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HUMAN RIGHTS QUESTIONS: HUMAN RIGHTS  
SITUATIONS AND REPORTS OF SPECIAL  
RAPPORTEURS AND REPRESENTATIVES

SECURITY COUNCIL  
Forty-eighth year

Letter dated 24 May 1993 from the Chargé d'affaires a.i. of the  
Permanent Mission of Yugoslavia to the United Nations addressed  
to the Secretary-General

I have the honour to transmit herewith the text of a memorandum on war crimes and crimes of genocide in eastern Bosnia (communes of Bratunac, Skelani and Srebrenica) committed against the Serbian population from April 1992 to April 1993, deposited with the State Commission for War Crimes (see annex).\*\*

I should be grateful if you would have the present letter and its annex circulated as an official document of the General Assembly, under item 115 (c) of the preliminary list and of the Security Council.

(Signed) Dragomir DJOKIĆ  
Ambassador  
Chargé d'affaires a.i.

\* A/48/50.

\*\* The annex is being circulated in the original language of submission only.

YUGOSLAV STATE COMMISSION  
FOR WAR CRIMES AND GENOCIDE

ANNEX

MEMORANDUM

ON WAR CRIMES AND CRIMES AND GENOCIDE IN EASTERN BOSNIA  
(COMMUNES OF BRATUNAC, SKELANI AND SREBRENICA) COMMITTED AGAINST  
THE SERBIAN POPULATION FROM APRIL 1992 TO APRIL 1993

Belgrade, April 1993

STATEMENT GIVEN BY RADE STJEPANOVIĆ ON THE ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE  
OF JEŽESTICA ON AUGUST 8, 1992

Ježestica is one of the largest Serb villages in the commune of Bratunac; along its entire length from the east to the southwest it borders on the Moslem villages of the commune of Srebrenica and with Mt. Buljim, and in the plains with the asphalt road Bratunac-Kravica.

Due to such a position, Ježestica is an important strategic place which was attacked also in WW II. Then too, fifty years ago, the Turks, those loyal neighbours, burned the village to the ground and in one single day killed and massacred 182 innocent people, mostly children. It is positively known that the main leader and butcher was Bekto Kamenica.

And now again, on August 8, fifty years later, but now Bekto's sons and grandsons, Munib, Ramiz and Džemal, and their relatives Enver and Hamdija Alispahić, Mustafa and Juso Djukić and their sons and other Ustashi butchers committed an unheard-of crime.

They killed Savka Mladjenović and her two sons Dragan, born in 1962 and Andjelko born in 1966, on their doorstep, and while Andjelko was lying wounded the Turks cut off his head, just because he was a Serb and had a nice black beard. His mother and brother helplessly looked on, themselves severely wounded by Turkish knives. The other innocent victims are Vojin Bogičević, who courageously and resolutely fought on despite profuse bleeding and who succumbed to the wounds in spite of timely aid, Milosav and Savka Stjepanović, Milan and Sreten Ranković; Drago Djurić got minor wounds and two seriously wounded combatants Srbo Djurić and Radomir Djokić, are in hospital in Belgrade.

In addition to such a horrendous crime the Turks set fire to 54 houses and all the auxiliary buildings, took away large quantities of food, some 15 cows, several horses and several flocks of sheep.

The attack on the village of Ježestica started at 12 noon by a lightning-quick and minutely planned action of the Ustashi, who from the nearby hill dividing the village into two parts, showered us with shells and fire from machine guns. They covered their men entering the village well by shooting on our positions. The fighting was fierce, chest to chest. They were many in numbers and advanced as madmen and wild beasts, disregarding their losses and only pursuing their aim to destroy the village and loot it. When we saw that an encirclement of a large number of Ustashi was tightening around us we had to retreat to another hill behind us where we waited for help which, regrettably, came only after ninety minutes. Only then we launched a major charge and quickly

pushed the Ustashi back, and they ran away leaving both their loot and victims behind .Only then could we get to our wounded and dead. Then we found the horrendous picture of the two dead brothers Dragan and Andjelko and their mother Savka Andjelković. The Ustashi had cut Andjelko's head off only because he had a beard. Then we found the dead bodies of Milosav and Savka Stjepanović, Vojin Bogičević, Milan and Sreten Ranković, and Srbo Djurić and Radomir Djokić who were severely wounded and Drago Djurić who had minor wounds.

Bratunac, August 30,1992

Rade Stjepanović

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S T A T E M E N T

by Rajko Jovanović from Ježeštica on the attack on his village by Moslem armed forces on August 8, 1992

My name is Rajko Jovanović, my father's name is Milovan and I was born in 1932 in the purely Serb village of Ježeštica where I lived from birth up to August 8, 1992 when the vilage was burnt down by Ustashi units. Until that day or rather until about April of that year, all the villagers had quite good relations with the population of the neighbouring villages of Srebrenica commune, i.e. the villages of Jagličići, Brezova Njiva, Šušnjari and Babuljice. Ježeštica belongs to Bratunac commune. Until April we were good neighbours as we had managed to rebuild our mutual relations after World War II when my village had also been burnt down by the Ustashis from the neighbouring Moslem villages I have already mentioned. In the last war, the worst criminals, the killers and arsonists were members of the Kamenica family led by Bekto Kamenica and members of the Alispahić family. A particularly interesting case is that of the Zukić family because in the last war Muharem Zukić was one of the commanders in Ježeštica who fled to Bijeljina and changed his name to Nukić. After some time he returned to the village of Brezova Njiva and became Zukić again. However, on August 8, 1992 it was as if history was repeating itself because the members of the same families again led the bloodthirsty Ustashi unit of some 200 men who attacked Ježeštica around noon. There were about 150 civilians in the village at the time and about a dozen men under arms to defend the village. The Ustashis launched their attack from behind, that is from the direction of Kravica going downstream where we had not expected them and they started their fierce attack by throwing a hand grenade at the house of Dragan Mladjenović wounding him and killing his brother Andjelko. They also wounded their mother Savka Mladjenović. The group responsible for this attack included the nephews of Bekto Kamenica, Munib, Ramiz and Džemail, the sons of Idriz Kamenica from Jagličići. Then there was his son Avdo and the sons of Omer

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Alispahić from Jaglić as well as the twins of Hamdija Alispahić also from Jaglić, I saw them and I know them well, only I am not sure of their names but I know whose children they are. All of them together tortured Dragan Mladjenović hitting him with the handle of an ax, finally breaking his skull until he passed away, they fired another shot at Savka and they cut off Andjelko's head and took it with them screaming and yelling in perverse satisfaction. I watched all this from my hiding place in the woods about 40 meters away so that I saw it all, I also recognized their voices when they called us by name to come out of hiding so they could kill us all. I know that another four people from Ježeštica were killed that same day, i.e. Srećko and Milan Ranković, Milosav and Savka Stjepanović, Vojin Bogičević and some were wounded like Srbo Djurić who passed away on the way to the hospital. After that first attack and massacre the plunder started, first of food and everything else of value, the livestock and then they set fire to everything around them, I think some 55 houses in all. This went on until help came after an hour or two when they withdrew and we had to go to Bratunac to look for shelter as our houses had been burnt down, our property plundered so that we were left with nothing. I am still a refugee.

I am making this statement of my own free will as testimony of the crimes committed against the inhabitants of Ježeštica and I am prepared to repeat this before any body or organization in this country or abroad.

Bratunac, August 16, 1992

Signed: Rajko Jovanović

S T A T E M E N T

by "Drago" Žikić from Fakovići

On October 5, 1992 I was in the vicinity of army positions with my wife and her sister. Somewhere around 12 o'clock an attack started from all sides. We ran through the corn fields until we reached an old house near the road leading to Skelani. Nearby, was the guardpost where I used to keep watch but they had all been killed.

I tried to pluck up courage and dash for the house but fire was heavy around us and I couldn't so I went on down the road under cover of the corn to another house. We waited there for 15-20 minutes to collect our strength and take a rest. There was shelling from all sides. They were all over the surrounding slopes some seven to eight kilometers away. The village of Fakovići lies in a depression surrounded by hills on all sides with the Drina river flowing below.

We waited for about half an hour and then I told the women, my wife and my sister-in-law, that we should crawl about ten meters to the river bank. My sister-in-law went first, then my wife then myself. I told them to go downstream to the boat and to hide there as there was no other way out, and I decided to stay and see what would happen. As they went down, the fire subsided.

When the shooting stopped I crept behind the arms depot and got to about 30 meters away from them. They were trying to break into the warehouse which had an iron gate. When the gate began to give way I ran for the detonator because I knew that the warehouse was mined. I wanted all of them to get in before blowing it up. However, when I got to about 10 meters from the detonator, about one hundred of them sprang out of hiding where they were guarding the warehouse. They grabbed me, beat me and dragged me to my house which was on fire. They knew who I was and they said: "...now watch us manager, burn down your house."

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They tied my hands with rope behind my back and ordered me to guide them along Mlečvanska river. I had no choice. They were afraid that the fields might be mined. I went forward but they did not trust me. They thought I might be ready to kill myself and take them with me. Behind me went the Turk, or call him what you will, an Ustashi, Zulfo by name. I don't know where he came from, he was a tall, older man, dark, with a moustache and a rather long nose. I heard them call him by his surname Tursunović. He rode a white horse. They asked me : "Do you know who this is ?". I said I didn't. " Yes you do, you Chetnik motherf... ", they said. They beat me from behind, they tightened the rope round my hands, they beat me with whatever was handy. some with a rifle butt, others with a boot. The older man said: " Don't beat the old man, catch someone younger."

We crossed some 7-8 kilometers. When we came across a village they told children to throw stones at me. We came across people everywhere who knew me. They asked one of them " Do you know this man?". "Of course I do, it's our postman Drago". "What kind of a man is he ?" "He's as good as gold". Hearing that one of them slapped him so hard that he fell. I can't remember everything. I know we went on and at some point came across a woman. They asked her too whether she knew me. "It's our Drago, the postman, she said, of course I know him" "What's he like?" "When I go to the post office he takes care of everything." "Let him f... your Surfa or Zurfa, something like that" he said. And so we went on until we reached a tap. They asked me if I was thirsty and one of them held me, because my hands were tied, wanting to let me drink but another one said : " I won't drink from the same bottle as a Serb ", but they let me drink all the same. Then we went up a hill and I saw a dozen tractors there. They were big tractors all of them facing Fakovići.

They put me in a truck and I was brought to Srebrenica, which building, I don't know. They shut me up with four other people. It was dark and no-one beat me that night. The next day I made a statement in the presence of Mirzat, the manager. He

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told me it was best for me to tell them everything. "We know everything anyway so you might as well admit." He tortured and beat me. They took me back to the cell and the others asked whether they had beat me and I said yes. The next day I was interrogated by another man - a civilian working for the army. Whatever I said he said I was lying. He insisted I admit I had been using an "84". Then they would start beating us one by one. There were 7 or 8 of them. One of them would hit you hard but before you fell another would hit you on the other side. That man Mirzet, he was so strong that he must have been a karate wrestler. He ordered me to raise my arms and then he would kick me in the ribs. I fared no worse than the others, some of them passed out from pain. The worst part was in the evening when they returned from the field. They would come drunk, take the keys from the guards, come in and start hitting at us. I talked to one of the guards whom I knew, he was from Bratunac, and I said that I could understand them interrogating us because they were following orders from their command, but to beat us like that wasn't normal. He said he didn't know what was happening and that he would see. There was a man called Beli, he would come in with a pole in his hand and hit me on the head. Once he grabbed me by the hair and hit me from close up. There was nothing we could do but shut up. Every day when he entered the corridor he would tell his men and particularly two of them from Podravanja, "...beat the wits out of the old Chetnik". It wasn't easy for them, I begged them to beat me because otherwise they would get beaten themselves.

That last evening they took the young man from Smederevo out twice, and they took me out four times so that I fainted in my room. They came asking whether I was still alive. I don't know how many times they hit me on the head, but you know the old saying about the cat with nine lives. Since then however, I think it is even more difficult to kill a human being. During the time I spent there I think I received more blows in the jaw than an average boxer. I would fall but I would get up again. Three days before the exchange, to our misfortune, a grenade fell

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right in front of the prison and injured one of the guards. We heard them cry out "Saša". After that they barged in furious, trampling and kicking us. The night before our release they called in the byo from Smederevo. I think they beat him for more than an hour. When they brought him back they yelled "Next!". I stood up and said it was my turn. But the guard pulled out his keys and said: "I know you, you are the manager and you will not get out of here for as long as I am here. You don't know me, nor will you ever find out, and it doesn't matter anyway." He locked the door and left. All this happened because about twenty of their men had been killed, Akif among them.

This Akif had talked to me saying that we had something in common, that the Serbs and Moslems were of the same blood but that he had been the one to set my house on fire. "I saw that your people had not burnt their neighbours' homes and your neighbours would not have done that to you either so I did it because I am not a local, I was sorry but those were my orders."

In the morning, around 9 or 10 o'clock they barged in and seeing that we had blood all over they ordered us to wash and get ourselves cleaned up because otherwise our people would not agree to the exchange. When we were ready a truck came for us. Then somebody walked up to the truck and said "The postman will get off." When I climbed down they took me to an office and interrogated me all over again. They asked me whether I knew so and so and I said "Yes" because I knew they had a list. This went on for about fifteen minutes and then they said I was free. Then somebody called the young man from Smederevo. They kept him for about five minutes, when he got back on the truck they called him down again and this time they kept him for about one minute. He was covered in blood. His tongue was hanging out. They threw him onto the truck. One of them kicked me and said: "Can't you see that one of your men is dying so we won't be able to carry out the exchange." We thought he was already dead. As we passed peasants along the road yelled at us: "The Turks f... d your women who gave birth to you and that is why you are so bad

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because you are half-breeds. You don't belong anywhere."

The road was blocked. The truck went through the fields. We reached the place where we were to be exchanged. I never expected to live to see the day.

In one of our conversations Akif told me that he had been in command for the attacks on Pórvanje and Fakovići.

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STOJA PETROVIĆ, father's name, Stanomir  
born in Loznička Rijeka-Bratunac  
on June 3, 1948

S T A T E M E N T

on the Moslem attack on Loznička Rijeka and Bjelovac on  
December 4, 1992

I come from Loznička Rijeka, Bratunac commune, where I lived all my life up to December 14, 1992 when the village was attacked and burnt down by the Moslem Ustashi army.

In the surroundings of Loznička Rijeka are many villages with mixed populations as well as mostly Moslem villages but I knew all the adults in those villages, be they Moslem or Serb because we had quite good neighbourly relations before the war and we used to exchange visits. When the hostilities broke out, our village became the frequent target of attack by the Ustashis but our villagers, defending the village, managed to repulse those attacks. However, on December 14 a very strong Ustashi force attacked the village creeping up under cover of the night and surrounding us from all sides and then about 6.30 in the morning the shooting started. I woke up my husband who was one of the village defenders, who grabbed his gun and started shooting back from the house. I crept outside and saw that large numbers of Ustashis were approaching from the Drina river, I ran for cover into the house of Mika Damjanović and climbed into his loft from where I watched. An hour or two later, in the daylight I recognized that the attackers were mostly our neighbours from the surrounding villages, among them Rifeta Daubašić, born in Brezovice who later settled in Bjelovac, Hasan Daubašić, Rifeta's son also from Bjelovac, Alija Ibrić, known as "Kurta" from Pirić, brothers Mirsad and Medo Malagić, the sons of Muja Malagić from Loznička Rijeka and their uncle Hajrudin Malagić, Hajrudin Begzadić, Hakiija's son from Pirić, the brothers Muriz and Rešid Sinanović, the sons of Rahman, Sead Sinanović, son of Safet, Nedžad Sinanović, the son of Safet and Dževad Sinanović, the son of Safet, all from Bjelovac or Sikirić, the sons of Edhem Hasanović from Pirić- Bahrudin known as "Bjelac".

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Šaban and another two brothers nicknamed "Kokan" and "Kiko". In addition to these people there were some women, Moslem women who also fired at us among whom I recognized two, Esma Kiverić, a teacher from Bjelovac and Senada Sinanović, the wife of Rešid Sinanović who machinegunned the people side by side with her husband, and there was a third young woman. I heard later that she was the daughter of a certain Ibrahim from Podloznik and that she got killed.

The orders were given by Bajro, known as "Miš" from Voljevica, I don't know his surname. The attack lasted until 6 in the afternoon and many of the village defenders were killed, a large number wounded, several women and children killed, among them sisters Snežana and Gordana Matić, my son Mirko, two women, Zlata Jovanović and Radenka Jovanović, Slobodan Petrović, Milenko Vučetić, Slobodan Nedeljković, Slavomir Damjanović and many others. When at dusk those of us who had survived had fled, the Ustashis set fire to the village after stealing all they could. Particularly prominent during the attack was Hajrudin Hasanović, nicknamed "Bjelac" from Pirić who was the unit commander and who yelled threats that he would catch us all and slit our throats, calling us Chetniks.

There is nothing else that I can say except that about 80 villagers in all, mostly old people, women and children and several village defenders had been killed during the attack on Loznička Rijeka.

I am making this statement of my own free will, it is the truth and I am ready to repeat it under oath before any body or court of law in our country or in the world because I want the truth to be known about the misdeeds of the Ustashis against the Serb people.

Signed:

Stoia Petrović

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SLAVOLJUB RANKIĆ, son of Nedeljko, born 1951,  
village of Bjelovac, Bratunac commune

S T A T E M E N T

On December 14, 1992 I was in my house in the village of Bjelovac. It must have been about 6.a.m. when the sound of shooting woke me up. I jumped up and I was ready in no time as I slept half dressed fearing that the enemy, that is the Moslems, might catch us in our sleep and kill us as they had done in a number of nearby villages of Bratunac commune. When I got out of the house I thought that my village was being attacked from the direction of the Moslem village of Pirići. In fact the attack was coming from both Pirići and the left bank of the Drina river which flows nearby. As far as I could see, and I could see quite well because they were near, the Moslem formations were showering my village with fire from infantry weapons killing two people on the spot who were confused not knowing where the fire was coming from, that is God's truth. My next door neighbours they were, Stevo Filipović and Božo Todorović, who were killed on their doorstep. Steva's wife Darinka ran up to him and was hit in the leg and she was the one who told us that the Moslems were shooting from the river bank, a spot known as the gravel mine. We heard the Moslems call out " Darinka, come over here we have your husband with us ". They wanted to trick her and catch her alive. But Darinka ran for my house crying out that Moslems were attacking the village from the Drina. I headed in the direction of the fire to help the wounded and drag them out of range. I gave them first aid and then went for help to get them to hospital. In the meantime, more and more Moslems were approaching our village, they were wearing camouflage uniforms and some were in plain clothes. They had large back-packs, black caps with orange head bands. I did not recognize any of the attackers. We tried to organize ourselves in defence. We were outnumbered by far. They charged into one house after another setting them on fire. The first to start burning was the house of Stevo Filipović whom they had already killed as I said.

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Then they set fire to Dragoljub Filipović's house and they destroyed his entire family except one of his sons who had run off to the village to look for help and to try and save his wife and two children. This Slavoljub Filipović had a wife and two children, a boy of 7 months and a girl of 3. His father's name was Dragoljub and his mother's Dostana. His father Dragoljub and his brother Dragan were killed but his wife Mira, his two children and his mother Dostana are missing. Their bodies have not been found to this day. Some people say they drowned in the Drina or perhaps they were captured by the Moslems and kept as hostages. On this same occasion Radovan Vučetić and his sons Milenko and Brano were also killed. Brano was 10 years old and his body has still not been found. The Moslems also broke into the house of Radivoje Matić killing him and his two daughters Snežana and Gordana, who were in the house at the time. They cut off Gordana's breasts. They simply massacred them and I think that the TV shot this. The Moslems also threw a bomb into Radivoje's house. Bogdana Ilić was inside, she was wounded but she survived. After burning several houses, the Moslems spent some time in the house of our neighbour Miloš and from there they went off into the night. It all stopped then and we collected our dead and wounded under cover of the night.

Signed: Slavoljub Rankić

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MIRA FILIPOVIĆ, born May 1, 1968,  
village of Bjelovac, Bratunac commune.  
Occupation: formerly cook in Sase mine in  
Srebrenica. Nationality: Serb

S T A T E M E N T

I have decided to put on paper how I was captured in my village of Bjelovac, Bratunac commune. I lived in that village until December 14, 1992 when I was captured by my Moslem neighbours, one might say. For previously, both my family and myself got on well with the Moslems until the first half of 1992 when they started attacking our, i.e. Serb villages, killing civilians, plundering and burning our houses.

On December 14, 1992 early in the morning, ( about 6.a.m.) I was in my house with my mother-in-law Dostana, an old woman, my two children, Oliver aged 4 and a baby boy of 5 months called Nemanja. My husband Slavoljub was with us. We suddenly heard the sound of shooting coming from the direction of the Drina river ( our house was located between the river and the road). I knew immediately that our village had come under Moslem attack. I jumped up, called my husband and the others. My husband rushed out and I hid in the attic and saw about 20 armed and unarmed Moslems entering our yard on the river side. Just before they appeared and immediately after the shooting started, a young boy of 10 called Brano Vučetić, the son of Radovan our neighbour ran into the house so he was with us when all this happened. Seeing the Moslems entering our yard and shooting, we locked ourselves up in the attic. I heard them squabbling outside the locked door "...you go in, I darn' t , you go, there's no-one there....." I defused a bomb and threw it out of the window to save my family (my young children and mother-in-law) but the bomb got caught in the balcony fence and injured me slightly. I later heard that the bomb had also injured a Moslem called Mithat Otanović known as "Mijač" from Srebrenica but at the time they were not aware that it was my bomb that had hit him.

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The Moslems broke down our door, barged in and up the steps yelling that I should give myself up. They also broke down the door of the attic and pointed a gun with a bayonet at us. I recognized Mirza Hasanović from Sase because he had worked in the same mine as I. He recognized me too and said "Miro why didn't you say it was you." I also recognized Haris Umetović, known as "Hari", a former soccer player of the Suber team in Srebrenica, then there was Senahid known as "Pobrin" from Biljače, Bratunac commune. He was the one who guarded us all day in my house. At one point one of their fighters, a young man from Sućeska, Srebrenica commune, walked in grinding his teeth and demanding to kill us all, but Pobrin prevented him. Later on I heard from the Moslems that the whole operation in Bjelovac was led by Bajro known as "Miš" from Voljavica, Bratunac commune. I heard that he had also participated in the attack on the lake at Skelani. I learnt all this in captivity. He was wounded there. So he was in charge of the operation on the lake one day and then Naser took over. Miš was their deputy commander of the batallion. I heard this while I was held captive in Srebrenica. Most of the attackers on Bjelovac came from the villages of Voljavice, Zalužje, Biljače, I know most of them by sight but not by name. Also in the group was Mido and his younger brother, their father's name is Edo. Edo was a porter in the Sase mine. At 2 p.m. they took us to a holiday home of a man from Sarajevo in Bjelovac not far from my house and at 5 p.m. we were taken to the Moslem village of Podloznik where they held us in a private house for 5 days. Before they took us to Podloznik I saw that they had started to plunder our homes taking shoes, food and other things. In Podloznik they held us in the house of Ramiz, the mine layer who had also worked in the Sase mine. Then Miš and Hazim from Voljavice drove us to Srebrenica in a Mercedes. They shut up my mother-in-law in Srebrenica, a building near the town hall even though she is an old woman and has nothing to do with the war. They took me, my children and little Brana to the village of Soloćuša, Srebrenica commune after which I was interrogated. While I was in Podloznik I recognized Zulfo Tursum and Kemo Mehmedović from Pala, Srebrenica. Kemal wore a dagger tied to

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his knee. They offered their services to their army in Bjelovac. The commander of the attack on Bjelovac was Miš and Hazim from Voljavice. Before the attack they came to the village as an advance party, at least that is what I heard in detention where we were held for two months.

During my stay in Soločušā, Srebrenica commune, I saw that all the Serb houses had been plundered, the window panes, doors and windows, the tiles everything had been stolen, there was nothing left inside either for a normal life. They released us 6-7 days ago.

Bratunac, February 18, 1992

Signed: Mira Filipović

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Milosava Nikolić, wife of Milorad  
from the village of Opravdići,  
commune of Bratunac, Serb by  
nationality

STATEMENT

After the Moslems attacked Kravica on January 7, 1992 I fled to Zelinje. I returned to my village on January 8, 1993, before my patron saint day, St. Steven's day, to celebrate it. I arrived at the village about 8.00 a.m. and everything was all right. I lit a fire, made coffee and drank a glass of brandy, then I started baking bread for the celebration. Then I went to the stable to tend to the cattle. I met Milivoje and Iva Milanović and gave them their key, to try to open their house with it. My husband Milorad was about 50 m. from me when the shooting started. He then disappeared and I could not see him and I returned to the stable of Golub Janković. Already then I did not know what had become of my husband. I returned to the village and heard the shouting of Moslems, shouting hurrah, let the Serbs have it! I hid in a ditch and saw someone going towards Jovika's house and stable and letting the sheep out. Another one was standing, all of them were armed. I started walking and saw the house of Bole Nikolić ablaze. They saw me and came after me. One caught up with me and asked me if I knew him. I knew him from sight but I did not know his name and surname. They had already set fire to my house and they made me go into the house and bring out cigarettes. The one who had recognized me asked me where the cigarettes were and told me to hand them over, and that they were taking me to their commander. They brought me to the commander whom I recognized as Nezir from Glogova, whose family lives in Avdagina Njiva, who previously smuggled cattle. There a woman carrying a machine gun, cursing my Chetnik mother, wanted to kill me. Cursing my Serb mother they wanted to kill me, while Fatima Golić, Nezir and Ahmet Gojčinović's brother, whose name I do not know, defended me. When I started from my house which was smouldering, Nezir gave me his rucksack to carry. They burned everything before them. I did not see the killing take place, but from them I heard that they had killed Novak and Vito Simić, our neighbours, elderly people. Nezir ordered what was to be burned. When we came to Kravica, I saw Ohran's son called Huso and the son of Šaban Musić who worked with my neighbour Pavle Nikolić.

In the village of Kajići, Nezir, the commander told me to come along and see my Serbs, where I saw the dead bodies of four men and of one woman on a stretcher. I recognized one of them, Goran Nikolić, son of Cvijetin. One of the dead men was without a head. According to Nezir, the woman had been wounded and had died.

They took me to Glogova to their headquarters located in the house of a Serb, Nikolić, I do not know his first name. I spent the night there. During the night three women wanted to kill me. In the morning one Ibišević threw a knife at me which stuck in the

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door, demanding that I say that I love Alija Izetbegović. That Ibišević claimed that he had killed Rašo Milošević and others in Glogova during the summer, and claimed that worked in the store in Glogova. When they attacked me, I was defended by Fatima Golić, while her brother told me "fuck your Serb mother, I would kill you if it were not for my sister". I was taken to Srebrenica by Fatima Golić, her son Hajro and her daughter. Fatima is, namely, on the military police force. In Srebrenica they took me to the police station (former Secretariat of the Interior) to the officers on duty, where Dostana from Bjelovac, I do not remember her surname, already was. I was interrogated by Zulfo Turunović and the commander Nurija. Later we were taken to prison in the courthouse. They kept coming into the prison and maltreating us all the time. They would put a gun to our foreheads, curse our Serb mothers, or come into the prison knives in hand asking whose throat to slit first. A man from Bratunac put a knife to my throat and said: "your Gavro slit my mother's throat".

With me in prison was Andja Mitrović from Patkovci, Zvornik, who told me that she had been raped in Konjević Polje, that she was pregnant, and that she even knew who the father was, one Husein from Cerska where she was in prison. One Krdža, a Moslem, told me that Drago from Srebrenica had died in prison.

Occasionally I saw my neighbour Ratko Nikolić, who had been captured in Kravica, he was black and blue all over and would only blankly stare in front of him. I know that the following were with him in prison: Mićo Milovanović from Sase, Branko whose surname I do not know from Zvornik, Mišo and Drago from Zvornik, or something like that, I do not remember well, then one Nešo or Stevo, all of them mainly taken prisoner in Cerska in May last year.

A police officer on duty, Ešref Gabeljić, formerly an inspector in the Communal Assembly, whom I knew, came one day and told me: "Your Gavro will not have you". In this police station they call each other by Serbian names, but we all know that they are Moslems. They call one of them UPI and one Salko, Osman and Hasan, a big blond man, were also there.

I am ready to repeat all this before any court.

Milosava Nikolić

(thumbprint)

GVOZDENIJA MATIĆ, daughter of Vidoje, village of Sikirić  
Nationality: Serb, occupation: housewife.  
Bratunac commune

S T A T E M E N T

On December 14, 1992 I was in my house in Sikirić when the shooting started at 5.55. I slept upstairs so I ran down the steps, went into the kitchen and my husband Desimir followed me. Desimir is a farmer and we've lived all our life in the village. As I entered the kitchen, I turned on the light and a bullet shot through the window from the direction of Loznička Rijeka and hit the stove in the kitchen. Desimir and I ran outside.

We came under heavy fire outside and we saw a large group of Moslems jumping over the fence of our yard. There must have been about a hundred of them. There were some civilians and some in camouflage uniforms carrying weapons. The group included some women and older boys carrying sacks for the loot. The part of Sikirić where we lived was mostly inhabited by Serbs. Among the Moslems there were unarmed men with large back-packs. I ran to the pigsty while my husband ran to the other side of the house, they shot him and killed him on the spot. I hid among the pigs and when they killed my Desimir I heard them saying " Sleep, old man, sleep". All that time, my husband's sister called Božana Ostojić was in our house. She did not manage to escape because the moment she got up to run the Moslems killed her. Actually she was killed under the kitchen table - that is where we found her. While I was hiding in the pigsty, a young dark Moslem (about 25 he must have been) came up wearing a coloured uniform, but I could not recognize him now. Seeing me he gave me a sign to crouch and asked me if I had any flour. I told him we had plenty of everything in the house begging him to take everything but not to slaughter me. He was followed by another Moslem in plain clothes, I recognized him as Rešid from Brezovica, he was carrying a back-pack. I hid and he did not see me. When the two

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of them left, fearing I would be found, I climbed up on the roof beams. Later on at least a hundred of them came looking around in my pigsty. But I stayed where I was until about 9 p.m. About 6 p.m. four Moslems appeared including the one who had spotted me in the pigsty and I heard him explaining to the others how he had found me there in the morning and that now I was gone. Another one from the group said "I have been waiting here for 2 hours, she could not have left unnoticed". A little later, another 4-5 Moslems came in to slaughter some pigs, they took about 7 pigs, killed them, cut up the meat in pieces, packed it and went off with it. I heard one of them saying to the others: "Edo or Medo, I am not sure which, you have been near pigs and you know how to kill them". He answered that he had never slaughtered any pigs. I think they were referring to Edo from Osmač, Srebrenica commune who had settled in Sikirić a few years ago. I was still in hiding when about 7.30 p.m. the same people who had killed the pigs set fire to both houses and both stables taking my cow and horse with them. Among the Moslems who burnt down our village and killed us Serbs I recognized Alija Ibrić from Pirić, he was in plain clothes and he was not carrying a gun, also Hajrudin Begzadić from Pirić in a coloured uniform, Meho from Bajrić and his two daughters and Esma Kiverić, a teacher from Srebrenica and I heard her clearly say: "Go from door to door, wait for them and kill them and when you've killed them collect the loot". I saw Alija Ibrić take a canister with brandy inside, some meat and sitting on the porch say: "If you were alive now Desimir we would drink to you because your brandy is so good." I saw Alija break into the curing shed. I also heard that Ržešid Sinanović from Bjelovac had killed Miloš Jovanović from the small village of Jovanovići. In the group of Moslems I recognized Jusuf's youngest son and daughter-in-law, then I recognized Meho and his two daughters and he is from Bajrić, then Rukin's daughter who is Jusuf's daughter-in-law. Then there was Mirsa, Edo's brother from Osmač. Desimir and his sister were killed by Edo and Mirso, both from Osmač, because they were the first to jump over our fence. About 9 o'clock in the evening a transporter of the Serb army reached the Loznica bridge and then I heard the

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Moslems saying " Let' s get out of here, they have come from Bratunac, they could surround us and kill us." I went to hide in a shed when about 6 Moslems came by carrying their loot collected in the Serb houses, they were on the run fearing the Serb army because they knew the Serb army had probably discovered that the Moslems had killed so many civilians, plundered their homes and burnt down our village. Then I went downhill to the river in the direction of Bjelovac. As I climbed over a wire fence I stepped on a corpse in the dark. I learnt the next day that Grozda and her son Zlatan had been killed there. Zlatan was a craftsman. I was present when they carried Boža Todorović from Loznica and Novak Vuksić also from Loznica out of the transporter and when they both died there while we were waiting for the boat to carry us across to Ljubovija in Serbia where they would get medical care. There were a lot of wounded people waiting to be transported to Serbia for treatment. I too crossed into Serbia by boat.

Signed: Gvozdenija Matić, born 1938

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RATKO (Rajo) NIKOLIĆ  
Born on: July 7, 1945  
Place of birth: Opravdići, commune of Bratunac  
Profession: worker - night watchman  
Nationality: Serb

S T A T E M E N T

I was born in the village of Opravdići, in the commune of Bratunac which is a purely Serbian village in which I lived all my life. I did not do my military service since I was found incapable, and due to the fact that I was not a conscript I did not take part in the war as a member of the Territorial Defense nor was I officially issued any arms.

I was captured on January 20, 1991 in my native village of Opravdići by the members of Muslim army, namely by a group of about 25 soldiers in camouflage uniforms, all of them armed with automatic rifles; I knew no one from the group. They appeared suddenly, fired at me immediately and wounded me in the leg, although I was in civilian clothes, unarmed and I did not even attempt to escape. They took me to Pervane and then put me onto a truck. After that Naser arrived from Konjević Polje together with Zulfo Tursunović, so I left with them and their army for Ježeštica from where I was taken on foot to a Muslim village and then from there driven to Srebrenica. They locked me up in the police station prison. There I found Kostadin Popović, called, "Kojo" who was captured on Christmas in Kravica, Mića, whose last name I do not know, but I did find out that he was from Sas and that he worked on a floatation line, as well as an old man from Ježeštica whose name or surname I did not find out, since he was badly beaten and died that night in prison. He was taken away the next day and buried somewhere. The day after, I remember it was a Wednesday, I was taken to the first floor, to the office of a man dressed in a camouflage uniform. I saw on the table in front of him a large bayonet, some salt on a plate and a gun. He asked for my name and surname, which weapons I was officially issued, how many children I had, where they were and where were the other members of my immediate family. After that he asked me whether I knew what the knife and salt were used for, and when I answered that salt was used to flavour food and a knife for many

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purposes, he said that I was wrong, and that a knife is used to draw crosses on the body and salt to sprinkle on them. He did not ask me anything else, he did not beat me and the policeman on duty took me back to prison. After that the policemen who were on duty, two or three of them would enter the prison at a time and beat us all over, using their hands, feet and rods until we would lose consciousness. They would beat us up like that on a number of occasions in the course of both day and night, as each shift would come to work. While beating us they would curse our Chetnik mothers and use other obscene words. I did not know these policemen, not even their names, since in our presence they called one another by Serbian names such as Bata, Zoran etc. I was in prison until 16 January, when Skelani was attacked. On that day they transferred three of us to a prison which was located behind the court in Srebrenica. Three of us were locked up in one room, while in the room across the hall they kept the women. On that same night they brought six more men from the vicinity of Skelane whose names I never found out, and locked them up with us. At the beginning of February, they brought from Pobudje, from a barn they kept the prisoners until then, among others, Andja, I don't know her last name, I just know that she was from a village in the vicinity of Zvornik and that she worked in the Vezionica plant in Zenica, a seventeen-year old boy named Dragan who was captured in May 1992 in Kasaba, Branko Sekulić wounded and captured at Rogać also in May 1992, Ilija, I don't know his last name captured in Skelane and Jakov from Popović who was captured in Konjević Polje while he was returning from the army as well as a man from Zenica whose name and surname I don't know and who was wounded and captured in Kajići on Christmas during the attack on Kravica. We spent the entire time in that prison. During that time we were beaten with all sorts of objects by the guards and others who the guards let it, a number of times during the day and especially at night. Zulfo Tursunović came two or three times and asked who beat us, and we answered that we were beaten by whoever wanted to do it, and immediately after he left we were beaten again just like before. Sometimes they would take out some of us, particularly Kojo and beat him up so badly that when they brought him back into the prison he would be in an unconscious state. During that entire time, a doctor never came to prison to examine us, except for one occasion when we were taken to the hospital for examination. Even then we were not examined by a doctor, we just told him where we hurt and he sent us back to prison without giving us any medication. As a result of the daily beatings in prison, Kostadin Popović, Mićo and a man from the vicinity of

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Skelane who was about 63 years old died. When Kostadin died they stopped beating us, while Mićo died a few days after Kostadin. They took the three of them from the prison and I heard that they buried them in the cemetery in Srebrenica. During the whole time we spent in captivity we did not bathe and every 2 to 3 days we got only a small bucket of water. We ate only once a day, and I know that I ate beans 43 times and potatoes on two occasions; the food was uncooked, unsalted and inadequately prepared. With the food we got a small piece of oatcake, on 3 or 4 occasions corn bread. We had nothing to lie on or cover ourselves with.

On February 18, 1993 a man without a left arm up to the elbow came to prison and said that the first one to get up would be exchanged, and as I was the first to stand up, I was the one chosen for the exchange. We were taken to be exchanged twice and then brought back, I and Ilija who was in the hospital at that time due to an injury. On the third occasion on February 26, 1993 we were exchanged at Jezero. Since I was beaten and my ribs were broken, and considering that I had lost 25 kilograms, I was sent to the hospital in Zvornik where I spent two weeks being treated and recuperating. I have the required medical certificates which I am submitting.

I am prepared to repeat this statement in any court or international organization.

In Bratunac, 3, April 1993

Ratko Nikolić, sd.

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MEDICAL CENTRE -INTERNAL MEDICINE WARD  
ZVORNIK

### Hospital Discharge Certificate

Name and surname: Ratko Nikolić  
from Zenić in the vicinity of Kravica was treated in this hospital on the internal medicine ward from March 1, 93 to March 14, 1993 for the following ailments: Asthena cerperis, St. post Centusienem cerperis., St. post Fracturam costae IV et VIII sin.

Method of treatment: Hyperalimentary diet, nutritive solutions containing high doses of proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins, electrolytes and essential amino acids and analgetics.

The patient was admitted on this ward due to extreme physical weakness, exhaustion and fatigue, pain all over the body. In addition, the patient complained of frequent, liquid defecations without any traces of blood or phlegm. Namely, seven weeks prior to being admitted to the hospital the patient was captured by the Muslim army and taken to prison, where he was physically and mentally maltreated and at the same time very poorly fed.

According to the patient's statement he weighed 75 kilos before he was captured and on admittance to the hospital he had exactly 50 kilograms. When he was admitted to this ward the patient was actively mobile,....., afebrile and gave the impression of an patient in a medium grave condition. He was conscious, oriented in time and space and towards himself and others. The patient was a man of medium hight and asthenic constitution and had the body of an extremely malnourished man. On the basis of an auscultation, rhythmical heart action with clear tones and no cardiac murmurs was registered. The pulse was 88/min and the blood pressure 110/80 mmgh. The breathing frequency and respiratory sounds were found to be normal. The front abdominal wall was slightly below the level of the thorax, soft and without resistance on palpation, and painfully sensitive on the entire surface. The liver and spleen could not be felt. Upon admission all the basic laboratory analyses were done: Hb-5.7mmol l/l., Er-2.8., Le- 6.1., sugar level 2.8 mmol l/l, total bilirubin 7.5, nik romol 171, protein plasma 63g/l, urea 4,1 mmol, creatinine 66 micromol l/l., ALT

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133nkat. AST 266 nkat. sugar level control test 3.8 mmol l/l, urine normal. A surgeon examined the patient and determined a post-contusion state of the body and a post-fracture state of the fourth and eighth left ribs. Upon admission an electrocardiographic examination was made and the findings were regular: sinus noatrial node as the pace maker of the heart activity, and frequency about 65/min., negative T waves in D2,D3 while the results of the radiophotographic examination of the lungs were regular as well as the findings of the pulmonary segments examination. A radiologist examined the X-rays of the thorax and found the state characteristic for the fracture of the fourth and eighth left ribs. In addition a neuropsychiatrist examined the patient and found the patients neurological state normal and his mental state without any psychopathological symptoms. An echographic examination of the abdomen was made and gave the following results: the liver somewhat enlarged and lowered, homogenous and lighter in colour. The kidneys are large and well developed on both sides of the pyelocaliectasis system. The parenchyma is wider than normal. An edema of the medullary pyramids was found. In the lower left lobe of the kidney in the parenchyma a hyp... change was found the size of 1 cm. The urinary bladder was empty. During his stay in the hospital the patient received oral and parenteral hyperalimentation and analgetics and vitamins and oligo-elemenns and essential amino acids. Discharged as recuperated with the recommendation to be on home care and spared all physical or other activities for at least one more month and then to contact an internist for a check up and the required laboratory analyses.

Ljubisav N. Gavrić. M.D.  
specialist for internal diseases

N.B.: Officially authorized by the undersigned: The Discharge certificate could not be reproduced.

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STATEMENT

In the early morning hours of Monday, December 14, 1992, I was sleeping in my house in Sikirić. My father and brother were also in the house. Shooting in the village started around 6.00 a.m. I ran out into the yard and saw a Moslem machine gun firing from the direction of Salko Begzadić's house, which is some 300 meters distant from mine.

I called my father and told him to run away because the village had been attacked by Moslems. While he was leaving the house I fired some 10 bullets to frighten them. The shooting grew in intensity and did not stop, it came from all sides, also from the direction of the house of Desimir Matić, i.e. from the direction of the Moslem village of Pirići.

I set out towards my guard post and Mirko Petrović from Bjelovac (a settlement) came along running. He told me that he could not start his truck and that he was running to Bjelovac to get help. Running after him was Milovan Simić, wounded in two places, who said that a bullet had hit him and that "Turks" had entered the Serb houses there in Sikirić, from the direction of Salko Begzadić's house.

I went to the asphalt road and was joined by my father and brother and Milivoje Mitrović nicknamed "Miko". I saw a large group of Moslems coming towards us along the Drina river from the direction of Salko Begzadić's house. They were about 100-200 m. away. I saw when Rado Mitrović was killed and Dragica Nedeljković wounded. She is now in hospital in Valjevo. The Moslems were in fatigues and in civilian clothes. They were silent. I could not recognize anyone because of the distance and because it was early morning. I saw when Milivoje Mitrović was wounded near the Drina. We withdrew towards the village of Bjelovac. During the following night we crossed the Drina river, and spent the whole day hiding on its banks.

I know of no other particulars. I heard the voices of the Moslems from the asphalt road cursing; "F... their Chetnik mothers, let's take Bratunac".

That same evening, December 14, 1992, (actually during the day about 10 o'clock) we took the wounded to the Serbian side, and while they were on the right bank of the Drina they were shot at by Moslems from Bosnia from infantry weapons. On that occasion, in Serbia, 5 people were wounded, as well as Mladjen Nedeljković and Vidoje Ilić, both from Sikirić, who were driving the boat. I do not know the names of the wounded. In the evening, i.e. night the rest of us crossed over to Serbia by boat, after having taken care of the wounded first.

sgd. Predrag Nedeljković,  
born in 1963, from the  
village of Sikirić,  
commune of Bratunac

Milorad Nikolić, born in 1934  
in the village of Opravdići,  
commune of Bratunac, where he  
has permanent residence, farmer

STATEMENT

After on January 7, 1993, our Orthodox Christmas, Moslems hit and burned the village of Kravica and killed on that occasion a lot of Serb civilians, women, children and old people, to escape the Moslems, as I am old and infirm, as is my wife, I and my wife Milosava fled to the village of Zelinje.

On the next day, i.e. on January 8, 1993 we returned to our village and were in our house somewhere around 10 a.m. My neighbours Mitar Nikolić, his wife Radojka and other villagers returned to the village with me. We returned to the village so as to celebrate our patron saint's day, St. Steven. After we had coffee in the house I and my wife went to feed the livestock to our stable, some 300-400 m away from the house. When we approached the stable firing from small arms began from the direction of Mandići and Mrakovac hill. I was startled by the fire and I saw at a distance of around 200 m away as the crow flies a firing line of Moslems, who opened fire on us. Bullets ricocheted around us hitting the frozen ground. My wife started wending her way up the hill towards the house and I stayed there to try to give her cover while she advanced towards the house. Then I heard the Moslems shooting around our houses as well. As my wife had just gone home I ran up to see what was happening and I heard the Moslems shouting to each other that she was to be caught alive and I also heard bullets blasting somewhere about 50 m. away from me behind the houses. Because of the fire from small arms I could not see what was happening around the houses but I had to retreat towards the woods so as to save my life. At that point I lost all trace of my wife who was a very sick woman and could hardly move. Some time later I heard from my neighbours that the feeble Novak Simić, 60 years old and Vitomir Milanović, aged 48, were killed. I asked the villagers who were pulling out the dead bodies of these two men whether perhaps they had also found the body of my wife and they said that they hadn't although the whole area had been searched. On that day when the Moslems caught my wife they burned down my house and all the auxiliary structures around it, they drove away a team of oxen, one heifer and 18 sheep; before that they had plundered everything that could be taken away and they took it away using my cart. They also set fire to other houses, those of my neighbours, who were either alive or were killed.

Bratunac, February 5, 1993

Statement by:  
sgd. Milorad Nikolić