Elmir - age 8, from Bijeljina (May '93)
Elmir, Bijeljina, 8 godina (maj '93.)
Senad - age 13, from Zvornik (May '93)

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

Kada se završi rat ponovo ću
se kuće briti izgradao ako se usatile.
Moć otac će opet napraviti jer
on žnu sve da radi ako ostane živ.
Nadamo se ponovo istim životu,
jer ću se sve napraviti biti bolje.
Ponovo će biti prodaonica i biljare.
Ja ću sa svojim drugovima ponovo
igrat, ćemo lopate kod škole nose.

Senad & Zvornik
2.12.90 g

When the war ends the houses will be built again if we comeback. 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.)
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.
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.
Mirsada - age 10, from Vlasenica (May 93)
Mirsada, Vlasenica, 10 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.
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.)

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)
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.)
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)
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.
- Anel, Gradačac, 7 godina (proleće '93)
- Anel - age 7, from Gradačac (Spring 93)
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.
Dijana - age 8, from Prijedor (Spring 93)
Dijana, Prijedor, 8 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.
Vedad - age 10, from Srebrenica (Spring '93)
Vedad, Srebrenica, 10 godina (proljece '93)
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.
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.)
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.
Sve je u radionima tranisci, te rude kao most, rude polako nestaju.
Buđe se, Oština, Ber budju radionica svog oca, a najbolje
prijatelja to je tiska hobot u mom srcu. Plakala sam
a suho kadi da se se promahovala na mom lice. Bilo mi
mi ubliža oca, a nas mladica četvrti se nas izbaci iz rame. Ne
plakali smo, stigla plakala smo. Mog bi hobot ja je pričao nam,
je četvrti i ipak oca, sa mi mu nešto da smo izgubili oca
sa samo nasrijećima. Pomislimo sam, u sebi mića, nam nije
činio ni može ove duševnike koje će i se nesto radionica,
jednako nama opeći. Ali neka hod, svemu sve dobre
kraj osjeti te i uti svetu hobot, kao što sam ja...

Jednako nam u neki vijek prihodi se i neko satom proći
Maja nas promaknu da budemo na nju, jer ako na kraju
ublaži da nosimo nejšnje. Potražiti smo, braće, svem do
neke sitne. Plodac je bila svem, dnevidi nam, ljudi koji
ju očekuju, čudno sa izvjestima. To su bile četvrti,
prešala nam se, a moja je plakala i govorila svetu,
mar miješa miješi na se. Povezda moja, do riva svem
plakala krom pravcem do ulaza. Bačevam sam
jedna, da je svi se nepočeli smijevati. Bi
samo se umam prema Kładncu. Jesecići est, da se
mali odlučite, da se odradimo i nasložimo
pravcem. Pobjeđemo, mladica oko krsta moja mar je miješa
da nas zaroni put, lude, da se, smiješući osećaju. Osećaju osećaju...
An experience from Srebrenica

At the beginning of the war I left for Podzepje, 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 Podzepje 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 kind of weapons. Although it was difficult for me, we left Podzepje and headed in the direction of Srebrenica. We found refuge in the village of Bajramovci 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.
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., Hazin 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)

Suada - age 9, from Srebrenica (Winter 1995)

Suada, Srebrenica, 9 godina (zima '95)
THE FEAR OF REMEMBERANCE

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.
Senahid - age 6, from Srebrenica (Winter 95)

Senahid, Srebrenica, 6 godina (zima '95.)
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
razgoverao sa drugom dječom. 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.

...Isao sam i vidio. Naši. Dignutih ruku. Isparani noževima. Dvije hiljade
nijih... Najteže mi je bilo, najteže mi je bilo...

nije pao. Držala sam u naručju onesviješćeno dijete. Obljejavao me hladan
znaj... Bože... Bože... Hoće li ikad zatvoriti oči a da mu strašne scene
ne prolaze kroz glavu. Može li spomenuti svoj rodnii grad a da se ne sjeti.
Može li ikada zaboraviti Bože. Bože... Osvjesnije 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
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 četvrту 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 iznenadenje 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.
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
Demil - age 12, from Srebrenica (November '95)

Demil, Srebrenica, 12 godina (novembar '95.)
Dan koja robota muća zaboraviti,
nedan od molot, dona je kao monogam zaboraviti.
Gledam dono i gledam kao da oni
dopadno mogu sadrži da da i ne mogu moć da gleda

Ujutro sam robota i propadalo kor povrće, ukopama je
njih otopina ali mi mogu razna monpo male jed
zamno ruku. Oto mi nije bilo da robota samo
da je uključio na unijaču. Sjemenjeno sam
upitalo manja da je uvek dugačka je
kada deša da daju deca, ona me ne deša

Bole mi je da se katko zdravlja miša
da mamima negde mi miša
zam mi miše miša da mi da da se dogoji,

Sjemenjeno je dosada zeleno mazi neviha
i negde da se zapperat i da se dogoji

Allačare, i manja ga do nevina
venčanje ga

Ujutro mi miša da miša
kada deša da daju deca, ona me ne deša

Bole mi je da se katko zdravlja miša
da mamima negde mi miša
zam mi miše miša da mi da da se dogoji,

Nebo je nebo i moje monpo sa nebo

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zam mi miše miša da mi da da se dogoji,

Nebo je nebo i moje monpo sa nebo

Bole mi je da se katko zdravlja miša
Da se katko zdravlja miša
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, 4th grade, born in 1983.
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 as 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.
Mersiha - age 11, from Srebrenica (November '95)
Mersiha, Srebrenica, 11 godina (novembar '95)
Hariz - age 14, from Srebrenica (November 95)
Hariz, Srebrenica, 14 godina (novembar '95.)
Suad - age 12, from Srebrenica (Novembar 95)
Suad, Srebrenica, 12 godina (novembar '95.)
Osman, age 11, from Srebrenica (Winter 95)
...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 slaughtered 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 Drinjača...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 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 your 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


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 teško drugih i osobno doživljavala "kako kopaju rupacu da nas kolju...Ilude su izvodili, tukli ih i klali, oči vadili, pržli su žene plastirom, žene matore skidali gole i gojili ih po putu, tukli su lancima, sikiram, koljem...Idući ulicom vidio sam leševu na naši komšija. Moje komšije su pobjijahu na svirep način. Neki leševi koje sam vidi bili su iskaspjéljeni...puteem sam vidjela mnogo mrtvih tijela ubijenih i unakaženih i tako bačenih u rijeku Drinjaču. Nikad te strašive slike neće moći zaboraviti. U putu su nam prijetili “poklaješmo vas sve, vi ste izmišljena nacija”. Toliko su nam umili 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 gvožđenim bokserima i palicama. Palili su plastične kante i kapali po živim ljudima. Silovali su mlade i žene. Starije žene i ljude su najviše tukli. Moga su oca odveli i nikada ga nisu vratili. Nažalito 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, prevazili strahotna jezuitska mučenja u srednjem vijeku ili svima dobro poznata gestapovska mučenja, o prekinutoj 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 stories 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 fleecing 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 zaslim da sam ostao živ kad se sjetim gdje sam spavao po šumama i potocima godinu dana moga djetinjstva strahom provedena, umjesto igre meci zvižde iznad glave, umjesto da pojedem krišku hleba namazanu kremom, ja sam jeo suh hleb, 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 bebju od 10 dana. Nju stavi na krilo i tako dočeka zoru. Sve presjedi kraj svoja tri sina, plaćaju i moleći Boga da umre, da ne gleda muke svoje djece. Svi iz moje familije su zaborijeni i odvedeni, neki su spaljeni, a neki zaklani. Nema lista da bi mogli stati teškiDani mogu djetinjstva...

Ilskazi djece oživljavaju vrijeme genocida, pričaju o njemu neposredno onako kako su doživjela, ono kako su se usjekli u njihova sjećanja. Kada ih, sada, pažljivo isčitavamo 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 pohlepe i sadizam, uočili su, u njihovim ponašanjima prema nevim Bošnjacima i Bošnjakijama, tragove od iskona nošene mržnje, hrbro su podnosili nevolje bijanja od četničke kame. Ali iz njihovih riječi izvire i duboka tuga, jer više nema onih koji su ih radali i ovdijali, nema njihovih očeva, majki, dajdža, adža, strina, tetaka. Umirali su kraj njih ili odvodeni bez povratka. Duboko su utkani u njihovim napaćenim dušama, u njihovim nesasnesnim susama, 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 djecućice Mirnesa, Hana i Indira, jedanaestogodišnji Husein, djeca iz Zvornika traže pomoć od Klintonove Amerike i egipatskog predsjednika Mubaraka i pitaju se zašto svijet ne vidi zločine četnika, zašto dopuštaju da ubiju djecu i odrasle. U molbi Indira, djecućice iz Zvornika, sadržano je mnogo od onoga što djeca traže od predsjednika drugih zemalja, posebno od predsjednika Klintonove. "Molim te, Predsjedniče Klintonu, za mir - piše Indira - jer još samo u Vas imamo povjerenje i nade. Jer zašto ovako da doživimo ko je zaslužio ili mi ili neprijatelj, zvani pokoljali četnici. Mi više ne možemo izdržati, ter i u Tuzli maširaju granatama i ostalim teškim oružjem. Izbavite nas djećicu i žene sa bebama, jer i moja majka ima bebju i ostale žene na porodaju. 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. Iset Dizdarević

itd. jer i bolnica puna ranjenika u Tuzli. Molimo vas izbavite nas iz ovakve nezgode. I dok doktori posla imaju oko ranjenika, žene umiru na porodaju. Baš u mojoj sobi je umrla žena na porodaju koja je rodila dvojke. Pomožite, Gospodine Predsjednici, 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 dan. 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 progno, 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 brojnjih, dobro naoružanih i šitih soldata agresorskih armija. Svi tekstovi, crteži i muzičkim jezikom iskazani dogadaji nose u sebi duboke, humane poruke. Međutim, kada djeca od 7, 10, 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 prijeti nikakva opasnost, djecu, žene i nemoćne starce. Vjerovatno će spoznati, kada odrastu, da zla koja su oni doživjeli ne čine ljudi, već spodobe u ljudskom liku.

Prof. dr. Iset 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 shelter 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 Halilović, borrowed a sentence from John Heywood - children end fools 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. Halilović, 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 vršni tuzlanski ljekari i psiholog, duboko angažovani oko zbrinjavanja fizički i mentalno povrijeđenih progranika sa privremeno okupiranih teritorija sjeveroistočne Bosne, koji su uspjeli da luku svoga spasna nada 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 Heywood, Children end fools cannot lye) i preporučujući i nadajući se da će ova potresna knjiga biti objavljenja 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 najmlade populacije za sudbinu ljudskog društva.

Konstatujući autentičnost dječjeg iskaza, njihovu naijinost, otvorenost, poštovanje, neiskrenost dr. Halilović, između ostalog kaže: "...Kad se sva ova zla – ne ponovila se više nikada – sagledaju očima djece, ona su tek tada videna iskreno. Svakom čovjeku – ne samo onom emotivno jače ustrojenom, nego i onom manje osjećajnom – zatraže daj nad ovim teškim optužujućim riječima nevinih malih osoba".

Drugi recenzent knjige, dr. Mirha Sëhović, skrenula je pažnju čitalaca da je "...potreban veliki napor da primimo ove neprijatne istine" i istakla da je "...uvjerenja da će stranice ove knjige biti teške za razmišljanje", a na osnovu temeljite analize dječjih ispisivjedi zaključila da ona u težini 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 progne djece, djece iz logora, djece koja su gledala kako im umiru očevi, majke, braća, sestre, djeca koja su jela korištenje 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 hear 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 disorthography, disgraphe, 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...
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 Pasic, 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 awakening 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 sljedeće, vjerujemo da bi značajno utjecala na budenje 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 znamući 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 zaslужuju da budu pročitani i upamćeni."
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Amira Delić

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