

# BERMUDA TRIANGLE

The Sea Guards Its Secrets

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Stories Matter  
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Through countless ages, an unending longing has stirred within the human heart – the desire to reach distant shores, to discover new worlds, and to unveil the mysteries of the sea. Driven by that yearning, Christopher Columbus set sail across the vast Atlantic with three ships, joined by his companions and sailors on a daring voyage into the endless blue.

That evening, as the sky glowed with shades of crimson, Columbus stood upon the deck of his ship, his eyes fixed on the far-off horizon. On a nearby vessel, a young sailor named Will Share turned to his companion, Jones, and asked softly,

“Jones, what is true happiness? Can you tell me what it really means?”

Jones chuckled softly and said, “Happiness is like a ray of light – unseen at times, yet always touching the heart. It’s in the moments when you look at something you love and feel a quiet peace. It’s in the smile of a familiar face, or in greeting a stranger and sensing that small spark of warmth within. It’s in the sound of a beautiful song, the taste of food when you’re hungry, or the morning when you wake and realize the day holds no burdens. Those are the moments of pure joy. And if all our troubles could fade away – that, too, would be happiness.”

Will frowned. “But is that really possible? Everyone carries their own burdens — some heavy, some light. No one on this earth walks without problems. If that’s true, can anyone ever be truly happy?”

Jones smiled gently. “A life without problems exists only in dreams. Yet even dreams have their own kind of beauty. Real happiness is born not from ease, but from the courage to endure struggle.”

As their quiet conversation drifted on, nature seemed to stir in response. The once-peaceful sea suddenly roared, sending a wave crashing against the side of their ship. Startled, Jones almost dropped the basket of bread in his hands. “What was that?” Will exclaimed.

“The sea was calm just a moment ago,” Jones murmured, glancing toward the churning waters. “Now a wave has risen out of nowhere.”

“Well, that’s just what the sea does — it gives us waves,” Will said with a casual shrug. Looking around, he raised his voice to the crew, “Has everyone finished supper?”

“Almost!” came a chorus of voices in reply.

“Light the oil lamps,” Will ordered. Instantly, the lamps came to life, their flames dancing just as a brilliant flash of lightning tore across the sky. For a fleeting moment, the ships shimmered in the blinding light, and through the glare, the outlines of the other two vessels stood clear. Then the lightning faded, and a gentle drizzle began to fall, softening the sea once more.

But the drizzle thickened, and soon the wind rose with it, whipping fiercely around the ships. Rain pounded harder against the decks as thunder rolled and lightning flashed in blinding bursts. Then, with a deafening crack, a bolt struck the sea just a few ship-lengths away. The sailors froze in terror as towering waves hurled their vessels about like dancers caught in a mad storm, while the wind howled through the masts like a wild, frenzied song.

Fear clenched the sailors' hearts. Then, rising above the roar of the storm, Columbus's voice cut through the chaos:

"Breathe deeply, my friends! This is only nature's trial. Do not be afraid. Our destination awaits us beyond these waves. Do not lose heart — this is only the beginning. Stand firm, and hold your faith!"

The sailors huddled together on the decks, their breaths shallow, eyes wide with awe at the fury of the skies and the restless sea. The day that had once been calm and bright was now shattered by lightning and thunder, as if the very heavens had split apart in anger.

"What's happening?" one man shouted, his voice trembling. "The sky was calm all day... and now, out of nowhere, a storm? Will we even make it to shore alive?"

Another sailor, steadying his trembling voice, spoke firmly, "Our leader, Columbus, has given us courage. Push these fears aside and rest. We must place our trust in him."

Slowly, the thunder began to fade, the rain's fury eased, and the wild winds fell silent. The sea — a raging beast just moments before — now rested in perfect calm, smoother

than glass. Even the waves seemed to forget their eternal longing for the distant shore.

One by one, the sailors drifted into sleep, their weariness greater than their fear. Only one remained awake, gazing up at the heavens. The night sky, calm and clear once more, shimmered softly with scattered stars.

“Look,” whispered the man beside him, pointing toward the sky. “The way these stars are moving... I’m sure we’re still on the right course.”

Silence settled over the ships once more, wrapping them gently in the stillness of night. The stars drifted slowly across the heavens, marking the passage of time. Overhead, a flock of birds glided by, their wings slicing gracefully through the first light of the coming dawn.

Then, far on the horizon, the first light broke through. The heavens blossomed in shades of crimson as the sun rose, proclaiming his arrival — a new day, a new hope, and perhaps, a new destiny awaiting them.

From the cabins, the sailors began to stir. Some rubbed the sleep from their eyes, while others hurried to wake their companions. Then, cutting through the calm of morning, came a sudden cry — bright and explosive as fireworks: “Wake up! We’ve made it!”

A young sailor, his voice ringing with childlike excitement, cried out once more, his eyes alight with hope. “Look! There — land! We’ve reached the shore! Our voyage has finally found its purpose!”



His words were more than an announcement — they rang out like the opening notes of a triumphant song. One by one, the crew rushed onto the deck, eyes wide with wonder, hearts pounding with excitement.

And there it was — a distant coastline, alive with signs of life. Along the shore, fishermen cast their nets in steady rhythm, their movements calm and familiar. But that rhythm faltered the moment they caught sight of the great ships drawing near, their sails gleaming under the morning sun.

To their eyes, the vessels appeared like storm-tossed flowers adrift upon the waves — strange, unfamiliar, and edged with quiet foreboding.

One fisherman gasped, pointing toward the horizon. “Look! Strangers are coming from across the sea. Be cautious — they might bring danger with them!”

His words raced through the group like a bolt of lightning. Fear and suspicion thickened the air. Grabbing their weapons, the men hurried toward the water’s edge, hearts pounding as they faced the unknown visitors drawing closer to their shore.

That morning was heavy with both triumph and tension.

For the sailors, the thrill of discovery burned bright in their hearts. But on the shore, suspicion took hold — the armed men rushing toward the water’s edge saw only strangers from the sea.

In that tense moment, their leader stepped forward, calm and resolute. Columbus's voice, deep and steady, rose above the murmurs of fear:

"Do not be afraid. We have not come for war, but for friendship. Bring forth our gifts. There will be no hostility, no retaliation. From this moment on, we shall make them our allies."

From his hands, he gathered small treasures – glimmering gold coins, strings of colorful beads, shining bangles, and tiny mirrors that caught the sunlight. With steady steps, Columbus descended from the ship and strode toward the figures waiting on the shore.

When he reached the front line of the islanders, he extended his hand and spoke in a calm, gentle voice:

"We are travelers from the eastern lands," Columbus began, his voice steady and kind. "At the command of our king, we have journeyed across vast oceans to reach your shore. To set foot upon your land is, for us, a moment of great joy."

He extended his hand once more, a calm strength in his eyes.

"My name is Columbus," he said softly. "We come in peace – seeking friendship."

His voice, his eyes, his every movement carried a quiet sincerity. Yet beyond the calm sea, fate waited in silence – ready to script a story far greater than any of them could imagine.

Just hours before, the storm's thunder and lightning had tested their resolve. But that fury was merely a trial — a fleeting storm before destiny unfolded its grand design.

Columbus believed he had finally reached the long-sought shores of India. But destiny had other plans — this was not the East, but the threshold of an unseen world. A land soon to be called **America**.

Yet as Columbus and his hundred sailors set foot upon that uncharted shore, none could sense the shadow hidden beyond their triumph. The waters they had conquered — serene for now, deceitful forever — would one day earn a name whispered in fear.

Had anyone known the truth, perhaps a warning would have risen along the coasts of Florida, Puerto Rico, or Venezuela:

A weathered sign pointing toward the sea, its words carved deep like a curse

—

“Do not cross these waters. Beware... This is the Sea of Death — the

**Bermuda Triangle.”**

Time drifted forward, carrying generations with it.

Decades later, another ship followed the same fateful route — not in pursuit of discovery, but of dreams. Its passengers sought no new worlds, only a new life... a new beginning.

Their destination was the same name that once echoed through Columbus's heart — **America**.

Their ship sliced through the restless waters of the Bermuda Triangle.

The deck pulsed with laughter and conversation – strangers meeting, stories unfolding, the air thick with anticipation and salt. But away from the crowd sat one man, still as stone.

His hands rested beneath his chin, his gaze lost in the drifting clouds, as if the heavens might whisper back the answers he sought.

His name was **Harix**.

Since the day they left the shore, not a word had escaped his lips.

While laughter and conversation filled the deck, he stayed apart – a shadow among voices, untouched by their warmth.

To those who noticed him, he seemed less a man and more a presence – a lonely island of silence no one dared to reach.

Yet beneath that silence, a storm was alive – a mix of dreams, fears, and unspoken ambitions.

Harix hungered for Hollywood. He dreamed of standing beneath its bright lights, his voice echoing through grand halls, his name whispered with admiration.

It was a fire that refused to fade – a burning need to be seen, to be remembered – fiercer even than his loneliness.

At last, his solitude was broken.

A young man strolled up to him with a friendly grin.

“Everyone’s talking, making friends... but you’ve been sitting here in silence. What’s your name?”

Harix looked up slowly, his voice barely more than a whisper. “Harix.”

And just as quietly, he retreated back into silence, as if even that single word had cost him effort.

The young man paused, uncertainty flickering across his face, then gave a small shrug.

“All right then. You probably don’t feel like talking. Maybe another time.” He started to walk away — but Harix’s silence wavered, just for a moment. A faint smile touched his lips.

“No... it’s not that. I’ve just been quiet since I was a kid. It’s a habit, that’s all. Don’t mind me. Please — sit.”

Relieved, the young man grinned and took the seat beside him. “I’m Jothek.”

Harix gave a small nod. “And where’s your journey taking you?” Jothek chuckled. “Me? Why don’t you go first? Where are *you* headed?” Harix hesitated, a faint, self-conscious smile forming.

“If I tell you, you’ll probably laugh.”

“Laugh? At you? Never,” Jothek said, his brows lifting with genuine curiosity.

Harix took a slow, steady breath.

“I’m headed to Hollywood. I want to be an actor — to play roles that *mean*

something, to leave behind a name people remember.”

Jothek studied him quietly for a moment, admiration softening his gaze.

“I don’t know much about acting,” he said, “but I’ve always respected it. I’ve watched plays, movies... it’s pure art. And I really hope your dream comes true.”

Jothek smiled, his tone teasing but curious.

“But that surprises me. You want to be an actor, yet you’re so quiet. Don’t actors need... voices, expressions, fire?”

Harix let out a soft laugh. “Maybe so. But I use my silence differently — I write. Small things... sketches, fragments of thoughts.”

Then, after a pause, he looked up. “And you? What’s your story?” Jothek leaned back, a spark of intrigue dancing in his eyes.

“Half my life has been spent with books,” Jothek said, a reflective smile on his face. “I love journeys, meeting new people, discovering new places.

That’s why I dream of going to America — to start a travel agency. For now, I stay busy with small trades and ventures.”

Harix nodded, thoughtful. “It’s often the small ventures that teach life’s biggest lessons. And books... they let you travel without moving. Each page opens a new world. Meeting you feels good, because nothing delights a

writer more than discovering a kindred reader.”

The two shared a smile, their conversation now flowing effortlessly – words tumbling like a river of shared hopes and dreams.

Yet above them, the sky began to change. Clouds thickened, rolling together into a single, ominous mass – black as tar, heavy with an unspoken threat, as if fate itself had drawn a curtain over the world.

Time shattered with a blinding flash of lightning.

It began as a light drizzle... then thunder exploded, lashing down like whips from the sky. Three bolts struck in rapid succession, tearing the heavens apart.

Panic gripped the passengers. Thunder and fire rained from above like arrows of flame and shards of rock. The deck quaked beneath their feet, the ship transformed into a battlefield of terror. Some screamed, others dropped to their knees, praying frantically for mercy.

And then it emerged – from the fathomless depths, a massive hand rose, as though sculpted from the abyss itself. It seized the ship's edge like a colossal axe sinking into wood. Every heart on board froze. No one spoke. No one dared to blink. Terror reigned supreme.

The ship groaned in protest, swaying violently under the monstrous grip, inch by inch being pulled toward the yawning abyss. The hand pressed down on the deck with unrelenting force. The vessel shuddered, splintering under the pressure, as if ready to snap at any moment.

“Mr. Harix! Get up — something terrible is happening!”  
Jothek’s voice cut through the chaos.

“The ship is going down! If we don’t jump, we’ll be dragged under! Don’t look... whatever you do, don’t look at that thing — it will crush your very soul!”

But Harix could not look away. His eyes, despite the warning, fixed on the horror before him.

And there it stood — not merely a hand, but the towering form of a colossal figure, as if it could scrape the sky itself. Its tangled black hair clung to its monstrous head, casting a shadow that swallowed even the raging storm.

At last, the ship gave way, plunging beneath the waves. Harix and Jothek lunged toward the rail, diving into the furious, churning sea. Cold, raging, relentless water swallowed them. Bubbles exploded from their mouths, lungs burned, and seawater choked their throats. Gasping and struggling, they clawed their way upward, every second a battle for life itself.

Chaos reigned all around them. Passengers flailed in the dark, raging waters, shrieking, praying, disappearing beneath storm-tossed waves. Lightning split the sky, casting brief glimpses of terrified faces — then plunging them back into darkness. Rain pelted down in torrents, mingling with hailstones that slammed against heads and shoulders like merciless hammer blows.

Three more lightning bolts struck the ship, flames blossoming across the deck before it shattered into splinters,



dragged under by the monstrous hand. Survivors were pulled down with it, swallowed by the abyss.

Harix and Jothek were torn apart by the violent current, thrashing frantically until a floating timber – a fragment of the broken mast – collided with them. Gripping it with every ounce of strength, they hauled their exhausted bodies atop it, gasping for air. Around them, only the endless, churning sea remained; the cries of the doomed faded, devoured by the storm.

And yet, in the shadow of death, something stirred within Harix. The weight of surrender pressed against his soul – but he refused to yield. *This ocean is not my enemy*, he told himself. *It is merely another turn in my journey.*

Fatigue and fear clawed at him, threatening to drag him under, yet one fire burned fiercely in his chest. *Hollywood*. The word blazed like a promise. *My destiny lies there. Nothing else matters.*

By morning, against all odds, Harix and Jothek found themselves washed up on the sands of an unfamiliar shore, the remnants of the storm scattered around them.

Dawn arrived soft and serene, as if the fury of the night's storm had been nothing but a dream. Yet fear still clung to Harix, his skin cold and slick with rain and seawater. Exhaustion pinned him down; even under the sun's warm

rise, his body refused to obey. Along the shoreline, crimson crabs scuttled nervously across the wet sand. One brushed against his leg, sending a shiver through him. Startled, he

blinked open his eyes, surveying the strange coast with confusion and unease.

Suddenly, memories of the night before surged back like a wave. His heart raced. Harix sprang to his feet, eyes darting across the unfamiliar shoreline, every nerve alert with fear and urgency.

“Jothek... where are you?” Harix shouted, his eyes scanning desperately for his companion. Around him, there was only the dense trees, marshes, and an eerie silence. Fear sank into his chest like a heavy stone.

He stumbled toward the sea, splashing water over his face, when suddenly — “My friend, watch out!” a strong voice shouted from behind. Firm arms wrapped around him. It was Jothek.

Tears sprang to Harix’s eyes at the sight of his friend.

“Our lives might already have been claimed by the ocean,” Jothek said with a chuckle. “Don’t let your tears join it as well.”

Harix let out a small, shaky smile. “Where were you all this time?” he whispered.

“I’ll tell you — but only after I’m sure you won’t collapse again,” Jothek teased. “When I grabbed you earlier, I had to drop some of this fruit. I went to the nearby villagers and got more. Here, take these.”

He placed the fresh fruit gently into Harix’s hand.

Helping him settle onto the sand, Jothek said softly, “You must have been

raised with care, Harix. Surviving something like this... it’s no small burden for you.”

Harix shook his head, his voice weighed down with quiet honesty. “No. I wasn’t raised delicately.”

Jothek laughed softly. “So you’re like me then — carried wherever the wind takes you?”

“Not exactly,” Harix said with calm reflection. “Neither fragile nor hardened... my life has always been somewhere in between.”

“Fair enough,” Jothek said, eyes scanning the distant horizon. “So... what’s our next move?”

“We keep moving,” Harix replied, uncertainty tugging at his words.

Jothek pointed toward a cluster of trees. “There’s a village just to the left, not far from here. Let’s head that way. If we find shelter, we’ll have time to figure out our next step.”

By the time they reached the village outskirts, brief greetings with the locals revealed it was more than a mere hamlet. A modestly civilized settlement, it promised the first hint of safety since the storm.

“Here, drink this,” Jothek said, passing a small jug of water to Harix.

“Let’s head into the village,” Jothek continued. “We leave the terror of last night behind. Among the people here, we speak as friends. That’s how we

survive – and perhaps, find a new beginning.”

The two men walked along the path, greeting a villager carrying loaves of bread. Harix asked politely,

“Is there any work to be found in this village?”

The man examined them with mild curiosity. “What kind of work can you do?”

“Anything,” Jothek answered with quiet confidence.

Before Harix could speak, the man added, “There are many types of work here – some that demand sweat and muscle, others that call only for thought. Which kind would you prefer?”

“My friend here is better with ideas,” Jothek said with a smile. “As for me, I’ll do anything. But tell me – when do we start? And where?”

The man laughed softly. “With that kind of spirit, work is never in short supply. Come with me – I’ll find something for you right away.”

Not far ahead stood a printing press, its tall doors exuding the sharp, familiar scent of fresh ink.

“The owner is in Germany,” the man said. “He runs a newspaper and publishes all kinds of books. This press – his pride and creation – is the first of its kind in our village. I

deliver bread to the workers here. Though he's away for now, there is always work to be done."

The man grinned slyly. "And if I help you find work here, what's in it for me?"

Jothek chuckled. "You're sharp, my friend. Once we earn it, we'll give you a week's wages."

The man arched an eyebrow. "So... you have nothing at the moment, is that right?"

"We barely escaped death at sea and arrived here with nothing," Jothek said firmly. "But we won't forget your kindness."

He gestured toward the building. "That's the press. Should I go in and get someone, or will you come with me?"

"Don't waste time," Jothek said, eyes blazing. "Take us in now." The man led them inside, shouting, "Maiso!"

A voice called back from within, "Who's there?"

"They've come from far away," the man explained. "They are my friends

now — and yours too. They need work, and I've promised to make sure they get it."

Maiso nodded. "The owner will be back in a few days. Until then, they can stay busy here. If you vouch for them, I'll consider them my own friends." He guided Harix and Jothek inside, introducing them to another man. "This is Mike. He'll show you the ropes and explain your duties."

The two men inclined their heads in silent gratitude. Soon, they became immersed in the rhythm of the press – the steady clatter of machines, the rich scent of paper and ink, and the quiet, almost magical transformation of words into print.

Days passed, and one day, Jothek leaned toward Harix with a whisper. “Look at all these books – novels, pamphlets, essays of every kind. I’ve been thinking... why don’t you write? Start from the day you left for Hollywood, the voyage, the storm, the struggle that brought us here – write it all as a novel. Your style is strong. When the press owner returns, we’ll show it to him. If he agrees to publish, it could earn us enough for our journey to America.”

Harix hesitated for a moment, then his eyes softened. “That’s a wonderful idea, Jothek. I’ll start right away.”

And so he did. By the time the owner returned, Harix’s manuscript was complete. With Maiso’s help, he read it aloud. The owner was enthralled and immediately ordered the novel to be printed and distributed throughout his network. As sales took off, Harix and Jothek were handsomely rewarded – enough to finance their journey across the seas.

Overflowing with gratitude, the two men set sail once more. Before long, their dream became reality – they reached the shores of Hollywood.

Beneath the dazzling glow of Hollywood’s electric lights, Harix and Jothek wandered with wide-eyed wonder, taking in every street and corner. They approached strangers

eagerly, asking about studios and seeking any opportunity to start their lives as junior artists. Shelter weighed on their minds too. Harix, in particular, carried vivid dreams in his heart – imagining the great stars he admired and the grand studios where he longed to work.

That night, after renting a modest hotel room, he drifted into sleep, his heart aflame with the burning desire to make his dream a reality.

In the days that followed, Harix mingled with others who, like him, had arrived hoping to land roles as junior artists. Then one day, a woman's voice cut through the chatter:

“Are you British?”

Harix turned, momentarily frozen. A young woman stood before him. “My name is Christia. You just looked British to me,” she said, smiling warmly.

In this strange new land, her friendly tone ignited a spark in Harix's heart. “Yes... yes, I am,” he answered eagerly.

Christia told him she had come to Hollywood seven years ago. “If you want, you could start today as a junior artist on a film being produced by White Mountain Pictures,” she offered with a friendly smile.

Joy surged through Harix's entire being. “Thank you! Thank you!” he exclaimed, practically leaping with excitement. He turned to Jothek, eyes sparkling, and hugged him tightly. At last, his dream was beginning to take shape.

With work secured and a place to stay, life slowly moved forward. One evening, Jothek turned to Harix.

“My friend, your dream has taken flight. Now it’s time for me to follow mine. I plan to go to Boston and start a travel agency. You must focus on your path, as I will on mine. But our friendship will endure for generations. For now, farewell, my brother.”

With joy in his heart, Jothek stepped forward, moving toward his own destiny.

Time went on, and the bond between Harix and Christia grew deeper, blossoming into love. Eventually, they married and began a new chapter of life together. Jothek also found his own family, and joy filled both households. He and his wife were blessed with a daughter, Ely, while Harix and Christia welcomed a son, whom they named James.

Often, Jothek journeyed to Hollywood with his wife and young daughter to visit Harix and Christia. Each visit overflowed with laughter, warmth, and treasured memories, deepening the bonds of their enduring friendship.

Meanwhile, Jothek’s travel agency thrived in Boston, bringing him remarkable success.

In this way, their lives unfolded in joy and prosperity. Dreams once distant had been realized, and Harix and Jothek, each following his own path, had built futures brighter than they had ever dared to imagine.

As the days went by, Harix’s schedule grew packed with endless shoots. His career, which had begun with minor roles as a junior artist, gradually advanced to that of a dialogue artist. Offers started pouring in from respected production companies, and he began securing substantial



roles. One day, a major studio approached him with an important part in their upcoming film.

The news brought joy flooding into his home. Harix shared the excitement over the phone with Jothek in Boston, and Jothek's wife also offered her warm congratulations. That evening, the Harix household buzzed with

celebration. Christia prepared their son for school, while Harix's phone rang again — this time from a new production company. They wanted him for a major film, set to be shot along the palm-lined shores of Miami Beach, requesting his presence for an entire week of shooting.

The following week, as Harix readied himself for departure, Jothek arrived with his wife and daughter to see him off in Hollywood. Friends and family

had gathered at the airport, filling the space with warmth, pride, and joyful farewells.

As Harix boarded the aircraft with his fellow artists, a surge of satisfaction coursed through him — he had finally reached the heights he once dreamed of. Tipping his hat, he waved cheerfully from the window, his heart alight with excitement.

The plane carried 51 passengers and four crew members. Faces glowed with hope and laughter as it lifted into the sky. Harix's and Jothek's families returned home, content and eagerly anticipating his next message.

But the following dawn brought a wave of unease. Another flight, carrying the direction and camera teams, departed for Miami — only to find a terrifying truth upon arrival: no one

from Harix's flight had arrived. Neither the artists, the managers, nor the technicians had made it.

When questions were raised, the shocking reality emerged: the plane with 51 passengers had never reached Miami. A three-hour journey had simply vanished into silence.

Fear rippled through the company officials like wildfire. Despite extensive search efforts, nothing was found. Days stretched into a week, yet the aircraft remained lost, swallowed by an unforgiving silence.

With heavy hearts, the studio prepared to face the grieving families. They organized a meeting to share the devastating news of the disappearance and promised full support — financial assistance for the children, security for the families' futures, and every possible aid for those left behind. Letters were sent, calling all families of the missing artists to the company's office.

A week had passed, and the families eagerly awaited the return of their loved ones from the shoot. But instead of joyous reunions, a sudden summons from the studio cast a shadow of suspicion over everyone's hearts.

Inside the expansive studio hall, families gathered with anxious hearts. Children played, blissfully unaware of the heavy tension that hung in the air. Harix's little boy, while playing alongside an Indian child, asked innocently, "Did your father also go for the shooting?"

"Yes," the boy answered softly.

“And what’s your name?” Harix’s son inquired. “Rishi,” the boy replied.

At that moment, the studio manager entered, his unease evident as he greeted the gathered families. Finally, he spoke,

“I don’t know how to deliver this heartbreaking news...” A man, unable to restrain his anger, stood abruptly.

“Why haven’t our loved ones returned from the shoot? Why have you summoned us here?”

The manager’s voice shook with grief.

“The flight that took our artists a week ago... it never made it to Miami. No one knows what happened. Every department conducted searches, but not a single trace was found.”

The room sank into stunned silence, murmurs of disbelief quickly giving way to cries of anguish.

“This is fate’s cruelty,” the manager continued softly. “No one is at fault. But know this: their families are now our responsibility. We will provide for your needs and safeguard your children’s futures. Please, hold on to hope.”

Some crumpled to the floor, wailing in grief. Others erupted in anger, shouting threats of lawsuits against the company. A few sank into despair, while others stared blankly, lost in the emptiness of disbelief.

“God, how will we endure this?” the manager murmured, his voice heavy with despair.

Days later, Jothek sat beside Christia, gently trying to offer comfort.

“Sister, you must find your strength. For your son’s sake, you must keep your heart steadfast,” he urged softly.

But Christia, consumed by memories, could only sob. She remembered how Harix would return from shoots, cradling their son and offering him small gifts with gentle affection. The recollection tore at her heart. She wept uncontrollably as her child tried to soothe her with tiny, tender hands. Pulling him onto her lap, her sorrow deepened, spilling over in waves of grief.

Jothek’s wife and daughter, Eli, were visibly moved, tears welling as they watched the scene. Overcome with emotion, Jothek gently guided his wife aside.

“We must remain strong,” he whispered softly. “Only together can we carry this burden.”

Their support offered a small, yet crucial comfort to Christia, though her tears continued to fall. In the hall heavy with sorrow, hands reached for one another. Amid the uncertainty, they held on tightly, drawing strength from the shared grief around them.

As the years passed, young James — Harix’s son — grew up under the weight of his father’s absence and the quiet endurance of his mother. The love and support from Jothek’s family became a beacon of guidance in his

life. The production company also offered assistance, arranging child artist roles for James in various projects to help him grow and gain experience.

Ely, Jothek's daughter, formed a close bond with James. She affectionately called him "Brother" and observed his growing passion not just for acting, but also for writing. Encouraging his creativity, she became his first reader, inspiring him to pen short stories and poems.

James discovered a profound passion for writing. After all, how could the spirit of his father vanish from him? With Ely's encouragement, his words began to flow, page after page, as his imagination unfurled and blossomed.

Books became James' refuge, his sanctuary. Amid hardship, he discovered a sense of direction – a purpose quietly taking root, steering him toward a dream that was entirely his own.

Time flowed onward. Jothek diligently ran his travel agency, while Ely's curiosity about the world grew. She eagerly devoured books about distant lands, sharing every discovery with James, who listened with rapt fascination. To him, Ely was as close as a sister. Each visit, she brought small gifts, played with him, and deepened their bond in ways words could scarcely describe.

As the years went by, James's inner writer flourished. His thoughts grew richer, sharper, and more captivating. Though his father, Harix, was gone, James was forging a path entirely his own. Writing had always beckoned him, and with time, he resolved to make it his true calling.

He frequently attended literary gatherings with his Indian friend Rishi, whom he had met at a studio meeting years before. Together, they explored screenplays, analyzed the

plots of upcoming Hollywood films, and delved into the craft and artistry behind them.

In time, both James and Rishi secured positions as assistant writers in modest Hollywood productions. Under the guidance of experienced professionals, they mastered the art of crafting scenes and dialogues with such finesse and energy that audiences were effortlessly captivated.

Each day presented new challenges—stories to dissect, perspectives to debate. For James and Rishi, every discussion became fuel, every obstacle a spark, igniting bursts of fresh creativity.

Though their tastes and habits differed, James and Rishi were united by a shared passion that bound them closely. Each hour spent side by side strengthened their friendship and painted their dream-world with vibrant new colors. They weren't merely writing stories—they were crafting a future, one page at a time.

From a young age, Rishi had been captivated by the past. He delighted in collecting ancient artifacts, idols, and relics. Over time, his passion grew into an all-consuming obsession—he amassed old currencies, rare coins, textiles, and maps from cultures across the globe. By adulthood, his collection had

grown so vast that he devoted an entire room to it, meticulously arranging each treasure as if curating a private museum.

Whenever financial strains arose, Rishi reluctantly sold some of his rare treasures to collectors, taking only what he

needed. Yet his heart always remained with the past; each artifact, each coin, held a story—a fragment of history that stirred his imagination and inspired his mind.

Meanwhile, life moved forward. James and Rishi devoted themselves tirelessly to writing, confident that one day their dedication would be rewarded. Their persistence soon bore fruit: they were offered positions as assistant writers on screenplays for major production houses.

The task was anything but simple. To craft believable scenes and captivating plots, they immersed themselves in knowledge—reading extensively, observing the world keenly, and absorbing life’s nuances from every angle. It became a rigorous discipline: desks stacked with books, notebooks brimming with half-formed ideas, and evenings devoted to exploring new cultures and histories.

Together, they lived a life woven from struggle and hope. Each new draft, every rewritten scene, became another page in the story of their journey—another step toward claiming their place in Hollywood.

Wherever discussion panels, seminars, or writers’ gatherings convened, they were there. James and Rishi shared a singular, unshakable goal: one day, they would become lead writers for a film. That dream served as their compass, guiding every choice and every step along the way.

James often lingered for hours at Rishi’s home, where their story discussions flourished amid shelves of artifacts and manuscripts. Occasionally, they would retreat to secluded,

distant spots, allowing the quiet of nature to ignite and nurture their creativity.

In their partnership, strengths complemented each other perfectly: James mastered character development—crafting personalities, backstories, and motivations—while Rishi’s keen ear brought dialogue to life, making every conversation vivid and authentic. Together, they weren’t just weaving stories—they were laying the foundation for the future they envisioned.

That night, after dinner at Rishi’s home, the two friends lounged in the stillness of the evening. Sometime past midnight, James awoke, restless and sleepless, and wandered into Rishi’s treasure room. Dim light flickered across shelves laden with artifacts, maps, coins, and fabrics. His gaze fell

upon a set of cloth manuscripts, and he was captivated by the delicate, mysterious beauty of the writings etched into their fibers.

As James lingered over the manuscripts, Rishi appeared at the doorway. “What has captured your attention?” he asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

Rishi stepped in, pride shining in his eyes.

“These are ancient stories, written in Chinese. Long before paper existed, people inscribed their tales on cloth just like this. The stories are extraordinary—rich in culture and deeply moving. I don’t remember every detail, but I once had a Chinese scholar read them aloud to me. The beauty of those tales has stayed with me ever since.”



James, eyes wide with awe, replied:

“Amazing! It’s through collections like these that we catch a glimpse of the richness of other cultures. If we can weave such diverse influences into our own scripts, our stories will gain a depth that demands attention.”

Rishi’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

“Exactly! Tomorrow there’s a Chinese artifacts auction. Even with our modest budget, we might discover something that sparks our creativity. These objects breathe life into the imagination.”

James nodded eagerly.

“You’re right, Rishi. Treasures from afar can unlock new worlds for our stories. We have to go.”

At dawn, the two friends stepped into the bustling auction hall, alive with collectors and traders. The first items on display were exquisite Chinese musical instruments, yet their prices soared far beyond what James and Rishi could hope to afford.

Then a curious item appeared: a small wooden elephant carving. The moment their eyes met it, both men felt an unexplainable pull. It emanated a quiet power, ancient yet strangely alive. Oddly, the crowd paid it no mind— no one seemed to recognize its worth. Seeing the indifference, Rishi acted swiftly and secured the statue at the auction.

Clutching their new treasure, they returned home. That evening, as the little elephant took its place among Rishi’s collection, James gazed at it in awe.

They sat on the sofa, sipping coffee, still discussing the carving, when the doorbell suddenly rang.

James opened the door to find a group of men in suits, their polished cars gleaming in the driveway. Their accents and appearance hinted at Eastern origins. One stepped forward.

“We need to discuss the elephant statue you purchased at the auction,” he said firmly.

James frowned. “It belongs to my friend. Let me call him.”

He brought Rishi to the door. The man pressed on, “We want that carving. We were meant to attend the auction, but circumstances prevented us.

Whatever you paid, we’ll offer double.”

Rishi shook his head firmly. “I didn’t buy it for money. I bought it because it spoke to me. I’m sorry, but it is not for sale.”

“Then ten times the price!” the man insisted, his tone unwavering.

James cut in, suspicion clear in his voice. “Why such desperation? Is it made of some precious metal? What’s its true value?”

The man’s tone tightened. “It’s not about metal. That carving brings fortune. It is sacred, and we must have it.”

James let out a short, sardonic laugh. “If it brings fortune, maybe we need it more than you. Our lives aren’t exactly overflowing with blessings.”

The man's voice went cold. "Think carefully. If you refuse, we will be forced to take it by other means. We're offering money now — later, that opportunity may be gone."

Rishi's eyes blazed with anger. "Are you threatening us? I said no. Leave." With unwavering resolve, he slammed the door in their faces. Outside, the men's faces contorted with fury before they stormed back to their cars and drove away.

After that night, a remarkable shift began in the lives of James and Rishi. Within days, Great World Studios announced they were seeking chief story writers for an upcoming film. There was, however, one stipulation—only members of the Hollywood Writers' Guild would be eligible.

Writers from every corner of the city rushed to apply. For James and Rishi, this was the opportunity to turn a lifelong dream into reality. Without hesitation, they submitted their applications and waited, hearts pounding, every second heavy with anticipation.

Soon, all applicants were gathered in a grand conference hall, the air thick with anticipation. A renowned producer stepped onto the stage, greeting the crowd warmly before speaking with commanding authority:

"Selecting the writers for this film will be no easy task. Each of you must showcase your talent and imagination. Congratulations on reaching this stage. Remember—this opportunity could change your life forever."

James and Rishi exchanged a glance, hearts pounding, as if the doors to a new world were about to swing open.

The next to take the podium was another celebrated producer. Smiling warmly, he addressed the audience:

“We welcome every one of you wholeheartedly. Among you are the future principal writers of our upcoming production. To share the vision of the story we seek, let me introduce our distinguished director—Paul.”

Paul was no ordinary filmmaker. With a career spanning a decade, he had captivated audiences with stories that explored the extraordinary—tales of past lives, wandering spirits, troubled minds, science fiction, and Greek mythology. His very name commanded respect, and the room fell into hushed anticipation as he prepared to address the aspiring writers.

Director Paul began to speak, his voice resonating with both wisdom and authority.

“As you know, the world is full of wonders—mysteries that elude understanding, marvels that defy explanation. Across continents, diverse religions, cultures, and ways of life have sparked countless stories. We’ve brought many of these characters to life on screen, and audiences have embraced every one of them.”

He paused, his gaze sweeping across the hall before he continued. “Among these extraordinary figures stands Atlas, from Greek mythology, destined to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders. There is Moses, who parted the Red Sea to guide his people to safety, as told in the sacred

Bible. From the East comes the mighty Chinese dragon. From legend, we see the strength of Hercules, the mystery of

mermaids, and the magic of Aladdin's wondrous lamp. Stories—whether in books or on film—built upon such legends have always captivated and enchanted audiences.”

The room fell silent, every writer leaning forward, captivated by the weight of his words.

“But,” Paul continued, lowering his voice as if sharing a forbidden secret, “there exists a mystery that has long haunted the world, instilling fear in the hearts of humankind—the Bermuda Triangle. Even today, its truth remains elusive. This is no ordinary question; it is one of the greatest unsolved enigmas known to mankind.”

A wave of excitement rippled through the hall, and Paul's knowing smile deepened.

“And so,” he said, “we seek a story bold enough to imagine the answer. If the Bermuda Triangle truly had a solution, what could it be? The real truth may forever remain hidden—but even a fictional explanation, if convincing, will suffice. The story that captivates us most... will become the story we bring to life.”

He stepped back slightly, his gaze unwavering.

“You have ninety days to submit your scripts. The writers who craft the most compelling tale will be chosen as the leads for this project. Good luck to all of you.”

Paul concluded with a warm, encouraging smile. Instantly, the room erupted into applause, the sound of clapping rolling like distant thunder. Faces shone with hope and fierce determination. For James, Rishi, and every writer

present, a new adventure had begun—a race to unravel and give life to one of Earth’s greatest mysteries.

As the meeting ended, James and Rishi shared a silent glance that spoke volumes. They both understood that this was more than an opportunity—it was a gateway capable of shaping the entire trajectory of their lives. If they could create a story about the Bermuda Triangle unlike anything anyone had imagined, they would finally claim their place as the project’s lead writers.

From that day forward, their lives became consumed by the enigma of the Triangle. They devoured every book, studied countless research articles, and rewatched every film ever made on the subject. Day and night, their minds whirled with questions and possibilities. At home, on the streets, even while performing the simplest chores—every thought, every conversation, inevitably circled back to the Bermuda Triangle.

Sometimes they became so absorbed that they forgot to eat. More than once, James’s mother would quietly enter the room, setting a plate of food before them with a gentle smile. They would take it absentmindedly, still deep in lively discussion—scribbling notes, sketching scenarios, and passionately debating theories.

Even outside, the world seemed caught in the same fever. Hollywood buzzed with speculation, and books on the Bermuda Triangle flew off shelves faster than stores could restock them. The mystery had seized the imagination of the masses, and James and Rishi felt the pressure mounting with every passing day.

Fueled by renewed determination, they plunged deeper into their work. Each page they read, every theory they debated, honed their vision. Gradually,

their scattered ideas began to merge into something greater—a story with the power to make them unforgettable.

One evening, James and Rishi hunched over a mountain of notes, the room thick with silence, broken only by the scratch of a pen. At last, James spoke. “Rishi, after all we’ve studied, do you think there’s any real solution to the Bermuda Triangle mystery?”

Rishi leaned back, a shadow of frustration darkening his face. “Nothing works. The harder I try to shape a story around it, the more impossible it feels. This secret... it’s buried too deep.”

James nodded slowly, his eyes narrowing as if tracing unseen threads. “Exactly. Is it dark energy? A demon? Or maybe a magnetic force... or

electrical? We don’t know. But one thing is certain—and terrifying—planes disappear mid-air, ships vanish into the ocean, leaving no trace behind.”

He lowered his voice, as if sharing a ghostly secret. “You’ve heard of Flight 19, right? A squadron of Navy bombers went out on a routine training mission... and never came back. Even the planes sent to search for them vanished without a trace. To this day, no one knows what happened.”

Rishi’s eyes darkened. “Yes. That incident still casts a shadow over the world. Even today, scientists admit one

thing—there is no solution. They caution people to avoid the area, yet they’ve never explained why.”

A heavy silence hung between them. Finally, James asked, “Then how do we conclude our story if the truth itself remains beyond reach?”

Rishi’s expression grew intense. “We must go beyond books and films. If we want our story to feel real, truly believable, secondhand accounts won’t suffice. We need to know what really happened there.”

James’s eyes lit with determination. “Then we must speak to survivors... or at the very least, those who have investigated the Triangle firsthand.”

Rishi shook his head solemnly. “Survivors? There aren’t any. But... you brought up Flight 19. If we could talk to someone who worked on that case— someone in the U.S. Air Force with access to the records—we might uncover details that no book has ever revealed.”

James leaned forward, his eyes shining with determination. “You’re right. And don’t forget—our last film’s producer has strong ties to the U.S. Air Force. If anyone can help us access that information, it’s him.”

For the first time that night, Rishi smiled, hope flickering in his eyes. “Then let’s not waste a moment. We’ll ask him for help.”

The choice lingered between them like the first spark of destiny. Their journey was no longer limited to imagination—



it was pulling them deep into the hidden corners of history itself.

Filled with determination, James and Rishi approached the producer. They explained their quest to uncover the secrets of the mysterious Flight 19. The producer listened intently, then paused before making a call. A retired U.S. Air Force officer, who had firsthand knowledge of the incident, still lived nearby. The producer arranged the meeting and handed them the address, setting their next step firmly in motion.

Before long, James and Rishi arrived at a modest house. Upon entering, they were met by a sharp, dignified man whose presence radiated both authority and the quiet weight of years. The walls were adorned with photographs, medals, and symbols of a life devoted to the Air Force. As he began to speak, his eyes drifted into the past, and a trace of pain colored his voice.

“Flight 19, you say? That story... it’s a scar etched deep into my soul, one that time has never healed.”

He sank into a chair, coffee in hand, his gaze drifting toward some distant memory before he spoke again.

“It was December 5, 1945. Five Navy bombers departed from Fort Lauderdale on what should have been a standard training mission. At the helm was Lieutenant Charles Taylor, a veteran pilot seasoned by years of combat.”

James leaned forward, eyes bright with curiosity. “What do you think happened out there?”

The officer let out a heavy sigh, the burden of the past pressing upon him. “Midway through the mission, the weather shifted without warning—fierce and erratic. Radio transmissions captured Taylor’s mounting panic. His instructions grew confused, his sense of direction unreliable. And then... one by one, the signals vanished into silence.”

Rishi spoke softly, “We also heard that a search team was dispatched afterward.”

The officer nodded, his expression heavy with solemnity.

“Yes. A PBM Mariner was sent to search for them, but fate was merciless—it vanished as well, exploding over the ocean just hours later. Not a single soul survived. Fifteen lives were lost that day.”

A heavy silence descended, the weight of tragedy pressing into every corner of the room.

Finally, James spoke, his voice tentative, “In your view... what truly lies there? What is the secret of the Bermuda Triangle?”

A faint, weary smile touched the officer’s lips as he lowered his head.

“Science may never explain it,” he said softly. “But having lived through it... I have always felt that something unnatural dwells there. A dark, negative force. Even now, the thought of it sends chills through me.”

For James and Rishi, his words hit harder than any book or article could. The officer’s account carried the raw weight of lived experience—a voice trembling on the edge between fact and fear.

It became clear to them: the Bermuda Triangle was no ordinary stretch of sea.

It was a place where compasses faltered, storms erupted without warning, and human lives vanished into the unknown as if swallowed by the very air itself.

As they listened, James and Rishi felt their minds surge with ideas, their imaginations set aflame. The conversation had become more than history—it was the spark of a story waiting to be born.

They exchanged a meaningful glance, wordless yet powerful. The mystery of the Bermuda Triangle was no longer abstract; it was alive, vivid, and now rested in their hands.

One evening, James and Rishi were lost in a deep discussion in James's living room. Books and notebooks were scattered across the table, coffee cups standing forgotten beside them. Their silence was charged, almost a battleground of curiosity, each mind probing, questioning, imagining.

At that moment, Christia, James's mother, stepped out from the kitchen, worry clearly written across her face.

"Why are you two so absorbed? What has you talking so intensely?"

James gave a faint smile. "It's nothing serious, Mom. We're just discussing the Bermuda Triangle."

Christia's tone sharpened slightly. "Why are you so obsessed with that place? It's infamous. Just hearing its name is enough to invite trouble. I wish you'd focus on something else for a change."

James spoke gently, his voice steady with purpose. “No, Mom. We’re writing a story. Great World Studios is planning a film about the Bermuda Triangle, and they need a gripping, compelling narrative. That’s why we’re diving into every detail we can find.”

Christia stayed silent for a long moment before slowly returning to the sofa. She folded her hands in her lap, her gaze distant, lost in thought. James studied her, concern knitting his brow.

“What’s wrong, Mom? You’ve been quiet ever since,” he asked gently.

Christia drew in a deep breath, her voice steady yet tinged with gravity. “There’s something about your father’s life I never shared with you. When he first came to Hollywood, he took a sea voyage with Uncle Jothek. And during that voyage... their ship sailed into the Bermuda Triangle...”

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Her words lingered in the room like a dense mist, and silence wrapped around them.

Christia continued, her voice barely above a whisper:

“During that voyage, the boat was apparently caught by some monstrous force. Only your father and Uncle Jothek survived. Afterward, we never spoke of it again. Your father even wrote a book about the experience. I still have it. You can read it... it might give you insight for your story.”

Without saying another word, she went to her room, leaving James and Rishi staring at one another in stunned silence.

A few minutes later, Christia returned, carrying an old, worn book. Its cover was frayed, and the pages yellowed with time. She set it carefully on the table, as if it were a treasure.

“Here,” she said softly. “When your father wrote this, he wasn’t entirely in a normal state of mind. Something compelled him to reveal a secret. Some of it may read like fiction, but he truly lived these experiences. Whether it’s all completely true... that’s for you to decide. Still, it will guide your story.”

James took the book, and together with Rishi, he retreated to his room, shutting the door behind them. They opened it carefully and began to read. The title on the cover was embossed in fading letters:

**“Shadows of Secrets – My Silent Voyage.”**

The first page read:

**“This is not a story. This is an experience. This is no fiction, but a truth that chills the bones.”**

As they moved through the pages, line by line, a shiver coursed through their spines. Each sentence pulled them deeper into the fear, awe, and wonder

James’s father had faced. Overwhelmed, James closed his eyes for a moment. This was not just a story—it was the raw account of a man who had survived the terrifying unknown.

By the time they finished reading, both understood something crucial: the Bermuda Triangle’s negative energy revealed itself in different ways to different people. For some, it appeared as a swirling blue mist; for others, a

turbulent mass of waves. But for James's father, it had taken the form of a colossal, monstrous being—one that could ignite fire and engulf an entire boat in a single, devastating sweep.

That worn book became their guiding compass. From that moment, James and Rishi delved even further into the enigma of the Bermuda Triangle. Each line, each sentence, they studied meticulously, searching for the hidden truths buried beneath the words.

Yet, despite their relentless research, the true force behind the Bermuda Triangle remained a mystery. No solution, no explanation, not even a hint revealed itself.

The Bermuda Triangle's secrets remained hidden, dismissed by many as mere myth. Among the skeptics was Charles, a fearless pilot celebrated for daring aerial stunts and countless air show performances. With unwavering

confidence, he told the media,

"There are no mysterious forces in the Bermuda Triangle. I will prove it."

But he didn't just speak—he acted. Charles issued a bold challenge: he would personally fly into the heart of the Triangle.

"Tomorrow at 2 PM, I take off from Trinidad Airport. Witness this journey if you dare," he declared, his voice carrying the thrill of audacity.

The announcement shot Charles to instant fame. But his mind was singularly focused—return safely, and he would

become a celebrity. Across America, the story spread like wildfire, capturing everyone's attention.

That evening, James and Rishi made their way to Trinidad Airport, eager for insight. The scene was electric: crowds surged forward, cheering and waving placards, shouting, "All the best!" Cameras flashed, and reporters jostled to capture every moment. The air buzzed with anticipation, charged with the thrill of what was about to unfold.

Exactly at 2 PM, Charles's jet thundered down the runway, lifting into the sky toward the Bermuda Triangle. His voice crackled over the airport loudspeakers, calm and confident, as he reported routine updates. "See? No mysterious force here," he laughed, the sound carrying a mix of bravado and amusement after several routine checks.

Then, the unthinkable occurred. Moments later, all communication cut off. Radar screens blinked empty—Charles's jet had vanished mid-transmission. Panic surged through the crowd. Five tense minutes stretched into eternity, but no signals returned. The jet was gone.

No rescue planes had been sent; Charles had obtained government permission to fly alone. A chill of fear swept over everyone, echoing the haunting legacy of Flight 19. James and Rishi stood frozen, watching the hours drag by with no sign of the daring pilot.

Three hours into the flight, with the jet's fuel barely enough for two more hours, an officer admitted grimly,

"It seems we've lost Charles."

James and Rishi froze, their hearts sinking. Then, suddenly, alarms screamed across the control room. The radar flickered—and there it was: Charles’s jet, back on the screen. His voice crackled over the speakers. Four hours after takeoff, the plane had returned to radar. A wave of astonishment surged through the crowd and the media alike.

As Charles touched down, the authorities rushed forward, demanding answers.

“What happened out there?” they asked urgently.

Charles, composed yet visibly awed, described the experience:

“A massive cloud suddenly appeared right in front of me. For several minutes, I couldn’t see a thing. Then... I emerged on the other side.”

The officials leaned in, pressing further,

“You’ve been flying for four hours. How is that even possible?”

Charles shrugged, eyes wide with astonishment.

“I didn’t feel like I was in there that long... maybe four minutes, or a little more. I honestly can’t be sure.”

What baffled everyone even more was the fuel gauge—it showed that the plane had used less than twenty percent of its fuel. Officials were dumbfounded. Soon, media reports accused Charles of being a fraud, claiming he had invented the entire story to scare the public about the Bermuda Triangle. Outrage erupted. Public safety organizations and authorities leveled accusations of deception at Charles and



his team. That very night, the police detained him. No matter how much his team tried to explain the truth, the authorities refused to listen.

Charles had set out hoping his daring journey would earn him fame, yet he returned only to disappointment and disbelief. James and Rishi, who had witnessed the entire saga, were left in stunned awe. The mystery of the Bermuda Triangle had grown even deeper in their minds. Fear mingled with fascination—they understood that, no matter who faced it, the Triangle retained the ultimate power.

The recent ordeal with Charles, combined with all they had uncovered about Flight 19, left James and Rishi shaken to their cores. As they stepped out of the airport, their eyes met, reflecting a shared mix of shock and disbelief.

Rishi was the first to speak.

“Can you believe it? Poor Charles... arrested for no reason at all.”

James shook his head, a troubled look crossing his face.

“Exactly... he doesn’t even know what truly happened to him out there.”

Rishi’s brow knitted in concern.

“Where on earth did his plane disappear for four hours?”

James exhaled, his mind whirling with possibilities.

“The Bermuda Triangle... maybe its monstrous force interfered with him. But the fact that he returned unharmed

after all that time is baffling. His fuel barely decreased. He said the cloud swallowed everything for just a few

minutes, yet nothing adds up. I... I think his plane might have traveled through time. The Triangle isn't simply a demonic force—it wields a power

far beyond our understanding. Time itself seems to bend there, which could explain why four hours felt like only four minutes to him.”

Rishi's eyes grew wide with astonishment. “That... that might actually be possible.”

James pressed his temples, a shiver creeping down his spine.

“Just thinking about the Bermuda Triangle sends chills through me.”

Rishi nodded, his tone quieting.

“I feel it too. We need a moment to collect ourselves. James... there's a temple not far from here. Let's go and pray. Perhaps it will give us some clarity.”

Without a word, they walked into the Hanuman temple in Trinidad. The moment they stepped inside, a serene calm seemed to envelop them. Finding a quiet corner, they sat in silence.

James's eyes rested on the imposing statue.

“This place... it's incredibly peaceful. Who does this figure represent?”

Rishi gave a faint smile.

“That’s Hanuman. On all our visits, it has always been him. According to our Indian scriptures, he is immortal.”

James’s eyes widened.

“You mean... he’s still alive?”

Rishi nodded slowly. “Yes. Truly.”

James took a deep breath, trying to absorb the thought. “Can we really believe that?”

Rishi’s voice remained calm, yet carried conviction. “Yes, we can.”

James leaned back, letting the temple’s calm wash over him.

“The world is full of wonders—things beyond our comprehension. That’s one thing. But... did Charles really travel through time? We have to meet him and understand exactly what he went through.”

Rishi nodded in agreement.

“He’ll be under intense scrutiny for a few days. Once that period passes, we can approach him.”

A sudden spark lit James’s eyes.

“Rishi... what if all those ships and planes that vanished were caught in a time loop created by the Bermuda Triangle?”

Rishi’s jaw nearly dropped.

“Time travel? James, that’s... that’s just science fiction! Could it really be true?”

James held Rishi’s gaze, unwavering.

“In Hollywood, we’ve seen clever inventions like this on screen—but they’re often inspired by reality. From this moment on, we’ll scrutinize every detail and proceed with caution.”

Thus began James and Rishi’s careful investigation into time travel and temporal loops, marking a new chapter in their quest to unravel the Bermuda Triangle’s deepest secret.

Through countless interviews and research, they amassed a trove of knowledge, yet one detail towered above the rest—the enigmatic “Zanetti Train.” Rumored to be an experiment in time travel, it ignited an insatiable curiosity within them; they were determined to uncover every secret it held.

Even with all they had learned about the Bermuda Triangle, its ultimate secret remained beyond their grasp. They believed that uncovering even a single clue tied to time travel could bring them closer to the truth. With this

goal, their first destination would be a museum in Mexico, where the records of the Zanetti Train were kept.

However, before setting out on this crucial journey, they needed more details about the voyage their father and Harix had once undertaken. Determined to gather every piece of the puzzle, they headed to Jothek’s house.

Jothek welcomed them with a warm smile. “How have you been, James?”

James hugged him firmly, a mix of respect and deep affection shining in his eyes.

“We’ve been well, Uncle,” he replied.

Jotheek's smile softened, though a hint of seriousness lingered. "And what brings you here today?"

James's expression darkened slightly, his tone earnest.

"Why did you never tell me about the accident that occurred when my father first came to Hollywood?"

Ely, standing nearby, tilted her head in curiosity. "What accident?" she asked softly.

Jotheek exhaled, a shadow passing over his face.

"I always believed it was better to speak as little as possible about that day."

James leaned forward, urgency in his voice.

"Uncle, please—we need to know the truth about the Bermuda Triangle. Tell us what really happened out there."

Jotheek's face shadowed with unease, his eyes distant with memories best left buried.

"I've said it before—you shouldn't talk about this," he murmured. "Your mother... why did she tell you?"

James held his uncle's gaze, unwavering.

"I asked her myself. We're writing a story for Great World Studio—a film about the Bermuda Triangle. But to make it real, we need to understand what you and my father actually went through. This could be our chance to make a name for ourselves."

Jothek's eyes flickered with a mix of pain and resignation as he began to speak. Each word trembled with memory. Ali clutched his arm, tears

streaming down her face, the weight of her father's ordeal finally sinking in.

In a quiet, measured voice, Jothek continued.

"After that voyage, we never went back. Countless planes and ships have vanished since. When we wrote the book, most believed it was pure fiction. That was intentional—we never tried to prove it was real. Your father and I thought it was safer... better... if the story remained just that—a story."

James leaned forward, his voice edged with urgency.

"Uncle, the Bermuda Triangle has captured all of Hollywood's attention. Charles, the pilot, vanished for four hours, yet to him it felt like mere

minutes. We think his jet might have traveled through time. If time travel is possible, then perhaps the mystery of the Triangle can be unraveled as well. That's why we need to understand everything about temporal travel—especially the Zanetti Train. We intend to go to the museum in Mexico to uncover the answers."

Jothek's eyes widened, a flicker of awe and concern crossing his face. "The Zanetti Train... many believe it traveled through time. There's a

museum in Mexico dedicated to it. I know someone who works there—Cook. If you can meet him, you may uncover vital information. But I must warn you: the Bermuda

Triangle holds countless hidden dangers. you must promise me—you will never go there yourselves.”

James and Rishi exchanged a determined glance, their resolve unwavering. “We promise, Uncle. We will never go to the Bermuda Triangle ourselves.”

The next day, driven by their quest to uncover details about the Zanetti Train, James, Rishi, and Ali set out on the road to the museum in Mexico.

The journey was quiet at first, the hum of the car blending with distant roadside sounds. Finally, Ali spoke, breaking the silence.

“So... how far along is the story?”

Rishi shook his head, a faint sigh escaping him.

“We haven’t even started writing the actual story yet.”

Ali’s brow furrowed in concern.

“But the production team’s deadline is fast approaching. How do you plan to manage?”

Rishi leaned back, eyes distant, lost in thought.

“Yes, the deadline’s close,” Rishi said, his tone steady, “but uncovering the truth behind the Bermuda Triangle matters more. Sure, we could write a fictional ending—but it wouldn’t feel honest. That’s why we’re diving so deep into research. Every detail counts—your father’s experiences, Pilot Charles’s strange flight... anything real we discover could shape our story into something unforgettable.”

He turned toward Ali with a faint smile.

“But enough about us—how’s life treating you these days?”

Ely smiled softly.

“I’m doing well. I work with the World Heritage Department, so every few months I travel to different countries. Seeing unique stories and cultures firsthand always gives me fresh inspiration.”

Rishi’s eyes brightened with excitement.

“And if you ever come across artifacts, ancient papers, fabrics, or even coins during your travels... could you bring them for my collection?”

“Of course,” Ely said. “We have an Asia tour coming up soon. I’ll bring back anything that might be useful.”

Rishi’s face lit up with gratitude. “Thank you so much, Ely.”

James, who had been listening quietly, turned to Rishi.

“Have you ever collected anything related to the Bermuda Triangle?”

Rishi shook his head.

“No—not really. I had only heard about it before. But ever since the movie production was announced, I’ve been immersing myself in every detail I can find.”

By mid-afternoon, the three of them reached the museum dedicated to the Zanetti Train. Cook, who had been sent by Jothek, welcomed them warmly. “Please, let me know how I can assist you,” he said politely.



Rishi leaned forward, eyes keen with curiosity.

“We need to know everything about the Zanetti Train. They say it traveled through time. Could you explain it in detail? We want to grasp the key facts.”

Cook nodded solemnly.

“In 1911, the Zanetti company launched a train in Rome as a public spectacle. The inaugural journey was offered free, including meals, which naturally drew a crowd. The train was small, with only three carriages, limiting the total number of people aboard to 106–100 passengers and six crew members.”

As the train set off, passengers gazed in awe at the canals, fields, lush plains, and rolling hills streaming past their windows, savoring their meals and the thrill of the journey. But when the train entered the Lombardi Tunnel, a dense, impenetrable fog swallowed it. Panic gripped the passengers as one person leapt from the train—and then another followed, each disappearance heightening the terror.

Yet, the train never reached its intended destination. Authorities launched investigations, but they led nowhere. During World War II, the Lombardi Tunnel was closed. Fifteen years later, astonishing reports emerged: the train had somehow traveled through time, appearing in Mexico in 1840. The passengers insisted they had come from Rome, Italy. Since no railway existed between Europe and America at that time, government officials deemed the travelers delusional and confined them to a hospital, convinced of their insanity.

One doctor observed something extraordinary: a passenger possessed a Dunhill cigarette from 1907—a tiny relic that remains preserved in this museum to this day. Over the years, the train was reportedly seen appearing and vanishing across different regions. Even decades later, railway staff claimed to catch glimpses of trains bearing a striking resemblance to the legendary Zanetti Train.

James, Rishi, and Ali exchanged stunned looks. The idea that the passengers might still be trapped in the train, suspended somewhere in time, sent a chill through them.

James turned to Cook, his voice tight with tension.

“Has anyone ever escaped the Zanetti Train’s journey through time?” Cook shook his head solemnly.

“There are no official records,” Cook said. “Only the two who leapt from the fog survived. The rest remained aboard, trapped within the train’s journey through time. That’s all we know.”

James leaned back, deep in thought. He longed to uncover any clue that might unlock a solution—whether for the Zanetti Train or, ultimately, for the Bermuda Triangle. But the idea of inventing a fictional explanation felt wrong. He resolved to wait, trusting that the real path to the truth would eventually reveal itself.

One quiet afternoon, Rishi sat lost in thought when a sudden crash echoed from his collection room. Heart racing, he sprang to his feet—and froze. A masked figure was darting away, clutching something tightly in their hands.

Sensing the urgency, James bolted after the thief. The masked figure sprinted down the hallway, always just a step ahead.

“Stop! Who are you?” James shouted, his voice bouncing off the walls.

The masked thief threw a quick glance over his shoulder and surged forward, accelerating with alarming speed. Though his face was hidden, Rishi caught the glint of small, sharp eyes. James’s mind raced: *Could this be someone from the East?*

By the time James caught his breath, he knew exactly what had been taken. There was no point in chasing the thief any longer, so he let him go.

When Rishi entered the collection room moments later, his eyes immediately scanned the shelves. One spot was glaringly empty—the small, intricately carved elephant statuette that had once claimed first place at the auction. It was unmistakable: the same group from before had returned for it.

Rishi shook his head, stunned and incredulous.

“See, James? They only took the elephant figurine. All the other valuables are still here. I can’t help but wonder why they ignored the rest. Maybe that statuette seemed the luckiest to them,” Rishi speculated.

James crossed his arms, frowning.

“We need to be far more careful. First thing, let’s move your collection to a secure location. How much cash do we still have on hand?”

Rishi ran a quick mental tally.

“Very little left. Between all the books we’ve bought and our travels for the Bermuda Triangle research, we’ve spent almost everything. Should we auction some of the other valuables?”

James shook his head decisively. “No way.”

Rishi exhaled in frustration.

“So, what’s next? The deadline’s coming up fast. Should we just halt the investigations and start writing something?”

James frowned, eyes narrowing.

“How can we possibly write a solution when we don’t even know the answer?”

Rishi nodded, his expression grim.

“Exactly. But we can’t just sit here. If we present a compelling story, it will be chosen. Recognition, funding—we’ll gain both. Otherwise, everything—the journeys, the research—will have been for nothing.”

James leaned back, eyes thoughtful.

“We can’t settle for anything less. Look at everything we’ve uncovered about the Bermuda Triangle—Charles’ disappearance, my father’s harrowing voyage, the mysteries of the Genetti Train, and countless other clues. All of

this because we dared to aim for the best story.” Rishi gave a faint, determined smile.

“True. So, what’s the plan?”

The two sat on the sofa, lost in thought. A globe rested before James, and as he gazed at it, a sudden image sparked in his mind—the thief darting past, the sharp glint of his eyes peeking from the mask. The realization hit James like lightning.

He sprang to his feet and shouted, “Rishi, come here!”

“Why?” Rishi asked, curiosity sharpening his tone. James gestured toward the globe, urgency in his eyes.

“When I ran after the thief, I had no idea what he had taken; I only caught sight of his back. But when he looked over his shoulder, his eyes spoke volumes. In that brief moment, I knew—he had come for the elephant figurine. That single glance answered the question: ‘What was stolen?’”

“And just like that, the Bermuda Triangle’s solution hides within the very question we ask. The answer is somewhere shrouded in this mystery. Look— this region on the globe. The solution lies here.”

Rishi leaned closer, eyes narrowing at the map. “That... sounds insane. I don’t get it.”

James leaned in, his finger tracing the spot on the globe with conviction. “We have to go. Only by being there will the answer reveal itself. That’s the only way we’ll uncover the solution.”

Rishi frowned, uncertainty written across his face.

“We’ve poured so much into researching time travel. How can we risk going purely on intuition?”

James's eyes sparkled with determination, unwavering.

"Do we even have a choice?" James asked, his tone urgent. "We follow a single incident as our guide. Along the way, we may uncover key details. We need to finish our preparations quickly. Otherwise, we can only turn what we know—my father's voyage, Charles' ordeal—into a story. But it won't reveal the solution."

Rishi exhaled, then nodded firmly.

"Alright. We embark immediately, no delays. Show me—where exactly do we go?"

He spun the globe, and the pinpointed location revealed a vast, snow-covered mountain range stretching along the border of China and India, deep in the heart of the Himalayas.

Rishi's eyes widened in awe.

"The Himalayas... So your intuition points us to India. I have to admit, this excites me. My grandfather often spoke of this region, and my mother visited it during her youth. There's something almost... mystical about it."

"The good news is, I know an Indian film director. I met him recently when he visited Hollywood. His number is with my friend William—I'll call him and set things up immediately."

Right then, Rishi dialed William and obtained the director's contact information. The director's name was Subhash, and Rishi felt a surge of anticipation at the thought of reaching out.

Rishi picked up the phone, a mix of excitement and anticipation in his voice. "Hello, Mr. Subhash. This is Rishi. We met when you visited Hollywood recently—do you remember? We spoke about past lives."

Subhash's voice came through warmly, carrying a hint of familiarity. "Ah, Rishi! Of course I remember. How are you? What's new?" Rishi smiled, leaning closer to the receiver.

"I'm doing well. My friend and I have an important mission in India, and we were hoping you could assist us with it."

Subhash answered without hesitation, "Of course. What exactly is the task?" Rishi grinned. "I'll explain everything in detail when we meet in person." "Very well," Subhash replied. "I'll send you my office address. Once you have it, confirm with me."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Subhash!" Rishi said appreciatively.

Shortly after, the address arrived. Turning to James, Rishi's expression grew thoughtful.

"His office is in Bhubaneswar. But how are we going to handle travel, lodging, and food once we get there?"

James shrugged casually.

"We'll manage—borrow money or make other arrangements if necessary." Rishi nodded in agreement.

"We don't even know how long we'll be there. Let's begin our journey to India. Once we arrive, I'll ask my uncle if he can guide us further." James raised an eyebrow, surprised.

"Your uncle is going to help us?"

Rishi smiled with confidence. “Yes, he will.”

With that, the two began packing, preparing for their journey to India. James felt it was important to inform Ely as well.

He picked up his phone.

“Hello, Ely. We’re leaving for India. We might not be able to meet you for a few days. If anything urgent comes up, please call us.”

Ely’s voice carried a note of curiosity.

“Really? Why India? I’m also heading there in five days for the Asia tour. Why are you going?”

James explained the purpose of their journey and the research they planned to undertake.

After a brief pause, a thought struck him.

“Ely, how many people are part of your Heritage Department tour?”

“Twelve in total,” Ely replied. “We’re divided into six groups. One group— my colleague and I—will cover Thailand and India, while the others are visiting different countries across Asia.”

James paused for a moment before asking,

“Ely, is it possible for the two of us to join your team? Traveling together would be more economical.”

Ely replied carefully,



“James, we’d have to clear this with our company officials first. We also need to confirm whether the flight tickets have been booked, and make sure you’ll have enough time to manage these tasks.”

A short while later, Ely called back.

“James, regarding the flights—they haven’t been confirmed yet. Send your passports immediately, as the visa process needs to begin promptly since you’re leaving in five days.”

“Understood. I’ll send them right away. Thanks, Ely.”

“One more thing,” Ely continued. “You’ll need to be in Paris by tomorrow evening. There’s a seminar about your travel plans in the morning. Don’t worry about food or lodging; the company will take care of everything.” James smiled.

“Perfect. I’ll see you tomorrow evening in Paris.”

The next evening, they arrived in Paris. James’s heart swelled with excitement—at last, their journey to India was about to begin. He sensed that an extraordinary story awaited them there, one that could change everything.

The following morning, Ely guided James and Rishi into the seminar room. At the front, an official stepped forward and addressed the group:

“You have all been part of this magazine for many years. Some of you are new to the team, so I want to emphasize something essential. Heritage is not merely a collection of sculptures or ancient ruins—it is the very breath, soul, and story of a people. It encompasses the lifestyles, customs, and traditions that shape a nation or region’s unique identity.”

“The journey ahead of you will be anything but ordinary. Every place you visit will unfold a new story, offer a fresh scene, and reveal a unique way of life. In some countries, traveling just a hundred kilometers can bring a new language, a new aroma of food, and a completely different style of clothing. The great cities and renowned civilizations are only part of the story. It’s the smaller, quieter cultural imprints—the subtle village arts, the ancient monuments silently watching over the past—that are the true treasures.”

“On this journey, we want you to capture every quiet culture, every small fragment of life, and share it with the world. Whether it’s a vivid painting or a story that weaves like threads in a skein, bring it to life in your articles.

Don’t limit yourself to ancient monuments or famous landmarks. Anything that moves your heart is a story. Every folk tale, every belief, every intriguing detail—let the world experience it through your eyes.”

“Above all, respect the customs of each country you visit. Seek to understand the hearts and souls of its people. Undertake this journey with empathy, honor, and insight, and return transformed—a storyteller capable of sharing the world’s hidden stories.”

“Thank you, and may your journey be extraordinary.”

Once the seminar ended, Rishi turned to Ely with determination.

“Ely, I understand everything now. I’m ready to take on this assignment. James can concentrate on the Bermuda Triangle research—it’s where his focus belongs.”

James smiled. “Exactly, Rishi!”

The Heritage Department team then headed to Paris Airport. Amid the echoing flight announcements and bustling crowds, everyone made their way

to their respective gates. Finally, it was time to board the flight to Bangkok— a journey that would mark the beginning of countless discoveries.

Ely waved them goodbye, wishing James and Rishi the very best. As they settled into their seats, a wave of excitement washed over them. This journey, they felt, promised a story that could change their lives forever.

Hours later, the plane touched down at Suvarnabhumi Airport in Bangkok, Thailand. As they stepped onto the tarmac, the bustling airport greeted them with scents, sounds, and a vibrancy unlike anything they had experienced.

They decided to grab a quick meal, savoring their first taste of the city before beginning their adventure.

As they walked toward the exit, Rishi’s eyes were drawn to a striking sculpture. Its intricate design and exquisite craftsmanship left him spellbound. Eager to know more, he approached one of the airport staff.

The attendant smiled. “Ah, this depicts an important scene from Indian mythology. For a deeper understanding, you should speak with Mr. Ananda, the senior officer in charge of its construction. He can tell you the story behind every detail.”

Intrigued, James and Rishi wasted no time in locating Mr. Ananda.

Rishi extended a warm greeting.

“Hello, sir. I’m Rishi, and this is James. We’re screenwriters working in Hollywood. Could you tell us more about this sculpture?”

Mr. Ananda’s eyes twinkled with interest.

“Screenwriters, you say? I have a deep respect for storytellers—and for all artists, really. Come with me to my office. There, I can share every detail behind this piece.”

He guided them into a cozy office, and they settled in. As Mr. Ananda began recounting the story and symbolism behind the sculpture, Rishi leaned forward and asked politely,

“Sir, may we record this conversation, if that’s alright?” Rishi asked politely.

“Of course,” Mr. Ananda replied warmly. “This sculpture portrays a pivotal episode from Indian mythology. The scriptures tell us that gods and demons often clashed in fierce battles, many perishing in the process. In those times, the divine teacher Brihaspati for the gods, and Shukracharya for the demons, would revive their respective disciples.”

To break the endless cycle of death and rebirth, the gods sought a hidden secret—immortality. They believed that by churning the cosmic ocean, amrita, the divine nectar of immortality, would surface.

For this monumental task, they selected Mount Mandara as the churning rod and Vasuki, the mighty serpent, as the rope. The gods, cautious that holding the serpent's head might release deadly poison, suggested they take the tail while the demons held the head. The proud demons, however, protested, "Why should you have the better part?" and seized the serpent's head instead.

The churning began, yet Mount Mandara refused to budge. Sensing the struggle, Lord Vishnu took his Kurma (tortoise) avatar to support the mountain. As the cosmic ocean churned, divine treasures surfaced—Lakshmi, the wish-fulfilling tree, the sacred Kamadhenu cow, and, most crucially, amrita, the nectar of immortality.

Under the strain of the churning, Vasuki spat venomous poison, scorching the demons holding its head and blackening them. When it came time to distribute the amrita, Vishnu transformed into the enchanting Mohini, lining everyone up. Rahu, the cunning demon, disguised himself among the gods and drank some of the nectar. Surya and Chandra, the Sun and Moon, quickly signaled Mohini. With precision, Vishnu wielded his Sudarshana Chakra and severed Rahu's head, preventing him from obtaining immortality.

"The nectar in Rahu's stomach caused the demon's body to survive as Ketu, while his head, still infused with the amrita, lived on as Rahu."

Rishi's eyes gleamed with curiosity. "This is amazing! But I have a question."

“Please, ask,” Ananda replied with a gentle smile.

“How exactly did Vishnu shift from his Kurma (tortoise) form to the enchanting Mohini? How could such a transformation occur?”

“That’s an excellent question,” Ananda said with a warm smile. “Vishnu takes on different avatars whenever the world requires it, adapting his form to fit the circumstances. Mohini is one such extraordinary incarnation. If you’re interested, I can show you ancient texts that explain this transformation in

greater depth.”

Grateful for his guidance, Rishi and James thanked him sincerely before stepping out of the cabin.

Rishi turned to James, eyes shining with excitement. “This story is incredible.

I’m going to feature it as the centerpiece of my article for the heritage magazine.”

James nodded enthusiastically. “That’s a great idea. Let’s also take some photographs to go with the article.”

They planned to stay in Bangkok for three days. After booking a nearby hotel, Rishi immediately opened his laptop and began crafting a detailed article, weaving in every insight Mr. Ananda had shared.

Meanwhile, James immersed himself in research, scrolling through articles and ancient texts on Vishnu’s Kurma avatar

and other incarnations, carefully compiling notes and references for their project.

James picked up the phone and dialed Mr. Subhash, the Indian film director.

**James:** “Hello, Mr. Subhash, this is James... Rishi’s friend. We’ll be arriving in India in three days. At the moment, we’re in Thailand.”

**Subhash:** “Call me once your flight lands in Bhubaneswar. I’ll have my team ready to receive you.”

**James:** “That won’t be necessary. We already have your address and can come directly.”

**Subhash:** “Alright then. Just give me a call when you’re on your way.”

**James:** “Perfect. Thank you so much.”

After finishing the call with Subhash, a surge of excitement coursed through James. *When will I finally reach the Himalayas?* he wondered, his curiosity spinning like a whirlwind. *Perhaps there, I’ll uncover even more secrets for my story...*

Meanwhile, on their very first day in Thailand, Rishi submitted his article to the magazine. Drawing on his storytelling expertise, he had woven a

compelling narrative. The editors were impressed and reached out personally to congratulate him.

Rishi didn’t stop there. Over the next three days, he immersed himself in Thailand, collecting stories of local

culture, legends, and rituals. Each discovery became a new article, which he promptly submitted to the magazine.

When their work was done, Rishi and James booked a flight from Bangkok to Bhubaneswar and contacted Subhash. Upon arrival, a driver greeted them with a placard reading: “Rishi – James.” Smiling with anticipation, they settled into the car and set off on the next leg of their journey.

For Rishi, stepping into India for the first time filled his heart with excitement and curiosity.

“We’ll be in India for about ten days,” Rishi said, eyes gleaming. “During this period, you plan your trips. I’ll manage the Heritage Department work. Let’s aim to complete at least ten articles.”

James nodded. “Alright.”

Before long, they arrived at Subhash’s office. James extended his hand with a warm smile. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Subhash.”

Subhash greeted them warmly, “How was your journey?” James grinned. “It was wonderful.”

His eyes swept across the office, taking in scripts, deity statues, and shooting equipment. Awe flickered across his face. “Looks like you’re deep into a new movie project,” he observed.

Subhash chuckled. “Yes, this is for my upcoming film. Shooting starts tomorrow in Kerala. Oh—almost forgot—you said you came to India for a project... what exactly is it?”



Rishi leaned forward. “James is eager to explore the Himalayas, and I want to take him there.”

“That’s fantastic!” Subhash said enthusiastically. “I can arrange a helper for you—someone who will accompany you throughout your journey and ensure everything goes smoothly.”

James smiled, “Thank you! From the car, I could see how lively and bustling the city is.”

Subhash nodded. “Yes, it’s especially vibrant now because, in just a week, the famous Puri Jagannath Rath Yatra will take place. It’s a massive gathering—the largest festival in the world. Many people come to Bhubaneswar first and then travel to Puri for the celebrations.”

Rishi leaned in, curiosity shining in his eyes. “Could you tell me more about the festival?”

Subhash smiled, “During the Rath Yatra, Lord Jagannath—Krishna—along with his brother Balarama and sister Subhadra, are paraded through the streets on magnificent chariots. The festival is a breathtaking display of devotion and grandeur.”

Rishi leaned forward, intrigued. “We know a bit about Krishna, but can you tell us more about Balarama?”

“Balarama,” Subhash explained, “represents strength and yogic power. His weapon, the plough, is not merely a tool—it symbolizes the upholding of dharma. To truly understand him, you must also know about his wife, Revati, and the story of their marriage.”

Rishi's eyes lit up with curiosity. "But who is Revati? What makes her so special?"

Subhash leaned forward, eyes gleaming. "Revati is the daughter of the sage Raivata, a man renowned for his immense tapasya—his deep meditative power. Raivata sought a husband truly worthy of his daughter. Finding none on Earth, he embarked on an extraordinary journey—to Satyaloka, the

celestial realm of Brahma himself."

Rishi's eyes widened in astonishment. "You mean he actually went to Brahmaloka?"

Subhash nodded. "Indeed! This was no ordinary journey—it was a voyage through time itself. When Raivata arrived, he approached Brahma and said, 'O Lord, please tell me who is worthy to be my daughter's husband.'

Brahma, smiling serenely, replied:"

"'Raivata, your tapasya is immense,' Brahma said. 'But remember—this journey, accomplished through your yogic power, spans centuries on Earth. By the time you return, countless yugas will have passed. You have arrived in the Dvapara Yuga, just as Vishnu is about to incarnate as Krishna. His brother, Balarama, will be born—and he alone is worthy to wed your daughter. Give Revati to him as his bride.'"

Rishi, eyes wide and breath held, whispered, "You mean... Raivata truly traveled through time?"

Subhash smiled warmly. “Exactly, Rishi! That is time travel—but achieved through the power of tapasya. Raivata journeyed to Brahmaloaka for a single purpose: to secure the perfect husband for his daughter. Upon returning, he married Revati to Balarama. The age difference made Revati appear taller and older, just as the scriptures describe. This was the divine will of Brahma, demonstrating the immense power and significance of Balarama.”

Subhash then leaned forward slightly and asked, “So, when do you plan to make your journey to the Himalayas?”

James and Rishi exchanged a look, their eyes sparkling with excitement and curiosity.

Subhash smiled and said, “Tomorrow, my shoot is in Kerala. If you like, you can come along. You’ll have a firsthand experience of how films are made in India.”

After a short discussion, they agreed—it was the perfect opportunity. Traveling with Subhash might provide answers to many of their lingering questions about time, myths, and the mysteries they were chasing. On top of that, witnessing an Indian film shoot up close promised a rare and invaluable insight for storytellers like them.

The next day, the trio arrived at the shooting location near the Parashurama Temple in Thiruvalla, Kerala. The temple courtyard buzzed with activity: actors applying makeup, adjusting elaborate costumes, and rehearsing their lines, while the crew moved busily in every direction.

James turned to Subhash. “Mr. Subhash, which deity’s temple is this?”

Subhash smiled. “This is the Parashurama Temple. He is one of Vishnu’s incarnations.”

James nodded thoughtfully. “I know. When I was in Bangkok, I spent some time reading about Vishnu’s avatars.”

Subhash’s eyes twinkled. “I can see that you’re genuinely fascinated by Indian mythology.”

James leaned forward eagerly. “I want to learn everything I can!”

Subhash chuckled softly. “Tell me, do you know which scene we’re shooting today?”

James shook his head. “No, which one?”

Subhash’s smile widened. “It’s the scene where Krishna and Arjuna set fire to the Kandava forest. Legend says that Agni, the fire god, needed fuel to perform a yajna but was suffering from digestive issues. He sought Krishna and Arjuna’s help to burn the forest, which was full of medicinal herbs.

Today’s scene captures the moment they ignite it.”

James’s eyes widened in astonishment. “Wow! I never imagined Krishna actually setting fire to a forest. That’s incredible.”

Subhash nodded. “Every episode in the Puranas carries profound philosophical meanings. And now, it’s time to bring this legendary scene to life.”

With a wave of authority, Subhash orchestrated the shoot, every detail clear in his mind. The actors portraying Krishna and Arjuna positioned their bows and arrows, chanting

mantras as they aimed and released. Simultaneously, the crew carefully ignited pre-arranged fire props, simulating a forest ablaze. The

flames danced upward, enhancing the drama and realism. Subhash observed in silence, a satisfied smile spreading across his face.

Once the shot ended, James approached Subhash, curiosity written all over his face.

James asked, “So, when Arjuna releases the arrow, the fire appears instantly. There’s no actual flame on the arrow itself, right? Is it added digitally?”

Subhash chuckled. “No, James. The arrows aren’t magical by themselves. What we’re showing is the concept of astras—divine weapons. Rishi, these are ordinary arrows called shastras. When infused with mantras, they transform into astras. Invoke one for fire, and it becomes Agneyastra; for rain, Varunastra; for destruction, Pashupatastra. These forces are imperceptible to humans, yet they can be activated through tapasya and mastery of the mantras.”

Rishi listened in awe, absorbing every detail. Once the day’s shooting wrapped up, Subhash oversaw the final scenes with meticulous precision.

Rishi spoke, his voice filled with admiration, “Today’s shoot was incredibly fulfilling, Mr. Subhash. The stories, the visuals—they truly felt alive. I feel a deeper understanding has awakened within me. And we’ve learned so much from you.”

Subhash smiled knowingly. “Indeed. Every question you asked comes from a pursuit of knowledge. Your curiosity is extraordinary—it reflects a genuine quest of the soul.”

Rishi spoke earnestly, “Exactly. Since arriving in India, countless questions have been swirling in our minds. Your answers give us the feeling that we’re on the right path. Honestly, we brought some of these questions here specifically seeking guidance.”

Subhash nodded thoughtfully. “I am just an ordinary person; my understanding has limits. But for seekers like you, there is a higher guide—Guruji. He has the ability to read time, interpret silence, and reveal the journey of life. He can answer all questions—from past lives to present realities and future possibilities. Visit him, and you will find the direction you’ve been searching for.”

James’s eyes shone with anticipation. “Hearing that gives us immense hope. He’s truly that powerful? We must meet him. There’s just one question we need an answer to.”

Subhash nodded. “Indeed. Guruji resides in Karnataka. It will take some time to reach him. Tonight, rest well. Tomorrow morning, our crew’s vehicle will take you there. His ashram lies deep within a forest, where the warmth of the Earth and the stillness of the air come together in perfect harmony. I’m sorry I cannot accompany you, but our assistants will guide the way. I am confident that there, you will find the answers you seek.”

Rishi and James thanked Subhash with heartfelt gratitude, their eyes gleaming with excitement and anticipation.

Later that night, in the quiet of their hotel room, they sat side by side, phones open, scribbling notes and organizing the questions that had been circling their minds. Amid all the uncertainty and adventure that lay ahead, two

questions stood out above the rest:

First: “What is the true solution to the Bermuda Triangle?”

Second: “Was coming to India the right choice for us?”

As these thoughts lingered, they slowly drifted into a rare, deep sleep— feeling as if the answers were already waiting for them somewhere in the unfolding future.

The next morning, they climbed into the production van, setting out for Karnataka. As the city receded behind them, the landscape unfolded into a rolling sea of green. The air sharpened and deepened with freshness, carrying a fragrance so vivid it felt almost otherworldly.

Hours passed along winding roads, until the van left the highway and followed a narrow, stony path. The tires crunched over scattered rocks as the road twisted through towering hills, each bathed in the emerald glow of sunlight. Between these hills, fields stretched endlessly like living carpets, soft and inviting. Streams meandered lazily, soaking the earth, while clouds mirrored themselves in tranquil ponds. Overhead, the sky blazed in golden-amber hues, and the playful breeze danced around them, brushing their faces with the gentle intimacy of nature itself.

Rishi rolled down the van window, letting the cool mountain air flood his lungs.

“James... this is unbelievable. It’s not just wind—it’s the very breath of the Earth. Cities can’t even begin to compare.”

James smiled, tracing the rolling hills with his gaze.

“It’s more than nature... it’s life itself, in its purest form. I’ve never experienced anything like this.”

The driver, an elderly man with a small, knowing smile, glanced back at them.

“Sir, this is no ordinary land. Within ten kilometers of Guruji’s ashram, everything grows as nature intended—fruits, vegetables, untouched by chemicals or fertilizers. The soil is pure, the air sacred. The calm you feel here...it exists nowhere else.”

Through the windshield, they glimpsed it—a cluster of grand temples rising in the distance. Yet these were no ordinary temples; they were sanctuaries of stillness, havens for the soul. Along the winding path, peacocks twirled and preened, their iridescent feathers shimmering in the sunlight, while birdsong wove a gentle melody into the air. This was a place unlike any other—a living repository of questions and answers, a silent ashram where the earth itself seemed to breathe wisdom.

Rishi exhaled slowly, letting the deep calm seep into his chest. “James... this is where the answers we seek reside. Guruji’s ashram... a place of quiet revelation.”

James’s eyes widened, drinking in the vibrant greens, the gentle sway of trees, and the subtle, almost tangible power of



the landscape. Every rustle of leaves, every birdcall, every shifting shadow seemed to murmur secrets, as if

the very earth were whispering hints of the mysteries that awaited them within the ashram.

The van pressed onward, winding deeper into this pristine paradise, and both men felt themselves drawn into a journey that had evolved beyond mere questions—it was now about discovery, insight, and the quiet, transformative force of truth.

Rishi sat silently, eyes tracing the curve of rolling hills and the glint of sunlight on serene ponds, letting the profound stillness envelop him. At last, he spoke, his voice hushed with awe. “James... we should write an article about this place—about Guruji’s life, his teachings, and the guidance he offers. It’s a story the world deserves to know.”

James nodded, a quiet smile playing at the corners of his lips. “Absolutely. This isn’t just an ashram... it’s the threshold of a journey into discovery.” As they stepped onto the veranda, their eyes fell upon an elderly man, standing still as if carved from the very air of the place. His posture carried the weight of decades of grief. Deep lines etched his face, eyes shadowed by long-held sorrow

The silence thickened, hanging like a living presence, until the wooden door to the inner chamber creaked open. Guruji stepped out, his age impossible to gauge, a small blue mark resting on his forehead, and a string of tulsi beads delicately coiled around his hand. His presence radiated a warmth, a

stillness so profound it felt like the gentle spreading light of dawn across the soul of the world.

With a single, penetrating glance, Guruji seemed to see straight through the old man's layers of grief. The man bent slightly forward, hesitating, his eyes darting around as if seeking a way to voice the torment that weighed on him.

"Guruji... my mother... she is still alive, isn't she? She has suffered so much... I am terrified. Please... tell me how she is now."

Guruji's voice was soft, almost a whisper, yet it carried the weight of eternity itself. "When the moment arrives, one must face the flow of time. It is the dharma of creation. Your mother... her hour has come."

The old man's eyes widened as he glanced toward the bed—and there, in the dim light, a shadowy figure sat. It was the Goddess of Death, silent and formidable. Slowly, she rose, each movement deliberate and silent, drawing closer to the woman. Guruji folded his hands in reverent salutation, his gaze unwavering. For a fleeting, timeless moment, the mother's heart stilled, suspended in perfect, profound stillness.

The man stepped back, his grief pressing heavily upon him, and quietly withdrew from the room. Outside, James and Rishi stood frozen, speechless, their minds struggling to comprehend the weight of what they had just witnessed. Rishi whispered, almost to himself, "I never imagined our introduction to Guruji would begin with death itself..."

Time seemed to pause, the very air holding its breath. Then, Guruji turned toward them, his presence serene yet irresistibly commanding, as if the room itself recognized the depth of his authority.

“Do not despair,” Guruji spoke softly, his voice carrying a serene authority. “Hearing of death can unsettle the mind... but it is one of the most natural processes of creation. Every moment, countless souls leave their bodies and embark on new journeys. It is not something to be mourned. The soul’s release, and its eventual rebirth, follows the path of Vedanta—it is the eternal journey of the spirit.”

James remained silent, the weight of Guruji’s words pressing upon him. Questions tumbled relentlessly through his mind, yet none found voice. Finally, his curiosity broke the stillness, and in a quiet, almost hesitant tone, he asked, “Guruji... when you stepped outside, we saw you look toward the air and offer your salutation. Did it hold a special meaning?”

A faint, knowing smile appeared on Guruji’s lips. “There is no need to fear,” he said, his voice calm yet enigmatic.

Rishi leaned forward, eyes bright with curiosity. “To fear... please explain, Guruji.”

Guruji slowly tucked a strand of hair behind his ear, his voice settling into a deep, resonant tone. “As I stepped out from the inner chamber... the Goddess of Death was seated upon the bed. She moved gently toward the elderly woman. I observed her passage, and in that moment, I offered my salutations.”

At his words, a shiver raced through James and Rishi. Their hearts thumped violently, and a cold bead of sweat traced down each temple. The weight of what they had just heard settled into their very bones, imprinting itself deep within their souls.

Words failed them, yet deep within, something profound stirred. Death... a concept so absolute, so final, that no one wished to face it. Sensing their unease, Guruji's voice cut through the silence, gentle yet unwavering:

"Do not fear. Death is not a curse—it is a sacred transformation, to be received with reverence. She is a goddess, not an adversary. She is the one who opens the gateway, allowing the soul to leave one life and step gracefully into the next."

Rishi's voice quivered, a hint of unease in his tone. "Guruji... when people hear the word death, fear seizes their hearts. Even knowing she is a goddess, the thought of losing those we love... it unsettles the mind."

James spoke softly, almost in a whisper, "Guruji... the reason we came here—"

Guruji shook his head slowly, a serene smile touching his lips. His voice was calm, yet resonant with wisdom: "You have come seeking the answer to your question."

The words washed over them like a dense, impenetrable fog. Such clarity, such depth in a single statement—it was as if Guruji had known their purpose for being here even before they did.

James, slightly unsettled, took a cautious step back. “Will I truly find the answer to my question?”

Guruji drew a long, deliberate breath, his voice vibrating with quiet mystery: “You will, without doubt. I could answer in a single word... yet you seek a story, do you not? And a story demands characters, events, the weaving together of past, present, and future. It cannot be hurried—it unfolds in its own sacred time.”

Rishi and James looked at each other in silent disbelief. Guruji already knew—without them saying a single word—that they had come seeking the truth of the Bermuda Triangle. The depth of his perception, the calm timelessness in his eyes, left them speechless and awestruck.

James leaned forward, his voice barely audible. “Then... will you tell us the story now, Guruji?”

Guruji’s smile deepened—a tranquil glow radiating from within, like sunlight resting on still water. He bowed his head gently and spoke,

“This is not the moment, my child. Every story has its own season. When it ripens, it reveals its truth. To speak it too soon is to lose its sweetness.”

Guruji’s gaze settled on Rishi, and for a moment, the world itself seemed to pause—still, listening. Then, with a calm yet powerful voice, he said,

“You are not meant to write my story. But you—yes, you—will discover your own. Fifty kilometers from where your journey

began stands the statue of Jatayu. Go there, and write your story upon it. That tale will guide your

path, shape your purpose, and awaken your imagination. It will become the root of all that you create—and it will be remembered.”

Rishi and James stood speechless, their voices trapped somewhere between awe and disbelief. The air felt suspended in a silence that seemed to stretch beyond time itself.

After a brief pause, Guruji’s calm eyes moved between them, and in a soft yet commanding tone, he said:

“Return to me on the morning of the third day. Then, I will tell you the story. Until that time... eat no meat, and guard your thoughts against darkness. A story is not merely told—it purifies the mind that receives it. You must prepare yourselves.”

They both nodded, their silence deeper than words. In that quiet acceptance, something within them shifted—an unspoken readiness for a journey that would transform everything they knew.

As the van wound its way through the narrow roads, neither spoke. The hum of the engine blended with the rustle of trees, but their minds were anything but still—thoughts flickered like sparks in the dark, each one reaching for answers that lay just beyond understanding.

Rishi’s voice was barely a whisper, as though he feared the air itself might carry his words away. “James... how did he know

what we wanted to ask? It's as if he could see straight into our thoughts."

James exhaled slowly, eyes distant. "I've met people who claim to read faces, but this... this was beyond that. He didn't just understand us—he *knew* us.

He guided us toward something we hadn't even voiced. To point us to a story, to *our* story, without a single question asked... that's not ordinary insight. And to witness the goddess of death—can any human truly behold such a thing?"

A quiet sense of clarity washed over James. "Now I understand," he said softly. "The answer to our story exists. And we will find it."

As dusk painted the sky in shades of gold and violet, Subhash arrived, his familiar smile breaking through the fading light. Rishi and James rose to greet him, wrapping him in a warm embrace.

With eager voices, they shared every detail—their meeting with Guruji, his words that felt like riddles wrapped in wisdom, and his instruction to return on the third morning.

"Subhash... thank you, truly, from the depths of our hearts," James said, his voice carrying both gratitude and awe. "If not for you, we'd never have met him. He spoke with us... and said that on the third morning, he would reveal the answer to our question."

Rishi's eyes glimmered with emotion as he added, "It was beyond extraordinary, Subhash. To meet someone who could sense our questions before we even spoke them—

someone who could see the *why* behind our curiosity... it feels like destiny itself guided us there.”

Subhash chuckled softly, a glint of humor in his eyes. “I still can’t figure out why you came all the way back here. You could’ve just stayed somewhere nearby and gone to meet him on the third day, right?”

James leaned forward, his tone sincere. “We didn’t want to be a burden, Subhash... but if you could do us one small favor—it would truly mean a lot to us.”

Subhash’s smile deepened as he motioned for them to come closer. “Trouble? Nonsense. It’s no trouble at all to help you. Tell me—what do you need?”

Rishi paused for a moment, his eyes bright with excitement. “Guruji spoke of a statue... Jatayu. We’d like to visit it, learn its story, take some photos, and craft a piece inspired by it.”

A spark of recognition brightened Subhash’s face. “Ah, the Jatayu statue! That’s a splendid idea. The place radiates beauty and serenity—it has a way of staying with you. It’s about fifty kilometers from here.”

Rishi leaned forward eagerly. “How do you think we should get there?” Glancing at his shooting schedule, Subhash nodded thoughtfully. “Let’s go together tomorrow morning. You can explore, take your photographs, and experience the site in peace. I have a night shoot, but if we start early, we’ll be back by evening.”

James suddenly spoke up, a hint of concern in his tone. “Wait—you have a shoot tomorrow. You don’t need to



trouble yourself, Subhash. Just send someone with us; we'll manage."

Subhash chuckled, his laughter warm and genuine. "Ah, so now that you call me a friend, you want to keep me from joining in? No, no—this isn't a task, it's a pleasure. I'll come along. It'll be a delightful journey for me too."

Rishi's face softened with gratitude. "We've already learned so much, Subhash. Every step of this journey has been richer because of you."

James smiled warmly. "If coming with us is a small thing for you, Subhash, it will still stay in our hearts as a lifelong symbol of friendship."

Subhash laughed softly, shaking his head. "Ah, Rishi... when you looked after me back in Hollywood, that was the real favor. This—this is nothing in comparison. Now, both of you, get some rest. Tomorrow morning, we begin our journey to Jatayu."

As dawn broke, Rishi, James, and Subhash began their journey in a tranquil, almost spiritual stillness. The air was rich with the scent of wet soil, and the cool breeze carried whispers of the awakening countryside. Along the winding roads, they passed rain-drenched fields, sleepy villages nestled in green, and streams that hummed softly beside them.

From the front seat, Subhash glanced back with a calm smile and began to speak, his voice gentle, layered with quiet reverence.

“Rishi... every time I hear the name *Jatayu*, something awakens deep within me—a feeling woven with pride and sorrow. *Jatayu* was not merely a bird of the skies; he was the very spirit of courage. His brother, *Sampati*, shared the same divine lineage, both born with extraordinary power.

“One day, the brothers decided to test the limits of that power. Together, they soared toward the blazing sun. But as *Jatayu* neared its searing brilliance, his body began to burn. In that fateful moment, *Sampati* spread his wings wide to shield his brother. The fire devoured his own wings, reducing them to ash— but in that sacrifice, he saved *Jatayu*.”

“This isn’t just a tale of brotherly love—it’s a living symbol of sacrifice, loyalty, and strength beyond measure.”

Rishi leaned back, eyes wide with wonder. “I’ve never heard the full story before... it strikes something deep within.”

A faint smile curved Subhash’s lips. “And that, Rishi, is only the beginning. What you’ve heard so far is just the prologue. Time moved forward... and the great saga of the *Ramayana* began to unfold.”

“Ravana had seized Sita and was flying across the skies when *Jatayu*, the loyal friend of King Dasharatha—Sita’s father-in-law—caught sight of the abduction. Without hesitation, the mighty bird rose to challenge the demon

king. Their battle blazed across the heavens; Ravana’s sword tore through *Jatayu*’s wings, and his blood rained down upon the earth like crimson petals. Though he could not save Sita, *Jatayu* fulfilled his purpose—he carried her message to Rama when it mattered most. The place where he fell now stands

immortalized as the Jatayu sculpture—and that, Rishi, is where we are going.”

James murmured softly, lost in thought, “Such courage... such sacrifice. It feels alive—as if the story itself still breathes through that sculpture.”

Subhash nodded thoughtfully. “Indeed. If every stone of that sculpture could speak, it would echo Jatayu’s final cry—‘I gave my wings for truth.’”

As the vast monument emerged before them, a hush fell over the group. The towering form of Jatayu lay etched against the rugged cliffs, surrounded by emerald hills and whispering winds. It felt less like a sculpture and more like a living scripture—carved from devotion and courage.

Subhash extended his hand toward it. “Behold... the largest bird sculpture in the world. Two hundred feet long, a hundred and fifty feet wide, and seventy feet high—Jatayu stands as a testament to strength, sacrifice, and eternal valor.”

James looked at Rishi, his voice filled with conviction. “Jatayu gave his life for dharma—that’s the essence we must capture in our story.”

They spent nearly an hour circling the monument, photographing every curve, every detail of the mighty wings that once symbolized courage and devotion. The more they looked, the more they felt as though Jatayu’s spirit still lingered in the air—a silent guardian of truth.

By dusk, they returned to the filming site, hearts brimming with reverence and wonder. Subhash wrapped up the day's shoot with his usual precision, then walked over to Rishi and James, his face calm but radiant with quiet satisfaction.

"Anything more, my friends?" Subhash asked warmly.

James grinned. "Nothing else. And even if there were, we wouldn't dare

trouble you."

Subhash chuckled. "The schedule here is complete. My team leaves for Bhubaneswar tonight. Are you planning to visit Guruji again? You can manage the rest of his work from here, I believe."

Rishi nodded. "Yes, Subhash. We'll go back to him."

"Good," Subhash replied. "Once you've finished, give me a call. I'll still be in Odisha. The Puri Jagannath Rath Yatra takes place next week—it's a sight you must not miss. If you can, go and witness it. It's a festival that stirs the soul."

James smiled, his eyes reflecting gratitude.

Later that night at the hotel, Rishi sat before his laptop, fingers racing across the keyboard as inspiration flowed freely. Each line sought to capture the majesty and emotion of the Jatayu sculpture. Across the room, James carefully edited his photographs, syncing them with Rishi's words—every image breathing life into the story they were building together.

After sending their article to the Heritage Department, Rishi and James leaned back with quiet satisfaction. A sense of fulfillment washed over them, and soon they drifted into a deep, peaceful sleep.

The next morning, sunlight streamed through the curtains. James woke later than usual, stretching lazily, while Rishi was already getting ready. Just then, the phone buzzed with a message from the hotel reception:

“Sir, Subhash’s team left last night.”

Rishi turned to James, thinking aloud. “Looks like we’ll have to wait another day before meeting Guruji. In the meantime, why not explore a few nearby places?”

James smiled, rubbing his eyes. “Good idea. Let’s go.”

With light hearts and a shared excitement, they picked up their travel bags and wandered to the little coffee shop beside the hotel. The aroma of freshly

brewed beans mingled with the morning air. Over steaming cups of coffee, they chatted about which nearby places intrigued them most, even planning to write short features on the region’s lifestyle and traditions.

By midday, Rishi’s phone began to ring. The screen flashed—Ely. “Hi, Ely!” Rishi greeted brightly.

Ely’s voice was alive with enthusiasm. “Rishi! Your Jatayu article just went live—and it’s gone viral! The website traffic shot up, comments are pouring in, and even the Department Minister mentioned it. Everyone’s praising it as extraordinary!”

James looked amazed. “That’s incredible. Just like Guruji said—it all fell into place.”

Rishi grinned, his eyes gleaming. “Ely, thank you! This feels like the start of something greater.”

Ely replied with warmth, “Keep moving forward, Rishi. Of all the articles I’ve read lately, this one truly shines—it’s fresh, heartfelt, and profound.”

At dawn, as birds composed their first symphony of the morning, James and Rishi stepped into the tranquil courtyard of the ashram. This time, there was no uncertainty in their stride—only purpose, calm, and reverence.

A young disciple greeted them with a gentle smile. “Guruji has been waiting for you.”

They followed him in silence, their hearts steady. Inside, Guruji sat in composed stillness. He welcomed them warmly, offering a simple plate of boiled potatoes and fresh fruits before taking his seat.

“Have you learned about Jatayu?” he asked.

“Yes, Guruji,” Rishi replied with quiet respect.

Guruji nodded slightly. “Good. Now tell me—what is your question?”

Rishi hesitated for a moment, a faint smile touching his lips. “Guruji... you already know everything. I believe you know our question as well.”

Guruji's eyes softened, yet carried infinite depth. "You have many questions within you," he said slowly. "But which one do you seek the most?"

James leaned forward, his voice steady and filled with resolve.

"Guruji, we want to know—the truth behind the Bermuda Triangle. For centuries, it has puzzled humanity, swallowing ships, planes, and lives without reason. We wish to uncover its mystery... and share it with the world through our film."

Guruji's eyes gleamed softly—calm, ageless, yet commanding.

"Before I give you an answer," he began, his tone resonating like a sacred chant, "you must first understand the stories that shaped creation—and the beings who lived them. You've seen Jatayu, the great bird of strength and sacrifice. If one bird could hold such power, imagine the might of humans in that age. But as time flowed, that strength—of man, of beast, of nature—began to fade."

James furrowed his brow. "Guruji, every time you speak of these ages... you mention *yugas*. What exactly are *yugas*?"

Guruji's tone softened, carrying a calm patience that seemed older than time itself.

"Your question is vital," he said. "*Yugas* are not just time—they are the rhythm of existence itself. Without understanding them, you cannot grasp the mystery of the Bermuda Triangle, for it, too, flows within these cosmic cycles."

James leaned forward, eyes wide. "So... *yugas* are time itself?"

Guruji smiled faintly. “Yes.

“We live now in *Kali Yuga*—the age of conflict and decline. It spans 432,000 years. Before this came *Dvapara Yuga*—864,000 years. Before that, *Treta Yuga*—1,296,000 years. And long before all, the age of truth—*Krita* or *Satya Yuga*—1,728,000 years. Together, these four make one *Mahayuga*—a single cosmic cycle of 4,320,000 years.”

He paused, letting the weight of the numbers sink in.

“But the wheel of time turns far beyond that. Seventy-one *Mahayugas* form one *Manvantara*. Fourteen *Manvantaras* make one *Kalpa*. And one *Kalpa*— just a single day in the life of Brahma—spans millions upon millions of human years.”

Rishi’s voice was barely a whisper. “Guruji... this scale of time—it’s beyond imagination.”

Guruji’s voice carried the weight of ages, calm yet filled with a quiet power. “This world,” he said, “is far greater than what the eyes perceive. It turns endlessly, bound to the cosmic wheel of time. These cycles are not myths— they are truths inscribed in the Vedas, the Puranas, and whispered through the Upanishads. From Guru to disciple, this wisdom has flowed through generations.”

He paused briefly, his eyes gleaming like the flame of a sacred lamp.

“To answer your question, we must journey back—to the *Treta Yuga*, the age of Lord Rama.



“In that time, nature and life breathed as one. Trees shared their secrets with the wind. Animals and birds spoke in the language of humans. Even the skies echoed with thoughts carried on wings. It was an age of harmony—when *dharma* was the pulse of existence.”

Guruji’s voice softened. “And in that divine age, to restore balance, the Supreme Being took form as Rama—son of King Dasharatha of Ayodhya.

Rama was righteousness incarnate; his wife, Sita, was the very spirit of Mother Earth walking beside him.

Bound by his father’s promise, Rama left the palace and embraced exile. Together with Sita and his brother Lakshmana, he entered the forests—not in sorrow, but in grace, upholding *dharma* above all.”

One fateful day, the cunning trickster Maricha took the form of a golden deer. Its shimmering body glistened like sunlight trapped in motion. When Sita’s eyes caught its beauty, she pleaded softly, “Rama, bring me that golden deer.”

Obedient and gentle, Rama smiled and gave chase—unaware that illusion had just set the stage for destiny’s cruel turn.

As his bowstring faded into the distance, Ravana seized his moment. Disguised and deceptive, he approached Sita, and before she could cry for help, he swept her onto his celestial chariot. The sky itself seemed to weep as Ravana’s shadow streaked toward Lanka.

High above, Jatayu—the great eagle king and guardian of *dharma*—saw the injustice unfold. With a cry that split the

heavens, he launched into battle. His wings cut through the clouds, his claws struck with divine might. But Ravana, enraged, drew his sword and struck—a fatal blow that tore through Jatayu’s wings.

The noble bird spiraled downward, crashing upon the earth, his breath ragged but his spirit unbroken.

When Rama and Lakshmana found him, Jatayu whispered through labored breaths, “Ravana... has taken Sita.” Rama knelt beside him, grief washing over his face. As the eagle’s eyes closed for the last time, Rama performed

his funeral rites, his tears falling upon the soil—a tribute to the bird who gave his wings for truth.

From that moment onward, Rama and Lakshmana journeyed toward Kishkindha—the kingdom of the *vanaras*. There, Rama confronted the mighty Vali, defeating him in battle and restoring justice by crowning his brother, Sugriva, as king.

With Sugriva’s alliance, Rama’s purpose gathered strength. The *vanara* legions—brave, agile, and countless—were sent in every direction to search for Sita, their voices echoing Rama’s name across mountains and forests.

The southern squadron, led by Hanuman, Angada—the valiant son of Vali— and the wise old bear king Jambavan, traveled across rivers and rugged peaks until they reached the Mahendra Mountains.

There, amid the whisper of ocean winds, they met Jatayu's brother, Sampati. His wings were burned, yet his vision stretched farther than any mortal's.

With divine sight, he spoke, "I have seen Sita... in Lanka."

He told them that no bridge or pathway connected their land to the island—only the mighty ocean lay in between. His final words brought both hope and direction. Having fulfilled his sacred purpose, Sampati bowed his head and departed this world in peace.

High above, on the windswept peaks of the Mahendra Mountains, the *vanara* warriors sat in utter stillness. Before them stretched the endless ocean—vast, unbroken, and mercilessly calm. Again and again, their eyes searched the horizon, but all they found were restless waves merging into the sky. Silence consumed them, and the flame of courage that once burned bright now trembled like a dying ember.

A question weighed heavy in every heart—

"Who among us can cross this ocean and reach Lanka?"

Then, slowly, Jambavan—the ancient bear king—rose. His steps were deliberate, his body aged, but his voice thundered with the echo of forgotten ages.

"In my youth," he said, "I circled the earth more times than I can count. But now... I am old. This task lies beyond my strength."

He paused, scanning the horizon, his eyes gleaming with purpose. "Where is Hanuman?"

The *vanaras* turned and pointed toward a solitary figure seated apart— Hanuman, lost in deep meditation, his form calm as stone, his spirit still as the wind.

Jambavan approached and spoke softly, yet his words carried the force of destiny:

“Hanuman! You alone can do this. No one else possesses your strength.”

Hanuman opened his eyes, humble and uncertain. “I... I do not believe I have such power, sir. I am not capable.”

Jambavan placed his aged hand upon Hanuman’s shoulder, his tone filled with warmth and conviction.

“You have forgotten who you are. The might of the gods flows in your veins. By the grace of Anjani Devi, your mother, and Vayu, the god of wind, you were born for this very moment. Rise, Hanuman. Remember your purpose—dharma awaits your flight.”

Something shifted in the air. A spark of divine energy surged through

Hanuman’s being, expanding, awakening, transforming. His eyes blazed with fire.

The *vanaras* roared as one voice shook the heavens— **“Jai Hanuman! Jai Mahabali!”**

The sound stirred something deep within him. Hanuman’s dormant strength awakened like a sleeping volcano. His body began to expand—larger and larger—until he towered over the mountains themselves. The ground trembled

beneath his feet; trees bent in reverence, and the air itself vibrated with his power.

With one mighty leap, he ascended the Mahendra peak and, with a roar that split the heavens, hurled himself into the sky. The ocean rolled beneath him, the wind howled beside him, and the clouds parted to make way for the son of the Wind God.

But his path was soon blocked. From the swirling mists emerged Surasa, the fearsome *rakshasi* of the skies. Her voice boomed like thunder:

“To reach Lanka, you must pass through me! None escape my hunger!”

Hanuman faced her calmly. Then, with a knowing smile, he began to shrink—smaller and smaller—until he was no bigger than a thumb. In a flash, he darted straight into her gaping mouth and out again before she could close it. Surasa blinked in surprise, then laughed softly.

“You have wisdom and strength in equal measure. Go, mighty one—your path is clear.”

Hanuman bowed slightly in respect and soared onward.

Moments later, the skies darkened. He felt a strange drag pulling him downward. “What is this force?” he thought. “Am I being drawn into the ocean?”

Looking below, he saw his shadow stretching across the waves—distorted, alive. A sinister figure rose from the waters: Simhika, a monstrous *rakshasi* who devoured beings by seizing their shadows. Her roar rattled the sea itself.

Simhika, sister of the ancient titans Hiranyaksha and Hiranyakashipu, had a boon that made her immune to fire and sunlight. Hidden deep within the ocean's folds, she had long ensnared travelers who crossed her domain. The myths of vanishing ships and lost souls—these were the echoes of her power.

Hanuman descended into battle. The waves erupted like mountains, and lightning split the skies. Her claws struck like thunderbolts; his fists answered like meteors. The ocean churned red with fury until, with one final strike, Hanuman shattered her dark heart and ended her reign.

The waters stilled. Light returned.

And Hanuman—invincible, radiant, unstoppable—resumed his journey across the horizon, his eyes blazing with purpose. Soon, he would find Sita.

Guruji continued the tale of Hanuman's journey, his voice flowing like a gentle river—carrying courage, sacrifice, and divine purpose within its current. As the story unfolded, silence filled the room, deep and reverent, as though even the air was listening.

When the final words faded, a question stirred in James' mind. He spoke quickly, unable to contain it:

“Guruji... Hanuman defeated that rakshasi back then. Does that mean he will also be the one to end the evil of this age?”

Rishi looked at him thoughtfully. “If that's true... when will this struggle finally end?”

Guruji's eyes softened. He looked at both of them with a calm smile and said, "Time is the greatest healer—but it works in its own rhythm. Many sages and seers have spoken of what is to come, yet the power that can truly purify this age rests with Hanuman himself. Though unseen by the world, he remains in the invisible realm—ever watching, ever protecting."

James leaned forward, his eyes alight with curiosity. "Guruji... will we see that time in our lives?"

Guruji's face grew calm, his voice steady as flowing water.

"This is the age of Kali," he said. "In this era, righteousness fades, and injustice takes root. But even Kali Yuga will not last forever. When its end draws near, Lord Vishnu will descend as Kalki—his final incarnation. With his coming, sin, hatred, and evil will be wiped away."

He paused, his gaze distant yet filled with light.

"Kalki will not come alone. With him will return the seven Chiranjeevis—the

immortals who endure through ages. Leading them will be Hanuman, who will once again rise to aid in the final destruction of darkness."

The story offered comfort, yet unease lingered. The past felt complete, but the future—still unwritten—hung in the air like an unanswered question.

James couldn't hold back his worry any longer.

“So... Hanuman alone will end these dark forces? He’ll destroy the descendants of Simhika? But until that time—does it mean no one can stop this? Will all the suffering and violence we see continue until the last days of Kali Yuga?”

Guruji closed his eyes briefly, as if feeling the depth of time itself. When he spoke, his voice was calm yet heavy with meaning.

“This is the law of time, James. No one escapes it. What you witness now— the pain, the chaos—is only the beginning. These disturbances, these rising waves of darkness, are not the end.

In the days ahead, the human mind will grow clouded. People will lose the power to tell right from wrong. Dharma and adharma will blend into confusion. What is evil will be praised as progress, and sin will wear the mask of success.”

Rishi sat in silence, absorbing each of Guruji’s words. But James couldn’t stay quiet any longer. His voice trembled with worry as he asked,

“Guruji... if the future grows darker still, what will happen to this Earth—to humanity and to nature?”

Guruji’s reply came gently, yet with the weight of truth:

“The answer lies in time, James. Time creates, and time destroys. Kali Yuga has only just begun. Disasters will come—some born of nature, others from the hands of humankind. The balance of the world will shatter. People will forget harmony, and society will slowly unravel.”



Even as he described the coming chaos, there was no fear in his tone—only a serene acceptance, a quiet urging to see truth without panic.

Rishi, who had been silent all along, finally spoke, his voice low and uncertain.

“If things are already this grim... it’s terrifying to imagine what lies ahead. Guruji... can you show us even a glimpse of what that time will be like?”

Curiosity outweighed fear in his voice.

Guruji smiled—an otherworldly smile, serene and knowing. It wasn’t the smile of amusement but of quiet compassion, a smile that could dissolve fear into understanding.

“My child,” he said softly, “if I describe the future, you may listen—but enduring it is another matter.

Still... I will show you how this very place will appear when its time ends.”

He reached beside him, picked up a small betel leaf, and laid it gently before them.

“Look closely,” he instructed.

James and Rishi bent forward, eyes fixed on the leaf. Then, before their gaze, the surface shimmered. The vibrant green turned alive, revealing a vision— Water roared and swelled like a storm unleashed. The earth trembled beneath the surge. Mountains had disappeared, trees were gone, and the land itself had drowned beneath vast, swirling waves.

Rishi's breath caught. His voice quivered as he whispered, "Guruji... is this real? Water... everywhere?"

Guruji nodded, his expression calm, timeless.

"This is the end of the age. The very ground you stand upon now will, one day, lie beneath these waters."

The vision struck them like a cold wind.

A shiver ran through Rishi and James—thoughts racing faster than the torrent flowing across the leaf.

Rishi lowered his head, his voice barely a whisper. "...Maybe it's better not to know what the future holds."

James couldn't look away from the swirling image. His tone trembled between wonder and disbelief.

"To witness something like this... to meet a master such as you, Guruji—to see the secrets of time unfold—it feels like the greatest blessing of our lives. And now, to learn the truth behind the Bermuda Triangle... why us? What have we done to deserve this?"

Guruji's eyes softened, his smile deepening—not with amusement, but with meaning. It carried the weight of unspoken knowledge.

"Worthiness, my child, does not come from deeds alone—it is born in the heart. What you see and learn now is not chance; it is the merit of time itself. The right to uncover the secrets of the Bermuda Triangle is yours... for your ancestors were the first to set in motion the very force that created it."

James and Rishi stood in silence. Guruji's words hung in the air, echoing through the stillness like distant thunder. Inside them, thoughts clashed and collided—a storm of realization. Their wide eyes betrayed wonder; their hearts, a strange heaviness.

Something ancient, buried deep within their family's past, was finally beginning to take shape.

Guruji's voice remained steady, calm as ever.

“Every story you encountered in India—every legend, every symbol—is a part of your own story. Each one is a thread in a single tapestry. All of

them... are connected.”

The two exchanged a glance, disbelief flickering in their eyes. Could it truly be that everything they had seen—the myths, the visions, the clues—were pieces of one hidden truth?

Guruji's gaze deepened.

“From the churning of the ocean of milk, to Vishnu's destruction of Rahu... to the cursed lineage of Simhika—none of it was coincidence. These tales found you because they were meant to.

They prepared you to understand the avatars of Vishnu. That is why you were drawn to them... and why you remember them.”

“Because of Revati's time travel—the wife of Balarama—you began to understand the rhythm of the Yugas.

Through Jatayu's tale, the world of the Ramayana opened before you— Ravana, Sampati, and others came alive once more.

These were not just lessons of clarity... they were echoes, resonances— sounds guiding your soul to grasp the truth of the present.

All this... is the decree of time."

James sat still, his heart heavy yet illuminated. For a man who had lived through the emptiness of losing his father and the weight of early struggle, Guruji's words felt like a dawn breaking through a long night.

Guruji's gaze softened further.

"From this moment onward," he said gently, "everything will move for your good. Think of all that has happened... as the blessings of your fathers."

Tears glistened in James's eyes. Rishi's chest swelled with a rush of reverence and joy.

Both bowed deeply before Guruji—wordless, yet filled with gratitude that only silence could express.

They no longer stood in darkness—the mystery of the Bermuda Triangle had been unveiled.

Every unanswered question now had meaning.

The missing pieces of their story had finally fallen into place, and with it came the strength to continue their path.

They bowed deeply before Guruji one last time and stepped away from the sacred ground, carrying peace in their hearts.

That peace—silent, steady—had been kindled long ago by Subhash. It was to him that James now turned, his voice filled with quiet gratitude.

Subhash's tone was warm, almost joyful.

"I'll be joining the Puri Jagannath Rath Yatra tomorrow," he said. "If you come to Puri, we shall meet there."

Without a second thought, James and Rishi began their journey. Two hearts... softened by revelation, guided by faith...

By the time they reached Puri, the air itself seemed to breathe devotion. Drums echoed through the streets, the scent of incense mingled with sea breeze, and the city shimmered with the hues of faith.

Amid that sacred tide of humanity, peace found them again.

The next morning, after witnessing the divine chariot procession,

James stepped forward—his doubts finally at rest—and approached Subhash.

**James:**

"We've found our answers.

And it's all because you connected us with Guruji... We'll always remain grateful to you."

Subhash smiled, a calm knowing in his eyes. “You see... time decides everything.

It was destined that you would meet Guruji through me. My part in this journey ends here,” he said with quiet grace.

As the Rath Yatra came to a close, the crowd began to disperse. James noticed movement in a corner of the town and pointed.

**James:**

“What’s happening over there?”

**Subhash:**

“That is a *pind-daan* ceremony,” he explained.

“Families come to offer food and prayers for their ancestors—so that the departed may find peace.”

At his words, a tender ache filled James and Rishi. Their eyes met, heavy with memory.

“We’d like to go there too,” they said softly.

Subhash led them toward the sacred space.

The air was thick with the sound of mantras, the rhythmic hum of faith. They knelt together on a small platform.

With trembling hands, they held the offerings,

and as they bowed their heads, tears traced silent paths down their cheeks.

For their fathers' souls, they placed the *pinda* upon the earth—a moment brief in time, yet boundless in feeling.

In that single moment, the weight of years—the silent grief they had carried—simply melted away.

They whispered into the still air, their voices trembling with reverence: “*Our life’s journey... you are its guiding blessing now.*”

For the first time, the thought of their fathers did not hurt—it filled them with peace.

At dawn, the Puri coast shimmered with pale gold light.

James and Rishi stood side by side, watching the sea breathe in and out.

The faint trace of *pinda* on their palms felt sacred, like their fathers' touch lingering through time.

Tears came—not from pain, but from gratitude.

Their journey had not unfolded as planned, yet they finally saw the truth: every step had been blessed, every encounter guided.

And from the words of the scholars, a quiet understanding settled in their hearts—

“No spiritual journey begins... without the blessing of those who came before.”

At last, James felt it—the moment had come.

The story of the Bermuda Triangle was ready to begin.

But as the night deepened and they prepared for their return, a question stirred within him—sharp, insistent, impossible to ignore.

He turned to Rishi with sudden urgency.

**James:**

“Rishi... there’s one question I can’t let go of. We need to see Guruji again.

You stay here, finish the articles.

When I come back, we’ll book the tickets together.”

Rishi looked startled at first, but the steady resolve in James’ eyes silenced his doubts.

Something unfinished still waited—a truth yet to be uncovered.

That night, Bhubaneswar was quiet.

In a small hotel room, the soft glow of a laptop screen lit Rishi’s face as he typed, shaping their story into words.

But James’ thoughts were far away—burning with a single conviction that had driven him from the very beginning:

*“The key to the Bermuda Triangle lies somewhere in India...”*

Was it true—or just an illusion born of faith?

Step by step, their journey had revealed secrets hidden for centuries. Now, James needed to know—once and for all—whether his belief was destiny... or deception.



Without hesitation, James booked a flight to the airport closest to Guruji's ashram.

From there, he rented a small car and began his journey.

The day was calm—no wind, no sound, only the quiet hum of destiny unfolding.

As his car rolled to a stop before the ashram gates, Guruji was already there, waiting, a serene smile on his face.

**Guruji:**

“What is it, James... another question still lingers?”

James bowed deeply. The storm within him—weeks of curiosity, doubt, and faith—merged into a single question.

**James:**

“I came to India with one conviction—

that the secret of the Bermuda Triangle is hidden here. Tell me, Guruji... was I right?”

Guruji's smile deepened, radiant with quiet grace. It carried courage, blessing, and the weight of truth.

**Guruji:**

“Your belief is true.

The place you have always felt drawn to— the Himalayas—

that is where Hanuman resides eternally. And that is where the answer rests.”

Tears filled James' eyes, shining with joy and reverence. No doubts remained.

He turned back at once, booking a flight straight to the foothills of the Himalayas—

the final destination of his quest.

As the plane drifted above the clouds, carrying him toward the land he had yearned for,

a deep and sacred silence filled James's heart.

Then, through the window, he saw them—

the mighty Himalayas, their snow peaks gleaming like crowns of light. Tears blurred his vision.

Before him stretched the land he had believed in with unshaken faith—a realm so calm, so vast, it seemed to touch eternity itself.

When he finally stepped down and began his journey back, a small Hanuman temple caught his eye by the roadside.

The air was cool, the ground damp beneath his feet.

With folded hands and a heart overflowing with gratitude, he bowed before the deity.

And in that moment of stillness, he made a quiet vow:

**“This is my path. This is my journey. This is my truth.”**

When James returned to Bhubaneswar, he found Rishi waiting.

Over long hours and quiet smiles, James shared every moment of his journey—

the meeting with Guruji, the mountains, and the revelation he had carried back from the Himalayas.

Together, they booked their tickets home and flew back to America— their hearts still echoing with the truths they had discovered.

With just ten days left before the deadline,  
they devoted themselves completely to their work.

Day and night, they wrote as if guided by something higher. Every line carried their faith, every paragraph their fathers' blessings, every word the wisdom of their Guru.

When the final page was done, they looked at each other and smiled— their story wasn't merely written; it had *lived* through them.

They sent it to the production team.

Days later, Hollywood director Paul sat reviewing the submissions. When he reached James and Rishi's script, he paused.

It didn't read like fiction—it felt *alive*. He called them immediately and said,

"Your story... it's chosen. It's real. It's powerful."

Tears welled in their eyes as they bowed with gratitude. It wasn't just a professional triumph—

it was the fulfillment of a destiny.

Days later, under the glare of cameras and applause, Director Paul stepped onto the stage.

With a smile, he declared,

“The script for *Bermuda Triangle* has been chosen—based on the story of James and Rishi.”

The hall erupted in cheers.

For James and Rishi, that moment was more than recognition—it was destiny opening its doors.

Hollywood had embraced their vision, and the dream that once felt distant had now become their reality. Soon, invitations from directors poured in, and the two friends found themselves surrounded by new opportunities and stories waiting to be told.

But one quiet night, something stirred within James. He dreamt of Hanuman rising through the dark waters, tearing through the ocean’s depths and destroying the demon Simhika. The vision blazed with divine power, and James awoke, breathless, his heart trembling—not with fear, but with purpose.

It wasn’t a dream; it was a call.

The next morning, drawn by something beyond reason, he went to the towering statue of Hanuman by the Atlantic in Trinidad—the same place where his journey had first begun.

Standing before it, the vast sea stretching behind, he folded his hands and closed his eyes.

The wind whispered like a mantra.

In the silence, a truth arose within him:

“This journey began with you. It unfolded through your grace. Namaskar.”

Tears welled in his eyes, yet his heart was steady and strong. In that sacred stillness, James felt he had touched the infinite— not just through faith or story, but through *life* itself.