

JER 'OLII SU NAM REKLI DACE NAS UBITI
KAD SITU MALO ODMARALI TRAZILISMA
MALO VODE OLI SU TRAZILI OD NAS
PO STO MARAKA DACEHAY DATI VODE
JER MI NIŠTO IMALI KAD SMO POSLIU
STJEPAN POJE KAD SAM VIDJELA NASU
VOJSKU BILOMIJE LAKSE KAD SMO
POSLI IZ STJEPAN POJA ONDA SMO
KNEHOLI U JEDNO ~~SELO~~ SELO MALEŠICI
TUSMO DOŠLI JEDNA LAK JE ŽENA
PRIMILA U KUCU TUSMO BILI 15 DANA
ONDA SMO KNEHOLI U GRACACU TU
SMO BILI PETRES DANA KAD SMO
KNEHOLI IZ GRACACE ONDA SMO DOŠCI
U TUZLU U TUZLISAM 9 17 SESEC

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

...They told us they would kill us. While we were resting there for a while we asked for some water. They demanded 100 DM from each of us, and then they would give us water. But we didn't have...(Excerpt).

ČETVRTAK SU TERALI
OTRAJALI VOZOR ROSIA
KRUHA JEDNOG DANA DOŠLA
VOZ DANAS VOZE ZA DOBO



- **Mersiha** - age 9, from Prijedor, Kozarac (Winter 92/93)
- **Mersiha**, Prijedor, Kozarac, 9 godina (zima '92/93.)



██████████ Huso 12. 8. 79. g ██████████ Huso

U četvrtak 9. 7. 92 g. očeroli su mog
aco u logor Omarska. Husu očeroli
kude u logor vojske je počela da plju-
čka i kuše duz pola. Prošlo je
dva dana pa su i nas očeroli
iz naše kuća. Rekli su da se i nas u
logor pa čete se kasnije vratiti kućama
Ali su slagali misu nas očeroli u
logore. Kad smo došli do logora
onda su nam rekli da idemo prema
u željezničkoj stanici kad smo došli
čeka nas voz i rekli su nam da popre-
no. Tri su unisali u rogane.

Kada su krenuli počeli da pucaju u vas.
Kad smo stigli do amarske onda
je jedan vojnik rekao da pripremimo
novu mi smo skupili pare.

Anda su počeli da nas gane dalje

- Huso - age 14, from Prijedor (January/February 93)
- Huso, Prijedor, 14 godina (januar/februar '93.)

On Thursday 10. 07. 92, they took my father to the concentration camp Omarska. When they took the men to the concentration camp, then the army started to plunder and torch the homes. Two days passed and they drove us out of our homes. They told us that they would take us to the concentration camp as well, and that we would later come back home. But they lied to us. They didn't take us to the concentration camp. They told us to go in the direction of the railway station. When we got there, a train was waiting for us. They told us to get on. When the train started moving, they started firing into the air. When we reached Omarska, one soldier told us to get our money ready, so we did. We continued the journey. We were hot and we had no water. We arrived in Dobož. The train stopped and one soldier told us to get off. Everyone got off the train. When we got off, they started firing and beating the women and the children. When we crossed the bridge, our guys were waiting for us.
(Excerpt)



■ Edna - age 5,½ from Gradačac (Winter 92/93)

■ Edna, Gradačac, 5,5 godina (zima 92/93.)

Ja sam iz Bratunaca. Mi smo bili u
 Srebrenici kod mog tetka 15 dana, 16 dan smo išli
 kući bili smo 2 dana, 3 dan smo ustali i došli kući.
 Tad smo čuli pušoni izišli smo iz kuće i ošli kod
 komšije tamo su stajali kući koja još nije provela
 kući, niko nikoga na vrata. Taj čovjek što je bila
 što je bila njegovu kuća izište na vrata on
 se vratio i pozvika kupite se ja hajmo mi smo
 išli ka je on je rekao četnici! Mi smo počeli plakati
 i izišli tamo smo vidjeli četnika koji su imali
 mitraljeze i rekli nam islopi te odole jebe nam
 mater tu se klijete mi smo mislili da bude bolje
 da pretreću tamo su nam rekli bratunaci na igralište
 mi smo krenuli jedno sa drugim tamo smo išli
 putem govorili su nam liže ište kadnji puter
 ubijamo mi smo došli na igralište tamo je bilo 12.000
 hiljada ljudi i ljudi tamo su nam rekli ovamo po
 slobu sve što imate kod sebe oko mesta matemo sad
 kad kojemo ga na lica mjesta mi smo morali
 stati u red malo smo sjedili i oni su rekli ustaj te
 brže u red dvojje po dvojje i polako na kopiju
 tamo su razdvajali na jednu stranu muškarce a na
 drugu djecu i žene tamo su bili autobusi i kamioni
 pokupili su nas u autobuse i kamione i došli su
 nas u mjesto Tisica bilo je oko 2 sata mi išli smo putem
 i došli do jednog tunela išli smo i došli do pola
 tunela. Nitko nije smio ni reći ni riječi tamo.

■ Adela, - age 10, from Bratunac (Winter/Spring 93)

■ Adela, Bratunac, 10 godina (zima/proljeće '93.)

... We started crying. When we came out we saw four Chetniks who had machine guns. They told us to get out and started cursing, by insulting our mothers. We thought that they wanted to search the house. Then they told us to go to the playing field. We started walking, one after the other. As we were walking along the road they told us to walk faster or they would kill the last five in line. We came to the playing field and there were 12,000 men, women and children there. They told us to give up everything we had, money and gold, for if they were to find anything on our persons, they would slaughter us on the spot. We had to give up everything. We sat for a while and then they told us to get up and line up in twos, and make our way towards the gate. At the gate they separated the men from the women and children..My father stayed in Srebrenica. (Excerpt)

DEMILA 8

KORAJA 1980

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■ Demila - age 8, from Koraj (Spring 94) ■ Demila, Koraj, 8 godina (proljeće '94.)

■ Ismaila - age 9, from Zvornik, Liplje (Winter 92/93)

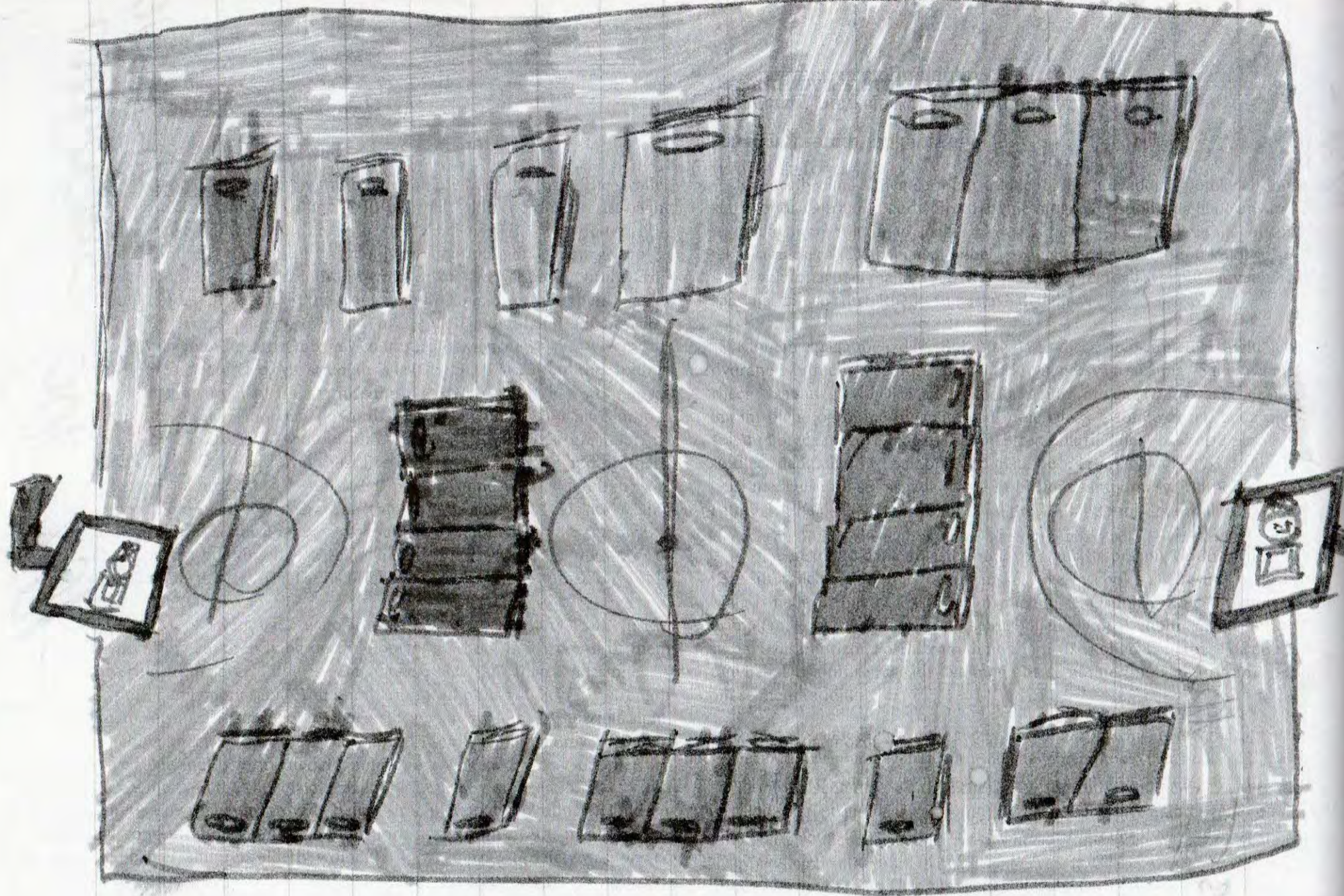
■ Ismaila, Zvornik, Liplje, 9 godina (zima '92./'93.)

[REDACTED] Ismaila 1983 godište
Od liplje

Pucalisu na nas četnici i mismo
lijevali odnosih.
D
vragino je moj dajtic.

3) A narobljen mi tetak.
Doga mi je još jedan tetak
Umene je bio jedan amidić ranjen kod
kuće. Četnici su namas pucali sa granatama
i oterali iz naših domovima
I više se mismo se više vraćali svojim domovima.
I kad smo otisli od svojih domova.
Poslije smo otisli namo u Tuzlu i više mismo
se vraćali svojim domovima

The Chetniks were firing at us and we were running away. My cousin got killed and my uncle was captured. Another one of my uncles was killed. One of my cousins was wounded at home. The Chetniks shelled us and drove us from our homes. We did not return to our homes. That's when we left our homes. Later we went to Tuzla and did not return to our homes.



■ Vedad - age 6, from Srebrenica (Spring 93)

■ Vedad, Srebrenica, 6 godina (proljeće '93.)

Moja domovina
11 mjeseci takako je prošao rat u mojoj rodnoj
mjestu: takako sam napustila svoj topli dom a sada ću
vam ispričati naj teži trenutke koji sam doživjela
u ovom ratu. Prvi dan kad sam izašla iz kuće
na mjesto sam i sestrom da bijemo ušunu u mom
suci se probudila velika panika. gledala sam u kuću
i odjednom sam pomislila zar se ikad meću vratiti
prvu noć sam provedla u jednom skloništu a sutradan
sam poljigla u šumu a četničke granate su padale
svuda unokolo. bijasmo po šumi nekoliko dana
imamaghi su padali a i ja sam bila imamagha od straha
i gladi sporadično u šumi veoma je bilo hladno a metci
i granate neprestano su padale po nama bile su to velike
mese bube prošle nekoliko dana četnici su nas pozvali
da se vratimo kući da nam neće ništa biti marode

- Hata - age 10, from Zvornik (Winter 93)
- Hata, Zvornik, 10 godina (zima '93.)

It has been 11 months since the war began in my home town and since I left the warmth of my home. Now I will tell you of the most difficult moments I had lived through during this war. The first day I ventured out of my home with my mother, father and sister, in order to flee into the forest, panic came over me. I was looking at the house and suddenly I thought to myself: "Am I never to come back here?". The first night I spent in a shelter and the next day I fled to the forest, and the Chetnik grenades were falling all around us. We ran through the forest for several days. The exhausted were falling. I was exhausted from fear and hunger. We slept in the forest. It was very cold. The bullets and grenades were continuously falling around us. Those were huge... (part of the letter is missing). A few days later the Chetniks invited us back home telling us they would not harm us... (Excerpt)

Bio je lijep i sunčan dan.

Ja i moje drugarice smo se igrale. Kada smo se igrale čule smo kako viču ljekite u sumu idu. Išli smo. Ja sa mamom sestrama i ostalim najjela sam u sumu. U sumi smo ostali tri dana. Četvrtog dana su pucali i vikali da se predamo. Išli su nas na cestu i odvojili su muškarce i tukli neke. Jednog mog komšiju su pretjerali da puzi po kanalu. Jednog mog komšiju su tukli kundakom od puške. Ženama i djeci su naredili da viču jednog komšiju, etiko mi je htio da ga oda. Tene i

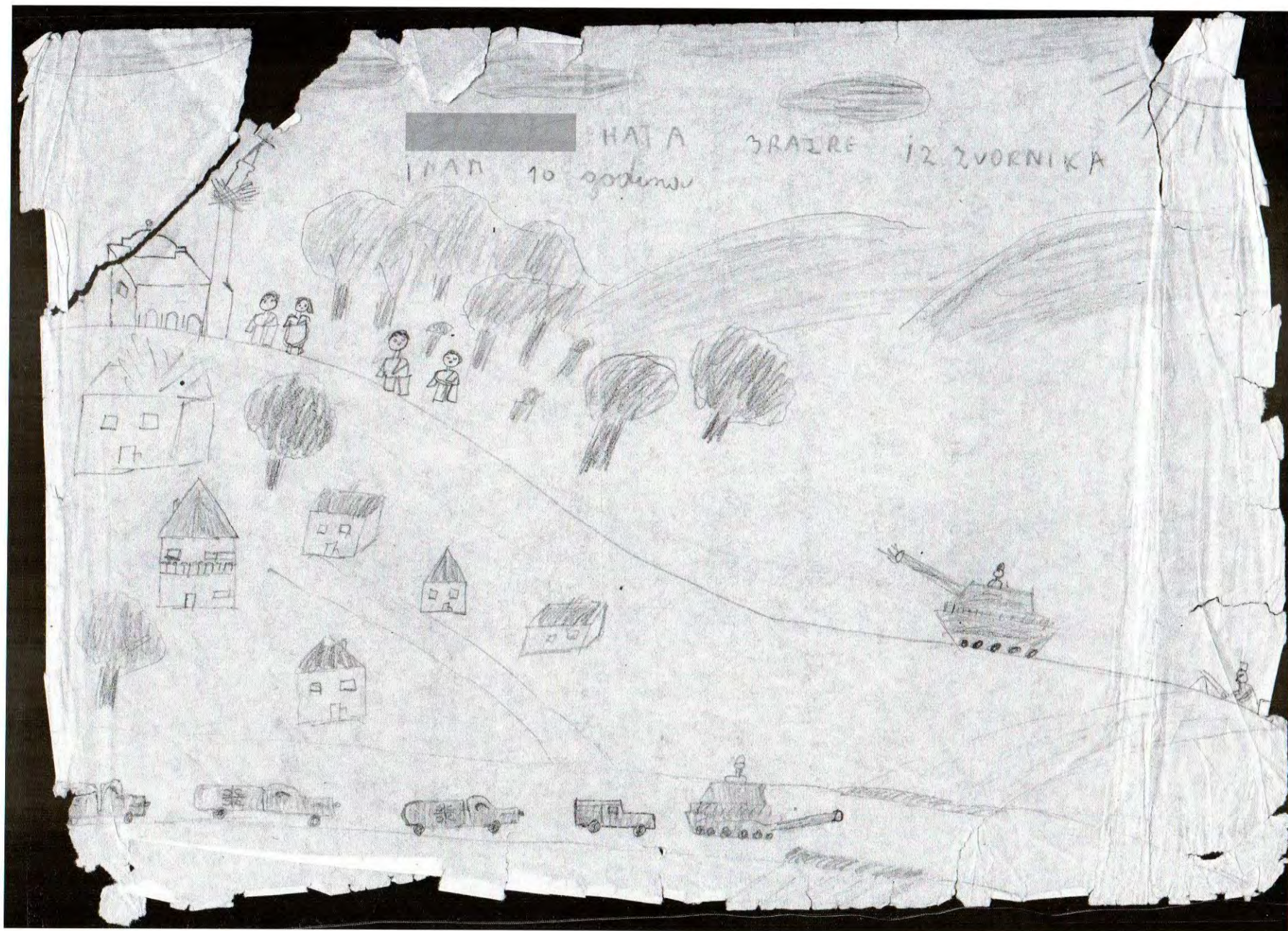
djecu su zarobili u jednoj kući a muškarce u drugu.

U toj kući su nas matketirali i tukli. Onda su nas odvezli na igralište u Bratunac. Odatle su nas postavljali u kamione i doveli do jednog sela i rekli da idemo jer je do tle njihova teritorija, pozvali su nam balijsku mater. Posle smo išli pješke do sela ravni tu su nas čekali kamioni. Odatle smo došli u Kladanj tu su nas dočekali lijepo.

Leviba 21. 1. 1993.

- **Seviba** - age 10, from Bratunac (Spring 93)
- **Seviba**, Bratunac, 10 godina (proljeće 93.)

It was a nice sunny day. My friends and I were playing. While we were playing we heard the people say: "Run to the forest, the Arkanovci are coming." I ran into the forest with my mom, sister and the others. We stayed in the forest for three days. On the fourth day they fired at us and told us to surrender ourselves. They drove us down to the road and separated the men and beat some of them. They made one neighbor crawl in the canal. One of the neighbors they beat with a rifle butt. They ordered the women and children to call after one of the neighbors from the forest. No one wanted to give his whereabouts. They locked the women in one house and the men in the other. In that house they maltreated us and beat us. Then they drove us to the soccer field in Bratunac. From there they placed us on the trucks and drove us to one village and told us to walk on our own, because their territory ended there. They cursed our mothers. Later, we walked to the village of Ravni where the trucks were waiting for us. From there we went to Kladanj, where we were nicely received.



SUAD
 ROĐEN 16. 12. 1980.
 OTAC POBINO ZVAO SE SADIK
 BRATA: SENAD, SENAJD I SESTRA SEDINA
 GONILI SU NAS PREKO ADICA
 TUKLI KUNDACIMA PUŠKAMA
 BEATA SU MI GURALI PUŠKAMA
 DOŠO JE AUTOBUS I ODVEZDNAS U KLADANJ.
 BICI SMO TUDI NEKO LIKO MJESECI
 I PREŠLI SMO U TUZLU. U TUZLI SMO BILI
 8 MJESECI I TU SMO I DAKLE.
 IMAMO OŠIĆU ČEKA ANI NEVIJAMO PARA.
 ŽIVIMO U ŠKOLAMA I IMAMO VAŠE
 SPREZUC BTO STO NAM POSLALI

KOMUNALNA DIJELOVANJE 135
 ADRESA KOMISLAV
 RAIMIJEVIĆ
 TUZLA

■ **Suad** - age 13, from Bratunac (Autumn/Winter 92)

■ **Suad**, Bratunac, 13 godina (jesen/zima '92.)

I was born on 16 December 1980. My father was killed. His name was Sadik. My brothers are Senad and Senaid and my sister is Sedina. They drove us over Adica and beat us with rifle butts. They were pushing my brother with their guns. A bus came and took us to Kladanj. We were in Kladanj for a few months and then we went to Tuzla. We were in Tuzla for 8 months and we are still here. We have food to eat but we have no money. We live in schools and we have the mattresses you sent us.

SENAD



██████████ ELVIRA 79. godište.

ROĐENAM U KAMENICI. IMAM 13. GODINA. KAD SU
ČETNICI NAPALI KAMENICU ~~BILA JE~~ PRVOSU GRAHATI
IBACI A ZATIM SU KRENULI SA PJESADIJOM. SAV NAROD
JE BJEŽO PREMACERSKOJ I KONJEVIĆ POLJU.
GORJE BILLO TEŠKO JER NISMO IMALI Gdje živjeti
ništa jesti. NAŠI HRABRI BORCI UZVRADALI SU
VIŠE PUTA NAPADE. U TIJM NAPADIMA POGINULI
SU MI 2. AMIĐA. KAD SMO SE VRATILI KUĆI SVE JE
IZGORELO. HAROD JE SEGRUPISO I KRENULI SMO
PREMATUZLI. KAD SMO KRENULI PADALA JE KIŠA I
SNJEG NA HAMA JESVA ODJEĆA SMRŽLA.
MOJA MATI I SESTRASUSE SMRŽLA ALI JOŠ NISU
OZDRAVILI.

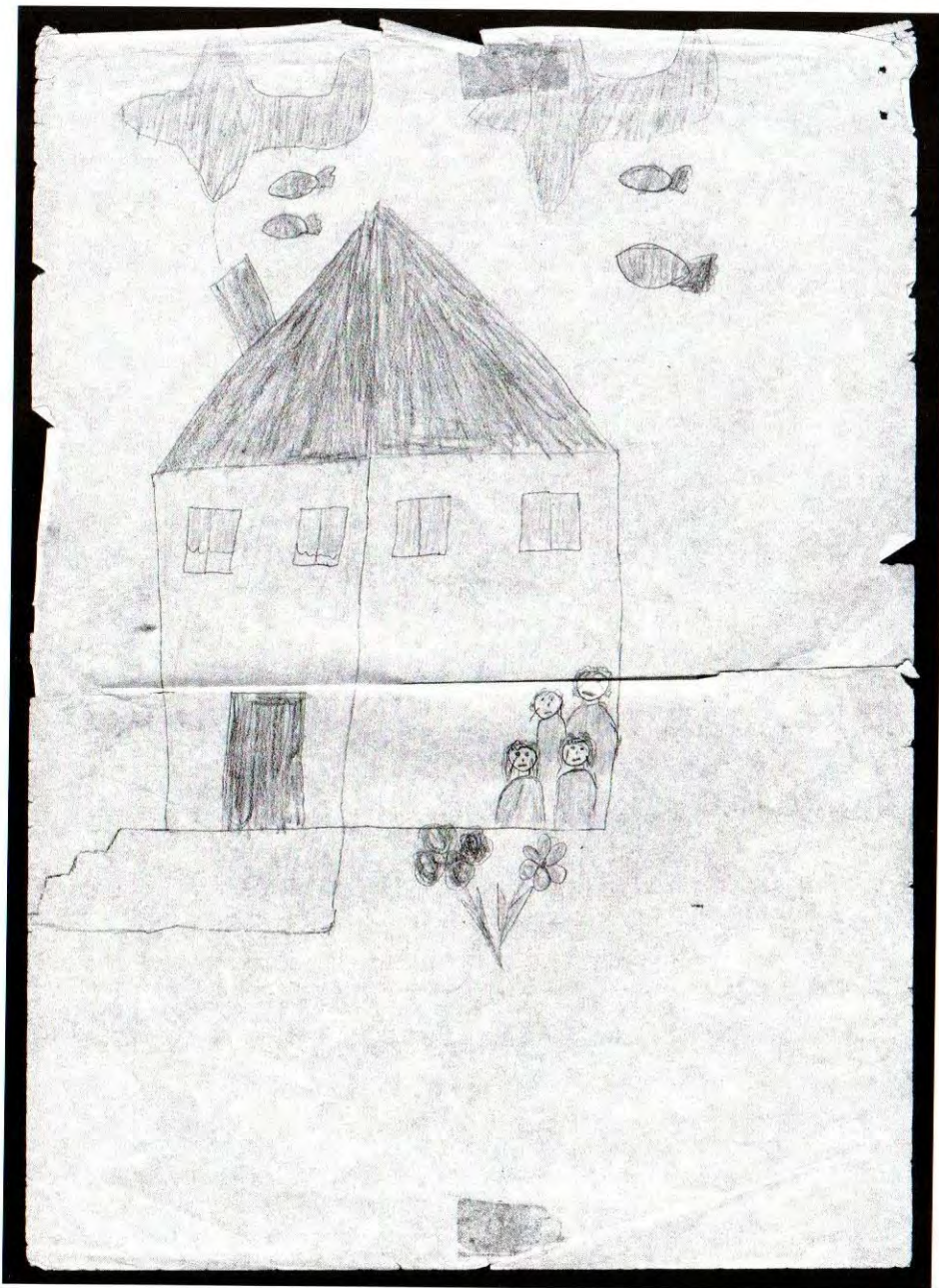
KAD SMO PREŠLI OVAMO POGINOMI
JE AMIĐIĆ U NEŽUKU OD GRAHATE.
JEDAN AMIĐA MI JE RANJEN OD GRAHATE.
TOLIKO NAJKRACE O MOM DOŽIVLJAJU
U KAMENICI.

██████████ ELVIRA
D. KAMENICA (SL. ALIĆ)

■ **Elvira** - age 13, from Zvornik, Donja Kamenica, village of Alići
(February 93)

■ **Elvira**, Zvornik, Donja Kamenica, selo Alići, 13 godina
(februar '93.)

I was born in Kamenica. I am 13 years old. When the Chetniks attacked Kamenica, they first shelled it and then they attacked with infantry. Everybody was fleeing in the direction of Cerska and Konjevic Polje. It was difficult there because we had nowhere to live and nothing to eat. Our brave fighters fought back several times. In these attacks two of my uncles were killed. When we got back home everything was burned down to the ground. The people gathered and we set off for Tuzla. When we started for Tuzla, it was raining and snowing and all our clothes were frozen on our backs. My mother and my sister got frostbite and have not recovered yet. When we came to Tuzla my cousin was killed by a grenade. One uncle was wounded by a grenade. That's all about my experience in Kamenica.



■ Alma - age 9, from Brčko (February 93)

■ Alma, Brčko, 9 godina (februar '93.)

U zraku se osjeća miris baruta, ~~koji~~ ^{koje} ~~okrenuto~~.
 Mamo koplju neprijateljski rovova i maši položaja.
 Osvanulo je 24.1.1993. črna nedjelja. Toga jutro
 mi smo bili skupa do 9 o'clock a onda su otac i
 i brat otišli na položaj. Ostale smo ja i mama
 i dve sestre. Četnici su počeli da granatiraju
 naše selo iz Srbije. Moja mama je otišla do NEŠA
 čuvajući u komšini pšenicu i bila je u kući jednog
 našijeg. U kući ostala sam ja i moje dvije sestre
 mi smo u kući sjedile ~~oni~~ su granate padale po selu
 dole kad je ~~granata~~ ^{granata} ~~na~~ ^{na} ~~vođeća~~ ^{vođeća} ~~raketa~~ ^{raketa} ~~udarila~~ ^{udarila} ~~unaju~~ ^{unaju}
 kuću ~~otat~~ su se otvorila u sobu je ~~ušlo~~ ^{ušlo} ~~isao~~ ^{isao} ~~neki~~
 dim a to je bio barut ja i moje sestre smo se
 oklonile u ~~jedan~~ ^{u jednoj sobi} ~~časak~~ ^{u jednoj sobi} ~~ali~~ ^{ali} ~~tu~~ ^{tu} ~~nisimo~~ ^{nisimo} ~~možle~~ ^{možle} ~~strpiti~~ ^{strpiti}
 da ostanemo nego je ona ~~mlađa~~ ^{mlađa} ~~sestra~~ ^{sestra} ~~otvorila~~ ^{otvorila} ~~prozor~~ ^{prozor}
 i prošla a mi smo je vikale da uđe u rov koji je
 bio namješten da se krije od granata sestra ~~mlađa~~
 je trčala ~~mami~~ i onda i nas dve ~~znijom~~ ^{znijom} ~~potrošimo~~
 došle smo do mame, mama je ~~čuvala~~ ^{čuvala} ~~u~~ ^u ~~kući~~ ^{kući} i mi
 tu kod nje ~~čuvenuo~~ ^{čuvenuo} ~~mi~~ ^{mi} ~~smo~~ ^{smo} ~~čuvenule~~ ^{čuvenule} ~~raketa~~ ^{raketa} ~~je~~
 udarila u kuću i prošla kroz ~~okno~~ ^{okno} ~~kuću~~ i ~~lelela~~
 je ~~iznad~~ ^{iznad} ~~moje~~ ^{moje} ~~mame~~ i ~~mi~~ ^{mi} ~~je~~ ~~ušlo~~ ^{ušlo} ~~na~~ ^{na} ~~moje~~ ^{moje} ~~sestre~~
 u bilo mi je ~~mama~~ ^{mama} ~~koja~~ ^{koja} ~~se~~ ^{se} ~~zvala~~ ^{zvala} ~~Demila~~ ^{Demila} i ~~mi~~ ^{mi} ~~lelela~~
 sestru ~~Mirsadu~~ ja sam ~~samo~~ ^{samo} ~~osjetila~~ ^{osjetila} ~~nesto~~ ^{nesto} ~~toplo~~

...On 24 January 1993 came the black Sunday. That morning we were together until 9 o'clock, which was when my father and brother went to the front lines. My mother, I and two sisters stayed in the house. The Chetniks began shelling our village from Serbia. My mother went to prevent our sheep from going into the neighbor's wheat. She was above our neighbor's house. My two sisters and I remained in our house while the grenades were landing on the village. One guided missile hit our house and the door opened and smoke started entering the house. That was

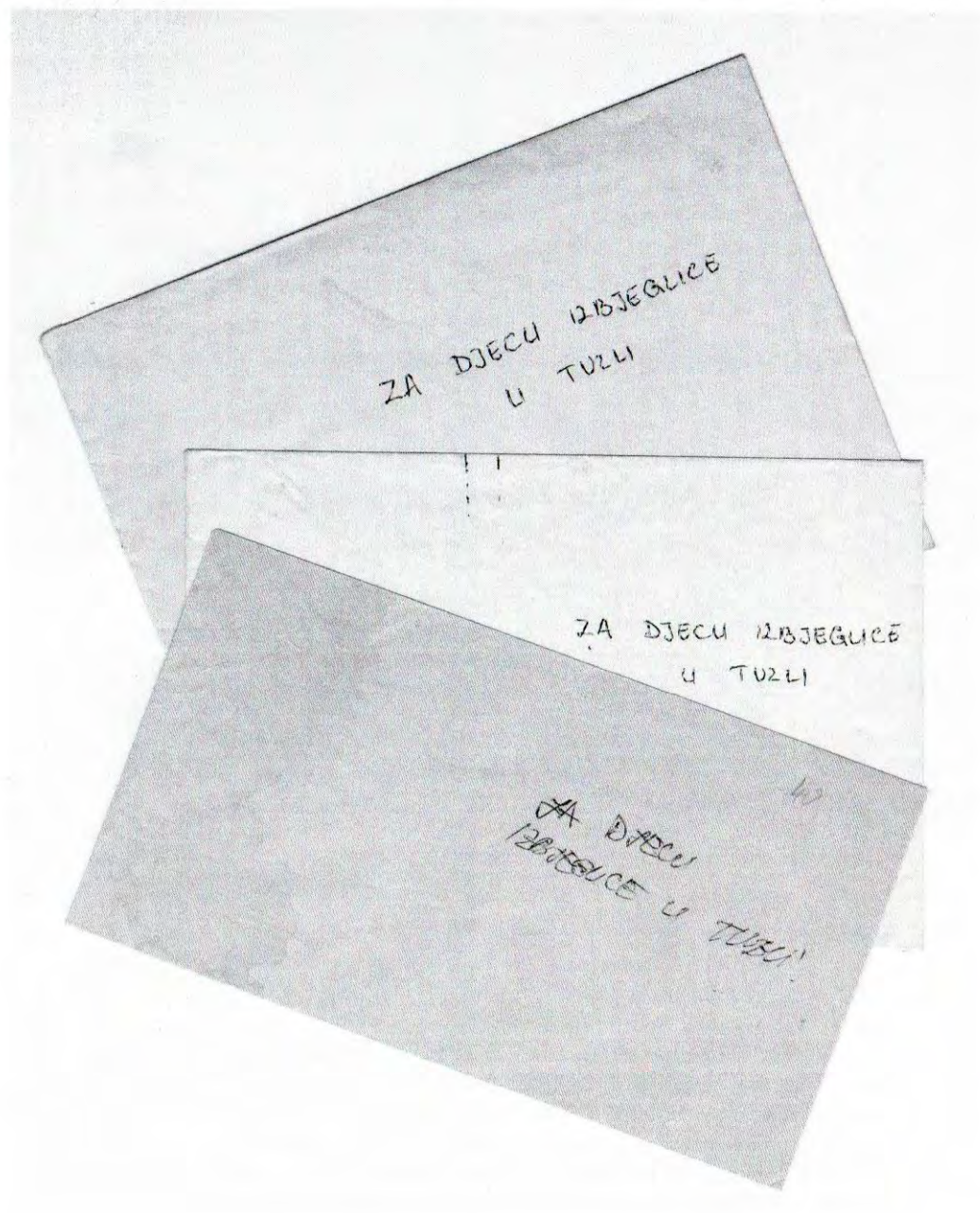
NA RUCI I KOCI JA SAM SE UZELA ZA NOGU KIM IJA
 KUDI JA KRELU STARIJU SESTRU RAZIJU RANJENA SAM
 OVA MENE DOVE JER SE NEKIM OD BARUTA. KAD SE
 DIM RAZIŠO UGLEDA LA SAM KAKO MAMA LEZI PITAJ
 A SESTRA JE JOS ZIVA SA RAZIJA ~~ostala~~ ^{ostala} ~~ode~~ ^{ode} ~~za~~
 KUĆU I DONESE VODE RAZLADI SESTRU ALI
 ONA SE SAHO TRI PUTA UZDAVA I TEUMRE ~~ostala~~
 RAZIJA UZME MENE I DONESE NA DUB ~~u jednoj sobi~~
 STRANE MALAZI SE JEDNA VEĆINA OBALA I ZGARANJE
 STRANE JADA ČETNICI SU VIDILI KADA JE MENE
 SESTRA SPJELA ONDA JE PAM KUD DA ~~tu~~ ^{tu} ~~pluća~~
 KAD NAS I SJECE GRANJE OD ŽUNE A GRANATA
 PADE DOLE DALEKO OD NAS 15 M. ALI NIŠTA
 NIJE BILU TU SAM LEZALA SVE DO TRI DANA POSLE
 PODNE SESTRA MI JE DAVLA PUKI POWOD POSLE DOŠAO
 JE OTAC I ~~mi~~ i ~~anjeli~~ ^{anjeli} ~~ne~~ ^{ne} ~~u~~ ^u ~~kući~~ ^{kući} ~~nisu~~ ^{nisu} ~~gajeli~~
 NA VRATA JER SE ~~u~~ ^u ~~vidjeti~~ ^{vidjeti} ~~pa~~ ^{pa} ~~ne~~ ^{ne} ~~opet~~ ^{opet} ~~po~~ ^{po} ~~kući~~ ^{kući}
 ANJELI SU MI KROZ PROZOR I TU SAM LEZALA DO
 UVECE DO ZERANOVA TATA JE ~~u~~ ^u ~~kući~~ ^{kući} ~~ostao~~ ^{ostao} ~~na~~
 SESTRU I MAMA SA KOMŠIJAMA I UKOPALI POSLE SU
 MENE ODJELI DALEKO OD KUĆE DO KAMPONA I
 ODVUKLI ME U SREBRENICU U BOLNICU TU SAM LEZALA
 DVA MJESECA POSLE SAM SE PREBACILA TU U TUZLU
 I TU SE SADA LJEŠIM. A TOGA DOKA JE ~~počinulo~~

the gunpowder from the missile. My sister and I hid in one corner and covered ourselves with a mattress. We could not remain there patiently, so the younger sister opened the window and jumped out while we were screaming after her to jump into a trench which had been dug out so that we could hide from the grenades. The younger sister was running towards our mother and the two of us ran after her. Our mother was squatting alongside a house and we did the same. A grenade hit that house and went straight through. That same grenade whizzed by my

■ Remzija, age 15, from Srebrenica, village of Đurdevac (War hospital Gradina Tuzla, February/March 93)

■ Remzija, Srebrenica, selo Đurdevac, 15 godina, (ratna bolnica Gradina u Tuzli, februar/mart '93.)

mother Dzemila and my younger sister Mirsada, killing both of them. I felt something warm on my arm and leg, and when I grabbed my leg I saw blood. I called out for my sister Razija but she was telling me that she could not see anything from the smoke. When the smoke cleared I saw my mother lying dead on the ground. My sister Mirsada was still alive. Razija went behind the house to get some water to cool down my sister, but my sister only sighed three times and died. (Excerpt)



■ Letters of support from the children of Doboj, who were on the free territory in Klokočnica, to the children of Podrinje

■ Pisma podrške djece iz Doboja, koja su se nalazila na slobodnoj teritoriji u Klokočnici, djeci Podrinja

■ Elvedina from Doboj (Winter 93/94)

■ Elvedina, Doboj (zima 93/94.)

beleško-bišeško-beleško-sarajevu

Zdravo!

Koreni se Elvedina [redacted] Rodena sam
prije trinaest godina u Doboju, kakva-
bujajući miru u slozi, sve do prošle,
tačnije do drugog maja, kad su došlo
desetero druge godine, mala sam doista
ratno djetinstvo. Jaka se dogodilo nešto što
mi sanjati nisam mogla, a nosi to smo mi
najmanje krivi. U mojoj rodni grad su se
dopselili neki ljudi. Na prvih ih to su neprijatelji
to su vojnici u ljudskom obliku, koji meni
u svoj djeci Republike Bosne i Hercegovine
prekinuše djetinstvo i mahnite nas u izbjeg-
ništvo. Nas djecu u izbjegništvo, a očeve u
rovove i u borbene zadatke.

Kao i desetine i stotine bijedica
drugih počeo se moći izbjeglički put sa
mamom, bratom i ostalim rođacima i komšijama
na raznim i neznanim. Našla sam se
sa nekoliko mami izbjeglica u jednom od
logora u Italiji. Dobri ljudi su nas
prihvatili i privedeno se trudili da nam
ublaže izbjegličke muke. Ili u početku toga
moga moje dječije misli su bile stalno u
Klokotnici, jer mi se jako mario otac,
a mamo i dođe. Utrpili smo se svojim u
Klokotnici i pod stalnom kišom granata

beleško-bišeško-beleško-sarajevu

provodimo djetinstvo marširajući o
naravnosti ovog suptilnog rata koji ljudi najprije
daju dopisima koje komšije i prijatelji napuću.
Kako neprijatelji prijatelju koji se sudbina
iste ili slične, kad proćuša ova pisma
jari se. Kad smo napetno lice nam
bepse. Posto sam čvrsto uvjeren
da će naše stalni prijatelji ovaj suptilni
rat uskoro razriješiti u svoju korist i
da četnici - uborci neće mi moći doći
više ni pedljaše pre zemlje porivom te
k. sela da se obavljamo, dopisujemo i
pomognemo u našim obicima i braći
da ojeraju što dvadesetog vijeka,
da bi nastavili naše bezbrižno
djetinstvo.

[redacted] Elvedina
stanovala u Doboju
ul. Matijena Bojancića
SADA U KLOKOTNICI
74207

My name is Elvedina. I was born thirteen years ago in Doboj. Owing to peace and unity, up to the last year, or to be more exact 1992, I have had a really happy childhood. Then, something that I could never dream of, something that we are least to blame for, happened. Evil men moved into my native town. No, not evil men, they are not human, they are beasts in human shape, who have cut short my childhood and the childhoods of all the children of Bosnia and Herzegovina and drove us into exile. Us, the children into exile and our fathers into trenches and frontlines... /Excerpt/



■ Alma - age 9, from Kamenica (February/March 93)

■ Alma, Kamenica, 9 godina (februar/mart '93.)

Alma. G. Kamenica. Godišna izjava, 7.5.93. Svim 9 godina. Borava sam u...
Ja sam rođena u selu Kamenici. Četnici su nas istjerali odatle u selo Glode. Bježeli smo
tu pet mjeseci, i odatle smo morali da napustimo zbog četničkih napada. Svakom
smo napustili Glode morali smo ići do Čerške. Morali smo pješaciti pet sati od Glodi
do Čerške, putovanje je bilo po noći. Kad smo se nekoliko dana u Čerškoj,
kako mogli ni tu ostati zbog četničkih granata jer su ubijali i rušili kuće.
Krenuli smo tad do Konjic Polja jer je tu bilo slobodnije da tu preživimo.
Bježeli smo i tu oko četiri mjeseca, tu smo saznali da se ide ka Turku. Jedno jutro
odlučili smo i mi da krenemo jer nismo imali šta da jedemo. Putovali smo
od Konjic Polja do Lipja deset sati, tu smo morali prenositi jer smo bili umorni
i bilo je mnogo hladno. U Lipju smo morali ostati još jedan dan jer se nismo po danu
putovati baruti smo iz Lipja u prvi mrak nismo smjeli piti jer nismo morali ići
kroz teritoriju koju su držali četnici. Bilo je teško proći jer je bila kolona velika.
Kolona koja je bila od četir do pet hiljada ljudi je do puta koji
ide od Karakaja do Capardi tu su četnici kolonu presjekli pola je prošlo
bez problema a pola se vratilo u izgnanstvu Čeršku i Srebrenicu.
Ja želim ljudima da svagdje uspijevaju i da što prije oslobode Bosnu.
Ja želim Amerikancima da i dalje uspijevaju da pružaju sa nadobranima
humanitarnu pomoć.

The column which was four to five thousand people in length, had walked the part of the way which leads from Karakaj to Caparde. The Chetniks cut off that column. Half of the column reached the free territory without any problems and the other half had to go back to the starving Čerska and Srebrenica... /Excerpt/



III

HOW WE SURVIVED KAKO SMO PREŽIVJELI

If there were no Lilies I would not be alive.

(Asmir)

Da nema ljiljana ja ne bih živio.

(Asmir)

■ Sakib's death

For the next few days the snow was melting in the freezing Tuzla. The swollen creek of Jala was carrying an old ball. A 14-year old Sakib could not resist trying to get it. He walked down to the creek, so tiny was he. He had no strength. The water pulled him in. It took his life. And only two months ago he managed to get out of the hell of Cerska, in a column in which babies were freezing in the arms of their mothers, and the elderly, the women and the children, had their journey forever cut short. Forest paths – sown with mines; cold and full of death. In search of salvation, they found death. Only few continued the journey..

I grow more discouraged. My strength is leaving me. I am afraid the children will notice. In the corner of the gymnasium filled with children, a woman sat, huddled, in tears – Sakib's mother. The words: 'Had I seen him I would have jumped after him. Why live like this, without him.' In comparison to her great sorrow, insignificant were my words: 'You must live because of his sisters and brothers.' Maybe, for even a moment, I lessened her pain. Around us, the children were whispering: 'There, Sakib won't draw anything for you. Never!' A heavy feeling came over me, it was suffocating me. My soul was tormented and the sorrow was tearing me apart. A grandmother with a white hadscarf whispering the words of Fatiha (a Qur'anic prayer). The Fatiha brightened the day and soothed our souls. Thank you Allah (God).

After a few days I went back again. The school yard was empty again. Inside, dead silence. Tiny children lying on the floor of a school in Tuzla. All of them sick, shivering from fever. Little Ismeta notices that I am there and smiles. A painful smile, barely noticeable. 'You know Amira, all of us got sick.' My strength is leaving me again. The image of it all bears heavy on my mind. A horrible sight. I am watching them, I don't know how long. I think I might forever become discouraged. My soul is tormented. I cannot move. Ismeta's smile. God, they are happy to see me. And the chocolate may not be sweet any more.

Children's tiny wishes destroyed; their wish to play, to do anything... Children from the concentration camps. Children torn away from death. Inside trucks, suffocated babies, children, elderly, women – whose journey to safety was forever cut short.

Amira Delić

■ Sakibova smrt

Slijedećih dana snijeg se topio u ledenoj Tuzli. Nabujali potok Jala nosio je staru loptu. Četrnaestogodišnji Sakib nije mogao da odoli a da je ne uhvati. Sišao je, onako sitan; nije imao snage... Voda ga je povukla. Uzela je njegov život. A tek dva mjeseca je kakoje uspio doći iz pakla Cerske, u koloni u kojoj su se bebe smrzavale u naručju majki, a starci, žene i djeca prekidalı svoj put zauvijek. Tražeći spas, nalazili su smrt. Rijetki su nastavljali dalje...

Klonem, snaga me izdaje. Bojim se da to djeca ne primijete. U uglu sportske dvorane, ispunjene djecom, sjedi žena, skupljena, sva u suzama - Sakibova majka. I riječi: "Da sam ga vidjela, i ja bih skočila za njim. Što da živim, ovako, bez njega..." Spram njene ogromne tuge sitne su moje riječi: "Morate živjeti zbog njegovih sestara i braće njegove." Možda sam na tren ublažila njen majčinski plač. A okolo su djeca šaputala: "Eto Sakib ti više ništa neće crtati. Nikada!" Nešto me steglo. Guši me. Duša mi se raspada. Nena sa bijelom šamijom, svojim poluglasom uči Fatihu. Fatiha osvijetli dan... i duša laknu... Allahu moj, Tebi hvala...

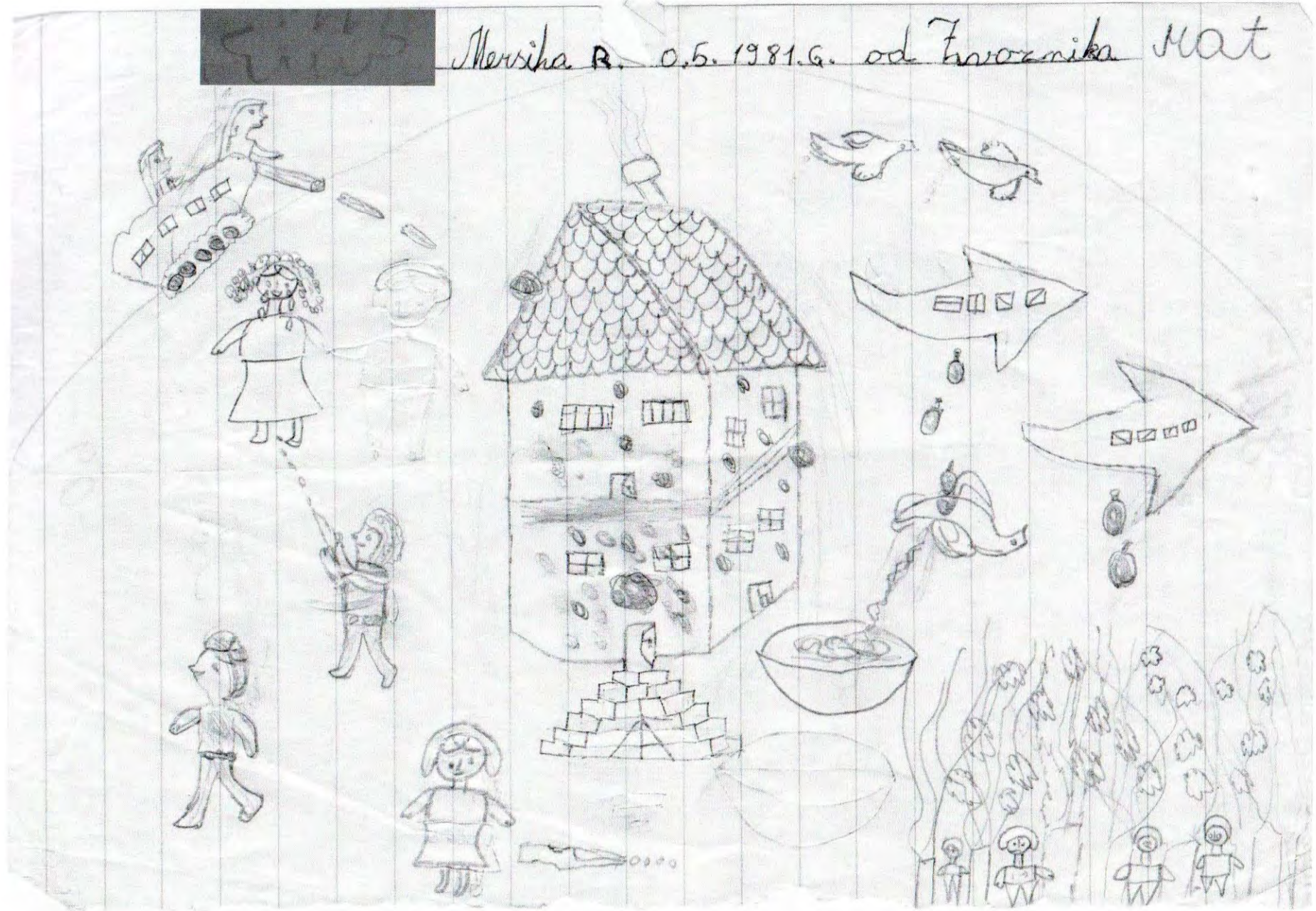
Poslije nekoliko dana dolazim ponovo. Dvorište prazno. Unutra tišina razara. Leže sitna tijela na podu jedne tuzlanske škole. Sva bolesna. Tresu se od groznice. Mala Ismeta primijeti da sam tu i osmjehnu se. Osmijeh izvučen iz bola. Jedva primjetan. "Znaš, Amira svi smo se razboljeli." Ja opet gubim snagu. Teška slika svega. Užasan prizor. Posmatram ih ne znam više koliko. Čini mi se da ću klonuti zauvijek. Duša mi se raspada. Ne mogu da se pomjerim. Ismetin osmijeh. Bože, oni se meni raduju!

A čokolada, možda više nije ni slatka.

Silom ugušene dječije sitne želje, želje za igrom, za bilo čim. Djeca iz logora, djeca od smrti otrgnuta. U kamionima ugušene bebe, djeca, starci, žene... Prekidalı su svoj put spasa zauvijek.

Amira Delić

Mersiha B. 0.5. 1981.G. od Zvornika Mat



■ Mersiha - age 12, from Zvornik (Winter, the beginning of 93)

■ Mersiha, Zvornik, 12 godina (zima, početak 93.)

ME DI HA

119.

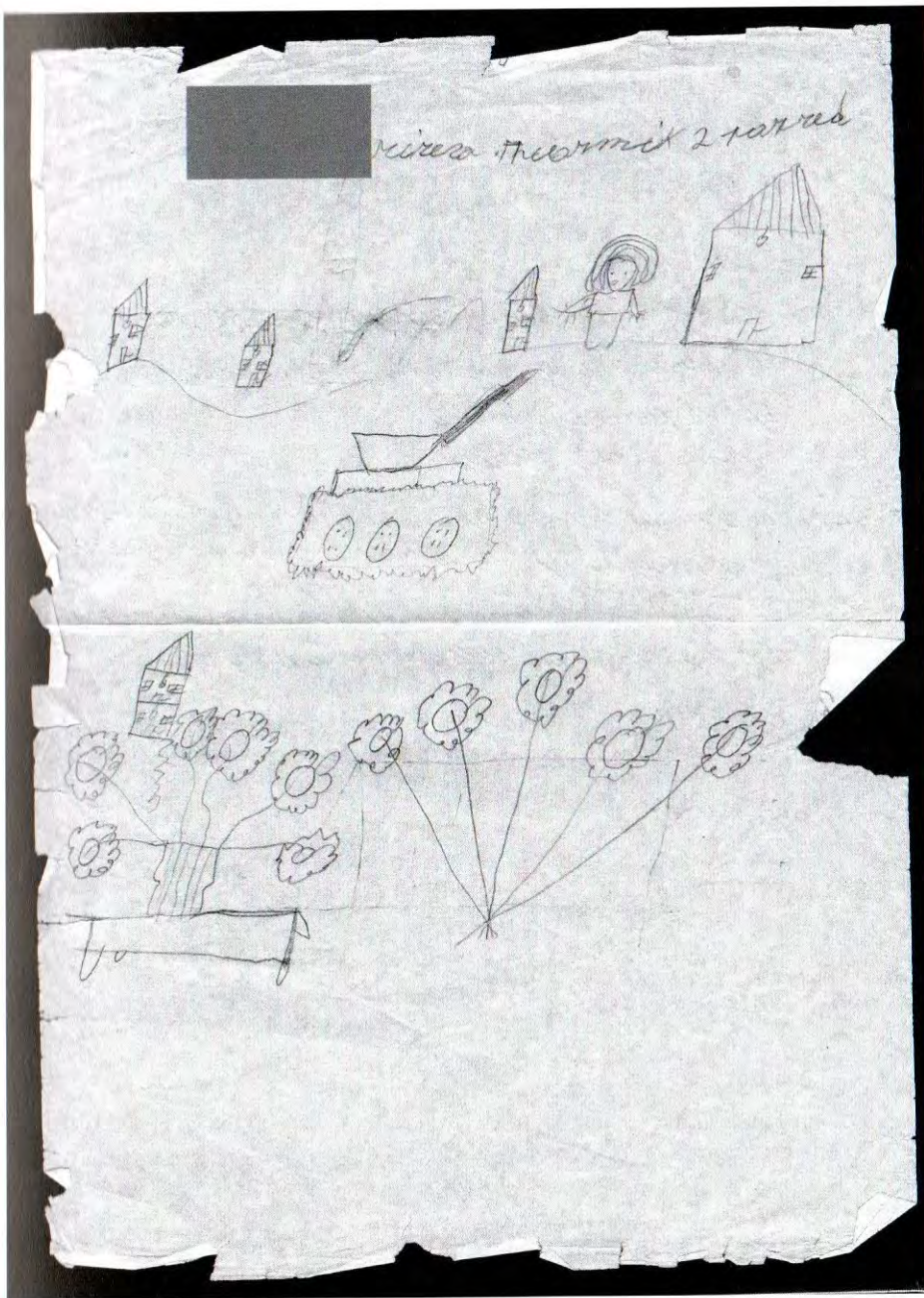
Ја сам из Каменице

Ја сам рањена и селу ~~Алици~~
Алицима. Ја сам рањена од гра-
наде. Ја сам рањена и руку. Када
сам рањена ја сам пошла по
мајку. Када мије кула мама
да сам рањена пада је и несви-
јест. Онда су ме одвели у болницу.
Када су ме превели ја сам дошла
кући. Ја поздрављам златне Лилије
не и њим жин здрави и живи.
Ја би поручила њенима да их љуби-
ти Алахоме. Ја сам волела да сви-
нет и у Каменици али њенима нису дошли

■ **Mediha** - age 11, from Zvornik, Kamenica
(February 93)

■ **Mediha**, Zvornik, Kamenica, 11 godina
(februar '93.)

I was wounded in the village of Alici. I was wounded by a grenade. When I was wounded I started to cry. When my mother heard that I was wounded she fainted. Then they drove me to a hospital. When they bandaged me I came home. I send my regards to the Golden Lilies and wish them good life and health. I would like to send a message to the Chetniks that dear Allah (God) will stop them. I wanted to stay in Kamenica but the Chetniks would not allow it. I was most afraid of bullets and grenades. We were defended by our people of Kamenica. The best fighters from Kamenica are: Mirso, Hazir, Esmir, Griso, Rifet, Nurif, Muhamed, Nejaz, Abdulaziz. We fled to Cerska. We ate oatmeal. When we started for Tuzla we had nothing to eat. I have nothing more to write.



- **Mirela** - age 9, from Zvornik (the beginning of '93)
- **Mirela**, Zvornik, 9 godina (početak '93)

■ **Mirnesa** - age 10, from Zvornik
(February 93)

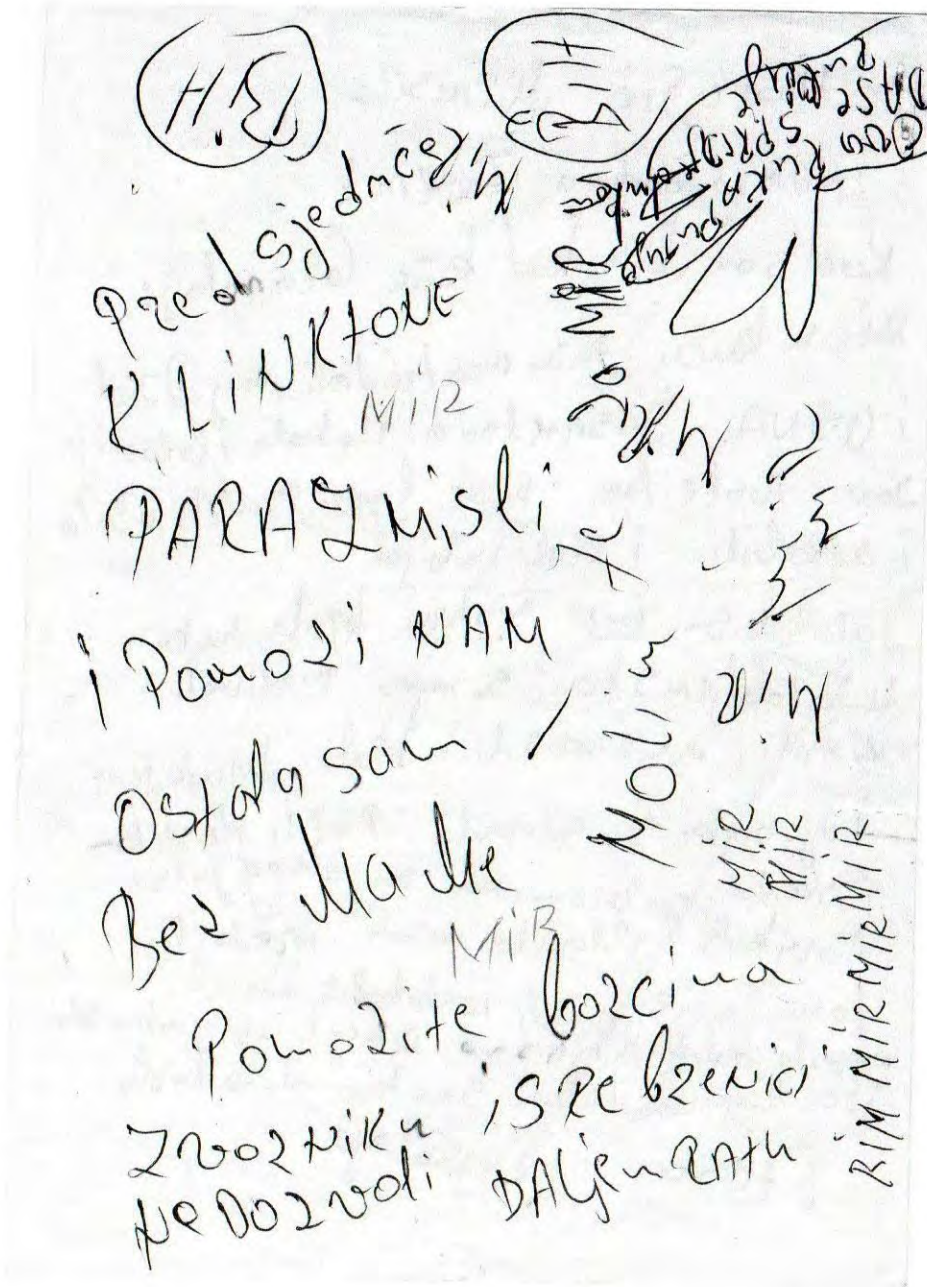
■ **Mirnesa**, Zvornik, 10 godina
(februar '93.)

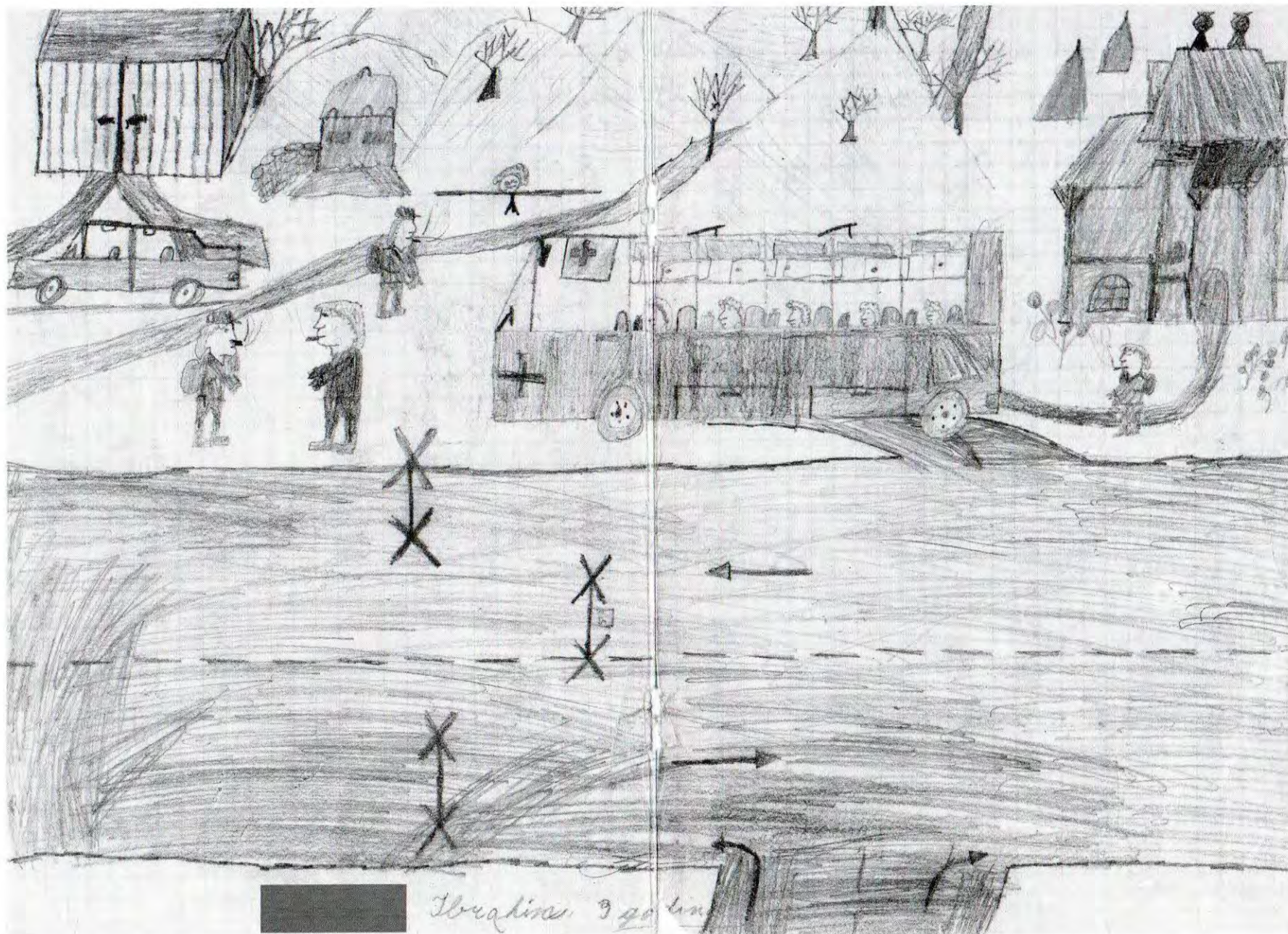
'Peace. Peace. Peace. Peace. Peace. Peace.
Peace. Peace. Peace. Peace. Peace.
I beg you for peace.'

'This hand is traveling
to shake the hand of a president.'

(Author's note: Mirnesa's poem inside her drawing rhymes in Bosnian)

'President Clinton, help us. I watched my mother
get killed on the way to Tuzla.
Clinton - consider what I am saying.
Help us.
Help our soldiers from Zvornik and Srebrenica.
Don't let this war go on.
Don't let any war begin.'





■ Ibrahim - age 9, from Bratunac (Winter 92/93)

■ Ibrahim, Bratunac, 9 godina, (zima 92/93.)

D A T U M

JASNA ROĐENA. NO. 13. 1981.

BILO JE TO 9. MAJA KADA JE NEKA
HAJRETA DOTRČALA I IZBUDILA NAS
MISMO SESAMO OBUKLI I CEKALI UKUCI A
MOJ OTAC I AMIDE SU POBJEGLI U SUMU
JER SU MUŠKARCE MUČILI NA SVAKE
NAČINE U KUĆI SMO SJEDILI JEDAN SAT
A ONDA SMO ČULI KOKO NEKO VIČE DA IZA-
DEMO IZ KUĆA JER PALE KUĆE MISMO
IZAŠLI A OMI ~~POBJEGLI~~ POČELI PALITI
ODATLE SU NAS OTJERALI NA STANICU
I AUTOBUSIMA NAS PREVĚZLI U KLADANJ
TU SMO SEMALO ZADRŽALI A ONDA DOŠLI
VAM U TUZLU OVDISA ~~ME~~ UBRZO
ČULA DA MI JE OTAC ZAROBLEN
ZAROBIO GA JE NAŠ NAJBLIŽI KOMŠIJA
SAMNOM SE NALAZI SESTRA INDIRA I
MAJKA TAHIRA JAOI NA ZVISS VOJEVA
DA SE VRATIM KUĆI I AKO JE SVE IZGO-
RELO I ŽELJELA BIDA POZDRAVIM SVE
LIKANE ŠIKOM BOSNE I HERCEGOVINE

NEZIR TO JE MOJ OTAC

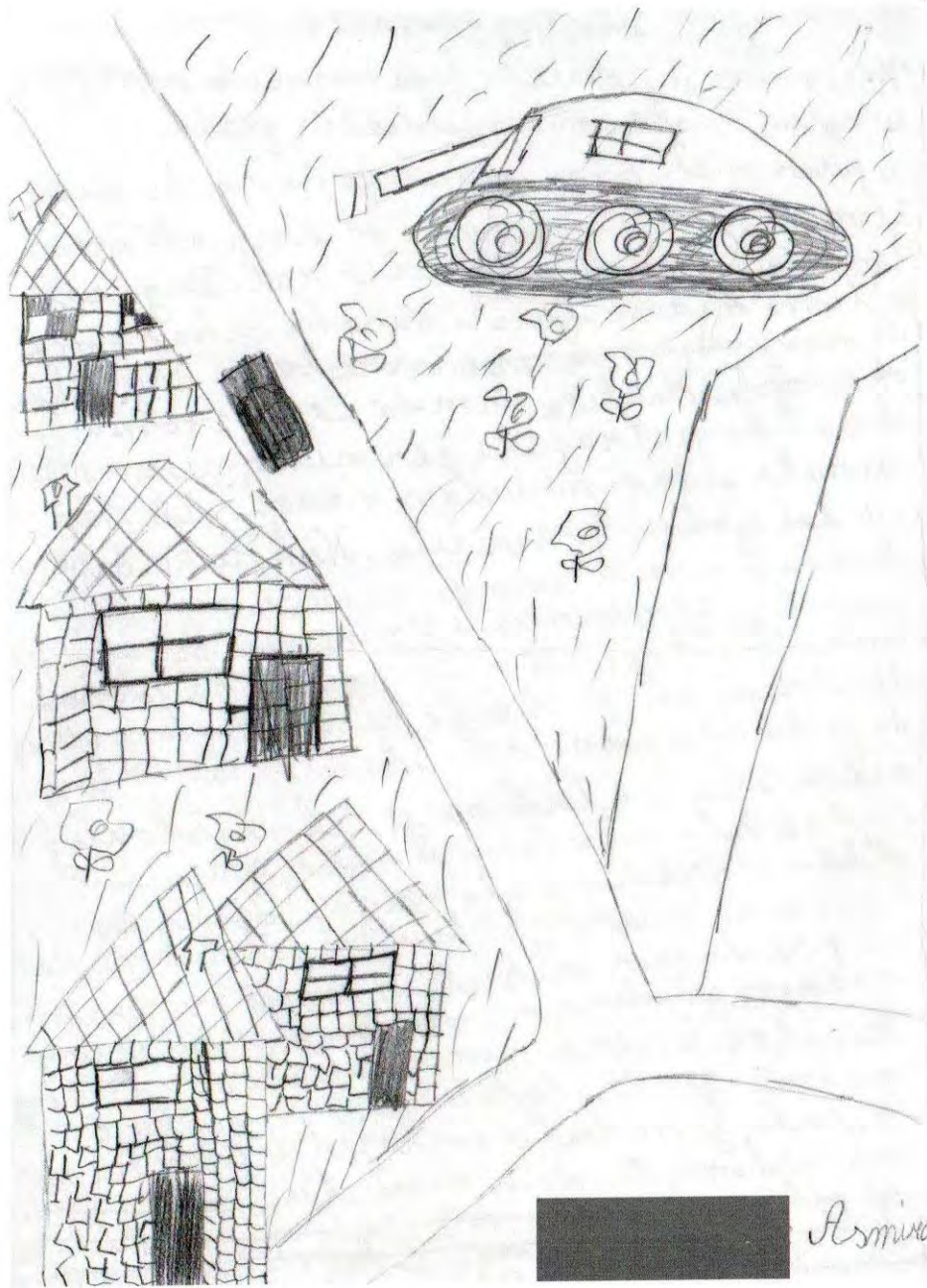
ADRESA: 05 FRANKO REZAC 75000
~~BRATUNAC~~ MOJ OTAC KRŠIĆI TUZLA
KOŠISE NALAZI U BIJEJINJI
UBATKOVIĆI

U gradu vjeruju da je vuk domaća životinja.

■ **Jasna** - age 12, from Bratunac, village of Glogova
(Winter/Spring 93)

■ **Jasna**, Bratunac, selo Glogova, 12 godina
(zima/proljeće '93.)

It was 9 May when our grandmother Hajreta ran to us and woke us up. We just got dressed and waited in the house, and my father and uncle ran to the forest because the Chetniks were torturing the men in different ways. We sat inside the house for an hour and then we heard someone saying that we should get out because they were setting houses on fire. We came out and they started to set fires to the houses. From there they led us to the station and then they drove us to Kladanj by buses. We stayed in Kladanj for a while and then came to Tuzla. Soon I heard that my father was captured by our nearest neighbor. With me is my sister Indira and mother Tahira. Most of all I would like to go back home even though everything has been burned down. I would like to send regards to all the Lilies across Bosnia and Herzegovina. My father's name is Nezir and the address is: Elementary School Franjo Rezac, 75000 Tuzla. I would like to add that my father is Nezir who is in Bijeljina in Batkovići.



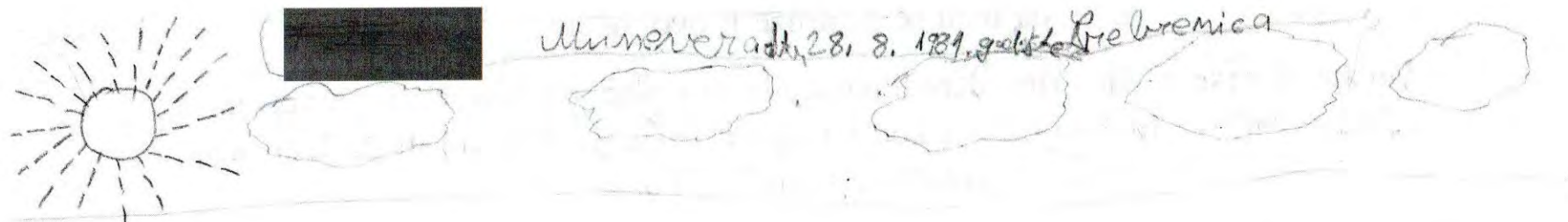
■ **Asmira** - age 12, from Zvornik, (Winter/Spring 93)

■ **Asmira** Zvornik, 12 godina, (zima/proljeće '93.)

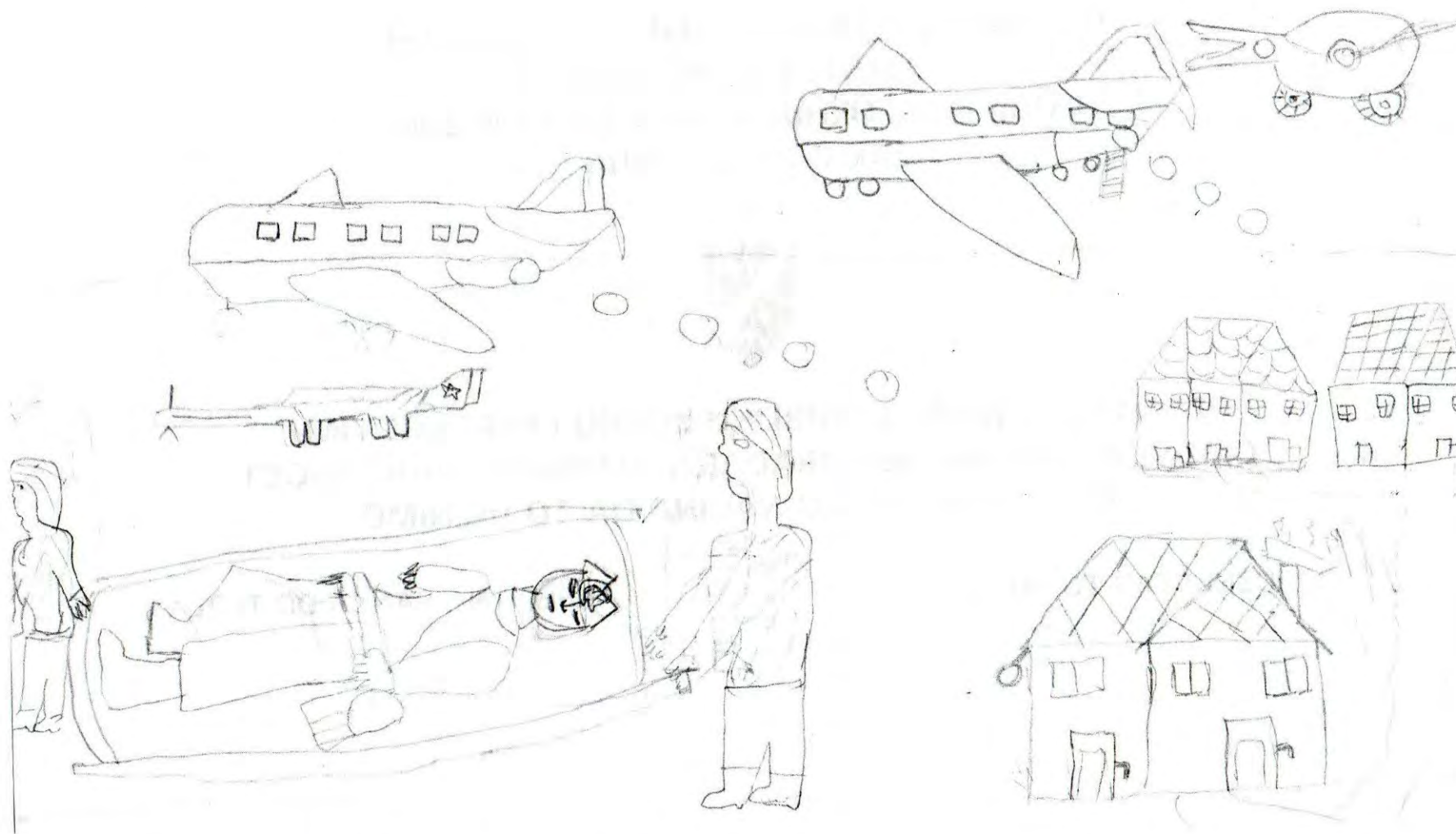
HUSEIN KOSI SE IZ LIPLJE KOD ZVORNICA
ŽELIO BI DA POZDRAVIM SVE BORCE BIH I ŽELIO BI
DA OTJERAJU ČETNIKE IZ BIH, JA BI PORUČIO
USEĐINŠEIM NACISAM DA NAM SAŠU POMOC I VOJNU INTERVENCIJU
ČETNICIMA BI PORUČIO DA DSEŽE PREKO DRINE. DOKINISU POBILI.

- Husein - age 10, from Liplje near Zvornik (May 93)
- Husein, Zvornik, Liplje, 10 godina (maj '93.)

I would like to say hello to all the soldiers of Bosnia and Herzegovina and I would like them to drive out all the Chetniks from Bosnia and Herzegovina. I would like to send a word to the United Nations to send us help and military intervention. I would like to send a message to the Chetniks to run across River Drina before they are killed.



Muneveradi, 28. 8. 1993, grad Srebrenica



■ **Munevera** - age 12, from Srebrenica (Winter/Spring 93)
■ **Munevera**, Srebrenica, 12 godina (zima/proljeće '93.)

RATNI DNEVNIK

Ime zovem [redacted] Behadić
rođen sam 21. 2. 1978. godine u Novom Selo
kod Zvornika, išao sam u školu
u Zvornik. Pohatao sam sedmi razred
te nesretne 1992. godine. Kada su četnici
oduzeli Zvornik i Kula-grad počelo je
granatiranje mogo sela. Od prve granate
bio sam uplašen jer nisam znao
da one mogu onako razarati i
ubijati, ali kasnije kada sam navikao
nisam se toliko plašio. Četnici
su zarobili 450 ljudi djecu i žene
u Liplju. Ljude su ubijali, djecu klali
a žene silovali. Kada su rješili da ih
sve pobiju naši branioци su krenuli
sa luvačkim puškama i mjekinama
da oslobode taj nedužni narod, nakon
dva sata borbe oni su oslobođeni.
Oslobođeni zarobljenici bili su zahvalni
kada su izlazili iz logora jer sam
vidio žene kojima su bile noge i
ruke ispušene, uheta njeđena itd.
Nakon dužeg vremena počela je glad.
Gladni smo bili svi, jeli smo kukuruz,
bundevu, šipak i sve druge plodove
jedna divlja jabuka bila je u mom
selu kao kilogram pečenja.

■ Behadić - age 15, from Zvornik, village of Novo Selo
(January/February 93)


■ Behadić, Zvornik, Novo Selo, 15 godina
(januar/februar '93.)

When the Chetniks captured Zvornik and Kula-grad, the shelling of my village began. I was afraid of the first grenades because I did not know that they could cause such destruction and killing, but later when I got used to it I wasn't so afraid. The Chetniks captured 450 people, women and children in the village of Liplje. They killed the men, butchered the children and raped the women. When they decided to kill all of them, our fighters attacked them with hunting rifles and axes to free the innocent people. After two hours of fighting they were freed. The freed prisoners were thankful when they were coming out of the concentration camp. I saw women whose legs and arms were cut up, ears cut off, etc. After some time, the starvation set in. All of us were hungry. We ate corn, pumpkins, rose hip and other fruit and vegetables. In my village, having one wild apple was like having a kilogram of roast meat. The humanitarian

■ **Behadil** - age 15, from Zvornik, village of Novo Selo
(January/February 93)

■ **Behadil**, Zvornik, Novo Selo, 15 godina
(januar/februar '93.)

Humanitarna pomoć nije stizala
pa smo radi gladi morali da se
povučemo svi iz sela, četnici su
popalili selo, mi smo spavali u sjenu
kuće više ništa imali jer je izgorjelo.
Jase mnogo zahvaljujem Klintonu
američkom predsjedniku za vazdušnu
pomoć koja nam je pomogla koliko toliko
da neka kako preživimo. Mnogi tvrde da
* Srbija nije agresor ali neka
dođu u moje izgorjelo selo pa da
se sami uvjere. Naši borci
su u ubijenih četnika nalazili
~~neke~~ dokumenta u kojima piše
mjesto rođenja je Beograd, Novi Sad,
Ruma, Šabac i drugi gradovi.
Amerika bi mogla spasiti
Bosnu i Hercegovinu ali oni to neće
* jedina želja moja je Mir. Želio bi
da se sve ovo smiri i da živimo
kakosmo i dozd živili. Klintonu
spasim našu Bosnu od agresije
~~da~~ tito jedini možeš ja znam i
vjerujem utebe, ako ti nećeš da
pokoriš četnike daj nam oružje mi
u ćemo to uraditi.

 Behadil
Novo Selo
1993. g.

aid was not arriving, so we had to retreat from the village because of hunger. We slept in the hay because we didn't have homes anymore, since they had been torched. I am very grateful to Clinton, the American president, for air support which, to a certain extent, helped us survive. Many maintain that Serbia is not the aggressor, but let them come to my burned down village and they will see for themselves. Our fighters were coming across documents which they found on the dead Chetniks, on which it could be seen that their place of birth was Belgrade, Novi Sad, Ruma, Sabac and other cities. America could save Bosnia and Herzegovina but they don't want to do it. My only wish is for peace. I would like all of this to pass and for us to live as we had up to this point. Clinton, save our Bosnia from aggression. You are the only one who can do it and I believe in you. If you don't want to subjugate the Chetniks give us the weapons and we will do it.

Dok smo bili gladni, bos i golii
dali našim borcima dati moral
mi smo izmislili pjesme. Evo
jedne pjesme koju smo mi izmislili

1. STROFA

U ZVORNIKU 7. APRILA počela je
STRAŠNA OFANZIVA. PLACE DRINA
GORKE SUZE LIJE NIKAD APRIL
GORČI BIO NIJE.

2. STROFA

CERŠKA PLACE NOVO SELO GORI
SA UDRČA GLADNO DJETĚ MOLI
SPASITELI ZVORNIK, KAMENICA,
VELJA GLAVU MOJU SREBRENICU

3. STROFA

NAD ZVORNIKOM NADUŠLASE TAMA
KULA GORI ~~za 22 dana~~
22 dana. NEK SVE GORI OD
JADRA DO DRINE NOVO SELO
NIKAD NEUMIRE

Behadil

■ Behadil - age 15, from Zvornik, village of Novo Selo
(January/February 93)

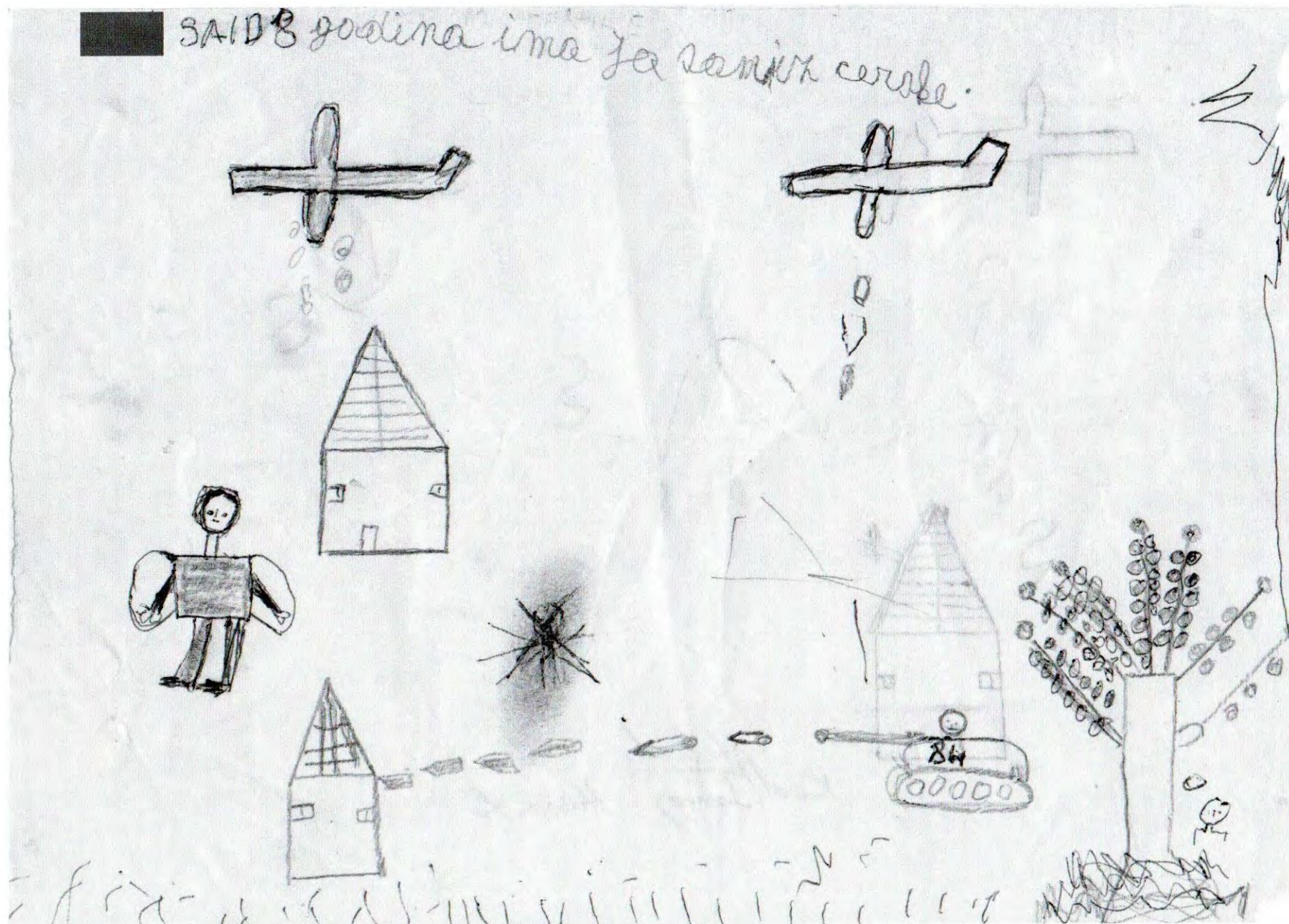
■ Behadil, Zvornik, Novo Selo, 15 godina
(januar/februar '93.)

While we were hungry, barefoot and naked, in order to raise the moral of our fighters we made up songs. Here is one of the songs we made up.

IN ZVORNIK ON 7 APRIL
A HORRIBLE OFFENSIVE BEGAN.
DRINA IS SHEDDING BITTER TEARS
FOR APRIL HAS NEVER BEEN SO BITTER.

CERŠKA IS CRYING, NOVO SELO IS BURNING
FROM UDARAC A HUNGRY CHILD IS PLEADING:
"SAVE ZVORNIK AND KAMENICA,
VELJA GLAVA AND MY SREBRENICA.

ABOVE ZVORNIK DARKNESS HANGS OVER,
KULA HAS BEEN BURNING FOR 22 DAYS.
LET EVERYTHING BURN FROM JADAR TO DRINA
NOVO SELO WILL NEVER DIE.



- Said, - age 8, from Vlasenica, Cerska, (Winter/Spring 93)
- Said, Vlasenica, Cerska, 8 godina (zima proljeće '93)

IMA BEZBROJ DJECE KOJI SU
OSTALI BEZ OCA I MAJKE.
JABI PREPRUČILA ZLATNIM LILIJAMA
KOJISU OSTALI U CERSKOJ DA BUDU
ZORAVI I VESELI I DA HI LJEPI ALAH
PODARI ONO ŠTO JE NAJ BOGĀ A
TAKO ĀE I SVOME OCU MEHMEDALIJA
KOJI JE OSTO DA BRANI SVOJU VOJENU
CERSKU I DA HI ALAH SVIM ~~MUSLIMANIMA~~
MUSLIMANIMA I OSTALOM SVJETU
KOJI JE OSTO U CERSKOJ
A ČETNICIMA BI PREPORUČILA
~~DA SE~~ ~~VRATĀ~~ ~~U~~ ~~SVOJU~~
~~SRBIJU~~ ~~U~~ ~~MI~~ ~~SVOJIM~~
OGNJIŠTIMA.

■ Hanifa - age 12, from Vlasenica, Cerska
(February 93)

■ Hanifa, Vlasenica, Cerska, 12 godina
(februar '93.)

There are countless numbers of children who have lost their mothers and fathers. I would like to advise the Golden Lilies, who have remained in Cerska, to be happy and content and for dear God to give them what's best for them. And also, to my father Mehmedalija who stayed behind to defend his beloved Cerska. May Allah help all those who remained in Cerska and all the Muslims throughout the world. And I would advise the Chetniks to calm down as quickly as possible and to go back to their Serbia, so that we may go to our homes.

■ Spring 1993
■ Proljeće 1993.

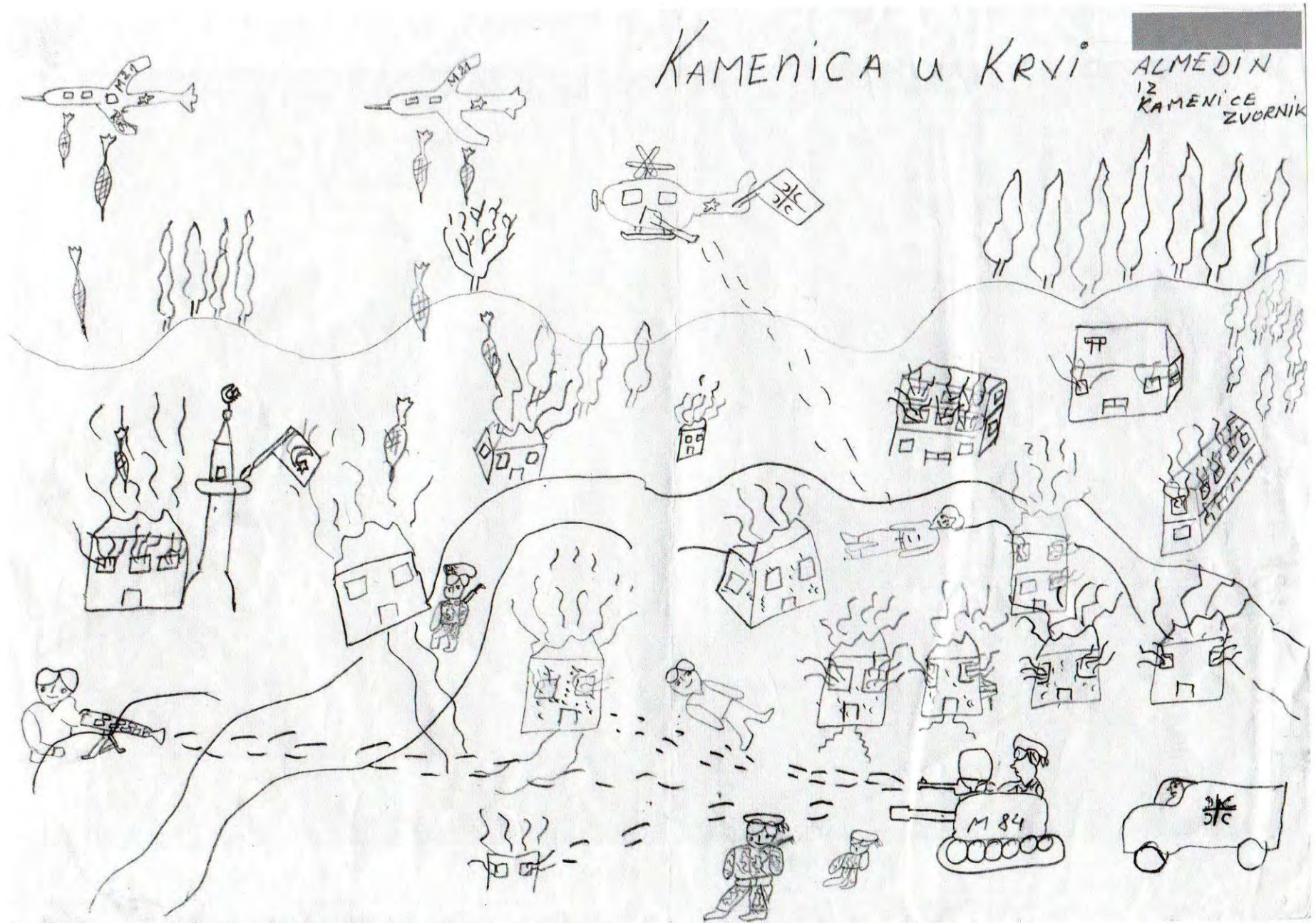


ASMIK OD ZVORNKA
SELO LIPJE JA BI ZELIO DA POZDRAVI
ZLATNE LILJANE SVIM BORCIMA
JA BI ZELIO DA MI OSLOBERE
MOS DOM DA NEMA
LILJANA JA NE BI ZIVIO
ČIAO
PJSI

■ **Asmir** - age 11, from Zvornik, Liplje
(the end of May 93.)

■ **Asmir**, Zvornik, Liplje, 11 godina
(kraj maja '93.)

I would like to say hallo to all the Golden Lilies.
I would like all the soldiers to liberate my home. If there were no Lilies I would not be
alive.
Bye and write.
(Excerpt)



KAMENICA U KRVI

ALMEDIN
12
KAMENICE
ZVORNIK

■ Almedin - age 11, from Zvornik, Kamenica (February 93)
■ Almedin, Zvornik, Kamenica 11 godina, (februar 93)

KAMENICA IN BLOOD

5

16.07. '98

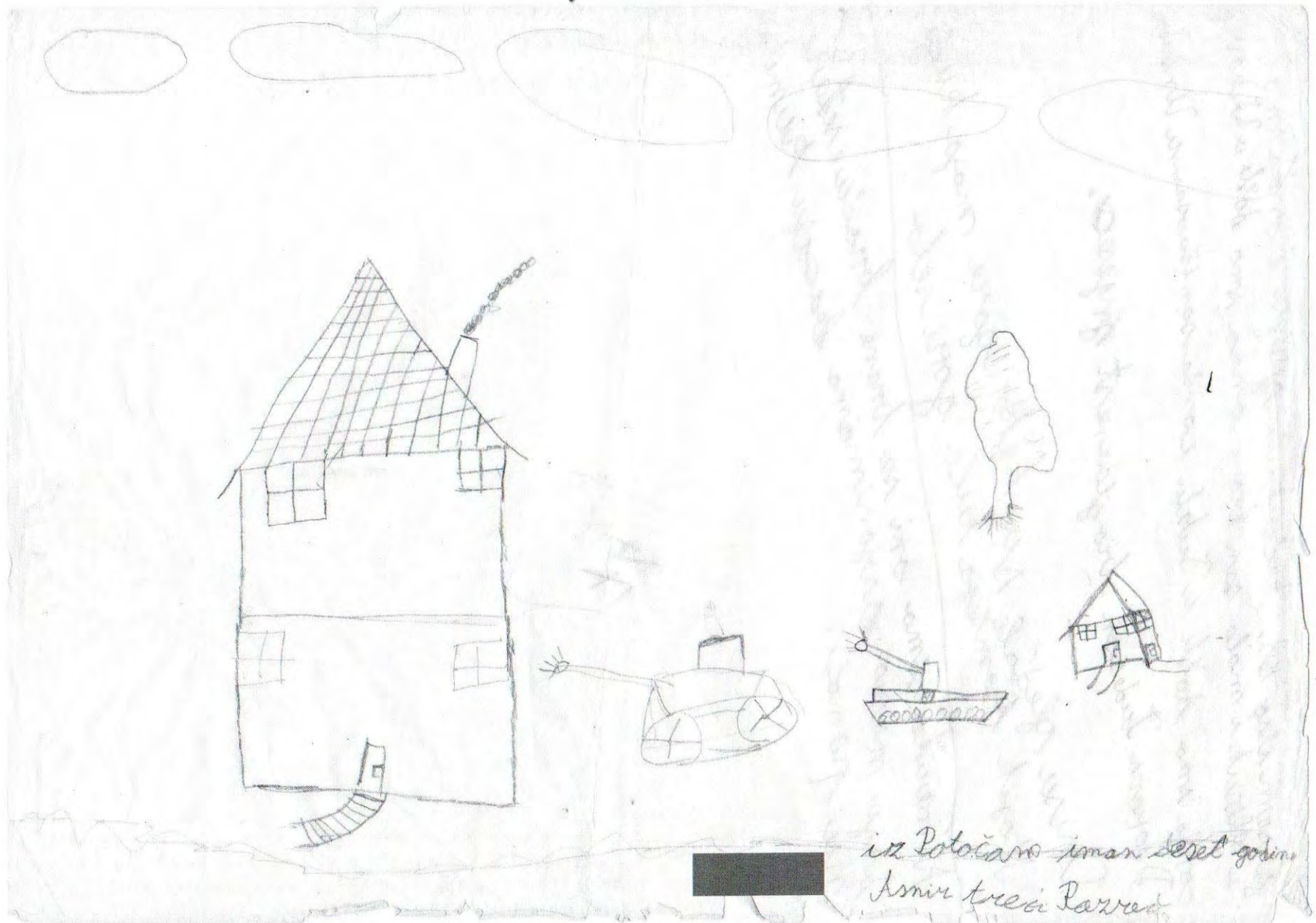
Merzudin

Kada smo bešli iz
 Kamenice za Tuzlu bio je
 mrak. To veče bilo je hlad-
 no i padala je kiša i snijeg.
 Dok smo išli do slobod-
 ne teritorije hladnoće
 osoba se smrzla i izmrla.
 U Kamenici mi je ostao
 otac i nana, i želim da
 što prije dođu ovamo.

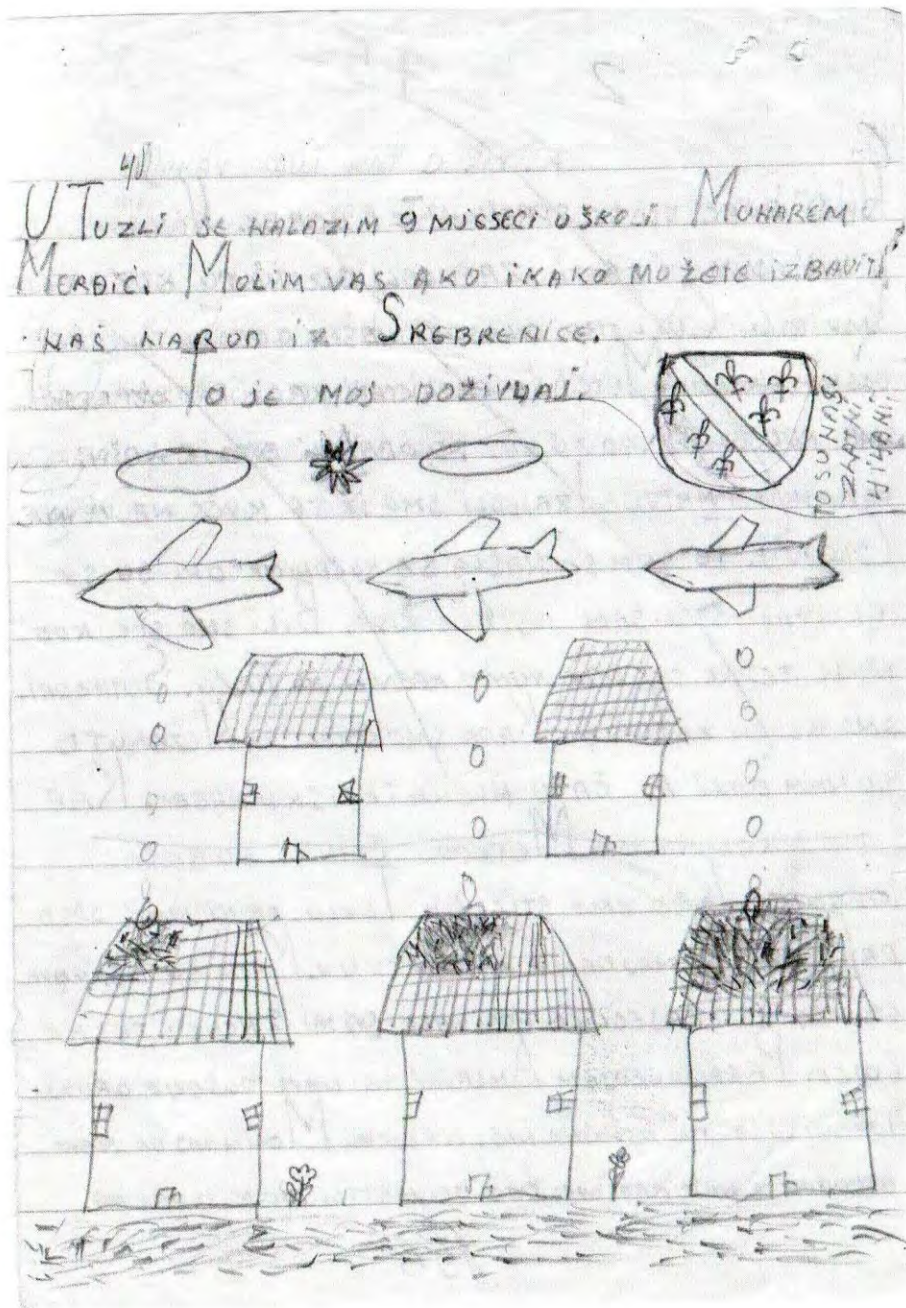
■ Merzudin, Zvornik, Kamenica, 14 godina
(februar '93.)

■ Merzudin, age 14, from Zvornik, Kamenica
(February 93)

When we left Kamenica for Tuzla it was dark. It was cold that night and it snowed and rained. By the time we reached the free territory, 17 people froze and died. In Kamenica my father and grandmother stayed behind and I wish for them to come here as soon as possible. I would like to send a message to the foreign countries to find a solution as soon as possible to stop the bloodshed in Bosnia and Herzegovina.



- **Asmir** - age 10, from Srebrenica, Potočari (February 93)
- **Asmir**, Srebrenica, Potočari, 10 godina (februar 93)



- **Jasmina**, - age 14, from Zvornik, Liplje (April 93)
- **Jasmina**, Zvornik, Liplje, 14 godina (april '93.)

I have been in Tuzla for 9 months in the School Muharem Merdjić. Please, is there any way you could liberate our people from Srebrenica. That is my experience.

ŽENA PARE I ZLATO. BILI SMO U TOJ KUĆI 30 DANA.
 JEDAN ČETNIK JE ODABRAO NAŠU S CURA DA NAM KUHAJU
 DA JEDEMO. ONI SU NAM KUHALI I BACALI PO KOMADIĆ HLEBA
 I DAN PAČELI SU DA MALTRETIRAJU ŽENE LIUDE I DJECU.
 PETI DAN POČELI SU DA TUKU ŽENE LIUDE I DJECU. ONI SU
 ODUZIMALI PARE I ZLATO OD ŽENI VRAĆALI SU SE I PODROBI PUT DA
 TRAZE OD ISTIH ŽENA ALI ONE NISU IMALE, ONI SU POČELI
 DA IH TUKU I MALTRETIRAJU, ONI SU PALIČI PLASTIČNE KANTJE
 I PUNILI ŽENE, TUKLI SU IH ČANCEVIMA ALI ŽENE NISU IMALI DA DANI
 JEDAN ČETO ŽOKA JE PARO ŽENE NOŽEM I PRAVIO KRISTOVEGA
 NOŽIMA. PASA ŽENA KOJA JE BILA BOGATA NJO SU NAJVIŠE
 TUKLI I MALTRETIRALI. IZVODILI SU LIUDE I ŽENE I KOBU I
 SIKLI SU IM NOŠI I DAVALI DA JODU. REKLI SU NAM DANI
 ČEMO BITI SVI ZAKLANI AKO PASA NE DANE SVOJE ZLATO.
 JEDNA CURA JE BILA NAREĐU DA JE SILUJU, MEĐUTIM JE TA CURA
 OTIŠLA U KUPATILU DA SE HADIJE VODE ODJEDNOM JE ISKOSILA
 KREZ PROZOR I OTIŠLA DA JAVI NAŠIM BORCIMA DA NAS
 OSLOBODE MEA ČEMO BITI SVI POISLANI.

KAD SMO STIGLI U TUZLU PRVU NOĆ SM
 PREKLIČI I MEJDANU NA BCTONU. KADA SO STIGAVO
 KE IZANOS IZBJEGLICE POSILNOLI SU MI 2 HENE I TETKA
 I DJECU. PREPORUČUJEM AMERIKI DA NAM POŠALJE ORUŽJE
 I MANIČILA DA OSLOBODE NAŠE KRAJEVE. MOLIM VAS DA NAM
 OSLOBODITE NAŠE KRAJEVE DABISE VRTILI SVOIM KUĆAMA.

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- Jasmina - age 15, from Zvornik, Liplje (April 93)
- Jasmina, Zvornik, Liplje, 15 godina, (april '93.)

On the fifth day they started to beat women, men and children. They took away money and gold from the women and they would come back again to ask the same women for gold. Since they didn't have it they started to beat and maltreat them. They melted plastic pails and let it drip on the women. They beat them with chains but the women had no more gold. One Chetnik Zoka was cutting up women with a knife and carving crosses on their bodies. When we reached Tuzla we first slept in Mejdan, on the pavement. As refugees were arriving after us I found out that my two grandmothers, an aunt and a grandfather had been killed. I advise America to send us weapons and ammunition so that we may liberate our villages. I beg you to liberate our villages, so that we may go back to our homes. I have been in Tuzla for 9 months in the school "Muharem Merdzic". I beg you to, if you can, free our people from Srebrenica. There, that's my experience. (Excerpt)



- Selmir - age 9, from Zvornik, Liplje (February 93)
- Selmir, Zvornik, Liplje, 9 godina (februar '93.)

Selmir

ŽELIM VAM POBJEDU I DA SE BRANITE DA BRANITE SVOJA OBNIŠTA
TA I DA UBIJETE DOSTA ČETNIKA I ŽELIM VAM DA IZROBITE TENKOVE I HAUBICE
I MINOBACIČA RAZNIKA I BARA PAMOVA I PATOVA I GRANATA MUNICIJE.

MAJKA MI JE POGINULA U UDRČU UPALJE ZA SJEDU ČETNICI SU JE
ZVLIDASE PRED A ONA NIJE HTILA ČETNICI SU PUCALI NJU U BILIA I MIĐIČI
A SUMIRANILI URAME ON JE ON DA IZBJEAO IZ UDRČA U CERSKU.
POSE ŠES MJECI POGINIO OTAC MI JE POGINIO U SELU JOSANICA U BILAGAJEGR
ANATA I JASAMOSTAO I MOJ MANJI BROT
NAJBONJ SAM VOLIO DA SE NAJE DE MI DA BUDEM SIT.

- Selmir - age 9, from Zvornik, Liplje (February 93)
- Selmir, Zvornik, Liplje, 9 godina (februar '93.)

I WISH YOU VICTORY YOU AND I WISH FOR YOU TO DEFEND YOURSELVES AND YOUR HOMES,
AND TO KILL MANY CHETNIKS AND TO CAPTURE TANKS, HOWITZERS, MORTARS OF VARIOUS
CALIBRES, ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

MY MOTHER WAS KILLED IN UDARAC. SHE FELL INTO A CHETNIK AMBUSH. THE CHETNIKS
ASKED HER TO SURRENDER AND SHE WOULDN'T DO IT, SO THEY FIRED AT HER. MY UNCLE WAS
WOUNDED IN THE SHOULDER. HE FLED FROM UDARAC TO CERSKA. AFTER SIX MONTHS MY
FATHER WAS KILLED IN THE VILLAGE OF JOSANICA. HE WAS KILLED BY A GRENADE. ONLY MY
YOUNGER BROTHER AND I SURVIVED.

I LIKE IT THE MOST WHEN I CAN EAT PLENTY SO THAT I FEEL FULL.



- Ismeta - age 11, from Zvornik, Liplje (April 93)
- Ismeta, Zvornik, Liplje, 11 godina (april 93)

THE FRIENDS OF THAT BOY ARE CRYING FOR HIM.
THIS IS THE SCHOOL WHERE WE WERE PUT UP.

DOGAĐAJ U TUZLI DANA 1, APRILA

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DANA PRVOG APRILA U TUZLI SE
DOGOĐIO STRAŠAN SLUČAJ. RIJEKOM
KOJA JE TEKLA POREĐ EKONOMSKE
ŠKOLE TERLE SU PONEKAD I LOPTE
TAKO STO SU SE DJECA IGRALA
LOPTE UPADAJU U RIJERU. NEKA DJECA
SU POČELA DA HVATAJU TE
LOPTE ALI NIKO NIJE SMEO DA
PRIDE TOJ RIJECI, JER SU SE I
PLAŠILI DA NEĆE UPASTI U VODU.
JEDNO DJETE JE IMALO OSJEĆAJ
DA ONO NEĆE UPASTI U VODU I
POTRČALO DA HVATI TU LOPTU ALI
NA NESREĆI MU SE NOGA ALI
OKLIZNE I ON UPADNE. MNOGI
NJEHOVI DRUGOVI I
DRUGARICE GLEDALI SU TAJ
SLUČAJ. ~~NEKI~~ JEDAN VOJNIK
KOJI JE BIO OBUČEN U ŠARENOM
ODJELU POTRČAO JE DA SPASE
TO DJETE ALI NJEMU JE
NOGA UPALA U VODU I ON JE STO
BRŽE IZVUKAO. TAJ DEČAK
ZVAO SE SMAJLOVIĆ SAKIB
IMO JE OCA MEHMEĐALIJU
MAJKU DERVISU DALIJU
REFIJU, SADIJU, SESTRE
I BRATA SEJDANA. HANIFU
PRONAĐENO JE TO DJETE
DALEKOJ OBALI JER GA JE
BODA IZBACILA. DENAZA JE
OBAVILA 11. APRILA U 11.12
ČASOVA. (Inter)

■ Ismeta, - age 11, from Zvornik, Liplje
(1st April 93 Tuzla)

■ Ismeta, Zvornik, Liplje, 11 godina
(1. april, 93. Tuzla)

On the day of 1 April in Tuzla, a horrible thing happened. In the River that flows near the School of Economics, sometimes balls would float by from the children who played near the river and lost their balls in it. Some of the children started collecting these balls, but no one would approach the river for the fear of falling in. One child had a feeling that he would not fall into the river and ran to catch the ball, but his foot slipped and he fell in. Many of his friends watched it as it happened. One soldier who was dressed in camouflage ran to save the boy but his leg also slipped and he got out as quickly as he could. (Excerpt)

(Sakib Smajlović is a boy of 14, a refugee from Cerska. He drowned in the River Jala in Tuzla on 1st April 1993. His body was found 10 days later.)

MOLBA

NE PLACITE
NEBOVI
RODITEJE
ON JE
SEHIT
BOJE MU JE
ŠTO GA JE
DRAGI ALAH
ODUZEO SEBI
NEGO DASE DA SE
PATI RAO
ŠTO SE PATIMO
MU OVDE U
TUZLI

SAMI
ALAH
DELEŠANUHU
ZNA NAS BITI
SA NAS HOCE
ARO HOCE
STRANE
ZEMJE
NEKA
POMOĆU
SA
ORUŽJEM
MUNICIJOM
HRANOM
I EKONOMIJA.

MOLIMO
STRANE
ZEMJE
DA AKO
IKAKO
MAJU
JE
PREVEĆU
SVE
IZBJEGLICE
TAMO
U STRANE
ZEMJE
JER
SRBI
SU SE
POČELI
ISELJAVATI
IZ
TUZLE
CRNO
NAM
SE
RISE



■ **Ismeta**, - age 11, from Zvornik, Liplje
(April '93 Tuzla)

■ **Ismeta**, Zvornik, Liplje, 11 godina
(april '93. Tuzla)

Do not cry parents for he is a martyr. It is better for him that God had taken him than to suffer as we are suffering in Tuzla. I am asking the foreign countries to take all the refugees to the foreign countries if they can. Only Allah (God) knows what will become of us. If the foreign countries want they can help us with guns and ammunition and medication. The Serbs have started to move out of Tuzla and that spells trouble for us.

ALI KADA BE SREĆA DANAS
OB RA DU TE PROŠLO JE MESEC
I JA ĆE KAKO SMO ĆELI. RA OČA
DA JE ŽIV I ZDRAV NAŠ OZAC
I Z AMI ĆA SU DO ŠLI MAMA
JED NE NOĆI KOJ U ĆE MO PAM TI TI
DOK SMO ŽIVI. A SADA NAŠ
OZAC I SU OŠTA LI SMO SKUR A
ASADA J OŠ MI JE JE O NA VELIKO
ŽELJA O ASE VRA TI MO U SVO JE
SELO DA VI DI M SAMO O DE MI JE
BILA KU ĆA J EL MI JE KU ĆA IZ GOR E
BEZ O BZI RA ŠTO JE IZ GORE LA
MAMA NA Š OZAC I MAJ KA BI H
NA PRA VI LI O PE T KU ĆU. I MA J OŠ
MNO GO ZO GA ŠTO ŠAM MO GO
PI SA EI ALI U O VO J ŠU DO A I Ž
SAM SKU RO ZA BO RA VI O SV E
BO JE ŠTO ŠAM Z A BO RA VI O
J EL NI JE NI VA JA LO

-6-
PAMI NI JE ŽAO ŠTO SAM
Z A BO RA VI O. JA SAM HO TI MO
O SV OM DO GA D A T I U


■ **Asmir** - age 10, from Zvornik, Glumina
(February/March 1993)

■ **Asmir**, Zvornik, Glumina, 10 godina
(februar, mart 1993.)

When will happiness come again. It has been a month since we got word from our father that he was alive and well. One night we will remember for as long as we shall live. It was the night when our father and our three uncles arrived. Our father and everybody else. I have one more wish, and that is for us to go back to our village to see where our home had once been. Our house has been burned down but despite the fact that it had been burned down, our mother and father will rebuild it. There is a lot more I could have written but in this craziness I have forgotten almost everything, and it is better that I have forgotten. It was not that good, so it is better that I have forgotten it. That is all about my experience.

Šemu ne nadati poslije
rata

Kad je kod nas počeo rat i
kad sam prebjegao u grad
Tuzlu bilo mi je veoma teško.
Stalno sam mislio na svoju
kuću i svoje drugove. Kad
bi otišli u jedno selo gdje
ne malo bi moja tetka, ču
bi rošave ili poknonake
koji bi govorili, šemu će
te ne nadati kad se vratite
kući.

 Muhamed

Jelovo Brdo

#5260 Kalesija

god. 1981.

■ **Muhamed** - age 12, from Kalesija, Jelovo Brdo (Winter 93)

■ **Muhamed**, Kalesija, Jelovo Brdo, 12 godina (zima '93.)

What is there to hope for after the war.

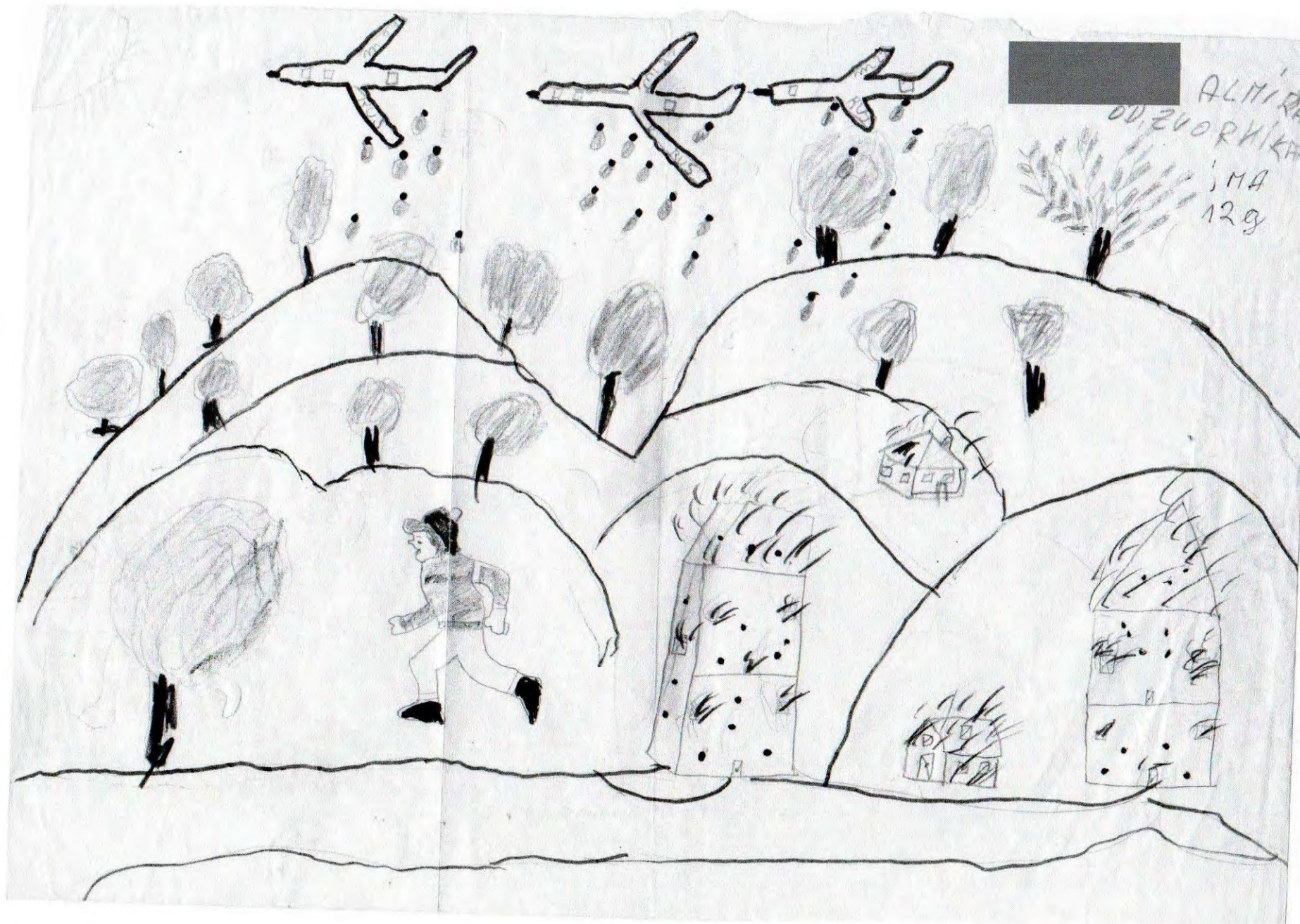
When the war started and when I ran off to Tuzla, it was very difficult for me. I constantly thought of my home and my friends. When we went to this village where my aunt was, I heard the elderly and my acquaintances who would say: "What is there to hope for when you come back home."

Muhamed

Jelovo Brdo


Kalesija

Born 1981.



■ **Mevlid** - age 14, from Srebrenica, village of Biljača
(Military Hospital in Tuzla, February/March 93)

■ **Mevlid**, Srebrenica, selo Biljača 14 godina
(ratna bolnica u Tuzli, februar/mart '93.)

 MEVLID
SELO BILJAČA

HAJTEŽE JE MI BILO KADA SUMI DVA BRATA
POGINULA U BORBI. ŽENE I DJECA I LJUDI
SU UMIRALI OD ŽIME I GLADI. SVAKIM DANOM
JE UMIRALO DVOJE POTROJE DJECE.
SVAKIM DANOM JE SE UBIJALO OD
GRANATA LJUDI I ŽENE I DJECA.
ŽENE I DJECA SU NOČJEVALI PO ULICAMA
DJECA SU UMIRALA O HLADNOĆE.
KADA

BORCI KOJI SU BILI U BOLNICAMA
NISU IMALI ČIME DA SE PREVIJAJU
PA SU UMIRALI SU OD HLADNOĆE I OD
GLADI. DJECA SU DOBIJALA ŽARAZNE
BOLESTI PA SU UMIRALA NISU
IMALI ČIME DA SE LJEČE.
LJUDSKO NIJE MOGAO DA HODA PO
ULICAMA I DA ŠETA OD GRANATA.
BORCI KOJI SU IŠLI U BORBE PA
DOLAZILI RANJENI NJIMA SU
SE NOGE SJEKLE TESTERETOM
I OSTAJALI SU BEZ JEDNE NOGE.
ŽAHVALJUJEM SE KLINTONU I FILIPU
MORILLON ŠTO JE NIJE PREDUZEŔ U SVOJE
RUKE DA SPASI DJECU OD HLADNOĆE
I OD GLADI DA VIŠE NE UMIRU.

It was most difficult for me when my two brothers were killed in battle. Women, children and men were dying from cold and hunger. Every day, two to three children died. Every day, they killed men, women and children with grenades. Women and children were sleeping in the streets and the children were dying from cold. The soldiers who came back from battle wounded, their legs were cut off with a saw, and they were left without one leg. I am grateful to Clinton and Philippe Morillone for undertaking measures to save the children from hunger and cold so that they don't die anymore. (...) I would like to know where my parents are now, what they are doing and whether they have anything to eat or wear. They should not worry about me. I am well and I am having no problems. Soon I will get out of hospital and would like it if I could find someone with whom I could stay when they release me from hospital.

- Almira - age 11, Gradačac (March, 93)
- Almira, Gradačac, 11 godina (mart '93.)

Lijep je bio ovaj grad najljepši mištam i pun zelenila.
 Tri smo žigeli bezbrižno i lijepo u njemu.
 Gurali smo se i išli u školu. Imenadga se desio nešto strašno.
 Neko nas pogodio gradom se smrači. Nije više gradala se pruži
 na ovaj grad. Narkada velika buka i cika. Loginu prvo
 gljile. Ja i moja sestira se zbrisimo u podrumu.
 Događ prestalo je, smijeh se ugazji panika zasludo.
 Gradala, i dalje padaju i padaju. Paše se kući i kome dru-
 vica. Mama se pribila, još nas i samo plače. U podrumu
 se ne može dugo stati. Načisto nam je nema ničega.
 Iznadom nešto pljuje i otac nas potječe u kola i prebaci u
 bližnji grad. I tamo nije baš najbolje. Nije ni padljeću
 nad gradom. Počeli su oni bombardirati. Mi smo u podrumu
 i čekaj šta će se desiti. Najbolje radost mi je bila kad je
 otac rekao da vidi jesu li živi. Drugog dana se pojavio
 prijetor. Nije bio veselo. Rekao nam je da je kuća crvena.
 Nisam je spustio ore. I to baš kad su rekli da više ne
 smijemo stati.
 Tražila sam da im niko ništa ne može. Tražim da više
 nemam svoje robe, nemam ničega. I moje lutke su slomljene.
 I te gomile otac mi je donio tamo prijetor i počinjamo.
 Toliko nam se stradovnika i sijetila se svojih školskih dana.
 Nisam znala šta je rat, pa i rad mi nije jasno.
 Šta se to događa? Šta nas ubijaju, nas nevinu
 djecu? Šta su im oni kriva i bitam se dali iko može
 da ih zaustavi?
 Čula sam da to može gospodin Clinton.
 Ako možete gospodine Clintone, pomozite nam. Pomozite
 te djeci Bosne. Vratite nam našu sretno djetinstvo. Vratite
 nam preostale očve dok su još živi. Vi to možete.
 Pomozite nam.

Almira 11. god. Gradačac

I realized that no one could harm me any more. I know that I no longer have my room, I have nothing. All my dolls are broken. From that pile my father brought me a handbag, dusty and torn. I became so happy and I remembered my school days. I didn't know what war was and even now it is not clear to me. What is happening? Why are they killing us - the innocent children? What did we do to them? I ask myself, can anyone stop them? I heard that Mr. Clinton can. If you can Mr. Clinton, help us. Help the children of Bosnia. Give our happy childhood back to us. Give us back our fathers while they are still alive. You can do that. Help us.

Moj Doživljaj

Ja se zovem [REDACTED] Kermin.
Imam 10 godina, idem u četvrti razred. Ja imam mamu i tri sestre. Moja mama ima 39 godina. Moja mama se zove [REDACTED]. Moja sestra [REDACTED] ima 19 godina, sestra Kermina 17 godina i sestra [REDACTED] ima 15 godina. Mere mamu i sestre četnici su nas istjerali iz kuća. Po sumama dosta vremena spavali smo. Bili smo gladni i žedni. Kada su četnici zarobili moje selo, svi smo gledali kako četnici ljude strjelaju. Među njima bio je i moj otac.

Moj otac se zvaao Omer. Četnici su majke i djecu otjerali u logor. U logoru smo bili šest dana. Moju najstariju sestru, Medinu su isvodili uveče. Jednoga dana autobusi su došli po nas. Kada smo došli u kladanj vidjeli smo poznatih vojnika. U kladnju smo bili mjesec dana, onda smo došli u Jusli. Tada živim u Jusli. Ako bogda uskoro ćemo se vratiti u svoje domove.

- **Nermin**, - age 10, from Vlasenica (Spring/Summer 93)
- **Nermin**, Vlasenica, 10 godina (proljeće/ljeto '93.)

My experience.

My name is Nermin. I am 10 years old. I am in the 4th grade. I have a mother and three sisters. My mom is 39 years old. My mother's name is R..... My sister M... is 19 years old, sister N... is 17 years old and sister M... is 15. The Chetniks drove us out of our home. We slept in the woods much of the time. We were hungry and thirsty. When the Chetniks captured my village, we all watched as the Chetniks executed people by a firing squad. Among them was my father. My father's name was Omer. The Chetniks drove the children and the mothers into a concentration camp. We spent six days in the concentration camp. At night, they would take my oldest sister out somewhere. One day the buses came for us. When we came to Kladanj we saw many familiar soldiers. We spent a month in Kladanj and then we went to Tuzla. I am still living in Tuzla. God willing, we will go back to our homes soon.

IV

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN HOPING FOR AFTER THE WAR ČEMU SE DJECA NADAJU POSLIJE RATA

*Once again we are going to be together, happy and joyous,
but only we, the true Bosnians.
(Aldina - age 12, from Zvornik)*

*Opet ćemo biti zajedno, veseli i sretni,
ali samo mi, pravi Bosanci
(Aldina, Zvornik, 12 godina)*

Čemu se nadati posle rata
Posle rata bi najviše voljela
da se svi od porodice sastanemo
da smo zajedno. I da opet normalno
počnemo kupovati što treba za kuću
i polahko praviti kad bi kuću napu-
vili onda bi se tata negdje zaposlio
pa bi mesto namještaja u kuću
ubavili.

■ **Edina** - age 11, from Vlasenica (May, 93)

■ **Edina**, Vlasenica, 11 godina (maj '93.)

After the war I would really like my family to be together, and to once again start buying, little by little, the things we need for our home and to slowly start rebuilding it. When we finish building the house, my father is going to get a job somewhere so that we can buy some things for the house.