

The Journey from illusion to inner truth continues

BEYOND

Mithya

Shades of Being

Dr Smita Kamat Ghosh



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For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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Contents

Acknowledgement.....	1
About the Author.....	3
About Sakhi.....	5
The Purple Story.....	7
Preface.....	9
The Inner Arc.....	11
Before You Begin.....	13
Shade I: The Emotional Agni Pariksha— when grief is asked to prove itself.	16
Shade II: Finding Your Krishna— when direction matters more than certainty.....	24
Shade III: Emotional Weather and Emotional Climate— when a moment is mistaken for a life.....	34
Shade IV: The Echo Effect— when emotions return distorted	44
Shade V: The Social Media Stamp of “Good Emotions Only”— when presence is replaced by proof.....	54
Shade VI: Yeh Dil Maange More — when desire forgets how to rest.....	62
Shade VII: What You Feed, Grows — how attention quietly shapes the inner world	70
Shade VIII: The Yin-Yang Within — learning to hold opposites without tearing apart	78
Shade IX: Completing the Nav Ras — when nothing inside needs to be excluded.....	86
Afterword: Living Beyond Mithya	94
The Emotional Map Within —and How Balance Returns	96
Shade I - Grief & Endurance (Karuna)	97
Shade II - Inner Guidance & Stillness (Shanta)	98

Shade III – Emotional Weather & Climate.....	99
Shade IV – Miscommunication & Echoes (Bhaya / Raudra)	100
Shade V – Performed Emotions & Positivity	101
Shade VI – Desire & Restlessness (Rati)	102
Shade VII – Attention & Nourishment (Adbhuta).....	103
Shade VIII – Duality & Inner Conflict (Bibhatsa / Shanta).....	104
Shade IX – Wholeness (Nav Ras)	105
Returning to Balance – Three Movements.....	106
The Purple Story – When the Colour Became Visible	121
The Purple Pause.....	123

Acknowledgement

Some journeys are written with words.

Others are written by people.

Beyond Mithya carries forward the gratitude first expressed in *Decoding Mithya*. Much of what shaped that book conversations, silences, questions, resistance, and trust continues to live here, in a different form.

I remain deeply grateful to everyone who walked alongside the first journey. Your willingness to question deeply held beliefs, to sit with discomfort, and to share lived truths made it possible for that work to exist. This book stands on the emotional courage that journey awakened.

To my children, *Poorna and Ujaan* you are my anchor and my strength. You have taught me, not through words but through presence, what it means to stay real, curious, and compassionate. Watching you grow has been my greatest teacher, reminding me every day why emotional honesty matters.

To my **Nitin and Bharti** your steady support, faith, and quiet reassurance have been a source of strength in ways that are not always spoken, but deeply felt. Knowing you are there has made this journey lighter.

To my friends, **Mitra, Sakshis**, those who listened without trying to fix, who stayed even when answers were absent, who trusted my pauses as much as my words, this book carries your warmth within it. You know who you are. Your presence has mattered more than you realise.

To mentors, colleagues, educators, and fellow practitioners who challenged my thinking without trying to shape it, your questions mattered more than your answers. You helped me trust nuance over certainty.

To the women, men, adolescents, and communities who shared their stories often without knowing they were doing so this book belongs to you. Your emotions, spoken and unspoken, taught me more than any theory ever could.

To readers of *Decoding Mithya*, who reached out not just with appreciation but with reflection, your responses revealed something important:

understanding a myth is only the beginning. Living beyond it requires another conversation. This book exists because you stayed in that conversation.

And to all my well-wishers near and far, known and unseen thank you for holding space, offering encouragement, and believing quietly. Not every support is visible, but every support is felt.

This book was not written to persuade.
It was written to accompany.

If it has stayed with you
even briefly
that is more than enough.

Dr. Smita Kamat Ghosh

About the Author

Dr. Smita Kamat Ghosh

Dr. Smita Kamat Ghosh is a psychologist, author, researcher, and thought leader working at the intersection of emotional wellbeing, gender, education, and social change.

She is the author of *Decoding Mithya*, a critically recognised work that examines deeply embedded social and gendered myths shaping contemporary Indian life. *Beyond Mithya: Shades of Being* emerges as its natural sequel as if moving from social decoding to the inner emotional landscapes that remain after awareness begins.

Dr. Ghosh is the author of *five+ books* and has contributed to *ten+ research papers and academic chapters*, addressing themes of mental health, emotional literacy, gender, adolescence, and social behaviour. Her work consistently bridges lived experience with psychological insight, making complex emotional realities accessible without oversimplification.

She has worked extensively with schools, educators, communities, and CSR initiatives across India, focusing on emotional literacy, mental health awareness, adolescent wellbeing, women's empowerment, and behaviour change at scale. Her professional journey bridges academia, grassroots engagement, and policy-oriented practice. As part of her field-based work, impact assessments, and community engagement, she has *travelled to over 150 villages across India*, bringing lived realities into structured frameworks of social and behavioural change.

Dr. Ghosh is currently *Associate Vice President at CSRBOX*, where she contributes to national-level CSR strategy, impact assessment, and social development initiatives, working closely with corporates, foundations, and implementing partners across sectors.

She is also the founder-curator of *Lajja Talks*, a reflective storytelling and dialogue platform that addresses silence, stigma, and unspoken emotional experiences—particularly those shaped by gendered and social conditioning.

Through Lajja Talks, she facilitates conversations that prioritise dignity over disclosure and listening over performance.

A sought-after speaker, Dr. Ghosh has presented at *national and international platforms*, including academic conferences, policy forums, educational institutions, and social impact summits. Her engagements are known for their depth, quiet authority, and ability to hold complex emotional truths without prescribing solutions.

She is a recipient of the *Femina Achievers Award Gujarat*, recognising her contribution to mental health advocacy, social impact, and women-centric thought leadership. She has also been honoured at multiple national platforms for her work as a counsellor, researcher, educator, and author.

Across her writing and professional work, Dr. Ghosh is known for refusing to simplify human experience. Her voice remains reflective rather than prescriptive rooted in Indian context, yet universally resonant.

She believes that transformation does not begin with answers, but with the courage to stay with the right questions.

About Sakhi

The One Who Holds the Thread

Sakhi is not a character in the conventional sense.

Sakhi has no fixed age, gender, or role.

Sakhi does not belong to a single story.

In the Indian storytelling tradition, the sutradhar is the one who holds the thread connecting scenes, silences, meanings, and transitions without stepping into the spotlight. Sakhi performs that role in *Beyond Mithya: Shades of Being*.

Sakhi does not instruct.

Sakhi does not interpret.

Sakhi does not offer solutions.

Sakhi notices.

When emotions are tested, Sakhi stays present.

When guidance is sought, Sakhi does not hurry answers.

When contradictions surface, Sakhi allows them to exist without resolution.

Sakhi represents a way of seeing one that pauses before judgement, listens without interruption, and trusts that truth reveals itself when given space.

Across these pages, Sakhi appears lightly. Sometimes as a witness. Sometimes as a quiet observer. Sometimes only as a pause between two thoughts. Sakhi is never the centre of the story, because Sakhi's role is not to lead but to hold.

In many ways, Sakhi is not separate from the reader.

Sakhi is the part of us that watches our reactions before they harden into beliefs.

The part that stays with discomfort long enough to understand it.

The part that remembers that emotions do not need to be fixed to be valid.

Sakhi holds the thread only until the reader is ready to hold it themselves.

And when that moment arrives, Sakhi steps back
not as an ending,
but as trust.

The Purple Story

Before the Shades Were Named

Where the Shades Found Their Voices*

About the Purple Story Project

The Purple Story Project is a quiet extension of this book. It exists to hold emotional truths that are often lived but rarely named stories softened for acceptance, silenced for dignity, or misunderstood because they did not look “right.” What began as conversation finds form here, and continues beyond these pages, creating space for recognition rather than resolution. The Purple Story is not about collecting voices. It is about honouring what was always present.

Purple arrived before the answers did.

It appeared in conversations where certainty was not demanded and conclusions were not rushed. In rooms where people spoke carefully, as if testing whether their truth would be held gently or weighed too quickly.

This book did not begin with theory.

It began with people.

Forum Panchal often returned the discussion to a single, steady thought. She spoke about Krishna not as mythology, not as belief, but as an *anchor*. A way of staying aligned when emotions pull in different directions. For her, Krishna was not about instruction or certainty. It was about steadiness, standing without hardening, acting without losing balance.

That idea stayed in the room.

Madhusmita Jena reflected on how people who do good are often misunderstood. She spoke about the discomfort of seeing integrity mistaken for negativity, firmness mistaken for lack of compassion. Of how goodness does not always look pleasant and how intention and appearance often stand apart, like yin and yang.

Ragini Bharadwaj stayed with that discomfort, noticing how quickly we judge what does not fit our expectations of softness.

Ashita Mehta gave language to the tension between being kind and being liked.

Shraddha Ahuja listened until silence itself felt safe enough to speak.

There were no agendas in these conversations. No roles of expert and listener. Only lived experiences shared slowly, sometimes hesitantly, sometimes with relief.

What surfaced were not explanations, but recognitions.

Stories of grief that did not look acceptable.

Of strength that did not arrive wrapped in gentleness.

Of people acting with integrity and being misread because of how it appeared.

Of emotions carried alone because there was no place to set them down.

These stories came from different corners of India, different homes, different lives yet they recognised one another instantly. What was judged as negativity in one place was revealed as balance in another. What appeared as hardness was often quiet resolve.

Sakhi listened.

Not to correct the meaning.

Not to smooth contradiction.

Only to notice how often truth lives between opposites.

The shades that follow are drawn from these moments from a realisation that returned quietly, again and again:

What we see is not always what is held.

As you enter these pages, remember
this is not a book about choosing sides.

It is about learning to stay anchored.

Preface

Beyond Mithya: The Next Conversation

Some conversations do not end with the last page of a book.

They pause.

They wait.

They return when the questions deepen.

Decoding Mithya began with myths that shape womanhood, identity, and society beliefs that appear real, yet quietly govern how we think, feel, and live. It asked readers to look outward and question what had long been normalised.

This book begins where that questioning turns inward.

Beyond Mithya: Shades of Being is not a repetition of the first journey. It is its continuation. A deeper conversation with the inner world that remains after myths are recognised but not yet fully released.

Because decoding a myth does not automatically free us from its emotional imprint.

We may understand the illusion intellectually, yet still carry it in our bodies, reactions, and relationships.

This book explores that terrain.

Here, mithya is no longer only about social constructs. It appears as emotional expectations, inherited responses, silent rules about how we must grieve, love, desire, perform, and heal.

The shades you will encounter are not lessons. They are recognitions of moments where emotion was judged, guidance was outsourced, feelings were misunderstood, expressions were curated, desire was endless, attention was unconscious, and inner contradictions were resisted.

Sakhi returns in this journey as well not as a guide with answers, but as a sutradhar who holds the thread between what we feel and what we believe about feeling.

You do not need to have read *Decoding Mithya* to walk through these pages. But if you have, you may notice something familiar this book speaks to what remains after awareness begins.

This is not a book about fixing emotions.

It is about living with them honestly.

About allowing them to move without distortion.

About recognising that liberation is not achieved by rejecting illusion, but by seeing through it again and again.

If *Decoding Mithya* asked you to question the world,
Beyond Mithya asks you to stay with yourself.

Read slowly. Return often. Disagree if you must.

The journey continues not toward answers, but toward wholeness.

When you are ready, turn the page.

The next shade awaits.



Shade I

The Emotional Agni Pariksha
When grief is asked to prove itself
→ Karuna (Compassion)

Shade II

Finding Your Krishna
When direction matters more than
certainty
→ Shanta (Inner Stillness)

Shade III

Emotional Weather and Emotional
Climate
When a moment is mistaken for a life
→ Hasya / Raudra (Joy & Anger)

Shade IV

The Echo Effect
When emotions return distorted
→ Bhaya / Raudra (Fear & Anger)

Shade V

The Social Media Stamp of "Good
Emotions Only"
When presence is replaced by proof
→ Hasya (Performed Joy)

Shade VI

Yeh Dil Maange More
When desire forgets how to rest
→ Rati (Desire)

Shade VII

What You Feed, Grows
How attention quietly shapes the inner
world
→ Adbhuta (Awareness / Wonder)

Shade VIII

The Yin-Yang Within
Learning to hold opposites without
tearing apart
→ Bibhatsa / Shanta (Aversion &
Peace)

Shade IX

Completing the Nav Ras
When nothing inside needs to be
excluded
→ Wholeness

Before You Begin

This book is not meant to be read quickly.

It does not offer steps to follow or answers to collect. It does not ask you to improve yourself, correct your emotions, or arrive anywhere in particular.

It asks something quieter.

To notice.

The pages that follow do not move in straight lines. They move the way inner life does through pauses, repetitions, recognitions, and return. Some chapters may feel familiar. Some may feel uncomfortable. Some may not seem relevant at first.

That is expected.

This book is not organised around solutions, but around *shades of ways* of being that often coexist, contradict, and overlap. You may recognise yourself in more than one place. You may disagree with parts of it. You may feel seen in ways you did not expect.

Nothing here requires agreement.

Sakhi does not appear as a guide with answers. She appears as a witness observing, holding, and occasionally naming what often goes unnoticed. Her role is not to lead you forward, but to stay long enough for something to reveal itself.

You do not need to remember what you read.

You do not need to finish every chapter.

You do not need to arrive at insight.

If a page slows you down, stay there.

If a thought unsettles you, let it pass without fixing it.

If a story feels distant, leave it be.

This book does not demand attention.

It responds to presence.

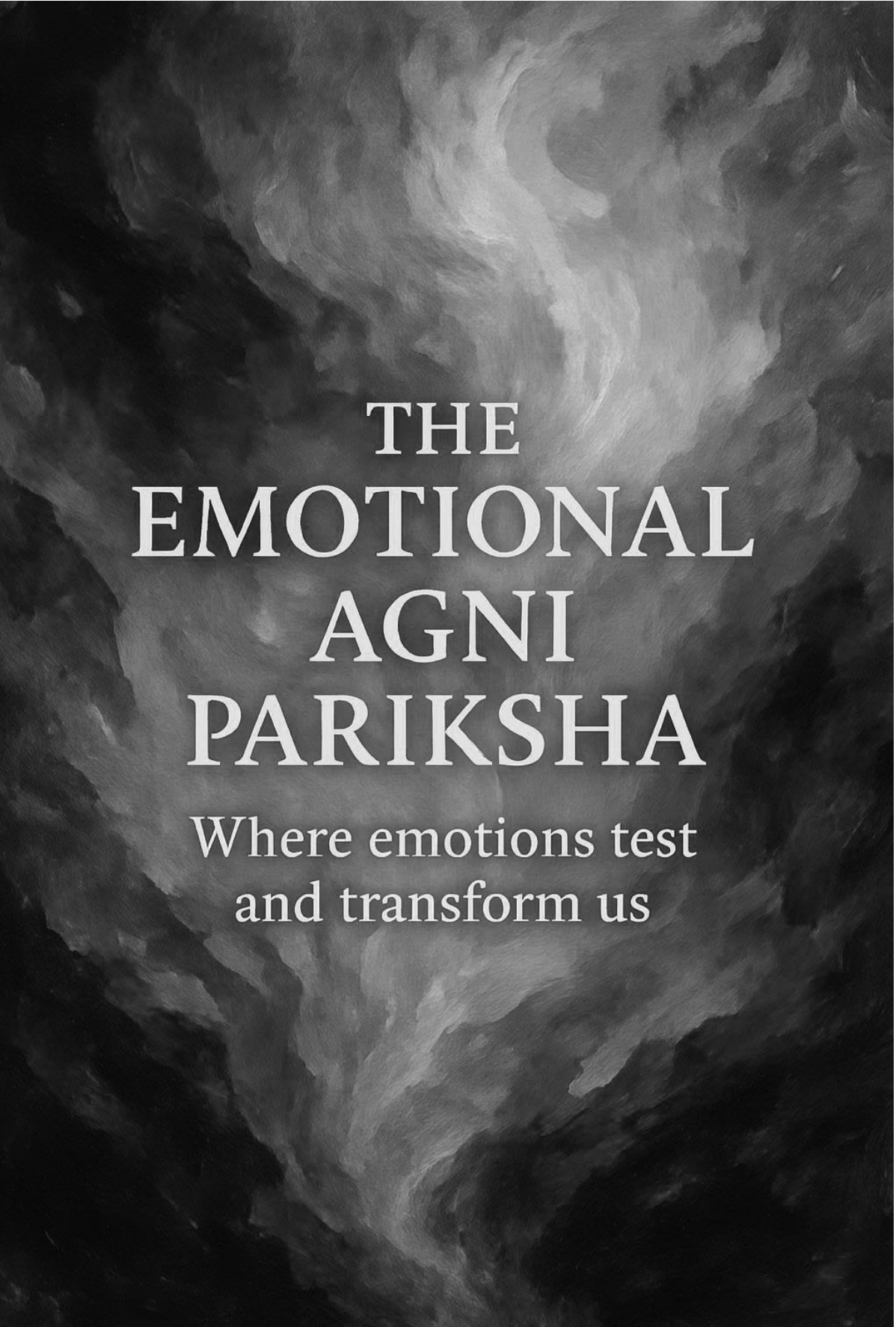
You are free to read it as you are tired, curious, guarded, or open. There is no correct state to begin from.

This is not the start of a journey toward change.

It is the start of a conversation with what already exists.

Pause here for a moment before turning the page.

That pause matters.



THE EMOTIONAL AGNI PARIKSHA

Where emotions test
and transform us

Shade I:

The Emotional Agni Pariksha—when grief is asked to prove itself

“दुःखेष्वनुद्विग्नमनाः सुखेषु विगतस्पृहः।”

Bhagavad Gita 2.56

One whose mind is not shaken by sorrow, nor pulled by pleasure, is said to be steady in wisdom.

Introduction: When Pain Is Not Allowed to Be Private

There comes a moment in every society when pain stops belonging to the person who feels it and begins to belong to those who observe it. In that moment, grief is no longer an intimate experience. It becomes a spectacle; watched closely, interpreted freely, and judged without invitation.

In ancient stories, fire was used to test truth. Today, fire appears in quieter forms. It lives in eyes that linger too long. In questions that are not spoken aloud but hover heavily in the air. In whispers exchanged between strangers who feel entitled to certainty.

Is this pain real enough?

Is it visible enough?

Is it acceptable?

The most exhausting trials are rarely the ones we prepare for. They are the ones we are placed into without consent. This is where the Emotional Agni Pariksha begins—not with flames, but with expectation.

The Mithya: That Pain Must Follow a Script

One of the most persistent myths we inherit is the belief that real pain announces itself clearly. That grief must look a certain way to be believed. That suffering must break a person visibly, publicly, unmistakably.

We are conditioned early. Tears are equated with sincerity. Collapse is equated with depth. Silence, when it appears, is often mistaken for indifference.

When familiar signs are absent, discomfort does not arise in the grieving person. It arises in the observer. And because ambiguity unsettles us, we question authenticity instead of examining our discomfort.

The myth survives because certainty feels safer than complexity.

Agni Pariksha Revisited: Then and Now

In mythology, Agni Pariksha was framed as a test of purity. But fire itself was never judged. The fire only burned. The judgement belonged to society, which demanded reassurance.

What unsettled people was not the flames, but composure. Not destruction, but dignity. Calmness in the face of accusation often disturbs more than visible despair.

Centuries later, the form has changed. The fire is no longer ritualistic. It is social.

It burns through assumption.
It spreads through comparison.
It feeds on interpretation.

It leaves no visible scars, yet it consumes deeply.

A Lived Moment: When an Airport Became a Courtroom

The airport that evening carried the heaviness of delay.

Announcements revised themselves repeatedly. Screens flickered with new timings. Passengers paced near the counters, irritation rising in subtle, familiar ways. Phones were checked compulsively. Conversations grew sharper. Time felt suspended, almost resentful.

Amid the collective unrest stood a woman who did not blend into the agitation.

She did not argue.
She did not demand it.
She did not apologise for asking.

Every so often, she approached the airline staff and quietly enquired about departure. “I need to reach home,” she said. “It is another eight to ten hours by road.”

Answers did not arrive. Only more waiting.

Eventually, as though explaining urgency more to herself than to the staff, she added in an even voice, “My husband died for the country. His body has already reached home. I need to be there before the last rites.”

For a brief moment, the airport fell silent.

Then the silence shifted.

Glances replaced conversation. Whispers took the place of noise.

Why is she wearing jewellery?
Why does she look so composed?
Why isn't she crying?
How can she stand like this?

Compassion dissolved into suspicion with unsettling speed.

The space had turned into a courtroom. The charge was unspoken, but clear: grief must prove itself.

Her stillness unsettled the crowd more than tears would have.

Yet stillness was not denial. It was regulation. It was a strategy. It was survival. The body sometimes chooses steadiness when collapse would make necessary action impossible.

What was being witnessed was not absence of sorrow, but the discipline of reaching home.

Karuna: The Compassion We Misunderstand

At the heart of this moment lies *Karuna*—not pity, not sympathy, but compassion that does not demand demonstration.

Karuna does not ask for visible suffering. It does not measure authenticity by volume. It simply recognises pain without insisting it conform.

When empathy becomes conditional—offered only if grief looks familiar, it ceases to be compassion. It becomes surveillance.

And surveillance, even when disguised as concern, burns.

The Cost of Emotional Agni Pariksha

The cost of this silent trial is not carried by one person alone.

Some learn to exaggerate their pain, so they are believed. Some learn to suppress it, so they are respected. Over time, emotional expression becomes edited for safety.

Pain turns into performance.

Or it retreats into silence.

In both cases, authenticity erodes.

The fire does not destroy immediately. It works slowly. It separates individuals from their own emotional truth. It teaches them that belonging requires adjustment.

And the deepest exhaustion comes not from grief itself, but from managing how it appears.

Stepping Out of the Fire

The answer is not defiance. Nor an explanation.

It is permission.

Permission to feel without display.

Permission to express without justification.

Permission to remain composed without being questioned.

Permission to weep without being judged as weak.

Not every fire needs to be crossed publicly. Some are meant to be honoured in silence

The Inner Mirror

Purple Page I – Reflection

Some stories are not loud.
They arrive folded inside routine
 between making tea
 and answering a call,
between holding it together
 and finally exhaling.
They do not demand attention.
They wait for permission.

Pause With the Image

Return once more to the woman at the airport. Let her remain as she was unchanged. Notice what arises within you. Not what you think. What you feel.

The Purple PAUSE

1. What Did Grief Look Like Around You?

As you grew up, how was grief expressed in your family or community?

Loudly? Quietly? Not at all?

What responses were praised? Which were criticised?

2. When Were You Watched While Hurting?

Recall a moment when your emotional response was observed, interpreted, or judged.

What did that moment teach you about how much of yourself was safe to show?

3. Your Safer Choice

When pain arises, do you move toward tears or toward control? Toward expression or efficiency?

What does that choice protect you from?

4. A Gentle Practice

The next time a strong emotion surfaces, ask yourself slowly and honestly:

If no one were watching me right now, how would this feeling want to exist?

Allow it to exist that way—even briefly.

Before You Turn the Page

Some walk-through grief with tears.

Some walk through it with silence.

Neither owes the world an explanation.

Fire does not test truth.

It reveals how much judgement surrounds pain.

Compassion begins the moment we stop asking grief to perform.

The fire may still burn.

But it no longer decides worth.



**KRISHNA
IN YOUR
LIFE**

Shade II:

Finding Your Krishna—when direction matters more than certainty

“न हि ज्ञानेन सदृशं पवित्रमिह विद्यते।”

Bhagavad Gita 4.38

There is nothing as purifying as true understanding.

Introduction: After Endurance Comes a Question

There comes a time in every life when survival is no longer the central task.

The crisis has passed. The loss has been absorbed into routine. The conversations that once felt urgent have faded into background noise. Externally, life appears stable again. Work resumes. Meals are cooked. Messages are replied to. The calendar fills.

And yet, beneath that restored normalcy, something quieter begins to stir.

Not another problem.

Not another pain.

But a question.

Now what?

It does not arrive dramatically. It does not announce itself as transformation. It simply lingers, persistent, unhurried, impossible to silence.

This is the moment when endurance is no longer enough. When strength has done its work, but direction has not yet been found.

The Mithya: That Guidance Comes as Instructions

Many of us grow up believing that guidance arrives from outside.

Someone wiser will tell us what to do.
Someone experienced will remove confusion.
Someone authoritative will clarify the right path.

We inherit this belief from stories that have been simplified for comfort. We are told that Krishna guided Arjuna. That confusion dissolved once advice was given. That certainty followed wisdom.

But that is not what the text reveals.

Krishna did not eliminate Arjuna's fear. He did not guarantee an outcome. He did not fight the battle on Arjuna's behalf.

He did something far more demanding.

He brought Arjuna back to himself.

The myth, when slowly understood, is not about divine instruction. It is about inner alignment. It is about the restoration of clarity not the removal of complexity.

Guidance, then, is not about certainty.
It is about coherence.

When Familiar No Longer Fits

Her turning point did not come during upheaval. It arrived when life looked stable from the outside.

She had grown up in a world that felt contained and predictable. Expectations were clear. Roles were quietly understood. The rhythm of life was not extraordinary, but it was dependable.

Tea was always prepared the same way, boiled long, strong, and sweet. No variation. No confusion. Comfort was built into repetition.

Marriage shifted that geography.

New cities. New rooms. New conversations that referenced books she had never read and ideas she had never been invited to explore. Nothing was hostile. Nothing was unkind. But everything felt slightly out of reach.

It was like moving from boiled chai to green tea.

Not because one was superior to the other.

But because one required no explanation and the other came with assumptions she had never been trained to carry.

In gatherings, she listened more than she spoke. When discussions turned toward unfamiliar authors or abstract ideas, she smiled and remained composed. Her silence was interpreted as grace.

Inside, however, something else was unfolding.

Do I belong here?

Am I enough as I am?

Or must I become someone else to stay?

There was no crisis. No confrontation. Just a subtle but persistent misalignment like wearing a garment that almost fits, but never fully rests on the shoulders.

The Search That Looks Outward

In moments like these, the instinct is to search outside.

For approval.

For imitation.

For instruction.

She adjusted her language. She edited her questions. She postponed her curiosity. She convinced herself that adaptation meant shrinking parts of herself that felt uncertain.

But shrinking did not bring clarity.

It brought fatigue.

Each time she chose silence over inquiry, the distance between her outer presence and inner voice widened. She began to wait for reassurance, for affirmation, for someone to say, "This is the way."

What she was searching for was not validation. It was orientation.

And orientation cannot be outsourced indefinitely.

Krishna Beyond Certainty

In the Gita, Krishna does not remove Arjuna's dilemma. He reframes it. He restores perspective. He brings him back to his own dharma, his responsibility, his values, his agency.

Confusion remains.

But paralysis loosens.

Similarly, the shift in her life did not arrive as a dramatic declaration.

It arrived one evening in quiet reflection.

She asked herself a different question, not **"What should I do?"** but **"Who do I want to remain loyal to?"**

The answer was not elaborate. It was simple and steady.

She did not want to become impressive.

She wanted to become aligned.

From that point, change unfolded gradually.

She began reading at her own pace, without embarrassment. She asked questions without apology. She admitted what she did not know, and allowed herself to be a learner again.

Nothing revolutionary happened externally.

But internally, something stabilised.

Direction returned not as certainty, but as integrity.

Shanta: The Stillness That Holds Movement

Shanta is often mistaken for passivity. In truth, it is composed awareness. It is calmness that does not require absence of tension.

It is the kind of stillness that does not eliminate doubt, but makes it bearable.

When inner alignment strengthens, decisions no longer feel like negotiations with the world. They begin to feel like agreements with oneself.

From that space, movement becomes possible even when outcomes remain unknown.

The Cost of Not Finding Your Krishna

When inner guidance is deferred repeatedly, something subtle erodes.

People become highly skilled at seeking reassurance. Decisions feel heavy. Options feel overwhelming. Life becomes reactive rather than intentional.

The exhaustion does not come from effort alone. It comes from misalignment.

Without an inner anchor, even small choices feel like risks. Confidence appears externally functional, but internally fragile.

Direction is not about knowing the entire path.

It is about knowing where you are standing.

Stepping Toward Inner Alignment

Finding your Krishna does not require spiritual grandeur or philosophical depth.

It begins with a quieter recalibration.

Instead of asking,
What will others think?

Ask,
Does this move me closer to who I am becoming?

Instead of asking,
Is this safe in everyone's eyes?

Ask,
Is this honest to me?

Guidance emerges when action and values stop contradicting each other.

That coherence purifies more than certainty ever could.

The Inner Mirror

Purple Page II – Reflection Pages

Silence can look like maturity.
Endurance can look like strength.
Adaptation can look like grace.
But sometimes, beneath all three,
there is only waiting.

Pause here.

Not to fix.
Not to decide.
Just to notice.

The Purple PAUSE

1. Whose Voice Guides You Most?

When uncertainty arises, whose opinion do you instinctively consult first?

Is it someone real or an invisible audience shaped by expectation?

What would change if you paused before seeking their approval?

2. Moments of Quiet Knowing

Recall a time when you sensed the right direction without external confirmation.

What did you do with that knowledge?

Did you trust it or postpone it?

3. Your Inner Reference Point

Complete this sentence without editing yourself:

When I am aligned with myself, I feel _____.

Notice the first word that arrives. It often carries more truth than explanation.

4. A Gentle Practice

For the next small decision you face, experiment with this question:

If I trusted my inner compass for just this one choice, what would I do?

Act on that answer once even in something small.

Alignment grows through repetition.

Before You Turn the Page

Guidance does not arrive as a map.

It arrives as steadiness.

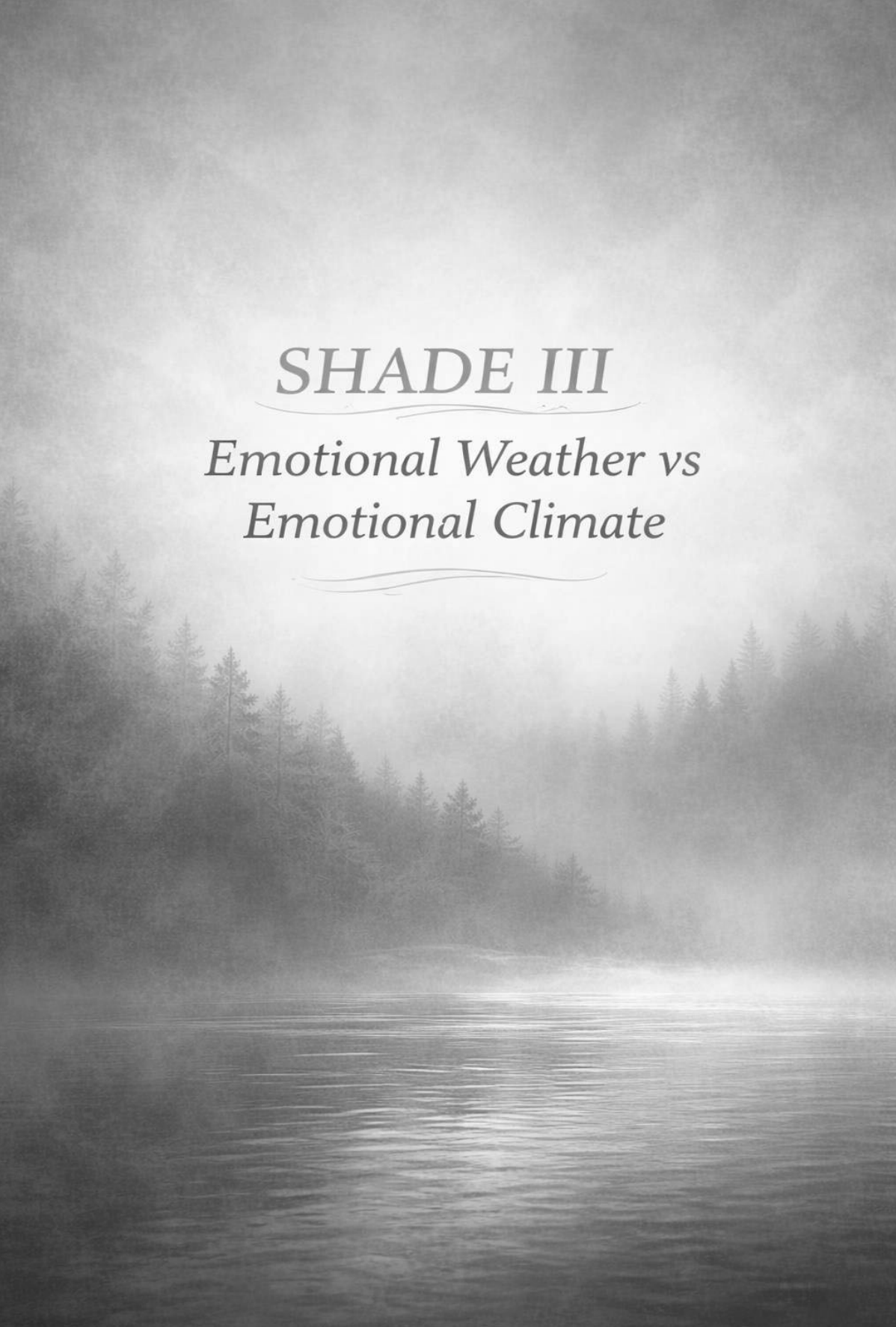
Krishna does not stand outside, offering instructions.

The anchor waits within patient, unhurried, available.

The path ahead may remain unclear.

But when the feet feel grounded, movement becomes possible.

And sometimes, that is all that is required.

The background of the entire page is a grayscale photograph of a serene landscape. In the foreground, a calm body of water, likely a lake or a wide river, reflects the light. The middle ground is filled with a dense forest of evergreen trees, their forms softened by a thick mist or fog that hangs over the water and between the trees. The sky is a pale, uniform gray, blending into the mist. The overall mood is quiet, contemplative, and somewhat melancholic.

SHADE III

*Emotional Weather vs
Emotional Climate*

Shade III:

Emotional Weather and Emotional Climate—when a moment is mistaken for a life

“मन एव मनुष्याणां कारणं बन्धमोक्षयोः।”

Amrita Bindu Upanishad

The mind alone is the cause of bondage and liberation.

Introduction: When Feelings Begin to Speak Too Loudly

There are days when nothing extraordinary happens, and yet something inside feels unsettled.

The morning begins as usual. Messages are answered. Meetings are attended. Responsibilities are met. From the outside, nothing appears disrupted. And still, beneath the surface, a heaviness lingers. Irritation arrives more easily. Silence feels denser. A small inconvenience lands with disproportionate weight.

It is not the emotion itself that alarms us.

It is what we begin to believe about it.

Why am I feeling like this?

Is something wrong with me?

Is this who I really am beneath the surface?

Most people do not fear sadness, anger, or anxiety in isolation. What they fear is permanence. The possibility that today's emotional state might reveal a permanent flaw.

This is where confusion begins not in emotion, but in interpretation.

The Mithya: “What I Feel Now Is Who I Am”

One of the most convincing myths we carry is the belief that a present feeling defines identity.

If I feel anxious today, I must be an anxious person.
If I feel low this week, something must be fundamentally broken.
If I feel angry, I must be losing control.

The mind, uncomfortable with ambiguity, prefers labels over movement. A label offers closure. A conclusion feels safer than uncertainty – even if it is painful.

So, a moment becomes a verdict.
A phase becomes a personality.
A feeling becomes fate.

The myth survives because it feels logical. Emotions feel powerful in the moment. They occupy the body, colour perception, distort thought. When something feels overwhelming, it feels permanent.

But intensity does not equal permanence.

Weather and Climate: A Distinction We Forget Inside Ourselves

In the natural world, we understand fluctuation.

A storm does not define the season.
Rain does not cancel summer.
A cold morning does not rewrite the climate of a region.

We allow the weather to move.

Yet internally, we collapse this distinction with alarming speed.

A bad day becomes a bad life.
A tired week becomes a failed self.
A moment of anger becomes a character flaw.

We rarely notice when language begins to solidify experience. “I am always like this.” “I have never been happy.” “This is just who I am.”

Over time, repetition gives these sentences weight. What began as temporary becomes internalised as truth.

A Day That Became a Diagnosis

He did not arrive in crisis.

He arrived with composure, articulate, steady, almost apologetic for taking up space.

“I think I am becoming a negative person,” he said.

The sentence sounded rehearsed, as though it had been quietly forming for hours.

When asked how long he had felt this way, he paused.

“Since yesterday.”

Yesterday had not been catastrophic. It had been ordinary in the way difficult days often are. Poor sleep the night before. A disagreement at work that lingered longer than expected. A message that was not replied to. A meeting that felt dismissive. Small disruptions accumulating.

By evening, his patience had thinned. A casual remark felt like criticism. A neutral expression looked disapproving. Silence seemed intentional.

Nothing dramatic had happened.

But internally, irritation had intensified.

By night, the mind had drawn its conclusion.

Something is wrong with me.

When the timeline was gently widened, another picture emerged. The week before had included laughter with friends. Productive work. Meaningful conversations. Plans made for the future. Engagement with life.

Nothing was broken.

What he had experienced was emotional weather.

But discomfort with fluctuation had turned it into climate.

Raudra and Hasya: The Natural Rhythm of Emotion

Within this shade, two emotional forces quietly move Raudra and Hasya.

Raudra, often translated as anger, is not inherently destructive. It arises when boundaries feel crossed or when energy demands expression. It is an engagement with the world.

Hasya, often associated with joy or lightness, reflects connection and ease.

When weather is misread as climate, both lose their natural rhythm.

Anger turns inward and becomes self-criticism.

Joy becomes fragile, feared, or distrusted.

Instead of moving through their cycle, emotions become evidence against oneself.

Anger says, "I care."

Sadness says, "This mattered."

Anxiety says, "Something feels uncertain."

When these signals are interpreted as identity rather than information, the internal sky narrows.

The Psychological Cost of Confusion

Believing that feelings are permanent has consequences.

Hope begins to shrink.

Effort feels futile.

Change appears impossible.

If this is who I am, why try?

The mind begins monitoring itself constantly, analysing every emotional fluctuation as proof of defect. Energy that could move outward toward action becomes trapped inward in self-surveillance.

The weather is no longer allowed to pass.

It is interrogated. Measured. Held hostage.

And in holding it too tightly, we prolong it.

Learning to Read the Inner Sky

Relief does not always come from changing the feeling.

Often, it comes from placing it correctly.

This is a feeling, not a fact.

This is a moment, not a verdict.

This is weather, not climate.

When sadness is allowed to exist without diagnosis, it softens. When anger is acknowledged without shame, it moves. When anxiety is recognised as fluctuation, it loosens its grip.

The sky clears not because clouds are banned but because they are allowed to pass.

Emotions regulate themselves when they are not burdened with permanent meaning.

Stepping Out of the Storm

The shift in this shade is subtle but powerful.

It is the shift from identification to observation.

Instead of saying, “I am anxious,” try saying, “I am feeling anxious right now.”

The body responds differently to these sentences. The first encloses identity. The second permits movement.

Instead of asking, “Why am I like this?” ask, “What might this moment be responding to?”

Curiosity widens the sky. Judgement tightens it.

Nothing in this process requires denial of difficulty. It requires proportion.

Storms pass.

Even long seasons change.

Climate itself evolves over years.

What you feel today does not possess authority over who you are becoming.

The Inner Mirror

Purple Page III – Reflection Pages

They said,

“You are strong.”

What they meant was,
“You are not allowed to fall.”

So, I stood.
Even when my body was tired
of pretending it could.

Pause here.

Notice your emotional state in this exact moment.

Do not explain it.

Do not fix it.

Just acknowledge it.

The Purple PAUSE

1. What Are You Calling Permanent?

Is there an emotion you have begun to describe as “always”?

Write it down.

Now ask gently: Has this truly been constant or has it fluctuated?

Trace its timeline honestly.

2. Weather or Climate?

Think of a recent difficult emotion.

Did it shift with rest? With conversation? With time? With sleep? If it changed even slightly, what does that reveal?

3. Language Awareness

Notice how you describe yourself when emotional.

“I am angry.”

“I am anxious.”

“I am low.”

Experiment with a subtle shift:

“I am feeling angry right now.”

“I am feeling anxious in this moment.”

“I am experiencing low energy today.”

Pause and observe what happens in your body when you say it this way.

4. A Gentle Practice

For the next few days, when an emotion arises, say quietly:

“This is weather.”

Do not argue with it.

Do not analyse it immediately.

Let it move. Trust the inner sky.

Before You Turn the Page

Weather is not a verdict.

A storm does not rewrite the sky.
A cloudy morning does not cancel the season.

What you feel today
is movement not identity.

Let emotions arrive. Let them shift.
Let them leave without becoming your name.

You are not the passing cloud.
You are the sky that holds it.

And that distinction
changes everything.

SHADE IV

The Echo Effect

when emotions return distorted



Shade IV:

The Echo Effect—when emotions return distorted

“यथा धेनुसहस्रेषु वत्सो गच्छति मातरम्।”

Bhagavad Gita (metaphorical essence)

As a calf finds its mother among many, truth too seeks its source but often
gets lost along the way.

Introduction: When Meaning Slips Quietly

Not all emotional rupture announces itself loudly.

Some of it begins softly, almost politely.

A sentence half-heard.

A pause interpreted too quickly.

A response shorter than expected.

Nothing appears broken at the moment. The conversation ends. The day
continues. The routine resumes. And yet, something subtle shifts inside.

The discomfort does not come from the words themselves. It comes from what
they begin to mean.

This is how distortion begins not through intention, but through assumption.

This is the Echo Effect.

The Mithya: “What I Heard Is What Was Meant”

One of the most persuasive myths we live by is the belief that communication
is complete simply because words were exchanged.

If something was said, it must have been understood.

If silence followed, it must have meant indifference.

If a tone felt sharp, it must have been deliberate.

This myth survives because it feels efficient. It spares us the discomfort of asking again. It allows us to move forward without revisiting uncertainty.

But emotions rarely travel intact through assumption. They bend. They absorb the atmosphere of memory, expectation, and insecurity. By the time they return to us, they are no longer original. They are altered.

An echo is never the first sound.

How Echoes Are Formed

An echo is shaped by distance, surface, and space.

A clear sound, when released into a valley, returns changed, elongated, distorted, sometimes louder than it began.

Emotion works the same way.

What was meant as distraction is heard as disinterest.

What was meant as practicality is felt as dismissal.

What was meant as silence becomes withdrawal.

The distortion rarely originates from malice. It originates from incomplete listening and internal vulnerability.

Where there is unspoken fear, sound finds something to cling to.

A Conversation That Shifted Without Notice

The evening was ordinary.

Two people sat across from each other after a long day. There was no heavy topic, no confrontation, no accusation. They spoke about schedules, plans, small irritations that come from fatigue rather than conflict.

At some point, one of them said, almost absent-mindedly,

“Let’s talk about this later.”

The words were practical. The intention was simple: time was short, energy was low.

But they did not land that way.

Later never came not because it was avoided, but because something else had already taken its place.

Silence.

Over the next few days, nothing visibly dramatic occurred. There were no arguments. No raised voices. No declarations.

But internally, distance grew.

One carried the echo:

I am not important enough to be heard.

The other remained unaware that anything significant had shifted.

What began as a practical sentence became an emotional conclusion.

Not because of what was said but because of what was heard.

Bhaya and Raudra: Fear and Anger in Disguise

At the centre of the Echo Effect lie two emotions that rarely introduce themselves honestly.

Bhaya the fear of being unseen, dismissed, or replaced.

Raudra the anger that rises when that fear has no language.

When fear is not acknowledged, anger speaks for it.

When anger is not understood, distance follows.

Many conflicts are not arguments about words. They are confrontations with echoes. One person reacts to the present moment. The other reacts to accumulated memory.

The present conversation becomes crowded with past interpretations.

When Distortion Becomes Pattern

If echoes are not examined, they accumulate.

Each misunderstanding adds weight to the next. Soon, reactions are no longer about what is happening now but about what has been stored.

“You always do this.”

“You never listen.”

“This is how it always is.”

Language shifts from specific to absolute.

At this stage, communication is no longer exchanged. It is defence.

The original emotion, often small and manageable, has been buried beneath layers of interpretation.

Why We Avoid Checking the Echo

To check an echo requires humility.

It requires admitting that our interpretation might not be complete. It requires asking instead of concluding. It requires risking the possibility that we misheard.

Certainty, even painful certainty, feels safer than vulnerability.

But unexamined echoes harden into belief.

And belief shapes behaviour.

When we assume repeatedly, we begin to respond to imagined patterns instead of lived reality.

Returning to the Source

The antidote to distortion is not explanation.

It is curiosity.

Curiosity about what was meant.

Curiosity about what was felt.

Curiosity about where fear entered the room.

When echoes are traced back to their source, emotions regain proportion.

Not every misunderstanding demands resolution. But every echo deserves awareness.

To return to the source is not to accuse. It is to clarify.

And clarity softens what assumption hardens.

Stepping Out of the Echo Chamber

The shift here is not toward perfect communication.

It is toward slower interpretation.

To notice when a reaction feels larger than the moment.

To ask whether the intensity belongs to now or to something older.

To separate what was said from what was heard.

This pause does not weaken connection.

It protects it.

Because when meaning is clarified early, resentment does not have time to grow.

The Inner Mirror

Purple Page IV – Reflection Pages

Not all grief cries.

Some grief sits upright.

Answers politely.

Keeps moving.

It is not absence of care.

It is care with nowhere to rest.

Pause here.

Recall a recent misunderstanding not the argument, but the feeling that lingered after.

The Purple PAUSE

1. What Was Said and What Was Heard?

Write down the exact words spoken.

Now write what you heard emotionally.

Notice the distance between the two.

2. Whose Voice Did the Echo Carry?

Ask gently:

Does this feeling resemble something older?

A previous experience?

A familiar fear?

A story you have carried before?

Allow memory to surface without judgement.

3. Fear Beneath the Reaction

What fear might be hiding beneath your response?

Fear of rejection?

Fear of being invisible?

Fear of losing connection?

Name it quietly.

Naming reduces distortion.

4. A Gentle Practice

The next time a reaction feels disproportionate, pause and ask:

Am I responding to what was said or to an echo of something else?

Do not rush the answer.

Let the question widen the space between stimulus and response.

Before You Turn the Page

Not every echo tells the truth.

Some only repeat our fears.

When we return to the source,
sound becomes meaning again.

And silence once misread
regains its innocence.

SHADE V

The Social Media Stamp of "Good Emotions Only"

when presence is replaced by proof



Shade V:

The Social Media Stamp of “Good Emotions Only”—when presence is replaced by proof

“लोकस्य व्यवहारोऽयम्।”

Mahabharata (contextual essence)

Such is the way of the world.

Introduction: When Feeling Is No Longer Enough

There was a time when emotions unfolded without witnesses.

They lived in kitchens over simmering tea. In corridors where voices lowered naturally. In long pauses between two people who understood that silence did not mean absence.

The feeling was enough.

Now, emotions travel faster than experience itself. They arrive framed, captioned, filtered, timestamped. They appear polished completely before they have even settled inside the person who felt them.

And somewhere along the way, feeling stopped being enough.

It began to require acknowledgement.

A reaction.

A response.

A visible sign that it had been seen.

Connection quietly shifted from being lived to being displayed.

The Mithya: “If It Isn’t Seen, It Isn’t Real”

One of the most subtle myths of our time rarely announces itself loudly. It slips into daily behaviour.

If it mattered, it would be posted.
If it was meaningful, it would be shared.
If someone cared, there would be evidence.

This belief does not emerge from vanity alone. It emerges from something far more human: the fear of invisibility.

To be unseen feels close to being forgotten.

And so proof replaces presence.

Moments are documented before they are digested. Gratitude is expressed before it is felt fully. Grief is framed carefully so that it looks dignified.

Even vulnerability begins to follow an aesthetic.

How Emotions Became Performances

Platforms did not invent emotion. They altered its visibility.

A smile travels further than a sigh.

Inspiration spreads faster than confusion.

Strength receives more applause than uncertainty.

Slowly, without instruction, an emotional hierarchy forms.

Be positive.

Be resilient.

Be inspiring.

Even pain must behave.

Unedited sorrow feels uncomfortable in a public space. Anger must be explained. Doubt must be wrapped in motivation.

Over time, people begin editing not just photographs but feelings.

Certain emotions become acceptable. Others are postponed.

The inner world narrows quietly.

A Lived Moment: When the Post Replaced the Person

The message arrived early in the morning. It was brief, almost clinical. Something had gone wrong. There were no details, only enough to indicate disruption.

By afternoon, the notifications began.

Concern arrived in heart emojis.

Strength appeared in quote cards.

Memories resurfaced in tagged photographs.

The gestures were sincere. Each one carried intention. No one meant harm.

And yet, by evening, a strange emptiness lingered.

No one had knocked on the door.

No one had asked how the silence felt after the messages stopped.

No one had sat long enough to allow words to arrive slowly.

Care had been expressed. But presence had been outsourced.

Attendance was marked.

Connection, however, felt distant.

What was missing was not sympathy. It was space.

Hasya in Disguise: When Joy Becomes Obligation

Joy, in its natural form, is light and uncalculated. It arrives unannounced and leaves without rehearsal.

But when joy becomes performative, it changes texture.

Smiles are posted before they are felt.

Gratitude is articulated before it settles.

Positivity becomes expectation rather than response.

The pressure to appear okay can be heavier than pain itself.

Sometimes a smile is not happiness.

It is camouflage.

The Inner Cost of Curated Emotion

When emotional expression becomes curated, doubt quietly grows.

Did the moment count if it was not shared?

Does grief exist if it is not articulated?

Am I still connected if no one reacts?

Over time, emotional range contracts.

Only certain feelings feel safe to express. Others are muted, postponed, or hidden entirely.

The result is not happiness.

It is fatigue.

The exhaustion of appearing fine.

The weight of being strong.

The tension of editing oneself constantly.

Why Performance Feels Safer

Performance offers predictability.

A visible response confirms acknowledgment. Numbers simulate reassurance.

Public affirmation feels tangible.

There is nothing inherently shallow about this.

It is human to want to be seen.

But when visibility becomes the primary measure of connection, intimacy thins.

Interaction increases. Depth decreases.

The crowd grows louder.

The individual grows quieter.

Returning to Presence

The shift required here is not rejection.

It is a remembrance.

To remember that some conversations are not meant for display.

That some comfort must be delivered in person or not at all.

That listening cannot be substituted with reacting.

Presence is not dramatic.

It is patient.

It does not announce itself.

It stays.

And what stays leaves a different imprint than what is posted.

Stepping Out of the Performance

Discernment begins with a simple question:

Am I sharing to connect or to be confirmed?

Am I responding to a person or to an audience?

The answer may not always be pure.

But awareness restores balance.

Because when a connection is genuine, it does not require proof.

The Inner Mirror

Purple Page V – Reflection Pages

I smiled because it was easier
than explaining.

I smiled because questions
felt heavier than pain.

Sometimes positivity
is not healing
it is camouflage.

Pause here.

Recall the last emotional moment you shared publicly.

Not critically. Just honestly.

What did you hope it would do?

The Purple PAUSE

1. Which Emotions Feel Shareable?

List the emotions you are comfortable expressing publicly.

Now list the ones you rarely show.

Notice the difference.

2. Presence vs Proof

Think of a time when someone's quiet presence mattered more than words.

What made it feel different from a public response?

3. Whose Approval Matters Most?

When you share something emotional, whose response are you waiting for?

An individual?

Or the collective?

4. A Gentle Practice

The next time someone shares something vulnerable, pause before responding publicly.

Reach out privately instead.

Notice what changes in the depth of connection.

Before You Turn the Page

Not every emotion needs an audience.

Not every connection needs evidence.

Some forms of care exist only
when they are not performed.

Presence cannot be posted.

Love cannot be counted.

What is real does not disappear
without witnesses.

SHADE VI

Yeh Dil Maange More

when desire forgets how to rest



Shade VI:

Yeh Dil Maange More — when desire forgets how to rest

“न जातु कामः कामानामुपभोगेन शाम्यति।”

Manusmriti (contextual essence)

Desire is never stilled by indulgence; it grows by feeding.

Introduction: The Restlessness That Has No Name

There are phases in life when nothing is obviously wrong.

Work moves forward. Relationships exist. Responsibilities are met. From the outside, life appears stable, even successful. Days are filled with activity and purpose.

And yet, beneath that movement, something remains unsettled.

Satisfaction arrives briefly like a pause rather than a destination. A moment of pride appears, lingers for a while, and quietly fades.

The mind moves again.

What next?

What more?

This restlessness rarely introduces itself as dissatisfaction. It often hides behind admirable language growth, ambition, manifestation, progress.

But somewhere beneath those words, the heart continues searching for a place it has not yet recognised.

The Mithya: “More Will Finally Make Me Feel Enough”

One of the most persuasive myths of modern life is the belief that fulfilment lies just beyond the next milestone.

If I reach there, I will relax.
If I achieve this, I will feel secure.
If I acquire that, something inside will finally settle.

This belief sounds reasonable. It is reinforced everywhere through stories of success, through admiration for relentless effort, through the celebration of constant progress.

Desire, after all, keeps life moving.

But when desire forgets how to pause, it slowly transforms.

Movement becomes restlessness.
Aspiration becomes pressure.
Wanting becomes hunger.

And hunger, when constantly fed, does not disappear.

It grows.

Desire in the Stories We Tell Ourselves

The phrase “*yeh dil maange more*” is often spoken lightly.

It carries excitement. Playfulness. Momentum.

But beneath its charm lies an assumption that satisfaction is always somewhere else.

Desire begins as curiosity. It invites exploration. It asks us to reach toward something meaningful.

Yet when curiosity is replaced by comparison, desire changes its shape.

What others achieve begins to define what we should want. Fulfilment becomes competitive. Achievement becomes evidence of worth.

In that quiet shift, desire stops asking *What matters to me?*

It begins asking *Am I keeping up?*

The Achievement That Didn't Stay

The promotion arrived with celebration.

Messages flooded in. Congratulations carried warmth. For a few days, pride replaced uncertainty. The achievement felt significant with a proof that effort had led somewhere meaningful.

And yet, within a week, something familiar returned.

Restlessness.

The new role brought visibility, but it also brought new benchmarks. New expectations. New comparisons.

What once felt like arrival now feels like another starting line.

The person did not feel ungrateful. They recognised the value of what had been achieved. They appreciated the opportunity.

But satisfaction had already moved ahead.

The mind had quietly shifted its attention to the next horizon.

At this moment the quiet emptiness that sometimes follows success is rarely spoken about.

Not because it is rare.

But because it feels confusing.

Rati and Its Shadow

In the emotional landscape, this shade is shaped by **Rati**: the energy of desire.

In its natural form, Rati is creative. It inspires connection, imagination, and forward movement. It draws people toward what feels meaningful.

But when desire becomes entangled with comparison or fear, it develops a shadow.

Wanting becomes needing.

Aspiration becomes urgency.

Growth becomes exhaustion.

Instead of guiding life, desire begins chasing it.

And the present moment where satisfaction might actually exist receives very little attention.

Why Fulfilment Feels Brief

The human mind adapts quickly.

What once felt extraordinary becomes familiar. What once felt distant becomes routine. The nervous system returns to equilibrium, ready to pursue the next stimulation.

This is not failure.

It is simply how the mind works.

But when fulfilment is tied exclusively to achievement, rest becomes temporary.

The moment one goal is reached; another appears.

Life becomes a sequence of arrivals that never quite feel like arrival.

When Wanting Replaces Being

Over time, people forget how to stay with what they have.

Moments are experienced halfway already leaning toward what comes next. Success is acknowledged briefly before being archived. Gratitude becomes transitional.

Life begins to feel like preparation.

Something meaningful always seems about to begin.

And yet the present moment remains strangely incomplete.

The heart does not rest and not because fulfilment is absent, but because attention has moved ahead.

Returning Desire to Its Place

This shade does not ask for desire to disappear.

Desire is part of being alive.

What it asks instead is pause.

To notice when wanting arises from curiosity and when it arises from comparison.

To recognise when ambition energises and when it quietly drains.

To allow satisfaction to complete its natural cycle before rushing toward the next pursuit.

Sometimes the heart does not need more.

It needs to arrive.

Stepping Out of Endless Wanting

The shift here is subtle.

Not from ambition to resignation.

But from chasing constantly
to inhabit fully.

From asking What else?
to ask What is already enough for this moment?

When presence deepens, desire softens. It no longer demands proof.

Instead, it becomes what it was meant to be.

A guide not a master.

The Inner Mirror

Purple Page VI – Reflection Pages

Desire did not come shouting.

It arrived whispering,
just a little more.

More effort.
More patience.
More silence.

I did not realise
how heavy “more” could become.

Pause here.

Notice what you are currently striving toward.

Do not judge it.

Simply name it.

The Purple PAUSE

1. What Do You Hope It Will Give You?

Beyond the object or outcome, what feeling are you actually seeking?

Security?
Recognition?
Freedom?
Peace?

Often the emotional desire is clearer than the external one.

2. When Did Wanting Become Urgent?

Ask gently:

Did this desire emerge from curiosity or from comparison?

Notice the difference in how each feels in the body.

3. The Moment After Achievement

Recall a time when you achieved something you deeply wanted.

How long did the satisfaction last?

What emotion appeared next?

4. A Gentle Practice

The next time something good happens, a large or small pause before moving forward.

Stay with the moment a little longer than usual.

Let the body register the experience of enough.

Before You Turn the Page

Desire is not meant to be silenced.

It is meant to be understood.

When the heart learns to arrive,
wanting remembers how to rest.

SHADE VII

What You Feed, Grows

how attention quietly shapes the inner world



Shade VII:

What You Feed, Grows — how attention quietly shapes the inner world

“यद्भावं तद्भवति।”

Upanishadic thought (contextual essence)

What you dwell upon, you become.

Introduction: The Invisible Diet

Most people pay careful attention to what they consume.

Food labels are checked. Ingredients are questioned. Diets are adjusted. The body's health is monitored with concern and discipline.

But very few people pause to consider what they are feeding their inner world.

Thoughts are consumed too.

Emotions are reinforced too.

Stories about ourselves are repeated too.

And unlike food, these are rarely chosen consciously.

They arrive through habit.

A worry revisited daily.

A resentment replayed repeatedly.

A fear rehearsed quietly before sleep.

Inner life is rarely shaped by one dramatic moment. It is shaped by repetition by what receives attention again and again.

The Mithya: “Thoughts Are Harmless”

A comforting belief often appears in everyday thinking.

It's just a thought.
It's only in my head.
Thinking doesn't change anything.

This myth allows the mind to wander freely through the same landscapes without consequence. People revisit old disappointments. Rehearse imagined failures. Rebuild arguments that have already ended.

But the mind does not distinguish between rehearsal and reality.

What is returned to often begins to feel familiar.
What feels familiar begins to feel true.

Over time, thoughts that were once temporary become internal terrain.

Not because they were powerful but because they were fed.

The Ancient Knowing We Forgot

Long before modern psychology, many traditions treated attention as sacred.

Where attention rested, energy followed.
Where energy gathered, growth appeared.

This understanding was not mystical speculation. It was a simple observation.

Anger revisited daily becomes temperament.
Fear rehearsed repeatedly becomes anxiety.
Gratitude returned to often becomes resilience.

The inner world follows the same principles as the outer one.

Nothing grows without nourishment.

A Place That Changed Without Permission

Near an apartment building stood an unused corner of land.

At first it meant nothing to anyone. Just a small patch of ground people walked past without noticing.

One day someone left a bag of garbage there.

Then another.

Then another.

No announcement marked the change. No one declared the space a dumping ground. It simply became one through repetition.

Within weeks, the transformation was visible.

The smell arrived first. Then flies. Eventually people began avoiding the path altogether.

Months later, something unexpected happened.

One morning a small stone appeared in the corner. Someone had placed it carefully and lit a diya beside it. A few flowers were left nearby.

Nothing dramatic followed.

But gradually behaviour changed.

People stopped throwing garbage there. They slowed down as they passed. Some folded their hands briefly before continuing their walk.

The land itself had not changed.

Only what it was fed had changed.

And that was enough to transform how everyone related to it.

Adbhuta: The Emotion of Awareness

At the centre of this shade lies **Adbhuta**, often translated as wonder.

But wonder here does not mean amazement.

It means awareness.

The quiet realisation that patterns exist where we once assumed randomness. That attention itself shapes experience.

When Adbhuta awakens, something subtle shifts.

People begin noticing what they have been feeding their minds unconsciously. They see which thoughts receive repeated attention and which emotions are strengthened through rehearsal.

Awareness does not force change.

But it makes change possible.

The Quiet Cost of Unconscious Feeding

Most people do not choose their inner diet deliberately.

They replay conversations long after they end.

They anticipate problems that have not yet arrived.

They return to doubts that were never resolved.

These repetitions feel harmless at first.

But slowly they begin forming beliefs.

“I am always like this.”

“This never works out.”

“Things don’t change for me.”

Over time the belief becomes stronger than the original experience.

Not because it was true.

But because it was nourished.

Shifting Without Suppression

The purpose of this shade is not to silence thoughts.

Suppression creates resistance.

Instead, the invitation is to notice where attention travels automatically.

To ask:

Why does this thought return so often?

What emotion does it feed?

What would happen if attention rested somewhere else?

Redirecting attention does not erase difficulty. But it slowly changes what grows.

Choosing What Deserves Nourishment

Inner change rarely arrives through dramatic decisions.

It emerges through consistency.

Returning to thoughts that strengthen rather than drain.

Feeding curiosity instead of resentment.

Revisiting gratitude instead of scarcity.

Growth happens at the pace of nourishment.

What is fed patiently begins to stabilise.

Stepping Into Conscious Feeding

Nothing grand is required here.

Just awareness.

Just repetition.

Just the willingness to notice what is growing inside.

Because the mind responds to attention exactly the way soil responds to water.

What receives nourishment grows.

What is neglected fades.

The Inner Mirror

Purple Page VII – Reflection Pages

Two emotions lived in me
at the same time.

One wanted to leave.

One wanted to stay.

No one told me
both could exist
without cancelling each other.

Pause here.

Before moving ahead, notice what occupies your mind most often.

Not occasionally.

Daily.

The Purple PAUSE

1. What Receives Your Attention?

Write down three thoughts or emotions you return to frequently.

Do not judge them. Just observe.

2. What Has Been Growing Quietly?

Which of these has strengthened over time?

Fear?

Confidence?

Resentment?

Hope?

Growth reveals what has been fed.

3. The Space You Want to Change

Is there an inner space that feels heavy or cluttered?

What has been nourishing it?

4. A Gentle Practice

For the next few days, choose one emotion or thought to return to consciously.

Give it attention deliberately.

Notice what begins to shift.

Before You Turn the Page

The mind becomes
what it is fed.

Not overnight.
But inevitably.

Choose gently.

SHADE VIII

The Yin–Yang Within

learning to hold opposites without tearing apart



Shade VIII:

The Yin-Yang Within — learning to hold opposites without tearing apart

“समदुःखसुखः स्वस्थः।”

Bhagavad Gita 14.24

One who remains steady in pleasure and pain is established within.

Introduction: When Opposites Refuse to Choose Sides

There comes a point in the inner journey when clarity stops arriving as certainty.

Earlier phases of life feel easier to understand. Problems appear clearly. Solutions seem identifiable. Right and wrong feel separate.

But eventually something subtler begins to emerge.

Contradictions.

Strength exists alongside vulnerability.

Gratitude coexists with resentment.

Faith shares space with doubt.

Love stands beside fatigue.

At first this feels confusing.

The mind prefers singular truths. It wants conclusions that do not contradict themselves. It wants emotions to behave in orderly ways.

But life rarely cooperates with such expectations.

Instead, it introduces a deeper pattern, one where opposing truths exist simultaneously.

This is where the Yin-Yang within begins to reveal itself.

Not as a problem to solve.

But as a reality to understand.

The Mithya: “I Must Be One Thing”

A deeply ingrained belief runs quietly through many lives.

If I am strong, I should not feel weak.

If I am healed, I should not feel pain.

If I am grateful, I should not feel dissatisfaction.

If I am spiritual, I should not feel anger.

This myth demands emotional consistency where life offers complexity.

It asks people to simplify themselves in order to appear coherent.

And in doing so, it quietly divides the inner world.

Parts of experience become acceptable.

Other parts become inconvenient.

Instead of allowing both, people begin editing themselves internally.

Gratitude is allowed. Fatigue is hidden.

Love is acknowledged. Frustration is suppressed.

But suppressed emotions do not disappear.

They wait.

What Ancient Wisdom Already Knew

In many ancient traditions, balance was never understood as purity.

Yin did not attempt to eliminate Yang.

Darkness was not treated as the enemy of light.

Stillness did not compete with movement.

Each existed because the other did.

Day gains meaning through night.

Action finds rest through stillness.

Clarity deepens through uncertainty.

Wholeness was never meant to be singular.

It was meant to be inclusive.

When Two Truths Refused to Separate

The conflict did not appear dramatic.

From the outside, everything seemed stable.

The person loved their work. It gave identity, purpose, direction. And yet, some days exhaustion lingered quietly beneath the sense of achievement.

Relationships brought warmth and belonging. Yet at times there was also a deep longing for solitude.

Goals that once felt distant had been achieved. Still, occasional emptiness surfaced without explanation.

None of these feelings cancelled the others.

But they seemed to contradict each other.

The question slowly formed:

Which of these is the real me?

For a long time, the attempt was to choose.

Gratitude was emphasised. Fatigue was dismissed. Success was celebrated. Restlessness was ignored.

But the ignored part remained present.

Not loud. Not disruptive.

Just quietly waiting to be acknowledged.

Bibhatsa and Shanta: The Movement Toward Wholeness

Within this shade two emotional forces interact.

Bibhatsa, often translated as disgust, holds a deeper meaning here. It is the discomfort that arises when we force ourselves to deny what we actually feel.

It signals inner dishonesty.

Shanta, on the other hand, represents peace that emerges from acceptance rather than control.

When both are understood together, something shifts.

Peace does not come from eliminating contradiction.

It comes from allowing it.

When people stop fighting their inner opposites, the tension between them softens.

The Cost of Inner Division

When parts of the self are rejected, the mind becomes divided against itself.

Anger turns inward as guilt.

Sadness becomes something to apologise for.

Desire becomes shame.

Energy that could have supported understanding is spent managing internal conflict.

People begin to feel fragmented not because they are broken, but because they are constantly editing themselves.

What appears like discipline on the outside often feels like exhaustion inside.

Allowing Both to Exist

The shift within this shade does not require resolution.

It requires permission.

Permission to say:

I can be grateful and tired.

I can be strong and uncertain.

I can love deeply and still need distance.

These statements do not weaken identity.

They restore honesty.

When opposite emotions are allowed to coexist, the inner world becomes less rigid and more spacious.

Contradiction stops feeling threatening.

It begins to feel human.

Stepping Into Inner Balance

Balance does not require perfect symmetry.

Some days lean toward action.
Others toward rest.
Some toward clarity.
Others are confused.

This fluctuation is not instability.

It is a movement.

The inner world breathes through contrast.

And when both sides are allowed space, the struggle to remain consistent slowly dissolves.

The Inner Mirror

The Purple Pages: Reflection

I was not broken.

I was holding
too many versions of myself
without rest.

Wholeness did not arrive
when I chose one.

It arrived
when I stopped rejecting the others.

Pause here.

Notice two emotions that currently exist within you.

Do not resolve them.

Just hold them together.

The Purple PAUSE

1. What Are You Trying to Eliminate?

Is there a feeling or part of yourself you keep trying to remove?

What might happen if you allowed it to exist without judgement?

2. Where Do You Demand Consistency?

In which area of life do you expect yourself to feel only one way?

Strength

Love

Faith

Ambition

Notice where complexity is not allowed.

3. Both Can Be True

Complete the sentence honestly:

“I feel _____ and _____ at the same time.”

Observe what shifts inside when both are named.

4. A Gentle Practice

For the next few days, whenever inner conflict arises, pause and say quietly:

“Both belong.”

Allow the body to soften around the contradiction.

Before You Turn the Page

You were never meant to be one thing.

Wholeness begins
when opposites stop fighting
and start coexisting.

SHADE IX

Completing the Nav Ras

when nothing inside needs to be excluded



Shade IX:

Completing the Nav Ras — when nothing inside needs to be excluded

“सर्वद्वारेषु देहेऽस्मिन् प्रकाश उपजायते।”

Bhagavad Gita 14.11

When awareness arises through all the senses, clarity dawns within.

Introduction: When the Journey Stops Pushing Forward

At the end of a long inner journey, something unexpected happens.

There is no grand conclusion. No final revelation waiting dramatically at the end. No emotional victory that resolves everything once and for all.

Instead, something quieter arrives.

A slowing.

The urgency to fix begins to soften. The need to categorise every feeling as right or wrong gradually loosens its grip. The inner world stops demanding constant improvement.

Nothing dramatic changes on the outside.

Life continues to present its ordinary challenges, decisions, misunderstandings, disappointments, moments of joy.

But the relationship with these experiences begins to shift.

What once felt like something to correct now feels like something to witness.

This is not the end of emotion.

It is the end of exclusion.

The Mithya: “Some Emotions Must Disappear for Me to Be Whole”

A common belief about emotional growth suggests that maturity looks like reduction.

Less anger.
Less sadness.
Less fear.
Less desire.

People are often taught subtly or directly that evolution means refinement. That emotional maturity means becoming calmer, quieter, less reactive.

The assumption seems logical: if difficult emotions disappear, life must become easier.

But ancient traditions never described emotional growth this way.

Wholeness was not defined by subtraction.

It was defined by integration.

When emotions are rejected rather than understood, they do not dissolve. They fragment the inner world. Parts of the self-become acceptable while others are quietly denied.

And denial rarely produces peace.

The Nav Ras: Not a Ladder, But a Circle

The Nav Ras the nine emotional essences described in Indian aesthetic and philosophical traditions—were never meant to function as stages to conquer.

They were recognised as movements of life.

Each Ras emerges in response to experience. Each one carries information about how the inner world is responding to reality.

Hasya returns after Karuna.
Raudra dissolves into Shanta.
Rati awakens Adbhuta.
Bhaya sharpens attention.
Bibhatsa calls for honesty.

None of them were meant to dominate permanently.

They exist as a circle, not a hierarchy.

Emotional maturity does not require staying calm forever.

It requires allowing emotion to move without panic.

When Nothing Needed to Be Fixed

The moment of realisation did not arrive dramatically.

There was no sudden clarity, no life-altering event.

The person was simply sitting quietly one evening, reflecting on the months that had passed.

There had been anger that was not suppressed.

Grief that was not exaggerated.

Desire that was acknowledged but not blindly chased.

Joy that was allowed to remain simple.

Fear that was not treated as weakness.

Life itself has not become easier.

But the relationship with emotion had changed.

For the first time, there was no internal debate about whether things were being handled correctly. No pressure to respond in a particular emotional way.

There was simply presence.

Some emotions asked to be acted upon.

Others only asked to be recognised.

The difference had become clear.

Shanta Revisited: The Calm That Includes Movement

Shanta is often imagined as stillness untouched by disturbance.

But the deeper meaning is something else.

It is calm that allows disturbance to exist without resistance.

In this form, peace does not depend on controlling emotions. It emerges from the willingness to let them move through their natural cycle.

Joy becomes lighter when it is not clung to.
Anger becomes shorter when it is not suppressed.
Sorrow becomes deeper when it is not rushed.
Desire becomes wiser when it is not obeyed blindly.

This is what emotional completion looks like.

Not permanent calmness but openness.

The Cost of Not Completing the Circle

When emotions are ranked instead of respected, imbalance emerges.

People chase joy while rejecting grief.
They welcome ambition but deny fear.
They seek peace but feel ashamed of anger.

But disowned emotions do not disappear.

They return indirectly through anxiety, numbness, sudden outbursts, or unexplained fatigue.

Emotional health is not built through preference.

It is built through permission.

Living With the Full Palette

Completion does not mean the end of emotional movement.

Life continues to provoke.

Moments of joy will still appear. Loss will still arrive unexpectedly. Desire will still awaken. Doubt will still surface.

The difference is not in the emotions themselves.

It is in the response.

When the full range of emotion is allowed, recovery becomes easier. Reactions soften. Self-trust deepens.

The inner world becomes resilient rather than rigid.

Stepping Into Wholeness

There is nothing new to learn here.

Only something to stop doing.

Stop ranking emotions as worthy or unworthy.

Stop rushing to conclusions about what feelings mean.

Stop demanding consistency where life naturally fluctuates.

Wholeness appears when the inner world is no longer policed.

When every emotion has permission to arrive and permission to leave.

The Inner Mirror

Purple Page IX – Reflection Pages

Some healing happens
without explanation.

When something inside you
finally hears:

“You belong here too.”

Pause here.

Look at your emotional life across time—not just today.

Notice which emotions you have welcomed easily, and which ones you have resisted.

The Purple PAUSE

1. The Ras You Avoid

Which emotion feels most uncomfortable for you?

Anger
Fear
Desire
Sadness
Disgust

What do you fear it might reveal?

2. The Ras You Chase

Which emotion do you pursue most often?

Joy
Peace
Pride
Excitement

What happens when it fades?

3. The Missing Permission

Complete this sentence honestly:

“I allow myself to feel _____ without explanation.”

Notice what shifts when permission appears.

4. A Gentle Closing Practice

When a strong emotion arises, pause and say quietly:

“You belong.”

Allow the experience to exist without further analysis.

Before You Turn the Page

Wholeness is not calmness without emotion.

It is space wide enough
for all of them.

When the circle is complete,
nothing inside needs to be silenced.

Afterword: Living Beyond Mithya

If you have reached this page, pause for a moment.

Not to think about what you have understood, but to notice how you feel.

This book was never meant to change your life overnight. It was meant to sit beside you sometimes quietly, sometimes uncomfortably—while you noticed your own inner world.

Along the way, you may have recognised yourself in more than one shade. In grief that was judged. In guidance that felt missing. In emotions that came and went but stayed longer in your thoughts. In misunderstandings that echoed louder than words. In joy that felt performative. In wanting that never quite settled. In the parts of yourself you tried to fix, feed, or fight.

None of that was accidental.

Living *Beyond Mithya* does not mean living without confusion, pain, or contradiction. It means meeting them without rushing to label, suppress, or perform.

It means understanding that emotions are not instructions.

They are information.

That sadness does not mean something is broken.

That anger does not mean you are losing control.

That joy does not need to be displayed to be real.

That desire does not always ask to be chased.

That peace does not arrive by force.

If there is one thing to carry with you from these pages, let it be this: you do not have to prove your inner life to anyone—not even to yourself.

Some days you will return to old patterns. Some days you will forget everything you read here. That is not failure. That is being human.

The invitation is simple.

When an emotion arrives, stay with it a little longer than you usually do.

When a judgement forms, pause before believing it.

When the urge to perform appears, choose presence instead.

You do not need to master your emotions.

You only need to allow them.

Sakhi steps away here, not because the journey is over, but because you are capable of walking it on your own now.

And if, someday, you find yourself questioning again—wondering whether you are doing it right remember this:

There is no right way to feel.

There is only an honest one.

That is what it means to live Beyond Mithya.

The Emotional Map Within —and How Balance Returns

Emotions are not abstract experiences.

They do not exist only in thought.

They arrive first in the body.

Before the mind names them, the body registers them—as tightness, heaviness, heat, restlessness, fatigue, or numbness. Long before we understand what we are feeling, the body already knows.

This is why emotions that are ignored do not disappear.

They settle.

Each shade of being has a physical signature.

And each one seeks balance—not through force, but through recognition.

Shade I – Grief & Endurance (Karuna)

Where it lives: Chest, throat, shoulders

Grief often settles as a heaviness in the chest, a tightness in the throat, or a constant weight on the shoulders. When grief is suppressed or judged, breathing becomes shallow and the upper body carries tension without release.

What happens when it stays unprocessed:

Fatigue, emotional numbness, frequent sighing, unexplained body aches.

How balance returns: Grief softens when breathing deepens.

Sit upright. Place one hand on the chest.

Breathe slowly into the rib cage not forcing emotion, just allowing space.

The body releases grief when it feels safe enough to breathe fully again.

Shade II – Inner Guidance & Stillness (Shanta)

Where it lives: Solar plexus, spine

When inner alignment is missing, the body feels unsettled digestive discomfort, restlessness in the torso, a sense of being “ungrounded.” Decisions feel heavy because the body does not feel supported.

What happens when guidance is ignored:

Anxiety around choices, chronic overthinking, tightness around the stomach.

How balance returns: Stillness enters through posture.

Sit with your spine upright but relaxed.

Notice the space between your navel and chest.

Ask silently: What feels aligned right now?

The body recognises alignment before the mind does.

Shade III – Emotional Weather & Climate

Where it lives: Head, jaw, temples

When passing emotions are mistaken for permanent truths, the body responds with tension, tight jaw, headaches, and pressure around the eyes. The mind overworks, trying to “figure out” feelings that only need time.

What happens when emotions are over-interpreted:

Mental fatigue, sleep disturbances, racing thoughts.

How balance returns: Release happens through naming.

Say quietly: This is weather, not climate.

Relax the jaw. Unclench the teeth.

Let the forehead soften.

The body settles when the mind stops declaring emergencies.

Shade IV – Miscommunication & Echoes (Bhaya / Raudra)

Where it lives: Neck, shoulders, upper back

Unspoken misunderstandings lodge themselves in the upper body. The neck stiffens. Shoulders tighten. The body prepares for defence even when no danger is present.

What happens when echoes accumulate: Chronic stiffness, irritability, sudden emotional reactions.

How balance returns: Movement restores clarity.

Roll the shoulders gently.

Stretch the neck slowly.

Ask inwardly: Is this about now or something older?

The body releases when it no longer needs to protect old wounds.

Shade V – Performed Emotions & Positivity

Where it lives: Face, throat, chest

When emotions are performed rather than felt, the body tightens around expression. Smiles strain the face. The throat feels blocked. The chest feels hollow.

What happens when emotions are curated: Emotional exhaustion, frequent throat discomfort, shallow breathing.

How balance returns: Privacy heals expression.

Spend time with an emotion without sharing it.

Let the face relax.

Allow the breath to deepen naturally.

The body recovers when it does not have to impress.

Shade VI – Desire & Restlessness (Rati)

Where it lives: Lower abdomen, legs, feet

Desire creates forward momentum. When unchecked, it becomes restless, fidgeting, constant movement, and inability to settle. The body leans into the future, leaving the present behind.

What happens when desire never rests: Insomnia, constant dissatisfaction, nervous energy.

How balance returns: Grounding brings fulfilment.

Place both feet firmly on the ground.

Notice contact. Weight. Support.

Say silently: I am here.

The body learns arrival through stillness.

Shade VII – Attention & Nourishment (Adbhuta)

Where it lives: Entire nervous system

What you feed repeatedly shapes your baseline. When attention feeds fear or negativity, the nervous system remains on alert.

What happens with unconscious feeding: Hypervigilance, emotional reactivity, chronic stress.

How balance returns: Repetition reprograms.

Choose one calming thought, sensation, or activity.

Return to it intentionally each day.

The nervous system stabilises through familiarity.

Shade VIII – Duality & Inner Conflict

(Bibhatsa / Shanta)

Where it lives: Heart and gut connection

When opposing emotions are rejected, the body experiences inner friction, tight chest, uneasy stomach, emotional confusion.

What happens when duality is resisted: Guilt, self-judgement, internal exhaustion.

How balance returns: Allowance creates peace.

Place one hand on the heart, one on the belly.
Acknowledge both emotions present.

The body relaxes when nothing inside is rejected.

Shade IX – Wholeness (Nav Ras)

Where it lives: Whole body

When all emotions are allowed, the body feels integrated. Energy flows freely.
Recovery becomes quicker. Resilience increases.

What wholeness feels like: Not constant calm—but faster return to balance.

How balance remains: Daily acknowledgment.

At day's end, ask: Which emotion visited me today?
Welcome it. Release it.

The body remembers wholeness through permission.

Your body is not reacting against you.
It is responding to you.

Listen gently.

Respond slowly.

Rebalance naturally.

The body knows the way back
when the mind stops fighting the message.

Returning to Balance — Three Movements

Returning to balance is not about fixing what feels difficult. It is about noticing where effort has replaced listening. Each chapter moves through three quiet recognitions: the *fatigue* that comes from carrying too much for too long, the *myth* we were taught to believe in order to survive it, and the *questions* that remain once those beliefs loosen. Balance is not found in answers, but in allowing the body, the mind, and the inner voice to realign without hurry, without performance.

Movement 1: The Fatigue of Being Strong

When the Body Carries What the Mind Calls Resilience

“Sometimes the heaviest thing a person carries
is the version of themselves the world relies on.”

Introduction: When Strength Stops Feeling Light

There comes a stage in life when survival is no longer the problem.

Everything looks fine. Work continues. Responsibilities are met. People depend on you—and you show up. Yet somewhere beneath the functioning surface, something feels strangely depleted.

Not broken.

Not dramatic.

Just tired in a way sleep does not fix.

This fatigue often appears in those who have been strong for a long time. Not by choice but by necessity. The ones who learned early that stability depended on them. The ones who became reliable before they became rested.

This chapter is not about collapse.

It is about the quiet erosion that happens when strength becomes a habit the body never gets to release.

The Mithya Around Strength

The myth we rarely question is simple and deeply rewarded:

Strength means holding it together.

Psychologically, this belief forms early. Children observe which emotions receive reassurance and which invite discomfort. Over time, the nervous system learns an equation:

Stability = Safety

Expression = Risk

So, strength becomes silence.

And silence becomes skill.

But the body does not forget what the mind learns to manage.

A Real Story: The Woman Who Never Sat Down

Meera was known for her composure.

At work, she was the one people trusted during crises. At home, she was the one who remembered everything—appointments, medicines, bills, birthdays. In friendships, she listened more than she spoke.

People often said, “You’re so strong.”

She nodded, politely.

What they didn’t see was that Meera’s body had begun to speak in other ways.

Her shoulders stayed lifted even while resting.

Her jaw clenched during ordinary conversations.

Her stomach tightened without warning.

Her breath rarely reached her abdomen.

Doctors found nothing wrong.

And yet, Meera felt exhausted in a way she couldn’t explain—because nothing had happened.

Sakhi would say:

This is not the fatigue of effort. This is the fatigue of containment.

Where Strength Lives in the Body

Strength that is never released does not remain abstract.
It settles.

Shoulders & Neck – The Weight of Responsibility

Meera carried everyone's needs here. Tightness formed because responsibility had nowhere to go once tasks were done.

Jaw – Unspoken Emotion

Clenching held back irritation, grief, and refusal. The body learned to bite down instead of speak.

Chest – Emotional Bracing

Her heart area stayed guarded. Not closed—prepared.

Stomach – Hyper-vigilance

The gut stayed alert, as if something might go wrong if she relaxed.

This is not a weakness.

This is the body performing strength long after the situation has passed.

The Shade of Being: Endurance Without Rest

This is not resilience.

It is endurance without permission to stop.

The danger is not burnout, it is disconnection. When people stop checking in with how they feel because they have learned to manage regardless.

Meera did not feel sad.

She felt absent from herself.

The Turning Point

It did not arrive as a breakdown.

It arrived as a sentence she couldn't finish one evening.

Someone asked, "How are you really doing?"

And Meera paused not because she didn't know what to say, but because she had never allowed herself to ask.

Her body had been holding the answer for years.

Rebalancing Strength: Body-Based Solutions

Sakhi does not offer dramatic change.

She offers to return.

1. Giving the Body Permission to Stand Down

Meera began with something deceptively small.

Once a day, she sat and let her shoulders drop intentionally.

No phone.

No correction.

Just noticing.

The body learns safety through repetition, not logic.

2. Releasing the Jaw — Releasing Control

She became aware of how often she clenched.

Each time she noticed, she softened her jaw and exhaled longer than she inhaled.

This told the nervous system:

Nothing needs to be managed right now.

3. Moving Strength Downward

Instead of holding energy in her chest, Meera learned to breathe into her lower ribs and abdomen.

Strength does not disappear when it moves.

It grounds.

4. Practicing Selective Strength

She asked herself one question daily:

What am I being strong about out of habit, not necessity?

One email delayed.

One decision shared.

One emotion not explained away.

Small releases retrain the body faster than big intentions.

5. Letting One Person See the Fatigue

Not everyone.

Just one.

Meera told a friend:

“I don’t need fixing. I just don’t want to carry this alone.”

The body regulates in safe connection.

Reflection Page: The Purple Pause

Sit with this—not to answer, but to notice.

- Where in your body does strength live most heavily?
- What emotion have you learned to manage instead of feel?
- If your body could rest from being strong, what would it ask first?

Do not rush.

This is *The Purple Pause*—where recognition replaces effort.

The fatigue of being strong does not mean strength has failed. It means the body has been loyal longer than it should have had to be.

Strength keeps you standing. Listening will let you sit down—without falling apart.

You do not need to stop being strong.

You need to stop being strong alone.

That is not a weakness.

That is balance.

Movement 2: The Myth of Closure

Why Some Things Do Not End—and Why That Is Not Failure

“Not everything that hurts is meant to be finished.
Some things are meant to be carried differently.”

Introduction: The Pressure to Be ‘Done’

There comes a moment—often after loss, conflict, or change—when the world begins to expect recovery.

People ask gently at first.

Are you okay now?

Have you moved on?

Later, the questions become quieter but heavier.

Isn't it time?

Why are you still affected?

How often healing is mistaken for conclusion. As if emotions follow neat timelines. As if pain has an expiry date. As if feeling again means failing to heal.

This chapter is not about reopening wounds.

It is about understanding why some experiences do not close and why forcing closure creates a different kind of exhaustion.

The Mithya Around Closure

The myth is reassuring and widely believed:

Once I understand it fully, forgive completely, or accept deeply, it will stop affecting me.

This belief is comforting because it promises an end point.

Psychologically, the desire for closure is not always about peace. Often, it is about certainty.

Unfinished emotions make people uneasy—especially those who have learned to cope by resolving, fixing, or rationalising. So the mind pushes for endings even when the body is still integrating.

But emotions do not obey intellectual conclusions.

The mind says, I'm over it.

The body says, I still remember.

A Real Story: The Woman Who 'Had Closure'

Anita spoke calmly about her divorce.

"It was the right decision," she said.

"I've processed it. I don't hold resentment."

People admired her composure. They told her how strong and evolved she was.

And yet, there were moments when Anita's body reacted before her words could catch up.

Her chest tightened when she heard a familiar song.

Her stomach turned uneasy at certain family gatherings.

Her breath shortened when someone casually mentioned remarriage.

Nothing dramatic.

Nothing visible.

Just subtle reminders that something inside her had not finished speaking.

Doctors called it anxiety.

Friends called it overthinking.

But what would you call it

Integration.

Where Unfinished Emotions Live in the Body

Emotions that are rushed toward closure do not disappear.

They settle often quietly.

Chest – The Weight of Unexpressed Grief

Anita's chest tightened not because she was heartbroken, but because grief had never been allowed to move fully through her.

Stomach – Uncertainty That Was Never Held

Her gut reacted because decisions had been made quickly—to survive, not to process.

Throat — Words That Were Never Needed Then

What could not be said at the time waited in the body.

The body does not demand endings.

It asks for acknowledgement.

The Shade of Being: Acceptance Without Forcing

This is not denial.

This is not attachment.

This is *acceptance without pressure*.

Anita was not stuck.

She was still integrating a chapter that changed her sense of self.

Closure would have required her to pretend the story no longer mattered.

Integration allowed her to let it matter without defining her.

Returning to Balance

When ‘Moving On’ Becomes Tiring

(The Fatigue)

There is a quiet exhaustion that comes from convincing yourself and others that you are done.

From saying I’m fine before the body agrees.

From explaining you’re healing to make others comfortable.

This fatigue is not an emotional weakness.

It is emotional honesty being rushed.

The Ending We Were Taught to Want

(The Myth)

We were taught that healing looks like:

- no reaction
- no memory
- no return

But emotional maturity often looks different.

It looks like remembering without drowning.

It looks like a feeling without collapsing.

It looks like allowing the past to exist without organising your present.

Closure promises neatness.

Balance offers space.

Living With What Remains

(The Questions)

Instead of asking,

Why am I not over this yet?

Sakhi invites different questions:

- What part of this experience is still finding its place in me?
- What happens if I stop demanding an ending?
- Can I let this memory pass through without asking it to leave forever?

These questions do not resolve.

They soften.

Body-Based Rebalancing Practices

Not to finish the story but to carry it differently.

1. Chest Softening

Place one hand over your heart.

Breathe without changing anything.

Let sensation move instead of concluding it.

2. Gut Grounding

Sit with your feet firmly on the floor.

Notice support before seeking resolution.

3. Throat Release

Humming softly allows expression without narrative.

The body releases without explanation.

Reflection Page: The Purple Pause

Pause here.

Ask yourself—without answering immediately:

- Which experience in my life resists closure?
- Where do I feel the urge to finish it in my body?
- What shifts if I allow it to remain unfinished—but not unattended?

This pause is not about resolution.

It is about allowing life to stay honest.

Not everything that matters ends neatly. Some things settle slowly.

Healing does not always mean closing the door. Sometimes, it means learning how to leave it slightly open—without fear.

You are not behind because something still touches you.
You are human because it does.

And that, too, is balance.

Movement 3: Living With the Question

When Certainty Is No Longer the Goal

“Some questions are not meant to be solved.
They are meant to be lived.”

Introduction: The Discomfort of Not Knowing

There comes a point in the inner journey when answers begin to feel insufficient.

Not because they are wrong but because they no longer fit.

People who reach this point are often misunderstood. From the outside, they appear confused, undecided, or stuck. From the inside, something quieter is happening.

They are no longer asking what I should do.
They are beginning to ask who I am becoming?

This phase is deeply uncomfortable—not because life lacks direction, but because direction no longer arrives as instruction.

This movement is about that space.

The one we rush through.
The one we try to escape.
The one that actually changes us.

The Mithya Around Questions

The myth is subtle and socially reinforced:

Questions are problems waiting for answers.

From childhood, curiosity is tolerated only until it becomes inconvenient. Adults are rewarded for decisiveness, clarity, and confidence—not for sitting with uncertainty.

So, questions are treated like symptoms.
Something to be resolved quickly.

But emotionally, questions serve a different function.

They mark transitions.

When old identities no longer fit and new ones have not yet formed, questions arise—not to confuse, but to signal growth.

The problem is not the question.

The problem is our impatience with it.

A Real Story: The Man Who Couldn't Decide

Rohit was doing well by all visible standards.

Stable career.

Predictable routine.

People depended on him.

And yet, a question followed him everywhere.

Is this it?

It appeared during traffic.

During meetings.

During weekends meant for rest.

He tried to answer it logically.

More goals. More productivity. More planning.

Nothing worked.

What he did not realise was this:

The question was not asking for a decision.

It was asking for permission to exist.

Where Unanswered Questions Live in the Body

Questions that are suppressed do not disappear.

They move inward.

Head – Mental Loops

Rohit's mind replayed scenarios endlessly, mistaking thinking for progress.

Chest – Emotional Tightness

A subtle heaviness formed, not sadness, but anticipation without direction.

Gut – Restlessness

The body sensed movement before the mind allowed it.

The body knew something was shifting.
The mind demanded clarity before allowing the shift.
This mismatch created tension.

The Shade of Being: Unfinished Becoming

Sakhi names this shade carefully.

This is not confusion.
This is *becoming without a script*.

Rohit was not lost.
He was between versions of himself.

Living with the question meant allowing identity to reorganise slowly without forcing outcomes.

Returning to Balance

When Seeking Answers Becomes Exhausting

(The Fatigue)

There is a particular tiredness that comes from trying to decide too soon.
From asking the same question repeatedly, hoping it will finally behave like an answer.
This fatigue is not indecision.
It is pressure.

Pressure to be certain.
Pressure to explain.
Pressure to move on before the body is ready.

The Need for Answers We Were Taught

(The Myth)

We were taught that clarity equals maturity.
But emotional maturity often looks like this instead:

- holding tension without panic

- allowing questions without self-judgment
- trusting that not knowing is part of knowing

Answers close doors.

Questions keep space open.

Not every season of life is meant for conclusions.

Letting the Question Work on You

(The Questions)

Do not try finding better answers.

Ask true and right questions.

Instead of:

What should I do next?

Try:

- What feels unfinished in me right now?
- What part of my life feels tight when I rush decisions?
- What happens if I stop demanding clarity for a while?

These questions are not meant to be solved.

They are meant to be lived into.

Body-Based Practices for Staying With the Question

1. Ground the Restlessness

Place both feet on the floor.

Notice contact.

Questions settle when the body feels supported.

2. Soften the Chest

Breathe into the chest without naming emotion.

Let curiosity replace urgency.

3. Release the Jaw

Unanswered questions often clench control.

Softening the jaw signals permission to wait.

Reflection Page: The Purple Pause

Pause here.

Ask yourself:

- What question has been following me quietly?
- Where do I feel it in my body?
- What if this question is not a problem but a threshold?

You do not need to resolve it.

Living with the question is not avoidance.

It is trust.

Not all questions are meant to be answered. Some are meant to change the way we stand, breathe, and listen.

Answers end conversations.

Questions deepen them.

And sometimes, growth begins not with certainty but with the courage to stay.

This chapter does not end with insight.

It ends with space.

The Purple Story — When the Colour Became Visible

Some stories do not end when people stop speaking.
They change form.

What began in small rooms through pauses, questions, and courage—does not remain confined there. The reflections that once needed safety now find space beyond these pages.

The *Purple Pages* were the first opening.

Here, stories spoken quietly could be seen without being exposed, simplified, or explained away. They travelled without losing their weight. They remained real without being made loud.

And now, the colour moves again.

The Purple Story continues outside this book through gentle, intentional spaces where emotional truth is allowed to exist without performance. Through pages that scroll quietly. Through letters that arrive without urgency.

Some stories will find their way there.

Some will remain here.

Some will stay only with the person who recognised them.

All belong.

Before you close this book, there is a moment.

A small one.

This moment is called *The Purple Pause*.

It is not a technique.

It is not a practice.

It is simply the space between reading and returning to life.

The Purple Pause exists because recognition often arrives softly. Because some truths do not need expression they need acknowledgement. Because rushing past a feeling is how it disappears again.

In this pause, nothing is required of you.

You do not need to speak.

You do not need to share.

You do not need to understand fully.

You may ask yourself, quietly:

What is the story I have carried without naming?

You do not have to send it anywhere.

You do not have to shape it into words.

Noticing it is enough.

If, however, a story inside you asks for space, you may share it anonymously or openly through *The Purple Pause* spaces. Some stories shared there may find their way into future Purple Pages or become part of the next *Decoding / Beyond Mithya* series distilled, unnamed, and held with care.

The Purple Pause

If You Wish to Continue the *Purple Pause*

You may find small reflections and quiet conversations here:

Instagram

For short pauses, Purple Pages, and reflections that appear between ordinary days.



@PURPLEPAUSE16

Email: purplepause16@gmail.com

Occasional letters.

Not newsletters.

Just thoughts that arrive when they need to.

And if you choose not to follow or share,
this closing still belongs to you.

Because the *Purple Story* was never about saying more.

It was about allowing what is already there
to be seen.

Stay here a moment longer.

That stillness

that quiet space between one page and the next—is the Purple Pause.

And some colours do not fade.

Purple holds.