

Personal statement 1992/1, [REDACTED].

(Statement given voluntarily by [REDACTED] on 6 November 1992 at the [REDACTED])

I am [REDACTED], born in [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] Municipality. I was captured on 26 May 1992 in the woods not far from my home. Two other girls were with me, refugees from Visoko, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. The three of us were captured by a dozen men wearing camouflage uniforms and hats with the “lily” insignia. They put us on a truck and drove off in a direction unknown to me.

We were taken to the Breza camp. They locked us in a basement with small windows, which was dirty, wet and cold. We were immediately raped, gang raped and beaten. I was there for two days. After that, I was taken into a different building and different room. There were five women and girls already there: two [REDACTED], [REDACTED]. I stayed in that room until the end, i.e. until we were freed on 15 August 1992. We were held in that same room almost the entire time, except when they would take us out so we could watch prisoners being beaten, tortured and killed.

The prisoners were tortured by slaughtering, cutting off body parts one at a time, drowned in a pool that looked like a swimming pool, I do not know what was in it other than water.

The prisoners were forced to work extremely hard, and we were only taken out of that room when they wanted us to watch the murders and the torture, clean, or work in the garden. I did not know any of the prisoners, they were from Breza, Visoko and Vareš.

We were constantly, incessantly beaten and raped, they took turns, and some days up to 20 men would take their turns on me. When we would pass out, they dumped water on us.

We did not bathe. There was a bathroom, but we were not permitted to bathe. We had one water faucet where we were only allowed to wash our faces a bit, and maybe wash ourselves if we managed to pour some water quickly.

We were tortured by being forced to watch them torture other prisoners. On one occasion, they forced a father to rape his own daughter, who was around 17 years old. They were beaten, but both him and the daughter were resisting those requests. When they held a knife to his throat and wanted to slaughter him, his daughter screamed and begged him to do it so they don't kill him. He did it, but I do not know whether they killed him later, since anybody who made it out of that prison was half-dead.

They fed us with pieces of moldy bread or pasta, probably scraps. There was also some sort of stew, that was more like pig food.

The girls and women in that cell never talked between us because we were never alone, one of them was always present when we worked and when we were in that room. They kept mentioning the name Kula, maybe some sort of a nickname. They kept wondering whether he would be pleased or not, with how much and how they beat us, and how much and how they raped us. They laughed while talking about that. Later, when I returned home, I heard that Kula was the warden of the prison and that he was from Semizovci. I have never seen this Kula.

When I was released, so were the five girls who were held in the same room as me. Two of the girls committed suicide immediately after returning to the village, and the others went somewhere with their parents. We were released because we had become pregnant, which was the goal in the first place.

I am terrified of closed spaces and I cannot wait to return home.