

Name of the novel- OPERATION INDIA ONE

GENRE- FICTION/THRILLER/ADVENTURE

Pages -349

Price – Rs 295(paper back), 275(kindle edition)

Author- Shiv Kumar

Publisher- Om Books International

Published in August 2015

Synopsis/Back Blurb

Dedicated police officer, ACP Gautam Dhaliwal, takes it upon himself to root out the MAF, a major Naxal organisation based in the remote village of Bhagatpur, Bihar, as part of the central government backed, *Operation India One*. As his investigations progress, however, he unmasks the official facade of development that he had set out to defend, an ugly nexus of unscrupulous politicians, bureaucrats and businessmen feeding off the oppression of the underprivileged. Torn between his commitment to the Indian State and the sympathy he begins to feel for the distressed people of Bhagatpur, and the terrorists' supposed fight for the people's rights, an agonized ACP Dhaliwal is forced to rethink his earlier views on the meaning of an individual's responsibility towards fellow countrymen.

The plot- The story is based in a remote place Bhagatpur where the government wants to build a power plant. A Naxalite organization MAF is against the power plant. The central government starts an operation –India One to finish MAF. This story is all about how this operation proceeds and how different protagonists are trapped in a mindless war.

Sample chapter/Excerpts

1

26 December 2012, 3 A.M.

The fog engulfed the entire area in heavy mist. ACP Gautam Dhaliwal's house in Moti Bagh, New Delhi, seemed to reflect its owner's steadfast personality; holding its own against the invading mist. In a quiet corner of his room on the second floor, Gautam lay asleep after a hard day's work. Suddenly, his phone alarm began to ring. He reached for it with fumbling

hands and pressed the snooze button hoping to delay the agony of waking up early, if only by a few minutes.

Unaffected, the stubborn instrument beeped again with greater intensity. He then realised that it was not the alarm but a phone call. Rubbing his eyes, he switched on the table lamp
right
next to his bed and looked at the wall clock.

Who the hell could be calling at 3 in the morning?

His office number flashed on the screen. He answered the call reluctantly.

'Hello.'

'Sir, this is sub inspector, Mohan Singh. We have information from a hotel in Paharganj about a suspicious character...'

'What suspicious character? Who had called?' asked Gautam, anxiously.

'It was the manager of Hotel Diamond, which is situated right outside the New Delhi Railway Station. He has informed us of a man staying in Room 103. He came to the hotel two days ago and registered as Nikhil, a tourist from Patna.'

'And? What is so suspicious about him? Thousands of tourists come to Delhi every day,' said Gautam impatiently, about to curse his subordinate for disturbing his hard-earned sleep.

'Sir, even though he has registered as a tourist, he seldom moves out of the hotel. Several foreigners come to meet him, even at odd hours. Today, the manager noticed one person who faintly resembled the notorious MAF terrorist whose sketch was released by the Railway Protection Force a few months ago. He is on the list of suspects for last year's blast on the railway tracks near Patna.'

'Fetch all the details from the hotel's manager about this man. I will meet you in office,' said Gautam before disconnecting the call. The ACP in him had woken up.

'You need a break, Gautam,' his reflection in the mirror seemed to be pleading him. After several weeks of chasing leads to any potential disruption of next month's Republic Day celebrations, he deserved a few days off. But, the business at hand could not be neglected. Without wasting time, he immediately called his driver via the intercom. 'Raghuvir,' he shouted loudly, causing the man at the other end to rise up with a jolt even in his half-asleep state. 'Yes, sir.'

'Get the car ready. We are leaving for the police station.'

Grabbing whatever clothes he could lay his hands on, Gautam rushed to the bathroom for a quick shower. He emerged after 10 minutes in a T-shirt, a crumpled pair of pants and a faded blue pullover. Walking towards the wall-hanging calendar, he took a pen and struck off the note he had written for December 26, 2012, which read—'spend the day with mother'. Wondering what on earth had possessed him to join the police force he left the room, jogging down to where Raghuvir was waiting in his car. Despite the thick fog, it only took half-an-hour to reach the Parliament Street Police Station.

Mohan Singh greeted Gautam with a salute.

'Sir, here is the residential address of the suspect.' There was urgency in his voice and his red eyes indicated that he had not slept the night. He handed Gautam a piece of paper on which was scribbled in dark blue ink—Nikhil Yadav, 140 B, Kankar Bagh, Patna-1.

Pulling out a diary from his drawer, Gautam flipped through its pages and made a note of a contact number. When he dialled it, the voice on the other side answered—‘Superintendent of Police, Patna’.

‘This is ACP Dhaliwal from the Delhi Police. We have someone’s address that could give us connecting links to a possible terrorist attack. We need all the information we can find on the suspect immediately. Here is his address...’

The Patna SP assured he would get back with the details soon. Gautam put down the phone and lit a cigarette.

‘Sir, would you like to have tea?’ Mohan asked.

‘Sure. What is more comforting than a hot cup of tea on a cold winter night?’ It was 4 degrees Celsius according to the temperature sensor in the room. The weather forecast had declared this to be one of the coldest winters Delhi had ever seen.

‘I’ll arrange.’ Mohan walked out.

‘I hope the address we have is correct,’ he thought to himself. ‘I’ll be able to put this man under surveillance only if we have substantial evidence against him.’

The last time the police had made an allegation based on flimsy grounds, the department got the short end of the stick. The businessman whose premises they raided turned out to be quite influential and dragged the matter to court, and the media blew the case out of proportion. We cannot afford yet another disaster.

Mohan brought in the tea.

‘Are you alone on duty tonight?’ Gautam asked him.

‘One constable was with me, but, I sent him home as he was ill. Aslam will join us in a few minutes. You take rest, sir. I will wait outside.’ He left the room.

Gautam sipped his tea and lit another cigarette. Reaching out for a magazine from the pile stacked by the sofa, he pulled one out. It turned out to be an issue of *India Today* with a cover story titled, ‘India’s Unsung Heroes’. The edition had been dedicated to people who were largely invisible in mainstream media but had nevertheless pledged their lives to the service of others. One article in particular caught his eye.

‘Nisha Kushwaha is the founder of the NGO, Nai Soch-Nai Subah. A graduate in Geography from Delhi University, Nisha decided against going on the conventional career route. Instead, she chose to live in the Naxalite-infested area of Bhagatpur in Bihar to fulfil her father’s dream and educate the people there. Her father, Sunil Kushwaha, a police officer-turned-social reformer was killed by the MAF terrorists for raising a voice against them. Nisha has witnessed how dangerous it is to use violence for bringing about social change from close quarters. Her teachings have served as an eye-opener for several misguided members of MAF, who subsequently abandoned their extremist ways.

‘Nish has received several threats, but, that has not deterred her from her mission. Remarkably, she bears no ill-will toward militant organisations, even the one responsible for her father’s death. She believes that their outrage, though not justifiable, is understandable given the kind of oppression they have been subjected to.

‘Nisha has been awarded the Ramon Magsaysay award for her social work but ‘*Masterniji*,’ as the people of Bhagatpur affectionately call her, shuns the spotlight and prefers concentrating on improving society. Schools for children and adults set up by Nisha in Bhagatpur have consistently maintained high standards of efficiency. Our editorial team salutes her for her exceptional contribution.’

'So, this is where Nisha has ended up after college. It's strange to read about her like this. I wonder if she knew I had feelings for her,' Gautam's musings were interrupted by a phone call. He answered.

'This is the superintendent of Police, Patna. We enquired about the address you had given us. It is fake. We are scanning our systems to find an appropriate match.'

'Okay, thanks for your help.'

He called his subordinate to his office. 'The address is fake, Mohan. There is something fishy out there,' Gautam said. He looked toward the door as another man walked in. 'Oh good, Aslam is here'.

'SI Aslam Khan reporting, sir.'

'Mohan and Aslam, gather some men and get ready. We are going to raid Hotel Diamond now. Let us find out the real identity of this man.'

Book Links

1. <https://www.facebook.com/operationindiaone>
2. <https://www.facebook.com/shiv5180>
3. <https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/17154652-operation-india-one>
4. http://ombooksinternational.com/Operation-India-One_43.html#
5. <http://www.flipkart.com/operation-india-one-english/p/itm9zwam5fy5xyc?pid=9789383202249>
6. http://www.amazon.in/Operation-India-One-Shiv-Kumar-ebook/dp/B013I688QK/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1440063818&sr=8-1&keywords=operation+india+one
7. http://www.amazon.com/Operation-India-One-Shiv-Kumar-ebook/dp/B013I688QK/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1440065453&sr=8-1&keywords=operation+india+one

About the author.

Shiv Kumar works as Commercial Tax Officer for the government of Bihar. He was an engineer with a public sector company(BHEL) for nine years. He has travelled extensively throughout India during the course of his work.

He is passionate about reading and writing. He prefers to delve into subjects concerning socio-political realities of contemporary India. Among other interests, Shiv Kumar is fond of travel writing, thriller and crime fiction.