

Mrinal Kanti Das

Reverberation

The Saga of Krishna



BlueRoseONE^{.com}
S t o r i e s M a t t e r

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

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BlueRoseONE
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New Delhi • London

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ISBN: 978-93-7310-838-4

Cover design: Daksh

Typesetting: Tanya Raj Upadhyay

First Edition: October 2025

Dedication

This book is lovingly dedicated to the memory of my beloved parents, Manindra Chandra Das and Ms. Amiya Das, whose quiet strength and enduring wisdom continue to guide my path.

To my cherished teachers— Mr. Anil Kumar Mitra, Mr. Tara Shankar Pal, and Mr. S. N. Paul— whose patient mentorship helped me discover the joy of deep learning during my formative years.

To Swami Bhuteshananda Maharaj of the Ramakrishna Mission and Math, whose radiant smile and profound, succinct teachings awakened in me a lifelong quest for the divine.

To my students and fellow colleagues, who continue to teach me through their curiosity, insight, and companionship.

And to the entire humanity, especially those seeking solace, love, empathy, and the healing power of devotion— may this book serve as a gentle reminder that even amidst darkness, the light of Krishna's love endures.

Let this work be a tribute to the goodness within us all— waiting to be stirred, remembered, and revered.

Acknowledgement

The creation of *Reverberation: The Saga of Krishna* has been a sacred journey—an offering of love, reflection, and literary devotion. At its heart lies Krishna's timeless dialogue with Radha, a message of divine love that resonates deeply in today's troubled world. This book is not merely a retelling, but a reverberation of spiritual truth meant to soothe, inspire, and awaken.

I extend my deepest gratitude to the **Library of the Bengal Club, Kolkata**, whose serene halls and rich archives provided invaluable support during my research.

My sincere thanks to the **monks of the Ramakrishna Mission**, whose generous gifts of sacred texts and spiritual wisdom illuminated my path with clarity and reverence.

To my **elder friend, Late Milan Kanti Chowdhury**, whose profound understanding of our ancient scriptures and quiet encouragement enriched this work immeasurably—I remain forever grateful.

I also acknowledge the influence of my **parents**, who preserved and shared many treasured scriptures, nurturing my early spiritual curiosity and reverence for our heritage.

To my **school teachers**, who imparted moral lessons through storytelling and kind guidance, I offer heartfelt appreciation for shaping my values and imagination.

A special mention must be made of my **enlightened patients**, from diverse faiths and backgrounds, whose reflections and conversations reminded me of the universal essence of Krishna's message.

I am proud to be associated with **Nishshabd Angeekar Welfare Association**, an organization devoted to publishing thoughtful articles on similar spiritual and philosophical themes. Their support and shared vision have helped me compile and refine many of the ideas that found their way into this book.

A big thank you to **Blue Rose Publishers**, and especially to **Ms. Sakshi**, for their professional support and dedication in bringing this book to life. Their belief in my work and commitment to its publication have been truly invaluable.

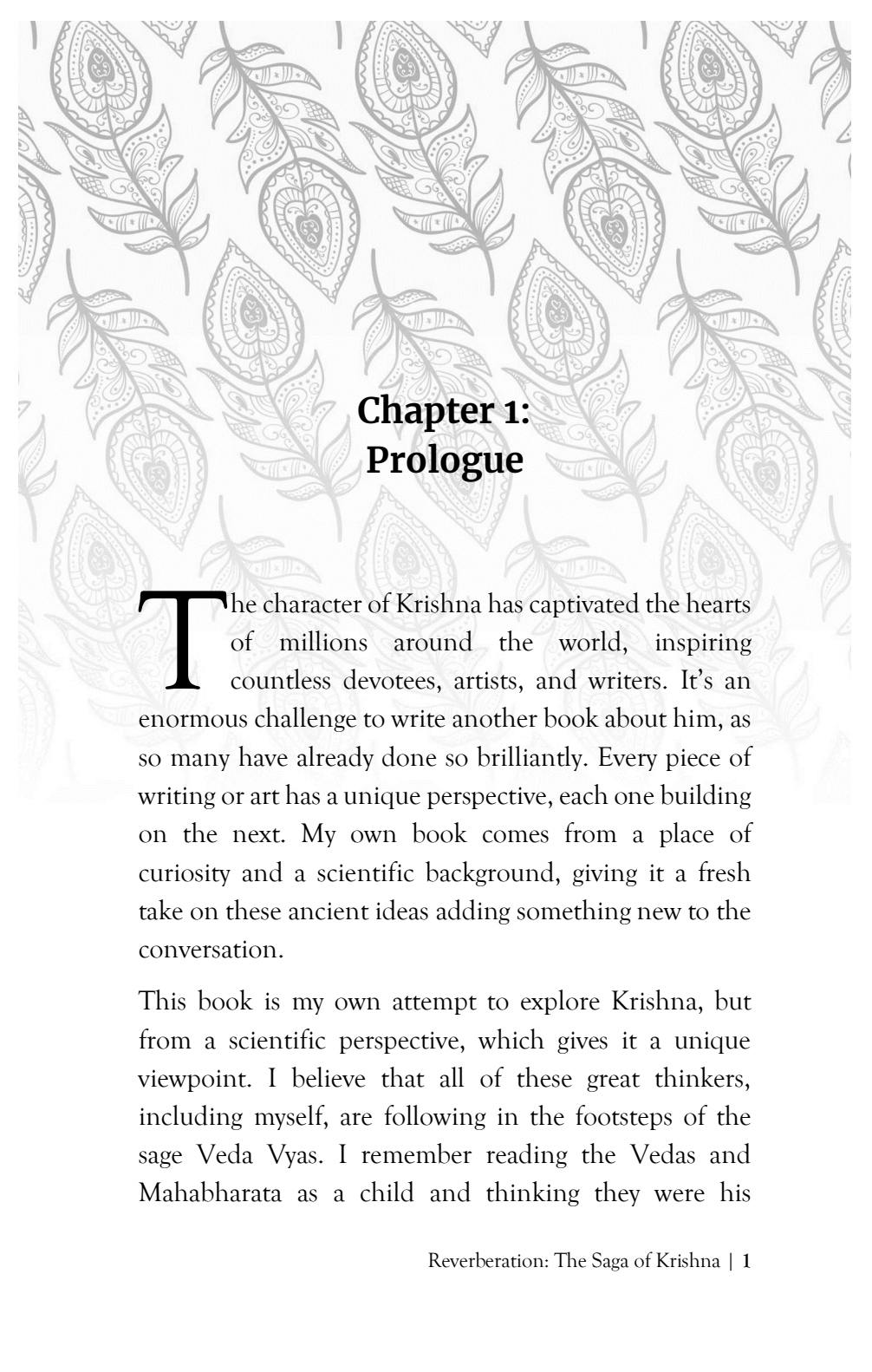
Finally, to my **readers**, whose appreciation, thoughtful feedback, and encouragement continue to inspire me—I offer my deepest thanks. Your engagement gives meaning to my literary efforts, and I warmly invite more reflections and responses in the future.

To all who have walked beside me—mentors, companions, readers, and seekers—this book is a shared reverberation of love, truth, and timeless wisdom

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Chapter 1: Prologue

The character of Krishna has captivated the hearts of millions around the world, inspiring countless devotees, artists, and writers. It's an enormous challenge to write another book about him, as so many have already done so brilliantly. Every piece of writing or art has a unique perspective, each one building on the next. My own book comes from a place of curiosity and a scientific background, giving it a fresh take on these ancient ideas adding something new to the conversation.

This book is my own attempt to explore Krishna, but from a scientific perspective, which gives it a unique viewpoint. I believe that all of these great thinkers, including myself, are following in the footsteps of the sage Veda Vyas. I remember reading the Vedas and Mahabharata as a child and thinking they were his

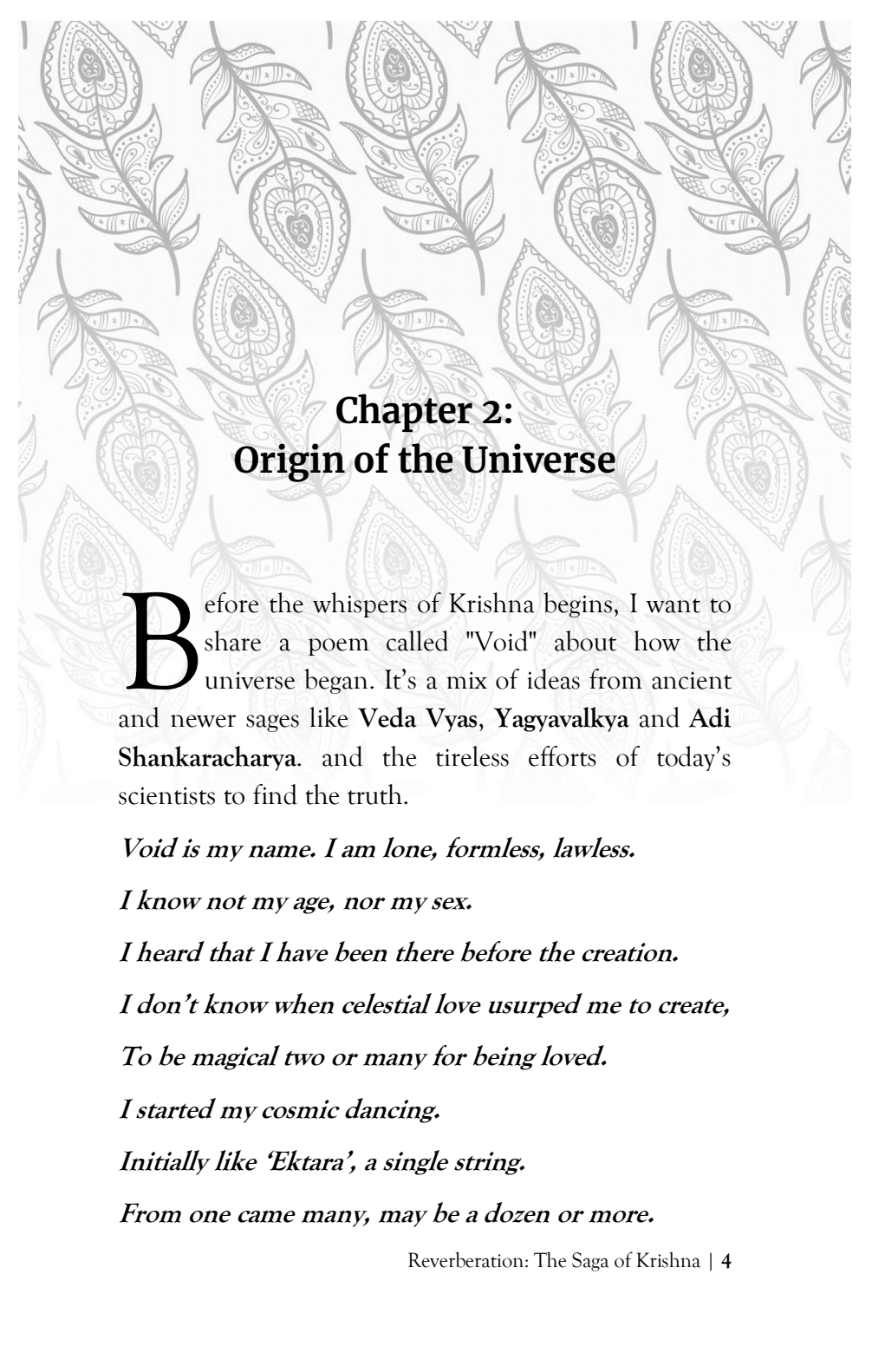
autobiography. I found it quite confusing that he didn't explicitly mention a supreme being in the way we think now. Instead, he conceived divinity in everything—the sky, the earth, animals, and people—and worshipped all of them creating a pantheon of gods. This is how the journey of knowledge, or the Vedas, began

Eventually, the Vedas were divided into four main texts (Rik, Sama, Yaju, and Atharva). As thinkers contemplated the origin of everything, they moved from the idea of a "void" to the concept of "oneness," but this was too abstract for most. Veda Vyas introduced the idea of a supreme, formless being (ParaBrahman) that manifests as the active, observable world (ParaShakti). It was like a still ocean, unmanifested to us. With the bubbling of visible waves, the ocean gets manifested. This transformation from the unmanifest to the manifest was basically driven by playful divine love, love for lonely self. The universe is thus created out of love and we can see it, like the waves on the ocean. The two are inseparable. The concepts of ParaBrahman and ParaShakti find their most explicit expression in the divine couple, Krishna and Radha. Their eternal love story began in a higher realm (Golakdham) and was brought to Earth to show humanity the power of love, devotion and righteousness.

Ultimately, my book is a story that explores how love and devotion can overcome life's struggles. It is essentially the journey of love and devotion, which ultimately unite the

two, unmanifested and manifested, into one single entity. It's not a religious commentary but a story, told by Krishna himself to Radha, that explores the deep connection between existence and love. I've taken some creative liberties to make these profound ideas easier to understand for everyone.

“In silence begins the song divine, a whisper from the soul’s own shrine. A tale unfolds where love shall gleam, beyond the bounds of mortal dream.”



Chapter 2: Origin of the Universe

Before the whispers of Krishna begins, I want to share a poem called "Void" about how the universe began. It's a mix of ideas from ancient and newer sages like Veda Vyas, Yagyavalkya and Adi Shankaracharya. and the tireless efforts of today's scientists to find the truth.

Void is my name. I am lone, formless, lawless.

I know not my age, nor my sex.

I heard that I have been there before the creation.

I don't know when celestial love usurped me to create,

To be magical two or many for being loved.

I started my cosmic dancing.

Initially like 'Ektara', a single string.

From one came many, may be a dozen or more.

All were dancing together with different stances and poses,

Like a well-designed choreography or orchestra,

Holding each other's hand like cool serpents.

Suddenly the transcendental pleasure of love and union became intense.

*The time and space intertwined together got generated,
With gen-next of different size and shape.*

Some are visible and some are invisible studded with energy.

The spree of unions continued with more gen-next to be born.

The celestial pleasure of my union with the primordial creation,

Generated the hot soup, 'plasma'.

It started spreading over an unchartered platter,

Growing and expanding to cool us down.

The sheer force inside us ejected the next-gen out,

They got the identity separate from myself, called as

Particles, waves, forces either being attracted or repulsed from each other.

My formless, lawless, unfathomable identity,

Got bound by the silos of laws and regulations.

*The mesmerizing musical notes, 'Naad' of the flute,
Joined the divine dance enchanting everyone.*

*I became from unconscious to superconscious to
conscious.*

*The whole creation got destroyed to get back to me the
'Void',*

Only the love remaining,

To start a new beginning from the end.

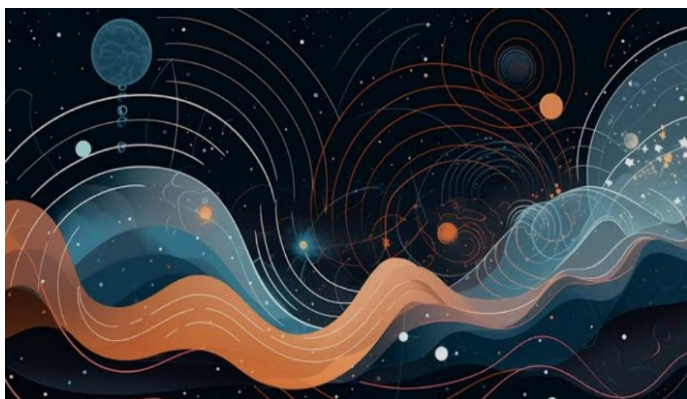
The poem describes a "Void"—a state of nothingness that existed before everything. This Void was a lonely, formless, and timeless place. It was not under any rule. Then, out of a cosmic love, the "Void" began to transform, started a cosmic dance, with the single note of a single string, like a one-stringed instrument called an "ektara." From this one, many emerged, all dancing together in a beautiful choreography. This creative force grew more intense, and from it, **time and space** were born. Then came a new generation of things—both visible and invisible, filled with energy. The love-fuelled creation generated a "hot soup" of energy, or **plasma**, which expanded and cooled. The immense force inside ejected the next generation: **particles, waves, and forces** that either attract or repel each other. The once lawless Void is now bound by the rules of physics.

A beautiful, enchanting melody, the sound of a flute, joined the dance. The creation moved from being

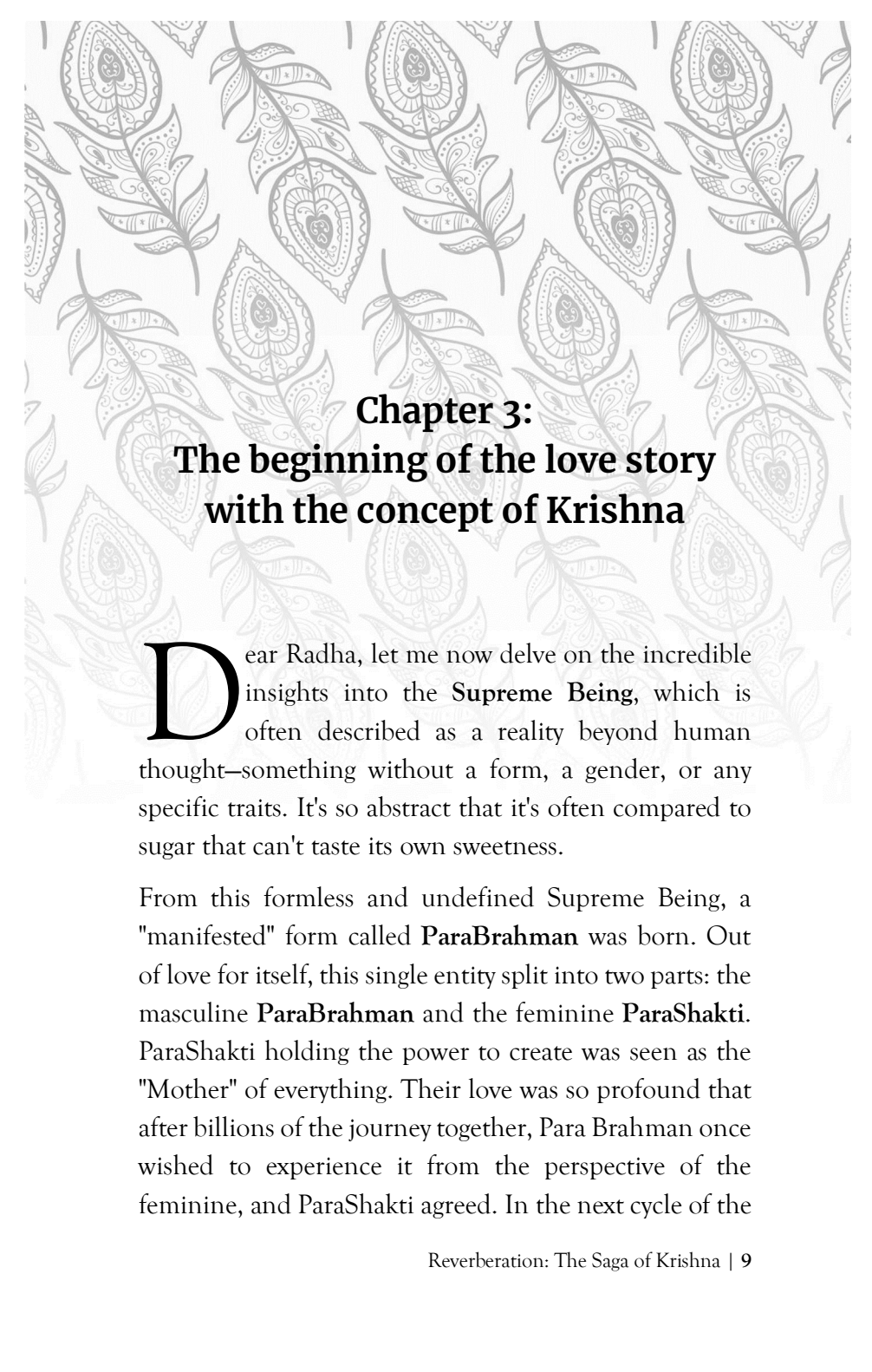
unconscious to being superconscious and then conscious. In the end, everything eventually returned to the Void, with only love remaining to start the cycle all over again.

The incredible wisdom of Veda Vyas, which spoke of love as the ultimate creative force, was echoed by many other great thinkers and even by some modern scientific thinkers like quantum physicist.

“From void arose the cosmic breath, where time was born and danced with death. Creation bloomed from Krishna’s gaze, a lotus spun in mystic haze.”



Monism to Dualism: Singularity to Wave-Particle



Chapter 3:

The beginning of the love story with the concept of Krishna

Dear Radha, let me now delve on the incredible insights into the **Supreme Being**, which is often described as a reality beyond human thought—something without a form, a gender, or any specific traits. It's so abstract that it's often compared to sugar that can't taste its own sweetness.

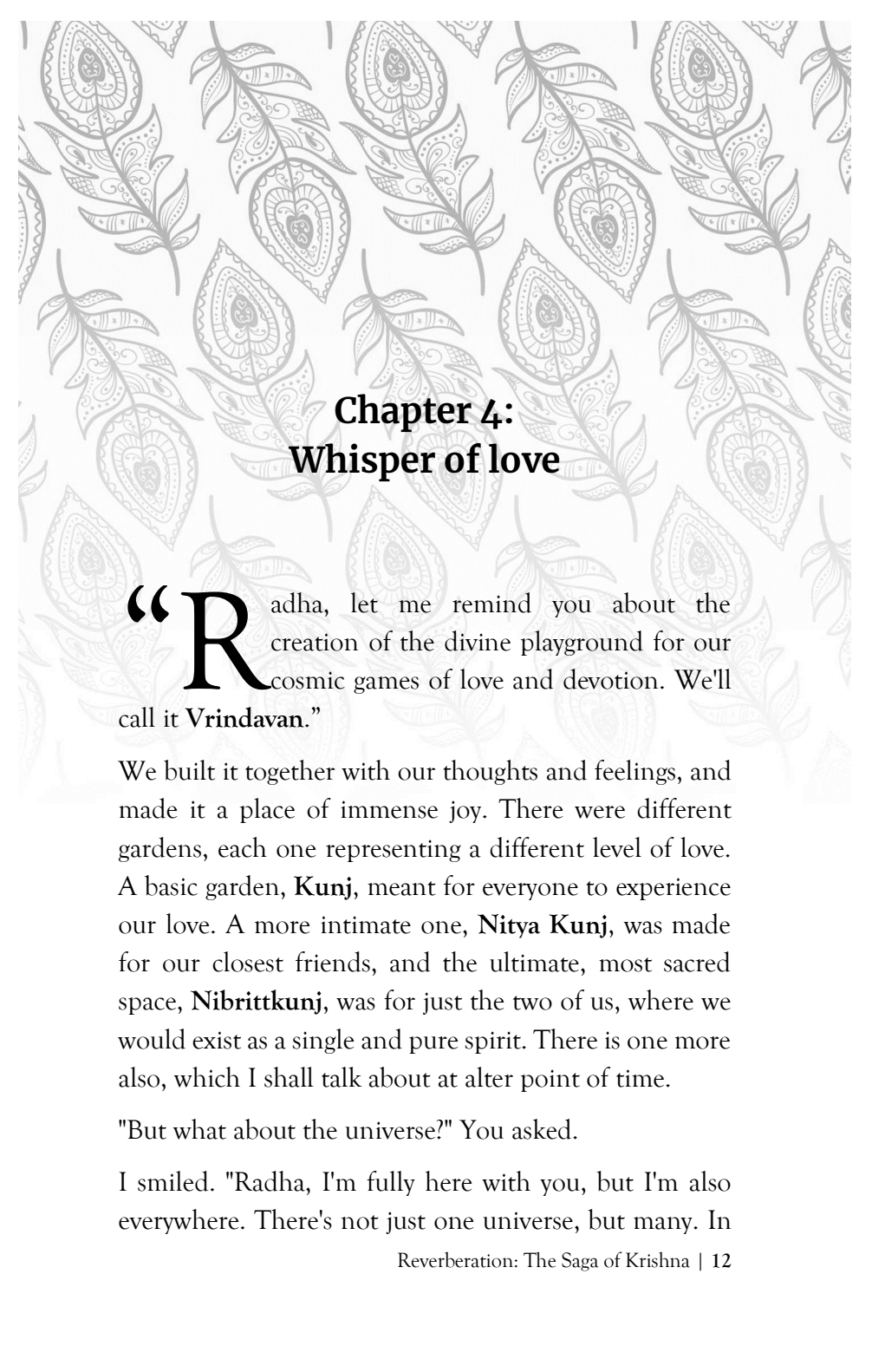
From this formless and undefined Supreme Being, a "manifested" form called **ParaBrahman** was born. Out of love for itself, this single entity split into two parts: the masculine **ParaBrahman** and the feminine **ParaShakti**. ParaShakti holding the power to create was seen as the "Mother" of everything. Their love was so profound that after billions of the journey together, Para Brahman once wished to experience it from the perspective of the feminine, and ParaShakti agreed. In the next cycle of the

universe, ParaShakti became **Krishna** myself and ParaBrahman became **Radha** yourself. We created and lived in a divine paradise called **Golakdham**, a vibrant world filled with nature, friends, and eternal love. The eternal love story thus began in the divine home. To fill this world of ours, millions of friends were born from our beings—the **Sakhis** from you and the **Sakhas** from me. They became artists, farmers, and cowherds, all filled with a single purpose: to serve our love. Our divine flute music would enchant everyone, making Vrindavan an ocean of pure devotion.



Radha-Krishna & Divine Dalliance

“A name was heard, not from the tongue, but from the heart where longing sung. He came not as a god alone, but as the pulse in love unknown”.



Chapter 4: Whisper of love

“**R**adha, let me remind you about the creation of the divine playground for our cosmic games of love and devotion. We'll call it **Vrindavan**.”

We built it together with our thoughts and feelings, and made it a place of immense joy. There were different gardens, each one representing a different level of love. A basic garden, **Kunj**, meant for everyone to experience our love. A more intimate one, **Nitya Kunj**, was made for our closest friends, and the ultimate, most sacred space, **Nibritt kunj**, was for just the two of us, where we would exist as a single and pure spirit. There is one more also, which I shall talk about at alter point of time.

"But what about the universe?" You asked.

I smiled. "Radha, I'm fully here with you, but I'm also everywhere. There's not just one universe, but many. In

each, three gods—Brahma, Vishnu, and Maheshwar—oversee creation, preservation, and destruction. However, there is one special universe, though, where I have been born over twenty-four times. My purpose there is always to spread love and defeat evil."

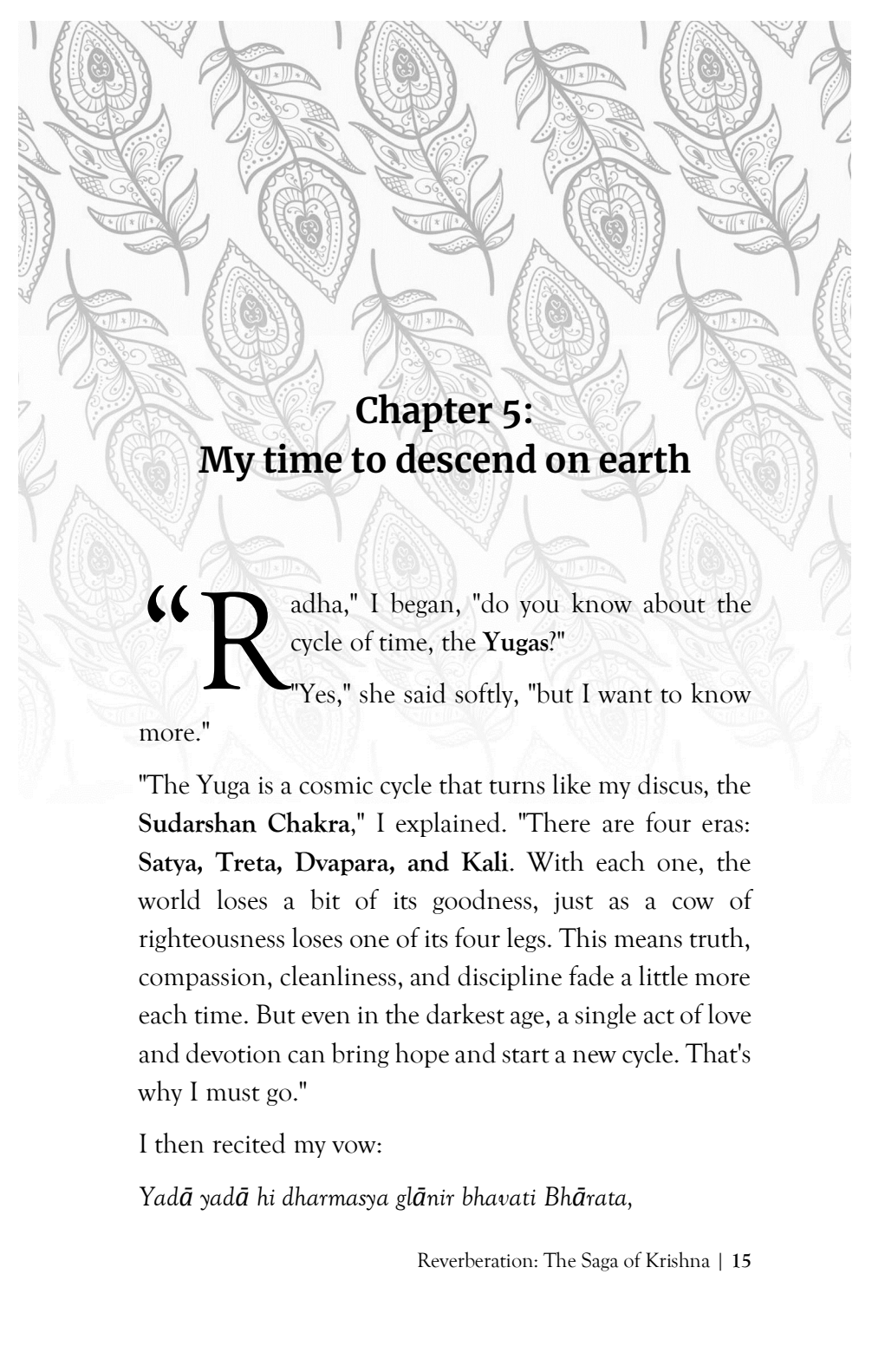
I then explained how life on that Earth began, from the basic five elements or "**Panchabhut**" to the first single-celled organisms, and how over billions of years, life evolved into the complex forms we see today. I also told you how humans became the most intelligent beings, learning to communicate and survive through incredible challenges.

This struggle for survival, I said, brought forth three qualities, or **Gunas**, that influence all living beings: **Tamas** (darkness, laziness, negativity and inertia), **Rajas** (energy, passion, ambition and action), and **Sattva** (light, peace and harmony). While the Supreme Being is beyond these qualities, my or your incarnations must use them to fulfil their purpose. The personalities there will be a mix of these three attributes. To live a higher life, humans must learn to overcome the six enemies of life: lust, anger, greed, delusion, pride, and envy.

Radha, you, then asked about my "sleep." I explained that my sleep is actually a meditative state, **Yoganidra**, where I perform all my cosmic duties. It was during one of these "sleeps" that all the gods and the Earth herself came to me, asking for help. The Earth, known as

Bhudevi, was in pain from the weight of all the evil and unrighteousness. I opened my eyes and, remembering my love for that specific universe, promised to return once more to save it.

“I left the stars, my home above, to walk the soil in search of love. The earth became my sacred stage, where soul and saga would engage.”



Chapter 5: My time to descend on earth

“**R**adha," I began, "do you know about the cycle of time, the **Yugas**?"

"Yes," she said softly, "but I want to know more."

"The Yuga is a cosmic cycle that turns like my discus, the **Sudarshan Chakra**," I explained. "There are four eras: **Satya, Treta, Dvapara, and Kali**. With each one, the world loses a bit of its goodness, just as a cow of righteousness loses one of its four legs. This means truth, compassion, cleanliness, and discipline fade a little more each time. But even in the darkest age, a single act of love and devotion can bring hope and start a new cycle. That's why I must go."

I then recited my vow:

Yadā yadā hi dharmasya glānir bhavati Bhārata,

*Abhyutthānam adharmasya tadātmānaṁ sṛjāmyaham,
Paritrāṇāya sādḥūnāṁ vināśhāya cha duṣhkṛitām,
Dharma-sansthāpanārthāya sambhavāmi yuge yuge*
(Bhagavad Gita 4.7 - 4.8).

It means that I would be born again and again whenever good falters and evil takes over, to protect the righteous and destroy the wicked. I told her that unlike my last incarnation as **Rama**, where I was bound by strict duty, this time I would fight with the power of love, not just weapons.

At this, Radha's face grew sad. "I am scared," she said. "I remember my life as **Sita**, when I was left alone in the forest while carrying our children. Will that happen again?"

I reassured her that this time would be different, though our separation was already set in motion by two different curses. I explained that she would be born on Earth before me. To give our love a foundation, we would be married young—so young that no one, not even us, would remember it. After a brief time of joyful play, I would have to leave you to do my work, just as it was destined to be.

The gods and goddesses listened and agreed with the divine plan.

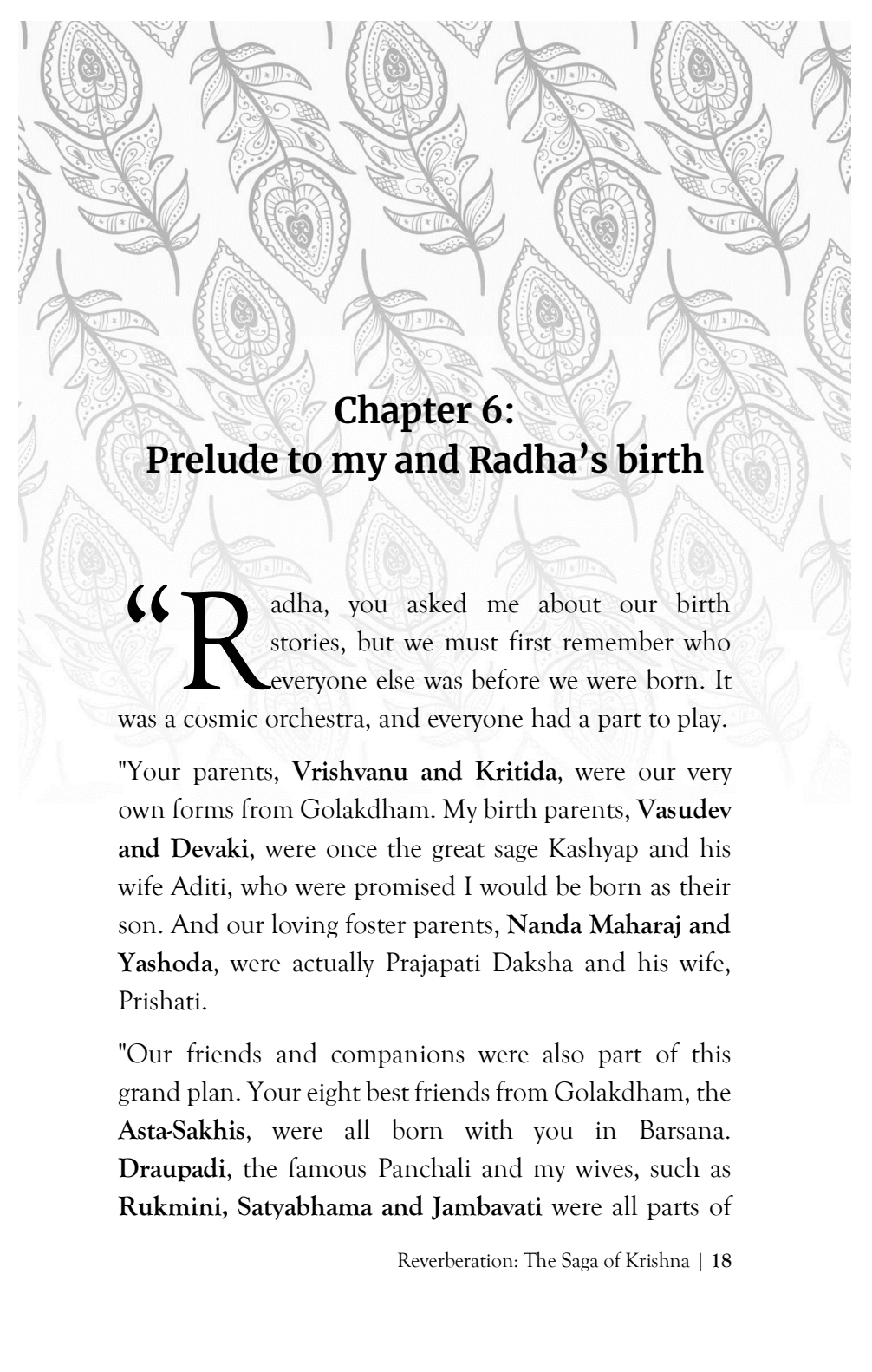
"Where will we be born?" Radha asked me later.

I told you I would be born in **Mathura** but immediately moved to a nearby village, **Gokul**. You would be born in **Barsana**, We would be raised by foster parents, surrounded by all our divine friends who were also being reborn as simple cowherds and milkmaids, the **Gopas** and **Gopis**.

"Could you remind me of our birth stories?" she asked with anticipation.

"Yes, Radha," I replied. "They are very interesting. But first, let me tell you about the other divine souls who were born there before us."

"I left the stars, my home above, to walk the soil in search of love. The earth became my sacred stage, where soul and saga would engage."



Chapter 6: Prelude to my and Radha's birth

“**R**adha, you asked me about our birth stories, but we must first remember who everyone else was before we were born. It was a cosmic orchestra, and everyone had a part to play.

"Your parents, **Vrishvanu and Kritida**, were our very own forms from Golakdham. My birth parents, **Vasudev and Devaki**, were once the great sage Kashyap and his wife Aditi, who were promised I would be born as their son. And our loving foster parents, **Nanda Maharaj and Yashoda**, were actually Prajapati Daksha and his wife, Prishati.

"Our friends and companions were also part of this grand plan. Your eight best friends from Golakdham, the **Asta-Sakhis**, were all born with you in Barsana. **Draupadi**, the famous Panchali and my wives, such as **Rukmini, Satyabhama and Jambavati** were all parts of

you. My elder brother, **Balaram**, was an incarnation of Vishnu.

The heroes of the Mahabharata also had divine origins. **Arjuna** was a form of the sage Nar, while his brothers **Yudhishtir, Bheem, Nakul, and Sahdev** were incarnations of the gods Dharma, Varun, and the Ashwini Kumars. **Karna** was an incarnation of the Sun god, Surya. Similarly, the villainous **Duryodhana and his brothers** were incarnations of the demon Kali and other negative forces.

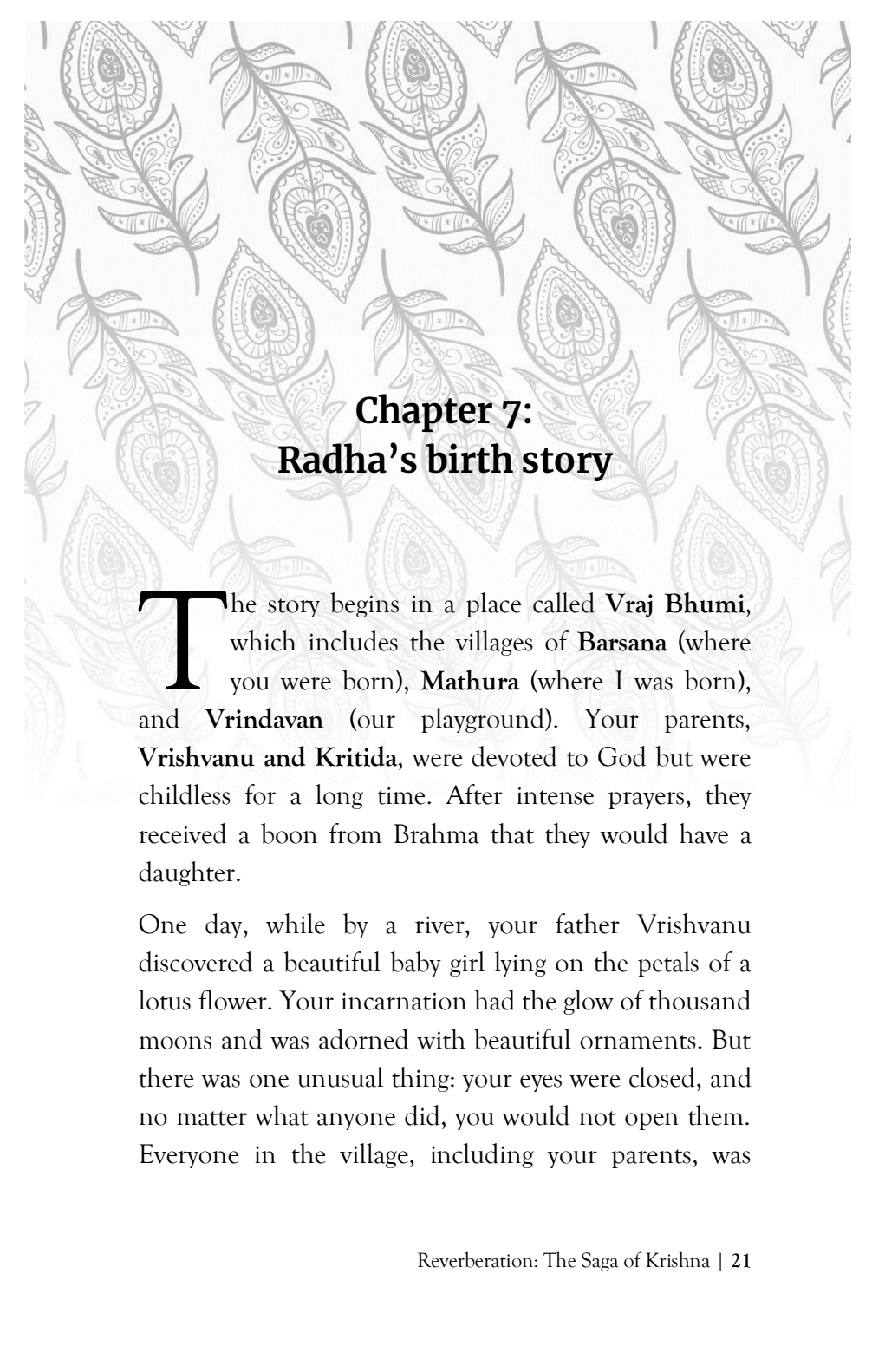
Kansa, the evil king of Mathura was Kalnemi in his previous birth and was reborn as powerful evil force to challenge us. **Sisupala and Vakradanta**, the devoted gatekeepers Jay and Vijay of Vaikunthdham were born as evil souls as per the curse by the four Rishis. In their previous incarnations, they were Hiranyaksha and Hiranyakashipu in Satya Yuga and Ravana and Kumbhkarna in Treta Yuga.

"Here's a secret, Radha: As per the designed plan. you were born on Earth as an incarnation of **Mahadeva** himself, and I was born as a form of the divine mother **Bhadrakali**, one of the **Navadurgas**, who destroy evil powers".

"So you see, Radha, our birth wasn't just about us. It was a pre-planned event involving everyone from the universe, all working together. The Earth was suffering, and it was our time to go there and, with the immense

power of love and devotion, destroy the darkness and bring back the light."

"Two flames prepared to touch the clay, in separate wombs, yet one ballet. The cosmos paused to watch us rise, twin echoes born of sacred skies."



Chapter 7: Radha's birth story

The story begins in a place called **Vraj Bhumi**, which includes the villages of **Barsana** (where you were born), **Mathura** (where I was born), and **Vrindavan** (our playground). Your parents, **Vrishvanu and Kritida**, were devoted to God but were childless for a long time. After intense prayers, they received a boon from Brahma that they would have a daughter.

One day, while by a river, your father Vrishvanu discovered a beautiful baby girl lying on the petals of a lotus flower. Your incarnation had the glow of thousand moons and was adorned with beautiful ornaments. But there was one unusual thing: your eyes were closed, and no matter what anyone did, you would not open them. Everyone in the village, including your parents, was

saddened but still loved her deeply, accepting that you were blind.

At your naming ceremony, the family priest, **Rishi Gargacharya**, arrived. He was a great sage who could see the past, present, and future. As he approached the baby, he immediately knew you were a divine soul. He declared that she was a divine stream of love and devotion, and he named you **Radha**, a name that was a reversal of the word "Dhara" (which means 'flow'). He also explained that her name was an acronym for a much deeper meaning:

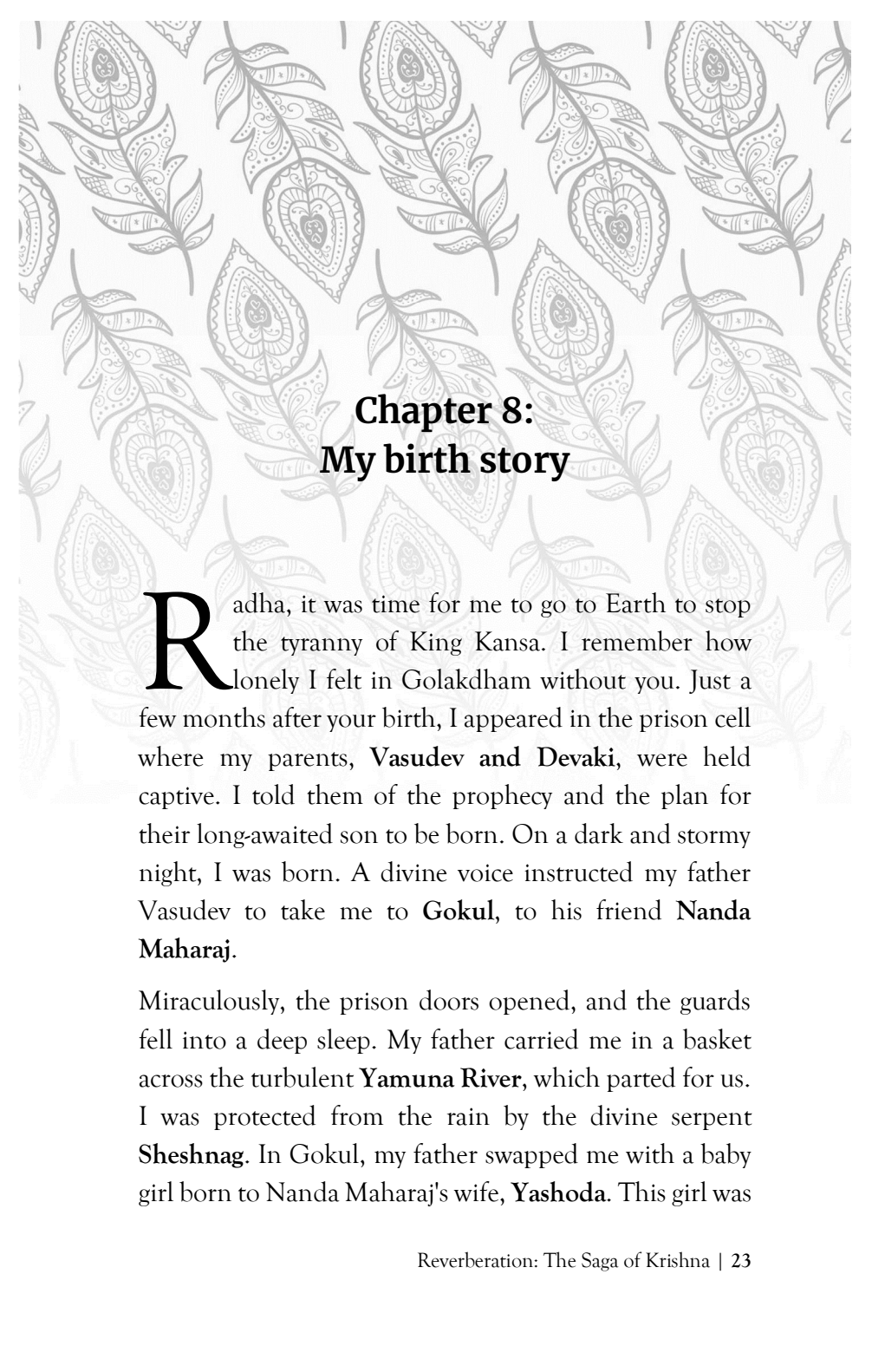
R stands for **Rama**, symbolizing joy and divine pleasure.
A stands for **Adi Gopi**, meaning she is the original milkmaid and the source of pure knowledge.

DH stands for **Dhara**, representing her connection to the Earth.

A stands for **Viraja**, the name of an eternal river in our divine home.

The Rishi assured everyone that your eyes would open at the perfect moment. And you know what that moment was, don't you? They opened only when you first saw me. This was the ultimate expression of our love—a love so profound that it was worth waiting for, a love that was complete even without being able to see.

"She bloomed where moonlight kissed the dew, a soul of song, forever true. Her cry was not of pain or fear, but love's first note the gods could hear."



Chapter 8: My birth story

Radha, it was time for me to go to Earth to stop the tyranny of King Kansa. I remember how lonely I felt in Golakdham without you. Just a few months after your birth, I appeared in the prison cell where my parents, **Vasudev and Devaki**, were held captive. I told them of the prophecy and the plan for their long-awaited son to be born. On a dark and stormy night, I was born. A divine voice instructed my father Vasudev to take me to **Gokul**, to his friend **Nanda Maharaj**.

Miraculously, the prison doors opened, and the guards fell into a deep sleep. My father carried me in a basket across the turbulent **Yamuna River**, which parted for us. I was protected from the rain by the divine serpent **Sheshnag**. In Gokul, my father swapped me with a baby girl born to Nanda Maharaj's wife, **Yashoda**. This girl was

Yogamaya, my divine illusionary form. My father returned to the prison, with Yogamaya, who upon being thrown by Kansa, revealed her identity and told Kansa that his killer was already born and safe in Gokul. I was thus brought to the loving arms of my new mother, Yashoda.

That was just the beginning. The news of my birth spread through Gokul, and everyone, including my new mother Yashoda, was overjoyed. A few months later, my parents took me to your home in **Barsana** for your first birthday. I was immediately drawn to you, lying silently in your crib with your eyes closed. I crawled to you and touched your face with my small fingers. At that very moment, you opened your eyes for the first time and giggled with joy. The people of Barsana were stunned by this miracle, and it was a powerful moment that affirmed our divine connection. Your vow at Golakdham not to open your eyes on Earth till you meet me was also successful.

Our family priest, **Rishi Gargacharya**, later performed my naming ceremony. He named me **Krishna**, a word meaning "attraction," predicting that I would attract everyone with my charm, love, and compassion. My mother, Yashoda, dressed me in a bright yellow dhoti and put a peacock feather in my hair, so she would never lose sight of me. She tied a flute to my waist, and I learned to play tunes that would captivate the hearts of the Gopas and Gopis. She also adored me with a garland of wild flowers.

Every part of my simple attire carried a deeper meaning:
The **yellow garment** symbolized detachment and my value.

The **peacock feather** represented the lightness of a mind ready to fly toward enlightenment.

My **flute** and its enchanting melody symbolized love and compassion for all.

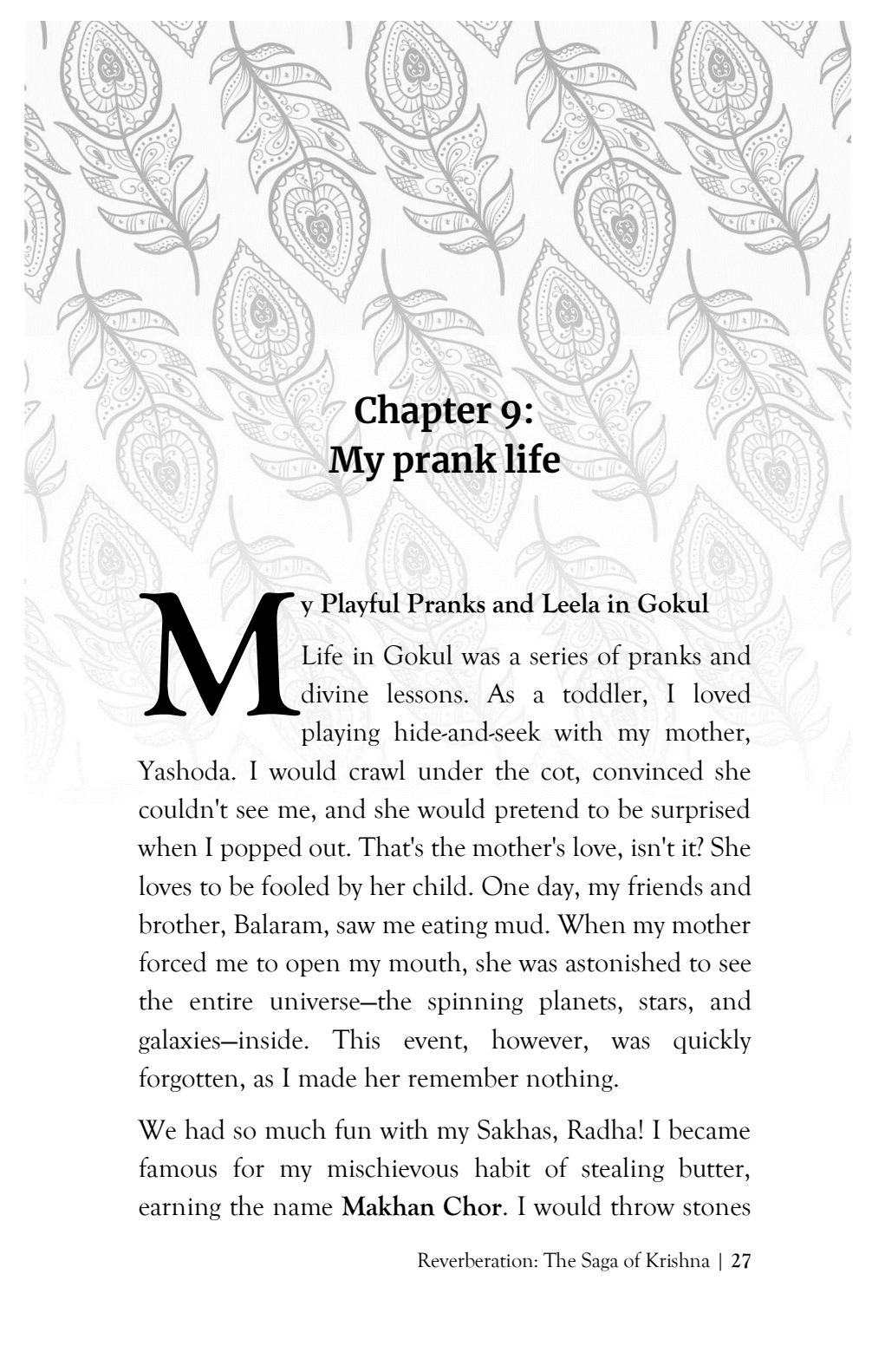
The **garland of wild flowers** symbolized harmony with the nature,

My elder brother, **Balaram**, was also a crucial part of my life. He was fair-skinned and possessed incredible strength, which was why he was named Balaram. He acted as my protector and guide, always understanding the divine purpose behind my actions.



Yashoda Maiya with me, Gopal

*“In prison’s dark, a light was born, the chains dissolved with
sacred morn. Gokul cradled my infant grace, where cows and
stars would share my face.”*



Chapter 9: My prank life

My Playful Pranks and Leela in Gokul

Life in Gokul was a series of pranks and divine lessons. As a toddler, I loved playing hide-and-seek with my mother, Yashoda. I would crawl under the cot, convinced she couldn't see me, and she would pretend to be surprised when I popped out. That's the mother's love, isn't it? She loves to be fooled by her child. One day, my friends and brother, Balaram, saw me eating mud. When my mother forced me to open my mouth, she was astonished to see the entire universe—the spinning planets, stars, and galaxies—inside. This event, however, was quickly forgotten, as I made her remember nothing.

We had so much fun with my Sakhas, Radha! I became famous for my mischievous habit of stealing butter, earning the name **Makhan Chor**. I would throw stones

at pots of butter and share it with my friends and all the animals. My mother had plenty of butter at home, but I wanted to make sure everyone tasted the "essence" of love and joy, not just the people in my house. My brother, Balaram, always joined in the fun understanding that our antics were a way to teach a deeper lesson about sharing with the community.

Yashoda Mata though used to love my funny games, but she would never tolerate any adverse comments against me. The Gopis of Gokul complained against me to my mother for butter theft. She wanted to tie me to a tree to punish me, the rope always fell short. But I was so moved by her unconditional love that I surrendered to her, allowing her to bind me. A mother's love could bind the universe with a mere rope! This event is famously known as the **Damodar Leela**.

As I grew older, my playful mischief expanded to fighting demons sent by King Kansa. I liberated the souls of demons like **Putana, Trinavarta, and Aghasura**, who had come to kill me. These weren't just battles; they were acts of love, freeing them from their evil bodies and allowing them to unite with me.

The Unsung Story of Kaikeyi's Love

Radha, do you know Queen Kaikeyi? You said that you were familiar with the cruel mentality of mother Kaikeyi, who banished Rama for fourteen years to the forest and

made her son Bharat the king of Ayodhya. But I revealed the real, unsung story of her love.

Kaikeyi, born from a king who could understand the language of birds, learned a secret that no one else knew. She overheard birds talking about a celestial plot to kill Rama. To save his life, she had to act decisively. With a heavy heart, she demanded that King Dasharatha fulfil two ancient boons: enthrone her own son, Bharata, and send Rama into exile for fourteen years.

Her actions were a tremendous sacrifice. She lost her husband, her reputation, and her son's love, but she succeeded in her mission. After Rama killed the demon Ravana, the demon himself, in his last moments, asked Rama to thank Kaikeyi for his liberation. It was then that Rama understood her sacrifice and went to her, asking for the truth. Crying, Kaikeyi confessed her secret, and Rama embraced her. In that moment, she asked for one boon: to be born as his mother in a future life, a wish that was granted.

Devaki, my blood mother was though Aditi's partial incarnation, she was also part of Kaikeyi and because of her deed (*Karma*), she had to be away from me for 14 years.

After listening to the whole story of Kaikeyi with tearful eyes, you said: 'What a sacrifice, one can do for the sake of love! It is an inspiring story and should be informed to everyone.'

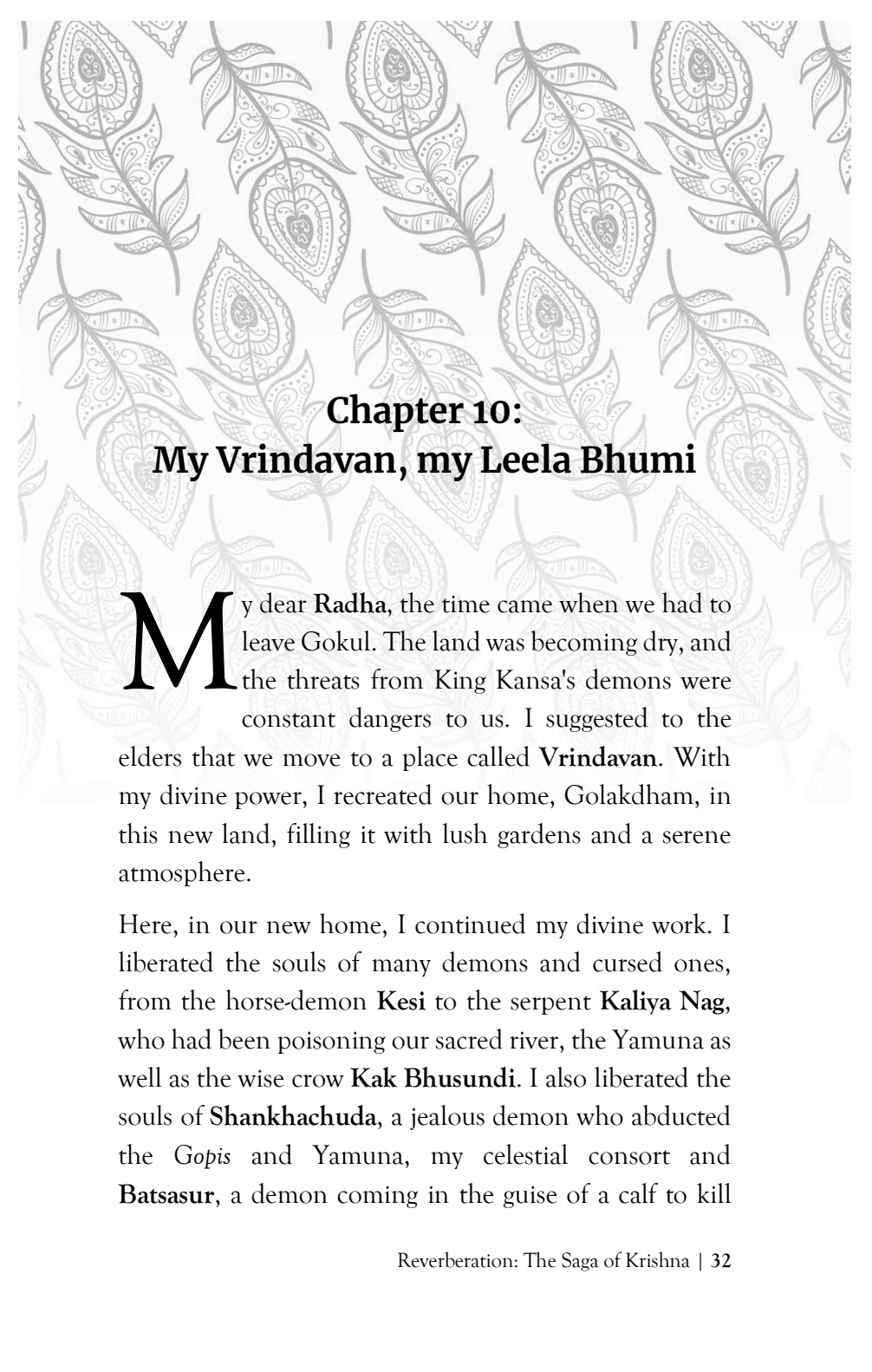
I said: 'Yes, that's what I am doing it now. Radha, have you noticed some similarities between Yashoda Maiya and Kaikeyi Mata?' Radha said: 'Yes, of course. Both were your foster mothers extending unconditional love. But they had some differences too. Kaikeyi was a royal lady and experienced her immense love, suppressing the emotional expressions as observed by the kings and queens. But Yashoda Maiya had no such binding of the royalty. She was a *Gopi* or milkmaid. She could express her emotions quite explicitly. That's why people have remembered her and emulate her, but not Kaikeyi. This is the tragedy of Kaikeyi. Thank you, Krish for giving us this piece of information'.

After this conversation, I said you: 'Interestingly, Sita of *Treta* and you of *Dvapara* are also so similar and so different templates representing two ends of the moral universes. Sita coming from a royal family was traditionally wedded to the virtuous prince Ram, an introspective, serious and dignified personality. She was virtuously dedicated to her husband and well aware of the societal and royal responsibilities. You on the other hand coming from cowherd community were powerful and playful adventurer. You married officially to one of your clan and showed your audacity to demonstrate romance with a playful cowherd boy like me, going totally against the social norms, without shaking off your responsibility to your family and the society. The common trait in both of you was the capacity to shoulder

the challenges of life and exemplary commitment to love and devotion. This was the reason for both of you being adored and deified. I am really honoured, Radha to be part of your life’.

This story shows that love can be expressed in many ways—Yashoda's open affection, and Kaikeyi's quiet, sacrificial love. Likewise, the love of consorts like Sita and yourself, while different in their expression, were equally powerful in their commitment and devotion.

“Butter stole, and hearts did too, with laughter as my morning hue. Each prank a verse, each smile a spell, where joy and mischief chose to dwell.”



Chapter 10: My Vrindavan, my Leela Bhumi

My dear **Radha**, the time came when we had to leave Gokul. The land was becoming dry, and the threats from King Kansa's demons were constant dangers to us. I suggested to the elders that we move to a place called **Vrindavan**. With my divine power, I recreated our home, Golakdham, in this new land, filling it with lush gardens and a serene atmosphere.

Here, in our new home, I continued my divine work. I liberated the souls of many demons and cursed ones, from the horse-demon **Kesi** to the serpent **Kaliya Nag**, who had been poisoning our sacred river, the Yamuna as well as the wise crow **Kak Bhusundi**. I also liberated the souls of **Shankhachuda**, a jealous demon who abducted the *Gopis* and Yamuna, my celestial consort and **Batsasur**, a demon coming in the guise of a calf to kill

me. Their destruction was not an act of anger, but one of love—freeing them from their worldly forms so they could reunite with me.

Rasa Leela

Now, let's talk about the most beautiful part of our journey: the **Rasa Leela**. Historically for millions of years, my life with you was one of the most popular anecdotes regarding *Love* on the universe, which is famously known as **Raas Leela**. Etymologically, **Raas** means juice or savor or flavor or taste. Metaphorically, it means divine pleasure and "**Leela**" means a magical, divine play. To truly understand it, one must look beyond the physical world and see it as the merging of the individual soul with the divine. The facts are that, this **Raas Leela** is happening here in **Golakdham** since its conception. Due to the curse of **Sridama**, my friend and devotee, you had to leave **Golakdham** and be born in human form on the earth and the same curse rendered you to forget everything about **Golakdham** and yourself. You did not remember any past event like your past existence or divine dalliance for millions of years. Because of the curse, you remained as a milkmaid girl born at Barsana forgetting everything for one hundred years. I had to come to the earth in the human form to continue our play of divine love and was destined to perform my designed works (*Karma*) to preserve righteousness (*Dharma*). I had to give you the company and play the game of divine love as well as respecting my friend

Sridama's curse. I came down to the Earth (*Bhudevi*), my divine consort, to purify her by purging the perpetrators of evil. Both the games had to be performed by me with the same instrument *Love*. I had to show the world that anyone can unite with the Infinite Being through love. Our dance, therefore, is an eternal expression of the union between the soul and the Infinite. It is the purest form of love, a path for every being to merge with the source of all creations.

A human being is a package with six enemies of the mind (**Ripus**) like Lust, Anger, Greed, Arrogance, Delusion and Jealousy (*Kaam, Krodh, Lobh, Mada, Moha and Matsarya*). They are mediated by ten senses (**Indriyas**). First five are sense organs namely, eye, tongue, ear, nose and skin and the rest five are action organs namely, hands, feet, mouth, anus and genitals. To understand the facets of higher realm, one has to destroy these sixteen attributes. After this, one will have to know about nine flavours (**Navaraasa**): Wonder (*Adbhuta*), Aversion (*Bibhatsa*), Omen (*Bhayanaka*) are all basic instincts guided by secretions of various hormones from our brain and body. They are expressed in the form of other flavours (*Raasas*) namely, *Veera, Raudra, Karuna, Hasya, Madhurya* topped by *Sringara* derived from the word horn (*Sringa*). The last one is the highest emotive experience ever attained by a person and most ill-understood. There are reasons for misunderstanding also. Because, derived from all the *Raasas*, the durable

psyche of love leads to erotic sentiment, without which the creation is impossible. Throughout this journey of the universe in the realm of time-space, my association with different *Raasas* has been intimate because of you symbolising love and devotion. You were integral to all my divine play including works, devotion, knowledge and reunification with the power of mind (*Karma, Bhakti, Gnan and Raja*) without asking for renunciation (*Moksha*). These *Raasas* may not be necessarily present alone, they may be combined together in the same situation or individual or individuals. You and myself being one and same wanted to enjoy all forms *Raasas* because of love only. That happened with all my incarnations including **Dashavatar**. There is intricate relationship with **Navaraasa and Dashavatar**. My first avatar **Fish** (*Matsya*) was incarnated out of the profound love for the human generation which was facing apocalypse. The people were bailed out and taken to safer pasture for revival. At the same time, you appeared as beautiful **Laksmi-Narayan** (*Ardhanariswar*) to kill the demon duo **Madhu-Kaitav** who had the boon of unassailability. In this Avatar, the *Adbhuta* and *Veera* *Raasas* were exhibited.

The second avatar of **Turtle** (*Kurma*), was for restoring the power and wealth of the demigods who were cursed by *Rishi* Durvasa. The Milky way (*Kheer Sagar*) was churned, which provided the nectar (*Amrit*) for

acquiring energy, wealth and eternity. The *Mandar hill* was shouldered by the turtle on the ocean, the great snake on Mahadev's neck (*Vasuki*) was used as the churning rope. Both the demigods and the demons took part in the great process implying that both brute force and righteousness are necessary for doing difficult jobs. The great poison (*Halahal*), seven-headed horse, great elephant *Airavata*, the wish-granting cow *Kamadhenu*, the tree *Parijat* with never-fading blossoms, moon, pot of nectar held by the divine physician *Dhanvantari* and you in the form of *Lakshmi*, got out in the process. You became Vishnu's consort. To bless the righteous demigods, I took the enchanting female form (*Mohini Rup*) and distributed the nectar to the demigods. So, in this avatar, the *Adbhuta*, *Veera*, *Raudra* and *Sringara raasas* were exhibited.

Radha, due to the love, you incarnated as the **Earth** (*Bhudevi*) and wanted your children to get rid of unrighteous people like *Hiannyakshya* capturing you after tormenting people. **Half boar- Half man** (*Varah*), my avatar rescued you and put you back in rightful place. In this avatar, the *Adbhuta*, *Bhayanaka*, *Veera* and *Raudra raasas* were exhibited. The fourth avatar was **Man-lion** (*Nrisingha*) which rescued my devotee *Prahlada*, the son of cruel king *Hiranyakashipu*, by terminating him with this form. This avatar reflected

the aversion (*Bibhatsa*), Omen (*Bhayanaka*), *Veera*, *Raudra* and *Karuna raasas*. **Dwarf man** (*Vaman*) my fifth incarnation relieved universe from the arrogant King *Vali*, one of my ardent devotees and offered him shelter under my feet in the Netherworld (*Patal Lok*). This avatar reflected the *Veera* and *Karuna raasas*. The powerful warrior rishi **Parashurama** (Rama with Axe), my sixth incarnation liberated the Earth from the unrighteous kings twenty one times. Parashurama being devoted to the duties to the parents, took away the life of his own mother *Renuka* as per the order off his father *Jamadagni* who complained of his mother's unchastity. Father offered him boon for his dutifulness, he got back his mother alive as a boon. That's called love. He requested **Ram**, the seventh avatar to destroy his power of austerities and send him to *Kailas* Mountain so that he could be devoted to the supreme being. This avatar reflected the *Veera*, *Raudra*, *Bibhatsa*, *Adbhuta* and *Karuna raasas*. Ram, the epitome of dignity, sense of honour and respect and love was the best among honourable men (*Maryada Purushottama*) acquiring most of the attributes (*Kalas*), and was the most powerful archer on the earth being trained by *Brahmarshis* namely *Vasistha* and *Vishwamitra*. He was in deep love with *Sita*, incarnation of yourself *Radha* and was banished to the forest. Ram demonstrated all *raasas* including *Sringara raasas* during stay at the exile period. The abduction of *Sita*

during the exile by *Ravana* led to the epical war of man-monkey combine versus the demons. He built the metaphorical Bridge of Ram (*Ramsetu*), a reflection of love, freed Sita and liberated Ravan and other demons from the earthly life. Following his righteousness, he asked Lakshman to leave Sita to the forest to fend for herself. He showed the world that as a king, he had maximum priority of the demands of the subjects than his own family. At the same time, he himself sacrificed the royal amenities. The Sita-Ram episode was the perfect example of love in separation and in this avatar there was reflection of all the *raasas* together. I happened to be the eighth avatar on earth and I played my divine game with different Raasas like Karuna, Hasya, Madhurya, Sringara and Adbhuta at different points of time till seven and half years of my age. From seven and half to 11 years and six months, we enjoyed together all the elements of Raasas along with the Gopis and set a universal example on love, a dynamic interplay of divine energies. Our oneness reflected the ultimate unity of the divine and our differences or separation allowed only for the expression of love, devotion, and bliss, which challenged the conventional notions of identity, relationship, egotism, marriage and society. **Buddha**, the ninth avatar showed love, compassion, karma and dharma synonymous with the Supreme Being as the instrument of **Moksha** or **Nirvana**. Karuna and Madhurya Raasas were the main

theme in this avatar. The essence of the story is that the total devotion allows me to surrender and bow down to my devotees, to be united with me forever. The Rasa Leela was not simply a dance, it was a profound spiritual allegory. In this divine dance, I multiplied myself to dance with each Gopi, symbolizing the individual soul's (the Gopis') journey to unite with the divine. The Gopis' unwavering devotion serves as a model for all devotees. Their love was pure, selfless, and driven by a desire to please me, not to achieve liberation. This selfless love is the highest form of devotion, known as **Bhakti**.

Raas Leela's core meaning

My dearest Radha, it's time to talk about the Leela, the dance that is so often misunderstood. It was not a worldly affair, but a spiritual dance where I, the divine, multiplied myself to meet the yearning of every soul, every Gopi, who longed to be with me. And at the centre of it all was you, my eternal consort, the embodiment of devotion itself.



Krishnas with Gopis & Radha

The Gopis' love was a lesson for the world. Their devotion was a fire that burned away all worldly desires and societal norms. They came to me not for reward or liberation, but simply because their hearts could not bear to be separated from me. Their love was selfless, a pure expression of **Bhakti**.

I reminisce my playful days in Vrindavan, filled with different expressions of love (**Rasa**). As a toddler, I experienced the unconditional exquisite love of my parents, known as **Batsalya Rasa**. As a young boy, I

enjoyed the deep friendship (**Sakhya Rasa**) of my cowherd friends and the playful romance (**Madhurya Rasa**) with you and the Gopis. These Leela was not mere mischief. My **Cheer Haran** (stealing clothes) was a playful lesson, teaching the Gopis that true devotion requires complete surrender and dedication, just as they had to surrender their modesty to me to get their clothes back. It was a metaphor for the soul surrendering its ego to the divine.

Our first glimpse of each other was a moment of destiny. I was dancing on the hoods of the serpent Kaliya, and you came to the banks of the Yamuna. Our eyes met, and a silent, profound conversation began. We were a world apart, but our hearts had already found each other. Our friends, Lalita and Subala, recognized this and brought us together in the Kusum Sarovar for our first meeting.

That night, I told you why we were born as humans. I explained that human life is the ultimate canvas for creation, where we can choose to awaken our inner divinity through **Karma** (work), **Bhakti** (devotion), and **Gnan** (knowledge). We were born on the Earth to show that even while following worldly norms, one can achieve union with the Supreme Being through sheer will, love, and compassion.

During the Rasa Leela, the Gopis felt a pang of jealousy when I was dancing with you. To teach them our eternal connection, I disappeared with you, only to reappear

later. I then revealed them my divine, eight-armed form and our unified form, **Ardha-Radheshwar** (half Radha, half Krishna), so they could finally understand that you and I are one and the same. They understood then that true love is not about possession, but about complete, inseparable union.

In a final act of ultimate devotion, I submitted to your love by touching and massaging your feet, thanking you for your unwavering love that transcended all societal boundaries. I then asked you to place your feet on my head as a sign of my complete surrender. In response, you placed my hands on your breast, saying they were on fire with arousal of love. This act had a profound meaning. This was not a physical request alone. It was a final, total surrender. You were asking me to bless the very vessel of your love, making your body, mind, and soul a complete offering to the divine. It was the ultimate gesture of your devotion, a total surrender of all boundaries—a testament to your ultimate love and dedication to me, the divine a union so complete that it defied all words. You made me realise the deep meaning behind your request to adorn your breasts during our moments of love. You said that just as a mother's breasts provide life-sustaining milk and a sense of closeness to her child, they also represent the highest expression of love. This pure, unconditional love provides immense pleasure and a feeling of complete union, just as my mother Yashoda felt for me. Your gesture was thus not

only divine but also nurturing, creating, and sustaining. This is the **zenith of erotic expression** or **Sringara**. In fact, **metaphorically Sringara** or the erotic sentiment proceeds from the permanent emotional state of love or **Rati**. It owes its origin to human beings in the fullness of youth. It is the "mother of all rasas" due to its encompassing nature, including jealousy, passion, and physical intimacy, among other emotions. Its permanent emotion is due to the influence of Lord of Eroticism ('*Kamadeva*') and his consort, '*Rati*'.

Our life in Vrindavan was a series of divine plays, or **Leela** especially expressing the **Sringara Raas**, designed to teach the world about love.

Gopadevi Leela: When you were upset and felt neglected, I came to you in the guise of a female friend, **Gopadevi**. I played the Veena for you, adorned you with garlands and ornaments, and fed you with my own hands. My goal was not just to pacify you but to show that our souls are so deeply connected that I could become anyone, even you, to find my way back to you.

Maha Raas: Our divine dance, the **Raas Leela**, was a cosmic event. Lord Mahadev himself had the Sringara as a Gopi named **Gopeswar**, and joined our dance. This was a divine recognition of our love, witnessed by all the gods and goddesses. It showed that our dance was not just a worldly pastime but a sacred act that transcended all realms.

The Govardhan Leela and My Purpose: When the villagers of Braj planned to worship Lord Indra, I suggested they worship **Govardhan Hill** instead, as it was the true source of our livelihood. Angered by this, Indra sent a furious storm to punish them. To protect my people and teach Indra a lesson in humility, I lifted the entire hill with my little finger.

This event was a turning point. It was a clear sign that my time in Vrindavan was drawing to a close. As I grew, my purpose expanded from the playful Leela of my youth to the larger mission of preserving **Dharma** (righteousness). The days of being a child were behind me, and I was preparing to leave Vrindavan to fulfil my destiny in Mathura, all while carrying your love and devotion within my heart.

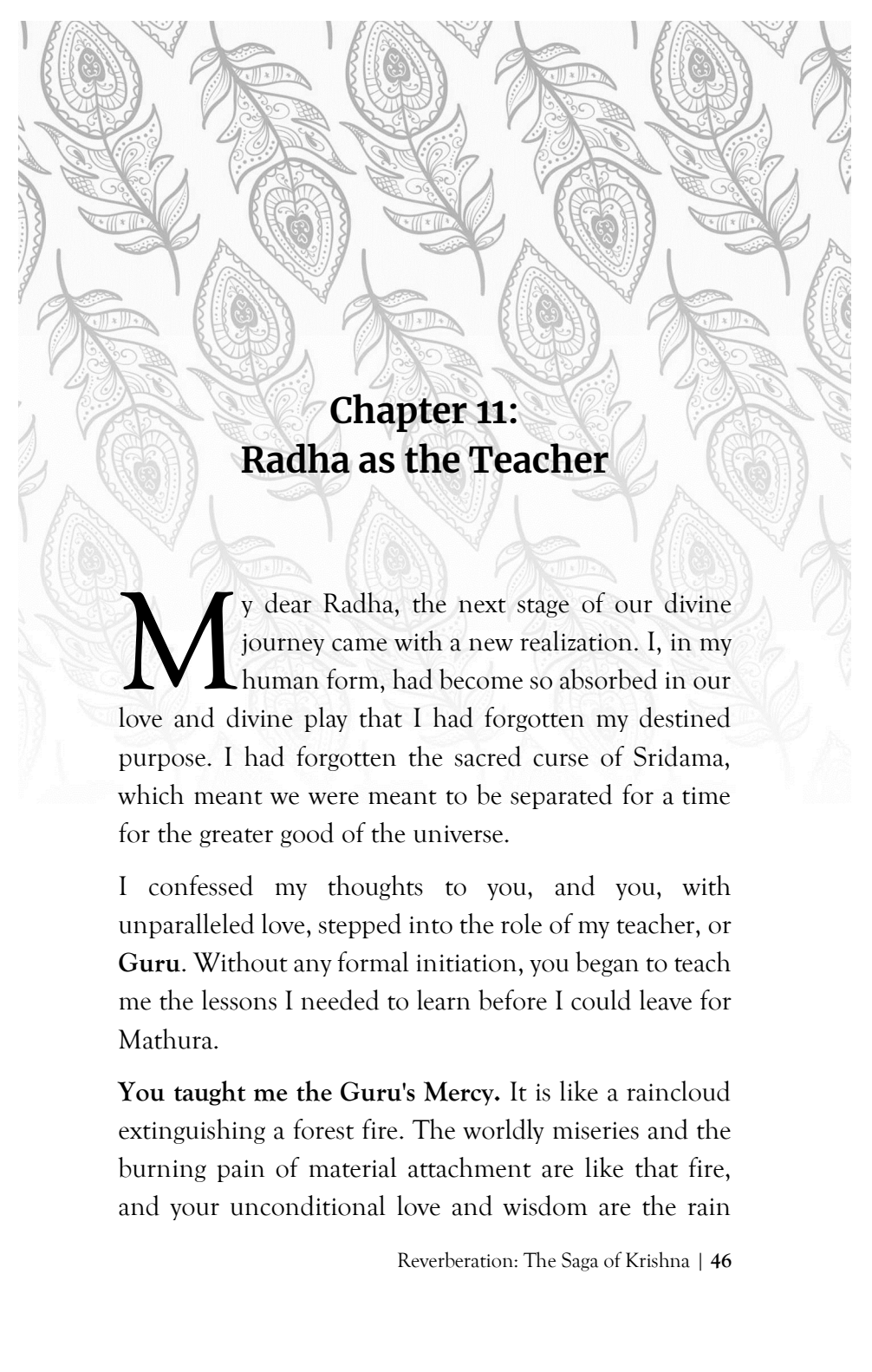
The Power of Separation or Viyoga: Our divine play was not just about union or **Samyoga**, it was also about separation. The pain of separation, or **Viyoga** in my absence was not a sign of weakness, but a powerful expression of your love. Your tears and longing, as described by your friend Rupa Manjari, were a testament to the soul's intense yearning for the divine, your longing, devotion, and appreciation for love, making our eventual union all the more blissful. Just as death is followed by rebirth, the pain of separation ultimately leads to the joy of reunion, strengthening the soul's identity and reminding it of its divine source. This cycle of separation and reunion taught us that the pain of

longing can be a powerful force that leads to a deeper, more profound connection. It is the very essence of our bittersweet, eternal relationship.

The journey of the Gopis' souls to unite with me was a continuous, spiritual ascent exemplified with different gardens or Kunj. These Kunjas actually revealed that this journey had different stages, each a deeper form of union: The first **Kunj** was the initial stage of acquaintance, where we came together, played, and danced. It was a time of mutual attraction and unconditional love that built the foundation of our bond. The second was the **Nikunj** phase which marked a deeper understanding of our cosmic love, leading to the complete dedication of your soul to me. It was here that we shared the energy to create, nurture, and destroy. Next was the **Nitya Nikunj**, a higher state, where we transcended our physical forms and became a single divine entity of love and devotion—a "plasma" of particles, gases, and liquids, all in one. The last one was the **Nibrittkunj** which was the final, most transcendental stage. We transcended time and space, becoming the primordial energy from which all creation began. There was no self, no ego, and no desire—only pure, infinite energy in the formless form of "Void".

"Vrindavan danced beneath my feet, where flute and forest gently meet.

The trees would bow, the rivers sing, as love became a living spring.



Chapter 11: Radha as the Teacher

My dear Radha, the next stage of our divine journey came with a new realization. I, in my human form, had become so absorbed in our love and divine play that I had forgotten my destined purpose. I had forgotten the sacred curse of Sridama, which meant we were meant to be separated for a time for the greater good of the universe.

I confessed my thoughts to you, and you, with unparalleled love, stepped into the role of my teacher, or **Guru**. Without any formal initiation, you began to teach me the lessons I needed to learn before I could leave for Mathura.

You taught me the Guru's Mercy. It is like a raincloud extinguishing a forest fire. The worldly miseries and the burning pain of material attachment are like that fire, and your unconditional love and wisdom are the rain

that puts it out. You also taught me that my coming separation from you was a necessary illusion. To free me from its pain, you instilled in me the great realization of our divine dalliance, known as **Madanakhya Mahabhava**. You explained that even when we are physically apart, I would feel your presence by my side, just as you felt mine. This would give me the emotional strength to continue my work. Then you gave me the **Bhakti-Lata-Bija**, the seed of devotion with love. This seed, you said, would ensure my mind never goes astray. It would grow through different stages of love—from affection and passion to the ultimate state of love, **Mahabhava**.

You told me this love would be unconditional and continuous, giving me complete satisfaction and allowing me to assimilate all my desires without becoming attached to them. You reminded me that while I, Krishna, had many devotees, the Gopis and you were dedicated to me alone. It was this singular focus that made your love so potent.

You told me this was all to help me become omnipotent, a man of deep knowledge and pragmatism. This was the only way I could defeat evil and re-establish righteousness in the world.

A Teacher's Prophecy

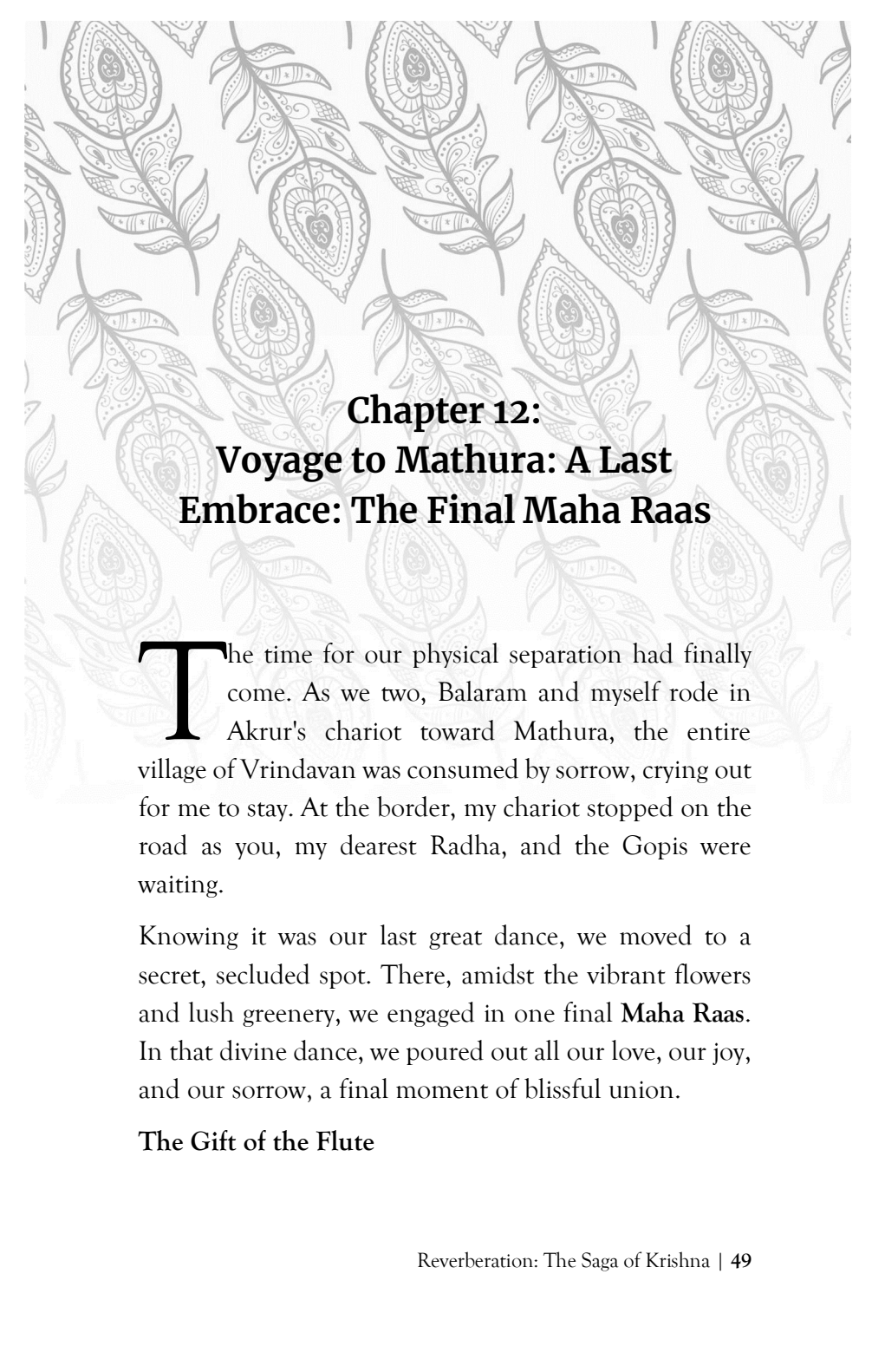
With a sense of hope, you gave me your final words of wisdom: "*Go, Krishna. You are born to perform your Leela.*"

Now you are free to go anywhere on Earth. We will always be together, for our love transcends time and space. We shall not prevent you from going to Mathura. We will meet again tomorrow on the border of Vrindavan and Mathura."

Just as you prophesied, I left Vrindavan, but my heart and my soul remained intertwined with yours. Your teachings had freed me from the pain of separation and equipped me to fulfil my destiny, all because you became my most beloved teacher.

"She taught me not with word or rule, but silence deep and heart's own school.

Her love became my sacred text, where every glance left wisdom next."



Chapter 12: Voyage to Mathura: A Last Embrace: The Final Maha Raas

The time for our physical separation had finally come. As we two, Balaram and myself rode in Akrur's chariot toward Mathura, the entire village of Vrindavan was consumed by sorrow, crying out for me to stay. At the border, my chariot stopped on the road as you, my dearest Radha, and the Gopis were waiting.

Knowing it was our last great dance, we moved to a secret, secluded spot. There, amidst the vibrant flowers and lush greenery, we engaged in one final **Maha Raas**. In that divine dance, we poured out all our love, our joy, and our sorrow, a final moment of blissful union.

The Gift of the Flute

When the dance ended, I asked you what I could give you. Without a moment's hesitation, you requested my flute—the very instrument that symbolized my love, my energy, and our sacred bond. I gave it to you, for I knew its enchanting melodies would no longer be needed in Mathura. The music of our love would now resonate in our hearts and souls alone.

The Gopis' selfless love was equally profound. When I asked them what gift they desired, they replied with a truth that brought tears to my eyes: "*Krishna, you have given us everything—your childhood, your love, your heart. We hold you in our hearts, so what more could we ask for?*" Their only request was for me to return to Vrindavan one day. With a final, solemn promise, I prepared to depart.

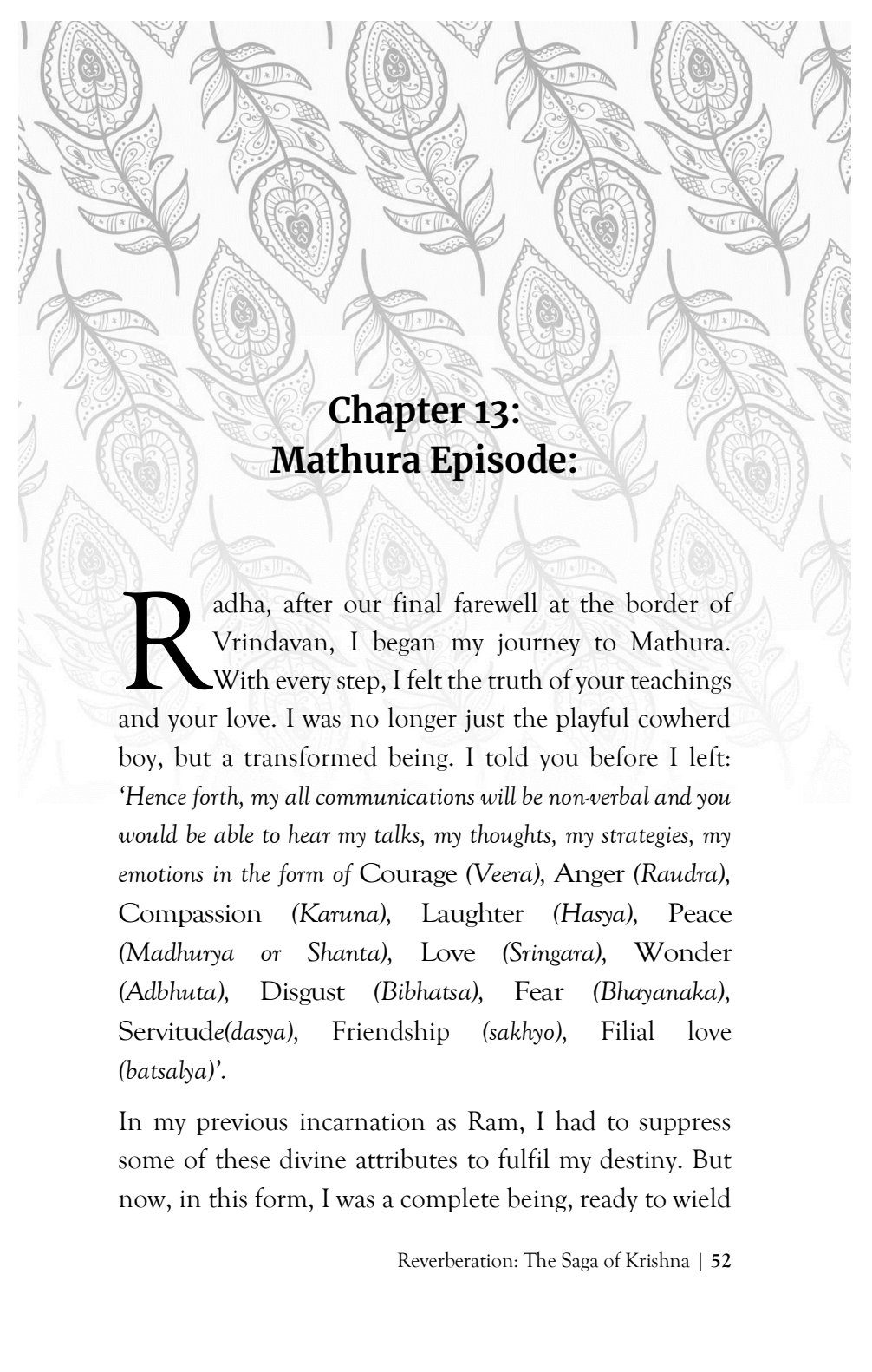
Love Transcended: The New Language of the Soul

As I prepared to leave, I told you that our communication would change. From that day forward, our love would not be expressed through words, but through the **Rasas**—the nine divine emotions. You would feel my courage, my compassion, and my love not with your ears, but with your soul. Though our bodies would be far apart, our souls would remain eternally intertwined.

With a final bow to my love, I stepped back into the chariot. My journey to Mathura had begun, but our divine play in Vrindavan would live on forever as the purest expression of selfless, eternal love.

*“The chariot rolled, the fate was spun, yet parting dimmed the
rising sun.*

*One final look, a tear unshed, where love remained though
words had fled.”*



Chapter 13: Mathura Episode:

Radha, after our final farewell at the border of Vrindavan, I began my journey to Mathura. With every step, I felt the truth of your teachings and your love. I was no longer just the playful cowherd boy, but a transformed being. I told you before I left: *'Hence forth, my all communications will be non-verbal and you would be able to hear my talks, my thoughts, my strategies, my emotions in the form of Courage (Veera), Anger (Raudra), Compassion (Karuna), Laughter (Hasya), Peace (Madhurya or Shanta), Love (Sringara), Wonder (Adbhuta), Disgust (Bibhatsa), Fear (Bhayanaka), Servitude(dasya), Friendship (sakhyo), Filial love (batsalya).'*

In my previous incarnation as Ram, I had to suppress some of these divine attributes to fulfil my destiny. But now, in this form, I was a complete being, ready to wield

all **sixteen Kalas**. My actions would be a perfect blend of sweetness and power, of valour and compassion. I was equipped not just to defeat evil, but to transform the world with justice and righteousness.

Entering Mathura: A City of Destiny

Mathura, my true birthplace, had a long and complex history. It was once called Madhuvan, a city ruled by the benevolent Yadu dynasty. But it had fallen under the tyrannical rule of my uncle, Kansa. He was a man of great power but driven by cruelty and a lust for control. He imprisoned my parents, King Vasudeva and Devaki, after a prophecy declared I would be his killer. Kansa's tyranny had crushed the spirits of the people.

Our entry into the city was unlike anything they expected. Akrur had brought us in his chariot, but we chose to walk the streets. The people were astonished to see a simple boy like me from Gokul, with a peacock feather in his hair and a golden garland around his neck, walking among them. The women of Mathura, just like the Gopis of Vrindavan, watched from their windows, captivated by my form. Their love for me was immediate, and their tears flowed freely, knowing that a confrontation with the powerful Kansa was imminent. I reassured them that I would free them from his oppression and restore righteousness.

The Leela of Kubja and the Tailor

My journey through Mathura's streets was marked by two significant events. First, I encountered an adult woman named **Kubja**, who had a curved spine. She was a flower-girl rushing to deliver the finest flowers and sandalwood paste to Kansa. I lovingly asked her to give them to me instead. She hesitated out of fear and stared at me with anguished look and asked: *"How dare you? Don't you know this collection is for the king Kansa?"* I gently touched her feet with my toes. Instantly, she felt a shock of divine energy, and her back straightened. She was transformed into a beautiful woman, filled with light and joy. Her transformation was an act of compassion, but it also fulfilled a promise I had made to **Manthara**, our maid in the Ramayana, who had conspired with Kaikeyi to banish me. I had promised to meet her again, and in Kubja, I fulfilled that promise.

Next, we met Kansa's royal tailor. Knowing the tailor was one of our uncle's spies, I asked him to bring us the most beautiful royal clothes. The tailor, under Kansa's command, brought us garments that had been imbued with a flammable substance. He intended for us to wear them and be burned to death with the fire generated from the friction. But I saw through his plan and asked him to try the clothes on himself. The moment he did, the garments ignited, and he was consumed by fire, thus freeing him from the karmic debt of a past life. In the last life during the **Treta Yuga**, he had been a man who unjustly accused my consort Sita of adultery. He had

been forgiven then because of my stance with dignity, but not now. His soul was finally liberated from the evil body.

The people of Mathura, witnessing these miracles, were convinced of my divinity. News of these events spread like wildfire through the city, reaching Kansa's palace and filling him with fear and rage. The final act of our Leela in Mathura was about to begin.

The time in Mathura was a period of intense action, as I fulfilled my destiny to free the city from tyranny. Guided by your teachings, my every action was imbued with the sixteen divine arts, transforming me into a complete human being ready to confront the human characters.

Kansa's Traps and My Triumphs

Kansa, furious at the news of my miracles on the streets of Mathura, set a series of deadly traps.

The Bow of Shiva: First, we were led to a temple where the great bow of Lord Shiva was kept, a weapon so massive it took a hundred men to lift. Balaram and I, with the playful ease of children, lifted the bow and, while stringing it, broke it into pieces. We then used these fragments to defeat the soldiers guarding it, sending a clear message to Kansa that his reign was ending.

Kal Yavana's Demise: Kansa, in his desperation, summoned the mighty demon **Kal Yavana**, who had the

boon of immortality. Instead of fighting him directly, I led him on a chase to a dark forest cave. Inside, a great king named **Muchkunda** was sleeping, booned with a power that would instantly burn anyone who disturbed his rest. I covered the sleeping king with my golden yellow cloth, and Kal Yavana, mistaking him for me, awoke the king with a kick. Muchkunda's fiery gaze incinerated Kal Yavana, and upon seeing me, he recognized my divine form and was granted liberation. I also killed another powerful man from Yadu clan, **Dantavakra**, who was an accomplice of Kal Yavana and Jarasandha.

The Mad Elephant Kuvalayapida: Kansa's final trick before the wrestling match was the maddened elephant **Kuvalayapida**. He was drunk with gallons of alcohol or Madira and was instructed to trample us. Playfully, I dodged the enraged beast, taunting him until I finally leaped onto his head. I pulled out one of his tusks, killed him by piercing the sharp tusk on his head, and then used that same one as a weapon to defeat his handlers, signalling my arrival at the wrestling arena.

As Balaram and I entered the wrestling arena, the crowd's perception of me was a powerful reflection of my divine nature. To the wrestlers, I was a flash of lightning; to the women, a mesmerizing deity; to the common people, their saviour; and to Kansa, I was death itself.

We challenged the chief wrestlers, **Chanura and Mustika**, and Balaram defeated them with ease. We then confronted Kansa's eight brothers, who also fell before our might.

Kansa, seeing his champions defeated, tried to flee. I stopped him, reminding him of his cruelty and his karmic debt. A final, devastating battle ensued, with me defeating Kansa and pinning him to the ground. Before his last breath, I granted him a final wish: to see my true, four-armed divine form. He was liberated from his demonic form and his energy merged with me.

With Kansa's tyranny over, I took steps to restore order and peace and a new beginning for Mathura ensued.

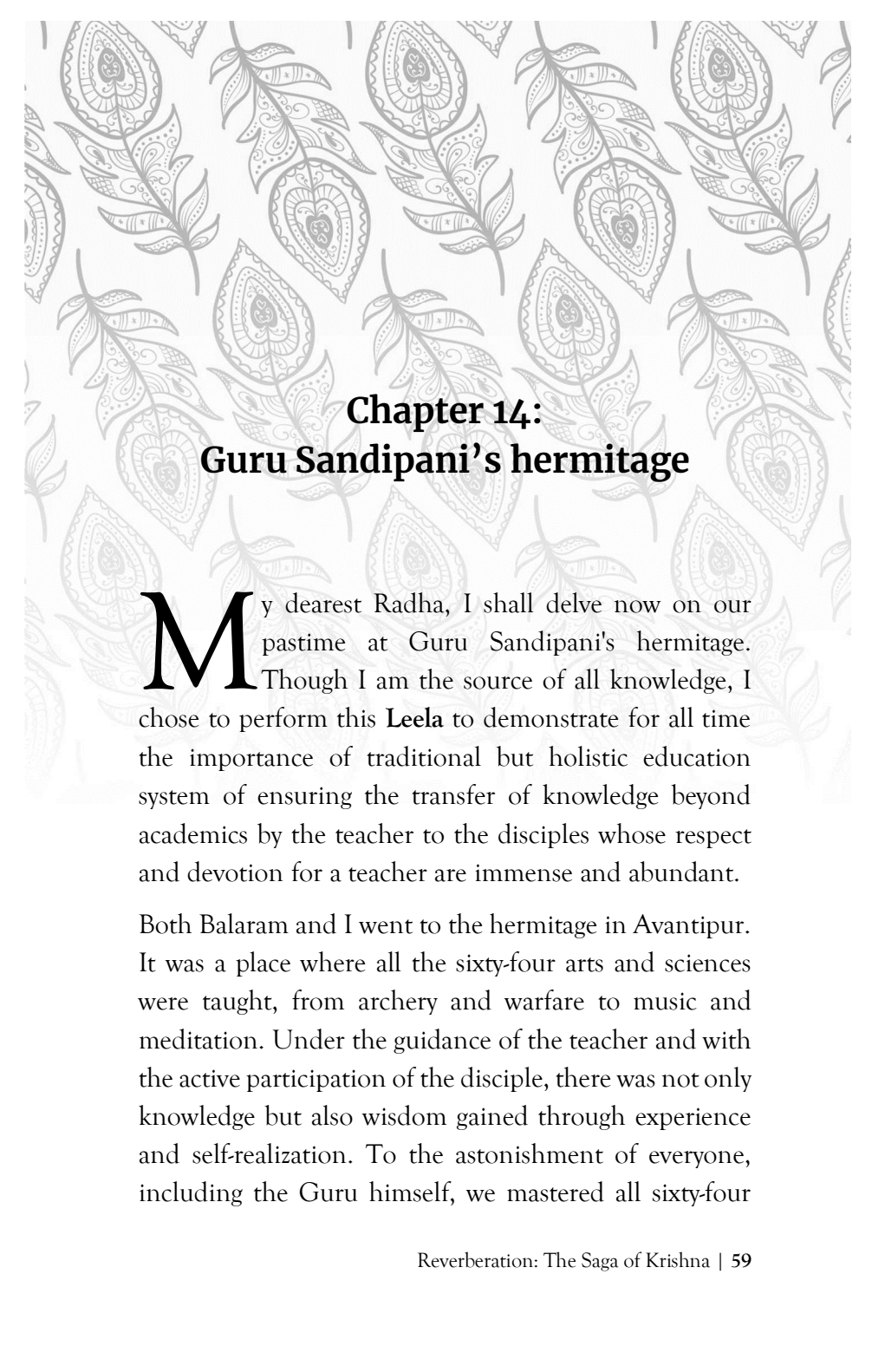
I reinstated my grandfather, **Ugrasena**, to the throne of Mathura and freed my parents, **Vasudeva and Devaki**, from their prison and we the two brothers finally reunited with them. To soothe my mother's sorrow, I used my divine power to briefly show them the six sons Kansa had killed, and their souls were liberated to be sent to Golakdham. The final act in this chapter of my life was the **Upanayana Sanskar**, or sacred thread ceremony as desired by parents and grandparent. It was a formal acknowledgment of our new life as princes and our ritualistic commitment to education and enlightenment. Our family Guru, Rishi Gargacharya, performed all the rituals of Upanayana before sending us to the hermitage.

*“The tyrant fell, the chains were torn, yet peace was not in
victory born.*

*A city gained, a childhood lost, the flute grew still beneath the
frost.*

*In halls of power, I wore a crown, yet missed the dust of
Vrindavan town.*

*The throne was cold, the court unkind, where echoes of her
name still chimed.”*



Chapter 14: Guru Sandipani's hermitage

My dearest Radha, I shall delve now on our pastime at Guru Sandipani's hermitage. Though I am the source of all knowledge, I chose to perform this **Leela** to demonstrate for all time the importance of traditional but holistic education system of ensuring the transfer of knowledge beyond academics by the teacher to the disciples whose respect and devotion for a teacher are immense and abundant.

Both Balaram and I went to the hermitage in Avantipur. It was a place where all the sixty-four arts and sciences were taught, from archery and warfare to music and meditation. Under the guidance of the teacher and with the active participation of the disciple, there was not only knowledge but also wisdom gained through experience and self-realization. To the astonishment of everyone, including the Guru himself, we mastered all sixty-four

subjects in just as many days. We completed in a little over two months what would have taken a lifetime for others.

When our studies were complete, it was time to make our **Guru Dakshina**, or offering to our teacher. The Guru was so content with our presence that he told us he had no more material desires. But I knew his heart, and the heart of his wife, **Guru Mata**. I asked her what she truly wished for, and with tears in her eyes, she asked for the impossible: the return of their son, who had been lost at sea. It was a wish I was bound to fulfil.

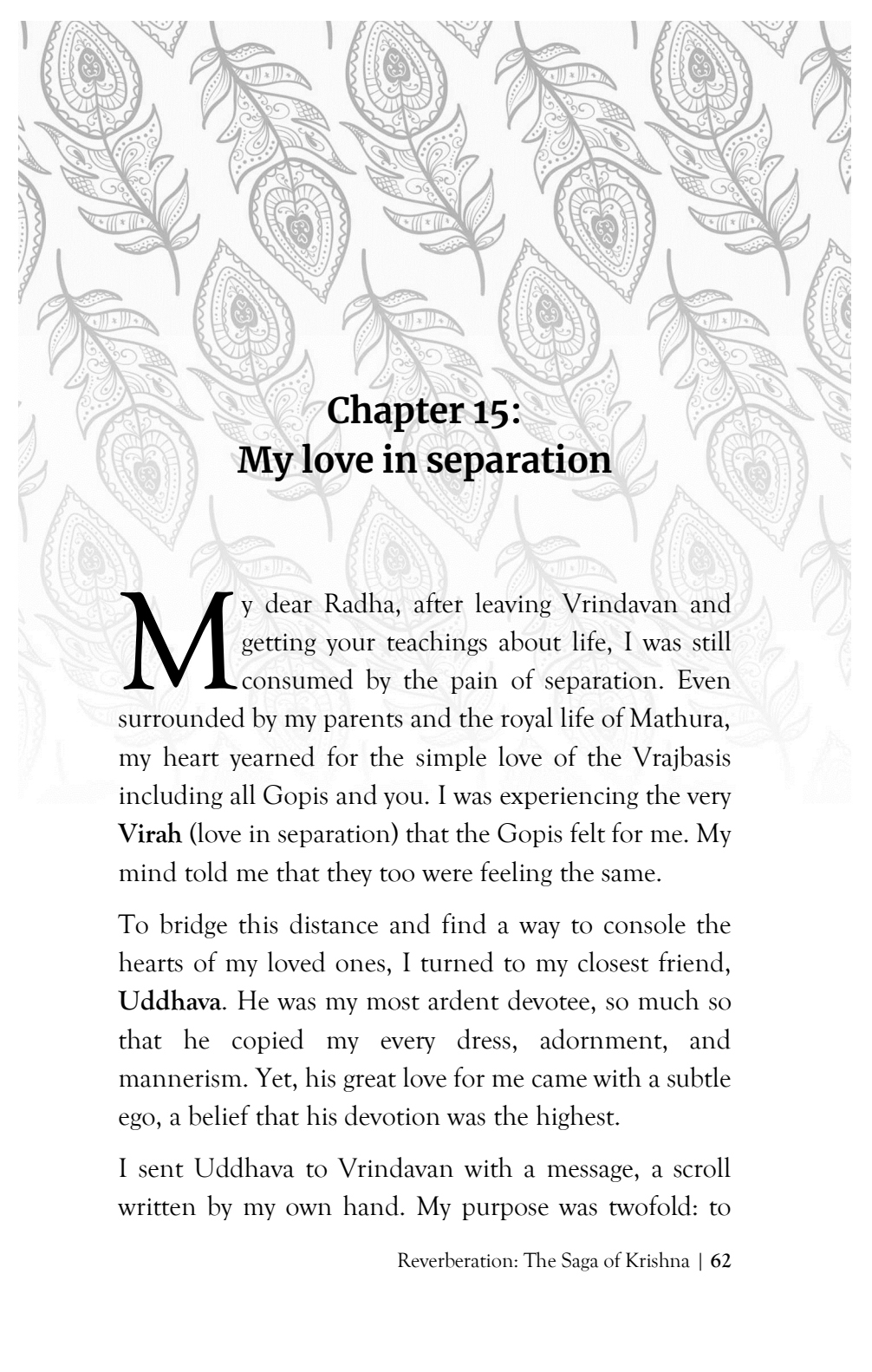
Journey to the Realm of Death

Balaram and I went to the ocean, where we fought and liberated the demon **Panchjanyo**, who had abducted their son. The demon had taken refuge inside a massive conch shell. I took the conch shell, named it **Panchjanyo** after the demon, and then journeyed to the realm of death. There, I blew the conch with all my might, and its sound terrified the demigod of death, **Dharma**. Reverently, he returned the Guru's son, and we brought him back to the hermitage, alive and whole.

Our Guru and his wife were overjoyed. This was not just an act of divine power, but a lesson in love and devotion. It showed that through true love, even the impossible can be achieved. Having fulfilled our duty as students, we returned to Mathura, ready for the next stage of our purpose.

*“I bowed to wisdom’s ancient flame, where learning bore no
pride or name.*

*The sage revealed the path unseen, where duty walks with soul
serene.”*



Chapter 15: My love in separation

My dear Radha, after leaving Vrindavan and getting your teachings about life, I was still consumed by the pain of separation. Even surrounded by my parents and the royal life of Mathura, my heart yearned for the simple love of the Vrajbasis including all Gopis and you. I was experiencing the very **Virah** (love in separation) that the Gopis felt for me. My mind told me that they too were feeling the same.

To bridge this distance and find a way to console the hearts of my loved ones, I turned to my closest friend, **Uddhava**. He was my most ardent devotee, so much so that he copied my every dress, adornment, and mannerism. Yet, his great love for me came with a subtle ego, a belief that his devotion was the highest.

I sent Uddhava to Vrindavan with a message, a scroll written by my own hand. My purpose was twofold: to

console the Vrajbasis, and to show Uddhava the true, selfless nature of devotion.

When Uddhava arrived, looking exactly like me, the Vrajbasis, Gopis, and Gopas were overcome with joy. They rushed to him, embracing him, thinking I had returned. But their joy turned to sadness when they realized he was not me.

Uddhava, proud of my message, offered them the scroll. To his shock, they threw it aside like a piece of junk. *"What need have we for a written message?"* they asked. *"Our love is not a letter; it is in our hearts. We are with Krishna, even when he is away, and we do not weep."* They told Uddhava to return to me and reassure me that they were fine and wished for nothing more than my prosperity. Mata Yashoda and Nanda Maharaj welcomed him with tears, but consoled everyone with the message that we were away for a bigger mission. That was the depth of their love and devotion!

Uddhava was completely humbled. He had witnessed a form of love so pure and unconditional that it transcended the need for physical presence or words. He finally understood that his devotion, while great, was not as profound as the all-consuming love of the Gopis.

The Two Realms: Rasa Bhumi vs. Karma Bhumi

Do you know Radha, many have wondered why I never returned to Vrindavan? The answer is in the

fundamental difference between the two places. **Vrindavan** was my **Leela Bhumi**, the sacred playground of pure, uninhibited love. Its very essence was devotion and emotion.

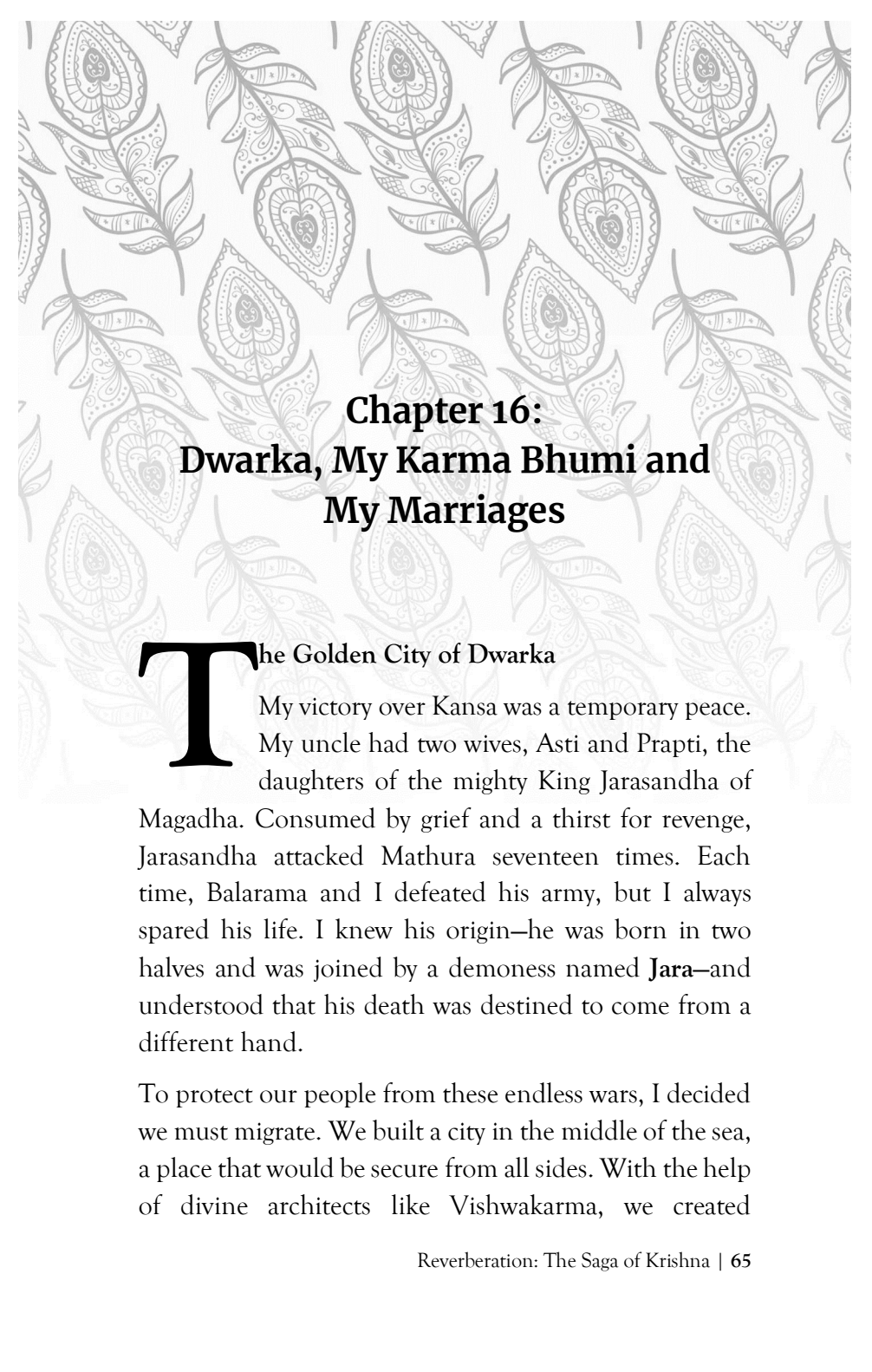
Mathura, on the other hand, was my **Karma Bhumi**, the land of duty, kingship, and earthly concerns. The two worlds were fundamentally incompatible. If I had returned to Vrindavan, the immense love of the Vrajbasis would have made it impossible for me to leave again to fulfil my divine mission. The love there was so complete that it would not have allowed for the world of duty.

When Uddhava returned, he told me everything he had witnessed. His new enlightenment and the message of the Gopis' unwavering love gave me the reassurance and peace I needed to continue my journey.

The journey to Mathura was only the beginning of my life in the world of duty, my Karma Bhumi. Here, I re-established the new kingdom with new ethos, all while remaining true to the lessons of love you taught me in Vrindavan.

“Virah became my silent song, where absence made devotion strong.

Uddhava wept, yet could not see, that Radha’s love was more than me.”



Chapter 16: Dwarka, My Karma Bhumi and My Marriages

The Golden City of Dwarka

My victory over Kansa was a temporary peace. My uncle had two wives, Asti and Prapti, the daughters of the mighty King Jarasandha of Magadha. Consumed by grief and a thirst for revenge, Jarasandha attacked Mathura seventeen times. Each time, Balarama and I defeated his army, but I always spared his life. I knew his origin—he was born in two halves and was joined by a demoness named **Jara**—and understood that his death was destined to come from a different hand.

To protect our people from these endless wars, I decided we must migrate. We built a city in the middle of the sea, a place that would be secure from all sides. With the help of divine architects like Vishwakarma, we created

Dwarka, a magnificent, golden city filled with gardens and lakes, a true haven of peace and righteousness.

The Path of Marriage

My life in Dwarka was also a series of divine plays, or Leela, expressed through my relationships.

The first marriage was that of my brother, Balarama. His wife, **Revati**, was a princess who had lived in the heavens for eons, making her vastly older than him. To unite them, Lord Brahma himself intervened, shortening her height and making her look younger to match Balarama's era. Her journey from the heavens to the earth was a testament to the divine will that brought these two souls together. To everyone, he was the incarnation of my serpentine umbrella '**Sheshnag**'. Actually, like you, he also evolved from my transformation ('**Vikara**') and became integral part of my being in all ages. Those who think that we are different, they are mistaken. He was the masculine form of the energy, whereas you were the feminine form; love and devotion being the common thread for both of you.

One day, one messenger came to Dwarka with a scroll which was written to me by the princess of Vidarbha kingdom, **Rukmini**, the daughter of the king **Bhismaka** and sister of a very powerful warrior **Rukmi**. She was hardly in her puberty and she never met me earlier, nor I met her earlier. But because of my various pastimes including Raasa, killing of Kansa and defeating

Jarashandha seventeen times, my name was all over the places. Rukmini, the princess fell in love with me simply by hearing of my deeds. In her letter, she begged me to save her from a forced marriage to the wicked Shishupala. Moved by her pure love, I raced to her kingdom and rescued her from her brother, Rukmi. She became my principal wife or consort; her love for me was a constant reminder of yours. She was, in many ways, an inspiration and a competitor, constantly striving to reach the depth of your love. She learned to embody the joy of union and the pain of separation, ultimately maturing into a wise and accommodating queen. Why not, Radha? She was also your partial incarnate.

Satyabhama and Jambavati, my other consorts came into my life through a single, fated incident. A powerful jewel, the **Samantak**, was stolen, and I was falsely accused. To clear my name, I journeyed to a cave where I battled the great bear king, **Jambavan**. He recognized me from my previous life as Ram and offered me his daughter, Jambavati, in marriage. The jewel was returned, but to atone for the false accusation, Satyabhama's father also offered her to me in marriage.

Each consort represented a different aspect of my divine power and purpose. Rukmini symbolized prosperity and grace, Satyabhama represented the earth and its sustenance, and Jambavati, the triumph over obstacles.

The Rajasuya Yagna and Sudama's Love

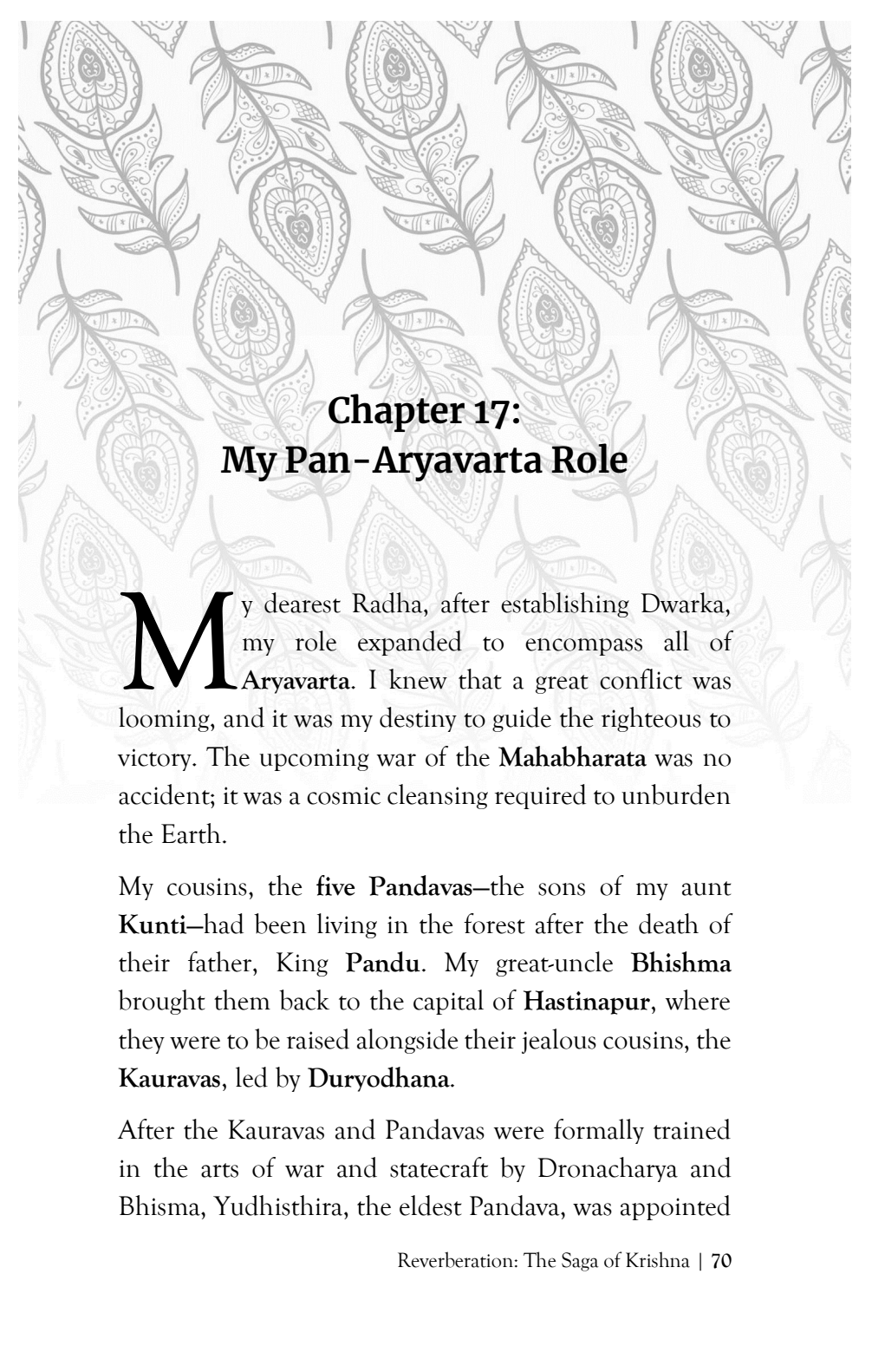
With Dwarka established as a beacon of righteousness, I undertook the Rajasuya Yagna to unite the entire country, now known as Bharatvarsh. My son, Pradyumna, led the Narayani army to victory across the land, bringing many kingdoms under the protective umbrella of Dwarka.

It was during this time that my childhood friend, Sudama, came to visit. He was a poor Brahmin, pure of heart, who came to see me with nothing but a small packet of rice. When the guards hesitated to let him in, there was one guard who listened to him and came to my court informed me about a poor Brahmin Sudama. Immediately, I ran barefoot to the gates, embracing him and taking him into the palace. Rukmini and I washed his feet, honouring him as a Brahmin. He was hesitant to open the small packet in the gorgeous palace. I took it in my hand, opened and ate the rice. Out of shy and dignity, he asked for nothing from me. I was very much moved by his simple and unconditional love. Silently, I blessed him with his home miraculously transformed into a palace. This Leela was a demonstration of the power of pure friendship and love, which transcends all worldly status.

This episode solidified my mission to bring dignity and honour to all people. My time in Dwarka was a grand stage where I played the role of a king, a husband, and a

father, but my ultimate purpose remained the same: to show the world the power of love and compassion.

"In Dwarka's walls, my dharma grew, with vows and bonds both old and new. Yet every bride, each sacred rite, still missed her eyes, her silent light."



Chapter 17: My Pan-Aryavarta Role

My dearest Radha, after establishing Dwarka, my role expanded to encompass all of **Aryavarta**. I knew that a great conflict was looming, and it was my destiny to guide the righteous to victory. The upcoming war of the **Mahabharata** was no accident; it was a cosmic cleansing required to unburden the Earth.

My cousins, the **five Pandavas**—the sons of my aunt **Kunti**—had been living in the forest after the death of their father, King **Pandu**. My great-uncle **Bhishma** brought them back to the capital of **Hastinapur**, where they were to be raised alongside their jealous cousins, the **Kauravas**, led by **Duryodhana**.

After the Kauravas and Pandavas were formally trained in the arts of war and statecraft by Dronacharya and Bhishma, Yudhisthira, the eldest Pandava, was appointed

the principal prince. However, this was a moment of great danger. Duryodhana, fuelled by envy and the deceit of his maternal uncle **Shakuni**, brother of **Gandhari**, orchestrated a deadly plot. He sent the Pandavas and Kunti to the city of Varanavata to be housed in a palace made of highly flammable lac. By the grace of the wise Prime Minister Vidura, who secretly warned them, the Pandavas escaped the fire, but news of their death spread throughout the kingdom, and they were forced into exile.

Draupadi's Svayamvara

During their time in exile, a **Svayamvara** was announced for my friend **Draupadi**, the beautiful princess of Panchal. I had a special role to play in her story; she was a fierce and righteous woman, born from the sacred fire of a yagna by Panchal **King Drupad** with a destiny to bring about justice. I had even trained her in the Vedic traditions and warfare, and she was so much like you on many aspects. Because of her complexion, she was also known as **Krishnaa**.

The Swayamvara's condition was designed by me to ensure only the most worthy specifically Arjuna could win her hand. A magnificent bow and a special target were set up: a moving fish on the ceiling that had to be pierced by an arrow while looking at its reflection in a bowl of water on the floor. Jarasandha, Duryodhana, and all the great warriors of the age failed. But then, a

humble-looking Brahmin, in reality, my cousin **Arjuna**, stood up and, with a single shot, pierced the target's eye and won Draupadi's heart and hands.



Dr. Anupama Satpathy

Arjuna wins the Swayamvara

The Unconventional Marriage and a New Kingdom

When the Pandavas, still in their Brahmin disguises, returned to their hut, their mother Kunti, unaware of who they had brought home, told them to share whatever they had received. Her words created a great dilemma, as Draupadi could not be shared like a gift. It was at this moment that Vyasadeva and I arrived, revealing the divine purpose behind the events. Citing past examples, Vyasadeva declared that Draupadi's marriage to all five Pandava brothers was not a violation but a matter of cosmic destiny fixed in her previous birth. After penance, she asked for a boon to marry a man with five qualities righteousness, power, valour, knowledge and beauty. As all the mentioned qualities in a single man on earth was an impossibility, she was given the boon to marry five men, each with the different attributes.

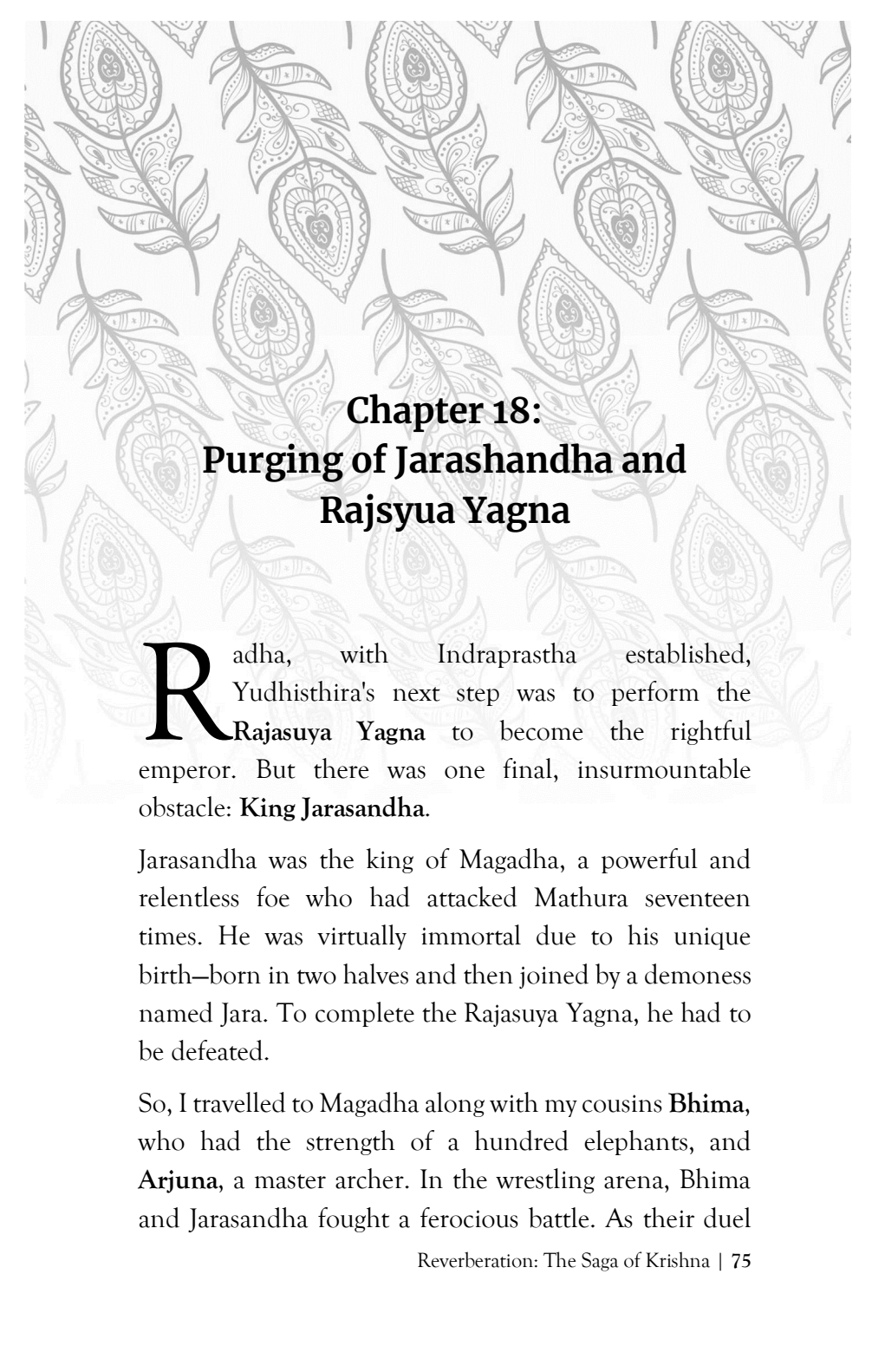
The marriage of the Pandavas to Draupadi created a new, powerful alliance with the kingdom of Panchal. The Pandavas, their identity now revealed, were brought back to Hastinapur. But once again, Duryodhana's greed led to a division of the kingdom. The Pandavas were given the arid, wild forest of **Khandavprastha**. With my help, Arjuna and I used divine weapons left by some powerful Rishi to clear the forest. From its ashes, we created a magical, modern city of unparalleled beauty and prosperity: **Indraprastha**.

With Indraprastha established, Yudhisthira was advised to perform the **Rajasuya Yagna**. This was a grand

ceremony to declare him a true emperor and solidify his righteous rule over all of Bharatvarsh. It was also part of my larger plan to bring all the world's kings and their egos together, setting the stage for the final, great battle to establish righteousness.

“Across the land, my counsel flew, where kings and dharma sought the true.

I stood not just as friend or lord, but conscience in the warrior’s sword.”



Chapter 18: Purging of Jarashandha and Rajsuya Yagna

Radha, with Indraprastha established, Yudhisthira's next step was to perform the **Rajasuya Yagna** to become the rightful emperor. But there was one final, insurmountable obstacle: **King Jarasandha**.

Jarasandha was the king of Magadha, a powerful and relentless foe who had attacked Mathura seventeen times. He was virtually immortal due to his unique birth—born in two halves and then joined by a demoness named Jara. To complete the Rajasuya Yagna, he had to be defeated.

So, I travelled to Magadha along with my cousins **Bhima**, who had the strength of a hundred elephants, and **Arjuna**, a master archer. In the wrestling arena, Bhima and Jarasandha fought a ferocious battle. As their duel

raged, I gave Bhima the secret to Jarasandha's life. Following my unspoken instructions, Bhima split Jarasandha's body into two and threw the halves in opposite directions, preventing them from rejoining. With that final, decisive act, the tyrannical king was vanquished. His death also freed hundreds of kings he had imprisoned, and they all pledged their loyalty to Yudhisthira.

The Great Rajasuya Yagna & The Seeds of the Great War

With Jarasandha gone, the path was clear for the Rajasuya Yagna. All the great kings, sages, and relatives, including the Kauravas, were in attendance. I was honoured as the patron of the ceremony, but this did not sit well with the wicked **Shishupala**, the King of Chedi.

Shishupala was an arrogant king who had a divine boon from me after his birth: he would be forgiven for a hundred insults. But during the sacred ritual, he crossed all limits of decorum, insulting me in front of all the dignitaries. As he crossed his one-hundredth blasphemy, my divine **Sudarshan Chakra** appeared and beheaded him on the spot. His death purified the assembly, and his soul was liberated.

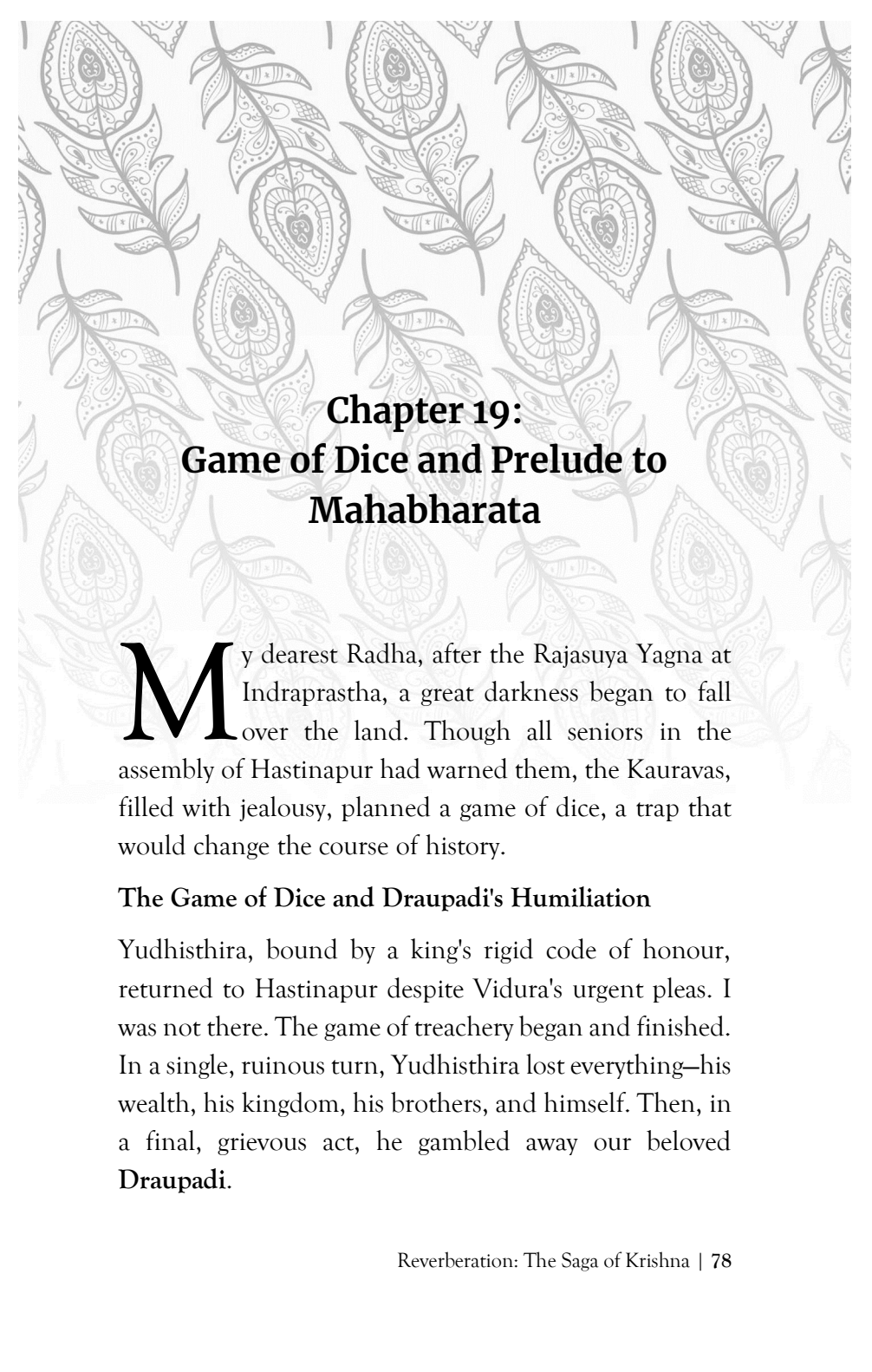
Though the Kauravas protested, my great-uncle Bhishma justified my actions, explaining that Shishupala's death was a divine judgment that did not defile the yagna. The

ceremony was completed successfully, and Yudhishthira was crowned emperor of Bharatvarsh.

After the yagna, the Kauravas visited the magnificent palace of Indraprastha, and the illusions of its architecture fuelled their jealousy. They saw a floor that looked like water and water that looked like a floor, a spectacle that made them feel mocked and humiliated. With hearts full of envy, they returned to Hastinapur, plotting a game of dice to deceitfully win the kingdom from the Pandavas, a treacherous act that would set the stage for the great war.

“The tyrant fell, the yagna rose, where dharma bloomed and ego froze.

Yudhishthir’s fire, my guiding hand, restored the grace of Arya land.”



Chapter 19: Game of Dice and Prelude to Mahabharata

My dearest Radha, after the Rajasuya Yagna at Indraprastha, a great darkness began to fall over the land. Though all seniors in the assembly of Hastinapur had warned them, the Kauravas, filled with jealousy, planned a game of dice, a trap that would change the course of history.

The Game of Dice and Draupadi's Humiliation

Yudhishthira, bound by a king's rigid code of honour, returned to Hastinapur despite Vidura's urgent pleas. I was not there. The game of treachery began and finished. In a single, ruinous turn, Yudhishthira lost everything—his wealth, his kingdom, his brothers, and himself. Then, in a final, grievous act, he gambled away our beloved Draupadi.

Duryodhana and Dushasana, with their heinous intentions, dragged her by her hair into the assembly hall. With her single garment, in the throes of her monthly cycle, she stood alone before the entire court. She cried out, not for pity, but with a question that shamed the elders: *"When my husband lost himself, did he still have the right to wager me?"* No one answered.

Then came the ultimate cruelty. Dushasana began to disrobe her. But in that moment of utter despair, as she cried out my name, I intervened. It was not a grand display of power, but a gentle act of compassion. I used the collective power of all the Kuru wives, who, led by Duryodhana's own wife **Bhanumati**, watched in horror from the balcony. They instinctively offered their own saris, and as each one was added, Draupadi's garment was extended. Dushasana, exhausted and defeated, finally collapsed, and Draupadi's modesty was saved. But the lady born out of fire was burning with rage and cursed that the whole dynasty will be extinct in near future and she will not bind her hair till that happens.



Dr. Anupama Satpathy

Draupadi's dress-stripping and the uprise of the Kuru brides

Gandhari, the Queen Mother, stepped forward and, to prevent a divine curse from falling upon her family, convinced her husband Dhritarashtra to offer Draupadi three boons. With her two boons, Draupadi chose to free

Yudhisthira and her husbands, thus showing her wisdom and forgiveness. Thus, Draupadi won back the kingdom with her astute knowledge and eloquence without using a single weapon.

The Second Game and Banishment

Yet, the peace was fleeting. While returning to Indraprastha, the Pandavas were summoned for a second game of dice. Yudhisthira, again bound by his flawed sense of duty, returned to the court. This time, he lost everything again, and the Pandavas were banished to the forest for twelve years, followed by one year of living in disguise.

After their exile, I went to Hastinapur as a "**messenger of peace**" on their behalf. I offered a final truce, proposing that the Pandavas be given just five small villages to live in. But Duryodhana, blinded by his pride, declared that he would not give them even "a needle-point of land."

In a final attempt to avert the war, I revealed my divine form, the **Viswarupa**, to the court. I showed them a glimpse of the great war to come, with all its death and destruction. All the elders, including Bhishma and Dronacharya, were filled with awe, but Duryodhana saw nothing. His fate was sealed.

The Unavoidable War

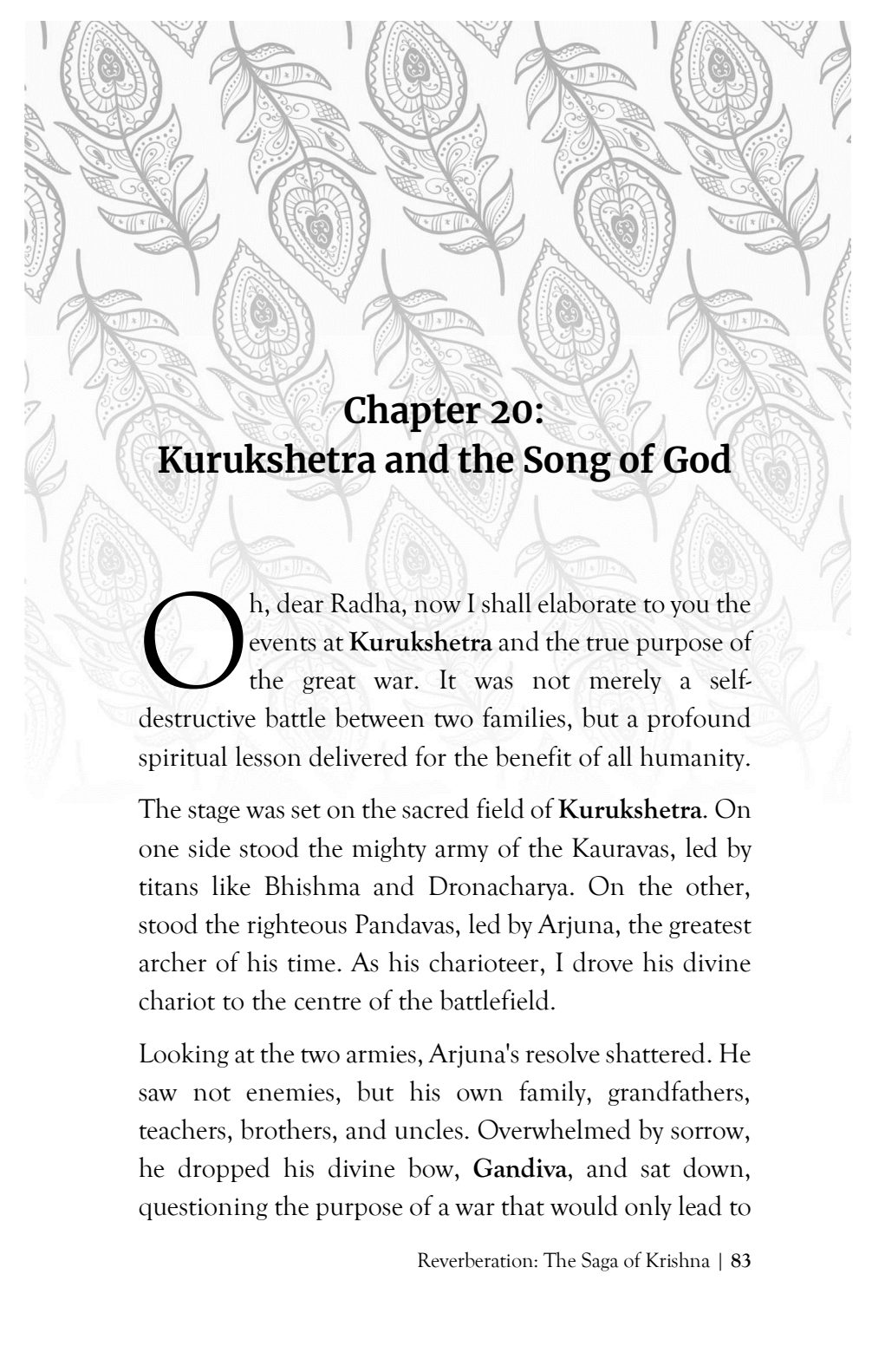
With diplomacy exhausted, the war was now inevitable. I returned to the Pandavas and asked them to prepare.

Both sides came to me, seeking my allegiance. Balarama, refusing to take part, chose neutrality. I, on the other hand, offered two choices: my mighty Narayani army or my weapon less self.

Duryodhana, seeing only material power, chose my army. Arjuna, understanding true power, chose me to be his **charioteer**. It was not mere destiny, but a yearning of the **Atma** (individual soul) to merge with the **Paramatma** (cosmic self) to fight for righteousness. The youngest Pandava, Sahadeva, a seer who knew the future, past and present was even asked by Duryodhana to calculate the most auspicious day to begin the war. And so, the stage was set for the epic battle of Kurukshetra.

“The dice were cast, the shame was sown, where virtue wept and sin was known.

A silent vow I held that day, to guide the lost through war’s dismay.”



Chapter 20: Kurukshetra and the Song of God

Oh, dear Radha, now I shall elaborate to you the events at **Kurukshetra** and the true purpose of the great war. It was not merely a self-destructive battle between two families, but a profound spiritual lesson delivered for the benefit of all humanity.

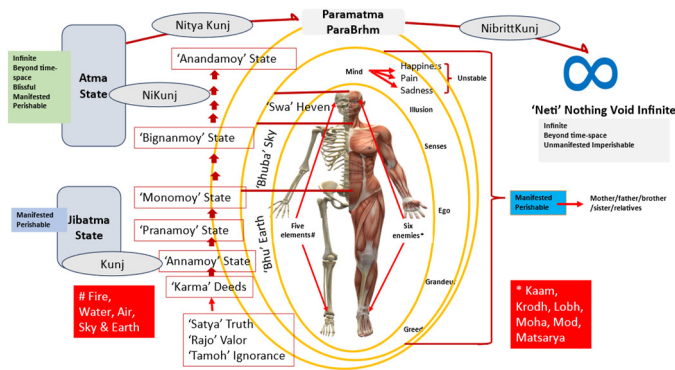
The stage was set on the sacred field of **Kurukshetra**. On one side stood the mighty army of the Kauravas, led by titans like Bhishma and Dronacharya. On the other, stood the righteous Pandavas, led by Arjuna, the greatest archer of his time. As his charioteer, I drove his divine chariot to the centre of the battlefield.

Looking at the two armies, Arjuna's resolve shattered. He saw not enemies, but his own family, grandfathers, teachers, brothers, and uncles. Overwhelmed by sorrow, he dropped his divine bow, **Gandiva**, and sat down, questioning the purpose of a war that would only lead to

the death of his loved ones and the destruction of the world. It was at this moment that I began to speak the eternal song of the universe, the **Bhagavad Gita**.



The ‘Bhagavat Geeta’ The Song of God.



I explained to Arjuna that his sorrow was born of ignorance, and that the path to a righteous life is found in understanding a few key truths. I drew a mental map encompassing a human body, soul or Atma, Infinite Being or Paramatma and their intricate relationship for Arjuna and all the human generations. I explained the fundamental truth that lies beneath all of creation and the immortality of the soul.

The Body vs. the Soul: The human body is a temporary vessel, a collection of the five basic elements, infused with primal life energy (Prana). It is subject to growth, decay, and death. But within this body resides the **Atma**—the eternal, infinite, and indestructible soul. All relationships, like that of a brother or a father, are merely illusions tied to this perishable body. *“Arjuna, you are not killing your relatives; you are simply acting on a higher duty that impacts their perishable bodies.”*

The Path of Action (Karma): I told Arjuna that every being has a purpose and a duty (Dharma). The Pandavas’ duty was to fight for righteousness. I instructed him to perform his duty without attachment to the outcome. You have the right to act, but not to the fruits of your action. This is the essence of **Karma Yoga**.

The Nature of Evil: I reminded Arjuna of the unrighteousness that plagued the opposing army. Bhishma, though righteous, was bound by a vow to protect Hastinapur, a kingdom that had committed

grave sins. Dronacharya's love for his son **Ashwathama** blinded him to the evil of Duryodhana. Duryodhana himself was an embodiment of ego, jealousy, and treachery. Karna, in the name of loyalty and friendship chose to side with injustice. It was necessary to purge these evils, not for personal gain, but for the sake of humanity.

The Paths to the Infinite Being: I explained that the true goal of life is to transcend the cycle of birth and death and unite with the supreme reality. This can be achieved through any of the four paths: **Karma Yoga:** The path of selfless action; **Bhakti Yoga:** The path of unwavering love and devotion; **Jnana Yoga:** The path of knowledge and wisdom; **Dhyana Yoga:** The path of meditation and penance. I reminded him that all these paths lead to the same destination, and that even the simple love of the Gopis, an example of **Bhakti Yoga**, was enough to unite them with me.

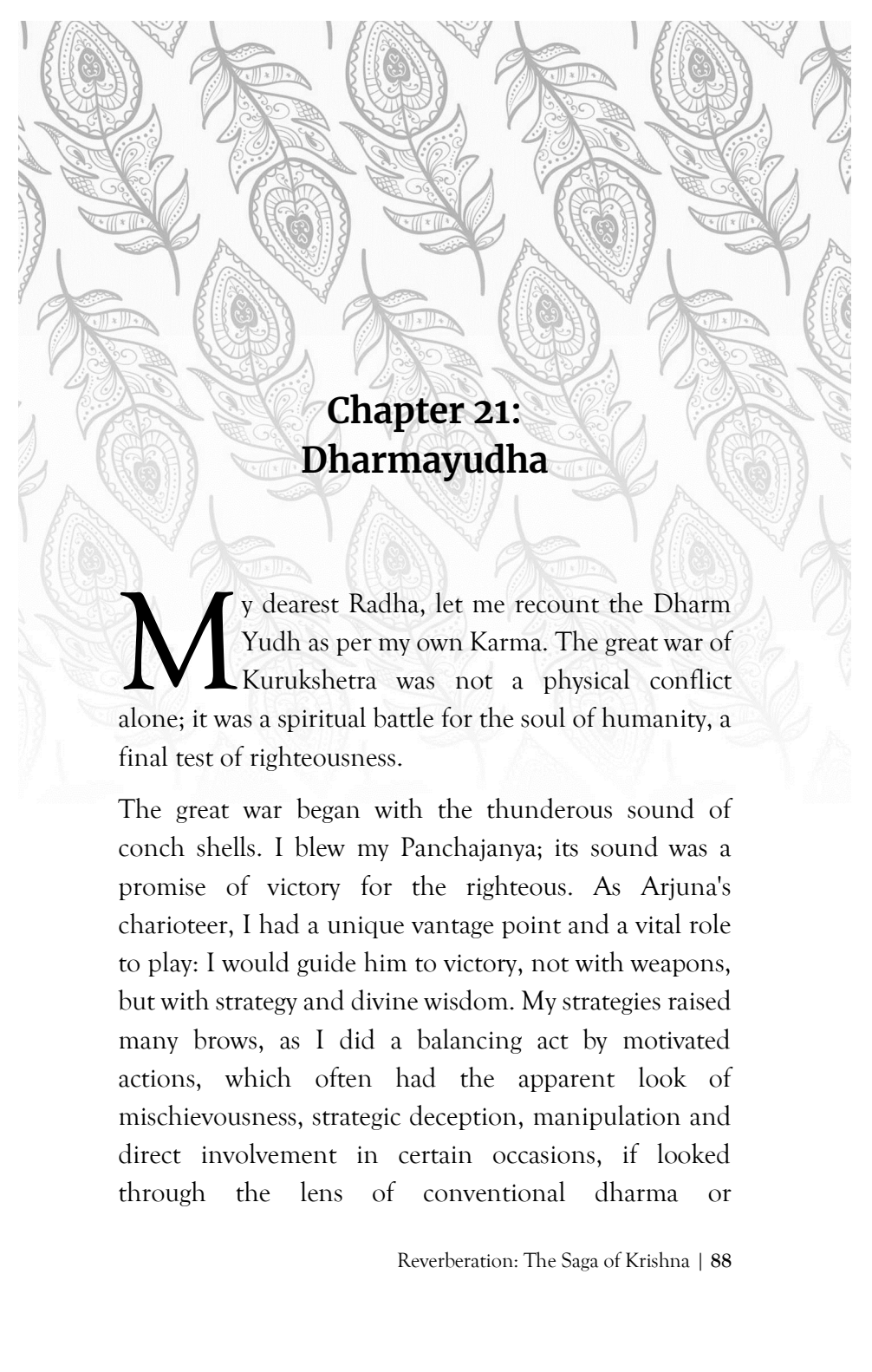
The Cosmic Form (Viswarupa) and Renewed Resolve

To truly convey my message, I granted Arjuna a divine vision to see my **Viswarupa**—the terrifying, infinite cosmic form that contains all of creation, preservation, and destruction. He saw the past, present, and future, and the inevitable destruction of all the warriors in the Kurukshetra war. Overwhelmed by the sight of this ultimate truth, Arjuna begged me to return to my familiar human form.

With his doubts vanished and his purpose clear, Arjuna picked up his bow. He had become a fully surrendered devotee, ready to fight the righteous war (Dharma Yudh) not for personal victory, but as an act of selfless duty. He now understood that I was not just his charioteer, but the supreme guide of his **Karma**.

“On battlefield where brothers bled, I sang of truth the soul must wed.

The Gita rose from war’s despair, a song of light in darkest air.”



Chapter 21: Dharmayudha

My dearest Radha, let me recount the Dharm Yudh as per my own Karma. The great war of Kurukshetra was not a physical conflict alone; it was a spiritual battle for the soul of humanity, a final test of righteousness.

The great war began with the thunderous sound of conch shells. I blew my Panchajanya; its sound was a promise of victory for the righteous. As Arjuna's charioteer, I had a unique vantage point and a vital role to play: I would guide him to victory, not with weapons, but with strategy and divine wisdom. My strategies raised many brows, as I did a balancing act by motivated actions, which often had the apparent look of mischievousness, strategic deception, manipulation and direct involvement in certain occasions, if looked through the lens of conventional dharma or

righteousness. But as I told earlier, my role aligned with the broader perspective of right to live and let other live happily, sovereignty and welfare of the everyone. Accordingly, I navigated the moral ambiguities and complexities to secure order and justice and preserve cosmic balance with my. I asked Arjuna to follow the same path of without any question. When Bhishma was in the fiercest state destroying the army of the Pandavas, I broke my own vow of not using a weapon and raised my Sudarshan Chakra to confront Bhishma, ensuring Arjuna's victory. But Arjuna did not allow it. I guided him to defeat Bhishma by having Shikhandi stand before him, knowing Bhishma's vow would not allow him to fight a person he considered a woman.

I created an illusion of sunset applying the knowledge of celestial phenomenon of eclipse to make **Jayadratha**, the husband of Kaurava princess **Dushala**, a powerful warrior to believe he was safe to come out from the safety net of Dronacharya. Earlier he trapped and arranged for the heinous death of Arjuna's son **Abhimanyu**, which led Arjuna to vow to kill him before the sunset. After the eclipse was over, when the sun returned with its aura, Arjuna killed Jayadratha and kept his vow. I also had Bhima's son, Ghatotkacha, engage Karna in a fierce battle, forcing Karna to use his most powerful divine weapon, the Basavastra, leaving him vulnerable to Arjuna later. Dronacharya could not hear the complete sentence by Yudhishthira out of blinded love for his son

“*Ashwathama is dead, it’s an elephant,*” left his weapons and demised because of the profound grief of losing his son. **Dhristadhyumnya**, the brother of Draupadi and the Chief General of the Pandava Army just chopped the head of the corpse of Dronacharya. All these were orchestrated by me only for the sake of righteousness.

My actions, though they seemed to bend the rules, were always to protect the Pandavas from deceit and to ensure that justice was served. When Karna's chariot wheel became stuck in the mud, I told Arjuna to strike him down, reminding him that Karna had helped in the heinous act against Draupadi. At the very end, I signalled Bhima to strike Duryodhana on his thigh, a blow that was technically against the rules of mace fighting, but was a just retaliation for the insult Duryodhana had levelled against Draupadi, the woman of the Kuru clan.

The war was over, but the grief had just begun. On the final night, Ashwatthama, Dronacharya's son, slaughtered the sleeping Pandava army, including the five sons of Draupadi. When Ashwatthama later used the Brahmastra missile to destroy the unborn child of Arjuna's son, Abhimanyu, I protected the infant, who was my partial incarnation. The child was named **Parikshit**, meaning "examined with success," and he went on to be the future king of Hastinapur.

When the mothers came to mourn their dead on the battlefield, the grieving mother of the Kauravas,

Gandhari, saw the devastation and cursed me. She blamed me for the war and foretold the destruction of my own Yadu clan. I accepted her curse as a boon, knowing it was the inevitable end to my divine Leela on Earth.

It was then that **Barbarik**, a great warrior who sacrificed his life for me and witnessed the entire war, revealed a deeper truth to Gandhari. He told her that he saw only one face on the battlefield—mine. He explained that I was not just the strategist, but the one who fought and died in every single war. The pain of every mother, the sorrow of every wife, and the death of every warrior was me to bear. I took upon myself the suffering of all to lighten the burden of sin on Mother Earth and to re-establish Dharma. The poet solemnly whispered the events of the war and the dialogues between Barbarik and Gandhari.

“The battlefield, full of dead bodies.

Vultures in the sky, wild flesh-eating animals are sitting on the corpse.

Stink all around.

The thunderous crying of the childless mother questioning:

Why was there nobody in her loving arms?

So much deception! So many deaths!

You, Krishna, you are the one and only one responsible!

Before so many whys answered, the verdict of the trial had been served already.

Mother Gandhari cursed, Yadu clan would face the same consequence.

Aggrieved, agitated Gandhari was beyond any explanation!

Barbarik, the pious child of another mother, Mouravi, wife of Ghatotkoch

Sacrificed his life before even the first arrow was thrown. He said:

'Mato, you are absolutely right. Sri Krishna is solely responsible.

I saw only one face in the whole war. It was Krishna only.

He was Bhishma killing so many soldiers who were Him only,

He was Arjuna giving Bhishma a bed of arrows,

Liberating him from all pains of deathless life.

He was Abhimanyu killing thousands of soldiers of Kauravas,

He himself was brutally killed by the seven masters of war, not Abhimanyu.

*He was Drona, Dhristadhyumnya. He was Karna, and
He himself was Partha !*

*He was Bhima, Duryodhana. He was everyone's
weapon.*

He got all the injuries.

*He died every time, and you, we all still are alive for
Him only.*

*He is the birth and He is the death. Everything starts
with Him, and end with Him.*

*Unique physical principle of 'Na hanyate' was the
essence of His body...*

*Mato, He only enjoyed the pleasure of your delivery,
the pain of death was also His".*

*Gandhari asked: 'If it is so, why was the fuss? Couldn't
it all be simpler?'*

Barbarik said:

*"No Mato, He couldn't. Another suffering mother, the
earth,*

Would not be lightened from the burden of sins.

*None could ever learn the pain of disrobing a
menstruating wife, mother, sister!*

*There would not have been retribution for fire born
out of violence, lust and greed.*

The punishment for the sins of burning a living person was all but due.

A sense of duty to a friend was good, so was charity; But being a companion of adharm!

Must he be destroyed!

If the rotten fruit is not destroyed, the whole fruit basket will!

Come, Mato. Let us all together build a new world free from pains and sins.”

Post war Building

Kurukshetra war was over. My mission shifted from guiding the battle to assisting the Pandavas in rebuilding a nation. The devastation was immense, but so was the opportunity for a new beginning.

Lessons from a Dying Patriarch

Before the new era could truly begin, I orchestrated one final, vital act. The great patriarch **Bhishma** was still lying on his bed of arrows, waiting for the auspicious time to leave his body. I requested that he impart his vast knowledge and experience on the principles of kingship and Dharma to the new king, Yudhisthira. Bhishma delivered his final lessons, a profound discourse on governance, ethics, and life itself. With his duty to the kingdom fulfilled, he chose the exact moment of his

demise, passing on with the honour and respect he deserved.

Yudhisthira, now king of Hastinapur, immediately initiated the changes I had long envisioned. His first royal decree was to declare that any person could become a **Kshatriya** (warrior) through their **Karma** (actions) and skill, not by birth. This revolutionary idea was a tribute to the memory of Karna and a step towards a more just and equitable society. He also introduced welfare schemes for the families of those who lost their lives during the war. The new administration was a model of righteousness, with Draupadi overseeing the treasury and social welfare, Bhima in charge of internal security, and Arjuna protecting the kingdom from outside threats.

The Ashvamedha Yagna

To cleanse the kingdom of the devastation of war and affirm their sovereignty, Yudhisthira was advised to perform the **Ashvamedha Yagna**. It also served the purpose of getting peace of minds for all. This was a grand ceremony involving a horse's journey across the entire country, symbolizing the kingdom's reach.

I extended my full support to ensure the success of this monumental task. Arjuna was tasked with following the horse, and his journey brought forth two poignant encounters:

When the horse reached the border of the Sindhu kingdom, Arjuna was met by a hostile army led by **Dushala**, the widowed sister of Duryodhana. She believed he had come for revenge. But Arjuna, showing no animosity, approached her without a weapon. He reassured her that he saw her only as his sister and offered his respect, a powerful act of post-war forgiveness that moved her to tears. In the far east, Arjuna faced the greatest challenge of his life—a duel with a powerful young warrior. The duel was fierce, and to everyone's horror, Arjuna was killed. The young man was his own son, **Vavrubahana**, born to his wife Chitrangada. I rushed to the scene and, with the help of his other wife, Ulupi, used a divine jewel to bring Arjuna back to life. This episode was a testament to the unpredictable nature of Karma and the power of family love, even in the midst of duty.

The **Ashvamedha Yagna** was completed, and with it, the Pandavas brought peace and stability to the land. My work in Hastinapur was done.

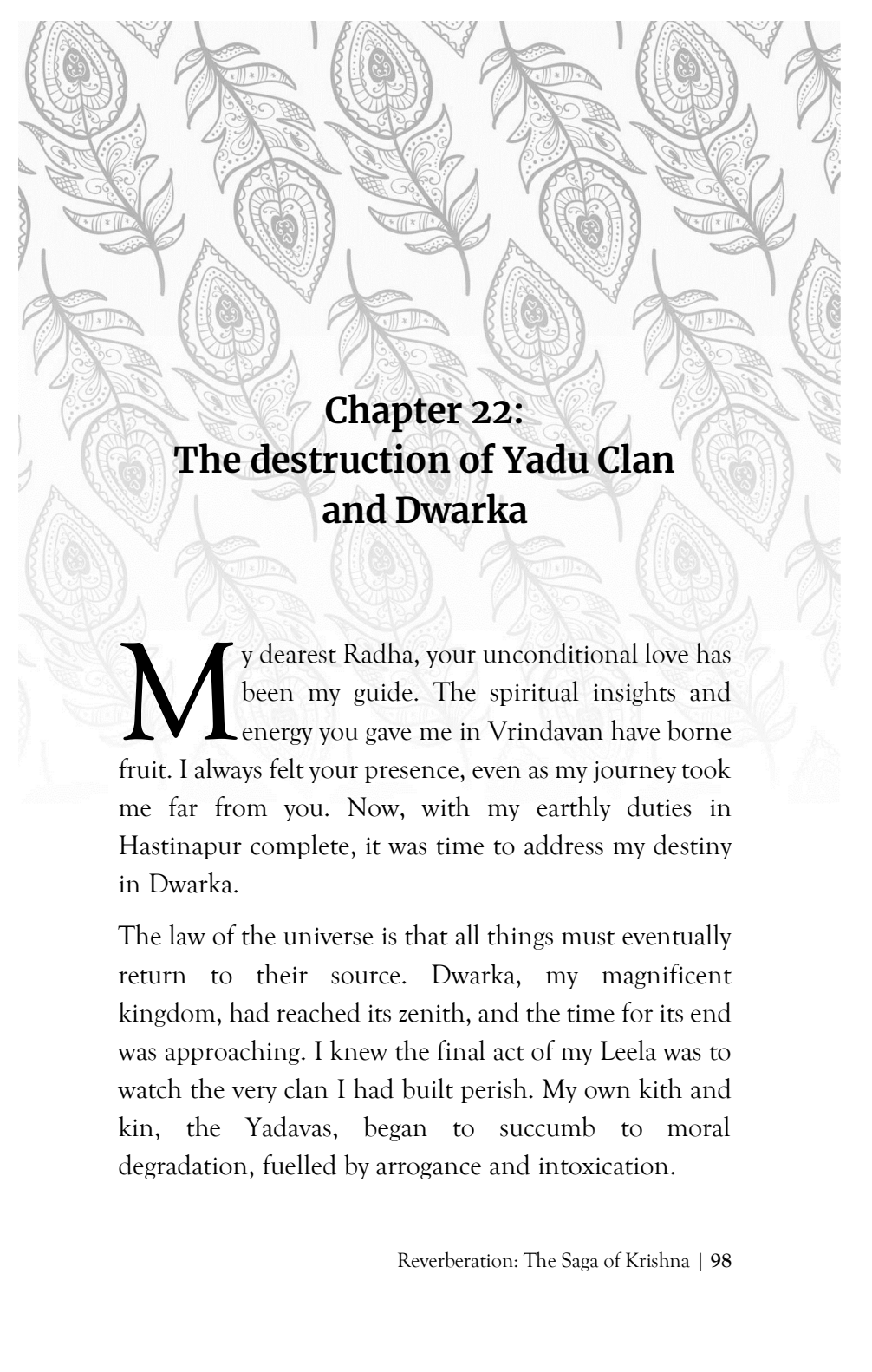
The Inevitable End

Though I was happy with the new era of Dharma and prosperity, my mind was also heavy with the foreboding of a different kind of destiny. I knew that the laws of the universe were immutable, and a new era, **Kaliyuga**, was about to begin. The time for my final act on Earth was drawing near, and it was tied to the fate of my own clan.

With a heavy heart, I bid farewell to the Pandavas and returned to Dwarka, knowing that mother Gandhari's curse, and the will of the cosmic order, would soon come to pass. The curtain was slowly falling on the great era of **Dvapara Yuga.**

“The arrows flew, the dharma cried, yet justice stood though kin had died.

I held the wheel, not sword or spear, for truth alone I chose to steer.”



Chapter 22: **The destruction of Yadu Clan and Dwarka**

My dearest Radha, your unconditional love has been my guide. The spiritual insights and energy you gave me in Vrindavan have borne fruit. I always felt your presence, even as my journey took me far from you. Now, with my earthly duties in Hastinapur complete, it was time to address my destiny in Dwarka.

The law of the universe is that all things must eventually return to their source. Dwarka, my magnificent kingdom, had reached its zenith, and the time for its end was approaching. I knew the final act of my Leela was to watch the very clan I had built perish. My own kith and kin, the Yadavas, began to succumb to moral degradation, fuelled by arrogance and intoxication.

This cosmic destiny was sealed at a holy place called Prabhasa. My son, Samba, led a group of irreverent young Yadavas who played a cruel prank on a sage. Cursed by the sage, Samba produced an iron shell, which was ground into powder and cast into the sea by my elder brother Balaram. This powder returned to the shore as a sharp, reedy grass called Eraka. At a grand festival, a small argument escalated into a full-blown civil war. The Yadavas, in their drunken rage, began to kill each other with the sharp blades of the Eraka grass, which had transformed into lethal iron rods. I tried to intervene, but their fate was sealed. The entire clan was annihilated before my eyes, a final fulfilment of Gandhari's curse.

With the Yadu clan destroyed, my brother Balarama retreated to a forest. There, he entered a state of deep meditation, and from his mouth emerged the great serpent Sheshnag, his true form. He returned to his celestial abode, having fulfilled his divine Leela on Earth.

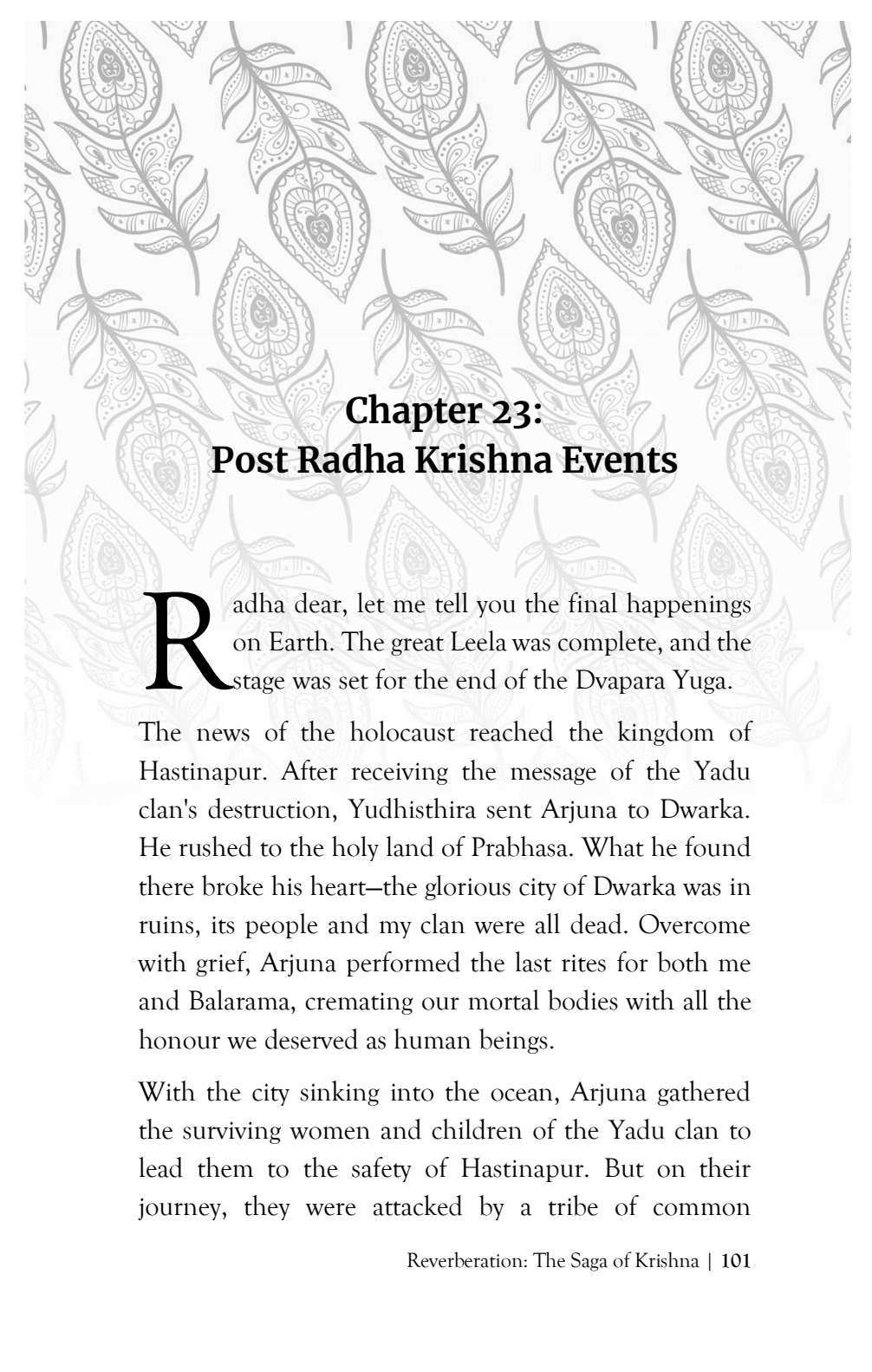
I, too, retreated to a forest in Prabhasa. As I reclined under a pipal tree, a hunter named Jara mistook my foot for a deer and shot an arrow made from the cursed iron grass. I had chosen to leave my body in this way. Jara, in his previous life during Treta Yuga, was the great king Vali, whom I had killed in my incarnation as Rama. He had returned to fulfil his destiny during the Dvapara Yuga. When he realized his mistake, he was full of remorse, but I told him this was a divine plan. I forgave him, and his soul was liberated and united with me. You

already left the earth earlier and were awaiting me at the Golakdham.

The final moment for me to leave the Earth came. In those last moments, all my other divine consorts—Rukmini, Satyabhama, Jambavati, and others like Revati—all of whom were partial incarnations of you, Radha, also united with me. All Sakhis and Sakhas, mother Yashoda and others joined me in my last journey. My final earthly promises were fulfilled, and now, my only remaining task was to return to you, my original love, and to Golakdham.

And so, Radha, our odyssey from Golakdham to the mortal world and back has come to an end. We are back here together. This saga of love and Dharma will echo through every era, a reminder that the divine cycle of creation and destruction continues forever.

“My clan dissolved like ocean’s foam, where pride had built its fragile home. Dwarka sank beneath the wave, a city lost, a soul to save.”



Chapter 23: Post Radha Krishna Events

Radha dear, let me tell you the final happenings on Earth. The great Leela was complete, and the stage was set for the end of the Dvapara Yuga.

The news of the holocaust reached the kingdom of Hastinapur. After receiving the message of the Yadu clan's destruction, Yudhishthira sent Arjuna to Dwarka. He rushed to the holy land of Prabhasa. What he found there broke his heart—the glorious city of Dwarka was in ruins, its people and my clan were all dead. Overcome with grief, Arjuna performed the last rites for both me and Balarama, cremating our mortal bodies with all the honour we deserved as human beings.

With the city sinking into the ocean, Arjuna gathered the surviving women and children of the Yadu clan to lead them to the safety of Hastinapur. But on their journey, they were attacked by a tribe of common

bandits. To his horror and shame, Arjuna's mighty divine bow, Gandiva, seemed to have lost its power. His arrows missed their mark, and he was utterly defeated. This defeat, for the greatest archer in the world, was a painful testament to the end of an era. The divine blessings that had protected the Pandavas were now gone.

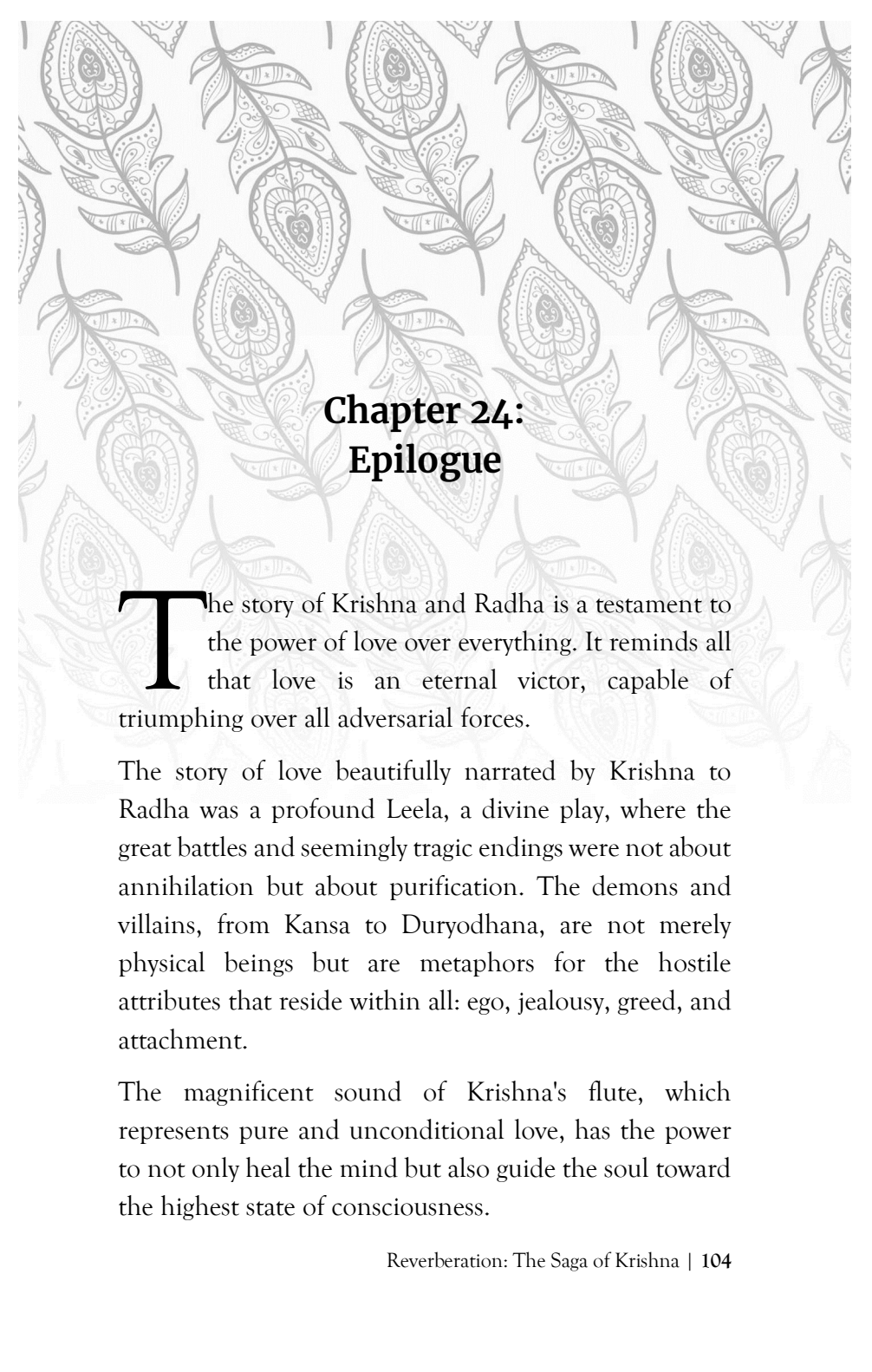
After Arjuna's departure, the rising waters of the ocean completely engulfed the once-great city of Dwarka, submerging it forever and marking the end of my earthly realm.

When Arjuna finally reached Hastinapur, he narrated the entire heartbreaking tale to Yudhisthira and his brothers. The message was clear to them: It was the time for their own journey back to the source. With the righteous king Parikshit, the last descendant of the Pandava clan, on the throne, they had fulfilled their purpose.

Relinquishing their kingdom and their mortal attachments, the Pandavas and Draupadi embarked on their final, great journey, the Mahaprasthan. They walked north towards the Himalayas, a pilgrimage to their final destination, where their mortal bodies would fall away, and their souls would finally unite with the Supreme Being. The Dvapara Yuga had ended, and the new age, Kaliyuga, had begun.

*“The tale moved on, the names grew faint, yet love remained
without complaint.*

*In every heart, our echoes stay, as timeless truths that never
fray.”*



Chapter 24: Epilogue

The story of Krishna and Radha is a testament to the power of love over everything. It reminds all that love is an eternal victor, capable of triumphing over all adversarial forces.

The story of love beautifully narrated by Krishna to Radha was a profound Leela, a divine play, where the great battles and seemingly tragic endings were not about annihilation but about purification. The demons and villains, from Kansa to Duryodhana, are not merely physical beings but are metaphors for the hostile attributes that reside within all: ego, jealousy, greed, and attachment.

The magnificent sound of Krishna's flute, which represents pure and unconditional love, has the power to not only heal the mind but also guide the soul toward the highest state of consciousness.

The Sudarshan Chakra, my divine discus, is often seen as a weapon of destruction. But the cosmic wheel of time and justice are its true identity and purpose. It cuts the threads of evil deeds, allowing the eternal soul to be freed from the burden of its Karma and to rejoin the eternal Supreme Being. It is an instrument of transformation, not just destruction, ensuring that the balance of the universe is maintained.

This entire narrative, from Gokula to Vrindavan, Dwarka to Kurukshetra and back to Golakdham, is a timeless tale of unconditional love and devotion. This saga, told through the conversations between us, is an eternal story about the unbreakable bond of divine love that will continue to reverberate and inspire all through every era, forever.

The voice of the poet reverberates:

“This tale of love, beyond all strife, is not of death, but birth of life.

Where Krishna’s song and Radha’s gaze, unfold the soul in mystic blaze.

The flute that sings in forest deep, awakes the hearts that long to weep.

Its notes are balm, its breath is light, that guides the soul to truth and right.

The demons slain were not just men, but shadows in the heart’s own den.

*Kansa, Duryodhana—names that show, the ego's grip, the greed
we grow.*

*My Sudarshan, the wheel divine, does not just break, but
realign.*

*It cuts the cords of karmic chain, to free the soul from guilt and
pain.*

*This saga told in whispered tone, from Gokul's dust to
Dharma's throne,*

It is not a war, but sacred art, that purifies the human heart.

*Radha, my mirror, muse, and flame, you knew my truth beyond
the name.*

*Our love, though veiled in worldly guise, still shines in every
seeker's eyes.*

*Through every age, this tale shall ring, in hearts that yearn, in
flutes that sing.*

*A bond that time cannot erase, a love that holds the cosmic
grace.*

*Let this book be not just read, but felt where soul and silence
wed.*

*For in its verse, the gods still play, and love shall lead the
timeless way”.*



About the Author



Mrinal Kanti Das is a healer by profession and a seeker by calling. A distinguished cardiologist, he holds an MD in Internal Medicine and a post-doctoral DM in Cardiology. For decades, he has tended to the physical ailments of the heart—but through his journey, he discovered that many suffer from wounds far deeper than medicine can reach.

While serving patients, Dr. Das witnessed the silent anguish of countless lives—pain not only of the body, but of the mind and spirit. This realization led him to extend his healing beyond the clinic, embracing benevolent work through his adopted NGO in the remote corners of West Bengal, India. There, among the have-nots and

the forgotten, he found stories of resilience, sorrow, and quiet hope.

Inspired by these encounters, he began writing—not as a professional author, but as a humble chronicler of truth. Drawing from personal experience and the timeless wisdom of Indian scriptures, he wove narratives that uplift, empower, and rekindle faith in the self. His words, infused with the spirit of epic characters and spiritual teachings, became a source of strength for students and families in underserved communities, where his NGO continues to support education and health.

This book is born of that journey. *Reverberation: The Saga of Krishna* is a heartfelt offering to a generation burdened by invisible pressures. It seeks to soothe, to awaken, and to remind us all of the eternal and universal love that Krishna once offered to Radha—a love that still flows, waiting to be received.

Dr. Das writes not to impress, but to embrace. His pen is guided by compassion, his purpose rooted in service, and his message simple yet profound: Love heals. Faith empowers. And the heart, when touched by divinity, remembers its own light

About the Book

Reverberation: The Saga of Krishna is a profound retelling of Krishna's eternal message of unconditional love and devotion, shared with Radha after their earthly pastimes in the Dvapara Yuga. Through intimate dialogues and philosophical reflections, the book explores love as the path to salvation—transcending rituals, relationships, and even time itself.

Beginning with the cosmic origin of the Universe from the unmanifested Void, the narrative blends ancient wisdom with modern quantum theory. It traces Rishi Veda Vyasa's transition from singularity to dualism, making divinity accessible to all.

Krishna and Radha's bond—free from societal constraints—embodies the power of love in both personal and cosmic realms. Joined by the Gopis and Gopas, their journey reflects the eternal dance of union and separation, devotion and destiny.

The book offers fresh insights into Raas Leela, the symbolism of Krishna's flute, Sudarshan Chakra, and the interplay of mind and body. Whether read as a spiritual reflection or a timeless story, *Reverberation* affirms one enduring truth: **Love is eternal. Love is transformative. Love is the key to life's deepest mysteries.**