

The Quest

LIFE AND BEYOND

by
Mukesh Kumar Sinha



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

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Mukesh Kumar Sinha 2026

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



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

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@blurosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-81-6744-809-5

Typesetting: Manisha Rawat

First Edition: October 2026

PREFACE

Throughout my life, I have met many great personalities. Even though I predicted aspects of their lives, I was always the one learning so many things from them. What I learnt from these encounters, what I received from them, and what people understood from my predictions is what I want to bring forward for my readers. This book is, in many ways, my journey of learning through every person I have met along the way.

Through this book, I want to turn my experiences into learnings and conclusions. This journey was not simply about meeting different people and telling them what would happen in their lives, as any astrologer, mystic, or saint might do. Their books also speak about similar experiences. In a country like India, spiritual talks are not only common but also numerous.

But what I want to convey is my own learning and experience, from the depths of my heart, and my understanding of life shaped by the people I have met along the way as a unique individual on his unique journey.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mukesh Kumar Sinha is an ordinary man, born with an extraordinary sixth sense. He is a writer and a journalist who has travelled a lot and met many different people across the globe. He has penned his journey of life, spirituality, meetings with the true saints, and his research on the *Cosmos*, *Karma*, and *Human Aura*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book is dedicated to '*Lord Shiva*' and '*Guru Shirdi Sai Nath*'.

Blessings from my parents **Shanti Devi** and **Atal Bihari Prasad**, and special thanks to my beloved wife **Vasundhara** and my son **Vidush Sainath**.

I also want to thank my editor **Vitasha**, from Rolling Authors, for helping me finalise this manuscript.

CONTENTS

Chapter 1	
Shiva's Blessings.....	1
Chapter 2	
Secrets of the Universe	14
Chapter 3	
Casino And Fish.....	25
Chapter 4	
Journalism.....	33
Chapter 5	
Power And Astrology.....	47
Chapter 6	
Human Consciousness	57
Chapter 7	
Transfer Of Energy.....	70
Chapter 8	
Energy And Cosmos	81
Chapter 9	
Saints And Businessmen.....	92

CHAPTER 1

SHIVA'S BLESSINGS

My tongue was folded behind the upper teeth as I wrapped the brown paper cover over the new textbooks. The ground in front of me was messed up with pieces of paper, glue, and a pair of scissors. My elder brother Rakesh, whom I called *Bhaiya*, was ironing our school dresses for the next day when he growled in anger, making me look up at him. He touched the cloth full of creases and then tapped his finger lightly on the iron, his brows furrowed with annoyance. Before I could ask about the matter, Rakesh *bhaiya* sighed loudly, "Huh! Not again! Mom got it repaired a few months ago!" he was exasperated as he got up, started wearing a t-shirt, and said, "I am going to the shop to get it fixed. You cover the books properly." He put the iron in the plastic bag and pointed a finger at my book, ordering me firmly, "Do it neatly, I don't like creases, you know..." he turned to the almirah and cashed some Gandhi notes in his pocket.

I looked at him solemnly and said, "Take more money. What you have right now is not enough, and you will have to walk home to collect more money."

He looked at me with a cringe on his lips, raised a brow, and said, "Are you done?"

But I was firm. I could feel it in my bones. Like I was able to see his aura. Just like our teacher taught us in Physics classes, about the physical phenomenon of refraction of light. Something similar was happening with me at that moment as I could easily perceive what was about to happen, and I repeated, "Trust me. You will need 7 rupees more. Take some extra."

Rakesh ignored my suggestion and walked abruptly out of the room, muttering that I was again trying to trouble him with some made-up stories.

“Take more money, the shop is far away and you will...” But he didn’t listen to me, even though I insisted. In his typical older sibling fashion, he did not believe me and said, “I have gone to the shop before. He has given me a quote.”

Finally, I had to stop insisting and shrugged at him. He rolled his eyes, walking away, and banged the door shut behind him.

How could I explain to him that I was able to look at him and just *feel* his aura? Even if I couldn’t see him physically now that he had walked out of the room, I could see the colour reflecting around him and was able to know something special about him.

Within half an hour, Rakesh came back home, exasperated as if he had taken a run from the shop. He was wheezing, his forehead sweating, and holding his knees as he got his breath back. Collecting himself, he asked me, “How? How did you know?”

I shrugged nonchalantly and said, “I don’t know.”

“When I went to the shop, the man quoted the amount you had said. It blew my mind!” My brother could not fathom how I could have known it. He could not get the iron fixed that day. He did not care if the shirt had a few creases left on it. All he wanted to know was how I knew things and kept asking me endlessly how I could have known about the amount.

“Did you go to the shop previously?” he asked, and I dismissed it.

“Did someone tell you a different quote?” he asked again after some time, and I merely shrugged.

I knew it in my soul. I just could not explain to him how.

As a child, I knew I was different. I couldn’t place my fingers on it. I did not have the words to describe it. The feelings I would get refused to go away. I wondered if anyone else had the same kind

of feelings? Did they, too, think the world was too much and not everyone in this world was good and kind? I never thought I would be dubbed as *Baba*, and so many people would come from far and wide to ask me what I *felt* about things.

I was in eighth standard, and I had grown chubby. I had started taking my cycle to go to school, but because I had recently learnt how to ride my cycle, it used to be a bit difficult due to my weight. To get a bit in shape and become fit, I started with sports.

Under the scorching sun, I was focused on the football kept in front of me, and sweat beads were dripping off my forehead and tickling my neck, but my focus did not waver. I was in 8th grade, and I loved playing this sport. I was selected for the inter-school football sports competition of Ranchi and was practicing day and night for the trophy.

That afternoon, after I scored a few goals, one of our team members had to leave home for some work. Suddenly, out of the blue, I blurted, “Hey, but you would not be able to come back and play with us in the evening.”

The boy looked at me with utter shock and asked, “What are you saying? Don’t you want us to win?”

I explained it, “I didn’t say you shouldn’t come. I meant that you wouldn’t be able to come back...”

“And why is that?” he raised a brow.

I could feel all the eyes of my team members on me as I swallowed the awkwardness and said, “Actually, someone in your family is going to get hurt. So...”

“How dare you!” he blasted at me and marched in my direction on the court. “Who told you all this, and how can you talk like this about my family?” he demanded, but I was shut.

I didn't have an answer yet again. Just a strong feeling that made me say something that, maybe, I shouldn't have said.

The boy went home angrily, stomping his feet on the ground, the dry soil flying in the air as he kicked his legs. I awkwardly stood there for my other team members to react, but they just turned around and walked away for a break.

I was indeed the weird one who talked about some unbelievable future scenarios. The sun was setting behind, and so was my heart, which was drowning deep into my gut. After waiting for an hour, the team had just started practicing again when the peon came running towards our ground. He kept wheezing and tried to collect his breath when the PT teacher asked him what was the matter.

"Sir, we received a call on the school landline..." he informed that someone in that boy's house had gotten hurt, and he could not come to the football practice in the evening.

At once, the PT teacher and all the team members shot a look at me in awe and wonder. I couldn't help but smile slightly, for I was right and not really the weird one anymore.

The boys came running towards me, this time not to hit me but to ask me seriously, "*Bhai*, we are shocked to the core! How did you make this prediction?"

And like always, I didn't have an answer. I just stood there, seeing their faces staring back at me, and shrugged.

The next day, when that boy came back, he marched straight up to me, held my shoulders tight, and asked, "How did you know?" He stared at my face, impatient for an answer, and asked, "How did you know this?"

I blinked and remained mum. I had no answer.

As a child and well into my teens, I really had no idea *why* I was like this. Nevertheless, as I grew up and started figuring out more things, I realised the why.

That night, as I narrated the whole story to my parents, telling them more about how my childhood was full of such small incidents that I hadn't yet shared with them, I also shared my fears and doubts with them.

"Papa, initially, I would wonder why I just happen to know things. Even the others around me would question it." I sighed as they heard me keenly. "But then slowly, I could see the change," I expressed to them about how the transition happened and what the effects were. "When people observed every time that I was not making things up for attention, they started believing me, and it was such a natural progression thereon."

"And you don't even have any inclination towards spiritualism," Rakesh bhaiya said.

"But I understand what is going on." My sister Saroj Didi, the eldest of all, chimed in as she walked into the room with a bowl of rice and kept it between us. All of us waited for her to explain further, looking at her with curiosity as she added, "You are just following your parents' footsteps."

I raised a brow, looking at both my parents, and asked, "Like, what?"

Saroj didi continued, "Mummy and papa are both devotees of Lord Shiva, and because they go to the Shiva Temple nearby, you have always tagged along with them."

She had a point. My parents would bathe in the morning and then go to the Shiva Temple, taking me with them. And only after their puja would they have breakfast by first having the temple's *prasad*. It was like clockwork for them, and I had followed suit since I was a child.

On Mondays, I remember, there would be a *bhajan*. So, I would go there and sit in the middle. Sometimes, near the microphone. When the *bhajan* would stop for a while, I would sing it myself.

“But mummy and papa only have this one spiritual thing ingrained in their routine.” Rakesh Bhaiya said, serving himself a plate of rice and dal, “So, it is not like Mukesh has a lot of insight or guidance as to what is going on with him, does he?” He asked and looked at me.

I shook my head in annoyance, “I really want to know what is happening and how? People have started to come to me for advice and insights because they believe that I *know* things. And no one questions *how* I know those things.” I shrugged.

Papa sat down beside me and slowly wrapped his arms around his chest. Clearing his throat, he said, “One more incident happened when you were just born.”

I shot him a glance full of impatience, turning my knees and body towards him and looking at him with curiosity, urging him to continue.

“In those days, a lot of sadhu babas used to come to our town to visit. They would call out standing outside the houses and say, ‘*alakhniranjan!*’ and your mother would run out to give them some rice and grains.”

I nodded quickly, thinking that those sadhus must have blessed him with some magical powers, and compelled Papa to narrate further, “So after you were born, your mother prepared a bag full of fruits and vegetables to give them. She walked out of the house and told them that she had given birth to yet another baby boy. She requested that they accept the offerings. But they refused.”

My eyes turned wide. “Why?”

Papa smiled, “They said that they wanted it from your hands.” He shrugged softly, “We just thought that it was their way of blessing the newborn, but then they said, ‘Our Guruji was born on Monday in this house. We will take the offering from his hands only.’” Papa smiled at me as Mummy came and sat in front of us, “And it was only you who was born on Monday.”

“Then what happened?” I asked curiously.

“Then your mother would give them the grains, and they would leave.” Papa narrated, “They won’t even go to other houses. They were content in getting the food from our house, from your tiny hands.”

I was in deep thought as papa kept talking about how this happened a few times after I was born. How those small groups of sadhus used to come and take the grains from my hands only.

I looked at both of them in utter shock and asked, “Means I was their Guru in the previous life?”

“Tch tch...” mom clicked her tongue and interrupted, “I told you not to talk about these...”

“About what? I want to know, mom!” I piped loudly, “Please don’t hide.”

“It is not about hiding, beta,” mom explained to me calmly, “It is about you thinking that you were some great sadhu in the previous life. This can lead to ego or attitude problems with someone so young, such as you. I don’t want that...you are quite innocent to understand the depth of such...”

“No, he won’t,” papa chimed in. “My son has seen a lot of people, of different kinds, at such a small age. He is quite wise compared to his schoolmates of his age. He can handle such information without letting it affect his mindset.” Papa looked at me and wrapped his arm around my shoulder. “See, we don’t really know if the rebirth of the same soul exists or not. All we know is that we should do good Karma, and good karma will follow us. So,” he pointed a finger at me and said firmly, “So, even if you were their guru in the previous life, it could have given you this magical power, but that shouldn’t change who you are. The nice, innocent Mukesh we all know.”

Papa beamed at me, and I grinned like a Cheshire cat, “Yes, I will never let it throw me off guard or make me feel like I am the king of the world.”

Papa patted my back and caressed my arm. I saw my hand, and for the nth time, I noticed the burn marks on it like I was seeing the marks for the first time. The skin was new and yet different from the one I originally had all over my body, as if a small part of me had different skin.

Slowly, I raised my arm in front of papa and asked, “How did I get this burn mark?”

“I have told you already, haven’t I?” mom raised a brow and tilted her head.

“I don’t remember clearly,” I shrugged.

“You were quite small,” Papa started, cupping his palms one over the other to show how small I was, “Your mother carried you everywhere. Even to the kitchen.”

“Not everyday, though,” mom interrupted him, looked at me, and said, “We worked on alternative days. You and your aunt. And on the days that I had to cook, I would make a small roti for you so that you would play with it until I was busy.”

I blushed, “Was I troublesome?”

“Very!” Rakesh Bhaiya exclaimed.

“You were the naughtiest!” Mom pointed a finger at him, her eyes narrowed and her nose exhaling sharply, “I have had 4 kids, and my first one troubled me so much that I found the rest of them the easiest!”

There was a peal of laughter in the room. *Bhaiya* turned red out of embarrassment.

I asked excitedly, “Then what happened? How did I get my hand burnt?”

“So, while I was making chapatis that day, for a minute I must not have seen you around, thinking that you were busy having your roti, but as you were growing up, you started eating a lot and that too quickly.” She gave a side eye to my brother before adding, “Some children trouble you to have their own food,” making us all giggle, and then looked back at me, “But you had your own food all by yourself.” She breathed a sigh of relief, “Hence, you were quite the easy baby, but...”

“But?” My eyes turned wide as I held my breath.

“But then you were too curious as a child. You saw the bright red fire flaming on the stove.” She exclaimed, “And with your little tippy toes you crawled right towards it where I had kept a pot of curry to simmer.”

My eyes turned wide, and my sister gasped, her fingers covering her lips, “Into it?”

Mom continued, “His right hand was right inside the fire.” She moved her hands like a plane landing.

“I survived the fire?”

“You even survived water...” Papa added and wrapped his arm around my shoulder. “Remember when you were in 3rd grade, and there was a flood in the village?”

I nodded enthusiastically, “Yes, yes, I was drowning in the lake when my brother and a Herdsman pulled me out of the water.”

“He said that you were taken in by the whirlpool at least thrice.” Papa said seriously, “And anyone who is pulled down thrice doesn’t come back.”

There was a pin-drop silence for a moment as I remembered the day. My socks and shoes were all wet, and my bag was also heavy from holding the floodwater on the way back home. People were grinding away, throwing the water out of their houses, covering their windows with plastic sheets, and safeguarding their cattle.

The roads were flooding with water as if it were a river, and dogs were swimming up to the banks, back to safety. I saw a puppy on the edge of a bush when I swam towards it to protect it. But right after I kept the puppy with its mother, my feet slipped away, and I fell into the lake. I fluttered my feet and kicked the water continuously, but to no avail. Everytime I would come up on the surface, I would be pulled back into the water by a force until a hand pulled me up.

“Fire and water, you have fought both!” Saroj didi said with a smile.

“And air...” Mom pursed her lips.

“Oh!” Rakesh bhaiya said loudly, “I remember that incident so well!” he giggled under his breath, “Mom scolded you like anything!”

I raised my forehead, “I fought with air? When? And...how?”

“Don’t you remember?” Mom’s brows furrowed. “You wanted to install your handmade speakers on the terrace for the festival, and you climbed up yourself!”

“You fell right on your chin.” Papa patted my cheeks, “falling from the third floor.”

“Oh, so that’s how you fought against the wind!” Rakesh punched in the air, making sounds like *phis phis*, “While falling from the third floor.”

Mom slapped his head and scolded, “Always joking about everything! You find it funny, huh? Your brother fell from the terrace! Anything could have happened to him, and you find it funny?”

Rakesh bhaiya winced at once but swallowed a chortle stuck in his throat.

Saroj didi pulled his ear and said, “He is still chuckling internally.”

As my family reminisced about my childhood magical days, I also remembered a sadhu baba who had come to our little town once when I was 9 years of age. He saw me playing football with my friends and said, "Here, take this Rudraksh." He placed a mid-sized bead on my little palm and said, "You have turned victorious against all the 3 elements of the earth, and now you shall live a long life."

I don't remember where I kept that rudraksh bead. I must have lost it while playing with my friends or kept it somewhere I don't remember. But the words of Sadhu Baba were engraved in my mind. "You may face quite a few hurdles, but you will pass them all and lead a victorious life."

When I was in 8th grade, I made a plan with 3 of my friends to go to Parshwanath temple, in Giridih district, nearly 200 km from Ranchi. It's a pilgrimage site of the Jain community, a branch of Sanatan Dharma. We boarded a local train and reached the destination. The place was hilly, full of flora and fauna, just like most of the places in Jharkhand. At that time, the temple wasn't developed, there were no roofs on the way, and the steps were made of stones.

We were young and mischievous. I used to play football and was more active than them. I climbed the stairs faster and quicker, leaving them behind. I reached the top, and it felt like I was in the clouds. My shirt was wet, and the sight was full of smoke. As I moved further ahead, I saw a saint meditating on the stone. He was in white clothes, with a white beard; the sun was on top, brightening up his face, and I walked up to him, observing keenly. I turned around to look back, but my friends hadn't come yet, nor were they visible. So I stood there silently. That's when the saint looked at me and asked where I was from. I said, "Ranchi"

"Are you alone?"

"No, 3 friends are here, just arriving."

He closed his fist tightly and opened it, and there was a ring in it. He gave it to me, saying, "Child, your destiny is to help people. Therefore, you are standing here in front of me, all alone. Keep this ring, and if anyone feels sick, touch this ring to the water and make that person drink it, and they'll feel better."

I picked up the ring. It looked like copper, and I wore it. I waited for my friends, excited to show them the ring and introduce them to the baba. But they didn't arrive for a long time. So I went down to find them. A few steps down, I couldn't see them, and I sat down, waiting for them. They came in the next ten minutes, and I said hurriedly, "Come, come with me! There's a saint sitting on the stones up there, and he gave me this ring."

All of us ran up to the spot, but no one was there. I was confused because there was only one route to go downstairs. And I was sitting on that route. So, if I didn't see him walking away, where did he go? It wasn't even so crowded that I couldn't have seen him. In fact, the area was nearly deserted. When we reached the temple and then roamed around, I kept searching for him but couldn't find him.

When I reached Ranchi a few days later, someone in my neighborhood was sick with a high fever. I remembered the saint's advice and followed it. After drinking the water, the sick man recovered in an hour. I was quite surprised. Then I thought that maybe he had some medicine before that had its effect now. I asked him if he had taken some medicine, and he said, "No, the doctor is going to visit in the evening."

The next day, I checked on him again. He was quite well and did not get a fever again. This happened many times over the next few months. Whenever someone was sick, I'd make them drink a glass of water by touching the ring into it, and the person would get well sometime later. This went on for a decade, 12 years to be exact. Then one day, the ring suddenly became hot. As if it had been kept in the fire for a long time, my finger was burning, and I couldn't

understand what was happening. By the time I removed the ring, it had cracked into two pieces. I was scared and sad, not able to comprehend why it suddenly broke into pieces. I questioned myself whether I made a mistake or committed a sin. But there was no answer. At night, I dreamt of the same saint. He wasn't saying anything but just standing at the banks of a river and signaling me to discard the ring into the river. I only had a small glimpse of this, and the next day I followed the instructions. This was my experience through Lord Parshwanath. It's a pure region full of saints, and I must have had some connections with the saint in my previous life, and a strong energy due to which he chose me to use the ring to the advantage of the people. Destiny is beautiful.

CHAPTER 2

SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE

I passed my matriculation examinations and moved to Ranchi for college. My parents were in Bokaro Steel City. I pursued Commerce, and I was absolutely lonely in Ranchi.

Once morning classes finished at 11:30 am, I would just hang out with my college classmates. I used to play chess with them. Around that time, something new had come up: Rajneesh's books and his magazine. I would read those, and it felt like a different world.

There was also a market nearby called Upper Bazaar. I loved getting samosas and chaat there, eating while chatting with the others. I spent hours sitting with them, talking, laughing, and playing games. Sometimes it was chess, other times carrom.

Once while chatting, I dipped the samosa in the chutney and started with one of my friends, "Sumit, you live in Darbhanga, don't you?"

Sumit's eyes turned wide, and he asked, "How do you know?"

I smiled, taking a bite of the crunchy side of my samosa, and said, "I see, you live in a big bungalow with a huge joint family of 16 people."

Sumit's brows narrowed, "But how do you..."

"And you have lots and lots of flowers growing in your garden, right? Stretched on large acres of land." I said and started telling him more about his family as if someone was narrating to me his life background in my ears, and there, I was spitting out facts while munching on more samosas. I told him about his family members, what they do, and what they are facing. I told him about the

different types of flowers, their shapes, and sizes that he has grown around his bungalow.

“But I have never told you anything about my family,” he nearly came to hold my collar, “Tell me, how do you know?”

I shook my head with a smile and pushed my plate aside, “No one told me. I sometimes just see things, feel them and start uttering them. I know it may sound weird, but it happens to me.” I took a pause to let him digest my facts and asked, “So tell me, wasn’t I correct?”

He nodded slowly, “Every bit of it.”

All the other friends shifted their chairs towards me and started asking me about their families. Most of them were Marwaris and into businesses. They wanted to know if their future venture was profitable or not. If they were going to get into any legal trouble, or their chances of loss. I guessed most of their past incidents correctly, and then after a few weeks, my other predictions started happening correctly.

I talked to people freely, and soon the Marwari families began saying that Babasaheb always shared correct predictions with them. Since I did not have a family in Ranchi, they welcomed me into their homes, and I often had breakfast with them. They never let me feel like I was alone. I enjoyed their company while they asked me more about their family’s predictions.

Meanwhile, I got to know some of the students who came to my brother for tuition. I began visiting their homes and sharing a few things with them. They believed me, and soon they started telling others. Word began to spread.

When I was alone, I stayed for long stretches at a hostel for Marwari people. They grew fond of me, and I would often share insights about their families and homes. Many of them would go back to their hometowns to meet their parents and take me along with them.

Among the families I grew close to was Sumit Bagla's family. We were studying commerce, and in a few months of our first year of education, I told Sumit something even I couldn't believe. It was a prediction I made out of the blue, like words coming out of my mouth by themselves, and then, the next moment, I felt bad for saying something like this.

A few weeks later, Sumit, who was weirdly angry with me, not talking much about anything, came to me and talked for the first time in so many days.

He sat down beside me, and my heart skipped a beat, thinking that my prediction had sadly come true.

"Mukesh," he started slowly, "Will you come with me to my house?"

I looked at Sumit with wide eyes, really wanting to ask what the reason was behind this invitation, but I was scared to hear the truth.

Anyways, he told me the true reason, "Your prediction that..." he gulped down and continued, "That my family will see two untimely deaths, has come true."

At once, I closed my eyes tightly, feeling really bad for him. In the course of a year, Sumit's family witnessed two untimely deaths of young people, both around the age of 40.

I couldn't say no to his request, and in a day, I planned to go to his house to be there for his family on the 13th day after the death of their relative. On their request, I lived with them in their huge bungalow for a few days, strolling through the corridors of their mansion and admiring the flowers blooming on huge acres of land. Sumit informed me that the flowers grown are called chrysanthemums, which are planted by one of his relatives, who was the chairman of the horticulture society, who had studied floriculture. Those flowers looked exactly as I had told Sumit, the shape, size, and colour of the petals.

Then we roamed his factories and other offices, wherein I met a few employees and had a chat with them. Today, some of those employees are great industrialists themselves.

I used to have my lunch and dinner with Sumit's father whenever he was free. He would ask me about my family and background, and how I predicted things so naturally. He wanted to know more about their family's future, their business turnover, and how they can expand further. I told him whatever I could, and within a few months, they all came true.

That year, Sumit's uncle took me on my very first flight: from Patna to Mumbai. My uncle wanted me to visit the home of a senior bank officer. After the initial conversation where I had to repeat everything about myself and my past predictions, Sumit's uncle told them about my accurate predictions of their family. The bank officer was really intrigued by my story and wanted to know something about himself as well.

"So, what can you predict about me?" he asked me with a smile.

"What do you want to know?" I asked softly.

"Tell me whatever you can; I would be glad to know." He said.

I sat there silently, meditating and taking in his aura, understanding his energetic field, and said, "A lawsuit is soon going to arrive in your life. Or maybe it has arrived. But I can see that, in 3 months, it will be resolved."

The officer brought out a picture and said, "You are right. A lawsuit is going on right now, and he is the person in charge." I took the picture from his hand and looked at it carefully as he asked, "What kind of a person is he? Can you tell me?"

I looked at the photo keenly and asked, "Who is this person?"

"Ram Niwas Mirdha."

I assured him, "Don't worry. You will be out of this mess in 3 to 4 months." I said confidently and seemed satisfied.

At that time, the officer was acquainted with the Harshad Mehta scam when the stock market was making headlines, but he wasn't caught up in it. He asked me a few more things about himself, and they were all true. Word had spread that a Baba had come to meet the officer, and due to that, Harshad Mehta became interested in meeting me.

But when Sumit's uncle found out that Harshad Mehta was interested in meeting me, he refused to let me visit. He warned me, "His name is all over the newspapers. Don't meet him. It can cause trouble for you." Uncle then sent out an excuse to Harshad Mehta, "He's not feeling well."

Still, Harshad Mehta kept trying. For three or four days, while I was in Mumbai, I stayed at a hotel in Kalbadevi called Natraj. I often went to the Thakar Bhojnalaye to have my meals, and I liked the place a lot. Every morning, for several days, Harshad Mehta would come and stand outside, waiting to meet me. But my uncle kept refusing on my behalf, not allowing us to talk by giving different excuses.

Then I was about to go to meet the officer again, and Harshad Mehta found out about that. So, he came and tried to meet me there as well. A few days later, I meditated for a few days and realised that my friend's uncle was right.

I told him, "You were right. I shouldn't meet Harshad Mehta because he is going to face a lot of trouble in life, financially as well as physically. Not right now," and then I murmured, "but maybe...later on... one day..."

When we were back, the family members were sitting together like they always did in the drawing room. Some were reading the newspaper, while the other was cutting vegetables, and a child was playing in the corner with his toys.

After the initial greetings, they asked me about my journey and my visit to Mumbai. The topic then shifted to two deaths in their family as they started asking me the reason behind the problem.

They sounded very concerned as to why there were two sudden deaths of middle-aged people, and they feared that there was going to be more.

Looking at the house, I tried to focus, closed my eyes, and meditated in that moment, trying to understand what was happening and why. That is when I saw flashes of a potli, which is a cloth tied around an object that was kept in the house. The image was flashing through my eyes again and again, and when I opened my eyes, I uttered, " There is a red potli kept in your house, which is the reason behind the unfortunate incidents happening in your family."

The family members started staring at each other, not understanding what I was talking about when I added, "That Cloth bag has bones inside it."

This revelation was shocking to them because the family was vegetarian, and it was impossible for them to have such a thing in the house, let alone pieces of bone. While they were staring at each other with question marks on their faces, I was quite confident in my revelation. That is when the eldest Daughter-In law of the family walked towards me, pulled me by my hand, and took me through the staircase towards her room.

I became uncomfortable over her behaviour and asked her, "What's the matter?"

She revealed to me that she had kept a red cloth bag in her cupboard, but she didn't know that it contained bones inside it.

I said, "But you shouldn't have pulled me here to your room because now everyone is going to doubt you because when the topic came up, you were the first one to react and move from your place."

She said, "I got scared that you would reveal my name, and I didn't want you to say my name. So I brought you here to tell you the truth. But I request you not to tell anyone."

"But your behaviour will make everyone doubt you already." I said, rubbing my forehead, and added, "Okay, now show me the potli."

She climbed onto the bed and opened the uppermost part of the wardrobe to bring out a red potli. I opened it by untying the knot, and there were many small bones inside it.

I asked her where she found it and why she brought it home, to which she replied that she did not know that there were bones inside it. It was given to her by a black magic tantric, whom she was taken to meet by her friend.

I advised her to urgently drop these bones into the river nearby, and I promised her that I would not reveal it to anyone. I instructed her to do it as soon as possible by hiding it from others so that the unfortunate times evaporate away from the family.

But everyone was already apprehensive and full of questions about what was happening and why she took me away from the discussion. Later on, my friend Sumit was also poking me, trying to get the information about what was really happening and what his aunt told me.

"I promise I will not tell anyone. Please tell me why she took you up to her room and what she told you?"

"No, I'm sorry, I cannot tell you. But don't worry, everything will be resolved very soon. So, you don't need to find out anything about anyone anymore. Just take a deep breath and trust me."

But he wasn't ready to listen to me, and he kept poking me for the next few days. I had to give up and make him promise me that he would not really tell anyone, and finally, I told him the truth about his aunt's red potli.

The next day, he told everything to his mother, and the women of the house, who already had a cold war among themselves, got another reason to pinpoint each other and accuse them of the unfortunate events happening in the house. When I found out about how there was more chaos happening in the family, something that was always there internally but not visible outside, was now clearly a social drama for the outsiders as well, because they were no longer hiding their bitterness amongst each other.

The other daughter-in-law started accusing her son of not being well, and it could be because of the eldest daughter-in-law, who had the red bag of bones with her.

Because of this incident, I got scared to talk to anyone about my predictions anymore because I did not want families to be fighting or even breaking up. I was already shaken by my death prediction, which came out to be true, and on top of that, now there were a lot of internal fights and arguments in a family that used to be together like the "Hum Saath Saath Hain" film. All this was taking a huge toll on me because I was feeling guilty for what was ensuing in the family, and I regretted making any predictions for a long time. Even if someone approached me or tried to make a conversation, I understood where it was heading, towards them, asking me about their future. But I did not want to talk about my powers or reveal anything to anyone. So, I would get up with any stupid excuse and go away into a cafe, restaurant, or a garden, wherever I could hide from them and not talk to them about the topic.

From then on, I made it a rule to talk about anyone's personal issues only with them. Neither in front of others nor reveal it to anyone, no matter what the situation or condition they face. I will never reveal it to anyone, nor will I talk about someone's personal problems in front of others, because it is very private. People believe in my powers and have faith in me. Therefore, they share their private information with me, which requires a lot of trust, and I need to make sure that I do not break that trust even a bit,

at any cost. So, I made it a point in the future to talk to people about their lives and give them predictions only in a private space where no one can hear us. So this incident was a huge learning experience for me and not only changed me as a person but also as someone with special abilities to predict people's lives. People really have a lot of trust in me when they share their personal stories, and I do not want to break it at any cost because when someone shares a few details, I'm able to tell the rest of the story. This creates trust and makes them believe in my power, and they automatically open up and reveal everything about their personal life to me. For me, this has become quite common, where people come and share their stories and experiences with me. But I make sure not to carry it with me anywhere else, neither in my mind nor in my heart. I try to help them as much as possible and advise them, but then I also make sure to either forget it or remove it from my mind. That's why I never talk about it with anyone.

In my life, I also kept meeting various scientists. One of them was a geologist in the oil exploration line. He was the senior manager of Reliance Oil Exploration. One of the heads in the team, Dr. Rabi Bastia, was a connection of my friend who used to work in the line of equipment maintenance and establishment-related work. I had predicted many things for that friend of mine who believed in intuition, and hence he really believed in me and my instincts. He was even working on understanding how human instincts work, along with his Reliance Oil exploration work. He was also a consultant for various multinational companies. He was also in good relations with the Reliance people. When I met him, I went to Shirdi by road with him, and during the journey while talking about the work, I understood that he was a highly educated person, yet he believed in the magic of the universe, such as things coming to mind suddenly, out of the blue, which feels as sure as the gut telling you about it, and then it really happens in life. Both of us also believe that becoming a scientist or having any kind of intelligence is also the powerful work of the universe that decides

who is going to get what kind of smartness, talent, and skills. So, while having such a conversation, we concluded that a person cannot just become or decide to become a scientist. It's written and made to happen for different people. What happens is that an event takes place in someone's life, and a new thought, a new perspective, takes birth in their thoughts. Even this is the work of nature. So if you think of becoming a scientist, you can obtain the knowledge of all the previous scientists who have worked in that field. But for something new, a new angle, a discovery to be made, this is the gift of nature. This cannot be just achieved by studying and working hard in that field. This talent doesn't come from mugging up words but from self-organising the knowledge and internal consciousness. It's a gift of nature.

Another person who was a scientist in DRDO, while he was studying with my brother and giving exams, was always a topper. Yet, while he was studying IAS, I had predicted that he wouldn't be able to become one, but he would be a scientist or become a police officer, and it really happened. Finally, he joined the defence and became a scientist there, where he discovered many new things and invented things helpful for the defence. Later on, he got Parkinson's disease and retired. But he always asked me various things to predict and worked accordingly. He always said that this power is given by nature; it's not easy for someone to learn through education. By studying, one can only learn what's already there or what's already happened in nature, but then that person cannot invent or predict something new. Extremely new knowledge that he conceives by himself, no one easily believes in that, and questions whether it can really happen. But when a scientist or spiritual person shows their gift of nature, that's showing the power of nature.

In such a manner, I have frequently met many scientists and researchers who have made me predict their lives, families, etc., and most of it was true. Finally, what I concluded was that a scientist is not one who becomes but is born. Born by nature at the

right time for society. One cannot predict what someone will have a skill for and what they may invent or discover because it's given by nature at the right time after their birth, on the basis of their experiences and learning thereof. It's the path of nature that humans are still searching for and understanding. When a human finds something new, a new angle in a particular field of study, then the scientist portrays it in the form of an invention in front of the world, and every time a new angle, a new research is born in the skillful minds of the universe.

CHAPTER 3

CASINO AND FISH

During my college days, I was ready for my first friend's trip, all alone, without my family joining me. Mummy and papa hugged me and gave me all kinds of advice.

"Don't forget what I had said..." Mummy told me as she cupped her palms against my cheeks, and I gave a quick nod. "Do not show your powers to anyone because strangers can take advantage of you."

"Haan maa, I'll take care."

Papa patted my shoulder, "Arre, my son is a big boy now, don't worry. It will all be good."

I waved them goodbye as I walked out of the house to see the world for myself.

We landed in Kathmandu and checked into the hotel. The early morning breeze of the city was as refreshing as that of heaven. The sky was clear, and the view from our room's balcony was no less than a movie scene. We could see the snow-clad Himalayas and the vast green landscape from the balcony, sending a chilled wind into our room.

We had to close the doors and light the fireplace, wear all our winter clothes, gloves, and mufflers before we headed out for lunch.

All of my friends were Marwari, pure vegetarians, while I was from Jharkhand, who loved non-veg. But I wasn't allowed to have my favorite food on the trip because they didn't want meat on the table they were having food on. We visited vegetarian restaurants every time we walked into one for our meal. I was craving fish for lunch

and eggs for breakfast, but I had to have vegetable curry and paneer sabzi. Anyways, I decided to adjust and had what they ordered.

After lunch, my friends decided to go to a nearby casino, and I immediately declined.

“Oh, come on, Mukesh, it will be fun!” Harish said, picking up his bag and paying the cashier after lunch.

“No, it is wrong to gamble,” I said adamantly.

“We are here on a trip for an experience. Just tag along with us for an experience.” Sanjeev, another friend of mine, explained.

Kamal wrapped his arm around my shoulder and said, “Experiencing and seeing the crime world doesn’t make you a criminal, my friend.”

I felt he was right. I could just go and experience it. I didn’t need to play the game, though.

“Fine!” I said, and off we went, climbing down the mountain ranges as the city was quite hilly.

The night was shiny, and the disco lights in the casino were quite luxurious. People from rich backgrounds were playing at the bars, testing their destiny with cigars and cigarettes between their teeth. The manager was making sure that the cash flow was strong and the staff was giving drinks to those winning.

My friends chose roulette and started playing. Just as the first ball was thrown, I could see only one number on which the ball would stop. It was rotating continuously, like teasing the players, and the ball jumped from one number to another, but all I could see was that one particular number on which the ball would stop.

Just as the roulette slowed down and the ball was about to land somewhere, I knew where it would finally stop. And it did. The ball paused right on the number 17, the number that was flashing in my mind continuously as the roulette wheel was spinning.

Harish banged his fist on the table, for he had lost 500 Nepali Rupees, which was nearly equal to 5000 Nepali Rupees in those days.

“Come on, guys, let us go. We do not want to lose our vacation savings here,” Kamal said, and I nodded in agreement.

“No, no, I want to try again!” Sanjeev brought out another note of 500 bucks and gave it to the croupier man hosting the game. I sighed because I knew he would not go until he won at least once.

So, just when he was about to utter a number to gamble on, I placed my palm on his shoulder and leaned towards him. My face turned closer to his ear, and I whispered, “Say the number 11 this time.”

Sanjeev looked at me with wide eyes, and I gave a reassuring smile. He knew everything about me and excitedly announced his bet, “Number 11”

The croupier spun the roulette wheel, and the ball went in the other direction, hopping and spinning our destiny while Sanjeev, Harish, and Kamal stood there frozen, as if moving even an inch would change their destiny.

The ball slowed down and steadily landed on the number that made them all cheer loudly, “Yaaass!!!”

Sanjeev jumped up high and hugged me while Harish hugged Kamal, collecting their win from the staff.

“Again again...” Sanjeev said and brought out a 1000 rupee note this time, placing his ear near my mouth and asking, “Tell me, which number I should bet on?”

I shrugged initially, refusing to play this game, but he insisted, “Oh come on, just a few times, then we’ll stop, I promise!” he held my neck from behind in a friendly manner and patted it, “Come on, come on, tell me.”

I focused on the roulette and felt another number strongly in my gut. I turned to Sanjeev and whispered, “8”

“We bet on 8!” he announced excitedly while the others gave their bets, clearly sweating, on seeing our confidence.

We won again. And again. And on yet another number from 04 to 40, we were betting one after the other until we had enough to spend extra days in Kathmandu.

People from other play areas and roulette had started to join us to see what the excitement was about, while Sanjeev asked me for the 9th time, “Tell me another number.”

I snapped this time and said, “No, no way, and I am out because this is enough!”

I stood firm on my ground and slowly walked out of the casino, while the others followed me.

Sanjeev walked out of the strong lights and came out under the stars with a pithu bag full of notes and coins. He was strutting with his head up high, while his walk had a slight hop.

That night, the three of them sat on the bed and counted the amount they had won, distributing it amongst the 4 of us equally.

Whatever movement is happening in the universe is happening according to a certain principle of **cause and effect**. Whether it is the movement of the sun or the moon, the movement of the planets, the movement of the wind, or the movement of any other natural element, there is a rhythm in all of them. There is a certain cause and effect in them, so on that basis, you can tell about the event that will happen in the future very easily at any time. Apart from other natural forces, the movement of man is also fixed.

It is believed that the concept of “Om” (or “Aum”) as the sound of the universe is a spiritual and philosophical belief. However, it is not a scientifically proven fact. In Hinduism and other traditions, Om is the sound from which everything in the Universe is said to

have originated – it symbolises creation and eternal vibration. Energies can neither be created nor destroyed; they can change their forms, but the net energies remain eternal. Whatever we say and think leaves an impression on the energies of the universe and therefore remains eternally.

So, basically, scientists have said, from the research that has come so far, that nothing in the universe ultimately ends.

It changes into another form. This means that what we say also remains in the universe. This is what scientists say.

It remains in the universe and travels beyond our thoughts. We don't know where it travels, or how far it travels. We don't know exactly how much of the universe there is.

To date, human beings have no access to it. This is a very serious matter. And the important thing is that if it remains, then ultimately, what happens is that somewhere, some brain can catch it.

If suddenly your mind comes without thought, then it starts catching the surrounding vibrations. What I experience is that I am able to perceive these surrounding energies only when my mind becomes without thought as well.

Since most people keep ruminating about something or the other, they are unable to perceive the surrounding energies. It is something that only a calm mind can do. Again, a calm mind is a mind without thought.

Even while doing *puja*, they keep thinking about it all day. So, if the mind becomes without thought, then it will start catching external things. This is what I believe.

Because we are following what science is saying. Science, where it has reached now, is saying that those things do not end. Everything remains in the universe.

This means that the mind can catch it, even if it understands the rule of telepathy. A man of science comes to explore what is already present in the Universe. It isn't something he invented by himself. Somewhere, he is present in the universe.

That scientist cannot become a scientist by working hard on his own. Suddenly, he thinks of something new. He has not done any research.

He does not have a thought process. He does not have a preoccupied mind. Suddenly, he thinks of something new.

That is, the subject of the universe — his mind becomes without thought for a moment, and it receives it.

Where the thought and the argument end, philosophy starts.

Whatever you may name it.

We are also elements.

The next day, all three of my friends were continuously poking me to play again, using all the ways in which they could persuade me to go with them. But I kept on rejecting the idea of visiting the casino to gamble with my powers and use them in the wrong way.

Finally, they gave up, and our trip to Nepal came to an end. We were back in Bihar, now Jharkhand, and on the way, while we were travelling in the car, I had a strong craving for fish.

"It's been 4 days since I had any of my favorite food. I want to have a fish." I said while we were travelling on a highway.

"As we already said," Harish announced, "You can have whatever you want, but not fish or chicken."

"See, it won't be good if you make me angry or trouble me."

"Yeah, yeah, what will you do?" Sanjeev joked, "Predict a road accident?"

There was a peal of laughter in the car where all of them had their mouths wide open except me. My gut was boiling with anger, and

I also craved fish. We still had a long way to go, and we were about to stop for dinner as and when we reached a village full of hotels and dhabas. But I knew that they would not allow me to have any meat.

While I was burning with anger, the car suddenly slowed down and gave a jerk before it stopped completely.

I smirked.

Just as Harish got out of the car to check what had happened, the driver said that an unknown issue had occurred in the car suddenly. He checked the motor and other technicalities, but couldn't understand what the issue was.

"This is weird. It happened suddenly," he said, "And I don't understand what the issue is exactly."

I kept smirking and said, "You see, if you keep troubling me, you will keep facing issues. Let me be happy, and so will you."

The three of them sighed and looked at each other. It seemed like they were about to agree to it, but then Kamal disagreed and said, "No, we are not sitting at a non-vegetarian restaurant with you."

They all agreed with each other and then walked towards a hut nearby. I tagged along with them to see what's happening now, and I saw them asking for a rope to pull the car.

In the next ten minutes, my three friends and the driver were pulling the car by a rope, while I sat on the wheel, keeping the car steady.

From the dark highways, we reached a calling booth where they called up Sanjeev's father, who was a big industrialist in those days. He asked for another car to be sent to us while we awaited this one to be repaired at the garage.

In between all this chaos, I saw a fish stall nearby where the lady was frying fish and applying masalas to it. I quietly walked up to

her stall and ordered myself a plate, satisfying my hunger as well as my cravings.

Ten minutes later, I told them that now everything would be fine. Our car will start running, or our new car will arrive.

The three of them did not believe me and scoffed at my confidence this time. A couple of minutes later, Sanjeev received a phone call from his driver, who said that he would arrive in 5 minutes, while our own driver said that our car had started.

The three of them looked at me at once, but Sanjeev said, “We will go in our car. I am sure it won’t get spoiled no matter who gets angry.”

CHAPTER 4

JOURNALISM

After the 10th grade, I travelled to Goa with two of my friends. That evening, as the waves were crashing over my feet, I was in my zone, taking in the chilled Goa air, when I turned around to find my friends. They were relaxing on the sand, but this time I couldn't find them. I couldn't call them, nor was I able to see them after sunset. So I walked back to find the two and started walking towards the resort. Halfway through my walk, I spotted them in the other corner of the beach, standing with a long girl in white clothes. Before I could say something, I saw the girl walking away, and these boys were following them, murmuring to each other. I briskly walked up to them and said, "Guys, don't start now. Please don't trouble her."

But they showed me a finger on their lips and continued walking behind her. I kept staring at the girl who was walking towards the sea, and I couldn't see her face, but her long hair from behind. We kept on walking when one of my friends showed me the camera, signalling that they had taken pictures with it. I kept staring at the girl and stopped in my spot. One of them turned back to look at me and raised a brow. I was feeling jittery, and I resumed walking, focusing harder on the girl, staring deeper and sharper. I knew something was wrong, but I hadn't deduced what it was yet. Then I finally saw her feet, and I couldn't find her legs. I thought that maybe her long dress was hiding it, but as I kept observing her walk, I realised that there were no legs. I took a longer stride to go nearer to her and stared at her dress, her legs, which were indeed not there.

At once, I took an about-turn.

"Better you run away with me!"

They raised their brows.

"There's something really wrong. And I don't want to die so young!"

They had stopped in their tracks because they knew about my intuitions when the girl turned around slightly to look at us and then continued walking towards the sea.

The boys considered my advice and followed me to the resort.

"The photos must be distorted," I said, signaling at the camera.

"So clear?" One of them said, "She looks like a real human!"

"Brother, she doesn't look like a ghos..." He turned around to look at her and paused, "Where is she?"

I turned back, and she wasn't there.

In 1989, I visited Varanasi with my childhood friend Harish. On the bus, we saw a white couple, and Harish said, "Okay, tell me, you can identify people by their face, right? Then tell me what this guy does?" He giggled, "Anyways, white people look all similar. So, can you...?"

I stared at the man, and for once, the couple looked at me, thinking why I was staring at them. Then I looked away, and after some time, I focused on his face and told my friend, "He works in the police. Maybe in intellectual agency or something...." I murmured and kept staring with fear if he was a spy of India, but realised something else, "Oh, right now he has taken a break for his wife. She's not well, and they are touring various countries. Hence, on vacation here to make her feel better and to spend time with her. He has come to India for meditation and spirituality."

I looked at Harish with confidence. Now the next step was to confirm if all this is true or not.

"Who is going to ask?" I looked at him.

"I'll ask."

"You'll get us a thrashing!"

He said, "Don't worry..." I turned to the white guy and greeted him with a smile.

"Hi, Helloo..." He smiled wider, "Are you a policeman?"

The guy looked clearly shocked.

"Yeah, how do you know?"

"Actually, my friend here frequently gets very strong intuitions about people. When he looked at you, he found out about you."

The white guy looked scared, and his wife also got afraid of who we were. He shifted in his seat, and he felt uncomfortable.

Harish told me in front of him, "Ok, now tell us more about him."

So, I told them about their house. How it looks, how big it is, with all the descriptions.

The guy looked surprised and smiled when his wife talked to him in her own language, maybe instructing him not to talk to random strangers. But then the lady got scared and started crying because she seemed like she had some mental issues. That's when Harish tried to calm her down, explaining that his friend had a sixth sense and we were just playing. Slowly, she calmed down, and we started having long conversations. He brought out his identity card and showed us. He was a Swedish police officer, and we became good friends on that vacation. But I realised that this is not a game to play. I was a child, and I made mistakes, but I always learnt from them.

In the year 1987, while I was graduating from St. Xavier's College, Ranchi, I rarely attended the lectures and would hang out with friends. There was an uprising movement in Bihar to create a separate state of Jharkhand. That's when I joined a few of my friends for the same movement. Then I got busy with my friends and the movement, and would loaf around from one place to

another for this committee of the movement named “All Jharkhand’s Students’ Union” (AJSU), in which I was given the responsibility to write articles and pamphlets, and also cover the story of our work. For this, my work and writing were being showcased in the newspaper, though without my name, but I also started going in and out of the newspaper printing offices to meet the editors and seniors for a discussion about the movement story that we would plan to publish in next week’s news.

At times, the journalists would come to our AJSU office and have a long chat about the movement since it was getting a strong hold in the political aspect of the country, becoming the talk of the political rallies and speeches of the ministers, and the climate around was getting just more exciting.

As the days passed, my rapport with the people of the media became stronger, and I started getting my name printed in the newspaper stories. Every day, I would wake up early only to see my name printed below the story section published in the newspaper. This excitement turned into a passion during my youth, and I started writing more. I got the work to write press releases and advertisements, and also became the editor for proofreading some of the articles.

That’s when a journalist friend of mine said, “*Bhai*, your writing and editing skills are top-notch. Why don’t you think about becoming a full-time journalist?”

“What do you want me to write?” I asked and shrugged in embarrassment because I wasn’t attuned to getting such appreciation.

He then called up one of his colleagues and told me about some news that they had received early in the morning. But because of work overload, they couldn’t work on it yet, and now they had decided to give it to me for trial.

“See, this is the news...” he showed me some pamphlets of the political rally going on in the state and explained the situation, and then told me to write a story about it.

I was enthusiastic about the work but also a bit tense. *Will I be able to stand up to their level of expectations?* I thought with doubt. That’s when I realised that until now I was working just fine and with full confidence, just because I was doing it out of love for my people, but now, when the situation became more serious and I was expected to give the best result, I suddenly lost my skills or became conscious of my skills.

I started my day job as a journalist. I know, that’s a little bit of a contrast, isn’t it? On the one hand, I *know* things on instinct. On the other hand, I use my skills as a journalist to find a grain of truth before I print any of the articles in the magazine that I run.

But as I started working, I noticed that I wasn’t alone. Whenever I felt stuck, the journalist helped me, and whenever I had a doubt, either he cleared it up or called up his friends and colleagues to help me solve my issues. And just like that, with the collective efforts of all, my first story article as a proper freelance journalist was published.

I wasn’t paid for this one because it was like an internship to check my skills, but then I started working with many more newspaper agencies, and some would pay me 100 to 200 rupees, while some paid me 500 as well. Those were my first earnings for my first job with the local newspapers for weekly and monthly publications.

That’s when I also wrote poetry for our national movement, as I felt too patriotic. A few years later, when I reread those poems, I couldn’t believe how I could write so well in those days, something that just came out of me naturally at a point in life. I also wrote about life in general, which was also published in the newspaper, which connected me with people more than ever. I felt like a revolutionary, just like the ones who fought for India’s

independence from the Britishers, who fought and also wrote what was there in the depths of their hearts.

Slowly, I also learned how the printing media industry worked, how some news was hidden while some was exposed, and I started contemplating the moral values of such a work culture of the media industry, but I was quite naïve. Yet, motivated to expose the corruption and malpractices of society at large. So whenever I received such news from my sources, I would go and discuss it with my journalist friends and write about it after getting approval from the seniors. I had become a good source for many newspaper media channels, and no one knew who exposed them. It was all because of my predictive powers and the contacts I had made due to my image of a magical baba who is always right about his predictions that I started getting the most inner news of the society.

Then, I would get the story written and printed and get really happy seeing my name in the morning. I would also feel satisfied that after exposing the corrupt practices, the society at large, or at least the politicians and ministers in power, will pay attention to that particular malpractice, and it will be resolved soon, all due to me.

How naïve I was! Today, when I go back and think about it, I realise that rarely any of that news was taken seriously because no situation is corrected or worked upon until there is a benefit for someone in correcting that. Yet, this series of my journalism went on for a few years, and I made such contacts who are still in great positions in big newspaper agencies or television channels today.

Along with my degree of Honors in Accounts, I used to frequently visit Delhi, where my elder brother was already studying and preparing for the civil service examination, along with other vocational courses. I wasn't serious about my studies, and I only wanted to travel, live a carefree life, and explore different places like Mathura, Vrindavan, Vaishnav Mata, Haridwar, etc.

My brother used to live in Model Town II near the Gurudwara with two other friends in a small room with a kitchen. While they received money from home, they also taught younger students for side income by calling their students home or going to their place to solve their doubts. This would help them in their own revision as well as get them some extra bucks for daily expenses.

Whenever I visited my brother, I would predict something for the kids visiting the house for studies. Like a Brahma Gyan, it used to come from within, and I used to just utter some random facts about their life that would actually happen or would have happened. Slowly, word started to spread as those kids would tell their friends and family, who would in turn call me home to meet and talk to me about my predictions.

In a similar situation, I got in contact with our neighbour, who was a Punjabi, quite lean and tall. He used to live with his wife and daughters and worked in the RBI government office. At that time, he was also teaching as a visiting faculty professor at Delhi University.

In those colonies, the landlord used to live in the lower house and the tenants used to live in the upper one. Most of the landlords were Punjabis who had come from Pakistan during partition and were allotted lands in that area, who then built their houses and used the other house for business and gave it on rent.

While I lived with my brothers on the top floor, the landlord was below us. Similarly, the Punjabi man used to live on the top floor opposite us, and he loved playing chess. Many times, I would join him for a game of chess, and we bonded really well over that.

Once while playing chess, I suddenly asked him out of the blue, "Manmohanji, what if you become the prime minister of India? What will you do then?"

We were not talking about the politics or economic status of the country. We were not discussing anything about the country or the

news going on in the newspapers and media channels. It was a very random question that I asked him, while I didn't even know what he taught at the University or what his status was in the RBI government office.

In reply, he didn't say anything. He just smiled, and there was no further conversation about this topic.

Finally, when he became the PM, I reminisced about my chess days with him and how I had unknowingly predicted his future as a PM. The Punjabis were quite sweet but also very talkative, and they used to love driving cars. This was a very different period of my life when I came into contact with various types of people in a big metropolitan city, and I predicted some curious things.

* * *

I was studying commerce, working as a part-time journalist, but I did not have a specific career plan. Since I was getting quite popular among people, I was getting not only respect but also gifts and money, which I would then give to my parents.

The money I received was in good faith, which people would give me when my positive predictions would come true, and they would get their dreams and desires fulfilled. So, my parents did not put pressure on me to get a degree and make a career. Maybe I was earning the fruits of my good Karma from my past life, or maybe I had to use my powers for a greater purpose in this life. So my parents were quite lenient about my future, but still, I filled out two forms for examination.

One was the examination for the National Defence Academy of India (NDA), for which I passed, but I did not go for the medical test because I did not want to take the job.

The other was the entrance examination for CS (Company Secretary) that I was made to fill out under peer pressure because my friends wanted me to come with them to travel. I cleared this

examination, but I didn't want to go, whereas my friends who wanted to study further and they did not clear it.

For the second year of college, 1988, my attendance was 46% in college because I used to be absent from my classes and go away for tours in the northern parts of India. So, when I had to fill out the exam form for NDA, I found out that the ones with low attendance wouldn't get to fill out the form. One of my friends, Bindu Bhushan Dubey, was also the mischievous one who bunked many classes but wanted to take the exam.

He told me, "We will have to set the principal and get the form filled. That too for free!"

I asked, "And how do you think that's possible?"

He said, "We have 2 problems here. One is that we don't have enough money to fill out the form. So, we want a discount on it. Secondly, we want permission to fill the form irrespective of our attendance."

I was totally in for the attack, "Let's do it!" I was excited.

But then he said, "Wait. It will soon be their lunchtime. Let them have their lunch because before that, the father could be irritable. After lunch, he'll be content and relaxed. So, we won't be scolded for low attendance."

"Perfect!" I said.

So, right after lunch, when we expected the Father, the principal of the college, to be in a good mood, we made sure that we looked poor and unkempt, messed our hair up, and knocked on his cabin door.

The father asked curtly, "What is it?"

My friend Bindu gave a melancholic expression and started in a low voice, "Sir, actually, my family is facing a lot of financial constraints due to ill health. We couldn't come to the classes regularly because of someone or the other falling ill in my family."

I looked at his great acting skills. Making a similar sad face, I bowed my head and sniffed a couple of times. Then, wiping the corner of my eyes, I added, "Even I am facing similar issues, Father. My parents live in Bokaro, and I had to be with them when my mother wasn't doing well. So, it wasn't financially feasible to come to college from Bokaro everyday. That's why I was absent for a long time, and now I don't even have the money to fill out the form. I'm very worried because I will get money only after my baba gets his salary. And that day is far away."

The Father thought for a moment and nodded in sympathy. A ray of hope illuminated my heart when he asked, "How much is your father's salary?"

I thought of an amount far less than what my father actually earned and uttered that at once.

The next moment, he took out a paper and a pen and asked, "Did you bring the exam application form?"

We quickly brought it out, and our principal wrote on the paper to allow us to fill the exam forms and to give us a 50% rebate on the fees. He signed the note below.

Bindu and I were all smiles when we walked out of the cabin with the allowance paper from the principal, giggling internally at our successful plan.

After completing my graduation, I shifted to Delhi, where my brother and his friends lived in Model Town. One of those roommates, named Nishit, was working as a part-time journalist at The Times of India. Since I had started writing some articles for newspapers, I started visiting him at his office. Near the TOI building was the Pioneer office, where Nishit had to go and meet someone, while I tagged along with him. On the adjacent desk was a gentleman sitting and doing his editing work, as he was the staff reporter and district crime reporter.

I looked at him, and out of the blue, I said, " I see you here on this desk only for a few days now, gentleman. After this, I can see you on the screen, where you will soon become quite popular. You will earn a lot of name and fame, and this success will take you to various countries."

Sometimes I used to feel embarrassed at how suddenly I would just spit out words about someone's future as if I were the one writing the story, and they would look at me with astonishment, not able to comprehend if I was genuinely appreciating them or making a joke about them. But then their positive response, maybe out of courtesy or taking my compliment in good regard, would make me feel comfortable, followed by a smooth conversation.

I looked at his nameplate on his desk, which said, 'Prabal Pratap Singh', District journalist.

Coming from one of the lowest journalist positions, it was difficult for him to comprehend the dreams I was showing him through my words, which he was ambivalent about being a prediction. For a person in his position, it was difficult to even think about coming on the screen, let alone travelling the world.

Within a month, he also joined another channel as a journalist and started working. During the same time, the second Afghan civil war started, and he was posted there in 1992. Many others were scared to visit the country, but he was courageous enough to go while there was bombing all around the city of Kabul. In such a situation, he reported the situation from there by tying his camera in a polythene bag and covering his head with a protective cover so that during the bombing, he and the team could jump into the water and come out later to resume their work. Due to this reporting, he earned a lot of respect in his field and the whole industry, after which he was established as a good reporter. This journey further took him to the Aajtak channel as an editor, and thereafter, he worked with another channel, his last assignment being TV 18 Network as an editor. Prabal Pratap Singh became

one of the most talked-about names in the television news channel industry.

I really wonder sometimes if my moments of prediction are written or if my words lead to writing their future. Though I like to believe in the former one, where I am just the means through which they find out about their future, and not the writer of their future.

Even today, when I meet my friend Prabal at press meetings and press clubs, he always brings up this prediction that what I said really came true, and then he asks me, "How long will Modi ji and his party rule?" After which, we share laughter.

* * *

As I was making new contacts with the media people in Delhi, I received an offer from Midday that was published in Mumbai and Delhi. The editor, Sanjay Kapur, was in my contacts, and he said that my spiritual thoughts and mindset were quite different and useful for a new segment they were thinking about for their newspaper. Just like The Times of India was writing 'Speaking Tree' that talked about spirituality, they needed a spiritual writer for the same purpose for their own newspaper.

"I think that you are quite perfect for this new segment. What should we call this?"

"Find Yourself!" I said at once, and he beamed with contentment.

Slowly, in a few months, the column was getting popular, but because my movement was also taking its ground, I would be travelling a lot of times, and I didn't have the time to regularly write for the column.

That's when Sanjay ji called me and said, "Brother, you are getting popular, but to keep it consistent, we need to keep publishing this column."

"I understand, Sanjay ji. But you know the scope of my rallies and other writing that I do after covering the story. I keep thinking

about the spiritual aspect of life for our new column, but writing is natural. It comes when it has to come. I cannot force it, I hope you understand..."

"I do understand, but we are getting letters now from our readers asking why we haven't published that column for a few days." He said enthusiastically yet with a pinch of worry in his voice, "You know what? You give me a few write-ups at once for the whole week, and then you can get busy with your schedule, and we can keep printing them."

"But it comes from within, naturally, organically. I would not want to write a forced article for my readers. So, when I am in the mood, I'll write it. Please give me some time."

Sanjay ji agreed and waited for a few more days before I sent him more pages.

My journalism days were going well enough until one day this profession also got influenced by my Babagiri. Once, while I was sitting at the press club, I was informed about a new meeting. The cricketer Azharuddin wanted to meet me in relation to my predictions. I had to go to the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Delhi, as the cricketer had come there for a meeting with the BCCI.

When we met, I first decided to show him my powers by giving him some small predictions. So, I told him, "You are wearing 3 lockets."

He said, "No, there are not three but just a couple of them."

But he was adamant and did not believe me when I said that there are three, and you should check it. He then caressed his chest and brought out the lockets, saying that there were only two.

I said, "No, you should check it properly; one more is attached to it."

And he found the third one, a smaller one attached to it. He was befuddled and said that he didn't remember he was wearing three

of them, as he had been donning them for many years now, and he had forgotten how many there were.

Then I told him where he got all these lockets and for what purpose. I also told him how his energy is intertwined with those lockets. He agreed with all the information I could give about him without him telling me, which raised his confidence in me, and he started telling me about his personal life.

But then, before he could narrate his story, I signalled Venkat, my friend, to move away to another table because I didn't want anyone to share their personal life in front of others other than me. Learning from my past mistakes that I had made as a kid and as a teenager, but then I made sure that everyone got their own personal space, sharing the stories with me.

I had a long conversation with the cricketer, after which we were back in the office. The meeting was not for journalism but for my personal work. That night, the newspaper was full, especially the front page, yet my friend Venkatraman decided to write a long article about the fact that the cricketer had come to so and so place and met so and so BCCI members for a meeting, including the names of politicians that he had planned to meet but couldn't. He wrote the carry-forward title on the front page to attract the audience and wrote the full article on the next page.

The next day, Azharuddin called me up to ask why my colleague, who had come with me, had written such a long article when nothing of that sort had happened, and he didn't even get to meet Sharad Pawar, for whom he had come. I apologised to him and confronted my friend, who explained to me, "See, I have written the article starting with the words 'It seems like...' which means that we do not take responsibility for whether it has happened or not, but we can only assume these things have happened."

I stood there astonished while my friend laughed at his play of words.

CHAPTER 5

POWER AND ASTROLOGY

Chandraswami was quite a well-known mystic who was into tantra-mantra and meditation practice. He was also well-connected in politics. Once it was printed on the Indian Express front page, "The day's parliament is in the parliament while the night's parliament is in his ashram."

This was the headline, if you remember it. During the reign of PM Narsimha Rao, he was quite talked about and popular, and people from politics would come to him for their predictions about the seats at the Mantralaya, their wins, and their party's future. And most importantly, to stay in the good books of P.V. Narsimha Rao, the Prime Minister of India.

Chandraswami found out about me through Beni Madhav's son who saw Chandraswami as a guru, friend, and mentor. His son, Alok Madhav, talked to Chandraswami about me, so he wanted to meet me.

So, he contacted me and told me to come to his ashram, that I would be given all the facilities, along with a flat at the ashram. Then he sent me his car along with some people to help me pack my bags and to take me to his ashram. But I had a different energy towards life. I never settled anywhere for long. He wanted to understand my intuitive powers because he thought that I had achieved an accomplishment. So he was behind me to teach him.

I clearly told him, "I haven't learnt this from anywhere. Since childhood, I have been doing this, and this power is with me like my best friend. I haven't achieved anything great or even wealth through this field."

But he was adamant, "No, no, you are hiding something. Please tell me, teach me, and I'll do good for the people."

On his insistence, I stayed at his ashram in South Delhi for a couple of nights. His staff was instructed to take good care of me, and I was served with everything needed at a call. One night, an international businessman called us, and he was talking in broken English. I was made to talk to him on the phone and give a prediction for his upcoming deal that was very important to him. How could he crack the deal, and with whom and by doing what - all that he wanted to know? Later on, I found out that he was a trader of arms and ammunition.

"What are you getting into? You'll get stuck in this system of crime and politics. Then the intelligence will be behind you."

In my clarification, I said, "I didn't even know who it was. I was just handed over the phone, informed that he was an international businessman living in a foreign country, and told to predict his future dealings. So I didn't know who it was."

The next day, in the Ashram, there was a young kid who knew Sanskrit far too well. Chandraswami had brought him to the ashram and made him live there for his talent in the language. He used to look beautiful and recite the Sanskrit shlokas really well.

That kid made me meet another man, and they brought me in contact with another who sat me down to tell me who was on the phone. Then the conversation moved to Chandraswami, and I was given his history about becoming the famous mystic that he was.

Chandraswami had been to the jungles of Jharkhand. He used to go to Jharkhand and Chhattisgarh to buy rice, and once he came in touch with the professor of Raipur and his relatives, where he was bitten by a green flying snake. As per the ways of the village, the bitten mark on his leg was cut off with a hot knife to prevent the poison from spreading any further because there wasn't any hospital nearby.

As proof of the event, he showed me the mark on his leg and told me, "I had gone to Jharkhand, where I got this mark, after which I met a saint, and he taught me many things, and I started seeing things. Then, at that time, my relatives who lived in the USA and worked at the Shipyard, I worked with them for a few months. When they saw my newfound skills, they told me to monetize them and help people. Then they gave an advertisement in the newspaper, and through that I came in touch with a lady who took me to the President of the USA. And from there, I visited other countries, from the UK to Australia, and became famous by the name of Chandraswami."

Then I was shown his old pictures, and he was behind me to teach him my skills.

He would call popular ministers and celebrities, and make me sit in front of them, and he would also sit there with me on his big sofa.

Then he would ask me, "Tell me everything you can find out about this person." And I would start this narration of the story about the person, after which he would take his own credit and tell the person, "You see, I have such a great treasure, the kind of people who help me with my work."

Out of so many people, later on, one of the politicians became a home minister, and the other became the vice president, just as I had predicted, even though I didn't even know that he was going to run for elections. All I knew was that they were the ministers of Congress.

Early in the morning, he would take a walk with me along with a few others. During the walk, he'd keep his fist tight and keep chanting some mantras. Later on, when I tried to understand him and his behaviour towards me, I was getting a strong intuition that he was doing a kind of hypnosis on me. Whoever walked with him while he was chanting his mantras would get hypnotised by him. I had a strong feeling about this. I was quite strong mentally, and

hence I remained alert. I decided not to come into the sweet words of whatever someone said, but just observe everything that was happening.

So in total, I lived there for 3 nights, and on the fourth day, I left my luggage as it was and ran away from there. I didn't want to get stuck with them, around the type of people and the type of work they did. I thought that if they saw me with the bag, they would ask me where I was going, and they could stop me. So I left just like that.

Once, Chandrashekhar, the former prime minister of India, told me, "You seem quite connected with Chandraswami these days?"

His tone affected me. But I was glad that I had run away from there, and he said, "Mukesh, you are a simple man, and he was trying to use you for his business and profits. So it's good if you stay away from him."

I was young, but my requirements and needs in life were quite few. I wasn't someone who wanted all the luxuries in life or who ran behind greed and fame. I was just enjoying my journey, the people I met on my simple road, and the teachings I received from them. Even today, that bag, which had my clothes, is still there intact. Many people from there are in touch and act as witnesses to this event. A guy who maintained a fat register there and handled all of the phone calls at the ashram is a good friend of mine. And today he is a lawyer at the Delhi High Court, a future I predicted for him out of the blue.

Then, another similar incident happened in the year 1994 when one of my friend's older brothers, Mr. R N Singh, who was an engineer at the Airports Authority, took me to Chandrasekharji's Bharat Yatra Kendra, Bhondsi in Haryana. At that time, Chandrasekhar's Bharat Yatra Kendra was getting established; it was building and developing.

Mr. Singh told me that we will go to the Bharat Yatra Kendra for a few days, stay there in the lap of Mother Nature, and meet Chandrashekarji. Mr. Singh wanted to show me the kendra, and he had also had a word with Chandrashekarji that whatever I said used to really happen, and whatever I predicted till now was correct 99% of the time. So Chandrashekarji wanted me to meet him.

Mr. Singh told me everything about nature because I love Mother Nature, and whenever I get to visit beautiful valleys to see a green scenic view, I immediately agree. When we reached there, I was really astonished. There was a lake that had boats and ducks in it. And because I love nature, I agreed to go wherever there was nature. The kendra was on a mountain, and the view was really beautiful. He had also got some cottages constructed in and around the kendra, along with landscaping with plants, stones, and beautiful trees that bloomed flowers seasonally. And on one side, there was a camp of BSF commanders.

Chandrashekarji was the ex-Prime Minister at that time. He was the Prime Minister for only a short time. Chandrashekhar ji had acquired that land and had developed it with a lot of plants, and also given a place to an NGO where a lot of social events for the women were conducted. A lot of grooming programs and home industry programs for women were conducted.

We left early in the morning. Mr. Singh had a Fiat car. And he picked up Chandrashekar ji and me to go to the mountains. On our way, we had a long conversation wherein Chandrashekar ji asked me about my life, my experiences, and what I was doing. Then he told me that he did not believe in predictions and astrology, to which I responded quite positively because this was not a new thing for me because not everyone believes in astrology and predictions.

In those days, the Election Commissioner of India T N Seshan was his friend, who wanted to conduct a havan at the Bharat Yatra

Kendra because of the availability of security, peace, and tranquility. The Election Commissioner was of the opinion that he wanted a similar place where we can do a havan in the lap of Mother Nature. On the other hand, Chandrashekharji was also quite close to his culture and believed in the puja rituals. T N Seshan having his roots in Tamil Nadu. So he would call priests from Tamil Nadu for the havan at his Kendra.

During a conversation, what I realised was that Chandrashekar ji was quite into mysticism, but he wasn't fully trusting of any of it. He had a lot of curiosity in his mind and would ask many questions whenever someone talked to him about mysticism. He would share his own experience as well and ask if such things really happen.

I used to visit the Bharat Yatra Kendra often, and he used to ask me a lot of questions about other prime ministers, chief ministers, and also the ex-prime ministers. He would also do farming on the nearby land, where I would help him with the same. Just like me, he used to love living in nature, far away from the pollution and population of Delhi.

He would ask me what would happen with so-and-so ministers, and I would tell him what I could see in that moment, out of which a lot of predictions came to reality.

Slowly and steadily, he started believing in my predictions and then also contacted me to talk to me many times. And soon after, he started sending his ambassador car for me, which had security personnel in it.

Once early in the morning, I received a call from Chandrashekhar ji, and he said that it was very important, so please come by as quickly as possible. So I was quite concerned. I thought there must be something urgent because it was 7:30 in the morning, and he used to wake up quite early, around 5 a.m. in the morning. After waking up, we would take a walk on the lawn in the chilly weather. Since it was an open valley, he would always wrap a shawl around himself. Always in brown colour, which he had a couple of.

These shawls were given to him by Shri Om Prakash Chautala, the former Chief Minister of Haryana. So when I reached out to meet him that morning, he told me about one of his friends named Shatrujit Singh. He told me that I had met him a few times, and now the problem is that his daughter has not been getting married for a very long time. So we are worried, how will this happen? He needed a solution. So I said that she has some astrological issues in her stars due to which it will take time, but for the time being, to resolve the issue, she will have to wear a red coral.

He was confused and asked me what a red coral is, and I explained to him that it's a precious stone. So he asked me, "Where can I get it?"

I said, "It can be found in the nearby jewellery shop."

To which he agreed, and I went to the shop that day itself. Chandrasekhar ji asked him to give it to his friend's daughter, who should wear it on her left hand's ring finger. I had received some astrological knowledge from other well-learned professional astrologers. I had thought that instead of studying something difficult, this was a more feasible way to get knowledge since it was related to my mystic powers.

When I placed the ring in his palm, he started laughing loudly.

I asked, confused, "What happened? Why are you laughing?"

He picked up the ring and said that this stone looked like a capsule, like a medicine.

After a few seconds, he said, "Okay, then, how to wear it?"

I explained to him how to do a small puja ritual and then wear it on Tuesday. He asked me the price of the stone, and in those days, I got it for around 220 rupees. So he went inside and got 220 rupees, came back, and gave it to me. But I refused to take the money, and he said, "No, no, I will not take anything for free."

I said that it is fine, but he did not agree and said that Pandits say that you shouldn't wear any jewelry for free. So, I agreed to take the money from him. The fun fact is that within a month of wearing that ring, the girl was about to get married. After which, Chandrashekhar ji and Shatrujit ji called me to meet and have a very serious conversation. They asked me if the guy was right or not. They showed me all the details they had about the guy, his family, background, his career, his nature, and whatever they had heard about him from the people, and really wanted to understand if the guy was right or not. I looked at the photo, and it came from the depths of my heart that the guy is a really nice one. There won't be any problems. And then the girl got married.

After the wedding, I was told how beautifully they are living together, all because of my suggestion, but I truly believe, and I told him as well, that this was their destiny. I was just a catalyst because many times these solutions don't even work.

In those days, whenever he used to have a party at his house, he used to always call me to be with me at the events. He would introduce me to many high-profile people, and we would also have food together. I used to get to meet many celebrities, ex-prime ministers, and chief ministers, and I started getting in touch with many high-profile people, including businessmen.

On his birthdays, he would also call the people of lower status to his cottage and make them sit down in line, and serve them food in a pattal with his own hands. Standing with the staff, he would serve kheer-puri as a part of social service on his birthday. In this way, I got to meet a lot of ex-prime ministers, chief ministers, and cabinet ministers, out of whom a few tried to contact me, though I couldn't get time to meet all of them. And when I had the time, they didn't. In this way, I got in touch with many famous celebrities and businessmen, and they asked me for their predictions. They even tried to invite me to their parties and functions, but I couldn't regularly go to them and attend. I couldn't keep up a long interaction with them. But for those who would get

my time, we were able to have a long meeting where I gave predictions, and they were really happy about the outcome. I don't remember all of the predictions, and I can't even reveal the stories because it's quite personal to them. But I am glad that I could help so many people.

In the year 1994, I also took a trip to Shirdi, where I met an innocent fakir who was known by the name of Dixit Baba. He would meet the travelers. So, I was taken to him by my companion. He used to live in a small room and slept on the ground by spreading a mat. He ate quite a little and had a cup of tea in the evening. He spent his time in bhajans and would go for a darshan of Shirdi Sai Baba everyday while meeting people on his way.

After I met him and we were introduced, he really liked me. Since I always visited Shirdi quite frequently, I learnt many things from him, from yoga asanas and meditation to taking the samadhi process through his own experiences.

Later on, I even went on a few trips with him to various temples and guru places. He told me about Swamy Samarth, Akal Kot Maharaj, Gajanan Maharaj, and their villages. In all these places, Sai Baba had visited in some form, and I even felt the connection there in those places, and how these gurus were connected amongst each other.

The guru-sishya traditions that we learn about in our Sanatan Dharma culture, here, there's a magnetic field full of powers. I learnt how gurus come in such a meditative state of being before taking a samadhi and how they stay there in the place even after leaving their bodies. I learnt all this quite clearly. In such a manner, I learnt about how it is still ongoing, their consciousness, and their internal state of being. Even today, when I remember those gurus, I experience them sitting beside me, and then they talk to me as if giving me all the knowledge. All this experience has aided me in bringing quite a lot of internal changes. The people outside have always wanted a guru. They would ask me questions, and I would

answer them. I was their guru. But here, I was always, and I'm still in search of such gurus who can add to my pool of knowledge, those who achieved the highest state of consciousness and are still here after leaving their bodies, and come to meet you when you call them from the depths of your heart.

This experience that I am going to narrate is one of those powerful experiences that I feel very fortunate enough to have gained in my life. It is related to meditation, yoga, and connection with the soul, and understanding its processes deeply. It took me a long time to learn and understand these things.

So now, when Dixit Baba was no longer in his body, his last wish was to be cremated in Haridwar. He wanted a small place for Sai Baba to be made and his ashes to be kept at his feet. So one of the disciples, Ravinder ji, found an orphanage where they built a prayer hall along with establishing the idol of Sai Baba and keeping the photo of Dixit Baba at his feet. So the orphan kids who are living and studying there from all over the country keep praying to Sai Baba and his long-time devotee, Dixit Baba. So I remember this true spiritual journey where we not only connected on mysticism but also sang songs together, and also understood each other through eye contact, without the need for words, and also laughed at people together because we would know what someone was thinking. Others felt weird looking at us, but only we knew what we were experiencing in that moment when we would find out what funny thing the common man was thinking. Late at night, we would roam around Shirdi, have tea and sweets, and sing bhajans. At that time, Shirdi Sai Baba Mandir premises didn't have boundaries and crowds like today. So we were allowed to roam around anywhere and at any time. And all along this, we felt a connection with Sai Baba all the time.

CHAPTER 6

HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS

I remember at times I had been taken to places much against my will to help people who were believed to be beyond help. I have lost count of the number of people who have come to seek my counsel and ended up becoming my adoptive children! Sometimes, they also needed gentle pushes to leave the safety of the nest. Because I learned over the years that you cannot grow if you are forever in your comfort zone. It is only in discomfort that the greatest things are achieved.

I used to go and meet the families of my friends. Each couple would take me to their room for a private conversation about their life, and then the other family would take me to their room to talk about their own predictions. Sometimes they would ask about each other's prophecies and try to compare whether their lives were better than the other's. At other times, they would try to put words in my mouth and request that I give a particular kind of positive or negative forecast for the other family if they ask about so-and-so matters. At that time, I was still young, a teenager, and this side of the world used to astonish me, as to how sometimes people can be selfish and mean to each other in their own families. I would, of course, clearly say no, if possible; otherwise, I would just say ok to change the topic. Such things would also lead to fights in the families, as they would assume that they were told something else by me when, in reality, I never said anything false.

Similarly, in one such house, there were a few couples of a joint family living together, where a couple didn't have children, whereas another had two. So, when that couple again had another baby, the family told the couple to give their baby to the other

couple, and the parents agreed to it after giving it some thought for a few days.

But biologically, the mother who gave birth had to feed the baby for a few months and also cuddle him. Now the mother who gave birth started to feel sad because she used to miss her baby, and she wanted more time with him, whereas the other lady who got the baby adopted started to feel stressed, thinking that the birth mother would want the baby back.

In this situation, both women would come and talk to me about whatever was going on in their hearts. The birth mother would feel bad that she gave away her baby, and whenever she sees the baby, she realises that she has lost all rights to the baby as a mother, and she cannot treat the baby like her own. On top of this, she feels that the other couple is not keeping the baby in the best manner as she would have done.

In this manner, both mothers would be loving and caring towards the baby, but also possessive about the situation. I would think about what could be the solution to this problem because whatever both women were feeling was quite natural, because they are mothers in the end, be it biological or emotional. So, I tried to be a counselor to both of them and assure them that whatever happened, happened for the best. To the birth mother, I used to reassure her, “What you have done is a huge deed, something that will earn you a lot of good Karma because you gave someone the bliss of motherhood and her biggest happiness, and if you look at it from my point of view, then she is keeping the baby very well. She is so happy about finally becoming a mother that she is obviously going to take care of the baby in the best possible manner.”

To the other lady, I would say, “You have received this invaluable gift; maybe it was written for you in your destiny, so I am sure that you are going to do the best upbringing of this child. And if you take the best care of the child, the birth mother will feel satisfied

and content about having given her baby to you. And you will no longer feel the need to be scared of losing the baby.”

In this manner, I not only predicted but also helped counsel the affected parties sometimes.

This protective love of two different mothers for a particular child reminds me of my childhood memory. Once at the cowshed beside our house, I found out that there is a small bird nest in the corner of the roof of the cowshed, between two aluminum roof panels. I was very curious to see the babies of a bird that I hadn't seen before. Since I was a child, I asked Bhengra, the house help who worked at the cowshed, to pick me up and show me the bird nest. Initially, he was a little busy with his work, so he wasn't paying attention to me, but then, after some persuasion, he picked up a ladder and helped me climb it, and I saw the babies chirping. I was exhilarated to see the featherless little creatures. For the next few days, I would ask Bhengra to pick me up and show me the baby birds. This went on for a few days until one day, in utter innocence, I touched one of the birds.

After 2 days, I heard my family members talking among each other that the mother bird is coming near the nest, but not entering the nest. It was sitting at a distance, looking up at the sky and chirping in a different voice. The bird would then fly away without feeding the babies or even meeting them. She wouldn't even check on the nest or the babies and fly away. My mother seemed worried for the babies when she asked Bhengra about the situation, if he knew what the reason behind it was. Bhengra was a local tribe of Jharkhand and was more closely connected to nature.

With a little hesitation in his voice, he explained to my mother, “I think that some children have touched the baby bird, due to which the mother can smell human touch in the bird. Hence, she has rejected her babies.”

Even though Bhengra was trying to protect me by not naming me, in general, taking the name of children, I felt very bad about the

babies being rejected by their mother, only due to my touch. I thought that everyone touches each other's babies and we play with them, but the mothers do not reject or abandon them. Then why did a bird mother do that?

I was quite worried for the babies, thinking who would now take care of them? So, I tried to feed them with some rice and other food that I could get my hands on, but I wasn't sure if they were able to eat it because they were quite small, and I was also too short in height to be able to clearly see inside their nest.

Nearly 10 to 12 days later, when I again checked on the babies, I couldn't hear them chirping anymore, and then Bhengra checked on them to find out that they were all dead. I felt so bad that I kept thinking about it for the next few days. I introspected on how I touched the babies out of love and curiosity, not with bad intentions. Still, the babies died not because of my mistake but because it is the rule of nature, which I was not aware of. Nature works in its mysterious ways, and when we try to alter it or aggravate the basic way of the universe, it can have its repercussions. Therefore, we should never interfere with its temper and character but let it flow like it always does. Even among humans, when the babies were exchanged, both mothers were mentally stressed and emotionally affected by this situation because biologically and situationally, both women were living a different life than what was given by nature. But we are human beings, and we know how to change the situation as per the requirement. We may take some time to accept and adjust, but in the end, we have the capability, the power to bend the situation as per our needs.

When we talk about nature and its rules, human beings love to bend the rules whenever they get a chance. Just like tying a dam to a river to mend it as per their wishes, human beings have tried to use my powers to their personal benefit and desires.

Once, a very close friend of mine called me up and said that he was going to give an interview for a promotion at a public sector undertaking. He was going to be promoted to the position of director, and there were 2 more competitors for the same position. They all contacted me and asked for the predictions and the preparation of the other two competitors. They would ask me what the others were preparing, what they were studying, what their mindset was, etc. All of them requested me to pray for them to get the promotion, and I was confused as to whom to really pray for because I was on good terms with all three of them. On top of this, one of them told me, "Babaji, please pray that they do not get the position. Irrespective of whether I get the position or not, that's fine. I'll be happy if I get it, and I'll be fine if I don't get it, but they shouldn't get it."

I was shocked at this weirdly negative wish about how someone can want the downfall of another and not care about their own situation.

The other person knew that I was in contact with one of his seniors, and he wanted me to speak to that senior and make way for his promotion by using my convincing skills, but I tried to avoid that situation by giving him excuses and making sure that I wasn't being partial to anyone.

Out of 3, 2 of them also try to get information from me about their whereabouts and their planning for the interview, so that they can follow each other and understand each other's plans and techniques. I was of the opinion that if you only pay attention to their hard work and do not do your own, then what is the use, but no one was ready to listen to me.

Similarly, once a lady came to meet me. She was a teacher in the nearby school for many years and showed me a picture of a man.

I asked, "What about this?"

She said, "Can you do something that will make this man die?"

I was shocked to the core and felt very bad that someone was asking me for such a wish.

With a furious furrow on my temples, I asked the lady in a curt tone, "Why are you wishing for this?"

She said, "Babaji, he is the principal of my school, and because of him, I am not able to get a promotion. If he dies, then there will be a new principal, and maybe then, that principal will be kind enough to see my hard work, my capabilities, and promote me to my deserving post!"

All this made me realise how people can try to use me for my powers. Someone wants the failure of another, while someone even wants someone dead. When human beings find out that there is a saint with magical power or who has high spiritual energy through which they can manifest anything, they try to get as much benefit as possible out of it. Slowly and steadily, as I encountered more and more of such people, I tried my best to stay away from them and not pay heed to their wishes. I may have meditated a lot in the previous life, been a proper guru to my devotees, but in this life, I was a man living in a worldly society. I did not choose the path of being a saint or guruji to anyone. I only helped people as and when required. So the least I could do to honour the powers that I received as a good karma of my previous life was by staying true to it and not giving undue advantage of it to people with bad intentions. As someone living a common life, the best we can do is have a clean heart and good intentions for whatever blessings we are born with. I chose to do that.

Day by day, as I delved deeper into the spiritual aspect of the universe, I was getting more and more curious about finding the secret behind death. The presence of the soul and whether it is there or not, I kept on contemplating throughout my life. In this process, I tried to feel the events of my life more deeply and experience them to their fullest.

Whenever I met someone at their house after their family member had died, I instinctively found a few things that were quite natural and hidden from common people. One of them was the stench. I always experienced a particular type of smell in such houses. Such a standard smell was recurrent at all such places, no matter where it was in the whole country, a city, a village, or a town. It was present in the houses of different kinds of families after the death of dissimilar people due to totally distinct reasons. This was very curious for me because, in an entirely contrasting environment, with a unique combination of nature, wind, crops, pollution, food habits, and energy of the people, it had the same smell.

I wouldn't call it a stink or a fragrance, but something in between them, which was neither good nor bad. In fact, this smell was quite similar to the smell of the houses that had a newborn baby. Quite similar. This common smell remained in the house for at least 10 days after the death of the family member who lived in that house. This repetitive experience forced me to reflect on why this exact same smell is always present in such houses and places.

Secondly, when I was learning and analysing spirituality, I also read the Sanskrit Vedic texts that mentioned Death and tried to understand them. In spirituality, it is said that the soul remains for so and so number of days in the place where the body was last kept, and this number was the same as the rituals of 3/7/13 days of mourning as pronounced in the Vedic books. Only after remaining in that place for so many days, looking at its own body and its people from the family and friends, the soul finally goes away from there. In the text Garud Puran, this is explained in detail. The soul has a phase to remain in the house for a particular number of days, and it was just as I felt in those places.

The third important analysis that I did was that every dead body has a small bleeding somewhere, internally or externally, which was a sign that the soul exited from that portion or hole of the body. This was also a topic of my curiosity, and I tried to understand that.

Then my prediction power and my ability to see some souls helped me see beyond human sight at such places that had recently seen death. I saw that there would always be a round structure or a plate rotating in one place, like a CD drive, and around that round structure, there is a magnetic field created that attracts the vibes into that CD drive-like looking structure. What I could see and infer is that the soul is a vacuum air that's round and rotating quickly.

When I was meditating deeply over this, I realised that when a machine has a vacuum inside it, it pulls everything into it, giving birth to energy, just like an engine that conserves energy by creating a vacuum inside it, by pushing the pressure of it. The piston of an engine inside such motors pulls out and creates a vacuum, which then pulls everything into it. The same thing happens to the engine. Thus, I was able to conclude that a soul is a round structure, rotating continuously, and has a vacuum inside it. Similarly, the heartbeat of the foetus starts inside the womb; it is a sign of the entry of a soul. Then it starts moving, starts kicking and playing inside. After some time, when the body is created completely inside the womb, this vacuum enters the body.

So it is established that the soul is there. When it enters the body, the body activates, and when it exits the human body, it deactivates. And we can understand that this cycle continues with the soul, and it never dies; only the body dies and melts into the soil, going back to the nature where it came from. Similarly, a soul doesn't take birth but the body does. The soul brings in different energies, and these vibrations around the body keep changing on the basis of the Karma and thinking of the person or the body throughout its life. Our emotions, thoughts, energy, and everything are absorbed by the soul like a wave absorbs the air and changes its nature. Just like whenever we say something, the voice, the tone, the words, and the energy of a speech remain in the air. It forms into an energy that doesn't extinguish but remains in the universe. What you think about, what you love, or what you hate, the person

that you have in your mind most of the time, and the actions you do, everything comes into an energy that gets stored in the soul. Our contemplations lead to actions that form our Karma. So the language, thoughts, and on that basis, the Karma we do (Mann, Karm, Vachan) all get attached to the soul. Hence, it is said in the Bhagavad Geeta that you should keep ruminating about God, about Krishna, at the end of your time because your last thoughts, attachments, and feelings are glued to your mind, heart, and soul, which then transfers to the next life through that soul. That's why, many times, even after leaving their bodies, the soul is stuck on the earth because they have had many worries, attachments, and complaints towards their people, family, and friends. So even after the body is no longer active, the soul remains stuck due to the strong energy of wants, desires, and attachments still glued to it. It continuously tries to complete that task, but it's not possible without its body.

It was 1995 when I finally met Harshad Mehta. He had come to Delhi for a CBI inquiry. C.P. Kuruvilla, the editor of *The Telegraph*, told me, "Harshad Mehta is here. Can you talk to him?" I asked if I could get his number, and when they gave it to me, I called.

I reminded him, "We stayed at Hotel Natraj, and we came to Thakar Bhojnalaya to eat." He remembered. I introduced myself: "I'm the same Baba you wanted to meet in Mumbai. Since you're in Delhi, once you're out of the CBI office, call me. Where shall we meet?" He agreed, and I told him I was at the Press Club.

He came there, and Kuruvilla spoke with him. The very next day, the budget was about to be passed. On the front page of *The Telegraph*, there appeared a lead commentary by Harshad Mehta himself, published on the eve of the budget session. His opinion was featured prominently, and I had spoken to him just before that.

"Oye! Mukuu! It's Thursday! Mr. Rao is busy at the bhajan!"

My friend Manohar came to call me up, and I quickly jumped out of my bed, put on my pants over my underwear, and dashed out of the house.

Manohar and I stood behind the fence of the house, observing all the colony members go to Mr. Rao's house for the prayer hymn.

"The path seems clear," Manohar whispered, and we slowly tiptoed to the back of Mr. Rao's bungalow while the sound of bhajan, table, and khartal faded away as the windows were shut and the watchman too was sitting inside.

We reached the back garden of the bungalow, and the scent of freshly grown guava tickled my nose, making my mouth water. We peeked inside the house to make sure that we were safe.

"Everyone seems lost in devotion," Manohar murmured with a smirk on his face.

I could find all the devotees of the colony singing the prayer hymn to the photo frame of Sai Baba, adorned with a garland and an orange tikka.

Finding a tree that was hidden behind another so that no one could see us, I climbed the guava tree and plucked the fruits one by one, letting them fall into the cloth spread by Manohar down on the ground.

This was my first encounter with Sai Baba, where I was not directly his devotee, but life brought me back to him.

In the year 1996, while I was living in Delhi for my job, one of my neighbours, who was close to me because I had predicted his career and helped him achieve his goals, asked me to come on his trip to Shirdi for Sai Baba.

I was intrigued and felt like visiting the temple. So, I agreed to go because I always felt a connection with him from a distance, but now, I was getting a chance to visit him.

My friend and his family had already gotten the tickets, but since I was an addition to the plan, he said, "Don't worry! I will arrange for the ticket, and we'll do something to adjust the berth. You just have to be ready in the morning, and I'll come to pick you up."

It was Saturday morning, and just as I was getting ready, I heard a call from outside my house, "Fakeer ko dede! Help me with some amount. I need to go to Sai Baba's Shirdi."

He was calling continuously. So, I told my younger brother to donate the baba from my pocket.

"Take this 10-rupee note and give it to him," I said.

My brother followed my instructions, and when he came face to face with the baba, the old man called out, "Tell the person inside to come and give me the money with his hands!"

With the weight in his voice, it seemed like he was a powerful saint, not just any old man who had come to beg. I walked out and asked him, "Yes?"

The old man, who was holding a stick in one hand and a kamandal hanging from his other arm, showed the 10 rupee note to me, and I understood his sign. I brought out my wallet and checked for the total amount I had. There were only 140 rupees, which I handed over to him.

The old man kept the hundred-rupee note in his kamandal and gave back the rest. Then he placed his stick on my back and blessed me, "Go now! What you give will come back 13 times! Go, my child! Your heart is huge. You'll get 13 times!"

He kept repeating this and walked away, out of my sight, and did not ask for more in other houses.

Nearly an hour later, my friend came to pick me up. We reached a market nearby, and he said that he'll pick up some snacks for the journey. As we sat inside, waiting for him, I saw a small hut on my right. On the door of that house outside, many notes were spread

on the ground. I could see people walk over it, pass by the money, but no one seemed to have seen the wealth lying right in front of them. Just then, I saw a lady sweeping the floor, and she herself didn't pay attention to the money. I was curious to know what was really there and walked up to that little hut. I could see all the notes lying on the floor and picked them up one by one, and collected them neatly in my hands. Then I stood straight, still clenching the notes in my palms, clearly visible to the passersby, but no one paid attention to me or the notes I was holding.

That's when my friend came back and asked me what the matter was.

"I found some money lying here," I said.

"Oh great! Seems like Sai Baba has already paid you the cost of visiting him. Come, let's go then!"

I folded the paper notes without properly straightening them up and stuffed them all in my chestpocket.

On my way, my friend asked me to check how much I found. I got out the notes and counted them. They were exactly 1300 rupees.

Taking that money, we went on our journey to Shirdi, and we attended the Aarti. During the aarti, I got into a trance-like state as if I was talking to Sai Baba, and I told him, "I had about your burnt coconut shells that we are given as an offering. I would like to get that. Also, if we are friends now, then I would like to get a rose from you as a sign of our friendship."

After the *aarti*, I noticed the priest working behind the idol and brought out a burnt coconut, which he came and placed in my hand. A moment later, the priest started looking like a robot, expressionless, and his eyes were not moving much, as if he was also in a trance state. He stumbled up to the flower basket, picked up a rose, came up to me, and shoved it in my arms.

I was quite excited that Sai Baba had accepted my friendship and given me this rose. But the story did not end here. I remember that

thereafter, whenever I visited any temple, be it Shiva, Hanuman, or Krishna, the priest would find a rose flower, call me out in the crowd, and give it to me without fail.

In the end, after sometime I told Sai Baba that I have understood and realised that we are really good friends, so he doesn't need to give me signs at every Temple that I go and visit.

CHAPTER 7

TRANSFER OF ENERGY

Once, at my work, after lunch, I felt sleepy in the afternoon. In those days, I used to sit at the Press Club for my work, and after lunch, I used to feel sleepy. Besides the Press Club, we had a Shastri Bhawan, where they had a PIB Office (Press Information Bureau) on the first floor, though now it's the National Media Centre.

So when they had a PIB centre in 2006, with a lounge area for the accredited journalists, they could sit on the sofas, read newspapers, watch the news, and chill out. It was the time of summer, and after lunch, I decided to take some rest on the sofa before I resumed my work.

I took my journalist friend Venkat along with me, and when we reached the lift, it was closed because people said that there was a monkey in the lift. We decided to take a detour and go from the next wing to reach the floor. That's when I collided with a gentleman whom I had known for a long time through my friend and had made various predictions for him and his family, which turned out to be beneficial for them.

He was excited to see me and asked, "Arre babaji, you are here at my office?"

He felt as if I had come to meet him when, in reality, I didn't even know his office was situated there. Now I couldn't disappoint him that I had actually come for some other purpose, that too to take a nap. So, I nodded my head in acknowledgement.

That was the Law Ministry office, and that person was the Joint Secretary of the Law Ministry. He invited me to his cabin, where I settled down. We started having a conversation about the

workload. He told us about how there were so many bills to be drafted, which were going to be passed very soon.

“For many days I have been sitting overtime and drafting bills, and even today I don't know how long I'm going to sit here. There's too much workload. It could be 9-10 pm or even 12 am. We cannot go home before the work is done, and the work cannot be taken home as the files are here, and we also have to keep discussing and conducting meetings before a few decisions are taken. Therefore, the night is here. Even dinner and some nap time are going to be here.” He smiled at me.

I asked, “What's the important new bill you are working on?”

He said, “Babaji, there are 3 important bills to be finalised, which are going to be presented tomorrow at 1 pm, so we have to submit them by morning.”

Venkat got interested in the bill, and he lightly kicked my feet under the table to push me into more investigation about the subject of the bill being drafted. I asked what the bill was about, and he told me that one was about trade and commerce-related issues, while the other was about the child adoption bill. And the 3rd one was an ‘office of profit’. This means that one person cannot hold more than one office at the same time, as per the new rule of the government.

Our ears stood up. In those days, Sonia Gandhi had made a National Advisory Council, and she was herself the chairman of it, guiding the government. She was handling two positions at the same time, which was a topic of great discussion at every dinner table in those days. Venkat and I were fascinated by it for our story because it was directly related to the government, Sonia Gandhi, and Dr.Manmohan Singh.

"What's going to happen?" I asked.

"There are so many allegations against Sonia Gandhi for holding two positions at a time. One, she's a member of the Lok Sabha,

(MP) and then she's also the chairperson of this council. So now, we have to bring changes to the law to resolve this issue."

Venkat slowly leaned towards me and murmured, "Should I leave?" With a slight smirk on his face.

I controlled the beam on my face and said, "Ok, I'll see you later." And he got up to leave.

He strutted out of the cabin with a big story on his shoulders while I continued talking to the secretary about the law and other ministers in the government.

I must have sat there for nearly an hour, had two cups of tea, and of course, I wasn't sleepy anymore. Later on, I quickly walked back to my press club, and my gaze instantly fell upon my friend, who was working and typing ferociously on the computer.

"Bro! I'm too excited! We've got so much work now! Today we aren't going home anytime soon."

I giggled internally as we sat down to research the law, the allegations on Sonia Gandhi, and the news we had just grabbed our hands on.

By the time it was dinner time, Venkat wanted to go and have brain curry at JNU nearby.

"Oh, God! You aren't done with having my brain since we came back from the ministry office, what?"

Venkat chuckled as we took a walk to the venue for our grand dinner after such an exciting day at work. That night, he made sure that the article was published properly and printed in the newspaper. By the time it was done, the newspapers were ready to be dispatched. That morning, our article of a total of 8 columns on the Express front page was ready, with the *masaledaar* title, "To Save Her Face, Sonia brings 'Office of Profit' Bill"

We got ourselves two cups of strong coffee and under the Jamun tree nearby, as we sipped through the hot caffeine, warm sunlight

falling upon our faces, we heard the news, "Sonia Gandhi resigned from the office."

That was the best cherry on the cake.

All because a monkey entered the lift.

Jai Bajrangbali!

A few months later, a friend of mine was apprehensive about his son's interview in 2007 in Gurgaon for a German company. They came to my place, and we sat down to discuss it. The child said that the interview was very important for him and he really wanted to get selected.

As I looked at him talking, I could see something, and words came out of my mouth naturally, "Don't worry, when you go for the interview, there will be 4 people in front of you taking your interview. Out of them, the second one sitting on your left side will get up in the middle of the interview and go to the bathroom. So, if this happens, then that would be a sign that you are going to be selected. And don't worry, I will keep praying for you in my meditative state that you clear this interview."

"Okay, Baba ji, thank you so much. I will pay attention to my studies now. My interview will be at 2:00 p.m. tomorrow. So please pray for me."

As he told me, the next day, I sat down for my meditation at 2:00 p.m. sharp, and as I was trying to focus on the child's face, I could see the four men sitting in front of him as if I were already present in that cabin. Slowly, I saw the second man from the left was wearing a brown coat, and my focus was on him as I knew that he was going to get up in the middle of the interview and go to attend to his nature's call.

That evening, my friend called me to his place for dinner, and as soon as I reached their place, my first question was whether he got

the job or not. The boy started laughing and said, "Babaji, remember you had told me about the second man from the left?"

I chirped at once, "Yes, yes, he was wearing a brown coat!"

"Yes, babaji, as you had said, he did get up in the middle of the interview to go to the washroom. Now, because you had said that I would get selected if this happened, as soon as he walked out, I became more confident in answering the questions after that. And then I got the job!"

There was a loud cheer amongst the family members who caressed his back, and I clapped for him, patting his shoulders.

As we settled on the sofa, I said, "You know, I could see it, my child. What happened after the interview was that everyone signed your sheet to mark your promotion, but he came later on and signed it afterwards."

"What I saw and understood from my vision was that he came back and saw that the others had signed the paper, so he also signed it without paying much attention to it. But if he hadn't gone, then he may have been strict, and you would have been stuck there as he would have asked more difficult questions and tried to get you on the edge."

The boy was really very happy as he showed me the mail that he had received for the selection and that he had to start from the next day itself. In a few days, he got the opportunity to go to Germany, and today he is living there with his whole family, well settled and strong.

* * *

I used to go to Tarapith quite frequently. In the Rampurhat subdivision of Birbhum district of West Bengal, Goddess Tara temple is located, and I had been her devotee since my time in Jharkhand. I had heard about dark magic being carried out in nearby areas, and when I visited the place, I saw a few people meditating in the crematorium. In those villages, people had meat,

drinks, and other drugs along with sacrificial practices. I experienced all this through observation and spent a few nights in those crematoriums. For that purpose, I met a baba who said that he would help me with some basic rituals to protect me from the wandering ghosts in the cremation ground while I was doing my research. It was a full moon night, and we sat on the ground. He burnt a few earthen lanterns, recited mantras, and said, "Go, you are safe now. You'll always be!"

So I started with my research at the crematoriums, where many saints in black were sitting at a distance from each other. At many moments, I could see the apparitions flowing around, but I tried to ignore them and focus on my work. Sometimes a saint would ask me for money to buy alcohol, and I would give him what I had. At times, goats and cows roamed around to chomp on the garlands, flowers, and fruits kept for the rituals.

A few nights in, I realised that the black magicians did have some abilities to control people. They were not at all a sham.

I met one such black magician who had taken over a small hotel along with his devotees, staff, and servants. People would come to listen to the problems of their lives and find solutions to them through the saint. He was continuously smoking cigarettes and drinking from a plastic cup. When the smell was unbearable for me, I walked onto a balcony. That's when I met a lady. She looked like a well-to-do family, quite pretty and well-dressed, in her late 20s. Our eyes met, and just when I was about to start a conversation, she received a call. When she started speaking, her accent was British.

I asked, "Are you from the UK?"

She nodded. "Yeah." She looked Indian, but her upbringing seemed British. But she looked in despair. I asked her what the matter was, and she explained.

"I met this saint through someone sometime back. Since then, I have been getting his dreams, and I really wanted to meet him again. I was a psychiatrist in Britain, I have researched in psychology, and now here I am, stuck in this little town, in this little hotel, fighting against myself. Why the hell am I here? Unless I came here, I was jittery. Now that I am calm, I feel like why the hell did I come here? I can't go back, and I don't want to be here." She said in a breath and took a pause. She looked at me slowly and said, "This is the third time I am here to meet this saint."

I was a bit doubtful if she was shaming me.

So I tried to find out about her. I asked her name and whereabouts in the UK, her clinic in the city, and asked my friend to find out about her.

By the time I thought about what she was going through and realised that the saint had hypnotised her. In this process, the saint, whenever he makes eye contact with the people, especially women, would hypnotize them so sharply that she wants to meet him again and again, and because of her, other family members of her house also come to meet him.

This leads to one lady bringing another, and that saint's fame starts increasing. Such saints that I have seen growing have a common point of connection. All of them hypnotize the devotees through their eyes or touch you, after which you cannot be without them, and that's how they collect the crowd. This is all that I learnt from my research, touching the feet of the saint and realising how this mesmerisation game takes place, where mass hypnotisation takes place, brings more and more women, the families do not deny them, and this is how such ashrams keep growing.

So I talked more with her. That evening, I decided to stay longer in the village. I extended my stay for two days and tried to find out about this unique magic. The journalist from within was screaming for this story, and the spiritual aspect wanted to dig deeper.

The next day, I found out about her through my friends. Her name was Anjali, her family was from Gujarat, and her parents shifted to Britain, and she was hence born there.

That evening, the lady and I had a long conversation. She said, "He wants me to do something that I really don't want to do."

"What is it?"

"He wants me to do a ritual where all of us, males and females, will lie down naked and practise the Havan. It's called Bhairvi Kriya."

I was shocked.

She continued, "He told me not to go without doing it. And I don't understand what to do... And with whom do I have to do it, even that... I don't know. It's just so...messed up...I don't want to do it, but I cannot decline him...really...what's happening..."

I had heard about this kriya, but when I actually witnessed people talking about it, I got to know that it is actually practised even to this day.

A real saint loves to be alone. Not with anyone, not amongst people, never in a crowd. He lives with God, in the thoughts of God, and searches for ways of becoming one with God. I have met such people, such as saints, who live alone, meditate most of the time, and have connections with the cosmos, the higher power. They never want people to crowd, ask him various things, or give him materialistic happiness because he is above all this. He is only in search of high spirituality. The only requirement for them is food, and hence the system of Bhiksha started for the saints who left the house, family, and the material world. They had to go to a set number of houses everyday and ask for food, and they would have to eat only if they received something from those houses. And if they received insults, they'd have to drink that quietly as well. That was one of the strongest yogic processes to pull someone farther away from the material world and closer to God.

Such saints who leave everything behind would first do the symbolic "Dah Sanskar" and "Pind Daan" for oneself, that's done for the dead to tell the world and the spiritual world that they are dead. Only after that will they start with their saints' lives.

In the world of publicity and propaganda, in today's time of Kalyug, the true arrangement of saints has been lost to some extent. Whereas saints used to practise solidarity, meditate, chant, and contemplate, their only motive was to find God by looking beyond worldliness, and by developing the soul towards Mukti. Staying away from the material world helps to cleanse one's Karma so that they do not develop more Karmic cycles. Hence, they would either cook their own food or ask for food and get donations for it so that they don't have to directly eat food from someone and take their karma. But in today's world of publicity and propaganda, it's one thing to be a real saint and another to be actually following the path of Bhramacharya, celibacy, and spirituality. YouTube, videos, television, and other forms of media helped many saints to gain material benefits. But in my experience, those who are truly on the spiritual path never want anyone to see them doing what they were doing. They always wanted to be in solidarity. So it's difficult for the commoners to differentiate between a real saint and a materialistic saint. Also, because real saints talk less or keep a silent fast. They don't even get affected by people teasing them or degrading them. If someone talks about God, then they may seem interested, not otherwise.

So, it is also very difficult to recognise a true saint because they may look like a beggar, not wearing good clothes, not combing their hair, but when you move a little closer, the energy emitting from their bodies, their aura, the brightness of their face, one will realise that they are not normal people.

In my journey of finding spirituality, I have come across many such saints. They are not comfortable sitting across from normal people because they feel uncomfortable. But when they meet me, they recognise my power of the sixth sense, and we connect over that,

thus having some conversations. While common men don't have the spiritual energy to recognise someone's saintly energy. Only when someone tells them that he is a saint with spiritual powers does the common man believe them, or doesn't.

In other cases, there are people who try to show that they are sadhus/saints, and for that, they come on television programmes, videos, on YouTube, or social media to publicise themselves. But a real saint never goes into the public eye or crowd. A spiritual person who meditates a lot and has a community would live in that group in a particular area. They are trying to attend to salvation and live on donations. Finally, when we talk about the saints in the videos, their teachings sound pure and useful. It could be related to the ancient texts of Sanatan Dharma and their own experiences. The viewers are not concerned about their personal lives because it's their karma. How advanced they are from within, how pure their soul is, or it's not, it's all their lookout because only they will get the Karma back for their doings. The viewers should only be concerned about their words, their teachings, and their advice. If you find it useful, take it; otherwise, leave it. Take the benefits, but we cannot look upon them as God. We cannot think of them as real saints as well.

In my youth, I lived with other saints at their ashram and tried to understand their workings. They all have a management system in place to publicise their particular saint as the best one.

Our soul has the power to control and influence the energy in our body. Whenever I prayed for someone from the depths of my heart, it came true, irrespective of the distance between the person I was praying for. From this, I understood that the energy of the universe can be controlled by us, by our words, and by the energy we give out. Once, I was sitting with my friends under a tree in Jamshedpur, and it was too hot. The wind was not blowing, and

we were sweating profusely. I said, "I wish the wind would start blowing."

"Nothing is happening, bro!" A friend said,

"No worries, I'll see to it," I said, looking at a tree in front of us, staring intently with a deep wish from the core of my heart that it would start to get windy. I manifested the leaves of the tree to flap and flutter, and kept peering at the leaves. In a few minutes, the leaves started dancing. But the most fun part was that only that one tree I was staring at was actually fluttering in the wind, not the rest of the trees. My friends witnessed this and were really shocked. We felt quite relieved from the heat, and even though I was a little surprised, I knew that it was the awakened energies within me that made this happen. I felt happy as a kid at that moment. Hence, I understood that energy can be transformed, moved, and molded.

CHAPTER 8

ENERGY AND COSMOS

I have seen cases of some children who don't know a particular language but start speaking it suddenly at a very young age. It's not related to their mother tongue. It's not even close to their mother tongue. It is, in fact, from a faraway land.

For example, I had known of a 12-year-old girl in Ghaziabad. She spoke French fluently. She grew up in a village where no one spoke English, forget French. She didn't even know where France was. And there was no French teacher in the village who could teach her. And she was speaking in such a deep and fluent French that she was introduced to French people. Soon, with the help of the media that made her famous, she was introduced to some French tourists. They were astounded. They couldn't believe that she was a brown Indian girl, so young and still speaking a foreign language without any training in it. Her accent was of a similar type. The most amazing thing was that a person can learn the language, but not the tone. Not unless the person lives with the local people speaking that language for at least a decade. That too, since a young age. Whereas for an adult, even if a 30–40-year-old person practised for more than two decades, their tone would be similar to their own mother tongue, not the foreign language that they learn. So, in any possible way, after many permutations and combinations, it was concluded that this wasn't possible for a 12-year-old girl from a remote village.

There are many such examples in the world. The universe has brought a mystery. People are trying to understand it. Discoveries are being made. In such a situation, the person who is born with special talent or powers, the qualities and knowledge that they

possess that a normal person would require many decades to harness, is born with it, gifted by nature.

Many times, people have asked me, in the same house, when two different children are born to the same parents, how come they have totally different destinies? In fact, even the twins who are born on nearly the same date and time have varied destinies. So the theory of the speed of time doesn't apply here because the twins are born at nearly the same time. Even their astrological *kundalis* are similar, and yet their lives turn out to be quite different. What could be the reason behind this? I kept on thinking about this unique thing about life. I felt the electromagnetic waves in the womb of the mother are always working differently on different elements. That's why if there are two different fetuses in the same womb of the mother with the same source of DNA, and then born at the same date and time, and the upbringing is also the same, but their nature will be different, their faces will slowly look distinct, and their speed of success is also distinct.

This is all because their cosmic energy is differently connected to everyone. It doesn't have the same influence or the same relationship with each element on the planet. Every element, animal, human, and plant has a varied identity created by the universe, and accordingly, the energy is created around it, guides it, and leads it. Hence, every person has a different journey, a different perspective, emotions, and thought process, and even different looks. So when these elements come upon earth in the form of a foetus in the womb, all these individual waves, based on their past karmas, connect with each other to form an energy and become a part of that individual. That's why they connect with a particular soul. And when many successful people, or the very famous ones, find out that, for example, they were twelve brothers and sisters, and that successful person was the 9th one, and still only one of those found that level of achievement in life.

This is what I mean when I say every individual's soul is connected with the universe through a different thread of energy. Just like the

maanjha of the kite, which is held by one pair of hands, which could be flying more than one kite, but the *maanjha* of every kite is different. And if all the kites are connected by the same *maanjha*, then all the kites will fly together, but it's not really possible. That's why, after a long time of deep introspection, I tried to understand the magic of life. So when I sit in front of people, I feel different vibrations coming from each one of them.

A special realisation that came to my life was that the universe is too huge. The energy that goes into it conjoins with each other and is attached to each other by influencing the other like a ball of thread. Therefore, if one of the threads is vibrating, the others in touch with it will also move accordingly. So every wave is a part of an energy which is a part of a larger universe, all connected through a predefined speed. Therefore, it feels like a big power takes birth every time and dies soon after, like a cycle.

The five elements of life are also connected to these energies, which lead to individual life events that are around us and keep changing, and we call it destiny. Hence, it's necessary to have a strong spiritual strength that keeps oneself together and collects all that energy to transform from one place to another for the purpose of healing them. If, through this process, I pray for them, I'm able to help them and heal them from afar. I've done this many times. It is possible if we make our spiritual base strong. These energies are individual, where you pray alone, as well as collectively, as if praying for a person or event in togetherness. In collective energy creation through prayers, they need to have the same positive intention for what they are praying for. This also needs a strong willingness. I have deeply introspected about all this, and I strongly feel that if we all come together to collectively pray for something positive, we can bring great changes around us, through us. For this, we need to create that high energy, and hence we need to understand the words of the great Saints of India. Like following the path of Bhramacharya (celibacy), and this is not a common or easy journey. Most importantly, celibacy has scientific evidence of

having a chemical compound that can hold the highest form of energy, and it can lead to the opening of new levels of energy. That's why in many Vedic scriptures, the fire of celibacy in the body has special chemical compounds which, if taken control of by that person and his body, then that person, from an internal and body perspective, will become quite powerful. This person collects all his energy, the ignited fire in his body, in such a way that when he tries to transfer it, he is able to do it more powerfully and successfully. A weak person cannot give anything to someone else. Only a spiritually powerful person can transfer it.

Structuring the energy inside our body with the correct lifestyle and thought processes, circulating it to the right people with spiritually powerful people, and storing it inside for a long time is not easy. Human beings are naturally made in such a way that it takes energy inside the body from one side and gives it out from another. This circulation keeps going on. Our feet store the negative energies, hence one should always wash them after coming home and before bed. And our heads store positive energy; hence, we only touch them on the floor of a temple. These energies are circulating in our bodies, and we should have the ability to store them and digest them. And when we succeed in this, our body generates a special shine, just like a pregnant woman's face starts to shine, or a man with the ultimate bliss of salvation looks like there's a shine in his aura, like something highly positive is building inside them. But this energy is quite strong, and when we try to store it inside us and not let it come out, it tries to come out. So, trying to keep it inside, storing it inside, and following celibacy is not easy because these energies will try to come out in many ways. Due to the inability to store or digest these energies, there are many instances of Saints getting physical diseases for trying to keep it all inside for a very long period of time. So, if not guided in the proper direction, the energy can create discrepancies inside the body.

Hence, it is important to positively store and digest inside the body through proper yoga and meditation, and positive thinking by

controlling our body, mind, and desires, and all these processes are made by our saints to follow. Still, many saints get various diseases as well as cancer due to the process of controlling it, because our body has its own behaviour and natural desires, and it needs to come out. But if you do not bring it out, then that electricity can spoil you from within. So, to have the key to these energies is to be able to balance internal and bodily energies and wrap it all inside so it becomes the source of it, is a long, tedious journey, the secret of which is tied to the universe and operates along with it.

If we look at it from a universal perspective, then life is a journey wherein we get to witness, feel, and touch various aspects of life. Events keep changing. Our views keep changing. And every insight we get into life through those new events gives a new message from nature. Nature always works in a special manner. Throughout the universe, each meteor, every star is moving, dying, and taking rebirth in different manners, at different times, and a very small part of this is our Karma, the things we do, and how it influences nature, and then, as a reaction to it, nature then influences us. Hence, here comes the topic of energy. When the universe is dynamic, moving, learning, and unlearning new aspects of life, the cosmos keeps operating our energy and forms the basis of our *Karma*. This is what I've understood: be it internal or external energy, while both are connected and influence each other, depending upon which one is more powerful, dominating, and centralised. That's why, if your internal energy is quite strongly awakened, then you can alter your life situations as you wish for them to be. It's called willpower. When, in your mind, you are determined to do something, when you have a strong intuition that this will happen, then the whole universe will come together to make it true. In totality, I have tried to always understand this energy. Whenever I saw a miracle, a special event, we call it a miracle as it's not in our control. We never know when an event is going to happen, how it's going to take place, or in what form. Nothing is in our control. When I started getting some awareness

of these situations, but not fully, I was connecting with the energy of the universe and this flow.

To store and elaborate the energy for the purpose of transferring it from one place to another, when energy is collected and processed, it means they are transferred and transported through the arteries and manages various parts of the body through these arteries. In this way, the meditative mind gives out energies in the direction where the thoughts are going and getting collected. That's how the energies get dominant. Similarly, meditation requires a lot of focus on our breathing because oxygen flows in our arteries along with the blood, and the energies are connected and travel with the air element. Hence, meditation is a process of controlling and managing our water and air elements that will help you to finally control your body parts. Hence, when I started my meditation journey, I first focused only on my breathing. Controlling our breathing and pausing it for as long as we can, or just sitting and meditating to focus on our breathing, the way the air is flowing through our lungs, is one of the best ways to manage our body's processes and slowly dominate our desires.

When I was in Yogda Satsang Vidyalaya School in Ranchi, in the pre-primary section itself, I learnt to pray. We were made to stand in the park, where a roof was made for shade, and we would sit on the mat. We were taught in school to close our eyes, join our palms, and chant, "Prem mudit Man Se Kaho Ram Ram Ram."

Along with prayers, I was also introduced to meditation early on in my life. That green park under the shade was a calm space with trees and shrubs around, where saints used to meditate and also live in that space. Our PT teacher used to teach us meditation. But in childhood, our minds were fickle, and we would fidget with our ID cards, open an eye, and look around to find a beautiful flower or tasty fruit to pick. Still, closing our eyes and concentrating within was the first thing I learnt as a kid and practised at that age.

A quite famous spiritual book by Yogananda Paramahansa was given to the children in our school, "The Autobiography of a Yogi," which talks about meditation and consciousness. He was a big seeker and worshiper, and coincidentally, he had established his ashram in Ranchi, where I was a part of his school until 6th grade.

When we pray as kids, our minds are innocent, and hence it is said that our prayers are heard. Maybe at that age, I prayed for a calmer and more conscious mind. As it is said that a guru-student relationship is the purest and strongest, the tradition has been there for centuries, and without a guru, there's no path. After receiving Yogananda Maharaj's blessing through his book and his ashram, it spiritually shaped me. After him, it was Sai Baba, and I felt a spiritual connection with him. His teachings helped me move forward in life. Even Sai Baba, in his young avatar, approached a tree below which he knew was the samadhi of his guru and started meditating there. When the villagers asked him about this, he said that he would not leave his guru's place, and Sai Baba remained there until he left his body. Today, his own samadhi is there along with his guru in Shirdi. As per my understanding, Sai Baba was connected to Lord Shiva and Nath Sampradaya and I have always felt a strong connection with Lord Shiva since childhood. The shade under which we used to pray in school, in the far corner of it, there was a small Shiva temple where the kids were not taken. But once, I was curious about the temple, and I walked up to it. I saw a small shivling there and prayed there, as if I could feel a bright light entering me. Shiv is the sky, the unlimited hope. Hence, when Lord Raam was going to the war against Raavan, he prayed to Lord Shiv by creating his shivling near the shore. Everywhere we see, there's an element of Shiv, and hence he's called "Lord of the Lords!"

I have tried to understand the sources of energy and the secrets of the universe many times, and for that purpose, I have tried to go deep into a meditative state. In the process, I saw a blurred scene,

but the thought process stopped working as if a tape recorder was paused, and my mind was at zero. It was as if my mind was connected with a thread to a thought, but then that thread was cut off. This has happened many times. It felt like nature was also keeping control of our minds and not letting us know all the secrets of the universe on purpose. It knows to what extent we should know things and allows that, but over and above that, it stops us. All the thoughts, feelings, contemplations, and mindfulness that we have are controlled by the universe. Since childhood, I have noticed how many times, when I start to talk, at that time, all the new information automatically comes out of my mouth without my control over it. When the topic is deep and important, slowly and steadily, my mind goes so deep that after a certain point in time, it stops in that vast zero stage. And I don't even remember what I had said. This shows that the control over the waves, the speed of the universe, and their operations are all interconnected. This is a game of the universe wherein the micro objects are in sync with each other, controlling each other's speed and energy that comes out of it is connected to each of the five elements of the earth, and from that, humans are born.

To understand the secrets of nature, it made me an observer. I'll try to express my observations in words about what I experienced and how I felt. Various people experience things differently and understand differently, but what I understood, I want to talk about. In this way, when I think about my early mornings, waking up early in the morning at Bhrama Muhrat, and in that moment, my identity and being are at peace with nature, sitting calmly to meditate and feeling the freshness of the body, was also a great example of energy. How the energy is at a different speed and velocity at different times of the day. So, at the BhramMuhrat, I realised that at dawn, the mind is at peace. For this, many factors can be at play, such as the environment being calm and there being less noise. But most importantly, what I've understood is that when seeds are put for germination, then, in the period of 24 hours,

it sprouts the most at this Brahma Muhrat. When a seed comes in contact with the elements of life, viz., the sun, water, air, and soil, it starts to come to life, and that is most active at this Bhrama Muhrat. I was observing one such recently potted plant on my balcony, and I noticed that the growth rate was quite fast in that period. So it means that the system of the universe has a high level of importance in that time period. That's when I thought about what the speciality of this moment is, and what's really happening that takes place only in this time frame. The sunrays start to reach us during this period, and these are the first sunrays of the day that pass through the Earth's atmosphere, cutting through the darkness, the night's energy, and bringing in new, clean rays of energy at the start of the day.

In this, when we talk about meditation and the process of finding ourselves, it is all connected with the energy creating and flowing within us. It never stops in one place and continuously flows throughout the body. So, how can that be channelised in a particular direction and used according to our requirements from our body is a power that comes from the process of meditation. But before we begin, after we have settled into a comfortable padmasana at Bhrama Muhrat and keeping our spine straight, we close our eyes and focus on the belly button. The focus on this particular body part channels the body's energy towards the belly button slowly and steadily. You will start to feel a twinkling heat in there, and the whole body will be light while your belly button will feel powerful. Then, from the belly button, channelise that energy upwards, towards the chest, face, and head. This also charges and awakens our second senses, from which we get peace and the state of zero. So this process of bringing the energy upwards towards our mind and to watch it in the "shunyaawastha," that is the zero state, is the essence of meditation.

Through the process of meditation, the most important aspect of brightening up this energy and transmitting it through the body

and controlling it is the air. The breath. We have to breathe deeply and at a speed that fills our lungs completely. No need for coherent breathing; only deep breathing helps in filling up the body with oxygen and connects the body with nature, and then it brings out a lot of negative deformities from the body. Then, do whatever you feel like doing. From the desire to sing, sleep, or shout out the anger, bring out those emotions, do not control them, and let them flow out of your being. Repeating this process will make your mind and soul relaxed because all the negativity will be thrown out, and your breathing will become very calm, and there won't be any negative thoughts. After cleansing your mind, you can again start with the meditation of focusing on your belly button and transferring your energy upwards to your cleansed mind. Different people experience different things through this process of realising this cosmic energy inside the body. And finally, when this energy gets activated and connected with your mind and body, it feels like all the wires have unwound and uncoiled, making your life easier, lighter, and joyful.

Our body is like a machine, and any machine cannot work on its own. We have to put some raw material into it that comes out in a processed form. So in totality, the body is the machine, and the mind is the main part that puts in the raw materials in the form of thoughts, contemplation, and emotions, which can also be called the wave of energies. These energies or thoughts that enter our body are processed by our mind, and then related to it, which creates new dimensions, thoughts, and perspectives, and finally throws them out. In this process, the mind is in a zero state, which cannot produce anything on its own. It takes the waves from outside, processes them on the basis of our life experiences, our background, and our ideologies. This is quite similar to the concept of telepathy, wherein you and I are thinking over the same topic at the same time, and we can say it out loud at once. This happens in the time phase of around 10 seconds, wherein one mind is thinking, and the other is in a state of zero. This zero-state mind grasps the

thoughts of the constantly running mind, and it comes out together. So in this process, when your mind is in a zero state, and your focus is on a person or a situation, that person or event's energy will be absorbed by your mind, and then you talk about it, analyse, and interpret it. So this is what happens to me whenever I meet someone. For a moment, I naturally and unknowingly go into the zero state of mind, and because of that, the energy of the person sitting in front of me gets activated, and I grasp them in my mind through the waves around us. That transformation helps me get a blurry view of their mind, and then I am able to tell them their past, present, and future. And the person in front of me gets shocked at how I found out about what he was thinking, or what was troubling him, or the recent events of his life. And they cannot stop asking me about my secret. All I can say is that the waves of energy around that person, that are related to any problems or a topic of issue in their life, are very active and intense. So that is so powerful, like the open wire of electricity, that I catch it at once. For example, I told a man to buy a pair of sandals for his mother. This will make her happy, and you'll get her blessings. That's when he said that a few days back, he had observed his mother's sandals were worn and torn, and he had it in the back of his mind to get her a new pair in a few days when he got the time, but he couldn't. But he was thinking about it. The depth with which he was thinking about it had literally invaded his mind and come into his aura circle. That's when I looked at his mother and her sandals, and I could see his desires right through his eyes. He was impressed and happy that I reminded him of the solution to some of his problems, and he went on to complete that task, which led to the completion of other tasks in his life.

CHAPTER 9

SAINTS AND BUSINESSMEN

It was the year 2015 when I decided to go to the remote places of Uttarakhand to escape the summer season in my city. That's when I got the opportunity to meet Shastri ji, who was a celebrity yoga teacher, and his in-laws lived in Uttarakhand. So, he had invited me to come to his wife's family house, which is located near the China border in the mountains and in the lap of the beautiful Mother Nature, with apple trees everywhere, small cows that roam around, and cool rivers flowing nearby. The rivers were clean like a screen, so much so that one could see the river bed and stones through the water. The fish in the river were flowing in the opposite direction, and that was a sight to behold. There were also old palaces where kings and queens used to live. We reached Arakot village in northern Uttarakhand, India, and to reach their house, we had to cross a river. For that, an old tree branch was tied from one side of the bank to another, and like in the circus, we had to walk through it by holding a rope. For people like us who have been living in the city, this was a difficult and risky task. But those villagers were able to cross it easily, as if it were a part of their daily life. I was really enjoying my time in nature. The blue sky and the chilled breeze kissing my face were really heaven on earth.

My friend Shastri was telling me about the recent developments in his life and asking me about predictions, if any, that I could give related to that. I had previously predicted something about his life that had a great impact on him, and you had to know more since we were meeting after a long time, but I was lost in the beauty of nature.

Shastri ji took me to another village where we met the village head, and they organised a royal breakfast for us. The village head was

friends with the secretary of the minister, whom I had known for a long time. That minister was a journalist at one point in time, and so we had spent a long time previously. In this manner, the word started to spread, and this village head found out about me through Shastri ji, who then insisted on meeting him.

Then Shastri ji started telling him about my predictions. I told Shastri ji not to tell everyone, but he couldn't contain his excitement and narrated everything that the village head knew about him. We had a long talk with the village head, during which he told me that in their village and in nearby villages, they had to protect the dogs more than the cows because the leopards of their area take away and eat the dogs. So while the cows could roam freely for their grass grazing, the dogs were safely kept at home, especially at night.

Then he told me that one of his close friends is also arriving in the village, and I want you to meet him. Due to their insistence, I agreed to meet the man, and we waited.

After 15 minutes, I asked where your friend was, and he said that he must be on his way. But then suddenly it came to me that the friend would not be able to meet me right now, and I uttered, "Your friend is going to meet me at 1:35 p.m."

Not only were the people sitting around surprised, but I was shocked at the sudden announcement I made with such accuracy of the time. There was a confidence in my voice that I was going to meet a particular person at a fixed time.

But the village head was not ready to listen to me, and he said that his friend was on the way as per their last conversation. "It is just 10:30 am. So he must be here anytime."

I agreed to wait a few more minutes, and then I repeated, Your friend is going to be late, and I am going to meet him at our designated time of 1:35 p.m. Our meeting is fixed by the universe at this particular time, neither before that nor after that."

But he looked confused and couldn't comprehend what I said, to which I added, "It is related to something from our past life, and therefore we are going to meet today at this particular time of 1:35 p.m."

Still, the village head was adamant, "No-no, my friend is on his way around 10 km away, so he will be here anytime soon. I will make him sweet to you on the call."

But sometimes he wouldn't pick up, while at other times there would be a quick conversation, and the friend would just keep the call after saying that he would reach in sometime. Like this, he passed half an hour after half an hour, and I sat there for the next 2 hours. Everytime, they would speak in their mountain language on the call, and after every call, he would tell me just one thing, "He's just here, he's just here!"

I was getting a little impatient, and I said, "Brother, I think this is just a waste of time. You need to trust me when I say that he is going to meet me only at the specified times. So it is time that we leave."

Finally, after my obstinacy, I got up to leave, and he also agreed to drop me off. He settled with us in our car, and off we went.

On our way, while we were passing through a sleek mountain track, a river on one side, and trees on the other, we saw a jeep coming from the other side.

I was sitting in the passenger seat beside the driver, and the head was sitting behind me, with my friend Shastri.

The head asked for the car to be stopped, "That's my friend coming in that jeep, stop, stop! Babaji, that's my friend whom I wanted you to meet."

Both the cars stopped beside each other so that the windows could come in front of each other, and we could talk.

"This is the Baba I wanted you to meet, my friend. Now come out and take his blessings because he has to leave. We waited for you a lot."

Just when that guy came out of the car, the driver sitting beside me showed me the time and said, "See! It is 1:35 PM!"

Everyone was surprised, but I felt calm because I was shouting the same thing for the past 2 and a half hours, saying that we are going to meet only at this time because of our past life karmas and a destiny already written. But no one was listening to me, and finally, this is happening exactly at the time I had specified.

Such things had happened a lot of times, and that evening I sat alone with myself to think if stories are really already written somewhere. This question was left imprinted in my mind after the situation. I had predicted events happening in a particular month, and that had come true, but those were related to a whole month of 30 days, whereas this situation was about a time when it was going to happen in those 60 seconds, and it really happened in that exact moment. I did not know anything about the person who was coming to meet me, nor his situation, nor how far he was, nor did I know anything about his vehicle. I was surprised that I was able to predict something at a time two hours before and stayed adamant about it with full confidence. Previously, that used to be a 30-day time period for my prediction to actually happen, but dear, the slot was so small, and yet it took place at the specified time. So this incident made me realise that many things in life are really fixed from every minute to every second, and it happens only at its specified time.

Later on, I asked the friend whom I met at 1:35 p.m., "How come you came so late when the village head was telling me that you are only 10 km away and you would reach in some time?"

He said, "Guruji, first, I met a friend with whom I started talking, and then when I left from there, my car wasn't starting. Since it is a remote area, I was not able to find a mechanic. Finally, when we

found a mechanic and it started to work, we left quickly to reach you, but the car stopped midway. Then I met a friend on the way who was going in the same direction, and I joined him. But then that friend had a call from his family that someone had fallen ill. So, I had to get down and wait for another lift. Sometime later, a car came by, and I wanted to go with them, but they said that they could drop me off only halfway through, after which they were going to take a turn. So I did not sit with them, thinking that I would get another ride to my destination. I kept waiting. Finally, I found another local vehicle that picks up and drops off people from one place to another, and in this jeep itself, we meet."

So, I understood how the universe tries to stop things from happening until it's the right time and until it's the time as written for them.

At such instances, people would ask me to start my own place of worship to *fix* them. I have received offers to start an ashram in the hills of Uttarakhand, but I turned the offers down politely, stating I helped people because I just wanted to help. It had never been my intention to monetise what I could do for others. To me, I am grateful for this gift, and I intend to share it fully with the world.

In 2024, I had to *predict* what would happen to the son of someone I know. This young man had been desperate for promotion for a while because the company he worked for was a reputed British Multinational Bank, but he had not been promoted for a long time. He was getting frustrated, and as he was young and impulsive, full of passion and desires, he was thinking about quitting and studying more to get a better job somewhere else.

But then the company announced that they were about to take interviews for the promotion of that particular position for which he was working hard. That's when my old friend, the boy's father,

called me up to ask me what would happen and said that he wanted me to pray for his son.

He was an old friend of mine, and I loved him dearly. I had met his son as well, and I always bonded well with the family. So, from the depths of my heart, I said, “Don’t worry. Your son is like my son. And my blessings are with him. He will surely get promoted as per his wish.” I said, “He will get promoted soon with a good raise. Do not worry.”

I have always known that whenever I have asked for something from the depths of my heart, like positive energy, it works in the universe like magic, and my wishes are always granted. But sometimes, I am also scared of the anger or hatred in my mind toward someone. I fear that if even a small seed of dislike is planted in my heart, then it can be disastrous for that person. Hence, I always make sure to think well and have good thoughts for everyone, irrespective of what they did to me.

On the day of the interview, when the time rolled around for a verbal interview to ensure the promotion, the young man failed spectacularly. The interviewer was not pleasant and made the experience for everyone awful. He was asked questions that had nothing to do with the job he was in. By the end of it, the young man was in tears.

The father called me up at once that same evening, saying, “*Baba*, you said he would get promoted. He’s been crying since he got back from the office because of how bad the interview was for him. How is this possible? You said he would get the promotion!”

I wondered why I felt with such certainty that he would get promoted if this was what was about to happen. I said, “I don’t understand how this is possible. Never have I ever been wrong when I said something with surety. Because I really knew that he was going to get promoted,” I insisted, “I would not say it if it were otherwise.”

That evening, on the day of the failed interview, I prayed in front of the photo of Sai Baba in my house and told him, “Babaji, please get the kid promoted. I request you. He is a very hardworking and smart kid, and if he doesn’t get promoted, he will get very sad and demotivated in life.”

Exactly two and a half hours later, the father called again. This time, his voice was loud and chirpy with pride, “*Baba*, your words can never be wrong!”

“He’s got the promotion?” I piped over the call.

“It turns out that the guy who took the interview was not supposed to in the first place. He had failed his son, not everyone, and there was no re-interview. The first interviewer was scolded by his superior, and his son was cleared automatically. My son passed, *Baba*. Thank you for your blessings and prediction!”

“That is wonderful news,” I said happily, “I am still surprised such a mix-up could happen in such a prestigious company.”

“Yes, *Baba*,” the father agreed, “But I am glad everything got sorted out so quickly. I could not bear to see my son in such melancholy. But now he is celebrating!”

“I am glad!”

After roaming around many places out of curiosity, sitting with nature and meeting people, I travelled to Gangotri Dham, where the floor was spread with a snow sheet, and in the lap of nature, I met a saint who was nearly 7 feet tall. He was sitting in the snow, meditating silently, and a small fire was lit in front of him. I silently sat in front of him and thought about asking him what he had understood about life and consciousness.

"Don't you feel cold in this weather?"

He slowly opened his eyes and said, "I don't eat grains."

I was shocked. How could someone not eat grains and still feel okay in this weather? I didn't think that a body could bear this cold without an ounce of grain. It could collapse there.

On hearing my shock, he pointed at the 8 metal vessels beside him. It's a special spiritual metal combination that gives out a lot of positivity and is healthy to drink from. He picked up the mug and ushered me to him. I saw a thin liquid in it, and he gulped it down quickly. It was nearly a litre, and then he announced, "Bam Shambhu!"

I asked him about the liquid, and he said, "It's a herb mix."

"I even want to try it."

"No, no, if something happened to you, then your family will question all the saints."

"But..."

He showed me a palm and said, "It's not for just anyone. And I drink only this in 24 hours and do not have anything else."

I was surprised and doubted whether he was telling the truth. Then, looking at his height and body like a wrestler, if he had held me even with his non-dominant hand, then I wouldn't have been able to free myself. Then I was very curious to know what it was and how he did this, and I started to ask the same question again, remaining obstinate and adamant. Finally, he gave up and picked up a small tumbler with the same liquid in it. He poured it into that mug and kept it in the little fire lit in front of him to make it hot. Then he handed it to me in a small saucer, and I drank it slowly. It tasted like wood and was quite bitter. After having it, it felt hotter, and that day I didn't feel hungry till evening.

Then, my curiosity started increasing, and I decided to rest for the night beside him. He lit the fire, and I sat nearby. I was feeling sleepy, and I would wake up with a jerk because it was a strange place. It was just the two of us, and a small dog nearby was roaming around, coming after every so often and leaving to go

back to the trees. All I could hear was the tiptoeing of his paws and the flapping of the leaves. At around 4 am, while I was mostly awake, the saint got up suddenly with a jerk and announced, "Come up with me, I'll take you somewhere."

I nodded in agreement, and we started walking upwards, climbing the mountain. A kilometre or two later, I saw a jungle of trees called Bhojhpatra (Birch trees) whose leaves were used in olden days to write when paper wasn't invented. The fragrance of the forest was very calming, and I could hear a river flowing nearby. I really thought that there would be a river flowing nearby, but when we reached the direction of the sound, I saw a thin sheet of ice over the river, and the saint broke the sheet with his iron rod, and we could see the water flowing underneath. Under a tree, he had kept a vessel that he used to fill with water from the river, and stood there at the banks and started bathing. My giggles were right in my throat because I didn't feel the need for it in this cold weather at 4:30 am.

"Come with me and take a bath."

I took a step back, not understanding what to say, and he added, "Your cold will run away. Try it once."

I gathered all the courage I had and followed the lead. I took the vessel from him and poured it upon myself twice. A few minutes later, I actually felt some warmth, and the whole night's chilly, shivery feeling was gone. I really felt immune to the situation.

Then we roamed around, he collected some herbs, and then we sat down to meditate. Then I came back with him to his tent. I had many thoughts and curiosity. And it just fell out of my mouth, "What's going to happen to the world?"

"What's going to happen? Destruction!"

"How?"

"Look, son, all that takes birth will definitely die in nature. Secondly, people's thinking has been affected and soiled. Imagine

they all think wisely, then all fights will stop, and they'll live with love."

"Then?"

"Then they'll drop the weapons, and in the process of dumping all these weapons, they'll die anyway. So, they've already created the source of their death."

I was touched by his perspective.

Such meetings with the saints really gave many different perceptions.

That's why I am searching for those elements that are connected to supernatural powers and are systematised with the soul for the purpose of Mukti, and it's far away from worldliness. Because this knowledge can never be a profession for me and hence, I chose a simple life. Otherwise, people have always called me baba since my childhood, and asked me hundreds of questions, and were ready to provide anything in return for it. I was about to be made a saint, a sage for my supernatural powers. But one day I laughed out, saying that people come and give me fruits, saying that he's a saint, and then they themselves go to a disco. Then they ask me for ways to earn more money so that they can go to the disco with that money. I decided that I am never going to take anything from anyone for this path, showcasing work. I'll just help everyone and let them earn what they get from my predictions, but never did I take a penny from them.

The soul, elements, and nature are all different. Not one thing. Like our mind is different from our soul, and both are separate from our physical abilities. All of it works independently and situationally and creates Karma for us. Therefore, when they connect with each other, that's the position of yog – Karm (Action), Vachan (Speech), and Chintan (Thoughts) should become one.

Till now, parapsychology, life after life, spirituality, and related contemplation, and people's viewpoints, when all of this came

together, it started to create confusion. Then I peeped into the Vedas, but it was such a huge syllabus that I was getting more confused. So I realised that these things require a Guru, a guide. Someone who has experienced things practically and also has good knowledge about energy. Otherwise, we can wander away if we cannot really experience things in the correct manner.

I have had a few Gurus who had a strong source of energy and didn't care about worldliness. People tried to give them ideas and make it a business, but they didn't pay heed to any of the advice. Since childhood, I have been in touch with 4 gurus and have a fading memory of the meetings.

One was Devraaha Baba, who had a strong sense of energy within him. Then I met another in Utrakhhand, a thin and slim sadhu baba who was asking for alms (Bhiksha) and would continuously smoke. He would stare at the sky silently, and I felt a strong energy from them. Whenever someone feels a loss of energy and then goes closer to them, they feel an electric current all over their body, and their thinking, mindset, physicality, and everything changes. Their surroundings feel better, and you feel like getting deeper into spirituality and the saint. You wouldn't be able to be without that saint; otherwise, you'd feel anxious. Many such saints are there, and some don't even have a name. While some become famous in their regions, when people continuously go to meet them. Some have such a power that they are visible at different places - many people are a witness of this. Then there was Loknath Baba in Bengal, Naunath Baba in Jharkhand, and I had heard about them in my school days. When we went to the place where they would sit and meditate, I felt a strong energy emitting from them. So, even though I hadn't seen them physically, I wasn't that fortunate, but just being in their place made me realise how powerful those places have become. Like Shri Akalkot Maharaj in Solapur, or Shri Gajanan Maharaj in Shengaon, or Shri Manik Prabhu Maharaj in Bidar Karnataka, they sometimes give physical darshan in the minds of their devotees or come in their dreams. Around them, I

felt such a potent energy that my body started shivering, and I had goosebumps. There are many such saints, and they are really mighty, but they are not necessarily in a particular spot that if one goes to find them, one will definitely find them. They could be roaming around, wandering into the wilderness, away from the material world. They don't have a house or a bag to carry, they just had the name of god in their heart, a tumbler to ask for alms, and a stick for protection was all that they possessed.

Meeting various saints in different parts of India gives a distinct experience each time, creating a feeling of sublimity. Similarly, I visited Banaras in my younger days. I had heard a lot about the ancient city – how bodies are burnt at the ghats, how the smoke smothers over the bank of the river Ganga, and how one can see the sky full of stars while sailing on the boat. Even from my hometown, many people visited the city for their family's mukti. So I had all the more reason to go there and experience the highest form of spirituality in one of the most ancient cities of the world.

When I reached Banaras with a friend and his relatives, the first thing I savoured was the street food. Having chaat and lassi at the Godowlia Chowk and shopping at the local market for my family, I was exhausted, roaming around the narrow lanes of the city. Then, after sunset, I took a boat from the banks of the river Ganga, and as I sailed through the waters, I could see the Manikarnika ghat giving moksha to the deceased, as if the smoke was taking the souls to travel up into the cosmos, and the reflections of the citylights dancing in the water. This scene is etched in my mind even today, after so many decades. When I close my eyes, I can go back to the peace I felt in that moment. I cannot express in words – the soft music of the water splashing as the boatman was rowing the boat, the lamps burning high up on the roofs of the temples, and the ghat lit up with the cremation fire. In between all the, the boatman was chanting 'Raam-Raam' every other moment.

From the journey of my life so far, and the essence of the knowledge and philosophy I have grasped, I understand spirituality to be the principle of the movement of energy and the art of living and seeing beyond the confines of ordinary life.

The mind, the soul, and the body are three distinct elements. The mind controls the body. The body governs Karma. Karma purifies the soul. The body perishes—a state known as death. The soul is immortal. If the mind is brought under control, the body will come under control; and with control over the body, one gains control over karma. Then, the soul will become pure and attain liberation.

Control over the mind is achieved through discipline—specifically, rigorous discipline, which means going against the mind's impulses. It is precisely here that the journey of the soul's evolution beyond the body begins, that is, where spirituality begins.

