



Orient BlackSwan

# RELATIVELY TRUE

Stories of Truth, Deception,  
Post-Truth from the Indian  
Subcontinent and Australia



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Bengaluru, Chennai, Guwahati, Hyderabad, Kolkata,  
Mumbai, New Delhi, Noida, Patna, Visakhapatnam

© Orient Blackswan Private Limited 2022

First published 2022

ISBN 978 93 5442 305 5

Typeset in Minion Pro 11/13.5 by  
Shine Graphics, Delhi 110 094

Printed at

Thomson Press, New Delhi 110 020

Published by

Orient Blackswan Private Limited

3-6-752, Himayatnagar, Hyderabad 500 029, Telangana, India

E-mail: info@orientblackswan.com

035423



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## Betrayal

*Meenakshi Bharat*

Two days ago, if someone had told him that he would be standing at The Opening, he would have laughed. There were other infinitely more pressing matters at hand! Matters like the allocation of key ministerial portfolios.

Himaryan had been reasonably sure that his credentials were solid. After all, hadn't he been trained by two of the best in the game? One, the State Minister of the country—the head of state—and the other, the Party Chief! There had never been a more powerful duo in the seventy-five-year history of the nation—the current dominant world power—the country that would steer the world from the turbulent twenty-first century into a happening twenty-second. For Himaryan, independent charge of the Public Relations Ministry had been the one single driving dream behind joining politics. And now, he was close to realising it! Who else held the key to public opinion? Who else had the power to, almost single-handedly, orchestrate the outcome of the grand political jig of this vast nation?

Himaryan was a proud citizen of a political state that had emerged from a distillation of the various political philosophies prevailing a century ago. The young nation—a mere baby in the context of the hoariness of world history—gloriously drew a demographic component from diverse ethnicities and linguistic groups that populated the globe. Indeed, reeling under the repeated assaults of violent chauvinistic divisiveness, the founding fathers had been driven by a most laudable ideology—to lay the foundation of a political entity where all found a home—regardless of the colour of skin; regardless of the language they spoke or the religion they followed. Where all would get equal opportunities to rise, and to participate in the making of the nation. That was the motto which