

[emblem of the Republic of Srpska]

REPUBLIC OF SRPSKA  
MINISTRY OF INTERIOR  
BIJELJINA PUBLIC SECURITY CENTRE  
SREBRENICA PS<sup>1</sup>

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Maršal Tito Street, no number , Srebrenica , telephone number: 056/385-317 , fax: 056/385-970

Date: 13 September 2005

**S T A T E M E N T**

Before the breakout of war confrontations in BiH, I lived in the village of Čumavići, Srebrenica municipality, together with my late husband Nedeljko and four children. With the beginning of the war, Muslim neighbours started coming to our village, at first without weapons and later with weapons, mostly saying that they are visiting us and keeping us safe. After some time, Muslim soldiers, mainly from the surrounding villages, forced us out of our houses with rifles and made us go to a meadow called Borice and lined us up there and cornered us into the village of Bacuta. I think that on that occasion there were about 34 residents of the village of Čumavići, among which there were many children, and the youngest child was Vujedinović<sup>2</sup> Ljiljana who was then three years old. While we were lined up on the meadow, Muslim soldiers took the little girl Ljiljana from the line and took her in the direction of the graveyard, saying that they would slaughter her, and then her father Radomir Vujadinović begged them to kill him first, but they said that they would first kill the little girl and then the rest of us, but they did not do that, and instead they escorted us to the village of Bacita [sic]. In Bacita [sic] on that day, Muslim soldiers whom I do not know held speeches saying that we were encircled, that we must not flee anywhere, and after that they returned us back to our village. After our return to the village, perhaps three days later, Muslim soldiers came again and took my son Vujadinović Rajko and my brothers-in-law, Vujadinović Miloš and Milovan, from the village. My son returned on the same day and told me how Hajro Bešić took him to some brook and told him to pick out log on which he would cut off his head, while hitting him on the head and chest, because when he came home, he was completely bruised and his head was bleeding. He also told me that Miloš and Milovan were left in the village of Bacita [sic] and that they were closed in their houses. From what I heard, a few days later, two Muslim neighbours almost literally brought Milovan, because he was beaten and could not walk, but I could not have seen that because our house was far from other houses, and I went to visit him and I personally heard when Milovan told how they put out cigarettes on his body and constantly beat him. One day, I believe it was the beginning of June, Muslim soldiers came to the village again and ordered us all again to come out to the meadow called Borice and that is where Naser Orić, the Muslim commander who spoke to the soldiers and gave them commands, appeared on a horse. From that meadow we were again led towards the village of Bacita [sic], and that was in the early evening; before we got to Bacita [sic] it was already dark; we were ordered to enter one truck which drove us to Pilićarnik, which is the property of Hadžović Hazem, and they locked us all up in there after counting us. In that building there was

no electricity nor water, as well as no toilet, and water was brought for us in one bucket. The building was filled with chicken cages, there was chicken faeces smell and it was quite stifling given that the object was too small for the number of people who were there, and in my estimation there were about 34 of us. In front of the building there were always armed guards and the building doors were always locked. During our imprisonment no medical staff came to examine us nor did anyone bring us the necessary medications and milk for children. As far as I know, none of the foreign observers came to that camp, and I think it was not registered by the ICRC. In that room, we spent a total of five days, and while we stayed there I saw our neighbours take livestock away from our village and carry other things from our houses. The guards did not

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<sup>1</sup> Translator's note: Police Station

<sup>2</sup> t/n: actual surname is Vujadinović

enter Pilićarnik, but members of their army gathered by the camp and threatened to kill us. On the second day of our imprisonment, I heard one truck come and bring some teacher from Fakovići, who was beaten in front of the building doors, and that teacher screamed so loudly that everyone in the camp as well as those in surrounding houses heard it, and from that day no one knows anything about that teacher. I personally could not see who beat him because I was at the other end of the camp where there were no windows. There were many older and sick people among us whom we had to carry to that Pilićarnik, namely my mother-in-law Jedokija, and Đuričić Miljan whom we had to carry. No sexual abuse took place in the camp, I know that all our property was looted and houses burned. While we were in the camp, Naser Orić himself twice took out Vujadinović Radenka, who was imprisoned there with her three-year-old daughter Ljiljana, and sent her to the demarcation line towards Bratunac to negotiate on exchange with the Serb army, but her daughter always had to stay at the camp in case Radenka decided not to come back. On one occasion, they picked us up from the camp and drove us by truck to Potočari, and Naser Orić ordered me to go to Žuti most<sup>3</sup> demarcation line and to recognize among the captured killed Muslim soldiers one Hodžić Amed from the village of Lehovići, which I did and returned and told Naser Orić that I recognized that Amed on some vehicle, but the exchange was not conducted that day so they returned us to the camp again. On 13 June 1992 we were again driven by a truck to Potočari where we were told to head by foot towards Žuti most, and with us went one woman who would bring back the vehicle with the killed soldiers, and the day before Serb army from Bratunac released a few women and children, so they too decided to release us, thus we arrived on the territory of Bratunac municipality, which was under the control of VRS<sup>4</sup>, on 13 June 1992. Almost all people who were imprisoned in the camp asked for medical help because they were all exhausted, hungry, and have survived great psychological stress, which I personally feel even today and cannot erase my imprisonment in camp from my memory, because I was imprisoned with my two sons, Simo (12) and Rajko (21), and husband Nedeljko, and other close relatives from the village of Čumavići. On 12 July 1992, my husband Nedeljko went missing in Zalazje, Srebrenica municipality, during an attack on that village by the Muslim army, and on that occasion the men who also went missing are Vujadinović Milovan, Dušan, Boško, who was recently found, and nothing is still known about the others. On 16 September 1992 in Zalužje, Bratunac municipality, in an ambush by the Muslim soldiers, my son Ranko and 8 other to me unknown people of Serb nationality were killed, and he was buried at the town cemetery in Bratunac. I believe Vujadinović Mihajlo, Milinko, Tomo, my son Simo, and Miladin Ristanović could give much information on all aforementioned events. Concerning the aforementioned circumstances, I never gave any statements to anyone, and as far as I know, no criminal proceedings are ongoing against the people responsible for our imprisonment in the camp.

Examination ended at 9 o'clock.

WITNESS: [initials in Cyrillic: V.N.]  
Vujadinović Nevenka

RECORDING CLERK:  
Stjepanović Milosava  
[signature:illegible]

AUTHORISED OFFICIAL:  
Milošević Zoran  
[signature:illegible]

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<sup>3</sup> t/n: Yellow bridge

<sup>4</sup> t/n: Army of the Republic of Srpska