

ANTHARA-1²⁰⁴⁷

TIME DOES NOT BELONG TO US. WE BELONG TO TIME

A INDIAN SPACE THRILLER SAGA
AUTHOR : DR.SESHU KMR



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please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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ANTHARA -1, 2047

Time does not belong to us, we belong to time.

A Futuristic Psychological Horror Thriller

By Dr. Seshu KMR

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Dr. Seshu KMR

Innovative filmmaker, music composer, sound designer, artificial intelligence specialist, and author Dr. Seshu KMR deftly combines ancient Vedas with modern technologies. Deeply steeped in ageless spiritual lessons and driven by a love of investigating the secrets of time and space, his narrative questions accepted limits. Anthara-1, 2047 is his audacious investigation of a world where advanced AI, quantum computing, and zeropoint energy converge with India's rich cultural legacy—a narrative dedicated to those brave enough to question reality and embrace the eternal dance of destiny. Yato dharma tato prapnoti – that which is destined, is attained.

Introduction: Futurist India & Anthara-1

A new era

The year is 2047—exactly one hundred years after India's independence—and the country is a global titan of invention. India leads the world in space exploration presently thanks to developments in artificial intelligence, quantum computing, and sustainable energy. Modern command centres and research labs run by the Indian Space Research Command (ISRC) deftly combine innovative technology with historic legacy.

Mega-cities hum with digital mandalas and holographic ads citing Sanskrit proverbs in this vivid, satirical future while boardrooms debate quantum ethics alongside classical philosophy. At the core of it all is Anthara-1—a top-secret mission known only to the space command centre, the inner circle of ISRC, and its visionary chairman, Dr. Vedanth Sharma.

Designed to reinvent physics and energy generation by means of the innovative Shunya Drive, powerful quantum computing, and artificial intelligence, ISRC Anthara-1 is a pioneering exploration. Inspired by

ancient Vedic teachings—when it is said that superior technology existed thousands of years ago—this mission strives to harness the unlimited potential of the void (Shunyata) to unlock new energy resources and to drive India to the forefront of worldwide technical leadership. Anthara-1 hopes to establish India as the front-runner in future energy generation, space exploration, and scientific innovation by orbiting Mars and straying beyond our galaxy.

"Asato ma sad gamaya, tamso ma jyotir gamaya, mrityor ma amritam gamaya." (Lead me from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, from death to immortality.)

The meeting of modern technology with age-old knowledge suggests a mystery ready to challenge everything.

PROLOGUE:

The Perspective of The Author

Time exhibits non-linear behaviour, bending, looping and deceiving and in the nothingness of space, it is the lone enemy. Time does not belong to us. What is today for me is someone's yesterday and somebody's tomorrow.

Pulled from the top levels of the ISRC, this confidential dossier describes a mission that transcended time itself, human knowledge, and physical limits. Considered the height of Indian space research, Anthara-1 was a top-secret project under the direction of visionary chairman Dr. Vedanth Sharma only known to the space command centre.

We failed; the Shunya Drive ran flawlessly.

“Asato ma sad gamaya, tamso ma jyotir gamaya, mrityor ma amritam gamaya”. Still, the echoes of that failure whisper across the universe—a haunting reminder of the great sacrifice required by those who dared defy time.”

The narrative of Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha is one of a man driven into the vacuum to confront a secret never meant to be unearthed by his personal challenges, family legacy, and inner demons.

A residual concern arises as the last sound of an old hymn fades: will the secrets of time be revealed, or are we doomed to an endless circle of hopelessness?

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Chapter

1

**THE MISSION:
ANTHARA-1**

2047 is exactly one hundred years after India gained her freedom. India leads space exploration in a country that has become a worldwide titan of invention. The Indian Space Research Command (ISRC) is hidden among brilliant mega-cities throbbing with futuristic energy and humorous comments on society's fast change. The inner circle of the space command centre and its visionary chairman, Dr. Vedanth Sharma, only know the real intent of Anthara-1. This topsecret mission aims to redefine physics and energy generation by using the groundbreaking Shunya Drive, powerful quantum computing, and artificial intelligence—technology that combines modern science with the ancient knowledge of the Vedas—not only about exploring space.

The Final Briefing Scene 1

Within Sriharikota's contemporary ISRC complex, a sleek command centre gleams with computerised mandals and holographic displays. The room hums with expectation. Just a small number of people are here: top scientists, mission directors, and important officials assigned with the secret of Anthara-1. For them, this mission is a strong statement that India would lead the world into a new era of technical and spiritual synthesis, not only a scientific expedition.

A large screen at the front of the room shows a live broadcast of Anthara-1, the spaceship representing India's aspirational cosmic leap. Digital calligraphy gracefully displayed on the walls is ancient Sanskrit poetry. They are reminders of the superior Vedic wisdom supporting this effort and the constant cosmic order.

Quietly in the backdrop stands Dr. Vedanth Sharma, the respected ISRC Chairman and defender of old knowledge. His cool, controlled demeanour captures the great weight of obligation he bears. His deep, musical voice whispers the eternal sentence, "Yad bhavati tato prapnoti," that which is destined, is realised.

Dr. Anika Reddy, the mission director, takes front stage. Her voice is austere yet tinged with a desire.

Dr. Anika Reddy: "Today is the Shunya Drive first operational test. Our aim is to rethink life itself, not only to investigate space. Our top-secret project, Anthara-1, is only known to us here and among our close circle of colleagues. Its goals are to uncover the mysteries of energy generation, to use cutting-edge quantum computing and artificial intelligence, and to combine modern science with the virtually extinct advanced Vedic technology. Remember, what we accomplish now will define the course of our country and distinguish us as leaders in energy and technology worldwide.

Lt. Dhruv Kapoor, the pilot with a roguish smile and a family aviation legacy, interrupts across the room with light comedy that conceals his inner conflict:

Lt. Dhruv Kapoor says, "If this contraption sends us spiralling into oblivion, I hope the universe has an emergency exit plan—I'm not sure my mother would forgive me for missing dinner again."

A little laughing breaks through the tension, but the great quantum physicist Dr. Meera Nair—whose love of combining the Vedas with contemporary theory is legendary—adds her voice with unflinching conviction.

Dr. Meera Nair: "We will rewrite the very laws of physics if it works." Should it fail, history will record our bravery. Our forebears thought of Shunyata as the boundless possibility of the vacuum. We now use that same power.

The memory camera focusses on Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha. Aaryan leads first with the calm determination of a man born with both great spirituality and scientific rigour. Dark and introspective, his eyes bear the weight of his family's legacy—a Telangana independence fighter father and a soulful classical pianist mother—along with the weight of frequent, terrifying images of a time loop threatening to trap him permanently.

Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha said, "Today we question the basic fabric of reality. The Shunya Drive will shift space around us, not propel us in the traditional sense. Our aim is to recover advanced Vedic technology buried in our ancient books, therefore redefining physics and energy creation. We are releasing a power we have been carrying for millennia, not only exploring space. Get ready for a trip that will change our fate and help to define the direction of our wonderful country.

Except for the delicate hum of machinery and the muttered chanting of old mantras softly emerging from concealed speakers, the room becomes quiet as his words hang in the air. Every team member understands quite well that the stakes are enormous. After decades of study, this expedition marks the end of a new chapter for India—one in which the knowledge of the past will collide with modern technologies. Aaryan's relentless eye meets that of his colleagues as the last countdown echoes through the control room; Dr. Vedanth's calm smile suggests secrets still to be divulged. The quiet murmur of "Om Namah Shivaya" permeates the room, prompting everyone to wonder: Are we really the designers of our fate, or are we just objects in the perpetual cosmic dance?

Anthara-1's technologies

Interwoven into this top-secret mission are revolutionary technology combining current science with the wisdom of our ancestors:

Developed on the ideas of zeropoint energy and Vedic mathematics, the Shunya Drive is a novel propulsion technology. It moves space around the spacecraft instead of using traditional thrust, therefore embodying Shunyata, the endless potential of the emptiness. In activation, one nearly hears the old sloka:

"Vakra-Tunda Mahakaya, Suryakoti Samaprabha...,"
(O Lord with a twisted trunk and great shape, whose brilliance equal millions of suns...)

Modern quantumentangled communication system AkaashNet promises fast, safe contact across the furthest distances. Its construction guarantees that the top-secret information of Anthara-1 stays inside the ISRC's inner circle only.

Designed with concepts inspired from Ayurvedic balance, Rudra-9 ExoSuit is a bioresponsive astronaut suit. Designed to shield its wearer from the dangers of deep space—radiation, gravitational fluctuations, and harsh conditions—ensuring that our explorers remain secure while they travel into the unknown—it guarantees

Inspired by Rig Vedic writings on solar energy, a breakthrough fusion energy system is SuryaCore Reactor. It symbolises the ideal fusion of old wisdom and contemporary technical progress by using the sun's vast power to offer essentially limitless energy.

A slight echo of "Yato dharma tat prapnoti" echoes as the last systems check ends and the crew wonders at their technological arsenal: Can such great power, derived from ancient knowledge, really govern the tides of time?

Scene 2: Lift-Off: Ritualistic Ascent

Location: Anthara-1 Spacecraft Time: Moment of Launch

Anthara-1's cockpit is a wonderful fusion of holy Vedic craftsmanship and contemporary architecture. Digital screens and holographic tools radiate alongside complex Sanskrit inscriptions that honour the knowledge of past seers. Mysterious, the topsecret vessel is poised on the launch pad, its computerised countdown inexorably towards zero.

Commander Aaryan approaches before ignition. His heart full with memories—of his father's sacrifices, his mother's lullabies, and the hopes of a nation—and the weight of fate upon his shoulders closes his eyes, takes a long, steadying breath, and starts to repeat the Gayatri Mantra with great respect:

"Om Bhur Bhuvah Swaha,Tat Savitur Varenyam,
Bhargo Devasya Dhimahi,Dhiyo Yo Nah
Prachodayat."

Every sensor and every cable in the cockpit responds to the hallowed vibrations. With every member carrying personal aspirations and secret fears, the team listens in perfect quiet. Lt. Dhruv looks at a treasured family photo; Dr. Meera holds a keepsake from her adored mentor; Dr. Vikram has a little token from his lowly background. Their human hearts pulse with the ageless pulse of history and hope even in the face of this technical wonder.

Replace with concerned operators and high-ranking officials, including Dr. Vedanth Sharma and even the Prime Minister, an ardent believer in Sanatana Dharma, anxiously await the launch at the command centre back on Earth to avoid overused language.

Ground Control: "Anthara-1, you are free to leave via intercom. Every system nominal. Advance with lift-off.

Aaryan: "(With calm, ritualistic authority) "Roger that, Ground Control. The system is Initiating orbit alignment. Starting the cosmic dance.

Those words let the boosters blast with a deafening scream. The spacecraft leaps skyward, leaving behind the vivid colours of Earth and racing into the

boundless emptiness. Anthara-1 breaks through the atmosphere, and the fusing of modern technology with ancient ritual produces a visual symphony—a magnificent tribute to India's bold attitude and its will to unite the past with the future.

At the last, breathtaking lift-off seconds as Anthara-1 disappears into the star-studded void, the digital clock flickers one more time. "The secret of time is not ours to command," says a disturbing whisper from the darkness among the dying echoes of the Gayatri Mantra. This foreboding promise sets the stage for the riddles that lie ahead in Chapter 2.

Chapter

2

**THE SHUNYA
DRIVE
ACTIVATION**

Location: Deep Space, Near Jupiter ,
Time: 0023 hours, Day 4

Far beyond the loving embrace of Earth, Anthara-1 currently flies in the frigid, quiet emptiness close to the huge planet Jupiter. Glows softly with the light of holographic displays in the high-tech chamber intertwined with digital mysticism and ancient writings, the command module. The crew meets here in the spooky silence of deep space to see the next vital element of their top-secret mission—the Shunya Drive turning on.

Section 1: The Calm Before the Turn On

In the command module, the atmosphere combines spiritual respect with scientific concentration. Standing at the centre console, Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha has eyes that show both silent terror and will. Beside him, the crew—Dr. Meera Nair, Lt. Dhruv Kapoor, Dr. Vikram Rao, and others—exchange looks full with expectancy. Every second on the wall's digital clock, 0022 hours, seems to stretch out an eternity.

Leaning over a holographic monitor displaying the real-time vitals of the crew and the complex spacecraft systems, Dr. Vikram Rao

Dr. Vikram Rao: "Every environmental reading is constant." The crew members have normal vitals. For the following step, we are in ideal shape.

The ambient music system of the ship creates a dreamlike soundtrack from faint whispers of old Sanskrit slokas in the background. The recitations arouse the infinite character of time:

"Kālaḥ sarvaṁ pravartate, kālaṁ naiva nīpate."
(Time rules all and never rests.)

Usually the team clown, Lt. Dhruv Kapoor now exudes a serious attitude. His head wanders to thoughts of his family back on Earth—images of his father's proud smile, his mother's gentle hug—reminders of all he stands to lose should the mission fail.

Quietly, Lt. Dhruv Kapoor says: "Every second feels heavier than the last... I hope we're ready for what comes next."

Adjusting her spectacles and looking over the last readings, Dr. Meera Nair—whose enthusiasm for combining quantum physics with Vedic wisdom—has driven much of the theoretical framework of the expedition.

Dr. Meera Nair: "The control matrix of the drive exhibits expected tolerable quantum fluctuations." The formulae are set; our digital calculations match

the old Vedas' formulations. The universe itself seems getting ready for this.

Aaryan pauses for some contemplation. He is much influenced by his own legacy, his vocation, and the hopes of a country. He closes his eyes momentarily and silently prayers the old gods in the peaceful hum of the control module:

"Om Nathah Shivaya."

The recitation reminds us that the wisdom of the past is with us; it is a mantra for courage and clarity.

Section 2: Starting the Activity

The digital clock counts 0023 hours currently. Aaryan moves deliberately towards the central activation console. Burst into life, holographic displays depict a cascade of quantum calculations entwined with digital Sanskrit shlokas. The system is ready indicated by the constant blue status signal of the Shunya Drive.

Measuring calm, Aaryan says, "Engaging the Shunya Drive in three... two... one...."

He pushes the activating button with a clear, relentless voice. The whole command module is softly humming at that moment. The sound is quite otherworldly, like the chanting of an old church resounding across the emptiness.

The quantum fluctuations rise, energy levels soar, and the digital Sanskrit letters scroll faster, almost as if they are repeating their own cosmic incantations. The holographic screens change to reveal real-time data that swiftly updates. One can clearly see how modern science interacts with ancient knowledge.

"Look at that—the equations are bending as though the very fabric of space is being reshaped," says Dr. Meera (awed)

The stars start to elongate and distort outside the viewport. Light bends about Anthara-1, then for a fleeting, suspended moment it seems as though the spacecraft is surrounded in a shimmering veil of cosmic energy. The scene, a graphic expression of the great impact of the Shunya Drive, is both beautiful and terrible.

Lt. Dhruv: "Where is Jupiter now? Voice shaking here. It It apparently disappeared.

The empty space where Jupiter formerly shined in great clarity—a silent, breathtaking monument to the unimaginable might of the Shunya Drive—showcases shows the monitors show. The crew stands in horrified silence as they face the terrible reality: the drive has transferred them into a world where the usual flow of time is disrupted rather than just transporting them.

Aaryan's face, lit by the blue glow of the activation sequence, is a mask of will combined with rising fear. His voice quiet yet firm, he looks to his staff.

Aaryan: "The Shunya Drive has modified space itself, therefore fulfilling what we set out to do. But what price would it be? The framework of time is collapsing. We have to be ready for the ramifications.

Lt. Dhruv swallows hard while Dr. Vikram Rao's hands quutter as he watches the monitors. This disclosure has enormous psychological weight; the crew understands they are no longer living in a world run under linear time.

Outside, the universe whirls like a violent maelstrom—a vivid, nearly surreal tapestry evocative of the Vedas' reported constant cycles. Among this cosmic anarchy, an old lyric echoes gently:

"Indro yathā somam rivayet, tam evam navaratnān dhām." (As Indra poured the celestial nectar, so too are the nine jewels of creation placed.)

Melding with the hum of the Shunya Drive, this line seems to give both a promise and a warning. Aaryan's eyes stayed fixated on the always moving cosmic canvas. The crew—as well as the reader—are left with a terrifying concern as the faint, fading echo of "Om Namah Shivaya" blends with the silence

of space: what will be the actual cost when the lines of time are ripped apart?

Section 3: Views and Foreboding

The command module goes into a condition of eerie silence following activation. The crew gathers in little groups, murmuring among one another gently. Their shadow of the severity of what has just happened lingers over them.

Dr. Meera approaches Aaryan, her eyes shining with both scientific awe and a trace of anxiety.

According to Dr. Meera, the internal clock has reset to a period before launch. We are not in the place we anticipated to be in. We seem to have been sent into an other continuity.

Aaryan nods with seriousness. He is aware of the consequences. This is a basic change of reality itself, a portal opened by the ancient forces contained in the Shunya Drive, not only an engineering accomplishment.

Lt. Dhruv, meantime, sits in a quieter part of the module huddled with Dr. Vikram.

Lt. Dhruv: "I can't get rid of this sense of something being quite off." Every time we activate this urge, we seem to enter a dream from which we cannot wake-up.

Always the practical voice, Dr. Vikram adds:

Dr. Vikram: "Our forebarers discussed the never-ending cycles of time. Maybe this is the cosmic cost of using such ability—a cost we might not be ready to pay.

The quiet gets weight. A constant reminder of the old wisdom they are now linked to, the ship's systems hum in the background and the digital inscriptions scroll silently.

Aaryan stalks to the viewport and peers out at the huge, warped universe. Memories of his father's stories of sacrifice during the independence struggle, of his mother's lyrical renditions that spoke of universal truths, and of his own recurrent nightmares of being caught in an endless loop abound in his head.

He whispers gently to himself:

Aaryan: "We are on the brink of a new age, however the price of our desire might be recorded in the chronicles of time. I hope the old gods lead us.

A slight echo of "Om Namah Shivaya" permeates the chamber as he talks, entwining with the hum of the turned on drive. The crew's features, lit by the ghostly glow of the holographic screens, show a mix of astonishment and anxiety as well as dawning knowledge their mission had veered irreversibly.

Aaryan turns away, his determined look persists among the soft echo of ancient chants and the Shunya Drive hum. The blending sounds cause him to consider a broken continuum and wonder what unexpected obstacles lie ahead. Can he, his colleagues, and his nation resist the unrelenting march of time?

Chapter

3

THE FIRST GLITCH

Location: Aboard Anthara-1,
Communication Bay
Time: 0600 hours, Day 4 (or so it appears)

Section 1: The Cool Before the Storm

Unlike the eerie echoes of ancient chants that periodically leak through the vessel's ambient audio system, the hallways of Anthara-1 are bathed in a sterile, chilly light. Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha stands in the middle of the crew gathered around the AkaashNet console, a sleek interface projecting holographic data streams and digitised Sanskrit characters. Her eyes black with both resolve and a dawning sense of terror in the communication bay. On the wall, the digital clock shows 0600 hours. Though time should run consistently, a residual discomfort permeates the air—a sense that the fundamental fabric of reality is beginning to tear.

Glancing at the data on a holographic screen, Dr. Vikram Rao watches the crew's vitals and frowns measuredly. Little changes that he cannot yet comprehend disrupt his usually cool attitude.

Dr. Vikram Rao: "Our signal strength shows erratic surges even if the data are generally steady. Like something is interfering with our communications.

Dr. Meera Nair leans in across the room, her eyes tracing the lines of complicated quantum code entwined with old Sanskrit shlokas. Her recitations softly echo across the room:

"Kalaḥ sṛjate bhūtāni, mṛtyurapi viśrāntaḥ." (Time creates all beings, but death remains inevitable.)

Ever the joker but clearly nervous today, Lt. Dhruv Kapoor taps quickly on his console. He looks sidelong at his coworkers, trying to hide his worries with a fake smile.

"I swear, if we're about to be stuck in another one of those loops, I'm blaming the system for all my missed birthday parties," Lt. Dhruv Kapoor says.

A quick, nervous laugh goes around, but the atmosphere stays heavy. The crew is all too aware of the stakes: Anthara-1 is the key to revealing old energy secrets as well as a technical wonder. And today an oddity has come to light.

Section 2: Interference

The AkaashNet terminal starts to flash with static without warning. Filters through the speakers a warped, disconnected, chillingly out-of-sync disembodied voice. Everyone fixes on the sound, and the room goes still.

Aaryan says urgently into the microphone, "Mission Control, do you read? The first Anthara is this one. Please reply! {{{

Then a reply bounces back, but it is not what they expected. A pause.

"Aaryan, we received this message... twelve hours ago," said Dr. Anika, voice from Earth muffled by static.

The words hang in the air like a lethal blow. Lt. Dhruv's eyes widen as he fixes on the panel.

Lt. Dhruv: "We're conversing live; that's not feasible."
"

As Aaryan reviews the system, his face gets tight. Data packets from twelve hours in the past seem to be looping in the holographic display—data packets mixed with present signals. As her heart races, Dr. Meera's fingertips float over the control panel.

Dr. Meera: "Our conversations seem to be reflecting back in time. The information is out of phase...'

The ambient lights in the harbour start to flutter wildly in the middle of these disclosures. The computerised displays' soothing glow dims, then intense strobe-like flashes blind the gathered staff momentarily. Dr. Vikram gasps sharply, then a group chill runs down their spines.

Now sporting a wrinkled brow, Aaryan approaches the main console. The digital clock once more resets from 0600 hours to 0600 hours. There is clear disturbing repetition here.

Aaryan, voice shaking: "We've been here before."

The atmosphere is quiet, oppressive and almost stifling. Every crew member carries the weight of the moment as though the very air vibrates with threatening force. Her voice hardly audible, Dr. Meera says gently:

"Kalaḥ sṛjate bhūtāni, mṛtyurapi viśrāntaḥ." (Time creates all beings, but death remains inevitable.)

The words reverberate around the chamber, blending with the steady, unceasing ticking of the digital clock.

Section 3: Beginning Inner Turmoil and Panic

Following the fault, anxiety starts to permeate into the crew's shared consciousness. Aaryan's head spins as he tries to match the technical information with the threatening signals all around. He understands that prior Shunya Drive activation was a historic accomplishment with the power to redefine physics and energy production. This bug, though, suggests that time itself is now erratic.

Their words quiet, Lt. Dhruv huddles close to Dr. Vikram.

Lt. Dhruv: "Something like this is unheard of. Like déjà vu but considerably more terrifying, we seem locked in a cycle.

Ever the pragmatic, Dr. Vikram finds it difficult to keep his cool looking over the data streams. Seeking the oddity, his fingers fly over the holographic interface.

Dr. Vikram: " Twelve hours ago, the system is repeating signals. We definitely have a temporal feedback loop, but how could that be even feasible?

Aaryan moves forward, weighted by his images and the terrible recurrence. His gloomy face conceals the inner agony he has long battled—a struggle between reason and the terrible premonitions of an infinite loop.

Aaryan: "We have to run a complete Shunya Drive control matrix and communication array diagnostic. There is essentially something wrong with the temporal stabilisation.

The communication console periodically shows stationary-laden images of former events—ghostly echoes of their past actions—as the crew searches to compile data. Time itself seems to be rerunning,

pushing them to face the certainty of their circumstances.

As the degree of the oddity settles in, the room becomes silent. Dr. Meera recites another Atharva Veda stanza in that tense quiet with shaking hands:

"Yato dharma tat prapnoti," says Dr. Meera (that which is intended, is realised.)

Designed to provide comfort, the line accentuates the sensation of foreboding rather than so easing. The team is faced with a terrible prospect: they are caught in an eternal cycle, a loop in which time runs constantly.

The crew, trapped in an infinite time loop defined by the constant ticking of the digital clock and the ghostly echoes of the console screen, felt the weight of approaching disaster with every moment. As they tried to break the pattern, they were overcome with desperation and questioned if—and how—they may interrupt the cycle, even as Aaryan's painful voice vanished into a stifling quiet.

Chapter

4

**THE TIME
LOOP BEGINS**

Location: Anthara-1 Central Control
Time: Repeating cycles at 0600 hours, Day 4

Section 1: Unyielding Repetition

Once a monument of optimism and human creativity, Anthara-1's central control chamber now seems to be a tomb of limitless time. Over elegant digital screens, the ambient lighting flickers sporadically; the holographic displays create eerie shadows on the walls. Stubbornly set at 0600 hours, the digital clock blasts forth a terrible rhythm that now defines their dream.

Alone at the main console, Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha has a facade of stoic determination coupled with deep-seated hopelessness. Every repetition—the identical pattern of waking at 0600 hours—has left invisible wounds on him. His mind echoes his past deaths: the burning flames, the crushing pressure, the instantaneous, bone-chilling silence that followed. This loop seems to parplay his every effort at transformation.

He looks at the digital clock, its digits unaltered, and his mind returns to the evenings before the expedition when he had dreamed of this constant cycle. These days, those dreams constitute his waking reality. The group stands around him in a muted fog of astonishment and resignation. Tears

red in her eyes, Dr. Meera Nair grips her notepad full of hurriedly written formulae and old songs as though the words could provide a path out. Lt. Dhruv Kapoor walks tensely, his laughter long gone replaced by a sombre quiet.

The ship's background ambient noise gently repeats a known mantra:

"Om Namah Shivaya"

This basic, old chant reminds us that even if technology may bend space, the constant cycle of time is unchangeable and seems to reflect the fundamental pulse of the universe.

"No... not again... Every cycle, every death... it all resets," Aaryan says, repeating to herself with deep emotional voice. How may we get away from this never-ending suffering? "

The quiet that follows is rather hopeless. Each crew member secretly begs for an end to the cycle while their eyes connect in brief flashes of shared horror.

Section 2: Intense Experimentation

Driven to stop the loop, Aaryan goes to the central control panel with a determination that belies the inner conflict screaming within him. He commands Shunya Drive with shaking fingertips, frantically adjusting the temporal stabilisation matrix. On the big screens, holographic data streams spring to life,

figures and Sanskrit shlokas whirl together in a turbulent dance.

Aaryan commands, her voice echoing the chamber: "Run a full diagnostic on the temporal feedback loop." Every abnormality recorded—every fluctuation, every mistake—is something I desire. We have to grasp these phenomena. \\\

Driven over the console, Dr. Vikram Rao leans with the light of changing data on his face. His usually calm manner gives way to anxiety when he observes irregular output of the system.

Dr. Vikram says, "The system seems to be in a state of flux... The feedback is off the charts." The evidence points to a temporal mismatch whereby signals from twelve hours ago are blending with the present. This exceeds our computation capability.

Lt. Dhruv, meantime, stands near to Dr. Meera with a low, desperate voice.

Lt. Dhruv: "Although I have seen my fair share of strange mishaps, this seems like we are living the same event repeatedly. I cannot get rid of the déjà vu sensation; only it is way more ominous.

Eyes fixated on the fast-updating holograms, Dr. Meera says gently:

"Kalaḥ sṛjate bhūtāni, mṛtyurapi viśrāntaḥ." (Time generates all beings, yet death remains inevitable.)

Her meant consoling remarks actually accentuate the hopelessness of the place. As reality of their situation sets in, the diagnostic systems keep spewing nonsensical data; every cycle is a sobering reminder of their incarceration in a loop with no visible escape.

Feeling the weight of every successive death crushingly, Aaryan steps gently towards the viewport. Outside, the void seems to pulse with the rhythm of their terrible fate while the stars spin in a frenzied spiral. Driven by both his dread and his will, memories of his mother's soft lullabies and his father's sacrifices whirl in his head.

"Every time I die, it's like the universe is laughing at me," Aaryan says inside. This curse cannot be broken. For the sake of our goal, for our future, though, I have to figure out how.

The crew's uneasiness is evident; it is a common weight that ties them in quiet fear. Combining the relentless tick of the digital clock with the eerie recitations of ancient mantras creates a dissonant symphony highlighting their suffering.

The reader is left with a great, terrible question as the holographic data dances relentlessly and Aaryan's agonised internal appeal fades into the

silence: can the unchangeable cycle of time ever be broken, or is their fate trapped in everlasting repetition?

Section 3: Effects of Repetition

Following the frenzied exploration, the command module settles into a heavy, repressive quiet. The crew assembles in clusters, their hushed talks almost audible above the ship's constant hum. Sadness, anxiety, and a rising awareness abound in the air; every loop is more catastrophic than the next. Driven by both scientific curiosity and raw emotional suffering, Dr. Meera walks up to Aaryan. She speaks gently, as though unwilling to sour the delicate equilibrium.

Dr. Meera: "Commander, our temporal feedback loop is self-reinforcing according to the data. We are locked in a cycle when every moment is mercilessly precisely repeated. The world itself seems punishing us for our boldness.

Aaryan nods somberly. Her words weigh heavily in his mind; every death and every repeat reminds him of the great cost of challenging the natural order. Turning to face his colleagues, his eyes show a mix of hope and hopelessness.

Aaryan: "We have stretched the limits of physics and drawn on the Vedas' historic authority. Now, though, we can clearly see the awful price our

ambition has paid. If we are to have any hope for breaking free, we have to face this curse squarely.

Usually flippant and sarcastic, Lt. Dhruv's voice quakes with fragility as he confides in Dr. Vikram.

Lt. Dhruv says, "Every loop feels like I'm losing a piece of myself." My life seems to be collapsing from the base. I worry that we are meant to live this tragedy always.

Ever the realistic realist, Dr. Vikram tries to reassure but his eyes show the worry he cannot suppress.

"Our ancestors described time as a cyclic phenomenon—a relentless, unending dance of creation and dissolution," says Dr. Vikram. Maybe we have awakened powers beyond our most developed ideas. We have to equip ourselves for what is ahead.

Aaryan moves to the viewport from the console. He steps back. Outside, the universe whirls in a disorganised ballet of shadow and light. Memories of his history flood him: his mother's comforting songs, his father's heroic stories, and the recurrent dreams that now clearly disturb him.

Murmuring, voice heavy with grief, Aaryan says, "We stand on the edge of a new era, but I fear our

search for knowledge has unleashed a force we cannot control."

Once more filling the space, the faint, eerie echo of "Om Namah Shivaya" combines with the constant tick of the digital clock. The magnitude of their situation is indisputable in that moment—a never-ending cycle that eliminates every prospect of escape.

Aaryan's frantic whisper, "Is there no escape?" as the crew stands in solemn contemplation as the digital clock keeps relentless march. " hangs in the air, leaving with an overwhelming feeling of impending doom and an insatiable need to know: Can this endless cycle ever be broken?"

Chapter

5

THE ENTITY

Location: Dim, Echoing Corridors of Anthara-1

Time: In the silent intervals between cycles

Section 1: The Haunted presence

Once the height of modern, efficient design, Anthara-1's hallways have become ghostly passages of flickering light. An uncomfortable presence has started to rise in these empty halls where the ambient hum of equipment mixes with faint echoes of ancient Sanskrit mantras.

Still recovering from the constant time loops and the latest disclosures of a spectral presence, Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha finds himself pulled to a little passageway. The only sound in the darkly lighted chamber is the low, constant recitation of "Om Namah Shivaya" coming from secret speakers. Emergency panels alternate in brightness. Every step he takes echoes in the stifling silence as he advances slowly and a shudder slinks up his spine.

Stopped abruptly, he senses he is not alone. At the brink of his sight, a shadow shifts; when he turns, a chill goes down his neck. Just barely seen against the darkness in the corner of the corridor, a shape starts to materialize—a ghostly, indistinct form that seems all too familiar. Heart racing, Aaryan squints through the low light. The figure becomes more definite; it is

a shadow reflecting his own form. But something is really wrong. The figure seems dead, its posture sloppish and awkward, drifting slowly as though caught in a current of invisible powers. He is seized with panic.

Whispering, Aaryan says, "No... It can't be...."

He stumbles back, then sees—a ghostly vision of his own dead body floating in the cockpit—in a terrible clarity. His body, with features hauntingly frozen in the last expression of pain and determination, floats silently as if suspended in time. Is it a karmic echo of all his repeated deaths or a hallucination produced of his tormented psyche?

Aaryan's eyesight clouds with shock and sadness seems to restrict the hallway. His breath freezes, and the low, melancholy recital of a Vedic sloka combines with his rushing heart:

"Kalaḥ sṛjate bhūtāni, mṛtyurapi viśrāntaḥ." (Time generates all beings, yet death remains inevitable.)

The line separating truth from dream blurs in that terrible instant. There hangs the lifeless image of herself, a hideous, silent phantom paralysing him with fear. The air freezes like the soul of the passageway itself lamenting his destiny. Aaryan's head whirl; is this vision a ghost from the past or a portent of what his future holds should the cycle remain unbroken?

Section 2: Crew Member Responses

The remainder of the team has started to feel something is wrong as one travels farther down the hall. Whispering and quiet talks abound in a cluster close to the communication bay. Usually calm and methodical, Dr. Meera Nair now shakes as she remembers a similar, fleeting picture—one she discounted until lately as a trick of the light.

Voice shaking, Dr. Meera says, "I thought I imagined it... but the loop isn't just a glitch—it's a malevolent force that preys on our deepest fears if Commander Aaryan is seeing his own dead body."

Standing with a wrinkled eyebrow, Lt. Dhruv Kapoor tries to keep his cool. Raw, physical fear replaces his typical comedy as he remembers his own disturbing dreams.

Quietly, Lt. Dhruv says: "I keep feeling like someone is following me... but now it looks that someone is... us. The ship seems as though the ghosts of our mistakes haunt it.

Eyes wide in shock, Dr. Vikram Rao examines the sensor data and notes irregular spikes and changing energy fields matching the spectral look. Nowadays, this supernatural abnormality is destroying the scientific logic he once depended on.

The crew's whole response is one of great astonishment and anxiety. In whispered conversations, they wonder whether these expressions are actual or if the constant pressure of the time loop has brought them to the brink of craziness. Still, the overwhelming data—the clear picture of Aaryan's dead form—forces them to face a fact they had wanted to ignore.

Section 3: The fallen's vision

Unable to cope with the terrible uncertainty, Commander Aaryan withdraws to the cockpit, where every turn reminds him of his several deaths. He runs to the silence alone in the low light, but the phantom sight of his dead body haunts him always. His own shape is vivid; dead and drifting, he looks back at him with hollow eyes that seem to beg for atonement.

Aaryan freezes for a long, terrible minute; his thoughts is a whirl of horror, loss, and incredulity. As he reaches out half-expecting the image to fade, only to have it linger, the sound of his own ragged breathing fills the cockpit. Every element, the pallor of his complexion, the dead stare, the stillness of a body stuck between life and death, impresses itself upon his soul. The sight is so visceral that he is unable to distinguish whether it results from a physical, horrible reality created by the cosmic loop or from his disintegrating psyche.

Aaryan, voice hardly audible, shakes: "Is this real? Alternatively, am I destined to see my own end...over repeatedly? „

The horror at this point is both physical and philosophical. The dead picture of himself reflects his inner suffering—a mirror of the countless cycles of death that have plagued him. It drives him to face the ultimate question: Is his fate sealed by a cosmic curse or can he ever escape this unrelenting cycle?

The vision lingers, and the spectral image starts to dissipate gently, as though it were nothing more than a tormented echo. Still, its influence remains enduring. Fear and grief rush Aaryan's heart. The weight of the encounter combined with his anguish at seeing his own death causes waves of anxiety in his brain. It is an intolerable clarity—a terrible sight into the results of a life repeated endlessly.

The continuous ticking of the digital clock starts once the ghostly image disappears into the shadows of the cockpit. The crew struggles with the terrible reality that their emotions' intensity fuels the time loop's survival rather than only a mechanical flaw. Now Commander Aaryan and his men must decide whether they will be doomed to live out the memories of their own death or if they can conquer the spectres of their past.

Chapter

6

**VEDIC
WARNINGS**

Location:

- Primary: ISRC Meditation Chamber, Earth
- Secondary: Various sections aboard Anthara-1 (including central control and crew quarters)

Time:

- Concurrently with the ongoing time loop aboard Anthara-1

Secondary: Anthara-1's several sections (including crew quarters and central control)

Timeliness: Concurrent with the continuous time loop aboard Anthara-1

Section 1: The peace of Earth among anarchy

Deeply in meditation in a calm, candlelit chamber inside the Indian Space Research Command (ISRC) headquarters on Earth is Dr. Vedanth Sharma. The chamber radiates timeless peace with its finely carved gods of deities and perfect Sanskrit ancient scriptures. Over time-worn pages of the Bhagavad Gita and Vedic scriptures, soft, ambient light flickers; the air smells strongly of sandalwood incense.

Not only is Dr. Vedanth, the esteemed ISRC Chairman and defender of old knowledge,

supervising a technological goal; he is also the spiritual guardian of Anthara-1's hidden intent. He silently chants:

"Kālah sarvaṁ pravartate, kālaṁ naiva nīpate."
(Time rules all and never rests.)

His voice is cool but loaded with premonition. His chant's rhythmic cadence combines with the distant sound of contemporary machinery to create an ironic reminder of how tradition and technology live together. Though his eyes are closed, his mind is wide awake, riding the unending wheel of time, the Kaala Chakra shows.

The sole interruption to Dr. Vedanth's meditation is the sporadic beep from a nearby terminal, a report on the present situation for Anthara-1. Opening his eyes, which seem to have the knowledge of millennia, he pays close attention to a subdued report from his assistant:

Aide (softly): "Sir, disturbances claimed on Anthara-1. The crew has found irregularities in the time sequence and the communication signals; they are echoing from the past.

Dr. Vedanth nods, looking sombre. He considers the old lessons warning against interfering with cosmic order. Deeply committed, he reads still another verse:

"Yato dharma tato prapnoti." (That which is meant, is reached.)

He is aware that although celebrating hitherto unheard-of breakthroughs in physics and energy creation, the mission has also upset a force as old as time itself. Deeply in his heart, he worries that their technological aspirations might have set off an old cosmic vengeance.

Section 2: Historical Alert Notes

Dr. Vedanth pulls a faded scroll from the ISRC meditation chamber—an ancient book he has studied for years. Its fragile pages feature mysterious songs and chants thought to suggest technologies lost to time. He read aloud:

"Asato ma sad gamaya, tamso ma jyotir gamaya, mrityor ma amritam gamaya." (Lead me from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, from death to immortality.)

He really related to the words. They are a sobering warning about the perils of too ambitious behaviour as well as a prayer for metamorphosis. He remembers the stories of advanced Vedic technologies—mysteries that, if used without respect, would have unanticipated results.

His thoughts stray to the goal of Anthara-1. Designed on ancient mathematical ideas and driven

by zero-point energy, the Shunya Drive was meant to be the key to revealing the secrets of the cosmos. It was meant to provide hitherto unheard-of levels of space travel and energy generation, hence establishing India as the worldwide technological leader. But with its activation, time itself has started to fall apart.

"Our forebears, in their timeless wisdom, understood that the universe is not to be tamed lightly," Dr. Vedanth says, reflecting. They discussed cycles, of creation, dissolution, and rebirth. Has our pursuit of development unintentionally upset these cycles? {

He looks across at a digital display displaying live data from Anthara-1—a ghostly stream of statistics, holographic Sanskrit poetry, and irregular readings suggesting a cosmic aberration. Modern statistics against old mantras seems to highlight the seriousness of the matter.

Section 3: Sounds among the Stars

Back on Anthara-1, the crew's circumstances get worse. Apart from damaging the systems of the ship, the repeated time loops have profoundly changed the psychological condition of the crew. Whispering old warnings and modern terror mix in the central control and crew quarters.

Having gone through many cycles of death and rebirth, Aaryan now considers the weight of fate. His will has started to disintegrate from his personal suffering and constant repetition. Still, he remembers Dr. Vedanth's lessons—lessons on giving up to the endless cycle rather than fighting it—as he stands amid the ghostly glow of holographic data.

Lt. Dhruv and Dr. Meera meet in subdued discussion in one of the poorly lighted halls:

Quietly, Lt. Dhruv: "I've never felt so powerless." Every cycle seems as though it is a trap without escape. I worry the time loop serves as a cosmic retribution rather than as a defect.

With shaking determination, Dr. Meera said, "Our forefathers warned us of meddling with the powers of creation. Maybe the Shunya Drive has set off an upheaval in the fundamental flow of time itself—something outside of human influence.

Their agonisingly sad voices resound in the hallways. Even the usually stoic Dr. Vikram shows a deep-seated concern in his gestures. It is clear that the team is united in fear—a weighty load that cuts across personal roles and backgrounds. The ISRC command centre on Earth is alive with activity in meantime. Along with a group of senior officials, Dr. Vedanth Sharma keeps a close eye on the matter

growingly concerned. Devoteer of Sanatana Dharma, the Prime Minister is briefed often; his countenance masks both pride and grief. Unaware of the whole scope of the situation, the country observes as its president deals with the fallout from this bold, top-secret operation.

An operator speaks across a safe channel in a quiet, anxious time in the command centre:

Operator: "Sir, the Anthara-1 data shows unpredictable swings. Time itself seems to be out of step. Many times frames are echoing back to us.

Dr. Vedanth, rather seriously: "Keep a tight eye. This disturbs the very fabric of reality, not only a technical fault.

Every person feels the weight of these words descending upon them. As the ISRC command centre struggles with the growing crisis and the crew aboard Anthara-1 faces the unrelenting repeating of time, the perpetual echo of Kaala Chakra spins in the background as modern science and ancient knowledge collide. The reader is faced with a terrible dilemma: will the cycle of time consume us all or can the wisdom of the ancients help us to negotiate this disturbance?

Section 4: The Opening to a Reckoning

As Dr. Vedanth Sharma meditates in the last minutes of Chapter 6, he detects that the moment for action is almost here. His mind combines the holy chants with the data streams—a warning that the cosmic equilibrium is under danger. Resolved by decades of study and effort, he stands and speaks softly to his closest advisers in a meeting.

"Our goal was to redefine physics and leverage the cosmic eternity," said Dr. Vedanth Sharma. But we have awoken powers outside our comprehension. According to the ancient writings, every creation deed has to be counterbalanced by sacrifice. Unless we embrace this truth, I worry the time cycle will just get more intense.

His wise-filled comments echo across the space. Knowing that their actions might decide not only the fate of Anthara-1 but also the course of the country. The advisers exchange serious stares. Driven by unflinching belief, Dr. Vedanth ends:

"We have to get ready for what is ahead. The cycle is relentless; our only hope is in following the old road—surrendering to the infinite flow of time instead of opposing it

Are these people destined to remain permanently caught in the merciless grip of time, or may ancient knowledge and modern science join to break this

cursed cycle? They are left wondering a great, residual mystery as Dr. Vedanth's voice disappears into the ambient illumination of the meditation chamber.

Chapter

7

THE SACRIFICE

Location: Anthara-1's Central Control (Special Cockpit Chamber)

Time: The start of a new loop, culminating in the final act

Section 1: The Ejective Decision

Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha stands alone within the especially built cockpit chamber, an engineering wonder housing the Shunya Drive with its brilliant quantum interfaces and holy Vedic themes. Constant, relentless reminder of the infinite cycle, the digital clock on the control panel stays frozen at 0600 hours. Soft and sporadic, the ambient light of the chamber reflects off surfaces engraved with complex Sanskrit writings, emblems of the ancient knowledge currently guiding this topsecret effort.

Dark with both resolution and grief, Aaryan's eyes sweep the known interface. Every cycle, every death, has permanently changed his soul. He feels the weight of his family's legacy—his father's bravery as a freedom fighter, his mother's gentle lullabies that once helped him go asleep—as well as the hopes of a whole country depending on this mission. He understands that the only way to stop the cycle and save Anthara-1's future—so safeguarding the secret for India—is by means of the ultimate sacrifice.

He inhales deeply, shuddles, then talks over the internal communications system using hands that quell but do not waver. Recorded for future generations, his voice combines anguish with unflinching conviction.

Aaryan: Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha here. I have come to see the great cost involved in restoring the equilibrium and safeguarding the future of our country and purpose; I have to give my own life upfront. I shall start the ejection series by locking myself inside this cockpit chamber. My last deed will guarantee that Anthara-1 and its crew make a safe return to Earth, therefore safeguarding the secret of our research for next generations.

Along with other team members, Lt. Dhruv Kapoor, Dr. Meera Nair, and Dr. Vikram Rao observe in quiet in the nearby crew quarters as Aaryan's comments resound. The faint glow of their consoles highlights a range of emotions on their faces: sorrow, pride, and terrible hopelessness. Raw with feeling, Lt. Dhru's voice disturbs the quiet:

Lt. Dhru: "Commander, this is not possible. We absolutely need you. Our guidance is your vision and your leadership. Your family, your country, they all just wait for you.

Aaryan stops; tears glisten in his eyes. He analyses Dhruv's request for a long, heavy minute, the anxiety

carved on every line of his colleague's face. But the weight of the never-ending circle is too much. The recurrent cycles of death have taken their toll; he understands deep down that the only road forward is this sacrifice. Aaryan (softly, resolutely): "Some sacrifices have to be done for the benefit of others." I have lived these cycles too many times; each one a torture, a reminder of our inability to flee the grip of time. I will do this for every one of you, for our cause, and for the future of our country. My sacrifice guarantees Anthara-1's and all its secrets' survival.

The words are surrounded in a great quiet. Aaryan looks at the little, beloved objects on a side console in the dimly lit chamber: a faded picture of his family, a handwritten note from his father praising the values of sacrifice and obligation, and a delicate necklace from his mother, a beacon of hope. These markers, marks of his ancestry and the obligations he carries, provide him the last will to go. The control centre back on Earth simultaneously bursts in desperate activity. Top command authorities and ISRC Chairman Dr. Vedanth Sharma keep a grimly determined eye on everything. Strong supporter of Sanatana Dharma, the Prime Minister watches the live feed with mixed feelings of pride and grief. The voice of a command operator quakes with desperation across the safe channel:

Anthara-1, do you read? Control Centre Operator
We are not in touch with the special cockpit! „

All efforts at reaching out to the chamber, though, go unreported. The silence is terrible, a last goodbye reverberating across the emptiness.

Now determined, Aaryan starts the process of ejections. The interface of the cockpit chamber floods with cascading holographic symbols—a hypnotic meeting of quantum data and holy Sanskrit shlokas dancing across the panels. Every line of code and every inscription appears to weight millennia. The chamber starts to vibrate strongly as the sequence runs out. Once more Aaryan closes his eyes to capture one last message: Aaryan, recorded: "This is my last broadcast. Should you be listening to this, know that my sacrifice is not in vain. I do this for our country, for our future, and for the timeless truth that ties all of us. May the darkness reveals our legacy. Om Namah Shivaya. The last thing heard before the chamber's alarms get louder and the ejection procedure starts is his voice, strong but subdued with quiet grief. The surviving crew members watch through tear-streaked screens as the special cockpit compartment starts its catastrophic ejection from the mothership. The frantic efforts of the control centre to re-establish communication stop. The digital clock stays stuck at 0600 hours, a striking emblem of the cycle now

depending on Aaryan's final choice. The reader is left with a terrible dilemma: would this act of sacrifice be the means to terminate the never-ending cycle or will it send them more into cosmic gloom?

Section 2: The Ultimate Act in the Vacuum

Time itself seems to slow to a nearly stop within the unique cockpit. Raw, untamed energy pulsates in the Shunya Drive, its intensity overwhelming the delicate equilibrium of the vessel's systems. As the ship's artificial intelligence sends vital fault warnings, the computer displays in the cockpit flutter wildly. Aaryan's eyesight blurs in the middle of this anarchy, and he hears a holy affirmation repeating through his mind:

"Aham Brahmasmi"—I am the cosmos.

From the margins of time, a gentle, ethereal echo murmurs to him akin to the voice of a long-forgotten seer: Future Aaryan (echoing, nearly otherworldly): "Your sacrifice will restore the balance... but remember, time always finds a way." In that transcendent moment, the unique cockpit chamber forcefully leaves Anthara-1. It shoots into the frigid emptiness, a single capsule bearing the core of its commander. The Shunya Drive's great force approaches a critical point, and the chamber bursts in a dazzling, stifling explosion. The capsule is

consumed by a blinding burst of light and energy; Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha is gone in that instant—his last minutes a kaleidoscope of pain, peace, and transcendence. The surviving crew in nearby chambers watches in shocked quiet back onboard Anthara-1. Tears and incredulity abound in their eyes, which also reflect a great loss. Lt. Dhruv's face twists with pain; Dr. Meera's hands shake wildly; Dr. Vikram battles to keep his cool. Viewing screens allow them to see the terrible explosion—a dazzling firestorm shattering the silence of space and resonating through the ship.

Concurrent with this at the ISRC command headquarters on Earth, the atmosphere is one of great urgency and increasing hopelessness. His face marked with grief, senior officials strive furiously to re-establish contact with the expelled chamber, but only static and the echo of a dying heart is heard. Devote disciple of Sanatana Dharma, the Prime Minister looks on with sad determination knowing the country has just lost a hero.

Aaryan's last echo fades into the emptiness as the mothership's control screen shows the digital clock, permanently fixed at 0600 hours, a delicate, steady heartbeat. The crew's agonised stillness mixed with the desperate attempts at contact leaves wondering whether Aaryan's sacrifice has finally stopped the cycle or if it merely deepens the mystery of time and our own death.

Chapter

8

**THE FINAL
TRANSMISSION**

Location:

- Primary: ISRC Headquarters, Earth
- Secondary: Aboard Anthara-1 during re-entry and landing

Time:

- Several months after Anthara-1's departure (2047)

Section 1: Slink into Orbit and Touchdown

As Anthara-1 starts down, the chilly solitude of space gives way to a symphony of regulated anarchy. Once a conduit of hopes and sacrifice, the top-secret spacecraft now flies towards Earth with purposeful accuracy after months of wandering outside our galaxy. Advanced navigation systems computed by quantum algorithms entwined with old Vedic mathematics flash data: altitude readings, deceleration metrics, and carefully computed thruster burns.

Within the command module, the environment is stressful but directed. Originally the emblem of their never-ending cycle, the digital clock now ticks slowly forward, each second a priceless promise of homecoming. Perfect coordinates of a safe ISRC

landing base are shown on holographic displays. Designed to survive Earth's scorching embrace, the re-entry capsule elegantly separates from the mothership.

Outside, the huge swath of space changes. The inky emptiness opens to a stunning scene: Earth's vivid blues and greens whirl under a thin blanket of clouds. As the capsule drops into the atmosphere, the heat shield explodes in controlled brilliance while its thrusters dance gently in deceleration. Every sensor assures us the landing zone is within reach, and the computerised countdown moves towards touchdown.

Still saddened by the death of their dear Commander Aaryan, the surviving crew looks at the descending capsule in the control room. Though they are grieving, their eyes now also show a glimmer of optimism. Once a sign of hopelessness, the constant ticking of the clock now marks a precarious triumph over time.

Military accuracy defines the re-entry routine. The thrusters of the capsule align the vehicle exactly with the landing pad by means of a last, coordinated burst. The room fills with sensor beeps and data streams as the capsule gently but firmly settles. Previously frozen at 0600 hours, the digital clock now marches forward—a sign that time has started

its flow and that the mission, however expensive, has reached a turning point.

Section 2: secure address of the prime minister

Moments following touchdown, the ISRC command centre adopts a sombre silence. A single, strong speech is ready in a safe, private session kept under cover from media scrutiny. As the safe hotline links, high-ranking authorities including Dr. Anika Reddy and Dr. Vedanth Sharma assemble in a poorly lit briefing room.

Strong supporter of Sanatana Dharma and future visionary for India, the Prime Minister speaks with a voice that is both dignified and loaded with grief. His comments, meant just for the ISRC inner circle, really speak to the hushed room:

Prime Minister (via safe hotline): "Team, today we see the tragedy as well as the triumph of our country's search of the future. The successful landing of Anthara-1 is a historic triumph evidence of our unmatched technological and energy generating capability. As we honour this achievement, we also have to pay tribute to Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha, whose final sacrifice will always bear his name on our country.

"Yada yada hi dharmasya glanir bhavati bharata, abhyutthanam adharmasya tadatmanam srijamyaham," says the Bhagavad Gita—whenever there is a fall in justice, I show myself to bring balance. Let our bravery today be inspired by Commander Aaryan. His sacrifice reminds us that although our desire forces us to redefine physics and energy, it also pays the highest cost.

"Remember, we belong to time; time does not belong to us." Our obligation now is to respect his memory, protect the holy secret of the Shunya Drive, and keep on our path into the endless. We shall create a future that combines the promise of tomorrow with the ancient knowledge of our forebears.

The words of the Prime Minister create a quiet, introspective peace over the hall. As the ISRC crew listens to his message, tears shine on their cheeks. Though the great loss is evident, so is the fresh resolve—a pledge to respect their departed leader by forward, united, unbroken action.

Section 3: The Emotional Landscape and Afterglow

Back aboard Anthara-1, the control centre bursts in raw feeling as the re-entry capsule settles on the landing platform. Once a sign of constant suffering,

the digital clock today marks forward development—each tick an homage to survival.

Around the main display, where slow motion visuals of the landing repeat, the crew assembles. Tears have crimson eyes for Lt. Dhruv, and his voice breaks as he addresses his fellow officers:

Lt. Dhruv: "The ultimate act of bravery was what our leader gave. His face still shows me, his cool determination. His death marks a wound that will always remind us of the cost of our aspirations.

Her hands shaking as she holds her notebook, Dr. Meera continues gently:

Dr. Meera: "We owe his vision honour." Every find from the Shunya Drive has to carry forward his heritage. His soul will lead us through the riddles of time.

Always the steadying agent, Dr. Vikram speaks in a low, firm voice:

"This mission was about redefining our knowledge of life, not only about technology," said Dr. Vikram. The sacrifice of Commander Aaryan reminds us that although great, development always comes with a price and that cost has to motivate us to create a better future.

The command centre has a mixed technical urgency with intense human loss. The capsule's safe landing

is shown on the monitors; among the gentle beeping of sensors, a faint pulse is found—a residual echo of the life lost for the benefit of others.

Section 4: The Renewal Resolution and Final Debrief

The surviving crew and leadership assemble later in a confidential debriefing session at the ISRC command centre to consider the horrific end of the operation. The room is loaded with a mix of resolute hope and grief. Leading the conversation, Dr. Anika Reddy and Dr. Vedanth Sharma go over the landing statistics, emotional reactions, and great significance of Commander Aaryan's sacrifice.

Dr. Anika Reddy: "Today marks the end of our path—a triumphant landing evidence of our scientific genius. Still, it is also a moment of unearthly loss. The last gesture of Commander Aaryan was not in vain; it was the key that stopped the cycle and guaranteed our return. We have to respect his memory by making sure our work keeps on under the direction of the traditional wisdom and innovative energy.

With his voice tinged with both wisdom and loss, Dr. Vedanth Sharma speaks with the team:

Dr. Vedanth Sharma: "Our goal was to redefine physics and release the cosmic power." By doing this,

we engaged forces as ancient as time itself. The sacrifice made by Commander Aaryan tells us that even as we work for advancement, we have to value the continuous cycles controlling our planet. We belong to time; time does not belong to us. Let the basis upon which we construct our future be his bravery and sacrifice.

The room goes into introspective quiet as every team member muses over the weight of these words. There is a great sense of unity—a common dedication to carry on the task of safeguarding the Shunya Drive's secret and thereby honouring the memory of a real hero.

The last picture on the main control panel as the conference ends is of the digital clock ticking constantly onwards. While one life was lost, a soft, rhythmic heartbeat—an echo of Commander Aaryan's last moments—blends with the faint recitation of "Yad bhavati tat prapnoti. This subtle but powerful sound is a promise that guides the team towards a future filled with both hope and relentless determination in the backdrop.

The people find themselves in a calm introspection as night falls. Despite the Shunya Drive's remarkable success in ensuring the safe return of their spaceship, they had borne the ultimate cost. Now they struggle with a great question: Can the secret of time—the perpetual Kaala Chakra—light their road

forward, or will it always remain an enigmatic force, a sobering reminder of the fine balance between development and sacrifice?

EPILOUGE

One file, buried deep inside the ISRC archives, still bears the mark "Anthara-1, 2047." This file is a sobering reminder of the cost of challenging cosmic order—a legacy of sacrifice, a warning story of human arrogance, and an ongoing mystery. Is mankind ever able to really control time?

Stashed under secrecy and only known to the ISRC's inner circle and the alert Dr. Vedanth Sharma, this file serves as a reminder of what was lost in our search of the future. A gentle whisper reminiscent of the rustle of old pages resonates in the calm while the file is under close protection:

"Time is the great illusion; we are all but fleeting events in its endless dance."

Closing Thoughts by the Author

Writing Anthara-1, 2047 has been an odyssey—a trip across the domains of modern technology, ancient Vedic wisdom, and the unvarnished depths of human feeling. Writing each chapter found me stuck between two worlds: one marked by the constant pulse of futuristic invention and the other resonating with the ageless cadence of ancient chants. This book is a reflection on time, sacrifice, and the always dancing life, not only a story.

I wrestled with the paradox of progress—a civilisation that soars on the wings of quantum computing and artificial intelligence yet remains firmly anchored to the spiritual truths of our history throughout this process. Every turn of the story and every moment of psychological anxiety, I aimed to respect the legacy of our forefathers, whose knowledge still guides us even into the most unexplored areas of contemporary science.

I have to admit that there were times of great grief as well as exultation. Commander Aaryan Kulshreshtha developed into a mirror of my own

inner conflicts—the struggle between the serene acceptance of life's impermanence and unrelenting ambition. His sacrifice as shown on these pages is a moving reminder that the quest of knowledge and advancement is never free. It is an homage to every unsung hero who has dared to confront the status quo; my aim is that his path will encourage readers to dream, consider, and challenge.

Smart and witty, this story is also a satire—a light-hearted but sharp critique of the paradoxes of our day. We discover in the futuristic tapestry of 2047 India, where digital billboards read Sanskrit proverbs and boardrooms debate quantum ethics alongside age-old philosophy, the human spirit is as multifarious and strong as the universe itself.

I feel quite appreciative and reflective as I conclude this phase of my artistic life. Writing Anthara-1, 2047 has been an intellectual and an emotional trek simultaneously. It has driven me to re-establish contact with the old lessons that have long been my compass and to venture into the unexplored limits of my own awareness.

This book reminds us that our roots, rooted in the wisdom of the Vedas, still support us in our most bold adventures even as it offers an exciting investigation of futuristic possibilities. According to the old hymn:

"Asato ma sad gamaya, tamso ma jyotir gamaya, mrityor ma amritam gamaya." (Lead me from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, from death to immortality.)

I value you starting this road with me. May the secrets of time, life, and fate inspire everyone of us still.

— Dr. Seshu KMR