

MIZORAM

THE DAGGER BRIGADE



NIRMAL NIBEDON
(Author of NAGALAND :
THE NIGHT OF THE GUERRILLAS)

THE DAGGER BRIGADE

This is the explosive story of the MNF struggle that persists in the dense jungles of Mizoram. Area Specialist Nirmal Nibedon penetrated the MNF and came upon a mine of information that had never been made public.

This gripping, stranger-than-fiction story is authenticated by a rare selection of photographs and contemporary sketches. Recorded conversations With top Mizo leaders who either participated in the movement or were holding important positions during the height of the insurrections and snap interviews with guerrillas lend an extraordinary force to the narrative.

Nibedon is the first journalists to have made the leaders of the movement break their decade-old silence. Owing to the fluid situation prevailing in the hills, there are gaps in the Mizo story. Yet, this is a brilliant attempt to reconstruct the insurgency operations carried out by the Underground and the Indian War Department's actions to contain the threat.

Besides a minute-to-minute account of guerilla depredations and the counter-insurgency operations by the soldiers in Olive-Green, it is also the tale of Mizo people who have passionately preserved their traditions and whose fighting spirit is still nourished by legendary warriors of the past.

The Dagger Brigade is the graphic account of a disastrous, yet heroic struggle. It will be attacked, damned, praised and read around the world, for it is true, tough, objective and the first bold exposure of the activities in The Hood of the Cobra.

Rs.115/-

Author

Writing under the pen name of Nirmal Nibedon, and with a reputation of being where the action is, Nibedon Biswas, the youngest son of the late Dr. Nirod Kumar Biswas, Bishop of Assam, is considered an authority on the happenings in North-Eastern India. He frequently contributes to the leading Indian newspapers and journals, and B.B.C London on political-cum-strategical developments in the S.E. Asian corridors of guerrilla activity and international intrigue.

His first book, "Nagaland : The Night of Guerillas" received wide acclaim from the press. Few excerpts from the same are reproduced below.

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Through the eyes of two opposing forces....." . -*Poona Herald*



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NIRMAL NIBEDON



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The Beginning

The setting sun was shooting deep oranges and reds over the dark blue hills. But for the rustle of leaves, it was as if the silence of eternity had crept into these parts. The tall, dusky warrior of the mountains stood transfixed with a joy he had never known before. For he had reached the highest peak of the northern parts. His people had heard that where the mountains ended, the Gods took over. Z had made it at last.

He had always hunted alone. The birds and the beasts of the craggy mountains knew him by his silent tread and the plume of feathers around his knotted hair. They knew that Z never killed unless provoked; that he roved the mountains because he loved them.

Now he was far from home. His people had asked him to take a hundred warriors. But Z had chosen to leave alone. Many a mountain hamlet he had passed unchallenged. To his fighting *dao* was ever attached a scarlet pennon which men recognised far and near. For it spelt doom to those who stood between Z and the hunt.

None hindered him. Z, they were told, was on his last mission.

The Mizo warrior stood on those invigorating heights bedecked with pines. His sharp eyes caught the lustrous plumage of a tragopan which, with lightning speed, skimmed down the steep mountain sides. Who was the hunter and who was the hunted, his rustic mind wondered. For here, both men and animals were fleet-footed and sure, matching their wits in the dense and deadly jungles, running endlessly through the tangled mazes in which only the bravest could survive.

Z had survived. And by his life he had demonstrated to his people how to live in their little world ensconced in the mountains, acknowledging no authority, possessing no written language, only unwritten legends, and obeying only the verbal mandates of their kinsmen in the jungle hamlets of the Chin Hills.

It was twilight that came between Z and the beauty of untamed nature. The return trail, he decided, would be different, a path he alone knew, for he must reach his people alive. Thus a warrior walked back home in that unknown and unrecorded age, along muddy jungle trails and beneath dripping trees swathed in the cold raw fog that came sweeping in like a pall of the dead from the numerous crevices of the hills.