

AJJA

ONE WHO IS WITHIN



"GOD IS NOT SOMETHING YOU FIND —
HE IS WHAT YOU STOP HIDING FROM."

About the Author

The author's journey is not one that began with wisdom — it began with mistakes.

Born into a simple life, he walked through shadows he created himself, stumbling into greed, loss, and moments he thought he could never return from.

But life, in its mysterious grace, placed before him a teacher — *Ajja* — and through *Ajja*, the author discovered not only the path back to truth, but also to himself.

His words are carved from lived moments — some that broke him, and some that rebuilt him.

This is not the story of a man who claims perfection.

This is the story of a man who fell, stood again, and now walks with his head bowed to the One who gave him life twice — his mother, and *Ajja*.

To make the moments beautiful the story flows between **ILLUSION and REALITY**, carrying you through both until you begin to sense something deeper.

Somewhere between the two lies the truth you've been searching for — and only you can recognize it when it reveals itself.

One note for the reader —

Aryan is not the real name.

The journey in the lorry with Shiva and Parvathi, and the Sangama scene —

these are fictional elements added gently and few more ... to hold the truth more beautifully.

But everything else you read here

is true And Lived.

Note For The Reader : There are many things in this story. Many paths, many examples, many reflections. And yet, you will see certain words return again and again — sometimes the same line, sometimes the same truth, spoken in different ways.

This is not by mistake. It is not because I had nothing else to say. It is because when the mind reads the same words again and again, it slowly begins to move only towards that. Repetition is a reminder, a gentle force pulling the attention back.

Just as a mantra is repeated until it enters the heart, so too these words are repeated — so that your mind does not scatter, but points only to the One Truth.

Review from the First Reader

Reading *Ajja* is like sitting across from someone who has nothing left to hide — only truth to share.

This is not a polished tale written to impress; it's a soul, raw and open, speaking from the heart.

The author takes you through the darkest alleys of his life, not to shock you, but to show you that even in the pitch black, there's a turning point — if you choose to see it.

Every page feels alive, because it's not fiction. It's lived, felt, and survived. By the end, you don't just know the author's journey — you feel like you've walked beside him, through his losses, his awakenings, and his return to the light of *Ajja*.

If you believe stories can change lives, this is one to hold close.

AJJA - The Beginning

KAILASH - DIVINE REALM - NIGHT

A vast, serene mountain bathed in moonlight. Snowflakes fall gently.

GOD SHIVA sits in deep contemplation, his eyes gazing downwards—into the realms of Earth.

MAA PARVATHI walks gracefully towards him.

MAA PARVATHI

(softly)

What is it, Swami? What holds your gaze tonight?

GOD SHIVA

(eyes fixed, calm)

My devotee... Aryan. His soul seeks the Mahakumbh. He must reach Prayagraj. I must go with him.

MAA PARVATHI

(gently nods)

Then go, Mahadeva. I shall join you both... when the time is right.

GOD SHIVA

(smiles)

As you will.

With a flash of divine light, Shiva vanishes.

HIGHWAY - OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN - DAY

ARYAN, early 30s, stands by the roadside with a small bag. Calm, searching eyes. A sense of quiet longing.

A loud HONK. A large lorry approaches, slowing down. The name on the front reads "**SHANKAR TRANSPORTS**".

The **DRIVER**, a rugged but radiant man with long hair and a deep gaze, smiles from the cabin.

It is **GOD SHIVA** in human form — as **SHANKAR**.

SHANKAR (Shiva)

(leans out)

ARYAN

Prayagraj... for the Kumbhmela?

SHANKAR (Shiva)

(smiles)

Yes I was instructed to pick you up from the other driver as he couldn't come due to his illness.

Aryan nods, climbs into the lorry. The engine roars gently to life.

LORRY - MOVING

The road winds ahead. Trees, temples, and glimpses of faith pass by.

SHANKAR watches Aryan quietly through the corner of his eyes, a faint smile playing on his lips.

ARYAN

You know... it's strange. I didn't plan this. But something told me to wait... for this ride.

SHANKAR

Sometimes the ride finds you.

HIGHWAY SUNSET

The lorry drives off into the golden horizon, toward Prayagraj, toward destiny.

TRUCK CABIN - ON THE ROAD - MIDDAY

The lorry rumbles steadily along the highway. Trees and distant temple spires pass by.

SHANKAR (GOD SHIVA in human form) glances occasionally at ARYAN, who stares silently out the window.

SHANKAR (Shiva)

(smiling gently)

You seem a little lost...

Like you're not from around here.

Am I right?

ARYAN

(chuckles softly)

You're right, sir...

This isn't my hometown.

I'am here from few months.

SHANKAR (Shiva)

Well then...

Why don't you tell me your story?

ARYAN

(smiles, loosening up)

Alright...

Let's begin this journey with my story.

SHANKAR (Shiva)

(nods, eyes kind)

Good.

I love stories — especially the ones that come from the heart.

Shankar listens with warmth and curiosity — even though he already knows Aryan's entire life. But he asks anyway, to make Aryan feel comfortable — never giving the slightest hint that he is the very God Aryan prays to every day.

As Aryan begins to speak...

FADE INTO FLASHBACK - ARYAN'S STORY BEGINS

Shankar (Shiva) keeps his eyes on the road, calm and silent.

Aryan stares ahead... takes a deep breath... begins speaking.

ARYAN

(quiet, honest)

I'm a son...

...who betrayed everyone who ever loved him.

My mother.

My father.

My sister.

My friends.

My relatives... everyone.

(pause)

I caused pain — not just once, but again and again.

I became a burden to them.

And one day... it all collapsed.

ARYAN (softly):

"Shankar...

Before I continue let me start with the truth

(Pauses)

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING

The golden sun casts long shadows through the truck window. The road ahead is endless. Shankar drives silently. Aryan stares out, then begins to speak — not to explain, but to confess.

ARYAN (narrating, with quiet pain):

Shankar...

Before all this...

I was just like every other young guy — dreams in my eyes, laughter in my days, a little love in my heart... and a hundred foolish decisions. I was a good person.

But the world I stepped into... it changed me.

I wasn't born spiritual.

I wasn't born hungry. That hunger came later — hunger for life, for money, for status... for all that glitter that only shines until you touch it. And what pulled me in

Gambling.

Online... fast... easy... deadly.

At first, I told myself — *it's for the family.*

To help. Pay a few bills. Be the man.

But slowly...

Help turned into habit.

Habit into desire.

Desire into greed.

And greed... into a bottomless pit.

I won — and thought I was smart.

I lost — and thought I'd win it back.

So I borrowed.

Friends. Colleagues and everyone I knew.

And when that ran out?

I turned to my own home.

To my own blood.

Took money without asking.

Sold gold without telling.

Even my grandmother's.

By stealing my grandmother's gold...

I hadn't just taken something valuable —

I had taken away a *mother* from her own *daughter*.

And the one who did it... was her own son.

After that, they cut all ties with us. The bond was broken.

Shankar...

I became everything I once hated.

A liar.

A thief.
A disgrace.

People left. They should've.
But one person didn't.

My mother.

Even after her own son committed such a crime —
taking her mother away from her...
She still prayed.

She prayed to every god she knew —
Not to punish me...
But to save me.

And what did I do?

I betrayed her again.

Until one day...
I couldn't face her.
I couldn't face anyone.

And things turned in such a way that I couldn't go home that day
So I walked away.

Not out of courage.
But shame.

The truck hums gently. Aryan turns to Shankar. There's no anger in his eyes — only clarity, and the ache of honesty finally spoken.

(pause)

That first night... I slept nowhere.
I wandered around the Yeshwanthpur railway station.

There was no space to lie down.
No one to ask for help.
I was just... invisible.

Then, out of nowhere... a train to Hubli arrived.
I boarded it.
Not knowing where I was going — just that I could sleep in it.

I had no ticket... no money... no plan.

But I slept.

Next morning, I got down at Hubli...
...and boarded another train — this one headed back to Yeshwanthpur.

That cycle went on...
Day after day... for a whole week.

No food.
No shelter.
No one to talk to.
No purpose... just motion.

Just a moving train...
...and a man who didn't want to exist anymore.

SHANKAR (Shiva)
(softly, eyes steady on the road)
But you're here now.

ARYAN

(looks out the window, tear forming)

Yeah... somehow, I am.

And Shankar there came a time when I was completely hollow.

No courage, no clarity... just fear —
fear of losing everyone I ever loved.

That fear...

it began twisting my mind.

It made me believe I had to do *something* —
anything — to go back home with money.

Even if it meant doing the unthinkable.

And I did think of it...

I planned it.

A theft.

Snatching gold from a stranger

Yes, I had become that desperate. believe me —

I was ready.

I had even planned everything.

Step by step.

Like a criminal.

But just as I stood on the edge,

ready to take that one step —

something stopped me.

Not from outside...

but from *deep within me*.

And it said:

STOP "No matter how far you've fallen...
this isn't you.

*You may have made terrible mistakes...
 but you're not heartless. You're not meant to harm.
 Don't do this.
 This one decision will kill the last bit of goodness left in you.
 You're not born for this."*

And that moment...
 I stopped.

It was the first time,
 in all those years,
 I heard my soul speak...
 and I listened."

A deep pause

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

The golden light filters through the windshield.
 A quiet stretch of road.
 Aryan continues speaking... lost in memory.

ARYAN

One evening... I was on my usual ride back toward Yeshwanthpur.
 Same routine. Same emptiness.

Across from me — two young men were talking.
 They were discussing *seva*... service.
 They said it brought them peace — like real, inner peace.

They didn't mention where...
 but a name flashed in my mind was —
"Sri Siddharooda Math." In Hubli. Because I had seen the station was
 named after this place.

Maybe it was a sign...

Maybe it was the only sign I was still listening to something higher.

(pause)

Next morning, I turned on my phone.

It had been switched off since the day I disappeared.

Within a minute... my father called.

I picked up. I didn't say a word.

He asked, *"Where are you?"*

I stayed silent.

Then my mother took the phone...

...and she said —

"Just go... go and disappear somewhere.

It's better than staying and ruining everyone's life like this."

(pause - silence in the truck)

Those words...

They didn't just sting.

They struck me to my core.

To every nerve in my body.

That moment —

I saw what I had become.

A son so far gone, even his mother gave up on him.

It shattered something inside me.

Right then, I knew... I couldn't stay.
Not even a second longer.

I sold my phone — got ₹2130 for it.

₹2000 — I returned to someone who had once lent it to me.
The rest I kept it with me.

And I left Yeshwanthpur.
For Hubli.

SHANKAR (Shiva)

(softly, never judging)

Sometimes... the fall is the only way we start to rise.

Aryan looks ahead — silent... but something within him beginning to shift.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

Aryan continues his story beside Shankar, who listens calmly, hands steady on the wheel.

ARYAN

That morning... after getting off the train at Hubli,
I boarded a bus heading to Siddharooda Math.
Spent ₹20 on the ticket...
Had ₹110 with me. That was all.

When the bus reached the math, I got down...
And I just stood there — looking at the place.

It felt... sacred.

But before I could even take it in properly,
...I caught my own smell.

I smelled like a beggar, Shankar.

I hadn't bathed in days.

My clothes were stiff, stained, and I felt filthy — inside and out.

All I had was a bag...

One extra pair of clothes...

A blanket

and a tiny jhumki —

a little earring I had bought for someone special.

I thought we would always be there together.

But we got separated... before I could give it.

I still carried it.

I don't know why.

Maybe... I just wasn't ready to let go.

I found a water tap inside.

I took a bucket, sat down... and bathed.

Not just bathed — I scrubbed.

Hard.

It wasn't just dirt I was trying to wash off —

...it was guilt, regret, failure... everything.

Then I washed the clothes I had worn,

...and changed into the only clean pair I had.

Another ₹20 gone. Left with ₹90.

I hung the washed clothes nearby to dry,
...and then... I walked into the temple.

And there...

I saw him for the first time.

Sri Sadguru Siddharooda Swami.

The man who built that place.
People call him "Ajja"... with so much love.

I didn't know much about him —
But the moment I saw his statue...
...my legs slowed down. My chest felt heavy.

I closed my eyes.
Folded my hands.

And said, *Om Namah Shivaya*.

It wasn't just a prayer.
It felt like... surrender.

(pause)

A few minutes later, I noticed the math serves food three times a day.
Anna dāna — prasāda — for anyone who walks in.

I stepped into the dining area.
Took my place on the floor with others.

And when they served food...

Shankar, I swear —

...I ate like I was seeing food for the first time in my life.

I didn't care what it was.

I was weak... dizzy from hunger...

That meal didn't just fill my stomach —

It gave me back a piece of my strength.

Maybe even a little hope.

Shankar gives a small nod, his expression unreadable — but something in his eyes glows quietly.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

The sky outside is still dark. Aryan sits beside Shankar, who drives silently, listening.

Aryan's voice is calm now — heavy, but peaceful — as he continues his story.

ARYAN

After that meal... I stepped outside.

And I saw a blood donation bus parked near the gate.

I don't know why, but I just walked up to it.

They gave me a form. I filled it. Donated my blood.

I had nothing to offer the world.

But that one act... felt like something.

Like maybe I was worth at least that much.

Then I went to check the clothes I'd washed.

Still wet.

I didn't know where to go, so I walked into this beautiful old hall inside the math...

They call it Kailasa Mantapa.

Ajja — Sri Siddharooda Swami — had built it during his time there.

People say he used to sit there and talk about life, God, truth...

Every evening, bhajans and keertans happen there.

I sat quietly... in one corner...

Just watching people come in and go out.

And time... just passed.

Before I knew it... it was night.

That math — it's not just a temple, you know...

It's a home for lost people like me.

Devotees who travel long distances... they just sleep outside the Kailasa Mantapa.

Under the open sky.

So I did the same.

Used my bag as a pillow.

Layed down on the floor.

And covered myself with the blanket I had.

(shakes head, smiling softly)

And you won't believe it, Shankar...

That was the best sleep I've had in my entire life.

No noise.

No fear.

No guilt chasing me in my dreams.

Just... silence.

Like the whole sky was protecting me.

Next morning — at 4 AM — the security guards woke everyone up.

Pooja starts early at the math.

They played this beautiful song over the speakers... loud, clear, powerful.

What surprised me even more... it was sung by none other than Dr. Rajkumar — a legend — who was also a devotee of Ajja..

I woke up, washed my face at the tap, and walked back to the temple.

And when I stood in front of Ajja's statue...

I don't know what came over me...

I just applied vibhoothi on my forehead...

(folds his hands slowly, in memory)

...and said, *Om Namah Shivaya*.

(pause)

That moment...

It felt like the first time I was really alive.

Shankar (Shiva) quietly looks ahead, a soft knowing smile forming on his lips.

He doesn't speak — but his silence says everything.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - DAY

The sun is higher now. The lorry hums down the long road.

Aryan turns slightly toward Shankar, continuing his story with a softer voice — calmer, steadier.

ARYAN

After a while... just being there...

Something inside me began to settle.

The noise in my head, the guilt, the restlessness...

I sat alone one evening in a corner of the math and thought —

How many mistakes have I made...

All because of stupidity...

Overthinking...

And urgency.

So I prayed.

To Ajja.

I didn't ask for comfort.

I just said, *"If there's still a way to fix even a little of this... I need knowledge. Show me the way."*

(pause)

After that, I started walking around the math a lot.

There's peace in that place...
Even the silence feels like it's talking to you.

Two days later...
While sitting near Kailasa Mantapa, I noticed something above —
A small library on the first floor, just next to it.

I had never really been into books, Shankar...
But something pulled me in.

I went inside.

And my eyes went straight to it —
The Bhagavad Gita.

A sacred copy.
Golden letters on a red cover.

I took it. Sat down.
And started reading.

Day after day... I found myself there.
Morning to evening... I stayed in that library.

And the librarian —
an old man, maybe 55 or so...
kind eyes... simple man —
He started noticing me.

We became close.
We didn't talk much at first — but then we did,

Through that book...
I started understanding *life*.

About *dharma*.
About the mind, and how it plays with you.
About anger... and detachment.

After finishing the Gita, I made a decision...
I started evaluating myself — seriously.

How I behave.
Why I get angry.
What triggers me.
What I eat... what I say... how I feel.

One by one...
Day by day...
I started to take control — over my emotions, my body, my reactions.

(pause)

This Gita reminds me of someone very special Shankar listen to this
very carefully

ARYAN (softly, eyes distant):

There was one more person in my life — a little one. Very innocent...
very special.
I used to share everything with her... every thought, every feeling.
But because of my mistakes, I lost even her.

I couldn't face her...
Because she was not just someone I spoke to —
She was a part of my life.

I can't say much about her now.
 But maybe you'll understand what she meant to me...
 just through these few words I've spoken.

I remember once telling her...
 "I want to read the Bhagavad Gita and help people understand its
 meaning."

And today, I see that becoming real in my life...
 But she's not here anymore. I've lost that connection.
 And when I think about it —
 I feel like... back then, I wasn't even human.
 Because I had hurt someone so pure, so kind.

(A long Pause)

I don't know what she must be thinking of me now...
 Maybe she hates me — more than she's ever hated anything in her life.
 And if she does... I won't blame her.
 Because I gave her every reason to.

Aryan pauses for a while and Continues

"When I came to the matha and started noticing the surroundings...
 my eyes paused on something old, yet powerful —
 an **Akhanda Bharatha** map, not like the one we see today,
 but a vision of a united, undivided land.

Drawn across it...
 was the path Ajja once walked —
*Kashmir to Kanyakumari... the Himalayas to the Shakti Peetha in
 Pakistan —*
 a journey not by vehicle... but on foot.
 And with each step,

he whispered the divine Panchakshara —
'Om Namah Shivaya.'

I stood frozen in thought,
 wondering... *Why did he do all this?*
 Why leave behind his home, his parents, his comfort —
 for a life of wandering? What did he get after doing all this?

That answer...
 it didn't come from any person —
 it came to me through the *Bhagavad Gita*,
 where Krishna speaks of the *sthithi* of a true *saadhu*,
 one who walks not to escape,
 but to merge... with truth.

And as I read,
 I began to *feel* who Ajja truly was.
 They say he could *bend time*,
 heal the sick,
 began the *Anna Prasada* that still nourishes thousands daily —
 all without asking for anything in return.

Ajja was a reminder...
 that the human body — this gift of nature —
 can be a bridge to the divine,
 if we just learn how to live rightly.

He never forced rituals,
 never demanded offerings.
 He simply said —
"Be true to yourself.
Chant 'Om Namah Shivaya' with a clean heart.
That is enough."

And then... one day...

Just as I closed the *Gita* after finishing it...

...my eyes fell on another book.

It had a glow... almost like it was waiting.

Atharvana Veda.

Shankar...

That book...

with thousands of shlokas and their meanings taught me much, life on this planet and secrets which are meant to be just known

For more than ten days, I kept reading the *Atharvana Veda*.

Same library.

Same corner.

Same sleeping spot near the Kailasa Mantapa.

And these books gave me the answers for all my questions and I knew the knowledge that I asked was given to me through them.

Shankar glances at Aryan, his eyes filled with deep stillness — as if he already knows.

A small smile touches the corner of his lips... but he says nothing.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - DAY

The road outside glides past gently. The light has softened.

Aryan continues his story — his voice more reflective now, a hint of gratitude beneath the weariness.

ARYAN

By that time...

The ₹90 I had left was gone.

I had nothing.

It was Shravana masa — the devotional month.

Crowds grew bigger every day.

The month when devotion overflows.

Devotees from villages near and far would arrive — walking, doing paadayatre... only for Ajja.

They'd come... sit inside Kailasa Mantapa... and begin their bhajans.

Different people. Different songs.

One feeling... one faith.

Those days, I felt what a true community of god feels like."

And those people who came from far-off villages...

they always brought food with them — what we in Uttara Karnataka call *buthi*.

Sometimes, I would just sit beside them and softly ask, "Amma... can I get a roti?"

And they never said no.

With all their love, they would offer food — like I was one of their own.

"Shankar... this *Shravana Maasa* was something else.

Every Monday evening felt like a divine celebration.

People would come, quietly, but with so much devotion —

They'd sit inside the *Kailasa Mantapa*, filling the space with calm.

There was this one man... his voice stood out.
He would lead the bhajan — and the rest would follow.
Each word he sang carried something *beyond sound*... it had power.
Like it was directly touching everyone's soul.

And you know what moved me the most?
In the beginning, Ajja's idol would be *covered* — hidden behind a
curtain of flowers.
But as the bhajan neared its end... slowly, they would *unveil* him.

That moment, Shankar... I can't explain it.
It was like the whole room held its breath.
As if *Ajja* was right there, smiling at us.

I stood there, *watching all of it*, soaking it in —

That wasn't just a ritual.
It was grace... a glimpse of something far beyond words."

And... the rainy season had started.

If it rained at night, the security guards would let us sleep inside the
mantapa.

If it didn't... I'd sleep outside.

And there began this strange rhythm...

When it rained, the stone floor inside would turn ice cold.

When it didn't... the ground outside was still warm from the sun.

This constant switch — hot, cold, cold, hot...

My body couldn't take it.

One night... I felt a strange pain inside — like something was wrong.
My body temperature shot up.

I started shivering.

It wasn't just cold... it was weakness.

Exhaustion.

I couldn't take it anymore.

That night... I just sat under the mantapa steps, hunched, and whispered to Ajja...

"Please... I need a bed tonight. Just one night. Somewhere warm."

I didn't know what I was doing — but my legs took me toward the rooms near the math.

And then I saw it.

Room No. 223.

The door was open.

There was no one inside.

I stood there for a moment.

Folded my hands and prayed again...

"Ajja... please let me sleep here tonight.

Let no one see me.

Let me just rest... without fear."

And I stepped inside.

No one came.

No one saw me.

I curled up with my blanket and closed my eyes.

For the first time in many nights...

I didn't shiver.

I didn't dream.

I just... rested.

Next morning... I woke up.

The light was already in the room — it was 7 AM.

But I wasn't panicked.

I felt... better.

Stronger.

My body didn't hurt anymore.

And I just sat there for a minute... looking up...

...and said softly — "*Thank you, Ajja.*"

Shankar (Shiva) doesn't speak. But there's a stillness in him — like he knows exactly what that moment meant.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - DAY

Aryan sits beside Shankar, the wind slightly brushing through the open window.

His voice carries both pain and a growing sense of purpose.

ARYAN

A few days later...

While I was sitting near the Kailasa Mantapa, just sitting quietly like always —

A man who had been watching me for days finally walked up to me.

He looked at me for a second... and then said:

"Would you be interested in doing seva?"

Shankar...

I didn't even think.

Didn't ask what or how or where.

I just said — "Yes."

I stood up and followed him.

He took me to a place behind the main temple...

It was the Siddharooda Math's grocery godown office.

That's where devotees offer rice, dal, vegetables —
Simple things, given with devotion.

He asked me my name, where I came from... and why I was here.

I told him the truth — because I had already decided to walk the right path.

But deep down, I was afraid...

What if, after hearing I had left home, he wouldn't let me in?

What if he thought I was a danger — a burden — and asked me to leave?

Would it all become more confusing for him?

But none of that happened.

He didn't question me.

He simply let me in.

He just nodded and said:

"You stay here now.

Do Ajja's seva.

Ajja will take care of you."

And that was it.

That day I understood the real power of truth.

The day ended... and he took me to a new place to sleep.

A room where only seva-kartas — the people who do seva — were allowed to rest.

He handed me a floor mat.

That was my bed.

And for me... that mat was more than enough.

(pause)

But two days later...

Something unexpected happened.

I lost my bag.

My only shelter.

My only backup clothes.

My little blanket.

And the jhumki — that earring I still carried from a past I hadn't fully let go of.

Was Gone.

I checked the CCTV camera with the guards...

We saw someone take it and walk away.

But the security couldn't do much.

And I stood there... just silent.

It hurt — not because the bag had value —

But because it was all I had left in this world.

Now, I had just one pair of clothes — the ones I was wearing.
Even those had started fading... the color washing away slowly.

I felt sad...

But I didn't break.

I looked at myself that night and said —
"Let's face this."

No complaints.

No anger.

Just acceptance.

Because somehow...

I had already started to change.

Shankar (Shiva) glances at Aryan for a moment —
Not with sympathy, but with silent respect.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - EVENING

The golden hour light fills the cabin.

A deep silence hangs between Aryan and Shankar.

Aryan's voice now shifts — it's no longer just storytelling.

It's confession.

Truth.

Awakening.

ARYAN

There was one battle...

That almost destroyed me completely.

Lust.

It's the one thing that eats a man from within.

Takes away his control...

Kills his dignity...

Robs him of his culture... his clarity.

It destroyed me once too, Shankar.

I had no control over my eyes.

Over my thoughts.

Over the feelings that came uninvited.

But I decided — *enough is enough*.

I started chanting Om Namah Shivaya.

Not once or twice —

But every moment.

While walking...

While working...

While sitting...

While taking a bath...

Even while closing my eyes to sleep.

And slowly...

It started to change something inside.

I began walking with my eyes on the floor.

Stopped myself from looking at women.

Not out of shame...

But out of discipline.

You know, Shankar... after practicing a few things — chanting, self-discipline, and silence — something changed in me.

Slowly... I started looking at women differently.
 Not as objects, not through desire... but with respect — pure, sacred.
 My eyes, they met only their eyes. Nothing else.
 There was no emotion... no urge... no second thought. Just Respect.
 Every woman i addressed as amma — from a little girl to an elderly
 mother.
 And that's when I truly realized...
 I wasn't the same man anymore. I was transforming."

(pause)

I learnt this...
 From the books I read in that little library.
 And from a painting on the wall that said:
 "Dehave Devalaya... Aathmane Paramathma."
This body is a temple... and the soul inside is God.

That one line... it changed me.

All those days at Siddharooda Math —
 I was away from the outside world.
 No phone.
 No social media.
 No noise.

You know, I used to smoke cigarettes
 And consume alcohol.

But Ajja's wisdom taught me something:

Even a single drop of poison —
 ...can kill the soul, which is the purest form in this world.

When we toxicate the body —
Man or woman —
We're destroying the God that lives inside.

You know Shankar...
The pain I caused to people around me — it didn't just disappear.
I lived through that pain too...
Days that felt like punishment... full of anxiety, guilt, silence and
loneliness

I used to sit for hours... thinking, blaming, cursing myself.
And to escape that storm inside me...
I smoked — one after another like a maniac.
Even when my lungs begged me to stop, coughing like I'd choke to
death...
I lit another one.

Go to the doctor... take medicine... then step out and smoke again.
What madness was that?

Now when I look back —
I ask myself — what did I really get out of that?
Nothing.

And alcohol? Same story... no good.
finish a meal — food that's like *amrutha* — divine nectar...
And immediately light a cigarette — poison.
What was I doing, Shankar?

While drinking — I'd take poison first... and then food.
I laugh now... not because it's funny.
But because I survived that madness."

So I gave it all up.

Everything.

Not just cigarettes.

Not just alcohol.

But everything that was toxic —

...to my body, my thoughts, my energy, my soul.

I promised myself that I will follow this till my last breath

And Being born a vegetarian felt like a blessing life had gifted me right from the start.

Because now I knew...

Shiva — the Paramathma — is not somewhere else.

He lives inside me.

And I had to make my body

...a place where He would want to stay.

You know Shankar...

Whatever it is we're all struggling with —

Family, emotions, love, loneliness, confusion —

I've come to realize something...

Take time.

Clear your body.

Cleanse your soul.

Make it pure.

That's enough.

When we do that, He — the One — He walks with us.

He smoothens the path.

And if something difficult still comes our way...
it's not to punish us.
It's to teach us.

Whether it's joy or sorrow,
the one who learns to accept things as they are —
they become unshakable.

This is what everyone truly needs.
Not more rules, not more rituals...

No mantras, no japa, no tapa, no rigid sadhana...
Just a clean heart.

That's all.

Seva — that's your sadhana.
Helping others.
And even something as simple, as powerful, as donating blood.

That too... is divine.

And the one who becomes this...
who truly purifies both body and soul —

He has no fear.
Not of death...
Not of birth...
Not even of rebirth.

He lives without clinging to anything —
no shame, no regret, no pride.

Even his health stays strong,
because when the body is clean,

when the mind is silent,
when there's no more poison inside —

No disease dares enter.
No suffering clings in old age.
He doesn't face a painful death.
Instead, he leaves peacefully,
like a flame returning to the sun.

That... is the blessing of living the right way.
That... is what He gives us,
without asking for anything in return.

And whoever is married and wishes for a child —
they must first understand the true meaning of giving life.
A child is not just born from the body, but also carries the soul's
imprint of the parents' nature.
That's why, before becoming parents, one must go through a phase of
deep inner correction — cleansing thoughts, habits, and speech.

Because babies are born with their parents' qualities —
they cry without reason, they wake anytime, they test patience.
Raising them with love, not anger, is the real challenge.
They'll be naughty, they'll make mistakes — but lifting your hand is not
the answer.
Patience, understanding, and presence — that is real parenting.

*Shankar... one thing I now hold as truth, deeper than anything else — is
that there is only One God."*

**"Basavanna said it... 'Devanobba, nāma halavu' — the God is one,
names are many."**

*"We see the Sun — blazing, waking up the world with fire and life... And
we see the Moon — calming, cooling, reflecting that same fire with*

peace. They teach us balance... difference between light and darkness... giving and receiving."

"And then... there's the One we cannot see."

"Paramāthma."

"The still one, the silent one, the witness in every breath. The one who stays not in just temples or mosques, churches or gurdwaras... but in every living being, in every atom of this cosmos."

"He's only One. And the only way to know Him... is to see Him in everything."

(Aryan looks at the stars above.)

"That... is the real vision."

Shankar (Shiva) slowly turns his eyes toward Aryan.

For a split second, there's more than just a smile — there's divine approval.

But he says nothing.

Because Aryan... has already understood.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - NIGHT

The sky outside is dark now. Streetlights pass by one after another like fading memories.

The truck is quiet. Aryan sits in stillness, his voice softer than before — almost breaking.

ARYAN

It had been a month...

Since I left home.

No calls.

No messages.

No idea if they even thought I was alive.

And then one evening...

I felt the urge.

The weight in my chest just got too heavy.

I borrowed someone's phone at the math...

Dialed my father's number.

First call — no answer.

Second call — he picked up.

I said, *"Appa... it's me."*

There was silence...

Then he asked — *"Where are you? How are you?"*

And before I could say much, he said:

"The people you owe money to...

They're coming to our house now.

They're threatening us.

They're asking us to file a police complaint against you."

(pause)

I didn't know what to say.

I just told him —

"I'm in Hubli... at Siddharooda Math.

It's been a month.

Can I come home?"

And he replied:

"If you come back... we don't know what's going to happen how will these people react.

You just stay there.

I'll speak to your mother and call you tomorrow."

(pause - Aryan looks out the truck window)

You know, Shankar...

That was the house I lived in for 28 years.

My home.

And I had to ask... if I was allowed to come back.

That night... I didn't sleep.

I just lay under the stars... staring.

Not at the sky. But at everything I had lost.

The next day, I called again.

He picked up... and he said:

"You can't come back.

It's not safe.

Stay there only."

And my mother...

She didn't talk to me.

(pause - Aryan swallows hard)

I asked about my sister and brother in law.

She's married... they have two kids.

Those two kids...

Shankar, I saw them from birth.

Held them.

Fed them.

Played with them like they were my own.

"I loved both of them a lot... they were such lovely kids.

To be honest, after coming here,

it's their memories that have stayed with me more than anyone else.

They come to my mind every single day —

more than I ever expected."

I loved all of them Amma appa sister brother in law and their kids but

I was very weak in expressing them showing them physically.

My brother in law and my sister , they are good people

I asked how they were doing.

I asked about Amma's health.

Then I cut the call.

And for the first time since coming to the math...

My eyes filled up.

Tears I had held back for a month...

They finally came.

Because I realized...

That was it.

I can't go back.

Not now.

Maybe not ever.

My home...

Wasn't home anymore.

So I just walked.

One step at a time...

Through that pain.

"We boys... we're like this only.

We love our parents — deeply.

But when it comes to *Amma*...

That love becomes something else. Quiet... deep... unspoken.

We don't always know how to say it.

So we hide it behind silence, behind small gestures.

But it's always there —

Louder than words, just waiting to be felt."

Shankar (Shiva) remains silent — but his hand gently adjusts the steering, steady and divine.

He doesn't offer words. Just presence.

And sometimes... that's more powerful than comfort.

AJJA - The Learning

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - NIGHT

The hum of the road continues. The lights pass slowly outside.
Aryan speaks, quieter now, but more grounded — no bitterness, only honesty.

ARYAN

Since I had lost my bag...
I had only one pair of clothes.

So every morning... I'd go to the tap area where all the seva volunteers bathe.

There was this one spot —
Right under the pipe where water fell like a waterfall.

That's where I stood.
Clothes on.
Just let the water hit me.

(pause)

If it was a sunny day, I'd stand in the sun to dry.
If it was raining, which it often was during that season...
I'd quietly go near the boiler room.

That place had three huge boilers —
They used firewood to make steam for cooking in the math kitchen.

The heat from those fires...
That's what I used to dry my clothes.

People saw me.
They knew I had nothing.
No one judged me — they just... understood.

And slowly...
That dress I wore —
The only one I had —
It began to fade.
Losing colour...
Thread by thread.

(pause)

Then one day —
A man who also did seva at the math came up to me.

He said, *"You want to work?"*

I said, *"Yes."*

No questions.
I just followed him.

He took me to a house nearby.
Someone was shifting furniture.

Just the two of us — we lifted, shifted, cleaned up.
It took hours.

By the end of it...
They handed me ₹500.

(pause - Aryan smiles faintly)

That was the first time in over a month I saw money in my hand.

It wasn't much.

But to me... it felt like a new beginning.

I didn't feel poor.

I felt... useful.

We came back to the math quietly that day.

No celebrations.

Just peace.

Shankar... there's something magical about that *prasadha* at the matha.

Every single day, I ate the same food.

And still... the next day, I *wait* for it — *crave* for it.

That taste isn't just food... it's grace. It's Ajja's miracle.

And what truly amazes me —

There's not a single salaried person in the dining hall.

Morning, noon, or night... someone always comes.

They just *show up* — like it's their calling.

A silent rhythm flows there.

Even little kids come and serve with devotion.

No one questions, no one expects.

It's not a system built by rules — it's built by love for Ajja.

This place doesn't run *because* of anyone.

It runs *through* everyone — and through Ajja.

That's the miracle."

Shankar (Shiva) glances sideways — the faintest smile on his lips, like a father watching his child grow without needing to intervene.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

The sky outside has hints of dawn. The silence is comforting.
Aryan speaks slowly now — this memory carries peace, like a small blessing he still holds close.

ARYAN

That night... after seva, I was tired.
I came to my usual sleeping spot and lay down.

And that's when I saw him.

A man in kesari clothes, dressed like a saadu.
Long hair, tied loosely...
A bamboo stick next to him...
His skin was dark... but his face had a glow — like it had seen lifetimes.

He was sleeping...
But I couldn't stop staring.
There was something about him... that stilled me.

Then he suddenly woke up.

I quickly looked away.
But then, I looked back... and asked softly:

"Who are you? Where are you from?"

And just like that... he spoke.

He told me his name, his path, where he'd travelled from...
I shared mine too.

We sat there, under the night sky...
Talking about life, God, the mind, the illusion of control...
It didn't feel like we were strangers.
It felt like we already knew.

Later... we both slept.

Next morning, I woke up early and gently woke him up too.
I said, "*Ajja, let's have some tea.*"

We walked to the tea stall.
Two cups. No words. Just sips.

Then I asked him if he'd like to take a shower.

At first, he hesitated.
But then, he agreed.

I took him to the common tap where all of us seva-kartas bathe.

He watched me step under the water with my clothes still on.

He looked confused and asked — "*Why like this?*"

I smiled... and told him the story.
How I had lost my bag.
How this was the only dress I had.
How I bathe and dry it every day.

He didn't say much.
But after our bath, he quietly opened his bag.

He took out a kesari towel and a simple dhotra.

And said:

"Here. Wear this until your clothes dry.
And keep them with you. From today, they're yours."

(pause - Aryan's eyes lower slightly)

That was the first time...
Since I had lost everything...
That someone gave me clothes to wear.

Not as charity.

Not as pity.

But with respect.

Shankar (Shiva) listens silently, almost smiling — his eyes soft, knowing something Aryan doesn't yet.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - AFTERNOON

The truck rolls gently down the road. Sunlight glows across the windshield.

Aryan speaks, with quiet strength and clarity — a man slowly becoming whole.

ARYAN

With time, we became close — the sadhu and I.

We spent most of our days talking.

Not small talk... real things.

Life. Karma. Detachment.

How a man can live in this world... without losing himself.

I was still looking for work.

Not just to survive...

But to repay what I had taken.
To slowly start sending something home.

One evening, he looked at me and said:

"I have to leave.
We don't stay long in one place.
But come with me for a while —
Until you find your footing."

I said yes.

Next morning, we left.
First by train.
Then by auto.

Our destination — **Ambha Matha, in Sindhanur.**
A temple up on a hill. Quiet. Distant. Sacred.

We reached at 2 PM.
Met a few other sadhus there.
Simple souls. Peaceful faces.

"Shankar... listen carefully,
There's something most people don't speak about — not even those who
wear saffron robes and chant the names of gods.

When a man begins walking away from the noise of the world... when his
desires start falling away... a new silence is born within him. That
silence — it gives birth to a *saadhu*.

But no one tells you... that this is when the real danger begins.
Because desire doesn't die. It transforms.
It no longer calls itself pleasure, wealth, or attachment.

It now whispers in your ear:

'Come seek power. Come taste control. Come hold the dark.'

And that dark... it wears a mask.

It comes in the form of sacred chants, rituals, hidden mantras, ancient symbols...

Tantra. Yantra. Mantra.

It promises miracles. It tempts you with strength.

But in truth... it is poison covered in gold.

That's when the saadhu must rise — not against the world, but against himself.

He must look into his own heart and ask:

'What do I serve — the light, or the shadow disguised as god?'

And the answer... must come not from the lips, but from the **soul**.

He must command every nerve in his body to surrender —

not to darkness,

not to ego,

but only... to **Mahadev**.

Because only Mahadev can guide a man through the forest of his own mind.

Only **Om Namah Shivaya** can protect the one who seeks truth, not power.

This is what Ajja taught me.

Not with words...

but with silence,

with pain,

with love...

and with the fire in his eyes that never blinked before the truth."

"You see, Shankar...

That's why I hold on to **Om Namah Shivaya** — not as a ritual, not as a religion, not even as a practice.

Because **Om Namah Shivaya** asks for nothing.

No rules. No timings. No temples.

You don't need to sit in a certain posture... or face the east...

You don't need incense, fire, or flowers.

You can chant it in pain, in joy, in fear, in silence...

At midnight under the sky...

In the crowd... in the forest...

With a clean heart or a broken one.

Because it's not *for show*.

It's not to please someone sitting above.

It's to remind the self:

'I am not the body... not the ego... I am the soul... and I bow to that Supreme Truth.'

Om Namah Shivaya...

It doesn't bind you.

It *frees* you.

And in a world where even the path to god is sold in rituals and rules, this is the only one that tells you:

You are enough.

Just *bow*.

And keep walking... into the light."

That day passed gently.

Night came and went like a whisper.

And the next morning — before sunrise —
He woke me up.

Took me to the upper side of the hill.
We climbed... in silence.

And from there —
I saw one of the most beautiful sunrises of my life.

It wasn't just sunlight.
It was a reminder.
That no matter how lost you are...
A new beginning always comes.

He asked me,
"What do you want now?"

I started speaking
**"I want to live this life the right way.
Not the easy way.

Sometimes I feel like disappearing...
Going up north into the Himalayas.
Staying in silence forever.

But I know I can't run.

Because my karma won't leave me.

First... I have to make things right.
Return what I owe.
Face what I caused.

Only then... I can walk freely."**

And karma... it's like gravity.
 Whatever we throw into the world — kindness or cruelty —
 It will come back to us, exactly as we gave it.

You know why we're gifted with *tomorrow*?
 It's so we can *forget* what we shouldn't carry — ego, anger, grudges.
 It's so we can *learn* from yesterday's mistakes...
 And *prepare* ourselves for the return of what we've done.

That's karma...
 And that's the rhythm of life."

He listened, then said:

**"You're right.
 A man must be strong —
 Only then will God walk beside him.

And you...
 You're walking that path now.
 You have blessings behind you.
 Things will take time...
 But they *will* come together."**

TRUCK - MOMENT OF STILLNESS

Shankar (Shiva) glances at Aryan.
 Not with surprise — but with quiet pride.
 The devotee has chosen the path...
 And that's all that matters.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

The road hums. Sunlight flickers through the trees.

Aryan speaks with calm intensity — his voice no longer heavy, but awakened.

ARYAN

Then he asked me —

"What did you really learn in all these days?"

And I said...

"The first thing I understood... was about this body and the soul.

This soul that's inside me —

It's not new.

It has taken many forms, over many lifetimes.

It has had many mothers, many fathers, many bodies.

And now... it has come again —

In this human form.

This version. This life.

If this soul wants to break the cycle,

If it wants to leave this world and never come back into any form —

There's only one way.

Live the right way.

Completely. Truthfully.

Without compromise."

I paused... and told him more:

"In this world...
Nothing is really ours.
Not even the smallest stone.

Everything we have —
Is a gift.
Borrowed from the divine...
Temporarily placed in our hands."**

(pause - Aryan's eyes reflect pain and clarity)

**"And look at us...

We aren't taught this.

Today's parents...
They don't teach children who God is.
They just teach a few mantras... a few rituals.
Pray, fold hands, ask for blessings.
But no one teaches —
Why we are here.
How to live.
How to realise the one who created us.

Why?

Because they were never taught either.

It's a generational mistake we're repeating."**

Shankar (Shiva) listens — his eyes fixed on the road, but his presence fully with Aryan.

ARYAN (Continued)

"Today, all we care about is money.

Parents compare one child with another —

Push them harder... to earn more... to achieve more...

But no one asks:

'At what cost?'

We're raising children for temporary success.

But not for permanent peace.

No one teaches how to be still.

How to be kind to your own soul.

Everyone talks about competition.

But no one talks about contentment.

And we the childrens when we grow up we do the same mistake we look at others and compare ourself and we start running in the same path.

And the saddest part?

We don't even realise this."

(pause - Aryan's tone turns softer)

**"I had no mobile.

No distractions.

Nothing to scroll.

And that gave me time —

Time to think...

To feel...

To understand...

To tear down this ego,

To soften this attachment. And think about everything that's around us
and this body.

We live in boundaries —

Of caste, pride, status, titles.

We never cross the one boundary we must:

The boundary within."

He breathes deep. A quiet pause.

ARYAN (Continued)

"We're all just a herd of sheep,

Walking without direction.

And I...

I consider myself lucky.

Because it took my own mother —

To say those sharp words and push me away...

To make me see...

That I was living inside a dark room...

And now...

I've seen light."

TRUCK - MOMENT OF SILENCE

Shankar (Shiva) doesn't reply.
But a faint smile appears.
As if the disciple has just stepped into *real knowledge*.
As if his journey has truly begun.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - SUNSET

The sky outside turns gold. A breeze flows through the open window.
Aryan speaks slowly now — not like he's telling a story, but like he's remembering a vow.

ARYAN

Everything I've learned...

Every step I've taken toward truth...

It all began with Ajja.

I watched how he lived.

I read, listened, observed...

And slowly I understood...

Ajja wasn't just a man.

He was something else.

(pause - voice softens)

And one day I said to him —

"Now I'm far from everyone.

There's no one left.

You... are all I have."

I told him...

"You are my father.

You are my mother.

You are my friend.

My family. My only truth."

And Ajja didn't let go of me.

He held my hand — not in the way people do in the world...

But in silence...

Through seva...

Through tests...

Through work that broke my ego down to dust.

At his place, I did everything...

I lifted heavy grocery sacks that devotees donated.

I swept the surroundings — cleaned every path like it was my own home.

I served prasadha in the dining hall —

Watching hungry devotees eat like children at God's table.

I went to the cow shelter, fed the cattle, cleaned the area...

Whatever seva came my way —

I didn't look at what it was.

I just did it.

Fully.

Quietly.

With my whole heart.

I expected nothing in return.

No name.

No position.

No recognition.

Only pure intent —

Because I wasn't doing it for anyone else.

I was doing it for Ajja.

And that...

That changed me.

(pause - Aryan looks down, deeply moved)

Ajja tested me many times.

He gave me the heaviest tasks...

Made me bend... sweat... struggle...

Just to see —

Will I run again?

Will I give up like before?

Or will I stand?

And I had already decided...

This time —

I won't fail.

This life...

Isn't for running anymore.

It's for standing still,

And walking forward — no matter how hard the path.

And honestly...

I can't explain Ajja in words.

He's not something words can hold.

He's more than that.

He's... everything I was meant to meet.

And here, in the Matha, no one called me by my name.

They simply called me by the place I came from — "Bengluru."

I had lost everything... yet somehow, in this quiet place, I had gained something new — a name, an identity, a fresh beginning.

I never corrected anyone. In fact, it felt warm to hear.

Strange, isn't it?

From that day on, I was no longer Aryan.

Everyone knew me as "Bengluru."

AND The Truths I learnt from all this

What Is True Spirituality?

Not floating in air.

Not speaking in riddles.

Not escaping the world.

Spirituality is living life — the right way.

Respecting the outer nature —

The trees, the rivers, the sky, the animals, the soil beneath our feet.

And respecting the inner nature —

This body, this breath, this mind, this sacred vessel gifted to us.

Keeping both of them clean.

Clear.

Pure.
Honest.

That is spiritual.
That is truth.
That is enough.

What Is Sadhana, Really?

Sadhana is not a ritual.
It is not bound to time or date.
It is not something you "do" everyday, once a week or on full moons.

Sadhana is life.

It is how you live,
How you treat others,
How you speak,
How you eat,
How you breathe.

It is your daily honesty.
Your inner clarity.
Your respect for outer nature — and your own body.

That is true sadhana.

And Who is Guru?

Not the one who performs.
Not the one who promises power or heaven.
Not the one who says, *"Come to me and I will be inside you."*

The real Guru is the one who:

- Shows you *nothing*, but leads you to everything inside.
- Doesn't impress you — but awakens you.
- Doesn't try to enter your soul — but helps you see who's already there.

The real Guru... is **Arivu**.

Consciousness.

Awareness.

That silent watcher within you that never sleeps.

That sees your thoughts even before you act on them.

That knows the truth, even when you're afraid to face it.

- This **Arivu** — this awareness — is not outside you.

It is you.

It is **Mahadev** in his purest form.

No body. No voice. No need for recognition

So be careful who you call a guru.

Be careful what you follow.

Not all who speak of light... are walking in it."

Two Kinds of Guru

There are People with all the right knowledge —

But they use it for the wrong reasons.

They teach to control.

They teach to build followers, not to set people free.

And then there are people —

Real ones — who also know everything,

But they give the truth with honesty,

With no performance. No greed. No masks.

Ajja was one of them.

Aryan Continues

"In that library... I once thought of reading the Bible and the Quran.
I opened them... read just the very first lines.
And I closed them.

Because even in that very beginning — both books had already told me
what God truly is.
It was enough. It was clear.

And the ***Bhagavad Gita*** says the same.
Just like how ***Basavanna*** said — '***Devanobba, naama halavu.***'
There is only one God... we just call Him by many names.
Sabka Malik Ek, said ***Sai Baba***. It all means the same.

The divine has been telling us again and again — in every language, in
every form, across every age...
But we don't hear it.
We see... but we don't *look*.

Sometimes I wonder...
I had heard all of this before.
All these years, it was there — right in front of me.
But I never tried to *understand* it deeply.

And that's where most souls are stuck.
They know... but they don't awaken."

Aryan (narrating, softly):

"After reading those sacred texts... something struck me.

**Just like every machine comes with a user manual,
explaining how to operate it, care for it, Maintain it...**

We humans too were given one.
The *Vedas*, the *Bhagavad Gita* and others they are our manuals.

Carefully written not by hands, but by consciousness itself —
To teach us how to live, how to think, how to rise above ourselves.

And yet... we ignored them.

We shelved them.

We passed through generations like passengers with no map...

Repeating the same mistakes,

Falling into the same holes —

Because we never read the manual written for our soul."

Aryan Pauses for a while

The Signs

There are moments in life we live blindly —
and only later, they reveal their meaning like a forgotten page in a
sacred book.

Before I ever came here...

before my life took this unexpected turn,

I had uploaded one last photo on Instagram.

And then, I disappeared — from the world, from myself.

Much later, when I borrowed someone's phone and logged in again,
that same post stood there, silently waiting.

It was a photo from *Murudeshwara* —

I was standing in front, smiling, posing... just another memory.

But behind me — grand, still, divine —
stood **God Shiva**, watching over me.

I didn't notice it then.

I didn't *feel* it.

But now, after walking this path,
after learning, falling, praying, rising again...
that photo whispers something deeper to me:

"Look... I was right behind you, all along."

Not just in that picture, Shankar —
But in every moment of pain, confusion, and longing.
Shiva was there. Silent. Patient.

And now I know...
Sometimes the signs are already with us.
But we only see them when our eyes are ready —
When the heart is quiet enough to listen

Future

Everyone wants to see the future, plan for it, dream about it.
But the truth is — the future isn't tomorrow. It's *yesterday*.

Our future doesn't lie ahead of us... it lies *behind*.
Somewhere in the past, we've already *felt* it, *seen* it —
And today, when it happens, we whisper to ourselves —
'I think... I knew this moment would come.'

Strange, right? Confusing even...
Aryan smiles.
But this is how life is.

Water — The Forgotten Medicine

Without food, a person can survive for days.
But without water... life cannot go on.

When this planet was created, and life had to begin —
 Water was like a sacred medicine,
 A divine liquid where healing could dissolve, flow, and nurture.
 Water was the carrier... of life itself.

While reading through the old scriptures in the matha library,
 I came across ancient truths —
 Mantras, powerful ones, meant to activate the healing properties of
 water.
 It made me wonder...
 What knowledge we had once held, we've now forgotten.

Maybe... God has stopped sending such souls —
 Those who could chant, touch, and turn water into medicine.
 Maybe we've drifted too far.

But I deeply believe, Shankar —
 There's *no* disease on this Earth without a cure.
 It's not that the cures don't exist...
 It's just that we don't remember *how* to find them anymore.

We lost the way... not the medicine.

Maharshi Bhagiratha performed intense tapasya — years of unwavering
 devotion — to bring Maa Ganga to this earth...
 And today, look at us...
 We have forgotten the value of that sacred flow.
 We pollute what was once worshipped,
 We neglect what was once earned through lifetimes of penance."

Yagna — The Fire Within

Long ago, the great rishis performed many kinds of yagnas —
 Sacred fire rituals under the open skies.

They called upon nature...
 To bring rain when the land was dry,
 To remove obstacles,
 To heal communities,
 To restore balance in the world around them.

But there is one more yagna...
 A deeper, quieter one —
Manoyagna.

This is the yagna of the *mind and soul*.
 Not done with flames outside... but with fire inside.
 It's a ritual where we burn our impurities,
 Where we take a strict vow —
 To cleanse ourselves...
 To face the truths we hide...
 And to walk a path of discipline and respect,
 Without breaking our own inner rules.

Manoyagna is not asking *from* nature.
 It is restoring the *nature within us*.

And if done sincerely...
 Even the storms outside begin to calm.

Fear

we humans —
 We aren't really afraid of what we do, are we?

Not the lies we tell,
 Not the sins we commit,
 Not even the hurt we cause.

But you know what truly frightens us?

It's when nature itself turns against us.
 When the skies darken enough to swallow the light...
 When the oceans roar loud enough to silence our pride...

That's when we remember how small we are.
 That's when we feel death brush against our skin.

Otherwise, we walk this earth like we own it.
 We poison the very body we live in —
 Even when it says clearly: *This is dangerous. This will kill you.*

But we don't stop.
 Because fear doesn't come from wisdom...
 It comes only when the earth reminds us who's in charge."

WHY ME

there's one question that traps most of us —
 "*Why me?*"
 That's the biggest blunder we all make.

It's all *karma* — the result of our actions, or even our parents' actions.
 Yes, it's true...
 What the parents do, children might have to face.
 And what children do, the parents might end up paying for.
 This is the *niyama* — the rule of life

This continues with karma

KARMA

human life is seen as the **pivot point** in the karmic cycle —
Because only in the human form we:

- **Consciously create karma**
- **Consciously dissolve karma**
- And are gifted with **viveka** (discernment) — the ability to know right from wrong.

As I began to truly understand life, this world, and the weight of karma,

I found myself stuck —
thinking for hours, torn between pain and clarity.

But slowly, the truth revealed itself:

Human birth is not ordinary.

It is the *central state of karma* —
where what we do, think, and feel becomes the blueprint for what returns.

And after we leave this body,
the karma we've built follows us into other lives,
in other forms,
until balance is restored.

That is why we witness the pain of animals —
the slaughter, the abuse, the suffering.

It is not meaningless.
It is karma in motion.

But the universe has balance —
and so, when a life is being tortured,
a human — someone with awareness —

is sent at a precise moment,
to protect it, to help, to stand between the pain and the innocent. Or
the life is destroyed to change its form to another

Until that moment arrives,
the being must endure,
because karma, once started, must complete its cycle.

It may seem harsh.
It may feel confusing.
But this is the truth.

Prayers

And I even understood how prayers are answered let me tell it with a
simple example

A man works at a company and its been long time since he takes same
salary

One day, he says — *"I want a better salary."*

And he prays. From the heart.

Now, most expect the answer to come in the form of money.
But the divine doesn't work like that.

Instead...

the boss starts giving him more tasks,
asks him to come in on Sundays,
adds pressure, expectations, deadlines,
puts people under his guidance,
increases the weight on his shoulders.

The universe prepares you for it...
But most of us don't realise this is the answer to our own prayer.

We think we're being *punished*,
but really, we're being *tested*.

Because higher pay doesn't come wrapped in a gift box —
It comes as a test. A sharpening. A moulding.

And if he takes it as *punishment*, he fails.
But if he takes it as *preparation*, he rises.

It's really that simple.

And this pattern...
it exists *everywhere* —
in love, in health, in spiritual growth, in career — *everything*."

Birth – A Silent Truth

While thinking about many things in life, *birth* — the act of giving life
— became one of my most favorite topics.

Bringing a soul into this world... gifting a body that will feel pain, joy,
struggle, and beauty on this very planet —
to me, it feels like the most *divine and mysterious* act that happens
here.

Yet we humans... we rarely pause to ask *why*?
Why are we bringing a life into this world?

Most of us do it unconsciously — driven by desires:
To see our bloodline continue, to have someone care for us when we
grow old,
to experience the joy of parenting, or simply because it's what
everyone does.

But no one really asks:
"Is it truly necessary? Are we prepared for this responsibility?"

When I began to understand karma — *Sanchita, Prarabdha, and Aagami* —

I realized that every child born is not just a new body, but a continuation of a soul's journey from its previous life.

That soul carries its past karmas into the new birth.

And the parents... knowingly or unknowingly, become *caretakers* of that soul's unfinished business.

Not just that — the karma of the parents, their health, their mental state — it all impacts the child.

The soul is born through them, and becomes tied to their destiny too.

When I understood this...

I didn't speak for a while.

I sat there, silent — with a deep stillness inside me.

Death - A Graceful Exit

Ajja lived for 93 years — not just existing, but *truly living* every moment of it.

And when the time came, he left his body *at will* — peacefully, gracefully.

No illness. No burden. No suffering. Just *silence and surrender*.

Throughout his life, Ajja remained healthy — physically, mentally, and spiritually.

This wasn't by luck... it was by *discipline*, by *respecting his body*, by *honoring the nature* he was gifted with.

He lived as an example — showing us not just how to serve, but how to *live well* and how to *leave well*.

But look at what many of us have made life into...

We raise children with love, give them everything we can —
our time, money, effort, even our youth.

But in chasing their happiness,
we neglect our own health... our peace... our balance.

And then, when old age comes,
we fall sick, we suffer, we become dependent —
sometimes even a burden on the very children we once protected.
And in that helplessness... we complain... curse... and question
everything.

Why?

This isn't how it was meant to be.

Ajja's life tells us —
*Live simply. Protect what's given to you. Take care of your body and
mind.*

*So that your final breath is light — like a leaf falling from a tree,
not a burden crashing down.*

That is true freedom.
That is a graceful death.

Love and Desire

Love happens between two hearts.
Desire happens through the body.

It may sound harsh or uncomfortable—but it's the truth.
Love does not give birth to life.
Desire does.

I've come to feel that being single—boy or girl—is a form of true freedom.

This is what *freedom* really is.

And yet, if love exists between two people, it's not wrong.

It's part of nature.

But if they truly understand the nature of birth and life, they must let go of the desire to create life.

They can be together—but without the attachment to reproduce.

This is one form of freedom.

But it's not easy. Ego, fear, and expectation often enter and destroy the purity.

Because when love is mixed with desire, it gives birth to life—

to **Samsara**,

to karma,

to the cycle.

To speak frankly...

This is chaos.

It saddens me to say it.

But this is what it is

"Why did you give birth?" If A child Asks his Parents

There is no truly satisfying answer to that question.

Most people will say:

"Because I wanted to experience parenthood."

"Because that's what life is about."

"Because I thought I could give you a better life."

But these are **our wants**, not the child's. The child didn't ask. The soul had no choice in the matter.

Maybe the greatest act of love is not bringing a soul into this cycle of pain and forgetting—again.

And the most important part of this life

Why are we here?

We are not here by chance.

We have crossed through lakhs of lives, only to return once again...

To learn what we failed to learn before,

To remember what our soul once knew and then forgot.

Between *birth and death*, we are gifted a brief moment — this life —

To experience the world,

To taste both joy and sorrow,

And to consciously create karma — both good and bad.

Balancing these karmas, lifetime after lifetime,

We arrive here... once more.

To evolve. To awaken. To *learn*.

But above all this — beyond all doing and undoing —

There is *freedom*.

Moksha.

And moksha gives us nothing...

Because **nothing** itself is the highest gift.

Nothing means *freedom* — freedom from attachment, ego, and the cycle of rebirth.

And only *Shiva*, the stillness beyond time,

Can show us that path —

The way out of the circle.
The way home.

TWO FORMS OF THIS NATURE

"Everything in this world exists in two forms,
Satya and Asatya, Dharma and Adharma,
*Boy and Girl, Easy and Difficult, Good and Bad...*and many more and its
in everything

Whatever we touch, whatever we face — always comes with two sides.
It's up to our *knowledge... our consciousness* to choose the right one.

Even *Brahma*, the one who writes our *hane baraha* — our destiny —
I feel he, too, has written *two paths* for each of us.
Two directions.

If we choose the right one, life flows one way...
If we choose the wrong one, everything changes.

That choice... it's in our hands.

We may not be able to *rewrite* the script...
But we surely can *choose* which version of it we want to live.

And you know...
That day, when I almost crossed the line — when my mind planned that
horrible act —
If I hadn't stopped... if I had gone ahead...
I would've lost this life,
My path would've ended behind prison bars.
I know it.

But I didn't.

I listened to the voice within me.
And *because* of that one choice —
I'm here today, breathing this freedom...
living with awareness...

A Warning We Must Not Ignore

Just like how the **consciousness inside me** once whispered —
Stopped me from taking that one step that could've destroyed me...

Earth too is whispering now.
Warning us —
In her own way.

We humans...
We're not being destroyed by others.
We are slowly destroying **ourselves** —
By what we are doing to this outer nature.

Just like our bodies fall sick when we fill them with poison,
The Earth too is reacting...
Getting sick...
Crying out through floods, heat, storms, and silence.

We forget —
This land, this air, this water —
They are not dead.
They're **alive**.
They feel, they remember, they respond.

But today, all around the world,
We're in a race —
A race for growth, power, money...

And in that race,
We're wounding the very planet that holds us.

If we don't stop now,
If we don't respect this gift of nature,
If we don't show **discipline** —
Like we would to heal our own body...

Then nature will do what it always does —
Bring balance.

And balance will come with destruction.

Earth doesn't need us.
We need her.

Let us not wait for a louder warning.
Let us **listen now**,
The way I once did —
And choose to live

The message

We may have traveled miles and dropped bombs on lands far from our own,
and felt proud, powerful, even victorious...
But we forget — the Earth is one, round and whole.
Their land, our land... it's all the same — it's *Earth*.

And what if the Earth feels pain?
What if it bleeds silently, while we celebrate destruction?

This planet is a divine gift — not a possession.
And true maturity... is learning to protect what we've been given,
not just for us, but for every life that walks upon it.

Instead of looking at threats which are outside of this planet looking for aliens thinking that they might be threat , we have to deal with the threats that we have created within us within our soul, and everywhere outside in the nature, polluting the very planet we live ,into the extreme level.

From Kaliyuga to Sathyayuga —

Kaliyuga — the age of illusion, confusion, and ego.

And yet... within it lies the seed of *Sathyayuga* — the age of truth.

Because both this body and this Earth are crafted from the same source —

The sacred *Pancha Bhutas* — earth, **water**, **fire**, **air**, and **space**.
They breathe in us as much as they breathe around us.

Through countless **karmic cycles**, every soul journeys...
Changing forms, passing through lifetimes, forgetting and remembering.

And then one day — *by grace or by earned merit* —
A soul is born again in human form...
But this time, something is different.

In the sacred stillness of a mother's womb,
That soul remembers.
It remembers **why** it came.
It remembers **what** must be done.
And so, from birth to breath, it walks gently,
Living in harmony with *truth*, with *dharma*, with *nature*.

This is *purification*.
This is the path from **Kaliyuga to Sathyayuga**.
Not a leap in time — but a transformation of the soul.

And as more and more souls awaken,
 They don't just purify themselves...
 They purify the Earth,
 Restoring balance to what once was broken.

**And one day — perhaps not far — if I am right this is what would
 be meant to happen
 The final soul may descend.
 The 10th Avatar. *Kalki*.**

Not a warrior on horseback...
 But a human — because even god in human form is bound to karma - like
 us —
 Who walks the same path,
 Completes the same karmic cycle,
 And becomes the embodiment of truth.

And then... there will be no ***Shambala*** as a place.
 The entire Earth will *become* **Shambala** —
A land of purity.
A land of truth.
A land with no duality.

And when only truth remains...
 There will be no more *birth*.
 No more *death*.
 No more *division*. No more duality
 Only *oneness*.

Only *nature* —
 The purest, undisturbed reflection of divinity.

That... is the journey from **Kaliyuga to Sathyayuga**.
 And that... is the return home.

TRUCK - MOMENT OF SILENCE

Shankar (Shiva) looks ahead — his face still, but his eyes warm.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - EVENING LIGHT

The wheels roll over the road as the sky turns orange. A gentle silence fills the cabin.

Aryan sits back — eyes steady, voice grounded, as if something *within him* is now speaking through him.

ARYAN

You know...

All the poems in the **Bhagavad Gita**,

All the mantras in the Vedas,

Every sacred book filled with chants and vibrations...

Each mantra has a power.

But one mantra...

"Om Namah Shivaya" —

It holds *everything*.

All the energies...

All the Vedas

All the knowledge...

All the peace...

Inside those five **PANCHAKSHARA**

This...

Ajja taught me.

And ever since...

I started chanting it.

Not to gain power.

Not to feel superior.

Not to attract miracles.

Just to chant.

No expectations.

No demands.

No deal with the divine.

Just pure surrender.

Because when you do that —

Mahadev takes care of the rest.

He is not somewhere far...

He is within.

And I felt it — truly.

When I meditated...

He meditated inside me.

Even if my mind stopped,

Even if my heart slowed down...

My soul didn't stop chanting.

It kept repeating the **PANCHAKSHARA**

That's when I knew.

He is in me now.

People say meditate for stress relief,
 Meditate for peace,
 Meditate for attention or gain...

But I say —
 Meditate with no intention.

No want.
 No wish.
 No goal.

And when you do that...
 He gives you everything, and everything is Nothing

That's **Mahadev**.

And that's the kind of life Ajja lived.

He never claimed anything.
 He just became nothing...
 And in that, he became everything.

That's why I call him my **Sadguru**. And devotees have named him as **Jagadguru**.

"**Shri Sadguru Sidharooda Swami Maharaj**" He didn't just show me the path...

He showed me the eyes...
 To see **Mahadev**.

AND this is exactly what **God Krishna** told Arjuna —
 and not just to him, but to all of us...
 to every generation that will come.

*Do your duty, but don't expect anything in return.
 Leave the results to Him.
 Surrender the fruit.
 Just act, with a clean heart."*

TRUCK - MOMENT OF STILLNESS

Shankar (Shiva) gently turns his head.

He looks at Aryan — with eyes not of a driver,
 but of the very **Mahadev** who now lives in him.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - EARLY MORNING GLOW

The faint light of dawn spreads over the horizon. Aryan gazes ahead as he speaks, voice low and soft. Shiva (as Shankar) listens silently, his eyes on the road but his heart on every word.

ARYAN

It had been a while... since I watched a sunrise like that.

And somewhere in that stillness,
 I started speaking — all that I had been holding inside.

I didn't even realize how much I spoke.
 But he listened — the sadhu... quietly, with patience.

When I finally paused, I gave a small smile.
 Almost embarrassed.
 And we both just... sat in silence.

here was one moment

After I told everything to that Sadhu — every mistake, every step,
 every transformation —

He just looked at me... and then at my neck.
He said nothing at first. Just opened a small pouch tied around his waist...

And pulled out a **rudraksha**.
A single bead... but with five faces.

He said —

"This is not a decoration. It is Shiva himself. The five faces of Mahadev... The five elements. The five senses. Wear this always."

He placed it in my hand — no ceremony, no fuss.
Just **pure intent**.

I remember holding it — it felt warm, almost alive.
And when I wore it around my neck...
It felt like a **part of me had returned**.

That mala... it wasn't just protection —
It was a message.

(turns slightly to look at Shankar)

A sign that maybe...
Mahadev was already watching.
Already walking with me.
Maybe... even sitting beside me right now.

Later, we came down the hill.
Prepared a simple breakfast — together — and ate.

Then he said:

"There's one more place... shall we go?"

I said yes — excited

We left for a place called **Lachyana**. By Train

It's where a **saint** named **Siddhalinga** once lived.

We reached early morning... around 5am

It was meant to be just a day trip.

But fate had other plans.

A train accident on the return route —

Tracks were blocked. and there was no train for next 15 days

And the easiest way back to **Sidharooda Matha** was now gone.

I didn't have a single rupee left.

And then...

The sadhu?

He was gone.

Just disappeared.

No sign.

No message.

I stood still.

This... was another test.

And this time, I didn't panic.

I didn't complain.

I just said to myself,

"Let's face this Also"

I spent the day roaming around Lachyana.

I visited the temple of Siddhalinga Swami.

Sat near its entrance... where a few other sadhus were seated.

As I had the only pair of clothes , I used the kesari dhotra to cover myself cause I had to wash the one I was wearing.

And when I needed money to return...

I did what they did.

I stretched my hand and said:

"Bhavati bhikshām dehi."

People gave.

Not much. Just enough.

After a day had passed, the sadhus I was sitting with took me along to nearby houses where they were invited for pooja.

The families offered money as *dakshina*.

I accepted it — and over the next four days, this is how I managed to gather enough to continue my journey."

when I had enough, 400rs

I took a route back by bus

Back to Ajja.

I walked into the matha,

Went straight to his idol,

Folded my hands...

"Om Namah Shivaya."

No tears.

No fear.

Only gratitude.

And then... I returned to seva,

Because I knew I was being tested and i had passed the test again.

TRUCK - SILENT MOMENT

Shankar (Shiva) gently glances at Aryan.

There's a stillness in the air — the kind that only comes after truth has been spoken.

The disciple has stopped running.

He now walks... knowing he is always watched over.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - NIGHTFALL

The sky outside is darkening. Stars begin to scatter in silence.

Aryan speaks slowly — this time with a gentleness even Shiva can feel in the air.

AISH- The dog

ARYAN

One evening... while I was just walking around near the dining hall exit gate,

I saw a **dog**.

A female Labrador.

Covered in dirt.

Wounded... weak...

And her eyes were lost — like she'd been waiting for someone who never came back.

At that instant, I knew —
Someone had abandoned her.

She barked when I got close.
Scared... helpless.

So I stepped back and said to myself,
"Give her time." I saw her roaming all over the matha , then

Two days later,
I returned.

With a milk packet... and bread.

She didn't bark this time.
She could smell...
That I'd brought something for her.

As she ate, she looked at me.

And her eyes...
They said what no words could.

"Thank you."

For the next two days, I did the same. And then...

She let me touch her.

That moment...

It healed *something in me* too.

I gave her a bath.

Fed her **Ajja's annaprasada** — rice and sambar.

She loved it.

And I was happy.

Because here...

I could give her food without limit.

Ajja's prasadha — offered to the divine — now feeding a forgotten soul.

She started gaining weight.

She moved freely.

I took **Ajja's angara** — that sacred ash —

And applied it over her wounds where ticks had bitten deep.

And that **angara**...

Healed her.

The **prasadha** gave her strength.

The ash gave her peace.

I bought her a belt.

A small bell.

And I gave her a name:

"Aish."

She could smell me from far away.

Even if I was in seva hall — she'd know.

She slept near Kailasa Mantapa...

Right where I used to sleep when I first came.

And she'd wait.

Devotees noticed.

They liked her.

They played with her... fed her...

She became a part of that place.

And if I ever whistled...

She came running to me.

People were surprised.

But I wasn't.

Because I knew...

Ajja's grace doesn't just heal humans.

It heals every life that comes to his doorstep.

And through her...

I learned something new —

Even those abandoned by the world can become divine companions...

If we just give them love.

TRUCK - SILENCE

Shankar (Shiva) smiles faintly.

Because even a dog left behind was never forgotten —

Not when one of *His own* walked the path.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - MORNING LIGHT

A light mist clears from the windshield as Aryan speaks again. His voice is steady, calm — but deep with truth.

ARYAN

It's strange...

When the world doesn't want us —
Mahadev does.

When we're broken...

He doesn't push us away.

He pulls us in.

He takes us to his space...

He heals us.

That's what happened to me.

One day...

I was searching for work.

Someone gave me a reference — MKM Sahukar
And I went to him ... a Muslim businessman.

He supplied construction materials.

I stood in front of him and said —

"Give me any job.

Even if it's just lifting construction waste into a tractor...

I'll do it."

He looked at me...

Confused.

Surprised.

Then he asked:

"What's your background?"

I told him the truth —

That I was a mechanical engineering graduate.

His face changed.

He said —

"Did you run away from home with a girl or something?"

(chuckles)

I smiled and said —

"No. Nothing like that."

And I explained my story.

He listened. He was quiet for sometime

Then said —

"I want to give you work... but not here.

My friend runs another business.

Come with me."

He took me there.

Spoke on my behalf.

And I was offered a job —

A designing job. Something I was good at.

But...

Something didn't feel right.

It was far from Ajja's matha.
Far from the space where I'd been growing... healing...

It was a technical job —
But what I wanted was something simple.

Close to the place where I first found my path again.

So I told him —
*"Give me a day.
Let me think."*

I walked back.

Went straight to Ajja.

Folded my hands...
Closed my eyes...

And I said —
"Ajja...
Please give me a simple job.
Something nearby...
Something I can walk to.
Something that keeps me close to this energy..."

Because at this point...

I didn't want to just work.

I wanted to live right.

TRUCK - MOMENT OF STILLNESS

Shiva (Shankar) glances briefly toward Aryan, eyes calm.

There's no need to speak.

Because he knows —

Real work begins only after surrender.

TRUCK CABIN - MOVING - AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT

The light is warmer now, fields rushing by outside. Aryan leans gently on the window frame, voice thoughtful.

ARYAN

A few days later...

A man — someone who was close to the sadhus —

He was heading to **Ambha Matha** again.

He asked me to join him.

I said yes.

We went in his car —

His relatives were with him.

I sat in the last seat.

I don't know when...

But I fell asleep.

Next thing I knew —

We were there.

At **Ambha Matha**.

The sadhu was there too —

With all the other sadhus.

We greeted everyone.

Later that night...

We sat down for dinner.

That's when the talk began...

Someone brought up —

"This guy is wearing saffron, roaming around like a sadhu."

They said it was wrong.

That it was a sin.

Almost like a warning...

Like I had done something against the rules.

But I just... sat calmly.

And said —

"Colour and dress... don't make a sadhu."

A sadhu is one who leaves everything behind — even his own identity.

And even im a sadhu not with the dress code but with such qualities inside me.

That's what my Ajja taught me.

I told them how I lost my bag,

How I wore the same single dress for over a month,

How this cloth was not my label...

It was my protection.

That's all.

After I spoke,

They were quiet for a while.

And then I had to tell them...

Everything.

My entire journey — again.

I don't know what they felt.

But something changed.

Because after dinner,

One person a relative

he said —

"We have a garage.

If you want, we'll give you a job." And ill buy you clothes

I didn't expect that.

Next morning,

We all visited the **Bhagalamukhi Devi temple.**

Took blessings...

And then started the drive back to **Sidharooda Matha.**

They dropped me nearby.

Before leaving, the man said:

"I'll come tomorrow at 10 AM to pick you up."

I said —

"Okay." And they drove away.

TRUCK - SHIVA LISTENS SILENTLY

Shankar doesn't say anything.

But his silence is full — like the space after a powerful shloka.

Because Aryan didn't just explain himself.

He stood his ground.

With truth.

With respect.

With no ego.

That's the kind of strength Mahadev loves most.

TRUCK CABIN - DUSK LIGHT - MOVING

The golden light softens everything inside the cabin.

Aryan sits with his eyes still but voice shaken — not with regret, but with remembrance.

ARYAN

As promised...

He came the next day.

Took me to the garage —

A place, busy, filled with grease and sound...

He said —

"Just look after things here.

You'll manage the place."

And the best part?

It was just 3 kilometers from Ajja's matha.

Every morning, I woke up...

Did seva for a while...

And then left for work by walk.

Evening —

I'd come back again by walk.

Go straight to the dining hall...

And serve annaprasada to devotees.

That was my cycle.

And somehow, the person got to know that I was coming to work by walking every day.

After about a month, he came to me and said —

"Take the bike that's in the garage, the one we use to bring materials. Use it for your travel."

That moment felt like I was again being tested for a month.

ARYAN (gently, eyes filled with warmth, to Shankar):

The person who offered me work...

he's not just a good man — he's a *kind soul*.

He has a younger brother. Both of them are married, And whenever I see his father and mother...

I don't just see them —

I see *mine*. and their home... it's full of life. A joint family

Children running around, laughter echoing from the kitchen, that warmth... that chaos... that togetherness —

It reminded me of my own home...

before I broke it.

It felt familiar. It felt safe.

Like a forgotten melody I hadn't heard in years.

And now, I understand...

Ajja didn't just send me there for a job.

He sent me there to *remember*.
To feel again what it means to be part of a family.
To heal — not just through work,
but through love... through belonging.

Ajja knew.
He always knows.

Aish.

The dog who had no one...

She missed me the whole day.

Every morning, when I walked out,
She ran behind me... not wanting me to go.

Every evening...
As I neared the matha —
She smelled me from far...

And she'd come racing toward me —
Jumping, hopping, hugging me like a child.

I took care of her.

Like family.
The people at work gave me some money.

I had bought two pairs of clothes for myself...
And a packet of pedigree for Aish.

She was happy.
I was at peace.

But then...

One night, after dinner...

I was walking past Kailasa Mantapa...

And I saw some people standing around her.

She was calm — not knowing what was happening.

They said —

"She's a good dog. We'll take her."

I said —

"No."

"She's not going anywhere."

"She's a part of Ajja's matha now."

And they left.

I thought that was the end of it.

Next morning,

I said bye to her...

And went to work.

Evening —

I came back.

I looked around...

But no Aish.

I thought, maybe...

She's resting somewhere.

It had happened before.

But as night came...

I searched every corner.

Went to feed her...

Nothing.

I asked the security.

They said —

"We haven't seen her since evening..."

My heart sank.

I knew...

She was taken.

That night...

I waited outside Kailasa Mantapa.

Kept looking toward the gate.

Listened for her bell...

Nothing.

She didn't come back.

Every day since...

I still look.

She became a part of me...

And her absence?

That became a part of me too.

Ajjana Jathre

ARYAN

You know... the most beautiful part of my journey came during **Ajja's Jatra Mahotsav**.

It runs for a whole week, and I took leave from work just to be there. I didn't want to miss even a moment. I wanted to witness **everything** — the rituals, the devotion, the colors, the energy...

Every day, thousands came — some just for darshana, but many came to **serve**. And we made space for them... for everyone. That's the power of Ajja's place — no one is ever left out.

And the **Ratha Utsava**... pulling Ajja's chariot through the crowd... That was the first time I saw what real faith looks like — **moving**, not just staying still in temples.

(brief pause)

You know what struck me the most?

My mother... she used to love all of this.

These fairs, the rituals, the joy.

And though she wasn't with me —

I became her eyes.

Every little thing I saw... I saw it for her. With her.

In the evenings, I went to the amusement park section — the toy train, the giant wheel, the swinging boats...

She used to love those.

I'd just stand and watch them.

No reason. No purpose.

Except one — to **feel** what she would have felt.

(he smiles softly)

She's lived through me this time.
Her happiness... it beat inside my chest.
And in that moment —
I wasn't alone anymore.

"At that moment, Shankar...
I realised something I never truly had before.

When I lost my bag — the only thing I had —
I felt the *pain* of losing something deeply personal.
And suddenly... I felt *her* pain.
My mother's pain...
When I had separated her from *her* mother...
When I stole, and everything shattered...
Ajja... he made me *feel* it.
and now, through these moments, he's making me feel *her happiness*
too.

And

My father had come to the math to see me.
I took him around its sacred paths, showing him every corner, every
place that had become part of my days, and finally led him to receive
the blessed darshan of Ajja.
He stayed with me for a day, and before he left, I asked about
everyone.
With a soft sigh, he said, **"Your Mother wanted to come and see
you. She said she would stand far away and simply watch you... but
I could not bring her."**
Those words sank deep into my heart, and with that unspoken ache
between us, he began his journey back home.

It's been over a year since I've spoken to her.
 But not a single day goes by without her in my thoughts.
 I'm not avoiding her...
 I'm just waiting —
 Waiting for the *right* time.

To return...
 And look her in the eyes,
 With the son she prayed would come back."

My mother's harsh words that day...
turned out to be the biggest blessing of my life.
Whatever happens, happens for a reason — and always for the
good.

TRUCK - SILENCE

Shiva (Shankar) keeps driving...
 Eyes ahead.

But something in the air shifts.

Because love... when it's pure... doesn't need form.
 It stays — in the journey, in the heart, in the soul.

OUTSKIRTS OF PRAYAGRAJ - SUNSET

The lorry rolls down the dusty road.
 Fields open up, air changes — something sacred begins to stir.

ARYAN

And as I was still speaking to you...
 Telling all this...

We had reached near **Prayagraj**.

On the road, we saw a car broken down.

A woman stood beside it —

Calm, graceful, waiting for help.

We stopped.

Shankar called out —

"Need a drop?"

She nodded, smiling.

Her name was **Gauri**.

And just like that,

She joined the journey.

PRAYAGRAJ - STREETS - DUSK

The city is alive. **Devotees. Ash-smearing sadhus. Lights and chants.**

The lorry slowly enters the **Kumbh Mela** grounds.

Inside the back of the truck —

Dozens of useful items: food, water cans, wool blankets...

Shiva watches silently. Aryan joins a group and helps unload everything.

There's no instruction.

Just instinct.

SANGAMA GHAT - NIGHTFALL

The holy confluence of **Ganga, Yamuna, and Saraswati**.

Aryan walks quietly, barefoot, holding his breath.

He steps into the water.

With each dip, his soul sinks deeper into silence.

Memories rise and fall...

His mistakes.

His mother's words.

Ajja's blessings.

Aish.

The hunger.

The surrender.

SANGAMA - SHIVA AND PARVATHI WATCHING

At a distance, Shankar and Gauri stand side by side — still.

Shiva smiles.

Parvathi — her eyes soft — watches as Aryan takes his final dip.

A breeze moves over the water.

As **Aryan** comes up, a soft bell chimes in the wind.

Shiva (Shankar)

Parvathi (Gauri)

They raise their hands blessing aryan while he returns after the dip.

VOICEOVER (ARYAN)

There is an ancient saying...

At every Kumbh Mela —

Shiva and Parvathi visit the Sangama.

*They bless those who are ready...
Those who have walked through fire...
And emerged with a pure heart.*

I didn't know...

I was being watched.

I didn't know...

I was being blessed.

I am here today... this moment, this life I now live...
its happening all because of her.

My mother.

The one who prayed when I was lost.
The one who held on when I had let go.
Her prayers were answered...
not all at once, but slowly, through grace, through pain, through time.

Her strength became my path.
Her faith became my light.

Today, A son is healed.
Because she never stopped believing.

My Parents they gave me birth...
And Ajja... he gave me life."

ARYAN

I don't know if I'll ever be able to set things right.
I don't know if those I hurt will ever find it in their hearts to
forgive me.

Will I ever walk back into the house I once called home?
I don't know.
Will the faces I loved still look at me the same way?
Will they even want to?
I don't know.

If I stand in front of them with folded hands,
will they see a changed man, or just the pain I caused?
Will my mother... forgive me?
Will my sister, my father, my brother-in-law...
Will my relatives open their hearts again? I really don't know.

The only thing I know —
is that I must never be the same person again.
That chapter is closed.
I want to live with truth in my heart and light in my path.
Even if I'm walking it alone.

SANGAMA - CLOSE ON ARYAN

He opens his eyes.

A tear rolls down —
Not of grief,
But of something else.

Peace.

ಓಂ ನಮಃ ಶಿವಾಯ Om Namah Shivaya.

"As one who expects nothing, I dissolve into Shiva's Name alone."

"Na mokṣārthi, na siddhyarthi — kevala Śhiva-nāma-līnaḥa."

"I seek not moksha, nor powers — I dissolve in Shiva's name alone."



Har Har Mahadev Har Har Mahadev

ಸಿದ್ಧಾರೂಢ ಸದ್ಗುರು ತಂದೆ ಉದ್ಧಾರಾಧೆವು ನಿಮಿಂದೇ.

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ಜಗದ್ ಉದ್ಧಾರ ಮಾಡುವಂತ ಯೋಗಿ ಬಂಧನ ನೋಡ ನೋಡ

Final Whispers

"In this world, all of us have seen God Shiva in the form of a *linga* — a stone, a statue, a symbol placed in temples.

But if you ever come to **Sidharooda Matha**,
you won't just *see* Shiva...
you'll *feel* him — in human form.

Ajja was not just a saint.
He was Shiva himself, living and breathing among us.

He may have left his body,
but trust me...
Ajja never left this place.
He is still here.
And he will always be here."

"Today... most of us aren't living in the real world anymore.
We're trapped — in the reel world.
We scroll more than we walk.
We post more than we pray.
We crave 'likes' more than real love.
And somewhere along the way... we've forgotten what's real."

We're not living for life anymore...
We're living for numbers.

Bank balances, followers, likes, views —
Even the number on a weighing scale.

Somewhere, we started tying happiness to these digits.
And the moment they drop... so do we.

But numbers were never meant to define our worth.
 They rise. They fall.
 We must learn... to stay still."

"Come back.
 Come back to *yourself*.
 To your truth.
 To silence... to peace... to the place where Ajja still lives —
 Within you."

In the end, there is no need to rise above life.
 You just have to live it — with love, with awareness, and with Respect.

"Every Soul must step out of their comfort zone — their home, which feels safe but often limits them. This entire planet is our true home, not just the four walls we live in."

"The Forgotten Path, The Rising Guru"

The earth is one—one land, one body.
 But we, its children, have divided it with lines.
 Nations, borders, languages, names.
 And within those lines, we forget.

We forget not only where we were born—
 but **why**.

As humans, when we enter this world, we forget everything—
 our past, our purpose, our purity.
 Surrounded by noise, expectations, and imitation,
 our mind bends toward what *others* do.

But in rare moments—by grace, or karma—we meet a **Guru**.
 Someone who doesn't teach us anything *new*—
 but **helps us remember** what is eternal.

Just as the individual forgets, so did our land.

Akhanda Bharata—once a beacon of dharma,
where knowledge was not crammed but lived,
where education meant self-realization,
where life and learning were rooted in nature, truth, and stillness.

But we were invaded—physically, and mentally.

The systems were broken, the wisdom buried,
and slowly we too joined the race—
a race toward success, forgetting the soul.

Yet something ancient still breathes beneath the soil of India.

India is not just a nation. It is a consciousness.

And as that consciousness awakens,
the world will remember its own forgotten self.

As our Prime Minister said—"Vishwaguru"—
India is not meant to rule, but to **remind**.
Not to **conquer**, but to **guide**.

But for this to happen, every **individual must awaken**.
Not through **slogans** or **pride**,
but through **purity, stillness, and truth**.

When India remembers, the world remembers.

