



IN THE SERVICE OF THE LORD'S ARMY



National Memory & Peace Documentation Centre

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Written by Theo Hollander

“The birth of a monster”

Synopsis

BACK COVER:

“At the age of fourteen, I had killed more people than some of the most notorious serial killers that the world has ever known. But that doesn't mean that I am an evil man, or that I am mentally ill. I never killed anyone out of pure cruelty or because of sheer hatred. I killed them because I had to. I had no other choice. It was either them or me. Or at least, this is what I keep on telling myself...”

In the service of the Lord's army tells the story of how the war in northern Uganda changed my life forever. It will show how, at the age of twelve, I was transformed from cheerful child into a cold-blooded killer in the so-called army of the Lord, otherwise known as the Lord's Resistance Army.”

Summary:

“In the service of the Lord's army” is a biography about Norman Okello; a young man from northern Uganda who was abducted by the Lord's Resistance Army at the age of twelve and forced to become one of its harbingers of death. This book will tell a true story of epic proportions, about severe hardships and extreme strength and resilience in events that happened in a strange but real world about fifteen years ago.

The book tells the tale of how one of the most brutal rebel groups in the world changed the life of one individual irreversibly. It will show how a young child was able to cope in this hostile environment and navigate through all the hardships. It shows the constant struggles that Norman had with himself trying to keep his humanity, while it is the very loss of humanity and the will to survive at all cost that makes him human. This book will tell about Norman's life and the extraordinary events in which he was directly involved. From his idyllic early childhood which reveals this part of Africa in its full beauty, to his combat, abduction and punishment missions which can be added to the blackest pages of human history.

Chapter 11

The day that the training ended came without warning. Nobody informed us what was happening when we were ordered to enter the truck once more, but it became soon clear to all of us that we were back on the road to Aru. The moment came back home, I saw that the camp had grown considerably since I left. The potato and cassava gardens were now flourishing and deep trenches had been dug all around the camp. We were taken immediately to the gate of Control Altar, where a whole battalion had already been assembled. As we jumped off the truck we were told to join this battalion. The battalion consisted of many new recruits who had just finished their first training. The twenty-four of us were now the most experienced soldiers within this battalion, with the exception of the commander leading it. Although we had not yet been given a rank, our superior training meant that we were now in commanding positions. I was assigned several dozens of new recruits that were under my direct command. We were quickly introduced and even before I was told myself, they told all the new kids that I would be their commander. The one speaking to us at the gate of Control Altar was Kony himself. He gave us the instruction of what was to come, and although I do not remember his exact words, but it was something like this.

- "Today your skills will be put to the test. You have all survived the training and this already makes you tough soldiers, but the real soldiers' spirit can only be tested in battle, and today we will put your training to the test. The enemy that you will face in the

coming few days is battle hardened and they will have superior numbers. But those infidels fight without the Lord in their minds and that is why we will win the battle. God will protect the holiest of us and those who will not survive this campaign, are not worthy to fight for the Lord's army in the first place. We are not infidels like our enemies. Today you are going to conquer our enemies and as a proof of your victory, I want you to take back with you at least one enemy's testicle. Those who have the nerve to come back without a testicle, will suffer the consequences. Go now and conquer!"

These were the words that I had waited to hear for many days. In those last few weeks of our military training in Juba we noticed that we received bigger food rations and that the training days were much shorter. Although no one told us anything about an upcoming battle, we sensed that something was about to happen. Like most of my colleagues who had been selected for the Juba training, I had grown sick and tired of the training because I now considered myself to be the best soldier in the world. I didn't need any more training; I needed to go out there and kill.

I noticed that in the months of my training I had become very angry. Most of the time I didn't even know what it was that made me so angry, but I felt a constant urge to kill and destroy. I was so aggressive. If I had possessed a mirror, I would probably have seen the same destruction in my eyes that I had seen in those dreaded eyes that I looked at on the day of my abduction. I was slowly turning into the demon that I had promised myself I would never become.

It was clear that we were all ready to slaughter, so when we finally got the word that we would go to kill some Dinkas, as we used to call the SPLA, we were all very excited and very happy. Finally we got our chance to get back at them and make them pay for what they had done to us in Palataka.

After Kony's speech we started to prepare for our mission. All the new recruits were given a gun and we packed enough ammunition to last through one very heavy battle. For the first time I had dozens of soldiers under my command. I carried an RPG launcher and I instructed my recruits to carry the grenades. We marched back in the direction of Palataka, where our enemies drove us away approximately seven months earlier. Leading us was a lieutenant-colonel who had been abducted many years before me and who had worked himself up in ranks. We also had a doctor with us and I was in charge of the artillery for the northern flank. During the march I was filled with excitement and anger. I had been with the LRA now for about a year and a half and finally all my training would be put to the test.

The Dinka camp was very far from Aru. We walked for two days before we finally came close, but we didn't rush. We all wanted to be fit for the battle, so we had several breaks every day for cooking, and during the nights we would sleep well. I was having wild dreams about killing the Dinka and slitting open their balls to remove the testicles. Never in my life had I expected that I would be so eager to kill. When we took our break on the second evening, we were very close to the enemy barrack, but I didn't realize it.

The commander knew, but he didn't tell us anything. That night we cooked our food and afterwards we took up defensive positions so that we could sleep at ease during the night. Before we went to sleep the commander instructed us to sharpen our knives. Tomorrow we would be cutting Dinka balls.

We woke up very early in the morning when it was still completely dark. The enemy barrack was an hours' walk away from us. We proceeded in absolute silence. With stealth I was sneaking through the bush, making sure not to step on any branches or anything that could make a noise. Our attack required surprise. By the first light in the eastern sky, we were very close to our target. The Dinka camp was surrounded by thick bush which gave us the perfect cover to make our approach unnoticed. I was still very excited and happy. As we came close I whispered to the boy nearest to me that I would be the first to cut the Dinka ball.

The enemy camp that I saw before me was much smaller than ours at Aruu, but still big enough to harbor a formidable fighting force. Kony had said something about overwhelming numbers, but I had no idea that we would face several full battalions that outnumbered us 3 to 1. Our battalion consisted of just over two hundred men, while our enemies number anywhere up to 600 hundred or 700 experienced soldiers. However, surprise and reputation for absolute brutality were our advantage, and that would make their numbers count for nothing.

Their huts were also grass huts, but very different from the ones we built. The Dinka huts

were much pointier and not as round. The granaries where they stored their food and weapons were also very different. They were higher off the ground and much smaller. The camp was surrounded by shallow trenches with sandbags up the sides. I recognized that our main task would be to ensure that the enemy never reached those trenches, because from there they could establish a strong defence. There was only one road that led out of the camp and it was directly on the other side of the camp from where we approached. Once we made it past the trenches, there were few objects that we or the enemy could hide behind, with the exception of the huts and some trees. So the strategy was to overwhelm the enemy as quickly as possible while we had the advantage of surprise. We also needed to avoid letting them know our true numbers. Fear was our ally and if they would realize that they outnumbered us 3 to 1, their scare would quickly evaporate.

We approached our enemy's camp in a C formation, with the artillery department in the middle and the tips of the C blocking the enemies' escape routes. I had a clear target ahead of me and I proceeded as cautiously as possible. I commanded the C tip at the northern flank and along with the commander of the southern flank, my friend from Juba, we got into position about ten meters away from the camp, at the very edge of the bush. There we were ordered to hide and await the sign to attack. The order was given by the commander and everyone then whispered it to their neighbor until it reached the tips of the C.

Nearby I saw that a woman went for a short call in the tall grass. Although I had never seen this woman before and she hadn't done anything to harm me, I hated her and I wanted to shoot her right in the face. Yet, my assignment bore much more importance, and shooting this woman wasn't my task. Our commander had scouted the camp on the previous day, and my task was to blow up their armory before any of the soldiers could get to it. I had the armory in clear sight and my RPG was ready, and I just waited for the sign. In the meantime the woman was only five meters away from me but she never realized that we were there.

I was briefly reminded of my earlier hunting experiences and it caused me to smile. This was not a smile of happiness, but a smile of anticipation of a successful kill. I thought about the good old days I was a young boy who was hunting birds. Now the game that I was hunting had grown bigger and tougher, as did the weaponry that I used to kill them.

As a small boy I began hunting for birds and edible rats using just my slinger and my catapult. Just as now, the approach was very important. If the birds realized I was there, they would fly away and I would never catch one. So I had to approach them very carefully. When I was just eight years old I started hunting much bigger game using a deadlier weapon. In 1993 my mother and I took the train to visit my uncle who lived very near to the Murchison Fall National Park. This uncle gave me a spear because we were going to hunt for buffalo. That was the first time that I had a true lethal weapon and I was supposed to use it to pierce the heart of a buffalo. Together with many of my uncle's village-mates

we started our hunt. We didn't go very far, because in this game park the animals were never very far away.

The night before our hunt some of the villagers set a wire to trap a buffalo, so first we went to check whether we had caught anything. When we came close to the trap we heard the roar of a lion. We saw that there was indeed a buffalo in the wire, but it had already been killed and partially devoured by lions. Everyone in Africa knows that a single man without a gun should never face a lion alone, but we were in a big group and all armed with spears and machete's, and we were not about to give up that tasty buffalo flesh without a fight. So we proceeded. When we were very close to the buffalo, a female lion suddenly appeared from out of nowhere. We never saw her coming. The lion jumped upon my uncle who immediately passed out. This was the first time for me to see a lion and it was only a few meters away from me. Before I even realised what I was doing I threw away my spear and ran for my life. But one of my uncle's village-mates quickly grabbed me and warned me never to run away from a lion. Instead it is best to make a lot of noise and try to appear to be as big as possible. We all did this and we started advancing towards the lions again. This is when the lions gave up their meal and quietly left the area. We immediately went to my uncle, and he was lucky enough to survive with only a mild concussion and some deep scratches. That night the whole village celebrated that we had chased away the lion, and everybody had told me that I was a warrior.

Now, several years later, I waited there in the thick bush of our Sudanese enemies as a true warrior, eager to kill a prey that was much more dangerous than those lions. In my personal arsenal were the three kinds of weapons that had killed more people in the last fifty years than any other weapon ever made, the AK-47, the 60 mm mortar and the long RPG armed with anti-personnel warheads.

Suddenly something unexpected happened and I cursed myself for letting my attention slip for this brief moment. The woman who had gone for the short call returned to the camp and when she was well into the camp she started to scream like a mad woman, in her stupid Dinka language. If I had been more focused I would have realized that she had noticed us and now she was warning the whole camp about our presence, I didn't need to understand the language to know what she was screaming.

Seconds after her screams the camp was fully alerted and I knew we needed to take action right away, or we didn't stand a chance of winning this battle. So I aimed my RPG at the armory and without waiting for the signal of my commander I blasted it into pieces. A very large explosion followed, which was a clear sign that my target was indeed the armory. The screaming bitch had been very close to the armory when I shot, and I was only hoping that I had killed her. What happened next was total chaos. My colleague from the south flank fired his RPG at another target and every single LRA soldier opened fire on the camp simultaneously. Complete hell broke loose.

SPLA soldiers had appeared from their ugly

huts as soon as the screaming woman let loose, and the moment the armory blew up they all knew that they were under attack. Some of them ran towards the defensive trenches in front of the barrack, which was where our main fire was concentrated. They could not reach the trenches without crossing open terrain, giving us a perfect opportunity to shoot them. All the killers, which we called our fighters near the center of the C, started shooting their guns. A very silent morning had suddenly turned into an ear-shattering slaughterhouse. None of the SPLA soldiers made it to the trenches. I had given my RPG to someone to reload and in the meantime I was firing the mortar. As we were very close to the trenches I ordered my soldiers to focus all their fire upon anyone trying to reach those trenches, while I kept bombarding the middle of the camp. The moment the RPG was reloaded I took it and I destroyed another set of huts which were standing close to each other. On the other flank I could hear that my colleague had also reloaded his RPG and destroyed other targets.

The Dinkas were still trying to reach the trenches but were having the great difficulties. As my RPG was being reloaded, I had a well-armed man in my sight. When he was within two meters of the trench my bullet hit him in his leg. As he fell to the ground I looked him in the eye and a second bullet pierced his face.

The Dinkas were totally overwhelmed by our attack. In the first ten minutes we killed very many of them. I shot another two people who tried to reach for the trenches and in

the meantime my RPG was reloaded again. I quickly lost count of how many I had killed. The Dinkas quickly realized that it was impossible for them to reach the trenches. They set up defensive positions in the middle of the barrack, while they tried another way to cut us off. By this time the area between the huts and the trenches was completely covered by the bloody bodies of our enemies. I put my gun to the side and I bombarded the area with my mortar, switching position after every two shots that I took. By this time our enemy had grown smarter. Instead of running to the trenches directly, they approached the trenches to the east of the camp. and from there they ran towards the frontline, while they dug for cover. The east end was out of our range and the moment that the first of them came around to the trench in front of us the battle became more difficult for us.

As I was in a commanding position in artillery, I had two bodyguards and two helpers. The helpers had received training in how to reload weapons like RPGs and mortars and they helped me with that. My bodyguards were supposed to make sure that nobody could take a clear shot at me. But at a certain point our enemies managed to set up a machine gun in the trench nearby us, and then we were in trouble. As they started blast away at us I dove for cover. Seconds later my two bodyguards lay dead while the machine gunner was shooting his way towards the middle of the C formation. I had a brief moment of eye contact with the one who operated the machine gun. As he moved the machine gun back to take aim at me, my hand grenade was already flying towards his trench. Just when he had the chance to hit me, my grenade

killed him and his helper. More soldiers were entering the trenches and all around me, my colleagues were getting shot. We had failed the most important objective, to keep the enemy from reaching the trenches. To avoid further loss of terrain the main body was ordered to advance and take back the trenches, while the cutting forces, including the northern flank in my command, were ordered to provide crossfire.

I saw that the entire main body stood up from their positions and ran towards the trenches. Our crossfire and mortar bombardment made it difficult for our enemies to take a clear aim. Nevertheless, many of my colleagues were shot in that attack. The new recruits had been poorly trained and many of them suffered the consequences. Yet, very few of our enemy forces had managed to reach the trench on the west side of the camp, and with a hundred of our soldiers running towards them they were completely overwhelmed. A large group of Dinkas tried to flee the scene of battle, and they ran right into our position. They were out in the open offering us clear targets, and none of them survived that day. Only seconds after the commander gave the order to take the trench we succeeded, but this did not mean that we had won the battle; far from it.

The Dinkas realized that they had been outflanked, but they were nowhere near defeated. They still had an overwhelming force and we stopped our advance at the trenches. This was exactly what our commander had warned us about the day before. The objective of our mission was to take the camp in a matter of minutes, because if they stopped our advance their numerical superiority

would be a real problem for us. This was exactly what happened.

Although we had conquered the trenches on the western side, they were still holding the trenches to the north, the south and the east, and most of their combatants were concentrated near the headquarters in the middle of the camp. After the main body had taken the western trenches I ordered my men to take the northern trenches, but many of my subordinates were killed in this attack. In the end we managed to conquer a small section of the northern trenches where we connected again with the main body. But by now they had driven us into a bottleneck and every few minutes we lost another soul.

I saw some new recruits who were guarding me being shot very near me. It was so terrible. Several times people right beside me were shot. When I saw them crawling on the ground in pain I thought only about myself.

- "It could have been me lying there."

Again, it was clear that the holy Shea oil did not have the power to prevent bullets penetrating, as Kony had told us so often. Yet, I continued fighting without any fear, because I believed that the moment that I became afraid would be the moment I would be shot. I was just keenly focused on killing and slaughtering. My goal was to kill as many people as possible and not for one single moment did I lose faith in our victory.

During the intensity one of my better friends from Juba was shot in his belly. This boy had been in the LRA a year longer than me and he

had been promoted to second in charge of this battle. He was shot the moment that he tried to crawl out of the trench to command our troops to advance. Seeing that he was shot, none of the other soldiers followed his example. The moment I saw him fall I ordered the new recruits to provide cover fire while I lifted him up and carried him back to our headquarters. . The headquarters was some thirty meters outside of the SPLA camp so I had to crawl out the trench to bring him back. The moment I crawled out, bullets were flying all around me, but none of them hit me. At the headquarters I went straight to the doctor. My friend was still very much alive, but badly injured. The doctor was completely overwhelmed with all the other wounded that he had to attend to but considering the importance of my friend, he quickly shifted his attention to him.

By now we had lost about 30 young boys and girls, most of whom had fallen the moment we advanced to take the trench. Yet the majority of our fighting force was still in good shape, and it was clear that our enemy had endured much higher losses, as we had killed hundreds of them in just the first few minutes of the battle. Once I delivered my friend to the doctor the lieutenant colonel came up to me with new instructions. He promoted me to second in command and he told me that I was to lead our advance on the enemy headquarters. With these orders I returned to the trenches, while my colleagues from Juba who were stationed around the command center covered me with their mortars.

I was one of the few people running in the

open so I was a clear target for my enemy, but in Juba I had learned how to run in an uncontrolled zigzag. Bullets were flying all around me, but none of them even shredded my clothes. I went to the middle of the C formation and announced that I was now in charge and that we had to advance or we would all be dead meat. I let the new recruits spread the word. The moment they heard my grenade explode, everyone was to rush forward. Seconds later I took my last grenade, I pulled out the pin, armed it and I threw it towards our enemies. As it exploded I left the trench and one hundred and fifty soldiers followed my lead. I took cover behind the first hut, while many of the recruits advanced even further. For a few moments our enemies put up a fierce resistance, but as hundreds of us advanced at the same time, the most cowardly of our enemies started to run away, weakening their defenses. After several minutes I screamed to advance once more we left the cover of the huts and the granaries and ran towards our enemy's' headquarters. At that moment our enemy lost the heart to fight and one after another they fled from their defensive positions. This was lucky for us, because would they have stayed where they were, they could easily have slaughtered us. Our enemy never realized that we were only a small battalion. Normally attacks happen in waves. You send your front troops, and leave the reserves for the first and second wave of attack. So when we appeared from the trenches all at once, it created the impression that we still had a reserve force standing by somewhere in the bush, from where the mortar fire was coming. We were fortunate that our enemy was so weak-hearted. The few hundred that remained, including the fighters as well as

women and children, started running for their lives.

With their backs turned it felt like a feast for my aggressive mind. We shot as many in the back as possible. The enemies that still occupied the southern, northern and eastern trenches could easily have caused severe damage to us from their positions, but instead the majority of them decided to run. The few that did hold on were quickly overrun. Dozens of soldiers were shot in the back as they tried to flee. We slaughtered everyone who hadn't managed to escape. Women, children, wounded and crippled, even small babies were killed as we bashed in their small heads with the butts of our guns. I felt no remorse for anyone that I killed that day. They were the enemy. They had taken Palutaka and showed us no mercy, so no mercy would be given to them now. The Dinka bombs did not spare our small children when they attacked Palutaka, so why should we spare theirs? Above all, we killed the children because they were also at risk. Some of our soldiers were not much older than eight, and even a four year old can throw a grenade.

Within minutes after the enemy had sounded their retreat every Dinka that had been left behind was dead. I had just unzipped the trousers of one of our fallen enemies to cut out some Dinka balls, when my commander patted me on the shoulder and he told me that I had done well, but that this battle wasn't over yet.

- "We had lost more than fifty people and a big group of the enemy had escaped

our wrath. We just killed their wounded, their women and their children. Don't lose your guard yet. They will be back."

The commander ordered some to take our mortally wounded back to sickbay while the rest of us, including the lightly wounded, set up defensive positions. With all our wounded the effectiveness of our fighting force was almost cut in half. That is why we needed anyone who could still put up a fight. Some of our wounded who had been hit in their legs were ordered to lay down with their guns and prepare for the attack of our enemies. Everyone that was still able to fight entered the trenches that our enemies had nicely dug out for us, anxious to see whether the Dinkas would truly return.

The colonel was right. Out of the reach of our guns the enemy had regrouped. From their new position they learned that we had killed all their women and children and they were filled with anger and revenge. The gun battle that followed was even worse than our conquering of their camp. In their trenches we had a strategic advantage. But even though we had killed the majority of our enemy, we no longer had the surprise effect and they still outnumbered us two to one. They were now after vengeance, which made them more determined than any enemy I had encountered before.

They started their attack from the bushes east of the road. Our defensive line was spread thin as we didn't know from which side they would attack. When I heard the battle start I was still some distance away from where the actual fighting was happening. I was eager to

go there, but I was under clear instructions to remain where I was. Later I heard that it was only because of our superior strategic position that they didn't immediately conquer us. In the first wave of attack, dozens of Dinkas just ran towards us in an uncontrolled lust for revenge. Their rage made them disorganized and that was the only reason that they were stopped before they could retake the eastern trenches.

The second wave of attack started very near my position, where our defense was spread quite thin. There was a group of at least fifty men who ran towards us. We managed to shoot many of them, but we were unable to stop their advance. As they came closer I realized that we couldn't hold them. Without telling anyone I crawled out my trench to retreat. Many of my soldiers followed my example but not everybody noticed. By the time they realized that they had been left behind, it was already too late for them. We fell back to the center of the barrack where earlier that day our enemy had held their ground. As our enemies advanced towards us in the center they were completely oblivious to our colleagues who were lining up on their eastern flank.

By now we had killed so many of them that our numbers were nearly equal. The fight continued for another hour, during which we finally defeated them for good. We killed every single last one of them, over 700 people, including women and children. Now we had time to complete what we were ordered to do.

All of our wounded that were lined up at

the north-eastern trenches had been killed and we had lost at least another twenty of our young recruits in the second battle. Only one hundred of us remained alive and many of these survivors were badly wounded. This filled my heart with even more anger and hatred than I before the battle began. In my rage I was eager to kill, but there was nobody left to murder. I could barely process all the brutality that I had just witnessed. From the tops of my long I screamed out,

- "WHERE ARE YOU COWARDLY DINKA FUCKS.....WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU.....I AM NOT DONE YET KILLING YOU....."

I cursed every single one of the Dinkas, kicking their dead bodies as hard as I could. At that moment I cursed the whole world around me. I cursed Kony and the LRA. I even cursed God. How had they turned me into this monster? A year and a half year ago I was only a child. I was innocent. Now I was a killer of women, children and battle hardened men.

After several minutes the lieutenant colonel came over to calm me down. He told me that it was time for me to collect my reward. I went to the Dinka whose trousers I had already unzipped and with a strange joy I cut his testicle, as if this final act would make the world a better place. All around me small boy soldiers were pulling the trousers off of slaughtered grown-ups to cut off their balls. Even the badly wounded were participating, and if they couldn't, they would have somebody else do it.

Afterwards, we collected all of our enemy's guns as well as the guns of our own dead.

We carried all the weapons that we could manage, and we hid the rest near the Dinka camp in several hiding places. We would retrieve them another day. We left the critically wounded behind, the ones that were unable to make it to Aru. To us, they were already dead, even though some would continue to survive for many days. My friend from Juba was among those who were left behind, but for him, he had only hours to live, as he was bleeding badly and the doctor had been unable to stitch him up. .

With the extra weapons and the wounded, our march back was painstakingly slow. Even the slightly injured had to carry the more badly wounded as there was no other option to get them home. It is difficult to remember how many days it took to return, but it was at least two days longer than the journey out. Most of the time I was completely numb, not even feeling the pain of the heavy loot that I carried.

About National Memory and Peace Documentation Centre (NMPDC)

The National Memory and Peace Documentation Centre (NMPDC), a collaborative initiative of the Refugee Law Project, School of Law Makerere University and the Kitgum District Local Government.

The NMPDC is located in Kitgum district town council in Northern Uganda an area ravaged by over two decades of armed conflict and is struggling to recover in the post-conflict era.

As a country emerging from conflict, Uganda remains highly divided, with a weak sense of national identity, low societal solidarity amongst constituencies, a lack of information and transparency about historical events and little or no accountability for past wrong doing and acknowledgement for suffering. Uganda has a fragile democracy where unaddressed divisions and grievances can easily ignite new conflict. These deficiencies pose significant obstructions to national reconciliation, transitional justice and rule of law in the country; this is what the NMPDC aims to primarily address.

About Refugee Law Project (RLP)

The Refugee Law Project (RLP) seeks to ensure fundamental human rights for all, including; asylum seekers, refugees, and internally displaced persons within Uganda. RLP envision a country that treats all people within its borders with the same standards of respect and social justice.

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