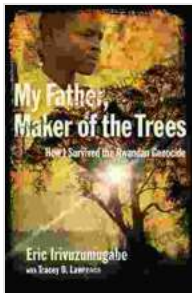


# How I Survived the Rwandan Genocide: A Personal Story of Resilience and Courage

I was born in Rwanda in 1968. I grew up in a small village in the country's east, and I had a happy childhood. I went to school, played with my friends, and helped my parents with the family farm.



## My Father, Maker of the Trees: How I Survived the Rwandan Genocide by Eric Irvuzumugabe

★★★★☆ 4.4 out of 5

Language : English  
File size : 17627 KB  
Text-to-Speech : Enabled  
Screen Reader : Supported  
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled  
Word Wise : Enabled  
Print length : 209 pages  
Lending : Enabled



In 1994, everything changed.

The Rwandan Genocide was a systematic and planned campaign of genocide carried out against the Tutsi ethnic group by the Hutu government. Over the course of 100 days, an estimated 800,000 Tutsi people were killed. I was one of the lucky ones who survived.

I was at home with my family when the genocide began. We heard gunshots in the distance, and we knew that something was wrong. My

parents told us to stay inside and that they would go and see what was happening.

They never came back.

I spent the next few days hiding in the forest with my younger brother. We were terrified, and we didn't know what was going to happen to us. We heard stories of people being killed all around us, and we were afraid that we would be next.

One day, we were found by a group of Interahamwe, the Hutu government's militia. They took us to a nearby village, where they held us captive for several weeks. We were beaten and tortured, and we were forced to watch as our fellow Tutsi prisoners were killed.

One day, my brother and I managed to escape. We ran into the forest, and we kept running until we found a safe place to hide. We stayed in hiding for several months, until the genocide finally ended.

After the genocide, I returned to my village. I found that my family had been killed, and my home had been destroyed. I had nothing left.

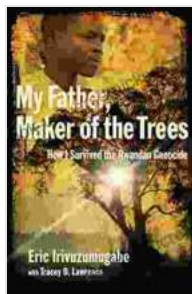
I was lost and alone, but I refused to give up. I knew that I had to rebuild my life, and I was determined to make a difference in the world.

I went back to school, and I eventually became a teacher. I also started working with survivors of the genocide, helping them to heal and rebuild their lives.

It has been 25 years since the Rwandan Genocide, but the memories of that time still haunt me. I will never forget the loved ones I lost, and I will never forget the horrors that I witnessed.

But I am also grateful for the opportunity to have survived. I am grateful for the chance to rebuild my life, and I am grateful for the opportunity to make a difference in the world.

I am a survivor of the Rwandan Genocide, and I am proud of my story.



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