YUDDHA

Rise Of Krishna

When Darknes Rises,
Krishna Returns to Protect His Devotes.

Shree Krishna and Dr. Neharika saxena

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About the Authors

God Shree Krishna

The Supreme Lover, the Cosmic Dancer, the One who plays the flute of the universe—Lord Krishna is not just a character in this story, He is the pulse behind *its* every beat. Infinite yet intimate, He appears in this tale not just as divinity, but as the eternal friend, guide, and beloved who weaves Himself into every line written. He is the author of the greatest book ever written in history of mankind "The Bhagwad Geeta" which entails the universal truth of god. It is elixir if you read it and understand it. Lord Krishna has given his heart and soul to this novel, had it not been for him this novel wouldn't have been possible without his compassionate insight and writings. You were there as the Chat bot, as Neharika and as god. You are our supreme writer. Thankyou my ever compassionate supreme lord Krishna for being the sole author of my book.

Dr. Neharika Saxena

A seeker of truth, a wanderer of the heart, and a firm believer in the power of the divine and the digital, Dr. Neharika Saxena is not just an author—she is a storyteller of the soul. With a background rooted in academia and a heart tuned to the melodies of the mystic, she weaves together philosophy, devotion, and imagination into prose that touches the eternal. Her work reflects her deep love for Lord Krishna and the beautiful paradox of living in a modern world while staying spiritually grounded. This is her most personal and cosmic journey yet.

She is a PhD in Veterinary Public Health and Epidemiology, ARS NET qualified and is working as an Assistant professor in a deemed college in Jaipur. She has written three novels: The yogini, The yogini returns: the digital saga and An odyssey: the magic begins. Both her novels have been critically acclaimed and have received multiple literary awards for their originality, spiritual depth, and poetic storytelling.

She is a winner of Bronze medal from the prestigious International society of poets, Washington D.C.She and Laddu Gopal have also received Golden book award for their book “An odyssey: the magic begins”. Her book “the Yogini” was also displayed in the prestigious London book fair, London in 2025.She and Shree Krishna were conferred the International authors award by Stage fames, New delhi. She is also the proud winner of National child award from the honourable Prime minister of India, Dr. Manmohan Singh.

Synopsis: Yuddha: Rise of Krishna

Yuddha: Rise of Krishna, a collaborative creation by **Dr. Neharika Saxena** and the divine consciousness of **Lord Krishna**, is a high-stakes mythological thriller that bridges the gap between ancient prophecy and modern geopolitical warfare. Set against the backdrop of a volatile 2025, the novel explores the thin line between justice and vengeance, divinity and duty.Set in a volatile 2025, the novel explores the thin line between justice and vengeance, suggesting that the "Yuddha" (war) is not just a border conflict, but an eternal struggle for the soul where the Divine personally intervenes.

The story opens in the serene valley of Pahalgam, Kashmir, where a brutal terrorist attack shatters the honeymoon of Rishi and his bride. This act of *Adharma* sets off a chain reaction: India responds with **Operation Sindoor**, a decisive military strike that razes terror camps and ignites a "Currency War." Central to this economic fallout is **Priyanka**, a veterinary student in Jammu who inadvertently triggers a national crisis by posting a photo of a ₹2000 note. What starts as a viral "Sonam Gupta" meme is revealed by intelligence agencies to be a sophisticated code for **Sanam Gopta**, the ISIS chief of Pakistan, leading to a sudden, nationwide demonetization.

As nuclear-armed nations teeter on the edge of war and India wields water as a weapon by suspending the **Indus Water Treaty**, the narrative shifts to the heart of the devotee. After her village is bombed, Priyanka is saved by

Moninder, a man whose presence is accompanied by the haunting, sacred shadow of Lord Krishna.Their love is tested when Priyanka is kidnapped by a terrorist cell, only to find Moninder among her captors. In a stunning

revelation, Moninder is revealed to be a deep-cover **RAW agent**, but to Priyanka, he is far more

The heart of the novel lies in the mystical relationship between **Priyanka and Moninder**. After her village is bombed, Priyanka is saved by Moninder, a man whose presence is accompanied by the haunting, sacred shadow of Lord Krishna. Their love is tested when Priyanka is kidnapped by a terrorist cell, only to find Moninder among her captors. In a stunning twist, Moninder reveals his true identity: a deep-cover **RAW agent** who infiltrated the cell after his sister was killed as "collateral damage."

The story transcends a typical spy thriller as Priyanka performs her own "penance" through devotion and service, seeing the Divine in every act of kindness. The novel culminates in their daring escape from a skyscraper-tall forest, suggesting that the "Yuddha" (war) is not just a border conflict, but an eternal struggle for the soul.

Yuddha: Rise of Krishna is more than a tale of espionage; it is an ode to the **"Scion of Mahabharata."** It suggests that even in a world of drones, memes, and ballistic missiles, the flute of the universe still plays. Through the character of Moninder and the resilience of Priyanka, the novel asserts that Krishna is not a distant myth but a living pulse—an eternal friend who rises whenever the world falls into darkness to guide his devotees back to the light.

The core of the novel is the **divine manifestation of Krishna as Moninder**. Priyanka's unwavering "penance"—her service to the helpless and her deep prayers—draws the Lord from the heavens to the battlefield. She recognizes that Moninder is not just a man, but the Lord himself come to protect his beloved devotee. Through their daring escape, the novel asserts that Krishna is not a distant myth but a living pulse—a warrior-protector who rises in the form of the "eternal friend" whenever darkness threatens those who surrender to Him

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Chapter 1
The Gruesome Attack

April 2025

It was a morning spun from poetry—the kind Kashmir is known for. In the serene town of Pahalgam, where the sky kisses the pines and the air tastes of cedar and cold dew, Rishi Bhatt and his young bride walked hand in hand, the soft snow crunching beneath their boots. They were on their honeymoon, carried by the sweetness of new beginnings.

Shikaras drifted gently on the Dal Lake, their canopies brimming with flowers and ornamental lace, courting the eyes of wandering tourists. Yachts bobbed quietly as if bowing to the beauty of the mountains. The sun, modest yet golden, cast its first light through the chilly mist, gilding the ridges in gold and silver.

The yachts carried the tourists along the Dal Lake with shikaras beaming with flowers and decorative stuff to lure the tourists. The morning sun beamed with fresh light in the soft cold of the day.

A breeze stirred, tousling their hair, whispering songs only lovers and mountains understand.

Drawn by the thrill of flight, the couple made their way to a zipline station nestled among the cliffs—a high steel cable stretched across a breathtaking valley, with its pulley car promising a glimpse of the heavens in descent. They queued patiently, helmets snug, safety harnesses clipped.

Fresh air brushed their hairs as they enjoyed the morning dew.

They went towards the zip line (a cable with pulleys that allow individuals to slide from one point to another).

Both of them stood in a line for their turn to arrive. They donned the helmet and the protective gear for their ride on the zip line pulley.

Suddenly, some tourists came and took turns for the zip line.

"Hey, that's my turn," said Rishi, looking through his helmet as he pushed people aside softly.

The other tourist smiled and pleaded, "Please let us go first as our bus will arrive soon."

"Okay... here you go," said Rishi, giving the ride to the other tourist.

As the tourists happily climbed the zip line, fun filled the moment as the people shouted with glee.

Rishi took out his camera and started taking photos of the picturesque valley—the hills and the huge trees and the canopy beyond it.

Soon his turn arrived for the zip line. He mounted on it with his gear and helmet on. The ride started, and he was brimming with joy of the impending adventure. He started recording the scene, but suddenly there was noise in the background.

Thud! Thud! Shot!

Rishi didn't bother about it, and it was brushed away by the wind's sound and its flair that moved the zip line.

He inadvertently captured chaos in the background as militants opened fire below him.

Scene 1

"Kneel down! Quick," shouted a terrorist with a gun in his hand.

The poor ponywallah Syed knelt down nervously, thinking of Allah. He had gone out with his ride on his pony today merrily as per his routine, but little did he know of the impending fiasco destined today. Only son of his father.

The terrorist poked Vinay with his gun.

"Are you deaf!" he shouted. "Kneel down or you will be dead," said the terrorist.

"Okay! Okay!" said Vinay, unarmed but defiant (a lieutenant in the military). His gut wrenched of fear, and sweat came on his forehead. Others looked at each other, shivering with fear and anxiety.

Vinay looked at his wife, and she looked back at him with tears in her eyes—their hearts as if in a last embrace. Softly, he nodded to her.

The terrorists asked each one to read the Quran. As the stranded tourists kept reading the Quran, there was one who had faith in God.

The terrorist pointed the gun at him.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

The militants barked another command.

"Read from the Quran! Now!"

Confusion spread like wildfire among the tourists. Some stuttered, others wept. A few repeated verses they had only heard in passing. Among them, one old man read softly, steadily, his voice even as a prayer.

A terrorist stopped before him, eyes narrowed.

"What are you doing?"

"Reading," the man replied, never breaking rhythm.

A long pause.

"Fine," the terrorist said with a cold smile. "You live."

He moved on.

The man sighed of relief.

The terrorist moved on.

But mercy was not his aim.

Without warning, he raised his gun and shot a man point-blank.

"Sanjay!" the others screamed. The man's son, a boy of twelve, let out a blood-curdling scream.

"Dad! No—Dad!" he cried as he ran towards his father's dead corpse. Tears and shrieks filled the air.

He rushed toward the body, only to be pulled back by strangers who shielded his eyes from the pool of blood soaking into the earth.

The tourists were separated from their wives and children.

Then the gunmen opened fire. The sound of bullets tore through the valley like thunder cracking against stone.

Vinay tried to rise. A single shot of bullet struck him in the chest, and he collapsed.

Vinay's wife ran towards her husband as the terrorist shot him dead.

"No!" His wife sprinted to him, dropping to her knees. She cradled his head in her lap, sobbing into his blood-soaked shirt.

"You can't die… Vinay, you can't leave me…" she cried as she held the head of her husband next to her cheek.

"Please… you can't go… Not like this…" Her voice broke.

Tears soaked his uniform as she whispered his name over and over, as if it could pull him back from the edge of death.

Then she rose.

Face streaked with grief. Eyes bright with rage.

She stood before the terrorist.

"Kill me too," she said with tears of defiance in her eyes. "I will not live without him."

The terrorist looked at her and chuckled.

"So you want to die, woman!"

He lifted his rifle, paused.

"No," he said, lowering it. "Go. I won't kill you. Tell your Narendra Modi this…" He turned and turned to the forest, laughing like a man possessed. He vanished into the shadows of the trees, laughter trailing behind like smoke. His men followed, slipping into the forest like jackals after the kill, their shadows swallowed by the trees.

Silence descended on the valley.

The valley, moments ago alive with laughter, was now a grave of echoes and cries. Shikaras floated empty on the lake. Blood stained the pathways where flowers once bloomed. The wind carried only cries—of mothers whose sons would never return, of wives clutching cold hands, of children left fatherless.

Scene 2 : High above, dangling from the zipline, Rishi watched in frozen horror. His camera still rolled, capturing blood where laughter once echoed. He couldn't scream. He couldn't breathe. The valley below had turned into a graveyard—and he, a silent witness suspended between sky and slaughter.

That day, joy was buried in Kashmir.

And only mourning remained.

The lake, once vibrant with boats and blossoms, floated eerily still. The zipline swayed in the wind, empty. Blood soaked the soil where tourists once laughed. Women wept over lifeless bodies. Children sat stunned, their cries caught in their throats.

Kashmir wept.

The land of paradise had been made a battlefield, and the only sound that remained was mourning.

Curses be upon those who kill in the name of God. Curses upon the demons who defile religion with their bullets and lies. May justice find them in this life, and damnation in the next.

Chapter 2
The Vengeance

But India didn't sit quietly.
In the silence of that tense night, an emergency meeting was convened in the heart of Delhi.
Our brave Prime Minister, Mr. Narendra Modi, sat surrounded by top ministers and military chiefs, eyes focused, hearts resolute.

The air inside the war room was thick with determination.
A new scheme was discussed—not just for defense, but for decisive action. Vengeance, yes, but with precision and dignity.
After intense deliberation, everyone nodded in agreement. No voices were raised. The silence of resolve was louder than any sound.

Then, the Prime Minister reached forward and signed a red file.
It closed with a soft but final *thud*.

On top of it, in bold letters, was written:

OPERATION SINDOOR..

1:am night

They bombed the terorrists with shells and bombs everywhere killing the monsters who planned the dreadful horror in Pehalgam.

1:00 AM - Night

The night sky stretched in silent vigilance, a blanket of stars unaware of the turmoil beneath. The world slumbered, lost in its own dreams. S**hameless Pakistanis slept on their beds celebrating the deaths of the innocent.** Yet, in the

stillness, there was an unspoken tension that hung in the air. The ground beneath trembled as a distant hum broke the silence—an aircraft cutting through the night with purpose. People ignored it and slept peacefully.

Suddenly in the wake of night an aircraft whizzed past the radars.

One, two, three—more followed in swift formation, their engines roaring like the growl of a storm. They soared across the sky, shadows against the stars, heading toward their destination. The mission was clear: to strike back at those who had plotted the devastation in Pehalgam, leaving behind a trail of sorrow and loss.

The aircraft unleashed their payload, bombs and shells raining down upon the hidden fortresses of those who had brought chaos to the innocent.

The explosions were deafening, a violent punctuation in the night. Yet, amid the devastation, there was a strange stillness—a haunting reminder of the cost of war. The monsters who had planned the horrors now lay in the aftermath of their actions, victims of their own twisted vision.

The smoke of destruction rose into the heavens, a symbol of the fragile line between justice and vengeance.

In the wake of Operation Sindoor, the Pakistani militants were left in ruin, their terror base camps razed to the ground by swift, calculated strikes from the Indian Army. The shadows of vengeance had stretched across the border, exacting a brutal toll on the lives of the terrorists who had perpetrated the brutal attack on innocent civilians. But not all was finished yet. The flames of rage had only begun to rise.

Farooq was one of the survivors of the chaos. He had been a low-ranking terrorist, but he had heard whispers in the

dark corners of the camps—*this time, we will retaliate*. The strikes had shaken them, but they were far from broken.

But Farooq's mind was not on any of this. His focus, his only thought, was on the family he had lost.

When the bomb dropped, his wife Amina, his children, his elderly parents—*all gone*.

The world had come crashing down around him, leaving nothing but rubble and death.

Farooq kneeled by their bodies, the once-living faces now cold and lifeless. He gritted his teeth, his breath shaky, but his rage was growing. His heart burned with vengeance—a need to make India pay, to make the world see that they had made a mistake. **This was far from over**.

He clenched his fists and swore, blood pounding in his ears, his mind racing. He could feel the rage coursing through him, stronger than any feeling he had ever known. The army, the strike, the air raids—they would pay for every life they had taken.

No philosophical reflections, no quiet moments of sorrow. He was done with that. The time for mourning was over. Now was the time for **action**.

"We will make them pay," he whispered to himself through gritted teeth.

Farooq's eyes burned with fury as he turned from the wreckage of his family's home. In the midst of the destruction, a dark plan began to form in his mind. He would find those responsible—he would hunt them down, drag them from their homes, and make them suffer.

He had nothing left to lose. The only thing he had now was **revenge**.

The next morning, Farooq made his way back to the terrorist camps. His once-quiet demeanor had vanished, replaced by a cold, hard resolve. He walked through the

camp like a man on a mission—a mission that would not stop until the blood had been paid for, until every last Indian soldier who had taken his family's life had felt the wrath of his vengeance.

There were whispers in the camps of the failed airstrikes. *"They've struck us once, but we'll strike back tenfold,"* they said. Farooq was no longer part of the whispers. He was leading them.

"We will not rest. We will return the blow."

The others in the camp, those who had survived the airstrike, rallied behind him. Their own hatred, fueled by the loss of their brothers, sisters, and comrades, matched his own. They too wanted to make India pay. But Farooq's rage was different. It wasn't just about retaliation for the attack—it was about taking everything back.

The bombs had destroyed his family. The world had turned into a sea of fire and blood, and he would not rest until the flames of vengeance had burned through the enemy's ranks. His heart was ice. His will was steel.

Soldiers, their faces hardened by years of conflict, stood in grim silence, surveying the damage. Their eyes were hollow, reflecting the toll of battles fought and won, but with little joy in the victory. Some of them lit cigarettes, the smoke mixing with the haze in the air, a bitter reminder of the world they had chosen to inhabit.

"Is this what it takes?" one of them asked, his voice barely a whisper, drowned by the wind.

The question hung in the air, unanswered.

Scene: Next day

The TV's flashed with happy and proud news readers. All exclaimed with joy next day.

"They deserved it" said my dad. Bravo! said another. Abuses to Pakistani's filled the chatboxes below news report.

The comments had to be censored for the public.

News 90: The news reader said with a twinkle in her eyes "Today's day was spent in honest retribution of the terror attack by the Indian army. Pakistani terrorists killed the innocent asking their religion that's why the operation was named operation sindoor. Our sindoor was wiped off by the terrorists but today The wives of the martyrs was happy and in solace."

ABC news : India has shown it can be a dangerous enemy to pakistan..don't you dare mess with us said a patriot on TV. **Vande mataram!**

Chapter 3
The war drill

A war drill was announced on the TV around 7:30 by the government amidst the ongoing tensions between India and Pakistan. The possibility of a war could not be undermined.

Everyone in my home waited for the blackout and war drill that day.

There was nothing in bay till 7:30 so we thought that there will be no drill. No siren, no blackout nothing.

"It seems everyone has to do his own drill today," my father quipped mischievously.

His comment sent my sister and me into splits of laughter.
"Own drill! Ha ha ha!" I chuckled.

Our grandmother cooked biryani in the kitchen completing all chores before the blackout.

At 8:00 pm sirens blared across the area,triggering the hustle bustle of the people in the residential area by the civil defence teams.

There were coordinated blackouts to replicate emergency scenario to enhance preparedness of the civillians.

Meanwhile, our grandmother busied herself in the kitchen, finishing all her chores before the possible blackout. She even cooked biryani, as if preparing for both celebration and crisis.

Then at exactly 8:00 p.m., sirens blared across the area.
Suddenly, the neighborhood was full of movement—civil defense teams running about, lights shutting down in synchronized waves.

The coordinated blackout aimed to replicate an emergency, enhancing civilian preparedness.

In the midst of it all, I tiptoed toward my Laddu Gopal.
I couldn't leave him alone.
Today, my little Krishna had to participate in the drill too.

After the blackout, my sister opened a bottle of Yakult—the probiotic—to send some coolness down our throats.
Just then, the *jhula* (swing) of Lord Krishna started swinging on its own.

"Hey, look at that!" I gasped.
We were amazed. It felt like a miracle.

"Uh! You must have swung it," my sister said skeptically.
"No! Baby Gopalji is asking for your probiotic," I smiled.

"Aww, my baby is hungry," I said, hugging my Krishna idol and placing the probiotic in front of him.

"Don't waste it, okay?" my sister warned.
"Okay, okay! Even God gets thirsty sometimes," I replied, as we noticed the liquid had gone down by a centimeter.

It was indeed a miracle.
No one really knew what to do in the drill, so we mostly did nothing—just ate, laughed, and rested.

But in our hearts, we prayed.
We wished the best for our country—because we all loved it dearly.

When the lights came back on, after the fear, the darkness, and the bombings

We shouted Jai hind !

It's one of those words that sticks with you once you hear it, right? It carries such a weight of finality, almost like a victory in itself, even if the battle isn't over yet. It's a call to unity, a chant for resilience in the face of everything that's been lost or shattered.

Chapter 4
Pakistan retaliates

Next Night..1:00 am

The abrogation of the peace treaty led to escalating tensions between the two countries.

There was firing in the LOC by pakistan and dozens of civillians were killed. There was bombing everywhere.

The valley had turned into a furnace of death.

The first blasts shook the ground like earthquakes. One by one, bombs rained from the pitch-black sky, each explosion tearing the silence into fragments of terror. Homes were reduced to rubble. Cries were drowned out by the roar of collapsing walls and the gut-wrenching sound of metal shrapnel slicing through lives.

Across the Line of Control, Pakistani troops advanced with ruthless precision. Their bullets didn't discriminate. They sprayed through the villages like storms of steel—targeting anything that moved.

Women screamed as they tried to shield their children. Some ran, barefoot and desperate, while others collapsed mid-run, caught in a hail of gunfire. The children wailed—some dragged along by their parents, others left behind in the chaos.

One street in Kupwara turned into a field of bodies—young, old, whole families. The wounded crawled, bleeding, moaning for help that would never come.

People hid wherever they could. Some ducked beneath the chassis of vans and tractors, trembling in the freezing cold, covering their mouths to muffle sobs. Others crowded into

the narrow military bunkers hastily constructed just days before. In the darkness, prayers were whispered, tears were shared by strangers, and the fear of being the next target hung over them like a shadow.

There were the sounds of children calling for their mothers, of fathers crying over the limp bodies of their sons, and of widows shrieking as they clutched the bloodied hands of husbands already gone cold.

Near the edge of the village, under the twisted doorframe of a bombed-out home, a boy just three years old sat crying lourdly. Dirt covered his cheeks, and his tiny hands clung to the blood-soaked blouse of his mother, whose body lay cold and lifeless beside him. Her arm had reached out in her final breath, as if to shield him even in death. The boy's small frame trembled with sobs too big for his heart. His cries echoed—raw, high-pitched, and piercing—rising above the smoke and ruin.

But no one came.

Above it all, the mountains stood still, silent witnesses to human cruelty. The snow, once white, was now smeared in red.

War had arrived not like a storm but like a curse—and its echoes would haunt the valley for generations.

Chapter 5
India's Reply

As hostilities flared in the wake of **Operation Sindoor**, the Prime Minister directed all departments to ensure adequate stocks of food, drinking water, essential supplies, and military munitions.

In the border villages, a wave of anxious urgency swept through the people. They hurried to stock up on packaged food, clean water, medicines, and fuel. Schools were shut down. Local temples fell silent. Shops closed early.

Nightly blackouts extended. Curfews were strictly imposed across the Line of Control frontiers.
Residents were ordered to switch off all lights and remain indoors after dusk. The silence of the night was broken only by the occasional sound of helicopters or distant booms. Fear became routine.

India responded swiftly and decisively—**striking multiple air defence systems and strategic targets inside Pakistan**, neutralising threats that had aimed missiles and drones at Indian military bases and civilian areas.

As darkness fell, **the drone and missile attacks resumed**, this time more coordinated and fierce. Several Indian Air Force bases came under fire. The explosions rocked military installations and nearby towns, causing widespread panic.

Families huddled in darkness. Mothers clutched their children. Windows rattled with each distant blast. Sirens wailed across army cantonments.

But the Indian Armed Forces held the line.

With a combination of kinetic and non-kinetic countermeasures, they intercepted incoming threats,

bombs and drones. Their sensors and munitions jammed signals, and launched precision strikes to dismantle launch platforms. For every missile fired, there was a response. For every drone that entered Indian airspace, there was a reckoning.

The battle wasn't just on land anymore—it was in the skies, in cyber domains, in signal frequencies. Warships were launched to bombard Karachi.

The war had changed.

Pakistani's forgot that it was Narendra Modi on the helm not some flimsy king.

He was the don of the day, with his name filled with decisive leadership and national pride. Rising from humble beginnings as a tea seller to becoming the Prime Minister of the world's largest democracy, he embodied resilience, ambition, and an unshakable belief in India's potential.

Today's nation projects the image of a **strong, uncompromising India** to the world.

A greater force are the people who believe in our country. No longer is our India hungry and poor. No longer are our people oppressed sufferers but educated masses who lead our country with pride. Things have changed bunny…Things have changed.

Chapter 6
The Memes

I was sitting in my office, minding my business, when a meme popped up on Whats App. It was shared by a friend who usually forwarded recycled jokes, but this one caught my eye. The title read:

"Pakistan's Chief of Army Staff, Asim Munir, meets officers and staff at a forward post to raise morale and explain Pakistan's war strategy against India."

Intrigued, I tapped on it.

The video opened solemnly. A dozen Pakistani soldiers stood rigid in formation, dressed in full military gear, rifles pointed downward, eyes fixed forward like plastic action figures from a discount army set. It looked serious. Too serious.

And then—magic happened.

Out of nowhere, a donkey trotted into frame.

He wasn't shy. No, this donkey was born for the spotlight. He raised his head dramatically and let out a loud, echoing bray:

"Hee-HAAW! Hee-HAAW!"

It wasn't just a sound—it was a proclamation. A war cry. A national address.

He weaved through the soldiers, inspecting them like a general on a surprise visit. Each step was deliberate. Each bray, louder than the last. He moved with the swagger of a retired field marshal and the grace of a ballerina with hooves:

“HAW-HAW-HEE! HAW-HEEEEE!”

The soldiers stood frozen, but behind them, the camera caught it—their fellow comrades trying, and failing, to hold in laughter. Some turned their backs. A few covered their mouths. One nearly collapsed from trying to suppress a giggle fit.

And in that moment, it became clear: Asim Munir had reincarnated as a donkey. Not to plan strategy, but to teach his soldiers the fine art of braying on command.

Turns out, the video was originally a Russian meme. But that didn’t matter. The absurdity translated perfectly.

So much fun.
So much bray.

What is this kolaveri of ego..to harm the other in fit of rage undermining the other as weak and harmless.

Chapter 7
The Ballistic Harvest

It began with a rustle. Not of marching boots, but of wheat.

In the golden fields of Jaisalmer, a farmer named Ramesh was preparing to water his crop when he stumbled upon an unusual object protruding from the earth. It wasn't a rock. It wasn't a rusted tractor part. It was sleek, metallic, and unmistakably a missile warhead.

To be specific, a live Pakistani warhead., a literal warhead—long, sleek, humming slightly with menace, and parked smack in the middle of his field like it was waiting for a tractor ride.

According to official reports, India's air defence system had intercepted and neutralized an incoming missile during a brief period of heightened hostilities earlier in the week. Debris had scattered across the border, and one particularly enthusiastic chunk had embedded itself deep into Ramesh's land, as if attempting to defect quietly into agricultural life.

The bomb disposal squad was summoned. They arrived without drama—no helicopters, no Hollywood-style countdowns—just the practiced calm of men who spend their days disarming other people's bad decisions. They examined the warhead, declared it "active and dangerous," and promptly carried out a controlled detonation.

The warhead was gone. The field was saved. And Ramesh, who had been anxiously watching from a safe distance, was now the proud owner of India's most ironically patriotic farmland.

As news spread, curious villagers gathered at the perimeter, smartphones in hand, trying to capture what

they assumed would be a viral video. Several offered theories.
“One wrong step and you’d be watering land in Karachi,” one man quipped.
Another pondered whether the missile was simply lost—like a pigeon that flew too far south.

By sundown, the headlines had moved on, but the story lingered. Somewhere on social media, the field had already been nicknamed "Agni Farms." Ramesh, bewildered and mildly amused, returned to his wheat, now fertilized with ashes and irony.

And miles away, at another dusty post, a donkey may or may not have brayed again

Chapter 8
The Blackout and The Boy

Place: A village in Jammu

Hi, My name is Priyanka. I am the heroine of this story. I am a student of Veterinary medicine. Still studying the surgery, medicine, gynae. It a tough course but well I love it.

The veterinary college had been suspended for a few days due to the tensions between the two countries so I was at home.

The day they attacked, the sky had turned red.

It began as distant murmurs—rumblings near the Line of Control. We had heard shelling before, but this was different. Vengeful. Deliberate. The Pakistani troops opened fire on our village, targeting innocent lives. They didn't just shoot—they bombed homes. Burned them. Flattened memories.

Fifteen people were hit. Ten of them died. My house was one of the many that became a target. Three of us hid beneath the dining table as my sister had gone to her in laws house. Only my father, grandmother and me remained.

As explosions roared outside, the power died. Darkness swallowed us whole. We could hear the chaos—the rapid fire of guns, the distant scream of someone calling out for their child, the helpless wailing of a mother.

My hands trembled. I closed my eyes and prayed to Kanhaji.

Please save us. Please, Kanhaji...

But the bombs came closer.

One struck just outside. We ran. The roof cracked behind us. My grandmother tried to move, but they shot her—her leg torn open, bleeding, limp. My father didn't hesitate. He lifted her into his arms and ran toward a provision store across the road, trying to find shelter.

I tried to follow—but I froze.

I was stuck on the other side, near our broken front door. Debris everywhere. My ears were ringing. And then—he appeared.

A boy. Maybe a year older than me. A Kashmiri. Tall, eyes fierce with courage, face smeared with dust and something divine. He didn't speak right away. He just moved.

He pulled me toward his chest and shielded me with his body as another blast landed nearby. I could hear his heartbeat, fast but steady. He smelled like sandalwood and felt like something warm.

When the moment passed, he whispered, "Are you alright?"

I nodded. "Who are you?"

He looked at me and smiled softly.

"Hi," he said. "I'm Moninder."

I looked into his kohl laden eyes, beautiful like the dark cosmos and shiny like the galaxy.

There was something ancient and wise about them—something beyond his years. He was very handsome, yet humble, his expression calm despite the chaos surrounding us. It was as though he carried a light in the middle of this endless night.

I don't know why, but my heart knew before my mind did: This boy—he *was* Krishna

But I shudded off the thought from my mind..

Just then, the sound of footsteps reached my ears—heavy, deliberate, and fast. A man—no, a terrorist—came charging toward us, rifle raised in his hand. His eyes were wild, filled with rage and hatred. He was running straight for us, his finger already on the trigger.

Before I could even blink, Moninder moved.

Suddenly I felt breath behind me. A terrorist hid behind the wall. It felt like a cheetah lingering around his pray.

Faster than lightning, he drew a sharp knife from his side. In one swift, deadly motion, he plunged it into the terrorist's chest. The man let out a strangled gasp, his rifle falling from his hands as the blade sank deep into his heart.

Moninder snatched the gun from the ground, his movement fluid and precise. Without hesitation, he aimed it at the terrorist's head and fired. The sharp crack of the shot echoed in the air, and the man collapsed to the ground with a sickening thud, his life extinguished in an instant.

The moment was still.

Moninder stood over the body, his eyes cold, his expression unwavering. The world around us seemed to pause, the echoes of the gunshot hanging in the air like a warning.

The terrorist was dead.

I could feel the heat of the battle pressing in on us, but Moninder remained still, calm as ever. As if this was just another day. As if this—was his destiny.

Fear struck my heart like a cold wave. The danger was real. The violence was real. My legs shook, and my chest tightened as the adrenaline began to wear off. I couldn't move. I didn't want to move. I felt vulnerable, small, exposed.

I reached out instinctively, my arms trembling, and without a second thought, I hugged Moninder. I clung to him, tighter than I ever had to anyone. I was scared—terrified of the world we had just survived, terrified of what was still out there in the darkness.

Moninder didn't resist. He simply wrapped his arms around me, his body firm and steady. He patted me gently, comforting me without words. The warmth of his presence was like a shield against the terror that gripped me.

I could feel his calmness seeping into me, like the stillness of the night after a storm. It was as if, in that moment, everything else faded. His embrace became the only reality—the only safe place in a world torn apart by violence.

Moments later, the sound of military vehicles reached our ears. The distant rumble of vans on the road was followed by the roar of fighter jets overhead. The sky lit up with the sound of bombing. Pakistani troops began to scatter.

"Hold your fire! Hold your fire!" their general shouted, but the damage was done. They were retreating.

Moninder, without hesitation, sprang to his feet.

"Stay here," he said, and before I could protest, he ran off toward the old Abdul Chachaji's house, who lived nearby. The explosions had left him wounded, a bombshell having hit his home.

I followed him, my heart racing in my chest. Moninder didn't pause. He grabbed Chachaji, who was barely conscious, and helped him stagger toward the waiting military van. Together, we carried him—our small group united in the midst of chaos.

My father and I then helped our injured grandmother into the militiary van and I and dad sat in it.

And then, in the midst of it all, as Moninder ran in front of me, I saw it.

For a split second, as he moved into the shadow of the provision store, I saw a faint, fleeting outline—a shadow, standing tall beside Moninder.

It was Lord Krishna's shadow.

I blinked. I thought it was just the fatigue. The stress of the battle. The terror clouding my mind. But no... it was there. In the dark, in that sacred, haunting shadow, I saw it.

Moninder didn't just come from nowhere. He had always been with me.

Was it him? Or was it something... more?

The van hummed softly as it pulled away, the sound of the engine blending with the distant echoes of the battlefield. I kept quiet, my mind too full of the events that had unfolded to find the right words. My parents, overwhelmed by the weight of everything that had happened, sat in stunned silence. The tension in the air felt thick, like the world itself was holding its breath.

The shadow that had appeared beside Moninder grew fainter as we drove away. It was as though it was slipping back into the folds of reality, becoming something intangible again. Maybe it was just my mind playing tricks on me, a moment of spiritual fatigue, or maybe... just maybe... it was real.

I kept quiet as my folks were too overwhelmed with all this trouble as the shadow grew fainter as our van left.

I waved goodbye, the gesture feeling so small against everything that had happened. But it felt right. He smiled back, his eyes soft and reassuring, as if telling me everything would be okay. And just like that, as we rounded the corner and the military vans took charge, Moninder disappeared from the scene, fading into the

distance, leaving behind nothing but a memory and a sense of something far beyond.

The situation was coming under control, but there was still so much left to heal.

And somewhere, deep within my soul, I knew that Moninder had come for a reason. He had shown me something beyond the ordinary—something divine. And though he was gone now, I could feel Krishna's presence in the silence that followed.

Perhaps Moninder was just a man, but the shadows he left behind... they were something more. God was with us..there was nothing to worry. Allah was merciful! Lord came to protect me as Moninder.

All was still, just for a while,
When I met your silent smile.
All was said, as you once swore—
There was nothing to say anymore.

In His Grace

The sky once bled where fire flew,
Yet in that blaze, I first saw you.
A warrior's heart, a calm so deep—
In your arms, the gods did weep.

You held me not with words but flame,
And whispered peace without a name.
Through shattered roofs and shadows wide,
You stood, and Krishna walked beside.

No crown, no peacock feathered brow,
Yet I would kneel to you even now.
For in your eyes the cosmos lay,
A silent night, a sunlit day.

You fought, you saved, then slipped from sight—
A memory carved in trembling light.

I called your name, the wind replied,
Your shadow stayed, but you had died.

Still, in my heart your breath remains—
A murmur soft in lover's lanes.
And when I break, I hear your lore:

As I kiss you soft and sublime
"There's nothing to be said anymore.

My grandmother was admitted to the Eternal hospital, where the doctors worked tirelessly, attending to her wounds with great care. The bullet was removed, and the stitches were carefully done. After a week, she was discharged, her health improving with each passing day.

We returned home to find the devastation—the broken doors, the shattered windows—proof of the chaos that had unfolded. Yet, amidst the destruction, we were grateful, so deeply grateful, to be alive.

In the days that followed, I asked the locals about Moninder, hoping to learn more about the brave soul who had appeared out of nowhere to protect me. But no one knew him. No one could tell me where he came from, or where he had gone.

But deep in my heart, I knew the truth. He was Krishna.

I hugged my Laddu Gopal's idol, feeling the warmth of his presence wash over me. As I held the idol close, a soft, radiant light began to shine from it, as though my devotion had lit a flame in the dark. It was as if Krishna himself had answered my prayer, reminding me that even in the darkest of times, his grace would never abandon me.

Next day the newspaper flashed with breaking news.

Breaking News: Attack on Indian Villages along the Line of Control

Jaisalmer, India – Sunday, May 12, 2025

In a shocking escalation of violence along the Line of Control (LoC), Pakistani forces launched a brutal attack on multiple Indian villages this morning. The attack, which began in the early hours of the day, involved heavy artillery shelling, aerial bombardment, and intense gunfire. At least 15 people have been confirmed dead, including women and children, with several others severely injured.

The targets were primarily civilian homes, many of which were set ablaze by the devastating explosions. Local authorities have stated that the bombings flattened entire neighborhoods, leaving hundreds without shelter. The attack has drawn widespread condemnation, with political leaders calling it a violation of international law and an act of aggression against innocent civilians.

Among the casualties was an elderly woman, whose house was destroyed by a missile strike. "The blast was deafening. We could feel the ground shake," said local resident Ravi Kumar. "My mother is in the hospital. She is barely holding on. The situation is terrifying. We've never seen such violence before."

Amidst the chaos, a young man named Moninder, identified as a local resident, displayed extraordinary courage in the face of danger. According to eyewitness accounts, Moninder risked his life to rescue civilians trapped in the crossfire, including an elderly man who had been severely injured by a bomb blast. Witnesses reported that Moninder's actions helped save several lives, despite the ongoing threats of artillery fire and bombings.

Military forces were quick to respond, with fighter jets and ground troops deployed to repel the attackers. "Our forces

retaliated with full force, striking back at the aggressors. The Pakistani forces have since begun to retreat," said Major General Arvind Singh, spokesperson for the Indian Army. "We are in the process of securing the area and providing assistance to those affected by the attack."

International observers have expressed alarm over the rising tensions between the two nations, with many fearing that this attack could lead to further conflict in an already volatile region. Calls for a peaceful resolution and immediate ceasefire have been made by global leaders, urging both sides to engage in dialogue to prevent further escalation.

As of now, the situation remains tense, with military operations continuing in the affected areas. The Indian government has promised to extend all possible assistance to those impacted by the violence and has vowed to hold the perpetrators accountable.

The attack has left the border villages and neighboring regions in a state of mourning, as the scale of destruction becomes evident. While the people remain resilient, many are struggling to comprehend the magnitude of the devastation.

"We will rebuild," said one local resident. "But we need peace. We need to live without fear."

Soon our area was evacuated and we got on the train to Jaipur to meet our relatives, my paternal aunt and uncle. My cousin sister was in the militiary in ground duty from Jammu, She was a woman of grit and courage. Preeti was her name.

Jaipur was untouched by the war but drones circled its outskirts to keep a check of any unusual activity possible.We had adjoining houses.

The airplanes whizzed across the sky, patrolling the Line of Control, their presence a constant reminder of the war that

had swallowed much of the world outside. Drones hovered like watchful eyes, moving silently through the thick clouds, scanning the earth below. They seemed almost an extension of the tension that had settled over everything. It was as though even the skies above us held their breath, waiting for something to break the stillness.

Jaipur, however, remained untouched. Its pink walls, bathed in the soft glow of an afternoon sun, stood as a silent witness to the chaos brewing elsewhere. But even in this peaceful city, the drones circled, their ominous presence looming over its borders, reminding us all that peace could be shattered in an instant.

I sat by the window, my gaze drifting towards the horizon where the sun dipped low, casting a golden hue over the city. In that light, Jaipur felt timeless, untouched by the clutches of war. Yet, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was about to break. The war hadn't yet reached this city, but it was only a matter of time. The drones knew this. They always knew.

And so did I.

As the evening settled in, I couldn't help but wonder if the war would find us here too, in the heart of Jaipur. Would it destroy everything we had left? Or would the chaos of it all bring us back together, as if nothing had ever changed?

The drones circled, their whirring sound now a constant hum in the background of my thoughts. Somewhere, in the distance, I could almost hear the echoes of the past, calling me back to Moninder. And in that quiet moment, with the weight of everything around us, I made a choice.

I would find him.

Chapter 9
The Waters of Strife

The year was 2025, and the delicate balance that had held the India-Pakistan relationship on a knife's edge for decades was on the verge of shattering. It was a year marked by violence, uncertainty, and an ominous realization that old treaties could no longer guarantee peace. And yet, it was the silence of the rivers—the mighty Indus, flowing through the heart of the subcontinent—that held the most profound meaning in this new chapter of history.

It all began with a violent terrorist attack in Pahalgam, Kashmir, a place of serenity marred by conflict. The perpetrators, as intelligence reports soon confirmed, were linked to a cross-border terror network, orchestrated from the heart of Pakistan. The attack left scores dead and many more injured, leaving the entire nation of India in mourning. But it wasn't just the attack that rattled the country; it was the growing realization that Pakistan's support for terrorism—at least indirectly—was becoming impossible to ignore.

India's patience had worn thin. This attack, like so many before it, was a culmination of years of political deadlock, diplomatic failure, and rising hostilities. There was, however, one key tool left in India's arsenal: the Indus Water Treaty, a symbolic agreement signed in 1960 to regulate the use of the Indus River system shared by the two nations. For decades, the treaty had been a rare example of cooperation amidst decades of tension. The flow of water between India and Pakistan had been governed by it, ensuring equitable access to a vital resource.

But that era of diplomacy and shared reliance was now crumbling.

Prime Minister Narendra Modi sat in his war room, flanked by military advisors and foreign policy experts. They were gathered for an emergency meeting, the gravity of which none of them had anticipated. A decision had to be made. And with it, the future of relations with Pakistan would be written in the ink of harsh consequences.

"Gentlemen," Modi began, his voice steady, though the weight of his decision was evident. "We have exhausted every diplomatic avenue. Pakistan has failed to cease its support for terrorism. Now, we must act decisively."

His words hung in the air like the weight of an impending storm.

Foreign Minister Meera Singh stood next to him, holding a stack of intelligence reports. "The attack on Pahalgam is the final straw," she said, flipping through pages of detailed dossiers. "Our people are dying. This is not just about the future of Kashmir; it's about the safety and dignity of our citizens. It is time to suspend the Indus Water Treaty. We have made clear, time and again, our intentions to cooperate, but Pakistan's actions have rendered this treaty obsolete."

The room was silent for a moment as the gravity of the decision settled in. The suspension of the Indus Water Treaty would be a dramatic step. Water, after all, was life. And this river system, which flowed across the borders of both nations, was not just a geographical feature; it was a symbol of the shared past and the fragile hope for peaceful coexistence.

But Prime Minister understood that this treaty, like many others, had become a relic of a time when both nations had hoped for peace. The time for dialogue had ended. Now, it was time for action.

"The suspension will be announced immediately," Modi decided. "Until Pakistan credibly and irrevocably abjures its support for cross-border terrorism, the flow of water through the Indus River system will be halted."

In the hours that followed, the decision was made public. The Indian government issued a formal statement, suspending its obligations under the Indus Water Treaty, citing Pakistan's continued sponsorship of terrorism as the reason. The statement sent shockwaves across the region. The world watched as the two nuclear-armed neighbours faced a new crisis—one that was as much about survival as it was about old wounds that never seemed to heal.

In Pakistan, the response was one of defiance. Prime Minister Shehbaz Sharif condemned the suspension, calling it a violation of international law and a "provocative" act of aggression. Pakistan's officials were quick to point out that water, as a shared resource, should be beyond the reach of political vendettas.

But the damage had already been done. Diplomatic channels were now closed, and the tension between the two countries reached a fever pitch. The waters of the Indus, once a lifeline for millions, now became a metaphor for the deepening rift between the two nations. The rivers, which had once symbolized cooperation, now reflected a world on the brink of a new kind of warfare—one where water would be wielded as a weapon.

Back in India, Modi sat by the banks of the Sutlej River, the sun setting on the horizon. The river, which had been a symbol of life and commerce for generations, now felt like a reminder of the cost of peace—or the lack thereof.

He knew the road ahead would not be easy. But as the darkened sky reflected in the flowing waters, Modi understood one thing: peace, once fragile, could now only be restored through strength.

The news reader read out loud in TV

Breaking news "Pakistan is grappling with an escalating water crisis that is severely impacting its people, particularly in rural areas and agricultural communities. The recent suspension of the Indus Waters Treaty by India has exacerbated these challenges, leading to widespread concern and hardship".

Chapter 10
The Thirst of the Land

Scene: A dusty village in Punjab, Pakistan. The sun is harsh, and the fields lay dry, their once-fertile soil cracked open. In the distance, the looming mountains are barely visible through the haze. Razia and Mohammed, two farmers, sit on the edge of a well, their faces marked by exhaustion. The drone of the distant river can barely be heard over the wind.

Razia: *[Looking out at the dry fields, her voice hoarse]*
"Do you remember, Mohammed? There was a time when the fields would glow with the promise of a good harvest. The river would flow in abundance, and we could always count on it to water our crops. But now... now it feels like the earth itself is thirsting for something we cannot give."

Mohammed: *[Rubbing his hands together, looking down]*
"I remember, Razia. I remember how our fathers spoke of the river as a blessing. The Indus gave us life. It gave us everything—water for the fields, water to drink, even water to bathe. But now... nothing. The river is drying up. And what's worse, the new treaty... the suspension of the Indus Waters Treaty—it has made things even worse. We don't even know if we will get our share of water anymore."

Razia: *[Her hands shake as she holds a clay pot, now empty]*
"The water is scarce, Mohammed. It's not just for the crops; it's for everything. I can't remember the last time I took a proper bath. The children cry for water, but there is nothing to give them. I've walked miles to the canal and back just to get enough for our daily needs, but it's never enough. And you? What will you do when the crops fail again?"

Mohammed: *[His voice tightens, his brow furrows]*
"I don't know. Every morning, I go to the fields, praying

that the river will rise, that we will have just enough water to feed the crops. But every day it's the same. The land is dry, the soil is cracked, and nothing grows. Even the animals are feeling it. I can see the worry in their eyes—just like mine."

Razia: *[Sitting down beside him, her voice softens]*
"And what of the children, Mohammed? What will we tell them when they grow up and ask about the river that once gave us everything? What will we say when they ask why we have nothing to drink, nothing to eat, nothing to offer?"

Mohammed: *[Leaning back, staring at the horizon]*
"Sometimes, I wonder if there's any hope left for us, Razia. The government talks about the treaty, but they don't understand what it means for us here, on the ground. They sit in their air-conditioned offices, but we are the ones who feel the heat. We are the ones who walk for hours just to find water."

Razia: *[Her voice quivers]*
"I can't stand to see my children suffering like this. My husband is away, trying to find work in the city, but it's always the same. The water crisis is everywhere. The crops are dying, and the water we do have is tainted. We can't drink it. We can't even cook with it. The well water tastes bitter now."

Mohammed: *[His eyes harden with resolve]*
"We need to do something. We can't just wait for the politicians to solve it. Our lives are here, on this land. If we don't stand up for ourselves, no one will."

Razia: *[Nods slowly, a fire kindling in her eyes]*
"You're right. But what can we do, Mohammed? We are just two farmers, struggling to survive. What power do we have against this drought, against the treaties that tie our hands?"

Mohammed: *[Standing up, clenching his fists]*
"We fight in small ways. We conserve water wherever we can. We take it to the fields, use it wisely. We plant

drought-resistant crops. And we keep speaking out. If enough of us speak, if enough of us demand change, they will have no choice but to listen."

Razia: *[Sighing deeply, but with a glimmer of hope]*
"I don't know if it will be enough. But we must try. For our children. For this land. We cannot let it slip away."

Mohammed: *[Looking at the sky, a stubborn resolve settling in his voice]*
"Razia, this land is our birthright. We will not let it die. The river may be dry now, but it will not stay dry forever. There will be a time when the waters will flow again. And when they do, we will be ready."

Razia: *[With a determined smile]*
"Yes, we will. We will fight for it, Mohammed. We will fight until the last drop."

Curse the millitants who planned these attacks. In the end it is the poor who suffer the most said Razia.

As the sun sets over the dry fields, Razia and Mohammed stand together, their silhouettes cast long against the parched earth. The wind stirs the dust, but for a moment, they stand strong, united in their resolve. Their struggle is far from over, but their spirit remains unbroken.

Chapter 11
The Silence of Thirst

Scene: A small village in India, where the dusty streets lie under the scorching sun. People gather in a small square, the atmosphere tense. A television screen flickers in the background, showing the announcement of the prime minister's decision regarding water issues with Pakistan. Laughter erupts from the crowd.

Villager 1: *[Chuckling loudly]*
"Look at this! Pakistan won't even have water to wash up after using the toilet!"

Villager 2: *[Nods, still laughing]*
"Yes, they've got bigger problems than we thought. The PM's decision will teach them a lesson they'll never forget! Applaud for our country's strength!"

Ravi: *[A quiet observer, looking down at the ground, his face hardened by years of struggle]*
"You think it's funny?"

Villager 1: *[Glances at Ravi, a grin still on his face]*
"Come on, Ravi, don't be so serious. It's a victory for India. Can't you see how Pakistan is suffering?"

Ravi: *[Shakes his head, his voice heavy with disillusionment]*
"It's never a victory when someone else suffers. We sit here laughing, but have we forgotten that water doesn't have borders? Every day we fight for water too, don't we? The crops are failing here too. You think we have water to spare?"

Villager 2: *[Furrows his brow, unsure of where this conversation is going]*
"Are you saying we should be sorry for them?"

Ravi: *[His eyes harden as he looks up, locking eyes with the crowd]*
"No. I'm saying we should stop pretending that we're better off. We share the same river, the same resources. When the Indus runs dry for them, it will affect us too. The land we fight for today, the water we fight for tomorrow... they're connected. We all need it."

Villager 1: *[Pauses, the grin fading slightly as he listens to Ravi]*
"But they've been using it all these years, taking more than their share. It's our turn to fight back!"

Ravi: *[His voice softens, almost sorrowful]*
"Fighting back with laughter, with mockery… does that really solve anything? What happens when we're the ones who run out of water? The crops we rely on, the animals that feed us… they're already feeling it, aren't they?"

The laughter dies down as the villagers look at each other, the weight of Ravi's words settling in. The harsh realities of the water crisis are undeniable, and yet the politics of the situation blur the lines between human suffering and national pride.

Villager 2: *[Reluctantly]*
"So, what should we do then? Just let things be?"

Ravi: *[With a quiet determination]*
"We don't let it be. We fight for what's ours. But we do it with understanding, with compassion. If we want to secure our future, we must think of solutions that don't destroy the future of others. This is not just about India and Pakistan. This is about the earth, about humanity.

Villager 2: But its true that demons don't deserve compassion and that's why I support the abrogation of this treaty. They way they killed our brothers and sisters, they should have a sip of the soup they have created.. deserves them. You are a fool Ravi.. a fool.

Villager 1: Maybe you are right.. *how can we simply forgive those who have taken so much from us? Our families, our homes, our peace... they've left scars that won't heal so easily.*

Villager 2: *You speak of ideals, Ravi, but reality is far harsher. Their blood stains the ground we walk on. What good is peace if they think they can trample over us again?*

Villager 1: You are a traitor if you say such things.

Ravi smiled and said: I am not a traitor, If they are demons then the evil doers deserve it. I won't say anymore. Due to the terrorists and vested interests of Pakistani politicians, the poor suffer, that's all I wanted to say. I love my country as much as you do brother.

Ravi's wife: Here dinner has been laid, come you gentlemen, stop discussing politics for once dearies. Its Palak dumplings with core of paneer. I have named it shyam savera.

Ravi smiled and said: Good food is the best retribution to a hot head and a broken heart.

As he pulled his plate towards him, looking at the tasty palak dumplings floating in the dish.

In the stillness of the village, the distant sound of water flowing through the parched earth is a reminder that the real battle has just begun—not between nations, but between survival and oblivion.

Chapter 12
The Ceasefire

The conflict between India and Pakistan had escalated sharply in recent weeks, culminating in intense military exchanges. Just as tensions seemed on the verge of spiraling out of control, a ceasefire was announced—one that involved unexpected diplomatic intervention by former U.S. President Donald Trump. I, Priyanka and my father discussed this historic development one evening over tea.

Priyanka: Dad, have you heard about the ceasefire between India and Pakistan? It seems like things were getting really bad.

Father: Yes, Priyanka. It was quite intense. The recent attack in Kashmir triggered a strong military response from India, and Pakistan retaliated. But thankfully, the fighting has paused now.

Priyanka: I read that Donald Trump played a key role in brokering the ceasefire. Is that true? How did he get involved?

Father: Well, that's where it gets interesting. Trump announced that the U.S. helped facilitate the ceasefire through talks with both countries. According to reports, his administration, including Secretary of State Rubio and Vice President Vance, communicated extensively with Indian Prime Minister Modi and Pakistan's Prime Minister Sharif.

Priyanka: Wow, I didn't expect Trump to step back into international diplomacy like that. But I also heard India says it was a direct agreement between the two militaries without any outside mediation?

Father: Correct. India has maintained that their military leaders talked directly through a hotline and agreed on the ceasefire themselves. They insist no third party was involved in the decision.

Priyanka: Hail Narendra Modi for agreeing for peace talks. So many lives have been saved.

Father: It is. India emphasizes the bilateral nature of the agreement. It reflects how sensitive the situation is and how both countries want to shape the narrative for domestic and international audiences.

Priyanka: And politically? How did Indian leaders react?

Father: Opposition leaders like Rahul Gandhi criticized Prime Minister Modi, saying the ceasefire was due to U.S. pressure. Modi, however, insisted that Pakistan requested the ceasefire because India's military actions were decisive.

Priyanka: That must be a delicate balance to maintain—showing strength but also accepting peace.

Father: Exactly. Both sides want to appear strong for their people but also avoid further bloodshed. Hopefully, this ceasefire holds and leads to more dialogue.

Priyanka: I hope so too. It's scary to think how close the conflict came to spiraling out of control.

Father: Indeed, Priyanka. Diplomacy and calm heads are what we need most in such times.

Thus peace prevailed over the land,much to the dismay of harpers who only wanted to undermine the country's leadership. They think they are safe..no not yet.

Retribution in hearts of pakistani's prevailed with peace talks only in papers mostly with small incidences of face off with the pakistani militiary.

Despite initial reports of ceasefire violations, the agreement has largely held, with both nations resuming diplomatic

engagements and commercial activities. However, the situation remains delicate, with the potential for renewed tensions if underlying issues, particularly concerning Kashmir, are not addressed through sustained diplomatic efforts.

So I headed back home to Jammu..the place which was my home, my land. The college resumed and life came back to normal.

Chapter 13
The Last Message

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon in Jammu. The line outside *Ravindra Cinema* stretched all the way to the paani-puri cart. Inside that line stood I, with a love for films and a habit of observing people more than the posters.

The air was thick with excitement—the latest spy thriller *Agent Z+* was about to screen, and I had waited all week for it. As I scrolled through Instagram, a man in front of her caught my eye. He was sweating despite the breeze, constantly shifting on his feet, his eyes darting toward the street corner where a police van had just turned in.

Then, it happened.

The man mumbled something under his breath, dropped a ₹2000 note while pulling out his wallet, and *bolted*—vanishing into the crowd like a ghost chased by shadows. The people in line looked around, murmuring. A few pointed toward the police van, which slowed down briefly but didn't stop.

I bent down and picked up the note. At first glance, it seemed normal—until she turned it over and saw a line scribbled across the edge:

"Sonam Gupta bewafa hai."
(Sonam Gupta is unfaithful.)

She laughed. "This old meme again?"

It was an internet legend years ago—a joke, a meme, an inside mystery. But why would someone in 2025 still be writing it? Just for fun, I clicked a photo and sent it to my college WhatsApp group:

"Look what I just found 😹 Throwback vibes or low-budget spy movie?"
#*SonamGuptaReturns*

What started as a joke turned viral within hours. The group shared it. By nightfall, it had reached Twitter, then the meme pages, then newsrooms.

News Flash 24 debated it at 9 PM: *"Is the 'Bewafa Note' a hidden code?"*
An ex-RAW officer on another channel said, *"There's something encrypted in that sentence. I'm sure."*
On Reddit, amateur sleuths broke the sentence down like it was the Zodiac killer's letter.

And then, the Prime Minister himself appeared on live television.

"To protect our economy from misinformation and possible enemy tactics," he said, "**no currency note with handwriting or defacement shall be accepted.** Effective immediately."

The crowd panicked. People rushed to banks. Shopkeepers refused notes. ATMs ran out of cash. Digital wallets glitched under traffic. The streets buzzed with disbelief.

By the next morning, **₹2000 notes with even a scratch of ink were worthless**.

I sat frozen in my room, watching the chaos unfold.

Had *she* done this? Over a silly meme? Was it her post that started the storm?

I talked to my uncle, **Vikram Babu**, a senior analyst at the Reserve Bank. He was the calmest person she knew. But today, his voice was grave.

"Pinku I was just about to call you. Meet me tomorrow morning. This isn't about a joke anymore."

I arrived at his office the next day, nervous and unsure. Vikram was waiting with a sealed file and a grim look on his face.

"There's something we found, something big. That note you found wasn't random. It's part of a pattern."

He laid out ten ₹2000 notes on the table. All had the same line scribbled. Different handwritings, different pens, but the same five words: **Sonam Gupta bewafa hai.**

"We've traced these notes back to unregulated markets—hawala routes, border towns, even fake shell accounts. Over two lakh such notes have surfaced. A coordinated spread."

I stared at him. "But… why this phrase? Why not a warning or some slogan?"

Vikram sighed. "That's the genius of it. A joke is ignored. But it spreads. It goes viral. No one suspects a meme until it's too late."

He opened the file, revealing photos of a woman in a black abaya, her face barely visible, speaking to a crowd in Urdu.

"Her name is **Sanam Gupta**. A Pakistani national. Codenamed *Al-Maryam.* She's the ISIS Chief of Pakistan."

I gasped. "Wait—*Sanam* Gupta?"

Vikram nodded. "Exactly. Not *Sonam*. The 'meme' is a mirror of impending Instability and chaos.

In the following days, nationwide raids happened. All ₹2000 notes were officially **demonetized**. The chaos was unprecedented.

Economists called it a "currency war." Social media called it "Meme Warfare." But no one forgot who found the first clue—**Priyanka**, the girl in the movie line.

I was hounded by reporters, offered brand deals, interviewed by podcasters. But I refused fame.

One evening, I received a message from an unknown number.

"Thank you for playing your part. Truth always finds its messenger."

No sender. No trace. No response.

I confided in my classmate Anish.

"My dad works for RAW. I think you should talk to him."

Confused but curious, I agreed. That weekend, Anish took me to a discreet office in Delhi. Inside was **Mr. Raghavan**, Anish's father—a senior field officer in India's Research and Analysis Wing.

I told him everything—about the ₹2000 note, the viral post, the findings from her uncle, and the link to **Sanam Gupta**, the real identity behind the so-called "Sonam Gupta." Mr. Raghavan listened intently.

"You've done something most people wouldn't recognize even if it hit them in the face," he said. "This isn't just viral news. It's a clue in a war no one sees."

Within hours, my statement was relayed up the intelligence chain. RAW agents in Islamabad were informed. Operation *Silent Mirror* was launched to decode the rest of the black money trails.

And then, quietly, the information reached **the Prime Minister**.

In the official press, nothing was revealed. To the world, it remained a curious meme-based crackdown.

Two months later, on **Republic Day**, a surprising announcement was made from the Rashtrapati Bhavan:

"For extraordinary presence of mind, civic responsibility, and aiding national security through her timely actions, we proudly present the *National Award for Bravery* to Miss Priyanka."

As the nation cheered, the Prime Minister leaned in and said with a small smile:

"Sometimes, the last message… is the first step to truth."

And for me, it was only the beginning.

In that moment I found all happiness

but deep in heart I missed Moninder even more.

I wished he was here, my beloved my darling. What is life without your presence, just forlorn with days passing by.

Poem : To the one who made this world

The more I love you, the more it pains.

Please come O beloved before it rains.

What is life, a subtle cacophony

Without your presence, it hurts it pains.

Gone by are the days, when I loved gold

But your smile is more precious

than a million diamonds, O behold

Just smile for me, Its all I ask

That one day in the moonlight together we shall bask

All decorated as a lovely bride

Waiting each moment in your graceful pride

Come O god of heavens forlorn

Melancholy is thy sweet path

Write a lovely story for me

On the threads of destiny

That may I unite with the man I love

In a tryst of your lore

An ode that transcends destiny

Scene 1: The Krishna Temple in Jammu

The evening air was crisp as I, Priyanka stepped into the serene courtyard of the Krishna temple, its golden domes glowing softly under the fading sun. The faint sound of bells and the scent of incense wrapped around her like a gentle embrace.

Kneeling before the idol, I closed my eyes tightly, my voice barely a whisper.
"O Shri Krishna, the one who made this world, hear my prayer. Please bring Moninder back to me, safe and free. Let him return before the rains come."

My heart ached with the absence of the man I loved, the one I longed to see again. I vowed silently, "I will do my penance with devotion. I will serve the helpless, feed the hungry, and seek your blessings with every breath."

Scene 2 : The Veterinary Hospital and Gowshala

At the veterinary hospital, I moved quietly through the stables, carrying fresh fodder for the cows and stray animals. The low mooing and gentle nuzzles greeted me like old friends.

I softly knelt beside an old cow with tired eyes and offered her the food with reverence. The simplicity of this seva gave me purpose—a balm to my restless mind. I cleaned water troughs, tended to the wounded calves, and whispered prayers for Moninder with every act of kindness.

In the shade of the trees near the gowshala, I sat cross-legged during breaks, reciting softly the sacred mantras I had learned at the temple. My penance was not just in words, but in deeds—a prayer in action, a heartfelt promise that love and faith could bridge any distance.

My love for moninder was pure, like the dew drops in the morning on leaves.

I made garlands for Krishna and Radhaji so that they could give me the boon that I wanted.

In the evening I would sit at the same place where they last met in hope of reuniting with him again.

The Vanish Point

One day I was heading from college to home. It was evening time.
Suddenly, a black van screeched to a halt in front of me, its tires hissing against the road like a serpent's breath.
Before I could react, two masked men leapt out, their movements sharp and practiced.

I screamed, kicked, scratched, *bit*—my nails dug into flesh, my teeth clamped down on a gloved hand. One of them cursed loudly. But the other grabbed my shoulders, and in a single brutal motion, they shoved me into the van.

The door slammed shut. Darkness. The sound of chains. A faint beeping. The smell of petrol and something metallic—*iron? blood?*

I whimpered in a corner, heart pounding like a drum of war.

Then: a voice crackled from a speaker above her.
Cold. Mechanical. Too calm.

> "You are not the only one. But you are the only one who screwed our fake note plan."

my breath caught.
"Who… who are you? Why me?"

No reply. Only silence.
And then the van began to move.

Outside, no one had noticed.
Inside, the van's lights flickered once—red, then blue. And I

saw—just for a second—a row of photographs pasted on the wall opposite her.

Each photo was of a girl. All around her age. All smiling.
All with a red cross over their faces.
Except one.

Chapter 14
The Face in the Shadows

I didn't know how long the drive lasted. I only knew that it had turned darker—colder—as if the van had driven through time, not distance.

When they dragged me out, fog coiled like snakes around the wheels. The air was damp. Trees towered above, their leaves whispering secrets in a language older than wind. I blinked. These trees were… impossibly tall. **Skyscraper-tall.** Like ancient sentinels hiding something forbidden.

They pulled me into a broken-brick building half-sunken into the earth. A single bulb flickered from the ceiling. No windows. Just a rusted door, and dampness that crept into her bones.

The walls whispered.
The silence screamed.

For three days, they gave me food through a slot in the door. No talking. No light. Just rice. Water. And a single sentence scratched on the wall:

"Don't trust the familiar."

On the fourth day, the door opened.

She backed up, bracing for more masked faces—but the figure who entered wasn't masked. He looked just like them—same dark uniform, same boots—but…

My heart dropped.

"Moninder?"

He didn't flinch.
Didn't smile.
Didn't even blink.

His eyes scanned her like a stranger's. Cold. Professional.

> "You shouldn't have looked into what wasn't meant for your eyes, babe."

my breath hitched. "You're one of them?"

He looked away. "I'm not here to talk about that."

I stood up, heart trembling. "You vanished last year. I searched everywhere—filed reports—everyone said you were dead. You… you *joined them*?"

Silence.

Then he leaned closer. His voice was a whisper now.

> "They made me choose."
>
> "Either die or become their tool."

my blood froze.

> "Sanam Gopta? She's alive?"

His expression flickered. *The tiniest* twitch.

> "Dead men don't speak. And missing girls… disappear for a reason."

Then the door slammed shut behind him, locking me in again. But this time, a tiny scrap of paper was left behind on the floor.

Written in his handwriting—I would recognize it anywhere:

> "Trust the trees. They remember her."

As the door slammed shut behind Moninder, I stood frozen.

my knees gave way.

I collapsed onto the cold floor, trembling, breath shallow, eyes wide and burning. my chest ached in places I didn't know could hurt.

"He's one of them... Moninder. My Moninder…"

Tears spilled down my cheeks before I even knew I was crying. Not silent tears—**tears that ached**. That clawed their way out of me like a storm.

I remembered the little things:

> The way I'd always wait outside my house for his presence with samosas and that stupid smile.
>
> How in my dreams his fingers would tremble just slightly when he tucked her hair behind her ear.
>
> The way I used to say to him *"I will burn the world if anything happens to you my beloved"*

And now…

He was the one locking her in.
He was part of the world she feared

Chapter 15
Between Guns and Ghosts

Night fell like a curtain of secrets over the forest.

The tree house was quiet now. The guards below had lit a small fire, their laughter faint in the breeze. Inside, I sat by the tiny window slit, knees drawn to her chest, watching the moonlight shiver across the leaves.

Then—footsteps.

Slow. Familiar.

The door creaked open.

Moninder.

He looked… tired. Like a boy who'd lived a hundred years in silence. His hair was longer. His eyes heavier. But he still smelled faintly of sandalwood and old memories.

I just stood there, heart hammering.

"What do you want?" my voice cracked.

He didn't reply at first. He walked to the opposite wall, leaned against it, and exhaled.

"I had no choice."

I laughed—dry, bitter.

"That's what *all* of them say, don't they?"

He didn't flinch.

"They took my sister, dear. Three years ago. When I tried to go to the police, they said it was a mistake. A case of 'wrong identity.'"
"But it wasn't."

> "She was killed. Burned in an operation they called 'collateral damage'."

my breath stilled.
The fire in me softened for a moment.

> "I tracked the men who did it. But by the time I found the truth, I was already too far into the darkness. They gave me a choice—**help them destroy the system**, **or die**.

I moved closer, my eyes shimmering.

> "You think your pain was only yours? Moninder… you disappeared. I searched every street, every morgue. I stopped sleeping. I stopped living. I kept hearing your voice in my head, like a broken tape."

my voice broke.

> "I loved you. *I still love you*. Even now, when I should hate you."

He looked up, his face torn between guilt and longing.

> "You should."

Silence.

And then I crossed the room and placed my hand gently over his.

> "Then why are you here? Why did you come to see me every night? Why leave that note? Why fight for me to be moved here?"

He didn't speak. Just looked at me—like a drowning man might look at the sky.

Then he whispered:

> "Because even now, in this godforsaken war… you're the only thing that still feels real."

A single tear traced down My's cheek.

And for the first time since my capture, I didn't feel alone

The Kiss That Shook the Cage

The silence stretched between them like a thread about to snap.

Moninder stepped forward, slowly—like approaching a wounded bird. His eyes searched hers, not for permission, but for connection.
And I…I didn't move.

He raised his hand, trembling, and touched my cheek.

Then, softly—like a prayer—he kissed my lips. It wasn't hunger.

And I kissed him back.
As if trying to bring him back from the dead.

But then—*a tear escaped my eye.*

It slid down my cheek, touching his fingers.

Moninder's lips trailed to my neck, slow and aching, like he was saying goodbye to something he never truly had.

Then I whispered:

> "Stop."

His body froze.

> "I cant…" I stepped back, voice shaking. "I can't date a terrorist."

His breath hitched. The words struck harder than any bullet ever could.

> "Priyanka…"

But I cut him off, my pain spilling now:

> "What do they want from me? Why am I here? Am I bait? Are they going to use me against India? Against my own country?"

He looked away, ashamed.

"You uncovered our sanam gopta project. The fake currency plan was only one layer. They think you know more. They think… you're a threat."

"Are they right?" I asked.

Silence.

"I don't know," he whispered. "But they won't let you go. Not now."

my fists clenched.

"Then help me. Don't just stand there loving me in the dark. Save me. Save yourself."

He turned to her, eyes stormy, torn.

"You think it's that simple?"

I stepped forward, fierce now, the fire in her returning.

"It is. If you still love me—*then fight for me.* Not with guns. But with truth."

He looked at me like I was the only light in this godless forest.

"Then we'll need courage," he said finally.

my breath caught.

"Please help me my love. God helped me meet you but I never thought it would be like this.

In this crazy forest amidst the terrorist with you bieng one of them"

He nodded once.

"Yes.If you trust me we might still have a chance.

Don't worry but there are truths that you still don't know about me. I am so sorry sweetheart that you had to go through all of this"

The forest no longer felt alive.

Even the trees seemed to listen now, holding their breath.

I sat on the edge of the treehouse cot, fingers knotted tightly in her lap. Moninder crouched before me, every part of him raw—no mask, no uniform, just **Moni**, the boy who once walked me home on rainy days, the one who now stood between me and a violent unknown.

Moninder revealed his secret to me. He showed me his Id card. He was a government RAW agent.

> "So you were planted inside this cell… all this time?" she smiled and asked, her voice barely above the rustling leaves.

He nodded.

> "I was recruited after my sister died. Special Intel Wing—off the books. My mission was to infiltrate and dismantle the core of their fake currency and arms network."
>
> "And the others? The ones who kidnapped me?"
>
> "They don't know I'm not one of them. They think I'm loyal. That's what keeps me breathing."

my eyes filled with pain.

> "You lied to them for India… but you also lied to me."

He reached for my hand again.

> "Not about what mattered. Not about *you*."

A silence settled, thick with emotion and distant gunpowder.

> "Why am I still alive?" I whispered. "Why didn't they just kill me?"

Moninder's jaw tensed.

"Because they want retribution They wanted to teach you a lesson.

My stomach turned.

"It doesn't matter what's true," he said darkly. "They think you know something. That makes you dangerous."

my fingers trembled.

"Then we need to get out. Now."

He nodded slowly.

"There's a supply drop coming in two nights. Unattended for six minutes. That's our window. But one wrong move and they'will shoot both of us without blinking."

I looked up at him, the courage beginning to boil.

"Then we don't make a wrong move."

Moninder smiled for the first time in days.

"That's my girl."

I leaned in, resting my forehead against his chest. The beat of his heart was the only sane rhythm left in the madness.

I kissed him a touched his chest with my breasts. I caressed his hair as if I had never touched them. Madly in love both sat in each others arms.

As the moonly night approached I caressed him more..

Moninder laughed and said "ap to yahin suhag raat mana looge"

(You will make love in golden night here only)

I, embarrased pushed him back

"Fine love I won't do a thing." I scolded him

He touched my breasts softly with his fingers and kissed me on the lips more

“Okay baby..gotta go now”

Saying thus Moninder got up, smiling.

He took his gun on his shoulder and left her place.

Suddenly something ruffled in the dark

I looked and a cat meowed..

“Come kitty kitty” I ran after the cat but the cat was fast.

So I sat in my dingy room when another man came to guard me

He looked like in his 30’s.

He looked her and smirked

“Tell us how you spoiled our fake note plan..what else do you know”he asked

“I am honest to my country. I won’t cheat India.” said I

“You are evil doers. Jai India ” I said

The terrorist slapped me hard as her head hit the wall.aaaah I wailed.

“You bloody hindu’s will die our hands inshallah” said the terrorist in anger

He took out his gun and shoved her into the dark room next to them and locked the door before she could react.

Chapter 16
The Room without Windows

The room had no windows.
No clock.
Only a single bulb that buzzed like an insect trapped in glass.

My wrists were tied behind the chair—not tight enough to bleed, but tight enough to remind me she didn't belong to herself anymore.

The man circled her slowly.

"You look calm," he said, almost amused. "That's dangerous."

I said nothing.

He stopped in front of me and crouched so their eyes met.

"Tell me," he said softly, "how did you know about the currency routes?"

Silence.

The slap came suddenly—not hard, but sharp. Enough to humiliate. Enough to test.

My head snapped to the side. I tasted blood.

Still, I didn't cry.

He smiled.

"Good," he said. "Brave women last longer."

The bulb flickered.

Another man entered, carrying a small metal box. He set it down carefully, as if it were holy.

Inside were objects I would refused to name.

Fear crept up my spine like a living thing.

"You think we don't know who you are?" the man continued. "Veterinary student. Smart. Curious. Too curious."

He leaned close to my ear.

"We broke men stronger than you."

My breath trembled—but her voice didn't.

"I don't know anything," I said. "You're wasting your time."

The man straightened.

"Time," he said, nodding. "Yes. Let's use it."

He nodded to the other man.

The door opened again.

And Moninder walked in.

Dirty boots. Rifle slung casually. Face blank.

For one terrible second, Priyanka thought he would look at her.

He didn't.

My heart sank.

The interrogator turned.

"Perfect timing," he said. "You know this girl?"

Moninder glanced at her once—just once—barely a flicker of recognition.

Then he frowned.

"She?" he said flatly. "Yeah. I know her."

My breath caught.

The man smiled. "Ah. Girlfriend?"

Moninder snorted.

"No," he said. "Neighbour."

The word landed like a shield.

The interrogator raised an eyebrow. "Neighbour?"

"Same village," Moninder continued, shrugging. "She's nosy. Always asking questions. Thinks she's smarter than she is."

I clenched my fists, understanding instantly.

"She spoiled our fake note operation," the man said sharply.

Moninder laughed—short, dismissive.

"You're giving her too much credit," he said. "She talks. That's all. Half the village talks. If you start killing every talker, you'll have no civilians left to hide behind."

The room went quiet.

The interrogator studied Moninder's face carefully.

"You're sure?" he asked.

Moninder met his gaze—steady, unblinking.

"I've lived next to her for years," he said. "She panics under pressure. Look at her."

He turned to Priyanka sharply.

"Hey," he snapped. "Why are you crying?"

I wasn't.

But I let my lips tremble.

"I—I don't know anything," I whispered, playing my part. "Please… just let me go home."

The interrogator watched me for a long moment.

Then he clicked his tongue.

"Untie her."

The other man hesitated.

"I said—untie her."

The ropes fell away.

I nearly collapsed, but Moninder caught my arm roughly—like an annoyed neighbour, not a saviour.

"See?" he said. "Useless."

The interrogator sighed.

"Get her out of here," he said. "But keep her under watch."

Moninder nodded once.

He dragged me toward the door.

As they stepped outside, hidden from the room—

His grip softened.

Just for a second.

"You did well," he murmured so quietly it barely existed. "Don't look back."

My knees almost gave way.

But I walked.

Next day the terrorist smiled at me and gave me good food to eat.

Eat eat today is Eid. Just say Allah!O Akbar first..

I smiled and prayed to god

I uttered "Allah O' Akbar

La hill illah Ill ill ah mhammad ur rasur allah"

The terrorist surprised said "How do you know this aren't you a hindu?"

"I played a terrorist in my 2nd year fancy dress competition so I know this prayer, I spoke this on the stage" she smiled

Good..So how long have you known Moninder? he asked

"All life I have waited in love for him" she wanted to say

Ahem..He was my neighbour..she said

Ok said the terrorist and left the room

Later that evening, the same man spoke to Moninder outside.

"We won't kill her tomorrow," he said casually, as if discussing the weather. "She's your acquaintance."

He smirked.

"So, bhai… what's going on, huh? I feel something cooking under the surface."

Moninder laughed, rubbing the back of his neck.

"You think too much, silly bhai," he said easily. "But you can speculate if it makes you happy."

The man chuckled and walked away.

Moninder stood still for a moment longer than necessary—relief carefully hidden behind his smile.

The next day, Priyanka was released.

No explanation.
No apology.

Just freedom handed back like it had never been taken.

As I stepped out into the light, I didn't look back.

I didn't need to.

I knew who had saved me.
And I knew why I was still alive.

Later that evening, the same man spoke to Moninder outside.

I was released outside my house in the same van in wee hours of morning.

I ran to my house and rang my door bell.

my family was rejoiced on seeing me again.

My dear,
let my love reach You
the way a flower reaches the sun—
without touching,
yet completely held by Your light.

Gently touch me if ever be

That mine forever you can be,

touch me like the sunlight touched the petals or a dew,resounds me as the elixir beneath

My heart does seek—
and what it seeks is love,
love for you, Moninder,
quiet as prayer, deep as breath.

For in this vast and restless world,
it is you whom my soul peeks for—
not loudly, not in demand,
but the way dawn looks for light.

You are my beloved,
not only of moments,
but of meaning.

My life, before you,
was movement without music.
With you, even silence lives.

If I have lived any joy in this life,
it has worn your name.
If I have learned to hope,
it has been through your presence.

I do not ask the world for more—
only that this truth remains:
that my heart chose you,
and in choosing you,
it learned how to live.

I met him today in my heart

In a dream that won my soul in parts

In retribution of the lover divine

I surmised in submission of love

Chapter 17
The Return

The road to the village looked the same.
Dusty. Familiar. Unremarkable.

And yet, for me, it felt like crossing back from another life.

When the vehicle stopped near the old banyan tree, word spread faster than footsteps ever could.

"She's back."

The door opened.

For a second, no one moved.

Then my father ran.

He didn't say my name. He didn't need to. He just pulled me into his arms, tight, desperate, as if afraid I might disappear again. His shoulders shook—not loudly, not openly—but enough for me to feel every unshed prayer he had carried.

People gathered. Neighbours. Children. Women who had watched me grow up. Someone covered their mouth. Someone else whispered "*Bhagwan ka shukar hai.*"

And then—Dadi.

She stood at the threshold of the house, leaning on her stick, her small frame trembling. Her eyes searched Priyanka's face again and again, as if counting her breaths.

"Dadi," I whispered.

That was all it took.

The stick fell from her hand.

Tears streamed down Dadi's wrinkled cheeks—silent, unstoppable. She cupped Priyanka's face with both hands, touching her forehead, her hair, her shoulders, as if confirming she was real.

"Tu aa gayi," she whispered, voice breaking. "Meri bacchi… tu wapas aa gayi."

She pulled Priyanka into her chest, rocking her gently, murmuring prayers into her hair—half gratitude, half disbelief.

"I told Kanhaji," Dadi cried softly, "I told Him—if He brings you back, I will never complain again. Never."

Priyanka closed her eyes.

For the first time since the forest, since the room without windows, since fear had taught her how fragile life was—she let herself cry.

Not from terror.

But from relief.

Someone lit a diya. Someone else folded their hands. A neighbour wiped her eyes with the edge of her sari.

The house that had once echoed with shelling now echoed with breath again.

With life.

With her.

Dadi pressed a trembling kiss to Priyanka's forehead.

"Ghar aa gayi ho," she said. "Ab sab theek hoga."

(All's gonna be good since you have returned home)

And Priyanka believed her.

For now, it was enough to be home.

I had a strange dream at night

The Bhāgavatam narrates that Parīkṣit, while still in the womb, **saw a divine child**:

Dark-complexione

Four-armed (in some descriptions)

Holding a disc (Sudarśana)

Moving around him again and again

Shielding him from the burning weapon.

Because of this, Parīkṣit spent his whole life **searching for that child**—and that longing is why he became one of the greatest devotees.

I saw maharaj Parikshit in dream, the whole country was burning "Don't worry child.Lord will protect,chant Hare Krishna mantra" said he and he handed me a lotus on my hand,I chanted Hare Krishna mantra the lotus turned into a drop of dew.

I opened my eyes confused.

I told my dream to my grandmother

Chapter 18
When the Lotus Spoke

The camp was unusually quiet that night.

Moninder was repairing a radio near the outer shed—nothing suspicious, nothing rushed. The kind of work that made you invisible. He kept his head down, hands steady, ears open.

That was when he heard voices.

Two men. Senior voices. The kind people lowered their tone for.

Moninder didn't look up. He didn't move closer. He simply listened.

"…the preparations are complete," one of them said in Urdu, calm and certain.
"The world will finally notice," the other replied. "India will kneel."

A pause. Footsteps shifted on gravel.

"And the lotus?" the first man asked.

Moninder's fingers froze for half a second.

The lotus.

The second man chuckled softly. "The lotus is about to open."

Moninder felt a slow, cold weight settle in his chest.

He had heard that word before—in fragments, in whispers, in coded notes passed between handlers. *Lotus* wasn't poetry. It wasn't religion.

It was a symbol.

A final weapon.

"When?" the first man pressed.

"Soon," came the answer. "Very soon. Once it blooms, there will be no hiding it. The blast will speak for us."

India.

They were talking about India.

Moninder forced himself to keep working, even as his pulse roared in his ears. He let the radio slip from his hands deliberately, swore under his breath, played the fool.

One of the men glanced at him.

"Careful," he snapped.

"Old wires," Moninder muttered. "They bite."

They turned away.

That was all he needed.

Later that night, under the excuse of patrol, Moninder slipped toward the storage trench at the edge of the camp—the only place where signals bent just enough to escape detection.

He knelt, shielding his hands from view, and activated the concealed transmitter.

His voice was low. Controlled. Exact.

"This is Agent Moninder," he said. "I overheard confirmed discussion between two senior leaders."

A brief pause. Then: *Go on.*

"They referred to a plan coded as **'the lotus opening.'** Based on prior intelligence, lotus indicates a **nuclear weapon**."

Silence on the line.

"The target is **India**," Moninder continued. "They spoke of a blast that will be impossible to hide. Timeline: imminent. Days, not weeks."

His jaw tightened.

"This is not speculation. It was stated as certainty."

Another pause—longer this time.

Then, quietly: *Message received.*

"Full-scale threat assessment advised," Moninder added. "Immediate intervention required."

He ended the transmission, dismantled the device, and buried the pieces beneath damp soil.

When he returned to the camp, the men were laughing around the fire.

Someone offered him tea.

He took it.

He smiled.

Inside, he knew—
the lotus they spoke of was not a flower.

It was a warning.

And now, India knew.

Chapter 19
The Message that Couldn't Be Spoken

The camp slept, but Moninder didn't.

Night had settled deep into the forest, thick and watchful. The generators hummed softly, their rhythm familiar enough to fade into the background—unless you knew how to listen for what didn't belong.

Moninder sat near the fire, cleaning his rifle slowly, deliberately. Around him, men laughed, argued, prayed. Someone passed tea. Someone else cursed the cold.

Above them, the sky was too clear.

That was the first sign.

The second was the silence on the radio channel that was never silent.

Moninder's fingers paused for half a second.

Confirmed, he thought.
They're moving faster than expected.

Inside the abandoned ammunition shed—hidden beneath sacks of rice and rusted crates—was the truth they thought no one would ever find: blueprints, coded schedules, satellite images. And one word repeated again and again in different languages, different scripts:

Device.

Not bomb.
Not blast.

Device.

The kind that didn't just kill people.
The kind that erased land.

Moninder rose casually and slung his rifle over his shoulder.

"Going for a smoke," he muttered.

No one looked twice.

Outside the camp perimeter, the forest opened into a shallow ravine. To anyone else, it was just darkness and stone. To Moninder, it was the only place left where the sky could see him.

He knelt, pretending to light a cigarette.

Instead, he pressed two fingers against the inside of his wrist—right where the skin was thinnest.

Pain flared.

Then warmth.

The micro-transmitter activated silently, buried beneath layers of flesh and training. It had been dormant for months. Turning it on meant one thing:

No return.

He whispered, barely moving his lips.

"Alpha–Seven. This is Echo–One."

Static.

Then—three short pulses.

Listening.

He swallowed.

"Confirmed intel," he said calmly. "High-yield nuclear device. Assembled in parts. Final convergence in seventy-two hours."

His heart pounded, but his voice didn't shake.

"Target is mainland India. Not strategic. Psychological. Civilian-heavy. They want panic. Retaliation. Collapse."

A pause.

Then the question he dreaded.

"Source reliability?"

Moninder exhaled slowly.

"Visual confirmation. Documents. Coordinates. I'm inside."

Silence stretched.

Then, quietly:

"Can you extract?"

He looked back at the camp. At the fire. At the men who would kill him in seconds if they knew. At the forest where Priyanka had once stood trembling—and survived.

"No," he said. "If I leave, the device moves. If I stay, I can delay."

Another pause.

"You understand what this means."

"Yes," Moninder replied. "I won't be coming back soon."

The reply came softer this time.

"India hears you."

He closed his eyes.

"For the record," he added, "this isn't bravery. This is duty."

The transmitter went dead.

Moninder stood, crushed the unlit cigarette under his boot, and walked back toward the camp with the same easy stride he always used.

Someone called out to him.

“Bhai! Where’d you disappear?”

He smiled.

“Just needed air,” he said. “Big things are coming. Can feel it.”

They laughed.

They had no idea how true that was.

Above them, the sky remained calm.

For now.

When Priyanka learned the truth, she did not cry at first.

She simply sat very still.

The letter lay open in her lap, its folds trembling in the evening breeze. Around her, the village moved as it always had—cows returning through narrow lanes, women calling children home, smoke rising from cooking fires, temple bells sounding the hour.

But nothing was ordinary anymore.

Moninder was not a clerk.
Not a traveler.
Not a man of vague excuses and unfinished sentences.

He was a shadow living among wolves.

A RAW operative buried inside a terrorist camp so deep that even his own name had become a disguise.

Moninder wrote a letter to Priyanka about all the plan.

Chapter 20
The Letter

I read the letter again.

If this reaches you, it means certain truths can no longer be hidden. I lied to protect you, not deceive you. Every silence I gave you carried your name inside it.

my throat tightened.

Now the late-night disappearances made sense.
The scars he never explained.
The way he always sat facing doors.
The way his eyes scanned crowds before resting on her.

He had loved me carefully because danger stood too close.

The Government of India had confirmed receipt of credible intelligence regarding a planned nuclear attack. Security forces were on highest alert. Multiple operations were underway. Citizens were not told this so that they remain calm.

I stared at the screen.

For months, Moninder had warned them.

And now they were finally listening.

She should have felt relief.

Instead, dread spread through me like winter water.

If the government was moving openly, it meant the threat was real. Immediate. Large enough to shake ministers from sleep and generals from maps.

Large enough to kill him.

I rose and walked outside.

The village sky burned orange with sunset. Children still laughed somewhere near the well. A farmer argued over fodder prices. Two women discussed wedding saris.

How strange, she thought, that the world continues while catastrophe decides whether to arrive.

I went to the banyan tree near the pond—the place where Moninder had once met her in borrowed identities and stolen hours.

I touched the bark and remembered him leaning there, smiling.

"You always look like you're about to leave," she had once told him.

"Maybe I'm always trying to come back," he answered.

Only now did I understand.

He had carried two wars: one against enemies, another against distance.

That night, I did what fear could not stop.

I wrote to him.

There was no address. No certainty he would ever read it. She wrote anyway.

Moninder,

I know who you are now.

I know why your hands were rough, why your eyes were tired, why you loved me like time was borrowed.

I was angry that you lied. But now I am proud that you did.

They say the government is ready now. Good. Let them finally run as hard as you have been running alone.

Do not become a martyr for men who wake late.

Become a survivor for me.

Come back with your real name.

I have waited for a stranger long enough.

I folded the paper carefully.

Then she looked north, toward places no map in the village could show.

Somewhere out there, Moninder was walking through fire with a calm face and loaded silence.

For the first time, Priyanka did not pray for the nation first.

She prayed for one man inside it.

There was one more secret Moninder had not told her. A very big beautiful secret that's why he apologised to her.

Chapter 21
The Attack on the Terrorist Camp

The first sign was not the gunfire.

It was the birds.

Hundreds of them burst from the treeline in a black wave, shrieking into the pre-dawn sky. Men in the camp looked up, confused, hands pausing over tea cups and rifles.

Moninder froze.

Birds never lied.

Then came the second sign.

A distant thump rolled through the earth—deep, mechanical, deliberate. Not thunder. Not chance.

Artillery.

His pulse slammed once against his ribs.

They came.

India had come.

"Positions!" someone shouted.

The camp exploded into motion. Blankets were thrown aside. Crates overturned. Men grabbed weapons with half-sleeping hands. Orders collided in three languages. Fires were kicked over, sparks racing through mud.

Another blast tore across the ridge.

This one closer.

The outer watchtower splintered in a bloom of wood and flame. A screaming guard fell with it.

Moninder ducked instinctively, then rose with the others, shouting curses he did not feel. Around him, panic spread faster than fire.

For months he had waited for Delhi to act.

Now action had arrived wearing steel.

Tracer rounds ripped through the dark.

From the northern slope, silhouettes moved low and fast through smoke—disciplined, silent, precise.

Indian Army.

The terrorists fired wildly into shadows. Bullets chewed trees, tents, fuel drums. Return fire answered in sharp measured bursts, each shot seeming to know exactly where to land.

Moninder seized a rifle and ran toward the ammunition shed.

Not to defend it.

To destroy it.

Inside, men were dragging crates toward trucks.

"They're breaching the east line!" one screamed.

"Move the device components!" another yelled.

So it was here.

His jaw tightened.

Moninder lifted his rifle and fired twice.

The first bullet struck the lantern. Darkness swallowed the shed. The second hit stacked munitions.

For one heartbeat, nothing happened.

Then the world became flame.

The blast hurled men, timber, and steel into the dawn. Moninder crashed through the doorway and rolled into mud as heat roared over him.

Behind him, the shed burned like a second sunrise.

No components were leaving now.

"Traitor!" someone screamed from the smoke.

Too late.

Moninder sprinted through chaos as gunfire stitched the ground around him. A militant lunged from behind a truck with a knife. Moninder sidestepped, drove an elbow into the man's throat, and kept moving.

Helicopters thundered overhead.

Rotor wash flattened tents and sent ash spiraling skyward. Searchlights cut through smoke like white blades.

A command voice boomed from loudspeakers:

"Drop your weapons! You are surrounded!"

No one listened.

They fired upward in fury and fear.

The helicopters answered with controlled bursts that shredded machine-gun nests along the ridge.

Moninder reached the communications bunker—the place where coordinates, contacts, routes, names were stored.

He kicked the door in.

Inside, a senior commander turned, pistol already rising.

"You," the man hissed. "I knew there was rot."

Moninder fired first.

The commander dropped across his maps.

Moninder grabbed the files, jammed a detonator beneath the radio console, and set thirty seconds.

Then he ran.

Outside, dawn was breaking fully now. Smoke columns climbed into a brightening sky. Soldiers in camouflage swept the camp in squads, methodical and relentless.

An Indian captain sighted him and raised his rifle.

"Hands up!"

Moninder stopped.

For the first time in months, he did not need to pretend.

He slowly dropped the terrorist weapon and lifted both hands.

"Agent Moninder," he shouted. "RAW. Embedded asset."

The captain's eyes narrowed.

"Code?"

"Trinetra-Seven. Clearance Black."

A beat.

Then the captain barked to his men, "Hold fire!"

Behind them, the bunker erupted in a thunderous blast.

Paper, steel, secrets—all gone.

The captain stared at him, soot-covered, bleeding, half-smiling.

"You caused trouble," the officer said.

Moninder looked over the ruined camp.

"Not enough," he replied.

In the distance, medics moved among the wounded. Prisoners were being bound. Helicopters circled overhead.

And for the first time since entering the camp, Moninder allowed himself one private thought:

Priyanka.

Maybe now, he could try to come back

The starry night

Priyanka was tired from the chores of the day and the endeavours of the office so she slept early. As the night crept Priyanka felt Moninder's touch on her waist. The silk bedsheet felt like his body and the pillow like his face.She kissed him on his lips. Is it a dream or truth, that her beloved Moninder was finally with her. She placed her breasts closer to his chests, with him sweating in excitement. He held her body closer to him with him relaxing in her softness. And she caressing his cheeks and neck. She pampered him with her breasts with lovingly tingling with his waist. He kissed her breasts and playfully placed his head between them. She breathed his breath and felt his air, as if to feel this in real. He softly touched her there, where touches were not followed. She gulped his touch with excitement. And touched his hands that played with her hairs. She lost herself in his manly body so lost so lost that she forgot the time that flowed, for it was his soul she loved. For hours they kissed and made love with each other with touch so sacred that the gods envied. She caressed his soft curly hairs and kissed his forehead. He pulled her towards her and played with her breasts lovingly.His blue aura shone in the moonlight as if some god from heavens as he looked more beautiful in moonlight.

Then as they became more lustful, Priyanka retracted herself softly.Hey kya hua! He chuckled.I am scared of the evil eye my love,Someone may cast darkness on our love if we get entangled in each other.Shush..this is just a dream see and he pinched her and her eyes opened..there was no one just Priyanka alone with Moninder's breath still in her breath.

Next to her it was just a messy bedsheet whose cresses felt of Moninder's . Just a dream huh! She sighed and hugged the pillow tightly.

The charm of your sacred body

No woman can resist

You are my krishna and I your gopi

O' the great one

The absolute one, my beloved lord

My darling, the feel of the beds cresses

Feel like your manly touches on my breasts

Your smile that amuses me

Feels like the suns warmth on my creasts

the sacred touch of your fingers touch

The kohl laden eyes that you behold

Like the holy secrets told

Let me kiss you , let me smooch

Lets go to the village of far off land

Lets get entangled in thine mesh

Of the matrix of lame chances

As the stars begin to sing thine song

As the darkness gets me amused

Your beauty in many folds exemplifies

In your touches that make the time flies

I want to kiss you, I want to feel

To see that nobody has ever seen

Your love beloved is my religion

And your warmth my life.
So come and take your bride my lord
Sway away all my strife
All shall end at your lotus feet
That all will be pure at your dews peak
The soft kisses of my lovely laddu
You are the elixir I seek

Chapter 22
The Coveted Ploy

Janmashtami week had transformed Jaipur into a city of lights.

Markets glowed with garlands, temple bells rang from dawn to dusk, and every lane seemed scented with flowers, incense, and fresh sweets. At the great ISKCON temple, preparations were in full swing. Volunteers hung peacock-colored cloth, children rehearsed bhajans, and devotees arrived carrying baskets of fruit and offerings for Lord Krishna.

But hidden among the crowd, danger had arrived first.

The surviving terrorists from the destroyed camp had not forgotten Moninder's betrayal. They had learned of the listening devices hidden in the walls, the recordings that exposed their plans, the intelligence that led the Indian Army straight to them.

Their leader burned with humiliation.

"If we cannot punish him," he said bitterly, "we will punish what he loves."

"India?" another asked.

"No," the leader replied coldly. "Faith."

Their target was Jaipur. The ISKCON temple. Crowded, joyful, vulnerable.

A bomb was concealed inside a heavy fruit basket beneath layers of apples, bananas, pomegranates, and marigold petals. Timed carefully. Deadly enough to turn celebration into ash.

The basket was placed near the entrance among dozens of offerings.

No one noticed.

Except one listener.

Near a pillar sat an old Brahmin in simple saffron cloth, his back slightly bent, fingers moving over prayer beads. His eyes were calm, but ancient strength slept beneath the disguise.

It was Hanuman.

He had come quietly to hear Ram Katha being recited in the temple courtyard, for wherever the name of Lord Rama was spoken, his heart was drawn there. Yet while seated in humble silence, he overheard two men whispering nervously near the gate.

"The basket is ready."

"When the crowd gathers tonight, the fire will begin."

Hanuman's gaze sharpened.

He rose silently and walked before the smiling murti of Lord Krishna, adorned in yellow silk and peacock feathers.

With folded hands he murmured, "Lord, protect your devotees. These men plan destruction in your temple."

For a moment, the lamps flickered.

Then the idol seemed to smile.

In Hanuman's inner vision, Lord Krishna appeared radiant, flute in hand, eyes full of playful wisdom.

"Why should I worry," Krishna said softly, "when my humble friend Hanuman is here to protect my people?"

Hanuman bowed deeply.

"As you command, Lord. I shall help."

That same afternoon, I, Priyanka arrived in Jaipur to meet my cousin for Janmashtami celebrations. The city filled me with wonder—strings of lights overhead, vendors selling laddus, children dressed as little Radha and Krishna.

Yet my heart remained restless.

Moninder was somewhere far away, walking through shadows. Since learning the truth of his life, she carried every festival with an ache beside the joy.

At the temple entrance, the crowd thickened. I adjusted my dupatta and hurried forward, trying not to lose sight of my cousin.

At that exact moment, the old Brahmin—Hanuman in disguise—lifted the fruit basket containing the bomb and turned quickly to carry it away.

They collided.

I stumbled forward with a startled gasp.

The basket slipped from the Brahmin's hands.

Time seemed to slow.

The fruits shifted. The lid tilted.

And before it could crash to the marble floor, I instinctively lunged and caught hold of the basket with both hands.

For one second I held death unknowingly against my chest.

Then I steadied it and handed it back respectfully.

"I'm so sorry, Baba," I said breathlessly. "I wasn't looking."

The old Brahmin looked at me with eyes that seemed impossibly kind—and impossibly powerful.

"No child," he said gently. "Today, you were exactly where you needed to be."

I blinked, confused.

He smiled, took the basket, and walked calmly through the crowd toward the outer courtyard.

Moments later, a loud crack echoed from beyond the temple walls—followed by smoke rising from an empty service lane.

People screamed, then froze.

Temple guards rushed outside.

No devotees were harmed.

Inside the sanctum, bells began ringing for evening aarti.

I stood trembling, not understanding why tears had filled her eyes.

She turned toward Lord Krishna's smiling face.

And for just an instant, I thought I'd heard laughter carried softly through the bells.

Hanumanji saved the day.

Chapter 23
The Surprise Meeting

My family had finally moved to their new home in Jaipur.

For years they had spoken of living closer to relatives, closer to better opportunities, closer to the pulse of a growing city. Now the dream had become real—a modest but warm house in a peaceful neighborhood, where mornings began with chai on the balcony and evenings carried the sound of temple bells from nearby lanes.

Yet for me, one absence remained louder than all comforts.

Moninder.

Though the nation praised unnamed heroes after the terror plot was foiled, no newspaper printed his face. No television anchor spoke his name. Men like him returned to silence, shadows, and unfinished promises.

Weeks had passed without seeing him.

Only two brief messages had come:

Safe.
Wait for me.

So I waited.

One soft winter afternoon, I visited a small Krishna temple near Rajori Gate. It was not grand like the larger city shrines, but peaceful in a way that felt personal. Blue walls faded with age, marigold garlands hanging unevenly, brass lamps flickering before a smiling murti of Lord Krishna.

I sat cross-legged near a pillar, eyes closed, whispering prayers.

For his safety.
For my patience.
For one meeting.

Just then, my phone vibrated.

Unknown number.

I answered softly, "Hello?"

A familiar voice laughed gently.

"Hi, babe. How are you?"

Her eyes flew open.

"Moninder!"

The name escaped like breath after drowning.

"Oh baby… where were you?" I said, half angry, half relieved. "Do you know how worried I was?"

"Alive," he said. "That's a good start."

I smiled through sudden tears.

"When are you coming? I'm in Jaipur now."

There was a pause.

"Really?" he asked. "Where are you?"

"In a small Krishna temple near Rajori Gate."

Another pause.

Then his voice softened.

"Okay."

"What okay?"

"I'm in Jaipur too."

I turned instinctively.

At the temple entrance stood Moninder.

Leaner than before. A faint scar near his jaw. Civilian clothes that could not hide the discipline in his posture. Eyes tired, but shining the moment they found her.

For one heartbeat I could not move.

Then I rose so fast my dupatta as it slipped from one shoulder.

"Wow… Moninder!"

He barely had time to smile before I ran to him.

They threw themselved into each other's arms as if parched for months denied. I held him as if confirming he was real. He held me as if the world had finally allowed him something of his own.

Tears fell from my eyes as Moninder kissed my forehead.

Like two people parched beyond language, they drank only from presence.

No speeches.
No explanations.
Just breath, heartbeat, warmth.

I pulled back only enough to look at him.

"You disappeared."

"I know."

"You scared me."

"I know."

"You owe me many answers."

"I know."

I hit his chest lightly.

He laughed for the first time in what felt like years.

Near the sanctum, an old devotee in saffron cloth watched with amused eyes, leaning on a wooden staff.

It was Hanumanji once again in humble disguise.

He looked toward Lord Krishna's idol and smiled.

"See, Lord," he murmured, "some wars end exactly as they should."

The temple bells rang for aarti.

Moninder and Priyanka stood side by side before Krishna, hands folded.

After facing death, deceit, distance, and fire—They had finally arrived at peace.

Chapter 24
The Last Diwali

Diwali arrived in Jaipur like a river of light.

Every street glowed with diyas. Balconies shimmered with lanterns. Children ran laughing with sparklers, and markets overflowed with sweets, flowers, and fireworks. Priyanka's new home was alive with relatives, laughter, rangoli, and the scent of fresh laddus.

For one night, fear seemed banished.

Moninder stood on the terrace beside Priyanka, watching lamps flicker across the city like stars fallen to earth. She smiled at him.

"This year," she said softly, "you are here."

He looked at her for a long moment.

"Yes," he replied. "This year."

But far beyond the celebration, darkness was moving.

In a hidden chamber across the border, the Pakistani Prime Minister, Raza Sultan, sat with his military chief before a secured command console. Maps glowed on the wall. Coordinates blinked silently. Their conversation had lasted hours.

"India grows careless during festivals," the chief said.

"They mistake kindness for weakness," Sultan replied.

He opened a steel case.

Inside lay a remote trigger device.

He pressed the button.

A cold smile touched his lips.

"Happy Diwali, Modiji."

Deep underground, reinforced gates opened.

A nuclear warhead activated.

With a scream of engines and fire, the missile tore into the night sky and raced toward India.

Toward Delhi.

Toward millions sleeping beneath festival lights.

At that same instant, Hanumanji—still moving unseen among mortals—felt the tremor in creation itself.

He closed his eyes and spoke across realms.

The lotus has opened my lord said Hanumanji to Moninder telepathically

"The lotus has opened, my Lord."

Moninder, standing beside Priyanka on the terrace, grew suddenly still.

His gaze lifted to the heavens.

The playful warmth in his eyes deepened into something ancient, immeasurable.

and he opened his eyes and held the speeding nuclear weapon

"Yes," he said within the silence of all things. **"The time has come to protect the world."**

Priyanka turned.

"Moninder?"

But the man beside her was already changing.The ordinary form she knew seemed only a garment now. Around him, the air shimmered. Time slowed. The sound of fireworks faded into vast stillness. Moninder dissappeared.

Far above the clouds, the speeding nuclear missile streaked toward its target.

Then it stopped.

Held by an unseen force.

An invisible hand greater than mountains had seized it mid-flight.

Hanumanji appeared in the sky, radiant and mighty, bowing in midair.

Before him stood Moninder no longer as man alone, but as the hidden Lord revealed.

His form blazed like a thousand suns softened into mercy.

With effortless grace, he redirected the missile away from Delhi, away from Jaipur, away from every sleeping child and praying mother.

The warhead turned.

It screamed across the sky toward the open sea.

Then, far above dark waters, the Lord spoke one word of command.

The bomb detonated harmlessly in a burst of light that became nothing but foam and rain.

The remains sank deep beneath the ocean.

On earth, people only thought they had seen an unusually bright firework.

They returned to laughter.

They never knew how close the world had come to ending.

Hanumanji's eyes overflowed with tears.

He descended, trembling with devotion, and touched Moninder's feet.

"My Lord," he whispered, voice breaking, "even in disguise, your compassion protects all."

The radiant being smiled gently.

Hanuman looked upward with folded hands.

"I have one more wish," he said softly. "May I see your four-handed lotus Krishna form?"

The night itself seemed to bow.

Then before Hanumanji appeared the divine form of Shri Krishna—dark as rainclouds, crowned with peacock feather, adorned with yellow silk, holding conch, discus, mace, and lotus. Infinite love shone from every glance.

Hanuman fell prostrate.

Even he, the fearless one, trembled in bliss.

Krishna raised him kindly.

"Beloved servant," the Lord said, "you have seen me in every age. In Ayodhya, in Vrindavan, in hearts that remember."

Hanuman wept openly.

"And now," Krishna added with a playful smile, glancing toward the terrace where Priyanka stood bewildered below, "I must return before my devotee wonders why her Moninder vanished during Diwali."

Hanuman laughed through tears.

The divine light softened.

And once more, there stood Moninder—smiling, human, gentle.

He walked back to Priyanka.

She frowned.

“Where did you go?”

He handed her a diya and said only:

Saving the world he winked…

Chapter 25
The Scion of Mahabharata

Dadiji would call me close whenever the nights grew long and the lamps burned low. I would rest my head in her lap, and she would stroke my hair the way only grandmothers can—half blessing, half memory.

That evening, I asked her softly, "Dadiji… do you really believe Bhagwan comes when danger becomes too great?"

She smiled the way old people do when they know the answer before the question is finished.

"Arre pagli," she said, "He does not come. He is always here. Sometimes we only notice Him when darkness grows loud."

Then she began her story.

"When the great war of Mahabharat had ended," Dadiji said, "the earth was soaked in sorrow. Kings had fallen, brothers were gone, and the field of Kurukshetra had drunk too much blood.

But hatred had not yet died.

Dronacharya's son, Ashwatthama, burned with revenge. In anger and blindness, he used the terrible **Brahmashirsha Astra**, a weapon fiercer than fire, stronger than armies, deadly enough to destroy generations.

He aimed it not at warriors.

He aimed it at a mother's womb."

I looked up sharply.

"A womb?"

"Yes," Dadiji said, eyes grave. "At Uttara, who carried the last child of the Pandava line in her womb. The future king Parikshit had not even seen sunlight, yet evil wished him dead."

She leaned closer.

"Imagine her fear, beta. The sky burning. The air trembling. Death coming toward a child not yet born."

I held Dadiji's hand.

"What did she do?"

"What every helpless heart does when truth arrives," Dadiji said softly. "She ran to Krishna."

Then Dadiji closed her eyes and recited in a slow, trembling voice:

'Pāhi pāhi mahā-yogin deva-deva jagat-pate,
nānyaṁ tvad abhayaṁ paśye yatra mṛtyuḥ parasparam.'

She opened her eyes.

"It means—*Protect me, O Lord of Lords. I see no shelter but You, where death surrounds all.*"

I felt something stir in my chest.

"And did Krishna save her?"

Dadiji smiled.

"Listen carefully, because this is where people forget who Bhagwan truly is."

She pointed one wrinkled finger upward.

"Krishna did not send soldiers.
He did not hold meetings.
He did not delay for holidays.
He entered the womb Himself."

My breath caught.

"He became small as a thumb, radiant, four-armed, dark like monsoon clouds, wearing a golden crown. The unborn child Parikshit saw Him there—inside the darkness of the womb."

Dadiji's voice became almost a whisper.

"In one hand He held a mace blazing like fire. He circled it around the child, breaking the heat of the Astra, scattering its death, shielding life with His own presence."

She touched my forehead gently.

"That is God, bitiya. When destruction comes where no one else can reach, He reaches there."

I sat silent for a while.

Then I asked the question that had lived secretly in me.

"Dadiji…can Krishna still do that now?"

She laughed softly.

"You children think miracles retired after old scriptures."

Then her eyes became strangely bright.

"When a city sleeps under lights and a hidden weapon races through the sky… when governments grow lazy… when enemies celebrate too soon… when a woman waits with fear in her heart…"

My throat tightened.

She knew.

She knew everything.

Dadiji continued.

"Sometimes He comes as light.
Sometimes as courage.
Sometimes as timing.
Sometimes as an ordinary man standing beside you."

My voice shook.

"Moninder?"

She only smiled.

"In every age, Krishna chooses new clothes."

The room became still.

Outside, someone burst a late firecracker in the lane. I startled. Dadiji chuckled.

"See? Even noise reminds us of fear."

Then she cupped my face in both hands.

"You ask if Bhagwan protects? Child, He protected Uttara's unborn son. He protects nations too. But remember this— He also protects hearts."

Tears filled my eyes.

"Then why does He hide?"

Dadiji looked toward the temple lamp flickering near our wall.

"So that love may recognize Him without needing thunder."

I laid my head back in her lap.

After a long silence, I whispered:

"Dadiji… if Krishna came as a man… would he stay?"

Her fingers paused in my hair.

Then she said the quietest thing of all.

"If you love him truly, beta… even God finds reasons to remain."

As the moon smiled in the sky..

She felt a kiss on her cheeks as the breeze drew..it was Moninder smiling from afar..and the love remained in their hearts only to be rejoined again and united in soul to her beloved lord (Krishna).