

- Elmir - age 8, from Bijeljina (May 93)
- Elmir, Bijeljina, 8 godina (maj '93.)

1993  
Nema se nadam poslije rata.

Kada se završi rat ponovo će  
se kuće biti izgrađene ako se vratimo.

Moj otac će opet napraviti jer  
on zna sve da radi ako ostane živ.

Nadamo se ponovo istim životu,  
jer će se sve napraviti i biti bolje.

Ponovo će biti prodavnice i bilijarsi.

Ja ću sa svojim drugovima ponovo  
igrati čemo lopte kod škole naše.

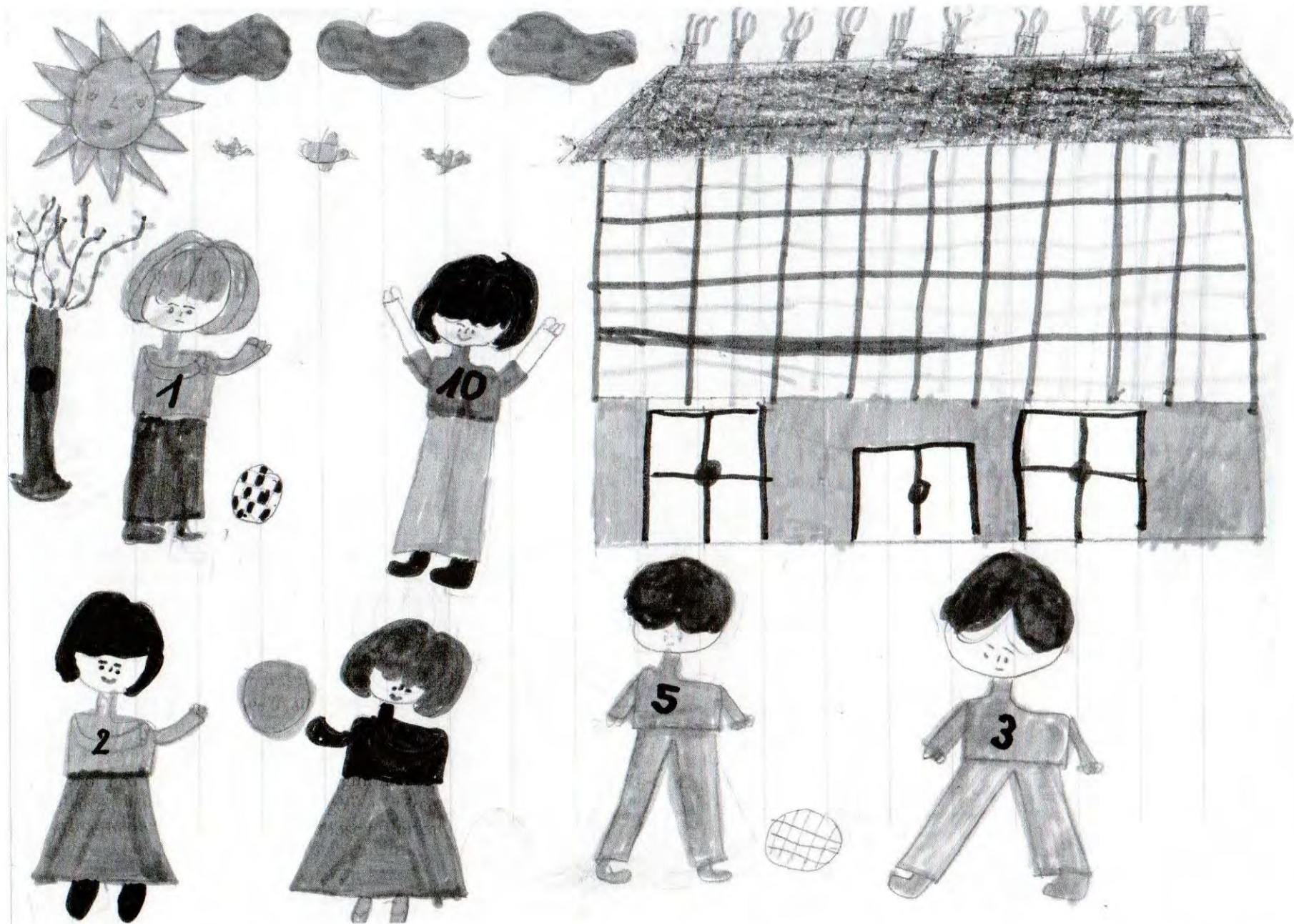
SENAD Va Zvornik

2.12.80 g

■ Senad - age 13, from Zvornik (May 93)

■ Senad, Zvornik, 13 godina (maj '93.)

When the war ends the houses will be built again if we come back. If he stays alive, my father will build it again, because he knows how. We are hoping for the same life again because everything will be built and it will be better. Once again there will be shops and billiards. I am going to play football with my friends again at our school.



- Aida - age 10, from Brčko (May '93)
- Aida, Brčko, 10 godina (maj '93.)

Čemu se nadati poslije rata  
Kad se završi rat ja se nadam  
da se vratim svojoj kući, i sve  
da bude kao prije. Da se sastavi-  
m sa svojim drugovima, i da  
opet provodim vrijeme u igrama  
sa njima. Da idem u školu. I sve  
da bude potpuno isto kao  
prije.

lost and the  
create motiva  
was decided that

Bećir  
iz Šibošnice

17.4.1991. god

- **Bećir**, age 12, from Vlasenica, village of Šibošnica (May 93)
- **Bećir**, Vlasenica, Šibošnica, 12 godina (maj '93.)

When the war ends I am hoping to go back to my home, and that everything is going to be like before. I hope to meet with my friends again and to, once again, spend my time playing with them and going to school. I hope that everything is going to be like before.

ČEMU SE NA DZT POSLJE RAZ  
OD KAKO SAM DOŠLA U TUZLU POSLA  
SAM U 5 RAZRED O.S. TU NIJE BIL  
LOŠE. IMALI SMO HRANU I IMALI SMO  
GOJE SPAVATI. A SAD NEZNAM KAD ĆEMO  
SE VRATITI. NI TADMO NEĆE BITI NAJLIPŠE  
ALI ĆEMO SE RADOVATI ŠTO SMO SE  
VRATILI NAŠEM KRAJU. IAKO NEĆEMO  
IMATI KUĆA. SVAKO ĆE SEBI SAŠTA VIKI  
KOLIKO. ŽIVJE ĆEMO PAKAKO BUDE.  
ALI ĆEMO NAJVIŠE VOLETI NAŠU  
DOMOVINU, I POSEBNO NAŠ KRaj.

the final solution to  
dissolution of Yugoslavia

Ardija V

IZ BRATUNACI - GLOGOVAN

3-8-1991, 9:00h

- Avdija - age 12, from Bratunac, Glogovan (May '93)
- Avdija, Bratunac, Glogovan, 12 godina (maj '93.)

Since I came to Tuzla I started grade 5. It was not bad. We had food and had somewhere to sleep. I don't know when we are going back. It isn't going to be great there either but we are going to be happy because we came back home, even though we won't have homes.



— Čemu se nadati poslije rata  
Od kada sam od kuće došla  
sve se nadam da ću se  
vratiti svojoj kući da opet živim  
u svojoj mirnoj domovini. Sad  
trenutno živim u Tuzli. Nadam se  
rat smir na javeću da pravim  
nova kuća. Nadam se da će  
se to savršeno da se sretnem  
sa svojom braćom i da  
vidim sve svoje školske  
drugarice.

Herzegovina  
Montenegrin with EU

Mirzeta ja  
9.10.1991 godine  
Glogova - Bratunac

- Mirzeta - age 12, from Bratunac, Glogovac (May 93)
- Mirzeta, Bratunac, Glogovac, 12 godina (maj '93.)

Since I left my home I have been hoping to go back to my home to live again in a peaceful country. At this moment I am living in Tuzla. When the war ends I am going to build a new house. I hope that this is going to end and that I will meet with my family and see all my school friends.

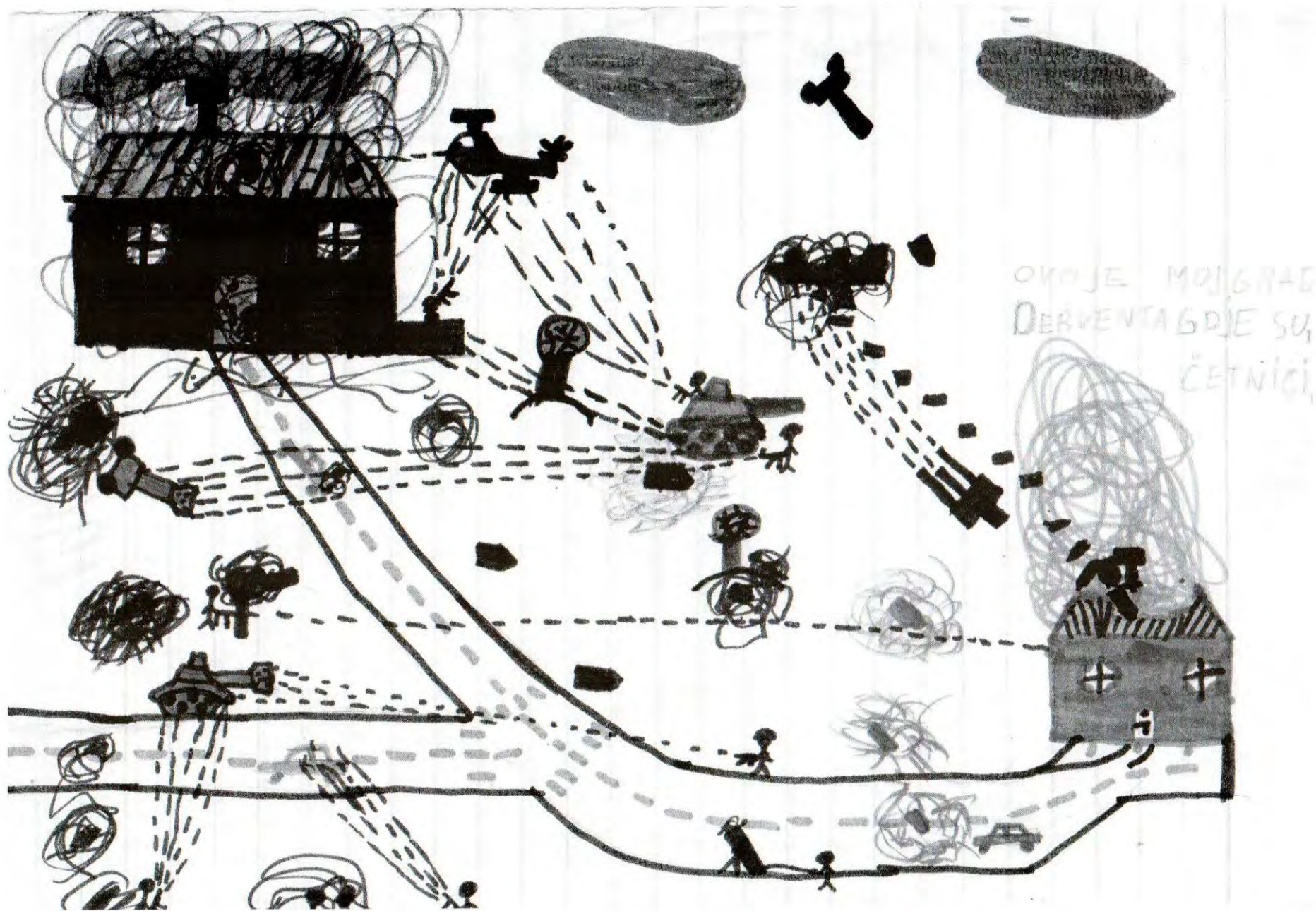
Znam kako je u ovom ratu.  
neko nema ni oca ni majke a neko  
ima. U mene je deda poginuo u ratu  
ali šta ja mogu od sudbine ne mogu  
pobjeći. Ja se nadam da ćemo se  
vratiti kućama.

■ **Vahida** - age 11, from Zvornik (May 93)

■ **Vahida**, Zvornik, 11 godina (maj '93.)

I know what this war is like. Some don't have a mother or a father and some do. My grandfather died in the war but what can I do, you can't run away from fate. I hope that we will go back home.





- Nedžad - age 10, from Derventa (Spring 93)
- Nedžad, Derventa, 10 godina (proljeće '93.)

THIS IS MY CITY OF DERVENTA, WHERE THE CHETNIKS ARE.

■ Seid, - age 11, from Zvornik, village of Liplje (May 93.)

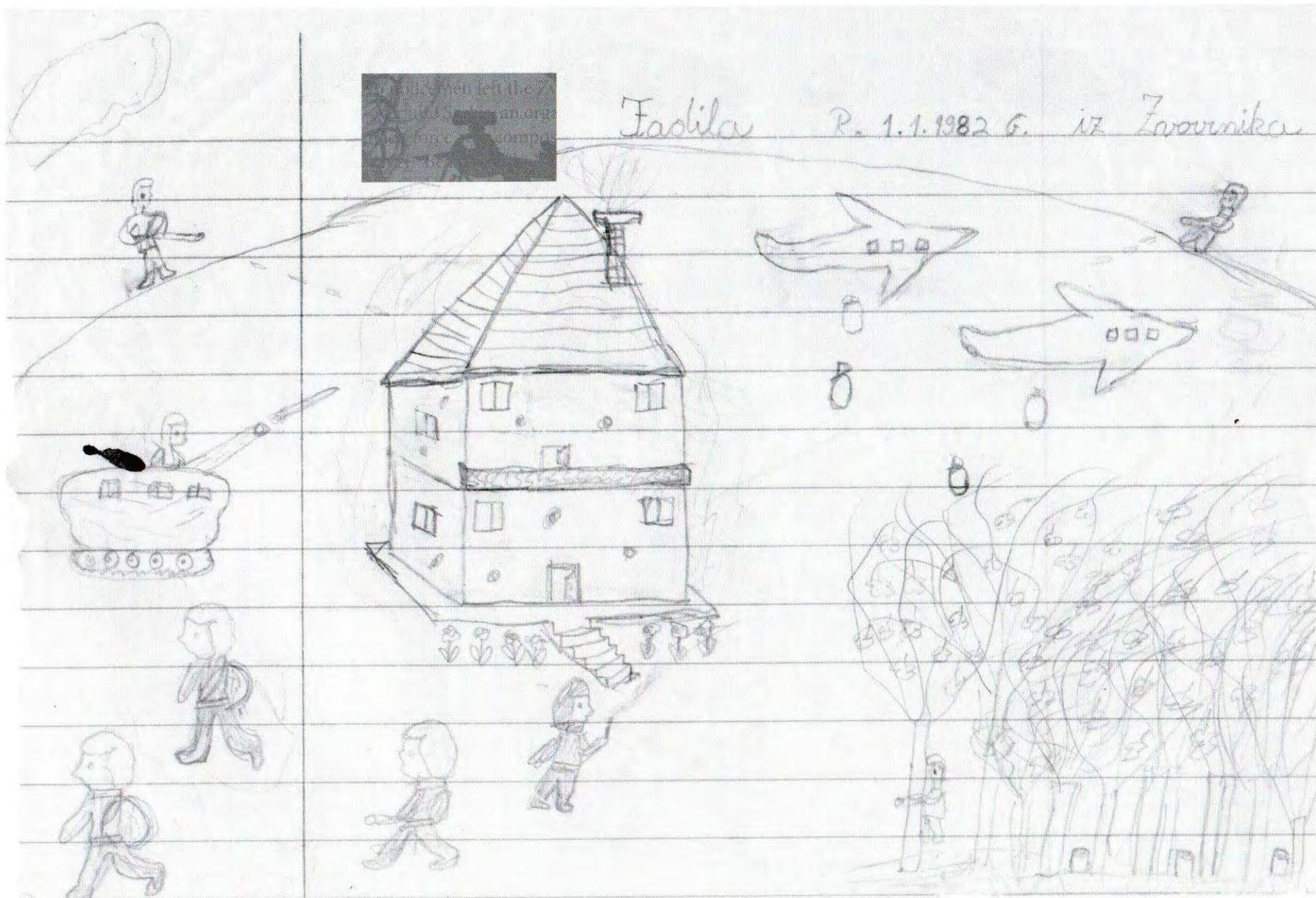
■ Seid, Zvornik, selo Liplje, 11 godina, (maj '93.)

1)  
DATUM 28.5.1993.godine  
Seid [redacted] s. Liplje  
11. godina.  
Nadamo se isao rata  
Doći će izgradnja i  
sjetra. Završavaće  
mir i normalni  
život. Završavaće glad.  
Bićemo radosni što  
sma došli svojim  
domovima. Ali kao  
godinu starićemo

1)  
DATUM  
kosta je i bita.  
Doći će da se izgra-  
duju škole, i trgov-  
ine i druge objekte.  
Postoje rata mnogo  
će biti rata od  
mimo. Opetu sa svo-  
im drugovima igr-  
ati se iduće.

What do I hope for after the war. The construction and planting will begin. Peace and normal life will take over. Hunger will ensue.\* We will be happy for having returned to our homes. But in one year we will get the things we once had. The construction of schools, shops and other buildings will begin. After the war there will be many mine victims. I will play with my friends again.

\* this is most likely an error



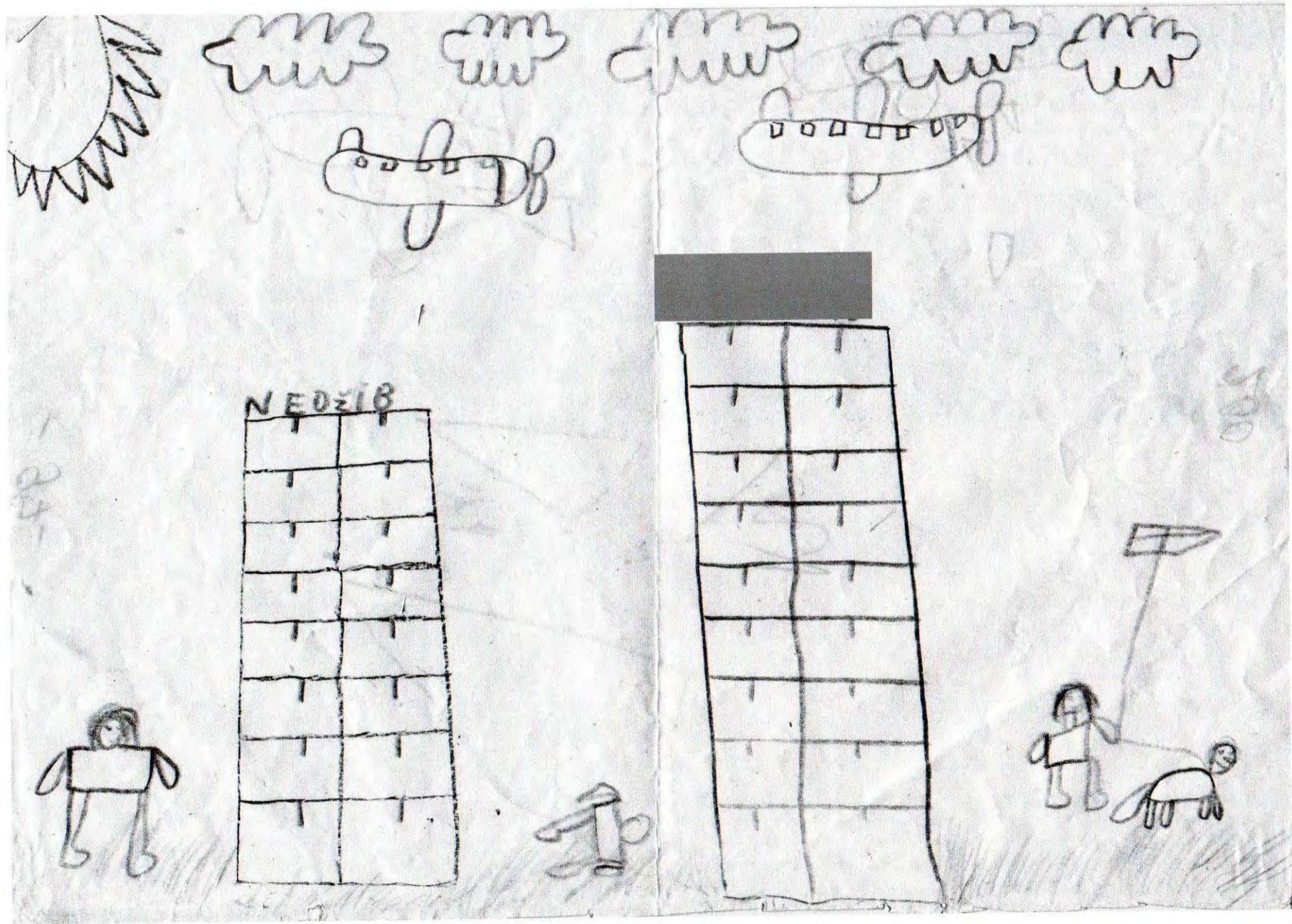
- **Fadila**, Zvornik, 11 godina (maj '93.)
- **Fadila** - age 11, from Zvornik (May 93)

Šemu se nadati posle rata  
Ja bi volela da mi nije kuća  
izgorijela. Mi svi volimo da se  
rat završi. I da se vratimo svoji  
kućam. Pa bi opet nekako sakucili  
Mi bi svi volili da nije niko  
poginuo. Mi će mo opet pravit ku-  
ću. Meni daj da se vratim na  
svoje ognjište. Pa neka je sve izgor-  
jelo. Meni fala bogu nije niko  
poginuo. Ja mrzim četike. Ništa  
nebi volela da, samo da se vrea-  
tom svojoj kući. Eto toliko. ADISA.

■ **Adisa** - age 10, from Zvornik, Novo Selo (February 93)

■ **Adisa**, Zvornik, Novo Selo, 10 godina (februar '93.)

I wish that my house had not burned down. We all wish for the war to end and to go back to our homes. We are going to furnish our homes somehow. We wish that no one had been killed. We are going to build our house again. I just want to go back to my home. I don't care if everything has burned down. Thank God, no one in my family was killed. I hate Chetniks. I don't wish for anything except to go back to my home. That's all.



- Nedžib, - age 11, from Sarajevo (Winter 92/93)
- Nedžib, Sarajevo, 11 godina (zima '92/93.)

~~Kad sam bila mala~~  
nije ništa bilo kao prije samo tuga i bol za  
rodnim gradom nije bilo ni cvijeta kao prije  
niti mirisa onog nije ništa kao prije nema  
exana niti bijele džamije. Moja želja je  
da dođe Melek i da zauči ezan da se  
ođav grad ori od njega da ojetim da  
zamislim da je tu nekad džamija bila

■ Mehdina - age 15, from Brčko

■ Mehdina, Brčko, 15 godina

...Nothing was as before, only sorrow and pain for the native town. There were no flowers as before, nor the smell. Nothing is as before. There is no adhan (a Muslim call to prayer) or the White Mosque. My wish is for an angel to appear and give adhan so that the entire town would resound with the sound, so that I could imagine that there once was a mosque there... (Excerpt)

...mu se nadat posle rata  
Posle rata nećemo se bojati granata. Tićemo slati odno u školu i u vrtu se igrati. Opet ću sa drugovima ići na izlete i u šume. Popravljamo kuće i graditi nove. Gostaću se sa svojim nekadašnjim drugovima koji su kao i ja pobjegli od svojih kuća i nalaze se svesom svijeta. A naj veća mi je želja da se vratim u svoje mjesto. Da mi se tata zaposli i kao i prije rata uzima slatkiše. A tako da se i rat nikad neponovi.

■ Adel - age 10, from Gornja Glumina (May, 93)

■ Adel, Gornja Glumina, 10 godina (maj '93.)

After the war we won't be afraid of the grenades. We will freely go to school and play in peace. I will once again go with my friends on picnics and to the forest. We are going to fix up our homes and build new ones. I will meet with my former friends who, as I did, fled from their homes and are scattered throughout the world. My greatest wish is to go back to my village, for my father to get a job and to buy me candies as he did before the war. And for the war to never come again.





Čemu se nadati  
posle rata

- Kada prođu sve ove grozote  
i strahote što doživljavaju naša  
mlada srca, ja se ipak nadam  
da će doći sve ove ljepote koje  
su nekada bile s nama.

Svi ćemo opet biti veseli  
jer neće biti granata i žih  
strašnih surtooskih automata.  
Doživljavati ćemo opet nešto lepo  
i učemo više kroz život ići  
sljepo. I svi ćemo opet biti  
zajedno, veseli, sretni, ali samo  
mi, pravi Bosanci.

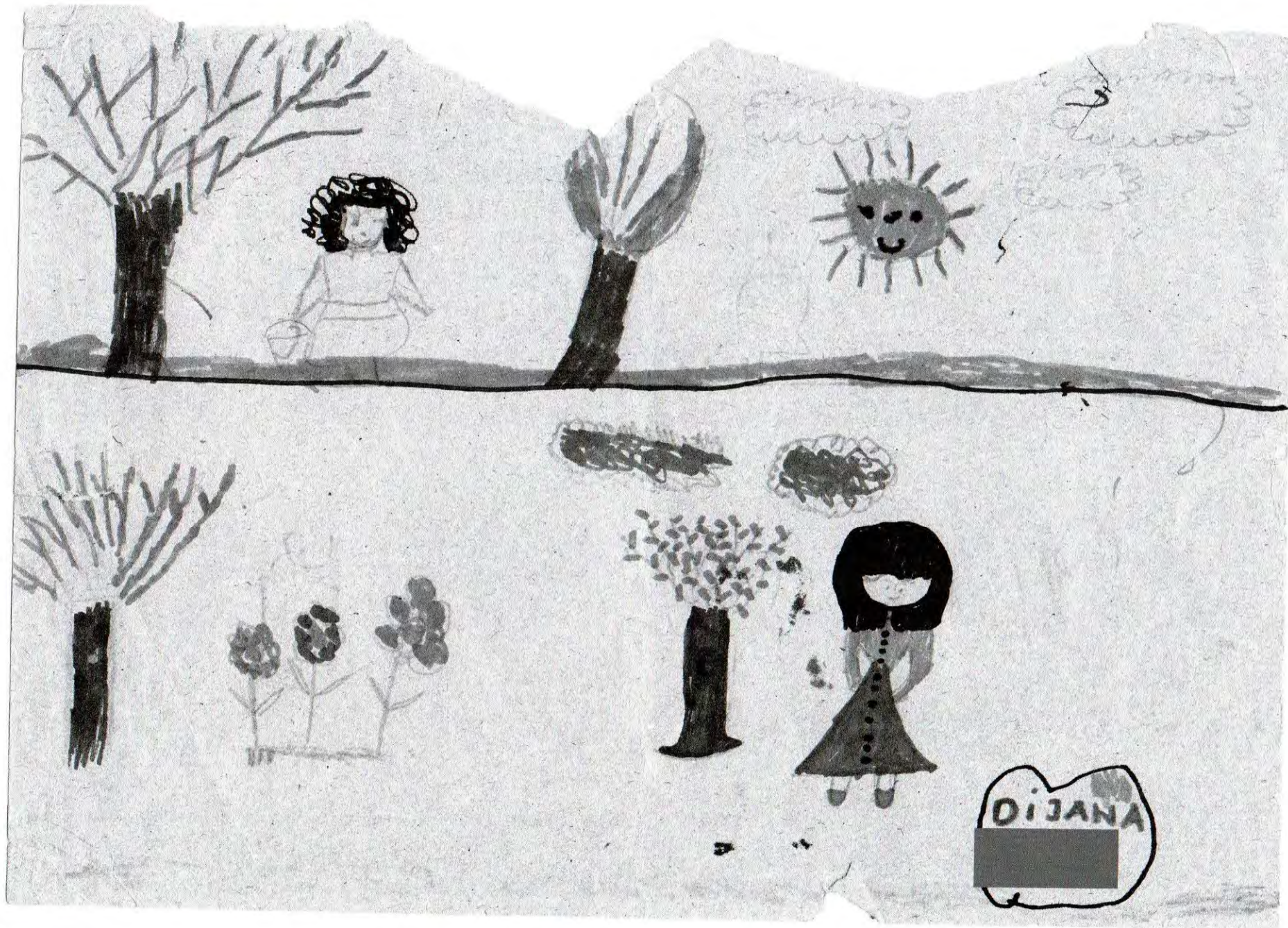
██████████ Aldina  
Zvornik 1979. godine.

■ Aldina - age 12, from Zvornik (May 93)

■ Aldina, Zvornik, 12 godina (maj '93.)

What to hope for after the war.

When all these atrocities and horrors that our young hearts have endured end, I am still hoping that things will be beautiful as they once had been. We shall all be happy again because there will be no grenades and the deadly machine guns. We will once again experience something beautiful and we will not go blindly through life. We shall all be together again, happy and joyous, but only us, the true Bosnians.



## ČEMU SE NADATI POSLIJE RATA

BEZ OBZIRA NA TO DAJE ISAD RATA JA  
SE NADAM DA ĆU SE VRATITI SVOJOJ KUĆI.  
I DA ĆU OPET IMATI SVE ONO ŠTO SAM  
IMALA DOK SE NIJE ZARATILO. SREĆNA BI  
BILA KAD BI BAR NEŠTO NAŠLA OD ONOG ŠTO  
SAM IMALA, I KAD BI PONOVO SUSRELA  
SVOJE DRUGARICE I DRUGOVE, I S NJIMA  
ZAJEDNO KRENULA U ŠKOLU. KAD BI  
PONOVO SUSRELA SVOJE NASTAVNIKE.  
A NAJSREĆNIJA BI BILA KAD BI VIDJELA  
SVOG TATU KOJEG NISAM VIDJELA  
GODINU DANA. I SAD SE NADAM DA  
ĆU SE VRATITI SVOJOJ KUĆI

ELMINA V<sup>a</sup>

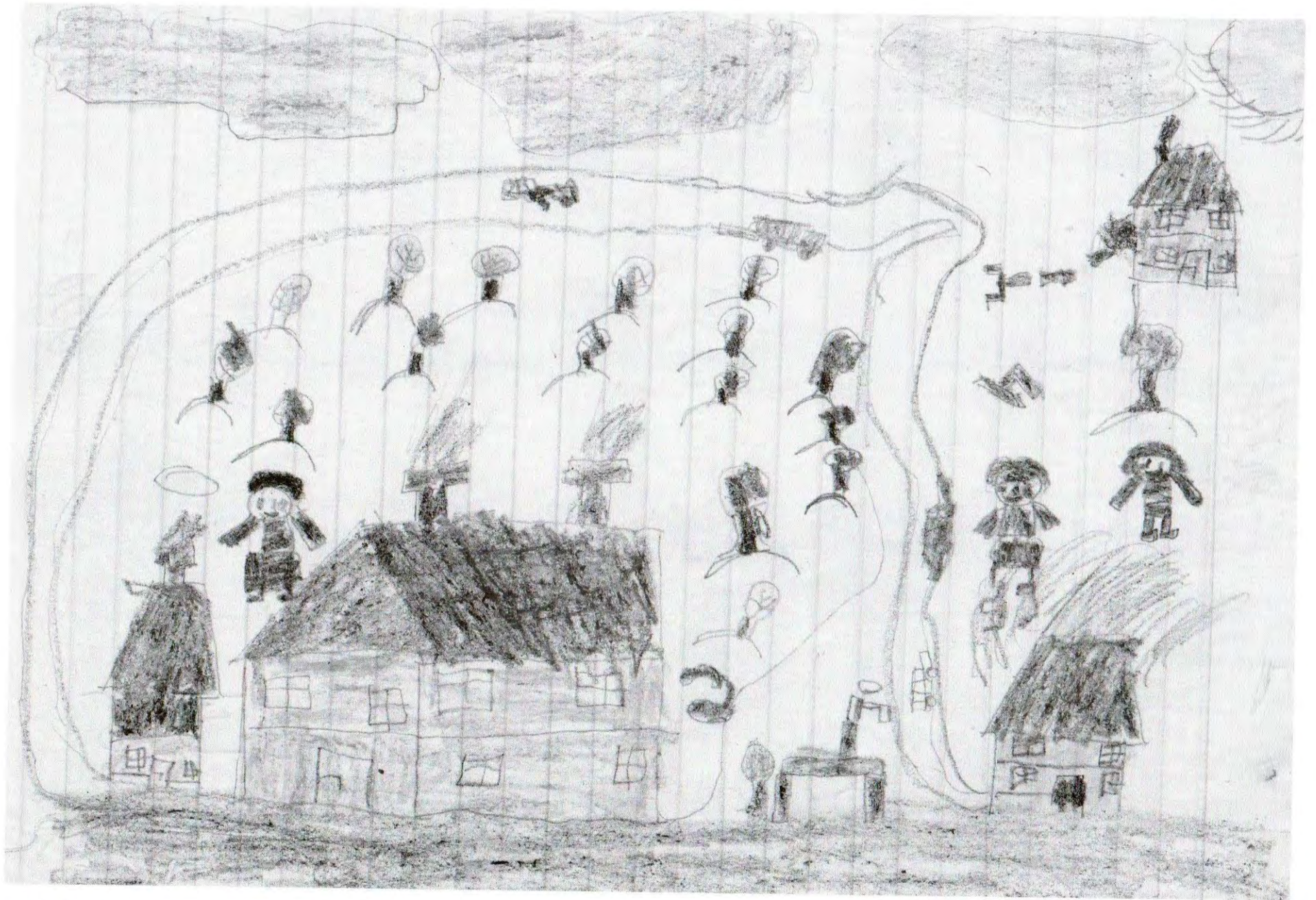
IZ JELOVOG BRDA

81. GODIŠTE

■ Elmina - age 12, from Jelovo Brdo (Spring 93)

■ Elmina, Jelovo Brdo, 12 godina (proljeće '93)

Regardless of the fact that the war is still continues, I hope that I will go back home and that I will once again have everything I had before the war broke out. I would be happy if I were to find at least some of the things I had before, and if I were to meet my friends and go to school with them, and to see my teachers again. But I would be most happy if I were to see my father whom I haven't seen for a year. Even now I am hoping to go back home.



19. 7. 93. Nedžla - Srebrenica

19. 7. 93. Nedžla

Čemu se nadati poslije rata

Čemu se nadati poslije rata kad nemam  
svog brata, kad nemam oca svog, i sve što  
mi je drago bilo. Kad nebudem bezbratna  
od majke i granata. Čemu da se na-  
dam, da li lijepom ili groznom životu  
mom, bez krova nad glavom kako da  
živim sad. Nemam ništa lijepo da  
me privlači da živim sad. Čemu da  
se nadam kad bude ne mirno, i ko-  
je me posjećali na mir, kad sam imala  
brata i oca svog i sve što je bilo lijepo  
u životu mom.

■ Nedžla - age 14, from Srebrenica, (May, 93)

■ Nedžla, Srebrenica, 14 godina (maj '93.)

What am I to hope for after the war when I don't have my brother and everything that was dear to me. When I stop running from the bullets and grenades. What am I to hope for, for a beautiful or a horrible life without a roof over my head. How can I live now. I have nothing nice to look forward to and live for. What am I to hope for when there is peace which will remind me of the peaceful times when I had a brother and a father and everything that was nice in my life.

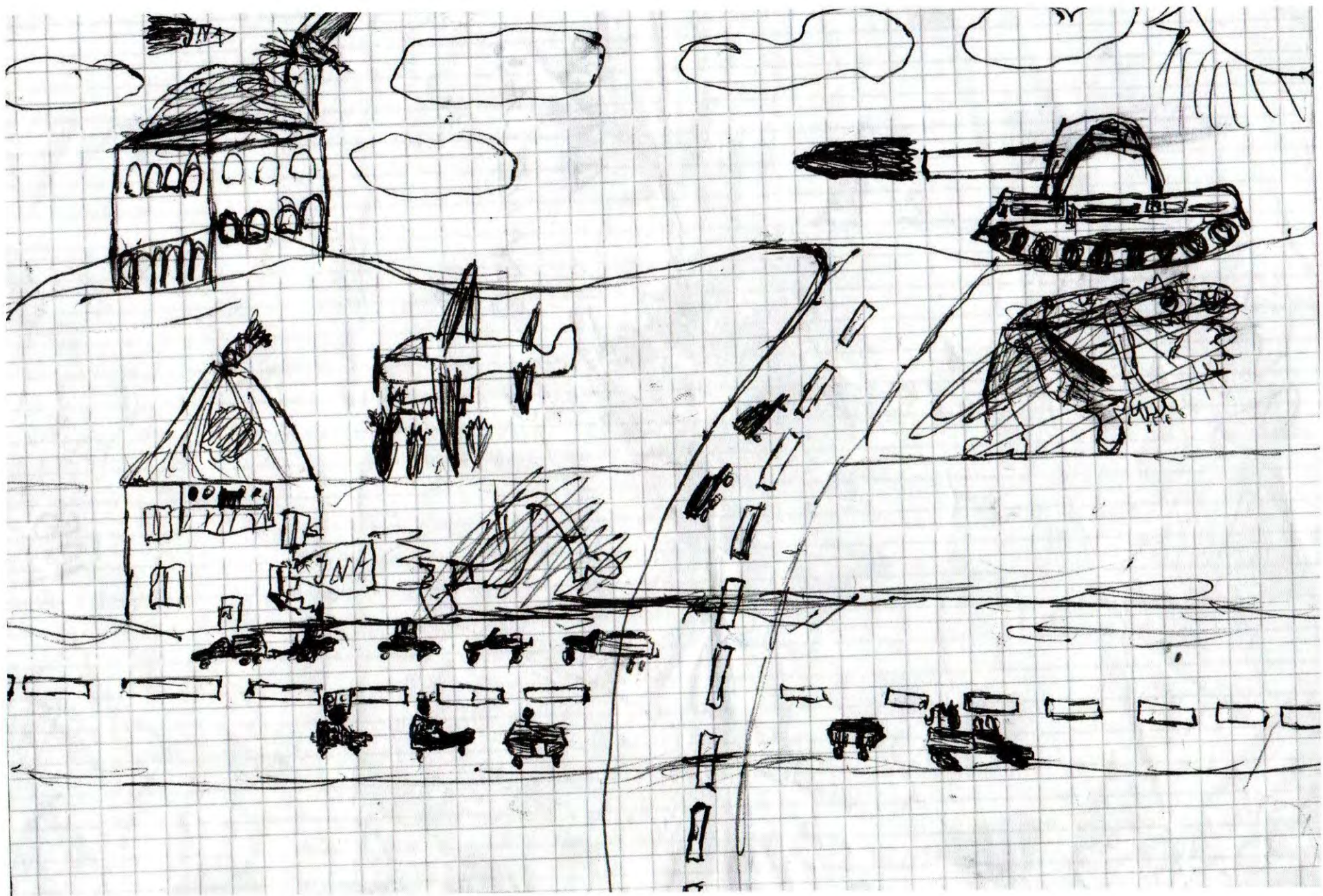
Ođ kada sam došla u Tuzlu sve je postalo  
tužno. Tamo sam svega željna voća povrća i svega  
drugog. Najviše želim na mojoj kućom koja je  
ostala u vikoru rata i koja je spaljena do temelja.  
U mom životu ima mnogo misli mislim samo  
kako će se živiti posle ovog rata. Ja mislim kada  
se rat zavrti i kada će se vratiti svoa radnom.  
kraju. Da će sve početi isnova. Od prva ćemo da  
počnemo od kolibica pa do onog prošlog vremena.

[REDACTED] Fahrija  
Zvornik Godina 20. 5. 1993. god.

■ Fahrija - age 12, from Zvornik (May 93)

■ Fahrija, Zvornik, 12 godina (maj '93.)

Since our arrival to Tuzla everything has become sad. Here I crave for fruit, vegetables and everything else. Most of all I long for my home which has been lost in the whirlwind of war and burned down to the ground. There are a lot of things I think about. I think about how we are going to live after the war and how I am going to return to my place of birth. That everything will start from the beginning. First we will start by building cabins and work until we have what we had in the past.



- Anel - age 7, from Gradačac (Winter 93)
- Anel, Gradačac, 7 godina (proljeće '93.)

Do Čemu se nadati poslije rata.  
Rat još uvijek traje, ali će i proći.  
Nadam se da će me opet biti  
sretni kao nekad. Vratiti će me se  
svojoj kući. Kuće su mame izgorjele  
ili srušene, ali mama neće, vratiti će  
se ma svoje ogmjanke, ma svoje zgariste.  
Izgraditi će nove kuće, početi će novi  
voda Gersi, najgusti život. Jednog  
dana kada iz mase drage Bosne  
istjeramo Gude koji nam donose zlo  
biće sretni, naj sretniji Gudi ma svijeta.

Alma

VII<sup>a</sup>

1979. godišta  
Srebrenica.

- Alma - age 14, from Srebrenica (May 93)
- Alma, Srebrenica, 14 godina (maj '93.)

The war is still going on but it will pass. I hope that we are going to be happy again as we were before. We will go back to our homes. Our homes have been burned down or torn down, but it doesn't matter, we will go back to our homes, to our burned down homes. We will build new homes. We will begin a new life, maybe a better life, the best life. One day, when we drive out from Bosnia those people who bring evil to us, we will be happy, the happiest people in the world.



### Doručak iz Zelenice

Početak rata odlasim sa roditeljima i bratom u Podšeplje opština (dan Herak). Bili smo kod očevih roditelja i radili smo se tu do kraja maja. Tada počinje napad na Podšeplje. Kao i sav narod odlasim sa roditeljima da lutamo po šumi. Po sumama lutamo do avgusta mjeseca sve dok četnici ne pretravaju šume gdje se narod moliše. Lutajući tako prvi put čujem izvišduke granata u metaka ispaljivanih iz oružija kojim nisam više mislila na. Mada mi je teško, ali napuštamo Podšeplje odlasimo prema Zelenici. Utočište nalazimo u selu Bajramovići kod porodice Ure i Rame [redacted] gdje se radimo do februara mjeseca. Bila sam i gola i bosa. Jela sam sve što nikad nebi posumnjala da se može jesti, ali što mogu život je takav. Jesti rob, kukuruz, kvasac repi i tekuzi od kukurusa sve je to bilo usas sa sav taj napućeni narod. Roditelji nemogu da gledaju našu patnju sa hranom i ovdje - ljujama se na put sa Kladanj. Noću u tri sata kada je najgori sam i kada je mnogo hladno mi krećemo na put prema Kladanju. Idući po velikom snijegu stalno sam padala a roditelji su me držali. Pošavši po sumama oko trideset sati otac me je stalno držao kao roditelji čvrsto me držao sa rukom govoreći mi, "Neboj se malena preći ćemo mi ovaj teški put i doći do slobodne teritorije." Uvijek sam se radovala očevim riječima, mislila sam na trenutke sreće. Pošto sam bila blizu čula sam nafil i moj otac je pao. Okrenula sam se poticala sam prema majki koja mi je krenula u susret. Njeno tužno lice ostalo mi je u očima. Ne sama nisam smala gdje sam sve može nati

i radosni trenutci se ruše kao most sreće polako nestaju gube se. Ostati bez jednog roditelja svog oca i najboljeg prijatelja to je teška bol u mom životu. Plakala sam a suze kao da su se smavale na mom licu. Pošto su mi ubili oca, a nas opkolili četnici su nas isveli iz šume. Na proplanku smo sjedili plakali smo moj brat i ja prisao nam je četnik i upitao šta nam je mi smo rekli da smo izgubili oca on se sama namirja. Pomislila sam u sebi ničeg nam nije išao mi mene ove dječice koji ste uveli napreću roditeljima ljubav prema djetetu. Ali neka kad, svemu ovome dođe kraj osjetit će te i vi ovoliko bol kao što sam ja. Potravajući nas u neki kamion odvoze u nepoznatom pravcu. Majka nas savjetuje da budemo us nju jer ako nas budu ubijali da poginemo zajedno. Putovali smo kroz šume do nekog sela. Uslazeći iz kamiona vidjela sam ljude koji su izgledali čudno sa oružijem. To su bili četnici prepaala sam se a majka je plakala i govorila sa što nas meste pokrili po šumi. Dovode nas do ruha šume govore koim pravcem da idemo. Sa bratom sam jedva išla jer smo se veći počeli smrvavati. Bili smo po sumama prema Kladanju. Pošavši šest do sedam sati odlučili smo da se odmorimo i naložimo vatru. Počeli smo spavati oko vatre majka nas je savala da nastavimo put. Idući dalje smrvavajući se od šume mislila sam u sebi kako bi me ugrijao zagrljaj mog oca. Još uvijek mi osvajavaju očeve riječi u

mojim usama da čemo stići do slobodne teritorije  
i osjetiti šta je sreća. Ponoć dva časa dolasimo  
premoreni u Kladanj. Prenoćili smo u stablu u Kladnju.  
Sutredan su brata i mene odveli u Dom ispravljaja tu  
su nam pružili prvu pomoć. Posle toga dolazi mi  
tetka u Kladanj dovodi nas u Livinice gdje i sada  
živim. Jedina utjeha posle smrti mog oca ostala  
mi je majka ona stalno plače sa ocem sve joj je  
teško. Mada ni meni nije sjajno teško mi je jer  
sam izgubila svog oca koji mi je bio kao drug  
i kome sam mogla reći sve. Eto takav je moj doživljaj  
na putu Srebrenica Kladanj vrlo težak i tužan. Sam  
taj strah koji sam pretrpila, koji nikad neće moći  
zaboraviti u svom životu.

■ Mirela - age 10, from Vlasenica (Spring '93)

■ Mirela, Vlasenica, 10 godina (proljeće '93.)

#### An experience from Srebrenica

At the beginning of the war I left for Podzeplje, municipality of Han Pijesak, with my parents and my brother. We stayed at my father's parents and we remained there until the end of May. At that time the attack on Podzeplje began. I left with my parents to wander through the woods, as did the rest of the people. We wandered through the woods right up to the month of August, when the Chetniks started to search the woods where the people were. As I wandered, I heard the whistling sounds of grenades and bullets for the very first time, fired from, God knows what kinds of weapons. Although it was difficult for me, we left Podzeplje and headed in the direction of Srebrenica. We found refuge in the village of Bajramovici with the family of Ibro and Rama Huremovic, where we remained until the month of February. I was poorly clothed and hungry. I ate things for which I previously thought were not edible, but what can I do, such is life. To eat oatmeal, corn, turnip and something made from corn, was horrible for all those agonized people. Our parents could no longer bear to watch our suffering, so we decided on a journey to Kladanj. At 3 a.m., when sleep is most precious and when it's the coldest, we set out towards Kladanj.

As we made our way through the deep snow, I kept on falling and my parents kept helping me up. Walking through the woods for about thirty hours, my father constantly comforted me and firmly held me by the hand, telling me: "Do not fear little one, we will complete this difficult journey and reach the free territory." It was with joy that I received my father's words, as I thought of the moments of happiness. Since I was close by, I heard the machine-gun burst. My father fell. I turned around and ran towards my mother who made her way towards me. Her sad expression remained with me. I knew not where I was. All my hopes and moments of joy were crumbling like a bridge of happiness, slowly

disappearing, vanishing. To lose a parent – a father and a best friend, is a painful loss in my life. I cried and my tears seemed to freeze on my face. When they killed my father and surrounded the rest of us, the Chetniks led us out of the forest. My brother and I sat on a clearing and cried. A Chetnik approached us and asked us why we were crying. We told him that we had lost our father and he laughed. I thought to myself: “You feel no remorse for anything, not for me – a girl from whom you have taken the greatest parental love towards a child. So be it, when all this comes to an end you shall feel the same torment I’m feeling.”

They put us on some trucks and drove us in unknown direction.

Our mother is advising us to stay close to her, for if they should kill us we shall die together. We traveled through some forests to a certain village. While stepping off the truck, I saw strange people with guns. They were Chetniks. I became fearful and my mother cried and kept saying: “Why haven’t you killed us in the forest.” They brought us to the edge of the forest and told us in which direction to go. My brother and I could barely walk since we were beginning to freeze. We walked through the woods in the direction of Kladanj. Having walked for six or seven hours, we decided to rest and build a fire. We started falling asleep by the fire but our mother called us to continue our journey. As we set forth, freezing from the cold, I thought how a hug from my father would warm me up. My father’s words, that we would reach the free territory and feel what happiness is, are still ringing in my ears. It was 2 a.m. Exhausted, we reached Kladanj. We spent the night in the headquarters in Kladanj.

The next day, they took me and my brother to the Health Centre where we received first aid. Afterwards, my aunt came to Kladanj and took us to Zivinice, where we are still living.

The only consolation, following my father’s death, is my mother. She is constantly crying for him and it is becoming more difficult for her. I don’t feel great myself. It is hard for me, because I have lost my father who was my friend and to whom I could tell all.

There, such was my experience on the journey from Srebrenica to Kladanj. Very difficult and sad. All the fear I had to endure. I shall never be able to forget it.

20. 06. 1992. god.  
- 19214

Poruka neprijatelju:

Čovječe, ti si naš neprijatelj. Uoznao si se, postao si ono što ustvari si jesi. Daj da se poljubi ruke. Budi čist kao i svi ostali mećimski ljudi. Mi zapravo: ako ne kao ikada ramni a ramniće se, gdje god da se sakriješ pa uokan si u uinjju rupa ruka pravde si ruka pravda će se stići. Čovječe, daj ti razumijevaj o kofudawa i kofudawa najglubli ljudi koji su ispušteni iz noga dawa, oja su manja i gradovi ispušteni. mišeni - više si meva. Meću siu najglubli ljudima sam si ja, djerjenica od trinaest godina ispušteni iz noga dawa. U ovom gradu ostavila sam sve ono što su uopći nodideli godinama graditi. U Srebrenici su mi ostali uopći uopći drugovi i drugarice a kojima se uočte više nikada među mišeni. Uostali su mi i uopća mama i dete kojih više meva jer su ispušteni u plauenu koji si ti potpalio. Rasula sam se sa još puno drugova i drugarica različitih nacija ali do ueni uopće nije mi bitno jer me uopća uauua učita da nikoga nebrata gledati po imenu i rjeri. I sada kada sam dosta odrje u ovaj veliki grad pun ljubavi i uina, a me uopće mašta sam puno prijatelja (Aldina G., Elva A., Safet S., Mika M., Hazim A., Selma B., Edin S., ...) a kojima se čijepo drušću jer mi nebrataje mi ko sam, mi šta sam, mi odakle sam. I na kraju još samo meću da ti poručim. Sve će se ovo završiti i ti ćeš uočte ostati živ, ali zapravo jedno: troja narjend će se uopće peći i prgoniti da meću niuati uina i kojat čes se sig omoga što si jednom uradio.

ALMA /15/

SREBRENICA

■ Alma - age 13, from Srebrenica,  
(20 June 92)

■ Alma, Srebrenica, 13 godina  
(20. juni '92.)

#### A MESSAGE TO THE ENEMY:

Man, you are our enemy. Come to your senses, become what in essence you are. Don't dirty your hands for nothing. Be pure as all the other innocent people. But remember, if this shall ever come to pass, and it will, wherever you hide, whatever hole you crawl into, the hand of justice and the people shall catch up to you. Man, do you think of the thousands and thousands of those who have fled, who have been forced out of their homes. In my town, I left all that my parents had been building for years. Many of my friends, whom I may never see again, remained in Srebrenica.

Remaining behind were my grandmother and grandfather, who are no longer among us, because they have vanished in the flames you ignited. I have parted with many more friends of different nationalities, but that did not matter to me, since my mother taught me not to judge anyone by their names or religion. Even now, when I have come to this big city, full of love and peace and not hatred, I have found many friends (Aldina G., Elma A., Safet S., Mika M., Hazim A., Selma B., Edin S., ...) with whom I get along well, because they do not concern themselves with what my name is, what I am, nor where I come from. And lastly, let me say one more thing. All this will end, and you might stay alive, but remember one thing: you will be tormented by your conscience and you will have no peace, and you will feel remorse for what you have done.

*“When I got back to Holland I wept for days because I was haunted by the events of Srebrenica.”*

Antoon Van Worn  
– a member of the UN - location: Srebrenica 1995\*

*“Kad sam se vratio u Nizozemsku danima sam plakao jer su me progonili događaji iz Srebrenice”.*

Antoon van Worn  
- pripadnik UN lokacija u Srebrenici 1995.\*

\*Josip Stilinovic spoke with and photographed Antoon Van Worn - a witness to the fall of Srebrenica, in a Holland town of Amersfoort (Zagreb, 17 November 1995, *Globus* newspaper)

\*S Antoonom van Wornom, svjedokom pada Srebrenice, u nizozemskom gradiću Amersfoortu razgovarao i snimio Josip Štilinović (17. studeni 1995. “Globus”).



■ Adna - age 12, from Srebrenica (Winter 1995)

■ Adna, Srebrenica, 12 godina (zima '95.)

### THE FEAR OF REMEMBRANCE

Strah od sjećanja  
Palata naviru sjećanja, sjećanja na te dane po  
vedene u Srebrenici, dane patnje, užasa, stra-  
havi... Srebrenica kao grad iz filma strave i  
užasa. Poružen. Strašan. Na ulicama ~~...~~  
samo izgledajeta, crna, upala lica odustra pogle-  
da. Ali većina njih je u svojim domovima, ne  
stare strajuju se od te ljede, ako se ikada  
bi od nje može skriti. Glad kao kuga, kao  
lica ih kao, ne biraju, i tako ti, užasni,  
dane za danom, se mišu i dode na red i  
taj dan, dan najužasniji, najstrašnji od svih.  
Taj dan sjećano će mi ostati u sjećanju.  
Vraćala sam se iz škole sa drugaricom i  
približom prolaska pored stadiona, na kojem  
se održavala utakmica, ona me zamolila  
da odem malo pogledati utakmicu. Ja sam  
pristala. Ušle smo na stadion i stak pokaj  
utara. Utakmica je i dalje trajala. Najednom  
vaču se pijuk, a zatim snažno eksplozija.  
I posle toga vrisci, jauci, krv, raskomadani  
tijela i samo se ovom šta je sve bilo. Samo  
znam da tada sam se divila vidjela sam  
užasom prizor koji mi se nikad neće izbiti  
iz sjećanja, mada se svim silama trudim,

moja drugarica koja se do maloprije  
smijala i radovala svaki korak je  
deko od mene, iz velikoj, letvi kao se  
pala glave. Prati mi je kao na od, vriska  
ula zaru, a posle tog mišeg se više ne  
sjećam. Prošlo je mnogo vremena od tog  
dana, ali i sad kad se opet nješta  
ti na nek jeća i strah. Sjećanja na taj  
dan nisu mi, ubijaju. I volim se muha  
na njega.  
A vrijeme tice dalje i posle svega ostaju  
samo sjećanja, sjećanja, sjećanja.

Slowly, memories come flooding, memories of those days spent in Srebrenica, days of suffering, horror and fear...Srebrenica, like a town from the horror movies. Demolished. Dreadful. On the streets, only the starving, black, sunken faces with absent stares. But most of them are in their homes. They do not venture out, they are hiding from that misfortune, if it is possible for one to hide from it. Hunger, like a plague, cutting them down mercilessly and indiscriminately. So day by day passes and the

time comes for that day, the most horrible of them all, the most horrid. That day will forever remain in my memory. On my way back from school with my friend, and while we were walking by the stadium, inside which there was a game in progress, she asked me to go watch the game with her for a while. I agreed. We walked into the stadium and stood by the entrance gate. The game continued. Suddenly, a whistling sound was heard and then a horrible explosion. Following that, screams, cries, blood, dismembered bodies and who knows what else. I only know that when I turned around I saw a horrible sight, a sight that shall never be erased from my memory, although I am trying with all my power to forget the experience. My friend, who a little while ago was laughing and looking forward to life, was lying not to far from me in a big pool of blood, half her head missing. All went dark around me. I screamed. I remember nothing after that. Long time has passed from that day. Even now, when I remember it, I shudder and I am overcome with fear. The remembrance of that day suffocates me. It is killing me. I like not to think of it.

And time goes on, and after everything there only remain memories, memories and memories.





■ Enisa - age 12, from Srebrenica (Winter 1995)

■ Enisa, Srebrenica, 12 godina (zima 1995.)

Plasim se svojih maštanja  
Početkom aprila 1992. godine velikim  
viri oblać vrelino je našu Bosnu i sa  
njom da ~~ta~~ ~~moje~~ ~~vee~~ srećno  
djetinstvo. Počela se ubijanja,  
progona, rasavanja... Naši najbolji prijat  
elji i komšije rastali su nam  
neprijatelji. Naš vlastiti dom postao  
je nam je tuđa. Nestalo je roditelja  
otaca je Boš.  
Evo već je četvrta godina rata,  
a ~~zapravo~~ se i dalje nastavlja. Za se  
četiri godine mnogo sam toga  
preživjelo, ali taj period mog života  
a kom vam sad želim pričati završio  
je sa moje guanine.  
Srebrenica je rata, civilno  
stanovište Srebrenice, to jest vanjenci,  
stari, žene i djeca među kojima sam  
bila i ja našla se pod „zaštitom“  
UNPROFOR-a čekajući evakuaciju za Tuzlu.  
Da su Srebrenička vojska stigla je  
u proljeće, lakše prema Tuzli. Civilna  
stanovište, među kojima sam bila i  
ja sa svojima, bila evakuirana u Tuzlu.  
Nekoliko, vojska je počela stizati,  
ali malo ih je stiglo. Ja sam čekala oca.  
Budući vojnici pričali su o nasima  
koji su na putu preživjeli, o  
zoga našim prijateljima koje su isao neki  
ostavljali. Ja sam i dalje čekala oca,  
ali on nije došao. Počela sam gubiti  
nadu da će doći. Jednog dana došao je  
moj omica, mnogi sam se obradovala  
njegovu dolaska, ali kad je rekao  
da oca nigdje u putu nije vidio  
veoma sam se razalostila. Od tog dana  
naučila sam ~~da~~ nade da se moj

osećati, ali ipak, nekad kad se samištim  
i udubim u maštanja, zaleknem sama sebe  
u maštanja, a dolasku mog oca, a  
svetom životu koji smo nekad živjeli  
zajednički a u evakuiranim zajedničkim životu.  
Plasim se ovog maštanja, ali se još  
više plasim ove stvarnosti, plasim se  
sadašnjim, budućnosti.  
Hosanović Enisa 12 godina  
11.11.1995.

### I AM FEARFUL OF MY DAYDREAMING

The beginning of April 1992. A big black cloud has covered our Bosnia and with it, my happy childhood. Killings, expulsions and destruction begin. Our best friends and neighbors have become our enemies. Our own home has become alien to us. Freedom has disappeared and war has begun.

Four years of war already, and the killings continue. In those four years, I lived through a great deal, but that period of my life, of which I wish to speak to you about, has exceeded all limits.

Srebrenica has fallen. The civilian population of Srebrenica, that is, the wounded, the elderly, the women

and the children, myself included, were under the “protection” of UNPROFOR, awaiting evacuation for Tuzla.

The entire army of Srebrenica left to fight its way through towards Tuzla. The civilian population, myself included, was transferred to Tuzla. However, the army began to arrive, but only in small numbers. I waited for my father. The arriving soldiers spoke of the horrors they lived through during their journey, of their fallen comrades they left behind. I kept on waiting for my father, but he wasn't showing up. I was beginning to lose hope of his arrival. One day, my uncle arrived. His arrival made me very happy, but when he told me that he had not seen my father during his journey, I became very sad. From that day, I lost all hope of my father ever coming back. But sometimes, when I sink into my thoughts, I catch myself thinking about my father's arrival, about the happy life we had once lived.

I am fearful of my daydreaming, but the reality frightens me even more. I am afraid of the present and the future.

**Osman** - an eleven year-old boy.  
Arrived from Srebrenica - a UN "safe haven"  
- when it fell into Chetnik hands.

I met him at school. He was the smallest kid in class. He didn't talk to the other children. He only stared with his big dark eyes... He talked of his life in Srebrenica. He mostly talked about his friend Selmo.

*"We went to school together. We sat together."*

Separated by the chaos of Srebrenica.

*"I don't know where he is. I would like nothing more than to see him."*

He constantly repeated it. He spoke slowly and quietly. With his story he led me through the golgotha of Srebrenica.

*"...I went and I have seen it. Our guys with their hands raised. Cut up with knives. Two thousand of them...It was most difficult for me,...it was most difficult for me..."*

He couldn't go on. He went pale. I moved quickly. Fortunately, he did not fall. In my arms I held an unconscious child...a child...I broke out in cold sweat...God...God...will he ever be able to close his eyes without the dreadful scenes flashing through his mind. Can he mention his native town without remembering. Can he ever forget? God...God...A grown man would lose consciousness, let alone a child.

That day was horrible for me. I did not want to go home. I did not want to see anyone. I didn't want to talk. God, will this woman who wants this book to see the light of day, comprehend. I know she wants to, but will she be able to? Will she know how? Osman. A boy. Quiet, too quiet. Suffocated by the cognition of this "life". Osman - a child.

Amira Delić  
Elementary School "Simin Han" in Tuzla, November 1995

**Osman** - jedanaestogodišnji dječak.  
Stigao iz Srebrenice kada je "zaštićena enklava"  
pod kontrolom snaga UN-a pala u četničke ruke.

Upoznala sam ga u školi, bio je najmanje dijete u razredu. Nije razgovarao sa drugom djecom. Samo je gledao svojim krupnim tamnim očima... Pričao je o svom životu u Srebrenici. Najviše je spominjao svog prijatelja Selmu.

*Zajedno smo išli u školu. Zajedno sjedili.*

Razdvojeni haosom u Srebrenici.

*Ne znam gdje je, najviše bi volio da ga vidim.*

Ponavljao je to stalno. Pričao je polahko i tiho. Svojom pričom vodio me kroz golgotu Srebrenice.

*...Išao sam i vidio. Naši. Dignutih ruku. Isparani noževima. Dvije hiljade njih... Najteže mi je bilo, najteže mi je bilo...*

Nije mogao dalje da priča. Sav je prebljedio. Požurila sam. Srećom nije pao. Držala sam u naručju onesviješćeno dijete. Oblijevao me hladan znoj... Bože... Bože... Hoće li ikad zatvoriti oči a da mu stravične scene ne prolaze kroz glavu. Može li spomenuti svoj rodni grad a da se ne sjeti. Može li ikada zaboraviti? Bože. Bože... Onesvijestio bi se odrastao čovjek.

A da se ne onesvijesti dijete.

Taj dan je bio užasan za mene, nisam željela da idem kući. Nisam željela nikog vidjeti. Nisam željela razgovarati. Bože hoće li ova žena, koja želi pomoći da ova knjiga ugleda svjetlost, shvatiti? Znam da želi, ali hoće li moći? Hoće li umjeti? Osman. Dječak. Tih, pretih. Gušila ga spoznaja ovog "života". On. Dijete.

Amira Delić  
(Tuzla, Osnovna škola "Simin Han", novembar 1995.)



■ Osman, - age 11, from Srebrenica (Winter 95/96)

■ Osman, Srebrenica, 11 godina (zima '95/96.)

That day **Haris** talked about himself; about the dead he had seen; about the life under a clear sky with a mass of women, the elderly, the children. Those who managed to survive the fourth year of Srebrenica hell.\*

*“For seven days we lived out in the open. Then the Chetniks locked us up in the Factory. They led away the older boys.”*

That day he spoke. His homeroom teacher told me that Haris never talks and that even she was surprised that he wished to talk.

Elementary School “Simin Han” in Tuzla, November 1995

**Haris** je toga dana pričao o sebi, mrtvima koje je vidio, o životu pod vedrim nebom sa masom žena, starih, djece. Onih koji su uspjeli preživjeti četvrtu godinu pakla Srebrenice.\*

*Sedam dana smo živjeli vani. Onda su nas četnici zatvorili u Fabriku. Odvodili su dječake koji su bili stariji.*

Taj dan Haris je govorio. Njegova razrednica mi je rekla da Haris stalno šuti, te da je i njoj bilo iznenađenje da želi govoriti.

(Tuzla, Osnovna škola “Simin Han”, novembar 1995.)

\*In addition to the media blockade and the general blockade, Srebrenica experienced shortages of food. This especially reflected, and still does, on the development of children and the health condition of the people.

\* Srebrenica je, pored medijske i opće blokade, četiri godine rata bila izložena i nedostatku hrane. To se posebno odrazilo i odražava na razvoj djece i zdravlje naroda.

## Dan žalosti

Dan kadbi smo krenuli od svoje rodno  
mjesto i rastaviti se od oca. Od tog  
dana nisam mislilo da bi mogao moj otac  
Peci ili ja i moj Beat, sestra, i ostali prijatelji,  
Bilo sam na mjesto od dakebi Polazija  
za Tuzlu. Mjesto Potocari bilo je masakra  
i ubijanje ljudi i djece. Moj dan koji nikad  
nemogu zaboraviti rastati se od oca.  
Bilo sam ezasjed kad sam sledo svoje  
vešnjake kako ih kožu i baceju glave. Na  
mjesto gdje smo mi bili bili smo kao  
neki zarobljenici kad bi Polazija od rodno  
krenja zamisljajući da nebi prešao ali mi  
Dan kadbi smo krenuli prema Tuzli. Vidio sam  
mog Jašara i ostalu omladinu kako leže pored  
puta zaklani i kako ih (vasko) jedu. Bilo sam  
zarobljenik i nisam znao zase govoriti su  
nam. Došmani da se ništa ne plašimo  
te su nam donosili hlebave čokolade i bobone.  
Da bi nekog uhvatili u svoje ruke kadbi  
silovila noć ujalubi se kao vasko da nekog  
zakože. 1995 god. bismo svi svoje selo napustili  
i ostavljajući oca, Amidu, zadržali i takodaje.  
Moja žalost je ostavljano i nestanka  
Amide, Tetka, Deću i ostalu zadržinu, i prijatelje  
G.

Moj Jašar kojeg sam naj više volio od  
Jašara je nestao, Fahro, Nedim i nestalo svih  
prijatelja.

Ja se zovem

Suljo VIII-1 14 godina.

■ Suljo - age 14, from Srebrenica (Spring 96)

■ Suljo, Srebrenica, 14 godina, (proljeće '96.)

## A DAY OF MOURNING

That day we left our native place and parted from our father. From that day, I didn't think that my father, my brother, sister and other friends could get to Tuzla.

The place of Potocari was the place of massacres and killing of people and children. That day I shall never forget. To part from a father.

I was in grade 6 when I watched my schoolmates as their throats were slit and their heads cut off and thrown away. The place we were in, we were some kind of prisoners. When I left my native town, in the direction of Tuzla, I saw my buddy and the rest of the youth lying by the roadside, their throats slit,

flies buzzing about their heads. They told me that I was disappointed and overcome by confusion. Our enemy brought us bread, chocolate and candies so that we would not fear them; so that they would get their hands on us. When the dark descended, they would surround some people with the intent of slitting their throats. In 1995, we all left our village, leaving our fathers, uncles and cousins behind.


My sorrow lies in the thought of leaving behind my family and in the disappearance of my uncle, aunt, grandfather and other family members and friends. My friend Fahro, whom I loved the most, disappeared, as well as Nedim and all my friends.

My name is Suljo. Grade 7 (1) - age 14



Dam koji nikada meću zabraniti  
jedan od prvih dana je koji nemogu zabraniti.  
jedan dan je osvanuo tako lijepo kao da bih  
čovjek mogao reći da će se nešto novo ljepo dogoditi.  
Ujutru sam ustala i pogledala kroz prozor, sunce je  
lijepo izgajalo ali miši mogao izoći napreje jed se  
samo pucalo. Oca mi nije bilo ali mislila sam  
da je stisao na limiju. Zamislila sam  
upitala mamu šta se ova zlima gdje je  
bala dol će ikad doći, ona me je tek  
pogledala i rekla bace sime ako bog da.  
Bilo mi je lakše kada je mama rekla  
ali mamine riječi mi su bile istinite  
jer mi ona nije znala šta će se dogoditi.  
Zamislila je došao jedan nos ruzi roditelj  
i rekao da se spremimo i da potemo  
u Polacare, i mama je se sama izmislila  
jer nije mi vjerovala. Obrekli smo  
ali nismo imali stin krenuti jer nam  
nije bilo oca, mama je platila a munda  
je noći. Kada smo zšli na polacare odavna  
je bilo na svatku kraj. Uveće ona  
legi u metu fabrika svako je se osjecaju tužno.  
Četiri su neprijatelno krpiti misli dječju od 10  
gostima i još mladi haka je bilo gdje noć.  
Jedna noć mi se činila kao jedna gađi na.  
U autobusu su došli i nasred je nulo go pasti smo  
i mi stajali su umpratona i jedan rece  
ova - ariar neko malo avdije ostane docije 20 ltr

rekli su mojoj mami. Ja ih nisam slusala postavila  
isnad ruke brate koji su drzali. Uglavnom sam mamu  
kada smo ušli u autobus ali sam bila stvarno regulirala  
panet. Kada je autobus krenuo mama imala problema  
u putu nije nos niko zastajao samo nam je poroc  
govori u jednom putu da su nas izdali Naser i Aljo.  
smisljao je nozve izoze i govori nam i unjedao nos u avce  
dije htjeo nigdje zastajati autobusa. Kada su  
nos ispunili iz autobusa oni nam se rekla  
samo mi je bio djeca ali nos vam je došao  
kroz. Ali smo morali putovati jedan sat do svoje  
kentracije. Kada smo došli Turci su nos lijepo primili  
imale smo sve usluge. Moja rojaka je dolazila ali muž  
se niko nije javi nije mi došao duga brat  
oba mjeseca došao je amida i rekao je da je  
djed zariopjen a da nije bilo nigdje mda.  
Jako dani i domos prolaze ali i nika ne dolazi.

Ja se zovem  Munda VII narod 83 godina

■ **Maida** - age 12, from Srebrenica (Novembar 95)

■ **Maida**, 12 godina, Srebrenica (novembar '95.)

#### THE DAY I SHALL NEVER FORGET.

There is one day I shall never forget. One morning was so nice that a man could say that something nice was going to happen. I got up in the morning and looked out the window, the sun was shining and it was warm out but you couldn't go out because there was a lot of shooting. My father was not around, so I thought that he had gone to the front lines. I asked my mother what was going on, where my father was or whether he was ever coming back. She looked at me with sadness in her eyes and said: "He will son, God willing." I felt more at ease upon hearing her words, but her words were full of doubts because even she did not know what was going to happen. Suddenly, one of our first cousins arrived and told us to get ready to go to Potocari. My mom was surprised herself and did not believe that he was serious. We set off but had no one to go with because our father was not around. My mother was crying, but she had to get moving. When we got down to Potocari the Chetniks were all over the place. In the evening we settled ourselves into some factory. Everyone was sad. The Chetniks were trying to gather all the children, ten years of age and younger, without other taking notice. That went on the entire night. One night seemed as long as a year. The buses arrived and the people were getting on. We made our way towards the buses as well. The UNPROFOR soldiers were standing by and one of them said to my mother: 'Let this girl stay behind a little, she'll come later.' I did not listen to them and I passed under the yellow tape they were

holding. I caught up with my mom and so we got on the bus, but I almost lost my mind. We had no problems on our way. No one stopped us, except that our driver kept telling us, all along the way, that Naser and Alija had betrayed us. He thought of all kinds of things and told us things that hurt us deeply. He did not want to stop the bus anywhere. When he let us off the bus he told us that he felt sorry for the children but that it was our Naser who was at fault. We had to walk for one hour until we reached our territory. When we arrived the people of Tuzla received us warmly and offered us everything. Our army was arriving but no one from my family came with them. Two months later my uncle arrived and told me that my grandfather was captured and that he had not seen my father. Even now, the days pass but no one comes.

My name is Maida, 4<sup>th</sup> grade, born in 1983.



Kako se osjećam kad pada kiša?...

Uvijek kada pada kiša dan mi postaje tužan i dosadan. Ponekad mi se i plače jer se sjetim i oca i brata i najgorijih i najgorčijih dana koje smo proveli u šumama, uz kišu, i uluje. Nikad nisam voljela kišu. Uvijek je nekakva blatnjava i dan učini tmurnim i neveselim. Ponekad, uveče, kad pada kiša, one me i uspava, a li, to nije sve uz uspavljenje kišom sanjam ružan san. Uvijek sam pratila to da kad, se us me kiša uspava usnijem ružan san. U to me je uvijek i jedan san koji ću upravo sada ispričati:

"Vrijeme je bilo tmurno i noć je bilo potpuno pala. Smrklo se napolju kao u podrumu koji nema ni prozera ni vrata. Bilo mi je dosadno i odmah sam otišla u postelju i legla samo da bi zaspala. I kad sam zaspala usnila sam:

"Bježedi ispod tmurnih oblaka i po kiži i duži stigla sam u neku gustu šumu, koja je bila bez kraja, tako tamna. U tom trenutku naista je grupa ljudi odjevenih u crno. Pitala su me kud sam pošla. Odgovorila sam im da neznam. Zatim su išli dalje šumom našli mi sestru i brata i majku. Počeli su nas klati. Mi smo samo ćutali." To je bio najružniji san u mom životu. Od sada ću se uvijek truditi da neboravim ~~da~~ pada kiša pa da se tako razida ružni sni.

KRAJ!

Ismeta.

4. MARTA 1996 godine.

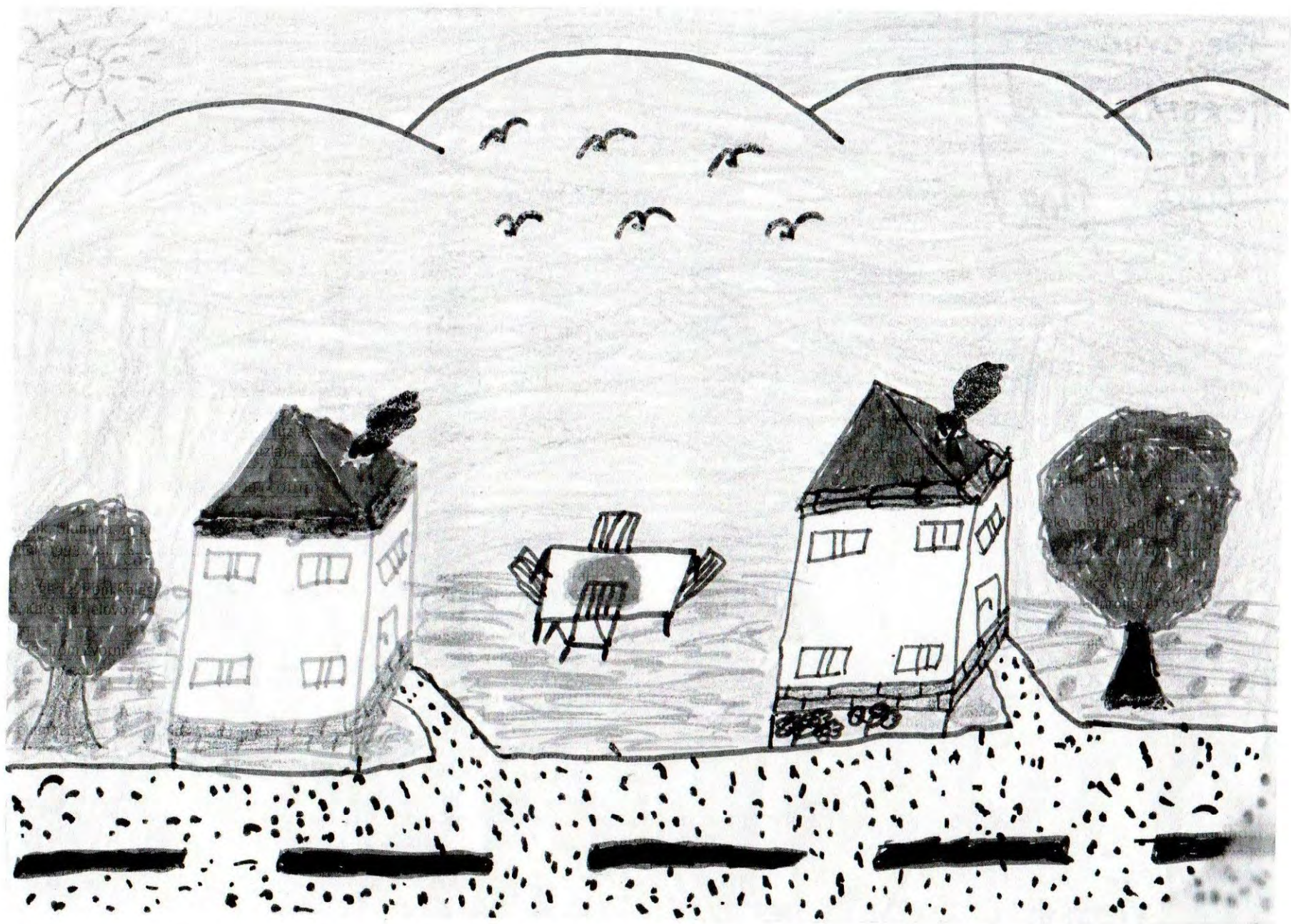
- Ismeta - age 14, from Zvornik, Gornje Snagovo, Liplje (4 March 1996)
- Ismeta Zvornik, Gornje Snagovo, Liplje, 14 godina, (4. mart 1996.)

HOW DO I FEEL WHEN IT RAINS

Whenever it rains my day becomes sad and boring. Sometimes I feel like crying because I remember my father and brother, and the blackest and the most bitter days that we spent in the woods during rain and stormy weather. I never liked rain. It has always been muddy and it made my day somber and unhappy. Sometimes, in the evening, when it rains it puts me to sleep, but that's not all, when I fall asleep I have bad dreams. I will now tell you of a bad dream:

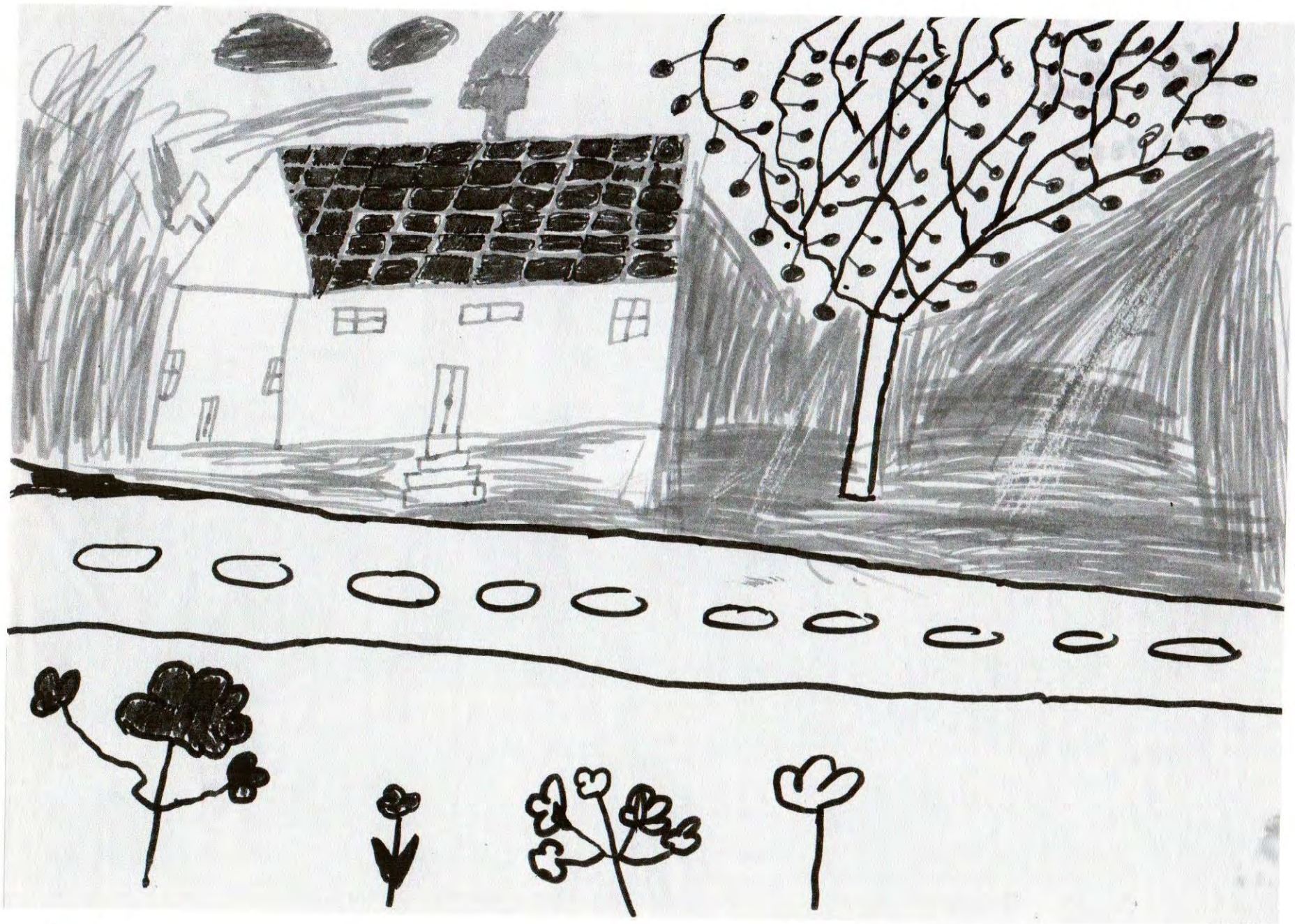
"The weather was gloomy and darkness had completely descended. Outside, it was dark as inside a cellar with no doors or windows. I was bored and I immediately went to bed hoping to fall asleep. When I fell asleep I dreamt the following dream:

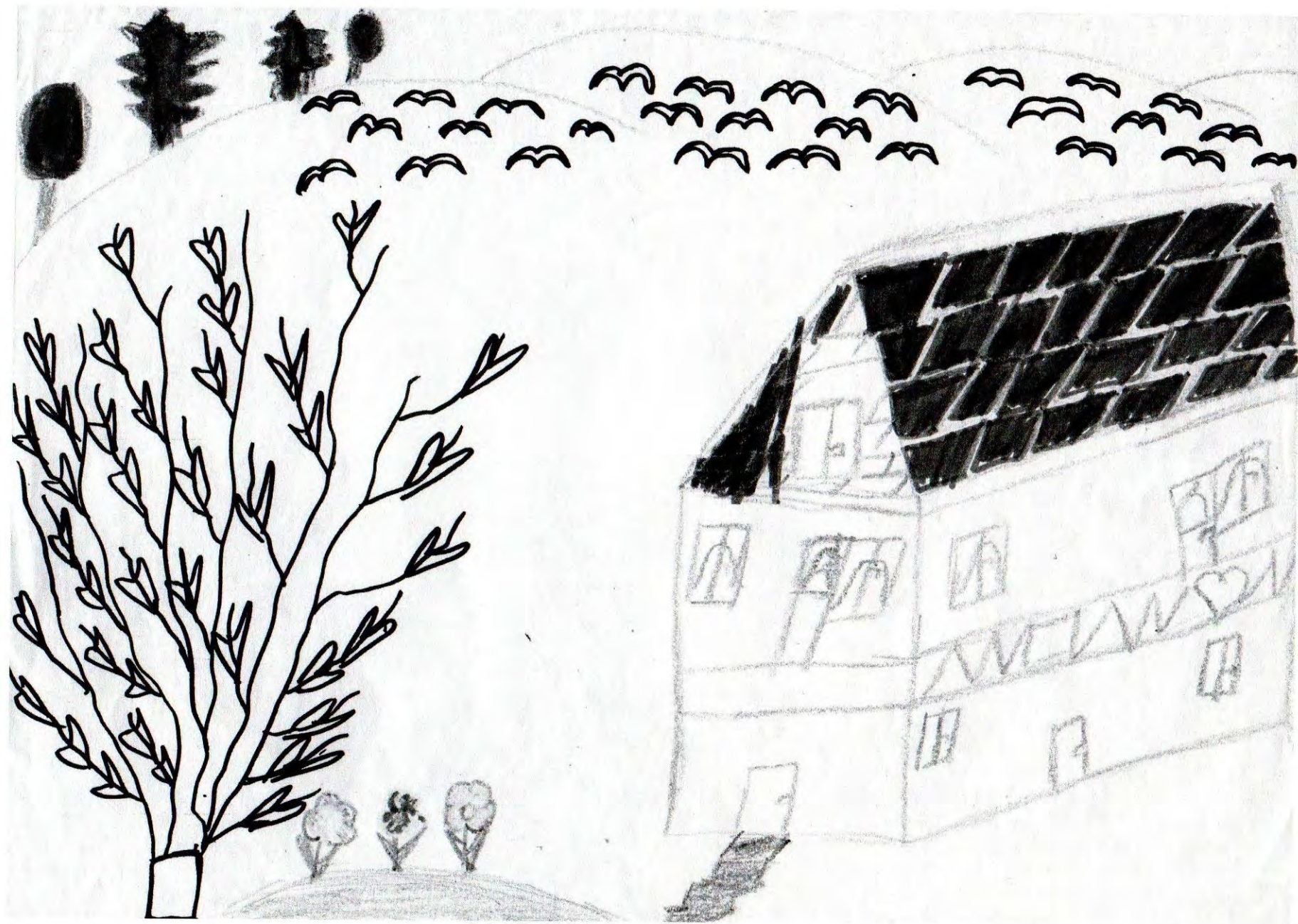
Running under dark clouds, through the rain and storm, I reached some thick woods which had no end to it, so dark. At that moment a group of men dressed in black appeared. They asked me where I was headed. I answered that I didn't know. Then they kept walking through the woods and found my sister, brother and mother. They started slaughtering us. We kept silent. That was the most horrible dream in my life. From now on I will try to forget when it rains so that my bad dreams will disappear.





- Hariz - age 14, from Srebrenica (Novembar 95)
- Hariz, Srebrenica, 14 godina (novembar '95.)





- Osman, - age 11, from Srebrenica (Winter 95)
- Osman, Srebrenica, 11 godina (zima '95)

Evo koje ću vam ispričati moj jedan  
grozan doživljaj koje sam doživjela sa  
dvome deca koje se zovu Samira a drugoj  
Amira a mami Sabriya mi smo iz Cerske  
to je bilo 15 maja zarobljeni smo  
kod Zvornika kod jednog tunela tu  
sam bila a sa djecom izletjeli su pred nas  
Njiki i četnika stavili su me u jedan  
kamion nisam vidjela kud me voze došli  
smo pred jednu baraku tu su nam  
jednu pustili da idemo u baraku u  
jednu salu tu se nalazili puno ljudi  
koji su se ovojili od mnogo ljudi  
tu sam primijetila dve noci odveli su me  
u drugu prostoriju gdje se nalazile devojke od  
10. do 20 godina tu sam vidjela na go pod dali su mi  
slame da legnem tu sam bila jednog dana dođoše  
ljudi ovesoše mi devojicu od 4 godine koja nije dolazila  
24 sata dođoše posle 12 sati odveđoše i mene u jedno  
u jednu praznu sobu tu se nalazilo Njiki  
i četnika rekli su mi da se raspremim ja sam  
se morala raspremiti tu su me silovali Njiki  
sedam već sam bila obalešćena tu su me tukli  
i ujedali mi tjelo sve to sam prepatila 2 sata posle  
rekli da se spremim ja sam se spremila rekli su mi  
da idem uzem djece pod jednim paravanu ležala je  
devojica ptiče na usta pokrnila dođi već skinuti sva  
krvava iz među nogu ja sam poznala kako sam je uzela  
tu sam uzela malo je vodom razlala i osla  
u sobu gde se nalazile devojke koje su svaku  
veće bile vodene u sobe na silovanje  
i daji tu ku tu sa bila 2 mjeseca

■ A mother from Cerska

■ Majka iz Cerske

...They took away a four-year old girl from me who didn't come back for 24 hours. Twelve hours later they came and took me away as well. Seven Chetniks took inside a room and told me to take my clothes off. I had to get undressed. The seven of them raped me. I had already lost consciousness. At that place they beat me and bit me. I suffered through it all. Two hours later they told me to get dressed. I got dressed and they told me to go and take a child covered with a curtain. A girl was lying under it, with foam around her mouth, her face had turned blue, her underwear taken off and blood between her legs. I don't know how I picked her up. I cooled her off using some water and took her into the room where the girls who were raped every night were.

## ■ Book reviews

### Children's accounts

"Pages covered with writings and drawings by children's hands, speak with the hearts of beardless boys and gentle girls: they speak of the horrors experienced in the regions of Srebrenica, Zvornik, Prijedor and other places trampled on by the filthy Chetnik boot, in which the bloodshot eyes of the sons of the "heavenly nation" searched for the weak and the innocent, and when they found them, they were not delivered – as the Chetniks eulogistically cried – instead, the only things waiting for them were a sharp cutting edge of a knife, a hanging rope or a machine-gun burst.

The horrific events, described by the winding sentences and graphic drawings, are the cries of those who, according to God's and man's laws, are entitled to the joys of childhood and the warmth of a parental home and not that which their eyes had seen. The children watched the hardships of others and they personally witnessed the Chetniks as they "were digging a hole in which to bury the men after they slaughter them... beat the men, slit their throats and gouged out their eyes... melted plastic pails and let them drip on people's bodies...stripped twenty women and paraded them through their village...beat them with chains, axes and stakes..." The other children had similar things to say about their experience:

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...along the road I had seen many dead and mutilated bodies and many of them had been thrown into the River Drinjaca...I will never forget those dreadful scenes...Along the way, they threatened us saying, "we are going to slaughter all of you, you are an invented nation." They struck such terror into our hearts that we dared not cry for the fear of angering them ... 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...

Other accounts by children speak of the sadistic behavior by the Chetniks, especially arkanovci; about the kinds of torture that, in its intensity, surpassed the

## ■ Recenzije

### Djeca svjedoče

"Rukama dječijim ispisane i iscrtane stranice govore srcima golobradih dječaka i nježnih djevojčica. Govore o užasima doživljenih u predjelima Srebrenice, Zvornika, Prijedora i drugih mjesta po kojima je gazila prljava četnička čizma, u kojima su zakrvavljene oči sinova "nebeskog naroda" tražile nejake i nedužne koje, kada ih pronađu, nije čekao spas - kako su hvalospjevo uzvikivali - već oštro sječivo kame, uže za vješanje ili mitraljeski ili puščani rafali.

Strahotni događaji, opisani krivudavim rečenicama i reljefnim crtežima, očajni su pozivi onih kojima, po Božijem i ljudskim zakonima, pripada radost djetinjstva i toplina roditeljskog doma, a ne ono što su gledali svojim očima. Djeca su gledala tegobu drugih i osobno doživljavala "kako kopaju rupaču da nas kolju ... ljude su izvodili, tukli ih i klali, oči vadili, pržili su žene plastikom, žene matore skidali gole i gonili ih po putu, tukli su lancima, sikirama, koljem ... Idući ulicom vidio sam leševe naših komšija. Moje komšije su poubijane na svirep način. Neki leševi koje sam vidio bili su iskasapljeni .... putem sam vidjela mnogo mrtvih tijela ubijenih i unakaženih i tako bačenih u rijeku Drinjaču. Nikad te stravične slike neću moći zaboraviti. U putu su nam prijekali 'poklaćemo vas sve, vi ste izmišljena nacija'. Toliko su nam ulili strah u kosti da nismo smjeli plakati da ih ne bi naljutili ... Tukli su nas na svake načine. Psovali su nam balinsku majku. Tukli su nas gvozdenim bokserima i palicama. Palili su plastične kante i kapali po živim ljudima. Silovali su mlađe cure i žene. Starije žene i ljude su najviše tukli. Moga su oca odveli i nikada ga nisu vratili. Nalazili su vjerske knjige i pljuvali. Kotorić Selmu su mučki ubili u kući Salihović Jevre. Skinuli su 20 žena i tjerali gole kroz selo. Išli su za njima i smijali se...

I drugi iskazi djece govore o sadističkim ponašanjima četnika, posebno arkanovaca, o načinima mučenja koji su, i po toku i ishodu, prevazišli strahotna jezuitska mučenja u srednjem vijeku ili svima dobro poznata gestapovska mučenja, o prekinutom djetinjstvu, o tugama djece za ubijenim očevima, majkama, braćom, sestrama i rođacima. Osmogodišnji Esad

horrific Jesuit ways of torture in the Middle Ages or the well known Gestapo torture; about the interrupted childhood; about the sorrows of children for their killed fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and cousins. An eight-year old Esad from Kamenica, Zvornik writes:

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 ten-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 wouldn't 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...

Written accounts by children bring back the time of genocide and speak of it as it was experienced - first-hand, and the way it was edged in their memories. Now, when we carefully peruse them, we know that these are the words of children victims, but at the same time we can sense that they reached maturity over night; that they were growing with the suffering that was far beyond what they could bear. They clearly identified the perpetrators of evil; they felt their avarice and sadism; they observed, in their behavior towards the innocent Bosniak men and women, the traces of primordial hatred; they bravely endured the affliction of fleeing from the Chetnik blade. But from their words, also emerges deep sorrow because those who gave birth to them and brought them up are no longer with them; gone are their fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts. They died before their eyes, or they had been taken away never to return. They are deeply woven in their anguished souls, in their still moist tears and in their troubled dreams.

The children seek help from those people to whom the adults also looked for assistance. They are not only asking for themselves, but for other victims as well. Ten-year old girls, Mirnesa, Hana and Indira and an eleven-year old Husein, all of them from Zvornik, are seeking assistance from president Clinton, America and the Egyptian president Mubarak and, at the same time, they are asking themselves why the world isn't seeing the crimes committed by the Chetniks and why they are letting them kill children and the grown ups. The plea by Indira, a girl from

(Kamenica, Zvornik) piše: "Kako da počnem priču kada ne mogu da zamislim da sam ostao živ kad se sjetim gdje sam spavao po šumama i potocima godinu dana moga djetinjstva strahom provedena, umjesto igre meci zvijezde iznad glave, umjesto da pojedem krišku hljeba namazanu kremom, ja sam jeo suh hljeb, pa i list sa grane. Ne smijem ni pisati sve šta sam jeo. Najteže mi je bilo po noći kad legnem da spavam, a nemam se čim pokriti. Malo lista sa grane, a majka skine džemper, pa stavi na mene i na moga brata. Imala je malu bebu od 10 dana. Nju stavi na krilo i tako dočeka zoru. Sve presjedi kraj svoja tri sina, plačući i moleći Boga da umre, da ne gleda muke svoje djece. Svi iz moje familije su zarobljeni i odvedeni, neki su spaljeni, a neki zaklani. Nema lista da bi mogli stati teški dani moga djetinjstva..."

Iskazi djece oživljavaju vrijeme genocida, pričaju o njemu neposredno onako kako su doživjela, onako kako su se usjekli u njihova sjećanja. Kada ih, sada, pažljivo iščitavamo znamo da su to riječi djece stradalnika, ali istovremeno osjećamo kako su preko noći sazrijevali, kako su preko noći odrastali u dodiru sa tegobama koje su bile iznad njihovih stvarnih mogućnosti. Oni su jasno identifikovali nosioce zla, oni su u nasilnicima osjetili pohlepu i sadizam, uočili su, u njihovim ponašanjima prema nevinim Bošnjacima i Bošnjakinjama, tragove od iskona nošene mržnje, hrabro su podnosili nevolje bježanja od četničke kame. Ali iz njihovih riječi izvire i duboka tuga, jer više nema onih koji su ih rađali i odgajali, nema njihovih očeva, majki, daidža, adža, strina, tetaka. Umirali su kraj njih ili odvođeni bez povratka. Duboko su utkani u njihovim napaćenim dušama, u njihovim nerasušanim suzama, u njihovim nemirnim snovima.

Djeca traže pomoć od kojih su je i odrasli očekivali. Ne traže je samo za sebe, već i za druge stradalnike. Desetogodišnje djevojčice Mirnesa, Hana i Indira, jedanaestogodišnji Husein, djeca iz Zvornika traže pomoć od Klintona, Amerike i egipatskog predsjednika Mubaraka i pitaju se zašto svijet ne vidi zločine četnika, zašto dopuštaju da ubiju djecu i odrasle. U molbi Indire, djevojčice iz Zvornika, sadržano je mnogo od onoga što djeca traže od predsjednika drugih zemalja, posebno od predsjednika Klintona. "Molim te, Predsjedniče Klintone, za mir - piše Indira - jer još samo u Vas imamo povjerenje i nade. Jer zašto ovako da doživimo ko je zaslužio ili mi ili neprijatelji, zvani pokoljaši četnici. Mi više ne možemo izdržati, jer i u Tuzli maširaju granatama i ostalim teškim oružjem. Izbavite nas dječicu i žene sa bebama, jer i moja majka ima bebu i ostale žene na porođaju. Nemojte dozvoliti ovako, djeca umiru od godinu, mjesec, dva, tri,



Zvornik, contains much of what the children are requesting from the presidents of other countries, especially from president Clinton:

I am begging you for peace president Clinton, because now we only trust you and you are our only hope. Why should we live like this. Who deserves such a life, us or the Chetniks – the so-called Chetniks the butchers. We can no longer go on, because even in Tuzla they are throwing grenades and using other heavy weapons. Rescue us – the children and women with babies, because my mother also has a baby and the other women who are in labour. Do not allow one-year old children and one, two and three-month old babies to die, because the hospital in Tuzla is full of wounded. Please, rescue us from such a misfortune. And while the doctors are busying themselves over the wounded, women are dying while giving birth. It was in my room where a woman died while giving birth to twins. Please help Mr. President. Once again, I am begging you for peace in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

In the days of fear and daily dying, the children did not lose hope. They believed that better days would come. They believed that one day they would return to their homes, that they would continue their schooling and once again meet the ones they had been separated from. In their drawings and writings, aside from the horrors of which they movingly write, a hope for a better tomorrow lives; a belief in victory of the defenders of Bosnia and Herzegovina; a belief that the evil is going to end.

Much has been written and said about the horror filled days of aggression and genocide. Much has been written about what persecution, torture and killing carried with itself. However, we are still at the beginning of our understanding of everything that has transpired. Those who have felt the horrors of concentration camps and prisons, the hardships of fleeing their burning homes and being saved from the place of execution, have written about it and are still writing. Also writing are those who, with their bravery and perseverance, halted the advance of the more numerous, well armed and well fed army of the aggressor. All the texts, drawings and poetically expressed events carry with them deep and humane messages. However, when the children of seven, ten, eleven, twelve or fifteen years of age, write about what they have lived through in the days of aggression, their words penetrate our souls more deeply. We trust their spontaneous statements, for in their fragile bodies and their genuine feelings and thoughts, there is no room for evil.

They had seen evil and hatred in the behavior of the Chetniks (especially the arkanovci), but they did not exhibit hatred. They only asked why the Chetniks tortured and slaughtered those who did not pose any kind of a threat – the children, women and the elderly. When they reach adulthood, they will probably realize that the evil they lived through had not been committed by people, but by monsters in human form.

Prof. dr. Ismet Dizdarević

itd. jer je i bolnica puna ranjenika u Tuzli. Molimo vas izbavite nas iz ovakve nezgode. I dok doktori posla imaju oko ranjenika, žene umiru na porođaju. Baš u mojoj sobi je umrla žena na porođaju koja je rodila dvojke. Pomozite, Gospodine Predsjedniče, molim vas još jednom za mir u BiH.

U danima strahota i svakodnevnog umiranja djeca nisu gubila vjeru u nadu. Vjerovala su da će doći bolji dani. Vjerovala su da će se jednoga dana vratiti u svoje domove, da će nastaviti školovanje tamo gdje su stali, da će sresti one od kojih su ih rastavili. U njihovim crtežima i tekstovima, i pored strahota o kojima dirljivo pišu, živi vjera u sutra, vjera u pobjedu branilaca Bosne i Hercegovine, vjera da će zlu doći kraj.

Mnogo je napisanog i rečenog o strahotnim danima agresije i genocida. Napisano je i izrečeno mnogo od onoga što je progon, mučenje i ubijanje sobom nosilo, ali smo još uvijek na početku naših cjelovitih spoznaja o svemu tome. Pisali su i pišu oni koji su osjetili strahote logora i kazamata, tegobe bježanja iz zapaljenih domova, spašavanje sa mjesta masovnih ubijanja. Pišu i oni koji su hrabrošću i ustrajnošću zaustavili nadiranje brojnijih, dobro naoružanih i sitih soldata agresorskih armija. Svi tekstovi, crteži i muzičkim jezikom iskazani događaji nose u sebi duboke, humane poruke. Međutim, kada djeca od 7, 10, 11, 12 ili 15 godine pišu o onom što su doživjela u danima agresije, njihove riječi dublje prodiru u naše duše, više vjerujemo njihovim spontanim iskazima, jer u njihovim krhkim tijelima i nepatvornim osjećanjima i mislima nije utkano zlo.

Oni su vidjeli zlo i mržnju u ponašanjima četnika (posebno arkanovaca), ali nisu mržnju ispoljili. Oni su se samo pitali zašto četnici muče i kolju one od kojih im ne prijete nikakva opasnost, djecu, žene i nemoćne starce. Vjerovatno će spoznati, kada odrastu, da zla koja su oni doživjeli ne čine ljudi, već spodobu u ljudskom liku.

Prof. dr. Ismet Dizdarević

## ■ Excerpts from earlier book reviews

In August of 1993, the first critics of this Book, while it was still entitled *EVIL TIMES – CHILDREN WITHOUT CHILDHOOD*, were the exceptional doctors and psychologists from Tuzla who were deeply engaged in providing care for the physically and mentally injured refugees from the temporarily occupied territories of northeastern Bosnia. These refugees managed to find their harbour of hope in Tuzla: with its people, health and public institutions, but above all, schools, which, because of having received so many refugees, had to suspend their regular classes.

One of them, Dr. Asim Halilovic, borrowed a sentence from John Heywood – children end fooles cannot lye – for a motto of his review, recommending and hoping that this deeply moving book is going to be published in many languages. He mentioned a whole range of thoughts and observations by the world famous authors on children who speak of children's attitude towards life and reality, but also the importance of the youngest members of the population in relation to the destiny of society.

Having established the authenticity of child testimony, their naiveness, frankness, honesty, moral purity, Dr. Halilovic, among other things, states the following:

...When all this evil – may it never happen again – is examined through children's eyes, only then can it be really seen. All those – not only those who are emotionally stronger, but also those who are less sensitive – are overwhelmed by the difficult and condemning words of the innocent little ones.

The second critic, Dr. Mirha Sehovic, draws the reader's attention to the fact that "a great effort is required, on our part, to accept these unpleasant truths" and emphasized that she is "convinced that the pages of this book will be difficult to digest." Based on her thorough analysis of child testimonies, she concluded that in their desire to rid their thoughts of "these horrific memories, the children are in fact searching for the truth."

The strong spirits – writers of this book, wish to help the truth come out and to help the vast majority not to forget, but also to warn", writes Dr. Mirha Sehovic. "The

## ■ Izvodi iz ranijih recenzija

Prvi recenzenti Knjige, još dok je nosila naslov: *ZLA VREMENA - DJECA BEZ DJETINJSTVA*, u augustu 1993. godine bili su vrsni tuzlanski ljekari i psiholozi, duboko angažovani oko zbrinjavanja fizički i mentalno povrijeđenih prognanika sa privremeno okupiranih teritorija sjeveroistočne Bosne, koji su uspjeli da luku svoga spasa nađu u Tuzli, njenim ljudima, zdravstvenim i javnim, prije svega školskim, ustanovama, koje su radi njihovog prijema morale obustaviti svoj redovni rad.

Jedan od njih, dr. Asim Halilović za moto svoje recenzije uzeo je sentencu Džona Hejvuda "Djeca i budale ne znaju lagati" (John Heywod, Children end fooles cannot lye) i preporučujući i nadajući se da će ova potresna knjiga biti objavljena na više jezika, naveo čitav niz misli i konstatacija svjetski čuvenih autora o djeci, koje govore o njihovom odnosu prema životu i stvarnosti, ali i značaju najmlađe populacije za sudbinu ljudskog društva.

Konstatujući autentičnost dječijeg iskaza, njihovu naivnost, otvorenost, poštenje, neiskvarenost dr. Halilović, između ostalog kaže: "...Kad se sva ova zla - ne ponovila se više nikada - sagledaju očima djece, ona su tek tada viđena iskreno. Svakom čovjeku - ne samo onom emotivno jače ustrojenom, nego i onom manje osjećajnom - zastaje dah nad ovim teškim optužujućim riječima nevinih malih osoba".

Drugi recenzent knjige, dr. Mirha Šehović, skrenula je pažnju čitalaca da je "...potreban veliki napor da primimo ove neprijatne istine" i istakla da je "...uvjerena da će stranice ove knjige biti teške za razmišljanje", a na osnovu temeljite analize dječijih ispovijedi zaključila da ona u težnji da svoje misli oslobode "užasavajućih sjećanja traže samo istinu."

"Snažni duhovi - pisci ove knjige, žele pomoći istini i pomoći da ogromna većina ne zaboravi, ali i da upozore", kaže ona u svojoj recenziji. "Pisani tekstovi i crteži prognane djece, djece iz logora, djece koja su gledala kako im umiru očevi, majke, braća, sestre, djeca koja su jela korijenje i spavala po špiljama da

written texts and drawing of the displaced children: children from concentration camps, children who have watched their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters die, children who ate roots and slept in caves.

This book will find its place in a collection of synthetic works of world literature on child fear – an emotion so important in the lives of children.

Children's drawings in this book abound with the themes of killing, wounding, bombardment, but at the same time a dove of peace appears, they cheer President Clinton, their eyes and arms are raised towards him, thinking that he will help them. The wish for everything to stop and for the life to begin again is apparent.

The analysis of these written testimonies reveals those situations which cause certain types of fears among children. Unthinkable circumstances caused such horrible fears from separation and destruction. Observable are the resulting psychomotor disorders, manifesting themselves through disortography, disgraphy, disphasic speech and the things children say in the state of psychosis, etc. Here, the symbols and the drawings are used to describe their experiences, so that they may keep them for themselves and pass them on to others.

...In their hearts they carry the picture of their village, river and friends, and it is these emotions that are kept where they cannot be expressed in words. Instead, they are expressed in symbols which reveal the children's position of inferiority for not being able to change anything, and their lack of control when they think of their enemy.

With their symbolism, the expressed emotions give greater authenticity to the book.

There is a need to compensate, that is, to calm their fears. They do this by seeing idols in Nasser, the soldiers of the Territorial Defense of Bosnia and Herzegovina, US president Clinton and Bosnia as a state.

...During the moments of their development the children came in touch with the new, not yet experienced dangers to their lives. The children reacted to all of it through fear. Being driven from their homes they had to watch the charred remnants of their homes and fields, the killed livestock, trampled down roses, lost parents and killed brothers and sisters. This discovery of the physical dangers and the realization of their own helplessness, created the fear of annihilation. This is evidenced by their writings and drawings...

bi izbjegla neprijatelja, ukazuju na najstrašnije duhovno nasilje, jače od fizičkog koje su pretrpjela.

Ova knjiga će pripasti zbirci sintetičkih djela u svjetskoj literaturi o dječijem strahu, emociji koja je toliko značajna u životu djece.

Dječiji crteži u ovoj knjizi obiluju ubijanjem, ranjavanjem, bombardiranjem, ali isto tako - crta se golub mira, kliče se predsjedniku Klintonu, njihove oči i ruke dignute su prema njemu - misle da će im on pomoći. Vidi se želja da sve prestane i da život počne ispočetka.

Analizom njihovih pisanih ispovijesti vide se osnovne situacije koje su kod njih izazvale pojedine vrste strahova. Nezamislive okolnosti uslovile su pojavu takvih strašnih strahova od razdvajanja i razaranja. Mogu se uočiti i nastali poremećaji psihomotorike, u vidu disortografije, disgrafije, disfazičan način govora, govor djece u stanju psihoze, itd. Ovdje se slike i simboli koriste da označe doživljaje i da bi ih zadržali za sebe, i da bi ih prenijeli drugima.

... Oni u srcu nose sliku sela, rijeke, drugova i te emocije su zadržane na jednoj granici gdje se ne mogu izraziti, gdje se ne mogu izraziti riječima već simbolima. U njima se čita i dječija inferiornost što ne mogu promijeniti ništa i nedostatak kontrole kad misle na neprijatelja.

Emocije simbolikom izražene daju svemu ovome veću istinitost.

Postoji potreba za kompenzacijom tj. za smirivanjem straha. Oni to čine tako što nalaze svoje idole - idol je Naser, borci TOBiH, predsjednik SAD-Klinton, Bosna kao država.

... U trenucima svoga razvoja djeca su se upoznala sa novim, do tada nedoživljenim opasnostima po njihov život. Na sve to djeca su odgovorila strahom. Protjerivanje iz svojih domova, gledajući zgarište kuće, njiva, pobijene stoke, pogaženih ruža, izgubljenih roditelja, ubijene braće i sestara - te otkrivanje fizičkih opasnosti i shvatanje sopstvene nemoći, stvara strah od uništenja. To se vidi u svim pisanim i crtanim radovima...

Svi pokazuju žalost za zavičajem.

Treći recenzent prvobitno zamišljene verzije knjige, prof. mr. medicinskih

All of them show sorrow for their native place.

The third critic of the original version of the book, prof. and an M.Sc. of medical sciences, Nedžad Pasić, insisted, above all, "that the works by children should not be edited" and that "... the originality of their creative endeavor must be preserved." It is with great satisfaction that the editorial staff for this final version of the book point out that this had been done in the best way possible: the original works by children have entered the pages of the book in the form of a facsimile.

Had it been published in 1993 or at least the next year, we believe that it would have significantly influenced the awaking of world conscience, whose general public had practically personally witnessed, through mass media, "the scenes of hell" of the fascist orgies, witnessed for the first time since WWII on the territory of the former Yugoslavia and especially in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Not having been aware of the opinions of the American publishers that the "book is depressing", this critic concluded that this book, more precisely part four of the book, is characterized by optimism, a belief in brighter future, better tomorrow, that they already see on the horizon" and that such content deserves to be read and remembered.

nauka, Nedžad Pašić, prije svega je insistirao "da se dječiji radovi uopšte ne lektorišu" i da "...treba apsolutno sačuvati izvornost dječijeg stvaralaštva". Redakcija ove, konačne verzije knjige sa zadovoljstvom ističe da je to učinjeno na najbolji mogući način: originalni dječiji radovi u knjigu su ušli u obliku faksimila.

Da je izdata u toku 1993. godine ili bar slijedeće, vjerujemo da bi značajno utjecala na buđenje savjesti čovječanstva, čija je javnost, posredstvom savremenih elektronskih medija, bukvalno prisustvovala "scenama pakla" poslije Drugog svjetskog rata prvi put ponovljenih fašističkih orgija na prostoru bivše Jugoslavije, a posebno u Bosni i Hercegovini.

Ne znajući za kasnije stavove američkih izdavača da je "knjiga depresivna", ovaj recenzent je zaključio da u njoj, odnosno njenom četvrtom dijelu "imponuje optimizam, vjera u bolje dane, sretniju sutrašnjicu, koju već naziru" te da takvi prilozi zaslužuju da budu pročitani i upamćeni".

## ■ Editor's Acknowledgments

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Amira Delić

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Amira Delić

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