



**This is the testimony of Malaika, 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 15<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Rwandan genocide, in support of survivors like Malaika.**