Edna - age 5½ from Gradačac (Winter 92/93)
Edna, Gradačac, 5,5 godina (žima '92/93)
Sabina - age 10, from Zvornik /Donja Kamenica/ (February '93)

Sabina, Zvornik /Donja Kamenica/, 10 godina (februar '93.)

In Cerska, I was almost naked and barefoot, hungry and thirsty. I slept in barns and ate turnips and pumpkins. I carried with me a five-month old sister who had only one potato every day. In Cerska, we had no shelters to hide from the grenades. The Chetniks came to a hill, behind which Cerska was lying. Our fighters liberated Kamenica and we came back from Cerska. We spent a few days in Kamenica and then we crossed over into Tuzla.
...Through a window, I saw young men getting off a truck and one woman with them. They were the soldiers of Arkan. First they entered my neighbor’s house. They led her out and shot her. My father, mother, brother and myself watched it all. When we saw that, we ran out of the house and headed towards the concentration camp of “Susica”, since that was our only hope of remaining alive. We were about one hundred meters from the camp when our father told us that we should go back home for our things.

...When we arrived home, it was a sight to see. Things belonging to my brother and myself were all gone. Things were broken and thrown about the room. We picked up what was left and set off in the direction of the concentration camp. Walking down the street I saw the corpses of our neighbors. My neighbors had been killed in a brutal way. Some of the corpses I saw had been mutilated. As I was walking towards the camp I kept looking at my house. The house looked depressing, as if it were crying because we were leaving it behind. When we arrived at the camp, all guns were pointing at us. They separated all the males, including myself. They told me that I would also have to go to the concentration camp. Near by was my neighbor, who was a commander, who told them that I should be let go. The Chetniks let me go and told me to get on a bus for Kladanj. My mother and I got on the bus. Through the bus window I watched my father and my brother as they were entering the concentration camp. That moment I shall never forget.

...Inside the bus there were seven Chetniks who were maltreating us. They kept on telling me: “Ustasha”, now you will go into Alija’s army.” The Chetniks drove us to their territory and showed us the way to our free territory. We wandered through the forest and it was by mere chance that we ran into our soldiers. Our soldiers were astonished as they said to us: “How did you remain alive?” The soldiers told us that the Chetniks sent us in the wrong direction and that they purposely did it because that way was mined...

We were taken to Kladanj. They settled us into some hall and gave us lunch. After that, the people went in different direction. Some went to Zivinice, others to Tuzla. My mother and I came to Tuzla.

Now, I know the value of freedom.
Mirnes - age 10, from Zvornik (Winter-Spring 93)
Mirnes, Zvornik, 10 godina (zima-proljeće '93.)
Elvir - age 13, from Zvornik /Donja Kamenica/ (February/March 93)

Elvir, Zvornik /Donja Kamenica/, 13 godina (februar/mart '93.)

Never in my 13 years have I seen something like this. We were suffering from starvation. We had nothing to eat. During summer we ate unripe plums, wild apples, turnips, pumpkins, and there wasn't enough of that either. When winter arrived, we ate dried up corn bread and oatmeal. Each day, the Chetniks threw 350 grenades at us. They bombarded us from planes and used chemical warfare agents, but thank God we survived. The Chetniks torched our houses. We had nowhere to sleep. We slept in the woods, alongside streams. It rained and people got sick. We had no medicine, and small children, old women and men were dying. They captured innocent people and butchered them in the mosques and burned them alive. They captured young girls and raped them. I really wanted to come to Tuzla, so I would no longer be in the encirclement. We traveled to Tuzla the entire night. As we got closer to the free territory, one of my friends stepped on a mine which blew off his leg to the knee. When we arrived at Medjedja and when we were given white bread, it was as if they gave us roasted meat. The trucks arrived and we climbed on. The trucks started driving uphill. It was slippery and the trucks couldn't make it to the top, so that frosty night we slept inside the trucks. In the morning we set off for Tuzla.

I would advise the young lilies to chase the Chetniks into Serbia. I would advise the Chetniks not to throw grenades and not to shoot, so that people wouldn't die anymore.
Jasmin - age 8, from Brčko, Velja Glava (Winter/Spring '93)

Jasmin, Brčko, Velja Glava, 8 godina (zima/proljeće '93)
On 4 April 1992, the tragedy of Zvornik began. Following the fall of Zvornik, began the tragedy in the surrounding villages of Zvornik. For full seven days, the Chetniks were bombarding our village using tanks, mortars, howitzers, and anti-aircraft guns. At that time, we were hiding in the woods around Kamenica and in Udrca and Cerska. I fled with my parents. After three days they asked our fighters to give up their weapons, telling them that we would live in peace. Our fighters gave up their weapons and believed the Chetniks when they said that we would live together. After twenty days of surrendering weapons, the Chetniks started rounding up people and killing everyone who was Muslim. I got away from the Chetniks with my parents and we went to Cerska. The Chetniks were setting my village of Kamenica on fire. They plundered everything. When our fighters liberated Kamenica and when we got back, we had nothing to eat since the Chetniks plundered and burned everything. We ate turnips and pumpkins. On 2 February 1993, we crossed over into Tuzla, alive and well. The hunger forced us to come to Tuzla.
Nišam mogao te želja na noge bližu mi
svi novci pogruženi što sam podgrijao
noke kadi sam išao župno
možda išlo što brže iđu da nas ne
bi čovinci zarobili dami nijeto bilo
sestre dame povrede nebi mogo
ni doći. Kad sam dosao u tuzelu
pa pogledo suvjetlo tako sam se
na čudno pošto tobo nas nijeto bilo
ni slijevo ni nistra. A ovde
ko da nijeto rato nikako svega
ima što god sece zeli samo
da je para ali ja nema samo
para pa da tvam što ne mi treba,
ovo mi je u ovaj sali uin
izno plameno se na stop na kladim
i moj sam iđi lekarina.
$i samo bi želijo samo da imam
da preležem i da se obućem i obućem
Dosađ sam u tuzelu jestog ferro
to se to bilo u českaj.
Smajlović Sakib, age 14, from Cerska
Sakib Majlović drowned in Tuzla in the swollen river of Jala, trying to get to a ball the river was carrying. That event is later described by the other children. Sakib wrote this only a few days before his death. (March '93).

Smajlović Sakib, Cerska, 14 godina
Smajlović Sakib utopio se u Tuzli u nabujaloj rijeci Jali pokušavajući da dohvati loptu koju je rijeka nosila. Taj događaj kasnije opisuju i druga djeca. Ovaj rad Sakib je napisao svega nekoliko dana prije nesretnog događaja. (mart '93).

...I was in a shelter all the time. The grenades were constantly falling around me but thank God I am still alive. During the attack on Cerska I could not open my eyes because of the grenades, bullets and other weapons. During the air bombardment I spent the entire day in a shelter. I had nothing to eat or drink. I would never want to live through such moments. The food I had, I ate at the beginning of the war. I ate corn bread and oatmeal, and there wasn't enough of that either. There were no doctors or nothing. The Chetniks even used chemical warfare so that they could kill more civilians.

...When I left my home for Tuzla, I set off at about ten o'clock. I had nothing to put on my feet, nor did I have anything to wear. I traveled night and day and had nothing to drink, so I ate the snow. When I reached Tuzla I couldn't sleep all night due to a cough and other illnesses.

I could not stand on my feet for three days. My toe nails were black and blue from knocking my feet into things, as I hurriedly walked so that the Chetniks would not capture us. Were it not for my sister's help I would not have made it. When I came to Tuzla and saw the lights I was amazed because we had no electricity or nothing. Here, it's if there was no war. There was everything your heart could desire. If only I had money, but I don't have much money so that I could buy what I need. The hall I am in is very cold and I always get colds and I have to go to a doctor.

Now, I would only like to have some food, clothes and shoes.

I came to Tuzla on 6 February. That was my experience and that's what it was like in Cerska. (Excerpts)
Edina - age 6, from Gradačac (Spring 93)
Edina, Gradačac, 6 godina (proleće '93.)
We ate corn, pumpkins, turnips, barley and oatmeal. I had nothing to eat for two days. Two of my brothers were killed. One was Rasid and the other was Rifet. My brother Rifet got killed by a grenade launcher and the other was killed during the liberation of Kamenica. A Chetnik shot him into his stomach with a bazooka. A hand grenade was hanging off his belt and it activated. When the bazooka was fired his hand grenade was activated, and his insides came out.
Ismeta - age 11, from Zvornik, Gornje Snagovo, village of Liplje (Winter 92/93)

Ismeta, Zvornik, Gornje Snagovo, Liplje, 11 godina (zima '92./'93.)
I was captured in Liplja, near Zvornik. They followed us in every way possible. Five hundred of us were imprisoned, mostly women and children. People were taken out at three in the morning and beaten, slaughtered and maltreated. The people they beat had to cry but they forbade them to do so by putting rags in their mouths. They raped young women and girls. Pasa and Sadeta ... were beaten the most. They let melted plastic pails drip on their bodies. Each day we received one small piece of bread. They tortured the young and the elderly men to death. My brother went out in the evening. They asked him: “Where are you going boy?” He told them that he was going out. One of them asked him for his name. He said that his name was Alija Kotoric. For this reason, they slapped him. He immediately fell to the ground. My mother watched sadly from one of the rooms but she didn’t dare say anything.

...The Chetniks really tormented us in captivity, in the house of Duza Salihovic. In that house, the Chetniks maltreated us and tormented us by depriving us of food. They beat us in all ways possible. They cursed at us by insulting our mothers. They beat us with steel knuckles and clubs. They melted plastic pails and let them drip on people’s bodies. They raped young girls and women. They had beaten older women and men the most. They took my father away and he never returned. They spat on the religious books they found. In the house of Jervo Salihovic they killed Selma Kotoric by torturing her. They stripped twenty women and paraded them through the village, while following them and laughing. At three o’clock in the morning three Chetniks came and told us that at five o’clock in the morning they would begin slaughtering us, hanging us and gouging out our eyes. Twenty minutes before they were to slaughter us and torture us, our fighters set us free.

Tuzla never fought and let it not fight now either. Please stop shooting.
PEACE.
(Excerpts)
Ismeta - age 11, from Liplje

Ismeta, Liplje, 11 godina

The Death of Alija Kotorić

...Alija was captured in Liplje. One year ago he arrived from captivity. He used to tell us that they beat him because his name was Alija. He suffered all this only to be killed in Tuzla. His father was also killed. He was six years old and we, the children, grieved for him a lot.
...One of my first cousins was killed by a grenade. He was 18 years old. My two uncles were taken captive. It was when my teacher took me, my mother and my sister captive. My father was not taken captive. I knew them well but they were not paying any attention to me. Later, we were liberated. We did not know what the date was but we did know that it was 1992. We were liberated by our folk: Bosnian and Herzegovina.
Ismeta, - age 10 from Zvornik (Winter 92/93)
Ismeta, Zvornik, 11 godina (zima '92/93.)

The Chetniks positioned themselves on the Eremica Hill and they are now shelling the Muslim villages.
Selvir, age 8 from Zvornik, Gornje Snagovo, (end of February 93)

Selvir, Zvornik, Gornje Snagovo, 8 godina (kraj februara '93.)

I felt the worst when I was captured and when they took my aunt outside to beat her. That's when I said to myself: 'We will never survive.' When they took my father prisoner, I said that he would never come back and to this day I know nothing of his whereabouts. They started taking people away, they never brought them back. They dug a hole to throw us in, but our guys carried out an attack. Those who were in front were killed. Fortunately, I was all the way in the back and didn't get killed.
Mirza - age 12, from Zvornik
a written assignment completed on 09. 04. 1993
Topic: I will tell the story to you only.
(narrating an event with the use of description.)

Mirza, Zvornik, 12 godina
Tema: "Ovo ću ispričati samo tebi" / pričanje doživljajaka uz upotrebu opisa/.

It happened on 27 May, the day I shall never forget. Following all those days of suffering, one ghastly morning, when I woke up, my father told me that we were going to move out in one hour. We packed the things we would need the most and waited for him to tell us to leave. The buses arrived for us in my neighborhood. When we set off, the people were crying. They said that they were driving us to Olovo. For an hour and a half, we traveled from Zvornik to Vlasenica...When we left the town, in the direction of Han Pijesak, it was really horrible...We waited there until the nightfall, without food and water. From there, they sent us back to Zvornik since the road was not passable. They tricked us into going back to our homes. The people were happy, including my father and mother...When we came to the so-called Crni vrh, they stopped us there and we waited again. When I could no longer hold it and had to go to the washroom, I walked out and asked one Chetnik where I could find a washroom. He told me to go into one shed. When I opened the shed door I saw two men with their throats slit and one woman hanging by her neck. At that moment I was frightened as never before in my life. All kinds of things went through my mind. I ran back into the bus and immediately told my father and mother everything. They told me to sit down and be quiet. They drove us back again from Crni vrh to Zvornik, since they would not allow the men to pass through. When I was separated from my father, it was very difficult for me. Then, they took us to Tuzla. When we finally reached our territory, everyone felt more at ease.

However, to this day, I still long for my father.
Bosnia and Herzegovina is surrounded on all sides. Only you can help us. Help us as soon as you can, only you, the Americans!

- Anel - age 7, from Gradačac (Winter-Spring '93)
- Anel, Gradačac, 7 godina (zima-proljeće '93)
Nijaz - age 12 from Vlasenica (Winter ‘92/ ‘93)

Nijaz, Vlasenica, 12 godina (zima ’92./ ’93.)

It was a beautiful day, but it was also a day I shall never forget. The Chetniks entered Vlasenica. During that time they captured people and took them to Debelo brdo. There, they cut them up with knives, then they carved crosses into their bodies and then, they killed them. It got worse every day. One day they established a concentration camp, Susica. My family and I were among the first ones taken there. That concentration camp was dark and cold. The camp mostly held men. Every night they took people out and beat them. The day, when we were suppose to set off for our free territory of Ravne, had arrived. The parting from my father was the most difficult thing for me. We traveled by bus as far as Luka. From Luka, we had to walk the rest of the way. The arrival to Ravne was a joyous occasion. Finally, all the people who came with us no longer felt the fear.
Seid - age 11, from Zvornik (Winter 92/93)

Seid, Zvornik, 11 godina (zima '92/93.)
Isad - age 8, from Zvornik, Kamenica, (February/March '93)

Isad, Zvornik, Kamenica, 8 godina (februar/mart '93.)

How do I begin the story when I can’t believe I survived. When I remember where I slept, in the woods and streams. A year of my childhood spent in fear instead of play. Bullets whizzing over my head. Instead of eating bread with cream spread, I ate dry bread and even leaves picked off the branches. I dare not write about the things I had eaten. It was most difficult for me during the night when I went to sleep and had nothing to cover with, except some leaves. My mother would take off her sweater and cover me and a 10-day old baby. She would place the baby in her lap and that’s how she welcomed the dawn, sitting by her three sons, crying and begging God to let her die so that she would no longer have to watch the suffering of her children. Almost everyone in my family has been captured and taken away. Some of them were burned alive and others were slaughtered. There is no piece of paper large enough for me to write about the difficult days of my childhood.
This house burnt the most.
Gradina is still burning.
A missle in the middle of this house. This missle landed.
Miro is sending the letter.
Here, you can see the town still burning.

My house was burned to the ground.
Surely, more houses have been torched by now.
Edna - age 5½ from Gradačac (Winter 92/93)

Edna, Gradačac, 5,5 godina (zima '92/93)
One morning I was sitting inside the house with my parents. My neighbors were visiting and that's when the grenades from Serbia started falling. My mother told us to go to the bathroom. My mother went in first and I followed behind. My mother was killed and I was wounded. I was lying there and there was no one there to stop the bleeding. I called out for help, for someone to stop my bleeding.
- Ismeta - age 11, from Liplje (Winter 92/93)
- Ismeta, Liplje, 11 godina (zima '92/93.)

Chetnik.
Chetnik.
This is me.
Chetnik.
This is the terrace on which we, the children, played.
Enisa, age 13, from Zvornik, Liplje,  
(February 93)

Enisa, Zvornik, Liplje, 13 godina  
(Februar 93.)

Once they came in, they asked my mother to come out. She went out. They melted plastic and let it drip on her legs and arms as they slapped her. She gave them all her money and gold (...). They said that they would slaughter the children in their mothers' laps and then, they would slaughter the rest. That entire night I was thinking how they would slaughter us. At 4:30 in the morning, instead of the slaughter, loud shooting started. No one knew what was happening. The Chetniks started counting their dead. They counted up to thirty and no more than that. Suddenly, someone opened the door. It was one of our soldiers. He told us to come out. When we started coming out, one Chetnik fired a burst at the people. My mother fell to the ground. A Chetnik burst of fire wounded her in the head. (Excerpt)
Adisa - age 10, from Vlasenica, Cerska (February 93)

Adisa, Vlasenica, Cerska, 10 godina (februar '93.)

...They beat us with rifle buts. They beat Smajo in the street. Smajo's mother was crying because they slaughtered one of her sons and threw him into the fire. (Excerpt)

Emir - age 6, from Vlasenica, Cerska (March 93)

Emir, Vlasenica, Cerska, 6 godina (mart '93)
Ja sam iz Kamenice imam punje 11 godina počela velika ofanziva. Otišla mi je pogin od jed padale su tenkovske granate selu su nam pogorela goveda su nam otjerana u Papraću poginuli su Alija, Keso, Rifet, Devad Kezo, Rifet, Fuco Gero, Omer, Mehmedalića, Samir, Avdulaziz, Sulejman, Ramiz. Ovo su naši zlatni učinjeni koji su živote dali za svoj narod borili se za slobodu četnicu su klali i ubijali. My name is Samir. I am from Kamenica. I am 11 years old. A great offensive began and we went to Cerska. That is where my grandfather was killed. Tank grenades were falling and our villages were burned down. Our cows were driven to Papraća. Alija, Keso, Rifet, Devad Kezo, Rifet and Fuco Gero, Omer, Mehmedalića, Samir, Avdulaziz, Sulejman and Ramiz were killed, and they are our Golden Lilies who gave their lives for their people and who fought for freedom. The Chetniks slaughtered and killed.
Mirsad, - age 17, from Zvornik
Mirsad, Zvornik, 17 godina

They locked us into a factory called Fagum. The women and children were separated from the men and placed in another room. We received only a piece of bread and a cup of tea. They walked into the room every hour, chose one or two men and took them away. All those taken away never came back. One day my turn came. Two men took me to a room which was covered in blood. On the table were children’s fingers and eyes. They ordered me to clean up everything. I was so sick to my stomach that I passed out. When I cleaned up everything they took me to the police station in Zvornik. Two men questioned me. One was named Milan and the other Boško. From there they let me go and told me to go wherever I wanted. Somehow I made it to our territory – Kamenica...
Selmir, from Zvornik, village of Liplje
Selmir, Zvornik, Liplje

...He started crying and I hadn't even told him one third of what they had done to the Muslim. Can you imagine what he would say if I had told him how one Chetnik crucified a 6-month old baby by driving nails through the baby's hands and feet, leaving it to die. (Excerpt)
II
TUZLA - A HARBOUR OF HOPE
TUZLA - LUKA SPASA

On the way, the women were leaving their children behind
(Samir - age 11)

Žene su u putu bacle svoju djecu
(Samir, 11 godina)
Persecution...Grenades...Noise. Screams. Shrieks...Tanks. Concentration camps...the darkness of the night. The scream of a child...Gunfire. Fleeing. Moaning...The thunder of cluster bombs...Showers of lead. Hunger. The fear in children's eyes...Incinerated bodies of the grown ups and the children. Charred...Cold. Pain...Snow. Refuge shelters. Frozen bodies of the elderly. Babies in mothers' arms. Tears. Fear. The dead. The Massacred. Burnt alive. Degraded...tortured...raped. Taken to the concentration camps. Led away to be slaughtered. The road of no return.

Odvođeni u koncentracione logore. Odvođeni na klanje...
Put bez povrata.
Military hospital - Gradina in Tuzla
Winter, 1993.

The words of wounded Edis ring in my head: “Had the grenade struck me a little lower I would be dead. Now, I die slowly...Every day...”

Military hospital is overcrowded. Tiny wounded bodies, immobile. Children without legs, arms... without hope, without future. Who will tell the little babies when they grow up why they don't have arms or legs? How can they be told that the war had done it? At the threshold of life, the war did it with its cruelty. How can little Hata be told that her leg will never grow? How? How can she be told that her leg is lost forever? The war has taken its tribute. Can the world carry the burden of the innocent beings? The burden of Gradacac, Brcko, Cerska, Srebrenica, Gorazde, Prijedor; the burden of Bosnia and Herzegovina?

I return home. I try to forget all of this. In vain. The sleep doesn't come.

I am tormented by the lives of these children. Destroyed lives. These children have been raised by their mothers, fathers, "brothers and sisters." Thorn away from everything.

On one occasion they told me they were angry with me. For several days I did not go back. God, they are happy to see me? And I am trying to hide all the pain that is tearing me apart, breaking my heart. How can I tell them how many times I start walking to their school and then, halfway there, I stop. I stop because I become discouraged. My strength leaves me. I have nothing to change their day with, to do something that would make those children forget the war, the horrors and the fear for even one day...I don't even have a chocolate.

Military hospital Gradina in Tuzla. Rooms and the hallways full of wounded, moaning in pain. I am walking through the hallway. Pieces of clothes smeared with blood. Every little while they were bringing in the wounded...a man with a crushed skull, his leg and his shoulder are...is he going to make it to the operating table...I keep walking. Children in an adult hospital. The children hospital is overcrowded, including the hallways. Standing before me is a boy around twelve years old. Pale. With a heavy voice, he said that his name was Sanel and that he was fifteen years old.

When they settled him in the military hospital in Srebrenica, only five doctors were working there for the entire territory of Srebrenica, including the refugees from other municipalities. There were no disinfectants nor were there any surgical materials, nothing. Amputations were done with a saw, without anesthetic. He had seen it all.

A small group of doctors without borders came to Srebrenica. One of them gave first aid to Sanel which kept him alive while he was transferred by truck from the Srebrenica hospital to a hospital in Tuzla. Old Serbian women were throwing rocks on the wounded civilians in UN trucks. Sanel's family stayed behind in Srebrenica.

Sanel wrote his story several hours before the difficult operation. He wasn't sure whether he would survive... but he wrote, he wrote...

Amira Delić
Riječi ranjenog Edisa odzvanjuju mi u glavi: "Eto, da me je granata pogodila malo niže bio bih umro. Ovako, umirem polahko...Svaki dan..."


Nemam niti jednu običnu čokoladu.

Ratna bolnica Gradina u Tuzli. Sobe, hodnici puni ranjenih. Ječe..., koračam hodnikom, komadi odječe umazane krvlju. Svako malo provozili su ranjene...čovjek razmrskane glave, noga i rame su mu... hoće li izdržati do operacije sale... koračam dalje, djeca u bolnici za odrasle. Dječija je prepuna uključujući i hodnike. Preda mnom dječak, sa nekih dvanaestak godina. Blijed. "Ja sam Sanel", tih težak glas izranjao je iz njega, "imam petnaest godina"...


Mala grupa ljekara bez granica stigla je u Srebrenicu, jedan od njih pružio je Sanelu prvu pomoć, to ga je održalo u životu dok je kamionom prebacivan iz srebreničke bolnice u tuzlansku. Srpske starice od osamdesetak godina bacale su kamenje na njih, ranjene, civile u kamionima UN-a. Sanelova familija ostala je u Srebrenici.

Sanel je svoj rad pisao par sati pred tešku operaciju. Nije bio siguran da li će preživjeti...ali je pisao, pisao...

Amira Delić
Edis, age 12, from Srebrenica Toplik,
(Military hospital Gradina in Tuzla, March 93)

Edis, Srebrenica Toplik, 12 godina
(Ratna bolnica Gradina u Tuzli, mart '93.)

One day the shooting started, so we ran to the forest. That day they captured my mother in the forest. That day we hadn't eaten, so we surrendered because we could no longer bear the hunger and the cold. When we came to the station, one Chetnik said, 'If it were up to me I would butchery all of you.' However, the buses came to take us to Cerska. My brother was killed in Cerska. Two months later I was wounded. We were in a house when a grenade fell in front of the cellar and I was wounded in the head. When Cerska fell we went to Konjic polje, and from Konjic polje to Srebrenica. Ten days later, humanitarian aid and transport for Tuzla arrived.

I am sad because my father, sister and brother stayed behind in Srebrenica.
I am from Nova Kasaba. First I would like to send greetings to my friends in Srebrenica: Elviza, Elizabeta, Esefa and their mothers and fathers. My first experience was when the Chetniks entered our village and started trashing and plundering homes and beating women and children. That’s when I fled into the forest. For three hours they were shooting and then they left and the Arkanovic* came and captured me. They led me around all day, wanting me to tell them where our fighters were. I didn’t want to say anything. They drank coffee with Refik and Hanka while I starved. The Arkanovic sent me to get some water. I went down to the river and ran away along the river and into the forest, until I ran into my neighbors. They gave me something to eat. Later, I watched as the Arkanovic brought people from Krasampolje and shot them. Two of them survived and 28 were killed. The two survivors told us that they were forced to sing Chetnik songs. For three days they were standing in the field while the hunting dogs were biting them. I was afraid to go and see them. We came down from the woods when the Chetniks left and buried 16 of them. The hunting dogs went mad and I was afraid of venturing out during the day. When I saw the corpses eaten by worms I threw up. The Chetniks came back again and they killed everyone they ran into, even killing the hunting dogs. They killed everyone who was Muslim and they raped the girls they captured. They are real bandits who love to plunder, kill and rape children and cut men’s body parts and force them to eat them. They tore down our mosque.

Later, when they robbed us, we had nothing to eat. Above my village there is a hill called Glusac, from which they shelled us. On this hill were Karadzic’s butchers: Jivo Tadic, Goran Milic and his mother, Ljubiniko Ilic and Sreten Brjakovic. They are the worst criminals. They butcher, rape and tear down houses with a tank. We ran away from Nova Kasaba because of constant shelling. My village remained deserted without us. We ran into the woods and the women fled to different villages. I would like to send a message to them, to watch out for these criminals. We were in Nova Kasaba for 12 months and then they drove us out and burned down the houses. They burned five women alive inside the houses. We destroyed a bridge and stopped the Chetniks from meeting with their transporters. Later, when they drove us out, they fixed the bridge and they started to butcher again. I can say that even America does not dare do anything to Karadzic. I am sending my regards to all the soldiers of Srebrenica and would like to say that I have suffered a great deal. It is raining and I am sleeping in a barn and have nothing to cover with, and the Chetniks are killing us with grenades. It cannot be described unless one has seen it. No one would believe that the Chetniks are doing this to the Muslim people. We ate oatmeal and there wasn’t even enough of that. I can say that we even made soup from ferns. The people of Cerska have suffered a lot from hunger. The children were dying of hunger and I watched a child die, and it was really sad. When the Chetniks started shelling us they killed three children, each of them four years of age.

During the attacks the following people stood out in the defense of their country: Edin, Adic, Ohran, Muhamed, Salko. They stayed behind to defend their country while their families were starving, because they didn’t have anything to eat. I am sending my regards to everybody in Srebrenica and the surrounding places, and I wish them much luck and I wish for them to be stronger than the criminal Karadzic and his butchers, who have instilled fear in us, the children.
I am 15 years old. The criminals are shelling these houses. When they see a kid approach a house, they immediately start shelling. This is the road that goes through my village.

I want to say that the Serbs are doing as they please. America does not dare do anything to them. I can say that there was a massacre in Cerska. The Chetniks have burned down our villages where we lived.

These are the Chetnik tanks.

My village.

This is a river.
I fled to the army in the forest where they accepted me as a messenger. I was in the 114th Eastern Bosnia Detachment. When the Chetniks attacked us, I carried messages. I ran through the forest to get help. I was a messenger for 12 months. When I was wounded, it was very difficult for me because I could not be with the soldiers. The Chetniks kill indiscriminately. They took me to a hospital in K. Polje and then, they transferred me to Tuzla. If I could, I would return and do what I did for 12 months. In the first few days I was very afraid of the Chetniks, but the soldiers of Nova Kasaba encouraged me. I have had enough of this war because when you watch the children and the elderly die of starvation, it cannot be described. (Excerpt)
Summer, 1994 (wartime period)

Avdo spoke quietly and timidly about his parents who remained in Srebrenica. They were divided by war... Together with Sanel he lived through all the horrors. He spent a year in the army as a messenger. He had no one in Tuzla.

The school floor became his home, as it did for most of the surviving mothers with children.

Avdo, with beautiful green eyes - a boy and a young man, sad and alone - led me with his story through the natural beauty of Srebrenica. We did not even suspect that that would be our last encounter.

Unable to fit in, he goes back to his army unit.

With the fall of Srebrenica his father and mother managed to reach Tuzla. With a final effort, an exhausted old man comes to the grave of his son... He offers a prayer... and... lets out his soul.

Amira Delić


Avdo je govorio tiho, bojažljivo, o roditeljima koji su ostali u Srebrenici, ratom rastavljeni... Proživio je zajedno sa Sanelom sve strahote. Proveo godinu dana u vojsci kao kurir. Nikoga nije imao u Tuzli.

Njegov dom postao je pod školom (kolektivnom smještaj) kao većini preživjelih majki s djecom.

Avdo lijepih zelenih očiju, i dječak, i momak sjetan i sam vodio me svojom pričom kroz prirodu srebeničku... ni slušali nismo da će to biti naš posljednji susret...

Odveć neprilagođen, vratio se u jedinicu.

Padom Srebrenice njegovi otac i majka uspijevaju doći u Tuzlu. Posljednjom snagom, iscrpljeni starac dolazi do mezara svoga sina... pozdravi ga Fatihom... i... dušu svoju ispusti.

Amira Delić
A photograph of a sports team founded during war, to the great joy of the children of Podrinje, and owing to the efforts of Dr. Mirha Šehović. On the photograph: Avdo, Spring of 1994 (from the left, standing are...).
Senida, age 12, from Bratunac, Konjević Polje (start of Winter '93)

Senida, Bratunac, Konjević Polje, 12 godina (početak zime '93)

THAT’S US, THE THREE SISTERS
FROM CERSKA
Military hospital - Gradina in Tuzla.

Blood.
Screams.
On overcrowded beds lie the wounded, mostly civilians. Unit for the adults. Nine of them are in a room, three girls on two beds. On one child bed, one girl. (The Children's Hospital was overcrowded at that time, including the hallways.) For days I used to come, but only their eyes spoke to me. Only their looks filled with fear. Shivers fill every part of my body. The oldest girl, Senida was the only one with partial movement. I kept coming back. They did not say anything. The fear was stronger than their voice.

During one visit I noticed happiness in Senida's eyes. She was sharing a bed with her paralyzed sister. She had younger sisters. Spasmocic look in her eyes filled with pain. Senida comforted her two younger sisters. Silent scream of pain. Contorted face of a girl.

'Don't cry Hata, this war will end one day. We will go home.' Even though she was well aware that their home had been reduced to ashes, she kept on comforting her sisters. With her quiet voice she offered warmth, bringing light into darkness. Was she able to comfort herself.

Two sisters were transferred to Germany for treatment. They were lucky because under blockade, only a few are so lucky.

A few months later, following her stay in the hospital, I saw Senida once again. She spoke of her sisters, her eyes gleaming with happiness while she was taking a photograph from her pocket. Now Mirela has a new leg (prosthesis). Thank Allah they did not amputate Hata's leg. Her leg is a little shorter...(Hata's leg is saved – the bone was shortened and she is wearing a special shoe.) She clinched the photograph in her hand, imagining that that would bring them closer to her.

Nine months later, Mirela and Hata returned and were put up on the floor of one school. The younger one refused to sleep on the floor. Her mother improvised a bed for her. Our first encounter following their return. I know that they had forgotten me, but in front of the school the children gathered around me. We talked. The youngest of them, Hata, approached slowly. When she came closer to me, through the crowd of kids, she slowly reached out with her arms and placed them around my neck. For a long time I remained like that, crouching...An extended hand spoke for itself. I was happy for them. Finally, they were together. That's how the two of them would grow. Her father remained in Srebrenica. Is he going to survive?

Amira Delić

Ratna bolnica Gradina u Tuzli

Krv.
Jauci.


Dvije sestre su prebačene u njemačku na liječenje. Imale su sreću, u blokadi rijetki su uspjevali.


Amira Delić
Mirela from Bratunac, Konjević Polje (November 1995)
Mirela, Bratunac, Konjević Polje, (November, 1995.)
One day, the UNPROFOR came to Konjević Polje. We gathered near the UNPROFOR. The Chetniks were shelling us and a lot of people were killed and wounded. I was sitting in a field with my sisters when a grenade landed and one of my sisters lost her leg just below the knee. Our mother took us to Konjević Polje where they cleaned and bandaged our wounds. Then we went to Tuzla by truck. My mother got settled in Tuzla with my sisters and my father stayed in Strebrenica.
Muhammed - age 12, from Brčko (Winter '92/'93)
Muhammed, Brčko, 12 godina (zima '92/'93.)

THIS IS MAJEVICA. AROUND US ARE THE CHETNIKS.
The Chetniks waited at the door. I thought that it was our guys, but when one of them mentioned a name Stevo, I knew that they were Serbs. I did not believe that the Serbs had tanks, machine guns and snipers. They took us into a garage and told us to give them everything we had. German marks, gold and money. My mother gave her gold to me and I gave it to them. They made our young girls stay behind in Caparde. They let us go on foot. I walked 12 kilometers to Kalesija. While we were walking I could see that all the Muslim homes were set on fire. We came to Kalesija where they placed us on the buses and we set off for Tuzla. We came to Tuzla and it was nice there. (Excerpt)
Admira - age 12, from Vlasenica, Cerska
(February/March 93)
Admira, Vlasenica, Cerska, 12 godina
(February/March '93)

When I set off for Tuzla and realized that I would leave my house and all that was nice, I broke down. I am sad. I shall never get over the fact that I did not stay too, even if I had been killed, like so many people. (Excerpt)
Azra - age 13, from Zvornik, Kamenica (March/April '93)
Azra, Zvornik, Kamenica, 13 godina (mart/april '93)
Azra - age 13, from Zvornik, Kamenica
(March/April 93)

Azra, Zvornik, Kamenica, 13 godina
(mart/april '93)

Then we started running for the cellars. We almost got killed. It was depressing in Kamenica. Seven tanks started making their way through Kamenica. We fled to Glode where we spent the night. The next day, we came back. I almost got killed. Bullets where whizzing over my head. That day when the grenades were landing one man was carrying a bazooka and at that moment a grenade landed and he got killed, his flesh strewn all over a thorn bush.

That's what it was like in Kamenica, sad and depressing. That's what it was like. No one lived through worse than us. My name is Azra and I am 13 years old. I am in grade 6. My mother's feet froze and she could no longer go on. That night we set off for Tuzla. We traveled for 13 hours, the whole night. In the morning we arrived in Nezuk. Then we set off for Tuzla by trucks. One man was killed when a grenade landed near a house. Shell fragments were hitting the house. If you can help us in any way from where you are...

(Excerpt)
Azra - age 13, from Zvornik, Kamenica
(March/April 93)

Azra, Zvornik, Kamenica, 13 godina
(mart/april '93)

That's what it was like in Kamenica. Sad and depressing.

My grandmother died because she froze.

My mother's legs froze when we were walking.

That night we set off for Tuzla. We traveled for 13 hours, the entire night. All of it on foot. In the morning we reached (illegible). At that point we set from Nerzuk to Tuzla by trucks.

One man was killed there.

The grenade fell near the house. The shrapnel were hitting the house.
Admir - age 9, from Zvornik, Donja Kamenica, Salkunci (February '93)

Admir, Zvornik, Donja Kamenica, Salkunci, 9 godina (kraj februara '93.)

On 3 April 1992 the war started in Kamenica. The name of my village is Salkunci. My village was shelled a lot. When they entered my village we fled to Cerska. We dug trenches in the forests and we hid in them. When we returned to our homes we had nothing to eat, so we ate corn bread, pumpkins and turnips. I had to come to Tuzla.
Čazima - age 10, from Srebrenica
(the beginning of 93)

Čazima, Srebrenica, 10 godina
(početak '93.)

(A grenade landed in the house. My mother lost her leg and she was wounded in the right leg and the back.) My name is Cazima and I have a friend named Sanela. I love Sanela. I have another friend and I love him too. His name is Edin. Hi Edin.

I was wounded in my right leg and back. I was wounded inside my house by a grenade. My father's name is Cazim. My mother's name is Mumiba. I was in Srebrenica for five days. On the third day I came to Tuzla. My mom was yelling from upstairs telling me to come into the house. I came in and when I was putting away my shoes, a grenade landed and wounded me and my mom. My mom was screaming: 'It knocked off my leg!' I took the small baby from her and gave it to my aunt. My aunt's name is Sevala.
Samir - age 11, from Zvornik, Kamenica
(February 93)

Samir, Zvornik, Kamenica 11 godina
(februar '93.)

WE TRIED TO LEAVE FOUR TIMES AND WE TURNED BACK EACH TIME. WHEN WE SET OFF THIS TIME, WE MADE IT THROUGH. DURING OUR JOURNEY ELEVEN PEOPLE DIED. THE WOMEN WERE THROWING THEIR CHILDREN AND THE CHETNIKS WERE SETTING AMBUSHES, BUT THEY WERE NOT SUCCESSFUL. MY FATHER STAYED THERE. HE TOOK ONE KID FROM KAMENICA TO TUZLA. THEY TRIED TO GO BACK TO KAMENICA BUT DID NOT MAKE IT, SO THEY STAYED AND DID NOT GO.
Mersiha - age 8, from Prijedor, Kozarac (Winter 92/93)
Mersiha, Prijedor, 8 godina, (zima 92/93.)
A story of my life and what I lived through

On 24 May, the war started in Kozarac, my place of birth. I never knew what war was. But one day, on 24 May I heard a grenade for the first time. When the war started, the Serb army passed by my house. One day they took my father to a concentration camp. That day, when they took my neighbor away, I got scarred.

One day it was raining and the Serb army came and drove us out of our village and took us to a concentration camp Trnopolje.

The Chetniks had us transported to Doboj. The Chetniks took our money and gold. They told us that they would kill us. When we were taking a short rest we asked for some water and they demanded 100 DM from us to give us water, but we didn't have the money. We set off from Stjepan Polje to a village of Malesici. In Malesici one woman let us into her home where we stayed for 15 days. Then we set off for Gradacac. We were in Gradacac for 15 days. From Gradacac we went to Tuzla. I have been in Tuzla for 9 months.

(Excerpt)