

Center for the Victims of Torture

Torture, Former Combatants, Political Prisoners, Terror Suspects, & Terrorists

<https://www.cvt.org/what-we-do/survivor-stories/hikayat%E2%80%99s-story>

Campaign and Advocacy

People should know about the violations and the tragedies. I wish that there was justice.

I lived in a village in Sudan, a very beautiful village; it had trees and sand. I lived a happy life with my siblings and family. We lived a simple life but the war ruined it.

The war had a terrible effect on my village: the houses were destroyed. There wasn't enough food. We ate dry bread and we'd put some water on the bread so we could eat it. People started to hide under the beds because shots came through the ceiling.

I felt a lot of fear. The Janjaweed forces would raid the village. They would kill and rape the women, and my mother said that there was no way for me to stay.

So I left. At one point, we were riding in big trucks when Janjaweed forces hit the tires of the truck. The truck stopped. They tied up the guys and they beat them with the bottom of their weapons.

There were three of them. Their eyes were full of evil. They were carrying guns, and I was so scared, I thought I was going to die.

Two of the attackers went with me and the other seven girls, making us walk, leading us to the valley. They beat us as we walked with the bottom of their guns.

Then they searched us, they took phones and money, and then they started to rape the girls in all ways possible.

I pushed the man who was beating me and when I pushed him he took his knife and cut me. I couldn't feel anything but I was bleeding. After he beat me and cut me with his knife, I fainted. I don't remember what he did to me next. I wasn't aware that I was being raped.

I was not aware of my surroundings for four hours. My whole body was numb. A girl came near me and told me I am here with you and you are here with me.

A driver saw us and took us to a hospital. They sutured my wound and they took care of us. We stayed in the hospital until we felt better.

I came to Amman and got a job in a hospital and rented an apartment. But I never shared my story with anyone. I was so scared and isolated; shame was with me anywhere I went. I was very isolated and scared and I thought that people are bad. I felt disgrace and that I lost the most precious thing I had.

I feel that I am not complete. I feel that I am missing something.

Coming to CVT helped me a lot psychologically and spiritually, and it also made me a stronger person. I thought that everybody was a bad person but I changed how I look at people. I even changed the way I treated myself, it really helped me.

Things are good, but I just want to leave Jordan and get resettlement. To get justice, I need to leave this country and work and help my family. To me, justice means to be fair and not to be unjust. Justice would be to feel safety and stability. But what happened in the past is in the past. I don't think anything can be done about the past. Allah will hold them accountable.

I wish the world could help others to achieve safety and help the people in Sudan and Darfur achieve safety and stability. People should know about the violations and the tragedies.

I wish that there was justice.

Read the full version of Hikayat's story [here](#).

**The author chose this pseudonym and changed other people's names for security and confidentiality.*

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