

# MURAMBI

"GO. IF YOU DIE, PERHAPS I WILL LIVE"

"My daughter, Francine Uwiharaye, who was 18, stayed with the other refugees in Murambi. She didn't know which one of us might survive. Before I left Murambi, she told me this: 'Go. If you die, perhaps I will live. And if we are exterminated here, then maybe you will live.' My daughter's words still haunt me and I regret the fact that I left her in the camp that day."

Vital Twagiramugabo

AFRICAN RIGHTS

Working for Justice



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# **“Go. If You Die, Perhaps I Will Live”**

*A Collective Account of Genocide and Survival in  
Murambi, Gikongoro, April-July 1994*

April 2007

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## **Dedication**

*"Go. If You Die, Perhaps I Will Live"* is dedicated to all the victims of Murambi, and to the few survivors who lost their families and friends there, and whose lives were shattered by what they endured on 21 April 1994.

*"My daughter, Francine Uwihoreye, who was 18, stayed with the other refugees in Murambi. She didn't know which one of us might survive. Before I left Murambi, she told me this: 'Go. If you die, perhaps I will live. And if we are exterminated here, then maybe you will live.' My daughter's words still haunt me and I regret the fact that I left her in the camp that day."*

Vital Twagirayezu, 62, a farmer in commune Nyamagabe, had nine children in 1994. While his wife took the other children to her parents' home, Vital and Francine joined the refugees in the primary school of Gikongoro parish on Sunday the 10<sup>th</sup> and were taken to Murambi that same day. A worker from the Bishopric of Gikongoro, where Vital was an employee, evacuated him on 20 April. But his daughter chose to remain at Murambi. The following night, the refugees in Murambi were massacred. Vital said he heard the "roar of gunfire from 3:00 a.m. until dawn." His daughter was among the victims. And from the bishopric, he saw the bulldozer pass by on its way to Murambi to bury the bodies.

## **A Few Words of Appreciation**

*African Rights* would like to extend a special thank you to the two researchers, Dévota Gacendeli and Félicien Bahizi, who went beyond the call of duty to record exceptionally detailed, powerful and moving testimonies for this book. They worked often under difficult conditions, but they persevered and for that we are grateful.

**CARTE ADMINISTRATIVE DE LA PROVINCE DE GIKONGORO**





La carte illustre la structure administrative de la Province de Gikongoro. Elle est divisée en districts, qui sont à leur tour subdivisés en secteurs. Le Parc de Nyungwe est également délimité. Les limites de la province sont indiquées par une ligne épaisse, les limites des districts par des lignes plus fines, et les limites des secteurs par des lignes encore plus fines. Une légende en bas à droite clarifie ces symboles. Une échelle de 0 à 6 km et un rose des vents sont également fournis pour référence.

**Légende :**

- Limite de la province
- Limites de Districts
- Limites de Secteurs
- Parc de Nyungwe

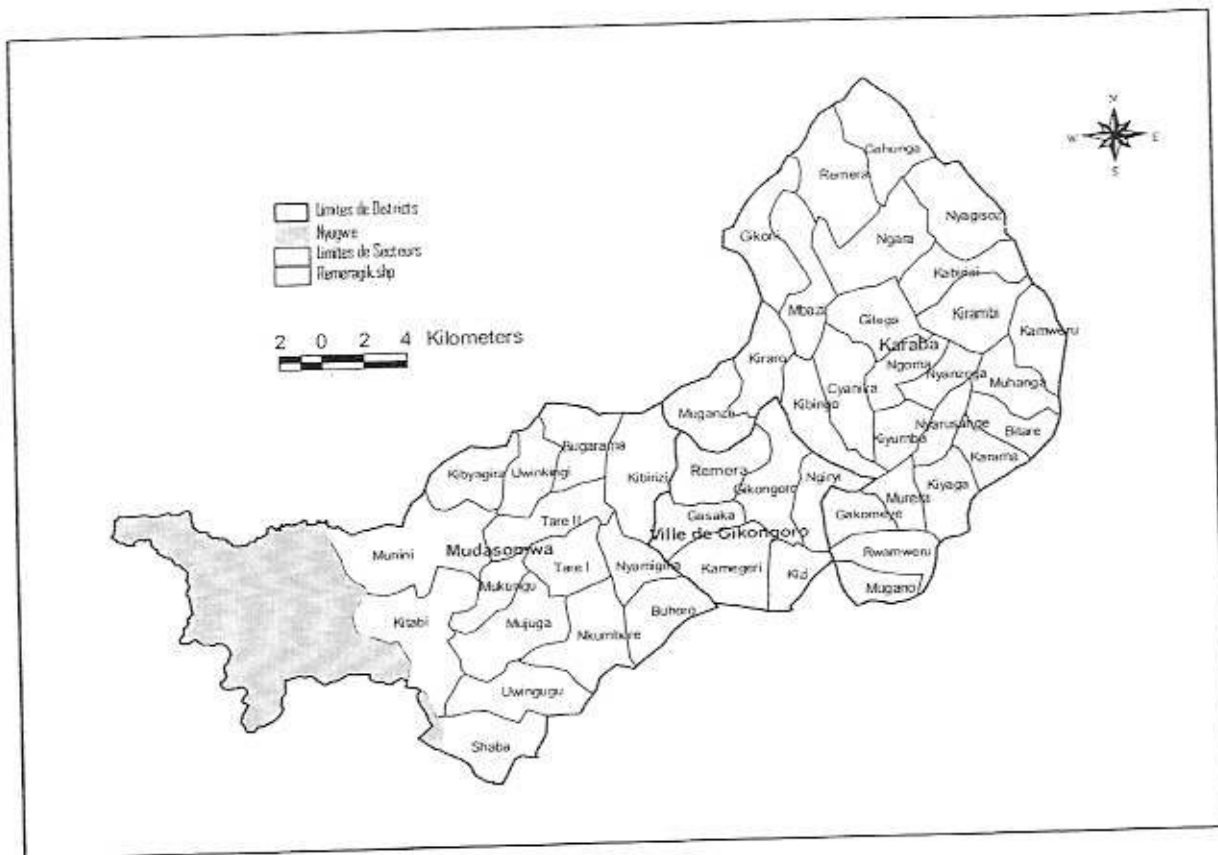
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 Limite de la province  
 Limites de Districts  
 Limites de Secteurs  
 Parc de Nyungwe

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## ACRONYMS AND GLOSSARY

CDR	Committee for the Defence of the Republic
CERAI	Integrated Rural and Craft Centre
CIPEP	Intercommune Centre for Personnel Development
DRC	Democratic Republic of the Congo
FAR	Rwandese Armed Forces
FARG	Fund to Assist Survivors of the Genocide
FDLR	Democratic Forces for the Liberation of Rwanda
ICTR	International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda
MDR	Democratic Republican Movement
MRND	National Republican Movement for Development (1975-1991) and National Republican Movement for Democracy and Development (1991-1994)
PL	Liberal Party
PSD	Social Democratic Party
OAU	Organization of African Unity
RPA	Rwandese Patriotic Army
RPF	Rwandese Patriotic Front
PSD	Social Democratic Party
UNAMIR	United Nations Assistance Mission to Rwanda

### Terms for Administrative Units and Their Corresponding Administrators

Rwanda's local administrative structure was changed between 2001-2006. However, in this book we have used the geographical locations, the names of administrative units and their corresponding administrators as they existed in 1994.

Préfet (Governor), the head of a préfecture;  
 Deputy-préfet (Sous-préfet). A deputy-préfet was either in charge of certain responsibilities within the office of the préfecture, or was the head of a group of communes grouped together in a sous-préfecture;  
 Bourgmestre (Mayor), the head of a commune;  
 Councillor, the head of a sector;  
*Responsable*, in charge of a cellule.

"Refugee": The term is used in the testimonies for people who fled their homes because of fear or violence, though they had not crossed an international border according to the standard definition under international law.

*Inkotanyi* is used to refer to the RPF by both its allies and opponents. The term means "fierce fighter" in Kinyarwanda.

*Inyenzi* means "cockroach" in Kinyarwanda. After the massacres and expulsions of Tutsis in 1959-1963, a group of exiles called *inyenzi* tried to stage a comeback and were defeated. The term was used to refer to the RPF during the Habyarimana government, but during the genocide it was shorthand for all Tutsis.

Zone Turquoise: The area established in June 1994 by French forces of Operation Turquoise in the western préfectures of Cyangugu, Kibuye and Gikongoro.

Rwandese names: For the most part, each family member has his or her own individual surname, as well as first name.

*Massue*: A club studded with nails.

## THE PLANNERS, ORGANIZERS AND EXECUTORS

- Laurent Bucyibaruta was the préfet of Gikongoro and lives in exile in France;
- Captain Faustin Sebhura was the deputy head of the gendarmerie in Gikongoro and is believed to be fighting with the FDLR in eastern DRC;
- Col. Aloys Simba, a retired army officer, was appointed in 1994 as the head of civil defence for the préfectures of Gikongoro and Butare. He was arrested in Senegal on 27 November 2001 at the request of the ICTR. He challenged the order in the Senegalese courts, but failed in his efforts and was finally transferred to the ICTR's detention facilities in Arusha on 11 March 2002. In December 2005, he was sentenced to 25 years in prison;
- Frodouald Havugimana, known as Havuga, was a deputy-préfet and is believed to be living in the DRC;
- Félicien Semakwavu was the bourgmestre of commune Nyamagabe in which Murambi is located. He is thought to be living in the DRC;
- Joseph Ntegeyintwali was the deputy-préfet of the sous-préfecture of Karaba made up of the communes of Rukondo, Kinyamakara and Karama. He is in Gikongoro central prison;
- Emmanuel Nteziryayo, the bourgmestre of Mudasomwa, was arrested in the UK on 28 December 2006 and is awaiting hearings for extradition to Rwanda;
- Désiré Ngezahayo, the bourgmestre of Karama, has been sentenced to life imprisonment in Rwanda;
- Lt.Col. Augustin Rwamanywa was a logistics officer in the army and is a native of Mudasomwa. He remains in exile abroad;
- Denis Kamodoka was the director of the Kitabi tea factory in commune Mudasomwa. His whereabouts remain unknown;
- Callixte Munyankindi was councillor of sector Cyanika in Karama. He is said to have died in the DRC;
- Frédéric Mureramanzi, councillor of sector Remera, Nyamagabe. His whereabouts remain unknown;
- Justin Ayurugari was the manager of the Electrogaz station in Gikongoro. His whereabouts are unknown;

- Emmanuel Ngoga, a driver at the Kitabi tea factory, is said by some to have died, but there are also reports that he may be alive and living in the DRC;
- François Gakuru, a teacher and president of the CDR in Mudasomwa, lives in exile;
- Israël Nsengiyumva, a businessman from Mudasomwa, has been sentenced to life imprisonment in Rwanda;
- Edouard Karamage, a businessman from Mudasomwa, is rumoured to be living in Kenya;
- David Karangwa, alias Rufigi, was a clerk at the district court in Nyamagabe and is thought to be living in the DRC;
- Vénuste Gasana, a businessman, lived in Kigeme, Nyamagabe. He died in Gikongoro central prison;
- François Gasana, alias Bihehe, is a welder by profession; he remains in exile abroad;
- Vincent de Paul Nsabyera was the head of a vaccination programme in Gikongoro; he is in Gikongoro central prison.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PERPETRATORS



Col. Aloys Simba



Captain Faustin Sebhura



Lt. Col. Augustin Rwamanywa



Laurent Bucyibaruta



Dénis Kamodoka



Félicien Semakwavu



Emmanuel Nteziryayo

## INTRODUCTION

*"Go. If You Die, Perhaps I Will Live": A Collective Account of Genocide and Survival in Murambi, Gikongoro, April-July 1994* is a record of the massacre at a technical school under construction in Murambi, in the south west of Rwanda. Compiled from testimonies collected by *African Rights* between 2004 and 2006, it brings together the individual stories of survivors, witnesses, and perpetrators. Their experiences are juxtaposed and arranged chronologically, with introductions to guide the reader. The result is a detailed narrative that encompasses the varied perspectives of 91 Rwandese. Such an intricate and nuanced account of these events has never previously been heard.

The reasons for publishing this book are many. Despite the passage of more than 13 years, many of the details of this massacre, in which an estimated 50,000 Tutsi women, men and children perished, have remained publicly untold. This account provides information that can advance justice initiatives and enrich the debates about the causes, nature, and consequences of the genocide. The research also offered participants an opportunity to voice their personal encounters and emotions which are generally guarded in silence. In recording these memories, we hope to ensure that the victims of Murambi are remembered within Rwanda and internationally.

This project is a contribution to the necessary and ongoing initiatives by institutions, groups, and individuals who are committed to preserving the memory of the victims and survivors of the 1994 genocide. More specifically, it aims to support the work of genocide prevention, to which the Murambi site has been dedicated. The book stands alongside the physical preservation of the massacre site to enable an accurate interpretation of the visual record of horror that lies there.

In this book survivors bravely recount terrifying and painful experiences. Their stories are harrowing, but there are occasional redemptive moments. The solidarity of starving refugees who shared food or water in the last days of their lives and who organized themselves to withstand their assailants, reveal selflessness and the resilience of the human spirit. Amid threats and betrayal there were still some friends or neighbours who offered help. They did not often succeed in defying the officials who orchestrated and supervised the killings, but gestures of humanity, however rare or futile, merit acknowledgment.

Accounts from militiamen also make extremely distressing reading. The sometimes mechanical and dispassionate nature of their actions, and their detachment from those whose lives they took, is chilling. Nothing can lessen the enormity of these atrocities and no explanation of the causes could ever be adequate, and the perpetrators show little remorse for the appalling crimes they committed. Nevertheless, they provide important insights into the pressures and inducements Hutu males, in particular, faced, as well as into the organization and execution of the massacres. They speak at length, for instance, of the critical role played by local civilian and military officials. The participation of those who killed and those who were witnesses is crucial in forming a record of the past.

This project does not accommodate all the recollections of the genocide in Murambi; many are unwilling to speak about how they lived out those days. The massacre in Murambi is a recent trauma that continues to overshadow the local community. People live with the burdens of grief, pain, anger, or guilt—private emotions within which memories are often sealed. *African Rights* is grateful to those who, understanding the importance of documentation, contributed their testimonies to this book. We hope that others will feel able to do the same in future.

Those who spoke to us were willing to confront painful pasts. The consistencies in their accounts are remarkable. However, there are some who persist in denying their participation, despite the substantial evidence against them. It is also worth bearing in mind that some gaps are inevitable in a collective account composed of many different stories. In a few cases, what has emerged appears to be a rendering of events unique to a single person. The book does not seek to identify or resolve contradictions as might be necessary for a project solely oriented towards justice, but instead aims to establish a firm framework within which people situate their own experiences. We hope that any weaknesses or shortcomings of this study may prompt others to offer publicly their personal testimonies in the years to come. Recovering history is a continuous process that is necessarily open-ended.

In the course of the research for this study, there was a resurgence of violence against survivors and witnesses of the genocide in Gikongoro in an attempt to discourage people from testifying in *gacaca* hearings and to enable perpetrators to evade justice. This underlines the urgency of exposing the crimes and those responsible for them. But it is also a reminder of the challenges still facing all the people who live in this region, whose perceptions of the past are also shaped by present struggles. Some current residents of the area still have difficulty in accepting that the bloodshed at Murambi was genocidal, as became apparent through a series of interviews conducted by *African Rights* among people living near the massacre site. Included at the end of the book, these interviews illustrate the very real need for the details of events to be documented and discussed. *Go. If You Die, Perhaps I Will Live* strives not only to inform people outside Rwanda or future generations, but also to further recognition within affected communities themselves of what happened, in the words of one resident, “under the cover of night” on 21 April 1994.

*African Rights* hopes that this book, as a shared account, may serve to counter attempts to deny or minimize aspects of the 1994 genocide. By drawing on the words of individuals from diverse backgrounds—from survivors, genocide perpetrators, as well as bystanders—this study demonstrates the potential in Rwanda for a collective understanding of the genocide that can emerge through dialogue and education. If descriptions of what happened are sometimes disjointed, incomplete, or very personal, there are many points of accord. All of them, at a minimum, recall some aspect of the extreme horror of the genocide in Murambi. In some small way, we hope that *Go. If You Die, Perhaps I Will Live* may help to heal social fractures, promote justice, and enable Rwandese to move forward towards a peaceful future.

*Go If You Die, Perhaps I Will Live* is based on interviews taken by Dévota Gacendeli and Félicien Bahizi. It was written by Rakiya Omaar, Rachel Ibreck, and Elizabeth Ashamu.

## THE ROAD TO MURAMBI

### A Summary of Key Events

The death of President Juvénal Habyarimana on 6 April 1994 sparked the genocide of Tutsis throughout Rwanda and the murder of prominent Hutu opposition politicians in Kigali. In Gikongoro, interahamwe militiamen began to set fire to the houses of Tutsis as early as 7 April. They abandoned their homes *en masse* between the 7<sup>th</sup> and the 10<sup>th</sup>. From the communes of Mudusomwa, Kinyamakara and Karama, streams of people made their way to Gikongoro town, located in commune Nyamagabe. Tutsi residents of Nyamagabe soon followed suit.

On 13 April, Laurent Bucyibaruta, the *préfet* (governor) of Gikongoro, organized a meeting at which two decisions were taken which would facilitate large-scale massacres. The first was a directive to local officials to establish a network of roadblocks, which would serve to monitor the movement of Tutsis, make escape impossible as well as provide a convenient site where those who were captured could be killed on the spot. Secondly, the same officials were told to encourage Tutsis to seek sanctuary in public buildings, such as churches, schools and commune offices, so that the largest number could be congregated in one place. Bucyibaruta was assisted that day by two men who would soon emerge as central players in the planning of Murambi: Col. Aloys Simba, a retired officer who was appointed the head of civil defence for Gikongoro and Butare in 1994 and Captain Faustin Sebhura, the deputy head of the gendarmerie for Gikongoro.

Roadblocks were duly set up all around Gikongoro *préfecture*. Tutsis initially assembled in churches, especially the Catholic Parish of Gikongoro, and other public buildings in Gikongoro town. Before long, local authorities, in particular Bucyibaruta, Simba, Sebhura and the *bourgmestre* of Nyamagabe, Félicien Semakwavu, directed them to a technical secondary school under construction on the crest of hill in Murambi cellule, sector Remera, on the outskirts of town. Tens of thousands of people were taken there, most of them under official escort, to empty unfinished school buildings. Rather than offering security, as many refugees believed it would, this move facilitated their elimination.

Some were murdered at roadblocks before they even had a chance to reach Murambi. Those at the school waited in vain for assistance and protection. Some died from untreated injuries, hunger and dehydration. The water supply was disconnected and militiamen surrounded the camp and cut short the lives of those who tried to break out or go out to look for water and food.

To spare the Hutu women and children living in the vicinity—whose husbands and fathers had been enlisted as militiamen—Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu and Sebhura relocated them between the 18<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> to an artisanal centre known as CERAI and a secondary school, the ACEPER, both in Gikongoro town.

On the morning of 19 April, the refugees resisted an initial assault upon the school. Later that day, the president of the interim government, Dr. Théodore Sindikubwabo, met with Bucyibaruta and senior officials in Gikongoro town. Sindikubwabo and

Bucyibaruta gave the green light for implementing the policy of massacres. Military officers and local government officials held meetings to make the necessary preparations for a large-scale offensive against Murambi by intensifying propaganda, recruiting militiamen and distributing guns and new machetes.

On the afternoon of 20 April, Bucyibaruta, Sebhura and Semakwavu visited Murambi to search for weapons. The gendarmes who accompanied them confiscated any item that could be used for self-defence, including the machetes and axes used for chopping wood and sticks for herding cattle. But they went on assuring the people there that their security would be guaranteed and all the while increased the campaign to sign up large numbers of militiamen.

On the night of 20-21 April, thousands of interahamwe militiamen were brought to Murambi from Nyamagabe and nearby communes. The different teams were given instructions to meet up at Kabeza, a collection of shops about one kilometre south of the school in Murambi. Some were transported in vehicles and others walked. They were advised not to make noise and not to light cigarettes to avoid alerting their would-be-victims. The men were told to disguise their faces with a variety of leaves, both as camouflage and as a means of distinguishing them from the "enemy." Gendarmes armed with guns and grenades joined them.

Shortly before 3:00 a.m., the men were met by Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu, Sebhura and his sub-ordinates, as well as other leaders. Sebhura told them to "wake up and to get ready to begin the war against the Tutsis." The militia were given the responsibility to encircle the camp.

Then at 3:00 a.m. the massacre that would leave an estimated 50,000 Tutsis dead began when the gendarmes opened fire. The refugees tried to retaliate, but armed only with stones, they were quickly overwhelmed. The explosion of bullets and grenades quieted in the morning, but the bloodshed continued as militiamen with machetes, axes, spears and clubs finished off the wounded and trapped those who had found hiding places. With the school tightly surrounded, there was little opportunity to elude the formidable array of weapons.

At the end, the authorities called the militiamen to attention. The préfet thanked everyone for the work that had been accomplished. He singled out the men from commune Mudusomwa for their contribution. As a reward, they were given vehicles to transport them north to the nearby Catholic Parish of Cyanika in Karama commune to lend a hand to the officials and interahamwe who had begun to massacre the 10,000 Tutsis there, mainly from Karama and the surrounding communes of Kinyamakara and Rukondo. They were given assurances that Tutsi stores in town would be theirs to loot once they had completed the new task at hand.

Some of the few survivors from Murambi ran to Cyanika. Many were murdered *en route*, and those who reached the church were killed there within a few hours, along with all the others.

During the next few days, the men who had killed at Murambi returned to the camp to seize the victims' belongings. At the same time, there was a meticulous hunt for survivors. Those who are alive today attribute their survival to good fortune and to the help of Hutu friends and relatives.

An attempt followed to conceal the killings so they did not come to the attention of visiting journalists and the international community. Bulldozers were used to remove the corpses at both Murambi and Cyanika and to dump them in mass graves. Any women and children who survived were taken back to Murambi in order to convince international opinion that Tutsis had not been massacred in Gikongoro. This small group was found at the end of June by French troops of Operation Turquoise who stationed themselves at the school. Since many of the perpetrators were also taken to the school after the defeat of the interim government in early July, the survivors chose to leave for Butare in August 1994.

## “OLD STORIES OF PREVIOUS KILLINGS ARE STILL HERE”

“A genocide does not happen at random or accidentally”, commented Simon Sebagabo, “it is prepared for a long time.” The Rwandese genocide, he added, was no different.

The genocide in Rwanda against the Tutsis was nurtured and developed for several decades.

Fr. Tatien Kagangare, a Catholic priest, echoed a similar view, saying that “the genocide was an affair that was long premeditated, an idea that had been distilled in the people for a long time by unscrupulous politicians.”

Adult survivors of the 1994 genocide understand the events of 1994 in Murambi within the framework of previous violent episodes they experienced and witnessed in Gikongoro. The reflections of survivors and residents born in Gikongoro between the 1920s and the early 1950s together provide an important perspective on the turbulent past of Gikongoro and the relationship between this history and the more recent genocide.

These survivors describe multiple waves of unrest and bloodshed in Gikongoro, each of which had an impact on the thinking and mindset which laid the foundations for the 1994 genocide. The rising tension in the period leading up to independence, and the electoral reforms associated with decolonization, heralded the founding of political parties, and fierce competition between them. The first organized anti-Tutsi violence occurred in 1959 when the Tutsi monarchy was overthrown and political space was opened up to Hutus, and then limited to them. Approximately 10,000 Tutsis were murdered and thousands were forcibly removed from Ruhengeri, Gikongoro and elsewhere towards Bugesera, while others became fled to Burundi, Uganda and Zaïre. Their homes were stripped bare and burned down.

When exiled Tutsis mounted the *inyenzi* invasions of December 1963, known as the Bugesera invasion, repression was swift and merciless, and was particularly bloody in Gikongoro which had a high density of Tutsis. In what would become all too familiar in 1994, survivors remember that the killings of 1963 involved enthusiastic popular participation, actively instigated by the préfet, André Nkeramugaba, with backing from more senior government officials. They also recall that these campaigns were well-organized, that the officials responsible were appreciated and promoted, that there were no expressions of regret and remorse, and that no one was punished for looting and burning the homes of Tutsis and killing the occupants.

## 1959: "A Turning-Point"

Political and social tensions had been rising in Rwanda from the mid-1950s, complicated by a number of competing factors. With the demand for an end to Belgian colonial rule, colonial authorities switched their allegiance from the minority Tutsis, whom they had long favoured for political rule, economic privileges and educational opportunities, to the far more numerous Hutu majority. The demographic reality dictated their decisions which were put into practice in a short space of time and with a show of force. 1959 was, in the words of Sebagabo, "a turning point", the moment when power shifted from Tutsis to Hutus, when brute force was used widely and perceived as a legitimate weapon to dispossess, drive out and kill Tutsis.

Nathalie Nyirabuseruka, born in 1944 and the mother of five, lives in Gikongoro town. What she highlighted about the events of 1959 is that they were preceded, as in 1994, by discussions behind closed doors.

People began to run away in 1959. It all began with the meetings to which only Hutus were invited. I was in Gitantu [Nyamagabe]. Théophile Mudahunga prepared and directed these discussions.

The next day, the massacres started. First, they burnt Mukazi's house; she was the widow of the late Murindabigwa, who had been a chief. They did everything at night. They set the house of François Rupari, a teacher, on fire; they chased him and he took off for Nyamata. Afterwards, they burnt all the houses of Tutsis in Gikongoro. Nkurikiyimana, nicknamed Kajugujugu, was the bourgmestre of Nyamagabe, which was the name of Gikongoro at the time. No one was punished.

Costasie Mukagasana, in her 80s now, was living in commune Rukondo. In 1959 she fled Gikongoro with her children, her mother and her two brothers, Athanase Karangwa and Anastase Gakumba, and came to Nyanza in Butare. Other relatives scattered elsewhere.

When we got to Nyanza, someone lied to us and told us that security had been re-established in Gikongoro. My mother and Athanase left for home.

But they never made it there.

My mother was thrown into the Mwogo river and Athanase was killed by a machete. His body was exposed in the street and was eaten by pigs.

When Costasie's children grew up, two of her children—her daughter, Odette Mukasafari, and her son, Nyiridandi—left Nyanza and went back to live in Gikongoro. They died there in 1994.

Zéphanie Nzabandora, also in his 80s, lives in Murambi. He talked of the actions of the man who was in charge of the area known as Bufundu, which encompassed what is now Murambi.

Rwasibo spoke to the Hutus of Nyamugali. He told them: "Every Hutu must take up a weapon, anything capable of killing. Kill the Tutsis! They are at the root of all problems." They obeyed the order, brought out their traditional weapons and

massacred Tutsis. Some ran to the parishes. Afterwards, some were obliged to leave for Nyamata and Kibungo. Then life came back to normal.

While many Tutsis were attacked in Gikongoro between 1959 and 1961, many more were expelled from their homes and taken under duress to Bugesera, a dry uninhabited region infested with tsetse flies; there was no medical cure at the time for the diseases associated with tsetse flies. The move was, commented Sebagabo, "a real death-trap." This policy of banishment is among the traumatic events that Euphrasie Nyiranzikwesa, in her mid-seventies, related to the 1994 genocide. Euphrasie has been left to face old age alone—her husband, children and grandchildren all died in 1994. She used to live in Mudasomwa, but has since moved to Gikongoro town.

Sebagabo sees the expulsions as indicative of the belief "that Tutsis must leave Rwanda because they were foreigners within it." More than thirty years later, in 1994, the notion that Tutsis did not belong in Rwanda because they were "foreigners" was at the heart of the justifications for the genocide.

Nathalie spoke of the "reconciliation" which officials urged people to observe.

The day after the massacres, Mudahunga came to visit us in Gitantu. He ordered the Tutsi families to bring beer as a gesture of reconciliation and then made a speech, saying: "There you go. You see that the Tutsis have accepted our reconciliation. We should not be vengeful. What happened is regrettable; it will not be repeated. Let us live as we did before, let us marry each other." The killers didn't give anything by way of reconciliation.

Unpunished, Théophile Mudahunga, whom Nathalie described as playing a central figure in the events of 1959, would again distinguish himself in 1963.

### **Christmas 1963 in Gikongoro: "The First Major Rehearsal"**

Throughout the early 1960s, Rwanda remained tense. In Gikongoro, said Nathalie, they did what they could to rebuild their lives, but did so under a menacing shadow.

People still burnt Tutsi houses. When you were talking to a friend, they would warn you by saying: "Why are you farming your land? Do you really think that you will be eating that? The war is here; still more of you will be killed."

In December 1963, a group of Tutsi exiles who had formed guerrilla bands known as *inyenzi*, mounted incursions into Bugesera from Burundi. They failed, and their failure was visited upon the Tutsis living in Rwanda, much as the military activities of the RPF in the early 1990s would be used as a pretext to arrest, detain, interrogate, torture and kill Tutsi "accomplices" of the RPF. Elsewhere, civil servants and educated Tutsis were singled out for repression in 1963, but in Gikongoro the reprisals were ferocious and indiscriminate.

As always, the complicity of local authorities in fomenting hostility was a chief characteristic. For those who tell the story of 1963 in Gikongoro, the name of André Nkeramugaba, who had become préfet of Gikongoro on 19 April 1963, dominates their accounts.

Older Hutu residents like David Muzungu from Cyanika confirm the sequence of events.

Tutsis were sent to Nyamata in 1961. And in 1963 they were massacred throughout Gikongoro and thrown in the Mwogo river. Later, Nkeramugaba himself murdered the Rwandese refugees that Obote threw out of Uganda.

What was different about the killings in 1963, said Nathalie, is that women and children were not spared. Much else remained the same as 1959, especially the responsibility of local authorities, the verbal accusations and the reluctance to hold troublemakers accountable.

First, they would burn the houses during the night. Then in the morning they would murder the inhabitants. Mudahunga was at the forefront of the killings in Gitantu. Nkeramugaba, the préfet, gave the orders but he didn't come to our area regularly like Mudahunga. They were killing all the Tutsis: the women, the men, and even the children. After three days, a ceasefire was ordered. Anyone who didn't respect the ceasefire was sentenced to just two days' imprisonment.

Even if the massacres in 1963 were short-lived, Anastase Rugema, 72, emphasized the fact that they were co-ordinated.

We saw houses in flames. At night, they burned the houses of Murindabigwi, Rupari, Ruzibukira and the others. The first night, they set six homes on fire. During the day, they just looted. And then they killed when it became dark. The Tutsis took went to Nyamata and Burundi.

They would first do a census. This meant that they would know the precise address of the target. It didn't last like it did in 1994, but it was orchestrated.

It was also sponsored at the highest level; President Grégoire Kayibanda himself travelled to Gikongoro. Anastase was trying to find a way out of the préfecture when he saw Kayibanda.

Kayibanda made the trip to Gikongoro in person to give useful on-the-spot advice. I saw him personally on Saturday 21 December 1963 when I was waiting on the roadside for a vehicle to take me to Butare.

And the préfet, commented Anastase, had aides he could rely on.

Nkeramugaba was being helped in this task by assistants who were experienced in these methods. The most important ones are: his brother-in-law, Grégoire Munyarubindo, who had been given Rukondo commune; Gérard Mucumbitsi, who presided over the commune of Kinyamakara, and the rowdy Jean Nkuriyimana, nicknamed Kajugujugu, who was still around.

Asking Tutsis in churches and schools to fill out a census was the precursor to many of the massacres in 1994, including Murambi itself. There was another similarity mentioned by Anastase.

The councillors distributed the land of the Tutsis who had been assassinated or who had taken flight. The leaders gave the people the order to kill, and they too lent a

hand, for example, Nkeramugaba and Nkurikiyimana, who was a bourgmestre. Later on, Nkeramugaba would organize expeditions all over the préfecture, saying: "I want to be rid of these Tutsi imbeciles, kill them, but especially seek out and follow those who are rich."

A massacre in Nyamugali is foremost in Euphrasie's memory.

The massacres which took place while Nkeramugaba was the préfet were worse than any preceding ones. He contributed a lot to the organization and execution of these killings. In our area, there was also a man named Murindahabi who ravaged the region. In Nyamugali, many Tutsis were killed, including women and children.

Fr. Modeste Mungwarareba, the secretary of the Episcopal Committee of the Catholic Church in Kigali before his death in May 1999, was aged 12 and was on holiday at home in Bunyambiriri, in northern Gikongoro.

The authorities instigated a wave of genocidal killings in the course of which Tutsis in Bufundu and Bunyambiriri were massacred; some families were completely decimated.

I ran into the bush, but I was discovered. Beaten and left for dead, I was woken up in the afternoon by rain and was then saved by a Hutu neighbour called Berchmans. He took me to his house during the night. But every day, he had to take me to the bush very early in the morning—at about 4:00 a.m., so that the dew could erase the traces of his footsteps. He used to tell me that I was at risk. But I couldn't believe that an adult could harm a child. I didn't know that the adults had received the order to kill all male Tutsis.

This tradition of killing the Tutsi was instituted by the Rwandese themselves.

In 1963 Fr. Kagangare was a student at the Seminary of Kansi in Butare. For the Christmas holidays he went back home to Gikongoro, more precisely to Kaduha in commune Karambo. For three days and nights the Tutsis of the area were massacred. Kagangare's father, older brother, six cousins and three uncles were among the victims. He kept out of sight in the bush and then made his way to the Parish of Kaduha. A government minister came to visit the survivors at the church. Kagangare remembers his explanation for the massacres.

The minister was called Damien Nkezabera. He said the killings had been committed by men who had drunk too much, that order had now been re-established, that we could go back to our homes, in peace, repair our houses and take up our work in the fields.

Like Kagangare, Sebagabo was studying in Butare at the seminary of Kansi and travelled home to Gikongoro for the Christmas holidays. He found two Tutsi residents of Gikongoro locked up in Gikongoro police station, accused of being part of the *inyenzi* rebels.

This was the first major rehearsal for the 1994 genocide. The new préfet, André Nkeramugaba, was mandated to carry on with the work that he had begun in the commune of Remera when he was a deputy chief and bourgmestre. He also had both new and old hands to help him out: bourgmestres, communal councillors etc... But it must be said that the vast majority of the population didn't share his opinions.

He pointed out three significant factors which limited the impact of 1963, and which differentiate it from 1994.

Firstly, most people stayed loyal to the friendships which were part of the social fabric, and therefore still took neighbours into their homes. I, for example, was warned and left on Saturday 21 December. Also, because the trouble lasted for a limited time, people with good intentions didn't lose heart. It wasn't like 1994 where it went on for 100 days or even longer in some places like Gikongoro. Finally and most importantly, the parishes played an essential role, especially in Cyanika. Thanks to the dynamism of the priests who were there at the time, for example Stany de Jamblinne, around 7,000 people in the presbytery and inside the church were saved.

Simon paid a warm tribute to the priests.

The priests were soon overwhelmed. They opened their doors to people and watched over them, and they also went out to look for people. They soon called on their colleagues, especially their fellow White Fathers and Sisters. Some responded, particularly Fathers Martinez and Davos, Brother Gratiën and Sister Catherine who was working as a nurse and midwife.

The majority found their way there by themselves. Others came with the help of the priests who knew where to look for them.

Even the local officials who were otherwise busy telling Hutus to turn their back on the Tutsis brought the friends they wanted to save to the parish.

The first people came to the parish from the home of Xavier Bizimana, the then-bourgmestre of Karama. Before launching the assault, even Nkaramugaba, the local organizer of the massacres, brought Claver Sevumbi, his old friend and fellow student at Zaza, as well as this man's entire family, to the parish.

The compassion of the clergy and the security Tutsis found in churches in 1963 created a tradition in which this parish, as well as others, became a magnet for the fearful and the wounded three decades later. But in 1994, the house of God offered little in the way of sanctuary either in Cyanika or anywhere else in Rwanda.

When Fr. Modeste returned to the seminary, he was struck, and then angered, by the decision not to discuss the distressing events, even though they were still fresh in everyone's memory.

I was scandalized to see that our teachers didn't want us to talk about what had happened. To talk was to invite bad spirits. But one day, in a religious class, I decided to bring it up. Everyone listened to me, stupefied. But no-one responded.

I didn't hear a single voice raised against the massacre of the Tutsi. They were killed but it was covered up and no-one knew about it. No-one was punished for killing the Tutsi in Bufundu and Bunyambiriri in 1963.

This came as no surprise to Euphrasie.

Who was going to hold them to account when the authorities themselves were implicated?

When the Hutus decided to stop the massacres, we returned to our land and began life from scratch. They left us alone and were indifferent as if nothing had taken place. Even the State didn't react. You'd think the authorities didn't see what was happening.

She sees this attitude, like the expulsion of Tutsis to Nyamata and the Kibungo region, then known as Rukumberi, as part of the mindset that led to the genocide.

Similarly, in Kansi, Fr. Kagangare observed a lack of concern about the atrocities.

No one at the seminary commented on what had taken place during the holidays. Rather, some of our colleagues seemed to be laughing. But we were young and we didn't lend much importance to such sarcasm. However, it was then that I became conscious of this thing about Hutus and Tutsis.

The massacres were followed by segregation, humiliation and exclusion.

And the crisis was indeed "settled" at that time by not speaking about it. By promoting this silence, he said, the murder of a Tutsi came to be regarded as "normal."

As in 1959, officials emphasized the need for reconciliation, But it was just a word to them, said Anastase.

The leaders ordered people to find beer for reconciliation. But it didn't mean anything. A few days later they were meant to kill Tutsis again and to take what they wanted from their houses etc.

In the years which followed, Fr. Modeste noticed that those who had killed and looted in 1963, and who had inspired others to do so, were not only living in freedom, but they were also the people who prospered the most.

We were the ones who were nervous. They knew that we knew. They were only awaiting the occasion to make us disappear because we were their bad conscience.

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**"In Gikongoro, the effectiveness of the 1994 genocide lies in the fact that those implicated in the massacres of 1963 had not been punished."**

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Take a man like André Nkeramugaba, the préfet in 1963. He was the most virulent. But the population appreciated him to the point that they elected him as a member of parliament. Others became bourgmestres or local officials.

And the denials and distortions of the 1994 genocide are just as potent with regard to the earlier periods. Zéphanie Nzabandora gave this interpretation of what took place in 1963.

The Tutsis again began to kill the Hutus and the *inyenzi* invaded the country. The Hutus defended themselves, but didn't kill the Tutsis. As far as I know, Nkeramugaba didn't do anything bad. And that's how things were also in 1994. It's always the Tutsis who are at the root of massacres.

At 65, Isaïe Sebudandi, who also lives in Murambi, is considerably younger than Nzabandora, but shared a similar perspective.

There were no killings in this region in 1959. Only houses were burned and the Tutsis went to Zaïre, Uganda, Burundi and even to Kibungo. But they came back, even the ones who looked after the herds with us. I saw them myself. And it was the same thing in 1963. Houses were set on fire, and people ran away but no one was murdered.

Frédéric Gakwaya, from Gikongoro town, was 31 in 1959.

I never saw any houses burning. As for the killings, they started recently, in 1994. Before that, no one was affected. As for the Tutsis who went into exile, they are like the people who fled in 1994. You think they had something to run away from? Not at all! Quite simply, they found out that their leaders had gone, so they too took to the road. No one chased them away. And those who were sent to Nyamata were sent there as a form of protection. They wanted to save them from the Hutus who had just taken power.

### **1973: "A Veritable Intellectual Genocide"**

The decade following independence in 1963 was dedicated, in large part, to removing Tutsis from positions of authority and political influence. This exclusion from the political arena, the army and the upper echelons of the civil service made a large number of educated Tutsi males gravitate towards the Catholic Church. They were well represented in the seminaries and in educational establishments as the Catholic Church still controlled much of Rwanda's educational system, including the University of Butare.<sup>1</sup>

In February 1973, seminaries, the University in Butare and all schools were purged of Tutsis. Civil servants were also targeted. The exception was, once again, Gikongoro, where there were indiscriminate killings. Despite disclaimers, it was apparent that the purges had the blessing of the government. It is possible, as many believed then and now, that the Minister of Defence at the time, Juvénal Habyarimana, provoked the turmoil as a pretext to launch, on 5 July, the coup d'état which he had planned.

Fr. Kagangare was training at the Grand Seminary of Nyakibanda, Rwanda's leading educational centre for preparing young men for the Catholic priesthood. The seminary, located in commune Gishamvu, Butare, had been intimidated by students from the university, but the priest in charge held firm.

While all the educational institutions in Rwanda—primary, secondary and superior—were shaken by the hunt of Tutsis, Nyakibanda remained peaceful. This was due uniquely to the courage of Fr. François Niyibizi. He called all the Grand Seminarians together and warned us against the temptation to imitate the rest of the country. If we did that, he said that everyone, Hutu and Tutsi, would be sent away. We had been worried that troublemakers would come from the university. But after they sent away Tutsis, the university was almost paralysed by a disagreement about the fate of

<sup>1</sup> The University in Butare was founded by the Dominican Fathers from Canada and they continued to control it.

students of mixed parentage. Preoccupied by the need to settle this thorny question, they forgot about Nyakibanda.

Sebagabo was not as fortunate as Kagangare. The turbulence of 1973 forced him into exile.

At university and in the secondary schools, the hunt took place in broad daylight. At work, lists would be created at night and then put up in front of the offices or other workplaces from where the undesirables, the Tutsis, would have to get out. The move was the same all over the country. It was about educated people. I myself was kicked out and I left for Zaïre on 26 February 1973.

Another man who left Rwanda in 1973 is Fr. Joseph Niyomugabo, the rector of the Junior Seminary of Kansi. Rather than betray his Tutsi students, he preferred to go into exile with them to Burundi. He returned to Rwanda in the 1980s after he completed his studies in Europe. He was at the Parish of Cyanika in April 1994 and, as later detailed in this book, was murdered there.

Under Habyarimana, the exclusion of Tutsis from educational opportunities and important positions was maintained under a policy of "ethnic balance." Fr. Kagangare noted that once again order was restored, peace was declared and silence shrouded what had come to pass. At the same time, the marginalization of Tutsis became an every day affair.

The only exceptions were those whose sisters were married to powerful Hutus or whose parents had wealthy and powerful friends. Habyarimana inaugurated a veritable intellectual genocide. It was the same thing for access to employment. It was a big lie. The regime talked of balance, but openly practised exclusion. It didn't take long for people to become aware of this and to begin to talk about it. The government changed its tactics. It decided to apply the policy of balance in schools, but to always select the Tutsis who were doing poorly and were at the bottom of their classes. As a result, they were forced to repeat a year. Those who could sent their children abroad, to Burundi, Zaïre or Uganda. The others went into petty trade or developed all kinds of tricks to get by.

Sebagabo said that "the tools of discrimination were refined", but that the end remained the same.

Habyarimana's regime, in spite of a more subtle language, was no less destructive than that of Kayibanda.

For the next 17 years, discrimination bred resentment and exiles pushed for the right to return home, but the periodic outbursts of open aggression against Tutsis ended. The fault lines in Rwandese politics shifted, and political attention focused on the monopoly of political space and economic resources and opportunities by politicians, businessmen and military officers from natives of the north, the préfectures of Ruhengeri, Byumba and especially Habyarimana's home region of Gisenyi.

## October 1990 - 6 April 1994

On 1 October 1990, the Rwandese Patriotic Front (RPF) an armed rebel group established by Tutsis in exile, invaded Rwanda from Uganda. In addition to its military response, the government immediately identified all Tutsis inside Rwanda as a fifth column, and sought to punish them as "accomplices" of the rebels, otherwise known as *ibyitso*. Between 8,000-10,000 people, overwhelmingly Tutsis, were arrested and imprisoned in the wake of a fake offensive on Kigali the night of 4 October, which was attributed to the RPF. Fr. Modeste was among the detainees. Fr. Niyomugabo was denounced for having links with the RPF, but avoided imprisonment. The detainees were held, for up to six months, in appalling conditions and subjected to endless and harsh interrogation. Many were severely tortured. They were released after intense and concerted international protests. Some civil servants were dismissed from their jobs.

For the next three and a half years, intermittent war between the Rwandese Armed Forces (FAR) and the RPF, and the regional and international efforts to put a stop to the fighting through negotiations, dominated politics, along with the demands for, and the creation of, opposition political parties. To maintain its hold on power, the leadership of Habyarimana's party, the National Republican Movement for Democracy and Development (MRND), established and provided military training to the *interahamwe*, a militia loyal to the hardliners within the party.<sup>3</sup> The intense rivalry between the MRND and the opposition parties led to government efforts to disrupt opposition rallies and ignited clashes between the *interahamwe* and the youth wings of the other parties. At the same time, Tutsi individuals and communities were targeted as such. The most serious incidents were the February 1992 massacres of Tutsis in Kibilira, Gisenyi, and in March 1992 in Bugesera. Throughout 1992 and 1993, *interahamwe* aggression became more and more pronounced against Hutu political opponents and Tutsis.

Peace seemed to be on the horizon in August 1993, with the signing of the Arusha Accords which brought the fighting to an end and spelt out how the government, the RPF and the political opposition parties were to share power. But the implementation of the Accords stalled, even after the deployment in December 1993 of a UN peacekeeping force, the United Nations Assistance Mission to Rwanda (UNAMIR), to oversee and police the agreement. A broad and powerful range of insiders—including politicians, senior officers, businessmen and relatives of Habyarimana and his wife—saw the Accords as a challenge to their power and economic privileges, and as a threat to the culture of impunity which had long protected them, and so remained adamantly opposed. They used the media to turn the Hutu population against the peace deal, describing it as a betrayal of Hutu interests. In September 1993, they set up a private broadcasting station, the Radio Télévision Libre des Mille Collines (RTLM). (over)

For the next few months, RTLM, reinforcing the beliefs of the ultra-extremist Coalition for the Defence of the Republic (CDR) and magazines like *Kangura*, dedicated itself to giving political expression to the ideology of Hutu extremism. It sought to unite Hutus by convincing them that they had a common adversary, namely

<sup>3</sup> All militia came to be known popularly as *interahamwe* during the genocide, but the professional *interahamwe*, who had received military training and wore uniforms, were established much earlier.

the RPF and Tutsis who were portrayed as one and the same, and said to be bent on driving Hutus out of power and subjugating them. Tutsis in Rwanda were depicted as a political liability, offering fighters, money, intelligence and moral support to the RPF. Hutus were urged to put political differences aside and to come together in order to form a united front against Tutsis. To this end, most of the opposition parties splintered, with one faction known as "Power" which had embraced the political doctrine of "Hutuism." RTLM advocated the use of force against moderate Hutu politicians and Tutsis in general and ridiculed the Arusha Accords.<sup>1</sup>

By the time President Habyarimana died in a plane crash in Kigali on the evening of 6 April 1994, along with all the other passengers, the ground had been well-prepared for the genocide which began within hours and which lasted until early July. The board of directors, shareholders and staff of RTLM would all become key players. The crash was, said Sebagabo, merely the "kick-off signal."

The malicious interahamwe, which had been created and trained to carry out the genocide that had been piloted thirty years back in Bufundu and other areas of Rwanda, began a widespread and thorough campaign.

Fr. Kagangare, like most Rwandese, did not expect the scale of the slaughter that unfolded.

Despite what we had already lived through, the horror of 1994 is beyond our comprehension.

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**"The 1994 genocide was an affair that was long premeditated, an idea that had been distilled in the people for a long time by unscrupulous politicians."**

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In reality, the genocide began a long time ago. It's something that was taught. It's not something innate. But it had been taught to the point of becoming instinctive. The hatred towards the Tutsi is something the Hutu learnt and which they assimilated.

What changed in 1994, he added, was "the scale of the massacres."

In 1963, the massacres remained limited to Gikongoro and lasted only a few days. In 1994, the whole country was affected and it lasted for three months. But it was the same *massue*, the same axe, the same machete and the same hideous scenes of children dying from having their skulls smashed against a wall.

Euphrasie echoed a similar view.

The 1994 genocide was meant to wipe out all Tutsis, without exception. Not even one child was meant to remain behind. But the techniques which were used were the same as before, except for the extreme torture that became common in 1994.

Euphrasie outlined what she called "the three stages in the destruction of the Tutsis of Gikongoro."

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<sup>1</sup> For a detailed discussion about the background to the genocide, see *Death, Despair and Defiance*, African Rights, Revised Edition, August 1995.

Massacres of Tutsis had been organized and carried out in the préfecture of Gikongoro for a really long time. The first phase was their relocation to Nyamata and Rukumberi [Kibungo]. The second consisted of the early massacres which, because all Hutus did not agree with the policy, had a limited impact. The third was the final phase of extermination. And this time it was very successful. This time, all Hutus felt concerned because they were getting rid, once and for all, of a common foe. Even children, young girls and women were all driven by this need to see the "enemy" vanquished.

Fr. Modeste mentioned some of those who were "vanquished" in Gikongoro.

The survivors of 1963, who had tried to patch up their lives, were exterminated in 1994.

And many of the perpetrators of 1963 were still alive and eager to make their contribution in 1994. Some who were too old to kill with their own hands acted as advisors, using their knowledge of history to point out Tutsis who had changed their ID cards, or they cheered from the sides. In some instances, said Anastase, they passed the baton to their children.

In 1994, the old men like Mudahunga and Nzabamwita were still around. They no longer had the strength to hunt and kill Tutsis themselves, but they had enough force to give advice and to tell their children to make sure that no Tutsi remained alive. Their children were the true murderers here in Gikongoro. Mudahunga's children died in Congo and Nzabamwita's are in prison.

Nathalie also mentioned Mudahunga's son, Francois Rwemera, as well as Rwandanga's son, Antoine, nicknamed Kajyunguri, as among the men who devastated Gitantu in 1994. They knew that their parents had enjoyed impunity and expected the same outcome.

In the coincidence of political, social and economic factors which led to the genocide in 1994, the killing, dispossession, expulsions and arrests of Tutsis between 1959-63, in 1973 and in the early 1990s, are of significance, particularly in Gikongoro. They established a principle that many Rwandese who took part in the genocide acted upon: killing Tutsis was not viewed as a punishable crime. And this is because, commented Fr. Kagangare, "in this country, to kill a Tutsi had become a tradition and impunity the norm."

For forty years, genocide has been officially taught and several times tried out with the blessing of senior government officials. Each time the government used to announce the end of the massacres, ask the killers to put down the spears, to stop the killings, *nimwumamure icumu*, and would call on survivors to come out of their hiding places. Then, as if nothing had happened, life on the hills would resume its normal course.

In 1994, Désiré Ngezahayo was the bourgmestre of commune Karama where the Parish of Cyanika is located. He has spoken at length about his own participation in the genocide. In reflecting on his own journey to genocide, and that of the country as a whole, he identified two major factors: unquestioning obedience to authority and the habit of acting upon orders to abuse the rights of Tutsis.

The impunity which was widespread both before and during the genocide was a decisive factor in 1994.

In the 1960s and 1970s, many Tutsis could not go to secondary school and teachers kept lists according to whether students were Tutsi or Hutu. After the RPF invasion of October 1990, we bourgmestres were asked by the intelligence services to make a list of all the parents in our communes whose children had gone to fight on the side of the RPF and we did so. Again in October 1990, on the night of 4-5 October, when there were false rumours that Tutsis wanted to kill Hutus, this was used as a pretext for systematic searches for weapons in the homes of Tutsis. Many other Tutsis were imprisoned as accomplices of the RPF. We were told to imprison people regarded as sympathetic to the RPF, particularly educated people like teachers, and we didn't ask any questions. In 1993, we were asked to form militia groups and we did so. We were requested to provide military training for them and we complied. All of this was part of the preparations for the genocide. That's why I think it is very important to ensure that justice is done, so that the impunity which facilitated the genocide is a thing of the past.

Jean-Damascène Sinaboye was a deputy bourgmestre of Mudasomwa, a commune which made an exceptional contribution to Murambi, and to the genocide more generally in Gikongoro, Butare and Kibuye.

The bourgmestre of Mudasomwa, Emmanuel Nteziryayo, used to brag openly about what he, as the bourgmestre, had accomplished in the genocide and about the importance of his commune to the success of the genocide in Gikongoro. He did this because, like so many others, he saw himself as fulfilling a national duty. We ourselves looked upon him during the genocide as a great nationalist. We did this because we didn't think there would ever be any consequences to our actions. And we certainly never thought there would be prosecutions. We were, in our eyes, doing what the radio and the newspapers were asking us to do—rid the country of its enemies. Nteziryayo behaved as he did because he believed, like all other officials, that distinguishing himself in the genocide would lead to good things for him, like a better career prospect and wealth. And he thought he was helping Rwanda rid itself of traitors to the nation.

This history sets the context not only for the attitudes of many residents of Gikongoro towards the killings of Tutsis in 1994, but also for the conduct of local officials. To understand Murambi, perpetrators, survivors and witnesses alike emphasized, again and again, the burden of responsibility that should be placed upon the civilian and military authorities in Gikongoro, as well as the prominent backers of the extremist political parties.

## “WE COULD NOT CHALLENGE THE WORD OF OUR LEADERS”

Rwanda is a society with a strong tradition of unquestioning respect for those in positions of power and authority. In the rural areas, where most Rwandese live, the word of a *préfet*, a *bourgmestre* or a councillor commanded obedience. Educated people, whether they worked as civil servants, for the Church, in the private sector or in civic organizations, were treated with deference and their opinions generally went unchallenged. Against this backdrop, instructions from above, coupled with manipulative propaganda, were able to unlock a capacity for betrayal and murder among many Rwandese who until then had been ordinary men and women.

When they heard the news that President Habyarimana had been assassinated, all the residents of Gikongoro, in common with every corner of the country, looked to their local officials for guidance. They put the blame for the massacres at Murambi upon their shoulders. They suggest that it was the actions and decisions taken by the most senior civilian and military authorities in Gikongoro from 7 April onwards, which directed the killings and ultimately determined the fate of the refugees at Murambi. In the words of Vincent de Paul Nsabiyera, who worked alongside these local leaders: “The extermination of the Tutsis was not a haphazard affair.”

All the steps taken by our officials, especially the *préfet* of Gikongoro, the *bourgmestre* of Nyamagabe and Captain Sebhura of the *gendarmerie*, to ensure that the Tutsis of the region were massacred, shows, without any ambiguity, the character of the government of the time which prepared and directed the genocide.

According to the contributors to this account, all the major political figures in the *préfecture* had a part to play in the tragedy of Murambi. The *préfet*, Laurent Bucyibaruta; the deputy-*préfet*, Frodouald Havugimana<sup>1</sup>, known as Havuga; the deputy head of the *gendarmerie*, Captain Faustin Sebhura and the *bourgmestre* (mayor) of Nyamagabe commune, Félicien Semakwavu, are repeatedly implicated. They were frequently seen together and, as the testimonies in this book make clear, they encouraged Tutsis to go to Murambi, they called for the erection of roadblocks in the area and actively mobilized and armed the militiamen. A visit from the president of the interim government, Dr. Théodore Sindikubwabo, and his discussions with the local authorities of Gikongoro, endorsed the initiatives they had taken to date and confirmed that they had the backing of the highest political authority in the country. Retired military officers lent their expertise to a campaign supposedly aimed at “security.” Chief among them was Col. Aloys Simba from commune Musebeya in Gikongoro who, in 1994, was appointed as the head of civil defence for the *préfectures* of Gikongoro and Butare.

<sup>1</sup> Although he is referred to as a deputy-*préfet*, he did not hold this post in an official manner in 1994. He had been dismissed from his position as deputy-*préfet* of Bugumya sous-*préfecture* in Cyangugu *préfecture* for disciplinary reasons. In early April 1994, he was in Nyanza, Butare, and was the secretary of a deputy-*préfet* in the region. He returned quickly to his native Gikongoro at the beginning of the genocide and resided near Murambi.

Combining their considerable authority, influence, human, logistical and financial resources as well as web of contacts, these men reached out to a formidable network of local government officials, soldiers, policemen, teachers, doctors, directors and employees of para-statal, clergymen, businessmen, petty traders, staff of non-governmental organizations and a huge pool of peasants and unemployed young men.

### **“We Had Confidence in Our Officials”**

The men they reached out to, and eventually persuaded to throw their weight behind the genocide, or those who watched closely as Hutus turned against Tutsis, provide insights into the precise methods used by the leaders. Jean-Pierre Sindikubwabo, a peasant farmer from Kabacuzi in sector Gikongoro, was among those swayed by official arguments to kill relatives, friends and neighbours, as well as strangers. He spent eight years in custody and regained his freedom in May 2003 after he confessed his crimes.<sup>5</sup>

I realized the genocide of the Tutsis was inevitable when I saw militiamen burning their homes under the noses of local officials. I first saw columns of smoke in sector Gasaka on 7 April. The same thing happened in sectors Cyizi and Gikongoro the following day. The sudden appearance of some officials in our cellule convinced me that everything had been prepared in advance. For example, Lt. Col. Rwamanywa, from Mudasomwa, visited Rurangwa, the préfet's secretary. He wanted to know why the Hutus hadn't yet begun to go after the Tutsis. By asking this, he in effect gave us the green light to begin the hunt for the *inyenzi*. The very same day, many Tutsis who had been hounded out of their homes, left to seek help at the Catholic Parish of Gikongoro.

Théoneste Karamage was a guard at the Intercommune Centre for Personnel Development (CIPEP) in Gikongoro. As a result of what Sebhura, Simba and Semakwavu told him, he came to look upon Tutsis as his natural foes. When he took the lives of Tutsis, he interpreted the massacres as a form of Hutu self-defence. His testimony highlights the extent to which the planners sought to drive a wedge between communities, and to make it easier to kill Tutsis by dehumanizing them.

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### **“I didn't kill Tutsis for the sake of killing them. I considered them as enemies.”**

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When you are told that someone is your opponent, and that they have a plan to make you disappear from the face of the earth, you have to pre-empt them.

I decided to take an active part in the extermination of Tutsis following the efforts to sensitize us by various people. They presented the Tutsis to us as people bent on the wholesale extermination of Hutus. This propaganda pushed the majority of people into the genocide. We had confidence in our officials. We could not challenge the word of our leaders.

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<sup>5</sup> A law was passed on 1 September 1996 to expedite justice through the establishment of a confession and guilty plea procedure. Suspects are categorized according to the seriousness of the crime of which they are accused, with the genocide organizers and individuals responsible for the worst atrocities placed in category one and exempted from the procedure, unless they confess before they have been officially listed in this category. Those in categories two-four are offered sentence reductions in return for full confessions in which they name their accomplices.

The genocide was strongly endorsed by people who were much more aware of what was happening than we were. How could we go on tolerating Tutsis, faced with what Captain Sebhura and Col. Simba were saying? When they told us that they were aware of the Tutsis' plan, we took them seriously. Above all, the officials closest to us collaborated with soldiers to spur the masses to commit genocide. These officials include Semakwavu, who crisscrossed the entire commune to awaken Hutus so that they could contribute to the genocide.

With so many tasks to see to, it was not possible for Simba, Semakwavu and Sebhura alone to recruit volunteers for the genocide. They worked through the local administration and their network of likeminded leaders among professionals and businessmen. Businessmen, in a position to offer money, vehicles, meeting rooms and drinks in their bars, shops and hotels, were particularly significant to the success of the genocide. Like many others, Laurent Sebagenzi, a farmer from Nyamagabe, spoke of the actions of François Gasana in harnessing support for the genocide.

I admit that I took part in the massacres of Tutsis at Murambi. Gasana was the one who galvanized us. Preparations to invade the camp began on the eve of the assault. Gasana, in collaboration with Murwanashyaka, who has been freed from prison, sent a band of militiamen to us. They confirmed that orders had come from the authorities, including the préfet, Sebhura and Semakwavu. This was their proposal: the Hutus must unite in order to defeat the Tutsis who want to conquer the country. No-one raised a question; instead, we began to collect our weapons.

David Rwamihigo, alias Nyantamyi, described how Gasana was assiduously courted by Semakwavu and Sebhura so he could promote their agenda widely. Rwamihigo, 60 in 1994, had retired from the army and was living in Nyamagabe.

Under the leadership of Gasana, Tutsis were hunted down in next to no time. The population felt fortified by the constant presence of Semakwavu and Sebhura who were always coming to consult with Gasana. Even on the day when Murambi was invaded, these two officials came to talk to him. It was easy to fire people up. The militia from our sector [Kirehe] were transported by a car that Gasana had seized from a Tutsi.

Confusion and anger about Habyarimana's death were not in themselves sufficient, argued Innocent Ndiyariye, to bring about a catastrophe. It was the conduct of government officials, he insisted, which turned the plane crash of 6 April into an opportunity to widen the ethnic gulf and sharpen differences.

From 7 April onwards, hatred of Tutsis was nurtured by civil servants, including government employees working in the office of the préfecture and elsewhere. They drove in their cars to get to the population throughout the commune. They urged them to put up roadblocks everywhere to inhibit the free movement of Tutsis. Others went into people's homes to tell Hutus to kill Tutsis. The men who immediately committed themselves to this macabre plan include:

- Semakwavu;
- Col. Simba;
- Muzungu, an employee of the préfecture, deceased;
- Rurangwa, also an employee of the préfecture, in exile;

- Alphonse, a prominent interahamwe. Since then he's put on a military uniform and has become a warrant officer.

Describing the security situation in Gikongoro town by 9 April as "alarming", Ndibyariye also recounted how the presence of local officials legitimized and incited hostilities against Tutsis. Their use of cars and megaphones, he remembers, helped certain slogans to reach the ears of the Hutu population.

The presence of these officials in the residential areas pushed the Hutu population to commit more and more atrocities against Tutsis as the days went by. Phrases like: "The *inyenzi* have killed our leader," or "The minority wants to rule over the majority" were used a great deal as a weapon against Tutsis. As a result, Tutsis flocked in massive numbers to the Parish of Gikongoro.

Starting 11 April, there was a campaign to "clean up the city." I saw Sebhura and Semakwavu whipping people up on many occasions. Each one used his own car. They would go to different places to motivate the population. Semakwavu used a megaphone and was accompanied by militiamen.

The ground had been "so well-prepared by the 20<sup>th</sup>," added Ndibyariye, "that everyone had become convinced of the necessity to mount an offensive against Murambi."

The power of propaganda to infiltrate minds and affect sentiments was such that Sylvestre Maniraho, alias Mwami, was completely won over.

I killed about ten Tutsis I'd never met. I simply felt the pleasure of killing the adversary.

Young people were especially attentive to the conduct of officials. Saleh Mbakuriyemo, only 17 in 1994 and now a prisoner, stood guard at some of the deadliest roadblocks used to channel Tutsis to Murambi. He felt justified in killing large numbers of Tutsis at such a young age.

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**"I wasn't ashamed of killing during the genocide. It felt completely normal, especially because Semakwavu and Sebhura came regularly to the roadblocks."**

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They gave us a message of encouragement. The bourgmestre liked to use this Rwandese expression: "*Nimukomere, turabashyigikiye*", which means: "Keep strong, we are behind you." And Sebhura used to tell us: "You must not let the enemy get away." I saw the préfet twice, heading towards Mudasomwa. He greeted us. None of these three authorities stopped us from putting up roadblocks. That was why we felt we had the right to kill the Tutsis.

Survivors are equally certain that much of the responsibility for the killings lies with officials. Séraphine Mutegaraba, a farmer from Mudasomwa, was emphatic in her view.

The political leaders of the region delivered the Tutsis to their death.

Simon Mutangana, currently the *responsable* of Nyamigina cellule in Mudasomwa, on the border with Nyamagabe, agreed and added that the authorities used the local population to achieve their ends.

The killings in Murambi were prepared and executed by the authorities in connivance with the population. President Sindikubwabo came to Gikongoro and spoke with the civilian and military officials of Gikongoro. The *préfet*, Bucyibaruta, was physically present during the massacres in Murambi. When the ammunition ran out, he arranged for the soldiers to fetch more ammunition, and Col. Simba went to find more machetes. After he saw that we had been annihilated, Bucyibaruta asked the militia to go to Cyanika to help the killers who were exterminating Tutsi at the Catholic Parish of Cyanika.

President Sindikubwabo's visit and discussions with the authorities on 19 April, by which time about 50,000 men, women and children were already at Murambi, also struck Simon's wife, Annonciata Muhayimana. For her, it underlined approval at the very summit of the political hierarchy for the policies of officials in the region, communes, sectors and cellules. Despite the chaos of 21 April at Murambi, Annonciata caught a glimpse of people she knew that night.

Both civilian and military officials were there, overseeing the progress of the massacres and giving orders. Almost the entire population took an active part in the massacres, including key figures. I couldn't see them all because we were carrying stones while trying to elude gunfire. The ones that I did see were the *préfet*, Bucyibaruta; the deputy-*préfet*, Havuga; Col. Simba; Vincent Gashegu; Israël [Nsengiyumva] and many others whose names I don't remember.

Politicians active in the parties which had embraced the agenda of Hutu extremism, namely the CDR and the Power faction of the Democratic Republican Movement (MDR), proved invaluable allies. Although they did not hold government posts, they used their positions as leaders in these parties to make Hutus believe they had no choice but to murder any and every Tutsi. Civil servants and businessmen from Habyarimana's political stronghold in the north—the *préfectures* of Gisenyi, Ruhengeri and Byumba—were also on standby, especially in Mudasomwa where the presence of displaced northerners helped to ignite the exodus that led to Murambi.

## MUDASOMWA

### A Catalyst for the Violence

The massacre at Murambi required careful and extensive preparation and involved collaboration among local elites and officials across Gikongoro. But no commune would be linked more closely to Murambi than Mudasomwa, which lies west of Nyamagabe. Mudasomwa, which had been an extremist stronghold prior to the genocide, was the first flashpoint of violence in central Gikongoro in 1994. The Tutsi residents of Mudasomwa were among the first to be driven out of their homes and to begin the trek eastwards, to Nyamagabe. This was the beginning of their journey to Murambi. Militiamen from Mudasomwa would later be despatched to Murambi where their skill in annihilating the Tutsis there would earn the special gratitude of the préfet. He showed his appreciation by asking for their assistance in getting rid of the Tutsi refugees at the Parish of Cyanika.<sup>6</sup>

Désiré Ngezahayo, the bourgmestre of Karama where Cyanika is located, pointed to Mudasomwa "as the source of the aggression" in both Murambi and Cyanika.

The burning of houses and the hunt for Tutsis started in Mudasomwa, sector Kibirizi. By 8 April, the same thing started in the sectors of Karama bordering Mudasomwa, particularly Muganza sector. It is the interahamwe from Mudasomwa who first ambushed our commune. They carried sharp tools and wore banana leaves. Their aggression was directed only at Tutsis.

In Mudasomwa, one of the first massacres occurred at the Kitabi tea factory.

### Planting Extremism at the Kitabi Tea Factory

The presence in Mudasomwa of a group of influential individuals who shared extremist ideas was a precipitating factor in the genocide in that commune and beyond. Denis Kamodoka, the director of the tea factory in Kitabi sector, in eastern Mudasomwa, was at the forefront of this group. Kamodoka comes from Ruhengeri in the north where Hutu extremism had its deepest roots. He worked closely with François Gakuru, a teacher and president of the CDR in Mudasomwa, and Israël Nsengiyumva, a businessman. According to witnesses, this triumvirate instigated and fanned hatred towards Tutsis in the commune, beginning in the early 1990s.

The staff at the tea factory were particularly receptive to their ideas. Many of them came from Mulindi in Byumba préfecture, an area known for the production of tea.

<sup>6</sup> The militia of Mudasomwa gained a reputation for their fierce commitment to the genocide early on, and were called upon to take part in massacres throughout Gikongoro as well as in the préfectures of Butare and Kibuye. In addition to Murambi in Gikongoro, they also joined forces with the interahamwe of commune Mubuga at the Parish of Kibeho on 14 and 15 April, the Parish of Cyanika and the Parish of Kaduha on 21 April, as well as in commune Musebeya. In Butare, they were a prominent feature of the massacre at the Parish of Karama in commune Runyinya on 21 Butare, and later in the massacres in May and June on the hills of Bisese in Kibuye.

Located in the north, near the border with Uganda, Mulindi had been directly affected by the RPF invasion of 1990. Many of the staff were relocated to the factory in Mudasomwa during the war. Their resentment of the RPF expressed itself in sharp and indiscriminate hostility towards Tutsis, including their co-workers. Their arrival significantly changed the existing community relations. Tutsi businessmen in Gasarenda, Tare I sector, particularly Callixte Gasana and John Ntwali, were constantly harassed, and both were murdered on the opening day of the genocide, 7 April.

Martin Kagimbura, now in Nyanza prison, said that the Tutsis in Mudasomwa were among the first to feel the political consequences of Habyarimana's death, thanks in large part to Kamodoka's presence in their midst.

François Gakuru and Emmanuel Ngoga, the pillars of the CDR and the right hand men of Denis Kamodoka, worked hard to create a bad climate. Kamodoka was a true segregationist. He used to say openly that Tutsis were enemies to fight. Even though he was not from our commune, he made the decisions and was the leader of educated people in the commune. He was the one who put forward names for official positions in the region.

Madeleine Mukamuyango moved to Mudasomwa in 1980 when she married Emmanuel Kabasha, employed as a driver at the factory. He later worked as Kamodoka's personal driver until 1992 when, Madeleine said, "Kamodoka declared that he couldn't abide being seated alongside a Tutsi." Her husband was replaced by Marc Hagenimana from Nkuli in Ruhengeri who, in 1994, was active in the killings at the factory where Kabasha lost his life.

Intimidation and bullying of Tutsis increased, but Kamodoka did nothing to improve the atmosphere. Some employees, like my husband, Emmanuel Kayihura from Gisenyi, Vincent Ndamage and André Sindayigaya from Cyangugu, were particularly made to feel unwanted.

Madeleine said that meetings of the interahamwe militia were a feature of life in Kitabi prior to the genocide and took place in Kamodoka's home. Regular participants included Juvénal Ndabarinze<sup>7</sup>, the director of the tea factory in Mata, commune Rwamiko, also in Gikongoro, and Israël Nsengiyumva, a businessman in Gasarenda.

Eugénie Musabyimana was 29 and a typist at the factory where her husband, Vincent Ndamage, also worked as a mechanic. She said that Tutsis had problems with Kamodoka even before 1990, but the situation deteriorated considerably with the onset of the war. The staff who had come from Mulindi, and especially those from Gisenyi and Ruhengeri, did not, Eugénie added, "consider themselves like guests."

They threatened us openly and had access everywhere in the factory. After they got there, Kamodoka couldn't stand looking a Tutsi in the face. He began to organize secret get togethers in his office, often with Juvénal Ndabarinze of the Mata factory, who came from Nkumba commune in Ruhengeri and who was also opposed to Tutsis. Another extremist, Israël, a businessman in Gasarenda and now in Gikongoro

<sup>7</sup> Like Kamodoka, Ndabarinze put the vehicles of his factory in Mata at the disposal of militiamen throughout Gikongoro. He also took a direct part himself in several massacres, including the Parish of Kibeho. For details see *Damien Biniga: A Genocide Without Frontiers*, African Rights, *Witness to Genocide* No.10, June 1999.

central prison, came often to talk to these two men. This is how we lived until Habyarimana's death.

Julienne Umugwaneza was only 16, but sensed such tension in Mudasomwa that she was not "very surprised by the massacres."

Even before Habyarimana's death, members of the CDR and the MDR stated clearly that we would, one day, be wiped out.

This antagonism helps to explain the violence that erupted in Mudasomwa in April and which quickly spread to nearby areas.

### **"The Work Must Begin Now," 7 April**

A series of meetings on the morning of 7 April was indicative of the mood in Mudasomwa on the first day of the genocide. As the head of the district court, Martin Kagimbura was invited to an initial selective gathering of local leaders at Nsengiyumva's bar in Gasarenda.

From 7 April onwards, our commune became one of the strategic points for eliminating Tutsis. There were numerous conferences in Israël's bar in Gasarenda. The first, on the morning of the 7<sup>th</sup>, was attended by Kamodoka; François Gakuru; Ngoga; Nkusi, a mechanic, and others. At the end of it, Gakuru urged the population to begin the killings.

The participants then spread the word among the general public. Many people, including Alphonse Mbacyehe, went to the Petrorwanda fuel station in Gasarenda where Kagimbura and some of the men who had just been in Nsengiyumva's bar stood together. He named some of them:

- Kamodoka;
- Martin Kagimbura;
- Kamayugi, a veterinarian. He was freed, but I'm not sure how or why;
- Emmanuel Nteziryayo, the bourgmestre;
- François Gakuru;
- Nsanzimana, a judicial police inspector,\*
- Captain Sebhura, accompanied by six gendarmes.

Three militiamen were sent to call more people to the fuel station, and a crowd began to form around 10:00 a.m.

Kamodoka's driver, Ngoga, and two other interahamwe, Théoneste Nkusi and a man called Louis, brought refreshments from the home of Edouard Karamage, a businessman. After everyone in the audience was provided with a drink, Karamage took the floor. He gave, said Mbacyehe, who was then 22, a convincing call to arms.

This is what Karamage said: "I have no doubt that everyone is aware of the death of our President. We have solid information that the *inkotanyi* were behind it, meaning the Tutsis in general. They have a plan to purge Rwanda of all Hutus. So we have to

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\* Nsanzimana has been sentenced to life and is held in Gikongoro central prison.

foil their plan by taking pre-emptive action. We have to work systematically, starting with the representatives of the *inyenzi* in our region, including John Ntwali, one of the leaders responsible for the death of Bucyana, the president of the CDR killed in Butare; Gasana, a businessman; Mureramanzi, a teacher and a university student from Rubondo in sector Buhoro. The situation has become very alarming. That's why we are seeking your collaboration. The news must be disseminated in your neighbourhoods. The work must begin now. Don't be afraid because you will get the support you need. You yourselves can see the presence of these personalities. They are here to let us know that they are in agreement with us."

With a group of other men, Mbacyeche obediently set out that very evening to put these orders into practice, taking the lead from François Gakuru, whom Mbacyeche referred to as "our guide." They began at the residence of the employees of EMUJECO\*, a company which was building a road in Mudasomwa.

We found only Tutsis there, including John [Ntwali]. Some of us had guns, especially Gakuru. The victims were first shot and then we used traditional weapons, taking their clothes off in the process.

Mbacyeche added that Bucyibaruta came to Mudasomwa the following day and visited the commune office where he spoke to various people. Imprisoned for seven years, Mbacyeche was released in mid-2003 after confessing to the charges against him.

Also on 7 April, at the commune office, Sylvestre Maniraho, alias Mwami, a farmer from Tare I, attended a meeting convoked by François Gakuru for the population of sectors Tare I and Tare II. In addition to Kagimbura and Nsanzimana who had earlier been in Nsengiyumva's bar, he mentioned a number of other influential figures, including:

- Innocent Mworoha, the commune accountant;
- Kalimunda, a judge at the district court, imprisoned in Nyanza;
- Ngoga, a driver at the Kitabi factory, in exile;
- Marthe, Habimana's wife. She was working for an NGO called PASAM which distributed lime and fertilizers.

Gakuru told us that he wanted Hutus to be united in order to massacre the Tutsis. Mworoha also gave a speech full of fire, saying: "You mustn't delay in tracking down the Tutsis. If you kill a snake, you mustn't spare a single one. These people are very nasty. They have a plan for eradicating the Hutus." We didn't stay there a long time.

Maniraho admitted that the men in the vicinity "responded favourably" and that they "immediately began pursuing the Tutsis."

We were, in the first instance, attracted by their property. It was a period of food shortages when a box of sweet potatoes cost between 1,500-2,000 francs. The assault began straightaway in the commercial hub of Gasarenda and the first victims were the workers of EMUJECO. John Ntwali died after Ngoga and Musilikare, in Gikongoro prison, threw grenades at him. We then helped ourselves to their belongings. It was market day.

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\* Entreprise Murenzi Jean et Compagnie, which was building the Mudasomwa road.

Kagimbura sees the murder of the EMUJECO employees as a catalyst for the population.

They began to go after Tutsis in their sectors. From that moment onwards, the Tutsis realized that they weren't going to get any help from the authorities. Most of them went towards Gikongoro town.

Living close to Nsengiyumva's property in Gasarenda, Séraphine Mutegaraba was able to comment on the first gathering organized there on the 7<sup>th</sup>. Séraphine was left alone because her husband, Daniel Nyirinkindi, was a Hutu and a former bourgmestre. She said that Daniel Mbangura, the minister of higher education and scientific research, and Ngayabahiga<sup>10</sup>, alias Kayijuka, were also in the bar.

A lot of people were wondering about the likely consequences of the plane crash. An hour after the end of their discussion, Gakuru and Israël began to put together a militia force to track down Tutsis. They began with the murder of the employees of EMUJECO and John Ntwali. Ntwali was married to a Hutu woman, Grâce Kabalizi, and his father-in-law was complicit in his death. The house where the victims lived was invaded immediately after a conversation between Sebuhura and François Gakuru.

"From then on," said Séraphine, "our commune was engulfed by blood."

Hutus, provoked by the comment that Tutsis had assassinated Habyarimana, became convinced that Tutsis must not be allowed to live. Some Tutsis left immediately for Gikongoro town in the hope that the authorities would intervene.

Séraphine herself was at great risk and had only her husband to rely upon. But within days, the interahamwe of Gasarenda had become emboldened.

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**"They said they wanted their children to wonder what Tutsis used to look like."**

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Julienne Umugwaneza saw the corpses of the EMUJECO staff as they were loaded onto a van. She was still young at the time, and remembers how she and her family stayed at home in Uwinkomo, sector Tare I, on 7 April, in accordance with the instructions from Radio Rwanda. But others were still "moving around without restriction." By the evening, the world she knew had begun to change.

At about 6:30 p.m., the interahamwe went after the Tutsis of our cellule, starting with the house of John Ntwali, a well-known shopkeeper. We spent that night in the bush. John was not there at the time because he was with the workers of EMUJECO. There were eight of them plus John. They threw a grenade into the house, then went inside and hacked them with machetes. I saw their bodies cut into pieces with my own eyes. And I was also there when they put them in a van owned by the company. They went to ask the bourgmestre of Mudasomwa commune, Nteziryayo, where they could dispose of the bodies. I didn't find out where they buried them.

On the 8<sup>th</sup>, Julienne and her family went to the commune office to ask for help after their house had been burnt down. It was soon apparent that they were not safe there

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<sup>10</sup> Ngayabahiga is said to be in Uganda since his release from prison.

from the interahamwe and the bourgmestre offered no assistance. Later that day, they hired a vehicle to take them and some other people to Gikongoro.

We paid the gendarmes who escorted us to Gikongoro. The interahamwe saw us leave. They threw stones at us. In Gikongoro town, we settled in the CERAI buildings next to the Catholic Bishopric of Gikongoro. Many other Tutsis from different areas of Gikongoro were also there.

### **"A Message of Despair"**

The directives given in Gasarenda quickly affected Kitabi sector, east of Gasarenda and bordering on Nyungwe forest. Tutsi workers at the factory and their families expected the worst. Eugénie and Madeleine are among the very few left to tell the tale of what happened there.

As both Eugénie and her husband were factory employees, they lived in one of the staff residences grouped in the compound. Eugénie pleaded with her husband to stay at home. Almost immediately, the director, Kamodoka, ordered all employees to carry out patrols within the compound, setting a trap for Tutsis.

At about 10:00 a.m. on the 8<sup>th</sup>, Kajangwe, a staff member who lived in Gasarenda, brought what Madeleine described as "a message of despair."

He said a raid on the Tutsis in the factory was being prepared in Gasarenda. There was still solidarity between us and some of our Hutu colleagues and their families. We all decided to get together in the factory in the hope that Kamodoka would keep us from harm.

The tension increased when people from Kitabi, as well as Mujuga and Nkumbure sectors, came in large numbers. When a driver by the name of André Sindayigaya was murdered close to one of the residences the same day, the Tutsis inside realized the dangers of venturing out. In the evening, Madeline saw the bourgmestre, Nteziryayo, and communal policemen going towards the canteen and then head to Kamodoka's home. According to Eugénie, Kamodoka then sent word through his driver, Marc Hagenimana, "that he didn't want Tutsis in the factory." The Hutus returned to their homes and the Tutsis, said Madeleine, were left in a predicament.

With militiamen roaming around the buildings, our options were limited. To leave meant death, but not to leave was tantamount to disobeying our director. In the end, we decided to stay, in spite of pressure from the messenger sent by the director.

They had no choice when Kamodoka came in person to force them out. But there was, added Eugénie, nowhere to go.

We didn't know which direction to take. We were completely terrified and felt hemmed in. The world seemed too small to us. Even though tea plantations surrounded the buildings, we couldn't go there since the interahamwe were watching us very closely. Nor could we take the risk of going into the nearby Nyungwe forest because the road had been blocked.

Because Tutsi males were particularly sought after, some slipped away, leaving their wives isolated and apprehensive. Before they had decided which direction to take, Muyovu, head of the secretariat at the factory, came to look for his Tutsi wife. Hopeful that Muyovu, as a Hutu, could help them, the women followed him into his home and he agreed to take them in. Eugénie said they spent the entire night praying for God's intervention.

Some interahamwe had spent the whole night in Kitabi, absolutely determined to kill us. Kamodoka wasn't bothered in the slightest. He never took the trouble to come and see the situation we were in for himself. He didn't want to save us even though there were soldiers there for his own security. He was a very influential man in the préfecture and he could have asked the local authorities to take measures.

Kamodoka's indifference left Eugénie and her companions in no doubt that their days were numbered. As a last resort, very early on the morning of the 10<sup>th</sup>, Eugénie's husband, Vincent, and two other men—Emmanuel Kabasha and Elias Uwademokarasi—risked going to ask Kamodoka for transportation and an escort of gendarmes to accompany them as far as Gikongoro town. Before they even had a chance to speak with Kamodoka, his soldiers threatened to shoot them. They jumped over the enclosure and ran through the bushes. Vincent and Elias passed northwards through the Nyungwe forest and reached the commune office of Musebeya where the bourgmestre, Viateur Higiro, gave them a car as far as Murambi. Emmanuel, trapped and wounded by the interahamwe, was eventually taken to Kigeme hospital in Nyamagabe.

The situation was equally bleak for the group of about 20 people who remained behind in Muyovu's house in Kitabi. The watchmen at the factory had followed them and knew of their presence there. At around 5:30 a.m., a crowd led by a man named Batete, carrying grenades, *massues*, machetes and sharpened bamboo sticks forced them to come outside.

They immediately made us lie on our backs and put our hands up in the air, family by family. Families thought to be incomplete were taken aside for them to explain why one or more family members were missing. When they found Innocent Munyakazi, alias Gakondo, and his wife, Domina, on their own, they asked them if they had children. They answered no. They told them they would be killed in a manner specifically designed for people who didn't have children.

Since her husband had left, Eugénie was grouped with the "incomplete families," and ordered to stand up. Batete commanded the Twas who had joined the militia saying: "*Dore ngabo, nimukore ba sha*," meaning, "There you are men, get to work!"

All of a sudden, the driver, Hagenimana, cut him off, saying: "Just a minute, I'll show you how to do it." He took some grenades and distributed them to some of his companions. He took the pins out and exploded them on the people lying on the ground.

The shrapnel from the grenades reached the women who had been told to stand aside in the absence of their husbands, including both Eugénie and Madeleine. Some fell to the ground and others scattered in the tea plantations, with the militia hard on their heels. Locals in the surrounding area proved just as eager to track them down. Eugénie's younger brother, Edouard Nkundimana, a secondary school student, died in

sector Mujuga. Those who were caught, like Eugénie, were taken back to the site of the massacre where they confronted a scene they could never have imagined.

We were forced to stand close to people who were on the point of death. Some were already dead. We had to watch as others were decapitated. We couldn't bear to look and, once again, we dispersed. But they came after us, and some people were killed.

Madeleine was also obliged to stand by, but tried hard not to look.

They ripped off the head of Munyakazi. It was horrible. We tried to run away, but couldn't break through the crowd. And they were vigilant. They dragged us back and beat those on the ground as if they were animals. We went back into Muyovu's house.

Eugénie and Madeleine both remember seeing Muyovu in his home gravely wounded by a grenade. He was also in shock from the fact that he had seen his wife decapitated. Eugénie and six other people went inside a bathroom, but unable to think clearly, she forgot to close the door. A militiaman called out her name, vowing to kill her. She bribed him and he left without noticing the others. Eugénie caught sight of Madeleine in the bedroom, cut by broken glass and bleeding. While in the house, Madeleine saw the rape and murder of André Sindayigaya's wife, Fausta. His son, Ndahimana, was felled with a machete.

Eugénie listed the Tutsis who had come to the factory and were assassinated either there or later at Murambi. Very few survived.

- Innocent Munyakazi, a welder, and his wife;
- Emmanuel Kayihura, an agronomist;
- Basilia, Kayihura's wife;
- Kayihura's two children who died at Murambi;
- André Sindayigaya;
- Fausta, Sindayigaya's wife;
- Two of Sindayigaya's children. One was killed in Kitabi and the other at Murambi;
- Madeleine, Muyovu's wife, a teacher. Her children died in Murambi;
- Vincent Ndamage, killed at Murambi;
- Marthe, Nyirimpunga's wife;
- Mukampirwa, Kabasha's sister.

The militiamen then turned their attention to clearing out the factory, but Kamodoka promptly intervened and telephoned the gendarmerie in Gikongoro. The gendarmes came in an EMUJECO van which also transported the wounded to Kigeme hospital. Eugénie and Madeleine were both in the van, together with Muyovu who was on the point of death, Sofia, Domina and Sindayigaya's son, Kibindi. Madeleine cradled her child whose head had been smashed.

Everyone was astonished to see that he was breathing. He had been pummelled many times on the head with *massues* and machetes.

They found many other Tutsis at the hospital from all over the préfecture, looking for medical care as well as protection.

## **“A MULTITUDE OF TUTSIS FLEEING THEIR HOMES”**

As early as 7 April, Tutsis from Mudasomwa, Karama, Kinyamakara and other communes throughout Gikongoro began to make their way towards Gikongoro town in Nyamagabe. They came because the préfectoral administration, the office of the préfecture and the gendarmerie camp for Gikongoro were based there. In addition, the bourgmestre of Nyamagabe had his own communal police force. They hoped to receive assistance from the authorities there, but as it quickly became apparent that none would be forthcoming, they turned to the Church for help.

Gikongoro town was also home to the Catholic Bishopric of Gikongoro and many found asylum in the parish buildings such as the Integrated Rural and Craft Centre (CERAI) and the primary school, situated beside each other, just down the hill from the cathedral and the bishop's residence. In Kigeme, near the border with Mudasomwa, the Episcopal church, hospital and secondary school, located in Munombe cellule, sector Gasaka, took in large numbers of displaced people. After a few days, they were all taken from their temporary havens in Gikongoro town and Kigeme to Murambi.

### **Kigeme: A Transitory Sanctuary**

People from Mudasomwa often fled first to Kigeme, located just within the boundaries of Nyamagabe. Some needed medical care at the hospital there, and others a temporary home at the Episcopal church and secondary school. Others passed through, heading straight towards Gikongoro town. Those who stayed were eventually marched to Gikongoro town and then to Murambi.

Philippe Ngendabanga, then 52, lived in Gihanga cellule in Gasaka sector, trying to make ends meet as a petty trader in Kigeme. On 7 April, the small commercial centre in Kigeme was crowded, and became even more so as an increasing number of Tutsis poured in.

Tutsis from Mudasomwa were on the road, walking towards Gikongoro town. They were on the run from the killings in their commune. I identified two teachers. One was called Vianney. They were wounded and went to Kigeme hospital for treatment. This was around 2:00 p.m. From the direction they were coming, we could see columns of smoke. These were the houses of Tutsis which were on fire.

Vénuste Gasana was surrounded by the interahamwe. He was walking around with a gun which he had received when the interahamwe militia was founded. He had also picked up other weapons from the commune office and the gendarmerie camp. That day he ordered all the shops to close.

Ngendabanga, who admits that he himself became a militia member, watched as these waves of people descended upon Kigeme.

By the evening, there were a lot of Tutsis at the Parish of Kigeme. Monsignor Norman Kayumba, Bishop of Kigeme, took them to the secondary school in Uwumurinzi, a little far from the tarmac road.

Simon Mutangana was among those at the parish. In his sector of Nyamigina in Mudasomwa, Tutsis felt the repercussions of Habyarimana's death on 8 April, when Frédéric Nturo and his entire family were killed. On the 9<sup>th</sup>, some Tutsis in Nyamigina and Buhoro sector, to the south, lost their lives and their houses were burned down. Simon identified François Gakuru, Emmanuel Ngoga, Vincent Gashegu<sup>11</sup> and François Gakunde, alias Kidende<sup>12</sup> as the men behind the campaign of murder and intimidation. Simon became separated from his wife and three children, who went straight to Murambi. He spent two days in the forest, and then went to Kigeme where he found about 100 other Tutsis at the parish. A day later, they were surprised to be visited by a number of senior officials: Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu and Captain Sebhura.

They told Monsignor Norman Kayumba that they had come to take us to Murambi, where there were other Tutsis, so they could better guarantee our security. The next day, they sent soldiers to take us there. We were with Monsignor Alexis Bilindabagabo, but he didn't go to Murambi with us.

Simon and the other Tutsis were then escorted out of the Episcopal parish.

We walked, except for the elderly who were driven in the Daihatsu of the diocese. All along the road, locals hurled stones and insults at us. We found a lot of other Tutsis when we reached a primary school at the Catholic Bishopric of Gikongoro, and we all left together for Murambi.

Like Simon, Jeannette Mukamugema was taken from Kigeme to Murambi. Jeannette, now 60, came from Nyarwotsi in Buhoro sector. She said the killings began there immediately on the 7<sup>th</sup> and she left straightaway for Kigeme hospital with her two children. Her husband stayed behind at home where he was murdered. While they were walking to Murambi, the Nyamagabe commune car prodded them along from behind. The sight of corpses near the cathedral, and of well-armed civilians lining the road, made them keep their heads down.

Espérance Mukagashugi became nervous as soon as she heard the news that Habyarimana had died. She expected the worst because, she said, "we had become almost accustomed to the habit that Tutsis would pay for political disorder in Rwanda." As she predicted, the situation quickly "turned against them" when, on the 8<sup>th</sup>, a group of men crossed the border from Kibirizi sector in Mudasomwa to her village in Gitwe, sector Remera in Nyamagabe. Regarded as looters, Hutus and Tutsis together pushed them back. But by the 10<sup>th</sup>, the Tutsis started to desert their homes. Heavily pregnant with swollen feet, Espérance was reluctant to go as far as Gikongoro town and instead opted for Kigeme hospital. The day after her departure, her husband and her step-children were killed in their home.

Espérance, who was 27, was among the few allowed to stay at the hospital throughout the month of April. She is only too aware of her luck, first that she was spared the

<sup>11</sup> Currently in Gikongoro prison.

<sup>12</sup> Currently in Gikongoro prison.

journey to Murambi, and then to have lived through the sporadic massacres within the hospital itself.

## Trouble Begins in Nyamagabe

The presence of refugees from Mudasomwa augured badly for the Tutsis of western Nyamagabe. Kamegeri and Gasaka, which border on Mudasomwa, were among the first sectors of Nyamagabe where flames levelled Tutsi homes, sending their occupants to Gikongoro town. Some had thought initially of going to the office of the préfecture, to put themselves in the hands of the authorities. But they lost hope when they saw that Tutsis who lived in the immediate environs of the office were also looking for sanctuary in the parish.

As Juvénal Munyakayanza made his way back from Butare on the 7<sup>th</sup>, he noticed that roadblocks had already been set up at the bridge over the river Mwogo, which divides Gikongoro and Butare, at Nkungu and also at the Petrorwanda station. In Gasaka, he ran into Tutsis from Mudasomwa who were on their way to the cathedral. Some of them were wounded. On the 8<sup>th</sup>, aggression against Tutsis elsewhere, notably Sovu in Kamegeri sector, created new waves of displaced people who passed through sector Gasaka. In the meantime, Hutus and Tutsis combined forces in Gasaka itself to go on joint patrols. Two days later, he said, François Gasana "put an end to our solidarity." Munyakayanza, a businessman from Nzega in sector Gasaka, is now in prison in connection with the genocide. His testimony is a reminder that some sense of community spirit was alive in the early days of April, but then illustrates how this was extinguished.

Gasana addressed people in Nzega and spoke in an inflammatory manner. He openly declared that Hutus shouldn't be frightened by what was taking place elsewhere. He invited us Hutus to distance ourselves from our opponents. From then on the Tutsis we knew felt unsafe and began to quit their homes. The first person to go was Munderere, a shopkeeper who had a Daihatsu van. Gasana pursued him as far as Murambi to seize his vehicle.

When David Rwamihigo, living in Kamegeri, noticed the sky black with smoke on the 7<sup>th</sup>, he assumed there had been clashes between the political parties, especially the Social Democratic Party (PSD) and the MRND. But as he watched the people filing past his home in Kirehe cellule, as they entered Nyamagabe, he realized that another political dynamic was at work.

We grasped the situation as soon as we saw the road to Gikongoro town filled up with Tutsis. It was they who were coming from the smoke-filled areas. They told us that their belongings had been seized. This movement of humans went on until our own sector got caught up, two days later.

Rwamihigo gave this interpretation of the events.

To make people think of the Tutsis as troublemakers, the militia, including a certain François Gasana, started to point them out to us as the authors of Habyarimana's death. Thanks to the activities of a group of militia created by Gasana, the Tutsis in our sector scattered after their homes were burned down.

Laurent Sebagenzi blamed the speed and intensity of the anti-Tutsi fervour in Mudasomwa for the pace at which the situation changed in his sector of Kamegeri. It was Gasana, he said, who held up Mudasomwa as the commune Hutus should emulate. Talking of the Tutsis he saw on their way to Gikongoro town, Sebagenzi said: "They were not only frightened, but everything had been taken from them."

From Sunday the 10<sup>th</sup>, the people in our sector threw their lot in with the interahamwe militia, egged on by Gasana who made himself the representative of the communal and préfectoral authorities. He argued that the Tutsis intended to do away with the Hutus. That's how the homes of Tutsis came to be targeted.

The first group of militiamen was created by Emmanuel and Semugeshe, the sons of the late Edouard Kajeguhakwa. As most of the homes of Tutsis had just been demolished, and others had been deserted, the houses of Hutu families suspected of harbouring *inyenzi* were searched. Twagiramungu, who is alive, was thought to be holed up in Semana's home. The militia didn't find him. They went to Hezéchia's home and didn't find anyone there either. So Emmanuel and Semugeshe killed eight people who were in the home of their brother-in-law, Ndekezi.

Alphonsine Mukarempera was staying with her parents in Kirehe cellule, also in Kamegeri. She too knew that the smouldering houses were a warning of what was to come. And when it did, it happened so suddenly that there was no time to pack a bag.

All along the route to Gikongoro town, we saw burnt out homes. We found many other Tutsis at a school in the town.

### **"The Parish was Completely Overflowing"**

The refugees at the Catholic Parish of Gikongoro stayed in the buildings of the CERAI and the primary school in Gikongoro cellule, Gikongoro sector, about three kilometres from Murambi. Their presence was a clear indication that anxiety and instability were widespread. It also became increasingly evident that the authorities were not taking action to pre-empt or punish the troublemakers. Vincent de Paul Nsabiyera, Emmanuel Nyirimbuga and David Havugimana all lived in the vicinity of Murambi, and gave detailed accounts of the movement of the Tutsis they would eventually help to eliminate at Murambi.

Nsabiyera was at the time responsible for a vaccination programme in Gikongoro. He was about to leave for Kigali to stock up on vaccines and medical equipment when he heard Radio Rwanda playing classical music early on the morning of the 7<sup>th</sup>. He immediately recalled the coup d'état of July 1973 and knew that something momentous had taken place. When his suspicions were confirmed, he cancelled his trip. Ignoring official orders, he went out of his house in Murambi cellule to get more information. Given the rivalry between the different political parties, he described the general mood as one of agitation.

On 8 April, all the roads leading to Gikongoro town were filled with a multitude of Tutsis fleeing their homes. We saw long lines of people coming from the communes of Mudasomwa, Karama and Kinyamakara and from certain sectors of Nyamagabe,

in particular Gasaka, Kamegeri, Remera and Rususa. The Parish of Gikongoro was their first port of call. By about midday, the parish was completely overflowing.

Because the extent of the turmoil was visible, he also expected local officials to rein in the culprits.

I could see the homes of Tutsis on fire from afar, in Muganza, commune Karama, and in Gakomeye in Kinyamakara. From Thursday to Sunday the 10<sup>th</sup>, the cathedral and CERAI received tens of people each minute.

Up until then, I was waiting for the authorities, especially the préfet, and Félicien Semakwavu, the bourgmestre of Nyamagabe, the commune to which these people were coming, to react. The large number of wounded people confirmed, in black and white, that the killings had already begun. Because the politicians remained silent and didn't, up to Sunday, do anything to calm the unrest, we had no idea what awaited the Tutsis.

In time, Nsabiyera would help to seal their fate. He is now in Gikongoro central prison, as is Emmanuel Nyirimbuga. Before dawn on the 7<sup>th</sup>, Nyirimbuga had left his home in cellule Muriro, sector Remera and was on his way to Gikongoro town. His intention was to meet a colleague, but he ran into a gendarme based there, Alphonse Gasore.

Gasore asked me if I knew what was going on. I said I did. He told me to turn back and to warn Hutus I knew that the Tutsis, who had murdered the president, were about to be massacred. I obeyed his orders.

As soon as it was daylight, I hurried off to Kabeza, which is on the road to Murambi, just below SOS Gikongoro.<sup>13</sup> I knew I'd find some paid work there and, at the same time, be able to exchange information about the situation with passers-by. The next day, things were looking bad, particularly since the parish in Gikongoro and CERAI had been quickly overrun by Tutsis.

Nyirimbuga said he helped to direct them.

Most of them were from Mudusomwa, Kinyamakara, Karama and some sectors of Nyamagabe. Our sector, however, remained calm until Saturday the 9<sup>th</sup>.

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**"What really hit me, when I got close to the parish, was that the authorities were taking no action to quell the increasing turbulence."**

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It dawned on me that our leaders must be in cahoots with the authors and instigators of the Tutsi hunt in the area.

Although he did not expect Habyarimana's death to disrupt the peace, David Havugimana, 54, soon realized that his "wishes were an illusion." From his post as a watchman at the Gikongoro regional health office, near Nyamagabe commune office and his home in Murambi cellule, Havugimana was struck by the sea of people walking to the parish starting the 8<sup>th</sup>.

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<sup>13</sup> An international NGO dedicated to caring for orphaned or neglected children.

The majority had come from Mudusomwa. I hoped the authorities would take the necessary measures to stem the human tide and improve the situation. On the contrary, by the end of the week, things became more chaotic and the Tutsis came in massive numbers, trudging towards the parish and CERAI. On Monday morning, I found the Murambi technical school filled with Tutsis who had been moved out of the parish.

### **At the Primary School: "No-one Helped Us"**

Many weary refugees converged upon the barrack-style rectangular buildings of the primary school. Although merely a stones-throw from the cathedral and the bishop's residence, it provided only limited protection. Annonciata Muhayimana, whose husband, Simon Mutangana, was not with her, had three children to look after.

We passed one restless night at the school. Children were crying a lot and asking us for food but we hadn't brought any with us. More and more came every day, but no-one helped us. The soldiers were asking us why we were running away. We told them that our houses had been torched and that some of our relatives had been massacred. They told us: "*Ujya gutwika urwiri ararwageranya*" meaning that we should assemble together in order to facilitate our extermination.

Annonciata stayed there for several days.

No-one came to our aid and gave us something to eat. But Bucyibaruta, Havugimana, Simba, dressed in military uniform and a captain by the name of Sebhura came daily. They registered us by sector. When they saw that there were a lot of us, they led us to Murambi.

It was the sound of gunshots which drove Domina Uwariraye, a tailor, from her home in cellule Gikongoro to this same primary school.

Some of the people at the school were abducted and killed, and some of the women were raped by soldiers and militiamen. The local residents also came by to make fun of us. They told us that our end was in sight. The priests at the parish, including Edouard Ntaganda, refused to allow us to go inside the church.

No-one, not even the priests at the parish or at the bishopric, gave us anything to eat. They could see that we were really hungry, but they weren't interested in us. They saw our torment as something normal; we were marching towards our destiny, and as far as they were concerned, that was what we deserved.

Bélie Mukandamage was left a widow in 1960 when her husband died in the early waves of anti-Tutsi fervour. Living in cellule Gasaka, sector Gasaka, Bélie headed for Gikongoro town with her five children and two grandchildren when they realized the peril Tutsis faced. Once they reached the roadblock at Gatyazo, Bucyibaruta and Semakwavu pointed out the primary school to them. At about 6:00 p.m. that evening, these two men returned and ordered them to leave for Murambi, assuring them that it would be a "good place for our security."

Bélie's 20-year old daughter, Eugénie Mushimiyimana, cited the reasons they gave for the move

They said there were no watchmen at the primary school, and that we were making too much noise. They considered Murambi a more appropriate place because it was isolated and had the necessary watchmen and water.

Those who would eventually find themselves in Murambi came from far and wide. Marie Mujawimana lived in Bugaragara cellule, Buremera sector in eastern Nyamagabe. Her father-in-law, casting his mind back to the events of the 1960s, advised her and her husband to leave, warning them that the burning of Tutsi houses was likely to be merely the prelude to disaster. What pushed her out, above all, was the cold reception from people she had known for a long time.

Our neighbours never said a word to us and looked at us strangely.

Of her three children, only her seven year-old child was with her.

Like the primary school, public school buildings across the préfecture came to be occupied by displaced Tutsis. On Sunday the 10<sup>th</sup>, Marie and her husband left for CERAI in Bugaragara cellule in the valley of the Mwogo river, where they found many other displaced people. They camped on the balcony. The director of CERAI, Pie, and his wife opened up their home to them and did what they could to help them, even when two men forced their way into Pie's house.

They were Martin, Ntabambe's son, and Bahizi, Jonathan Kamanzi's son. Everyone felt that it was the end of their life. Pie looked at them for a long time; they were stamping their feet and yelling. They came inside the house. Others waited inside the fence. They carried swords in their belts, were armed with *massues* and small hoes. They were dirty and drenched in blood and sweat, an indication of the work they had been doing.

Marie's husband was spared by a militiaman who knew him. Pie warned them that the men were likely to return. The couple decided to split up. Marie went to ask for help from a relative of her husband's, and when this was refused, she turned to a man married to a Tutsi.

I begged Kamanzi to take me in. I told him my husband was at CERAI. I was trembling. He sent his daughter to call my husband. Kamanzi asked him to take me with him since I was shaking so much. I asked his wife to bury me alive. I wasn't aware of what I was saying.

Taking advantage of the dark, Marie and her husband began walking to Nkungu forest.

We saw soldiers at the roadblock in Nkungu. We begged them to shoot us. They asked us where we were going. We replied that we were looking for somewhere safe. They instructed us to go to the Parish of Gikongoro, taking the tarmac road. We respected what the soldiers told us.

They were convinced a trap had been set for them when they ran into a band of, but they talked their way out of the situation. By the evening, Marie reached Murambi.

## Leaving Home for Murambi

Murambi was the final destination for 50,000 Tutsis, and each of their journeys was unique. Although many initially stayed in various public buildings, others who set out after the transfers to Murambi had commenced on Sunday 10 April found themselves shepherded directly to the technical school.

Marie-Chantal Mukamunana's parents remembered that churches were regarded as sacrosanct in 1959 and again in 1963, so in 1994 they advised their children to seek shelter at the parish in Gikongoro. Marie-Chantal, who was 20, did not understand their frame of reference and, along with her older sister and younger brother, she chose to remain in their house in Gasaka. Within a few days, they made their way through a maze of roadblocks to Murambi.

Suzanne Nyirasuku was already on edge when she saw houses on the hills of Mudasomwa burning. She became even more distraught when she saw the columns of people in a rush to reach the office of the préfecture, not far from her home in Nzega. Suzanne was 40 at the time and had eight children. She went to chat with the refugees at the primary school close to the bishopric.

The next day, they were told to move to the technical college which was still being built on the basis that there was more space there and it was less exposed to danger.

The assurances proved attractive to Suzanne and her family.

My husband, eight children and I went to Murambi on Sunday [the 10<sup>th</sup>].

Conscious of ethnic tensions, Hildegarde Kabagwira expected Habyarimana's death to bring about destruction. She was especially concerned about her husband whose parents, she said, had been killed in front of him in Gikongoro when he was a child in 1963. In the eyes of his neighbours, this made him their sworn enemy. She and her husband were in their home in sector Gikongoro when his relatives from commune Karama came to the parish. When she took them food, she found out more about the widespread nature of the threats and killings. As the days advanced, the houses of Tutsi within the town began to be set on fire. There were about 100 people camped inside and outside their home on Nyarusange hill, and it was among the first to be ransacked and levelled on 12 April. A few hours before dawn, several grenades were thrown at the house, leaving some dead, wounding many, and forcing all to disperse. The following morning, Hildegarde, who was pregnant, and her husband returned to their house to assess the situation.

We met the préfet, Laurent Bucyibaruta, there with a lot of gendarmes. They took the wounded people to Kigeme hospital. My husband was taken away by the gendarmes; they tied his hands behind his back with a rope and then beat him up badly. They said he was the one who had thrown the grenades. Some of them went into our house and claimed our possessions, taking even the tiles off our roof. Then they set it on fire.

Hildegarde and some of the others decided to go to Murambi.

Grâce Mukantarindwa's father was so confident about the links that bound him to his neighbours that he saw no reason to leave home in cellule Gitantu, sector Gikongoro.

He said they had been our friends for a long time and wouldn't think of killing us.

Grâce, who was 19, did not share this conviction. The stories of murder and turmoil she heard from relatives camping at the bishopric so unsettled her that she chose to go to Murambi on Tuesday the 12<sup>th</sup>, leaving her family at home.

Bernadette Mukamugenzi's husband, Anastase Ruzindana, was a businessman who owned a bar. He was also active in the opposition Liberal Party. For this reason, they took the precaution of sleeping in the open. But this was particularly uncomfortable for Bernadette who had recently given birth. They felt reassured when they found their house in Kiraro, Karama, intact. But the Tutsis who passed by warned them against staying. The rest of the family went ahead to Gikongoro parish while Bernadette waited for her children to return. Later, with her newborn tied to her back, she and the children met up with her husband and they carried on to Murambi.

### **"The Line was Infinite. We Couldn't Count Them"**

All these individuals became part of the convoy that snaked for several kilometres out of town towards the hill-top technical school on the outskirts of Gikongoro town. Alphonsine Mukaremwa was collecting grass to sleep on at the primary school when she heard that everyone must proceed to Murambi.

Soldiers came to chase us away. The order had been issued by Bucyibaruta who was there with the bourgmestre of Nyamagabe, Semakwavu. We left on foot, walking for about three hours up to Murambi. There were very many of us, and there were soldiers on all sides.

Domina Uwariraye found that numerous refugees had preceded her to Murambi.

Tradesmen and shopkeepers from Gikongoro had brought them there in vehicles. The men who transported them include Martin Hategekimana, known as Majyambere; Lambert, a driver at the bishopric; Gallican, who ransacked many homes, and other entrepreneurs.

Innocent Ndiyariye read the insults that were flung at them "as an indication of what was to come."

I noticed Erasto Kanimba, a doctor at the Nyamagabe health centre, and Fabien, a businessman, in a military vehicle, a Defender Land Cruiser. On the way to Murambi, the soldiers stopped outside my house. A lot of Tutsis went past my home.

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### **"The soldiers told them they were foreigners, and accused them of being the enemies of Rwanda and of being arrogant."**

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Nsabiyeza was in Kabeza, along the road to Murambi, the afternoon of Sunday, 10 April.

At about 1:00 p.m., the residents of Murambi saw a long line of Tutsis coming from the parish to the technical school. As I lived very close to the school, I followed this

displacement closely. They were well guarded by gendarmes and no-one could elude them. The line was infinite. We couldn't count them. They kept coming until the evening. The whole operation was supervised by Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu and Sebhura.

Claude Singirankabo did not expect Habyarimana's death to have dramatic consequences for the country, an opinion he said was shared by the people living near him in Gitwa, Remera sector, both Hutu and Tutsi. "We were just waiting for the government to choose a leader to resume the negotiations with the *inkotanyi*." Because their cellule remained undisturbed until the evening of Friday the 8<sup>th</sup>, he remained confident that the situation would stabilize even after he learned that many Tutsis had settled at CERAI, an indication, he believed, that the authorities could calm the unrest.

His opinion changed on Saturday morning, the 9<sup>th</sup>, when he learned from his children that all the Tutsis in their cellule had left for the Parish of Gikongoro. On Sunday, he appeared at CERAI at about 3:00 p.m. to visit some of his friends. Although a Hutu, he was swept up in the displacement that day and had to march to Murambi. He remembered clearly Semakwavu's words announcing the move.

The préfet appeared with some other officials. Semakwavu began to speak. This is what he said: "You are in a place where we are unable to guarantee your security. Moreover, you yourselves could be the cause of this insecurity. We have therefore decided to take you to Murambi."

As he realized the move concerned only Tutsis, Singirankabo tried in vain to slip out.

But the gendarmes, who were vigilant, made me stay with the Tutsis, saying that I could explain myself at Murambi. They made us form a queue. We stretched as far as Murambi. It was not far, perhaps three kilometres. However, the road between the diocese and Murambi was not cleared until 6:00 p.m. The gendarmes kept us under intense scrutiny. Each group of ten Tutsis was guarded by a man armed with a gun and with his finger on the trigger, ready to shoot if anyone dared to try and slip away.

Singirankabo was set free at the Kabeza roadblock, along with some Hutu women. However, those who met the definition of the "enemy" were led into the school. Singirankabo acknowledges that he helped to massacre them on the 21<sup>st</sup>.

## **“WE BUILT ROADBLOCKS OUT OF BRANCHES... The Tutsis Were Completely Trapped”**

Between the outbreak of war in late 1990 and the genocide in 1994, roadblocks had become a familiar part of the political landscape in Rwanda. Official justifications were usually linked to the arrest of soldiers who had deserted the front, the need to stop infiltration by the RPF or to control people without identity cards or with forged documents. But in April 1994, a vast number of new roadblocks were set up, and their purpose and use evolved quickly to meet the specific requirements of the genocide.

The decision to establish roadblocks throughout Gikongoro was taken at a crucial summit on 13 April, together with another key resolution—to bring Tutsis together in public buildings, such as churches, schools and commune offices. The discussion, chaired by Bucyibaruta, with the assistance of Simba and Sebhura, took place at the premises of CIPEP, a training centre in Gikongoro town. Virtually all the deputy-préfets and bourgmestres were in attendance, as well as a number of men who held important positions in Gikongoro, including the head of the Electrogaz station, Justin Ayurugari, the public prosecutor, Serge Semigabo, and the head of intelligence. “It was this meeting”, said Désiré Ngezahayo, “which officially sanctioned the start of the massacre of Tutsis.”

The order to set up roadblocks was handed down on 13 April. The speech given by the préfet blended perfectly with that of Simba and of Captain Sebhura.

In Gikongoro, as in the rest of Rwanda, a dense network of checkpoints became a central element to the success of the genocide. A useful mechanism for monitoring movement, it was the most effective way to close off escape routes to Tutsis. Everyone was obliged to present their ID card at roadblocks. As IDs specified ethnicity, showing a Tutsi ID card was tantamount to a death sentence. People without an ID card were presumed to be Tutsis too apprehensive to show their cards. Anyone who was judged to “look” Tutsi was taken aside. Manned by armed militiamen who were frequently drunk, approaching a roadblock was a terrifying experience. Thousands were murdered at roadblocks, or abducted from there and killed elsewhere. Women were raped nearby, families were separated, and money and valuables were confiscated.

En route to Murambi, a string of these “one-way” gates spread out across Gikongoro town and the surrounding areas punctuated, and sometimes cut short the refugees’ flight. For the survivors, taunts, rape and the assassination of their companions mark their memories of their encounters with armed militiamen at roadblocks.

Roadblocks were raised on the roads that led into Gikongoro town from Cyangugu in the West, from the East along the road from Butare, and from the North on the road from Karama. In Gikongoro town itself, there were several more at major road intersections that all led towards the dusty roadside commercial hub of Kabeza and eventually to the final roadblock outside the Murambi school. Those at Nzega,

Kigeme, Gasaka, Petrorwanda, Gatyazo, Gataba, Kato and Kabeza, helped to channel thousands of Tutsis to Murambi. But many others found that one of these roadblocks terminated their journey absolutely—their bodies were disposed of in nearby lavatories and make-shift roadside graves.

### **West of Gikongoro Town: Kigeme, Gasaka and Nzega**

Those displaced from Mudasomwa, who headed east to Gikongoro town, traversed multiple roadblocks along the way. They first had to navigate one in the trading enclave of Kigeme, which was initially erected near a kiosk to stop them from going onto the main road and gaining access to Kigeme hospital.

Philippe Ngendabanga, whose shop was very close by, recalled that the strongman of Kigeme, the businessman Vénuste Gasana, and Rwamukaya, were in charge of operations there. He named the people who turned up to work the first shift.

- Pierre Mureramanzi, a doctor in Kigeme. He works in Kigali;
- Gisiga;
- Evariste, Tatiana's son, in exile;
- Kamujyi, in exile.

As planned, Tutsis were killed, Ngendabanga recounted.

The militia stopped a car coming from the Kitabi tea factory. Two civilians and two gendarmes were inside. The militia wanted to go for the civilians, arguing that they were Tutsis. They didn't have identity cards, but their appearance classified them as Tutsis.

One of the gendarmes climbed out of the car and went to discuss the case with Gasana while the other watched over the two men. Emmanuel, an employee at a pharmacy in Kigeme, confirmed that one of them was indeed a Tutsi from Mudasomwa.

The militia executed him on the spot. The gendarme who had remained with him stood up for him, but his colleague, who had spoken with Gasana warned him off by saying: "If you decide to defend him, we'll bury you in the same grave as him." The victim was handed over to Nahaman. He tried to dash away, but in vain. He was brought back by Sibomana, who lives in Bihanga cellule, and Emmanuel, who was freed from prison after he confessed his crimes. Nahaman is at liberty.

Roadblocks were strategically moved to new areas once a locality had been emptied of Tutsis. The one by Ngendabanga's store was in place for two days and another one was set up in Kigeme, but this time near the home of Israël Nsengiyumva.

The MDR flag was always flying in his courtyard. Habyarimana, in prison; Nshutiraguma; Munyenkwaya, who lived near the roadblock and I reinforced the first team.

Militiamen who had guns also gave us a helping hand, especially:

- Harelimana, in exile;
- Kamujyi;

- Evariste Nyiringabo, who lives in Kigali;
- Evariste, Tatiana's son, in exile.

This particular roadblock, according to Ngendabanga, was intended as a protective shield.

It was based on an understanding between Gasana and the Bishop of Kigeme. The militia of Mudasomwa wanted to invade the Episcopal church to kill Monsignor Alexis Bilindabagabo and the other Tutsis. Gasana, working with Frédéric Bakame<sup>14</sup>, the councillor of sector Gasaka, pushed them back, saying that they would be dealt with by the militia in Kigeme. The bishop bribed them to avoid bloodshed in his backyard.

The bishop also gave us, who were at the roadblock, 3,000 francs to hold back troublemakers. Later, when the militia from Mudasomwa began to get on with Gasana's group, the bishop asked the gendarmerie to evacuate the Tutsis; they were taken to Murambi and a small group, mostly the injured, remained at the hospital.

When there were few Tutsis left in Kigeme, the roadblock was again shifted, this time on to the tarmac road near the Gasaka primary school, just in front of the house Bakame's house. Ngendabanga stood guard there with:

- Callixte Ndamukunda, at liberty in Munombe cellule;
- Gatete, at large;
- Nshutiraguma, in hiding;
- Kalinda.

A group of about 15 Tutsis were brought to this roadblock after the 21 April massacre at Murambi by Sebhura's driver, a gendarme known as CDR. Ngendahayo is one of the men who murdered them.

CDR was in connivance with Rwamukwaya and Ruzindana. CDR told them to get out of the vehicle, on the pretext that it had just broken down. As soon as they did so, he fired several times in the air. This was the agreed signal for the work to begin. We used our *massues* and machetes. The gendarmes left after that. We dragged their bodies into the school toilets.

There was also a checkpoint in Gasaka town, directly outside the house of François Gasana. Juvénal Munyakayanza, a shopkeeper, took his turn manning it, and was there at least once a week. He recalled the names of others who were there continuously:

- Murwanashyaka, released after he pleaded guilty. He was very formidable and used to walk around with a hammer. He used it to kill an old woman, Mélanie, in front of the gendarmes at Gasana's house;
- Hamuduni, in exile;
- Nzabandora, released;
- Haruna, who killed a lot of children;
- Bicakumuyange, in exile;
- Saleh Mbakuriyemo. He also operated at the Gatyazo roadblock.

<sup>14</sup> Bakame was released from prison on account of his advanced age.

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**"Whenever Sebhura showed up, Gasana used to tell the militia at the roadblock: 'Kill all the Tutsis. Don't be afraid; the order was given by our authorities.'"**

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Every time we caught a Tutsi, we used to say "take him to the councillor," meaning that he would be killed. Two Tutsis from Mudasmwa died in my presence. We executed them below the roadblock, using this expression.

Further down the paved road, in the direction of Gikongoro town, there was a roadblock in the small commercial centre of Nzega in Gasaka. David Rwamihigo said that he and other militiamen were told to put it in place after a conversation between Semakwavu and Gasana in the latter's home.

We would take it in turns to be there. Gasana already had a gun and some grenades. The bourgmestre and Sebhura both visited us; Sebhura came with his subordinates and left firearms with Gasana. They said it was for their defence against the *inyenzi*.

The importance of roadblocks in concentrating Tutsis at Murambi featured in the conversations.

They said they weren't so worried anymore since the Tutsis were under their control in Murambi. The gendarmes from Gikongoro often came to see us at the roadblock. They gave us instructions to look for the Tutsis who hadn't yet reached Murambi.

Saleh Mbakuriyemo, imprisoned in Gikongoro, has pled guilty to committing crimes at the roadblocks established at Nzega and Gatyazo when he was only 17. But he was reluctant to provide details about his specific actions, repeatedly dismissing questions with the comment: "Suffice it to say that I killed many people." He himself lived in cellule Nzega.

Gasana gave us the order to construct a roadblock at Nzega on the tarmac road. From then on, all the men were obliged to take turns and stop the Tutsis from getting through. Some of them would try to bypass the roadblock by going through the bushes.

Mbakuriyemo admits that he stood guard there "permanently." He mentioned the names of some of his colleagues:

- Munyangoga, at liberty in Nzega;
- Martin, Mugema, Murwanashyaka and Joseph Nkurikyumukiza, all at liberty.

He named the men who helped to orchestrate activities there.

Gasana led the hunt for Tutsis in my sector, Gasaka. He received guns from Semakwavu and Sebhura.

## **Gikongoro Town and Eastwards on the Road to Butare: Gatyazo, Petrorwanda, the Roundabout and Taba**

The most deadly of all the roadblocks was famed to be Gatyazo, located just a couple of kilometres east of Nzega. Those Tutsis who came into Gikongoro town would confront it before reaching the parish, CERA! or the primary school. It was situated at an intersection where the main road from Cyangugu divides, with the right side leading directly into the commercial section of Gikongoro town, and the left branch going up a hill to the parish and then on to the office of the préfecture.

Orders from Gasana and some gendarmes, remembers Mbakuriyemo, led to the erection of Gatyazo.

I liked going to this place often because that's where you could find Tutsis. The guards included civilians, like Mapengu and Fidèle in Gikongoro prison, as well as gendarmes.

Mbakuriyemo described Gatyazo as "formidable;" he helped make it the scene of numerous deaths.

We cut the throats of around 10 Tutsis there. In order not to confuse them with Hutus, we first asked them for their identity cards. They couldn't run; the gendarmes were vigilant. We buried their bodies under a bush below the Catholic bishopric. I heard they've been dug up. We took them into a recess which was out of the way. Most of them were killed in the evening. Except for a man called Bizuru, I didn't know the other victims.

She was staying at the home of a Hutu friend in Gasaka when Marie-Chantal Mukamunana heard Semakwavu telling Hutus, through a megaphone, to take Tutsis in their houses to the road so they could be driven to Murambi for their own security.

There were roadblocks everywhere. We were on foot and the bourgmestre's vehicle was behind us with armed gendarmes. At Gatyazo, the bourgmestre took the road that leads to Gikongoro town and we walked with the gendarmes to Murambi. The men at the Gatyazo roadblock had swords. They accompanied us and we left under a torrent of insults. They told us: "Go, you'll return when Habyarimana is resurrected," meaning we wouldn't come back.

It was at Gatyazo where Marie-Chantal and her companions "realized what awaited us in Murambi." Vital Twagirayezu was fortunate enough to leave Murambi the day before the massacre with the assistance of Madeleine Raffin of Caritas. He passed through Gatyazo in the opposite direction and recognized a number of the men there.

- Gasimba, in exile;
- Rusatsi;
- Habimana. He was arrested and then set free. He's living in Gatyazo;
- Ruberanziza, in prison;
- Elisé, in Gikongoro prison;
- Nyabuhene, also in Gikongoro prison.

Mbakuriyemo came across many roadblocks, in every direction, because he saw the exodus of Tutsis as an opportunity to empty out their homes, most of which, he said,

had already been ransacked by their immediate neighbours. He often went to the Petrorwanda station in the direction of Butare.

I would have to cross three roadblocks to get there, namely:

- At the place known as the roundabout. Several roads intersected there, including the one that led to Murambi and the police station;
- Near the two-storey house on the road to Taba, which goes on to the gendarmerie camp;
- At Petrorwanda.

They were well guarded. The Tutsis couldn't cross them.

Jean-Pierre Sindikubwabo recalls the militiamen who were permanently at Petrorwanda.

- Abel, who's been released;
- Isaïe Nsanzimana, released;
- Alphonse Niyonsenga;
- A teacher currently at ACEPER and who lives very near Musafiri's house;
- Yvette, in prison.

As a street-child, Boniface Kalisa, 13, spent his nights in an abandoned house near the central market in Gikongoro town with some other young boys. His Tutsi mother went to Gikongoro parish, his brother was taken for a Tutsi and killed, and his own life was in constant jeopardy.

I was nearly lynched at the roadblock near the Petrorwanda station. Abel and Alphonse were part of the team there. In fact Alphonse saved my life by telling the others that I was just a *mayibobo* [street-child] and therefore didn't belong to any ethnic group.

On the 19<sup>th</sup>, a driver who knew Boniface and who was taking cassava to Cyangugu agreed to give him a lift.

The journey showed me just how bad things were. We crossed more than seven roadblocks between Gikongoro and Cyangugu. We were stopped everywhere and told to produce our IDs. I was still a minor.<sup>15</sup> Luckily, I didn't look Tutsi. The driver also defended me, saying I was just a kid living on the street.

At Gatyazo, there were also gendarmes. One of the civilians was someone nicknamed Mapengu. At the roadblock in Gasaka, we found Gasana holding a gun. He wanted to show that he was a powerful person.

<sup>15</sup> Identity cards were issued at the age of 18.

## Northwards From Gikongoro Town

Coming from Karama commune in the north, Tutsis passed through a roadblock at Gataba, where there is a concentration of shops in Uwinyana cellule, Kiraro sector. As they approached Murambi, they also met militiamen at a roadblock in Kato, by a stream carrying the same name, which delineated the border between the communes of Nyamagabe and Karama.

Bernadette Mukamugenzi showed a paper for a doctor's appointment to all the guards at the Gataba and Kato roadblocks in the hope that this would allow her to pass.

At Gataba, they let me go by. Only Harerinka was manning the one near Kato. His image is engraved upon my memory because he was so evil. I told him that my children were seriously ill. He replied: "It's these little snakes that you call children?" He made us sit down on the ground, then made us stand. This game went on for a few minutes. He poked my children with a stick and exclaimed: "Is it true that these snakes don't die?" They say that the worst assassin is the one who uses his machete or another weapon, but there's also the one who kills you with his words. In the end, he let me leave.

In Kato, she stumbled upon another roadblock. But she was too scared to even approach it when she saw "some furiously angry interahamwe" standing there.

I couldn't even veer around it. I turned back and spent the night with an acquaintance in Kato. I was carrying my newborn child on my back and I didn't have the strength to walk. The following day, very early in the morning, I set off for Gikongoro. A man named Gakwaya accompanied me. When we got to the Kato roadblock, we met a group of Tutsis who were coming from Murambi looking for us. It was my husband and some other men. We left together for Murambi.

As a Hutu, Claude Singirankabo did not have the same sense of dread as Bernadette when he advanced towards the Kato roadblock, on his way back from trying to deliver food to a Tutsi family at Murambi. But he was disturbed by what he saw there.

Two victims were laid out by the roadblock which was being supervised by:

- Frédéric Segatwa, released from prison and living in Nyamifumba cellule. He is now a gacaca judge in the Murambi jurisdiction.
- Kayihura, son of Meschack, in exile.

## The Final Roadblocks

Two other roadblocks, leading directly to Murambi and controlled by militiamen and gendarmes, were regarded as particularly deadly. One was situated just below the SOS Gikongoro buildings in Kabeza, a small collection of shops barely one kilometre south of Murambi. The second was directly at the entrance to the school in Murambi.

One of the men who helped to construct the Kabeza roadblock is Emmanuel Nyirimbuga. He had gone to Kabeza on 11 April "to look for work and news." At about 10:00 a.m. David Karangwa, a clerk at the district court in Nyamagabe, and a

deputy-préfet, Frodouald Havugimana, who both lived in Murambi cellule, arrived together with a gendarme corporal known as CDR who often acted as Sebhura's driver. The three men conferred together; an hour later, they emerged and addressed the people standing close to the shops and bars. They gave clear instructions, Nyirimbaga said.

They told us to set up a roadblock, saying that nobody should object because the order had come from higher up, meaning the bourgmestre and Sebhura. We immediately formed a group to stand guard, including:

- Appolinaire Nshimiyimana, in Gikongoro prison;
- Félicien, also known as Bingwa, who lives in Kigali;
- Ignace, Bayigamba's son; he's probably at home;
- Jean Mwongereza, he lives in Kigali;
- Gakwandi, deceased;
- Célestin, a builder who lives in Nyamata;
- Emmanuel Mudeyi, in exile;
- Aloys Nkuriza, also in exile;
- Eugène Kabengera, in Gikongoro prison. He has pleaded not guilty and is a nephew of the former deputy-préfet, Havugimana;
- Japhet Twagirayezu; he's broken out of prison on two occasions;
- François Mudaheranwa, in Gikongoro prison.

We built the roadblock out of branches we cut in the forest just below the SOS building. We were ordered to make sure none of the refugees went back home through the roadblock. By contrast, the door was wide open to anyone heading towards Murambi. Every day, all the roads leading to Murambi were packed with frightened Tutsis. Some of them had brought their belongings with them, including livestock. Meanwhile, every part of Gikongoro was now under siege. And we could see from the injuries of the passers-by that some evil acts were being perpetrated in the countryside. The Tutsis were completely trapped, since the roadblock at the entrance was being carefully guarded by the gendarmes, who were also patrolling amongst them. The gendarmes were assisted by civilians, including:

- Matusera, who lives in Nyamata;
- Gahonzire; he lives in Murambi;
- Karamage, he's been released and lives in Murambi;
- Nzabahimana, in exile.

Sebhura was closely monitoring the movement of Tutsis. He told us to be careful and thorough in the job he'd given us.

Domina Uwariraye was not surprised that they met no resistance as they went through the roadblocks at Kabeza and at the entrance to the school.

Nobody asked us anything since they knew what awaited us in that place where they were grouping Tutsis.

Déo Nsengiyumva, who now works as a guard at Gikongoro central prison, was among the first people at Murambi. He was 24 and had been living with a Hutu friend in Taba, between Kitazigurwa and Karambi cellules in Ngiriyi sector, Nyamagabe. He said that in the early days, there were some Hutus. However, their families came to

take them back "and the Tutsis found themselves alone in the camp." Their numbers quickly swelled, until there were no new arrivals.

In the first few days, Tutsis were not killed at the roadblock in Kabeza. Everything they had on them would be taken, and then they would proceed to Murambi.

After a while, there were so many of us that the killers expected resistance if the numbers were not checked. And so at one point, Tutsis were stopped from entering the school. Instead, they were executed at the Kabeza roadblock. We were told that there was a certain Nsabiyera there.

Nyirimbuga said that Karangwa and Havugimana came to Kabeza to announce this change in strategy, after discussions with Sebhura.

When Sebhura realized just how many Tutsis there were in Murambi, he met with Karangwa and Havugimana. I remember clearly that it was a Wednesday. Afterwards, Karangwa and Havugimana came to tell us that our task at the roadblock had now changed. They said the large number of Tutsis in Murambi could be harmful to the local Hutu population.

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**"They told us to start checking the identity cards of everyone who came through and to execute on the spot anyone whose card showed them to be Tutsi."**

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That was when the phrase: "Take him to the councillor" was coined. What it really meant was "go and kill this Tutsi."

The new orders were implemented without delay.

We took each one we caught straight to the hollow that was used as a lavatory by the family of a man called Alphonse. He worked for Electrogaz and is now in exile. That hollow became a mass grave for the Tutsis. While I was there, we threw more than 20 people in there on various occasions.

Frédéric Munyemana, 49, was working as a butcher in Kabeza and described the roadblock there as "fearsome."

By 14 April, Semakwavu began condemning the Tutsis to death and many didn't reach the camp. Armed with a megaphone, he used a van which belonged to Nyamagabe commune. He went through our cellule three times and told us to unite to fight the Tutsis. He went with:

- David Karangwa, in exile;
- Frodouald Havugimana, in exile;
- Vincent de Paul Nsabiyera, in prison;
- A certain Félicien who lives in Kigali.

I used to always see these four people in Kabeza, giving orders. Semakwavu and Sebhura visited them all the time. The roadblock at Kabeza became impassable after these two officials told us to kill Tutsis on their way to the camp.

Nsabiyeza would not disclose his personal actions at the roadblocks, and instead blamed Karangwa, Havugimana and the councillor of sector Remera, Frédéric Mureramanzu, for taking charge of Kabeza.

Marie-Goretti Mukantarindwa, living in sector Gikongoro, became anxious about her family at Murambi, and persuaded her Hutu husband to accompany her there to check up on them. They set off with three other men and talked their way through several roadblocks.

The roadblock that we could not pass was the one at Kabeza. We were stopped by four militiamen. Their colleagues were in a ravine trying to capture a cow. They heard the signal and climbed up, brandishing their weapons. They were happy at the prospect of killing so many Tutsis, but they immediately realized that the men with me were not Tutsi. The militiamen included Senuma's two sons, one of my husband's cousins and many interahamwe from sector Remera.

They turned back, and her husband and the men gained entry to Murambi through another route.

Executions were carried out in broad daylight, even in the face of foreign onlookers such as the French Caritas worker, Madeleine Raffin. Frédéric Munyemana and Emmanuel Nyirimbuga said she was forced to stand by as two workers from the Bishopric of Gikongoro, Baziki and his sister, Yvette Mukamurera, were murdered. She tried to go through Kabeza, driving them in a Suzuki.

A gendarme accompanied them. When they reached our roadblock, this gendarme signalled to us that we should stop them. Karangwa and Havugimana were there. They gave us the order to seize the two Tutsis. The girl was killed right in front of the French woman's eyes by Aloys Nkuriza. Her brother tried to run away, but in vain. We caught him a few metres away. He was hit with a *massue* by Vénant Ngwije, who's in Gikongoro prison. The gendarme fired a shot in the air so Madeleine would believe he'd tried to save the two victims. But it was just for show. Afterwards, Madeleine went back to the bishopric with her bodyguard.

Laurence [a pseudonym] reached Murambi alive, but only after she had been raped at the roadside. When the people in her area began sharpening their machetes on Sunday the 10<sup>th</sup>, she had left her village in Kinyamakara for her family's home in sector Mugano, Nyamagabe. But her sister denounced her as "half Tutsi" and urged the militia to kill her and her children. When she saw large groups of Tutsis heading towards Murambi, Laurence followed suit, and then ran into her brother's fiancée along the way.

When we reached the roadblock which led towards where the memorial site is now, the interahamwe killed all the men and a few women. Some other women, including my brother's fiancée and I, were taken to bushes not far from the site to be raped. I was raped by five strangers.

Distressed by the crowds of hungry people in the school, Laurence turned around and left Murambi.

Brigitte Mukamana's Hutu husband, a former soldier, and her son, a FAR soldier, were able to keep her from harm during the genocide. She lived near the school and

named some of the men, in addition to Havugimana and Karangwa, who reported for work at the Kabeza checkpoint.

- Zéphanie, who was freed because of old age;
- Sehigi; the roadblock was in front of his house;
- Mbanzabugabo; he still lives in Kabeza and has never been imprisoned even though he is a génocidaire;
- Nzeyimana, alias Kajangwe; he was released from prison because of ill health;
- Appolinaire, in Gikongoro prison;
- Ruburajabo, alias Gitwe, also in Gikongoro prison.

Brigitte said she saw the bodies of the Tutsis they killed thrown into a large grave, which was referred to as "*chez le conseiller*."

Everything they did was first discussed in the house of a certain Karera. It usually served as a bar, but during the genocide it was used as an office. Karera was set free because of his confession.

The Tutsis who were executed at this roadblock include:

- Félicien Nemeyinkiko;
- Mukeshimana, Félicien's daughter, aged 15;
- Anatolie, Félicien's daughter;
- Nyirantashya, my aunt who was living in Gasaka;
- Cécile Nyirantibangwa, Nyirantashya's daughter;
- Siméon Nsanzabarinda;
- Kanamugire;
- Kanyemera;
- Mukamurigo;
- An old woman called Isabelle.

The list goes on but these were the only victims I was able to identify. After they died, I got scared and stayed inside my house. I kept hearing the sound of blows, but I couldn't see who was being struck.

Marie-Chantal Mukamunana added to the list.

They were in such a rage that they even cut down some of our companions with machetes right in front of us, for example Cansilde Nyirabarera and her granddaughter who lived near us. Rucakumuyange and Gasongo, both in exile, were both at the Kabeza roadblock.

Those fortunate enough to pass through the roadblocks were at first relieved to have completed their journey. But they soon realized the trap into which they had been led. And if they had any thoughts about escape, they soon found out that measures had been taken to keep them from successfully leaving the camp.

## **“SURROUNDED BY AN IRON FENCE”**

Despite the constant statements from officials that the refugees had nothing to feel anxious about, they doubted that the militiamen and gendarmes who lined the enclosure along the perimeter of the school grounds were there to keep them from harm. Physical and verbal threats from their guards made them increasingly sceptical. Their inability to venture down from Murambi hill prevented them from fetching food from their homes or even purchasing it from the nearby shops, and from seeking out the medical care withheld from the wounded. As a result, some lost their lives.

### **“To Ensure Our Security”**

Emmanuel Hangari wonders how, at the age of 22, he had faith in what his officials told him.

The préfet called us together; Captain Sebhura was also there. They promised to watch over us and brought in many gendarmes. And fools that we were, we believed they were there as reinforcements.

In reality, said, Julienne Umugwaneza, the soldiers were there “so that no-one could get away” and to make it impossible for them even to buy food.

The soldiers were themselves quite blunt at times, especially after they had been drinking. Jeannette Mukamugema heard what they had to say.

They used to insult us, saying: “You indulged in Habyarimana’s generosity and then you killed him.”

Hutus in the area, like Frédéric Munyemana, could see the measures that were being taken to confine the Tutsis to the camp.

There were gendarmes and militiamen at the roadblock just at the entrance to the school, a strategic location for monitoring their movements. They were forced to remain shut up in the camp because it was surrounded by an iron fence. Some gendarmes and militiamen patrolled the perimeter day and night so that no one could get out by making a hole in the enclosure.

The armed presence of gendarmes and militiamen around her only served to heighten Gráce Mukantarindwa’s feelings of insecurity.

They didn’t come into the camp but encircled it to frighten us. They seemed hesitant to come inside because there were so many of us. The buildings and courtyard were teeming with people, some of them injured. They weren’t given any medical attention.

Simon Mutangana was similarly troubled by the neglect of the wounded.

There must have been around 50,000 people or more. Quite a few had been cut by machetes on their way to Murambi and had sometimes lost a lot of blood. No doctor came to see them, not even the Red Cross.

The days she spent at Murambi, said Marie Mujawimana, could be summed up in a few words: "Hunger, mistrust, thirst, filth and anxiety."

Unable to endure the conditions, some tried to make their way through the fence. But as Nsabiyera confirmed, such attempts were rarely successful, and only brought about a reinforcement of the human barricade around the camp.

Those who tried to get out came up against the machetes and *massues* of the interahamwe who roamed around the camp. Also we, the local people, had created a militia to round them up. And Captain Sebhura increased the number of gendarmes.

The official promises were belied, in the eyes of Valérie Mukamana, by the freedom with which the interahamwe were able to pelt them with stones.

The men fought back against these minor assaults. We led a really miserable life in Murambi.

What made the situation truly unbearable, for Valérie and many others, was the constant hunger and thirst.

We didn't have anything to eat, nor to drink. No-one stepped in to feed us. Worse still, we didn't have water to drink nor to wash or clean the buildings.

She was lucky and was able to leave the school on Monday, 18 April, three days before the killings began. She left behind her husband, Alexis Uwineza, and thousands of others, to face these bleak conditions.

## **"FACING DEATH THROUGH HUNGER AND THIRST"**

Suspecting that their stay at Murambi could last several days, some refugees brought food, water and cooking utensils. Others did not think they would be gone for long, or left in a panic and did not have the presence of mind, or the time, to make the necessary preparations. What supplies they did bring with them were quickly divided and disappeared. Those with money found it of little use as there was nowhere to purchase food. They were unable to fetch provisions from home or crops from the surrounding fields. The water pipes were cut and food assistance from Caritas and the Rwandese Red Cross, as well as from Hutu friends, rarely made it past the roadblocks. At the same time, there was no let up in the intermittent assaults.

Suzanne Nyirasuku spoke for many when she said that she felt "abandoned and alone" during her week at Murambi.

Even if they had not killed us, we would have died of starvation. In fact some did die of hunger. You cannot imagine the nights of anguish and despair that we lived through before the massacres. It was a time of extreme deprivation during which no-one offered us any comfort.

Félicité Mukamuganga was hungry like everyone else, even though she lived a mere 10-20 metres from the school. Her Hutu husband had died some years earlier, and her children had gone to live with their paternal relatives.

We were gnawed by hunger and thirst. As it was so close to my house, I went back several times, secretly, to look for something to eat. It was a nightmarish situation as the water pipes had been smashed by Havugimana and David, who worked in the court in Nyamagabe. And the hunger made people angry. Still, nobody could move more than a few metres from the school, even just to collect water from a nearby stream, in case they were torn limb by limb. It was obvious that we were going to be eliminated. All the same, we were left to contemplate our deaths for sometime.

Francine Mutuyimana, a child of 11, lost all sense of time. The two weeks she spent there "felt like years because of the torment we endured."

## **"They Took a Tree Trunk to Break the Pipe"**

Hunger set in soon after Tutsis began arriving at Murambi. Even the few who had brought something could not get their hands on firewood to cook the food. The harsh conditions were compounded by fact that the camp was overcrowded in the extreme. Emmanuel Hangari described the situation to which they were reduced as "truly pitiful."

Along with hunger came thirst and filth, particularly due to the lack of water. People tried to cook anything just to put something in their stomachs. A few had brought along foodstuffs which they prepared in empty oil tins. You had to see these "casseroles" for yourself and what they put in them.

In addition to being hungry, Tutsis in Murambi, said Emmanuel Nyirimbuga, "were condemned to being thirsty."

On the night of 13-14 April, Havugimana, David Karangwa and a man called Frédéric Mureramanzi, a driver who became councillor of Remera sector, damaged the pipe carrying water to Murambi camp. Electrogaz blocked the pipe completely rather than mending it.

Claude Singirankabo was taking food to friends in Murambi when he came upon the three men.

I found Mureramanzi, Karangwa and Havugimana in deep conversation about how to cut the water pipe to Murambi. They were standing over a gutter where it passed through. They took a tree trunk to break the pipe. Seeing that this didn't work, Karangwa tried with a big stone and damaged it. From that day on, the Tutsis no longer had anything to drink.

"There was nowhere to get water," said Valérie Mukamana.

## Scavenging for Water

Some took the risk of sneaking out to the spring a few metres from the school, or the stream at Kato on the border of Karama commune. But with armed peasants lying in wait, this was a perilous undertaking. The soldiers who guarded the area at first accompanied Déo Nsengiyumva, and others, to fetch water from the spring.

But after a short while, we could no longer go to the spring because peasants with machetes were watching out for us.

Bélie Mukandamage regretted that she had not brought anything for her two grandchildren to eat. But what upset her most was her inability to quench their thirst when there was a water source so nearby.

Whoever tried to the spring was slashed with machetes by the peasants. The residents who lived close to the school had sworn that they would kill us one day. We lived through some really grim times, feeling on edge and overwhelmed.

The small spring could not provide water for everybody and some were obliged to go to the stream in Kato. "In all of these places," recalled Marie-Chantal Mukamunana, "they were chased and some of them were killed." But she was among the lucky few.

I managed to sprint ahead of the killers on every occasion. The men usually had to go with us. No-one brought us anything to eat all the time we were in Murambi. In addition to the hunger and thirst, we were terrorised by the interahamwe. Every day brought more anger and despair.

One of the men who died when he went to find water is Marie-Goretti Mukantarindwa's brother, Laurent Hakizimana.

In their determination to counter their fate, some found an alternative water source within the school itself, according to Annonciata Muhayimana, but she did not specify how long this lasted.

They punctured a water pipe that ran through the school yard. And so we had water to drink and for washing ourselves.

Nsabiyeza saw some of those forced out by need.

They pushed themselves through the fence and invaded the fields close by to look for sweet potatoes etc... Others got as far as the Murambi ravine to collect water.

Attempts to steal away from the camp were held up as an example of the hazard Tutsis posed for Hutus in the area, explained Jeannette Mukamugema.

There were always people on the lookout. When they saw our men and children, they went to tell the commune authorities that the Tutsis had attacked the Hutus.

It did not take long for Semakwavu and other officials to come to Murambi.

They asked us to tell them about our needs. People spoke up a lot. They begged the bourgmestre to find a way to take the injured and the sick away for ill medical care. The lack of water and the foul toilets meant hygiene was terrible. Fools that we all were, we didn't realize that what we were saying was already well known and had been done intentionally. Or perhaps we had grasped this but didn't want to remain silent.

## **Forbidden Assistance**

As Claude Singirankabo discovered, Hutus who wanted to give a helping hand to their Tutsi friends found their efforts thwarted at the roadblocks that led to the camp. On Monday the 11<sup>th</sup>, Singirankabo went to Murambi to speak with a Tutsi friend, Hélène Nyirambwa. Her family had entrusted him with all their possessions and he had promised to bring them food as often as he could. On the first occasion, he presented her with a sack of sweet potatoes. But when he tried to return, the militia on duty at the Kabeza roadblock barred his way.

Karangwa, who has been released from prison and Semanzi, Mureramanzi's younger brother, and others, said they had information that I was bringing weapons to the Tutsis. They said that my brother, Gaspard Kayonga, who was a gendarme, was supplying them to me. It was all a pack of lies just to intimidate me. The following day, they went to see David Karangwa, alias Rufigi, to accuse me, along with someone called Karekezi, of harbouring Tutsis. Our homes were searched and when they didn't find anyone, they decided that we must have taken them elsewhere.

Singirankabo said he tried again to take food to Murambi.

Karangwa made it clear that he would kill me. That day I ran into Mukanzayire; she was bringing food to her mother but had to turn back. She was almost hit by Mubrankiko's *massue*.

NGOs in the area were given little opportunity to offer their services to the needy in Murambi, as Simon Mutangana pointed out.

While we were dying of hunger, the Caritas diocesan storerooms were full to the brim with rice and beans. If the militia had just left us, we would have died of hunger anyway. Hunger is also the reason why we could not hold out for very long on the 21<sup>st</sup>.

Félicien Murengerantwali, the president of the Rwandese Red Cross in Gikongoro, is now in Gikongoro central prison.

The authorities made no plans about food and medicine.

Murengerantwali attended a discussion chaired by Bucyibaruta in the office of the préfecture to examine the refugees' needs. The other participants included Rusatsi, the deputy-préfet in charge of social affairs; Bishop Norman Kayumba, the Anglican bishop of Kigeme; Father Edouard, the vicar general of the Bishopric of Gikongoro and Madeleine Raffin of Caritas. It was agreed that they would be given food and that Murengerantwali and Raffin would lead and co-ordinate the activities. Despite this, said Murengerantwali, the roadblocks remained an obstacle.

They didn't open up the roadblocks to allow our vehicles into the camp. They unloaded the supplies and told Madeleine to go back. She gave up going to Murambi when the interahamwe grabbed two Tutsis from her car. This was a little before 18 April.

Nsabiyeera was well aware of the needless misery at Murambi.

Certain things showed us that the Tutsis were facing death through hunger and thirst. Even Caritas wasn't able to feed them. Whenever Madeleine Raffin and Félicien Murengerantwali brought food, they were held back by the interahamwe at the Kabeza roadblock. They rarely succeeded. And Pastor Samson Gasarasi, who lived in the area, was chased away after he tried to take in water and food. All this showed that the Tutsis were to be disposed of.

"We took steps to deprive the Tutsis of food," said Nyirimbuga, who periodically manned the Kabeza roadblock.

The Caritas vehicle was not allowed through the roadblock. And Samson Garasi, who dared to challenge the measures being taken against the Tutsis, was severely reprimanded by the three men who'd cut off the water supply. He had no choice but to go and stay at his house in Gikongoro town.

Based on what he observed in Kabeza, Frédéric Munyemana also concluded that "the roadblock wasn't simply there to stop Tutsis; it was used to starve those shut up in the camp."

## **"We Couldn't Eat While Seeing Neighbours' Children Crying with Hunger"**

All the refugees were hungry and dehydrated, but they shared their scant resources, giving priority to the youngest and the weakest. Saying they lived mainly on gruel, Marie-Chantal is proud of their solidarity, but pointed out the limitations under the circumstances

We shared all the food we had, but we were so badly off that some died of hunger.

Bernadette Mukamugenzi described how the people huddled in the same building with her shared a single sack of rice.

It was finished in a few days because it was divided up among lots of people. We couldn't eat while seeing neighbours' children crying with hunger.

She found the courage to go back to her house in Karama

I went to get some beans that I'd stored in the anti-erosion ditch in our field. I shared these beans with others. There was only enough for one meal.

Consolée Mujawamaliya, who had three daughters to feed, commented that she "didn't manage well under trying conditions." She saw other mothers resort to desperate measures to keep their children alive.

They used empty oilcans as pots. They cooked plant stems or inedible leaves for their children. It was pitiful, but I didn't know what to do, faced with a situation where my children were constantly hungry. Two people I knew died of hunger.

## **"On the 20<sup>th</sup>, They Brought Us Some Rice"**

Murengerantwali participated in an unsuccessful effort to count and identify everyone in the camp, justified as a prelude to the distribution of rations.

At the end of the first day, we had counted about 5% of the people there. Our census only gave details about 1,700 people which we knew was useless.

The census was abandoned, for lack of time.

The purpose of this census was unclear to the men and women at Murambi, but some, like Eugénie Mushimiyimana, hoped it would unlock the food they needed so badly. She had been there a week when the préfet, the bourgmestre and some soldiers visited them.

They said the census was a way of bringing us something to eat. We thought we were going to be saved.

Some rice was delivered on the 20<sup>th</sup>, said Jeanette Mukamugema.

It was a trick, to distract our vigilance. The massacres took place the next day.

The rice was not entirely free, commented Déo.

They asked us each to give five francs so they could buy fuel and bring us beans the following day.

The rice was useless to Grâce Mukantarindwa since she had no water in which to prepare it. Bélie had no time to cook her portion before the massacre.

The Caritas food which the refugees were denied was, according to Murengentwali, instead given to local Hutu families who were removed from their homes in preparation for the massacre.

The food was so abundant that they were also provided with provisions before they went back to their homes.

## **“GETTING US READY FOR WAR”, 18-20 April**

As conditions inside the camp deteriorated, outside its iron fence, military and civilian officials prepared the Hutu population for what they described as a war of self-defence. The days between 18-20 April were devoted to twin challenges: firstly, to generating fear and distrust of the Tutsis in the camp among Hutus living in the vicinity, particularly males, in order to convince them of the need for a showdown, and secondly, to drawing in forces from further afield, especially from Mudusomwa. To spare them, and to enlarge what was seen as a battlefield, Hutu families in the area were relocated to the ACEPER and CERAI school buildings in town. The ability of the refugees to force a group of assailants to retreat on the 19<sup>th</sup> made Bucyibaruta, Simba, Sebhura and their backers think through their strategies and refine their tactics. The mission of the 19<sup>th</sup> was aborted. Instead, the day was given over to a visit by the interim president, Théodore Sindikubwabo. With a strengthened commitment to eliminate the refugees in Murambi, more plans were made and the necessary resources in men and arms were mobilized.

### **“The Tutsis Gathered in Murambi Might Attack Us”**

When Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu and Captain Sebhura began to prepare an “enlarged site for the carnage”, Nsabyera took his family to the home of a friend.

Havugimana, Mureramanzi and Karangwa spread the word. But as men were going to be incorporated into the militia, only women and their little children were moved.

It was on 17 April when François Kamanzi, the *responsable* for David Havugimana’s cellule, sent out the warning that the local people should leave the Murambi area.

As proof, he showed us a letter containing the orders signed by Semakwavu. He said that the Tutsis in Murambi might attack us. Some left their homes the same day, and others on the 18<sup>th</sup>.

Brigitte Mukamana, married to a Hutu, followed the instructions and left Kabeza for the ACEPER school with the other women and children.

Havugimana ordered the men to make their women and children wear banana leaves and to bring them to the ACEPER buildings, now a police station. We stayed there all day long. They hung a flag up to signify that we were displaced Hutus.

Havugimana and Karangwa wrote a document claiming that the Tutsis in Murambi were plotting to do away with Hutus. They gave this to Sebhura. The same day, soldiers came to warn us that we would hear gunshots during the night when they would be getting rid of the Tutsis in Murambi. They told us not to be afraid and not to make a noise.

Murengentwali made this comment about the decision to distance Hutus from Murambi.

They didn't want Tutsi blood to dirty the residents of Murambi.

### **"Lend Us a Hand in the War"**

On 18 April, Bucyibaruta and Sebhura visited Mudasomwa to make an appeal for recruits. They knew they could rely on Mudasomwa, the epicentre of Hutu extremism in Gikongoro in 1994, which had already sent volunteers to massacres elsewhere in the préfecture, for example the Parish of Kibeho in Mubuga on 14-15 April.

By 9:00 a.m. they had drawn a large crowd, mainly from the sectors of Tare I and Tare II, including Sylvestre Maniraho.

Bucyibaruta and Sebhura came in an IVECO vehicle and were escorted by gendarmes. They stayed near the Petrorwanda gas station. Mworoha, the commune accountant and Nsanzimana, a judicial police inspector, were there. François Gakuru, president of the MDR, came in his own car, a LADA NIVA.

Bucyibaruta took the floor before anyone had a chance to introduce him.

He told us: "For those who don't know me, I'm the préfet of Gikongoro. I'm with the deputy commander of the gendarmerie in Gikongoro. We have come to ask you to lend us a hand in the war that we are going to wage against the Tutsis. I'm speaking about those in Murambi. They are prepared to exterminate you. The vehicles to take you are available. If you don't have fuel, the Petrorwanda petrol station is inexhaustible." Afterwards, they went to have a drink at Israël Nsengiyumva's bar.

The audience remained behind, listening to François Gakuru and Innocent Mworoha who took up where the préfet had left off.

They told us that the préfet's arrival showed how alarming the situation had become. They ordered us to go and ready ourselves for war. Gakuru mentioned the weapons we should get. "We mustn't turn up empty-handed. We need your traditional weapons, such as *massues*, spears and machetes." Everyone went to look for weapons.

Maniraho and some other men drove in Gakuru's car towards the commune office where Col. Rwamanywa was waiting to receive them.

I couldn't mistake Rwamanywa for anyone else. He comes from my sector. His father is called Rwandora. Rwamanywa pointed out to us that he had brought weapons for us to fight the Tutsis. He added that it was his way of helping the people who were going to invade Murambi. We unloaded some boxes from the lorry; they contained ammunition, some grenades, hatchets and short chains with handles at the two ends. The chains were going to be used to suffocate the enemy. They had been made in Gishamvu. Rwamanywa left after the unloading.

At around 5:00 p.m., Kamodoka, the director of Kitabi tea factory, dispatched eight Daihatsu vans to take Maniraho and others to Murambi.

As there were a lot of us, the vehicles made several trips. Gakuru and a driver named Ngoga were in charge; Mworoha and I helped them. Everyone was dropped off at the

Gatyazo roadblock and at the roundabout below the office of the préfecture. The other drivers were:

- Nkusi, in Gasarenda;
- Rugangazi, who works in Kitabi;
- Kidege, in Gikongoro prison. He's been given the death penalty.

Vehicles transported people from nightfall until early the next day. I went with Gakuru in his vehicle. Kalimunda, a judge, and Martin Kagimbura, were also there. We all had guns and traditional weapons.

Séraphine Mutegaraba could not help but notice the traffic passing through Gasarenda, as well as the mood of the men as they left for Murambi.

From midday, we saw the Kitabi vehicles full of militiamen who thought they had something to rejoice about. They seemed happy that they were going to carry out a massacre.

Gaspard Ayirwanda was contacted in Karama.

At midnight on the 17<sup>th</sup>, we were given a directive from our bourgmestre, Désiré Ngezahayo, that all the men had to go and fight the Tutsis in Murambi. We heard it via our cellule *responsable*. Our councillor drove around all the cellules to let everyone know. The men all met up in Uwakato, Nyakibyeyi cellule near the Protestant chapel. There were about 300 of us, all carrying machetes, spears and *massues*. There were also two military reservists, namely:

- Xavéri, in Gikongoro prison. He has refused to confess;
- Mutarindwa, alias Engagé, at liberty. He lives in Nyabubare cellule, sector Muganza.

The soldiers had two guns given to them by the commune office. We were under the command of our councillor.

### **"Prepare to Invade the Camp"**

The call to come armed to Murambi reached militiamen across Nyamagabe and the bordering communes. However, despite the impressive contingent from Mudasomwa, the number of men who convened on the hills overlooking Murambi on the 19<sup>th</sup> were not sufficient to mount a successful offensive. Emmanuel Nyirimbuga was waiting at the roadblock in Kabeza.

The gendarmes told us to prepare to invade the camp, but made us wait for an army officer who was going to lead us. He was supposed to be coming from Butare and was a member of the Presidential Guard. Half an hour later, the man came. But he wasn't an army officer. He's called Kagaba and used to live in Kigali. He comes from sector Muganza in Karama and was a formidable interahamwe. The gendarmes were in cahoots with Karangwa and Havugimana.

With Kagaba, we moved a short distance to a place from which we could see the whole of Murambi. There were probably about 1,000 of us. And on Uwakato hill in Karama, another group was waiting for the signal to begin.

But the signal never came.

Because there were too few of us, compared with the thousands of Tutsis, our leaders postponed the operation. All of a sudden, Kagaba used a gun to launch a large object which travelled over the camp and finally exploded in the marshland on the edge of Murambi. The gendarmes sent Félicien, also known as Bingwa, to tell the group on Uwakato hill about the change of plan. Everyone went home. I went back to the roadblock.

The men on Uwakato hill, just north of the school in Murambi, were similarly disbanded. Ayirwanda said they spoke to Bingwa at 8:00 a.m.

He had come on behalf of Captain Sebhura. The officer had taken the decision to cancel the assault because there were not enough people.

Séraphine said the men did not come back empty-handed to Mudasomwa.

The militia were celebrating because they had found Mutsinzi in Kigeme hospital. They brought him to Kitabi to execute him in front of the director, Kamodoka.

Mutsinzi had been hospitalized in Kigeme after the April 10<sup>th</sup> massacre at the factory. He was much sought after by Kamodoka who used to say that Mutsinzi would become the préfet of Gikongoro if the RPF came to power.

In Mudasomwa, the disappointment led to a renewal of energies, Maniraho said.

From then on, Ngoga was given a Daihatsu van by Kamodoka to use permanently for relays between officials in the préfecture and us. Kamodoka took the car from the factory. He is from Gisenyi and said that he had to avenge the death of his President, also from Gisenyi.

For officials in Gikongoro, the 19<sup>th</sup> was devoted to a visit from Sindikubwabo. He spoke to a wide range of senior officials behind closed doors at the office of the préfecture. Joseph Ntegeyintwali, the deputy-préfet of Karaba<sup>16</sup> sous-préfecture, summed up what their leader told them.

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**"Sindikubwabo said that all the Tutsis in Murambi and Cyanika must be killed."**

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The impact of Sindikubwabo's visit was felt almost immediately, by the forces of genocide and by the refugees in Murambi.

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<sup>16</sup> Karama sous-préfecture was made up of the communes of Rukondo, Kinyamakara and Karama.

## **“Begin the War Against the Tutsis”**

The second round of preparations for Murambi involved the confiscation of weapons in the camp, drawing in many more militiamen and arranging for their transport to the site.

The first task for the organizers was to make sure that the Hutu population understood what was at stake. Semakwavu was relentless, said Nyirimbuga.

Semakwavu drove around with a megaphone and repeated over and over again: “We have only two enemies—the RPF and the Tutsis. There’s no difference between them. They are one and the same thing.”

Marie-Goretti Mukantarindwa did not have to go to Murambi because she was married to a Hutu. But her relatives were there and she got an inkling of what was in store for them after Semakwavu came to their neighbourhood in sector Gikongoro.

Semakwavu turned up and stayed with the Ruberabahizi family. It was there they discussed the best way of getting the population involved in the massacre. He brought rice for the militiamen who were being taught how to use guns in this house. Afterwards, the Tutsis who had not yet reached Murambi were executed. This happened to an elderly mother called Nyirubuhinga and her family. They were killed by a group composed of:

- Rusanganwa, hiding somewhere;
- Rugemera, Rugenera and Gashumba, all in prison;
- Nzeyimana.

Consolée Mujawamaliya felt the tension rising as the refugees were divested of any means of defending themselves.

They took away everything that could be used as a weapon, at the same time telling us to remain calm.

According to Nyirimbuga, the search was arranged by the local officials and conducted by the gendarmes.

On 20 April, at about 3:00 p.m. in the afternoon, Bucyibaruta, Sebhura and Semakwavu descended on Murambi camp. They each came in their own car. The préfet was in a black car, Semakwavu was in a pick-up and Sebhura was in a white four-by-four with a gendarme as a driver and escort. I couldn’t be mistaken about Sebhura’s vehicle because his gendarme often used it when they were hunting down Tutsis. Anything the Tutsis could use to put up a fight was seized, particularly the sticks they used to herd their cattle, machetes and axes for chopping wood, etc. They were put in Sebhura’s four-by-four and taken to the gendarmerie camp.

The militia in Mudasonwa were given notice on the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup> to get ready. Maniraho spoke of their response.

As everyone was expecting the call, we didn’t hesitate. The vehicles from the factory, with the same drivers, came through the sectors to collect the interahamwe. They began leaving for Gikongoro in the evening. The process was the same as the

previous time. They were again dropped off at the roadblock. They walked from there towards Kabeza. In our commune, the sectors of Shaba, Nkumbure, Kibyagira, Tare I and Tare II were especially well-represented.

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**"We left with the intention of wiping out the Tutsis"**

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Martin Kagimbura saw them depart.

On 20 April, I saw militiamen leaving in the cars of the Kitabi tea factory. François Gakuru was responsible for the recruitment drive. Since the 18<sup>th</sup>, he had been sending word to all the sectors, asking the population to get ready to fight the Tutsis in Murambi. The cars went everywhere to pick up the interahamwe; there was a lot of traffic coming and going between Gikongoro town and Mudasomwa.

Juvénal Munyakayanza was among those summoned from Nyamagabe. He was spending the night in his shop with his friend, Félicien Nzikuriza, when two men, Hamuduni and Haruna, armed with *massues* and spears, came knocking at 2:00 a.m.

They said we had to go and invade Murambi, adding that anyone who refused would be put to death after the invasion of Murambi, together with Tutsi women married to Hutus. We didn't argue with that. François Gasana's vehicle was waiting for us at the roadblock. The militia who were on permanent guard were already in the vehicle, as well as other people I didn't know. The Daihatsu vehicles were busy with the militia from Mudasomwa. There were a lot of them. We were dropped off at the Gatyazo roadblock by a chauffeur named Rwagikanga. Gasana was carrying a gun. We linked up with men wearing eucalyptus leaves in the forest below the bishopric. This was to distinguish us from Tutsis.

To avoid alerting the refugees, Munyakayanza and the others with him were not allowed to light cigarettes while they walked to Murambi.

When we got to Kabeza, Gasana told us to be calm if we heard gunshots. We soon heard the sound of guns going off; this told us that the massacre had just begun. That was why Gasana and some gendarmes forced us to hurry up.

David Havugimana took up his machete after hearing Sebhura in the early hours of the 21<sup>st</sup>.

Sebhura was with his subordinates, as well as Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu, Karangwa and Godefroid Ndayizigiye, a vet. He spoke in a vehement tone: "All the men should wake up! We want their help to go and fight the Tutsis in Murambi!" They arranged to meet us near the shops in Kabeza at 3:00 a.m. and then left.

We immediately began to prepare ourselves. Everyone took whatever traditional weapon he could find. We set off around 2:00 a.m. We shared the road with other militiamen from Mudasomwa, Karama and Kinyamakara. The ones from Mudasomwa were in Daihatsu vans which dropped them off at the Gatyazo roadblock below the bishopric. From there, they walked to Kabeza. There was a mass of interahamwe. Gendarmes from Gikongoro had come with firearms.

Frédéric Munyemana said Havugimana and Nsabyera were also present when Sebhura spoke to them.

We obeyed their orders. We all had the same objective. We stopped off at Kabeza to give some of the men a chance to look for leaves to put on as a uniform.

Laurent Sebagenzi came on board through the efforts of Gasana.

Gasana's vehicle swept the entire sector, picking people up.

Sebagenzi's group was collected at midnight. He named his other companions.

- Karemera, in detention;
- Isaïe Mbarushimana, Gatete, Nyandwi and Uwinkindi, in exile;
- Alphonse, deceased;
- François Muzungu, Phocas, Iyamuremye and Elias Habinshuti, who are free;
- Nkurunziza and Onésphore Kayihura who have been released from prison.

In Karama Ayirwanda said that the "sensitization had reached a large number of people" the second time around.

Our councillor and the *cellule responsables* were very active. The two reservist soldiers came back again. We went to Uwakato, a really good location for people coming from all over the place. The sectors of Muganza, Kiraro I and Kibirizi sent a lot of people.

The councillor of Muganza and the two reservists ordered us to wear eucalyptus leaves to differentiate us from the *inyenzi*. We left for Murambi at 2:00 a.m. on the 21<sup>st</sup>.

Saleh Mbakuriyemo was still on duty at Gatyazo roadblock on the 20<sup>th</sup> when he saw militiamen from Mudasomwa heading towards Murambi.

There were a lot of them and they were in the same vehicles. They began going towards Murambi on 20 April around 6:00 p.m. The last ones from Mudasomwa arrived around 5:00 a.m. on the 21<sup>st</sup>. Some groups first went through the forest of the bishopric to don eucalyptus leaves. I was still on guard at Gatyazo.

Two children, Gakwandi and Muhire, snuck out of the camp by cutting an opening in the enclosure and awoke their family friend, Claude Singirankabo.

They told me that the people in Murambi were really hungry. I put together a large stock of sweet potatoes and bananas.

The children were too scared to make their way back on their own, and Singirankabo agreed to accompany them. At Kato, in cellule Nyamifumba, he saw people walking towards them with "flaming torches."

I told the children to run. Then I went in the direction of the light and came upon a group composed of David Karangwa; Frédéric Segatwa, at liberty in Nyamifumba, and David Kamenyero, Segatwa's son. Karangwa was their leader. They all carried weapons. They wanted to know what I was doing there, in the middle of the night. I said I was looking for traditional medicine for my wife who was in pain. They told me that the annihilation of the Tutsis was more urgent than anything else. They enlisted me in the group.

The day prior to the massacres, Marie-Chantal Mukamunana noticed that the number of gendarmes guarding the camp increased.

The same day, a gendarme nicknamed CDR got drunk and boasted about what was going to happen to the Tutsis of Murambi.

The refugees shared the buildings according to the cellules, sectors and communes they came from. Within these tight-knit communities they knew so well, Marie-Chantal said they tried to prepare themselves.

Some of the men asked us to keep piles of stones close by. They told us it wasn't possible to make it to Burundi because all the roads were blocked.

Consolée said that one man, Gashumba, suggested on the 20<sup>th</sup> that they could get to Butare.<sup>17</sup> But with the school heavily guarded day and night, and a series of roadblocks set up specifically to confine them to Murambi, no-one gave this serious consideration.

Eugénie Mushimiyimana did not know whether to believe what she heard.

The soldiers on guard included someone from Kibuye. He told someone that we were going to be massacred that night.

But another initiative on the 20<sup>th</sup> hardened her suspicions.

Because the building was still only half finished, some people had found a way of connecting up some light bulbs to illuminate their living quarters. On the 20<sup>th</sup>, they also cut the electrical cables.

Emmanuel Hangari did not doubt the rumours that an attack was imminent.

There were several aborted offensives. When they saw we outnumbered them, they retreated to change their strategy so they would be in a better position when they returned. And this time, teams of génocidaires encircled us, all around the hills surrounding the school.

We were certain that one day or another, we would be exterminated.

The fateful hour arrived before dawn on 21 April.

<sup>17</sup> Apart from some rural communes, the genocide had not yet begun in Butare, but would do so officially within hours of the massacre at Murambi.

## UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT

### “The Final Solution Was Found On 21 April”

Before dawn on 21 April, teams of interahamwe, local peasants and gendarmes from across Gikongoro converged upon Murambi, some for the second time. They gathered in strength at Kabeza, where their leaders cheered them on and briefed them about the strategies for the massacre. Those who came to participate remember particularly the directives given by the bourgmestre of Nyamagabe, Semakwavu. But other authorities, including Bucyibaruta, Havugimana, Sebhura and Col. Simba were also there to oversee the task.

The militia donned a uniform of green leaves to differentiate themselves from those whose lives they were to take. The gendarmes were told to open fire on the encampment, and in a well-calculated effort to maximize the effectiveness of the bombardment, the civilians armed with traditional weapons were ordered to man the perimeter of the camp. Their duty was to cut down anyone who tried to venture away from Murambi hill.

The refugees in the large courtyard at the entrance to the school, mainly men and boys, were the first to feel the impact of the assault. Courageously, they tried to fend off the attackers, hurling stones from the courtyard and from the large two-storied administrative building. But they were no match for the well-armed and experienced gendarmes. The cascade of bombs, grenades and gunshots lasted until morning. By that time, most of the 50,000 refugees lay dead.

Peasants and militiamen entered the school grounds around 9:00 a.m. Behind the two-story building were a series of rectangular barrack-style one-story structures, each containing about six small rooms, designed as classrooms or dormitory spaces. There were many refugees inside, particularly women and children, so far untouched by the explosions. Machetes, swords, axes and clubs were used against them.

Some were able to get away from the massacre alive, and many of them headed north towards Cyanika Parish in Karama commune, which had, like Murambi, become a haven for thousands of Tutsis. When it seemed that there was no-one left to kill at Murambi, the authorities thanked and praised the militia. They singled out the men from Mudasmwa for their “sterling performance” and instructed them to go and help eliminate the Tutsis at Cyanika.

### **"By 3:00 a.m. Kabeza was Swarming with Interahamwe"**

On the evening of 20 April, Karangwa and Havugimana told Emmanuel Nyirimbuga, "that the Tutsis' end was nigh." "This was confirmed," said Nyirimbuga, "at about 2:00 a.m. on the morning of the 21<sup>st</sup>." Standing guard at the Kabeza roadblock, he watched as armed men grouped around his post.

Interahamwe from various regions joined us at the roadblock to await the order to invade Murambi. By 3:00 a.m., Kabeza was swarming with interahamwe and more were arriving all the time. Then the gendarmes came with guns, grenades and other weapons I had never seen before.

Nyirimbuga listened closely to the order issued by those in command. At 3:00 a.m., it was pitch dark and the only way of identifying anyone was by his voice. By then familiar with their bourgmestre, Nyirimbuga, Claude Singirankabo and David Havugimana said they had little trouble in picking out Semakwavu's voice as he spelt out the tactics he expected them to follow. Singirankabo conveyed the essence of his speech.

He told us this: "The Tutsi are very treacherous. They don't want to co-habit with the Hutu; rather, they are looking for ways to get rid of them. That's why we have had to relocate the population of Murambi. But this situation cannot be allowed to go on. The Hutus must be able to come back to their homes! But first, we must overcome our opponents."

Havugimana noticed the massive crowd of interahamwe at Kabeza who were "waiting for the signal to go and eradicate the Tutsis." They, and the gendarmes from Gikongoro who were there, all concentrated on the bourgmestre's instructions.

He said: "You must get ready to begin the war against the Tutsis. You are sufficiently equipped. There's no need to be afraid! But we don't want some of you getting wounded. So you are going to wear something that makes you stand out." Our fighting uniforms were eucalyptus leaves for Nyamagabe residents and leaves from the anti-erosion hedges for those from Karama and some other communes.

Nyirimbuga heard the same indications to "put on something distinctive in case Tutsis insinuated themselves amongst us during the invasion."

With this precaution taken, Havugimana said that someone else gave additional instructions.

"You are going to surround the Tutsis' camp. Your work is to prevent the Tutsis who are trying to escape the firearms from getting out."

## **"We Formed an Impenetrable Wall"**

The interahamwe's primary responsibility was to completely encircle the school grounds and to make sure that no Tutsi had a chance to break through. Simultaneously, the gendarmes were given the go-ahead to shoot. Refugees dodging death by grenades and bullets confronted barricades of militiamen. Nyirimbuga stood guard with his colleagues to block their flight.

Wearing our special uniform, we surrounded the entire place to form an impenetrable wall. The gendarmes rained fire on the camp. The sound of gunshots mixed with the noise of grenades. It meant the end for the Tutsis. Anyone who ran towards us was greeted with a *massue*, a spear or some other weapon.

Havugimana also took his duties seriously, and commented that "we respected the instructions we were given at Kabeza." Armed with a spear, he stood in the way of anyone who wanted to slip through.

Before the gendarmes and soldiers opened fire on Murambi, we walked around to control the movement of the Tutsis. We were very close together so they couldn't pass by. When we began to hear the guns and grenades, we took up positions on all sides. A Tutsi who was trying to slip out immediately came up against us. I was with Vincent Habimana, now at liberty in Murambi cellule, when a refugee rushed towards me. Vincent hit him with a *massue* and I completed the task with a spear. Others were similarly executed.

Also present was Frédéric Munyemana.

Everyone there had a weapon, just like I did. We were very close together so they couldn't get through. Anyone who approached us was killed immediately. I executed three victims with a machete and a *massue*.

Two soldiers standing in front of Munyemana and his companions were using their guns and grenades. But what struck him the most was the force of the large guns that had been positioned on a hill above the school.

They looked like missiles to us. They were back up weapons to paralyze the Tutsis. And the bullets were falling on the camp. From where I was, I couldn't help seeing how the Tutsis died. A single grenade blew up about 20 of them.

The invasion was about to begin when Laurent Sebagenzi arrived. He stayed in front of the roofless room at the entrance to the camp.

There were so many of us that the Tutsis couldn't resist. Shortly afterwards, the arms started to resound through the camp. Suddenly, the explosives set fire to the inside of the camp.

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**"People's cries, mixed with the noise from the weapons, sounded like the end of the world."**

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It was the first time I was involved in a massive extermination.

A *massue* was Singirankabo's weapon of choice.

Bullets and grenades crisscrossed the camp and it was in flames the entire night. Any Tutsi who tried to get away fell into our net; no-one could penetrate our wall. I killed one who was running towards me with a *massue*.

Sebagenzi found the leaf attire useful in selecting his targets.

Otherwise, we would have had to wait for the daylight to start the work. So the idea of wearing the strange uniform was very useful to us. There were a lot of militiamen and they came from several villages. Consequently they could get each other mixed up.

I can admit to the death of five people. I didn't know them. I can't remember their faces. The act of killing them was to carry out the orders given by our leaders.

Gaspard Ayirwanda and his companions had come from Karama and reached Murambi at about 4:00 a.m. By then, "Murambi was under fire."

The sky had turned red because of the bullets and the grenades. Our group took up a position at the entrance of the camp, close to a house which didn't have a roof. We were told to mow down the Tutsis who wanted to force their way through our wall. It was easy to pick them out because, unlike us, they weren't wearing anything special. I killed five people with a *massue*.

What indicates the scale of the assault, said Nsabiyera, is the fact that the pounding reverberated "everywhere on the hills of Gikongoro town."

The sky over Murambi was transformed into flames produced by bombs, guns of various kinds and grenades. People woke up from sleep to stand outside and stare at the horror. As everyone knew in advance about the preparations for the extermination of the Tutsis, no-one could think of sleeping. That entire night, the interahamwe were running towards Murambi, brandishing their weapons to go and annihilate those they had defined as the enemies of the Hutus.

### **"Not One Hutu Stayed at Home"**

The magnitude of the offensive astonished the Tutsis in the camp. They had the impression, as many remarked repeatedly, that much of Gikongoro préfecture, both people they knew and strangers, had rallied against them. Simon Mutangana retains a vivid memory of the "enormous crowd of killers" who descended upon Murambi at 3:00 a.m.

There were three or four times more of them than us. It seemed that all the Hutus of Gikongoro were there. The carnage then began. Initially, grenades and guns were used. I'm not sure what type of weapons they were firing at us, but they were heavy. The soldiers proceeded to shoot while the rest of the population and other militiamen watched to see that no-one got out. They shot and launched grenades all night until 7:00 in the morning. By then, many Tutsis had died and the others were worn out from trying to resist by throwing stones.

Simon was able to pick out a few familiar faces among the aggressors.

- The préfet, Laurent Bucyibaruta;
- Havuga, a deputy-préfet who's still in exile;
- François Gasana, alias Bihehe, also in exile;
- David Karangwa, a clerk in the district court of Nyamagabe. He's in exile;
- Safari, an agronomist in Mudasmwa commune. He's in exile;
- Ngoga, in exile;
- Gakuru;
- Kaboyi, in prison;
- Many others whose names I can't recall.

"I can't even guess how many of them there were," said Julienne Umugwaneza.

There were numerous were soldiers, militia and people from the different communes of Gikongoro. From what I saw with my own eyes, I would say that not one Hutu stayed at home. The faces that I remember are those of:

- Louis, in prison;
- Kaboyi;
- Ngoga, in exile;
- Kamodoka, the director of the tea factory at Kitabi;
- Gashegu, in prison;
- Aaron Mbangukira, in prison;
- Karamage, in exile;
- Kayijamahe, in prison.

There were lots of other people but I didn't know them.

There were so many people that Suzanne Nyirasuku thought they had even come other préfectures.

It seemed that the residents of all the préfectures had come together. From what I saw, not one Hutu had stayed at home.

She noted the presence of local authorities and distinguished Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu and Havugimana.

In addition to François Gasana, Alphonsine Mukaremera drew attention to the presence of Col. Simba at Murambi. She recalled a battle cry which evoked his name.

Simba distinguished himself in all the massacres. They came to execute us singing these lines: "Simba told us this; if ever the cockroaches conquer us, they will rule the country forever."

## **"The War of Stones Against Grenades and Bullets was Impossible"**

The men and boys in the courtyard and the two-storey building closest to the main entrance received the full force of the gunfire and grenades and were the first to fall victim. Though exhausted from hunger and thirst, and from trying to hold off the interahamwe for the best part of a week, they were nevertheless determined to fight back. They stood their ground and in a brave but hopeless gesture, retaliated with the only weapon at hand a pile of stones.

Simon paid tribute to the men who found the courage to try and defend them.

Kalisa, Musonera who had been a gendarme in the Habyarimana regime, Gatarayiha, Muvura, Rukwavu, Nkundiye, Hakizumwami and others took charge of our resistance.

Most women and children had spent the night in one of the buildings, but there were too many of them compared to the available space. Grâce Mukantarindwa, 19 at the time, was outside in the front courtyard with some young people her age. Like them, she was resting when she heard the sound of shooting and the detonations. Grâce jumped up quickly and saw the assailants pouring in through the entry gate. Along with some other women and girls, she tried to back the men up by supplying them with stones. "They were no match for the well-armed and experienced gendarmes. It was a hopeless fight," concluded Grâce.

There was defiance, but for some, the horror of those hours made the prospect of death welcome.

Some refugees were so crazed with fear they jumped out of the building, falling down into the courtyard. Others were really brave, reassuring us as they carried on fighting. But they could see there was no way of getting out. They told us to lie down so we wouldn't be hit by bullets or grenades. But how could we dodge them and carry on throwing stones at the same time? Those brave men fought right to the very end. A lot of refugees who were hit by bullets or grenades weren't killed outright. Some had lost limbs; others were seriously injured.

Jeannette Mukamugema, the mother of six children, lost sight of two of her daughters, Tuyisenge aged seven, and Ingabire aged ten, early on. They had been together in one of the rooms on the second floor of the large building. Jeannette looked upon the scene below from an upstairs window.

The men tried to fight back with stones, but in vain. The war of stones against grenades and bullets was futile. Many men lost their lives in the attempt to retaliate, and others were wounded.

She caught a glimpse of Emmanuel Hangari, who was also in the upper floor of the administrative building. When shooting began at 3:00 a.m., Emmanuel picked up a heap of stones.

Some of us men banded together and we grabbed some rocks. Rocks are nothing, however, when compared with bullets and grenades. We were soon exhausted in the face of this unequal battle. In the dark of night we were throwing stones without being able to see the people at whom we were throwing them. Even within our own

group, we couldn't see each other because of the darkness. We only heard the crackle of the bullet, the explosion of the grenade or saw someone fall. But we didn't pay too much attention to any of this; we did what we could to defend ourselves.

Fear inevitably took a toll as more and more of their companions fell under the onslaught of grenades and guns. As they dwindled down to a small force, "everyone ran to save himself," added Emmanuel. Still upstairs, Emmanuel quickly went to the ceiling. A builder, he knew how to enter the rafters to conceal himself; he took out the screws and climbed inside. From there, he followed the fate of the men who had been at his side only moments before.

The brave fighters died from bullet wounds or grenade explosions. The ones who had not been hit were drenched with the blood of the wounded. Some gave up and tried to run for their lives, but they were lynched by the interahamwe who were just outside.

They fired on us from afar at first. As we became more and more exhausted and weak, they got closer and closer. Some men had climbed onto the roof to better aim their rocks; their grenade-mutilated bodies remained there, amongst them Gasirabo and Ysaïe. Their blood spread out over the roof and dribbled to the ground.

Déo Nsengiyumva, who was 24, was also inside the multi-level building. He heard the whistles and the attackers shouting: "Save yourselves, the Tutsis are coming to kill you and steal your goods!" The refugees on guard asked him and others to come and help fight, begging them "to have the courage to resist so that we would not die like cowards." He paid a warm tribute to these colleagues, including Emmanuel Hangari, Emmanuel Ntambovura and Semvumba, who did their best to coordinate resistance in spite of the darkness, the abrupt nature of the onslaught and the lack of arms comparable to those of their opponents.

We surrendered after a frenzied battle because we were finished. We would hurl a rock and the response would be a thousand times stronger; a grenade would kill more than three people at a time and seriously wound many others. What misery and discouragement in the face of certain death! However, our men did not lose hope. We, the young boys, would transport rocks under orders from the older ones because we were so scared that we didn't want to stay in the combat zone. The women prayed.

Déo saw his father and many other men succumb to the burst of the first grenade.

They didn't die right away; they remained there, barely breathing. Everyone was engaged in the fight. And since there were so many attackers, we couldn't even move them away from the grenades and bullets that were coming down like rain. I heard all sorts of noises: cries of pain from the dying, women praying, children screaming, wounded men asking us not to die without a fight and, of course, gunshots.

By the time they reached Murambi, Hildegard Kabagwira's husband was already nursing a wound from a grenade and a severe beating by the gendarmes, so he could not help her safeguard their children. Given the forces they faced, she is grateful the men held out as long as they did.

The shots and explosions had injured many of them. Some died instantaneously, others after enduring unspeakable pain.

Suzanne was in one of the classrooms with her eight children. She doesn't know exactly how her husband died as he was outside hurling stones.

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**"The final solution was found on 21 April, at around 3:00 in the morning."**

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The Tutsis of Murambi were killed with extreme cruelty, but they were really very brave, fighting against the whole préfecture.

### **"No Idea Where to Go"**

The use of grenades and gunfire continued vigorously until the early morning. Some refugees scurried in different directions and others felt confined to their position because of the heavy firing. The pervasive sentiment was one of having "no idea where to go."

Marie Mujawimana was on the other side of the two-storey building, in one of the rectangular structures. She went outside, but then found she couldn't move.

We didn't know what to do. We confronted total disorder in the courtyard. The wounded staggered around us, screaming. Often they begged for water to drink, but who could listen? And if someone paid attention to their cries, where would they have found the water? They were condemned to the death that the rest of us were waiting for as well.

Marie saw some people drop from the balcony of the two-storey building where a railing had not yet been installed.

We dispersed as people tried to run from the grenades and the guns. There were dead bodies and wounded refugees falling from upstairs and tumbling down to the courtyard. Even some who hadn't been touched leapt out because they were so completely petrified.

The downpour of bullets and grenades lasted until morning. We couldn't make our way through. Worst still, the interahamwe and the peasants were keeping watch. The prospect of being struck by a machete seemed even worse than the bullets.

When she saw all those who had come to fight them, Alphonsine did not stop to think. She reacted instantaneously and took to running in a confused manner.

I had the impression that not a single Hutu had remained at home. The sound of gunshot made us all jump out of our skin. I immediately put my baby on my back and I ran. But where to? I didn't know. Other refugees tried to stop me, but I refused to listen to them. I ran and ran, but I didn't leave the school grounds. I had left one place and without realizing it, returned to the same spot.

Grenades and bullets were flying all around. I didn't know how to steer clear of them. On one side it was someone's head that got blown off and on the other, someone's leg or arm. Everyone was on the move. It was total mayhem. With all this movement, I didn't see who was dead from a grenade or a bullet, but I heard their cries for help.

Bewildered, Julienne Umugwaneza hurried to avoid seeing her family and friends die in front of her.

My whole family was at Murambi. I was with them and our friends when I heard the sound of firearms. I left the building we were in so that I wouldn't see the people I knew die. I was in such a state of panic that I couldn't stay still in one place. I ran back and forth between the courtyard and the buildings.

Her family died in her absence.

They were all slaughtered except for my two younger sisters who weren't with us.

While Alphonsine and Julienne darted around, Hildegard stayed "motionless in complete silence" in the school building where she was. She fought back tears as she talked about how her three children died.

At dawn, my children who were with me were badly wounded by a grenade. I too was injured, but only lightly. I couldn't do anything for them. Because of the bullets and grenades, moving was out of the question. I stayed beside my children as they lost a large amount of blood. I thought about their suffering before I saw each of them draw in their last breath in the morning.

Emmanuel was lucky to have found a secure place in the ceiling rafters, and "stayed there immobilized by fear."

The cries for help affected me terribly, but I couldn't do anything for them. I shivered with fear as I imagined myself going through all that if I was caught.

The firing reached Consolée Mujawamaliya's room at about 7:00 a.m. By then, those who had been in the two-storey building and in the front courtyard "had already been eliminated."

I got out just after the first grenade was thrown at us, not from a reflex to escape, but simply to avoid seeing all the bodies shredded by the grenade. A lot of blood was flowing. A young boy, wounded by a grenade, was trying to get out with the others. He had lost a lot of blood and couldn't get past the entry hall. Everywhere, the wounded were howling in pain, but you couldn't make out what they were saying.

Before the 21<sup>st</sup>, Bernadette Mukamugenzi was used to leaving the camp to go and look for food; her husband and other refugees would meet her on her return in a specific place at a specific time. On the night of 20-21 April, their rendezvous had been set for 3:00 a.m. Surprised when no one turned up, she soon understood why as she stood still, trying to make sense of the deafening sounds coming from the school. Carrying her youngest on her back, she heard someone at the roadblock comment: "Those sons of bitches are going to see our strength this time."

All I could hear was gunfire coming from everywhere and indiscernible screams from all sides. Despite everything, I never imagined that my children would be dead, just like the adults.

Félicité Mukamuganga, whose own house was virtually next to the school, overcame the panic that made her want to sprint out at the first sound of gunfire. She stayed put

where she was with the other women and children. With the first light of dawn, she got a measure of just how many gendarmes, militiamen and civilians had descended upon Murambi. The light also gave her the opportunity to see faces she knew among them.

I saw Kiromba, Nyirimbuga, Nsabiyea and Barame who are all in prison, as well as Havugimana and David, who are outside the country, and many many others.

The bodies of men, women and children were all over the place. As I was leaving, I saw someone called Eugène killing people with a stone. I felt like my spirit had left me and I didn't know what to do. I went towards my house and ducked in a sorghum plantation where I spent many hours. Mbonimana and others were bent over puddles, trying to rinse off clothes soaked in blood. The clothes had been taken from the victims.

### **"At 6:00 a.m. It Turned into a Pitched Battle"**

There were so many people in the camp that the ammunition on hand was not sufficient to kill them all. When it was depleted, at about 6:00 a.m., the refugees took advantage of the 20 minutes before supplies were replenished to create a corridor to safety. For a brief moment, said Emmanuel Nyirimbuga, it turned into a battle of stones.

The refugees and our militiamen started hurling stones at each other and it turned into a pitched battle. Seeing the bodies of their fellows piling up on the ground, the Tutsis fought furiously to make a way through and get away. They forced us to beat a retreat. To keep them imprisoned in the camp, our leaders ordered us not to throw stones, but to maintain our position by forming a circle around the Tutsis. They told us that anyone who dared to move back would be shot on the spot.

Havugimana gave the reasons why militiamen were told to stop the exchange of stones.

They pushed us back a few metres. When they noticed that some were starting to clear a way to break out, our leaders told us to drop the stones because the refugees were using the ones we were throwing to defend themselves.

It took "less than 20 minutes," said Havugimana, to replenish the stock of ammunition.

They sent a certain Mureramanzi to fetch additional ammunition from the police camp. They left in the Peugeot van belonging to a certain Musonera; he's in exile. Mureramanzi was an excellent driver. He took less than 20 minutes to come back.

At his post in the wall of militiamen, Nyirimbuga saw Mureramanzi returning to Murambi "with some policemen who were carrying baskets full of grenades, guns and other munitions." He observed the massacre start anew.

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**"Between 7:00 and 8:30, we witnessed the most terrible carnage."**

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They aimed their firepower at any and every cluster of Tutsis, while others threw grenades into their midst.

In the morning sun, the gendarmes took off their military uniforms, said Nyirimbuga, "so they wouldn't be spotted by satellite." The rate at which the refugees died intensified with better visibility. Havugimana, like the others, found the daylight helpful to "clearly see the target."

A lot of died during the resumption of the shooting and detonations. One grenade blew up about 30 people. Some of us were chasing the ones who were running out of the camp.

### **"None of Us Interahamwe Had the Right to Turn Back"**

In addition to providing new ammunition, the leaders also focused on their human resources, which they sought to maintain and enhance by forcing those who were there to remain on duty, and by bringing in new men.

Gaspard Ayirwanda felt obliged to stay despite his growing fears.

So many Tutsis were falling down. The thunder of the gunfire also scared me. But none of us interahamwe had the right to turn back.

Juvénal Munyakayanza and a colleague, Félicien, got to Murambi when the massacre was already "fierce." He said he mingled with the militiamen chasing Tutsis as a pretext to get away from Murambi. He was soon forced to walk back up the hill to the school.

We got to the shops in Kabeza. We found out that Karangwa and Havugimana had put a group of men there to watch out for deserters. We turned back to Murambi.

Just then a vehicle brought some ammunition. The gendarmes handed them out. Giharage from our sector got a gun and two grenades; he ended up in prison. I stood behind the others. I could see what was going on. The Tutsis started dying *en masse*. They fell one on top of another. Some dashed into the rooms. The gendarmes pursued them there and threw grenades through the windows. We followed them and used our spears and machetes against anyone who showed any sign of life.

But when a grenade went off in the hands of a militiaman standing in front of him, Munyakayanza said he again attempted to distance himself from the massacre site.

I didn't have the time to find out what happened to him. I jumped over several victims before disappearing into the forest. I avoided the road because I didn't want to be arrested by the authorities who were waiting for us at the camp's entrance.

On his way home, Munyakayanza saw interahamwe everywhere on the look out for Tutsis and he decided to help them.

Everything I had lived through at Murambi put me in the murderers' camp where I no longer had pity for a Tutsi. Therefore I merged with the band without even knowing where the men were going. We caught two Tutsis near my home, Cassien Murekezi and Muhire. I admit that I helped to kill Murekezi.

Like Munyakayanza, Singirankabo became apprehensive when a grenade blew up someone he knew.

I didn't want to stay through to the end after Célestin Rwandiga, alias Saruhara, the *responsable* of Gitwa cellule, had a fatal accident. He had picked up a grenade to throw at a group of Tutsis who were trying to break through our position. But it cost him his life.

I left the line with my club in hand. One of the militiamen questioned me. I defended myself by saying that I was following a Tutsi. He couldn't confuse me with them because I was wearing my banana leaves.

In addition, vehicles were sent out to scout for new recruits. Jean-Pierre Sindikubwabo had heard from his home in Kabacuzi cellule the sound of the heavy weapons in use at Murambi. In the morning, he walked into Gikongoro town to investigate what had occurred and met some interahamwe on his way.

The interahamwe were in Sebhura's double cabin Toyota. Each time they met someone, they stopped the car and made him get in. When they found me at the Petrorwanda station, one of them said to me: "Hurry up, you have to help the others at Murambi. You can get your hands on what the Tutsis owned." I went with a machete.

Nsabiyeza said he was going home around 7:00 a.m. when two armed men in military uniform stopped him and obliged him to return to Murambi.

They were with David Karangwa. They were carrying two bags of cement. My impression is that they had just taken them from Murambi where there was a lot of construction material. They put them on the ground and told me they were looking for people to go to the front. They ordered me to go and give them a hand. I took a machete.

### **"The Turn of Peasants Using Traditional Weapons"**

As the militiamen once again began to exhaust their ammunition, Murambi seemed to quieten down. This time, there was no need to reload guns and to bring in stocks of grenades. Most of the refugees were dead. Others were gravely injured. Havugimana noted that "by 9:30 a.m., only a handful of Tutsis were left alive."

The men who had been using firearms withdrew and gave us, those with traditional weapons, the chance to enter the camp to complete the massacre. Some of us went into the buildings and dealt with the dying who were lying on top of the corpses.

As Nsabiyeza confirmed, the calm was deceptive.

Around 9:00 a.m., there were only wounded people pushed back inside the buildings, and others who were in agony under the piles of bodies. They were killed silently with machetes, *massues* and spears under the supervision of Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu and Sebhura.

Because he had been part of a team sent to bring in additional forces, by the time Sylvestre Maniraho got to Murambi, "the massacre was raging." He came "with an important group of interahamwe." They included Faustin Kanyeshyamba, a former bourgmestre of Mudusomwa<sup>18</sup> and Rwakayonza who, Maniraho said, had taught him and his collaborators how to handle guns.

There was no time to use weapons. Thousands and thousands of Tutsi bodies were lying on the ground. We used our *massues*, machetes and spears. Those who hadn't yet been killed were already dead from fear. They didn't scream as they were hit with a *massue*. They simply let out a small sob before surrendering their soul.

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**"Some even demanded to be killed. They were traumatized.  
Survival meant nothing to them."**

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Maniraho said he took the lives of ten Tutsis who were complete strangers. "More than five" fell at the hands of Nyirimbuga during this final phase of slaughter.

I know I killed more than five people with my *massue* and machete. The final killings took place in the building right at the entrance to the camp. A few Tutsis there were shot by a man called Sylvestre Bimenyimana, a builder who lives in Nyarusange, Gikongoro town. So far, he's not been punished for the crimes he committed in Murambi.

The survivors held their breath as they followed Nyirimbuga and the other militiamen out of the corner of their eyes. Alphonsine stayed immobile as they approached the area close to her.

Peasants thrashed the wounded with machetes, spears, clubs etc...

The first group who saw Suzanne took the clothes off her back. The second group murdered her children as she looked on.

All my eight children were killed in front of me with machetes. I saw them die the most horrible death. I had lost my mind to the extent that I couldn't even see who killed them. My children's names were:

- Espérance Dushimimana, born in 1979;
- Christine Uwamahoro, born in 1981;
- Cyprien Ngirinshuti, born in 1982;
- Jean-Bosco Nkurunziza, born in 1984;
- Claude Uwineza, born in 1986;
- Claudine Uwizeye, born in 1988;
- Samuel Munyaneza, born in 1990;
- Paul Rukundo, born in 1992.

The youngest was removed from my back and executed in front of me... The carnage is indescribable... Blood flowed like a river. I didn't pay much attention to it because I felt dead myself. I was no longer of this world.

Unable to continue, Suzanne broke down in tears.

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<sup>18</sup> Faustin Kanyeshyamba was freed after he had served a prison sentence of seven years.

As clubs and sticks were used all around her, Annonciata Muhayimana "could see only blood and corpses." Like Annonciata, Déo Nsengiyumva feigned death to preserve his life.

I found an area where there were lots of dead bodies and I laid down next to them. Meanwhile, cries from the wounded unsettled me. Some called for help, others asked the interahamwe to put them out of their misery. Still others, unable to bear their pain, sought to enrage the aggressors so they would kill them. They told them: "You, sons of dogs, you have done nothing..." There were pools of blood everywhere, people without limbs and other terrible wounds. I didn't want to open my eyes to look.

In the forest and the bushes around the school, there were many people who had been injured, especially on the legs; they had tried to dash away and had been stopped. I saw a crowd of men bludgeoning them. The people near me were slain before my eyes. Because I was hungry and scared, it was very easy for me to pretend to be dead.

In one of the small buildings at the back, Didacienne, 11, huddled with her younger brothers and her grandparents. Her mother was in another room nearby. The intensity of the firing outside had been sufficient to trap them inside until early in the morning.

We were frozen, literally petrified, as we waited for our turn to come. Death stared us right in the face as we heard indiscernible noises—yells from the killers and cries from the wounded and the dying.

They finally came face to face with men carrying an array of weapons.

First, they ordered us to open the door, which was not firmly closed. Nobody moved. On the upper level, there were some window frames, but none of them had any more panes. The peasants and interahamwe then forced the door open and came inside.

They went straight for my grandmother and struck her on the forehead with a machete. She immediately fell to the ground. There were close to 40 people in the room. They lashed out blindly with their machetes, hitting every part of the body indiscriminately.

Didacienne described the killing as collaborative saying, "at least four men struck each victim."

My brother's skull was fractured by a rock. He began to bleed profusely. He didn't die right away. My paternal aunt, who had watched the whole scene, was completely terrified. She begged them to spare her and promised to give them money. They didn't even bother to listen to her, but immediately beat her to death with sticks. None of the people who were with me were lucky enough to be shot.

What saved her is the fact that she was immersed in blood.

I had lay down on the ground from the outset and pretended that I was dead. I was soaked with the blood of the wounded and the dead who were lying all around me. Some of them were not completely dead yet. They weighed a lot and I felt as if I was suffocating. I was soaked in more blood than the wounded were. The murderers didn't leave even after they saw that no-one was moving. They wanted to make certain that we were all done for. So they went back to give the final blow to the dying.

When Didacienne was discovered, she lifted her hand and said, "I'm a Hutu!"

All of a sudden, I felt a machete land on my arm. Luckily, I wasn't maimed. They went on killing the others and to add more corpses to the heap. When I could no longer hear their footsteps, I slipped out of the bodies to see what was happening because I could hear yelling. I saw some people who were on the point of death and a lot of dead bodies. There didn't seem to be anyone who was intact apart from me. My little brother had wounds all over his body. While I was still thinking, another group of men burst in. They cried out loud and alerted their companions to tell them that there were still some survivors.

She identified her family's shepherd among the assailants and prayed that he would save her.

I said that my Tutsi mother had brought me here without my father's knowledge. I added that I had seen my father among the militiamen, but that I wasn't able to speak to him because he was in a hurry to go and lend a hand at Cyanika. Our shepherd confirmed my claims. I was surprised to hear the voices of my brother and my little sister as I thought they had already been killed. One of them said that he was my brother and the other said that she was my sister. She was dying; her stomach had been ripped open and her intestines had fallen out. One of the men finished her off with a machete. Our clothes and our skin were drenched in blood.

The men gave her and her brother clothes taken from other refugees. One of them offered Didacienne and her brother an avocado. "They were very happy to have saved 'one of their own,'" she added.

She couldn't see a way out, so Bélie Mukandamage remained in the room she occupied. Civilians entered with old hoes, machetes and clubs filled with nails and she watched as they inflicted terrible injuries on those around her. Among these armed civilians, she said, were children and many old friends and acquaintances.

The children had stones and used them to strike me. I hardly cried out. I just asked myself what we had become and that really tortured me morally.

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**"Someone who had bent down to offer you a helping hand before the genocide was the one who was now dishonouring you in the most inhumane manner possible."**

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One of the prominent killers stopped the kids from beating me, saying that I was now on my own and couldn't be harmful. A lot of the génocidaires were walking around the bodies to verify that none of them were still breathing.

Two of her sons, Zabulon Karangwa and Naftar Ndibwami, her daughter, Félicité Mukashyaka, and two of her grandchildren, Emmanuel Rukundo and Ingabire, were slain as they tried to run away. There were so many assassins, added Bélie, that it was hard to pick out individuals.

When we came across one, we didn't dare to look. Some of them were disguised, wearing banana leaves. Nevertheless, I could see a few of them, including

Murwanashyaka, who was imprisoned and then released, and Mutabazi who has died. There were also military figures.

Consolée decided to leave the school grounds between 7:30 and 8:00 a.m. when she overheard Nsabiyera tell his colleagues to approach their would-be victims.

For about 30-40 minutes, I was scared stiff and remained deadly still. My children were still with me. I left with some other women and children but after a few metres, we went our separate ways.

Consolée's children—Ariane, Grâce and Viviane—ran ahead of her, and were still in her sight when their lives were cut short.

They were executed with a machete right near me. I heard their cries but I didn't dare look. We were still close to the massacre site, and I threw myself to the ground. It was near a small bush. I stayed there, unable to move.

Eugénie Mushimiyimana was in one of the buildings at the very back and could see clearly neither the men who were shooting at them, nor the refugees who were fighting back with stones. By the time she had shaken off sleep, she had no idea where her relatives were and she was surrounded by strangers in the midst of chaos and deafening sounds. Jumping over people who were so badly wounded that "you couldn't even bring yourself to look at them," and having to ignore their pleas is one of the many terrible memories that linger in her mind.

From the window of a room on the ground floor of the two-story building, Marie-Chantal Mukamunana had watched the men in the courtyard as they tried to do the impossible—mount an effective retaliation. The militiamen reached the room where she was around 5:00 in the morning.

We couldn't have done anything for anyone except die with them. The cries intensified in the morning when the interahamwe and the peasants entered in force. They would strike a person once and then leap to another, but each victim was flogged by at least three or four assassins.

11-year old Francine Mutuyimana started rushing around with no particular destination in mind at 6:00 a.m. in the morning.

I would leave the storied building but then find myself returning to see if anyone had survived. I kept tripping over bodies of people I knew. I became numb. I looked at them without reacting, but fear gnawed at me.

She crawled out of the school around 7:00 a.m.

I had just seen people I knew experience horrible deaths. My maternal grandfather, Rwabukwisi, was killed by a grenade. The dead and the dying filled the courtyard and the buildings. Bernadette's husband, Anastase Ruzindana, had been wounded by a bullet. He was groaning and begging for water to drink. He died slowly, in the morning. There was also a woman named Daphrose who had given birth to twins that night. She couldn't move and was hacked with a machete. People were maimed and mutilated in so many different ways. Blood flowed like a river. Added to all this were the sounds. I saw only two children in the courtyard and I asked them to go with me, but they refused.

As detailed above, Bernadette, who had gone to her home in commune Karama to look for food, returned to Murambi just as the massacre got under way. She entered the school when she could no longer hear the sound of gunfire and was told by Euphrasie, an in-law, that her husband and children were among the dead. Euphrasie herself, though untouched, was in a state of shock.

We saw a soldier. Euphrasie begged him to shoot us because she was so scared of being cut up by a machete. He replied: "I don't want to waste my bullets. One of you should strangle the other one right now." She had lots of money and offered it to the soldier as payment for shooting her. When he saw the money, he asked her: "How can I kill you with all this money?" He refused, so we went in different directions. Later I found out that she died, not far from Murambi.

Bernadette walked towards the room where she had last seen her children, and went inside.

I didn't find any child there, or the bodies of my children. I did see the corpses of several acquaintances and of people who lived next door to us. But some had been so badly disfigured by the grenades that they were unidentifiable. I had no response to what I saw; I didn't have any feeling.

### **"The Préfet Thanked Everyone, Especially the Interahamwe from Mudasomwa"**

The killing subsided at about 10:30 a.m. when most of the refugees had been massacred. Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu, Simba and Sebhura stood around the camp with the militiamen. They offered congratulations and encouraged them to feel pride in a mission accomplished, but indicated that the work was not over. Nsabyera, who had made his own contribution, heard Bucyibaruta's address.

The préfet thanked everyone, especially the interahamwe from Mudasomwa, for what had been achieved. Cars were put at the disposal of the bravest so they could go and lend a hand to the militiamen of Karama who had also begun to exterminate the thousands of Tutsis at Cyanika.

Nyirimbuga was also in the audience.

I realized we were being backed by all the authorities. Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu and Sebhura expressed their appreciation to us, especially to the interahamwe who'd come from Mudasomwa. They were asked to track down the Tutsis who had eluded us and made it to Cyanika. They drove off in the DAIHATSU owned by the tea factory in Kitabi. They'd been using these vehicles throughout the night. The militiamen from Mudasomwa were promised they'd be allowed to clean out the shops in Gikongoro town once the Cyanika massacre was over.

Ayirwanda confirmed the special honour bestowed on the militia from Mudasomwa, and recalled the phrase used by Bucyibaruta to sum up the overall achievements.

The préfet thanked us with these words: "What you just did is very important; the enemy has now been vanquished."

The presence and speeches of government officials so inspired the Mudasomwa militia, said Havugimana, that they broke out in song.

They sang: "Where is Rwigema, leader of the *inyenzi*, who had resolved to conquer Umutara? At the moment, the *inkotanyi* are powerless before us, who are strong like tanks."

The authorities portrayed the opportunity to take the lives of Tutsis at Cyanika as an exclusive opportunity for the most outstanding delegation, commented Sylvestre Maniraho.

There were a lot of officials there. The ones I remember are Semakwavu, Bucyibaruta and Sebhura. They didn't want the looting to begin before the Tutsis at the Parish at Cyanika had been taken care of. The militia from Mudasomwa were handpicked because of their sterling performance at Murambi.

After being assured that the Tutsi-owned stores in town would be theirs to claim once they had completed the new task at hand, the men from Mudasomwa mounted the vehicles which had brought them to Murambi and made their way to Cyanika.

## **“HEAPED LIKE PILES OF INSECTS IN CYANIKA”**

Beginning Sunday the 10<sup>th</sup> of April, refugees from the communes of Karama, Rukondo and Kinyamakara, which together form the sous-préfecture of Karaba, began the trek to the Parish of Cyanika, situated in Nyanza I cellule, sector Cyanika in Karama. They filled all the parish buildings, including the church and its adjacent enclosed courtyard, as well as the health centre and primary school only a few metres away.

The deputy-préfet of Karaba sous-préfecture, Joseph Ntegeyintwali, and Cyanika councillor, Callixte Munyankindi,<sup>19</sup> called local residents to a meeting on 17 April. The next day, a trial assault on the parish revealed to the militiamen and their leaders that the Tutsis there would have little means of resistance when the time came for a full-scale assault.

Three days later, Tutsis fleeing death at Murambi on 21 April grouped with the refugees in Cyanika parish. Some of the men who had turned the technical school into a wasteland only a few hours earlier followed in their tracks and helped the militia of Karama to confront those huddled at Cyanika.

The parish priest, Father Joseph Niyomugabo, remained with the refugees until their final hours, taking tremendous personal risk in doing so. As an educated male Tutsi, and as someone who had been outspoken and courageous in standing up to officialdom, he had precisely the profile the forces of genocide targeted. He did what he could to obtain supplies for them, keep the danger at bay, tend the sick and the wounded, whilst keeping their hopes alive and sustaining them morally through prayer. He was taken into safe custody during the major assault, but death found him only a few days later.

### **“To Speak the Truth”**

Few of the men who organized the bombardment of the parish have been forthcoming with information, limiting our knowledge about the precise nature of the planning and execution of the massacre at Cyanika. In particular, Joseph Ntegeyintwali, who has been singled out as the leading architect, has steadfastly refused to accept responsibility and is therefore reluctant to speak out fully and honestly about what took place in Cyanika.

Etienne Urinzwenimana was arrested on 9 October 1994 when he was 19 years-old. Confident that no-one “would dare to talk about the unprecedented catastrophe that had befallen the Tutsis in our region,” he did not, for a long time, admit to the crimes he had committed.

<sup>19</sup> Munyankindi is said to have died in Bukavu.

I now acknowledge my participation in the genocide of Tutsis at the Parish of Cyanika. Before, I was hesitant. I thought that if no one else talked, then it would be in my interest to remain silent.

Juvénal Mudenge similarly maintained his silence. He drew strength from the fact that the detainees in Gikongoro central prison, charged with crimes relating to Cyanika, had apparently reached an agreement to collectively deny all the accusations against them. Their reasoning, he said, is that if they did not point the finger at each other, there would be insufficient evidence to convict any of them. He decided to speak out, "and so help the public," after he was sentenced to life imprisonment and realized that he "had nothing to hold back."

Mudenge worked first as a soldier, then as a customs official and later as a communal policeman in Karama, but was unemployed in 1994 when he was 44. Before giving a long and detailed testimony, he expressed his regrets at only doing so a decade after he was first arrested.

I followed everything that happened in Cyanika from the beginning to the end as my home is close to the parish. Given my contribution to the genocide, I am absolutely determined to speak the truth about the massacres of Cyanika which cost the lives of more than 10,000 victims. It is a story that I will never forget.

Mudenge identified Sebhura, the bourgmestre, Désiré Ngezahayo and Joseph Ntegeyintwali, the deputy-préfet, as the trio who orchestrated the massacre on the 21st at Cyanika. Ntegeyintwali, he added, has been at pains to obscure his tracks.

Ntegeyintwali and the policemen were in charge, under the command of Sebhura. They are the ones who are truly responsible for the death of thousands of Tutsis at Cyanika. Ntegeyintwali clung to his pistol. I'm surprised that he refuses to confess, even up to today. He thought that no-one would shed light on what happened. That's why he adopted a strategy of becoming close to all the prisoners connected to the crimes committed at Cyanika, in order to inhibit them from confessing and from speaking about what he himself did.

Ntegeyintwali rejects all the accusations against him, including the charge that he took part in the meeting with Sindikubwabo on the 19<sup>th</sup> of April. Ntegeyintwali, now 57, is the father of five and is originally from Nkumbure in Mudandomwa. In an interview with *African Rights*, he claimed that on the 21<sup>st</sup>, he was on his way to the commune office of Rukondo when he ran into a huge crowd of people heading for Cyanika, after which he heard the sound of gunfire. He did not, he said, "know who had rallied this crowd."

As an authority in the region, I immediately went to the parish to establish the facts. I went into a house near the parish where I could closely follow the killing. Armed only with the pistol in my hand, I couldn't do anything for the Tutsis. And nor could I do anything to stop the interahamwe who were like dogs in a rage and who were supported by gendarmes who had come from Gikongoro town. I realized that a senior official had sent them and they had a mission to fulfil.

He confirmed that the massacre lasted from 7:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m.

At the end, I noticed that Cyanika had not only been invaded by the people of Karaba, backed by the gendarmes. I also saw many interahamwe from Mudandomwa. They

were in the vehicles of the Kitabi tea factory. It was obvious that they were well-trained. They had orders from their leaders and knew each other. They went where even the local population was hesitant to venture.

Laying the blame on the préfet, Bucyibaruta, and the gendarmes, he ended with the comment that "the lives of the refugees lay in their hands."

The testimony of the bourgmestre of Karama commune, Désiré Ngezahayo, also runs contrary to the accusations against him. Despite his position, he argued that his influence was limited and that he was reduced to being a passive observer of the massacres.

When a lot of Tutsis came to Cyanika parish, the parish priest, Fr. Niyomugabo, asked me to intervene. We left together to find the deputy-préfet, Joseph Ntegeyintwali. He ought to have taken the decision to distribute food to the refugees. We had an emergency supply for the commune. The food was insignificant given the multitude of Tutsis at Cyanika. We counted more than 5,000 people on 12 April, but their number grew and grew until they were killed.

Ngezahayo admits that he "did nothing about the killings in Cyanika." He claims Faustin Nsabikunze, the president of his party, the Social Democratic Party (PSD), advised him against "interfering" in order to "avoid clashes with Joseph Ntegeyintwali, the master-mind of the massacre."

The refugees died without any intervention from the authorities. As for me, I closed my eyes to what was happening, while others gave a strong helping hand to the murderers. Ntegeyintwali had a microphone that he used to direct the massacre. He was also present at the discussion with Sindikubwabo. The killing lasted the whole day, from 7:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. At the end, the militiamen were given the opportunity to loot from the victims, as well as the parish itself.

### **"Father Niyomugabo Asked us to Pray to God the Almighty, But Fervently"**

Emmanuel Gakwandi remembers the parish in Cyanika as the place that sheltered him and his parents in 1959. He was four at the time. In 1994, he was employed as a watchman in a project that repaired roads called PSD HIMO. On 15 April, when "the tension was mounting and our Hutu neighbours would not have anything to do with us," Emmanuel left his home in cellule Rwamagana, sector Cyanika and returned to the parish with his wife and children, hoping that it would, once again, serve as a safe haven.

We met many other Tutsi refugees. Every day, the bourgmestre, Ngezahayo, and some of his staff members, took a census of the refugees present there. Later, they sent gendarmes, claiming that it was for our security. Two would stay during the day, and two others at night. The parish priest, Fr. Joseph Niyomugabo, really believed that they had come to keep the peace. He was happy and offered each two cases of Primus beer in order to please them and to motivate them to look after the refugees well.

Similarly, Marianne Nikuze, then 12, and her younger brothers and sisters walked out of their home in cellule Birambo, sector Cyanika, on the afternoon of 7 April after they saw men torching houses. On their way to the parish, they ran into Ngezahayo.

There were many people. We asked him what was going on and he told us: "Wait, you will see. Your hour has come."

They reached a place called Gatyazo and had another unsettling encounter.

There were lots of armed men on the road and they asked us: "Do you think that you are going into a boulder where we can't enter? Don't fool yourselves, we will follow you and kill you."

She and her siblings made it to the parish. A few days later, Marianne's stepmother, uncle and grandmother met them there. Her father, who had brought his cattle, stayed outside the parish with the other men watching over their livestock. But two days later, they too came inside and were housed in the priests' houses.

They realized that it was getting serious.

Xavérine Mukansoro became a widow in 1994 at the age of 41 when her husband died from poisoning. A week later, on a Monday morning, she abandoned her home in sector Gikoni, commune Rukundo, and came to Cyanika in a group of about 12, including her children and her mother-in-law. By then, Fr. Niyomugabo was beginning to lose confidence.

We got to Cyanika Parish in the morning. The priest asked us: "Where will you go? It's serious this time." There were people with their arms cut off and others with all sorts of wounds. Fr. Niyomugabo asked us to pray to God the Almighty, but fervently. On Monday and Tuesday we were brought some food. But by Wednesday, there were so many of us that all the food was reserved for the small children.

Though the refugees were apprehensive about the future, for the first week they lived in relative calm. Mudenge watched them enter the church.

We, the people living in the vicinity, left them in peace.

Juvénal Gasasira worked for the parish as a driver at the health centre and was abreast of the situation. Not everyone who was heading for the parish made it inside, he said.

There was a roadblock very near the home of the deputy-préfet, Ntegeyintwali, where a lot of Tutsis who were coming to the parish were killed.

He saw the officials who made regular visits to the parish.

Even prior to the massacre of 21 April, Captain Sebhura and Ntegeyintwali came often to see the refugees at the parish.

## **"We Had to Outwit Them by Exterminating Them"**

A meeting of residents on 17 April, called by Ntegeyintwali and the councillor, Munyankindi, coupled with the first death of a refugee that day, signalled that things were about to change. Etienne Urinzwenimana attended and remembered that personnel from the commune and sous-préfecture offices were among those who thronged to the Cyanika football stadium, about 500 metres from the parish. Ntegeyintwali and Munyankindi spoke for a few minutes in private and then Ntegeyintwali left. Munyankindi then chaired the discussion. Urinzwenimana summed up the essence of his intervention.

Munyankindi told us that his words came from the official hierarchy, that is, the deputy-préfet and the bourgmestre.

He told us the population was being galvanized in order to stand up to the Tutsis. No distinction should be made, he said, between Tutsis and the *inkotanyi* because they were synonymous. In short, they were the enemies of the Hutu. To make us more determined to rise up against them, he revealed that the Tutsis had drawn up a plan against the Hutus. According to him, we had to outwit them by exterminating them first.

At the end, the councillor handed Urinzwenimana a grenade.

When I asked him where it came from, he told me that Col. Simba had made a commitment to work with the population in providing the necessary weapons. Eventually, I found out that Simba was distributing grenades and weapons through Albert's sons, Mbaga and Charles. Simba's wife was related to them. I was given the grenade because I had undergone military training.

The same day, Godefroid Ntezimana, a catechist who had been among the first people at the parish, was murdered near where Mudenge was standing.

He had gone to buy a drink in Gahamanyi's bar. I was near the building and saw him die after he was set upon by a group of local men, including a certain Anselme. I came upon them as Anselme was hitting him with a machete. They threw his body into a toilet.

Fr. Niyomugabo came quickly to investigate what had happened. But Gahamanyi, the owner of the bar, warned him not to intervene and revealed the complicity of the local authorities. Indeed, for Mudenge this was clearly apparent. Several officials were standing near him while Godefroid was beaten to death.

The victim was killed in front of Ngezahayo, the bourgmestre; Munyankindi, the councillor of Cyanika; and Marc Hanyurwimfura, a former bourgmestre who later became a member of parliament.<sup>20</sup> Although they were there at the time, they denied any responsibility and added that it was the work of a group of youngsters.

But Fr. Niyomugabo ignored the advice of caution.

I was there when Fr. Niyomugabo addressed the public to establish the exact identity of the murderers. I remember that it was 17 April. I also recall that a gendarme who

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<sup>20</sup> Marc Hanyurwimfura is thought to be living in Masisi, in eastern DRC.

had accompanied him shot in the air. I don't know why he did that, maybe to show the priest that he was sorry about what had just taken place.

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**"In reality, however, the gendarmes used to meet secretly with the local people to tell them that the bell had not yet tolled for the Tutsis."**

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### **"Our Purpose Was to Put the Refugees to the Test", 18 April**

While the tactics for dealing with the Tutsis at the parish were being defined, a militia was formed and given the mission of launching a trial assault on the parish on the 18<sup>th</sup> to gauge the strength of the refugees and determine how they would react to the onslaught in preparation. Urinzwenimana explained the logic of this practice run.

Our purpose was to put the refugees to the test. It was a way of evaluating them to know if they would respond or not when we launched a full-scale assault.

Armed with the grenade the councillor had given him, he enlisted in this militia.

The councillor asked me to go and lend a hand to the militia that had just been set up and which included:

- Vianney Kabera; he's imprisoned in Gikongoro but has refused to confess;
- Callixte Gahamanyi, in Gikongoro prison;
- Joseph Mbonera, deceased;
- Bizimana Munyu, killed by Gahamanyi over a dispute about stolen property.

Mudenge also merged with the group as they passed by him.

When they told me that the order to strike the Tutsis had been given by the officials in the region, I didn't hesitate to respond to their appeal. I was, above all, motivated by the desire to seize the cows of the Tutsis.

The men divided into teams and shared out the tasks, as Urinzwenimana made clear.

One team came with me to throw the grenade into the camp. The others took up a position at the exit in order to thwart all attempts by the refugees to sneak away. I climbed the wall in order not to miss my target. I lobbed the grenade at a group of refugees in a calculated manner, that is I wanted to be sure it would kill them. And it did. I don't know how many, but I would say about 30 people.

The toll, as the refugees confirm, was 17 dead and about 30 wounded. Mudenge said that Mbonera and Munyu helped Urinzwenimana with the grenade. Mudenge himself was in the other group, standing around the periphery of the parish, armed with machetes and *massues*.

Because we thought that the grenade would make the refugees disperse and rush outside, we had placed men armed with traditional weapons at the entrance to mow them down. There were many of us and we were ready to crush our adversaries. I was in this group. The others included: Vianney Kabera; Callixte Gahamanyi; Maurice, Ngendo's son and Damascène Gatari, all of them in prison and sentenced to life.

But no refugees attempted to get away from the parish, leaving little work for Mudenge and his companions.

We abandoned our ambush about an hour after the grenade went off, when we realized that the refugees were determined to die together.

Any suspicions that the refugees were well armed were laid to rest. Urinzwenimana also left the parish, "certain that they would not encounter any resistance in future."

For the refugees, the grenade shattered any remaining hopes that they would leave Cyanika alive. Emmanuel realized what was in store for them when he saw the reaction of the gendarmes who were supposedly on their side.

The gendarmes were openly happy, as opposed to trying to do something for us. That was the moment when we began to have doubts. We went crazy because we knew what would come next. The Tutsis who died that day were buried in a mass grave, and were reburied with dignity after the genocide.

The deaths that occurred in the presence of the gendarmes were also a warning sign for Xavérine.

I saw people falling down. I heard someone advise me to lie down. I immediately dropped to the ground and lay on my stomach, with my child on my back. Fr. Niyomugabo later took the bodies away and said that we would bury them the following day. The gendarmes kept on telling us not to worry about our well-being, but the next day, the interahamwe killed some people and cut off our water pipes.

Concerned above all else to bring together the largest number of Tutsis in one place, Mudenge said that officials, despite the success of their rehearsal, took additional measures to avoid panic among the refugees and an early departure.

Local officials were still intent, at this stage, on making the Tutsis leave their homes and getting them all together under one roof. I realized just how serious they were about this when Ntegeyintwali shot Masabo to death with a pistol just behind my house. He did this because Masabo, a native of Kibungo, was stealing from the Tutsis who were trying to make their way to the parish. At first, I thought that the deputy-préfet wanted to help them. However, my close contacts with the interahamwe made me realize that he had another aim. Ntegeyintwali didn't want a wrong move by some interahamwe, who was simply looking for personal profit, to become a warning to some Tutsis, thereby making them suspect that they would not be safe in the parish and leading them to get away.

Mudenge also recalls that on the 19<sup>th</sup>, Ntegeyintwali and Ngezahayo attended a conference in Gikongoro town. Their attitude on their return did not bode well for those who filled Cyanika Parish.

They were angry and had an air of decisiveness about them. They went directly to the parish. Ntegeyintwali told the refugees that he didn't want to see them outside the walls of the parish buildings. I was there when he told them this.

Théodore Sindikubwabo led this summit in Gikongoro town. Ntegeyintwali and Ngezahayo both deny their presence there but confirm hearing from others who

attended that its purpose was to urge officials to begin the massacre of Tutsis in Murambi and Cyanika. Sebhura is known to have been there. Mudenge met him the following day, and described him as having an air of resolution.

On 20 April, the eve of the killings, Captain Sebhura went to see the deputy-préfet. It was about 2:00 p.m. in the afternoon. He was in a red Toyota Hilux. On his way back, at about 3:30 p.m., he found me sitting near the Groupe Scolaire of Cyanika, in a place known as *Mabuye*. I was with François, who died in the DRC, and other militiamen. He stopped by to make sure that we were not Tutsis. When he was confident that we were not, he told us: "Be courageous. We are behind you. No Tutsi must get away."

### **"Little Doubt that Murambi was Under Fire"**

Deafening sounds coming from the direction of Murambi kept Mudenge from sleeping in the early hours of the 21<sup>st</sup>. He walked a few kilometres until he reached an elevated position from where he could survey the sky over Gikongoro town. From what he saw, he "had little doubt that Murambi was under fire."

Bellancille<sup>21</sup>, who worked at the parish and lived close by, had come to the same conclusion.

We heard sounds like thunder throughout the night. I found it shocking because I had never heard the sound of gunfire before. We knew they had begun to massacre the Tutsis in Murambi. As the hours passed, the gunfire seemed to come closer and closer to us. Shortly after 3:00 a.m. all the refugees at Cyanika went inside. We found out quickly that some young people had come to Cyanika from Murambi, including Aline Ntirushwa's husband, and they told those at Cyanika what was going on.

In the parish, soldiers told Xavérine and the others to listen closely to the sounds coming from Murambi.

They told us that our hour had come and said: "In an instant, you're going to hear what happens in Murambi." And within a few moments we heard gunshots. Very early in the morning, we started to receive people from Murambi, but they were gravely wounded.

Marianne also talked to the survivors of Murambi and was alarmed by their stories. They were able to enter the parish, she said, "because that night, all the interahamwe had gone to Murambi." Some of the refugees took advantage of their absence for a few hours.

We realized that the same fate awaited us, so people started leaving Cyanika. Even the men who were protecting us fled.

Spéciose Mukangenzi, who currently has a small kiosk at Cyanika health centre, found it unbearable to look at the people who came from Murambi.

Some had amputated arms; some were all red with blood and were still bleeding.

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<sup>21</sup> A pseudonym.

Grâce Mukantarindwa was among the crowd running from Murambi to Cyanika. One thought was uppermost in her mind.

There were a lot of refugees at Cyanika. We wanted to tell them about the killings that had just taken place in Murambi and to tell them to come with us to Burundi. We thought it might be possible to leave *en masse*. Of course, we knew that some of us would be killed on the way, but we also hoped the rest would be saved.

But this hope she said, proved to be "an illusion," firstly because so few of the Murambi survivors actually reached Cyanika, and secondly because soldiers and interahamwe preceded them to the parish. Marie-Chantal Mukamunana had also walked from Murambi to Cyanika.

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**"About 1,500 of us left Murambi, I would say, but not more than 200 actually reached Cyanika. Many were massacred along the way and others drowned in the river which had flooded over because of the recent rains."**

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I almost drowned myself, but the water projected me to the opposite bank.

When he turned up for work at the parish very early in the morning, Gasasira saw the survivors from Murambi.

They told the people at Cyanika to go with them. Given what they had just experienced in Murambi, they had little doubt that they were going to come under fire at Cyanika. But those at Cyanika were hopeful because they were still with Fr. Niyomugabo.

Some nevertheless were courageous enough to make a run for it, but I don't know how far they got from the parish before they were killed.

### **"The Worst Came on 21 April"**

Militia began to congregate at the parish on the morning of 21 April. Mudenge could see a group forming at the office of the sous-préfecture.

Ntegeyintwali began to transport interahamwe from all corners of the region. They assembled at Miko. He took them from there to his office, less than one kilometre from the parish. This process began very early in the morning because at 8:00 a.m., Sebhura came to make sure that all the conditions were in place to begin the work. About 20 well-armed gendarmes accompanied him.

Mudenge was among a mass of men at the football pitch, down the road from Ntegeyintwali's office. Their numbers grew quickly and steadily, and still they waited for others. Sebhura addressed them.

He seemed like a man ready to engage in a battle. He spelt out our mission by telling us: "We have already begun the war in Murambi. Some of the *inyenzi* slipped through and have come this way. They are on the way. Tell your relatives to keep their children inside, otherwise we will not make any distinctions."

Chatting to the other men, Mudenge saw "a line of Tutsis coming from Murambi."

They seemed really scared, but ready to defend themselves. They were in two groups. One group, consisting of about 100 people, was on the Kibingo road, near the cemetery. Another group fell into our ambush. I killed one man on the spot with a *massue*. Then a gendarme told us: "Let them unite with their brothers in the camp. They won't get away from you. Just make sure that they don't scatter." So we accompanied them as far as the entrance.

The gendarmes stopped us from beginning the offensive until the other militia had reached us. There were about 1000 of us. Everyone had a weapon. We were ready to deal with the refugees.

A contingent then arrived from commune Rukondo, driven by Ntegeyintwali in his white Toyota pick-up, in addition to militia who had been dropped off at his office. However, the men who were most eagerly awaited, and whose arrival would have the greatest impact, were the militia from Mudasomwa.

The order to go into action was given when the interahamwe from Mudasomwa drove in. They were like lions ready to devour lambs. They wore eucalyptus leaves. Some of them were brandishing their weapons in the air. [Emmanuel] Ngoga, François Gakuru, the head of the militia in Mudasomwa, and Louis Hategekimana, who's in prison here and who had come in a yellow Daihatsu, seemed to be their leaders. Ngoga was driving the blue Daihatsu of the tea factory of Kitabi. They brought a lot of militiamen with them. The blue Daihatsu made several trips and they also used another vehicle provided by Capt. Sebhura to transport the militiamen of Mudasomwa directly from Murambi.

The men from Mudasomwa came with guns, grenades and machetes. It was the red Hilux of Capt. Sebhura which brought the weapons for the teams from Mudasomwa. They said they had come to help. About 160 militiamen came from Mudasomwa in cars and many, many more came to Cyanika on foot. There were even women, about a dozen, who took an active part in the killings at Cyanika.

When you look at what Ntegeyintwali did to put together the force for Cyanika, and how much assistance he got from the militia of Mudasomwa, I'm convinced that there must have been contact between him and the bourgmestre of Mudasomwa, Emmanuel Nteziryayo.

A group of gendarmes then approached Mudenge and his companions to discuss the refugees' capacity for self-defence.

They came in a vehicle they had seized from Fr. Niyomugabo.

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**"We had every kind of traditional weapon and the support of gendarmes with firearms who had bullets dangling from their necks like a rosary."**

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So we were not worried about going against a crowd of more than 10,000 people. They were worth nothing. The grenades and guns would reduce them to dust. And Ntegeyintwali kept bringing men to increase our force, using his car and the red Toyota.

Bellancille, who would have gone to the parish if she was not relying on her Hutu husband, observed the preparations from her home with trepidation.

Early in the morning, three vehicles filled with killers parked near the parish. The fourth car was Ntegeyintwali's. They were all dressed up in banana leaves and were carrying machetes, *massues* and a wide range of other instruments. Ntegeyintwali had a pistol. I saw him with my own eyes.

According to Mudenge, Ntegeyintwali gave the green light after he had spent half an hour conferring with the men from Mudasomwa.

Urinzwanimana reached the scene just before the massacre began. Sebhura was already there, "accompanied by more than 100 gendarmes, all armed with grenades and guns."

I linked up with a crowd of interahamwe wearing strange uniforms. Some were decked out in eucalyptus leaves, others those of coffee trees. I also noticed the presence of interahamwe from Mudasomwa and Nyamagabe. They came in Daihatsu vehicles. The gendarmes had just told the interahamwe to move towards the camp.

I immediately received some guns from our bourgmestre, Ngezahayo, although he claims that he wasn't there that day. He was the one who told Cyprien Niyonsaba, a communal policeman, to bring them. Before opening fire on the camp, I saw the deputy-préfet with a pistol. Next to him was a policeman who also carried some guns.

In order to confuse the refugees, we took up positions all around the outside of the camp. Those of us who carried firearms began the destruction and converged on the camp. Heavy weapons, such as bombs, mixed with the grenade explosions. The shooting began around 9:30 a.m.

Mudenge was with the militia who had been instructed to surround the parish and to be ready to strike down the refugees who ran out.

Bullets came from all directions. Most of the refugees were killed by grenades and bullets.

Watching as the "huge expedition" began, Gasasira observed that "the assailants were armed to the teeth."

There were soldiers with guns and peasants with traditional weapons. They killed until 5:15 p.m.

There was, added Mudenge, not much for him and his colleagues to do.

It was a question of sweeping away a few people on the point of death, writhing underneath the bodies of their brothers. There were also some who, bewildered by the thunder of guns, didn't know which direction to take and who ran into us.

Among the people I killed, either on my own or with others, the only person I could identify was Bakotanyi, Isaïe's son from Kibingo. He was one of the people who had survived Murambi.

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I didn't think about the fact that I knew him. I killed him because that's how I saw that it had to be. I didn't have pity for the Tutsis once I had made the decision to take part in the massacres.

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At about 1:00 p.m., Urinzwenimana and the other militiamen saw that the work was wrapping up.

We realized that the bodies of refugees were heaped like piles of insects. We entered the interior of the camp to deal with those who were almost dead.

Gasasira saw "corpses everywhere in the courtyard and inside the buildings."

Ntegeyintwali and Captain Sebhura were particularly active in the killings.

While Urinzwenimana and others busied themselves with the dying, an urgent appeal went out for militiamen to follow in the trail of refugees who had been able to run towards Kinyamakara and Rukondo. Urinzwenimana volunteered to go after those who started off towards Kinyamakara.

We pursued them as far as the border with Kinyamakara. We didn't bother to continue our journey as the local people in the area had been fully briefed about what they had to do.

As many looters descended upon the church when the killings were coming to an end, Mudenge hurried off to steal the valuables at the health centre.

I found two other interahamwe there who had come for the same reason, Nkuriza and Kabera, both in prison. We first went after the Tutsis who were hospitalized. We had to because Sebhura had told us to make sure that there were no more Tutsis before we began scouring the area for valuables.

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**"We went into the wards to select people from the race to be eliminated."**

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We identified the wife of Pierre Karerangabo and her two children. She was very sick. Nkuriza struck her with a machete and cut up her two children as he would a cabbage. Then we entered the maternity ward. We captured Mukamutara, Lucie's daughter. She was pregnant. Kabera cut open her stomach with a sword. She died on the spot. He seized her twins and threw them in the air. In the same room, we found Jean Bicamagera's wife; she was with her mother. We killed them with a *massue* and a machete.

On leaving the maternity ward, Mudenge and two companions, Onésphore Mageza and Alphonse Bukeye, returned to the health centre along with several men who had come to burn down one of the rooms where Tutsis had barricaded themselves.

These men included Cyprien Niyonsaba, Hishamunda and a policeman from Rukondo. They shot the door open and opened fire on the refugees. No-one survived. There were more than 30 victims.

Mudenge hoped for a substantial reward but the men from Mudasomwa, who had come over from Murambi and who had been on duty twice that day, were presented with the prize booty.

We got household utensils. Objects of value, like a television, a Mitsubishi vehicle and a motorcycle, were given as a present to the militia from Mudasomwa for their efforts, which were apparent since Murambi. Louis and Ngoga transported these things.

Urinzwenimana was similarly disappointed.

Unfortunately, the interahamwe from Mudasomwa were stronger than we were. They didn't allow us to take any useful things.

The reasons for compensating the militia from Mudasomwa handsomely are clear to Mudenge.

The contribution of the men from Mudasomwa, and the backup they provided to the others, was very evident. In fact, if they had not come to Cyanika, I believe that the massacre would not have been as thorough as it was. They were its leaders and they imposed themselves very effectively as commanders. Capt. Sebhura stayed until the end of the massacre which left about 10,000 people dead. Afterwards the militiamen started the looting.

### **"Plunged Back into the Horror"**

The few people who had come from Murambi, like Grâce, were met by the crackle of firearms. She made it into the church gates just before the downpour of ammunition at about 11:00 a.m.

We found a huge number of refugees there, though not as many as there had been in Murambi. We were met by the sound of gunfire and exploding grenades. We tried to turn back, but they had us surrounded us and they forced us into the courtyard at the priests' houses. They threw stones at us, and anyone who tried to run away was immediately shot.

Cyanika was eerily familiar. She not only recognized some of the killers there, but also found the organization of the offensive and the techniques of annihilation all too predictable.

Some soldiers who'd come from Murambi were there in a Suzuki. I'd seen them in Murambi, but I didn't know who they were.

Cyanika followed exactly the same pattern as Murambi, beginning with the shooting and the lobbing of grenades. They used firearms for a long time. This time, I was terribly afraid; I kept thinking about what I'd just experienced in Murambi. Just when I thought I'd got away, I was plunged back into the horror again. I was with a woman who was carrying a baby in her arms. A grenade went off, severing the baby's head and its mother's hand as she tried to shield her child. I looked at them, rooted to the ground by terror and disoriented by what was happening.

Grâce went into a bedroom where she found others waiting for death. In a few hours, the second phase began.

They found us and began slashing us with machetes. I was hit in the face with a machete, on the left side.

As she passed out straight away, her memories of being struck and falling are blurry. She can not remember his face or features, only that the man who hacked at her first asked for money. Around 3:00 p.m., Grâce opened her eyes and found four other people in the room who were still alive.

One of them was screaming a lot; he was in agony from his injuries and was thirsty. It was raining. I cupped my hands to collect the drops of water that were falling from the corrugated-iron roof and gave him a drink. Every so often, I'd hear people coming to check whether anyone was still breathing. When I saw them coming, I lay down again and pretended to be dead.

Grâce drifted in and out of consciousness. By the time she was again aware of her surroundings, the burials had begun.

They were still throwing the bodies into ditches and giving the wounded the final blow. Some of them were buried alive, particularly the ones who'd lost their legs and couldn't move. I didn't hear a sound from those refugees who were being killed, apart from the screams of some who'd been torn by grenades.

When the time for plundering came, the number of people moving around the bodies increased, but Grâce went on feigning death.

After a while, there were lots of them, even girls, women and old women. They were coming to steal clothes, watches, jewellery and other things from the dead. I started moving towards the bedroom door, lying down again as soon as I heard footsteps. They looked at me, saying: "Whoever hit this girl did a good job; he deserves a reward." One of them kicked me in the ribs to check I was really dead. I didn't move and his companion said: "Don't mess with a corpse; they've been here a while and none of them could've stayed alive this long."

But Grâce defied the odds and held on. Even more astonishing is what she had to say about a young boy.

When I saw other people's injuries, mine seemed minor. I was with a little boy who'd been hit in the head with a machete. He kept calling out to his older sister to get him a drink of water, but she was dead. She was stretched out on the ground right next to him and he didn't know she was dead.

Unfortunately, the child and another injured boy were not allowed to stay alive for long.

Their bodies were put on top of me and we were covered with a wardrobe. Just as I was wondering how I was going to get out of there, some more men entered the room. They said there were people inside the wardrobe and turned it over. They poked us with sticks to check we were dead and then went away again.

When the coast was clear, Grâce snuck away and disappeared into some bushes nearby.

Luckily for Marie-Chantal Mukamunana, who was exhausted and trailing behind the other Murambi survivors walking to Cyanika, the massacre was already underway when she got there, so she could not enter the parish. She was even more discouraged when she saw génocidaires who had just completed massacres at Kaduha Parish in Karambo, arriving to assist with the same "work" in Cyanika.

We again dispersed. Some returned to Gikongoro town and others went in different directions. I was dying of hunger and felt so drained that I could no longer walk.

She sat down in the forest near the church, from where she could hear "the gunfire, the grenades, the cries and the militiamen calling out to each other."

They were done killing around 4:00 or 5:00 p.m. Tired of their gruesome work, they left the place, grabbed what they could and went to drink beer.

Marie-Chantal crawled to a puddle and drank from the muddy water. It was not until midnight that she regained the strength and the presence of mind to make a plan.

My intention was to return to Nzega cellule where I was from. But it took me two days just to go from Cyanika parish to Gikongoro town! When I dragged myself into town, it was daytime. I had to stop. So I went to the home of some friends where I lived until 20 May.

### **"I Thought it was the Last Minute of my Life"**

The refugees who had been at the parish for some time, like Emmanuel, were alert and on edge from the moment they heard the detonations from Murambi.

Very early in the morning, soldiers came with peasants wearing dried banana leaves. The gendarmes who were guarding us said that there were men armed with grenades who wanted to kill us. They asked us to come out into the courtyard so that they could defend us better. Many of us didn't even know what a grenade was, and so we followed their orders blindly.

Emmanuel made his way into the courtyard, where "many peasants with machetes and other traditional weapons surrounded us."

The gendarmes started to shoot us down and we scattered. Each ran in his own direction and the peasants lynched anyone who got out of the buildings. Inside the courtyard, corpses littered the ground, and the dead included children, young girls and boys, old men and women. The bodies were lying on top of people who were not quite dead. No-one wanted to live any more, but the human spirit would not let us die without doing something. You saw a parent who had just seen all his children die before his very eyes. What kind of life would he still want to live?

All four of Emmanuel's own children died at Cyanika. His younger two were slain in front of him with machetes.

Each got two blows on the neck and it was over. There were many in agony among the bodies. Some had lost legs, others arms, and still others were seriously wounded. You heard people asking for water or begging the génocidaires to come and end it all. But those who asked to be killed were tortured even more. The lucky ones died in grenade explosions, or by gunshot.

Around 3:00 p.m. in the afternoon, peasants with knives cornered those who were still intact or alive. They also grabbed whatever we had brought with us. I had a small piece of grenade shrapnel and I was submerged by the cadavers which had fallen on top of me.

Emmanuel left the parish with the few others around him who were strong enough to stand and move.

We thought they would shoot us dead when they saw us running. I was with Habimana who lived in Rwamagana sector and some others. When we came to the outer edge of the parish buildings, they came after us. I immediately ducked into an anti-erosion ditch and slid underneath the bodies there. Later, I learned that Habimana also survived that day and was killed back in his home cellule. In the middle of the night, I got out from under the bodies.

A short distance from the parish, Emmanuel heard men slaughtering a cow in the road. Unable to get around them unnoticed, he sat by the roadside. Unfortunately, one of the men passed close by, saw Emmanuel and alerted the others.

He told them that they hadn't done their jobs because he had just spotted a Tutsi. They surrounded the bush where I was. I thought it was the last minute of my life. I thought they would find me and kill me after torturing me. I ran out and they were soon on my heels. When I got to the road, I veered away and concealed myself in the forest. They didn't know where I'd gone. There were many bodies in the forest as well.

He went to the home of his Hutu brothers-in-law in Gikongoro town where he was reunited with his wife. They remained there together until the end of the genocide.

Deafened by the banging on the gate and the cacophany of noises, Marianne assumed the interahamwe had thrown grenades when she saw some people fall to the ground.

But there weren't any grenades. There was a policeman in a tree behind the house. He had a gun and was the one using it to mow people down. We noticed him afterwards.

From her vantage point in the conference room, she could see the militia cutting down the mosquito wire netting on the windows in order to create an opening. Everyone bolted out of the room and went outside the gate, despite the advice to remain indoors.

Gunfire came at us from every direction and everywhere people were dying. Things got worse by the second. Everyone was looking for an exit. I got separated from my family, for good.

The interahamwe, clothed in banana leaves, went on shooting and throwing grenades, even into the room where we had been. Adults and children alike tumbled down dead. Some children were trampled by the adults running here and there. It was really catastrophic.

Marianne and her friend, Marie-Claire, climbed into the ceiling. But after ten minutes they left, convinced that they would be discovered. Marianne said she preferred to find the others "so we could die with them."

Moments later, Marie-Claire was hit by a grenade and she fell down.

The only way out Marianne could think of was suicide.

Only God knows why I didn't end my own life.

The lives of her relatives were ended for them.

The interahamwe entered where my grandmother, my two paternal uncles and my little brother were. They went for them with clubs. One of my uncles was physically handicapped and they used his own orthopaedic canes. I actually saw my relatives being killed.

She entered a kitchen and stumbled upon her father.

He asked me: "You're still alive? Have you seen the others?" I told him what happened. He didn't say anything. He showed me a spot where I could stay. When they had killed all the Tutsis who were there, and there were lots of them, they came towards us. They started shooting. My father, who was by the entrance, was the first to be hit. He didn't die right away, though I thought he had.

I tried to save myself. I rushed to the middle of a little room crammed with people. This was around 5:00 p.m. There were so many people that you could easily trample a person to death. Everyone who was there was killed. There was another little house next door; many Tutsis also died in there.

Earlier, Mudenge had referred to a room at the health centre which was set on fire. Marianne, who had come into the building as she went from one part of the parish to another, is one of the people they intended to burn to death.

They brought gasoline and poured it on all the people they had killed in order to burn them. For those who were in the back of this room, they brought a drum soaked in gasoline. They lit the fire to burn us.

Marianne was reluctant to leave the room as she thought she was the lone survivor.

A moment later, I saw a person jump out of the fire. A few minutes later, a second, then a third. I also had the courage to leave.

Together with a boy, another girl, and three adult men, they entered the conference room. The youngsters climbed into the ceiling, using the drums.

At about 3:00 a.m. the adults called us and we left the ceiling. We jumped over the fence. Behind the fence, we saw lots of cadavers; obviously those who had tried to leap over the fence had not made it. We carried on. We weren't scared anymore, but we were very conscious of the death we had left behind.

Spéciose Mukangenzi decided upon the health centre as the safest place. On her way, she saw Gasasira leading Fr. Niyomugabo towards the pharmacy.

In that instant, someone hit me with a machete, and I fell down unconscious. I don't know what happened after that. I woke up at night and found myself in the lab. I stayed there, terrified. Almost everyone at the parish was already dead.

Spéciose left the lab three days later and moved from one bush to another until the end of the genocide.

### **"Put Yourself in God's Hands"**

Xavérine was in the residence of Fr. Niyomugabo as bullets and grenades pelted the refugees outside in the courtyard. Amongst the last to be ambushed, her turn came at the end of the day after those in the primary school near the church had all died.

Fr. Niyomugabo told us: "Keep praying, say the Lord's Prayer, put yourself in God's hands and do not cry out." After a few minutes, the interahamwe started yelling:

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**"May the blood that will flow be a curse on Tutsis and their children."**

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And so they began to shoot at us. We didn't have anything but bricks as weapons. They took off the doors with their rifles.

When they came inside, they made us lie on the ground and they started to kill us with machetes. I couldn't identify them. I was almost done for. I had eight children and couldn't see how to defend them.

They began by cutting down those who were closest to the doors. Xavérine was lying on her stomach with her youngest child strapped to her back.

I saw his blood and suddenly knew that he was gone. The head of the other child who had been close to me wasn't there anymore. All my children were dead. The interahamwe flung corpses on top of me, thinking I was one too. I wondered what would become of me without children, and with wounds all over my body. That's when I began to wish I were dead.

Xavérine picked out Didace Hategekimana, the bourgmestre of Rukondo commune; Joël Munyandinda, a teacher; and another man called Gasurira among the perpetrators. Of the young people who got out in time, added Xavérine, most "were killed in Kinyamakara." She herself spent the night under a pile of corpses.

The next day, Ngezahayo and Ntegeyintwali returned. The people with them said: "What a scandal! The blood we've spilled will one day cost us dear." Suddenly the deputy-préfet told them to get rid of anyone who was still breathing. He said: "Go into the countryside and eradicate them. These snakes need to be crushed so that one day Hutu children will wonder what Tutsis used to look like."

I was desperate, hungry and blood ran all down my body. I had wounds on my head and back. They had hit me everywhere; even my knees hurt. I begged one man to just hit me with a blow to the head. "Be silent," he replied: "Don't speak anymore. I'll kill

you myself." He came close and tried to lay me out so it would look like I was dead. His colleagues asked him if I was alive, but he answered that I was just a corpse. After making sure that nobody was alive, they left.

### **"His Body Was Stretched Out on the Road": The Murder of Father Joseph Niyomugabo, 24 April**

Although his actions were ultimately unable to alter the fate of the refugees in Cyanika parish, Father Niyomugabo will never be forgotten by survivors of the massacre for his comforting presence and his refusal to leave them to face the militiamen alone. Rémy Kamugire was 15 in 1994. His family lived behind the parish and they went there on 15 April. He paid a warm tribute to Fr. Niyomugabo.

I was still young, but I followed everything that was happening to us. Fr. Niyomugabo was the only person making sure that the wounded got the care they needed. He was always coming to see how we were doing and to raise our morale. We were really struck by his courage. Not everyone can show bravery under circumstances like that. He had so many opportunities to save his own skin, but he knew how much we were counting on him. It is thanks to him that we got food and a place to stay. He was the only one who cared about us. And he stayed even though he knew that he was remaining behind with Tutsis who were going to be wiped out. He was everything to us while we were at Cyanika.

The priest was himself under constant threat from the militia, but he was steadfast and was still at the parish on the 21<sup>st</sup>. It was only after the shooting commenced that he took cover, with the assistance of the hospital driver, Gasasira.

Gasasira took him into a room at the health centre, very near the parish. Gasasira stayed with him, telling people that he was there to keep an eye on the medicines. He didn't want his co-workers to know that the priest was there. Later, they wondered why Gasasira never left the place.

In addition to Fr. Niyomugabo, Gasasira said he hid three other clergy, including Fr. Aloys Musoni, who had come to the parish for Easter vacation.

I put them in the pharmacy and brought them food at night. They stayed there for three days. On 24 April, the prisoners were still collecting the corpses. One of them passed behind the pharmacy and forced the window open. He found them inside and started yelling to call the others. People had started to suspect that they were there because I was always there. The deputy-préfet also came.

As one of the most sought after victims, it was out of the question that Father Niyomugabo would be spared.

They cut up Fr. Niyomugabo and one of the other clergymen with machetes. The priest was completely naked; the prisoner who first found them had undressed him. They also murdered two girls they found near the parish. Fr. Musoni was taken to Gikongoro bishopric and later killed. The other clergyman went with him and survived.

Mudenge admitted that it was his nephew who discovered the priest.

My nephew, Jean de Dieu Kayigamba, revealed Fr. Niyomugabo's whereabouts. His clothes were ripped off and his naked body was stretched out on the road, in front of Ntegeyintwali, who then took all the medicines home.

Those who stripped Fr. Niyomugabo and then killed him are "the same ones to whom he had given food and clothing", said Spéciose. They had come to get rid of the bodies at the parish. Indeed, Niyomugabo died on the day when those whose lives he had tried to save were being hastily buried.

## **“EVERYONE WAS SATISFIED WITH THE MASS KILLINGS”**

Access to Tutsi wealth and property was used to encourage and reward participation in the killings. Bucyibaruta had assured the men from Mudasomwa who travelled to Cyanika that Tutsi shops in Gikongoro town would be theirs once they had completed their assignment. Back at Murambi, the remaining militiamen immediately set their eyes on the possessions of the victims that lay around them, and also in Gikongoro town. Land, cows and money were among the most sought after treasures to be found and claimed. But even blood-stained clothing, mattresses and cooking utensils were regarded as welcome prizes by the perpetrators and by local residents who made their way up the hill to comb through the camp.

### **“We Returned to the Camp to Loot”**

When Sylvestre Maniraho's companions from Mudasomwa mounted the vehicles that were to take them to Cyanika, he quietly slipped away.

I stayed out of sight so that I could take what I wanted from the commercial district in town. Many others, mostly those who lived in Nyamagabe, had the same idea. They were the ones who knew what Tutsis owned. The shops belonging to Hutus who hadn't taken part in the massacre were not spared either. I came back with a radio and a fridge.

Frédéric Munyemana even disregarded the préfet's summons to the meeting at the end of the massacre so that he could keep others out of the room he marked out as “his.”

There were mattresses and other household things. I stayed there to guard them for my family. There were also some corpses. I didn't have time to look at them. I just fixed my eyes on the possessions.

“When the authorities left,” said David Havugimana, “we came back to the camp to clean it out.”

There were corpses everywhere, soaked in blood. That didn't stop us from stripping the bodies in order to steal cash and jewellery. There were arguments about cows and household items.

Building materials which had been brought for the construction of the school, a public building, also disappeared.

Afterwards, I had time to reflect on the atrocity we had committed in Murambi: some victims still had spears in their bodies and others had appalling gunshot wounds. And still others had cracked skulls.

Juvénal Munyakayanza said he had deserted the militia after he saw a colleague die. But when it came to looting, he "wasn't scared to go into this underworld where thousands of people had been slaughtered."

Everywhere I went, they were robbing from the dead and getting smeared in blood along the way. I got in with a group who were quarrelling over a herd of cattle. There must have been 500 cows. I wanted one of them, but they had all been given away.

When Jean-Pierre Sindikubwabo came to see what he could seize, the leaders were still focused on their targets.

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**"Some authorities and shopkeepers were walking amongst the bodies to identify wanted men."**

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Among them were:

- Sebuhura;
- Félicien Semakwavu;
- Vincent de Paul Nsabiyera;
- David Karangwa;
- Denis Kamodoka;
- Ayurugari, the manager of Electrogaz;
- Félicien Munyengoga, a communal policeman.

Sindikubwabo grabbed what he could.

I managed to take a bloody mattress. I wasn't embarrassed to carry it on my head. Blood trailed behind me on the road. I washed it at the police camp. There were no roadblocks to stop us. Everyone was satisfied with the mass killings. We had all become criminals.

After scouring the school, Sindikubwabo and others "went on to ransack the town."

Tutsi shops were targeted, notably those owned by:

- Bwenge;
- Kawasaki, he died after the genocide;
- Appolinaire, he owns now a shop in Taba.

Déo was among the refugees who saw this episode from the bushes near the school.

They would undress the cadavers and take objects from the victims: watches, jewellery, cows... Women and girls would undress other women and girls in order to see, they said, if the sex of Tutsi women was the same as that of Hutu women. They seemed to find real satisfaction from humiliating Tutsi women. I could still hear the wounded crying out in anguish and the children sobbing beside their dead mothers.

He saw the faces of several acquaintances and named them.

I caught sight of Semabinga, Nyabutama and Rwamukwaya, all in Gikongoro central prison, and many others whose names I can't recall.

Déo left the area when it got dark and went to Kabeza.

People were grilling meat and saying to each other: "Let's be quick, Tutsis can resuscitate and overtake us." I went towards Taba where I lived before the genocide. Along the way, I again heard Semakwavu telling Hutus to kill first because the belongings would be theirs as no one else would claim them. He was with Bucyana who worked at the Gikongoro Project for Agricultural Development (PDAG).

Julienne was in a banana plantation. Like Déo, she emphasized that women and children were also keen to benefit from the slaughter that their fathers, brothers and husbands had carried out.

I saw people checking if anyone was alive, and women and young girls taking clothes and other items from the dead.

Officials also personally distributed rewards and tokens of appreciation. Ngezahayo of Karama, acknowledged that men from his commune played their part at Murambi and said that Frédéric Kabera, councillor of Muganza sector, which borders Murambi, led them there. Some of these men received official thanks.

I found out that Lindiro, one of my police officers from cellule Kiraro, sector Muganza, was given a cow by the gendarmerie and the office of the préfecture because he had shot so many Tutsis.

Nyirimbuga and other men who lived around Murambi and who did not proceed to Cyanika went to fetch their families from the ACEPER secondary school where they had been relocated prior to the massacre. Their contribution was also given recognition.

But before going home, each family was given a few kilos of rice. The amount depended on the size of the family; those with four children got about 20 kilos. The vehicles which brought the sacks of rice for us came from Bucyibaruta's office. I heard people saying the food came from Caritas.

Later on, officials turned their attention to the sale of Tutsi-owned lands, which for a largely peasant and farmer population, was the most desired rewards. In Nyamagabe, Semakwavu personally took charge of the task. Laurent Sebagenzi said he saw him in his sector of Kamegeri.

After the showdown at Murambi, Semakwavu came to in my sector with Gasana to see about the distribution of Tutsi land to Hutus. Everyone who received a share paid money to the commune.

Even produce that had not yet been harvested was available for purchase. Innocent Basomingeru, a prisoner who is also from Nyamagabe, said Semakwavu visited his cellule, Kitazigurwa in sector Ngiriyi.

He was with our councillor, Munyampundu. They helped with the sale of the crops which were still in the fields. People got receipts for the value of the goods.

## **"THE LOCAL POPULATION HAD TO BURY THE BODIES"**

Both in Murambi and Cyanika, the task of burying the bodies of victims began almost immediately. Concern about the spread of disease as well as a desire to rapidly conceal the evidence prompted the office of the préfecture to initiate the process without delay. They provided two bulldozers, one of which belonged to the private company, EMUJECO, as well as a Nissan truck, to expedite the work which was assigned to residents living in the affected areas. But as many were reluctant, the préfet called on the prisoners of Gikongoro prison to do the bulk of the work. The bourgmestres of Murambi and Cyanika, Semakwavu and Ngezahayo, supervised the proceedings and offered refreshments to the inmates who transported and dumped the bodies. A few survivors, looking out from nearby bushes, saw the bodies being covered with earth. With thousands of victims at the two sites, the burial stretched out over four days. Then, turning on the Tutsis within the central prison, on the orders from the gendarmerie, inmates put to use, once again, the weapons they had collected from Murambi.

### **"The Burial Was Not Organized as a Gesture of Respect"**

Callixte Hategekimana was transferred from Kigali to Gikongoro in November 1993 by the Ministry of Public Works. Then 28, Callixte was working in the department responsible for roads and bridges and was their representative in the préfecture. The day following the massacre at Murambi, he received a note from the préfet, instructing him "to make available bulldozers to bury the victims."

I provided a Nissan truck to transport the prisoners and a bulldozer to pick up the corpses. I chose Ntawukuriyayo, who worked at the Mata tea factory, to drive the truck. The office of the préfecture and the commune paid for the fuel. Because of the huge number of victims at Murambi, it became necessary to bring in more equipment. So the préfecture contacted EMUJECO, a company that was building a road in Mudusomwa, and they provided a second bulldozer.

He said the machines were used for both Murambi and Cyanika, but that Cyanika took one day to clear whereas Murambi took four. While Hategekimana accepted that the burial "completely lacked dignity," for him, "the préfet's decision was ideal."

The victims who were strewn everywhere were a big environmental headache. Disease could afflict the entire region and decimate us all. It's true that the authorities in the préfecture played a central role, directly or indirectly, in the extermination of the Tutsis. Still, they had a responsibility to take into account the health of the population. Life had to go on. Local residents couldn't go back to their normal activities until the victims had been buried.

We couldn't build tombs and embellish them for thousands of victims. That would have taken a long time, and the préfecture didn't have time.

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**“Besides, these people were looked upon as an enemy. The burial was not organized as a gesture of respect for them. Rather, it was a way of sparing the population the outbreak of an epidemic.”**

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Joseph Ntegeyintwali, the deputy-préfet in Cyanika, similarly justified the haste for the burials there.

The burial lacked respect, but it was necessary to get on with it, otherwise the entire region would undoubtedly have been exposed to all sorts of diseases.

The prospect of catching a disease from the decomposing bodies made those who resided near the massacre sites unwilling to be involved in the burial. Nyirimbuga said he wanted no part of this clean up, even though some of those who lost their lives at Murambi died at his hands.

Bucyibaruta and Semakwavu sent David Karangwa and Havugimana to tell us that the local population had to bury the bodies. We refused because there were thousands of them lying around everywhere.

In Cyanika as well, the local population ignored calls from their officials. As a result, the authorities, like Ngezahayo, were obliged to turn to prisoners for help.

The day following the massacre, I received a letter from the préfet. He told me to bury the victims. He also told me to put them far from the road, out of sight. He wanted to obliterate signs of the horror that had taken place. I phoned him to say that I couldn't find people willing to undertake the work. So he took the decision to send prisoners and a bulldozer to accelerate matters.

Jean de Dieu Habinshuti, aged 21 at the time, was among the prisoners called out to bury the corpses. While some went to Cyanika, he, a native of Nyamagabe, was despatched to Murambi. Recruited as a soldier in 1991, he was imprisoned in January 1994 for desertion. While in prison, the inmates, he said, had followed the news about the genocide and had heard the explosions coming from Murambi on the 21<sup>st</sup>. As head of security in the prison, it was his responsibility to select men to complete the burials.

There were about 80 of us. We stopped by the gendarmerie camp and found Bucyibaruta and Sebhura there. They told us to deal with the bodies in Murambi as quickly as possible. They promised us rewards to make it worthwhile. When we reached Murambi, Semakwavu was already there, with two communal policemen. They got us started right away.

The scene Habinshuti encountered gave him a good indication of the scale of the slaughter, and how events there had played out.

It was really horrible to see so many naked victims. Children, women, men, all were totally nude. All the rooms were filled up with piles of bodies. It was also astonishing to see the huge number of corpses outside the rooms, at the entrance doors. This showed us that they had been struck down when they were trying to gain entry into the rooms. There were also bodies spread out all over the courtyard.

He outlined the procedures, supervised by the bourgmestre.

Under Semakwavu's instructions, we collected the corpses. We made up huge piles. Semakwavu was standing next to us. On the first day, a bulldozer from the Ministry of Public Works came. The machine dug huge pits behind the classrooms. We loaded up the bulldozer with bodies. At about 2:00 p.m., the driver went and chucked them in the holes. Semakwavu offered us beer at the shops in Kabeza before we left for the day.

When we returned to Murambi the following day, we found a second bulldozer there. We went about our work in the same way as the day before, using both bulldozers. The task continued for four days. We were always with Semakwavu and each time, he gave us beer at the end of the day.

As he carried and handled the bodies, Habinshuti could see how each victim had died.

Some were marked by bullets and grenades. We also picked up a lot of different of machetes, clubs and spears. Those who had been decapitated had been hit with machetes. Some bodies still had the weapons inside. And some were stuck together because their blood had dried. When we went back to prison, the other prisoners moved away from us. We smelled of death.

Towards the end of 1994, when the bodies from Murambi were exhumed, Innocent Ndiyariye was still able to identify some of them.

I recognized Immaculée Mukamana; her baby was still lying on her chest. It was awful to see. I also saw Samuel Nkundiye. But I didn't have the courage to stay and watch.

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**"When I saw all those bodies, I remembered a man called Nyantamyi who used to never tire of saying, long before the genocide: 'Tutsis are going to be eliminated soon. I know it. It's a fact.'"**

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In Karama, where Ngezahayo oversaw the burials at Cyanika, one of the mass graves was dug near the convent of the Sisters of Benébikira, very near the church, on an adjacent hill.

There were about 100 prisoners. I respected the préfet's instructions. The bulldozer dug a place some distance from the road, about 500 metres. The prisoners picked the corpses and loaded them onto the machine.

With the necessary labour and vehicles, it took from 11:00 a.m. until evening to dispose of all the bodies. According to Juvénal Mudenge, who had contributed to the death toll at Cyanika, at the end the prisoners drank beer provided by Ngezahayo.

## **"I Heard a Lot of Muffled Cries"**

A few survivors were far enough away to avoid attracting attention, but close enough to watch the proceedings. Consolée had collapsed by a bush not far from the school and saw many refugees being slain around her. She became apprehensive when a bulldozer began digging a pit close to where she was, but couldn't shift away lest she gave a sign that she was still alive.

I couldn't move because I could see what they were doing to the dying and to survivors. I heard a lot of muffled cries.

She left the bush at midnight. As the residents of Murambi had not yet returned to their homes, she didn't meet anyone on the road, except for dogs hovering around the corpses. She made it to her cellule of Gasaka where an old woman, whose husband and sons were themselves interahamwe, let her stay in her rubbish dump.

From a banana plantation, Julienne also saw the mass graves being formed and filled.

I saw a bulldozer that was brought to dig the graves. They spent the whole day digging the graves. They came back the next morning and spent two days throwing the bodies into the holes.

Julienne emerged at night and chose to stay for a while in a forest near the Bishopric of Gikongoro. From there she went to the home of her cousin, married to a Hutu, and lived there until the end of the genocide.

In Cyanika, Grâce had a clear view from the hedges.

Prisoners loaded the bodies onto lorries. I don't know where they threw them.

She eventually found a way to the home of one of her mother's goddaughters in Kibingo, Karama, and returned to Murambi when she learned that it was under the protection of French soldiers.

## **"There are Tutsis Amongst you Prisoners"**

On their way back to the prison from Murambi, Habinshuti and his colleagues passed by the gendarmerie camp where they received new orders.

One of the gendarmes told us: "Thank you for the work you have accomplished. Only one thing remains to be done. There are Tutsis amongst you prisoners. You have to identify them and kill them."

They left for the prison in a truck, accompanied by three gendarmes and two prison guards.

The gendarmes spoke to the head guard, saying:

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**"Your prison is the only place which harbours Tutsis in the préfecture. You have to get rid of them."**

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The policemen went back in their vehicle.

In the evening, Uwiragiye, from commune Kivu, one of the prison leaders, gave me a list of prisoners to seek out. He had just been given this list by the head guard. The new director, Vénant Nkurunziza, and his deputy, Kalisa, compiled the names. Kanusu, the former director, had fled because he was Tutsi and was murdered in Butare.

Habinshuti went through the prison blocks to identify and separate all the Tutsis on the list. Inmates took them in front of the small prison cells.

We killed about 80 prisoners with the weapons that we had picked up in Murambi. The bodies were left inside the prison during the night. Very early in the morning, the truck that had taken us to Murambi came back, with the same driver. We sent about 20 prisoners to go and bury them in Murambi. The others were buried among the coffee trees below the prison.

One evening a few days later, the gendarmes brought three Catholic priests from the bishopric to the prison. Among them were:

- Fr. Aloys Musoni from Rutobwe in Gitarama préfecture; he was working at the Parish of Cyanika. As mentioned earlier, he had been with Fr. Niyomugabo at the pharmacy when militiamen discovered them on 24 April.
- Fr. Iréné Nyamwasa was from Karama sector in Mubuga commune and worked at Parish of Mubuga. He took sanctuary in Gikongoro parish on 8 April.
- Fr. Pierre Canisius Mulinzi was from Cyumba in Muganza commune, Butare. He became a priest in the Diocese of Gikongoro in 1992 and was living with Fr. Iréné at the Parish of Mubuga and followed him to Gikongoro, arriving at the bishopric on 9 April.

They were assassinated on 14 May in the prison by Habinshuti amongst others.

We removed their clothes in front of the prisoners. We tortured them by submerging their heads in water, and then beat them with *massues*. The prisoners who were mainly responsible are:

- Emmanuel Nizeyimana, alias Procureur;
- Nzayisenga;
- Gafaru, from Bunyambiriri.

All the remaining prisoners were released on 26 May 1994.

The three priests were buried in a coffee plantation near the prison, but for 11 years, their resting place remained unknown. Their bodies have since been exhumed and reburied down the hill from Gikongoro cathedral. A memorial now stands there in their name.

## “DEATH WASN'T READY FOR ME” Tracking Down the Survivors

Those who had the good fortune to leave Murambi and Cyanika with no wounds or minimal injuries faced immediate and continued danger outside, as militiamen persisted in tracking down survivors. Families inevitably became separated as those who were still alive walked in different directions. Occasionally, relatives stumbled upon each other, only to split up again. In the elusive search for peace, these survivors sometimes got caught up in massacres elsewhere, either in Gikongoro or Butare. And women faced the prospect of rape and gang rape as they wandered from one bush to another.

Julienne had gone to Murambi with almost her entire family, but found herself on her own in the aftermath of the massacre. “With local people waiting in every direction,” it was not, she said, “easy to find a way out of the carnage.”

From where she was crouching in the bush, Consolée said she could see “as Tutsis were cut down by machetes, clubs and other weapons.” Some of them jumped over her as they ran.

A man called John was telling the others where the refugees had passed.

The interahamwe who slashed Jeannette with a machete and a sword did not intend for her to live. Jumping over corpses, she left Murambi before 7:00 a.m. when the peasants rushed in with their traditional weapons. From a banana plantation, she overheard orders that were, as the mother of six, of special concern to her.

They were saying: “Remember Kagame was still a child when he left Rwanda. Don’t spare any child, even the infants. They have a lot of children, these Tutsis.”

Faced with impossible odds, it is little wonder that the women and men who are alive to give their testimonies attribute their survival to sheer luck. That luck included the kindness of Hutu friends and acquaintances, as well as the fact that some of their tormentors were in great haste, perhaps to run after someone else, or to share in the spoils of the genocide. But there were also those, especially the elderly or parents who had lost all their children, who were deliberately left alive in order, as the militia said so often, “to die of sorrow.”

### **"I Went to the Home of a Hutu Friend"**

Despite the relentless campaign to present the genocide as a war of "them or us," and irrespective of the intimidation that was central to the strategy of drawing in the entire Hutu population, some Hutus offered assistance to Tutsi friends, relatives and even strangers, by welcoming them into their homes, treating their injuries and helping them to look for a way to stay alive. As aiding Tutsis carried the risk of severe punishment, it took considerable courage reach out across the ethnic divide. In their flight, Tutsis were, more often than not, turned away, the door shut in their face by a familiar figure. In that bleak time, a gesture of goodwill from just one person was often the difference between life and death.

As she ran outside, Colette<sup>22</sup> bumped into her brother-in-law. He did not have news of her husband. When she reached the bottom of the valley, she lay on a bed of reeds and stayed there for three days.

The murderers kept returning to Murambi to certify that there were no survivors left. I saw them repeatedly enter the forest, armed with machetes and canes.

On the third night, she decided to take her own life.

At around 10:00 p.m. I got up to commit suicide because I couldn't bear the idea of being hacked by a machete. I couldn't forget the image of the people at Murambi who had been cut up by machetes.

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**"I threw myself into a small stream that was nearby, but I didn't die. I told myself that death wasn't ready for me."**

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Collette then took the path towards Cyanika, a few days after the massacre of 21 April there.

I was welcomed by mountains of decomposing cadavers, which gave off a strong and terrible smell. There were even bodies in the road and there was congealed blood everywhere.

She walked to the home of Triphonie, an elderly woman who had helped Colette's daughter find work in Butare and who was unaware that Colette came from a Tutsi family.

I found her in her field of sweet potatoes. I explained that I was coming from Murambi. Surprised, she asked me: "Are you a Tutsi?" I told her yes. I begged her to let me stay with her during the day, saying I would leave at night so that the interahamwe didn't see me.

Colette's request placed Triphonie in a predicament for her own son was a soldier. She gave her clothes and food and then proposed that she stay and await her son's reaction.

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<sup>22</sup> A pseudonym. The names in this section of the testimony have been changed to protect the privacy of the witness who was raped.

He did nothing to me. He in fact asked me not to leave the house so that no-one would see me.

Triphonie's decision to let Colette work in her fields exposed her. Marc, a man who knew her, alerted the cellule *responsable* and insisted that he examine her ID card, which she did not have on her. Marc returned the following day, together with the *responsable* and a group of other men.

One of them, who was from my home area, identified me. He said he also knew my husband and was emphatic that I was indeed a Tutsi. He added: "Get her husband. He must be here as well." When I told him that he had died in Murambi, he slapped me on the cheek.

She was taken to the councillor so he could decide her fate. He in turn ordered that she should be taken to a roadblock. As it was market day, she mingled with the large crowd of people on the move and did not attract attention.

Marc made me sit down to wait for Gaspard Karimutumye, alias Burundu, to come and kill me. Gaspard, the leader of the interahamwe in our area, paid people who captured a Tutsi who had been sought after for some time. We waited for him, but he never came. So Marc dragged me into the forest and beat me, tore my clothing, then raped me and left me there. I stayed there naked from 11:00 a.m. until the evening. I left when it started to drizzle and went back to Triphonie's home.

Triphonie, Collette said, was "stupefied" when she knocked on her door. She remained in her home until the end of the genocide.

Simon Mutangana and his wife, Annonciata Muhayimana, lost track of each other in their commune of Mudasomwa, and reunited in Murambi. Leaving behind the bodies of his two daughters, aged six and four, and his two brothers, Simon left Murambi at about 9:00 a.m. after he had been hit by a stone. Weak from hunger after three days in the bush, he went to a house in Kamegeri in Nyamagabe.

It was the home of a Hutu named Semahembe. He was my cousin's husband.

He was overjoyed to find Annonciata there as well, together with their youngest child who had been strapped to her back in Murambi. Forced out by suspicious neighbours after two weeks, Simon and Annonciata, once again, went their separate ways. Saying he had run out of options, Simon returned to Mudasomwa, to the home of a friend.

Isaac Mujegando was very surprised to see that I was still alive. I spent only night with him because his own son was an interahamwe. He also said that instructions had been given to kill all Tutsis. And there was a good chance the peasants in the area would denounce him. So I went to the bush. And then I went to the home of Pascal Habimana. He kept his cool and despite rumours that he was looking after someone, he denied it. One time he was very severely intimidated and for that week, he took me to the bush and brought me food at night, after which I returned to his home until I heard there were French soldiers in Gikongoro.

Unwilling to leave behind the corpses of her three children, as well as her husband, Hildegarde, who was four months pregnant, stayed by her children throughout the 21<sup>st</sup>, until she saw the militia return in the evening. She made her way to Butare town,

which had just unleashed its own genocide. When the killings began at Butare University Hospital on the 22<sup>nd</sup>, she went to a house in sector Cyarwa, commune Ngoma, where she expected sympathy and a helping hand from the owner.

I thought of him as a family friend. I told him everything that had happened to me. He threw me out, saying he couldn't have an *inyenzi* in his home.

With nowhere else to go, Hildegard returned to the hospital, but became nervous when Hutus she had known in Gikongoro expressed surprise that "they had not seen her corpse in Murambi." She found some members of her extended family who were still at home, close to the office of Caritas in town. She had only been with them a few hours they came under siege.

They were executed near the Groupe Scolaire Officiel of Butare. I was spared because they didn't know me; they were specifically looking for the people who lived in this house.

Feeling increasingly insecure in Butare, Hildegard decided to return to Gikongoro, using a Hutu ID card she obtained in Butare. To draw less attention to herself, she mingled with the Zairian nationals who were leaving for Zaïre.

At the roadblocks, they talked about me, but since they didn't know me, they let me pass. The Zairians also helped me because they waited until I had been released.

It dawned on Hildegard, when she reached the border of Butare and Gikongoro, that her Hutu ID card "was of no value once I entered the milieu where I was known." She told her Zairian companions to proceed without her while she reflected on her options. In Kinyamakara, she learned the fate of the Tutsis of that commune from a young girl who was hanging out some washing near a fountain.

She told me that almost all the Tutsis had been killed and their houses reduced to ashes and that survivors were still being hunted down.

Worried that the girl would alert her parents, Hildegard reassured her that she was not a Tutsi and had come from Butare where she had been hospitalized for a long time. She remained at the fountain while she waited for nightfall, and when it was dark, began to walk towards Karambi. Along the way she met a young boy who, she said, "knew very well I was a Tutsi." He discouraged her from going to Karambi, saying the roadblock at the trading centre there was particularly treacherous, and guided her to what he considered a safe bush. Overcome by fatigue, she fell into a deep sleep and was woken up by a torrential downpour at midnight.

I decided to go to the home of the director of the Youth Training Centre (CFJ) in Mwogo, Nyamagabe. I got there at about 3:00 a.m. I knocked on the window of their bedroom. They let me in and let me stay until the end of the genocide.

The kindness Bélie expected to receive from a relative, she found with simple acquaintances. Bélie, then 51, was in a forest in Remera when at about 7:00 p.m. on the 21<sup>st</sup>, she was caught off guard when a man looking after his herd called out her name. He accompanied her to the home of her niece, married to a Hutu.

After a few days, the father-in-law of my niece threw me out during the night. My niece pleaded with him to at least let me stay the night.

Bélie left the next morning, and found welcome in the home of another Hutu where she lived until the end of the genocide.

Jeannette did not get very far when she was ambushed by two men in a banana plantation near the school grounds.

They struck my neck five times with machetes and plunged a sword into my shoulder. I fell down. When I regained consciousness, I found myself naked, apart from my underwear. I had blood all over my skin and I was shaking from fear.

She became even more apprehensive when she saw a vehicle filled with militiamen taking the direction of Cyanika.

But others remained behind to clobber those who weren't completely dead. Women and children were taking clothes off the corpses and the dying. I didn't hear any of the victims scream, just the groans of the dying. But the murderers were shouting and whistling. And there were lots of them.

A Hutu she knew led her away, and then told a series of lies to get her past the roadblocks. In Kabeza, he was asked "where he was taking this snake."

He told them I was his sister who had married a Tutsi. In a place commonly known as *ku ironderi* (roundabout), they told us to show our IDs. He replied that mine had been taken with my clothes, and they let us through.

Jeanette then went to the Nyamagabe health centre where she knew a medical assistant. She was treated for her injuries, but she was always looking over her shoulder because injured Tutsis were taken away. When her scars began to heal, she asked a Hutu friend for asylum, and stayed with her until July.

Bernadette left the school grounds after learning that her husband and children had died. She concealed herself behind a pile of cooked bricks. She was later joined by her sister-in-law, Marie. Anxious to get away from Murambi, Marie left to ask family friends for help, and was later murdered. Bernadette remained in a coffee plantation for a while and then went to her father's house.

He was still alive, but the house had been ransacked. The people living all around us were accusing him of being an accomplice of the *inyenzi*, saying his wife's relatives were in his house. I stayed with him, living in deplorable conditions.

But it was the attitude of people that made Bernadette feel the weight of the genocide.

All the neighbours isolated me so much that no-one would even shake my hand. People were sharing out our property between them in my presence.

Bernadette remained in her father's house until the end of the genocide.

## "We Lied That We Were Hutus"

To stay alive, while on the run, Tutsis had to rely on help from others, but they also demonstrated—as people whose lives are at stake must—extraordinary individual capacity for self-preservation and the strength of mind to run or talk their way out of a series of potentially deadly encounters. For Yvette and Didacienne, their first instinct was to deceive the interahamwe who approached them by saying that they were Hutus.

Focused on the need to help the men who were trying to defend them, Yvette<sup>25</sup> had left her two older daughters in the care of relatives in the camp, and did not see how they died. Nor was she aware at the time that her husband had survived. Carrying her youngest on her back, she dashed with others into a banana plantation which belonged to a man they knew, Munyanziza. The interahamwe were soon on their heels.

We told them we were Hutus who had fled with the Tutsis because we didn't know who was killing who.

The militia were not convinced, telling them that their "noses were not Hutu noses." Nevertheless, they left their fate to be settled by others. They left and were succeeded by another group. Yvette and her companions tried their luck again, telling the same story. Again, they met with scepticism.

They asked us to find them someone who could verify this tale. I told them about Munyanziza. Fortunately, when they asked him if we were Hutus, he said that we were and they left us alone. We spent the day [of the 21<sup>st</sup>] in the banana plantation. At about 9:00 p.m., Munyanziza came to get us out of there, but told us that we couldn't stay in his house. There were four of us, including my daughter. We went in different directions.

When Yvette and her daughter reached sector Gasaka, her maternal aunt, who was married to a Hutu, gave them something to eat and then sent them on their way to the home of her husband's cousin in Kamegeri. After two nights, he asked them to leave, but unsure where else to go, she returned and stayed put for a while. It was a precarious existence.

They came to look through their house regularly, and again they chased us away again. I left without knowing where to go. Children, adults and dogs ran after me with swords, machetes and clubs.

Former clients she met on the road took her in, but it was a temporary respite.

The next day, I ran into a former soldier. He was with three friends who helped him to force me to go to his house. That was around 25 May. My child stayed behind with the family. I lived with him for a long time and I became like his wife. It was real torture for me; it would have been better if I had died with the others.

After about a month, Yvette fetched her child and decided to run away. But the local shopkeepers refused to find transport for her.

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<sup>25</sup> A pseudonym.

They said this man would crush them if he discovered they had helped me get away from him. In the evening, an old woman from the family where I had been staying before entrusted me to her two domestics who accompanied me as far as Murambi.

Didacienne had seen her family's shepherd among the militia in the school and although he had no doubts about their ethnicity, he backed up her story that she and her siblings were Hutus. Some of the men gave them a change of clothes and then asked them to point out their house in Gasaka. Their story began to unravel at the Nzega roadblock.

There we met someone who knew us very well. We had given Kazitunga as our father's name, but he mentioned our father's real name. We denied that Mbaraga was our father. He let us go. Idiot that I was, I took them as far as our house.

The state in which they found the house immediately identified them as Tutsis.

It had been completely demolished. I didn't know what to say. The people who lived nearby all came out to mock us. We just stood there, motionless.

Fortunately, two people who lived in the vicinity came forward and took them to Kigeme hospital where their wounds were tended.

I had no idea what day it was and I couldn't tell you how much time we spent there.

Didacienne's brother and grandfather were both murdered at the hospital. She returned to Murambi with some other survivors and lived out the final days of the genocide in Butare.

### **"Don't Kill This One"**

Stories about what happened in Rwanda in 1994 illustrate not only cruelty and betrayal and, to a much lesser degree, courage and kindness, but highlight contradictions and moral ambiguity. It is not unusual to find that even the most committed organizers, and the most ardent interahamwe, did their best to spare an old friend or acquaintance. Some of those who took the clothes off a wounded person occasionally left them alive. Others stopped a killing to obtain a sexual slave or free labour at home. Murambi was no different, as the details in the narratives below exemplify.

Using his background as a builder, Emmanuel Hangari found a secure spot in the rafters of the ceiling. But his movements disclosed his whereabouts and he soon heard the sound of tiles being broken and ripped apart. He was ordered out of the ceiling, and then told to take his clothes off.

Each one wanted to take my clothes and everyone wanted to be the one to see me die by his machete. One of them realized he knew me and stopped them from killing me. He took me with him and led me to my grandmother's house. She was 90 years old and had been left in an empty house to die from sorrow and loneliness.

After weaving frantically through the dead bodies, Francine Mutuyimana reached the opposite end of the school complex. She had hardly gone any distance when fell into a large ditch. At the age of 11, she simply did not have the strength to pull herself out of there.

I called for help from those who were running by me, but no-one responded. Everyone was trying to avoid being cut down. Sadly, many met their deaths only a few metres from the school. All I could hear were the sounds of the dying who were being hacked. Finally, I yanked myself out of there.

As she came out of the cavity, she caught sight of her cousin Isaïe with his friend Gakwavu, both nursing gunshot wounds. They took her with them and along the way, they linked up with others. With the militia never far away, most fell along the way. Francine was small and could slip between the legs of her would-be killers.

I carried on running. At one moment, I found myself with Isaïe's wife and a child I didn't know. The woman was later caught. When they captured someone, they would sometimes force them to sit on the ground and order them not to cry before the machetes, axes and *massues* came down on their head. Some victims refused to sit down and asked why they were being killed without any reason.

When she and her young companion found themselves alone in an unfamiliar area, Francine proposed that they stop running.

We squatted by a heap of stones and stayed there until 6:00 p.m. when we heard a crowd of assassins pass by.

All of a sudden the child rushed out and confronted them.

She begged them to kill her.

Francine also came out from behind the pile of stones.

The little girl died right then and there, bashed with a machete. One of the men, a stranger to me, told the others: "Don't kill this one, I'll take her with me so that she can graze my pigs."

He took her to his house and the next day sent her out to purchase some tobacco. Francine encountered a group of interahamwe along the way.

They told me to sit on the ground. I sat down and shut my eyes, waiting for the fatal blow. I immediately felt the *massue* hit me twice in the back, and then on the shoulders.

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**"I crumbled to the ground, less because of the cuts than because of the total fear that led me to believe that I was dead."**

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I then heard a voice say: "Leave her, she's dead." They left. After they dispersed, I got up and went to look for the tobacco. When I got back, the man told me not to go out anymore.

After a week inside the house, she began her work of grazing the pigs. She stayed at this man's home for about a month.

Suzanne left Murambi at about 10:00 a.m. on the 21<sup>st</sup>, wearing only her underwear and leaving behind the bodies of her eight children and her husband. Convinced that her youngest child, who was taken off her back, was still alive, Suzanne pleaded with Juvénal Muryakayanza, whom she met in front of the SOS premises, to return to Murambi and bring him back to her. Muryakayanza, accused of contributing to the huge death toll at Murambi, gave this account of their conversation.

She was being followed by Hamani and Gidéon. Two Twas were behind them and wanted to know her ethnicity. They had just killed the child she was carrying on her back. Hamani and Gidéon lied, saying she was Hamani's wife. They gave the Twas 2,000 francs to go back home.

She told me that her child had been in the two-story building. She seemed to be traumatized. I promised to go back when the massacres were over, but I didn't believe that the child could still be alive. We took her to our area. This was around 6:00 a.m. Most of the men were at Murambi. All she was wearing was her underwear. My wife gave her a cloth and a shirt and she went to live with her Hutu brother-in-law.

Suzanne did indeed go to the home of her younger sister who was married to a Hutu.

At one point Gasana, the head of the militia came and told me that I would be executed after Habyarimana's funeral.<sup>24</sup>

Muryakayanza returned to Murambi around 11:00 a.m. but to steal, not to look for Suzanne's child. Still, he said, "the thought of the child came to my mind as well." The thought remained with him and, he added: "I couldn't sleep that night. The thought of this child haunted me."

He returned to Murambi the next day and watched as prisoners stacked thousands of corpses on to bulldozers. They had only begun their work, and he said he could not help thinking: "They have no idea how much grisly work was left to do." He wanted to leave, but was "feeling anxious about something."

I decided to walk around the camp. I came upon an appalling sight: a huge mound of naked female bodies. I couldn't look away. As I was about to go, I saw a child underneath the body of a woman. He was clinging to her chest. I didn't know if she was his mother. At this moment, a mass of thoughts came to me. At first, I wanted to kill him. Then I thought I would leave the prisoners to decide his fate.

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**"I stood there, transfixed, in front of a mountain of corpses and this one living child. It was then I decided to save the boy."**

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<sup>24</sup> Tutsi women married to Hutus were often told that they would be killed after the burial ceremonies for President Habyarimana, which were planned for 5 July, the anniversary of the coup which brought him to power.

Eventually he stole the child away, keeping him out of the sight of the prisoners, and avoiding the roadblocks of Gatyazo and Gasaka where militiamen were still on the look out for "hostile forces."

From the moment I took the boy to my house, the interahamwe were always harassing me, especially Haruna.<sup>25</sup> Haruna said his spear shouldn't spend a night without being stained by blood.

I left the child with a poor Muslim woman called Madina. She lived in Gitantu. Madina spoke very little which helped to keep the child alive. He was named Masudi Nzabaregerimana. His surname means "I will complain to God." It expresses the suffering he overcame, without even being aware of it. Madina was later given a house to take care of the child. Masudi lived there until Madina's death. He now lives with the other children at the SOS compound in Gikongoro.

Wearing only a half-slip as she left the school, Alphonsine held her head high and kept her gaze forward so that she would not catch sight of people she loved or knew among the bodies she had to step over. She took the same road as the men she had seen stealing from the camp.

They saw that I came from Murambi, but they let me go on. I was almost naked and completely unrecognizable.

She came upon multiple roadblocks and remembers those in Kabeza and at Gatyazo. She recalls the time afterwards as a period when she was "crazy-like."

I went to see our Hutu friends at Nyagisenyi<sup>26</sup> where I spent four days feeling very uneasy. I soon went to Nzega where I stayed until the end.

Alphonsine decided not to go to Murambi when the French military took it over, saying she "didn't have the courage to return there after seeing people burying the dead in large cavities on the sides of the hill."

Eugénie Mushimiyimana stuck close to a handful of people as she walked out of Murambi.

We didn't know which direction to take. I was simply following the others. But to where? I had no idea. Along the entire road, on every side of it, there were peasants with machetes, *massues* and clubs and they used them to strike down a lot of the survivors. I saw a lot of refugees I knew die in the vicinity of the school or in the bushes and roads around the area.

When she could no longer walk, Eugénie herself was felled by a large club and she tumbled into the Muzirankwavu stream. She subsequently hid in a forest and then walked to Kishaba in Nyabisindu, Butare, where she eventually came across RPA soldiers.

After eluding death at Cyanika, Marianne Nikuze hid with others in the residence of a nurse, next to the health centre. Before leaving at around 4:00 a.m., she said to those who chose to stay behind: "I know I will die, but I don't want to be killed here." She

<sup>25</sup> Haruna is accused, in particular, of murdering many children.

<sup>26</sup> Located in cellule Nyamugari, sector Gikongoro in Gikongoro town.

met a five-year old boy and together they started walking towards Kiyumba. Many groups of interahamwe were on the same road, heading in the opposite direction towards Cyanika in order to loot the parish. Marianne and her companion had a series of close encounters. Luckily for her, as a 12 year-old girl, she was not considered a priority target.

They scared us, telling us they were going to kill us. But, in reality we were worthless to them. They were in a hurry to seize what they could in Cyanika.

When Marianne admitted to the first group that she had come from Cyanika, the militiamen said: "We are going to deal with you. If you're coming from Cyanika you must be snakes." But one of them urged his companions that they move on.

He said to his colleagues: "Let's leave these children, they'll be handled by the others. Let's get going. They're slowing us down for nothing."

Marianne told the next expedition of interahamwe that her father was a Hutu and that the child accompanying her was the son of her paternal uncle.

They left us, saying that we were Hutus like them.

Luck ran out for the young boy when they collided with still more interahamwe. One of them knew him and "killed him with one swoop of a machete." Marianne tried again to deceive the murderers, saying boldly: "If you kill me, it's unfair, because I am not Tutsi."

They responded: "Even if you are lying, it doesn't matter. After all, you are a girl. You will never be at the front."

They left her and she started walking on. She outran the next group and stopped only when she was certain that they had given up their pursuit. She washed the blood out of her clothes at a faucet, and then started out again. A teacher at Cyanika primary school, where Marianne was a student, caught sight of her at a roadblock. He advised her to take off her sweater, which she hadn't been able to wash. Then a peasant man spotted her near his house and handed her over to some militiamen, but they too chose to leave the job "to those at Kaviri river."

Over the next few weeks, Marianne shared her days and nights between sorghum fields and the houses of family friends. At one point, an old man was clubbed to death in the same house where she had spent the night. Ntunzimana, the leader of the operation, instructed the interahamwe to leave Marianne.

He told them: "She's Jeanne's little sister. We'll deal with her the day we kill Tutsi women married to Hutu men."

Xavérine Mukansoro was also meant to die at Cyanika, but the man who saw she was still alive told his fellow militiamen that she "was just a corpse." When he returned, Xavérine asked him to take her life, but he refused. Instead, he took her home to his family who tended to her wounds and looked after her. But the presence of other injured people in the house convinced her that it would be searched, and so she set out

to see her cousin, Patricia, married to a Hutu. Rather than a home, she said she found "a real slaughterhouse."

Behind the house, my cousin's children were in the middle of butchering people. I lay down next to a corpse there. I regretted leaving the man who had saved me to come to the home of these killers. After they murdered everyone, they went back inside their house. I couldn't help reacting and suddenly found myself saying: "If you spill my blood on this earth, you will be responsible for it all your lives! I carried you on my back, and this is how you repay me?"

One of the sons came out and asked her: "Where will you go?"

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**"They've already given the order that we have to kill Tutsis for years and years to come, until the race is erased from the face of the earth."**

---

The response from her cousin made the world seem even smaller.

She said to me: "You come to soil me with your blood. I don't have any family ties with Tutsis."

Luckily, when she knocked on the door of a family friend that night, Charles Hitimana, Xavérine found a warm welcome.

Charles and his wife lit a fire, she bathed me in hot water while he spent the whole night digging out a hole under their bed. The hole was comfortable and I was safe. Even when they looked through their house, nobody saw me.

Charles couldn't trust his son to keep Xavérine's presence a secret, and so he advised her to leave and come back after a few days. Another couple opened up their house to her, but once again her whereabouts was discovered. In despair, her friend suggested a drastic course of action.

Mubera's wife, Giraneza, said; "They say they will hunt Tutsis for years and years. I recommend that you go and drown yourself at the Rukarara river instead of being cut to pieces by a machete. I'll give you a piece of material to keep your eyes closed."

When she reached the river, Xavérine put the cloth over her eyes and tried to end her torment.

I threw myself into the river, but the river spit me out on its banks. I tried for three days, and failed.

In another attempt to precipitate death, she threw pebbles at the home of Manassé Higiyo, "an interahamwe and a major figure in the genocide."

I simply wanted to drive him wild with anger. Of course, he came out with his spear, yelling. I answered it was me and suddenly he threw his spear aside and took me into the house. I was almost naked. His wife washed me in hot water and gave me clothes. I begged Manassé to kill me, but he said I couldn't die if I had succeeded as far as making it into his house.

In July, when people began to suspect her presence in Manassé's house, Xavérine went back to Charles Hitimana and his wife.

They were happy. Charles assured me, saying that the interahamwe were leaving the country for Zaïre.

She remained with this family until her health improved and she felt able to settle down on her own.

## **"GOING BACK TO NORMAL ACTIVITIES"**

As the burials came to an end, it became necessary to find other means to keep the evidence out of public view and to make it seem as though little out of the ordinary had taken place in Gikongoro. In reality, as Joseph Ntegeyintwali admitted, by the last days of April, there were not in fact many Tutsis to target in that préfecture.

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**"Towards the end of April, Tutsis had been practically wiped out through nearly the whole of Gikongoro."**

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The préfet faced a number of conflicting challenges. Firstly, there was a danger that the pervasive violence of April might create a situation of lawlessness, especially given the extent to which the population had been armed and the fights that had broken out as militiamen fought over the belongings of Tutsis. It was therefore imperative to re-establish order and to calm people down. At the same time, it was considered a priority to take the genocide to its logical conclusion, and so the pursuit continued. Kigeme hospital in Nyamagabe was one of the last places in Nyamagabe where large-scale killings occurred. By then, in late May, there was extensive international condemnation of events in Rwanda, and Bucyibaruta and the other leaders in Gikongoro, as elsewhere, were under pressure from the interim administration to "halt" the killings to appease the world. Subsequently, some of the Tutsis at Kigeme were left alone on orders from Semakwavu. The need to distract attention from the tens of thousands buried underground, by showing a few survivors, became even more urgent in Gikongoro with the news in late June that France would send soldiers to Rwanda.

But the first order of the day, when the préfet called a meeting on 26 April, was to celebrate.

## **"It Was Felt That We Had Achieved a Great Deal"**

The gathering was unusually large, attended by virtually all the deputy-préfets, bourgmestres and councillors. Ngezahayo gave details about the agenda, and the mood that day.

The préfet asked the bourgmestres to give an estimate of the numbers of victims killed in massacres in their communes. Joseph Ntegeyintwali gave the figure of 10,000 for Cyanika. Biniga gave the number of 17,500 victims for his area, Simba said 21,000 people had died at the Parish of Kaduha, and the figure of 21,000 was given for Murambi, which is a serious underestimate because it is known today that at least 47,000 people were killed at Murambi. Other bourgmestres spoke; for example the number of victims at commune Nshili was said to be 5,000 and 10,000 victims were said to have died at Musange.

The total number of deaths cited for the préfecture that day came to 87,500. "And remember," added Ngezahayo, "that this did not include the true figure for Murambi."

Satisfied, Simba said he would communicate this figure to the government in order to find out what position Gikongoro occupied nationally in carrying out the massacres of Tutsis.

The general atmosphere on the 26<sup>th</sup> was one of contentment. We had some visitors from Butare, including Col. Tharcisse Muvunyi<sup>27</sup>, who were impressed with what Gikongoro had done and told us that Gikongoro would serve as an example to Butare. Simba suggested that Mudasmwa and Kinyamakara could perhaps lend a hand to Butare since they had distinguished themselves in Gikongoro.

In addition to taking stock of activities in Gikongoro as a whole, the officials present evaluated the activities of each commune and their contributions to the death toll.

There was initially an argument as to whether the commune of Mudasmwa or the commune of Muko was the first to begin the genocide in Gikongoro. Nteziryayo of Mudasmwa then spoke of all the different massacres where his militiamen had been active, mentioning both Murambi and Cyanika amongst others. He paid tribute to the directors of the tea factories at Mata and at Kitabi, Ndabarinze and Kamodoka respectively, saying that they made it possible for him to dispatch his people to these different places by providing the necessary transport.

We clapped for the commune of Mudasmwa and what it had achieved in effecting the genocide, and for Nteziryayo as the representative of Mudasmwa. So in the end it was apparent that the position of number one in carrying out the genocide in Gikongoro did not belong to the commune of Muko, but rather to Mudasmwa. And in fact everyone here in Gikongoro central prison talks about the fact that Mudasmwa occupies the premier position in Gikongoro for its commitment to the genocide.

Afterwards, we had beer and lots of meat. It was felt that we had achieved a great deal. Our officials were very happy. They had become convinced that Gikongoro would in fact be regarded as the préfecture which had done the most in the genocide.

<sup>27</sup> Lt. Col. Tharcisse Muvunyi was the most senior military officer responsible for security operations in Butare and Gikongoro during the genocide. He was also the officer in charge of the School for Non-Commissioned Officers (ESO) in Butare. He was based in Butare. He was arrested in London on 5 February 2000 and transferred to the ICTR in Arusha on 30 October 2000. On 12 September 2006, he was sentenced to 25 years in prison. For details about his activities in 1994, see African Rights' report, *Lt. Col. Tharcisse Muvunyi: A Rwandese Genocide Commander Living in Britain*, Witness to Genocide, No.12, April 2000.

## **"To Re-establish Order and Authority"**

The importance of reigning in the lawlessness in which the carnage had occurred was another topic of discussion. Ntegeyintwali commented that the genocide had proved "destructive, both socially and to state infrastructure and property."

The negative behaviour of the interahamwe started to create a chaotic situation. Some of them were arguing about the property of Tutsis. And because what was taken from Tutsis was not sufficient to be shared out among the population, people also began to go after the infrastructure of the State. Officials at the grassroots seemed incapable of protecting public property.

The tactics for turning this situation around were at the heart of the discussion on the 26<sup>th</sup>.

Everyone, from the lowest authority to the highest, was invited. The bourgmestres and their councillors were of course there because they are the two channels for communicating directly with all the layers of population.

In a few words, this was the broad outline we agreed upon.

- The préfet gave a report about the general situation. He said there was no reason to maintain the roadblocks since the Tutsis had already been massacred.
- The population should go back to agricultural work.
- State employees should return to work at the beginning of May.

The return to normality was linked to a message intended for the outside world.

The préfet entrusted us with the responsibility of supervising the population, insisting on these three points because, when security was re-established, foreigners would have no way of knowing what had happened.

Ngezahayo highlighted another subject raised before participants dispersed: defining "future strategies" for dealing with the remaining Tutsis.

It was decided that we should say that a truce had been declared, a way of making survivors come out into the open, after which they were killed. The purpose was to ensure that there really would be no one left in the Tutsi community. It was also agreed that military reservists and communal policemen would give military training to selected young men. Simba distributed guns to these young men, and they were new guns.

Bucyibaruta's instructions quickly began to trickle down to the sectors and cellules. Martin Kagimbura attended a meeting at the market place of Gasarenda in Mudasmwa on 30 April, held for the benefit of the educated and businessmen. They were invited by the bourgmestre, Nteziyayo, to exchange views about "the future of Gikongoro after the massacre of the Tutsis."

Nteziyayo told us about the reunion of April 26 under the auspices of the préfet. He gave us the mission of going into the countryside to tell the population to bury all the victims and to go back to their normal activities, so that the international community wouldn't get to know about the slaughter that had just taken place.

The bourgmestre's recommendation that all roadblocks should be abandoned "provoked disagreements", according to Kagimbura.

Some, including Kamodoka, Gakuru and Ngoga, said there should be no let up in the hunt for Tutsis. There was another debate about roadblocks on 17 May. Except for the roadblock in Gasarenda and the one set up at the entrance to Nyungwe forest, the others in Mudasmwa were dismantled.

With or without roadblocks, "the month of May was," in Nsabiye's words, "dedicated to flushing Tutsis out of the bush and Hutu homes." Men were particularly sought after. In Nyamagabe, the Nzega roadblock was left standing.

David Rwamihigo acknowledges that around this time, he was inspired by François Gasana to kill a number of people.

Gasana was always looking for information about Tutsis. When he was sure of their whereabouts, he rallied a band of militiamen to go after them. I took part in the murder of the Nkundiyeze family, which Gasana directed. Nkundiyeze, now dead, was a Hutu who had married a Tutsi. We found five people in their home;

- The old mother, head of the household;
- Two sons and a daughter;
- Another old mother.

Apart from the two old women, the others were of mixed parentage.

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**"Gasana told us they couldn't be pardoned because they had Tutsi blood."**

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### **"Not Even the Ill Were Spared"**

Kigeme hospital was one of the last places in Gikongoro where there was still a significant number of Tutsis. The sick and wounded there had heard the explosions and blasts coming from Murambi, but a large scale assault on the hospital did not occur for another few weeks. A band of interahamwe visited them on Sunday 22 May. But before they all died, the préfet called for those who were still alive to be driven to Murambi.

Madeleine Mukamuyango had survived the massacre at Kitabi tea factory in Mudasmwa and was brought to Kigeme hospital by some gendarmes. Interahamwe sent by Denis Kamodoka, the director of the factory, turned up several times to look for her. Dr. Edison, the hospital director, helped her to evade them. Her security was regularly threatened, but it was on Pentecost Sunday, 22 May, when her life was "thrown into total danger."

The interahamwe searched the hospital and the secondary school on a hill close by, and made Madeleine and all other Tutsis assemble in the courtyard, between the row of private rooms and the men's ward.

When they brought out even those who were on IVs, we knew this was our last hour.

The sudden arrival of Bucyibaruta, Semakwavu and Sebhura interrupted the plans.

They were ready to liquidate us right in front of these officials. The *préfet* called them into a meeting. As we were heading back to our respective places in the hospital, one of the participants came to give the order to kill us. They started killing immediately.

While some were "slashed then and there" others, including Madeleine, were led into the bushes.

I was taken by four militiamen:

- Matwi, he's in prison, but he hasn't confessed;
- Scruntaga, also imprisoned;
- Phillipe, Kanyamateme's son. He's the one who yanked me out of the room. I don't know if he's still in prison;
- Birori, deceased. He used to come to my room all the time to harass me.

They took me across the hall separating the maternity ward from the laundry room and the kitchen. When we were outside the hospital, they made me climb over a bush and threw me to the ground. They left me near the home of the hospital driver, taking all my clothes.

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**"The last words they said were: "The Tutsi problem has been resolved. Murambi no longer exists. Only the few in Kigeme remain..."**

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They immediately brought a *massue* down on my head.

When she regained consciousness, Madeleine found herself in a hospital bed once again. She remained under treatment until her wounds healed sufficiently and was later taken by French soldiers to Murambi, where she reunited with her children.

Rosette<sup>28</sup> was also seized and shoved into some bushes close to the hospital building.

More than five militiamen took off with me, tearing my clothes off along the way. The scene resembled that of a vulture seizing upon a mouse. My child, who was on my back, fell to the ground, but I wasn't even sure where. All I was wearing was a slip and my underpants. They pushed me to the ground and one by one began to rape me; I don't know how many. I closed my eyes because I just didn't want to look at them.

A Hutu acquaintance had brought Didacienne and her brother from Murambi to Kigeme hospital. She found her grandfather there, being treated for machete wounds on his arm inflicted at Murambi. Her brother and grandfather were among the victims.

First, they went for the men and the boys. They dragged my brother along the ground and he cried out, asking them not to kill his sister. I saw the faces of his murderers: they were Mukono, still in exile, and Phillipe, in Gikongoro central prison.

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<sup>28</sup> A pseudonym.

The death of my grandfather haunts me the most because he had endured so much and I believed that I was going to survive with him. His wounds had begun to heal. When he was being taken to his death, he kept saying to me: "They're going to kill me! They're going to kill me!" Powerless, I could do nothing for him.

When one of the militia took her by the hand, Didacienne reacted quickly, telling him that she knew someone at the hospital with a lot of money. Tempted, he went with her back to the hospital.

I lied and told him that the person had left and I didn't know where he had gone. He was annoyed and slammed his fist into my head. Then he took off.

After about two hours, a vehicle appeared and took Didacienne and the others back to Murambi.

Most of Patricia Mukasahaha's family, and almost all the Tutsis on her hill in Kabacuzi, Nyamagabe, had gone to Murambi. Her husband chose the Parish of Cyanika instead and was killed there. Worried about how her three children would fare in a huge camp, she went from one place to another and made it to Kigeme hospital on 21 May with the help of a FAR soldier.

Since the hospital was close to my house, everyone knew me and my family. When they saw me, they began lamenting, saying that the Tutsis hadn't died since I was still around. The next morning, the hospital was invaded. The Tutsi patients, even those on IVs, their care-givers and the refugees were massacred. In the midst of all this, the préfet, Bucyibaruta, strolled in. He was with a gendarme, a soldier and the bourgmestre of Nyamagabe, Félicien Semakwavu. They gave instructions that Tutsis in the hospital should be spared, but they came too late for many.

Espérance Mukagashugi is from Kigeme and had been in the hospital throughout April, her days "filled with terror." Espérance, who was 21, had just given birth to twins and was staying with them in the maternity ward. She first caught a glimpse of the men from a window. They then entered the ward and asked to see everyone's identification. Espérance and the other Tutsis were immediately brought outside into the courtyard.

The director, Edison, insisted they return the sick patients to their beds. We went back inside the buildings.

They came back, this time with soldiers and civilians.

They took us outside again. Not even the ill were spared. They took the lives of children and old people, new-borns and pregnant women.

They had started to take Espérance to where others were being killed when the hospital director intervened. Instructions to board a waiting car came as a relief.

As we made our way to Murambi, the people in the area and the interahamwe swore at us and threw stones.

Suzanne Uwamurera was 24 at the time and made a living as a farmer in Nyamagabe. She came to the hospital when the genocide began and gave birth to her first child.

They assassinated the first group at the primary school of Mwumba and then threw them into a mass grave. I was in the second group taken to Murambi. We passed many roadblocks along the way, and it's only because we were with soldiers that the interahamwe did not harm us.

Félicité Nyiranzage exchanged her home in sector Gitwa for Gikongoro parish when Tutsis passed by their house and told them that the killings had begun. Her husband stayed behind, but Félicité took her daughter who was about to give birth. She pleaded with a priest and he agreed to give them a car as far as the dispensary in town. They spent the night there, and the following morning they were taken to Kigeme hospital. The next day, her daughter gave birth.

But within a short time, the situation deteriorated. The Hutu women wore their identity cards on their chests or on their arms to prove they were not Tutsis.

She did not believe that she and the other women were being taken to Murambi.

We didn't have any hope; we thought they were going to kill us just like the others.

### **"Murambi was a Mass Grave"**

The women who made it to Murambi were immediately confronted with the evidence of the massacres: scraps of clothing, some bodies which had not been buried and traces of blood on the walls and ceilings and seeping up from the ground. But they maintained their solidarity and did what they could to look after each other.

Didacienne had come alone, but soon found a surrogate mother.

Patricia took me under her wing. I became like her child and I stayed with her until the end of the genocide. The interahamwe would come and some people were taken away. Patricia got us something to eat, but I don't know where the food came from.

Patricia found the situation trying, both emotionally and physically.

We couldn't believe that we had actually made it this far. As far as we knew, these were our absolute last few moments of existence.

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### **"Being in Murambi was like being left in a mass grave."**

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There was still blood on the soil.

Some of the Tutsis with us were abducted and murdered. The FAR soldiers came when they wanted to rape women and young girls. In addition, we were dying of hunger and thirst. We had nothing to eat and the water had been cut off. There were rumours that we were going to be massacred at the end of the war and used as a blanket for the corpse of President Habyarimana.

The cry for help of a young woman who was being raped is etched on Espérance's memory.

When the soldiers raped a student from Kigeme, she screamed all night, but nobody went to rescue her.

Too weak to move around, Espérance spent much of her time at Murambi in bed. They were told to clean the rooms, but she had no energy.

Suzanne described a miserable life in Murambi, due to poor sanitary conditions and a lack of food or water.

On top of that, we were scared. The walls were smudged with blood and there were pools of congealed blood, blackened by the sun, in the courtyard. There were many bludgeons, torn clothes and the ID cards of some of the victims.

She had recently given birth and was with her young baby, but amid so much death, this new life stood little chance of survival.

My first child died in Murambi because of the bad living conditions. His father, my first husband, was killed during the genocide, but I don't know either where or how.

Félicité lived at Murambi "in all the dirt and blood of our people."

A shepherd whose name I don't know brought us food only once, otherwise we were on our own.

After several weeks of living like this, Félicité and her companions were buoyed by the news that French soldiers were coming to take charge of Murambi.

## OPERATION TURQUOISE

### A Precarious Existence

Operation Turquoise was launched by France on 23 June 1994 when 12,200 paratroopers entered western Rwanda through Bukavu and Goma in the DRC. It was described by France as a humanitarian mission to save Tutsis whose lives were under threat. For a variety of reasons, the initiative was beset by political controversy before the troops had even reached their destination. A unilateral intervention at a time when the United Nations and the Organization of African Unity (OAU) were trying to garner support for a concerted international or regional initiative drew widespread criticism, even within France itself.<sup>29</sup> But above all, it was the close relations which had existed between France and the Habyarimana regime, and the backing which the interim government enjoyed in spite of the evidence that it was fully committed to a policy of genocide against Tutsis, which raised serious questions about the motives behind Operation Turquoise from the outset. The timing of the French mission, at the end of June when the genocide was coming to an end and when government forces faced the prospect of imminent military defeat by the RPF, only served to harden suspicions. The fact that the announcement of the mission was greeted with enthusiasm by those who had prepared and taken part in the genocide—the interim government, the army, RTLM and the interahamwe—fuelled this controversy. Once French soldiers reached Rwanda, it quickly became apparent that they had not been given an informed and adequate briefing about the reality on the ground, and their misconceptions and priorities immediately became obvious to all.

Gikongoro served as the nerve centre of Operation Turquoise, which quickly extended beyond the original humanitarian mission and became a defensive action, with the creation of a “safe zone”, known as Zone Turquoise.

### “It Was a Day of Celebrations”

In the town of Gikongoro and its environs, the technical school in Murambi, the ACEPER school and the SOS children's village served as bases for the French troops. As discussed in the preceding chapter, by the end of May, Bucyibaruta and other officials in Gikongoro were intent on keeping alive the small and dwindling number of survivors, mostly women and children, to show that there had been no systematic killing of Tutsis. For this reason, Emmanuel Nyirimbuga and others were turned away from Murambi when they went there to kill the Tutsis who had been brought there.

Towards the end of May, about 50 Tutsis were sent to Murambi and placed under police guard. They were all women and small children. We didn't understand the position taken by the office of the préfecture. Since the Murambi massacre had been authorized by the authorities, we didn't think they'd do anything to stop us. So we got together under the leadership of Karangwa and Havugimana to go after this little

<sup>29</sup> For a more detailed discussion of Operation Turquoise see *Death, Despair and Defiance*, pp.1138-1154, African Rights, August 1995.

group. The police thwarted us, saying we had to have the préfet's authorization. The préfet himself came to see us, telling us we didn't need to worry about a few women. They'd brought them to Murambi to fool the international community into believing the Tutsis had been protected. They remained under guard until the beginning of Operation Turquoise.

More Tutsi children and women were taken to Murambi just before the soldiers landed in Rwanda. Nsabyera was among those who was instructed to take them there.

They wanted to present them to the international community to demonstrate the protection Tutsis had received. And once the French came, this same group continued to receive protection, according to plan.

To further confuse and mislead the French forces, the préfet encouraged Hutus fleeing the RPF advance to join the Tutsi women in the rooms of the school "to convince the French", argued Nyirimbuga, that "the *inkotanyi* were killing everyone without distinction."

All of this was designed to spur the French into thwarting the RPF advance.

Nyirimbuga attended a meeting the day before the soldiers reached Gikongoro. The cellule leaders set out what they saw as the purpose of Turquoise.

They told us that as France was a friend of the Hutus, the troops were going to force the *inyenzi* to retreat right back to Uganda. We were really cheered by this news.

He recalled some of the measures taken by more senior officials to prepare the population to receive the French soldiers the day they got to Gikongoro.

The authorities of the préfecture as well as those of the commune, invited us to go and greet them. We got there very early. We had been advised that the French soldiers would be coming from Cyangugu, so we arranged ourselves all along the paved road starting from the Electrogaz station up to the office of the préfecture.

The préfectoral leaders had prepared a big welcome for the French soldiers. We had all received little flags with the French colours from the interahamwe. We waved the flags in the air while shouting: "Vive la France, vive le Rwanda!"

The interahamwe ran behind them, carrying machetes and clubs. The French soldiers didn't mind all of this excitement. In response to our cheers, they saluted us in the military style. It was a day of celebrations.

In Jonas Kanyarutoki's commune of Muko in northern Gikongoro, the French troops were similarly received.

Everybody was content, above all the interahamwe and our authorities. We sang for them. The smiles on our faces testified to the hopes we had in the French troops: to help Hutus defeat the *inkotanyi* who had taken control of a large section of the country. With their armoured vehicles and jeeps equipped with all sorts of modern weaponry, nothing could have made us worry about the advance of the *inkotanyi*.

## **"It Was Rather God the Merciful Who Protected Us"**

Despite their initial misgivings, the survivors who were already in Murambi, and those who made their way there after Operation Turquoise became a reality, expected both practical assistance as well as a greater sense of security from the French troops. Patricia Mukashaza, Espérance Mukagashugi, Suzanne Uwamurera and Félicité Nyiranzage were among the group transferred to Murambi from Kigeme hospital as a showcase for the international community. They had, in the words of Patricia, spent almost a month of "hunger, thirst, hopelessness and anxiety" when the French set up camp in the school.

With few options in sight, other Tutsis came to Murambi as word spread that there were survivors living there, and that French soldiers were now in charge of the area. Grâce Mukantarindwa had successfully run her way out of the massacres at both Murambi and Cyanika. She went to stay with her mother's god-daughter in Karama where she remained until the French soldiers entered Gikongoro town.

When I heard the French were there, I went back to Murambi. I left alone at 4:00 in the morning and got there without any trouble. I didn't know anyone. The French tended my injuries.

Simon Mutangana was staying in the home of a Hutu friend in Mudasomwa when he heard about Operation Turquoise.

I made my way to the SOS building in Gikongoro town, but I had to go at night because there were still roadblocks everywhere. At 5:00 a.m. I found French soldiers at the roadblock, but they refused to drive me to Murambi where survivors were being taken. I insisted, saying I couldn't walk as it was very dangerous. Finally, they agreed to take me to Murambi in their jeep.<sup>30</sup>

The fact that they, the survivors in whose name Operation Turquoise had been justified, were not the troops' first priority surprised Patricia.

For the first few days, they came to observe us in their helicopter. We cried out while lifting our arms in the air, saying: "We are Tutsis, come save us!" They didn't come back that day. They came the next day, telling us that they had been told to set themselves up in Cyanika, where there was a camp of displaced Hutus. But they returned to Murambi and settled there. They gave us water and biscuits.

The enthusiastic reception they were accorded by the interahamwe and the officials behind the genocide was bound to make survivors uneasy. "The génocidaires," said Patricia, "were quite pleased."

We were well aware of their earlier collaboration with the Habyarimana regime. And they were applauded by the interahamwe and officials of all kinds.

Espérance confirmed the huge turnout.

The whole population went out to greet them, in the garden of the SOS, and all along the roads they passed through.

This display of excitement in Gikongoro once the troops landed made Espérance question the professed aim of Turquoise.

They had been welcomed by the authorities who had committed the genocide and kept good relations with them. The French knew very well that these people were responsible for the genocide.

Living conditions improved a little for the survivors in Murambi, though not much, as the soldiers distributed rice and cornmeal and some Tutsi women married to Hutu men brought them livestock. But the security they were looking for remained elusive. Simon explained why.

In addition to survivors, there were FAR soldiers armed with guns and grenades among the Hutus from Butare displaced by the war. And then there were a lot of militiamen outside the school, so we felt very insecure and had to stay indoors.

The stay at Murambi was particularly unbearable for the people who had been there during the massacre, like Grâce.

Even though I had nowhere else to go, I felt ill-at-ease in that place. I couldn't stay there because of everything I'd seen in the past. The traces were still there: the blood, clothes belonging to people I'd known. I couldn't sleep at night; I had nightmares all the time.

She imagined that she might be killed by some of the people with whom she shared a room.

This made me very tense. I kept thinking they'd kill me in the middle of the night. In the end, I told the French I couldn't stand it any longer and they let me go to live with other survivors. We chatted and they comforted me. They shared everything because I'd brought nothing with me. I began to live again, though we were constantly afraid the French would one day hand us over to the interahamwe. We didn't have any faith left and the way the French soldiers behaved didn't reassure us.

The living arrangements at the camp also undermined Patricia's confidence.

They put us together with the interahamwe, gendarmes, FAR soldiers and other killers, all bumping into each other on a daily basis. They paid no attention to what this could mean for us survivors. They made no overt show of protecting us; it was rather God the merciful who protected us.

What Annonciata Muhayimana saw at Murambi was not what she had hoped to find.

I met survivors yes. But I also met interahamwe, soldiers and gendarmes. There were also Hutus on their way to Congo, and some of them were still armed. We kept thinking that we would again be subjected to the horror that we thought we had put behind us.

Because they had significantly greater freedom of movement, the Hutus at the camp led a much easier life than Suzanne and the other survivors, who could not put a foot outside the camp alone.

It was simple for the Hutus to go and fetch supplies in Gikongoro town, whereas the Tutsis couldn't even pass the school buildings of Murambi. If they even tried to go past that point, there was a chance they would be assassinated.

Other factors worked to widen the gulf between the survivors and French soldiers at Murambi. *Espérance* was upset by their lack of interest in what had unfolded at the site, their reluctance to take action against the men they pointed out as *génocidaires* and, especially, by their decisions about where to place their tents.

The students who could speak French showed them the graves of the victims of the massacre at that school. The graves were clearly visible because the blood showed through the soil. The French soldiers settled themselves there, and set up their tents. There were many of them. Some of them lived in buildings, others slept in the tents.

Suzanne expected the soldiers to apprehend and question those pointed out as perpetrators.

We showed them the people who had killed our relatives, and they let them walk away. But they made it seem like they wanted to track them down.

Madeleine Mukamuyango was evacuated by the French from Kigeme hospital where she was recovering from severe head wounds. She was still at the hospital when she learned that her children were alive and at Murambi. The reunion with her children was a joyful occasion, but the grim evidence of what had taken place in Murambi, and the attempt to efface those signs, were deeply unsettling.

I began to regret my survival when I saw the blood of Tutsis everywhere on the walls of the toilets. The French had asked the survivors who came before us to clean up the blood of their brothers. The task was so great that even when I got there, there was work to be done. We were therefore obliged to erase the signs of the genocide of our people. And the French busied themselves with collecting the arms that had been used to get rid of Tutsis. They would not give us access to see where our people had been buried.

A family friend, the secretary of Nyamagabe commune, accompanied Marie-Chantal Mukamunana to ACEPER where she said there were about 100 French soldiers. She found three other survivors there, two girls and a boy. They were driven to Murambi, but Marie-Chantal remained as a maid at ACEPER as she knew French and had gone up to the third year of secondary school. This gave her the opportunity to observe the constant meetings and the cordial relations between the soldiers and the local officials who had orchestrated the killings in Gikongoro.

The *bourgmestre*, Semakwavu, came to visit them often. I always made myself scarce during those times, to stop him from seeing me. One day, the French soldiers called me out, to present me to the *bourgmestre*. I was really scared, but there wasn't anything I could do, so I went out. When he saw me, he didn't say anything. But he left angrily to reprimand the man who had hidden me.

I stayed there and every day I observed the visits between the French soldiers and different officials and organizers of the genocide. The ones I was familiar with were Col. Simba, Semakwavu, a member of parliament named Marc and the *préfet*, Bucyibaruta. The French always greeted their visitors warmly.

## **"The First Thing the French Did in Murambi Was to Organize the Digging of Trenches"**

The testimonies given by prisoners who were living in Gikongoro at the time of Operation Turquoise reveal other aspects of the French intervention which provide insights into the political and military impulses behind it. Emmanuel Nyirimbuga outlined what he believed to be their priority.

The first thing the French did in Murambi was to organize the digging of trenches. The interahamwe and the local population dug the trenches. Their interpreters told us that the trenches would be useful if the *inkotanyi* attempted to break through the line demarcating the Zone Turquoise. Trenches were also dug along the Mwogo river and on all the hills in the direction of Butare.

As the bourgmestre of commune Mubuga in Gikongoro, which became a haven for Hutus who had deserted the areas under the control of the RPF, Innocent Bakundukize had regular dealings with French forces. Many of these Hutus settled in the French created camps in Kibeho, Ndago and Munini. Bakundukize was one of the few senior officials who confessed his participation in the killings voluntarily and early on, and has since spoke at length about the genocide.

The French soldiers criss-crossed the entire province, starting from the town of Gikongoro, scouring the area for *inkotanyi* coming from Butare.

They came by daily to see about security and to ensure that the *inyenzi* did not infiltrate their territory. They liked to say that the Zone Turquoise was theirs and that they had the right to administer it however they liked. We became convinced that they were prepared to repulse any *inkotanyi* who dared to cross the border.

As news of their presence, their sophisticated weapons and their activities spread, our commune attracted a large population of displaced people, particularly the interahamwe who regarded the presence of the French as their best hope.

He questioned the stated objectives of Operation Turquoise.

I doubt very much that its mission was to stop the genocide. The interahamwe had already swept through. What was there to stop? If that is what they had wanted to do, they came too late. It seems to me that the French came to save their friends with whom they had collaborated in fighting the RPF since 1990. I think they came at the last minute to extend a hand to the interahamwe and the fallen government against the *inkotanyi* and they maintained good relations with them. They didn't take into account the damage that had been caused by the genocide.

In Gikongoro and elsewhere, the French intervention came to be associated with the systematic looting and destruction of government property, including most factories and schools.

If it had a humanitarian goal, how could so much infrastructure be destroyed under their noses? They gave the interahamwe every opportunity to destroy everything in the French-controlled zone.

Nyirimbuga had, as his testimony earlier indicates, made a strong contribution to the massacre at Murambi. He confirmed the accounts from survivors that the French soldiers at Murambi put up their tents over the mass graves and had the signs of the killings wiped out. He went further in his criticisms.

What surprised me the most is the basketball court that the French marked out on the spot where thousands of Tutsis were buried. It was obvious that the place was a huge tomb. The blood of all those victims rose to the surface some days after the massacre. A terrible odour hung over the whole place. Each time the blood started pooling up on the surface again, the administrative authorities sent people to add more dirt. This was done several times before the French came. Still, splatters of blood on the walls left clear signs of massive carnage. When they got there, the soldiers quickly ordered the local population to wash the blood off of the walls. To me, the decision to place a basketball court on the site of the mass grave was also an attempt to erase all evidence that a genocide had taken place there.

The knowledge that they were being shielded from RPF forces gave the interahamwe an extended opportunity to persist in eliminating Tutsi civilians, added Bakundukize.

The French named their own local authorities throughout Gikongoro to assist them in detecting any *inkotanyi* present in the area. Some Tutsis were killed by the interahamwe before they even reached the area where the French were staying. The interahamwe were on the look-out all over and, so long as the French were around, weren't too bothered about RPF soldiers in Butare. The country was visibly divided in two: one area was under the control of the RPF, and the other was under the jurisdiction of an army from overseas whose main preoccupation was to block the RPF.

Even the expressions that the French soldiers used gave the interahamwe the opportunity to put the finishing touches to the genocide. When the French asked the local population to show them the *inyenzi* and the *inkotanyi*, it was understood to mean the Tutsis and their accomplices.

The emphasis on holding the line against infiltration by the RPF into Zone Turquoise, and preparing themselves to battle the *inkotanyi*, led to unforeseen consequences, according to Nyirimbuga.

They really concentrated on the hunt for the *inyenzi-inkotanyi*. And God help anyone who was singled out. They never contested the classification of the people presented to them. It was sufficient merely to tell them that so-and-so was an *inkotanyi*. Some people took advantage of the situation to settle old scores. The most well-known case involved a certain Silas, who lived in Gashiha. He was turned over by his brother Senkware, who currently resides in Gatebe. The French promptly shot him to death. Ayirwanda, now in prison, knows the case well, but he doesn't want to talk about it.

Félicien Siborurema, a farmer from Nyamagabe, first met the French soldiers in Gikongoro town.

They were in their vehicles and were well-armed. They invited us to show them the *inkotanyi* who might have penetrated the French-controlled zone. We quickly realized that they had come to fight the *inkotanyi*.

The focus on the *inkotanyi* carried risks.

The word *inkotanyi* had come to have many meanings, with all of them converging on the same meaning. To the French, the name symbolized RPF collaborators.

Kanyarutoki, in Gikongoro prison, said he revealed the hiding places of some Tutsis to the French, who "told us they were sending them to the Tutsi camp to safeguard them."

I showed them two boys I knew called Iyakaremye, 12, and Hagenimana, 16. What seems strange to me is that not a single person has seen these boys ever since.

Some French actions left Bakundukize perplexed.

A moment came when they took some Hutus as interahamwe and Tutsis as *inkotanyi* and led them all together into Nyungwe forest where they were killed. This act struck me as extremely ambiguous, particularly because the French took such a measure without ever leading an investigation.

The accusation that French soldiers took some people into the Nyungwe forest was repeated by virtually all the prisoners interviewed for this book. "The French cannot deny that they disposed of people in Nyungwe forest," said Kanyarutoki. Like Bakundukize, he said both Hutus and Tutsis were taken to Nyungwe.

They were transported by airplane to Nyungwe forest. This happened throughout Gikongoro. It was enough to tell the French that this or that individual was planning to collaborate with the *inkotanyi*. The worst affected were strangers to our commune who had a physical likeness to Tutsis. The population labelled them *inkotanyi*.

Kanyarutoki gave an example of a fellow prisoner, Félicien Siborurema, calling him "a Hutu escapee."

To the French it didn't matter that he was an interahamwe. The important thing for them was the label *inkotanyi*. The worst thing for the Tutsis is that they were confused with the *inkotanyi*, especially if they were male. That's why many were taken to the Nyungwe forest.

According to Siborurema, the French arrested him at Murambi, where he had gone to sell biscuits and bread to Tutsi survivors and Hutu refugees, whose presence he saw as an "excellent business opportunity."

One of the soldiers saw me, and, with a finger on the trigger, said: "Put your hands up!" I couldn't get very far in explaining to the soldiers why I was there, because I couldn't speak French.

After taking him home to check for guns, he said they brought him back to Murambi.

I was taken to a room where there were other prisoners. They beat us up and kicked us with their boots. It left me with scars on my legs. We were tied up. They threw questions at us. I think there were both Hutus and Tutsis, all mixed up. That's why they kept repeating: "Hutus, Tutsis, *inkotanyi*?" Their questions really confused us. We couldn't figure out exactly what they were asking us.

Siborurema said that he was then taken to Nyungwe forest.

They piled us into a big helicopter. We still had our hands tied together, and were guarded by well-armed soldiers the whole time. They flew us over the hills of Gikongoro until we were over Nyungwe forest. The plane approached an area thick with brush. When we were about three metres from the brush, in the middle of dense forest, they opened the door of the helicopter and threw us out onto the ground. There were about five of us. The cords binding me had loosened up enough by then so that I could release myself, after being thrown from the helicopter.

As Siborurema knew the forest well, he was able to make his way out of Nyungwe and back to his home in Kibirizi sector.

He pointed out other consequences of the Operation Turquoise.

Their presence provided the interahamwe with the opportunity to run to Congo, and to destroy valuable infrastructure.

Several others also spoke of the effects of Operation Turquoise on the refugee movement towards the Congo. Kanyarutoki said he was aware of a French "campaign to persuade us to abandon Rwanda" towards the end of July.

They went around everywhere telling us that the *inkotanyi* were coming to slit our throats. They showed us this through sign language.

The French played a huge part in the evacuation of leaders and a large number of interahamwe who were at the head of the massacres of Tutsis in the region. They came to transport our bourgmestre and others. They took them to the Congo. This happened when the *inkotanyi* had reached the western shores of Mwogo river.

Bakundukize's wife was among those convinced to move away.

I criticize the French for trying to persuade people to get out of Rwanda. In that regard, they sang the same song as the *Abatabazi* [interim] government, saying that the *inkotanyi* were going to kill everyone. I was there myself when all this was happening and heard this with my own ears. Their propaganda led my wife to leave me and go to Congo.

When he met the soldiers, David Rwamihigo, a farmer from Gasaka, was given a warning that makes it easy to understand the mass exodus to Congo.

I saw the French travelling around in their vehicles, wearing military garb. They were in the habit of stopping at Nzega, about one kilometre from Gikongoro town on the road leading towards Cyangugu. They liked to find out the ethnicity of people by asking: "Hutu or Tutsi?" while touching the person on the nose. When they were told that someone was Hutu, they would reply: "The Tutsis are going to cut your throats."

In this context, it is not surprising that the survivors in Murambi and elsewhere in Zone Turquoise chose to leave Gikongoro for Maraba in Butare when they were finally given a choice in August 1994.

## **“SURVIVAL IN EXTREME SOLITUDE”**

Life for survivors, in Gikongoro and elsewhere, is a protracted battle to overcome—or at least to come to terms with—the hurt in their hearts, the incomprehension in their minds and a deep sense of alienation. Immense personal losses are compounded by the virtual destruction of their wider community. Every single survivor interviewed by *African Rights* for this book and for many other publications, speaks of being overwhelmed by loneliness, living with a permanent sense of emptiness. The death of immediate family members, relatives in the extended family, friends, classmates, colleagues and familiar faces evokes painful memories. It also raises profound questions about their own survival, their society and surroundings, about God, religion, life and death.

They are constantly mourning the immense human toll, but their other grievances are broad-ranging, and they cut deep. The theft of property and the destruction of their houses threw most of them, especially those in rural communities, into sudden poverty and took away the anchor of a family home. Fear of encountering former neighbours can still be a powerful deterrent in cultivating inherited land. Justice is seen as a requisite for genuine healing, but survivors who seek to bring perpetrators to justice feel targeted, and sometimes intimidated into silence, particularly in Gikongoro.

Unlike other victims of state-orchestrated genocidal violence, survivors in Rwanda live in unique circumstances in that they must mingle with, and dwell next door to, the people who so recently sought to eradicate them. This introduces layers of complexity and sensitivity in their lives which are not easy to comprehend or disentangle. The genocide has made it impossible for survivors to socialize within the communities to which they previously belonged. They live among so many who either participated in the killings, are related to the perpetrators or who are unwilling to denounce them and to tell the survivors how their relatives died and where their bodies were discarded.

### **“My Life After the Genocide Gets Worse as Time Passes”**

Given the enormity of the tragedy that has befallen them, it is inevitable, and understandable, that most of them find it difficult to sum up the consequences of the genocide. They often paused before they said anything; others replied that they did not know where to begin. But most agree that with time, the breadth and depth of their bereavement becomes even more apparent. Adults, as well as youngsters, say that with the passage of years, their tenacity, resilience and morale is crumbling, not improving.

Hildegarde Kabagwira identified isolation and poverty among the most important consequences of the genocide.

I am deeply affected by the fact that we were abandoned, that we didn't have anyone to go to for help. Personally, my life after the genocide gets worse as time passes, instead of getting better.

Déo Nsengiyumva agrees.

In the years since the genocide, the lives of survivors have deteriorated considerably. Even those who tried to rebuild their lives are far from where they were before the genocide.

Emmanuel Hangari's two-year-old son is his link to the future. Of the people who were part of his past, there is hardly anyone left.

Of a family of more than ten, only my little sister and I are left. My father had two wives and the children of the second were all killed.

The fabric of his life is dominated by a profound feeling of loneliness, out of which comes a deep sense of insecurity.

Post-genocide life has been very tough for me. Instead of getting better, from time to time my life is getting worse. The hardest part about the genocide for me is the overwhelming insecurity that I cannot articulate. I feel terribly alone. It's because I no longer felt safe that I went to live in the complex of homes for survivors.

Simon Mutangana said he did not know "how to explain the life of a survivor in Gikongoro because it is so terrible."

Between my wife and myself, we lost about 150 members of our extended family in Murambi. Two of our children, two daughters aged six and four, died at Murambi; only the child my wife was carrying on her back survived. Two of my brothers were also killed in Murambi.

His wife, Annonciata Muhayimana, feels the genocide robbed her of her family, as well as another source of solace—her faith. She turned away from her former church because she could not find there sympathetic and understanding leadership.

During the period that followed the genocide, I didn't go back to church to pray. I didn't even pray at home. I had given up on everything. Before the genocide, I was a follower of the Episcopal Church and now I am a Pentecostal Christian. At that time, I couldn't follow the pastors' sermons and my heart was still very fragile. The pastors claimed that the genocide of the Tutsis was caused by their superiority complex and their arrogance! I could not stand such teachings. Personally, the genocide turned my life upside down because it took my children, my brothers, sisters and friends.

## **“Others Have Families They Can Turn to”**

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of social networks in sustaining individuals in countries like Rwanda where State provision for health and social services is limited and employment opportunities are scarce. For most people in Africa, the extended family is an economic lifeline, as well as the most essential and reliable form of social security. The death of most of the people they knew and grew up with has deprived survivors of the support networks that are indispensable in any society. When they look for jobs, fall ill, need to borrow money or require assistance in finding a home or a place in school for their children and dependants, most have no-one to turn to. The absence of family is a tragedy with incalculable consequences. The family is not only a pool of people bound together by ties of blood, love, affection and familiarity, but it is also a source of practical assistance and protection. In a society that remains overwhelmingly rural, it is also an essential source of labour.

Marie Mujawimana admitted that she has tried to end her life a number of times and is more focused on dying than on living.

I live alone, with no children, no grandchildren, nothing. Nothing at all now. I'm alone at home and have no-one to turn to for help in my everyday chores. I live like the maid who must do everything. The families near me send me a child in the evenings to spend the night with me; but that's just to keep me company for the night. Sometimes I regret that I survived the genocide. I have made numerous suicide attempts. There are so many problems that I can't count them all. We have been left to die of sorrow.

Not a day goes by, said Alphonsine Mukarempera, “that I don't think about my family, friends and the people who lived near us who didn't make it.”

Their bereavement is brought home to the survivors on social occasions. Because people interacted as units—either as couples or as families—it is not easy to re-invent oneself to socialize on one's own, or to find joy in gatherings which simply underline the extent to which family and friends are no longer there. Déo finds that weekends, Christmas, New Year, birthdays and especially weddings, are often filled with emptiness.

The genocide decimated my family, close and distant. All my belongings were either taken away or damaged. At home, I'm with my wife, my two children and my little sister who farms.

During festive occasions, instead of being happy, we find ourselves isolated and feeling sad. For me, it is particularly at times like these that I notice the void created by the genocide, when I feel that the people I loved most are not here. We think not only about their absence, but particularly about the manner in which they left us. As a result, the celebration no longer has meaning for me.

Emmanuel decided not to get married in Gikongoro and instead went to Nyanza in Butare.

I couldn't find anyone to perform the ceremony here in Gikongoro. At least in Nyanza there were some acquaintances of my aunt on my father's side.

One of the most tragic outcomes of the bloodshed at Murambi, and more generally of the genocide, is the extent to which future generations were extinguished. Knowing how testing he finds his own situation, Simon just cannot imagine the bleak outlook for people who have lost all their offspring.

You find old women who are completely alone in this world, without children or grandchildren. At least we, who are still young and have strength, can make a living.

One of the women Simon might have had in mind is Bélie Mukandamage who has been a widow since 1960, but said that she "only felt the effects after the 1994 genocide." Helped by her family, she was able to bring up and educate her children. The youngest had completed secondary school and his siblings earned their living, one through trade and another by driving a taxi moto. Her children gave her what she needed and she had every reason to look forward to a comfortable old age.

Just when I was beginning to feel the relief of leaning on my children, the genocide took them from me. How can I, today, cope with being a widow? My youngest son had just gotten married and his wife, eight months pregnant, was killed. We live from day to day.

Vital Twagirayezu, 59, is fortunate in that most of his nine children, who waited out the genocide at the home of their Hutu maternal grandparents, were still alive in July 1994. But he can't put out of his mind his last words with his 18-year-old daughter, Francine Uwihoreye, who had accompanied him to Murambi. A French Caritas worker at the bishopric, where Vital was an employee, evacuated him the day before the massacres. But his daughter chose to remain behind because, he said, "she didn't know which one of us might survive."

Before leaving she told me this: "Go. If you die, perhaps I will live. And if we are exterminated here, then maybe you will live." My daughter's words still haunt me and I regret the fact that I left her in the camp that day.

The following night, Vital heard the "roar of gunfire until dawn." His daughter was among the victims. And from the bishopric, he saw the bulldozer pass by on its way to Murambi to bury the bodies. When Vital's thoughts turn to Francine, as they so often do, he thinks of her as someone who had lit up his life and filled him with fatherly pride.

Out of all those I lost during the genocide, my daughter is the one who is most often on my mind. I loved her so much; she had grown up and she was going to do me the honour of having a dowry for her marriage.

Many who experienced the genocide as children have had to grow up and begin their own families without the help and guidance of elder kin. Julienne Umugwaneza was 16 when most of her family died at Murambi, but was reunited with her two younger sisters in Maraba. Two weeks later, their maternal uncle took them with him to Kigali. They lived there until 1997, but aware of the pressure on the family who had taken in many other orphans, they returned to Gikongoro. Eventually, Julienne set up home with a soldier in Gasarenda and had three children with him; they later separated. The oldest of her children is aged eight. In addition to her own children, Julienne is looking after her two sisters who are attending secondary school. Their fees are paid

by the FARG, but she must meet all their expenses and tries to do so from the income from her family's fields.

I must, somehow, guarantee their education because there is no left from our family to help out. These are troubles I share with many other genocide survivors. We must, for better or worse, ensure our own survival in extreme solitude. Others have families they can turn to in times of need, but we are condemned to live this way.

The range of problems experienced by widows means that they talk little of their true grief at the passing of their husbands. Most live with the added sorrow of the death of children, parents, or, in some cases, entire families. Without the benefit of being able to depend on close relations, their problems appear insurmountable. Poor women living in rural areas like Gikongoro are especially affected.

The abruptness of the genocide means that most widows had little preparation for the multiple roles they were suddenly called upon to play and the help they had to provide for their children, or the survivors of their own families and in-laws. For women living in rural areas, used to seeing their husbands handle their money, deal with local officials and bureaucracy in general, the genocide has brought about a radical shift in their entire life.

Hildegard must contend simultaneously with the death of her husband and mourning the three children she did not have the chance to see grow up, as well as the emotional needs of her son, Darius, born in September 1994.

I have many family responsibilities which I used to share with my husband but which I must now take on alone. I can't put into words what I feel about losing my husband. I feel I'm carrying a huge weight, but I don't know how to explain it. It's hard to put into words. It is not just for my husband, but also for my children. I will never be able to understand or reconcile myself with the death of my children.

My husband's family has left me to fend for myself. There are members of his family who were outside the country during the genocide, but no-one has ever even come to see the son he left behind. We sometimes meet in the street, but Darius, my son, doesn't even recognize them.

The imperative of answering their children's constant questions about what happened to their fathers and siblings, and why, makes it impossible for widows to shut the door to the past. Hildegard repeatedly finds herself vainly trying to make 12-year-old Darius comprehend the circumstances in which his father died.

My child never knew his father, nor his older brothers and sister, other than in a photo. Since he saw the photo, he always tells me that he knew he had brothers and he asks where they have gone. When he sees my brother's children he asks why they have a father when he doesn't. When I told him they were killed during the genocide, he didn't understand.

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**"My son asks me why God let his father and older brothers and sister die:  
"What had they done?" he asks me."**

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He asks a lot of questions. He even asks about how other members of the family, like his aunts, died because he has heard other children saying that they are going to their aunt's home.

Hildegarde is glad that her brother is nearby and can provide her son not only with affection, but with the discipline that she feels he needs.

Sometimes he also takes advantage of my weakness and tries to be disobedient, and then I have to call on my brother to play the part of his father. Children sometimes need discipline from their fathers. Without it, they might turn into delinquents. When he asks me lots of questions about his father and brothers I make him slow down because I feel overwhelmed and I don't have the answers to give him. I try to let him know everything that happened. But either he doesn't want to understand, or he just can't.

For young women in particular, the sudden death of husbands in the prime of life was so unexpected that nothing had prepared them for it, psychologically or economically. At the age 24, Valérie Mukamana lost a partner whom she feels she can never replace. In his absence, she has become the head of a family and the sole bread-winner. But with her new responsibilities comes chronic anxiety about the future.

The consequences of the genocide are manifold. The greatest burden to me is the fact that I became a widow at such an early age. I'm alone with no backing from any relatives whatsoever. Being a widow torments me; I have no internal security. Can you imagine a life without a partner, nor a sister or a brother? Becoming a widow has changed my life dramatically after the genocide. When I still had my husband, I never worried about the heavy family responsibilities; he dealt with those. Today, when I get ill, I start thinking: "How will we make it during my illness?" I wonder who will step in to help with our everyday needs? I don't ever think of remarrying; I'm still haunted by the beautiful memories of my husband. I also don't want my child to be raised by someone who's not his own father.

Like Hildegarde, Valérie is faced with a constant barrage of questions from her son which keeps the genocide at the forefront of her mind.

My child is already in primary school. Ever since he started school, he's been asking questions about his father; his name, where he went... I told him everything and he pretends to understand. But the next day he'll ask the very same questions.

With the death of her husband, Anastase Ruzindana, Bernadette Mukamugenzi had no choice but to find work quickly. Ironically, her job as a "mother" at the SOS children's home, which she started in November 1994, is the reason why she cannot live with her only surviving son, Patrick.

My daughter, Jocelyn, who was five, and my son, Eric, five, were killed. Patrick, my only remaining child today, lives with my little sister because here, mothers aren't allowed to live with their children. I started work when he was just eight months old. Until just recently, he didn't see me as his mother and I can see why; he hasn't had his mother by his side since his childhood. This whole situation makes me really sad. I find myself faced with a dilemma that I don't know how to resolve. If I leave work, who will look after my child now or in the future? If I stay in my job, I deprive him of the crucial presence of his mother in his life. I feel terrible that I don't live with my child, and that he must get by without the affection of his mother, one of the only

family members left to him. For the moment, my mind goes around in circles. But I think I need to just take things as they come.

Though Bernadette's son has no memories of the massacre at Murambi, its consequences for his family life have an acute psychological impact on him.

Patrick thinks that both his parents died and often asks me if I knew them. I don't know where he heard such untrue things; perhaps because he doesn't see either of them. When we are together, I try to make him understand that I'm his mother and then he starts to believe it. He often tells me that it breaks his heart to hear the others have someone to call mum and dad while he doesn't have any. In his exercises with a psychologist, his drawings were of murderers killing his dad. He always asks me to show him his father's photo.

### **"The Biggest Problem is Poverty"**

Like rural populations in poor countries the world over, poverty defines the lives of Rwandese people living in the rural regions, and they comprise the overwhelming majority of the population. For survivors, this common lack of financial resources is compounded by the virtual annihilation of their families, ill health from the injuries they sustained in 1994, psychological distress, social isolation, the destruction of their homes, the slaughter of their livestock and the theft of their belongings.

In a genocide which targeted men in their prime in particular, and which left so many of the survivors physically handicapped, the economic implications of the disappearance of this agricultural labour force is central to understanding the enduring poverty of survivors in the countryside.

The demise of Marie Mujawimana's family began in 1963, when some relatives were killed and others went into exile. Most of the others, including all her children save one daughter, died in 1994. One brother returned from exile but, living in Umutara, they hardly see each other. Health problems prohibit her from seeking paid labour and anxiety discourages her from working the land of her late husband.

The biggest problem is poverty. I lead a miserable life. I have no family, neither on my side nor on that of my husband's.

Our house was destroyed and I can't set foot in it anymore; so I can't go and cultivate my husband's plot of land. I have been living in a house which belongs to the State and I've been asked to give it back. I've started renting another. FARG paid my rent for four months. After that, I don't know where I'll go. The rent is 1,000 francs per month. Even if I can rent it myself, it leaks because the roof tiles are full of holes. When it rains, I get as wet as if I were outside.

Given the aim of genocide—the physical elimination of a people—the planners in 1994 encouraged the Hutu people to erase any and every trace of Tutsis in Rwanda. Among other destructive acts, this involved the demolition of their homes and businesses. But in urging people to tear them down, there was, of course, another motive, that is the promise of economic rewards as a bribe to engage as much of the population as possible in the massacres. And no reward was as valuable, in rural Rwanda, as the prospect of usurping the land of Tutsis. The houses were first stripped

bare of belongings, then parts of the structure were carted off, such as tiles, windows and doors, after which most were either totally, or partially, destroyed. "Here in Gikongoro", said Emmanuel Hangari, "it's rare to find a Tutsi house; they were all razed to the ground even before their owners were killed."

For a long time afterwards, most survivors in the countryside lived in makeshift camps, including Emmanuel who stayed in a camp set up in Gikongoro by the Irish NGO, Trocaire. Afterwards, many occupied the houses of Hutu refugees abroad. The occupation of their houses was the subject of intense and bitter controversy for many years. But both nationally and internationally, homelessness was represented as a problem which affected the refugees who fled Rwanda in the aftermath of the genocide; the arguments rarely took into account the situation of survivors.

The fact that her former home no longer exists is hard for Bernadette Mukamugenzi to accept. But what hurts her the most is seeing the evidence that parts of it were used to improve the houses of the people responsible for the genocide.

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**"The bricks from the walls of our house were used to build those of our executioners."**

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I still see them today, but I am powerless to react the way I would like to.

Over the past decade, houses have been constructed for survivors, both by the government and a range of international NGOs. But it is evident from the testimonies below, and from *African Rights'* research and visits around the country, the condition of these houses is a constant source of anxiety. Vital is unemployed and on top of that, he and his family are crowded into accommodation that he considers unsatisfactory.

We live in an estate where the houses aren't sturdy at all; we think that one day they'll collapse. We only have one room; there's no annex. And when it rains, it serves both as a bedroom and kitchen. It gets full of smoke and my walls have turned black because of the wood smoke from the cooking.

Déo is working and has a young family, but had few kind words to say about the state of the structures in the compound built for survivors where he lives.

They were built in adobe style with a dirt surface that has started to disintegrate, the doors inside do not close, and they do not meet up correctly.

Félicité Nyiranzage did not stay there for long because she found the location too far from her fields.

I didn't have any means and my five children had been killed; I had only one daughter left. My daughter and I don't know how to do anything except to farm the land. I decided to return to my home.

She is among the few fortunate to be again living in her former residence.

An NGO helped me to rebuild my house which had been completely torn down by the killers. I also used the money that I had received as compensation for my cattle.

With only her daughter to share her life, she has lost much of her motivation to persevere at farming.

Although my will to work is gone from time to time, my daughter can still farm the fields.

### **“I Haven’t Been Able to Continue with my Studies”**

Many survivors, both children and their parents or guardians, see education as the only hope for a brighter and more productive future, the best chance to give meaning and order to their lives. Many are prepared to attend classes although they are hungry or lack any of the necessary equipment, including notebooks and pens. Families often make considerable sacrifices to finance the education of their children; some young orphans have even left school themselves in order to pay the fees of their younger siblings.

Making sure that her son, aged twelve, has options in life and the confidence to pursue those choices is Hildegard’s priority. She herself had completed secondary school before 1994 and did not have the means to go for further studies. She worked as a vet.

I tell myself that my child mustn’t go down the same road. I do my best to help him study because that is the only assurance for the future.

She was not employed at the time of the interview, and the obligation of paying 25,000 Francs per term for her son was weighing on her mind.

For young survivors, attending school invariably means overcoming crippling economic problems, disability or ill-health and facing up to haunting memories, prejudice, and loneliness. Sometimes the obstacles are insurmountable. Grâce Mukantarindwa was only 19 when she decided to go to Murambi alone. Her parents and seven of her siblings were killed in their home. From Murambi, she went to Maraba and in October 1994 travelled to Kigali to live with her father’s cousin. She has one brother left, but she sees little of him as he is a soldier and lives in a military camp.

I haven’t been able to persevere in my studies. I get chronic headaches and I cannot concentrate. The doctors have told me I can’t go on with my studies. The machete blow has affected my head.

I tried to take some very short courses in catering and tourism, but I can’t get a job because I don’t speak French or English. I thought about learning English, but I can’t get any funding. The FARG won’t pay for that type of course.

Francine Mutuyimana, then 11 and now 24, had been living with her maternal uncle and his family prior to 1994. She misses their love, reflected in the fact that they cared enough to invest in her education. Her stepfather was only willing to fund her until her fifth year of secondary school. With her aunt’s help, she went to Kigali and learned to sew. She also obtained papers to show her status as a survivor and approached the FARG for assistance.

Some of the committee members said my mother's husband was sufficiently well off to pay my school fees.

Having to abandon her dreams and ambitions is a constant reminder of the effects of the genocide.

The genocide took away people who were so dear to me. I was living with my uncle, Munderere. They were like my parents. They gave me dignity and an education. It was a good, united family who loved me like their own child. Losing them has had huge repercussions on my life. I was even diagnosed as traumatized, but for the moment I'm okay. They told me that I would spend my nights recounting stories from the massacres in Murambi. When I compare my life from before the genocide and afterwards, it makes me ill. With prayers, I'm able to cope. Today, the burden of the genocide doesn't feel as heavy as it used to, particularly from a moral perspective. Obviously, I still have painful memories, but I'm holding it together.

Julienne Umugwaneza sacrificed her own education for the sake of her younger sisters. Now, their fees are paid by FARG, but she must meet all their other expenses and tries to do so from the income of her family's fields.

I ended my schooling so I could dedicate myself to the future of my younger sisters. I had done the first year at secondary school in 1995 and I did well. But I couldn't continue because at that time FARG hadn't been set up. I don't want my younger sisters to miss out on their education as I did. Two of them are in secondary school and their fees are paid by the FARG which also gives them some of their school materials. The youngest is in the sixth year at primary school. For everything else, I get by on the income from my family's fields.

Lucky to find a caring guardian, Didacienne was able to complete secondary school and has a job which allows her to meet her basic needs. She regrets that her salary does not allow her to pursue further education, but she considers herself fortunate compared to other survivors.

I can't bear to hear others saying that they are going to see their parents as it makes me think of mine. I often think of all that they were and all that they would have been for me. And yet I had the luck to live with a good guardian after the genocide.

FARG provided all of her school fees, but the payments were often late and she, along with other survivors were then excluded from classes.

When that happened, I thought immediately of my parents who would have paid the fees on time.

When she looks at other genocide orphans her age, Didacienne counts her blessings.

Many have become cleaners; others are prostitutes in order to find money and are dying of AIDS.

But she is also ambitious and aware of the "long road to travel."

I would like to go on to higher education, but I don't have the money and FARG is not in a position to pay for a large number of students.

## "I Don't Know if I Have AIDS"

Rape was widespread during the 1994 genocide in Rwanda.<sup>31</sup> Some women were pregnant when raped and others became pregnant as a result. Many of them were subject to repeated assaults. Moreover, rape was invariably one element in a succession of traumatic episodes, including other forms of abuse, terror, betrayal, bereavement and displacement. Rapists frequently insisted that they were "saving" women by taking them as "wives." Some killers considered rape a profound torture and left women alive so they would endure pain and humiliation.

Delphine, Léocadie and Rosette<sup>32</sup> were all sexually violated in the environs of Murambi and now lead uniquely troubled lives. As intended by the men who raped them, they often feel as though survival is its own form of torture, especially with the prospect that they may have contracted HIV/AIDS. They are deeply traumatized and they may well be clinically depressed.

It is hard for 28 year-old Delphine to convey the horror and extreme humiliation of being raped while heavily pregnant and in the presence of both her husband and her father-in-law. Like other victims of genocide rape, Delphine is aware that she may have contracted HIV/AIDS, but she is hesitant to take the test. Preoccupied with the need to secure a home of her own and employment, she is in the dark about her HIV status.

I had prolonged periods that came far too close together. I went for treatment but it didn't help. I was told to go to a hospital in Kigali, the CHK, but I couldn't get a ticket to travel there. I don't know if I have AIDS; I haven't been tested.

My sewing machines were all snatched up during the genocide. Afterwards, I got some temporary work and bought another, but because I was renting a house, at one point I couldn't pay the rent and the landlord seized my machine. He has since died, but I don't know where to find it anymore. I haven't been able to bring to justice the people who raped me, but I denounced those who massacred the Tutsis in Murambi. One was condemned to death, but I don't know the fate of the others.

When one of the five men who raped her pounded his *massue* into Léocadie's leg, all she asked of God was to let her die. But, she said: "Here I am, still alive." Being here involves coping with a permanent injury to her leg.

Each day I go to the hospital for my leg to be treated. There is a doctor who told me that I must do this regularly to avoid paralysis.

I have never really wanted to recount this story. I used to ask myself: "What good does it do?" The men who violated me have not been prosecuted because I don't know who they are.

But she later decided to speak out.

<sup>31</sup> See *Rwanda: Broken Bodies, Torn Spirits; Living With Genocide, Rape and HIV/AIDS*, African Rights, 2004.

<sup>32</sup> All three names are pseudonyms.

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**"I feel I should speak so that the horrors of what happened in and around Murambi are communicated to humanity."**

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Léocadie's reluctance to know if she is HIV positive stems mainly from the sense of powerlessness she feels in relation to all aspects of her life, and particularly with regard to HIV/AIDS.

Right up to the present minute I'm reluctant to get tested for HIV/AIDS. I wonder what would happen to me if I found myself to be HIV-positive? That's what makes me stay as I am. I feel strong. Except for my leg, which sometimes hurts me, I have never had any illnesses that makes me think that I might be infected.

The indignity of the rape has changed her attitude to men.

More than anything, they dishonoured me. That's why I have never wanted to remarry. I hate men.

Rosette feels ill at ease about the circumstances in which her two children were conceived and born. She was raped before the genocide, and had her first child as a result. The second child was conceived during the genocide after she had been taken by force by a militiaman who is now in prison, accused of genocide crimes.

This history makes me feel quite sick now. Imagine living with, and having a child, with a génocidaire. It's very painful for me, but unfortunately I can't turn back the clock.

Saying that she had become "mentally unstable" after the genocide, she remembers little about the father of her second child.

I'm told that I lived with a man, the father of my younger child, but I don't recall anything about it and don't know how it happened.

We live by farming and with the help of my older brother. I feel like I am incapable of doing anything; I still have problems with my head because of the beatings.

Rosette is undergoing treatment paid for by the FARG and hopes that the Fund will be able to send her to South Africa for more intensive care.

For about a month, Yvette lived with a man who offered her protection in exchange for sexual favours. Her husband, a fellow survivor, knows the choices she faced and has given her the understanding she needed.

My only luck is that my husband has been gentle with me. He has been able to bear everything I lived through during the genocide.

## **"I Haven't Been Able to Bury Anyone in My Family"**

For thousands of survivors, Rwanda has become a country of nameless mass graves into which the bodies of their loved ones fell in heaps. The failure to find the remains of relatives makes it difficult to grieve them properly. They have been burned, washed down rivers, dumped and then eaten by dogs and crows, left to rot in toilets or buried anonymously in mass graves. At the same time, and for many years, survivors in the countryside kept stumbling upon skulls and bones. This lack of respect for the dead is an additional source of psychological distress. Not knowing where or how their parents, children, husbands, wives, siblings, grandparents and other relatives were killed makes it impossible to close their relationship with the person who has passed away. Survivors who were not with their families when they died find it hard to accept their death. As a result, looking for their remains takes on an added urgency.

Emmanuel Hangari provided a proper burial for only two members of his family—his father and his younger brother, Rusatira. Because he has not recovered the bodies of the others, he kept hoping, for many years, that he would find them alive. Only recently has he come to accept the fact of their death.

Déo found only the remains of a paternal aunt and wishes that he could give her a more calm resting place.

The grave in which we put her bones, near the Gasaka primary school, is very poorly maintained. There is no monument and children play on top of the tomb during recess because it's located next to their playing fields.

Hildegarde was at first confused by the conflicting accounts about the exact circumstances in which her husband, Kalisa, died. She and her in-laws were getting ready to disinter what they believed was his body, in a latrine in Cyanika when the bourgmestre of commune Karama, without warning them, had all the bodies in Cyanika dug up. He invited Hildegarde and her in-laws to attend the ceremony.

The body of Kalisa was put amongst the others and I couldn't identify him so he was buried in a communal grave with the others. That at least is what I try to believe, as I don't know for sure that his was amongst those bodies. That upset me a lot as I would have liked to have a good memorial for him, which would have been also a gesture in honour of the members of my family who were victims of the genocide.

It is too painful, understandably, for Hildegarde, to visit the remains which have been preserved and are part of the memorial at Murambi.

I don't like going to memorial ceremonies for the victims, especially not in Murambi, because when I see the bones of children, I tell myself that they are my children and I cry a lot. Even just seeing photos of children at Gisozi or children playing makes me cry.

Bernadette similarly struggles with the anonymity of so many bones; any of them could belong to her late relatives.

Whenever I see bones, I always imagine that I am seeing those of my own relatives.

Didacienne's parents, two younger brothers, a younger sister and her grandparents died at Murambi. Her grandparents and sister were felled in front of her. She is haunted by the fact that she has not been able to give any of them a dignified burial.

The people who were killed at Murambi were tossed in mass graves. Some were found and buried; the others are still on the hills surrounding the school in Murambi. No-one is sure they have buried their own relatives, but they tried to believe it to avoid torment. Personally, I condemn myself for not having buried my parents, brothers and sisters. It is the one thing that I could have offered them and I have not been able to do it. Sometimes, when I'm in bed, I dream of what happened to my family, my friends and cousins. I see my family again as they were before the genocide... I often lose myself in thought and ask why God permitted such a horror. Even today, I don't understand it and have not been able to reconcile myself to the genocide.

### **"We Are Still Living in Fear: We Really Need Justice"**

The scale, speed and brutality with which genocide was accomplished in Rwanda—a country lacking in the modern infrastructure and technology of mass death—is a tragic monument to the ability of a State to divide its people, severing bonds which had intertwined people and communities for decades. In part, the killing machine owed its efficiency to the direct involvement or tacit collusion of the victims' relatives, friends, neighbours and colleagues of its victims. The intimate nature of the violence is perhaps its most shocking aspect. But it was vital to the success of the genocide that the killers were closely acquainted with their victims. This betrayal has robbed survivors of any sense of security. Their ability to trust even those closest to them has, in many cases, been permanently destroyed. In Rwanda, survivors live next door to the men and women who might have exposed them, refused them a helping hand, tried to kill them or whose relatives tortured and then killed their loved ones. These unique circumstances make it difficult to establish trust and the sense of security necessary for confidence in the justice system.

With their overpowering sense of grievance, only justice holds out the prospect of a measure of relief. Their preoccupation with justice is broad and their bitterness at its limitations affects every aspect of their being. Given the degree of popular participation in killing, raping and looting, the decimation of the Tutsi community, the ties of blood and friendship between those who killed and those who could testify against them, the exodus abroad of the planners, justice for the most part remains elusive, particularly in Gikongoro where Tutsis were almost totally eliminated, and the few survivors are, for the most part, destitute.

Both nationally and internationally, impunity for state-sponsored violence against Tutsis was identified as a major factor behind the genocide, the reason why prosecutions were seen as deemed essential to future peace. However, given the unprecedented degree of popular participation in the killings, it was clear that no justice system has ever been so overburdened. And so in light of the huge and serious challenges which Rwanda has faced since the end of the genocide—political, economic and social—there have been long delays in the administration of justice. But what has caused particular anger among survivors is the initiation of a programme in early 2003 to release thousands of individuals.

The perception of the lack of justice goes along way to explain why Julienne summed up the lives of survivors in Gikongoro as "full of sorrow and pain."

We have really lost hope in the justice system. Inadequate sentences are handed down and the génocidaires are freed. We don't go to the courts to complain anymore because that only exposes us even more. When you do, you find yourself in front of people who look at you with a menacing stare when they are the ones that you are supposed to address your grievances to. Quite a number of Gikongoro génocidaires are arrested, put in prison for a month and released without even being tried.

Given how few they are, she emphasized the powerlessness of the survivors in ensuring that perpetrators are arrested and prosecuted.

We expect *gacaca* to produce some results, but we don't have much hope. We have doubts about the elected *inyangamugayo*<sup>23</sup> and there are very few Tutsis left in our region.

There are no more than ten survivors. So how can we influence anything? During the elections for *gacaca*, survivors put themselves forward as candidates, but there was no way they could have been elected.

Simon also questioned the integrity of the *gacaca* judges, on whom the effectiveness and final outcome of trials rely.

Justice in Gikongoro is really problematic and at the moment the decisions are made over our heads. The génocidaires give money and are set free without even facing trial. We made a big fuss to get some of the cases reviewed, but it was all in vain. Lastly, there are a lot of génocidaires who are unjustly set free. In the *gacaca* hearings, sometimes no-one comes, other times people come but no-one gives any information. The number of survivors in this region is so small that when they go to the *gacaca* trials, people can get at them very easily to make them lose their courage. The *inyangamugayo*, who are responsible for passing judgment, are often themselves under suspicion for what they did in 1994. Some took the victim's possessions. Others have blood on their hands and the families of their victims still await justice from these courts. But what justice can they, or their families, deliver?

In July 2006, Simon learned from a visiting British journalist<sup>24</sup>, Jon Swain of the *Sunday Times*, that Emmanuel Nteziryayo, the bourgmestre of his commune, Mudasomwa, was living in the UK. As detailed earlier, it was the turmoil in Mudasomwa which triggered the exodus to Murambi. Simon gave him this message for the British government and public.

We would be extremely relieved to learn that Nteziryayo has been arrested. We are very surprised that countries in the West who are pushing for justice in Rwanda, and who know what happened here, allow people like Nteziryayo to stay in their countries.

<sup>23</sup> Meaning "men with integrity", these are the elected judges for the *gacaca* systems. Thousands were relieved of their functions after damning evidence emerged about their own role in the genocide.

<sup>24</sup> Nteziryayo was arrested in the UK on 28 December 2006 and is awaiting hearings for extradition to the UK.

When they returned to Gikongoro, Simon and his wife, Annonciata, initially lived in Nzega, Gikongoro town, as they did not feel safe in Mudasomwa. They are settled there now. But as Annonciata made clear, they are still not at ease.

If a thirty year relationship was destroyed in a moment, how can trust and unity be established in a little over ten years? And especially when the people living all around us don't want to expose the reality of the genocide and won't help us when it comes to justice.

Séraphine Mutegaraba, also from Mudasomwa, was the head of her local *gacaca* in mid-2006. She was thinking of resigning her position.

Here the people are not talking. And this makes me feel very discouraged. The key planners should be in prison. Unfortunately, the leading architects of the genocide, not only in Mudasomwa but elsewhere in Gikongoro, men like Karamage, Kamodoka, Biniga<sup>8</sup>, Ndabarinze and of course Nteziryayo, are all at liberty abroad. This is very disheartening for everyone involved in *gacaca* here in Mudasomwa.

Hildegard has no expectations when it comes to justice.

As for the effects of the genocide, I sense them anew in the quest for justice. In this domain, the results are very negative. In general, there is not much justice, but in the case of Gikongoro, there is a total absence of justice.

So much so, she added, that she has put the pursuit of justice aside.

We have brought many accusations, we have a sufficient number of witness statements, but for the moment we have stopped everything because we are not seeing any results. I've testified against many génocidaires in Gikongoro, including Bucyibaruta, Martin, alias Majambere, Gallican and others. The last two were freed and Bucyibaruta lives in France.

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**"We are extremely demoralised by the injustice surrounding the genocide."**

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I ask myself this question: "What did the victims of the genocide do to be treated this way?" We don't think that we will see any changes taking place. I am sure that each survivor is asking the same question. We feel hopeless. I don't see any sense in life—I believe that if I didn't have my child I would have put an end to my life. My powerlessness in the face of the situation overwhelms me and I don't know if I can cope with it in the long term.

The frustration of seeing genocide suspects go free without due process makes Déo despair. Because the genocide in Gikongoro was so comprehensive, the killers enjoy impunity, he added, due to the success of their mission.

What troubles and grieves me is that the people who killed our loved ones are liberated at anytime and anywhere, without trials. For example, I know that Murwanashyaka killed Tutsis and wore their skulls on his belt. He was freed even though he admitted that he could not name the Tutsis he killed because there were so

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<sup>8</sup>Damien Biniga was the deputy-préfet in charge of the sous-préfecture of Munini in Gikongoro in 1994. He began the massacres early in his region and lent a hand in the killings elsewhere in Gikongoro, as well in Butare.

many. Shouldn't he be in the first category targeted by the presidential communiqué? Why was he freed? It's the same for a number of génocidaires from Gikongoro. Many killers from Gikongoro are still free.

As only a steadfast commitment to shining a light on the truth can bridge the divide between him and his neighbours, Déo has little hope of seeing harmony in Gikongoro.

I didn't dare return to live in our family's home. How can I live close to someone who, even today, doesn't want to talk to me about the genocide? Our security situation is very precarious. Those we have identified as génocidaires and their families harass and insult us everywhere we go, saying that we are accusing them for nothing because they will surely be released.

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**"In certain parts of Gikongoro, the entire Tutsi community was decimated.  
There is no-one left to accuse the perpetrators."**

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Suzanne Uwamurera sees the pursuit of justice as an obligation to the victims, a way of ensuring that they are remembered.

What shocks me the most since the end of the genocide is that our loved ones have already been forgotten; they have not been given justice. And we as survivors also need to see justice. We fight for it every single day, but in vain. In Gikongoro, the génocidaires are being released without due process when they haven't even admitted to their crimes.

Vital for one is wary of his surroundings and sceptical about *gacaca*.

Living side by side with our tormentors means we have a lot of problems. There is no trust. We live in mutual suspicion of one another. The people who assassinated my brother's children have run away. With the *gacaca* trials going on, I don't feel secure. And nor do other survivors and those willing to speak up.

Because she was only 11 in 1994, Didacienne was too young to deal with the issue of justice. The people she saw killing her parents and siblings were arrested on the testimony of other people. Now that she is older, she is holding back for other reasons.

I might be assassinated, just like some of the survivors and witnesses in Gikongoro. I also want to avoid plunging again into the history of the genocide so that I'm not traumatized by bad memories. If I testify against the perpetrators, I will have to reopen old wounds. I feel quite sensitive and worry about developing mental problems.

Constantly looking over his shoulder has undermined Emmanuel's capacity to speak out and provide vital information to influence convictions. Yet, as time passes, seeing perpetrators go unpunished renews his trauma.

All those who have been imprisoned in connection with the Murambi massacres think that I'm the cause of their imprisonment. For example, when a certain Martin Hategekimana, known as Majyambere, was freed, he wrote in a newspaper that we had been imprisoning people for nothing. When I got to work that morning, everyone was reading that newspaper and looked at me suspiciously.

There is no hope for the future here in Gikongoro. The survivors are massacred and we are now reluctant to give evidence. It is we who are scared of the génocidaires, and who no longer have the courage to denounce them, instead of them being ashamed about what they have done to us. It makes us very sad. They have influence at all levels in the country and we are obliged to bend to their will. In the days to come you will find us traumatized, not only by what we lived through yesterday, but by what is going on today.

What comes across clearly in all the testimonies is the extent to which impunity for genocide crimes and the insecurity that is the backdrop of their lives are closely intertwined.

The génocidaires have been freed. Their presence scares me a great deal and tortures me psychologically. I cannot handle it. The survivor has become a burden everywhere he goes and is the object of mistrust. We can't have confidence in the individuals who took our loved ones from us. They constitute obstacles for us in everything we do. With me it's even worse, they hold a grudge against me because I had the executioners from these areas imprisoned. The justice meted out in Gikongoro came in for strong criticism even before the releases began in 2003.

Uncertainty is a permanent feature of Valérie Mukamunana's life.

We still live alongside the families of the génocidaires who look at us with angry eyes because their relatives are in detention because of us. When we pass by their homes, they hurl insults after us, saying that we're going to try and get even more people jailed. When we reach the end of a day, we aren't sure that we'll still make it to the next. We live with this constant uncertainty.

Bernadette Mukamugenzi is similarly isolated.

I don't get on well with the inhabitants of my area because I denounced their parents, their brothers or their friends.

Euphrasie Nyiranzikwesa, in her mid-seventies, has been left to face old age alone—her husband, children and grandchildren all died in 1994; they were either killed at Murambi or on their way there. She used to live in Mudasomwa. She and three other elderly women stayed in the home of a man who, she said, "left us in his house while he went to kill other Tutsis". She is worried by prisoner releases associated with the *gacaca* trials and, although she "has nothing left to save," she expressed concern for the younger generation.

When I see what's happening with *gacaca*, I wonder if we will ever see justice. So many of the *inyangamugayo* were involved, directly or indirectly, in the genocide. They tell those of us in the countryside, without any ambiguity, that the only consequence of *gacaca* is the release of Hutus imprisoned for the crime of genocide, and that they will wipe us out, once and for all.

Euphrasie lives on her own, and relies on younger genocide widows who live close to her to bring her water and wood. She has no idea who built her house and complained of the shoddy work that made the roof leaky and the foundation unstable. The tracts that were left around as a warning were very much on her mind at the time.

They put tracts in all the houses saying that sooner or later, we will all be killed. They don't even think about the fact that we can't read. The co-ordinator of our sector refused to listen to us. Afterwards, they threw stones on our roofs. For now, we feel a bit more secure after soldiers intervened. Residents who have accused genocide suspects have been poisoned. And so now no one wants to speak. In my area, the *génocidaires* have completely won; I have no idea what *gacaca* is going to achieve. We will see.

There are several reasons why Brigitte Mukamana feels a special responsibility to testify about Murambi. She herself was protected by her Hutu husband, a soldier, and because she lived in cellule Murambi itself and never left her house, she has a unique first-hand account of the horrors visited up the refugees there. Her determination to speak out has wreaked havoc on her life, including in her marriage.

My husband and I separated seven years ago. We had disagreements because he didn't want me to testify about what took place during the genocide.

After the separation, her husband returned to his commune of Mudusomwa. And the people living in the vicinity of Murambi, she said, made it clear that they did not want her in their midst.

They began to harass me and to chase me out of the house we had been renting. Since then, I've been wandering all over the place as I had no fixed home. I'm myself from commune Rwamiko [also in Gikongoro].

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**"But I couldn't go back home without fulfilling my duty to reveal the truth about the massacres which took place in Gikongoro."**

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I'm perpetually worried about my security. I don't even know where I can go and ask for a drink of water. This is something I share in common with the other survivors of Gikongoro. I live in the house of a Hutu man who recently came back from exile; the doors inside the house don't close properly.

Living close to a relative of the owner is its own source of insecurity.

His nephew is a member of the local defence force.<sup>36</sup> He is always telling me that he will set me on fire with petrol. I don't close my eyes at night; I worry that he will take advantage of a moment when I'm asleep and put his plan into action.

But the nephew is not the only person she must guard against.

My neighbours and I live in a state of mutual mistrust. We have had clashes because I'm the reason why some of their relatives, who took part in the genocide, were imprisoned. I don't have confidence in them, and they don't have confidence in me. I don't want to be taken by surprise while I'm sleep, so I stay awake at night.

Brigitte said that she had discussed her problems with a wide range of local officials in Gikongoro, but despite promises, nothing had yet been done for her. She lives with her three children, a son and two daughters. One of her daughters has developed mental problems and the other daughter is a single parent with two children.

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<sup>36</sup> Local defence forces are responsible for neighbourhood policing.

In Gikongoro, survivors live from one day to the next, especially of late when the perpetrators are on edge about *gacaca*.

She is grateful for the overall security in the country for the past decade, "which has at least enabled us to start recovering from the material losses of the genocide." She sees *gacaca* as a forum for learning more about what happened, but knows there is a price to pay.

I want *gacaca* to tell us the truth about the genocide, about how our loved ones died and what happened to their corpses. But I think I'm dreaming here because already those who provide information have been persecuted and some have been poisoned. We don't know what to do about the threats which are made against survivors and witnesses.

### **"We Don't Think About the Future"**

For the most part, survivors in the countryside, like most of those interviewed for this book, live from one day to the next. The genocide itself, the circumstances in which they have lived since then, and the need to conserve their energy in order to meet the demands of their daily lives make it virtually impossible to conceive of a future. Bélie Mukandamage looks to God for help.

We don't think about the future, which is, without any doubt, full of uncertainties. Our hearts are full of sorrow all the time. If God wishes, he will give us the strength to carry on, otherwise we can't bear this life of despair, sadness and burdens that are too heavy to bear.

Bélie lives with her daughter, Eugénie Mushimiyimana, in a housing complex built for the survivors. When she can, she tends her fields. But her daughter has not yet fully recovered from injuries to her head and is unable to help her mother with the work. They are otherwise dependent on Bélie's son, Elie.

Hildegarde lives only in the present and takes life one day at a time. The pain of the past inhibits her from setting foot in the place of her birth. She shields herself from considering the future, where all she is certain of is that her anguish will deepen. Caring for her child is what gives her life purpose.

Before the genocide, I had a comfortable life with my husband and three children. My husband and I both had jobs that provided for the needs of the family. Our children went to good schools and didn't want for anything. Now, my child envies other children from better-off families. I live close to my brother who is in a good financial position. He often celebrates his children's birthdays and my own child wants to live like his cousins, even though we don't have the same means as them.

I stay away from celebrations and I don't go to pray in church since the end of the genocide. My son isn't even baptized, whereas before all our children were. All the same, I let him go to mass with his cousins. I find the prayers and the parties distasteful. I think that is comes from despair. I don't visualize a future for myself any more, nor one for the survivors in general. We live with a feeling of intense insecurity and we don't think of the future because no-one reassures us. They say that unhappiness eases with time, but with us it is the opposite; it increases much more

with time. Sometimes I am sorry that I survived and I curse the place where I was born and raised. I have no desire to return to Gikongoro. Even if there was something of major importance, I don't know if I could go back there.

Emmanuel Gakwindi's distress about the future is palpable.

After the genocide, life was very hard. We had lost our loved ones and our belongings. Frankly, I wondered why I was still alive. I didn't have the strength to look for work. Imagine going and searching for water and firewood yourself when you used to have children who would do that. When I look back, I feel an overwhelming sense of sorrow. The people who killed our loved ones are free and unpunished. Few have been judged and sentenced in court. When you accuse someone in court, the next day they're freed and come to mock you.

Here, we also have problems with security. The people who were freed, after they had pleaded guilty tell us, that they can still kill us, and that they won't serve more than two years in prison. The worst of it is that what they say is the bitter truth. It's we who live in trepidation, instead of the assassins who killed our families. According to a Rwandese proverb, *insigazi isigarira byinshi*, which means that they who live through horrible times don't just survive to tell their tale, but also face many tests. When I see what is happening around me since the genocide, I wish that I hadn't survived.

## OUT OF THE RUINS

### Preventing Genocide and Nurturing Tolerance

The massacre site at Murambi is now being preserved as a national memorial to the victims of the genocide in Rwanda, and a genocide prevention centre is to be established there. The presence of the remains of the thousands of men, women and children who lost their lives there is a persistent and graphic testimony to the atrocities which took place in Murambi. Yet the existence of this physical memorial should not be understood as indicative of a consensus among people who live there today about the nature of the massacre and its origins. The reluctance of some members to accept that the bones which lie at Murambi are those of genocide victims is itself an affront to their memory and indicates a residual attachment to the set of beliefs which brought about the genocide. Tragically, the story of Murambi is not yet over; it continues both in the pain of survivors and in the denials from individuals complicit in or sympathetic to its aims. There is as yet no well established answer to the question of how to promote tolerance and deter future bloodshed. But what does seem clear from the example of the 1994 genocide itself, is that selective representations of the past can be exploited to divide communities.

Conscious that the memory of the genocide in Murambi is already a source of tension and dispute, *African Rights* has tried to involve people from diverse sectors of the local community in recounting the killings of April-July 1994 and in discussing their legacy and the issue of how they should be remembered. For this reason, in this section, we include reflections from a small number of local residents on the decision to turn the massacre site into a memorial to the victims.<sup>37</sup> Their reactions are a reminder that the genocide is not an isolated event in the minds of many of Rwandese who lived through it, but is intimately connected with the political developments which preceded or followed it. For survivors, understandably, it constitutes an incomparable trauma. By including the views of the local community, some of them bitter about their own poverty-stricken lives—about hardship, war and exile—it is evident that, directly or indirectly, genocidal politics have had negative consequences for all the people of Gikongoro and throughout Rwanda. This is the case both for many of those who were complicit in the genocide, and by extension for their families, including children, as well as for many bystanders. By placing references to this wider experience of suffering alongside the details of the 1994 massacres in Murambi, it becomes possible to make a clear distinction between violent incidents in the post genocide period and the planned mass slaughter of April-July 1994.

<sup>37</sup> We have used pseudonyms to protect confidentiality of contributors to this section because frequently, rather than recounting personal experiences as others have done, they express strong opinions.

## A Residue of Denial

43-year-old Thomas had to leave his home in Remera, Gikongoro in June 1994 because of threats to his life from "people who wanted to kill me because they thought I was an accomplice of the Tutsis." He has now returned to live and work in Remera sector, but is troubled by the silence of local residents about the massacres in Murambi and what it suggests about their present attitudes.

When I came back, I asked about the Tutsis who had lived nearby. People told me they were killed at Murambi by soldiers. When I tried to find out the reason why they'd fled there, they said that they didn't know anything about it. As an educated person, I interpret their reply as a form of self-defence, an attempt to put a lid on the truth. Before killing the Tutsis, officials pointed them out as the enemies of the Hutus. That's how the genocide unfolded.

This ethnic ideology, which it will take a lot of time and effort to uproot, has been used like a political weapon. At the moment, people are influenced by secret campaigns to persuade them not to reveal the history of the massacres. People are still hostages of the perpetrators of the genocide who want to mask their own responsibility.

Marie-Christine, the mother of one child, is a 29-year-old farmer from Remera. She is among those who remain convinced that people died in Murambi as a result of fighting.

If someone asks me about the genocide, I'd say that people killed each other, that is Tutsis were in conflict with Hutus. Our officials used to say that the Tutsis wanted to rule over the Hutus.

I'm not in a position to confirm whether only Tutsis died at Murambi. The fighting took place at night. The authorities forced us to leave our homes before the massacre. They told us that the Tutsis had a plan to wipe us out. I cannot tell you how the Tutsis who lived here died. They were at Murambi and that's where they died. However, a survivor, an old woman who had married a Hutu, accuses the people who live near her of complicity in their deaths. All I can say is that people first went to the Parish of Gikongoro. Finally, officials and soldiers finished them off in Murambi. But I don't really know what happened to them there.

Kamanzi, now deceased, took food to his sister who was married to a Tutsi. No-one else from our area ever cared to set foot in Murambi. The authorities told us that the camp housed enemies who were preparing to strike us. We saw the soldiers who were watching to make sure no-one could get out of there. And when they forced us to move away from the vicinity, we didn't hesitate. We were already convinced that the Tutsis were going to kill us.

Since the massacre I still haven't been to where the bones are kept. I'm reluctant to go there, and so are the other people who live around here. We wonder why the remains of the victims haven't been buried. I go to Murambi when there are Presidents coming there. Our councillor ask us to go and welcome them. We came back without seeing the bones.

Before 1999, local residents were hesitant to go there. They used to say that the survivors were going to take revenge. After 2001, people began going there during

the annual commemoration, but with some hesitation. They are apprehensive in case the people who testify point a finger at them.

Though Mathilde, a farmer, lived in sector Remera, she argued that she was not "in a position to speak about the genocide."

I didn't belong to either of the belligerent parties. I say that because our local authorities told us that our country was at war with the *inkotanyi*. They added that the Tutsis were their accomplices. I have no idea if this is correct or not since I never went to the front to confirm what they were telling us. Some of the people living around here did go to the front to fight the Tutsis, but I didn't.

Everyone lived at peace in our sector—Hutus, Tutsis and Twa. So I was very surprised to suddenly hear, from October 1990 onwards, that Tutsis were in fact our adversaries. This campaign intensified even more after Habyarimana's death, so much so that it led to the flight of Tutsis to Murambi. But once they left, I had no more news about them, except what we were told by Semakwavu and some soldiers.

Sebastien, 65, lived in cellule Murambi itself, but claims ignorance of what took place there in 1994, only a few metres away, and has never since set foot there.

The war which brought about the highest rate of killings was that of 1994, especially here in Murambi. I have been told that the Tutsis at Murambi were killed by soldiers. I myself heard the gunfire. I'm told that there were a lot of Tutsis there, but I never went there because I had a fracture in my leg. Since there, I have not been there either.

Epiphanie returned to her birthplace in Gikongoro in May 1994, fleeing the advance of the RPF in Bugesera, where she was then living. When she reached home, the massacre at Murambi was over. But Epiphanie, a widow living in Remera with her four children, found that her paternal aunt, who had married a Tutsi, and her children were among the victims. She tried to find out how her aunt met her death.

I approached the people who live there to find out exactly who the perpetrators of the massacre in Murambi were. Unfortunately, their response shed no light upon the story and left out the participation of civilians. This is a summary of what they said: "Refugees were killed by soldiers during the night." So I decided to push a bit further. Recently, I was able to pursue the case because I heard that a detainee had pleaded guilty to the murder of my aunt and her children.

Another resident of Remera, however, is reluctant to agree with the definition of genocide. 59-year-old Bernard commented:

I can't confirm that only Tutsis were killed in Murambi. There were also Hutus who were wiped out in several places. According to the news communicated to us, some of them were killed by soldiers of the RPF. Their cases have not been exposed. That is why I don't want to go to Murambi although I live in the vicinity of the site. There are also Hutus who were killed following differences they had with their neighbours.

I can't tell you about the massacres that took place in Murambi although I live a few metres from the site and from the place where there was a terrible roadblock. During that period, I spent most of my time in the health centre. And when I went home, it was evening, time to go and eat. So I took no interest in what happened. No-one accuses me. I behaved well during the genocide and so did my wife. Some members

of my family are in prison; they are going to respond personally to the charges against them.

A farmer and father of four from Remera, Gilbert denounced local residents for pointing out the identity of the victims during the genocide and he stands ready to testify in the *gacaca* courts.

I know there are people in my sector who won't be happy about my testimonies. A lot of people who have been persuaded by the speeches which deny the genocide have no interest in genocide commemoration. Apart from survivors, only those residents living close by take part, urged to go by appeals from local officials. But these appeals are addressed to them a few days before 7 April. Sometimes we are asked to go when a foreign dignitary is coming, especially the president of some country.

A widow and farmer from Remera, Gisèle has four children. She was concerned about the tendency of people in the community to misrepresent the killings in Murambi and the impact this might have upon survivors who lost their loved ones there. While she feels unable to explain fully what occurred during the genocide, she is aware that the majority of the victims were Tutsis and is critical of others in her community who "cover up the truth" by avoiding mention of the ethnicity of the victims or who argue that "people killed each other in Murambi."

Right after the genocide, people were hesitant about getting involved in commemoration activities. We saw Murambi as a clear example of the evidence about the massacres of Tutsis. So Hutus preferred to let the survivors and authorities go there on their own. Also, we were still afraid of the government in place. We considered it to be a Tutsi government which was going to take revenge. This makes complete sense because, when there were Tutsis in Murambi, the civilian and military authorities told us that the people who were massacred in Murambi were enemies of the Hutus, *inyenzi* who wanted to kill us.

Most of the male residents took part in the massacres. But everyone claims to be innocent, knowing that if a neighbour doesn't accuse him or her, no one else will come forward. The killers worked under the cover of night and thought that no-one except their fellow killers would be in a position to expose them.

Thomas offered an explanation for why misunderstandings about the genocide persist among ordinary people.

Educated people can't deny the genocide. They do so when they have their own interests to defend. The same is true of the international community. But people are sometimes victims of the information that they receive. When they are manipulated by an ideology that promotes segregation, they act accordingly, trapped in a conflict which has been provoked by individuals seeking power.

In my view, Murambi will be respected, even honoured, by all Rwandese citizens when they all have a common understanding about the genocide. It's serious when you address a peasant to find out if he understands the genocide and he replies to you in these words: "People killed each other; it was the war between Hutus and Tutsis." Such responses show us that people don't consider themselves brothers. They see each other as enemies, making it easier to create an atmosphere of hatred which then leads to conflict.

## Defining Genocide

Some of those interviewed suggested that grievances about personal or collective experiences after the genocide were related to a reluctance to acknowledge the extent or nature of the atrocities at Murambi. Recommending a programme of civic education, Gilbert also pointed out some people do not distinguish between the genocide and other crimes.

I know some people don't take part in the commemoration because they confuse the genocide with other crimes such as the killings which took place in Kibeho<sup>28</sup> during the confrontations between the RPF and the occupants of the camp.

Bernard put forward an entirely different interpretation of the term genocide, based upon a personal injustice.

I don't disagree that genocide took place in Rwanda. The clearest example is the murder of my daughter and her husband who were shot in 2002 by soldiers here in Kabeza. I consider that to be genocide. My son-in law had refused a room to a soldier who wanted to have sex with a prostitute. There weren't any judicial proceedings.

Bernard suggested that a programme should be established to raise popular awareness of genocide and clarify its meaning.

We need people to give us good reasons for telling the truth. The truth will be revealed when we're capable of understanding what genocide is. Even now people understand this word differently. For example, those who lived through the war in the Congo only listen to others who, like them, became refugees in the Congo.

Giséle is uncertain about the relevance of the genocide for herself and her family.

I don't feel the genocide has anything to do with me. I didn't kill anyone; nor did my husband. I know that Tutsis were killed in Murambi, but I don't know at whose hands. They often say that soldiers and interahamwe were responsible and that people were forced to go there.

One of the measures which will help to resolve conflict is neutral civic education. The State must be in a position to reply to all the questions that we ask ourselves. Until now, the residents of Gikongoro know that the Hutu refugees who were at Kibeho were killed by the RPF. We consider that to be a genocide. I was living in the camp. People had all kinds of weapons. They were the ones who stopped us from going back to our properties. They promised us that they were going to chase away the *inkotanyi* who were going to take power. It was this resistance that led the RPF to chase us away by force. A lot of people lost their lives there. Even now a lot of people make the excuse that the history of Kibeho was a genocide of the Hutus. They tell us that there are other places where Hutus were killed. Until the government takes measures to say what happened and to give a clear and impartial response, the population will remain silent.

<sup>28</sup> In April 1995, the RPA moved in with a show of force to close the camps which had been established in Kibeho under Zone Turquoise and which were home to a substantial number of interahamwe in addition to thousands of families. The confrontation developed into a bloody showdown as the armed men in the camps fought back, and many people were killed.

Adèle feels torn by her loyalties to both survivors and other members of the community. She said that while she and her three children were targeted in the genocide by her in-laws, this has not allowed her to benefit from assistance for survivors from FARG. Moreover, one of her sons is suspected of involvement in the genocide. She reserves judgment on his case, saying she is "neutral" but argued that there have been some false accusations of genocide made against individuals. She put forth a number of suggestions.

We perceive the consequences of the genocide as a misfortune caused to us by the current government. The people who ran away to the Congo after the genocide don't have the same point of view as those who stayed in Rwanda. The latter are also divided by their experiences after the genocide. There are some who cling onto the events at Kibeho. There are even people around here who whisper and talk about it secretly.

The government must reach out to all Rwandese through civic education. And it should include a lot of points including essentially the real causes of the genocide and the consequences of this horror.

Paul, a civil servant, said that the genocide in Gikongoro town "unravelling in front of my eyes, from start to finish." He marvels at the degree of economic recovery since 1994 when Rwanda, he said, "was like a carcass."

Rwanda now has new infrastructure in many areas. But material rehabilitation is easy when the finances are available. The real hurdle for Rwanda is more on the human side. Moral rehabilitation must be given special attention because it demands enormous bravery as well as patience.

Moral rehabilitation is a challenge for Rwanda, in particular with regard to memory because not everyone agrees on what happened. The political leadership and civil society should make it possible for the population to talk openly about the evils they lived through. That way we can address the reasons which are stopping people from getting involved in the ceremonies that pay homage to the victims of the genocide.

The physical presence of large numbers of people at commemoration events, brought about through the efforts of officials, is "not enough to conclude that things are going in the right direction."

The most important thing is to ensure that the Rwandese have the same point of view about 1994, what came before and after.

The survivors remember publicly. But there are others who, without any doubt, bury deep in their heart, the events they lived through from 1990 onwards, including the life they lived after 94 outside their homeland. There is still a climate of suspicion. Whether they were planned or opportunistic, nobody can deny that there were acts of vengeance following the genocide. Some declare a double genocide. Others decline to use the word genocide, preferring instead the word massacre or many other terms.

The sensitization about memory needs to target the local population. In place of ordering the population to go to Murambi or elsewhere once a year to remember, the sites must be in their hearts. In any case, the people who died at each place are well known in their residential areas. The strategy of talking about the genocide in different residential localities will allow us to know about other events which

happened during that time. That will give us a detailed list of all the things to be remembered, and this in turn can help us in taking new measures to reconstruct the country.

Florence, an official in sector Remera, is called upon every year to urge the residents of her sector to go to Murambi during the annual commemoration. But she finds it a battle to attract genuine interest, and concluded that "the message does not really sink in." She attributed the failure to several reasons.

Firstly, the authorities who should inform the population don't have a well developed plan, so what they say differs from place to place. Take me for example. I have no idea about the objectives of the site at Murambi. As an educated person, I can only praise the fact that the building is here because it shows respect to the spirits of those who died here. Ordinary people give even less importance to memorial sites because they are not sufficiently informed about them. Some believe that the memorial sites are exclusively reserved for Tutsis.

Secondly, certain individuals secretly contact people and try to minimize the genocide by calling up certain events, such as the events at Kibeho, the misery of the refugee camps, cases of vengeance etc... Their ideas leave a bigger impression as they talk of events which are not often spoken about and which, for this very reason, gain even greater importance in their eyes.

## Moving Forward

Several people who argued that their own experiences of violence in the post-genocide period were not being acknowledged also called for more education and discussion of the genocide and other human rights abuses. Adèle summed up these views with her suggestion that it is necessary to initiate a wide-ranging discussion and to allow people to articulate their views in order to help them deepen their knowledge.

It would help if people can come into our communities and talk to us about the importance of remembering the victims of the genocide. They should also talk about all the consequences of the genocide. People should also take advantage of the opportunity to make their views heard. It's vital to debate all these points. The genocide was perpetrated in our communities, near our homes. Everyone knows someone who lived nearby who was a victim. So we're going to give some weight to the genocide sites once we have the same view about what happened.

This emphasis on the need for civic education and access to information is something which people from very different backgrounds seem to share. The views of the current residents of Murambi echo, in this respect, the words of a former, much respected, native of Gikongoro, Fr. Modeste Mungwarareba. Sadly Fr. Modeste died in 1999. His entire extended family, which he estimated as up to 400 people, including many women and small children, were killed in Gikongoro during the genocide, some of them at Murambi. Nevertheless, in an interview before his death, he spoke of his belief that forgiveness is necessary and that reconciliation is possible. He argued that it is especially important for the victim to forgive so as not to be driven by the perpetrators into a tangled and destructive web of hatred. Having survived the massacres of 1959 and 1963 in his native Gikongoro, he forgave just as many others did.

In 1959, I was eight years old. I saw everything that happened. People were killed, houses were burnt, cows were slaughtered and there was looting. Then, a whistle was blown, everything stopped and we were told: "Reconcile."

What was missing in the aftermath of the 1963 killings was any attempt to administer justice. Fr. Modeste was emphatic that only justice can lead to reconciliation and he argued that progress towards this goal will depend upon the actions of the perpetrators:

The road to reconstruction lies through justice, which will shed light on everything that remains hidden. We must never forget all our families who perished on the hills. Justice must also pursue every individual who knows anything about the events of the genocide for he has a duty to reveal what he knows. The solution to the problem, both for those who have lost their loved ones and for those who have been involved in the killings, will come through justice. Justice is the path to reconciliation and reconstruction and should be seen as a mark of respect for all those who suffered a horrific death.

Along with the struggle for justice, Fr. Modeste believed it was essential that survivors of the genocide remember, and encourage others to remember, the crimes of the 1994 genocide. His thoughts on the preservation of the memory of the genocide, still apply:

The survivors of the genocide have a duty to recall, and to ensure that others recall, that a great number of people were killed whose only crime was that they were Tutsi, that they had been born Tutsi. All this pain is bottled up in the hearts of the survivors. Keeping silent is not going to help us to rebuild our country.

The reason why they should not forget and should keep the memories alive in the hearts of others has nothing to do with perpetuating feelings of hatred and vengeance. Far from it. The purpose is rather to educate the hearts and minds of every citizen of Rwanda. The genocide was engendered by racist ideas and teaching. These racist teachings were published in books; they influenced people who read them, and ordinary people were told about them at public meetings in their commune or sector... Whilst condemning the atrocities, one must not lose sight of the fact that they were committed by people no different from the rest of us. If we are no better than they are, we are also capable of changing and of acting as they did. If all this is written down it will be like a "road sign" which directs travellers on their way through the dangerous twists and turns of life.

Every Rwandese who was in the country at the time has his own story to tell of the path he trod and the events he saw with his own eyes. Writing down these personal histories for the benefit of others, helps to guard against any repeat whilst, at the same time, helping people put behind them the horror of the bloodbath they lived through.

It is in this spirit, and with the same aspirations, that *"Go. If You Die, Perhaps I Will Live": A Collective Account of Death and Survival in Murambi, Gikongoro, April-July 1994* was written.

The distortion of history is a familiar tool of politics and it is one that was employed to tragic effect to launch the 1994 genocide in Rwanda. But silence about the past is also destructive. At the forefront of the aims of this book, has been a determination to piece together what happened to the victims of the massacre in their final days and

hours. Due to the courage of the few survivors, the men women and children who died have left a mark on history—this constitutes an act of defiance against their killers.

Recalling their individual experiences, the participants in this project have reconstructed in detail the history of the genocide in Murambi. They have recorded the build up to the carnage and the strategies of the militia. They have exposed the architects and perpetrators of the killings. They have also evoked the absolute horror of the massacres. In so doing, they may help to challenge one-sided, schematic or opposing accounts of the events from prevailing. This is a shared achievement, and one of substantial benefit to Rwanda's people now and for generations to come.

It is possible that, through participation in building this account, interviewees will gain a stronger sense of the reality that their remembrances are pieces in a complicated puzzle—one that will never entirely be complete. In the minds of some contributors the events are not easily detached from those that preceded them and from what followed next. Opinions wavered; fear and confusion were shared by people from all communities. Concrete actions produced a stark horror which can not be erased, but history tells us it could have been avoided.

The recent decision by the Government of Rwanda to establish a genocide education and prevention centre on the site of the memorial at Murambi is to be welcomed. It is particularly appropriate that the site previously intended as a school should be reclaimed as a place of learning and reflection. Yet this in itself is a reminder that the losses of the genocide were also losses for villages, regions and the entire country. Instead of a school, serving the community, Murambi became a wasteland of unfulfilled skills, ideas, talents and energies.

Gikongoro is an especially tough environment in which to nurture social and economic reconstruction. Human toil on steep hill farms makes for a harsh existence, and in these circumstances collaboration and mutual assistance are perpetually called for. Decades of a politics of hatred has severed communities and led to their destruction. Developing a collective vision of the past is essential for people in Murambi, and indeed in all of Rwanda, to create a better future.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS

1. Adèle (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 May 2004.
2. Alphonse Mbacyeche: Interviewed in Mudasomwa, 24 March 2005.
3. Alphonsine Mukaremera: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 20 January 2005.
4. Anastase Rugema: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 January 2005.
5. Annonciata Muhayimana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 15 January 2005.
6. Bélie Mukandamage: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 20 January 2004.
7. Bernadette Mukamugenzi: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 4 February 2004.
8. Bernard (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 May 2004.
9. Boniface Kalisa: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 4 February 2004.
10. Brigitte Mukamana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 21 January 2005.
11. Callixte Hategekimana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 21 January 2004.
12. Claude Singirankabo: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 21 January 2005.
13. Consolée Mujawamaliya: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 21 January and 4 February 2004.
14. Costasie Mukagasana: Interviewed in Nyanza, 22 August 1997.
15. David Havugimana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 20 January 2004.
16. David Muzungu: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 January 2005.
17. David Rwamihigo: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 25 March 2004.
18. Déo Nsengiyumva: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 February 2005.
19. Désiré Ngezahayo: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 11 July 2006 and 16 January 2004.
20. Didacienne (pseudonym): Interviewed in Kigali, 2 August 2005.
21. Emmanuel Gakwandi: Interviewed in Cyanika, 5 January 2005.
22. Emmanuel Hangari: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 February 2004.
23. Emmanuel Nyirimbuga: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 19 February 2005.
24. Emmanuel Nyirimbuga: Interviewed in Nyamagabe, 20 January 2004.
25. Epiphanie (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 25 April 2004.
26. Espérance Mukagashugi: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 25 March 2004.
27. Etienne Urinzwenimana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 January 2005.
28. Eugénie Musabyimana: Interviewed in Ngoma, Butare, 21 February 2004.
29. Eugénie Mushimiyimana: Interviewed in Gikongoro, 20 January 2004.
30. Euphrasie Nyiranzikwesa: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 January 2005.
31. Bellancille (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 17 February 2005 and Cyanika, 28 March 2006.
32. Félicien Murengerantwali: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 21 January 2004.
33. Félicien Siborurema: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 19 February 2005.
34. Félicité Mukamuganga: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 21 January and 5 February 2004.
35. Félicité Nyiranzage: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 26 March 2005.
36. Florence, pseudonym: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 29 September 2004.
37. Fr. Modeste Mungwarareba: Interviewed in Ngoma, Butare, 10 June 1997.
38. Fr. Tatien Kagangare: Interviewed in Ngoma, Butare, 5 October 1997.
39. Francine Mutuyimana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 February 2005.
40. François Musafiri: Interviewed in Nyanza, 3 February 2004.
41. Frédéric Gakwaya: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 January 2005.
42. Frédéric Munyemana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 28 February 2004.
43. Gaspard Ayirwanda: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 16 January 2004.
44. Gilbert (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 May 2004.
45. Gisèle (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 26 April 2004.
46. Grâce Mukantarindwa: Interviewed in Kigali, 26 January 2004.
47. Hildegard Kabagwira: Interviewed in Kigali, 4 and 5 March 2004 and 2 August 2004.
48. Innocent Bakundukize: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 18 February 2005.
49. Innocent Basominger: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 22 January 2005.

50. Isaac Segakoko: Interviewed in Gikongoro, 6 January 2005.
51. Isaïe Sebudandi: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 January 2005.
52. Jean de Dieu Habinshuti: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 February 2004.
53. Jean-Damascène Sinayobye: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 11 July 2006.
54. Jeannette Mukamugema: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 26 March 2004.
55. Jean-Pierre Sindikubwabo: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 February 2004.
56. Jonas Kanyarutoki: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 17 April 2005.
57. Joseph Ntegeyintwali: Interviewed in Mudasomwa, 18 January 2004.
58. Julienne Umugwaneza: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 15 January 2004.
59. Juvénal Gasasira: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 January 2005.
60. Juvénal Mudenge: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 January 2005 and 11 July 2006.
61. Juvénal Munyakayanza: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 28 February 2004.
62. Laurence (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 4 March 2003.
63. Laurent Sebagenzi: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 26 March 2004.
64. Marianne Nikuze: Interviewed in Kigali, 24 January 05 and 1 April 2006.
65. Marie Mujawimana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 February 2004.
66. Marie-Chantal Mukamunana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 24 March 2004.
67. Marie-Christine (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 4 May 2004.
68. Marie-Goretti Mukantarindwa: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 4 February 2004.
69. Martin Kagimbura: Interviewed in Nyanza, 3 February 2004.
70. Mathilde (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 May 2004.
71. Mélanie Niyigena: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 22 May 2004.
72. Nathalie Nyirabuseruka: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 4 January 2005.
73. Patricia Mukasahaha: Interviewed in Butare, 14 January 2004.
74. Paul, a pseudonym: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 28 October 2004.
75. Philippe Ngendabanga: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 6 February 2004.
76. Rémy Kamugire: Interviewed in Butare town, 5 December 2005.
77. Saleh Mbakuriyemo: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 21 January 2004.
78. Séraphine Mutegaraba: Interviewed in Mudasomwa, 25 March 2004 and 12 July 2006.
79. Simon Mutangana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 15 January 2004 and in Mudasomwa, 12 July 2006.
80. Simon Sebagabo: Interviewed in Kigali, February 2005.
81. Spéciose Mukangenzi: Interviewed in Cyanika, 2 December 2005.
82. Suzanne Nyirasuku: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 15 January 2004.
83. Suzanne Uwamurera: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 26 March 2004.
84. Sylvestre Maniraho alias Mwami: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 15 January 2004.
85. Théoneste Karamage: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 16 April 2004.
86. Thomas (pseudonym): Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 3 May 2004.
87. Valerie Mukamana: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 February 2004.
88. Vincent de Paul Nsabiycera: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 14 January 2004.
89. Vital Twagirayezu: Interviewed in Gikongoro, 4 February 2004.
90. Xavérine Mukansoro: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 January 2005.
91. Zéphanie Nzabandora: Interviewed in Gikongoro town, 5 January 2005.

# A PARTIAL CENSUS OF THE VICTIMS OF THE GENOCIDE AT MURAMBI

## Gikongoro Préfecture

### 1. Commune Mudasomwa

#### a. Sector Buhoro

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex				
1							
2							
3	Innocent	19	M				
4	Xavier	39	M				
5	Frida	37	F				
6		12	F				
7		10	M				
8		8	M				
9		6	F				
10		4	M				
11		54	F				
12		34	M				
13		31	M				
14	Athanase	64	M				
15		61	F				
16	Méssie	21	F				
17		19	M				
18		34	M				
19		32	F				
20		6	M				
21		4	M				
22		2	M				
23	Bosco	36	M				
24	Marie	34	F				
25		10	F				
26		8	F				
27		7	M				
28		5	M				
29		2	M				
30	Evariste	35	M				
31		6	M				
32		4	F				
33		2	F				
34		1	F				
35		42	F				
36		16	M				
37		42	F				
38		40	M				
39		42	F				
40		8	F				
41		50	M				
42		45	F				
43		19	M				
44	Alphonse	12	M				
45		18	M				
46		57	M				
47	Vestine	5	F				
48	Espérance	2	F				
49		29	M				
50	Géniffa	11	F				
51		20	M				
52	François	75	M				
53		33	M				
54	Callixte	30	M				
55		28	M				
56		20	M				
57		45	F				
58	Alphonsine	16	F				
59	Désiré	2	M				
60		18	M				
61		3	M				
62		31	M				
63	Marie	27	F				
64		1	F				
65		31	M				
66	Séraphine						
67							
68							
69							
70	Alfred						
71							
72							
73							
74							
75							
76							
77							
78							
79							
80							
81	Ladislav						
82	Gaudiose						
83							
84							
85							
86							
87							
88							
89	Justin						
90	Félicité						
91	Claudine						
92							
93	Martin						
94							
95							
96	Assyrie						
97							
98	Damas						
99							
100	Innocent						
101	Vénantie						
102	Félicité						
103	Faustin						
104	Emérthe						
105							
106	Samuel						
107	Vestine						
108							
109							
110							
111							
112							
113							
114							
115	Justin						
116							
117							
118							
119							
120	Emmanuel						
121	Béata						
122	Alexis						
123	Donata						
124							
125							
126	Frida						
127	Agnesta						
128	Boniface						
129							
130	Jessé						
131	Alphonse						
132							
133							
134	Francine						
135							
136							

137		Busyati	10	M	214	Kagunisu	72	M
138	Vedaste	Sakindi	54	M	215	Karwera	54	M
139		Mukamuhiza	48	F	216	Mukankundiye	30	F
140		Munana	17	M	217	Karasa	26	M
141	Jeannine		9	F	218	Uwizeyimana	7	M
142	Jeanne		5	F	219	Waganda	46	M
143		Mukasharangabo	62	F	220	Mukanyonga	33	F
144	Cassien		18	M	221	Patrice	4	M
145		Sebuhoro	38	M	222		2	F
146		Mukankundiye	30	F	223	Joyeuse	14	F
147	Lambert		8	M	224	Aloys	12	M
148	Vedaste		6	M	225	James	66	M
149	Vestine		4	F	226	Emmanuel	28	M
150		Mukamana	2	F	227		26	M
151		Budengeri	36	M	228	Gakwavu	22	M
152		Mukankundiye	28	F	229	Karangwa	18	M
153		Tumukunde	2	F	230	Twagirimukiza	66	M
154		Biraguma	70	M	231	Gatoya	54	M
155		Mugenzi	26	M	232	Mukagakwaya	24	M
156		Musabyimana	24	M	233	Nsabimana	16	M
157		Nyirabunuma	73	F	234	Hategikimana	7	M
158		Kazaviyo	6	M	235	Munyandekwe	4	M
159		Akurugo	4	F	236	Mbanushimana	62	F
160		Munyankumburwa	54	M	237	Mukarurungwa	15	F
161		Nkundimana	26	M	238	Ayinkamiye		M
162		Rushema	28	M	239	Karamage	14	M
163		Sindayiheba	50	M	240	Munyemana	10	F
164		Kangabe	38	F	241		8	F
165		Sindayigaya	18	M	242	Uwizeyimana	26	M
166		Marara	15	M	243	Rusingizandekwe	25	M
167		Nayigiziki	4	M	244	Mukagatare	52	M
168		Macocori	2	M	245	Mwitbanje	48	M
169		Nyirambabazi	76	F	246	Mukanyonga	16	M
170		Mukantabana	30	F	247	Mukagatare	12	M
171		Nyiramana	4	F	248	Kubwimana	10	F
172		Kamanyana	32	F	249	Miel	8	F
173		Mushimiyimana	4	F	250	Murekatete	50	M
174		Munganyinka	68	F	251	Sakindi	48	F
175		Habimana	26	M	252	Mukarusagara	14	F
176	Fortunée		24	F	253	Kagoyire	12	M
177		Mukamana	33	F	254	Gatete	8	F
178		Nyiranteziyayo	67	F	255	Karinganire	6	M
179		Kayonga	20	M	256	Nyangezi	4	F
180	Marguerite		26	M	257	Kamariza	58	M
181		Musanganire	4	F	258	Ndamage	52	F
182		Mukamana	2	F	259	Karwera	19	F
183		Kamuzinzi	52	M	260	Balthazar	17	M
184		Nyirantege	48	F	261		48	M
185		Uwambayinzobe	18	F	262	Joyeuse	24	F
186		Kabatesi	16	F	263		2	F
187		Mukanyamibwa	14	F	264	Pascal	50	M
188		Musabyemariya	12	F	265	Rwagarindi	46	F
189		Kanziga	6	F	266	Mukayisa	12	M
190		Nyiragahini	80	F	267	Rwagasana	10	M
191		Mukanyonga	48	F	268	Munyaneza	54	M
192		Nyabukamba	6	M	269	Sebazungu	48	F
193	Angélique		4	F	270	Nyirasangwa	14	M
194		Senturo	50	M	271	Sengimana	12	M
195		Nyirabuseruka	48	F	272	Safari	50	M
196		Rwagasana	24	M	273	Gashugi	46	F
197		Mugambira	22	M	274	Mukantezi	7	F
198		Mukantwari	20	F	275	Jeanne	5	M
199		Gatari	6	M	276	Eugène	3	F
200	Béatrice		18	F	277	Christine	46	M
201		Macuculi	4	M	278		5	M
202		Mukangenzi	38	F	279	Gakwandi	3	F
203		Uwizeyimana	4	F	280	Mugiraneza	28	M
204		Nsanzeza	2	M	281	Mukamana	26	F
205		Hagumishuti	46	M	282	Burimbwa	2	F
206		Mukakalisa	27	F	283	Mukamurigo	35	M
207		Ntibazigira	30	M	284	Musenka	33	M
208		Bankundiye	26	M	285		15	F
209		Gakuriza	48	M	286	Alphonse	7	F
210		Mukashyaka	42	F	287	Gaudence	2	F
211	Israël		12	M	288	Angélique	54	M
212		Hakizimana	7	M	289		23	F
213	Clothilde		5	F	290	Munyambuga	15	M
						Nyirambegeti		
						Kagoberi		

291	Evanisse	12	F	368	Nsengimana	10	M	
292	Aléxis	10	M	369	Hategekimana	8	M	
293	Ntagwabira	19	M	370	Gakwandi	39	M	
294	Musonera	40	M	371	Mukarurungwa	37	F	
295	Mukashema	36	F	372	Gatete	16	M	
296	Bizimana	13	M	373	Havugimana	14	M	
297	Nkuzimana	11	M	374	Damascène	Hakizimana	12	M
298	Ruzigama	52	M	375	Nyirabanguka	46	M	
299	Mukandamage	48	M	376	Mukabatesi	18	M	
300	Ilabimana	10	M	377	Nyandwi	16	M	
301	Mbindigiri	8	M	378	Sebazungu	14	M	
302	Célestin	39	M	379	Ndakaza	37	M	
303	Védaste	37	M	380	Ndanguza	36	M	
304	Simon	54	M	381	Rusagara	33	M	
305	Vital	30	M	382	Kayitana	40	M	
306	Emmanuel	34	M	383	Ahishakiye	19	M	
307	Antoine	27	M	384	Ayinkamiye	14	F	
308	Vincent	30	M	385	Niyonsaba	12	F	
309	Musonera	6	M	386	Ntawutakabona	26	M	
310	Ladislav	49	M	387	Ruzindana	19	M	
311	Vénuste	16	M	388	Habinshuti	17	M	
312	Callixte	37	M	389	Hagenimana	15	M	
313	Rusanganwa	46	M	390	Misigaro	49	M	
314	Vénérande	44	F	391	Nyirangwene	46	M	
315	Jeannette	19	F	392	Florence	Nyirama	16	F
316	Védaste	30	M	393	Judith	Uwimana	14	F
317	Concessa	52	F	394	Nyagisabo	12	F	
318	Emmy	24	M	395	Ndayambaje	10	M	
319	Nzabamwita	27	M	396	Catherine	32	F	
320	Tabaro	39	M	397	Bosco	Kubwimana	8	M
321	Mukamusinga	44	M	398	Mukeshimana	30	M	
322	Ndahitari	41	M	399	Nteziyambere	29	M	
323	Mukankaka	39	M	400	Niyonsaba	26	M	
324	Mukarusagara	20	M	401	Mutana	41	M	
325	Nsanziimana	18	M	402	Mukamuvura	10	F	
326	Kayitesi	16	F	403	Marcel	6	M	
327	Tuyisenge	14	F	404	Mukantagengwa	12	F	
328	Bicamuhano	12	M	405	Concessa	Mukamana	24	F
329	Mukandamage	34	F	406	Annociata	Mutumwinka	16	F
330	Musabyimana	8	M	407	Joséphine	Mukaremwa	14	F
331	Manishaka	4	F	408	Albert	Gasambwe	27	M
332	Rugirimfusa	52	M	409	Agnès	Mukagasana	25	F
333	Valérie	32	M	410	Banamwana	5	F	
334	Joséphine	30	M	411	Joséline	Mukansanga	7	F
335	Alphonse	26	M					
336	Nshimiyimana	8	M					
337	Dismas	16	M					
338	Innocent	45	M					
339	Anathalie	43	F	1	Célestin	Hategikimana	42	M
340	Odette	34	F	2	Félicien	Mudaheranwa	48	M
341	Vénérande	32	F	3		Nteziyambere	35	M
342	Modeste	30	M	4		Mukaremwa	30	F
343	Frida	24	F					
344	Uwizeyimana	32	M					
345	Mukamusoni	54	M					
346	Mukamvuriye	34	M					
347	Munyancza	6	M	2	Espérance	Mukagasana	47	F
348	Sefuku	60	M	3	Joseph	Nzeyimana	25	M
349	Mukankusi	39	F	4	Evariste	Nkurikiyimana	23	M
350	Kamanzi	54	M	5	Vénuste	Rusagara	21	M
351	Nyirabukara	19	F	6	Verdianne	Mukansanga	17	F
352	Kampeta	52	F	7	Evariste	Nkundimana	14	M
353	Ndayisaba	6	M	8		Misake Kimana	25	M
354	Isaïe	54	M	9	Alphonse	Hategikimana	15	M
355	Drocella	50	F	10	Florence	Mukamana	13	F
356	Innocent	16	M	11	Daniel	Munyemana	10	M
357	Nyiringonga	14	M	12	Callixte	Nkundiyé	24	M
358	Ibrahim	60	M					
359	Louise	58	F					
360	Eric	8	M					
361	Nyiransabimana	12	F					
362	Frédéric	37	M					
363	Rosette	14	F	1	Froduald	Murara	49	M
364	Kankesha	14	F	2		Mukankundiye	47	F
365	Nyirankesha	12	F	3		Iyakare	16	M
366	Mukeshimana	10	F	4		Mwizerwa	13	M
367	Emmy	36	M	5		Mutenberezi	11	M
				6	Charles	Higiro	37	M

7		Uwimana	35	F	84	F.	Nzaramba	51	M
8		Mukahigiro	9	F	85	F.	Kabashongore	49	F
9		Murorunkwere	7	F	86	Athanasie	Karinda	23	M
10	Telephore		5	M	87	Evariste	Rwakadigi	55	M
11	François	Nkomeje	43	M	88	Verdiane		39	F
12	Olive	Mukakabanda	42	F	89		Kayitare	5	M
13		Munyaneza	16	M	90		Nwali	3	M
14		Muzehe	14	M	91	Xavier	Kamananga	30	M
15	Gervais		12	M	92	Emmerance	Bakamurera	40	F
16		Kayuki	10	M	93	Eric	Mwizerwa	9	M
17		Nyiragitaro	8	F	94		Muhirwa	7	M
18		Nyiramanzi	36	M	95	Claudette		3	F
19		Mukantaganda	34	F	96	Jean	Nzaramba	37	M
20	Sivon	Ndagije	10	M	97	Alphonse	Karemera	32	M
21		Mushimimana	8	F	98	Etienne	Bizuru	30	M
22		Nyirabukara	6	F	99	Martin	Nganukiye	26	M
23		Nyirinkwaya	43	M	100	Christine	Uwera	18	F
24		Mukankusi	41	F	101	Ildéphonse	Gatera	30	M
25		Nyirakomeza	12	F	102	Immaculée	Mukandekazi	45	F
26		Nikuze	10	F	103	Ladislav	Rwamukwaya	40	M
27		Ndayisaba	8	M	104	Emmanuel	Rubibi	35	M
28		Niyonkuru	8	M	105	David	Gasana	30	M
29		Kubwimana	4	M	106	Vianney	Nkundiyeze	27	M
30		Niyonkuru	6	M	107	Jeannette	Mukarugwiza	25	F
31		Misigaro	39	M	108	Vénéranda	Mukandanga	17	F
32		Ayingeneye	36	F	109	Odette	Mukakabera	16	F
33		Habarugaba	5	M	110	Charles	Kambanda	45	M
34		Maniragaba	3	M	111	Silas	Rubandagabo	70	M
35		Nyirandikumana	2	F	112	Agnesta	Nyirabukwe	65	F
36		Karanga	1	M	113	Pierre	Rutayisire	30	M
37	Ladislav	Sibomana	45	M	114	Annociatta	Umulisa	30	F
38		Kankindi	40	F	115	Josianne	Uwimbabazi	2	F
39		Kampundu	50	F	116	Jeannette	Umulisa	12	F
40	Beatrice		8	F	117	Charles	Kayihura	37	M
41		Nyiranyoni	6	F	118	Odette	Murebwayire	30	F
42		Mukandanga	49	F	119	Claude	Uwineza	10	M
43		Nizeyimana	18	F	120	Claudine	Umubyeyi	7	F
44	Anastase		16	M	121	Claudette	Mukarukundo	6	F
45	Violente		14	F	122	Wilson	Nshimiyimana	4	M
46		Mukantwari	12	F	123	Nelson	Hakizimana	4	M
47	Vincent		10	M	124	David	Mukama	72	M
48		Mukamasoni	28	F	125	Denis	Bugingo	27	M
49		Musabwa	55	F	126	Juvénal	Butera	40	M
50		Ingabire	18	F	127	Immaculée	Mukanyarwaya	39	F
51	Decidère		16	M	128	Wellars	Bayingana	20	M
52	Damasccène		14	M	129	Gérald	Karemangingo	17	M
53	Mélanie		12	F	130	Richard	Kabalisa	15	M
54	Véronique	Nyirabapagasi	61	F	131	Eric	Sebahunde	12	M
55		Karemera	30	M	132	Egide	Rwagasore	8	M
56	Julienne		28	F	133	Gilbert		4	M
57	Célestin		33	M	134	Immaculée	Mukantagara	42	M
58	James	Rwamayombo	71	M	135	Félicien	Mazimpaka	24	M
59	Agnesta	Mukaruziga	65	F	136	Ignace	Gatari	19	M
60	Boniface	Munyankindi	33	M	137	Jacqueline	Uwizeyimana	17	F
61	Martin	Hakizimana	26	M	138	Josépha	Uwamahoro	12	F
62	Moïse	Habimana	22	M	139	Théogène	Sebahunde	8	M
63	Faustin	Nkundiyeze	18	M	140	Jeanne	Uwimana	6	F
64	Christine	Mukashyaka	33	F	141	Hélène	Mukabaziga	70	F
65	Innocent	Nzeyimana	6	M	142		Sindaya	35	M
66	Odette	Mukangenzi	4	F	143		Munyandamutsa	27	M
67	Joseph	Mugenzi	5	M	144	Viollette	Mukamana	30	M
68	Emmanuel	Musonera	12	M	145	Evariste	Kambanda	44	M
69	Pilone	Kabagwiza	7	F	146	Juliette	Munganyinka	40	F
70	Charlotte	Tuyishime	6	F	147	Emmanuel	Tangishaka	15	M
71	Valentine	Umuhiza	4	F	148	John	Sebuzuru	13	M
72	Silas	Musonera	37	M	149	Callixte	Hitayezu	11	M
73	Elaine	Ugirashobuza	30	F	150	Martin	Kamuzinzi	30	M
74	Vérène	Mukashema	25	F	151	Juliette	Mukandamaga	27	F
75	Japhet	Gasana	35	M	152	Jeanne	Kayisi	2	F
76	Gerurina	Mukanyarwaya	33	F	153	Innocent	Iyamukuru	27	M
77	Olive	Mukashyaka	3	F	154		Segahigi	29	M
78		Surumwe	1	M	155	Odette	Nyirabizimana	25	F
79		Barihura	50	M	156	Anathalie	Nyirantatori	55	F
80	Foibe	Mukagakwandi	45	F	157		Kamananga	32	M
81		Ndahimana	7	M	158	Viollette	Mukarusagara	32	F
82		Mukantwari	5	F	159		Karanganwa	24	M
83	Alvira	Motumyinka	4	F	160	Foibe	Munganyinka	15	F

161		Mutuyimana	13	F	238	Wenceslas	Hitimana	37	M
162		Karekezi	30	M	239	Séraphine	Mukamana	35	F
163		Kampayana	37	F	240		Kanyankomo	75	M
164		Kabera	25	M	241	Suzanne	Mukankusi	34	F
165		Mugemana	22	M	242	Camille	Ntuhabose	12	M
166		Bayingana	19	M	243		Mukajuji	10	F
167	Rosé	Matombora	17	F	244		Nyirabintawehe	50	F
168		Nyirandamira	60	F	245	François	Karanga	35	M
169		Scrufirira	31	M	246	Godefroid	Gasana	30	M
170		Mukandori	29	F	247		Kanyandegé	13	M
171	Concorde		27	M	248	Silas	Nyirankwaya	37	M
172		Nzeyimana	25	F	249	François	Harinditwari	60	M
173	Vénérande	Mukagasana	23	F	250	Dative	Muhayimana	23	F
174		Mukakarangwa	20	F	251	Didace	Uwizeyimana	20	M
175	Beatrice	Mukakarisa	17	F	252	Alphonse	Semahoro	17	M
176	Cécile	Nyiramana	35	F	253	Agnès	Murekatete	15	F
177		Bizuru	13	M	254	Consolée	Mukankusi	45	F
178		Mukundwa	10	F	255	Joël	Sibomana	22	M
179	Vincent	Nyampatsi	40	M	256	Joyeuse	Mukagasana	17	F
180	Beatrice	Mukakananga	36	F	257		Uwimana	15	F
181		Ntamugabunwe	13	M	258		Dusengimana	12	M
182		Kanyabutega	10	M	259		Nyiramisigaro	10	F
183		Nzabamwita	30	M	260		Kuradusenge	7	F
184		Nzamwita	27	M	261	Athanase	Ntakirutimana	45	M
185	Cécile	Kankindi	50	M	262	Félicité	Mukasafari	40	F
186	Félicien	Mpayimana	28	M	263	Damien	Nsengimana	12	M
187	Jeannette	Mukarugomwa	27	F	264	Alphonsine	Nikuze	10	F
188	Népomuscène	Urimubabo	7	M	265	Anathalie	Musabyemariya	8	F
189	Célestin	Ngwiriza	52	M	266	Samuel	Gakunde	46	M
190		Mukarugwiriza	45	F	267		Mukamana	44	F
191	Callixte	Ingabire	24	M	268	Angelique	Uwamahoro	8	F
192	Sylvestre	Nyirimihigo	55	M	269	Ignace	Sibomana	6	M
193	Xavier	Sibomana	23	M	270	Annociatta	Nirebereho	4	F
194	Xavérine	Mukaneza	20	F	271	Venuste	Munyemana	34	M
195	Ignace	Karinda	40	M	272	Evantice	Mukamana	30	M
196	Joyeuse	Muteteri	33	F	273	Faustin	Mutuyimana	28	M
197	Gérald	Karinda	12	M	274	Joséphine	Musabyimana	22	M
198	Jérôme	Karinda	10	M	275	Jeanne d'Arc	Uwimana	18	F
199	Robert	Karinda	7	M	276	Alphonse	Munyaneza	10	M
200		Mukakarinda	5	F	277	Michel	Twagirimana	7	M
201	Agnès	Kangabe	55	F	278	Judith	Mukaruzima	48	F
202	Aléxis	Ntarinda	26	M	279	Séraphine	Mururunkwere	18	F
203		Gatete	10	M	280	Idéphonse	Muranga	16	M
204		Toto	8	M	281	Evariste	Karanganwa	14	M
205		Ingabire	7	F	282	Frida	Mukarubayiza	37	F
206	Martin	Kanyamirindi	40	M	283	Anicet	Mbwimba	10	M
207		Ntazinda	35	M	284		Uwimana	8	M
208	Jacquelinee	Mukamiriga	30	F	285	Boniface	Ntaganira	33	M
209	Frida	Mukamazimpaka	19	F	286		Uwimana	23	F
210	Damascène	Nsabimana	4	M	287	Martin	Uwibeshyeho	30	M
211		Musabyimana	3	M	288	Odette	Ukwitegetse	4	F
212	Juliette	Mukandori	43	F	289	Kampire	Marie	67	F
213	Callixte	Habimana	23	M	290	Boniface	Bureziya	40	M
214	Célestin	Rusagara	20	M	291	Céline	Murekatete	12	F
215		Mukarusagara	17	F	292	Emmanuel	Kwizera	15	M
216	Joséphine	Mukarukwaya	15	F	293	Juvénal	Habyarimana	22	M
217	Juvénal	Mbarushimana	30	M	294	Césaire	Nyiramana	10	F
218	Gaudiose	Nyiransabimana	33	M	295	Dancille	Uwimana	36	M
219	Vérène	Kamagaju	7	F	296	Innocent	Nzabakuramba	14	M
220	Claudine	Kanyange	5	F	297		Kabalisa	12	M
221	Viateur	Rutebuka	44	M	298	Vianney	Kabayiza	10	M
222	Josphine	Mukamanyovu	42	F	299		Gasigwa	33	M
223		Madereri	12	F	300	Virginie	Mukangwije	30	F
224		Mujyambere	10	M	301		Nshutiraguma	8	M
225	Justas	Rukebeshu	60	M	302	Evariste	Nsabimana	6	M
226		Nsanziimana	15	M	303	Callixte	Nsabimana	4	M
227		Sendegeya	24	M	304	Védaste	Sibomana	30	M
228		Nyirakanazi	74	F	305	Anastasie	Ayigeneye	28	F
229		Gasana	35	M	306		Mukanziza	5	F
230	Anastase	Borujwe	37	M	307	Esther	Nyiramparakazi	70	F
231	Violette	Mukarusagara	35	F	308		Sebutama	60	M
232		Uwamurera	13	F	309	Sarah	Nyirahuku	56	F
233		Rubashamuheto	11	M	310		Nsengumuremyi	24	M
234	Césaire	Mukarusagara	35	F	311	Emmanuel		20	M
235		Kamuyumbe	14	F	312		Mukunzi	5	M
236		Murisa	12	F	313	Esperance	Mukarugagi	70	F
237		Nyiranshishi	70	F	314		Mukamukoni	10	F

315		Nzabamwita	35	M	392	Muhire	5	M
316	Immaculée	Mukamazimpaka	30	M	393	Munyakazi	3	M
317		Mushimiyimana	5	F	394	Gakwavu	60	M
318		Ndikumana	3	M	395	Mukaruziga	24	F
319	Télesphore	Nyagasaga	70	M	396	Languide	26	F
320		Bankundiye	65	F	397	Mariette	22	F
321		Mageri	18	M	398	Foibe	20	F
322	Faustin	Ntazinda	39	M	399	Marianne	18	F
323	Mariette	Mukabandora	34	M	400	Immaculée	16	F
324		Bizuru	12	M	401		14	M
325		Nyiramugeyo	10	F	402	Karanganwa	12	F
326	Damascène		8	M	403	Mukangenzi	80	M
327	Innocent		6	M	404	Seburikoko	40	F
328	Francine		4	F	405	Nyirabusimba	70	M
329	Néhémie	Nshimiyimana	41	M	406	Sebugwegwe	28	F
330	Joséphine	Mukamugenza	39	F	407	Verianne	26	F
331	Emmanuel	Nkurunziza	10	M	408	Joyeuse	22	F
332	Isaïe	Karemura	7	M	422	Julienne	36	M
333	Anathalie	Nsanzeza	5	M	423	Innocent	14	M
334	François	Mpatsinguye	70	M	424	Froide	34	F
335		Bagirinka	62	F	425		12	M
336	Gervais	Nsangimana	24	M	426	Nsanzeza	10	M
337		Karamage	40	M	427	Muragijimana	8	M
338		Hakizimana	35	M	428	Josephine	6	M
339		Bukanuye	14	M	429	Nyarisaza	50	M
340		Nyirabizimana	12	F	430	Hitimana	4	F
341		Mataroshi	8	M	431	Mukamana	35	M
342		Nyiraneza	39	F	432	Gatana	30	F
343	Daniel	Serufirira	36	M	433	Mukamugema	3	F
344	Libérée	Nyiraminani	7	F	434	Joséphine	50	M
345	Jeanne	Uwimbabazi	6	F	435	Gashugi	39	M
346		Ndibutsa	5	M	436	Mukanyirigira	10	M
347		Ndibanje	1	M	437		6	F
348	Célestin	Harindintwari	52	M	438	Mukundwa	50	M
349	Joyeuse	Mukandamaga	50	F	439	Murekezi	4	M
350	Vincent	Bakunde	20	M	413	Uwabagira	40	M
351	Innocent	Sindayigaya	18	M	414	Kalisa	10	F
352	Théoneste	Munyanziza	16	M	415	Francine	14	M
353	Camille	Munyanzeza	14	M	416	Antoine	12	F
354	Wellars	Uwineza	12	M	417	Lucie	8	F
355		Dushimimana	10	M	418		6	M
356	Pascal	Bizimana	40	M	419	Mukamisha	4	M
357	Mélanie	Mukamana	37	F	420	Sinarhoze	2	F
358	Immaculée	Nyirakamana	8	F	421	Sindambiwe	24	M
359	Faustin	Sekamana	6	M	409	Yabaragiye	14	M
360		Mukecuru	3	F	410		10	F
361	Laurent	Rucibigango	47	M	411	Nkurunziza	4	M
362	Damien	Nshimiyimana	12	M	412	Bucanayandi	40	M
363	Vénantie	Mukagashugi	44	F	413	Yabaragiye	10	F
364		Uwimana	10	M	414	Uwabagira	14	M
365		Karemura	30	M	415	Kalisa	10	F
366	Boniface	Sebukayire	50	M	416	Ayingeneye	14	M
367	Modeste	Nshimiyimana	26	M	444		9	M
368	Mariette	Mukashyaka	12	F	445	Ruhennyi	7	M
369	Magdeleine	Mukangenzi	14	F	446	Ndabamenye	5	M
370	Dérilla	Macari	10	F	447		3	F
371	Consolée	Mukandekezi	14	F	448	Umutesi	70	M
372	Daniel		5	M	449	Seharasa	39	M
373	Idéphonse		3	M	450	Mukaruziga	7	F
374	Oswald	Ruzinda	60	M	451	Mukangango	5	M
375	Floride	Mukasakindi	55	F	452	Mukangenzi	1	F
376	Ndahimana	Charles	30	M	453	Nzamuunda	60	M
377	Silas	Nyamwasa	20	M	454	Nyiringoga	60	F
378		Ntakirutimana	18	M	455	Nyirabajyambere	24	M
379	Marie	Mukambayire	14	F	456	Rugerindinda	4	F
380		Claude	10	M	457	Mukankusi	2	F
381	Anastase	Ruberandinda	44	M	458	Mukabera	30	M
382	Innocent		24	M		Kirenga		
383		Mayanga	22	F				
384	Xavérine		20	F				
385		Nyarisanzaza	18	M				
386		Nyaritwa	16	M				
387	Mariette	Mukagashumba	40	F				
388		Ndagijimana	12	M				
389		Hagenimana	10	M				
390		Ndayisaba	3	M				
391	Grâce		30	F				

## 2. Commune Musebeya

### a. Sector Rugano

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Thérèse	Kandekwe	64	F
2 Jean	Mugenzi	31	M
3 Christine	Mugorukweye	24	F
4 Léon	Mugenzi	12	M

5	Alexis	Munyaneza	9	M
6	Winifride	Mukantwaza	15	F
7	Virginie	Mukantabana	57	F
8	Eugénie	Mukagatera	21	F
9	Schoba	Mukamuhirwa	24	F
10	Charlotte	Mukabutera	16	F
11	Damien	Nkuraga	36	M
12	Thérèse	Mukankuranga	39	F
13	Jean	Bapfakurera	70	M
14		Nzaramba	31	M
15	Angélique	Sagahutu	14	F
16	Sylvestre	Rusanganwa	39	M
17	Théoneste	Munyankindi	34	M
18		Kanyundo	64	M

53	Chantal	Kampongo	15	F
54	Charles	Rubayiza	35	M
55	Cyprien	Kanyamibwa	40	M
56	Damascène	Sebanani	20	M
57	Daniel	Nwawuzumunsi	25	M
58	David		12	M
59	David	Rwamurinda	55	M
60	Delphine	Nyiramagaja	16	F
61	Domitille	Mukabera	35	F
62	Egide	Magorwa	45	M
63	Emmanuel	Mushimiyimana	11	M
64	Eric		2	M
65	Eric	Mwubahamana	9	M
66	Espérance	Mukangoga		F
67	Etienne	Karemwa	34	M
68	Faustin	Murego	57	M
69	Fiacre	Rubayiza	20	M
70	Francine	Mukantwari	40	M
71	Francis	Gapyisi	60	M
72	Frédéric	Nturo	67	M
73	Frédéric	Rubayiza	60	M
74		Gahutu	26	M
75		Gatemberenzi	48	M
76	Gloriose		78	F
77	Gloriose	Masengesho	10	M
78		Habimana	15	M
79	Innocent	Nzabandora	14	M
80	Isaie	Nyahobavukira	11	M
81	Jacqueline	Mukaneza	15	F
82	Jean	Karorero	45	M
83	Jean Claude	Ntezimana	26	M
84	Jean-Damascène	Sibomana	22	M
85	Jean d'Amour	Bizimana	10	M
86	Jean de Dieu	Ndabakara	12	M
87	Jeanette	Ingabire	10	F
88	Jean	Ingabire	22	M
89	Josiane	Ndamukunda	23	F
90	Julienne	Nyiramyasiro	27	F
91	Juvénal		16	M
92	Juvénal	Karangwa	36	M
93	Laurence		34	F
94	Libérée	Mukakarera	44	F
95	Liliane	Niyonshuti	16	F
96	Marceline	Murego	23	F
97	Marguerite	Mukangwije	63	F
98	Marguerite	Mukantagata	36	F
99	Marie	Mukamazimpaka	49	F
100	Marie	Mukaruranga	36	F
101	Marthe	Mukantwari	11	F
102	Martin	Habarimana	8	M
103	Médard	Ndengeyintwari	11	M
104		Ndengeyintwari	16	M
105	Mélanie	Kamanzi	25	M
106	Michel		75	M
107	Olivier	Hategekimana	13	M
108	Paul	Bigirimana	21	M
109	Perus	Uwimana	22	F
110	Pierre	Ruhirika	32	M
111	Tabéa	Nareke	35	F
112	Théogène	Niyomugabo	10	M
113		Niyomugabo	18	M
114	Védaste	Kavamahanga	42	M
115	Vénantie	Mukangoga	34	M
116	Vénantie	Mukarwemera	68	F
117	Vestine	Nyirabatoni		F
118	Vestine	Nyirabazungu		F
119	Vianney	Ngurube	16	M
120	Xavier	Nkunzaho	58	M
121	Zaripa	Mukarushema	75	M

### 3. Commune Kinyamakara

#### a. Sector Bitare

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1	Hakizimana	5	M
2	Hategekimana	5	M
3	Kaburabuzi Ntabatije	6	M
4	Kamayirese	30	M
5	Karinjabo Ntabatije	8	M
6	Mukagacana	35	F
7	Mahukuri	68	M
8	Mugandure	24	M
9	Munyakanyanza	25	M
10	Mutuyimana	21	M
11	Mutuyimana	9	F
12	Nyiramanywa	29	F
13	Nyirandikubwimana	27	F
14	Nyiranziyaremye	9	F
15	Ndabaramiye	14	M
16	Ndimukaga	12	M
17	Ndizeye	9	M
18	Niyonsaba	24	F
19	Nsabimana	-	M
20	Ntashumaje	27	M
21	Ntibagirisoni	43	F
22	Ntwakazi	69	F
23	Nzamiwita	27	M
24	Rudasigwa	51	M
25	Semutwa	25	M
26	Tuyishimire Gahizi	19	M
27	Name unknown	1	F
28	Name unknown	3	M
29	Uwimana	17	F
30	Uwimanintije	15	M
31	Vuguziga	50	M
32	Abel Ngezenubwo	56	M
33 Ariane	Murego	20	M
34 Alphonse	Ndahayo	23	M
35 Alphonsine	Mungayire	45	M
36 Alphonsine	Rusanganwa	80	M
37 Anastase	Karunayo	36	M
38 André	Ndereyehé	85	M
39 Angélique	Niragire	6	F
40 Annuciata	Niyitegeka	8	F
41 Athanase	Sibomana	27	M
42	Bakundukize	37	M
43 Baltazar	Namahoro	26	M
44 Basile	Mukashyaka	12	F
45 Bélyne	Mukangenzi	53	F
46 Bernadette	Mukambugije	23	F
47	Bizimana		M
48	Karera	11	F
49	Karera	11	M
50 Hosco	Karera	21	M
51	Byukusenge Minani	36	M
52 Célestin	Musabyimana	17	M

## b. Sector Kiyaga

Name	Last Name	Age	Sex				
1 Claudine		13	F	66 Clément	Manzi	16	M
2 Clémentine Vivy		16	F	67	Mayange	8	F
3 Marie Jeanne		25	M	68 Cécile	Mukanganizi	15	F
4 Thomas		50	M	69 Joseph	Mudenge	69	M
5 Alphonsine	Bazubagira	17	F	70 Frodouald	Mugemana	40	M
6 Auguste	Birama	5	M	71	Mukeshimana	9	F
7 Jean	Birama	57	M	72 Marianne	Mukeshimana	35	M
8 Philippe	Bitanza	36	M	73 François	Mungarurire	33	M
9 Boniface	Buhinyori	84	M	74 Jacqueline	Murekatete	18	F
10 Callixte	Bwiheka	69	M	75	Mutangana	35	M
11	Byukusenge Minani	37	M	76	Muteteri	9	F
12 Eric	Dusabimana	17	M	77 Adèle	Muteteri	23	F
13 Thacienne	Dusabimana	10	F	78 Charlotte	Nyirabahimana	41	F
14 Triphine		11	F	79 Catherine	Nyiramibeba	50	F
15 Furaha		11	M	80 Languide	Nyiramushi	69	F
16	Gahongayire	4	M	81 Agnès	Nyiramuzima	65	M
17 Alphonse	Gakwandi	23	M	82 Elévanie	Nyiranshuti	45	F
18 Gaspard	Gasarabwe	40	M	83 Marie Claudine	Nyiratabaruka	9	F
19 Pascal	Gashagaza	35	M	84 Erina	Nyirarubuga	59	F
20 Gaspard	Gatete	7	M	85 Glorioso	Nyirafafari	12	F
21 Damascène	Habimana	15	M	86 Jean de Dieu	Ndabakora	20	M
22 Ladislav	Habimana	14	M	87 Alphonsine	Ndahayo	26	M
23 Anastase	Habiyambere	45	M	88 Jean Claude	Ndayisenga	16	M
24	Habiyambere	49	M	89 Oswald	Ngoga	35	M
25 Mathieu	Habyarimana	17	M	90 Vianney	Ngurube	23	M
26 Libérée	Hagenimana	12	F	91 Nikuze		6	M
27 Innocent	Hakizimana	13	M	92 Valérie	Nirangeyimana	14	F
28 Védaste	Hakizimana	12	M	93 Vestine	Nirere	23	F
29	Hategekimana	11	M	94 Pascasie	Niyitugize	9	M
30 Olivier	Hategekimana	45	M	95 Ephrème	Niyobuhungiro	13	M
31 Marguerite	Hazitamariya	52	F	96 Jean	Niyomugabo	35	M
32 Jérôme	Hitayezu	33	M	97 Louise	Niyomugabo	27	F
33 Vianney	Iyamuremye	20	M	98 Théogène	Niyomugabo	27	M
34 Bosco	Kabalisa	21	M	99 Zacharie	Nkundakozera	85	M
35 Damascène	Kambari	50	M	100	Nkurikiyimana	8	M
36	Kambari Dodori	20	M	101 Emmanuel	Nkuranziza	9	M
37 Jean	Kancza	3	M	102 Eulade	Nsengimana	15	M
38 Floride	Kankindi	50	F	103 Viollette	Nsengiyumva	35	F
39 Phocas	Karamuheto	11	M	104 Gérard	Nshimiye	27	M
40 Raymond	Kavuna	13	M	105 Silas	Nshimiyimana	17	M
41 Martin	Kayigamba	40	M	106 Lasdislav	Ntahobavukira	19	M
42 Véronique	Karigirwa	10	F	107	Ntakirutimana	12	M
43 Beathe	Kayitesi	18	F	108 Flugence	Ntakirutimana	1	M
44 Félicité	Kidabari	12	F	109	Ntawukurirayayo	12	M
45 Eugénie	Mukamurigo	35	F	110 Evariste	Nyakayiro	39	M
46 Pétronille	Mukakabera	49	F	111 Claude	Nyandwi	25	M
47 Consolée	Mukakarangwa	35	F	112 Innocent	Nzabandora	20	M
48 Gèneuse	Mukamabano	80	F	113	Nzaramba	30	M
49 Rose	Mukamana	4	F	114 Frodouald	Nzaramba	45	M
50 Angélique	Mukamazimpaka	16	F	115 Athanase	Nzaramyimana	50	M
51 Claudine	Mukamazimpaka	14	F	116 Jean	Nzeyimana	14	M
52 Concessa	Mukamugema	40	F	117 Joseline	Rugira	35	F
53 Philomène	Mukamurigo	37	F	118 Wilfride	Ruhanika	18	M
54 Hélène	Mukamurindwa	45	F	119 Serge	Rukundo	20	M
55 Elévanie	Mukamurisoni	75	F	120 Justas	Rutamu	45	M
56 Gèneuse	Mukamuyenzi	54	F	121 Benoît	Rutayisire	40	M
57 Domitille	Mukamwezi	8Mths	F	122 Vincent	Sebashu	17	M
58 Glorioso	Mukamwiza	17	F	123 Placide	Shyaka	18	M
59 Pèrus	Mukandamaze	22	F	124	Sibomana	63	F
60	Mukandayambaje	16	F	125 Athanase	Sibomana	63	M
61 Xavérine	Mukankaka	35	M	126 Charles	Simbananiye	28	M
62 Collette	Mukantagwera	35	F	127 Safari	Sinabunyoye	42	M
63	Mukanyandwi	23	F	128 Marie	Twizeyimana	45	F
64 Béathe	Mukarurungwa	35	F	129	Umulisa	3	F
65 Egide	Mahwa	23	M	130	Umutesi	12	F
				131 Noëlla	Uwamariya	19	F
				132 Claudine	Uwase	25	F

## c. Sector Muhanga

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex	First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Providence	Ingabire	73	F	39 Israël	Mabike	55	M
2 Joséphine	Mukandayisenga	52	F	40 Emmanuel	Macumu	34	M
3 Odette	Mukankundiye	12	F	41 Noël	Macumu	65	M
4 Espérance	Mukankusi	9	F	42	Milita	16	
5 Clémentine	Mukansaaga	48	F	43 Immaculée	Mindari	37	F
6 Séraphine	Nyiranjishi	23	F	44	Murebwayire	18	F
7 Elie	Nzabandora	24	M	45 Frédéric	Musoni	40	M
8 Athanase	Rubangura	12	F	46 Vianney	Mvayekure	35	M
9 Aaron	Sebagabo	7	M	47 Frida	Nyirabarinda	32	F
10 André	Serunaga	45	M	48 Elévanie	Nyirabujangwe	62	F
11 Béatrice	Usengimana	22	F	49 Védaste	Nyirahuku	40	M
12 Aline	Uwihitiyemo	12	F	50	Niyitegeka	35	M
13 Marceline	Uwizeyimana	38	F	51	Nsabimana	8	M
14 Divine	Uwankunda	45	F	52	Nsonzimana	20	M
15 Aloysie		24	F	53 Véréne	Nzabamwita	50	F
16	Mukamusonera	60	F	54 Jean	Rwemera	50	M
17	Mukanyandwi	6Mths	F	55	Sibomana	20	M
18	Musangwa	18	M	56	Yubi	55	F
19	Nyiramini	75	F	57	Zimurinda	50	M
20	Nyiramisigaro	23	F				
21 Tabica	Nareke	36	F				
22 André	Nteziryayo	14	F				
23 Paul	Nteziryayo	36	M				
24 Vincent	Nyaminani	45	M				
25 Jean	Rutebuka	16	M				
26 Gaston	Bironi	27	M				
27 Francine	Mukakigina	25	F				
28 Immaculée	Mukeshimana	16	M				

## d. Sector Gakomeye

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex	First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Alfred		18	M	1 Athanase	Zirikwembo	38	M
2 André		20	M	2 Vestine	Akimana	27	F
3 Bernadette		50	F	3 Innocent	Cyezibwa	25	M
4 Bernard		30	M	4 Valentine	Dusengimana	28	F
5 Cécile		22	M	5 Emmanuel	Gasana	23	F
6 Domitille		22	F	6 Michel	Gashagaza	23	M
7 Donat		16	M	7 Anastasie	Habiyambere	57	M
8 Elégèrese		48	M	8 Gratien	Habyarimana	10	F
9 Félicien		28	M	9 Eraste	Hitimana	34	M
10 Froduald		18	M	10 Jeanne	Ingabire	11	F
11 Hélène		55	F	11	Ishimwe	25	F
12 Innocent		28	M	12 Pierre	Karehe	13	M
13 Kidende		28	M	13 Antoine	Kayibanda	32	M
14 Louis		24	M	14	Kayitesi	27	M
15 Louise		24	F	15 Espérance	Mukakabera	38	F
16 Marie		12	F	16 Prisca	Mukakalisa	27	F
17 Marie		24	F	17 Naôm	Mukakinani	35	F
18 Marie		40	F	18 Claudine	Mukamazimpaka	23	F
19 Mélanie		22	F	19 Jeannette	Mukandayisenga	35	F
20 Said		25	M	20 Jeannette	Mukandayishimiye	25	F
21	Barirwanda	40	M	21 Epiphane	Mukankundiye	32	M
22 Paulin	Bizimana	20	M	22 Vénérande	Mukankusi	27	F
23	Buhake	42	M	23 Stélie	Mukantabona	36	F
24	Butoki	9	M	24 Marie	Mukantarinda	16	F
25	Gakuba	34	M	25 Rosine	Mukarukeba	28	F
26	Gakusi	24	M	26 Jacqueline	Mukarusanganwa	32	F
27	Habakubya	40	M	27 Libérée	Mukarwemurika	42	M
28 Joseph	Habimana	60	M	28	Misake	34	M
29	Iyakaremye	35	M	29 Cécile	Mukeshimana	35	F
30 Claver	Kanamugire	26	M	30 Gertrude	Munganyinka	60	F
31 Marie Jeanne	Kangabe	24	F	31 Marie	Munganyinka	24	F
32	Karanganwa	25	M	32 Jean	Munyangango	46	M
33	Kayitasire	20	F	33 Olive	Murankwera	11	F
34 Béatrice	Mukamana	30	M	34 Béatha	Mutungirehe	10	F
35	Mukankundiye	20	F	35 Gaudence	Nyiracumi	21	F
36 Judith	Mukankundiye	20	F	36 Adèle	Nyiramisigaro	52	F
37 Foibe	Mukarusanganwa	25	F	37 Alphonsine	Nyirandama	22	F
38 Odette	Mukarusamba	32	F	38 Alphonsine	Nyirandama	27	F
				39 Ignace	Ndayambaje	14	M
				40 Marthe	Ndayisaba	12	M
				41 Védaste	Ndengeyintwari	10	M
				42 Anastase	Niyomugabo	24	M
				43 Bernard	Nsakanabandi	40	M
				44 Jeannette	Nshimiyimana	50	F
				45 Félicien	Negamaherezo	25	F
				46 Evariste	Nyakayiro	37	M
				47 Jérôme	Nyiridandi	46	M
				48 Magnifique	Rongi	30	M
				49 Modeste	Rutayisire	29	M
				50 François	Ruzindana	36	M

## e. Sector Kamweru

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Athanase	Zirikwembo	38	M
2 Vestine	Akimana	27	F
3 Innocent	Cyezibwa	25	M
4 Valentine	Dusengimana	28	F
5 Emmanuel	Gasana	23	F
6 Michel	Gashagaza	23	M
7 Anastasie	Habiyambere	57	M
8 Gratien	Habyarimana	10	F
9 Eraste	Hitimana	34	M
10 Jeanne	Ingabire	11	F
11	Ishimwe	25	F
12 Pierre	Karehe	13	M
13 Antoine	Kayibanda	32	M
14	Kayitesi	27	M
15 Espérance	Mukakabera	38	F
16 Prisca	Mukakalisa	27	F
17 Naôm	Mukakinani	35	F
18 Claudine	Mukamazimpaka	23	F
19 Jeannette	Mukandayisenga	35	F
20 Jeannette	Mukandayishimiye	25	F
21 Epiphane	Mukankundiye	32	M
22 Vénérande	Mukankusi	27	F
23 Stélie	Mukantabona	36	F
24 Marie	Mukantarinda	16	F
25 Rosine	Mukarukeba	28	F
26 Jacqueline	Mukarusanganwa	32	F
27 Libérée	Mukarwemurika	42	M
28	Misake	34	M
29 Cécile	Mukeshimana	35	F
30 Gertrude	Munganyinka	60	F
31 Marie	Munganyinka	24	F
32 Jean	Munyangango	46	M
33 Olive	Murankwera	11	F
34 Béatha	Mutungirehe	10	F
35 Gaudence	Nyiracumi	21	F
36 Adèle	Nyiramisigaro	52	F
37 Alphonsine	Nyirandama	22	F
38 Alphonsine	Nyirandama	27	F
39 Ignace	Ndayambaje	14	M
40 Marthe	Ndayisaba	12	M
41 Védaste	Ndengeyintwari	10	M
42 Anastase	Niyomugabo	24	M
43 Bernard	Nsakanabandi	40	M
44 Jeannette	Nshimiyimana	50	F
45 Félicien	Negamaherezo	25	F
46 Evariste	Nyakayiro	37	M
47 Jérôme	Nyiridandi	46	M
48 Magnifique	Rongi	30	M
49 Modeste	Rutayisire	29	M
50 François	Ruzindana	36	M

51 Jean Pierre	Sibomana	65	M
52 Emmanuel	Sindikubwabo	10	F
53 Martin	Tuyishimire	32	F
54 Josephine	Twizyimana	21	F
55 Marichali	Urayenzeza	40	F
56 Emmanuel	Utegekizimana	52	F
57 Béatha	Uwimana	23	F
58 Emmanuel	Yirirwahandi	2	M

#### f. Sector Karama

First Name	Last Name	Sex	Age
1 Antoine		37	M
2 Antoinette		36	M
3 Appolinaire		42	F
4 Appolinaire		17	F
5 Appolonie		15	F
6 Barthélemy		48	M
7 Claudien		50	M
8 Fidèle		30	M
9 Pétronille		31	M
10 Philippe		27	M
11	Ahishakiye	15	M
12	Akimana	12	F
13 Cyrille	Banyangiriki	20	M
14 Nimugira	Bellancile	50	F
15 Silas	Bishyagari	60	M
16 Gacagahoro and his 8 children		70	M
17 Charles	Gashuho	70	M
18	Karangwa	12	M
19 Joël	Karangwa	45	M
20 Pierre	Karehe	20	M
21 Macari	Mukakaranga	15	F
22 Jeannette	Mukamashinge	15	F
23 Bellancile	Mukankaka	35	M
24	Mukasafari	9	F
25	Malakiya	33	M
26	Akimana's sister	10	F
27	Akimana's sister	8	F
28 Jacqueline	Mushimiyimana	48	F
29 Jeannette	Mushimiyimana	15	F
30 Jacqueline	Nyirabukeye	47	M
31	Nyirandikubwayo	7	F
32 Debèle	Nyirashyamba	65	M
33 Jacqueline	Nirere	8	F
34 Wenceslas	Njagwa	80	M
35 Nsanjabera and his 6 children		50	M
36	Nsengimana	35	M
37 Joseph	Nsengiyumva	13	M
38	Nshimiye	15	F
39 Jean Paul	Ntegujyayo	50	M
40 Jean Pierre	Ntegujyayo	26	M
41 Hesron	Nyamajangwe	50	M
42 Joseph	Nyandwi	15	M
43 Diogène	Nzarishaka	6	M
44 Jean	Ruganzakurinda	47	M
45	Rugumyangabo	85	M
46 Rwasibo and his 6 members of his family		52	M
47	Secyamango	40	M
48 Aloys	Seribera	48	M
49 Emmanuel	Sindikubwabo	13	M
50 Jean	Sinzi	41	M
51 Agnès	Ukwitegetse	17	F

#### g. Sector Kirambi

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Aphrodis		16	M
2 Daniel		35	F
3	Bemana	15	M
4 Jacqueline	Bihoyiki	18	F
5 Damien	Gahigi	18	M
6 Emmanuel	Gasarabwe	21	M

7 Azarias	Gashugi	12	M
8 Benna	Ingabire	13	F
9 Dorcas	Mukashyamba	20	F
10 Euphrasie	Mukashyamba	12	F
11 Evariste	Muhayimana	18	M
12 Anne Marie	Mukeshimana	12	M
13	Nyiraminani	21	M
14 Clémentine	Niragire	18	F
15	Niyonteze	12	F
16	Rucyeribuga	20	M
17	Ruzindana	20	M
18	Shyirambere	10	M
19 Gérard	Sindayihaba	14	M
20 Agathe	Uwizyimana	10	F
21	Yankurije	14	M
22 Emmanuel	Yirirwahandi	21	M

#### h. Sector Murera

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Catherine		38	F
2 Emmanuel	Bizimana	29	M
3 Tharcisse	Bizimana	70	M
4 Athanase	Bucyeye	82	M
5	Cyiyumba	35	F
6 Innocent	Gapyisi	37	M
7 Jean	Gashumba	67	M
8	Gatera	36	M
9	Giramunga	8	M
10 Jean	Habyarimana	23	M
11 Drocilla	Kanteteri	26	F
12	Karuhije	35	M
13 Athanase	Kayirangwa	22	M
14 Immaculée	Mukakibibi	45	F
15 Thérèse	Mukamashara	45	F
16	Mukampanana	27	F
17 Joséphine	Mukamasonera	23	F
18 Aurélie	Mukandahinyuka	63	M
19	Mukandayambaje	34	F
20	Mukangamije	24	F
21	Mukarusagara	50	F
22 Béatha	Mukarusagara	42	F
23	Mpagazeho Nyandwi	45	M
24 Sylvain	Mugabowakigeri	26	M
25	Mukeshimana	36	F
26	Munyuragabo	87	M
27 Marie	Mushimiyimana	25	F
28	Nyirabagenzi	40	F
29 Alvera	Nyirabwana	36	F
30 Christine	Nyiraminani	23	F
31 Violette	Nyiransengiyumva	51	F
32	Nyiranzabahimana	30	M
33 Etienne	Ndayisenga	57	M
34 Goretti	Nduwayo	45	F
35 Béatrice	Niwemugeni	38	F
36 Radia	Niyomufasha	4	F
37	Niyonteze	9	F
38	Nkuriza	63	M
39 Samuel	Nsabimana	27	M
40	Ntamushobora	85	M
41	Ntashamaje	25	M
42	Ntezimana	5	M
43	Nzarora	40	M
44 Pierre Claver	Nzirorera	63	M
45	Renzaho	25	M
46 Gamariel	Rurangwa	56	M
47 Alexis	Rushita	28	M
48 Claver	Sebihubi	55	M
49	Sebishungwe	52	M
50 Evariste	Twizera	37	M
51 Innocent	Twizyimana	30	M
52 Marie	Twizyimana	48	F
53 Florence	Yankurije	48	M

# i. Sector Nyarusange

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Gérald		35	M
2 Patrick		22	M
3 Schadrack		20	M
4 Name unknown		8	M
5 Jean	Habimana	37	M
6 Elie	Ishimwe	8	M
7 Elissa	Kwisaba	19	M
8	Mukabaramba	27	M
9 Noélla	Mukakinani	16	F
10	Mukamuganga	13	F
11 Costasie	Mukamugema	16	F
12 Chantal	Mukamemera	27	M
13 Ziripa	Mukaruragwe	60	F
14 Séraphine	Mukashyaka	28	F
15	Munyakazi	55	M
16	Musabyimana	13	M
17 Uziel	Nkuzimana	30	M
18 Innocent	Nsekanabo	10	M
19	Nshimiyimana	33	F
20 Benoît	Semazehera	27	M
21	Sihomana	35	M

# j. Sector Rwamweru

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Théoneste	Habineza	20	M
2 Perpétue	Kangabe	50	F
3 Joséphine	Mukansenga	18	F
4 Francine	Mukantarindwa	28	F
5 Médiane	Mukanzeyimana	19	M
6 Fortunée	Mukarugaba	36	M
7 Agnès	Murebwayire	7	F
8 Evariste	Muzungu	49	M
9 Odete	Nyiraneza	40	F
10 Jean d'Amour	Ndatimana	20	M
11 Corneille	Nkuruziza	17	M
12 Philbert	Nyabyenda	18	M
13 Emmanuel	Rurangirwa	60	F
14 Evariste	Rutayisire	20	M
15 Vestine	Rutayisire	28	F
16 Adalbert	Twizeyimana	35	M

# k. Sector Mugano

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Providence	Ingabire	73	F
2 Josephine	Mukandayisenga	52	F
3 Odete	Mukankundiye	12	F
4 Espérance	Mukankusi	9	F
5 Clémentine	Mukansanga	48	F
6 Séraphine	Nyiranjishi	23	F
7 Elie	Nzabandora	24	M
8 Athanase	Rubangura	12	F
9 Aaron	Sebagabo	7	M
10 André	Serunaga	45	M
11 Béatrice	Uwizimana	22	F
12 Aline	Uwizimana	12	F
13 Marcelline	Uwizimana	38	F
14 Divine	Uwizimana	45	F
15 Aloysie		24	F
16	Mukamusonera	60	F
17	Mukanyandwi	6Mths	F
18	Musangwa	18	M
19	Nyiraminani	75	F
20	Nyiraminani	23	F
21 Tabée	Nareke	36	F
22 André	Niezirayo	14	F
23 Paul	Niezirayo	36	M
24 Vincent	Nyaminani	45	M

25 Jean	Rutebuka	16	M
26 Gaston	Birori	27	M
27 Francine	Mukakigina	25	F

# 4. Commune Nyamagabe a. Sector Buremera

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Adèle		16	F
2 Adèle		17	F
3 Clésence		24	F
4 Jeanne		18	F
5 Lucie		64	F
6 Marie		22	F
7 Thérèse		4	F
8 Vénant		14	F
9 Vénuste		12	M
10 Virgile		15	M
11 Césaire		11	F
12 Anastasie	Bakareke	44	F
13 Odette	Bamurange	30	F
14 Valérie	Bankundiye	17	F
15 Evariste	Baschya	38	M
16 Gaspard	Binama	40	M
17	Bitama	9	M
18	Bizimana	16	M
19 Gaspard	Bizimana	35	M
20 Martin	Bizumuremyi	21	M
21 Modeste	Bizumuremyi	20	M
22	Gahakwa	1	M
23 Innocent	Gahakwa	20	M
24 Dismas	Gashwiriri	3	M
25	Gatete	22	M
26	Gatwa	5	M
27	Gikwerere	16	M
28 Damascène	Habimana	31	M
29 Jean Paul	Habimana	22	M
30 Vincent	Habimana	27	M
31	Habineza	12	M
32	Habyarimana	29	M
33 Apollinaire	Habyarimana	13	M
34 Vianney	Habyarimana	27	M
35 Védaste	Hagengimana	21	M
36 Aphrodite	Hagumumugisha	16	M
37 Etienne	Hakomezinshuti	49	M
38 Chantal	Ingabire	10	F
39 Clémentine	Ingabire	12	F
40 Célestin	Kabandana	33	M
41 Jean Bosco	Kabaranga	14	M
42 Vianney	Kabayiza	7	M
43	Kagoyire	4	F
44	Kagwenderi	4	F
45	Kalisa	7	M
46 Joël	Kalisa	34	M
47 Béatrice	Kamaliza	23	F
48 Pascalie	Kampabuka	64	F
49	Kamuzima	62	F
50	Kanyabashi	6	M
51	Kanyamanza	71	M
52 Daphrose	Kanyundo	53	F
53	Karanganwa	5	M
54 David	Karanganwa	34	M
55 Geoffroy	Karemangingo	35	M
56 Faustin	Kayiranga	6	M
57	Kayiranga	19	F
58 Jeanne	Kayitesi	10	F
59 Béatrice	Mukabutera	20	F
60 Berthilde	Mukabutera	41	F
61 Epiphane	Mukabuzizi	39	F
62 Immaculée	Mukabuzizi	52	F
63 Mercianne	Mukacyubabiro	32	F
64 Marie Rose	Mukagakerere	21	F
65 Joséphine	Mukagasana	4	F

66	Félicie	Mukagatera	31	F	139	Antoinette	Nyirabigega	53	F
67	Marcelline	Mukakabayiza	10	F	140	Mercianne	Nyirabika	50	F
68	Placidie	Mukakamanzi	62	F	141		Nyirahyiza	8	F
69	Verdiane	Mukakayibanda	23	M	142	Pascalie	Nyiragahutukazi	72	F
70	Immaculée	Mukakimenyi	18	F	143	Annociette	Nyirahabimana	32	F
71	Marie	Mukamana	36	F	144	Valérie	Nyirakamonyo	72	F
72	Marie	Mukampiniza	26	F	145		Nyiramazuru	10	F
73		Mukamuyango	32	F	146		Nyiraneza	25	F
74	Anastasie	Mukandekazi	51	F	147	Goretti	Nyiraneza	11	F
75	Triphine	Mukandekazi	51	F	148		Nyirarucyaba	47	F
76		Mukandoli	12	F	149	Dorothée	Nyiranjungwe	50	F
77	Julienne	Mukangwije	50	F	150		Ndahimana	26	M
78	Berthilde	Mukankima	52	M	151	Ladislav	Ndekezi	54	M
79		Mukankuruziza	13	F	152	Charles	Ngarambe	22	M
80		Mukankuruziza	5	F	153	Boniface	Ngayashyamba	50	M
81	Chantal	Mukankusi	18	F	154	Félicien	Ngenzi	46	M
82	Claudine	Mukankusi	8	F	155	Marthe	Niyonagira	2	F
83	Claudine	Mukantaganda	16	F	156	Tharcisse	Niyonzima	17	M
84	Vestine	Mukanyangezi	40	F	157	Aloys	Nkeramihigo	63	M
85	Vasta	Mukanyenzi	67	F	158	Bernard	Nkundayezu	30	M
86	Frida	Mukarubuga	49	F	159	Anastase	Nkundwa	54	F
87	Valérie	Mukarubuga	27	F	160		Nkurunziza	2	M
88	Marie Claire	Mukarukundo	21	F	161		Nkurunziza	7	M
89		Mukarusine	28	F	162	Alexis	Nkurunziza	24	M
90	Marie	Mukarutamu	41	F	163	Damascène	Nkurunziza	30	M
91		Mukasharangabo	24	F	164	Eugène	Nkurunziza	2	M
92		Mabyogo	24	M	165		Nsbumana	19	M
93	Viateur	Mageza	32	M	166	Pascal	Nsanzurwimo	70	M
94	Claude	Majyambere	8	M	167	Evariste	Nshunguyinka	26	M
95	Lambert	Manzi	4	M	168	Innocent	Ntaganira	48	M
96		Masabo	3	M	169	Emmanuel	Ntagozera	12	M
97	Célestin	Masabo	26	M	170	Modeste	Ntamwera	28	M
98	Eric	Masudi	4	M	171	Jean	Ntawuyigenga	48	M
99		Matabaro	10	M	172		Nyampundu	66	F
100	Vianney	Mhabira	8	M	173		Nyandwi	10	M
101	Cassien	Mbandahe	49	M	174		Nzamura mbaho	24	M
102	Samuel	Mboniyambere	48	M	175	Martin	Rubanda	66	M
103	Emmanuel	Mpayana	47	M	176		Rubayiza	4	M
104	Marie	Mugabekazi	44	F	177	Thomas	Rudakemwa	69	M
105	Innocent	Muganantagara	52	M	178		Rudasingwa	10	M
106	Elias	Mugenga	80	M	179	Corneille	Rugango	35	M
107		Muhimpundu	2	F	180	Ladislav	Rugango	60	M
108	Emmanuel	Muhire	1	M	181	Mathieu	Ruhamiriza	34	M
109	Venant	Muhire	15	M	182		Ruhamyi	5	M
110	Venant	Muhire	9	M	183	Damascène	Rukiriza	14	M
111		Muhire Kibwa	3	M	184		Rurangirwa	1	M
112		Muhiza	6	F	185	Faustin	Rusine	31	M
113	Marthe	Mukazayire	40	F	186	Frédéric	Rutazibwa	44	M
114	Marie	Mukase	40	F	187	Tharcisse	Rwemurika	55	M
115		Mukeshimana	1	F	188	Dismas	Sakabaka	73	M
116	Beatha	Mukeshimana	4	F	189	Sabin	Saramboye	33	M
117	Chantal	Mukeshimana	1	F	190	Athanase	Sarigoma	5	M
118	Vénérande	Mukeshimana	24	F	191		Sebahutu	21	M
119	Evariste	Mukundabantu	40	M	192	Ignace	Semana	7	M
120	Libérée	Mungankinka	39	F	193	Xavier	Sindayigaya	37	M
121	Vianney	Munyanziza	25	M	194	Gloria	Umulisa	3	F
122	Modeste	Munychumba	74	M	195		Umuranga	7	F
123	Innocent	Murandabigwi	29	M	196	Valentine	Umutoni	7	F
124		Murangwa	51	M	197	Diane	Uwamahoro	20	F
125	Félicie	Murekatete	18	F	198	Immaculée	Uwamariya	1	F
126	Joséphine	Murekatete	3	F	199	Beatha	Uwera	9	F
127	Joël	Murindabigwi	42	M	200	Jeanne	Uwimana	16	F
128	Costasie	Musongati	34	F	201	Joséline	Uwineza	14	F
129		Mutabazi	4	M	202	Louise	Uwingabire	5	F
130		Mutake	24	M	203		Uwintije	4	F
131	Martin	Mutwa	29	M	204	Béatrice	Uwitonze	18	F
132	Gaspard	Muvunyi	3	M	205		Uwizeyimana	6	M
133	Emmanuel	Muyenzi	20	M	206	Victoire	Uwizeyimana	26	F
134	Damascène	Mwumvaneza	12	M	207	Dative	Yankurije	21	F
135	Evanis	Nyirababirigi	43	F					
136	Zébrine	Nyirabadage	72	F					
137	Bernadette	Nyirabaganwa	58	F					
138	Dative	Nyirabazungu	40	F					

## b. Sector Gasaka

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex				
1 Annociatta		30	F	71	Gakire	2	M
2 Béatrice	Mukamana	40	F	72 Joseph	Gakwerere	47	M
3 Béatrice	Byiringiro	42	F	73	Gasana	9	M
4 Catherine		10	F	74 Gaspard	Gasarabwe	35	M
5 Catherine		19	F	75 Gaspard	Ganza	45	M
6 Dieudonné	Horolimana	10	M	76 Géraud	Gasare	32	M
7 Dieudonné	Kubwimana	7	M	77	Gasasira	40	M
8 Emmanuel	Iradokunda	4	M	78 Etienne	Gashyamangari	35	M
9 Emmanuel	Kanyanzira	6	M	79 Vénant	Gashagaza	35	M
10 Faith	Uwamahoro	30	F	80 Concessa	Gashumba	12	F
11	Umukundwa	30	F	81 Davide	Gashumba	45	M
12 Gaudiose		32	F	82 Emmanuel	Gashumba	16	M
13 Gesca		30	F	83 Japhet	Gashumba	6	M
14 Gervais		32	M	84 Jean Pierre	Gashumba	10	
15 Jean	Mporanyi	21	M	85 Liliane	Gashumba	4	F
16 Jeanne		21	F	86	Gasiga	33	M
17 Jeannette		14		87	Gasirabo	30	F
18 Jeannette	Umukwiye		F	88 Claude	Gatarayiha	28	M
19 Jeannette		12	F	89 Pierre	Gatarayiha	26	M
20 Jeannine	Kubaho	12	F	90 Jérôme	Gatarayiha	32	M
21 Léa	Mbabazi	10	F	91 Francis	Gatera	42	M
22 Renata		10	F	92 Frédéric	Gatera	32	M
23 Samuel	Manirakiza	5	M	93	Gatete Sugabo	11	M
24 Samson		9	M	94	Gerald	32	
25 Séraphin	Nguruzita	11	M	95 Cyprien	Habimana	15	M
26 Samuel	Nkera	6	M	96 Héron	Habimana	3	M
27 Véréne	Mukerinka	50	F	97 Célestin	Habintwari	19	M
28 Vérédienne	Kangabe	57	F	98 Celse	Habintwari	9	M
29 Violette		7	F	99 Julien	Habyarimana	19	M
30 Viviane	Batamuriza	17	F	100	Habamenshi	19	M
31 Cécile		21	F	101 Grégoire	Habyarimana	18	M
32 Eric		2	M	102 Gaspard	Habyarimana	28	M
33 Antoinette		14	F	103 Vestine	Hagumindimwe	19	F
34 Israël	Bagambiki	40	M	104 Véréne	Hagumindimwe	16	F
35 Samuel	Bagambiki Furaha	15	M	105 Innocent	Gakire	25	M
36	Bahinteye	25	M	106	Hakizimana	25	M
37 Mariette	Bakarere	24	F	107 Claire	Igihozo	4	F
38 Christine	Bamurange	16	F	108 Noël	Imaniraguha	10	M
39 Christian	Bagabo	18	F	109	Ingabire	1	F
40 Thomas	Barabona	65	M	110	Munganyinka	1	F
41 Tharcisse	Baruhuta	25	M	111	Ingabire	3	F
42 Anita	Benimana	4	F	112	Name unknown	2	F
43 Pierre	Bimenyimana	13	M	113	Name unknown	2	F
44 Jean	Bitercyi	22	M	114	Child of Kabera	4	F
45 Joël	Habineza	22	M	115	Child of Kanamugire	2	F
46 Tom	Bizimana	18	M	116	Unknown child	4mths	M
47 Boniface	Bizimana	48	M	117	Child of Higiro	2	F
48 Egide	Bizimana	14	M	118	Unknown baby		F
49 Frédéric	Bizimana	59	M	119	Jeannine	6	F
50 Fidèle	Ruzigana	49	M	120 Barthasar	Kabaka	48	M
51 Marthe	Bunyana	53	F	121 Martin	Kabera	58	M
52 Marie	Buriza	43	F	122	Kabalisa	35	M
53 Rosette	Bunyenyeri	4	F	123 Edith	Kabega	40	F
54 Rosine	Kabwa	4	F	124 Boniface	Kabera	50	M
55 Placide	Ndera	52	M	125 Flugence	Kabera	6	M
56 Claude	Bwandagara	52	M	126 Flugence	Kabera	6	M
57 Elysé	Byiringiro	6	M	127 Paul	Kaburuka	8	M
58	Cendeli	10	M	128	Kabirigi Musonera	18	M
59	Dusabemariya	19	F	129	Kabirigi Musonera	18	M
60	Dusengimana	1	M	130	Kageruka	22	M
61	Dushime	8	F	131	Kamananga	40	M
62 Caudide	Dushimimana	16	F	132	Kamugwera	35	F
63 Chantal	Dushimimana	8	M	133 Lucie	Kamukama	44	F
64 Alfred	Dushimimana	14	M	134 Astérie	Kamuyumbo	35	F
65 Claudine	Dushimimana	12	F	135	Kanamugire	24	M
66	Eric	2	M	136 Célestin	Kanamugire	42	M
67 Gaudiose	Mukakalisa	32	F	137	Kankindi	35	F
68 Innocent	Gakire	25	M	138 Jean	Kanyabugoyi	75	M
69 Telesphore	Gakwaya	70	F	139 Collette	Kanyange	32	F
70 Ephéme	Gakwandi	21	M	140 Clothilde	Kangeyo	32	F
				141	Kanyemera	38	M
				142 Spéciose	Kanziza	37	F
				143 Capitorine		24	F

144 Zabron	Karangwa	34	M	217 Béatrice	Mukanyarwaya	36	F
145 Jean	Karekezi	45	M	218 Thacienne	Mukanyarwaya	45	F
146 Samuel	Karekezi	30	M	219 Marthe	Mukanyonga	70	F
147 Samson	Karenzi			220	Mukarango	8	F
148 Agnès	Karuyundo	52	F	221 Madeleine	Mukarugambage	53	F
149 Anésie	Kanziga	62	F	222 Agnès	Mukarugina	32	F
150 Suzanne	Kasiro	50	F	223 Médatrice	Mukarugwiza	20	F
151 Emmanuel	Kayitare	32	M	224 Euphrasie	Mukarunyana	52	F
152 Emmanuel	Kayitare	32	M	225 Verdiane	Mukarusharaza	40	F
153	Kayitesi	20	F	226 Rebecca	Mukarushema	9	F
154	Kidadi	10	F	227	Mukarutesi	24	F
155	Komeza	60	M	228 Germaine	Mukaruziga	55	F
156 Marie	Kubwimana	42	F	229 Félicie	Mukashyaka	27	F
157	Kwitonda	22	M	230 Candide	Mukayiranga	40	F
158 Claude	Kwizera	6	M	231	Mabyogo	8	M
159 Emmanuel	Kwizera	12	M	232	Macocoli	16	F
160 J. Damascène	Kwizera	9	M	233	Mahirwe	6	M
161 Dancilla	Mukabaramba	55	F	234 Bernadette	Majangwe	70	F
162 Marie	Mukabuzizi	45	F	235 Judith	Majeri	32	F
163 Josephine	Mukadata	14	F	236 Aaron	Mazuru	75	M
164 Suzanne	Mukagahima	32	F	237 David	Mbaraga	45	M
165 Jeannette	Mukagakwandi	34	F	238 Josephine	Mpinganzima	20	F
166 Charlotte	Mukagakwerere	22	F	239 Joséphine	Mudacumura	12	F
167	Mukagasana	27	F	240 Joseph	Mugaba	35	M
168 Agnès	Mukagatare	50	F	241 Josué	Mugarura	35	M
169 Agnès	Mukahigiro	18	F	242 Jean	Mugabo	1	M
170 Oliva	Mukakabanda	46	F	243	Mugema	60	M
171 Juliette	Mukakabayiza	32	F	244 Zama	Mugeni	45	F
172 Adèle	Mukakabera	65	F	245 Zéna	Mukamigabo	35	F
173	Mukakalisa	25	F	246 Innocent	Mugenzi	35	M
174 Véréne	Umulisa	32	F	247 Marthe	Mugwaneza	6	F
175	Mukakarera	25	F	248	Muhawenimana	28	M
176	Mukakabera	20	F	249 Violette	Mukeshimana	30	F
177 Berthilde	Mukakalisa	20	F	250 Virginie	Muhawenimana	36	F
178	Mukakigiri	34	F	251 Pascasie	Muhutukazi	69	F
179	Mukamana	14	F	252 Agnès	Mujawamariya	25	M
180	Mukamuhirwa	18	F	253	Mujawayezu	2	F
181 Cécile	Mukamabano	18	F	254 Charlotte	Mukagakwerere	22	F
182 Josephine	Mukakamana	15	F	255 Agnès	Mukagatare	50	F
183 Immaculée	Mukaneza	26	F	256 Agnès	Mukahigiro	18	F
184 Rachel	Mukamana	7	F	257 Oliva	Mukakabanda	46	F
185	Mukamalayika	47	F	258	Mukakigiri	34	F
186 Béatrice	Mukamazimpaka	22	F	259 Joséphine (Fina)	Mukamana	15	F
187 Berthe	Nyirampara	22	F	260 Immaculée	Mukamana	26	F
188	Mukambanda	32	F	261 Rachel	Mukamana	7	F
189 Viviane	Mukamugema	50	F	262 Bernadette	Mukamuhire	30	F
190 Béatrice	Mukamuhima	32	F	263 Cécile	Mukamuhirwa	11	F
191 Bernadette	Mukamuhire	28	F	264 Mariette	Mukamurigo	25	F
192 Claire	Mukamuhirwa	11	F	265 Domisille	Mukamusoni	45	F
193 Consolée	Mukamurigo	16	F	266 Alvera	Mukamuvura	34	F
194 Mariette	Mukangezayo	25	F	267 Bernadette	Mukandamage	52	F
195	Mukamusoni	20	F	268 Foibe	Mukandanga	48	F
196 Domitille	Mukamusoni	45	F	269	Mukandori	18	F
197 Alvera	Mukamuvura	34	F	270 Madeleine	Mukankusi	25	F
198	Mukamuyango	6	F	271 Annonciata	Mukantagara	48	F
199 Bernadette	Mukandamage	52	F	272 Josephine	Mukantwari	15	F
200 Stéphanie	Mukandamage	30	F	273	Mukarango	8	F
201 Joy	Mukandamutsa	60	F	274 Madeleine	Mukarugambage	53	F
202 Foibe	Mukandanga	48	F	275 Odette	Mukarugwiza	12	M
203 Emerthe	Mukandayisenga	14	F	276 Rebecca	Mukarushema	9	F
204 Anastasie	Mukandera	20	F	277	Mukeshimana	10	F
205 Rosette	Mukandirima	16	F	278 Lucie	Mukeshimana	35	F
206 Juliette	Mukangoga	47	F	279	Munywangweyo	48	M
207 Dorothée	Mukankiko	30	F	280	Munyakayanza	5	M
208 Agnès	Mukankusi	27	F	281	Munyaneza	8	M
209 Joy	Mukankwiro	32	F	282 Samuel	Munyaneza	3	M
210 Madeleine	Mukandamutsa	25	F	283	Munyangweyo	48	M
211 Chantal	Mukantaganda	25	F	284 Athanase	Munyankindi	44	M
212 Adelphine	Mukantaganzwa	6	F	285	Munyemana	14	M
213 Annonciata	Mukantagara	48	F	286 Paulin	Munyempanzi	48	M
214 Joséphine	Mukantwari	15	F	287 Innocent	Murego	25	M
215 Agnès	Mukanyana	16	F	288 Joseph	Murizi	50	M
216 Mary	Mukanyange	45	F	289 Josepha	Musabyimana	8	F

290 Emmanuel	Musafiri	17	M	363 Gilbert	Nshimiyimana	20	M
291 Elias	Mushabizi	2	M	364	Ntabomvura	45	M
292 Eliezer	Gatara	12	M	365	Kabano	45	M
293 Veronique	Mushambakazi	75	F	366 Boniface	Ntaganda	47	M
294 Veronise	Mukankuyo	65	F	367 Emile	Ntagwabira	10	M
295 Angélique	Mushimiyimana	33	F	368	Mutanguha	4	M
296 Angèle	Mushinzimana	24	F	369 Laurent	Ntakirutimana	20	M
297 Isaac	Musonera	38	M	370 Lucie	Ntakirutimana	14	F
298	Mutesi	10	F	371 Lucie	Ntawunganyimana	14	F
299	Muteteri	7		372	Ntawusiga	28	M
300 Yerusua	Mutesi	30	F	373	Baby unknown		F
301 Cathy	Muhimpundu	20	F	374 Alice	Ntirushwa	28	F
302 David	Muyango	2	M	375 Zaina	Ntiserurwa	65	F
303 Adolphe	Muyango	30	M	376	Nyagari Dushime	4	M
304 Willichiel	Mvuyekure	23	M	377	Nyampinga	4	M
305 Marie	Mwiseneza	18	F	378	Nyangezi Uwimana	1	M
306 Japhet	Mwizerwa	20	M	379 Alexis	Nyirabuhindinkware	20	
307 Juliette	Nyirabakame	48	F	380 Ferdinand	Nyirimana	12	M
308	Nyirabakiga	27	F	381 Eric	Nyirimirera	2	M
309	Nyirabarera	65	F	382 Ancille	Nyirubuyanja	52	F
310 Cansilde	Nyirabarera	72	F	383	Nyoni	8	F
311 Bernadette	Nyirabarinda	47	F	384 Paul	Nzamura mbaho	10	M
312 Jeannette	Nyirabaziga	12	F	385 Alphonse	Nzamusanga	32	M
313 Marguerite	Nyirabudihira	22	F	386 Joseph	Nzanana	42	M
314 Alexis	Nyirabuhindinkware	20	F	387	Petite	6	F
315 Thérèse	Nyirakaguru	50	F	388 Charles	Rangira	38	M
316 Annociatta	Nyiramakoni	37	F	389	Ruboncka	75	M
317	Nyiramana	23	F	390 Vincent	Ruhara	52	M
318 Florence	Nyiramana	10	F	391 Emmanuel	Ruhigika	14	M
319	Nyiramaritete	6	F	392	Ruhunde	23	M
320 Félicité	Nyirampeta	10	F	393	Rukundo	8	M
321	Nyiramwiza	12	F	394 Emmanuel	Rukundo	8	M
322 Jacqueline	Nyiraneza	10	F	395 Paul	Rukundo	2	M
323	Nyiranganzo	55	F	396 Faustin	Rukwavu	44	M
324 Diane	Nyirankundwa	8	F	397 Innocent	Rusanganwa	37	M
325	Nyirankuruziza	60	F	398 Jean	Rutambuka	43	M
326	Nyiranshuti	2	F	399	Rutayisire	9	M
327 Froilde	Nyiranshuti	50	F	400 Marc	Ruzindana	45	M
328	Nyiranshwati	60	F	401 Moïse	Ruzindaza	51	M
329 Erina	Nyirantashya	65	F	402	Rwabigwi Muzehi	17	M
330 Agneta	Nyirantashya	60	F	403	Rwabigeyo	17	M
331 Félicie	Nyirarabukara	38	F	404 Ladislav	Rwabukombe	70	M
332 Vincent	Ndagijimana	8	M	405 Ladislav	Rwabukwisi	60	M
333 Samuel	Ndashamaje	36	M	406	Rwamanywa	80	M
334	Ndayisaba	3	M	407	Sabimana	3	M
335 Joseph	Ndayisaba	39	M	408	Safari	13	M
336 Joseline	Ndayishumye	16	F	409	Segasuruba	30	M
337	Ndepanda	32	M	410 Boniface	Segatarama	40	M
338 Jean	Ndizeye	12	M	411 Eric	Segatarama	4	M
339 Martin	Ngamiye	40	M	412 Félicie	Sekimonyo	39	M
340 Cyprien	Ngirishuti	11	M	413	Séraphine	20	F
341 Emmanuel	Ngirishuti	18	M	414 Jean Bosco	Turibamwe	16	M
342 Ladislav	Ngirishuti	13	M	415	Tuyishime	7	M
343	Ngirumpatse	65	M	416 Théogène	Tuyizere	6	M
344 Emmanuel	Ngoboka	12	M	417	Twagiramariya	38	F
345 Claver	Ngoga	15	M	418	Twagirayezu	10	M
346	Niha	9	M	419	Twagirimana	12	M
347 Anastasie	Nikuze	45	F	420	Twahirwa	16	M
348 Jeanne	Nikuze	31	F	421 Claire	Ukwibishaka	6	F
349	Niyontegereje	4	F	422 Clotilde	Ukwitwgetse	6	F
350	Niyoyandika	32	F	423 Josephine	Umubyeyi	16	F
351	Nkomeje	50	M	424	Umuhaza	10	F
352 Evariste	Nkundimana	6	M	425	Umurerwa	9	F
353 Samuel	Nkundiye	50	M	426 Christine	Umucurwa	11	F
354 Paul	Nkundiyeze	20	M	427	Umwankundi	3	M
355 Bosco	Nkumunziza	8	M	428	Umwari	2	F
356 Désiré	Nkurungiza	15	M	429 Emmanuel	Urayenzeza	32	M
357 Emmanuel	Nkurungiza	21	M	430	Baby unknown	4days	M
358	Ntabimana	18	M	431	Name unknown	6	F
359	Habimana	3	M	432	Name unknown	9	F
360 Félicien	Ntabimana	19	M	433	Uwamahoro	12	F
361	Nsanzimana	1	M	434 Alphonse	Uwamahoro	17	M
362	Nshimiyimana	5	M	435 Alphonse	Uwamahoro	23	M

436 Anonjatta	Uwamahoro	12	F	50 Foibe	20	F
437 Christine	Uwamahoro	13	F	51 Françoise	13	F
438	Uwimana	1	F	52 François	30	M
439 Bellancilla	Uwimana	6	F	53 Françoise	16	F
440 Collette	Uwimana	14	F	54 Frédéric	30	M
441 Joseline	Uwimana	16	F	55 Frolide	60	F
442 Jeannine	Uwimana	20	F	56 Gabriel	25	M
443 Jacqueline	Uwimana	26	F	57 Gaad	38	M
444 Lucie	Uwimana	13	F	58 Gaspard	12	M
445 Jeanne	Uwineza	9	F	59 Gaspard		M
446 Laurence	Uwineza	12	F	60 Gérald	12	M
447 Claudine	Uwizeyimana	4	F	61 Gérald	21	M
448 Clarisse	Uwizeyimana	14	F	62 Gérald	28	M
449 Placide	Uwizeyimana	13	F	63 Hamdou	8	M
450 Lucie	Uzamukunda	72	M	64 Hénock	6	M
451	Yabaragiye	9	F	65 Immaculée	32	F
452 Concilia	Yabaragiye	19	F	66 Innocent	16	M
453 Vincent	Yakare	60	M	67 Isabèle	50	F
454	Yankuriye	15	F	68 Jean	25	M
455 Joséphine	Mukashyaka	22	F	69 Jean	3	M

c. Sector Gikongoro

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex				
1 Albert		7	M	70 Jeniffa	30	F	
2 Alexis		9	M	71 Joseph	40	M	
3 Alfred	Ganza	24	M	72 Judith	35	F	
4 Alfred	Gatore	9	M	73 Julienne	25	F	
5 Aline		8	F	74 Lambert	15	M	
6 Aloys		50	M	75 Languide	60	F	
7 Ananias	Kagabo	25	M	76 Lucie	30	F	
8 Ananias		30	M	77 Magnifique	6	F	
9 Anathalie	Bwimana	17	F	78 Marcienne	60	F	
10 Anathalie	Cendeli	21	F	79 Marie	35	F	
11 Anathalie		38	F	80 Marie Thérèse		F	
12 Annociata	Kabaka	30	F	81 Mariette	22	F	
13 Annociatta	Kabageni	28	F	82 Mariette	35	F	
14 Antoinette		35	F	83 Médiatrice	22	F	
15 Antoinette		43	F	84 Mercianne	40	F	
16 Athanase		15	F	85 Modeste	50	M	
17 Athanasie		23	F	86 Odette	14	F	
18 Athanasie		5	F	87 Penina	7	M	
19 Boniface		13	M	88 Firmin	6	M	
20 Boniface		36	M	89 Pricille	4	F	
21 Callixte		35	M	90 Rose	27	F	
22 Camille		37	M	91 Samuel	27	M	
23 Camille		5	M	92 Sandrine	4	F	
24 Cassien		22	M	93 Schadrak	35	M	
25 Cécile		70	F	94 Silas	40	M	
26 Célestin		20	M	95 Spéciose	45	F	
27 Charles		24	M	96 Straton	34	M	
28 Claude		4	M	97 Thacienna	28	F	
29 Claver		40	M	98 Thacienne	40	F	
30 Clémence		14	F	99 Thérèse	30	F	
31 Clémentine		7	F	100 Thérèse	38	F	
32 Clotilde		17	F	101 Vestine	2	F	
33 Collette		16	F	102 Vestine	9	F	
34 Damascène		12	M	103 Virginie	16	F	
35 Déo		35	M	104 Xavier	10	M	
36 Devota		18	F	105			
37 Didace		33	M	106	Abimana	12	F
38 Idéphonse		11	M	107	Ayinkamiye	15	F
39 Elie		70	M	108	Basomingersa	7	M
40 Emile		20	M	109	Basomingersa	8	M
41 Emile		29	M	110	Bayingana	41	M
42 Emmanuel		12	M	111	Baziki		M
43 Emmanuel		20	M	112	Bébé	1	F
44 Emmanuel		24	M	113	Bébé	2	F
45 Emmanuel		35	M	114	Bébé	4	F
46 Emmanuel		4	M	115	Bébé	5	F
47 Erinora		50	F	116	Bihizi	10	M
48 Euphrasie		22	F	117	Bizungu	7	M
49 Evrine		45	F	118	Dudu	1	M
				119	Fils	6	M
				120	Gahuma	32	M
				121	Gahinja	30	M
				122	Gahizi	14	M
					Gasherebuka	60	M

123	Gashwiriri	20	M	193 Bernadette	Mukarwema	70	F
124	Gatari		M	194 Drocella	Mukasamari	30	F
125	GatSimbanyi	27	M	195	Mukashema	20	F
126	Gikumba	15	F	196	Mukashema	8	F
127	Habarugaba	14	M	197	Mukashyaka	23	F
128	Habarugaba	15	M	198	Macibiri	1	F
129 Modeste	Habarugira	60	M	199	Mafene	13	M
130	Habinshuti	22	M	200	Mafene	8	M
131	Habyarimana	13	M	201	Mbanzabugamba	6	M
132	Hakizimana	18	M	202	Mugabo	8	M
133	Hakizimana	8	M	203	Muhizi	15	M
134	Havuga	35	F	204	Muhorakeye	35	F
135 Emmanuel	Higiro	25	M	205	Muhorane	2	F
136	Name unknown	9	F	206	Mujawamariya	18	F
137	Kabalisa	30	M	207	Mujawamariya	35	M
138	Kabalisa	41	M	208	Mujawayezu	15	F
139	Kabebe	5	F	209	Mukamana	15	F
140	Kabera	65	M	210	Mukamemera	4	F
141 Datrose	Kabera	40	F	211 Anastasie	Mukarutabana	27	F
142	Kabirigi	60	M	212 Pacifique	Mukeshimana		F
143	Kabirigi	70	M	213	Munderere	20	M
144	Kagongo	25	M	214 Germain	Munyengabe	50	M
145	Kalisa	1	M	215	Murebwayire	17	F
146 Callixte	Kalisa	36	M	216 Marthe	Murekatete	22	F
147 Charles	Kalisa	40	M	217 François	Murekezi	40	M
148	Kamaraba	12	M	218	Musangamfura	14	M
149	Kambanda	60	M	219	Mutabazi	20	F
150 Onésphore	Kambanda	50	M	220 Gaudiose	Mutegwaraba	40	F
151	Kampuyana	45	M	221	Muzehe	17	M
152	Kanamugire	35	M	222	Nyirabagenzi	47	F
153	Kankindi	13	F	223	Nyirabapagasi	50	F
154	Kankindi	22	F	224	Nyirabirori	23	F
155	Kankindi	25	F	225	Nyirabukara	17	F
156	Kanzayire	27	F	226	Nyirabusimba	60	F
157	Karangwa	40	M	227	Nyirambahazi	23	F
158	Karekezi		M	228	Nyirampire	60	F
159	Karemura	7	M	229 Domina	Nyiramugasa	60	F
160	Karinaba	35	M	230	Nyiramuruta	50	F
161	Kayitana	45	M	231 Immaculée	Nyirankuriza	30	F
162	Kayonga	60	F	232	Nyiransengiyumva	13	F
163	Kazungu	8	M	233	Nyirantamari	16	F
164	Kibaya	16	M	234 Mélanie	Nyirawama	58	F
165	Kibwa	1	M	235	Ndacyayisenga	18	M
166	Kibwa	5	M	236	Nemeyimana	40	M
167 Christine	Kwitoronda	20	F	237 Jean de Dieu	Ngirase	7	M
168 Vincent	Kwizerimana	6	M	238	Nkurunziza	12	M
169	Mukagasana	30	F	239 Emmanuel	Nkurunziza	21	M
170 Prisca	Mukagasana	27	F	240 Philémon	Nsengumuremyi	5	M
171	Mukamana	1	F	241	Ntegibizaza	55	M
172 Léocadie	Mukamunana	35	F	242	Ntegirizaza	45	M
173	Mukamurera	18	F	243	Ntirandekura	35	M
174 Juliette	Mukandamage	52	F	244	Nyakabashi	37	M
175	Mukandekezi	74	F	245	Nyakayiro	30	M
176 Eugénie	Mukandenzi	35	F	246	Nyinawumuntu	9	F
177	Mukandikizi	70	F	247	Nyiringondo	75	M
178 Edissa	Mukandori	20	F	248	Nzabamwita	39	M
179	Mukangwije	40	F	249 Alexis	Nzaturambaho	25	M
180	Mukankuruziza	7	F	250	Petit	8	M
181	Mukankusi	33	F	251	Petite	6	F
182	Mukankusi	41	F	252	Rubaduka	70	M
183 Monique	Mukantwari	18	F	253	Ruberwa	53	M
184	Mukanyangezi	42	F	254	Rukarugabira	30	F
185 Zebie	Mukanyaya	60	F	255	Rutayisire	25	M
186	Mukarubaga	56	F	256	Rwabahizi	8	M
187	Mukarugumbwa	30	F	257	Rwakayanza	40	M
188 Espérance	Mukarugema	45	F	258	Rwakazima	50	M
189	Mukarugima	52	F	259	Rwangarindi	52	M
190	Mukarugomwa	40	F	260 Drocella	Rwinkwavu	32	F
191	Mukaruranga	30	F	261	Samaza	6	M
192	Mukarutesi	22	F				

262	Sebahungu	4	M	47 Cassien	Birasa	50	M
263 François	S. Karebwa	20	M	48	Bizimana	10	M
264	Sengoga	18	M	49	Bizimana	30	M
265	Sengoga	23	M	50 David	Bizimana	50	M
266	Scruntaga	10	M	51 Jean - Pierre	Bizimana	35	M
267	Sindayigaya	10	M	52	Biziraguteba	30	M
268	Sindayigaya	9	M	53	Bizuru	10	M
269	Toto	1	M	54	Bucyana	32	M
270	Toto	7	M	55 Eustache	Budeyi	60	M
271	Umuhoya	9	F	56	Budigiri	5	F
272	Name unknown	7	M	57	Bugingo	26	M
273	Name unknown	5	F	58 Fabien	Bugiramfura	10	F
274 Diane	Umwari	3	F	59 Joseph	Bugiramfura	38	M
275	Unknown Baby	1	M	60	Buhinja		F
276 Geraldine	Usanase	10	F	61	Bunangari	26	M
277	Uwamahoro	11	F	62 Daniel	Bunyamaswa	10	M
278	Uwambarisa	15	F	63 Régine	Bunyamaswa	5	F
279	Uwimana	2	F	64	Byukusenge	3	F
280 Marie	Uwimana	25	F	65	Clodette	5	F
281 David	Uwiringiyimana	31	M	66 Cassien	Dusabimana	32	M
282	Uzamukunda	35	F	67 Juvénal	Dusabimana	30	M
283	Valérie	22	F	68	Dusengimana	6	F
				69	Dushime	12	F
				70	Dushime	16	F
				71	Dushimimana	12	F
				72	Dushimimana	4	M
				73 Jeannette	Dushimimana	9	F
				74 Claver	Faranga	58	M
				75	Fashaho	52	M
				76 Daniel	Fashaho	14	M
				77 Verdianne	Fashaho	16	F
				78 Child of Rukundo		5	M
				79	Gaceye	20	M
				80	Gakuru	8	F
				81 Jean	Gakwavu	12	M
				82 Béatrice	Gakwaya	10	F
				83 Félicien	Gakwaya	50	M
				84 Jeannine	Gakwaya	15	F
				85 Juvénal	Gakwaya	42	M
				86	Gaperi	6	M
				87	Gapiriyoko	1	
				88 Vivianne	Gapiriyoko	20	M
				89	Gasana	14	M
				90	Gasana	3	F
				91	Gasarasi	21	M
				92 Gaspard	Gasasira	39	M
				93 Emmanuel	Gashugi	40	M
				94 Innocent	Gashugi	29	M
				95 Thacienne	Gashugi		F
				96	Gashwiriri	1	M
				97 Jean	Gatera	42	M
				98 Védaste	Gatorano	38	M
				99	Garoya	8	F
				100	Gisagira	4	M
				101 Pierre	Giterangurube	60	M
				102 Vénant	Habimana	22	M
				103 Charles	Habineza	12	M
				104 Jean Claude	Habyarimana	11	M
				105 Silas	Hagumamahoro	18	M
				106	Hakiza	12	M
				107 Daniel	Hakizimana	6	M
				108 Emmanuel	Hakizimana	16	M
				109 Innocent	Harerimana	11	M
				110	Havuga	30	M
				111 Agnès	Icyimpaye	35	F
				112	Iradukunda	10	F
				113	Iyakaremye	40	M
				114 Consolée	Iyakaremye	50	F
				115 Mathieu	Iyakaremye	35	M
				116 Bernadette	Izabiriza	46	F
				117	Kabagwira	12	F
				118 Foibe	Kabagwira	40	F
				119 Marie	Kabagwira	80	F

#### d. Sector Kamegeri

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Alphonsine		4	F
2 Annociatta		50	F
3 Appolinnarie		32	F
4 Bel		12	M
5	Biziraguteba	1	M
6 Callixte		17	M
7 Charlotte		15	F
8 Christine		4	F
9 Collette		45	F
10 Consolée		39	F
11 Daniel		20	M
12 Déo		2	M
13 Emmanuel		35	M
14 Félicité		18	F
15 Félicien		25	F
16 Félicité		50	F
17 Fidèle		2	M
18 François		20	M
19 Jean Bosco		15	M
20 Jean Bosco		28	M
21 Jeanne		2	F
22 Joséphine		25	F
23 Juliette		20	F
24 Manassé		18	M
25 Marie		3	F
26 Marie Claire		11	F
27 Médatrice		35	F
28 Pierre		18	M
29 Prisca		15	F
30 Rodie		4	F
31 Rose		13	F
32 Rosette		3	F
33 Siméon		20	M
34 Viviane		39	F
35 Alvera	Mukasine	48	F
36 Annociatta	Ahishakiye	38	F
37	Akingencye	5	F
38 Madeleine	Akomunkima	65	M
39	Akumwami	55	F
40	Appolinaire	6	M
41	Ayirwanda	60	F
42 Julie	Bajeneza	37	M
43 Ildéphonse	Bébé	1	F
44 Child of Kayihura		5	F
45 Child of Monyandekwe		3	F
46 Child of Ntazozera		2	F

120 Vénantie	Kabagwiza	36	F	193 Bernadette	Kirinye	45	F
121	Kabandana	10	M	194	Kiromba	25	M
122 Frida	Kabashongore	30	M	195 Félicien	Kumubiri	19	M
123 Boniface	Kabayiza	50	M	196	Kwitonda	12	F
124 Ignace	Kabera	30	M	197	Kwizera	9	M
125 Cécile	Kajeguhakwa	22	F	198	Mukabatsinda	62	F
126	Kalisa	15	M	199 Jeanne	Mukabera	2	F
127	Kalisa	8	M	200 Vénantie	Mukabirasa	31	M
128 Claude	Kalisa	10	M	201	Mukabiziraguteba	24	F
129 Emmanuel	Kalisa	8	M	202 Vénantie	Mukaburega	60	F
130	Kamananga	50	M	203 Mélanie	Mukabushaku	25	F
131 Félicité	Kamanyana	25	F	204	Mukabutera	25	M
132 Rosalie	Kamanzi	60	F	205 Valérie	Mukabutera	57	F
133 Éveline	Kampire	42	F	206	Mukabyasha	60	F
134 Agnès	Kampirwa	18	F	207 Suzanne	Mukagakuba	68	F
135 Agnès	Kampundu	25	F	208	Mukagakwaya	26	M
136	Kamukama	38	F	209 Juliette	Mukagasare	34	F
137 Ruth	Kamukama	46	F	210	Mukagasirabo	37	F
138 Félicité	Kamuyundo	50	M	211	Mukagatare	11	F
139	Kamuzima	39	F	212 Cathérine	Mukagatare	45	F
140 Vénantie	Kanakuze	50	F	213 Daphrose	Mukagatore	50	F
141 Francis	Kanamugire	45	M	214 Joséphine	Mukahigiro	45	F
142 Alphonsine	Kangabe	40	F	215 Véréne	Mukahigiro	8	F
143 Emmanuel	Kangabe	43	M	216	Mukakabaka	50	F
144 Foïbe	Kanyamitwa	27	F	217 Agathe	Mukakabera	30	F
145 Jeannette	Kanyamurara	25	F	218 Judith	Mukakabera	60	F
146 Jeanne	Kanyamurera	30	F	219 Mélanie	Mukakanimba	34	F
147 Grégoire	Kanyamurera	60	M	220 Agathe	Mukakalisa	12	F
148	Kanyanja	57	F	221 Françoise	Mukakalisa	32	F
149	Kanyemera	10	M	222 Thucienne	Mukahakizimana	40	F
150	Kanyemera	29	M	223 Ancilla	Mukamabano	55	F
151 Ignace	Kanyoni	42	M	224	Mukamana	4	F
152 Dorothée	Kanyundo	62	F	225	Mukamana	9	F
153 Claver	Karamage	55	M	226 Elina	Mukamana	6	F
154 Eric	Karamage	2	M	227 Jeannette	Mukamana	10	F
155 Félicien	Karanganwa	37	M	228 Mélanie	Mukamana	27	F
156 Faustin	Karangwa	14	M	229 Foïbe	Mukamazimpaka	29	F
157	Karemar gingo	24	M	230	Mukamihigo	55	F
158 Charles	Karemera	35	M	231	Mukampabuka	16	F
159 Eliane	Karerangabo	10	F	232 Frida	Mukampabuka	24	F
160 Innocent	Karera	42	M	233 Félicité	Mukampimbi	60	F
161 Jeanne	Karera	13	F	234 Zéria	Mukamubanda	52	F
162 Pierre	Karera	8	M	235 Marie -Rose	Mukamudenge	30	F
163	Karerangabo	50	M	236 Thérèse	Mukamugema	40	F
164 Associatie	Karerangabo	22	F	237 Faith	Mukamukiza	55	F
165 Emmanuel	Karerangabo	20	M	238 Consolée	Mukamurigo	35	F
166 Eric	Karerangabo	7	M	239 Josephine	Mukamurigo	42	F
167 Marthe	Karerangabo	15	F	240 Vestine	Mukamurigo	18	F
168 Pierre	Karerangabo	45	M	241 Viviane	Mukamurigo	29	F
169 Boniface	Kalinda	16	M	242 Anastasie	Mukamurima	55	F
170 Emmanuel	Kalinda	15	M	243 Consolée	Mukamuvura	35	F
171 Joseph	Kalinda	10	M	244 Joseph	Mukamwara	15	F
172 Pascal	Kalinda	12	F	245 Spéciose	Mukandamira	60	F
173 Callixte	Kalisa	40	M	246 Zébric	Mukandekwe	60	F
174	Karuganda	57	M	247	Mukandori	20	F
175 Vénantie	Kasiro	24	F	248	Mukandori	10	F
176 Déo	Kayibanda	12	M	249	Mukandori	16	F
177	Kayigi	55	M	250 Laurence	Mukaneza	12	F
178 Claver	Kayihura	70	M	251 Eudeda	Mukangango	35	F
179 Eugène	Kayihura	13	M	252 Spéciose	Mukangango	29	F
180 François	Kayihura	40	M	253 Spéciose	Mukangango	45	F
181 Innocent	Kayihura	6	M	254 Marthe	Mukangenzi	24	F
182 Moïse	Kayihura	2	M	255 Ancilla	Mukankaka	55	F
183 Athanase	Kayitana	50	M	256 Angéline	Mukankaka	45	F
184	Kayitesi	19	F	257 Marianne	Mukankaka	58	F
185	Kayitesi	40	F	258 Mélanie	Mukankaka	61	F
186 Espérance	Kayitesi	10	F	259	Mukankundiye	63	F
187	Kazungu	7	M	260 Consolée	Mukankusi	40	F
188	Kibaya	4	M	261 Espérance	Mukankusi	23	F
189	Kibwa	10	M	262 Photbe	Mukankusi	36	F
190 Jean	Kibwa	15	M	263	Mukankwiro	12	F
191 Child of Munganyinka	Kibwa	4	M	264 Marie	Mukansanga	38	F
192 Child of Muryensanga	Kibwa	2	M	265	Mukantagwabira	35	F

266 Félécité	Mukantembe	70	F	339 Evariste	Munyensanga	38	M
267 Josépha	Mukanyangezi	41	F	340	Muragijimana	9	F
268 Joséphine	Mukanyangezi	42	F	341 Alphonsine	Murangira	36	F
269 Francine	Mukanyaruguru	26	F	342 Maunce	Murebwanimana	14	M
270 Frolide	Mukanyaruguru	35	F	343 Cécile	Murekatete	12	F
271 Verène	Mukanyarwaya	18	F	344 Spéciose	Murekatete	12	F
272 Marie	Mukanyonga	35	F	345	Muringo Ntazinda	12	M
273 Frolide	Mukaremera	60	F	346 Joséphine	Murorunkwere	32	F
274 Amina	Mukarubiga	39	F	347	Murwanashyaka	20	M
275 Marguerite	Mukarugaba	42	F	348 Jonas	Musabyimana	10	M
276 Vicécie	Mukarugaba	30	F	349	Musaniwabo	40	F
277	Mukarugwiza	48	F	350 Espérance	Musayidire	30	F
278 Elina	Mukarugwiza	16	F	351	Mushime	3	M
279 Collette	Mukaruhigira	30	F	352	Mushimiyimana	12	M
280 Elévanie	Mukarusagara	32	F	353 Xavier	Muyanga	50	M
281 Domitille	Mukarushema	48	F	354	Mwambari	10	M
282 Zébrine	Mukarutaba	38	F	355	Mwisizina	14	F
283	Mukarutesi	14	F	356 Théogène	Mwizerwa	12	M
284 Alvera	Mukarutesi	55	F	357 Anastasie	Nyirabadage	45	M
285 Hélène	Mukaruziga	45	F	358	Nyirabakembo	60	F
286 Agnès	Mukaruziga	60	M	359	Nyirabashyitsi	24	F
287 Marie	Mukarwasa	4	F	360 Claudette	Nyirabaziga	8	F
288	Mukarwego	16	F	361	Nyirabazungu	40	F
289 Judith	Mukarwego	26	F	362	Nyirabizemana	2	F
290 Marthe	Mukarwiyegura	32	F	363 Julienne	Nyirabizimana	25	F
291 Egidie	Mukasakindi	17	F	364	Nyirabudori	3	M
292 Eveline	Mukasakindi	28	F	365	Nyirabukara	30	F
293 Marie	Mukashema	15	F	366 Mariette	Nyirabukara	27	F
294	Mukasine	60	F	367 Anastase	Nyirabuturo	62	F
295 Jeanne	Mukawera	17	F	368 Julienne	Nyirabwije	30	F
296 Claudine	Mukayiranga	4	F	369	Nyiraduri	17	F
297	Mabuti	8	F	370 Esther	Nyiragatwa	47	F
298	Macwche	10	M	371 Félicité	Nyiragatwakazi	65	F
299	Macweke	12	F	372	Nyiragicari	10	F
300	Mangwete	18	F	373	Nyiragumiriza	55	F
301 Ignace	Manirarora	18	M	374 Thérèse	Nyiranjangwe	40	F
302	Maringo Ntazinda	12	M	375	Nyirakaba	18	F
303 Aloys	Maringori	21	F	376	Nyirakagunbe	52	F
304	Mbaraga	30	M	377	Nyirakamana	7	F
305 Martin	Mbarushimana	10	M	378 Xavérine	Nyirakidaga	70	F
306	Mbindigiri	6	F	379 Véréne	Nyiramaganda	54	F
307 Elézer	Mbonimana	16	M	380	Nyiramana	12	F
308	Mparakazi	60	F	381 Cyprien	Nyiramashinge	32	F
309	Mudasheranwa	45	M	382 Pepina	Nyiramatabaro	45	M
310 Damascène	Mudakikwa	35	M	383	Nyiramatama	14	M
311	Mugabo	12	M	384 Véréne	Nyiramayondo	54	F
312 Alphonse	Mugabonake	35	M	385	Nyiramirimo	50	F
313 Vincent	Mugabwamibere	60	M	386 Viviane	Nyiramondo	50	F
314	Muhawenimana	18	F	387 Jeanne	Nyirandinkabandi	12	F
315 Christine	Muhimpundu	14	F	388	Nyiraneza	11	F
316	Muhirwa	35	M	389	Nyiraneza	15	F
317	Mujawayezu	9	F	390 Chantal	Nyiraneza	14	F
318	Mukamana	8	F	391 Charlotte	Nyiraneza	15	F
319 Child of Munganyinka	Mukamana	2	F	392	Nyirankware	50	F
320	Mukandaga	50	F	393	Nyiramukiza	50	F
321	Mukantambiye	60	F	394	Nyirarudodo	3	F
322	Mukashyaka	15	F	395	Nyirarumondo	15	F
323	Mukeshimana	8	F	396 Gemina	Nakabonye	28	F
324 Cécile	Mukeshimana	8	F	397	Ndahavumye	32	M
325 Viviane	Mukeshimana	32	F	398	Ndagije	21	M
326	Mukiza	18	M	399	Ndagije	8	M
327	Mukundwa	12	F	400 Jean	Ndakaza	41	M
328 Emmanuel	Munganyinka	35	F	401	Nyiramvisano	10	F
329 Espérance	Munganyinka	21	F	402	Ndamage	33	M
330	Munyandamutsa	43	M	403	Ndatimana	4	M
331 Martin	Munyandamutsa	14	M	404	Ndayisaba	32	M
332 Isai	Munyandekwe	44	F	405 Boniface	Ndayisaba	8	M
333 Faustin	Munyandiinda	26	M	406 Innocent	Ndayisaba	34	M
334 Jeanne	Munyandiinda	13	F	407	Ngabire	10	F
335 Emmanuel	Munyaneza	16	M	408 Félicien	Ngamije	48	M
336 Daniel	Munyemana	19	M	409	Ngarambe	40	M
337	Munyengabe	40	M	410	Ngirinshuri	10	M
338 Emmanuel	Munyengabe	10	M	411	Ngweja	8	M

412 Xavier	Ngwije	60	M	485	Serudodo	13	M
413 Boniface	Ngwirije	31	M	486	Sikubwabo	38	M
414 Julienne	Nikuze	37	F	487	Sindayigaya	39	M
415 Straton	Niyigimbabazi	12	M	488 Eric	Sindayigaya	11	M
416	Niyomugabo	12	M	489 Jacques	Sindayigaya	8	M
417	Niyonsaba	17	F	490 Jeanne	Sindayigaya	14	F
418 Félicité	Niyonteze	55	F	491	Sitaki	7	M
419 Emmanuel	Nkundimana	13	M	492 Spéciose	Tabu	28	F
420 Innocent	Nkundimana	20	M	493 Child of Mukarusagara	Toto	5	M
421 Joël	Nkundimana	34	M	494 Child of Ntagozera	Toto	4	M
422 Damien	Nkurunziza	14	M	495	Tumushimire		F
423 Daniel	Nkurunziza	36	M	496 Innocent	Twagurandori	40	F
424 Emmanuel	Nkurunziza	6	M	497 Cassien	Twagurimana	35	M
425 Fidèle	Nsabimana	14	M	498	Utagaze	5	M
426 Joseph	Nsabimana	20	M	499 Juliette	Ukwitegetse	31	F
427 Silas	Nsabimana	36	M	500	Umulisa	20	F
428 Désiré	Nsengimana	21	M	501	Umutoniwase	8	F
429	Nsengiyumva	7	M	502	Umwanyezu	10	M
430	Nshumyimana	14	M	503 Child of Gahogayire	Gahogayire	10	M
431 David	Ntabara	70	M	504 Jean Pierre	Child of Gashonga	7	M
432 Cyprien	Ntakirutimana	28	M	505 Jeannine	Child of Gashonga	3	F
433 Simon	Ntakirutimana	32	M	506 Judith	Child of Kanyoni	2	F
434 Ladislav	Ntakirutimana	50	M	507 Child of Munyensanga		4	F
435 Damascène	Ntazinda	14	M	508 Child of Nyiramatabaro		12	F
436 Jean	Ntazinda	50	M	509 Child of Nyiramirimo		6	F
437 Pierre	Nyabaraza	75	M	510 Child of Nkurunziza		4	F
438	Nyabyenda	9	F	511 Child of Nkurunziza		8	F
439 Jean	Nyamurinda	52	M	512 Child of Ntagozera		6	F
440 Emmanuel	Nyandwi	12	M	513 Child of Nyamurinda		3	M
441	Nyangurundi	10	M	514 Child of Nyamurinda		5	F
442	Nyarisaza	22	M	515 Child of Nyamurinda		7	F
443	Nyaritwa	13	M	516 Hélène	Child of Ruhingira	30	F
444	Myasiro	60	M	517 Claudette	Rwabuhungu	4	F
445 Collette	Nyinawumuntu	35	F	518 Vianney	Rwabuhungu	10	M
446 Esther	Nyiramashara	50	F	519 Unknown Baby		1mth	M
447 Ezéchiel	Nyirimana	13	M	520 Name unknown		3	F
448 Athanase	Nyirinkindi	60	M	521 Unknown Baby		4days	M
449	Nzabandora	31	M	522	Baby of Munganyinka		M
450 Xavier	Nzabitegeka	16	M	523	Utamuriza	11	F
451 François	Nzeyimana	15	M	524	Uwamahoro	10	F
452 Sikaramu	Rudasingwa	30	M	525	Uwamahoro	8	F
453	Ruhigira	38	M	526 Charles	Uwamahoro	15	M
454 Enock	Rukara	2	M	527	Uwamahoro - Kirina	20	F
455 Ezra	Rukara	6	M	528	Uwamariya	2	F
456 Samuel	Rukeribuga	8	M	529 Angélique	Uwamariya	6	F
457 Cyrille	Rutayisire	18	M	530	Uwimana	11	M
458 Alphonse	Rutayisire	40	M	531	Uwimana	32	F
459	Rutebuka - Kibaya	35	M	532	Uwimana	4	F
460 Onesphore	Rwabuhungu	46	M	533 Cécile	Uwimana	30	F
461	Rwabyibembe	24	M	534 Jeanne	Uwimana	7	F
462 Jean	Rwiyegura	2	M	535 Jeannette	Uwimana	27	F
463	Sagihobe	24	M	536	Uwineza	12	F
464	Sakindi	10	M	537 Chantal	Uwineza	15	F
465	Saruharakarugwiza	20	M	538 Collette	Uwineza	12	F
466 Samuel	Sebakiga	70	M	539 Consolée	Uwiragiye	40	F
467	Sebasaza	5	M	540 Vèrene	Uwiragiye	30	F
468 Manyenga	Sebazungu	40	M	541	Uwizeye	11	F
469 Célestin	Sebera	17	M	542 Marie	Uwizeye	16	F
470 Vincent	Sebera	14	M	543	Uwizeyimana	11	F
471	Sebugabo	16	M	544	Uwizeyimana	15	F
472 Athanase	Sebugegera	68	M	545	Uzamukunda	12	F
473 Philippe	Sebutumbiri	50	M	546 Frida	Uzamushaka	18	F
474	Seduhembe	5	M	547 Julienne	Uzamushaka	22	F
475 Jeanne	Sefara	22	F	548 Joséphine	Yarusoneyo	39	F
476	Segore	44	M	549	Zaninka	18	M
477 Daniel	Semana	12	M	550	Zirimwabagabo	16	M
478 Emmanuel	Semana	15	M				
479 Védaste	Semana	22	M				
480 Boniface	Semvumba	36	M				
481	Sendataze	6	M				
482 Damien	Seromba	9	M				
483 Fidèle	Seromba	24	M				
484 Joseph	Seromba	7	M				

e. Sector Kizi

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Agnès		10	M
2 Agnès		28	F
3 Aimable		10	M

4 Anastase		18	M	77	Dusabimana	3	M
5 Anastasie		18	F	78	Gahira	18	M
6 Anathalie		16	F	79	Gahire	16	M
7 Anatole		16	M	80	Gahogogo	6	M
8 Anne Marie		8	F	81	Gakuru	3	M
9 Anne Marie		20	F	82	Gapusi	6	M
10 Bosco		14	M	83	Gasana	12	M
11 Bosco		14	M	84 Ladislav	Gashumba	45	M
12 Claudine		6	F	85	Gatera	11	M
13 Claudine		6	F	86	Gatete	16	M
14 Emmanuel		4	M	87	Gatete	2	M
15 Emmanuella		4	F	88	Gatoya	3	M
16 Eugène		33	F	89	Habimana	2	M
17 Eugénie		30	F	90	Habinshuti	12	M
18 Felicité		60	F	91	Habyarimana	8	M
19 Isabelle		19	F	92 Edmond	Habingabwa	40	M
20 Isala		19	M	93	Havugimana	18	M
21 Jacqueline		2	F	94 Manassé	Havugimana	20	F
22 Jacques		6	M	95	Ingabire	6	F
23 Jean		5	M	96	Iyamuremye	50	F
24 Jeanne		13	F	97 Catherine	Kabananira	30	F
25 Jeannette		7	F	98	Kabera	10	M
26 Jeannine		7	F	99	Kagabo	40	M
27 Magellan		14	M	100 Evariste	Kagoro	60	M
28 Magnifique		4	M	101	Kagoyire	6	F
29 Mathieu		32	M	102 Vénuste	Kajangwe	12	M
30 Mathilde		32	M	103 Elévanie	Kampire	56	F
31 Michel		9	M	104	Kangayo	28	F
32 Micheline		19	F	105	Kangwage	38	F
33 Modeste		20	M	106	Kanigi	18	F
34 Modesta		25	F	107	Karekezi	45	M
35 Noël		8	M	108 James	Karekezi	74	M
36 Noëlla		8	F	109 Jules	Karekezi	64	M
37 Rosalie		28	F	110 Sylvestre	Karekezi	55	M
38 Roseline		20	F	111	Karengeru	7	M
39 Rosette		12	F	112	Karinganire	17	M
40 Rose Mary		14	F	113 Gaëtan	Kayitankore	15	M
41 Rosine		28	F	114	Kayitare	5	M
42 Rose	Gasagire	20	F	115	Kibwa	9	M
43 Rosette	Akimana	33	F	116	Kibwa (nickname)	2	M
44 Rosette	Gahongayire	31	F	117	Kibwana (nickname)	6	M
45 Séraphin		30	M	118	Komezimshuti	15	M
46 Séraphine	Ineza	30	F	119	Mukabagire	13	F
47 Séraphine	Keza	22	F	120	Mukagasana	9	F
48 Séraphine	Mahoro	17	F	121	Mukagasarabwe	16	F
49 Thérèse		18	F	122 Annociatta	Mukagasarabwe	35	F
50 Thérèse		28	F	123 Dative	Mukagasarabwe	50	F
51 Triphine	Kangahe	13	F	124 Dévota	Mukagasarabwe	30	F
52 Triphine	Umwiza	15	F	125	Mukagatare	55	F
53 Vénant		40	M	126 Alphonsine	Mukagatera	21	F
54 Vénantie		44	F	127 Libérata	Mukagisanura	25	F
55 Vénérand		16	F	128 Dative	Mukakabayiza	9	F
56 Vèrene		11	F	129 Irène	Mukakabayiza	19	F
57 Vestine		25	F	130 Vénantie	Mukakabera	37	F
58 Virginie		18	F	131 Madeleine	Mukakananga	40	F
59 Viviane		25	F	132 Mélanie	Mukangango	40	F
60 Vivine		20	F	133 Béatrice	Mukakalisa	13	M
61 Xavier		16	M	134	Mukakiroha	42	F
62	Ahishakiye	36	F	135	Mukamana	21	F
63	Ayinkamiye	16	F	136 Rosine	Mukamana	23	F
64	Bahima	16	M	137 Berthe	Mukamana	21	F
65	Bibirabamwe	70	M	138 Léa	Mukamana	6	F
66 Vincent	Bimenyimana	50	M	139	Mukampagazhe	8	F
67	Biramahire	33	M	140	Mukampunga	52	F
68	Bitete	7	M	141 Véronique	Mugema	62	F
69	Bucyana	18	M	142 Véronique	Mukamugema	62	F
70	Buhindiri	23	F	143 Valerie	Mukamusonera	32	F
71	Buhinyori	7	F	144 Juliette	Mukamusoni	49	F
72	Buregeya	15	M	145 Juliette	Mukamuvura	32	F
73	Butera	30	M	146	Mukandanga	17	F
74	Callixte	8	M	147 Vestine	Mukandera	30	F
75	Camille	25	M	148 Faith	Mukangenzi	35	F
76	Dukuzemariya	5	F	149 Alphonsine	Mukankindo	34	F

150 Alphonsine	Mukanyindo	44	F	223	Nyirabukara	7	F
151 Charlotte	Mukankuruziza	8	F	224	Nyirabundegeri	10	F
152 Liliane	Mukankuruziza	18	F	225	Nyirabusiriri	10	F
153	Mukansanga	30	F	226 Vénantie	Nyirabyanone	45	F
154 Gèneviève	Mukantabana	34	F	227	Nyirahabiyambere	62	F
155 Médatrice	Mukantabana	30	F	228	Nyirahishamunda	55	F
156	Mukantaganda	16	F	229 Magdeleine	Nyirakabano	32	F
157	Mukantwari	21	F	230	Nyirakazungu	3	F
158	Mukarango	39	F	231	Nyiramacona	10	F
159	Mukaremera	22	F	232 Vénéranda	Nyiramajangwe	40	F
160 Concesa	Mukarubuga	45	F	233 Léa	Nyirama	4	F
161	Mukarurungwa	45	F	234 Virginie	Nyirama	14	F
162 Annociata	Mukarurungwa	40	F	235	Nyiramaritete	3	F
163 Pétronille	Mukarusharaza	30	M	236	Nyiramayonde	15	F
164 Thacienne	Mukarushema	45	F	237	Nyiramazinda	25	F
165 Agnès	Mukarutesi	23	M	238 Valentine	Nyirambonera	4	F
166	Mukarwego	35	F	239 Valérie	Nyiramubeyi	65	F
167 Anastasie	Mukasakindi	38	F	240 Brisse	Nyirandenesi	3	F
168 Anatolie	Mukasakindi	28	F	241	Nyiranyenzi	43	F
169	Mukasanga	30	F	242 Virginie	Nyirabyanone	45	F
170	Mukashyaka	22	F	243 Vénantie	Ndagijimana	11	M
171 Félicité	Mukayiranga	40	F	244 Richard	Ndakaza	34	M
172	Macibiri (nickname)	5	F	245 Eliézer	Ndakaza	44	M
173	Mafokori	16	M	246 Thoams	Ndayambaje	65	F
174	Mahinja	1	F	247 Daphrose	Ndekezi	40	M
175	Mahicwe	9	M	248	Ndekezi	9	M
176	Masuperi	6	F	249 Uziel	Ndemeye	60	M
177 Nkusi	Mathias	34	M	250 Jean	Ndungutse	14	M
178	Mayibobo (nickname)	7	M	251	Ngangari	10	M
179 Alice	Mbabazi	20	F	252	Niyibizi	14	M
180 Rosette	Mbabazi	8	F	253 Ezra	Niyibona	4	F
181	Mbegeti	2	F	254	Niyonsaba	1	M
182	Mpagazehe	6	M	255	Niyonsaba	36	F
183 Frida	Mugorewindekwe	35	F	256	Niyonsaba	36	F
184	Muhawenimana	14	F	257 Béatrice	Niyonsaba	26	F
185	Mukamana	21	F	258 Béatrice	Nkizabea	50	M
186 Irène	Mukamanzi	8	F	259 Stanislas	Nkurunziza	40	F
187 Juliette	Mukamuvira	32	F	260	Nkurunziza	8	M
188	Mukarango	39	F	261	Nkurunziza	35	M
189 Gloriosa	Mukeshimana	14	F	262 Athanase	Nkusi	30	M
190 Sylvia	Mukeshimana	13	F	263 Evariste	Nkusi	33	M
191	Mukeshimana	14	F	264 Innocent	Nsabimana	1	M
192 Zeda	Mukeshimana	2	F	265	Nsabimana	30	M
193	Mukiza	10	M	266 Vénuste	Nsanziimana	22	M
194 Vincent	Mukomeza	22	M	267 Léon	Nsanziimana	12	M
195 André	Munyakayanza	60	M	268	Nsanzenkeye	22	M
196 Charles	Munyakayanza	45	M	269	Nshimiyimana	23	M
197 Désiré	Munyakayanza	60	M	270 Etienne	Nshimiyimana	33	M
198	Munyampama	40	M	271 Jérôme	Nsigayehe	5	M
199	Munyampeta	35	M	272	Nukirumimana	12	M
200	Munyandekwe	6	M	273	Ntampuwe	12	M
201	Munyanzeza	8	F	274 Viateur	Ntegeyimana	28	M
202 Vénuste	Munyanzeza	16	M	275 Martin	Nyabukamba	35	M
203	Munyanziza	3	M	276 Claver	Nyandwi	10	M
204 Béathe	Muragweneza	8	F	277	Nyaritwa	10	M
205 Dorine	Muragweneza	18	F	278	Nyiramakumari	10	F
206	Murekatete	5	F	279	Nyirambonera	40	F
207	Murindi	9	M	280 Valerie	Nyirimbabazi	44	M
208	Murisa	4	F	281	Nyirimunega	39	M
209	Murumba	10	F	282 Jean	Nyiringabo	4	M
210 Agnès	Musabyimana	26	F	283	Nzabandora	67	M
211 Fraviane	Musabyimana	23	F	284 Léonard	Nzabihimana	16	M
212	Mushumyimana	4	F	285	Nzabazimana	14	M
213	Mushumba	12	M	286	Nzeyimana	9	M
214 Alphonse	Mushyondori	32	M	287	Nzeyimana	10	M
215 Xavier	Musonera	40	M	288 Isidore	Rubona	21	M
216	Mutabazi	32	M	289 Jean	Rubyogo (nickname)	7	M
217	Mutama	7	M	290	Rufaneshwa	37	M
218	Mutoni	7	F	291 Alexis	Rutayisire	35	M
219 Emmanuel	Muvira	37	M	292	Rutayisire	38	M
220 Alphonse	Muzirakugisha	35	M	293 Isaac	Ruvuzampama	9	M
221	Muzungu	9	M	294	Ruzindana	33	M
222	Nyirabudayari	7	F	295 Elie			

296 Vénant	Ruzindaza	30	M	24 Dative	Mukaruziga	24	F
297	Rwagatare	33	M	25	Nyandwi	12	M
298	Rwagatore	13	M	26 Agnès		55	F
299 Valence	Rwagitare	51	M	27	Bahou (nickname)	9	F
300	Rwamasunzu	13	M	28	Bébé (nickname)	6	F
301	Sebutoro	38	M	29	Bigirimana	5mths	F
302	Seburikoko	48	M	30 Alexis	Bikurimana	5	M
303 Claver	Sekimonyo	27	M	31 Jean Bosco	Birasa	22	M
304	Sekurwabo	19	M	32 Phocas	Bizimana	40	M
305	Senza	6	M	33	Biziyaremye	65	M
306	Sikubwabo	16	M	34 Athanase	Budengeri	43	M
307 Sostène	Sikubwabo	19	M	35 Bondouin	Budengeri	64	M
308	Toto	4	M	36	Bujoro	16	M
309	Name unknown	55	M	37 Jérôme	Cyibatega	26	M
310	Umulisa	4	F	38	Dada	10	F
311 Aline	Umutesi	4	F	39	Dadu	5	F
312 Bernise	Umutesi	18	F	40	Doudou	7	F
313 Dorothée	Umutesi	8	M	41	Dusenge	4	M
314	Umutozi	5	F	42	Dusengimana	3	M
315	Umwankundi	4	M	43	Fifi	12	F
316	Umwari	6	M	44 Fiona		12	F
317	Name unknown	1	M	45	Fils	8	M
318	Name unknown	12	M	46	Gahongayire	38	F
319	Name unknown	17	M	47	Gakuru	1	M
320	Name unknown	21	M	48	Gakwaya	11	M
321	Name unknown	3	M	49 Fabien	Gasiraho	33	M
322	Name unknown	30	M	50	Gatoya	1	M
323	Name unknown	5	F	51	Gusenge	4	M
324	Name unknown	2	F	52 Innocent	Habimana	41	M
325	Name unknown	4	M	53 Jeannine	Habimbaga (Dede)	2	F
326	Name unknown	6	M	54 Joséline	Habimbaga	6	F
327	A baby	6mths	F	55 Pascal	Hakizamungu	13	M
328	A baby	1	M	56 Pascasie	Hakizamungu	18	M
329	A babay	1	F	57 Charles	Hakizimana	28	M
330	Child of Ruhigira	2	M	58 Laurent	Hakizimana	18	M
331	Name unknown	7	M	59	Ingabire	3	M
332	Child of Léa	8	M	60 Chantal	Ingabire	10	F
333	A baby	6 mths	M	61 Charlotte	Ingabire	11	F
334 Bernard	Uwase	4	M	62	Ingabire	1 mths	M
335 Berthilde	Uwase	8	F	63 Innocent	Kabandana	45	M
336	Uwimana	18	F	64 Callixte	Kalisimbi	42	M
337 Jacqueline	Uwimana	30	F	65 Gènevieve	Kamanzire	50	F
338 Jacques	Uwimana	36	F	66 Gertrine	Kamazage	70	F
339	Yandagiyi	15	F	67	Kambanda	20	M
340	Rubiye	10	M	68 Mathias	Kambari	9	M
				69	Kambari	19	M
				70 Régine	Kambari	20	F
				71 Eugène	Kanimba	48	M
				72 Libérée	Karinganire	33	F
				73	Kalisa	9	M
				74 Damien	Kayihura	42	M
				75 Siméon	Kayihura	39	M
				76 Solange	Kayisire	14	F
				77 Soline	Kayisire	20	F
				78 Alice	Kayitesi	6	F
				79	Kibwa	38	F
				80 Françoise	Mukabarisa	20	F
				81 Marie	Mukagatare	49	F
				82 Marthe	Mukagatera	49	F
				83 Joys	Mukahigiro	31	F
				84 Alphonsine	Mukamana	30	F
				85 Marie	Mukamana	37	F
				86 Godeliève	Mukambenga	65	F
				87 Violette	Mukamuseruka	31	F
				88 Béatrice	Mukamuzoni	40	F
				89 Philomène	Mukamutara	23	F
				90 Philomène	Mukamuvura	45	F
				91 Pascasie	Mukandamaga	70	F
				92	Mukandebe	9	F
				93 Immaculée	Mukankusi	55	F
				94 Josépha	Mukankusi	35	F
				95 Libérée	Mukankesi	45	F
				96 Yvonne	Mukantagira	66	F

f. Sector Ngiryi

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Agnès		55	F
2 Anatolie		38	F
3 Anastasie		30	F
4 Auguste		28	M
5 Aurélie		18	F
6 Claire		20	F
7 Claudine		9	F
8 Consolée		27	F
9 Costasie		70	F
10 Florian		42	F
11 Foibe		32	F
12 Isaac		5	F
13 Isaac		5	F
14 Ladislav		45	M
15 Landouard		25	M
16 Maria		15	F
17 Martine		35	F
18 Monique		25	F
19 Ninette		12	F
20 Samson		64	M
21 Samuel		14	M
22 Vianney (Pastor)		40	M
23 Xavier		18	M

97 Bernadette	Mukanyangezi	14	F	170	Rudani Rutayisire	11	M
98 Marie Grèce	Mukamba	17	F	171 Médard	Rudasingwa	26	M
99 Marguerite	Mukaremwa	22	F	172 Wellars	Rudasingwa	28	M
100 Immaculée	Mukarubayiza	60	F	173 Innocent	Ruhangitwari	44	M
101	Mukarurinda	24	F	174	Runtaga	10	M
102 Gèneviève	Mukarusagara	23	F	175 Isidore	Rwamanywa	23	M
103 Faith	Mukarusine	45	F	176 Laurent	Rwamanywa	23	M
104 Phoebe	Mukarusine	35	F	177 Emmanuel	Rwemera	32	M
105 Immaculée	Mukantisi	35	F	178 Evanisse	Rwemera	24	F
106 Marthe	Mukarwego	42	F	179	Sarigoma (nickname)	5	M
107	Mukarusagara	9	F	180 Damien	Sebitabi	62	M
108 Aline	Masengesho	6	F	181 Josué	Sekabirigi	55	M
109 Eugène	Mbangukira	28	M	182 Pierre	Sekamonyo	55	M
110	Wife of Pasteur	35	F	183 Anastasie	Semanywa	30	M
111 Adolphe	Mugenga Mukasa	12	M	184	Sembonwa	7	M
112	Mugwaneza	8	F	185	Seruntaga	15	M
113	Muhire	11	M	186 Richard	Sezibera	3	M
114 Claire	Muhorakeye	5	F	187 Moïse	Sibomana	5	M
115 Thérèse	Mukamasabo	18	F	188	Sibomana	7	M
116 Françoise	Mukandamaga	28	F	189 Child of Kayihura	Sindikubwabo	1	M
117 Immaculée	Mukankusi	55	F	190	Sugabo	4	M
118 Immaculée	Mukarubayiza	60	F	191	Tuyisenge	2	F
119 Espérance	Mukase	45	F	192	Tuyishime	16	M
120	Mukunde Ayikunde	5	F	193	Boy of Kalisa	17	F
121 Athanase	Munyagaju	25	M	194	Umulisa	10	M
122	Munyanzeza	15	M	195	Name unknown	18	F
123 Athanase	Munyanziza	35	M	196	Name unknown	26	F
124 Damascène	Munyanziza	28	M	197	A baby	1mths	M
125 Juvénal	Munyengabe	70	M	198	Uwamahoro	5mths	M
126 Cyrille	Munyensanga	18	M	199 Adèle	Uwamwezi	24	F
127 Libérée	Murebwayire	32	F	200 Athanasie	Uwamwezi	26	F
128 Félicien	Murwanashyaka	14	M	201	Uwantege Umulisa	16	F
129 Marie Goretti	Musomandera	38	F	202 Jeanne	Uwantege	22	F
130 Athanase	Musonera	55	M	203 Francine	Uwihoreye	16	F
131 Claire	Musonera	10	F	204 Françoise	Uwihoreye	26	F
132 Clémentine	Musonera	9	F	205	Uwimana	6	F
133 Constance	Musonera	13	M	206 Cathérine	Uwimana	25	F
134 Déber	Musonera	3	M	207 Espérance	Uwimana	37	F
135 Jean d'Amour	Musonera	20	M	208 Esther	Uwimana	47	F
136 Joyeuse	Musonera	18	F	209 Thacienne	Uwimana	40	F
137 Lambert	Musonera	7	M	210 Vianney	Vatiri (Dudu)	53	M
138 Loïs	Mutegwaraba	24	F	211 Emmanuel	Yaramba	27	M
139 Anastasie	Nyirabasabose	45	F				
140 Léocadie	Nyirabatunzi	65	F				
141 Neagahimabano	Nyirabukara	8	F				
142 Agnès	Nyirabunyana	61	F				
143 Agnès	Nyirabunyenzi	52	M				
144 Francine	Nyirabusimba	25	F				
145 Bernadette	Nyirakamondo	45	F				
146 Xavérine	Nyirakumonyo	70	F				
147 Hélène	Nyiranzirorera	52	F				
148 Jacqueline	Nyiraramana	18	F				
149 Philomène	Nyirazikeye	40	F				
150 Vincent	Ndanguza	40	M				
151 Tharcisse	Ndayimfura	65	M				
152	Nganukiye	25	M				
153 Innocent	Ngendahimana	40	M				
154	Ngoga	75	M				
155	Ngumbuje	5	M				
156	Ngweshi	6	F				
157	Nikuze	4	F				
158 Donatille	Niyifasha	16	F				
159	Niyonkuru	18	M				
160 Joseph	Niyonzima	70	M				
161	Nkumbuje	5	M				
162 Pascal	Nkuranga	33	M				
163 Jean	Nkurikiyanka	55	M				
164 Albert	Nkusi	14	M				
165 Alphonsine	Nsanziimana	27	F				
166 Félicien	Nsanziimana	4	M				
167	Nyariwa	11	M				
168 Jacqueline	Nyiramana	18	F				
169 Siméon	Nzaharinda	45	M				

g. Sector Remera

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Alice	Ayinkamiye	40	F
2 Alphonse	Budiri	20	M
3 Alphonse		3	M
4 Alphonsine		25	F
5 André		23	M
6 Cassien		22	M
7 Charlotte		13	F
8 Christine		15	F
9 Claudine		2	F
10 Colette		9	F
11 Erina		27	M
12 Euphrasie		52	F
13 Eugène		28	M
14 Fidèle		18	M
15 Flora		12	F
16 Francine		13	F
17 Grâce		50	F
18 Jacqueline		13	F
19 Jean Pierre		8	M
20 Jeanne		8	F
21 Jeannette		12	F
22 Joseph		15	M
23 Joseph		5	M
24 Josiane		6	F
25 Juliette		12	F
26 Juliette		26	F
27 Juliette		38	F

28	Magdeleine	30	F	101	Ossuald	Karimunda	21	M	
29	Patricie	30	F	102	Jovénal	Kalinda	30	M	
30	Raphaël	67	M	103		Kayibanda	50	M	
31	Spéciose	20	F	104		Kayitesi	6	F	
32	Sépata	30	F	105		Kazungu	1	M	
33	Straton	6	M	106		Kazungu Nkubito	4	F	
34	Thérèse	30	F	107	Françoise	Kibasumba	8	F	
35	Thierry	15	M	108		Kibuduzi	6	M	
36	Vérodiane	28	F	109		Kibwa	2	M	
37	Vianney	28	M	110		Kihwa	20	M	
38	Vincencia	47	F	111		Kimana	13	M	
39	Xavier	14	M	112	Vénusie	Kiragi	25	M	
40	Alphonse	Akingeneye	22	M	113	Anastasie	Kubwimana	19	F
41	Louise	Ayingeneye	5	F	114	Léonie	Mukaburanga	60	F
42		Baributsa	38	F	115	Josépha	Mukabutera	30	F
43		Unknown Baby	2		116	Jeanne	Mukafara	35	F
44	Manassé	Bikinalie	30	M	117		Mukagakwandi	17	F
45	Déodat	Bikorimana	15	M	118	Suzanne	Mukagasana	31	F
46		Bimenyimana	8	M	119		Mukagashumba	32	F
47	Origène	Birari	20	M	120	Goreti	Mukagashumba	11	F
48		Biregeya	45	M	121	Immaculée	Mukakalisa	16	F
49	André	Bizimana	16	M	122	Marine	Mukamana	22	F
50	Antoine	Bizimana	24	M	123	Marthe	Mukamana	24	F
51	Israël	Bizimana	35	M	124	Noëlla	Mukamana	6	F
52		Bizimana - Nikuze	28	F	125	Philomène	Mukamana	13	F
53		Bucabari	15	F	126	Agnès	Mukamazimpaka	1	F
54		Buhinja	1	F	127	Béatrice	Mukamazimpaka	18	F
55	Athanase	Bunani	30	M	128	Immaculée	Mukamazimpaka	32	F
56	François	Bunani	45	M	129	Jeanne	Mukamazimpaka	15	F
57		Bungeri	14	F	130		Mukamuhirwa	18	M
58		Bwanakeye	44	M	131	Anathalie	Mukamuhutu	45	F
59		Cyabitama	2	M	132	Jeanne	Mukamurenzi	21	F
60		Cyiza	18	M	133		Mukamurigo	35	F
61	Gaspard	Gafaranga	40	M	134	Irène	Mukamusoni	38	F
62	Jeannette	Gafari	4	F	135	Léonie	Mukamusoni	45	F
63	Bonane	Gakwaya	32	M	136	Catherine	Mukamusoni	47	F
64		Gasaza	12	M	137	Cécile	Mukamusoni	56	F
65		Gashema	12	M	138	Béatrice	Mukamutesi	24	F
66		Gasimba	30	M	139		Mukamuzima	40	F
67	Evariste	Gasimba	40	M	140	Rosarie	Mukamuzungu	60	F
68	Angélique	Gasore	9	F	141		Mukandamage	50	F
69	Fils	Gasore	12	M	142	Drocella	Mukandamage	18	F
70	Juvénal	Gatabarwa	26	M	143	Juliette	Mukandanga	45	F
71	Joseph	Gatabazi	30	M	144		Mukandayishimiye	6	F
72	Léon	Gatari	20	M	145	Mariette	Mukandinda	34	F
73	Modeste	Gatari	28	F	146	Rose	Mukandori	20	F
74		Gatete	7	M	147		Mukaneza	9	F
75	Charles	Gatete	30	M	148	Josée	Mukangarambe	31	F
76	Emmanuel	Gatete	14	M	149	Spéciose	Mukangoga	25	F
77	Véronique	Gatete	40	F	150	Anathalie	Mukankindo	51	F
78		Gakwandi	30	M	151	Merena	Mukankusi	59	F
79		Habimana	23	M	152	Suzanne	Mukankusi	9	F
80	Emmanuel	Hakizimana	30	M	153	Chantal	Mukansanga	6	F
81	Fidèle	Hategukimana	29	M	154	Charlotte	Mukansanga	20	F
82	Théodore	Hitayezu	30	M	155	Espérance	Mukansanga	16	F
83		Ingabire	9	F	156	Foibe	Mukansanga	20	F
84	Collette	Iramfasha	27	F	157	Annociatta	Mukantabana	30	F
85		Kabalira	3	M	158	Béatrice	Mukantabana	21	F
86		Kaburame	75	M	159	Consolée	Mukantabana	46	F
87	Silas	Kageruka	3	M	160	Foibe	Mukantaganzwa	25	F
88	David	Kajangwe	60	M	161		Mukantagara	40	F
89		Kajisho	16	M	162	Rose	Mukantagara	35	F
90	Emmanuel	Kamana	34	M	163	Marguerite	Mukanturo	39	F
91	Concetta	Kamanzi	51	F	164		Mukantwari	10	F
92	Rose	Kandekwe	36	F	165	Focacie	Mukantwari	30	F
93	Mathieu	Kanuma	60	M	166	Espérance	Mukanyana	42	M
94	Callixte	Kanyankore	45	M	167	Foibe	Mukanyangezi	39	F
95	Jean	Karamira	43	M	168		Mukanyarwaya	25	F
96	Athanase	Karegeya	4	M	169		Mukaruhama	30	F
97	Emmanuel	Karegeya	34	M	170	Monique	Mukaruzinda	25	F
98	Michel	Karegeya	3	M	171	Béatrice	Mukarurwaya	37	F
99		Karakezi	7	M	172	Agnès	Mukaruzima	60	F
100	Marie	Karimera	34	F	173	Mary	Mukarwego	30	F

174 Edisa	Mukasabawe	35	F	247	Nyiramugufi	70	F
175 Edissa	Mukasarambuye	36	F	248	Nyiraneza	18	F
176 Jeanne	Maceneri	6	F	249 Xavérine	Nyiranshuti	7	F
177	Madudu	16	M	250	Nyiranziza	18	F
178	Madudu	9	M	251	Ndagijimana	6	M
179	Maene	12	M	252 Samuel	Ndanguza	68	M
180	Mahinja	4	F	253	Ndayambaje	2	M
181	Mahinori	25	M	254	Ndayisaba	20	M
182 Hdephonse	Marizamunda	16	M	255 Eric	Ndayisaba	12	M
183	Mazimpaka	20	M	256	Ndayisenga	5	M
184 Hdebrande	Mazimpaka	36	M	257	Ndayisenga	8	M
185 Jophes	Mazimpaka	16	M	258 Philibert	Ndihwami	40	M
186 Salomé	Mazimpaka	13	F	259 Tito	Ndizeye	17	M
187 Thassien	Mbanzabigwi	40	M	260 Fils	Ngarambe	4	M
188 Dieudonné	Mbanzabugabo	4	M	261 Julienne	Ngarambe	22	F
189	Mbemberi	3	F	262	Ngiruwonsanga	14	M
190 Marguerite	Wife of Rukwavu	40	F	263	Ngomukwayo	40	M
191	Mucyo	12	M	264 Marie	Nragire	1	F
192 Athanase	Mudali	67	M	265 Joséphine	Niwemfura	10	F
193	Mugwaneza	14	F	266 Emmanuel	Niyonkuru	26	M
194 Elie	Mugemanyi	18	M	267 Jean Marie Vianney	Nkubito	38	M
195 Chantal	Mugwaneza	6	F	268	Nkurunziza	16	M
196	Muhire	20	M	269 Agnès	Nkwindigiri	7	F
197 Drocèle	Mukagakwaya	58	F	270 Aloys	Nsabimana	32	M
198 Jeanette	Mukagakwaya	9	F	271	Nsanabera	58	M
199	Mukagasabawe	35	F	272 Agnès	Nsanabera	16	F
200 Francine	Mukamana	7	F	273 Béatrice	Nsanabera	11	F
201 Espérance	Mukamulire	20	F	274 Fils	Nsanabera	2	M
202 Vénérande	Mukamusinga	38	F	275 Samuel	Nsanabera	8	M
203	Mukamuzoni	11	F	276 Jersey	Nsengimana	2	M
204 Anathalie	Mukankusi	60	F	277	Nsengimana	11	M
205 Anonciatta	Mukansanga	16	F	278 Pascal	Nsengiyumva	15	M
206 Jeannette	Mukanyangezi	46	F	279 Vianney	Nsengiyumva	17	M
207 Agnès	Mukarusagara	60	F	280	Nshimiyimana	6	M
208	Mukashema	9	F	281	Nsinzibiramuka	9	M
209 J.	Mukashyaka	14	F	282 François	Ntabana	51	M
210	Mukeshimana	13	F	283 Josiane	Ntabana	4	F
211 Faith	Mukeshimana	2	F	284 Paul	Ntabana	8	M
212 Violette	Mukeshimana	9	F	285 Pierre	Ntabana	2	M
213	Mukiza	14	M	286	Ntakinutimana	1	M
214 Alphonse	Muanaa	14	F	287 Gilbert	Ntuhahabose	12	M
215 Charles	Munana	23	M	288 Catherine	Nturyizerwa	28	F
216	Munyampirwa	40	M	289 Alexis	Nturo	60	M
217	Munyandamutsa	35	M	290 Albert	Ntwari	7	M
218	Munyandinda	45	M	291	Nyahyenda	2	M
219 Daniel	Munyandinda	38	M	292 Festus	Nyamuhungu	28	M
220	Munyanziza	20	M	293 Philomène	Nyanduta	60	F
221 Daniel	Munyemana	36	M	294	Nyandwi	6	M
222 Léobeni	Munyentwari	41	M	295 Innocent	Nyandwi	24	M
223 Chantal	Murara	4	F	296	Nyangufi	2	F
224 Jeannette	Murara	2	F	297 Anastasie	Nyinawinkima	40	F
225 Védaste	Murara	38	M	298 Hélène	Nyirabusimba	25	F
226 Zabron	Murara	8	M	299 Joyce	Nyiramakomari	40	F
227 Cyprien	Murankwaya	35	M	300 Béata	Nyiranjigaye	28	F
228 Chantal	Murekatete	37	F	301 Juvénal	Nyiribanze	30	M
229 Cassien	Murekezi	20	M	302 Félicien	Nyirimizera	46	M
230 François	Murekezi	42	M	303 Daniel	Nyiringabe	30	M
231 Egide	Murengerantwari	11	M	304 Emmanuel	Nyirinkaka	18	M
232 Jacques	Murenzi	12	M	305 Cassien	Nyirinkindi	52	M
233 Jean	Murenzi	6	M	306 Téléphore	Nzabamwita	60	M
234 Richard	Musangwa	15	M	307 Ambroise	Nzabirinda	26	M
235	Mutesi	8	F	308 Alphonse	Nzamuraubaho	13	M
236 Thérèse	Mutwakazi	60	F	309 Apollinaire	Nzamuraubaho	29	M
237 Denys	Muzirakugisha	20	M	310	Rose	35	F
238 Cansilde	Nyiragakara	14	F	311	Rubyogo	6	M
239 Adèle	Nyirabahimana	15	F	312	Rufoko	18	M
240 Odette	Nyirahirwa	45	F	313 Jean	Ruhamyankaka	60	M
241 Anastasie	Nyirakaboyi	63	F	314	Rukara	8	M
242	Nyiramajangwe	40	F	315 Emmanuel	Rukebesha	20	M
243	Nyiramajoro	10	F	316 Fils	Rukebesha	5	M
244 Immaculée	Nyiramakomani	40	F	317 Sixtin	Rushingabigwi	31	M
245 Epiphane	Nyiramakiriri	40	F	318	Rushombo	20	M
246 Domitille	Nyiramirani	12	F	319 Pierre	Rutaba	14	M

320	Rutayisire	5	M	23 Anastase	Cyababiro	40	M
321 Charles	Rutayisire	25	M	24 Léopold	Cyababiro	40	M
322	Ruzimangiriza	14	M	25	Dusabe	12	F
323 Max	Rwagasana	31	M	26 Jacqueline	Dusabe	9	F
324 Bosco	Rwagasore	10	M	27 Berthilde	Dusabimana	9	F
325	Rwamasongi	6	M	28 Faustin	Gakara	11	M
326	Rwandanga	43	M	29	Gakuru	2	M
327 Mathieu	Rwangabo	64	M	30	Gasana	21	M
328	Sagahara Fils	16	M	31 Alexis	Gasana	25	M
329 James	Sebugangwe	56	M	32 Boniface	Gasarasi	31	M
330 Silas	Senyoni	85	M	33 Vénuste	Gashirabake	7	M
331 Ignace	Sibobugingo	9	M	34 Celestin	Gashugi	32	M
332	Sibomana	4	M	35 Célestin	Gasigwa	34	M
333 Silas	Sinayobye	2	M	36 Augustin	Gasirabo	20	M
334	Sindariheba	28	M	37	Gasore	73	M
335 Vedaste	Sindikubwabo	23	M	38	Gatabazi	14	M
336	Wife of Vedaste S.	26	F	39	Gatari	5	M
337	Umuhoza	5	F	40	Gatoya	2	M
338 Suzanne	Umuraza	60	F	41 Jean Paul	Habakubiyara	11	M
339	Umutoniwase	2 mths	F	42 Célestin	Habanushaka	12	M
340 Patience	Umuzigazuba	16	F	43	Habimana	12	M
341	Mahinja	2	F	44	Habimana	2	M
342	Kibwa	3	M	45	Habimana	6	M
343	Kigeni	16	F	46 Bertin	Habimana	16	M
344	Kijeni	6	M	47 Emmanuel	Habimana	34	M
345	Ujeneza	20	F	48 Révélien	Habimana	44	M
346	Unjeni	1	F	49 Vital	Habimana	12	M
347 Urbain		4	M	50 François	Habuhazi	32	M
348 Vanessa		2 mths	M	51	Habukwira	11	M
349	Utamuriza	18	F	52 Bosco	Hakizimana	7	M
350 Chantal	Uwamahoro	12	F	53 Vénuste	Hakizimana	14	M
351 Vestine	Uwamahoro	6	F	54	Hanyurwushaka	16	M
352	Uwantege	9	F	55	Hategekimana	10	M
353	Uwimana	12	F	56 Faustin	Hategekimana	19	M
354 Bosco	Uwimana	25	M	57	Havugimana	21	M
355 Emmanuel	Uwimana	29	M	58 Marie	Ingabire	3	F
356 Nora	Uwimbubazi	15	F	59 Xavérine	Itangishaka	44	F
357 Alexis	Uwineza	28	M	60 David	Kabaka	74	M
358 Charlotte	Uwineza	16	F	61 Charles	Kabayiza	16	M
359 Clémence	Uwingabire	8	F	62 Pascal	Kabayiza	23	M
360	Uwizeye	14	F	63	Kabera	40	M
361	Uwizeye	28	F	64 Bosco	Kabera	2	M
362 Silas	Uwizeye	3	M	65 Jean	Kabera	63	M
363 Janvier	Uwuzuye	1	M	66 Claire	Kabugunga	67	F
364	Uzamushaka	18	F	67	Kabukire	26	M
365	Xavérine	22	F	68	Kagaju	62	F
366	Yandereye	14	F	69 Vénantie	Kagaju	66	F
				70 Jeanne	Kagoyire	16	F
				71 Frédéric	Kajisho	4	M
				72 Vianney	Kalisa	9	M
				73	Kamanyana	24	F
				74 Emmanuel	Kambari	38	M
				75	Kampeta	34	M
				76 Patrice	Kampororo	40	F
				77 Anastasie	Kandazi	59	F
				78 Marcella	Kangabe	66	F
				79	Kanshara	10	F
				80	Karambizi	6	M
				81	Karanganwa	26	M
				82 Pulchérie	Karurenzi	62	F
				83	Kawera	1	F
				84	Kayigirwa	7	F
				85 Alcide	Kayihura	19	M
				86 Béata	Kayiranganwa	1	F
				87 Claudine	Kayitesi	5	F
				88	Kayuku	49	M
				89	Kayumba	14	M
				90	Kecuru	1	F
				91	Kibaruta	9	M
				92 Sylvester	Kozivuze	35	M
				93 Damien	Kubwimana	4	M
				94 Frida	Kubwimana	9	F
				95	Kwisaha	3	M

#### h. Sector Rususa

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Emerthe		25	F
2 Fébronie		24	F
3 Gérald		14	M
4 Mariette		30	F
5 Martin		34	M
6 Pascal		11	M
7 Fébronie	Alushakiye	14	F
8 Vincent	Bacumumihigo	47	M
9	Bahigirora	26	M
10 Collette	Bambanza	74	F
11	Bampire	16	F
12 Martin	Binama	36	M
13	Biramahire	2	M
14 Bosco	Bizimana	8	M
15 Célestin	Bizumuremyi	24	M
16	Bonane	19	M
17 Paul	Bucyana	47	M
18 Anastase	Bugingo	8	M
19 Claver	Bugiramfura	12	M
20	Bujagari	44	M
21	Bushokoro	15	M
22 Médatrice	Byukurenge	9	F

96	Kwizera	2	M	169 Manassé	Maniraguba	22	M
97 Claudine	Kwizera	4	F	170 Charles	Marishavu	19	M
98 Pierre	Kwizera	4	M	171	Musigaro	12	M
99 Germaine	Mukabakema	50	F	172	Mucyo	1	M
100 Francine	Mukabutera	33	F	173 Alexis	Mudenge	22	M
101 Christine	Mukagakwandi	44	F	174 Gratien	Mugemane	29	M
102 Julienne	Mukagashugi	36	F	175 Alphonse	Mugenzi	37	M
103	Mukagashumba	62	F	176 Vianney	Mugesera	34	M
104 Flavianne	Mukagasirabo	17	F	177 Martin	Muhamyankaka	54	M
105 Vénérande	Mukahigiro	43	F	178	Muhire	7 mths	M
106	Mukakajungwe	64	M	179 Claudine	Muhire	17	F
107 Béatrice	Mukakalisa	35	M	180 Euphrasie	Mujakazi	62	F
108 Léonce	Mukakazenga	36	F	181 Gèneuse	Mukara	67	F
109	Mukakimenyi	34	F	182 Anaclet	Mukasi	44	M
110 Josépha	Mukakizima	23	F	183	Mukeshimana	19	F
111	M.mana	12	F	184	Mukeshimana	6	F
112 Angélique	Mukamana	10	F	185	Mulisa	38	F
113 Cathérine	Mukamana	37	F	186	Munderere	4	M
114 Marciane	Mukamana	21	F	187	Munganyinka	33	F
115 Espérance	Mukamazera	32	F	188 Costasie	Munganyinka	69	F
116 Sophie	Mukaminani	2	F	189	Munyampeta	34	M
117	Mukamuganga	1	F	190 James	Munyangayo	50	M
118	Mukamugema	37	F	191 Augustin	Munyanziza	4	M
119	Mukamugenzi	5	F	192	Munyemana	6	M
120 Euphrasie	Mukamugenzi	32	F	193 Théogène	Munyemana	18	M
121	Mukamuhire	35	M	194 Vianney	Munyengabe	50	M
122 Languide	Mukamuhizi	38	F	195	Munyeragwe Rusansi	38	M
123 Léonce	Mukamurenzi	16	F	196 Vénuste	Munyeshyaka	5	M
124	Mukamurera	19	F	197 Viateur	Murangi	34	M
125 Annociatta	Mukamurera	30	F	198	Murangwa	70	F
126 Dative	Mukamurera	22	F	199 Bonifride	Murekatete	19	F
127 Dorine	Mukamurera	44	F	200	Murinda	64	M
128 Séraphine	Mukamurigo	14	F	201 Innocent	Murindabigwi	41	M
129 Bonifride	Mukamusoni	40	F	202 Donatien	Murwanashyaka	4	M
130 Edissa	Mukamusoni	43	F	203	Musabyimana	7	F
131 Margueritte	Mukamusoni	19	F	204 Fortunée	Musabyimana	8	F
132 Gaudence	Mukamutara	62	F	205 Vestine	Musabyimana	14	F
133 Joséphine	Mukamutara	16	F	206	Musangamfura	10	M
134 Josephine	Mukamuyango	31	F	207 Cyriaque	Museruka	52	M
135 Domitille	Mukamuyenzi	38	F	208	Mushimiyimana	3 mths	F
136 Verdianne	Mukandamaga	37	F	209 Cyrille	Musirikare	31	M
137 Cécile	Mukandanga	38	F	210 Claudine	Mutesi	3	F
138	Mukandayisaba	6	F	211	Mutunzi	11	M
139	Mukandayisenga	10	F	212 Jean	Mutunzi	3	M
140	Mukaneza	12	F	213	Muvura	19	M
141 Frolide	Mukangango	40	F	214	Muyango	24	M
142	Mukankaka	41	M	215 Théoneste	Muzungu	5	M
143	Mukankundiye	4	F	216 Anastase	Mwangabwoba	48	M
144	Mukansanga	48	F	217 Rose	Nyirabagenzi	26	F
145 Anastasie	Mukantabana	44	F	218 Folbe	Nyirabahakwa	69	F
146	Mukantwari	9	F	219	Nyirabahire	5 mths	F
147 Jeanne	Mukantwari	8	F	220 Marciagne	Nyirabazungu	62	F
148 Darive	Mukanyana	44	F	221 Espérance	Nyiracyondi	51	F
149 Claudene	Mukanyandwi	5	F	222	Nyirahabimana	16	F
150 Thacianne	Mukarubega	35	F	223 Françoise	Nyirahabimana	8	M
151 Virginie	Mukarugira	40	F	224	Nyirajyambere	16	F
152 Vénérande	Mukarurungwa	40	F	225 Odette	Nyirakamandwa	41	F
153 Philomène	Mukarusine	20	F	226 Béata	Nyiramana	18	F
154 Spéciose	Mukarutabana	30	F	227	Nyiramanenge	6	F
155 Jeanne	Mukarutesi	3	F	228	Nyiramatama	48	F
156 Jeannette	Mukarutesi	20	F	229 Géraldine	Nyirambabazi	2	F
157 Julienne	Mukarutesi	40	F	230	Nyirambaba	4	F
158 Pascasie	Mukaruzamba	32	F	231	Nyiramuhire	2	F
159 Concessa	Mukarwemera	57	F	232	Nyirankende	62	F
160	Mukashema	3	F	233 Anne Marie	Nyirankesha	31	F
161 Patrice	Mukashema	23	F	234 Agnès	Nyirankuriza	47	F
162	Mukashyaka	13	F	235	Nyirantaho	48	F
163 Angélique	Mukashyaka	7	F	236	Nyirantwari	12	F
164 Antoinette	Mukashyaka	9	F	237 Thérèse	Nyiranzage	78	F
165 Prudencienne	Mukasine	41	F	238 Anastasie	Nyiranzukwavu	62	F
166 Aloysie	Mukayiranga	24	F	239 Costasie	Nyirashema	64	F
167 Costasie	Madamu	49	F	240	Nyirazima	11	F
168 Immaculée	Madamu	47	F	241 Marthe	Nyiragahakwa	60	F

242 Charles	Ndagijimana	15	M	315 Patrick	Nyiribambe	1	M
243	Ndahimana	23	M	316	Nyiringabo	2	M
244	Ndamushimiye	12	M	317 Alexis	Nzabandora	6	M
245	Ndanga	8	M	318	Nzagibwami	35	M
246 Vianney	Ndagijimana	6	M	319 Chasie	Nzamura mbaho	9	M
247 Vénuste	Ndatimana	11	M	320	Nzaramba	37	M
248	Ndayambaje	19	M	321	Nzayisenga	1	M
249	Ndayisenga	1	M	322	Nzeyimana	1	M
250	Ndayisenga	10	M	323	Rubyogo	12	M
251 Sylvestre	Ndekezi	62	M	324 Sylvestre	Rucamhigo	10	M
252 Emmanuel	Ndengeyintwari	22	M	325	Rugenerandekwe	14	M
253 André	Ndezi	43	M	326 Anastase	Rugirangoga	34	M
254 Verdianne	Nduguri	61	F	327	Rukatibumba	76	M
255	Nduziye	50	M	328 Amabilis	Rukundo	5	M
256 Paul	Ndwamiye	69	M	329 Anatole	Rukundo	6	M
257	Ngabo	2 mths	M	330 Alexis	Rukundo	7	M
258	Ngiruwonsanga	5	M	331	Rumenesha	47	M
259 Pascal	Ngoga	16	M	332 Domitien	Rusanganwa	38	M
260 Marthe	Nikuze	7	F	333 Vénuste	Rusanganwa	46	M
261 Antoinette	Nishyirambere	66	F	334 Théoneste	Rusumbabizi	16	M
262 Augustin	Nyistegeka	43	M	335 Innocent	Rutayisire	31	M
263	Niyomugabo	2	M	336	Rutazinda	6 mths	M
264	Nkomeje	34	M	337 Joseph	Rutazinda	38	M
265 Justas	Nkumbuye	37	M	338 Modeste	Rutazinda	49	M
266 François	Nkundukozera	36	M	339 Fidèle	Rwabahizi	48	M
267	Nkunzimana	8	M	340 Dominique	Rwabashi	80	M
268	Nkurikiyimana	8	M	341 Alphonse	Rwagasore	34	M
269 Wellars	Nkurikiyumukiza	21	M	342 Vincent	Rwakigarama	31	M
270	Nkurunziza	32	M	343 Martin	Rwanyonga	27	M
271 Eric	Nkurunziza	10	M	344	Rwarika	6	M
272 François	Nkurunziza	30	M	345 Selemari	Rwibasira	65	M
273 Vénant	Nkurunziza	33	M	346	Rwubahuka	48	M
274 Gerald	Nkusi	46	M	347 Laurent	Rwubahuka	48	M
275 Catherine	Nyiramanyovu	60	F	348 Jean	Ryumugabe	22	M
276	Nyirangondo	60	F	349 Samuel	Sabuhoro	49	M
277 Emmanuel	Nsabimana	7	M	350 Emmanuel	Safari	36	M
278 Joseph	Nsabimana	2	M	351 Patrice	Sakindi	69	M
279 Joseph	Nsabimana	31	M	352 Claver	Sebacuzi	52	M
280 Théogène	Nsabimana	6	M	353 Anastase	Sebarinda	36	M
281	Nsanzimana	10	M	354 Innocent	Sebazungu	13	M
282	Nsanzimana	12	M	355 Frédéric	Sebudandi	41	M
283 Narcisse	Nsanzimana	29	M	356 Domicien	Sembaba	18	M
284 Sylvestre	Nsanzurwimo	52	M	357	Semuzima	40	M
285	Nsengimana	3	M	358 Léonidas	Serwevu	74	M
286	Nsengimana	7	M	359 Carphophore	Sezikeye	34	M
287 Marcel	Nsengimana	2	M	360 Elissa	Sezirahiga	74	M
288	Nshimiye	5	M	361	Sibomana	6	M
289	Nshimiyimana	7	M	362 Alexis	Sibomana	7	M
290	Nshimiyimana	8	M	363 Bertin	Sibomana	24	M
291 Callixte	Nshimiyimana	14	M	364 Damascène	Sibomana	2	M
292	Nshurubusha	7	M	365 Védaste	Sibomana	17	M
293 Pierre	Nsigamasabo	31	M	366 Védaste	Sibomana	9	M
294 Vital	Ntaganira	11	M	367 Aloys	Simbyariyimana	37	M
295	Ntakirutimana	25	M	368	Sinayobye	22	M
296	Ntakirutimana	41	M	369	Sinayobye	39	M
297 Egide	Ntakirutimana	4	M	370 Félicien	Sindayigaya	13	M
298 Vénant	Ntakirutimana	34	M	371 Martin	Sindayigaya	22	M
299	Ntakirutimana Rusatsi	37	M	372 Vianney	Sindayigaya	11	M
300 Joseph	Ntawumpahira	62	F	373	Sindikubwabo	8	M
301	Ntezimana	2	M	374 François	Sindikubwabo	10	M
302 Claude	Ntezimana	12	M	375 Claver	Sinyigenga	43	M
303 Bosco	Ntigurirwa	13	M	376	Tangishaka	2	F
304 Védaste	Ntigurirwa	31	M	377	Terebura	2	M
305 Martin	Ntuhabose	12	M	378	Tuyisenge	1	F
306	Ntiringanya	17	F	379	Tuyishime	5	M
307	Ntwari	21	M	380	Tuyishime	6	F
308 Révélien	Nuringiyumukiza	40	M	381	Tuyizere	1	F
309	Nyakagaragu	34	M	382 Rose	Twagiramariya	2	F
310 Nazarie	Nyambo	36	F	383 Tharcisse	Twagirayezu	26	M
311 Claver	Nyandwi	7	M	384 Jacinthe	Twagirayezu	8	M
312	Nyarisaza	3	M	385	Twagirimana	3	M
313	Nyinawumuntu	2	F	386	Twagirumukiza	36	M
314 Josué	Nyiribambe	76	M	387 Alphonse	Twagirumukiza	16	M

388 Magdeleine	Ugirashebuja	67	F	25 Julius	Mbabazi	23	F
389 Bélancille	Ugiriwabo	17	F	26	Karamuka	58	M
390 Jeanne	Umuhire	5	F	27 Léocadie	Nyirabitiawebo	54	F
391	Umumamarungu	1	F	28 Magdeleine	Makaruziga	56	F
392	Umutesi	9	F	29 Marie	Mukamuyango	30	F
393 Rose	Umutozi	4	F	30 Marie	Nyirabuka	56	F
394 Vianney	Urayeneza	24	M	31	Mbarushimana	13	M
395	Uzizwenimana	15	F	32	Mukabutera	41	F
396	Uwamahoro	23	F	33	Mukangoga	9	F
397 Odette	Uwamahoro	14	F	34	Mukasine	12	F
398	Uwamariya	7	F	35	Mukasine	7	F
Vérante	Uwamungu	11	M	36	Mukandoli	40	F
400	Uwamwiza	2	F	37	Murekatete	20	F
401 Martin	Uwera	6	M	38	Musoni	23	M
402	Uwimana	14	F	39	Ngamije	28	M
403	Uwimana	42	M	40 Nicodème	Kabwana	62	M
404	Uwimana	8	F	41	Nyirandamutsa	45	M
405 Emmanuel	Uwimana	15	M	42 Odette	Mukamana	20	F
406 Evéline	Uwimana	44	F	43 Pierre	Ntivuguruzwa	17	M
407 Jacqueline	Uwimana	6	F	44 Rosalie			
408 Louise	Uwimana	44	F	45	Ruhumuliza	33	M
409	Uwingabire	14	F	46 Samuel	Mulindahabi	47	M
410	Uwiragiye	36	F	47 Seth	Bayiringire	21	F
411 Patrice	Uwiragiye	34	F	48	Son of Nkusi	1 Mth	M
412 Viateur	Uwiragiyimana	5	M	49	Twagirayezu	10	M
413	Uwitije	3	F	50	Uwamariya	20	F
414 Angélique	Uwitije	3	F	51 Vianney	Higiro	20	M
415 Marie	Uwitontze	9	F	52 Xavéra	Myirabahutu	78	F
416	Uwizeye	5	F				
417	Uwizeyimana	4	F				
418	Uwizeyimana	5	M				
419	Uwizeyimana	7	F				
420	Uwizeyimana	8	F				
421	Uwizeyimana	9	F				
422 Goretti	Uwizeyimana	5	F				
423 Jacqueline	Uwizeyimana	6	F				
424 Vestine	Uwizeyimana	4	F				
425 Martin	Yaramba	36	M				
426	Zirikana	8	M				
427 Vincent	Ziruguru	46	M				

## Kibuye Préfecture

### 1. Gishyita Commune

#### a. Sector Bisese

First Name	Last Name	Age	Sex
1 Jamayika		27	M
2 Aimable		12	F
3 Casimir	Musabyimana	24	M
4 Célestin	Ndwaniye	58	M
5 Charles	Rwamanywa	64	M
6 Claudette		10	F
7 Claver	Ndahimana	26	M
8 Cyprien	Mugemana	74	M
9 Edouard		27	M
10 Eliezer	Kambanda	58	M
11 Emerithe		22	F
12 Ephrem	Gasaguru	57	M
13 Eric	Ndwaniye	6	M
14 Erina	Mukankundiye	50	F
15 Eugène	Binwangari	4	M
16 Ezéchiel	Ruhugisha	55	M
17 Félicie		50	F
18 Foibi	Mpozimpa	70	F
19 François	Mushimitwa	16	F
20	Gatembo	40	M
21 Isacar		15	M
22 Jacques	Niyitegeka	19	F
23 Jean-Damascène	Nterirayayo	26	M
24 Jeannette	Mukamuhizi	14	F



Emmerance B...

Félicité Uw...

Vestine Mukankindo

Emmanuel...

Claudine Um...

Egide Kwaga...

Bonifa...

Gadeleine Mukandenzi

Esperance Muka...

Winfreda Muka...

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"Go: If You Die, Perhaps I Will Live": A Collective Account of Genocide and Survival in Murambi, Gikunguru, April-July 1994 is a record of the massacre at a technical school, which in 1994 was under construction in Murambi, in the south west of Rwanda. Compiled from testimonies collected by African Rights between 2004 and 2006, it brings together the individual stories of survivors, witnesses and perpetrators. Their experiences are juxtaposed and arranged chronologically, with introductions to guide the reader. The result is a detailed narrative that encompasses the varied perspectives of 91 Rwandese. Such an intricate and nuanced account of these events has never previously been heard.



Decades of a politics of hatred has severed communities and led to their destruction. Developing a collective vision of the past is essential for people in Murambi, and indeed for Rwanda, to create a better future.

Murambi, now a national memorial, is set to become a genocide education and prevention centre. It is particularly appropriate that the site previously intended as a school should be reclaimed as a place of learning and reflection. Yet this in itself is a reminder that the losses of the genocide were also losses for villages, regions and the entire country. Instead of a school, serving the community, Murambi became a wasteland of unfulfilled skills, ideas, talents and energies.

# MURAMBI