

alaksya

room for growth

HOUSE OF ANAVIA



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Preface



“Many births have passed

For you, for me.

I remember them all... you do not”

-Bhagawad Gita 4.5

To Rama and Rakesh.

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Chapter 0.0



My name is... why does it matter? It's not like it will change anything.

I'm 27 years old. I've been in the Air Force for eight years now. I'm not complaining about my life. The friends I've made here—I cherish them. I think my family is happy. I've never wanted much from life. My family was well off, so I never really struggled.

My dad asked me to join the Air Force. I never had a dream of being here, but I agreed anyway. Life has been normal—good comrades, routine days. It's not like I've never cried. I cried when my dog died. I was eleven, I think.

All in all, it's been a good life. I've thought about taking early retirement, but there is something left for me to do. I don't want to leave just yet.

I'm sitting under a tree on the military residential ground. The wind is blowing gently. It's peaceful. A football match is going on nearby. The sky is blue—it rained yesterday, and the soil is

still moist. You can smell the masala from the food being prepared in the mess, mixed with the smell of wet soil.

There is someone I like.

They seem warm, like spring. Comfortable to look at. I would even say they seem celestial to me. I know—it sounds cliché—but I guess that's what love feels like. This is as far as it goes, though. I never gather the courage to talk to them. Strangely, I don't hate that feeling.

Someday, I will. I hope.

Suddenly—

BOOM.

Screams follow. Smoke rises from the direction of the dining area. The air fills with the sharp smell of gunpowder. The two-storey building is now rubble. The screams are deafening.

Then shooting starts.

Blackout.

My eyes open suddenly. I gasp for air.

I'm on the ground. My vision is blurry. Everything hurts. I rub my eyes and—blood. Warm, red, mixed with dirt, running down my face and onto my hands.

I try to get up.

A sharp pain explodes in my left abdomen. I press the wound and feel warmth—too much warmth. I don't think this can be good. My left eye is barely working. What the hell just happened?

Voices.

Nearby.

Man 1: “This area is under control. What should we do next? Should we cut their fingers and send them to their families—one by one?” *Laughs*

Man 2: “Yeah, that would shock them. They’ll understand what it means to go against the followers of God. But how will you do that? You don’t have their addresses.”

Man 1: “We’ll find them. Let them know they’re next.”

He presses his boot down on the face of an officer pinned beneath him.

I try to move—slowly—using the tree for support. Pain flares with every step. The officer’s hands are tied behind his back. They don’t seem injured, I think.

How long was I unconscious?

it’s getting dark. Fuck.

I can’t see any colleagues—just bodies scattered across the football field, The smell of blood hangs thick in the air. Is it just mine, or everyone’s?

The two men are armed with machine guns. One of them pulls out a pistol and yanks the officer’s head toward the barrel.

Shit.

It’s... it’s—

I can move, but I’m losing blood. I don’t feel much anymore. If I distract them... maybe the officer can run. The jungle is close, I think. Camp... help... maybe someone is still alive. Maybe.

Smoke swirls through the rubble. Another blast echoes.

The men turn to watch it—almost like kids watching fireworks.

Disgusting.

One shifts the pistol to one hand, his machine gun hanging loose on his shoulder. The other pulls out his phone to film.

This might be my chance.

Surprise. A knife in my shoe.

I move closer.

Bam. Bam. Bam.

I sprint forward. A solid right punch drops Man 1. Man 2 freezes. His phone hits the ground. He raises his gun—but I'm already there.

I drive the knife into his neck.

Pull it out.

He collapses, fluttering like a fish, blood choking him unconscious.

"Are you okay?" I whisper as I cut the ropes.

"Yes."

"Run. Jungle. Camp location. Go—now."

They run.

Man 1 staggers to his feet, blood dripping from his mouth. He spots the machine gun nearby and lunges for it.

I leap.

Shots fire—wild, random. he throws me to the ground, raising the gun.

A gunshot.

he drops.

Behind him stands the officer—holding the pistol.

I'm breathing hard. Too hard.

The officer rushes toward me, panic on his face.

"Shre?" I say.

"Why do you look so scared?. I think we're safe. You need to leave—get reinforcements. The camp might have been attacked too. You know the wired telephone line location—listen to me—are you listening?"

Their gaze drops to my chest.

Two bullet holes.

My knees give out. I fall.

The pain fades. Vision blurs.

A few tears fall.

That's... probably good enough, I guess.

I don't want to die just yet.

It hurts less now.

"Shre," I whisper, touching their face. "Why are you crying? We're safe... you need to leave."

Blackout.





**Death of me
Life of you**

**Last of my memory
Will Be the introduction
For you**

**I hope you see me
As I see you**

Chapter 1



What is this fuzzy light?

It doesn't feel warm. That's strange. Light is supposed to feel warm.

This feels distant—like I'm looking at something through fogged glass.

Am I dreaming?

If this is a dream, I should wake up any second now. That's how it usually works. Something jolts you awake. A sound. A fall. Pain.

But there is no pain.

That's wrong.

I don't feel broken. I don't feel heavy. I don't feel... *dead*.
Just suspended.

Did I really die?

No. Stop. Don't jump to conclusions. Think. Assess.

How is Shre? Where is everyone else? Did they reach the camp?
We were supposed to regroup—no, wait. Did we even make it
that far? My memory cuts off before the end and I hate that.

I hope they made it. I really do.

(Sighs)

If this is it—if this really is the end—then I guess it wasn't a bad
life. Not perfect either. I always thought I had more time. More
chances to fix things. To do more.

And my parents—

No.

That thought hurts too much.

How could I have died like that? So abruptly. So unfinished.
Does this mean I'll never see them again?

Ahhh—no. Stop spiraling.

I try to open my eyes.

They respond. Slowly. Heavily. Like I've been conscious for too
long and forgotten how to *be* conscious. My vision is blurry.
Shapes move above me. Too close.

People.

Why are they so close?

I try to move. Nothing. Not my arms. Not my legs. Definitely not
my neck.

That's... bad.

Panic crawls up my chest, sharp and familiar.

Then—cold.

I inhale sharply and regret it immediately. The air burns my lungs. It's freezing. This doesn't feel like a hospital. Or a battlefield. Or anywhere I recognize.

Where am I?

Who are these people?

It's loud. Voices overlap. None of them make sense.

Then a woman's voice cuts through everything.

"Keya! Our boy—look at him. He is beautiful."

Our boy?

No. That doesn't apply to me. She has to be talking about someone else. I try to turn my head, to look away, but again—nothing responds.

Another voice follows, softer.

"Ah, he looks just like you, Mayumi."

No, no, no !

They're saying things I don't understand.

I don't want to be here.

This has to be a dream. It has to be.

I want to go home. I really want to go home.

And then it hits me—

It feels like it's been years since I last cried.

Something inside breaks.

The sound tears out of me before I even understand what's happening. It's loud. Piercing. A cry so raw it almost hurts my

own ears. It's not just noise—it's grief. Loss. Fear. A desperate plea for help.

A cry to be held.

A cry to be taken back.

I want to wake up. I want to move, to run, to escape—but I can't. My chest aches, deep and heavy, like the pain I thought I'd left behind is crawling back into me.

My heart hurts. Almost physically.

The crying grows louder, uncontrollable.

And then—

An embrace.

Strong. Warm. Enveloping.

It feels like an eternity since I've been held like this—like my entire body and soul are being gathered up, protected. The crying slowly falters.

I hear a low humming sound.

Someone is... singing?

Why would someone sing right now?

My vision clears through the tears. I see stone above me—dark, rough, shaped like a cave. Soft blue light reflects off uneven surfaces, glowing stones embedded in the walls.

The humming continues, steady and calm.

And then I see it.

A small blue bird—sparrow-like—perched nearby, watching quietly.

My cries soften. My head feels heavy.

I don't want to use it right now... whatever strength this takes.

I think I'll rest.

Just for a little while.

Yes. That's fine.

My body relaxes. The cold fades. The warmth stays.

And slowly, gently—

I fall into a deep sleep.

A man stepped forward from the shadows behind them—a **Rishimuni**.

His presence silenced the cave.

The fire before him burned steady, yet the air around it stirred unnaturally, as if the wind itself listened.

He studied the child for a long moment, eyes half-lidded, unreadable.

"This child's birth," he finally said, "has occurred on a most auspicious alignment."

His gaze lifted—not to the parents, but to the flames.

"The movements of the stars, the outcome of the yagya, the temper of the wind and sky—none of them are ordinary today." He paused.

"Such signs do not gather without reason."

The fire crackled. Blue light from the stones shimmered across the cave walls.

“This boy carries a future of great consequence,” the Rishimuni continued. “He shall bring love and prosperity... and yet—”

His fingers tightened around his staff.

“Change.”

The word echoed heavier than the rest.

“Whether that change is seen as good or ill will depend on those who live to witness it. But know this—its force will shake the very foundations of this world.”

Silence followed.

The Rishimuni exhaled slowly.

“I do not feel worthy to name this child,” he said at last. “A name carries intent, and this soul does not belong to my judgment.”

He turned to the parents.

“Choose wisely. For his name will be spoken far beyond this cave... and far beyond this time.”

As he stepped away, dawn broke at the cave’s mouth. Firelight, blue stone, and the first rays of morning merged — as if the world itself had paused to witness the moment.

Mayumi’s fingers tightened around Keya’s.

Keya nodded once.

“Then hear me,” he said, voice steady but reverent.

“I name my son **Admay**—the Untamed.”

He looked down at the child.

“Unbound by fear. Unchained by fate. He shall walk his path freely and without shame.”

**It's the first born
Admay is here.**

Chapter 2



I have come to a conclusion.
I am a child.

Or rather—I am in a child’s body.

Observations are as follows:

I can move my arms and legs. They are chubby. Excessively so. My head, however, appears to be disproportionately large and completely uninterested in cooperating.

I am constantly hungry.

I am also required to poop at the most inconvenient times imaginable.

From my perspective, everyone else looks gigantic. Towering. Almost unreal.

But they are human.

That part is... reassuring.

“I can’t really move—ahhh.”

I am really a child now.

How is this possible?

Is this a dream? It has to be. Right?

It feels as if I have been reincarnated into another life—but then why do I still remember the previous one?

What kind of joke is this?

The two people I see most often must be my mother and father. They look exhausted. All the time.

I feel bad.

I want to regulate my emotions properly, like an adult would—but this body refuses to cooperate.

“The baby is crying again,” Keya says.

Yes.

I am aware.

Mayumi rushes to feed me.

And once again, I sleep.

This cycle repeats.

The house I live in is large. Bigger than anything I remember. There are two women who tend to me most often. They look young, though everyone looks young from down here.

My mind feels... fast. Faster than it should be.

The early days of my life consist of eating, sleeping, crying—and being showered with attention and affection. No complaints there.

Though I do wonder—why does no one have diapers?

“He has done it again!” one of them exclaims.

“What did you do, sweetie—ale ale boy?”

Please stop narrating this.

It's humiliating.

I eventually gain the ability to crawl.

Briefly.

Maintaining balance is exhausting. I require frequent breaks to appreciate my own progress.

"He is learning quickly," a woman says.

"Already trying to move so much. I'll read you a story."

I don't understand the writing. The symbols are unfamiliar.

Strangely, I understand what people are saying—most of it, anyway. Maybe it's tone. Body language. Or maybe newborn brains are terrifyingly adaptable.

Who knows.

I observe.

It becomes my primary form of entertainment.

I will refer to this phase of my life as an **intelligence-gathering mission**.

There is nothing else to do but observe, analyze, and store information for later use.

Let us begin.

Subject 1: Kanta

Primary caregiver. Elder of the two.

Extremely precise. Movements efficient. No wasted effort.
Arrives early every morning—earlier than necessary.

Tall. Sharp features. Hair always tied into a neat low bun.
Cooks exceptionally well.

Shows unusual familiarity with herbs and medicinal
preparations.

Frequently found in the pantry.

Possible medical background.
Further observation required.

Subject 2: Rumi

Secondary caregiver. Younger.

Arrives late. Announces her presence loudly.
Voice carries through the entire house.

Round features. Fair skin. Long black hair braided neatly.

Talks constantly. Including to me.
Communication is largely one-sided.

Frequently interrupts tasks to acquire what she calls her “daily
dose of baby energy.”

I tolerate this.

Subject 3: Mayumi

Lady of the house.

Tallest woman I’ve seen so far. Pale complexion. Long red hair—
apparently common in her clan.

Walks with rigid posture. Always upright. Always controlled.

Has what I believe adults refer to as a *resting bitch face*—
though it disappears instantly when she looks at me.

She makes strange expressions when she thinks no one is
watching, then returns to seriousness immediately.

No one believes me when I try to point this out.

Appears to hold a position of military authority.

Visitors treat her with respect—and a noticeable amount of fear.

I have not yet observed her anger.

Noted for future reference.

Subject 4: Keya

Man of the house.

Tall. Lean. Clearly physically trained.

Dark, wavy hair worn to his shoulders.

More expressive than Mayumi. Frequently busy, but always
makes time.

Reads stories aloud. I fall asleep before finishing them.

This is inconvenient for data collection.

From overheard conversations, I've learned that power in this
world comes from within—or from gods—depending on who
you ask.

Chakra points. Meditation. Offerings. Yagya.

Apparently, gods require ghee.

Why gods need cooking oil remains unclear.

Only after successful rituals and training are certain individuals permitted to perform what this world considers miracles.

Occasionally.

Keya seems important.

Unclear how.

Further observation ongoing.

This concludes my first report.

Time elapsed: approximately six months since birth.

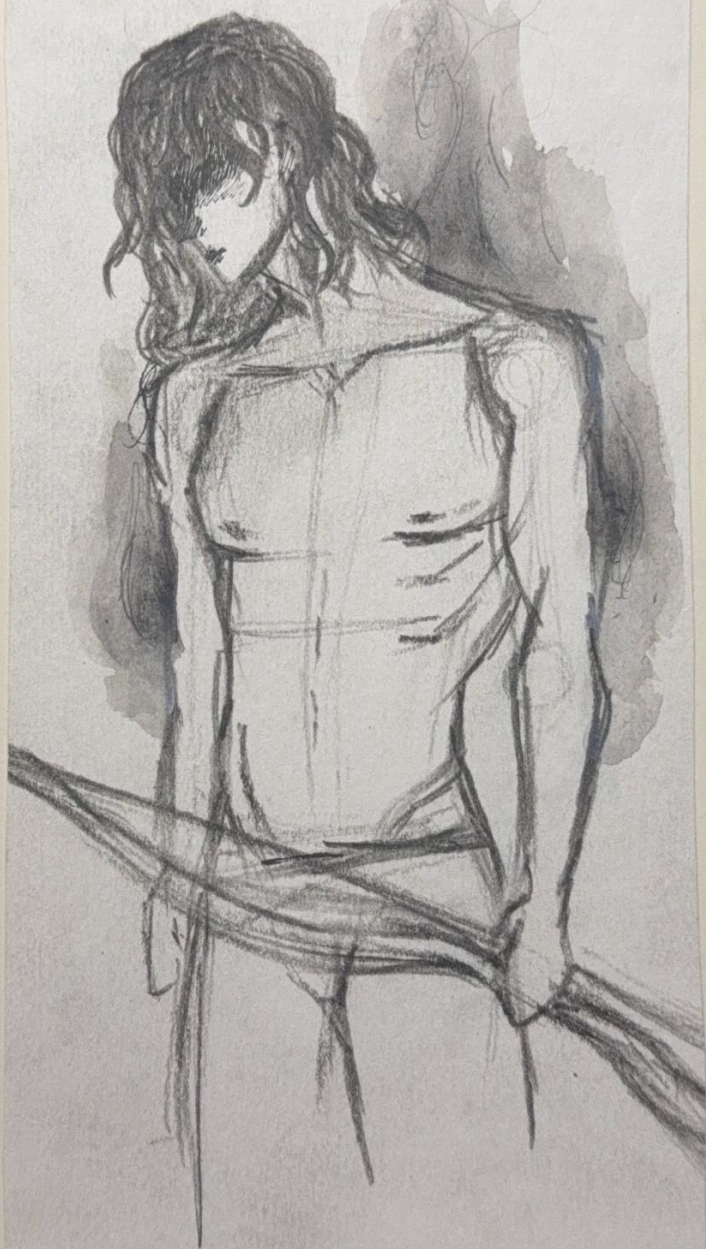
End of observation.



- MAYUMI -

- 11126 -

- KE YA -



-11026-

**Light says, "Have a look" Shadow says,
"first nook" Alas, light I follow,
For it's looking rather yellow**

Chapter 3



Night.
Finally.

Everything is prepared. Everyone is asleep—or at least, that is what I choose to believe. And belief, in operations like this, is half the battle.

The moonlight slips in through the window, just enough to outline the world in silver. Good. Visibility without exposure. Perfect conditions.

Slow. Quiet.

I lower myself onto the floor and begin the mission—crawling. Two-step walking is faster, yes... but risky. A fall, a sound, a cry—and the entire operation collapses. Not to mention, my current body's pain tolerance is... embarrassingly low.

So, crawling it is.

Efficient. Silent. Safe.

I pass the kitchen.

No sign of Mum.

Lucky.

She's probably preparing for tomorrow... or whatever ritual is brewing in this house. Either way, not my concern. Not tonight.

The hall stretches ahead—wide, familiar... and yet, painfully long when you're crawling through it like a stealth-challenged lizard.

And then—

Father's study.

A faint yellow light spills out from the doorway.

He's awake?

Too late now.

Curiosity, as always, wins. For research purposes, of course.

As I inch closer, the light grows stronger... warmer... almost inviting.

I peek inside.

...and the world shifts.

One entire wall—covered in a map.

Not Earth.

Not even close.

I freeze.

No... that's not possible.

Up until now, I had convinced myself—reincarnation, sure. Different timeline? Maybe. A thousand years forward, backward... something explainable.

But this?

This is not Earth.

Not any continent. Not any ocean. Not even distorted memory.

And I would know.

I've studied Earth's geography in detail—every contour, every border. Being a fighter pilot had its perks.

So what is this?

A different world?

A different planet?

...A different universe?

The thought settles in slowly.

And then refuses to leave.

The rest of the room only makes it worse.

Shelves—no, walls—lined with books, scrolls, engravings, artifacts, sculptures, and Instruments I cannot even begin to categorize.

This isn't a study.

It's an archive.

A vault of knowledge.

A... preparation room.

For what?

I crawl further—and accidentally step onto a scroll.

I pause.

Unknown language.

Not the one they speak to me. Not anything I recognize.

That makes... two now.

Good. Fantastic. Love that for me.

I look up again.

The ceiling—

A painting.

Vivid. Alive.

Figures—gods, most likely—distinct from humans not just by appearance, but by presence. Their posture. Their expressions. Their... authority.

They are handing scrolls, weapons, devices to a couple below them.

Offering?

No.

Convincing.

And the couple...

They don't look blessed.

They look... burdened.

"Admay."

I freeze.

"Admay, what are you doing here, my cute little boy?"

Father.

Of course.

I hadn't even heard him approach.

Amateur mistake.

He lifts me effortlessly into his arms, pulling me into a tight hug.

Too tight.

"Pitashri... can't... breathe..."

He laughs, loosening his grip.

"Isn't the room beautiful? My favorite. Hmm? You like the painting?"

Before I can react, he lifts me higher, bringing me closer to the ceiling.

Better view.

Much better.

Well... this worked out.

If I stare long enough, maybe he'll start explaining things.

Yes.

This is not curiosity.

This is strategy.

A master plan.

I am, objectively, a genius.

And then—

Warmth.

Familiar.

Too familiar.

Footsteps.

Mother.

“What are you both doing here?” Her voice cuts through the room. “Go back to bed. Now. Both of you!”

Father goes silent instantly.

Impressive.

Truly.

“Don’t you know what time it is? Why are you keeping the baby up so late? He’ll get cranky, his sleep cycle will be ruined —”

He looks like a man trying to explain the impossible.

Your son crawled here. Alone. In the middle of the night.

Yes, Father.

Good luck with that.

I almost feel bad.

Almost.

Observation update: witnessing Mother’s anger as a third party is... deeply unpleasant.

Also slightly terrifying.

Noted.



**We are together by fate,
but in fate we trust,**

**however different we maybe,
and have ways apart,**

**we are together
let's believe in us to be.**

Morning.

Something feels... off.

Rumi is already here. Before dawn.

That alone is unusual.

More unusual?

She doesn't come to greet me.

Suspicious.

Very suspicious.

Naturally, I investigate.

I climb out of bed—

—and land directly on my butt.

Butt-safe landing.

Success.

I wobble toward the entrance.

No door, of course. Some rooms have them. Mine doesn't.

Baby-proofing.

Insulting.

Outside—

Chaos.

People rushing everywhere. Kitchen, lobby, stairs—movement in all directions. Carrying baskets of fruits, sweets, utensils.

But that's not the strange part.

The strange part is—
Silence.
No footsteps.
No clatter.
No voices.
Their mouths move... but nothing comes out.
Nothing.
I lean forward.
The moment my head crosses the threshold—
Sound explodes.
Voices. Movement. Chaos. All at once.
I jerk back.
Silence.
Forward again—
Noise.
Back—
Silence.
Again.
Again.
Again.
This isn't imagination.
This is deliberate.
A barrier.

I look down.

A thin white line.

Powder.

I crouch.

Touch it.

Taste it.

...Salt.

Yes, I am aware of how that looks.

Moving on.

I nudge it.

Then kick it.

The line breaks.

Instantly—

Sound floods in.

Inside the room.

So that's how it works.

Interesting.

Very interesting.

“Admay is awake—and he has broken the *rekha*.”

Keya.

Of course.

“And I think he was about to eat it.”

Hey.

I was *testing* it.

There's a difference.

He picks me up, dusts the salt off me, and carries me toward the kitchen.

Through smoke, heat, movement—

The real center of activity.

Mother stands in the middle, commanding everything like a general.

"Everyone, hurry! The auspicious time is about to begin—we must finish before the rishimuni arrives!"

She hasn't even noticed us.

Not until we're close.

"Oh—Admay is up? I thought he'd sleep longer..."

"I'll take him," Keya says. "We're about to begin the yagya preparations. He'll enjoy it."

Oh, I absolutely will.

Outside, the preparations are already underway.

Outside in the front garden,

a shallow pit is dug. A metal structure in the middle. Marble like stones arranged in precise patterns around the pit.

And a little girl—drawing symbols.

Perfect symmetry.

Humming under her breath.

I want to get closer.

I try to signal.

Keya, unfortunately, interprets it as incoherent baby noises.

Tragic.

Then—

“Sir, the symbols are nearly complete. You can begin the protection rekha. Here is the sacred salt.”

Sacred.

I mean, why not at this point?

Keya nods. “Bring tulsi and chameli leaves as well.”

He turns to me.

“I’m going to perform something sacred. Don’t be afraid. You might feel... a change in temperature.”

He places his hand on the pot.

Begins chanting.

Not words.

Vibrations.

I feel it.

Heat.

Sudden. Intense.

Then cold.

Sharp.

Then—

Normal.

The pot glows faintly.

I stare.

So this is real.

All of it.

The Matki now glowed faintly from within.

He finished the chant and looked up, turning his head just as Peri came running back.

“Sir, I’m here!” Peri said, slightly out of breath. “The stuff you asked for.”

Keya took the small bag.

“Ah, just in time. Now hurry back, Mayumi must need you.”

“Yes sir,” Peri said, jogging back toward the house.

Father gently placed the bag on the table and picked up a brass object from the side, setting it in the center. It looked like some kind of burner—hollow inside, like a pot, but not exactly.

He added the ingredients into it.

Just as he was about to close the lid —

More people arrive.

Among them —

A man with a long black beard, dressed in saffron.

Smiling.

Too easily.

They greet each other.

“Look at you, doing everything on your own let us help in some preparations as well keya,”

Keya turned. “Rishimuni Vikramani. I thought the weather in the mountains would delay you.”

“Ah...” Vikramani chuckled, dusting his robes lightly, though there was no dust. “The mountains speak to those who listen. And today, it insisted I be here.”

He leaned closer toward me, his voice dropping into a childish coo.

“And you must be little Admay... first Saras-wa puja, hmm? You must be so excited...”

He reached out.

I instinctively leaned back.

Not much.

Just enough.

But enough.

For a moment—his hand paused mid-air.

The smile stayed.

The eyes didn't.

Keya said, “Ahm, so did you find what you were looking for? Rana was very hopeful about this expedition, you know.”

“Alas, I didn’t... we looked everywhere, but it seems the pursuers don’t want to be pursued. It’s worthless to go looking... things will show up when the time is right—whether it’s in this lifetime or another. And King Rana needs to make peace with that,” Vikramani replied.

Keya gave a light laugh. “Haha, yeah, you better tell him that... yikes.”

“I will have to... I will have to,” Vikramani said, pausing briefly before continuing, “anyway... how are all the preparations going? We got some real unique stack of herbs from the mountain—Mayumi will love it.”

“Well, everything is done... can you just have an overlook that the mantras, rangoli, and the rekha material are appropriate?” Keya said, handing him the brass pot.

Then—

He smells the mixture.

Laughs.

“Damn, that’s strong. No spirit is coming near this.”

I blink.

Strong?

It barely smells like anything.

I look at Keya.

He smiles. “Is that so?”

But his eyes—

They don’t.

Later, as the rishimuni leaves—

too quickly—

Keya speaks.

Casual.

Too casual.

“Chameli is pleasing to the gods,” he says softly. “It repels only rakshasas.”

A pause.

“Strange, isn’t it... that a rishimuni finds it *too strong*?”

I nod.

Slowly.

Very slowly.

Then—

He looks at me.

Directly.

“You seem to understand things you shouldn’t, Admay... or am I mistaken?”

Everything in me freezes.

What does a baby do?

Cry?

Laugh?

I settle for... nothing.

He exhales lightly.

“Hmm. Perhaps I’m overthinking.”

Perhaps.

Or perhaps not.

Mother joins us shortly after Keya finished putting up the Rekha all around the house and property.

“Just had a word with Rishimuni Vikramani; he seems ill. They shall be waiting in the guestroom till the yagya gets over”

But —

He seemed ok just now

Keya sighs. “This is very ominous, hope he gets better”

“He will... he should” she looks away

More people gather.

The air grows heavier.

Denser.

And then —

Then arrives.

Maha Rishi Keyalasma.

Tall.

White-haired.

Expression tense.

Not peaceful.

Not calm.

Alert.

Everyone bows with folded hands.

I follow.

Because right now —

Blending in feels like survival.

And somewhere in the middle of all this —

A single thought refuses to quiet down.

If they find out what I really am...

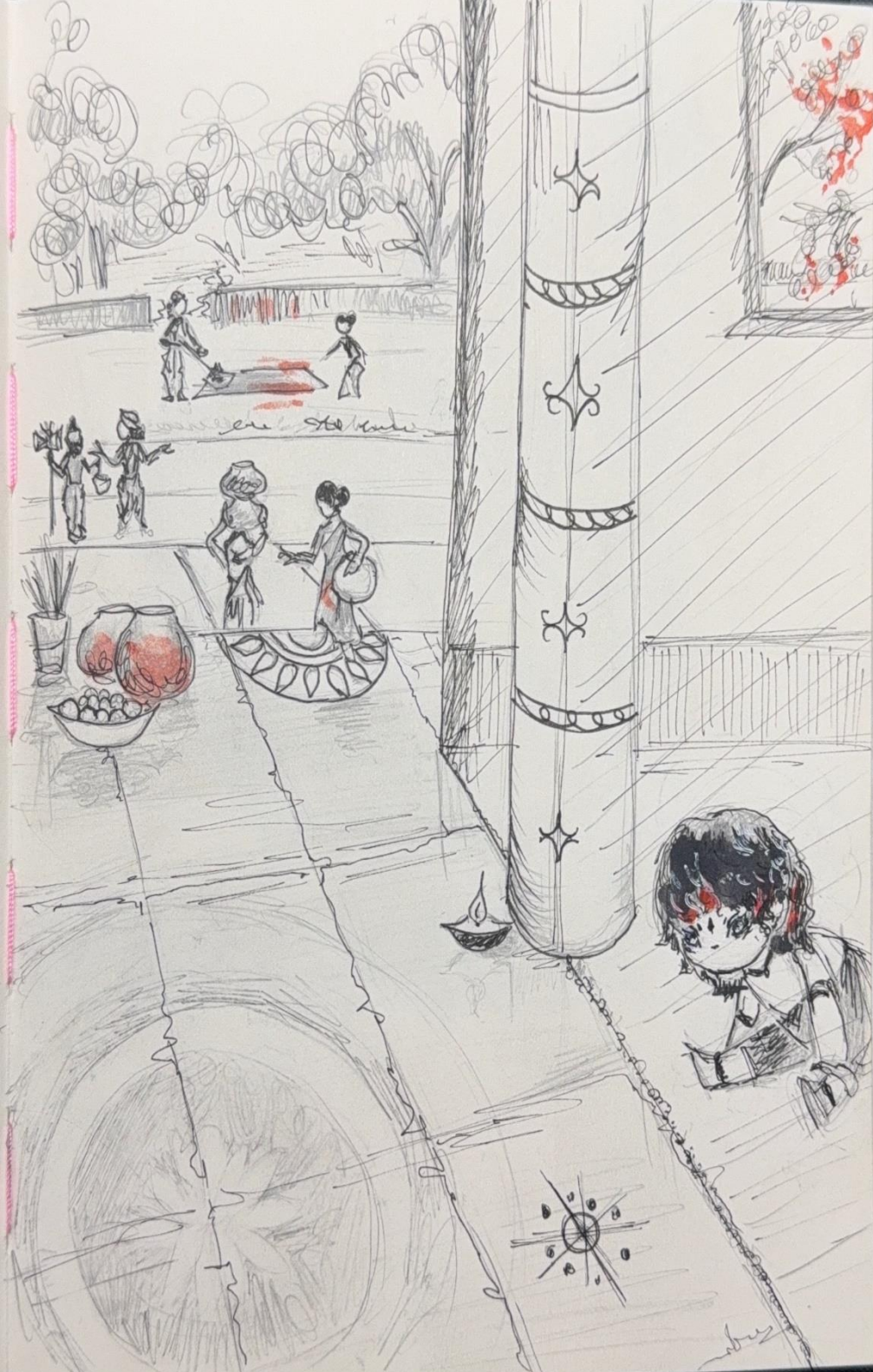
What I remember...

What I understand...

Would they still look at me the same way?

Or —

Would I become the thing their rituals are meant to protect against?



Chapter 4



Maha Rishi raised his hand and whispered something under his breath.

The atmosphere calmed—slightly.

But not completely.

If anything, the calm felt... controlled. Like something was being held in place rather than settled. Everyone moved swiftly to their positions, but there was an edge to it now. Subtle, almost invisible—but present.

At least, I could feel it.

People dispersed. Movements became precise. Practiced.

Mother and Father took their places around the pit. Others sat along the stone arrangement, forming a quiet circle.

Maha Rishi called for the materials and offerings.

“Let the yagya begin.”

They placed logs into the metal vessel, followed by oil. Then, with a swift motion of one hand, he sprinkled a yellow powder.

And began chanting.

“Om namah mahaya... namah... om namah mahaya...”

The sound wasn’t just heard—it settled into the air. A rhythm. A pulse.

“Hummm... omm...”

The fire responded.

A spark—small, almost insignificant—
turned into a flame.

And then—

within seconds—

it surged.

Rising unnaturally fast, stretching upward as if reaching for something unseen. The flame grew until it nearly touched the sky, its heat distorting the air around it.

The world itself seemed to bend.

And still—

the chanting continued.

The people swayed gently with its rhythm,
as though bound to it,
connected by a single sacred hymn.

Together,

they were not merely chanting—

they were being forged within it
And I was being left far behind.
For the first time since coming into this world —
I was afraid.
Truly afraid.
I clutched closer to Mother.
She gently squeezed my arm.
Reassuring.
But not enough.

The fire kept growing.
The chants grew louder.
Faster.
Heavier.
I shut my eyes instinctively—
as if bracing for impact.

And then—
something changed.
A sound.
Soft.
Distant.
...Music?
For a second—
my mind broke away.

Am I dead again?

No.

That doesn't make sense.

Then what is this?

I opened my eyes slowly.

The fire—

was smaller.

Contained.

Back within the vessel, as if nothing had happened.

The music continued, flowing from somewhere behind us. I tried to look—but I couldn't see.

Too short.

Too small.

Too—

fragile.

And then the thought came.

Uninvited.

Heavy.

What am I even doing here?

I was happy... wasn't I?

In my world.

In my life.
Then what is the point of this?
Why am I here?
How?
Where are my parents?
How are they dealing with it?
Am I even... alive?
Or is this just —
A coma?
A dream my mind refuses to wake up from?

It hurts.
More than anything here.
More than the fire.
More than the fear.
The life I had —
gone.
Just like that.
And for what?
I don't even know who killed me.
Why.
I don't even know if Shre is alive or dead.

And now —
I sit here.

Among strangers.
Trying to belong.
Trying to understand.
Who even are these people?
And who... am I supposed to be here?

The chanting slowed.
Gradually.
Like a heartbeat returning to normal.
The world, which felt too fast until now —
began to settle.
Or maybe —
I was the one slowing down.

Maha Rishi continued, pouring offerings into the fire with a large golden spoon.
The wind picked up.
The music rose with it.
Faster.
Louder.
Alive.

And then —
just as suddenly —

calm.
The music softened.
The chanting dropped into a low hum.
The air stilled.
Birds could be heard again.
Bees.
The world returning.

Offerings fell into the flame.
And the fire—
changed.
No longer violent.
No longer reaching.
It moved gently now.
Like a living thing.
Like a warm current of wind.
Touching everyone.
Passing over them.
Almost... Blessing them.

Flowers lifted with the air.
Drifting.
As if carried with intent.
As if taken.
Because they were loved.

And in the middle of it all—

I sat there.

Unchanged.

Or maybe—

Untamed.

My purpose—

unclear.

My meaning—

unanswered.

Moments ago, I was the same.

Yet now—

everything felt...

like never before.

Peaceful.

In a way I couldn't explain.

As if something vast had passed through us all—

and leaving behind it's trace.

Such was the power of the yagya.

**Agni it burns
Agni it cleans**

**Agni will bring me closer
Closer to divine, I see.**

Meanwhile, somewhere in the house...)

Rishimuni Vikramani paced back and forth, muttering under his breath.

“Why the hell am I being sent here? I’m supposed to be attending the yagya. Did they suspect something? Shit... the brother is going to be so angry... no, no, no—stay positive. Mayumi said I need to wait here. The yagya will start soon... I just need to be patient. Deep breaths... deep breaths...”

The door opened.

He startled.

A tall, broad man stepped in.

“Vikramani, King Rana wants to see you immediately. Sorry, your visit here needs to be cut short.”

Vikramani froze.

And then—

his expression shifted.

Something... horrible.

I think I started crying after that, as the yagya came to an end.

Mother consoled me, but I didn’t stop. And when I finally grew tired of crying, I slowly fell asleep.

As the smoke cleared, the smell of burning wood died

I had some deep breaths of salty air

And chamili near by

When I opened my eyes
I was in Keya's arms.
A completely different place.
The sea.
Cool breeze brushing against my face.
I looked around.
Only a few people were there.

Keya looked down at me and smiled slightly.
"Hello there... awake just in time."
Still half-asleep, I rubbed my eyes, trying to understand where
we were.
Total loss of situational awareness.
Embarrassing.
But I'll allow it—for today.
I don't have the energy to think.

Keya joined Mayumi, Maha Rishi, and a few others standing in
front of a structure.
A white building.
Open from all sides.
No walls.
Only pillars holding it up.
As we walked up the steps, I noticed —

it was empty.

Except for one figure.

At the center—

a statue.

A woman seated on a large swan.

four arms.

Carved from stone... or maybe brass. Hard to tell.

But it didn't feel lifeless.

We approached.

Maha Rishi spoke.

"Let us pray for knowledge... we pray.

For patience... we pray.

For talent... we pray.

For finding our purpose in this lifetime... we pray.

To Goddess Saraswa, we pray—

She who is the divine of knowledge.

We pray that she guides us... her children,
we pray we pray"

Everyone folded their hands.

Silence followed.

I looked at the goddess.

And for the first time—

a question felt... real.

What do I even seek?



first creation . . . was a sound.

Goddess of virtuosity

**I'm similar to your's
Your's is similar to me**

**Yet I'm misunderstood
And
So is she**

Chapter 5



In the dead of night—
I woke up gasping for air.

Sweating.

Breath ragged.

My gun—still strapped to my chest—felt unbearably heavy, as if it was trying to suffocate me.

Gunshots.

Distant at first—

then louder.

Closer.

I must make a Move.

I wiped my face and pushed forward into the darkness, moving as fast as I could. The sound of gunfire kept growing.

Was I following it—

or was it following me?

Where is the camp?

My foot got stuck.

Mud.

I tried to pull it free.

Nothing.

Struggled harder.

“Shit... shit—”

Then—

I saw Sree.

Wounded.

On knees

“Sree!”

I tried to move.

I couldn’t.

My leg wouldn’t come free.

No—no—no—

Figures closed in around.

I raised my gun.

Fired.
Again.
Again.
Nothing.
No recoil.
No sound.
My breath hitched.
It's jammed.
No—
It's empty.

They looked at me.
Straight at me.
"You are dead... you didn't save me."

Gunshots.
BAM! BAM! BAM!
Final.

I woke up.
Again.
Gasping.
Sweating.
Something heavy pressed against my chest.
For a split second—
I couldn't breathe.

A snake.

I jerked, startled, grabbing it and throwing it off. It slid across the bed and disappeared.

“What the hell...”

I looked around.

My room.

This room.

Not the battlefield.

Not that life.

I was back.

A baby.

In this family.

Learning everything again—

how to speak...

how to walk...

how to run...

This was the third nightmare in the last few weeks.

Mayumi and Keya were worried.

They could sense I wasn't doing well. The fever had returned again for the second night in a row. The medic's herbs had

helped reduce it somewhat, but the nightmares only seemed to grow worse.

I kept waking up crying in the middle of the night.

They had both started taking turns sleeping in my room.

Watching over me.

Taking care of me.

I felt pathetic.

A burden.

What was even the point of this?

Mayumi picked me up.

I instinctively snuggled closer into her warmth, searching for comfort, though it barely helped anymore.

She touched my forehead. Her hand felt cold

“The fever is down... but his overall mood is very gloomy. He has barely eaten anything. We’ve been giving him the medicine, but there is hardly any improvement. Little babies don’t last with fevers this long, Keya!”

Keya pressed his hand against his face. His shoulders were tense

“I’m aware! ...but I’m not a doctor. They’ve tried everything. This sickness isn’t in their books... what can we do?” his voice rose

“Keya, call the more knowledgeable doctors from the city... King Rana... he is your good friend, he will surely help.” with a slight shaking voice ...a false show of not falling apart

“I already sent a messenger... but it will take another day or two. The weather is deteriorating on the southern coast side... I can’t say for sure how long they’ll take to arrive.” he calmed a little, maybe after sensing Mayumi’s tension or his own frustration

Mayumi tightened her hold around me.

“I’m leaving for my hometown. There are more confident people there... people who will help as soon as they see me. I can’t wait any longer.”

She turned as if ready to leave immediately.

Keya firmly held her wrist.

“No. Ships won’t leave in this weather. We have to wait until the skies clear. Mayumi, please... I can’t let both of you be in danger. Please stay.”

I could hear her heartbeat rising.

Fast.

Sharp.

She was angry.

Terrified.

I’m sorry, Mom.

I really am.

But I don’t feel like moving anymore.

“Can I suggest something...”

Kanta stood near the entrance, hesitant, almost as if she knew it wasn't her place to speak.

"I know Keya is not very supportive of this but... there is a temple not far from here. A temple of Shani— the god of death."

The room fell silent. Mayumi gaze looking for kanta as is looking for hope.

"Children's moods are very delicate. I have seen cases of children dying for no apparent reason... only later to be understood as them losing the will to live. It is rare... but it happens."

She lowered her gaze.

"I suggest you visit the temple and pray. Maybe... the child finds his will to live again. That's all we can do for now."

A long silence followed.

Then Keya stood.

"Ask the men to prepare the horses. We leave immediately."

Mayumi steadied her voice the best she could.

"Will you pack some clothes and food for us?"

Everything else already sounded like it was falling apart.

"Of course ma'am," Kanta replied before quickly leaving.

They wrapped me in the thickest fabric they could find, trying to shield me from the cold and rain.

Her embrace felt slipping

But at this point—

I hardly felt the weather. I hardly felt her

What was the point anyway?

Maybe if I died in this dream-like life...

I would wake up back in my real one.

Maybe this was all temporary.

Maybe I just needed to let go.

There's nothing left to live for.

I'll just close my eyes...

...and let all of this end soon.

Keya and Mayumi mounted the horses in haste.

Keya carried Admay in a cloth sling wrapped tightly against his chest beneath a heavy cloak. Mayumi secured the supplies against herself before pulling her own cloak tighter.

Keya held mayumi's hand one last time squeezed them hard, as if trying to make her feel

not to lose hope.

Journey is long....ahead.

Mayumi's eyes were moist. It's the rain, she thought.

And then—

they rode into the storm.

Kanta and the others could only stand there helplessly as the family disappeared into the rain.

The storm raged harder.

Rain poured mercilessly.

The wind screamed.

They had a long journey ahead.

Visibility was poor. The roads blurred together beneath the darkness and rising winds.

Mayumi gave Keya a silent nod.

Her turn.

The sword that once tore through souls —

now tore through the storm itself.

A legendary blade.

The *Will Cutter*.

A sword meant to conquer kingdoms now carved paths through violent wind.

Mayumi focused her mana with terrifying precision, each swing parting the storm ahead of them.

But the form was difficult to maintain.

Again and again —

the winds closed back in.

A journey that normally took three or four hours by horseback stretched across the entire night.

But what choice did they have?

Keya tried his best to support her, his muscles on the verge of tearing, but both of them understood—

Mayumi would give everything for her child.

Her only child.

Her piece of the world who hadn't even seen one full year of life.

She was afraid.

Truly afraid.

"Keya... Admay will survive this, right? He will be alright?"

Keya's voice cracked.

"Let us do our parts first... he will do his."

At the break of dawn—

they finally reached the temple.

Drenched in rain and mud, barely steady atop their exhausted horses.

Mayumi's hand still gripped the sword.

Her muscles trembled from exhaustion.

But the fight—

was far from over.

Admay breathed slowly.

Barely.

Chapter 6



They rushed up the slippery stairs.

Keya held Admay as carefully as he could, even as his own footing stumbled beneath him. Mayumi pushed against the massive temple gates with whatever strength she had left. Keya quickly moved to help her.

The gates were enormous.

Almost as tall as the temple itself.

Heavy metal doors, built more like royal gates than something meant for prayer.

“Is somebody there...? Rishimuni ji... Pandit ji... somebody please!”

Mayumi’s voice barely sounded like a request anymore.

It was closer to a scream.

A demand.

Keya's knees finally gave out.

He collapsed against the stone floor, quickly untying the sling in which Admay was wrapped.

"His temperature is high again... can you give him some medicine for now..."

Mayumi hurried through the bags with trembling hands, fumbling through bottles and cloth wrappings.

Keya gently stopped her and took the medicine himself.

Both of them were still out of breath.

Their breathing filled the freezing air like white fog.

The rain had stopped—

but the weather still felt unstable.

Dangerous.

Going back now?

Waiting for the medics?

Neither felt possible anymore.

Then—

a voice echoed from deeper within the temple.

"Yes? Who is here? We are yet to perform the morning rituals... it is better to come after that for prayers and offeri—"

The pandit suddenly stopped mid-sentence.

"Oh dear... what happened?"

He hurried toward them.

Old.

Fragile-looking.

But kind.

Mayumi, nearly on the verge of tears now, explained everything—the strange illness, the fever, the nightmares, the medicines that no longer worked.

The pandit listened quietly.

His expression growing heavier with every word.

“Oh my... this is more serious than I thought.”

He looked toward Admay for a long moment.

“I do not know how much we can truly do at this point... but it is said that lost souls come here to find their purpose. Only when one stands before the god of death and true destruction do they begin to understand the meaning of life... and learn to value it.”

His voice softened.

“But that is usually for adults. They can be guided.”

His eyes lingered on Admay.

“But a baby...”

A pause.

“That is rare.”

The pandit slowly looked upward.

Toward the enormous statue towering behind them.

A massive figure carved from deep red stone, reflecting the first rays of sunlight.

Immense.

Ancient.

Watching over the tiny humans beneath it like they were nothing.

“I have heard of such cases before,” the pandit continued quietly. “We shall do what we can...”

Then after a pause—

“...the rest is his will.”

The pandit quickly began gathering the puja samagri and preparing the thali.

“I apologize... we are a little short staffed at the moment. Most of the students and pandits have gone for the mountain spiritual retreat...”

But the words barely reached Keya and Mayumi anymore.

Both sat there helplessly.

Exhausted.

Hopeless.

The prayers began.

Temple bells rang through the hall.

The pandit moved the thali before the statue with fierce intensity, chanting as loudly as his aging body allowed.

Keya and Mayumi prayed desperately.
As if desperation itself could become devotion.

But Admay remained still.
Barely moving.
His breathing slower than ever before.
From somewhere far away, he could hear faint voices.
Muffled.
Distorted.
But he did not want to wake up.

“Now... please leave the child here in the temple for some time,”
the pandit said gently.
“May all negative energy leave him before the eyes of Shani.”
He turned toward the temple entrance.
“You both should go and bathe in the river Ganga. Let it wash
away your stress... your sins... your pain.”
His voice became quieter.
“It will give you strength for whatever lies ahead.”

Mayumi stared blankly at Admay.
At how peacefully he lay there.
As if none of this mattered to him anymore.
As if he had already drifted somewhere beyond them.

Keya gently grabbed her arm.

“We must do our part...”

His exhausted voice cracked slightly.

“We must.”

The pandit sighed softly.

He arranged the diyas and incense around Admay, checking his breathing one more time.

Still there.

Barely.

Then slowly —

he retired to his quarters.

Leaving Admay alone in the great temple hall.

Alone...

with God Shani.

“Do you feel like it was a good life?”

...

“I don’t know... I haven’t lived that long.”

“Then why do you want to leave already?”

“I don’t know what to live for anymore... everything I ever loved is gone...”

"Why do you think it's gone?"

"Because I don't have it anymore."

"Have you tried finding it?"

"But it's gone... how can I find something that's gone?"

"How can you know that... when you haven't even looked?"

Admay opened his eyes.

"...What?"

"By the way... what have you lost?"

Admay quickly looked around.

"Who's there?"

A young boy stood nearby.

Five years old, perhaps.

Maybe younger.

"Yo hoo... it's me."

"Who are you? And where am I?"

The boy grinned.

"My name is Numve. Namaste... and I think your parents brought you here."

"And why are you here? Do you work here? What is this place?"

Numve immediately shook his head.

"Oh no no no... I definitely don't want to work here. These people are way too restrictive. Too by-the-book."

He casually sat near one of the pillars.

“I just came to meet a friend... then I saw you lying here.”

He looked around the temple hall.

“You’re at the Shani temple near river Ganga. It’s a bit off-season right now. The constant rains make the temple almost uninhabitable for most people...”

A small smile appeared on his face.

“But it survives.”

A pause.

“Interesting, right?”

“Hey, hey, hey brother...” Admay frowned. “What the hell is going on? Why am I still here?”

Numve blinked.

“I mean... you can leave whenever you want.”

“No, I mean—” Admay sat up abruptly. “I thought I was going to die. Why... how am I alive?”

Numve tilted his head slightly.

“Your parents’ prayers, I guess.”

Then, almost immediately:

“By the way, what’s your mother’s clan? What’s her sword’s name? Is your father a scholar or a follower of Goddess Saras-wa? Why does he still have such long hair?”

Admay stared at him.

"I don't know what you're talking about... I haven't learned all that yet. I'm still... still observing."

Numve's expression softened slightly.

"Oh."

A pause.

"That's kind of sad."

"Sad?"

"I thought you had all the answers."

He looked toward the massive deity.

"And still wanted to leave."

The temple suddenly felt quieter.

Heavier.

Numve stood up.

"Anyway... I should leave now. I have other work."

He stretched lightly before turning back toward Admay.

"Tell me when you find all the answers."

"Hey—wait." Admay narrowed his eyes. "How are you even talking to me?"

Numve looked confused.

"I mean... you could always speak."

A grin.

"You just never tried."

Before Admay could respond —

Numve climbed onto the temple windows with unnatural ease and disappeared into the storm-worn stone corridors beyond.

Leaving Admay alone before the enormous deity.

“Who are you?”

The words escaped softly.

And then—

the temple echoed back:

“Who are... you?”

Not an answer.

A question.

A sudden gust of wind entered through the temple gates.

Ash and flower petals rose into the air around him.

The diyas flickered violently.

And within the rushing wind —

a whisper.

“Find... you...”

The gates opened.

“May! ...May! Is that you? You’re awake!”

Mayumi rushed toward him, pulling him tightly into her arms.

“Oh my boy... my sweet boy... thank god... thank god...”

Tears rolled freely down her face.

It's been a while, her embrace finally felt warm again

Keya stood frozen.

Three faint lines of ash rested across Admay's forehead.

A blessing.

Or something else.

Did a miracle really happen?

Were they truly blessed?

But—

why?

The enormous red deity seemed to hold the faintest hint of a smile.

Almost invisible.

Almost impossible.

The flowers from the offering now rested at its feet —
not inside the offering thali.

And for the first time—

Admay spoke clearly.

Tears rolling down his face.

"Mother... Father... I'm sorry."

{1526}

Husband
and wife



Dampati



Maya

Keya



दंपति



Keya

umi

Admay does not question it.
Keya and Mayumi exist in this world as his origins.
But a question never truly forms.
Dampati.
A word that suggests two yet refuses to remain
divided.
Two histories.
Two minds shaped in different circumstances
And yet, when they come together, something
dissolves, something alters
A relic of becoming
So when you look at them,
do you separate the subject to make sense of them?
Or do you allow to exist,
Unfamiliar,
Indivisible,
But yet complete?

Chapter 7



“I’m so happy for you... that your son woke up. This was no less than a miracle.”

Pandit ji smiled warmly.

Keya bowed his head slightly.

“Yes... we don’t know how to thank you enough. But please, accept this as an offering. This is all we have right now.”

He removed the gold necklace from around his neck, the green jade stones faintly reflecting the morning light.

“...We will definitely visit again. But for now, we must leave. The medics should be reaching our home soon. We want them to check Admay once more.”

“Of course, of course,” Pandit ji replied gently. “Please take care. May your journey be safe.”

We bid our farewells and prepared to leave.

“Who is he?” I asked quietly.

Keya looked down at me.

“He is a Pandit ji.”

“Who is a Pandit ji?”

“He is someone who takes care of the temple and studies the Vedas there. He also conducts various Vedic rituals.”

Mayumi laughed softly.

“Aren’t you full of questions? Haha... but I’m just happy that you’re awake.”

Her smile stretched from ear to ear.

Keya looked relieved too.

Lighter.

I hadn’t seen him this relaxed in days.

Can one child really have this much impact on someone’s parents?

Seriously...

What was I even thinking?

My parents from my previous life must have already suffered enough because of me.

And now—

I was prepared to do the same to these people here.

How could I be so heartless?

As the horses moved forward, trotting steadily through the damp roads, I finally looked beyond the walls of my own existence.

This was my first time outside the house grounds.

And for the first time since arriving in this world—

I truly looked outward.

My gaze, once trapped inward—

always searching the past,

always questioning the self—

finally shifted.

The veil lifts.

And at last—

I could finally see the land I had been reborn into.

Cold wind brushed across my face—

as if waking me up for the very first time.

Birds chirped overhead, flying freely above us as the horses carried us forward through the deep green jungle.

Tall trees stretched endlessly around the road, their shadows falling across the damp earth beneath us. Yellow flowers

bloomed from their branches, bright against the dark greens of the forest.

It felt—

as if the world itself was trying to show me what it meant to choose life.

Mother softly hummed a tune beneath her breath.

“Hm hm... hm hm hm... hii...”

Gentle.

Warm.

Almost blending into the wind itself.

And then—

suddenly—

the jungle ended.

The trees gave way to open sand.

And an entirely new world unfolded before me.

Endless shades of deep blue stretched into the horizon.

Layer upon layer of color fading into one another beneath gray-white clouds drifting overhead.

Sunlight pierced through the openings in the sky, scattering itself across the waters below.

The sea and sand collided endlessly—

waves crashing and retreating in rhythm.

Spirits passed by.

Or maybe—
just the wind.

The roads continued over wet sand, shallow puddles, and scattered stones.

And still—
we rode on.

Further.

Further.

I don't remember thinking about anything else during that journey.

For the first time in either life—

I felt completely drawn in by life itself.

We finally reached home.

Kanta was pacing back and forth near the entrance, completely lost in her own thoughts. She barely noticed us arriving until the horses came close.

Her expression shifted instantly.

Shock.

Confusion.

Then—

A huge smile.

“Oh, thank god Shani... he heard our prayers. I knew he would... hey prabhu...”

She hurried forward and helped me and Mayumi down from the horse.

“Look at you... looking so fresh, as if nothing even happened. Unlike your parents—they look completely exhausted... ha... ha...”

Mayumi gave a tired smile.

“We are tired, Kanta... can you prepare some tea and food? It would really be nice to eat something.”

“Yes, yes. The medics actually arrived a while ago. Food is already prepared. You all can clean up first—we’ll serve everything right away.”

Keya adjusted his clothes slightly.

“I’ll go meet the medics. You should rest first. You’ve used too much mana.”

Mayumi waved him off weakly.

“Yeah, yeah... I’m fine. Just a little dizzy...”

Rumi arrived as well, helping Mayumi walk back inside.

For the first time, I properly looked at the house from outside.

It had a massive lawn stretching across both the front and back. The structure itself looked two stories tall, though I still hadn’t explored the upper floor.

The lower section was built entirely from stone, covered in intricate carvings and patterns.

The upper floor, however, was wood.

An interesting combination.

Old.

Elegant.

Almost like the house itself belonged to two different worlds.

“Our house is very nice... don’t you think?”

Kanta stopped mid-step and stared at me with complete disbelief.

“...he can talk now?”

Well.

That wasn’t my question, lady.

Kanta bent down to pick me up.

I immediately gestured in refusal.

I think...

I’ll walk.

She looked at me with almost teary happiness, the kind adults get when they suddenly realize a child is growing up.

And honestly —

I did feel different.

It still hurt thinking about the past.

But...

I wanted to give this life a chance.

Wahhh—

I slipped instantly.

And my clothes—

well, they were already dirty to begin with.

“Admay! Are you alright?”

Kanta quickly picked me up like a sack of rice and placed me upright again.

As embarrassing as it was—

a baby should probably accept help from adults.

“There you go,” she said after dusting some dirt off me. “Let’s go inside, shall we?”

As we entered the main lobby, I noticed several unfamiliar faces.

All of them wore white clothing with almost no jewelry.

Which was unusual.

From what I had observed so far, nearly everyone here wore some form of ornament.

Even me.

I had wristbands, earrings, and a thread-like necklace with a small stone attached to it.

Keya and Mayumi wore similar things too—though far more elaborate. Thick wrist pieces, heavy earrings, necklaces of pure gold.

And during the yagya...

I'm pretty sure they wore even more.

Rumi preferred lighter jewelry — thin, subtle pieces.

Meanwhile, Kanta wore silver ornaments with black stones that matched her darker clothing surprisingly well.

Interesting.

Very organized socially.

Man...

It feels good to be back to normal.

Being sick sucks.

Seriously.

Anyway—

back to the strange people in white.

They stood speaking with Keya in low voices.

The moment Keya noticed me approaching with Kanta, he immediately called out—

“Kanta, can you please bring Admay here immediately?”

And before I could even react—

I was already airborne in Kanta's arms and suddenly at the center of the gathering.

That was...

Oddly fast.

Seriously, people around here play passing-the-parcel with me whenever convenient.

Good lord.

Kanta handed me over to Keya.

“Vaidya ji, this is my son Admay. You can examine his health.”

The old vaidya nodded gently.

They checked my pulse.

My forehead.

My teeth.

Pressed his palms lightly against my stomach and chest.

Checked inside my ears.

Even pulled lightly at my skin before finally looking deep into my eyes.

A thorough inspection.

Uncomfortably thorough.

“Well,” the vaidya finally said, “as you mentioned, Keya, the sickness and fever both appear to be gone. Everything else seems close to normal.”

A pause.

“But illnesses that disappear without reason... can also return without reason.”

The room grew quieter.

“I advise you to continue monitoring his health closely. If anything feels unusual, visit the city immediately. Even we may not be able to arrive in time otherwise—we have many patients there already.”

They opened a small pouch.

“Until then, I will provide some herbs to strengthen his immunity. This is not a cure... merely precaution based on assumption.”

Then, softly:

“Keep him hydrated as well.”

The vaidya folded their hands.

“We shall remain in contact. Namaste.”

Keya folded his hands in return and gently gestured for me to do the same.

So I did.

The vaidyas eventually departed.

Keya carefully placed me back down before quietly walking toward his room.

He looked exhausted.

Not physically.

Something deeper.

Kanta remained nearby.

But even then—

a strange emptiness settled over the house.

Now what?

Chapter 8



I don't want to make my real age too obvious.
Being underestimated might actually become a huge advantage later.

But at the same time—

I want to learn about this world directly.

Without raising alarms in my parents.

If I can get them to take the bait, maybe they'll start teaching me more openly. About themselves. About this world. About the skills needed to survive in it.

Which I know they eventually will.

But observation alone isn't enough anymore.

Today—

we visit the market.

Let's see how this goes.

Maybe my interest in certain things will give them a hint.

The moment we stepped down from the cart —

I froze.

The place was overflowing with people.

Stalls.

Voices.

Colors.

Objects I couldn't even identify.

Honestly?

The entire place felt like a dopamine mine.

People were selling the most absurdly interesting things imaginable.

Mother immediately bought a massive black iron rod.

And somehow —

she looked terrifyingly happy after getting a good discount for it.

The shopkeeper didn't even argue much.

I couldn't tell whether that was because of her social standing...
or simply because of her expression.

Probably both.

Meanwhile, Father had already loaded half the cart with books, scrolls, and writing materials.

He clearly knew the shopkeeper well.

“Keya! Is this your son?” the shopkeeper laughed. “All looks of the mother, I see. Poor Keya! Hahaha!”

Then he looked down at me.

“Hey, kiddo, want to buy a book? I’ll give you a first-time buyer discount.”

My chance.

I looked up at Keya as innocently as possible.

“Can I buy any book, Father?”

“Of course,” Keya replied immediately. “As many as you want.”

Mayumi turned toward him instantly.

“What do you mean, *as many*? Choose one, May. Only if you finish one will we give you another.”

She crossed her arms.

“He can’t even read yet, Keya.”

Oh well.

One it is.

Hmm...

Which one?

Let’s go with the thickest one for now.

There.

The red binder with the flower-like symbol on it.

I had seen some older children carrying similar books earlier.

Could be useful.

I pointed toward it.

“Father... that one.”

The shopkeeper looked genuinely amused.

He pulled the book out and placed it beside me.

The thing was practically my height.

It stood there like a wall.

“HAAHAHA!” the shopkeeper burst out laughing. “Keya, your boy is hilarious! I must say, I’ll give this book at half price—for the boy who is half its size! Hahaha!”

Keya laughed too.

Though beneath it—

I noticed something else.

Pride.

Just a little.

Poor bull, though.

It would be carrying a lot today.

Still—

the thing looked strong and extremely well fed.

Probably living a better life than most humans.

Then mother suddenly asked if I wanted anything else.

Oh no.

I was not prepared for that question.

What do I even get?

Lucky charms that actually work?

More books?

Though technically I could just steal—borrow Father's later.

Too young for an actual sword.

Unfortunately.

While I was still thinking deeply about my life decisions—

Mother casually shoved some red sweet into my mouth.

And instantly—

this hungry little body took control.

I devoured an entire box before I even realized what was happening.

And after that...

I think I slept.

Because the next thing I remember—

I woke up in Keya's arms.

And we were standing near a beach.

“Hey... you’re awake. Can I put you down now?”

Keya gently lowered me onto the sand.

It was warm.

My tiny feet sank slightly beneath the surface as I wobbled for balance before finally managing to stand properly.

“Father... where are we?”

I looked up toward my parents.

Both of them had turned away now, gazing toward the distant horizon where the sun had begun to set.

Dark blue blended calmly into orange and deep red across the sky.

The sea reflected all of it.

Quietly.

Endlessly.

“This,” Mayumi said softly, “is our city —Varunalavanya.”

Her voice carried a strange pride to it.

“The center of trade. One of the strongest naval cities in the country... and home to some of the most beautiful temples. The city is so unique as...it carries no biases, it welcomes all kinds of merchandise, and best part it we get a discount on most of it hehe..”

Keya smiled faintly.

“Well, the navy is strong because of you. I still remember being a child and almost drowning ten feet away from the shore.”

Mayumi immediately laughed.

“Yeah—you swam like a turtle... pffhaha.”

Then, nudging him lightly—

“Just kidding. You’re the genius behind most of the newer technologies here. And with the city’s overall planning, I doubt this much trade traffic would move so smoothly in and out without you.”

She looked at him warmly.

“I really appreciate having you in my life, Keya.”

Keya’s expression softened.

“You have no idea how thankful I am to have you...”

“Well,” Mayumi smiled, “I appreciate that too... hehe.”

Their voices slowly drifted into softer murmurs as they walked slightly ahead.

I tried to keep up at first.

But eventually slowed down.

They still kept me within sight, so I wasn’t worried.

Let them have their moment.

I would have mine.

**Forever I want to stand,
Beside you through rain**

**Through lamest games,
But today, for this beautiful sunset
Till it remain.**

**Tu aag si , mai sekhlu
Tu phul se mai sawarlu**

**Tu hai meri sabase
badi siddhi,**

**Tu hi hai mera jivan
Mera yeh bandhan.**

For the first time—

I truly looked upon the city from afar.

The city where I had already spent so much time...

Without ever really seeing it.

Ships rested near the distant shores.

Far from us—

yet strangely quiet.

From my previous life, I don't think I had ever seen a beach this empty.

I sighed softly.

It was...

Peaceful.

So calm that I felt like I could simply lie down in the sand and fall asleep there itself.

Warm.

Clean.

Alive.

Far in the distance, I could make out the docking platforms leading toward enormous structures crowned with domes.

Almost every building seemed to carry them.

Domes.

Tall spires.

Some had three sharp extensions rising from their tops, like sacred symbols piercing the sky.

Others were square-shaped.

Some impossibly tall.

None of the designs resembled anything I had ever seen before.

I couldn't properly judge their scale from this far away —

but they felt massive.

The people moving in and out of them looked tiny by comparison.

What kind of world am I in?

"Admay! Come on, hurry up — we have to get going!"

Keya's voice called from the distance.

"Coming!" I shouted back.

The sea breeze swept across my face once more.

And as I stood there —

between stepping forward...

or turning away —

I realized something.

Living in this unknown world still frightened me.

But somehow —

I could no longer pull myself away from it.

“Admay, these are some of the most prestigious buildings in the city,” Keya said as we moved further inward. “Some of the richest and highest-ranking people stay here for work.”

The buildings here weren’t extremely tall—four stories at most—but their architecture was unlike anything I had ever seen before.

Everything was made from stone.

Not built with stone.

Carved from it.

Pillars, walls, balconies—every structure looked sculpted rather than constructed.

Meanwhile, some of the more rural sections we passed earlier had houses made from wood and mud.

Our house was different.

A mixture of both.

Stone below.

Wood above.

Maybe I should ask.

Carefully.

Make it sound curious.

Not suspicious.

“Father... Are we poor?”

Both of them looked down at me instantly.

I pointed toward the buildings.

“Why is our house half stone and half wood?”

Mayumi immediately covered her face, trying to hide her laughter.

Keya, meanwhile, looked completely speechless for several seconds before finally clearing his throat.

“Well...” he began slowly, “how do you even know the concept of rich and poor?”

His eyes narrowed slightly.

“Is it because of those late-night readings? Kids these days are picking things up way too fast...”

He sighed dramatically before continuing.

“No, I wouldn’t say we are poor. We are... comfortably well off.”

Then his expression softened slightly.

“The reason the upper portion of the house is wooden is because your mother’s hometown has houses built in that style.”

He glanced toward Mayumi.

“It helps her feel at home... even though she is far away from it.”

“Why did Mother leave her hometown?”

Mayumi answered this time.

“Well... I wanted to live with your father. So I decided to come here.”

Hmm.

Interesting.

That still doesn't fully answer whether that choice was expected... or truly optional.

But—

better not push too much at once.

We continued walking through the streets of Varunalavanya.

Vendors sold all kinds of strange fruits and foods.

At this point, identifying what was edible and what wasn't had become a trial-and-error process.

I simply tried everything and decided which things were less awful than the others.

Honestly?

It was kind of fun.

At some point during the walk—

I fell asleep again.

I don't even remember when.

The next thing I knew—

I woke up back in my bed.

What a convenient life.

I have no complaints.

Chapter 9



The following days passed with me constantly bothering Father to read me the books he had bought for me.

I've turned five years old now.

Honestly...

time moved terrifyingly fast.

I can walk properly, talk clearly, and even read without much difficulty now.

Unfortunately—

understanding what I'm reading is an entirely different matter.

Most of the books discuss chakras, the connection between mind and soul, and the internal awakening that supposedly unleashes tremendous power.

Mother has demonstrated it for me several times already.

But no matter what I try—

I still can't do it.

Well.

Moving on to the positive parts.

It has been a long time since my last information update.

Maybe organizing things this way will help me better understand where exactly I'm lacking in understanding this world.

One can at least try.

Mother and Father don't seem too worried about my lack of progress.

They keep saying:

"You'll understand it sooner or later. It's no big deal."

Easy for them to say.

Subject 1 — Mayumi

My mother.

As suspected in previous observations, she heads the military forces of this city and also conducts special combat training for soldiers connected to the capital.

The training grounds are located surprisingly close to our house, though I still haven't been allowed to properly visit them.

The officers who come to our home clearly respect her.

And are also absolutely terrified of her.

Honestly?

Same.

Subject 2 — Keya

The best way to describe Father's work is:

Inventor.

Though that barely covers half of it.

He constantly works on strange projects:

- Reducing friction in cart wheels
- Attempting to harness the powers of various spirits
- Improving long-distance communication systems
- Designing more efficient road structures throughout the city

Things like that.

Alongside all this, he also helps manage the administrative functions of Varunalavanya.

Which somehow explains why he constantly looks exhausted.

Subject 3 — This World

This world feels...

alive.

Not metaphorically.

Actually alive.

As though it breathes separately from us.

Humans—and nearly every other creature here—understand that there exists something far greater than themselves.

The Gods.

Their existence is not treated as mere belief.

It is woven into everyday life itself.

Everything exists through them.

All creatures draw power from them in some form and constantly attempt to earn their favor through offerings, rituals, and prayer.

There are primarily ten major deities.

The main three:

- The Creator
- The Preserver
- The Destroyer

Then the remaining seven:

- Goddess of Virtuosity
- Goddess of Strength
- Goddess of Material
- Goddess of Nature
- Sun God
- Water God
- Wind God

There are also many other creatures spoken about in stories and records, though I haven't encountered most of them personally yet.

At least not outside domesticated animals like cows, sheep, cats, and dogs.

Even those resemble the animals from my previous world only partially.

Something about them always feels...

Slightly different.

Mother and Father have remained extremely busy over the last two years, so my exploration outside the city has been limited.

Last night, however, I overheard them discussing a village near the mountain ranges being completely wiped out.

No details.

Just silence afterward.

Subject 4 — Admay

Well.

I've grown a lot physically.

And intellectually too, I think.

But despite all the reading and training—

nothing seems to help.

I still cannot connect properly with either the internal or external sources of power.

(Some gods grant power internally. Others externally.)

Father's side of the family heavily worships the Goddess of Virtuosity—Sarsa-wa.

Reading alone, however, doesn't seem to be enough.

I wanted to learn Father's instrument as well, but apparently I'm "not ready yet."

Tragic.

Mother's side worships the God of death or should I say, the Destroyer - there are many versions of him.

Training under her has improved my body coordination significantly, and my close combat fundamentals are decent now.

Still—

no real breakthrough.

Though...

The sword fighting style I've been learning is probably the only thing I feel somewhat naturally comfortable with.

Interesting.

Very interesting.

Until further updates.

Today we had a surprising number of visitors.

I wondered what exactly was going on.

Mayumi moved around enthusiastically, introducing people one after another.

"This person is a trader."

"That one is a civil officer."

"And over there—"

Honestly, I had already forgotten half the names.

One of the visitors suddenly stepped closer.

“Look at the young boy... he looks exactly like his mother. So beautiful.”

The old man smiled warmly toward Mayumi.

“Princess Mayumi, how has your stay been in our humble city?”

“Oh, it has been lovely here,” Mayumi replied gracefully. “I’m truly enjoying my time.”

Then she looked toward me.

“Admay, greet Maharishi Aradhya. He is one of the great scholars of the royal court.”

I folded my hands politely.

“Namaste, Maharishi.”

The Maharishi observed me carefully.

“May I see the child’s hand?”

“Of course,” Mayumi replied immediately.

Though—

I noticed a brief flicker of concern cross her face.

Interesting.

I extended my hand.

The Maharishi studied it silently for a long time.

Expressionless.

Then suddenly —

a grin appeared.

“Well...”

He looked toward Mayumi.

“His future appears especially bright.”

A pause.

“Have you considered sending him to a Gurukul someday? There is one near the Celestial Forests. Quite famous. Many princes study there.”

Mayumi smiled politely.

“It is still a little early for that... though I will certainly consider it.”

“Of course.”

The Maharishi stepped aside slightly.

“Admay, allow me to introduce the third eldest son of King Rana.”

A smaller figure slowly emerged from behind him.

“Prince Dhurya. He is around your age.”

The boy stood quietly.

Dark brown-green curls rested around his shoulders. Lean build. Sharp eyes.

He avoided direct eye contact.

“...Namaste.”

“What a cute little boy!” Mayumi smiled warmly. “Admay, why don’t you show Prince Dhurya around the house? You both can get to know each other.”

“Yes, Mother.”

I turned toward him.

“Follow me, Prince Dhurya.”

Honestly—

calling someone this tiny with that much respect felt hilarious.

As we walked away, I noticed Mother speaking quietly with the Maharishi behind us.

Dhurya followed silently.

“Alright,” I finally said. “I’m not calling you ‘Prince’ anymore, okay? Only in front of elders.”

I glanced sideways at him.

“What’s with the serious fa—”

A knife suddenly pressed against my neck.

“...Oye. Cool it, man.”

Dhurya stared coldly.

“A man who shows no respect to a prince deserves none himself.”

Interesting.

Quick hands too.

“Isn’t respect supposed to be earned,” I replied calmly, “instead of demanded?”

The knife remained there for another moment.

Then slowly lowered.

“Hmph. I shall prove to you what an honor it is to stand before the Third Prince.”

He slid the knife back into its sheath.

“You will learn how insignificant you are.”

“...Why do you even carry a knife around?”

Dhurya crossed his arms proudly.

“Father says I’m still too young to carry a gada properly. So this is the next best thing.”

Kids these days really are starting early.

“Anyway,” Dhurya continued proudly, “I already know several languages and combat styles and—”

Ah.

One of *those* children.

I sighed dramatically.

“Why don’t we just go outside and prove ourselves properly?”

Dhurya’s eyes sharpened instantly.

“Of course.”

It was obvious this world heavily favored weapons.

Swordsmanship.

Archery.

Combat arts.

Hand-to-hand combat seemed secondary compared to armed techniques.

Which actually worked in my favor.

I still lacked proper training with weapons in this world, but physically—

Dhurya and I were close enough in size.

And despite his knife skills—

I doubted he had much real grappling experience.

Best option:

hand-to-hand combat.

Good training opportunity too.

“Alright,” I said. “Hand-to-hand combat. Whoever falls first loses.”

I grinned slightly.

“And the loser has to respect the winner.”

Dhurya smirked confidently.

“As a prince, I am trained in every field. You will regret this.”

He immediately fell flat on the ground.

“...HEY!”

Dhurya looked furious.

“I wasn’t ready yet!”

“Oh,” I replied innocently. “My mistake.”

I stepped back slightly.

“Shall we start now?”

Fight Outcome

Admay wins: 19

Dhurya wins: 1

By the end —

both of us collapsed onto the ground completely exhausted.

This kid...

How much stamina does he even have?

Honestly, the fact he managed to defeat me once already was impressive considering how quickly he adapted.

This body still needs a lot more development.

Any further exertion and I might actually pass out.

“One more time...” Dhurya demanded between heavy breaths.

“I still need to defeat you nineteen times...”

Then immediately collapsed backward again.

I laughed.

Actually laughed.

A genuine one.

Why do I feel...

happy?

Dhurya started laughing too.

“Don’t get cocky, kid.”

“You’re literally the same age as me.”

“Then what should I call you?” I grinned. “The Great Third Prince?”

Dhurya rolled his eyes.

“...Dhurya is fine.”

“Dhurya,” I repeated. “It’s a good name.”

Suddenly—

Mother's voice echoed behind us.

"...Mayumi?"

No.

Worse.

Mother aura detected with increasing temperature.

"MAY!"

I froze instantly.

"What exactly are you doing?!"

Mayumi stared at both of us, covered entirely in dirt.

"I thought I was blessed with a child who liked staying clean!"

She turned immediately toward Dhurya.

"Prince, I am so sorry. Rumi! Please clean the Prince's clothes immediately!"

"Ahem..."

I awkwardly lowered my head.

"...sorry, Maharishi."

But Maharishi Aradhya only laughed.

"Ahahaha! Children playing outside is a good thing."

Then he looked toward Dhurya with visible surprise.

"I'm honestly impressed the Prince managed to make a friend his own age. He usually isn't very sociable."

He turned back toward Mayumi.

“Unfortunately, it is time for us to return to the capital. Namaste.”

Dhurya followed after him before suddenly turning back.

“Bye, May. Hope we meet again soon.”

That smug grin again.

“Hey. Only my mother can call me that.”

THAWK.

Mother smacked the back of my head instantly.

“Speak respectfully to others, stupid child!”

Then she muttered something under her breath in her native language.

Oddly enough...

It sounded almost familiar.

Almost like something from Earth.

Or maybe I was imagining things.

Eventually, Keya stepped outside too.

“What a long day...” he sighed. “Mayumi, what are we having for dinner?”

Hmm.

With both of them here—

this might actually be the perfect chance.

“Father... Mother...”

Both turned toward me.

“I wanted to ask something.”

A pause.

“Can you teach me proper swordsmanship... and the Vedas?”

The two of them stared at me.

Then slowly looked toward each other.

Mayumi suddenly pulled me into an excited hug.

“Wow! Our child actually wants to learn before even turning five! We are truly blessed!”

Keya looked equally emotional.

“I can finally share my knowledge with someone. Apparently nobody else wants to listen to me.”

They both looked genuinely happy.

I just hope this body can survive everything they’re about to teach me.

Chapter 10



For so long—
I had been enjoying this peaceful little heaven.

This strange second life.

But my duty was never truly over.

To protect a heaven—
one must first understand it.

Or perhaps...
create meaning within it themselves.

True peace is only a dream.

A fragile one.

It never lasts forever.

It must be maintained —

again and again —

through conflict,

through sacrifice,

through negotiations,

through blood.

A heaven had already once been stolen from me.

If I were given the chance to live in one again—

what would I choose this time?

Maybe...

vacation was over.

It was time to get serious.

Because war—

in one form or another—

seemed inevitable wherever humans existed.

THAWK.

THAWK.

I fell face-first into the sand.

Again.

“It’s taking me longer and longer to knock you down,” Mayumi laughed proudly as she lowered her wooden training sword.

“How old are you now? Six?”

She crossed her arms dramatically.

“You’re improving very fast... hmmhmm... my son truly is a prodigy.”

I groaned from the ground.

“How can you say that after making me look like I just bathed in sand?”

At this point, I was covered from head to toe in dust, looking like I had developed an entirely different skin color.

Keya stepped out from the house, holding several books under one arm.

“Alright, I think that’s enough training for today.”

He adjusted his glasses slightly.

“We’re beginning a new subject now.”

I immediately sat upright.

“...Which one?”

“Geography.”

Now THAT—

was interesting.

Learning this world had taken far longer than I expected.

I honestly thought that once I mastered the language, studying everything else would become easier.

After all—

I had cleared enough impossible examinations in my previous life already.

But this world was different.

Words here carried layered meanings.

Mathematics itself felt more complex.

And once energies, divine systems, and God-related theories entered the picture—

everything became absurdly difficult.

Still—

geography was something I genuinely enjoyed.

Though I needed to stop comparing this world to my previous one.

That mindset would only limit me.

I needed to understand this land for what it truly was.

And slowly—

things were beginning to get interesting.

Lately, however—

I had been hearing far too much about disappearances.

The people who traveled toward the mountain regions for spiritual retreats were no longer returning.

The Shani temple we once visited—

the place where I had met that strange boy named Numve—

had practically become abandoned.

The Rishimuni and the students who traveled there years ago still hadn't returned.

It had already been five years.

Multiple search parties had gone looking for them.

None came back with answers.

Rishimuni Vikramani—

the same man who once attended our yagya—

had now been arrested for reasons the public still didn't fully know.

Rumors spread faster with every passing month.

People had begun losing faith.

And if even saints and sages could no longer be trusted—
then who exactly were people supposed to believe in?

The once-famous Shani temple was slowly turning into an ancient relic.

Unrest spread throughout Varunalavanya.

Security tightened.

People stopped leaving their homes at night.

Questions grew louder.

Faith itself was beginning to crack.

All these thoughts crossed my mind as I sat upon the highest window ledge of the Shani temple.

Far below—

Varunalavanya stretched endlessly beside the sea.

And beyond it—

the enormous deity watched silently from within the temple halls behind me.

The sun slowly rose.

Wind moved through the ancient gates.

Temple bells rang softly in the distance.

The diya flames flickered violently—
before settling once more.

But somehow —

I knew this was not the end.

Because across the city—
the bells had already begun ringing.
Not in warning.

Not in fear.

But in celebration.

The Maha Yagya festival was about to begin.

To be continued

Archives

Admay's notes



Curiosity - 1926

The Creator

is a Goddess Bhrami

She is also a very Curious Goddess.



It is said that the Goddess is very close to children as they are always curious about their surroundings. She is the Goddess of Creativity.

She is ~~often~~ ^{often} prayed by humans to ~~get~~ solution to their problems.

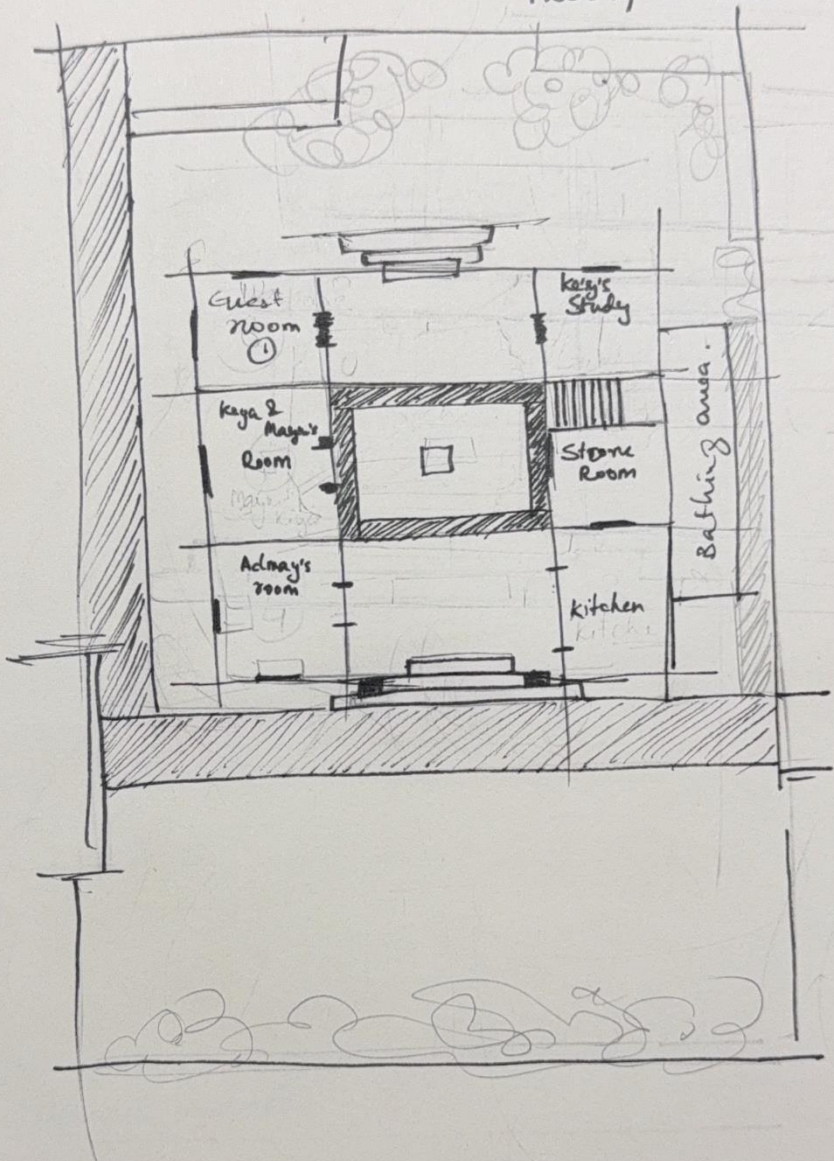
It is said that truly curious children or adults ~~can~~ can feel her presence.

Yellow flowers are her favourite.
They signify presence of
magic/mana. True birth
of energy in its purest
form.



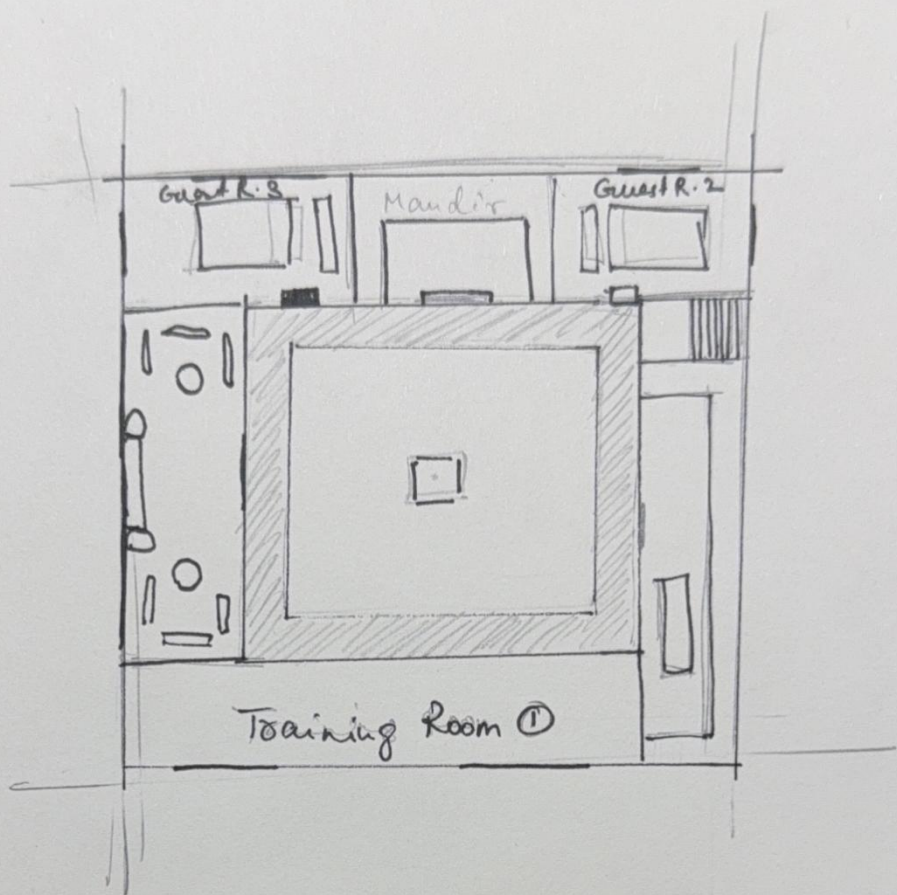


Floors 1 / 1st Floor



Lower of Stone

Open

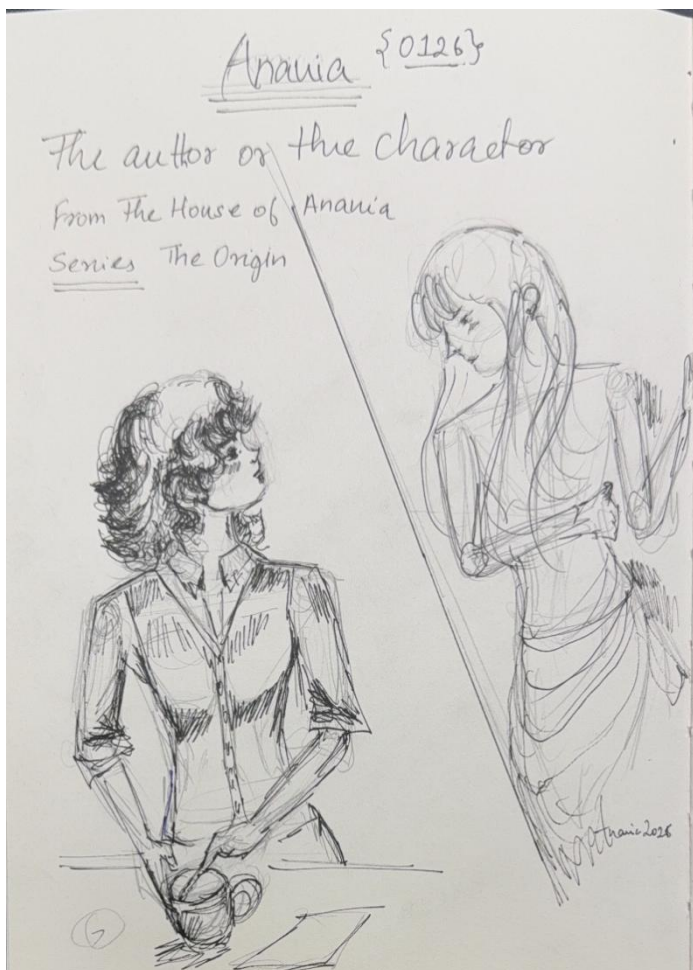


Upper of wood.



House analysis :- open from almost all side, but can be completely closed. Its easy to ~~come~~ inside and leave if one is aware of the routes. But the outsidod parameter wall does provide some additional protection.

About the Author



Anavia is the first memory the house chose to keep
She lives among relics, unfinished stories, rooms where silence
remembers more the words.
The world beyond the windows fades into irrelevance.
Inside, every artefact holds a fragment of the origin.
The creator remains unseen.
Only through Anavia does the house begin to speak.