

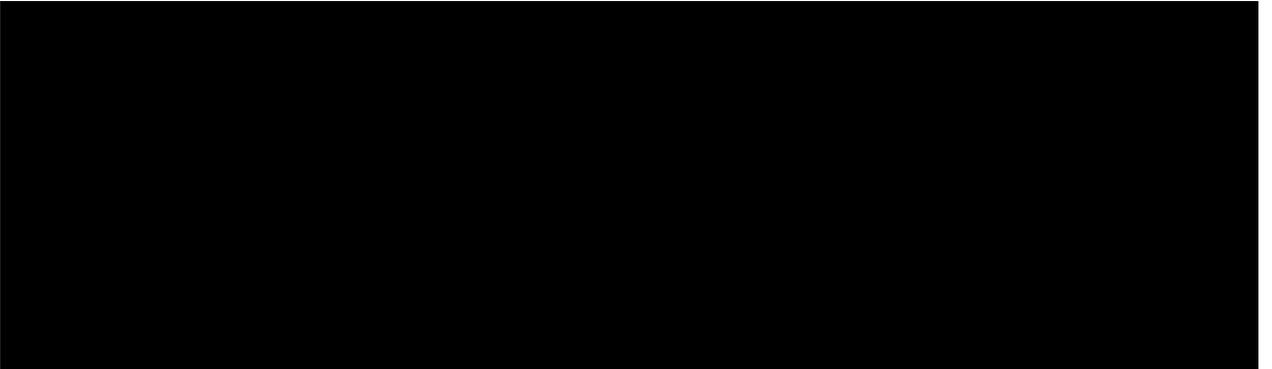
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

UMCN<sup>1</sup>: [REDACTED]

Personal ID number: [REDACTED]

Contact number: [REDACTED]



## STATEMENT

In 1984, I divorced from my then-husband Nenad Dragičević, whose last name I kept because of our children, and that year I moved from his apartment in Ilijaš to my parents Branko and Milojka Draškić's family home in Donja Bioča, Ilijaš municipality, together with our two children, son Janko and daughter Mirjana. Until the outbreak of war in the former B&H, I worked as a waitress in the restaurant "Olimpik" in Ilijaš, which is how I earned money to raise and educate my children.

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<sup>1</sup> T/N - Unique Master Citizen Number

On 28.12.1992, around 05:30 in the morning, my mother Milojka woke me up and told me that something strange was happening in the village and that heavy gunshots can be heard due to which the people were supposedly fleeing towards Ilijaš. I got up then and went to the front porch in my pajamas where my mother and my aunt Lenka Skočo stood, who fled from the village Gornja Bioča and settled in a weekend cottage near our house and spent that night at our place. My mother told me then to wake my children up and that we should also flee towards Ilijaš, after which I immediately returned to the room, woke my children up, put some clothes on them and told them that we had to flee towards Ilijaš because the Muslims from Visoko municipality had attacked our village. While I was clothing my children, I heard a burst shooting immediately in front of our house's door, after which I ran in front of the house and saw three unknown men with automatic rifles in their hands standing next to my mother and aunt. They wore green camouflage uniforms with some ribbons on one of their sleeves, with bandanas around their heads and backpacks on their backs. Two of them had very dark skin, and then I realized that those were the mujahideen. I had heard that they were fighting for the Army of B&H. The third one had light skin, and I assume he was from our area. The two talked among themselves on some unintelligible language, and the third one, who was about 25 years old, kept quiet the entire time. Then I heard my mother saying: "Rada, keep the children safe," and I saw blood coming down her leg-thigh, and my aunt shouted all the time, and I saw her blood coming from around her hip. Afraid, I returned immediately to the front porch and told my children who started running towards me from the kitchen to run, which Janko did and ran to his room, and Mirjana cried and grabbed to with her arms. At that moment, the soldiers came towards us. Two of them grabbed me by my arms, and the third one grabbed my daughter and pushed her into the kitchen. A mujahideen and the soldier from our area held me, and the other mujahideen pulled a sweatsuit with her underwear from my daughter, who screamed. He then pulled his own pants with his underwear down to his knees and pushed her to the floor, spread her legs, and raped her. My daughter screamed and scrambled, and then the brute hit her several times to the face. Blood started pouring from her nose, after which she stopped crying because she passed out. When the first mujahideen finished raping her and dressed up, he came up to me to hold me, and the other mujahideen picked up my passed out daughter, put her on the couch and raped her too. After the other mujahideen raped my daughter and dressed up, the soldier from our area went towards my daughter. I broke away and started running towards her, and at that moment, the first brute-mujahideen fired from the automatic rifle and shot me in the stomach and leg, which caused me to fall to the floor next to the couch. While I was lying on the floor, I saw the third brute came near and raped my passed out daughter on the couch, who was bloody all over her face and between her legs. When he finished raping her, the first brute came to the couch and fired a single shot to my daughter's head. During this time, while the three soldiers were with us in the kitchen, about half an hour,

there was heavy gunfire and noise coming from the vehicle engines in the village, which is why the three criminals ran out of the house and fled. After this, I crawled across the floor, came to the front porch, and saw my mother and aunt lying in the same place, and I know I told my mother that the Ustashe killed my Mirjana. After a short while, Army of the Republic of Srpska came to our house with a tank, put my aunt and me on the tank, and brought us to an ambulance had already come to the village from Ilijaš. They brought us then to Ilijaš and provided us with first aid, after which they brought us by ambulance to the hospital “Žica” in Blažuj. After a short intervention here, they urgently brought me to the military hospital in Pale, where I underwent surgery, and then on 29.12.1992, they transferred me to Belgrade by helicopter, placed me in the Emergency room, where I was kept for six months. While I was in hospital in Belgrade, I found out that my daughter Mirjana was buried at the graveyard near the church in Ilijaš, and that my aunt Lenka died in the hospital in Blažuj the next day after she was wounded. My mother, Milojka, was cared for in the hospital in Ilijaš. I also found out then that my son Janko was hiding in the bedroom hidden in the sheets while this war crime was happening.

I note that I have told about this crime perpetrated by the members of the Army of B&H several times to organizations such as the Association of Prisoners of the Republic of Srpska and other organizations that investigate the crimes perpetrated on the territory of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Nobody ever called me to the country institutions so that I could give a detailed statement in regards to this crime, in order for the perpetrators to be found and for them to answer to the competent court.

I also note that I remember in vivid detail all the events that happened in front of and inside our family home, and that I remember the faces of the brutes whom I could recognize.

**There is nothing else I can say about the above.**