

Rooted in Resilience - Built everything. Then built himself.

A JOURNEY OF STRENGTH . FAMILY . RESILIENCE AND REINVENTION

ROOTED IN RESILIENCE

A MEMOIR



DISCIPLINE BUILDS STRENGTH
5:30 AM

FOCUS BRINGS PEACE

WALKING EVERY DAY
BUILDS BODY,
CALMS MIND

BEHIND EVERY STEP,
A FAMILY THAT NEVER
STOPPED BELIEVING.

MY NEPHEW -
MY STRENGTH,
MY SUPPORT,
MY HERO.

GRATITUDE TO ALL
WHO STOOD BY ME
IN EVERY MOMENT

DISCIPLINE BUILDS STRENGTH
5:30 AM

FOCUS BRINGS PEACE

WALKING EVERY DAY
BUILDS BODY,
CALMS MIND

BEHIND EVERY STEP,
A FAMILY THAT NEVER
STOPPED BELIEVING.

MY NEPHEW -
MY STRENGTH,
MY SUPPORT,
MY HERO.

GRATITUDE TO ALL
WHO STOOD BY ME
IN EVERY MOMENT

WHAT I OVERCAME

15 MAJOR SURGERIES

130+ UNITS OF BLOOD

RIGHT LEG AMPUTATED

KIDNEY FAILURE

HEART AT 20%

SPEECH LOST FOR 60 DAYS

VISION LOST IN LEFT EYE

COUNTLESS SETBACKS

ZERO CHANCE THEY SAID

BUT I CHOSE TO FIGHT

MY BELIEF

✓ Discipline

✓ Gratitude

✓ Family

✓ Purpose

✓ Never Give Up

*I lost a leg, not my will.
I faced darkness, found my light.
I turned my pain into purpose.*

I AM ROOTED IN RESILIENCE.

JAYANT MITRA

*"I didn't get what I wished for.
I got what I worked for.
And I kept going."*

— Jayant Mitra

FROM MAINFRAMES TO THE CLOUD

A Life in Technology, Leadership and Service

By Giant Mitra

FROM MAINFRAMES TO THE CLOUD

A Life in Technology, Leadership and Service

"Technology is not about tools. It is about people — and the problems we solve for them." —
Giant Mitra

PREFACE

There comes a moment in every professional's life when they pause, look back at the road they have walked, and feel a quiet sense of wonder. For me, that moment came not in a boardroom or at an award ceremony — though there have been a few of those — but on a quiet evening, sitting with a cup of Coffee, staring at my laptop screen, thinking about how far we have all come.

When I started my career, computers were the size of rooms. They hummed and whirred and demanded a reverence that only those who worked with them truly understood. The IBM 1401 was not merely a machine — it was a statement of possibility.

And I, a young Physics graduate (Hons) from Bombay University with more curiosity than experience, stepped into that world with wide eyes and a determination to make my mark.

Forty-six years later, I am still stepping forward.

This book is not merely a record of projects completed or revenues generated, though I am proud of both. It is the story of a man who chose to evolve — every single decade — when the easier choice would have been to settle.

It is a story about India's transformation through technology, told through the eyes of someone who was fortunate enough to be both witness and participant.

It is about the officers, the farmers, the bankers, the policemen, the students and the doctors whose lives were quietly — and sometimes dramatically — changed by the software systems we built for them.

I wrote this book for anyone standing at the starting line, facing a monumental challenge, rebuilding after a setback, or searching for the spark to take their next step.

It is for those who worry their best years are behind them, feel trapped by routine, or wonder if an ordinary life can achieve extraordinary impact.

My story goes far beyond careers, coding logic, or business achievements. It is a testament to resilience, continuous learning, enduring relationships, and the quiet determination to keep moving forward.

If this book carries a single message, it is this: growth has no age limit, learning never stops, and no obstacle is permanent when met with perseverance, faith, and the right people by your side.

If an ordinary individual can navigate the intense highs, unexpected failures, and profound reinventions of a multi-decade journey, you can too.

This book is living proof that the road to growth and self-discovery never truly ends and let it be your proof that the journey of growth never ends.

— Giant Mitra Mumbai, 2026

A HEARTFELT THANK YOU

There is a saying that behind every person who has achieved something meaningful, there stands a quiet army of people who believed, supported, guided, and simply showed up.

Looking back across my journey — from the compound of a Mumbai housing society to boardrooms, government corridors, police departments and beyond — I find not one army but many. One for every chapter of my life.

This page is my attempt to name them. To acknowledge that what I am today is not the product of my effort alone, but of the remarkable people who walked alongside me at every stage.

To each of you — named and unnamed — my deepest and most sincere gratitude.

Childhood — The Roots That Held

The foundation of everything begins here — with those who gave me warmth, stability, curiosity and the quiet confidence that the world was a place worth engaging with fully.

My Grandpa, Sharda, Dad, my BIG Brother, and Buddy.

Each of you, in your own distinct way, shaped the person I was becoming before I had any idea I was being shaped.

School Days — The Friendships That Formed Me

From LKG all the way through SSC, I was surrounded by classmates whose company made those years genuinely memorable. Many faces come to mind, but a few stand apart — friends whose bond with me went deeper than shared classrooms and annual picnics.

Jashwant, Hansraj, Kaushik, Vikram, and the late Pankaj.

College Years — The Circle That Expanded My World

College gave me new perspectives, new challenges, and a group of friends whose intellectual curiosity matched my own and pushed me further.

Piyush S, Anil A, Yomesh S, and Rajesh S.

From first year through graduation, your company made the journey richer in every sense.

My Family — The Beginning and the End of Everything

Every acknowledgment in this book, every grateful mention of every colleague and client and friend, exists within the larger context of this — my family. They are not the backdrop to the story. They are its reason.

Late Mother and Father (Sharda, Papa) — for the home you built and the values you quietly installed in everything you did.

My Big Brother (Umeshbhai) — for the steady, reliable presence that has never wavered across a lifetime.

My late Sister-in-law (Nalini Bhabhi) — your grace, your warmth, and your place in our family were irreplaceable especially during the recovery after my accident. You are missed every day.

My Niece (Dr. Bhairavi A Desai) — for the pure joy you have brought into our home from the exact moment that historic telex arrived from Harare, and for every beautiful milestone since.

My Son-in-law (Dr. Ankit bhai N. Desai) — for seamlessly blending into our lives and anchoring our family circle with warmth and strength.

My Nephew (Dr. Neil) — for stepping forward as the proud standard-bearer of the next generation, beautifully carrying forward everything this family stands for.

Vrisha and Miraya — Our youngest rays of hope. you are the bright tomorrow of our legacy, and your journeys are just beginning.

My First Job — The Ones Who Opened the Door

Every professional journey begins with people who give you your first real chance and then trust you to grow into it. Mine was no different.

The late Vijay Merchant, The late Mr. Ganeshan, the late Ramdasji, and Simon.

Mr. Ganeshan — your quiet wisdom and the opportunity you offered set everything in motion. I carry that with me still.

Venus Computers — The Team That Built Something Real

These are the people who were present at the beginning — who believed in an idea when it was still just an empty flat, three machines, and more determination than resources. What we built together remains one of the proudest chapters of my life.

Dilip bhai, Makadia Sir, Mr. Wallani, Shantibhai, Abhay, Madhuri, Javed, Hamza, Dharmendra, Ms. Sophie, Ms. Elizabeth, Ms. Anjali, Ms. Lata, Raju and Sandeep.

Each of you contributed something that cannot be replicated or replaced. Thank you.

ACE Business Consultants — A Long and Grateful List

The ACE years were among the most expansive and demanding of my career, and the list of people who made them possible is correspondingly long. I am grateful to every one of them.

From Mandvi Bank: Late Mr. Jain, Mr. Bhavanjibhai, Mr. Mehta, Mr. Parikh, Mr. Rao, Mr. Kanyawar, Vilas, Ms. Suman K, Kishore, Nainesh, Lalit, Mayur, Seetha, Chetan, Late Lakdawala, Satheesh P, Shrikant, Naresh M, and Chetan.

From my staff: Sagar, Rohit, Ms. Jayshree, Ms. Spurthi, Ms. Neena, Ms. Suparna, Ms. Mrunal, Anil J, Uttam M.

Your dedication, your patience, and your willingness to go beyond what was asked made everything possible.

Paradyne / Glodyne Technoserve — The Scale-Up Team

The Glodyne years required a different kind of capability — the ability to work at scale, across geographies, with complexity that demanded the best from everyone involved. The team that delivered that, day after day, deserves every word of this acknowledgment.

Anand, Ms. Devyani, Shantanu, Neeraj, Rege, Rahul B, Ms. Priti, Jackson, Amit J, Ms. Aarti, Ms. Prajakta, Bhadresh, Bharat, Seshadri, Narendra, Girish, Vaibhav, Vikas, Ms. Nidhi, Ms. Neha, Ms. Mauli, Ms. Yasmeen, Manish, Ankur, Virendra, Bilal, Tushar, Prashant, Amit, Sachin, Jackson, Shiv, Ms. Ujjwala, Augustine, and Chakra.

Working alongside each of you was a privilege.

COMMEX — The Final Corporate Chapter

The late Ketan Sheth, Parag S, Pravin P, Anjan Sir, Krishna S, Amar M, Ashok K, Sushil M, Ms. Anshu, Ms. Kanak, Ms. Vijaya, Ms. Jaya, Ms. Kirti, Arun Y, Sashi S, Ajay S, Ajaz, Himanshu, Ms. Tanu R, and Bala.

Ketan — your vision and your trust meant more than I ever adequately expressed. Your memory remains.

Clients Who Became More Than Clients / Personal friends

These are the professionals and individuals who trusted me with their most important work — and many of whom have remained in touch long after the projects concluded. That continuity is, to me, the truest measure of what we built together.

Mr. Sanjeev Munje, Mr. Sanjeev Gupte, Mr. Ajay Shah, Mr. Goel, Mr. Sangani, Mr. Kesari, Mr. Gadre, Mr. Jadhav, Mr Nilesh S, Mr. Ravi, Mr. Azad, Mr. Atul S, Suhas Sir, Mr. Sunil B, Mr. Kailash D, Mr. Pawar, Ms. Rashida, Mr. Sushil V, Mr. Vikram H, and Mr. Subramaniam.

The fact that all of you are still in touch today says everything that needs to be said.

Mumbai Police — Officers Who Trusted the Work

Serving law enforcement required a level of precision, discretion, and reliability that I took seriously in every engagement. The officers who placed that trust in me made it possible to do some of the most meaningful work of my career.

Mr. Jain, Mr. Phansalkar, Mr. Paraskar, Mr. Mathur, Mr. Shivanand, Mr. Mahaverkar, Mr. Barve, Mr. Rathod, Mr. Chavan, Mr. Dhole, and Mr. D'Silva.

It was an honor to serve alongside each of you.

Income Tax Department — The Panel Years

The work done as a specialist panel member for the Income Tax Department demanded a different kind of expertise — and the colleagues and officers who made that collaboration productive deserve their own acknowledgment.

Mr. Soni, Mr. Dash, Ms. Khushi, Mr. Nikhil C, Mr. Pathak, Mr. Sahil B, Mr. Atul P, Mr. Sher Singh, and Mr. Dhruv S.

Thank you for your trust and your professionalism.

A Family That Stood Like a Fortress

Throughout my life, my elder brother has been my strongest companion, my guide, and the one person I could count on without question. From childhood, we shared an exceptional bond — complementing each other in ways that are difficult to explain but impossible to mistake.

During the most critical phase of my life, following my accident in October 2015, his unwavering determination became, quite literally, the difference between life and death.

When I arrived at the hospital in critical condition, several doctors believed my chances of survival were extremely slim. It was my brother who persistently persuaded them to begin treatment and to keep fighting for my recovery.

Throughout my 86-day hospitalisation, he managed every aspect of my medical care — coordinating with specialists, maintaining detailed records, handling insurance documentation, and ensuring that every claim and every hospital bill was correctly processed.

Even after my discharge, he accompanied me for countless follow-up consultations, surgeries, and rehabilitation sessions. From the day of the accident until today, he has been my rock.

My sister-in-law was equally remarkable. From the day she joined our family — arriving from Harare and stepping into our lives with warmth and grace — she treated me with genuine affection and care.

During my hospitalisation, she visited every single day alongside my mother. After I returned home, she took complete charge of my recovery routine — ensuring medicines were taken on time, meals were served according to medical schedules, and every detail of my daily care was managed with extraordinary dedication.

Even during my working years, whenever I came home late from the office, she would often stay awake to serve dinner.

We both shared a love for seasonal fruits, and she would thoughtfully bring home the best of whatever was available throughout the year. Her care was never occasional — it was simply how she lived.

One incident from 13th April 1999 has stayed with me ever since. While working at my office in Navjivan Building, I suddenly vomited blood. Assuming it was a passing episode, I continued working — until a second, more severe occurrence made it impossible to ignore. I went immediately to my homoeopathic doctor, who advised hospitalisation without delay.

My sister-in-law had already contacted our family physician by the time I arrived home. After a preliminary examination, the doctor concluded that my liver had been damaged due to alcohol consumption.

She rejected the diagnosis on the spot. She knew my habits and my lifestyle better than any doctor in that room, and she said so — firmly, calmly, and without any intention of backing down.

Even after admission, doctors continued to suspect liver-related complications. She continued to insist they look elsewhere.

Eventually, a specialist performed an endoscopy and discovered the real cause — a ruptured blood vessel in the food pipe that had been causing the bleeding. Immediate corrective treatment was carried out and the bleeding was successfully controlled.

Her confidence in me never wavered. She trusted facts over assumptions and stood her ground until the truth emerged.

That incident, perhaps more than any other, captured the faith, courage, and quiet resilience with which she always stood beside me. She never accepted conclusions at face value when it concerned the well-being of someone she loved.

Her conviction, compassion, and unwavering support became a source of strength not only during difficult times but throughout my life. She was one of the true pillars of my journey—a constant presence who cared without seeking recognition and gave without expecting anything in return.

I was fortunate to have her love and support until September 2022, when she left us. Though she is no longer physically present, her memories, values, and affection remain an inseparable part of my life.

My nephew has been another pillar of strength. During my hospitalisation, he stood by the me day and night, helping manage emergencies that arrived without warning. After my discharge, he was always there whenever I needed him — no question asked, no hesitation shown.

One memory captures his character perfectly. During his preparation for the Karate Black Belt examination, one of the requirements was to complete approximately forty rounds at Priyadarshini Park.

Being strongly built compared to many of his peers, he initially struggled and came home discouraged after the first few practice sessions. I challenged him. I told him I could run more rounds than he could.

We began practicing together — four rounds, then six, increasing the rounds a little more each day. Within a week, he was comfortably completing sixteen rounds and had rediscovered his confidence.

He continued on his own from there, pushing himself further each session, until he reached the forty-round target well before the examination.

On the day of the test, he did not merely complete the running challenge — he excelled across every event and proudly earned his Black Belt.

Looking back, I understand something I perhaps could not see clearly while living through it: professional achievements may shape a career, but it is the people standing beside you who determine whether you survive the hardest parts of life.

My brother, my sister-in-law, my nephew — their love, their sacrifices, their unwavering belief in me gave me the courage to face challenges that often felt impossible.

Whatever I have achieved, and whatever I continue to build, is rooted in them.

Families – My extended family

The Gandhis — Explaining over a six-decade bond requires understanding its truest trait: inclusion without discussion, ceremony, or arrangement.

The Shahs — A family bond defined by the touching reality that Mauli had spoken of me so consistently at home.

The Sheth's — The mother's question about my marriage is given its full warmth — not awkward but affectionate, not intrusive but evidence of genuine care.

The Desais — Exploring the beautiful, seamless nature of a family whose hospitality never watches the clock.

The Patels — The Surat project, Prashant's wife's practical warmth, and the bungalow visits — each given its proper texture and feeling.

Friends and Well-Wishers After the Accident — The Ones Who Showed Up

There is a particular kind of gratitude that is reserved for people who appear not when life is going well — but when it has been upended entirely. After my accident in October, 2015, a remarkable number of people showed up in ways both large and small. I will not forget any of them.

Dr. Agarwal, Dr. Ms. Krisha, Dr. Dholakia, Mr. Deepak K, Mr. Vaibhav S., Rashmin S,

The members of our society — their sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren — who collectively made recovery feel less like a solitary battle and more like a shared effort.

Each of you gave me something during that period that I could not have given myself.

Thank you.

I began this book by saying that life rarely unfolds in a straight line. What I did not say — but what every page of this book reflects — is that the bends and turns are almost always made navigable by other people.

To everyone named on these pages, and to the many others whose contributions live in my memory even if not in print: you are the reason this story was worth telling.

— Giant Mitra

A Life Lived Fully, a Journey Shared Generously

"Life rarely unfolds in a straight line. Mine has been a journey of quiet determination, unexpected turns, and constant reinvention."

PREFACE — Before the First Page Turns

There is a particular kind of stillness that descends when you sit down to write your own life.

You reach back through decades and find, waiting patiently in the corners of memory, the faces of people who shaped you — a grandfather who teased you into becoming better, a teacher who walked you into a senior classroom to show you off, a colleague who stayed late not because he had to, but because the work mattered to him as much as it did to you.

This book began not as an autobiography but as a conversation — with myself, with the people I have known, and with the journey that has carried me from a modest middle-class home in Bombay to boardrooms, startups, government corridors and beyond.

I was never the loudest voice in any room. But I was almost always the most consistent one. And I have come to believe — quietly, after forty-six years of building things and watching them work — that consistency is perhaps the most underrated form of genius there is.

Get Inspired by Giant's Story is not a celebration of achievements, though there are a few worth celebrating. It is a reflection on endurance, growth and gratitude. On the IBM 1401 mainframes of the early 1980s and the cloud platforms of today.

On the census project that ran through the night and the Ratan Tata award that arrived in the afternoon. On the boy who flew kites in Valsad and cut his fingers on the string — and learned, even then, that some of the most vivid memories are born from small moments of pain.

If my story encourages even one reader to rise after a fall, to keep learning after others have stopped, or to trust that the path reveals itself to those who keep walking — then it will have served its purpose entirely.

— Giant Mitra Mumbai, 2026

Childhood — Roots of Innocence and Play

"The most important things in life are not the grand moments. They are the small, warm, everyday ones — the ones you only recognize as treasures when you look back."

Growing up in a household where we affectionately called our mother "Sharda" and had lunch strictly at 9:00 AM, and dinner at 7pm. My childhood was anchored by an unmistakable rhythm. Read the heartwarming story of a vibrant Bombay compound where morning political debates and evening cricket matches laid the foundation for a lifetime.

The Beginning of Everything

Every person's story begins somewhere. Mine began in Valsad — a quiet, unhurried town in Gujarat my mother's place— though I barely had time to know it. My parents were staying in Bombay, and the city became the only world I ever truly knew.

It became my playground, my classroom, my arena. Bombay was not merely where I grew up.
Bombay was where I became.

And yet, Valsad was never entirely absent from my story. It appeared each summer vacation, each Christmas break — in the form of my grandmother's house, the sweet smell of mangoes on the trees, the open fields, the simple freedom of a smaller, gentler world. But I am getting ahead of myself.

Let me start at the very beginning — with the family that shaped everything.

A Father's Discipline, A Mother's Name, and the Rhythm of a Home

My father was a man you could set your watch by. He worked for an insurance company headquartered in Zurich, and his career brought the family something that money alone rarely purchases — stability. Continuity.

The rare privilege of staying in one place long enough to build real roots, real friendships, and a real sense of belonging.

He had his routine, and he followed it with the quiet conviction of a man who understood that consistency is its own form of wisdom. Lunch at nine in the morning — which, I should mention, was genuinely nine in the morning, before he left for work.

Office shortly after. Home by six in the evening. Dinner at seven. Not a minute sooner, not a minute later. Like clockwork, every single day.

Now here is the thing about growing up in a household with such a rhythm — it seeps into you. You don't choose it. You simply absorb it, the way a sponge absorbs water, without noticing. And before long, it becomes your own.

Remarkably, I continued the habit of having my first meal of the day around nine o'clock for decades — right up until September 2015, when an event I will describe later changed a great deal about the life I had quietly built. But I am not going there yet.

My father had a name for my mother — Sharda. Not "ji," not an endearment, not any of the many terms Indian husbands use to address their wives. Simply Sharda.

Her name, spoken naturally, affectionately, the way one speaks to an equal. And children being children, my brother and I simply followed his lead. We called her 'Sharda' too.

I can only imagine how that must have sounded to visitors — two young boys addressing their mother by her first name, completely unbothered, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. And to us, it was.

It was our ordinary. Over time, what had begun as innocent imitation became something deeply personal — an expression of closeness rather than distance. An intimacy that was entirely, unmistakably ours.

We called her 'Sharda' until her very last day. That was in February 2025.

I pause here for a moment, because that date — February 2025 — is still very recent. And writing about her in past tense still takes a breath. But I include it here because it belongs here, at the very beginning — because she belongs at the very beginning of everything.

The House That Talked

Our home was alive with conversation. Not just the polite, surface-level kind — but the real, animated, sometimes heated kind that only happens when people genuinely care about the world around them.

Every single morning, my father and a small group of his elderly neighbors would gather at our home with newspapers in hand. What would begin as quiet, individual reading would quickly transform into something far more dynamic. Politics. Current affairs.

The changing face of India. The news of the day — whatever it was — became the fuel for passionate, engaged debate.

Sometimes the conversations were measured and thoughtful. Sometimes they grew intense, even loud, with strong opinions crashing against equally strong counter-opinions.

But regardless of the tone, there was always something unmistakably alive in the air — the feeling that ideas mattered, that the world outside our walls was worth understanding, worth arguing about, worth caring for.

As a child, I didn't always follow the thread of their discussions. But I absorbed the atmosphere completely. I absorbed the importance of having an opinion. The respect for a well-made argument.

The habit of reading before speaking. The understanding that an informed mind is more powerful than an uninformed one, regardless of age.

And then the evening would arrive.

By late afternoon, the same space — the same living room, the same chairs, the same cups of tea — would undergo a complete transformation. My friends and I would take over, bringing with us the restlessness, enthusiasm and completely unfiltered energy of youth.

We debated politics in our own immature but surprisingly passionate way. We analyzed the latest cricket matches as if our commentary actually mattered. We talked about whatever had captured our attention that particular day — and there was always something.

Without quite realizing it, we were mirroring what we had witnessed every morning. Two generations, using the same space, keeping alive the same essential tradition: conversation, engagement, and the refusal to simply let the day pass in silence.

This unique daily rhythm continued for nearly three decades. On Sundays and holidays, both groups would sometimes overlap — and those were the richest hours of all. The elders with their experience, the young ones with their energy.

Conversations that began seriously and ended in laughter. Endless cups of tea. An atmosphere that was warm, inclusive and intellectually alive.

Only years later, as an adult building organizations and leading teams, did I understand what those mornings and evenings had actually given me: the habit of thinking out loud, the confidence to hold a position, and the grace to update it when presented with better information.

The greatest classroom I ever attended had a sofa, a newspaper rack, and a kettle that was always on.

The Neighbors Who Were Family

We were fortunate — deeply fortunate — to have four families living around us who never quite felt like neighbors. They felt like extensions of ourselves.

The boundary between their home and ours was more of a suggestion than an actual barrier. Food was shared without announcement. Celebrations were collective. Sorrows were distributed so they became lighter.

Over the years, many of them moved away, as life inevitably pulls people in different directions. But the bonds we built over those thirty years have simply refused to weaken.

Even today, decades later, we remain in touch — visits, phone calls, messages that pick up mid-conversation as though no time has passed at all.

Celebrations in those days were never confined to a single household. Birthdays, festivals, religious occasions — even just an ordinary Thursday when the mood was right — would turn into shared occasions.

Every few months, we would host a dinner at our home, and everyone would come. The evenings were filled with laughter, storytelling and a particular kind of ease that only comes from knowing people deeply.

There is a word in Gujarati — apnapan — that means the feeling of belonging, of being among your own people. Our home, our compound, our circle of neighbors — that entire ecosystem breathed with apnapan in a way I have rarely encountered since.

A Brother, An Unspoken Balance, and the Gift of Solitude

My elder brother was born just two years before me, and the gap between us — in age, in temperament, in approach to almost everything — could not have been more perfectly calibrated for our mutual growth.

We were not the quarrelsome type. I cannot recall any serious disagreement between us during our childhood years — which, if you know anything about brothers, is itself something of a small miracle. Somehow, without ever sitting down to discuss it, we had found our rhythm.

Where one of us was uncertain, the other provided quiet assurance. Where one held back, the other moved forward. It was an unspoken, organic balance — the kind that develops not through agreement but through years of simply being together.

We spent long hours playing — inventing games from nothing, laughing at things only the two of us found funny, sharing a private world that needed no explanation to outsiders.

But there were also phases when he drifted naturally into his own circle of friends, leaving me briefly to my own company.

At the time, I accepted these periods without complaint. I didn't have the vocabulary for what I was experiencing. But looking back, I recognize them as some of the most valuable moments of my childhood.

Those hours alone taught me how to be with myself. How to find comfort in silence. How to occupy my own mind without needing external stimulation.

It is a skill that sounds simple — and is, in fact, extraordinarily rare. And I am quietly grateful to my brother for those involuntary lessons in solitude.

Uncle, the Buddy Since Diapers, and the Gymkhana Days

I was also fortunate to have an uncle — one of my neighbors — who had remained unmarried and who devoted a great deal of his time and attention to me.

He played with me, engaged me, told me stories, and brought a particular kind of energetic companionship to my childhood that was different from anything else in my life. He was, in the truest sense, my earliest friend.

It was through him that I met another child in our society — a boy who would become my closest companion for decades, and who remains so today. From the moment we were introduced, we were inseparable (Mr. Mayank Gandhi-Buddy).

Quite literally buddies since diapers — we studied together, played together, argued together, and spent so many of our waking hours in each other's company that our families eventually stopped announcing one of us at the other's door. We simply walked in.

Cricket was our shared religion. Chess was our shared meditation. Cards and bridge were our shared entertainment, played for hours at his home with a seriousness that belied our age.

Many of our most treasured childhood days were spent either at each other's houses or at the Gymkhana — playing cricket matches, enjoying the physical freedom of open space and the uncomplicated joy of just being young.

Over time, his family became an extension of my own. His elder brother grew into a well-known architect and Vastu consultant. His sister — whom I consider my own, without qualification — is also an architect, married to another close friend of mine.

Life eventually moved all of us in different directions, as it does. But those early bonds, forged in the compound and at the Gymkhana and across shared dinner tables, have never loosened.

The Compound — A World Within a World

Our society compound was, to us children, a complete and self-contained universe. It was a long rectangular space that transformed every evening into a playground of extraordinary variety.

Cricket, Chess, Badminton.

Hide and seek. Invented games that had no names and no fixed rules because they had been created by us, for us, in the moment.

On one side of the compound stood a Parsi colony. On the other, a large, overgrown Parsi Baug — dense with trees, slightly mysterious, deliberately untouched. To us, it was absolutely irresistible.

Whenever our cricket ball landed inside the Baug — which happened with remarkable frequency, given the quality of our batting — we would climb the six-foot boundary wall to retrieve it. This was, naturally, accompanied by a complete disregard for the consequences of falling.

Injuries happened. Scrapes, bruises, and the occasional more serious wound were simply part of the terms and conditions of childhood in our compound. I still carry a small scar on my knee from one such retrieval mission — a quiet, permanent reminder of those completely fearless days.

Inside the Baug, fruit trees grew in magnificent abundance — mangoes, pomegranates, berries, lemons. Since no one appeared to actively claim them, we assumed the claim had passed to us.

We harvested them with sticky hands and shared them with tremendous satisfaction, as though we had personally cultivated them.

The colony had its own celebrity — a cheerful Parsi gentleman named Firdous, who lived in a flat on first floor that overlooked our cricket ground. Whenever we played, he would provide live, enthusiastic commentary from his window.

His warm, booming voice transformed our modest after-school matches into events of genuine drama and excitement. He was our commentator, our cheerleader, and our audience all at once.

What I find remarkable is this: even today, decades later, during my morning walk, he greets me from that same window. Some connections, formed in the simplest and most spontaneous of circumstances, quietly outlast almost everything else.

The Trees, the Bamboo Stick, and the Seasons of Fruit

Our society compound was also surrounded by fruit trees — mango, chikoo, almond, coconut, amla — many of which were perfectly positioned for climbing.

I would often make my way up into their branches and sit there, plucking fruit and distributing it among friends who waited below with varying degrees of patience.

For the taller trees that could not be climbed, I had developed a technique involving a long bamboo stick, modified for the purpose. Mangoes required particular planning — they were seasonal, eagerly anticipated, and sweeter for the effort required to bring them down.

There was a particular satisfaction in eating fruit you had worked for, even in a small way. It is a satisfaction, I have noticed, that scales rather well to the rest of life

Kite Season — The Sky Becomes a Playground

If I had to choose one memory that captures the joy of my childhood most completely, it would not be a single event. It would be a season.

Kite season.

It began in mid-December. It stretched, magnificently, into early February. And it reached its glorious, colorful, noise-filled peak on Makar Sankranti — the 14th of January — which arrived every year with the reliability of a trusted friend and the excitement of something entirely new.

Preparing for kite flying was almost as enjoyable as the flying itself. Many evenings, I would position myself strategically — at home near a window, at the corner of the room — and study the wind with the focused attention of a young meteorologist.

Depending on the direction and strength of the breeze, I would choose my spot: west-facing for one kind of day, north-facing for another, south for a third. The calculation mattered. A kite launched from the wrong position, regardless of quality, would struggle.

There was a quiet joy in that process that I find difficult to fully describe. The gentle, responsive pull of the string as the kite rose. The vivid splash of colors against the Bombay sky.

The friendly competitions with others — cutting each other's strings, claiming victories, accepting defeats with the particular grace that only children possess. The sky above our compound became, for those two months every year, a shared playground of color and wind and laughter.

And then there was that Christmas vacation in Valsad.

I was flying kites at my grandmother's place. The sky was clear — the kind of winter-clear that Bombay rarely offers. The wind was perfect. I was completely, entirely, happily absorbed in the experience, with the pure focus that only children and the very wisest adults ever truly achieve.

In that absorption, I failed to notice the sharpness of the string.

Before I could react, I had cut three fingers on my right hand. The pain that followed was real and sharp and immediate. But here is the thing about being nine or ten years old: even pain becomes part of the story.

I remember that afternoon not as the day I injured myself — but as the day the wind was perfect and the kite flew magnificently and the sky was completely, breathtakingly clear.

Childhood has a remarkable ability to transform even its small wounds into treasured memories.

Valsad — The Other World

During summer vacations, and sometimes during Christmas breaks, we would make the journey to Valsad — my grandmother's house, my native place, the other world.

Those visits carried a distinct quality: a change of pace, a change of air, a change of everything. We played with neighborhood (Cricket, Cards, and Marbles) we saw only once or twice a year yet somehow always slipped back into easy familiarity with.

We wandered through fields and lanes with the particular freedom that comes from a place where the rules are gentler and the days are longer.

The greatest delight of those Valsad visits was the exploration of farms — sometimes belonging to relatives, and at other times belonging to people we barely knew, who nonetheless seemed entirely unbothered by two boys from Bombay helping themselves to their seasonal produce.

We would pluck mangoes straight from the trees. White jamun — sweet, cool, slightly astringent. Tamarind. The memory of the taste is still there, somewhere, if I concentrate.

Those vacations carried a sense of innocence that is genuinely difficult to recreate in any later phase of life. No schedules. No pressure. Only the uncomplicated joy of living each day as it arrived.

Health, Homeopathy, and the Doctor Who Knew Without Asking

My early school years were not entirely smooth on the health front. Until the fifth standard, I experienced the usual childhood visitors — jaundice, chickenpox, the standard inventory of illnesses that seem to find every child sooner or later.

After that, however, it was as if my body had found its natural balance. I enjoyed strong and steady health for many years — right up until September 2015, which I will address in its own chapter with the honesty it deserves.

There was, however, a small yearly pattern I noticed: every January, without fail, a mild cold would arrive. Almost like a seasonal greeting. Predictable enough that I had practically scheduled it.

Our family's connection with homeopathy went deeper than medicine. My grandfather and our senior homeopathy doctor (Dr. Laxman Roa Ray) shared a friendship that had grown not in a clinic but over long shared evenings, comfortable silences, and — it must be said — cigars.

They would sit together for hours, talking about everything and nothing, and our family's loyalty to homeopathy was as much a reflection of that friendship as it was of any therapeutic conviction.

While most of my family preferred visiting an allopathic doctor whose clinic was conveniently on my way to school, I always chose the homeopathy clinic. There was something reassuring and personal about it. The senior doctor knew me well; later, his son (Dr. Ashok Ray) came to know me even better.

When I arrived with a cold, there was almost no need to explain anything. He would simply smile, prepare the tiny white pills and a small packet of powder, and hand them over with quiet, unhurried confidence.

That sense of being known — truly known, not merely recognized — created a comfort that I have always valued in relationships. It felt less like a medical consultation and more like visiting someone who was genuinely glad to see me.

The senior doctor had earned his degree from Germany — which, in those days, carried a particular weight of international credibility. His son later followed the same path, also becoming a doctor of note.

Over time, they became more than medical professionals to us — they became part of our extended family, woven naturally into the fabric of our shared memories.

The Grandfather Who Teased Me into Becoming Better

No account of my childhood would be complete without my grandfather.

He was a man of warmth and wit, and he expressed his love in the way that certain people of his generation did — through gentle, persistent, affectionate teasing. His favorite target was my academic performance.

With a half-smile that I can still picture perfectly, he would announce — to anyone who cared to listen — that I would never stand first in class. That fourth or fifth rank was apparently my destiny, and he had accepted this on my behalf with great philosophical calm.

What he was actually doing, of course, was pushing me. Not with pressure, not with demands — but with that particular form of reverse psychology that grandparents have perfected across generations: the casual prediction of mediocrity, delivered with such obvious affection that it functions as a dare.

We shared a simple morning ritual, my grandfather and I. We would walk together to the railway station complex and visit an old Irani café — a place of genuine character, popular with the Parsi community from the nearby colonies.

He would have his first cup of tea. I would have a piece of mava cake, which I considered one of the finer achievements of the culinary arts.

Those quiet mornings — the walk, the café, the tea, the mava cake, the easy silence between a grandfather and his grandson — carried a warmth that I could not have articulated then and still struggle to fully capture now. I was not allowed to drink tea but only milk.

And then, in the sixth standard, I stood first in class.

It was the moment I had been quietly building toward. The moment I had imagined sharing with him — watching his face shift from that familiar half-smile to something genuine and unguarded.

The pride he would have felt but likely expressed only through a single, decisive statement, something like: "I always knew you had it in you."

He never got to see it.

He passed away around the same time that I secured that first rank. The happiness of the achievement and the grief of his absence arrived together, intertwined, inseparable.

To this day, that first rank is not simply a memory of success. It is a memory of love — and of the particular kind of sadness that comes from wanting to share good news with someone who is no longer there.

The Wheeler Book Stall — A Legacy of Small Continuities

Near the railway station where my grandfather and I walked on those early mornings stood a Wheeler book stall. He was a regular — buying newspapers from the owner, a kind and familiar face who always had a word of greeting ready.

After my grandfather's passing, my father continued this routine. Quietly, without announcement, he simply took it over. And then, in time, I stepped into that same routine.

The owner's son had begun managing the stall by then, and I found myself standing at the same counter, buying newspapers from the next generation, continuing a small, unbroken chain that my grandfather had started.

These small continuities — visiting the same places, seeing familiar faces, carrying forward habits that belong to people you have loved and lost — have always seemed important to me.

They are not nostalgia exactly. They are something more active than that. They are a way of saying: this matters, and I will not let it quietly disappear.

The Weekly Magazines — Three Generations of Stories

Every week, my mother, my brother and later my sister-in-law would bring home a selection of weekly magazines — filled with stories, features, articles and the kind of long-form writing that the internet has never quite managed to replace.

We would read them over a couple of days, discuss what struck us, and then return them and collect a fresh set.

This simple cycle of reading and exchanging ideas became a cherished ritual in our home. It was about more than information. It was about sharing perspectives, having something to bring to the conversation, and maintaining a living connection with the world of ideas.

What makes this memory particularly vivid is the continuity it demonstrated across time. This tradition continued across three generations — on both our side and theirs. The magazines changed.

The topics changed. The hands that turned the pages changed. But the essential habit — of reading, sharing, and discussing — remained alive and unbroken.

Festivals, Traditions, and the Calendar of Joy

All our family festivals followed the Hindu calendar, each carrying its own warmth, its own rituals, its own particular flavor of togetherness. Every year brought its familiar cycle of celebrations — and we marked each one with sincerity and joy.

But one festival stood apart from all others in my childhood imagination: Makar Sankranti. Not primarily because of its religious significance, though that was always honored, but because it marked the absolute peak of kite season — and kite season, as I have already made clear, was the closest thing my childhood had to a sacred institution.

The Foundation Beneath Everything

Looking back at my childhood now — at the compound, the Baug, the morning debates, the evening conversations, the Irani café, the Wheeler book stall, the kite string that cut my fingers, the grandfather who never saw me stand first — what I find is not a collection of separate memories but a single, continuous atmosphere.

An atmosphere of warmth. Of engagement. Of belonging. Of curiosity being valued and encouraged. Of relationships being maintained across time and distance with quiet, consistent care.

This atmosphere did not produce a particular skill set or a specific professional competence. What it produced was something more foundational: a person who knew how to connect with other people, who understood that relationships are the bedrock of everything, and who had absorbed — without being taught — the value of showing up, consistently and genuinely, for the people and the work that matter.

Every building begins with its foundation. Mine was laid in the compound of a Bombay housing society, in an Irani café at a railway station, in a house that was always full of conversation, and in the space between a grandfather's teasing and a grandson's quiet, determined response.

And it has held — through everything — remarkably well.

A Life Rebuilt Through Resilience

Looking back, the years following my accident became far more than a period of recovery.

They became a period of rebuilding — rebuilding physical strength, rebuilding confidence, rebuilding purpose, rebuilding knowledge, and ultimately, rebuilding life itself.

From surviving near death and learning to walk again, to overcoming permanent disability with quiet determination — and from building software products and studying digital marketing, to contributing to government data analytics, learning Sanskrit, and exploring the depths of Vedic astrology — every phase reinforced the same enduring belief:

Life may change direction without warning. But with determination, discipline, a hunger for learning, and a clear sense of purpose, even the darkest chapter can become the foundation for a meaningful new beginning.

What October 2015 Actually Gave Me

Looking back at everything that followed that morning on Marine Drive — the 86 days in ICU, the 15 operations, the 150 blood bottles, the amputated leg, the failed kidneys, the lost speech, the coma, the slow and painstaking recovery, the fall in April 2016, the prosthetic trials, the daily walks down the passage with Krishna watching — what strikes me most is not the difficulty of any of it.

What strikes me is what it produced.

It produced a clarity about what matters. It produced a gratitude for people — my brother, my nephew, my sister-in-law, my mother, Ansari, Krishna, the doctors who eventually agreed to admit me, the friends who stood at the glass partition and came back anyway — that I carry every single day.

It produced a return to technology not as a career obligation but as a genuine expression of who I am — the websites, giantmitra.com, [esynapse](http://esynapse.com), sadharmik.com, Mitras Infotech.

And it produced something that I cannot entirely explain but that I feel with complete certainty: the accident did not diminish my life. In a way I did not expect and could not have predicted, it deepened it.

I walk with a prosthetic leg and a stick whenever I go out. I have one working eye. I take medicines every day. And I am, without any qualification, grateful to be here.

The journey, as it turns out, has no last chapter.

Exhibit-1

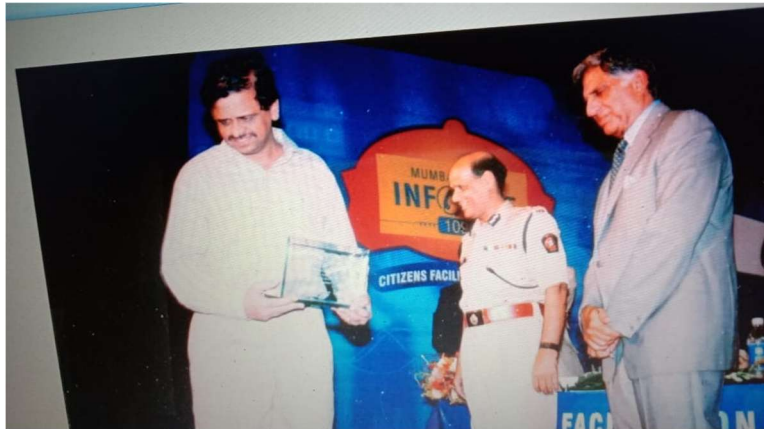


Exhibit-2



Exhibit-3



The Institute of Chartered Financial Analysts of India University, Sikkim

Upon the recommendation of the Academic Council,
hereby confers on

Jayant Dolatrai Mitra

the degree of

Master of Business Administration

in recognition of proficiency in the General
and Special Courses of study prescribed by the University and having
passed the Examinations for the same.

Given this the Third Day of June, Two Thousand and Fourteen
under the Seal of the University.



885845092513

P. Ananta
Controller of Examinations

I C P M W
Registrar

Sunanta
Vice-Chancellor

For online verification of the certificate, please visit www.iicfaikim.edu.in/ivcr.

Exhibit-4



NIKHIL CHOUDHARY
I.R.S.

भारत सरकार
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA
आयकर निदेशक
(आसूचना एवं आपराधिक जांच), मुंबई
DIRECTOR OF INCOME - TAX
(Intelligence and Criminal Investigation), Mumbai
1201, 12th Floor, Earnest House, Nariman Point, Mumbai - 400 021.
E-mail : mumbai.dit.ici@incometaxindia.gov.in

दूरभाष / Telephone : 91-22-2287 6208
टेलीफैक्स / Teletax : 91-22-2287 6189

Date : 23.12.2019

TO WHOMSOEVER IT MAY CONCERN

This is to certify that Shri Jayant Dolatrai Mitra has assisted this office in data mining of bulk data relating to certain investigations wherein he helped to clean, format and convert the data into intelligible form, identifying beneficiaries, consolidation and quantification of figures, developing programs for calculation of profits and losses and in extraction of specific information as required.

He is a reliable and very trustworthy person.



Nikhil Choudhary, IRS
Director of Income-Tax
(Intelligence & Criminal Investigation)
Mumbai.

Exhibit-5

GEOamida

GeoAmida is world's first handheld, Linux-based biometric and Smartcard integrated multi-application on-line transaction terminal.

GeoAmida has been designed to meet and exceed the technological challenge of reaching the unreached.

GeoAmida is a solution platform that enables government, financial institutions, enterprises & NGOs in reaching out to the remotest customers with full service.

- Biometric authentication
- Contact and contact-less smartcard interfaces
- Usable with minimal training

Biometric authentication

Smart card slot

USB slots




Exhibit-6

BENEFICIARY CARD e-शक्ति
बिहार सरकार

राष्ट्रीय ग्रामीण रोजगार गारंटी स्कीम
बिहार

नाम : तुषार मिश्रा
NAME : TUSHAR MISHRA
पिता : मिश्रा
FATHER : MISHRA

पता : नौरंग जलालपुर, नौरंग जलालपुर,
मोकामा, पटना, बिहार
ADDRESS : NAURANGA JALALPUR, NAURANGA JAL
MOKAMEH, PATNA Bihar

NREGS ID No : 102800230307050010001013



Exhibit-7



Exhibit-8



A Note from the Author



This book was never planned.

It grew — much like my recovery itself — one uncertain step at a time, guided only by the quiet conviction that moving forward is always better than standing still.

Writing these pages meant revisiting moments I had long stored away: some painful, some humbling, and many that reminded me just how extraordinary ordinary people can be.

The doctors who refused to give up.

The family who showed up without being asked.

The strangers who offered kindness without expecting anything in return.

This story belongs to them as much as it does to me.

If there is one truth I hope you carry from these pages, it is this: no fall is final unless you choose to let it be. Trauma may alter the body — but it cannot diminish the spirit, or the will to grow.

I do not write these words as someone who has arrived. I write them as a fellow traveller, still very much on the road — completing my daily walk of 8,000 steps, studying Sanskrit, decoding astrological charts, and building new software solutions. The curiosity that has driven every chapter of my life shows no sign of quietening down.

That spark lives on not only in me, but through my nephew Dr. Neil — a dentist who carries our family's legacy forward into the digital age through podcasts, social media, and the kind of purposeful work that makes a difference beyond the clinic.

The journey, as it turns out, has no last chapter.

It continues...

Jayant Mitra
Mumbai, 2026

Beyond the Fall

A Journey of Reinvention

JAYANT MITRA

One morning, everything changed.

A single accident redefined the trajectory of a life — altering the body, disrupting the career, and testing every relationship that mattered.

What followed was not a straight road back. It was something far more remarkable.

From surviving near-fatal injuries and relearning to walk, to building healthcare software, contributing to government data analytics projects that recovered hundreds of crores, studying Sanskrit, and exploring the ancient science of Vedic astrology — this is the story of a man who refused to be defined by what he had lost.

WHAT THIS BOOK IS ABOUT

RESILIENCE

Surviving 15 major surgeries, amputation, kidney failure, and a heart functioning at 20% — and choosing to fight through every one of them.

REINVENTION

Building healthcare software, earning 12 international certifications, and contributing to ₹450 Cr in government recoveries — during recovery stage.

LEARNING

Sanskrit, Vedic astrology, digital marketing, data analytics — proving that the hunger to grow has no age limit and no finish line.

"I didn't get what I wished for — I got what I worked for.

And I kept going.

*I lost a leg, not my will.
I faced darkness, found my light.
I turned my pain into purpose.*