



25th ANNIVERSARY

REMEMBERING SREBRENICA

LETTERS FROM BOSNIA

Dear Friend,

Life before war in Tuzla was beautiful. Tuzla is one of the few bigger cities in Bosnia and Herzegovina and all three major nationalities have lived here in peace for so many decades.

At the end of 80s and the beginning of 90s, I finished my high school and all I could think about was which university to go to. My father's wish was that I became a teacher which is something I really did not want. My wish, ever since I was a child, was to become an engineer. And this wish soon became true. I started my studies at the University of Tuzla, Department of Technology.

After so many hours of learning and four years of studying, I finally graduated as an engineer of technology. However, life has never led me to work as an engineer but instead, my father's wish came true and I started working as a high school teacher, teaching subjects related to technology. Even today after so many years, I work as a teacher. I am really happy with that and my happiness grows with the fact that I made my dad's wish come true.

On the 25th May, 1995 - A beautiful and sunny day was born. A very special day to us all - the Day of the Youth (Dan Mladosti). I spent the entire day in my room, preparing myself for an exam I was supposed to take the next day. That night, I agreed to go out with my twin brother and our friends, to relax a bit and have some rest from studying all day. #

We arrived at a very popular place for young people called 'Kod kapije'(In front of the gate). Sometime near 8 p.m. we heard explosions coming from a distance. I didn't feel comfortable at all, however, we still remained sitting at café 'Kapija' and we drank coffee. Half an hour later, the explosions were getting more frequent. I was persistent in convincing them to get up and go home. We left at 8.45. My brother and our friends left through a small alley towards the 'Play off' café, and I took the next street where there is a small supermarket called 'Varteks'. We would meet at the end of those two streets.



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In the very same moment when we took our separate ways into the streets I could hear a thing anymore. I couldn't feel anything, just the big flash and blank.. A grenade fell on 'the gate'. The screams I heard back then I remember even today. I got up and started walking in a stumbling way towards the municipality building nearby. That is the place where they were taking the injured and dead. I feared for my brother's life.

I felt so tired and I had no strength to go to my house but instead I went to my friend's near the municipality building. At her place I found out that my brother was safe and sound but fearing for my life he went to look for me with our friends. Before he went, he came to my friend and explained what had happened and that many people died.

Later, we find out that 75 young people lost their lives there, including a 3-year-old boy as the youngest of victims. We managed to get home the next morning. Our mom was waiting for us at the door, half alive in fear for our lives. Six months after that, I couldn't go to town, only to the university facilities and back (and I passed that exam I was preparing on the day of the tragedy). It took me 10 years before I could pass through the same street and 'Kapija'(the gate). I just wish this never happens again to anyone!

What happened at 'Kapija' is something I rarely talk about, but still I talk because I don't want it to be forgotten, because there are just a few of us left alive and aware, who were witnesses of this horrific act. This event must not be forgotten because of all those innocent victims. It must not be forgotten because of the truth, and truth is the one thing that can take us the right way on which we can never let this evil happen again. That is why, I say let us talk and let the whole world hear, the world in which peace, love and respect of diversities will prevail.

Sincerely,

Vildana Huremović

Tuzla