

Dutch guerrilla's diary excerpts

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Translated excerpts provided by Colombia's government from the captured diary of a Dutch woman who became a rebel fighter with the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia:

-Aug. 23, 2006: I called home - without permission ... It was marvelous to hear their voices. Mom and dad both cried. Now all I can do is await my punishment, but everyone is allowed to make calls except me. Isn't it ridiculous? Perhaps they'll keep me in the jungle forever and not let me leave to go on missions because of this little sin.

-Nov. 24, 2006: I'm tired, tired of the FARC, tired of the people, tired of communal life. Tired of never having anything for myself. It would be worth it if we knew why we were fighting. But the truth is I don't believe in this anymore. What kind of organization is this, where some have money, cigarettes, candy, and the rest have to beg, only to be rejected or met with grumbling? This is how it was when I arrived almost four years ago, and it hasn't changed.

-Nov. 24, 2006: I want to leave here, at least this unit. But for the time being, you know that you're more or less a prisoner. What can you do? I don't want to hear any more about being a communist, being honest, not wasting, being obedient. And then see how hypocritical the commanders, like braggarts and traitors, showing no mercy if you dare to criticize them.

-April 15, 2007: Today there was a party. Of course the commanders and their wives had their own private party, which I think is totally corrupt. The rest, the troops, the regular guerrillas of lower rank, were allowed to finish the alcohol that the commanders couldn't finish yesterday. ... I've lost interest in partying. Maybe I'll go and sit alone, a kind of silent protest.

-April 28, 2007: The offensive is coming up, today or tomorrow we'll leave for another site. I have 5 stitches in my thigh from where I hit myself with a blade ... it's not fair, right? I don't know where this project is going. How will it be when we come to power? The girlfriends of the commanders in Ferrari Testa Rossas, with breast implants, eating caviar? It seems like it.

-June 9, 2007: Bored and hungry. We can't find the enemy, and so I have to study FARC documents for the millionth time. Repeating what they've already said 30 times before.

-June 12, 2007: I made the mistake of daring to criticize one of the commanders and yesterday I was seriously humiliated in public. But it doesn't matter to me. I'm used to the hypocrisy of the FARC and their story, and I have no illusions about them.