

The Mystery of Seat 11A



Thai singer Ruangsak Loychusak in limelight amidst Ahmedabad plane crash



The Mystery of Seat 11A: Coincidence or Divine Intervention?

A tragic Air India plane crash in Ahmedabad recently claimed the lives of all passengers on board, except one—Vishwakumar, who was seated on 11A. This sole survival has baffled many. What deepened the mystery is the revelation by Thai singer Ruangsak Loychusak, who shared that he too survived a deadly plane crash in 1998, where 101 people perished—while sitting on the exact same seat, 11A.

The strange similarity has sparked widespread curiosity and debate. Is it just a remarkable coincidence, or does seat 11A hold



some divine protection? For some, it feels like fate's unexplained miracle; for others, it's a statistical oddity. Social media is



chance, the survival of two individuals in separate disasters while occupying the same seat has left the public intrigued, mystified, and searching for answers.

The Air India plane crash in Ahmedabad has shaken the entire country. 274 people lost their lives in this plane crash, including 229 passengers, 12 crew members, 33 local people and medical college students. Only one passenger Vishwakumar survived this crash. Everyone is surprised how did he survive this terrible plane crash as the plane had turned into a ball of fire.

Loychusak Survived a Horrific Plane Crash In 1998

Meanwhile, a singer from Thailand, Ruangsak Loychusak, has also come into the limelight. He has revealed that he survived a horrific plane crash in 1998, in which 101 people died. The surprising thing is that he was also sitting on seat number 11A in the plane that crashed. This is the same seat number on which Vishwakumar was sitting.

Ruangsak said that the lone survivor of the plane crash in India was sitting on the seat number 11A which is the same number which was allotted to me during the fateful flight. He said that I want to express my condolences to all those who lost their loved ones in this tragedy.

Plane Fell Into a Swamp

Ruangsak was aboard Thai Airways flight TG261 at that time, which was going from Bangkok to Surat Thani. According to media reports, during landing, the plane fell into the swamp, in which 101 out of 132 passengers and 14 crew members died, while 45 others were injured.

Second Life

Referring to his 'second life', the singer said, 'After the accident, I had trouble sitting in a flight for 10 years. I also had trouble breathing, even though the air circulation was normal. I avoided talking to anyone and always kept looking out of the window, anyone from closing the window which would give me a sense of security.'

Father's Day 2025: Our Writers Share Their Favourite Travel Memories With Their Dads

Whether they inspire us with the travel bug, walk miles just to bring us our favourite sweets and snacks, or proudly show off our abilities to every stranger who will listen, our fathers and father figures demonstrate a love like none other.

My father is not a fan of travelling for leisure. He will go along for the ride if his children pester him to, but he is quite happy staying in one place and spending quality time with his loved ones, thank you very much. Despite this reluctance, which I seem to have inherited despite being a travel reporter (the small ironies of life), Papa is keen to sight-see and wander once he's in a new place. As a civil engineer, he is interested in the mechanics and aesthetics of the cityscape he's in, but what particularly grabs his attention is the language(s) of the destination.

Happy

FATHER'S DAY

ness to study other cultures and understand their histories through the written and spoken word—something we can all do no matter where we go and who we meet.

For Father's Day 2025, here is a selection of the most heart-warming, funny and moving accounts of travelling with the fathers and father figures in our lives, courtesy of the Outlook Traveller team. We hope it inspires you to think about your father's idiosyncrasies while



memories—they rush emotions back each time with a new layer of fondness.

Looking into the bucket of my happiest memories, I see my childhood floating gently, filled with serenity, smiles, giggles and many Cadbury Eclairs. Peek into the bucket and you will find tiny fingers wrapped around a soft, wrinkled hand. You will see a seven-year-old me teaching my grandfather how to recite a poem. You will witness the excitement on my face as I wait every evening for him to return from work with Phantom, Ravelgon and Poppins sweets wrapped in paper bags. You will see a little girl with two pigtails sitting with her grandfather, simply happy.

This man raised me. He didn't just play the role of a grandfather—he gave meaning to my life. He was everything a child could wish for: patient, kind, caring and full of love. Society may define relationships in fixed roles, but my grandfather broke all those moulds for me. He was more than a grandpar-

ent; he was my anchor, friend and home.

I vividly remember our travels together. One such memory takes me back to the peak summer of July when I was around seven or eight. He took me from Amritsar to Chandigarh so that I could visit the Chhatbir Zoo. It was my first time visiting a zoo, and despite the scorching heat, he made sure my little wish was fulfilled.

I remember being scared when I saw a snake and immediately hiding behind him, clutching his leg. I felt safe, strong and even brave enough to face the world like that, though I was still peeking out with one eye from behind him. A few steps later, I heard a lion roar. That was it; I'd had enough of the zoo. I tugged at his hand and said, "Mujhe cold drink leni hai, aur nahi ghoomna." ("I want a cold drink. I

don't want to see the zoo anymore.") Without a word or scolding me, he held my hand and led me to a small café. We sat there, sipping Coca-Cola. That moment of quiet understanding meant everything.

The next day we visited Nek Chand's Rock Garden. This time, I was excited. But after walking around for a while, I grew tired. I asked other family members to pick me up, but they simply told me to be strong and to keep walking. Then I looked at my Nanu. Before I could speak, he gently lifted me into his arms and said in Punjabi, "Aa nikki, garden ghoomiye." ("Come, little one, let's explore the garden.")

There were no open shops that day, and under the blistering sun, I insisted on having crisps and a cola (my version of fun). Everyone else was exhausted. But my Nanu walked out of the garden, probably 20 minutes each way, to find a packet of crisps. When he returned and handed them to me, it felt like I was the main character in the world.

I lost my grandfather to Alzheimer's disease years ago. His gradual loss of memory made me realise how important it is to preserve every little moment I shared with him, to keep them alive, cherished and loved.

Now, crisps don't taste the same, not without him. They don't carry the magic they once did when they came with his smile and love.

Isn't it strange that when we are children, we have a rush to grow up, pretending to be adults and dreaming of independence? But when we do grow up, we realise we carry a child within us who wants to go back to feeling safe and loved and who can laugh without reason.

Fatherhood isn't confined to biological ties. It's an emotion of warmth, protection and unconditional care. This Father's Day, I write this note to my Nanu, the one who gave me all that and so much more. He may no longer walk beside me, but he lives in every memory, every act of kindness I try to carry forward and every corner of my heart.

