



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

I am twenty-nine years old, and live and look after my five brothers and sisters. They all go to school. I had to drop out of school to look after them. The reason I am alive now is because God guided me nobody helped me or protected me during the genocide

I was studying in the first year of Secondary School in Kigali. It was the Easter holidays, and our family was altogether. There were nine of us children in all, and my parents.

After the death of the president, the killers came to our house. As we tried to flee they threw a grenade into the house, which wounded us all. They then used their machetes, killing my parents and three of my brothers and sisters. The killers thought we were all dead, but six of us although wounded managed to crawl away, once the attackers had looted our house and left. They had left the house saying they would bury us later.

We joined the exodus of refugees escaping the carnage, and headed towards Gitarama province. We thought the killings were only happening in Kigali we had no idea the whole country would be engulfed with massacres of Tutsis.

The journey was difficult. The grenade had burnt my leg and part of my shoulder, and as I had no treatment except bandages, these parts of my body were beginning to rot. I was also dehydrated. But I didn't want to hold the team back, so I kept going. At one point, I was so exhausted I asked God to let me die.

We had to pass through valleys and bushes to avoid the killers. At one point we got lost, and could go neither back nor forward because the roads were all so full of interahamwe. We decided to hide in the valley to wait to see what was going to happen. There were many people who were also hiding there. In fact the number increased to nearly 15,000 men, women and children

