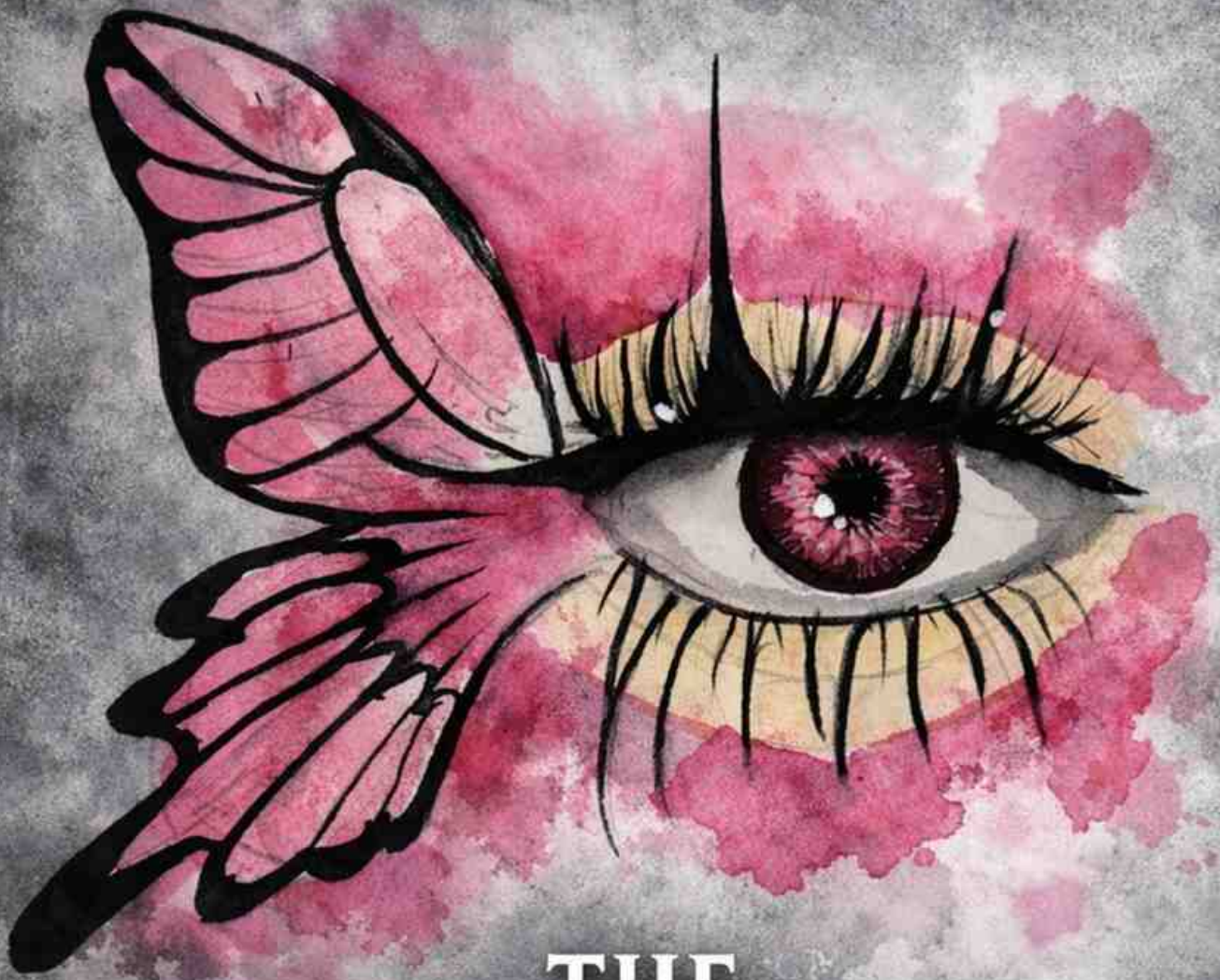


RAJUL TIWARI



THE
PINK
BUTTERFLY



THE PINK BUTTERFLY

First Edition

Author

Rajul Tiwari



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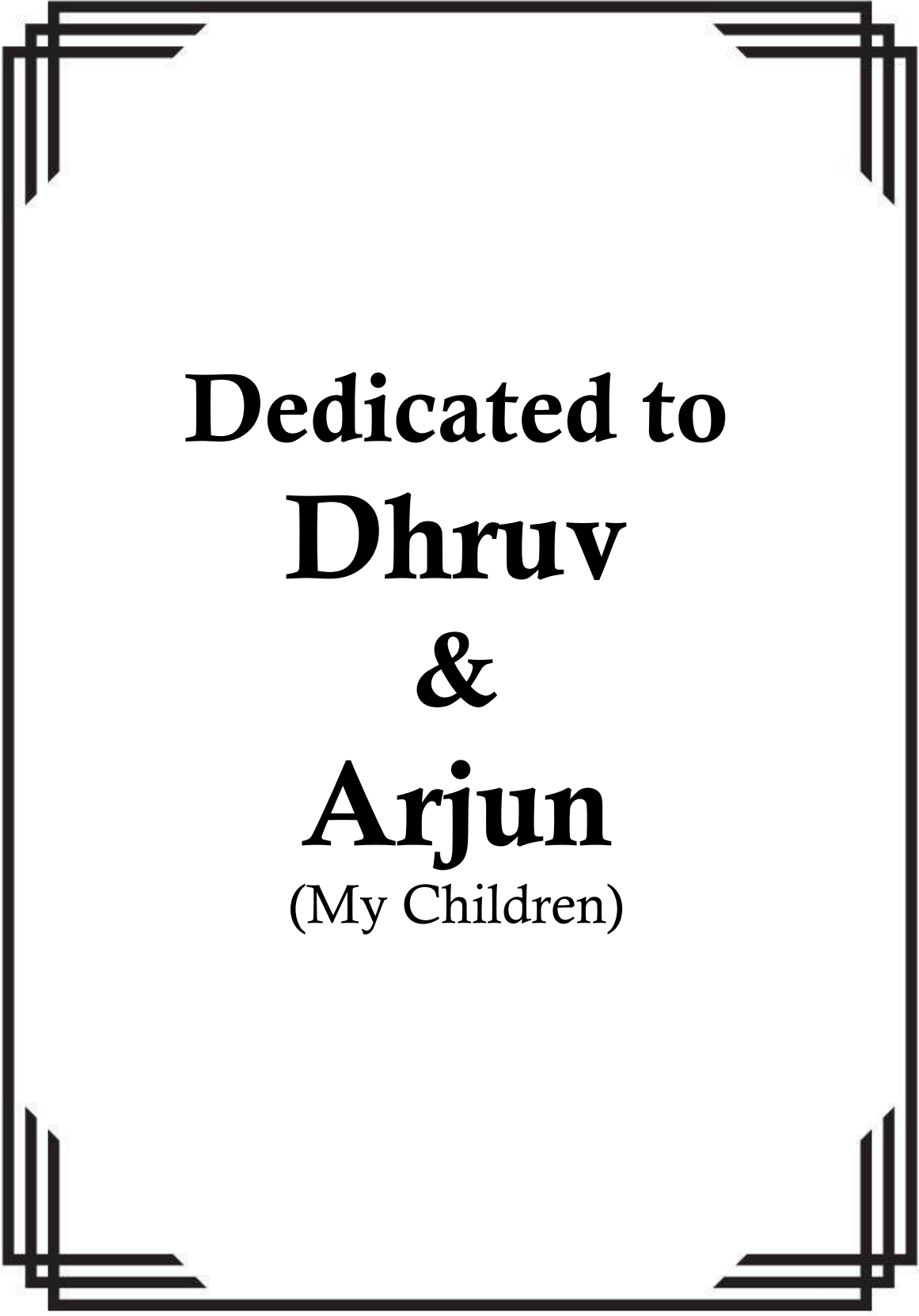
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Contact: +91- 8861511583
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Dedicated to
Dhruv
&
Arjun
(My Children)

Foreword



Author/Poet, Book Reviewer, Feature Writer:
Known for her books like *Something Borrowed*
Something Blue, Everglow, Shadow & Soul, If Walls
Could Weep, The Perfume of Promise, Tread Softly,
Longitudes of Night and Dewed.

This is a moment in time and will hopefully pass yet it is important to record what we're going through as a collective. In such times of uncertainty, we turn to prayer, music, reels, art and literature; consoled by words as much as we offer words in consolation. We turn to *The Iliad* and *The Bhagavad Geeta*, *The Canterbury Tales* and *The Art of War*, poetry from all over the world and fragments of writing from anonymous sources. Douse our agonies in PG Wodehouse, Lewis Carroll and Sukumar Ray. We seek out writers who are writing now, facing the same challenges alongside us in the twenty-first century: Shinie Antony, Kamila Shamsie, Kiran Desai, Arundhati Roy, Janice Pariat and myriad others. The hope is that the written word survives it all: natural disasters, the vagaries of time and the brevity of lifetimes. And creators quietly create so others may benefit from their labours.

In the past decade we have witnessed an explosion in the world of publishing and books, in India. More true-blue Indian books have been published than ever before as more people are turning to writing as a viable means of claiming their space. It is a welcome change. The need for voices with diverse experiences of life is strong; to present their ideas of what a book is and what a book can do. We still have a long way to go. And each voice joining this massive river of outpourings is beneficial to writers and readers alike.

If there is one area in which we are unsure or lagging, it is in **speculative fiction**. So, I have read the synopsis of Rajul Tiwari's new book *The Pink Butterfly* with great hope. For it does great

justice to all the genres it straddles: sci-fi, psychological writing, women's issues, the supernatural, dystopic fiction and shades of others to be discovered as the reading progresses. Set in a layered, shifting reality, it beautifully encapsulates the splintering and the re-construction of a woman; almost as a natural step in her growth and yet so unique. The journey is one of rediscovery, of longing for and finding a totally new reality. Many assumptions are reset and many untruths uncovered.

This fragmentation is not merely philosophical—it is lived. We see it in the way Pink is trained, watched, and reshaped within controlled environments where even her most private moments are monitored, and her identity is reduced to a construct built for a mission. The narrative does not shy away from the discomfort of such invasion, nor from the physical and psychological endurance it demands of her. Her training—gruelling, isolating, and relentless—pushes her into a space where instinct begins to replace identity, and survival becomes the only language she can trust. This reminds me of the motivating line from Rajul's book – “If you think you can risk your life... go ahead and fall. If you think you have to rise above your weakness... go ahead and win.”

At the same time, the story expands beyond the individual. It situates Pink within a larger machinery—NSC, a shadowy network driven by ideology and control—where human lives are often secondary to larger agendas. The narrative is set in subtle but deeply philosophical way like in lines – “The camera couldn't capture the voice but it certainly caught glimpses of her lonely struggle... Almost everything including her bowel movements...” The presence of embedded surveillance, bodily experimentation, and technological intrusion into her very being adds a disturbing, yet compelling, dimension to the narrative, raising questions about autonomy, agency, and the cost of engineered strength.

This is a story written in fragments of such searing honesty and bravery, it is heroic. Other parts are patched through by the author's experiences and imagination. Nowhere does the storyline

lag and great delights await the reader in the folds of its unveiling. The language glimmers like hope, is lucid and realistic. It is just the right note to keep the audience hooked.

There are also moments where the personal and political intersect sharply—where Pink, even while embedded in hostile territory, quietly alters the course of larger events through coded communication and invisible resistance. Such instances lend the narrative a quiet tension, where action is not always loud but deeply consequential.

Definitely a book to look forward to and indulge in a way that it leaves a little haunted by its expression. I wish the author and her whole team a great success!

I rest my pen for this foreword with these lines from *The Pink Butterfly* – “*She was becoming something... they had not designed – something they could not predict.*”

Preface

There are stories that are written, and there are stories that are felt. And then, there are those rare narratives that seem to emerge from a space beyond conscious thought—stories that arrive unannounced, linger without permission, and refuse to be forgotten. *The Pink Butterfly* is one such story.

It did not begin as a structured idea or a carefully designed plot. It began in fragments—fleeting images, unsettling emotions, and questions that refused to settle into silence. There are moments when the human mind wanders into territories it cannot fully explain, where reality blurs with imagination, and where stories do not feel created, but discovered. This novel was born in that in-between space.

At first glance, it may appear to be the story of a woman—her choices, her loss, and her struggle. But to confine it to that would be to overlook its deeper pulse. Beneath the surface lies a profound inquiry into the nature of identity itself. What defines us? Is it our name, our past, our relationships, or something far more intrinsic—something that cannot be erased even when everything else is taken away?

As the narrative unfolds, it draws the reader into a world that is at once unfamiliar and disturbingly plausible. It is a world where control is subtle yet absolute, where identities are reassigned, and where the boundaries of human endurance are tested in ways that are both physical and psychological. It is not a comfortable world, nor is it meant to be. It challenges, unsettles, and compels the reader to confront the fragility of what we often take for granted.

And yet, at its heart, this is not a story of darkness alone. It is a story of transformation.

We often admire the butterfly for its beauty, its lightness, and its freedom. But rarely do we reflect on the journey that precedes it—

the confinement, the dissolution, the quiet and often painful process of becoming. This novel dwells in that unseen phase. It explores what it means to be broken, to lose oneself, and yet to find, within that loss, the possibility of something new.

There is, within every individual, a core that resists erasure. It may be buried beneath layers of fear, memory, or circumstance, but it endures. This story is an exploration of that endurance. It is about the resilience that emerges when everything familiar is stripped away, and about the strength that reveals itself when there is nothing left to hold on to but the self.

At the same time, it is a meditation on duality—the fragile and the formidable, the victim and the warrior, the known self and the self that lies dormant, waiting for its moment of awakening. It asks whether transformation is always a choice, or whether it is sometimes imposed upon us by forces beyond our control. And if it is imposed, does it diminish us—or does it reveal a version of us we might never have otherwise discovered?

The world of this novel does not offer easy answers. It does not resolve itself neatly, nor does it seek to comfort. Instead, it invites reflection. It asks the reader to sit with discomfort, to question assumptions, and to consider the possibility that identity is not fixed, but fluid—capable of breaking, bending, and ultimately, evolving.

As you move through these pages, you may find yourself questioning what is real and what is imagined. You may wonder whether the events described belong entirely to fiction, or whether they echo possibilities that exist just beyond the visible world. The answers to these questions are not as important as the experience itself.

For in the end, this is not just a story to be read—it is a journey to be felt.

It is an invitation to step into uncertainty, to confront the unfamiliar, and to witness a transformation that is as unsettling as it is profound. And perhaps, in doing so, to recognize within oneself the quiet, unyielding strength that defines what it truly means to endure.

Once you begin this journey, it may not leave you unchanged.

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ABOUT THE BOOK

Born from a haunting recurring dream and shaped by raw emotional truth, *The Pink Butterfly* is a gripping psychological-spiritual thriller that blurs the boundaries between reality, identity, and destiny.

When Kriya walks away from a suffocating life in search of self-discovery, a brutal turn of events shatters everything she knows. Stripped of memory, trapped in a sinister web of secrets, and renamed "**Pink**" she is forced into a world where survival demands courage beyond imagination. With her child's life at stake and her own identity dissolving, Pink must confront forces that seek to control her body, mind, and soul.

A haunting saga of love, loss, resilience, and rebirth, this novel challenges perceptions of self and reality. Dark, intense, and thought-provoking, **The Pink Butterfly** is not just a story it is an experience that lingers long after the final page.

"The Pink Butterfly - is a story gracefully intertwined with emotion, creativity, and remarkable finesse a compelling journey that lingers long after the final page."

~Ajuli Tulsyan
Founder & Editor-in-Chief
Edge & Essence (www.e2mag.com)

"Imagine the unimaginable. The Pink Butterfly has a Stephen King's novel like feel. It drills inside your soul."

~Vineeta Asthana
Sr. Project Manager- DIA
IIT Delhi



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