



Testimony of Huang Jinping, widow of Yang Yansheng



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Yang Yansheng, male, was born on February 27, 1959, and killed at the age of 30. He worked in the computer lab of the editorial department of China Sports News. Yang was shot at 7:00 a.m. on June 4, 1989, on Zhengyi Road while tending someone who had been wounded. The bullet, which hit his liver, exploded internally. He died without receiving treatment.

Testimony of Huang Jinping, widow of Yang Yansheng:

Just after 5:00 a.m. on June 4, 1989, we were suddenly woken from deep sleep by someone knocking on our door saying: "Yansheng, Yansheng, they've opened fire!" I heard Yansheng curse, "The fascists!" Shortly afterwards, when I turned to look for him, he had gone. He had left on his bike. I never, never thought that we would then be separated forever. That morning, Yansheng cycled to Zhengyi Road, where there was still shooting. There were many people standing at the side of the street when a truck of soldiers drove up and starting shooting at the crowd. Everyone got down and crawled, including Yansheng. Then someone in front of him shouted, "Help me! I've been hit!" Yansheng got up to help, but as he stood up and rushed toward the wounded person, a vicious bullet hit him in the area of his liver. He fell down, and in a faint voice, told the people around him, "I work at China Sports News. My name is Yang Yansheng..." A doctor from Beijing Hospital was there and witnessed all this. He took Yansheng to his hospital on a flatbed tricycle, with the help of some others. They took him straight to the operating room for emergency treatment. When the doctor examined the wound, he discovered that the bullet had exploded in his body. He had been hit with an exploding bullet! There was no way to save him-he had lost too much blood. The doctor at Beijing Hospital gave us an account of everything that had happened.

I've lost my first love forever, and my son has lost his adoring father. At the time of Yansheng's death, our child was only 20 months old. When he turned three, he asked, "Do I have a father?" How he yearned to see his father! As mother and son, we depend on each other to survive, to go on with our difficult lives. I have to bear the heavy burden of making a living, alone. My son is very perceptive and never asks for things. Sometimes I want to buy him something, but he says, "Mom, I don't want it. I don't want it! Save the money to pay the rent, the electricity bills, the water bills!" Even so, I had to take on a second job to meet our household expenses.

My son's questions about his father bring tears to my eyes. My hardened heart bleeds. I can only numb myself to face cruel reality, and resign myself to living a life which cannot be normal. As a family member of a June Fourth victim, I have not only been denied the slightest consolation from the government, I have also been subjected to many kinds of unfair treatment. Every year, when Qing Ming (Grave Sweeping Day), June 4 or any other "sensitive" day comes around, I cannot be absent from my workplace. The police come to my home for "visits." Over these past years, I've gradually come to understand that as the widow of a June Fourth victim, I can only bury my pain in my heart and boldly face life.

Huang Jinping