

Exhibit A

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION



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Source File Information
Audio

VERBATIM TRANSLATION

Participants

Special Agent	SA	Esther W. Mungai	EM
Interpreter	UM1	Grace Wanjiru Njuguna	GN
Unknown Male	UM2	Lucy Wanjiku	LW
David Mbukiza	DM	Mateso Sileti	MS

Descriptions

Italics *English*
Underlined Kikuyu

“Underlined text does not denote any special emphasis. It is used exclusively for foreign language identification.”





Abbreviations

[UI]	Unintelligible
[IA]	Inaudible
[PH]	Phonetic
[OV]	Overlapping Voices

[TN: A Nissan matatu is a 14 seater vehicle usually used for public transportation in Kenya.]

[TN: Githeri is a Kikuyu word which is a staple dish that is made up of corn and beans.]



MAH00009- DAVID MBUKIZA

SA: *Good Afternoon Mr. David Mbukiza.*

SA: *An American citizen has pled guilty to being part of the group of Al-Shabaab fighters that attacked the village of Mpeketoni in June of 2014. This individual will be sentenced by a judge in the United States. This is your opportunity to tell the judge, who will decide the sentence, how that attack affected you and your family. Please feel free to tell your story and say what you would like the judge to know.*

DM: [clears throat]

UM1: Um--Hello Mr. David.

DM: I am very fine.

UM1: Eh—um--an American citizen pled guilty to being—to being a part of the--uh-uh--the group Al-Shabaab which attacked Mpeketoni—uh--in June, the month of—in the year 2014. This suspect will be charged by a judge in America and this is your time to tell the judge, who will pass the sentence on this case—uh--about the events that took place. It is important for you to explain how you and your family were affected, and—uh--feel free to explain—uh—uh-- your report so that the judge can be informed—uh--through that—uh--by your report.

DM: Thank you.

UM1: Welcome.

DM Thank you. [pause] I recall very well that day, June 14, 2014 on a Sunday. We were watching a soccer match at the video shop. It was during the second half at *halftime* when we went outside to take a break while the match was going on. When we got outside there were gunshots and a house on fire. Everyone started running for his safety. My neighbor Anthony Kahindi who has a motorbike told me that we should go home quickly because it was unsafe. We got on the motorbike and at a distance of 200 meters, we came across a Nissan vehicle stopped on the road. Individuals dressed in *jerseys* similar to those worn by the police started stopping us but we did not stop. I told my friend—he asked me if he should stop, but I told him we should not stop. I told him we should overtake them when they slow down their motorbike, and then we would proceed with our journey. He did that and as soon as he did, those who were in the vehicle broke the car windows and started shooting at us as they pursued us in the car—the Nissan. They pursued us for about 500 meters and that is when they hit my leg



because the Nissan was right there [points to his left side] and we were right here [points to this left]. They hit my leg. When they hit my leg, the motorbike lost control because the whole back tire was hit, and then they began shooting at the individual who was driving the motorbike on the *right shoulder*. He was unable to control the motorbike and we fell down. I did not *realize* the pain, I stood up and ran. After about 100 meters, I felt the leg had weakened, only to realize that the leg had faced backwards, this bone [pointing] had broken and turned backwards. I dragged and rolled myself a little and hid behind a bush there. But when my neighbor got up and ran they saw him because the moon was shone, and they began following him. I slept there until the following day at 8:00 am. Lo and behold as I slept there the blood was flowing to the road. When the neighbors came to see what was happening there, they followed the blood flow and found me sleeping in the bushes. They then called the Red Cross who took me to the Mpeketoni Divisional Hospital. On getting there, they had hit the transformer and there was no power. I was therefore taken to a blood hospital called [UI]. I stayed at [UI] for two weeks and then I was transferred to Mombasa General Hospital. There I got orthopedic metal pieces surgically placed in my leg and I have had them for over a year...Up to that point I was working as a—I was working at the County Government as a plant operator and as a part time barber sometimes—a *barber*. Now I cannot because a tractor...drive a tractor because it uses brakes with the right leg and also the tractor brakes are really tough because of this bone. Therefore I am not working at that job...I am doing nothing to this day. I cannot stand on this leg for more than two hours because it starts aching. Even when I came here I felt it get really cold. That is it.

UM1: How about your family, your children? How many children do you have?

DM: The children? [OV]

UM1: What are their ages [UI]?

DM: The child is eight years now--

UM1: [IA]

DM: --and the child was in private school but I was forced to take the child out of private school because my wife has no job. Since I got injured to this day they have just been washing people's clothes here and there and if I say that I will go do that job I cannot, so we are just there....we pay rent. Therefore I cannot even perform that 2 hour job at the barber's. Now I look for work that is 2 hours long...I work for an hour, then I go back home and sleep.





UM1: Uh--how has it affected you...during...you and your family—uh—in the area of—uh--psychologically?

DM: For example myself whenever anyone heard I was travelling coming here they told me not to come. They would say this road is always under attack and you will be hit again. Also while my child is in school his friends tell him, “Al-Shabaab are coming and they will hit your dad’s other leg. Al-Shabaab are coming and they said they will finish where they started.” Now that thing, when the child is [IA], the child tells me that. Now that is the thing that really bothers the child psychologically.

UM1: Regarding the children’s schooling?

DM: The child was going to a private school but I took the child out and took the child to a public school [pause] due to the money issues.

UM1: [long pause] [pages turning]
Uh... is there anything else you would like to add regarding these events, regarding how these events have affected you?

DM: I just pray if there is justice, let it be done. [pause]

UM1: *So he is done.*

SA: [IA]

UM1: *Yeah.*

SA: *Alright, thank you very much for speaking with us today, and unless there is anything else that you wish to add, we will conclude the statement at this--at this time.*

UM1: He is grateful that you were able to get here and give your reports. If there is anything that you would like to add, you still have time.

DM: No, I am okay.

SA: [OV] Thank you very much.

DM: Thank you.

MAH00007- ESTHER W. MUNGAI





SA: *Good Morning Mrs. Esther Mungai. An American citizen has pled guilty to being part of the group of Al-Shabaab fighters that attacked the village of Mpeketoni in June of 2014. This individual will be sentenced by a judge in the United States. This is your opportunity to tell the judge, who will decide the sentence, how that affect--did your life and your family. Please feel free to tell your story and say what you would like the judge to know.*

UM1: Uh-Esther Mungai-uh-welcome. Uh-uh-there is a suspect, an American citizen, who pled guilty to-uh-being part of the Al-Shabaab group which attacked the village of Mpeketoni in June-uh-in the year 2014. Uh-this suspect will be sentenced by a judge in America, and this is an opportunity-is your opportunity to explain to the judge who will be able-uh-uh-to pass a sentence-uh-based on-hm-uh-the incident that took place. Uh-it is-uh-you are required to explain-uh-how you and your family have been affected. Uh-therefore feel free-uh-to explain the facts pertaining to the incident that took place, so that the judge can explain-understand that incident. Welcome.

EM: Thank you. [pause]
Eh-it was at 8:30, on Sunday—on the tenth and-and--it was---on the 15th in June. At that time I was-at that-that time I was there outside. I lived there in Mpeketoni town. I heard gunshots go off-on the side of-this side [pointing to her left] because I was facing that way. I heard the gunshots go off really loudly. I now waited for it because I had never heard a gunshot sound like that one. I waited, and waited, and waited. As I was waiting—I live by the road...there was a *guest* house close to where I renting a house. Now I saw guns firing at that *guest* house. It looked like *stars* shooting out-ah!-I went back to the house. When I got in the house I locked the door and looked through the window since the moon was bright. On looking, I saw a group of about thirty people approaching carrying guns and they were covered up [gesturing to her face]. Their clothing resembled that of the people in the *forest*. I saw one had a flag—he was holding it up like this [holds right hand up] leading. When they got closer-there was a car by the roadside, and about three other cars-they set it on fire. They put something in the car that released fire. As it released the fire they laughed-they were laughing out loud. They came closer. There is a *guest* house that is close by me now. There were about-about six tractors and about two lorries. One was close by me-at the place I was renting. They came very close. They now came as-as close as here outside. I was just peeking at them--they set it on fire. They spoke a language that sounded like Somali--and they laughed a lot. Once they had burned those vehicles, they then went to the road. Now there, about ten steps forward was the firing of gunshots-twa-twa-twa-twa-they were moving along—as they moved along they fired shots. When they found a *guest* house they fired at it. They went around the



[REDACTED]

road—they went on—they got to a house that was—that was called *Monica Guest House*. Now that is where they killed 12 people. They were laid down—and shot at while lying there. At around midnight, because I had not slept, they went around to the other road. There--now that is where my husband was--he was in a car—because he was with his friends. They were drinking and my husband had too much to drink. After having too much to drink, my husband told them, “Now let me go to the car and when you are done you will find me there.” When those gunmen got close to that—that bar they came out and started pulling my husband—my husband was completely drunk. They got out of the house, closed the door and turned the lights out. They then came and burned that vehicle. Now--now that is 2:00 a.m.—it is 3:00 a.m. In the early dawn at 5:00, I went out to the road. Upon going out to the road, the first vehicle I saw was a police car. Now they were driving around in their vehicle in order to collect the dead bodies because it was—it was—when you ran into them they--they shot at you. I followed along. We followed the vehicle with very many people--we were following along and when we saw a body we picked it up together and put it in the car. We took about twenty bodies to the mortuary. On arriving, I heard that there was a man—a man that had been burned severely. Since I was not with my husband--he worked at a place called Mkoe. The previous morning we agreed that he was leaving. He met with his friends—he had come to collect some items to install electricity that were coming in from Nairobi. That is where he said, “Let us rest here.” Now on hearing there was a man, I asked what his name was—“It is Maina.” Now I went to take a look and saw my husband. I asked them and they said, “This is our craftsman and we were--we were together.” On looking at this—looking I saw it was husband and he was completely burned—because I had called his phone but it went straight to voicemail. I inquired after what they were saying because we did not agree that he would come back—we agreed that--that he had already gone. Then I heard that he had not gotten to his destination, he was right there when the attack took place.

Now I--my life was now over because he was the sole breadwinner, and I have four children: the first child was born in 1985, the second one was born in 1987, the third was born in 1991, and the fourth child was born in 1996. Now they--my children experienced hardship. We went with them and witnessed that their father was dead; he had been burned. Now my life became extremely difficult—because even the place where I lived--we lived with the father--the children’s grandfather, was a shared farm. My husband did not have anything. He worked as a *mason* on odd jobs here and there, and I at that time since he made money today and the following day he did not, I decided to go to town and sell porridge. I would cook some porridge and sell it by the roadside--so that I would make a little money, and if my husband got some money we would put it together and get something

significant. Now when he was gone—my husband--my life became extremely difficult. The children have already started their studies. They do not have money for college--some of the children are now in the 11th grade—the youngest one—I worried-worried-worried—that is, over life. Therefore, I realized that my life had completely deteriorated, and my children-I was--I was--I was--I was--I was--I brought my children close and told them, “Let us wait for God because God is the one who helps, and he is the one who blesses. Let us wait for Him until the end of days.” [pause] *Maybe*--I do not know if I have—

UM1: Mm--did you have a farm or a place to stay?

EM: [OV] Pa—

UM1: [OV] How did you live?

EM: --The place where we lived was given to me—I had—the man of—my husband--I mean my father in law has a farm. He had given me an area to build on. When his child now--my husband died--the father-our father and our girls, that is his family, they started insulting me—he even insulted the children. Now I realized it was better if I moved them and went to *town* to *rent*--so that I could-I could be happy. Therefore my children--I am with them there in the *town*—I live with them--I do not a have a place to stay--I live there where I *rent* a house.

UM1: Uh--how much is the *rent*?

EM: Every month I *rent*—I pay 2,000 in *rent*.

UM1: 2,000?

EM: M-hum.

UM1: Uh--and in a day--how much do you make in a day?

EM: In a day when I sell that porridge--because it depends on the mood—there are times-you go-you find people have--are thirsty—you find that the profit is-if you get a huge one, it is 200. Therefore in a month I have 6,000.

UM1: And is that money enough to take the children to school?

EM: That money does not suffice because—I—I save 100 daily. There is a bursary that is delivered there where I fill out a form-that-that assists out with about 5,000--*boarding* is 800—8,000. Now I find I get a little boost from that, but when it

[REDACTED] / [REDACTED]

comes to food we do not get enough to eat. I cook maize and beans because that is simple food so that--I may at least get some soap to wash them--to help them.

UM1: You said one of the children was doing--Was the child taking an examination?

EM: My first child sat for the examination. [OV]

UM1: Who was in 12th grade at that time?

EM: It is the girl named--it is this girl.

UM1: Could you explain--when that incident took place, your child--where was your child?

EM: When the child was--at that time when the incident took place, my child was in the 11th grade--therefore, she did not study well--because of what happened to her--what happened, because my house was poverty stricken--and their dad had passed away. Now she became very troubled, because she would ask me, "Now mom--" [catches her breath] "--mom-money-will I complete my studies?" Therefore her target grade--she did not attain it--because her target was to get a B grade--and she was happy with that, but because of that--the result of--when this incident took place, she started--she was filled with worry when she experienced hardship and she did not study well--she would be sent home--she would stay a couple of days--I would take her back. Well, now that one--however she completed school, but the money to send her to *college* is what I find--I do not know--I cannot get it.

UM1: Uh--you have--how have those issues affected you psychologically--uh your thoughts? When--when you remember those issues how does it make you--how is it when you think about your husband and what has happened?

EM: Let me say that incident when I remembered it--when I remember it--it affects me mentally [pause] because I even go for--for even three days with a headache thinking. I even find that I am not able to work. Now even--I even find that I am now being helped by--my neighbor is helping me out with the thoughts, but [pause] by the power of God, I just think--I am moving on with my life--that is a life filled with hardship.

UM1: How do your children take it?

EM: When the children see me--they see me now tsk--I mean they too are not happy--and they have no joy--because their father was the one who--who--they depended on their father--and now he is not there. Now you see now their hopes have ended

[REDACTED] / [REDACTED]

because I-I do not have anything and I cannot-I-I-and I cannot do the work my husband did so that we can get some money. The small job I did was just selling porridge-that one-and that is my limit there is no other type of work I will be able to do.

UM1: Is there anything else you would like to add?

EM: What I would like to add now is-our living standards now —because--when there was no work—this one that I currently do—business was slow because it depends on the mood, my landlord scolds me because-money-I tell him I do not have any today, I will have it tomorrow--I get locked out. Therefore if I would have a place-I can come and-a place I can help my children-build for them, I will be happy and they too will be happy. [pause]

UM1: *I think it is--it is—it is better.*

UM1: *Great.*

UM1: *Yes.*

SA: *Okay, great.*

UM1: *Yes.*

SA: *So, thank you very much for speaking with us. [OV]*

EM: *Yes.*

SA: *--and, unless there is anything else you would like to add, uh--we will end the statement now.*

UM1: Uh-he would like to thank you for-speaking to him-for being able to talk about what happened. If there is anything you would like to add afterwards, please feel free to do so and for now-well-uh-he asks now that you take a break, and if there is anything you can-uh-think is important to add, there is still time.

EM: Maybe tsk-I think I have explained it-I have talked about everything because--that is what is in my thoughts-- [OV]

UM1: *Okay.*

EM: --and that is coming from the heart.

UM1: That is fine.



EM: Yes.

UM1: *Uh-she says that uh-she has uh-almost talked [sic] everything—and-uh-and that is all she has for today.*

SA: *Okay.*

UM1: Yeah.

SA: Thank you very much.

EM: [OV] Okay, thank you.

SA: Thank you very much.

MAH00005- GRACE WANJIRU NJUGUNA

SA: *Right. Hello Mrs. Grace Njuguna.*

GN: Hmm.

SA: *An American citizen has pled guilty to being part of the group of Al-Shabaab fighters that attacked the village of Mpeketoni in June of 2014. This individual will be sentenced by a judge in the United States. This is your opportunity to tell the judge, who will decide the sentence, how that attack affected you and your family. Please feel free to tell your story and say what you would like the judge to know.*

UM1: Uh hello *Madam* uh Grace Njuguna.

GN: Un-hum.

UM1: Uh--uh--a suspect, an American citizen has pled guilty to being part of the Al-Shabaab group who are fighting—who attacked Mpeketoni village on eh-in June 2014. This suspect will be sentenced by a judge in America. This is your opportunity to inform the judge, who will be able to pass a sentence, uh-and explain how those events transpired and how it has affected you and your family. Uh you are being asked to feel free and explain uh-that information--uh so that--eh--and you explain to the judge what he would like to know about that incident that took place.

GN: Fine. [pause] [takes deep breath] Now, will I start on that Sunday, or where would you like me to begin?





UM1: Uh-*she is asking-uh-uh when she-uh-at which-at which uh moment do you want her to start?*

SA: *Right now.*

UM2: *Now is fine.* [OV]

SA: *So, uh she can begin* [OV] *speaking now, and if she... if she can--* [OV]

UM1: Eh--

SA: *--please begin by describing--* [OV]

UM1: *From...from which day?*

SA: *--Yeah, please begin by describing--* [OV]

UM1: Eh.

SA: *--uh--what happened—* [OV]

UM1: Eh.

SA: *--um--in the village of Mpeketoni* [OV]

UM1: Eh.

SA: *—um—where--in which she was victimized.* [OV]

UM1: *Okay.*

SA: *--So she can begin by describing that--* [OV]

UM1: *Okay.*

SA: *--and then just continue with how her life has changed.*

UM1: Okay. Now you will explain starting from when the incident took place—how it came about, that day, what happened—uh--and how--where that incident took place--and when it was, and later you can then start describing what was explained regarding how-how-now-how it has done to you.

GN: Okay. [cough] To begin with, it was on a Sunday morning. My husband was working--as a *security* guard--there is—there is a certain farm called Egerton there in Mpeketoni. He was working as a *security* guard there at night. So on that



[REDACTED]

Sunday morning he woke up at home—he was off *duty*—he came home. Then after—in the morning on that Sunday he was going to a certain Redeemed church—he usually offers *security* at the churches there on Sunday. Now, he was to go there on Sunday morning. We bid each other farewell and he went there on that Sunday Morning. Before he left there was an Officer--he was KPR, Kenya Police Reserve. There is a fellow officer who came and picked him up in the morning and they went to another place they were going to—in relation to security—to check on it—then he would head to the church. So that morning we left it at that--he left--he went there to the church. When he was done with his *duty* at the church, he did return home quickly, because he is a security officer, when he goes there he is told, “Let us go here. Let us go for a job here.” He did not return. I stayed with my children at home. We lived somewhere in the interior there—inside--not in town—inside there--in the farm, where we had gone to find our home. We lived there with him and my five children. Now--he did not come back. We stayed, and stayed until it got dark. At around seven in the evening, my head was bothering me--I wrote him a message, “When you come in the evening bring me some medicine.” I stayed waiting until it was time to go to bed. While we were there because I was not feeling well I went inside and the children were outside. Then they came rushing from outside, “Mom, listen to what is going on here.” I went outside. I just heard—you could hear—it was a sound going boom—boom—boom—boom—boom--boom. Now, because I was not feeling well and I was not aware of anything going on, I told them those were *containers*. There is--there was construction going on at the *port*. I told them, “Those are *containers* transporting goods. Go inside.” We went inside and prayed. I asked the children to go to bed and I went to bed as well and fell asleep.

Now at around midnight on that Sunday—at midnight--his brother called me--we did not live at the same place with his brother--he called me and he asked me, “Where is my brother? Is he at home?” I told him I had not seen him. He told me things are bad at Mpeketoni, there has been an attack. I told him that I was not aware and even if things were bad my husband is already a *Police Reserve* therefore he is in the midst of those activities. I told him I had not seen my husband. After that I-I woke up, sat down, picked up my phone and called him but he would not answer—when I called he would not answer. Ah! So I thought maybe because he is a *Police Reserve* he must be engaged in the—the efforts of investigating the situation—how bad it was. I stayed up, and my child that is a little older woke up and came to sit with me at the table--ah, on my bed. Now we could just hear the sound of gunshots. The sounds had moved from Mpeketoni town--there is a place called Kibaoni—they have moved from the town and now they are coming from Kibaoni. Now we were just listening to the sound of gunshots. When we looked outside we could see fire. So I stayed there with my

[REDACTED]

son--until around five in morning. It was a school day, the children said they would go to school. Then I thought no; I have not seen my husband, and I hear that things are not good. I told them, "No, you will not go. Let me go and see what is going on at Kibaoni. Your father did not come." As soon as I took water to the bathroom to take a bath so that I could go--while I was in the bathroom, I heard the children say, "Daddy!" and then they got quiet. Ah, since it was just one of our traditional bathrooms, I peeked like this [raises head as if to look over] and saw two people, one carrying the other. One of the people was a fellow officer with who my husband works, who was being carried by someone else. Ha! I *noted* that things were not good here. They came and sat down there outside. While I was in the bathroom I could see them. I asked that-that-I asked my husband's fellow policeman, "What is wrong?" He told me nothing was wrong. I did not even take a bath. I-I *felt* something and thought no, things are not good. I did not take a bath. I got out and got dressed. My husband's colleague told me that I had done well since they had come for me. I asked him what was wrong, but he told me that there was no problem. Now I started feeling that no, things were not good. Now they carried me—they had a motorbike. They helped me up and placed me in the middle and my husband's colleague was in the back. On arriving at Kibaoni, there was a lady there who was our *family friend*—a friend of ours. We were going to go there. While we were still on the motorbike, she received a phone call from someone that I did not know. I heard, "What about Njuguna?" She was told, "You wait I will tell you." I then knew that was it, my husband was no more. Now as for me there—when the lady came out and saw me she just started crying-crying msk! There was just crying there, but now—they had—when they found out that he was dead, that lady sent for his brother. His brother was at Kibaoni by five in the morning. Now when I was brought there I met with him. Now there was crying-crying-I cried-we cried there. When I settled down, I asked them to take me to see the place where my husband had been murdered; where he is. They informed me that the bodies had already been collected—they had been taken, and now they could take me to town maybe. [Takes a sigh] We stayed, and then we got on the motorbike and went to town. I found his body at the mortuary. I was taken inside where I found him there in his uniform. He was lay down there with a gunshot here [pointing to the neck] and one on the stomach. Now there was sadness and crying--but all of that went on like until we buried him.

Tsk, now since then I have had a lot of hardship [sighs]. For instance now the young boy had very many questions. He would ask me, "When is dad coming?" Whenever he asked me, I would just tell him, "Dad is—he is at work." I could not tell him. I just told him that his dad was at work and was coming. He would wait a while and then ask me. Now he came to understand at the funeral, and the other

children—the others found out on the day of the funeral. They realized, “Ah! So it is dad that has passed away.” We buried him. Since then it has been difficult, because he was our support. Now he had not been employed by the government there—it was casual labor. He would get an assignment here and then he would be told to go for an assignment there. They would be given an assignment to—msk--to *watchmen [sic]* a place. I mean they would provide security for a place—that way. Now that was—that is how we got our sustenance—that way. He was the one involved in providing for us, and paying for our children’s education. If it was up to the family now--his parents could not--cannot help me. His mother died a long time ago and his father remarried. Later, his father got sick—it is as if his brain does not work. Now even his father relies on help, but we do not live together. Now the problems have become many because he was the support there at home. The children, even those that were in the 12th and 11th grades, [sighs] it is just difficult to get money. For example now his parents need help. My parents are a problem as well, because I had very little education and dropped out. The only work was casual labor. We went there when it was still forested, so I did not even really go to school. Therefore even my parents cannot help me. Now it was just me and my burden. I have now been in that situation of--having a difficult life, because even at the farm where we lived--there were always quarrels over that farm--there were quarrels over the farm. Now when their father moved aside they became powerful. Ah! I moved—I was evicted from the farm. I then went back to the other side to search for a place to live [sighs]. Actually, the place where I live is not rented, but I do not have any room for a farm. For farming I usually rent only one acre--where I can plant--when it rains--for instance last year and this year--there was little rain last year and the previous year. Now even getting money for tuition has become a problem. When you go to ask for help, even if it is from the government, you find that you do not receive it. There are these items called *bursaries* where you fill out a form, but you do not get the aid. One day I went to the--to the DO’s [District Officer] and asked the DO, “Now, my husband worked and you understand that he was a *Police Reserve*. Now how can you—how can you help me?” Msk, the DO told me, “Now we cannot help you in any way. Perhaps if there will arise--a circumstance where you will be--*fed* that may be it.” However, for example us—because he was not an employee anywhere—he was just a casual laborer—these security people who have been given guns by the government to guard the villages. Now that is how my life has been. A life of hardship--getting food is a struggle since I am not educated that I will go ask for a job. Those young ones--my two children who have completed high school are *jobless* just staying there because I do not even have the money to send them to *college*. I am just staying like that. I am now struggling with one who is in *secondary* school, in the 10th grade now. I told the others, “Since you

[REDACTED]

have gotten to this point, now everyone can be self-reliant. Let me now push these other ones behind you.” Therefore life there--since that time life has been difficult. That boy—the little one--the one in fourth grade now--sometimes you can hear him at night he—he bursts out screaming--when you ask him what is wrong msk, “Sometimes I am thinking about *daddy*.” One day I just got them out of the house so that he would feel like he was being attended to. They went to Lamu where their paternal grandfather is. I told them, “Go visit.” *Imagine* while he was there, while with other children, he stopped and started crying--he cried. Now that grandfather asked him, “Why are you crying?” Msk, “I just stopped and thought about my *daddy*.” [sighs] That thing—when I was told I thought, “Now, what has he lacked that he stopped and thought about his father?” I mean that thing, even I found it troubling me as well. [gets emotional] I thought perhaps he saw the other children playing-- [crying] [sighs] [long pause]. I thought he feels that there is something he has lost in his life. He does not see--perhaps there he observed how the other children were interacting with their fathers and that thing took over him. Now I wondered, this child that is sitting and crying saying, “I remember *daddy*.” I mean, I tried to think, “What has he thought of? What has he lacked in order to sit and start crying alone? That thing bothered me as well. I wondered, “Now--” Ha! Then I just started encouraging him and told him not to worry. Now his sister who was with him told me that the grandfather told him, “Ah, do not worry. I will buy you things.” That is trying to take his mind off his father. However, when I was told about that matter, I was touched. I wondered, “Ai! What is it that I am not doing for them? I mean, what did he see there that he started thinking about his dad?” [sighs] Life has been difficult because now even I sometimes sit and think; I do not-I do not have someone to go to for help—there is work which is-is-is odd jobs; you carry out an odd job so that you can earn something and even that odd job is not—it is not exactly an odd job that pays a lot of money—it is just a little—a little. Now the little that you get—maybe for instance there, if it is the daily pay, it is usually 400, and sometimes you will not go for a full week or a month. Maybe one week you go about three times, because it depends on whether the job is available. Now sometimes that is how it is. Then when I farm, whatever—whatever I get, I divide some of it and take it to the school and we spend some of it. Now that is how we are trying to deal with life because I have not found a place where I can set myself and see life going well like there before. The reason is when he was alive, I did not even know the school *fees*. Even when he died I cried and wondered, “Now where will I start?” [sighs] At the farm where we lived, it was a farm for—an animal farm; where you herd them in the day—you spend the day herding. Now I even--I realized I would not be able to live there comfortably because he is the one who went out and I was left on the farm. He would leave and I would be left on the farm looking after the

[REDACTED]

things we had... Now I am struggling with life--I keep a few goats there so that when I see it has gotten really tough and I do not have the means, I catch one and take it to school. Now I--for instance, I have the boy in the 10th grade. It is a real struggle with very many difficulties. The girl is in sixth grade now while the boy is in fourth grade. Even when I am there--sometimes I sit there and cannot fall asleep. I ask myself, "These children who seem to be following each other. What will I do so that they can prosper?" We have really had a lot of hardship since then [sighs] because he was our support there at home. When you think about it, sometimes you find that your friends find the opportunity to torment you more when you have problems. For instance at the place he worked, those KPRs had united as a group so that when one of them died they would raise some money and offer it as sympathy. I did not receive it. There was--I was--one of them came and asked me, "We gave our sympathy. Did it get to you?" I told him I have not even received that information. [sighs] He told me, "Wait, I will ask about it and then I will give you the *report*." When we met again, he told me, "That money--forget about it my sister. Those who spent it already spent it and God will help you." Now that is how my life is. I was--evicted from the farm and I left, my parents--this is life where my parents are not able to help me, so it is up to me to persist with my life and my children; what they will be eat, and how they will go to school. When one fills out the *bursary* form one does not receive the bursary. Now life has been difficult with a lot of problems. For instance this girl wanted to go to *college* but now when I think about it I realize that I do not have the means. I tell her, "You be patient first. Let us wait. If God will--He will provide a way for us. It is okay, you will go, but let me push this other one along first so that he can at least get to the point you have gotten to." Um-hum. [sighs] [pause]

SA: *Does she feel comfortable, that uh--that is all she would like to--share or is there anything else she would like to say?*

UM1: Is there anything else you would like to add regarding what you have--that you have said at this time?

GN: [burps] [pause] Now--now the problem--problem--now the problem that we have now is that--mm--msk [pause] we usually pray to God to just remember us if there is anything that can come up. At least even if--for instance I--I do not have any hope of finding employment--at least those--these ones who have completed the 12th grade can find somewhere they can settle so that they can support themselves in life. [pause]

UM1: *I think--uh--she is winding up.*

SA: *I am sorry. Can you say it again?*

[REDACTED]



UM1: Uh--*she is—she has--she is winding up. She—she--she is saying [sic]—uh—it is only what he [sic] has said and—uh--he-she has a lot of problems and that he is hoping [sic] that—uh—his [sic] children will one day get a job and—uh--they will be able to assist her, and—uh--bearing in mind the problems he is encountering now and then--following the demise of his [sic] husband. [OV]*

SA: *Right.*

UM1: *Of her husband. Yeah.*

SA: *Okay.*

UM1: *Yeah.*

SA: *Alright, so she is—she has given her full—uh—[OV]*

UM1: *Yes.*

SA: *--statement—Do you believe?*

UM1: *Uh--have you fully completed giving the information you wanted give?*

GN: *Now, maybe unless you have a question to ask so that I can explain further wherever needed.*

UM1: *Unless you have a question--to ask—so.*

SA: *No—just uh--just please thank her—[OV]*

UM1: *Yes.*

SA: *--just thank her for--speaking with us today—*

UM1: *Okay.*

SA: *--and--and we can conclude.*

UM1: *Eh. Uh—they are grateful--for you coming and giving information—uh--your report. They are very grateful that you were able to get here today.*

GN: *Okay.*

UM1: *Yes.*

SA: *Thank you very much.*



MAH00006- LUCY WANJIKU

SA: *Hello Mrs. Lucy Wanjiku.*

LW: *Yes.*

SA: *An American citizen has pled guilty to being part of the group of Al-Shabaab fighters that attacked the village of Mpeketoni in June of 2014. This individual will be sentenced by a judge in the United States. This is your opportunity to tell the judge, who will decide the sentence, how that attack affected you and your family. Please feel free to tell your story and say what you would like the judge to know.*

UM1: Eh--hello Lucy Wanjiku. Uh--a suspect who is an American citizen pled guilty to being involved—uh--and being part of the Al-Shabaab group who attacked Mpeketoni village in June—uh--of 2014. Uh--this suspect—uh--will be sentenced by a judge in America. This is your opportunity to tell the judge about the incident that took place--who will pass a sentence—uh—uh—depending--on how you and your family have been affected by the incident that took place. Therefore feel free and--give your report that the judge should know so that the judge can pass the sentence. Welcome.

LW: Thank you. [pause] *Can I continue?*

UM2: *Yes. [OV]*

SA: *So, whenever you would like to. Yeah.*

LW: Uh--My name is Lucy--from Mpeketoni, Lamu. I was one of those affected. *I am a widow.* As a result of the attack that took place in Mpeketoni on June 15, 2014. I was left a widow. I had a husband and two children. My husband was everything. I was a *house wife*—he was the *breadwinner*—everything; he is the one who *provided* everything; the children's tuition, food and clothing for the children. Also after being widowed, I got—I encountered problems and many challenges--because I did not have a job--to educate the children. In order to support myself, I went through a lot of trouble--I got a small job at the *grocery*, selling fruits. It is difficult for the children to go to school; sometimes they are kicked out of school—they are at home and they miss school. Sometimes I do not even have food because I do not have a job. The little money I get prevents me from continuing that cycle of life because I pay rent where we live, and I also pay rent where I do business. *So*, it becomes very difficult to get money and be able to afford the children's lifestyle, as well as myself. Also--I do not have a place to—I

do not farm. I am not a--I am not--I do not work on a farm, it is just that kiosk that I rely on there. I do not have anyone that assists me with life. Even where I was married--they do not recognize that I was the husband-their son's wife. *So* I depend on myself in life. [pause] Yes. [pause]

SA: *And is there--is there anything else—uh—*[OV]

LW: Okay, my children were affected *psychologically* and they are usually mistreated in school. They may be teasing each other with other children and they are told "You do not have a father." "I will report you to my mom." [her children respond] "What will your mom do to me? You do not have a father." [response from other children at school]--and they bring those words back to me—it-- [clears throat] it breaks my heart. My children were also affected; when they hear something has happened somewhere, you find that the child could even soil himself—he or she pees on himself or herself—he or she has been *traumatized*—and—we do not have *counseling* there at Mpeketoni that can be offered to us. *So you face life*—whatever will--you persevere whatever happens to you, and life is difficult. *So* I do not have anyone to help me in the family; it is me and my life. I care for the children and know how they will live, go to school, and what they will eat. Even coming here has become a task; explaining to them, because they—I—they—it—I may have a trip and they ask me, "And mom, will you return?" Now I had to sit them down, and explain to them so that they would let me come. I also got someone to leave them with there at home. Even leaving them behind becomes a task; explaining to them, or they fail to understand that I will go and come back, or I will go and they will be left by themselves like their father left them. Another thing, in our African culture, when a woman has a husband she earns great respect—she is respected. Even in the *community* and in the family, she is respected; a woman with a husband. However if you do not have a wife—you do not have a husband, you are dishonored--you cannot say anything in the family—you cannot say anything in the *community*, that is you are disrespected as a wife if you do not have a husband. *So*, having a husband in--for us—Kenyans--is a valuable thing and you are respected a lot—having a husband. However, if you do not have a husband, you are disrespected--and you are greatly dishonored--because you are seen as if your role as a woman is to go and ensnare others' husbands—you see. However, if you have a husband, you are settled at home, and he does everything, that is something very wise. Um-hum--Thank you.

SA: *Did she cover everything--that she wanted to talk about?* [OV] [U/M/F] [clearing throat]



UM1: *The—the—the—the—the—the—the--whatever occurred that day—uh--were they—were—um--about the attack now—eh--she needed to explain more--what happened--*

SA: *Okay.*

UM1: *--the—the—the--the day of the attack—the attack itself--*

SA: *Um-hum.*

UM1: *--to expound—where were--where were they--*

SA: *Um-hum.*

UM1: *--when the attack happened—and—uh—how—[OV]*

SA: *Okay, I understand. [OV]*

UM1: *Yeah.*

LW: *Okay. We had forgotten there.*

SA: *No, It is—it is completely fine. So—uh--the day that the attack happened, uh--in June 2014, can you tell us more about that, about where you and your family—uh-- were and--and what happened to you?*

LW: [nods] It was around eight o'clock, [sniffles] I heard blasts there in town. My husband had not come home. *By the way*, I was very sick on that day. It was on a *Sunday*. He went to church with the children. When he left church in the evening, he came back home. However, at that time, at eight o'clock when he got in the house, I asked him, "What did you leave going on in town because I hear blasts there and see fire." He told me, "I did not leave anything." He got in the house—we--I had cooked and he went to the bathroom to take a bath. Right when he got back, I was in the family room serving dinner, we heard a knock on the door. The door was opened very forcefully. The gunmen were saying, "We have—we need men only. We do not have any need for women or children." They broke the first door, they broke the--the second door, and got inside. They took my husband outside as they hit him with guns and kicked him. I was asked to go back to the house and sleep. But my question was, how was I going to back into the house to sleep while they had already broken the doors leaving them lying down there? My children woke up at that time. They wet and soiled themselves, and witnessed everything even as their dad was dragged outside. The following morning they witnessed that he had been killed and was there outside. They had asked him to lie



[REDACTED] / [REDACTED]
down, gave him a heavy beating and he was shot here [pointing to her neck]--he died there.

So the following morning the children saw everything—they witnessed it. I took a blanket and covered him up, but that morning the children asked where their father was. I could not hide it from them--I took the blanket off. They saw that their father had died and I explained everything. However to this day they ask me if their father will come back. [pause]

UM1: *I think that it is good.*

SA: *Okay.*

UM1: *Yeah.*

SA: *So um--is there anything else--uh--that you would like to let us know before we--* [OV]

UM1: [whispering] *the age of--the age of the children.*

SA: *--finish.*

UM2: *Okay. That's alright. Yeah?* [OV]

SA: *Um--please you can--*[OV]

UM1: *Yeah. Uh—I think you did not explain to us these children—* [OV]

LW: *Hm?*

UM1: *--they have--what age they are.*

LW: *Oh.*

UM1: *Yes.*

UM1: *Also how have they—how have they—how have they been affected. Eh--when they--they hear again that something has-happened in Lamu or now and then other things happen. How—how--how do they take it, or what happens to them--when they hear there are—there are other things that have occurred?*

LW: *Okay. The children were affected--mentally because every now and then they hear that something has happened somewhere, and it is something they understand because they witnessed their father being taken from the house. So they fear that their mother could be—maybe she will be the *next--next victim.**

They usually ask themselves questions--they usually ask me, "Now mom, that which has happened--what if they come again?" I try to—put them—to encourage them.

My children have--when their father died, the eldest one was six years old and the second one was four years old. Now the eldest one is *ten years* old and the other one is--*seven years* old—seven years and a few months. [pause]

UM1: Mmm--uh—at school--how do they—how do they interact with the other children? And when they—they--when you are at home—as you—when you remember your home and that time, what comes to mind?

LW: [pause] *Okay*. [sigh] It is fine. They usually ask me if their father will come back and then they ask me right there and then, "Where will we get another father who is as good as this one was? Where will we get another one?" Now we feel that maybe they are teasing each other at school, like how a child is mistreated. The child is told, "I will report you to my mom." "What will your mother do--" They respond to the child, "What will your mother do to me and you do not have a father." You see this type of mistreatment? Yes, and they tell me those words which wound my heart greatly.

UM1: *Okay*.

SA: *Okay*.

UM1: *Ready?*

SA: *Ready. Just um--if you could thank her--Thank you very much for speaking with us and--if there is nothing else you want to add, then--we will conclude this statement.*

LW: [wiping eyes]

UM1: Uh--he would like to—uh—to show gratitude again--for you being able to provide that information. Uh--feel free—uh--and if there is anything else you would like to add, you still have time.

LW: [nods]

UM1: Yes.

SA: Thank you very much.

LW: *Okay*.

MAH00008- MATESO SILETI

SA: *Good Morning Mr. Mateso Sileti.*

MS: *Morning.*

SA: *An American citizen has pled guilty to being part of the group of Al-Shabaab fighters that attacked the village of Mpeketoni in June of 2014. This individual will be sentenced by a judge in the United States. This is your opportunity to tell the judge, who will decide the sentence, how that attack affected you and your family. Please feel free to tell your story and say what you would like the judge to know.*

UM1: Good Morning Mr. Mateso.

MS: Good Morning.

UM1: Uh--there is an American citizen—uh--who pled guilty to being part of the Al-Shabaab group where--which attacked Mpeketoni village in June—uh—the year—the year 2014. This suspect will be—uh--sentences—uh--by a judge in America, and this is your opportunity to explain to the judge who will be able to pass judgment depending on the—uh--events—uh—uh--that is the incident that took place in Mpeketoni. You should explain to the judge—uh--how those events have affected you and your family, and at this time—and at this time feel free to tell your *story*--to give your report or account so that the judge can hear it. Welcome.

MS: Thank you. [pause] It is very true. That [yawns] year, 2014 on June the 15th--it was a Sunday. I had gone to visit my friend at another area whose neighboring town is Mpeketoni; it is called Hongwe. He is my friend. We went and stayed with my friend. When it got to about eight at night he told me, "Let us go to town then and--" He--he drinks. He told me, "Let us go there so that we can wrap up there." I had rented a motorbike that day. I took him with me and carried him in the back of the motorbike heading to Mpeketoni. When we got close to Mpeketoni, I saw a matatu—a Nissan--which had a yellow line. The matatu went around a corner and went upward. At the end of that corner, because there is a *junction*—there is a four *junction* there [*sic*]*—that is four roads that meet, making a plus sign.* When I went past that corner, I saw another matatu that was coming from town. I mean it was not in town, but next to town where—the police road. It was coming. When it got closer to—that we were close to each other, it followed in my direction. Once it followed in my direction I rode the motorbike to the side—I even got off the road and put it to the side. They turned on the light inside,

[REDACTED]

the one at the front on the driver's side. I saw a *brown* man and the driver. The man got off. Others in the back got off too, and they turned the lights on as well. I saw Kenyan Army uniforms inside. When they alighted, the one at the front followed us. I asked myself, "Could these ones want a place to sleep. They could just be lost. Should we hear them out?" You see. However, when this man got closer, he went back--he went back. When he got there, I do not know what he told the rest, they got back in the vehicle and came out wearing these cloths like this [gestures to his face as if to tie something over it]. There were three; the rest were left in the vehicle. When they got out, they started firing. When they fired--the first one--I knew they were not good people right when they came out, because I have never seen people—someone in an army uniform who has also tied here [gestures to his face as if to tie something over it].

I started turning the motorbike so that I could turn it and escape. When I went to turn it this way [gestures as if turning to his right], they hit me on the arm here [gesturing to his left shoulder]. Now, I was left with only one strong hand—turning like this [gestures as if turning to his right], instead of turning steering wheel back, the hand had no strength. My friend was hit in the back here [gestures to the back of the neck]—we fell—he lay over me and the motorbike—it--lay on the side by my *right* arm. My friend was lying here [gestures to the back of the neck] over me. They fired bullets—for about five minutes. There was also another one who was coming from that Hongwe area coming this way [waves towards himself]. They shot at him right there in front of us, because there was a small opening, I saw it. They shot at him and killed him. They were behind us. As they were coming, because his motorbike was loud, he did not hear the gunshots. You see. He realized, "What?" Before he was startled and realized that those were gunshots the bullet had already gotten to him and he died right there. Now continuing the shooting they thought that they had killed us. They started going back. After about one minute, when I stopped hearing the gunshots, I took my friend and turned him over to lay like this [gesturing as if to turn body over to his left] because was already dead. When I turned him over, as I rose up like this [turning head to his right] to look and see what was going on, one of them looked back and saw me. He said, "So, you are still--some are alive." They started chasing me. They chased me, and I got into a school called Lake Kenyatta--Primary. I came out on the other side which is—there is a hospital and near the hospital are homes that belong to--doctors' quarters. I saw a woman who had just come from taking a bath. I tried getting in her house so that she could help me hide. The woman said, "Ah! Get out! Get out!" because I was bloody and she did not understand what was happening. She said, "Ah! You get out! Get out! Get out! You cannot stay here covered in blood. The hospital is right there." So I realized, "Ah! It is true—these ones. Let me get out." On getting out, they had

[REDACTED]

already seen me go in there, and were even coming slowly. When they saw me come out they started shooting again—shooting. So now it was just running away and God would help. When I got to the hospital, the watchmen had heard the gunshots and locked the hospital gates. I tried getting in but they said, “You cannot now, we have already locked up.” He also—he ran for his safety. Now I jumped again over the hospital *fence* as they chased me to the other side, on the grass now. I ran until I was caught by [UI] and fell down. When I fell down, I crawled from--let us say here to there [points ahead of him], and hid in the middle of the [UI]. So they thought that I was still at the place where they had seen me fall down, but I had moved a little ahead. Now when they came there and looked, they saw that there was no one. They fired in the air and they did—they fired aimlessly and then they started talking—they went quiet and started talking. They spoke in something like Swahili--they started speaking in something like Arabic--I do not know if it was Somali or Arabic. Then they later spoke in Kiswahili. They said, “And this—this infidel has escaped. We should have killed him.” You see. When they say infidel it is like they are saying Christians, “--We--we should have killed them.” Then after that--they started going back. I had hidden myself. Even if they had tried to step on the grass they would not have stepped on me because even if I had stretched my arm like this [stretches arm forward] I would have touched him--you see. There were three of them. They then went back slowly. I hid there until—before it was morning there was another young man who came to hide close by him, but I was there and I saw him. I was bleeding the whole time. I slowly followed him and asked him, “Please tie my wound.” He wanted to run away but when I told him, “It is I who needs help.” He tied my arm using my shirt. I stayed there until morning and then I left. My family and I lived in Mpeketoni. I had a wife and two children at that time--and I had to--instead of going to the hospital, I changed my mind, “I do not know how my family is doing.” I first ran to check on my family and then I would go to the hospital, because at that time I was even going to work the following day. I went to check on my family who were fine, and then I went back to the hospital. I was given *first aid*--at the Lamu Divisional Hospital in Mpeketoni. I then went to—I was taken to--Coast General [*sic*] for further treatment. I was treated at Coast General for three days and then they told me, “You can go to any *dispensary* close by you where they can just clean you up.” They *x-rayed* me and found that they had only hit the flesh, but not the bone. They cut out the fragments and left the bullet hole, and then they started applying medicine and treating me. [pause] I stayed home—mm--for about eight months--without working. I had grown some melons. I was running my own *lorry* business, and I made good money. Now after that, life was like that. I have been like that, that is—since I was *saving* some money at that time, I have been forced to use the money I was saving since I am

[REDACTED]

not working and I have children. The items I had farmed so that I could harvest them as well—and--I had invested some money and had to leave the items like that. The melon is something that when planted, when it just ripens—when it is ready—it—if it has not been cut off from the vine after about three days, it bursts open. So, I made that loss, and I also continued on and used the money I had saved over all those months. For the past one year and a half, I had been using that money, although it was done halfway through and I got into debt in some of the situations.

As for my family, my children were going to school there and I was forced to transfer them and move things from there and bring them all the way here at my parents again which has been difficult. Now it has gotten to the point where I cannot support myself and I have children. I have been forced to go back to my family again—and start a fresh. Therefore, that is it—that befell me. [pause] Okay.

UM1: How many children did you have?

MS: Two.

UM1: Uh—what age--what age?

MS: One was five years old, and the other was one and a half years old.

UM1: Did they know that--you had been hurt at—at that time? Were they able to know? [OV]

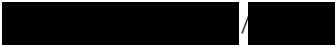
MS: [OV] Yes, the—the eldest one knew—

UM1: Yes.

MS: --That is the one that is five years old.

UM1: Um-hum.

MS: The eldest one even found there because--there was someone who had been beaten up there at home—there at our door where I had rented, who was wearing a *t-shirt* like mine because there was a football match on that day . My wife therefore thought, “There he is.” For he had been hit on the head that---that you could not identify him. Even at the time when I was there I tried to call her because it was--I had my phone. I called home--I called my wife and told her, “Well, I have been injured.” —This, this, and that. “I do not know how it will be tomorrow.” For they had called on that day starting at about eight thirty or nine until four in the morning—they just called. [UI]



UM1: So—how your friend was shot and killed—[OV]

MS: Hm.

UM1: --uh—this--how do you feel, or how has it affected you--in life, when you consider that he was your friend?

MS: Msk. [UI] Even that--his wife--I am still in contact with her to this moment. We even talk on the phone. We even talked yesterday. He was also my friend and after he died, he too—has left behind three children and they are facing a lot of hardship. She was not even able to leave that place, she was forced to *survive* that—that--that life there--his wife.

It has also affected me to the point where--even you see now—I--I just see a car parked in front of me—no matter how I am, I cannot stand there and wait to talk to people or otherwise. For I am now—even then—I am alarmed if the door at my own house is opened forcefully. I even thought I would get heart disease or such. Even if someone made a loud noise, I would be affected. However now it is only a little—it has started lessening. You see. [pause]

UM1: Were you able to attend the funeral of—[OV]

MS: Yes, I was able to attend the late Karisa's funeral.

UM1: Um-hum. So—I mean in--regarding life, psychologically or—emotionally uh—these events--when you think about these events, or when you think back to that incident—

MS: Hum?

UM1: --how does it affect you?

MS: How does it affects me? [pause] When I think about it--back to then--before the attack and now, there is a very big *gap*. At that time I would not even borrow from someone because I had worked for about--six years. After that, I could not work for one and a half years—I have—that is, I was completely ruined. Right now, even as we speak, maybe I get someone---one of my friends—maybe they tell me, “Here is a car. Go and take someone here.” A small car moreover. That is because this hand, when it is cold like now—this chilling cold—it hurts. [pause] Also now my children are still young even—I mean now my children are still young. They have not even gotten to grade--the eldest one is in third grade--*imagine*.

Yet I am facing those problems now. How will they get there? How will they go to school—if I am already [IA]? Now you cannot even borrow any money—to get



[REDACTED] / [REDACTED]

me to the point where I am *guaranteed* that they will have food or I will *save* them like this, there is none. I just get the little amount to get us something to eat and finish. If anything small befalls you, you just borrow and pay back slowly. Paying back slowly is with that money you get for a day and there is none—that is, so that you do not sleep on an empty stomach. In the meantime, if I was not shot, I would be very far ahead. [pause]

UM1: Is there anything else that you would like to add, or is that it? [SC] [pause]
Regarding that incident.

MS: Regarding that incident?

UM1: Um-hum.

MS: Msk. I would only request—if—it is possible—those who did that—strong action is taken against them. I mean going back to the old days—maybe--we can get again—if we can get assistance or so, so that we can go back there and make our lives good as usual—as we were before.

UM1: Okay. *Yeah. It is okay. Yeah.*

SA: *Okay, great.*

UM1: *Yeah.*

SA: *So--thank you very much for speaking with us--and unless there is anything else you wish to add, we will end the statement now.*

UM1: Uh--he would like to show his gratitude, for you being able to talk to them about this information.

MS: Hum?

UM1: If there is anything you would like to add later—

MS: Hum?

UM1: --You are welcome to. Uh—but for now, he is grateful to you—and gratitude for how you were able to come and speak about that information. Thank you very much.

MS: I am grateful as well.

SA: Thank you very much.