

This is the testimony of Malaïka, a survivor of the Rwandan genocide

Until my cousin finally came searching for me in 1995, I lived with a man and his wife who had agreed to hide me during the genocide though I did not know them. I am a native of Gikongoro and was 13 at the time. My family had been scattered. My parents and four of my siblings went to Murambi, while two of my brothers and I hid in the nearby hills.

The man who sheltered us had his plans. He raped me every time his wife left for the fields. He forced himself on me. I knew that my parents had died and that I didn't have anywhere to go, so I didn't resist too much as I was scared to lose my life. I lived there under terrible conditions but I was obliged to bear it all, given that I had no alternative.

I have yet to take an HIV test. In fact I am dead scared of finding out my status, I am so young and have a lot of dreams. I will wait until I fall ill, before I take a test as I don't want to crush my dreams.

The man is still in exile in the Democratic Republic of Congo. He has never been brought to justice.

Today's Reading of the Testimonies marks the 15th Anniversary of the Rwandan genocide, in support of survivors like Malaika.