



What You've Unlocked

Bharatvarsh was built to look inevitable: a dazzling green-tech super-state where harmony is engineered, discipline is policy, and the Mesh turns everyday life into a clean, continuous record. Drones, biometric wallets, and watchful infrastructure make safety feel effortless—until the system meets a question it cannot index. In 2025, synchronized strikes fracture the calm, and a military prince named Kahaan is handed the case. What follows is not just an investigation, but a slow unmaking of certainty—of nation, lineage, and self.

Inside this Dossier :

- A quick orientation to Bharatvarsh: how peace is maintained, and what it costs.
- Teaser files: fragments of world, people, and the conspiracy moving under the Mesh.
- Chapter 1 (clean reading edition) — the first fracture in the nation's calm.
- Next doors: links to the Timeline and Character files when you want the wider map.

DOC ID: MBV-RD-01
CLEARANCE: GRANTED
CONTENTS: Primer + Teasers
+ Chapter 1

THE CALM CRACKS



A nation where governance fused with infrastructure—and calm became a measurable outcome.

The MESH

A civic nervous system: cameras that learn faces and gaits, wallets that remember every sale, systems that make the ordinary feel frictionless—because the record is continuous.

LATTICE: ACTIVE
ANONYMITY: DEPRECATED

The Directorate

Military order as governing doctrine. Parliament survives as pageantry; real authority moves through commands, benches, and audits—trading obedience for stability you can see in streets and statistics.

COHESION: ENFORCED
DISSENT: CONTAINED

The Calm

Net-zero towers, vertical gardens, clean commutes, silent glide-cars—prosperity rendered as scenery. The question isn't whether it works. The question is

PROMISE: STABILITY
COST: UNDISCLOSED



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INCIDENT BRIEF

80-10-01 - 10:07:10 DELIVERY

EVIDENCE PLATE 1 (TOP-LEFT) — HALF-BURNT LAKSHMANPUR MESSAGE PAGE

A message to the people —
We demand freedom.
Questioning authority is not treason.
The record is not the truth.
Keep the flame of resistance alive.

Recovered after Lakshmanpur Incident.

RECOVERED: 10/10/01

EVIDENCE PLATE 2 (TOP-RIGHT) — CCTV FOOTAGE: HOODED MAN (RUDRA, FACE HOODED)

CAM: LAMP-PLAZA-07 21:17:43

GAIT MATCH: RUDRA RATHORE 93%

RECORD: 8421-516/014-021

Facial ID: UNAVAILABLE (OCCULTED)

Identity confirmed by gait; face withheld by occlusion.

EVIDENCE PLATE 3 — CLASSIFIED FILE: OLD TRIBHUJ (ORIGINAL SECT)

EMANANT SENA ARCHIVES

CLASSIFIED • LEVEL 4 • EYES ONLY

SUBJECT: TRIBHUJ (ORIGINAL SECT)

STATUS: PROSECUTING 2 TREASONERS

ORIGIN: GUARDEDLY SUSPECT

NOTE: BEYONDING DATA CIRCULATES AS PROPAGANDA

Original sect FIDe - connection disrupted.

RECOVERED: 10/10/01

EVIDENCE PLATE 4 — NEW TRIBHUJ GRAFFITI (REBELLION MESSAGE)

HARMONY IS A CAGE

TRIBHUJ

New Tribhuja propaganda - public spread vector.

RECOVERED: 10/10/01

In Bharatvarsh, peace is not an accident. It is engineered : through biometric gates, predictive audits, and a lattice of cameras that can follow a gait across cities. The system makes stability feel ordinary: queues that move, services that arrive, streets that stay quiet. Then the quiet is punctured by a pattern no dashboard can soothe - a synchronized signature that proves someone can move through the Mesh without being seen. The state answers with tightened rules and colder certainty. And one file lands in the hands of Kahaan: trained for duty, untrained for what duty becomes when the foundations start to speak.

“These four names recur in the aftermath like fingerprints you can’t wash off. Some are printed on uniforms, some on walls, some in banned scripture. The Archive does not claim completeness—only relevance. Read these files as you would read a city at night: by what is illuminated, and by what refuses the light.”

FILE: KAHAAAN • RANK: MAJOR • STATUS: ACTIVE • ROLE: TASKFORCE LEAD



The regime’s most reliable blade—now asked to cut through a truth that cuts back.

Kahaan is a decorated young officer shaped by the Directorate’s promise of engineered stability—precise, fast, and difficult to rattle in public. In private, he runs on discipline like a second heartbeat: the kind that answers a Brace-Comm at 03:57 without asking why. After the synchronized strikes that rupture Lakshmanpur’s festival night and echo across the nation, General Pratap summons him to Indrapur Headquarters and hands him the response: not merely to hunt perpetrators, but to restore the feeling of control the state sells as peace. Kahaan enters the case with a soldier’s clarity—yet the pattern he’s given doesn’t behave like an enemy that wants to be found.

“These four names recur in the aftermath like fingerprints you can’t wash off. Some are printed on uniforms, some on walls, some in banned scripture. The Archive does not claim completeness—only relevance. Read these files as you would read a city at night: by what is illuminated, and by what refuses the light.”

FILE: GEN. PRATAP • STATUS: ACTIVE • ROLE: SUPREME COMMAND



The smile that steadies a continent—and hides the arithmetic of fear.

Pratap is the Directorate made human: polished, patient, and terrifyingly sure that order is a moral good. He speaks softly, rarely wastes motion, and treats national crisis like a balance sheet—losses counted, narratives managed, control restored. After the attacks, he does not retreat; he convenes. His cabin holds the symbols he prefers: maps, doctrine, and images of wreckage that scroll too fast for grief. Even the response is theatre as much as strategy—ambassador tours kept alive to broadcast continuity, surveillance tightened to reassure the frightened, tribunals ready to translate chaos into obedience. To the public, he is fatherly calm. To his inner circle, he is a final verdict wearing a human face.

FILE: HANA • RANK: MAJOR • STATUS: ACTIVE • ROLE: TAC-OPS / FIELD LEAD



A sniper trained to see targets—choosing, against her training, to see people.

Hana is the kind of officer the Directorate loves to photograph: uniform precise to the seam, posture clean as policy. Raised under the shadow of a celebrated marksman father, she learned early that approval can be a ration—and excellence the only currency that buys it. She enters the novel at Indrapur Headquarters, stationed outside the General’s cabin in the bruise-light after the attacks, holding the day together with schedules, briefs, and a steady face that refuses to crack in corridors. Officially, she is Kahaan’s second—tactical operations, field coordination, the calm voice that keeps a team from becoming an accident. Unofficially, she is a conscience still awake inside the machinery, quietly testing whether discipline can coexist with mercy.

FILE: RUDRA RATHORE • STATUS: EXILED • AFFILIATION: TRIBHUJ (ORIGINAL) • RISK: HIGH



A rebel who became a monk; a monk forced back into rebellion.

Rudra was forged in the hills, not in headquarters: born into exile, raised among monasteries that sheltered faith as practice rather than flag. The old Tribhuj—before it became graffiti and threat broadcasts—was a covenant with the powerless, and Rudra once carried its trident as responsibility, not branding. In the 1990s he unified scattered protector wings into a resistance that fought for dignity against a state learning to harden. When the peace accords came, he vanished instead of accepting victory-as-office: a self-imposed exile in the high hills, living lean, teaching villagers and children the basics of staying alive. At the start of the novel, he is a rumor kept warm by fear—until the new bombings resurrect the name Tribhuj in

Chapter 1 : Begins

CHAPTER 1

Peace can never be achieved by ensuring goodwill and harmony among the populace. One need to be ready to protect oneself to ensure peace not only among the people but inside one's mind as well.
- excerpts from Tribhuj Puran (Banned since 1984 A.D.)

It was last Friday of October, the last night of the annual festive fortnight, energy and excitement was palpable through the air. In the heart of the capital city Lakshmanpur of Uttar Pradesh, people were gathering to celebrate the annual relief from their monotonous life. They knew after all that this joyous vacation won't be available until next year. The spirits were high, and everyone was willing to make the most of the last night. The main street of Lakshmibazaar was laden with decorated shops, street hawkers were selling all types of delicacies from Kebabs to cotton candy, screaming at the top of their voices, squeezing their lungs out. It was the time of the year when most shops and businesses introduced their most prized products. It usually is complemented by the spending spree on which all working people are at this time. Adults planned their savings for this festival, kids break their piggy banks without any hesitation.

Although the fest was celebrated in every corner of the city, some parts were specially designed to accommodate large gatherings to amp up the energy. The central street was crowded with citizens. Kids were running around playing along with each other, visiting all the shops that were of interest to them. Major clusters of children were around the food stalls; the automated cotton-candy vendors and candy-cane kiosks were the ones where they could get free candies for first five servings. They just have to put their thumbs against biometric sensors and one small window opens bringing them the serving of their choice—courtesy and sponsorship of the army itself. It was their idea in the first place to give the public a common holiday throughout the country.

The fun was not limited to only kids; adults scurried from shop to shop, making sure they saw the offerings before deciding where their money would be best spent. Like every year, this one showcased a glut of novelties that made wallets itch.

On one hand there were high-end expositions. The latest expo of Ahuja Automobiles introduced a brand-new glide-car which was able to float in air; as per army regulations it couldn't go higher than five meters vertically, but it was enough for you to glide past the traffic. Besides that, it was fully self-driving and even changed its color as per the user's whim. Mehta Electricals introduced their brand-new 3D printer with a cutting-edge formula that was even able to produce fully organic, consumable soft drinks and doughnuts. It also recycled old plastics to create new products. As a special festive offering, they gave away a hundred and fifty plans for 3D models to print, ranging from cutlery to carpentry tools.

On the other end there was plenty on the table for common folks too. The latest household drones could now return to their owners by default if they drifted out of remote-control range. The latest wristband devices—Brace-Comms—could project 3D holograms along with their 2D interface, which had replaced smartphones years ago. Junaid Steels, lead innovator in nanotech for daily use, introduced their much-coveted product The Omni-Handle, which could take shape in 180 different variants of handyman tools from hammers to screwdrivers of all sizes. There were the latest AR goggles in the market which could help people with color blindness detect exact hues and assist in driving; you just have to upload your medical report into their apps and voila, you're good to go. Most of this tech was, till now, available for army use only and had been commercialized this year itself. Every year businessmen stayed in close touch with higher ranks to get green lights on proprietary tech being sanctioned for commercial production.

Security was of paramount importance. Although, due to lack of human error, traffic accidents were next to nil in self-driving cars; they were restricted from entering major areas of crowd gathering. Armored barricades and beacons bollards kept vehicles offset from the main artery, with parking zones fanned out along feeder lanes. Army personnel patrolled the city with hovercams and perimeter drones sweeping overhead to make sure everything was in order. No skirmishes or ego clashes among strangers were acceptable in any way. It was effective too. There were instances when the public was at each other's throat to get the latest items from the market offering; civility was maintained nonetheless. Wherever possible, vendors offered their foods and services free of cost to the patrolmen as a gesture of goodwill and respect.

The festive fortnight also played heavy on entertainment. The stadiums were lined up with performances of popular stars both local and national. As it was last night, the stars performing were among the major attractions and almost all stations were sold out. In the large buildings around the market, the walls were used as big projector screens and parts of shows were being telecasted for all the unfortunates who wanted to see the show but couldn't get the ticket.

There were also open-air shows conducted in a large ground. The ground was almost adjacent to the market and its periphery was surrounded on three sides with tents of different kinds of vendors—mostly fast food and ice creams but some pawn shops and gift stalls too. At the remaining edge, a stage stood in the middle. There were four public gates of entrance and exit—North, East, South, West—and one backstage service door tucked behind the stage. It was the arena where the artists, mostly locals not yet big enough for stadium standards, showcased their talent. A decent crowd gathered around the stage to get themselves entertained.

It was the line-up of local bands tonight. A performance of a folk-fusion band ended and the anchor was expected to come up stage to announce the next performers. Instead, the performers came by themselves. It was a group of four, one woman and three men. Their theme appeared to be futuristic cyberpunk from their getup. The lady was of slim figure, loud makeup with a bright maroon halter which was complementing her fair skin. Her hair was buzz cut from one side and a thin line with two sharp turns went through it, appearing as if there was a seam in the scalp. A small square in the seam straight above the ear gave the semblance of a circuit-board capacitor. She held a guitar and came forward to hold the mic. Beside her stood a skinny guy with a teal mohawk. Dark tattoos of lightning donned either side of his head. He wore a white tank and loose brown cargo with big boots. He held a V-2 shaped guitar and had similar “seams” wherever skin was visible. Behind them, the drummer arranged cymbals: a big brutish guy with dark brown hair in a neat crew cut, wheatish complexion, muscles bulging under a black tee; his left arm appeared metallic, a futuristic prosthetic. A few feet to his right, the fourth member connected his keyboard—a medium-build guy with maroon spiked hair in a black leather overcoat, his whole face covered with a peculiar dark mask, the kind seen in video games. Only the cyberpunk sheen was common; otherwise, their attire seemed deliberately out of sync, as if none knew what the others would wear.

The lady came forward onto the stage with mic in her hand, "Good evening my fellow citizens, are we having the time of our lives?"

Ecstatic as they were in enjoyment, the audience cheered loudly.

"Before we start, we have a little announcement to make." As she continued, the audience silenced. "We have been struggling for years to be good enough to reach you guys. It was tough but finally we are here." Little whispers began again in the people waiting for performance to start; they wanted to skip to the good stuff. The lady continued speaking. "In this stifling era of progress, it's hard to find things with soul. In our arduous journey, we won't lie but there were moments when we struggled to reach to our own souls. Clouds of doubts kept hovering over us, muddying our vision. Thanks to the sliver of hope that kept us going."

The crowd was getting bored and impatient, evident from the rising volume of whispers. "Oh come on," someone scoffed. "For how long is she gonna speak!!" said

another. One man even shouted as the speech continued, "Oh please start singing, we'll judge later whether the struggle was worth it or not." A few muffled laughs followed. She heard that and stopped for a split second, a glare flashing in her eyes.

"We didn't tell you guys our name, did we?" She let the silence tighten. "We are called The Tribhuj." Suddenly silence pervaded again among the audience with a couple of audible gasps. "Yes, you heard it right. We are the Tribhuj that was there before this fascist dictatorship chased us into oblivion. For years and even decades, we have been running for our lives, for survival. Our heritage was raided, our members abducted, their family members harassed and for what? So this country can live in servitude? So they can make sure there's no round peg in square holes? Not anymore."

The audience maintained their silence, except for a few muffled cheers. People visibly edged away from those who cheered. Backstage, the event manager finally moved—"What the hell is going on here, I need to cut the power or else it will go out of hand.' He went for the control panel but a hand grasped his hair and a knife slid from the back to the front of his neck. He couldn't see who it was. A raspy voice ghosted his ear: "Don't even think about it if you don't want blood in place of air in your lungs."

The lady in maroon continued, "For years we have lived in exile, in our own country. But now we are here, and we are here to stay. We will become the very face of the resistance that this country is in dire need of. We won't let this dictatorship constraint us with their draconian laws. We want freedom to carve our own path, freedom to choose what's right for us. We want options, to live, to choose our leaders and even choose our own laws. We won't submit to whatever decree imposed on us from now on. From now onwards, we will write our own future that will stem from independent thoughts and not from what this dictatorship tells us to do. For all those who are with us, we offer you a future where you can really feel your voices being heard. For those against us, beware cause we're gonna bulldoze every element of fascism coming in our way."

Now the tension among the audience was palpable. People murmured, trying to make sense of the situation. Some still tried to decide whether this was a gimmick or serious. If it was serious, the audacity was beyond belief. "They're surely gonna be incarcerated for sedition, I'm telling you," one man told his wife. "Daddy, what is Tribhuj?" a little girl asked her parents. "Oh, this is gonna be an interesting show," a guy commented to his friends. The joke drew only a few, uneasy smiles.

The lady held the mic closer and continued, "Remember this day, mark it in your memories. Today we embark on a new journey to free this country from the oppressive hold of this military rule and we have a gift for you all." With this she struck the guitar strings. Behind the scrim, one of their men flipped a hard-patch relay they'd bridged earlier, and with a small boom, lots of mini scrolls and open papers launched into the air like party poppers. As the papers drifted under gravity and the arena's breath, some hands swatted them away as if they were wasps; elsewhere people snatched them mid-air, eager to read the stamped word in red: TRIBHUJ.

At the outer edge of the main street where the focus of the fest was organized, lieutenant Jayesh was moving towards his parked car, engulfed in his own thoughts. He was holding a box containing a remote-controlled mini helicopter. His daughter had asked for the gift. He was looking forward to getting some rest tomorrow onwards. As he was on duty this festive season, he was about to get the next seven days off. He was ten meters from his car when suddenly his bracelet started vibrating. The bracelet turned blue from black without any name of contact which meant it was a professional call from the fest crowd control. He opened his palm with a jerk which received the call,

"Sir, this is patrolman Ayan, you need to take a look at what is happening here in open arena." He sounded alarmed and anxious.

"What is the matter, is everyone all right?"

"Not at all sir, there's a band of four came here on the pretext of performing in open mic and is giving an outrageously seditious speech. Speaking against the army as if we are a fascist government."

"What the heck! You sure it's serious and not part of some skit?" Jayesh inquired to get the sense of situation.

"Not at all sir, they are all sounding very serious." Ayan tried to reinforce the seriousness of the situation. He took a little pause and then came back online, "Sir I'm not having a good feeling about it, they just said they are part of the Tribhuj."

"Tribhuj, what Tribhuj?" Jayesh couldn't make sense of it at first but suddenly he understood what was implied here. He stopped in his tracks; his heart raced. "The Tribhuj? These guys are having a death wish or what? Ayan, monitor the situation closely and set a perimeter around the arena ground. Listen—lock all four public gates and the backstage service door. Pull the drone nest to forty meters for overwatch, loop a med-corridor along the south fence, and keep the hovercams above the stage. No one leaves. I'm reaching there in five."

Jayesh ran towards his car, opened the door and jumped in, throwing the gift for his daughter in the backseat. 'Good evening Jayesh, where would you like to go?' The female voice from the operating system in the self-driving car prompted. Without wasting breath, he commanded, "Disable Auto Drive." The dashboard shifted and the steering wheel unfolded and locked in front of him. Near the end of his leg space, the accelerator and brake pedals slid out. He thumbed the ignition and punched the throttle as hard as he could.

"Taking the name of Tribhuj is crossing all types of lines,' he thought. 'What the hell are they thinking of gaining out of it? What is the plan here? Surely it can't be a performance. They must know army won't let it slide.' His car ran past the eastern checkpoint and entered the market street as he tried to figure out what was going on. The patrolmen on the streets helped in clearing the way as he swiftly moved towards the ground where the stage was set. 'They must know they're declaring themselves enemy of the country. However they try to explain, they won't be able to escape trial. Tribhuj is declared a terrorist organization for almost half a century now. Any claim of association with them is considered treason. They will surely be punished for it.' His thoughts were running as fast as his car.

He sliced past a barricade and felt his Brace-Comm stutter with a burst of static—some kind of interference on the public band. He toggled to the patrol sub-net. "Ayan, status."
"Sir, all four gates and the service door are sealed. Ten patrolmen covering the boundary. Hovercams in place. They just threw some papers and scrolls—crowd is picking them up. No sign of them stopping the speech."

"What is wrong with them?" Jayesh thought and kept moving towards the stage, which was on the opposite end from gate no. four. "Keep the perimeter tight. If they move, we funnel them toward Gate Two—it's our med-corridor."
"Yes, sir."

As he approached Gate Four of the ground entrance, he jumped out and, in his hurry, didn't even lock the car. Ayan was waiting and saluted. In the rush Jayesh didn't return the salute. "What's happening now? They're still on stage?"
"Yes sir." He pressed the earpiece in his left ear to hear clearly amid the commotion. "It is not appearing to be a performance of any sort. They are not toning down their seditious language and just threw papers and scrolls toward the audience to further their agenda it appears. We're also seeing vendor-badge profiles flicker—looks like their IDs were spoofed."
'Good,' thought Jayesh about the cordon; then another thought chilled him. He quickened from a walk to a run. From the corner of his eye he caught people collecting slips and scrolls, the word TRIBHUJ stamped in red. The audacity of these scumbags—coming on stage, denouncing the army and even associating themselves with the Tribhuj. They think they can get away with it, bloody amateurs.' Then a different thought struck and sent shivers down his spine, 'What if they're not amateurs, what if...'

He didn't take two full strides before multiple explosives detonated in the arena: one near the stage, others along the vendor ring. The concussions lifted dust and bodies together. Both Jayesh and Ayan got caught in the blast radius of a bomb; their bodies were thrown sideways and the world went to a ringing smear. Jayesh tried to open his eyes. Shell-shocked, he heard muffled cries and the snapping cough of rifles. He tried to claw back consciousness but his eyes and his mind were slipping.

As Jayesh's eyes flickered shut, a new sound pierced the air—unmistakable, metallic, unrelenting. Gunfire.

The Archive does not close cases. It hands them forward.

Bharatvarsh was built to feel inevitable - peace engineered into policy, discipline poured into the streets, and the Mesh turning ordinary life into a clean, continuous record.

But some patterns won't index. Some truths won't stay buried.

You now hold the opening fracture: the first signals, the first names, the first quiet proof that harmony has a price - and someone has started collecting it.

[Buy The Book here](#)

Continue beyond this extract. Follow the investigation as it widens—through power, lineage, and the machinery that calls itself order.

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