

**Below** Chairul Rasyid and Sumarni with a picture of their bombing victim son, Armansyah Putra, at their Jakarta home.

The boy they called Arman had worked as a motorbike courier for Jakarta's monthly minimum wage of 800,000 rupiah, just \$100 a month. And like most families who make up Indonesia's desperately poor majority, this, along with a similar income from his older brother, was what he, his parents, his younger sister and his extended family used to live off.

"How do I tell you this?" Chairul Rasyid said as his sick wife pressed her swollen face with her hand. "It would take too much time to explain how much he meant to us. Basically, I relied on him for everything. He was sort of the backbone to the family and after he died my wife got sick.

"I have to take her to the hospital regularly and I always have a big headache about how to afford her medication. We don't have anything left here that we can use to pay for it. We don't have anything."

For the first year after Arman's death, the Aisiyah organisation paid the family 1.2 million rupiah (\$150) a month in Australian aid money to make up for the lost income. They also got four million rupiah for funeral expenses. But 12 months later, they were told without warning that the monthly payments would end immediately.

"We were told Australia had stopped the funding," Chairul said. "They said in the last month, 'Oh, there will be no more funding next month'. It was very, very difficult."

His daughter has now left school and begun to work. Her income pays for the electricity and the phone bills and Chairul's brother pays for their water.

"I would like to thank the Australian government for helping us," he said, "but I heard some rumours that they provided \$1 million to help the victims and the families of the victims."

I told him it was true.

"Sometimes we feel like we don't want to hear this," he sighed. "To us it is a lot of money. And how many people are being helped? You know, if 10 people were killed in that incident and we were all given the same amount of money, then it is nothing compared to that amount. I really want to know the flow of that money. I don't think the Australian government would try to steal money from that amount. So the question is, where did it go?"

It is hard to find a list of the people who died in the Jakarta blast. All the victims were Indonesians and a complete list of their names was never published in any Australian newspapers.

**WHEN HIS PARENTS BURIED HIM A WEEK LATER, THE DEVOUTLY MUSLIM COUPLE STILL DID NOT KNOW IF THE BODY PARTS THEY PUT INTO THE GROUND WERE HIS.**



Nearly all were from poor families and, in a city like Jakarta, it is easy to fall through the cracks. There is a plaque commemorating the dead but it doesn't list them, either. It is also inaccessible to most, mounted on a wall outside the embassy foyer, beyond the layers of steel gates and security that need to be negotiated to enter the grounds.

When the Australian Embassy has held memorials there on the anniversary of the attack, Armansyah Putra's parents have not been allowed to be part of them.

"We heard there was actually some ceremony inside the embassy compound. But we never got invited," Chairul said. "I wasn't allowed to get in and had to stay outside."

On the first anniversary, he stood outside the embassy with other victims' families and prayed. The second year, he attended a ceremony in an office building across the street.

"You know, it was very painful for me those first days. That was one of the worst parts of my life. A lot of people have suffered."

Did he know Syahromi?, I asked.

"Yes but he is dead now," Chairul said. "I don't know what happened. He didn't have any symptoms of being sick but somehow he just died."

IT IS SATURDAY MORNING and the group known as Forum Kuningan, set up by Syahromi, has gathered at the home of Daisy Nelly, its treasurer and nervous survivor of the bomb blast. The forum was set up as a psycho-social group for those affected but it is now struggling to find funds.

"We want to move forward. They say that some of the victims are no longer ill and don't need any more help, a lot of them are psychologically traumatised," Daisy said. "This is something that needs to be solved. We need to have some funds but we still haven't been able to get enough financial assistance."

Until his death, Syahromi was the forum's chairman but now it is run by Mulyono, the survivor who spent 12 months in Australia getting his jaw rebuilt. Mulyono had agreed to be interviewed but had failed to turn up.

Sucipto Wibowo, the forum's secretary and another survivor, said he was at hospital, getting the results of CT scans which would hopefully tell him what was wrong with him. He had been suffering bad headaches and loss of strength and had been shunted from one hospital to another in the past few months.

"Mulyono told me, 'I'm not feeling well. I'm becoming weaker and weaker and I've lost my strength. I'm really worried that I'll follow Syahromi soon,'" Sucipto said. "He asked me, 'How did he die? What was his condition when he died?'"

Daisy nodded quietly as Sucipto talked of Mulyono's depression. His frustration had led him to quit the Global Assistance insurance company, she said, which AusAID had contracted to deal with his medical bills and those of the other "Kuningan 11".

"It is the same thing as with Syahromi," she said. "Syahromi went from doctor to doctor seeking a diagnosis but no one could give him one. And then he just died. Now it is happening with Mulyono. He's been going from one doctor to another but they all say he's OK and there's nothing wrong with him."

They said Syahromi had died angry and confused. He had been in and out of hospital but was always told there was nothing wrong with him despite his pain. On the last visit, he fell into a coma and died. His wife, Wartini, was pregnant with their third child at the time.

"It was very emotional," Sucipto recalled, "We told her that she could go home and we will do shifts, waiting for him in hospital. There were three of us every time in each shift. We thought that he was still suffering from the bomb injuries and should be taken to Australia or Singapore straight away for treatment, because he was only getting very basic treatment here, but there was never any medical diagnosis saying he wasn't well so no one took him seriously."

"It was pretty confusing because other people, like Mulyono, were able to get treatment in Australia or Singapore. They were treated very well and got better. Syahromi wasn't able to get any of it because there was no medical diagnosis to say he should get the same treatment. He was completely depressed. He had no spirit. No fighting spirit. He got