

REGARDING SATYAJIT

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FROM SATYAJIT'S FATHER

TO ARVIND KEJRIWAL [SOCIAL WORKER]
DATE: WED, 24 OCT 2007

SATYAJIT'S CASE IS VERY SIMPLE AND AT THE SAME TIME VERY DIFFICULT. IT IS SIMPLE BECAUSE IT IS EASY TO SEE THAT THE DROWNING STORY IS FALSE AND THAT DD No. 15 IS A FALSE REPORT. IT IS ALSO NOT DIFFICULT TO SEE THE CRIMINAL-POLICE-FORENSIC NEXUS ALONG WITH VERY POWERFUL FORCES ACTIVELY ENGAGED TO HUSH UP THE CASE TO CONCEAL THE MURDER. DIFFICULTY LIES IN THE FACT THAT SATYAJIT REPORTEDLY DIED IN THE COMPANY OF TWO [SO CALLED] FRIENDS AND THAT VERY POWERFUL FORCES INVOLVED IN THE COVER UP OF THE CRIME ARE EXPLOITING THIS. FOR, LOOKING AT THE MATTER SUPERFICIALLY, MOST PEOPLE WOULD ASK THE NAIVE QUESTION "WHY SHOULD THE TWO, BEING FRIENDS, TRY TO HARM HIM?". FEW WOULD GO FURTHER TO SEE THAT THE TWO, UNLIKE TRUE FRIENDS, ARE LYING ABOUT A MATTER AS SERIOUS AS HIS DEATH, THAT THERE IS NO DIRT OF CASES WHERE SO CALLED FRIENDS HAVE HARMED THEIR FRIEND AND THAT THERE IS, AS WELL, A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY OF THE TWO BEING USED AS A SHIELD BY CRIMINALS.

SATYAJIT HAD A VERY GENEROUS NATURE AND AN AMIABLE DISPOSITION WELL ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM AND EXPLOITED BY HIS SO CALLED FRIENDS. ALL KNEW THAT HE WAS INTELLECTUALLY VERY BRIGHT [NOTWITHSTANDING THE BACK PAPERS HE HAD ACCUMULATED], GOOD WITH WORDS, TALENTED IN MUSIC [GUITAR AND FLUTE] AND, EXTREMELY KIND AND EAGER TO HELP OTHERS. IT IS SAD THAT THE FRIENDS WHOM HE LOVED AND CARED FOR, BETRAYED HIM. THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT THAT SATYAJIT DIED BECAUSE HE FELL INTO BAD COMPANY AND THAT THE TWO IN WHOSE COMPANY HE DIED WERE PART OF IT. INVOLVEMENT OF THE DCE SECURITY IN THE COVER UP OF THE CRIME CLEARLY SHOWS THAT THE SEED OF THE CRIME WAS IN DCE. THERE IS A NEED FOR A THOROUGH PROBE INTO THE STUDENTS AFFAIR INCLUDING HOSTEL ADMINISTRATION AND CAMPUS SECURITY UNDER THE FORMER PRINCIPAL DR. P.B. SHARMA DURING WHOSE TENURE SATYAJIT DIED UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES WHILE ON A VISIT TO THE

COLLEGE. THE COLLEGE DID NOT MOURN THE DEATH OF SATYAJIT, THE PRINCIPAL DID NOT SEND A MESSAGE OF CONDOLENCE TO THE BE-REAVED PARENTS, NO INTERNAL ENQUIRY, WHICH COULD HAVE YIELDED VALUABLE INFORMATION, WAS MADE.

SATYAJIT HAD A KEEN SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY. AT YOUNG AGE WHEN THE INTEREST IN THE COMPANY OF FRIENDS IS GENERALLY TOO GREAT AND LACK OF INTEREST IN FAMILY MATTERS IS COMMON, SATYAJIT WAS ALWAYS EAGER TO DO HIS BITS FOR THE FAMILY. HE ALWAYS RAISED HIMSELF TO THE OCCASION. IN 1999 WHEN I WAS CRITICALLY ILL AT AIIMS AND HE WAS ONLY 16 YEARS OLD, HE DID ALL THE RUNNING AROUND JOB AND ALSO ATTENDED TO ME DAY AND NIGHT. BARELY TWO MONTHS BEFORE HIS DEATH, HIS MOTHER WAS HIT ON THE ROAD BY A CYCLIST AT A TERRIFIC SPEED AND HAD A FEMUR BONE FRACTURE. SHE MANAGED TO RETURN HOME BY A RICKSHAW BUT UNABLE TO WALK AFTER GETTING DOWN FROM THE RICKSHAW, SHE STRETCHED HER HANDS FOR HELP TOWARDS SATYAJIT WHO WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE HOME BY HIS SCOOTER WITH HIS GUITAR STRAPPED ON HIS BACK. SEEING HIS MOTHER IN DISTRESS, HE IMMEDIATELY GOT DOWN FROM THE SCOOTER, THREW AWAY HIS GUITAR ON THE LAWN AND WENT TO HELP HIS MOTHER. TWO OF US IMMEDIATELY TOOK HER TO THE NEARBY HOSPITAL WHERE SATYAJIT LOOKED AFTER HIS MOTHER DAY AND NIGHT FOR FOUR DAYS TILL SHE WAS SHIFTED FOR OPERATION TO GANGARAM HOSPITAL. THERE AGAIN SATYAJIT LOOKED AFTER HIS MOTHER FOR ANOTHER FIVE DAYS. I STILL REMEMBER THE DEEP AFFECTION WITH WHICH HE TOUCHED HIS MOTHER'S FACE SWEATING IN PAIN AFTER THE OPERATION TO COMFORT HER. ON THE FATEFUL DAY OF 5TH APRIL, 2006 BEFORE HE LEFT FOR THE COLLEGE HE AFFECTIONATELY SCOLDED HIS MOTHER AS SHE WAS TRYING TO WALK WITHOUT THE WALKER AND SAID "WE SHALL TAKE YOU TO THE DOCTOR FOR CHECK UP ON THE 10TH AS SCHEDULED AND YOU MUST WAIT TILL THEN AND HAVE DOCTOR'S PERMISSION". THE TENTH CAME BUT HE WAS NOT THERE, THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME HE FAILED TO FULFILL HIS RESPONSIBILITY.

SATYAJIT WAS ABSOLUTELY DEPENDABLE. HE USED TO DRAW MONEY FOR HIS MOTHER FROM THE ATM AND NEVER BREACHED HER TRUST. HE WAS NOT DEMANDING. WHENEVER HE NEEDED MONEY, HE WOULD ASK FOR ONLY A MODEST SUM WHICH HE ACTUALLY NEEDED AND REFUSE TO TAKE MORE. ON THE FATEFUL DAY BEFORE HE LEFT FOR THE COLLEGE HIS MOTHER GAVE HIM Rs. 150/- WHICH HE SAID WAS ENOUGH. WHEN WE INSISTED THAT HE SHOULD ALWAYS KEEP SOME EXTRA MONEY

FOR UNFORESEEN SITUATIONS, HE TOOK ANOTHER Rs. 100/- FROM ME. THAT NIGHT AFTER THE REPORTED INCIDENT TAPAN HANDED OVER THE PERSONAL BELONGINGS OF SATYA TO US. ALTHOUGH THESE WERE TAKEN AWAY FROM US BY THE POLICE LATER ON, SATYAJIT'S SISTER HAD ALREADY REMOVED THE PURSE FROM THE JEANS' POCKET. WE FOUND THAT THE PURSE CONTAINED Rs. 210/- SHOWING THAT SATYAJIT HAD SPENT ONLY Rs. 40/- APPARENTLY FOR PHOTOCOPYING THE PAST QUESTION PAPERS FOR WHICH HE HAD GONE TO THE COLLEGE AND HIS LUNCH OF CHHOLA-KUKCHA WITH TAPAN. THE POLICE MUST HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED WHEN THEY COULD NOT FIND ANY MONEY IN HIS POCKETS.

SATYAJIT DIED ALL ON A SUDDEN WHEN EVERYTHING WAS GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION FOR HIS FUTURE. NOTWITHSTANDING HIS BACK PAPERS HE WAS SELECTED FOR A VERY GOOD JOB IN THE CAMPUS INTERVIEW. HE WAS AT HOME FOR NEARLY A YEAR UNDER OUR CLOSE OBSERVATION, MOSTLY AWAY FROM HIS FRIENDS. HE CLEARED ALL THE FIVE BACK PAPERS FOR WHICH HE HAD APPEARED IN THE PREVIOUS SEMESTER. HE DIED JUST BEFORE THE CURRENT SEMESTER EXAM AFTER DEPOSITING THE EXAM FEES. HAD HE NOT DIED HE WOULD HAVE CLEARED ALL HIS BACK PAPERS AFTER ONE MORE SEMESTER EXAM. MUSIC WAS HIS PASSION AND HE HAD DIFFICULTIES IN CONCENTRATING ON STUDIES INITIALLY BUT HE WAS OVERCOMING IT GRADUALLY. HE WAS SO BRIGHT THAT HE DID NOT REALLY NEED ANY HELP. HE JUST NEEDED TO STUDY WHICH HE WAS DOING.

SEVERAL CASES OF ENGINEERING STUDENTS DYING UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES WHILE IN THE COMPANY OF SO CALLED FRIENDS HAVE BEEN REPORTED FROM TIME TO TIME. IN ALL CASES OF REPORTED DROWNING AMONG THESE THE BODY WAS FOUND THE SAME DAY OR DAY AFTER UNLIKE SATYAJIT'S WHERE IT TOOK TWELVE DAYS. FURTHERMORE, IN ALL THESE CASES SEARCH WAS CONDUCTED PROMPTLY BY WELL EQUIPPED PROFESSIONALS BUT IN SATYAJIT'S CASE, ONLY A CASUAL SEARCH WAS MADE INITIALLY BY A COUPLE OF UNTRAINED AND TOTALLY UNEQUIPPED SWIMMERS NEAR THE SITE OF THE REPORTED INCIDENT [ALTHOUGH POLICE REPORT SAYS THAT FIRE BRIGADE WAS INFORMED IMMEDIATELY AND THAT SEARCH OPERATION CONTINUED FOR MANY DAYS WITH THE HELP OF FIRE BRIGADE]. IT WAS DUE TO OUR STRONG INITIATIVE AND CONSIDERABLE EFFORT THAT A NAVAL SEARCH WAS CONDUCTED OVER THE ENTIRE DOWNSTREAM ON 7TH AND 8TH DAY BUT THE BODY WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. SATYAJIT'S BODY SUR-

FACED ON ITS OWN ON THE 12TH DAY CLOSE TO THE SITE OF THE REPORTED INCIDENT CLEARLY INDICATING THAT THE BODY WAS PLANTED THERE AFTERWARDS.

IT IS SAD THAT THIS COUNTRY IS PLAGUED WITH CORRUPTION AND MALPRACTICES IN EVERY SPHERE OF ACTIVITIES. MONEY CAN BUY ANYTHING. THERE IS A TOTAL MORAL DEGENERATION. PEOPLE HAVE LEARNED TO ACCEPT THIS AS PART OF THEIR LIVES RATIONALIZING THAT NOTHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT. MURDER, THE WORST OF ALL HUMAN RIGHT VIOLATIONS, HAS BECOME SO EASY TO COMMIT AND SO EASY TO GET AWAY WITH AS WELL. THE FIGHT FOR JUSTICE IS NOT AGAINST PARTICULAR CORRUPT INDIVIDUALS [LIKE A POLICE OFFICER, AN AUTOPSY SURGEON, A FORENSIC LAB TECHNICIAN] ONLY BUT AGAINST THE WHOLE SYSTEM WHICH SUPPORTS SUCH CORRUPT PEOPLE.

IT REMINDS ME OF THE SUPREMACY OF THE NATURE'S LAW WHICH SAYS "SURVIVAL FOR THE FITTEST [THE MOST ADAPTABLE]" I.E., "MIGHT IS RIGHT" WITH APPROPRIATE INTERPRETATION OF MIGHT [SUCH AS MONEY POWER, MANPOWER, CUNNINGNESS ETC. IN THE CASE OF MAN]. MAN'S EGO PROCLAIMED "TO BE HUMAN PRECISELY CONSISTS OF TRANSCENDING NATURE, TO OVERCOME THE BIOLOGICAL LIMITATIONS WE HAVE INHERITED FROM OUR PREHUMAN ANCESTORS" AND THAT HUMAN LIFE IS VERY SPECIAL FOR WHICH HE MADE HIS OWN LAWS. MAN CAN NEVER TRANSCEND NATURE, NOR CAN HE OVERCOME HIS BIOLOGICAL LIMITATIONS. NATURE GIFTED MAN TO STRIVE FOR IT. MAN HAS FAILED. FOR, MAN IS AN ANIMAL, AFTER ALL.

Reply from Arvind Kejriwal [Social Worker]:

With respect to fight for justice for Satyajit, I really admire your perseverance. Your patience. I can only imagine your grief. I am not sure whether my little efforts will yield any results. I can only assure you that I will keep fighting in your battle. You will find me beside you always. I know I cannot replace Satyajit but please treat me as your son and let me know whatever I can do.

FROM BARNALI [SATYAJIT'S SISTER]

TO SUPARNA [SATYAJIT'S SISTER]

DATE: MON, MAY 08, 2006

SO NOW IT IS JUST THE TWO OF US, OUR LITTLE BROTHER IS NOT THERE...THAT IS IN THIS WORLD. EVERY MORNING WHEN I GET UP, EVEN TODAY, ITS LIKE IS IT TRUE? I SEE HIM WITH HIS SILKY LONG HAIR, THE GIANT STRIDES AND THE TIMELESS EYES, AND I THINK WHAT IF ANYTHING CAN REPLACE THE SPACE TAKEN BY HIM IN THIS WORLD? I REMEMBER HIM WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY, AND I WOULD ROAM THE CAMPUS WITH HIM AND VENU TRYING TO FORGE A FRIENDSHIP. I REMEMBER HOW PLEASED HE WOULD BE CLIMBING ON THE BEAD TREE IN FRONT OF THE CAMPUS GARAGE. I REMEMBER HIS BEAMING FACE WHEN HIS BIRTHDAY CANDLES WOULD BE LIT. IN LATER YEARS THE EXCITEMENT WITH WHICH HE WOULD RUN TO GET THE GUITAR AND POSE WITH IT ON SPECIAL FAMILY OCCASIONS, AS IF TO MAKE THEM INDELIBLE, JUST LIKE A PHOTOGRAPHER RUNS FOR HIS CAMERA.

RECENTLY I REMEMBER HOW MUCH MUTUAL PLEASURE WE WOULD HAVE WHEN HE HELPED ME WITH COMPUTER STUFF AND TOOK MY INTERVIEW FOR POOL OFFICERSHIP. ALSO HOW MUCH FUN IT WAS TO WATCH 'FRIENDS' SEEING HOW HAPPY IT MADE HIM. ALSO I SAW A LOT OF PAIN IN HIS EYES RECENTLY, NOT OF JUST THEN, BUT GENERALLY OF WHAT ALL HE HAD EXPERIENCED, AND IT MADE ME SAD. I ALWAYS FELT MOST COMFORTABLE IN HIS ROOM WHENEVER I CAME OVER TO GURGAON, AS IF MY BEING IN HIS ROOM HE SILENTLY ACKNOWLEDGED AND LIKED. IT WAS ALSO THE KIND OF COMFORT YOU GET ON ENTERING A SAINT'S ROOM, A SORT OF COMPLETE ACCEPTANCE. IN MY WAY, I WOULD TRY TO PROVIDE THE SAME, BUT I HAD TO BE CAREFUL. THERE WERE WEAK SPOTS WHICH HAD BETTER BE UNTOUCHED THAN DONE CARELESSLY. I WAS COMMUNICATING SLOWLY AND WELL AND WE WERE ALMOST THERE INCH BY INCH, WHEN ONE DAY OUT OF THE BLUE A BOY WHOM I DON'T EVEN KNOW HANDS ME MY BROTHERS CLOTHES, SHOES AND WALLET AND TELLS ME HE HAS DROWNED. I CANT SAY I AM NOT ANGRY AT THIS BOY, AND FEELINGS OF HATRED DO NOT ARISE, EVEN THOUGH THEY HAVE NO RELIGIOUS SANCTITY. WHAT CAN I POSSIBLY DO NOW I THOUGHT, AND

ALL THE WHILE THIS PERSON LOOKS AT ME AS IF IT IS THE MOST USUAL THING, AND I SHOULD GO HOME WITH THE CLOTHES. I WANT TO KNOW HE WAS ALWAYS ON MY MIND, AND I WAS ALWAYS THERE FOR HIM, AND THAT HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST PERSON I KNEW, SO IT WAS WE WHO WERE THE LUCKY ONES WHOM HE HAD ACCEPTED AND LOVED RATHER THAN THE OTHER WAY ROUND. THE KIDS ASK ABOUT MAMAJI, AND I TELL THEM HE HAS GONE TO GOD, AND I PRAY TO GOD TO TAKE HIM WHERE HE CANNOT BE BUT AT PEACE.

FROM SUPARNA [SATYAJIT'S SISTER]

TO BARNALI [SATYAJIT'S SISTER]

I WAS SITTING AT MY OFFICE DESK LAST MORNING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES AT THE THOUGHT OF STARTING ANOTHER DAY WITHOUT HIM IN THIS WORLD. YOUR MAIL BROUGHT ME OUT FROM PAIN TO LOVE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY ...

I REMEMBER HOW AFTER HE WAS BORN, WE USED TO WAIT FOR THE MOMENTS WHEN HE WOULD OPEN HIS EYES AND LIGHT UP OUR WORLD ... OUR BELOVED LITTLE BROTHER, HOW, I WONDER, CAN HE NOT BE THERE WITH US ANYMORE? SURELY THIS IS A DREAM AND I'LL WAKE UP FROM IT SOME DAY? AS I GO ABOUT MY WORK BEING "NORMAL", PRETENDING NOTHING EVER HAPPENED, I WANT TO THINK HE IS STILL THERE IN HIS ROOM, THAT IF I JUST CALL HIM ON HIS CELL I CAN TALK TO HIM, AND THAT HE WOULD STILL BE THERE TO RECEIVE ME AT THE AIRPORT, LIKE ALWAYS. I REMEMBER THE SAD LOOK IN HIS EYES AS HE STOOD AT THE GATE TO SAY GOODBYE AND I WAS LEAVING FOR THE AIRPORT, COULD HE HAVE KNOWN THEN? IT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM. I HAD TOLD HIM NOT TO FORGET TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, WHILE HE WAS TAKING CARE OF OTHERS. BUT, THEN TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF WAS PROBABLY THE ONE THING LAST ON HIS MIND, WASN'T IT? HE ALWAYS HAD SO MUCH LOVE TO GIVE, SO MUCH THAT HE WANTED TO EXPERIENCE AND LEARN ...

I REMEMBER HOW WHEN HE WAS LITTLE HE WOULD RUN OUT SOMETIMES AND WE WOULD GO OUT LOOKING FOR HIM, HOW HIS IMAGINATION AND ENDEARING WAYS BROUGHT US SO MUCH JOY, HOW HAPPY HE WAS WITH THE WATCH RAKHI, HOW HE ALWAYS PROMPTLY HAD A NAME FOR EVERY CAT, PUPPY, BIRD THAT CAME INTO OUR HOUSE, HOW MUCH FUN IT WAS TO INTRODUCE HIM TO THE PENDULUM SITTING IN THE GARDEN, AND WATCHING HIM LEARN. EVEN TODAY, EVERY TIME I LEARN SOMETHING NEW, OR PICK UP AN INTERESTING BOOK, I WOULD WANT TO SHARE IT WITH HIM AND SEE THE GLOW IN HIS EYES OR "SAHI HAI" ON THE PHONE, OR AN HONEST COMMENT IF HE SPOTTED SOME DISCREPANCIES. LEARNING WILL NEVER BE THE SAME FOR ME AGAIN. LOOKING

BACK I REALIZE THAT I HAD BEEN AWAY FROM HOME SINCE THE TIME HE WAS JUST 6 YEARS OLD. I REMEMBER THE SPECIAL CARDS HE MADE IN HIS OWN UNIQUE WORDS, HOW EXCITED HE WAS THE FIRST TIME HE CAME WITH MA TO VISIT ME AT KHARAGPUR – THE IMAGE OF HIM RUNNING TOWARDS ME AND US DOING A HI-FIVE CLAP, WITH A FACE THAT BEAMED IN JUBILATION AS IF TO SAY “YES, I MADE IT YOUR PLACE” IS ETCHED FOREVER IN MY MIND. HE WAS THE STAR AT OUR HOSTEL THAT TIME, EVERYONE REMEMBERED HIM YEARS AFTER... HIS LIVELINESS WON MANY HEARTS. MA HAD ONCE SENT ME A PHOTO OF HIM SITTING ON A TREE, LOOKING AT IT WOULD CHEER ME UP WHENEVER I FELT HOME-SICK. I ALSO REMEMBER ONE OF MY VISITS HOME, AS THE TIME FOR ME TO GO BACK DREW NEAR, HIM SITTING WITH A FROWN ON HIS FACE, AND WHEN I ASKED HIM WHAT HE WANTED, HE REPLIED “YOUR TICKET”. I REMEMBER THE BOOK OF POEMS HE GAVE ME, BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL WITH WORDS FROM HIS IMAGINATION ... TO THINK THAT HE WOULD NOT REACH THAT AGE, AND TO THINK OF GROWING OLDER WITHOUT HIM IN THIS WORLD SEEMS SO UNBEARABLY SAD. I REMEMBER HIS VISIT TO BANGALORE WITH MA, HE IS THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY WHO’S BEEN TO ALL THE PLACES I HAVE STAYED IN BANGALORE. I REMEMBER HIS HAPPY FACE IN MY WEDDING PICTURES, WHERE HE IS WEARING THAT GREEN JEANS THAT HE WANTED SPECIFICALLY FOR THE OCCASION.

EVEN DURING THE TIME HE WAS AWAY AT THE HOSTEL AND MOSTLY SPENDING TIME WITH FRIENDS, SO I DIDN’T GET TO SEE HIM MUCH, I REMEMBER HIM DRIVING DOWN 50KM AND BACK JUST SO I COULD TIE HIM A RAKHI. THAT WAS PROBABLY THE ONLY TIME I TIED HIM RAKHI ON YOUR BEHALF AS WELL, SINCE EVERY TIME IT WAS YOU WHO DID IT ON MY BEHALF. I REMEMBER HOW WE SOMETIMES SAT ON THE TERRACE ... HE TAKING HIS GUITAR ALONG, HE BROUGHT MUSIC INTO OUR LIFE ... I REMEMBER THE CHATS WITH HIM GOING LATE INTO THE NIGHT LAST YEAR AND FEELING MOVED BY THE DEPTH OF HIS UNDERSTANDING WHICH WASN’T ALWAYS VISIBLE ON THE SURFACE AND SOMETIMES SEEMED MATURE WELL BEYOND HIS YEARS, EVEN AS AT ANOTHER LEVEL HE WAS STILL JUST CHILD AT HEART, GROWING TO BE HIS OWN PERSON. IT WAS COMFORTING TO BE IN HIS ROOM EVEN AS I WOULD BE DOING MY WORK OR READING. I REMEMBER RECENTLY HOW HE GENTLY TRIED TO WALK ME THROUGH APPRECIATION OF MUSIC STARTING FROM SIMPLE SOFT TUNES TO MORE INTENSE ONES, HOW HE WAS STARTING TO WORK ON SOFTER COMPOSITIONS LATELY PERHAPS KNOWING THAT WAS WHAT WE LIKED.

I REMEMBER HOW MUKU, MOULI AND I WOULD COME TO HIS ROOM FOR A GUITAR PERFORMANCE AND HE WOULD OBLIGE US WITH A RENDERING OF MUSIC. I REMEMBER HOW HE LOVED READING SOME OF THE BOOKS I GAVE HIM, OR HE PICKED UP FROM ME ... HE HAD SUCH WIDE INTERESTS THAT HE COULD RELATE TO SO MANY DIFFERENT TOPICS. I REMEMBER ESPECIALLY THE TIME SPENT WITH HIM THIS DECEMBER - THE TRIPS WE MADE TO THE BOOKSTORES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD EACH DAY, WHICH WAS SO MUCH FUN; I WENT TO ALL THOSE PLACES AFTERWARDS ALONE, SEEKING HIS PRESENCE ...

LAST NIGHT WHEN I WOKE UP WITH A STOMACH ACHE, I WANTED TO REACH FOR THE PHONE ... I REMEMBER HOW WHEN HE WAS LITTLE HE WOULD TRY TO COMFORT ME IN HIS INNOCENT WAY, EVEN AS LATER HE WOULD LIGHTLY IN HIS INIMITABLE HUMOUR DESCRIBE MY PET-PAKARKE SONA, AND HOW EVEN OVER THE LAST YEAR I USED TO SPEAK TO HIM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AT SUCH TIMES AND FEEL BETTER.

I REMEMBER THE TENDERNESS WITH WHICH HE TOOK CARE OF MA AFTER HER ACCIDENT, HOW THE LITTLE BOY I KNEW SUDDENLY GREW UP TO TAKE ON SO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY ... HE WAS FULL OF SO MUCH SENSITIVITY, I ALMOST FELT LIKE THERE WAS AN AURA OF DEEP SILENT GOODNESS AND LOVE WITHIN HIM AT THAT TIME, AS IF HE HAD RISEN TO A LEVEL BEYOND MOST MORTALS. I WISHED I COULD FATHOM THE CAUSE BEHIND THE PAIN IN HIS EYES, AND BLOW AWAY THE CLOUDS. I WANTED TO TELL HIM HOW PROUD WE WERE OF THE KIND OF PERSON HE WAS, HOW MUCH HAPPINESS HE HAD BROUGHT US, HOW MUCH WE LOVED HIM, HOW SPECIAL HE WAS AND HOW MUCH THE WORLD NEEDED PEOPLE LIKE HIM. YES, HE WAS ALWAYS THERE ON MY MIND, ... AND I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE THERE FOR HIM, THE WAY HE WAS THERE FOR US AND NEVER LET ME DOWN. JUST AS THE SUN WAS BEGINNING TO BREAK OUT, AND WE WERE BEGINNING TO FIND THE RIGHT WORDS TO REACH HIM, SOMETHING MORE POWERFUL THAN ALL OF US TOOK HIM AWAY. I USED TO PRAY TO GOD TO HELP HIM FIND HIS WAY, MAYBE HE WAS JUST TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD ... WE WERE LUCKY TO HAVE HIM IN OUR LIFE, WE ARE LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH LOVELY MEMORIES WHICH WILL CONTINUE TO ENRICH OUR LIVES. IF ONLY I COULD KNOW THAT HE IS AT PEACE AND HAPPY WHEREVER HE WAS ...

NO NOTHING CAN REPLACE THE SPACE HE HELD IN THE WORLD, IN OUR HEARTS AND IN THE HEARTS OF ALL THOSE HE TOUCHED. WE JUST HAVE TO LIVE THE REST OF OUR LIFE WITH THE REMAINING PARTS OF

OUR HEART, AND ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES THAT HE HAS GIVEN US. I THINK PART OF THE PERSON THAT I AM, I OWE TO HIM, THAT IS HIS GIFT TO EACH OF US FOREVER ... NOW WE HAVE TO LIVE OUR LIFE IN A WAY THAT HONOURS WHAT HE MEANT TO US, THE HAPPINESS HE BROUGHT TO SO MANY PEOPLE DURING THE BRIEF 22 YEARS HE HAD IN THIS WORLD, AND VALUING EVERY PRECIOUS MOMENT THAT WE STILL HAVE WITH EACH OTHER AND PEOPLE WHO NEED US. UNTIL THE DAY WE CAN FIND HIM AGAIN ...

FROM SUPARNA [SATYAJIT'S SISTER]

TO SATYAJIT'S FRIENDS
DATE: SAT, 3 FEB 2007

I HAD BEEN MEANING TO WRITE TO YOU ALL AFTER 18TH AUGUST - TO SAY THANK YOU FOR COMING BY, AND FOR SHARING YOUR MEMORIES OF SATYA, FOR REMEMBERING HIM WITH SMILES, FOR PLAYING THE MUSIC HE LOVED, AND MOST OF ALL FOR CONTINUING TO BE HIS FRIENDS ... FOREVER.

BUT I NEVER COULD QUITE MANAGE TO FIND THE WORDS - I GUESS MY BROTHER WOULD NEVER HAVE HAD THAT PROBLEM, THOUGH HE WOULDN'T ADMIT IT, HE HAD HIS WAY WITH WORDS DIDN'T HE ?

TODAY LISTENING TO A CONCERT BY INDIAN OCEAN, I REMEMBER THE SMSES HE AND I EXCHANGED LAST YEAR SAME TIME, WHEN WE HAD JETHRO TULL PLAYING AT THE SAME PLACE, AND THE EXCITEMENT IN HIS VOICE WHEN WE TALKED ABOUT IT AFTERWARDS. I SO MISS THAT TODAY. HOW I WISH WE HAD JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME ... THERE WAS SO MUCH TO DO.

SO MANY SUCH ANNIVERSARIES COME BY, IT WAS LAST JANUARY THAT HE CAME TO BANGALORE, IT WAS FEBRUARY WHEN I LAST SAW HIM. NOW HE ONLY LIVES ON IN OUR HEARTS, FREE FROM THE BOUNDS OF SPACE AND TIME.

I MISS HEARING ABOUT HIM, SO PLEASE KEEP SHARING I HOPE WHO HE IS WILL NEVER BE LOST, SO PLEASE KEEP HIS SPIRIT ALIVE I HOPE THAT HIS LIFE WILL CONTINUE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, PLEASE LET IT GIVE A NEW MEANING TO YOUR LIVES AND TO OTHERS.

FROM VENU [SATYAJIT'S CHILDHOOD FRIEND]

TO SUPARNA [SATYAJIT'S SISTER]

DATE: SUN, 10 DEC 2006

I HAVE NEVER LOST ANYONE CLOSE TO ME. IT IS JUST UNREAL. I MET SATYAJIT IN FEB THIS YEAR. HE HAD COME DOWN TO BANGALORE TO MEET YOU AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS. AT THAT STAGE EVEN IN MY SCARIEST NIGHTMARES DID I BELIEVE THAT IT WOULD BE THE LAST TIME THAT WE WOULD MEET.

WE HAD A YAHOO GROUP. JUST THE 7 OF US FROM SCHOOL: SATYAJIT, ME, PANWAR, ROHAN, MAHEK, AARASH AND ANAND WERE MEMBERS. UNLIKE THE PREVIOUS GROUPS THAT WE CREATED, WE DIDN'T LET ANYONE ELSE BECOME A MEMBER OF THIS GROUP. WE FELT THAT OUR GROUP WAS SO MUCH STRONGER THAN THE REST THAT THEY DIDN'T DESERVE TO BE MEMBERS OF THIS GROUP. I FEEL SO UNCOMFORTABLE WHEN I THINK OF THE FACT THAT NONE OF US WERE THERE FOR HIM WHEN HE NEEDED US OR FOR HIS FAMILY WHEN THEY NEEDED OUR SUPPORT.

SATYAJIT WAS THE FIRST FRIEND THAT I EVER HAD. I DON'T HAVE VERY CRYSTAL CLEAR MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD BUT ONE THING THAT I DO REMEMBER (I HONESTLY DO) IS SUCHI BRINGING ME TO YOUR B-7 HOUSE AND RINGING THE BELL. EITHER YOU OR BARNALI DIDI OPENED THE DOOR. SATYAJIT WAS TAKING A BATH AT THAT TIME. WE WAITED FOR SOME TIME AND THEN AUNTY BROUGHT HIM OUT, HE IN HIS TOWEL. I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING MORE. I ALSO REMEMBER THAT WHEN I CAME BACK FROM CALCUTTA, THEN HE AND CHANDER CAME TO THE GUEST HOUSE LOOKING FOR ME AND THE FIRST THING THAT WE DID TO CELEBRATE WAS TO BREAK INTO THE OLD D-BLOCK LOOKING FOR A NEW HIDEOUT.

SATYAJIT AND I RARELY WOULD STAY AT HOME. WE HAD OUR HIDEOUTS IN THE VACANT GODOWNS AT THE EXTREME CORNERS OF THE CAMPUS. WE ONCE BROKE INTO A FACULTY RESIDENCE WHICH HAD

JUST BEEN VACATED BY A PROF AND WAS YET TO BE REALLOCATED. THAT WAS OUR ADDA FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS. WE DID GET INTO LOT OF TROUBLE WHEN WE WERE CAUGHT. WE WOULD HAVE PICNICS TO THE FOREST, SANJAY VAN, BEHIND THE CAMPUS. WHEN I WAS SMALL I NEVER EVEN GAVE A THOUGHT TO THE FACT THAT THOSE DAYS WOULD EVER END. THAT'S WHY I ENJOYED THEM AS MUCH AS I DID. NOW THEY ARE JUST MEMORIES, MEMORIES THAT I TREASURE.

SATYAJIT USED TO WRITE CLASSIC EMAILS ON THE GROUP. HE HAD A WAY OF MAKING LIGHT OF HIS OWN TROUBLES. I READ THEM WHENEVER I AM REALLY MISSING HIM. HE HAD HIS WAY WITH WORDS. WE ALWAYS WERE IN AWE OF HIM FOR THAT. WHEN WE WERE IN SCHOOL WE ONCE HAD TO SUBMIT AN ESSAY FOR AN ENGLISH ASSIGNMENT. WE BOTH COMPLETED OUR WORK AND WENT TO SCHOOL BUT MY COMPOSITION WAS REALLY SHABBY. SATYAJIT ASKED ME WHETHER I WANTED HIM TO TOUCH IT UP. HALF AN HOUR LATER HE GAVE ME AN ESSAY THAT WAS SO GOOD THAT MS. GULATI CALLED ME UP TO HER DESK TO ASK ME WHETHER I REALLY WROTE THIS. SATYAJIT AND THE REST OF THE GANG HAD A REALLY GOOD LAUGH SITTING ON THE LAST BENCH. HIS EMAILS TO THE CLASS GROUP, USED TO BE INFREQUENT BUT WHEN HE DID GET DOWN TO WRITING THEM, THEY USED TO BE LONG. IN HIS LAST MAIL HE MENTIONED HIS TRIP TO BANGALORE.

PARDON ME FOR BEING A BIT INCOMPREHENSIBLE IN THIS MAIL. I WANT TO WRITE SOMETHING BUT I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO WRITE. I JUST WANT SATYAJIT BACK.

I AM NOT IN TOUCH WITH ANY OF OUR COMMON FRIENDS ANY MORE BECAUSE NONE OF THEM ARE IN THE COUNTRY AND NO ONE ELSE WILL EVER UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH HE MEANT TO ME.

FROM RATIKA [SATYAJIT'S SCHOOL FRIEND]

TO SUPARNA [SATYAJIT'S SISTER]

DATE: WED, 21 FEB 2007

THIS WAS A VERY SWEET MAIL, REMINDED ME OF ALL THE GOOD TIMES THAT SATYA AND I HAD.

YOU ARE VERY VERY CORRECT WHEN YOU SAY THAT SATYA HAD HIS WAY WITH WORDS. HE TRULY WAS ABLE TO EMOTE WELL WHEN IT CAME TO WRITING, PROSE OR POETRY ANYTHING. I STILL REMEMBER THE FIRST POEM THAT HE GAVE ME. IT WAS CALLED ANGEL AND AS THE NAME SUGGESTS, YOU CAN ONLY IMAGINE HOW NICE THE LYRICS WERE.

WHENEVER I THINK OF SATYA, I PICTURE HIS BEAUTIFUL EYES. I GET REMINDED OF HIM IN NOT MORE THAN FEW MILLI SECONDS WHENEVER I HEAR ANY PIECE OF ROCK MUSIC. BACK IN SCHOOL TIME, WHEN I FIRST GOT INTRODUCED TO HIM, THOSE WERE ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS WE TALKED ABOUT. I STILL REMEMBER THE GIFT THAT HE GAVE ME ON OUR FIRST VALENTINE'S DAY. IT WAS A BON JOVI CASSETTE. OF COURSE YOU STILL HAVE THAT CARD THAT I GOT MADE FOR HIM. WHEN I CAME THE FIRST TIME TO YOUR HOME, AFTER HE HAD PASSED AWAY, SEEING IT KEPT THERE, AND THINKING HOW MUCH IT MEANT TO HIM THAT HE HAD STILL SAVED IT, IS ONE OF THE MANY THINGS THAT STILL MAKE ME CRY AFTER HE HAS GONE.

IT'S BEEN ALMOST ONE YEAR NOW. YET IT'S STILL THE SAME. I AM SURE YOU WILL AGREE WHEN I SAY

SO SPECIAL WAS HE, THAT EVEN THOUGHTS WON'T DO HIM JUSTICE...

AND I LIKE THE WAY YOU WROTE

I HOPE WHO HE IS WILL NEVER BE LOST, SO PLEASE KEEP HIS SPIRIT ALIVE. I HOPE THAT HIS LIFE WILL CONTINUE TO

MAKE A DIFFERENCE, PLEASE LET IT GIVE A NEW MEANING
TO YOUR LIVES AND TO OTHERS.

FROM SIDDHARTH [SATYAJIT'S SCHOOL FRIEND]

TO RATIKA [SATYAJIT'S SCHOOL FRIEND]

ROHAN TOLD ME THAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR SOME OF SATYA'S PICTURES. YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE THE ONES I AM SENDING NOW. THEY WERE TAKEN WITH TARUN'S MOBILE WHEN I WAS IN DELHI FOR SUMMER VACATION. THAT DAY SATYA HAD GOT A PLACEMENT AND WAS INCREDIBLY HAPPY. I THINK IT WAS HIS TREAT THAT DAY. AFTER HE LEFT US I TOOK SOME PRIDE IN THE FACT THAT UNLIKE MOST OF HIS FRIENDS I HAD SEEN THE MAKING OF THE MAN THROUGH THE TIMES OF CONFUSION AND TURMOIL AND HE WAS NEVER THE SAME AGAIN. BUT THIS DAY HE HAD THE OLD SPARK. HE WAS ACTUALLY HAPPY FOR HAVING ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING. THE LAST TIME I REMEMBER HIM LIKE THAT WAS WHEN HE GOT A RS. 3000/- SCHOLARSHIP FOR JOINING PIE FOR IIT COACHING.

FROM SUDIPTO [SATYAJIT'S SCHOOL FRIEND]

TO SUPARNA [SATYAJIT'S SISTER]

DATE: TUE, 14 OCT 2008

INDEED SATYAJIT WAS ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS. ALWAYS LIVELY, COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE AND VERY VERY DOWN TO EARTH. I COULD FREELY DISCUSS ANYTHING WITH HIM AND I KNEW HE WOULD UNDERSTAND. HOW CAN I EVER FORGET THE YEAR WHEN I HAD FLUNKED IN MY 6TH STANDARD EXAMINATIONS AND HAD TO REPEAT 6TH CLASS AGAIN WITH MY JUNIORS.

IN THIS CLASS I CAME INTO CONTACT WITH A STUDENT WHO WAS CONSIDERED A CHILD PRODIGY BY TEACHERS AND STUDENTS ALIKE. HE WAS A GENIUS WITH A HEART OF GOLD. HERE I WAS COMPLETELY ASHAMED OF MYSELF AND VERY LOW ON CONFIDENCE REPEATING MY 6TH STANDARD CLASS WITH MY JUNIORS WHEN I MET SATYAJIT. I MET HIM IN A VERY UNUSUAL WAY. WHEN WE USED TO GO TO THE ASSEMBLY HALL FOR MORNING PRAYERS WHERE WE HAD TO FORM A LINE IN HEIGHT WISE ASCENDING ORDER, SATYAJIT HAD TO STAND BEHIND ME AS HE WAS A LITTLE TALLER TO ME. THIS IS HOW WE MET.

THERE HE WAS A FAVOURITE OF STUDENTS AND TEACHERS ALIKE AND HERE I WAS COMPLETELY LOW ON CONFIDENCE. WHEN WE STARTED TALKING WE GOT ON LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE. AT NO POINT DID HE MAKE ME FEEL THAT HE IS A GENIUS AND I AM A FAILURE. THERE ARE SO MANY HILARIOUS EXPERIENCES WE SHARED IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL WHERE WE USED TO SIT AND GOSSIP AND LAUGH WHICH WHEN I REMEMBER NOW MAKES ME FEEL SO SAD.

AT THAT POINT OF TIME WHEN I WAS SO DOWN AND OUT AND THERE HE WAS FOR ME. BEING WITH HIM I COMPLETELY GOT OVER MY FAILURE AND WE USED TO TALK AS IF I NEVER HAD FAILED AND HAD BEEN IN THIS CLASS FOR MANY YEARS. NOT A SINGLE DAY DID HE MAKE ME FEEL THAT I WAS NEW TO THIS CLASS. WE COMPLETELY GOT ON LIKE

A HOUSE ON FIRE

THOUGH HE WAS A KNOWN PRANKSTER AND HE USED TO SOMETIMES BULLY ME A LOT BUT NOW WHEN I REMEMBER THOSE DAYS A SMILE COMES ON MY FACE. BEING WITH HIM YOU ALWAYS KNEW YOU WILL NOT GET BORED. HE WAS SO LIVELY AND CHEERFUL.

THERE WERE MANY THINGS SUCH AS MY YOUNGER BROTHERS FUNNY EXPERIENCES IN HIS SCHOOL WHERE HE WAS IN HIS 4TH STANDARD WHICH WHEN I DISCUSSED WITH MY OTHER CLASSMATES THEY WOULD LABEL MY TALK KIDDISH AND NONSENSICAL BUT SATYAJIT WOULD NEVER. I USED TO DISCUSS THESE THINGS FREELY WITH HIM AND WE WOULD HAVE A GOOD LAUGH. I COULD DISCUSS ANYTHING WITH HIM UNDER THE SUN AND I KNEW HE WOULD UNDERSTAND.

IF I AM MISSING HIM SO MUCH I CANNOT EVEN BEGIN TO THINK HOW MUCH YOU ALL, THAT IS, HIS FAMILY MEMBERS ARE MISSING HIM. THE ONLY THING I CAN SAY IS THAT EVEN GOD NEEDS GOOD HUMAN BEINGS IN HEAVEN THAT IS WHY THEY TOOK SATYA AWAY FROM US. BUT I AM SURE WHERE EVER HE IS, HE MUST BE SPREADING HIS CHARM AND WARMTH TO OTHERS WHO NEED IT.

NOWADAYS I TRY AND COMPLETELY IGNORE SATYA FROM MY THOUGHTS BECAUSE THINKING ABOUT HIM ALSO REMINDS ME OF HIS TRAGIC END WHICH PUTS ME INTO A STATE OF A SHOCK AND DEPRESSES ME A LOT. SO THEREFORE I TRY TO IGNORE HIM . I REALLY HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND.....

Remark by Suparna [Satyajit's sister]:

Sometimes I find it amazing how many lives Satyajit touched so deeply in those short years he had, more than we knew, and perhaps more than most people could ever do in an entire lifetime.

FROM ASPICA [SATYAJIT'S COLLEGE FRIEND]

TO SUPARNA [SATYAJIT'S SISTER]

DATE: APRIL 2006

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START. I HAVE BEEN SO SHAKEN UP WITH WHAT HAPPENED THAT I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO IMAGINE HOW YOU MUST BE FEELING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I JUST DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT WORDS. THE DAY I GOT TO KNOW I JUST WANTED TO BELIEVE THAT HE JUST RAN AWAY SOMEWHERE LIKE HE WENT TO BHAGSU AND WILL BE BACK. I EVEN SENT HIM AN EMAIL THAT DAY HOPING THAT SOME DAY HE WILL REPLY BACK.

I GUESS I WILL JUST BEGIN WITH MY JOURNEY WITH SATYA. I FIRST MET HIM IN, I THINK, JAN 2002. HE WAS REALLY DEPRESSED THAT DAY AND WAS CRYING ABOUT A DOG WHO HE HAD BEEN TAKING CARE OF DIED THAT DAY. HE JUST LOVED DOGS SO MUCH. I REMEMBER SITTING WITH HIM IN FRONT OF THE TYPE 5 GIRLS HOSTEL CURB WITH HIM LOOKING BLANKLY AT EVERYTHING AROUND HIM. I JUST MADE MY FIRST REAL FRIEND IN DCE. I CAN SURELY SAY IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. I LOVED HIM SO MUCH.

AND THEN IT WAS ALL ABOUT MUSIC. WE USED TO JUST GATHER AROUND THE CANTEEN EVERY EVENING AND THESE GUYS WOULD BRING THERE HALF BROKEN GUITARS AND SING SONGS. IT WAS JUST AS GOOD AS IT GETS. HE WAS AMAZING AT PLAYING THE GUITAR BUT SOMEHOW THERE WAS NO CONVINCING TO MAKE HIM THINK HE WAS. HE JUST ALWAYS WANTED TO LEARN MORE AND NOT THINK WHAT HE DID WAS GREAT. I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME THEY PLAYED ON STAGE. IT WAS MAGICAL. SEEING THEM PLAY ON STAGE JUST MADE US GO CRAZY. THAT IS SURELY ONE OF THE TIMES I HAVE SEEN HIM THE HAPPIEST.

WHAT WAS SATYA TO ME..IT WAS LIKE WHENEVER I WAS UPSET OR LONELY HE WOULD JUST APPEAR FROM NOWHERE..MY GUARDIAN ANGEL. THE LONG RIDES BEHIND HIS SCOOTER..AND SATYA HUGS..HE IS JUST ONE

OF THE MOST LOVING PERSONS I HAVE EVER MET.

MY BEST DAYS WITH HIM HAVE BEEN ON THE TRIPS WE MADE. THE ONE TO MANALI..WE PLANNED TO GO THERE AGAIN ..JUST THE FIVE OF US ..IT WAS MAGICAL ..THE MOUNTAINS, THE RIVERS AND THE THIN AIR (THAT WAS HIS CONCEPT ..ANYTHING BEYOND ORDINARY IN MOUNTAINS IS BECAUSE OF THE THIN AIR THERE). THERE WERE 3 GUYS AND 2 GIRLS..BOTH GIRLS LIED AT HOME SAYING THAT THERE WERE 11 PEOPLE OR SOMETHING GOING FOR THE TRIP AND IT WAS LIKE JUST RUNNING AWAY INTO THE MOUNTAINS. THAT TRIP IS WHAT I CALL INTERNAL BLISS FOR EVERYONE. WE WERE NOT APART FOR EVEN A SINGLE SECOND ..WENT TO THIS PLACE AFTER ROHTANG PASS CALLED KEYLONG..THERE IS THIS PLACE THERE WHERE BEAS RIVER FLOWS AND GREEN GRASS ALL AROUND. WE REACHED THERE AND EVERYONE WAS LYING DOWN ON THE GRASS LOOKING INTO INFINITY AND SATYA SAID THAT THIS IS WHAT HIS PARALLEL UNIVERSE LOOKS LIKE. HE LOST HIS MOMS RAY BAN GOGGLES IN THAT RIVER..

I CAME TO US FOR MY INTERNSHIP IN THE SUMMER OF 2003. BEFORE I LEFT I ASKED HIM WHAT I SHOULD GET FOR HIM AND HE SAID "IT IS A 5 LETTER WORD THAT STARTS WITH R". I COULD NOT FIGURE IT OUT TILL RAKHI CAME AND THA'S WHEN I REALIZED WHAT HE WANTED. I TIED HIM RAKHI FOR THE YEARS AFTER THAT.

AND THEN KANGRA, MCLEOD GANJ, BHAGSU TRIP, DAYS AT HIS FLAT, THE BOOKS WE READ, THE MOVIES WE WATCHED TOGETHER, THE MUSIC WE LISTENED TO. HE EVEN WROTE MY RECOMMENDATION LETTERS, STATEMENT OF PURPOSE FOR THE UNIVERSITIES I APPLIED TO BECAUSE HE WAS SO GOOD AT WRITING. I WAS READING YOUR MAIL AND BOTH OF YOU HAVE ALMOST THE SAME STYLE OF WRITING. I HAVE SO MUCH TO WRITE ABOUT THE TIME I SPENT WITH HIM..THERE ARE SO MANY DAYS WHICH ARE JUST ENGRAVED IN MY MEMORY.

I WILL NEVER GET A CLOSURE TO THIS. HE WAS MORE THAN A FRIEND AND MORE THAN A BROTHER. I JUST LOVED HIM SO MUCH. EVERY TIME I WAS LOW I WOULD WRITE TO HIM AND FEEL BETTER.. AND I WAS SURELY ENTITLED TO GETTING MAILS FROM HIM.