

RAGGING RUINS

A LETTER TO THE RAGGER

- 3 BBA students force male hostelier to drink alcohol, stripped & filmed him, blackmailed for Rs 60k.
- Assam - 5 arrested after junior year student jumps of 2nd floor allegedly to escape ragging.
- Madhya Pradesh - 7 med students booked for ragging, rusticated ~~from~~ ^{from} government medical college for 4 years.

For years we lived in a bubble, a safe place, that our parents, our school, our teachers and our friends created for us. We ~~are~~ ^{were} convinced people are good, that they don't hurt, they don't bully, they are humans and humans feel. Though we weren't strangers to these headlines, we still believed none of the bad stuff will ever happen to us, "victims are not us". College for us, was a far off land, though meant to be foreign, but still familiar, a place to be our second home, where ~~at~~ we will learn, study a lot, make new friends, explore ourselves and the world. A place to be free, to express, to live.

Dear (not so) ragger,

How does it feel bursting this bubble?
Good? Did it fuel your ego? Was this the high you
were craving when you slapped, punched, threw
slang and called it "welcome by seniors"?
Did you ever care to know your victims?

I'll help.

He was a bright, wonderful and smart student,
as good in sports as in studies. He was
loved and admired by everyone that knew
him, his parents, his friends his teachers.
He had dreams, he had places to go and
things to do. He had a life to live.

And then?

Then he became a shell of the person he
used to be. He struggled to write, to speak,
to talk. He was failing papers and his
family could not fathom 'why?'. Sleep was
a far~~er~~ mercy for him, for he got it
rare, but whenever he did, you were
the monster plaguing his dreams too.
He cried in his sleep, his eyes screamed
pain, his hands shivered, shouting for
help, but all in vain, for no one was
there to hear him.

Why? Did you scare them too?

Every day was an effort.

He sat alone throughout the darkness,
He didn't utter a single word to anyone.
He didn't eat anything from dusk to dawn.
Every time somebody touched him, all those
incidents of ragging became fresh in his mind
and he was pushed further into depression.
He tried to forget, to get along with his life,
but for how long?

How long to carry it all?
He was claustrophobic in a room full of air and
there was only so much that he could bear.
The bandage had to be ripped off, the
thermometer had to burst!!!

And when it did, were you smiling knowing
the hand supporting the one holding the blade
was yours, or were there tears in your eyes,
regret on your face, knowing not only
his life was ruined, but yours too?

Once a little child, wanting to be a doctor,
an engineer, an artist or what not,
but where did it all go now? How did the
zeal to be happy, to succeed, to prosper,
to live... die?

Was it his fault? Was he at the wrong
place at wrong time?
Did he deserve this?

Did Aman Kachera, Pen Navarun, Anup
Kumar, Krishna, S.P. ~~Manoj~~ Manoj and uncountable
others, ever deserved it?

No, they did not.

And no one ever made you the flagbearer of their destiny.

Being a senior, was a power you had, but as every power ~~comes~~ comes with loads of responsibilities, did you forget yours?

You were meant to be his buddy, not a bully; a family in a foreign world.

He had expectations from you, he craved a good senior, someone to guide, someone to look up to and someone who would make this college period one of the best times of his life.

And you... you took away all of it!

Ragging..... were you trying to break the ice? Are you now satisfied breaking careers, families and lives.

For every ragger there,

To all those who you didn't let sleep, now how does your sleepless nights feel?

For every slap you gave, now respite from all, don't you crave?

Every tear that fell from swollen eyes, every scream that their voiceless mouth cried.

You will pay for all, gear up, "Dear ragger", it's time you FALL.
