

Stories before the Silence

— A Meditation Companion book —

Bala Trichy



BlueRose ONE^{.com}
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Acknowledgement and Gratitude

There are far too many people to thank, and that in itself feels like a quiet blessing.

Some guided me directly.

Some influenced me without ever knowing.

Some simply showed up at the right moment - through a word, a silence, or a presence.

Meditation unfolded slowly, shaped by countless encounters, teachings, and reflections.

To each of you - whether I remember your name or not - your presence has found its way into these pages.

This book exists because of that shared, unseen contribution.

Introduction - Is this book for you?

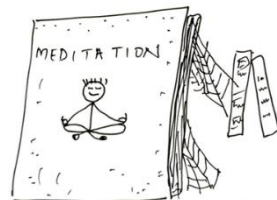
That Monday morning, my meditation session began like a storm- restless, uneasy, the echoes of a sleepless night still lingering.



My gaze drifted across the room, searching without knowing what until I saw an old meditation book.

Without thinking, I reached for it.

Not for wisdom or answers, just... something



The book had been on my shelf for months, forgotten among others. I had picked it up from a small Vegan food stall - one of those

places that smelled of turmeric and quiet conversations.

The passages were brief.

Yet, as I read, something loosened in my chest.

When I closed my eyes to meditate afterwards, the silence came easier, as the book had gently cleared a path for stillness to settle in.



At that moment, a quiet wish came to my mind: If only there were a book I could turn to before meditation

One that gently prepared the mind. Since I couldn't find one, I kept notes—little reflections, insights, and reminders.

Over time, they grew into this book you now hold.

This is not a guide. It is more something I found myself reaching for before sitting.

Instead, it's a companion for those already walking the path—just a set of thoughts that sometimes help me sit a bit more easily.

If any of these reflections happen to help before a meditation session, wonderful. If not, they still kept me company.,

The words here are drawn from my journey, which was deeply influenced by Vipassana meditation and Ananda Marga Yoga Centre Singapore.

These are not teachings but shared reflections, offered with the hope that they might resonate, just as they do for me.

Turn the page whenever you need-there's no rush.

Sending you all, Metta!

(一人一)



Foreword

I first came to know Bala Trichy Iyer through the world of technology and enterprise AI, where his work focuses on solving some of banking's most complex analytical problems. Like many founders, his public identity is built around innovation, products and execution. But the conversations that stayed with me had remarkably little to do with artificial intelligence.

They were about silence.

In journalism, we spend our lives asking people to explain events. What often interests me more is understanding what shaped the person long before the event occurred. Every leader carries invisible influences. Childhood moments. Quiet failures. Unexpected teachers. Decisions that never became press releases.

Those are the stories that explain everything.

Stories Before the Silence does not attempt to teach success. It does not promise formulas for happiness. Instead, Bala offers something increasingly uncommon: honest observations gathered from

decades of corporate leadership, entrepreneurship, meditation and ordinary human experience.

Some stories will make you smile.

A few might quietly stay with you for much longer than you expect.

What makes this collection distinctive is not that its author has experienced failure or success. Most entrepreneurs have experienced both. What makes it different is his willingness to examine those moments without pretending they were part of some perfectly designed master plan.

There is refreshing humility in that.

We often imagine wisdom arrives as a dramatic revelation. More often, it arrives disguised as an ordinary conversation, an unexpected disappointment, or a moment of complete stillness that nobody else notices.

Perhaps that is why the title feels so appropriate.

Every meaningful silence is preceded by countless stories.

Stories that prepare us.

Stories that soften us.

Stories that remind us that beneath every title, every company and every ambition is simply another human being trying to understand life a little better than yesterday.

As the world races deeper into artificial intelligence, automation and constant connectivity, books like this perform an increasingly valuable role. They remind us that technology may transform how we work, but reflection continues to transform who we become.

That journey remains profoundly human.

I hope you read these pages slowly.

The destination is not the final chapter.

It is the conversation the book begins with yourself.

Danish Manzoor Bhat

Editorial Director, Asia

Newsweek

Reading this page is already more consistent then 90% of my meditation session

Readers Navigation

This book is not novel
There is no plot twist if you start from the middle - and not dragons will appear if you skip pages



Cat! Do I have to read from the beginning



It is a buffet

☆1.

Entrepreneur

- Schrödinger's Client
- Curious advantage of not knowing



☆2.

If you attend too many meetings
-Reality does not follow instruction



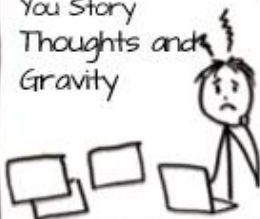
☆3.

If meditation is on to do list
-Preparing more than practicing



☆4.

If your mind has too many tabs open -
You Story
Thoughts and Gravity



☆ 5.

If you
secretly like
philosophy-
Curious advantage of
not knowing



☆ 6.

If you are here
for the
illustrations
Many of the stories



☆ 7.

Emergency?

The day I forget
everything I learnt



☆ 8.

If you want to
read only one
chapter
Wei Ming shirt



Warning - Possible
Side effects

Thinking too
much about
some
chapters
(especially



Happy
Wandering



Note for Young Adults

If you are somewhere between 12 and 19 years old, welcome. You may occasionally come across words in this book that sound like they escaped grown-up's corporate meeting. Do not worry. Do a search engine check - usually they are not complicated. Most adults learned it in one confused meeting at a time. One thing I have noticed is that the biggest difference between teenagers and grown-ups is the vocabulary.

For example: Grown-ups ""Let us circle back on this." Which means " I do not know"

In Summary - grown-ups are like teenagers with:

- a digital calendar
- more passwords
- stronger vocabularies
- sometime with lower back pain

Contents

Part A - The Life I Was Already Living (.-.).....1

1. The Question on Meditation I am still not able to Answer 2
2. I was preparing more than practising..... 7
3. When Meditation Stopped Being an Event 😊11
4. The Hero We Want vs The Reality We Live16
5. Schrödinger's Cat Client* 20
6. and now - Schrödinger's Client Career 26
7. Looking for a Flowchart vs Exploration..... 35

Part B - When Things Start Connecting..... 39

1. Meeting Wei Ming - (The London Incident)..... 40
2. Reality may not follow Instructions..... 44
3. A Delay That Became a Chapter ('-')..... 49
4. Toy Story Realisation..... 54
5. Meditation Thoughts and Gravity..... 57

Part C: Subtle Realisations (o_o)..... 61

1. The Planet "I Should Have Said that Yesterday" - 62
2. Returning to Simplicity 68

3. Watching a movie analogy - Even the messy scenes belong.....	71
4. Familiarity Bias: Why My Mind Keeps Catching Thoughts.....	75
Part D - Still Figuring It Out ヽ_(ツ)_/.....	83
1. The Day I Forgot Everything I Learned.....	84
2. The Curious Advantage of not Knowing.....	90
3. The Last Chapter of this book.....	95

Part A - The Life I Was Already Living (.-.)

A collection of small discoveries, corporate confusion, delayed consistency before meditation became a practice, it was mostly something I researched with great enthusiasm and questionable consistency and the strange belief that reading about meditation somehow counted as meditation.

On one side, I was waiting weeks for clients to reply to emails, sitting through meetings about alignment, timelines, and "next steps."

On the other side, I would walk into a library where superheroes solved global crises in 24 pages before lunch.

Meditation, unfortunately, refused to follow the roadmap. These chapters are simply reflection from that period: ordinary life, over-analysed

I. The Question on Meditation I am still not able to Answer



We were sitting beside the water-front with coffee that had already become colder than both of our sales plans. Patrick, my sales guy, noticed the meditation book beside me and immediately switched into full client-discovery mode. "So... what kind of meditation do you actually do?" he asked. Kundalini? Breathing meditation? Founder-burnout meditation©?"

I told him, "Nothing formal. Non-denominational. I meditate daily and sort of evolved my own practice

over time." Patrick nodded politely for after few minutes, he asked the real question.

"But what do you actually get out of it?" That question stayed with me.

(☹_☹) - Wait, what? Hmm, if I am honest, my answer to the question changed many times over the years.

At first, (☹_☹), I assumed meditation came with hidden levels, like a video game that wiser people had somehow unlocked before me. (˘_˘).

Then life happened ˘_(ツ)_/˘

Work stress happened. Corporate politics happened. Deadlines happened. (˘_˘). Meetings happened that absolutely could have been emails, followed by emails asking for meetings about the earlier meetings.

Some people meditate for enlightenment. I was mostly trying not to become emotionally unstable especially during investor calls. Silence (˘_˘) 🧘 helped after difficult conversations. Sitting quietly helped when my brain behaved like twenty browser tabs fighting each other for attention.

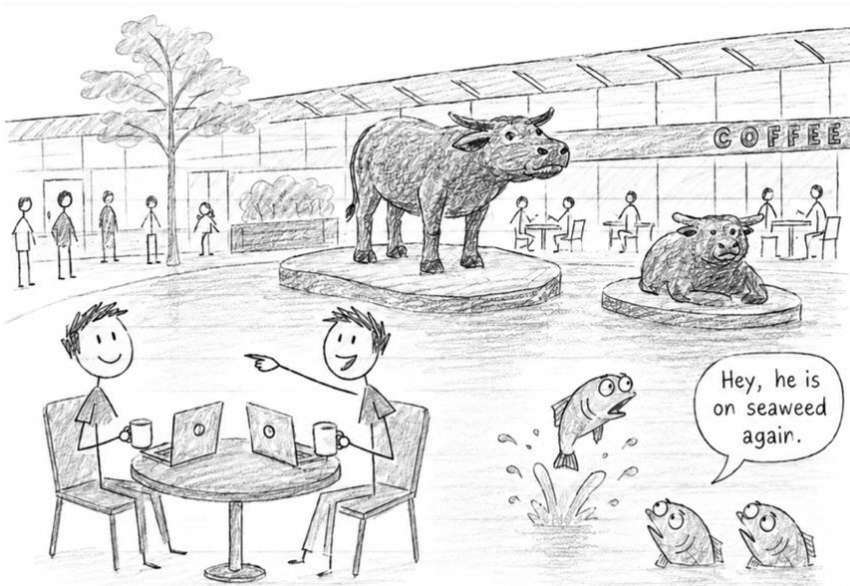
Then I went deeper into yoga philosophy and became a yoga teacher myself. That was another surprise (˘_˘).

I originally thought yoga was mainly stretching and fitness.

The deeper I went, one thing I keep noticing is yoga was quietly trying to trick me into sitting still without immediately needing coffee, validation, or a new self-help book. Then came the next phase: Books, New-age books. Philosophy books. Consciousness books. Quantum books. Spiritual books. Books written by people who either understood the universe deeply... or had simply not slept properly in years.

And somewhere along the way, meditation stopped becoming a "goal-oriented activity."

Many of my meditation sessions still felt like I accidentally entered the wrong meeting room.



So when Patrick asked: "What do you get out of it?" I could not answer! And strangely, the only thing that came to mind was a story from Michio Kaku. He once described a fish living in a two-dimensional pond. Imagine that fish suddenly being lifted out of the pond for a few seconds and experiencing the three-dimensional world. It sees trees. Sky. Birds. Buildings. Human beings.

Then suddenly it gets dropped back into the pond. Now imagine that fish trying to explain the experience to the other fish. "There are giant creatures walking above us."

"They breath without the Water." "There are floating white things called clouds."

"There are beings spending nine dollars on coffee voluntarily." The other fish would immediately think: "This fellow has been hanging around seaweed again."

That is honestly how meditation sometimes feels to me. Not because I become enlightened or start glowing like a Wi-Fi router from another dimension.

Some days my brain suddenly remembers embarrassing moments from secondary school with full cinematic remastering.

Those moments are difficult to explain because they are experiences, not arguments.

Patrick listened quietly after the fish story. Then he took a sip of coffee and said: "Sounds exactly like trying to explain our AI pricing to clients."

And that was probably the most spiritually accurate thing said that afternoon.

~_ (ツ) _ /~

2. I was preparing more than practising

(and many times Congratulating myself for It 😊)

I spend lots of time design software products for Financial Services. Which means I spend a lot of time turning ideas into something useful in real life, product design is not dramatic. No heroic whiteboard moments. No "let us transform the industry" speeches that magically turn into working software. It is usually this:



Start small → Test something basic → realise it does not work → fix it → repeat

Not glamorous. But it works.

Somehow, I did not apply this logic to meditation. My version of "practice"

- meditate one day → feel like a monk
- skip two weeks → reflect deeply about consistency
- do one long session → feel I am back on track

disappear again → for strategic reasons
Seasonal spirituality LOL - Looking back, I was only preparing to meditate. And I was doing a very thorough job of preparing to meditate instead of meditating

reading

watching
videos



If preparation burned calories, I would have been super-fit. Similar to the Airport Fitness Effect There is a very specific feeling I recognise.

I am at the airport and I am feeling guilty that I have not been to the Gym So I pick up a fitness book and read a few pages. And suddenly... I feel I have been to the Gym

Nothing has happened physically. But internally: small sense of achievement.

I think I did something similar with my meditation.

The no Drama Version

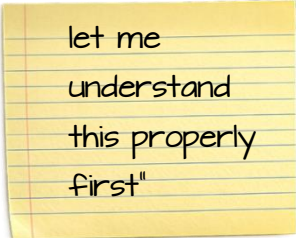
Reading about meditation made me feel like I was doing it. Listening to talks made me feel like I understood it all. Looking for retreats I am trying to make the commitment to do it. And somewhere in all this... the actual sitting kept getting shifted to "tomorrow", "from "Monday onwards", " after new year" etc . Just quietly.

Meanwhile I made small Notes to Myself

I am slowly realising nothing really changes unless I actually sit.



"just one more book"



let me understand this properly first"



"I will start when I have time" and the retreat I am signing, will be the one.

The Slightly Uncomfortable Question? If it is so simple, why was I not doing it?

3. When Meditation Stopped Being an Event 😊



The First Nudge: A Simple Line That Stayed

At an Ananda Marga Yoga Centre, Singapore
Someone casually mentioned: Meditation is sadhana (a daily discipline - something you return to consistently). It did not sound profound at the time.

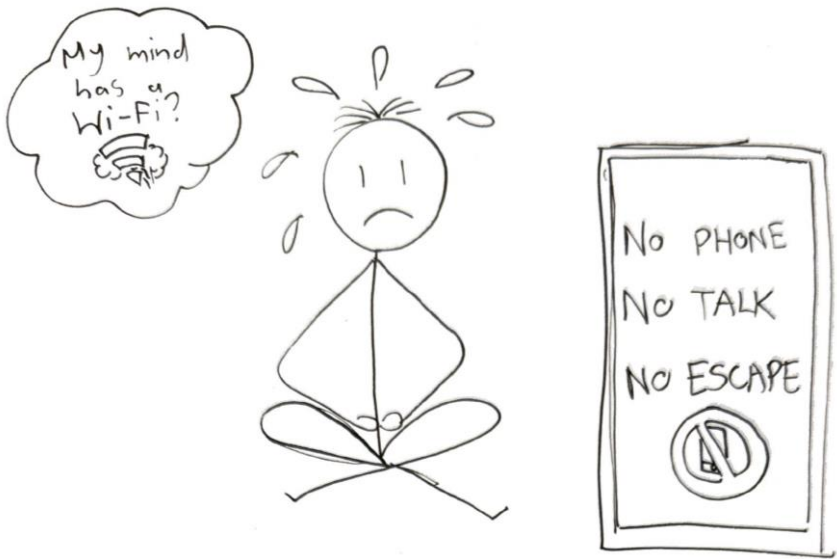
But it quietly exposed the gap. Everything I had been doing until then...was not sadhana.

It was exploration. Sadhana, sadly, limited to showing up.

Every day.

The Second Nudge: Ten Days with No Exit 😊

A few years later, I went for a 10-day Vipassana course.



Which is described as a retreat. But feels more like being placed in a room with your own mind... with no escape button. No phone. No talking. No distractions. Just you... and a mind that suddenly remembers everything

The first few days were not spiritual. They were... revealing and there was a novelty

(.-;) by Day 3, at least in my case: I was not bad at meditation. I was just extremely well-practised at avoiding it.

I wanted peace. But after three quiet days, I had the urge to check my phone, whether civilisation is still operational.

The Third Nudge: An Unexpected Tech Coach 🎧

And then came something unexpected. I bought an App for taking notes on my reflection and a bio-feedback EEG Headband.

Part of me thought buying these already counted as discipline. A headgear that tells you, in real time, whether you are calm... or wandering.

For the first time, meditation gave feedback.

It was like meditation hired a coach

And strangely, this made me more consistent than anything else.

Because now, sitting down was not abstract.

Looking back,

- Ananda Marga → defined it (this is daily)
- Vipassana → showed it (this is what happens when you sit)

- Meditation App → sustained it (this is how often you actually show up)

Together, they quietly removed all my favourite excuses.

No enlightenment yet, No perfect stillness.



But something far more useful happened:

Meditation stopped being something I prepared for...

Some days are good. Some days are restless. Some days feel like Day 3 of Vipassana again (which is not encouraging).

But the difference is simple:

Not because I found the perfect method. But because after showing up often enough, I began to

suspect that sadhana (an ancient for regular and diligent practice) might have been onto something.

4. The Hero We Want vs The Reality We Live

My life feels slower than a Sci-fi and comic book

I am a serious corporate transformation professional (At least, that is what I tell myself ☺) and I worked in Banks and as Fintech co-founder. And then, without warning, I walk into a comic book store. In London, near the Putney bridge there is this old comic book store - the kind where time has politely decided to stop working. Emails lose meaning. Strategy decks feel like fiction. I tell myself I will spend ten minutes.

Three hours later, I am still there. Fully invested. Not in stocks. In superheroes.

Back in Singapore, I like to believe I am more disciplined.

After all, this is home. This is where routines exist. This is where I am efficient.

And yet, the moment I step into Aljunied Public Library, I am now a teenager who has accidentally grown older. There is a sofa. There is a comic

section. There is absolutely no resistance from my side. Hours pass. No guilt. No urgency.

Just me and a world where problems actually get solved.

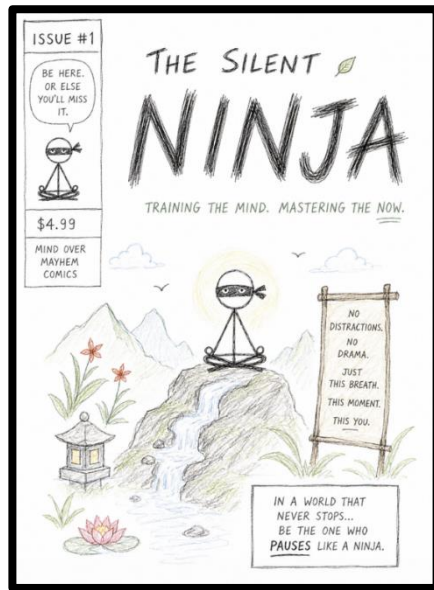
The Question (That I avoided for years)

At some point, a slightly uncomfortable question appeared:

Why am I doing this? I deal with real problems - not alien invasions or collapsing bridges or time-travelling villains with questionable motivations. And yet, I keep coming back to this. It is not casual. It is not occasional. So I did what any reasonable person would do. I ignored the question. For a long time. It is simply this: In comics, and Sci-fi literature, things get resolved. No ambiguity. No endless follow-ups. No "let us circle back next week."

Now compare that to real life:

Problems evolve instead of resolving People hesitate instead of acting Outcomes depend on ten variables



and a spreadsheet with circular reference, so, reality has been inefficient for me and Comics are not. After making the same mistake over and over again, this so-called weakness is not a weakness. It is a signal.

It tells me what my mind is craving:



Clarity Simplicity Resolution

For a long time, I assumed that craving was simply another bad habit demanding attention. I am now less

certain. Which is unfortunate, because certainty was one of the few things I felt I was reasonably good at.

Closing Thought (From the Sofa, Obviously)

Sure, whether in London or Singapore-I will still read comics. I have no intention of becoming the sort of person who gives up Batman in pursuit of enlightenment?

But I understand something now, (no clue previously (◉_◉)) that I was not really chasing entertainment.

I was looking for a temporary ceasefire with my own thoughts.

After a lot of meditation session - the truth - The problem was not the comic book, the television series, or the latest science-fiction obsession.

The problem is with the person 🧘 carrying them around.

5. Schrödinger's Cat Client*

(Please google Schrödinger's Cat if you are unfamiliar with this topic or end of the chapter)

The gap between the Enthusiasm and Reality



While I am running a business, and there is a very specific kind of stress that comes with it (an with many other Entrepreneurs). It shows up quite often, especially in early-stage or growth-stage tech and fintech, when you are trying to scale and build momentum. Things appear to move in the right direction - meetings go well, there is alignment, people say the right things - and then?

I used to think meditation would give me some kind of super-power and would remove this uncertainty. As future me would soon discover, the silence, the delays, the unpredictability - all of that remains. What it has helped me with is something else. It changes how I sit with that gap. Instead of reacting to imagined timelines or preferred outcomes, I am a little

more aware that this is simply a pause where I do not yet have an answer. The mind, however, appears uncomfortable leaving the form unfilled. this is just a pause where I do not yet have an answer. This chapter is simply me sharing that experience, with a bit of humour, because at times it genuinely feels like I am working on one calendar... and someone else is working on a completely different one 😊

The Meeting

Today was one of those days. We sat in a clean glass meeting room [(_ ■ _ ■)]

One of the client's team member already texting

There was lots of nodding. Smiling. A sense that something meaningful had already begun. Looking back, we may have been celebrating so called the of future discussions.



✧ Schrödinger's Client ✧

In AI projects, the client exists in two states at the same time...

State 1: Exists (Will reply)

Input: Enthusiastic Client Meeting



State 2: Does not exist (Ghosted)

Output: Superposition State



The Silence - No blue tick P ☹

Many days after the meeting (☹_☹) And like a disciplined meditator observing breath(and my Inbox *0 unread messages) ...

I waited. I refreshed ☹ my inbox so many times that Outlook probably thought I was having a medical emergency.

One day.....five days.....ten days (ಥ_ಥ)

Nothing. No reply. No acknowledgement. Not even a polite

~_ (ツ) _/-

"We will get back." (or we circle back?🌀)

Is this client a ... **Schrödinger's Client?** =^.=

- **State 1:** Fully engaged, aligned, ready to proceed
- **State 2:** Completely gone, unreachable, possibly attending another "exciting" meeting

And both are true... until I open the inbox * =^.= and reality politely chooses silence.

What was actually bothering me was not the client.

My discomfort

my attachment to the version of them I preferred.

The enthusiastic one. The one who said "Let us move fast." What I started noticing was this - why was I holding on to that version?

I will try my best to remember

- My latest experiment suggests that meetings are just moments, not commitments.
- I am realising that enthusiasm in a meeting does not always mean much later.

☺ So now, every time I send a follow-up email, I imagine a cat in a box=^.=.



Science Side Note: Schrödinger's Cat

In 1935, physicist Erwin Schrödinger imagined a cat inside a sealed box to illustrate how strange quantum physics can be.

The idea:

Until you look inside, the outcome remains uncertain.

Do not worry about the physics. For this book, Schrödinger's Cat is simply a reminder that uncertainty exists whether we like it or not.

Young Adult Translation-
Imagine you see and text
say this

"I am sure this message
contains bad news."

opens message

"Oh. It was just parents
asking what I want for
dinner."

Many worries live quite comfortably inside unopened boxes.

The simple version: Before you look, the outcome is uncertain. Once you look, the uncertainty disappears.

The act of observation becomes part of the story.

6. and now - Schrödinger's Client Career

Continuing from Schrödinger's Client

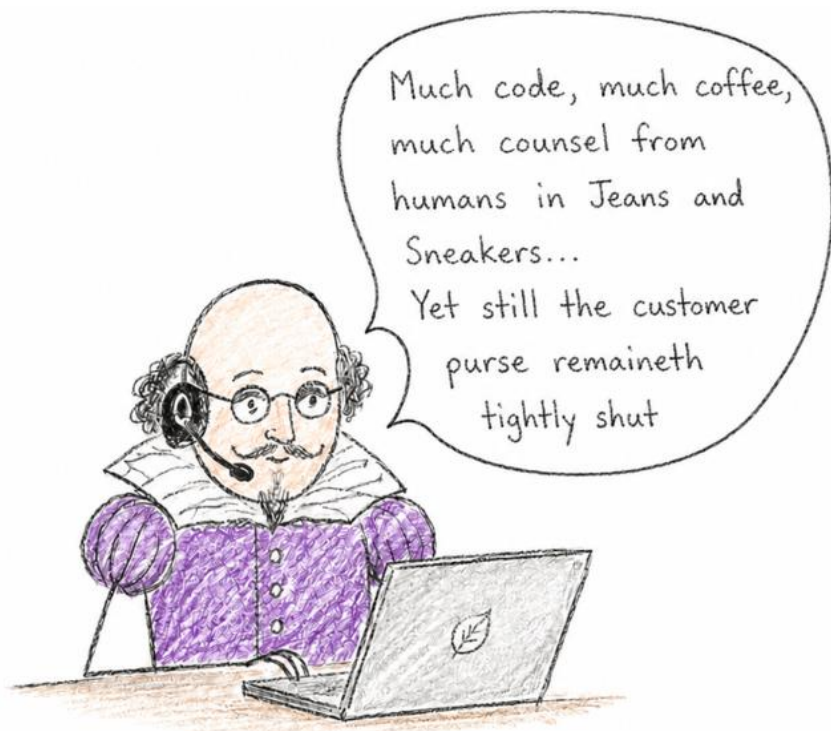
When I exited the first company I founded, I suddenly had something I had not experienced in years. Time. Should I continue the entrepreneurship journey? Or should I return to the corporate ecosystem where at least somebody else owned the spreadsheet causing the disaster?

A strange dilemma:

No more "cash-flow sudoku" "founder wearing five hats" why does office coffee now require procurement approval?"

"late-night founder hustle." "circling back thingy" "just one small tweak that changes the entire product architecture and And....."

Plus no annoying investor who keeps saying that the product does not have market fit the way Shakespeare used dramatic pauses."

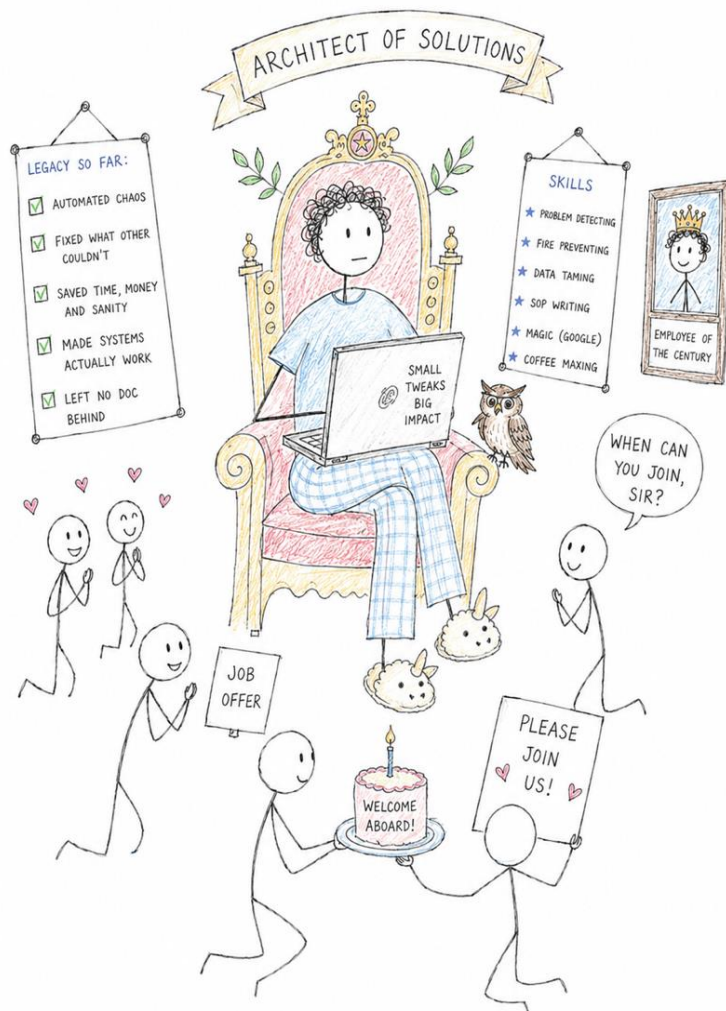




At that point, corporate life looked unbelievably attractive to me. I would be attending meetings. Used calendars properly. Had structured lunch breaks. And at the end of the day, close laptop disappear into the evening (˘_˘). As

At this point, I would stare at the screen like an archaeologist uncovering sacred evidence that destiny had finally found me.

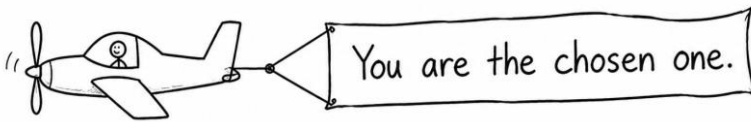
compared to my life of entrepreneurship aka 24-hour A&E response centre. So I decided to see if my corporate survival instincts still functioned and started sending application's. The moment I saw a job description remotely matching my experience, something dramatic happened internally.



The role would say: • banking experience, • leadership exposure, • technology background, • stakeholder management, • ability to operate under ...I became emotionally employed within minutes. I had already mentally accepted the job before HR even opened my CV.

Five minutes after I have submitted the application, I had already:

- improved their operating model,
- fixed their strategy, and developed minor concerns about the quality of their management reporting templates.



This was no longer job searching. This was unpaid consulting combined with emotional hallucination. Sometimes I would read the role three or four times just

Thanks, I am going to change lots of things when I join



to admire how perfectly it matched me. Like two soulmates meeting accidentally on LinkedIn. And because I had founded a company before, my confidence became even more dangerous. I did not merely feel qualified. I had evidence. Years of evidence. Board meetings. Clients. Regional work. Technology. Leadership. Stress-induced reorganised the department structure, maturity. Then came the rejection emails.

Beautifully written. Polite.
Warm. "After careful
consideration..." Like being
dumped by your partner
with a note like th is→ I
always wondered who this
mysterious council of
consideration actually was.

Did they sit around a big round- table discussing my
application?

Hey you, ♥

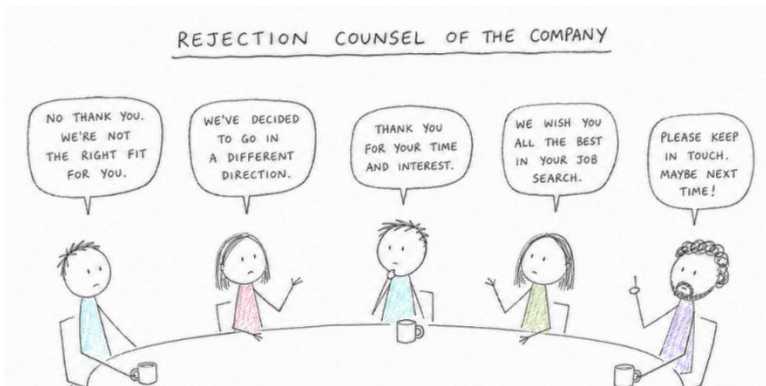
Guess what? I've found
someone better...

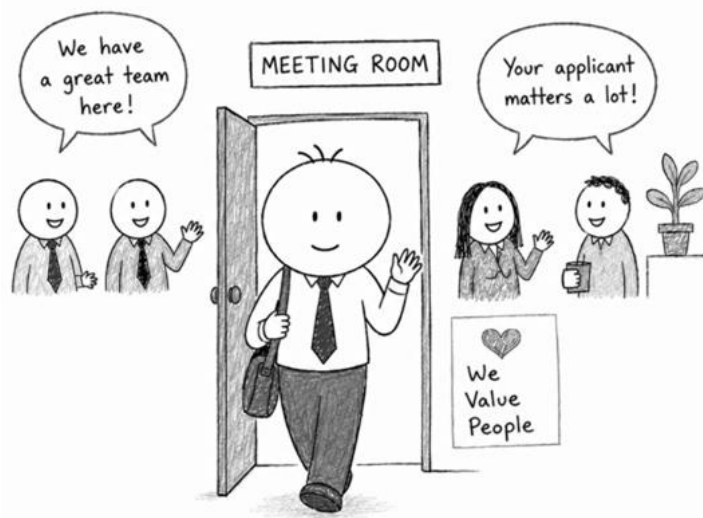
It listens, doesn't talk back,
and never leaves socks
on the floor. 😊 ♥

Thanks for the memories
(and the snacks). ♥

Good luck... you'll need it! 😊

~♥~





Then came my favourite line: "We will keep your CV on file." (¬_¬)

Corporate humanity has perfected the art of saying:

"No." while sounding like: "We honour you exist." At some point during this strange phase, Eventually even I became tired of watching myself run the same mental simulation. I started suspecting that the suffering was not really coming from rejection. It came from how quickly my mind converted possibility into certainty. A job advertisement was just information. But my brain treated it like a divine sign from the universe. Within minutes, the future became emotionally real: . the office,

· the meetings, · the identity, · the stability, · the relief from entrepreneurial uncertainty.

An awkward pattern started appearing that my brain was not really waiting for clarity. It was demanding guarantees from a universe that clearly does not use customer support tickets.

Especially after entrepreneurship. Because entrepreneurship changes you. I become slightly allergic to uncertainty and strangely addicted to it at the same time. You crave stability... while secretly fearing boredom. I want peace... but panic when nothing chaotic happens for too long. or civilisation itself had collapsed quietly in the background.

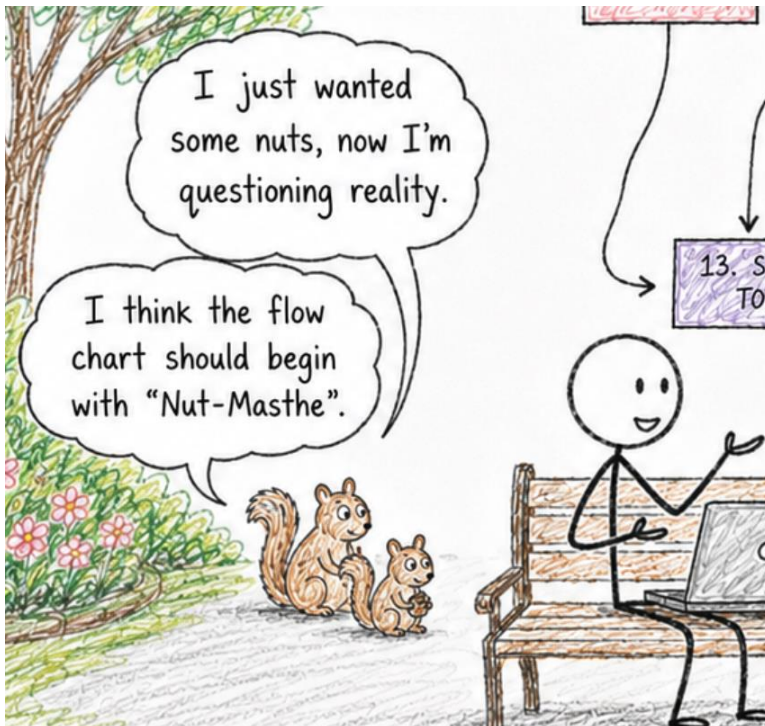
Looking back now, I think I was not merely searching for a job. I was searching for psychological rest. And my mind had romanticised the corporate world into some kind of air-conditioned emotional retirement village. If I could time travel back to that version of myself - I would have said something differently.

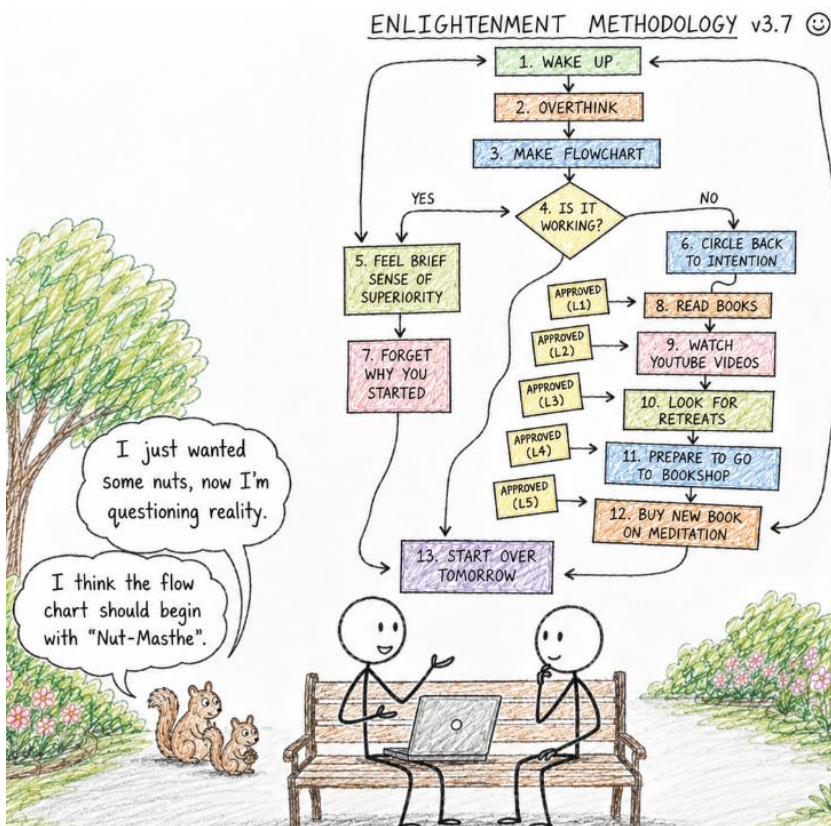
The more I sat quietly with these thoughts, the more I started noticing the mind's habit of emotionally moving into future that reality had not yet approved.

7. Looking for a Flowchart vs Exploration

When corporate thinking meets meditation (and struggles).

As someone from the corporate world, I initially approached meditation the same way I tackle a project-structured, goal oriented, and mapped out like a flowchart.





Dada' Shankar found me post-meditation, scribbling at my notebook's bullet-pointed "mindfulness class checklist."

Reality submitted a competing proposal and was trying to perfect steps.

The beginner's mind wasn't a phase-it was the whole point.

That afternoon, I meditated with my eyes open.

¹ "Dada" refers to Monks in Anada Marga Yoga Centre

I forgot to breathe "correctly."

And just like that-without any flowchart-

I wanted clear steps: "Do this, achieve that," expecting meditation to be another productivity hack.

But as I sat longer with my practice, favourite theories began performing poorly that meditation does not work like a project plan. Weeks later, I confessed to another visiting monk, from South Africa, over steaming cups of Rooibos tea: "I keep waiting for meditation to 'work.'"

When will I reach the goal?" (ಠ_ಠ)

"Tell me," he said, "when you drink this, is the purpose to reach the bottom of the cup?" (ಠ_ಠ)

"Corporate people!" LOL. ☺

ಂ_(ツ)_/

That afternoon, I sat cross-legged and did nothing "right." Instead of following a rigid flowchart, I tried my meditation as an exploration.

Now, years later, some days, my mind feels like a crowded meeting room, buzzing with thoughts.

I have noticed it has changed how I deal with work as well, though I am still figuring that out, less reactive, and open to unexpected new insights.

Something about this makes me want to try it again
(^_^)



Part B - When Things Start Connecting

My life did not change however

Part A was where I started: my meditation journey, confusion, curiosity, inconsistency, and slowly learning to sit with my own mind. Part B is discovering that meditation was not about having no thoughts and noticing how often the mind runs away ... and gently bringing it back again. The bad news is that the training partner responsible for this progress is my own mind - behaving like a project manager: habitually building flowcharts, timelines, expectations, and backup plans for reality. After a series of confident misunderstandings, I realised "reality" never showed up. In the next few chapters, I want to explore what happens when I start unsuccessfully connecting the dots a little differently - trying to create a bit more space between the email and my various "trying to be clever" interpretation of the email.

I. Meeting Wei Ming ²- (The London Incident)

When logic takes a break . I was crashing at my friend apartment in London when life handed me a lesson wrapped in chaos - our mutual friend **Wei Ming** had joined us for dinner, missed his last train home, and ended up staying over.

The next morning, I woke up to find him cross-legged on the floor, meditating calmly. It was 7 a.m., and I - a non-meditator at the time - watched with mostly scepticism.



² Name changed for privacy however story remains true.

Then came the ask from Wei Ming: "Bro! Do you have a white shirt I can borrow?" We were roughly the same size, so I handed him one. But my eyebrows (ಠ_ಠ) shot up when he casually mentioned, "My interview's at 8:30."

I glanced at the clock - 7:15 a.m. Cue my internal monologue:



This guy's meditating instead of prepping? He hasn't even dressed yet! The commute's 45 minutes - he's definitely late. (◦□◦)

As I hurriedly ironed the shirt for him (because, apparently, that was my job), Wei Ming, pondered aloud, "Should I wear a tie?"

I bit my tongue, convinced this was a masterclass in poor planning.

Then dismissed the thought that it must be not important. I dismissed him as careless and almost didn't bother asking how it went later. But I did.

His reply surprised me: (◉_◉) "It went well. I was late, but the interviewer was also late and came much

later than me. We connected instantly, and I got the job as well!"

I later came across something called synchronicity. Was it luck?

There is a lot written about this by Carl Jung, who called it *synchronicity* - meaningful coincidences that do not follow logic, yet feel strangely arranged.

Wei Ming sat with this after his morning meditation.

I still do not know what happened. Wei Ming seemed calmer than me, and somehow that worked out better than my emergency planning. or getting ready for taking advantage of non-linearity of the life, helping him to take advantage of the patterns that were not there in the original script?

Or without going into too many details, did a calmer mind help him with "What is the best I can do with this moment?"

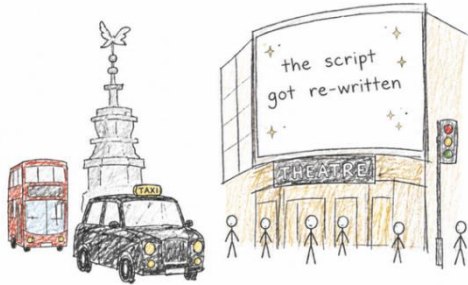
He did not seem rushed. He just dealt with what was in front of him.

The Flow

A missing shirt became a borrowed one ㄣ ('~;) ㄣ

A delay became a conversation (˘˘)

A coincidence became a connection ˘_(ツ)_/˘



2. Reality may not follow Instructions

☹ Reality did not join the team meeting

When the Script Quietly Breaks - previous chapter revisited



That morning in London stayed with me. Not because everything went right - but because nothing followed the script I had already written in my head.

Wei Ming should have been stressed.

He should have rushed.

He should have been late and flustered.

Instead, he sat down... and meditated.

At the time, it felt irrational. Almost careless.

But the outcome did not follow my logic.

Simple. Uneventful. Almost ordinary.

And yet, something about it did not fit my idea of how things "should" work.

The Question That Stayed

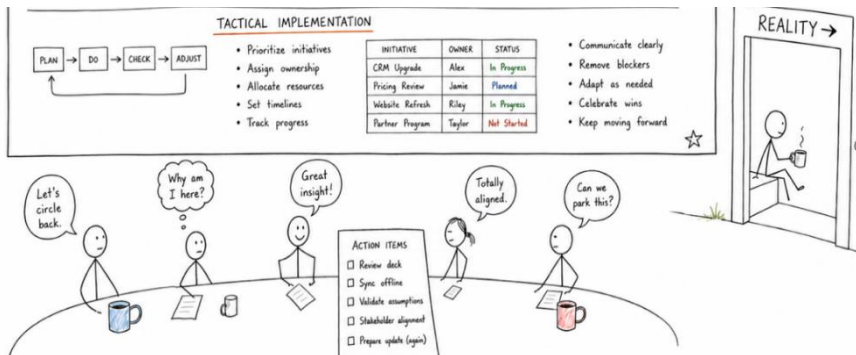
Was it synchronicity?

Or was it something more subtle?

Maybe the real discomfort was this:

Life did not follow instructions.

Not mine, at least. That thought stayed with me.



A Familiar Detour While exploring meditation, I spent a fair amount of time reading. Books, lectures, retreats - there was always something more to understand.

It felt productive. But something slightly ironic began to happen.

The more I read about meditation, the less I was actually meditating.

The Mind's Clever Move. Instead of sitting down, another thought would appear:

- "Maybe I should read one more chapter."
- "Maybe I should understand this properly first."
- "Maybe I need the right technique."

One idea leads to another.

A video. An article.

A conversation. And suddenly, time passes. Meditation quietly moves further away. At some point, it became clear.





Connecting Back to Wei Ming

And then it clicked.

That morning in London... and this pattern in meditation... they were not separate.

I expected Wei Ming to behave in a linear way:

Prepare → Rush → Arrive → Perform But he did something else: Pause → Sit → Respond → Adjust
Wei Ming appeared to skip directly to the part where he actually meditated.

Annoyingly, that seemed to work.



3. A Delay That Became a Chapter ('—')

When nothing goes to plan... and something works anyway.

We did not fix a time precisely. We never do. We usually assume things will line up, and most of the time they do. This meeting, however, was not planned at all. In fact, this meditation chapter exists only because a plan failed.

I was travelling from Kuala Lumpur to Bangalore, with an eight-hour transit in Delhi. In my head, the plan was simple. Step out of the airport, meet one or two friends in the city, spend the evening, and return for the connecting flight. Eight hours felt generous.

That plan ended quickly®

My bag was already checked in all the way through. I was told, politely but firmly, that I could not leave the airport premises. Security reasons. No exceptions.

I remember standing there, mildly irritated. The familiar inner dialogue started. Why did I not think this

through? Why did I check in the bag? Why does this keep happening?

At that moment, time felt heavy. Eight hours looked like something to endure rather than something to use.

With no option to leave, I walked towards the airport lounge. I tried my cards. The first did not work. The second did not work. The third did not work. Almost absent-mindedly, I tried a random ATM card I rarely use.

It worked.

The entry cost was almost symbolic. A couple of rupees.

I sat down, opened my laptop, and decided to settle in (— —).

I cleared emails, finished a few pieces of work, and then returned to something I had been editing earlier in the day: my meditation book . With nowhere to rush to, the edits became slower, more deliberate. The agitation softened.

That was when I noticed the person sitting next to me.

Swami (name changed on request).

An old friend. Someone I had not expected to see, and certainly not inside an airport lounge in Delhi. He too had a long layover. Different route, same unintended pause.

We exchanged a look of surprise, then smiled. No explanation was needed.

As we started talking, Swami glanced at my screen and smiled again.

He noticed I was editing a meditation chapter. That observation gently shifted the conversation in its natural direction. We spoke about meditation, not as a practice, but as a way of relating to everyday situations. Swami made an observation that stayed with me. Two people can be in exactly the same situation and experience it entirely differently. One sees a flight delay and thinks, "This is a problem. What do I do now?" Another sees the same delay and thinks, "This is a pause. Maybe this is a good moment to sit, observe, and think about things I never usually have time to think about."

We looked around the lounge. Everyone was in the same physical situation. Same delay. Same space. Yet the inner experience varied widely.

That led us to talk about time.

There is a phase where children do not really know what they will do tomorrow or the day after. Their experience is immediate. Somewhere along the way, they develop a sense of time. Schedules appear. Deadlines appear. For many adults, time gradually stops being a tool and becomes a master.

I am starting to suspect adults spend most of their lives negotiating with calendars.

(◉▽◉) Useful, but dangerous when taken too seriously.



My friend framed it.

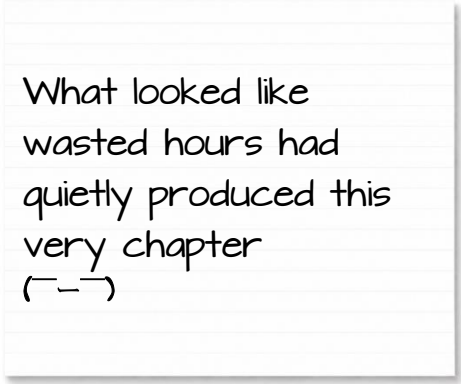
A delay is not necessarily lost time.

It is just time that forgot to arrive with instructions.

That explanation felt suspiciously reasonable.

By the time our flights were called, the conversation had done its work. What started as mild irritation had turned into reflection (●_●).

As I boarded my flight it was clear to me that this meditation chapter did not come from discipline or planning. It came from a delay I initially resisted.



What looked like
wasted hours had
quietly produced this
very chapter
(-_-)

4. Toy Story Realisation

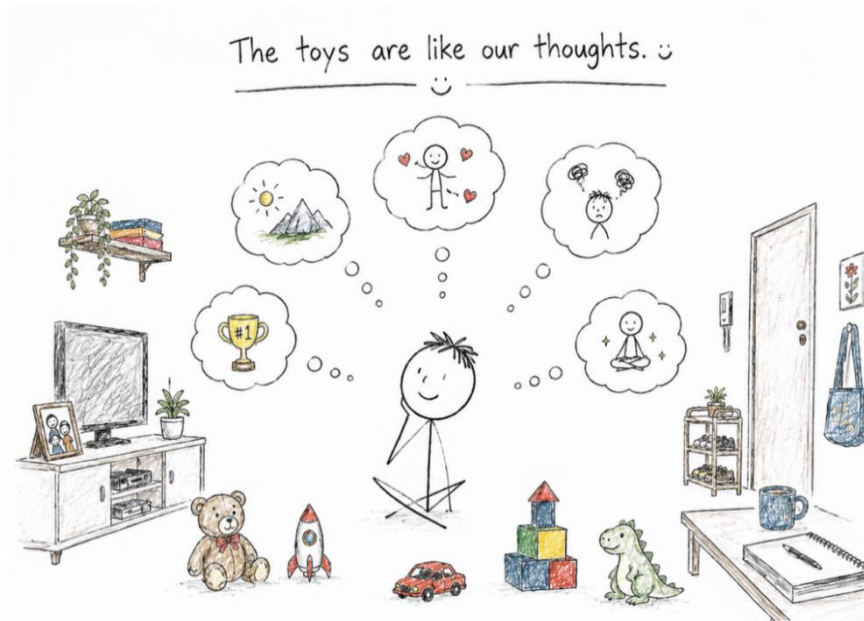
Thoughts behave differently when I am watching.

The Confusion

For years, I thought I understood the film. friendship, loyalty, identity - all the obvious themes were there. But something deeper kept bothering me:

Why do the toys only come alive when no one is watching?

It felt like there was a layer I was missing.



So I watched it again , not casually, not in the background - properly watching it.

And strangely, something felt unfinished.

The Struggle (.-;) For a few days, the thought stayed with me.

Almost like a question that refused to go away:

And strangely, the moment I noticed the thought... it lost some power.

I noticed my own thoughts.

- When I was not paying attention, they were everywhere

Running stories →

Creating reactions →

Pulling me into emotions

- But the moment I noticed them... I started labelling them

They slowed down →

Some disappeared →

Some felt almost... artificial

Do thoughts become real? familiar

The moment I observe, seems like they lose their authority. (○_○)

How It Changed My Reflection Practice

- Am I in the room right now?

Or have I left, and the toys are running freely?

And in my daily notes, I make notes

- When the "toys" took over
- When I noticed them

No philosophy. No complexity.

(^_^)

5. Meditation Thoughts and Gravity



Ironically, it arrived in the middle of me trying not to think, that thoughts behave very much like gravity. Not in a deep National Geographic documentary way. In a very practical, inconvenient, "here we go



again" kind of way.

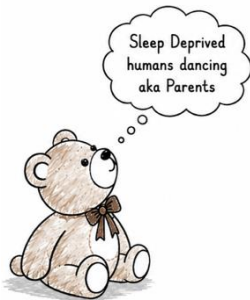
As babies, we spend the first few years of life trying to negotiate with gravity. Gravity's response is consistently: "No."

Babies fall constantly. Face-first. Sideways. Yet nobody panics. No parent leans over a toddler and says: "Maybe walking just is not your thing."

Phones come out. Grandparents are informed internationally. Suddenly the whole family reacts like: "She is doing it! Future leader! Future astronaut!"

Humanity collectively understands: falling is part of learning to walk. Meditation, unfortunately, has none of this branding support.

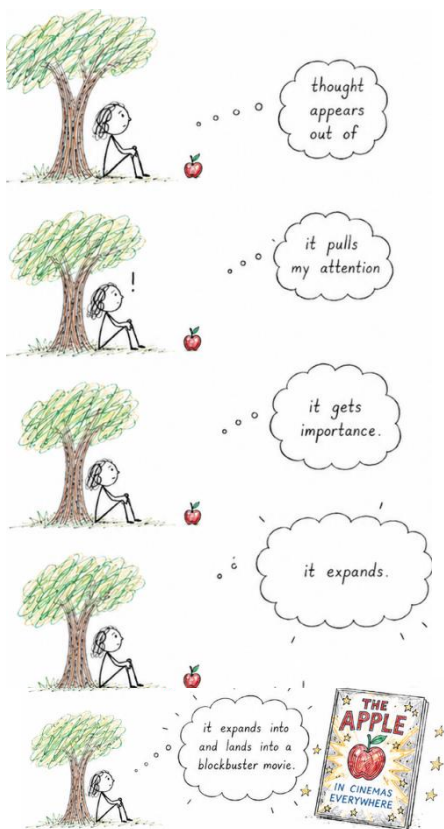
And unlike learning to walk, in my meditation there is no visible encouragement? When babies learn walking, they see



successful examples everywhere. Entire societies walking confidently. But meditation?

Opposite is true. The civilisation is basically a giant distraction carnival. When last time working in an Investment Bank I used proudly say things like "I only slept four hours." (---) zzz and "I answered emails having my dinner." Meanwhile, someone sitting silently for ten minutes looks suspiciously unproductive. So during meditation, when thoughts pull me away toward the future or the past, I have been interpreting it as a failure instead of mental gravity.

And I am I doing it right by removing thoughts? Would it than be like saying, I expect the gravity to resign.



Maybe I could try just noticing: "Oh look. The brain has wandered off again." And gently bringing it back. Again. And again. And again. Just returning. Like a toddler learning balance. A toddler falls seventy times and thinks: "Excellent. More data." When I lose focus once during meditation and immediately conclude: "It is not for me." Over time, though, something changes.

Not because thoughts disappear. There is now a space between the thoughts - where I will try to not "board the thought-train"

Part C: Subtle Realisations (☯_☯)

Many (I am lying, some only) of my thoughts I am able observe and allow it to pass during meditation. But there are some thoughts which are persistent. A strange conversation. A disrespectful interaction. An unresolved situation. Something that felt slightly OFF. A conversation replaying internally long after it ended. Then the next morning, during meditation, all these thoughts suddenly appear very energetically - almost like they were patiently waiting backstage for silence to begin. This section explores some observations around that. Not solutions. Not philosophy. Just practical reflections At the very least, they helped explain why sometimes the loudest part of meditation had nothing to do with breathing - and everything to do with Tuesday afternoon zoom meeting. 😊

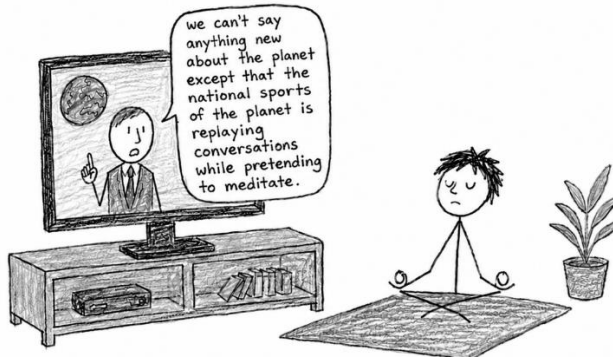
I. The Planet "I Should Have Said that Yesterday" -

Meditation Was Going Well Until My Brain Reopened Yesterday's Zoom Call. (ಠ_ಠ)

And within thirty seconds, I was no longer meditating. I am now transported to a planet called

"I Should Have Said that Yesterday"

A strange planet where the official language is:



"Or next time if the persons says that...."

National sport:

Replaying conversations while pretending to meditate. Sometimes background music also appears. Unfortunately, this performance is happening twenty

hours too late and entirely inside my own head. Meanwhile, back on Earth, the other person is probably eating croissants peacefully and replying: "Noted." Or worse: "Let us circle back on that."

One peculiar thing, The more ambiguous the conversation...the more aggressive the mental replay became. Especially with people who professionally operate inside fog.

You know the type. Everything is verbal, Nothing is documented, instructions evolve (or scope of work) during the meeting itself.

And somehow: their urgency becomes my emergency, their confusion becomes my accountability and their delay becomes my follow-up. Sounds familiar ?

Then comes the legendary sentence: "That is not what I meant.", let me do a walk-through (aka " I will give you more work and increase the scope of work")

Corporate archaeology begins. You start excavating old memories trying to reconstruct what civilisation existed during Tuesday's Zoom call. And often with someone who have no-skills and just organisation journey - they are most confident and feel that they personally invented capitalism. And yes sometimes, the

simple discussions somehow became philosophical debates about what words "really meant."

After every conversation, I felt like I needed: Water, electrolytes and possibly counselling

The next morning during meditation, my mind reopened the meeting immediately.

I would sit down peacefully. Breathing in... Breathing out...



And suddenly the brain announces: "Previously on Corporate Game of Thrones..."

Now the entire meeting reappears in high definition. Different endings. Alternative dialogues.

Hypothetical revenge speeches.



At first, I thought meditation was failing.

Meditation was not creating the chaos. It was showing me the chaos I had been carrying around all day like unpaid luggage.

I started understanding that meditation is not only about sitting quietly for twenty minutes.

Meditation outside the meditation-mat matters too. Because apparently the mind has a very strange accounting department.

It remembers unresolved conversations with shocking enthusiasm.

Especially the unfair ones. Some people unconsciously operate with a very interesting policy structure:

My time is flexible. Their time is critical.

My boundaries are optional.

Their boundaries require calendar invitations.

And if I do not consciously renegotiate these invisible contracts, the mind quietly keeps paying interest on them later during meditation.

So I slowly changed a few things.

I documented key points.

I stopped rushing into unclear calls.

I became more comfortable saying: "Let us continue this over email." And strangely... Meditation improved.

And there were fewer emotional browser tabs left open in my head - a slightly more peaceful place with Clearer boundaries, fewer ambiguous people, shorter calls

written follow-ups and strategically avoiding conversations that require witness protection afterwards.

The corporate world will probably always contain difficult personalities.

They will apply for rental space inside our head. Thankfully, we can insist on having a lease agreement.

2. Returning to Simplicity

No conclusion. Just continuation

Sometimes before I sit for meditation, a strange reference comes to mind. Not a meditation book. Not a philosophy lecture. Just the movie *Forrest Gump*.

There is something about that character that feels quietly relevant.



Forrest does not overthink things.

He is not trying to manipulate situations.

He is not constantly calculating how life should unfold.

He simply moves through the moment in front of him.

Run when it is time to run.

Sit when it is time to sit.

Talk when someone is beside him.

I still do not know what exactly happened there.

Just a person responding to life as it arrives.

When I sit down for meditation, I sometimes remember that.

The mind often wants to analyse the session before it even begins. How long will it be? Will the mind be calm today?

Is the technique correct? But the act itself is simpler.

Just sitting. Breath comes in. Breath goes out.

Thoughts pass through, the same way life passes through Forrest's story.

Some moments are joyful. Some confusing. Some completely ordinary.

Yet he keeps moving forward without turning everything into a strategy. I have to remind myself that Meditation sometimes feels similar. Not a performance. Not something to perfect. Just a small

space where I sit with what is already happening. For reasons I cannot fully explain, remembering that character makes the practice feel lighter.

3. Watching a movie analogy - Even the messy scenes belong

Lights-off, Film- starts and OM:

My Meditation as a Cinematic Journey

My son and I walked along the Ghats of Kashi, the morning sun casting long shadows across the ancient stones.

In my ears, a meditation podcast played softly, its calm voice at odds with the vibrant chaos around us.

"I imagine my thoughts like scenes in a film," the voice suggested, just as we sidestepped a procession of chanting devotees.

My son shot me a look-half amusement, half scepticism-as a cow lazily blocked our path.

The cow, unlike the rest of us, seemed entirely comfortable with the situation

The air smelled of incense, street food, flowers, and faint

diesel fumes. It struck me then how much this moment mirrored meditation itself.

Travel across the world to learn to sit quietly?
We have been doing it for years

Detach the ego and then spend hours finding a place for Selfie

I smiled. Kashi was no curated spiritual retreat; it was a raw, unfiltered existence.

The honking Autos (tuk-tuks), the vendors, and the sudden pockets of stillness where pilgrims sat silently and prayed were all part of the same unfolding story.

LOL, my son nudged me, pointing to a group of monkeys raiding a fruit stall. "Dad, Think that's part of the 'film' too?" he asked, grinning.

May be, I said. "Even the messy scenes may belong."

And just like that, the podcast's metaphor came alive. Meditation wasn't about escaping the chaos-it was about finding the quiet awareness beneath it, something in the background that stays steady. Whether in the sacred alleys of Kashi or the restless corners of the mind, the practice remained the same: watch, allow, and trust the narrative to unfold.

Imagine this

"The projector hums to life as I settle into the theatre of my awareness.

Today's Blockbuster?

My meditation-a never-before-seen film where I am the audience and the storyline.

Some days it could be National Geographic; others, it is a thriller starring my to-do list.

The screen darkens.

The Cinema begins-not with loud music, but with silence. The movie starts with a dramatic chase scene -my thoughts.

4. Familiarity Bias: Why My Mind Keeps Catching Thoughts

In this we have talked about many things in life. How one tiny conversation can enter the meditation mat the next morning and behave like a senior consultant with unlimited billing rights.

But the real problem, at least for me, is not thoughts.

Thoughts will come.

Old thoughts.

Future thoughts.

Imaginary arguments of unlikely disaster scenarios delivered with full cinematic confidence.

The issue is not that thoughts appear.

The issue is that my mind catches them.

A thought passes by. Instead of watching it quietly, my mind grabs it like airport security discovering suspicious luggage.

Then suddenly I am no longer meditating.

I am conducting an internal town hall meeting inside my own head.

No agenda. No minutes. No closure.

Just emotional PowerPoint presentations.

My Small Aha Moment

For a long time, I thought meditation was difficult because I had "too many thoughts."

Now I am not so sure.

Maybe the problem is not the number of thoughts.

Maybe the problem is the attention I give them.

A thought appears.

My mind immediately upgrades it to **Priority Business Class**.

Especially office emails containing: "Can we discuss?"

Those three words alone can generate enough anxiety to power a small country. Maybe my mind has learnt something very simple:

Bring thought → receive attention.

Bring worry → receive even more attention.

Bring imaginary future disaster → receive executive sponsorship. So naturally the mind keeps doing it.

The Dog and the Ball



I started thinking about dogs chasing Tennis balls.

The dog runs. Catches the ball.

Brings it back proudly like it solved climate change.

But maybe the dog is not obsessed with the ball itself.

Maybe it likes the attention. The excitement. The involvement. The ball is just the excuse. My mind feels similar.

A thought appears. I chase it. Analyse it. Replay it. Improve it.

The thought is the ball. My attention is the reward.

And once my mind realises thoughts get attention, why would it stop producing them?

Especially at 2:17 AM.

Why the Mind Keeps Catching Thoughts

To be fair, catching thoughts is useful in my normal life. It helps avoid mistakes.

Spot risks. Prepare for meetings. Read suspiciously polite corporate emails.

Sometimes the real danger is not the sentence. It is the sentence around the sentence - a so called loaded sentence?

So the mind learns: "Thoughts are important. Catch them quickly." Reasonable system.

Unfortunately, meditation arrives and says: "We are just breathing today."

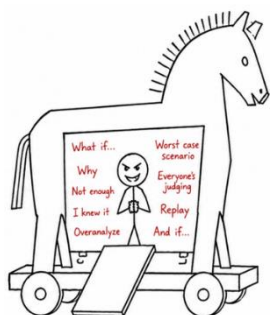
The mind replies:

"Excellent. While breathing, shall we also revisit that annoying Zoom call happened on Tuesday ?"



Why It Is Hard to Let Thoughts Pass

I get free advice: "Just let the thought go." Very elegant advice. Extremely suitable for framed Instagram quotes. In actual



meditation, though, not engaging with a thought can feel irresponsible. A worry appears. Part of me says:



"We should probably think about this immediately."

The mind never says: "Let us overthink." It says: "Let us be practical."

That is the trick. Overthinking rarely arrives dressed as overthinking.

The Real Reward

This part became clearer to me over time: Attention is fuel.

A tiny thought enters quietly. Attention turns it into a full Netflix series.

The Familiarity Trap

This is where familiarity bias becomes obvious.

Thinking feels familiar.

Planning feels familiar.

Worrying feels strangely productive.

Stillness feels suspicious.

I give attention → It fuels what I focus on → It drives behavior without I realizing it → It consumes my time, energy, and peace

The pattern becomes:

Thought. Catch. Attention. Importance. Repeat.

My brain proposes another committee meeting.

The breath declines the invitation.

A thought arrives. My brain says:

"This is urgent."

Like throwing a tennis ball for a dog and then saying:

"No need." The dog looks emotionally betrayed.

"That was literally my purpose."



My mind reacts the same way. Meditation says:

"No need." My mind says:

"But this is our core business model."

And maybe that is the practice. Not fighting thoughts. Not becoming anti-thinking. Just slowly learning that every thought does not require a full internal committee meeting.

And maybe, slowly, learning not to throw my entire attention after every passing ball.

Part D - Still Figuring It Out

＼_(ツ)_／

(Because I did not graduate?)

I thought this book would end with some kind of wisdom, a conclusion, and perhaps a feeling that I had figured out something. As it turns out,, life kept interrupting the research. Every time I believed I had mastered patience, awareness, or non-attachment, a delayed flight, missing email, family argument, or disappearing client arrived to conduct a surprise audit. The good news is that, every now and then, I seem to stumble across small pockets of wisdom. The bad news is that I usually discover them many hours after I needed them.

So I am ending this book not because I have found all the answers, but because I am finally comfortable admitting that I have no answers . Besides, if I waited until I understood everything, this book would never be published☺.

I. The Day I Forgot Everything I Learned

A Stressful morning where years of wisdom disappeared before breakfast.

Opening Scene : I would love to tell you that meditation permanently changed my relationship with stress.



That after years of sitting quietly, observing thoughts, and reading books about awareness, I now respond to every challenge with the calm dignity of a wise monk.

Unfortunately, real world is often with surprises.

I had just returned from a business trip and reached home at around two in the morning. By all reasonable standards, I was operating on a low battery mode.

Then, early the next morning, my younger son burst into the room.

He was late. Very late. And failure to arrive on time would result in consequences of an unspecified but apparently catastrophic nature.

The details remained classified, what was not classified was his frustration.

He yelled and neighbours, I am sure the whole block heard "Why had nobody heard the alarm? Why had nobody made a greater effort to wake me up"?

My other Son also became annoyed because he was being blamed.

As parents we became annoyed because we were being blamed for something that appeared to involve a grown young man and an alarm clock.

The meditation department was unavailable for comment.

Soon we were holding what can only be described as an emergency family meeting - blamestorming session

The agenda everyone explaining why everyone else was wrong.

The Disappearance of Wisdom

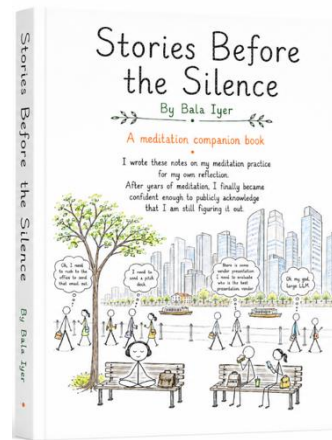
The strange thing was that I had written about this before. Not long earlier, I had reflected on an incident in London where somebody had been extremely late and yet everything eventually worked out perfectly well. At the time, I had extracted valuable lessons about perspective, patience and unnecessary panic. Apparently those lessons had a **very limited warranty period**.

Because on this particular morning, not a single one of them showed up.

The entire meditation department of my brain appeared to have taken emergency leave (aka also known as MC in Singapore). Years of meditation had been temporarily defeated by one sleepy family argument.

The Least Popular Suggestion

(.-.;) At some point I had a thought. "Wait a minute. Have we not discussed exactly this sort of thing in my meditation book" *Stories before the silence*?"



This suggestion received approximately the same reception as proposing a poetry reading during a building fire.

"We do not have time for philosophy." "This is urgent."

"Ryan is already late." "We need solutions, not your airy fairy meditation." Said my wife

So I proposed a compromise. Not an hour. Not ten minutes. Just sixty seconds.

There is already lost time, an additional minute was unlikely to become the deciding factor in the collapse of civilisation. Surprisingly, everyone agreed.

The Longest Short Minute

For sixty seconds we stopped. Nobody solved anything. Nobody produced a brilliant plan.

We simply paused. Nothing happened. Just a little less noise.

The panic lost some momentum. The blame lost some energy. Someone eventually said what should probably have been obvious from the beginning:

"Let us stop arguing and focus on what needs to be done."

An astonishing breakthrough.

The family unanimously agreed that shouting was not improving punctuality.

Ryan got ready and left. The crisis appeared to continue moving forward exactly as planned.

The Plot Twist

Then came the message. While on the train, Ryan realised he had overlooked something.

He had a hospital check-up scheduled that morning. More importantly, when he called them they said, "we know you are going to for a medical appointment, so we did not include you in the morning event".

The Real Lesson

Later that day, Ryan read the chapter about Wei Ming. We all had a good laugh.

The rest of us laughed too. Because suddenly the entire morning looked very different.

That is a good news that now the same morning is seen differently

The bad news is that this happened many hours later.



2. The Curious Advantage of not Knowing

Why uncertainty becomes slightly less frightening

My co-founder and I stood there angrily silently (ಠ_ಠ)

Your Product does not have a Market Fit, You do not know how to lead people, BTW, I can develop a software like yours end to end in 2 weeks time



Wait, I also want to invest in your company



Our investor had just finished looking at a product we had

spent years building. Years. Client meetings. Pilot projects. Many failed design and logics. Late nights.

He nodded thoughtfully. "I think I could build this with a large language model in about two weeks."

Partly we were surprised. Partly because we were trying to process the statement. The interesting part was that this same investor was simultaneously negotiating a rather large amount of money to acquire our company. I was not listening and spent the rest of the meeting trying to reconcile these two facts. If it could be built in two weeks, why buy it? If it was worth buying, why two weeks? My brain approached the problem with the enthusiasm of a forensic accountant and the effectiveness of a confused goldfish.

Nothing balanced. For the next few hours I was irritated. Actually, irritated is probably too polite a word. I was offended. Years of effort had just been compressed into fourteen calendar days. My mind immediately became very productive. Not at solving the problem but inventing explanations.

Is he being condescending?

Does he understand the complexity?

He is dismissing the team's work.

Is building software that easy for him?

He has possibly accidentally watched three AI videos - while scrolling and now believes he is a technology Guru.

The theories arrived quickly.

Later that evening I am still very confused

Maybe he was negotiating.

Maybe he was testing us.

Maybe he was challenging our assumptions.

May be he was being asked the same question by his own stakeholder and he wants to learn from us how to answer this to his own stakeholder.

Entrepreneurship has introduced me to many uncomfortable truths.

Meditation merely stopped them from talking over one another. The story I built around it lasted several hours. Possibly longer.

The suffering was not created by the investor. The suffering was created by the screenplay my mind wrote afterwards.

The funny thing is that startups are built entirely on not knowing. We do not know for sure if customers will buy. We do not know for sure if the product will work.

We do not know for sure if competitors are building something better.

We do not know for sure whether next year's strategy is brilliant or ridiculous.

Most founders spend their lives operating under uncertainty.

Yet I was strangely uncomfortable when uncertainty appears in a conversation. Especially when somebody suggests our life's work can be recreated between two episodes of TV Series .

That night an awkward pattern started appearing something surprisingly liberating.

I did not need to know what he meant.

I did not need to determine whether he was arrogant, dismissive, clever, or completely mistaken.

I could simply leave the question unanswered. Which felt unnatural at first. My brain prefers certainty. Even bad certainty.

But uncertainty has an unexpected advantage.

The moment I admitted I did not know what was happening inside another person's head, the irritation began to disappear. Not because I had solved the mystery. Because I had stopped trying to.

To this day, I still do not know exactly what he meant.

Perhaps he genuinely believed it could be built in two weeks - however is it more than year since he said. Perhaps one day I will ask him or maybe not.

What I do know is that uncertainty became far less frightening once I stopped treating it as a problem to solve.

To this day, I still do not know exactly what he meant.

I hope I meet that investor again someday - when neither of us is negotiating anything at all - I will finally ask him what he meant -

Maybe I will discover that he was not being condescending. Maybe I will learn that the story I spent hours constructing was entirely my own invention.

3. The Last Chapter of this book

That Solves Nothing, and somehow it feels appropriate to say that I have reached a higher State of consciousness Confusion

If you have reached this page, WOW, thank you!

When I did a review of the book it has very little advice on meditation techniques. There are no discussions on religion. No recommended diet involving seventeen seeds and Himalayan berries. No exercise routine guaranteed to unlock

This was not a miss, It is because of two reason

(a) I am not qualified and

(b) there are already excellent books written by people who are experts on those subjects. Many of them have spent decades studying theology, philosophy, nutrition, psychology, yoga, neuroscience and spirituality.

I never wanted this book to answer life's biggest questions. I wanted it to sit beside smaller ones, like

- Why can a client sound enthusiastic and then disappear?
- Why does reading about meditation sometimes feel easier than meditating?
- Why can one Chat group message create a Blockbuster movie inside my head?
- Why does my family occasionally conduct emergency meetings before breakfast?
- And why do I keep believing that next week will finally be organised?

After years of highly unscientific experimentation:

My life rarely arrived in neat chapters. My investor may never explain his comment.

The client may reply next week. Or next quarter. Or never 😞

The family disagreement eventually becomes a story. The stressful morning becomes funnier six months later. The thing that looked like a disaster sometimes turns out to be a detour.

And sometimes it really was a disaster. But even those become stories eventually.

So I will end this book exactly where I started:

Still curious. Still slightly confused. Still meditating. Still discovering that uncertainty is a little less frightening than it used to be.

And still not entirely convinced that the cat in Schrödinger's box is helping.

Although it certainly seems to be enjoying itself.

Thank you for spending some time with me.

May your thoughts occasionally behave. And if they do not, perhaps they can at least become good material for a book.😊

Thanks for reading this book

Your feedback is invaluable.

If any insight resonated with you, or if you have thoughts to share, I'd love to hear from you. Reach me at bala.trichy@gmail.com



May your practice unfold with curiosity, compassion, and quiet joy. Until next time-With, Bala

Acknowledgement

Illustrations by Rohan, an artist from LASALLE College of the Arts.



His work brought charm, simplicity, and humour to the visual style of this book. His illustrations helped give the stories a more human, playful, and memorable feel - without making meditation look too serious, which would have been a terrible idea against this book.

His work reflects a strong sense of observation, clean visual storytelling, and the ability to communicate emotion with simplicity.

For illustration, creative projects, book artwork, or visual storytelling opportunities, Rohan can be contacted at:

rohan@lasalleschool.com

Bibliography (and Other Unexpected Contributors)

This book was influenced by: Meditation teachers, Vipassana retreats, Monks, Ancient philosophy, Podcasts, Delayed flights, nice investors, Comic book stores, Corporate meetings that should probably have been emails, movies, family dramas and

And several thoughts that absolutely refused to leave quietly.

Special acknowledgement to:

S. N. Goenka for teaching observation,

Carl Jung for making synchronicity sound less crazy,

Toy Story for unexpectedly explaining awareness,

And my own mind for continuously generating content .

This bibliography is therefore a mixture of:

actual books, lived experience, philosophical confusion, and situations that became meditation chapters against their will.

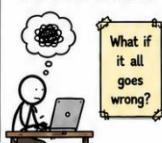
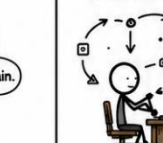
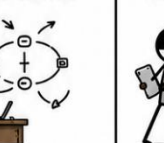
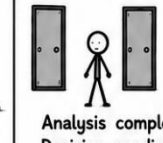
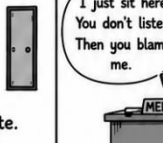
THE LAST PAGE

SERVICES OFFERED BY MY MIND.

MIND HEADQUARTERS

Chaotic by design. Fully operational.
No accountability. Excellent creativity.

MISSION STATEMENT
Keep me busy enough
so I don't sit quietly
and see who I really am.

<p>WORRY & WHAT-IFS DIVISION</p>  <p>24/7 shifts. Zero solutions.</p>	<p>REPLAY YESTERDAY DEPARTMENT</p>  <p>Specializes in regret marathons.</p>	<p>FUTURE DISASTER PLANNING UNIT</p>  <p>99% imagination. 1% probability.</p>	<p>COMPARISON RESEARCH LAB</p>  <p>Data is inaccurate. Feelings are real.</p>	<p>EGO PROTECTION SERVICES</p>  <p>Fragile product. Constant polishing.</p>
<p>SUDDEN MEMORY POP-UPS</p>  <p>Irrelevant. Untimely. Unavoidable.</p>	<p>INNER CRITIC COMPLIANCE</p>  <p>Nothing is ever good enough.</p>	<p>OVERTHINKING OPERATIONS CENTRE</p>  <p>Turning is thought into 10,000.</p>	<p>ATTENTION HIJACKING SQUAD</p>  <p>Shiny things. Guaranteed capture.</p>	
<p>DOUBT & SELF-SABOTAGE LLC</p>  <p>We help you lose before you start.</p>	<p>DECISION PARALYSIS BOARD</p>  <p>Analysis complete. Decision pending. Since forever.</p>	<p>MEDITATION REVIEW</p> 	<p>IN CASE OF STILLNESS, MIND WILL PANIC AND CREATE DRAMA.</p> <p>DO NOT REMOVE</p>	

THE END*

* or is it just "THE PAUSE BETWEEN CHAPTERS I DON'T REMEMBER WRITING"?

Things I figured out while writing this book:

- Nothing lasts.
- Everything changes.
- Snacks help.
- You're not behind. (I think)

If you've made it this far, congratulations! You now know almost as much as I do. (Which is to say: not much.)

Life is still confusing. The future is still a mystery. And I still overthink texts.

But hey—now we can overthink together.

Things I still don't have figured out:

- What I'm doing with my life
- What other people are doing their lives
- Why we pay taxes
- What day it is sometimes (ಃ)

Remember:

Your brain is not a problem to be solved.

It's a roommate. A dramatic one. But still.



So... what's next?
I have no idea.
Let's wing it.

But I'm working on it. ♥

Be kind to yourself. You're doing better than you think. (Seriously.)

LIFE:
0% FIGURED OUT
100% WORTH IT
(So far.)

NOTES
1. Chill.
2. Seriously ♥

FINAL THOUGHT:
We don't need all the answers.
We just need good questions, good people, and good memes. ☺

OVERTHINKING FOR BEGINNERS
THE ART OF WORRYING LESS
(Still a work in progress)
WHY AM I LIKE THIS?

Thanks for letting me borrow your time and attention.
Hope this book was at least 0.1% useful.

(If not, you can recycle it. Or use it to balance a wobbly table. Both are valid.)

— The A
(Still figuring it out)