

Smile Through the Tears

THE STORY OF THE RWANDAN GENOCIDE



Robert B. Anderson

Hell exists. It's here on earth. It's called hatred and racial discrimination, and I saw it with my own eyes during the Tutsi genocide that took place in Rwanda between April and July of 1994. I am one of the few to have escaped such a fate, and the events I am about to relate have been seared into my soul.

I have long wrestled with the same nagging question, which I try to brush aside but which keeps returning, insistent, insolent, and harsh. Why me? Why did I survive, when so many loved ones around me perished? What have I got that's so special, so remarkable, so attractive to this illusion we call life? And then one day, the answer emerged from the depths of my being. I was spared so that I could be a witness. My mission was to be town crier; I was to tell the whole world right to its face how racism was an abomination. I was to say this loud and clear, in the hopes of preventing another genocide or similarly terrible crime from claiming more innocent victims or creating survivors who, like me, had little reason left to live.

My story is told from the point of view of a family very dear to me whose near-total annihilation I witnessed: the Rwangas. The Rwanga children were more than just friends. Their parents were like my parents. I was in hiding with them and I lost them, without understanding why, one beautiful April morning in 1994. A morning as luminous as any other: one of the characteristics that had made Rwanda the little African Eden so vaunted by tourists. I lost them, and the only thing I could do was to make them the heroes of this bitter tribute.

Only Rose Rwanga, the mother, has survived. Orphaned during the first--and largely forgotten--Tutsi genocide of 1959, she is today

without her husband and children because of the same murderous folly, become more monstrous still. A living emblem of an entire generation of ethnic betrayal, this extraordinary woman has refused to respond to hatred with hatred. She hasn't lost her smile, a smile so captivating that people stop in the street to look at it. But today her smile appears turned toward the hereafter, turned perhaps to her loved ones who watch her from on high. Is there any other way she could have salvaged some hope for herself?

It was to honour this woman's calm courage, and to affirm our resolve to overcome our despair and live normal lives, that I chose to include the word 'smile' in the title of this spine-chilling tale. The love, the memories and the despair that co-exist in me even now are what whetted my desire and spurred me on to produce this graphic account of a catastrophic event. For two long years I worked alone, imagining the scenes, drawing the characters, designing the backgrounds, selecting the colours...until the last frame was finished.

The first part of my mission is complete. I dedicate Smile Through the Tears to the Rwanga family, to my father, my loved ones, and the nearly one million other victims of the Tutsi genocide in homage to their martyrdom. And I invite my fellow survivors to continue with this sacred task. Otherwise they will never know peace, as I once did not myself. As for me, my work is far from done. I vow to continue with my mission to fight racism and to perpetuate the memory of the Tutsi genocide so that it may never happen again. Until my dying breath.

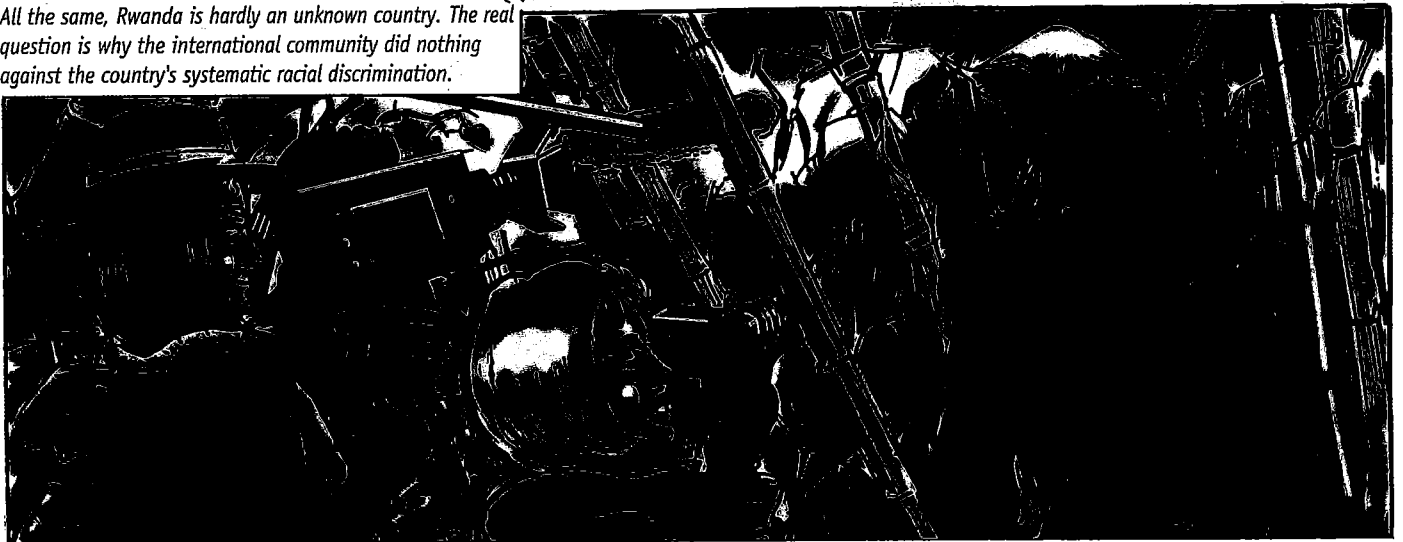
The author

Why such a river of tears in this enchanting country of a thousand hills?

The genocide of the Rwandan Tutsis took place under the shocked gaze of the international community. One million slaughtered. Those who could have stopped the horror did nothing, seemingly indifferent to the drama. Rwanda, it was often said, is too small, too poor and too black to elicit compassion. Faced with the unbelievable, the martyred Rwandans could only wonder.



All the same, Rwanda is hardly an unknown country. The real question is why the international community did nothing against the country's systematic racial discrimination.



Visitors really only seemed to care about the country's natural beauty and its mountain gorillas. This endangered species had been the subject of a famous film, "Gorillas in the Mist," which told the story of Dian Fossey* and her quest to save them. Visitors completely ignored the murder of thousands of Tutsis and the fact that large numbers of Rwandans had been forced to remain in exile, despite their repeated pleas to return to the land of their ancestors.



*Dian Fossey, named Nyiramacibiri in Kinyarwanda, the language of the country, was an American naturalist who devoted her life to protecting the Rwandan mountain gorilla. She died in mysterious circumstances on December 26, 1985. Zigiranyirazo Protais, brother-in-law to President Habyarimana, is believed to have been involved in her murder.

The Hutus who had taken part in the Tutsi pogroms and raids since 1959 weren't too keen on having their activities held up to the light.

Time for the news. Let's hear what the Head of State has to say.

All government meetings were held in the Hotel du 5 juillet 1973.

Your Excellency, Mr. President! Rwandan refugees keep asking to return to the country. Today, President Obote of Uganda has ordered them back to Rwanda. Will you allow them back in this time?

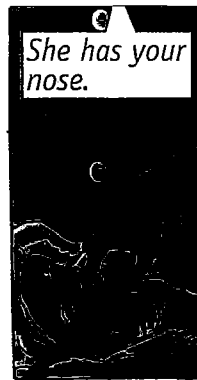
We need our gorilla habitats more than we need these refugees. The parks bring in foreign currency. For this reason, I can never allow refugees to come and occupy our only uninhabited land. Let them stay where they are. I don't want to lose everything that we gained in our 1959 Hutu Revolution.

Long live President Habyarimana!
The thought of those wretched Tutsis coming and trying to reclaim what we took from them had me worried.

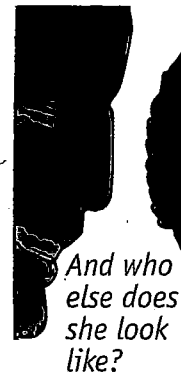
As you might have guessed, many Tutsis like Charles Rwanga and his family found their pleasures elsewhere than in the Radio Rwanda broadcasts.



Praise God, he's given us a little girl.



She has your nose.



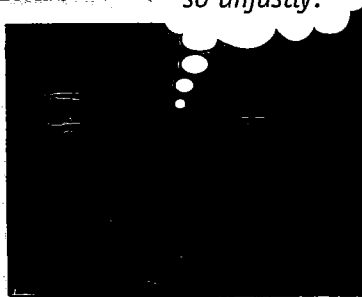
And who else does she look like?



It's nothing... just old memories, that's all.



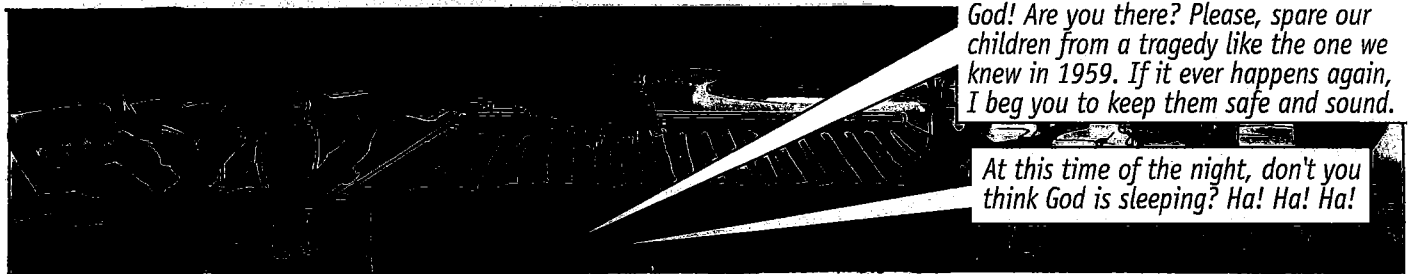
She looks like my older sister who was killed in 1959.



Why, why did our people die so unjustly?



What is it? Your face has changed.



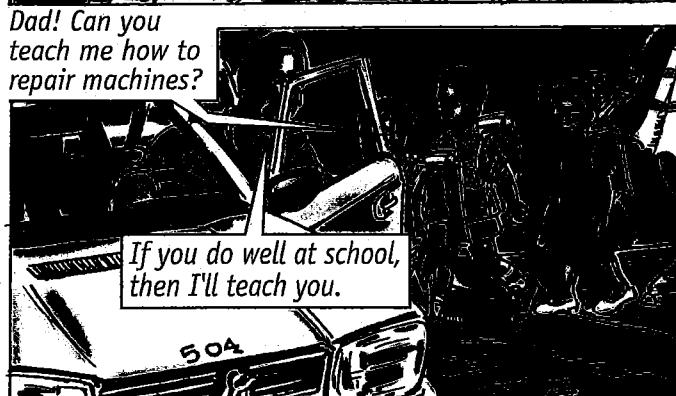
God! Are you there? Please, spare our children from a tragedy like the one we knew in 1959. If it ever happens again, I beg you to keep them safe and sound.

At this time of the night, don't you think God is sleeping? Ha! Ha! Ha!



Four years later...

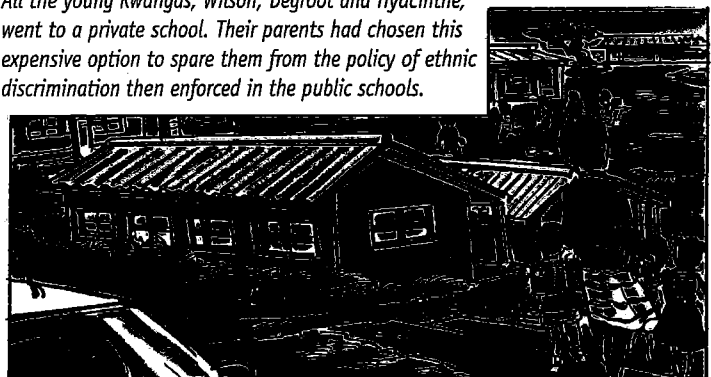
Hurry up, kids! I've got to get you to school right away so that I won't be late for my new job as a typewriter repairman!



Dad! Can you teach me how to repair machines?

If you do well at school, then I'll teach you.

All the young Rwangas, Wilson, Degroot and Hyacinthe, went to a private school. Their parents had chosen this expensive option to spare them from the policy of ethnic discrimination then enforced in the public schools.



But they didn't count on the will of those in power to divide the Rwandan people...



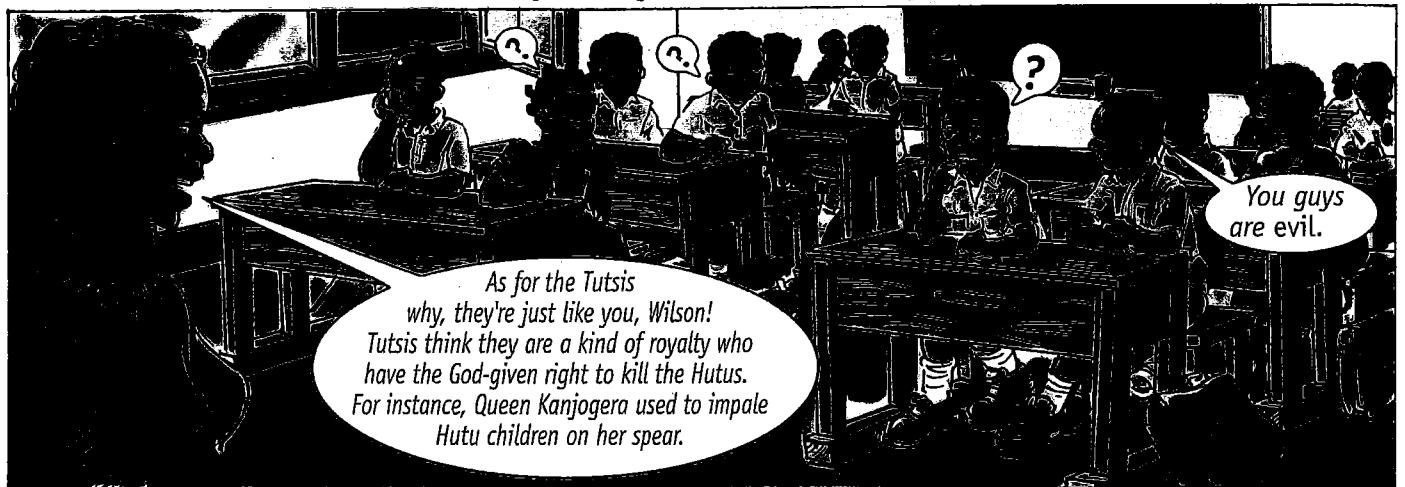
A few days after school started...



Today you have to tell me which of the three ethnic groups on the board you belong to.



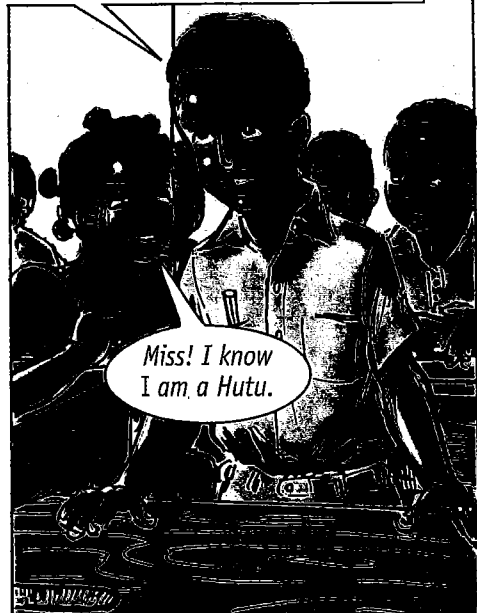
Now, I know that none of you are Twas. This inferior race, otherwise known as pygmies, lives in the forest.



As for the Tutsis why, they're just like you, Wilson! Tutsis think they are a kind of royalty who have the God-given right to kill the Hutus. For instance, Queen Kanjogera used to impale Hutu children on her spear.

You guys are evil.

Miss! Tutsis may be murderers, but my family isn't. We never killed anyone and I don't think I am royalty. Aren't I the same as a Hutu?

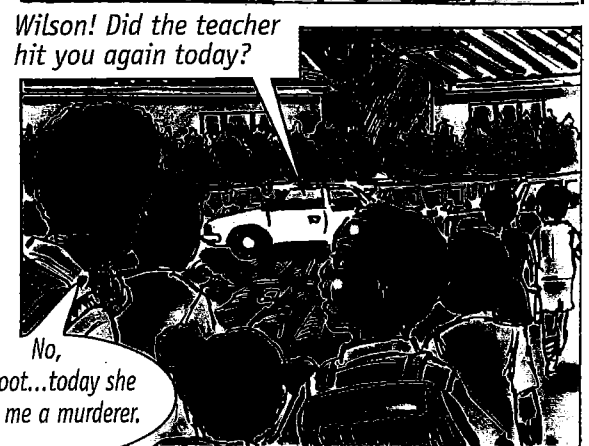


Miss! I know I am a Hutu.

Now here's a real Hutu. Her father is a prominent figure in the Rwandan army. As for you, Wilson, I see no trace of Hutu in you.



Make sure you know what ethnic group you belong to when you come back on Monday.



Wilson! Did the teacher hit you again today?

No, Degroot...today she called me a murderer.



When the Rwanda children got home...

Kids! Did you have a good day?

Yes, mom! Except for Wilson.



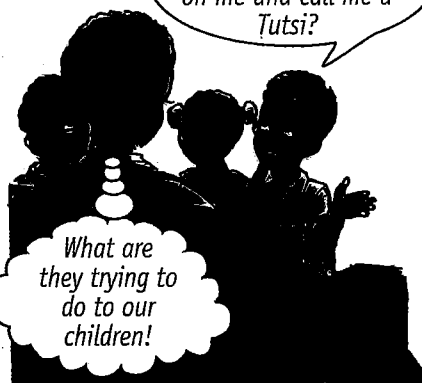
Wilson! What happened, sweetie?

The teacher told us to find out what ethnic group we belonged to. She also called me a Tutsi murderer.



Mom, why did the teacher pick on me and call me a Tutsi?

What are they trying to do to our children!



Everything okay here? No-one looks very happy!

Dad!

What were you talking about? Can't you tell me?



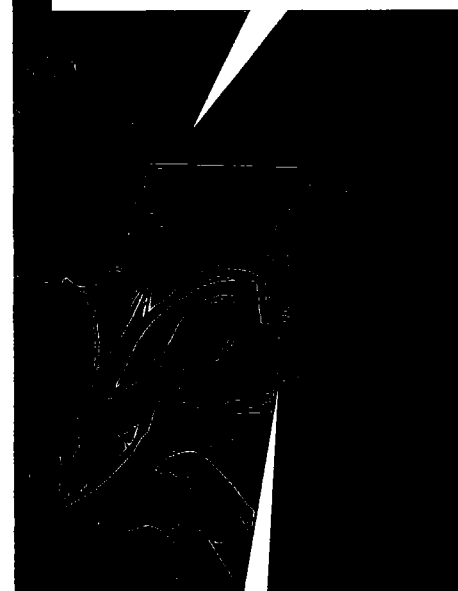
You and I will discuss it later.

Some time later, alone at last...

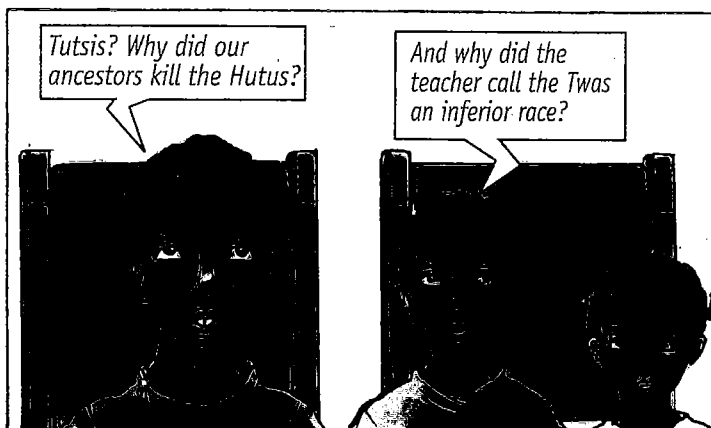
If the teacher had only wanted to know their race, she could have asked their parents. What the authorities really want is to turn the children against each other.

They asked the kids to find out what ethnic group they belong to before they come back on Monday.

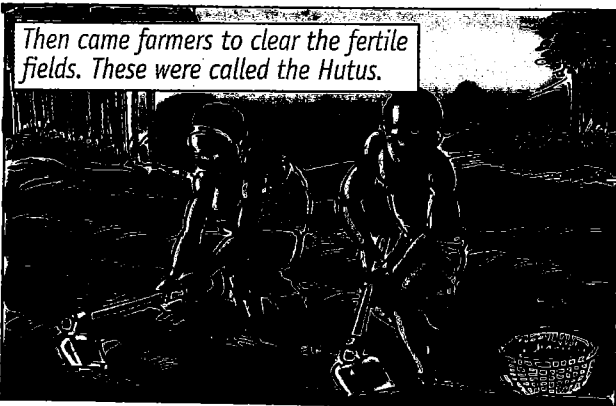
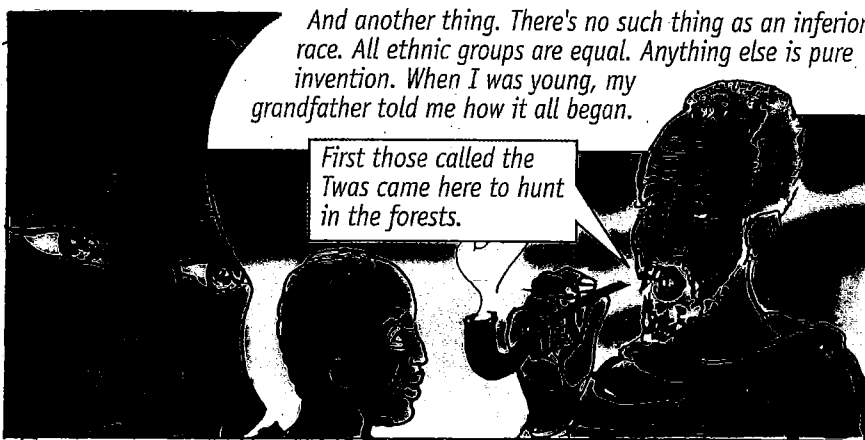
We're all Rwandan here. We speak the same language. We live the same lives. We intermarry without discrimination. Why do some still want to divide us and sow hatred in our children?



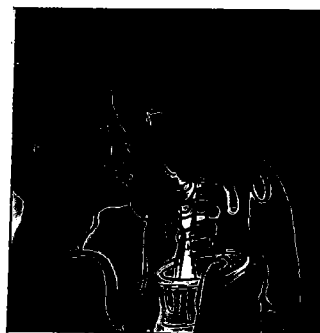
Some countries have several different languages, ethnic groups and religions, but it doesn't stop them from living in peace.



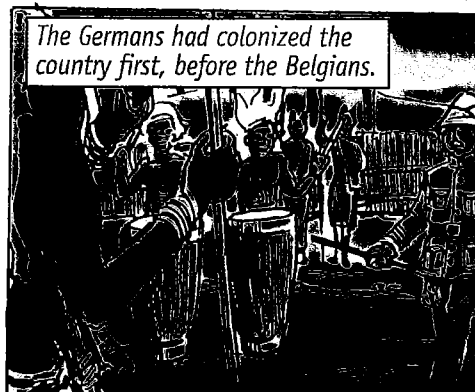
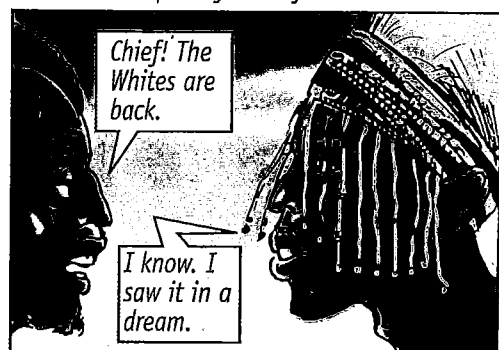
If all that the Tutsis ever did with their time was kill the Hutus, as you seem to have been told, then why do the Hutus outnumber the Tutsis today?



And then came the cattle breeders, seeking pasture for their herds. These were called the Tutsis.



Since cattle dominated the economy, certain Tutsis became powerful chiefs.



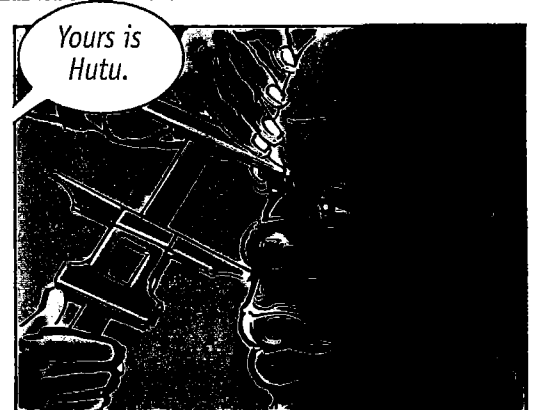
King Leopold II has sent us to colonize you. We will protect you, educate you, civilize you and clothe you...





You bring us much, I see. But nothing you can offer us is worth Rwandan unity. We have no need of you and your offerings.

King Musinga refused to accept Belgian colonization. But he didn't have the last word. He had no guns. So the colonizers looked for something to divide the Rwandan people, who had lived together peacefully for over a thousand years. The Belgians split the Twas, Hutus and Tutsis into different ethnic groups. Those whose physical characteristics didn't fit into any particular division were ranked according to the number of cattle they owned: people owning less were considered Hutu. Children born of the same parents suddenly found they belonged to different 'races.'



Colonization brought with it the Catholic Church and schools. The first Rwandans to benefit from education were largely Hutu.



In fact, some of these educated Hutus prepared the Revolution of 1959 under the leadership of Grégoire Kayibanda, with the help of Catholic bishop André Perraudin and the Belgian administration of the time.

Hutu members of the MDR* Parmehutu*! We must bring down the Tutsis and their monarchy!



And, soon after the arrival of the 'tools' - machetes - Tutsi blood began to flow throughout the country. The revolution of 1959 had begun.



*MDR: Mouvement Démocratique Républicain (Democratic Republican Movement)

*Parmehutu: Parti du Mouvement de l'Emancipation Hutu (Party for the Hutu Emancipation Movement)

The 1959 revolution was an all-out Tutsi massacre. Many of the survivors fled the country.



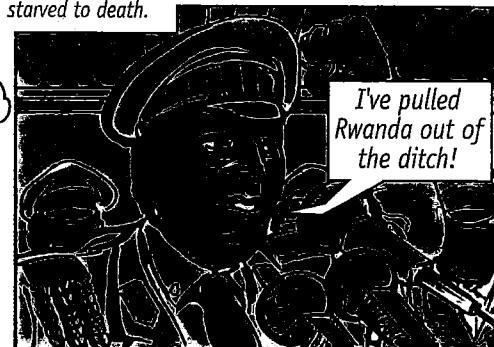
Following the revolution, Rwanda gained independence in 1962. Grégoire Kayibanda became the first president of Rwanda.



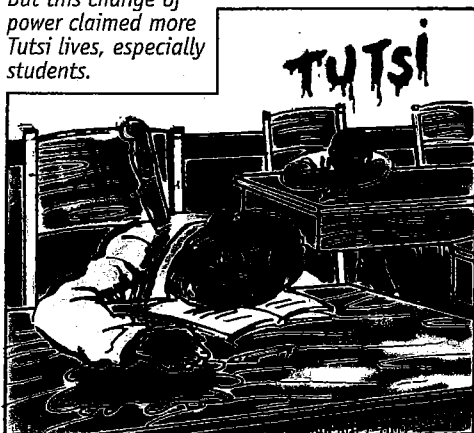
The revolution's leaders were given positions of power and influence in the government. President Kayibanda appointed Juvénal Habyarimana as Minister of National Defense. This error would later cost him dearly.



Sure enough, on July 5, 1973, Habyarimana led a coup d'état against Kayibanda's government. Many ministers and high-ranking dignitaries of the First Republic were executed. President Kayibanda, kept under house arrest, starved to death.



But this change of power claimed more Tutsi lives, especially students.



In short, after 1959, Tutsis became the scapegoats for any political unrest, and were killed at the slightest provocation. In 1975, Habyarimana founded the MRND*. This party adopted the same racial discrimination policy as its predecessor—a policy benefiting only the Hutus.



Don't be afraid, children! What happened before has nothing to do with you. You're growing up in a better world.



No-one's going to hurt you. Daddy is here to protect you.

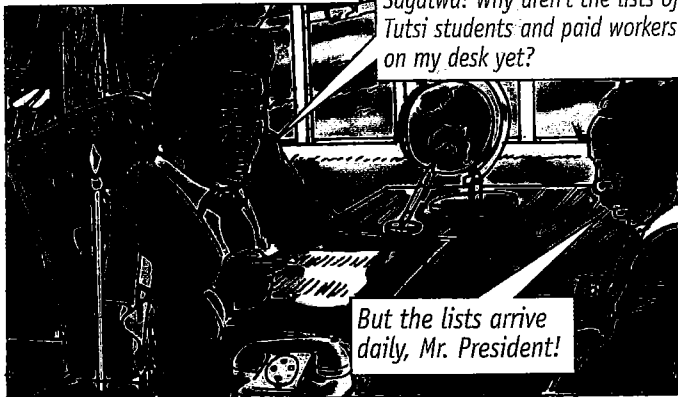


That night, the Rwanga family slept peacefully...except for the parents.



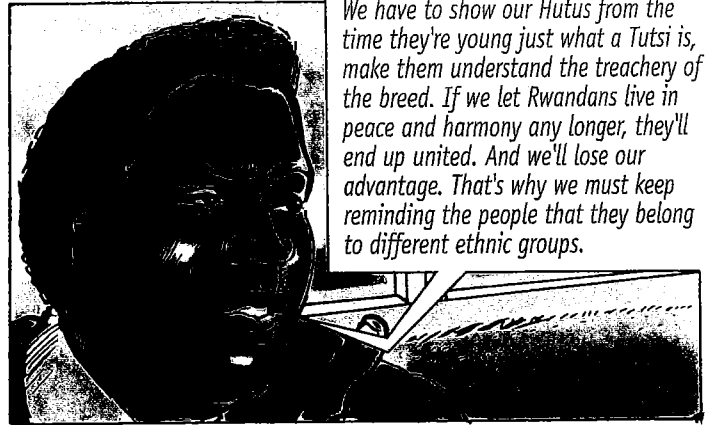
*MRND: Mouvement Révolutionnaire National pour le Développement (National Revolutionary Movement for Development)

One fateful day in the President's office...



Sagatwa! Why aren't the lists of Tutsi students and paid workers on my desk yet?

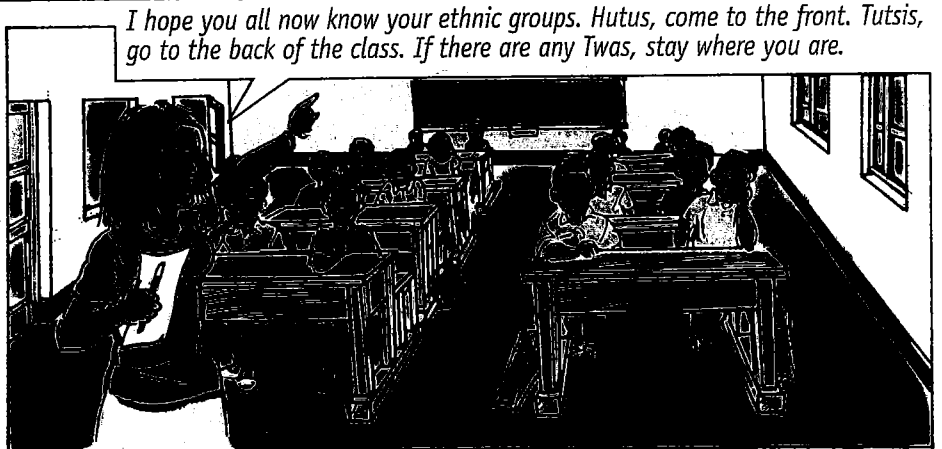
But the lists arrive daily, Mr. President!



We have to show our Hutus from the time they're young just what a Tutsi is, make them understand the treachery of the breed. If we let Rwandans live in peace and harmony any longer, they'll end up united. And we'll lose our advantage. That's why we must keep reminding the people that they belong to different ethnic groups.

The schools received their orders...

The State wants a list of our Tutsi students right away. Everything must be done in class, in front of the students.



I hope you all now know your ethnic groups. Hutus, come to the front. Tutsis, go to the back of the class. If there are any Twas, stay where you are.

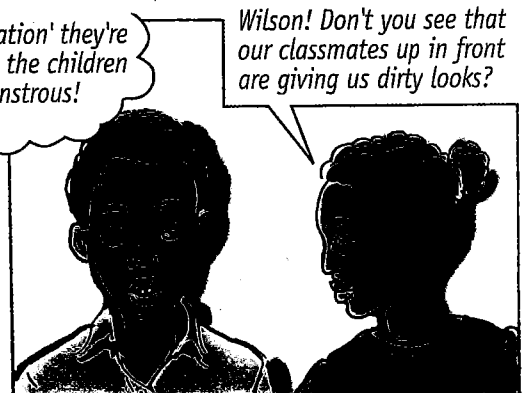
Separating the people into different ethnic groups was sure to divide them...



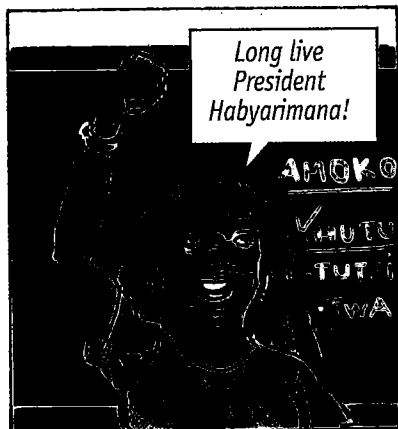
Get to the back, dirty Tutsi!



This 'education' they're forcing on the children is monstrous!



Wilson! Don't you see that our classmates up in front are giving us dirty looks?



Long live President Habyarimana!



Longevity, prosperity, happiness and progress, to all members of the MRND!

Wilson! We can't play with you anymore. You're a Tutsi! My dad says that you're all vermin.



Vermin?!

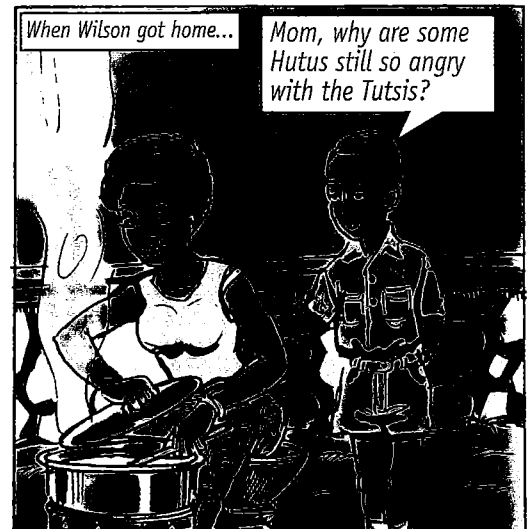


You heard me!

My mom said that's just an old myth that has nothing to do with us kids.

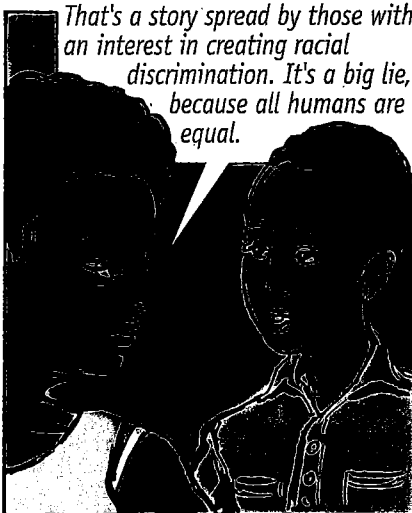


What's his father got to be so mad about, anyway? It was the Tutsis who got killed!

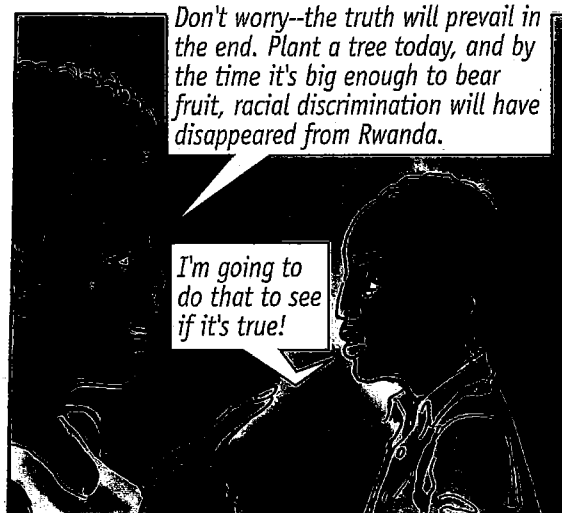


When Wilson got home...

Mom, why are some Hutus still so angry with the Tutsis?



That's a story spread by those with an interest in creating racial discrimination. It's a big lie, because all humans are equal.



Don't worry--the truth will prevail in the end. Plant a tree today, and by the time it's big enough to bear fruit, racial discrimination will have disappeared from Rwanda.

I'm going to do that to see if it's true!

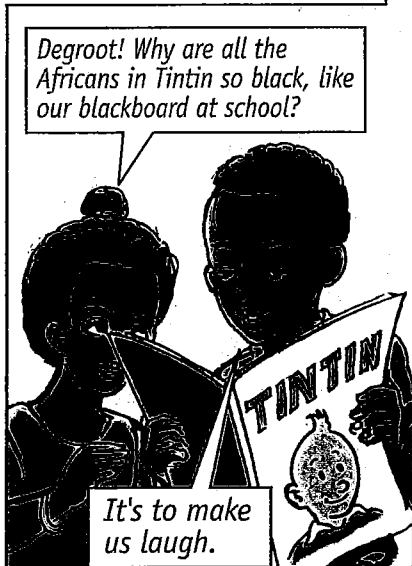


Rupert! See this tree I'm planting? It's going to change a lot of things in this country.

How's that?

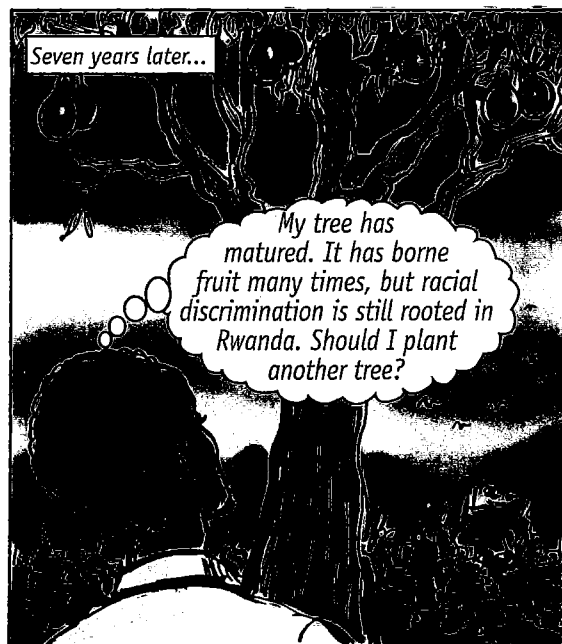
I'm no longer a child who needs to plant a tree to help him forget the cruel reality he lives in. I've grown up. I can look life and its problems in the eye.

As for Degroot, he didn't need any distractions to make him forget about racial discrimination, because he loved to read.



Degroot! Why are all the Africans in Tintin so black, like our blackboard at school?

It's to make us laugh.



Seven years later...

My tree has matured. It has borne fruit many times, but racial discrimination is still rooted in Rwanda. Should I plant another tree?





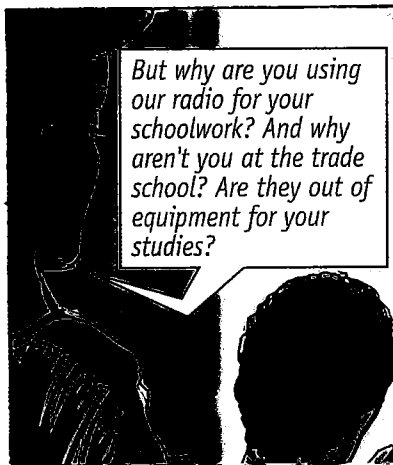
My first love must be a girl of great moral integrity...Hmm, who's at the door? Could it be her? Could she have come to find me...?



Mom!

Wilson! Did you take our radio apart again?

I took it apart to see how it works. Don't worry, I'll put it back together again.



But why are you using our radio for your schoolwork? And why aren't you at the trade school? Are they out of equipment for your studies?

It's no longer a school, Mom--it's a trap. To get there, you have to pass the Kanombe military base. And they told me that if I, a Tutsi, continue to use that route, they'll kill me. I'd need wings to get to school.



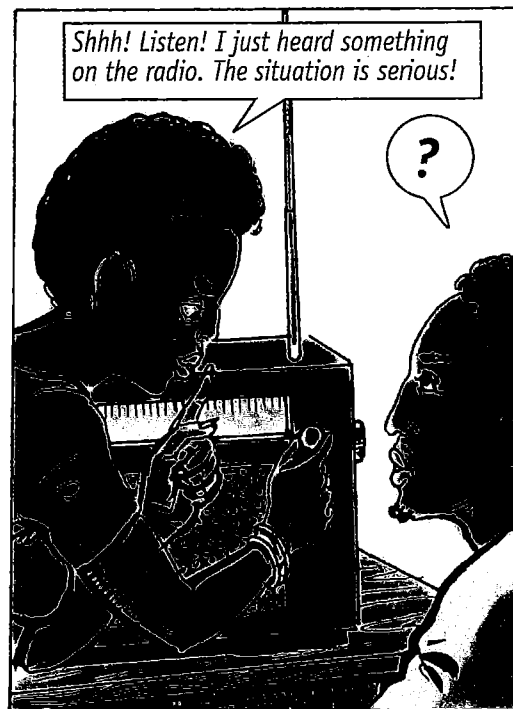
What's more, the teachers and students don't leave me alone anymore. They call me 'snake' or 'cockroach' all the time. I'm afraid that one day they'll just kill me!



I just don't know what we're going to do. You're at the only private trade school around.



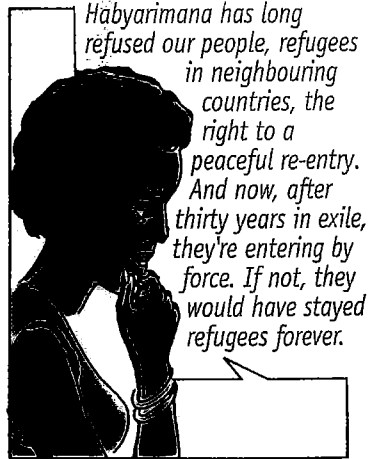
There's nothing we can do except wait for another private trade school to open up--one that doesn't belong to President Habyarimana!



Shhh! Listen! I just heard something on the radio. The situation is serious!

?

Rwandan men and women, soldiers of the National Revolutionary Movement for Development! This is Radio Rwanda announcing the invasion of our country by enemy forces from Uganda called the RPF*-Inkotanyi! These cockroaches are under the leadership of Major-General Fred Rwigema. Due to the situation, a nation-wide curfew will be imposed every night from 6 P.M. to 5 A.M.



Habyarimana has long refused our people, refugees in neighbouring countries, the right to a peaceful re-entry. And now, after thirty years in exile, they're entering by force. If not, they would have stayed refugees forever.



Do you know how long they've been begging to return? We've all got to stand behind them. All Rwandans should have the same rights.



Wilson! Please! In this country, it's fatal to wear your political beliefs on your sleeve. I'm older than you! I know what I'm talking about!

Mom! If you're telling Wilson off for not going to school, I know what he's going through.



It's time things changed, Mom!



But did you hear the news? I've been voted my school's beauty queen!



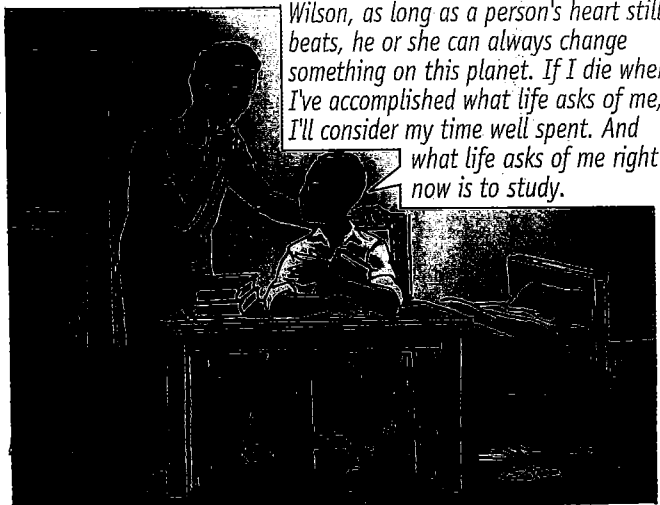
They made no mistake there, my dear--you're a real beauty. All I was saying to Wilson was that we have to be very careful, now that we're at war. You're too young to know how Tutsis have been brutally and unjustly killed throughout this country's history...

That same evening...

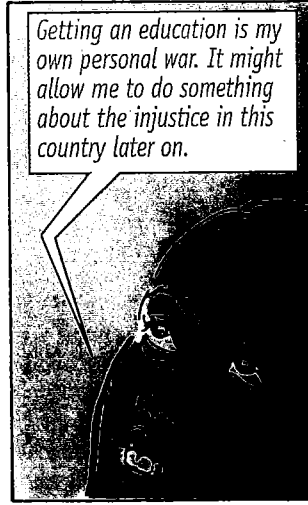


Degroot! How can you still study when the whole country is at war?

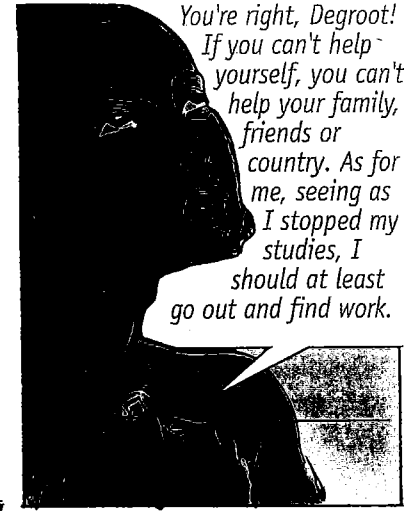
*Rwandan Patriotic Front



Wilson, as long as a person's heart still beats, he or she can always change something on this planet. If I die when I've accomplished what life asks of me, I'll consider my time well spent. And what life asks of me right now is to study.

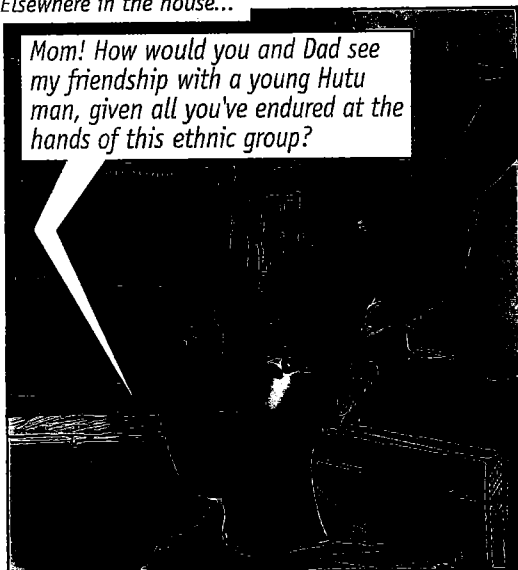


Getting an education is my own personal war. It might allow me to do something about the injustice in this country later on.



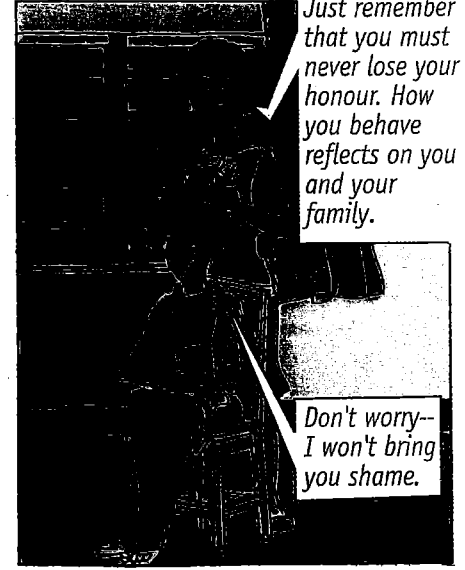
You're right, Degroot! If you can't help yourself, you can't help your family, friends or country. As for me, seeing as I stopped my studies, I should at least go out and find work.

Elsewhere in the house...



Mom! How would you and Dad see my friendship with a young Hutu man, given all you've endured at the hands of this ethnic group?

My darling Hyacinthe! You love someone for their heart, not their race.



Just remember that you must never lose your honour. How you behave reflects on you and your family.

Don't worry--I won't bring you shame.



Hi, everyone!

Rwanga! Why are you home so early?

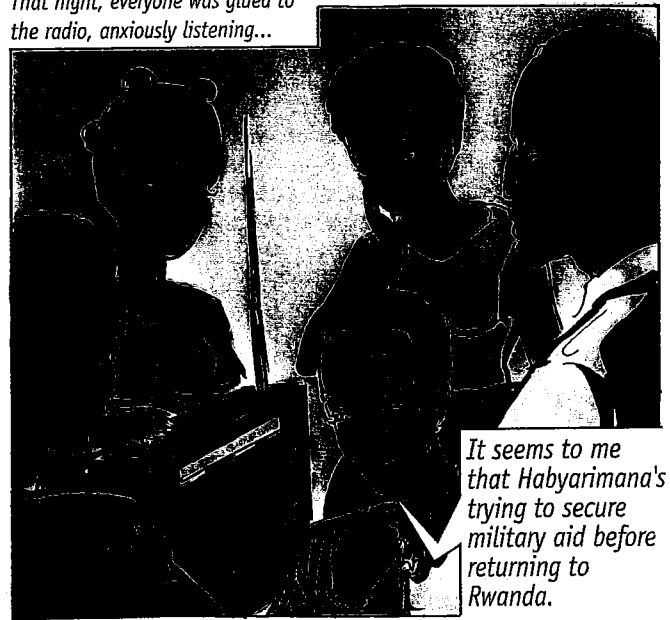
?

Didn't you hear? Our brothers are here!

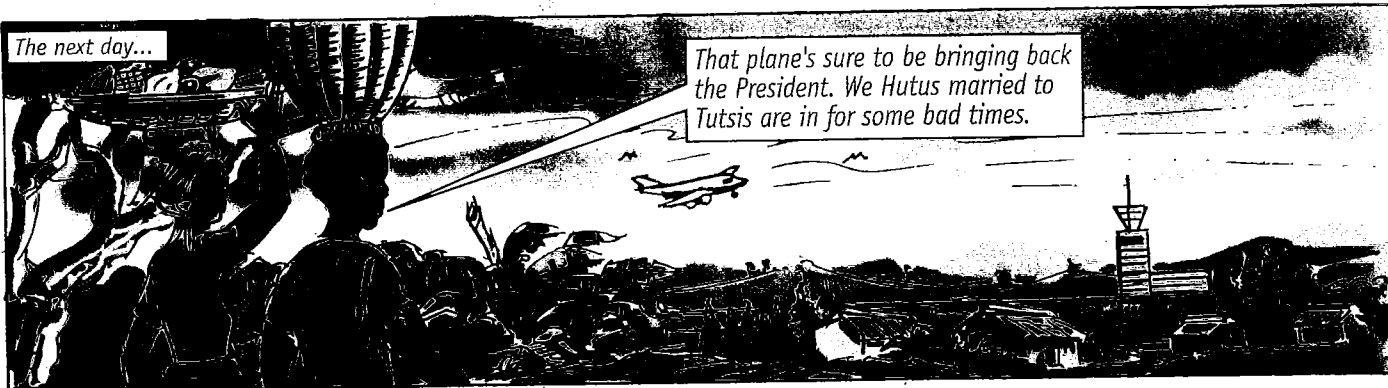


This war broke out in the absence of President Habyarimana. Woe to the Tutsis when he returns!

That night, everyone was glued to the radio, anxiously listening...



It seems to me that Habyarimana's trying to secure military aid before returning to Rwanda.



The next day...

That plane's sure to be bringing back the President. We Hutus married to Tutsis are in for some bad times.



Welcome back to your country, Mr. President!

The racial discrimination I instilled in Rwandan children over the past 17 years will prove to be my best weapon for winning this war.



The bell will soon toll for the Tutsis.

When I give the signal, Hutu civilians shall begin eliminating Tutsis while we take care of those cockroaches, the invaders!

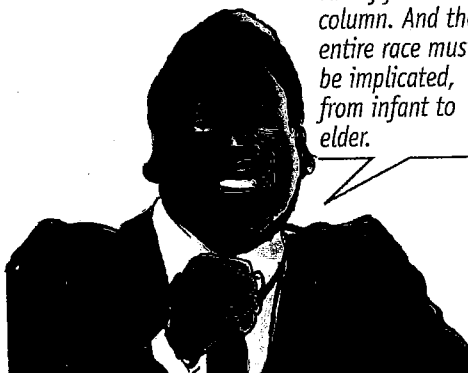


I, Bagosora, ask your permission to speak...

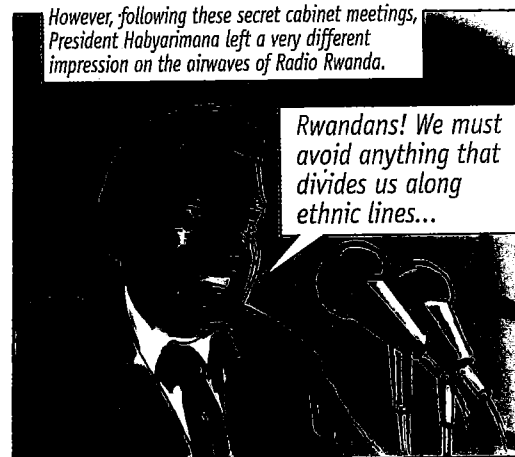
Mr. President! What if we convince the Hutu population that Tutsi civilians are armed and are planning to murder them? Could we portray all Tutsis as a fifth column that has infiltrated society?



Good idea. We must invent this Tutsi fifth column. And the entire race must be implicated, from infant to elder.



However, following these secret cabinet meetings, President Habyarimana left a very different impression on the airwaves of Radio Rwanda.



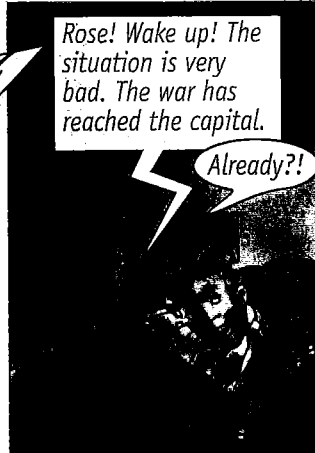
Rwandans! We must avoid anything that divides us along ethnic lines...

That night...



Now
what's going
on??

Rose! Wake up! The
situation is very
bad. The war has
reached the capital.

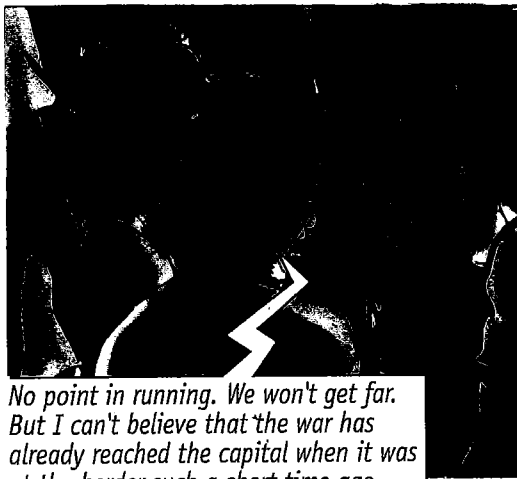


Already?!

A few moments later...



Dad! We have to run
before it's too late!



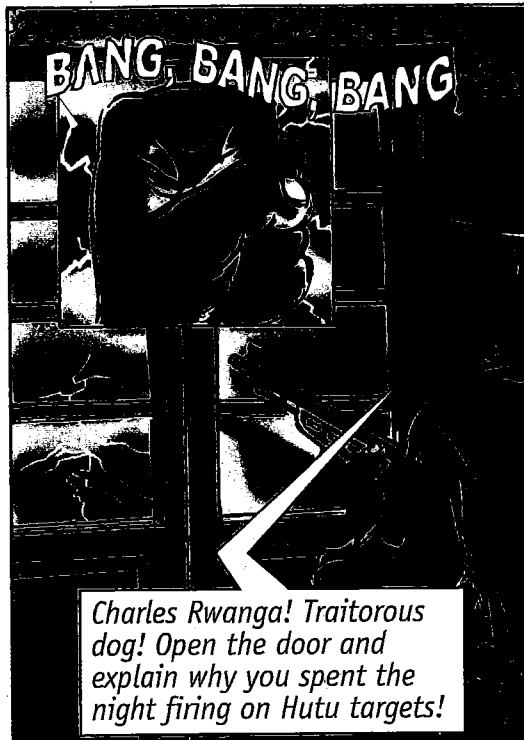
No point in running. We won't get far.
But I can't believe that the war has
already reached the capital when it was
at the border such a short time ago.

As part of the plot to portray Tutsi civilians
as a fifth column, Habyarimana's army
spent the night firing on fictitious targets.



This is the head of the
Rwandan armed forces!
At dawn, stop firing
and begin arresting
Tutsi traitors!

What
could they be
after?



BANG, BANG, BANG

Charles Rwanga! Traitorous
dog! Open the door and
explain why you spent the
night firing on Hutu targets!

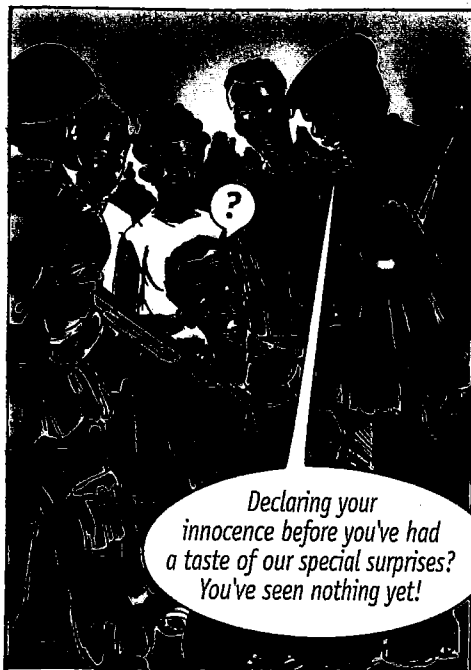


Don't be afraid!
They'll let me go
when they hear
the truth.

I, Rwanga, am innocent!
I did nothing.

We're not asking you for explanations!





Declaring your
innocence before you've had
a taste of our special surprises?
You've seen nothing yet!



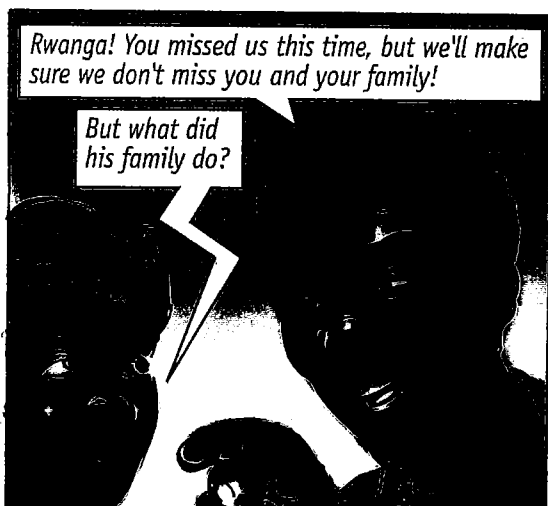
Corporal! Round
up the Hutus
who live in the
area.

Look at these weapons we seized from your neighbour
Rwanga! He was planning to murder you in your sleep.
All Tutsis know of this war and are ready for it.



No-one ever would
have suspected it!

The
situation is
becoming dangerous!

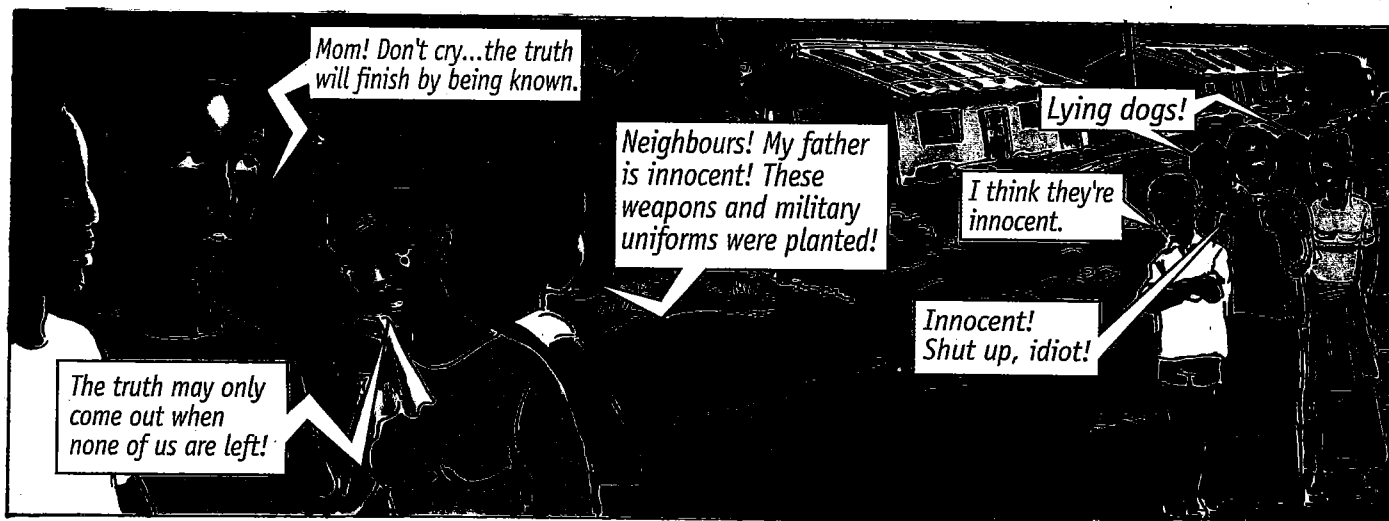


Rwanga! You missed us this time, but we'll make
sure we don't miss you and your family!

But what did
his family do?



Into the truck with
the other traitors! Your family
might as well forget you.



Mom! Don't cry...the truth
will finish by being known.

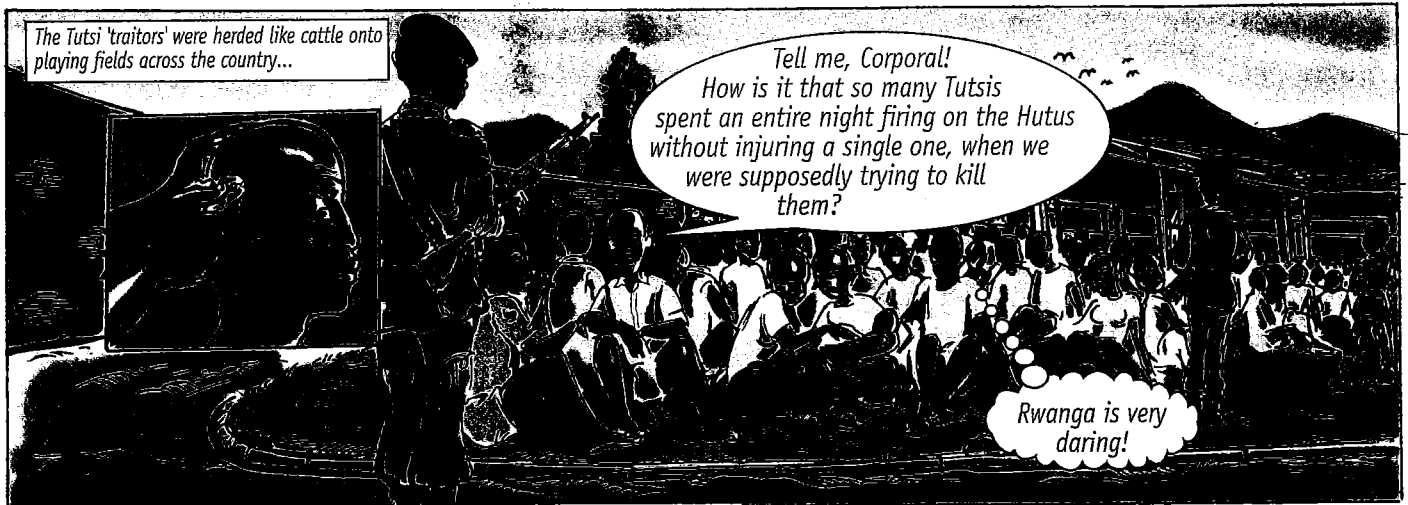
The truth may only
come out when
none of us are left!

Neighbours! My father
is innocent! These
weapons and military
uniforms were planted!

Lying dogs!

I think they're
innocent.

Innocent!
Shut up, idiot!



And another thing! This 'Hutu extermination' aside, why isn't even one house marked with our bullets?



Mom! People in other countries know that some Rwandans have been imprisoned simply because of their ethnic identity. These countries will demand their release. Things have changed. Human rights really have become a global concern. Tutsis will no longer die like flies.



In the end, most of the Tutsis accused of being traitors were shut away in prisons where hunger, rats and the lash were their daily lot. Meanwhile, the international community continued to demand their release...



It's true that we need arms, Excellency! But if we just let these Tutsis go, the whole country will know that it was all a big lie. And later on, the Hutus won't want to fall in with our Tutsi extermination plan.

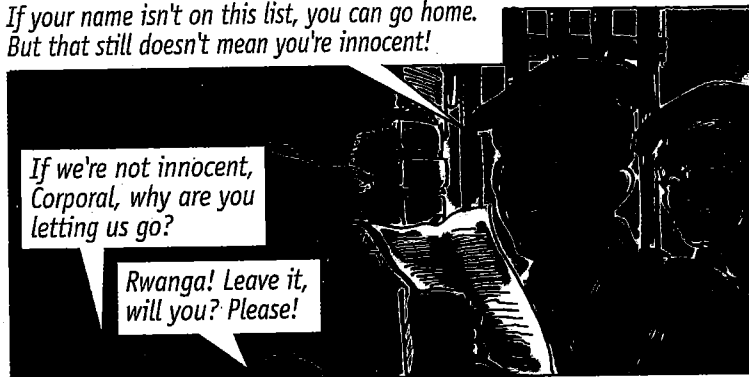


In prison...



They've come to maim us!

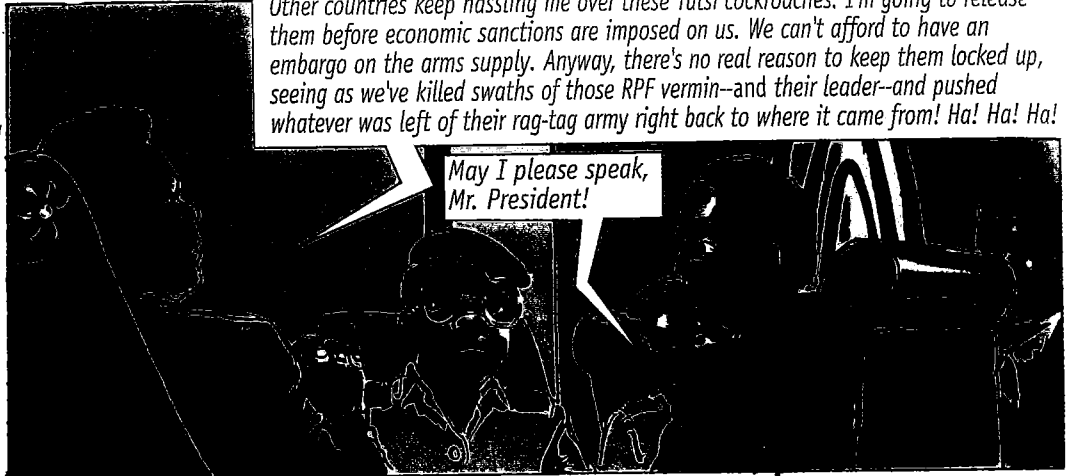
If your name isn't on this list, you can go home. But that still doesn't mean you're innocent!



If we're not innocent, Corporal, why are you letting us go?

Rwanga! Leave it, will you? Please!

Other countries keep hassling me over these Tutsi cockroaches. I'm going to release them before economic sanctions are imposed on us. We can't afford to have an embargo on the arms supply. Anyway, there's no real reason to keep them locked up, seeing as we've killed swaths of those RPF vermin--and their leader--and pushed whatever was left of their rag-tag army right back to where it came from! Ha! Ha! Ha!

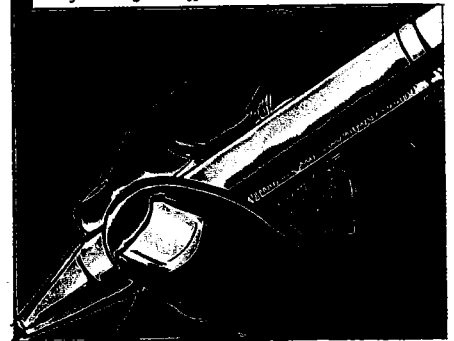


May I please speak, Mr. President!

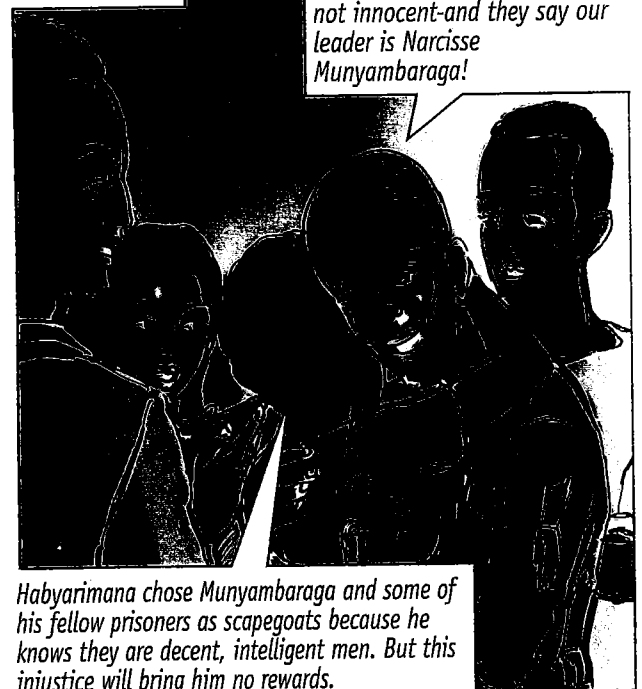
Don't worry--I thought of that...



And so President Habyarimana granted a provisional release to the imprisoned Tutsis...most of them. But he kept their alleged ringmasters behind bars awaiting trial, including so-called leader Narcisse Munyambaraga--an affable man, liked by all.

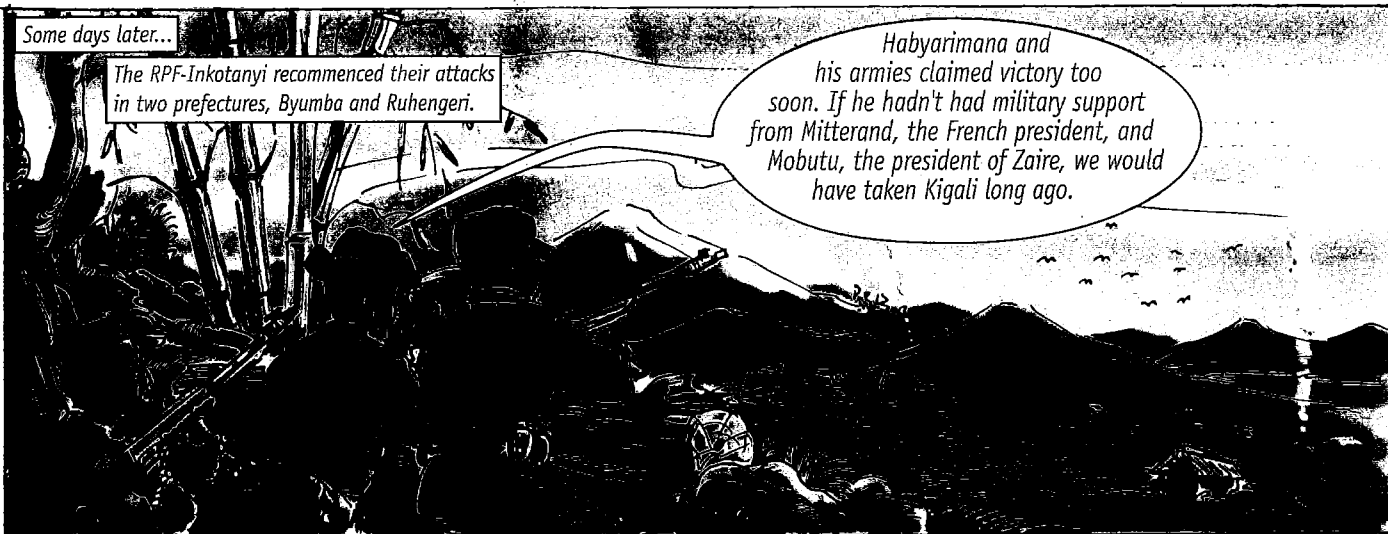


The Rwanga family were overjoyed...



Habyarimana is mad, totally mad! We're apparently free but not innocent--and they say our leader is Narcisse Munyambaraga!

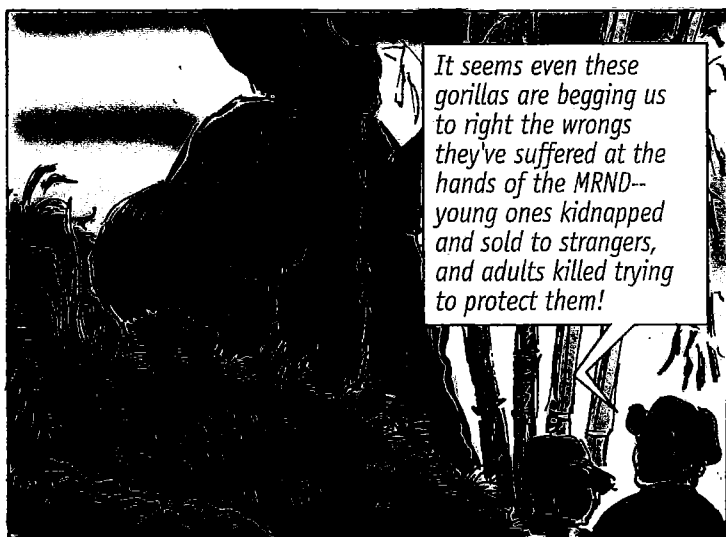
Habyarimana chose Munyambaraga and some of his fellow prisoners as scapegoats because he knows they are decent, intelligent men. But this injustice will bring him no rewards.



Some days later...

The RPF-Inkotanyi recommenced their attacks in two prefectures, Byumba and Ruhengeri.

Habyarimana and his armies claimed victory too soon. If he hadn't had military support from Mitterand, the French president, and Mobutu, the president of Zaire, we would have taken Kigali long ago.



It seems even these gorillas are begging us to right the wrongs they've suffered at the hands of the MRND--young ones kidnapped and sold to strangers, and adults killed trying to protect them!

A long way from these manoeuvres, Hyacinthe was coming home from school...



Hey, beautiful! Want to earn some easy money? I could even take you to France. To Paris!

?

All this is yours if you sleep with me, a French soldier. This could be your lucky day!



I'm not a whore! And what's more, this money you want to give me, you should keep it, since you earn it with your life! It's appalling to think that you're here supporting this unjust and bigoted regime!



?



As for luck, you'd better hope for some if you want to ever see your beautiful France again!

Back at home...

Bravo, Hyacinthe! I don't know what gives these people from rich countries the right to think they can corrupt our youth when they like.



I've had trouble today, too. Our neighbour Alphonse has taken to threatening us again.

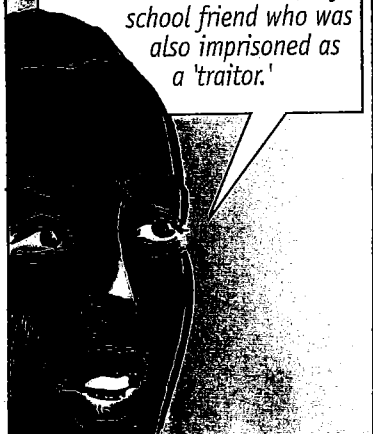


Sure enough, Rwanga had run into Alphonse before arriving home...

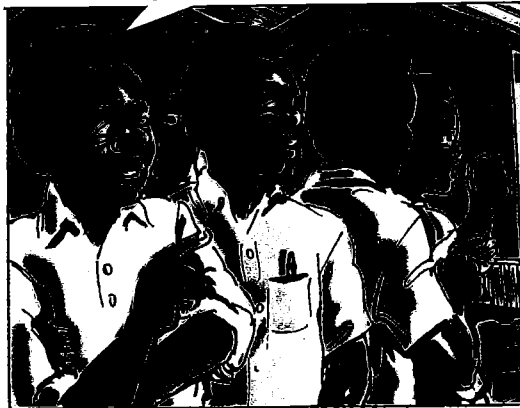


So! They let you go, you murderous cockroaches! I'll get you for that. You, and your whole family!

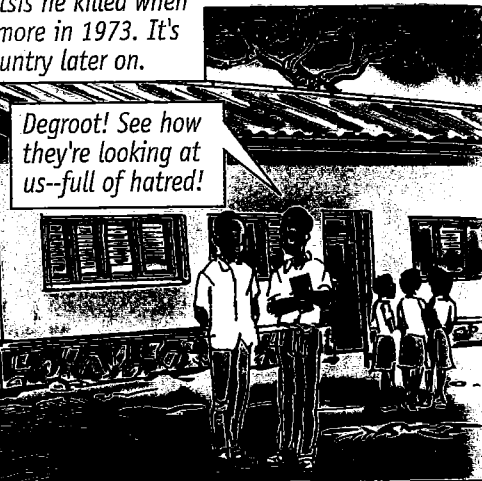
I have news about Eric, my school friend who was also imprisoned as a 'traitor.'



Know why my father's a minister? 'Cause of the Tutsis he killed when he was still a student in 1959. He took out some more in 1973. It's our turn now, if we want to be someone in this country later on.



Degroot! See how they're looking at us--full of hatred!



I'm going to let you in on a secret, Degroot. I love study as much as you, but I can't stand the thought that some creep is going to try to advance his career on my corpse. That's why I've joined the ranks of the RPF-Inkotanyi.



All this hatred will get us nowhere.

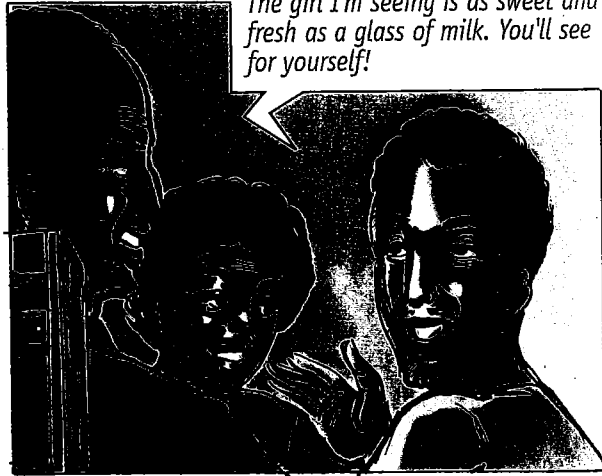


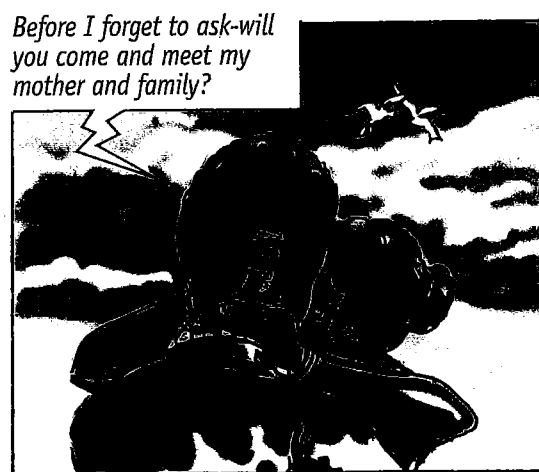
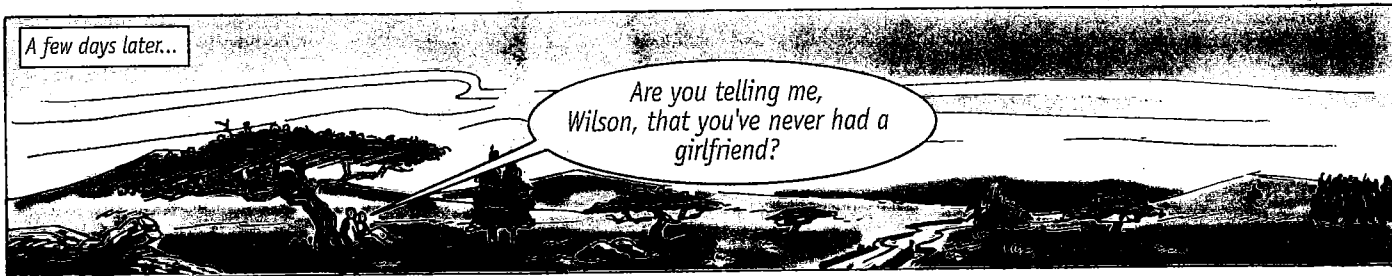
It's so sad!

Well, I have some good news! Wilson has a girlfriend!



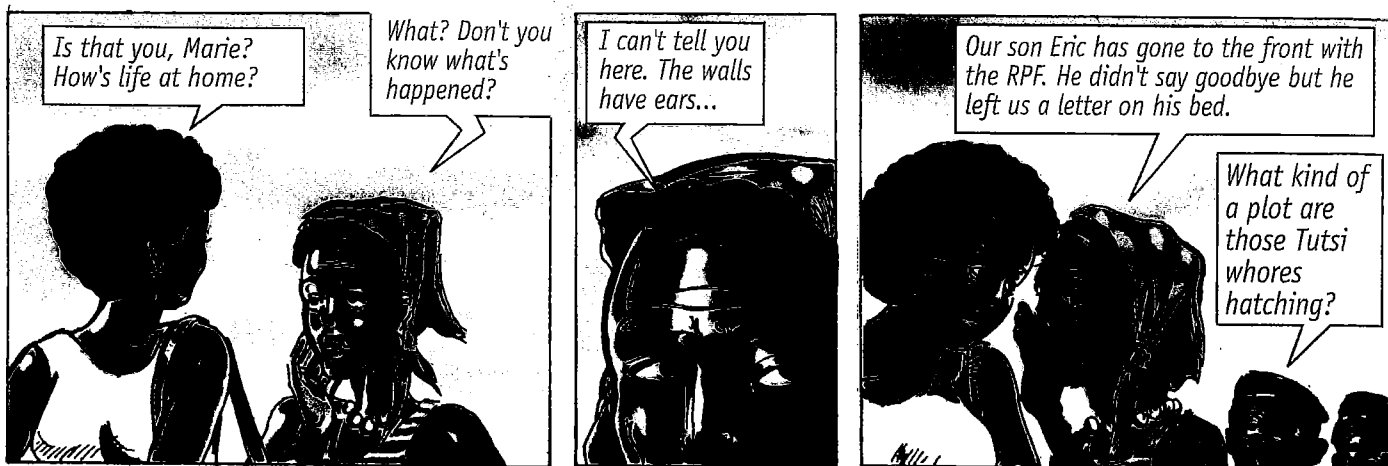
The girl I'm seeing is as sweet and fresh as a glass of milk. You'll see for yourself!



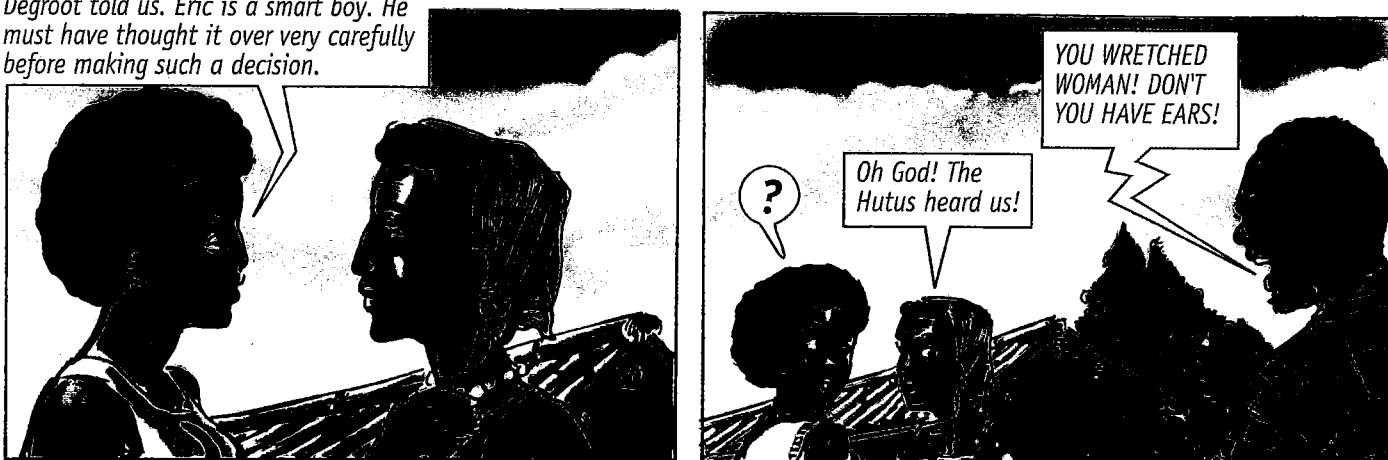


That same moment, Rose was at the local market...





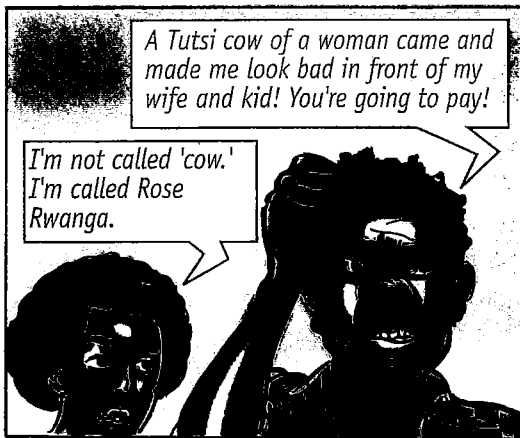
Degroot told us. Eric is a smart boy. He must have thought it over very carefully before making such a decision.



What did she ever do to deserve this?

I'm not going to die of thirst because of this brat! Breastfeed him!





A Tutsi cow of a woman came and made me look bad in front of my wife and kid! You're going to pay!

I'm not called 'cow.' I'm called Rose Rwanga.

Madame Rose, thank you! But my man, he's just like that, he can't change.



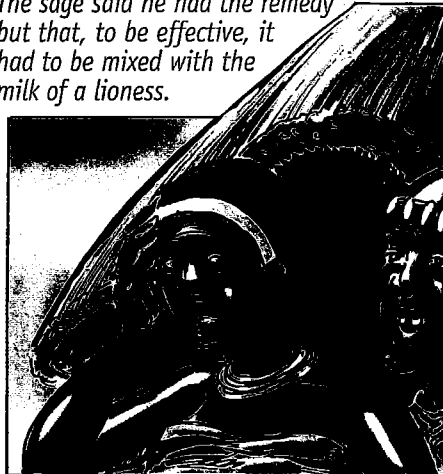
Someone once told me a story. I'll tell it to you now. It will help you change your man.



One day, a woman went to a sage, looking for a potion to change the character of her husband. He hit her often, and for no reason...



The sage said he had the remedy but that, to be effective, it had to be mixed with the milk of a lioness.



Because she so wanted to be treated as a human being by her husband, the woman resolved to go and milk a lioness. The first time, she nearly died...



After a few days, she saw that she could milk the lioness if she gave her enough meat.



With patient feeding, she managed to satiate the lioness and her cubs.



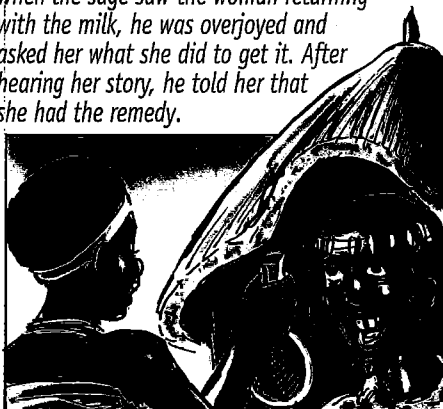
Did he put the remedy in the milk?

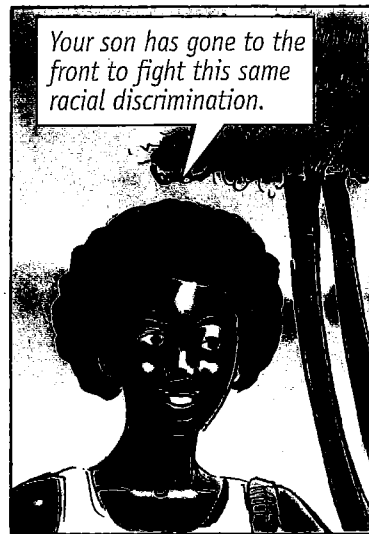
No. He told her that if she could manage to calm a lioness with cubs, she could do the same with her husband. What better solution?

The calmed lioness finally allowed herself to be milked.



When the sage saw the woman returning with the milk, he was overjoyed and asked her what she did to get it. After hearing her story, he told her that she had the remedy.

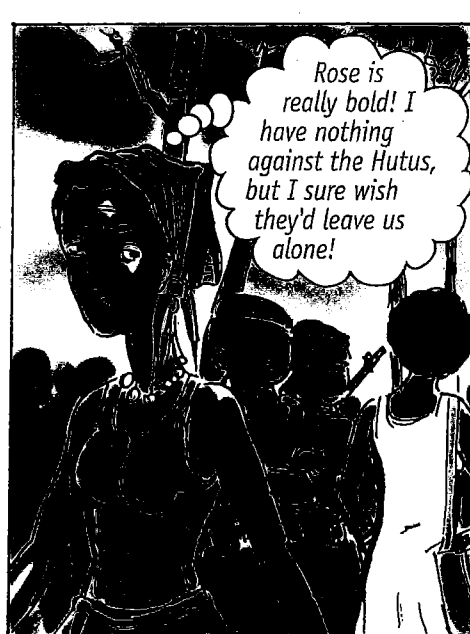
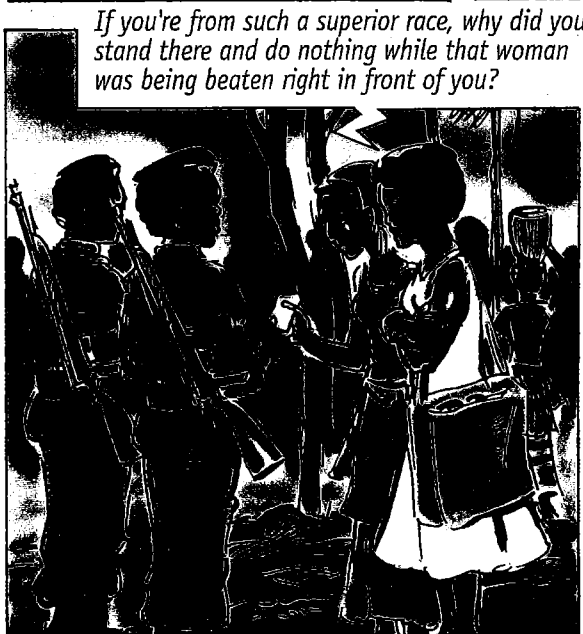


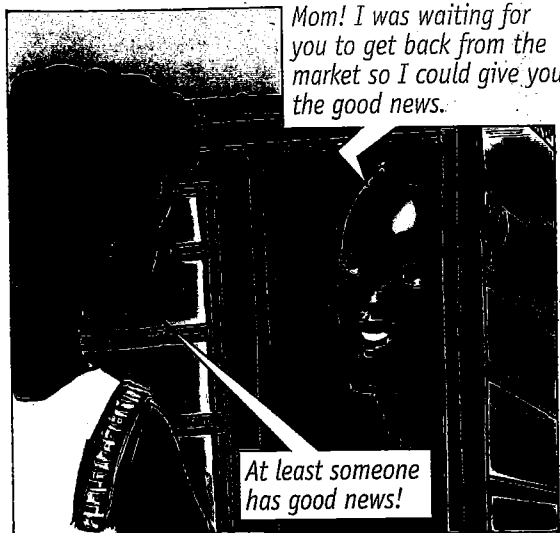


How many Rwandans must die before we understand what we're fighting?



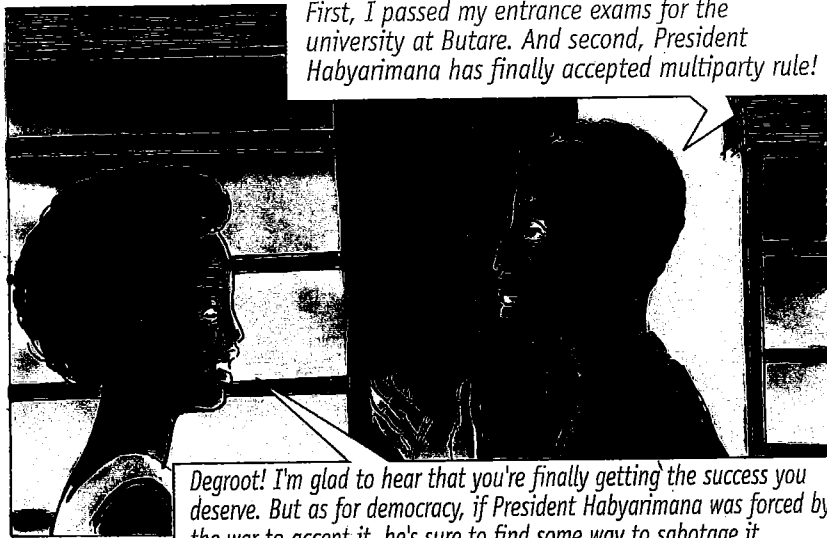
You! Your identity cards.





Mom! I was waiting for you to get back from the market so I could give you the good news.

At least someone has good news!



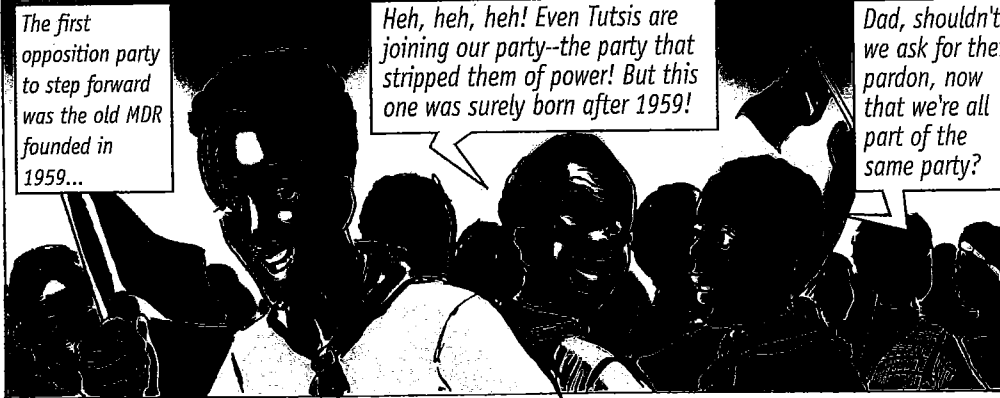
First, I passed my entrance exams for the university at Butare. And second, President Habyarimana has finally accepted multiparty rule!

Degroot! I'm glad to hear that you're finally getting the success you deserve. But as for democracy, if President Habyarimana was forced by the war to accept it, he's sure to find some way to sabotage it.

But that you, a Tutsi, can succeed is already an important step forward in this country.



The first opposition party to step forward was the old MDR founded in 1959...



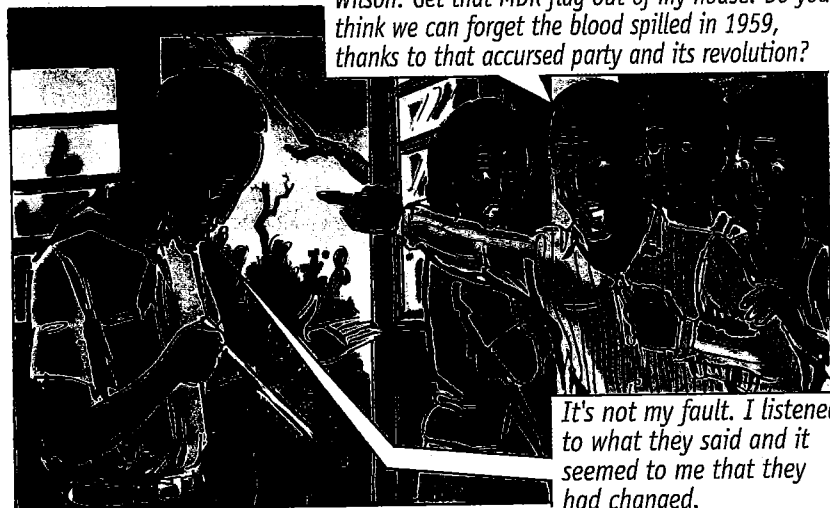
Heh, heh, heh! Even Tutsis are joining our party--the party that stripped them of power! But this one was surely born after 1959!

Dad, shouldn't we ask for their pardon, now that we're all part of the same party?

Pardon! What for? Who ever did anything to them?

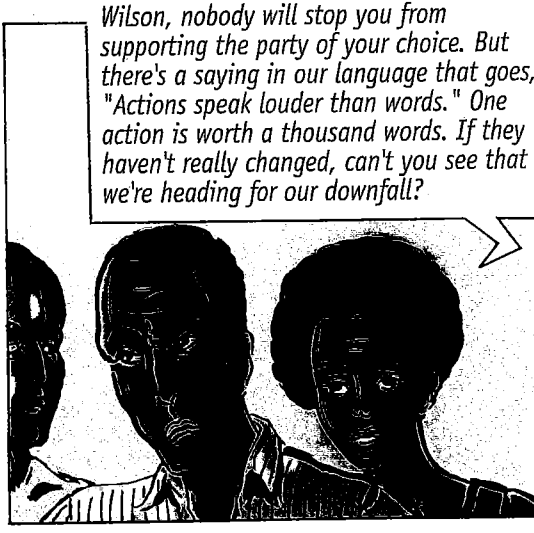


In 1959, the MDR won the referendum with a big enough majority for the revolution to have been peaceful. There was no need to kill Tutsi civilians.



Wilson! Get that MDR flag out of my house! Do you think we can forget the blood spilled in 1959, thanks to that accursed party and its revolution?

It's not my fault. I listened to what they said and it seemed to me that they had changed.



Wilson, nobody will stop you from supporting the party of your choice. But there's a saying in our language that goes, "Actions speak louder than words." One action is worth a thousand words. If they haven't really changed, can't you see that we're heading for our downfall?

Following the MDR, other parties soon formed: the PSD*, the PL*... They decided to join forces against the MRND, who still held all the power.

Together we must bring down the MRND and its akazu*!



*PSD: Parti social democrat (Social Democratic Party)
*PL: Parti liberal (Liberal Party)

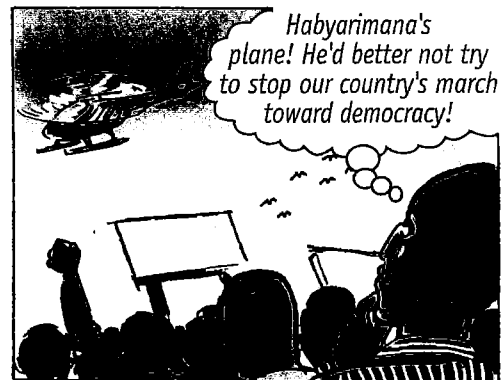
Truth be told, the Tutsis were killed for nothing in 1959. We got nothing from it. What really counts is staying united. We can't say that the same problems will never arise amongst us Hutu.



These MDR supporters... have they really changed?

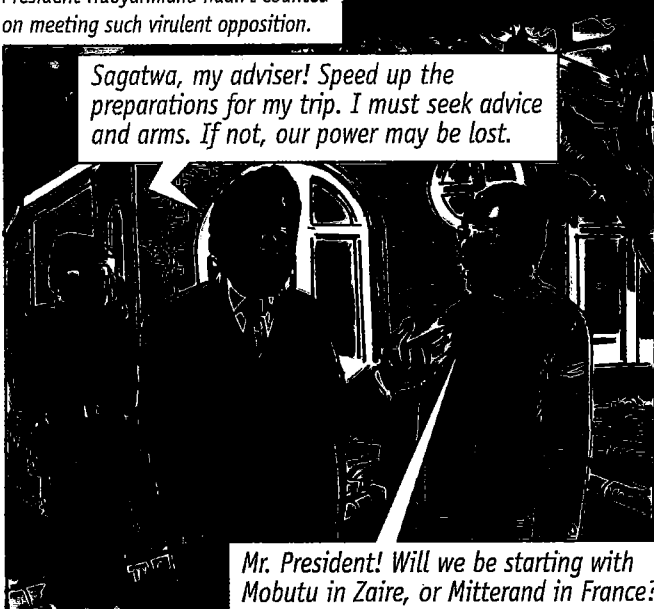


Habyarimana's plane! He'd better not try to stop our country's march toward democracy!



President Habyarimana hadn't counted on meeting such virulent opposition.

Sagatwa, my adviser! Speed up the preparations for my trip. I must seek advice and arms. If not, our power may be lost.



Mr. President! Will we be starting with Mobutu in Zaire, or Mitterand in France?

Look! Habyarimana's plane! He's fleeing with the State coffers!

The opposition says it's his fault we're homeless. We ought to take down his plane!

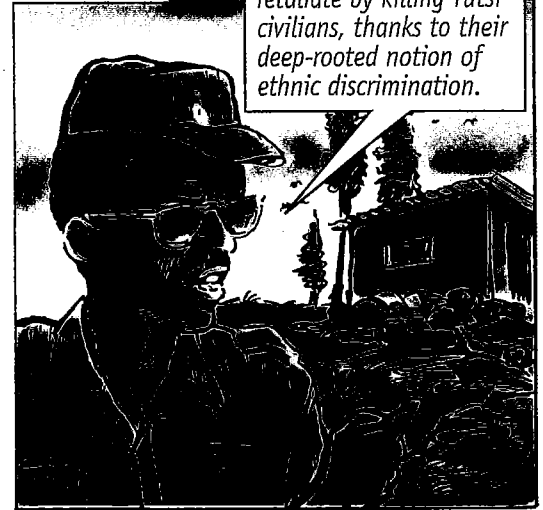


*Akazu: Kinyarwanda term meaning "small house," here used to describe the clique of corrupt politicians (largely composed of Habyarimana's in-laws and their kin) surrounding the president.

Since Habyarimana had legitimized all parties except the RPF-Inkotanyi, the war continued...



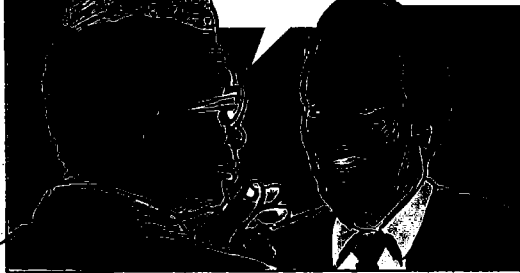
Paul Kagame, commander-in-chief of the RPF forces...



Each time Habyarimana's troops lose a battle, they retaliate by killing Tutsi civilians, thanks to their deep-rooted notion of ethnic discrimination.

With Mobutu...

The opposition--buy it off! The right amount of money will make anyone talk. Dig into the State coffers, little brother!



President Mitterand! I need more arms. The Tutsis haven't learned their lesson, so I need to arm Hutu civilians.



No problem.

Some of the population misunderstood the multiparty system...

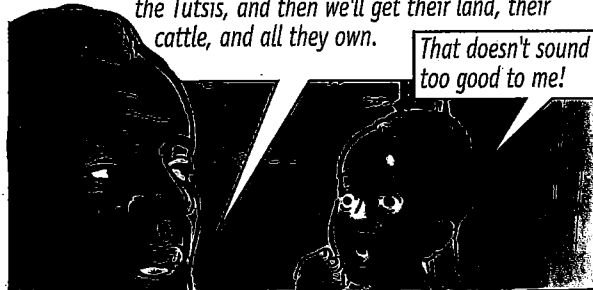
At last, the multiparty system is back! It will get us all more land!



What is this multiparty system, Dad? And how will it bring us more land?



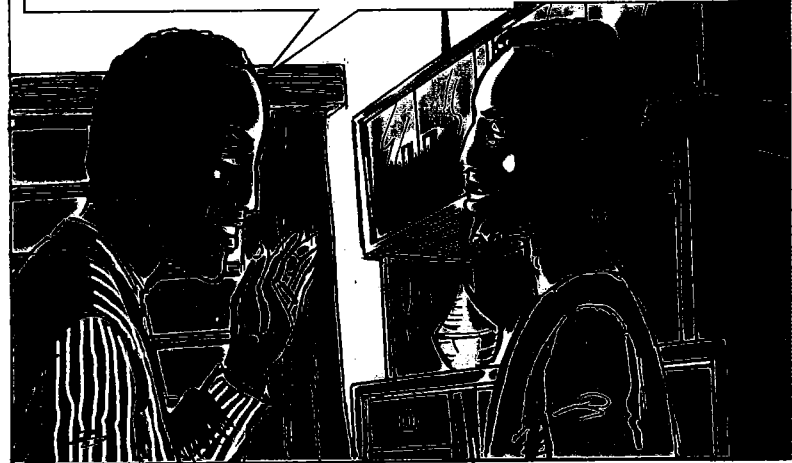
If it's anything like 1959, the parties will strengthen the bonds between Hutus who will then be mobilized to cut the throats of the Tutsis, and then we'll get their land, their cattle, and all they own.



That doesn't sound too good to me!

Those wanting real change--mainly Tutsis--had no difficulty imagining what a multiparty system could do

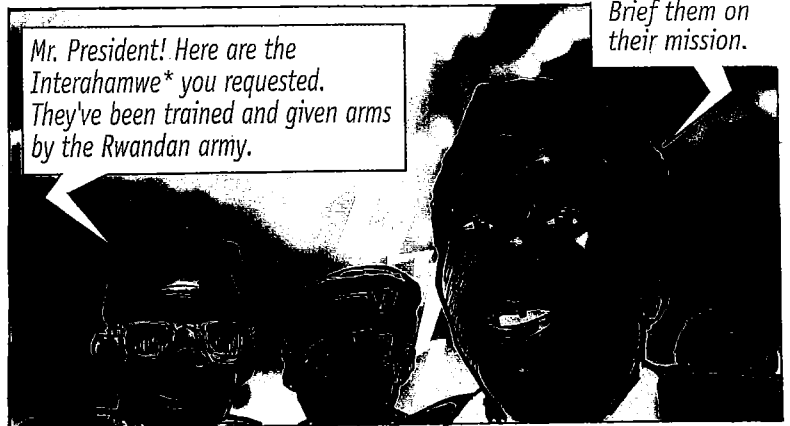
Wilson, my son! I think you were telling the truth. It seems that the MDR supporters are beginning to understand that political parties shouldn't be divided along ethnic lines. They're starting to see that the ideas of all Rwandans, regardless of ethnic group, are needed to build a peaceful nation.



Bowing to the demands of the demonstrators, President Habyarimana agreed to form a multiparty government.



Mr. President! Here are the Interahamwe* you requested. They've been trained and given arms by the Rwandan army.



Brief them on their mission.

The Interahamwe was the MRND's militia. Its mission: to exhaust the provisional government and kill the Tutsis...

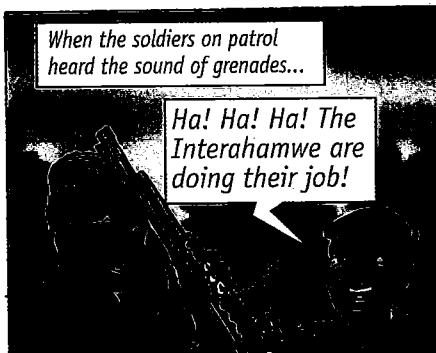


We've been ordered to start by killing wealthy Tutsis...



When the soldiers on patrol heard the sound of grenades...

Ha! Ha! Ha! The Interahamwe are doing their job!



Lucky for you I'm out of grenades!



Why do you want to kill us when we belong to no political party, eh, militiaman?

Rwanga family! Guard my loved ones, I'm taking a child to the doctor. The Interahamwe threw a grenade at us.

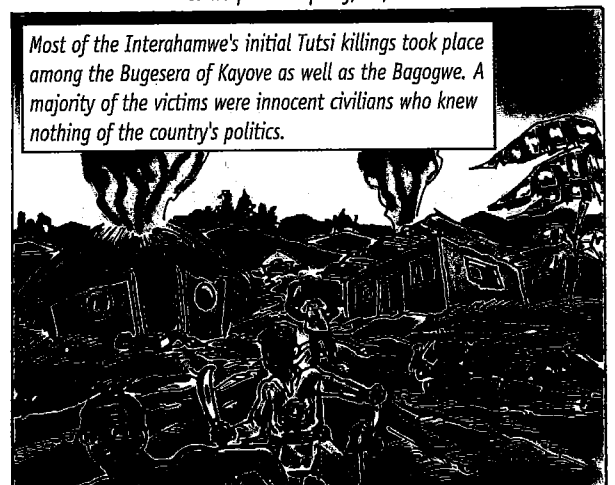


After entering the Rwanga household...



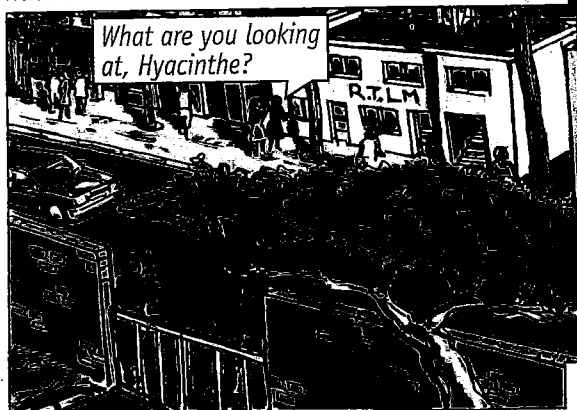
The soldiers said that "RPF cockroaches" did it!

Most of the Interahamwe's initial Tutsi killings took place among the Bugesera of Kayove as well as the Bagogwe. A majority of the victims were innocent civilians who knew nothing of the country's politics.



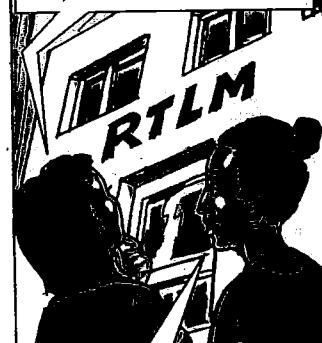
*Interahamwe: Kinyarwanda word meaning 'those who fight together'

As if the terrible Interahamwe weren't enough, Habyarimana and his followers founded a radio station to spread hatred among the different ethnic groups. This was RTLM, "Radio-télévision libre des mille collines."



What are you looking at, Hyacinthe?

Now I understand why RTLM is located across from the presidential office.



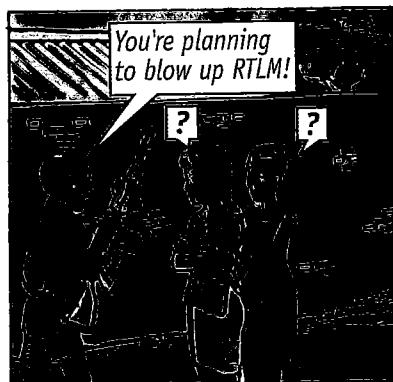
But the President has said he had nothing to do with founding RTLM!

Don't you see how Habyarimana still shields RTLM, even indirectly?



You there!

Those soldiers are calling us. Don't be scared!



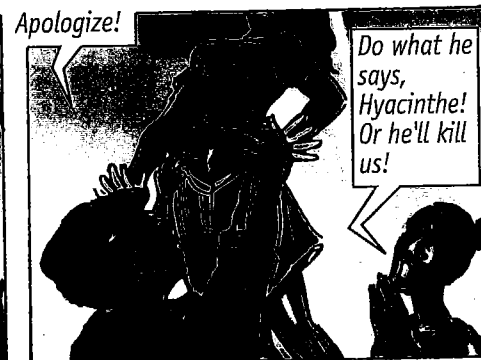
You're planning to blow up RTLM!



No Tutsis allowed here. Understand?

Where's it written down? I don't see any signs.

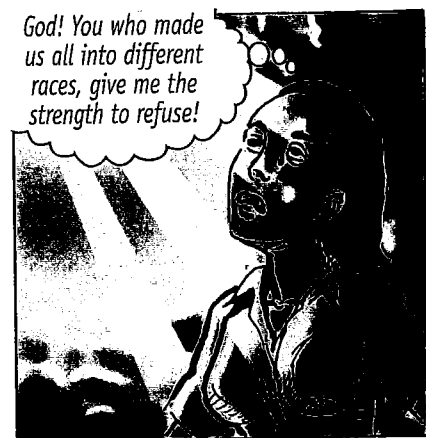
You're all alike, you sneaking cockroaches! Pretending you never understand anything. I'll teach you not to listen. And don't try to seduce me!



Apologize!

Do what he says, Hyacinthe! Or he'll kill us!

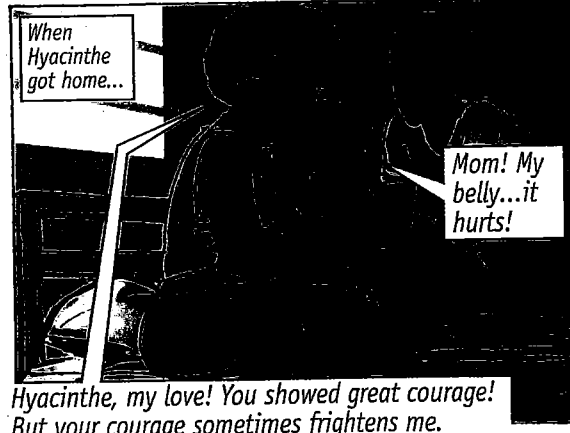
God! You who made us all into different races, give me the strength to refuse!



I'm tired! Get lost!



When Hyacinthe got home...



Mom! My belly...it hurts!

Hyacinthe, my love! You showed great courage! But your courage sometimes frightens me.

At a bar in Kigali, the capital...



Ha! Ha! Ha! If you want to join the CDR*, you have to be a Hutu and able to fit your closed fist into one nostril. What else will Habyarimana think up?

Tutsis are mocking our party! I'd better announce it on RTLM.



Rwanga! Don't you know that, here, the walls have ears?

If we can't criticize what doesn't work now, with a multiparty government, when can we do it?



Where else in the world would you find a political party that cares more about its members' noses than their ideas?!



?

This is RTLM, the voice of the Hutu majority! Right now at the Umuco bar, Wilson Rwanga and his Tutsi friends are saying that only idiots join the MRND and the CDR...



You'd better split. That's the signal for the Interahamwe to come and kill those who were just named. I can take you home in my car.

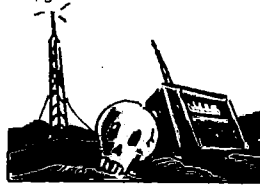


I'm going to walk home. They don't scare me.

Sure enough, the Interahamwe were waiting...



This tactic used by RTLM and the Interahamwe had already caused the death of many Tutsis. RTLM had also strongly reinforced the ideology of ethnic division throughout Rwanda by broadcasting Interahamwe messages.



They followed me. I mustn't show my fear.

Like most Rwandan girls, Hyacinthe rose early to sweep inside the family compound.



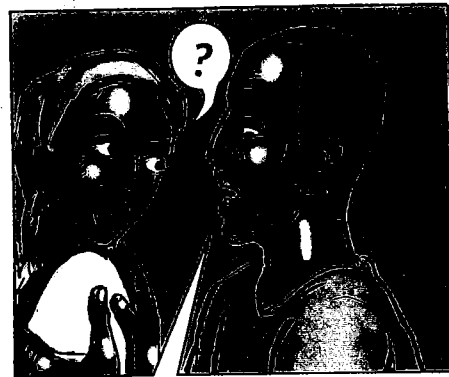
I hope Hyacinthe hasn't started sweeping yet.



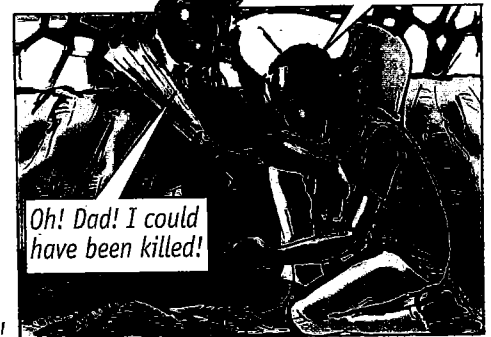
What's up?

Rwanga has laid a trap for us. See how he's left all his doors open? Leave him alone for the moment. We'll plant a mine in his compound.

*CDR: the Committee for the Defence of the Republic, a Hutu extremist party



One more step, and you would have set off this mine the Interahamwe planted last night!



Oh! Dad! I could have been killed!

Hyacinthe! Stay where you are and don't move!

We have to tell the authorities.

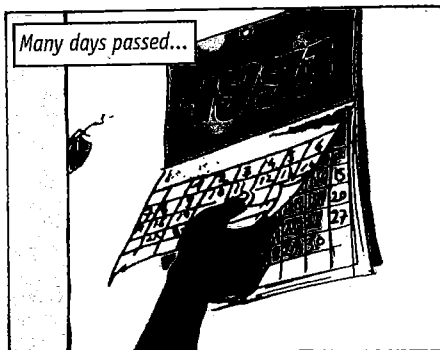


You forget that all the authorities around here are part of the MRND! Impossible!

What's more, the authorities can use it as a pretext to get rid of us by pretending that it's one of our hidden arms, when they planted it themselves.

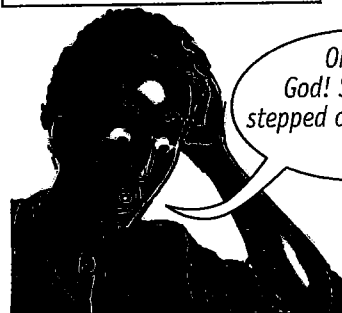


That little fence was a good idea. Now we just have to wait.



Many days passed...

One day when Wilson came home...



Oh my God! Someone stepped on the mine!



The house is silent as a tomb!

Surely no-one had their leg blown off by that mine!

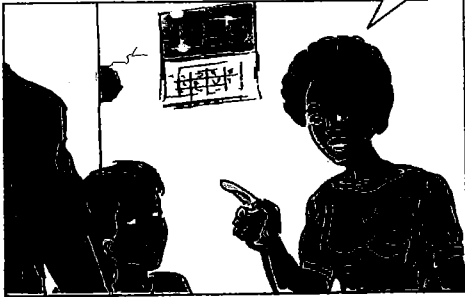


Don't worry! The Interahamwe took their mine back! They decided it was doing no good where it was.

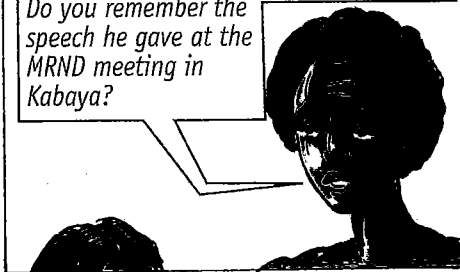


Ha! Ha! Ha! The Hutus can see that we're not stupid!

Wilson! Don't start talking like that! It wasn't all the Hutus who planted this mine on our ground. It was just some of them. Rwanda's problem isn't about race: it's about the abuse of power.



We have to fight those who pretend to speak for all the Hutus, like this Mugesera who went to university in Canada and who tried to publicly incite the Hutus to kill their Tutsi neighbours. Do you remember the speech he gave at the MRND meeting in Kabaya?



Léon Mugesera's speech urged the Hutus to massacre the Tutsis and send them back to Ethiopia, their supposed country of origin, via the River Nyabarongo.



Sure enough, a few days after this speech, the bodies of murdered Tutsis began appearing in the Nyabarongo.

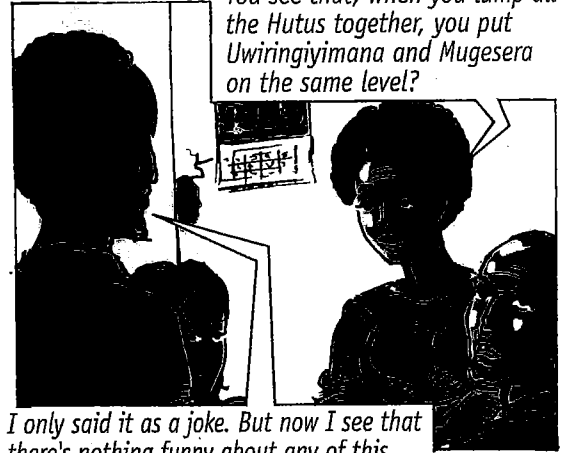


But in another speech, Prime Minister Agathe Uwiringiyimana proclaimed...



Habyarimana shouldn't speak in the name of all of the Hutus with his racial discrimination policy.

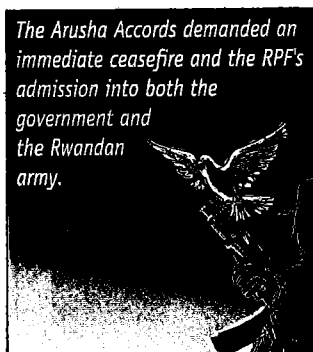
You see that, when you lump all the Hutus together, you put Uwiringiyimana and Mugesera on the same level?



I only said it as a joke. But now I see that there's nothing funny about any of this.

President Habyarimana and his party, the MRND, never saw the RPF as anything other than a pack of cockroaches, low-lives and bums. However, opposition party Hutus like Agathe Uwiringiyimana greatly changed the tone of the political discourse. As a result, negotiations in Arusha, Tanzania, held between the government and the RPF-Inkotanyi and arbitrated by the international community, led to the signing of a peace accord by both parties.

The Arusha Accords demanded an immediate ceasefire and the RPF's admission into both the government and the Rwandan army.



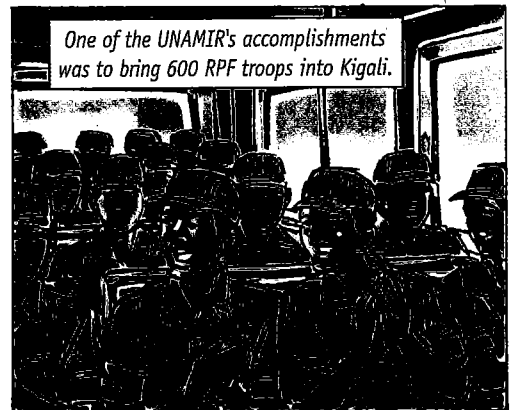
Thanks to these accords, our mission will be child's play. One thing's for sure, Rwanda's nothing like Somalia!

The UNAMIR* troops, their numbers cut, were dominated by the Belgian contingent.



As part of their pledge to underwrite the Arusha Accords, the UN had agreed to send a force of 5,000. Only half this number reached Rwanda, under the command of Canadian general Roméo Dallaire. The mission had no mandate for armed intervention and was limited to facilitating peace. The troops were only there as observers.

One of the UNAMIR's accomplishments was to bring 600 RPF troops into Kigali.



*UNAMIR: United Nations Assistance Mission for Rwanda

The RPF had sent troops to ensure the safety of its leaders, scheduled to take their place in the Rwandan government. Those living around the capital expressed great joy at the contingent's arrival.



The presence of UNAMIR and RPF troops led Tutsis to celebrate the 1994 New Year with high hopes.

But Colonel Théoneste Bagosora had promised a Tutsi apocalypse.



Our Interahamwe mission was a failure! See how the Tutsis celebrate.

You remember how, when I left the Arusha negotiations we held with those RPF cockroaches, I swore to exterminate the Tutsis?

I don't understand why these Tutsi vermin are so overjoyed. A handful of RPF soldiers, and a UNAMIR contingent that can't fire a single bullet? They're not going to stop me, Bagosora, from acting on my word!



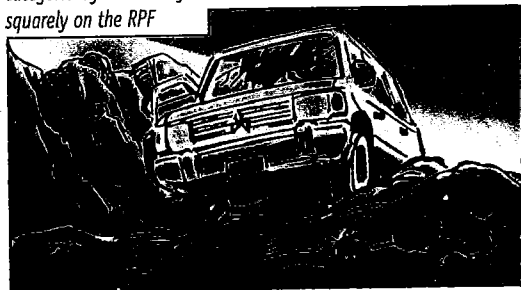
Rose! Why so glum on New Year's Day?



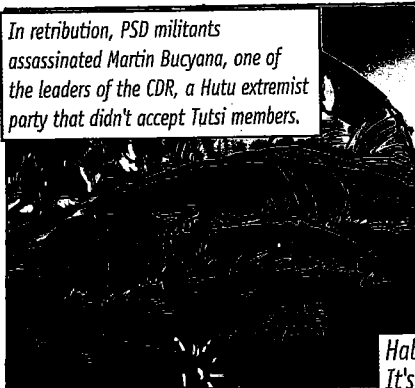
Rwanga, my husband! I have a bad feeling about this year.



A few months later, Félicien Gatabazi, member of the opposition party PSD and one of the few politicians President Habyarimana had been unable to buy, was gunned down on his way home. The MRND categorically denied any involvement in the killing, and put the blame squarely on the RPF



In retribution, PSD militants assassinated Martin Bucyana, one of the leaders of the CDR, a Hutu extremist party that didn't accept Tutsi members.

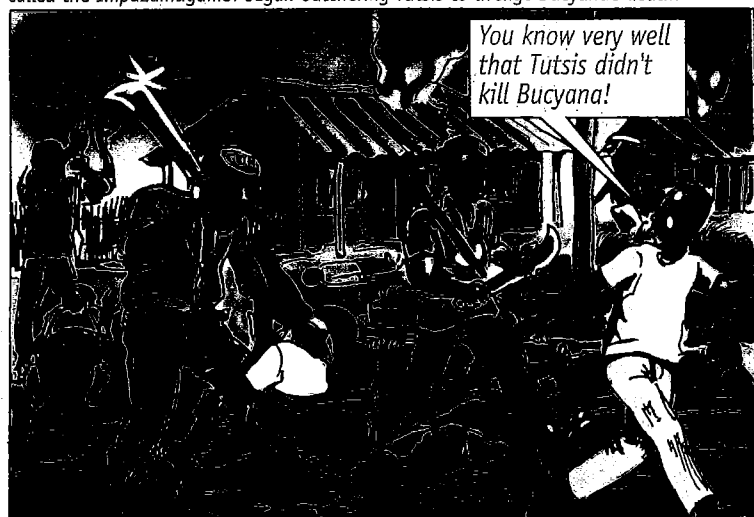


Given that Bucyana was under the protection of the MRND, his having been sent unprotected to a PSD bastion and subsequently killed by party members suggests that the MRND had, in fact, delivered him up to his enemies.

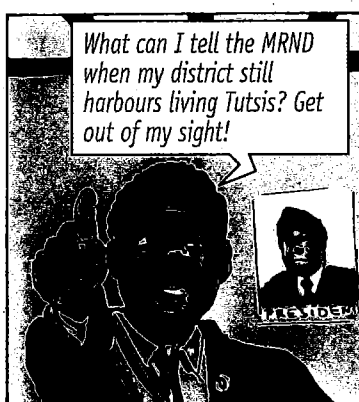
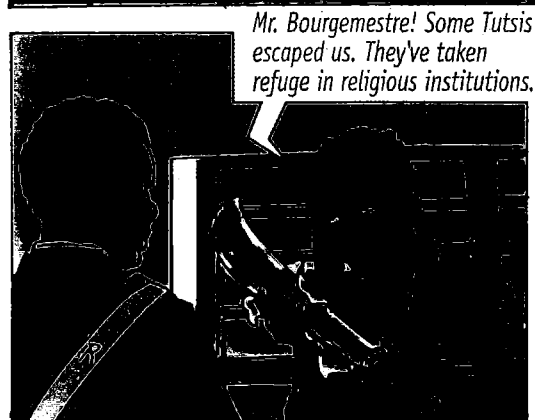


Habyarimana didn't sacrifice Bucyana for no reason. It's part of his plot to exterminate the Tutsis.

Sure enough, violence soon broke out. Along with the Interahamwe, CDR militants called the Impuzamugambi began butchering Tutsis to avenge Bucyana's death.



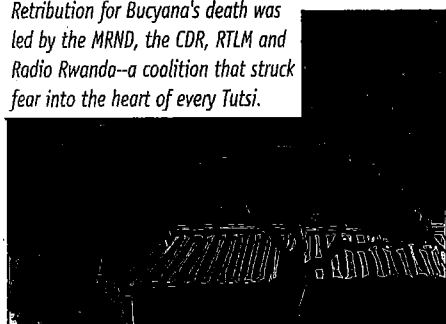
It was clear that the MRND had engineered the death of Bucyana (CDR) to spark off what might be called a prelude to the genocide. Indeed, the people displaced during these events never returned home: they would end up being slaughtered in the refugee centres to which they had fled



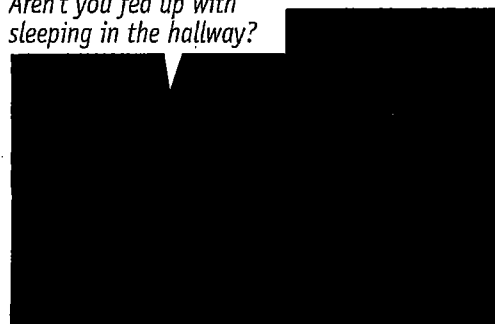
The MRND Interahamwe and the CDR Impuzamugambi received most of their orders from the prefects, bourgemestres and local councillors of their district. To ensure the success of their diabolical plan, the MRND had vehicles distributed in all Rwandan prefectures



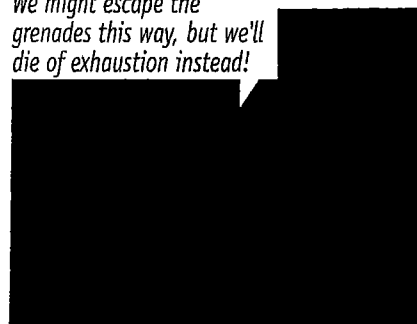
Retribution for Bucyana's death was led by the MRND, the CDR, RTLM and Radio Rwanda—a coalition that struck fear into the heart of every Tutsi.



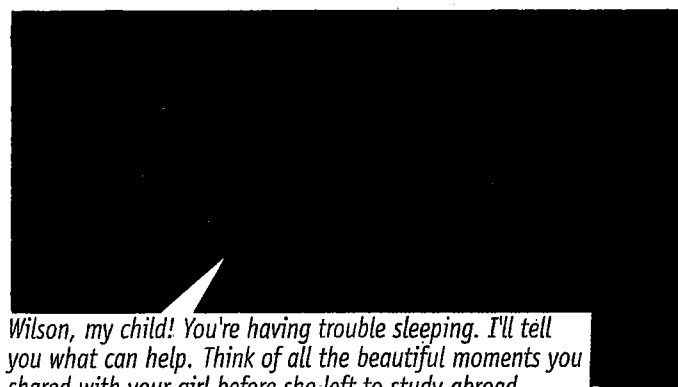
Aren't you fed up with sleeping in the hallway?



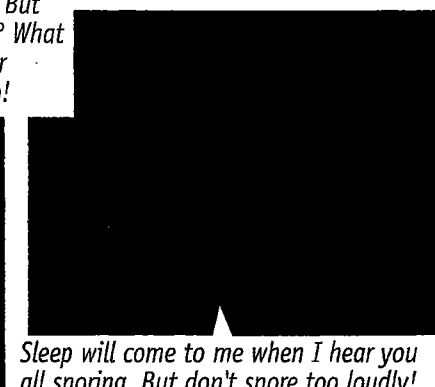
We might escape the grenades this way, but we'll die of exhaustion instead!



Mom! That's a good idea! But how will you get to sleep? What will you think about? Your courtship was so long ago!



Wilson, my child! You're having trouble sleeping. I'll tell you what can help. Think of all the beautiful moments you shared with your girl before she left to study abroad.



Sleep will come to me when I hear you all snoring. But don't snore too loudly!

Dreams weren't long in coming...

They say that all good things must come to an end, but our beautiful dream can never die.

What happened yesterday?

Wilson, my darling! That's what I thought, too, until yesterday!

Wilson! I have terrible news.

If it's to say that you no longer love me, I don't think I have the strength to hear it.

No, no-nothing like that. My father has decided to send me to Europe to study. He wants to prevent his children from being assassinated by the MRND and the CDR.

Don't cry-I understand! Your father's idea wasn't bad.

Tutsis like your father who have the means must send their families out of the country.

Believe me when I say that I will come and find you after my studies!

It would make me the happiest man alive to see you again. But our future here is uncertain. If it should be that you never see me again, promise me always to love life. Don't cry when you think of me. Smile, always! You're still young. Be happy and that will be my paradise.

Wilson, Wilson!

Wilson! Promise me!

Wilson had found a job...

You slept in. Aren't you going to work today?

Wilson! Nothing will happen to you. I'll come and find you safe and sound. Promise me!

Oh my God! Mom! Late for work and I've only just started working there!

Mom! Before she went to Europe, my sweetheart asked me a question I really don't know how to answer.

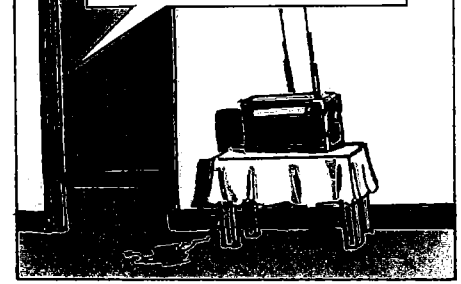


What's the question?

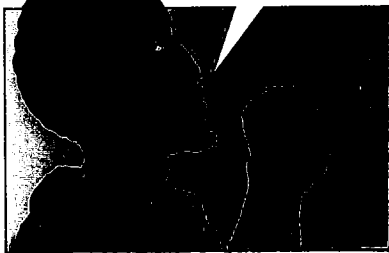
She asked me to promise to stay alive until she returns. For her, if you believe in something strongly enough, you can always make it come true. But ever since the MRND and Habyarimana have been roughing us up, I don't know what to tell her.



Mom! I don't want to stay in this wretched country either. The idea of sitting down and waiting for death is hard to swallow for any young man.



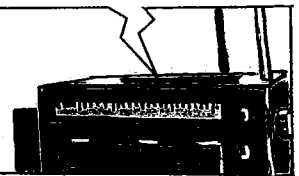
I know that there are many other places where I could do well. In America, guys as tall as me play basketball and live the good life, while here we wait to be hacked to pieces!



Wilson, my child! What you say is true. But these ideas all call for money we simply don't have. What's more, it's extremely difficult to get entry visas for these countries.



This is RTLM, the voice of the Hutu majority, Rwanda's farmers! Following in the footsteps of his father, the Tutsi Charles Rwanga, Kiyovu resident Wilson Rwanga has also sworn to wipe out the Hutus. On your guard, Interahamwe militia! Here's a song for him by Simon Bikindi.*

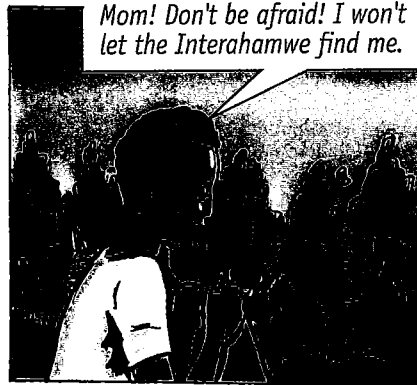


Wilson! Run! RTLM has just aired your death warrant! Get out of here quick, before the Interahamwe find you!



These madmen will destroy us all!

Mom! Don't be afraid! I won't let the Interahamwe find me.



Let us know where you are as soon as you can. God protect you, my child!



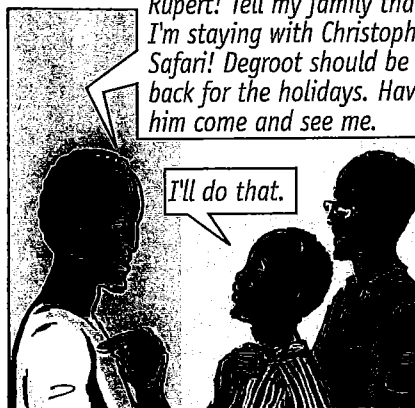
For days, the Interahamwe lay in wait for Wilson by the Rwanga house.



Where's your brother, Tutsi whore?

MRND

Rupert! Tell my family that I'm staying with Christophe Safari! Degroot should be back for the holidays. Have him come and see me.



I'll do that.

Meanwhile, at the Rwangas'...



Hey, everyone, I'm doing well at university!

That's wonderful, Degroot! But first come and kiss me!

*Simon Bikindi: singer celebrated at the time for his catchy tunes inciting violence and discrimination

Your brother Wilson hasn't been here for a few days. RTLM and the Interahamwe are hounding us.



Excuse me for not knocking...

Degroot! How are you? Wilson wants you to come and see him at Christophe's. He's looking forward to seeing you!



Rupert! Thank you for bringing us news of Wilson.

We're lucky where I am. The prefect of Butare, where I'm studying, doesn't allow the Interahamwe and the CDR to kill Tutsis.



Degroot and Rupert set off immediately...

You don't use the road between here and Kigali anymore because of the Interahamwe?

You think any religious institution in the country would agree to protect us when they're all directed by Monseigneur Vincent Nsengiyumva, a member of the MRND?



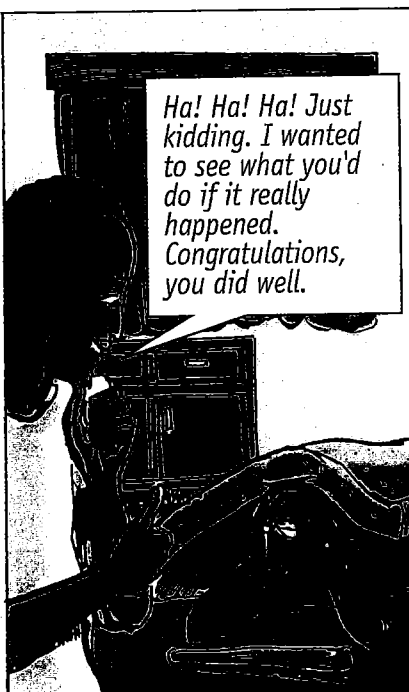
The problem is that there's nowhere else to go.

Wilson and Christophe were still on the alert, so as not to be taken by surprise by the Interahamwe...



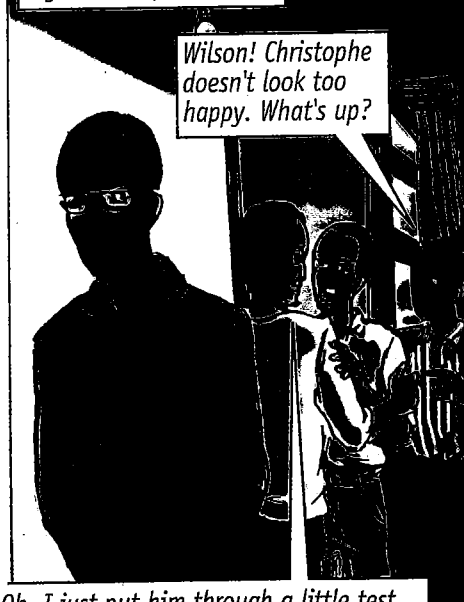
Christophe! Someone's there--looks like the Interahamwe. They're coming here!

Interahamwe! Quick, get away from the door before they throw a grenade at the house!



Ha! Ha! Ha! Just kidding. I wanted to see what you'd do if it really happened. Congratulations, you did well.

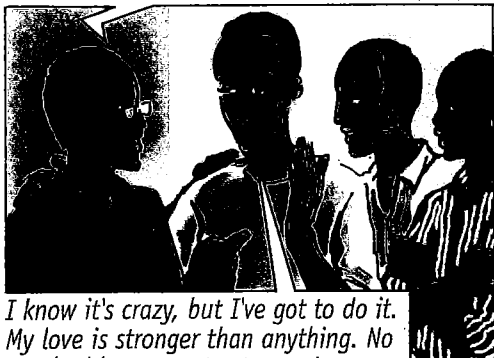
A short time later, when Degroot and Rupert arrived...



Wilson! Christophe doesn't look too happy. What's up?

Oh, I just put him through a little test...

Wilson's planning on leaving the house tomorrow to go to the Post Office, and he says too bad if the Interahamwe get him! He's throwing caution to the winds to mail a letter to his sweetheart.



I know it's crazy, but I've got to do it. My love is stronger than anything. No one had better try to stop me!

The next day, Wilson left the house as promised—but he trembled with fear...

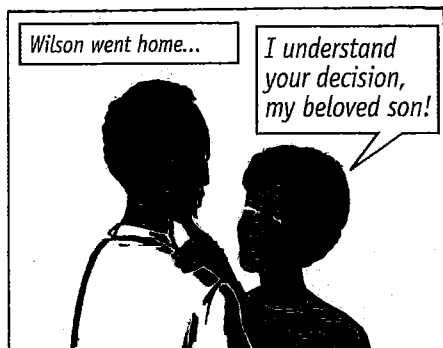


It's better if I say nothing about what's happened to me. She would lose heart for studying.



A stamp for Belgium, please.

After mailing this letter, I must return home. The Interahamwe can try to kill me, but they can't stop me from living with those I love!



Wilson went home...

I understand your decision, my beloved son!

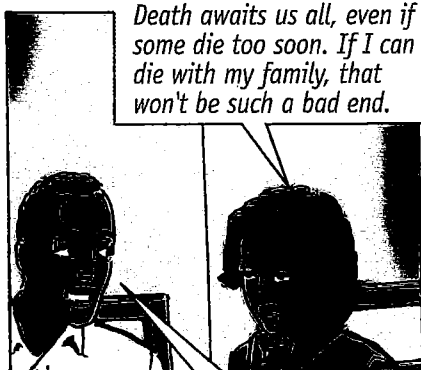
It's been a while since we all sat down together at the table...



In the meantime, let's congratulate Wilson for his courageous decision to come home!

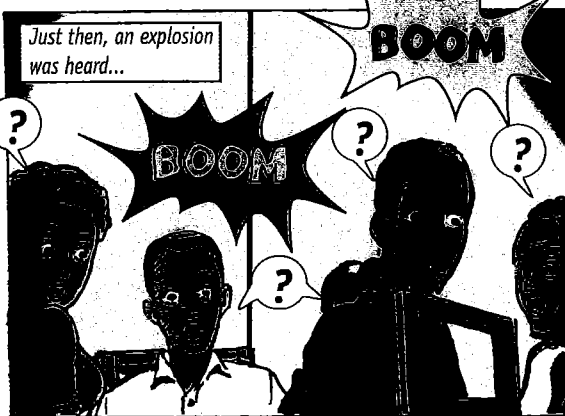


Death awaits us all, even if some die too soon. If I can die with my family, that won't be such a bad end.



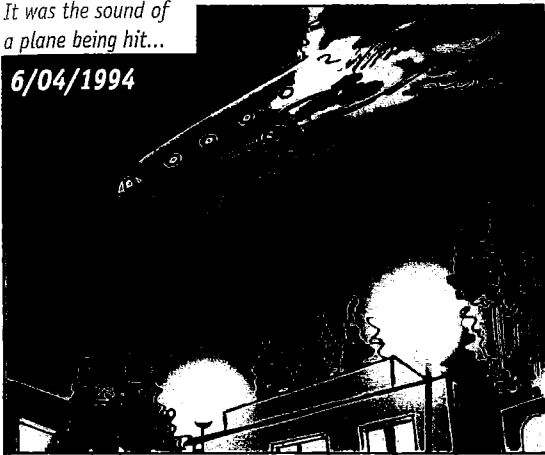
How about if you died after being crowned Miss Universe? Wouldn't that be much better?

Just then, an explosion was heard...



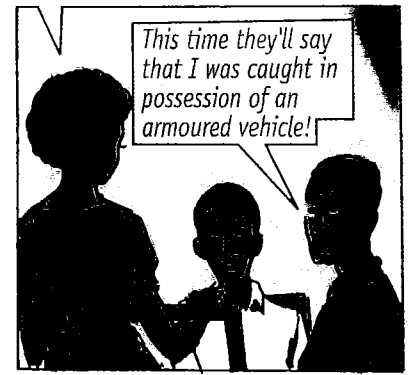
It was the sound of a plane being hit...

6/04/1994



Oh my God! My father's plane has been shot down!

We'd better go to bed. I've noticed that, whenever a bomb explodes, it's we who get blamed for it the next day.



This time they'll say that I was caught in possession of an armoured vehicle!

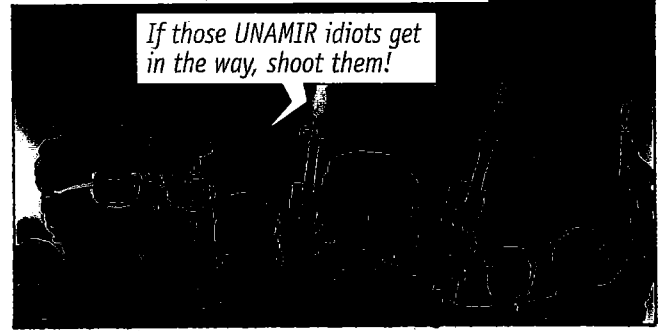
The plane that was shot down was carrying President Habyarimana, a few of his relatives and President Ntaryamira Cyprien of neighbouring Burundi. They were returning from a meeting in Tanzania. The plane crashed on Habyarimana's property and all aboard perished.



That same night...

I, Colonel Bagosora, have a terrible announcement to make. Tutsis have just assassinated our Head of State. I therefore ask that all Tutsis be killed without further delay!

Bagosora dispatched the presidential guard to give the order for the Tutsi genocide to begin, along with the massacre of Hutu opponents to Habyarimana's regime.

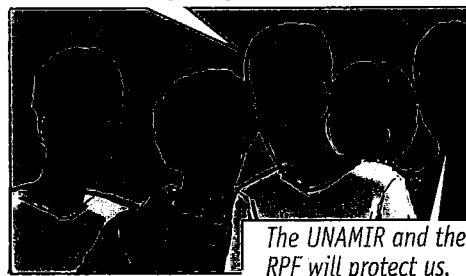


If those UNAMIR idiots get in the way, shoot them!

Very early the next morning, Radio Rwanda relayed the news and ordered Rwandans throughout the country to stay home until further orders.

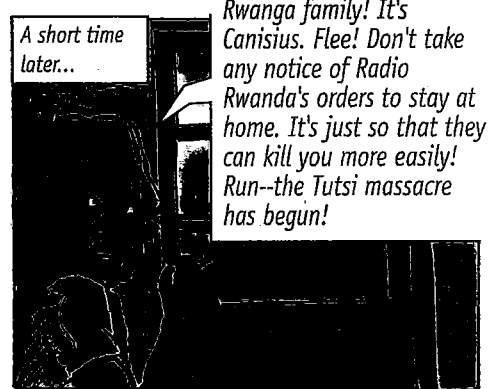


We Tutsis barely escaped being wiped out when Bucyana was killed. How can we escape the vengeance that's about to be unleashed with the death of Habyarimana?

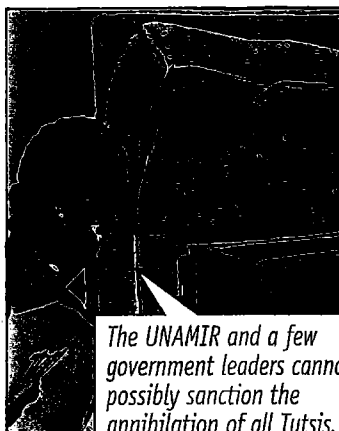


The UNAMIR and the RPF will protect us.

A short time later...



Rwanga family! It's Canisius. Flee! Don't take any notice of Radio Rwanda's orders to stay at home. It's just so that they can kill you more easily! Run--the Tutsi massacre has begun!



The UNAMIR and a few government leaders cannot possibly sanction the annihilation of all Tutsis.

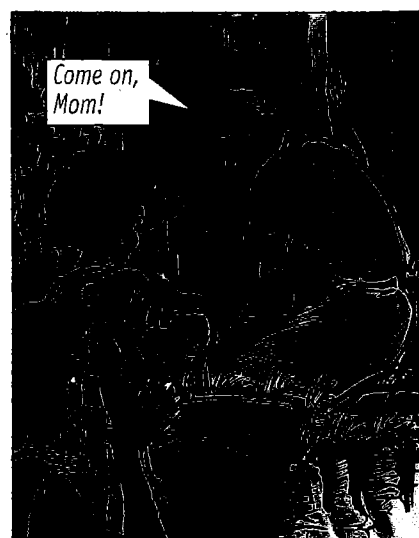
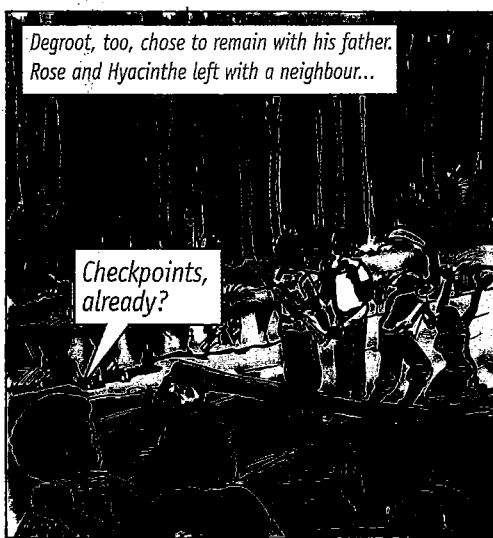


All government opposition members and Hutu moderates have been killed too!

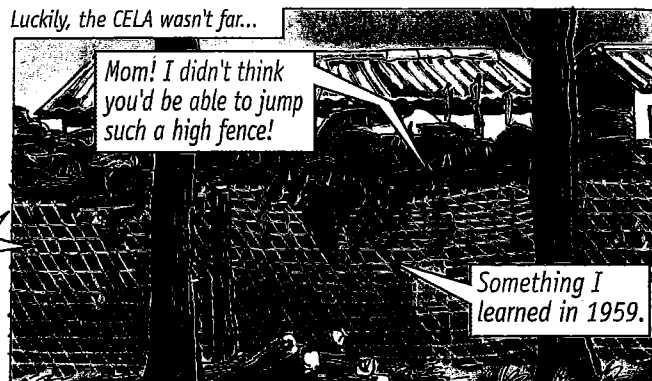


The presidential guard had already killed Prime Minister Agathe Uwiringiyimana. She was killed along with the ten Belgian UNAMIR soldiers who were protecting her.

Canisius is a good Hutu. See how he came to warn us. The situation is very bad! Run to the CELA* before it's too late! I'll come after you.



By sheer luck, the Interahamwe tripped over a tree trunk...



Something I learned in 1959.

*CELA: the Centre d'éducation de langues africaines, a school run by Catholic missionaries the "White Fathers"



We'll get you in the end!

We made it, Mom! We escaped the Interahamwe!



Welcome to the CELA!

That's wonderful, Hyacinthe! But your father and brothers are still out there.

Thank you for your warm welcome, Father. But if you could help get my husband and sons here, I would be forever in your debt. You have a vehicle, and the Interahamwe aren't after you.



Our superiors have ordered us to stay together. But I know someone named Albert who can help you.



Meanwhile...

POW

Albert! Is that my mother or my wife you've got?

We'll have to see later.



Albert's helped more Tutsis escape!

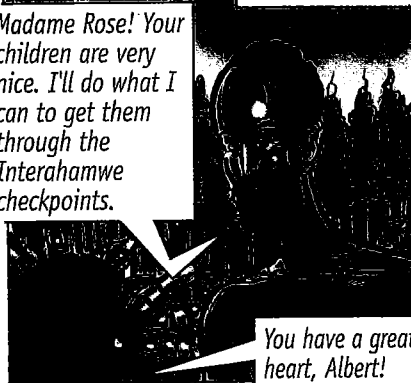
Don't despair; at least we got the lady of the house. We'll get all the Tutsis in the end!



See? Here comes Albert with some more.

?

Madame Rose! Your children are very nice. I'll do what I can to get them through the Interahamwe checkpoints.



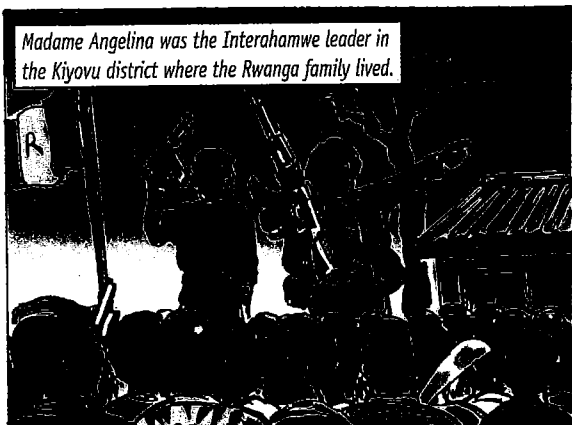
You have a great heart, Albert!

Madame Angelina! I am Alphonse, Rwanda's neighbour. I've always paid my dues to the MRND. In exchange, I ask that you destroy the Rwanda family.

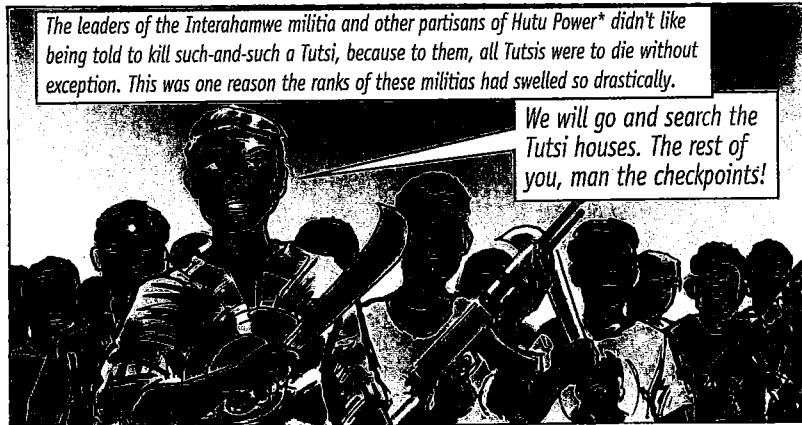


But, but—I know this Albert! How does he do it, when he's a Tutsi and hunted like the rest of us?

Madame Angelina was the Interahamwe leader in the Kiyovu district where the Rwanda family lived.



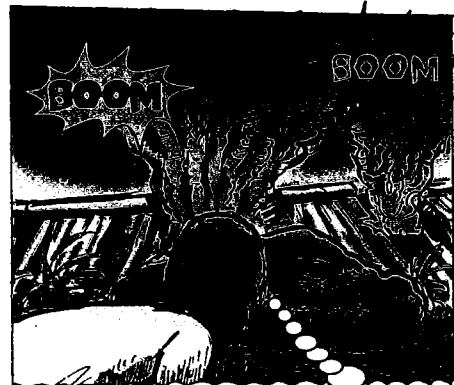
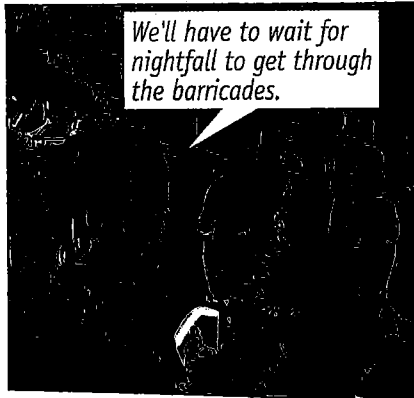
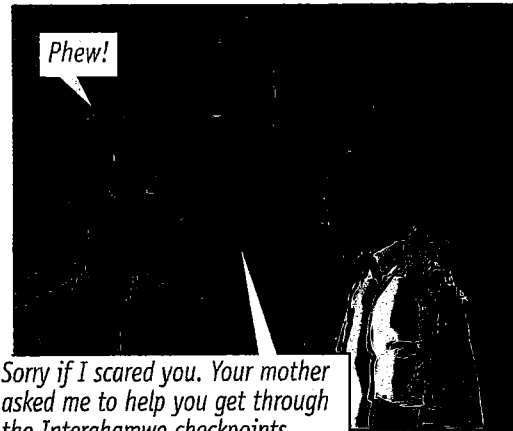
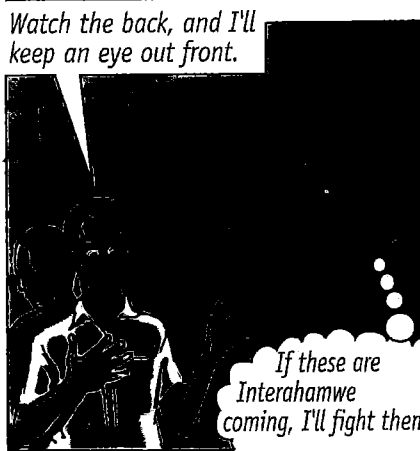
The leaders of the Interahamwe militia and other partisans of Hutu Power* didn't like being told to kill such-and-such a Tutsi, because to them, all Tutsis were to die without exception. This was one reason the ranks of these militias had swelled so drastically.



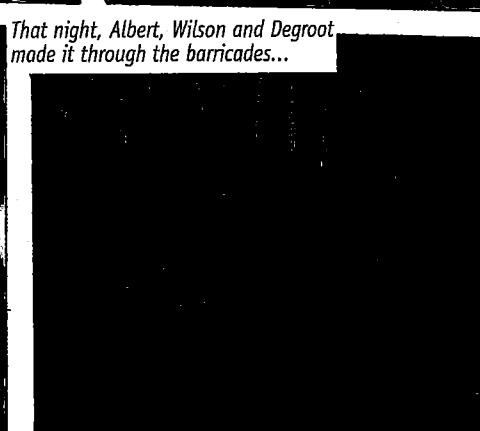
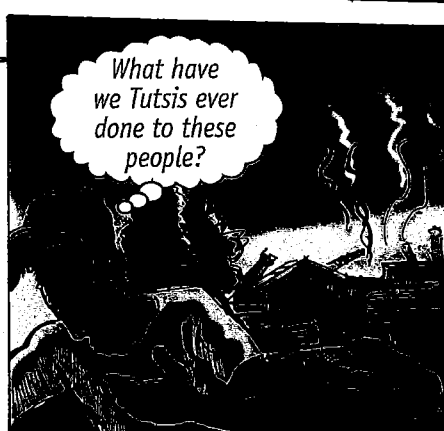
We will go and search the Tutsi houses. The rest of you, man the checkpoints!

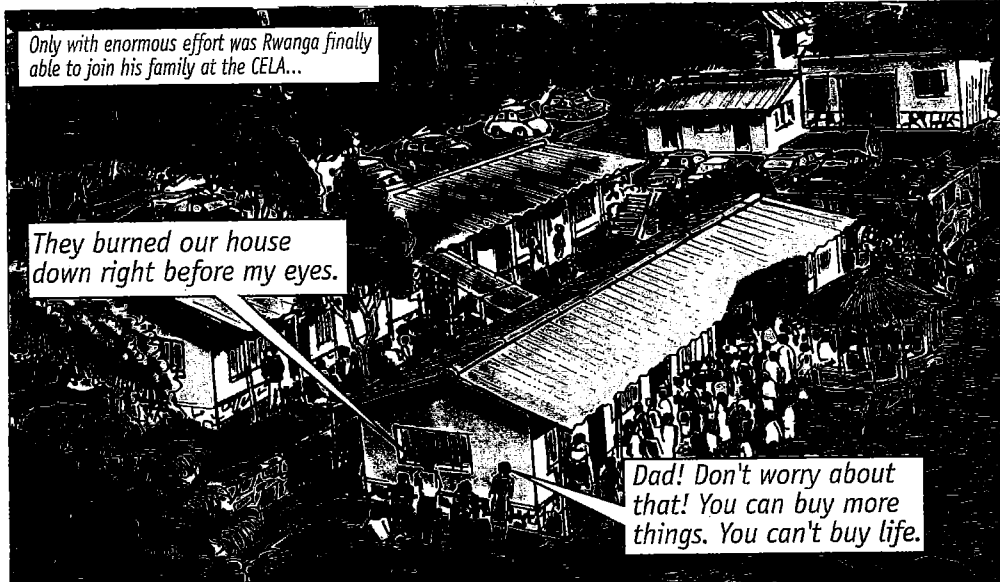
*Hutu Power: the MRND had managed to divide the main opposition parties along ethnic lines. Deserters from these parties regrouped around the MRND in a Hutu extremist faction called Hutu Power.

Meanwhile, Rwanda and his sons had concealed themselves in a pile of construction blocks on a nearby hill.



Heavens! My house! What would have become of us if we hadn't left when we did? What madness!





Only with enormous effort was Rwanda finally able to join his family at the CELA...

They burned our house down right before my eyes.

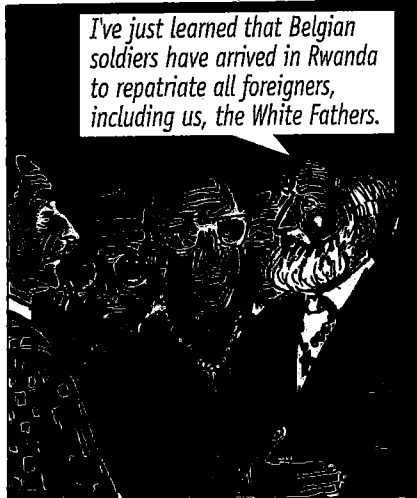
Dad! Don't worry about that! You can buy more things. You can't buy life.

I've had it with always starting over, always running! We fled in '59, in '60, in '61, '62 and '73. Now it's 1994 and the same thing's starting again. It's too much to bear!



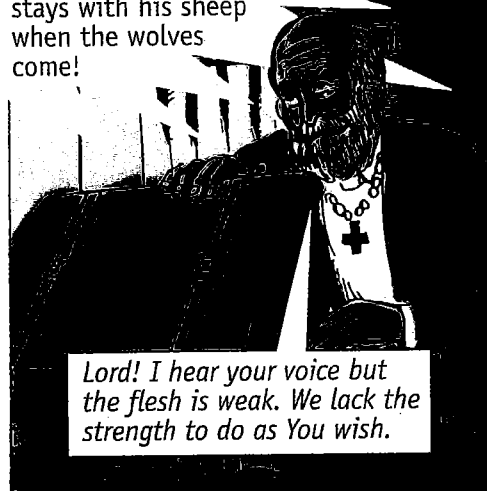
On day, we'll have peace.

At that moment inside the CELA, the White Fathers considered their position...



I've just learned that Belgian soldiers have arrived in Rwanda to repatriate all foreigners, including us, the White Fathers.

The good shepherd stays with his sheep when the wolves come!



Lord! I hear your voice but the flesh is weak. We lack the strength to do as You wish.



The next day, the Belgian soldiers arrived...

And so every last one of the White Fathers left. After a century of missionary work in Rwanda, they admitted defeat.



Hurry up, Fathers!



Take me with you, I beg you! The Interahamwe want to kill me just like they killed my whole family.

Who do we turn to now, Lord?

?

They did the same thing to us in 1959.

Let's not lose hope!



Sure enough, the Interahamwe were waiting...

As soon as the whites leave, we'll go in and wipe out these cockroaches!

Better wait. The soldiers who are leaving the CELA might leave weapons with those vermin inside. All because our presidential guard killed ten Belgian peacekeepers!



Most of these people are here because of me, Albert. I must do something.

We're going to die!

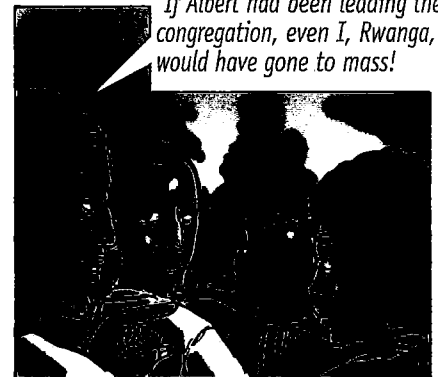
The Interahamwe are going to kill our children!



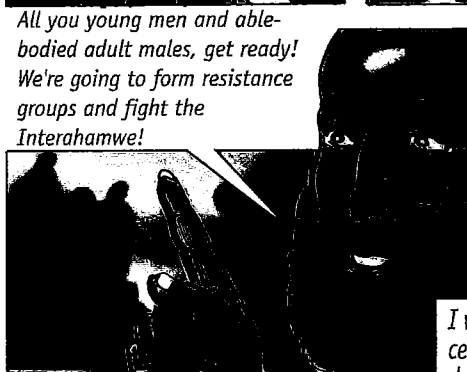
Everybody! Listen up!



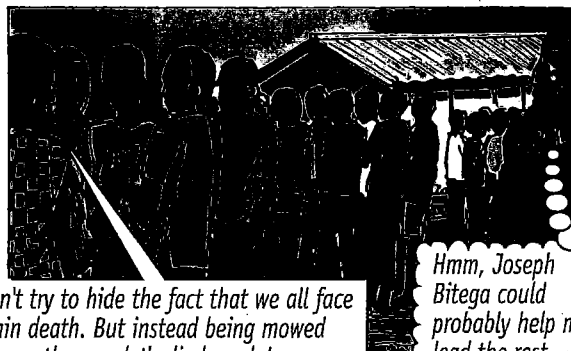
The smell of fear is what makes any wild animal attack a man. Let's stick together and defend ourselves against these beasts!



If Albert had been leading the congregation, even I, Rwanga, would have gone to mass!

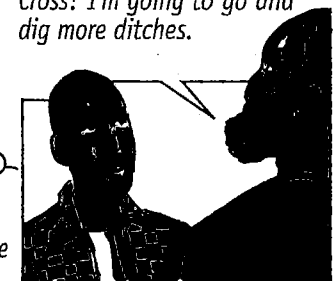


All you young men and able-bodied adult males, get ready! We're going to form resistance groups and fight the Interahamwe!



I won't try to hide the fact that we all face certain death. But instead being mowed down on the run, let's die bravely!

Joseph! The telephone's still working. Can you call the Red Cross? I'm going to go and dig more ditches.



Hmm, Joseph Bitega could probably help me lead the rest.

The ditches Albert was digging were to serve as latrines...



Look, they're digging trenches! They must have received arms! Let's tell Madame Angelina!

Chief Angelina! Those vermin at the CELA have been armed by the Belgians. And now they're digging trenches so they can fire at us!



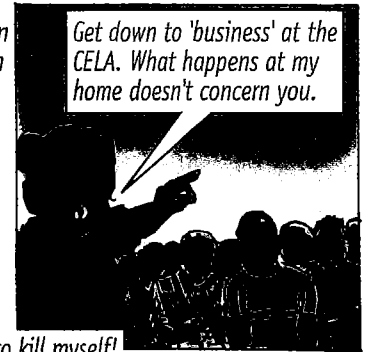
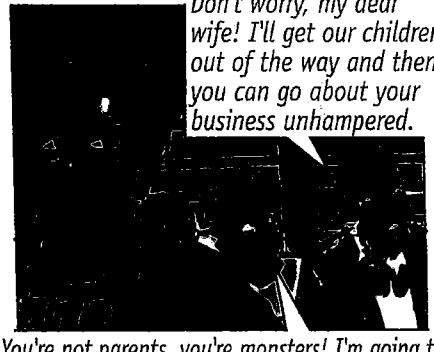
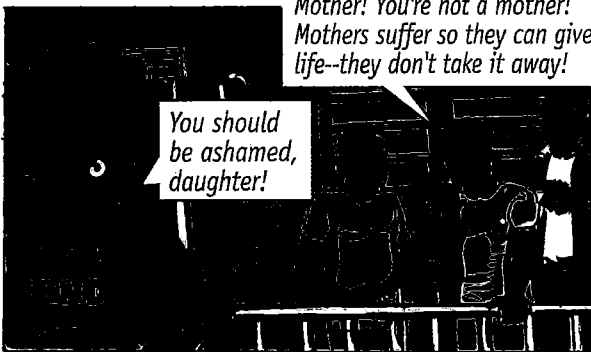
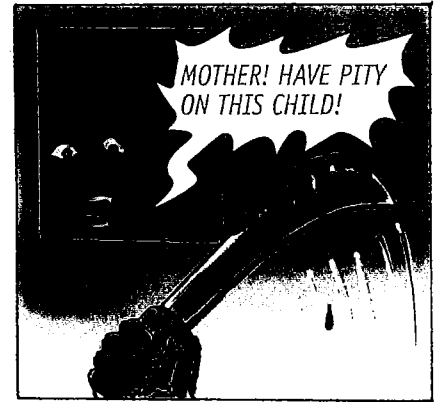
Our Father, who art in Heaven...

Can't you see I'm in the middle of target practice? Bunch of worthless fools!

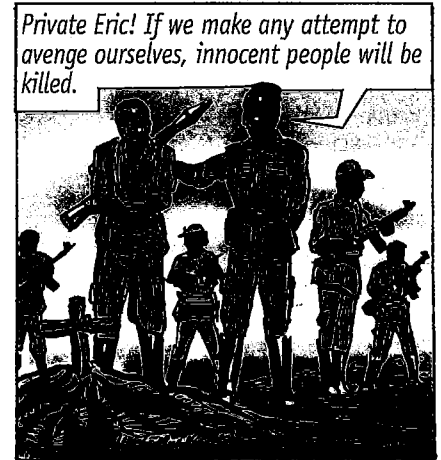
Enough of your praying! Stop before you give me a headache!



Get that little worm for me, will you? I missed my shot.



Meanwhile, the RPF army fought tooth and nail for control of the country before too many more were wiped out.



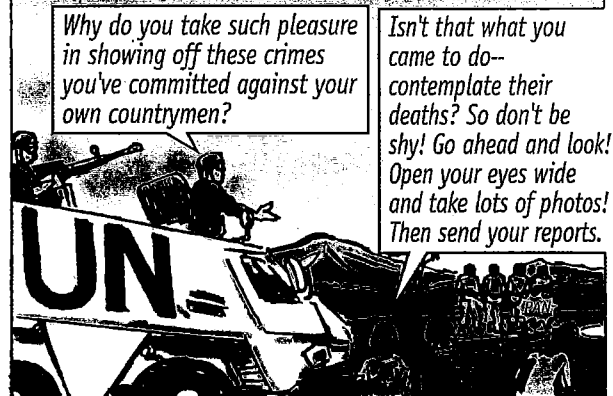
It's more important to combat the source of whatever it is that makes civilians start murdering each other. When you begin killing civilians, you're no longer a soldier.



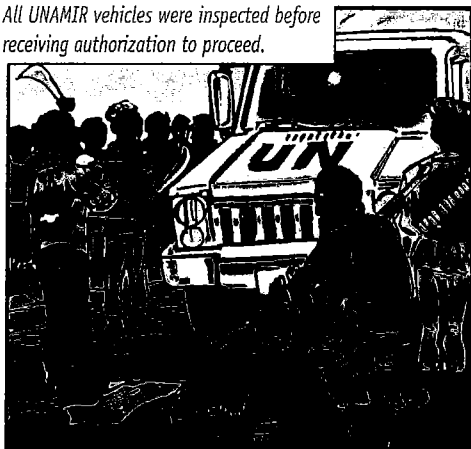
Such a mission allowed the RPF army to sustain victory over the lawless ranks of the MRND. And this in spite of the fact that the latter, backed by the Interahamwe, were by far the more numerous and better armed.



As for the UNAMIR, the Interahamwe had long noted that the troops were only there as observers, and scorned them.



All UNAMIR vehicles were inspected before receiving authorization to proceed.



Colonel Bagosora! Did you give the UNAMIR permission to help Tutsis escape?



The UNAMIR was forced to take the refugees back to the Hôtel des Mille Collines...



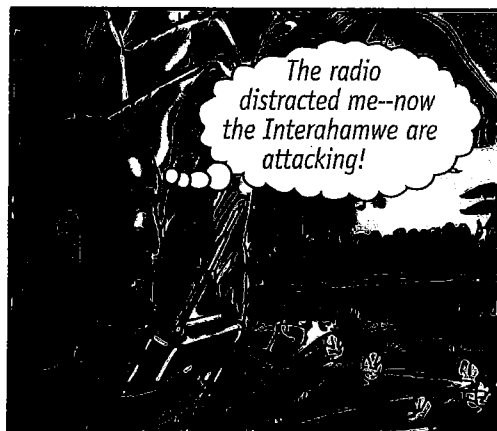
Back already?

What on earth is the UN waiting for? When will it change our mission and allow us to use force to save these people whose lives are in danger?



General Roméo Dallaire wondered.

We'll try to defend ourselves until the UNAMIR or the RPF come to the rescue.



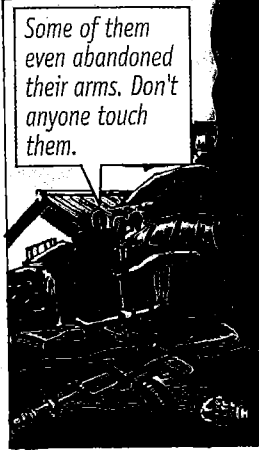
Did you hear? They're ready for battle! Watch out, they're armed. I've never seen such a tough bunch of refugees.



*Bisesero: region in Kibuye, Western Rwanda, where the Tutsis organized a heroic resistance, an event evoking the famous resistance of the Warsaw ghetto Jews during the Holocaust.



I've never seen anyone run from stones like these Interahamwe!



Some of them even abandoned their arms. Don't anyone touch them.

After a few days, the Red Cross, having been alerted, was able to bring in some food.



Praise the Lord, the Red Cross has come to our aid.



Albert wants to try and hang on for two weeks. He's convinced the world will wake up, see the situation we're in and come to the rescue.



We must pray that help doesn't arrive too late.

The CELA men, young and old alike, had spent weeks keeping the Interahamwe at bay.



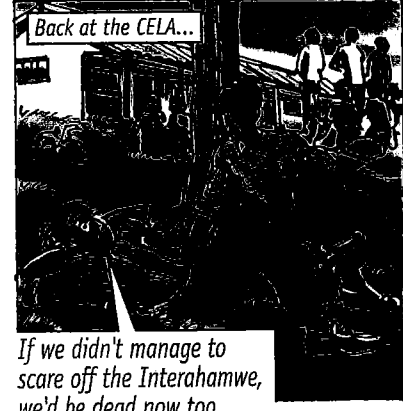
Near the CELA, at the Sainte-Famille Church...



The refugees forced from this church were brought within sight of the CELA to be executed—a ploy to intimidate the CELA 'rebels' and break their resistance.

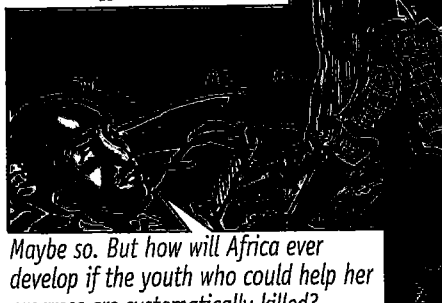


You! You get to live for the moment, so that you can go and tell these CELA renegades what you've seen.



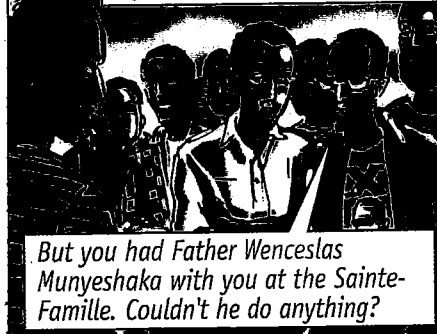
Back at the CELA... If we didn't manage to scare off the Interahamwe, we'd be dead now too.

Degroot! Wilson told me that even at university you succeed effortlessly.



Maybe so. But how will Africa ever develop if the youth who could help her progress are systematically killed?

The sole survivor of the Sainte-Famille massacre relayed the militia's message to the CELA...



But you had Father Wenceslas Munyeshaka with you at the Sainte-Famille. Couldn't he do anything?

Meanwhile, Angelina had requested assistance from the prefect of the City of Kigali to help crush the CELA resistance.



My men are unable to get the better of those rebel scum. According to our deal, it's now up to you, the authorities.



Our men have protected us for three weeks now. They're bone tired.

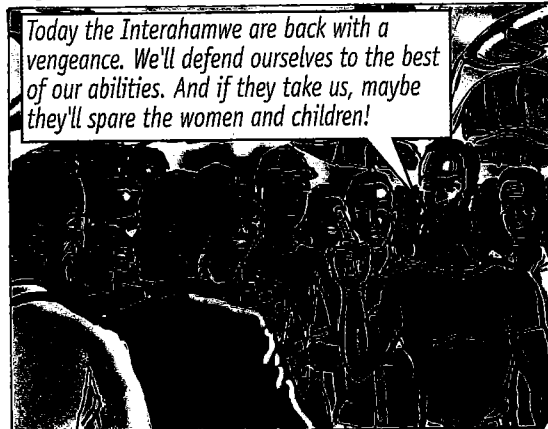


I can't believe it! You've fallen back asleep? Wake up! The Interahamwe have returned!



Wha...what's that you're saying?

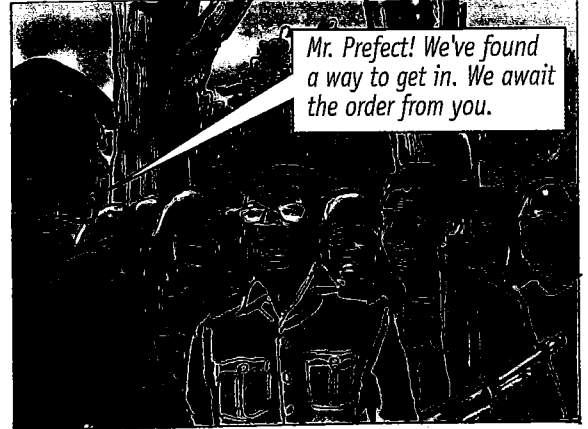
They won't allow us to relieve them.



Today the Interahamwe are back with a vengeance. We'll defend ourselves to the best of our abilities. And if they take us, maybe they'll spare the women and children!



SNIP SNIP



Mr. Prefect! We've found a way to get in. We await the order from you.

As usual, the Interahamwe will lead the attack.



HA! HA! HA!

HA! HA! HA!

Cowards! They treat us like their hunting dogs!

Rwanga, long wanted by the Interahamwe, went off to hide himself before they entered.



Joseph Bitega! If the Interahamwe find you wearing this RPF t-shirt, they'll kill you on the spot.



Albert! I might die because of this t-shirt, but if my death allows others to get away, then it will at least have served some purpose. With that in mind, I'll remove my overshirt so that my t-shirt is more visible!



?

FPR

Joseph! You have exceptional courage. Your example gives me strength as well.



Within moments, the Interahamwe were there...



Aaaagh!

Hands up! Everyone!

Urrrgh!

What did my son ever do to deserve this?

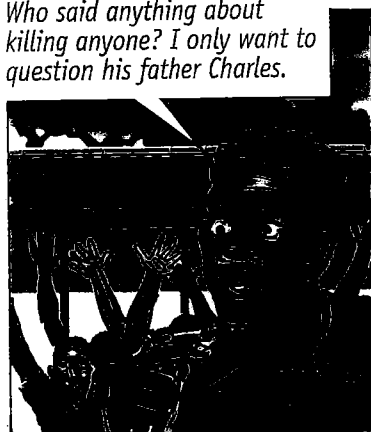


Where's your father?

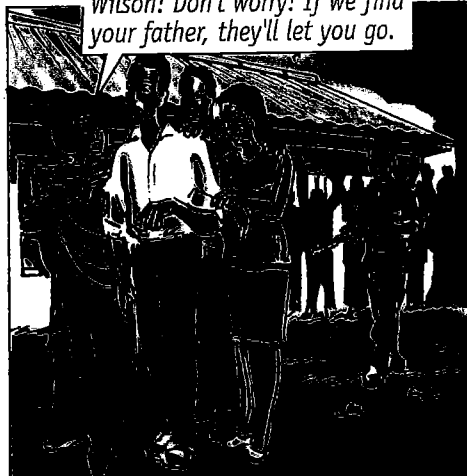
Instead of killing Wilson, kill me and I'll ask God to forgive you. Leave him, I beg you!



Who said anything about killing anyone? I only want to question his father Charles.



Wilson! Don't worry! If we find your father, they'll let you go.



Hey! You! Why aren't your hands up?

I've had enough of that.



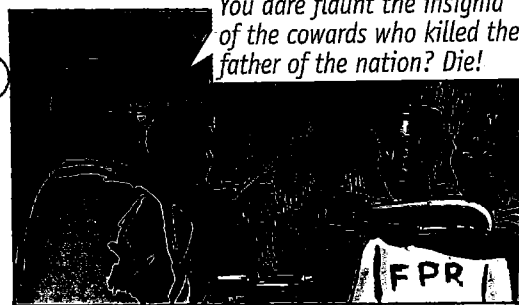
Tell me if I'm dreaming. You're wearing a RPF-Inkotanyi t-shirt! I don't believe it!



The Prefect has to see this.



You dare flaunt the insignia of the cowards who killed the father of the nation? Die!



We don't know the results of the inquest into the death of the president. If the RPF really killed him, then why do you keep murdering civilians? Can't you find the RPF army? What's the matter--don't you know where to look?



What's more, the RPF is now a fully legal Rwandan political party. However, if despite all this you still object to my t-shirt, at least spare those who aren't wearing one like it.



I leave you in the capable hands of this Interahamwe, who will execute you with all his refinement and skill.

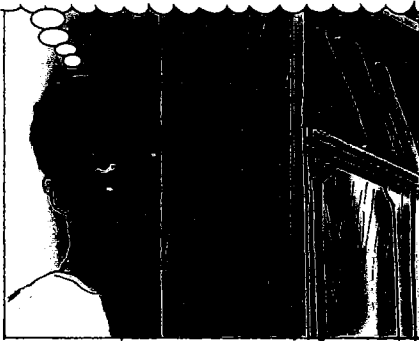


You can give him your position as prefect, while you're at it--it doesn't seem to require much intelligence!

What!

What cheek!

I must reveal myself! These monsters have taken my family hostage.



Wilson! Call your father for me again.

Dad!
Daaaaad!

Here I am.
Don't be afraid.



Rwanga, my husband! The time has come for us to sacrifice ourselves for our children. It's we who have given them the ethnicity that has made them victims. We've lived. We've done our time.



Rose, my love! I wouldn't have hidden myself if I'd known that they would take our children too. These people are ruthless!



Just then...

Enough of your talk, vermin!



You two! You're coming with your father.



Take me with their father but leave the children, I beg you!

Quiet!



See these identity cards? I have a thousand and they all belonged to Tutsis. You think they didn't try to beg for mercy?

God in Heaven!



You did what you could, Mom!

My daughter Hyacinthe! Never compromise yourself. Better to die!



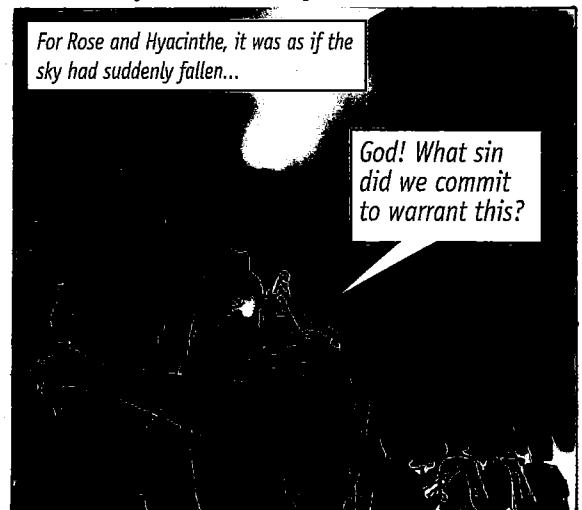
My children! You're innocent. I put you in the hands of God.

No use saying goodbye. All of you vermin here in the CELA are going to die. Enough! Leave off!

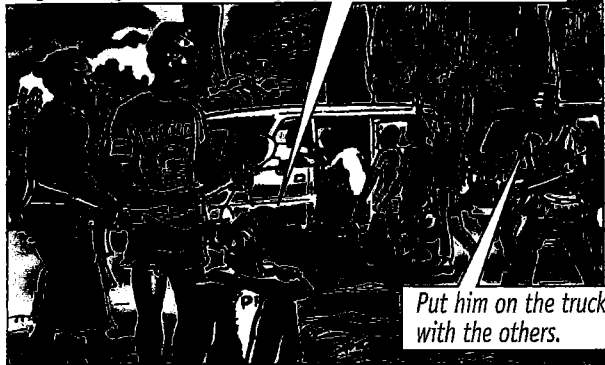


For Rose and Hyacinthe, it was as if the sky had suddenly fallen...

God! What sin did we commit to warrant this?



Don't wear yourself out trying to think. All the dead look alike. And those who make you kill do it because they know you can't think for yourself!



Put him on the truck with the others.



This cockroach thinks I could be the Prefect!

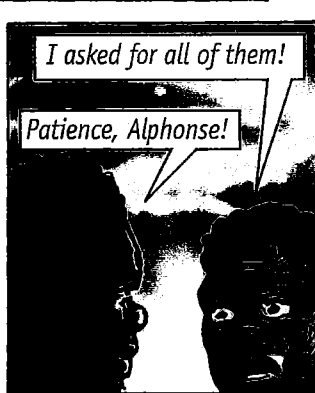
Prefect! You couldn't even manage being a farmhand, idiot!

Those aboard the Prefecture trucks were headed for a certain death...



Is all the Rwanga family on board?

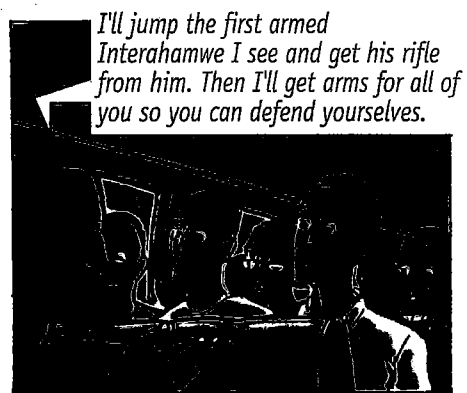
There's just a couple left. We'll get them next time.



I asked for all of them!

Patience, Alphonse!

There aren't any women or children here. Nothing to stop us from fighting now!

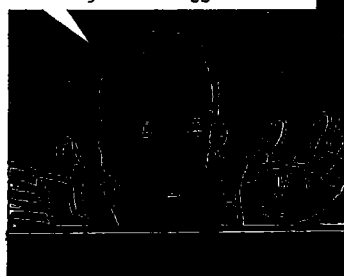


I'll jump the first armed Interahamwe I see and get his rifle from him. Then I'll get arms for all of you so you can defend yourselves.

Albert! Have you forgotten that we don't know the first thing about using rifles?



Well, neither do I! But I know that an assassin's rifle is always loaded. And I guess we all know where to find the trigger!



God! I've taught karate for three years and never attacked anyone without cause. We're now facing the fight of our lives. If I should die, please take me into your house.

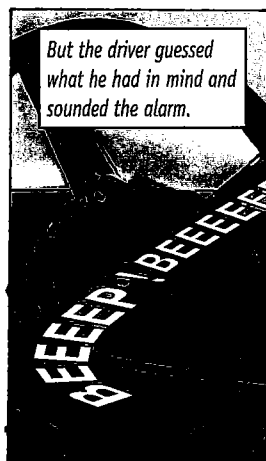


While this discussion took place, the vehicle continued on its route, driven by an Interahamwe.



Heh! Heh! Heh!

Seeing a militiaman nearby, Albert positioned himself next to the door...



But the driver guessed what he had in mind and sounded the alarm.



What's up? Why's he beeping the horn?



YAAAAAAAH!

?

Albert was fired upon the minute he jumped. His body was riddled with bullets.



Though he managed to grab the rifle, Albert's strength was gone...



Albert died as bravely as he had wished, April 22, 1994. Most of the women and children he had helped escape managed to survive. We will never forget his nobility of spirit.



Realizing what Albert had intended, the Interahamwe began firing on the vehicle.



Joseph Bitega, assessing the situation, jumped out a bullet-shattered window...



That's that cockroach the Prefect entrusted me with!

You won't get me!



Joseph ran like the wind towards a nearby banana tree...



He can't get far. There are other barricades.



This gutter I've fallen into has saved my life--for now!



The Interahamwe were unable to catch Joseph Bitega. Today he is one of the few survivors of the genocide.



Degroot Rwanda, Christophe Safari and many others fell beneath the bullets fired on the vehicle. Thanks to Albert's bravery, they were able to avoid a terrible fate: that of being hacked or bludgeoned to death.



However, Rwanda, Wilson and others who weren't lucky enough to be killed instantly died horribly...



That would be too good for you!

Wilson Rwanda and his father Charles were hacked to death by machetes, April 22, 1994.





My children and my husband have just been killed, I feel it! God! Please take them!

Mom! What's happened to you?



Prefect Renzaho, fully occupied with orchestrating the atrocities in nearby Kigali, didn't have time to deal with the CELA's remaining refugees. He had them transferred to the nearby Sainte-Famille Church.

Mom! Maybe they're still alive!

No, my daughter. We must begin mourning.

Their hideous crime accomplished, the Interahamwe threw their victims' bodies into a mass grave...



Start digging the mass graves for the refugees who're still at the CELA, the Église Sainte-Famille and the Centre Saint-Paul. They'll be buried like dogs!



Just then, at the Sainte-Famille...

Heh, heh, heh! At last the beautiful Hyacinthe will be mine!

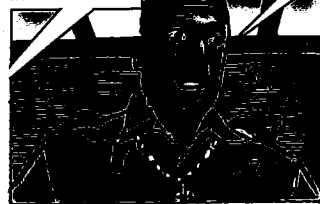


You all know me. I am Father Munyeshyaka and it's thanks to me that the Prefect has released you. Welcome to the Sainte-Famille Church!



Here, however, the Interahamwe still have the right to come and arrest those of you who are traitors!

We're refugees, not traitors, Father!



The next day...



This priest is in league with the Interahamwe. He often allows them to seize people, except for the girls who allow him to abuse them...

Madame Rose! Leave me alone with Hyacinthe for a moment! The Church has a small favour to ask of her.



I have a room up at the Hôtel des Mille Collines. If you agree to come and sleep with me, I'll do you lots of favours. But you can't tell your mother.



I see that our misfortune suits you just fine. You're happy about it. You can't hide it!

But you're dead wrong about me. I'm not a whore. May God forgive you. Good day.

When you need me, you can come on your own accord. And you will need me one day.



You gave him the right answer. He's a worthless priest. Truly, for things to have gotten this bad, we must be living through the Apocalypse.

Right now the Interahamwe are drawing up lists behind us.

Put down the names of Rose and her daughter Hyacinthe.

Look at that one trying to hide!

You should have hidden before we put your name on this list. See you tomorrow! Enjoy your last night. Our barrier runs right round the compound. You couldn't get away even if you tried.



That night...

What good is trying to sleep when this time tomorrow I'll be dead? And there's no escape.

The next day at dawn...



Rose! Your daughter doesn't come when she's called! Where is she?

I really have no idea.



You don't know, you say? We'll find her ourselves.

I'm here right in front of you. Take me instead. Spilling the blood of children will only bring you misfortune.



Those whose names are on this list are vermin spies. Prepare to meet your Maker, spies!

Fidèle! We're sorry, we looked everywhere, but we couldn't find Hyacinthe.

HMMPH!



The others whose names were called were taken to their deaths...

Aaagh!



As for you, Rose, stay here! You won't suffer enough if you die before your daughter. We'll get you another day.

Such malice!



Hyacinthe! It's me, Rose! You can come out now. The Interahamwe are gone.



Mom! You have the key!

Don't hide here next time, my darling! The Interahamwe have planted spies amongst the refugees.



The Interahamwe found the wardrobe door shut and they thought it was Father Munyeshyaka who had locked it. They trust him. Imagine what would have happened if we hadn't found the key lying on top of it!

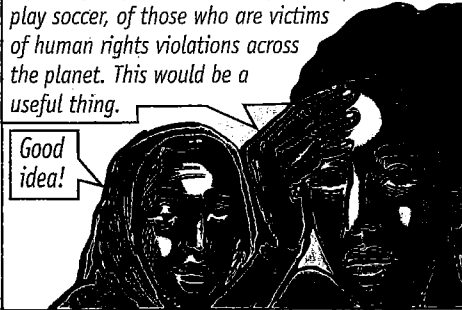


While I was hiding, I thought of how the Tutsi genocide is really a crime against all humanity. But right now this same humanity is glued to the World Cup that's taking place in the United States, and they're indifferent to our deaths!



Global athletic events like that should observe a moment of silence to remind the entire world, especially in places where they have the time to play soccer, of those who are victims of human rights violations across the planet. This would be a useful thing.

Good idea!



A few days later...

This is Father Munyeshyaka! Gather round, everyone. The UNAMIR has an urgent message for you.



Following UNAMIR-led talks between the Rwandan government and the RPF, an accord was reached allowing you refugees to choose, in complete confidentiality, where you'd like to go. As you well know, the government controls one part of the country and the RPF another. The first group will leave tomorrow for their destination of choice.



These words were received with joy...



WE'RE SAVED!

Mom! You don't look too happy over the news!

The UNAMIR is arriving awfully late, my love! I remember the long nights our men spent protecting the CELA while we waited for a day like this.



Father Munyeshyaka refused to let people choose their destinations in secret, as the accord had stipulated...



MRND, over here.

RPF, over there.

Father Munyeshyaka! You're doing us a big favour. Even those who'd been hiding in the rafters of the church have come down. I, Angelina, promise you that this time they won't slip between my fingers.



Meanwhile, Father Célestin of the nearby Centre Saint-Paul respected the demand for secrecy. He did everything he could to protect his refugees.



I'll submit your choices to the UNAMIR myself.

Mr. Bagosora! I ask the Minister of Defence for the authorization to seize the refugees in the Centre Saint-Paul before the UNAMIR comes for them!



Even though the signed accords don't give me the authority, you have my permission.



Did Colonel Bagosora really sign this? Inspector Angelina! What did these, your former students, ever do that you must kill them like this? Have pity!



I trust you've read the content of this authorization!

Guard him so he doesn't call the UNAMIR. They'll see that we haven't respected the accords.



Have mercy on these people, I beg you! They're innocent!

The Interahamwe took the youth off to be killed. Over the past two months, the Centre Saint-Paul had only lost a total of five people, while nearly a thousand had been massacred under the 'care' of Father Munyeshyaka.



Day in, day out, all we do is kill more Tutsis, and we still haven't wiped them out! Sheesh!



Even if the UNAMIR has obtained authorization to evacuate the Tutsis, no males must be part of the convoy. Tonight when the clock strikes three, we'll go back in and do away with the rest.



A short time later, the UNAMIR arrived at the Centre Saint-Paul along with Prefect Renzaho and the Interahamwe leaders of the district. The UNAMIR knew what had happened...



I, the Prefect, promise you that I will punish those who flouted the accords.

It's a promise we often hear—one that never seems to be kept.

Some UNAMIR leaders are here with the Prefect and a few Interahamwe. I don't know what leads them to think that we would dare to explain our predicament openly. We can't tell the UNAMIR that the Interahamwe are planning to come back tonight at three a.m. when the Interahamwe are standing right there!

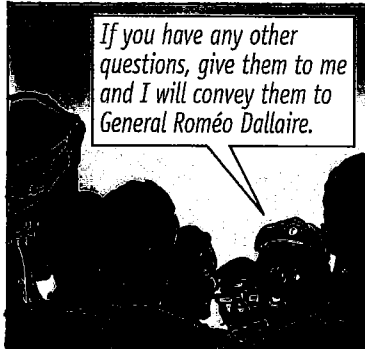


Unless the UNAMIR were going to stay and guard us. And even then! Those criminals aren't afraid of the peacekeepers.

Because of what's gone on here, the UNAMIR commander whom I second has sent me to tell you that tomorrow we are going to take you all to the areas you have chosen for your safety.



If you have any other questions, give them to me and I will convey them to General Roméo Dallaire.

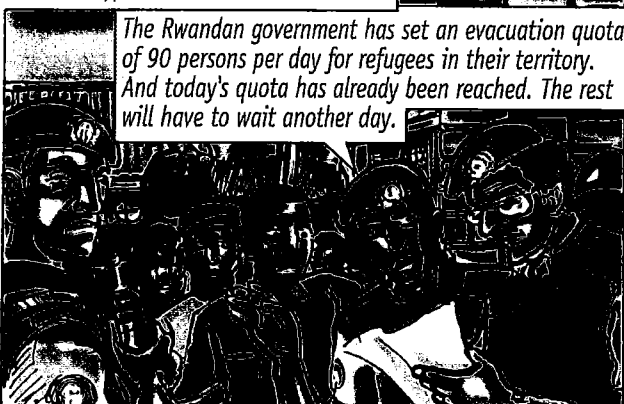


But, after the sabotaged evacuation of the Sainte-Famille Church, no-one believed in the UNAMIR's ability to take them anywhere.



Just what happened at the Sainte-Famille Church?

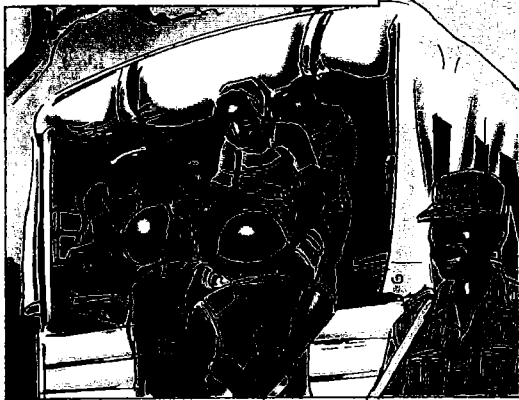
The Rwandan government has set an evacuation quota of 90 persons per day for refugees in their territory. And today's quota has already been reached. The rest will have to wait another day.



If it weren't for the quota, the UNAMIR could have evacuated everyone in a single day. In the RPF-controlled territory, the UNAMIR had filled truck after truck.



The first evacuees reached the RPF-controlled zone, safe at last from the genocide.



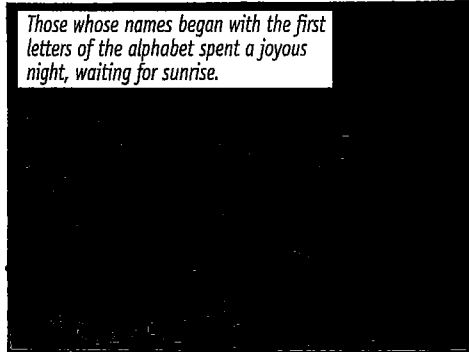
The UNAMIR is proceeding alphabetically. Since our name is Rwanga, we've got to wait.



Mom! Didn't I tell you nobody has the power to wipe out an entire ethnic group? Hitler was wrong to think he could annihilate the Jews. The Interahamwe will know the same failure.



Those whose names began with the first letters of the alphabet spent a joyous night, waiting for sunrise.

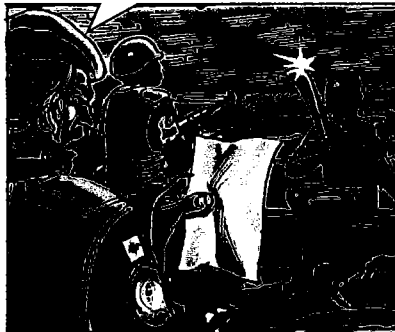


But in the morning, when the UNAMIR returned...



Why have you blocked the road?

Look, we have authorization from your leaders to relocate refugees who wish it.



We have our orders too. You've already relocated enough Tutsis as it is.



The UNAMIR were accompanied by senior Rwandan government officials who, in keeping with the accords, were there to disperse the Interahamwe.



You're not telling us the truth.

They won't obey me either, I swear to you!

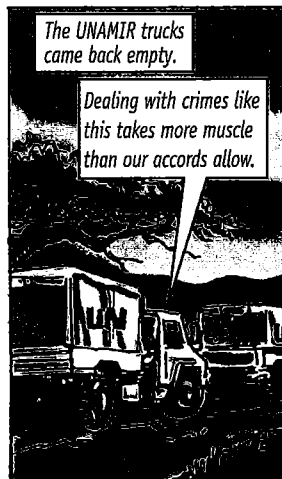
The RPF closely followed the happenings in the government-controlled zone...



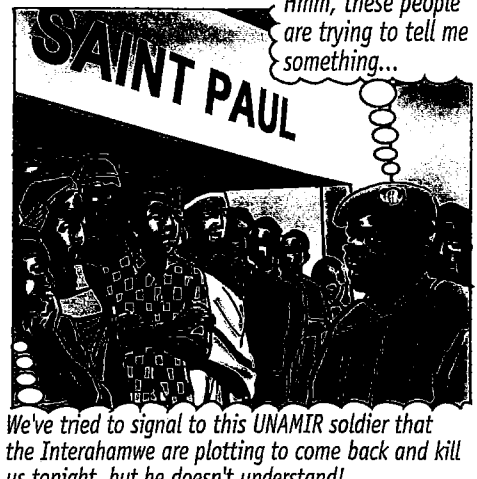
The Interahamwe are forcing the UNAMIR back. These refugees need our help, just like the ones we've managed to rescue.

Sir! Should I fire a shell at the Interahamwe?

The UNAMIR trucks came back empty.



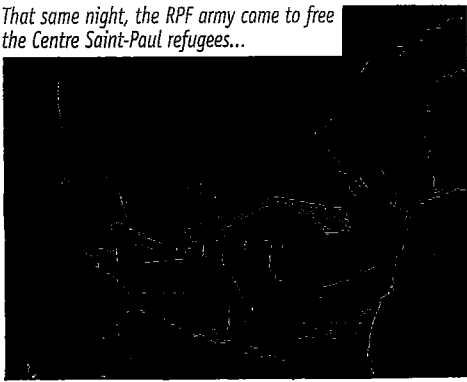
Dealing with crimes like this takes more muscle than our accords allow.



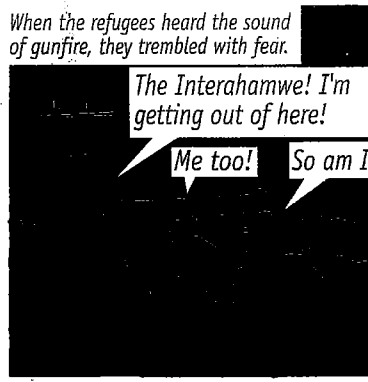
Hmm, these people are trying to tell me something...

We've tried to signal to this UNAMIR soldier that the Interahamwe are plotting to come back and kill us tonight, but he doesn't understand!

That same night, the RPF army came to free the Centre Saint-Paul refugees...



When the refugees heard the sound of gunfire, they trembled with fear.



The Interahamwe! I'm getting out of here!

Me too!

So am I!

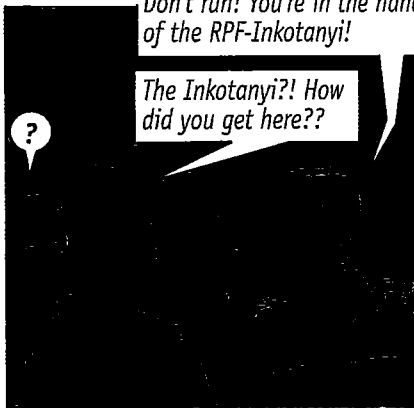
What are you running from?



We won't run. Don't fire!

Don't run! You're in the hands of the RPF-Inkotanyi!

The Inkotanyi?! How did you get here??

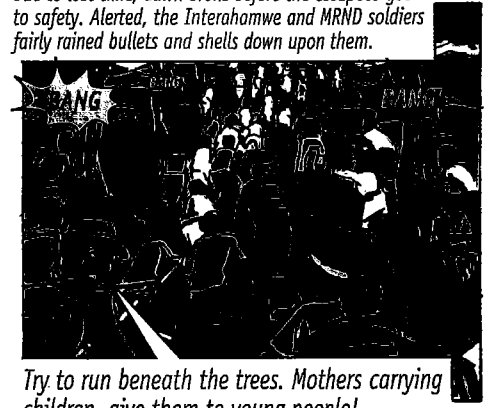


However, fearing another Interahamwe ruse, the refugees wouldn't believe that their liberators had come and refused to follow them until...



It's nearly morning and you still won't come! Come along now! That's an order!

Due to lost time, dawn broke before the escapees got to safety. Alerted, the Interahamwe and MRND soldiers fairly rained bullets and shells down upon them.



Try to run beneath the trees. Mothers carrying children, give them to young people!

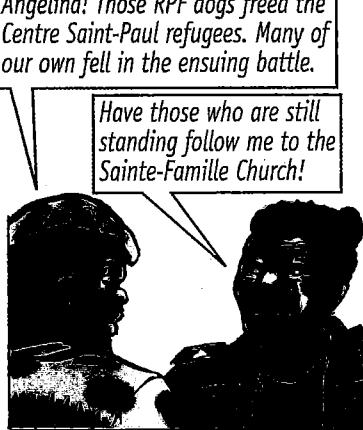
Out of fifteen hundred escapees, only five were reported missing.



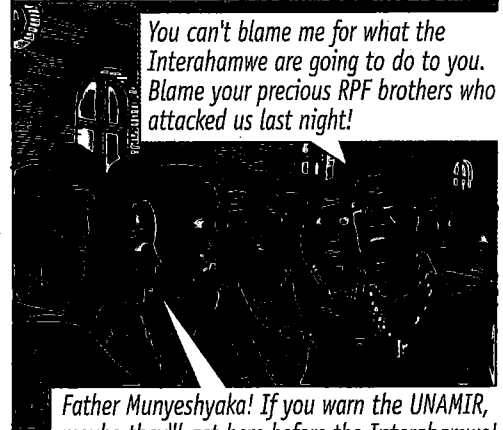
We escaped the genocide!!

Angelina! Those RPF dogs freed the Centre Saint-Paul refugees. Many of our own fell in the ensuing battle.

Have those who are still standing follow me to the Sainte-Famille Church!



You can't blame me for what the Interahamwe are going to do to you. Blame your precious RPF brothers who attacked us last night!

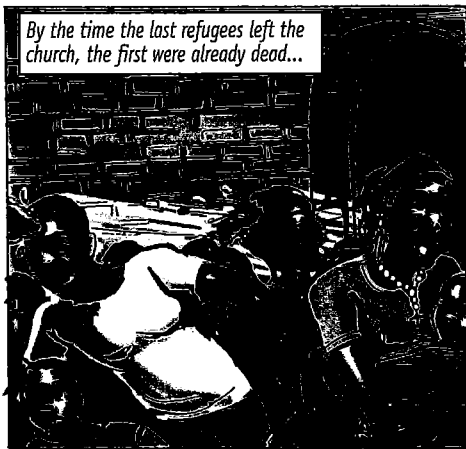


Father Munyeshyaka! If you warn the UNAMIR, maybe they'll get here before the Interahamwe!

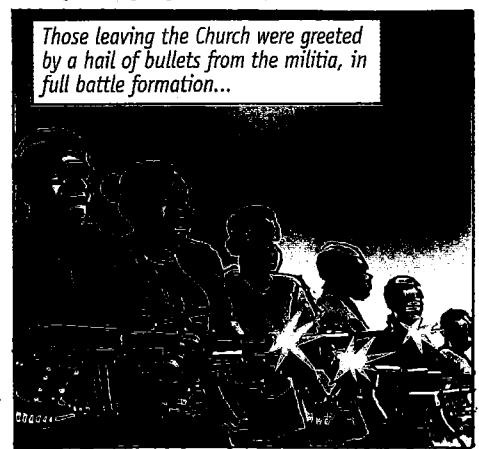
Get them to leave by the back garden. We'll be waiting for them there. No one here will get the chance to escape again!



By the time the last refugees left the church, the first were already dead...



Those leaving the Church were greeted by a hail of bullets from the militia, in full battle formation...



The sound of gunfire and the cries of the dying filled Kigali. These terrible sounds echoed in the many valleys surrounding the steep-sided city.



The only places the Interahamwe didn't go looking for their victims were Father Munyeshyaka's private apartments.



Sorry, I only take beautiful girls.

Please!

Hyacinthe! If only we can get to Father Munyeshyaka's rooms, we'll be saved!



It's Rose and her daughter! If Munyeshyaka shuts them out, this could be my big chance...

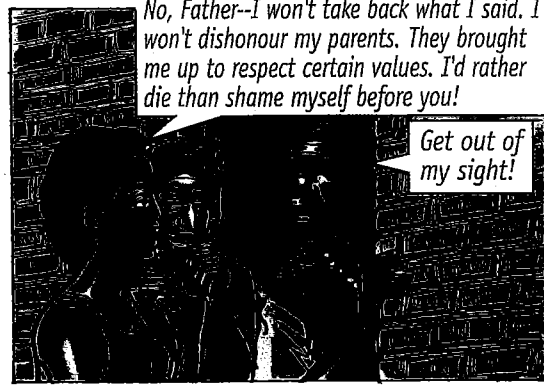


Father Munyeshyaka! For the love of God, hide Hyacinthe for me or they'll kill her!

I can't. She flouted me. Hyacinthe, my lovely! Didn't I say you'd need me one day? Heh, heh, heh! But we still might reach an agreement if you're ready to comply...



No, Father--I won't take back what I said. I won't dishonour my parents. They brought me up to respect certain values. I'd rather die than shame myself before you!

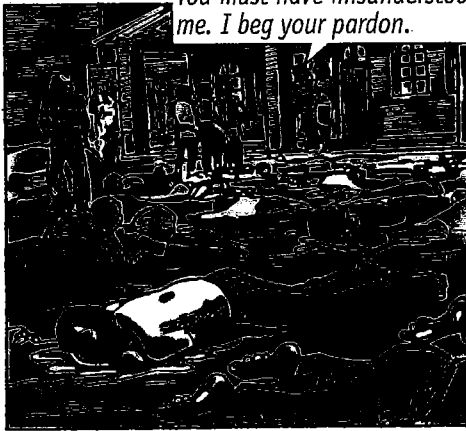


Get out of my sight!

You two, get over here! Rose! You remember me from the marketplace? You humiliated me before my woman and child! You made me out to be worse than a savage beast!



You must have misunderstood me. I beg your pardon.



A woman, a Tutsi woman, daring to humiliate me! The best way to hurt you is--through your daughter!



No! Not that! Please, I beg you--don't!!



HYACIIIIINTHE!
NO! NOOOOOOO!



OHH!

God in Heaven! Why have You abandoned me?

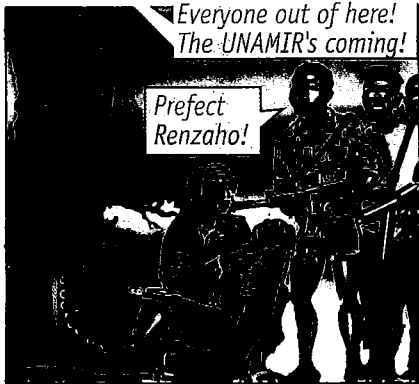


Hand over her identity card! I'd like to add it to my collection!

For the love of God! Shoot me too!
Do it now! I beseech you!



Everyone out of here!
The UNAMIR's coming!



This is all because of rotten
leaders like you!

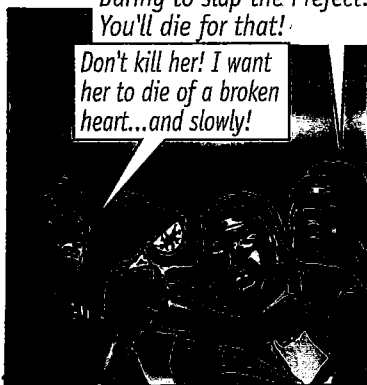


The whole world will make
you pay for what you've
done. There! Kill me too!

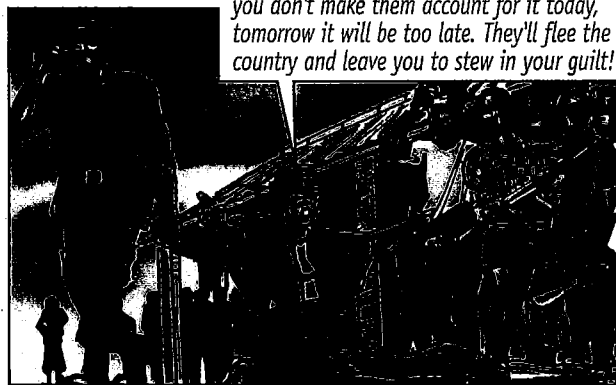


Daring to slap the Prefect!
You'll die for that!

Don't kill her! I want
her to die of a broken
heart...and slowly!



Leaders like this turned you into killers. If
you don't make them account for it today,
tomorrow it will be too late. They'll flee the
country and leave you to stew in your guilt!



When the Interahamwe were gone, Rose
buried Hyacinthe in a shallow grave...

May you be with
God, my child!



This painful task accomplished, she
went looking for survivors among
the corpses littering the ground...

MOM! MOMMMM!

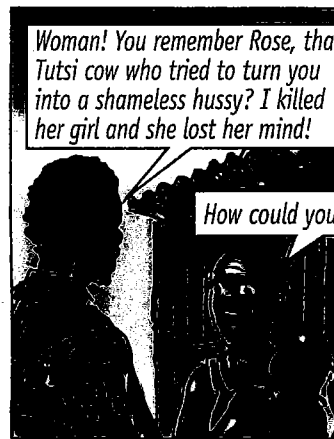


Rose and the other few survivors
were evacuated by the UNAMIR.



Woman! You remember Rose, that
Tutsi cow who tried to turn you
into a shameless hussy? I killed
her girl and she lost her mind!

How could you!



Monster! You broke the heart
of a truly good woman! You
are worse than all the beasts
of the forest, lions and
panthers, who only kill for
food, never for pleasure!
You're not even human. I'm
leaving you!



That's those Tutsi spirits
speaking through you--I
can hear them! They're
hounding me!



Woe is me! I've killed my
wife and child, all because
of those Tutsi cockroaches!



The next day, the forces of the RPF-
Inkotanyi took Kigali, the capital, which
until then had eluded their control.

Aagh!

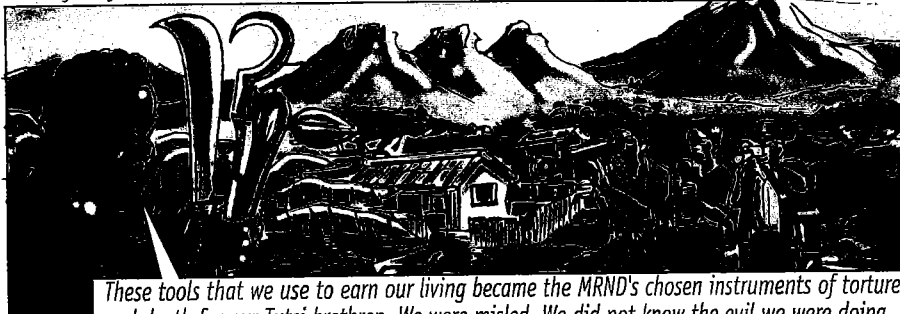
Aagh!



A short time later, the whole country fell under their control and the Tutsi genocide, the last large-scale massacre of the 20th century (after the Armenians and the Jews), was over.



Those who had wreaked such habit were the very same hill-dwelling farmers encountered by the international brigade of researchers, reporters, filmmakers and others on their way to see the gorillas. The MRND's policy of racial discrimination was so successful that it led ordinary civilians to massacre a million innocent Tutsis. This heinous crime was planned and executed in full view of the entire world. Why? Why? What does it take for man to come to the aid of his fellow man?

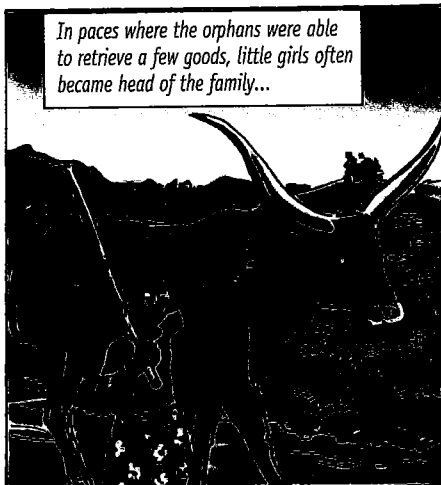


These tools that we use to earn our living became the MRND's chosen instruments of torture and death for our Tutsi brethren. We were misled. We did not know the evil we were doing.

Following their defeat, the criminals in power went on a rampage of destruction to ensure that nothing remained for the new government. Even the gorillas—an endangered species the world seemed to care more about than the human victims of discrimination it consistently ignored—were destroyed to prevent their being a source of income. In the end, racial discrimination benefited no one. Had it only known, the world might have at least saved the gorillas!



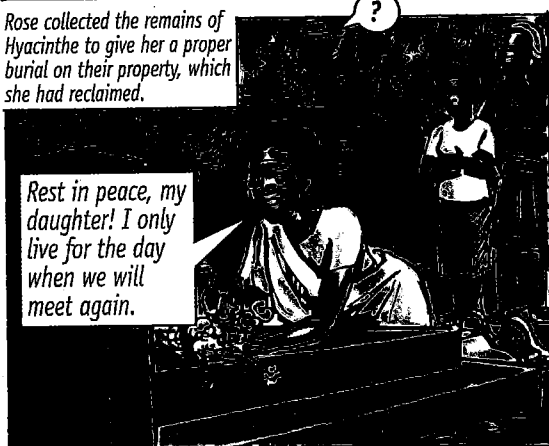
In places where the orphans were able to retrieve a few goods, little girls often became head of the family...



Impoverished widows tried to rebuild on the ruins.

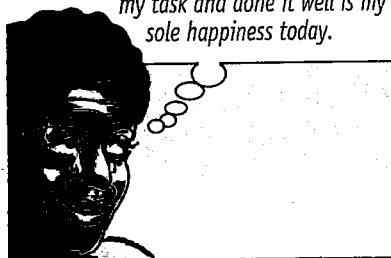


Rose collected the remains of Hyacinthe to give her a proper burial on their property, which she had reclaimed.

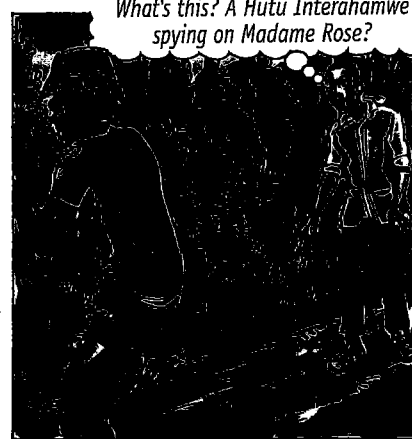


Rest in peace, my daughter! I only live for the day when we will meet again.

Hyacinthe! The courage with which you faced death, your refusal to betray your honour—these are what keep me going today and give me the strength to smile. God! You gave me angels for children. I returned them to you as I received them. Knowing that I've fulfilled my task and done it well is my sole happiness today.



What's this? A Hutu Interahamwe spying on Madame Rose?



What will it take for these criminals to finally leave us in peace?



Still thirsting for blood, Hutu scum? Show me your face so I can rearrange it!



HELP! HE'S KILLING ME! STOP!





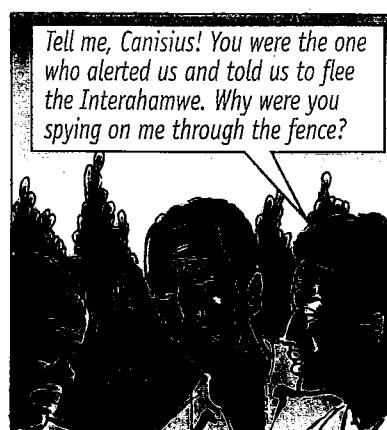
Stop! Don't kill this man!

Aaagh!

I don't believe it! It's Canisius! Release him, he's innocent! He helped us.



This Interahamwe was spying on you. He was planning to surprise you.



Tell me, Canisius! You were the one who alerted us and told us to flee the Interahamwe. Why were you spying on me through the fence?

Madame Rose! I just thought you'd never receive a Hutu in your home again after what you suffered.



I was always against Rwandans being judged along ethnic lines. For me, no one should have to pay for someone else's sins.



Madame Rose! Can't you see this Interahamwe is keeping something from us?



No living Hutu is innocent of the genocide and you know it. Those who didn't kill were informers. And none of you will own up to what you've done!



Maybe he was the one who killed my parents! Let me help him with his confession!



Please! Stop!

Haven't you ever wondered what would happen if all the survivors of the genocide allowed themselves to be led by their anger? Another genocide, that's what! Is that what you want? Is that your legacy to future generations?



It would be a shame if such a disaster hadn't even taught us one lesson that we could put to use in rebuilding the country.



And to me the lesson is this: none of us has the right to take the law into our own hands. We must let justice take its course. After all, impunity is what made the genocide possible in the first place.



I planned to devote this day to the memory of my loved ones and the beautiful moments we shared. Please accept my invitation to a small reception at my house.



All of Rwanda's ethnic groups must strive to understand each other if we want to live together. As a wise man once said: You can live together like intelligent creatures, or die together like fools! It's diversity that makes life so interesting.



Your banana wine is excellent, Rose!

Thank you.

And the days went by...





Rose often returned to meditate among the ruins of her house...

Why must I rebuild, only to live here all alone?



But I must find the strength to do it. It's one way to honour the memory of my loved ones.



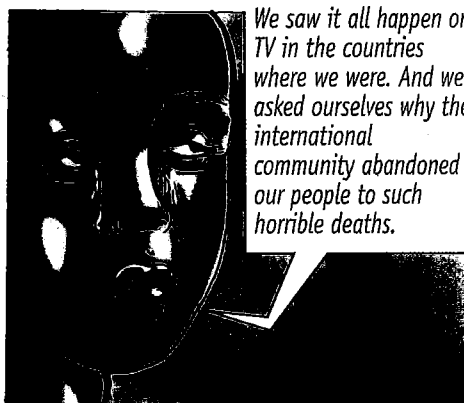
?

Forgive me for disturbing you. I was Wilson's girlfriend. Since I heard about his death, I can't stop crying...

I did everything I could to save my children. I offered my life in exchange for theirs, but I wasn't granted the privilege. Wilson told me about you! He loved you! I so wanted you two to be together.



My child, I understand! Come here so I can put my arms around you! From now on we can share our pain.



We saw it all happen on TV in the countries where we were. And we asked ourselves why the international community abandoned our people to such horrible deaths.

I'd like to put a flower on Wilson's grave, if you know where to find it. Maybe it will help me to keep on living...



They were all thrown into a common grave like so much tainted livestock.



At the gravesite...

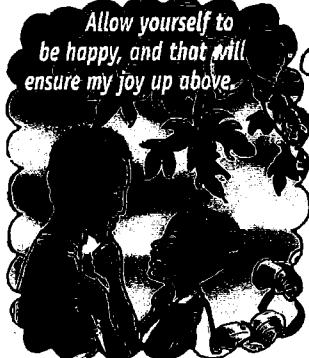
Rose! Are you really sure they're buried here?

I ask myself the same question. That's the place I was shown.

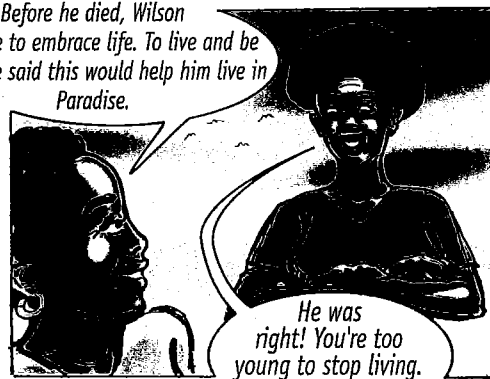
Forgive me, my Wilson, for not staying to die by your side. After all, death would be preferable to the life I lead today.



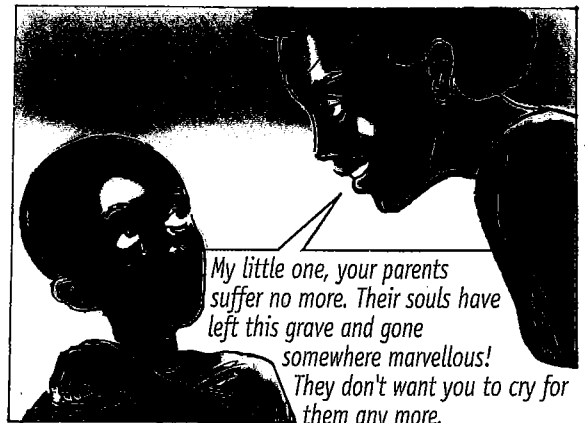
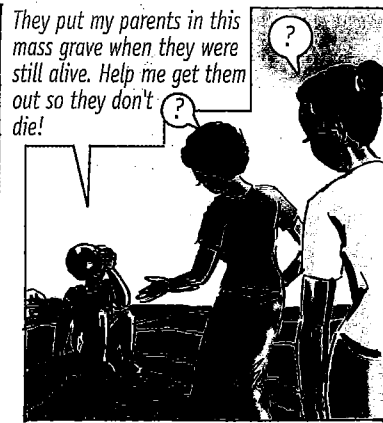
Allow yourself to be happy, and that will ensure my joy up above.



Before he died, Wilson asked me to embrace life. To live and be happy! He said this would help him live in Paradise.



He was right! You're too young to stop living.



None of our loved ones who are now dead would wish us to live our lives in mourning. What they want is for us to rise as one and combat the barbarism of a country that devours its own.



END