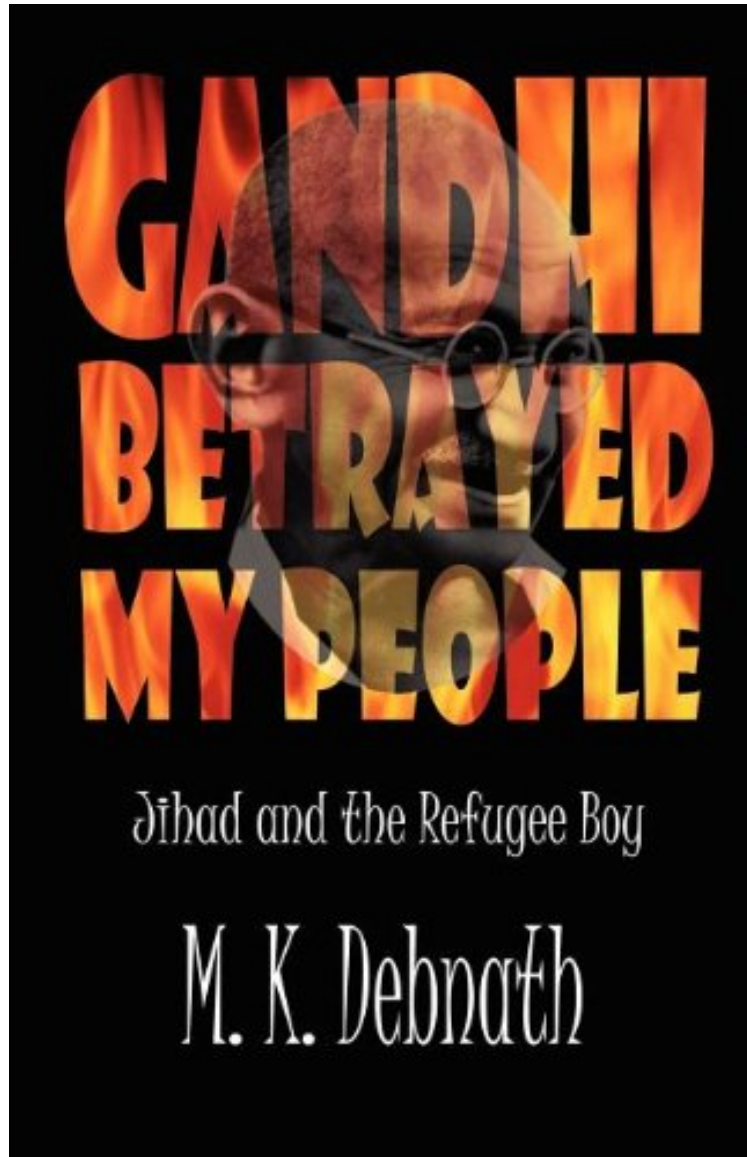


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Gandhi Betrayed My People

M. K. Debnath

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M. K. Debnath : Gandhi Betrayed My People before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Gandhi Betrayed My People:

From the Introduction to "Gandhi Betrayed My People". Hindus of our village, along with the millions of others in the newly created East Pakistan, woke up to the cruel realization that they had become foreigners in their own motherland.

A handful of greedy and dishonest Hindu politicians, for their own personal ambition, covertly, with the help of the British Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten, and Jinnah of the Muslim league, had dissected the body of their motherland, which Hindus always considered their own mother and as sacred as heaven itself. They were further saddened when they realized that their beloved Gandhi had actually accepted the partition and made no serious effort to stop this human tragedy which, to Hindus, was unparalleled in human history. They felt cheated by him. All these innocent, simple-minded people had trusted him and depended on his wisdom, assurance, and sincerity in his proclamations. This act of betrayal by Gandhi was not only a head-on blow to their personal safety and honor, but also a severe dent in their moral belief, which they identified with his own morality. And otherwise valiant Hindus, who had suffered immensely for over one thousand years at the hands of Muslims, and then at the hands of the British, lost their last hope of survival with the betrayal of Gandhi and his sycophants. When I think back on the events in my life I can pinpoint exactly where the mystery began for me. The day was Friday, January 3, 1964. I was fifteen years old when suddenly my life changed totally and irrevocably. Such sudden and extreme change does not happen to many people. My tranquil and secure childhood turned into a living horror, throwing me into a world of obscurity, shame, and suffering. I lost my identity, which, for the rest of my life I've tried to regain but have not. The saga of my life is a replica of millions of Hindu people that were marooned in East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) after the partition. It is an unfortunate, inhumane, and sordid story that the world could have done without. It is the aftermath of the actions of some delusional souls who played with the life and future of millions of people with impunity, while the entire world failed to recognize that foolish and cruel act, even to this day. As I near the end of my middle age, I revisit that sordid saga that began in a remote village ... my birthplace.