

Annex 4

Prior to and following the Khmer New Year on [14 April 1975], Rockets B-40 were often targeted Phnom Penh from the eastern Mékong River. Power was cut off and bad news was looming: serial killings, plundering, food deprivation, etc.

On 17 April 1975, since dawn, noise of the carts, roaring tanks and armored vehicles, driven by the stony faced Khmer Rouge soldiers with black-colored clothes and Kramars (scarves) on their heads, were heard moving on the street.

All local people assumed that the war was over; they were standing by the streets, cheering happily and waving their white flags. But they were then chased to move in line along both sides of the streets, departing their children and grandchildren.

My father-in-law, who was over 70 years of age, unlocked the gate and went out to see the real incidents, but then disappeared ever since.

Seeing the undesirable situations, we (the parents) with our 11 children were packing up our stuff, unnoticed that one of the KR soldiers had already entered our residence through the gate where my father-in-law, Tep Ham, left to observe the actual happenings outside, and where he was taken away.

While I was unlocking my safe, I suddenly felt something heavy on my right shoulder. When I glanced at it, it was the rifle barrel. Then, I heard an order us to get out, or else we would be on our own risk. I was told and commanded to move out for a period of three days since it was cautious that the America would bomb the place.

This soldier violently grabbed my short-sighted glasses from my eyes, breaking them on the floor of my house. He shouted: "how dare I am to carry on wearing these glasses! The revolution has been so deadly fought for..."

While I was moving to pick up, squeeze and put the frame of my 18-gold glasses into my shirt's pocket, I with tears running down the cheeks replied that I had got short sighted eyes, so I could not see things clearly. Since then (until the return to Phnom Penh), [I have contracted cataract and suffered from a migraine].

My immediate family of 13 left our residence on 17 April 1975 at 9 a.m. under the threat of the KR soldiers' rifle barrel of the year 79. These soldiers wore black-colored clothes with red Kramars around their heads. All my 13 children blubbered because they feared that KR soldiers would shoot them death.

My husband UK Un, 52, was an engineer in agriculture, specializing in "Enterprise Management(Gestion des Entreprises)". He was at that time the President of the Director General of the Jute Company (Président Directeur Général de la Société Khmère de Jute, SOKJUTE), and the President of the Director General of the Rice Collection Company (SORAPAD). He was also a professor of the Agriculture University at Châmkar Daung and of Agriculture College at Prèk Leap.

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I was a teacher at Preah Reach Sâmphea High School at Kompot Province. I moved to Phnom Penh with my husband and worked in the Office of the Pedagogical Affairs, Edition Department, in Phnom Penh.

My 11 children are:

1. My first daughter UK Sontharak, 23, worked at ENAPHA.
2. My second daughter UK Monybopha, 20, studied at Archaeology College.
3. My third daughter UK Monysotha, 18, studied at Anuwat Pedagogy School.
4. My fourth daughter UK Tourany, 17, studies at Anuwat Pedagogy School.
5. My fifth daughter UK Sauvichan, 15, studied at Anuwat Pedagogy School.
6. My sixth daughter UK Lounekchan, 13, studied at Anuwat Pedagogy School.
7. My seventh daughter UK Sâmbunnary, 12, a grade 6 student at Yukunthor School.
8. My eighth son UK Onnaura, 10, a grade 3 student at Malyka Primary School.
9. My ninth son UK Onnaurith, 8, a grade 2 student at Malyka Primary School.
10. My tenth son UK Onnaurong, 6, a grade 1 student at Malyka Primary School.
11. My eleventh daughter UK Sâmbuny, 4, stayed at home.

We asked for a spacious vehicle so that we could put our children together and some of stuff in it. However, with their firm face, the KR soldiers said nothing but pointed their rifles to the Wolks Wagen. Quickly, my husband picked up our youngest daughter and put the stuff into the car. The Khmer Rouge soldiers then promptly pointed to the car and ordered us to leave immediately. So, we departed each other.

While my ten children and I were deserting our house, the Khmer Rouge soldiers shouted and ordered us to move back. At that moment, it was so fearful by their order to get them the keys for other two cars. After I handed them the car keys, we left our home quickly into the crowds and walked along Norodom Boulevard southward. The streets were swarming with people, who moved one step at a time under the fierce sunlight, and we came across corpses, which were shot death by the KR soldiers, lying on the streets. Witnessing the awful situations, neither we nor others dared to turn around and see things behind us.

My eldest daughter had a blackout, so we asked the KR soldiers who witnessed this and were following behind us to take a short rest in order to get her massaged and get her some air with Kramas. For about half an hour, my eldest daughter became conscious, so another KR soldier signaled us to move on.

We reached "Monivong" bridge at 2 p.m. The fire breaking out at a gas station had just been dying away. At this place, we saw corpses and dead pigs burned by the fire. Owing to our good deeds, we chanced upon the Wolks Wagen which my husband and my youngest daughter were riding. However, we were too afraid to express our joy. Slowly we tried to come as much closely as to the vehicle on the way to Ta Khmao. During that time, the KR soldiers standing guard at Monivong Bridge prevented us from going over it.

In the night of 17 April, we took a rest at Sâmbraong Pagoda, slightly down Ta Khmao. We cooked rice, and ate it with canned fish brought from home. We slept barely on the Viheara's (can be compared to "Church") terrace. In the silent night, the KR soldiers secretly listened whether we were chatting since the traditional medicines produced their smell through the Viheara's doors and windows.

In the dawn, the KR soldiers woke us up to carry on our journey. We were too afraid to delay the time, so we promptly continued our journey along the riverside, where we came across dead soldiers lying with their faces down to the earth, terrifying us even more.

On the third night, our vehicle's key was appropriated by a KR soldier. He/she started the engine and crashed the vehicle in the trunk of the mango tree. Then, the KR soldier opened its door and went away.

We were at one time permitted to stay at Prèk Sâmbraong and another at Prèk Kory, Saang District, Kandal Province. The village committee assigned work to every one of us, so we could see each other only at night. My older daughters crossed the river to its eastern bank in order to transplant rice. My two older sons left for Kraing Yauy, which was more than 20 kilometers away. My third son was known as the commune's child, and my youngest daughter joined the 'village children' unit, the so-called cow-dunk children (children whose work was to collect cow dung.). The father herded cows at "Tuol Yeay Pong" at the western rice field near "Thun Mun" Mountain. The mother reaped reed or transplanted rice at the western rice field. For reed reaping, we had to travel three kilometers by bicycles through the tracks along the tributary.

Later, my older daughters were assigned to build a Tuol Krâ Saing road at a unit, 30 kilometers away from home. My 7th daughter stayed at "Prek Thmei" Unit, 20 kilometers away from Prèk Kory. My ten year old son while herding cows got injuries on the right part of his face because the cows stamped on it. My 7th daughter had got a boil in one of her ear, so she asked permission to return home. When she returned to work, she was transferred to another unit on charge of indolence.

My children who stayed in the unit(s) were lucky to have rice, whereas my children in the village(s) could have only porridge and water lily and morning glory sour soup. Sometimes, they were allowed to have steamed maize and sour soup. I (the mother) lived at home at Prèk Kory with my 2nd daughter since she kept coughing and contracted asthma. She worked in the village with 'Old Women' Unit.

Every morning, on the other side of the river, there were groups of people swarming down the river. It was heard that they were transported by a ship. Then the ship returned with their stuff such as clothes, cushions, blankets..., supplying villagers with such stuff.

My son Uk Onnaura, who was over ten years of age, was assigned to reap corn in a flooded farm. He left one piece of corn unpicked and as a result, the chief of the unit hung it on his neck and made him swim along the flooded farm. He was exhausted and

choked with water. It was on the verge of death that he was helped out of the water. I did not witness this situation, but I was divulged by a base people, who felt sympathetic on my family.

My two sons, Naura and Naureth, had to work at Trâ Paing Chouk pagoda. One base people's child implored and bribed them with a banana so that they fabricated a letter to visit the village. The unit chief tracked information and found out about that. He/she then took my two sons and deposited them with no food in an old stupa full of humans' excrement. On the second day, this matter was revealed to me by a base people. Hence, I acted as if I had had a toothache so that I could have the permission to see a dentist at Prek Tauch. I walked over 5 kilometers on a footpath along the tributary. When I met the unit chief, I, out of anger, said: "A local people's child, not my sons, should be reproached since they fabricated the letter for fear that they were mistreated. It is the local people's child who should be punished. Why should my sons?" That was the feeling of the mother who was not afraid of anything for the sake of her children. Unfortunately, I was reproached by the unit chief, saying "Yeay(Old woman) were too liberal to come here to complain. Get back to your place quickly!" I sat down and begged the unit chief until he released my two sons out of the stupa.

Following that day, my 3rd son, Naurong, fell sick and was hospitalized. He was ferried the unit chief from Kraing Yauy rice field and was about to be killed. My son pretended to be unconscious and lent an ear to the unit's doctor saying: "This child is absolutely ill and has got fever for 4 to 5 days. He does not pretend to be sick. He should be brought back to the unit". My son accidentally vomited. Witnessing this situation, an order was made to make a return. I have not seen all of these children ever since.

In August 1977, the Prèk Kory commune called my husband from the place where he was herding to the commune office. It was at that place he got up onto the truck to Phnom Penh. I could meet my husband for only about half an hour. Then, the truck left.

Half a month later, my 2nd daughter, Monybopha, my youngest daughter, Buny, and I were ferried to Koh Khsach Chunlea, a prison without wall, where only troops' wives and "New People" or "17 April people" lived. A can of rice was cooked with water lily in a big bowl, and we were served with this. This watery porridge was spooned into a big container lying on a cart, which was pushed towards workstations. When the cart arrived at any workstations, everyone brought their cans and reached for the ration, which was stirred with a big spoon or sometimes with a stick removed from the gate. Everyone picked up bitter or even tamarind leaves and squeezed chilli in it. We would be blamed when found doing that.

There was a lady, who picked up two unripe saporillas. She was ordered to dig a pit, where she was struck into. All people living on that island were waiting the time to be killed.

Sometimes steamed white corn was offered with four or ten big pieces of salt, but other time only watery porridge with salt. Every one tried to save up the salt. To fill our

stomach, I secretly picked up a wood apple and ate with stolen salt from the eating hall. My body, legs and arms swelled. I developed hemorrhoids and hemorrhage, and wounds on my body were getting worse. Every time the militia patrolled the place, and every one of us (prisoners on the island) *snaer* (requested) this and that (the word '*snaer*' was used in the Khmer Rogue period), even the tamarind leaves to be boiled to clean wounds. Before we were given, we were reproached that this was a social disease (Syphilis) as the result from husband's immoral pleasure. Medics went around and delivered a spoonful of medicine made from flour, black pepper and coconut oil, to be mixed with pepper and apply on wounds. My daughter suffered from asthma and fever, and could not go to work. The medics witnessed the real situation and gave the medicine made from flour. She was getting thinner and stayed at home, and I went to work, leaving my daughter behind.

Perhaps in the beginning of 1978, "Angkar" collected children in the village. This information was revealed and whispered from one to another. My youngest daughter lived at one end of the island. People who had their children there sneaked to see them. For me, I could not catch up with others since on one hand my elder daughter got a fever, and on the other my legs were getting swelling. On top of this, I could not see anything at night. I could use only my hands to reach for tree trunks and earth to guide me. I left my home at one or two and I reached the pier at 5 a.m., where I met my daughter. No matter how serious I was reproached, I lifted up my hands putting them together and implored to see my children.

Young children were also ferried to the western bank, the road to Prèk Tauch. In fact, I and you (children) as well requested others to ferry us across the river, albeit under the threat of the chief of the children unit. But suddenly, perhaps there was something wrong since the unit committee whispered each other and ordered to collect children back.

One day at 2 p.m., the unit committee came to write down our biography (I could not recall my exact date of birth). Then, at 1 in the morning, the unit committee came to wake me up and asked me to board a small ferry to Koh Kor (down the Koh Khsach Chunlea) where there were only old women. Some people got the information in advance, so they went secretly to get their children home. My 2nd daughter and I boarded a small ferry and could not manage to collect my youngest daughter at the unit at one end of the island because my legs were getting swelling and made me unable to walk. In addition to this, my daughter was also sick.

The small ferry boat hit the "Prâteal mango tree's trunk". The children were asked to leave the boat for the western bank of the river in order that the mothers could be taken to "Koh Kor" to be killed.

Accidentally, the commune committee arrived and cried out to request *Yeay* (Old women) unit to transplant in the "Prèk Teahean Sao". All the old ladies were so happy since they could survive again. However, we only looked into each other faces for fear that the plan would be changed.

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My legs got swelling, and I was almost not able to move my legs. It was my daughter helping me out of this. There were almost twenty of old women in this *Yeay* Unit. They had to travel 8 kilometers from the river bank towards the National Road 1. Nevertheless, we were so delighted since we could survive.

We stayed at "Prèk Teahean Sao" for over one month. Then my daughters, ten old ladies and I were ferried towards Prèk Tauch, after which we were transported by an enclosed truck towards Prèk Slèng past Tuol Krâsaing. When we reached Tuol Krasang, Pol Pot's clique ordered us to lay on the floor of the truck because some of us including me had children who came here to build the road at there. However, until the liberation day on '7 January' did I realize that four of my children died long time ago, leaving only five of them who promptly ran to hug me after seeing me.

The truck, which loaded old ladies, stopped on the road to Takeo at Prèk Slèng, Kandal Stoeng district, Kandal province, at about 10 at night. They were sent to 'Porn Chan' village, and then the day after they were assigned to take care of young children.

Every morning, I saw men and women walked in line past this village. I, then, asked local peoples secretly. They replied that they "went to build". I did not understand the meaning as if it referred to an education place. They were never seen back. Later, I recalled "Tonle Bati Center". The people, who went there, never made their return. I was secretly told.

One week later, I was asked to attend a meeting at an eating hall. It was my time! Absolutely! I was accused that I wanted to run away and that I betrayed the Revolution! I answered that it was not true since I had got swollen legs and my daughter was hospitalized in the district. I, therefore, could not run away. Just after my reply, there was a snack, raising its head from the ground, near a coconut oil lamp. The meeting was then adjourned.

One day later, both my swollen knees and legs were even worse, so I asked to be hospitalized. On the second night, I missed my five year old youngest daughter at Koh Khsach Chunlea when seeing a young girl had got stomachache. An old lady gave her the massage. The young girl shouted to stop the massage since it really hurt her. Hearing that, I went to help her. I did not apply a strong massage but a lower one. The girl then said lowly that she was ok now. Then the chief doctor promptly went to ask me what I did on the girl to make her pain stop.

I was whispered secretly that I would not be safe here. Then, the day after, I made a run. I was so frightened so I discussed with my sick daughter. My daughter then decided that we woke up in the early morning and ran away from this hospital. We asked for a ride on the ox cart carrying cow dug toward Phnom Sa-ang. We carried cow dung on our heads and walked on the way to Sa-ang. We gave our gold to others.

God helped us! When we woke up in the dawn, we saw a truck being reversed. This truck was loading cow dung. I then asked for a lift that: "Comrades! I have now completed the plan and was ordered to return to Koh Khsach Chunlea." The driver did not ask for any

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letters, but allowed my daughter and me to get into the front cabin. Then, the truck departed.

When we reached the place, we asked to be ferried to Koh, telling the unit chief that the Prèk Slèng District committee allowed me and my daughter to go back following our completion. Perhaps we were suspected, seeing them looking into each other's faces.

I went to see my daughter at Chong Koh, and I started to work as normal. Clothes which were offered but not allowed to bring along with us, were all stolen.

One day, my youngest son, Naurong, got permission to visit his mother.

It was in late 1978 that we could see light from the southern island. Sound of arsenal attacks were heard, so I whispered my two children that there was a war to liberate us. The light was brighter and brighter and the sound of the arsenal attacks was even louder. There was turmoil the day after, and there was information that Angkar made a kind of ball sweet made from ground beans and boiled with sugar and coconut milk. Some said they had ten balls, and some twenty. But there was information not to eat the sweet since it was said there was poison in it. The unit and militia committees escaped. People remaining at the place opened the door and witnessed only containers full of DDT powder.

My survived children swam across the river to see their mother. I lost six children, my first, third, fourth, fifth, sixth daughter and my eighth son. We together cried and called for the dead.

We, six people, packed up our stuff and clothes. We paid the boat fee with our hidden gold and were carried to the other side of the river towards Prèk Kory. Following a two night stay, posts of commune chiefs, district heads, school principals, etc. were recruited. Vietnamese soldiers went to Phnom Penh. Khmer Rogue soldiers left the jungle to kill and hunt for new people who had been just selected. Khmer Rogue gathered the survived old ladies, youth, young women, my children and me in order to keep in a school. We all survive. The situation was so fearful.

I knew that the situation was not so good because a former Khmer Rogue soldier, Ham, searched for me and asked me to join the meeting at dusk. Feeling pity on my family, one local family using the ox cart drove us out of Prèk Kory through Prèk Tauch. The Khmer Rogue soldier Ham rode his bicycle to chase us. He reached us when we arrived at Prèk Tauch. But, the local family behaved bravely, having a long knife near them. Then, Ham went out of sight. I owed much debt to this family, one of whom was a woman named *Yeay Mai* (She passed away) and another was a man called Van Thorn.

I stayed at Ta Khmao for about two months and then took my children to Prèk Takong in front of Kilometer 7 (Chraing Samreh). After about two months I went into Phnom Penh.

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I together with my five children stayed in a house provided by the Education Ministry. My children went to school and I went to work as a librarian in Chaktomok School in June 1979.

I once made a request to the International Red Cross to search for my husband, and I got a reply in two month that it was not able to find him. My family of thirteen until the liberation remains only 5, so we have lost six people altogether in the Democratic Kampuchea better known as Khmer Rogue. Other families have also lost many members of their families. We request the Court to seek justice for me. As a result of this sorrow, I have fallen ill chronically until today.