Pascal's house in Kagarama where we hid for week. Then we went to Kamufozi's house, and then to Budara's.

Augustin had escaped with his brother, but the two of them were discovered while in hiding at Budara's house and his brother was captured and killed.

David and his family endured the harassment of the interahamwe at Sonatubes together. By the time they arrived at Nyanza, David's father had realized there was little likelihood of survival. He decided to try and ensure a swift death for his loved ones.

Before the massacres began my father called over a soldier called Cyimutaro, who was a refugee from Byumba, and asked him to call a soldier who would be prepared to shoot my family to spare them death by machetes or clubs. My father gave the soldier 30,000 or 40,000 francs when he came over to us. But the soldier failed to do what he had promised. Daddy, who was really mad by this time, called over another of the interahamwe. He gave him his shoes and his wallet, but the guy hit him on the back with a club and left. After that people were being blown up with grenades or shot.

David lay feigning death, as appalling atrocities were carried out all around him.

The soldiers and the armed militia fired at us. After that they told the interahamwe, who were carrying traditional weapons, that it was now their turn. My father had already fallen to the ground with a wound to his leg. I covered myself with blood from the dead and wounded. I looked just like a corpse amongst the other bodies. From time to time the wounded were calling out to the interahamwe, begging them to come and end their agony. They even offered them money. The interahamwe came and used their machetes without the slightest sign of remorse. Sometimes, when they didn't find the money they had been promised, they went blind with rage and cut up the already dead bodies into small pieces.

I was near an old woman who, like the others, had begged to be put out of her misery. They came and took the opportunity, at the same time, to take off my jacket and trousers. They kicked me and thumped me in the chest to check if I was dead or not. I didn't move a muscle, I pretended to be dead. They even shone torches at me to make sure they had done their work well. But my hour had not yet come. I stayed there among the bodies until dawn.

He eluded the killers for five days. Wandering with other child survivors of the massacre in search of refuge, David was captured by soldiers on 16 April. It was, he said, “a miracle” that the RPF soldiers arrived just as he was on the point of being killed, saving his life. But his memories of the days he spent surrounded by the bodies of his loved ones and fellow refugees will never leave him. He saw men, women and children coming to “strip the corpses” on the day after the massacre, when anyone found still moving was murdered.

On 13 April, he got out from his place among the corpses and found around a dozen other people still alive; their lives came under threat once more when the interahamwe returned. Seeing no alternative, the survivors pretended that RPF soldiers had arrived and acted as if they were talking with them. Fortunately the militiamen believed them and left in fear. Later that day, David managed to find the body of his father among the dead. He also found his sister and shared the last minutes of her life, unable to offer any help.

I went to check whether there was anyone else left alive amongst the dead bodies. That was when I saw my dead father. He was wounded in the back and in the leg. I took a cloth and covered him up. Among the dead was Laurence who we knew as “Diga.” She had wounds everywhere—to her head and to her neck. She was in terrible pain. She asked me for something to drink. But I wasn’t even able to satisfy her last request. Five minutes later she was dead.

CHAPTER VIII

HUNTING DOWN THE WOUNDED AND LOOTING THE DEAD, TUESDAY 12 APRIL

“The Secretary-General met the Foreign Minister of Belgium, Mr. Willy Claes, in Bonn on 12 April... In response to the Secretary-General’s comment that he had sent a letter to the Security Council, asking for more troops and a change of the mandate of UNAMIR, and that he did not think that the Council would accept a withdraw of UNAMIR, Claes stated that Belgium had to make a choice and had decided to withdraw its units from Rwanda. It preferred the withdrawal to be collective effort of UNAMIR, and would not like to withdraw alone.”⁹⁸

At the crack of dawn, people began searching for their relatives among the piles of corpses, but before long a group of militiamen returned, intending to complete their task by ensuring there were no survivors. Anybody found moving was immediately beaten with hammers or slashed with machetes. The hunting and killing was brought to an abrupt end when the interahamwe heard gunfire and suspected that RPA soldiers had arrived. By the 12th, fighting between the RPA and the FAR was raging in the area around Nyanza. Despite this, RPA soldiers who learned of the massacre went to search for survivors and took them to safety. Most of the people who are left to tell the story of what happened on 11 – 12 April in Nyanza owe their lives to these soldiers.

Spéciose described the process of eliminating survivors as “re-killing” and explained how the militiamen went about their task. She had thought her husband dead until she heard him answer a militiaman’s demand.

In the early hours of the morning, at around 4:00 or 5:00 a.m., some young girls crawled out from amongst the corpses. Just then a Hutu arrived with a machete and a torch. He asked the children: “What are you doing here?” and the children, innocent as they were, replied: “There’s been a massacre here. We want to go home.” The man answered: “Wait a moment, I’ll just call the others and we’ll take you home.” He went to get the others and they came back to “re-kill” everyone methodically. They were shouting: “It’s impossible, these dead Tutsi have been walking all night,” as if the number of corpses had diminished.

In order to carry out their work effectively, they had a method to find out who was dead or not. Before “re-killing” they would stand on the stomach of the supposed corpse. Maybe if they felt any breathing they knew who to “re-kill”. I had thought that Fidèle was dead. But I was surprised to hear him saying to the interahamwe. “I don’t have any money, I gave it all to your colleagues.” As soon as he had said that, there was a dull thud and I believe that was the end.

Then it was my turn. When the killers saw me they shouted: “You’d think this one was white, she’s died with money.” They grabbed me by the hair and I pretended to be dead. They gave me five hammer blows to the head just to make sure. One of them took a sword and cut off my trousers. Because I didn’t move, he let go of me. A few minutes later another interahamwe came and picked up a Hutu identity card which was lying next to me.

⁹⁸ The *Independent Inquiry*, pp. 12–13.

I was still pretending to be dead. He asked: "Hey, woman, tell me if you're Hutu and I'll get you out of here." I didn't know if he was speaking to me and I was supposed to be dead but involuntarily I answered: "No, I'm Tutsi, so kill me instead." At that exact moment shots went off around. The interahamwe fled saying: "it's the *Inkotanyi*." Then I heard Karasira saying to me: "Lets go. It's the *Inkotanyi*, lets go to them." I didn't think, I just grabbed a loincloth from a dead woman and ran. I didn't know where I was running.

Spéciose and a group of around 20 survivors were found by the RPA soldiers, among them Spéciose's nephew. They took them to Rebero and left them in a hut owned by an elderly woman while the fighting between the RPA and the FAR continued. Later when the RPA took Hotel Rebero they were taken there before going on to Byumba in late April. Spéciose concluded: "There are times when I cannot bring myself to believe that what happened could have happened."

Berthilde had suffered hideous injuries on the 11th and was carrying a boy of 18 months. She was unable to move from the hiding place in the woods without help.

They searched the wood all night, and two of them found me at daybreak. I didn't see them, but I heard them say: "This bitch has snuffed it, and so has her brat." I had been praying all night: "Lord, please save me and this child."

Shortly afterwards, someone else arrived. Before he had a chance to reach me, I begged: "Please have mercy on me, don't kill me." He answered: "Don't be afraid, I'm not a killer, I'm running away like you. Come with me." I asked him to help me carry the child but he replied: "I'm very sorry, but I'm not strong enough," and left.

A few minutes later, a woman arrived with a child on her back. I could see her because it was daytime by then. She also urged me to flee with her. I replied that I could not, because I was too weak and had a child. But I told her I would make an effort, if she would help me carry the child, She refused, saying: "I can hardly carry my own child." Then she left too.

After that, two young girls arrived, and the same scenario was repeated. They left me there in that wood, and there I stayed until the next morning.

The following morning Berthilde saw the nearby village of Kirumbure burning. The interahamwe were combing the area for Tutsis and one of them heard the cries of Berthilde's child and found them.

I had lost so much blood that I couldn't see him properly. He was like a figure glimpsed in a nightmare, armed with a sword and hand grenades. He picked up the child by one arm, and shoved him aside. I was being bitten by ants, but I dared not move an inch for fear of being killed. I heard this interahamwe dragging someone along; I think it was an old woman, judging by her voice. I heard her begging him: "Spare me please; haven't I just given you some money?" I don't know what happened after that.

Once the killer had gone, I collected the child. I found two more hiding in a bush nearby. There was a boy and a little girl named Irène, about seven years old. (She's now in her first year at secondary school). Their father's name was Bizuru. The sun had still not set, but I decided to go home anyway. I took a stick to lean on, but collapsed after walking under 100 metres. I then told the children we had better wait, and leave next morning.

Berthilde and the child survived another encounter with the interahamwe the next day, but was made to march to Gahanga with the two children she had found and three other young boys discovered by the interahamwe. When the group arrived, Berthilde, the baby and the little girl Irène were separated from the boys who were killed. Suffering from hunger and thirst and with nowhere to go, Berthilde asked for a drink of water at a nearby house,

Although one of the occupants, a 15-year-old youth, was determined to kill her, the older residents gave the survivors some food and treatment before telling her to leave. Taken in by a militiaman, Berthilde was in constant danger for the few days she spent at his home. Eventually the man refused to harbour them any longer and Berthilde and the two children set off once more in search of sanctuary.

Wherever we went, people jeered at us, shouting: “There they are!” Sometimes we remained in hiding; other times we ran away from them. We carried on through the torrent of abuse until a soldier called me over. I approached him, thinking my last hour had come and suddenly found myself face to face with an *Inkotanyi*. And that was how I was rescued.

Claire saw the band of interahamwe returning to finish off the wounded early on Tuesday morning. She was with a group of survivors who were injured but had been spared death by the interahamwe the previous day because there was some doubt their ethnic identity. On the 12th, however, they were threatened again and it was only the arrival of the RPA soldiers that saved them.

They told any of us who were still alive to follow them. It was lucky for us and we rushed to leave the shelter. They took us to the Horizon in Rebero, which was in the free zone. We got there that evening between 6:00 and 7:00 p.m. and we spent four or five days there whilst the RPF fought the FAR. The soldiers made us food and treated our wounds and various illnesses. But there were so many seriously wounded people that there weren't enough medicines and dressings.

On 17 April, Claire was taken to the CND building and then, over a week later, was moved to Byumba.

When the killing started in Nyanza, Léonile Mukakimenyi had lost sight of her husband, and concentrated on trying to avoid people falling on top of her, as she was eight months pregnant. She lay next to a dead body and hid her face, remaining motionless until the next morning. She then crouched in a bush as the interahamwe killed the wounded survivors. Rescued on the 12th, she went into premature labour and gave birth to a son on the 13th, Janvier Munezero. Later she discovered that her husband, Pierre Kayigamba, and her six-year-old daughter, Marie-Jeanne Uwimana, had died in Nyanza.

Belancille slid among the dead and escaped injury on the 11th, but her husband, Appolinaire Ntasinzira, had been shot in the head. Determined to share his last moments with him, Belancille endangered her own life again on the 12th. She was so seriously injured that she never saw her rescuers.

On the 12th, they stabbed the severely wounded in the stomach with their swords. One of them touched me, declared I was dead and went on checking bodies. When I saw they were some distance away, I decided to go and comfort my husband, as I could see he was dying. I was not afraid of being killed myself. But as soon as I stood up, the militiamen saw me. One of them hit me on the head with a *massue*, knocking me down. I received another blow from a *massue* in the back. My head had been cut open and blood was pouring. I lost consciousness then.

When I came around I found myself in Rebero. My companions told me the *Inkotanyi* had brought us there. Because of the intense fighting and the continued deaths of the wounded amongst us, they evacuated us to Byumba. There we received medical treatment from the soldiers and some unknown Europeans. These doctors did their best to heal us, but my spinal column has been displaced, my skull was fractured and my arm doesn't work properly.

Ignace Benimana's first thought was to look for his son, Rémy, who had been lying next to him. He began his search sometime between 5:00 – 6:00 a.m. Ignace's left arm had been injured.

An interahamwe saw me and shouted; "One Tutsi is still alive!" I hid under a dead body, but he removed the body, and hit me on the head with a *massue*. Another one hit me on the left side with an iron bar. I thought I was done for. I was still lying among the bodies the next day, 13 April. RPF soldiers found us there between 7:00 – 8:00 a.m. I was still breathing, but couldn't speak. They found about five of us and took us to Rebero.

Later Ignace found his son and, after two days, they were transferred to the CND and then to Byumba where their injuries were treated.

Madeleine could hear the cries of people being slashed with machetes as the interahamwe claimed more victims. They came close to where she was hiding in the bushes with the children.

I can still hear those interahamwe telling their colleagues to go on a little further and they were, by then, only five metres away from me. Luckily the children had calmed down. Perhaps they also, without being aware of it, were afraid of dying. After some minutes, which seemed like centuries to me, I saw the interahamwe moving away from the bush I was hiding in. They continued hunting for survivors until midday when it began to rain. They had been searching since 8:00 a.m. in the morning.

"I will never forget how welcome that rain was to us because I was able to find water to give the children. In the morning, before the interahamwe came back, we had licked the dew off the grass to at least subdue the fire which seemed to burn inside us. Life can be a terrible thing."

Faced with a situation like that, I wondered why I had such bad luck.

Still in hiding, on 13 April, hunger and thirst and the deteriorating health of her child left Madeleine weak and unable to think. When her child reached the "point of death" late that morning, she began feeling there was no alternative to surrendering herself to the interahamwe. But she did nothing and gradually it seemed her child would pull through. In the days that followed, Madeleine confronted the same dilemma again.

On the night of the 14th or the 15th I saw Solange, the daughter of a cousin. She had her brother with her. She was zigzagging because she was in the same state I was. Another child also appeared out of another bush. Solange and I decided it would be better to give ourselves up to the interahamwe and be shot than to die of hunger. We prayed all night and begged God to hear our prayers. In the morning, I don't know how I did it. But I went off to look for the interahamwe in the hope of buying a painless death. I went but don't ask me what route I took, I had no strength left and I couldn't think straight. The only thing I remember is falling into the hands of two men, then everything went blank. When I came round I was in the hands of the RPF.

Marie-Rose's young sister, Consolée, had been strapped to her back when the killing began. She was breathing on the 12th, although she was severely injured and close to death. Marie-Rose, who had already been shot in the chest, received further blows at the hands of militiamen as they hunted down survivors.

At 10.00 a.m. the militiamen passed, checking if everyone was dead. When they were next to me they talked about Consolée. Some said she was Hutu, others said no. When they discovered that I was alive, one of them

hit me on the head with a hammer. I didn't move. I still have the scar; my hair doesn't grow where they hit me.

Consolée died at 2.00 p.m. on 12 April. I got up and looked for my mother. I found her body. She was wearing three cloths and I took one, wrapped Consolée in it, and put her body in the next-door field.

On 13 April, Marie-Rose was taken to Rebero with the other survivors from Nyanza. But although she survived, the loss of so many members of her family has left her in so much pain that she says: "When I face a problem, I regret that the bullet which went through my chest didn't kill me."

I was always thinking about Consolée, come rain or shine. I worried about her, as if she was still alive, and I dreamed about her all the time. When I went back I found my elder sister, Claire Umuhiza, and we went together to see the body of little Consolée. We found her body, still whole, wrapped in my mother's cloth. We also found my father's body and that of Cécile, my sister."

These three bracelets I am wearing were recovered from Cécile's left arm when I found her remains. It is an important keepsake for me. We buried them.

I lost my parents, two brothers and two sisters, and a huge number of my extended family.

- D
ésiré Gafurumba, 53, my father, a teacher;
- M
arthe Niwemugeni, 46, my mother;
- E
ugène Humure, 27;
- C
écile Beninka, 18;
- B
enjamin Barake, eight;
- C
onsolée Ayashema, six.

Maximilien was wounded in the head by shrapnel on the 11th, but he was still able to walk. He and a young boy, Matoroshi, came out from the pile of bodies which had built up and tried to make their way towards Rebero, but were soon so exhausted they spent the night in a nearby empty house.

The interahamwe took us by surprise there early the next morning. They asked us how we had escaped from Nyanza. One of them said: "Kill them, they're *Inyenzi!*" I was immediately struck a heavy blow with a machete, and fell down unconscious. I fell into a coma, and came around in Rebero. The RPF soldiers told me how they found me half dead. Matoroshi was killed right there by the interahamwe. Doctors in Byumba advised me to wear a hat all the time. My wounds have still not healed, even now.

Vianney explained how he escaped the notice of the killers when they returned.

I was sitting among the bodies, bleeding so badly that I was afraid I would bleed to death. When I saw them coming, I hid under the remains of a child they had killed, covered with blood. When they saw me, they said I was dead.

Several of the survivors who had managed to leave the massacre site went to hide in the nearby primary school. Yves was among those who watched the killing and looting on the 12th through the school windows.

They killed any survivors they could find there and robbed the dead bodies of their shoes and clothes. We could see them through the windows.

At about midday on 12 April, we left the school premises, and went down to the banana grove in search of something to eat. I was with four other young people. We came to the house of someone called Rihabiya. They refused us water and drove us away. We came to the house belonging to a soldier in the FAR. We went in and drank some water we found in a wooden barrel. Then we returned to Nyanza where we heard a lot of explosions. We took cover in a banana grove where we found RPF soldiers. In Byumba I received treatment for the two bullet wounds in my left arm.

After four days in the wood, with her young child close to starvation, Ernestine had no choice but to risk asking for help from people in the nearby village.

“The child I was carrying—now aged ten—would not stop crying. He was nearly dying of hunger. The others hiding there wanted to get rid of us because they thought the child’s crying would give us away and get us killed.”

I had to leave the wood for the others’ safety. I walked to a Hutu house not far from the wood and asked them to hide us. I did that because I had nowhere else to go. But they refused to take us in, saying no-one was allowed to harbour Tutsis. So I returned to the other survivors in the wood. We decided to find a safer hiding place and agreed we would each go and hide with Hutus we knew. That was all we could do. I went from one hiding place to another, continually looking for a safer one.

Angélique Kadaka lay still as the interahamwe carried out their methodical search for survivors on the 12th.

One of them came and stood over me. I heard him say to his cronies: “There are no more survivors, so let’s go and find the ones who got away.” He added that RTLM had just asked the interahamwe to help the government army dislodge the *inyenzi* from Rebero. They set off straight away, and then I heard a deafening outbreak of gunfire nearby. It was about 6.30 p.m. by then. I spent a second night among the dead bodies, saying to myself that the *Inkotanyi* were probably advancing and would save me.

On the 13th, Angélique saw local Hutus running away and a few minutes later she saw soldiers digging a hole in a nearby banana grove. She concluded it must be the RPF and she approached them. As a battle was still raging between the RPF and the ex-FAR, one of the soldiers accompanied her to Rebero. But there too, she said, “bullets were raining down.” Three days later, she was transferred to CND and the following morning she was taken to Byumba. There she met her older sister.

She was my only consolation after the deaths of my mother, my brother and so many other members of my family.

It was on the 12th that Apolinie lost two of the surviving members of her family.

The locals came out hunting for survivors and found us there on the 12th. I don’t know what time it was. There were 10 or 15 of them, armed with spears and machetes, and about 12 of us. They immediately started killing us: first my sister, Fifi; then my brother Bertin; then Françoise; and

another person I didn't know. Four died immediately and two managed to get away, leaving six of us there, all wounded. I had been cut with a machete on my neck and the Achilles tendon in my right leg was severed.

They came back the next day and found us still there, in the banana grove. They argued about whether to finish us off or not. The ones against that idea wanted to torture us to death, as painfully as possible. They first searched us and then decided to bury us alive. They started digging and then caught sight of a young man who was probably looking for somewhere to hide. They caught him and accused him of firing the shots they had heard in Rebero. They decided to make him pay for this by giving him a horrible death. They stoned him to death and we heard him crying out for several hours.

When they had killed him, they returned to digging our grave. It was getting dark when, suddenly, we heard an explosion and a shell landed near the killers. They took fright and decided to leave and come back the next morning, postponing our burial. As the interahamwe left, they all agreed: "Let's come back very early tomorrow morning, otherwise the *Inkotanyi* may get there before us and save these kids."

Pauline, Bébé and I were the only ones able to walk among the six of us. The others could hardly move, not even a metre. They had to stay there, and those of us able to walk made our way to a nearby wood, and spent the night there. The RPF rescued us the next day, 14 April.

“At first, they thought we were dead. We were covered in blood and had stinking wounds; we were in a terrible state. They shook us and, eventually, we came round.”

We told them where we had left the others, and they went over and rescued them too. They took us with them and we had to wait together until nightfall before they could take us to Rebero. We left Rebero on 19 April for Gishushu, near the CND building, and then we were evacuated to Byumba, where we stayed until the genocide was over.

Anyone who survived the massacre in Nyanza did so because bodies fell on top of them, and because it had got dark by the time the massacre was over. They came back to kill survivors found everyone covered in blood, and often could not tell whether victims were still alive or not. I myself, for example, had blood all over me. The killers must have thought I was dead. I just can't tell you how my parents died. I only saw my sister and brothers when they crawled out from under the bodies, although Fifi and Bertin were killed later.

Gentile Umubyeye had fainted when she watched the killers subject her brother to a terrible death at about 2:30 a.m. on the night of the 11th. She regained consciousness at about 6.00 a.m. on the 12th and was soon spotted by the interahamwe.

I came round at 6:00 a.m. The *Inkotanyi* had already occupied Rebero, but we didn't know that. I left that bush and ended up with other refugees in some classrooms not far from the massacre site. The interahamwe came and found us there. One of them nearly recognized me. He seems to have been from Gikondo. He asked me whether I was Gatege's daughter: "No, you must be mistaken" I replied. "I don't even know the name you mentioned." "Liar!" he retorted.

Realizing that she had little to lose, Gentile said she needed the toilet, and she and a pregnant woman were allowed to leave the room together. Out of sight of the militiamen, they ran in search of somewhere to hide. It was around 3:00 p.m. when they saw Hutus from Kicukiro leaving their homes and taking to the road to avoid the fighting between the RPF and the FAR. The two survivors joined the crowd and spent the night with them, camping in a wood near Gahanga.

Among them was the same militiaman who had been guarding them in the classroom at Nyanza primary school. Gentile tried to convince him she was Hutu, but she said it was clear that he and the other interahamwe members “planned to kill me when the time came.” She was saved by the news that the RPF had taken Rebero which reached the group early on the morning of 13 April. While others “fled in panic,” Gentile headed back to Nyanza. On the way she met, and gained protection from, the RPF soldiers.

When the militiaman came upon Anastasie lying among the bodies, he believed she was dead and removed the cloth wrapped around her, then went on to the next victim, searching for money and possessions. She heard the gunshot which terrified the killers into leaving. Her next memory is of seeing soldiers digging. She thought they were preparing their graves and warned her son, Shyondori, to keep still. After that she believes she must have fallen into a coma for two full days because it was around 4:00 p.m. on Friday when she felt someone touch her, she later found out he was an RPF soldier.

I don't know who he was. I asked him at once for a drink of water. He left, and returned with some water. He gave me a small amount to drink, which partially quenched my thirst. He promised to come back and collect me. They left with those who were strong enough to walk. The rest of us stayed there among the dead bodies.

The soldiers did return the following day, but tragically the rescue did not come in time to save Shyondori. Anastasie spoke of his death.

They took us to Rebero. Shyondori was already delirious when I asked him what he was saying. He said: “My mind is going.” He went on talking in his delirium until he died the next day. It was a Sunday morning. His brother, who is now a soldier, and was looking after us at the time, called the soldiers over, and told them: “Look, my brother's dead! Help me bury him! It will be my mother's turn tomorrow!”

I was in such a state that I was not expected to live. They found it difficult to go on treating us there because the fighting was intensifying. Eventually, we were transferred to Gishushu, and then to Byumba, where we received proper medical care.

In the bushes near the path, Jean-Bosco was almost hit by the bullets fired by the RPF soldiers early on the 12th. He had seen the interahamwe return to loot and kill and he saw them leave in fear of an RPF attack. Still in hiding around 1:00 p.m. on the 13th, Jean Bosco became so thirsty he had to go and look for water. As he approached a nearby house, he heard a radio broadcast the news that the RPF had taken control of Mount Rebero.

I decided the best thing to do would be to find a way to reach Rebero. As I was trying, two RPF soldiers spotted me and called me over: That's how I was saved. There were other people that the *Inkotanyi* rescued including Hitiyise, Kanonko and many others.

Hitiyise, mentioned by Jean-Bosco, is also known as Siméon. He was badly injured on the morning of the 12th and was not rescued until the 15th.

The interahamwe came back and went on looking for survivors among the bodies. That was when I got cut on my left arm with a machete. They took everything they could—watches, shoes, jackets, everything. Then they left.

When the RPF soldiers came, I had no strength left. They asked those who could make it to follow them. I could not move and so I stayed behind. Later we were taken by wheelbarrows or on their backs to Rebero. We were not saved until 15 April. They got me out from under the bodies after noticing a few signs of life. One of the RPF soldiers carried me on his back to their position. There I was reunited with 85-year-old Kanonko, Madeleine and Safari. Safari later died.

The fighting around Rebero was too intense, so we were moved to buildings near the CND and were eventually brought here to Byumba.

In the massacre at Nyanza, Siméon lost his father, Sylvestre Karekezi, his mother, Josephine Ntashamaje and his brother, Irene Sinzinkayo, who was a schoolboy.

Yvonne was immediately seen by the militia when they returned early on the morning of the 12th and she no longer had the will to try and escape; she explained how she survived.

“They robbed the dead, removing their clothes and searching the pockets for money. They found me still sitting by the bodies. They gave me two choices: be their wife and be spared, or refuse and be killed. Because of the state of mind I was in I chose to be killed.”

But they were too busy searching the bodies to bother with me right then. That, and a shot fired nearby, saved my life. When they heard the shot, they said in surprise: “How come they want to kill us when we’ve come here to finish off survivors?” The gunfire intensified, and they ran away. About 20 minutes later, some RPF soldiers arrived, led by Karasira. They told those who were strong enough to follow them to Mount Rebero, and promised to come back soon and collect the rest of us who were too weak. They told us they would come and get us when the fighting was over. I stayed there all day—it was 12 April—but nothing else happened.

On 13 April, the residents of Kicukiro began to abandon their neighbourhood. The fighting was intensifying there, and they and the interahamwe did not come back. That night, 11 and 12 April, was full of unforeseen events. Zirimwabagabo’s 20-year-old daughter, Alice, was one of the victims. She kept groaning: “Mummy, come and get me out of here!” and “I’m so thirsty, I’m burning up.” I couldn’t do anything to help her. I listened to her suffering without being able to bring her any water.

When trying to help Alice to get out from under a pile of corpses, Yvonne had a horrific experience.

I made a superhuman effort to help her. I made my way painfully over to her, and grabbed her arm to pull her out. To my amazement and horror, her arm came off in my hands. I was so shocked, I just dropped it. In fact, the hand grenades had blown both her arms off during the massacre. Poor Alice died a few hours later, after an old woman who lived nearby gave her the water she had kept asking for.

That same old woman came and rescued me at about 5:00 p.m. that evening, when I had no strength left at all. She was also hiding a man called Dureke, who died after the genocide, Hodari, who is still alive, and Karasira’s daughter, Aliane.

Yvonne described the arrival of the RPF on Saturday in the village where she was hiding. She was taken to join the other survivors at Rebero and given food and medical treatment. Yvonne reflected upon what she lived through in Nyanza.

We went through a terrible time in Nyanza, I was there for three or four days, and suffered terribly. I expected to be killed at any moment. But the strange thing is I was not afraid; I felt nothing at all. I was just waiting there, but I can't begin to tell you what state I was in mentally.

“I felt completely numb. But it was really horrible, what I saw, heard and went through among those bodies. For example, Eugène Gashosho’s wife, Claire, had been shot in the chest. Her baby was still at her breast as she lay dying. We pulled her out of the bodies and put her in the shade but, unfortunately, she died a few hours later.”

The baby was only a few months old, and died too. Another woman, Consolée, was in a pitiful state, but still had a baby at her breast. Fortunately her daughter, Sandrine, survived.

Children were often alone through these terrible days. Christine was eight and had been injured by militiamen before she even reached ETO. She saw people she recognized in the crowd at Nyanza as the killings began—among them was her sister.

Many, many people died at Nyanza. I could not see if any of the people I knew had been hit. I was afraid they would see I was still alive and come for me. So I crawled under some dead people and lay still. In the morning, interahamwe came and beat with machetes some of the people who had not died.

Dead people kept falling on top of my head which removed the bandages on my head. When the interahamwe saw the bone which had split, they thought I was dead. I stayed there for sometime. Then the *Inkotanyi* came while the interahamwe were still there. One interahamwe was killed. The rest ran away. When I was rescued, I asked if we could look for my sister. We found her but she was dead. She was fifteen. After that we were taken to Rebero.

Apart from Francine, they also killed my brothers Léonard Muvunyi (three months), Bosco Kanyamutakara (four) and my sisters Collette Musangwasoni (ten), Elizabeth Ujeneza (six) and Filimini Musanganyi. My father's name was Jean-Baptiste Rutayisire and my mother's name was Auréliya Mukakarangwa.

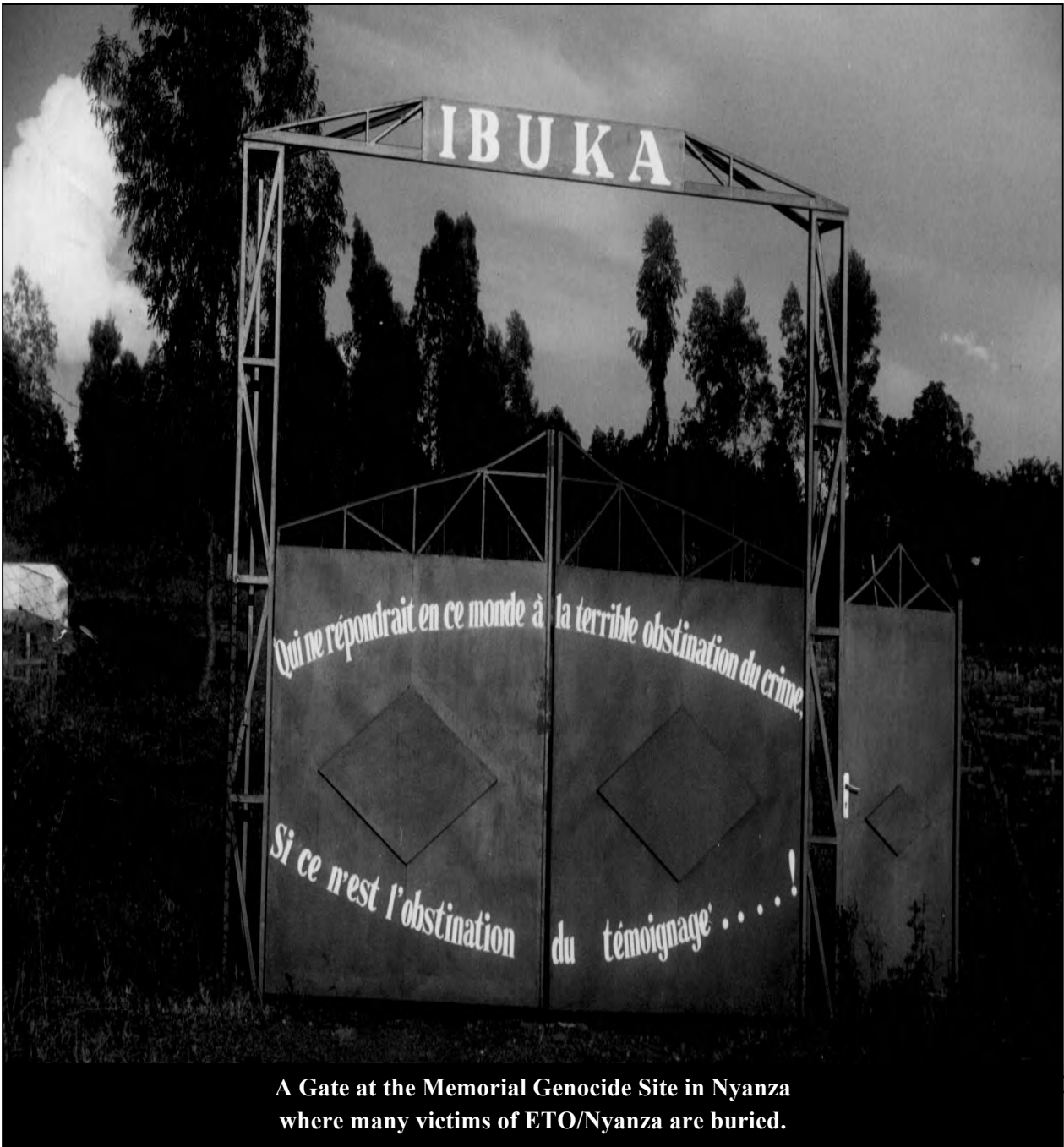
Accounts of the massacre by children, some very young at the time, echo those of adults. Totally helpless, Marie-Claire Umunyana, aged six, said she “stood there, waiting to be shot.” It is impossible to imagine where she found the strength and courage to try and escape, but she followed other people running from the massacre site, with the militia in pursuit. She and some other survivors hid in the bush around Karembure, south of Nyanza-Kicukiro, for three days. They expected to be found and killed, and when a man came and told them he would take them to the RPF in Rebero, they went with him, not knowing whether he was lying.

The man led us away, but he didn't take us where he'd said he would. Instead we arrived at a militia roadblock in Nyarurama. We were all afraid, but the interahamwe let us pass. As soon as we'd passed, we came up against a second roadblock, very close to the first. This one was manned by militiamen too, but again they let us pass. We walked on a little further and

found yet another roadblock. The guards at this one stopped us immediately. They took us aside and made us sit down, and then started picking out the ones they were going to kill. The man who'd brought us there was also stopped and we didn't know if he'd been killed or was one of them. We just didn't know.

It was Marie-Claire's instinct and initiative that allowed her to evade a second massacre.

Once they'd picked out the ones they wanted, they sent the rest of us to the school in Nyarurama, in Nyarugenge commune. As we left, we tried to lag behind because I thought they were going to kill us. I lagged behind because I wanted to run away as soon as the rest of them disappeared around a corner or something. It was a really helpful move, since I then saw a woman coming from the market and called out to her. She stopped and I begged her to hide me. Luckily for me, she agreed. She was called Belancille. She told me to hurry so nobody would see me. I went with her and interahamwe left me alone because they thought I was her child. She took me to her home in Nyarurama and I stayed there. Everyone who was taken to the school in Nyarurama was killed.



A Gate at the Memorial Genocide Site in Nyanza where many victims of ETO/Nyanza are buried.

CHAPTER IX

THE SURVIVORS

Waiting for Justice

“The international community did not prevent the genocide, nor did it stop the killing once the genocide had begun. This failure has left deep wounds within Rwandan society, and in the relationship between Rwanda and the international community, in particular the United Nations. These are wounds which need to be healed, for the sake of the people of Rwanda and for the sake of the United Nations. Establishing the truth is necessary for Rwanda, for the United Nations and also for all those, wherever they may live, who are at risk of becoming victims of genocide in the future.”⁹⁹

Young and old, the survivors of the massacres at ETO and Nyanza share grief and a sense of betrayal from which none will ever recover. Each recites a list of the loved ones they lost when the UNAMIR troops left them to face the forces of genocide without any possibility of defending themselves. In many ways, the reasons which lay behind the decisions by the Belgian contingent to pull out of ETO are an irrelevance to the grim substance of their lives. Their wounds are beyond healing. The survivors must live through each day in the knowledge that, through no fault of their own, they and their families were the objects of hatred and then apparent indifference. When they were abandoned, it was in the certainty that at least some of them would be tortured, brutalized and murdered; in the end this was the fate of the majority of the people who sought refuge with the UNAMIR troops at ETO.

It is to be expected that the survivors would regard apologies and admissions of failure as too little and, above all, too late. They could hardly do otherwise since, as several survivors commented, such gestures cannot “bring back our families.” But some did welcome the acknowledgement by the UN of its failings. They saw this as a first step which should lead to an effort to make amends and called for prosecutions and compensation for the survivors.

At the root of the bitterness felt by many survivors is the fact that the UN offered them hope by coming to Rwanda, yet its commitment to the country proved hollow. The presence of the troops raised expectations falsely, as Florence Kabazayire emphasized.

“The UN shouldn’t give people any illusions. It should admit that it’s powerless. That way people would know they have to defend themselves and wouldn’t expect anything from it.”

When we went into ETO, we went in with our hands up. When we sat in the room, no one came to look in on us. When we left we had no one to help us.

The UN came to Rwanda because there were security problems to be resolved. The security problems deteriorated while they were there. They did nothing to even save the thousands of human lives in danger. They left without honouring their commitment, which was to keep the peace in Rwanda. What did Rwanda do to merit such treatment? The UN is a prophet of lies. If it is the UN’s mission to keep the peace in the world, then

⁹⁹ The *Independent Inquiry*, p.1.

why didn't it do it in Rwanda? Why didn't it save the Tutsis who were being threatened at that time?

For five years I've been waiting for the UN to accept its responsibility. I want it to accept responsibility and to pay the price for its mistake. It should at least apologize to the victims who were waiting for help during the genocide. It is a disgrace that an organization like the UN plays deaf to protect its name when it was set up to help people.

Koffi Annan's visit to Rwanda did nothing for me. It was just someone famous visiting, that's all. What good came out of it for me?

The discovery that the UN troops were not going to make the safety and welfare of the refugees their priority left Caritas baffled and bitter. She came to the gate with the local bourgmestre and she said it was not until he intervened that she, and the refugees with her, gained access. Caritas feels that she was not let in for humanitarian reasons, but that the soldiers simply acceded to the bourgmestre's demands because of the authority of his position. The proof of this, she argued, is the number of refugees who were left to camp on the sports field even though there was sufficient room inside the compound. She no longer has any faith in the UN as an institution.

What do I expect from the UN five years later? Don't make me laugh! They have never admitted the mistake they made and have never wanted to hear any discussion of their guilt. That is enough to make anyone doubt that the UN will do something to improve its record. I would like the UN to act like a responsible organization worthy of respect, and admit what it did wrong. They should ask for forgiveness and pay reparations for the losses they caused.

I lost a lot of members of my family in Nyanza namely;

- My mother, Bertha Mukangarambe;
- My brother, Rurangwa, 25;
- My brother, Rurangirwa, 24;
- My brother, Ngarambe, 20;
- My sister, Liliose Umutoni, 15;
- My brother, Evode Karenzi, three.

They died because of the UN's mistaken policy, and the UN should be made to answer for it.

What happened at ETO shattered the trust the refugees had placed in the UN. Jeanne d' Arc Kayitesi gave a stark example of how the soldiers refused to make any intervention on their behalf. She questions the purpose of the organization in the aftermath of its failure in Rwanda.

I haven't been expecting anything of the UN for the last five years, because they did nothing for me. You expect help from someone if you have had reason to trust them in the past. That is not the case with the UN. I've lost all confidence in them, and I'm not likely to change my views tomorrow either. The UN did nothing; it saw people about to be killed and didn't even try to help. They don't deserve any consideration. Nor [should there be] any excitement over Kofi Annan's visit to Rwanda.

Here's an example of the UN's abdication of responsibility. There was a man called Ndizeye, the son of Mwitizina, who nearly managed to get into the UNAMIR lorry when they were leaving in a hurry. Ndizeye was a friend and a neighbour of mine. He was murdered by the interahamwe in front of a lorry full of soldiers. Those soldiers could have reached out of the lorry and pulled him in. But they did nothing. They didn't even try to frighten off those to whom they abandoned him to.

The UN has no further justification for its existence. If they came to keep the peace, can they explain why people were killed before their very eyes? The UN has made an unforgivable mistake. I don't know what punishment they deserve.

I lost:

- Joseph Kamananga, aged 45, my brother, together with his wife and children;
- Kajyonga, aged 60, one of my uncles, with his wife and three children;
- Jean Rubamburamanzi, aged 40, my brother, together with his wife and three children.

They all died because of UN inaction. I have not mentioned members of my extended family. There were at least 100 of them. The UN should pay for its abdication of responsibility.

David Kwitonda listed the names of some of his own family members killed during the genocide. Most of them lost their lives at Nyanza. He is convinced more could and should have been done by the troops stationed at ETO.

During the genocide I lost:

- My father, Jean Marie-Vianney Nkejintwari, 41;
- My sister, Laurence Mukangwije, known as "Diga", 18;
- My maternal aunt, Angeline Mukantwali, and her husband, Joseph Bucyana;
- My sister, Chouchou Umutoni;
- My paternal uncle, Innocent Rwagisha, his wife, Stéphanie, and so many more.

UNAMIR should not have left. If they couldn't stay, they could have taken us to Amahoro Stadium or, at the very least left us some guns to defend ourselves.

Assumpta Kabanyana is now an orphan and has lost most of her immediate and extended family. She feels betrayed by the UNAMIR soldiers whom she accuses of trying "to trick" the refugees at the moment of their departure "by telling us to go inside to eat when that was not what we normally did." She says this effort to divert attention from their leaving only increased the danger to the refugees. She argues that soldiers share responsibility for the deaths of the refugees at ETO and Nyanza, and that they should be prosecuted.

What I would ask is that the international community bring the commander of UNAMIR forces and the officer who was in charge of the contingent deployed at the ETO to justice. They should find out who gave the orders for UNAMIR to withdraw from Kigali. Whoever ordered this retreat should be brought to justice. There are lots of survivors who no longer have anywhere to go because their homes have been destroyed. There are lots of girls and boys who were orphaned and who are not studying because of lack of school fees. These are a lot of invalids who aren't receiving the medical care they need, and they have lost everything. All this should become the responsibility of the UN because it had the power to stop the massacres throughout Rwanda and prevent the genocide.

Several of the survivors who were interviewed after the publication of the *Independent Inquiry* commented upon its significance. Learning of the serious errors of judgement made by officials within the organization, Gustave Ngarambe argued that the matter should be dealt with in the courts.

The fact that the UN has escaped its responsibility doesn't mean anything to me. It's too late when we've begun to get used to our pain. Instead, the UN should compensate ETO survivors.

The Belgians should keep quiet. They shouldn't discredit the UN when they did nothing to even comfort us. Was it the UN who gave them the order to lock the refugees in grave mortal danger? How dare they accuse the UN when they failed to use what little power they did have to safeguard the refugees? I think they're as guilty as the UN. Their behaviour is proof of that.

Another person who should be punished is Boutros Boutros Ghali. He knew very well what was going to happen. He did nothing to prevent this tragedy when he had the power to do so. He must answer for his actions.

For Florence Mukakabanda, it is important that the UN acknowledges its failure and accepts responsibility for their consequences. She underlines the need for reform within the institution.

I expect UNAMIR to acknowledge its failure, to accept its responsibility. It should apologize to the survivors and compensate the victims by caring for the cripples and the people who became ill because of the genocide. It is a responsible institution which should accept its mistakes. UNAMIR left and the people it had been guarding are dead.

I think the UN should draw conclusions from what happened at ETO. I think the management of the UN is weak. These factors should be taken into account and the way the UN works should be reorganized.

Léonile Mukakimenyi includes UNAMIR among those responsible for the genocide, but she feels that an apology from the soldiers might help her to "feel less bitter."

UNAMIR—the UN—is to be numbered among those who murdered us. I don't think anything UNAMIR does will make me forget what happened. I might feel less bitter if UNAMIR apologized to the people they abandoned at ETO. They should help the children who are not getting a proper education. After all, UNAMIR is partly responsible for the deaths of their fathers, who once provided everything for them.

The RPF began their fight for the area surrounding ETO and Nyanza the day after the massacres, a battle they eventually won. There is a question survivors ask again and again: Why did the commander at ETO refuse to heed their pleas to let the RPF know of their impending departure so they could save them? It is a question that begs a response. Ernestine Gasibirege points out that, with just one more day of protection from UNAMIR, the refugees at ETO might have been spared. She too calls for "punishment."

If they had stayed where they were, everyone there would still be alive. We only survived from 7 April to 11 April because of UNAMIR. Otherwise, we would not have been spared so long. If the UNAMIR soldiers had stayed there, the *Inkotanyi* might have been able to rescue us from ETO. They apparently took control of the area around ETO on 12 or 13 April.

So the UN has accepted responsibility for what happened. So what? That means nothing at all to me. They ought to admit they should be punished. I don't know how the UN can be punished or what court could sentence them. But one thing is clear: the UN must be made to pay for its withdrawal from ETO in particular, and from the whole of Rwanda. The UN should provide material assistance for the widows, orphans and invalids from ETO, especially from ETO because there, the UN so

obviously and undoubtedly failed its mission. Its entire Rwanda operation was a failure, in a more general way.

There is no way to understand the suffering that resulted from the UN departure, as Belancille Beninka explained.

I can't understand the things we went through at that time, especially at Nyanza. It was like the end of the world. The way UNAMIR walked out on us is beyond human understanding. How can you imagine a situation where UN forces, knowingly and deliberately, abandon us to the killers, and did so after we had gone to them confident that they were the only ones who could protect us? Once we were under their protection at ETO, our only prayer was to see our loved ones joining us there. What can you say, now you know how vain that hope and confidence turned out to be, now that our loved ones met a terrible death and are no more and that those who miraculously escaped are just invalids? Look at our children—they have had to assume adult responsibilities too early, when they had parents until UNAMIR failed them.

Bereaved by the consequences of their actions, Belancille is not interested in the intentions of UNAMIR. She would like to see UN soldiers brought to trial.

As an organization, the UN should pay compensation because it was ultimately in charge of UNAMIR. Something practical the UN could do would be to provide proper medical treatment for those people whose injuries were not dealt with correctly. It should also provide complete care for the orphans, especially their accommodation and education, because those children would not be orphans if the UN had decided differently. You will never convince me that the UN could not bear responsibility for the deaths of my loved ones at Nyanza, namely:

- . Appolinaire Ntasinzira, my husband;
- . Marie-Rose Uwicyeza, my daughter;
- . Jean Nshimiye, my son.

Without the support of their families, survivors are isolated and impoverished. Although Yvonne Mukanabaha blames UNAMIR for “delivering us to the executioners who killed our loved ones,” she welcomes its admissions of failure, provided they are backed by practical action to rehabilitate survivors. Yvonne lost her 40-year-old mother, Josephine Ntashamaje, and 70-year-old father, Sylvestre Karekezi in the massacres.

The UN should pay for the rebuilding of wrecked houses and the care of the wounded. They should pay for everything they did wrong. I'm poor; I have nothing left. The parents who were looking after me have died, so now the UN should look after me.

The UN should compensate all the genocide survivors without distinction. We survivors from ETO witnessed the UN's cowardice with our own eyes, but that does not mean other survivors should not benefit from the fund the UN may set up for survivors. This is because the UN was supposed to maintain security throughout Rwanda.

Jean-Claude Rurangwa said the UN's apology represented “progress” but added:

It won't bring my brothers and sisters back to life. The UN ought to compensate the survivors. They could pay for the rebuilding of demolished homes, for example, or for the orphans' school fees.

This compensation should be paid to all survivors without distinction, because everyone suffered. We may have suffered in different ways, but all

from the same cause, no matter where we were. I myself lost my father, my brother and sisters:

- My father, François Kananga, 46;
- My sister, Christine Kayitangwa, 22;
- My sister, Clémentine Mukayiranga, 20;
- My sister, Françoise Musengayire, 15;
- My sister, Francine Mukabaranga, eight.

I also lost some friends and some of my uncles, whom I have not named. UNAMIR let us down badly by leaving us without protection.

Jean-Claude's mother, Madeleine Mugorewera, felt that it was too late for the UN to make amends.

It is even difficult to know whether or not they changed their attitude. If someone hasn't taken the trouble to come and see you, how would you know if his behaviour had changed? I don't expect to get anything from the UN. They can't bring back my family.

Although she was a young girl at the time of the genocide, Gentille said the extreme danger they faced was evident to her. She asks the UN to look after the survivors who need help.

“UNAMIR betrayed us.”

They should not have abandoned us like that. We went to UNAMIR because we had no choice. It is true that I was only a child at the time. But with the crisis in Rwanda and the fact that my family had been attacked before the genocide, I could see that the situation was dangerous.

If the UN has admitted what it did was wrong, that is progress at least. It's a good sign. Now they must agree to compensate the victims, starting with the survivors from ETO, especially those who are still suffering physically or mentally. They should also help all ETO survivors who are destitute as a result of the genocide.

Jean-Bosco Rutaysire saw the UNAMIR pull out as “malicious.” He asks why the soldiers did not, at a minimum, inform the refugees of their imminent departure or try to evacuate them. He expects compensation.

How could they hand us over to the interahamwe when they had the means to save us? At the very least they might have had the courage to warn us, perhaps we would have been able to find a way out rather than having to die like sheep.

Why weren't we evacuated? I think it comes down to the Belgian soldiers' unwillingness. Why did they do that to us?

If the UN now accepts its responsibility, all the better for us. I think the UN is going to compensate the victims. There are cripples, orphans, widows and widowers and all sorts of people who have been made destitute by the genocide. They should compensate people by rebuilding what was destroyed and treating those who are ill as a result of the genocide. Each and every one of the survivors should be helped regardless.

Jean-Bosco cited the names of the close relatives who died in the massacres.

- My father, Isaïe Kariburendeye, 75;
- My mother, Immaculée Mukandanga, 60;

- My sister, Florence Nyirakidende, 35 and her daughter Sandrine, four;
- My sister, Chantal Ingabire, 29 and her daughter Samantha, one;
- My brother, Cyewusi, 24, and many others dear to me.

They were all killed at ETO and because of the UN.

Berthilde Mukamudenge cried throughout the interview, as she thought of the relatives she lost.

UNAMIR had a duty to protect us. They were armed! They should not have hesitated to use force as they already had the arms and the mandate to protect people.

I don't know what kind of punishment the UN deserves. That is for the judicial system to decide. Perhaps they should compensate the survivors. The UN had agreed to protect us at ETO and failed to do so.

The relatives I lost include:

- My mother, Xavérine Nyiramutangwa, aged 45;
- My sister, Berthe Umurerwa;
- My aunt and her four children;
- My cousin, Uwizeye, aged 25;
- My father and other members of my family who died at ETO itself.

Without compensation or justice, Eric Ruzandana feels honesty about the mistakes made by UNAMIR is meaningless. "ETO", he said, "is a symbol of the UN's incompetence and irresponsibility."

UNAMIR let us down badly. They could at least have tried to escort us to Amahoro Stadium, which was then controlled by the RPF. UNAMIR was there on a peace mission, which means they should have saved people in danger. They could have taken us somewhere else where we would have been safer and better protected. UNAMIR did nothing of the kind. Their mission was a failure.

It's not enough for the UN to accept its responsibility. Admitting its mistake led to a thousand deaths is completely pointless, unless the UN could be punished for it. But that is not a practical possibility. So the U.N. must compensate the victims. I don't know how much they should pay, because you can't put a price on human lives. I can't even make a rough guess. The payment of compensation must be organized by the UN itself. They should devote most attention to the survivors from ETO, because there the UN was in direct contact with people in danger. All the other survivors should receive this compensation as well, because UNAMIR's mandate covered the whole country.

It may be impossible to punish the UN itself, but I think the UNAMIR commander should be held responsible for the deaths of ETO refugees at Nyanza. The Belgian UNAMIR soldiers would not have pulled out without orders from their military commanders. Those commanders were responsible for UNAMIR's operations on the ground, and must have had information about the situation at ETO and in that area. So how can they justify a decision that endangered the lives of thousands of people? The officer who decided to withdraw the troops from ETO should be punished. If the commander at ETO has not given an accurate account of what happened, he too should be prosecuted.

The report on the failure of the UN has done little to console Augustin Ngendandumwe. Shot in the head when he was in the army, the damage to the nerve left him blind. He finds it very difficult to cope, economically and psychologically, without the support of his family. As a former soldier, he is unimpressed by the efforts of the officers in question to excuse their behaviour.

UNAMIR had no right to desert us. A soldier's duty is not towards other soldiers. Their *raison d'être* is to protect civilians in danger. When you receive an order, you consider the consequences and you can inform your commanding officer about them. UNAMIR was well aware that its withdrawal would lead to the deaths of thousands of people. The blame lies with the person who gave the order without exonerating those who carried it out. I blame them because they forgot the whole point of being a soldier. Soldiers are there to protect civilians, not their own colleagues. The person who carried out the order to withdraw must share the UN's responsibility because they had the chance not to comply, but went along with it.

The decision to leave the refugees without the means of protection was taken lightly, he argued, a logical outcome of the absence of relations between UNAMIR and the refugees.

UNAMIR knew very well we would be killed. That was why they refused to let us inside the compound. If we had been on good terms with them, they would at least have given us food and water. But they did not. I think it was the lack of any meaningful contact with UNAMIR that let them betray us so casually on 11 April. If we had been on better terms with them, the UN would not have abandoned us to our fate.

I did not receive the report on the UN with any great enthusiasm. I am glad they have accepted responsibility, but that is not enough. Neither the UN nor anyone else can bring back our loved ones. For example, my brother, Gilbert Ndahigwa, would have done a lot for me if he were alive. Now, as a blind man, I am almost reduced to begging. UNAMIR and the UN have done nothing for me. It is all very well to accept responsibility but it is meaningless if they do nothing to actually help the survivors.

Augustin feels that the survivors from ETO were the most direct victims of the organization's incompetence, but that all survivors should be helped by the UN.

It is true that killing went on everywhere. The ETO case is unique because they placed their lives in safe hands, and died because they relied on those people. Our relatives died after trusting UNAMIR with their lives. But that should not give the Nyanza survivors any special priority. All the Tutsis who died were killed in similar circumstances. All the survivors, wherever they come from, should be treated exactly the same, with no one singled out. They have all suffered in the same way.

Instead, I think the UN should pay most compensation to the orphans and those who were injured physically. Take me for example: I am blind, and could easily have been killed as a result of the UN's wrong decision. The UN has a duty to help me as they should have helped my brother because they caused his death. The UN should provide whatever long-term aid is required, depending on the individual recipient. That means helping a child or an old person involves a different commitment in terms of the time involved.

Agnès Nyirabasinga said UNAMIR only "made the killers' job easier" by attracting large numbers of refugees and says it would have done less damage by staying out of Rwanda altogether. The evacuation of the expatriates was, to Agnès, confirmation that "Africans had no importance in their

eyes.” She believes the survivors should receive damages from the UN and suggests that: “The UN itself should go on trial at the ICTR.”

If only they could be put in prison for it! As an organization can't be imprisoned, the UN staff responsible for what happened should be punished by the relevant international laws. Those people are as guilty as the rest of the criminals. The UN let people whose lives were in danger fall into the hands of their executioners. The UN was well aware they were executioners.

Jacqueline Kabagwira lost her husband, Augustin Ngaboyayezu, 53, and her three daughters at ETO: Vestine Ingabire, 13; Olive Kabanyana, 10; and Analie Kabasinga, 15.

We went to ETO because we thought the presence of UNAMIR there would ensure our safety. We were sorry for the people who were stuck in their houses, or had to hide in the bush. We thought we were now safe and would be all right. Our main concern was for our relatives outside ETO. We thought they would be killed. We never thought for a single moment that UNAMIR would abandon us.

It is irrelevant whether or not the UN has accepted its responsibility over Rwanda. I couldn't care less about it, and it won't do anything to end the extreme poverty I live in. I'm quite sure of that. Nor will the UN's accepting responsibility bring my relatives back to life. I don't give a damn about the UN and I don't want to hear its name mentioned again!

Vénuste Karasira was one of the survivors who met with the members of the panel which conducted the *Independent Inquiry* when they visited Rwanda in 1999.

His arm was amputated following the injuries he received during the genocide. Vénuste understands that soldiers “can't argue about the orders they get from their officers,” but he cannot understand why they behaved as they did.

Perhaps it was too late for them to do anything to save us. But, at the very least, they could have warned us the day before, 10 April. We might have tried the impossible, and got through to the RPF zone under cover of darkness. The UNAMIR soldiers should tell us now whether they even told the RPF we were there!

I am glad the UN has admitted its negligence. Now they need to see how they can make amends for their irresponsible behaviour. They could, for example, make a contribution to the Genocide Survivors Fund that the Government has set up to help us.

Claire Kayitesi is the sole survivor of a family of eleven, which included five young children still at primary school. She is now 26 but describes herself as a “human wreck.” She is an invalid as a result of the beatings she suffered during the genocide and says that, like her, so many survivors are struggling under the burden of medical expenses. She feels that the UN and Belgian government are partly to blame for her plight and is also critical of the French whose negative role, she believes, has yet to be fully exposed. Despite the fact that “it is impossible to return our dead,” Claire feels that the UN must do more to help the survivors, particularly in supporting the education and housing of widows and orphans.

Maximilien Rudasingwa lost his entire family at Nyanza and holds UNAMIR responsible for their deaths. He offers the following justification for his belief.

This is no empty accusation. They deserted us at ETO, with no means of defending ourselves, when they could have saved us, and when they could see how we were surrounded by the interahamwe. I insist they were accomplices to murder.

I would like to see them prosecuted. That would make us feel a bit better. Especially the soldier who gave the orders to abandon us at ETO. He should be made to come and explain to the Rwandese why he did that. At least if the UN were prosecuted, we might feel that the commemoration of those who died in the genocide means something at the international level.

The UN stood and watched the entire genocide taking place and refused to do anything at all to help the innocent victims. The UNAMIR so-called security force were the first to give up on us. The UN should pay damages to all the genocide survivors, especially those from ETO. The survivors have become widows, orphans and disabled people. We can't pay school fees, our belongings were looted, our houses were wrecked, and we have no other income. Many people have become impoverished. I suggest the UN helps with our reintegration into society, so that we can return to the life we lived before the genocide when our families were alive. It should pay our school fees, build houses for us and finance our commercial projects.

These are the members of my family who were killed at Nyanza:

- . My grandfather, Isaïe Karibwende, a driver;
- . My grandmother, Immaculée Mukandanga;
- . My eldest sister, Florence Nyarakidende, a business woman;
- . My maternal aunt, Agatha Uwanyirigira, a student;
- . My maternal aunt, Chantal Ingabire, a student;
- . My sister, Risbette Urujene, a school girl;
- . My sister, Madude Urujene, a school girl.

Apolinie Uwantege was pleased to hear that the UN has “admitted it made a mistake in abandoning us.” Now, she continued, the organization must “accept the consequences.”

UNAMIR should never have left us to the mercy of those killers. They should have protected us until the RPF arrived, or they should have escorted us to the RPF zone. Instead, UNAMIR handed us over to the very people who wanted to kill us all. And they did so knowing full well what would happen as a result.

They must pay damages to everyone who counted on them and were let down, especially the survivors from ETO. They could pay survivors' school and college fees, provide medical treatment for the invalids and rebuild houses that were wrecked during the genocide, etc. Since they went to the trouble of setting up UNAMIR, they can make another effort and set up an Aid Mission for Genocide Survivors.

These are the members of my family who were killed at Nyanza:

- . My father, Cassien Kiyonga, 49;
- . My mother, Béatrice Mukamusoni, 45;
- . My older sister, Julienne “Furaha” Umutesi, 25;
- . My older brother, Philibert “Mwembo” Kanobayire, 23;
- . My older sister, Claudine “Fifi” Umulisa, 20;
- . My brother, Floribert “Soda” Kiyonga 16;
- . My younger brother, Fraterne “Cyuma” Karanganwa, 14;
- . My younger brother, Bertin Musoni, five;
- . My younger sister, Adrienne Uwonkinda, four;
- . My younger brother, Adrien Kanubayire, three.

Nothing the UN can do now will help Anastasie Mukarukaka to forgive the soldiers who left her children and husband to die.

What UNAMIR did is unforgivable. How could they just get into their lorries and wave goodbye? They knew what they were there for.

If the UN has indeed admitted it did wrong, it matters little to me. My loved ones are gone for good. But I do think the UN should compensate the victims. It's not up to me to put a figure on how much they should pay. How could I put a figure on my children? And what about my husband's family who were all wiped out, every last one of them. What are their lives worth? It is so hard to say.

If they compensate the victims, it should be done through a fund set up especially for that purpose. All the survivors in the country should benefit from this fund, even though the money comes from the UN. ETO survivors are not any more impoverished than the others elsewhere.

We thought we were completely safe, but we were let down. UNAMIR was a real disappointment to us because we had been counting on them. Due to their irresponsibility, I lost:

- My husband, Joseph Kadugara, 52;
- My son, Rutaboba, alias "Shyondori," 16;
- My son, Sezikeye, alias "Kabindi," 12;
- My son, Rutageri, alias "Sebazungu," 31;
- My son, Athanase Bizimana, alias "Gakarama," 27.

If the UN has acknowledged its mistakes, that is progress at least. But it is not enough. They must say sorry and agree to put things right. They could aid survivors' associations, for example, or provide funds to set up co-operative ventures, treat the sick and rebuild the ruined houses. They should help all the genocide survivors, but they should do most for the people they let down.

Kofi Annan's visit here meant nothing to me. He and his organization are traitors. Next time, they had better make sure no-one has any faith in them.

Emmanuel Rugangura believes that the UN should not only try and promote reconciliation between the Rwandese, but that it needs to rebuild bridges between itself and a nation which has lost faith in the institution.

UNAMIR was weak. It didn't come to the assistance of people in danger. The UN knew the policy of the Habyarimana government. UNAMIR was fully aware that ETO was surrounded by the interahamwe and soldiers and it knew why they had surrounded it. To leave people to their killers is a dereliction of duty.

The UN is directed by the superpowers. They think the UN should work the way they say it should. The UN has to accept its responsibilities, especially when these are as easily verifiable as the genocide of the Tutsis in Rwanda. We counted on UNAMIR too much and for too long.

UNAMIR should not have abandoned us. If the UN had wanted to, it could have sent more soldiers. The Canadian General Dallaire had informed the UN of the imminent genocide but nothing was done. And the people who could have saved some of us, UNAMIR, left in the midst of the genocide. I know nothing will bring our loved ones back, but at least the UN should accept its mistakes and make amends for them. It should for example help our justice system judge the perpetrators of the genocide and help the victims.

Jean-Pierre Rukerikaibye lost his father, a son and four brothers at Nyanza. He was wounded in the back with a spear and in the left arm by shrapnel. As he ran, he fell into a hole; he was so weak that it took him two days to crawl out. He was found in the hole by RPF soldiers scouting for survivors.

“I find it hard to talk about the horrors I experienced; it was indescribable. All the UNAMIR soldiers, especially those at ETO, know very well what happened. I’m sure it must be on their consciences, and will be for the rest of their lives. They pulled out knowing full well what was in store for us.”

So they are partly responsible for what we suffered, because they knowingly abandoned us.

Unfortunately, dead people don’t receive damages, because really UNAMIR should pay. They died horribly, and all their grief and suffering was due to the fact that they were forsaken by the UN. I will never forget, as long as I live, the sight of the UN leaving ETO, and treating our tears with contempt. Honestly, I’ll never forget that sight. So I think the UNAMIR soldiers should be prosecuted as accomplices to those events. And the UN, as the organization responsible for UNAMIR, should pay damages to the victims for their physical and psychological suffering. We are still grieving for our loved ones. And most of the survivors have some physical or mental disability, as well as having lost their homes and property etc.

In my case, for example, I am left as the sole provider for the orphans in my family, although I am not strong myself because of the injury to my back. So the UN should build houses for us and pay the orphans’ school fees. I used to be a builder, but I can’t do building work any more because the injuries to my back have robbed me of my strength. My children don’t go to school, and I have problems finding enough for them to eat.

These are the members of my family who died at Nyanza;

- . Charles Kamanzi, my father, he was a builder;
- . Egide Nshimiyimana, my son, a schoolboy;
- . Etienne Kamanzi, my younger brother, a welder;
- . Mudege, my younger brother, a civil servant;
- . Sekidagari, my younger brother, a carpenter;
- . Charles Kagabo, my younger brother, a welder.

Spéciose has been so profoundly disappointed that she no longer expects anything from the UN and questions the reasons for its existence.

We were very unlucky to have believed in UNAMIR. Imagine if it hadn’t existed or hadn’t been at ETO. People would have hidden in their attics and in the bush like the majority of the survivors from Kigali had done. We gathered at ETO and it made easy for the Hutu to kill us. If we hadn’t, they would have had trouble finding us in attics and the bush. Maybe the RPF would have been able to save more people. In some districts the RPF was able to conduct raids to save the Tutsis. Maybe that’s what would have happened at Kicukiro and besides, the *Inkotanyi* weren’t far from there.

I haven’t got a lot to say about UNAMIR and the UN. They had our people killed. They can’t come back. Maybe they should accept their responsibility. Otherwise, I don’t expect anything from them, and I haven’t expected anything for the last five years.

If anything like what happened at ETO ever happens again, the UN no longer has a reason to exist if it's incapable of carrying out its missions. It should stop lying.

In Nyanza, I lost Fidèle Kanyabugoyi, my husband, 55; Ruisiro, Fidèle's younger brother, 40; Floride Uzamugira, my sister-in-law and her three children, including a baby, Makinja, aged one and a half; Hitiyise and other friends and neighbours.

So many wounded people tumbled on top of him in Nyanza that Pascal Nsengiyumva was completely covered with blood. The militiamen were unable to distinguish him from the dead. But his wife, Béatrice Nyiratamu, a teacher; his elder brother, Michel Karamuka, a builder; his sister-in-law, Consolée Mushikiwabo and his niece, Nyirankuru, died. His elderly mother, Pascasie Mukabaruta, had collapsed in the stampede at ETO immediately after UNAMIR withdrew.

In Nyanza, his sister, Jeanne Mukashyaka, was wounded in the head and her leg was blown off. On the point of death, Jeanne asked Pascal for water after the militiamen had left on the evening of the 11th. He pulled her out from under the pile of bodies and carried her on his back, walking all night in the direction of Rebero. But she had lost too much blood and died at 6:00 a.m. Pascal left her body at Nyarurama Hill.

UNAMIR, or whoever gave them the order to quit ETO when we thought we were safe, should be prosecuted and made to explain why they handed us over to the killers. Those found guilty should receive exemplary sentences. Then we should receive damages for our loved ones, and the property we lost. And, if possible, they should help us return to the normal life we led before the genocide when we had our relatives and our property. I am now responsible for seven orphans from Nyanza although I don't have the means to support them. They are now evicting us from the house we are living in, yet our own houses are in ruins. Our property was looted as well. They should pay us damages, build houses for us and pay for our children's education. Without our families, we are reduced to begging.

Rose Mushikuwabo spent only one night at ETO before she was evacuated; the family of Italian friends who were also evacuated took responsibility for her and UNAMIR agreed to allow her to leave in their convoy.

UNAMIR could have saved the refugees. None of the interahamwe would have attacked ETO knowing that UNAMIR was there. They may have received orders to leave ETO, but they should have thought things through properly, realizing they had a duty not to let all those people be killed. They could have made arrangements to hand them over to the *Inkotanyi* in a place of safety. UNAMIR knew all about the danger the refugees were in, because they were continually being shot at by the interahamwe. The murderers didn't attack the UNAMIR personnel, because they had no quarrel with them. It was the refugees they were after.

I'm glad the UN has admitted its responsibility for what happened in Rwanda, but admitting is not enough. They now ought to compensate the victims. The UN betrayed people whose lives were in danger. Some people counted too much on UNAMIR's protection. That is why there were so many victims. They had all gathered together in one place, and it just facilitated the killers' job. UNAMIR must have known what would happen because, during the evacuation, and before their final withdrawal, they were having to clear dead bodies out of the roads to make way for their lorries.

Echoing the words of the *Independent Inquiry*, Epiphanie Mukandutiye described UNAMIR's departure from ETO as "disgraceful."

“They served us up on a plate to ravenous beasts. We had been hoping for some help from the Europeans, but we were disappointed.”

All the refugees from the ETO were killed because of UNAMIR and that man, Rusatira. God may have saved me, but I wonder why the Good Lord lets me go on living. UNAMIR soldiers left us to be killed when they easily could have saved us. The only people they saved were black and white priests and nuns.

UNAMIR will never be able to bring our lost loved ones back to life. What they should do is ensure that all those wounded in the genocide received medical treatment. UNAMIR should also help the widows and orphans who have problems with housing and education.

Vénantie Mukandamage is convinced that the UN could have saved the refugees and that the organization has a duty to help the survivors.

They had no right to abandon us, even if they had been ordered to withdraw. If they had no opportunity to evacuate us, they should have stayed there with us until the danger lessened.

Nor is it enough for the UN to admit responsibility. They should now compensate the victims. There are people living in abject poverty now they no longer have their parents' financial and psychological support. There are a lot of widows, orphans and destitute people due to the UN's cowardice. The Genocide Survivor's Assistance Fund can't cope with such complicated cases.

I think the UN is completely useless. I don't even watch TV news items involving the UN and its Secretary-General. I can't bear to see them because they did nothing for us. They betrayed us.

Some of the priests and nuns who were evacuated from ETO strongly support the survivors' call for compensation. Drawing upon Christian principles, one of the nuns commented:

UNAMIR could have protected the refugees at ETO. If they were able to come and evacuate nearly 60 people from our convent, why could they have not evacuated or try to evacuate the thousands of people they left to die? UNAMIR could have evacuated them a few at a time to safe areas. They had the means to do so, and it was feasible. All that was lacking was the will to do it. Only four soldiers managed to evacuate all the 60 and 70 of us, and I don't think they had any reinforcements.

The UN may now have admitted it was wrong, but it will take more than that to satisfy the wretched survivors. Christians have to go through several stages before they can be sure their sins have been forgiven. First you must admit you have sinned and the UN has done that. After admitting you have sinned, you have to ask for forgiveness, and the UN has not done that yet. After asking for forgiveness, you must accept the consequences, including punishment, compensating the person wronged, trying to put things right. The harm done must be put right. It is easy to admit to things and it doesn't necessarily mean the wrongdoers have had a change of heart.

One of her colleagues has some sympathy for the soldiers, feeling that they were ill prepared to meet the crisis before them and had little understanding of the people they were supposed to protect.

UN staff should receive proper training before embarking on any operation in a country. The training should cover the culture and mentality of the people who are to benefit from the operation. Otherwise, the UN will

be forever withdrawing its troops from where they are needed, and maintaining them in places where they are not. They must find out about the people in the countries they are going to beforehand. So they don't think people are laughing when they are really crying, and vice versa.

UNAMIR's foreign soldiers had no idea the war would turn into genocide. Besides, it's no easy task to save people who are strangers to you, with a different mentality. But the fact that they were in Rwanda on a peacekeeping mission means they should have made an effort to do so, even reluctantly.

The way they refused access to some refugees may also be justified in terms of their imminent departure. As UNAMIR intended to withdraw, it saw no point in letting in more people, only to walk out on them. They abdicated responsibility for them while they were still outside, before abandoning everyone for good when they withdrew. You could say they didn't want to raise any false hopes.

If the UN has now admitted its responsibility for what happened, that is a real step forward. Now there should be talks between the UN and those who made them come clean with the aim of agreeing to compensation.

Father Louis Peeters made a powerful statement, condemning the UN and demanding reparations for the survivors. He views the explanations for UNAMIR's withdrawal as "ridiculous excuses" and argued that General Dallaire should have taken stronger action, regardless of the orders of his superiors.

In the face of genocide, no explanations are necessary. No reason to apologize for firing without orders to do so. When you let hundreds of people be massacred because you are not allowed to open fire, what are you bearing arms for?

The soldiers were well aware they were going to leave. The French and Belgian soldiers could have done something. The French were quite influential in Rwandese politics. As they were there during the evacuation, they could easily have escorted the refugees to the Amahoro Stadium. Unfortunately, they did not. As far as the Belgians were concerned, the Belgian government had given orders for their withdrawal. Our government wanted to avoid "any more deaths." They forced us all to return to Belgium. That is why we left. The Belgian government ordered us to do so. I myself was in danger, as the interahamwe said I was pro-Tutsi. I had to borrow a UNAMIR beret during the evacuation, to avoid being recognized.

It is not enough for the UN to admit its responsibility. It must compensate the victims of its irresponsibility. Nowadays, you can't kill someone one day, and just say "sorry" the next. All those people lost members of their families. The UN must publicly make amends for its lack of action at a crucial point. It has plenty of resources to help destitute survivors. It should also restructure its administration to eliminate organizational failings, especially in the way orders are given.

Jean-Paul Lebel singled out Kofi Annan for criticism, citing his failure to act when he received the information from Dallaire about preparations taking place for the genocide. Father Léon Panhuysen agreed that neither the UN, nor the Belgians, nor any other western government "could say they didn't know what was going on." Describing the soldiers as "passive spectators of the genocide," he pointed out that had the political will existed there was much they could have done.

All survivors are isolated and grief-stricken and their despair shows itself in many different ways. Kanonko's links to his past have been wiped out and he has been left to face a lonely future in his old age.

UNAMIR was sent to Rwanda to protect us. They failed to do so. What do you expect me to say? They could at least agree to pay us damages. UNAMIR could come back and make a list of all the orphans, widows, widowers, invalids and all the vulnerable categories of survivors. They should do it sector by sector. It would not be difficult, as we all know one another.

UNAMIR should help us get back on our feet; helping us by providing whatever we need. Some people have houses, but others are homeless. They should consider the best way of helping people. The most important thing for me is that these people should be followed up with and helped. Especially all those who relied in vain on UNAMIR's presence, only to be abandoned in the end.

I find it hard to talk about the members of my family who died at Nyanza. There are so many of them. I'm an old man, as you see. My family has lived here since the time of King Rwigera (whose reign ended in 1845). I had children and grandchildren living all over Kicukiro, Kagarama and Nyanza. I feel as though I have been uprooted.

Angélique Kadaka lost her younger brother and an older sister at Nyanza. More than six years later, she remains at a loss to understand the decisions taken by the commander at ETO.

We made a mistake when we fled to UNAMIR. We were under the illusion that they would protect us, feed us and provide medical attention until the war was over. We never thought for a moment that the UNAMIR forces would abandon people to that hell. Even now I can't understand why they did it. Certainly Belgium had no love for us. But even if commander Dallaire had ordered his men to prepare to return home, the Belgians should have refused, taken steps to remain in Rwanda and asked for reinforcement from other countries to stop the genocide. And they would have succeeded.

The UN should help the survivors of ETO with any problems due to the 1994 genocide. The UN is really to blame for UNAMIR's withdrawal. They should help the widows and orphans by rebuilding our houses and paying for our education.

For many survivors, the ill-health they continue to suffer is a daily reminder of the anger they feel towards the UN. Ignace Benimana's profession as a builder, and therefore his livelihood, has been ruined by the severe damage to his left arm.

Now I am an invalid. I was shot in my left arm near the shoulder, and was slashed about the head and chest with a pruning knife. I can't do anything because my arm no longer works and I get headaches. I'm fed up with it. If I work for the whole week, I have to spend the next week in bed. I'm still suffering the effects of the injuries I received. UNAMIR may never be able to revive our dead relatives, but they should look after all the disabled survivors from ETO, people like myself. They should also pay the school fees of all the orphans whose parents were killed at Nyanza.

Vianney Ndayayisenga's arm has had to be amputated and he has other serious medical problems. He remains deeply angry, to the extent that he accuses UNAMIR of complicity in the massacres.

When I reached Byumba, my arm was very painful. Doctors from Médecins sans Frontières cut off one of my fingers under anaesthetic. I still

have a problem with my jaws. I have no teeth and I can't chew anything. My left cheek becomes swollen from time to time. At the moment, I can't eat anything at all. Sometimes I have such violent headaches that I think I'm going mad.

All this is the fault of the UNAMIR, or the UN, of their commander, Dallaire, and of the officer in command at ETO, whose name I don't know. They should be asked why they walked away from us in our distress. I also think they should compensate all ETO survivors who were wounded, ensuring they receive medical care. All the genocide survivors from ETO should receive damages.

Yves Habumuremyi named the members of his family he lost in the massacre at Nyanza. He was shot twice in the arm and although soldiers removed the bullets, he still suffers regular pain in the scar left behind.

- Jean-Berchmans Habumuremyi, my father;
- Ancille Mukarubango, my mother;
- Hervé Nkundineza, my younger brother;
- Yvette Umiwiziwabo, my eldest sister;
- Concilie, my aunt, and her son, Hubert.

I would like the leaders of the UN, of UNAMIR and of the French and Ghanaian contingents to admit first all that they did wrong, and make an official plea for forgiveness. Secondly, the UN should compensate ETO survivors for the material losses and psychological trauma. If possible, they should compensate all the victims of the genocide in Rwanda, because they all suffered, and lost relatives and property, while the UN troops were there. We who had been at ETO especially were shocked by the way the UN behaved, when we trusted in their protection. When our relatives and we reached ETO, we thought our lives were safe, and it felt wonderful. And look how we were let down.

Compensation for survivors of the genocide in Rwanda cannot even begin to lessen the sorrow that overshadows their lives, but as their testimonies show the genocide has also left a legacy of practical problems that the UN could help them to resolve. Thus far, none of the individuals whose errors of judgement contributed to international inaction in the face of genocide has even seen fit to resign. Some concrete and meaningful gesture is urgently needed to give substance to the apologies already offered by the UN. Western governments whose reluctance to intervene blocked UN initiatives should come forward to enable the organization to make such a commitment. Both Belgium and France have a particular responsibility to help. Unless the UN is prepared to be accountable for its failings, the survivors can only assume that now, as at the time of the genocide, their suffering simply does not matter enough.

PRELIMINARY CENSUS OF THE VICTIMS AT ETO AND NYANZA

Commune Kicukiro

Sector Kagarama

Cellule Rukatsa

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Karangwa	Emile	25	M	Businessman	Single
Bimenyimana		30	M	Builder	Married
Twagira	Erneste	21	M	Student	Single
Uwambajimana		17	F	Student	Single
Rwigera	Antoine	16	M	Student	Single
Ufitiwabo	Christine	20	F	Student	Single
Masabo	Alexandre	36	M	Technician	Married
Mukamuganga	Alice	14	F	Student	
Musaniwabo	Marie Claire	10	F	Student	
Mitari	Etienne	26	M	Driver	Single
Rwamurima	Jean Luc	23	M	Motor-cyclist	Single
Karinganire		33	M	Carpenter	Married
Harerimana	Joseph	41	M	Carpenter	Married
Karimba	Faustin	37	M	Welder	Married
Kantarama	Jeannette	26	F	Domestic	Single
Kimasa	Olivier	7	M	Student	
Rubimbura	Fils	4	M		
Umunyana	Sara	6	F		
Kambanda		18	M	Student	Single
Kanimba	J. M.V	27	M	Driver	Single
Uwera	Marie Louise	18	F	Student	Single
Karinjabo		57	M	Farmer	Married
Mukarubibi		46	F	Farmer	Married
Mugorewabo	Thérèse	36	F	Farmer	Married
Karuranga	Fred	27	M	Student	Single
Umurangamirwa	Umurangamirwa	25	F	Student	Single
Uzabiriza	Olive	18	F	Student	Single
Nyiridandi	Yvon	10	M	Student	
Famille Athanase					
Ruterana	Vincent	29	M	Civil Servant	Single
Karangira	Gilbert	17	M	Student	Single
Kayiranga	Innocent	30	M	Civil Servant	Married

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Kayigana	Aloys	28	M	Motor-cyclist	Single
Mukazayire	Pélagie	24	F	Civil Servant	Single
Kabasinga	Aloysisie	22	F	Housewife	Married
Kayitsinga	Clément Kiki	20	M	Student	Single
Musabemariya	Ancilla	44	F	Farmer	Married
Twagiramariya	Anisie	51	F	Farmer	Married
Gatete	Médard	61	F	Farmer	Married
Umurerwa	Gloriose	22	F	Student	Single
Karuranga	Mazimpaka	7	M	Student	
Rusagara	Aimé	4	M		
Kayitesi	Marie Claire	17	F	Student	Single
Byiringiro	Egide	14	M	Student	
Nkwaya	Hervé	7	M	Student	
Muhire	Jean d'Amour	2	M		
Rugema	Pascal	24	M	Student	Single
Karegeya	Jean Pierre	14	M	Student	Single
Mpinganzima	Odette	33	F	Trader	Married
Rugwizampundu	Olivier	1	M		
Gakwaya	Onestor	44	M	Driver	Married
Kajyunguri		2	M		
Ntagwabira	Antoine	23	M	Student	Single
Tuyizere	Eric	12	M	Student	Single
Kanamugire	Joseph	31	M	Farmer	Married
Uwimana	Béata	27	F	Civil Servant	Single
Ntigurirwa	Aloys	40	M	Farmer	Married
Nkundimana	Anselme	18	M	Student	Single
Mukandori	Caritas	24	F	Student	Single
Mukantagara	Dative	32	F	Housewife	Single
Uwayisaba	Adèle	28	F	Secretary	Single
Akimana	Mamy	2	F		
Nyirarubungo	Bernadette	17	F	Student	Single
Kibwega		3	M		
Nyiramana	Consolée	19	F	Student	Single
	Zaburoni	30	M	Domestic	Single
Rugira	Déo	47	M	Driver	Married
Mucumbitsi	Narcisse	50	M	Herder	Married
Rubwinda	Patrick	14	M	Student	
Kazungu		4	F		
Ruhanga	Lionel	1	M		
Musonera		7	M	Student	
Nikuze	Marie-Solange	18	F	Student	Single
Rwigira	Pierre-Célestin	21	M	Student	Single
Mukasonga	Stéphanie	40	F	Housewife	Married

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Nyirabagiriki		71	F	Farmer	Married
Gasamagera		19	M	Student	Single
Nyirandutiye	Candide	21	F	Student	Married
Rukaka	Pierre-Simon	13	M	Student	
Famille Twagirayezu	Philippe	55	M	Vet	Married
Mukagatete	Marthe	46	F	Farmer	Single
Muhongayire	Christine Jolie	30	F	Civil Servant	Single
	Marie Assumpta				
Gahongayire	Mimi	26	F	Farmer	Single
Umwari	Françoise	24	F	Civil Servant	Single
Umuhoza	Marie Claire Bébé	22	F	Student	Single
Uwamahoro	Chantal Dudu	20	F	Student	Single
	Jean-Baptiste				
Mukama	Kanyamagare	18	M	Student	Single
Uwanone	John	23	M	Domestic	Married
Bayingana	Christan	4	M		
Muyingana	Emma	2	F		
Gatete	Callixte	32	M	Civil Servant	Single
Rubayiza	Paul	34	M	Teacher	Single
Bigirimana Kamanzi		5	M		
Bagiraneza Uwase		2	F		
Rusangano	Idi	2	M		
Rugwiza	Eddy	16	M	Student	Single
Ruginama Gakwavu		78	M	Farmer	Married
Uweramubiri	Alice	22	F	Student	Single
Rurangwa	Eugène	23	M	Student	Single
Nyiramuvumba	Cécile	75	F	Farmer	Married
Zimurinda		46	M	Farmer	Married
Mukamurenzi	Drocella	38	F	Farmer	Married
Ntagwabira		17	M	Student	Single
Nyirakobwa	Alice	3	F		
Zimurinda	Yvette	2 months	F		
Nyiraneza	Théodette	42	F	Farmer	Married
Kinwa		19	M	Student	Single
Murinda	Juvénal	37	M	Farmer	Single
Fam. Nduwumwami	François	56	M	Civil Servant	Married
Ndacyayisenga	Jean de Dieu	25	M	Student	Single
Kanshara	Marie	80	M	Farmer	Married
Rukara		27	F	Domestic	Single
Famille Kadugara	Joseph	52	M	Farmer	Married
Rutagengwa		30	M	Trader	Single
Bizimana	Athanase	28	M	Farmer	Single
Rutaboba		12	M	Student	

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Sezikeye		11	M	Student	
Minani	Samuel	22	M	Domestic	Single
Mukarukaka	Esther	28	F	Farmer	Single
Dada		1	F		
Bimenyimana		33	M	Builder	Married
	Dancilla	39	F	Farmer	Single
Kayije	Didace	40	M	Carpenter	Married
Rwema	Tharcisse	18	M	Domestic	Single
Nsabimana		14	M	Student	
Dunuri		7	M	Student	
Mitsindo	Pacifique	19	M	Student	Single
Ugirashebuja		12	M	Student	
Rwemarika	Gaston	7	M	Student	
Yankurije	Anisie	37	F	Farmer	Married
Mukamusoni	Béata	29	F	Farmer	Single
Nyirabucinkeri		70	F	Farmer	Married
Sebabumbyi	Thaddée	42	M	Builder	Married
Gasurira		2	M		
Nyirabazungu		55	F	Farmer	Married
Rubwana		11	M	Student	
Kaberuka	Esdras	40	M	Carpenter	Married
Sarigoma		1	M		
Ugirimfura	Justin	25	M	Student	Single
Kayinamura	Eugène	30	M	Driver	Single
Nyinawumuntu		18	F	Student	Single
Nyirahabufite		66	F	Farmer	Married
Maniraguha	Samuel	20	M	Domestic	Single
Kanamugire		26	M	Builder	Single
Misago	Adrien	33	M	Civil Servant	Married
Rutagungira	Emile	21	M	Student	Single
Rwanga		3	M		
Matibori Jojo		2	F		
Rwema	Patrice	11	M	Student	
Kanyankore		71	F	Herder	Married
Yankurije	Dativa	32	F	Trader	Single
Mukarurangwa	Françoise	23	F	Student	Single
Mukeshimana	Claudine	18	F	Student	Single
Umurisa	Aliane	17	F	Student	Single
Muteteri	Brandine	18	F	Student	Single
Muteteri	Jeanne d'Arc	32	F	Student	Single
Ntaganda	Joseph	16	M	Student	Single
Mugeshi	Alex	13	M	Student	
Mbyayingabo	Pokou	15	M	Student	Single

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Dady	Damascène	13	M	Student	
Ashimwe Petit		4	M		
Dushime Petite		4	F		
Masandi		3	M		
Budamari		3	F		
Bukara	Jean de Dieu	6	M		
Rwamucyo	Aimable	27	M	Driver	Single
Bineza		1 month	M		
Mukamurigo	Vénantie	32	F	Trader	Married
Byegeka	Pierre	26	F	Builder	Single
Mashinyika		23	M	Domestic	Single
Rubayiza	Antoine	17	M	Student	Single
Maniraguha		40	M	Farmer	Married
Nyiranziza	Marie-Grâce	24	F	Secretary	Single
Rwogera	Abdou	18	M	Student	Single
Rwemarika	Faustin	30	M	Driver	Single
Kimenyi	Bienfait	14	M	Student	
Rwankuba	Vianney	41	M	Mechanic	Married
Rutarindwa	Didier	18	M	Student	Single
Ndahigwa	Aimable	10	M	Student	
Mukamana	Christella	6	F	Sans	
Uwimana	Angela	12	F	Student	
Famille					
Nshutiraguma	Bertin	45	M	Farmer	Married
Mukarusine	Josée	38	F	Farmer	Married
Rusingizandekwe	Denis	22	M	Farmer	Single
Karabona	Jean Bosco Kibwa	15	M	Student	Single
Numukobwa	Rosine Kajyunguri	9	F	Student	
Musoni	Pascal	7	M	Student	
Famille Karegeya	John	38	M	Technician	Married
Mukanyangezi	Alphonsine	28	F	Farmer	Married
Uwase	Réné	8	M	Student	
Umutesi	Liliane	6	F		
Famille Ugirashebuja	Cassien	37	M	Welder	Married
Mukantaganda	Prisca	26	F	Farmer	Married
Mukamuhire		6	F		
Karegeya		10	M	Student	
Muhire		8	M	Student	
Famille Kabano	Albert	42	M	Farmer	Married
Nyirantagorama		38	F	Farmer	Married
Kabano	Roger	21	M	Student	Single
Mazimpaka	Eric	16	M	Student	Single
RUTAYISIRE	J.Pierre	14	M	Student	Single

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Mugabo	Eugène	35	M	Farmer	Single
Musabyemariya	Donate	42	F	Farmer	Married
Ntagwabira	Jean-Bosco	23	M	Vet	Single
Mpinganzima	Grâce	15	F	Student	Single
Ngabonzima	Janvier	14	M	Student	
Mujawabahari	Dancilla	65	F	Farmer	Married
Famille Kalisa	François	34	M	Welder	Married
Mukakimenyi	Claudine	29	F	Farmer	Married
Mukankuranka	Philomène	40	F	Farmer	Married
Nyinawumuntu	Gaudence	17	F	Student	Single
Rukundo	Fidèle	20	M	Student	Single
Kayitesi		13	F	Student	
Umuhire		2	F		
Nyirabubogora	Véronique	70	M	Farmer	Married
Sedora	John	42	M	Welder	Married
Nkwaya		9	F	Student	
Mugorukeye		6	M		
Rukara		4	F		
Mukabiganda	Joséphine	48	F	Farmer	Married
Kantengwa	Louise	16	F	Student	Single
Mukarusano	Pascaline	21	F	Student	Single
Rukundukundu	Paul	48	M	Hairdresser	Married
Kayitesi	Joseline	12	F	Student	
Gasongo	John	38	M	Builder	Married
Uwimana	Heraria	28	M	Farmer	Single
Famille Karemera	Pierre	37	M	Driver	Married
Muteteri		26	F	Housewife	Married
Karemera	Fiston	7	M	Student	
Mukasegure	Noela	19	M	Student	Single
Mukamurigo		30	F	Trader	Single
Nsengiyumva	J, D'Amour	25	F	Domestic	Single
Kayonde	Cyprien	33	M	Builder	Single
Famille Mwitizina	François	56	M	Farmer	Married
Karuhimbi	Laurence	53	M	Farmer	Married
Domina	Francine	23	F	Farmer	Single
Ndizeye	Carlos Tarak	26	F	Technician	Single
Nzeyimbaga	Jean-Claude	22	M	Student	Single
	Assumpta				
Mukaruzima	Mayonde	18	M	Student	Single
Famille					
Ngendahimana	Vianney	38	M	Civil Servant	Married
	Thacien	32	F	Teacher	Married
Ngendahimana	Gideon	10	M	Student	

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Mukafaresi	Agnès	36	F	Teacher	Married
Famille Kadugara	Joseph	50	M	Farmer	Single
Rutagengwa	J. Bosco	28	M	Farmer	Single
Bizimana	Alphonse	26	M	Farmer	Single
Rutaboba	Emmanuel	14	M	Student	
Sezikeye	J. Claude	12	M		
Rudagari Mashinyika		3	M		
Bamurange		6	F		
Matoroshi Ntwari		9	M	Student	
Bikorimana		1	M		
Sagihobe	J. Luc	13	M	Student	
Rwubusisi Bébé		10	M	Student	
Mugorenabo	Dativa	47	F	Trader	Married
Mukankaka	M. Louise	19	F	Student	Single
Mugemana	Aimable	24	M	Carpenter	Single
Ndateba		26	M	Builder	Single
Ahishakiye Muzehe		28	M	Herder	Single
Kananga	Fébronie	46	F	Farmer	Married
Rangira	J. Paul	22	M	Student	Single
Umurangamirwa	Jeanne	20	F	Housewife	Married
Uwimana	Fillette	4	F		
Famille Murego	Ildephonse	30	M	Builder	Married
Mukankubito	Emmilienne	28	F	Farmer	Married
Ma Chère		8	F	Student	
Famille Dorose	Isaac	64	M	Herder	Married
Karutamu	Vénérande	49	F	Farmer	Married
Mukankuranga	Marianne	31	F	Farmer	Married
Bwiziko	Jean Damascène	23	M	Student	Single
Murangamira	J. de Dieu	21	M	Farmer	Single
Rudahunga		3	M		
Rugamba		5 months	M		
Famille Gakwaya	Athanase	68	M	Farmer	Married
Mukamurigo	Cécile	55	F	Farmer	Married
Munanira	Damascène	36	M	Herder	Married
Madame Munanira	Rose	25	F	Herder	Single
Munanira	Elie	4	M		
Sebugabo	Fabien	46	M	Painter	Married
Sebugabo	Samuel	4	M		Single
Famille Gasekurume	Gaspard				
Uwababyeyi	Florence	21	F		Single
Uwagirimana	Laetitia	19	F		Single
Mukamana	Claudine	16	F		Single
Rwizirangabo		6	M		

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Murego	Faustin	32	M	Builder	Married
Gahongayire	Thérèse	27	F	Civil Servant	Single
Mujawase	Yvonne	18	F	Student	Single
Nduwumwami		32	M	Builder	Single
Miring	Daniel	17	M	Student	Single
Ndahiro	Pierre	32	M	Carpenter	Single
Nyirumuringa	Simon	21	M	Student	Single
Masoso	Adam	14	M	Student	
Rwemarika	Aster	37	M	Driver	Married
Bafakurera		40	M	Builder	Married
Nshutiraguma	Anastase	36	M	Carpenter	Married
Bagirishya		17	M	Student	Single
Ntawugashira Fils		6	M		
Umurungi	Josephine	18	F	Student	Single
Murebwayire	Anick	14	F	Student	
Karekezi	Vestine	20	F	Domestic	Single
Ruranga		3	M		
Siwenabo	Fiston	5	M		
Iribagiza	Anita	12	F	Student	
Mpinganzima	Diane	17	F	Student	Single
Mukantagara	Lidie	21	F	Student	Single
Famille Bideri	Vivant				
Africa	Lily	30	F	Civil Servant	Married

Cellule Kanserege

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Fam: Karekezi	Sylvestre	65	M	Herder	Married
Ntashamaja	Josephine	60	F	Farmer	Married
Sinzinkayo	Yves	16	M	Student	Single
Mukanyangezi	Illuminée	35	F	Trader	Married
Mugorewebadende	Frasie	40	F	Farmer	Married
Fam: Nkurubindi	André	70	M	Retired	Married
Mukangondo	Daphrose	68	F	Farmer	Married
Rudahinyuka	Eugène	35	M	Cobbler	Married
Mukangango	Consolée	29	F	Farmer	Married
Fam: Karisa	Protais	49	M	Garage owner	Married
Mugorewera	Bernadette	37	F	Farmer	Married
Karama		15	M	Student	Single
Nyiramongi		13	F	Student	
Uwanyirigira		8	F	Student	
Umutesi		6	F		

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Uwizeye		4	M		
Fam: Twagirayezu	Gervais	45	M	Civil Servant	Married
Mukarusasa	Marianne	36	F	Civil Servant	Married
Uzamukunda	Angélique	20	F	Student	Single
Uwimana	Clarisse	18	F	Student	Single
Nsengimana		16	M	Student	Single
Nzeyimana		7	M	Student	
Fam: Ngaboyayezu	Augustin	42	M	Technician	Married
Ingabire	Vestine	16	F	Student	Single
Kabanyana	Olive	14	F	Student	Single
Kabasinga		6	F	Student	
Fam: Baziyaremye	Damascène	37	M	Technician	Married
Nyiragicari		34	F	Farmer	Married
Nyirabukara		5	F		
Shyaka		3	M		
Bébé		9 months	M		
Fam: Banyanga	Pascal	40	M	Farmer	Married
Banyanga	Marie	35	F	Farmer	Married
Maribori		12	F	Student	
Kabwa		10	M	Student	
Mugabo		8	M	Student	
Fam: Bazitaho	Saver	49	M	Civil Servant	Married
Nyiramutangwa	Saverine	47	F	Farmer	Married
Umurerwa	Bertha	17	F	Student	Single
Fam: Kananga	Claver	54	M	Herder	Married
Mukasekuru	Bernadette	50	F	Farmer	Married
Umuraraneza	Caritas	23	F	Farmer	Married
Kananga	Théophile	20	F	Student	Single
Ihogoza	Yvonne	18	F	Student	Single
Kananga	Major	16	M	Student	Single
Kananga Rwabutoto		14	M	Student	
Kayiranga		12	M	Student	
Nyakabwana		10	M	Student	
Fam: Mushongore	Athanase	53	M	Farmer	Married
Mukagasana	Ancille	25	F	Farmer	Single
Hitimana		23	M	Farmer	Single
Mukantera	Christine	28	F	Farmer	Married
Musabwasoni		31	F	Farmer	Married
Mukanzobe		29	F	Farmer	Single
Dudu		4	M		
Mimi		3	F		
Fam:: Surwumwe	Nicodème	70	M	Retired	Married
Mukakalisa	Pascasie	65	F	Farmer	Married

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Fam: Gakwaya		44	M	Businessman	Married
Mukanyarwaya	Colette	40	F	Farmer	Married
Gakwaya	J. Chrysostome	19	M	Student	Single
Uwimana	Clarisse	17	F	Student	Single
Ngiruwonsanga		15	M	Student	Single
Kayumba		13	M	Student	
Gatete		11	M	Student	
Uwera		9	F	Student	
Gakwaya	Bébé	2	M		
Fam: Kayijuka	Vincent	39	M	Civil servant	Married
Mukamana	Jacqueline	35	F	Farmer	Married
Gatera		8	M	Student	
Kayitesi		5	F		
Umutesi		7 months	F		
Fam: Karegeya	Damascène	35	M	Civil servant	Married
Murebwayire	Donatille	30	F	Farmer	Married
Karegeya	Aline	4 months	F		
Fam: Murenzi	Vincent	37	M	Builder	Married
Madame Ancille		33	F	Farmer	Married
Nyinawumuntu		9	F	Student	
Gacyecuru		6	F		
Nyiragakwavu	Odette	22	F	Domestic	Single
Fam: Kayijuka	Cassien	42	M	Builder	Married
Kayijuka	Espérance	38	F	Farmer	Married
Cyatera		19	M	Student	Single
Fam: Kagabo	Charles	42	M	Businessman	Married
Umurerwa	Eugenie	38	F	Trader	Married
Murigande	Ferdinand	21	M	Student	Single
Mugabo	Frédéric	17	M	Student	Single
Muhoracyeye	Chantal	10	F	Student	
Karangwa		32	M	Driver	Single
Fam: Nduwumwami	Frédéric	50	M	Builder	Married
Nduwumwami	Marguerite	45	F	Farmer	Married
Munyankindi	Berchmans	23	M	Technician	Single
Nduwumwami	Innocent	21	M	Technician	Single
Nduwumwami	Emmanuel	15	M	Student	Single
Mukamana		12	F	Student	
Mukayiranga		10	F	Student	
Kagango		9	M	Student	
Fam: Karinamaryo		37	M	Technician	Married
Liberate		34	F	Farmer	Single
Nsabimana		22	M	Technician	Single
Kigurudumu		19	F	Student	Single

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Mukunda	Marcel	22	M	Driver	Single
Ndikubwimana	Jean	25	M	Technician	Single
Mukansanga	Jeanne	18	F	Student	Single
Mukarugwiza	Josephine	21	F	Student	Single
Gasana		2	F		
Janja		1	M		
Fam: Ngabonziza	Jean				
Munyagaju	Mustafa	29	M	Businessman	Single
Mujyanama	Gaston	25	M	Domestic	Single
Muvandimwe	Michel	23	M	Technician	Single
Kamashara	Marianne	20	F	Domestic	Single
Mugabekazi	Clarisse	22	F	Domestic	Single
Mutoni		1	F		
Ngabonzima		10	M	Student	
Mugabo		8	M	Student	
Uwimana		6	M		
Niwemugabo		4	M		
Mukamana		2	F		
Katengwa	Thérèse	52	F	Farmer	Married
Fam: Munyandamutsa		75	M	Retired	Married
Mukasharangabo	Cécile	70	F	Farmer	Married
Musanabaganwa	Clarisse	35	F	Farmer	Married
Rurangwa		38	M	Businessman	Married
Rurangwa	Bébé	10	M	Student	
Rurangwa	Toto	8	M	Student	
Musonera	Jean	38	M	Driver	Married
Uwimbabazi	Marianne	30	F	Farmer	Married
Mukamusonera		19	F	Student	Single
Kaboneka	Asman	31	M	Businessman	Married
Nyirafurani		35	F	Trader	Married
Gatambara		35	M	Trader	Married
Kayonde		50	F	Farmer	Married
Karekezi		18	M	Student	Single
Ndekezi		16	M	Student	Single
Fam:Ntangari		50	M	Builder	Married
Katengwa		48	F	Farmer	Married
Nkurikiyinka		28	M	Builder	Single
Karekezi		26	M	Technician	Single
Murekezi		24	M	Student	Single
Kayitesi		22	F	Student	Single
Murekatete		20	F	Student	Single
Dukuze		18	F	Student	Single
Niyoyita	Dismas	25	M	Driver	Single

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Uwihoreye	Pascal	17	M	Student	Single
Murakaja	Jean	19	M	Student	Single
Spéciose		23	F	Student	Single
Karengera		8	M	Student	
Mukarwego	Madeleine	32	F	Trader	Married
Nkurunziza Kanyombya		17	M	Domestic	Single
Ntigurirwa	Déo	18	M	Student	Single
Mukamarara		12	F	Student	
Ngarambe	Jovithe	21	M	Student	Single
Nyiraberwa	Suzanne	49	F	Farmer	Widow
Mazimpaka		3	M		
Shyaka	Athanase	19	M	Student	Single
Nkurunziza		9 months	M		
Senyana	Pierre	25	M	Technician	Single
Basomingera	Isaïe	45	M	Driver	Married
Sebuhoro		31	M		Single
Abasi		4	M		
Nkuba		2	M		
Fam: Segahigiya	Stanislas				
Mugore	Marciane	64	F	Farmer	Widow
Mutagoma	Dismas	28	M	Technician	Married
Niyibizi	Abdias	26	M	Student	Single
Mugabire	Jean Morris	13	M	Student	
Fam: Rangira	Cyprien	30	M	Driver	Single
Murima		21	M	Student	Single
Rwamurima		19	M	Student	Single
Jacqueline		18	F	Student	Single
Rutayire		20	M	Builder	Single
Alfred		21	M	Technician	Single
Fam: Gasasira	Abdul	35	M	Accountant	Married
Mukantagara	Eugénie	30	F	Teacher	Married
Uwera	Ariane	4	F		
Mugabo	Fabien	2	M		
Fam: Karangwa	Charles				
Gatsinzi	Félicien	32	M	Domestic	Single
Munyakayanza	Athanase	25	M	Farmer	Single
Fam: Rwabuhihi	Gabriel				
Mukansharangabo	Vénancie	58	F	Farmer	Widow
Rubambaramanzi	Jean	39	M	Civil Servant	Married
Muhongayire	Cécile	31	F	Farmer	Married
Muhongerere		12	M	Student	
Ilibagiza		10	F	Student	
Wibabara		8	F	Student	

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Fam:Rutaremara	François	37	M	Carpenter	Married
Uwanyirigira	Chantal	35	F	Farmer	Married
Rutaremara	Elie	3	M		
Rutaremara Tabita		2	F		
Umuhoza	Anne	1	F		
Fam: Mutwarangabo	Frédéric	29	M	Civil Servant	Married
Musabwasoni	Jocelyne	24	F	Farmer	Married
Mutwarangabo		1 day	M		
Fam: Rwabukirikiri	Claude	38	M	Civil Servant	Married
Murerwa		32	F	Farmer	Married
Rebecca		4	F		
Isiraheri		2	M		
Nzagezayo		1	M		
Fam: Karuhimbi		58	M	Farmer	Married
Mukankusi		33	F	Farmer	Married
Mukarutezi		30	F	Farmer	Single
Gasana		25	M	Technician	Single
Mukankuranga		42	F	Farmer	Married
Murego		3	M		
Musabwa		7	F	Student	
Fam: Gakire	François	41	M	Businessman	Married
Katengwa		38	F	Farmer	Farmer
Mirita		8	M	Student	
Mafille		11	F	Student	
Rukara		2	M		
Fam:Kananga	Joseph	31	M	Technician	Married
Nimwite	Odette	30	F	Farmer	Married
Kamananga	Saïdi	4	M		
Mutesi		3	F		
Mutara		2	F		
Fam:Gafaranga	Francisco	70	M	Retired	Married
Mukangarambe	Vénancie	35	F	Farmer	Married
Rusanganwa	Paul	42	M	Farmer	Married
Fam: Rwabujiji	Jean	40	M	Civil Servant	Married
Mutezimana	Ernestine	38	F	Farmer	Married
Niyonsenga	Gilbert	17	M	Student	Single
Ilibagiza	Scolastique	15	F	Student	Single
Ruzembe		5	M		
Mukankuranga	Spéciose	30	F	Farmer	Single
Gahizi	Célestin	28	M	Farmer	Single
Rukinga	Aloys	26	M	Farmer	Single
Koradusenge		7	F	Student	
Mukarusine		4	F		

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Badunda		3	M		

Cellule Kanserege II

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Fam:Harerimana	Innocent	39	M	Driver	Married
Mukandamage	Prisca	35	F	Farmer	Married
Nkobwa	Espérance	19	F	Student	Single
Hategeka		17	M	Student	Single
Ntaganira	Jean	13	M	Student	
Seruhara		10	M	Student	
Rucyahana		28	M	Driver	Single
Ndayisaba	David	13	M	Student	
Uwimana	Esther	9	F	Student	
Ndamage	Maurice	25	M	Driver	Single
Ntare	Egide	20	M	Student	Single
Umutesi	Berthilde	19	F	Student	Single
Gakwaya		7	M	Student	
Rwamakuba	Cyrille	23	M	Technician	Single
Bizimana	Augustin	19	M	Student	Single
Nyarwaya	Mathias	30	M	Teacher	Married
Congeya	Alphonse	32	M	Builder	Married
Uwitanze	Béata	9	F	Student	
Nzanyimfura	Callixte	19	M	Student	Single
Ndahayo	Théogène	22	M	Student	Single
Niwemukobwa	Jeannette	20	F	Student	Single
Nyirarukundo		4	F		
Bukara	Judith	8	F		
Mukamuremyi		11	F		
Rugwiza	Gérard	24	M	Driver	Single
Kabanda	Jovithe	20	M	Student	Single
Niyonshuti		3	M		
Fam: Bikorwimana	Aloys	45	M	Businessman	Married
Mukandekezi	Antoinette	42	F	Trader	Married
Murerwa	Judith	20	F	Student	Single
Uwamahoro	Canisius	17	M	Student	Single
Kayisire	Thomas	14	M	Student	
Mukankaka	Marie	12	F	Student	
Kazungu		8	M	Student	
Rukara		5	M		
Boy		10 months	M		
Mukamana	Immaculée	25	F	Secretary	Single

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Nsengiyumva	Fabien	24	M	Builder	Single
Ngoga	Chadrack	22	M	Student	Single
Bagambiki	Mathieu	20	M	Student	Single
Mukagatare	Martine	19	F	Student	Single
Kabasinga	Marie-Louise	19	F	Student	Single
Nsanzabaganwa	Augustin	28	M	Driver	Married
Gahigiza	Théophile	23	M	Technician	Single
Murekeritoto	Spéciose	30	F	Farmer	Married
Rwabukamba	J. Pierre	20	M	Student	Single
Umutesi	Aloisie	18	F	Student	Single
Niyondeba	Florence	26	F	Farmer	Single
Fam: Karangwa	J. Damascène	38	M	Civil Servant	Married
Mukarwego	Vénérande	36	F	Civil Servant	Married
Karangwa	Jeanne	16	F	Student	Single
Karangwa	Jean	14	M	Student	
Karangwa	Odette	12	F	Student	
Karangwa	Damien	10	M	Student	
Karegeya	Pascal	26	M	Driver	Married
Fam: Habimana	Augustin	75	M	Farmer	Married
Niyonziza	Frasie	67	F	Farmer	Married
Mugabo	Léonidas	40	M	Farmer	Married
Nyirabashumba	Vénérande	38	F	Farmer	Married
Mugabo	Bosco	20	F	Student	Single
Mugabo	Bibi	12	M	Student	
Mugabo	Kadende	10	F	Student	
Uwizeye		8	M	Student	
Fam/ Ngirumpatse		6	F		
Mukasha	Patricie	52	F	Farmer	Widow
Ngirimana	Modeste	18	M	Student	Single
Mukagatete	Annonciata	22	F	Farmer	Married
Niyoyita		30	M	Civil Servant	Married
Fam: Zirimwabagabo	Xavier	35	M	Farmer	Married
Nyirabuyange		50	F	Farmer	Married
Nsengiyumva	Innocent	25	M	Farmer	Single
Zirimwabagabo	Juvénal	23	M	Farmer	Single
Bazizane	Seraphine	21	F	Farmer	Married
Mbonigaba		15	M	Student	Single
Kayijuka		10	M	Student	
Ishimwe		1	M		
Mukamana	Rose	17	F	Student	Single
Rwabugabo	J Damascène	25	M	Businessman	Single
Kayombya		9	M	Student	
Uwambayikirezi	Solange	12	F	Student	

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Ryamugabo	J Claude	30	M	Technician	Married
Kanamugire		15	M	Student	Single
Fam: Hakorimana	Dismas	45	M	Businessman	Married
Mukashema	Anisa	42	F	Farmer	Married
Rutayomba	Comes	20	M	Student	Single
Mukabutera	Dancille	18	F	Student	Single
Surwumwe	Innocent	15	M	Student	Single
Musabyimana	Odette	13	F	Student	
Kayijuka		10	M	Student	
Rutahaga	Jean	8	M	Student	
Nyirankobwa		6	F		
Rubyogo		4	M		
Rwemarika	Isidore	26	M	Technician	Single
Uzamukunda	Shadia	4	F		
Nyirahabimana		6	F		
Rubwejanga		10	M	Student	
Kankindi	Liliane	14	F	Student	
Utetiwabo		9 months	F		
Nyagatare	Saver	35	M	Civil Servant	Married
Muteteri	Chantal	32	F	Trader	Married
Gasangwa	Issa	20	M	Student	Single
Uwanyirigira	Florence	19	F	Student	Single
Shema	Denis	22	M	Builder	Single
Hagenimana	Narcisse	58	M	Retired	Widower
Iraguha-Tuyishimire		3	M		
Rurangirwa	François	18	M	Student	Single
Uwimana	Anne-Marie	5	F		
Munyaburanga	Laurent	25	M	Technician	Single
Murebwayire	Ancille	23	F	Student	Single
Nkurunziza		10 months	M		

Cellule Gatatare

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Fam: Rukeratabaro		56	M	Businessman	Married
Umubyeyi	Virginie	54	F	Farmer	Married
Gahamanyi	Evergiste	31	M	Civil Servant	Single
Uwamariya	Prisca	29	F	Domestic	Single
Ingabire	Assumpta	26	F	Student	Single
Tuyizere	Albert	22	M	Student	Single
Uwarurema	Solange	21	F	Student	Single
Sibomana	Richard	18	M	Student	Single

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Binama	Jean Bosco	16	M	Student	Single
Hakizimana	Christian	12	M	Student	Single
Fam: Yirirwahandi	François	49	M	Builder	Married
Yirirwahandi	Claude	19	M	Builder	Single
Kamari	André	21	M	Driver	Single
Bizimana	Fidel	16	M	Student	Single
Fam:Ntasinzira	Appolinaire	53	M	Businessman	Married
Nshimiyimana	Jean	23	M	Technician	Single
Rutamu	Claude	27	M	Technician	Single
Uwicyeza	Marie Rose	20	F	Student	Single
Fam: Rubangura	Raphaël	48	M	Technician	Married
Mutiganda	Théogène	28	M	Technician	Single
Rangira	Wellars	25	M	Technician	Single
Kayiranga	Janvier	19	M	Student	Single
Fam: Rwamakuba	Jean	48	M	Builder	Married
Mukandori	Marie	30	F	Farmer	Married
Nsanzimana	Claude	17	M	Student	Single
Mukagasana		12	F	Student	
Kanyandekwe		10	M	Student	
Sehuku		4	M		
Rutagengwa	Vincent	32	M	Technician	Married
Mukabarisa	Daphrose	17	F	Domestic	Single
Kagenza	Emmanuel		M	Teacher	Married
Mbindigiri	Christiane	71	F	Farmer	Veuf
Murenzi	Innocent	27	M	Technician	Single
Gashagaza	Cassien	70	M	Herder	Married
Mukabaranga	Julienne	19	F	Student	Single
Mukarusanga	Oliva	27	F	Student	Single
Murerwa	Aphonie	33	F	Farmer	Single
Shyaka	Robert	14	M	Student	
Karemera	Emmanuel	9	M	Student	
Karemera	Gloriose	1	F		
Karemera	Vincent	4	M		
Mukaberwa	Catherine	65	F	Farmer	Widow
Kabagema	Sostène	25	M	Technician	Single
Rubagumya	J Berchmans	29	M	Businessman	Single
Rukokera	Justin	20	M	Technician	Single
Musoni		19	M	Student	Single
Fam:Kayumba	Claver	59	M	Teacher	Married
Mukabadege	Alvera	55	F		Married
Kayumba	Gilbert	22	M	Student	Single
Kayumba	Fafa	12	F	Student	
Ntaganira	Emmanuel	19	M	Student	Single

Surname	First Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Marital Status
Nyiramashashi	Languide	52	F	Trader	Widow
Harerimana	Jean Paul	19	M	Student	Single
Umugwaneza	Gaudence	23	F	Student	Single
Twahirwa	Olivier	7	M	Student	
Maniragaba	Dieudonné	17	M	Student	Single
Semanzi	J. M. V	39	M	Driver	Married
Bagumbiriza	Dureke	23	M	Student	Single
Namazi	Geneviève	19	F	Student	Single
Titi	Jean d' amour	5	M		
Cyuzuzo	Olivier	3	M		
Uzamuraanga	Floride	37	F	Farmer	Married
Tuyishime	Vincent	14	M	Student	
Musabyimana	Aline	9	F	Student	
Irudukunda	Liliane	2	F		
Karangire	Emmanuel	24	M	Businessman	Single
Africa	Jean de Dieu	17	M	Student	Single
Biseruka	Matuta	17	M	Student	Single
Umuberarugo	Théodete	4	F		Single
Biseruka		5 months	M		
Fam: Twiringire	Jean		F		
Kanzayire	Blandine	30	F	Trader	Married
Twiringire	Mugeni	7	F	Student	
Twiringire	Gisèle	4	F		
Twiringire	King	2	M		
Gatana	Jeanne	25	F	Trader	Married
Gatana	Claire	22	F	Student	Single
Gatana	Henriette	19	F	Student	Single
Gatana	Béatrice	16	F	Student	Single
Gatana	Diane	13	F	Student	
Gatana	Pusi	10	F	Student	