

20121031-081 Karangwa, Justin

Kingambo [Name of a Cellule], date: 10/9/99

Surname: Karangwa

First Name: Justin

Father: Sebera Antoine

Mother: Kankuyo Daphrosa

Cellule: Kingabo

Secteur: Dusego

Commune: Mukingi

Prefecture: Gitarama

School: G.S de Muyunzwe A.P.E.C.A.S

Classe: 1st Year of Junior Secondary School

Date of birth: 01/08/1978

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Genocide started in our neighborhood on Saturday 23/4/94 at the Cellule [Offices of the cellule]. It was at dusk and approaching 8.00pm when a gang came and destroyed property, burnt homes and looted [property]. They took away cows and went to slaughter and feast on them. The following morning which was a Sunday, the gang members came and destroyed all the crops in fields [belonging to Tutsi].

Mr Nkurikiyimfura Francois, the *Conseiller* [head of the Secteur] at the time, called for a meeting and told people that what was remaining was to kill [Tutsis]. On Monday morning, 25/4/99 they [gangs] went to hunt for people who were hiding in the bush. By then, I was hiding in a bush and when they arrived next to the bush/thicket that I was hiding in, one of the people in the gang said, "there is someone around here". This is because they could see my footprints leading to where I passed when getting into the thicket. The gang cut down the thicket and when they saw me, they told me to come out by myself.

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I left [the thicket] and came [to where the gang was]. The head of the gang blew a whistle to alert other gang members who were further away that he had discovered someone who was hiding. People who were further away came in order to kill me but when they arrived, the head of the gang stopped them and told them to take me to the Secteur's [Offices] to join the others [who had been arrested.]

That gang was comprised of:

(Gang Leader) NTIBARINGANIRA Aphrodis

YANKURIJE Innocent

BAGANWA Martin

KAREGEYE Roment
KANANI Jean
Janvier mwene NYIRIMBARAGA.

Habyarimana Mathias undress me and then told me to hand him the grenade [being falsely accused that I have a grenade] and bullets that we were hiding for Inkotanyi.

They [the gang members] kept on referring to me as being a member of Inkotanyi and whenever they did not say I am a member of Inkotanyi, they referred to be me as “you Tutsi” [in a derogatory manner].

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I told them to forgive me and that I will never again be a Tutsi. They refused [to forgive me] and instead told me to lead the way [to where they were to take me]. I was in front and they were behind me leading me from where they had arrested me to the Secteur [Offices of the Secetur]. On the way, people were showing the snake [derogatory term used to refer to Tutsis] what the plan was. Each and every one on the way had very similar thinking [about what should happen to Tutsis]. “let us round them up and let us chop them up into pieces and none should be spared.”

They were carrying all sorts of weapons:

- Clubs that had nails in them
- Machetes
- Spears

All the civilians we came across along the road praised my captor and always asked, “Where did you get that one?” [referring to the captive in a derogatory tone]. When we arrived at the Secteur [offices of the Secteur], I met some of my relatives piled together after hacking them with machete and clubbing then using clubs that had nails in them.

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They [my captors] forced me to sit on the ground so that I witness how they are killing some of my relatives before they kill me. They wanted me to be traumatized when I look at how my relatives were being killed. Before killing them [my relatives], they started by slashing one’s achilles tendon and then pounded the person’s entire body using a club that had nails in it. They clubbed the person starting from the head, then ribs, chest and stopping the clubbing after pounding the person’s legs and feet.

Who did the killing:

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When it reached my turn, they hacked my achilles tendon and beat my head using clubs that had nails in them to an extent that I felt that my head had been burst open and was hollow. I passed out and was just as good as any other dead person. It reached a time when the Conseiller [head of a Secteur] came and counted those who were already dead and the ones who were still alive. He ordered that they should urgently get those who survived so that they get killed.

[The killer gang] had promised and invited civilians and our neighbors that they had prepared a “wedding” for the people they killed at the Secteur’s offices and this “wedding” was about the civilians and our neighbors coming to witness how Tutsis die. Some of the people who came to witness the massacre kept on asking whether those Tutsi’s were really dead or whether they were simply acting dead.

Those killed at the Secteur’s offices were:

MAMPYISI Fidel
RURASIRE Faustin
KABAYABA Samuel
RUEBANA Marc
MUKAMAZIMPAKA Meraniee

Those [people named above] are our paternal uncles.

My older brothers:

NSHIMIYIMANA Vincent
MUNYANERE Alphonsee
UAMENYIMANA Marc
HABYAMBERE Raurent

The well-endowed in society were also killed, however I do not know their names. Their bodies used to be found in bushes here and there and I personally witnessed 16 people being killed.

How did you leave that place [How did you survive]?

They started to “bury” the dead in a pit that had earlier been dug claiming that the pit was going to be used as a pit latrine. They started dragging the dead bodies and threw them in that pit. When it came to my turn to be dragged and thrown into the pit latrine, they told me to stand up in order to go meet my relatives. I tried to stand up but did not have the ability to do so. They helped me by dragging me on the ground and placed me next to the pit. They threw all the remaining dead

bodies in the pit and they finally took me and threw me in the pit. They then threw in human feces that they had put aside. Afterwards, they threw clay bricks into the pit so that no one could come out.

When it became dusk, they [the killers] went to entertain themselves for a job well done. In the pit, there were people who had already died and some who were still alive. Some of those still alive could request another, “remove for me that brick so that I get out” [of the pit]. By then no one ever paid attention to what date it was.

Later, a soldier in [president] Habyarimana’s army [Forces Armées Rwandaise] came to where the Secteur’s offices were because he saw lots of blood at the Secteur’s offices. By then, he was just passing on the road in his vehicle. He stopped his vehicle and asked people guarding the Secteur’s offices, “Where were the cows that were slaughtered and feasted on at that place come from?” The guards responded that the place he was seeing was where people had been killed. It was not where cows had been slaughtered. He then asked the guards where the people who had been killed were buried. The guards showed him the place and when he reached [at the pit], he found that some of us were still alive. He then ordered [the guards] to remove all the bodies that had been thrown in the pit. For them to remove us [from the pit], they first started to remove the dead bodies that were on us.

Dead bodies were put back in the pit while he put those of us who were still alive in the vehicle he had and took us to hospital at Byimana. The following morning, they [hospital staff] told us that the hospital had run out of medicine. We were then referred us to the Commune and I crawling on my buttocks [because was severely injured and could not walk].

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I managed to reach at the commune in the evening and meet other refugees who had gone to seek refuge at the commune. On 23rd April 1994, Nsabimana Basille, the bourgumestre of Commune Mukingi at the said that he was going to Gitarama. He later came back with a bus that took us to Kabgayi.

On reaching Kabgayi, I went to hospital and was hospitalized till the time Rwanda Patriotic Front (RPF) Inkotanyi liberated us on 2nd June 1994. From the time I got to hospital I could not stand up wherever I had sat and I could only move [except by crawling on my buttocks].

This is how my life was at the time of the genocide. The genocide brought me grief and sorrow that will forever live within me.

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During the genocide, they [killers] came to kill my paternal uncle and hunted him so much because they had had been instructed by the conseiller. They arrested him and took him to be killed. Those who took him away are:

MPAKANYI Matayo
MWEREKANDE Joseph
TWAGIRIMANA Joseph
NZARAMBA Evariste
NTAYISENGA André
Ignace mwene GAKUBA Atanazi
Etc.

Here are the people who participated in the killing of people at [the offices of the] Secteur.

1. NTIBARINGANIRA Aphrodis
2. YANKURIJE Innocent
3. BAGANWA Martin
4. HABYARIMANA Mathias
5. KANANI Jean
6. KAREGEYA Raurant
7. Savier mwene NYIRIMBARAGA
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These are the people I recall led me [to the place I was to be killed]

1. BIZUMUTIMA Faulas
2. TWAGIRIMANA Feridinard
3. NTEZIRYAYO mwene NGAMIJE Alex
4. Beatha mwene HITIMANA Donati
5. KAGANGO André
6. BUCYEKABILI Jean
7. NZABASENGIMANA Augustin
8. NTIBAKINA Alphonse
9. RUZAMBA Léonard
10. GATABAZI Innocent

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11. SEMUZIMA Innocent

12. NZABASENGIMANA Hupio
13. Albert mwene SENZAGE Jean
14. Paul mwene BIKWAKWANYA Michel
15. KAGENZA Jean
16. Jean mwene MASHINGA Dionis
17. BACYINAHE Joseph
18. Leonard mwene BACYINAHE Jean
19. Bizimana Jean mwene BACYINAHE Jean
20. RWABUHUNGU Léonard
21. KAGABO Stanisilasi
22. MPAKANYI Mathao
23. MWEREKANDE Joseph
24. TWAGILIMANA Joseph
25. Uwo bita KARATIKA Emmanuel
26. HATEGEKIMANA Slidio
27. RUTAYISIRE Valence

Those are the people I am able to remember, “because my heart is very heavy and troubled, I am not able to articulate words [what I personally experienced].

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NB: If it is evidence that you are looking for, I want to let you know that there are people who have evidence [of the genocide] on their bodies that can never be erased.

A wound heals, however, a scar can never heal nor gets erased, it lasts forever.

In case there is anyone who wants to deny that genocide never took place to minimize the genocide, you should always come to call us [to show the scars which are evidence of the genocide].