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I took that into account, but the events still didn't quite match—who was she speaking to about something that had happened *offline* the day before, if not him?

And then he mumbled, "If these were to be true, don't these situations happen to every couple anyway at some point? That doesn't always mean it's sexual harassment." He was right; we weren't speaking about sexual "harassment". It was much worse: saliently coercing someone to perform sexual activities, which in some legal systems such as in the US, would constitute rape. "Just because others have also engaged in inappropriate behaviour doesn't negate the fact that it is still wrong and harmful, so just answer my questions only," I said. But he seemed to believe he had *the right* to exact unsolicited sex. He didn't see anything wrong with it.

As the evidence against him continued to pile up, the perpetrator swiftly changed the narrative and claimed the chats were actually fabricated. "It's easy to fake these things," he said. So I gave him two days to fake a chat with me and prove what he claimed the victim had been doing. He couldn't, so we moved on to the second victim, his alleged second "bully."

This second victim had exposed him herself, mostly narrating her trauma, rather than providing snapshots of their

exchanged messages. In her public post on Facebook, she mentioned that she had deleted the conversations with him, and added mostly screenshots of her retelling the incident—that happened *in person* in 2017—to her friend. I contacted her and asked if she could recover the texts. I didn't question whether the incident had happened or not, but since she had not posted any evidence, for a split second I subconsciously sided with the man's claim that he had never met this person in real life, that she was simply capitalising on the Facebook community's distrust towards him. But once again, the man was in the wrong.

I made a mediation group-chat with both the perpetrator and the victim,

*Sanctioning pre-marital relationships as taboo ensures that young adults don't learn what constitutes a healthy one and a toxic one.*

pretending it was a trial room of sorts. I first instructed him to provide his screen recordings. Next, I asked for hers. She stated, "It seems that he has deleted all the chats, but no worries, here's what happened," and then fired out recordings that bespoke his malicious guile. The chat-heads, his display picture, the phone number, all matched his current legitimate icons. They also included the same "seen" labels. He still maintained that these chats were fake. I once again gave him two days to fake a chat with me.

He never came up with a single one to disprove even one incident, even after four days, as sexual harassment cases against him piled up at his university abroad. Nuzhat and I, at that point, didn't know whether to laugh or cry that he would go to such lengths to avoid the truth, whereas it would've, honestly, been easier to just admit it from the beginning. At the end of the never-ending "fake trial" of sorts, I concluded that he was not innocent. In response, he dropped a familiar statement, "Nuzhat, you've known me for a while, are these things I would do?" This phrase that mobilises a preconceived trust—ensconced in a past image of likeability—to absolve oneself was one that I've heard from my own abuser, and my friends' ones, especially the ones in friend circles.

It became clear to me that he was one of "those" boys who didn't know how to behave with girls, who rendered their sexual urges uncontrollable, like men portrayed in pornography and pop-culture stories that sell sex as a need-based commodity; teenage boys who crossed the line of consent, even if it were accidentally and ignorantly, but who have too much patriarchal ego to acknowledge their mistake even years later when karmic conscience comes calling. But this immaturity doesn't justify their aggression and violence. Not even an apology or excuse such as, in this case, the perpetrators' final words: "These things happened years ago, people change; you can't just decide to bring this up after five years, just because a movement has started."

We never moved on to the third case and the victims did not wish to pursue lengthy legal cases. To a large extent, the main goal had been retribution—to make him understand what he had done wrong. But to me, his unfaltering denial pointed to the sexual entitlement and the grit psychology it emerges from. I learned that the perpetrator didn't know what "sexual harassment" meant. His friends, who were also accused of circulating images of girls they had been in relationships with, were probably unaware of the difference between right and wrong. Taking a wild guess, I assume their behaviour as a teenage group was boorish, and didn't include a proper understanding of respect in friendships or relationships. Without any form of constructive education or even casual conversations on sex or relationships, teenagers don't know what a respectful encounter means—and that is everything that had gone wrong in this case, and all that a society can learn from it.

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