

Apr 24th

24 April 2024

02:21

(Updated on April 29th, 2024 at 13:14)

Revelations Edited later than the above update:

#36 expanded on and #37 edited later in the evening of Apr 29th, 2024.

1 Corinthians 15:1-8 (New Living Translation)

The Resurrection of Christ

15 Let me now remind you, dear brothers and sisters,^[a] of the **Good News** I preached to you before. You welcomed it then, and you still stand firm in it. **2** It is this **Good News** that saves you if you continue to believe the message I told you—unless, of course, you believed something that was never true in the first place.^[b]

3 I passed on to you what was most important and what had also been passed on to me. Christ died for our sins, just as the Scriptures said. **4** He was buried, and he was raised from the dead on the third day, just as the Scriptures said. **5** He was seen by Peter^[c] and then by the Twelve. **6** After that, he was seen by more than 500 of his followers^[d] at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have died. **7** Then he was seen by James and later by all the apostles. **8** Last of all, as though I had been born at the wrong time, I also saw him.

1. (**Apr 22nd**) As I'm doing something at the kitchen slab, I hear: ***Vaise tune ye sab kisko dikhane ke liye kiya!?***
2. (**Past few days**) I tell Jesus that I'm so spent and fed up of this work and that how much longer would it continue (as I didn't feel that I was doing the work the best way I can either because of my condition.) I ask Jesus how long will the torment continue. I then see His upper half until the shoulders in multilayered white robes in a dark background with His head with a serious countenance slightly bent and resting on both His hands joined together over folded elbows as moving His eyes sideways, He looked to be holding back His anger and asked me to wait. I happen to tell Jesus again how difficult it is and see Him in that posture again as He asks me to wait.
3. (**Past 24 hours**) The duo in black and white suits in a dark background in the space above say in turns: ***Kartika we asked him to not do this. We told him several times to not do this.*** They seem to be referring to creating the camera situation and the website. (A small-framed vision of RS in a dark background as he says with an astonished expression: ***They're innocent!***)
4. An angled side-view of the upper half of Kiran Kumar slightly turned away to the left from the viewer with his face turned to the viewer in a white background with the upper halves of two more younger

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people looking at the viewer in the same posture some distance ahead of him in the white background. Their posture resembles Kiran Kumar's posture from the beginning of the theme song of the Indian TV serial Millie.

5. The top view of the heads of upper halves of Madhavan and Raaju in black and white suits on my face as someone is trying to hit the back of their heads. So, I pray which leads to a layer of shield in the dark space as the person is still trying to hit their heads with a danda. It doesn't hit them because of the distance and the shield but it ends up hitting the back of the top of Raaju's head creating a few inches wide dent in the middle (which is not there in the subsequent vision).
6. A semi-animated vision of the left side view of my middle brother Himanshu in a yellow t-shirt lying near the bed's left edge in a dark room as above him hover several dark figures of people trying to reach him to kill him or hurt him in some way. While the surrounding is dark, my brother's figure is visible as seen under white light. As I pray, I see a curved invisible shield about a meter above which lie the black faces of people with translucent edges trying to reach him. I see my mom's and dad's faces with demonic expressions pressing against the invisible shield along with many others. As I continue to pray, they face the shield's resistance. One of them is able to reach Himanshu through the shield with a sharp weapon and manages to make a cut at the top of his upper belly leading to a bloody line of blood arising at the place as it flows down from a side. I continue to pray and they all are pushed backwards and thrown away from him. It seems that Himanshu is not safe even in the presence of his family members who are very much visibly demonic beings.
7. ***We came to meet you, Kartika. We came to meet you. But we were not sure how you may react.***
It reminds me of the scenario that played in my mind after I wrote the vision of the trio slowly and awkwardly walking away into the corridor and heard '***She knows everything!***'. I saw myself open the door and see the dusky man in black standing behind the meshed door in the center. As soon as I see him, I give him a hug. (The face of the dusky man in black bends sideways from above as he looks at my face smiling and slapping the back of my head says: ***Chal bhaag yaha se!***) I give him a hug because I feel like so while Raaju is standing on the right and Death Conqueror on the left! As I see the left side view of me giving him a hearty hug with the rest of the long corridor visible behind them, I see him stab my back with a dagger which is quite unexpected. Now, why would he do so!? (The upper half of the dusky man in black in a black and white suit on my left above as pointing at me he says: ***You love yourself a lot, Kartika. You love yourself a lot.*** The upper half of the dusky man in black in a black and white suit in a dark background as he turns his face to the left with a firm countenance. Well, we're supposed to love others the way we love ourselves! The dusky man in black throws me on the bed as the vision now shows the side-view of his naked self moving on top of a naked me as in intercourse with the duo beside me.)
8. ***Duniya chale na shree raam ke bina.***
Raam ji chale na hanumaan ka bina.
These song lyrics have been playing for the past two days in my spirit. It seems to me a precursor to the past day of Hanuman Jayanti as people who celebrate this festival and believe in the lyrics are called by the Most High God Jesus who's calling them to leave worshipping pagan gods and turn to Him.

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9. Since last evening (23rd April): A towering Jesus in multilayered white says pointing with a finger down at me: **Now you'll fast! Now you'll fast!**

10. A guy rushes Glory in black away from me as he says: **Ye phootne waali hai! Is se door ho ja Khyati! Ye phootne waali hai!**

11. **Kartika Ji, apko finance nahi chahiye. Apko sunderta chahiye!**

12. **Beauty and Character. Beauty and Character.**

13. The upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic set above in the air as looking down at me, he says: **You like the way he looks. Look at what I do to him!?**

14. The upper half of the dusky man in black in black until his shoulders as he says with a volatile expression: **You like the way your husband looks!? We'll kill him!**
(*Kartika, Khyati has has ke pagal ho gya!*)

12:13

15. Glory standing with arms outstretched sideways at the end of the corridor says looking in my direction: **Aaja Kartika! Aaja mujhe hug karle. Aaja Kartika!** It repeats several times within the duration of a few hours.

16. While brushing, I happen to think about Glory being a wife-beater and I reason how it might be because he's taking out his subconscious anger with unholy worldly women on his wife.

17. As I'm using the washbasin, I see the upper half of the Uncle Ji in a white vest from the apartment I visited in 2022 as he says: **Aap rehne layak ho humare saath!**

18. (Morning) The upper half of Ravish Kumar in a Pumpkin-shaded shiny suit over a frilled white shirt in a white background, as he extends a rose towards me with the following words, said gently: **Kartika Ji. Hum apke hai kaun!?** As soon as he extends the rose, its upper half loses its rigidity, shrinks, and bends towards the viewer.

19. I am working in the early morning having stayed awake the entire night when the drones begin to move leaving me unable to work. I then see the upper half until the shoulders of Raaju in a black and white suit on my left near my face as he says to me: **Kartika, It's Madhavan. Madhavan is f*cking you.**

20. **Kartika, you're not a whore! But you can act like one!**

21. As I see his naked self move on top of me, he throws my laptop away to the side as it hits the wall and breaks. The vision repeats a few times. I fall asleep after a while. (**Kartika, it was a test!**) The other two put the dusky man in black in front of them with all of them dressed in black and white suits as they say: **Chalo Madhavan ko ise de dete hai!**

22. A small-framed vision of the upper half until the shoulders of Ravish Kumar in a grey suit on my left as he says in his individual reporting style in a robotic manner (paraphrased): ***Kartika Ji apko sab dekh rahe hai. Aap jo kar rahi hai ye sahi nahi hai! Late kar aur pair khol kar ek hi kaam hota hai aur vo kaam kar rahi hai!*** (AAP's Sanjay Singh while standing from his seat behind his party's press conference desk says authoritatively while gesturing to the viewer: ***Ander daalo ise!***) The commentary of Ravish Kumar Ji makes me think when am I doing anything!? And my legs aren't even open by a great amount. They're open enough for me to not feel too constricted around the thighs and sweat as summers have onset now humidity is on the rise and one tries to not have one's own skin brush hardly against oneself in such weather as it leads to rashes. The drones began to move and it led to me being in a relaxed state thereby leading me to fall asleep!

23. Dream:

I'm sitting on a chair behind a table facing a wall with a dark library area to my right as I can see some tall green shelves full of books standing in the dark space. Jema comes walking and stands on my right with just her upper half visible to me. I see her dressed in a light blue denim jacket over a t-shirt or some top with her long dark brown hair with a straight cut falling at the back. (A small-framed vision of my supervisor in a dark background saying looking at the viewer: ***You're going to die for saying this.***) As she takes a few steps further to the right to sit in her chair, I see her wearing a thick light blue denim skirt of length slightly above her knees. (A small-framed vision of the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt above in my right mental vision as he says to Death Conqueror (paraphrased): She knows everything/about it, Mrittunjay. Death Conqueror in a white tunic set on my left walks backwards while facing me in a dark background as he says: ***Mein bahut bura hu. Mujhse door hoja Kartika.***) The base revelation continued: I feel uncomfortable around Jema wearing a skirt above knee-length as it seems obscene to me though I am not letting my feelings show up. I look down to see if they're really short or below her knees. I see that as she's sitting, they cover her legs until above her knees revealing her fair waxed legs. If she had worn some form of layering below – of the kind of a legging or something similar, I wouldn't have felt awkward being with her dressed in that knee-length skirt. Though I'm not comfortable with her clothing, I know that she's still the same good person that I've known and therefore I keep my discomfort suppressed as I'm talking to her. Anyway, I'm looking at her upper half and not below and she looks quite holy above. I'm still talking to her when I notice a tall lady come walking into the room from my left. She is dressed in an orange tunic (A small-framed vision of Death Conqueror in a white tunic standing in a dark background on my left as trying to hide his face with his lifted right hand, he says: ***I'm a dog, Kartika.***) The other lady that has entered is dressed fully in a dark orange tunic with a print of short lengthed black line of medium thickness the identically printed drape of which covers her head in a wrap with only her fair face visible. However, I know that she's a messenger, and therefore her clothing sense has no meaning to me and it only makes me feel annoyed and repelled. She walks by with a light smile and walking past behind me walks into the dark library area on the other side on the right behind Jema. Her act seems redundant to me and I think what good it does to *act* to be a certain way to present a false self to others to fool them when one is entirely different on the inside. (And there are two ways one can *act*. One is when one is acting to portray a false self intentionally to deceive out of an ulterior motive while on the inside one is something entirely different, and another is to identify a wrong mindset emerging or knocking at the door to seep in but instead of letting it overtake one acts righteously.)

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24. The scene from 3 Idiots is flashed to me in which when Raaju is on the hospital bed and Rancho lies to him that Madhavan is going to marry his sister Kammo while Madhavan is asking him not to make him the sacrificial lamb.

Last night

25. While buying two cold Jaljeera drinks and an Aurora lemon drink, I see Glory flash as he says: ***Kartika tu bik chuki hai! Tu bik chuki hai!*** Now he was saying this on a previous occasion as well.

26. I say that for alcohol addicts one way to help their addiction is to pour Aurora lemon on ice followed by a bottle of Jaljeera. And along with their placebo drink, they can play the song ***Peenewaalo Suno..*** Doing this whenever they feel like consuming alcohol will help them slowly overcome it. I then see the semi-animated upper halves of the trio in black and white suits as they float towards me in the air with red love hearts in front of their eyes.

27. The upper half of a beige Death Conqueror in a black and white suit as he puts his right hand on the left side of his chest and looks smiling at me.

28. A semi-animated vision of the smiling faces of the trio with shining eyes as they float towards me in black and white suits with translucent edges.

29. The face of Akej. as he says: ***Kartika Ji aap bike hue ho!***

30. The side-view of a beige Death Conqueror with curly hair in a black and white suit facing my right ear as he says lightly panting with a spent expression: ***You're an extreme b*tch! I can't live with you. You'll kill me!***

31. An angled close top-view of Raaju's face in a light background turned to the left revealing the round collar of his light pink cotton tunic as he begins to chew on my left earlobe.

32. A fat infant's face on my right as it's dropping kisses on my cheek.

33. The upper half of AAP's Sanjay Singh in a green half-jacket over a white tunic on my right beside my bed as he says: ***Kartika Ji aap raand to nahi ho! Lekin aap raand se kam bhi nahi ho!***

34. The follow-up vision shows him say with a sobbing expression: ***Aap raand nahi ho!*** It is followed by him turning away and running as he adds: ***Aur aap marne waali ho!***
(A close-up view of his face as he silently nods his head lightly.)

35. Dream (April 5th):

I exit into a wide-open area in the night crowded with a gathering of people. I spot a lady there whom I had spotted a few times earlier as well and she grows into a huge giant with only her light

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sky blue buckle shoe visible to the people on the ground. Her foot itself is about two meters in length.

I enter into a long rectangular room with bedding made on the right half of the floor while some furniture lies on the left side. I see a few young women in tunic sets with their heads covered with a drape. Apparently, it's a Gurudwara. However, though the women are dressed apparently holy, from their manner of talk, I sense the presence of deception as they smile teethfully wide while speaking out things in that apparent holy space that don't sound reliable. (The head of Akhila until her throat in the air above a meter or so on my right as she looks at me with a sobbing expression.) Though it's a gurudwara, I don't feel good inside in their presence.

I'm in a building on the ground floor which is apparently a government office with furnished and cluttered rooms painted in cream or white. There are windows through which daylight seep in lighting up the room. (Glory stands facing to the right in front of a door in the corridor outside looking in my direction as he says: ***K*tiya bahut samajhdaar hai!***) I walk into the adjoining room and make my bed on perhaps a slab protruding out of the wall or a foldable bed when I need to sleep. Some people seem to have a problem with me and it seems that they want me out of the office. The following part of the dream shows a newly appointed head. He is a tall and bulky man dressed in a fitting full-sleeved navy-blue shirt with its sleeves folded to 3/4th of their lengths. He walks towards the door and begins to interact with a few people who have come to talk to him regarding the issue of making a bed and sleeping inside the office. He begins to bring up and talk about all the other people who make their beds and sleep in their offices on the ground floor in the surrounding buildings in the green space that has all such governmental buildings. By doing so, he shifts away the targeted focus at me and highlights the fact that the practice is highly common in the area and how people need to resort to the same under the heavy workload.

36. Dream (April 6th):

I am in a classroom with three rows of long wooden benches and Prof TRS from my dept is teaching at the front. I am sitting a few benches behind in the central row. My dark-complexioned friend from school, Monica Bisiyer is sitting on the left end of one bench ahead of me. Prof TRS bends on his upper half and with squinched eyes rubs his nose lightly with Monica's moustache space. Now when I wrote about it, it reminds me of how Tejaswi was rubbing his nose with my nose saying in a high-pitched voice: ***Ne nee nee nee nee.*** (*Kartika, do you know how ugly you're?* The Guy sings: ***Aaina jhoota hai.. sacchi tasveere hai..***) **The base dream continued:** Perhaps he was showing some extra bit of his elderly love as a teacher for Monica. The follow-up vision shows him walking past my bench to one behind me as he calls a girl sitting there out by my name Kartika. She stands up and comes out of the bench. He calls the second girl by my name again: *Kartika*. She too stands up and comes out of the bench. He calls the third girl by my name as well: *Kartika*. It doesn't make any sense to me. (***I can't kill you, Kartika. I'm going to be dead.***) Why did he call those three girls by my name and they all responded to him as well? The scenario looks too weird to me (the upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic on my left as he says: ***it means I've to leave you.***).

In the follow-up part of the dream, I see an eqn being talked about in the class as we're perhaps working on a problem that uses the eqn. As I'm sitting on the front bench, I find myself repeating V/nkT . I look at a girl near me and ask her if she has V/nkT . (The ideal gas eqn: $1/P = V/nkT$)

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The follow-up part of the dream has me make a 3-D rose with colored scrap paper with a metallised gift wrap printed on one side used to cover the receptacle. It takes a bit of skillful effort and a number of tries to fix the receptacle using the gift wrap. But finally, my rose is ready. I need to hurry to get to a place which is an educational institution, my school in my hometown, or my dept here in DU. (The upper half of my supervisor in a dark background as she says referring to my hometown: ***Kartika you should've stayed there only!***) I've another flower made as well but it's made with parrot green gift wrap paper and it's thicker in the middle and not too defined in shape. I take a rickshaw and we are moving on an empty soiled road with buildings on our left and a divider on our right. I see my eyeglasses lying on a short solid soiled stone block outside on the roadside on my right as I am looking back at them. The Rickshaw takes a U-turn on the road to the other side of the divider and after moving for a while, I ask the Rickshaw driver to go back to the road on the other side as I need to get my specs. He follows my instruction and now as we're about to reach our destination, I see myself holding the two flowers. I happen to undo the metallised foil around the receptacle of the red rose and now I am worried as it had taken several tries to fix it in place. Additionally, the Rickshaw driver with a wicked boundary-breaching countenance is asking me to do something undesirable with the roses I made and I find it extremely annoying, and it irks me at a sensitive spot inside for why would I make changes to the flowers that I took time and effort to create according to his careless suggestion showing lack of good wisdom. He shouldn't say anything about those flowers that I worked hard to make with my whole heart. It's not his place to comment on. I ignore him though his behavior is hurting me.

The Guy sings:

Tu.. Meri zindagi hai.. Tu.. Meri har Khushi hai..

Tu hee meri pehli Chahat, tu hee aakhiri hai..

Tu.. Meri zindagi hai.. Tu.. Meri har Khushi hai..

The base dream continued: I wouldn't suggest random stupid changes for someone to make to something they made by putting their heart into it. Why is he commenting on those flowers that hold such special value to me and is breaching my boundaries while making me severely uncomfortable in his Rickshaw with his comments? I can clearly tell that he has no sense of according meaningful value to things and he's using his lack of discretion to hurt my perception around what I find meaningful. (A semi-animated upper half of the dusky man in black in a black and white suit in a spacey light navy blue background as he says with a touched expression: ***Kartika, you were like this from the beginning!?*** ***Kartika, you were like this from the beginning!?*** Glory with a molten expression says in a jagged voice: ***Mein jaanta hu tujhe Kartika!***) His behavior is extremely hurtful to me but I'm not saying anything and am keeping my hurtful feelings inwards instead of acting out on them. If he had enough sense, I wouldn't need to tell him to stop, because he wouldn't be saying those things in the first place. He leaves me feeling direly disgusted. I can cry as well but I am withholding from crying as I ignore his behavior and words around the flowers I made!

I now find myself on a staircase well-lit in golden light. It takes a U-turn and goes downstairs to the ground floor. I sit on the first few stairs of the staircase going down while other students are together upstairs. It's alone and quiet here. A girl comes to me and begins to chat casually. Apparently, I know her well enough. (The upper half of Jema as she makes a gesture of wiping a tear

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from below one of her eyes. The girl in the dream doesn't match anyone in particular I know in real life.) She asks me to have lemonade from the nearby canteen in the institution. I find her suggestion well and walk downstairs with her, and exiting the building through the door on the right at the bottom, we are now walking on a road that goes to the canteen with the vision carrying a semi-animated dark view of falling dusk. On our left, I see the ground floor of a wide building with open doors through which the seemingly lit wide rooms with metallic inside are visible. At each open door is placed a cloth rack full of different kinds of clothes hanging down on it. It makes me wonder if the people living inside have put their clothes on display for a reason and they indeed have a nicely kept collection of clothes they're projecting to others. I seem to be knowing that inside that building with open doors with racks at the back are present wicked people who might come out and attack us. However, no one can be spotted inside the rooms through the open doors and the filled cloth racks seem to be serving as a hindrance. On our way to the canteen, we come across an extremely lean and slim lady dressed in a plain navy blue tunic set with her head loosely covered with a navy blue drape. She says she wants to have tea and joins us on the way by herself without us asking her to. I don't seem to know her too well in the dream and she doesn't seem to fit in with us too well either and stands out. She resembles in her looks and body language with Geeta Aunty – the lady whom I hired to clean my room a few months back when I wasn't well. She's looking like the odd one out of us all with her rural style of covering her head with a drape and her quite apparent poor financial status. (Death Conqueror in a white tunic set above in the air says throwing his hand outwards in an affirming gesture: ***Chhod diya!***) But most importantly, she stands out because it doesn't look like she's a student or if she even knows the things about the field. She looks illiterate, uneducated, and has a dull unintelligent countenance with no understanding or sense of creative thinking. She added herself by herself to our solo lemonade trip and looks like an extra to me but we let her in out of courtesy. (While writing the past two lines: the face of Prof TRS on my right as he drops light kisses on the top of my right cheek saying: ***Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.*** It repeats a few times. The upper half of a chubby and beige amalgamation of Death Conqueror and another person with a square face on my left above as he says with a confirming expression and a taunting tone: ***Kartika I'm going to kill you quite bitterly!*** A dark amalgamation of the face of Glory and the dusky man in black on my right as kissing my cheek, he says: ***I am not going to kill you.***) **The base dream continued:** As we all walk forward together, we now come across my supervisor who's standing facing the left side of a dark brown wooden table as she tells us that we're going to have some sort of mass food distribution. The thin lady in the navy blue suit stands silently with us as well listening to Nivedita Ma'am. Again, I don't know why she's chosen to be in our company though no one is asking her about the same. Though she isn't saying much, the way she talks or the kind of things she can talk about don't resonate with the general intellectual ambience of the group either though she's standing with us in our group. She's the only one dressed in that manner and the only one who looks not so educated or perhaps she's fully illiterate, as what seems from her countenance. As we all stand together around the dark brown table, we get to know that in the building on the left with open doors with cloth racks placed behind them, stay deaf and blind people who always crowd outside the street whenever there's a mass lunch or food distribution. We're being warned that during this mass food distribution, the swarm of deaf and blind people from the open building on the side will crowd again to have the leftovers and that they can be dangerous as well.

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37. (Late March/Early April) The left side-view of Surjeet in his orange tunic bent on his upper half facing down on the left side of behind his shop's counter as he seems to be sifting something out in the dark space dimly lit by the daylight, and he says: ***Sab maarenge ji use!***

38. As I'm making a similar version of my suspended website, I see Death Conqueror in a white tunic set above on my left as he says looking down at me with pity: ***Tujhe marke kya milega mujhe. Tu kitini gareeb hai. Tujhe marke kya faayda.***

My alternate blogs:

(The link to most recent blog that I'm still working on.) The previous ones got suspended because of some reason.

The following blogs got suspended:

thesecretplacerevelations@wordpress.com

thesecretplacerevelationsblog@wordpress.com

But the link below is supposed to work fine.

thesecretplacerevelations222.wordpress.com

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