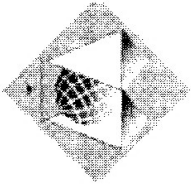




United Nations  
Nations Unies



International  
Criminal Tribunal  
for the Former  
Yugoslavia

Tribunal Penal  
International pour  
l'ex-Yugoslavie

02299423

ATTESTATION BY THE PRESIDING OFFICER PURSUANT TO RULE

92 BIS(B)

I, CHUCKING CHEN, Presiding Officer appointed by the Registrar of the International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia on 14.02.2003 pursuant to Rule 92 bis of the Rules of Procedure and Evidence, with the assistance of a certified interpreter, certify;

that on 22.02.2003 in Bihac, witness home

the following person appeared:

Witness's First and Last name(s): Mujic DRACIC  
Date and Place of Birth: 05.12.1962 Bos Petrovac  
Identity-, or Passport No.: ID No: 15217196  
Habitual Residence: \_\_\_\_\_

- that in the attached statement dated 19.08.99 & 22.2.2003 and certified by the undersigned on 22.02.2003 the said, Mujic DRACIC is identified as his (her) author;
- that the above-mentioned witness was provided with a version of the said statement in a language that he (she) understands;
- that the above-mentioned witness was informed, in a language that he (she) understands, by the Presiding Officer that if the contents of the written statement are not true to the best of his (her) knowledge and belief then he or she may be subject to proceedings for ~~giving~~ giving false testimony;
- that the above-mentioned witness was provided with a text of Rule 91 of the Rule of Procedure and Evidence, in a language he (she) understands;

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- that above-mentioned witness declared that the content of his (her) written statement are true and correct to the best of his (her) knowledge and belief;
- that no pressure was brought to bear on the witness and that he (she) voluntarily signed the attached declaration dated 22.02.2003;
- that the following persons were present during the said declaration:  
Mr. Olli Salo, investigator of the OTP  
Mr. Samir MUHAMMEDVID, interpreter of the ICTY

Additional remarks:




24

02299425

Done this 27.02.2003 (3:20-3:40pm)

At W. Gess's place, Bihal, B.H.

Signature of the Presiding Officer





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02299426

MEĐUNARODNI SUD ZA KRIVIČNO GONJENJE OSOBA  
ODGOVORNIH ZA TEŠKA KRŠENJA MEĐUNARODNOG PRAVA  
POČINJENA NA TERITORIJI BIVŠE JUGOSLAVIJE OD 1991.

**IZJAVA SVJEDOKA**

PODACI O SVJEDOKU:

Prezime: **DRAČIĆ**

Ime: **Mujo**      Ime oca: **Dedo**

Nadimak/pseudonim:      Pol:  muški     ženski

Datum rođenja: **05.12.1962**    Mjestorodenja: **Bosanski Petrovac**

Nacionalnost: **Bošnjak**    Vjeroispovijest: **musliman**

Jezik/jezici koje govori: **bosanski**

Jezik/jezici koje piše (ako se razlikuje od navedenih):

Jezici korišteni u toku razgovora: **bosanski i engleski**

Trenutno zanimanje: **nezaposlen**

Prethodno: **trgovac**

Datum(i) razgovora: **22.02.2003**

Razgovor(e) vodili: **Olli Salo**      Prevodilac: **Samir Muhamedović**

Imena svih osoba prisutnih tokom razgovora: **kao gore navedeni**

Potpis: *Dečić Mujo*

*Samir*

*Olli Salo*

*Dečić Mujo*

*22*



**IZJAVA SVJEDOKA**

02299427

Dana 22.02.2003 pročitao sam svoju izjavu od 19.08.1999 koja je označena sa brojevima 01106484- 01106492.

Potvrđujem da je ta izjava tačan prikaz onoga što sam izjavio. U njoj imam da napravim samo sljedeću ispravku: Na drugoj i trećoj strani stoji ime Ibrahim Harakić. Treba da piše Ibrahim HRKIĆ.

*Davide Karić*

*[Signature]*

*01*

02299428

### POTVRDA SVJEDOKA

Izjava mi je glasno pročitana na bosanskom jeziku i sadrži sve što sam rekao po svom znanju i sjećanju. Izjavu sam dao dobrovoljno i svjestan sam da se može upotrijebiti u sudskom postupku pred Međunarodnim sudom za krivično gonjenje osoba odgovornih za teška kršenja međunarodnog prava počinjena na teritoriji bivše Jugoslavije od 1991, kao i da mogu biti pozvan da javno svjedočim pred Sudom.



Potpis: *Samir Muhamedović*

Datum: 22.01.2003

### POTVRDA PREVODIOCA

Ja, Samir Muhamedović, prevodilac, potvrđujem sljedeće:

- 1) Odgovarajuće sam kvalifikovan i ovlašten od strane Sekretarijata Međunarodnog suda za krivično gonjenje osoba odgovornih za teška kršenja međunarodnog prava počinjena na teritoriji bivše Jugoslavije od 1991. da prevodim sa bosanskog jezika na engleski jezik, kao i s engleskog na bosanski jezik.
- 2) Dračić Mujo mi je dao do znanja da govori i razumije bosanski jezik.
- 3) Gore navedenu izjavu sam usmeno preveo s engleskog na bosanski jezik u prisustvu Dračić Muje koji je, po svemu sudeći, čuo i razumio prijevod ove izjave.
- 4) Dračić Mujo je potvrdio da su, po njegovom znanju i sjećanju, činjenice i ostalo navedeno u ovoj izjavi istinite, onako kako sam ih preveo, što je potvrdio svojeručnim potpisom na predviđenom mjestu.

Datum: 22.02.03  
Potpis: *Samir Muhamedović*



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Prijevod 01106484  
Original: engleski

MEĐUNARODNI SUD ZA KRIVIČNO GONJENJE OSOBA  
ODGOVORNIH ZA TEŠKA KRŠENJA MEĐUNARODNOG PRAVA  
POČINJENA NA TERITORIJI BIVŠE JUGOSLAVIJE OD 1991.

**IZJAVA SVJEDOKA**

**PODACI O SVJEDOKU:**

Prezime: Dračić

Ime: Mujo Ime oca: Dedo

Nadimak/pseudonim: Pol: muški

Datum rođenja: 5. decembar 1962. Mjesto rođenja:

Nacionalnost: Bošnjak Vjeroispovijest: islam

Jezik/jezici koje govori: bosanski

Jezik/jezici koje piše (ako se razlikuje od navedenih):

Jezici korišteni u toku razgovora: bosanski i engleski


Trenutno zanimanje: nezaposlen Prethodno: prodavac

Datum(i) razgovora: 19. augusta 1999.

Razgovor(e) vodili: Barry Hogan Prevodilac: Samir Muhamedović

Imena svih osoba prisutnih tokom razgovora:

Potpis: /potpisano/

  
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## IZJAVA SVJEDOKA

Već sam dao izjave bosanskim vlastima o onome što mi se dogodilo. Danas nemam sa sobom kopiju onoga što sam ranije izjavio i nisam govorio o mojim prijašnjim izjavama prije no što sam danas došao ovamo. Izjava koju ću danas dati biće istinita i tačna koliko god se mogu danas sjetiti i biće istovjetna mojim ranijim izjavama koliko god mi to moje sjećanje dozvoljava.

Rođen sam u selu Bjelaj, u opštini Bosanski Petrovac. Tamo sam odrastao, išao u školu i radio u selu Bjelaj. Služio sam vojsku 1981., u artiljeriji.

Opština Bosanski Petrovac nalazi se na oko 55 kilometara od Bihaća. Koliko se sjećam, imala je trinaest mjesnih zajednica. Srbi su bili u većini. Poljoprivreda je bila glavna privredna grana. Mislim da je bilo oko 18.000 ljudi u toj opštini. Nisam siguran, ali mislim da je bilo 3.300 Muslimana, a ostali su bili Srbi. U mom selu je bilo oko 150 Muslimana.

U opštini nije bilo kasarni JNA. Postojao je jedan mali vojni objekat u selu Rašnovci, ali ga je čuvalo samo nekoliko vojnika.

Prije izbora 1990., živjeli smo normalno i nisam osjećao nikakve napetosti između različitih nacionalnosti. Nakon stvaranja političkih stranaka, stvari su se promijenile. Srbi su se počeli odvajati od Muslimana. To sam osjetio u svojoj radnji, jer su Srbi počeli odlaziti samo u srpsku radnju pored moje. Srbi su počeli pjevati nacionalističke pjesme.

Kad su stvorene političke stranke, ja nisam išao na skupove i nisam se pridružio ni jednoj stranci. Na izborima 1990., znam da je SDS /Srpska demokratska stranka/ pobijedio, ali ne znam s kojim procentom. Ne sjećam se ko je izabran u Bosanskom Petrovcu, ali u Bjelaju je Milorad Vekić zvani Mićo, iz SDS-a, bio izabran za predsjednika naše zajednice. On je bio poštar i ja sam ga poznao. On je kasnije bio jedan od najgorih podstrekača nevolja s kojima smo se suočili.

U mom selu nije postojala policijska stanica, najbliža je bila u Vrtoču, šest kilometara od Bjelaja. Postojala je još jedna, u Bosanskom Petrovcu, udaljenim 15 kilometara. Šef policije u Bosanskom Petrovcu je bio Srbin po imenu Gaćeša, dok su u Vrtoču svi policajci bili rezervisti.

U to vrijeme, poslije izbora i prije početka rata u Hrvatskoj, nisam se previše kretao okolo zbog vlastite sigurnosti. Nisam se osjećao sigurnim. Nakon što je počeo rat u Hrvatskoj izgledalo je da svako ima pušku. U mom selu bilo je dobrovoljaca koji su se borili u ratu u Hrvatskoj, a i situacija je bila puno napetija nego prije. Nisam mogao razumjeti kako se sve moglo tako brzo promijeniti.

Mi Muslimani nismo imali informacija iz TV/radio vijesti ili novina, nisu nam ništa govorili direktno, a sve što su Srbi radili, radili su nekako potajno. Kada je započeo rat u Hrvatskoj, prvo je bilo dobrovoljaca koji su išli tamo da se bore, a onda su počeli sa masovnijom mobilizacijom. Izgledalo je da svi imaju oružje osim Bošnjaka.

Ne mogu se sjetiti tačnog datuma, ali Bošnjacima je naredeno da policiji u Bosanskom Petrovcu predaju svo svoje oružje uključujući i lovačke puške. Sve je bilo predano. Nije bilo puno toga, par pušaka i pištolja. Srbi su odredili četiri policajca da patroliraju kroz selo, a mi Muslimani nismo znali koji im je bio cilj ili zadatak u tom trenutku. Oni su bili regularni policajci i nosili su regularne uniforme.

U vremenu između početka rata u Hrvatskoj i početka rata u Bosni, mi Muslimani smo se bojali kretati okolo. Vidjeli smo mnogo ljudi u uniformama i s oružjem. Ponekad bi došli u moju radnju, nazivali me Turčinom, i govorili mi da tu više neću raditi, i tome slično.

Do početka rata, ništa nam se određeno nije dogodilo. Prvih mjeseci 1992. stalno su nas maltretirali. Onda, dok sam radio u prodavnici, nakon što je rat već počeo, mislim da je to bilo u junu mjesecu, četiri regularna policajca su došla u moju radnju i odvela me u policijsku stanicu u Bosanskom Petrovcu na saslušanje. Znao sam ih iz viđenja, jer sam ih vidao i prije, a prezimena dvojice od njih su bila Kesić i Čurčuz. Nosili su stare uniforme regularne policije. Rekli su mi da radnju zatvorim. Kad smo ušli u kombi, Emin Lakić i Ibrahim Harakić su već bili unutra. I oni su bili Bošnjaci iz Bjelajaja.

Odveli su me u policijsku stanicu u Bosanskom Petrovcu i vidio sam da je glavni hodnik bio pun Bošnjaka. Svi su oni stajali u redu ispred jedne kancelarije, čekajući na saslušanje. Dok sam čekao u hodniku, vidio sam još vozila kako dovoze još Bošnjaka. Srpski policajci su tukli ljude koje su dovodili. Jednog od dječaka su istukli tako strašno da je napravio veliku nuždu u gaće.

Onda je došao red da mene saslušavaju. Ne znam ime Srbina koji me je ispitivao, ali je bio iz moje generacije u školi. Nosio je uniformu regularne policije. Ne znam koji je čin imao. Psovao me je i pitao me gdje mi je puška. Rekao sam mu da nemam pušku, ali je on rekao da ima dokument u kojem piše da imam pušku i da on ima zapisan njen serijski broj. Uperio mi je pištolj u glavu i pitao me ponovo za pušku. Rekao sam mu da nemam nikakvu pušku i on mi je rekao da izadem. Nakon pet minuta me je ponovo pozvao i ponovio cijelu proceduru. To je učinio deset puta. Prijetio mi je logorom na Manjači, u Kozilima i Kamenici.

Tamo su me držali tri dana i tri noći. Mene nisu tukli, ali većinu drugih Bošnjaka jesu. Bilo nas je četrdeset u sobi od tri metra sa tri /metra/. Vani su stajala dvojica stražara. Nisu nam dozvolili da izadem iz sobe da bismo išli u klozet, nisu nam dozvolili da lupamo na vrata. Ponudili su nam konzerve hrane, ali nikome nije bilo do hrane. Čuli smo čuvare kako pričaju i kažu: "Koga ćemo večeras zaklati?". Za ta tri dana sam dobio mnogo sijedih u kosi i izgubio šest kila.

Čuli smo puno eksplozija u gradu, ali nismo znali šta se događa, dok ujutro nisu doveli još jednu grupu Bošnjaka. Ti su nam ljudi rekli da Srbi bacaju bombe u bošnjačke radnje, kafiće i dućane.

Dvojica najgorih policajaca bili su neki Miljević i Ilija Kovačević. Oni koje su njih dvojica doveli u stanicu bili bi najviše pretučeni.

Trećeg dana je jedan Srbin došao u zatvor, ali ne želim spominjati njegovo ime zbog njegove vlastite sigurnosti. Pitao me šta tamo radim. Rekao sam mu da ne znam. Rekao mi je da ako imam oružje, da ga predam, a da će on garantovati za moj život. Rekao sam mu da ni ja ni moj otac nikad nismo imali oružja. Vratio se nakon deset minuta. Rekao mi je da ako imam pušku, da je predam i da će me on osloboditi, ali u slučaju da imam pušku, on će izgubiti glavu. Rekao sam mu ponovo da nemam pušku. Rekao je da će, ako nađu pušku kod mene kad stignem kući, on izgubiti glavu.

Emina Lakića i mene su oslobodili u isto vrijeme, ali Ibrahim Harakića su poslali u logor u Kozilima. Mislim da bi i mene poslali u logor da mi nije pomogao taj Srbin. Ibrahim se nije bavio politikom i njegov jedini zločin je bio taj što je bio Bošnjak.

Izašao sam na ulicu, a tamo su bili vojnici koji su došli iz Orašca, pucali su u zrak i okolo bacali bombe. Orašac je bio muslimanski grad u bihačkoj opštini, blizu hrvatske granice. Srpski vojnici su spalili cijelo selo, opljačkali ga, a ljude odveli u logore. Završili su to što su radili u Orašcu i sada su se vratili u Petrovac slaveći. Čuo sam od Melke Zulić, koja je iz Orašca, da je njen muž odveden u logor u Ripaču. Ovi vojnici su imali sive uniforme, dugačke vojničke kapute /šinjle?/ i kokarde na kapama.

Emin i ja smo nekako došli do Bjelajskog Polja, ne znajući da li ćemo doći živi do našeg sela. Stigli smo do kuće Mila Vekića u Bjelaju. Tu nas je zaustavio Milorad Sovilj, koji je imao mitraljez M84. Nosio je sivo-maslinastu uniformu JNA sa šljemom na glavi. Uperio je mitraljez u mene, opsovao i nazvao me Turčinom, pitao me kuda idem i rekao da je tamo ubio svu moju porodicu. Rekao mi je da me neće ubiti, da je bolje da vidim svu svoju porodicu poubijanu i iskasapljenu. Otišao sam kući i vidio da je sva moja porodica živa.

Kad sam ušao u kuću, vidio sam da je sve u redu. Susjed Srbin, Gojko Ivanić, i susjed Musliman, Ibrahim Salihagić, su mi prišli. Razgovarali su sa mnom neko vrijeme i ja sam im rekao da ne znam zašto me je policija uhapsila. Negdje oko deset sati uveče čuo sam mitraljeski rafal u dvorištu ispred kuće. Prepoznao sam zvuk M84 i znao da je to sigurno opet Milorad Sovilj. Nakon pola sata, moja dva posjetioca su otišla, ali ujutro je došao policijski auto.

Policajci su rekli: "Mi tebe oslobodili, a ti se vratio kući i pucaš okolo." Rekao sam im da ja nisam pucao, rekao sam da mi Gojko Ivanić može biti svjedok, pa su otišli i pitali njega. On im je rekao istinu, pa me nisu odveli u Petrovac.

Druge ili treće noći nakon toga, neki su ljudi opet došli sa mitraljezom, pucali u sve moje prozore i pozvali me da izađem. Ja nisam izašao i to se ponavljalo sve do 22. septembra. Također su pucali u kuće Ibrahim Salihagića i Mehmeda Mujagića. Prije toga su također zapalili stog sijena Ahme Dračića i pucali u njegovu kuću.

Od vremena kad sam pritvoren do 22. septembra, oni /Srbi/ bi se često skupljali u kući Bože Budimira. Svakog drugog ili trećeg dana vidali smo Milorada Sovilja, Milorada Vekića, Dušana Ciganovića zvanog Dujan, Iliju Brdara i njegovog sina Milanka, Petra Stupara zvanog Pepo i Žarka Vekića, Miloradovog rodaka. Oni bi se okupljali u Budimirovoj kući, mi bismo ih čuli kako pjevaju pjesme i prave buku, i tih noći bi bilo pucnjave. Ti su ljudi uvijek nosili sivo-maslinasto uniforme JNA.



Znao sam da nešto planiraju. Na dan 22. septembra, Milorad Sovilj je išao od jedne srpske kuće do druge, najvjerovatnije upozoravajući ih na nešto. Otišao je u kuću Bože Budimira prolazeći pored moje kuće. Imao sam tridesetak ovaca, pa sam pošao da sakupim ovce i da ih vratim /u tor/. Vidio sam Milorada Vekića i Dušana Ciganovića kako ulaze u Budimirovu kuću.

Negdje oko devet sati navečer moju kuću je pogodila "zolja", protutenkovska raketa koja se ispaljuje iz ručnog bacača. Ispalili su mnogo mitraljeskih rafala na vanjske zidove moje kuće.

Zvali su nas da izademo. U podrumu sam imao bunar, pa sam ostavio svoju ženu, djecu i osamdesetogodišnju majku unutar bunara. Ostao sam na gornjem spratu, pokušavajući prepoznati neke od ljudi. Zapalili su mi garažu koja je bila na dva metra od kuće. U garaži su mi bili auto i plastična burad puna šljiv. U svjetlu garaže u plamenu, prepoznao sam Milana Budimira, Božinog sina, i Milorada Sovilja.

Po glasovima sam prepoznao Milorada Vekića i Dušana Ciganovića. Obojica su provela dosta vremena u mojoj radnji, a imaju karakteristične glasove. Psovali su i kleli, /muvajući se/ oko kuće, pitajući se kako sam mogao pobjeći. Onda se sve stišalo, ali nakon deset minuta čuo sam deset eksplozija.

Od moje kuće su otišli do kuće Mehmeda Mujagića. Isti scenarij se ponovio, psovanje i pozivi da izade. Nakon detonacija, ugledao sam veliku vatru. Zapalili su kuću Mehmeda Mujagića i njegove dvije stajbe. Bio je to strašan prizor, gledati i slušati kako životinje gore.

Između moje i Mehmedove kuće ima oko 50 metara poljane. Vidio sam Milorada Vekića kako sjedi pored Mehmedove kuće i puši cigaretu. Zatim sam se vratio dole do bunara, sjećam se da je moja majka držala jedno od djece. Jedno je imalo sedam, a drugo pet godina. Moja porodica i ja smo ostali u vodi do osam ujutro.

Izašao sam iz kuće ujutro i vidio da je Mehmedova kuća skroz izgorila, a kuće Ahme Dračića i Huseina Dračića su još gorjele. Bojao sam se izaći iz kuće dok nisam čuo Ibrahim Salihagića i njegovu ženu kako hodaju oko kuće i govore da tu nema nikog živog. Pozvao sam ih i onda uzeo svoju porodicu i otišao u kuću Omera Hodžića u zaseoku Busije.

Prije no što smo otišli, pogledali smo u kuću Mehmeda Mujagića i nismo vidjeli nikoga. Kasnije smo čuli od Mehmedovih rođaka da su Mehmed i njegova tašta, Čamka Zajkić, živi izgorjeli u svojoj kući. Mehmedova snaha, Mine, i unuk Jasmin uspjeli su iskočiti kroz prozor zapaljene kuće i spasiti se.

U okolini nismo vidjeli nijednog susjeda Srbina, a na brdu udaljenom oko 400 metara stajala su četiri čovjeka u uniformi i promatrala šta se događa. Bili smo primorani da napustimo kuće. Mine i Jasmin su otišli u Bjelaj, a ja sam odveo svoju porodicu u kuću Omera Hodžića. Tu smo proveli tri dana. Danju smo bili unutra, a noću smo spavali vani, jer su svake noći palili kuće. Nakon tri dana smo svi otišli u Bjelaj.

Jedne noći u septembru, ne sjećam se tačnog datuma, Srbi su zaustavili tri mladića, Enesa Mujagića, sina Feridovog, Jasmina Mujagića, sina Idrizovog, i Smaila Dračića,



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sina Huseinovog. Bilo je oko 5:30 sati ujutru i začuli smo mitraljesku pucnjavu. U to vrijeme nismo znali šta se dogodilo, dok Husein nije otišao da vidi svoju kuću. Na cesti je našao Smaila i Enesa ubijene, sa smrskanim glavama. Jasmin je bio ranjen u vrat. Jasmin je došao k sebi, osvijestio se i rekao nam šta se dogodilo. Drugu dvojicu smo sahranili pored džamije.

Jasmin nije znao šta se tačno dogodilo, samo je znao da su njegova dva prijatelja ustrijeljena, ali nije znao ko ih je pogodio. Bio je ranjen i onesvijestio se.

Nakon toga događaja, oko 08:00 sati istog jutra, Milan Budimir je prošao pored kuće gdje smo se nalazili. Bio je u punoj ratnoj opremi. Nakon nekog vremena sam popričao s jednim mještaninom, Srbinom. Rekao mi je da su oni dobili naredbu da ubiju Muslimane gdje god ih vide na cesti. Ne želim spominjati njegovo ime da on ne bi imao problema, jer je on još uvijek u Bjelaju. On, međutim, nije bio ni na kakvom službenom položaju. Rekao mi je da su svi Srbi mobilizirani i okupljeni ispred jednog dućana gdje im je rečeno da ubiju Muslimane kad god ih vide. Taj Srbin mi je rekao da se on usprotivio toj naredbi i vratio se kući, odbivši da je izvrši. Nije mi rekao ko je izdao tu naredbu.

Ista stvar se događala u Petrovcu, ubijen je svako ko je viden na cesti. U svakom pojedinom slučaju ubijeni ljudi su bili civili Bošnjaci.

Od 22. septembra 1992., do 4. novembra 1992., Srbi su pljačkali bošnjačke kuće, pucali i palili svake noći. Nismo imali nikakvog kontakta sa Petrovcem, ali smo čuli da je oko 24. septembra 1992., cijelokupno bošnjačko stanovništvo Petrovca protjerano. Nas je bilo oko 150 koji smo ostali sami u selu. Nismo znali da li iko zna za nas.

Jednog dana došlo je vozilo Crvenog krsta, i rečeno nam je da ko god ima rodaka u Bihacu može poslati tamo poruku, pa su tako poruke poslate u Bihac.

Svaki noći se događalo isto, paljenje kuća i pucanje. U noći između 3. i 4. novembra bio sam u kući Fadila Bakraća, bilo nas je devetoro u kući. Dogodilo se isto što i kod moje kuće, i u isto vrijeme navečer.

Kuću su opkolili, prepoznao sam iste glasove kao i kod moje kuće, psovali su nam "turske majke" i govorili da će nas zaklati. Sve nas koji smo bili u tri sobe, mene i moju porodicu u jednoj, Fadila i njegovu porodicu u drugoj, i Fadilovu majku i Smailovu majku, Feridu, u trećoj sobi.

Srbi su provalili u kuću, upalili svjetla, govoreći da će nas zaklati i naređujući nam da izađemo. Iza ulaznih vrata je bila vješalica za odjeću na kojoj je visila odjeća i oni su je zapalili. Mi smo kašljali i gušili se od dima, ali Srbi nisu ušli unutra. U jednom sam trenutku odlučio izaći, misleći da će možda ubiti mene i poštediti moju ženu i djecu. Moja žena mi nije dala da izađem. Dok sam govorio sa svojom ženom, čuo sam korake iza vrata, otvorio sam vrata i zgrabio tu osobu, to je bila moja majka. Ona je bila gluva i nije čula šta se događalo. Srbi su je čuli kako hoda okolo i pripucali su kroz vrata. Bila je pogodena i ranjena, i sada je išla prema zahodu. Nisam mogao učiniti ništa drugo nego da je pokrijem ćebetom.



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Srbi nisu ušli, nego su nastavili pucati do tri sata ujutro. Ujutro smo vidjeli da su unutrašnji zidovi bili puni tragova metaka. Moja majka je bila obilivena krvlju. Pokušali smo je malo očistiti alkoholom, imala je desetak malih rana od krhotina metaka. Kasnije je bila u redu.

Te večeri oko pet sati došao je Petar Stupar. Bio je pijan. Imao je automatsku pušku i motornu pilu. Budući da ga je Fadil dobro poznavao, htio ga je zamoliti da mu isječe drva za vatru. Rekao sam Fadilu da ga ne pita, jer bi nas mogao ubiti. Fadil je rekao da je Petar previše pijan. No, on je ipak nasjekao drva. Kad je završio, došao je moj petogodišnji sin. Petar je pitao mog sina: "Ko ti je pogodio baku?" Moj sin je rekao: "Ne znam." A Petar je rekao: "Petar je to učinio." To je ponovio tri ili četiri puta. Rekao mi je da postoji cijela grupa njih i da je on u toj grupi. Rekao mi je da će Muslimani jedino biti na miru /kao u originalu/, samo ako bomba eksplodira u grupi, misleći pritom da će se grupa razdvojiti. Onda je otišao.

Dok sam bio u kući Fadila Brakraša /kao u originalu/, Mile Brdar je razgovarao sa Fadilom i pitao ga zašto sam ja tu. Fadil mu je rekao da moram biti negdje, jer je moja kuća uništena. Mile je rekao da me Fadil treba smjestiti u jednu svoju staru drvenu kuću. Kad su ga pitali zašto, Mile je rekao: "Da bismo ga mogli lakše zapaliti."

Od te noći svi mi Muslimani smo se bojali spavati u kućama, pa smo se krali u nekim skloništima u selu, nas 150. Po danu bismo išli u kuće, ali po noći smo bili u skloništima. Nakon nekoliko noći ponovo su napali kuću, provalili u unutra i sve opljačkali. Moja mala djevojčica je ostavila lutku u kući i kad smo se vratili u kuću, našli smo viljušku zabodenu u lutkin vrat. To smo shvatili kao znak šta bi se dogodilo mojoj kćeri. Te iste noći napali su kuću Ibrahima Hodžića. Njemu je bilo preko 80 godina. Sa njim u kući su bili Ibrahim Salihagić i njegova žena Zijada. Desile su se iste stvari, pucali su na kuću, bacali granate. To je očigledno bila ista grupa koja je stalno napadala kuće. Ljudi su se uspjeli spasiti tako što su se sakrili u kupatilu koje je bilo nadograđeno na kuću.

Te iste noći spaljene su kuće Emina Lakića i Ibrahima Selimovića. U kući Emina Lakića njegova sestra Džula Mumćehajić je spaljena živa. Čovjek po imenu Mehmed Hrkčić je također ubijen u zaseoku Jazbine. Srbin Miro Pečaš ga je prisilio da mu preda neke dragocijnosti i on je na putu kući ubijen na cesti.

Jedne noći su Petar Stupar, Ilija Brdar i Milanko Brdar otišli opljačkati kuću Omera Hodžića, drugog čovjeka sa istim imenom, ne onoga kod kojeg sam ja bio. Kako se ta trojica nisu mogli složiti oko stvari koje su pokrali, Petar Stupar je pucao i ranio Milanka Brdara. Onda je Milankov otac, Ilija, uzео pušku i ubio Petra Stupara. Nakon te noći nismo više čuli nijedan pucanj u selu dok napokon nismo razmijenjeni 22. januara 1993.

Crveni krst je predao poruke našim prijateljima i rodbini u Bihaću. Nas su razmijenili sa Srbima iz okoline Bihaća. Crveni krst je to organizovao, mi nismo morali ništa platiti da izademo. Ionako nam ništa nije preostalo, Srbi su nam već sve oteli, svu našu stoku i sve dragocijnosti.

Imali smo jednu staru džamiju koju smo popravili baš prije rata. Sagrađili smo novu džamiju na temeljima stare. Stavili smo novi krov i potpuno je popravili. Kada su Srbi

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palili naše kuće, raketnim bacačem su gađali džamiju. Nakon što smo otišli, skinuli su krov. Nakon rata, kad sam posjetio selo, našao sam nekoliko uništenih nadgrobnih spomenika moje porodice.

Mislim da je puno toga što se dogodilo bošnjačkom narodu organizirano i koordinirano iz kuće Bože Budimira. Ispred kuće je imao zvono koje bi zvonilo navečer kad bi se grupa skupljala. Te noći bi bilo pucnjave, paljenja, pljačkanja i ubijanja. Na kraju noći bi zvonilo ponovo i pucnjava bi prestala.

Za vrijeme rata, usred naših nevolja, sreo sam Milorada Vekića i on mi je rekao: “Zar se usuduješ šetati se po selu? U našem štabu piše da moramo uništiti čak i muslimansku stoku ako je nađemo”.



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**POTVRDA SVJEDOKA**

Izjava mi je glasno pročitana na bosanskom jeziku i sadrži sve što sam rekao, po svom znanju i sjećanju. Izjavu sam dao dobrovoljno i svjestan sam da se može upotrijebiti u sudskom postupku pred Međunarodnim sudom za krivično gonjenje osoba odgovornih za teška kršenja međunarodnog prava počinjena na teritoriji bivše Jugoslavije od 1991, kao i da mogu biti pozvan da javno svjedočim pred Sudom.

Potpis: /potpisano/

Datum: 19. augusta 1999.

**POTVRDA PREVODIOCA**

Ja, Samir Muhamedović, prevodilac, potvrđujem sljedeće:

- 1) Odgovarajuće sam kvalifikovan i ovlašten od strane Sekretarijata Međunarodnog suda za krivično gonjenje osoba odgovornih za teška kršenja međunarodnog prava počinjena na teritoriji bivše Jugoslavije od 1991. da prevodim sa bosanskog jezika na engleski jezik, kao i sa engleskog na bosanski jezik.
- 2) Mujo Dračić mi je dao do znanja da govori i razumije bosanski jezik.
- 3) Gore navedenu izjavu sam usmeno preveo sa engleskog na bosanski jezik u prisustvu Muje Dračića koji je, po svemu sudeći, čuo i razumio prijevod ove izjave.
- 4) Mujo Dračić je potvrdio da su, po njegovom znanju i sjećanju, činjenice i ostalo navedeno u ovoj izjavi istinite, onako kako sam ih preveo što je potvrdio svojeručnim potpisom na predviđenom mjestu.

Datum: 19. augusta 1999.

Potpis: /potpisano/



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INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL TRIBUNAL FOR THE PROSECUTION  
OF PERSONS RESPONSIBLE FOR SERIOUS VIOLATIONS  
OF INTERNATIONAL LAW COMMITTED IN THE TERRITORY  
OF THE FORMER YUGOSLAVIA SINCE 1991

WITNESS STATEMENT

WITNESS INFORMATION:

Name: DRAČIĆ, Mujo son of Dedo  
Nickname/Alias:  
Address:  
Date of Birth: 5 December 1962  
Gender: Male  
Ethnic Origin: Bosniak  
Religion: Islam  
Occupation: Current: Unemployed Former: Shop salesman  
Language(s) Spoken: Bosnian  
Language(s) Written: (if different from spoken)  
Date(s) of Interview(s): 19 August 1999  
Interviewer: Barry Hogan  
Interpreter: Samir Muhamedović  
Language(s) Used in Interview: Bosnian and English  
Names of all persons present during interview(s): Mujo Dračić, Barry Hogan, Samir Muhamedović

Signed: Dračić Mujo 19.08.1999  
Barry Muhamedović  
B.A. Hogan 10

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WITNESS STATEMENT: 00046392 W

I have previously given statements to the Bosnian authorities about my experiences. I do not have a copy, today, of what I stated before and have not referred to my previous statements before coming here today. The statement I give today will be true and accurate to the best of my recollection today, and will be essentially the same as my previous statements, as close as my memory allows.

I was born in the village of Bjelaj in the municipality of Bosanski Petrovac. I grew up there, attended school, and worked in the village of Bjelaj. I did my national service in the army in 1981 in the artillery.

The municipality of Bosanski Petrovac is about 55 kilometres from Bihać. As I remember, it was made up of thirteen communities. The Serbs were a majority. The economy was mostly agricultural. I think there were about 18,000 people living in the municipality. I'm not sure, but I think there were 3,300 Muslims, the rest were Serbs. In my village, there were about 150 Muslim people.

There was no JNA barracks in the municipality. There was a small military installation at the village of Rašnovci, but it was just guarded by a few soldiers.

Before the 1990 elections, we lived normally, I couldn't feel any tensions between different ethnic nationalities. After the forming of the political parties, things changed. Serbs started separating from Muslims. I could feel it in my shop, Serbs started only going to the Serb shop next door to mine, and Serbs started singing nationalistic songs.

When the political parties were formed, I didn't attend any of the rallies and didn't join any of the parties. In the 1990 elections, I know the SDS party won, but I don't know in which percentages. I don't remember who was elected in Bosanski Petrovac, but in Bjelaj, Milorad Vekić, called Mićo, of the SDS was elected president of our community. He was a postman, I knew him. He later was one of the worst instigators of the problems we encountered.

There was no regular police station in my village, the closest was in Vrtoč, six kilometres from Bjelaj, and there was another in Bosanski Petrovac, 1.5 kilometres away. The police chief in Bosanski Petrovac was a Serb named Gaćeša, in Vrtoč the police were all reserves.

At that time, after the elections and before the start of the war in Croatia, I didn't move around much, for my own security. I didn't feel safe, once the war in Croatia started everyone seemed to have a rifle. There were volunteers from my village who fought in the war in Croatia, and things were much more tense than they had been before. I couldn't understand how it could change so suddenly.

We Muslims had no information from the news or papers, we were not directly told anything, whatever the Serbs did, they did in a kind of secret way. When the war in Croatia started, first there were volunteers who went there to fight, then they started mobilizing people on a larger scale. Everyone seemed to have weapons, except the Bosniaks.

I can't remember the exact date, but Bosniaks were ordered to turn in all weapons, including hunting rifles, to the police in Bosanski Petrovac. Everything was turned in. There were not many to start with, a couple of rifles and handguns. The Serbs had four policemen patrolling through the village, and we Muslims did not know what their purpose or task was at that

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time. They were regular police, with the regular uniforms.

Between the time of the start of the war in Croatia, and the start of the war in Bosnia, we Muslims were afraid to move around, we could tell that there were so many people in uniform, carrying weapons. Sometimes they would come to my shop, calling me a "Turk", telling me that I would not work there any more, things like that.

Until the beginning of the war, nothing specific happened to us. In the first months of 1992, they were harassing us constantly. Then, while I was working in the shop, after the war started, I think it was in June, four regular policemen came to my shop and took me to the police station in Bosanski Petrovac for interrogation. I knew their faces, I had seen them before, the family names of two of them were Kesić and Čurčuz. They were wearing the old, regular police uniforms. They told me to close the shop, when we got into the van I saw Emin Lakić and Ibrahim Harakić were already in the van. They were Bosniaks also from Bjelaj.

I was taken into the police station in Bosanski Petrovac, I could see the main corridor was full of Bosniaks. They were all waiting in a line in front of one of the offices, waiting to be interrogated. While I was waiting in the corridor, I saw more vehicles bringing in more Bosniaks. The Serb police were beating the people they brought in. One of the kids they were beating was beaten so hard that he defecated in his pants.

My turn came for interrogation. I don't know the name of the Serb who interrogated me, but he was from my generation at school. He was in uniform, a regular police uniform. I don't know what rank he was. He swore at me, asked me where my rifle was. I told him that I didn't have any rifle, but he said that he had a paper which said that I had a rifle, and had the serial number recorded. He put a pistol against my head, asking me about the rifle again. I said that I didn't have any, and he told me to get out. Five minutes later, he called me in again and went through the whole procedure. He did this ten times. He also threatened me with prison camps at Manjača, Kozila, and Kamenica.

I was held there for three days and three nights. I wasn't beaten myself, but most of the other Bosniaks were beaten. There were forty of us in a room about 3 metres by 3 metres. There were two guards outside the door. We were not allowed to leave the room to go to the toilet, we were not allowed to bang on the door. They offered us some cans of food, but nobody felt like eating. We could hear the guards talking, saying, "Whose throat are we going to slit tonight?" During those three days I got many gray hairs and lost six kilos weight.

We heard a lot of explosions in town, but didn't know what was going on until they brought in another group of Bosniaks in the morning. Those people told us that the Serbs were throwing hand grenades at the Bosniak businesses, cafes and shops.

Two of the worst policemen were named Miljević and Ilija Kovačević. Whoever they brought into the station were the most badly beaten.


The third day, a Serb came into the prison, I don't want to mention his name for his own safety. He asked me what I was doing there. I told him I didn't know. He told me that if I had a weapon, to turn it in, that he would guarantee my life. I told him that neither I nor my father had ever had a weapon. He came back ten minutes later. He told me that if I had a rifle, to turn it in, that he would set me free, but that if I had a rifle, he would lose his head. I told him again, I didn't have a rifle. He said that if they find a rifle on you when you get

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home, I'm losing my head.

I was set free, and at the same time Emin Lakić was set free, but Ibrahim Harakić was sent to the prison camp at Kozila. I think I would have been sent to the camp too, except for the Serb who helped me. Ibrahim was not involved in politics, his only crime was that he was Bosniak.

I went out on the street, the army soldiers who had come from Orašac were there, they were shooting in the air, throwing hand grenades around. Orašac was a Muslim town in Bihać municipality close to the Croatian border. The Serb soldiers had burned down the whole village, looted it, took people to prison camps. They had finished what they were doing in Orašac and now had returned to Petrovac, celebrating. I heard from Melka Zulić, who had been in Orašac, that her husband had been taken to the prison camp at Ripač. These soldiers had grey uniforms, long army coats, and the cokarda on their hats.

Emin and I managed to get to Bjelajsko Polje somehow, not knowing if we would manage to get to our village alive. We got to the house of Mile Vekić in Bjelaj, we were stopped there by Milorad Sovilj, who had a machine gun, an M84. He was wearing a grey olive JNA uniform, with a helmet on his head. He pointed it at me, swore and called me a "turk" and asked me where I was going, and said that he had killed all of my family there. He told me that he wouldn't kill me, that it was better if I were to see all my family killed and mutilated. I got back home and saw that all my family was alive.

When I got into the house, I saw that everything was alright. A Serb neighbour, Gojko Ivanić, and a Muslim neighbour, Ibrahim Salihagić, approached me. They talked to me for a while, I told them I didn't know why the police had arrested me. Sometime around ten o'clock at night, I heard a machine gun burst in the front yard. I recognized the sound as an M84, and I knew it must be Milorad Sovilj again. After half an hour, my two visitors left, but in the morning a police car came.

The police said, "We set you free, you go back home and you shoot around." I told them that I didn't shoot, I told them that Gojko Ivanić was a witness, so they went and asked him. He told them the truth so they didn't take me to Petrovac.

The second or third night after that, again some guys with a machine gun came, shot out all my windows and called me to come out. I didn't go outside, and this continued time after time until the 22 September. They were also shooting at the houses of Ibrahim Salihagić and Mehmed Mujagić. Before this they had also set afire the haystack of Ahmo Dračić, and shot at his house as well.

From the time I was detained, until the 22 September, they would gather at the house of Božo Budimir very often. Every second or third day, we could see Milorad Sovilj, Milorad Vekić, Dušan Ciganović called Dujan, Ilija Brdar and his son Milanko, Petar Stupar called Pepo, and Žarko Vekić, Milorad's relative. They would gather at Budimir's house, we could hear them singing songs, making noise, and on those nights shootings would happen. These men always wore JNA olive grey uniforms.

I knew that they were planning something. On 22 September, Milorad Sovilj went from one Serb house to another, probably warning them of something. He went to Božo Budimir's house, passing by my house. I had about thirty sheep, so I went to gather the sheep and take them back. I saw Milorad Vekić and Dušan Ciganović also go into Budimir's house.

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Sometime around nine in the evening, my house was hit by a "Zolja", which is a shoulder-fired anti-tank rocket. They shot a lot of machine gun bursts on the outside walls of the house.

They were calling us to get out. I had a water well in the basement, so I put my wife, children and eighty-year-old mother inside the well. I stayed on the top floor, trying to recognize some of them. They set my garage on fire. It was about two metres separate from the house. I had a car in the garage, and plastic barrels filled with plums. By the light of the burning garage, I recognized Milan Budimir, the son of Božo, and Milorad Sovilj outside.

I also recognized Milorad Vekić and Dušan Ciganović by their voices. Both had spent a lot of time in my shop, and they had distinctive voices. They were cursing and swearing, around the house, wondering how I could have escaped. Then things became quiet, but after ten minutes I heard ten explosions.

From my house, they had gone to the house of Mehmed Mujagić. It was the same scenario, swearing, telling him to get out. After those detonations, I saw a large fire. They had set fire to the house of Mehmed Mujagić, as well as his two stables. It was a horrible scene, watching and listening to the animals as they burned.

There is a field of about 50 metres between my house and Mehmed's house. I could see Milorad Vekić sitting outside Mehmed's house, smoking a cigarette. I then went back downstairs to the water well, I remember my mother held one of my children, one of whom was seven and the other five at that time. My family and I stayed in that water until eight in the morning.

I stepped out of the house in the morning and could see that Mehmed's house was burned down, and the houses of Ahmo Dračić and Husein Dračić were on fire. I was afraid to leave the house until I heard Ibrahim Salihagić and his wife, wandering around the house, saying that there is nobody alive here. I called to them, then took my family and went to the house of Omer Hodžić in the hamlet of Busije.

We looked at Mehmed Mujagić house before we left, we couldn't see anyone. Later we learned from Mehmed's relatives that Mehmed and his mother-in-law, Čamka Zajkić, were burned alive in their house. Mine, Mehmed's daughter-in-law, and Jasmin, his grandson, had managed to jump out the window of the burning house, and they survived.

We didn't see any of the Serb neighbours around, only on a hill about 400 metres away, there were four people in uniform, watching what was going on. We were forced to leave the houses. Mine and Jasmin went to Bjelaj, and I took my family to Omer Hodžić house. We spent three days there, during the day we stayed inside, during the night we slept outside, since every night there were houses burned. After three days we all went to Bjelaj.

One night in September, I don't remember the exact date, the Serbs stopped three young men, Enes Mujagić son of Ferid, Jasmin Mujagić son of Idriz, Smail Dračić son of Husein. It was around 5:30 in the morning, we heard a machine gun shooting. We didn't know at the time what had happened, until Husein went to see his house. On the road, he found Smail and Enes killed on the road, with their heads crushed. Jasmin was wounded in the neck. Jasmin recovered, became conscious, and he told us what had happened. The other two we buried next to the mosque.

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Jasmin didn't know what exactly had happened, he just knew that his two friends had been shot, he didn't know who had got them. He had been wounded and went unconscious.

After that happened, that same morning around eight o'clock, Milan Budimir passed by the house where we were staying. He was wearing full battle equipment. After some time, I spoke to a local Serb. He told me that they were ordered to kill Muslims anywhere they saw them on the road. I don't want to mention his name in case he gets into trouble, he is still in Bjelaj but he had no official position. He told me that the Serbs were all mobilized, gathered in front of a shop and told to kill Muslims whenever they were seen. This Serb told me that he had argued with that order and had gone back home, refusing to obey it. He didn't tell me who had given that order.

The same thing was happening in Petrovac, whoever was seen on the streets were killed. In each case, the murdered people were Bosniak civilians.

Since the 22 September 1992, until 4 November 1992, the Serbs were looting Bosniak houses, shooting and burning every night. We didn't have any communication with Petrovac, but we heard that around 24 September 1992, all the Bosniak population of Petrovac was forced to leave. There were about 150 of us on our own in the village. We didn't know if anyone knew about us.

One day, a red cross vehicle came, and told us that whoever had relatives in Bihać could send a message, so messages were sent to Bihać.

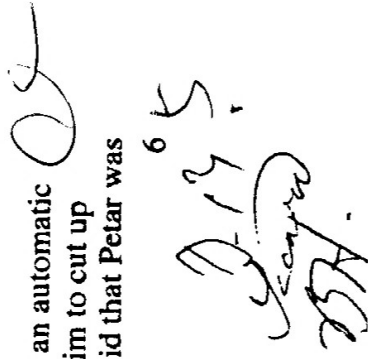
Every night the same things took place, burning of houses and shootings. On the night between 3 and 4 November, I was in the house of Fadil Bakrač, there were nine of us in the house. The same thing happened as at my house, at the same time in the evening.

The house was surrounded, I recognized the same voices as at my house, swearing at "Turkish mothers", saying they would slit our throats. All of us in three rooms, myself and my family in one, Fadil and his family in another, and Fadil's mother and the mother of Smail, Ferrida, in a third.

The Serbs broke into the house, turned the lights on, saying that they would slit our throats, telling us to get out. Behind the entrance door there was a clothes hanger with clothes hanging on it, so they set it on fire. We were coughing and choking from the smoke, but the Serbs didn't come in. At one moment, I decided to go out, I thought they might kill me and leave my wife and children alone. My wife wouldn't let me go out. As I spoke to my wife, I heard steps outside the room, I opened the door and grabbed the person, it was my mother. She was deaf and couldn't hear what was going on. The Serbs had heard her moving around and had fired through the door. She had been hit and wounded, and now she was on her way to the toilet. I couldn't do anything else but cover her with a blanket.

The Serbs didn't enter, they continued shooting until around three in the morning. In the morning, we saw the inside walls of the house were all shot up. My mother was covered with blood. We tried to clean her up with alcohol, she had about ten small wounds from fragmented bullets. She was alright later on.

That evening, around five o'clock, Petar Stupar came, he was drunk. He had an automatic rifle and a chain saw. Since Fadil knew him very well, Fadil wanted to ask him to cut up some firewood. I told Fadil not to ask him because he might kill us. Fadil said that Petar was

A handwritten signature in blue ink, followed by the date "D-19.5." and a small number "6" above it. There are some scribbles and initials below the date.

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too drunk. He did cut up the firewood. When he finished the cutting, my five-year-old son came. Petar asked my son, "Who shot your grandmother?" My son said, "I don't know." And Petar said, "Petar did." He repeated it three or four times. He told me that there is a group of them, that he was in the group. He told me that only if a grenade explodes in the group, meaning that if the group separates, then the Muslims would be in peace. Then he left.

While I was staying at the house of Fadil Brakraš, Mile Brdar had spoken to Fadil and asked him why I was staying there. Fadil told him that I had to stay somewhere, since my house had been destroyed. Mile said that Fadil should put me in an old wooden house that Fadil had. When asked why, Mile said, "So we can burn him more easily."

From that night, all of us Muslims were afraid to sleep in the houses, so we hid in some shelters in the village, 150 of us. During the day we would go into the houses, but during the night we would be in the shelters. The house was again attacked after some nights, it was broken into and looted. My little girl had left a doll in the house, when we returned to the house, we found a fork in the doll's neck. We took that as a sign that this is what would happen to my daughter. The same night the house of Ibrahim Hodžić was attacked. He was over 80 years of age. Ibrahim Salihagić and his wife Zijada were with him in the house. The same things happened, the house was shot at, grenades thrown. It was obviously the same group, repeatedly attacking houses. The people managed to survive by hiding in the bathroom which was built onto the house.

That same night the houses of Emin Lakić and Ibrahim Selimović were burned. In the house of Emin Lakić, his sister Džula Mumčehajić was burned alive. A man named Mehmed Hrkčić was also killed in the hamlet of Jazbine. He was forced to give some valuables to a Serb named Miro Pečša, and on his way back home he was killed on the road.

One night, Petar Stupar, Ilija Brdar and Milanko Brdar went to loot the house of Omer Hodžić, another man by the same name, not the one I had stayed with. As those three couldn't agree about the goods they stole, Petar Stupar shot and wounded Milanko Brdar. Then the father of Milanko, Ilija, took the gun, shot and killed Petar Stupar. After that night, we didn't hear a shot in the village until we were finally exchanged on 22 January 1993.

The red cross had passed on messages to our friends and relatives in Bihać. Serbs around Bihać were exchanged for us. The red cross made the arrangements, we didn't have to pay any money to get out. We didn't have anything left anyway, everything had been robbed from us already by the Serbs, all our cattle, livestock, all our valuables.

There had been an old mosque which we had repaired just before the war. We built a new mosque on the foundation of the old one. We had put a new roof on it and complete repairs. During the time the Serbs were burning our houses, they shot at the mosque with a rocket launcher. After we left, they took off the roof. Since the war, when I visited the village, I found some of the tombstones of my family destroyed.

I think a lot of the events which happened to Bosniak people were arranged or coordinated from Božo Budimir's house. He had a bell in front of his house which would sound in the evening when the group would gather. That night, there would be shooting, burning, looting and killing. At the end of the night, the bell would sound again and the shooting would stop.

I had met Milorad Vekić during the war, in the midst of all the troubles, and he said, "Do you

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Stupar  
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dare to walk around the village. In our headquarters, it says we are to destroy even a Muslim cattle if we find them."

*Dear Sir,  
James  
D. M. Hogan*

*De*

*38*

*D.M.*

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**WITNESS ACKNOWLEDGMENT**

This Statement has been read over to me in the Bosnian language and is true to the best of my knowledge and recollection. I have given this Statement voluntarily and am aware that it may be used in legal proceedings before the International Criminal Tribunal for the Prosecution of Persons Responsible for Serious Violations of International Law Committed in the Territory of the Former Yugoslavia since 1991, and that I may be called to give evidence in public before the Tribunal.

Signed: *David Gray*

Dated: 19 August 1999

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**INTERPRETER CERTIFICATION**

I Samir Muhamedović

, Interpreter, certify that:

1. I am duly qualified and approved by The Registry of the International Criminal Tribunal for the Prosecution of Persons Responsible for Serious Violations of International Law Committed in the Territory of the Former Yugoslavia since 1991 to interpret from the Bosnian language into the English language and from the English language into the Bosnian language.
2. I have been informed by Mujo Dračić that he speaks and understands the Bosnian language.
3. I have orally translated the above statement from the English language to the Bosnian language in the presence of Mujo Dračić who appeared to have heard and understood my translation of this Statement.
4. Mujo Dračić has acknowledged that the facts and matters set out in his / her Statement, as translated by me, are true to the best of his / her knowledge and recollection and has accordingly signed his / her signature where indicated.

Dated: 19 August 1999

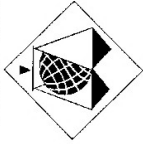
Signed: *Samir Muhamedovic*

*Muho Dračić*

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International  
Criminal Tribunal  
for the Former  
Yugoslavia

Tribunal Pénal  
International pour  
l'ex-Yugoslavie

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Prijevod

DEKLARACIJA OSOBE KOJA JE DALA PISMENU IZJAVU  
U SKLADU S PRAVILOM 92 BIS

Ja,

Prezime, ime: DRACIĆ MUJO

Datum i mjesto rođenja: 05.12.1962 Bos Petrova

Identifikacioni broj ili broj pasoša: ID No. 15217196

ovime potvrđujem, u priststvu predsjedavajućeg službenika CHUENING CHEN

da je sadržaj pismene izjave (izjava) koju sam dao (-la) dana 19.08.99 22.2.2003

i koja je priložena ovoj deklaraciji, po mom najboljem znanju i uvjerenju, istinit i tačan.

Uručena mi je i kopija pravila 91 Pravinika o postupku i dokazima Međunarodnog suda na jeziku koji razumijem i znam da protiv mene može biti pokrenut krivični postupak zbog lažne izjave, ukoliko sadržaj moje pismene izjave (pismenih izjava) nije istinit i tačan.

Dana: 22.02.2003

U: Witness's place, Bihal

Dracic Mujo

potpis davaoca deklaracije

[Signature]

potpis predsjedavajućeg službenika

[Signature]

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