

Beyond Twilight

A thriller with backlash of Policies



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BEYOND TWILIGHT - A THRILLER WITH BACKLASH OF POLICIES

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This book is a tribute to the resilient Naga Peoples of Nagaland, both in India and in Burma.

Though in itself the story is not real, the people are. This is a fictitious story, a story that could have happened for the Nagas are real and the conflict which has been raging since the inception of India is as real as it continues. Due to the leaders of Great Britain then, but without consulting the Naga people, handed their Nagaland over to the Union of India.

This is a story that could have been. With just a twist in time and person the story goes real to venture far Beyond Twilight and could lead to irreversible changes..

PROLOGUE

“What darkness,” she murmured to herself, humming the word darkness with the emphasis on dark, “what is it in me that darkness has such irresistible attraction on me?” It was not the first time she asked herself this question. When thinking time arrived to take possession of her, recurrently this question had popped into her mind. She called it ‘thinking time’ for to her it meant that she was going into some kind of recluse. It was like going into herself and though she called it thinking it actually was more like going into hibernation. Her thinking seemed to have frozen or, when still active, the thoughts would take possession of her, surround her, and enveloping her. Yet, the darkness she felt was nothing else but her fear, fear of dying and she sought to confront it frontally. By doing this she hoped the confrontation would set her free.

“I don’t feel free, yet I am,” she repeated to herself, “this is my darkness; to feel like being lost in a forest at night, hearing creepy sounds and no one there to come to my rescue. Oh God in heaven, I feel so bound. Teach me how to be free?” she said in deep prayer, praying aloud to herself while seeking the connection.

The crying Lisa had surrendered to self pity, knowing her tears would set her free, freer than her icy ways of thinking. Irrespective of what she thought she sensed it was her ritualistic way of thinking that bound her. And, she knew very well that through this ritual she felt the pattern of, at least, familiarity, kept her on the route she could follow. It was not a road she wanted to wander on and, though negative in outset perhaps, it was a route she felt safe on, familiar and bad it was may be, safe it felt: “I should be more adventurous,” she said out loud realizing she was talking to herself. And, hearing her own voice, it was like a stranger talking to her. Startled now she shot up and giggled till tears ran over her cheeks. Astounded at first and gradually aware of her tears, she drifted off to a slumber.

“For the love of Ivy,” Marius exclaimed, “how can anyone tolerate this?”

“Simple,” Jeanie answered dryly, “through planning, followed by executing the plan on the basis of motivation and the desire to control.”

“But to this extent?” he exclaimed further, “it is like people have no conscience.”

“Right,” Jeanie agreed, “but then what do you think? To use people for one’s own end one can only do that when one has no conscience, Marius.”

“Yeah, indeed,” Marius replied more inwardly like he was speaking to himself only, “you know what these people do when they have achieved that end?” he asked.

“There is no end to get to. There is always more to achieve and to control, it does not stop at their first goal. Once the appetite is wet, those people go further and further. Only when they are stopped, it will end.”

“So that is the inner motivation of a dictator?” Marius asked sternly now, looking Jeanie straight into the eyes, almost menacingly.

“Expanding motivation, feeding on itself yes,” Jeanie answered, a little startled now about the way Marius changed his posture.

“Yet these small time third world dictators can only act like that when they are supported by their so called democratic counterparts of the first world,” he retorted.

“No dictator can stand alone,” Jeanie remarked, “they all depend on something; sowing fear through brutality meted out of their subjects is one. Another kind of motivation is the dominant relations a male or female dictator has with those operating in the background. They prop up to execute. Those people know their advantages and they maintain the status quo. It is profitable for them to keep these dictators going. For their friends in more powerful countries it is all a matter of cheap labor and cheap resources. Use the tested divide and rule method and you can get rich over the backs of others,” Jeanie said and concluded, “to be rich is not the goal itself but an exponential benefit in which control is expressed

self evidently. If the dictator is like a queen or king, they may even have the luster of their people paying them tributes. But then when exploitation becomes too apparent people become defiant and rise. A real dictator will be inspired by this and, using any means, and will force his people into submission.”

“Yes,” Marius agreed, “it is obvious when you see how the people are being kept ignorant. Yet there are always rebellious sections of society, they come out to fight against their leeching suppressor, they stand up for their rights, right?” he asked.

“Right,” Jeanie answered curtly.

“This is Africa, this is the Cameroons, this is the scorned people and if these people fight for their rights what shall we do?” he asked.

“Stand by them?” Jeanie asked suggestively.

“That means when the going gets tough, the tough get going,” he answered.

“What else is new?” she replied.

“We will leave the mopping up to our capable friends and allies Jeanie,” Marius said, “I am going to have a meeting in Paris in a few days, with a representative of the Forbidden Land. Care to join me?”

“Paris?” she asked.

“Yes, Paris then Amsterdam with one of the leaders,” he answered.

“I will have to see if it fits my bill, but I would like to. Are you going to see Lisa in Europe?” she asked.

“I would love to,” Marius said thoughtfully, “but after that assault she witnessed, she is very unstable now. I should like to help her getting out of the doldrums. It is after all the woman I love, provided that, in our line of work, love is possible, we have a long way to cover still Jeanie, a long way indeed.”

“Yes, I know this. She is a remarkable woman my friend. So we are going to leave the Cameroons then after the meeting this afternoon? I am sick and tired of both Yaoundé and Douala man!” she added and sighed, “I am ready for some real adventure.”

“I am going, that’s for sure. You better take it up with your boss big mama,” Marius smiled at her now.

“All right,” she answered, “consider it done!!!”

“Then we will do it and there is no one who can stop me, not even my superiors, who will no doubt come up with some sort of assignment in place of what I want to do, should I be so stupid to tell them that!”

“You will take that risk?” she asked, “you might be condemned a renegade.”

“What do you do for loving a woman and the case of her people but to support?” he asked rhetorically, “especially when it is a neglected case of people crying out for justice and who have been prepared to fight for their rights for over 50 years?”

“You must be right and if I am not mistaken right out of your mind,” Jeanie smiled, “what is so important there?” she continued.

“To find out the truth about killings and what can be done when it is revealed who did what concerning the consequences,” he answered enigmatically.

“Well, that is puzzling,” she laughed, “you are a handsome man and you need not be nebulous with me at all!” she said.

“The Indians suppress all kinds of information. They have been successful in keeping things out of the public eye. They have done what they liked. Under a different identity I will go and investigate about who the culprits are that killed some crucial people. This partially will determine the fate of these people aspiring the right to self determination!”

“Sounds noble, but then why should you be you doing that? You are ready to sacrifice your life and freedom for that?” she asked when looking at a nervous and serious Marius. More than just asking he definitively had suggested it to her in a way she could hardly say no to, “we will go as a married couple. That way we can get into Nagaland State, Manipur or Arunachal Pradesh. We will do that,” he stressed.

Jeanie had only one rebuff on that and brought it on: “But you

love that other woman, this Lisa!”

“That’s right,” Marius was quick to reply but smiling all over, “we go as a married couple, so I can see her!”

“I do not get it,” Jeanie answered quizzically.

“Think Jeanie,” Marius said then waited for her to come up with something. She did not immediately and he went on to explain: “you see Jeanie, we work together. I am invited by the Nagas to come. Who are the Indians to restrict me? So, when they create stumbling blocks, let’s be clever enough to circumvent them. As a couple we can get in, so we get in. I do not see why not. Only when you find the idea repulsive to –on paper- be married to me, I understand. On the other hand what I envisage is about much more than just purpose of meeting a dear friend. And, you know that too.”

“Well of course, I am just teasing you and also because I am jealous,” Jeanie said and laughed out loud now.

Marius and Jeanie had known each other for years, they worked closely together and had felt favorable suspense between them, yet had never had laid a hand on each other, much less a kiss. Though it was said playfully, there was a tinge of pity in the tone of her voice. Secretly Jeanie knew she had grown closer to Marius, until that fateful day when he had excitedly told her that he had fallen in love with a girl from a far away and from a very unknown place. It was the girl called Lisa. Not to show disappointment Jeanie had bitten her lip till she could taste her own blood. Obviously Marius had been quite oblivious of his attraction to her. She knew that for he had never made advances to her. It was not that Jeanie had been unattractive to him, on the contrary, but Marius was a professional and would not think of mixing work with personal matters. And, especially when potential intimacy was concerned, she represented that. So, he had kept his distance but she knew she did not leave him cold. She could feel that, sense that. Marius, a responsible but playful person, had a very serious and responsible job after all. Like Jeanie he was a very well trained agent and so just for Marius to tell Jeanie he was in love could really have an

impact on their missions. Should their respective governments come to know then what? Being in love meant Marius and Jeanie would be vulnerable, others could capitalize on that knowledge and certainly if they knew who the person was Marius or Jeanie loved. So, when Marius broke that news there were really three things that shot through her: one was that he was now lost to her, second that he would be vulnerable and third the girl he had fallen for too could become a target. These three things would have effect on their relationship, she thought. Jeanie being a very independent lady thought she would never tolerate any man ruling over her. Yet, the idea to travel as couple in itself was not a bad thing to experience either. And not even Marius, whom she held high, could dream of landing himself in that kind of a position. But now, when she agreed to go with him to that darned Forbidden Land, she would both jeopardize her job as well as her friendship. She could become a renegade from her team too, the team that deployed her on dangerous missions. Marius meanwhile was thinking too. He wanted to be with Lisa but not just because of her but because she would too be a jumping board to get close to the leaders who with their fierce and convinced resistance had been able to keep an entire army of 200.000 soldiers in check. That, in itself, he found to be an achievement of the highest order. And, since they would never be commissioned there, simply because of the disinterest lodged by their countries, who in turn acknowledged India as having a domestic problem to be solved domestically and thus without any interference from outsiders, it was out of their focus. And Marius, who was a faithful follower of his nation's policies, even though he knew politics were played at times, this time disagreed for he wanted to find out what really went on in this land shielded from onlookers, observers and investigators.

“This must have some reason,” he said to Jeanie and I am compelled to find out what makes the people not just stand up for what they think is right, but also to how they have been able keep a whole army at bay. Here is much to be discovered Jeanie and

as my partner now, I want you to do this with me. The best thing is to take leave. We do not have to do it right away, but surely we can plan to take leave together?”

“Okay, that should be possible. That way we should minimize the potential conflict when we do it outside the extent of our missions. It will be our own incentive then!”

“Good and agreed,” Marius answered her in ironic tone. He gave her a wink and a smile as if he had been conspiring with her and had come up with a final conclusion plus a plan to execute. Then daringly he added: “I am ready to go right now, Jeanie!”

Marius rapidly finished his work for the day and left the office thereafter. He knew what to do and how to prepare. The problem now was only how to get into Nagaland. Booking a flight and getting a visa was no problem also. He could only get one the same day. Jeanie should be able to get one in London, he thought, while at home in his flat in Buitenveldert near Amstelveen, close to Schiphol airport. Getting ready to go out he put on the news. Half an ear up only he listened and occasionally glanced at the screen. Suddenly he heard something strange but he could not properly catch the newscast that caught his attention and he decided to switch on his laptop to follow it up through internet. As suggested by a search engine in one of the local dailies he found this article about an assassination in Manila the Philippines:

News Paper report in the Daily Enquirer on page seven:

In busy Manila suburb an unknown man, non Filipino, shot dead in broad daylight

During rush hour today, in broad daylight, a well dressed gentleman was shot dead in Cubao. The older man was trying to catch a taxi at the frantically busy junction of Cubao’s Quezon City on Epifacio de los Santos Avenue when he received multiple gunshots in head and body. He was fired at from a passing vehicle and died on the spot. The killers fled the scene in the car from which they had opened fire. The police, within minutes on location could not apprehend the killers.

CHAPTER 1: PREPARATION

This news cast in the local dailies failed to attract the attention of the media worldwide. Really no wonder that was for Manila is notorious responsible for some twenty murders on average a day. Though in itself it was rather odd this kind of local news reached the Netherlands, as could be expected nobody but Marius paid any attention to it. The news had come from Radio Netherlands International, so perhaps that is why it had hit Marius' ears. And like no one cared about what happened in Manila at first the same was true for the police of Manila. But then, the idea to find this alien body in this peculiar situation was food for thought to some detectives and this was what they were thinking: here was this older gentleman, well dressed but obviously no Filipino. The man had plenty of dollars on him but only a few thousand pesos. After they had frisked him they were puzzled more for they found some identification papers on him and a check on his strange name learned he had a residence permit; for years he had been quietly living in the vicinity of Cubao. According to his papers he appeared to be a Baptist minister and so the local police of the Cubao unit wondered why anyone would have want to kill a foreign protestant minister. Then Efren, superintendent of the Quezon City police force, spoke: "What is his name again?" he asked the men who had returned from the scene of the crime. They had questioned some bystanders about what happened and the victim, also the bystanders who had reported the shooting. They had interviewed eye witnesses in front of the shops on Epificio de Los Santos, or Edsa in short, near to where the assault had taken place: "A strange name Sir, not Indian at all, but he is an Indian national," Eddie, head of the Cubao police answered, his pot bellied crew beside him, "Isak Chishi Swu is his name."

"Good heavens, what name is that? Find out everything about this man, perhaps he has been leading some terrorist drive in the South on Mindanao and helps out Abu Sayyaf under another