

The husband and THE HITMAN

- Hard-working sister
- Ambush terror
- CCTV shock



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It's the hardest thing in the world to see someone you love suffer. So when my younger sis, Geeta, 28, came to me with a determined look in her eyes for the first time in 10 years, I took notice. 'I've seen a divorce lawyer,' she announced. Hallelujah! She looked stronger, and her eyes sparkled with determination. 'Finally,' I smiled, throwing my arms round her. 'I'm so proud of you.' A divorce isn't usually something to smile about, but this divorce was different. It was worth throwing a party for. I was two years older than Geeta, who I called Gid. I was confident and outgoing, while Gid was shy and quiet, but she always had a smile on her face. Her nickname at school was 'Happy Meal'. When Gid was 17 and I was 19, I met her first boyfriend at a party. 'Alright,' 19-year old

Sunny Anulakh smirked, looking me up and down. He walked with a cocky swagger and I didn't like him one bit. 'Sunny doesn't seem like a nice lad,' I'd said to Gid afterwards. 'He's recently got out of prison,' she'd admitted. Alarm bells rang. This wasn't what I wanted for my little sis. They'd been together seven months and then ran away to Belgium. Two months went by and a letter arrived for Mum, Nardesh, now 52. 'We got married,' it had said, unexpectedly. Horror lurched in my stomach. Oh Gid. What have you done? After six months, Gid and Sunny returned to England for good. Gid found work as a radio station receptionist, while Sunny remained unemployed and they rented a one-bed flat. As an air hostess, I was away a lot working, but Gid and I spoke or texted every day. Then one evening she made a confession. 'I was serving dinner, and when I asked if Sunny wanted more, he hit me and said: "You don't ask, you serve me until I tell you to stop",' she told me. It sounds awful, but a part of me had been expecting this. How had our lives turned out to be so different? I was young, free, single and flying off round the world. Whereas

my little sis was stuck in a flat, working hard to support a vicious man. Sunny was scum. Pure and simple. Over the next two years, a pattern developed - he'd hit her, she'd vow to leave, he'd beg forgiveness. Meanwhile, I was going out of my mind with worry. So you can imagine my relief when she said she'd seen a lawyer. Sunny went on a trip to India, and over the next few months, Gid came back to life. She'd visit us regularly and we'd have big family dinners. But it wasn't over. One day, when Sunny had been gone for 10 months, Gid was busy so I answered her mobile. 'Gid's busy,' I told Sunny over the phone. 'She has a boyfriend, doesn't she?' he snarled. 'I'm going to kill him and kill her.' 'What the hell...?' Gid had had enough trouble from Sunny to last a lifetime. Romance was the last thing on her mind. I didn't bother arguing, and slammed the phone down on him. Six months later, Sunny returned from India, and wouldn't leave Gid alone. Before long, she was wearing that familiar haunted expression. On 14 November 2009, I dropped by the radio station to check on her.

'That's not your lunch, is it?' I gasped, pointing to some cold chips she was eating for lunch. She just shrugged. The trouble was, if Sunny dropped by Gid's flat, any money she had would mysteriously go missing. 'He spends it on drugs and drink,' she confessed. I withdrew £150 from the cash point and gave it to her. 'Please go and get some real food,' I pleaded. Two nights later, I was watching telly at 11pm when there was a knock on the door. It was the police. Not one officer or two, but vanloads of them. 'Do you know where Sunny is?' one asked. 'He's not here,' I answered. 'Geeta's been badly injured, she's in hospital,' the officer said. 'She might not make the night.'

'The monster blew me a kiss'

'Geeta's hurt?' I gulped. Suddenly, I was gripped by anger. 'What's he done now?' I snarled. They couldn't tell me a lot, but the police had taken Mum to hospital with my cousin, Jaspal, now 28. Half an hour later, the phone rang. 'She's gone,' Jaspal sobbed to us. 'She can't be,' I cried. Sunny's words rang in my ears: 'I'll kill him and I'll kill her. I had no doubt he'd turned his crazy jealousy into murder. My beautiful innocent little sis, gone, just as she was about to be set free. She was only 28! We rushed to the hospital, but Gid's body was evidence and they wouldn't let us see her.

A KILLER'S PLOT:

CCTV footage from a shop that sold fireworks and novelty gifts showed Sunny examining a double-bladed ninja sword, then a ball-bearing gun before selecting the murder weapon - a 14in machete that cost £13.98.



Murderer Sher Singh

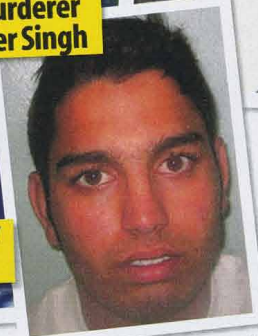
Monster on CCTV

'Geeta was attacked when she got off the bus in Greenford,' a police officer told us. 'What did he do to her?' I asked, voice trembling. 'She was stabbed with a machete,' the officer said. 'Her hand was sliced off as she protected herself.' 'She'd had her hand hacked clean off with a machete.' Poor Gid. The terror she must have felt. The following day, Sunny was arrested but with no evidence, the police had to let him go.

In fact, he'd been seen on CCTV in the Elm Tree Pub in Greenford at the time of Gid's murder. But that day, another man, Jaswant Singh Dhillon, 30, went to the police with evidence and was charged with murder. A week on, the police arrested Sher Singh, 18, and charged him with murder. Three weeks later, the police arrested Sunny and charged him with Gid's murder, too. 'It looks like he paid hitmen £5,000 to kill her,' an officer said.



Geeta had finally escaped



Somehow I managed to keep my composure as I told the jury how he'd threatened to kill my sister. Then I sat in the gallery with my family for the rest of the trial. It was utterly gut-wrenching. Dhillon, the lookout, and Harpreet Singh, the getaway driver, claimed they'd thought they were there to collect a debt. Dhillon had taken police to the Grand Union Canal in Slough, Berkshire, where Sher Singh, had dumped a 14in machete and his bloodstained clothes. Forensic tests found both Singh and Gid's DNA on a jacket pocket. I fumed with rage as we watched CCTV footage of Sunny buying the £13.98 machete himself in

Hounslow nine days before they'd killed her. Then he'd planted himself in the Elm Tree pub, where he knew there were CCTV cameras. Finally, after seven harrowing weeks, Sunny, Sher Singh and Jaswant Singh Dhillon were all convicted of murder. Sunny was sentenced to life with a minimum of 28 years. One for each year of Gid's life. Singh and Dhillon got life, with at least 22 years. The jury failed to reach a verdict on Harpreet Singh. I clung to Mum, relieved but heartbroken. Now that Sunny had seen justice, we were facing life without Gid. One thing's for sure, I'll never forgive Sunny for stealing my sister. I hope he rots in hell.

Sher Singh had dumped the murder weapon and his bloodstained clothes in the Grand Union Canal. A jacket pocket contained both Singh and Geeta's DNA.



Sunny took out a car loan to pay the £5,000 for his wife's murder. The attack was so brutal, Geeta's hand was severed as she tried to defend herself.

Sunny knew Geeta's schedule so well, he could arrange for his hitmen to attack just after she got off the number 105 bus in Greenford.



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