



25 SCHOOLS *for* KWIBUKA 25

Remembering the 1994 Genocide Against the Tutsi 25 Years On...

Research shows that few young people in the UK know anything about the 1994 Genocide Against the Tutsi in Rwanda.

With your help we can change that: school by school.

In this resource pack you will find:

- 1 Eric Murangwa Eugene's survivor testimony
- 2 A historical overview, including a Q&A with Eric
- 3 Three Rwandan life stories about genocide
- 4 An extract from Yolande Mukagasana's book
- 5 More activity ideas and further resources

Eric Murangwa Eugene:

FOOTBALL MY SAVIOUR

In April 1994, I was in my early twenties and the goalkeeper for Rayon Sports, one of Rwanda's top football teams. When my teammates and I went to training on April 6th, it was just another normal afternoon in Kigali, although a normal afternoon in Kigali did include explosions, grenades and shootings. I didn't have the slightest idea that this day would be the last day of my old life, and the worst in Rwandan history, a day to reduce every Rwandan to tears.

In the early hours of April 7th, I was woken by the sound of bullets and bombs coming from all corners of the capital. Soldiers swamped our neighbourhood and five of them broke into our house, intent on killing us all. Then one of the soldiers recognised me as 'Toto', the nickname by which I was affectionately known by fans of Rayon Sports.



A few weeks before, my team had eliminated Sudanese team El Hilal in the Confederation of African Football Cup. For three hours this win was a significant moment in Rwandan history: Rwandans were united, Hutu and Tutsi alike sharing in the joy of beating one of Africa's footballing giants. So sitting there in my living room, gun in hand, all this soldier wanted to do was talk about the match. In the end, he spared my life.

But others were not so lucky. As the killings intensified, my teammate, Munyurangabo, looked after me and my family, providing us with protection, supplies and, most of all, hope. When we were hungry, he went out to look for food. When we were in danger of being discovered, he got information that enabled some of us to escape to safer areas

of the city. When we were threatened, he negotiated with the killers, and even paid money to free me from the clutches of the

Interahamwe. Out of more than ten people who sheltered at Munyurangabo's house, only Munyurangabo himself lost his life.

Munyurangabo was not a Tutsi. He was just an ordinary man who happened to be an incredible human being, with courage and humanity that most people inside and outside Rwanda lacked, at a time when people needed it most.

Inspired by Munyurangabo, and remembering how Tutsis and Hutus had briefly been united by the victory over El Hilal, I realised that sport had the potential to unite where there were divisions, to heal where there were wounds. In 2010, I founded Football for Hope, Peace and Unity where the beautiful game plays a beautiful role, transforming communities through the power of sport. This organisation joined with Survivors Tribune in 2018 to form the Ishami Foundation. With our values of respect, team spirit, critical thinking and resilience, we promote unity and reconciliation in Rwanda and beyond, so that what happened to us can never be allowed to happen to anyone ever again.

Eric Murangwa Eugene MBE is the Ishami Foundation Co-Founder and CEO.

ACTIVITY IDEA

There are other times in history when people have been divided because of their identity but have reconnected through sport or other shared activities.

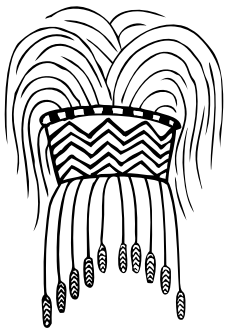
- Can you find more examples?
- Do these other examples have anything in common with the situation of genocide that Eric describes?



The History of Rwanda

Rwanda is a small, hilly country in east Africa. It shares borders with Uganda, Tanzania, Burundi and the Democratic Republic of the Congo and is home to over 12 million people. In 1994 over a million Tutsis and moderate Hutus were killed in a genocide that lasted 100 days. Here we talk about what happened and why. We also discuss how Rwandans have rebuilt their country.

A ROYAL KINGDOM



Rwanda was an ancient Kingdom with three social groups that later, during colonial times, came to be known as ethnicity. They are the Tutsi, Hutu and Twa.

- The Twa were the first inhabitants of the region, known for their hunting and crafts.
- The Hutu were the largest group and mostly worked the land.
- The Tutsi owned cattle, a sign of wealth in ancient Rwanda.

The Royal Family and Chiefs were mostly, but not exclusively, Tutsi. There was exchange and movement between different groups. There were also many different clans with members from across all three groups.

COLONIAL RULE

In 1895 the Germans claimed Rwanda as a colony and established indirect rule. After the First World War, the Belgians took control of Rwanda and neighbouring Burundi. The Belgians developed ideas that promoted racism and discrimination. They favoured the ruling Tutsi group, claiming Tutsis were taller, thinner and more like white people than their Hutu brothers. They introduced identity cards showing ethnicity in 1933 and discriminated against the Hutu majority.

VIOLENCE GROWS

By the late 1950s there were growing tensions in the country. Hutu leaders were calling for more rights, there were passionate debates about decolonisation and the Belgians were switching their allegiances to favour the Hutu majority.

In 1959 there was the first outbreak of violence against Tutsis with hundreds killed and many houses burnt down. These attacks got worse



over the following years. In 1962 Rwanda gained Independence and became a Republic, abolishing the monarchy. The new president, Grégoire Kayibanda was a Hutu extremist and violence against Tutsis continued. Kayibanda was overthrown by President Juvénal Habyarimana in 1973. He claimed to be more sympathetic to Tutsis but this turned out not to be the case...

By the 1990s the ongoing violence had created a diaspora of around 700,000 refugees.

CIVIL WAR

Tutsis living in exile were not allowed to return home. They formed the Rwandan Patriotic Front (RPF) and entered Rwanda by force in 1990, resulting in civil war. Under international pressure, President Habyarimana formed a coalition government in April 1992 and agreed to peace talks with the RPF in Arusha, Tanzania.

The Hutu elite worried that the Arusha Accords would cost them power, so Hutu extremists began plotting to kill political opponents and everyone of Tutsi ethnicity. They armed local groups known as *impuzamugambi* and *interahamwe* and spread messages of hate through radio stations and newspapers, dehumanising Tutsis by calling them cockroaches.

There were many warning signs that the country was building up to genocide.

GENOCIDE AGAINST THE TUTSI

On the evening of April 6th 1994, President Juvénal Habyarimana of Rwanda and President Cyprien Ntaryamira of Burundi were killed when their plane was shot down as it approached Kigali airport. Radio stations blamed the RPF and government forces began killing Hutu and Tutsi opposition politicians, including the Prime Minister, Agathe Uwilingiyimana.

Over the next three months over a million people were killed in their homes, at roadblocks across the country and in churches, schools and public buildings where they had gathered for protection. Weapons included farming implements (machetes, knives, clubs), grenades and guns. The killings were carried out by the army, militia groups and local people – former friends and neighbours of the victims. Often the violence involved rape as a weapon of genocide, torture and extreme cruelty.

DID ANYONE HELP?

General Roméo Dallaire, Head of the UN Assistance Mission in Rwanda (UNAMIR) repeatedly asked for more troops so he could contain the violence. Instead, the UN Security Council reduced his force to just 270 people.

During the genocide some people bravely hid their family, friends and neighbours and helped them to escape. Many survivors would not be alive today if it wasn't for this assistance. At various places around the country victims came together to resist genocide. For example in Bisesero, in the hills above Lake Kivu, 50,000 fought to protect themselves. Only 1,000 survived.

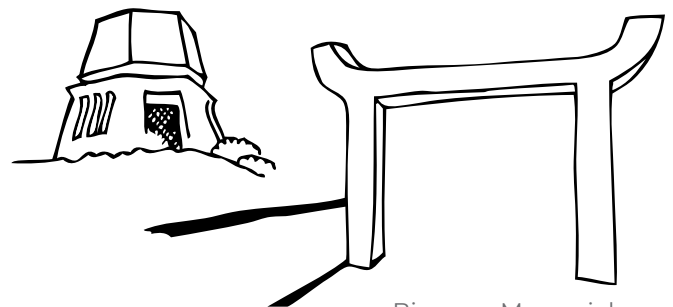
The RPF resumed fighting in April 1994 in order to stop the massacres. They gradually advanced across Rwanda, taking control of Kigali on July 4th and Gisenyi, the last Rwandan stronghold of Hutu Power, on July 17th.

AFTER GENOCIDE

By the end of the genocide over two thirds of the population of Rwanda had been displaced. Victims fled to surrounding countries or RPF controlled areas for safety. Large numbers of Hutus, both innocent people and the perpetrators of genocide, fled across Rwanda's borders. They were afraid of the advancing RPF troops.

The RPF formed a coalition government and began the task of rebuilding the country. Perpetrators in refugee camps in then Zaïre continued to attack Rwanda and there followed a long war involving many African countries. Over 5 million people died during this war, many from diseases and hunger.

Paul Kagame, who led the RPF force that ended the genocide, became President in 2000. He was elected in the first post-genocide elections in 2003, then re-elected in 2010 and 2017. The post-genocide government has focussed on establishing peace and unity, delivering justice and development. Huge progress has been made. Today Rwanda is one of the safest countries in Africa. Remarkably, women now make up 68% of the parliament. Compare this with 32% in the UK!



Bisesero Memorial

ACTIVITY IDEA

After reading this history, can you identify the steps that led to genocide?

Draw a staircase and label them in ascending order.

Then look at Gregory Stanton's Ten Stages of Genocide:

www.genocidewatch.com/ten-stages-of-genocide.

Are the steps you identified similar?



Q&A with Eric

Why did people kill their friends and neighbours?

Violence of the kind we have lived through does not come out of the blue. It takes time to build, and it has to be fostered with words. People who killed Tutsis had been told for years that we were cockroaches, that we were a plague, that we were less than human.

Often this message was presented with humour. Rwandans read Kangura newspaper or tuned into RTLM, the hate radio station, because they found it entertaining. Presenters made a name for themselves with jokey commentary so over the top, it was hard to believe. We used to laugh off that nonsense, we never thought anyone could take it seriously. But it made those who hated feel good about themselves, and it encouraged others to hate, too. In the end, people acted on that hatred through murder on a huge scale.

What made some people stand up and help?

It's hard to tell why some people chose to stand up and help. Some people went out of their way to provide help to strangers whilst others just helped those they knew who asked for assistance. My teammates showed kindness and incredible courage. They could have easily left me in one of their homes and gone somewhere less dangerous, as many others did, but they took the risk of staying with me. I think they did what they did because of their sporting spirit and the strong bond that had been developed between us through playing football together.

Was there any justice after genocide?

Yes and no. Yes, there was justice delivered through Gacaca to try and help communities live together again. Gacaca means justice on the grass in our language, Kinyarwanda. Gacaca courts were based on a very old traditional justice system. They were revived and revised to cope with the huge

numbers of people in prison after the genocide. They took place at a local level, in communities, functioning as a grass-roots peace process. Victims and perpetrators told their stories in front of their friends and neighbours. The accused were tried by community judges and sentenced if found guilty. This gave survivors some hope and the process contributed to reconciliation and building sustainable peace in Rwanda.

No, because most of the key players in the genocide managed to escape and were not tried in Rwanda or by international courts including the International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda (the ICTR). For example, there are five Rwandans accused of genocide crimes still living in the UK right now who have never been tried! Some people who escaped justice have been promoting genocide denial. Another issue is the early release of genocide organisers convicted by the ICTR. This is causing anger and anxiety among survivors who cannot understand why they should be released before serving their full sentences.

How do people remember genocide in Rwanda today?

Remembering the genocide against the Tutsi is an important duty for all Rwandans and friends of Rwanda. Annual events to commemorate the genocide against the Tutsi take place across Rwanda on April 7th and the main commemoration week follows. The anniversary of the start of the killings is known as *Kwibuka* – the Kinyarwanda word for remember. At its heart are three core values:

- **REMEMBER** – honour the dead whilst supporting survivors.
- **UNITE** – we must strive for reconciliation through a shared humanity.
- **RENEW** – together we can build a better world for everyone.

There's also another kind of more personal remembrance between survivors, their families and close friends. We remember dates when loved ones died and visit places where family members were killed. I lost 35 members of my family in 1994. My seven-year-old brother Irakunda Jean Paul was killed with his cousins at Ndera Hospital when the UN soldiers who were guarding the hospital retreated. I visit the memorial at the hospital and other memorials across Rwanda to remember their deaths.

Why did you come to the UK?



After the genocide, Rwandans worked hard to rebuild their country and invested effort into building peace and hope for the future. However, there were some who wanted to do all they could to stop that positive change. Lurking in the remote regions of Rwanda and in

neighbouring states were bands of Hutu militia, unwavering in their desire to complete their mission to wipe out the Tutsi population. One of these groups was caught by the authorities in late 1995. They had a list of targets to kill – including my name.

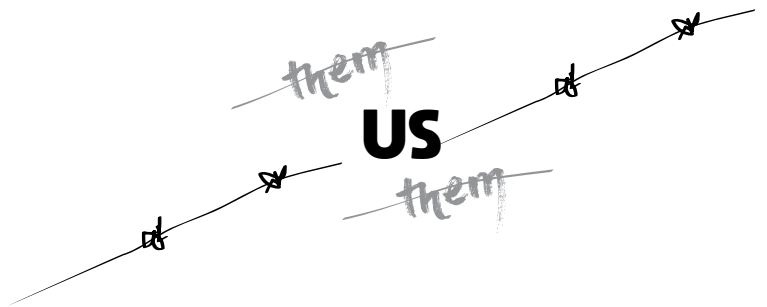
Although these men had been caught, I realised I was not safe in Rwanda while rebel Hutu groups remained – I had to leave. An opportunity presented itself when the Rwanda national football team played Tunisia away in the 1998 France World Cup preliminaries. Instead of returning on the flight home, I stayed behind. The move was risky but necessary – Rwanda, my home, was no longer safe. Later I immigrated to Belgium then finally to the UK in 1997. Leaving Rwanda meant I had to sacrifice my greatest love – my footballing career. Yet, my passion and gratitude for the sport has remained steadfast. It is the reason why I later reinvented myself by becoming a genocide education campaigner and a sport for development and peace advocate.

What can we learn from Rwanda?

The complete loss of respect and value for human life in Rwanda was not inevitable: it could have been prevented. But sadly, similar cases continue to happen. Today, we see so-called leaders trying to divide us: Christian vs Muslim, black vs white, rich vs poor, educated vs uneducated, left vs right, locals vs refugees. It's 'us' vs 'them'. We cannot allow this to happen,

the stakes are too high. Genocide never starts with mass killings. It starts with discrimination in our politics, communities, schools and sports clubs. We cannot allow ourselves to be divided. We cannot allow wonderful tools like social media to be used for the wrong reasons. We must stand together against hatred and do whatever it takes to reject the politics of exclusion.

Today Rwanda offers lessons in how to recover and rebuild after genocide. But the lesson we need to act on is this: there is no 'them'. There is only us. We should not wait until we have another Rwanda: we must act to stop it happening again. We owe it to our children so that they never have to hold a candle to remember family members they've never met.



What can we do about it?

We have to keep raising awareness of all genocides and mass atrocities. We need to make sure that laws are introduced to challenge hate and discrimination and that they are implemented nationally and internationally. International institutions such as the UN, EU, Commonwealth and AU must uphold their responsibilities towards genocide prevention, providing justice and support for survivors.

This will only happen if ordinary people recognise the importance of this work. Genocide must be treated the same way we treat other human challenges such as cancer, gender equality or the environmental crisis. We need to talk about intolerance, division and genocide every day.

Rwandan Life Stories

The following three stories from part of the 100 Stories for 100 days project lead by Ishami Co-Founder Jo Ingabire Moys, with Adam Usden, Gael Rutembesa and Odile Gatse.

CÉLINE UWINEZA

When I woke up on April 7th my Mum and sisters were in a panic, but all I could think of was breakfast. We always had breakfast at the same time.

I didn't understand why my family was acting so weird about the President dying. It was sad but it didn't affect my family. That whole thing was getting in the way of breakfast and Easter party preparations, and I wanted everything to go back to normal.

At lunchtime, the militia broke into our home. They had a list with my Dad's name on it and when they asked where he was, Mum told them that he'd gone to a funeral in Congo. They asked where my oldest brother was, and again Mum replied that he was studying abroad in Kenya. That was all the proof they needed. With the eldest men away at such a time, it could only spell one thing: the RPF. And so we had to die.

My Mum instantly fell to her knees and began bargaining for her children's lives. She fought with words and wisdom, empathy and courage – so much so that they shot her in the foot to keep her silent. That day we were saved.

Soon after we went to the nuns in Kicukiro. Everyone was taking refuge there. For two days it seemed safe enough, then the soldiers attacked. They demanded that the nuns usher everyone out of the church.

When I asked Mum where we were going she told me that we were going to heaven. That didn't seem so bad. She looked at me and smiled: "We are going to heaven. Together." That seemed even better. I had attended Sunday school so I knew it was a good place to go. I didn't understand why my sisters were crying at the prospect of a family trip to heaven.

We huddled outside



the church on the main road. The soldiers were yelling and many in our group were screaming for mercy. My mother held on to me tightly, I remember that much.

Then I saw the killing and it dawned on me. I finally understood what it all meant.

We were surrounded by death and I'd only just seen it. I was only nine but I should have known better. Heaven meant death. But at least Mum said we'd go together, so I held on tightly and waited for a new normal.

Out of nowhere a nun pulled on me and Mum shoved me into her hands. When I looked around the nuns were grabbing all the children they could get. They had negotiated for our lives and the soldiers didn't want to waste bullets anyway. There were cheaper ways to kill children.

That was the first time I understood that parents lie. It was the last time I saw my mother too.

We didn't go to heaven together. She said one thing but meant another. I believed her promise with all my strength and suddenly we weren't together any more.

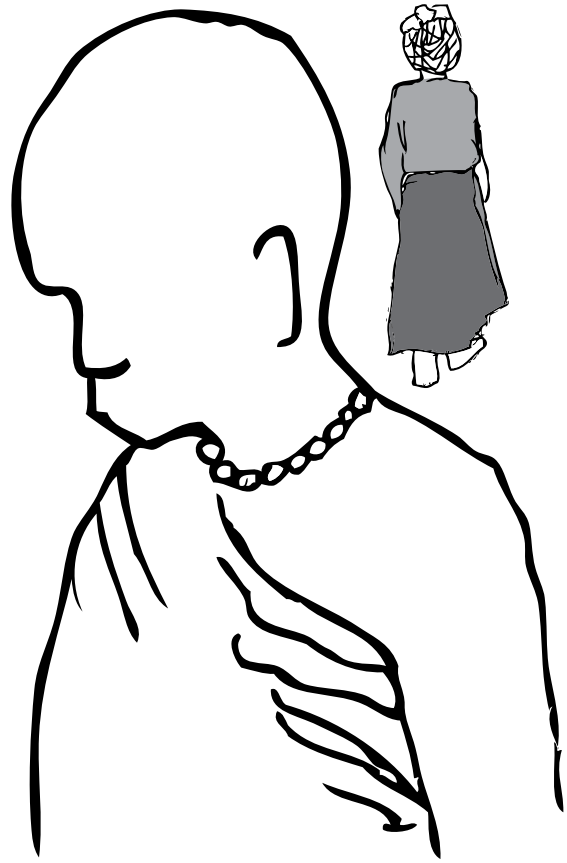
She left me all alone. The nine-year-old Céline still doesn't understand why she would do such a thing.

DISCUSSION POINTS

- Why is this story so sad?
- Why does Céline talk about herself in the third person at the end?

INGABIRE JACQUELINE

Jacqueline was eight years old at the time of the genocide against the Tutsi. Her father, Ndayisaba Emmanuel, was a perpetrator. He later turned himself in, confessed and served time in prison.



Before I heard he was in prison, the last time I'd seen him was when the soldiers came to take him away to participate in the genocide.

My father, who never fought or argued with my mother.

My father, who would always go to the shops and return with my favourite treats: sweets, bananas, mandazi.

My father, who always seemed to give me everything I needed.

I pleaded with my mother, begged her to bring him back, but she said there was nothing she could do. I asked her why they had taken him. To kill people, she said.

I was overwhelmed. I didn't understand. Why was my father going to kill people?

And then a single, confusing thought – was my father going to kill us too?

I went alone because my mother refused to see him, but she wanted me to find out why he was locked up.

We weren't allowed into the main building, so we met them in a compound outside. The prisoners and guards were lined up on one side, and their visitors had to line up opposite them on the other.

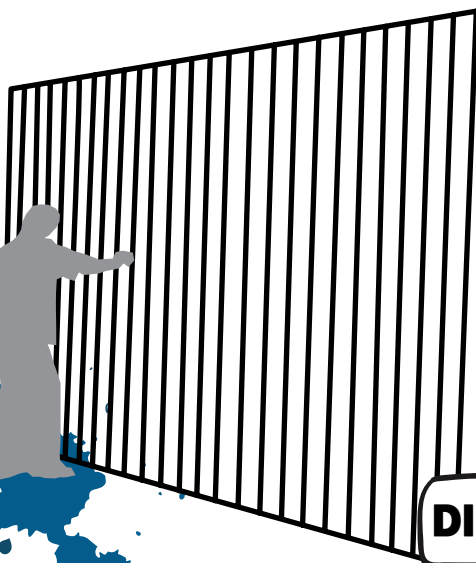
My father explained to me what he had done. I was heartbroken and overwhelmed with fear. I think my father saw that on my face.

He begged for forgiveness, but I couldn't bear to listen. He begged and begged, saying how much he wanted to seek forgiveness from the families of the men, women and children he had killed, and eventually I listened.

After that I would visit him twice a month, and, slowly, I began to look forward to seeing him. I would bring him avocados and sugar. Bananas, too, as he would once bring me.

My mother married another man, and passed away before my father was released.

She never visited.



DISCUSSION POINTS

- How do Jacqueline's attitudes towards her father change?
- What drives these changes? (individual people, society, particular groups, changing times, age?)

MUSSA UWITONZE

I am holding tight to the cloth of my mother's dress, the instruction clear:

"Mussa, hold this. Hold tight. Don't let go."

We are fleeing Rwanda to Zaïre, crossing the border to Goma – my family a drop of water in a sea of people.

My parents are carrying my little sister and the luggage. They do not have enough hands for me.

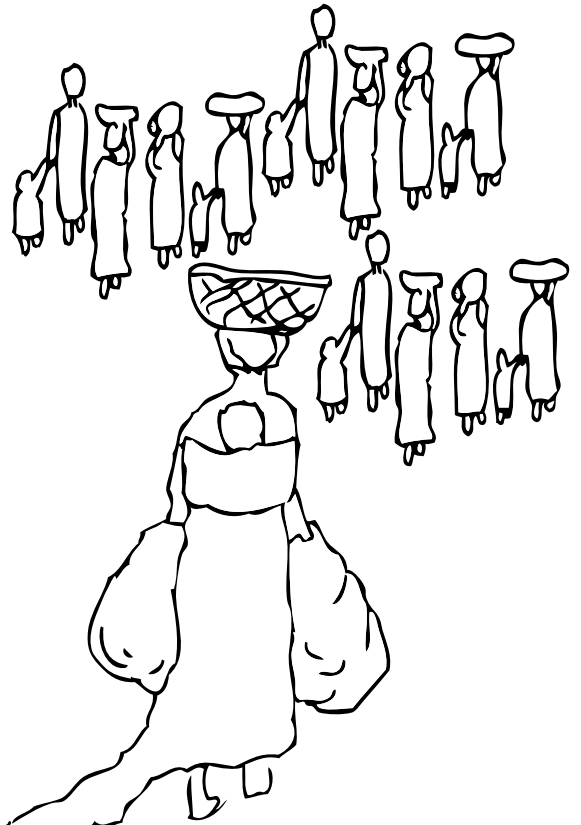
A man pushes past.

I am three years old.

I let go.

I climb a little hill, scramble to the top, scanning faces, calling Mama! Mama! Mama!

It is only later in the orphanage when they're trying to trace my family that I realise that I do not know their names. Every other child on the hill was calling Mama too.



My daughters are four and two. It was a struggle at first, being a father, having not had my own father to teach me how to do it, but I'm getting better now.

One thing I make sure is that they know my name. I make them practice it. I wake them up, ask them, what is my name?

Mussa, they say, Mussa Uwitonze.

It used to be that it was a mark of disrespect in Rwanda to call your parents by their name, but not any more. I want them always, always to be able to find me.

I teach them 'Mussa', not 'Samuel', the Roman Catholic name I was given in the orphanage.

Mussa is a Muslim name. I cannot remember my parents' faces, but I remember the call to prayer, waking up, going with them to the first of the five daily prayers.

So my children call me Mussa and with that name they remember their father. And I remember mine.

DISCUSSION POINTS

- Why was Mussa in Zaïre?
- From this story, how do you think the genocide affected his sense of identity?
- There is a film about Rwandan children separated from their families in 1994 here: <https://youtu.be/8qua32QTcEU>

YOLANDE MUKAGASANA

Not My Time to Die

The following passage comes from Yolande Mukagasana's book-length testimony *La mort ne veut pas de moi*, published in French for the third commemoration of the 1994 genocide against the Tutsi in Rwanda. Mukagasana began writing as soon as she made it to RPF-controlled territory. Later, in Belgium, she met Patrick May, a journalist who helped her to shape the narrative into the final book. For over twenty years the testimony was only available to French-speaking audiences. The English version, *Not My Time to Die*, translated by Zoe Norridge, is being published by Huza Press in 2019.

At this point in the story Yolande has just been reunited with her three children. Before the genocide she worked as a nurse, running the local health clinic. She is referred to here as *Muganga*, meaning doctor in Kinyarwanda. This means she's a special target, so she mostly hides separately from her children leaving them with her niece, *Spérancie*.



"Get out, snakes!"

My former gardener appears at a run, shouting himself hoarse at the end of the garden.

"Go! They'll kill you and your children with you!"

I look at him, stunned. He has a machete, he's a fanatic, so why doesn't he kill me? Is it because he doesn't have the courage, or because I once forgave him for stealing from me? Behind him, whistles, like the barking of a pack of dogs. We get up swiftly and *Spérancie* leads my children away, behind a rubber-hedge euphorbia. I leap across the neighbour's garden. *Nadine* loops back to me for a hug, then runs off, almost happy.

I edge along the hedge, crawling until I reach a neighbour's kitchen. I come face to face with my friend *Déo*, a small thin man. I often lent him things: money, cassette tapes... He doesn't get on with his wife, *Pauline*, and asks my advice about how to deal with her. You could even say it's thanks to me that they're still together!

"Go away. Get out! Out of my house, snake!"

"But *Déo*..."

"I don't know you. Go on,

go!"

"*Déo*, are you really going to abandon me?"

"Clear off or I'll denounce you," he shouts.

The *Interahamwe* already surround *Déo*'s fence, and are trying to force their way through. The whistles are driving me mad. As I run on towards the next house, a woman catches me.

"*Muganga*, is it you they're chasing like a thief, you who cured us all?"

Who is this plump little woman?

Her voice is plaintive. "I'm *Emmanuelle*. Come."

Is she mad? I don't know her. I don't remember treating her, yet she's going to help me. *Emmanuelle* sublets a little house in *Déo*'s garden. The *Interahamwe* are already searching the surroundings. She pulls me inside and pushes me into a wooden box. I fall in like a dead leaf and feel charcoal pouring over me in the dark. Voices and whistles come closer. I feel a cold object slip into the hollow of my hip almost like a caress.

A man, drunk with anger, bays like a wolf: "Where is *Muganga*? Where is *Muganga*?"

Emmanuelle replies with false eagerness, "Over there by the banana plantation. I tried to stop her but she pushed me and hit my shoulder. Look!"

The man whistles, people charge through *Emmanuelle*'s kitchen, shouting that this time *Muganga* won't escape them.

DISCUSSION POINTS

- Compare the different responses to Yolande – do we have any sense of why people are behaving differently?
- How do the descriptions of the gardens and buildings, or sounds and senses, help us to understand the experience of running for your life?



More activity ideas and further resources



REMEMBER – UNITE – RENEW

These words are used as overarching themes for genocide remembrance in Rwanda. Ask students to work in small groups, discussing:

- What does each word mean?
- What does this tell us about how Rwandans think about the past?
- Can you relate this to your own country (the UK or elsewhere)?
- How do other countries with violent pasts try to move forwards? How do they differ?

Return to full class discussion to share feedback.

FURTHER RESOURCES

Ishami Foundation website – this includes information about our work, Rwanda's history, football for peace and the #Genocide70 campaign for the 70th anniversary of the genocide convention in December 2018. www.ishamifoundation.org

Kigali Genocide Memorial – this website includes the online Genocide Archive of Rwanda: <http://www.kgm.rw/> The Memorial is managed by the **Aegis Trust** for **CNLG**, the Rwandan Commission for the Fight Against Genocide. The Aegis Trust website features further information about past and ongoing atrocities: www.aegistrust.org/

SURF Survivors Fund – an organisation supporting survivors in Rwanda with an online history written by SURF Chair and teacher Sam Hunt: www.survivors-fund.org.uk/learn/rwandan-history

Holocaust Memorial Day Trust – a charity established by the UK government to promote and support Holocaust Memorial Day (January 27th) in the UK: www.hmd.org.uk

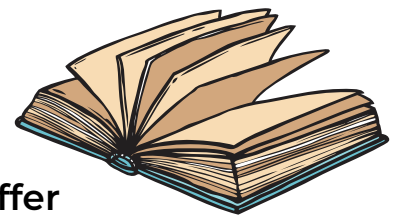
Genocide Watch – an organisation founded by genocide scholar Gregory Stanton with information about the crime of genocide, including Stanton's theory of Ten Stages of Genocide: www.genocidewatch.com/ten-stages-of-genocide



STORYTELLING TODAY

How could you work with the survivor stories in this pack to make them relevant to other pupils at your school? Ask students in small groups to:

- Choose a survivor story
- Think about other ways to tell this story: cartoons, television, radio, poems, dance and so on
- Work on these interpretations over the course of a week so they develop and change
- Then present them back to the whole class



These books offer insights into Rwandan history, genocide and its aftermath:

- *We Survived Genocide in Rwanda: 28 Personal Testimonies*, survivor testimonies from Rwanda collected by the Aegis Trust (2006).
- *We wish to inform you that tomorrow we will be killed with our families*, American journalist Philip Gourevitch's account of the genocide based on interviews with survivors and perpetrators (1998).
- *Conspiracy to Murder: The Rwandan Genocide*, British journalist Linda Melvern's account of how other countries were complicit with or failed to stop genocide (2004).
- *After Genocide: Transitional Justice, Post-Conflict Reconstruction and Reconciliation in Rwanda and Beyond*, essays about justice in Rwanda edited by Phil Clark and Zachary Kaufman (2008).
- *Small Country*, a beautiful novel about childhood and genocide by Rwandan-French novelist and singer Gael Faye who grew up in Burundi, translated by Sarah Ardizzone (2018).