



DEVRAJ'

Forgotten kings of Swarg'

Author

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Acknowledgments

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to my future Grand children (Drishtaa,heny,sonzo, estoni, prisha,Ujjawal II,Somon, Gayatri,kika and haaki),I know it is not usual dedication but for the person of delusional characteristics like me,there is no difference in realm of reality and future of imagination and also existing people sucks so I feel good with imaginary ones.A special thank you to my beta readers, who challenged me (I am lying,you don't even know me) to make this story better at every turn. Your feedback and encouragement have been invaluable(lying again,I never gave it importance). Finally, to the readers who find themselves lost in these pages—thank you for embarking on this terrific journey with me.

Smile motherFather :)



शान्ताकारं भुजगशयनं पद्मनाभं सुरेशं
विश्वाधारं गगनसदृशं मेघवर्णं शुभाङ्गम् ।
लक्ष्मीकान्तं कमलनयनं योगिभिर्ध्यातव्यम्
वन्दे विष्णुं भवभयहरं सर्वलोकैकनाथम् ॥

Preface

This story began as a reflection on the timeless struggle between righteousness and chaos, a theme as old as time itself, yet one that remains profoundly relevant in our lives today. Inspired by the rich narratives of Hindu mythology, I sought to delve deeper into the spiritual and moral lessons embedded within these ancient tales. Hindu mythology is more than just stories of gods and demons; it is a tapestry of human emotions, divine interventions, and the eternal quest for balance between the forces of light and darkness. In this story, I wanted to explore not only the grandeur of divine will but also the intricacies of human choice—the moments when individuals must navigate the delicate dance between destiny and free will.

The characters in this story, drawn from mythology, have been reimagined to bring forth the many facets of moral dilemmas, the complexities of relationships, and the pursuit of redemption. They are not just deities or legendary figures—they are reflections of ourselves. They embody the struggles we all face: the desire to do what is right, the fear of failure, the pain of loss, and the hope for renewal. Through their journeys, I wanted to explore the universal themes of duty, wisdom, and compassion, showing how these ancient values continue to resonate with us today.

Writing this book has been a journey in itself—a deeply personal quest to weave ancient wisdom into a modern narrative. As I explored the lives of these mythological figures, I found myself reflecting on the deeper meaning of their choices, their triumphs, and their mistakes. This process was both enlightening and humbling, as it allowed me to connect with the timeless lessons that these stories offer. In many ways, this book is not just a story; it is a conversation with the past, an attempt to bring the wisdom of our ancestors into the present day.

Throughout this journey, I was struck by the relevance of these ancient tales to our contemporary world. The challenges faced by the characters in this story—questions of duty versus desire, loyalty versus personal ambition, and justice versus mercy—are the same challenges we grapple with today. In a world that often feels chaotic and uncertain, the lessons of these mythological figures provide us with a road map for navigating the complexities of our own lives. They remind us that, no matter how great the challenges we face, there is always a path forward—a way to choose righteousness over chaos, to find balance amidst turmoil, and to seek redemption even in the darkest of times.

I hope that this story resonates with you, not just as a retelling of mythological events, but as a reflection of the timeless human experience. Through these characters, I hope to offer new perspectives on the age-old themes of duty, wisdom, and compassion. I believe that the lessons of mythology are not bound by time or culture; they are universal truths that continue to guide us, challenge us, and inspire us.

As you read this book, I invite you to embark on your own journey—to explore the depths of these characters' struggles, to reflect on the choices they make, and to consider how their stories might offer insights into your own life. Whether you are familiar with Hindu mythology or are encountering these tales for the first time, I hope that this story offers you a new perspective on the eternal dance between righteousness and chaos, and the enduring power of love, duty, and redemption.

This book is not just a retelling of ancient myths; it is a tribute to the resilience of the human spirit, the power of forgiveness, and the possibility of transformation. It is a reminder that, no matter how lost we may feel, there is always a way to find our way back to the light. Thank you for joining me on this journey, and I hope that the story you are about to read speaks to your heart as it has spoken to mine.

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Plot Overview

Set in a world where gods and mortals intertwine in a delicate balance of power and destiny, Saga DEVRAJ unfolds against a backdrop of celestial grandeur and human frailty. The story follows the intertwined journeys of Parvati, Ashoksundari, and Chitraketu as they navigate the complex interplay of divine intervention, human suffering, and the eternal struggle for righteousness.

Parvati, the compassionate goddess and mother, stands as the emotional and spiritual anchor of the story. Her unwavering love for her children and her wisdom as a divine being guide her through the trials that test the very fabric of her existence. As she navigates the tension between her divine nature and her maternal instincts, Parvati must reconcile the demands of the gods with the vulnerabilities of the mortals she protects.

Ashoksundari, the beloved daughter of Shiva and Parvati, represents the innocence and purity that exist even amidst chaos. Her journey is one of self-discovery, as she transitions from a young goddess into a figure of strength and resilience. As her wedding to King Nahusha approaches, she faces the looming absence of her brother Kartikeya, who, in his pride and anger, has distanced himself from Kailash. Determined to reunite her family and restore harmony, Ashoksundari takes it upon herself to seek out her estranged brother, setting in motion a chain of events that will define her place in the cosmos.

Chitraketu, a mortal king and once a devotee of Shiva, finds himself caught in the tumultuous crossfire between the divine and the mortal worlds. His past sins and tragic losses have shaped him into a man seeking redemption, yet his path is fraught with challenges that test his resolve. Through epic battles and moments of divine revelation, Chitraketu must confront his own inner demons, grapple with the consequences of his actions, and ultimately find his way back to righteousness.

At the heart of the story lies the complex relationship between the divine and the human, where gods intervene in the affairs of mortals, often blurring the lines between fate and free will. The celestial beings, with all their power and wisdom, are not immune to the struggles of pride, jealousy, and love, just as the mortals are not exempt from the burdens of duty and sacrifice. Saga DEVRAJ is a tale that explores how these two realms—divine and mortal—are inextricably linked, each shaping the other in ways that are both profound and unpredictable.

Through epic battles that shake the heavens and the earth, moments of divine wisdom that transcend time, and the pursuit of righteousness that defines the very essence of existence, each character in Saga DEVRAJ must confront their destiny. They must seek redemption in a world teetering on the edge of chaos, where the balance between light and darkness is fragile, and where the choices of both gods and mortals can determine the fate of all.

In this sweeping narrative, the ancient and the modern collide, revealing timeless truths about the nature of power, love, duty, and forgiveness.

Character Descriptions

- **Parvati:** The embodiment of maternal strength and compassion, Parvati grapples with her divine duties while mourning the loss of her son. Adishakti came by human form a several times, but Parvati remains to be a continued character in Hindu tales and sagas.
- **Ashoksundari:** Parvati's daughter, a reflection of her mother's grace and wisdom, striving to find her place in a world torn apart by conflict. Although she was not so prominent Figure in Hindu mythology, but this story will revolve around this character's subjection.
- **Chitraketu(Vrstrasur):** An enlighten Brahmin who made a mistake and regretted but as he got cursed so driven by vengeance, his actions spark chaos, leading him down a path of redemption or ruin.
- **Indra:** The king of gods, torn between his duty to protect and his desire for vengeance. A few believe 'Indra', is not a Personified Name but a title which is reserved for the King of Deva, in the Swarg.
- **The Old Monk:** A mysterious figure who holds the key to resolving the conflict, guiding the characters toward a greater understanding of dharma. It is not clear where did he come from.
- **Saptarshi:** Seven ancient sages, known for their wisdom and spiritual power, who guide and preserve cosmic balance, in every turning wheel of Time. Adiyogi Shiv's first seven Disciples got the 108 possibilities of yogic realms.
- **Sachi:** Queen of the gods and consort of Indra, embodying strength, loyalty, and celestial beauty. She was the Daughter of Asur Puloman .
- **Sage Agasty:** A revered sage known for his wisdom and spreading knowledge while balancing cosmic energies.
- **KalpVriksha:** A divine wishfulfilling tree, came out from the churning of ocean that symbolizes abundance and the realization of desires. It is believed that A soul after leaving mortal body at the moment of death, transform into a bird and rest on this tree for a while and as if soul left with any desire, it will be granted by the tree right in the moment and it will come back to earth to taste the fruit of desire.

- **Draupadi:** A strongwilled heroine representing courage, dignity, and resilience in the face of challenges. She came from the holy fire of Yajna. Devas from the swarg gave Draupadi as daughter to the King of Panchal, A great rival of Hastinapur Kingdom.
- **Yuddhisthira:** A just and compassionate leader who struggles with moral dilemmas while upholding righteousness. Lord Yam, the God of Death is his Godfather as Kunti bore him with a boon given by Sage Durvasha.
- **Devsena:** The Daughter of King Indra and Sachi, in other scriptures, she is believed as Daughter of Lord Vishnu Itself. One thing that is very sure about She was great warrior and fought wars from the side of devas, and eventually fell in love with Skanda (Kartikeya the eldest Son of Parvati).
- **Ganga:** Bhagiratha performed intense penance to bring Ganga down to Earth to purify the ashes of his ancestors, who had been cursed by the sage Kapila.
- **Kritikas:** six celestial maidens who personified the stars of the Pleiades cluster.
- **Ravan:** The ten headed, Ravana was a great scholar, warrior, and a devout follower of Lord Shiva. His knowledge of scriptures and music was unparalleled. He is credited with composing the Shiva Tandava Stotra, a hymn of praise dedicated to Lord Shiva, which is a beautiful and powerful expression of devotion.
- **Vishwakarma:** often regarded as the divine architect or celestial engineer. He is associated with creation, craftsmanship, and the arts, and is considered the divine architect of the gods. Vishwakarma is responsible for designing and constructing the heavenly abodes, palaces, and divine weapons used by the gods.
- **Ganesh (Vinayak):** VighnaHaran Ganesh was created by Goddess Parvati from the turmeric paste she used to cleanse herself. Parvati fashioned a boy out of the paste and breathed life into him, making him her son.
- **Dadhichi:** known for his incredible sacrifice that played a crucial role in the survival and victory of the gods (Devas) over the demons.
- **Vashishtha:** Vashishtha is one of the seven great sages, or Saptarishis, who were enlightened beings chosen by Lord Shiva to spread spiritual knowledge. As a Saptarishi, Vashishtha played a key role in shaping the spiritual foundation of ancient India.

- **Vishwamitra:** Vishwamitra was originally a powerful king named Kaushika or Vishwarath. He belonged to the Kshatriya (warrior) class and ruled over a prosperous kingdom. His transformation from a king to a sage is a defining part of his story, symbolizing the triumph of spiritual power over worldly power.
- **Urvashi:** A nymph, who was born from the thigh of Lord Indra (the king of the gods) during a conflict between the devas (gods) and the demons. This divine origin connects her closely with the celestial realms and the court of Indra.
- **Mitra:** In the Rigveda, Mitra is mentioned frequently, often alongside Varuna. While Varuna is typically seen as the god of moral law and cosmic order (Rta), Mitra is associated with the more social and moral aspects of this law, particularly emphasizing the power of agreements, friendships, and contracts.
- **Varuna:** In the Vedas, Varuna is one of the Adityas, a group of deities who represent different aspects of the cosmic order. Varuna is often portrayed as the chief of these Adityas and is associated with the overarching moral and natural law known as Rta, which governs the universe.
- **Mithi:** King Mithi was descendant of Ikshwaku (ancestor of Ram).
- **Kamadhenu:** Kamadhenu of 'Cow of Plenty' is considered a manifestation of the goddess Prithvi (Earth) and is often described as the mother of all cows. She emerged during the Samudra Manthan (the churning of the ocean of milk) by the Devas (gods) and Asuras (demons), where various divine treasures were produced.
- **Airawat:** As a celestial elephant, Airavata is considered the king of all elephants and the best among them. He is described as a massive, white elephant with four tusks and seven trunks, symbolizing his divine and supernatural nature.
- **Sage Bhrigu:** Sage Bhrigu is one of the seven disciples of Shiva and is the father of sage Chyavana and the sage Shukra, who is the teacher of the demons (asuras).
- **Jayanta:** son of Indra and Sachi, had a vast influence of his maternal grandfather on him who was Asur Puloman.

- **Ahalya:** Ahalya was created by Brahma, the creator god, as the most beautiful woman.
- **Sage Gautam:** He is one of the Saptarishi, Sage Gautam is traditionally credited with composing hymns in the Rigveda. His contributions to Vedic literature are highly revered.
- **Sage Durvasha:** Sage Durvasha's parents are Sage Atri and his wife Anasuya. Atri is one of the revered Saptarishi, Durvasha's curses and blessings are closely tied to the mythological stories involving the churning of the ocean for amrita, the elixir of immortality. His actions often lead to significant events in these narratives.
- **Brahma:** One of the Trimurti and creator of material universe.
- **Krishna:** Krishna is considered the eighth avatar (incarnation) of Vishnu, the preserver god in the Hindu trinity (Trimurti). His life and teachings are central to many Hindu traditions.
- **Shiva:** I am unable to explain.

Declaration

This book is a work of fiction, inspired by the rich tapestry of Hindu mythology. While the stories and characters are rooted in ancient tales, I have taken creative liberties to twist, manipulate, and reshape these narratives for the sake of entertainment and storytelling. My intention is not to insult any beliefs or misguide readers about the original stories, but rather to offer a fresh perspective that glorifies the characters and highlights their realizations, especially when they falter or commit inappropriate deeds. Every action depicted in this book carries its consequences, and I have made efforts to reflect this balance.

However, if any part of this book unintentionally leads to disrespect or misinterpretation, I sincerely apologize. I am open to receiving opinions, critiques, and suggestions for improvement. It is my earnest desire to honor the profound depth and wisdom of Hinduism, a faith I deeply love and practice with pride.

This story revolves around Hindu deities, and in my efforts to convey the completeness and aliveness of certain scenes, a few chapters include adult language or themes that may be unsuitable for readers below the age of 14. I urge discretion for younger audiences.

At its heart, this book is meant to be enjoyed for its entertainment value. I kindly request readers to approach the story with this understanding in mind, rather than interpreting it literally. The scriptures from which these tales originate hold profound meaning and essence, far beyond their surface-level narratives.

Thank you for your understanding, and I hope you enjoy this journey through the realms of mythology, imagination, and storytelling.

Warm regards,
Ujjawal Tiwari

About The Author

Ujjawal Tiwari is an Ancient Soul and Software Engineer by profession And apply Machine Learning in useless Projects and passionate about exploring the intersection of mythology, philosophy, and human nature. Drawing inspiration from ancient epics and modern tales alike, Ujjawal crafts narratives that delve into the complexities of righteousness, wisdom, and redemption. When not writing, Ujjawal can be found immersed in research or exploring the timeless stories that continue to shape our world today. Apart from wasting time in corporate offices Ujjawal used to write great journals, best seller in New York times, like the attack of subterranean species on human race in the time of eclipse, Cows can actually fly, the death mystery of leaders of BRICKS country and many more. Although he is a great writer with a great vocab in his wrist, yet he is not so good with people intersections.

He abuses very bad in his mind when someone try to talk to him. But he likes Cringe people very much, who can talk in sign language. If you are reading this, that makes you a cringe, and now you are a part of cringe community, welcome Braindeads !

The Apocalypse

In the radiant expanse of Swarglok, where divine serenity once reigned, a storm of chaos was brewing. The once serene heavens were shrouded in dark, foreboding clouds as the malevolent demon Tarakasura approached with his formidable army.

Indra, the King of the Devas, sat in the majestic Vaijayanta Palace, his golden throne now feeling heavy with the weight of impending doom. His divine eyes, usually bright with confidence, now reflected deep concern.

A frantic messenger burst into the palace, his breath ragged from the hasty journey.

“Lord Indra,” the messenger gasped, “the asura armies have breached the outer defenses of Swarglok. They are advancing towards Amaravati!”

Indra’s expression darkened. “What do you mean, breached the defenses? How could this happen?”

The messenger, barely able to catch his breath, continued, “Their numbers are overwhelming. Our forces are struggling to hold them back. They’ve already breached the outer walls and are now within the city.”

Indra stood abruptly, his divine face a mask of anger and fear. “Gather our commanders immediately! We must reinforce the defenses and protect Amaravati at all costs. If we lose the capital, the entire realm will be lost!”

As the asura armies swarmed into Amaravati, the once-resplendent city transformed into a battlefield. The resplendent palaces were reduced to rubble, and the divine gardens turned to ashes. The mighty Vaijayanta Palace, symbol of Indra’s power, was now under siege.

Inside the palace, Indra paced restlessly. The clamor of battle echoed through the halls, and the sounds of divine warriors clashing with demonic forces filled the air. A second messenger, his armor dented and his face grim, entered the chamber.

“Lord Indra, the asuras have reached the palace gates. Our forces are in retreat. The city is falling!”

Indra’s frustration was palpable. “What are you saying? How can we allow this to happen? We need a solution—something powerful enough to turn the tide!”

And all of sudden there is a great thunder happened and an apocalypse happened , all the fighter and soldiers stopped,looking around shockingly .

‘Oh king of Demons,Leave this place or it will cost you your death and destruction,the ally is about to born ,one who will bring your death. Stop the storm if you can ! before it will swallow you all’.

Tarakasur laughed with all his power and said - hahh Parvati can never borne, I am Invincible.

Sachi said “The situation is dire, but I have heard whispers of a potential ally, someone who might help us.”

Indra’s eyes narrowed.

Sachi added, “Lord Shiva and Goddess Parvati , Perhaps they can aid us.”

Desperation flared in Indra's eyes. "Summon my chariot. we must leave immediately."

Indra, drenched in sweat and grime from battle, arrived at the serene peaks of Kailash. The tranquility of the place was a stark contrast to the chaos he had left behind. He approached Shiva and Parvati, his voice trembling with urgency.

"Great Shiva, Divine Parvati," Indra began, kneeling before them, "our realms are engulfed in darkness. Tarakasura's forces are overwhelming. Amaravati has fallen, and the asuras are spreading chaos. I beseech you to aid us in this dire hour."

Parvati, her face etched with concern, looked at Shiva. "What can be done, my lord? The asuras are formidable, and the situation is grave."

Shiva, deep in thought, replied, "To counter such a threat, there should be a great power. Oh Parvati, your intervention is necessary."

Indra, his hope rekindled, asked, "What must be done?"

Shiva left the kailash and Parvati followed him. Indra was saw them disappearing with no idea.

'Adinath where are we going '- Parvati calls from behind.

Shiv turned and said we must we must produce a power that can safeguard the world.

Parvati replied with heavy heart, but Dev, that curse?

You are the Mother of Creation Devi, realize yourself, perhaps you can not produce a child biologically but the cosmos is not limited, the nature itself is conscious and unlimited, you are unlimited Devi.

With that Shiva started a dance, that was something Parvati understood and not us.

Shiva and Parvati began their celestial dance, their movements synchronizing with the rhythm of the universe. The dance was a grand spectacle, a cosmic ballet that wove together the threads of creation and destruction. As they danced, a fiery sphere emerged, radiating an intense heat that could incinerate anything in its path.

The Dance of Creation

*In Kailash's serene, celestial light,
Shiva and Parvati danced in divine delight,
Their steps wove a cosmic, fiery embrace,
Creating a sphere of unmatched grace.
With rhythms that shook the stars above,
They birthed a force of boundless love,
In every step, a universe spun,
A blazing power, a new dawn begun.*

Parvati observed the sphere with concern. "The heat is overwhelming. This force is too fierce for direct handling."

Life flutters in drops and not in tides, life shapes in breath and not in storm, oh Energy of cosmos calm yourself as life begins in silent womb not on the arm of warrior.

But the very power itself was not in control and started melting glaciers and burning forests.

Shiva agreed. "Indeed. We must temper it to make it manageable. We shall call upon Ganga."

Ganga, resplendent in her divine form, appeared before Shiva and Parvati. Her cool, purifying waters flowed gracefully from the icy peaks of the Himalayas. The fiery sphere awaited her intervention.

"Ganga, we need your assistance," Shiva said. "This fiery sphere must be tempered. Your waters can cool it and make it suitable for its purpose."

Ganga approached the sphere with reverence. "Shiva, Parvati, I accept this task. I shall temper this divine energy with my purifying waters."

As Ganga enveloped the sphere with her waters, the intense heat was gradually tempered. The fiery brilliance was now controlled, its power ready to be harnessed.

With the fiery sphere now stable, it was entrusted to the Krittikas, six celestial nymphs associated with the Pleiades. The Krittikas, embodiments of purity and divine radiance, took the divine energy and nurtured it with their celestial grace.

In the celestial realm of the Pleiades, the Krittikas cared for the divine energy, which took the form of a divine child. The child, named Kartikeya, was imbued with the essence of the Krittikas. Each nymph contributed her divine attributes to the child, ensuring that he would be a formidable warrior.

As Kartikeya grew, his six heads symbolized his multifaceted nature. Each head represented a Krittika, reflecting the divine qualities that shaped him. The Krittikas raised him with love and wisdom, preparing him for the task ahead.

Kartikeya's training was rigorous. The Krittikas taught him the arts of combat, strategy, and divine magic. His divine weapons, bestowed upon him by the Krittikas, were crafted with celestial precision.

One day, as Kartikeya practiced his skills, one of the Krittikas approached him. "Kartikeya, you have grown into a formidable warrior. The time has come for you to fulfill your destiny."

Kartikeya, with a determined expression, replied, "I am ready. The heavens need me. I will confront Tarakasura and restore balance to the realms."

The Krittika smiled, pride evident in her eyes. "You carry the essence of the Krittikas within you. You will succeed."

Kartikeya, now an adult, descended upon Swarglok with a sense of purpose. The heavens awaited their savior. As he approached Amaravati, the sight of the ravaged city stirred his resolve. He gathered his forces and prepared for the battle that lay ahead.

Indra, who had been anxiously waiting for assistance, saw Kartikeya's arrival with a glimmer of hope. He approached the divine warrior, his expression a mix of relief and anxiety.

"Kartikeya, you have arrived! The situation is dire. The asuras have laid waste to our realms."

Kartikeya nodded. "I am here to help. We will drive back the asuras and restore order."

Indra, visibly relieved, said, "Our forces are stretched thin. We need a decisive victory."

Kartikeya replied with confidence, "Leave it to me. I will lead our forces and confront Tarakasura. We will reclaim our city."

The skies of Swarglok were filled with the sounds of battle as Kartikeya led the celestial forces against the asura legions. The clash of divine and demonic powers was a cataclysmic struggle. Kartikeya's leadership was evident as he commanded his troops with strategic brilliance.

In the heart of the battle, Kartikeya confronted Tarakasura. The demon, with his dark aura and immense power, met the divine warrior with a menacing grin.

"So, the savior arrives," Tarakasura sneered. "You are but a child in the face of my might and look he is hiding behind a small girl is coming to kill me, **the ruler of the three worlds.**"

The girl was nobody but the daughter of Indra itself. Devsena.
Devsena is a great warrior almost equal to Kartikeya.

Kartikeya's eyes blazed with determination. "You underestimate the power of the divine. I will end your tyranny."

The battle between Kartikeya and Tarakasura was fierce. The demon's dark powers clashed with Kartikeya's divine strength. Each strike and counterstrike echoed through the heavens. Kartikeya, with his six heads and divine weapons, fought with unparalleled skill.

The heavens watched in awe as Kartikeya's divine energy shone brightly against Tarakasura's malevolent darkness. The struggle reached its zenith as Kartikeya unleashed a final, devastating assault. With a mighty strike, he shattered Tarakasura's dark power, ending the demon's reign of terror.

With Tarakasura defeated, Swarglok began to heal from the wounds of battle. Amaravati was restored to its former glory, and the celestial gardens once again flourished. Indra, along with the Devas, celebrated the return of peace.

Indra approached Kartikeya, gratitude evident in his eyes. "Kartikeya, you have saved us from the brink of destruction. We are forever in your debt."

Kartikeya, looked at Devsena and then with a humble smile, replied, "It was my duty. The balance of the heavens has been restored."

Devsena felt a giggle in stomach ,looking here and there trying to distract herself.

Story of half Feminine

Setting: The serene and divine abode of Mount Kailash. Shiva and Parvati are seated on their celestial throne. The atmosphere is vibrant with divine energy.

Shiva: (smiling) Parvati, my love, our abode is ever serene. Yet, I sense a ripple of devotion stirring through the cosmos.

Parvati: (playfully) Indeed, Shiva. The devotion of the Saptarishis has reached us. One in particular, Brighu, is fervently devoted to you.

Shiva: (amused) Ah, Brighu. His devotion is as intense as the cosmic dance. Let us observe his devotion and see how it unfolds.

Enter Brighu, filled with intense devotion, performing pradakshina (circumambulation) around Shiva.

Brighu: (determined) O Lord Shiva, I shall encircle you three times, as it is my sacred duty to worship you.

Brighu circles Shiva, ignoring Parvati, who sits beside him.

Parvati: (irritated) Shiva, does Brighu not see me, or is his devotion so blind that he disregards the Divine Feminine?

Shiva: (smiling) Let us see how far his devotion will lead him. It is not my place to interfere.

Parvati sits calmly while Shiva watches Brighu's devotion with amusement.

Brighu: (resolute) I shall not circle around Parvati. I will only encircle you, O Lord, for it is your presence alone that matters to me.

Brighu transforms into a mouse, squeezing around Shiva while avoiding Parvati.

Parvati: (challenging) Is this how devotion is expressed? By avoiding the Divine Feminine?

Shiva: (laughing) Let us see how creative Brighu can be in his devotion.

Shiva gently lifts Parvati onto his lap, merging her essence with his own.

Shiva: Now, let us see if Brighu can circumvent this divine union.

Brighu transforms into a bird, attempting to circle Shiva but is thwarted by Parvati on Shiva's lap.

Brighu: (frustrated) How can I fulfill my devotion now?

Brighu transforms into a bee, circling only Shiva's right leg.

Shiva: (amused) See how dedicated he is. His devotion blinds him to the wholeness of our being.

Parvati: (smiling) Let him be. His devotion is pure, even if it is limited.

Setting: The divine abode becomes a place of contemplation. Shiva adopts the yogic posture of Siddhasana.

Shiva: (serious) Brighu's devotion is pure, yet he misses the integration of the feminine and masculine principles. Let us teach him a lesson in balance.

Shiva, in Siddhasana, becomes impossible to circumambulate. Brighu, realizing this, approaches with a sense of humility.

Brighu: (humbled) O Lord, I have learned that true devotion must embrace both the feminine and masculine. Teach me how to integrate this knowledge.

Shiva: (compassionate) Devotion must include the entirety of existence. In your pursuit, remember that both the masculine and feminine within you must be nurtured. This is the essence of yoga.

Parvati: (gentle) True devotion encompasses both aspects of the divine. One cannot be complete without the other.

Shiva and Parvati merge into the form of Ardhanari, half-male and half-female, symbolizing the integration of both principles.

Shiva: (to Brighu) This form is the embodiment of unity. It represents the wholeness of existence where both principles are equally revered.

Brighu: (enlightened) I understand now. Devotion must be holistic, embracing the full spectrum of divine principles.

Setting: The divine abode now radiates a harmonious glow. Shiva and Parvati, in their Ardhanari form, dance in unity.

Shiva: (to Brighu) You have learned the essence of true devotion. Let this knowledge guide you and all who seek the divine.

Parvati: (smiling) In your journey of devotion, may you find balance and wholeness, reflecting the unity of the divine.

Brighu bows deeply, acknowledging the lesson learned.

Brighu: (reverently) Thank you, O Divine Ones. I shall carry this wisdom into the cosmos, spreading the understanding of unity and balance.

Shiva and Parvati continue their divine dance, embodying the eternal harmony of the universe.

Chitraketu an enlighten Brahmin on his astral journey was watching this all, and due to his lack of acceptance can not digest the fact of parvati sitting on the lap of shiva. Chitraketu laughed and said- what a funny shameless nonsense is this. And look how respected so called enlighten sages are appreciating this dance of shame. I have always admired shiva for being the even greatest disciple of my lord Vishnu but look how is he composing rasa' with a woman.

Sages were so silent and quite but Bhrigu stepped ahead and asked .

"oh Chitraketu if you have a problem with us, why don't you just leave this place"

Shiva was smiling but Parvati seemed not so OK with the thing going on there.

'Oh Bhrigu please, can not you just shut your mouth and turn into that mouse again- hahh what a clown disciple....A rat ! .' said Chitraketu.

Parvati's face was serious and she warned Chitraketu to leave the place other wise consequences will be on his own.

Chitraketu agreed to leave ,but had a very intolerable smile on his face, seeing this Parvati got so furious and the environment get heated all of sudden.

KalpaVriksha and Mansarowar !

Setting: Mount Kailash, now shrouded in ominous, swirling dark clouds. The once serene and sacred mount is charged with divine energy, the air crackling with electric tension.

Parvati stands resolute atop the summit, her presence radiating an intense, divine anger. The atmosphere around her seems to ripple with her fury, the very sky reflecting her tumultuous emotions. Her voice rings out with an authoritative echo that reverberates through the heavens, "Leave this holy place, tainted soul ! Your thoughts have become poison. You are no longer a worthy of mansarowar."

Chitraketu, once a revered devotee of Vishnu and a warrior of formidable prowess akin to Shiva himself, now lies prostrate on the ground. His once proud and valiant form is diminished, crumbling under the weight of Parvati's condemnation. His voice, a desperate plea, is hoarse and trembling, "Aadi Devi Jagdamba, have mercy, Mother of seen and unseen !"

Parvati's gaze remains unyielding, her face a mask of divine judgment, though her eyes glisten with unshaded tears. In an aweinspiring display of cosmic retribution, vrstrasur's body twists grotesquely, morphing into a hideous demon. The heavens reverberate with his agonized roar as he is cast into the underworld, the very mountains quaking with the force of his fall.

Shiva, a witness to the unfolding tragedy, closes his eyes in profound sorrow. His deep love for all beings, especially those devoted to Lord Vishnu, fills him with empathy for vrstrasur's plight. His voice, heavy with grief, resonates softly through the darkness, "I shall enter deep samadhi, far from this place." His departure from Kailash is marked by a palpable loss, as the divine aura of the mountain fades, leaving an oppressive void.

Parvati's heart quivers with regret and isolation. She calls out in anguish, "Adinath, did I do wrong? Please don't leave me!" Her voice, filled with a mix of despair and longing, echoes unanswered. As Shiva's form and the celestial sages vanish, the once vibrant Mount Kailash turns cold and desolate, the heavens darkening as if mourning the loss. Alone amidst the emptiness, Parvati wanders through the abandoned sanctuary, her steps echoing on the cold, barren ground. The memories of her life with Shiva flood back with painful clarity. She remembers their joyous beginnings – Shiva's laughter ringing through the grand halls as he played with their sons, Nandi's faithful presence, and the profound, unspoken love that once enveloped their union. The mountain, now stripped of its divine glow, feels like an icy shell of its former self, the sacred energy drained away.

Longing for love from the unknown !

*In the shadow of the mountain, once so bright,
Where divine whispers filled the sacred night,
She stands alone, the goddess wrapped in pain,
Her heart a storm beneath the endless rain.*

*The echoes of his laughter, now so faint,
A love once whole, now buried in her plaint.
Shiva, her beloved, lost to distant lands,
She reaches for him with trembling hands.
"Adinath," she whispers to the skies,
But no reply, just clouds and empty sighs.*

*The wind, a cold and distant friend,
Reminds her of the love that would not bend.*

*The Kalpavriksha sways with ancient grace,
Yet offers no solace, no warm embrace.
For even trees of heaven cannot heal
A heart that only loss and void can feel.*

*She dreams of brighter days and soft embrace,
Of her children's laughter, Shiva's gentle face.
But now those days are gone, a distant star,
And she, a mother, wanders lost and far.*

*Her tears, like rivers, carve the barren stone,
A goddess left to grieve and weep alone.
Where once the mountain sang with sacred life,
Now only silence cuts her soul like a knife.*

*Yet in the cold and empty air, a trace,
A whisper, soft, unknown, yet full of grace.
A presence she cannot name or see,
But feels within the depths of her misery.*

*This love, unspoken, wraps her in its arms,
A quiet comfort, free of worldly harms.
And though she knows not where it's from, nor who,
It feels like home, like something pure and true.*

*Oh, Parvati, the world you bore with love,
Now mirrors only emptiness above.
Not even Shiva hears your lonely cry,
For in his deep samadhi, he does lie.*

*But still, a warmth, a gentle light unknown,
Caresses you, though you may feel alone.
And in that touch, so tender, soft, and kind,
Perhaps, dear goddess, peace you yet may find.*

Parvati collapses beneath the ancient Kalpavriksha, her tears falling like a silent rain onto the barren earth. As she drifts into a deep, sorrowful sleep, her dreams transport her to a time of unburdened joy. She chases a radiant little girl, her laughter bright and infectious, as the child gleefully runs away, clutching a small statue of Shiva. The sight fills Parvati with a bittersweet smile, a fleeting moment of happiness amidst her deep sorrow.

Suddenly, a thunderous rumble jolts her awake. Rain pours down in heavy, relentless sheets, drenching her to the core. Amid the storm's chaos, a miraculous sight appears – a newborn baby girl, encased in a soft, divine aura, rests beside her. Parvati, feeling a profound sense of peace and renewal, cradles the child in her arms. She looked around and realized it was not a normal banyan tree but the wish fulfilling tree came from ocean churning. Tear of thanking and happiness slipped from her eyes. The name "Ashoksundari" slips from her lips like a whispered prayer, as the child's presence brings a glimmer of solace to the desolate mount.

The great thunderbolt !

Setting: The sky darkens ominously as the celestial realm is engulfed in chaos. The battlefield stretches across the heavens, where Devas and vrstrasur's demonic legions clash. Fireballs streak across the sky, and lightning forks with blinding intensity, illuminating the ferocious struggle. The very air crackles with the raw energy of divine warfare.

The Scene abruptly shifts, character of Parvati is now transformed into a simple, sorrowful woman. She gently lifts her son in her lap, tears streaming down her face. Her surroundings transform into a chaos in a earth's village, the serene stillness shattered by her grief. Before her, lies her lifeless son, a tragic victim of Vrstrasur's (Chitraketu reincarnation) merciless rampage. As woman weeps, the ground trembles violently.

Indra, having been hurled from the sky, crashes onto the earth. His face, smeared with blood and dirt, reflects both his rage and his shock as he catches sight of the grieving woman and her dead child. Enraged beyond measure, Indra roars in fury, his voice reverberating like thunder. He mounts his white elephant, Airavata, and soars back into the stormridden skies.

vrstrasur, a towering demon with molten, fiery eyes and armor scorched black from his relentless battles, leads his army of asuras with unbridled ferocity. His mere presence causes the very earth beneath him to quake. The demon's immense power casts an oppressive shadow over the battlefield, instilling dread in all who face him.

Indra, with a fierce resolve, commands Airavata to ascend into the tumultuous skies. Clutching his thunderbolt (vajra), he harnesses the elements of wind, rain, and thunder, unleashing a relentless onslaught upon vrstrasur. The heavens, awash with storm clouds, join the fray, their fury amplifying Indra's assault.

But vrstrasur's laughter, deep and resounding like the eruption of a volcano, fills the stormravaged skies. Each strike of Indra's vajra is swallowed by the inferno surrounding vrstrasur, the flames rising and expanding with every clash. The battlefield transforms into a nightmarish landscape of fire and smoke, where the Devas fight valiantly but falter under the mounting strength of the asuras.

The ground itself seems to erupt as the asuras press forward with relentless force. The Devas, exhausted and outnumbered, begin to fall back. Their weapons splinter, their morale crumbles, and hope wanes as they retreat from the overpowering demonic forces.

In a desperate final attempt, Indra summons a colossal bolt of lightning, drawing upon the full might of the heavens. The sky blazes with intense light as the lightning bolt descends towards vrstrasur. However, as the bolt strikes, it is devoured by the demonic flames that engulf vrstrasur. The demon emerges unscathed, his menacing grin widening with each failed assault.

vrstrasur, seizing the opportunity, strikes Indra with a powerful blow from his weapon. Indra is thrown violently from Airavata, tumbling through the air and crashing to the earth near a secluded cave.

After a few moments, Indra regains consciousness. His senses are drawn to the faint, rhythmic chanting of Lord Vishnu's name emanating from within the cave. He stumbles toward it, finding solace in its divine resonance. Inside, he encounters a sage deep in meditation. As the sage opens his eyes, the cave is illuminated with an otherworldly brilliance that momentarily blinds Indra.

In the radiance, Indra hears the sage's voice, clear and profound, "Devaraj, vrstrasur is blessed by the divine. No ordinary weapon can harm him. But there is one weapon that can: the vajra made from the backbone of Sage Dadhichi. Only that can bring an end to this terror."

The sage's words echo through the cave, filling Indra with a renewed sense of purpose and urgency. The light fades, leaving Indra with a glimmer of hope and a path forward in his daunting quest to vanquish vrstrasur.

Blood of Innocent !

Setting: A serene forest, with the hermitage of Sage Dadhichi hidden amidst ancient trees and flowing rivers. The air is filled with the fragrance of sandalwood and jasmine, and the sun filters through the dense canopy, casting a soft golden glow on the ground. Birds sing melodious tunes, and the gentle rustle of leaves accompanies the flowing rivers, creating an atmosphere of absolute peace and divine presence.

Indra arrives at the hermitage, his heart heavy with the burden of his mission. As he steps closer, he sees Sage Dadhichi sitting under a large banyan tree, deep in meditation. But something extraordinary catches Indra's eye—the sage's body is not what he expected. There is no skin, no hair, just a skeleton glowing with divine energy. The bones are luminescent, and through the translucent frame, Indra can see the six chakras of Dadhichi's body, each one shining brightly, pulsing with life force and cosmic energy.

Indra is awestruck. "This is no ordinary sage," he thinks. "How can I ask such a being to sacrifice himself?" As he stands there, mesmerized by the glowing chakras, a voice suddenly echoes from the sky, deep and resonant, like the rolling of distant thunder. It is not the voice of any mortal, but a divine command from the cosmos itself: "Oh King of Devas, go ahead! The protection of the universe is greater than any one life, even mine, even yours."

The words echo through the forest, reverberating in Indra's mind.

The peaceful forest around him seems to hold its breath, the birds stop singing, and the wind falls silent. Indra raises the vajra, the weapon that had once been the symbol of his power and authority, now a tool for a sacrifice that weighs heavily on his soul.

Just as he is about to strike, the divine voice echoes again: "Go ahead, Indra. This is the path of dharma. There is no turning back."

With a deep breath, Indra steels himself and brings the vajra down with a swift, precise strike. The blow is cruel, and the sound of the impact reverberates through the forest. Sage Dadhichi's skeletal body shudders, and for a brief moment, a brilliant light bursts from his chakras, illuminating the entire forest in an ethereal glow. The ground beneath Indra shakes, as if the earth itself is mourning the sage's passing.

The light fades, and Dadhichi's lifeless body crumbles to the ground, leaving only the glowing spine, which pulsates with divine energy. Indra, his hands still trembling, kneels beside the remains of the sage. He feels the weight of the universe on his shoulders, the enormity of his actions pressing down on him.

The divine energy coursing through it is unlike anything he has ever felt before. He knows that this weapon will be unstoppable, but the price of its creation weighs heavily on his heart.

As he forges the vajra from Dadhichi's spine, the weapon glows with a divine, unstoppable power, but Indra cannot shake the image of the sage's peaceful face, the brilliance of his chakras, and the cruelty of his own hand. The forest, once peaceful, now feels somber, as if it too grieves for the loss of the sage who had once meditated beneath its ancient trees.

Indra stands up, holding the vajra in his hand, but the victory that this weapon promises seems distant, and the burden of the universe feels heavier than ever.

Moment of Realization & Penance

Setting: A battlefield that stretches across realms, with gods and demons locked in a battle of cosmic proportions.

The war begins with a deafening roar as the two armies collide. The sky is filled with flashes of divine and demonic energy, and the ground trembles under the weight of their battle. Gods wield celestial weapons that blaze like the sun, while asuras summon dark magic from the depths of the underworld.

Indra, now armed with Dadhichi's vajra, charges into the heart of the battle. With a mighty cry, he throws the vajra towards Vristasur's. The weapon pierces through the demonic flames, cutting through the darkness like a beam of divine light. Vristasur's eyes widen in shock as the vajra strikes him in the chest. The ground shakes violently as Vristasur's lets out a bloodcurdling scream, his monstrous form shattering into a thousand pieces. The flames die out, and the battlefield falls silent.

Victory is won, but as the smoke clears, Indra stands alone, the weight of his actions pressing down on him. He looks at the vajra in his hand and remembers the sacrifice of Sage Dadhichi. The victory feels hollow, tainted by the sin of taking an innocent life for the sake of power. Indra drops the vajra, his heart heavy with guilt. "What a misfortune Brahman ! why me ? "oh to win the battle by loosing the Soul," he whispered.

With that, Indra turns his back on Swargalok, leaving behind his throne and the glory of heaven. He walks away, seeking penance for his sins ,Sachi stood behind repeating Devaraj ! Devaraj ! until he walked in the unknown .Devaraj started deep meditation on a petal of tiny lotus on one leg for thousands of years.

No one is above the rule of law

*Upon a lotus petal frail,
Where gods' great might must cease to prevail,
The king of Swargalok bends his knee,
In cosmic guilt, seeks Brahman's decree.*

*Though crowned in realms of light and grace,
No Vasu shields from divine embrace.
In deep regret, the mighty fall,
Before the cosmic law, they all.*

*For even deities, with crowns so high,
Face the weight of truth, where shadows lie.
Dharma , the ultimate guide,
No throne or power can ever hide.*

Cold Desert !

Setting: A cold, vast desert, with winds howling and sand swirling around like a storm.

Ashoksundari, now a graceful and divine beauty, races through the desert on horseback. Her long hair flows behind her like a stream of night, and her laughter rings out like music in the air. She is chased by Emperor Nahush, who is smitten by her charm and grace. His white horse gallops after her, the snow beneath its hooves crunching as he chases her across the desert.

The chase is playful, almost romantic, as Ashoksundari glances back with a mischievous smile, urging him to catch up. Nahush, mesmerized by her beauty and spirit, pushes his horse harder, his eyes filled with admiration.

Finally, Nahush catches up to her and gently pulls the reins of her horse, bringing them to a stop. They both dismount, standing face to face amidst the cold, barren desert, their breath visible in the freezing air.

"Will you marry me, Ashoksundari?" Nahush asks, his voice filled with longing and hope.

Ashoksundari, her eyes softening, nods with a smile. "Yes, Nahush. I will."

Blossom in Cold Desert

*Beneath a sky so wide and blue,
Where icy winds and sands ensue,
Two hearts collide in love's soft chase,
In the desert's cold and wild embrace.*

*The barren plains stretch far and wide,
Yet warmth blooms where they cannot hide.
Ashoksundari, graceful and free,
Her laughter floats like melody.*

*Her hair, a stream of night's own thread,
Flows behind as her horse races ahead.
Each glance she casts, a playful spark,
A light that brightens the desert stark.*

*Nahush, the emperor, mighty and grand,
Chases her across this silent land.
His horse, pure white, pounds the frozen ground,
His heart in her beauty bound.*

*Through valleys cold and dunes so high,
Where only silence meets the sky,
Their love, a fire in the frozen air,
Burns brightly, without despair.*

*He catches her, their pace now slowed,
In the desert's quiet, their love bestowed.
Breath mingles in the icy breeze,
As they stand together, hearts at ease.*

*"Will you marry me, Ashoksundari?"
He asks with longing, tender and free.
Her eyes, like stars, reflect the night,
As she whispers, "Yes," with soft delight.*

*In that desolate, frosty space,
Where earth and sky meet face to face,
Two souls unite, their fates entwined,
In the cold desert, love refined.*

*For even where the winds may wail,
And barren sands tell a lonely tale,
Love finds its way, pure and true,
In the desert's embrace, it grew.*

But before they can seal their union, a messenger arrives in haste, bowing deeply. "My lord, Lord Vishnu has arrived at the palace and requests your presence."

The Scene shifts to the palace, where Vishnu, radiant and serene, stands before Nahush and Ashoksundari. "Nahush, there is no one in all the three worlds who can reign not only on the land but in the hearths of the subject. The prosperity of earth in your reign is unimaginable. In absence of Devaraj Indra Swargalok is lacking direction, it is only you who can bring back the light of Swargalok" Vishnu says, "you are to take care of Swargalok in Indra's absence. Marry my Nephew Ashoksundari, I can see she will light your path in your toughest of the time. Rule with wisdom and humility, for the responsibility of the heavens is now yours."

No room for the Extra sword

High above the earthly realms, where the mortal eye can only dream to gaze, stood the magnificent and sacred abode of Kailash. Its peaks kissed the heavens, and its valleys sang with the hymns of the ancient sages. This was the home of Lord Shiva, the Adiyogi, and his divine consort, Parvati. It was a place where the cycle of time seemed to slow, where every breath was a prayer, and every moment was an eternity.

But even in such a realm of peace and divine tranquility, the undercurrents of cosmic tensions could stir. For many years, one of the most beloved sons of Shiva and Parvati had left Kailash. Kartikeya, the mighty god of war, the commander of the celestial armies, had not returned since that fateful day of his wedding.

The divine couple had welcomed their sons with open hearts, but one small incident had caused a great rift between their children. A rift that had not healed even after years of separation.

Now, as the grand wedding of Ashoksundari, Shiva and Parvati's daughter, approached, the heavens buzzed with anticipation. But there was an unspoken tension in the air. Would Kartikeya return to Kailash? Would the family be whole again?

The grand halls of Kailash once reverberated with the sounds of joyous celebration. On the day of Kartikeya's marriage to Devasena, the daughter of Indra, king of the gods, the cosmos itself seemed to have paused to witness the union. Devas and Asuras alike had gathered, putting aside their eternal conflicts, to honor the union of the warrior god and the divine princess.

Devasena, with her radiant beauty and grace, stood as a symbol of divine power. Her presence exuded a calm that could soothe even the fiercest storms. She was Kartikeya's equal in every way, a perfect complement to his fiery spirit.

Indra, proud of his daughter, had proposed the marriage to Kartikeya, seeing in him the ideal match for Devasena. Shiva, the allknowing, had blessed the union, and the gods had rejoiced.

But before the wedding rituals could begin, there was one essential task. A ritual that was performed before any auspicious event—a prayer to Lord Ganesha, the remover of obstacles. It was customary to offer the first respects to Ganesha to ensure that the ceremony proceeded without hindrance.

As the priests began chanting Ganesha's name, Kartikeya felt a flicker of discontent. A fire of pride burned in his chest. Why, he wondered, should Ganesha be honored first? After all, was he not the elder brother? Was he not the commander of the celestial armies, the slayer of demons? Why should the first offering go to Ganesha and not to him?

The discontent in his heart grew as the ritual progressed. Although outwardly calm, Kartikeya's pride began to cloud his judgment. He believed that his valor and achievements should be recognized above all. After all, had he not been born for the sole purpose of protecting the cosmos from evil?

Shiva, ever the observer, noticed the turmoil in Kartikeya's mind. He, who knew all hearts and thoughts, could see the seeds of ego sprouting within his son. Parvati, too, felt the subtle shift in Kartikeya's demeanor, her motherly intuition sensing the brewing storm.

To teach Kartikeya a lesson in humility, Shiva devised a divine test. He and Parvati announced that they would bestow upon the winner of a competition the fruit of knowledge—a divine mango that held within it the secrets of the universe. Whoever circled the world three times and returned first would win the fruit.

Kartikeya, eager to prove his worth, leaped onto his divine peacock, his eyes ablaze with determination. He soared into the heavens, determined to win the race and claim the fruit for himself. He traversed the mountains, oceans, and forests, covering the physical world with his unmatched speed and prowess.

But Ganesha, wise and thoughtful, approached the challenge differently. Instead of circling the physical world, he walked around his parents, Shiva and Parvati, three times. He understood that they were the embodiment of the universe, the source of all creation. By honoring them, he honored all existence.

When Kartikeya returned, exhausted but triumphant, he was shocked to find that Ganesha had already claimed the fruit. His heart burned with anger and betrayal. How could this be? How could his brother, who had not even left Kailash, win the competition?

In his anger, Kartikeya felt a deep sense of injustice. He believed that his efforts had been in vain, that his achievements had been overlooked. Unable to contain his frustration, Kartikeya made a fateful decision. He left Kailash, vowing never to return. With Devasena by his side, he sought refuge in a distant mountain, far from the family he felt had wronged him.

Years passed, and Kailash returned to its serene state. The absence of Kartikeya was a heavy burden on Shiva and Parvati's hearts, but they respected their son's choice, hoping that time would heal the wounds.

Now, another grand celebration was on the horizon. Ashoksundari, the beautiful and wise daughter of Shiva and Parvati, was to be wed. Her marriage was not just a union of two souls but a cosmic event that would bring together the gods, goddesses, sages, and celestial beings from all realms.

The serpents, led by Vasuki, slithered in with their hoods raised in reverence. The ghosts and spirits, who were usually feared, came in peace, their ethereal forms shimmering in the divine light.

But despite the grandeur and celebration, there was a lingering sadness in the air. Everyone knew that the family was not complete. Kartikeya, the beloved son of Shiva and Parvati, was still missing. The thought of his absence weighed heavily on Ashoksundari's heart.

She could not imagine her wedding day without her elder brother by her side. The bond they had shared in their childhood, the laughter, the playful banter, and the love—they were memories she cherished deeply. But those memories had become distant, like a dream fading with the morning light.

Ashoksundari knew that she had to bring her brother back. She could not let the day pass without him. And so, with a heart full of determination, she set out to find him.

On the eve of her wedding, Ashoksundari left and made her way to the distant mountain where Kartikeya resided. The journey was long and arduous, but her love for her brother gave her strength. As she climbed the steep cliffs, she thought of the times they had spent together as children, of the bond they had shared before the rift had torn them apart.

When she finally reached the peak, she found Kartikeya sitting in meditation, his face calm and serene. Devasena stood by his side, her eyes filled with concern as she watched her husband wrestle with the emotions he had long buried.

Ashoksundari approached Kartikeya with a gentle heart. She knew that anger and force would not bring him back. Instead, she decided to appeal to his heart, to the love that still lingered beneath the surface of his pride.

She knelt before him and began to recite a poem, her voice soft and filled with emotion:

For the sake of Love

On the highest peak where the winds do roam,
Dear brother, come back to your family and home.
The stars await with their soft, gentle light,
In Kailash, our home, where love shines bright.

We laughed as children, played in the skies,
With Ganesha by your side, under father's wise eyes.
Now, my wedding draws near, so grand and divine,
But the joy fades, for I miss your warm shine.

The Devas and Asuras, all will be there,
But without you, the joy is stripped bare.
For what is a family, if it's torn apart?
Come home, dear brother, come heal my heart.

Let no anger linger, no distance remain,
Come back to Kailash, release all your pain.
With Devasena by your side, walk in with pride,
The world awaits the brother who will not hide.

Her words hung in the air, a plea from the depths of her heart. But Kartikeya, though moved, was still bound by his pride. He looked at his sister with sorrowful eyes but did not speak.

"I cannot return," he finally said, his voice heavy with emotion. "The wounds of the past still ache, and I cannot face Ganesha after what happened. I cannot pretend that everything is fine."

Ashoksundari's heart sank. She had hoped that her words would be enough to bring her brother back, but she could see that the pain ran deeper than she had imagined.

With a heavy heart, she returned to Kailash, her hopes dashed but her love for her brother unwavering. She could not give up, not yet. There was still one more person who could reach Kartikeya's heart.

Ganesha, the remover of obstacles, had watched the events unfold with a heavy heart. He had never intended for his brother to leave Kailash. He had never meant to cause such a rift in the family. But he understood that sometimes, even the gods needed to learn the lessons of humility and forgiveness.

As the day of the wedding drew closer, Ganesha decided to take matters into his own hands. He knew that Kartikeya's pride had blinded him, but he also knew that deep down, his brother still loved their family.

Ganesha set out for the distant mountain, where Kartikeya and Devasena lived in solitude. When he arrived, he found Kartikeya standing at the edge of the cliff, looking out at the vast expanse of the world below. There was a sadness in his eyes, a longing that he could not deny.

Ganesha approached his brother with a gentle smile, his eyes filled with the wisdom of ages. He knew that words alone would not be enough to bring Kartikeya back. He needed to remind his brother of the importance of family, of the bond that could never be broken.

Awaiting should be over !

Snehasya Bandhanam, the bond of love so true,
Brother, no distance should ever sever me from you.
Kutumbam is a sacred tree,
Its roots in love, its branches wide and free.

Griha is not just stone, it's our heart's beating core,
It is where Mother and father bless forevermore.
Come, let the past be a whisper in the wind,
Let new memories heal where old ones have thinned.

We are but two halves of a whole divine,
Without you, even gods lose their shine.
Let your Dhairya guide you now,
Return to the fold, fulfill your vow.

For in unity, there is strength, a power so vast,
Come, dear brother, let us mend the past.
Ashoksundari waits with love in her eyes,
Come, bring joy to her, under Shiva's wise skies.

As Ganesha's words flowed through the air, Kartikeya felt a shift within himself. The anger and pride that had clouded his heart for so long began to dissolve. He realized that his brother was not his rival, but his equal, his complement. They were two sides of the same coin, bound by love and destiny.

Kartikeya turned to Ganesha, his eyes filled with tears of regret and understanding. He had been blind to the love that had always been there, and now he saw it clearly.

"You are right, brother," Kartikeya said, his voice soft but resolute. "I have let my pride keep me away for too long. It is time to return home."

Devasena, who had watched the exchange with bated breath, smiled with relief. She had always believed in Kartikeya's heart, and now she saw it shining once again.

Together, the brothers descended from the mountain, their bond renewed and their hearts lightened. They returned to Kailash, where the golden palace awaited, filled with the light of love and joy.

As Ashoksundari stood at the entrance of the Kailash, she felt a warmth in her heart that she had not felt in years. Her brother had returned. The family was whole again.

Kartikeya entered the Kailash with Ganesha by his side, their presence filling with a sense of unity and peace in Parvati's Heart.

The Golden Palace

In the exalted realm of Kailash, where the snowcapped peaks kissed the heavens and the serene landscape was bathed in eternal tranquility, preparations were underway for an unprecedented event. The marriage of Ashoksundari, the beloved daughter of Lord Shiva and Goddess Parvati, to King Nahus, a monarch of unparalleled renown and wisdom, was set to be a celebration like no other.

Goddess Parvati, whose heart was as vast as the cosmos, was known for her deep love for her daughter and her unyielding pursuit of perfection. As the day of the grand ceremony approached, she became increasingly restless. The tranquil and majestic surroundings of Kailash, though beautiful and serene, seemed inadequate for the monumental occasion. She envisioned a celebration so magnificent that it would transcend the bounds of ordinary grandeur.

Parvati expressed her dissatisfaction to Lord Shiva with a fervor that could not be ignored. "Shiva," she said with an earnest plea, "the marriage of our beloved Ashoksundari must be a spectacle of unmatched splendor. The guests who will arrive are not merely of Earth but will come from Swarg and beyond. I desire a palace of gold, a creation so exquisite and opulent that even the gods will be awed."

Shiva, ever the attentive husband and father, understood the depth of Parvati's vision. He knew that such a palace would require a craftsmanship beyond mortal and divine capabilities alike. He turned to Vishwakarma, the greatest architect and scientist of all realms, who was revered for his unparalleled skill in creating wonders.

Vishwakarma was a figure of immense respect among devas, asuras, and manushyas. Known for his exceptional knowledge and skill in architecture and engineering, Vishwakarma had crafted some of the most legendary creations in the cosmos, including palaces and the divine chariots of the gods.

Upon receiving the divine order from Shiva, Vishwakarma was filled with a sense of both excitement and reverence. He embarked on the monumental task with a resolve to exceed all expectations. His mind raced with visions of a palace that would not only reflect the opulence desired by Parvati but also stand as a testament to his unparalleled genius.

Vishwakarma summoned his celestial artisans and began the creation of the palace. The process was nothing short of miraculous. The divine architect harnessed the essence of pure gold, enchanting it with mystical properties that made it shimmer with an

otherworldly glow. The palace rose from the ground like a phoenix, its spires reaching towards the heavens and its walls adorned with intricate carvings that depicted scenes of celestial beauty and mythological grandeur.

The golden palace was not merely a structure but a living entity. Its grand halls were lined with carpets of divine silk, and its floors were paved with gemstones that sparkled like stars. The palace was designed with elements that catered to every conceivable luxury and comfort, ensuring that it would be a place of unparalleled magnificence.

As the palace neared completion, the news of the impending marriage spread throughout the cosmos. The celestial realms buzzed with excitement as beings from every dimension prepared to attend the grand event. It was to be a convergence of divine and supernatural entities, a rare occurrence that transcended the usual bounds of cosmic gatherings.

From the underworld, the ghosts and spirits gathered, their ethereal forms shimmering with an eerie luminescence. The devas, resplendent in their divine attire, descended from their heavenly abodes, eager to witness the splendor of the golden palace. Serpents, the enigmatic denizens of the nether regions, slithered in with their scales gleaming in the

twilight. Even the goddess Lakshmi, the embodiment of wealth and prosperity, and Vishnu, the Preserver, graced the occasion with their divine presence.

The arrival of such an illustrious assembly created a celestial spectacle of its own. The golden palace, already radiant with its own inner light, seemed to outshine the very sun itself. The brilliance of the palace was so intense that it threatened to eclipse the light of Surya Deva, the sun god.

In response to the overwhelming radiance, Surya Deva agreed to dim his light, allowing the guests to fully appreciate the splendor of the palace. His decision was met with gratitude from the assembled beings, who marveled at the sheer magnificence of the golden creation.

As the day of the wedding dawned, the palace was abuzz with activity. Celestial musicians 'Gandharva' played melodious tunes that resonated through the golden halls, and divine dancers performed graceful movements that seemed to defy gravity. The fragrance of heavenly flowers filled the air, creating an atmosphere of divine serenity.

The marriage rituals were presided over by Ravan, the greatest priest of the time. Ravan, known for his deep devotion to Shiva and his unparalleled knowledge of sacred rites, was entrusted with the task of performing the rituals. His presence added a layer of sanctity to the proceedings, as his chants and mantras wove a tapestry of divine energy around the ceremony.

'Its almost time for the first offering oh shivaya ' - said Ravan !

Parvati was holding her breath,as Skanda(Kartikeya steps ahead and said- 'sure' and performed the offering to Lord Ganesh first.

The whole gathering was very proud and happy as the greatest lesson of humbleness and respect was taught that day.

Ravan's performance was nothing short of mesmerizing. His voice, resonant and powerful, carried the sacred verses and ancient hymns through the palace, invoking the blessings of the gods and ensuring that the ceremony was conducted with utmost precision. The divine couple, Ashoksundari and King Nahus, stood in the center of the golden palace, their faces illuminated by the ethereal glow of the surroundings.

The Sacred Bond

*In love, there is a gentle grace,
A quiet calm, a warm embrace.
Pure like the waters of Ganga's flow,
In hearts where sacred feelings grow.*

*Bound by vows, so deep, divine,
Two souls unite, their fates entwine.
In every glance, in every touch,
Their bond speaks of love's soft hush.*

*"Prem," they whisper, hand in hand,
A promise made, a lifelong stand.
Like Shiv and Shakti, side by side,
In this love, the universe resides.*

*Through storms and sun, they journey far,
Guided by their inner star.
Their marriage, like the moon's soft glow,
Shines through the dark, steady and slow.*

*In every season, joy, and pain,
They find in each other peace again.
For love, Satyam, always true,
Is a light that carries them through.*

*"Vivah" is more than earthly ties,
It's where two spirits harmonize.
In sacred fire, they take their stand,
A union blessed by fate's own hand.*

*So pure, so bright, their love will be,
A dance of hearts, eternally.
In every breath, in every prayer,
The purity of love is there.*

*For marriage, strong as mountain peaks,
Is where the heart its solace seeks.
With trust as deep as ocean's tide,
They walk together, side by side.*

*"Shubh" is the path where love does lead,
Where hearts are full, there's no more need.
In every word, in every song,
Their love will last forever long.*

As the sacred fire burned brightly, the vows were exchanged, and the divine couple was united in a bond of eternal love and commitment. The assembly of gods and celestial beings watched in awe, their hearts filled with joy and admiration for the couple and the grandeur of the occasion. The Brahman, the god of creation itself was sitting on a Devī lotus flower was offering in the fire.

With the completion of the marriage ceremony, Shiva turned to Ravan and asked, "What would you like as your dakshina, for performing these sacred rites?"

The entire assembly held their breath, waiting to hear Ravan's response. The atmosphere was charged with anticipation, as everyone wondered what could possibly be requested in return for such an extraordinary service.

Ravan, with a serene and composed demeanor, made his request: "I wish for the golden palace itself."

A gasp of astonishment rippled through the assembly. The request was audacious, even by divine standards. The palace, a creation of unparalleled splendor, was the epitome of luxury and grandeur. To ask for it as a reward was a request that few could even imagine, let alone make.

Yet, Shiva, embodying the essence of Adiyogi and the eternal giver, responded with a smile. His eyes, filled with a divine light, reflected a profound understanding of Ravan's request. Without hesitation, Shiva and Parvati granted Ravan's wish, bestowing upon him the magnificent golden palace.

The crowd erupted in admiration and awe. The palace, now in the possession of Ravan, was celebrated as a symbol of divine grace and generosity. The tale of the grand marriage ceremony and the extraordinary request became a legend, a story that would be told and retold across the realms for generations to come.

The golden palace Lanka, now under Ravan's stewardship, continued to shine as a beacon of celestial splendor. Its beauty and opulence became a source of inspiration for all who beheld it. Ravan, with the palace in his possession, lived a life of prosperity and reverence, forever grateful for the divine gift bestowed upon him. "oh king Nahus" lord Vishnu's voice came from behind, now it is time to leave for Swargalok, My sister Parvati please allow us to leave with our Ashoksundari. And with that is it, All the celestials, goddess and devas disappeared in air.

Palanquin of Dominance !

Setting: Swargalok shines with celestial grandeur, its glowing temples and clouds framing the divine court. The sacred grove of Sage Agastya stands nearby, an ancient sanctuary of wisdom and peace. Despite the beauty of Swargalok, darkness stirs within the heart of its new ruler, Nahush.

Nahush, now the king of Swargalok, has become intoxicated with power. What was once humility is now arrogance, and he dismisses the virtues that once guided him. His mind, clouded by desire and dominance, forgets the responsibilities that come with his throne.

One day, Nahush catches sight of Sachi, Indra's wife, bathing in a secluded pool in the heavenly gardens. Mesmerized by her beauty, his vision is tainted by lust and entitlement. Approaching her with a twisted smile, Nahush declares, "Sachi, now that I am the king of Swargalok, you shall be mine. Marry me, for I am the ruler of heaven. Indra is gone, and you belong to me. You will submit to my will."

Sachi, filled with righteousness and strength, stands firm. "You forget yourself, Nahush. I am the wife of Indra, and no power you wield will change that. Do not make this mistake again, or the consequences will be severe."

Angered by her rejection, Nahush storms away, consumed by thoughts of revenge. Later, in the grand court of Swargalok, he summons all the Devas and sages, demanding that they prepare a grand palanquin. It is an ancient tradition for the king of heaven to survey the realm, but Nahush's desire is not for tradition—it is for dominance.

Reluctantly, the Devas and sages obey. As they lift the palanquin, Sage Agastya steps forward, his face stern with disapproval. "Nahush," he says, his voice calm but resolute, "you are a temporary ruler of Swargalok. You have been given a responsibility until Indra returns. Your actions are unworthy of a king."

Nahush, blinded by power, snaps back, "I am the king, and I will do as I please! You are nothing but an old man, bound by your rules. You will carry my palanquin, or face my wrath."

Agastya says nothing more as he takes his place. Nahush, seated in the palanquin, revels in his perceived superiority. But as they carry him through the heavenly realm, Nahush deliberately strikes Sage Agastya with his foot, an act of pure disrespect. The court falls silent as the sage stumbles.

Rising with divine fury in his eyes, Sage Agastya speaks with a voice that resonates with the power of the heavens. "Nahush, you have shown your true nature. You are a serpent, unworthy of this throne. I curse you to become what you are—a giant python, condemned to slither on the ground for eternity, bound to the earth like the vile creature you have become."

As the curse takes hold, Nahush's body begins to twist and contort. His limbs elongate, his skin hardens into scales, and his oncemighty form disappears, replaced by the slithering body of a massive python. His eyes burn with regret and terror as he is cast down from the heavens, falling through the clouds to the mortal realm below.

The Devas watch in silence, their hearts heavy with the weight of the curse. But in that moment, Ashoksundari, Nahush's devoted wife, rushes forward. Her eyes filled with tears, she falls at Sage Agastya's feet and begs, "Great sage, please, have mercy! I know my husband has sinned, but he is not beyond redemption. Is there no way to save him from this curse?"

Agastya's gaze softens as he looks upon Ashoksundari, recognizing the purity of her love and devotion. After a moment of contemplation, he speaks, his voice now gentle. "Ashoksundari, your husband will not remain a python forever. There will come a time when a righteous king, who will be Dharma itself, one who is fit to rule both heaven and earth, will walk upon the land. When that time comes, you and your husband will question him on the virtues of ruling

justly. His answers will enlighten Nahush, and only then will your husband be freed from this cursed form and return to Swargalok, where he rightfully belongs."

Ashoksundari listens with hope in her heart, but her concerns for Nahush's safety remain. "Great sage," she pleads, "he is now vulnerable in the mortal realm. How will I protect him from the dangers of the forest?"

With compassion in his eyes, Agastya blesses her. "Fear not, Ashoksundari. I grant you a boon. You shall be able to safeguard your husband from any threat in the forest. No harm will come to him as long as your love and devotion remain steadfast."

With that, the court of Swargalok returns to its calm, though the shadows of Nahush's fate still linger. Ashoksundari, filled with a renewed sense of purpose, descends to the mortal realm to protect her husband, waiting for the day when the righteous king will arrive and redeem him from his cursed existence.

A cow from the swarg'

In the vast expanse of the cosmos, where time and space intertwine in celestial harmony, Indra, the supreme king of the heavens, embarked on an epic journey of penance. For thousands of years, he had secluded himself in the heart of a lotus flower, a sacred retreat suspended in the divine ether. This period of isolation was not merely a retreat but a profound quest for atonement and spiritual purification.

The lotus, resplendent with divine light, cradled Indra as he delved into the depths of meditation. The flower's petals, glowing with ethereal radiance, shielded him from the outer world, allowing him to focus entirely on his spiritual quest. This era of penance was a profound testament to Indra's devotion and his desire to cleanse his soul of past transgressions. The lotus flower became a symbol of his quest for redemption, embodying the purity and serenity he sought.

At long last, the cosmic rhythms signaled the conclusion of Indra's penance. The lotus petals, which had been his sanctuary, began to dissolve, releasing him from their protective embrace. As the last remnants of the flower vanished, Indra emerged, reborn and purified. The celestial forest that had once shielded him now opened, revealing the majestic figure of Airavat, the legendary white elephant.

Airavat stood at the edge of the forest, resplendent and unwavering. The grand beast, adorned with celestial adornments and emanating an aura of strength and grace, awaited Indra's return with undying loyalty. The sight of Airavat filled Indra with a deep sense of relief and connection. The grand elephant, a symbol of divine strength and fidelity, was more than just a companion—it was a cherished ally in his celestial journey.

With heartfelt affection, Indra approached Airavat. He stroked the elephant's broad back and whispered words of gratitude and love. This moment of communion was more than a mere gesture; it was a profound expression of their spiritual bond. Indra's hands caressed Airavat's form, acknowledging the beast's unwavering support throughout his penance.

In a sacred and intimate ritual, Indra made love to Airavat, a gesture of mutual respect and deep spiritual connection. The act was a symbol of their shared journey and devotion, a celebration of the divine partnership that had sustained him through his trials. As they completed their sacred communion, Indra mounted Airavat, ready to continue his journey.

With Indra seated upon Airavat's back, the divine elephant began to stride forward with majestic grace. The celestial path ahead sparkled with divine light, guiding their way to Swarga. The journey was marked by a sense of triumphant return, with Indra's thoughts consumed by the imminent reunion with his beloved wife, Sachi, and their cherished son, Jayanta.

Their passage through the divine realms was an awe-inspiring spectacle. The celestial landscape, bathed in golden light, stretched before them, a realm of beauty and divine splendor. Yet, their journey was soon to intersect with a significant challenge.

As they advanced through the celestial ether, they encountered Sage Durwasha, whose presence was both commanding and enigmatic. Known for his profound wisdom and unpredictable temperament, Durwasha had been a silent witness to Indra's trials. The sage was aware of Indra's dark past—the slaying of Sage Dadhichi to forge a weapon from his spine. This act, though necessary to vanquish demonic forces, had burdened Indra with immense regret and led him to undertake his penance.

Durwasha approached with an air of solemnity, holding a garland of celestial flowers. The garland, a symbol of divine blessing and respect, was intended to honor Indra's successful completion of his penance and welcome him back to the heavenly realm. The flowers, imbued with divine fragrance and significance, were meant to signify Durwasha's approval and the sanctity of Indra's return.

However, Indra, consumed by his eagerness to reunite with his family, barely registered the significance of Durwasha's offering. His heart was set on the joy of returning to Swarga and showcasing his restored power. With a distracted gesture, Indra took the garland and draped it around Airavat's neck. The grand elephant, though a divine being, was indifferent to the garland's symbolism. It shook its head, and the garland fell to the ground, its flowers scattered across the celestial soil.

The sight of the fallen garland ignited Sage Durwasha's ire. His eyes, once filled with serene wisdom, now burned with intense fury. The sage's displeasure resonated through the cosmos, and his voice thundered with divine authority. "Indra," Durwasha declared, "for your impatience and disregard, may those whom you cannot wait to see turn against you. May they become your adversaries, and may you face the trials and tribulations you have so carelessly overlooked."

The curse, a dark and ominous proclamation, hung heavy in the air. Indra, absorbed in his excitement and unaware of the curse's full gravity, continued his journey with Airavat. The divine elephant moved with majestic strides, carrying him ever closer to the gates of Swarga.

As they approached the gates, the divine realm awaited Indra's return, but the air was now charged with the weight of Durwasha's curse. The celestial landscape, once a tapestry of beauty, seemed to shimmer with an uneasy energy. Despite the joyous anticipation of reunion, the shadow of the curse loomed, heralding the trials that awaited Indra in the chapters yet to unfold.

With a final, triumphant gaze at the celestial expanse before him, Indra pressed forward, his heart alight with the joy of homecoming. Unbeknownst to him, the storm of discord and challenge had already begun to brew, promising a future fraught with trials and tribulations that would test the very essence of his divine reign.

The celestial realm of Swarga had not witnessed such grandeur in eons. Indra, the mighty king of the gods, had returned from a penance that spanned thousands of years—a penance undertaken to restore cosmic balance after his pride and errors had nearly brought ruin to the heavens. His long absence had cast a shadow over Swarga, where the Devas, weakened and leaderless, had struggled to maintain order. But now, with Indra's return, the cosmos itself seemed to rejoice.

A grand celebration was decreed, one that would resonate through the annals of time. Swarga was transformed into a paradise of divine splendor. The skies were adorned with shimmering colors as celestial beings flew about, carrying garlands of fragrant flowers. The air was thick with the scent of sacred incense and the sound of divine music played by Gandharvas. The Apsaras, with their ethereal beauty, danced gracefully, their movements telling tales of divine valor and sacrifice.

In the heart of this celestial festival, a grand Yajna was organized to honor Indra's return and seek blessings for the continued prosperity of the cosmos. The sacred fire, Agni, was kindled with mantras that echoed through the heavens. The Devas and Rishis, sages of great wisdom and power, gathered to participate in the ceremony. The chief priest chosen to lead this Yajna was none other than Sage Vashistha, a revered sage whose wisdom and spiritual power were unparalleled.

Indra went to Sage Vashishtha to seek his blessings and requested to lead the Yajna that is going to start in heave. Sage agreed.

Next day King Mithi came to Sage and requested to lead a great Yajna of all times that can lead prosperity to whole earth. But sage told her about his engagement in Yajna of swarg, additionally it is not the great time to start this Yajna,so wait till I return from there then We will start it.

Vashistha ascended from Earth to Swarga, welcomed with the highest honors. Clad in simple robes, the sage's presence was a stark contrast to the opulence around him, yet it commanded deep respect. His calm demeanor and the purity of his soul radiated an aura that even the gods revered. The Yajna commenced, and under Vashistha's guidance, it proceeded flawlessly. The offerings were

made with such precision and devotion that the gods were pleased, showering blessings upon the universe.

At the culmination of the Yajna, Indra, deeply moved by the sage's devotion and the success of the ceremony, decided to bestow upon Vashistha a gift of immense value. With a wave of his hand, Indra summoned Nandini, a divine cow of unparalleled beauty and grace. Nandini was no ordinary cow; she was the daughter of Kamadhenu, the celestial cow who had emerged from the churning of the ocean of milk, a being capable of fulfilling any wish. Nandini's presence was a symbol of abundance, prosperity, and divine favor.

Indra spoke, his voice resonating through the heavens, "O Sage Vashistha, for your dedication and service, I present to you Nandini, the daughter of Kamadhenu. May she serve you as a source of endless prosperity and may her presence in your ashram bring peace and abundance to all who seek your wisdom."

Vashistha, ever humble, accepted the gift with folded hands. "O Indra, king of the gods, I am but a simple sage, living a life of penance and devotion. Nandini's presence in my ashram will indeed be a blessing, but it is her service to dharma that will be her greatest gift. I shall care for her, and she shall serve the righteous."

With Nandini by his side, Vashistha returned to his ashram on Earth. His ashram, nestled in the serene forests, was a place of peace and learning, where disciples from far and wide came to seek his wisdom. The arrival of Nandini brought a new wave of prosperity to the ashram. Crops flourished, the forest was bountiful, and the animals thrived. Nandini's divine presence radiated blessings, and her ability to fulfill any wish brought comfort to all who visited.

However, the news of Nandini's miraculous powers soon spread beyond the ashram's peaceful boundaries. It reached the ears of King Vishwamitra, a powerful and ambitious ruler. Vishwamitra was a king of great renown, known for his military prowess and his unyielding desire for power. His kingdom was vast, his armies formidable, and his pride immense. Yet, despite his worldly success, there was a void within him—a longing for something more, something divine.

One day, while out hunting in the forests near Vashistha's ashram, Vishwamitra stumbled upon the sage's humble abode. His hundred sons, strong and proud like their father, accompanied him. As they ventured closer to the ashram, Vishwamitra's keen eyes fell upon Nandini, grazing peacefully under the shade of a grand tree. The moment he saw her, he was struck by her divine aura. Her skin glowed with a celestial light, her eyes were pools of wisdom, and her mere presence seemed to elevate the surroundings.

Vishwamitra, fascinated and covetous, approached Vashistha with a determined stride. "O great sage Vashistha," he began, masking his desire with respect, "I have heard of the divine cow Nandini, the daughter of Kamadhenu. She is a being of great power and grace, and I am amazed by her presence here in your ashram. A creature of such divine origin

belongs not in the simple confines of an ashram but in the splendor of a royal palace. I request you to grant her to me. In return, I offer you anything you desire—land, gold, armies—ask, and it shall be yours.”

Vashistha, sensing the king’s greed, remained calm and composed. “O King Vishwamitra, Nandini is not mine to give. She is a gift from the heavens, a symbol of divine grace. Her place is here, in service of dharma and the well-being of all who seek it. I cannot part with her, for she belongs to the divine.”

Vishwamitra’s face darkened with anger, his pride wounded by the sage’s refusal. “You do not understand, Vashistha. This is not a mere request—it is a command. I am a king, and I am accustomed to having my will fulfilled. Nandini shall be mine, one way or another.”

Vashistha’s eyes, usually filled with serenity, reflected a deep sadness. “O King, power and wealth are transient, and they often lead to destruction if not tempered with wisdom. Nandini will not go with you, for she knows where she belongs. You may command armies, but you cannot command the divine.”

Vishwamitra, his temper flaring, ordered his sons and soldiers to seize Nandini. The hundred princes, strong and battle-hardened, rushed forward to capture the divine cow. Nandini, sensing their intent, resisted fiercely. Her divine nature prevented her from being taken by force, and she dug her hooves into the earth, refusing to move. But Vishwamitra, blind with greed, urged his men to push harder. They began to prod and strike Nandini, trying to force her into submission.

In pain and fear, Nandini turned to Vashistha, her eyes filled with tears. “O Sage, please, save me from this torment. Do not let them take me.”

Sacred Cow

*In the heart of sacred lands,
Where wisdom flows from sages' hands,
A being of grace, pure and serene,
Stood Nandini, daughter of the queen.*

*From the ocean's churning, she arose,
Born of Kamadhenu, where magic grows.
Her eyes held the stars, her breath the breeze,
Her form a blessing, meant to please.*

*A wish, a hope, a whispered prayer,
Nandini heard, and she was there,
With milk as sweet as nectar's flow,
Her gifts made joy and life bestow.*

*But not just kindness filled her veins,
A power ancient, free from chains.
For when the world sought to confine,
She rose, a force both fierce and divine.*

*With eyes ablaze and horns like flame,
She shielded those who spoke her name.
No weapon, no soldier, no cruel king's might,
Could dim her spirit, quench her light.*

Yet in her heart, the softness stayed,

*A mother's love, never swayed.
To Vashistha, her chosen guide,
In peace and strength, she did abide.*

*O Nandini, of heaven's birth,
Your steps still echo on this earth.
A symbol of the strength that lies
In hearts where both compassion and courage rise.*

*From your story, we understand,
That gentle souls shape the land,
But when the storm of darkness calls,
Even the softest heart can stand tall.*

Vashistha, bound by his vows of non-violence, could not raise a hand in defense. His heart ached at Nandini's suffering, but he spoke gently, "O Nandini, I am a sage, and my path is one of peace. I cannot fight, for violence is not my way. But you are free to protect yourself. You are not bound by my vows, and you do not have to submit to their cruelty. You may defend yourself as you see fit."

Empowered by the sage's words, Nandini unleashed the full extent of her divine power. Her form began to change, growing larger and more fearsome. Her eyes, once gentle, now burned with the fire of righteous anger. Her horns grew long and sharp, capable of piercing even the strongest armor. With a mighty roar that shook the heavens, Nandini charged at Vishwamitra's soldiers.

The battlefield became a scene of utter chaos. Nandini, now a force of divine destruction, gored through the soldiers with her massive horns, her hooves crushing everything in her path. The earth trembled under her fury, and the skies darkened as if mourning the violence that had been unleashed. Vishwamitra's sons, despite their

bravery, were no match for Nandini's wrath. One by one, they fell, their cries echoing through the forest as they were struck down by the divine cow.

Vishwamitra, horrified by the carnage, realized too late that he had underestimated the power of the divine. In a desperate attempt to subdue Nandini, he called upon his most powerful weapons—divine astras that had been granted to him by the gods themselves. He unleashed these weapons upon Nandini, hoping to bring her down. But Nandini, though wounded by the astras, refused to yield. Her divine nature gave her strength beyond measure, and she continued to fight with relentless fury.

As Vashistha watched the devastation unfold, a deep sorrow filled his heart. He had hoped to avoid violence, but the situation had spiraled beyond his control. Seeing Nandini suffer, his sorrow turned to righteous anger. With a single, powerful thought, Vashistha invoked his spiritual energy. The ground beneath him trembled as the air crackled with divine power. With a piercing gaze, Vashistha's eyes blazed with an inner fire, and with a mere glance, he incinerated Vishwamitra's hundred sons, reducing them to ashes in an instant.

Vishwamitra, now alone and terrified, realized the futility of his actions. He had lost everything—his sons, his soldiers, his pride. He fled the battlefield, his heart filled with shame and regret. But his defeat only fueled his desire for revenge. Retreating to the wilderness, Vishwamitra resolved to gain the power he so desperately sought.

Vishwamitra, now a broken man, wandered through the wilderness, his mind consumed with thoughts of vengeance and power. The defeat at the hands of a mere sage and a divine cow had shattered his pride, but it also ignited within him an insatiable hunger to surpass Vashistha in spiritual power and strength. He realized that his earthly kingdom and

military prowess were insignificant in the grand scheme of divine order. The only path to true power lay in tapasya—severe penance and meditation.

Driven by this realization, Vishwamitra renounced his kingdom, his wealth, and all earthly attachments. He journeyed to the deepest forests, where he began an austere penance, calling upon Lord Shiva for guidance and strength. For years, he stood in the same spot, enduring the harsh elements, neither eating nor drinking, his mind focused solely on his goal. His tapasya was so intense that the very fabric of the cosmos trembled at his resolve.

Finally, after years of unwavering devotion, Lord Shiva appeared before Vishwamitra, impressed by his penance. The great god, clad in tiger skin, with the crescent moon adorning his matted hair, spoke

with a voice that echoed through the mountains. “O Vishwamitra, your penance has pleased me. I shall grant you the knowledge of the most powerful divine weapons, including the Brahmastra and the Pashupatastra. But remember, true power lies not in destruction but in wisdom and restraint.”

Vishwamitra, overwhelmed by Shiva’s presence, bowed in reverence. “O Mahadeva, grant me the strength to defeat Vashistha, to prove that I am his equal.”

Shiva’s gaze softened with understanding. “O Vishwamitra, strength without wisdom leads only to ruin. Use these weapons wisely, for they hold the power to destroy the very cosmos. May you find peace in your pursuit of power.”

With Shiva’s blessings, Vishwamitra was transformed. No longer a mere king, he had become a formidable sage, wielding the mightiest of divine weapons. Empowered with this newfound strength, he returned to Vashistha’s ashram, determined to exact his revenge.

As he approached the ashram, his eyes filled with the memory of his previous defeat, a storm of anger and power brewed within him. Without hesitation, he unleashed the Brahmastra, a weapon so powerful that it could annihilate entire worlds. The skies darkened as the destructive force hurtled toward the ashram, a wave of fire and energy that consumed everything in its path. Trees were uprooted, the earth scorched, and the ashram was engulfed in flames.

But Sage Vashistha, calm and resolute, stepped forward. With a simple gesture, he summoned his Brahmadaṇḍa, the staff of Brahma, imbued with the purest divine energy. The Brahmastra collided with the Brahmadaṇḍa, and in an instant, its destructive force was absorbed and neutralized. The cosmic balance was restored, and the flames that had threatened to engulf the ashram were extinguished.

Vishwamitra, stunned by the ease with which Vashistha had nullified his most powerful weapon, refused to give up. He unleashed weapon after weapon—Indrastra, the Vajra, the Pashupatastra—each more powerful than the last. But Vashistha’s Brahmadaṇḍa absorbed them all, leaving the sage unharmed and his ashram untouched.

Realizing that even the most potent divine weapons were powerless against the spiritual strength of a true sage, Vishwamitra’s pride finally crumbled. The futility of his quest for revenge dawned upon him, and with it came the realization that true power did not lie in weapons or conquest, but in wisdom, humility, and self-mastery.

Broken and humbled, Vishwamitra fell to his knees before Vashistha. “O great sage, I have been blinded by my pride and ambition. I sought power to prove myself your equal, but I see now that true strength comes from within. Forgive me, and guide me on the path of wisdom and righteousness.”

Vashistha, with compassion in his eyes, placed a hand on Vishwamitra's head. "O King, the path to true power is the path of dharma. It is not through violence or pride that one attains greatness, but through humility, self-discipline, and devotion to the divine. You have walked a long and difficult path, but now you see the truth. Rise, Vishwamitra, for today you are reborn not as a king, but as a sage—a Rajarishi."

From that day on, Vishwamitra renounced his old ways and dedicated himself to a life of penance and spiritual growth. He became a Rajarishi, a sage-king, known for his wisdom and his deep connection to the divine. His journey from a proud king to a humble sage became a legend, a testament to the transformative power of wisdom and the futility of pride.

And thus, in the cosmic play of the gods, another lesson was learned, one that echoed through the ages: that the greatest battles are not fought with weapons, but with the mind and spirit, and that true power lies not in conquest, but in understanding and compassion.

Exchange of Curse

One day Sage Vashishtha heard that King Mithi have already started the great Yajna keeping the main Priest of offerings as Sage Gautama instead of him in the first place. As he got so disappointed and wanted to know the reason of this urgency that king can not wait. So he went to Mithila to visit the king.

Sage was already not so happy with the actions of king and when he came to the doors of king's room, guards stopped his way.

'King is resting oh great sage, and nobody is allowed to interrupt-We are so sorry, we will inform you as soon as he wakes up'

Vashishtha did not say a word and waited there standing for hours.

And it was already dark and he waited till the evening, sage was very furious with the ignorance of king. As soon as king was approaching the sage, in a moment of fury, Sage Vashishtha invoked a curse upon King Mithi:

"O King Mithi, your arrogance and disdain for the sacred will lead you to an ignoble end. You shall soon depart from your earthly existence, leaving behind only your mortal shell, consumed by the very power you sought to defy."

King Mithi, shocked by the curse, retaliated with equal vehemence. His pride wounded, he shouted, "Sage Vashishtha, you may be learned, but your actions are driven by ego and malice. I curse you to suffer a fate worse than death, where you will wander without a body, longing for rebirth."

The curse was uttered with such intensity that it carried the weight of divine retribution. As the curse took effect, King Mithi's life force began to wane. Within days, he succumbed to his fate, and his once-strong body lay lifeless. The kingdom mourned the loss of their great king, but the Yajna that went for almost years, is now about to return the fruits of deeds,

all the Vasus, devas, Gandharvas, Yakshas, Trimurti, Yoginies, and Vinayakas came into burning fire of Yajna and summoned the soul of King and offered him to return in this world and accept a new body they have created for him.

"I have no desire left devas except the very well being of Earth" - replied the soul of King.

Listening these words every god there blessed his soul and with their very depth of heart, a less king and more sage - they said.

But Sage Gautama requested the gods to provide the solution for the lineage of king Mithi, he was not married neither he had any heir.

On this MahaMaya suggested a way, she said the body is already decaying but it is not completely dead, extract the genetic material from this very holy body and keep it in a mud pot filled with the ghee made from the holy cow

Nandini ,that is in ashrams of dead Sage Vashishtha and holy water of Ganges. Soon a life will start fluttering in the pot,keep chanting the hymns of Ashwini kumars.

All the sage did the same with all the purity and devotion hoping it will work and so did it.

Soon a baby came out of that pot within months and due to no birth from the body of human he was named Videh lately know as Janak whose ayonija daughter was Sita in great epic Ramayan.

Sage Vashishtha, meanwhile, was trapped in a state of disembodiment, his essence wandering through the realms, unable to find rest or refuge. His predicament was severe, for he was a sage of great power and respect, yet now powerless to influence the world.

To alleviate his suffering and to restore his form, Vashishtha sought help from divine beings. His prayers and penance reached the celestial realms, on this Lord Brahma the father of sage Vashishtha replied,oh dear son I am so sorry for this to happen but the fate is no person's slave.the very cosmos can not ignore you,wait for the moment and have faith in wheel of time .

The Cosmic Weave

*In the boundless realm where stars ignite,
The cosmos breathes in cosmic light,
An endless dance of dark and bright,
Where every fate takes gentle flight.*

*Each spark of dawn, each twilight's sigh,
Is woven with a cosmic tie,
In patterns grand, both low and high,
Where not a single moment slips by.*

*The universe, with silent grace,
Observes the vast and small embrace,
From galaxies to life's brief race,
Each ripple finds its destined place.*

*No whisper lost, no sigh unheard,
The cosmic mind, in silence stirred,
Interprets every thought and word,
In celestial realms where dreams are curd.*

*For even in the darkest night,
When hope seems dim and out of sight,
The cosmos cradles every plight,
And weaves it into future's light.*

*Sage Vashishtha, in realms astray,
Though lost in time's unending play,
Shall find his path when dawn's first ray,
Reveals the dawn of a brighter day.*

*The wheel of time, with patient spin,
Brings forth the truth that lies within,
In cosmic balance, all shall win,
For every soul, the light will begin.*

*Thus trust the cosmos, deep and wide,
For every tide and turning tide,
The universe will not deride,
It holds you close, a cosmic guide.*

*When fate aligns and time is right,
The sage shall rise, renewed in might,
For in the vast expanse of night,
The cosmos crafts with purest light.*

Tow Fathers, Two Sons

In the celestial expanse where the gods and divine beings dwelt, there was a realm of serene beauty governed by Lord Varuna, the god of oceans and cosmic order. His domain was a lush paradise, a shimmering expanse of crystal waters and verdant foliage that sang with the harmonious vibrations of the cosmos. It was in this divine setting that Urvashi, the most resplendent of celestial nymphs, came to make her presence known.

Urvashi, with her divine form and alluring grace, had already captured the attention of many gods, but it was Lord Varuna's realm that she now graced with her ethereal beauty. Her skin, like polished ivory, glowed with a celestial luminescence, and her movements were fluid and mesmerizing. She carried herself with an air of both innocence and seduction, a combination that stirred the deepest desires of those who beheld her.

Mitra, the radiant sun god, was already in Varuna's realm, engaged in celestial affairs when Urvashi arrived. The moment Varuna's eyes fell upon Urvashi, his heart was set ablaze with an intense and unquenchable desire. He was mesmerized by her lithe, elegant form, particularly her full, enticing curves and the gentle sway of her hips. The sight of her was a potent aphrodisiac, stirring his divine passions and igniting a fierce longing within him.

Unable to contain his desire, Varuna approached Urvashi with a bold and unabashed request. "O Urvashi," he began, his voice trembling with barely concealed lust, "your presence alone has set my heart aflame. I beseech you to unite with me in a passionate embrace, that I may revel in the divine pleasure of your company."

Urvashi, aware of her celestial duties and the complex web of divine relationships, responded with a serene yet knowing smile. "O Lord Varuna, I am honored by your offer, but I must first complete a sacred ritual. I desire to bathe in the holy waters of this realm's sacred lake, where I shall purify myself before I am able to entertain your proposal."

With an indulgent nod, Varuna allowed Urvashi to proceed. She carried a pitcher to the lake, her every step exuding an enchanting allure. As she reached the water's edge, she began to disrobe with deliberate and tantalizing slowness, revealing her flawless form beneath her delicate garments. Her bare skin glistened as she stepped into the crystal-clear waters, the lake's sacred surface shimmering with the reflection of her beauty.

As Urvashi immersed herself in the lake, the divine beauty of the scene was breathtaking. The water clung to her like a silken veil, accentuating the contours of her divine body.

Urvashi's breast and hip felt a sense of play with water, initially she felt it as a blow of wind or something. She felt again a sense of touch in between her thigh under the water. She gazed down and around as water was crystal clear and transparent.

She ignored and continued her bath. And the next moment she felt as if all the water of lake as consciously stroking her back and under the belly.

"Who are you, take your shape. How dared you to do that with me" -said Urvashi !

It was at this moment that Varuna who was the water itself took apparent shape, unable to resist the temptation of the vision before him.

His gaze fixed on Urvashi, the sight of her bathing was an intoxicating feast for his senses. His longing became an overwhelming force, and he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to possess her.

Oh Urvashi, the most elegant and the most beautiful of all, your move, your body curves and bumps, the whole of you are mesmerizing. Oh possessor of the best hips and milk. I can not resist myself to have intercourse with you.

Please mingle with me now, I request you to enjoy the pleasant copulation, I assure you that you will never forget our love making.

And with that lord Varuna released a nookie smile with penetrating sight straight into the eyes of Urvashi.

Urvashi replied, oh lord Varuna I must be fallen, I have been already registered for someone else. I promised mate with him once I complete bathing.

But I am completely possessed by the thought of how the touch of your vibrant skin will feel, the chromatic lips, crystal face as pearl, deep ocean blue eyes and power of whirlpool in your arms would feel. The fresh breezy smell releasing from you lusting sweat is arousing me. I think of how the curves of your divine body which seems like ocean itself waving lust in my soul, mind and body. I am completely into you by my soul.

Oh lord Mitra I am bound by my duties, I must mate with him first, I can not disrespect the rule of law. I am bound to comply lord Mitra first.

The Bath of Urvashi

In the sacred stillness of the celestial lake,
Where moonlight dances, gentle ripples quake,
There, amidst the veiled and sacred mist,
Danced Urvashi, in beauty's tryst.

Her skin, like polished ivory gleamed,
In water's embrace, where moonlight streamed,
Soft curves beneath the liquid silk,
Each movement a whisper, each sigh a milk.

With every touch, the water kissed,
Her body, a vision of celestial bliss,
Breasts like moons upon a starlit sea,
Crowned with allure, boundless and free.

Her hips, a rhythm in the water's flow,
Swayed with a grace that set desire aglow,
Each motion a symphony, soft and low,
In a dance of ecstasy, tender and slow.

The water, a veil of liquid light,
Glistened on her form, a sight of pure delight,
As she traced her fingers with languid grace,
Across her body, in a sensual embrace.

Her eyes, half-lidded, with a secret flame,
Gazed with a promise, an unspoken claim,
A lure to the gods, to the heart's deep core,
A seduction wrapped in an ethereal allure.

Her hair, cascading like darkened silk,
Trickled with droplets, a divine milk,
Cascading down her back, a silken stream,
In the moon's soft light, a celestial dream.

The sacred waters, caressed by her form,
Held her beauty in their liquid storm,
An erotic vision, both pure and wild,
In a dance of lust, both tender and beguiled.

Thus, Urvashi bathed in divine array,
Her beauty a lure in the night's soft sway,
A moment of rapture, where gods dared to see,
The divine and mortal, in sensuality's plea.

Varuna, torn between restraint and his burning need, spoke with a voice thick with desire.

"O Urvashi, your beauty has ensnared my very soul. Since you have pledged yourself to another, I shall find solace in discharging my vital essence into the vessel crafted by Brahma himself. Thus, my ardor shall be quelled."

Urvashi, understanding the divine complexities at play and touched by Varuna's ardent proposal, replied with a tone of tender acceptance.

"O Lord Varuna, your offer is generous, and I am moved by your words. Though my body is pledged to Mitra, my mind remains with you. Proceed as you wish, and may your desires be fulfilled."

With saying that, Urvashi removed the last piece of clothe uncovering her genitals.

Seeing this, Varuna felt a roll in the hay stimulation, Varuna eyes were filled with lust and With a surge of divine energy, Varuna discharged his vital essence, the semen into the vessel, which radiated with a fiery brilliance. The essence, imbued with his divine power, was a luminous spectacle of celestial potency.

Ah-o Urvashi, you are the driver- spoke Varuna in a moaning tone.

I thank you for this a hundred times.

Urvashi smiled with happy face, and welcomed the deity. And

Immediately after, Urvashi sought out Mitra, whose anger was palpable as he awaited her return. His divine aura crackled with fury, and his eyes blazed with betrayal.

"Why did you forsake me, who chose you first?" he thundered. "What drove you to seek another's embrace? For this transgression, I condemn you to live among mortals. Only the sacred city of Kashi can cleanse you of this sin."

Urvashi, feeling the weight of Mitra's curse, struggled to justify her actions.

"O Mitra, forgive me for my perceived betrayal. I implore you to understand that Varuna's desire was a force beyond my control.

"This pitcher is given by lord Brahma itself, there should must be a reason behind this all" - she added.

Listening to this, Mitra calmed down and started feeling that there was no guilty of Urvashi, for what she got cursed.

Urvashi added I am willing to accept the result of my deeds Deva, I promised you first and I must follow my words. I request you to also discharge your seed into this pot. You may take pleasure in my beauty and fulfill your needs. Lord Brahma, who sent me here, must have had reasons beyond our understanding."

Mitra, caught in the throes of his own uncontrollable desires, found himself unable to resist the urge to release his essence. Though he was reluctant, he complied with Urvashi's request, his vital seed joining Varuna's semen in the sacred vessel.

That is how the drama unfolded with a mix of pity and awe. Urvashi's journey, marked by divine lust and celestial punishment, became a lesson in the complex interplay of desire, duty, and divine will.

Urvashi returned to lord Brahma and handed over the pitcher to him.
Later from that pitcher two sages were born, one of which was sage Vashishtha reincarnated.

The Most Beautiful woman of creation

In the celestial abode of Brahmaloaka, Brahma, the Creator, sat deep in contemplation. His mind churned with the desire to create a being that would embody beauty, purity, and divine grace. From the golden glow of the stars, the gentle breeze of the heavens, and the warmth of the earth's core, Brahma fashioned Ahalya, the most beautiful woman ever to exist. As she took form, the universe seemed to pause in reverence of her beauty. Her eyes held the mysteries of creation, and her every movement was a dance of the divine.

News of Ahalya's creation spread like wildfire across the three worlds. Gods, sages, and even demons marveled at her beauty. The realms buzzed with curiosity and debate—who would be fortunate enough to win her hand? Who could possibly be worthy of such divine perfection?

Brahma, knowing that Ahalya's beauty was a gift as well as a responsibility, entrusted her to the care of Sage Gautama. Gautama was a sage of unparalleled wisdom and compassion, known for his creation of the Gayatri Mantra and his devotion to the dharma. Brahma believed that only someone with such deep understanding of the universe could guide Ahalya and protect her from the dangers of vanity and desire.

As Ahalya grew, her beauty became legendary, and the gods began to covet her hand in marriage. The most powerful among them, Indra, the king of the gods, was confident that Ahalya would be his. He was the ruler of the heavens, the lord of storms and rains, and the husband of Sachi, herself the second-most beautiful woman in creation. Indra approached Brahma and declared his desire to marry Ahalya.

But Brahma, the all-seeing, knew the truth of Indra's heart. He knew that true worth could not be measured by power alone. And so, Brahma announced a divine competition to determine who would be worthy of Ahalya's hand. "Whoever can complete one full revolution of the Milky Way," Brahma declared, "shall win the hand of Ahalya."

The gods and sages prepared for the race. Indra, confident in his power, mounted his celestial elephant, Airavata, and sped through the cosmos. Airavata, the fastest creature in the heavens, carried Indra through the galaxy with blinding speed. Indra's heart swelled with pride as he saw the stars blur around him. Surely, he thought, no one could match his pace.

Divine sage Narad Insisted Gautama to participate, But among the competitors was Sage Gautama. Unlike the other gods and sages who raced with all their might, Gautama's heart remained calm. He did not seek victory for pride or power. He trusted in the natural order of the universe and believed that whatever was meant to be would be.

As Gautama journeyed through the celestial realms, he encountered a scene that would change the course of the race. Deep in a forest on Earth, a cow was in labor, struggling to deliver her calf. Her cries of pain echoed through the trees, and the suffering of the creature tugged at Gautama's heart. He knew that the race was important, that the fate of Ahalya rested on its outcome, but he could not ignore the suffering of an innocent being.

Without hesitation, Gautama descended to the forest floor. He knelt beside the cow, whispering soothing words and offering gentle assistance. Slowly, the calf was born, and the mother, relieved of her pain, nuzzled her newborn. Gautama smiled, his heart filled with peace. He had lost precious time in the race, but he had gained something far more valuable—the knowledge that he had done what was right.

When the race concluded, Indra arrived before Brahma, proud and certain of his victory. "I have completed the race," he declared. "No one could match my speed. I am the rightful winner."

But Brahma, with his all-seeing gaze, had witnessed everything. He saw Indra's pride, but more importantly, he saw Gautama's compassion. With a serene smile, Brahma announced, "The race is not always won by speed, Indra. True

worth is measured by the heart. Sage Gautama, who stopped to aid a suffering creature, has shown that he is the most deserving. He shall be Ahalya's husband."

The gods were shocked, and Indra was furious. How could a mere sage, a mortal bound by time and space, win over the king of the gods? But Brahma's judgment was final, and Ahalya was given in marriage to Sage Gautama.

The wedding was a grand affair, celebrated by all the gods, sages, and celestial beings. Ahalya and Gautama were united in a bond of love and respect, a union blessed by the cosmos itself. But beneath the celebrations, a storm brewed in the heart of Indra.

Indra's pride had been wounded, and his desire for Ahalya had not diminished. Driven by jealousy and lust, he began to plot. He could not bear the thought of Ahalya belonging to another, especially a mortal sage. Indra's mind became consumed with thoughts of deceit, and he devised a plan to take what he believed was rightfully his.

One night, Indra approached Chandra, the moon god, with a devious request. "O Chandra," Indra said, his voice dripping with false charm,

"I need your help. Just for one night, delay the arrival of dawn. Hide your light so that it seems like night has passed and morning has come. This will mislead Sage Gautama and create the perfect opportunity for me."

Chandra, though hesitant, was unable to refuse the king of the gods. And so, with a heavy heart, Chandra dimmed his light, creating the illusion that night had passed. When Gautama awoke, he believed that the new day had begun. Trusting the false dawn, he left his ashram for his morning ritual by the Ganga.

Taking advantage of Gautama's absence, Indra disguised himself as the sage and entered the ashram. Ahalya, unaware of the deception, welcomed him as she would her husband. But as the night wore on, a strange unease filled her heart. There was something off about this presence, something unfamiliar, but she could not place it.

As dawn approached, the real Gautama returned from his rituals. His divine senses immediately detected the presence of deceit. The air was thick with Indra's treachery. His eyes blazed with fury as he entered the ashram and saw Indra, still in his guise as Gautama, with Ahalya.

The wrath of a sage is a fearsome force, and Gautama's anger shook the heavens. "Indra!" he thundered, his voice echoing through the universe. "You, who are supposed to uphold dharma, have committed a sin so grievous that even the gods tremble at its thought. For your deceit, I curse you to lose your virility. Let your manhood fall away, and let your pride be your undoing!"

Indra's form twisted in agony as the curse took hold. His manhood fell to the ground, leaving him sterile and humiliated. He fled from the ashram, his once-great pride shattered into pieces. But Gautama's fury did not stop there. His gaze turned to Ahalya, who stood trembling before him.

"And you, Ahalya," he said, his voice a mixture of sorrow and anger, "though you may have been deceived, your purity has been tainted. For this, I curse you to turn to stone. You shall remain in this form, unseen and untouched, until the touch of a divine being redeems you."

Ahalya's body began to harden, her skin turning to stone. Her once-luminous eyes grew dull as she stood frozen in time, a silent witness to the cruelty of fate.

Lastly, Gautama turned his anger toward Chandra, the moon god, who had aided Indra in his deceit. "And you, Chandra," Gautama said with an edge of pain in his voice, "for your role in this treachery, I curse you to lose your brilliance. Day by day, your light shall fade,

and you shall wither in darkness. Only after fifteen days of waning shall you regain your light. You will wax and wane for eternity, a reminder of the consequences of deceit."

Chandra, stricken with guilt, fell at Gautama's feet, tears streaming down his face. "Forgive me, O great sage," he pleaded. "I was weak and misguided, but I did not act out of malice. Please, show me mercy."

Gautama's heart, though hardened by anger, could not entirely resist the pleas of a repentant soul. After a long silence, he spoke. "Chandra, your light shall indeed fade, but I grant you this: after fifteen days of darkness, your brilliance shall return for another fifteen days. This cycle of waxing and waning will continue, a testament to your repentance. But let this be a lesson—you shall never shine as you once did."

Chandra, though still bound by the curse, was grateful for the sage's mercy. He bowed low before Gautama and returned to his celestial abode, forever changed by the events of that night.

Yet, for Indra, there was no reprieve. Gautama's curse remained unchallenged, and no amount of pleading could undo the sage's wrath. Indra would forever bear the shame of his actions, his pride and desire having led him to a fate from which there was no escape.

The Lament of Ahalya

*From Brahma's hands, pure light was spun,
Ahalya, daughter of the rising sun.
With beauty unmatched, she graced the earth,
A creation divine, of celestial birth.*

*In the heavens, her name did soar,
A vision of grace all gods adored.
Yet to Sage Gautama, her fate was sealed,
In wisdom's arms, her heart revealed.*

*She walked the path of wedded bliss,
With Gautama's love, her soul found peace.
But shadows crept where light should gleam,
And fate unraveled a crueler dream.*

*Innocence clothed her like the dawn,
But envy's grip is sharp and drawn.
Indra's lustful gaze did fall,
And deception came to break her thrall.*

*A night of trickery, a stolen hour,
Indra's greed, the gods' dark power.
For no fault of her own, she bore the blame,
And from her lips, no protest came.*

*Gautama's curse, heavy and cold,
Turned her beauty to lifeless stone.
Her eyes, once bright with love's sweet fire,
Now held the weight of fate's cruel mire.*

*Statue bound by sorrow's chain,
Ahalya wept in silent pain.
For centuries long, she stood alone,
A heart encased in lifeless stone.*

*Her son, a babe with eyes so bright,
Lost to her in the endless night.
A year old, he called for her name,
But all she held was endless shame.*

*In the forest deep, she stood unseen,
Where moonlight bathed the leaves in sheen.
And whispered winds carried her cry,
"Will there be one to hear my sigh?"*

*No god nor mortal knew her plight,
Yet destiny held her tight.
Her struggle bore the weight of time,
A punishment for no true crime.*

*Who will come to set her free?
What heart will break her cursed decree?
The earth will wait, the stars will turn,
Till justice finds its rightful urn.*

*But for now, Ahalya stands alone,
A tale of beauty turned to stone.
A struggle etched in silent tear,
A soul that waits, year after year.*

Deception, conspiracy and coup

the King of the Heavens. Once revered for his power and authority, Indra had become the subject of scorn and derision following a grievous curse laid upon him by Sage Gautama. The sage's words had been a divine rebuke, stripping Indra of his once-unassailable dignity and leaving him vulnerable to defeat and disgrace.

Upon returning to Swarga, Indra found himself beset by whispers and gossip that fluttered through the three worlds like ominous storm clouds. Tales of his failures and the loss of his virility spread like wildfire, feeding the discontent of gods and mortals alike.

His repeated defeats at the hands of demons, particularly the formidable Meghnath, and his subsequent rescue by Lord Brahma, only served to deepen the chasm of discontent.

Indra's son, Jayanta, and his wife, Sachi, were particularly aggrieved. Jayanta, in his youth and idealism, had been deeply affected by the stories of his father's disgrace and the scandalous affair with Ahalya. Sachi, meanwhile, felt both anger and betrayal, her heart wounded by Indra's unfaithfulness and the neglect she suffered.

One fateful day, Puloman, the Asura and father of Sachi, extended an invitation to Jayanta to visit him in Patallok, the underworld realm of the Asuras. Puloman's invitation, however, was a cunning ruse. He sought to exploit Jayanta's discontent and manipulate him into a scheme that would elevate Jayanta to the throne of Swarga.

Upon arriving in Patallok, Jayanta was greeted by Puloman with feigned warmth. The Asura lord whispered insidiously into Jayanta's ear, "Your father, Lord Indra, has become a figure of ridicule. His recent defeat by Meghnath, the son of Ravana, and his subsequent rescue by Brahma reveal his weakness. He indulges in corrupt pleasures and neglects his duties as king. He has failed in his role as a protector and ruler."

Puloman's words were a calculated mix of truth and deceit. He painted a picture of a fallen king who lived in luxury while failing to uphold justice and virtue. Jayanta, inflamed by Puloman's accusations, began to entertain thoughts of rebellion. Puloman further suggested that the Asuras would be pleased with a ruler who bore their bloodline, thereby promising to restore balance to the realms.

Meanwhile, Meghnath, who had his own reasons for discontent with Indra, lent his support to the coup plan. Together, they crafted a scheme to overthrow Indra, placing Jayanta on the throne in his stead. Jayanta, blinded by his anger and a desire for vengeance, agreed to the plan. He shared the details with Sachi, who was torn between loyalty to her father and her resentment towards Indra.

Sachi, though angry with Indra, was conflicted. She had once been married to him in a strategic alliance orchestrated by her father, Puloman. The marriage was meant to capture Swarga, and despite the complexities of her emotions, she was uncertain about fully embracing the coup. Puloman, recognizing this hesitancy, sent Sachi a letter through Jayanta, convincing her that the plan was solely to place Jayanta as the new ruler, with the promise of a just and virtuous reign.

Faced with the deceitful machinations of Puloman and Meghnath, Sachi reluctantly agreed to support Jayanta's rise. However, as the time for the coup approached, she discovered the full extent of the plan — that Indra was to be killed in the process.

Overwhelmed by guilt and realizing the gravity of the situation, Sachi sought counsel from Ashoksundari, the divine daughter of Parvati and a symbol of grace and compassion. Sachi confided her anguish and the impending betrayal. Ashoksundari, deeply moved by Sachi's plight, agreed to help.

Ashoksundari, armed with divine strength and wisdom, intervened decisively. She rallied her forces and defeated the soldiers involved in the coup, thwarting their plans. With a heart full of empathy, Ashoksundari approached Jayanta and spoke with eloquence and heartfelt sincerity, reciting poems that spoke of forgiveness, honor, and respect for one's father. Her verses were imbued with divine wisdom, calling for the restoration of dharma and the importance of family bonds.

Forgiveness weighs

*O Jayanta, heed the call of night,
Where shadows fall, and stars ignite,
In the realm of fate, where choices weigh,
Forgiveness blooms, and hearts find sway.*

*A father's path, though marred by fall,
Holds echoes of a sacred call,
In every flaw, in every pain,
Lies the seed of growth and gain.*

*To err is human, but to mend,
Requires a heart that will transcend,
The bitter past, the wounds of pride,
And seek the light where love resides.*

*Remember, O son, the bond of blood,
The sacred thread in which you stood,
A lineage forged in trials old,
A tale of valor, yet untold.*

*In every heart, redemption lies,
Beyond the veils of clouded skies,
The chance to rise, to heal, to mend,
To honor love, and wounds transcend.*

*Forgiveness is a divine grace,
A mirror of the heavenly face,
To heal the rift, to calm the storm,
To bring the lost back to their form.*

*Your father's deeds, though darkened now,
Can still be lit by virtue's vow,
To honor him, despite the strife,
Is to embrace the breath of life.*

*In second chances, wisdom grows,
A chance to mend, a chance to show,
That love can conquer, that hearts can mend,
And honor's light will never end.*

*So, Jayanta, with heart renewed,
Embrace the past, its lessons viewed,
Forgive, respect, and rise again,
To heal the realm from broken chains.*

*For in this act, a truth shall be,
The strength of love, the soul's decree,
To cherish bonds, to mend the rift,
And honor life's most sacred gift.*

The poems touched Jayanta deeply, awakening a profound sense of remorse and reflection. The truth of Ashoksundari's words and the realization of his own folly pierced through Jayanta's hardened heart. He saw the path of redemption and the virtue of honoring his father, despite the failings and the curse that had befallen him.

In a dramatic turn of events, Jayanta chose to abandon the coup. He reconciled with his father, acknowledging Indra's struggles and failures as part of a larger divine plan. With Ashoksundari's guidance and his own newfound wisdom, Jayanta restored Indra to the throne of Swarga. The realms rejoiced at the return of their rightful king, and the cycle of turmoil and redemption found its resolution.

Sachi, now reconciled with her husband and father, found solace in the restored harmony of the celestial order. Jayanta, having learned the virtues of forgiveness and duty, took his place as a supportive and wise figure in the heavens. The drama of the coup, the betrayal, and the ultimate redemption became a timeless lesson on the complexities of power, the value of family, and the enduring strength of righteousness.

The Inexhaustible Vessel of Grain

The Basant Palace court of Hastinapur was bathed in an eerie silence, its grandeur diminished by the moral decay that filled its halls. The glittering chandeliers above flickered as if unsure whether to illuminate the darkness below. The Kauravas sat smugly on their thrones, their eyes gleaming with malice. Duryodhana, the prince whose ambition knew no bounds, had just ordered the ultimate humiliation—a vile attempt to disrobe Draupadi, the wife of the Pandavas, before the assembly of kings, courtiers, and elders. The court gasped, but none dared to defy him.

As the Kauravas smirked, thinking victory was at hand, Draupadi, with her head held high, called upon Lord Krishna with her heart full of faith. She closed her eyes, and an ethereal silence descended upon the court. Suddenly, the silk fabric of her sari began to extend infinitely, confounding Dushasana, who pulled at it with all his might. The harder he pulled, the more the fabric multiplied, wrapping around her like divine armor, protecting her dignity. His strength began to wane, and soon he collapsed to the floor, exhausted, while Draupadi stood unscathed.

The court was frozen in disbelief. The power of Draupadi's virtue and her unwavering devotion to Lord Krishna had thwarted the Kauravas' evil scheme. Duryodhana's face contorted with fury, but before he could speak, Draupadi raised her hand. Her eyes burned with righteous anger, her lips quivering as she prepared to curse the entire Kuru dynasty for their heinous act.

Before the words could escape her lips, the sound of a cane tapping the floor reverberated through the court. Queen Gandhari, the mother of the Kauravas, blindfolded but ever-seeing with the eye of wisdom, stepped forward. Her voice, calm yet filled with a tremor of grief, echoed through the hall.

"Draupadi," Gandhari spoke softly, "do not curse this lineage. I beg of you, as a mother who has already lost her sons to the poison of hatred and envy. Do not let your rage consume you as it has consumed them."

Tears welled in Draupadi's eyes, and her hand fell to her side. Yet her anger had not subsided. Her body trembled with the injustice she had endured, and her eyes sought out Dhritarashtra, the blind king, who had sat motionless throughout the ordeal. His face was pale, his hands trembling. He knew well that the wrath of a woman wronged could obliterate his entire dynasty.

In a voice filled with desperation, Dhritarashtra spoke, "Draupadi, my daughter, do not curse us. I beg of you. Ask for any boon, and I shall grant it to you, whatever it may be."

Draupadi's eyes narrowed, and she turned to Kunti, the mother of the Pandavas. Kunti's face was etched with worry, but her eyes held the wisdom of a woman who had seen much suffering. She stepped forward, her voice calm and resolute.

"My lord," Kunti addressed Dhritarashtra, "grant the freedom of my sons and their wife, Draupadi. Let them be released from this humiliation and allowed to return to their rightful place."

Dhritarashtra hesitated, glancing toward Shakuni, the wicked mastermind behind Duryodhana's schemes. Shakuni's lips curled into a sly smile, and he interjected, "Let them be free, yes. But on one condition—they must survive twelve years of exile in the forest, followed by one year of living in incognito. If they can complete this, they may return and claim their kingdom."

The Pandavas were bound by honor and could not refuse the terms. Reluctantly, they accepted their fate. Draupadi cast one last look of defiance at the Kauravas before leaving the hall, the weight of her destiny now tied to the harsh wilderness of exile.

The sun filtered through the dense canopy of the forest, casting dappled shadows on the ground where the Pandavas and Draupadi had made their temporary home. Though the forest was vast and perilous, there was a strange peace among them. The Pandavas, bound by their love and loyalty to each other, found solace in their unity. Draupadi, though wronged and humiliated, took solace in her husband's love and the divine wisdom of Krishna, who she believed would guide them through their trials.

But the fire of vengeance still burned in her heart. Every night, as she prepared the meager offerings for the evening prayers, her thoughts returned to the day she was dragged through the halls of Hastinapur, humiliated in front of the court. Her hands would tremble as she prepared the sacred fire, her mind consumed with thoughts of retribution.

One day, as Draupadi stood at the riverbank, preparing for the Kshath Puja as Krishna had advised, the sun began to dip low in the sky. The Kshath Puja, a ritual that Draupadi had started to honor the Sun God, Surya, was believed to hold the power to restore her husband's lost empire and glory. With the sacred waters of the river lapping at her feet, she stood in the river for hours, her hands clasped in prayer, her eyes closed in deep meditation.

For days and nights, Draupadi stood in the river, fasting and praying, calling upon the Sun God to bless her and her husbands with victory over their enemies. Her devotion was unwavering, her mind focused

solely on her prayers. The forest around her seemed to hold its breath as if waiting for the divine response to her fervent pleas.

Hymn of Draupadi

*With trembling hands, yet a heart so strong,
Draupadi stood in the river long,
Through the bitter night and the scorching day,
She called to Surya in fervent pray.*

*The river's chill wrapped around her form,
But her devotion kept her warm.
Her feet anchored firm in the sacred stream,
Eyes closed tight in a fervent dream.*

*"O Surya Devata, light of the skies,
Hear my plea where darkness lies,
In the cold embrace of this river deep,
Grant us hope where shadows creep."*

*Her lips whispered prayers to the rising sun,
For battles yet fought, for justice won.
For twelve years of exile, twelve years of pain,
For the throne her husbands must reclaim.*

*Through the endless fast and the sleepless night,
She held steadfast to the divine light.
Her form a statue, unmoved by time,
Her soul entwined in a prayerful rhyme.*

*"O Surya, lord of the endless flame,
Let your radiance consume my shame.
Bless my husbands, strong and true,
Guide us back to the kingdom we once knew."*

*The wind howled fierce, but she did not sway,
The river roared, but her faith held sway.
For in her heart, she bore the light,
Of Surya's blessing, burning bright.*

*And as the dawn broke, soft and clear,
The Sun God's presence drew near.
His golden rays kissed the river's edge,
And Draupadi whispered her final pledge.*

*"O Lord of light, grant us your grace,
Restore our honor, let us embrace,
The victory that your flame will bring,
To once again make the kingdom sing."*

*Surya Devata, with warmth and might,
Showered her with his heavenly light.
He heard her plea, and with a smile,
Gave her strength to walk each mile.*

*A vessel of endless, nourishing fare,
A gift divine, beyond compare.
To sustain her kin in the darkest hour,
A symbol of Surya's boundless power.*

*Draupadi bowed, her prayers complete,
Her heart aglow with a peaceful beat.
For in her soul, she knew the sun,
Had blessed her path, her victory won.*

On the final night of her vigil, the sky above the forest turned a brilliant shade of gold. The trees rustled as if in reverence, and a divine light descended from the heavens. Lord Surya, the radiant Sun God, appeared before Draupadi, his presence filling the forest with warmth and light.

"Your devotion has pleased me, Draupadi," Surya spoke, his voice like the gentle warmth of the sun. "I shall bless you and your husbands with victory, and your lost empire shall be restored. But I also give you this vessel, blessed by my power. It will provide endless food until you wash it. Once washed, it will only start giving food again the next day. This vessel will sustain you in the wilderness, even when no other sustenance is available."

Draupadi accepted the divine gift with gratitude, her heart filled with hope. She returned to her camp, where her husbands awaited her, and showed them the sacred vessel. With this divine blessing, the Pandavas no longer feared hunger in the wilderness, and Bhima, known for his enormous appetite, was particularly relieved.

But as they rejoiced in their newfound fortune, a pair of divine eyes watched them from afar. Ashoksundari, the goddess who had long observed their struggles, felt a stirring in her heart. She, too, knew the pain of separation from her beloved husband, Nahusha, who had been cursed to live as a serpent in the deepest part of the jungle. Watching Draupadi's success, Ashoksundari felt a yearning to reunite with her husband and restore his former glory.

Determined to act, Ashoksundari devised a plan. Using her divine powers, she subtly influenced the paths that the Pandavas took through the dense forest, confusing them and leading them astray from their intended route. As the Pandavas and Draupadi unknowingly followed her illusions, they found themselves lost in a part of the forest they had never seen before—a place where the trees grew taller, the shadows darker, and the air thicker with mystery.

After days of wandering, they stumbled upon a desolate clearing, where an ancient, massive serpent lay coiled. Its scales glistened in the fading light, and its eyes gleamed with an unsettling intelligence. The serpent was none other than Nahusha, the once-great king who had been cursed by the gods to live as a python until his curse could be lifted by a noble warrior.

Before they could react, the serpent struck. In an instant, it coiled itself around Draupadi, its massive body constricting her with terrifying strength. Draupadi gasped for breath, her eyes wide with fear. Bhima, seeing his beloved wife in danger, let out a roar of fury and charged at the serpent with all his might.

The earth trembled as Bhima struck the serpent with his bare hands, but Nahusha, strengthened by his divine curse, did not relent. Instead, he released Draupadi and turned his wrath upon Bhima, coiling his massive body around the powerful Pandavas.

One who is Yam in swarg, Niyam on earth !

Setting: A dense forest, filled with towering trees and thick undergrowth.

The air is heavy with tension as Bhima struggles in the crushing coils of the giant serpent, Nahush, his breath shallow as the cursed python squeezes tighter. Birds scatter from the treetops as Draupadi's desperate voice pierces the silence.

Draupadi, with tears in her eyes, calls out to Yudhishtira, "Please, save him!"

Yudhishtira approaches the Scene with calm resolve, his mind steady despite the danger. He recognizes the serpent as none other than Nahush, the oncepowerful king of Swargalok, now cursed to roam the earth as a python. "Nahush," Yudhishtira calls out, "Release my brother, and I will engage you in a debate."

The serpent, his massive coils shifting, turns his head toward Yudhishtira. His voice is filled with bitterness, but also intrigue. "Very well, Yudhishtira. I have been cursed to this form for eons. Let us see if your wisdom can offer me any solace." He loosens his grip on Bhima, allowing the mighty warrior to breathe but still keeping him tightly bound.

Nahush: "Yudhishtira, I was once the king of Swargalok, the ruler of heaven itself. My subjects revered me, loved me, and obeyed my every command. Is that not the mark of a great king? Why was I cursed? What did I do so wrong?"

Yudhishtira: "A ruler of the land may command obedience, but a king of heaven must win the hearts of his subjects through righteousness, not fear. Power alone does not make a king worthy; it is the use of that power with humility and justice that defines true greatness. You let arrogance consume you, Nahush. You sought to dominate rather than serve."

Nahush: "But is it not the duty of the subjects to serve their king? I demanded their service, and they were bound to obey. How does that make me unjust?"

Yudhishtira: "Service born out of fear is not true loyalty. A wise king understands that his strength comes not from the forced obedience of his subjects, but from their willingness to follow him because they trust in his wisdom and justice. You failed to respect those who served you, especially the sages, who are the embodiment of dharma. When you struck Sage Agastya with your foot, you violated the very essence of humility and reverence. That was your downfall."

The serpent tightens slightly, but Yudhishtira remains calm, his words cutting through the fog of Nahush's bitterness.

Nahush: "I was blinded by power, I admit that. But why should a king not enjoy the fruits of his rule? Should he not indulge in the pleasures of life, the riches of his kingdom?"

Yudhishtira: "A king may enjoy the rewards of his rule, but only when those rewards are earned through righteous deeds. To indulge without merit is to betray the trust of those you govern. The true pleasure of a king lies in the

happiness of his subjects, in the peace and prosperity of his kingdom. When a king forsakes his duty for his own desires, he becomes a tyrant, not a ruler."

Nahush's coils begin to loosen further, his massive form shrinking slightly as the weight of Yudhishtira's words begins to lift the curse.

Nahush: "But I was appointed to rule heaven! Does that not mean I was chosen for greatness? How could I, chosen by the gods, have fallen so low?"

Yudhishtira: "Greatness is not bestowed by title alone. It is earned through actions that reflect wisdom, compassion, and dharma. You were given a great responsibility, but you allowed pride to cloud your judgment. A true king does not see his position as a right, but as a sacred duty. When you disregarded that duty, you fell from grace."

Nahush's massive form continues to shrink as the debate progresses, his coils loosening around Bhima, who now breathes more freely. Yudhishtira's calm, steady words are like a balm to Nahush's tormented soul.

In Dharma's Light, the Ruler's Path

*A king's true power, divine and vast,
Is measured by the shadows cast.
Not in the throne or worldly gold,
But in the heart, both wise and bold.*

*In dharma's light, he finds his guide,
To lead with truth and not with pride.
When prapanna mar his noble way,
He seeks to mend without delay.*

*With satya as his steadfast flame,
He rectifies and cleanses shame.
Through rājadharma he learns,
To guide with justice as he returns.*

*In humility, his strength is shown,
Restoring balance where seeds were sown.
A ruler's grace is in his care,
To right the wrongs with love so rare.*

Nahush: "If I were given another chance, what should I have done differently?"

Yudhishtira: "You should have ruled with humility, respecting the wisdom of the sages and the needs of your subjects. A king is like the father of his people, not their master. Your strength should have been used to protect and uplift them, not to assert your dominance. Righteousness, Nahush, is the foundation of kingship. Without it, power is hollow, and it leads only to downfall."

As Yudhishtira finishes, Nahush's form shrinks further, until finally, he is no longer a serpent, but a man once more. Nahush, now restored to his human form, falls to his knees before Yudhishtira, his eyes filled with gratitude and humility.

Nahush: "Your wisdom has freed me, noble king. I see now the error of my ways. I shall depart from this world in peace, with your words guiding my soul. May you always walk the path of righteousness, Yudhishtira."

With that, Nahush's soul ascends to the heavens, leaving behind only a gentle breeze that rustles the leaves in the stillness of the forest. The echo of their debate lingers in the air, a reminder of the power of wisdom and dharma. Bhima, now free, rises and embraces his brother, while Draupadi watches with relief and pride. Yudhishtira has once again proven

that true strength lies not in physical might, but in the power of the mind and the purity of the soul. AshokSundari's eyes were full of tears and gratitude. She blessed Draupadi and Pandavas and then disappeared in unknown realm.

Ashoksundari's Vow

*Amidst the storm and war's great strife,
The Pandavas wielded courage in their life.
To you, my champions, gratitude profound,
For steadfast support where battles resound.*

*Draupadi, with strength and honor pure,
My blessing I impart, steadfast and sure.
May Vijaya grace your righteous quest,
With Dharma as your guiding crest..*

Extension

The story of the Great Emperor is a saga that transcends the boundaries of history, legend, and morality. It is a tale that illustrates the complexity of power, the duality of human nature, and the eternal struggle between right and wrong. At its heart, this story is about a ruler who, despite the immense power he wielded, remained a man bound by the same flaws, weaknesses, and desires that all humans share. It is a story of a man who, in his quest to save his people and uphold justice, committed acts that could be seen as sins, yet these very acts were driven by a deep sense of responsibility and love for his subjects.

In this tale, the Great Emperor emerges as a complex character—a ruler who, at times, finds himself on the brink of corruption, yet never fully succumbs to it. His power is vast, and with that power comes the temptation to overstep, to make decisions that, while seemingly justified in the moment, could lead him down a darker path. But this is not the story of a man who becomes a tyrant; rather, it is the story of a ruler who constantly grapples with the weight of his choices, the consequences of his actions, and the fine line between good and evil.

The Emperor's journey is one that reflects the reality that even the greatest leaders are not immune to the temptations of power. The story highlights how power can corrupt, how the very authority that is meant to serve the people can become a force that distances the ruler from those he is meant to protect. And yet, this saga is also a reminder that corruption does not have to define a man. Even when one has strayed from the path of righteousness, there is always a way back—a way to be good, to be free, and to be correct.

The Great Emperor's story is a testament to the idea that redemption is always possible. It is a reminder that no matter how far one may fall, there is always a chance to rise again, to correct past mistakes, and to seek forgiveness. This is not a tale of a man who becomes a monster, but rather a story of a man who, despite his flaws, remains fundamentally good. It is a story of a ruler who, even when faced with the darkest of choices, never loses sight of the light.

Throughout the saga, the theme of forgiveness is woven like a golden thread, reminding us of the power of mercy and the importance of letting go of past grievances. The Great Emperor's journey is one of learning to forgive—both others and himself. He understands that holding onto anger and resentment can only lead to further destruction, and that true strength lies in the ability to forgive and to move forward. This is not an easy lesson to learn, and the Emperor struggles with it throughout his life. But ultimately, it is this understanding that allows him to find peace within himself and with those around him.

The story also explores the concept of forgetting—not in the sense of erasing the past, but in the sense of releasing the hold that past wrongs can have on one's present and future. The Great Emperor learns that while it is important to remember the lessons of the past, it is equally important not to let those memories define or control him. Forgetting, in this sense, is about freeing oneself from the chains of the past and embracing the possibilities of the future.

The doors of correction, as the story suggests, are always open to those who have the courage to walk through them. This is a powerful message, one that resonates deeply with the idea that change and growth are always possible, no matter how difficult the journey may seem. The Great

Emperor's story is a reminder that it is never too late to make amends, to seek redemption, and to become the person one was always meant to be.

The doors of coexistence are also central to the Emperor's journey. As a ruler, he understands that his power does not exist in a vacuum. He must navigate the complex web of relationships, alliances, and rivalries that define his kingdom. Coexistence is not merely about maintaining peace; it is about fostering mutual love and respect among all people, regardless of their differences. The Great Emperor knows that true power lies not in domination, but in the ability to bring people together, to create a society where all can live in harmony.

Mutual love and respect are the cornerstones of the Emperor's rule. He believes that a ruler must not only command authority but also earn the trust and affection of his people. This is not a story of a ruler who rules with an iron fist, but rather one who leads with compassion and understanding. The Great Emperor's love for his people is what drives him to make the difficult choices that he does. He understands that leadership is not about personal gain, but about serving the greater good.

And yet, even as the Emperor strives to do what is right, he is not immune to the mistakes that come with being human. He falters, he struggles, and at times, he fails. But what sets him apart is his willingness to learn from his failures, to seek out the path of redemption, and to never lose sight of the values that guide him. The Great Emperor is a man who understands that power is not about being infallible, but about having the strength to acknowledge one's mistakes and the courage to make things right.

This saga is not just a story of one man, but a reflection of the universal human experience. It speaks to the challenges that all people face in their quest for goodness, justice, and redemption. It reminds us that life is a journey filled with difficult choices, and that the path to righteousness is often fraught with obstacles. But it also reminds us that no matter how far we may stray from that path, there is always a way back.

The Great Emperor's story is a beacon of hope, a reminder that even in the darkest of times, there is always a way to find the light. It is a story that encourages us to hold onto the courage to forgive and forget, to keep the doors of correction open, and to embrace the possibilities of coexistence, mutual love, and respect. It is a story that teaches us that no matter how powerful we may become, we are all still human, bound by the same desires, flaws, and potential for goodness.

And so, the story of the Great Emperor is one that will continue to be told, passed down through the generations as a reminder of the complexities of power, the importance of forgiveness, and the enduring strength of the human spirit. It is a story that leaves behind less ink but more and more tales, each one a reflection of the eternal struggle to do what is right, to find redemption, and to live a life guided by love, respect, and the courage to forgive.

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