



SABINA 3.9.1993.

D. KAMENICA ZVORNİK.
BILASAM UCERSKOJ GOLLA I BOSA
GLADNA I ŽEDNA I SPAYALAPO
ŠTALAMA I JELA STOČNU REPICU
I OTIKVU. GRANATE SU PADALE, ZA
JEDNU MINUTU DO STOTINUH
PADNE. ~~NAŠI~~ NOSILASAM SA SOBO
M SESTRU KOJA JE IMALA SAMO
PET MJESECIONA JE JELA NA DAN
SAMO DO JEDNA NKROMPIR,
UCERSKOJ NISMO I MALI SKLONI-
ŠTA DA SE SKLONIMO OD GRANA
TA. ČETNICI SU BILIDOBILI DO JEDNOG
BRDA IZA KOJEG JE BILA CERSKA.
NAŠI BORCI SU OSLOBODILI KAMEN-
ICU I NISMO SE VRATILI IZ CERSKE
BILI SMO NEKOLIKO DANA U KAMENI-
CI I ONDA SMO PREŠLI ZA TUZLU

■ 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.

13

Moj odlazak od kuće (retrospekcija)
pričanje događaja sa početkom od majuzbud
djivijeg mjesta

NEDIM

Ima nepotrebnih riječica.
Moj odlazak od kuće (3)

Dokopis
gruzam
majuzbud

5. septembra ~~oko~~ u petak oko 12^h četnici
su najavili da nijedno muslimansko ime neće ostati u
Ulasemici. Četnici su najavili da dolaze Arkanovci i da će
oni sve Muslimane poklati. Otac, majka, brat i ja smo se
užasmo uplašili. Prošao je petak i došla subota. U subotu
sve je bilo mirno samo su se čuli pucnji, ali mi smo
mislili da su se četnici napili i da pucaju bezvaze.

Ujutro u medjelja smo ^{se} svi probudili oko 9^h, ~~došli smo~~
~~Dovodili smo i pričali~~. Otac nam je rekao da neće
biti etničkog čišćenja, i ~~on je rekao~~ da su to četnici
samo rekli ~~da bi~~ zaplašili Muslimane. Majka, brat i ja
smo to povjerovali i mi smo se složili sa njim.

Oko 12^h dolazi nam komšija Hasib i on nam je rekao
da su sve ~~mu~~ Muslimane pobili Arkanovci.
Komšija Hasib je rekao da su ~~mi~~ ubili Amida, Hasmu i
strima Zumru. ~~U samom se~~ Kad smo čuli da su
nam ubijeni rođaci mislili smo da će i nas sve pobiti.

Komšija Hasib je otisao, nije prošlo ni 5 minuta došao
je četnički kamion u našu ulicu. Ja sam video kroz
prozor kako ~~Arkanovci~~ mladići sa crnim kapama izlaze
iz kamiona i jedina djevojka sa njima, to su bili
Arkanovci. Prvo su ušli u kuću naše komšinice.

Našu komšinicu su izveli napole i stajebali. Otac
majka, brat i ja sve smo to gledali. Kada smo to vidjeli
mi smo pobjegli iz kuće i uputili se prema logoru "Susica".

Tu to nam je bio jedini spas da ~~ostanemo~~ živimo.
Nismo došli jedino ^{isto mjesto} ~~do~~ logora ^{hoda se} Otac je rekao da se
vratimo kući po stvari.

Mi smo se vratili kući po stvari. Kada smo došli u kuću
imali smo šta i vidjeti, moje i bratove stvari su gotovo sve
pokupljene. Po kući je bilo sve porazbijano i razbacano.
Pokupili smo ono što je ostalo i krenuli prema logoru.

Parupili smo ~~ono~~ što je ostalo i krenuli prema logoru.
Kada sam došao u logor gledao sam
za svojom kućom. Kuća je izgledala žalostivo, izgledala kao
da plače što idemo od nje. Kada smo došli u logor
pred logor sve stvari su bile upakene u mas. Dobijše
sve muškarce odvojili su i mene zajedno sa tim -
muškarcima. Rekli su mi da ću i ja morati u logor.

Tu u logoru je bio moj komšija koji je bio u pripravi
i on je rekao da se ja pustim. Četnici su me pustili i rekli
mi da ulazim u autobus za Kladnju. Ja i majka ušli
smo u autobus. Iznad autobusa stajalo sam gledao
za ocem i za bratom kako ulaze u logor.

Taj trenutak među nama zabraniti. Četnici su nas
poceli voziti prema Kladnju. U autobusu je bilo
sedam četnika koji su nas maltretirali. Neki su stalno
govorili ustaz i sad će ti u ~~ključu~~ vojsci. Četnici su nas
dovezli do svoje teritorije i pokazali nam put do naše
slobodne teritorije. Mi smo lutali sumom i punom šumom
smo došli do naših boraca. Naši borci su se začudili i rekli
su nam: Pa kako vi ostadoste živi. Borci nam su nam
rekli da su nas četnici uputili pogrešnim putem i da
su nas četnici namjerno uputili tim putem jer taj
put je bio ~~Arkanovci~~ bio je sav mirni nam.

Naši Borci su nas gledali zaprepašeno i čudili se kako
smo ostali živi. Mi smo prebaceni u Kladnju. Tamo
su nas primili u neruđanu i dali ručak. Posle toga
~~Nas~~ se raslo. Neko je otisao u Živimice, malo
za Tuzlu. Ja i ~~otac~~ ja i majka smo došli u Tuzlu.

Isad znam koliko znači sloboda.

■ **Nedim** - age 10, from Vlasenica. My going away from home (A written assignment /A retrospect/) - narrating an event, beginning with the most exciting detail. (Spring 93).

■ **Nedim**, Vlasenica, 10 godina

"Moj odlazak od kuće" /pismena vježba - retrospekcija/ pričanje događaja s početkom od najuzbudljivijeg mjesta (proljeće '93.).

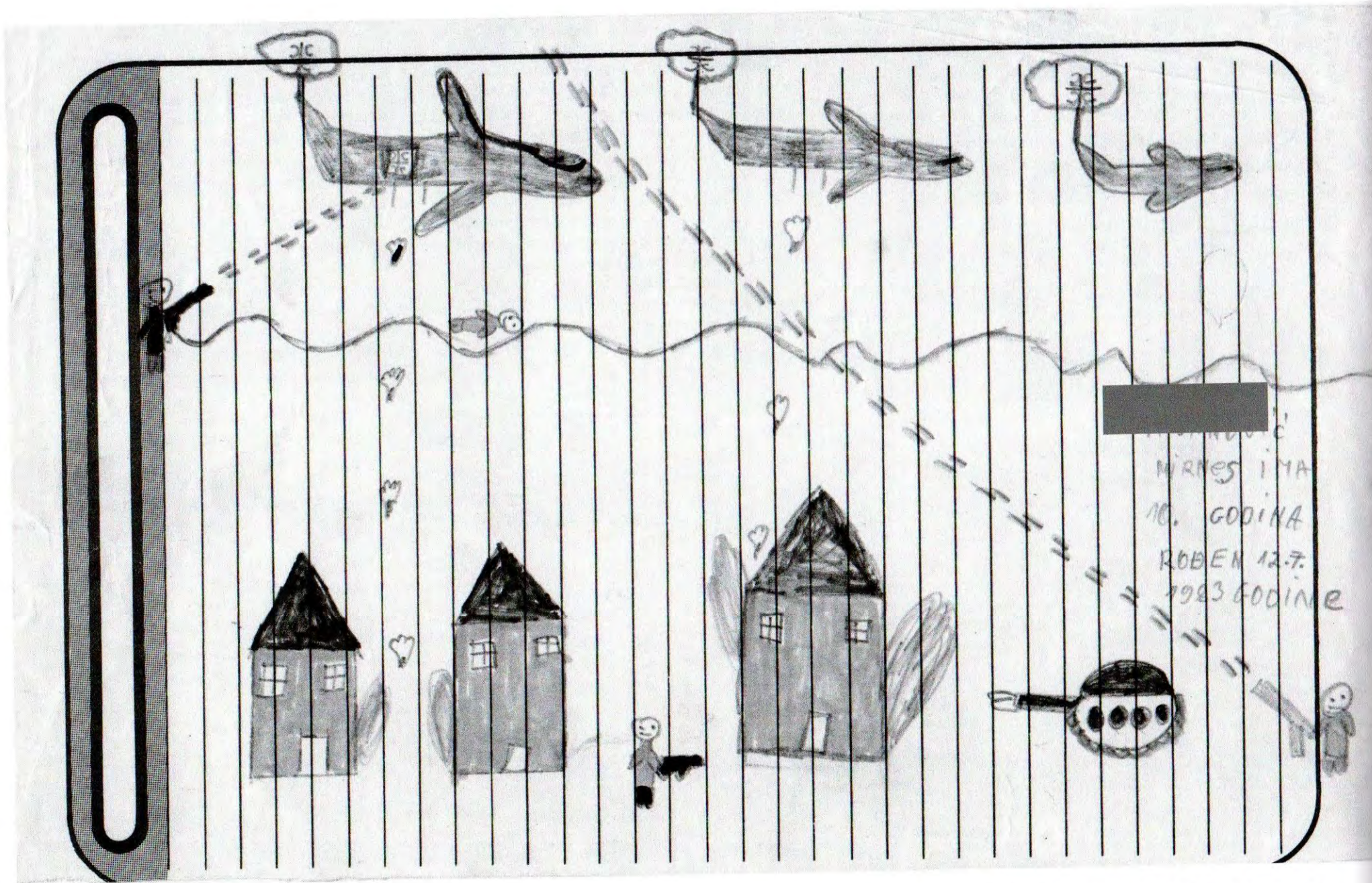
...Through a window, I saw young men getting off a truck and one woman with them. They were the soldiers of Arkan. First they entered my neighbor's house. They led her out and shot her. My father, mother, brother and myself watched it all. When we saw that, we ran out of the house and headed towards 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.



[REDACTED]

MIRNES IMA
10. GODINA
ROBEN 12.7.
1983 GODINE

ELVIR 13g. GORNJA KAMENICA

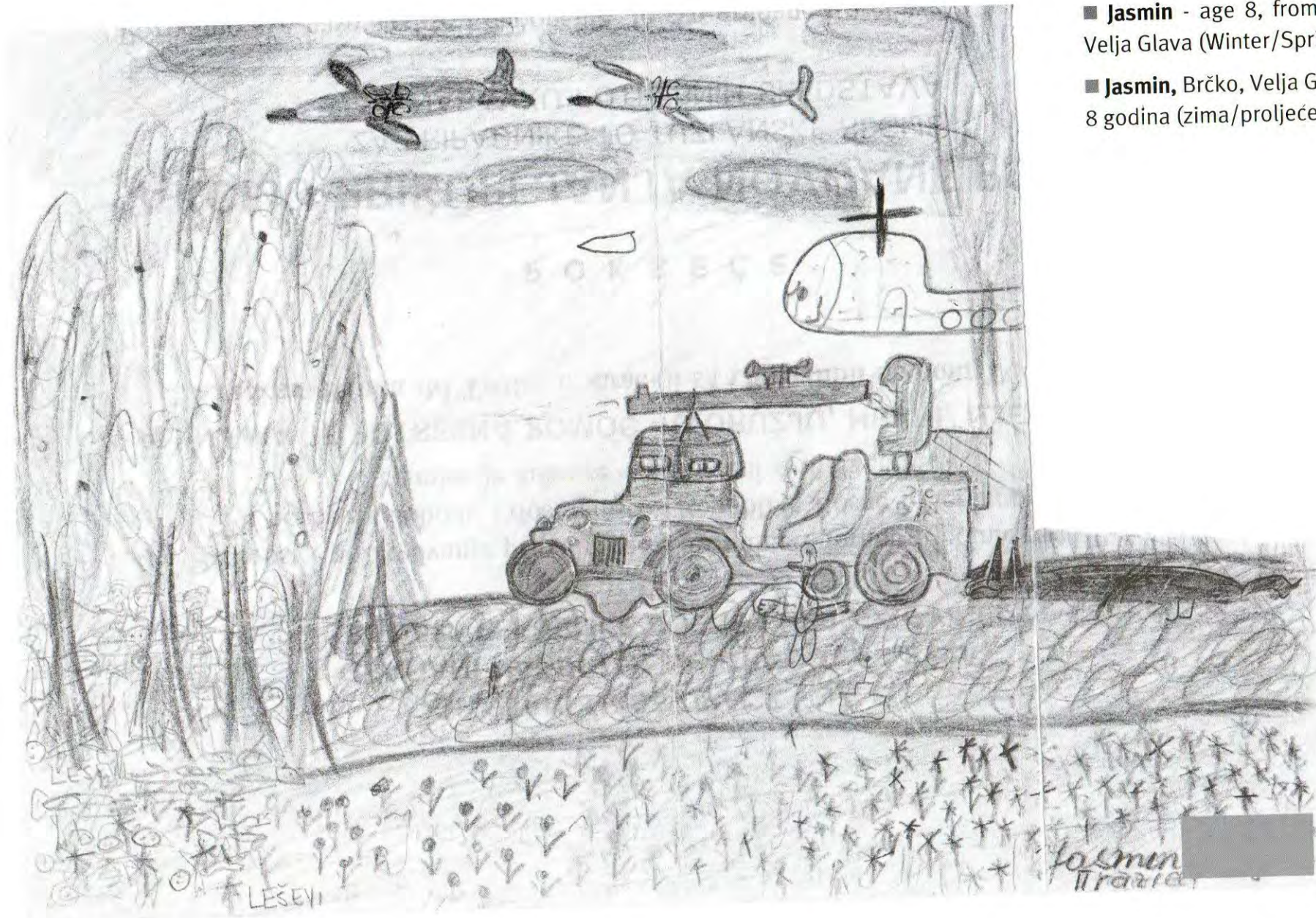
USVOJIH 13g. NISAM OVO DOŽIVIO. PATILI SMO SE ~~OD~~ OD GLADI. NISMO IMALI ŠTA DA JEDEMO LJETI SMO JELE NE SARRELE ŠLJIVE DIVLJAKE JABUKE REPU TIKVU ITOGA NISMO IMALI DOVOLJNO. KAD JE DOŠLA ZIMA IMALI SMO SPARENE PROHE ZOBİ ITO SMO JELE. ČETNICI SU BACALI PO 350g NA DAN BOMBARDOVALI SU AVIJONIMA BACALI OTROVE AL FALA BOGU OSTALI SMO ŽIVI ČETNICI SU NAM POPALILI KUĆE NISMO IMALI GDJE DA SPAVAMO SPAVALI SMO PO POTOCIMA ŠUMAMA KIŠE SU PADALE NAROD JE SE RAZBOLIO NISMO IMALI LJEKOVA MALA DJECA STARE ŽENE I LJUDI SU UMIRALI. FATALI SU NEDUŽNE LJUDE KLALI NA MUNARI PALILI UVIGANJU ŽIVE. FATALI SU MLADJE CURE SILOVALI NAŠ. VIŠE SAM VOLI DA DODEM U TUZLU ~~DA~~ DA NEBUDEM VIŠE UOKRUŽENJU. KADA SMO IŠLI ZA TUZLU. ČOGLU VEĆE SMO PUTOVARI ~~KAD~~ KAD SMO PRIBLIZILI USLOBODNU TERITARIJU JEDAN MOJ DRUG JE NAGAZIO NA MINU ODBILA MU JE NOGU DO KOJENA ~~KAD~~ KAD SMO DOŠLI U MEDJEDJU KO SU NAM DALI BIJELOG HLJEBA KODA SU NAM DALI PEČENJA. KAMIJONI SU DOŠLI I MI SMO POSJEDALI U KAMIJONU KRENU LI SMO ~~U~~ UZ JEDNO BRDO BILO JE KLIZAVO I KAMIJON ~~DA~~ NIŠE MOGO DA IZADJE TU SMO VEĆE SPAVALI NA MRAZU U KAMIJONIMA UOTRO SMO KRENULI U TUZLU. JABI ZLATNIM LJILJANIMA PREPORUČI D ČETNIKE GON U SRBIJU. ČETNICIMA BI PREPORUČIO DA NEBACAJU GRANATE I DA VIŠE NEPUCAJU DA NAROD VIŠE NEGINJ

■ 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)

BODIES

Elvedina

4 APRILA 1992. POČELA JE TRAGEDIJA
U ZVORNIKU. POSLE PADA ZVORNIKA POČELA
JE TRAGEDIJA I PO OKOLNIM SELIMA ZVOR
NIKA. PUNIH 7 DANA ČETNICI SU MOJE SE
LO GAĐALI TENJKOVIMA MINOBACAČIMA HAUB
ICAMA I PAMOVIMA. TAD SAM BILA U ZBJE
GOVIMA PO ŠUMAMA OKO KAMENICE PO
UDRČU I CERSKOJ. IZBJEGLA SAM SA ROD
ITELJIMA. POSLE 3 DANA POZYALI SU NAŠE
BORCE DA PREDAJU ORUŽJE I DA ĆEMO
ŽIVJETI ZAJEDNO U MIRU. NAŠI BORCI SU
PREDALI ORUŽJE I POVJEROVALI ĆETNICIMA
DA ĆEMO ŽIVJETI ZAJEDNO. POSLE 20 DANA
PREDAVANJA ORUŽJA ĆETNICI SU POČELI
SU HVATATI HAROD I UBIJATI SVE ŠTO JE
BILO MUSLIMANSKOG HARODA. JA SAM SA
SVOJIM RODITELJIMA IZ ĆETNIĀKIH RUKU U
CERSKU. ĆETNICI SU PALILI MOJE SELO KAME
NICU. PLYAĀKALI SU SVE ŠTO JE BILO ZA NJIH.
KAD SU NAŠI BORCI OSLOBODILI KAMENICU
I KAD SMO SE VRATILI NISMO IMALI ŠTA
JESTI JER SU NAM ĆETNICI SVE POPALILI
I OPLYAĀKALI.

- Elvedina - age 13, from Zvornik /Kamenica/ (Winter/Spring 93)
- Elvedina, Zvornik /Kamenica/, 13 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, mortar fire, 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.

imam 14. godinu Swajzovid Sakib iz Cerske
Ja mojit interes godima ovo misom
nicad doživio ~~ko~~ košto sam ove godine
ispatilo se ovog leta. bio sam no stop po skla
štu. SVA KLAS PADALE SU GRANATE OKO
MENE ALI BOGU TALA OSTAO SAM
OBET ŽIV. KAD JE BIL NAPAD NA CERSKU NISAM
MOGO OVA OTVORITI OD GRANATA METALA I OSTAH
NA OROŽANJA. KAD JE BILA AVIJACIJA CI TOŽAN
BITO SAM U SKLONISTIMA NISAM NIŠTA. IEO NI
PIO ONAKVE TRENUTKE NEBI ŽELIJO NI KAD
VIŠE DOŽIVJETI HRANE ŠTO SAM IMAO TOSA
M POŠO ISPOCTKA KAD JE RATO POČELA.
JESAM KURENU PRONU I ZOB ALI DA TE
ITOKA BIL. ~~JE~~ NIJE BIL NO LIJEKA
RA NI NIŠTA. ČETNICI SU ĐACALI I
VE DA U TIŠTE ŠTO VIŠE DICE I
I UPONOČI MORAO SAM USTATI DABTEŽIM USJE
KON NIŠTA RADI GRANATA. KAD SAM POŠAO OD
KUĆE ZA TUELU. KENIGO SAM ORO DESET
SATI NISAM IMAO ŠTA NI DA OBUJEM NI DA
OBUČEM NI CIJ DAN I NOĆ SAM PUTOVAO
NISAM NI NIŠTA IMA DA SAM SATEJ JE
NI DA POPIJE VEC SAM UTYZLU
PA KAO SAM DOŠAO SAM SATEJ JE
NISAM SAM DOŠAO SAM SATEJ JE
ZASPATI INOGO SKLONOC UTYZLU
I OSTAH OD KASATA
STI

NISAM MOGAO TRJ DANA NA NOGE BIL SU MI
SVI NOGTI POGRNJELI ŠTO SAM PODB
I TO NOKTE KADI SAM IŠAO ŽUBENO
MORALISMO ŠTO BRĚE IČI DA NAS NE
BI ČETNICI ZAROBIL DANI NIJE BIL
SESTRE DAME PAVEDE NE BI MOGO
NI DOČI. KAD SAM DOŠAO U TUELU
PA POGLEDO SU TETLO TAKO SAM SE
EA ČUDIJO POŠO TOB NAS NIJE BIL
NI STRUJE NI NIŠTA. A OVOE
KO DA NIJE RATO NIKAKO SVEGA
IMA ŠTA BOD SRCE ŽELI SAMO
DA JE PARA ALI JA NEMA RUD
PARA PA DA KUŠIM ŠTA HE MI TREBA.
OVDI MIJE U OVOJ SAL. RUD
HLADNO PA SE NO STOP NA HLADIM
I MORAM IČI LEKARIMA.
I SAD BI ŽELIJO SAMO DA IMAM
DA POJEDEM I DA SE OBUČEM I OBUJE
DOŠAO SAM U TUELU ŠESTOG FEBRU
VARA. TOJE BIL MOJ DOŽIVLJAJ ETO TAKO
JE TO BIL U CERSKOJ.

■ **Smajlović Sakib**, age 14, from Cerska

Sakib Smajlovic 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.).

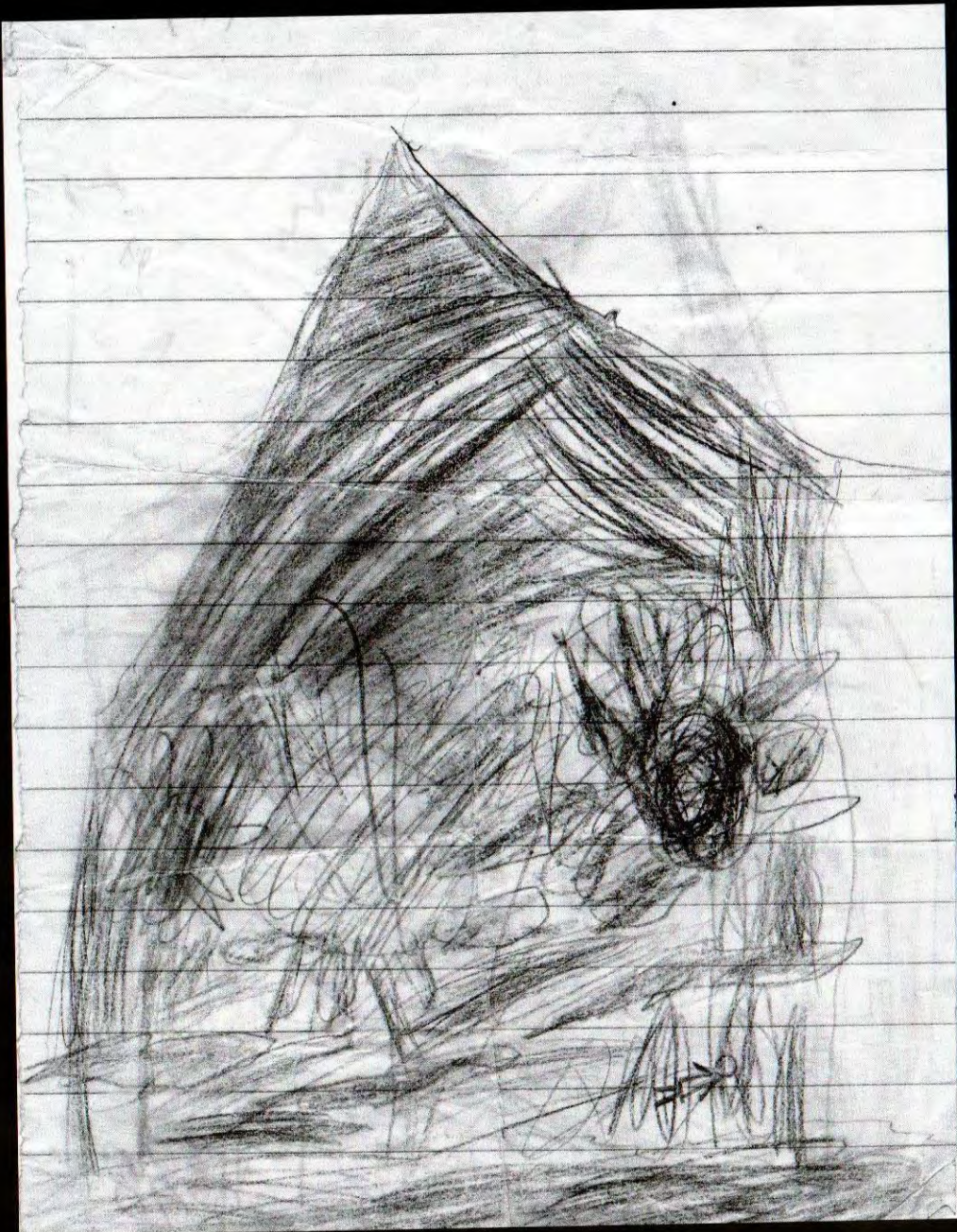
...I was in a shelter all the time. The grenades were constantly falling around me but thank God I am still alive. During the attack on Cerska I could not open my eyes because of the grenades, bullets and other weapons. During the air bombardment I spent the entire day in a shelter. I had nothing to 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 (proljeće '93.)

OMER 12.8

JA SAM IZ KAMENICE.

I JELISMO KOKURUZ, BUDVEG, REPU, JEČAM
I ZOB. DVA DANA NISAM IMO ŠTA DA
JEDEM. DVA BRATA SU MI POGINULI
JEDNOM IME REZID A JEDNOM IME
RIFET. BRAT MI JE RIFET POGINO OD
TROBOLA. A DRUGI BRAT ~~MI~~ POGINO
KADA SE OSLOBODILA KAMENICA.

ČETNIK JE BACIJO NA MJA ZOKU
I ZOKA GA POGODILA U STOMAK.

BOBA JE BILA OBŠENA ZA POJAS.
I BOBA TADA AKTIVIRALA. KADA JE
ZOKA KIVRALA TADA I BOBA AKTIVIRALA.
TADA MU STOMAK IZAŠO SAV NAPOLE.

~~KASMO MI ČULI U GERŠKOJ DA JI POGINO
BILO NAM TAKO TAJKO SVIŠMO PLAKALI,
KASMO DOŠLI U KAMENICU. SVE MI JE
POCORELO.~~

- Omer - age 14, from Zvornik, Kamenica, (February/March 93)
- Omer, Zvornik, Kamenica, 14 godina, (februar/mart '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.

Bila sam zarobljena u Liplju
Kod [redacted] Zvornika. Patili su
nas na svake načine. Bila nas
je 500 lica u zarobljenstvu. [redacted] Haj
više je bilo žena i djece. Harod
su uvedeli tukli, klali i malletir
ali u tre sata noći. Lude koje su
tukli morali su da plaću ali oni su
im hvalabogvali sa stvaranjem kipa
u usta. Silovali su mlada žena i
č. Poši Haj gore su tukli [redacted]
Kojima su [redacted] kapali
plastične kante [redacted] [redacted]
Ha jedan dan dan smo imali
po manji komadić heljka. Mučki
su ulizali mlade i starije muške
osobe. Moj brat je posao u vece,
pitati su ga gdje idej mali. On
je odgovorio idem u vece. Kako
je roves pitao ga je jedan od njih
on je odgovorio da se zove
[redacted] Alija. Tato su ga
ojamarili. Odmak je pas.
Moja Mater je gladala kušmo
in jedne robe ali ništa nije
smijela da kaže.

■ **Ismeta** - age 11, from Zvornik, Gornje Snagovo,
village of Liplje (Winter 92/ 93)

■ **Ismeta**, Zvornik, Gornje Snagovo, Liplje, 11 godina
(zima '92./ '93.)

1982
GRONO SU NAS ČETNICI PATILI U
ZAROBLENISTVU U KUĆI SALIHOVIC. DUZE,
UTOJ KUĆI SU NAS ČETNICI TUKLI MATZ-
ETIRALI I PATILI SA HRANOM. TUKLI SU
NAS NA SVAKE NAČINE. PISOVALI SU NAM
BALINSKU MAJKU. TUKLI SU NAS GVOZDENIM
BOKSERIMA I PALICAMA. PALILI SU PLASTIC
KANTE I KAPAPALI PO ŽIVIM TIJELIMA. SILOVA
LI SU MLAĐE ČURE I ŽENE. STARIJE ŽENCI
YUDE SU NAJVIŠE TUKLI. MOG DEJA SU
ODVELI I NIKAD GA NISU VRATILI.
NALAZILI SU VJERSKE KNJIGE I PUVALI.
KOTORIC SELMU SU MUČKI UBILI U KUĆI
SALIHOVIC JAVRE. SKINULI SU 20 ŽENA
I TJEERALI GOLE KROZ SELO. IŠLISU ZA
NJIMA I SMIJALISE. U TRI SATA NOĆI SU
DOŠLA TROJICA ČETNIKA I REKLI
SU NAM DA SE NA UJUTRU U PET
SATI POČEPI DA KOJU VJEŠAJU I KOP-
AJU NAM UČE PRIJE NA 20 MINUTA SU
NAŠI BORCI OSLOBODILI NEG ŠTO BIH.
NAS POČELI KLATI I PATITI.

MIR
TUZLA NAKAD
NIJE RATOVALA.
RA. NEK NERATUJE
NI SAD. PUCATI
MOLIMO PRESTANITE

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 Jevro 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)

SMRT ALIJE KOTORIĆ

~~DOK SAM BIAH U KROVODIPLAVU TUZLI~~
~~JEDNE NEDELE JE UPO U JAVU~~
~~ALIJA JA SAM SE VRACAJA~~

ALISA JE BIO ZAROBJEN U LIPLJE
PRIJE GODINU DANA DOŠO JE IZ ZAROBJENIŠTVA
PRICO NAM JE DA SU GA TUZLI ZBOG
IMENA ALIJA

SVE JE OVE MUKE PREPATIO I OPET
U TUZLI JE POGINIO I OTAC MU JE

JA O JMAOJE ŠEST GODINA I MI SMO DJECA
TUGOVALI ZA NJIM I MNOGO SMO TUGOVALI
ZA NJIM

■ 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.



■ Razim - age 11, from Zvornik, Kamenica (Winter 92/93)

■ Razim, Zvornik, Kamenica, 11 godina (zima '92/93)

■ Indira - age 13, from Zvornik
(February 93)

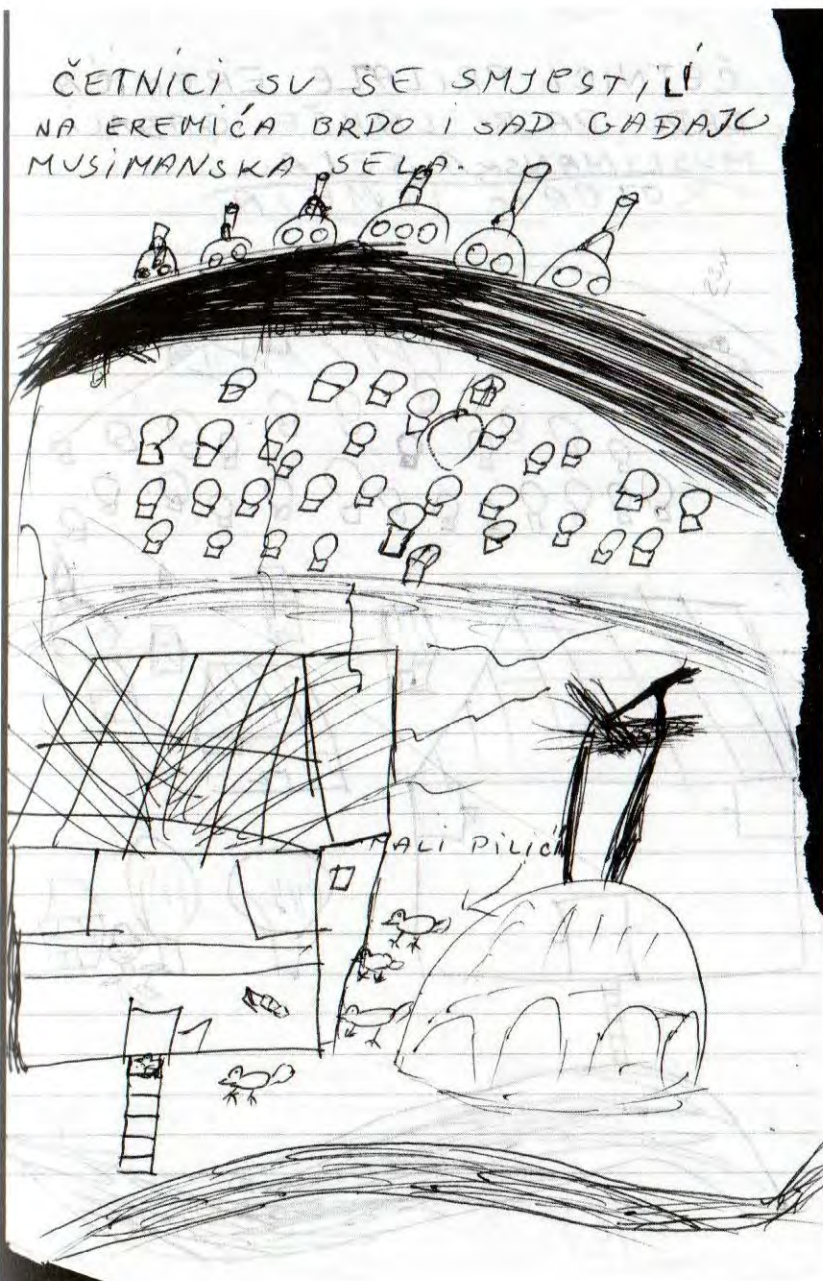
■ Indira, Zvornik, 13 godina
(februar '93.)

INDIRA 22
IMAM 13. GODINA
PREPORUČILA BIH STRANIM JEMLIJANK
ZA MIRU BOSNII HERCEGOVINI
UŠO GORE JE BILOKADA
DANSE URA TILA, IZ ŠKOLE JE DAN
DAN KADA MI JE NAŠKA REKLA
DA MORAMO BITE ZATI TAD MI JE
BIOLAS GRI UZAS. NI SAMIMALA
KAD DA RUPIM NE ŠTO ZA OSTALE
DANE UEGO SAMO OVO OSNOVO
JEDAN AMIŠIČ MI JE STRADAO
OD GRANATE IMA OJE 15. GODINU
DA JDA I TETAK ZAPOBLJEKI IMAJU
PODNOJE DJECE. AINAŠ GORE
JE KADA JE MOŠUČITELJ ZOTOBIO
MEU, MAJKU, SESTRU, A OCA VE 35

MNOGO MNOGO SAM IH PORUČAVALA
ALI ONI NE OBRATAJU PAŠJU
POSLE SU NAS OSLOBODILI MISVAZNA
CI KOJI JE DAN DATUM. ALI SU OZNAKI-
DA JE 1992. GODINA. OSLOBODILI
SU NAS NAŠI LJILJAVI BIH
TADA SUMO KRENULI U TURBU
ITO POUČI. KADASMO DOŠLI DO
NAS LOBODUVU TER PITOBI SU
TADA SUM VIDIJE LA SVOGA
OCA. PREPORUČILA BI TOVOVO
SAMO ZA MIR I NIŠTA DRUGO
VAI JDA ČEMOSE I MI VE KAD
POPETI NA SUOŠE MOJE PA ČEMO
OSLOBODATI. I TRECI PUŠAMO
ZA MIR SVE JE TO U NAŠI SAKU
INDIRA
OD ZVORNICA
SE LOČIJE MIR
DANSE SUŠE
MIR
MIR
MIR

...One of my first cousins was killed by a grenade. He was 18 years old. My two uncles were taken captive, and each of them has two children. The worst thing 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 Lilies of Bosnia 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, rođen 26.9.85 god.

Naj gore mi je bilo kad sam
 bio zarobljen kad su strinu,
 isveli da tuu tad sam mebo.
 sam nikad melmo ostati živi.
 kad su oca zaroblili mekaram.
 da se nikad neće vratiti i danas.
 derili nesmanu sa oca mejma.
 kad su počeli da mario
 ispraviti nikad bi mevracaju.
 lili su iskopali rupicu da meo.
 boćaju za mase su ispravili.
 majoa koji su prvi pletali ispravili su
 ja sam bio zadnji po miamu bio
 kmeća je kad sam bio zadnji.

Nije dobro da te četka svaka ološ od početka.

■ **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 I pismena vježba rađena 09.04.1993 god

BILJEŠKA BR. 23 Tema: Ovo ću ispričati samo tebi
(pričanje doživljaja uz upotrebu opisa)

Desilo je se to 27. maja, jer ~~ni~~ nikad ne mogu zaboraviti. Posle svih tih propaceniha dano jednog jezizog jutro kad sam se probudio otac mi reče da se kroz sat vremena iseljavamo. Spakovali smo odmah najbitnije stvari i čekali kad će nam reći da polazimo. U mom naselju su bili došli autobusi za nas. Kad smo preneli ~~na~~ narod je plakao. Rekli su da nas voze u Olovu. Putovali smo u Zvornik sat ipo, glo Vlasenicu. Kad smo stigli u Vlasenicu četnici su nas opkolili i prijeli oruzjem dok ne dobiju naredenje da nas propuste dalje. Kad smo krenuli iz grada prema Han Pijesak bilo je vrlo strasno. Stigli smo i u Han Pijesak. Tu smo čekali doznaci bez vode i hrane. Odatle su nas vratili u Zvornik jer dalje nije bio prolazan put. Na prevaru su nam govorili da se vraćamo kući. Narod je se ~~to~~ obradovao, također moji otac i majka. Ali na žalost oni su nastavili put za Tuzlu. Kad smo došli na takozvani Crni vrh tu su nas zaustavili i kao što preostaje mi čekali ~~na~~ i ~~na~~ i u tim trenucima mi je ~~se~~ najguzilo. Pa sam izasao napolje i pitao jednog četnika gdje mogu vršiti nuždu. On mi je rekao da odem u jednu šupu. Kad sam ogorao vrata šupe vidio sam dva čovjeka zaklana i jednu ženu objesenu. Ja od sam se uplazio konicadoz u život. ~~Ona~~ svašta sam pomislio. Vratio sam se bržeći u autobus i odmah rekao ocu i majki. Oni su mi rekli samo da dajim i sjedim. S Crnog vrha su nas ponovo vratili u Zvornik, jer tu nisu dali muštarcima da prođu. Kad sam se odvojio od oca bilo mi je vrlo teško. Odatle su nas ~~vozeći~~ za Tuzlu. Kad smo napokon stigli na našu teritoriju srioma se, bilo lakše. i ~~od~~ režim ali ipak žalostan ~~čevijem~~ za ocem i danas danke.

(3-1) m
e
i
d je pogrebno
Jedno do sućitih pažnji
na smetke promk

57-

■ 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
Pismena vježba rađena 09. 04. 1993.
Tema: "Ovo ću ispričati samo tebi" / pričanje doživljaja 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.)

Bio je to lijep dan ali i dan koji nikad meću zaboraviti. U Vlasenicu su ušli četnici. Tih dana hvatali su ljude, vodili su ih na Deblo brdo tu su ih prvo sjekli noževima crtali panjima krstove i tek tad su ih ubijali. Svakog dana bilo je sve gore i gore. Jednog jutra osnovali su logor Susica. Moju porodicu su odveli među prvima. Taj logor bio je mračan i hladan. Svakog dana dovodili su ljude, žene i djecu. U logoru je bilo najviše ljudi. Svake noći izvodili su ljude i tukli ih. Došao je i dan kada smo trebali da krenemo na našu teritoriju Ravne. Rastanak od oca bio mi je najteži. Krenuli smo sa autobusima do Luka od Luka smo morali pješake do Ravne. Dolazak u Ravne bio je veseo. Konačno se završio strah svih ljudi koji su došli sa mama.

- Nijaz - age 12 from Vlasenica (Winter 92/ 93)
- Nijaz, Vlasenica, 12 godina (zima '92./ '93.)



It was a beautiful day, but it was also 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.



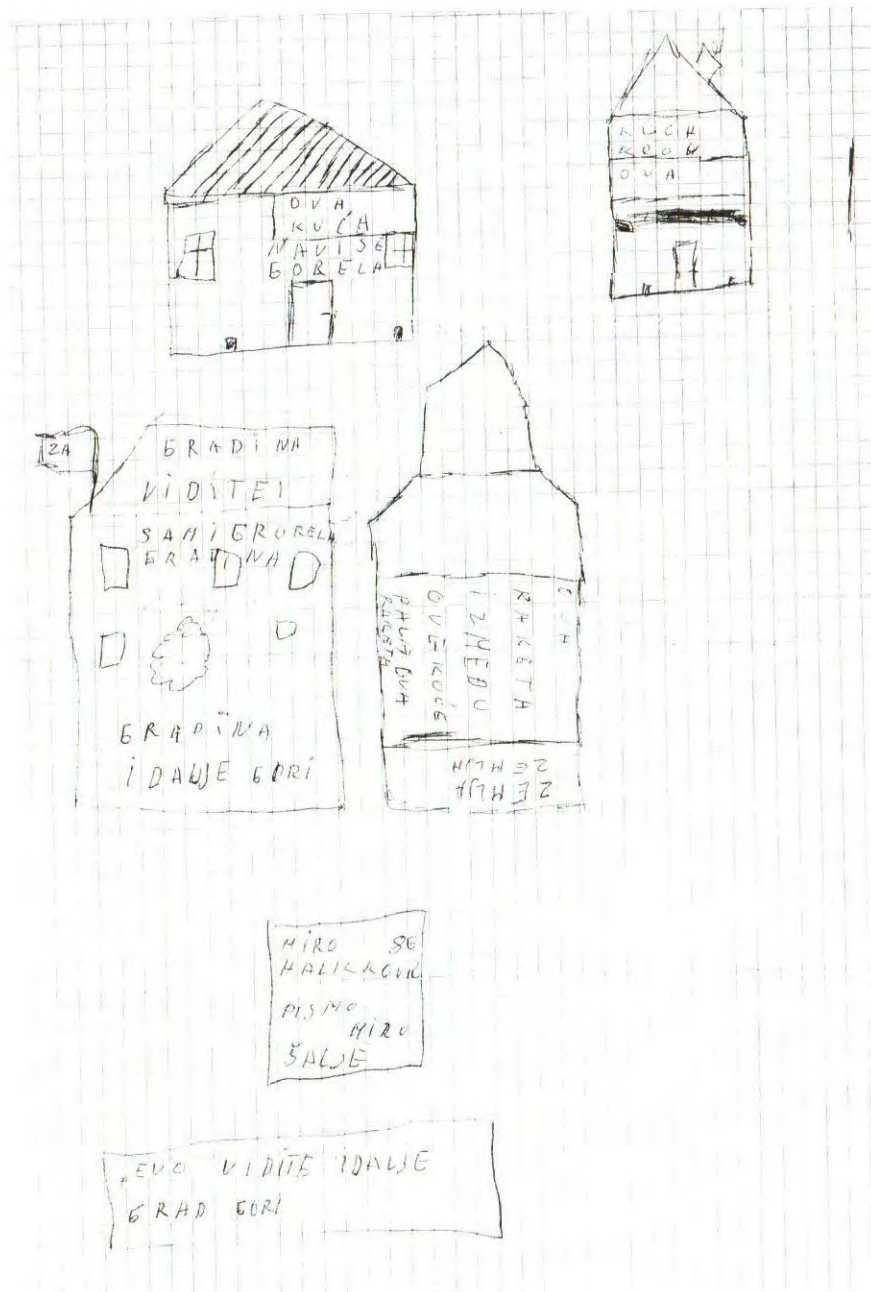
U M
" [redacted] ISAD 'Kamenica

KAKO DA POČNEM PRIČU KAD
NEMOGU DA ZAMISLIM DA SAM
OSTAO ŽIV KAD SE SJETIM GDJE
SAM SPAVAO PO ŠUMAMA, POTOKIMA
GODINA DANA MOG DJETINSTVA
STRAHOM PROVEDENA UMJESTO
IGRE MOĆI ZVIJESDE IZNAD GLAVE
UMJESTO DA POJEDEM KRIŠKU
HIJEBA POMAZANU KREMAOM JA
SAM JEO SUH HIJEM PA I LIST SA
GRANJE NESMEM NI PISATI
SVE ŠTASAM JEO NAJTEŽE MI
JE BILLO PO NOĆI KAD TREBA DA
LEGNEM DA SPAVAM A NEMAM
SE ČIM POKRITI MALO LISTA SA
GRANJE AMAJKA SKINE DEMPER
PA STAVI NAMO; NAMOGA BRATA
IMALA JE MALU BEBU OD 10 DANA
NU STAVI NA KRILU I TAKO DOČEKA
ZORU SVE PRESJEDI; KRAJ SVOJA
TRI SINA PLAČUĆI; MOLEĆI BOGA
DA UMRE DA NEGLEDA MUKU
SVOJE DJECE SKORO SUI IZ MOJE
FAMILIJE SU ZAROBLENI I ODVE-
DENE; NEKI SU SPAJENI; ANEKI
ZAKLANI; NEMA LISTA DABI
MOGLE STATI TRŠKINDANA MOG DJET-
INSTVA

ISAD [redacted] orijeklom. 1-V 1985.g.

- 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.



- Miro - age 8, from Gradačac (Winter 92/93)
- Miro, Gradačac, 8 godina (zima '92/93.)

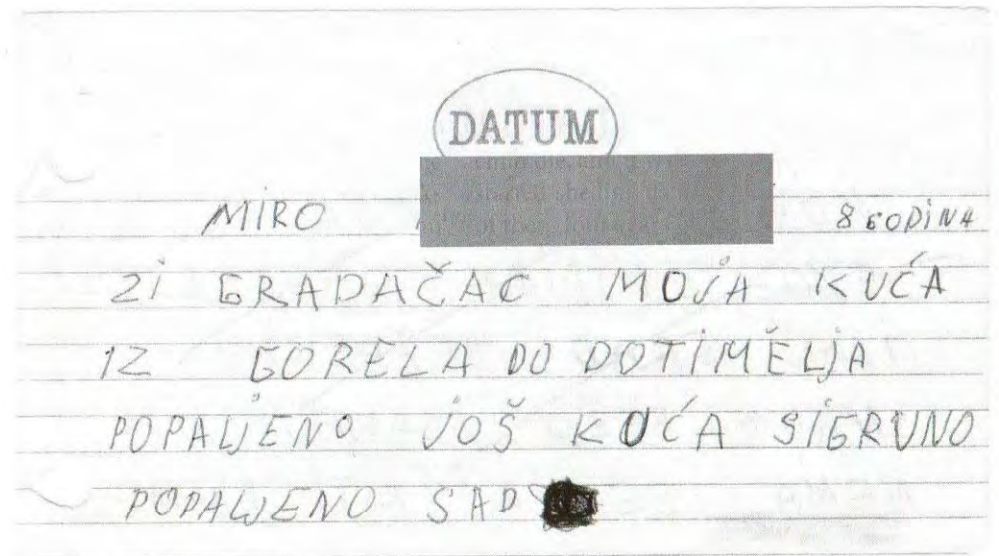
THIS HOUSE BURNT THE MOST.

GRADINA IS STILL BURNING.

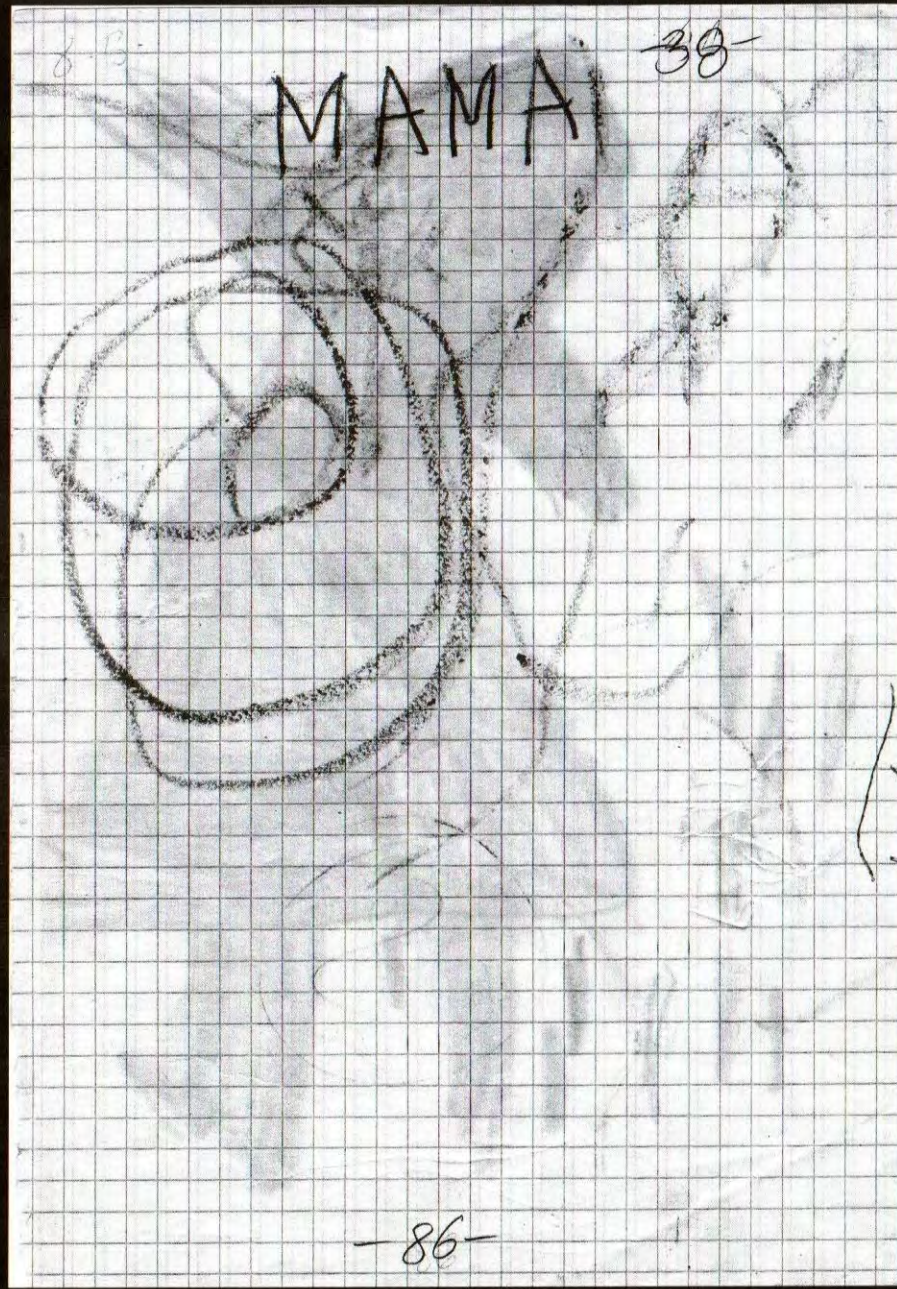
A MISSLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS HOUSE. THIS MISSLE LANDED.

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 5,½ from Gradačac (Winter 92/93) ■ Edna, Gradačac, 5,5 godina (zima '92/93)

[redacted] Azua
[redacted] godište 1979

~~Jednog dana ujutru sam
sjedila sa svojim roditeljima
u kući tu su bili moze i
komšije tad su počele
granate iz Srbije.~~

Moja majka je rekla da
idemo u kupaolu mati
je krenula prva a ja
sam za njom majka je
ubila a mene je ranila
~~tad~~ tad sam ležalo
i niko nije imo da mi
zaustavi krv tad sam
i zvala nekog u pomoć
da mi zaustavi krv.

- Alma - age 13, from Srebrenica
(Military Hospital - Gradina in Tuzla, Winter /Spring 93)
- Alma, Srebrenica, 13 godina
(Ratna bolnica Gradina u Tuzli, zima-proljeće '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.)



Četnik.

Četnik.

This is me.

Četnik.

This is the terrace on which we, the children, played.

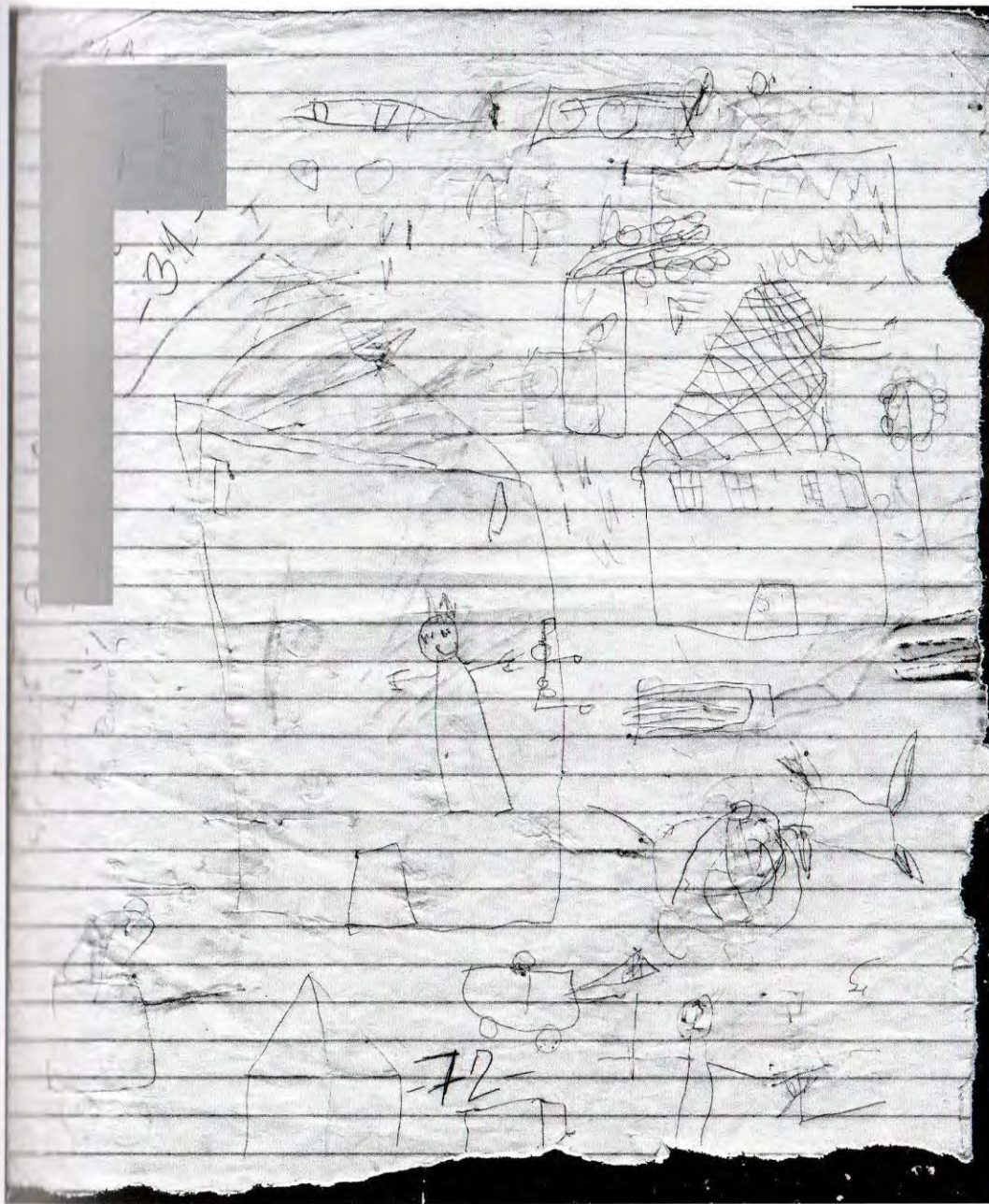
~~Enisa, age 13, from Zvornik, Liplje, (February 93)~~
Bila sam zarobljena u lipnju u kući jedne rođakice. Bilo je to 23.6.92, 9. Bili su otvoreni rano ujutro u 8 časova i počeli su krenuti medju narod u kamione i voziti prema Zvorniku. Dovedli su nas do kame u Volova. Tad jedan četnik reče da nas vrate. Oni su okrenuli kamione i vratili nas u Liplje. Tu su nas smestili u jednu kuću. Bilo je to nas je oko 400 nedužnih ljudi i civila. Jedno tri dana nisu nikog dirali. Četvrti dan su se smetili. Odjednom su počeli da traže pare i zlato. Mi smo čekali. Žene su skidale prstenove, lančice i sve ostalo što su imale kod sebe. Posle toga sve su nas uprtali u jednu najmanju sobu. Gurnuli su nožetne. Bilo je ručno. Nisu nam dali izaći u WC. Provali su u nam balj skru majku. Jednog dana počeli su da izrode žene. da tražili su im zlato i pare, žene su davale, ali oni su i dalje tukli. Ljudima su sjeckali nosi, rezili i davali im da jedu. Žene su silovali. Neke su ~~klatali davali~~. Jednom su nosi tražili moju mater. Ona je izašla. Palili su plastiku i prutili je po uogama i po rukama, samarali su je. Ona je dala sve pare i zlato. ~~Nisu i ostale djecu nisu tukli~~. ~~Jedno više rekli su nam da će nas uprtati u pet sati sve da pobiju.~~

Rekli su da će djecu da kožu na majčinom krilu na će onda da kožu sve ostale. Ja sam cijelu noć razmišljala o kako će nas do kožu. Ujutro već je bilo 4:30 umesto da nas kožu počela je jaka pucajanta. Iako nije znao šta se dešava. Četnici su počeli da brcu poginule. Naprosto su do trideset i nisu više. Odjednom u jedno otvori vrata. Bio je to jedan naš vojnik. Rekao nam je da izlazimo. Jedan stanovnik počeo izlaziti jedan četnik je spatio rafal po acudu. Moja mati je pala na zemlju. Bacio je četnički nož u glavu

■ 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)



Tukli su bundakom od puške. Imaju
su tukli na cesti. Imajina majka je
plakala jer su joj zaklali jednog
sinaj bacili u vatru. ~~Imajina~~ su

■ **Adisa** - age 10, from Vlasenica, Cerska
(February 93)

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

... They beat us with rifle butts. 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)

JASEZOVEM
[REDACTED] SAMIR

JA SAM IZ KAMENICE IMAM
PUNJE 11 GODINA POČELAJE
VELIKO FANZIVA OTIŠLIMOU
CERSKUTU MIJE POGINODJED
PADALESU TENKOVSKJE
GRANATE SELA SU NAM
POGORELA GOVEDA SU NAM
OTJERANA U PAPRAČU
POGINULI SU ALIJA, KEŠO, RIFET,
DEVAD KEZO, RIFET I FUCO
GERO, OMER, MEHME DALIJA,
SAMIR, AVDULAZIZ, SULEJMAN,
RAMIZ. OVO SU NAŠI ZLATNI
LIJANI KOJI SU ŽIVOTE DALI
ZA SVOJ NAROD BORILI SE
ZA SLOBODU. ČETNICU SU
KLALI I UBIJALI.

■ Samir - age 11, from Kamenica (end of February 93)

■ Samir, Kamenica, 11 godina (kraj februara '93)

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 Papraca. Alija, Keso, Rifet, Devad Kezo, Rifet and Fuco Gero, Omer, Mehmedalija, Samair, 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.

Tu su nas zatvorili u jednu fabriku koja se zove „Fagum“.
~~Na~~ Žene i djecu su odvojili od nas muškaraca u drugu prostoriju.
Dobijali smo samo parče hleba i šolju čaja. Ulazili su u sobu svako sat vremena, izabirali po jednog-dvojicu ljudi i odvodili. Sve koje su odvodili ti ljudi se nisu vraćali.
Jednog dana došlo je vrijeme i na me. Dvojica su me odvela u jednu prostoriju koja je bila sva od krvi. Na stolu je bilo dječjih prstića i očiju.
Naredili su mi, da moram sve počistiti od neke muke dobio sam nesujesticu.
Kada sam sve počistio odveli su me u stanicu milicije u Zvornik.
Tu su me ispitali neka dvojica, jedan se zvao Milan a drugi Boško.
Odatle su me pustili i rekli da idem kuda znam. Nekako sam se probio do naših položaja - Kamenice.

■ 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...

ON JE POČEO PLAKATI A JA NIŠ
AM NI TREĆINU ISPRIČAO O TOME
ŠTO SU RADILI MUSLIMANIMA. MOŽETE
MISLITI ŠTA BIH ONDA ON REKAO DA
SAM MU ISPRIČAO KAKO JE JEDAN
ČETNIK ~~RAZA~~ RAZAPEO BEBU OD
6 MJESECI TAKO DA JE BEBI PROB
IO EKSERE KROZ RUKE I NOGE I
OSTAVIO JE DA TAKO UMRE.

- 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 bacale 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.

Progoni... Granate... Buka. Jauci. Krici... Tenkovi. Logori... tama noći. Vrisak djeteta... Pucnji. Bježanje. Jeka... Grmljavina aviokasetnih bombi... Olovne kiše. Glad. Strah u očima djece... Spaljena tijela... odraslih, djece. Ugljenisana. Hladnoća... Bol... Snijeg. Zbijegovi. zaleđena tijela. starih. Beba u naručju majki. Suze. Strah. mrtvi. Masakrirani. Živi spaljivani. Ponižavani... mučeni... silovani.
Odvođeni u koncentracione logore. Odvođeni na klanje...
Put bez povrataka.

■ 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

■ Ratna bolnica Gradina u Tuzli

Zima 1993. godine

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

Ratna bolnica, prepuna. Ranjena sitna tijela. Leže, nepokretna. Djeca bez nogu, bez ruku...Bez nade. Budućnosti....Ko će malim bebama kad odrastu, reći zašto nemaju ruku ili nogu? Kako da im se kaže odnio ih rat? Na pragu života uzeo ih rat svojom suvošču. Kako reći malehnoj sedmogodišnjoj Mireli da joj nikada više neće narasti nožica? Kako? Kako joj kazati da joj je nožica izgubljena zauvijek. Rat je eto uzeo svoj danak. Zar svijet može nositi teret nedužnih bića? Teret Gradačca, Brčkog, Cerske, Srebrenice, Goražda, Žepe, Prijedora, teret Bosne i Hercegovine?

Vraćam se kući pokušavam sve ovo da zaboravim. Uzalud. San ne dolazi. Progone me životi te djece. Upropašteni životi. Ta djeca su otrgnuta od djetinjstva, od majki, očeva, braće, sestara. Otrgnuta od svega.

Jednom prilikom rekli su mi da se ljute na mene.

Nekoliko dana nisam dolazila. Bože,... pa oni se meni raduju. A ja? Ja pokušavam da sakrijem sve boli koje me trgaju, srce mi cijepaju. Kako da im kažem koliko puta krenem do škole? Na pola puta stanem. Stanem, jer klonem. Snaga me napusti. Nemam čime da im promijenim dan, da učinim nešto što će doprinijeti da ta djeca makar na tren zaborave na rat,... na užas,... na strah...

Nemam niti jednu običnu čokoladu.

Ratna bolnica Gradina u Tuzli. Sobe, hodnici puni ranjenih. Ječe..., koračam hodnikom, komadi odjeće umazane krvlju. Svako malo provozili su ranjene...čovjek razmrskane glave, noga i rame su mu... hoće li izdržati do operacione 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"...

Kada su ga smjestili u ratnu bolnicu Srebrenice, tamo je radilo samo pet liječnika za cijelu teritoriju Srebrenice, uključujući i prognane sa drugih općina. Nije bilo materijala za dezinfekciju. Ni operacionog materijala, ništa. Amputacije su rađene pilom, bez anestezije, sve je to gledao.

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 1981 godine Srebrenica Toplik

Jednog dana počelo je pu xati misimo
pokrije pli u šum taj dan misimo
Zarabli mamu taj dan misim o
mišt, jeli xjeli dan odak sme pred-
ali jer misimo mox li trst p lod
i zimu i odak sme predali.

Kasmo do bli mox stanicu
jedn četnik rekao dox je ja
pitam ja xaus spakto.

Uodak su došli autoksi danos
vaze na Cersku. Kam u Cerski
pogino je dan brat. Nakon

dua mjesec ja sam manjen
bilismo u kući prnat je postao
pred podrum i mene moxi u glavu.

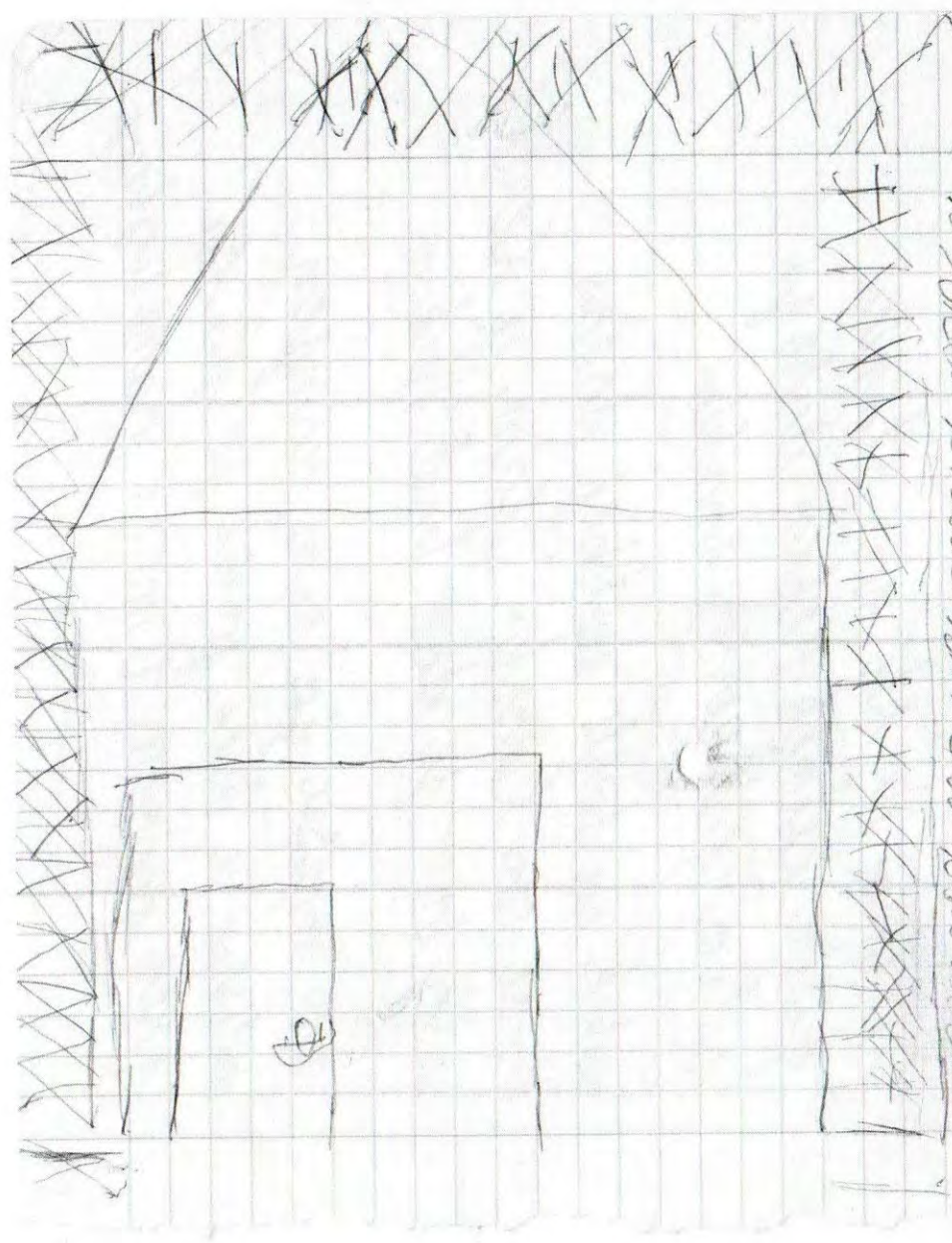
■ **Edis**, age 12, from Srebrenica Toplik,
(Military hospital Gradina in Tuzla, March 93)

■ **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 butcher 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 Konjevic polje, and from Konjevic 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.

Na prvi letvski postoj oštima
u kompozitnoj i u kompozit
postji. U jedinicu nabera
dosta sama obložje humantoma
pammi ipravka na tuelu.
u domij stomij ost u jedinic
ovslo otac bestro i hant.



MOJE IME

SANEL

JA SAM IZ NOVE KASABE ŽELIM PRVO DA POZDRAVIM
DRUGARICE U SREBRENICI ELVISU ELIZABETH ESENU I
NJOVU MAJKA I OCA MOJ PRVI DOŽIVLJAJ JE KADA
SU ČETNICI Ušli u MOJE MJEŠTO POČELI SU DA HUPAJU KUĆE
I PSAČKAJU I TAKU ŽENE I DJECU JA SAM TADA POČEO DA
BJEŽIM KROZ ŠUMU ONI SU 3. SATA NEPREKIDNO PUCALI
POSLE SU ONI OTIŠLI A ARKANOVCI DOŠLI MENE SU UHAPILI
I ČEŽELI ME DANI VODALI DA IM KAŽEM BESH NAŠI BORCI
NISAM NI ŠTA HTJEO REČI ONI SU SA REFKOM I HANKUSOM
ISPITAVALI KAFU DOK JAH JA GLADNO ARKANOVCI SU ME
POSALILI DA IM DONESEM VODA JA SAM OŠO DO CE KOO
RJEKE I POBJEGO SAM RJEKOM U ŠUMU DE SAM NAŠO
MOŠI KONŠIJA BİO JAH PAVO GLADAN DALI ŠUMI KONŠIJE
DA JEDEM POSLE SAM GLEDO KA DA SU DOVELI GUBE IĆ KRAVAMPÖYA
I STRESALI IH 2. SU OSTAKA ŽİVA A 28 UBIJENO OVA DVOJICA SU
NAM REKLI DA SU IH NATJERALI DA PJEVAJU ČETNIČKE PJESME
TRİ JANA SU STAJALI PO LIVADI KERÖVI SU IH JELE BİO JE
ME STRAH DA IH VIDİM MI ŠMO SİSLI KAD SU ČETNICI OŠLI
I POKUPILI IH U JEONU GROBNİCU ŠMO STAVILI BİH 16
KERÖVI SU BILI POBJESNULI I NISAM ŠMIO SAM PODANU DA
HODAM KAD SAM VIDİO ONE MRTVE KAKÖSU BILI UCRVA NI
POVRATIO SAM NAZOR ČETNICI SU PONOVO SE PAVRATILI
I ŠTO SU GOD NAŠLI UBIJILI SU EAK SU I KERÖVE UBIJALI
ŠTO JE GOD MUŠLI MANSKO ONI SU UBIJALI ČURE SU SİLOVALI
KOJU UFATE. TO JE PRAVA BANDA VOLE
DA PSAČKAJU UBIJAJU SİLUJU
SJEČU OD ČOJKAMEJO PAM PONOVO NAŠU
DA JEDE DAMİJU SU NAM SRUŠILI

POSLE KAD SU NAS OPAČKALI NI ŠMO İMALI
DA JEDEMO VİZE MOGA MJEŠTA İMA JEONMO
BRDO KOJE SE ZOVE GUSAC ODATLE
JE GADAO GRANATAMA GORE NA OVOM BRDU SU
BILI KARADIČEVI KOYAJI İOVO TADİĆ GORAN MİLİ
I NEGOVA MAJKA SAJMA YUGİNKO İČIĆ
BRAJKOVIĆ JREKEN ONI SU NA ŠVEČI
ZLOČINI ONI KOJU SİLUJU KUĆE KUĆE JA OVİM
TENKOM MI ŠMO POBJEGLI İZ KASABE
RADI VELIKOG GRANATIRANJA MOJE MJEŠTO JE
OSTALO PUSTO GEC NAS MI ŠMO POBJEGLI
U ŠUMU A ŽENE PO SELİMA MOGU DA PORUČİM
~~ŠİM GECİMA~~ DA SE ČUVAJU OVI ZLOČİNA
BILI ŠMO 12. MJESECI U NOVOJ KASABI PA SU NAS
OTJERALI I PORALILI KUĆE PET ŽENA SU ZAPALILI ŽİVE
U KUĆAMA MI ŠMO SRUŠILI MOST I ČAMSTAVILI
ČETNIČKE DA SE SJEČU SA SVOJİ TRANSPORTERİMA
POSLE KAD SU NAS OTJERALI ONDA SU
NA PRAVILI MOST I PONOVO SU
POČELI DA SJEČAJU MOGU DA KAŽEM DA
NI AMERİKA KARADIČU NİŠTA NEMİJE
POZDRAVİAM SVE BORCE SREBRENİČE İ DA KAŽEM
MNOGO SAM PROPATİO KİŠA PADA A JA
NA ŠTAİ SPAYAM NISAM SE İMO ČİME
NİDA POKRİJAM A ČETNICI UBIŠE GRANATAMA
MOGU DA KAŽEM ŠTO ŠMO MI PROPATILI TO
NEMO ŽE NİKO TO SE NEMOŽE OPİSATI KO NİJE
TO VIDİO NEMOŽE MU SE REČI NEBİ
VİEROVAO DA TO ČETNICI RADE

~~JA AMERİKO~~

SA MUSLIMANSKOG NARODA MI JMO
 TAMO JE LI ZOB I OTOG NIJE BIKO DOVOJNO
 MOGU RECI DA JMO CAK OD PAPTATI PRAVILI
 KAO NEKA CERGU NAROD CERSKE K. POBA JE
 SE PUNO NAPATIO SA HRANOM DJECA SU
 UMIRALA OD GLADI JA SAM SUEDO KAKO
 DJETE IZUMIRE BILU JE TO PRAVO ZALODNO
 CETNICI KADA SU POCELI DA GRANATIRAU
 UBILISU 3 DJECE KOJA SU IMALE PO 4. GODINE
 ZA NARADE SU SE DOBRU ISTAKLI EDIN
 BEGO OHAN MUHAMED SALKO
 ONI SU OSTALI DA GRANE SVOJU DOMOVINU
 DOK NJHOVA PORODICA UMIRE OD GLADI JER
 NEMAJU JTA DA JEDU POLDRAVAM SVE
 U SREBRENICI I OKOLNIK MIJESTA ZELIM
 IM PUNO SRECE I DA BUDU JACI OD ZLOCINCA
 KARADZIC I NJEGOVI KOSAJA
 KOJI SU NAMA DJECI ZADALI STRAH

- **Sanel** - age 15, from Vlasenica, Nova Kasaba and Srebrenica, (Military Hospital Gradina in Tuzla, Winter /Spring 93)
- **Sanel**, Vlasenica, Nova Kasaba i Srebrenica, 15 godina (Ratna bolnica Gradina u Tuzli, zima/ proljeće '93.)

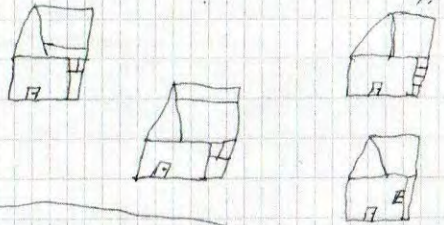
I am from Nova Kasaba. First I would like to send greetings to my friends in Srebrenica: Elvsa, Elizabeta, Esefa and their mothers and fathers. My first experience was when the Chetniks entered our village and started trashing and plundering homes and beating women and children. That's when I fled into the forest. For three hours they were shooting and then they left and the Arkanovci* 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 Arkanovci 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 Arkanovci 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: Jovo Tadic, Goran Milic and his mother, Ljubinko Ilic and Sreten Brajkovic. 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.

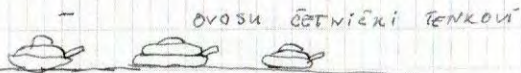
During the attacks the following people stood out in the defense of their country: Edin, Adic, Ohan, Muhamed, Salko. They stayed behind to defend their country while their families were starving, because they didn't have anything to eat. I am sending my regards to everybody in Srebrenica and the surrounding 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.

IMAM PETNEST GODINA OVE KUĆE
ZLOČINCI TAKU SA GRANATAMA ONI KADA
VIDE DJETE DA PRIĐE KUĆI ONI ODMA
POČNU DA BACAJU GRANATE

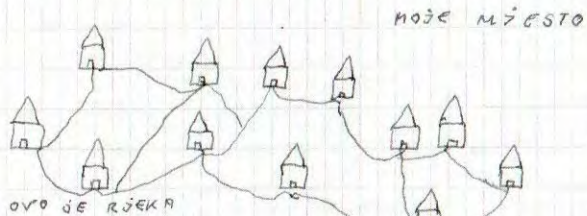


OVO JE PUT
KROZ MOJE MJEŠTO

ŽELIM DA KAŽEM I OVO SRBI RADE
ŠTA HOĆE AMERIKA IM NESMIJE NIŠTA
MOGU DA KAŽEM DA JE U CERSKOJ
NAPRAVLEN MASAKAR ČETNICI SU POPALILI
SVA NAŠA MJEŠTA DE SMO MI ŽIVJELI



OVOSU ČETNICI TENKOV



MOJE MJEŠTO

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.

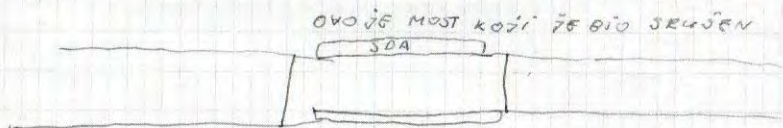
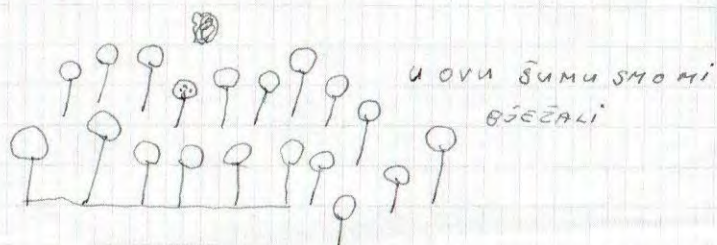
~~RAZARANA~~ SUDA

POSTAVKA ŠTEDNI

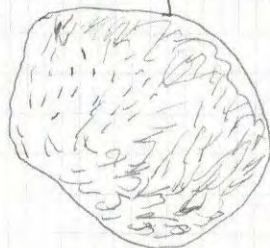
"~~ČETNIČKI~~" OVO DA IRAK RADI KOŠTO
~~NEKA~~ 60 RADE SRBI U BOSNI

AMERIKA BI ODMA ~~INTERVENCIJA~~

VOJNOM INTERVENCIJOM NA IRAK DABA SLUŠATI
MOGU DA PORUČIM DA AMERIKA NEZNA ŠTA RADI



A ŠADA SU GA ČETNICI
NAPRAVILI JER NIM JE
PUNO POTREBAN



OVO JE JEDNA MINA
DE SU ČETNICI
STRELIČI 28 MUŠKARACA
IZ KRASAMPOTA

POBJEGO SAM U ŠUMU KOD VOJSKE I TAMO SU ME
PRIMILI KAO KURIRA U ČETI SAM BIO 114 ISTOČNA
BOSNA. NOSO SAM PORUKE KADA NAS ČETNICI
NAPADNU ONDA JA TRČIM KROZ ŠUMU IDEM PO POMOĆ
PA NA LINIJU BIO SAM 12 MJESECI KURIR
I ŠADA KADA JE ME RANIO BILU MI JE
PUNO TEŠKO ŠTO NEMOGU DA BUDEM SA
VOJNICIMA ČETNICI NEBIRAJU KOGA UGIJAJU
MENE SU ODMĚLI U K. POLJE UGOZINIČU
PA SU ME POSLE PREBACILI U SREBRENICU
IZ SREBRENICE SA KOVOŽOM ZA TUZLU OPET
KADA BI MOGO VRATIO BI SE TAMO DA
BUDEM ŠTO SAM BIO DVANEST MJESECI ŠESAM
SE PRVI DANA MNOGO UPRAŠIO OD ČETNIKA
POSLE SU ME BORCI NOVE KASABA MALO
OHRABRILI OVO RATO MI JE PRAVO DOSADILLO
KAO VIDIŠ KAKO ŽENE DJECA STARCI
UMIRU OD GLADI TO SE NEMOŽE OPISATI

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

■ Ljeta, ratne 1994.

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 škole (kolektivnog smještaja) kao većini preživjelih majki s djecom.

Avdo lijepih zelenih očiju, i dječak, i momak sjetan i sam vodio me svojom pričom kroz prirodu srebreničku...ni slutili 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...).

Fotografija sportskog tima osnovanog u ratu na veliku radost djece Podrinja, zahvaljujući aktivnosti dr. Mirhe Šehović. Na fotografiji: Avdo, proljeća 94. /prvi s lijeve strane, stoji/.



- **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 eye 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. Spazmodic 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 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.

Na pretrpanim krevetima ranjeni ljudi. Uglavnom civili. Odjel za odrasle. Devet ih je u sobi. Tri djevojčice na dva kreveta. Na jednom dječijem jedna. (Dječija bolnica je tih dana pretrpana uključujući i hodnike). Danima sam dolazila ali samo su njihove oči govorile. Pogledi. Puni straha. Jeza ti prožima noge, ruke, dušu. Tebe. Najstarija Senida jedino je bila djelimično pokretna. Dolazila sam i dalje. One nisu govorile ništa. Od njihovog glasa strah je bio jači.

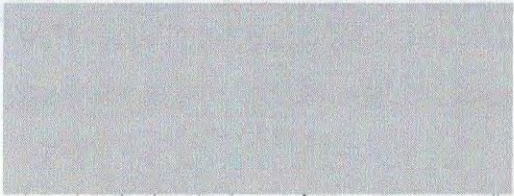
Prilikom jednog dolaska osjetim radost u Senidinim očima. Dijelila je tada krevet sa svojom nepokretnom sestrom. Dvije mlade. Grčeviti pogledi u svojoj boli. Senida ih je tješila. Mukli vrisak boli. Zgrčeno lice djevojčice. "Nemoj Hato plakati završit će jednom ovaj rat. Ići ćemo kući." Dijete iako je svjesno da je njihov dom postao zgariste, uporno je tješila sestrice. Svojim tihim glasom unosila toplinu. Svjetlost u Tamu. Da li je mogla da utješi sebe?

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

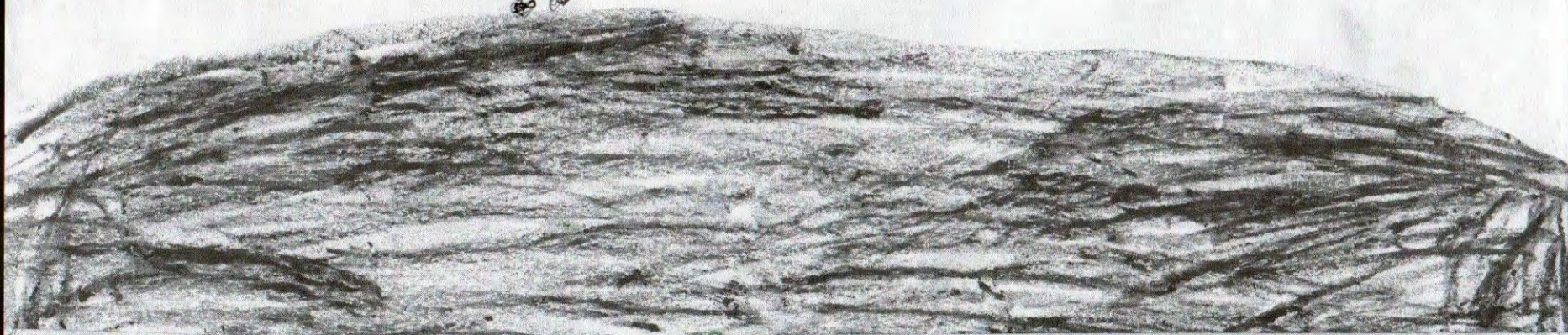
Senidu sam poslije boravka u bolnici, nekoliko mjeseci kasnije, ponovo vidjela. Govorila mi je o sestrama. Oči su joj sijale dok je iz džepa vadila fotografiju. Evo sad Mirela ima novu nogu (protezu). Hati hvala Allahu nisu odsjekli. Malo je kraća... (Hati je spašena noga – kost noge je skraćena, nosi specijalnu obuću s umetkom. Stiskala je fotografiju u ruci kao da su joj tako bliže.

Devet mjeseci nakon toga vratile su se Mirela i Hata. Smještene na podu jedne škole. Mlada je odbijala da spava na podu. Majka joj je napravila improvizovani krevet. Poslije njihovog oporavka – naš prvi susret. Znam zaboravile su me, ali ispred škole djeca su se okupila oko mene. Razgovarali smo. Najmlada Hata prilazila je lagano. Kad se približila kroz grupu djece, bliže, polahko je pružila ruku na moje rame, oko vrata. Dugo sam ostala tako čučeci... Pružena ruka zamijenila je riječi. Bila sam sretna zbog njih. Konačno su skupa. Tako će rasti njih dvije. Otac im je ostao u Srebrenici. Da li će preživjeti?

Amira Delić



MIRELA



- Mirela from Bratunac, Konjević Polje (Novembar 1995)
- Mirela, Bratunac, Konjević Polje, (novembar, 1995.)

JEDNOG DANA KAD JE DOŠO UNPROFOR
 U KONJEVIĆ POLJE TU SU MOSE I ŠKUPILI PUNA
 KARODA KOD UNPROFORA ČETNICI SU
 BACILI GRANATE TU JE I GINULO
 PUNO KARODA I RANJENO JASAM
 SJEDILA U JEDNOJ NJIVI SA SESTRAMA
 TU JE GRANA PALA U JEDNOJ SESTR
 OSJEKLAJENOGU DA KOČE IMA A DRU
 GOJ OŠTEĆENA KOST I M PRELOMA
 UPITAJU JE UAGA U ME NEJ SAMO
 RANA NEJMA I PRELOMA.

MAJKA NAS JE ODVELA ODMA U KONJE
 VIĆ POLJE TU SU NAS PREVIČI OBRADILI
 RANE I ČETNICI SU NAPALI KONJEVIĆ
 POLJE I IZBJEGLISMO U SREBRENI
 CU TU SU NAS PREVIČALI BILISMO
 U SREBRENICI I DANA I ODA SMO
 OŠLE U TUZLU S KAMIJONIMA.
 MAJKA JE SMJEŠTENA U LUKAVCU
 SA SESTRAMA OTAC JE OSTAO U SREBR
 ENICI.

■ **Senida** - age 12, from Bratunac, Konjević Polje
(Military Hospital - Gradina in Tuzla, Winter 93)

■ **Senida**, Bratunac, Konjević Polje 12 godina
(Ratna bolnica Gradina u Tuzli, zima '93.)

One day, the UNPROFOR came to Konjevic 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, and the other was wounded.

Our mother took us to Konjevic Polje where they cleaned and bandaged our wounds. The Chetniks attacked Konjevic Polje and we fled to Srebrenica where we stayed for four days and then we went to Tuzla by trucks. My mother got settled in Lukavac with my sisters and my father stayed in Srebrenica.



- Muhamed - age 12, from Brčko (Winter 92/93)
- Muhamed, Brčko, 12 godina (zima '92/93.)

THIS IS MAJEVICA.
AROUND US ARE THE CHETNIKS.

Četnici su nas čekali na vratima jer ja nisam mislila da su to o
ja sam mislila da su to naši kod su spomeni Stevo i znao sam da su
to srbi. Nisam ni znala da srbi imaju tenkove, reperi, mitralje
i snajperce. Uveli su nas u jednu garazu i su nam rekli da
sve što imamo, marake, zlata i para da im dajemo.

Drže žene i devojke su zaklali zbog maraka i para i zlata.

Moja mama je sve zlato dala meni a ja sam prenela.

Na repardama su nam ostavili sve naše stvari.

Pustili su nas pješke, pješke sam išla 12 kilometra do Kalesije.

Ušli smo pješke vidjela sam da neki muslimanske kuće popaljene
ostali smo u Kalesiji u Kalesiji su nas spremili u autobuse i krenili
smo za Tuzlu. Ostali smo u Tuzli u Tuzli mi je bilo lijepo.

■ **Mirsada**, age 12, from Brčko (Winter 92/93)

■ **Mirsada**, Brčko, 12 godina (zima '92/93.)

... 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
(februar/mart '93.)

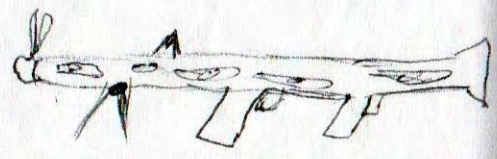
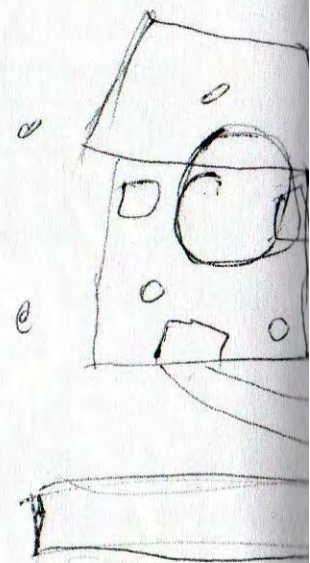
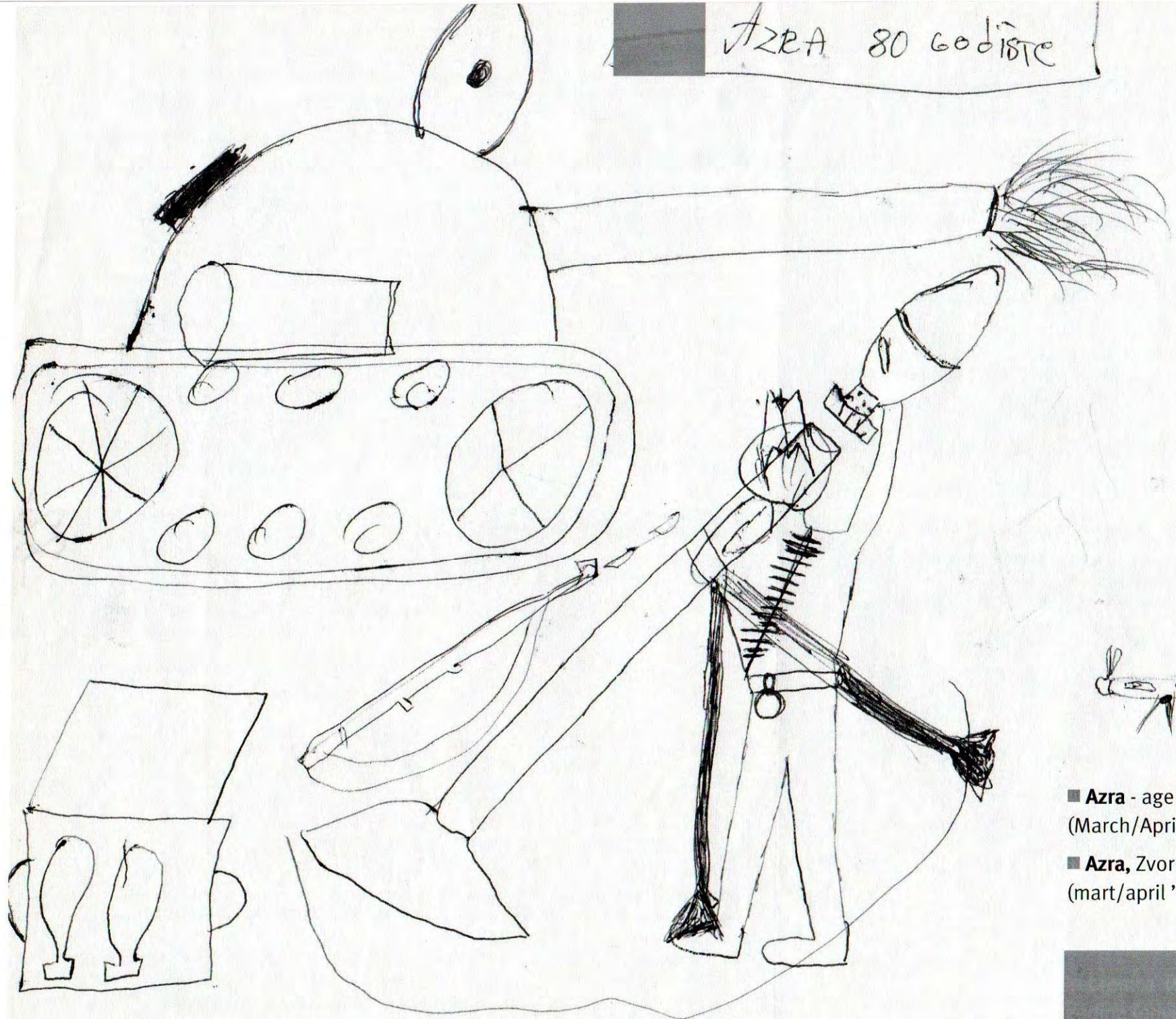
ADMIRA

JASAM BILA U CERSKOJ U SVOJOJ KUĆI GRANATESU
PADOLE I AVIJACIJAJE BILA BILISMO U SKLONIŠTU
I NISMO SMIJALI IZVIRTI RER SUXAS TUKLE I GRANATE
I METKOVI. NARODASE GINIKO NEMILICE BILOJE DJEC
BEZ OBA RODIT BILOJ NARODARANENOG.
JANISAM MISLILA DAĆU IKAD KRENITI U TUZLU
ZATOSAM KRENILA ŠTO NISAMIMALA ŠTA DA JEDEM
JELASAM PROHU I ZOB, OTACMIJE OSTOU CERSKOJ
I OVA BRATA A JASAM DOGLASA MAJKOMI SABBRAČOM
I SA SESTROM ŽALOMIJE SVOG NARODA SAMO NEKO,
BRAT MUSLIMAN KAD SAM POŠLA ZA TUZLU KAD
ASAM VIDJELA DAĆU OSTAVITI SVOJU KUĆU I
SVOJU NJEPOTEJ RUKN LASAM PLAKATI ŽALOMIJE
NEMOGU NIKADA PREŽALITI ŠTO NISAM
IJA OSTALA PANEK POGINEM KAD NOLIKI,
NAROD POGINE NEKIJA POGINEM.

ADMIRA

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 80 GODISTE



■ Azra - age 13, from Zvornik, Kamenica (March/April 93)
 ■ Azra, Zvornik, Kamenica, 13 godina (mart/april '93.)

AZRA AZRA

JA SE ZOVEM

AZRA IMAM 13 GODINA

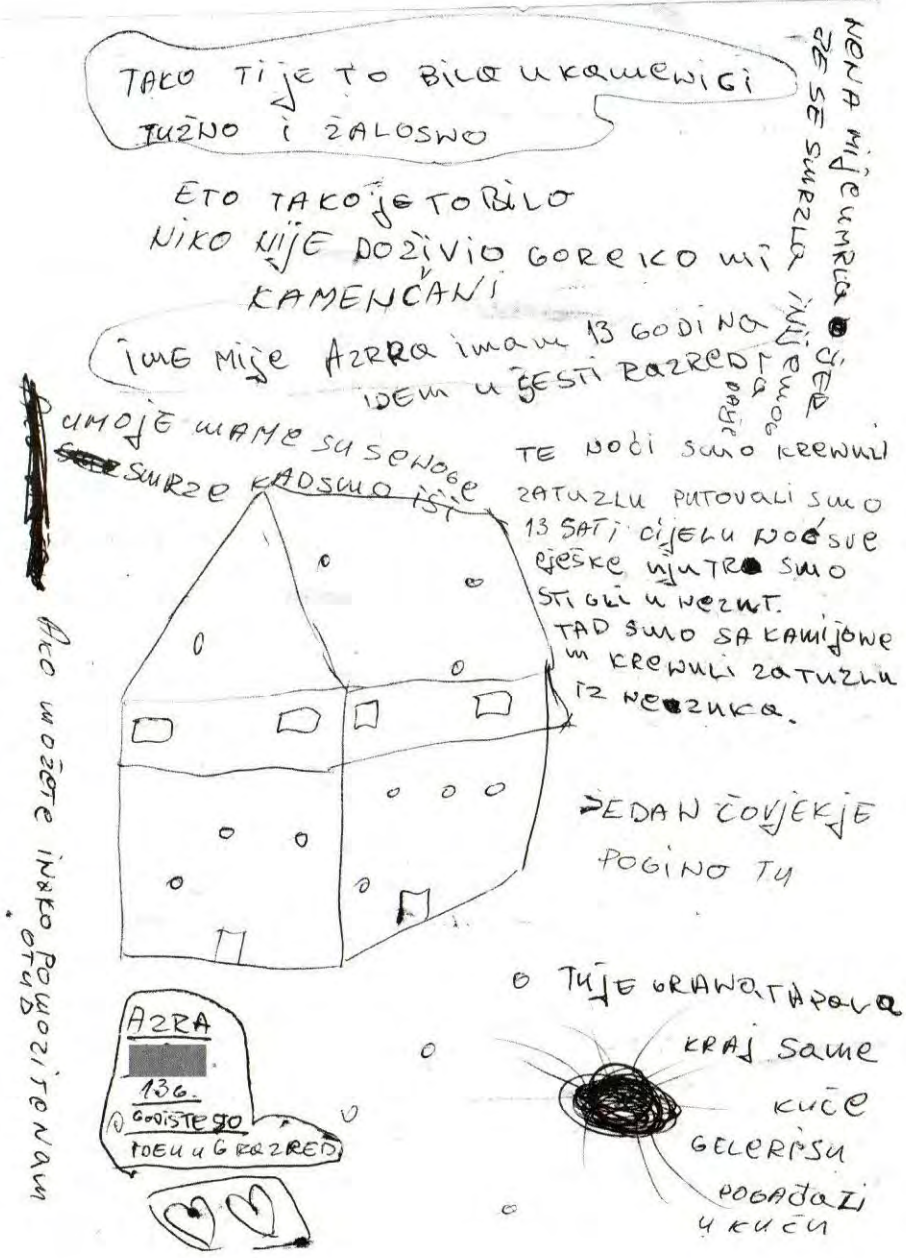
ROĐENA SAM U KAMENICI.
U KAMENICI SU NAS ČETNICI GONILI IŠLI SU U
GLODE I U CERSKU I KOJE MIJE POŠE. GRANATE SU
PADALE SVAKI DAN TAMO. ~~MA~~ KADSMO SE
VRATILI IZ ~~KAMENICI~~ CERСКE SVESU KUĆE
POPAGJENE BILI SU NAŠI LJUDI I BORILI SU SE
ALI NISU MOGLI ODVRATI NAPAD I ONI SU DOŠI
U CERSKU. UMENE JE KUĆA IZGORENA
PA NAS JE JEDA KOMŠIJA PRIMIO U SVOJU
KUĆU NISMO IMALI ŠTA JEDEMO SVE SU NAM
REPAZILI I FIRAMU. JE LI SMO ~~U~~ BUNDEVA I
REBU KRAVIJI I PROHA. U TOJ KUĆI JE SAM
STANOVALA BILO NAS JE DVADESTED UĆUĆI
ADUJE GRANATE SU PALE U KUĆU, DESMO
MA BILI NIKO NIŠTA BOGA NIJE BILA. OUDA
SMO POČELI BJEŽATI U PODRUM. UMAL NISMO
SVI IZGINULI. ŽALOSNO JE TO BILO U KAM
ENICI. SEDAM TENJKOVA SU KRENULI IZ NIZ
KAMENICU ONDASU PJEŽALI U GLODE TU
SMO PREHOBILI I SUTRO DAN SMO SE VRATILI.
UMALO NISAM POGINULA I VIZMEWE SU MECI
~~MA~~ PROLETALI. TOG DANA KAD SU PADALE
GRANATE JEDA JE ČOVJET NOSIO ZUJI I U TOM
TRENUTKU JE GRANATA PALA I NAJ ČOVJE JE
POGINO MESO I MIJE OD GRANATE BILA NA TERENU

■ 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 were 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 NEZUK TO TUZLA BY TRUCKS.

ONE MAN WAS KILLED THERE.

THE GRENADE FELL NEAR THE HOUSE. THE SHRAPNEL WERE HITTING THE HOUSE.

 Admir

3. APRILA 1992. g Počelo je RATO
U KAMENICI. MOJE SELO SE ZVALO
~~ÉTIA~~ SALKUNIĆI. MOJE SELO SALK
UNIĆE SU MNOGO GAĐALI.
KADA SU UPALI U MOJE SELO ONDA
SMO BEŽJEGLI U CERSKU
PO ŠUMAMA SMO PRAVILI
ROVNOG I TU SI MO SE SAKRIVATI
KAD BMO SE VRATILI KUĆI NI SMO
IMALI ŠTA JESTI. ONDA SMO
JELI PROBU BUNDEVA I REPU.
JA SAM MORAO DOĆI U TUZLU.

■ **Admir** - age 9, from Zvornik, Donja Kamenica, Salkunići
(February 93)

■ **Admir**, Zvornik, Donja Kamenica, Salkunići, 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.

[REDACTED] ĆAZIMA @ ERO MA
 ĆESI
 JA SAM RAĐENA U NOGU U
 DESNU I U LEĐA RAĐENA
 U KOČI RAĐENA GRANA TOM
 IME MOGA OCA JE ĆAZIM
 IME MOJE MAME JE MUNIBA
 U SREBENICI SAM BILA 5
 DANA TREĆI DAN SAM DOšla U
 TUZLU. MENE JE MAMA VIKALA
 GA SPRATA DA DOđEM U KUĆU
 JA SAM DOšla I DA SKLOPIM
 OBUĆU GRANATA PUKLA I MENE
 I MOJU MAMU KILA MAMA VIKALA
 ODBIMI MOGU I JA SAM UZELA
 OD NE MALU BEBU I DALA
 MOJOJ STRINI A MOJOJ STRINA
 IME SEVALA.

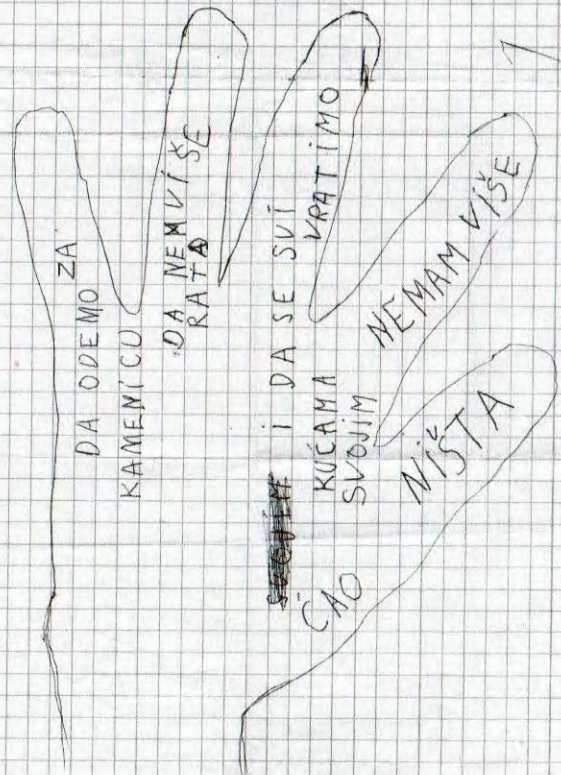
■ Ćazima - age 10, from Srebrenica
(the beginning of 93)

■ Ćazima, 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 Muniba. 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.

[REDACTED] SAMIR
 POLAZILI SMO 4 PUTA I VRAĆALI SE KADA
 SMO POŠLI OVAJ PUT TADA SMO I PROŠLI
 KADA SMO PUTOVALI IZUMRLO JE JEDANESTERO
 ŽENE SU BACALE SVOJU DJECU ČETNICI SU
 PRAVILI ZASJEDE ALI NISU USPJELI OSTAO
 MI JE TAMO OTAC I ON JE PREŠA VODIO
 JE JEDNO DIJETE SVE GA JE PREVEO IZ
 KAMENICE DO TUZLE POLAZILI SU OPET
 ZA KAMENICU ALI NISU USPJELI I TAKO
 SU I OSTALI DA NEJDU



■ **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.



71. 6

MERSIHA

■ Mersiha - age 8, from Prijedor, Kozarac (Winter 92/93)
■ Mersiha, Prijedor, 8 godina, (zima 92/93.)

SUNITA IZ PRIJEDORA
MOJ DOŽIVLJAJ 9. 1. 1999

PRICA O MOM ŽIVOTU ŠTASAM PREŽIVJELA
24 MAJA POČEO JE RAT U MOJE RODNOM
Mjestu u KOZARCU NISAM NIKAD ZNALA ŠTASE
RAT. ALI JEDNOG DANA 24 MAJA PRVI
PUT SAM ČULA GRANATE KAD SE ZARATIKO
SRBSKA VOJSKA PROLAZILA PORED MOJE
KUĆE JEDNOG DANA SU MOJA OČA DOVELI
U LOGOR TAJ DAN SAM SE PREPALA KAD
SU MOJ JEDNOGA KOMŠIJO U HAPSICI
JEDNOG DANA KIŠA JE PAOALA SRBSKA
VOJSKA JE DOŠLA I NAS SE IZ NAŠEG SELA
IST ŽERALI ODREKILI NAS U LOGOR TRNOPOLJE
~~U SMO PRESTAVALI DVIJE HOĆI~~
ČETNICI SU NAS PREBACILI ZA DOBOJ
KAD SMO DOŠLI U DOBOJ ČETNICI
SU NAS NAM ODUZELI NOVAC I ZLATO

- Sunita, Prijedor, 14 godina (mart/april '93.)
- Sunita - age 14, from Prijedor (March/April 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)