

The Unseen Thread



BlueRoseONE^{.com}
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

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ISBN: 978-93-7825-453-6

Cover design: Amie

First Edition: May 2026

*To the one who taught me love's boundless nature,
my younger brother, Durjoy.*

#ikriva



Message to the Readers

Before the journey begins, find your corner of the world, a quiet space bathed in light. Let your favourite nectar be your companion and a pen, your guide, for this time is an invitation to settle in and make these words your own.



Preface

In a world that moves faster each day, overflowing with noise, distraction, and uncertainty, we often find ourselves searching for direction. Questions of meaning, purpose, and belonging are as present in our modern cities and homes as they were on the ancient battlefield where the *Bhagavad Gita* was first spoken. The *Bhagavad Gita* was the sacred conversation between a seeker, Arjuna, and his divine charioteer, Lord Krishna. A profound dialogue that provided an eternal roadmap for navigating the crisis of duty and the quest for spiritual liberation. This book is not a commentary or a translation. It is a retelling of timeless wisdom in the language of human experience.

Through eighteen stories, each inspired by one of the *Bhagavad Gita*'s vital teachings, I have tried to reimagine its truths in the lives of ordinary people—a fisherman standing at a crossroads, a mother teaching her children about eternity through folded stars, a nurse discovering peace amid chaos, an artist reclaiming freedom in colour. Their worlds may seem far from yours, yet their struggles echo the same questions that have always belonged to us all: What is my duty? Where do I find peace? Who am I beyond my fears and ambitions?

This book is not a lecture, nor a sermon—it is a conversation. A dialogue between the ancient and the modern, between the questions you carry and the answers that whisper through these pages. As you read, I invite you to pause often, to let the words breathe, and to let your own reflections rise. For wisdom is not something we receive; it is something we awaken within ourselves.

Though these stories are set in different lands and cultures, their heartbeat is universal. Whether you are standing at a crossroads in your career, grieving a loss, or simply seeking clarity in the noise of everyday life, you will find echoes of your own journey here. The *Bhagavad Gita* does not belong to one tradition — it belongs to the human spirit, to anyone who has ever asked: Who am I? Why am I here? What truly matters?

In an age of constant notifications and endless distractions, we often mistake motion for meaning. We scroll, we chase, we consume—but rarely do we pause to reflect. These stories are an invitation to that pause. They remind us that even in the rush of deadlines and desires, there is a quiet space within — a space where clarity lives, waiting to be discovered.





Writer's Inspiration

The seed of this work was planted by a simple yet profound desire: to bring the wisdom of the *Bhagavad Gita* beyond sacred halls and textbooks and into the everyday lives of people everywhere. Though the *Bhagavad Gita* is framed as a dialogue on a battlefield, its true message is not about war. It is about the battles we each face within, the struggles of indecision, fear, attachment, doubt, and the longing to know who we truly are.

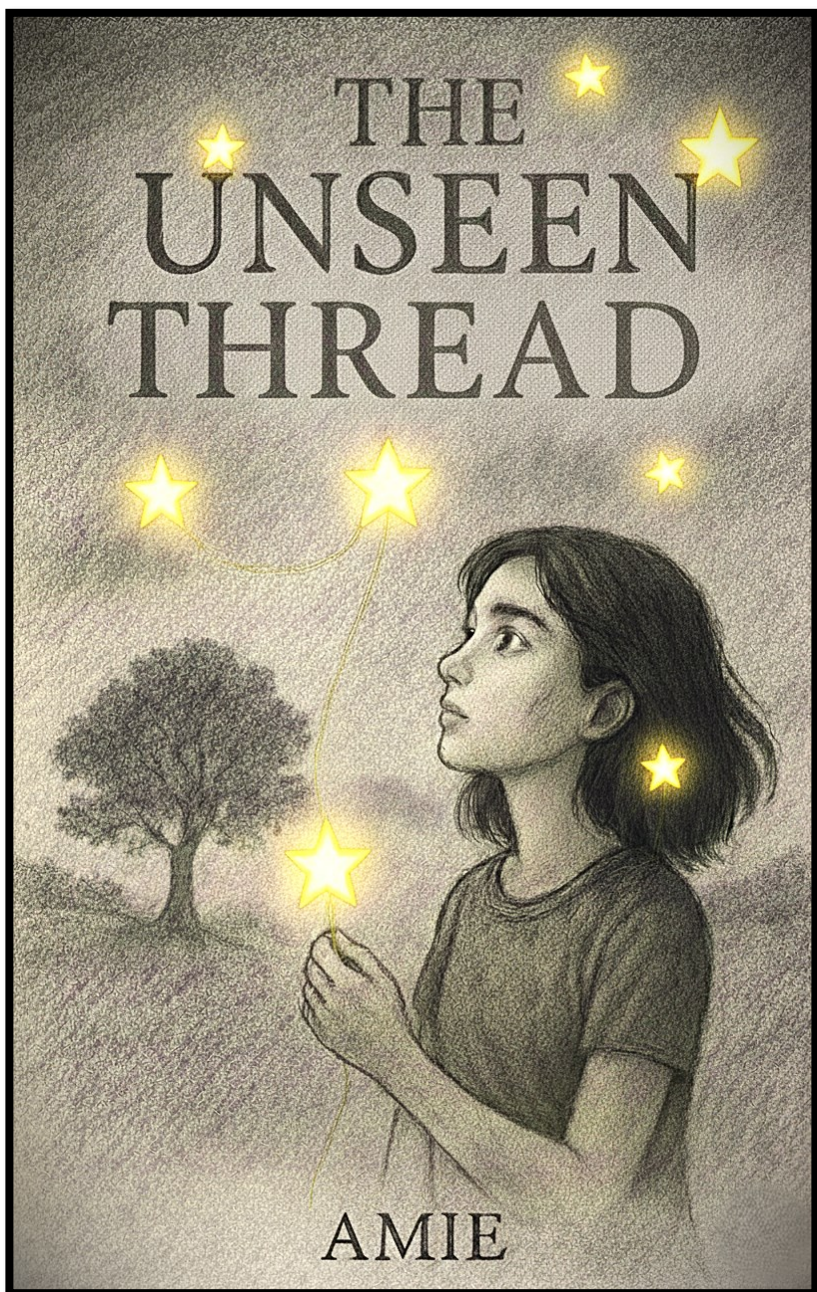
I have always believed that philosophy is alive, breathing quietly within the ordinary moments of life rather than distant or abstract. It thrives in the choices of a teacher staying late for her students, in the patience of a doctor balancing science with compassion, in the determination of a runner, and in the resilience of a farmer tending his fields through uncertain seasons. These stories grew from that living belief.

By weaving the *Bhagavad Gita's* chapters into the lives of modern men and women from every corner of the world, I hoped to show that wisdom belongs to no single tradition. It belongs to the human spirit itself. The characters' struggles are not theirs alone; they are mirrors reflecting our shared search for meaning, our longing to live with purpose, clarity, and grace.

This project has been, for me, an offering, a way of honouring the ancient teaching while giving it a new language and a new heart. If even one story helps you pause, reflect, and hear the quiet wisdom already alive within your own life, then the purpose of this work is fulfilled.



THE UNSEEN THREAD



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Story 1

The Crossing

Story 1: The Crossing

The afternoon sun hung low over the harbour, casting a molten gold across the restless waves. Fishing boats swayed gently, ropes creaking as seagulls wheeled overhead. A faint smell of salt, oil, and tar clung to the air. Amidst the bustle of vendors and sailors, Mateo stood alone on the wooden pier, fists tight enough to blanch the knuckles.

He was only twenty-four yet carried the weight of years on his shoulders. His family had been fishermen for generations. His grandfather's calloused hands had taught his father the tides; his father had passed that knowledge to him. Their boat, *La Esperanza*, was not only a livelihood, but it was also a legacy. Every plank held the sweat of their labour, every net a story of survival.

But times had changed. The sea was no longer generous. Rising fuel prices, dwindling catches, and the incursion of industrial trawlers left little for small families like his. His father had fallen ill, and Mateo had been forced to bear the burden alone. His mother tried to be strong, but the sleepless nights showed on her lined face. Mateo's younger sister, still in school, looked at him with quiet trust, believing he would somehow keep them afloat.

And now came the demand: join the cooperative of large trawlers, abandon *La Esperanza*, and work as a labourer under men who cared nothing for tradition, only profit. They promised stability, a steady income, perhaps even benefits. But it meant surrendering the boat, the pride of his father and grandfather, the vessel that had carried their dreams across decades.

Mateo's heart pulled in opposite directions. On one side lay survival—food on the table, medicine for his father, school fees for his sister. On the other hand, the spirit of his ancestors whispered through the salty wind. *Do not abandon the legacy*, it seemed to say.

That afternoon, he had taken the boat out alone, searching the horizon for clarity, but the unrest remained. The mind refused to settle. As he hauled in the empty nets, frustration boiled over. He slammed his fists against the deck and shouted into the waves, “Why must I choose between survival and honour? Between duty to my family and loyalty to my ancestors? I cannot bear it!”

When he returned to the harbour, the world felt heavy. He stood at the pier, staring at the water as the tide lapped against the wood. His chest heaved with unspoken cries. Around him, life went on, fishermen unloading their catches, vendors calling prices, children laughing, but within him, silence raged.

It was then that an old man approached. A retired sailor with a limp and weathered face, Don Rafael was known in the village for his wisdom. He leaned on his cane and stood beside Mateo, following his gaze toward the sea. After a long silence, he asked gently, “Your heart is troubled, hijo. What weighs on you?”

Mateo’s voice cracked as he replied, “I am being asked to choose between two roads. If I give up the boat, I betray my family’s honour. If I keep it, I may starve the ones I love. How can I choose one and not kill the other?”

Rafael nodded slowly. “You see only battle, family on one side, ancestors on the other. But listen: the sea does not ask whether you are a fisherman or a labourer. The sea only asks whether you sail with fear or with truth.”

Mateo frowned, not understanding. Rafael continued, “When the storm rises, even the strongest sailor cannot control the waves. What he can control is his own heart, whether he faces the sea with despair or with clarity. Your struggle is not with the trawlers or with the legacy. Your struggle is within, between your fear and your strength. Cross that battle first, and the outer path will reveal itself.”

Mateo stood in silence, the words echoing in his chest.

His despair was not just about the boat. It was about the weight of responsibility, the fear of failing both his past and his present. His knees trembled under the burden. He realised he was standing at a crossing, not just of careers or choices, but of the soul itself.

As the sun dipped lower, painting the sky crimson, Mateo whispered, “I do not know what to do.”

Rafael placed a hand on his shoulder, firm and steady. “Then begin by admitting that. To stand at the crossing in despair is the first step. Even the greatest warrior once trembled before battle. Do not hide from your sorrow. Look at it fully and let it show you what lies deeper than fear.”

Mateo closed his eyes, the weight of his confusion pressing against his chest. For the first time, he allowed himself to feel the despair without fighting it. The tears came, hot and unashamed, mixing with the salt air. In that raw moment, he understood: his greatest enemy was not poverty, nor betrayal of legacy, but the storm within.

And so, the crossing began.

When Mateo opened his eyes the next morning, the crimson despair of the previous night had been replaced by a pale, resolute dawn. The sun, a cool silver above the horizon, seemed to be whispering a quiet truth: survival is the foundation of legacy. Don

Rafael's words returned to him, not as a riddle, but as a direct command: "Cross that battle first, and the outer path will reveal itself."

He realised he had crossed this battle. He had faced his fear of betraying his ancestors. Now, the outer path was clear. He would not abandon La Esperanza, but he would temporarily put the family's future ahead of its immediate present.

He spent the morning not on the pier, but at the co-operative office. He didn't sign up as a permanent labourer. Instead, he presented himself to the manager, a gruff but honest man named Señor Vargas, and asked for a temporary contract, strictly for twelve months.

"I need the salary, Señor," Mateo said. "But I will not sell my boat. I will work for you until the start of the next long season. Use me for what you need."

Vargas was surprised, but Mateo's reputation as a hard worker preceded him. The deal was struck. Mateo would work as a deckhand on the trawler, guaranteeing a steady income for the family.

That afternoon, he went to La Esperanza, gently running his hand over her hull. He spoke to his cousin, Lucas, a younger man with a family of his own who had often helped around the harbour but lacked a boat.

“Lucas,” Mateo explained, handing him the keys. “I am taking a job for a few months. La Esperanza cannot sit empty. She is yours to manage. Use her for short local hauls, take the profit you need, and the rest goes to her maintenance. You are the captain now, but I am the guide.”

Mateo’s father, lying weak in his bed, watched his son with a flicker of pride. Mateo’s mother, though worried by the physical labour ahead, finally had the one thing she craved- certainty. Food was on the table, medicine was bought, and the boat remained theirs.

The next months were a blur of exhaustion. Mateo worked on the massive trawler from dawn till late at night. The work was brutal, impersonal, and soul-crushing, but the steady flow of his salary built a desperately needed cushion.

He spent his few hours off not resting, but mentoring Lucas. Every night, he would check La Esperanza’s logbook, review the market prices, and help Lucas plan the next day’s route. Lucas, under Mateo’s distant but firm guidance, grew more confident. The family boat, now actively fishing again, provided a small but vital secondary income.

As months passed, Mateo’s salary stabilised their finances, and Lucas’s management kept La Esperanza alive. Mateo’s father, seeing the boat active and the worry lines

disappearing from his wife's face, began to recover.

After a year of rigorous work, Mateo was able to leave the trawler job entirely. The family's economic condition had fundamentally improved from both his savings and the boat's small but reliable profits.

Mateo did not rush back to the sea. He dedicated himself to a deeper re-commitment to the legacy. He brought his own new experience of the larger fishing economy to La Esperanza, helping Lucas expand their network and improve their fishing techniques.

The years that followed saw the fulfilment of his choice. Lucas became a successful skipper under Mateo's direction, the boat became a thriving enterprise, and the family's prosperity was restored.

Mateo, finally stepping back into the wheelhouse of his own vessel, felt the strength of his ancestors in the planks beneath his feet. He had not betrayed his legacy; he had rebuilt it on a stronger foundation of practical survival.

He never forgot the despair at the pier, nor the wisdom of Don Rafael. He had stood at the crossing and found his way forward, proving that to truly honour the past, one must first ensure the future.

The legacy was not just the wood and the sails, but the wisdom; you know when to anchor the heart and when to set sail.



Author's Note

This tale draws its breath from the opening chapter of the Bhagavad Gita — *Arjuna Vishada Yoga*, the Yoga of Despair. As Arjuna once stood paralysed upon the vast and trembling field of Kurukshetra, torn between duty to family and the call of righteousness, so too does Mateo find himself stilled at the harbour's edge—caught between the weight of ancestral honour and the urgent pull of his family's survival.

The Bhagavad Gita reminds us that *vishada* — despair — does not signal weakness, but rather the catalyst for profound transformation. Arjuna's collapse before Lord Krishna opened the gateway to awakening, just as Mateo's tears upon the pier do not mark his defeat, but the beginning of clarity. Don Rafael embodies the voice of wisdom, reminding us that our greatest battles are internal, fought between fear and clarity.

Mateo's crossing becomes a mirror to our own everyday dilemmas: the tug-of-war between tradition and change, between idealism and necessity, between the legacy we inherit and the future we must dare to shape. The Bhagavad Gita teaches that honour does not reside in clinging rigidly to the past, but in acting with courage and consciousness — choosing what

serves both the lineage behind us and the life unfolding before us. At times, safeguarding a legacy means not preserving it untouched, but reimagining it with love and boldness.





“Pause for a moment, dear Reader, and consider your own crossing. What is the current conflict—the tension between survival and principle, or duty and desire— that rages within you? What storms within yourself do you need to face before the path ahead becomes clear?”

[illegible]

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."



Story2
The Star Jar

Story 2: The Star Jar

The Singh family's home once hummed with life. Children's shoes lay scattered by the door, drawings taped to the fridge, and laughter spilt into every corner. But lately, the house had grown achingly quiet.

Meera, mother of two, sat on the living room sofa, cradling a small glass jar filled with folded paper stars. She traced the rim with her finger, remembering how her father, "Nana" to the kids, had made it for them.

Each evening, Nana would fold a star, whisper a blessing, and drop it into the jar. "These stars never burn out," he used to tell the children. "They carry our love forever."

Three months ago, Nana passed away after a long illness. For the children, Arjun, twelve, and Tara, seven, the loss felt both confusing and heavy, a mystery too large for words.

"Where did Nana go?" Tara had asked on the night of the funeral, clutching Meera's sleeve.

Meera struggled for words. "He's... not here anymore, sweetheart."

"But where?" Tara leaned in, her wide eyes searching. Meera only hugged her tighter, her own heart aching

with the same unanswerable question.

One Saturday afternoon, while dusting shelves, Arjun found the jar tucked behind a stack of books. He shook it gently, the paper stars rustling like dry leaves.

“Mum, can we open this?” he called.

Meera initially hesitated but then nodded. They gathered around the dining table, the jar between them. Tara reached out first, pulling out a star. Inside, in Nana’s neat handwriting, it read: *Be patient. Every seed knows how to bloom in its own time.*

Tara’s lips trembled. “It feels like he’s still talking to us.”

Arjun unfolded another: *The body is like clothes. We change them, but we remain the same inside.*

The children looked up, puzzled. Meera smiled softly. “That’s from the *Bhagavad Gita*. Remember what Nana used to teach? The soul doesn’t die when the body does. Just like when your clothes get old, you put on new ones. The real you stay the same.”

Arjun frowned, trying to grasp it. “So, Nana... didn’t disappear?”

“No,” Meera said, her eyes warm. “He’s just changed form. The love he gave, the lessons he shared — they’re part of us now. That’s his soul shining through

us.”

Over the next few weeks, the jar became a ritual. Every evening, they picked one star. Sometimes the notes were practical: *Drink water when you're tired, not soda!* And sometimes profound: *The sky has no end, and neither do we.*

The children began adding their own stars too. Tara drew hearts and rainbows. Arjun scribbled memories of Nana: how he made laddoos extra sweet, how he whistled while watering the plants, how he always said, “Listen with your eyes.”

As months passed, the jar filled not only with Nana’s wisdom but also with the children’s reflections. One day, Arjun placed a new star inside. Meera noticed he had written: *When I teach Tara math the way Nana taught me, I feel like he’s alive in me.*

Meera’s eyes filled. The children were beginning to understand what she herself had struggled to hold on to: love does not vanish with death. It transforms and continues, like starlight travelling across endless dark.

A few weeks later, Arjun and Meera were in the city for a day trip. While walking through a bustling cultural square, they paused before a small outdoor theatre where a group of artists was performing a traditional, masked street drama about life’s journey.

The stage was simple, but the actors' energy drew a crowd. One actor, playing a wise sage, addressed the audience directly while holding up two different masks, a bright, youthful one and a wrinkled, old one.

“Look closely, dear friends,” the sage announced, his voice ringing clearly over the noise. “This is the mask of a seven-year-old child, full of boundless energy. And this,” he swapped the masks, “is the mask of a seventy-seven-year-old elder, quiet and slow. When you wear the first, your voice is high, and your feet run fast. When you wear the second, your steps are measured, and your back may stoop. The body is the mask, the clothing, the address!”

Arjun watched, mesmerised. The sage then tossed both masks aside.

“But tell me,” the actor continued, walking slowly toward the audience. “Does the real you change when you swap your school uniform for pyjamas? Does your love for your mother change when you move from this house to a new city? No!”

He gestured dramatically and looked at Arjun, who stood near the stage, “What is your name, young boy?” He said, “I am Arjun.”

“At seven, they called you ‘Arjun.’ At seventy, your grandchild may call you ‘Nana.’ The name changes, the address changes, the clothing changes, but you

remain the same inside! You are the constant presence behind the mask.”

The sage’s words landed on Arjun with the force of sudden understanding, echoing Nana’s note: The body is like clothes. We change them, but we remain the same inside.

The actor finished his speech with a final flourish: “Similarly, when the body grows old and withers away, like a discarded mask, does the soul vanish? No! It is simply time to change the garment. The soul, the ‘you’, the love, the wisdom, the consciousness, does not die. It merely takes a new form, a new address, but the essence remains unchanging and immortal.”

Arjun stood still, tears blurring his vision, not of grief, but of profound clarity. He finally understood. Nana hadn't disappeared into an empty space. He had simply changed his address and his clothes. The wisdom he had left in the star jar was the unchanging essence that lived on.

That evening, back home, they carried the jar to the park where Nana used to take them. Under a wide banyan tree, they spread a blanket and shared stories. Tara read aloud one of the notes: We are like rivers.

We may look different on the surface, but we all flow back to the same ocean.

The children fell silent, gazing at the sky. A single star blinked faintly in the dusky blue. Arjun pointed, but this time, his voice was steady, free of doubt.

“That’s Nana’s light, Mum,” he said, tucking the jar securely into his lap. “He’s just shining from a new address now.”

Meera smiled, her eyes filled with peaceful relief. “Always,” she whispered.

They sat together, the jar glowing faintly in the fading light. The house would never be the same without Nana, yet it no longer felt empty. His presence lived in paper stars, in memory, and in the unbreakable, immortal rhythm of their everyday lives.



Author's Note

This story embodies the essence of *Sankhya Yoga*, the second chapter of the Bhagavad Gita, where Lord Krishna reveals the immortality of the soul to the grieving Arjuna. Just as Lord Krishna explains that the soul merely changes bodies as we change worn clothes. Nana's wisdom teaches his grandchildren that death is not an ending but a transformation.

The street theatre scene mirrors Lord Krishna's teaching method: using vivid metaphors and direct address to illuminate profound truths. The sage's masks represent our temporary physical forms, whilst the unchanging actor beneath symbolises the eternal atman (soul). This is precisely how Lord Krishna teaches Arjuna — the body is perishable, but the soul is imperishable, unborn, and undying.

The star jar becomes a vessel of sankhya — discriminative knowledge — helping young minds distinguish between the temporary (body) and the eternal (soul). Through Nana's folded stars, the children discover what the Bhagavad Gita teaches: that grief comes from confusing the permanent with the impermanent. True understanding reveals that love does not vanish but, like the soul, transcends all physical boundaries and continues eternally.





“Dear reader, when you think of those you have lost, how might you honour them—not by clinging to their absence, but by living their light?”

[illegible]

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 3

The Night Shift

Story 3: The Night Shift

The hospital corridor smelled faintly of antiseptic and stale coffee. Joanna adjusted her mask, rubbed her tired eyes, and glanced at the chart once more. It was her third night shift in a row. Her body ached, her mind begged for rest, but the ward demanded her full attention.

Joanna had grown up in a small industrial town, the daughter of a bus driver and a seamstress. Her parents had worked long hours so she could study. She had chosen nursing because she wanted to help. She believed compassion could ease suffering. But during the long months of the pandemic, that dream had collided with a harsher reality.

Every day, she faced crowded wards, limited resources, and endless emergencies. She had held the hands of the dying, comforted families over flickering video calls, and watched lives slip away despite every effort. Slowly, a shadow crept into her thoughts. “What’s the point,” she whispered to herself in the break room, “if so, many still die?”

One winter night, a young boy was rushed to the hospital emergency room. His lungs were failing, his body fragile against the weight of machines. His mother wept in the hallway, pleading with doctors. Joanna worked alongside them for hours—adjusting tubes,

monitoring vital signs, leaning close to murmur, “You’re not alone, little one. We’re here,” though the child was not in a state to respond. The sight of the young boy’s family— shattered and clinging to one another—filled Joanna with dread; they were looking for a hope she didn't have. The weight of their unspoken questions felt heavier than the oppressive hum of the ventilators. How could she tell them that they were doing everything when "everything" didn't seem to be enough!

Despite all efforts, the child did not survive. The struggle ended not with a bang, but with a heavy, haunting silence. The boy was still; the machines were quiet; and Joanna was left with the crushing task of walking toward the doors to face the mother’s grief.

Joanna left the intensive ward, her shoulders heavy as stone. Tears pricked her eyes, but she refused to let them fall. In the hallway, the boy’s family stood waiting. She braced herself for the impact of their grief, but as she moved closer to disclose the news, the mother stepped forward. To Joanna’s surprise, the woman didn't recoil. Instead, she reached out, her fingers trembling as she clasped Joanna’s hands. Joanna looked at her, deeply, and saw how the grief had already begun to hollow the woman out; her face looked pale and fragile.

But it was her eyes that stopped Joanna's breath. They were raw and rimmed with red, yet as she whispered, "Thank you... Thank you for staying with my son. He wasn't alone," a sudden, piercing light broke through the tragedy. In that frantic moment, the mother's eyes fixed on Joanna's face as if searching for a reflection of her son's last breath, finding a strange, quiet peace in the knowledge that her son hadn't faced the dark alone, in silence.

The words struck deep. Joanna realised her duty was not a tally of successes or failures. Its true measure lay in the completeness of the act itself, the full commitment of her being in that moment. Her action was the input she controlled; the result was the final product, which lay outside her hands. The distinction between what she could command and what she had to accept shifted the world for her.

From then on, the scent of antiseptic and stale coffee, once a suffocating reminder of her exhaustion, now felt like the familiar, cool air of a haven. It was part of the offering, and Joanna breathed it in without resentment. Her perspective had slowly sharpened, like a surgical instrument finally honed for its true purpose.

The reality of the ward hadn't changed; it remained a battlefield of beeping monitors and hushed anxieties. But Joanna had changed the way she stood upon it. She moved with a studied, almost meditative precision. She

noticed the small things now, the tiny acts that were, in themselves, a complete fulfilment of her duty. She saw a blanket that needed to be tucked in at the foot of an unconscious patient's bed, not as a meaningless gesture, but as a moment of comfort fully delivered. She took the extra forty-five seconds to gently comb the tangled hair of an elderly woman who hadn't had a visitor in days, a silent acknowledgement of her dignity. She ensured the exact, prescribed dose of medication was administered at the precise minute, not for the outcome, but because perfect execution was the essence of the offering.

Her colleagues began to notice the shift. While the other nurses would gather in the break room, complaining about the doctor on call or the impossible charting demands, Joanna would sit quietly, sipping her luke-warm tea. She was present, she would listen, but she no longer participated in the collective anxiety. When a crisis erupted, a Code Blue announced over the intercom, she didn't freeze or rush with panicked energy. She moved with a cold, clear efficiency, her hands steady, her instructions concise. It wasn't detachment born of apathy; it was the unshakeable focus of a mind liberated from fear of failure.

She still gave everything, steady hands, alert mind, gentle words, but she stopped carrying the unbearable weight of outcomes she could not control. She no longer whispered, *What difference does it make?* Instead,

she reminded herself, “My duty is the offering. The results are not mine to hold.”

One cold Tuesday night, a new admission arrived: Mr Das, an ailing man in his late sixties with severe pneumonia. He was terrified, his eyes darting around the intensive care unit, his body rigid despite the oxygen mask. His fear was palpable and contagious. The new Joanna approached his bedside and simply touched his hand, an anchoring grip, letting him know she wasn't going anywhere.

“Hello, Mr. Das,” she said, her voice low and even, shielded by her mask. “I am Joanna. I’m going to be right here for the rest of the night. My duty is to take care of you, completely. I promise I will not leave your side until the morning shift arrives.”

She didn't promise him recovery; she didn't offer false hope. She offered her presence, her skill, her whole self. It was a promise of *service*, not a guarantee of a *result*.

Mr. Das's eyes softened, and a tremor ran through his shoulders, releasing some of the tension. Over the next hour, as she set up his IV drip and adjusted his breathing apparatus, she maintained that silent connection, with a healing touch, a gentle pat on his shoulder.

Her nights were still long. Her feet still ached. But her heart grew lighter. She walked the corridors not with

despair but with steadiness. She found quiet peace in knowing that, whether a life was saved or not, her service was whole and sincere.

When the sun finally began to rise, painting the eastern windows with a pale, hopeful orange, Mr. Das was resting comfortably, his breathing still laboured but regular. As Joanna handed over her notes to the day nurse, she glanced back at him. She felt no elated pride that he had made it through the night, nor any lingering worry for the day ahead. She felt only a deep, quiet completeness. Her duty was done. The seed had been planted with full care, and now, the garden was in the hands of the next caretaker.

By daybreak, Joanna saw it clearly: she didn't just hold the title of nurse; she held a sacred responsibility. By balancing decisive action with the wisdom of release, she transformed her practice into a living prayer.



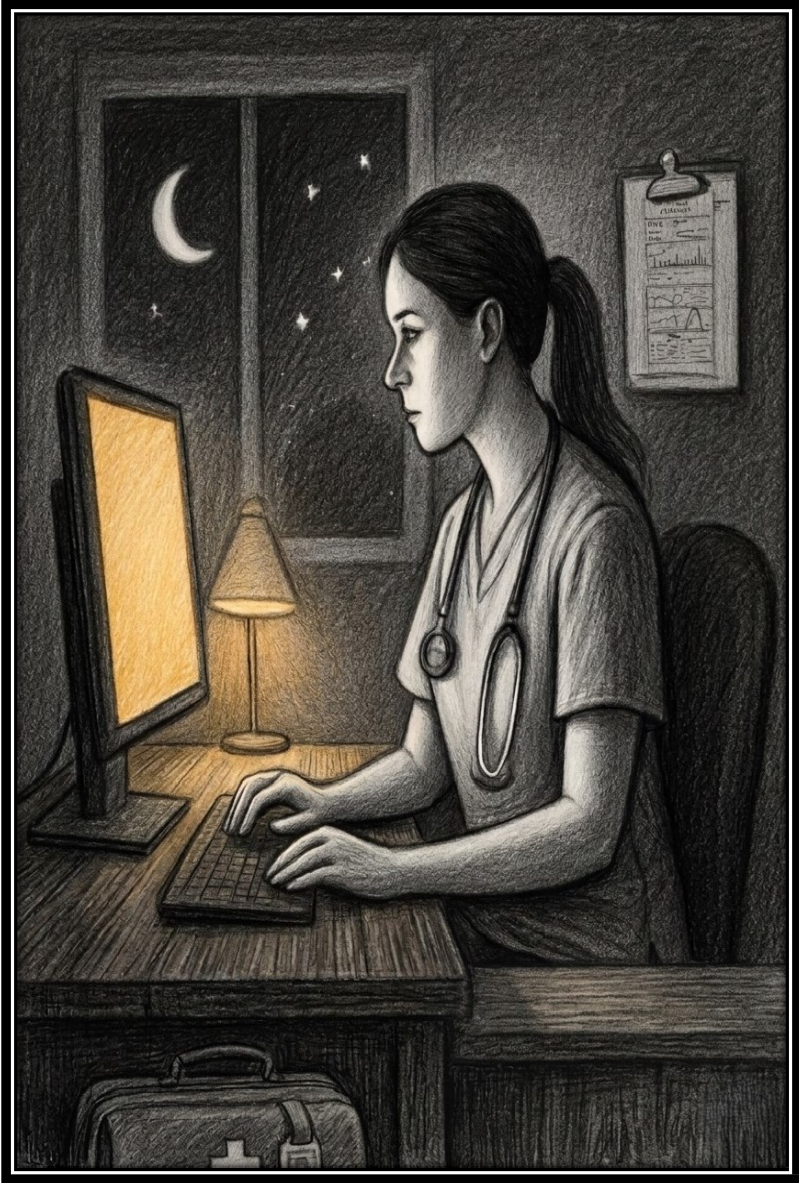
Author's Note

This story embodies *Karma Yoga*, the sacred path of selfless action revealed in the Bhagavad Gita's third chapter. Lord Krishna teaches Arjuna that we possess dominion over our actions alone, never over their outcomes.

Joanna's transformation mirrors this timeless wisdom. In the beginning, she measured her worth by outcomes — lives saved or lost — carrying the unbearable weight of results beyond her control. The dying child's mother became her unexpected teacher, revealing that the completeness of service lies not in success, but in the totality of presence offered.

When Joanna finally understood that her duty was the offering itself — the steady hands, the gentle words, the vigil kept through dark hours — her burden lifted. She discovered what the Bhagavad Gita promises: that action performed without attachment to results becomes a form of worship, transforming ordinary work into sacred service.

Amidst the sterile corridors where dedication meets mortality, Joanna discovered the art of tending each moment with complete care, then relinquishing all claims to the outcome. This is Karma Yoga's essence: to give everything whilst grasping nothing





“Dear reader, what would shift in your life if you measured yourself not by success or failure, but by the devotion behind your actions?”

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 4

The Wall of Colour

Story 4: The Wall of Colour

In the bustling heart of Mexico City, where narrow streets opened into vibrant plazas filled with music, food, and colour, lived a young muralist named Elena. Her neighbourhood was a patchwork of crumbling colonial walls and new concrete constructions, each one bearing scars of time and whispers of history. Elena had grown up surrounded by murals, paintings of revolutionaries, saints, flowers, and dreamlike creatures that seemed to breathe life into the stone walls.

Her father had been a mason, her mother a school-teacher. Both were quiet, hardworking people who wanted stability for their daughter. But Elena had always seen the world in colours her parents could not fully understand. To her, every wall was a canvas waiting for its story. As a child, she would sit for hours sketching in the dust while her father worked with bricks.

“Another castle?” her father would ask, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

“No,” she’d laugh, showing him her sketch. “A bird big enough to fly over the city.”

By her twenties, Elena had become known locally for her bold, intricate work. Tourists stopped to photograph her murals, and community leaders

commissioned her to brighten neglected corners of the city. Yet, for all the praise, something hollow grew inside her. The joy she once felt in painting was replaced by deadlines, contracts, and the pressure to satisfy the shifting tastes of clients. She was painting more for approval and recognition than for the love of creation itself.

A turning point came when a large, regional real estate development firm, "Vistas Urbanas," took notice of her portfolio. The company specialised in restoring and branding older properties. They didn't just want murals; they wanted to hire her full-time for their "artistic wall treatments" division, which also included high-end faux finishes and sophisticated trompe-l'œil work. The offer was impressive, more than triple her usual freelance income. Her parents were ecstatic; finally, the stability they'd always wished for their daughter was here. Elena, craving financial freedom, accepted.

She was now painting for corporate budgets and corporate schedules. The work was demanding, and the art felt stripped of its soul. What began as a celebration of stylised Mexican flora soon collapsed into a repetitive chore: stretching bland, corporate-sanctioned colours across the hollow expanses of luxury high-rises. She was earning far more, but her heart ached with a growing sense of emptiness. The

constant demands from the project managers and clients were suffocating.

One late afternoon, while working on a lobby wall, Elena received a call from the lead designer about the ongoing project. They were scrutinising a detailed pattern she had laboured over for days.

“Elena, the client is on site and demanding a revision to the tile pattern you just finished,” the designer's voice crackled over the phone. “They say the indigo isn’t ‘sophisticated enough.’ We need to switch to a muted charcoal and slate palette immediately.”

Elena gripped her brush, trying to keep her temper in check. “But the indigo was in the final approved mock-up! I spent three days executing that specific blend! Charcoal will kill the entire vibrancy of the space. It’s supposed to reflect the light, not absorb it.”

“The client's wishes are non-negotiable, Elena. They are walking the property in five hours, and this wall must be presentable. Start over. Now. Your schedule doesn’t allow for artistic debates; it only allows for adherence to the brief. Can you meet that deadline?”

The line went dead. Elena slowly lowered her hand, staring at the vibrant indigo pattern that was now deemed a failure. “Adherence to the brief,” she whispered, her voice tight with exhaustion and frustration. “My work used to be the vision, not just the technical

execution of someone else's fear of colour." The deadlines and the relentless need to erase her own touch for the sake of sterile client approval had caged her creativity. Her brushes felt like tools of a trade, not extensions of her spirit anymore.

It was during the restoration of an old building's façade, which Vistas Urbanas planned to turn into boutique offices, that she received her next major assignment: a large exterior mural in a public-facing plaza. It was a step back toward her true passion, yet it was still dictated by a rigorous corporate brief.

One evening, as she sat before the half-finished mural of a giant bird on a wall of the old building facade, Elena felt drained. The colours looked dull to her eyes, and the lines lacked spirit. She laid down her brush and whispered, "Why am I even doing this?"

An elderly street vendor named Carlos, who sold roasted corn nearby, shuffled over. He had been quietly watching her work for days. Pointing at the unfinished bird, he said, "That wing reminds me of the one I saw as a boy, when a real quetzal flew overhead. Do you know, *niña*, the quetzal is never truly caged? It dies if held captive. Its beauty exists only in freedom."

Elena smiled politely, but his words lingered. That night, unable to sleep, she opened an old sketchbook

from her teenage years. Inside were drawings she had made not for money or fame, but for the sheer joy of expression, doodles of birds, flowers, faces, and dreams. They were imperfect, yet alive. She realised that somewhere along the way, she had forgotten the freedom of painting for its own sake.

The next morning, Elena returned to the wall. She picked up her brush, and for the first time in years, she did not think about the client's approval or the reaction of passersby. Instead, she thought of the quetzal. With each stroke of blue, she imagined giving the bird the freedom Carlos had spoken of. She thought of her father's hands laying brick after brick, not for recognition, but for the strength of the wall itself. She thought of her mother teaching children, not for praise, but for the hope that knowledge might shape a brighter tomorrow.

Slowly, her work transformed. The feathers of the bird gleamed as if alive, the wings spread wide as though ready to take flight from the wall itself. Elena felt herself disappear into the act of painting. Time slipped away. There was no painter, no audience, no goal, only colour, motion, and presence.

When she finally stepped back, hours later, the bird stretched magnificently across the wall. Its wingspan seemed to lift the entire street, filling it with life and movement. Carlos, watching from his corn stand,

noded with a knowing smile.

“Ah,” he said softly. “Now it breathes.”

For the first time in years, Elena no longer cared if the mural was photographed or applauded. The hunger for recognition had vanished, replaced by the understanding that the brushstroke itself was the offering. It was a *yajna*—a selfless act where the work became a prayer, and the canvas, an altar.

From then on, every wall she painted carried this spirit. Each colour was a prayer, each line a meditation. She no longer sought meaning in the applause of others but in the truth of her own brush. Elena understood that knowledge was not merely in her skill, but in the realisation that when action is done without ego, it becomes divine.





Author's Note

Elena's journey reflects *Jnana Karma Sanyasa Yoga*, the union of knowledge and action found in the Bhagavad Gita's fourth chapter. Here, Lord Krishna reveals that true wisdom transforms work itself, elevating it from mere labour to spiritual offering—yajna, sacrifice without expectation.

Elena's corporate paintings, though technically proficient, felt hollow because they were transactional—colours traded for approval, brushstrokes bartered for recognition. The elderly vendor Carlos pointed her towards the quetzal's truth: that beauty exists only in freedom, and art dies when caged by ego's demands.

The Bhagavad Gita teaches that when we release attachment to fruits — praise, payment, prestige — the action itself becomes divine. Elena's breakthrough came not from abandoning her work, but from rediscovering its sacred essence. Each brushstroke became meditation, each colour a prayer offered without asking return.

Elena embodied what Lord Krishna teaches: that knowledge (jnana) without ego-driven desire makes every action worship. The bird on her wall finally breathed because Elena herself had learned to breathe freely, creating not for applause, but for creation's own sake.



“Pause for a moment, dear reader—in your own life, can you feel the difference between actions born of ego, and those that rise from the freedom of love?”

[illegible]

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 5 The Marathon

Story 5: The Marathon

The sun was just beginning to peek over the horizon in Nairobi, painting the dusty streets in shades of orange and gold. The city was waking up to the familiar symphony of matatu horns, the clatter of shop shutters, and the sweet, smoky smell of fresh maize roasting on street corners. Among the early morning commuters was Emanuel.

Emanuel was a marathoner. To the world, he was an elite machine of sinew and bone, built for the grueling 42.2 km distance. In the last three years, he had come agonisingly close to legendary status, finishing as the runner-up in two of the world's most prestigious Major Marathons. Two silver medals hung in his room—cold, shining reminders of the tiny gap he couldn't seem to bridge. He was the man who was always "almost" the greatest.

He carried his family's history in his stride. His father had once been the fastest runner in the Rift Valley, but poverty had forced him to trade his racing flats for heavy work boots. Emanuel grew up on his father's stories of races run barefoot across dusty plains. For Emanuel, running began as a way to fulfil his father's unrealised dreams. But as the Tokyo Marathon approached, that dream had started to feel like a

chain of ambition.

Tokyo was meant to be his redemption. He was obsessed with the first-place trophy. He didn't just want to run; he wanted to own the victory. Every training session was a battle against the clock, fueled by the fear of coming in second again.

However, as the pressure mounted, his body began to rebel. During a local practice race in Nairobi—a tune-up meant to test his speed—Emanuel hit "the wall" at only thirty kilometres. His legs felt like lead, and his mind was a storm of panic. He watched younger runners glide past him with ease. He finished in a distant fifth place, his slowest time in years.

The setback triggered a deep, suffocating depression. It settled over him like a thick Nairobi fog. He would wake up and stare at his running shoes with genuine dread. He stopped eating with his family, preferring the silence of his small, dark room. He spent hours scrolling through his phone, reading the stinging comments from fans online: "Emanuel is a silver man. He has the speed, but he doesn't have the soul of a champion."

He felt trapped. If he kept training, he felt miserable. If he quit, he felt like a failure who had let his father down. He sat on his thin mattress, staring at a crack in the ceiling, wondering if he would ever feel light

again.

One afternoon, after a particularly gruelling session where he had simply stopped running and walked home in tears, Emanuel sat on the grass outside the national stadium. He was head-in-hands, his chest aching with a frustration he couldn't name.

A shadow fell over him. It was Mama Wanjiku, an elderly woman who had sold fruit and water near the stadium gates for decades. She handed him a cup of cool water, her eyes crinkling with a knowing smile.

"You look like a man who is trying to carry all 42.2 kilometres on his back before the race has even started," she said softly.

"I have to win Tokyo, Mama," Emanuel muttered. "If I don't get gold, my father's struggle was for nothing."

She shook her head slowly. "You have turned your gift into a trade, my son. You give a stride only because you expect a prize in return. But the road doesn't owe you anything. Tell me truly—are you running to reach a finish line, or are you running because your soul was made to move?"

Emanuel had no answer. Later that evening, he decided to reach out to Coach Silas, the one voice he trusted.

"I'm quitting, Coach," Emanuel said. "I want to

renounce the track and find some peace.”

Silas didn't look up from his notes. “Emanuel, walking away from the track won't give you the peace you're looking for. You'll just be a restless man sitting still. True freedom isn't about quitting your work; it's about doing the work without being a slave to the result. If you offer your run to the road itself, rather than trying to take a trophy from it, the weight will disappear.”

That night, Emanuel thought about his father's eyes—how they shone when he watched Emanuel run, not because of the medals, but because of the grace of the movement. He realised that somewhere between London and Chicago, he had stopped running and started "chasing."

The next morning, he left his GPS watch on the table. He ran through the markets and out toward the green hills. He focused only on the rhythm: inhale, exhale, step, step. He wasn't a "World Major Runner-up" today. He was just a man moving through the world. He began to see his training as a prayer—an offering of his strength to the world.

When he finally arrived in Tokyo, the air was crisp, and the city was a sea of neon. At the starting line, Emanuel felt a strange, quiet calm. His rivals were twitchy, their eyes darting with anxiety. Emanuel

simply closed his eyes and thanked the road.

The gun fired.

By the fifteen-kilometre mark, his pacers—seasoned runners hired to maintain a world-record tempo—began to exchange surprised glances. Usually, at this pace, an athlete's breathing is heavy, and their face is a mask of intense calculation. But Emanuel looked as though he were floating. He wasn't checking the timing clocks; he wasn't even looking at his rivals.

At thirty kilometres, one pacer moved aside to let Emanuel take the lead. He expected to see the "look of the kill" in Emanuel's eyes. Instead, he saw a profound, glassy focus that looked more like meditation than competition. "He is not fighting the distance," the pacer whispered to himself as Emanuel glided past. "He is moving with it."

At the thirty-eight-kilometre mark—the point where the pain usually turned into fear—Emanuel felt a surge of pure joy. His body was screaming, but his mind was as still as a mountain lake. He was doing the work, but he wasn't clinging to the "win." The boundary between the runner and the road had vanished; there was no longer a man trying to finish a race, only the pure, seamless flow of the movement itself.

He crossed the finish line in a blur of cheering. He didn't look at the giant clock. He simply slowed to a

walk, his face tilted toward the sky, breathing in the cold air. He felt a deep, unshakable wholeness that no medal could ever provide.

He had come in first. He had broken the course record.

Weeks later, Emanuel was back in Nairobi. He walked toward the stadium where his journey had almost ended in despair. He found Mama Wanjiku at her usual spot by the gate. He sat down on the grass and pulled the gold medal out, letting it rest in his palm. It sparkled under the Kenyan sun.

"You found it, then?" she asked, glancing at the gold.

"I did," Emanuel said, but then he shook his head. "But this isn't what I found, Mama. I found what you told me. The medal is just a piece of metal. It's heavy if you want it, but light if you don't need it."

He handed the medal to her to hold. She felt its weight and handed it back with a chuckle. "And the race?"

"The race is still ongoing," Emanuel smiled, looking at the young runners training on the track. "But I'm not chasing the finish line anymore. I'm just enjoying the steps."

He stood up and laced his shoes. As he started his stride, he moved with a quiet, unshakeable grace; he had finally

learned that the highest freedom is not found by leaving the race, but by running it with a heart that is already full, asking for nothing in return.



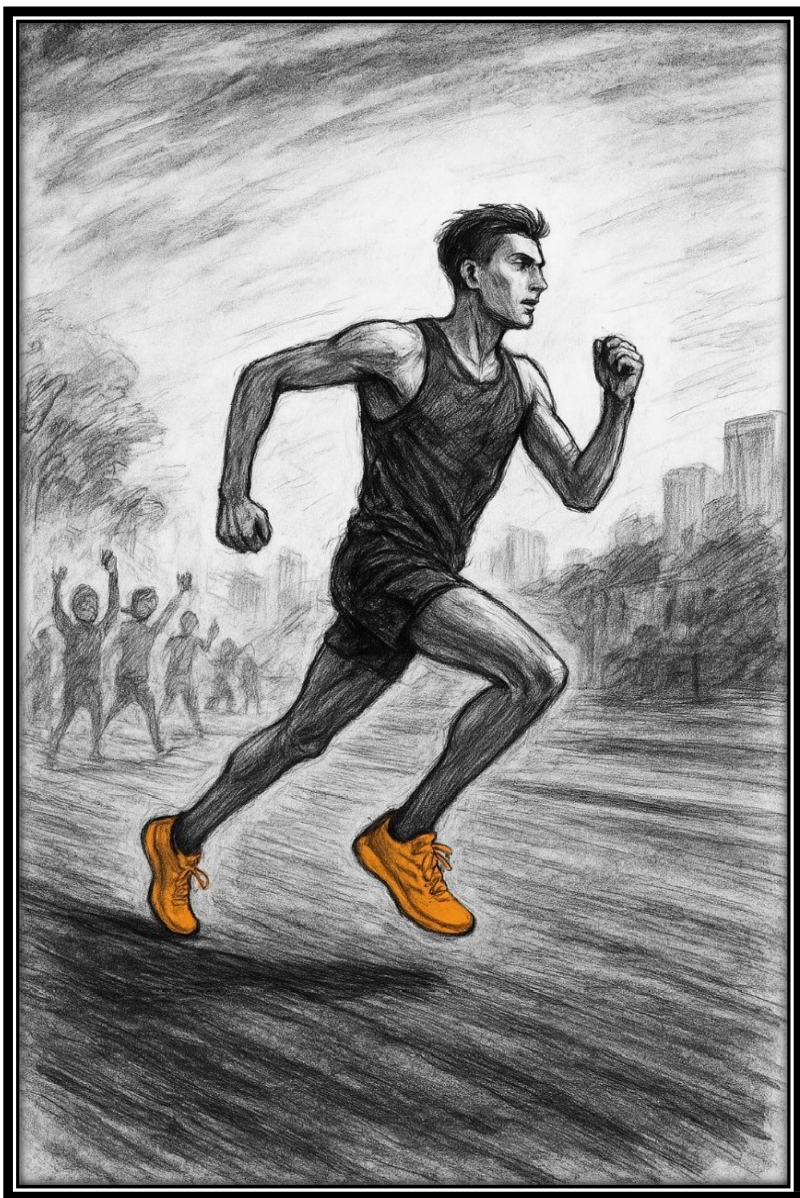
Author's Note

Emanuel's transformation embodies *Karma Sanyasa Yoga*, where the Bhagavad Gita reveals a profound paradox: true renunciation (sanyasa) is not abandonment of action, but liberation within action itself. Lord Krishna teaches that simply walking away from duty brings no peace; freedom comes through performing duty whilst renouncing attachment to its outcomes.

Emanuel's crisis mirrors Arjuna's: both warriors considering retreat, believing withdrawal would end their suffering. But as Mama Wanjiku wisely counsels —echoing Lord Krishna's voice—peace comes not from quitting the track, but from running it with an unburdened heart.

When Emanuel stopped reaching for the first prize and began offering his stride to the road itself — turning transaction into transcendence — he embodied Bhagavad Gita's essence: *poised in stillness, perform your work*. At the thirty-eight-kilometres mark, exhausted yet serene, Emanuel experienced what Lord Krishna describes: the dissolution of boundaries between doer and deed.

His gold medal became lighter the moment he stopped yearning for it. This is Karma Sanyasa Yoga's gift: not the renunciation of work, but the renunciation of craving within work. Emanuel found freedom not by leaving the race, but by running it with a heart already full.





“Dear reader, in the race you are running—your very personal race—are you chasing the medal, or listening to the road beneath your feet?”

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal dashed lines, typical of primary-ruled notebook paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the entire width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings present.

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 6

The Violinist

Story 6: The Violinist

In the heart of Vienna, where cobblestone streets echoed with the memory of Mozart and Strauss, lived a young violinist named Clara. She was twenty-two, her hands slender and practised, her fingers bearing the calluses of countless hours pressed against steel strings. Her instrument—a nineteenth-century violin with a rich, amber finish—was a gift from her grandfather, who had once played in a small village orchestra in the Austrian countryside, filling Sunday mornings with simple, joyful melodies.

Clara lived in a modest flat above a family-owned bakery on a narrow street in the Fourth District, where the smell of fresh bread and Sachertorte filled the stairwell every morning at five a.m., mingling with the distant tolling of church bells. Her flat was small—a single room with a fold-out bed, a rickety music stand, and a window overlooking terracotta rooftops—but it was hers, and it held everything she needed for the life she had built around music.

Her days were consumed entirely by practice, lessons, and performances. The Vienna Conservatory, where she studied as a scholarship student, demanded nothing short of perfection: every note precise, every movement calculated, every performance a testament

to technical mastery. Her teachers—severe, exacting musicians who had themselves performed in the world’s greatest halls—praised her technical brilliance. “Flawless intonation,” they would note. “Excellent bow control.” “Precise interpretation of the score.”

Yet despite these accolades, Clara often felt a profound emptiness inside, a vacuum that no amount of praise could fill.

On stage, she played flawlessly. Her fingers moved with mechanical precision, her bow glided smoothly across the strings, producing tones that were technically perfect in every measurable way. But when the applause ended and the curtain fell, the emptiness returned, heavier than before. The joy she had felt as a child—playing simple folk songs with her grandfather in his kitchen, surrounded by the smell of bread and the warmth of unconditional love—seemed impossibly far away, like a memory from another person’s life.

Music had transformed from an expression of joy into a contest of rankings and auditions, competitions and comparisons. It was no longer the melody of her heart but a series of challenges to overcome, judges to impress, rivals to surpass. The conservatory published rankings quarterly. Clara was consistently in the top five, but never first. Never quite good enough.

In the modern age, the stage extended far beyond the concert hall's walls. Every performance Clara gave was immediately captured on smartphones, uploaded to YouTube and Instagram, and dissected by thousands of anonymous viewers across the globe. Her phone—a device that was supposed to connect her to the world—had become instead a relentless source of anxiety, a portal to judgement that never closed, never silenced, never conceded.

After a major competition where she had placed third—third out of forty-two violinists, an achievement that should have brought pride—Clara made the mistake of checking the comments on a video of her solo performance. The criticism was merciless, brutal in its casual cruelty.

“Too stiff,” wrote one user with a cartoon avatar. “She plays like a robot.”

“Technically sound but completely cold,” said another. “No emotion whatsoever. I felt nothing.”

“Why did she even bother competing? Martina was clearly superior in every way.”

She saw comments comparing her to rivals, dissecting her posture (“Her shoulders are too tense”), questioning her emotional depth (“Does she even feel the music?”), mocking her appearance (“That dress was a terrible choice”), and speculating about whether she

“deserved” her scholarship over more “passionate” musicians.

The comments numbered in the hundreds. Some were constructive, but those she barely noticed. The negative ones burned themselves into her memory, replaying on an endless loop during practice sessions, during performances, during the quiet moments before sleep.

This social media noise—a constant, buzzing critique that followed her from the stage to her small flat above the bakery, from waking to sleeping—was the modern storm. It was louder and more persistent than any bad review ever printed in a newspaper. It invaded her practice sessions, making every note a defensive response to faceless critics rather than an authentic expression of musical truth. It poisoned her focus, transforming music from art into ammunition in an unwinnable battle for approval.

“How can I focus,” she once cried to her roommate Anna, a philosophy student who viewed social media with healthy scepticism, “when a thousand people are telling me I’m not good enough, and I can’t even close my eyes without hearing their voices echoing in my head?”

Anna had suggested deleting the apps. Clara had tried—multiple times—but the anxiety of not

knowing what people were saying proved worse than the pain of reading it. The apps always returned, reinstalled in moments of weakness, bringing fresh waves of criticism.

One evening in late autumn, after a particularly harsh critique from an influential music blogger and a fruitless hour spent deleting and reinstalling social media apps in a cycle of self-torture, Clara grabbed her violin case and wandered aimlessly through Vienna's streets. She needed to escape her flat, her phone, her thoughts.

Her feet carried her without conscious direction through winding streets until she found herself in the gardens behind an ancient monastery in the Third District. The garden was peaceful, nearly deserted in the fading evening light. Yellow leaves from linden trees carpeted the ground. The air was cool and still.

Under the largest linden tree sat an old monk in simple robes, eyes closed, his weathered hands resting gently on his knees. His breath was steady, visible in the cooling air, rising and falling with a rhythm that seemed to match the quiet pulse of the garden itself. He appeared utterly at peace, radiating a calm that Clara hadn't felt in years—perhaps had never felt.

Clara hesitated, not wanting to disturb him, but drawn by a curiosity she couldn't name. Finally, she spoke

softly: “Excuse me, Father. How can you sit so still for hours? Don’t you get restless? Don’t your thoughts torment you?”

The monk opened his eyes slowly, as if emerging from deep water. His face was lined with age, but his eyes were clear and kind. He smiled, a gentle expression that held no judgement. “The mind is like a wild pony,” he said in accented German. “It will always try to run, to gallop toward worry and fear and comparison. But you, Clara—yes, I know who you are; I attended your Bach recital last month—you are the rider, not the pony. The mind runs, but you choose whether to be dragged along.”

He paused, studying her face with compassionate attention. “When you breathe deeply, consciously, you do not chase the wind. Instead, you become still, and the wind reveals its true nature as it passes. Peace is the same. It is not found in applause, in rankings, in the approval of strangers on glowing screens. It is found in the silence within yourself, in the space between thoughts, in the pause between breaths.”

Clara frowned, clutching her violin case tighter. “But I am a musician, Father. My whole life is sound, not silence. Music is what I do, what I am. How can silence help me?”

The monk chuckled, a warm sound like wind through

leaves. “And yet, child, music is born of silence. Without the pause between notes, there would be no melody—only noise. Without the space between phrases, there would be no meaning. The criticism you read, the social media you cannot escape, that is only noise—wind blowing outside the window. You must learn to build the walls of your own quiet room, a sanctuary within yourself that no external storm can penetrate.”

He continued, his gaze direct but gentle: “You must learn to play not only with your fingers, but with your stillness. Not only with your technique, but with your presence. The ancient wisdom teaches that mastery is skill in action, yes, but that skill comes first from detachment—from turning your focus away from the external clamour of judgement and toward the eternal truth within. You must practise inner focus to discover the true, unshakeable self that exists behind the screen of noise, beneath the surface of thought.”

That night, Clara sat in her small room with her violin resting across her lap, but she did not lift her bow. Instead, following the monk’s instruction, she simply closed her eyes. She listened—really listened—to her own breath, to the muffled clip-clop of late carriages on the cobblestones outside, to the distant hum of the city settling into night, to the rhythm of her own heartbeat, steady and patient beneath her ribs.

Her mind resisted fiercely at first, restless and impatient, replaying the harsh comments, rehearsing imaginary arguments with critics, worrying about tomorrow's lesson. Thoughts cascaded like an avalanche. But she did not fight them. She simply observed them, as the monk had instructed, watching them arise and pass like clouds across a sky that remained fundamentally clear and unchanged.

Slowly, breath by breath, the thoughts quieted. The space between them grew. In that space, Clara found something she had forgotten existed: simple peace, unconditioned by achievement or approval.

In the days and weeks that followed, Clara made meditation part of her daily routine with the same discipline she applied to scales and études. Each morning before touching her violin, before checking her phone, she sat in silence for twenty minutes. Each evening after long hours of practice, she returned to that inner stillness, grounding herself in the quiet room within.

She learned to recognise the difference between the voice of true musical instinct and the anxious voice of external judgement. She learned to put the critiques on mute—not by deleting apps (though she did limit her usage), but by creating an internal boundary where their noise could not penetrate the core of who she

was.

Gradually, profoundly, her playing transformed. The notes no longer felt like tasks to master, hurdles to clear in an endless obstacle course of approval-seeking. Instead, they became living expressions flowing naturally through her, the way breath flows through lungs, the way a river flows toward the sea— not forced, not frantic, but inevitable and true.

At her next major performance—a solo recital of Bach's Partitas at the Musikverein's Brahms Hall— Clara stepped onto the stage not with the familiar fear of judgement, but with calm presence. She had spent the hour before the performance not reviewing finger movements or worrying about critics, but sitting in silent meditation, breathing, returning to the quiet room within.

As she lifted her bow and closed her eyes for one centering breath, she felt the difference. She was not performing for the audience, not defending herself against future critics, not comparing herself to rivals. She was simply playing—offering the music as an act of devotion, a prayer made audible, a meditation in motion.

The music that filled the hall that night held a warmth and depth that no amount of technical perfection alone could produce. Listeners later said they felt

transported, as if the violin itself were breathing, as if Clara had somehow dissolved the boundary between performer and instrument, between music and musician. Some wept. Many sat in silence long after the final note faded, reluctant to break the spell with applause.

For Clara, the response barely registered. She was not playing for applause or validation. It was meditation in motion. Each note was her breath, each phrase a prayer, each movement of the bow a return to presence. The social media noise was still out there — the critics still posted, the comparisons still happened — but now it was just a faint, distant hum, wind outside the window of her quiet room, unable to disturb the peace within.

When she drew the final bow across the strings, the silence that followed was as beautiful as the music itself — perhaps more beautiful, because in that silence lived the truth the monk had spoken. In that silence, every person in the hall touched something beyond words, beyond judgement, beyond the relentless noise of modern life.

Clara held the silence for a long moment, eyes still closed, breathing, present. When she finally opened them and lowered her violin, she understood the monk's words with her whole being, not just her mind.

True peace does not come from outside—not from applause, not from approval, not from achieving the highest rank or the most likes or the best reviews. It is born within, in the quiet room of the soul, in the space between thoughts, in the eternal present moment that exists beneath the surface noise of life.

And when that inner peace is found and cultivated, it transforms every act—even something as simple as drawing a bow across strings—into an offering of harmony to the world, independent of external applause or criticism, complete in itself, whole and true.



Author's Note

This story reflects the essence of *Dhyana Yoga*, the yoga of meditation as taught in the Bhagavad Gita. Lord Krishna instructs Arjuna that true mastery comes not from the fruits of action, but from performing action with a mind anchored in stillness and detachment. Clara's violin reminds us that stillness is not the absence of activity — it is the presence of harmony within activity. In the silence between notes, we discover the essence of music. In the silence between thoughts, we discover the essence of our true self.

In our modern age of constant digital noise and relentless external judgement, the ancient practice of meditation offers not escape from the world, but clarity within it. When we build the walls of our own quiet room, no storm can shake us. When we find the stillness at our centre, we can act in the world with grace, skill, and authentic presence.

This is the gift of Dhyana: the discovery that peace is not something to achieve, but something to return to, again and again, breath by breath, note by note, moment by moment.





“And you, dear reader—amid the demands and noise of your days, when was the last time you turned inward, setting it all aside to rest in the silence that makes everything clear?”

Handwriting practice lines consisting of 20 horizontal dashed lines.

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 7

The Lighthouse Keeper

Story 7: The Lighthouse Keeper

On the jagged edge of Nova Scotia, where the land ends and the wild Atlantic begin, stood a lighthouse. It was a tall, white tower that had seen a hundred years of salt, wind, and crashing waves. To the people in the nearby village, it was just a building. But to Eleanor, it was her whole world.

Eleanor was fifty-eight. She had lived in the lighthouse for twenty years. She moved there after a storm took her husband's boat and never gave it back. She didn't go there to hide from the world; she went there to look at it more closely.

Leo, Eleanor's nephew, who had spent countless summers with her at the lighthouse, arrived this time not merely for a visit but to begin as her apprentice—for Eleanor was finally ready to retire and hoped he would carry the light forward. Leo was seventeen, lived in a big city, and spent most of his time looking at his phone. He honestly thought the lighthouse was 'boring' and 'pointless.' Persuaded by his father, he agreed—somewhat reluctantly—to take up the apprenticeship this time.

One morning, Eleanor found Leo sitting on the rocks, staring at the grey water with a frustrated look on his face.

"It's just so much of nothing, Aunt Eleanor," Leo said, kicking a pebble into the surf. "Just water and rocks. How do you stand it? Don't you get tired of doing the same chores every single day? Polishing the brass, cleaning the glass... it's just work."

Eleanor sat down beside him. She picked up a small, smooth stone. "You see chores, Leo. But have you ever stopped to think about what makes the chores possible?"

Leo rolled his eyes. "Yeah, my muscles and some soap."

"Look at the ocean," Eleanor said, ignoring his sarcasm. "Most people see salt and waves. But if you really pay attention, you can feel the 'extra' thing inside it. There is a taste in that water that isn't just salt. There is a light in the sun that isn't just heat. Everything you see—the wind, the fire, the earth—is like a piece of clothing. If you look closely enough, you start to see who is wearing the clothes."

Leo frowned. "Who's wearing the clothes? It's just nature."

"That's what I used to think," Eleanor said softly. "But then I realised that the strength in my arms when I climb the stairs isn't actually 'mine.' It's borrowed. The intelligence in your brain that helps you fix your phone? That's borrowed, too. We think we are the

ones doing everything, but we're actually just like the lightbulbs. We don't make the electricity; we just let it shine through us."

Leo looked at the lighthouse tower. "So, you're saying you don't own the light?"

"I don't even own my own breath," she smiled. "Once you realise that, the 'boring' work becomes a way of saying thank you. I don't polish the brass because I have to. I do it because I'm taking care of a tiny piece of something much bigger."

A few weeks later, the sky turned a bruised, angry purple. A massive storm was rolling in. The wind began to howl, sounding like a thousand ghosts screaming around the tower.

"Leo, get upstairs!" Eleanor shouted over the roar.

Inside the lantern room, the floor was vibrating. The wind hit the glass so hard it felt like it might shatter. Suddenly, the great light flickered. The heavy motor that turned the lens made a horrible grinding sound and stopped.

"The motor is jammed!" Leo yelled, his face pale with fear. "If the light doesn't spin, the ships won't know it's us! They'll crash!"

He grabbed a heavy iron bar and tried to force the gears to move. He was sweating, gritting his teeth, and

swearing at the machine. "Come on! Work, you stupid piece of junk!"

Eleanor put her hand on his shoulder. Her grip was surprisingly strong. "Leo, stop. You're fighting it. You think it's just you against the machine."

"It is just me! And I'm not strong enough!"

"Listen to me," Eleanor said, her voice calm even as the storm tried to shake the tower. "Don't try to be the boss of the machine. Just be the movement. Forget about 'Leo.' Forget about the 'work.' Just let the strength that is already in the world move through you."

She placed her hands on the heavy lens housing. Leo did the same. He closed his eyes and tried to stop thinking about how heavy it was. He stopped thinking about himself. He just focused on the simple act of pushing.

For a second, nothing happened. Then, he felt a strange sensation—it was like a surge of energy that didn't come from his muscles, but from the air itself.

With a long, slow creak, the lens began to turn. The beam of light sliced through the darkness, sweeping across the crashing waves.

They stood there for hours, manually turning the light, rhythmically, perfectly. By the time the sun began to rise, Leo wasn't tired. He felt more alive than he ever had in

the city.

The next morning, the world was quiet. The ocean appeared peaceful, shimmering blue. Eleanor sat at her small wooden desk, writing in her logbook.

"I am the keeper of the watch, not the source of the brilliance," she wrote. "The flame is mine to tend, not to own. The Source is everywhere—it is the tide, the wind, and the quiet heartbeat within me."

Leo walked into the room. He looked at the brass lamp, then at his own hands. He didn't look at his phone.

"I get it now, Aunt Eleanor," he said quietly. "When I was pushing that light last night... it wasn't just me. It felt like the whole world was pushing with me."

Eleanor smiled. "That's the secret, Leo. Most people spend their lives thinking they are separate from everything else. They think they are a little island in a big, scary sea. But there are no islands. We are all the sea."

A few years later, when Eleanor finally retired, she handed the keys to Leo. He was no longer the bored teenager who only cared about his screen. He had become a man who could see the "hidden spark" in everything.

The day Eleanor was set to leave, the air was so still you could hear the heartbeat of the tide. Her bags

were packed, sitting by the heavy wooden door. Leo stood on the cliffside, looking at a small puddle of rainwater trapped in a hollow of the rock.

"I'm going to miss the way you talk about things, Aunt Eleanor," Leo said, his voice a little thick. "Without you here to remind me, I'm afraid I'll just start seeing 'rocks and water' again. I'll forget about the hidden spark."

Eleanor walked over and stood beside him. She pointed into the small puddle. In the dark water, they could see a perfect reflection of the massive white lighthouse and the bright morning sun.

"Look at that puddle, Leo," she said. "Is the lighthouse inside the water?"

Leo laughed. "No, of course not. It's just a reflection."

"Exactly," Eleanor whispered. "And is the sun inside the water? No. But the water is holding the image of the sun. It's catching its light. This little puddle doesn't have its own light, but because it is clear and still, it gets to share the sun's glory."

She turned to him and touched his shoulder. "You are just like that water. Your mind, your heart, your body — they are the puddle. The 'Source' is the sun. You don't have to create the light, Leo. You just have to keep your water clear and still so the light can shine through you.

When you feel stressed or lonely, just remember you aren't the puddle trying to be important. You are the reflection of something that can never be broken."

Leo looked from the puddle back to the great tower. He realised that the lighthouse wasn't special because of the stone or the glass; it was special because it was built to hold the light. He was the same.

"I don't have to be 'the best' keeper," Leo realised out loud. "I just have to be the best mirror."

"Exactly," Eleanor said, handing him the heavy brass key. "The mirror doesn't own the beautiful view it reflects. It just enjoys it. Be a good mirror, Leo."

As Eleanor walked down the path toward the village, she didn't look back. She didn't feel like she was leaving anything behind. She felt the warmth of the sun on her back and the cool breeze on her face, and she knew she was walking through the same "Source" she had watched from the tower for twenty years.

Leo watched her go until she was just a small speck on the horizon. Then, he turned back to the lighthouse. He didn't see a job or a building. He saw a partner. He picked up his polishing cloth and began to work, not because he had to, but because he wanted the mirror to be perfect for the light.



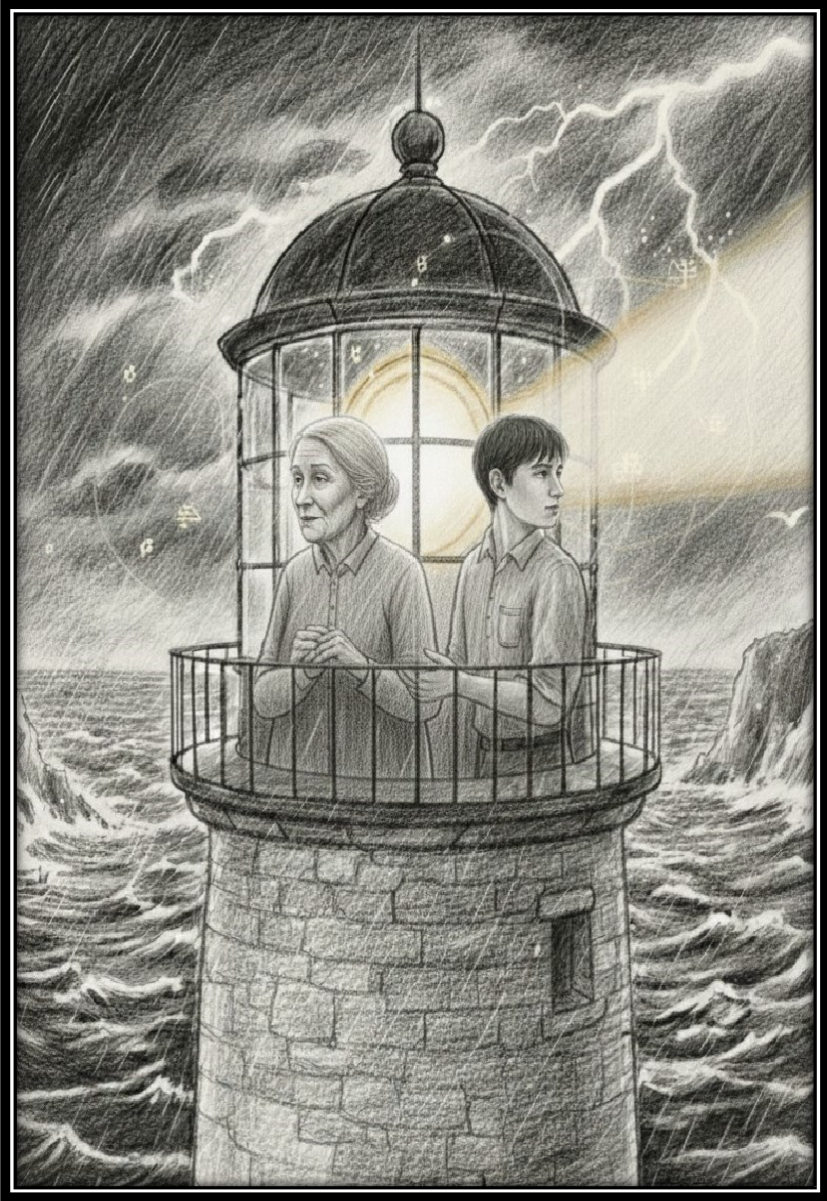
Author's Note

In Eleanor's lighthouse and Leo's awakening, we find the quiet essence of *Jnana Vijnana Yoga*—the chapter of the Bhagavad Gita that reveals the Divine as both the knower and the known, the spark within and the vastness beyond.

This story reminds us that the sacred rarely announces itself with thunder; more often it waits in the patient turning of a lens, in the rhythm of waves, in the still clarity of a mind finally paying attention.

Eleanor's life shows that wisdom does not shout; it glows softly, like a lamp tended by steady hands. And as Leo discovers, the light we believe to be outside us is, in truth, the same light that longs to shine through us.

When we learn to become clear—like the puddle reflecting the sun—we realise that we are not separate from the Source at all, but it's quiet, living mirror.



Date:

“Like the tide drawing back, dear reader, let your mind grow still. When you pause and look at the light, the sea, the wind, even the breath in your lungs—can you feel the Source holding it all, holding you too?”

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 8: The Potter's Last Clay

Story 8: The Potter's Last Clay

In a quiet Italian village, surrounded by silver-green olive groves and rolling golden hills, there lived an old potter named Marco. His workshop was a modest stone building, its roof tiled with faded red clay, its walls lined with shelves of earthenware vessels. The air was always heavy with the smell of damp earth, soot from the kiln, and the faint sweetness of olive oil drifting on the breeze.

For decades, Marco had been the village's potter. Every household bore his touch: a jug holding water, a bowl filled with bread, a lamp glowing softly at night. Children drank milk from cups shaped by his hands, and brides received clay jars as part of their wedding gifts. His work was never ornate, but it carried a quiet perfection born of patience and care.

Life had not always been kind. His wife, Lucia, had passed away more than twenty years ago, leaving him to raise their children alone. Both son and daughter had long since moved to the cities, chasing opportunities far from the village. They wrote letters, sometimes called, but rarely came back. When neighbours spoke of his solitude, Marco would smile and say, "I am not alone. I have the clay, the wheel, the fire. They speak to me better than people."

Over the years, his work became more than a livelihood. It transformed into worship. The act became sacred, and every vessel a silent devotion. Each shaping of clay was a reminder that all things came from the earth and would one day return.

One autumn evening, Marco fell ill. His chest tightened, and his strength began to fail. The village doctor visited and sat by his side with quiet concern.

“Your heart is weak, Marco,” he said gently. “It may not be long now. You must rest.”

Marco gave a faint smile. “Rest? The clay still waits for me.”

The doctor shook his head. “Then let the clay keep your company, but do not let it take your last breath.”

Though weaker by the day, Marco still visited his wheel each morning. He no longer filled the market with pots. Instead, he worked slowly on a single vessel. Villagers sometimes paused at the open doorway, watching him hum softly as the clay rose beneath his hands. “He works like a monk,” they whispered, “as if he already stands in two worlds.”

Winter came, silent and sharp. One evening, as the sun dropped and the sky flamed crimson and gold, Marco returned to his wheel. He felt it would be his last time. His hands trembled as he placed the clay on

the wheel, yet his concentration was steady. Slowly, patiently, he shaped a small oil lamp. Its form was humble and unadorned, but perfectly balanced.

His breath grew shallow, yet his face was calm. As the lamp neared completion, Marco whispered a prayer his grandmother had once sung to him:

*“From earth to earth,
from breath to breath,
from light to Light.”*

The lamp was still soft, not yet hardened by fire. But for Marco, it was complete. His hands rested on its curve. A faint smile touched his lips. He closed his eyes, leaned back, and his breathing slowed until it ceased.

The next morning, villagers found him seated by the wheel, peaceful as though asleep. Beside him stood the clay lamp, drying in the cool air. That evening, they carried it to the church, placed a wick inside, and lit it. The small flame flickered to life. To them, it felt as if Marco’s spirit had entered the glow, his final act of creation still giving light.

Years later, when people spoke of Marco, they did not speak only of pots and bowls. They remembered the man who turned his last breath into prayer, who shaped clay not only into vessels but into reminders

of the eternal. His lamp, preserved in the village chapel, became a symbol of continuity: from earth to spirit, from form to formlessness, from death into Light.

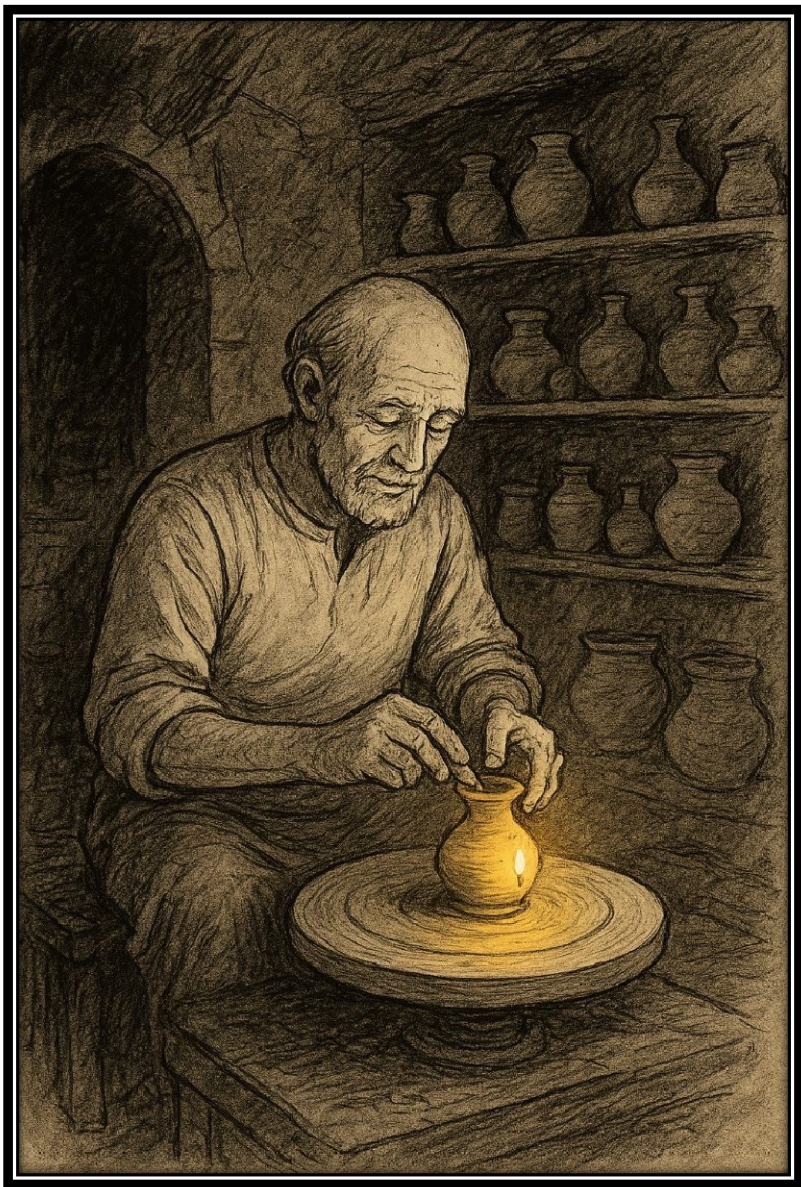


Author's Note

In this tale of Marco and his final lamp, we glimpse the quiet heart of *Akshara Brahma Yoga*—the chapter in the Bhagavad Gita that speaks of what endures when everything else falls away.

The old potter's last vessel is not merely clay shaped by ageing hands, but a symbol of the soul's own journey: formed by time, fired by experience, and finally offered back to the Source from which all things arise.

In Marco's slowing breath and unwavering devotion, we are reminded that the Divine is not found only in grand rituals or profound revelations, but in the soft persistence of a life lived with intention. His lamp, lit after his passing, becomes a gentle metaphor: though the body may return to the earth, the light we kindle through love, memory, and presence continues—quietly illuminating those who remain.





“In the stillness between your thoughts, dear reader, when you imagine life’s final moments, what flame would you want to carry in your heart, the one light that guides you beyond?”

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 9

The Street Musician

Story 9: The Street Musician

In the heart of Barcelona, near the winding streets of the Gothic Quarter, lived a man named Javier. He was not famous, nor wealthy, nor even particularly young. His clothes were simple, patched in places, and his guitar, though cared for lovingly, bore scratches that spoke of years on the road. Every morning, when sunlight spilt across the old stone plazas, Javier would sit by the fountain in Plaça Reial, tune his guitar, and begin to play.

To many, he was just another street musician among dozens. Tourists often hurried past, their eyes fixed on guidebooks and tight schedules. Children sometimes paused, tugging at their parents' hands, enchanted by the music drifting through the air. Locals knew him simply as el guitarrista, the man who played with closed eyes and a faint smile.

What set Javier apart was not only his skill, though he was gifted, nor his song choices, though his music was beautiful. It was the way he played. Not for coins, not for applause, but for something deeper. His fingers danced across the strings as if each note were a prayer.

Before he began, he would often whisper, “Esto es para Tí”—*This is for You*.

Life had not always been kind to Javier. He had once

worked long shifts in a restaurant, hours that left him drained, his dreams of music shelved in the back of his mind. When his mother grew ill, he cared for her tirelessly, paying for her medicines with his small savings. After her passing, he found himself alone, carrying both grief and an unexpected freedom. He left his job, sold most of his belongings, and gave himself entirely to the only thing that still gave him solace, his guitar.

At first, people thought he had given up on life. In truth, he had stepped into it more fully than ever before.

For Javier, music had ceased to be a pursuit of ambition or a means of survival. It was pure, daily devotion.

He played in the mornings to greet the first light, his notes rising like smoke into the crisp air. He played in the afternoons, his melodies weaving into the bustling, rhythmic hum of the marketplace. And he played in the evenings, his music a gentle companion as the cool shadows stretched long across the old plazas.

His performance was no longer directed outward toward the crowd, but inward, an offering to the deep, unseen thread that bound him, his music, and every fragment of life together.

One evening, a young tourist approached him after a song. “Why do you play here every day?” she asked, curious. “Surely you could perform in clubs, earn more money, be recognised.”

Javier looked at her kindly and said, “Because here, I am already known. Not by people, but by the sky, the stones, the birds. My music belongs to them. I do not play to be heard, but to give thanks.”

The girl was puzzled, yet something in his calm expression stayed with her long after she returned home.

There were days when Javier earned almost nothing. Some evenings, he went to bed with only bread and water. Yet he never complained. “Hambre del cuerpo es pasajera,” he would say—*Hunger of the body is fleeting or temporary*. But the soul's craving is a constant, undeniable fire. For him, every note was food for the soul, an offering to the Divine.

One winter night, as a cold wind swept through the narrow streets, hardly anyone stopped to listen. Javier sat with his guitar anyway, his fingers stiff with chill yet still moving. Nearby, a homeless man pulled his thin blanket tighter and closed his eyes. Javier noticed, and without hesitation, softened his playing, weaving warmth into the music as if wrapping the man in an unseen cloak. By the time the song ended, the stranger was asleep, breathing peacefully. Javier smiled. That, to him, was devotion, the simplest act of love offered without expectation.

Years passed, and Javier grew older. His hair whitened, his hands slowed, but still he played. Some tourists began to recognise him, speaking of “the old

guitarist in the plaza who seemed to play to the heavens.” Children who had once paused beside him with their parents grew up and returned, recognising their melodies like long-lost friends.

Then, one spring morning, the plaza lay unusually quiet. Javier’s usual place by the fountain was empty. On the bench where he had sat, someone had placed his worn guitar, its strings humming faintly in the breeze. Word spread that he had passed away peacefully in his sleep.

Yet in the evenings, as the sun sank behind the cathedral and the square glowed with golden light, many swore they could still hear faint music drifting through the air. Not loud, not insistent, just soft, steady notes, like a prayer carried into eternity.

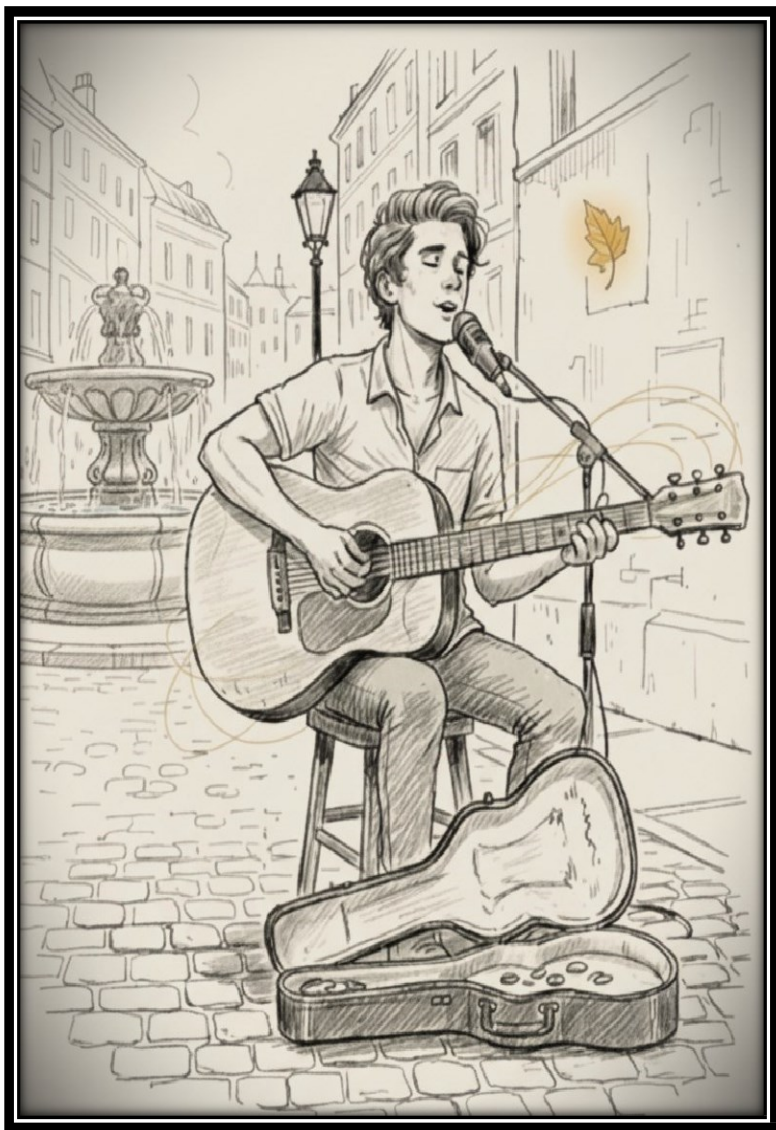


Author's Note

Through Javier's gentle devotion, we get a glimpse of the quiet heart of *Raja Vidya Raja Guhya Yoga* — the chapter of the Bhagavad Gita that unveils the most precious truth: that love offered with sincere purity becomes a direct path to the Divine.

Javier plays not for applause nor survival, but as an act of inward reverence, his music becoming a soft bridge between the seen and the unseen. His life teaches us that devotion need not be loud, ornate, or bound to sacred walls; it may be found in the simple tenderness of a daily practice, given with sincerity.

In every note that he offers to the open sky, we sense a truth older than scripture —that the Divine is closest not when we strive to reach it, but when we quietly dissolve into what we love. His guitar falls silent, yet the devotion continues, echoing gently in the lives he touched.





“Sit with this thought, dear reader—what small act in your life becomes music when you offer it, not to others, but to the Divine within?”

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"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 10
The Sculptor's Secret

Story 10: The Sculptor's Secret

In the temple town of Mahabalipuram, on India's southeastern coast, there lived an old sculptor named Ananthan. His hands were weathered, strong, and precise, the kind of hands that had coaxed beauty from stone for more than half a century. To outsiders, he was just another craftsman, one of many who chiselled idols for temples. But those who looked closely felt a strange depth in his work. The faces of his statues seemed alive, their eyes holding a quiet presence that lingered long after one walked away.

Ananthan lived simply. His workshop was a small open-air shed filled with granite blocks, chisels, and brushes. Yet he began each day not with hammer and stone but with silence, sitting cross-legged as the first rays of the sun touched the horizon. "First," he would murmur, "I must see the form before I free it." Only then would he lift his tools.

One morning, a young apprentice named Suriya arrived, eager to learn the art of sculpture. Suriya brimmed with ambition, restless to carve quickly and impress the town. On his first day, he pointed to a great granite block and asked, "Master, what will you carve from this? A god, a lion, or a king?"

Ananthan smiled. "I do not decide. The stone

whispers, and I listen.”

Suriya frowned. “But surely you choose?”

“No,” said the old man softly. “Within each stone lies a form waiting. My task is not to impose, but to reveal.”

Perplexed, Suriya watched as Ananthan began. With gentle taps of his chisel, the sculptor worked slowly and deliberately, as though every strike were part of a conversation with the stone itself. Hours passed, days passed, and what emerged was not simply an idol of Lord Krishna but something radiant. The lips curved with mischief, the eyes sparkled with play, and the posture seemed ready to dance out of the granite.

People gathered to see it. Some bowed before the statue, whispering prayers. A traveller murmured, “It feels as if Lord Krishna Himself stands here.”

Suriya, awed yet restless, asked, “Master, how do you give stone such life?”

Ananthan paused, wiping dust from his brow. “I do not give it life. Life is already there. I only uncover it.”

Still unsatisfied, Suriya grew determined to prove himself. One night, after Ananthan had gone home, Suriya stayed behind. He chose a block of stone and began chiseling furiously. His strokes were fast, his ideas certain; he would carve a magnificent warrior. But as the hours dragged on, cracks spread through the stone, distorting the figure.

Exhausted and angry, Suriya abandoned the half-broken idol.

The next morning, Ananthan examined it gently. “You struck the stone with force, not with listening,” he said. “You wanted to show your strength, but you forgot the stone has its own.”

Suriya lowered his head. “Then teach me to hear what you hear.”

And so, the real lessons began. For weeks, Ananthan guided Suriya not only in carving but in patience, attention, and humility. Together they sat in silence, touching the stone, tracing its textures, following its natural lines. They listened to the sound each strike made, some dull, some bright, some hollow. Slowly, Suriya began to sense that the stone was not lifeless, but full of a hidden presence.

One day, as he worked carefully on a small idol of Ganesha, Suriya felt something stir within him. It was as if the block itself guided his hand. When he finally stepped back, the divine form seemed to smile, gentle and kind. Suriya’s eyes filled with tears.

Ananthan placed a hand on his shoulder. “Now you see. The Divine is not outside the stone. It is within it, as it is within you, within me, within all. The forms are endless, but the essence is one.”

Years later, Suriya became a sculptor in his own right. His idols carried the same quiet life his master's had, though he always gave credit to Ananthan. Visitors would ask, "How did you learn this art?" Suriya would answer, "By learning to see, not only with my eyes but with my heart. My master taught me that God does not enter the stone. God was always there. The chisel only reveals Him."

And so, through stone and silence, the town of Mahabalipuram continued to echo the teachings of the *Bhagavad Gita*: wherever there is greatness, beauty, or life, there shines the Divine.

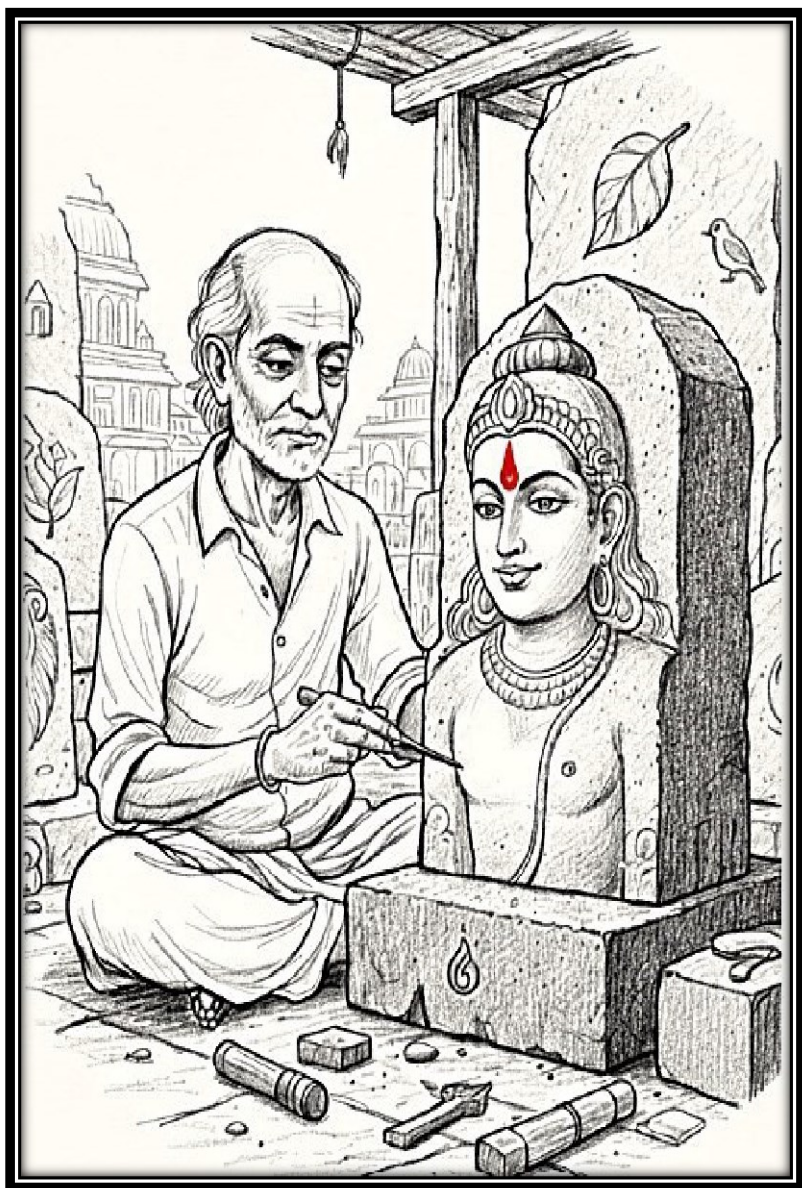


Author's Note

In Ananthan's profound artistry, we glimpse the living essence of *Vibhuti Yoga* — the chapter of the Bhagavad Gita that reveals the Divine shimmering through all that is wondrous, skillful, or beautiful in this world.

His chisels do not impose form upon the stone; they uncover what has always laid within, waiting for a patient heart to listen. The sculptor reminds us that greatness is never a personal possession — it is a spark of something vast moving through our hands, our choices, our lives.

Suriya's awakening mirrors our own: the moment we realise that the extraordinary is not reserved for saints or sages, but rests quietly inside every fragment of creation. Whatever radiates brilliance, tenderness, or truth does so because it reflects a deeper, timeless light. And when we learn to see the world this way, even a block of granite becomes a doorway to the Divine.





“Dear reader, when you look at the world around you— stone, sky, faces, even your own reflection— can you sense the hidden presence quietly shining through it all? Have you ever felt, even for a moment, that glimpse of something deeper, something Divine beneath the surface?”

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 11

The Mountain Window

Story 11: The Mountain Window

High in the Andes of Peru, where the air thinned and the mountains rose like jagged teeth into the sky, a teenage girl named Camila lived with her grandmother. Their stone house clung to the edge of a cliff-side village, with llamas grazing nearby and terraces of maize climbing the slopes like steps into the clouds.

Camila was restless. While her friends wove blankets or tended animals, she dreamed of the cities far below, where neon lights blazed, music spilt through the streets, and people moved with purpose. To her, the mountains were not majestic. They were a cage, silent and unchanging.

Her grandmother, Abuela Rosa, was a woman of quiet wisdom. Her back was bent from years of labour, yet her spirit was strong. In her youth, Rosa had been the swiftest herb-gatherer in the valley. She would recount stories of climbing to the highest, most dangerous ridges before dawn to find the purple-flowered muña or the rare, healing valeriana that only grew where the mist touched the rock.

Rosa had spent decades carrying heavy sacks of herbs down to the bustling markets of Cusco, her feet knowing every stone of the path. Rosa didn't see the herbs as simple plants; she saw the vital essence of the

mountain, the green life-force that kept the world breathing. She had always expected Camila to fall in love with this task—to feel the same thrill of finding a hidden patch of green amidst the grey stone, to understand the language of the earth. But Camila saw only dirt and sore muscles.

“The mountain is not only stone, *niña*,” Rosa would say, her eyes sparking with a memory of a distant ridge. “It holds all that was and all that will be. When I gathered the herbs, I wasn’t just working; I was touching the pulse of the earth.”

Camila would roll her eyes. “Abuela, it is just rock and snow. Nothing more.”

One morning, as the sun rose in waves of gold, Abuela Rosa handed her a bundle of herbs. “Take these to the healer in the next village. The mountain path will keep you company.”

Camila sighed, but set out. As she walked, her thoughts burned hot. “Why must I waste my days here? Why can I not live where life truly happens?”

Hours later, a storm swept across the peaks without warning. Dark clouds spun over the summits, winds howled through the valleys, and rain lashed her face. The narrow path grew slick, and she stumbled, clutching at a rock to steady herself. Fear clawed at her chest as the world turned into a roaring grey void.

The storm shattered. As abruptly as it had descended, the sky broke apart; the wall of wind fell silent. Camila lifted her head—and caught her breath in a stunned gasp.

The landscape revealed itself in a moment of profound clarity, but it was no longer the landscape she knew. It was as if a veil had been torn away. She saw the mountains, the rivers, and the forests, but she saw them all at once, stretched across time. The peaks shone with the radiance of a thousand suns, a light so immense it felt non-physical.

Every snow peak was a mouth, every river an artery, every forest a tuft of hair on a staggering, cosmic body. She saw the past—her grandmother as a young girl running through the high grass—and she saw the future, all contained within the same shimmering space. The slow swirl of distant clouds was no longer random; she saw the intentional, infinite hand guiding the stars and the dust alike.

Her senses whirled. She saw condors circling, lightning flickering on a far horizon, and farmers bending in their fields a hundred miles away. She felt the sweep of wings, the rush of rivers, and the steady rhythm of countless hearts beating as one. It was beautiful, but it was also terrifying—the sheer, unmasked scale of existence. Everything was connected; nothing stood alone. It was a single, vast, and undeniable living unity.

She fell to her knees, eyes brimming with tears, shielding her face from the brilliance. “What is this?” she whispered.

A voice seemed to echo — not in her ears, but inside her soul: “This is the world as it is. Boundless. Alive. One. I am Time, the destroyer and the creator. I am everything you see, and everything you cannot’.

When the vision softened and the mountains returned to stillness, Camila remained kneeling. The sky had cleared, but the girl who stood beneath it was someone else entirely. The Andes no longer felt lifeless. They were a shrine built by time and light.

By the time she reached home, Abuela Rosa was waiting by the fire. Camila placed the herbs silently in her grandmother’s hands. Her face glowed with a strange light.

“You saw it, didn’t you?” Rosa asked gently.

Camila nodded, unable to speak.

The old woman smiled, remembering her own first glimpse on a high ridge years ago. “The mountains reveal their heart only when one is ready to see that they are not separate from it. Remember, *niña*. What you saw is not only here. It is everywhere. The world is not small. It is vast beyond knowing. And yet you belong to it, just as it belongs to you.”

From that day, Camila no longer dreamed of escaping the mountains. She still wished to see the cities, but no longer to flee. She longed to witness how the same cosmic pulse shone in lights and streets, in strangers and crowds. The restless girl who once dismissed her home as empty now carried within her a memory that would never leave her: the universe itself, revealed for an instant through a mountain window.



Author's Note

Camila's moment on the mountainside echoes the awe at the heart of *Vishwarupa Darshana Yoga* — the chapter in the Bhagavad Gita in which Arjuna is granted a vision of the universe unveiled, limitless and alive.

Her glimpse of the Andes, no longer mere stone and silence, reflects the truth that the Divine is not confined within sacred halls or scriptures, but pulses through every grain of existence.

In one breath, she sees time, creation, and the vast choreography of life woven into a single, indescribable whole. Such visions do not belong only to sages; they arrive in rare moments when the mind falls still, and the world reveals its immensity.

Through Camila's eyes, we remember that the cosmos is not distant—it is the very fabric holding us, shaping us, breathing through us. When we truly look, even a mountain becomes a window into the infinite.





“Ask yourself gently, dear reader, have you ever stood before something so vast—a mountain, the night sky, the endless sea—that for a moment you felt both small and infinite? Perhaps that glimpse was the universe reminding you: you are not apart from it, but within it.”

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 12

The Doctor's Devotion

Story 12: The Doctor's Devotion

In the bustling city of Lagos, where the roads overflowed with honking cars and market stalls brimming with colour, stood a large public hospital. Inside its walls, life and death wove a constant dance. Patients were rushed in with injuries, mothers cried with newborns in their arms, and the environment smelled of industrial citrus and unwashed fear.

Dr Kelechi, a physician in his late-forties, had worked there for nearly two decades. His colleagues described him as brilliant yet unusual. He was not the kind of doctor who measured success only by the number of lives saved or by the reputation he built. For him, medicine was not just a profession; it was a sacred service, a form of prayer.

Born into a modest family, Kelechi had grown up watching his mother tend to the sick in their neighbourhood with herbs, food, and quiet compassion. "Medicine heals bodies," she used to say, "but love heals hearts." Her words stayed with him long after her passing, shaping the way he lived and worked.

The hospital was often overwhelmed. Resources were scarce, machines broke down, and patients who could not afford treatment filled the corridors. Many of his colleagues, hardened by relentless pressure, learned to

detach themselves. Kelechi, however, refused to do so; he wouldn't treat them like a list of tasks. He took his time, moving from bed to bed to look at each patient in the eye, greeting each patient by name, holding their hands. To him, their fears weren't symptoms to be ignored; they were sacred truths that deserved his full, unwavering silence and his absolute presence.

One evening, after a grueling day, he was called to the paediatric ward. A seven-year-old terminally ill girl named Ifedayo lay there, her small body weakened by a severe infection. Her parents sat helplessly beside her. Watching them, Kelechi felt the familiar, bitter pinch of his own limitations.

He sat by her bed and whispered, "You are brave, Ifedayo." The girl's eyes flickered open, and a faint smile touched her lips. Through the night, while the nurses did their rounds, Kelechi decided to stay back. He adjusted her blanket, told her simple stories about stars and rivers, and hummed the lullabies his mother had once sung to him.

By dawn, the struggle was over. The girl's spirit drifted away, leaving her small hand still tucked inside Kelechi's. He had done everything humanly possible, yet the mystery of life had moved beyond his reach. He sat motionless in the grey morning light, his heart anchored in a deep, reverent silence. Inside, he whispered a prayer of comfort, letting her go with a peace

that surpassed words.

Later, in the cafeteria, a younger doctor asked him, “Why do you do this to yourself? You sit with them; you suffer with them. Isn’t it easier to just focus on the ones we can actually save?”

Kelechi stirred his tea thoughtfully. “Because healing is not only survival. Sometimes the medicine we give is not in pills or injections, but in love. To die in peace, feeling cared for, that too is healing. Devotion is never wasted, even when the outcome is not what we hoped.”

The younger doctor frowned. “But doesn’t it drain you?”

“On the contrary,” Kelechi answered with a gentle smile. “It fills me. Each act of care is like a prayer, and prayers do not vanish. They ripple into the world in ways we may never see.”

Over time, his quiet devotion began to ripple indeed. Nurses started lingering a little longer at patients’ bedsides. Residents, once brisk and hurried, softened their tone. Even the most cynical staff admitted that the ward felt different when Kelechi was around.

Outside the hospital, Kelechi lived simply. He had no grand house, no luxury car, no family of his own. Some pitied him, saying he had given too much of his life to

his work. But Kelechi never felt empty. His fulfilment came from knowing that every patient, every moment of compassion, was part of something larger.

One evening, standing by a window after another long day, he looked out at the sprawling city below. The lights of Lagos shimmered like stars scattered across the earth. Closing his eyes, he whispered softly, “To serve is to love, and to love is to serve.” In that quiet prayer, he felt connected not just to his patients, but to something eternal.

Dr Kelechi’s devotion was not dramatic, nor was it written in headlines. It was found in the small, unseen gestures: a hand held, a story told, a presence offered. In those moments lived the essence of *Bhakti Yoga*: that love, given selflessly, is the highest path, capable of purifying not only the one who receives it, but also the one who gives.



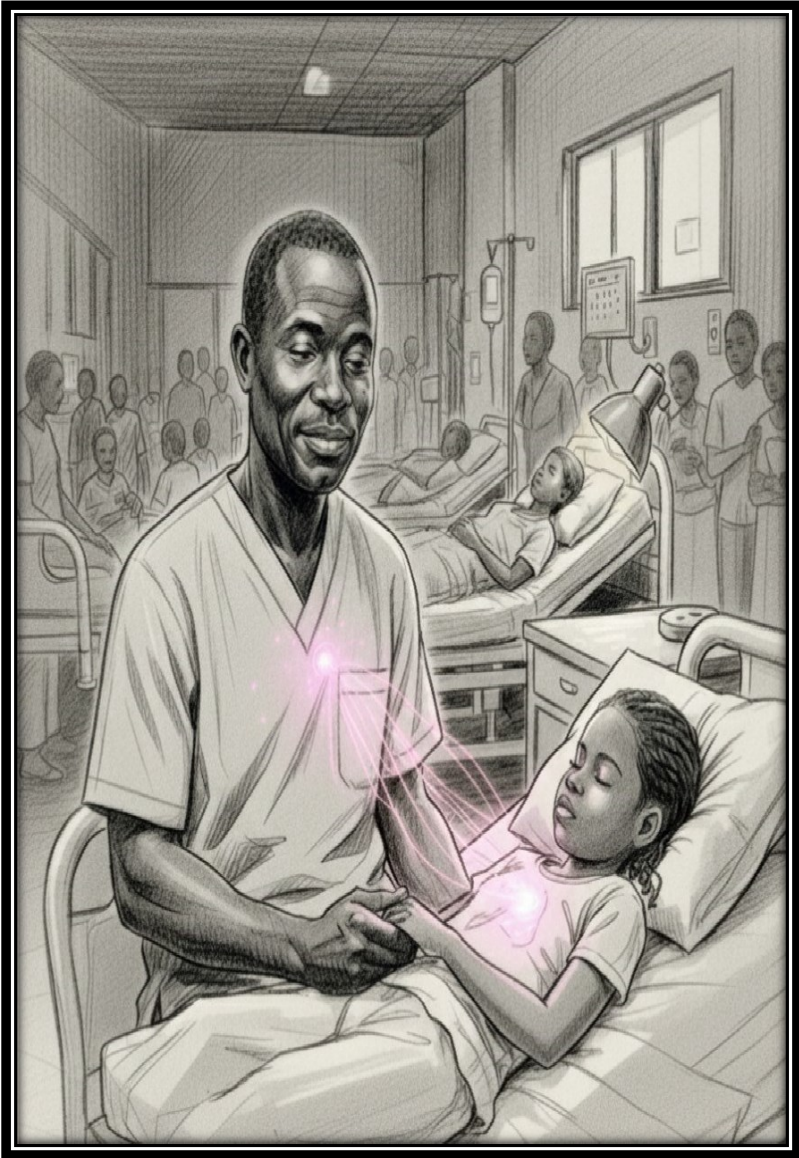
Author's Note

In Dr Kelechi's quiet, steadfast service, we meet the living pulse of *Bhakti Yoga* — the path the Bhagavad Gita describes as the simplest and yet the most profound.

His devotion is not woven from chants or rituals, but from the soft, unwavering presence he offers to those in their most fragile moments. In the fluorescent hum of a crowded ward, he reminds us that love expressed through action becomes a sacred current, transforming even the harshest corners of life into quiet havens.

His care does not depend on outcomes; it rests in the purity of the offering itself. Through him, we see that devotion need not be dramatic, to be divine. It may be as gentle as a hand held through the night or a story whispered to ease a frightened heart.

In such small, luminous acts, the soul remembers its true nature: to love, simply and completely.





“Beloved reader, have you ever noticed how love, freely given, with no thought of reward, has a way of healing not only the one who receives it, but also the one who offers it? What would change in your own life if you treated each act of care as a prayer?”

This image shows a full page of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page, providing a template for handwriting practice or general writing. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 13

The Dancer's Mirror

Story 13: The Dancer's Mirror

In Rio de Janeiro, where the ocean kisses the hills and the streets pulse with samba rhythms, lived a young woman named Lúcia. She was a dancer, known in her neighbourhood for her graceful movements and radiant energy. Her family had little; her father repaired fishing nets, and her mother sold food at a small stall. Yet when Lúcia danced, it felt as though the world itself was rich.

From a young age, her body had been her instrument and her temple. She trained tirelessly, rehearsing until her feet blistered and her muscles ached. When she performed, the crowd would cheer as though they too had wings. For Lúcia, dance was not just entertainment; it was her way of breathing.

One summer, while practising for the Carnival parade, tragedy struck. She slipped during a complex move and tore a ligament in her ankle. The pain was sharp, but sharper still was the doctor's verdict: "You will need months to recover. Even then, you may never dance the same again."

Lúcia felt her world collapse. Without dance, who was she? The music still played in the streets, but she could only watch, her leg bound and her spirit restless. Nights were the worst; she would stare into the

cracked mirror in her small room and whisper, “If my body fails me, am I still me?”

Her grandmother, a quiet woman who tended a small garden behind their house, noticed her despair. One evening, she placed a hand on Lúcia’s shoulder and said, “Come, sit with me.”

They sat in the garden as fireflies flickered among the plants. The grandmother held up a seed between her fingers. “This,” she said, “is a field waiting to bloom. But the soil, the rain, the sun, these are only its conditions. The life within the seed is something more. Do you see?”

Lúcia nodded faintly, unsure.

Her grandmother continued, “Your body, child, is like the field, the *Kshetra*. It changes, it ages, it can get hurt. But the one who knows this body, the witness inside you, that is the soul, the *Kshetrajna*. You are not just muscles and bones. You are the dancer who watches, learns, and loves through this body. Even if the body falters, the true you do not.”

The words stirred something in Lúcia, though she struggled to accept them. Days turned into weeks. Her leg healed slowly. She could not leap as high or move as swiftly, but she began to experiment with slower, gentler steps. To her surprise, a new beauty emerged, a depth and tenderness in her movements

she had never known before.

One evening, she stood before her mirror again. Her reflection showed scars, stiffness, and limitations. But when she closed her eyes, she felt the same joy, the same rhythm rising from within. She began to dance, not for an audience or for Carnival, but for herself. Each step became an offering, each movement a prayer.

Months later, she returned to the community stage. The crowd expected the dazzling Lúcia of old. What they saw instead was different; slower, yet luminous. Her movements carried emotion so raw that people wept. The applause was thunderous, but more importantly, Lúcia herself felt free. She no longer measured her worth by her body's perfection, but by the truth her soul expressed through it.

That night, her grandmother embraced her tightly. "Now you understand. The body is precious, but it is not you. You are the knower, the witness, the eternal dancer who shines through any form."

From then on, Lúcia taught the children of her neighbourhood not only the steps of samba but also the wisdom she had learned. "Your body is your field. Care for it, use it, but do not mistake it for the whole of who you are. The real dance begins when the soul moves through you."

And so, under the starlit skies of Rio, amidst drums and laughter, Lúcia discovered that her true identity was not bound by ankles or leaps. It lived in the silent witness within, the dancer who would never fade.



Author's Note

In Lúcia's journey—from the brilliance of the stage to the quiet reckoning before her mirror—we meet the heart of *Kshetra Kshetrajna Vibhaga Yoga*, the Bhagavad Gita's teaching that distinguishes the field from the knower.

Her injury becomes more than a physical rupture; it is an unexpected doorway through which she glimpses her true self, the one untouched by pain or praise. The body falters, yet the witness within remains whole, patient, and luminous.

Through her grandmother's gentle wisdom, Lúcia discovers that identity is not confined to muscles, rhythm, or outward grace, but lives in the consciousness that moves through them.

Her dance, once a pursuit of perfection, becomes an intimate conversation with the soul itself. And so her story reminds us that while the body may shift with time and circumstance, the inner dancer—the quiet, eternal presence—never loses its step.





“As you walk your own shore of life, reader, your body may scar, tire, or slow, but the one who lives within it, the true you, remains radiant, waiting to move through any form. When you remember this, every breath and every step become part of your eternal dance. What would change for you if you began to live as that eternal dancer, not just the body that carries you?”

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"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 14

The Breaking News Within

Story 14: The Breaking News Within

In Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, the newsroom never slept. Phones rang, televisions blared, and reporters hurried across the floor, their voices sharp with urgency. Amid the clamour sat Omar, a thirty-five-year-old journalist whose life was a storm of deadlines and breaking news.

Omar had started his career with ideals. He wanted to tell stories that mattered, to uncover injustice and give voice to the voiceless. But as years passed, ambition tangled with pressure. Editors demanded speed, sponsors demanded attention-grabbing headlines, and readers demanded constant novelty.

His days blurred into long hours of coffee, frantic typing, and late-night arguments. His colleagues admired his drive; he was always the first to chase a lead and the last to leave the office. He often came home to a house full of things yet felt an echoing emptiness within himself. Omar's mind was restless even in sleep.

One evening, after covering a violent protest, he sat in his car and stared at the city lights. His notebook was full, but his heart was heavy. The shouting, the tear gas, the faces twisted in anger echoed in his mind. He wondered, *Am I reporting truth, or am I just feeding the chaos?*

At home, his mother, a retired schoolteacher, noticed his weariness. She poured him tea and asked gently, “My son, when was the last time you wrote something that gave you peace?”

Omar shook his head. “Peace doesn’t sell, Mama. The world wants noise.”

She smiled sadly. “The world has always wanted noise. But noise is not the whole of truth.”

That night, unable to sleep, Omar found himself deep in the endless, hypnotic scroll of his social media feed. Reels flashed by in rapid succession: a cooking tutorial, a motivational quote, a quick political debate, until one video abruptly halted his thumb.

It was a clip from a Life Coach, delivering a sharp, succinct explanation of the three Gunas (traits) that shape all human experience. He watched it once, then again, drawn in by the simple, powerful breakdown:

- **Sattva** — clarity, harmony, knowledge.
- **Rajas** — desire, restlessness, constant striving.
- **Tamas** — inertia, ignorance, darkness.

The words struck him. He saw his own life mirrored there. His endless ambition and constant chasing of headlines was Rajas, restless energy without end. His late-night exhaustion, the numbness after too many violent scenes, was Tamas pulling him into despair. Sattva, calm clarity, felt like a distant dream.

Over the next few weeks, he began to observe himself. At work, when he rushed after stories for fame or recognition, he whispered to himself, *Rajas*. When he lingered too long in bed, drained and unwilling to rise, he thought, *Tamas*. And when, once in a while, he wrote something from the heart, like the feature on a teacher planting tree in a drought-stricken village, he recognized it as *Sattva*.

Slowly, he began to change. He could not leave his profession, but he could choose how he worked within it. Instead of chasing every story, he selected a few that mattered deeply, stories of resilience, of communities healing, of quiet courage. His writing slowed, but it grew sharper and clearer.

His colleagues mocked him at first. “Omar, you’ve lost your fire,” one said. “You used to run like the wind. Now you stroll like an old man.”

But Omar smiled. “The wind is restless. I’d rather be the steady flame.”

Months later, one of his features, a piece on young women turning abandoned land into thriving gardens, won an award. But more than recognition, it brought him joy. He saw the faces of the women he had interviewed, glowing with pride, as their story carried to thousands.

As Omar finished the final lines of his editorial, his gaze caught a glass of water on his desk. He watched, fascinated, as the frantic office lights reflected on its

surface, turning the liquid into a mirror of shimmering gold. Around him, the newsroom was a storm of noise and deadlines, but inside, Omar felt a sudden, deep silence. He realised then that, while the world outside would always churn with restless energy or fall into heavy darkness, he could choose to be like the water—holding the light yet remaining perfectly still.

He understood now that the world outside would always surge with Rajas and sink with Tamas. His task was not to escape it, but to remain centred, to cultivate Sattva, and ultimately to rise beyond all three.

He whispered into the night, “I am not the clamour that rises and fades; I am the stillness that bears witness to it.”

And in that moment, Omar found freedom no headline could ever give.

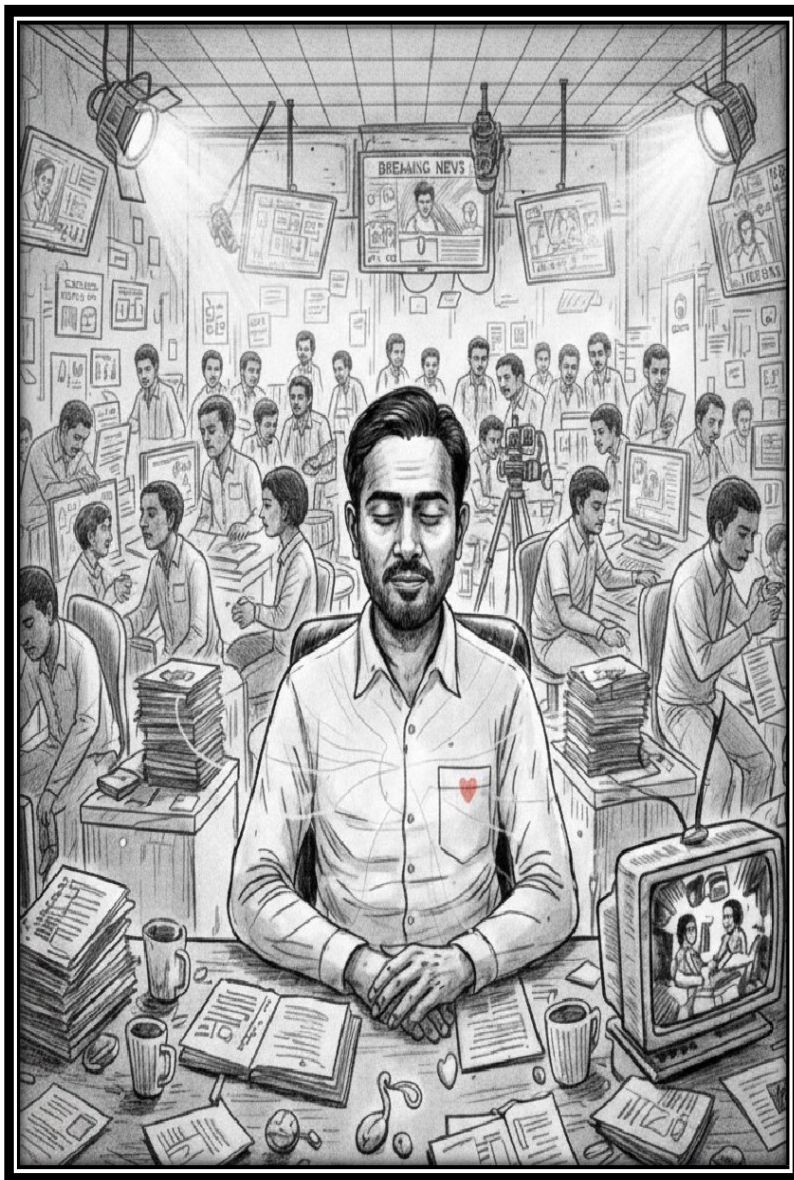


Author's Note

Omar's journey into the whirlwind of modern life reflects the profound depth of *Gunatraya Vibhaga Yoga*, where the Bhagavad Gita unveils the three qualities—Sattva, Rajas, and Tamas — that subtly colour every thought, emotion, and action.

His restless pursuit of breaking news mirrors the agitation of Rajas; his exhaustion, the weight of Tamas. Yet in rare moments of clarity, when he writes from the heart rather than the hunger for headlines, Sattva flickers like a candle in a darkened room. This story invites us to witness these shifting currents within ourselves with gentleness rather than judgement. For the Bhagavad Gita reminds us that freedom lies not in denying these forces, but in recognising them and choosing, again and again, the path that steadies the mind.

Omar's quiet awakening — was born not from dramatic revelation but from awareness — this tale shows us that even amid noise, conflict, and urgency, we may cultivate a stillness that belongs to no guna at all. Amidst that stillness, we rediscover the self that watches everything with calm, unwavering light.





“Beloved reader, every day we meet the three gunas: Rajas, the rush to keep moving; Tamas, the heaviness that pulls us down; and Sattva, the calm light of clarity. If you could see these forces inside you, how might your choice begin to change?”

For instance, the next time a harsh word from someone stirs heaviness or anger within you, could you instead pause, breathe, and let Sattva guide you to answer with calm instead of reaction?”

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"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 15

The Roots Above

Story 15: The Roots Above

The city of Mumbai glittered at night, its skyline glowing like a necklace of jewels against the Arabian Sea. Beneath the lights pulsed the dream-machine of Bollywood: the studios, the sets, the endless premieres. Amid the glitz lived Anaya, a successful actress whose face adorned billboards and magazines across India.

Audiences adored her, directors praised her versatility, and everywhere she went, crowds followed, phones raised high to capture a glimpse. To the world, Anaya's life was nothing short of perfect, a constant high tide of glamour and attention. But all that fame, all that praise, had begun to blind her as well, making her too proud, too high on herself to see anything else.

The constant high tide of glamour had become an intoxicant. One afternoon, while a young stylist struggled to clasp a heavy diamond necklace around her neck, Anaya snapped.

"Careful! Do you have any idea what this neck is worth to this production?" she hissed, looking at the girl's trembling hands in the mirror. "You are lucky to even be in the same room as me. Act like it."

She didn't see the stylist's tearful eyes; she only saw her own perfect reflection. She was watering the

branches of her fame so intensely that she had forgotten the ground she stood on.

The first crack appeared when her agent, Sameer, walked into her trailer with a grim face. "The brand signed Kavya. They're... they're moving in a 'younger' direction, Anaya."

The news hit her like a physical blow. Shaking with a jagged, ugly insecurity, she called the CEO herself.

"You're dumping me for a girl who hasn't even had a second hit?" Anaya's voice was high and brittle. "I built your market! Without my face, your brand is just cheap chemicals in a bottle. You'll be begging for me in six months!" She slammed the phone down, but the echo of her own desperation terrified her.

Her bad behaviour, fuelled by shock and pride, sealed her fate far more surely than any box office fluctuation.

Word of her furious meltdown spread through the industry faster than a trailer leak. Within days, the industry "tree" began to shed its leaves. One by one, the endorsements withered.

"She's too 'difficult,'" the rumours whispered. "Her light is fading."

Overnight, Anaya's status changed from "must-have" to "trouble." Endorsements she thought were hers

forever were cancelled, one after the other, pulling the financial rug out from under her feet. The ultimate humiliation came when she was removed from a high-profile movie she'd already signed, replaced by a rival.

In her pristine apartment, the constant, flattering ring of her professional life was now replaced by a terrifying silence. Anaya wasn't just annoyed; she was consumed by a deep, throbbing depression and an unfamiliar, bitter rage. Nights stretched long in her luxury apartment, where silence surged harder than the paparazzi's questions. She often stared into the mirror, painted with flawless makeup, and wondered, who am I without this reflection?

Months later, on the set of a small documentary — the only work that remained — she sat in the shadows of a dusty studio. Dev, a veteran actor known for his quiet grace, sat down beside her. He noticed her staring blankly at a script.

"It hurts when the leaves fall, doesn't it?" Dev asked softly.

Anaya didn't look up. "Everything I worked for is gone, Dev. I'm disappearing."

"You're only disappearing because you think you are the branches," Dev said. He pointed to a prop tree on the set. "There is an ancient teaching about a cosmic tree that is upside down. Its roots are in the heavens,

but its branches grow down into the world of fame and ambition. We spend our lives trying to keep the leaves green, but we forget that the source of the tree's life isn't down here in the dirt and the applause."

Anaya looked at him, confused. "Then where is it?"

"It's above. It's the eternal spirit," Dev smiled. "To be truly free, Anaya, you have to take the axe of detachment and cut through these branches. Stop trying to save the 'actress' and start looking for the 'soul' that gives the actress life."

That night, the words haunted her. She returned to her family home, where her grandmother, Dadi, was sitting on a simple mat, a scripture open in her lap.

"Dadi," Anaya whispered, sitting beside her. "I feel like I've lost everything."

Dadi turned a page, her voice a soothing hum. "You've only lost your shadows, bitiya. Listen to this: 'The sun does not light it, nor the moon, nor fire...' It speaks of a place beyond the highs and lows of the world. You've been chasing the reflection of light in a mirror. Now, turn around and look at the Sun itself."

Anaya leaned her head onto Dadi's shoulder, and as she did, a weight she hadn't realized she had been carrying for years finally began to shift, like a heavy tide finally receding. In that quiet contact, the relentless,

piercing noise of her glamour world fell suddenly silent. The gnawing anxiety of empty schedules and the frantic fear of not having enough projects vanished into the stillness, along with the echoes of sharp-tongued critics who lived to dissect her every move on a glowing screen.

The constant pressure to perform, to pose, and to be perfect simply dissolved. In this room, she was no longer a brand to be managed, a face for a campaign, or a sensational headline to be sold; she was simply a granddaughter. Wrapped in the familiar, comforting haze of sandalwood and the musty, sweet scent of aging paper that clung to Dadi's shawl, she finally allowed herself the simple, long-forgotten luxury of a deep, honest breath—one that reached all the way down to her soul.

Weeks later, filming took her to the ghats of Varanasi. At dawn, she sat alone on the stone steps as the sun began to bleed gold into the Ganges.

She watched a group of pilgrims offering small leaf boats with candles into the water. She realised her life was like those boats—meant to flow, not to be clutched.

If I am not the 'Superstar,' who am I? she asked herself.

The answer didn't come in words, but in a profound

sense of peace. She felt a connection to the priests chanting, to the water lapping the stone, and to the sun rising above. She wasn't just a part of the world; she was a spark of the power that created it. She had finally used the "axe" to cut through her ego, and what remained was indestructible.

The Mumbai skyline greeted her just as before, but the burning restlessness that once drove her, had cooled into a deep, steady peace. She still moved before the cameras, but the work was no longer a desperate chase for validation — it was simply a story she was enacting.

During a major televised interview, a journalist probed, "You went through a dark patch last year. Lost big deals, lost movies. How did you survive the fall from the peak?"

Anaya smiled, and for the first time, the audience saw a woman who didn't need their validation to exist.

"I didn't fall from the peak," she said gently. "I just realised I was standing on the wrong mountain. I used to think my roots were in the applause of the crowd. But applause is like the wind—it changes direction. Now, I know my roots are in something unchanging. Acting is my craft, my role in the drama, but it isn't me."

The studio fell silent. The statement wasn't a PR stunt;

it was a vibration of truth. The interview went viral, but for Anaya, it was not a mere statement; it was her truth. She was no longer anxious of losing deals or the fading of fame. Like the cosmic tree, she understood that the branches of her career would one day wither, but the root above, the eternal self, would remain.

That night, as she removed her makeup, she looked in the mirror. She saw the fine lines of age and the fatigue of the day, but she also saw a light in her eyes that no spotlight could mimic. She was no longer a slave to the branches. She was rooted in the eternal.

And as the city lights of Mumbai glittered outside her window, Anaya finally felt at peace, as she realised, she was exactly where she was meant to be.



Author's Note

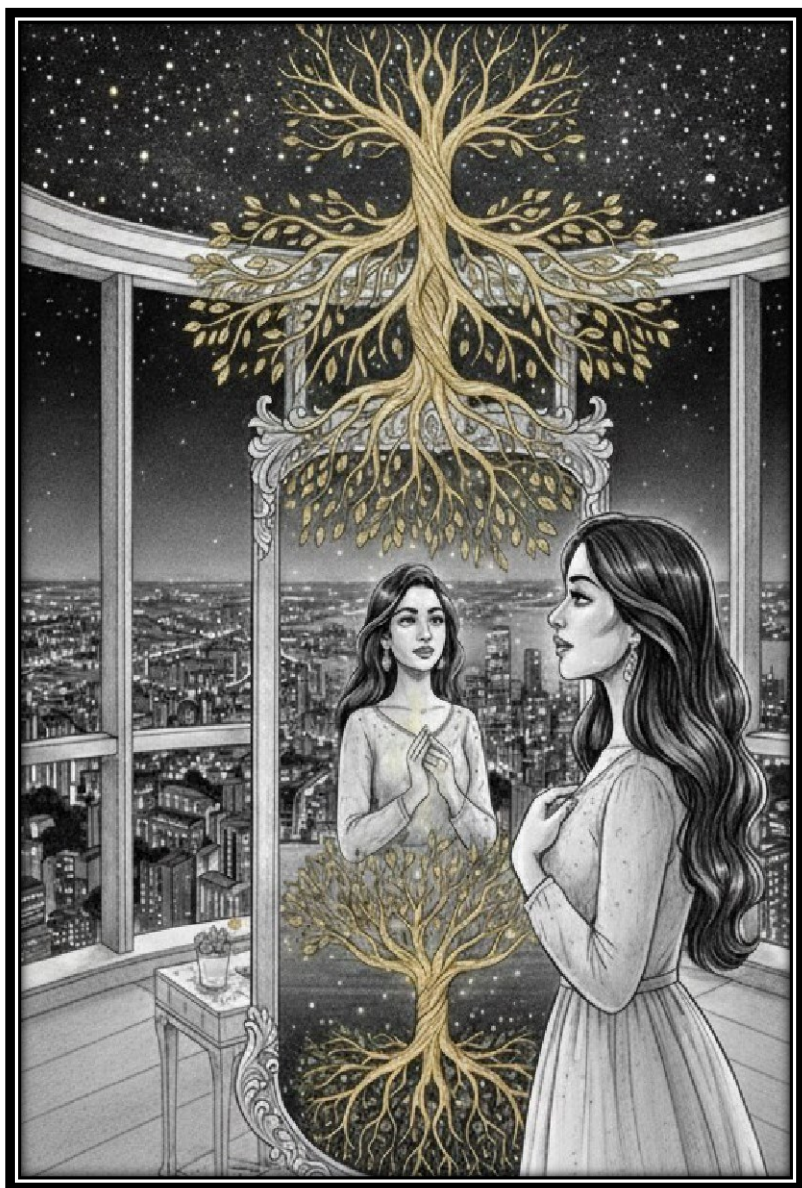
Anaya's rise, collapse, and quiet return to herself reflect the essence of *Purushottama Yoga*, the Bhagavad Gita's teaching of the eternal root from which all life unfolds.

Her world of glamour — bright, brittle, and ever-shifting — mirrors the transient branches of the cosmic tree described in this chapter. We cling to such branches believing they define us, until life, with uncompromising gentleness or force, asks us to look deeper.

Through Dev's wisdom and Dadi's tenderness, Anaya discovers that identity anchored in applause is destined to tremble, but identity rooted in the eternal is unshakeable.

Her journey is not about abandoning ambition, but about remembering that the true self is not the role, nor the image, nor the echo of validation, but the quiet source beneath them all.

In her stillness by the Ganges and her steady gaze in the mirror, we, too, are reminded: when we loosen our grip on what is fleeting, the deeper truth of who we are begins to shine with a light that does not depend on the world to remain.





“Dear friend, in the grand theatre of your life, the curtains will eventually close on every role you play—the titles, the successes, and even the failures. When the applause fades, and the theatre embraces silence, who is the one still standing in the stillness? Sit back and reflect.”

"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 16

The Two Voices

Story 16: The Two Voices

New York City never slept. The streets buzzed with yellow taxis, the air was heavy with ambition, and neon signs burned late into the night. Among the countless faces in its rush was Amir, a 28-year-old investment banker climbing the corporate ladder.

Amir had talent, no doubt. His quick mind and sharper tongue made him indispensable to his firm. In just a few years, he had risen from intern to associate, winning deals worth millions. But with success came arrogance. He had little patience for colleagues who lagged behind and often dismissed them with cutting remarks.

His family back in Morocco called him often, asking when he would visit. But Amir's reply was always the same: "Later. I'm too busy building my future." Even when his younger sister graduated, he sent an expensive watch as a gift but skipped the ceremony.

Late one night, after sealing a stressful deal, Amir stepped outside the skyscraper's glass doors. The city roared with its usual frenzy, but inside him was a restlessness that he could not define. He lit a cigarette and stared at the sky. As the smoke from his cigarette curled into the air, he looked for the stars, only to find them drowned by the artificial glow of progress. He

had reached the top of the world, only to find the sky was missing.

A voice startled him. “Late night, huh?”

It was an older janitor cleaning the lobby. His name tag read *Luis*. Amir nodded, barely acknowledging him.

But Luis continued, “You work too much, my friend. Money is good, but don’t let it turn you cold.”

Amir smirked. “Cold? I’m winning. That’s what matters.”

Luis shook his head with a gentle smile. “There are two voices in every man. One says, ‘Take, compete, crush.’ The other says, ‘Give, care, build.’ Which one you feed, that is the man you become.”

The words stung, though Amir brushed them off. Yet that night, he couldn’t sleep. His mind replayed Luis’s words: *Two voices... which one do you feed?*

In the weeks that followed, cracks began to show. A junior colleague he had humiliated quit suddenly, leaving a note about the toxic work culture. When the HR team gave this feedback to Amir, his reaction was full of sarcasm, “If he cannot handle the heat of cross questions, then his departure is a favour to the team. We have no room for glass hearts.”

Amir's boss called him in private and alerted him, "Look, Amir, results matter, but so does respect. Fix this, or you'll find yourself alone."

But Amir didn't truly understand. The next month, during a high-stakes client presentation, he snapped at a senior analyst for a minor error, mocking him in front of the entire boardroom. The analyst's face had turned pale, his voice trembling as he finished the report. By Monday, his desk was empty. Amir laughed it off at first, "Not everyone is built for pressure," he told himself, but when the client later called to express concern over the team's instability, a faint unease crept in.

A few weeks later, his sarcasm struck again. When a junior associate, Julia, stayed late to help with numbers, Amir tossed her draft aside with a smirk. "This looks like undergrad work," he said coldly. She swallowed her tears, packed her things, and left. Two days later, an email arrived from HR announcing her resignation. That evening, as Amir walked past her now-vacant desk, he caught sight of a framed photo she had forgotten to take, her and the team, smiling, arms around each other after their first big deal. The sight lingered in his mind long after he returned home.

The floor grew quieter each day. Conversations stopped when Amir entered the room. One evening,

staying late to finish a report, he overheard two remaining team members in the pantry.

“I can’t take it anymore,” one whispered. “It’s like walking on eggshells around him.” “Yeah,” the other sighed. “He used to be one of us... Now it’s just his ego sitting in that corner office.”

Amir froze in the hallway, unseen. Their words struck deeper than he expected. He returned to his desk and stared at his reflection in the dark window. The city lights shimmered behind him, but all he saw was a man surrounded by success, yet utterly alone.

Slowly, the energy of the floor changed. The laughter that once filled the late nights vanished. Even routine greetings became hesitant, cautious. Amir began to notice the silence around him, the absence of the small jokes, shared coffees, and trust that once made the grind bearable. When a major deal collapsed because the new team couldn’t coordinate, his boss called him in. “You’re brilliant, Amir,” he said, tiredly rubbing his temples, “but brilliance without humility burns brighter than it lasts.”

That evening, Amir stood by the window of his 40th-floor office, staring at the glittering skyline. It struck him then that the team that had once believed in him was gone. Years of effort, trust, and camaraderie had dissolved in days. And for what? To prove he was

right? To feed his pride? He felt a heaviness in his chest, not the weight of failure, but of loss. *He alone could never win.*

He began to observe himself more closely. When he lashed out or took pride in belittling others, he could almost feel a dark fire rising within, the restless pull of arrogance, harshness, and endless desire. Yet in moments of kindness, when he paused to help a colleague or called his mother just to hear her voice, something softer awakened, a quiet strength born of compassion, humility, and honesty. It became clear to him that both natures lived within his heart, and each day's choices decided which one would lead his life.

The struggle was not easy. One voice promised power, the other whispered peace. But little by little, he chose differently. He apologised to a junior analyst he had belittled. He started sending part of his bonus to support his father's small shop back home. When his firm pressured him to twist numbers in a client report, he refused, risking his position but saving his integrity.

One Friday evening, Luis caught him again in the lobby. "You look different," the janitor said, smiling.

Amir chuckled. "Maybe I'm just listening to the right voice now."

Luis tapped his chest. "That voice was always there.

You just had to quiet the other one.”

Months later, Amir did return home to Morocco. His mother wept with joy, his father embraced him, and his sister teased, “Finally, the great banker remembers us!” But Amir only smiled, feeling lighter than he had in years.

He knew he still lived in the same city and worked the same demanding job, but something within had shifted. He no longer measured success by the size of his pay cheque or the height of his skyscraper office, but by the kindness he carried and the truth he lived.

In the heart of the sleepless city, Amir had discovered that the real battle was not on Wall Street but within himself. And in that battle, he had chosen to feed the divine.



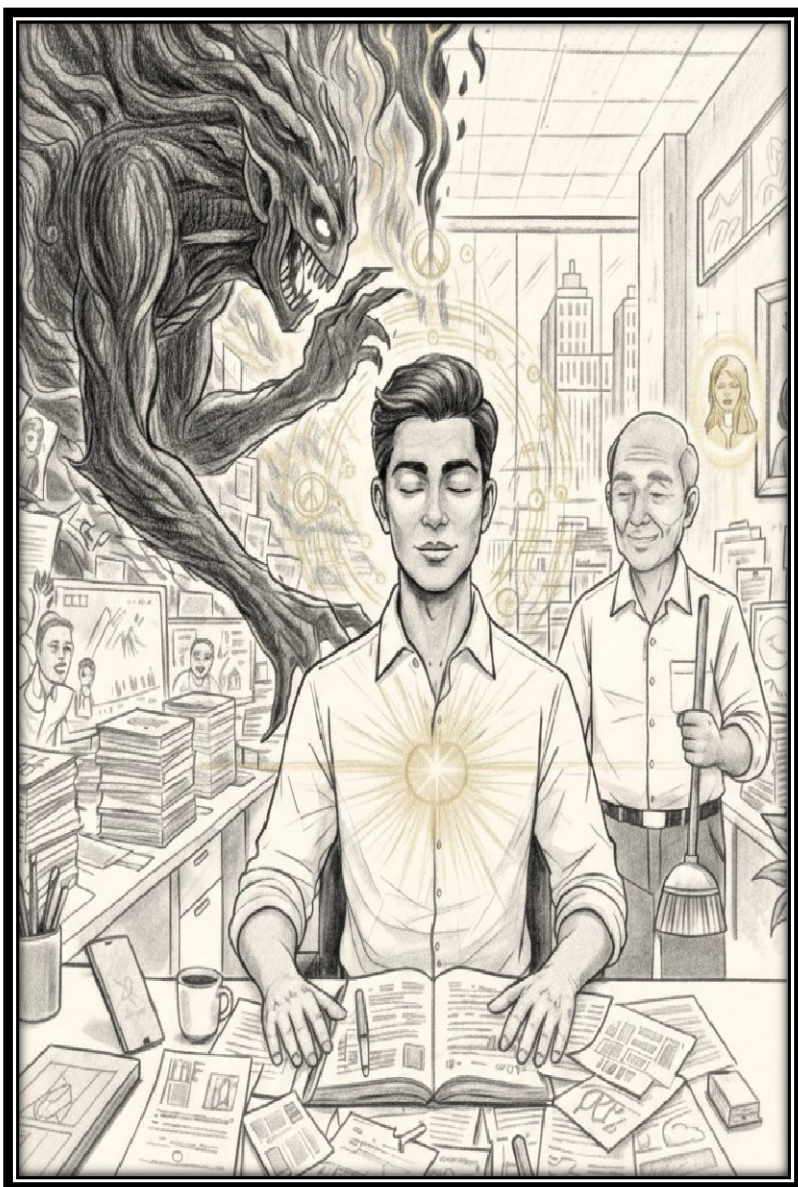
Author's Note

Amir's inner turning point reflects the essence of *Dai-vasura Sampad Vibhaga Yoga*, where the Bhagavad Gita reveals the two tendencies that dwell within every human heart: the divine and the destructive.

For Amir, the high-octane world of ambition and city lights transformed into a quiet battlefield where these two voices often clashed. The very arrogance that once propelled him begins to erode his spirit, leaving him hollow; yet moments of fragile humility start to flicker like long-forgotten lanterns found in the gloom.

This chapter teaches that goodness is not an inherited trait, nor darkness, a permanent flaw; they are seeds we water through our daily choices. Amir's transformation is not heroic in the grand sense, but profoundly human: a slow softening, a willingness to listen to the gentler voice he once ignored.

Through his journey, we are reminded that true victory is not measured in accolades or power, but in the courage to feed what is noble within us, until it becomes the quiet compass by which we live.





“Dear Companion, within you live two voices too, one that pushes you to chase, compete, and dismiss, and another that calls you to listen, care, and respect. Imagine a colleague makes a mistake; do you lash out to prove your power, or guide them with patience to help them grow? Or when family calls during your busiest hour, do you brush them off, or pause to honour the bond that shaped you? Which voice would you choose in these moments, and why?”

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"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."





Story 17

The Goal Beyond the Goal

Story 17: The Goal Beyond the Goal

The roar of 60,000 fans thundered across the stadium in São Paulo. Bright lights lit the field as the local football club fought for a place in the national finals. Among the players sprinting across the pitch was Diego, a 24-year-old striker with speed like fire and a reputation for brilliance.

To the outside world, Diego lived the dream. He had escaped the crowded streets of his childhood neighbourhood, traded poverty for fame, and now wore a jersey admired by thousands. Endorsement deals, cars, and fans followed him everywhere. But inside, Diego wrestled with a storm.

He lived for applause, but when it faded, a hollow ache remained. If he missed a goal, social media burned with criticism. If he scored, he soared briefly, only to crash again in the silence of his apartment.

Diego's love for football had started on dusty streets in the outskirts of São Paulo. As a boy, he played barefoot with a ball made of rags, darting between parked cars while his mother sold empanadas nearby. She would smile and say, "Run with your heart, not just your legs." Football wasn't just a sport for them; it was a prayer, a momentary escape from hardship.

At thirteen, he joined a local youth academy, his raw talent catching everyone's attention. In those early years, he was humble, eager to learn, often staying behind to help younger kids practise. His coach used to tell others, "Diego doesn't just play football, he feels it."

But as he rose through the ranks, the world around him changed, and so did he. The locker rooms became louder with competition, whispers of fame, and the lure of quick money. Some senior players joked that kindness was for losers. "On the field, it's eat or be eaten," one said. Diego laughed with them, wanting to belong. Slowly, that laughter turned into belief.

He began keeping score not only in goals but in admiration, how many headlines carried his name, how many followers he gained after a match. When teammates missed passes, he rolled his eyes; when they scored, he looked away. His focus shifted from the joy of the game to the glory of attention. Once, during a crucial match, instead of passing to an open teammate, he took the shot himself and missed. The team lost. In the locker room, silence hung heavy, but Diego brushed it off with pride. "I'll get it next time," he said. But deep inside, a seed of emptiness began to grow.

One evening, after a disappointing loss, he sat alone in the locker room long after his teammates had left.

He stared at his boots, scuffed and muddy, wondering, why do I play? For the love of the game, or for the love of being famous?

A senior teammate, Rafael, walked in, his career nearly over from injuries. He sat beside Diego and said, “You know, when I was your age, I thought glory was everything. Goals, trophies, fame. But faith is what carries you when the crowd is gone.”

Diego frowned. “Faith? You mean religion?”

Rafael shook his head. “Not just religion. Faith is what you give your heart to. Some give it to winning, some to money, some to God. Whatever you believe in, that shapes you.”

The words stirred something in Diego. That night, unable to sleep, he thought of his mother, who used to pray before every neighbourhood game, whispering, “Play with joy, not fear. Play for something greater than yourself.”

Over the next few weeks, Diego began to watch himself carefully. He noticed how his faith was tied to the crowd’s approval. When fans cheered, he felt alive; when they jeered, he crumbled. His entire being rested on fragile ground.

So, he began to shift. Slowly, he practised playing not for the noise outside but for the love of the game

itself, for the rhythm of the ball, the breath of the run, the beauty of a well-placed pass. He started visiting children at a local youth academy, telling them, “Do not just chase goals, chase excellence. Football is a joy, not just a scoreboard.”

His style changed. On the field, he became calmer, less desperate for attention, more focused on teamwork. He passed when others expected him to take the shot and celebrated his teammates’ goals as much as his own.

At first, some fans complained. “Diego has lost his killer instinct,” they said. But soon, a deeper respect grew. They saw in him a maturity rare in young stars, a steadiness rooted in something beyond the chants of the stadium.

In a decisive semi-final match, with scores tied and only minutes left, Diego found himself in front of the goal. The crowd roared, expecting him to shoot. But he saw a teammate better positioned and passed the ball. The goal was scored, and the stadium erupted. Reporters later asked, “Why did you not take the glory shot?”

Diego smiled. “Because it was never about me. It was about the team, about the game.”

That night, as the city celebrated, Diego sat quietly in his apartment. For the first time, he felt peace even

without the noise of fans. His faith had shifted, from applause to purpose, from external validation to inner steadiness.

A week later, he walked back to his old neighbourhood. The air in the narrow, winding lanes hadn't changed; it was still thick, with the sound of laughter and the sharp slap of a football bouncing off rough walls. The kids spotted him and ran over in awe, shouting, "It's Diego! The star!"

He smiled, waved them closer, and joined their game, no cameras, no chants, no scoreboard. Just dust, laughter, and the rhythm of the ball rolling freely. When he scored, the children cheered; when one of them tackled him, he laughed out loud, falling back onto the earth that had once been his field of dreams.

As he stood later, brushing the dust from his knees, he felt something pure stir within him, the same joy that had once made a little boy chase a rag ball through narrow streets. He looked up at the fading sky and whispered, "Now I remember why I play."

He always loved football, but now it was more than a career. It was his offering, his prayer in motion, his way of playing in harmony with something higher.

And he realised the real goal was never the ball in the net. It was the faith that shaped the heart, kicking it.

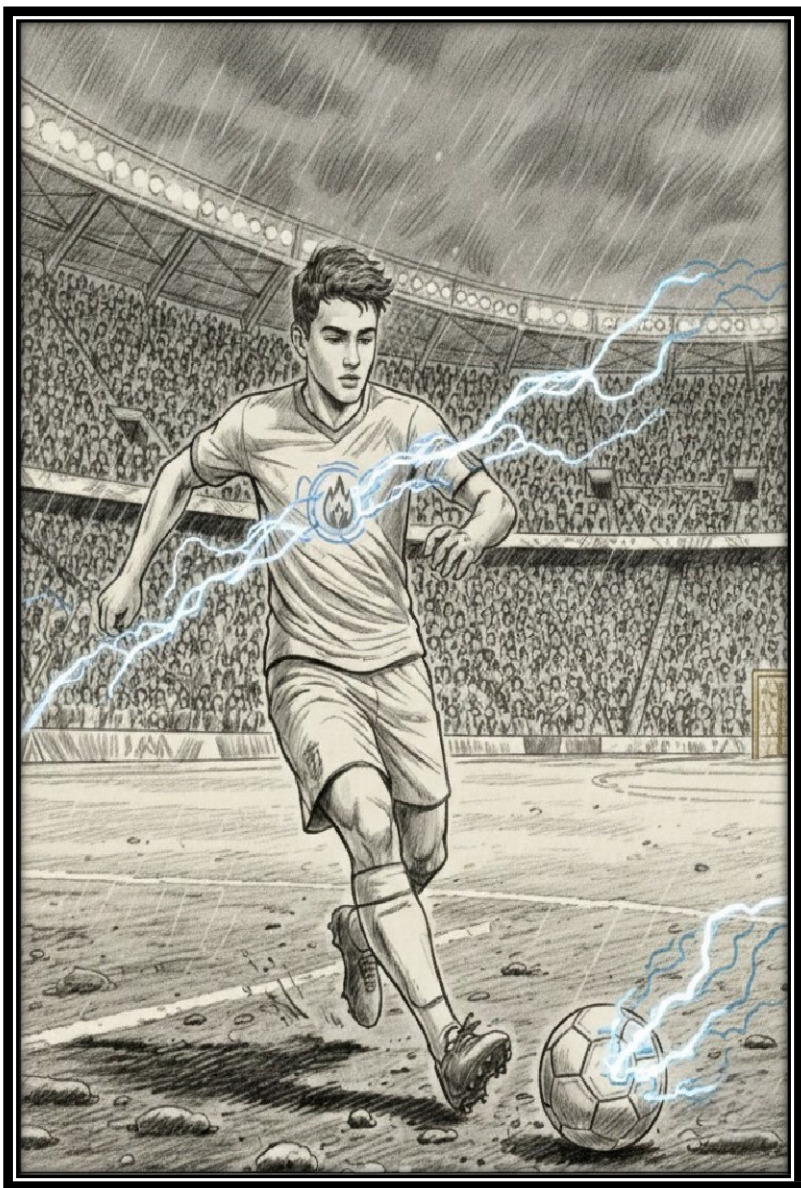


Author's Note

Diego's transition — from chasing applause to rediscovering the simple joy of the game — captures the essence of *Shraddhatraya Vibhaga Yoga* of the Bhagavad Gita, that we are ultimately sculpted by the nature of the faith we hold within.

His world of stadium lights and roaring crowds mirrors the way many of us pin our worth to outcomes, recognition, or comparison. Yet faith, the Bhagavad Gita reminds us, is not merely belief; it is the invisible compass that guides every choice, every step, every heartbeat. As Diego learns to anchor his devotion not in glory, but in purpose, his play transforms from a performance into a prayer.

The noise of the world softens, and what remains is sincerity — steady, unforced, and quietly powerful. His journey invites us to reflect on where we place our own faith: in praise, in fear, in striving—or in something deeper, quieter, and far more enduring. For whatever we give our heart to becomes the ground upon which our life unfolds.





“Dear Companion, do you feel faith exists only within sacred walls or prayers, or does it live in what you give your heart to each day? Some place it in applause, some in success, some in something higher and steadier. Imagine these moments: you win an award at work, but no one praises you; do you still feel complete? You lost a match or a deal, but you know you have given your best, can you walk away in peace? A friend shines in the spotlight while you stand unseen, do you cheer with joy or burn with comparison? In each choice, your faith is revealed. So, tell me, where does your faith truly rest, and how does it shape the way you live?”

“Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you re-visit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within.”





Story 18

The Eternal Thread

Story 18: The Eternal Thread

The concert hall in Vienna was filled with silence—the kind that trembles with quiet expectation, a resonant pulse that thrummed against the gilded walls, as if the room itself were holding its breath. Rows of plush velvet seats stretched beneath golden chandeliers that cast a warm, honeyed glow over the expectant faces of the elite. At the centre of the stage sat the grand piano, its polished obsidian surface gleaming like a still lake under the spotlights.

Behind the heavy velvet curtain, Hannah Levi stood in the shadows. At 72 years old, she was a vision of weathered elegance. Her silver hair, once a raven mane that flew wildly during her more tempestuous performances, was now pinned back in a graceful chignon, framing a face etched with the fine lines of a life lived intensely. Her hands, though strong from nearly seven decades of relentless discipline, felt unusually heavy tonight. This was no ordinary evening; it was her farewell concert.

Hannah's mind drifted back sixty-five years to a dusty workshop in Haifa. She could almost smell the cedar shavings and the pungent tang of varnish. Her father, his apron stained with resins and his fingers calloused, was hunched over a cello.

"Listen, Channah," he had said, calling her by her Hebrew name, his voice as textured as the wood he carved. He gestured toward the hollow cavity of a cello, tapping the grain with a craftsman's reverence. "The world thinks the bow creates the song through sheer force. They confuse the struggle of the strings with the heart of the song. But the music is already in the air around us, my little bird. This wood is just a shell that gives it a temporary home. You must not try to command the sound; you must invite it. The true essence of the instrument is found only when you let go."

While her father provided the philosophy, it was her mother, Sarah, who provided the grit. Sarah was a woman of few words and relentless action, working extra hours at the infirmary to fund Hannah's expensive ambitions. One night, when a difficult Rachmaninoff piece pushed a teenage Hannah to tears, Sarah sat beside her, providing the silent grit that would eventually define her career.

"Hannah," she said, her voice like the steady rhythm of the tide. "You are trying to be a queen over these keys. But a song is not a kingdom to be ruled. It is a guest you invite into your home. If you are too stiff, the guest will never feel welcome. Relax your shoulders. Let the music sit at your table."

By twenty, she was a prodigy. By thirty, she was a

force of nature. Her career had been a meteoric ascent, punctuated by accolades that most musicians only dreamed of. She had been awarded the Order of Arts and Letters in Paris, the prestigious Wolf Prize in Music in her homeland, and the coveted Royal Philharmonic Society Gold Medal. Later in life, she received the Brahms Ring for her interpretations of the German masters and the Kennedy Center Honors for her lifetime contribution to the arts.

Yet, with every trophy added to her mantle, the "noise" inside her grew. As fame solidified her reputation, the joy of discovery was replaced by the tyranny of perfection. Hannah had evolved from a dreamer into a "Maestro of Precision." To the world, she was a goddess of the keys; to herself, she was a soldier in a perpetual war against the possibility of a mistake.

In those middle years, her performances were legendary for their technical brilliance, but she felt like a climber standing atop the highest peak, gasping for air and wondering why she had ever wanted to leave the ground. Every standing ovation felt like a temporary reprieve, followed by the haunting question: Who am I when the music stops?

The announcer's voice faded into the rafters. Hannah took a deep breath, the scent of aged wood and floor

wax grounding her and she walked onto the stage. The applause thundered like a breaking wave. She bowed regally to the audience and sat at the bench.

She closed her eyes. 'Tonight was different. She wasn't playing the masters. She was playing a piece she had titled 'The Eternal Thread, a composition she had struggled to finish for years, only finding the final resolution the night before.

The melody began softly, like dawn light filtering through a dusty window. The notes drifted, hesitant and sparse, weaving together the sorrow of her father's passing, her mother's steady hands, and the serenity of the Haifa coastline. As her fingers moved, she felt the old tension in her chest begin to loosen.

In her youth, she played with technical ferocity. In her middle years, she played with intellectual depth. But tonight, at seventy-two, she was playing with transcendence. She was no longer the celebrated virtuoso. She was a thread in something vast and unseen. The music seemed to play itself, flowing through her rather than from her. For the first time in decades, she did not perform; she allowed.

The final chord was a trembling whisper that merged into the stillness. For a long, sacred moment, no one moved. The air was thick with silence, like a prayer answered without words. When the applause finally

erupted, Hannah smiled, but this time she did not bow to be seen; she bowed in gratitude to the silence that had played through her.

Backstage, amidst the bouquets of lilies and roses, a young student approached her with shining eyes.

"Maestra," the girl whispered. "How do you play like that? How do you make the piano... breathe?"

Hannah looked at her, seeing the girl's hands—tight, nervous, and hungry for success. She leaned in, and whispered, " "My father said the wood is hollow for a reason, and my mother said to treat the music with the respect you would give a guest. I spent years trying to dominate the stage, but then I realised: I'm not the master of the melody. I'm the listener. The song has always been there, waiting for me to catch up."

Hannah stepped out of the stage door into the cool Viennese night. Snowflakes drifted like falling stars. The city lights shimmered on the river, and in that quiet reflection, she saw her own life mirrored—notes and pauses, gains and losses, all part of a greater composition she had never truly controlled.

She thought of the Wolf Prize, the Gold Medals, and the world's grandest halls. They were beautiful, yes, but they were only the ornaments on the thread. The thread itself was the surrender.

As she walked away, the faint echo of the last note still lingered in her heart. She felt free. Not because the night had reached its silence, but because she had dissolved into it. She understood, finally, that the unseen thread that binds all things is not made of sound or fame. It is the quiet knowing that we were never the ones playing—we were only ever being played by something infinite.



Author's Note

Hannah's final performance invites us into the still, luminous heart of *Moksha Sannyāsa Yoga* — the Bhagavad Gita's ultimate teaching, where letting go becomes the purest form of wisdom.

After a lifetime spent perfecting her craft, she discovers that mastery is not control, but surrender: a softening of the self so complete that the music is finally free to move without resistance. In that unguarded moment, the boundary between the player and the played dissolves, and what remains is a quiet, unmistakable truth — the soul has never been separate from the source of its inspiration.

This chapter reminds us that liberation is not a distant spiritual escape, nor the reward for flawless discipline. It is the gentle undoing of the ego's grip, the willingness to offer everything — talent, effort, identity — back into the vastness from which it arose.

In Hannah's bow to silence, we sense the liberation that the Bhagavad Gita whispers of : the peace that arrives when we stop trying to hold the world together and allow ourselves to be held instead. Her last note is not an ending, but a return — to the timeless thread running through all things, waiting patiently to be recognised.



Date:

“Dear Soul-friend, surrender is not weakness; it is the freedom that comes when we stop clinging to control. If the Divine is the player and you are the instrument, what melody are you willing to surrender yourself to now?”

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"Mark this page with your reflections, a timestamp of your soul. When you revisit, may you marvel at the distance you have walked within."



The Unseen Eternal Thread of the *Bhagavad Gita*

Fellow traveller,

Across these eighteen stories, we have glimpsed how the *Bhagavad Gita's* wisdom is not locked in ancient verses but alive in our choices—whether on a film set, a football field, or within a quiet home. Each story was a mirror, reminding us that the true battlefield is always within.

We are all asked the same questions:

Will I act with clarity or compulsion?

Will I listen to the voice of ego, or the whisper of compassion?

Will I chase outcomes, or root myself in what endures?

The *Bhagavad Gita* teaches that freedom is not found in controlling life, but in surrendering the illusion of control. It is the courage to act with purpose, the humility to release the fruits, and the faith to remember that we are part of something greater than ourselves.

So let these stories continue as a dialogue within you. For the *Bhagavad Gita* is not finished here. It waits in your next decision, your next silence, your next act of love.



Epilogue

The Bhagavad Gita is not a book of endings, but of beginnings.

It does not close with answers, but with a question whispered in the heart: Who are you, and what will you choose?

We are all Arjuna—caught between what we fear, what we know, and what we must do.

And we are all seekers of Lord Krishna's voice—steady, timeless, infinitely patient.

The battlefield is life itself, the chariot is this body, the reins are the mind, and the journey is the soul's remembering.

So, walk gently, fellow traveller.

Act with courage, love with fullness, surrender with trust.

For the unseen thread runs through you too, woven of light, silence, and freedom.

And when you listen closely, you will hear:

The Bhagavad Gita is not outside.

It is you.



About the Author

Meet **Amie**. Her name means "beloved" or "friend," and that is precisely the foundation she builds her stories upon—a desire for genuine connection with every reader. A passionate observer of life, this debut author isn't just sharing narratives; she's offering a shared perspective, dedicated to uncovering the sacred hidden within the mundane and inviting you to see it with her.

Step into her world with her first book, "*The Unseen Thread*."

This timely yet timeless work is anchored in a profound truth: we are all woven into one cosmic tapestry. Amie gently urges you to pause, look closer, and finally recognise the divine thread linking your personal story to the universal whole.

Her deep dive is inspired by the timeless wisdom of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Amie masterfully reinterprets these ancient teachings, showing you how to weave truths of duty, detachment, and devotion not onto a battlefield, but directly into the triumphs and trials of

modern living.

As Amie says, *"I invite you not just to read words, but to remember... the greatest spiritual quest takes place right here, in the midst of our ordinary lives."*

Discover a book that feels less like an escape and more like a homecoming. This is a beautifully composed debut from a new voice dedicated to bringing ancient wisdom to your daily reading.





CLOSING WORDS

*When the final story falls silent, may you hear what the
Bhagavad Gita has always whispered:*

Life is not a puzzle to solve, but a truth to embody.

*Every act can be sacred, every breath a prayer, every meeting a re-
minder that we are not fragments, but part of a living whole.*

*May these pages lead you not toward final answers, but to-
ward deeper awareness.*

Not to an ending, but to a beginning—

*The beginning of seeing yourself and all beings in the light of
the eternal. We are One.*

Aham Brahmasmi. I am Brahman.



Acknowledgements

This book began as a seed, born from a desire to bring the timeless echoes of the *Bhagavad Gita* into the rush of our modern lives. I am deeply grateful to those who acted as my own "divine charioteers" during the writing of these eighteen stories.

To my family, thank you for being the quiet strength beneath every step I take. Your faith in me, even in the moments when I could not see the path clearly myself, has been the grounding force of my life. Your love has been a constant reminder that roots, when nourished, give wings the courage to fly. Each of you has shaped this book in unseen ways, simply by being who you are.

To my teachers at every stage of my life — from the early classrooms that opened my imagination to the mentors who later challenged and refined my thinking — thank you for gifting me the tools to seek, question, and grow. Your lessons continue to echo in everything I create.

To my friends and peers, each of you has taught me something invaluable. Whether through laughter,

debate, encouragement, or challenge, you helped me uncover perspectives I might never have reached alone. Thank you for walking with me, even briefly, on this journey.

Finally, to my readers: may you find your own "quiet space" within these pages and remember that you are never a fragment, but part of a living whole.





Beloved Seeker, now that you have read all the eighteen stories, what has quietly shifted in you as you turned these pages — and what will your life look, feel, and sound like one year from now, if you choose to honour that shift?"





About the illustrations: Visual images are created with digital brushes to render the author's original concepts with the assistance of Google.