

Unedited Case Studies Used for Lesson

Rated PG-13

Rebecca Ayuen Deng was captured by Popular Defense Force (PDF) troops at her home in Ayakhons, Sudan, near Nyamlell during the great National Islamic Front (NIF) offensive of May 1998. She was one of the thousands who was not given to a private master as a chattel slave, but was placed by the NIF military in a high security concentration camp as a slave of the Sudanese state. With the help of Christian Solidarity International (CSI), she was able to escape and is now reunited with her husband and children:

"I was at my home when the soldiers came in groups. Some were on foot, horseback and in armored cars. There were about 12 cars in all. They took cattle, goats, young women and children. Children were burned alive as they hid in the grass. Some of the soldiers caught me. They beat me and tore off my clothes. They tied the hands of small boys to the horses, and took us to Nymlell. There, we had to stay at the old British Commissioners compound. PDF security men guarded us. About 55 people from my village were captured and taken there. Nyamlell was full of abducted people. All of us were naked. We were kept in Nyamlell for four or five days. We couldn't move away and we were beaten. The whole time we were in Nyamlell we were not given any food.

"When it was time for us to leave Nyamlell, we were divided into small groups. We had to walk naked in the hot sun for days, with out any food. After several days on foot, we reached Diabe at the River Kiir, and had to stay in a pen for two days. Then we were again divided up and put in trucks. It was terrible. People were sitting on each other. One mother complained to the guards about people sitting on her small child. She thought her child would die. The guards punished her by giving her a beating. Then they threw the child off the moving truck. Then we went on to Ed Daein. There we were taken to the Commissioner's house for distribution. The healthiest and fittest women and children were given to various masters. The ones that were not so fit were sent to the camp. I was one of the least fit because I had given birth shortly before all this. I was taken to Khor Omer camp. ('Khor Omer' is the local name of the camp. Its official name is Asaliah Camp.) It was about one hour walk from Ed Daein. All people in the camp were from Nyamlell, Gok Machar, Sokobat, Marial Bai and other places in Aweil West County. Khor Omer camp is guarded by the PDF security men, and is controlled by the Governor of Darfur to run the camp. They invited an organization called Dawa Islamiyya to run the camp. The Dawa Islamiyya people were all Arabs. They pay money for captured children and called them orphans. At the camp, the children are separated from their mothers (if their mothers are there.) The children have to stay at the khalwa (Koranic School.) The women are taken to farmers to work in the field or to homes to do cleaning and laundry. Some of the women said that others were shot dead when they tried to escape. My job was to cook at the khalwa.

"Just a few days before I escaped, the Governor of Darfur and the Commissioners of Ed Daein and Atak came and held a big rally for all the captives. They told us that all the captives were taken from the rebels, and would have to swear that they had become Muslims. They also said that the women would be married off to Muslim men. If I had been left there, I would have had to become a Muslim. I escaped in the middle of September. I was relieved to get away. When I got back, I found that we had lost everything we had. All our grain and cattle was taken. But I am very happy to be back in my own land with my husband and children."

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Simon Manut Magog Kur - a young teenager from Bac, Sudan, captured around 1993:

"I was sitting with five friends, when we saw Arabs coming on horses. We ran in different directions. Four men in uniform caught me. They lashed me with long sticks. I think the other boys escaped. They tied my hands together and then tied them to a horse. I had to run after the horse all the way to the North. I went with a big group of people who were being taken just like me. On the way, I was beaten and had to run. They gave me no food and only a little water. The whole time I was afraid they would kill me. I was taken to small village on the other side of Meiram. It was called Sahfom. My master was Mahmoud. He called me Mohammed. He had cattle and goats. I had to look after them. Mahmoud was not a kind man. He gave me his leftovers to eat, and did not allow me to sleep in the house. I had to sleep outside, on the ground, in the cow pen. He never gave me money. He would beat me whenever I failed to perform a task well. One day, Mahmoud took me to khalwa and left me there. The khalwa was near to his village. There were lots of children there. All of them were Dinkas, but all the children were given Muslim names. They said that if we had a name like Mohammed, then we would be Arabs. They did not allow us to speak Dinka to each other, but we did so in secret. They gave me a little food, and I had to learn Arabic, the Koran and Muslim prayers. They taught us also about jihad. They said if you kill someone in jihad, you will go to the house of God. They told us we would be taken to the South to fight in the jihad. I did not want to learn, and did not learn these things well. I couldn't understand. I was often lashed because I did not understand the teaching. Lashing was the usual punishment. Sometimes they would put our legs in chains, so that we had to hop to get around. Once, I refused to sit down and learn like everyone else. They then beat me with a stick on the backside and put my legs in chains for one day. It happened sometimes that there were boys who would rather die than stay there. They would take these boys away, and we would never see them again. I think that they killed them."

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Akuei Dut Akot - a young teenager from Bac, Sudan, who was enslaved in 1995:

"I was captured about three years ago. Arabs came on horseback and burned everything. I tried to run away, but they got me. One of the soldiers said I was an SPLA soldier and shot me between the legs. The bullet just missed my private parts and went through the upper part of the inside of my leg. When I got to the North, one of the Arab chiefs brought me some medicine for the wound. It healed well. I was taken to the house of Mahdi. I worked there. I washed clothes and looked after his children and cows. His son was bigger than me and was very bad. He would pick fights and threaten to kill me with a gun. I don't know the name of Mahdi's village. I was never allowed to go away from the house. One day Mahdi said that I should become Muslim, and he took me to khalwa. It was run by Fekki (teacher) Mahdi. They called me Ibrahim. The whole time I was there, I never felt like a Muslim, because I am a Christian. I was baptized when I was young. At the khalwa, they taught us the Koran and about jihad. They said if you kill someone in jihad, you will become a famous man. They said the jihad is against the blacks like me. They said that Christianity is bad and that Islam is the best. The worst thing about being there was the beating. If you didn't learn well they would beat you. On the first day I was at the khalwa, they put me in chains on both legs. I had to wear them for two days. I still have scars

from where they rubbed into my skin and made me bleed. Once, I was beaten so badly that I fainted. I thought I was going to die. I am sure they killed some of the boys. There were three boys who refused to learn and started to throw stones at the masters. I know the names of two of the boys because they were my relatives -- Tong Akot (Sadiq) and Akok Akot (Mahmoud). They grabbed the boys, and afterwards a car came to take them away. Afterwards, we were all assembled together, and Fekki Mahdi told us that the boys were taken to the bush and had their throats slit. He said that was the punishment for disobedience -- if you disobeyed it might happen to you that very night. Every Friday, big people from the Jihad organization would come to the khalwa. They preached to us. They said: 'You are Muslims, and when you have finished khalwa you will join us in the jihad.' I am so happy that I have been able to come back. I have already seen my mother and father. My parents could never have paid to get me back."

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Lual Garang Athian - a boy from Warawar, Sudan, who was enslaved two years ago:

"I was caught when I was sent by my mother to Warawar market to buy tea and sugar. I was walking in the bush when I was surrounded by men in uniforms on horses. I ran, but couldn't get away. Two others were caught at the same time. They tied my hands between my legs, and threatened to shoot me if I didn't go. One of the others was a big man. He refused to go and three soldiers cut his throat right in front of me. On the way, sometimes I walked and sometimes I was put on a horse. When I was on foot and couldn't keep up, the soldiers beat me. Once a soldier beat me on the head with a big stick. It caused me to be blind in my eye. [One eye is rolled back in the socket.] When he did this, another soldier called out: 'Beat him and let him die.' They took me to Goth. My master was Bashir Abdallahman. He called me Mahmoud Bashir. I looked after his goats all day, until 7:00 at night. He gave me little food for this work. I always felt hungry. He beat me a lot. Bashir took me to a khalwa called Abu Jaber. It is north of Adeela. The head man is Fekki Issam. They preached to us, but I didn't like it and didn't want to learn Arabic. I am a Christian. Once they gave me so much work, I had to take horses to get water. When I came back one of the teachers, Abdelrahman Mohamed Civili said that the horses did not get enough water. He beat me and put my legs in chains for a day and a half. The trader that brought me back was very kind. He fed us. [Lual tries to hold the tears back, but they begin to stream down his cheeks.] I am crying because I will now go home and see my family. I am so happy. But I am also crying because I am sad and angry about the bad things those people did to me. They took my eye from me.

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Madut Geng Madut - a 17 year-old boy from Warawar, Sudan:

"I was captured by Arab attackers in March 1999 in Warawar. A large group of us was tied together with a rope and taken to Meiram, I first met Musa who became my new master. Musa was an Islamic teacher. He taught me and about 100 others the Islamic religion. Musa had constructed a large building with a grass roof. I was called a khalwa. We spent most of the day there. We had to call Musa our 'father.' When it became clear that I was unable to learn Arabic, Musa became very angry. My legs were tied together. I was beaten and put in a cattle camp. The other slaves who managed to learn

Arabic were kept separately and are still with Musa. I remember that Musa had three dogs, I was treated far worse than these dogs. They received more food and were spoiled by him. I was not allowed to speak in Dinka to other children. I don't know where my parents are. The first thing I will now do is to try to find them.

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Arek Lual Madwok - from Wakabil, Sudan and her 5-year-old son, Madut Deng Kwan were redeemed on a CSI visit and were reunited on the following day with Arek's sister Achak Lual Madwok with whom they are temporarily living:

"The Arabs came to Wakabil at the end of the last dry season [May 98]. They came on foot and on horses. We heard guns and saw smoke. There was fighting between the Arabs and the SPLA. Everyone was running in different directions. My children and I hid in the grass, but they set it on fire. Two of my boys ran away from me and were burnt in the fire. Four of my other children and I were captured. The walk to the North was horrible. We were given hardly any food. Manut almost died on the way. We reached Daein and were divided up. Manut and I went to the home of Harun in Daein. He was one of the militiamen. The other children were given to another master. I don't know what happened to them. I did all sorts of work in Harun's home. I fetched water, cleaned the house, washed the clothes and took out the rubbish. He always gave me very hard work, and would beat me with a stick if I was too tired to continue. You can see this scar on my head. This was from one of his beatings. Manut had to work too. He had to look after sheep. We were given leftovers and food that had fallen on the ground to eat. We had to sleep in the donkey shed. Harun called me Fadhna. He called Manut Mohammed. I was ordered to pray like a Muslim. They would beat me when I would not pray like that. I am a Christian, but I could not practice my religion. There was no one to show the way. A trader came to take Manut and me away. It took us about 14 days to get back. The trader gave us grain and ground nuts to eat along the way. I am very happy to be back. I can live in freedom here. It is much better here than in the North, even though there is little food. I am worried because I have stomach pains. I was healthy when I was captured, but now I am sick. I am also worried that the Arabs might come again and take me away. I don't know where my husband is. He was away looking for food in Wangtiet when we were captured. I have not had any news of him. I will now start to build a shelter and try to find some seeds for planting next year. Please thank all the people who helped me come back. I pray to God that all the children will come back, and that you will continue your work and be strong.

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Deng Alor Garang - a 12-year-old and his 14-year-old brother, Aluk Alor Garang, were enslaved during a raid on their village, Bac, Sudan in 1994. They were reunited with their mother, Abuk Dhieu Guot, the day after their redemption. Their mother knew that they had not been killed in the raid because a boy who escaped said he saw her boys being tied to a rope and taken away. They explained what happened to them:

Aluk: "We were playing in a field with other boys when the Arabs came. There were so many I couldn't count them all. Some were in uniform and others were in jellabeyas. They burnt houses down. Deng and I were caught together with a friend named Garang. Garang escaped. We had to walk

through fields of dead bodies. Some were Arabs, others were Dinkas. It was many days before we reached Babanusa. All the people were divided up there."

Deng: "Our master was Mohammed Abakir. He lives in Babanusa. He is a shopkeeper, but I have never seen his shop. We were never allowed to go there. We had to look after cattle and gather grass and fetch water for the horses. Our master gave us Muslim names. Mine was Hanur and Aluk's was Ibrahim. He forced us to go to khalwa in the evenings, after work. I did not want to go. We had to bow and pray like Muslims. We had to sleep with the cattle, and were given only remnants of food to eat. If we disobeyed, they would beat us. They also put us in chains. This happened to me twice when I was sick and did not cut grass. My legs were put in chains and my hands were tied. I had to get around by jumping. We were not allowed to speak Dinka, only Arabic. We were beaten for speaking Dinka to each other. Even though it was forbidden, we would speak Dinka when we were alone in the fields or at night. We wanted to escape, but we were afraid Mohammed would kill us. Whenever our master was angry with us, his children would be angry with us too. He had three Arab wives and a lot of children. We could speak with the children, but we could not eat with them."

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