

I came home from school at 2pm and went with my brother and father to the field where we grew our corn. Before we knew it, we were rounded up at gun point by rebel soldiers. Together with other families that had been abducted, we marched 47 miles to the border of Sudan. My brother and Father were forced to carry heavy artillery through the night until we reached a makeshift camp the next morning. With feet swollen and blistered, we stopped to rest. But before I knew what was happening, 15 people were singled out of the group for execution. To save bullets, rifle butts smashed their skulls. I watched as some took a while to die. My brother and father were among them.

With their mutilated bodies lying around me, I was forced to prepare food for the rebels. I will never forget the feeling of helplessness and horror. I re-live those images when I wake up in terror every night. The next day the rebels stripped me naked and in a witchcraft ritual smeared my body with oil to make me "bullet proof" for combat. Together with the other girls who had been abducted, they tied rope around our wrists and paraded us naked in front of the rebel commanders for their selection as sex slaves. Others were given to Sudanese warlords in exchange for more arms. I was chosen to be "used" by a 15 year old assistant to a rebel leader. He himself was abducted when he was seven, and was subsequently groomed to be a notorious killer.

I eventually became one of six girls being "used" by this soldier. Without fail, I was beaten and raped every day for three years. I was only 11 years old. It's hard for me to talk about what happened in those years. On my own, I was forced to kill seven people – three of them were women. The first time was the hardest. We came across a big man tending his garden one day and the rebels beat him. They then handed me a machete and told me to finish him off or I would be shot dead then and there. And so I did.

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My brother and I were abducted at the same time. When we arrived at the rebel's camp, they handed me an axe and forced me to kill my brother. My brother pleaded desperately not to kill him. His screams and cries still echo in my head. But the part I can't let go of is when, after chopping him to the head, the soldiers forced me to comfort him for several minutes until he died.

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They forced most children to kill others. So when it came my turn I thought I would survive. But when they forced me to eat the body of the child I killed, it became too much for me to bear. I am not sure how to deal with this. (IDP in LIRA).