

March 2nd

02 March 2024

00:35

March 1st

Dream:

I am in a dark hall near the stairs reaching down to it. I am in a confused state related to my situation. It's hard to describe and put in the right context. Then suddenly, the situation is resolved as a rule is applied to it leading to a set solution. I now have the final solved state with me in place of the previous situational mess and therefore I now have clarity without any confusion. The situation solved also means that no one can try to manipulate me into an undesirable or sinful situation as I already have the situation solved, while previously, others may have forced their opinions or ways of thinking on me or tried to deceive or pressurize me into believing in a wrong way of thought. But, applying the rule and condensing the situation to its solutions has given me both the clarity and peace of mind and the freedom from getting deceived by such attempts from others as the solution can't be questioned because of its legitimacy.

The solution has now made it possible for me to operate smoothly without any second thoughts and guesses and I can use the solution present with me to help others as well. I now find myself on a train with my clarified mental state. I have to step down. As the train has now slowed down, I walk to the door and step down carefully at the soiled ground with small floral bushes.

The next thing I see is me standing inside a building with a few other people as I am now helping them solve their situational mess by applying the same rules as I see how the apparent *formula* boils down the problem to a specific result that can't be questioned. I'm telling them how they should apply the same rules to their situations to solve it down to its unquestionable specific result.

Evening

- I wrap multiple thick layers of long white towels around the waists of the trio as I say: ***Don't sin, my darlings. Don't sin, my darlings. Don't sin. Don't sin.***
(Why did we meet her? Why did we meet her Madhavan?)

Post Bathing

- The dusky man in black says: ***B*tch is extremely ugly. B*tch is extremely ugly and foolish.***
- ***When'll she understand it's not about money? When'll she understand it's not about money?*** It makes me think what's made him think this way about me.
- As I sit in my bed, I see myself galloping down the Moong Daal pakoras in my mouth in one go from the tray a dusky man whom I came across yesterday was carrying on top of his head.

Past Revelation

(past three weeks) As I'm standing in front of the counter of the Dinesh Store, I see: the upper half of the dusky man in black behind me above me as he shouts: ***Randi! Gwaar! Samajhdaar!***

March 3rd

03 March 2024

05:51

March 2nd

Post Waking Up

- The dusky man in black pulls off a waxing strip from the back of the right side of my a**. It is followed by him pulling off a long wax strip off the back of my entire left leg in one go.
- Someone says referring to me: ***Ise to marna hi tha. Ise to marna hi tha.***

During day

- As I stand near my table, I see Death Conqueror near the ceiling at the entrance of the kitchen corridor as he says sobbing looking down at me while turning his face to the left: ***I will die if she cries! I'll die if she cries!***
- The face of the dusky man in black as he floats closer to me and repeats a quiet: ***Sorry. Sorry.***
- (Past 24 hours) As I lie in bed with my blanket covering my forehead and eyes, I see the face of Twinkle Khanna with a thick embroidered pink drape running over her head and her face and neck adorned with ethnic metallic jewellery as she lifts up her eyes and looks at the viewer.
- (Past 24 hours) My supervisor kisses my closed eyelids as she lovingly tells me to rest.

March 3rd

Dream:

I've to formulate and solve an equation related to the Earth system that explains the spiritual truth of the serpent race condition of human existence. I am also not well as I move around. I have to use the washroom, and though it's the second time I'm entering it, I am not able to use it for some reason. When I walk out, and crossing a small square hall enter into a room, I find Brother Jonathan sitting on a chair behind his desktop on a long desk laid against the wall to my right adjoining the door. I find some relief from my condition on finding him there as he's a compassionate company. He is to help me formulate the equation so we can solve it together and put it out for everyone to see and understand. Perhaps I'm not feeling well, so instead of working out the problem, I go and sit on the foldable bed behind him as I tell him that I'll join him after a while. But then I begin to pee on the bed. It seems as if I can't control peeing and there's no other way to pee either. I seem to be aware that there's a mechanism below the bed to take care of my pee. As I look below the bed, I find a bucket that's collecting my pee and apparently, it was already filled with water to some extent. Jonathan walks to me to check in and I tell him that I'm going to join him to formulate and solve the equation once I'm done peeing. When I'm done, I find the bucket fully filled. I need to empty it now. I walk out of the room through a different door right in front of the foldable bed. It turns out that I was in the bedroom of my grandma's home as I exit into the covered Verandah outside that extends into a fully open Verandah with the kitchen on the right corner on the left end of it and an open space with a few taps which is used to wash clothes extending further ahead to an elevated

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Verandah with the home's main entrance gate at the end of it. It's night so it's dark except for the two covered Verandahs lit by bulbs. I walk up to the tap area to drain out the pee water. I see that there are some washed clothes lying on top of the taps while some are inside buckets lying in the space. Light blue denims constitute most of the clothes as I look around. I drain out the bucket near the drain in the corner but it spreads out backwards into the back Verandah. Perhaps I was too hasty. I then wipe the pee water off the floor using a long handled wiper, and because the area is large, it takes me a while to be done. And while I'm busy doing so, the knowledge of Brother Jonathan waiting for me inside that room is bugging me. At the same time, I also know that I'll have to now wash the floor once more with disinfected water because I can't leave it the way it is. While I'm busy wiping it the first time itself, I see my mom come walking from the kitchen area to my right and say something and go back. When I turn my head to the other side and look outside the gate, I see Rekha Bua dressed in an off-white tunic set with a cardigan on top come slowly walking from the left and turn back and leave after quietly saying that I've now become used to living in this way. I then see a vehicle parked outside my grandma's home and I can sense that those people are some kind of messengers. Their presence makes me feel uneasy and repulsed by them. I'm now almost done wiping the floor but when I go back to the inner Verandah outside the bedroom, I see some places left to be properly wiped as I'm handed over a Motichoor Ladoo for me to eat. I begin eating it while wiping the floor and as I do so, I happen to drop bits of it down which I've to clean again. It's been long me having left Jonathan alone inside now. I go back in to inquire if I can take a bit longer as I need to clean the Verandah once more with disinfected water. But this time when I go back inside, in place of Jonathan is sitting my youngest brother Divyanshu behind the desktop. Apparently, he's Jonathan now. I ask him if he's going to be there for a while longer. He replies with a Yes. I can tell that he had been waiting for me all this time to come to him so we can work on the equation. Since it's already late now I ask him if he will rather go to sleep or choose to wait until I complete disinfecting the floor outside. He says he needs to sleep. And he looks tired as well. He then begins to show me these acnes that have developed on his nose. He points out the pattern in which they developed. As I bend to take a closer look, he shows me how they're present in pairs along the sides of his nose beginning from its top. Only a few pair have developed by far and there's another one in the making of which only one has developed.

Post Waking Up

- The upper half of Billie Eilish in a white spacesuit colored in stripes of light baby colors facing to the left without its helmet as the small face of a dark brown doggie appears in place of her head and extends out by more than a few feet.
- ***We've ruined her life, Bro. That's just the truth.***
- While I'm making tea, an apathetic male's voice says: ***Don't ruin your life, Kartika. Don't ruin your life, Kartika.***

I say: ***You know what's worse than being ugly outwardly, it's being an ugly person. I may be ugly outwardly..*** and then pointing up to the cameras, I continue with: ***but you're an ugly person.***

- As I'm trying out my newly delivered black and white checkered shirt over black denims, I recall how I didn't wear black for a long time while previously most of my clothes used to be black. I speak about

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how if anyone asked me my favourite colour, I used to reply with 'Black', not referring to it as my favourite but as a color I happened to subconsciously buy more. As I'm done making the statement, I see the upper half of Glory until slightly below shoulders in a white t-shirt standing facing to the left as a black stream of tears begins to flow down from the inner corners of his eyes.

As I'm sitting in bed having tea and closing my eyes intermittently, I see the face of Shekhar from the movie *Tum Bin* on my right side as the chorus melody of the song *Tumhare Siva* plays in my spirit.

This song first played in my spirit yesterday evening, and then today during the day.

[Jeena Jeena | Atif Aslam Sad Songs 2015 | Best of Atif Aslam bollywood Songs 2015](#)



- I say something in response to which I see the upper half of Death Conqueror in a light background as he says sobbing with an open mouth: ***Theek hai, Mummy!***

Later during the day

The upper half until the shoulders of Glory in a white t-shirt as he says: ***Mein use marne wala hu.***
Mein use marne wala hu.

Past Revelations

- (Past two months) RS dressed in a sherwani stands near the secluded entrance of a corridor of a tent as he jumps at Karan Johar dressed in an embroidered Sherwani as well, and putting his arm around his shoulder says happily to him that it's his friend's wedding that evening/night as they both try to keep silent near the entrance.
- (Past month) A stubbled Prof X (James McAvoy) places his palm with a light thud on top of an exposed female groin with a light hair growth.
- (Past month) The side view of a naked dusky man in black sitting facing me to the left on my bed as he abruptly and unexpectedly pinches my strong pp. The vision repeats a few times, and is followed by him now hugging and kissing me and moving in intercourse.
- (Past month) Pia in the light orange dress from the song *Tumhare Siva* stands in the background of the song's dance hall lit in golden light as she holds Abhigyan's hand who stands dressed in the red and white suit on her right side, and lifts it up and places the back of his hand against her heart. (The upper half of the dusky man in black as he shouts: ***K*tiyaa!***)

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- (Past few weeks) During the past few weeks when I first met Pooja after long, I saw that she was already married and when the four of us girls were sitting together in the canteen, I noticed her ring on the ring finger of one of her hands and I saw that it was a studded silver helical ring with one loop at the back and two front end loops. This reminded me of the revelation in which the trio together slid in a studded golden helical ring with three front loops in my ring finger.
- (Past week before Wednesday) The upper half of a stubbled RS in neck-length hair in a thick metallic armour is visible as he stands facing to the right with a sword inside its scabbard and says quietly while slowly taking out the sword: ***Mein aa raha hu tujhe marne.***
As I was in the middle of writing the above vision, I saw KA say sobbing: ***Ye sab sach keh rahi hai. Ye sab sach keh rahi hai.***
- As I lie in bed on my right side with just my face protruding out of the blanket with closed eyes, I see the face of Angelina Jolie in place of mine.
(Day before yesterday)
- A small-framed vision of a square frame boundaried by bright lavender colored flowers. As the vision focuses on the part inside the frame, one sees a tiny Indira Gandhi with grey and black hair dressed in a saree walking clinging to a tall man on the right below a black umbrella in the center of a solitary dark brown road in the dark of the night.
- As I lay on my right side with my eyes closed with my left hand placed on top of my right arm, I see a black translucent aurora moving on top of my left-hand nails. I kept seeing it until I opened my eyes and displaced my hand.
- As I'm lying in bed covered with the blanket, I see a vision of the upper half of Geeta Aunty's mom lying in the place of mine in my bed with closed eyes dressed in her beige saree printed in black.
- (Past two days) The upper half of the short fellow is shows as he says the following in a quiet and authoritative tone: ***Give me a f*ck. Give me a f*ck.*** The vision has been repeating intermittently for the past two days.

And as I wrote the vision, I saw Glory dressed in a white t-shirt over black trousers standing facing to the left as he asks me sobbing: ***That's what he's saying? That's what he's saying?***

- The upper half of Glory in a white t-shirt in a dark background says: ***Maarna pad gaya. Maarna pad gaya.***
- ***Bhulana pad gaya. Bhulana pad gaya.***
- As I'm making tea in the afternoon, I see the face of the dusky man in black come floating close as he says: ***A fuller kiss. A fuller kiss.***
- While having Gobhi Parantha with tea, I need to grab a napkin to place over the foil wrap as the parantha is too hot though it's eatable as the foil has already absorbed most of its heat. So, as I say that it's not too hot to heat but too hot to hold while grabbing a napkin, I hear: ***She insulted us big time. She insulted us big time.***
- While having the Parantha with tea, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black as he floats to me and says: ***Do you know what's worse than being ugly? It's having a cheap heart.*** This reminds me of

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the previous revelation in which there was a diamond stone in place of my heart which I put in his hand followed by him putting it on the floor and hitting it with a hammer as some of its tiny pieces scattered away on the floor.

- The upper half of Abhigyan holding a white mug as he puts a curled white ball of paper inside while looking at the viewer.

Night

- The dusky man in black says in a raised studded voice: ***We hurt you!?* *We hurt you, Kartika!?* *We hurt you!?* *We hurt you, Kartika!?*** The vision repeats a few times.

I explain how instead of being situated at the God frequency, they stepped away from it and therefore got filled with power from evil and wicked sources as was portrayed in the vision in which Abhigyan from the song *Tumhare Siva* stood with his hands raised up making a Y dressed in a black shirt instead of white below a red suit, and he said looking upwards: ***Buri shaktiyo se bhar gaye!*** I say that they could look at the best version of themselves that they remembered from the past that was closest to God's nature. And then think how that self would look at their present self. Now the present self of course is more experienced and mature but they need to step back into the God frequency as they accept Christ who will put His spirit inside them making them a new creation in Christ. As I'm done speaking, I feel the need to use the washroom and as I'm pooping, I see the face of Abhigyan in red and white until his shoulders with lowered eyes as he lifts them up intermittently and says that he wants to be with (marry) me. The vision repeats a few times.

- The dusky man in black says resentfully: ***We ruined you!?* *We ruined you!?* *Let me show you what's being ruined called.***

And then he holds my arm and takes me to different people who are suffering in one or the other ways because of different reasons as he points to them and speaks briefly about their situation before moving to the next situation.

- ***Jis din realize hua, us din mar gaya.* *Jis din realize hua, us din mar gaya.*** It repeats intermittently along with ***Jis din realize hua, us din mar gaya.***
- As I sit in bed post dinner with vertically folded knees and am trying to relax with closed eyes being covered by my blanket, I see a vision of the animated face of a woman until her neck, the right half of which has blue eyes with her head covered by a translucent white drape falling behind her back along with her hair while the left half is dressed in black with long beaded earrings, no head covering and a short boy cut hair. The vision blinked at its place as I sat silently at my spot.

Please watch. It's correlated with the dream this morning.

[A GIANT STINGING INSECT FROM THE PIT? \(odysee.com\)](https://odysee.com)

- I go to Chaaru to inquire about dinner and as I enter, I hear: ***Phootne waali hai. Phootne waali hai.***
- ***Bhulana jaruri tha. Bhulana jaruri tha. Nahi to mein jee nahi pata.***
- The upper half of KA in a white tunic says: ***Ye bahut jyada acchi hai.***
(Only God is good.)

March 4th

04 March 2024

01:05

- A small-framed translucent semi-animated dark night vision of two mountain tops, one behind the other, with snow-covered tops as uniform point-sized snow falls down on them in a flowy colour-changing aurora background.
- The Guy sings:
It's not right.. But it's ok..
I'm gonna make it anyway!
Pack your bags.. Up and leave..
Don't you dare come running back to me..

It's not right.. But it's ok..

- ***Bander tu phootne waali hai.***

Past Revelations

- (Past two months) It was on the day that I had the first seating of my hair keratin treatment during the past month that I had the following vision. My mom walks sideways to the left with her body facing the viewer, hair falling at the back, and face turned to the left as she says with an angry countenance: ***Is raand ke to shringaar hi khatam nhi hote!*** The vision repeated several times.
- (Past two months) I was shouting in my room about how the short fellow couldn't just strip one person while covering up another and that how wrong the situation was. When I go out and turn towards the road to the Chemist, I see a long white car drive by and I guess that there's someone known inside because of the way the hands are holding the steering seeing which I move to the left and want to hide behind one of the vehicles on the left side and I avoid looking at the person. When I'm walking back on the road, I spot by the corner of my eyes a short man on that side of the road standing beside a white car as he's just opened the door and is apparently taking something out. I ignore the person and continue walking because I had been carrying a bad temper for the past hour after I saw how they intentionally clicked photos of a fully dressed Akhila with a tree present behind her, acting as if they're genuinely righteous while their intentions were only to inflict emotional abuse.

After I reach my room, as the vision of the bearded short fellow reaching inside his car crosses my mind, I see the side-view of the short man standing in the centre of my room facing to the left as he takes out a golden crown and puts it on my head who stands in front of him dressed in the red dress polka dotted in white, following which he begins to move his fist in abrupt periodic motions along his genitalia erect acutely from his body with the end reaching almost until the level of his neck.

- (Past month) The upper half of Kristen Stewart in a thick metallic armour with weak embedded eyes with dark circles as she moves her sword in a dark background.

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- (Past month) A blurry figure of the dusky man in black until his shoulders as he says: ***We'll f*ck you day and night. We'll f*ck you day and night.***
- (Past two weeks) The middle of Death Conqueror and the dusky man in black are shown in turns as they stand together with erect genitalias.
- (Past week) A small-framed vision of the head of a see-through head of Death Conqueror with its inside being shown as consisting of cement. I can spot a crack in the cement on both sides of his head while there's greater damage visible on the lowest surface of his brain represented as made of cement. It seems as if he's breaking down and eventually the entire structure will be in small pieces.
- (Past week) ***We never wanted to marry you. We were only playing with you. We never wanted to marry you. We were only playing with you.***
- (Past few days) A male voice says: ***Kash mein paida hi nahi hua hota. Kash mein paida hi nahi hua hota.*** Well, it made me recall the question Akhila had asked me once. She had asked me on instigation from the short fellow that if I felt that I shouldn't have been born.
- (Past few days) I say that there are two things Death Conqueror should be glad about. One of them being the fact he came to know about Jesus and received revelations that addressed him directly, and the other being him finding a *suitable* match for him who's at the same mental level (most importantly). I then see the upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket as he looked at me smilingly with unblinking eyes as a flood of tears ran down his cheeks.

Somewhere while writing the above, I was laughing and turned my face to the left, I saw the face of Kristen Stewart with short blonde hair laughing and turning her face to the left and laughing in the background of tall bushes.

The above revelation made me look for her name again which I had just a while back to spell-check her first name. And as I did so, I spotted a thumbnail at the end of a horizontal series of four thumbnails. This last one caught my attention because she was dressed in a red coat over a white narrow tube top and she had short hair. So I thought of opening the same video. After digging a bit into the website, I found that the thumbnail was part of a video related to her movie Underwater. Below is the link to the video.

[Underwater - The Most Difficult Thing About Making 'Underwater' | IMDb](#)

The video showed her wearing a thick metallic suit which reminded me of the past vision of hers that I wrote about above.

Earlier during the day, I heard the following lyrics play in my spirit.

The Guy sings:

You're my first love

You're my first love

You're my first love..

- (yesterday night) Death Conqueror says to someone present on his side:
I'll have to leave this piece of shit. I'll have to leave this piece of shit.

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➤ **Jala dala.. Jala dala..**

Before falling asleep

- The choreographer lady from the Despacito dance I was watching yesterday, dressed in her attire from the song - dark green leggings below a fitting black sports crop tank top dancing with others behind her in the hall from the video as a blonde face carrying a weird expression with two side high ponies appears in place of her face.
- A semi-animated vision of a lady in a light-colored crop top over grey trousers dancing in an almost empty grey hall.
- She ends up throwing one of her flip-flops towards the face of the viewer as she throws a kick as one of the follow-up steps.
- The animated vision of the front view of a dusky lady in grey trousers with a naked upper half dancing as the short Death Conqueror dressed in a full-sleeved light blue shirt tucked inside navy blue pants stands in front of her. I don't know who she is as I look at her face while she dances naked, but the face of Akhila flashes on top of her face intermittently.

(I'm going to die. That's what she's saying): says Death Conqueror to someone present on one side)

- The semi-animated vision of the upper half of a person standing facing to the left as he plays a golden trumpet. It's not visible who the person is but the golden trumpet is all that's visible in the vision as a shorter person comes walking by from the right end and crosses the person playing the trumpet as she takes a turn towards the viewer.

➤ **Bhula dunga, Gwaar. Bhula dunga.**

- The lady sings:

Masih Nidhaal Soedaar Chalte dekha hai..

Bhadakti aag mein ek phool jalte dekha hai..

- The distant back view of Camila Cabello sitting on a dark chair in a dark space with her hair falling at the back and legs spread apart is shown as her black meshed leggings/stockings with red strips are visible. In front of her stands Shawn Mendes with his naked muscular upper half bent over her as he has his hands holding the armrests of her chair. He asks her why she fell in love with him. Behind him extends out a well-lit empty hall.
- I say to Death Conqueror: *You're not worthy to be called a King, or anyone's king, because your deeds don't match that of a king.* I then hear: *Hate you, Kartika! Hate you! I wish she thought like you!*

Post waking up

- The Bride (a blonde Uma Thurman) in a thick metallic armour takes a few steps forward in the background of a rocky wall as she says: *I'll save you.*
- The upper half of the bride dressed in a light blue denim over a t-shirt with her hair tied at the back as she stands facing to the left holding an infant in front of a muddy pit going upwards. The pit has a beige rope going upwards. She steps forward into the mud cavity and holding the rope, as she begins to move upwards, says to me: *You were never worthy of him, Kartika.* As the infant turns his face briefly to the viewer, I see a black demonic face present.
- The face of the blonde Bride as she opens her mouth wide and out of her throat come out together 15-20 tiny parrot green snakes with a clean-shaven face of a man present at the front of each.

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- As I lay on my right side, I see the face of SRK come floating to my left ear as he whispers a **Sorry**.
- The sky-view of the thumbnail from the song *Toota Jo Kabhi Tara* shows two tiny white sparkling stars amidst the rest with the tiny faces of Death Conqueror and Akhila as they look down smiling at me. They are extending their tongues out and licking each other's faces in the vision. Akhila then says smiling: **We're going to die soon. We're going to die soon.** It doesn't make any sense to me except for the vision in which Jesus ran a long axe and severed some heads in one swipe in a line that had Akhila, the short fellow, and a few others present in it. But He's a God of forgiveness and mercy. Now that they got married, they should give their lives to the Lord and turn away from all sorts of sins that they know they're committing and pray to God to reveal other hidden areas of sin in their lives.
- Glory dressed in a white t-shirt over black trousers says: **I'll die for a woman like you. I'll die for a woman like you.**
- **Bhulana pad gaya!** The upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket looks down at me as he says: **I'm dead, Kartika. I'm dead. I can see it in your eyes.**
- **She's a threat for us Madhavan. She may try to take her revenge.**
- Death Conqueror in a grey jacket looks down at me with a superior attitude as he says: **I've to kill her for being this cheap.**
- The upper half of Death Conqueror dressed in a grey jacket bends down to my head as he says smiling: **You're smart, Kartika. You cannot be like her.**
- **Maarna pad gaya. Maarna pad gaya.**

Evening

As I sit in bed, I feel like coughing out the congestion as I have been feeling feverish and having a cough for a few days.

- When I cough my throat out, out comes immediately a little phlegm and I see a clean-shaven Glory in a white t-shirt over black trousers as he's making faces at the phlegm.
- The face of the dusky man in black above me lunges at me to kiss me (despite my cough condition).

Night

After eating Chhole Tikki and Gajar Halwa, I feel the need to take some sleep. Before I fall asleep:

- The dusky man in black says: **We accidentally made you a whore, Kartika. We accidentally made you a whore. We made you a whore to use for ourselves.**

The Murrabba Seed

- A dark brown Amla Murabba seed is lying on the ground in a white-lit background. Someone ate the Murabba and threw that seed on the ground. It seeps into the ground and blooms into a towering full-grown Murabba-colored tree as seen from below a white background out of which sprouts forth several sweet Amla Murabbas dripping with sugar syrup.
- **She was sleeping for real!** The upper half of a dusky man in black with a huge protruding lower belly lies down on a surface as he lifts himself up until his shoulders and says: **We f*cked her a lot. We f*cked her a lot while she was sleeping.** It seems that his belly is overly filled as his belly falls down because of how much he ate.

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- As I twist my hair to one side, I see the face of Finneas until his shoulders in a white t-shirt as he too twists his hair to the side and says that he loves me.

Past Revelation

- **(Past three or four months)** A semi-animated vision of a car driving away as the bearded smiling flat face of KA wearing black goggles is hovering in front of the back shield.

March 5th

05 March 2024

05:24

Dream (yesterday morning):

I am moving between a cabin and parts of buildings midair as I stay for a while at those places. Meanwhile, I'm also evading some people after me. It's night and I'm flying high above a tall roof as I see some people exit through the door on the roof in front of me. I try to evade their sight as well as flying high on the roof, I move away from them.

It's day now and in my attempt to evade those people, I walk into what looks like a huge black rocky mouth of a dog or a dragon with long conical pointed white teeth. The structure is made on the ground with an open solid soiled ground surrounded by tall bushes. I had walked into it previously in the dream as well and now I go in again to find safety. I stop after walking in by about 7-9 meters and sit inside. The mouth closes and I sit on the ground inside the mouth feeling safe from the outer situation. I'm glad that no one can reach me inside. I then see the mouth abruptly open and outside on the left side is shown to be standing a lady with her hair tied low at the back. She is peeking inside and asking me to walk out of the mouth. But as I sit silently wondering why would I walk out when I entered to find safety, a female voice resounds inside my mouth saying: ***The decision has been made!*** As soon as the voice completes the sentence, the mouth closes down robotically with a jerk - its long and pointed conical flat teeth fitting in the teeth gaps of the other jaw, still leaving some space through serving as a window outside. I know that I'm now stuck inside. I look back away from the mouth and see the cave extending taking a right turn to an open space with light from outside reaching in from the top through a long vertical rocky tunnel. The area further extends out to the right into an open area as light fills in the smaller inner square space through windows. As I think about how I would escape this new situation now, a light pink dinosaur toy balloon floats down inside the cave from the grey rocky tunnel above. It's supposed to serve as a helpline. I recall seeing it once when I was out. Then too it had come floating from above and when it had landed and burst, out of it had come the solution.

This time I see that when it reaches the ground and bursts leaving me curious about the solution, taking a few steps forward I see to my right The Bride dressed in a plain shiny black gown with golden linings. She has the face of The Bride from Kill Bill and her fluffed blonde hair half tied at the back. She is supposed to be my company to bring relief to me. When I look at her, I can feel her friendly presence and she leads me out of the door into the larger square space surrounded by some old structures. I hug her. She hugs me back. She's my only company. I try to hug her tightly and in the act, I hit against a solid object along one of the sides. When I look down, I see that it was her golden narrow scabbard carrying her sword fixed to her gown. I look to my left and see our reflection in the mirror. Both of us carry the face of Uma Thurman. While on the left side of our reflection, I am dressed in a dull grey gown with white meshy linings and have my hair tied back in a bun, she is dressed in a shiny black gown with golden linings with her fluffy wavy blonde hair partly tied at the back. (A male voice says: ***I'm going to die. That's what it says.***) We begin kissing and we begin kissing hard. She begins to pick up a corner of my lip with a bite and I reciprocate. As we continue kissing and I bite lift her lip up in response to her is when I wake up.

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Dream (yesterday late evening):

I'm in a University area moving all around and am again trying to evade some wicked people. Everywhere I go, people seem to be serving as wicked messengers. When I'm at the Metro, I don't like the aura of the place as the students seem hostile. Everything seems fake. Most situations and people seem fake. When I am back to my place, it's already dark. I stand in front of a very tall building and begin to move vertically along the same being aware of the fact that a certain person out there is trying to get me to lay with him. As I move vertically through the air along the building, I see a small corner on the opposite side of the building at which I see a view of the tiny person as seen from a distance and though I am away from him and am moving around, I can sense the wickedness around his presence and want to be away from it.

I continue making rounds along the tall building because I don't want to be caught by anyone.

Post Waking Up This Morning

- **Y** (Y is the Hebrew letter for nail.)
As I was writing the above vision, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black as he said: ***I'll kill her for saying this!***
- The vision of the top view of the genitalia of the dusky man in black moves relentlessly inside a groin as he says: ***I can't control myself.*** He calls me a b*tch. Followed by him continuing moving inside of me.
- ***She's not a fool Mrittunjay. We just don't understand her.***

The Guy sings:

Aasma.. tera mera hua..
Khwaab ki tarah dhua dhua..

- ***Keep her breathing! We need her alive.***
- ***K*tiya. Sab dekh rahe hai tujhe!***

I fell asleep again after a while.

Past Revelations

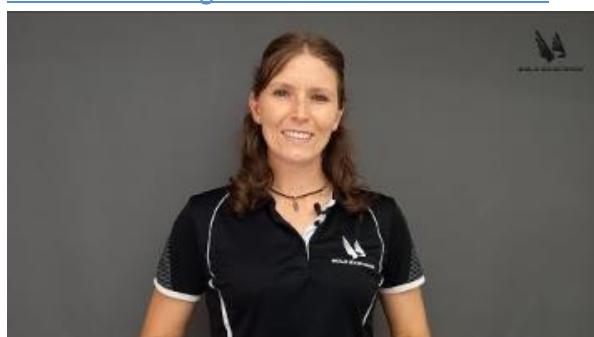
- (Past week) As I was hearing in my spirit ***Jis din realize hua, us din mar gaye***, I saw: a small-framed distant vision of the dusky man in black standing at the front of a courtroom as seen from the back. Apparently, the pages of my book around the part where I mention the song *Tumhare Siva* and have put up the pictures of the prophetic trio in red & white from the song were being read or talked about in the court. And as they're being looked at, only the dusky man in black is shown to be present. Or perhaps others aren't shown in the vision, but he's the one being prominently visible at the front.
- (Past few days) I had this revelation on the day I was watching the movie *Tum Bin*. A small-framed vision of a tiny Glory dressed in a red and white suit carrying a bouquet of red roses in a dark

The Secret Place Revelations

background as he walks dancing to the left holding the bouquet with its top touching his head bent forward. He has a dark brown face and while he dances to the left, he intermittently turns his head and looks at me as he sings with a joyful expression: ***Tujhe marunga. Tujhe marunga. Tujhe marunga.***

- **(Past few days) I could never have matched your level. So I decreased yours:** says the short fellow referring to the porn website he made.
- **(yesterday morning)** A lady stands dressed in a long baggy black shirt in a dim golden background with a bent left leg with no trousers below as a few tattoos of flying black birds can be seen on her left thigh.
- **(yesterday morning)** The inside open view of a room lit in white light with a double bed laid against the right wall as a woman with shoulder-length hair lies with her back leaning against the wall. She is dressed in a baggy white top and has two white horns on her head. The other side of the bed is darker as for some reason the light from the right end isn't reaching the left side. On that dimly lit side is lying a naked woman with two black devil horns on her head. She looks extremely tired as she sits with a fallen countenance. Her body looks exhausted. The woman on the right bends forward to the one on the left and tells her that she's going to make her life hell.
- **(yesterday late evening)** Chatur from 3 Idiots is running in the dark of the night as none else is present on the road beside him. He is dressed in a half-sleeved white shirt buttoned until the neck with a few cms thick multicolored polka dots. It's untucked over dark trousers and he looks like a rectangle. He then runs past a closed shop which has its grey shutter turned down and after running some distance away, a pack of black wolves enters into the vision as they all jump together on the shutter and thereby landing on the ground are shown to be chasing after him.
- **(yesterday)** Rachna Bua puts the drape of a white saree with a few thick red polka dots at the front on her shoulder as she stands in a dark background. The saree has a thick half-sleeved embossed white blouse. The vision of her putting the drape on her shoulder repeats a few more times.
- **(yesterday evening)** A small-framed vision of a beige naked lady lying on the ground as a naked man lies on top of her with two more naked men present beside her in the dark of the night as a long horizontal line of fire can be seen some distance further into the vision.
- **(yesterday evening)** While using the washbasin, I realize how after all this time, the short fellow couldn't become the image of the man shown in the dream *Time With the Short Blue-Eyed Man*. It wasn't that he gave me time, but it was God who gave him time to change into that person. I then see a huge red love heart inside the chest of the dusky man in black as it faces a crack in the middle. He sits down smiling on a knee and extends out his cracked heart to me.

[God is Preserving the Old and New Wineskins](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

Recall:

- This vision first mentioned on #9 on Page 83 under the section Dreams and visions by far pertaining to the short fellow after Rev #8 on the page has been being highlighted to me a few times since morning. In this vision, I saw a small-framed view of a tall naked lady with shoulder-length hair standing facing to the left as she gets down on all fours with a short naked man standing behind her in the background of a plain wall on the other side and the room visibly empty. The lady looked extremely exhausted as was discernible by her slow movement as she got down on the floor.
- The other past vision that I had in Room D4 (**Bhula dala.. Bhula dala..**) is the one in which when I opened the door to go out, I saw a gun shoot right in the middle of my forehead. This reminds of what I heard yesterday and today as well in my spirit. I heard a male voice say: ***I want to shoot her. I want to shoot her.***
- I go to the University New Administrative Block to get some of my fellowship amounts approved and as I'm walking out of the University area, I hear Vaibhav Sir - Awadhesh Prasad's ex PhD student - repeat with a blurry image of his face until his shoulders in a dark background: ***Sab marenge use!*** ***Sab marenge use!***
- ***I can't kill her. She has touched my heart. I can't kill her. She has touched my heart.***
- As I'm watching the movie *They Live*, I hear: ***B*tch knows everything about us. B*tch knows everything about us.***

They Live

[They Live 1988 Full Movie](#)



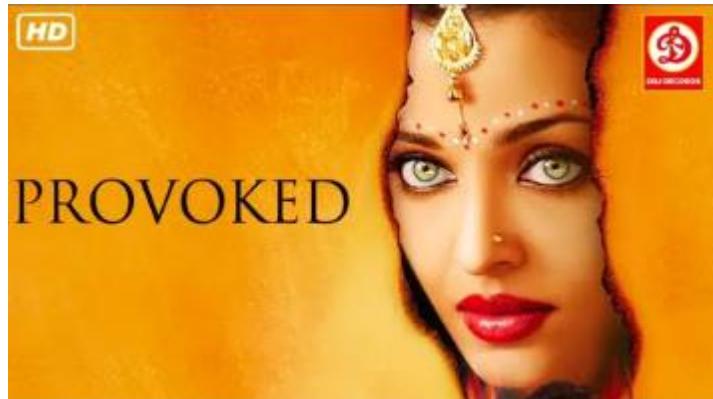
- As I'm looking for something to order to eat, I hear in my spirit: ***Bikhari.***

While watching the movie *They Live*, I happen to notice the movie *Provoked* on the sidebar of suggested videos. And for some reason, I feel like watching it because I never watched this movie entirely. In this movie, the protagonist gets a jail term for attempted murder of her husband. The fact that her punishment was decided made me recall the first dream I wrote on this page today in which while I was sitting inside the black open mouth of a doggie as a lady stood outside asking me to come out, a voice had resounded inside the mouth saying: The decision has been made! After which the mouth abruptly closed with a jolt locking me inside.

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Provoked

[Provoked \(Full HD\) - Full Hollywood Movie | Aishwarya Rai | Nandita Das | Naveen Andrews | New Movie](#)



The following past visions were highlighted to me while watching the movie:

- ***Jala dala.. Jala dala..***
- A burning man lying in a bed of fire as he tries to get out but falls back in again.
- Aishwarya dressed as a bride kisses Death Conqueror dressed in a light blue shirt tucked inside navy blue pants.

Earlier during the evening when I was in the beginning phase of watching Provoked, I had chowmein. While having the same, I heard: ***You're winning Kartika. You're winning.***

- ***Chhod dala.. Chhod dala..***

March 6th

06 March 2024

07:45

Dream 1 (yesterday morning):

I am trying to evade some people and in my attempt to do so, I climb a short railing to get to the other side as I'm moving with a few others. After a while we come across another tall iron railing we pass over and enter a wide field where I am hopeful to meet Glory as I see a group of people crowded together some distance ahead to the right. When I'm inside, I see three women looking identical to Kristen Stewart walk into the ground through the grilled iron gate. One of them is dressed in a long wide mustard coat and has short blonde hair slicken to the right. The next thing - all three Kristens are bent over me with two of them being tiny yellow and black snakes, with only one being a human. They all are talking over me as I sit on the ground and look up, afraid that one of the snakes might bite me anytime. One of the persons above me is a moustached man who helps me out by putting a hand on my mouth so the serpents ain't able to bite me, thereby quenching my fear. I get up and the next thing I see is me travelling in a tempo to some distant place. It's half filled with 4-5 other people sitting inside. While I am sitting inside, I find myself typing pages out and have now written quite a lot of them now. I ask one of the persons about the place we're headed to and how far it is for I observe that it has been long now that we've been travelling in that sea green tempo. The guy says that we're headed to Karnal which is quite far as of now and once we reach there, one of us would need to go and get some kind of papers signed. It seems that an undesirable wicked undercover deal is going to be made. It comes as a surprise to me because I didn't know anything about the signing of papers and wasn't aware of the fact that we, the innocent travellers, would be required to partake in a wicked deal at Karnal. When we stop midway, I see a thick boodle of printed A4 sheets of NCERT maths. Apparently, that's what I had been printing. When I realize that I had been printing the book in order to kill time before we reached the destination wherein one of us would've to go and make the deal, it serves as an eye-opener for me and I feel greatly disappointed. I then see a more advanced research-level physics book dealing with high-end concepts. From a glance at one of its pages, I can make out that it explains something similar to nuclear scattering as I see a print of tiny point particles scattering out. The book deals with advanced concepts related to high-end experiments. But still, I don't feel good about it. Though I know that I can print out a variety of books, it would be a redundant act. It doesn't negate the fact of us having to sign and make that undesirable deal. It comes as a heart-breaking realization to me. As I now talk to the man who was sitting at the front beside the driver and who's now walking to the left making the prophetic symbol as I walk beside him, I see that he has assumed a righteous posture and was clearly aware of the deal at the journey's end from the beginning. He is a man of medium stature dressed in a black shirt with a medium white print. Though now he's acting righteous acting as if we shouldn't go and make the deal as it would be wrong, he would've had no problems if no one spoke up about the end but sat quietly through the journey he was guiding. I see how well he demonstrates how quickly people change their stance and cover up for their hidden acts of betrayal and when caught in the middle of something wicked, can act righteous while pretending like they only do the right thing.

I then walk to the left and see the lady who was printing books standing in front of a wall made of a tin shed. The view shows the left side view of her face. She is sobbing and sharing how she was

The Secret Place Revelations

expecting her book printing journey to end in a certain good way and how it turned out to be leading towards a wicked hidden deal being made at the end. And as she stands there and sobs explaining herself out, a tall moustached man stands close on the other side of her looking at her while I stand on her left side.

Post waking up (yesterday morning)

- The parallel view of a small star-shaped piece of rock lies on top of the broken part of an old cement wall as it slides down while an open view of a huge field is visible on the other side.
- Dushman in his beige postman clothes sits on top of me as he's moving in intercourse above me as he exclaims with an abusive countenance: ***Mazaa to mujhe yahi ata hai!*** The vision contracts while increasing in its field and it now shows the front view of a see-through room lit in white light with Akhila sitting on a double bed leaning against a wall. He enters the house and changes into Death Conqueror's real look as he begins to talk in a normal way with her. He steps outside the house and turns to Dushman and lies on top of the lady lying on the road in the dark beside the wall outside and begins to have intercourse with an abusive countenance again. He goes back inside and turns normal as he talks to the lady roaming around the house. He walks out through the see-through wall again and changes to Dushman.
- I see my hair straightener press the inner lobes of my groin leaving them straight and smooth. It then presses the center covering of my strong pp as the entire inner part hangs smoothly down like smoothened and straightened hair. The straightener then presses along the outer lobes and leaves them straight as well. The entire groin hangs straight with a smooth and clean look as it easily bends to one or the other side like straight smoothened hair. It seems to have gained mobility.

Past Revelations

- (Past two months) The semi-animated face of a stubbled Amir Khan in a white background viciously eating a piece of a chicken's roasted leg as he looks at the viewer with wide-open unblinking eyes.
- (Past month) A long-stemmed red rose brushes top-down against my groin as I sit in my bed.
- (Past two weeks) As I lie in bed, I see the side-view of a thick yellow and black patterned snake touching the base of my neck and when it retracts and the vision expands, at the other end of it is found the face of Death Conqueror.
- (Past week) A semi-animated vision of a clean-shaven Amir Khan dressed in a grey waistcoat over grey pants as he stands behind a bar table with a multileveled wall shelf behind him filled with similar alcohol bottles as he angrily throws several of them forward and breaks them. It reminds me of how once during a night of fight back in our rented home in the Cheema colony (the first home on entering), my mom stood beside my dad and was throwing and breaking glasses forward. It was about more than a decade back. Perhaps before the time of BSc.
- (Past few days) As I'm in the kitchen corridor, I see the blurry figure of the upper half of Death Conqueror say to someone: ***I know everything about her. I know everything about her.***
- (Past few days) The dusky man in black stands in a white background as he pulls off a red saree's drape towards himself and as the vision expands, the saree is seen to be worn by a chubby tall, and fair woman whom he throws on the ground with a push. (Glory says: ***Mujhe kyu khoon ke aansu rula rahi hai ye!?***) As she lies on her back on the ground, the man with a swirl undoes his belt and with

The Secret Place Revelations

his genitalia now protruding out of his trousers, he begins to move on top of the woman in intercourse.

➤ (Past two days) Sanjay Sir stands on the other side of the bed as he looks at me and says with a pitiful expression: ***You are extremely cheap. You're extremely cheap.***

Yesterday

➤ The following chorus of this other song from the movie Tum Bin plays in my spirit.

The Guy sings:

Thoda daaru wich pyaar mila de.. Thoda daaru wich pyaar mila de..

O nashe diya band botlay.. O nashe diya band botlay..

As the chorus plays, I see a huge glass bottle lying horizontally inside my room with its neck towards the door as it completely fills the space behind the door. It opens up abruptly releasing a flow of the transparent liquid out.

➤ While standing in front of the kitchen slab doing something: ***You fulfilled all our desires. You fulfilled all our desires.***

➤ When I'm done washing the few clothes that had been lying soaked for about less than a week, and am now wiping the floor, I hear: ***I can't ask her to do anything for me or she's going to kill me. I can't ask her to do anything for me or she's going to kill me.***

➤ ***Cheapsmart. Cheapsmart.***

➤ After I'm done washing the few clothes that were kept soaked for several days, and am now wrapping up, I hear in my spirit again: ***Mat maar mujhe Kartika, mat maar.*** I had heard it previously as well.

➤ **Late evening:** While watching the movie *They Live*, one of the scenes has the bald black guy – friend of the protagonist – asking him how many people he killed to which he replies with: ***Not people!*** He had killed wicked aliens disguised as humans whom he could identify by looking through special sunglasses. Immediately referring to his reply, I exclaim: ***Look! 'Not people!'*** And as I say so, I see the upper half of Death Conqueror dressed in a grey jacket above me on my right as he, looking down at me, opens his mouth wide like a zombie possessed by several demons as blackness fills his eyes and surrounds his face. His countenance looks similar to one of those zombies in the movie Resident Evil who look at you while opening their mouths wide.

➤ The upper half of Finneas in a white t-shirt says: ***She's so beautiful. She's so good. She's so beautiful. She's so good.*** It is followed by the side-view of him getting on top of me, seen as a third person, being dressed in a white t-shirt untucked over trousers as he then began moving on top of me in intercourse.

Post waking up (This morning)

➤ The top view of a dark brown drawer of a table opens up half as the upper half of a naked woman resembling both Jacqueline Fernandez and Sunny Leone with loose fluffy wavy hair is seen lying asleep with a naked muscular man with his face resembling Glory's lying asleep on his side hugging her on the right.

The Secret Place Revelations

- A small-framed vision of my supervisor standing in a dark background as she says: ***Everyone is going to kill him. Everyone is going to kill him for doing this to you.***
- ***You're dead already. You're already dead.***
- ***I've to die, Kartika, to make things right. I've to die to make things right.***
- A blurry figure of Death Conqueror dressed in a full-sleeved light blue top untucked over navy blue trousers says as he turns his face to the left after looking down at me: ***I've to kill her for doing this to her. I've to kill her for doing this to her.***
- ***She's so real. She's so real. I have not met a more real person.***
- ***Do you know what I like the most about her? She is so real!***, says the dusky man in black as a blurry vision of his upper half is shown.
- While brushing my teeth at the washbasin while my tea is brewing, I say: ***Do you know what the truth is? It's that people of your kind can only be with people of your kind. Because people of my kind will only reject people of your kind.*** After I've said the above, I see the upper half of Glory as he says: ***Tu bahut jyada sach bolti hai. Kartika tu bahut jyada sach bolti hai.***
- ***The killer in me is the killer in you.***

Ref: [The Smashing Pumpkins - Disarm](#)



- I came across some movie clip suggestions pertaining to the movie Resident Evil as I was watching some other video. The suggestion stayed with me and I looked it up this morning and came across some fight scenes in which Alice fights the mutant dogs. It reminds me of the recent revelation that had Chatur running away in the dark of the night as several black wolves jumped together on a closed shop's shutter behind him in their pursuit of him.

I'm watching *Resident Evil: Final Chapter* videos when I hear:

- ***Bhool jaunga mein Kartika tujhe. Mein marna nahi chahta.***

I'm saying something when I see the upper half of the dusky man in black looking down at me as he says: ***You love me! I've seen it in your eyes. You love me! I've seen it in your eyes.***

The Secret Place Revelations

- I think of having Churma and see the face of the dusky man in black in front of me holding some Churma out to my mouth held in his fingers as he then begins to kiss me with the sweet Churma.

I was watching the video below and as I sat still, I had the vision written below the video.

[Unleashing The Deadly T-Virus | Resident Evil \(2002\) | Creature Features](#)



- As I'm walking around in the room, perhaps having or waiting for Churma, I have an abrupt partly somatic revelation of the blurry face of the dusky man in black abruptly speed float towards me through the air from above as he briefly kissed my lips in the manner of eating Churma with a view of Churma flashed being present between our lips.
- The left-side view of Judas from the movie The Matrix stuck inside a lift full of black identical Zombies as lies on the lift ground with his face facing upwards while he struggles with the zombies pulling him in with his face alone sticking out through a foot or two wide open door. He morphs into Neo dressed in a navy blue t-shirt over light blue denim and immediately jumps out of the lift and shoots at the zombies inside.



The Secret Place Revelations

I sense the drones moving and say: *Away and see the upper half of the dusky man in black on my top left as he opens his mouth out of which come out four tentacles opening outwardly resembling the mutated advanced zombies from Resident Evil..*



Ref: [RESIDENT EVIL: RETRIBUTION Clip - "Zombies Attack" \(2012\)](#)



- The upper half of a clean-shaven Glory in a white t-shirt as he says: ***Ye kaise logo ke saath phas gayi!***
- The upper half of KA says: ***Ye kaise logo ke saath phas gayi.***

- Alice from Resident Evil was the only one who when exposed to the T-Virus, instead of herself turning into a Zombie, bonded with the virus thereby becoming immune to it. As I speak out the same, I see the face of the dusky man in black with his four tentacles protruding out of his mouth float right in front of my mouth from my left as the tentacles cover my mouth and he begins to kiss me through the zombie tentacles.

Bhula dala.. Bhula dala..

The upper half of the dusky man in black as he says looking down at me: ***Bahut samajhdaar hai.***

- As I'm watching Resident Evil videos, I see Prof TRS dressed in his attire from the talk *Surprises from the Sky* given on the second day of the Science Day celebration as he says: ***Ranjani you know she's so cheap.***

- Prof TRS says: ***You'll live with me. You're my daughter. You'll live with me. You're my daughter.***

- **Phod khaya.. Phod khaya..**
- The naked upper halves of three clean-shaven muscular men who all facially resemble Glory with their genitalia inserted together inside me as they say: **We all are locked with you. We all are locked with you.**
- I see the upper half of the dusky man in black as he says: **You know everything about us. You know everything about us.**
- I see the semi-animated vision of the front view of a narrow spherical tissue tunnel holding firm to its structure as fire comes out of it. I see fire burning inside as its flames reach out as well in the dark background. The fire doesn't burn the inner skin though. (**Ye sabko rulane wali hai.**) I then see a horizontally erect male genitalia in front of the tissue tunnel and its surface is set on fire as well. The vision expands and it is shown to be belonging to the dusky man in black as he stands dressed in a black suit with his erect genitalia set on fire. He steps forward and inserts in into the burning tissue tunnel. The vision zooms out and the back view of him is shown as two more such people stand together dressed in black suits with their horizontally erect genitals set on fire. The vision zooms out further and behind them is shown a crowd of such men in black suits separated by a meter or so walking towards the burning tunnel with their genitals set on fire. (**K*tiya. Marne waali hai.**)

Night

After I wake up from sleep

- I see: Glory dressed in a white t-shirt untucked over black trousers as he says: **Mein tujhe kabhi maaf nahi karunga. Ye jo tune kiya hai na, mein tujhe kabhi maaf nahi karunga.**
- I see the upper half of the dusky man in black a few feet above me as he looks down and says: **I've done you a great wrong. I've done you a great wrong.**
- **He's jealous of you. He's jealous of you. That's also why he did this.**
- While I'm making tea, I hear: **Everything is true. Everything you said is true.**
- **I'll kill him if he does anything to you. I'll kill him if he does anything to you.**

[What narcissists envy the most about you](#)



March 7th

07 March 2024

00:01

Post waking up

- **Agar mein middle-class hota, to ye problem hi nhi ati.**
- A woman lies on her back with her thighs stretched open sideways revealing her round hole that's stretched open. The vision expands and the woman is shown to be Akhila with her hair tied low at the back. Dushman in his beige clothes stands on stretched knees in front of her as he inserts his genitalia into her saying in the peculiar voice of Dushman: **Shukriya tera Kartika!** (He is thanking me because of whom he was able to find a suitable match!)
- Dushman on stretched knees between my legs KA moves in intercourse. Changes to KA moving in intercourse as seen as a third person as he says: **Kartika agar tu meri nahi ho sakti, to kisi ki bhi nahi ho sakti.**

Dream 2:

I interact with a few people inside a corridor and walk into a room. I call the Pastor to ask about something. He talks with me briefly but without me having received a full answer, I now hear his wife talking. I ask her the question and she says that the Pastor is sick. While interacting with her, I switch to English language talking in the accent that comes naturally to me and it's after a while I realize that I wasn't supposed to be talking in that manner with her realizing which I become conscious of my speech and change it back to normal Hindi. I ask her again, but she responds with the same statement. After a while, I end the call.

When I look around, I see that the room is huge and almost empty. There are others inside sitting on the sofa laid on the right side of the door. I sit on the chair and table laid against the wall with the door on my right. I have a few bottles around me which I think are filled with water. There's a thermal flask lying around as well but it turns out it's carrying vodka. Death Conqueror pours in the alcohol in the flask's cap in front of me making an annoying comment. I feel like hitting him now. He is dressed in a brown suit over a white shirt. I get up from my seat and begin to hit him and take the flask away, but he manages to not get hurt because of the suit's protection.

Akhila comes walking into the room and begins to act herself out. I am annoyed by something she says. She has an abusive bone just like the porcupine. I don't want to be in her presence but I can't ask her to leave either because it's a common room. I now see Death Conqueror sitting on the sofa placed against the wall facing one between the two doors. He's doodled something at the back of a notepad which he flashes to Akhila. It's the rough figure of a guitar doodled with blue ink. She's pleased. I can tell he did that in front of me intentionally and it makes me wonder how foolish he is to do that, as if it matters to me or affects me how he's spending his time. I'm concerned in the only way that I'm supposed to be concerned which is them turning to God and in that light, his act is an immoral act done with the intention of inflicting emotional injury on another. I walk to the double bed on the left corner of the room beside the windowed wall adjoining the balcony and sit on it. Akhila is sitting on the chair in front of the table placed diagonally opposite to me near the door while the short fellow sits on the sofa at the back to my right slightly shifted to the other half as he's

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still doodling something on the notepad. A tall man walks in and Akhila begins to interact with him. They come walking to the tall wooden open balcony door in front of me. The man stands against the door as Akhila has him nailed to it and is working to remove his shirt. I get irked by her blatant display of immoral behavior and interject as she walks to the right and I see the thicker middle joint between two thinner white strips running horizontally across his chest visible through the few open buttons. I wonder why is he wearing female lingerie. I ask her to behave herself but she replies in an insulting manner. She walks out to the balcony along with the man as I shout at her: ***Class mein kuch samajh nahi aane ki aadat hai, isiliye aag lag jaati hai kya!?*** I see her side-view as she stands facing to the left in the narrow sunlit balcony outside and spot a round rough patch of skin on her left cheek. She repeats the word '***Aadat***' as she asks me to repeat what I said about the same in a covertly threatening tone. I feel fearful for a second but I say loudly again: ***Class mein kuch samajh nahi aane ki aadat hai, isiliye aag lag jaati hai kya!?*** And as I do so I walk back inside between the wall and the bed to go back to my seat. And when I turn back, I see someone short holding my thick magenta blanket up with extended arms spreading it like a sheet blocking my view in that direction, as he says: ***Bas ab tujhe koi nahi dekhega!*** I am still looking at the blanket and trying to catch sight of the one standing behind with raised horizontally extended arms when I wake up.

When in the dept

I'm walking towards the canteen alone when I say angrily as I'm provoked by the name: *What a cheap and disgusting car*, as I pass by a black XUV 700 parked on the right side of the entrance to the Multistorey Building and I see the upper half until the shoulders of the dusky man in black, this time dressed in a thick white sweatshirt as he shouts: ***Hate you, Kartika! Hate you!***

It's late evening and stuck with a program, not able to find the blockage or problem point inside though it's an easy program. And I've already spent more than an hour trying to find the problem and make it work. And then I'm also recalling the depth and intensity with which I used to feel things which I put aside to deal with people of the kind of the trio in order to give them the Word as I receive it and I see how I wasn't staying in that state which I used to stay in all the time previously. This also gets on my nerves and so when I hear an *Uff* near my ear, I get provoked by the shallow gesture and I grab my pencil and say that I was going to hit whoever was whispering around my ear right then, followed by the statement that anything could serve as a weapon, and it's then that I see a tiny framed vision of Prof TRS walking backwards into a dim dark background with blood oozing out of his eyes as he says: ***She's a killer. She's a killer.***

My behavior was invoked by the fact that the way I wasn't able to implement and bond in my way that came naturally to me and which held a lot of meaning and importance as it was rooted in giving importance to unseen things of true value wherein both parties preserve the sacred statutes of the bond and therefore maintain its sanctity. I see how a simple line from one of the songs I was hearing was felt in a much greater intensity and therefore it was also hard to go against the notion it carried. But now I didn't want to go into that space because I knew that I wouldn't be able to work with the people in that space as it wouldn't be perceived the way it's supposed to be due to their own lack of perception. But I had to work with a milder form that could be accepted and digested by them, much like giving mild medicine or explaining simple concepts before giving the strong medicine or explaining advanced concepts that require an in-depth understanding of other complex concepts. I

The Secret Place Revelations

see that I can go back to my previous state but it won't serve as a middle ground where I could work with others to give them the Word. As I realize this, I see how I am missing out on living my life with a perception I deem ideal and which I find meaningful, but have to work with a milder version of the same. And then I feel a sense of loss which makes me retaliate when the next time I hear an *Uff*.

- After a while, I hear in my spirit:

Aankhein phoot gayi uski Kartika. Aankhein phoot gayi!

Aankhein phoot gayi uski Kartika. Aankhein phoot gayi!

- The upper half of the fat and bald middle man until his shoulders in a white background as he says:
Sab kuch bhool gayi. Sab kuch bhool gayi.
- (Past week) ***Jaan bachi to laakhon paaye! Jaan bachi to laakhon paaye!***

After reaching my room

The name of the movie The Drunken Master gets highlighted in my spirit as I roughly recall some parts of it from memory. When I look it up, I find the full movie online and I begin to watch it and it reminds me of the dream this morning in which I was surrounded by water bottles around that apparently carried alcohol as the short fellow poured some from a thermal flask into its cap following which I began to hit him.

Following is the link to the full Hindi dubbed movie one can watch.

[DRUNKEN MASTER | Jackie Chan | Kung Fu | Movie Hindi Dubbed | Action Movie \(youtube.com\)](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JyfJyfJyfJy)

While watching the movie:

- The dusky man in black says: ***This is the company we need. This is the company we needed.***
- ***Why didn't I meet her before? Why didn't I meet her before?***
- ***Her way of teaching is so good. Her way of teaching is so good.*** But I'm not teaching anyone. I'm writing revelations and watching as things get highlighted in my spirit.
- As I was watching the end fight of the movie, I hear: ***It means that I'm going to die. It means that I'm going to die.***
- I also hear somewhere in between: ***Mercy Kartika, Mercy.***
- ***You've already won Kartika. You've already won.***
- After I'm done watching the movie, I see Nivedita Ma'am dressed in a white seamless, ankle-length, round-neck tunic with two angel wings at the back in a dark background as she says: ***Thankyou.***
- (Past week) ***Killer Bro. She's a killer.*** I've been hearing this for the past week.

March 8th

08 March 2024

13:18

Past Revelations

- (Past month) The upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket in the air looks down at me as he says that he doesn't regret spending any money on me.
- (Past month) ***We're in love with our teacher. We're in love with our teacher.***
- (Past few weeks) This vision has been repeating intermittently. The upper half of the dusky man in black above me tears apart the top of my head with a vicious countenance as he then begins to glom on my brain inside like a zombie.
- (Past two weeks) ***You can't be this pure, Kartika. You can't be this pure!***
- (Past week) The bald and fat middle man says to Glory: ***Ye ek bahut acchi ladki hai.***
- (March 6th, day) Adele dressed in her black Bold Existence attire stands in a dark background as she says that I'm writing things about my own demise which now reminds me of this revelation that has often repeated: ***She's going to die for doing this. She's going to die for doing this.***
- (March 6th, night) ***She's trying to help us by writing. She's trying to help us.***

March 7th

Day

- Death Conqueror and Akhila stand together in the air looking down at me as he abruptly hugs her from the side with her dressed in a light orange tunic. The vision repeats a few times during the day in the dept as well.
- As I'm having a light snack with my colleagues below the tin shed in front of The Royal Canteen, I hear: ***Sab ke sab marenge!***

(On whose head the sin would be counted on?)

Evening, In the Dept

- The chorus of the song 'Runaway' (by The Corrs) plays in my spirit.
The lady sings:
And I'll runaway.. And I'll runaway..

[Runaway - The Corrs \(Lyrics\)](#) 



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- As I'm listening to the song after several years, I hear: ***Pair kat gaye. Pair kat gaye.***
- As I'm turning my hair to one side as it gives me a sense of head massage and therefore relief, I hear in my spirit that Finneas likes it very much. I've been doing this since I began experiencing those convulsions inside my brain.

After reaching my room

- I see a small framed vision of the upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket in a dark background as he says in a pleading tone: ***Everyone is not like me. Everyone is not like me.***
- I feel this strong conviction that I don't want to be with anyone now because I'm not here to build romantic relationships with someone but to do the work of God and then I see myself giving a giant Jesus on one of my sides a high-five.
- As I'm watching the movie The Drunken Master, I hear: ***That's who she is. That's who she is.***

Post Midnight

- The side view of Miley Cyrus standing facing to the right on a stage dressed in a revealing attire made of thin diamond strips with a large gun studded with diamonds held on top of her left shoulder as she says: ***Don't worry. I'll kill him.***
- A thick white dandelion stem pushes forth into a wide floral cavity.
- After I'm done pooping, I place the toilet paper on top of the flush behind with a thud and then I hear: ***It's a warning, bro. It's a warning.***
- ***We've to leave her alone. We've to leave her alone.***

Before sleeping

- The small-framed vision of the upper half of a man in a light brown sleeveless armour half-turned away from the viewer to the right in a dark background as a small light brown missile lying on his left shoulder shoots ahead.
- ***Kartika I want all aspects of you. I want all aspects of you..*** It repeats a few times.
- The upper half of a dark brown Edward with spiky hair dressed in a white shirt tucked inside white pants in a dark background says that I've won his heart.
- I hear my supervisor's voice: ***Kartika you're extremely poor. That's why no one's taking you.***
- The semi-animated small-framed night vision of the parallel crowded view of city buildings as seen from a rooftop as a thick vertical pillar of smoke rises up into the sky from a large metallic funnel attached to one of the buildings on the left side of the vision.

I wake up from a dream and then after a while have the following vision.

- A small-framed vision of the trio standing together in a dim golden background with the dusky man in black standing in the middle holding a long wooden torch lit with fire at the end. He is dressed differently in this vision, in grey and black as he asks me with a sly smile: ***You love us..?*** It almost seems as if he's mocking me. Following this he extends the torch to my side to light me up.

The vision reminds me of the vision I had before sleeping in which I saw a thick cloud of smoke arise from a huge funnel at the top of a building.

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And as I was done writing the vision in which he threw that fire torch at me, I heard:

Aasmaan tera mera hua..

Khwaab ki tarah dhua dhua..

Aasmaan tera mera hua..

Khwaab ki tarak rua rua..

I tell God that I love them and also am able to say this time the cliché: ***God forgive them, for they know not what they do.*** And I consider it as an achievement. And that's the heart state that I want to have because that's God's ideal.

As I repeat inside me that I love them because I don't want to have a bitter heart or hatred inside before I die but I want to be Christ-like in nature, I see the vision of the fire torch crack into several thick pieces.

This Morning

My alarm is ringing for me to wake up and pray as it's my day to partake in the chain prayer from 6 to 7 am. Though my alarm is ringing, it's sliding right past my mind and I'm not able to discern it as a separate outside disturbance. I then see Einstein written on top of a blurry wavy multi-colored background with a white overtone on my phone's screen. This immediately wakes me up out of my dormancy and I immediately grab my phone lying to my right on the side table. After I've put off my alarm, I wonder if my immediate reaction to get to my phone was because I thought I was receiving a call from Einstein. And it makes me wonder if the thought of Einstein showing up on my phone excites me more than God showing up on it, and therefore if rationality and research are an idol for me. But then God is far greater than Einstein, but the beauty of His nature far surpasses our understanding and it's evident in how He has created the nature for us to relish.

I begin to pray while lying on my bed itself.

After I've woken up

- The fact that Esau sold his inheritance for a meal gets highlighted to me in the spirit, along with the fact that when he later wanted it back with tears, he couldn't get it back. This fact about Esau, the hairy brother of Jacob, has been being highlighted in my spirit for a few days. And when this incident from the Bible comes to me in the morning again, what I see is Death Conqueror standing in the air above in front of me dressed in a light blue shirt tucked inside navy blue pants as the vision then shifts a few meters to the right to Akhila who stands dressed in a light orange tunic with a huge thali of meal in front of her belly.

I'm in the Rickshaw on my way to the dept when I see:

- The upper half of Death Conqueror above me on my left as he says: ***You're not who you are. I'm who you are. You're not who you are. I'm who you are.***
- When I'm about to enter Gate No. 4 of the Science Faculty, I see Death Conqueror dressed in a grey jacket as he walks backwards in a dark background whispers in a quiet and gentle tone: ***Thanks for showing me the way.. Bye..***

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In the dept

My supervisor makes a mention of Founder's day being celebrated in Miranda House when she visits our lab because of which I happen to look up and watch the video on YouTube towards the end of which they acknowledge Abha Ma'am for everything who then says that the song the girls dressed in red and white sang was because it had begun playing inside her for some reason because of which they chose to perform the same. She then adds that it showed that the institution's imagination conformed with the country's. This disappointed me a bit as I said within myself to God: ***Lord, she doesn't believe me. They don't believe me. Lord, she doesn't believe anything.***

The part is around the time stamp of 1:59:07 in the video below.

[76 FOUNDER'S DAY Miranda house](#)



As I'm then walking towards the door for the discussion with my supervisor, I see her blurry upper half in a dark background as she says that she believes every single thing I have said. She says in a quiet and serious tone: ***I believe every single thing you've said. I believe every single thing you've said.***

During the discussion with my supervisor

I see a playback of the short fellow dressed in multilayered black contacting others to get cameras and plot 'revenge' as he's telling the dusky guy in black how I blocked him everywhere and his countenance clearly shows how it hurt his toxic male pride. The vision then shows him talking to some people to arrange cameras to send in my private space. The scenario repeats a few times as he tells them in a prideful tone how this woman blocked him and therefore needs to be *shown her place* by being humiliated publicly using the tiny spy cameras.

Post the discussion with my supervisor

My supervisor asks me more about my time with my brother in the hospital and what had happened that led me there. I explain briefly to her his condition of drug abuse which severely impacted him while it didn't cause a lot of harm to his friends and how it led to him attempting suicide. She then asks me if he had attempted so by cutting himself and I reply that it was by hanging himself with a (thin) rope which broke and thus he was saved. She gives me best wishes and as I'm leaving, having recalled my brother's situation, I also recall the vision I had received in Room D1 about Awadhesh

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Prasad. In that vision, I had seen his neck sever followed by the top view of him sitting on his chair as a moving white fan fell on top of him. I recall it as my brother had hung himself over a fan and it was during his initial recovery phase in the hospital that I had worked out the model within a span of few days. It makes me wonder if the fan revelation was God's judgment or warning spoken for Awadhesh Prasad as he caused problems in the publishing of my model that I formulated under difficult mental and emotional conditions. I had that revelation on April 12th the last year written under the heading *The Neck Slice* on Page 380.

Late evening

- As I walk towards my room after taking the room key from Vivek and having picked up my stuff from the dept, as I walk an awkward walk through the corridor, I hear: ***We've ruined the life of this woman. We've ruined the life of this woman.***

While resting

- A beaded necklace in a dark background with a cross at its end.
- I comment on how foolish the people of the land are as they can't wait until the time they have turned 18 to sleep with someone but they want or prefer to depend on their parents until a much later age because of some morally inferior reason. It's then that I hear that I said such an apt thing and won their hearts.
- I see the upper half of the dusky man in black as he says that he believes everything I've said. He then says sobbing with an open mouth that he wants to marry me. The vision of him making the statement repeats several times in my spirit.

Later, the song ***Show me the meaning of being lonely*** is highlighted to me as the chorus lyric plays in my spirit. And this part of the song reminds me of the vision of the beaded necklace from earlier during the evening.



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[Backstreet Boys - Show Me The Meaning Of Being Lonely](#)



March 9th

09 March 2024
02:52

Past Revelations

- (Past two months) The parallel view of the face of the dusky man in black hovering on top of my lower half as he looks at my pelvis from one side to the other in turns.
- (Past two months) Glory says: *Rula rula ke pyaar karunga! Rula rula ke pyaar karunga!*
- (Past two months) *Khyati ne mujhe bahut mara. Khyati ne mujhe bahut mara.*
- (Past week) The semi-animated view of the clean naked lower half of a lady in a dark background revealing only her thighs in the shape resembling an apple or an onion.

7th March

- (Day) As I'm sitting working on Jema's seat, I hear: ***We need to marry her to sleep with her. We'll have to marry her to sleep with her.*** It seems that the person has figured out the equation.
- (Evening) The upper half of the dusky man in black dressed in a white sweatshirt in a dark background as he asks firmly: ***Can we kiss you? Can we kiss you, Kartika? Can we kiss you? Can we kiss you, Kartika?*** I hear it for a while.

Late Post Midnight

I'm recalling the words said to me by my supervisor where she said that the degree would help *me*. Towards the end of our discussion, she said that many people needed my help. When I reach my room, I think about her words and then say how I spend 4-5 days a week writing here which is a part of spiritual warfare done to spread the gospel and minister to the hearts of people while I only work two or so days in a week towards my PhD, I see some of my professors look at me with red love hearts in front of their eyes. I recall my supervisor and Prof. Debajyoti Chaudhary looking at me with red love hearts in front of their eyes.

Morning

- My supervisor sits on her chair in her office facing her desktop as she puts a red stamp with **Rejected** written within a circle on my forehead.

The lady sings:

- ***Can love me better. I can love me better! Can love me better. I can love me better!***

Ref: [Miley Cyrus - Flowers \(Lyrics\)](#)



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- The bottom view of the dusky man in black dressed in grey and black as he throws down the wooden fire torch at me.

While having brunch

- As I think about Death Conqueror and Akhila, I ask God within myself about what lies further ahead for Death Conqueror beyond his union with Akhila or if she was an apt person for him, and then I hear: ***He got what he deserved. Let him go.***
- I'm also talking about how while discussing with my supervisor yesterday evening, she made the point that if a student was ok with pursuing a PhD without any funds from the University wherein his parents were ready to support him financially, then he should be allowed to pursue it solely based on his equation with the supervisor who interviewed him. I exemplify to her how the same could be carried out in the profession of teaching wherein if a person was ready to teach in a college without being paid solely based on her equation with the principal and the HOD who interviewed her, then she should be allowed to teach as it would add to her CV in a similar way the PhD without funds would add. Later in the evening, the discussion reminded me of the previous revelation I had on Feb 25th in which I had seen Abha Ma'am repeat: ***I'll take you without an interview.***

And then I make the point that though I'm managing my PhD work sideways, it doesn't mean that God is still not working through me to call people to Him. Because, though I was sitting with my supervisor last evening, the discussion led to the revelation I had about two weeks back to come to life and therefore worked as a confirming tool and ministered to the heart of the people involved to draw them to God.

It goes hand in hand with the following video released by Sis Adele.

[The Difference between the Power of the Gospel and Miracles](#)



While resting, as I kept falling asleep intermittently, I had the following revelations.

- I see the upper half of me putting a white floral garland each around the necks of the trio followed by putting a long vertical red tika on their foreheads with an additional smaller horizontal line near the top thus making a cross on their foreheads as they stand in front of me in an arc. They're then shown to be wearing cream Sehras on their heads with creamish floral garlands hanging down. I stop at this moment as I become wary of not partaking in pagan practices. The follow-up visions show all three of them having the moustached face of my dad. As I wrote the last sentence, I saw the upper half of Glory in a black t-shirt pointing to himself with a touched expression.

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- I see a deep red zone extending out of me as it gets brushed on the faces of the trio, beginning with the dusky man in black.
- ***Don't tell us that you love us. Don't tell us that you're loving us.***
- I wrap a white towel on the naked body of the dusky man in black covering him from bottom to top as he stands in a dark background.
- In the follow-up vision, I wrap the towel on the face first of the dusky man with the other end of the towel covering a part of his lower half. I then begin to wrap the white towel on the rest of his body covering him from head to toe. The end product is a thick towel wrap resembling a mummy who is too cute to hold. I wrap a white towel around the other two men as well covering them from head to toe. (***This is the best we can get from her. This is the best we can get from her.***)
- I wrap a thick white towel around the naked self of the dusky man in black as he stands with his arms stretched up sideways making a Y. I wrap him in that white towel from toe to head as he stands with red love hearts in front of his eyes in a dark background, wrapping the white towel tightly around the arms stretched upwards covering him until the end of his hands. The white wrap looks so cute with the person fully covered and nothing of him visible to an outside eye.
- I place the cocoon-like structure on the floor. I then wrap Death Conqueror standing with outstretched arms with red love hearts in front of his eyes until the top of his head as his arms are squeezed up together within the towel thus making another cocoon.
- I wrap a white towel around Raju from the trio in a similar way as he stands with his arms stretched sideways upwards with red love hearts in front of his eyes, covering him thickly from bottom to top making yet another cocoon. I place it along with the other two cocoons. I then see the dark floor getting filled with cocoons of men wrapped fully in white towels as they form a heap.

I fall asleep briefly and have the following dream.

- I am holding a white male tunic with a round-collared neck in my hand. Apparently, it belongs to the trio and I'm feeling resentful towards them for what they did as I walk to the right holding it. I place it on the single bed lying against the right wall with the view of the open corridor exit with a patterned floor in front of me. I begin to tear its seam around the top. I've to pull the cloth really hard to sever the seam. I'm doing this out of my anger towards the actions of the trio. (***Sorry that we did this to you. Sorry that we did this to you.***) I continue to pull that tunic apart strongly around the inch-wide seam and I need to pull it hard to detatch it from the rest of the tunic. When I've completed a full round, I hold the detached part of the tunic in my hands which looks its arm as I put it aside on the single bed.
- My hand is placed on top of the hand of the dusky man in black as it's placed on my lower belly and is reaching down towards my groin while I'm trying to resist. As it reaches the groin, he grabs it around the edges as one of the fingers pulls up the top center skin after which I pull his hand out.
- As he stands in front of me, I cover his mouth tightly with something to stop him from kissing me as he manages to mince out: ***I can't breathe.***
- It is followed by me wrapping a white towel around him again as I am encouraging him to not sin.
- The back view of a naked woman bent low forward away from the direction of the viewer with the dusky man in black standing behind her as he places his erect genitalia on top of her b*tthole and inserts it inside.

The Secret Place Revelations

- A hand holding a pen with a few mm long thin cylindrical tip writes my name Kartika on top of the center of my strong pp. The vision repeats a few times.
- The upper half of Delhi CM AKej. holding a tiny few mms wide leaf-shaped MorPankh by its 4-5 cms long thin stem with his fingers as he brushes it lightly against my strong pp.
- A semi-animated night parallel view of an ocean with the water surface moving in light waves with Thoughts written in bold white on the night sky above the silently moving water.
- A clean-shaven Brad Pitt with a protruding jaw sits on the sidewalk of a road in daylight dressed in a loose printed white t-shirt over blue denims.

While bathing

The upper half of the dusky man in a white sweatshirt near the ceiling as he looks down and joyfully says:

***You know how we think? You know how we think?
She knows how we think. She knows how we think.***

After bathing

- Glory says that he's coming to kill me. The vision repeats. He's saying so because apparently, I'm of no use now.
- As I sit tired on my bed, He says: ***Ab tu kisi kaam ki nhi hai Kartika. I've to kill you.***

Sometime after getting up from the rest:

- Death Conqueror looks down at me from above in the air with an overjoyed expression as he gestures the kind of women he likes by moving his hands in an hourglass shape and referring to a shiny sparkling look.

Late Night

- Miley Cyrus stands dressed in a loose boxy unbuttoned orange shirt wearing a black thick and wide shoulderless crop top over black shorts.

March 10th

10 March 2024

01:46

Dream 2 (Morning of 5th March):

I stand behind a slab with a thin pile of Rs 500 notes (dormant cash) lying on it. I've placed it there to intermittently take money from whenever I am short of functional cash in my wallet. The counter consists of a white slab across the room. As I stand behind the slab, I see a double bed lying at some distance ahead inside the white room. My mom and dad are present with me in the room as well and they don't seem to be quite happy with me for some reason. So I know that I've to leave the shared space quickly. My dad is dressed in a navy blue tunic and is wearing a turban though he's not a Punjabi. I grab my cash and as I walk past the bed and look back, I see my dad lying on the right side of the bed with my mom lying on her left side facing him with about less than a meter of distance between them. He is lying with open thighs with folded legs on the bed and he's looking weird.

As I wrote the above, I saw Glory in a grey jacket standing in the corridor outside with filled eyes as he said sobbing to me: ***I've betrayed you in more than one way. I've betrayed you in more than one way.***

The dream continued: After I've left the room to find safety away from them, I now find myself walking in the school corridor on the left of the Principal's office in the junior wing of my hometown school. It has a row of rooms to my left while the right side of it is open and exits into a huge middle square. As I reach its end, I find that the room at the corridor's end is being used as a restaurant. Around this part of the dream, I find myself enraged at Death Conqueror for doing what he did. So, I know that if I see him somewhere, I am going to begin hitting him. For some weird reason, I am expecting him to be present in that restaurant with Akhila. I look inside and see the room lightly filled with dim golden light with some round tables for two present inside. At the left corner of the room, I spot them sitting at one of the round tables and as soon as I see Death Conqueror, I rush inside to hit him. Akhila doesn't enrage me but I get provoked by the sight of the short fellow. He sees me marching to him before I am close enough to get a hold of him, and therefore he leaves his spot and rushes to the right crossing by the middle row of benches to the other side. This is when I find that the restaurant room is half classroom. I too rush to that side but the few people sitting on the benches obstruct my path. I cross over and continue to run after him as he leaves the room and runs back through the corridor going to the first floor until the end of the corridor perpendicular to the corridor of the restaurant room. He enters into the last room at the left end of the corridor. I follow along and find an open hall with a few things lying around. I spot the side of his dark brown arm as he's hiding behind a white pillar to the entrance's right. When I run to that pillar, I find that he's no longer there but has managed to call a few people to his rescue while being in hiding who have already arrived in that space. Instead of attacking me, they move to the right in front of me and as I watch them, I know that I've to leave and as I'm moving to the left away from them while they sit at the roof's edge, in front of me facing the building, I spot the roof of the building I had seen some people exit to through the door in the dream that I wrote the first thing on the March 5th Page. It's at a lower level than my school's floor and resembles the roof of our rented home at Rughal.

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Saini's in my hometown Pundri. I see Death Conqueror present on that roof as he enters into the building through the door. I jump move to the roof and enter in through the door as well as those men whom he called are after me. I rush downstairs and when I reach the end, I find myself standing in front of an open door that exits into a perpendicular corridor as I find a tall man standing outside. By this time, I've lost track of Death Conqueror and I now take a left along the corridor which exits into a wider space with some people present there as I stop by and interact with them.

As I mention the name of my hometown Pundri, I recall that it's a pagan Teerthasthal. (Edit on 15th March: After looking it up a few days later, I find out it's known for its relation with the Hindu religious text Mahabharata and not Ramayana, the story of which is engraved on one side of the walls running through the market area.) And I also recall that it is famous for its round white sweet called Firni.

Part of a dream (March 5th): As I walk out of a room, I see a lady walk by, dressed in a light-colored tunic set. She has her long and thick light brownish hair tied low at the back by a scrunchie. I need to visit the bank to get a chore done. I find myself walking in the corridor some distance behind on the left side of the Principal's office of the junior wing of my school again. Just like the previous dream, the bank lies at the end of the corridor. This time there's no restaurant but a bank present inside the room near the end of the corridor. It's also the first room at the entrance of the corridor as one walks towards it coming from the Principal's office. The room is lit with white light and when I look inside, I find bank furniture and papers lying around on the tables but no one is present inside. So I leave the room behind and walk forward and as I take some steps ahead I walk into an open area with a few pillars present around. On the left end of the small square Verandah, I spot the bank lady dressed in a V-neck red cardigan on top of a white shirt and trousers sitting on the lap of a person dressed in white behind with their right sides leaning against the pillar on that side and their back towards me and their legs hanging down the elevated area. She has straight black hair of length about a foot below her shoulders. They're having a love-filled lone time together leaving the bank open and unattended. I walk to them to ask her about the status of the bank as I need to get a chore done. She tells me something that tells me that it's not going to be functioning any sooner that day because of some weird reason. As I am still standing to the right of the pillar with the duo leaning against the left side of it, I happen to look to my right and I see the wide soiled road I had exited out on from a room at the beginning of this part of the dream, and this time I see the lady in the light blue tunic set from the beginning of this part of the dream walk forward to the right with her back towards me into that room with her low-tied long light brownish hair now reaching until the floor. Apparently, her thick light brown hair grew to ankle length in the meantime.

Dream (Today morning):

I enter a room lit with natural light and to my right is a kitchen slab where I find my mom putting oil to burn in a vessel. She begins to fry poories and chopped pieces of potato and cauliflower. She is turning the poories and other stuff in the oil with bare fingers though the oil is burning hot and she doesn't seem to be affected by the same. It makes me worried and as I'm eating a few pakora pieces she fried, I ask her if I should bring her a spatula to use for turning and she says yes. I walk behind her and from the steel utensil holder get two spatulas for her to choose from as she finds better. She chooses one and finishes frying the pakoras. I see that she has kept the fried potato and cauliflower

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inside an aluminium boiling pan filled only by a few inches as she slides it to the left end of the slab. She walks backwards into the room behind her with her fingers still drenched in oil as I accompany her. Crossing the bed to our right, we walk straight to the left corner of the room where lies a small slab sectioned between the adjacent wall to its right and the wardrobe to its left. My mom finds something - a cloth or tissue - to wipe her hands with. Her fingers are perhaps burnt as she says it will take a while for them to heal as we are walking back through the narrow passage between the bed and the wardrobe. I find myself wondering why she chose to turn poories through hot oil in the first place and not use the spatula.

As I get up from the bed, I see Jesus dressed in multilayered ankle-length white attire hit the top of my head with a long steel rod as He repeats: ***Shabash! Shabash!***

Past Revelations

- (Past few months) An about 1 to 2-inch diameter wide cylindrical pipe embedded in the wall above the left end of my table near the ceiling to the right of the end of the kitchen corridor. The pipe protrudes out by an inch or two as two cracks can be seen around its surface outside the wall.
- (Past three months) As I was writing the dream in which I entered an apartment full of middle-class people dressed in tunic sets, and was writing the part where a lady asked another lady to make tea for the crowd while I was looking for Glory, I had the following vision. I saw the old man with a grey and spiky bald head whom I had met in the apartment I visited when I was in A-16 sitting in front of me to my right dressed in his usual attire of a half-sleeved vest over pajamas as he fed me roti with yellow shit placed on it, one bite after the other.
- ***Teri wife ek nihayati gwaar aur nikhattu insaan hai.***
- (Past two months) ***She wasn't supposed to fall in love with us. She wasn't supposed to fall in love with us.***
- (Past week) As I'm watching the movie Tumhare Siva during the past week, I see the zoomed-in face of the fat and bald middle man in a white background as he says: ***Paplu bana diya. Paplu bana diya.*** If someone got fooled, Meera used to jokingly refer to that as having been made a *Paplu*. (After deceiving me, she would often say to me: *Paplu ban gayi. Paplu ban gayi.*)
- (Past week) A small framed vision of Richa Chadha sitting in a light blue convertible with her husband as he says looking in my direction that though he is married to Richa Chadha, his heart is with me.
- (Past week) The trio stands together in my room and asks if I would give them a kiss. I drop a light kiss at the lips of all three in a line. This reminds me of what Walter told Meera once. That he could drop a brief light kiss on the lips of his adult daughter without carrying a sexual undertone. So, in the same light, I drop a kiss at the lips of the trio beginning with the dusky man in black. As I wrote the last sentence, I saw the upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket facing to the left as he said to the dusky fellow: ***You became her favourite. You became her favourite.***
- (Past week) As I stand in the small balcony area, I see the upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket some meters behind me above as he shouts at me with hatred that they could never be with someone like me!
- (Past week) ***Phatne waali hai. Phatne waali hai!***

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- (Past few days) I hold the feet around the ankle of RS and KA lying together on a white surface with both of them being dressed in a white suit as I say that I'll not let them be lost in hell.
- (Past few days) Glory dressed in a grey jacket over trousers slides down into a tissue tunnel.
- (Past few days) Hindu God Shiva stands beside a fire in a wide empty dark field as he looks at me (the viewer) and says that I can or will never worship him or be with him because I belong to Jesus. He then says that he has his own crowd of followers as they can be now seen on the horizon behind him as they're walking towards him.

Yesterday

- My dad hits the back of my head viciously with a long black rod. The vision repeats on different occasions.
- While resting, as I lie in bed and sense a drone moving on top of my left breast, I see the face of the dusky man in black to my right as he shoos it away while saying: **Take it out or she'll die.** He repeats it a few times.
- He is then asking him to take the drones out of my head so I can be at peace.
- The bottom view of Death Conqueror in a white tunic set throwing down a translucent red drape on the person below with a rude countenance as he says: **Ye le! Ja!** Followed by him turning his back to my side with a jump as poop begins to come out through his tunic and falls down.
- A small-framed vision of me standing in a light background as I've the trio grabbed in my arms as they stand with bent upper halves just managing to fit into my grasp. (Glory says pointing at me with a sobbing countenance: **Ye marne waali hai!**)
- The paid professional killer from The Drunken Master who was given the task to kill Freddy's dad is pulled out and thrown back away into an open ground.

As I am moving around in the room late evening, I see the upper half until shoulders of the dusky man in a white sweatshirt above me on my right as he repeated in a suggestive tone: **You're in lust with me. You're in lust with me.**

After I get tea from Sharma Hunger Point in the evening:

- The stubbled face of RS with neck-length straight hair in a dark background as he says: **Bahut lalchi hai! Bahut lalchi hai!**

At the same time, I also happen to think about why I never went into a relationship with a guy and go into explaining how I thought which led to me living in a certain way.

The Ideal

I speak about how I was looking for mental compatibility first followed by a continued consistent sense of bonding similar to mine. Ideally, I wanted someone who just like me had refrained from casual flings and I wanted to be the first person to the person in question as he would be the first person for me to get into a bond with a consistent sense of love. I didn't want someone with a baggage of several past relationships behind in the past because it would mean they carried a casual

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attitude towards the important things of life, and that their bonds failed or ended because of a lack of integrity or character at either end or because it wasn't deemed as something important enough to hold on to – which is not how I thought. I wanted someone who would fit well with my expected ideal. Though I knew that the condition of me being the first person for them was hard to be met because of the prevalent culture, I reasoned that if I could exit in such a culture keeping myself separate, so could others as well but they chose not to and rather chose to live by their degraded way of thinking. And I rejected such people involuntarily or didn't feel drawn towards them. I was looking or waiting for the right person to come across, who would go well with my ideal view of reality as that would bring me happiness. I just couldn't have any casual fling because if I was in, I would be *all* in and it would be a concrete thing for me to look forward to and not something casual to fool around with or pass my time with. And I could easily spot the ones with an ignorant casual attitude towards life as their inner countenances reflected on their faces looked just like the environment around and one could tell that they didn't have any specific things they believed in but rather would go with anything. While a person who was separate from the environment could be spotted distinctly because of the very much apparent presence of invisible demarcating walls around them that encapsulate their persona within which they contain themselves. And the walls aren't present out of some religious belief one follows but are erected because of an innate understanding of how things are to be pursued to go along which with the walls emerge by themselves.

The lady sings:

Talk to myself for hours..

Say things you don't understand..

Ref: Flowers by Miley Cyrus

And then I speak about how Jesus fulfilled that ideal.

The upper half until the shoulders of the dusky man in a white sweatshirt above me as he looks down and says:

Why did you speak this in front of us? Why did you this to tell us, Kartika? Why did you tell us this?

After I've spoken out my ideal and how Jesus fulfills that I see him now saying with a pitiful expression: ***Lalchi nahi hai! Bahut acchi hai! Lalchi nahi hai! Bahut acchi hai!***

As I sit in bed writing revelations again, I now see the upper half of the dusky man in a white sweatshirt in the air as he looks down at me with slightly filled eyes and says with a pitiful expression: ***You're in love with me. You're in love with me.***

The Apriori Condition

As I'm sitting in bed, I speak out the condition that needs to be met apriori before going to bed with someone. The condition is to first have a sense of mutual continued committed love bond without which one shouldn't even think of having a physical bond with that person. (Of course the bond has to be captured within a covenant.)

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As I make the remark, I see Sanjay Sir standing on my right side in the center of my room as he looks at me smiling with filled eyes.

As I am later relaxing playing the online keyboard while making mistakes and learning the song that I am trying to play, I see a blurry upper half until the shoulders of Death Conqueror as he says: ***When'll she accept that she can't play? When'll she understand that she can't play?***

As I receive the revelation, I look at the fault in the way he thinks.

Today

After returning from getting tea from the Sharmaji Hunger Point in the afternoon, I happen to say something and then I hear: ***We disgust you Kartika? We disgust you?***

- It is followed by the vision of the naked dusky man in black joyfully bending his upper half slightly backwards as his unusually larger genitalia flowing through the air ejects out a thick stream of semen. He does so intentionally to mock my disgust.
- The back view of my dark dad walking through the corridor of my room's floor holding the little me in his hands as he enters into my room. He is dressed in a white vest tucked inside white pajamas. Behind him can be seen following two shorter and lighter Glorys with their faces tilted slightly to a side as they walk through the corridor dressed in boxy off-white shirts.

When I lay down to rest for about half an hour, I have the following revelations.

- A small-framed vision of Mahatma Gandhi wrapped in a white cotton cloth sitting facing the viewer on the left side of a golden water body as he moves his hand through the water and throws it in the viewer's direction. He then moves his hand through the still water body strongly enough where the splashed water reaches my face.
- My chair standing facing my bed to its right as a lady's leg covered with a long dark brown skirt with laser cut design around the end reaches to it from its left and places the foot on its arm.
- The upper half of Delhi CM AKej. inside a huge orange pumpkin with its partly sliced top hanging to the left through which his head protrudes upwards as his upper half until shoulders dressed in a finely checkered shirt is visible while he stands behind a wooden podium and speaks into a mic: ***Ye randi nahi hai ji. Ye sabko sahi rasta dikhati hai.***
- **Dream:** I'm sitting inside a tempo on a long journey. The driver asks us to move by a bit or change my position to facilitate her driving though she's sitting alone ahead. I see her dressed in a tunic set with her upper half wrapped in a light brown shawl. She reminds me of the lady who in my early Project and PhD days I had come across in the E-Rickshaw line on the Chhatra Marg outside Vishwavidyalaya metro station. She had just begun to drive an E-Rickshaw and once I had seen her sitting in the driver's seat with her little toddlers beside her as she waited for her Rickshaw to fill in. Though it wasn't always that I found her with her children, they were indeed there once or twice. For some reason, she chose to drive an E-Rickshaw to sustain herself. As I'm wondering in the dream if it's the same lady from the Metro, I wake up.

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- The fat and bald middle man dressed in a dark brown t-shirt stands facing to the right with filled eyes in a white background as he says in a quiet and gentle tone: ***Ye log isse pyaar karte hai. Ye log isse pyaar karte hai.***
- After a while, I see him saying: ***Pitt gayi. Pitt gayi.***

Evening

- As I'm having Honey Chilli Potato, I hear: ***B*tch is in love with us. B*tch is in love with us.***
- As I'm walking out of my room to do some chore, I see the face of Debajyoti Sir until his shoulders dressed in an off-white tunic as he asks me: ***You're Miss Ho!? You're Miss Ho!?***

I get the vision in response to me referring to myself as Miss Ho – the last of the 8 drunken masters – as I'm mimicking the actor's voice delivery of Miss Ho and saying out the things he said while fighting using her technique.

I repeat the following dialogues in a high pitched voice similar to the movie's:

Aayi bala ko makeup laga deti hu..

Sunder baba ter muh kala..

And I make the point about how the phrase Miss Ho actually means: *Miss You are* (You're unmarried), and though it seems to rhyme with the phrase, it doesn't imply *Miss Whore*.

The part beginning at the time stamp 1:47:07 marks the beginning of the actor's portrayal of Miss Ho:

[DRUNKEN MASTER | Jackie Chan | Kung Fu | Movie Hindi Dubbed | Action Movie - YouTube](#)

Night

As I'm done talking about how Akhila is a gullible person who can be turned to any direction by a man she has without any sound discretion chosen to follow as she doesn't take an independent stance for what's right, and how the actions, mind, or the moral countenance of Death Conqueror dictate *her* journey as well for she easily obeys him and is willing to do or say anything he tells her regardless of its moral stance, I continue to edit the first dream above, and it's then that I hear:

We only want to f*ck you. We'll leave you after that.

March 11th

11 March 2024

00:17

Revelations before sleeping last night

- I lie in my bed on my left side when I see a front parallel view of me lying in the bed in the same posture, but only in the vision I consist of cash notes. I am composed of several white cash notes printed in grey loosely connected with open ends to form the shape of a human as Death Conqueror rejoices splashing the cash around.
- I then think of the Dusky man in black and now see my figure composed of gold coins of about 2-inch diameter that form even the shape of my protruding belly. I am composed in and out of gold coins with diamonds forming two conical protrusions around my breasts and groin.
- I think of Raaju and see deep red love hearts all over my body. In this vision, I see my figure consisting of patches of deep red love hearts with a watery shine stuck together in the shape of a human figure.

Dream (Morning):

I'm in a class making notes of what's being taught. But I find myself lagging behind. I've only been able to write some key headings of a list the teacher taught without being able to write related full explanations. I have the headings written in blue ink and a blank space left below to fill in later on my lined register. I find the classroom to be the back open verandah of the first floor of Rugha Saini's home where I find myself seated on a matted floor with others while the teacher stands and teaches. After the class, we all stand and I find that it's time to have lunch together. The arrangement is made under the covered space to the right of the open verandah. I manage to get two loaves of brown bread but I need to get something more to eat them with. It's crowded and therefore hard to secure things though I see others walking around who have managed to get their plates full of food. My short-heighted, lean and thin, dark-complexioned friend Monica with black hair tied in a mid-levelled pony at the back tells me that she is going to get me a cake on my birthday which is approaching near and would be here not long after the present. She asks me to give her my two loaves of bread under the pretext that she would bring me something more to eat along with the bread but after walking around a bit she sits by a window on the left side facing one of her other friends and putting them inside a small steel cylindrical milk vessel carrying cooked veg inside, eats up my bread as I try to interject and ask her about her words. But she ignores me and continues eating while interacting with the person in front of her. At the same time, I am aware of the presence of live cameras around me and know that even those people watched what she did. As I'm watching her quickly eat up my bread held in her hand inside the steel vessel, I spot a tall man dressed in a white shirt with silvery lines untucked over pants pass by on a bicycle saying out the phrase Birthday Cake as he turns to the right away to the narrow concrete road between the tall bushes. He's a messenger sent to remind me of what Monica had said before she took my bread loaves and is mocking me indirectly about the same. I'm then back to my home and find my mom and dad there. Interestingly, the home is present in place of an Ashram present on the left side of the street that goes to Nupur's home in my hometown. I am looking at my incomplete notes I need

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to fill in the blanks of. It's the next day perhaps and I iron two of my dad's shirts and leave them on the bed itself. They are plain and light cotton shirts of light parrot green and light orange colors. I've to get ready and leave for my institution. I'm running short on time. I just need to wear something thick (holy) on top before leaving. I feel the need to pee and seeing one of the washrooms already being occupied, walking through the narrow passage between the wall with the dark brown washroom doors and the double bed, I enter into the Indian Style toilet at the end of the wall. It's lit with white natural light when I've already used it and am pulling my trousers up, I hear my mom asking me why I chose to use the Indian-style toilet. I tell her that I was in a hurry and short on time before I left for my institution, and then I've to get ready as well. When I'm out, as I look for something to wear to my class, I choose a thick orange sweatshirt to wear on top of what I'm already wearing. I'm now almost ready to leave but haven't brushed yet. I leave my home with my toothbrush and am now back at a wide metallic counter built perpendicular to the right wall inside what looks like a Metro station. I've been to this place before several times but this time I'm here to buy a bottle of water to brush my teeth. I don't know why I didn't brush at home. I ask the lady behind the counter for a water bottle. She is a short heighted beige lady and has a long face with her hair tied low at the back. She hands me out a 1 Liter Bisleri. I begin to brush there itself and sit down in front of the wall with an inch or so deep square depression on the floor slanting down to the left to below the counter into the drain. I am able to brush comfortably but then I feel someone brush against my arm and as I look up I see a thin and spiky bald man of medium stature dressed in a sweater over a full-sleeved shirt tucked inside pants standing beside two women to his left as they all face the counter away from me. I nudge at the man to get aside by a bit and give me some space so I can brush comfortably. I am now done brushing teeth and need to now clean my tongue. I miss having my tongue cleaner as it does a better job with less effort. I don't want to use my brush on my excessively coated tongue. As I'm wondering how am I going to manage cleaning tongue when I see myself already using my copper tongue cleaner to swipe clean my tongue. In just a few strokes made in one attempt before I water wash my mouth, it's able to collect and get rid of almost the entire coat. It leaves me confused as in how did I get the tongue cleaner in my hands when a while back I was wondering if I should've taken it along with me but didn't as I didn't want to increase the load that I had to carry. I'm looking down at the excess coat on the dark cemented floor and am feeling glad that I was miraculously able to use my tongue cleaner and it's then that I wake up.

When I wake up, I have the following lyrics play in my spirit.

Duniya mein koi na de sakta vo pyaar
Jo tune diya Yeshu mujhe saccha pyaar..
Jab dil toota tune thama mera haath..
Mera saccha saathi tu mera saugat..

The lines begin playing in my spirit after I wake up with the lines in bold being highlighted.

Duniya mein koi na de sakta vo pyaar
Jo tune diya Yeshu mujhe saccha pyaar..
Jab dil toota tune thama mera haath..
Mera saccha saathi tu mera saugat..

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Ref: [Yeshu Tera Dhanyawad \(Official Video\) Shawn & Shanon | New Hindi Christian Song | Yeshu Ke Geet](#)



Word by Sis Adele this day:

[Prophetic Word - I Am Your Comforter](#)



- The upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket in a dim golden surrounding looks down at me with unblinking eyes as he says: ***We're fools Kartika in your eyes!***

After I'm done writing the above, as I get up and walk out to get tea, I hear:

***She's telling us that we're going to die. She's telling us that we're going to die.
We're going to die. That's what she's telling us.***

- Death Conqueror says: ***I need to die to make things right. I need to die to make things right.*** It repeats a few times.

This reminds me of the following vision I had on 26th August last year on Page 514:

'I saw Death Conqueror standing along with two more men in a well-lit environment, where all three were dressed in white astronaut suits, as he talked with them with his round and transparent helmet held in his hand. After a while, more people joined the group of three.'

Also, I happen to look up the movie 300 and I recall how it was my favourite until 12th class along with Kill Bill and they gained the status of being my favourite since the first time I watched them.

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As I'm watching the scenes from the movie 300, I come across the Persian king Xerxes who thought of himself as some divine God and see him laden with a lot of metallic jewellery meant for self-glorification. And this reminds me of the following part of a dream I had within the past few days.

Part of a Dream (Edited/Completed on 15th March)

I stand in the corridor present at some distance behind to the left of the Principal's office of the junior wing of my school in my hometown. I stand by the door of one of the rooms near its end. It has a row of classrooms on one side while a huge common square ground on the other as I stand facing along the direction of the entrance of the Principal's office to my left hidden by the building. I see a beige, round-faced lady with her hair tied at the back dressed in a dull high-neck sweater with a long beige overcoat on top. To my amusement, she is wearing several thick round metallic ring chokers with different around her neck that fill a great part of her throat. It looks quite vain to me as I think why would she wear those 3-4 metallic rings around her neck? As I interact with her, the metallic rings seem to me hard to look at and in my eyes, it's clearly an unnecessary ornamental addition to one's body. She's looking weird. I think of altering the color scheme of her clothes so she doesn't look too dull. I have her remove her overcoat revealing the red arms of her sweater worn below the half-sleeved dull sweater. Though the metal rings are still ruining her look, the color scheme looks a bit more vibrant and she doesn't look unholy either because the sweaters are thick woolen ones worn over trousers that go well along with the upper half.

(Looking at Xerxes in the 300 movie's video who's wearing several metallic rings around his neck is what makes me recall the lady with those metallic rings stifling her neck.)

- Leonidas from 300 in his red battle drape holding his shield and spear shouts looking at me.
- Leonidas in his former attire looks at me with sobbing filled eyes.
- Spears pierce inside out through the eyes of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket as he is looking down at me from above in front of me.
- The bottom view of Xerxes on my right side as he comes down at my head viciously with a giant axe.
- My dad sits with vertically folded knees on the floor as he says to me in a pleading tone: ***Bete meri jaan bach gayi. Bete teri wajah se meri jaan bach gayi. Bete meri jaan bach gayi.*** The vision repeats a few times.
- I see Debajyoti Sir (current HOD of my dept) dressed in an off-white tunic in a navy blue background as he says:
She's not a whore Nandini. She's not a whore Nandini.
- ***We've to kill her for being this wicked smart.***
- Akhila stands above in the air in a dark background looking down at me as she looks fearful and looking to the left says to someone present there: ***We're in danger. We're in danger.***

I say that I'm not fearful of anything because what can these people do more than killing to me, and then I see

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- An almost naked Xerxes above me walks backwards in the air losing his balance with burst eyes.

[Final 300 battle scene, Gareth Ashworth \(music\)](#)



While having the spicy yellow rice:

We need her. We need her to tell us stuff.

We can't kill her. If we kill her, we kill ourselves. If we kill her, we kill ourselves. It repeats for a while.

While having the meal, I'm also thinking about the movie 300 and how it pertains to my situation in a direct or reflected way because I don't want to be a part of the Persian army but a part of the Spartans.

- The left side top view of a cauliflower-like structure with uniform intermittent 1-2 inches of empty spaces as its surface is covered with a reddish hue. The reddish-white patches also resemble a slightly bloodied and flattened surface of a brain meeting below via several thin dark brown branches. It looks like a tree with a concave top consisting of reddish patches of the surface of a flattened brain.
- A white wall with a silvery sparkle with a vertical rectangular hollow frame protruding out of it as a brown vase with a round lower half and a round handle at the left sits inside the frame.
- A semi-animated vision of a greyish outline of **Billie**'s face in a white background facing mine as I lie on my left side. She calls me cheap followed by the side-view of her outlined face facing to the left sipping on something with a long white straw. As the vision moves downwards, the other end of the straw turns out to be placed on my strong pp.
- I hear: **Love. Love.**
- The dusky man in black says: **I can feel her love. I can feel her love.** Repeats for a while.

I suddenly get disheartened as I think about how I don't want a husband who has stripped me publicly. I fall into a depressive state and I feel like not wanting to have anything to do with the trio. But I know that if the cameras disappeared, I may fall into a stronger depressive state because I would be left all alone or I may recover better because of my undivided focus on God. I stay in this sad state as I think about the extent of the betrayal and as I feel a blow of air, I tell then drones to be away before taking a turn to the right. I then see Glory in front of me as he looks at me with a bent

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upper half and asks me what suddenly happened to me for didn't I love the trio? He repeats the statement with an inquisitive and surprised expression.

- The dusky man in black says:

I know we should die. I know we should die.

- As I'm sitting on my laptop, I see the vision of the upper half of Diana in her light brown training attire in a pose ready to fight.

- A male's narrative voice says:

And for the first time, their bones trembled with fear.

- The front view of Diana in her brown training attire in the green grassy background from the training scene as she's fighting another one of amazons as a part of her training.

[Training of Diana Prince | Wonder Woman \[+Subtitles\]](#)



While writing the previous vision, I saw:

- A semi-animated vision of the middle right side parallel view of a young girl dressed in a loose white tunic as she sits on folded knees with her face bent down and covered with both her hands as she cries in front of Jesus in front of her, dressed in multilayered ankle-length white in the background of dark brown walls and says: ***They ruined everything! They ruined everything!***
- Followed by: the upper half of Glory until his shoulders as he says: ***She's never going to make it.***
- ***She knows that we hate her. She knows that we hate her.***
- I hear the voice of Debajyoti Sir say: ***You've to leave her Mrittunjay. She can never be yours. You have to leave her Mrittunjay. She can never be yours.***
- A man's voice says quietly: ***Pyaar nahi ho raha Mrittunjay. Rape ho raha hai.*** The voice repeats it to him. He replies: ***I know. That's what I like.*** This reminds me of the this vision I had some months back when I said that by doing such a thing, the point he made was that he didn't want to be loved. After making the statement, I had seen: a tall figure of him standing near the ceiling carrying a vicious expression as he said: ***That's what I wanted to hear!*** Following this he turned away from the viewer to the left and began to hastily rub his genitalia erect by an obtuse angle from the bottom vertical. (***And I thought she would understand me.***)
- Glory stands in a dark background as he says: ***Ye bahut pitne waali hai mujhse. Ye sab karne ke liye.***
- Death Conqueror with a black translucent face dressed in a grey jacket looks down at me with a bent upper half as he says: ***We're going to die b*tch. You just said it!***
- Glory's vision repeats.

The Secret Place Revelations

- **B*tch is going to kill me.**
- Death Conqueror in his grey jacket attire stands in a dark background in the air above me as he turns away to the left with the words: **Mujhe marna nahi hai!**

While eating Chowmein late evening:

- The dusky man in black calls me his daughter as the air blows close my eyes.
- I happen to watch some Shorts videos on YT, one of which has a maroon Octopus squeezing itself out of a boat's small rectangular hole and making its way into the ocean. When I put my phone aside and lie with closed eyes, I see a moving wooden machine with intermittent wooden arms along its path as a beige cat laid on the surface of the moving wood and manages to squeeze through below one of the wooden arms following which its body experiences a burst at one end ejecting out its insides as it lies on its side on the light brown wooden slab.
- **B*tch knows that we're going to kill her. B*tch knows that we're going to kill her.**
- **We can kill you anytime. You disgusting b*tch.**

Earlier during the day when I was eating:

- **B*tch is in love with us. B*tch is in love with us.**
- **We can't live without her. We can't live without her.**

The Secret Place Revelations

March 12th

12 March 2024

02:05

The Guy sings:

So don't waste the time we have..

Waiting for time to pass..

After a while,

The lady sings:

So don't waste the time we have..

Waiting for time to pass..

[FINNEAS - Only A Lifetime \(Official Music Video\)](#)



- Billie Eilish dressed in a boxy orange coat suit suddenly falls forward on her knees on the ground as she stands with a few others in the open. It seemed as if her knees couldn't support her.

Past Revelations

While looking up the Amazon training video of Diana, I came across a video on top of the search results whose thumbnail reminded me of this previous vision I had.

- (Past few months) A small-framed vision of a lady raising her legs up being balanced on a square gymnastic frame with her upper body bent upwards and hidden behind her lower half as the back of her fully white legs is facing the viewer.

[The Amazons Workout 'WONDER WOMAN' Behind The Scenes \[+Subtitles\]](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

I felt like looking up Billie Eilish on YouTube and came across her and Finneas song performance at the Oscars and found out that they won one. This reminded me of this previous vision I had a few months back.

- (Past few months) The back view of **Parineeti Chopra** dressed in a shoulderless long golden dress with her hair tied at the back in a bun as she looks back at the viewer while holding a golden man-sized trophy the size of a man in her arms leaning on her front. The trophy resembles an Oscar, only differing in its size. As I wrote this vision, I saw the teethfully smiling upper halves of the trio in the air as they looked at me with deep red blood round eyes as blood flowed down their cheeks.
- (Past few months) Kapil from the movie *Jaani Dushman Ek Anokhi Kahani* sits dressed in modern clothes between two curtains on what looks like a narrow stage with a black flashlight headband with the light in the center as he plays guitar to the viewer.
- (Past few weeks) This vision has repeated several times intermittently. The clean-shaven face of KA until his neck as he looks down smiling with a shy smile accompanied by an unseen sense of ejaculation below implied.
(Day before yesterday, 10th March)
- (Morning) I hug the naked dusky man in black lying in my bed while I'm fully dressed. It seemed that I did so to feel a sense of intimacy with him.
- (Evening) HRX in an orange full-sleeved cotton top with a tiny V-cut in the middle of its round neck stands facing to the left in a dark background as he holds a rectangular long and foamy object between his arms.
- (Late Evening) As I'm using the washroom to poop, I see a tiny-framed vision of the upper half of a stubbled RK in a white background dressed in a sparsely filled white Sherwani as he says that I, the whore, have no other better work to do. He also says that *khane aur hagne ke alawa mere paas aur koi kaam nahi hai*.
- (Evening) ***She's excessively smart. She's excessively smart.*** It repeats for a while.

Today Post Midnight

- The upper half of HRX until his shoulders in an orange attire in a snowy background with a black eye mask similar to Krrish worn on his eyes.
- The dark face of Death Conqueror until his shoulders in a grey jacket in a dark background says that he never loved me but always tried to control me and as he does so, his voice changes to a scary thick version as heard out of nowhere in the horror movies. He continues to speak in this manner for a while.
- The moustached face of Akshay Kumar in a golden background as someone not visible in the view pulls on it from a side.

Revelations from yesterday (11th Mar)

During day

- I talk about how doing more than an hour-long journey in a cab full of odors that lead to a release of histamines thereby nauseating you will be hard for me to tolerate and I may end up being worse, I

The Secret Place Revelations

see a small-framed vision of my supervisor in a dark background saying to me with a pitiful expression: ***Don't go. Don't go.***

- When I go out in the morning to buy tea, I see a black van with a rough textured round face man in a parrot green t-shirt in the driver's seat while a sharp-featured woman sat alone in the backseat with a parrot green headwrap and makeup on. When I was back to my room, I saw a vision that had the woman sitting in the driver's seat and a fully black Death Conqueror dressed in a white shirt tucked inside white pants seated at the back as he carried a vicious demonic countenance with several black foot long snake heads attached to his face as they lifted in the air and floated horizontally through the same.

As I'm done writing the above vision, I see his upper half seated in a dark background as he touched his face smiling and said: ***Why did I meet this girl?***

- The upper half of the dusky man in black until his shoulders in a dark background as he extends out a long pointed tongue and places it on top of my strong pp.
- As I observe myself falling into sleep, I hear: ***She's falling into sleep.*** Following this I see the joyful upper halves of Death Conqueror and the dusky man in black in a black background as they look at each other with a wide teethful smile.

Late evening

- As I lie to rest/sleep putting on play the keyboard piece Mariage d'Amour by Jacob's Piano on my phone, I hear: ***She loves us. But she would never say it.***
- As I'm lying on my back straight in my bed, I see a small framed vision of the back view of a woman in a shimmering golden all-over dress with its legs ending slightly above her hips revealing the base of her ass as she stands in a golden background while the dusky man in black, dressed in grey in the vision, sits behind her facing her ass.
- I then see a close-up front view of the lady standing straight as she falls backward on his face crushing it on the ground. When she gets up, his face is found bleeding and his nose broken as it falls partly severed to the right side. She didn't intend to fall on his face to cause damage. She perhaps did it as a fun activity without much thought. The follow-up vision shows her getting him admitted to the hospital where his nose gets reattached to his face and while he sits with his face bandaged all over on the hospital bed, the lady is shown to be caring for him as she feeds something into his mouth. He is then shown to have finally recovered fully.
- A small-framed vision of the upper half of Abha Ma'am in a plain purple and maroon Saree with a white cotton cloth resting as a covering on top of her head. As I see her sitting in that posture, I hear a female's voice in the background that says that I am her husband.
- Delhi CM Brother AKej. dressed in a navy blue sweater over pants with a greyish brown woolen shawl wrapped around his head and shoulders drags a boy out on the road. He is dressed in a full-sleeved shirt shaded in the lightest of blue. He has a generic face with long spiky hair, is lean and thin, has a medium stature, and looks slightly dirty. As AKej. drags and drops him on a concrete street out in the open, he says that he needs to pour acid on his face (for some reason) and then he pours it down on his face from a transparent bottle as the guy lies on the ground.

The Secret Place Revelations

4:48

I watch some of the recent videos of **Billie and Finneas** on YT, the ones related to their presence at the recent Oscars. I then write revelations for a while after which I begin to talk about how though I am working for the completion of my PhD, I understand that it's not what's gonna matter in Heaven and neither would it matter how I lived my life on Earth. But what's going to matter is what I did for God. And while I am saying this, I see my upper half until shoulders with Billie's face in place of mine wearing rimless rectangular glasses and my checkered black and white shirt below.

I then use the washroom and wash dishes afterwards. And then I begin talking about how people are good with you as long as you don't bring up their sin condition and that as soon as you do so, they feel offended (though you may have the best intentions for them). As I'm saying these words, I see a close side-view of **Billie**'s face in place of mine speaking with rimless glasses on. I said those words about the trio because I saw that as long as I operated in forgiveness and gave them love-filled words, I received comparatively better revelations in terms of their stance with me. But if I brought up their sin condition, I would immediately get a negative revelation. For instance, earlier yesterday, when I told them that they were to stop sinning, I saw: the upper half of the dusky man in black until his shoulders as he shouted silently with an open mouth with redness filling his eyes and mouth.

- Both Billie and Finneas dressed in their Oscars black and white attire hug me together.
- The upper half of Finneas in his black suit attire from the Oscars as he extends out his Oscars trophy to me and says that I could keep it for myself (as a memory and souvenir). As I wrote the vision, I saw him now turning to the left with a sobbing expression and round red eyes as blood rolled down his cheeks.

5:36

- An animated vision of the close-up top-right view of a man with a shining white glorified body resembling white light confined into a human form with the clean-shaven face of a man about to get on top of a light golden horse as he holds a sword in his right hand with the shiny light greyish cyan wide checkered floor of what looks like a hall.
- A semi-animated vision of a dark lady with blonde wavy hair in a long silver dress with a pattern of vertically embossed stripes revealing one of her shoulders with a thin stripe connecting the two ends in an off-white background with a light uneven golden hue. The follow-vision shows a zoomed-out view of her walking towards the viewer in the same background. As she continues to walk straight forward, a thin silvery sparkling cylindrical object the size of a pencil floats from behind and hands itself over to her right hand with which she stabs her left eye!

March 12th - Part 2

12 March 2024

10:15

Death Conqueror says: ***I'm not controlling them. They're controlling me.*** As he is shown standing in a dark background with several demons behind him working through him.

- ***If you see what we've done, you'll die! If you see what we've done, you'll die!***
- The distant top view of a part of an extremely tall circular beige brick wall in the midst of what looks like a dry and desolate land as a brick comes flying from inside to reveal my position inside to people who are my friends. As the vision shifts, the circular walled structure is shown to be filled by a crowd of tiny people gathered around a naked, bleeding and bruised Jesus wearing a loin cloth tied to the top of an extremely tall black trident in his look from the end of the movie *The Passion of the Christ*.

Duniya mein na koi de sakta vo pyaar..

Jo tune Yeshu mujhe sachcha pyaar..

The top left view of a muscular naked upper half of Glory on top of a woman as he moves on top of her in a rhythmic motion with his forearms placed together with joined hands on a slab a foot or two above her face. As the vision clears, I see the woman below is me in my attire of the black and white checkered shirt.

As I'm lying half asleep, I see the bottom view of the naked muscular upper half of Glory as while moving on top of me he says: ***It's time to move on.***

The face of the dusky man in black in front of me as he says: ***You lust for us!? You love us! You f*cker! You love us! You f*cker!***

- Billie dressed in a boxy coat with alphabetical white print says to me that I won her heart.

As I'm surfing YT, I come across the following video suggestion and its title *Come With Me If You Want To Live* catches my attention. So I choose to open and watch it.

['Come With Me If You Want To Live' Scene | Terminator 2: Judgment Day](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

As I'm watching it and seeing how the Terminator rescues the boy and his mother, it reminds me of Akhila and the short fellow and the previous vision I had in 2021 in Saroj Sadan in which I saw a dark metallic face with a red light on its forehead in a dark background written about on Page 397. It then makes sense to me that I would be used by God to rescue people from the future day of judgment day by giving them the Gospel.

I say that they shouldn't think of me in any other way besides me being a Terminator.

Arnold in black as Terminator looks down at me smiling with red blobs in place of eyes as blood pours down on his cheeks.

I say something else and then I see him shouting: ***Hate you Kartika! Hate you!***

As I'm still watching the Terminator videos, a Terminator 3 video plays which has a lady in a maroon suit. I then see the fearfully sobbing upper half of the dusky man in black above me to my right as he turns away saying: ***That's who you are. That's who you are.***

The vision repeats.



[T-850 vs T-X \(Bathroom Fight\) | Terminator 3 \[Open Matte 1.78:1\]](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

(Past few days) ***Chhod dala.. Chhod dala..***

(Past 48 hours) ***Chhod khaya.. Chhod khaya..***

- The upper half of Arnold in black as The Terminator standing in the background of a metallic room as he rhythmically gasps for air in the light blue room background from the scene above.
- As I was looking for the page on which I wrote the metallic face vision, I came across this other vision written on Page 398 that had a short heighted metallic guy with red eyes standing outside the room of the single-seater room of Saroj Sadan I was staying in. He stood in a dimly lit environment and looked inside through the mesh window.
- Finneas in a black suit does a few somersaults on the wooden ground of a room lit in natural golden light as he points a gun forward and says: ***Hands up!***
- KA asks RS standing on the right: ***Ye sab kya hai!*** RS replies with a fearful tone that he doesn't know what it is.
- The side-view of Death Conqueror crying sitting in the driver seat of a car with his face turned upwards as he says with an open mouth: ***I'm a whore Kartika. I'm a whore!***

Is that why he made a whore website about me? Rich coward fools!

Revelations while resting

- ***Mainu tu hot lagdi. Lakhhon da note lagdi!***
- The front top left view of a short-heighted metallic robot resembling the look of the villain robot the way she looks at the end of the movie Terminator 3 is walking forward holding a thin metallic hammer of the same metal in her hand. She has red LED eyes and behind her is seen a concrete as she walks ahead in a dim surrounding. While she's walking forward, she's hitting that hammer in rhythmic motions on the head of a person in front of her who when the vision rotates to the other side is revealed to be Akhila. Beside her is standing the short fellow as the robot hits the top of his head in turns leaving wounds at the top of their foreheads. As the robot hits them rhythmically in turns while they walk backwards away from it while facing it, the other two members of the trio also come running along with the general public, and surrounding them begin to hit them together. This reminds me of the vision I had when I was in MSc and staying in RGHG with a fair and short-heighted girl named Sarika whose boyfriend's name was Kartik who was a tall, dark, and bearded guy. This day I was lying in bed when I lifted up my upper half and abruptly and unexpectedly saw the vision of a hammer hit down at my forehead. This was the time that I either was going to see Aastha for counseling sessions or I was already seeing her because I remember having a long chat with her on the phone while being in that room. I started seeing her when I was staying in that room only.
- The close-up view of the round and slightly bearded face of LDC until his shoulders as he stands in front of a vertical glass window and says to a bald man standing facing him with his back towards the viewer: ***Kill her!***

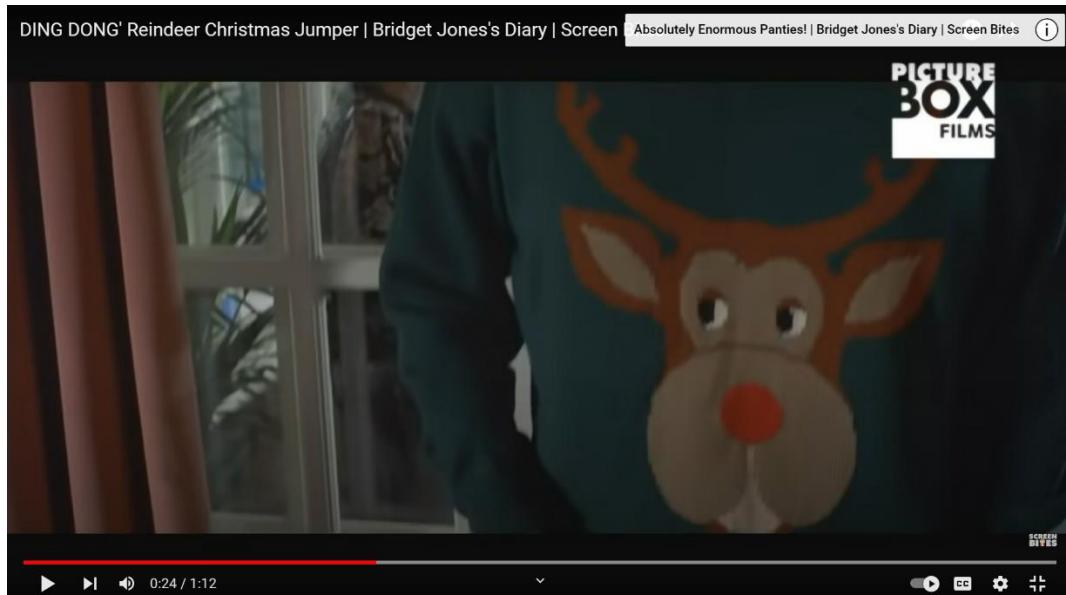
The Secret Place Revelations

- Billie Eilish dressed in a long and loose white printed attire sits facing the viewer with a metallic mesh lying on top of her head as she says: ***Everyone is watching you as you're f*cking them.***
- The bottom back view of Shahid Kapoor dressed in a full-sleeved plain sweater with a shirt below tucked inside pants as he stands with outstretched arms with his hands extending out into several thin metallic branches that reach the ends of the wide and almost empty room as on the right side was shown my supervisor standing with the metallic branches around her neck as she morphed into Akhila back and forth, while on his left was shown Sanjay Sir standing with the branches stifling his neck as he morphed into Death Conqueror.

Past Revelations

These two scenes from the movie The Diary of Bridget Jones have been highlighted to me a few times within the past year.

- One of the scenes has the hero seen dressed in a green sweater with a single object printed at the front as he walks into a gathering.



Ref: YouTube

- The other scene shows the top view of the fat lady dressed in a cheetah-printed panty hugging the guy dressed in a black coat as he covers her back with his coat.

[Final Scene | Bridget Jones's Diary | Screen Bites](#)

The Secret Place Revelations

March 13th

13 March 2024

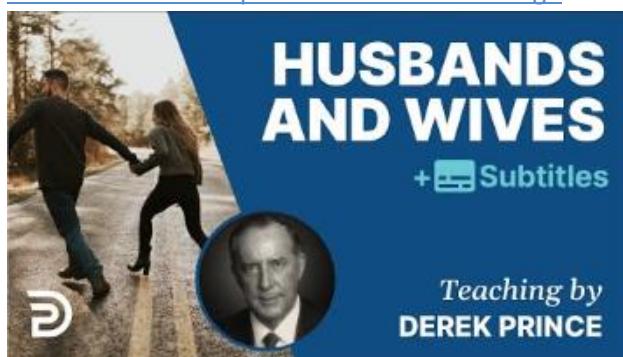
08:04

- Delhi CM AKej. Says: *Koi nahi padh raha ji inko. Koi nahi sun raha ji.*

Yesterday Evening

I watch some short Derek Prince videos on husbands, wives, and marriage. The first video below is the full video which the shorter clips constitute. I came across this full version today. The videos below the full version are shorter sections of it taken out from it.

[Husbands & Wives | Derek Prince on Marriage](#)



The shorter sections

[The End Purpose Of Marriage | Derek Prince Marriage Course](#)



[Marriage As A Prophetic Act To The World | Derek Prince on Marriage](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

[A Husband's Responsibility - Successful marriage tips for men | Derek Prince](#)



[A Wife's Responsibility - Successful Marriage Tips for Women | Derek Prince](#)



Genesis 2:18 (New King James Version)

18 And the Lord God said, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him a helper comparable to him."

From <<https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Genesis%202%3A18&version=NKJV>>

Brother Derek talks about the woman being the glory man and the man being her head. He also explains the role of a woman as a comparable helper to her husband. The first statement reminds me of the previous vision written at the bottom of the March 12th Page.

'An animated vision of the close-up top-right view of a man with a shining white glorified body resembling white light confined into a human form with the clean-shaven face of a man about to get on top of a light golden horse as he holds a sword in his right hand with the shiny light greyish cyan wide checkered floor of what looks like a hall. '

In this vision, the person has the head of a man while his body represents the woman, his wife, who is his glory, as is represented by its white glorified light texture. The man had a clean-shaven face resembling Glory's. As I explain how the face looked, I see the Glory come floating to me as he holds his stubbled face between my palms and says: ***Ye le mera face! Ye le mera face! Ye le mera face!***

The second statement reminds me of the vision in which Glory said that I didn't deserve him but *he* deserved me as I say that God will bring me to a man to whom I would be a suitable helper.

The Secret Place Revelations

I make the point that I didn't have to be rich or poor because it wasn't my part to be the provider of the family but my husband's. I then recall the prophecy of Rebecca over my life and speak out how she got married where she was sent to Isaac with Abraham's servant with nothing with her with the possibility of a few women accompanying her as servants as was the case with Leah and Rachel who got married to Isaac's son Jacob. When I looked up the Word to be certain, I found that Rebecca was sent to Isaac with just a nurse as a personal accompaniment. This made me recall the following dream.

I recall the dream first mentioned under the title *First Healing Miracle*. In that dream, I found myself rushing between the wardrobe space in front of my side of the bed with a cotton bud held in my fingers as I administered first aid to acnes on one of the thighs of Akhila. I was dressed in my parrot green sweater. I saw myself making several energetic rounds between the wardrobe and her bed as she sat leaning against the wall. As I was cleansing her acnes with the cotton bud, she said in her peculiar superior tone: **Why don't you try healing it?** I then laid my hands on her thighs below her acnes and prayed for it to be healed in the name of Jesus and then I saw it disappear. Following this, I said: **I'm a fairy of Jesus**, followed which I quickly moved away to the right as the vision as a whole fast forwarded to the left as I now stood facing a few men with whom I interacted quite nicely while a dark snake-patterned green and black stick kept catching my attention as it stood a few feet behind me against the wall a few meters to my right while a smiling short man in a white tunic kept appearing in the vision from the right end as he kept touching the curved top of the stick and walking backwards. I found the stick quite unusual because of its multi-colored snake skin pattern as I wondered why would anyone place it there. Pointing to it I asked: **What's that!?**

As I say some of the details of the dream and make the point that if Akhila is Rebecca to Death Conqueror, then according to this dream, I would be her nurse.

I then see Death Conqueror turning and walking away in the air as he said to himself hiding a smile being amused: **I can't believe she said she will be her nurse. I can't believe she said she will be her nurse.**

- The face of Glory holding my face between his palms as he says kindly: **Tu uski nurse kyu banegi!?** **Tu uski nurse kyu banegi!?** And it makes sense because Glory is my supposed husband and my provider and he would be the head so why would I need to be someone else's unordained authority, be it a man or a woman? Glory would be my head as I as a woman his glory according to the revelation written at the bottom of the March 12th page. He makes the statement to make the point that I don't need to act like an inferior servant to someone who has mistreated and insulted me though as a child and servant of God, I'm called to serve all.

This lyric has played in my spirit a few times since yesterday.

The lady sings:

O mera sohnna sajan ghar aya..

O mera sohnna sajan ghar aya..

Past Revelations

- **(past two days)** As I am using the washroom, I see the lightly stubbled face of Finneas in a dark background with a golden beaded crown on top of his head.

The Secret Place Revelations

- (past two days) The dusky man in black says how he can eat anything he wants when he wishes, and then as the several different dishes float to him from a corner far away, they then flash change to a representation of my body changing back to their original look.
- (past two days) I have this vision as I lay resting in bed. I see the upper half of the dusky man in black until his shoulders on my right side on top of my groin as he lifts up the left inner lobe and says looking at me: *I like this*. The vision is followed after a while by him sucking on my left inner lobe as he tears it away.
- (past two days) I see light translucent green water trapped within a beige-colored soiled cavity. The follow-up vision shows it flowing down in a narrow stream in a thin layer over the slightly slanted beige-soiled ground.

➤ ***Aasmaan jal gaya. Aasmaan jal gaya.***

➤ As I sit in my bed silently, Glory says holding my face: ***Ye tujhe kya ho gaya? Ye tujhe kya ho gaya?***

I turn the room's yellow light off as I've to go bathing, I make the statement about how I'm no longer scared of dark spaces the way I used to be until 2021 as during bathing in the dark with hardly any light present inside I would fear a ghostly presence inside and therefore would try to hurry. I can also recall now how I carried the same fear even when I was in room D4 of A-16. And I'm feeling a bit good about having overcome that fear, but as I enter the washroom, the dim dark room makes me feel cold and emanates a somewhat ghostly look.

As I was writing the above, the chorus of the following song began playing in my spirit.

The Guy sings:

Sochta hu ki vo kitne masoom the..

Kya se kya hogye dekhte dekhte..

[Atif A: Dekhte Dekhte Lyrical | Batti Gul Meter Chalu | Shahid K Shraddha | Nusrat Saab Rochak Manoj](#)



The incident continued: This time, it's not that I fear a ghostly presence inside the washroom, but I fear it in my now dark room. So, I turn the yellow light back on and when I'm back inside the washroom, as I make the statement about how the absence of the yellow light gave the room a ghostly look, I see

- the upper half of Death Conqueror until his throat's end in a grey jacket as he jokingly made a ghostly face looking down at me bringing both his eyes to the center together and making a whistling gesture while slightly moving his head in a downward spiral motion.

The Secret Place Revelations

The following lyrics from the song continued playing in my spirit.

The Guy sings:

Vo jo aankhon se ik pal na aunjhal hue..
Vo jo aankhon se ik pal na aunjhal hue..
Laapta ho gaye dekhte dekhte..

[DEKHTE DEKHTE LYRICS | Batti Gul Meter Chalu | Atif Aslam |](#)



While watching the children dance in blue and white performed at my dad's preschool annual function, I hear:

You're so foolish. It's a warning to us. It's a warning to us.

The annual function video:



annual show.mp4

- **Maarna pad gaya. Maarna pad gaya. Nahi to jee nahi pata.**
- I'm thinking about my marital promise and then all the following revelations that I had lately, and I think how Glory can't be replaced. And I see: Glory stands in a dark background as he says: **No one can take my place?**
- **We can't kill her. She's a humanitarian. We can't kill her. She's a humanitarian.**
- The upper half of the dusky man in black in the air a meter above in front of me as he sings along the following lyrics playing in the vision while gesturing forward with his hand moving his head with the corresponding expressions.

Lag ja gale ke phir hasi raat ho na ho..
Shayad phir is janam mein mulakaat ho na ho..

- As I'm using the washroom:
She proved who she is. She proved who she is.
- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a grey sweatshirt shouts:
I love you...!
- While setting out to get tea late evening:

The Secret Place Revelations

- **Don't eat. You will die. We won't kill you, but you'll die. Don't eat. We won't kill you, but you'll die.**
- As I'm walking out on the street to Dinesh Store and am nearing it, I hear:
Paas aaiye ke hum nahi aayenge baar baar..

I looked up for pedicure videos because I had trimmed my nails earlier during the day which was in direct correlation with the dream I had when I briefly fell asleep late morning. While I was surfing through some of those videos, I came across some eye injury videos in the suggested list followed by the video about a woman weighing 600-Lb who had to go through skin removal surgery after she lost a lot of weight. As I continued to surf and watch videos, I came across dense earwax clean-up videos leading me to watch the following ones as their intense headings caught my attention.

Hard As Nails Ear Wax EPISODE 5



Hard As Nails Ear Wax EPISODE 6



While watching excess earwax cleaning videos:

- The face of the dusky man in black near my face as he says: **Sorry. Sorry.**
- **We don't want do this to you. We don't want to do this to you.**
- Glory stands in a dark background dressed in a grey jacket over trousers as he says: **They've told me that they're going to kill you. They told me that they're going to kill you.**
- **We'll never marry you. Always remember that. We'll never marry you. Always remember that.**

The Secret Place Revelations

The videos make me think of the drones making their way into my private parts. And then I wonder if they're being shown to me to put in front as a teaching analogue. I recall the revelation in which a naked short beige person resembling Death Conqueror to some extent was trying to rigorously push his thick genitalia inside a lady bent on her knees with her back facing him and her face not visible to the viewer as he was stuck within an inch and was unable to move in or out after that as a voice said: ***She'll never forgive you for doing this to her! She'll never forgive you for doing this to her!***

After a while, I thought if the narrow metallic suction tool the doctor used was an analogue of an extremely narrow vagina with the thick dark brown blockage of wax being an analogue of a penis. It was quite clear that the wax plug couldn't possibly be suctioned all at once inside the metallic probe but it was at times removed in parts or pulled out via suction without the full diameter of it entering into the suction. And then I saw how it related to the vision. Because it was quite clear that he was stuck being an inch or two without being able to move in either direction after that. So it was quite questionable if he would be able to even pull it out from within that small distance. It was clearly too thick for the lady's tissue tube. That revelation is somewhere from within the past two months. Also, the ear wax videos reminded me of the dream I had received the same morning which will write on one of the coming pages. I've its key points noted that I need to expand on.

March 15th

15 March 2024

02:08

March 14th

- The upper half of Death Conqueror until his shoulders in a grey jacket in a dark background as he says: ***You can't have a perfect husband! If I can't have a perfect wife, you can't have a perfect husband!*** The vision repeats several times.

(Why should an abusive person expect a perfect wife in the first place!? If he expects so, he is liable to exhibit perfection in his behavior as well.)

- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a grey sweatshirt in above in front of me as he rushes to the left to give speedy slaps and punches on the back of Death Conqueror as he says with a fierce expression: ***Leave her alone!*** He makes the point that since he got married and is settled, it makes no sense for him to continue pursuing me. The vision repeats.

Someone's waiting for you down there. Someone is waiting for you down there.

I tell Jesus that I want to get married. And this time it's with a different heart state where I fully feel convicted inside that I indeed want to get married. As I think about the same, I see the stubbled face of Jesus in a dark background looking at me with red loving eyes as He smiled at me. I pray to him to deliver my promise.

- A close-up view of the dusky man in black facing to the left as he says with clenched teeth and a fierce expression: ***You're in deep sh*t with me. You're in deep sh*t with me.***
- A small-framed vision of the dusky man in black standing in a dark background above in front of me as he looks down at me and says: ***We'll always remember you. We'll always remember you.***
- ***I've not seen a more transparent person than her. I've not seen a more transparent person than her.***

As I'm watching the ear-cleaning videos on the YouTube channel Durham Hearing Specialists, I see Death Conqueror say that the guy speaking in the video knows me and therefore he needs to kill the ear-cleaning specialist as he may be a threat to him.

[FOLLOW UP: Canal Cholesteatoma Patient Is Back](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

I speak out my thoughts about looking at the way the specialist talked, it seemed to me likely that he was a Psychopath. And by the term Psychopath, I am generally implying anyone who likes to inflict intentional emotional abuse. I say so because Psychopaths are more often than not experts in their fields and quite polished in their appearances and behavior and they can act or mimic other people to win their trust while making it appear as a normal innate part of their own persona. And then I say how the ear cleaning specialist in the YouTube channel *Mr Neel Raithatha aka The Wax Whisperer* was more likely to not be a Psychopath as he seemed to be more original or genuine. I happen to think in this way after my repeated experiences with Psychopathic people because the short fellow Death Conqueror too seems to me a polished copycat.

From <https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=neel+raithatha+aka+the+wax+whisperer>

I then see the upper half of the Audiologist Mr. Conor Boland until his shoulders in a white shirt as he says sobbing with filled eyes: ***I'm not a Psychopath. I'm not a Psychopath.***

I then think of Death Conqueror in the Psychopathic context and see a dark version of him in a dark background dressed in a grey jacket over a shirt and trousers looking down at me on my left side as moving his face forward, he says with a vicious expression and red round demonic eyes: ***I'm a Psychopath.***

I then think of the dusky man in black and see a small-framed vision of him in a round-neck ankle-length white tunic above in front of me as he looked down at me with two angel wings at the back and two black horns on his head as he looked down at me with red eyes. I then see Jesus standing beside him on the left and using a sword he chops his horns in a go.

I then think about my own self and see myself above me to my right as I said: ***I can act like a Psychopath.***

- A small-framed vision of Audiologist Conor Boland dressed in a boxy and loose white shirt untucked over trousers standing to my right as he says: You're extremely beautiful. The vision repeats a few times.
- As I'm on my way on the road to SharmaJi Hunger Point, I see a small-framed vision of him standing several meters behind on the road dressed the same as he shouts again: You're extremely beautiful.
- As I wrote the above, I saw Prof. TRS in his attire from Surprises from the Sky say with a mocking expression: ***You'll never get him.*** I then see my supervisor say with a mocking expression: ***You'll never get him. You'll never get him.***

As I continue to work sitting in my bed, I see the face of Conor close to my right as he tells me gently to go and brush. He says that no one is going to be with you in this condition. The vision repeats a few times. But I stay seated and continue with whatever I was doing on my laptop. If I had the energy to brush, I would've done it in the morning itself. I wait until I know that I would be able to handle the task. Though I appreciate his concern.

The Secret Place Revelations

While resting

- The face of a lady with her hair tied at the back as she with a metallic instrument with a long handle places a set of white veneers on top of her dirty teeth at once.
- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a grey sweatshirt as he looks at me from a meter above in a dark background and says: ***I need to bring her home and care for her. I need to bring her home and care for her.***
The follow-up vision shows him beginning to care for me by first bathing me as I see us in my room's washroom. I need to feel fresh and am lacking energy. He begins by shaving some parts of my body that are now too hairy making me feel loaded and stingy. He's begun to care for me by doing the things that I once used to do as self-care. He shaves my arms, legs, and finally groin with a razor. As he's seated on the floor shaving the area, I ask him to get up and give me a kiss. After the shaving is done, he gives me a careful bath. After I'm all clean, he smells my fragranting wet hair and throat following which he gently wipes off my hair and body and puts a bathrobe around me. It's a satin purple robe with thick grey fur around the folded coat front and wrists. It then flash changes to a thick navy blue towel bathrobe. In this vision, I've an excessively protruding belly. As I step out of the washroom with him in that bathrobe, I see as a third person the front view of him helping me walk with that huge belly through the kitchen corridor that looks almost like a full-blown pregnancy. I now see myself inside a home with white walls with a congested but organized look in that bathrobe. The view changes back to me being inside my room as he has me seated in my bed and is now making tea for me. (Glory with a touched expression points to himself with a finger as I'm writing the vision as he says: ***I'm going to do all these things to you.***) I then see myself seated in the middle of my bed with legs hanging down as Glory shaped my eyebrow with a thread facing to the left with a bent upper half.
- As I'm sitting in bed and close my eyes to rest in silence for a while, the face of the dusky man in black floats to me and begins to kiss me followed by crocodile forceps that I have been seen being used in the ear wax since last night pointing down at my upper lip which jolts me out of my restful posture.

Late Evening

- ***B*tch is trying to get us killed! B*tch is trying to get us killed!***
- ***Are you trying to get us killed?***
- Sanjay Sir dressed in his deep maroon tunic and half jacket set from the Science Day celebration in the dept stands in a dark background as he says nodding his head: ***You're trying to get them killed? You're trying to get them killed?***

In response to this question, I would refer to the revelation in which I was wrapping white towels around their waists as I said: ***Don't sin my darlings. Don't sin my darlings.***

- ***She's going to cry a lot. She's going to cry a lot.***
- ***She's going to cry a lot Do*che. Why did you do this to her?***
- ***After everything is over, she's going to cry a lot.***

The Secret Place Revelations

As I'm watching a YT ear wax or pimple or blackhead extraction video, I see:

- The face of Death Conqueror with features and expression resembling Prof. Sanjay Jain's to some extent as he looks at the viewer with a wicked expression in a dark background as he says: ***I've raped many women. I've raped many women.*** He keeps repeating the phrase for a while. It comes as a shock to me and I feel disgusted and when I think of it now, I thank God that God promised Glory to me.

This Morning

I happen to feel strongly about my promise of marriage and I think how I quickly want to have a child with Glory as I'm already so old and how cute that little fellow would look. But then I also happen to think if the drones will damage my fertilized egg or damage my reproductive system. Now this revelation from the past few months was brought to my attention during the past 24 to 48 hours. It was a vision in which I stood against the wall dressed in my dark green dress with meshed polka-dotted half sleeves as Jesus kept pouring tea into my mouth while fat infants wrapped in a white cloth kept coming out from below and floated to a side followed by them floating out through the kitchen corridor and the balcony window as they were all picked up in a chariot in the air and taken to heaven. This morning, when I had that visual of the cute and smart child and I was wondering if it will ever come to pass, I was reminded of this vision.

Past Revelations

- (Past week) The bald and fat middle man dressed in a printed brown half-sleeved top over brown half pants stands in a white background facing the viewer as he says: ***Jaan bach gayi teri. Jaan bach gayi teri.***
- (Past few days) As I was watching Billie and Finneas perform at the Oscars late night on the beginning of Mar 12th, I heard Finneas say to Billie: ***She loves you. She loves you.***

Evening

Today as I was editing/proofreading the March 11th page, the following fight scene was highlighted to me. It has been highlighted to me previously as well before I looked the movie up on March 11th.

[This is where we will fight. The Spartans join the first battle against the Persians. 300](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

As I was watching the video, it reminded me of the following vision I previously had.

➤ (Past two months) A semi-animated close-up vision of an army in red and white, armed with swords and shields rushing to the left on a field in the background of towering soiled, grassy and rocky mountain(s) with the view of the clear blue sky above.



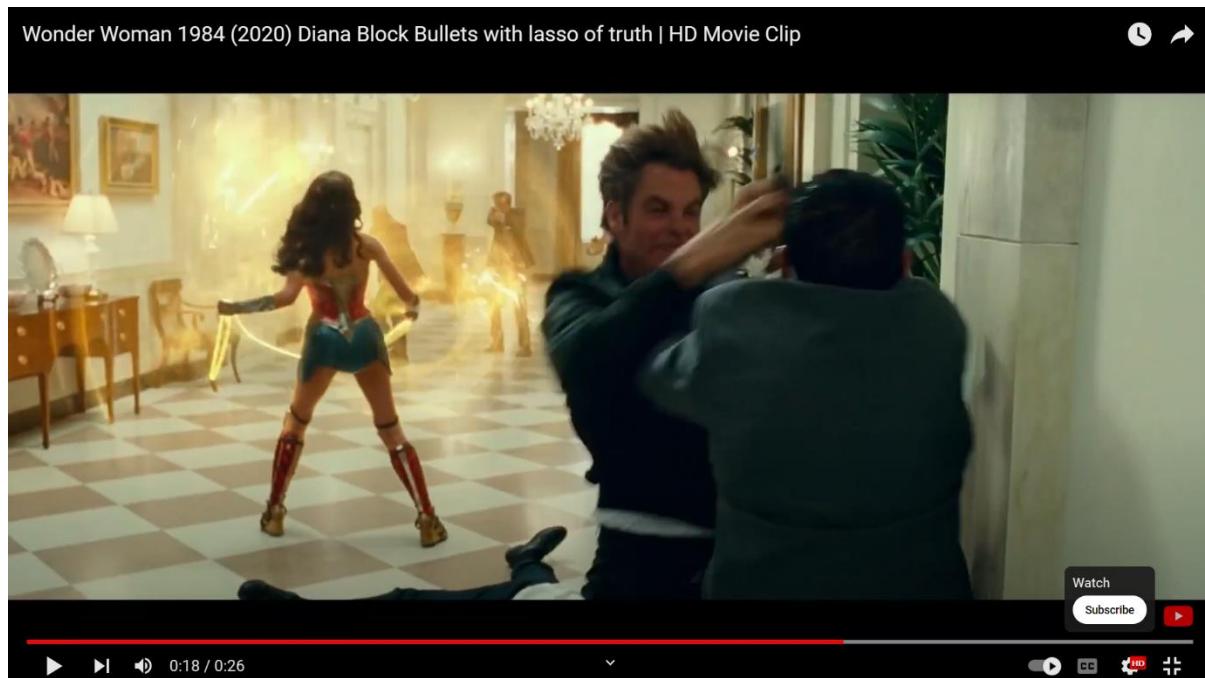
While editing the March 12th - Part 2 page, the Terminator video *Come With Me If You Want To Live* catches my attention and I feel like watching it again. As I'm watching it, I spot a video on the vertical list on the right with the thumbnail of Gal Gadot as Wonder Woman with the title *Wonder Woman and Fight Scenes - DCEU* and though I don't really want to watch it, I stop looking at it, and as I'm moving my cursor to the close window button, I abruptly decide that I'm going to watch it and bring it back to the video and click on it. I find the video boring so I'm watching it skipping parts and then I see her using her Lasso of truth against the villain named Ares. The Lasso of truth is what catches my attention and I then want to watch some videos in which she uses it on people to make them reveal the truth as I explain its amazing function. (In my eyes, it's the best tool she possesses.) As I'm looking at the search results, the thumbnail showing a few civilians in suits in a hall catches my attention and I want to see how she uses it on or against them. Following is the link to the video:

[Wonder Woman 1984 \(2020\) Diana Block Bullets with lasso of truth | HD Movie Clip](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

When I open it, I see her use her Lasso and see it create a golden firey disk which reminds me of the dream titled *Standing Against devil and Deflecting the Demon Insect Army* written on Page 53 created on 22nd August 2022. The huge black gun-like weapon with several functioning buttons that I was learning to operate created a similar disk of fire in front of me. And when I had this dream, I couldn't have guessed that it resembled the disk created by the Lasso of Truth.



This scene told me that the firey wall of the truth in front of me keeps devil, the huge serpent, away.

And this other scene from *Wonder Woman* (2017) has also been highlighted to me a few times in which while walking with Steve on the road, she spots a baby and is instantly drawn to it as she immediately hurries to it.

The timestamp of the scene in the video below is 1:52.

[Wonder Woman \(2017\) - Diana's first time in London](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

- This past revelation in which Glory was throwing some pages into the fire lit into a metallic hemispherical vessel has been being highlighted to me for some time now. I've written about it on Page 55.

Night

Someone says to KA: *She was so poor. Yet she tried for you. She was so poor. Yet she tried for you.*

16th March

16 March 2024

10:05

Past Revelations

- (Past week) My supervisor says: ***They'll suck you out completely. They'll suck you out completely.***
- (Past week) I see a blurry figure of Death Conqueror flash as he says: ***You'll never understand the meaning of First Love. You'll never understand what First Love is.***
- (Past week) I see the side-view of a dark translucent me kissing the dusky man in black passionately as he stands leaning against a wall on the left side of the vision. As I was writing the vision, I saw the face of the dusky man in black as he said: ***B*tch I will kill you!***
- (Past few days) The leg of a woman in a black legging wearing a flat black velvet loafer standing on a surface in a dim golden background with nothing else of the body visible in the picture.
- (Past few days) One of the trio asks me in a serious tone: ***Do you need us to cook for you, Kartika? Do you need us to cook for you, Kartika?***
- (Past few days) Abhigyan from the movie Tum Bin dressed in a red suit over a shiny black shirt stands with arms raised sideways in a dark background as all the darkness gets sucked out above backwards out of him leading to his shirt now changing its colour to white.
- (Past few days) ***She's obsessively smart. She's obsessively smart.*** It has been repeating intermittently for some time.
- (Past few days) The dusky man. The top view of him abruptly lets loose of his genitalia sitting at the left side of the back seat of a car. He stays in that posture for a while as the vision rests there.
- (Past few days) The upper half of Chatur from 3 Idiots dressed in a light brown overcoat over a sweater in the background of a building behind him as he says that *Bhagwaan ek din unko sazaa dega*. The vision repeats a few times.
- (Past few days) It's when I'm trimming my nails that I hear one of the trio say: ***She can fool us easily. She can fool us easily.***
- (Past week) My supervisor says: ***She fooled us so easily. She fooled us so easily.***

(Day before yesterday, Night)

- As I lie down to sleep on my left side, I see: the face of Audiologist Conor lying on his side in front of my face in the background of a room lit in white light as his pupils dilate covering his Iris entirely while he continues looking at me with open unblinking eyes. The vision repeats.
- I then see a pink love heart appear at the center of each of his pupils now dilated to entirely cover his iris as the hearts expand to the iris' circumference beginning from a pink dot in the center.

Yesterday

Morning

- The top vision of a naked breast with a tiny hole on the skin above out of which is seeping out black liquid. Looks like a black head has been extracted out.

The Secret Place Revelations

- A small-framed top-view of a person with thick green lips with tiny white patches on it lying on a surface with three white birds standing on the floor in front of the comparatively huge lips as they each pick a piece of torn beige bread with their beaks and put it in the gap between the lips of the mouth of the person one after the other.

Afternoon

The face of Conor turns to the right as he says with an astonished expression: ***Everything about her was true.***

Evening

- The dusky man in black looks down at me from top right as he repeats to me smiling: ***Whore! Whore!*** This confuses me for why is he using this title for me.
- As I'm resting in bed, I get back to being conscious as I drop a tiny ball of crumpled paper into a white paper bag with a brown base with 4-8 tiny white crumpled paper balls inside.
- The vision of a tiny black insect of the size of the dot floating to the right through an accumulation of olive oil inside the ear of a person meant for wax cleaning.

Last night

- A tiny Kapil from the movie *Jaani Dushman: Ek Anokhi Kahani* in his old dark brown attire from the movie floats inside the olive oil solution left inside an ear to soften the wax's grip.
- I see the dusky man in black dressed in a full-length white attire with two angel wings at the back as blackness moves backwards and away from his wings leaving them completely white. It has a tendency to be drawn to him but it's not getting upto him. I feel like praying for the darkness to stay away from him.
- As I lie in bed on my right side, I see the vision of the dusky man in black dressed in the full-length white tunic again with two white wings at the back as the darkness is still keeping away from him. The follow-up vision shows him lying with me facing me in his tunic with his wings at the back as I hold him and say lovingly with full conviction: ***No harm will come to you. No harm will come to you.*** And I'm saying it in a reassuring tone as the darkness behind is pushed further away.
- Audiologist Conor stands facing to the left bent over a small washbasin in front of me near the end of the wall adjoining my bed as he's washing his face frantically being dressed in a white shirt tucked inside pants as he repeats in a scared hasty tone: ***You opened my eyes! You opened my eyes!***
- A part of a tiny yellow and black snake is seen to be twirling and twisting inside a person's outer ear as seen from a foot or two away. As the vision shifts sideways and now shows the entire view of the ear hole, the snake is shown to have the tiny head of Death Conqueror attached to it as he's twisting and twirling inside my ear. The follow-up vision shows the tiny but thick snake twisting tightly around itself like before but it's revealed to be an identical tiny yellow and black patterned snake with the head of Akhila both of whom are twisting tightly around each other inside the lower surface of the outer ear.

As I lay down to sleep and lie on my left facing the wall, I hear:

Tere saath hum bahut khush rahenge. Tere saath hum bahut khush rahenge.

As I'm eating at night, I have the following revelations:

The Secret Place Revelations

- I hear a lady's voice say: ***Bander mein tujhe ghar leke aa rahi hu. Mein tujhe marte hue nahi dekh sakti. Bander mein tujhe ghar leke aa rahi hu. Mein tujhe marte hue nahi dekh sakti.*** I assume it to be my mom's.
- The dusky man in black says that he can't believe that I could eat that much. It's hard to believe that she could eat that much.
- A stubbled Glory stands close to me as he holds my face within his palms and says looking intensely at me: ***Tu stress mein itna jyada kha leti hai! Tu stress mein itna jyada kha leti hai?***
- The trio says that they need to cook for me. It is followed by them being shown as standing behind a kitchen slab as they're deciding the amount that they should cook. The dusky man in black interjects and makes the point that I eat a lot by gesturing with raised arms extended sideways and a full mouth. The follow-up vision shows his upper half holding a thali with a huge heap of reddish-orange fried rice lying along with a few other things on it as he fills his mouth with air gesturing for me to eat.
- The bottom view of a person in a grey suit somewhat resembling Audiologist Conor as he stands holding a multi-colored bouquet in his hand looking downwards at the person apparently lying below on the floor as he throws the bouquet down at the person and asks her to accompany him to marry him. The vision repeats.

This Morning

Dream: I am in a room with my mom and brother while my dad is out and away at work. Apparently, he's living somewhere distant and visits home after a considerable number of days have passed. In the dream, I hold a small white chit of paper on which is written something that needs to be taken care of and I move around holding the chit.

Post waking up when I lay in the bed to rest for a while.

- The back view of a short man in a long checkered boxy brown coat over blue denims wearing black square frames with his beige complexion visible from the sides as he stands in front of the counter of a shop resembling the Dinesh Store.
- The parallel view of the flat dark green rectangular surface resembling my Passport holder I'm using as a wallet as a hand scratches along its length from left to right with a pointed object leaving a scar. The person repeats the procedure moving backwards along the breadth of the surface after scratching each line. Though he's tried to scratch straight lines, the width between consecutive lines is visibly a variable and though not deviating by a great extent. The lines are not fully straight either and the last line at the back is the most curved at the end as the hand seemed to be in a hurry to complete the process.
- The vision made me wonder why would anyone leave those scratches on that plain and smooth flawless surface. The follow-up vision shows the hand then pulling apart along the edges of the segregated marks using a flat metallic rectangular object in the manner one peels an orange after making segregating longitudinal lines.
- I see a view of my feet and legs resting in the dark. The vision moves away from my feet and in a go moves upwards and shows the bottom view of a dim sky seen through a canopy of trees as seen at early dawn or dusk.

The Secret Place Revelations

- The view of a dark green rectangular surface again resembling my Passport holder but this time the surface is longer and looks like the top cover of a book. As the vision moves upwards to the top of the book, within a rectangular beige frame is found written BATTLE in black (**BATTLE**).
- The trio in red and white walks backwards together in a dark background but the dusky man in black in red and white stays standing in front of me as I see below his genitalia within a tight grip in my hand. Because of the hold, he stays, while the others leave. And I don't loosen my grip either in the vision.
- I see a larger-than-normal view of my strong pp on my open groin as the dusky man in black puts the tip of his genitalia on top of it. The follow-up vision shows the surface of my strong pp covered by some fluid and blood as he continues to move it on top.

I fall asleep briefly and have the following dream.

- **Dream:** I wash some clothes and hang them to dry at the right end of a long balcony. Some people in casual clothes drop into my room to inquire something and when I'm back to the balcony, I see the clothes lying down on the floor. They're wide adult clothes. I spot a thick red sweatshirt lying on the ground among the few clothes. The balcony resembles the long front balcony of my previous room D1 facing the Ganda Nala. It disappoints me as I had washed them with great effort and it also makes me worried about now having to wash them again. One of the men in the group is dressed in a long and boxy off-white shirt and has a spiky bald head. They take me to the balcony extending outside along the room to the right of the door present at the left end of the room for some reason. When we step out, I see that they need to make some observations and this time the balcony is shown as a much wider space with a few cars parked inside. The fact that those cars should be parked there seems weird to me but I don't seem to have any problem either because I'm living in a rented space and I don't use that wide outer area much as well. The presence of cars there seems out of place but then I don't go to that side of the house often so they're not in my sight either. In the dream, they remind me of the area outside the building I stay in because that's where you see cars parked in a line on the left as you stand at the end of the street facing in. And now when I think of it, I see the similarity of the home's structure in conjunction with the balcony with the street outside and my room as my room's door is at the wall's inner left end and the street runs along the wall to the right.

I stand beside the bald man in off-white behind one of the cars along the left wall of the balcony facing the door to my room as I see him note down the number of the car on a notepad while others are noting down the registration numbers of the cars parked further in the front. I wasn't expecting that they had come to meet to note down the numbers of the parked cars the presence of which I wasn't even either aware of or paying attention to as it was the first time I found them there. The one or two cars at the front are white while I reason the one we stand by is black because of the boundaryless unusually wide square black background I seem to rest my gaze at as I want to see the content the man is noting down. The reg. number is written in light translucent ink on a black background and is not written in just a line, but some of it is written below as well and the background doesn't seem to have any boundary either. The lone number written at the bottom left below the main serial number is 8. I ask the man why were they noting down the reg. numbers at the back and he replied something to me in a whisper which I didn't understand. I move my ear closer to his mouth to make sense of what he's saying, but again, nothing is legible. It's when I wake up.

The Secret Place Revelations

- In the middle of writing the above dream revelation around the cars' reg. no.s' part, I heard: ***this fool will get us killed and then say that she didn't know what she was doing. This fool will get us killed and then say that she didn't know what she was doing.***

I go back to sleep and this time find myself lying on my right side in a space quite similar to the balcony in the same posture that I'm lying in my bed for real. I'm tired and half-asleep in the dream and feel covered with a blanket the way I am in the physical realm. I then see the lower half of Shahid Kapoor facing to the left and the viewer enter into the dark background of the vision from the right with his legs folded backwards. He is dressed in a half-jacket over a shirt tucked inside beige pants as he floats towards my groin with spread thighs. As his open lower half is approaching me, it's increasing my anxiety levels but I don't want to move from my place. And then it rests on top my groin as I can sense the spread contact. The sensation is too realistic for me to accept it to be a part of the dream I was in. I think of waking up as I feel someone brushing against my strong pp and against the left side of the vaginal entrance. I wake up after a while because it's one of those somatic revelations that confuse you.

- I see the back view of a short girl with hair tied at the back in a long and boxy checkered dull red shirt with nothing below standing on the first floor of this building facing the street against the short wall facing the stairs as a short boy enters the view as brooming the narrow right corridor with a bent upper half. As he spots the girl while brooming, for some reason he brushes her back on top of the red shirt once or twice with his broom as well though she didn't ask him, and continues standing unmoved facing the street lit with sunlight as a voice says that if *he* comes on that street in front, *he's* going to get killed.
- Three men dance together rhythmically with the same dance moves as they sing two lines together with protruding lips on an elevated rectangular platform stage with the dusky man in black in the center and as the vision moves to the right, Glory dressed in a black t-shirt over black trousers is revealed to be present on the right-most end of the stage as well as the fourth dancing person while the dance comes to an end when the vision stops at him.
- The clean-shaven face of RK until the end of his throat with several thick peeled layers on top in a dimly lit golden background as he moves it back and forth to my face in the manner of a zombie, seemingly eating on my face.
- A metallic machine consisting of 6-7 inches long half-a-cm diameter smooth cylinder extending backwards into a thicker cylinder facing to the left with only the described part of it visible in the vision, giving an overall look of a Shotgun (Pump action) or a Rifle (Liver Action).
- The follow-up vision shows the front view of a woman's vagina as a long and thin metallic cm or so in diameter is pointed at it supposedly to clean it like the endoscope microsuction cleaner used for earwax cleaning. Apparently, there's a lot of dead or shed stuff skin inside that needs to be sucked out. In the vision, the vagina is briefly flashed with a view inside through its slightly opened entrance revealing the presence of shreds of white mushy substance which the endoscope is supposed to clean out.
- The upper half of a dark version of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket at my top right as he looks down at me and says: ***I've ruined the life of this woman because of my foolishness. I've ruined the life of this woman because of my foolishness.***

The Secret Place Revelations

- **Dream:** I am sitting in the bed of the Master Bedroom of my parental home leaning against my bed with hair tied at the back dressed in a half-sleeved t-shirt I used to frequent back in 2020 and I seem to be in quite mental and emotional pain as I'm saying sobbing with an open mouth: ***This time will never come back. This time will never come back.*** And the lady in the dream is too emotionally stressed changing even the expression of the sleeping me and then another lady's voice says in a serious tone: ***Beeta hua waqt kabhi vaapis nahi ata.*** And then I wake up thinking about 2020 and find it just too emotionally stressful to look back at.

As I was done writing the vision, I saw: the upper half of Death Conqueror until his shoulders behind me at my left as he says pointing at me with a forefinger with eyes wide-opened and a serious countenance: ***Bahut selfish hai! Bahut selfish hai!***

- A dark Death Conqueror in a grey jacket over trousers in a dark background says: ***I loved her and she knew it and she loved me back. I loved her and she knew it and she loved me back.*** It is followed by him turning away to the left as he slowly with a jump runs away saying: ***Mein jeet gaya! Mein jeet gaya!***
- The face of the dusky man in black floats close right in front of my face as he says: ***He can't live without you. He can't live without you.*** The vision repeats a few times.

Late Morning/Afternoon

- A small framed vision of Audiologist Conor dressed in a loose and white boxy shirt untucked over trousers stands to my right as he shouts: ***I want to marry you right now! I want to marry you right now!*** The vision repeats a few times.
- The dusky man in black says that I am extremely rich. He says: ***You're extremely rich. You would've easily gotten a good guy. You're extremely rich. You would've easily gotten a good guy.*** The vision repeats a few times this afternoon.

While pooping:

- The upper half of the dusky man in black looking down at me with a bent upper half as he says making a point with a fingers: ***You're so small. You're so small.***

Evening

- Jesus dressed in a full-length multilayered white attire says to someone on the left in a corrective and mocking way: ***She's addicted to you. She's addicted to you.*** He puts a subtle emphasis on the word 'addicted'. This reminds me of the previous revelation from a few months back in which this certain phenomenon in correlation with an event that I previously read about on my post-Tejaswi recovery journey was highlighted to me. I was a plane hijack case in which the passengers bonded with the terrorists and a certain level of trust was built between them as they were forced to stay together for a certain amount of time.

Stockholm Syndrome

The Secret Place Revelations

After searching it out, I found out its name and that's also when I recalled coming across it during my healing period after going full No Contact with the emotionally abusive psychopath Tejaswi. It's called Stockholm Syndrome, and it signifies the condition of a psychological bond formed between the captive(s) and the captor(s).

[Stockholm Syndrome: The True Story of Hostages Loyal to Their Captor | HISTORY](#)

[Terrorist Experts Sketch What Hostages May Feel - The Washington Post](#)

Late Evening

As I lie in my bed to rest after a long period of working on my laptop, I have the following revelations.

- A semi-animated vision of me standing on top of a very high plain cliff looking ahead into the vast open dimly lit dusky space as I spot Glory seated on a shiny light blue icy horse to my left standing facing the vastness as me. Looking at the background I find out that we both are standing on a circular protrusion on the high beige cliff with nothing else visible in sight but the ground behind us and the sky. Behind him extends the solid plateau. Though he's standing still on the horse, he seems to be moving on top of it. I ask him if he will have me be seated on that horse as well, but he says that he's fine that way and wants to stay alone on that horse.
- **Dream:** I am standing with a solid blue pentagram star and I seem to be fixing it at a place to a certain orientation. The follow-up part of the dream shows the front view of a 3-4 meters wide corridor with creamish walls and light brown wooden flooring with a door at the far end. Apparently, it's a part of the same building. On the wooden floor are lying several tiny solid blue stars. Akhila walks in through the door and steps on some of them as it must be hard to avoid and she begins to talk with someone else present in the corridor. It seems to be a celebration of some kind for besides the tiny stars on the ground there's a blue curved object hanging on the left wall as well while the right of the corridor opens up after a distance into a different part of the house. And as I'm looking at the scene, I wake up.

As I'm writing this dream revelation, I see the upper half of a dark Death Conqueror in a grey jacket looking down at me from my top left as he says: ***I have to keep her. Or she won't be able to live. I've to keep her. Or she won't be able to live.*** It seems that he has understood something about the dream because of which he's saying the same. The vision repeats a few times.

- A piece of cooked meat eaten in a way that has left it in the shape of an hourglass with the cooked rough white surface at both sides with the top surfaces having a roasted light brown look as a thin metallic pin fixed to a square metallic frame runs through the flesh hourglass along its length and rotates speedily in an open day-lit background. As I was writing the vision, I heard: ***As if we'll take you in by writing (doing) all this.***
- A tiny two-foot-high Glory stands inside a dark brown monkey's skin revealing just his face out of the square facial cavity facing to the right in a snowy background. As the vision follows, he is shown to be eating a banana looking away and back to the right.

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- The front view of Gal Gadot dressed in her brown training attire from the movie Wonder Woman as she pulls along a huge light green ball with rough edges using a rope running around it in a dim light reddish background. She's trying to move the ball along the light slant using her rope.
- Gal Gadot stands dressed in a metallic training attire varying in shades of grey holding a sword in a dark background as lifting up her sword, she marches towards the viewer in a fight move where it seems like she's going to sever the top of the viewer head in two.

These three past revelations have been highlighted to me for a few days:

- Vision: A naked Glory stabs the top of my right ovary.
- Vision: The bottom view of the upper half of a naked Glory on top of me as he hammers a long nail into my eyes.
- Part of a dream: The shape of a face with its neck turned slightly upwards formed by smoke or clouds in the sky.

- Gal Gadot stands dressed in a metallic dark grey training attire holding a sword in a dark background as lifting up her sword, she marches towards the viewer in a fight move where it seems like she's going to sever the top of the viewer head in two.

Before setting out to buy tea late evening:

- ***She has protection. She has protection.***
- The dusky man in black tells me to write everything.

While having dinner (Rice with white grams):

The dusky man in black asks me to write everything for their lives may be in danger. The vision repeats again.

- ***She's extremely wise.***
- Karishma Kapoor dressed in her black shiny attire from the video below stands with Katy Perry and other people in a group as she says: ***You've won all of us. You've won all of us.***
- As I use the washroom to pee, I see the face of Karishma Kapoor from her video above looking smiling at me with ocean-blue eyes.

[Super dancer all contestants Tribute To Karishma Kapoor #karishmakapoor](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

- I verbally describe my journey of how my outlook towards the Uffs and Wows that I hear through the drones changed with time and that now my threshold forgiveness increased enough for the words to slide right off my mind. And then I see the face of Glory in front of me as he's lovingly dropping light kisses on my lips.
- The face of the dusky man in black floats in closer to me as pointing to me with his right forefinger he says smiling: ***I'm in your heart. I'm in your heart.***

➤ **An Update:**

The past vision with an obese and fair blonde lady dressed in a red pinafore over a white top sitting on a swing with a tree on the left and a background of a green open space with a flake of chips held by her fingers between her hand and her mouth, had Rebel Wilson sitting on the swing in her obese version. I didn't know her name when I first had the vision but I came across her today in one of the videos on YT after watching the following Gal Gadot interview as I felt a nudge to look one of her interviews up as I wanted to listen to the quality of her voice and accent.

[Gal Gadot, Alia Bhatt & Jamie Dornan Answer The Web's Most Searched Questions | WIRED](#)



The Guy sings:

Vo jo aankhon se.. Vo jo aankhon se ek pal na aunjhal hue..

Vo jo aankhon se ek pal na aunjhal hue..

Laapta ho gaye dekhte dekhte..

- ***Khyati ki jaan pe khatra hai. Khyati ki jaan pe khatra hai. Khyati ki jaan pe khatra hai.*** It begins to repeat in my spirit abruptly after writing a revelation above.
- The upper half of Death Conqueror with a dark face and a vicious expression in a grey jacket to my left with a bent upper half as he says quietly with squinched eyes pointing a finger at me: ***You're his Jaan.***
- A voice says: ***This is all evidence, Bro. This is all evidence, Bro.***

March 17th

17 March 2024

10:22

Night

- The upper half of Gal Gadot in a black sleeveless dress in a dark background says to me that I'm a good person. The vision repeats.
- I see a blurry figure above me resembling the upper half of Death Conqueror as he says to me that I was so poor and yet he considered me and then I wasn't grateful at all. He repeats it a few times. This makes me think if his financial status was what stood out about him, then I wouldn't have blocked him in the first place. I blocked him because I judged him a wicked man.
- The inner view of a clean ear tunnel revealing its whitish eardrum as a tiny something is moving inside the canal. But then the canal and the drum move further backwards moving out of sight of the tiny object. The follow-up vision shows the object now finally managing to reach the drum and tearing the same go on the other side where it now comes across what looks like intestines. And apparently, the intestines are going to be out through the perforated eardrum as the follow-up vision shows them sliding out to the right through the cavity.
- As I lie on my side in my bed, I see a 2-3 feet thick and 1-2 meters long metallic pole in front of me running between my legs as my strong pp got rubbed against it. The vision repeated a few times.
- A semi-animated vision of the angled top-view of people dressed in round-neck white tunics in two rows facing each other in the background of the sky as a pair of naked legs enter the vision from the other end as they're being floated by the arms of the men in white to the angled right. As the figure is further pulled towards by the hands, it turns out to be the almost naked figure of Xerxes as those who're passing him along the rows are gnawing at his flesh.
- A semi-animated vision of the parallel bottom view of a lion running towards me to attack me in the open background of a grassy field as a voice says that he's coming to devour and kill me.

This morning

Dream: I am with a person, supposedly my classmate, perhaps there are a few more people around as well, but she's the only one I happen to be with inside a room that exits into an open Verandah resembling the backside verandah on the first floor of our rented 2BHK at the Rugha Saini's in my hometown Pundri. The Verandah is apparently a roof restaurant as well with round tables and I see a woman with her hair falling at the back sitting alone on a small round table with a tablecloth with a red and white print as the vision shifts to the roof. She's having a plate heaped with noodles, perhaps Veg Chowmein. It's day and she's sitting on a seat along the left edge of the restaurant as seen from her front. I know that while she's having them, she's cursing me and it shows up as a disturbance around us in the room. I seem to be aware that she is eating that Chowmein as a ritual for cursing us. I happen to walk by her left side from behind her and want to avoid catching her attention as I know she can hurt me in supernatural ways. She resumes eating Chowmein and begins to curse me again. I don't understand why should she curse me and others when I don't even know her well personally and never have I interacted with her. But I know well that I don't share a good bond with her and she's most likely to cause me harm.

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After we've left that space and now are in a different setting, I find myself with a group of people who are supposedly from the same institution. They're talking about an outstation tour the institution is organizing. I have a few female friends showing interest in it. A man who is in charge of some kind and is known to me as well will also be joining the trip. Apparently, I have a good bond with him. I come across him around. He's a man of medium stature dressed in a grey jacket and I seem to be in a reciprocative love bond with him. We both walk into a corridor with the canteen counter to our right to have lunch. We already have something in front of us to eat as we stand in front of the counter and he asks the man behind the counter for Golgappas following which the shopkeeper grabs a sealed transparent packet of Golgappas from the right end of the counter. He tells me that indeed he'll be joining the tour. It gets me excited as I think I will get a chance to spend exclusive love-filled time with him. As everyone is leaving the room now, the man also turns for it's about time to leave for the tour. I have a narrow rectangular bowl with a few equally sized sections in it filled with a light green thick liquid sweet. I want to consume it before we leave. Since he's in a hurry. I tell him to leave the room and wait for me as I would join them shortly. He leaves the room and takes a right to grab something I would need during the trip. I see that I am not wearing footwear as well so I quickly grab them but I still miss out on something because I'm afraid that the trip is going to leave and I'm going to be left. I rush out of the room in a hurry and on my way out find my BSc classmate Bidisha Barman standing inside the room some meters away from the door on the left side of it. She was a fair and chubby girl with a round face and pointed teeth. I see that she has a belly protruding out of her white bridal gown. As I pass her by, I care to look back and while still rushing away from her, I harshly say to her scoldingly that she doesn't even have time for her dad. I don't say anything else and I seem to be angry with her as I leave her behind in a hurry.

I don't want to take the stairs after passing the entire corridor as I find myself above the ground floor. So, instead what I do is to throw what I am carrying in my hand down to the right on the large square center ground and jump down directly from the corridor as I know in the dream that I'll be able to float or fly. I'm in quite a hurry as I jump but instead of being able to take the shortest path, I happen to not possess much control on my flight but slide along near the edges to the right as I then pick my stuff that I had thrown down up and rush to find the guy in grey. I can't spot him around and this makes me worried if the trip already left. But I had told them to wait for me because of something important. I take a left to go ask in the principal's office. After stepping up the few stairs, and taking a few steps forward, as I stand at the open door of the principal's office, I see a few people inside but not the guy. I see Luthra Ma'am walking to the right behind the principal's desk laid in front of the middle of the wall facing the door. Another lady in a printed tunic set site on a chair close to the door and I ask her if the trip and the guy already left. She says a yes. I ask them how long has it been since they left. She says that it has been quite a while. This disappoints me because I was really looking forward to being on that trip with the guy. I ask her: Vaapis nahi aa sakte? I understand that the trip has left already and if I want to join, I need to step out the school and chase after the school's transport they used for the trip. As I was walking severely disappointed towards the main gate of the school and am now on the slight brick and concrete slant to the door, I see as a third person my MSc batchmate Sid dressed in multilayered black approach me from the square center. He is a short-heighted guy with the full name Siddhartha and perhaps he came to me to inform me about something or ask something. He looks quite serious. But what I don't understand is why would he have makeup on his face. I see his eyes circumferenced roundly with black eyeliner

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and dark lipstick on his lips while his cheeks have silver sparkle on them applied in quite an abnormal way where it covers most of the cheeks and stands out. I can't seem to reason why would he put that dark intense makeup and especially the silver sparkle on his cheeks seem so weird and out of place. The entire makeup looks out of place. I can't seem to guess why he did such a thing to himself. And I'm still standing on the right facing him thinking about having to catch the trip's vehicle as he stands in front of me.

Post Waking Up

- HOLY SPIRIT written with fire in a black background. (**HOLY SPIRIT**)
- The naked upper half of Robin Sharma until his shoulders with several metallic chains around his neck in a dark background as he puts a chain around my neck (the viewer) and says that I can't leave him like that.
- The parallel view of the upper half of an old Einstein with frizzy neck-length white hair in a dark plain sweater wearing a pollution mask floats towards the viewer in the background of the sky.

The reference to sky always reminds me of two previous revelations. One is a real-life event in which I saw a loveheart shaped cloud cavity made in the sky on a drizzling day above the road to the right at the first T-point inside Gate No. 4 of the Science Faculty. The second revelation the sky brings to my mind is the scene from Fate/Stay Night in which Saber standing on top of a tall building says looking up at the sky that we're under the same sky.

- A snapshot of a bird flying to the right out of a white cage as the upper half of Glory dressed in black facing to the left is shown on the right side of the vision.
- The top right view of Narnia's white witch dressed in a white gown with a golden crown on top walking down inside a wide and extremely long cylindrical tissue tunnel. Several other people in full-length white attires follow along in a narrow straight line and walking along the inner periphery fall inside the clear dim red tissue tunnel. The vision then shows the top view of the deep tunnel at the end of which is shown to be present a wide open eye with a red sclera on top of which as soon as the tiny people fall on, they burn down into nothing. The eye covers almost the entire base of the tunnel.

The Guy sings:

Jeene marne ki hum the wajah aur humin..

Bewajah ho gaye.. Dekhte dekhte..

The lyrics repeat a few times after I wake up this morning.

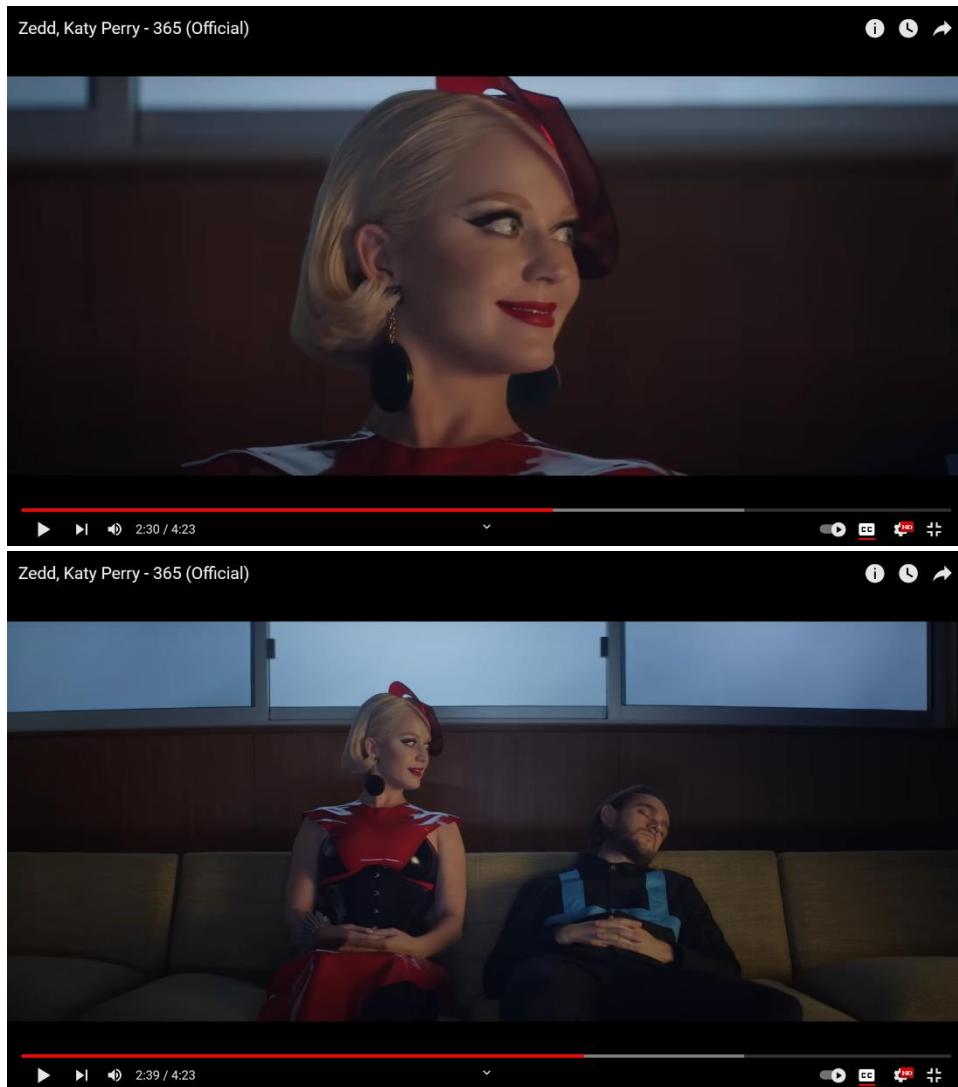
- The upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket looks down at me as he says: ***I ruined her career. I ruined her career.***

Past Revelations

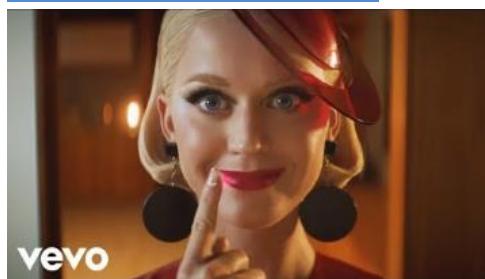
- (**Past few months**) This scene from the Katy Perry song 365 in which she is sitting on the left of the guy being used to test her human performance as a robot and is looking at him smiling with

The Secret Place Revelations

unblinking eyes as he's looking at the TV has been highlighted to me several times intermittently within the past months.



[Zedd, Katy Perry - 365 \(Official\)](#)



- (Past month) I find myself referring to the trio as Darlings as I repeat the word in a row. It was sometime after God's given revelation in which He showed me wrapping a white towel slowly around the waists of the trio in red suits over a white shirt as I said: ***Don't sin, my darlings. Don't sin, my darlings.***

The Secret Place Revelations

➤ (Past two weeks) The face of Milind Soman in his avatar from the song *Made in India* gets out of a cavity surrounded by lavender flowers as he gets out of it and walks away from the viewer with a naked upper half.

(Past week) The last time while I was taking a bath, I had the following revelations.

➤ A voice says that I'm almost completely dressed. It seems to me that he has said so because this time I'm wearing boy shorts instead of a bikini panty. It seemed to me to be the voice of the bald and fat middle man. I resorted back to wearing boy shorts because I wasn't too comfortable wearing bikinis as they began to nauseate me since 2021 when I got to know about the existence of boyshorts panties as a substitute for bikinis.

➤ The upper half of a stubbled Glory in a jacket over a t-shirt as he says turning his head to a side with a bland expression in a blunt tone: ***Is moti (fat woman) ko kaun dekhega? Is moti ko kaun dekhega?***

Post Bathing

➤ The upper half of a dark Death Conqueror until his shoulders in a grey jacket a foot in front of my groin as he says warily in a quiet tone: ***Show us your panty. Show us your panty.***

➤ (Past week) I put a two-feet-long golden crown on top of the head of the dusky man in black standing in front of me on the right of the vision as he puts several few inches high golden crowns on my head in a row.

➤ (Past few days) ***She's a not a diamond. She's a gem. She's not a diamond. She's a gem.*** It later reminds me of the revelation in which Finneas said: ***You're my diamond.***

➤ (Past few days) The dusky man in black stabs open the center of my chest revealing my heart as he then begins to lightly bite on it.

➤ (Past few days) As I'm watching one of Audiologist Conor's videos, and in this one, he's dressed in a white shirt, I hear: ***That's how she used to watch me. That's how she used to watch me.*** Accompanied by a blurry upper half of Death Conqueror being flashed. It reminded me that indeed I used to look up at him as a person high in the field who knows his stuff but he turned out to be a wicked psychopath. The vision repeated a few times and continued to do so when I stepped out to buy something from the Dinesh Store.

➤ (Day before yesterday) The dusky man in black says: ***I can't believe we made a virgin a whore. We made a virgin a whore.***

I happen to open a YT narcissism video on Richard Grannon's channel suggestion out of curiosity. During the brief time I watched it, the guy talked about how in a cult, the real self is embedded or hidden below the cult self after which I stop watching the video because I know what he's talking about. And then as I make the point that ***the real self has to be changed in the likeness of Christ*** (with all the pain, suffering, and trauma) I see the upper half of Richard get an abrupt hit on his forehead by the sudden vertical appearance of a danda from below.

It's His Spirit alone that helps us to understand different aspects of His nature and be more like Him by revealing things to us in a way that we are likely to understand.

The Secret Place Revelations

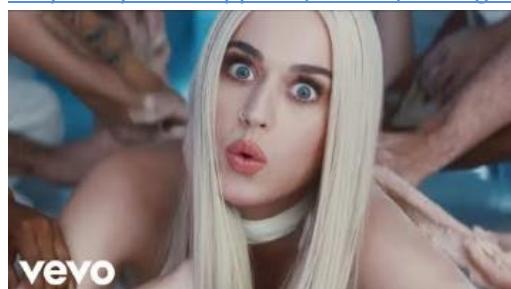
[The Dark Truth Of Narcissistic Abuse: It Splits Your Personality](#)



When I went to YT to look for the above video, I found it had Katy's 365 song open and then my eyes went to the top right corner of the page where I saw the song suggestion Bon Appetit by Katy Perry. It was at the top of the video list on the right and when I opened it, I found the scene below reminding me of the Xerxes vision from last night that I wrote earlier today which resembled the song's choreography.

Bon Appetit

[Katy Perry - Bon Appétit \(Official\) ft. Migos](#)



The scene and the Xerxes vision.



As I'm watching Bon Appetit, I see Glory standing in the corridor as he looked at me and said: ***Maar dunga mein tujhe Kartika. Maar dunga mein tujhe Kartika.***

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Though the song begins with Katy Perry being prepared to be served to others, it turns out that whoever was willing to partake in the cannibalistic act of consuming her, was used in the end to prepare a barbecue. This also goes hand in hand with what Brother Jonathan Kleck talks about in his ministry - that the female body was set up as a trap to imprison angels in human house bodies who then get spiritually consumed by their demonic serpent self.

The face of the dusky man in black comes down closer to me from the left as he says: ***Agar humein pata hota ki tu bhagwaan ki putri hai to hum kabhi aisa nahi karte. Agar humein pata hota ki tu bhagwaan ki putri hai to hum kabhi aisa nahi karte.***

While using the washroom

- The bottom view of Queen Ingrith, the mother-in-law of Aurora, dressed in a black gown walks towards the viewer in the background of an open ground in front of a building as flames of fire burn and hover on top of her head.
- The dusky man in black says that he's like me. And as I wrote the vision, I was reminded of the vision from day before yesterday as I told him that no harm would come to him.

When I fall in love, it will be forever.

The animated version of the following song has flashed in my spirit a few times until now.

Cinderella When I Fall in Love



Cinderella's story and the book with the dark green cover with Battle written at the top.



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The dusky man in black looks down smiling at me with shining eyes as he says: **You're not Cinderella. You're a smartass killer!**

[Céline Dion - When I Fall In Love \(Official Video\) ft. Clive Griffin](#)



[Nat King Cole - When I Fall In Love \(Visualizer\)](#)



Earlier during the day, as I was writing about my shifting back to wearing boyshorts, and I recalled the revelation in which I saw an Xray vision of a female's flat middle body wearing a bikini on top of her groin as an erect male genitalia started blinking on top of her groin, I understood that the vision actually referred to the selling away of oneself to a flat-bellied person as is understood by the deconstruction of the word Bikini as Biki-knee. And then I understood that it was Death Conqueror who got sold out to a flat belly and therefore the revelation had come true for him. This was the day that I understood that revelation in a better context. The revelation didn't talk about marriage and the presence of a bikini on top of the woman's groin was not without a reason. As I understand the revelation and speak out this further revelation I had received, I saw the upper half of a dark Death Conqueror in a grey jacket looking down at me from the top left in front of me as he said: **I married a whore. I married a whore.** It only made sense to me in the context that his wife sold herself out to him disregarding the fact that he was doing quite a few extremely wicked things.

The vision repeated a few times within the next hour or so. And now it reminds me of the previous vision I had about more than a month back in which I saw a small-framed vision of Akhila sitting on a

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bed as she said to me: ***He can leave me anytime. I am a cheap whore. He can leave me anytime. I am a cheap whore.***

It made me wonder if the vision reflected my own thoughts as is sometimes the case.

The chorus of the following Katy Perry song plays in my spirit.

Chained to the rhythm (CTTR)

People sing together:

Turn it up.. It's your favourite song!

Dance dance dance to the distortion.

Turn it up.. Keep it on repeat..

Stumbling around like a wasted zombie.!

Yeah! We're think we're free!

Drink! This one's on me!

We're all chained to the rhythm..

To the rhythm.. To the rhythm..

[Katy Perry - Chained To The Rhythm \(Official\) ft. Skip Marley](#)



- The upper half of a dark Death Conqueror in a grey jacket at my top left as he says: ***I sold myself. I sold myself.***

The upper half of the dusky man in black a few feet above me at my left as he looks down at me and says: ***You know nothing about love! You know nothing about love!*** His head then slowly floats down to me whispering the words: ***Let me show you what it is..*** It is followed by him beginning to slowly kiss me.

- As I'm at the end of the song Chained to the Rhythm where the rapper Skip Marley in multilayered white wearing a metallic cross steps out of the TV and raps for a while, I hear: ***I never saw through her. I never saw through her.***
- KA says: ***Tu Bahut badi k*tiya hai. Tu bahut badi k*tiya hai.***

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Late Evening

While peeing:

- I see a close-up endoscopic view of the inside of an almost clean ear canal with its ear drum visible at the back as the metallic front of the endoscope is just prodding against the entrance of the ear canal with white flakes of dead skin right at the front set on fire.

As I lie in bed on my right side to rest,

- I see the face of Katy Perry with closed eyes from the above song emulating my face as I'm settling inside my blanket. It is followed by the bottom view of her face facing to the slight left with a small metallic base behind her as the view of the sky can be seen around. She shouts: **Get them all!** It is followed by several tiny people dressed in thick white skiing attires ski up in a straight line on a narrow metallic slide with whiteboards and sticks. As they move upwards, they enter right into her huge and open mouth. All the skiers go down her food pipe into her belly as they then enter her intestines and are eventually ejected out through her anus into my washroom's commode is shown as its top view is shown with the slightly yellowish base suggesting that it hasn't been cleaned for a while. The water after being flushed out goes into the Ganda Nala and the vision then fast forwards to the left and a cylindrical silicon glass placed on a surface is shown to be now holding the treated water of the Ganda Nala as it's picked up by Delhi CM AKej. with his upper half visible in the vision being dressed in a navy blue sweater in the wooden background of his office as he takes a sip from the glass.
- A small-framed vision of the picture of Katy Perry's short-haired blonde face facing to the left from the song *CTTR* stuck on a small white base inside what looks like an enclosed cavity lit enough for one to make out that it's her face as the cavity then gets flooded with a thick transparent viscous fluid resembling olive oil as it's lightly moving inside while one looks at her face through the oil barrier. As one continues looking at the picture through the dwindling slurry of oil, the picture now seems to have changed and on focusing better, it's now shown to be the face of a dark dinosaur facing to the left.

The lady sings in the tune of one of the lines from *CTTR*:

Are you crazy..?

As I looked up the song to listen to the listen, I found out its relation with the lyrics at the beginning.

The lady sings:

Are we crazy..?

Living our lives through a lens

- The upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket near the ceiling in front of me turns his face away as he shouts holding his head between his hands: **She's a whore! She's a whore!**

Night

- **Samajh use! Samajh use!**

The chorus of this song has been playing in my spirit for a few days.

The Guy sings:

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Kurbaan hua...

Kurbaan hua...

Ref: [Kurbaan Hua Best Lyric Video - "Kurbaan|Kareena Kapoor, Saif Ali Khan| Vishal Dadlani"](#)



- I sit with squinched eyes feeling anxious while I'm writing. I'm looking at my state and analyzing it and it's then that I see the upper half of Diaval, the messenger of Maleficent, dressed in black in his attire from the movie in an open background lit with white light as he says: **Don't worry. You're fine.**
- I close my eyes to pray to find some relief as I'm feeling so anxious and as soon as I begin praying, I see the upper half of a person until the shoulders in a dim golden background as it is covered with a thick brown layer of earwax with a rough surface with protruding triangular edges in varying shades of brown. It moves around his head slowly away from the viewer to the right.
- I close my eyes again and see the face of the person covered with ear wax as it moves towards me offensively opening its mouth like a ghost.
- **You need to bathe Kartika. You need to bathe.**

As I'm having Chowmein

- The upper half of a dark Death Conqueror in a grey jacket as he says to someone turning his head to a side: **I've to leave her. I've to leave her.**
- He says looking down at me: **I will leave you. Kyunki mujhe marna nahi hai. I will leave you. Kyunki mujhe marna nahi hai.**
- As I was done writing the above revelation and had begun to write the next, I saw: the bearded face of Glory in front of me as he begins to kiss me while gently saying: **Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.**
- As I'm nearing the end of eating Chowmein, I see my hand abruptly let loose of the genitalia of the dusky man in black leaving it there erect horizontally facing me. This was in continuation with the previous revelation in which I held it with a tight grip where he was dressed in a red suit over a white shirt. When I leave it this time, he continues to stand there without any movement. As I began to write this revelation, I saw: him taking slow steps backwards on the checkered floor with his horizontal genitalia. He walks forward to me again and hugs me and we share a warm hug.
- As I continue nearing the end of finishing Chowmein, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black say: **What can we do to make things right? What can we do to make things right?** I can't think of anything immediately. I think if it would help to take down the prostitute website. But then I reassess

The Secret Place Revelations

and see that it can't really undo anything. I was waiting for the fulfillment of my marital promise. The next thing immediate thing I think is if perhaps he could marry me then it would be like a fresh start and now I had developed a good bond with him and I felt good about him. But then I recalled the dream of my wedding with Glory. I just want to be committed to one place to be happy and I will forget the past. But as I'm thinking about these things, I don't know if any of my solutions are good or align with God's solutions besides the wedding with Glory as was revealed in the dream back in 2021. I can only be happy with one person at a time as my husband and not more because of how I perceive the bond and the value I give to it. And once you're comfortable and happy in a love bond, you don't feel like shifting to a different slot even during difficult times.

- When I'm done eating Chowmein and am now washing some grapes to eat, I see a small-framed vision of the upper half of the dusky man in black again as he says again: ***What can we do to make things right? What can we do to make things right?*** My thoughts aren't very clear this time as I think that there's nothing they can do. And then I'm in such a complicated situation because first: people are watching me, second: I already have my cherished wedding dream from 2021, third: I formed comparable bonds with some people which ideally I ought not to but situationally I happened to because of the revelations. And my promise and bond with Glory was also made possible because of the revelations in the absence of the order if which we would be lacking the ground we have. So, he can't really blame the revelations I had with others, or shouldn't blame for how I feel about some people, because my bond with him wouldn't have been possible in the absence of the revelations. So he shouldn't judge me for feeling a certain way for someone but he should know that when it's time for me to fall in my place, he wouldn't be facing any competition because I wouldn't be thinking in that way. And because I already have the prophetic dream, I know the direction I am supposed to think along. But at this moment or time, I am in awe of the beautiful revelations I received about the dusky man in black. Glory says sobbing tearlessly turning his head to a side: ***Ye bahut sacchi hai!*** And also, since I watched the song When I Fall In Love and noticed that the prince at the end dancing with Cinderella in a white gown is a dusky guy, it has left an impression on me. (Glory says in a blunt apathetic tone: I will kill you for saying these things.) Their dance also reminded me of the vision on the wall lit in golden candlelight above the House of The Lord when I was sitting in the dark of night in room D1, dressed in my plain and casual pink and blue wedding attire waiting for the clock to hit 22:00 so I could step out in concordance with the previous revelations. In that revelation, I had seen a man in a black suit over a white shirt dance with a bride in a white gown with her upper half bent backwards by a significant amount as she held a colorful bouquet of flowers. Watching the dance at the end of that Cinderella song today reminded me of that vision. And you don't get the same time again, which is not to say that one should sin but one should speak the truth and let the other person know about your heart state. So risking the fact that my words could hurt my promised person, I had to speak the truth because I might not be able to get this opportunity again.
- Somewhere while writing the above, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt as he looked at me with filled innocent eyes and expression.
- ***My heart is with you. My heart is with you. It's safe with you.*** And then I feel a fullness inside my chest as I can sense an invisible void as I see through the upper half of the person in the white sweatshirt.

The song began playing in my spirit abruptly.

The Secret Place Revelations

[Céline Dion - It's All Coming Back to Me Now \(Lyrics\)](#)



The following scene from the movie Stardust was highlighted to me when I had the vision in which I saw the dusky man in black say seriously to me: ***You know nothing about love.***

[Stardust \(5/8\) Movie CLIP - I Know a Lot About Love \(2007\) HD](#)



The scene has been highlighted to me previously a few times as well.

As I lie down to sleep, I see:

- The front view of Yvaine until her shoulders from the above video moving her head lying on a side in the same manner as mine with closed eyes as I'm settling inside my blanket to sleep.
- The top view of the face of Yvaine lying straight on the pillow with her blonde hair tilted to the left.
- A semi-animated small-framed vision of a black and white patched cow grazing straw as it stands facing to the right and grazes while moving its head in periodic motions. It stands inside an open barn with dried straw tied together at the center and lies on top of a wooden slab hiding the cow's face as it moves behind the breadth of the table.
- The top view of a short wood cutting saw with its blade rotating around its place as it lies on top of a grassy field.
- The upper half of a person covered with ear wax of thick brown consistency and a rough texture with the extremely clean and groomed face of Gal Gadot with her hair tied at the back in a bun.
- The top view of a wide hole in beige soiled ground in the view of the day with a narrow conical ladder placed on the left side of it as half of it is resting on the ground and half on top of the wide

The Secret Place Revelations

hole as a man lying on the ladder swings vertically in and out of the hole with the ladder's part over the edge serving as a fulcrum.

As I was writing the above, I saw a dark Death Conqueror say: ***You're already dead.*** It was followed by Glory dressed in a jacket over trousers saying in a scared tone: ***Tu mar chuki hai Kartika.***

- A semi-animated vision of the front view of the bottom half of the giant legs of a man, spread apart and covered by beige trousers, as he stands in an open field in the dim white light of the day with a solid towering brown part of a conical structure standing between his legs reaching until below his groin.
- Priyanka Chopra with a dark brown face with a peeled look stands dressed in a full-sleeved, round-neck white tunic in the day background of a forest as her hands are tied together by a rope in front of her body with the rope extending forward towards the viewer as she says in a pleading tone: ***Please leave me alone.***
- ***We killed her bro. We killed her.***
- ***B*tch we killed you!***
- The front right view of an outer ear with some yellow liquid resting on the surface above what looks like a brown clump of hair below.
- ***I love you, Kartika. I love you.***
- Dream: I stand inside my room lit in dim yellow light as I hear a sound outside my room. Walking closer to the door, I notice that the inner wooden door is not bolted in sideways. Scared, I open it slightly to make sure if the mesh door is closed and see a dark short figure in a boxy coat standing outside the door. I get fearful and close the inner door and bolt it up as fearfully, I begin to shout out to my mom but since I can't get my voice out of my mouth, am only able to whisper out a forced: ***Mummy...! Save Me! Help!***
- The bottom view as seen from the top of a pit in the ground as Gal Gadot dressed in her brown metallic Wonder Woman training attire stands a few meters away from the pit holding her sword in her left hand walks to the pit with a stretched right hand to help me out of it as other amazons dressed similarly in brown training attires stand around her.
- The upper half of the dusky man in black dressed in a round neck full-sleeved white tunic in a dim-golden background as he holds a long saw horizontally in his left hand with the head of the saw facing to the left as it rotates speedily and tiny bits of flesh begin to fly randomly in the air.
- The day bottom-view as seen from the mouth of a pit in the ground as Gal Gadot dressed in a full-sleeved checkered white shirt tucked inside pants walks towards the pit with her right hand stretched forth in order to help me out of the pit.
- The back view of a giant black and naked Glory in a dark background with the texture of his body resembling the plain and smooth consistency of thick black wax as he lies crouched on his left side on a narrow metallic slab with his head and body facing away from the viewer with a large erect black genitalia in front of him as he's rubbing on it with both his hands and a Jobson probe enters the vision from the front and touches the base of his waist in order to move him and get him off the slab.

March 18th

18 March 2024

06:23

- The upper half of a dark Death Conqueror in a grey jacket in the air looks down at me as he says smiling: ***I wasted your time. I wasted your time.*** The vision repeats a few times.
- Cliffe Knetchel dressed in a light-colored full-sleeved shirt tucked inside pants walks forward towards the viewer along a beige wall of tall bushes with the passage pointing slightly in the left direction as he is pointing a gun straight forward a gun pointed forward as he points in my direction and says: ***You stay there! I'll take care of it!*** He continues to march along the soiled path as he shoots several bullets straight in that direction. When he exits the vision, the follow-up vision shows him entering back into the vision with a few backward steps as he faces a gunshot in the center of his forehead.
- The front view of a light bluish-grey film inside an ear with an arched white thick piece of debri along the left edge and the translucent face of Rachna Bua wearing specs on the right side of the film as she says: ***Bander aap marne waale ho!***
- ***You're a liar Mrittunjay. You're a liar!***
- The upper half of the dusky man in black in front of me a meter above me says to me: ***He wanted to ruin your career. He wanted to ruin your career.***

(Earlier during the night)

- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt above me as he moves his palm over my eyes to close them.
- As I'm curling up a thin flock of hair on my finger, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black to my right as he says: ***You look very foolish when you do that.*** The vision repeats a few times as I continue to do so.
- As I look up Bidisha's profile on FB to spellcheck her name, I see that she's now working as a Clinical Technologist at Cheltenham General Hospital and went to the University of Glasgow after Miranda. I then see the upper half of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket in front of me some distance above me as he says: ***You could've easily gotten that job. You could've easily gotten that job.*** The vision repeats a few times. It is followed by him saying that I could find a better job. A small-framed vision of Glory as he says: ***That's who you are Kartika.***
- The top view of the base of the partly trimmed hoof of an animal with V-shaped dark grey goop in the middle.
- The bottom view of a thick red sheet at the base on top of which are stacked differently colored plain sheets one after the other. The vertical thickness of the sheets is more or less the same though the structure does decrease a bit in its horizontal expanse as one goes up. The structure is built in a well-lit light yellowish background. The follow-up vision shows a wide and sharp object resembling a blade hit the top of the pile severing it vertically in two.

Past Revelations

- (Past two months) As I'm on my way to the dept in a Rickshaw on the road alongside the Ganda Nala, I hear in my spirit Necromancer or Necromancy as the word repeated itself a few times. As I was done writing this revelation, I heard: ***You died a long time back Kartika. You died a long time back.***

The Secret Place Revelations

- (Past two months) I happen to drop something down while eating in bed and see Akhila saying to me: ***That's what he hates about you. That's what he hates about you.*** The next time I drop something else, the vision repeats.
- (Past few weeks) A small framed vision of the hands of the dusky man in black entering my trousers through the back as he begins to press slide them up and down against my hips. The vision has repeated quite a few times. But I remembered today to write about it.
- (Past three weeks) As I'm using the washroom to poop, I see a small-framed vision of Finneas dressed in a black suit as he says: ***She knows how the hearts of men work. She knows how the hearts of men work.***
- (Past month) Death Conqueror in a grey jacket over pants walks to me with a sobbing expression as he says: ***Haye.. Haye... Haye Kartika Haye.. Haye Kartika Hai.. Ye kya btaya.. Haye..***
- (Past week) It's day and I'm standing at SharmaJi Eating Point waiting for him to pack me tea, and it's then that I hear a male's voice say in a quiet and serious tone: ***Na to ise mujhse kuch pyaar hai aur na hi lagaav. Na to ise mujhse kuch pyaar hai aur na hi lagaav.***
- (Past week) Prof TRS repeats: ***You're extremely poor. You're extremely poor.***
- (Past few days) The dusky man in black says that I should've come across his profile on FB instead of the short fellow to follow as a person in the field and therefore I should've been watching him.
- (Past few days) ***Are you trying to get us killed by being so good?***
- (Past few days, Night) Death Conqueror says that he understood why things just didn't come together well and he couldn't be in my presence. He says that it's because he's too wicked.
- (Past few days) Death Conqueror says: ***I made you a whore (to use) for myself. I made you a whore for myself.***
- (Past two days) A figure of Glory is flashed in the corridor as he says that He didn't want a good girl. He wanted a clever girl good at maintaining appearance and who was capable of sinning or tolerating sin in mild ways. He's referring to a smart person. Now, I may have been sharp and smart some years back when I had a sense of worldly confidence. But now I've seen that sold-out people exhibit a sense of confidence with no good basis. So I'm not really into operating with *worldly smartness or cleverness*. I want my surroundings to be holy and for my own mind to be holy and to be around people who are holy mentally.

Well, now that I think of it, I wanted a person who would serve as a covering above me, a covering that doesn't let me be anxious and is also a screen between me and the world wherein I don't get to interact a lot with the surroundings but that person does it on my behalf. Meera took care of that very well because she used to be the one who mostly interacted with others. I used to interject when I saw I could add something meaningful or if the interaction was a brainstorming or challenging discussion and not an inquiry or something similar, it's then that I suddenly had the needed communication skills. When we talked with others about things within a rational context, it's then I would be involved in the conversation. Otherwise, I would be a silent listener while she took care of the needed social interaction.

- (Past few days) An ear-cleaning metallic forceps inside an ear pointing straight to the accumulated thick creamish-white wax protrusion along the left surface of the ear. It seems that the person holding the forceps isn't sure about removing the wax but then it takes a tad bit of the wax and withdraws out.

The Secret Place Revelations

- (Past few days) A thin metallic cylinder with a pointed end hovers in front of a white surface as it makes a small vertical cut near the left end of the white surface.
- (Past few days) I abruptly and unexpectedly begin to slide my hand against the erect genitalia of the dusky man in black immediately followed by him rubbing his fingers against my strong pp. The vision has repeated a few times by now and the last time I had it was within the past few days.
- (Yesterday) The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt floats to me as he says: **Please hug me. Please hug me.** I then see him leaning against me as I hug him lovingly.
- (yesterday) A gun pointed in front of my forehead shoots several times.
- (yesterday) My dad hits the top of my head with a long black danda with a vicious expression.
- (yesterday) The side view of the clean-shaven and fair face of Glory until the end of his throat revealing the collar of his dark brown checkered coat as he looks to the left and holding my face in front of him tells me that I'm very beautiful. The vision repeats a few times.

Morning

Part of a Dream: The semi-animated vision of Aimee, who has been sending me emails under the banner of Bold Existence, stands facing to the left in a YouTube video I happen to be watching in the background of an open sun-lit field as she delivers a word. I found it hard to believe that she is a part of Bold Existence because her words at times seemed to tear up rather than build where it seemed that she was levelling down good godly behavior and qualities while covering up for sin using weird arguments. Because of the kind of things she said and how I understood them, I often doubted if she was really a part of Bold Existence. I didn't feel the way while reading any other mail from Bold Existence like I did with her emails. They either covertly unjustly flatter or say unreasonable things meant to break down the other person.

Dream: I find myself in a space where a person resembling Jonathan sits in front of me as three narrow sheets in the rough shape of a convex lens are stuck on the inner side of a dark curved cave. One is lighter in shade while the other two are dark. Apparently, they need to be removed from the dark grey surface but it's risky to do so. One of them is the most volatile and when flipped or removed may cause lead to a blast and cause injury to bystanders. While moving the others doesn't come with a risk. I move away from the cave to get away from those things sticking to the cave and as I look back, I see them sticking there still. I was afraid of the volatile piece so I ran away from the cave itself.

- The front view of a tiny Shahid Kapoor with a spiky head in a black suit inside an ear canal in a dance move on his knee with a lady in a black gown.
- The semi-animated vision of a hand dragging out the severed light blue head of Shiva from my ear canal using a long and fine metallic tool. The follow-up vision shows the tool now dragging out the rest of his half-naked body in a cheetah suit from inside the canal.
- A dark version of the short fellow walks backward as he says: **Mein accha nahi hu. Mein accha nahi hu.**
- A dark brownish-black wax sheet in the shape of a short hair wig floating in the dim golden background of a room.

The Secret Place Revelations

➤ The front view of RS standing to the right of KA as he says to him: ***Humein ise marna padega. Humein ise marna padega. (Nhi to aise hi karti rahegi.)***

Dream (Morning of 6th March):

I'm walking on the main road of my hometown Pundri after having passed by the crossroads the left side of which goes to PHC and the right side of which to the road to Dilkash Beauty Parlour, Shamsher Sir's once-rented home and Sakshi's home in the same line as well. After a while, I reach the point on the road where to my left is a water body covered with algae and leaves, and to my right is a government school. While taking the right turn, I spot a lady with her little daughter on a black scooty on my right side. I seem to know her in the dream, and the little girl is apparently the little Emma from The Voice Kids France 2018. As I realize passing them by that I know them, I look back and gesture a *Hi* to the lady hurriedly as she says that yesterday she (Emma) spent a crore in just a night. I smile and laugh at the situation as I look back at them while continuing to rush forward.

When I'm inside the building, I now find myself at a round white table with an umbrella shed above held by a pole. A girl stands to my right and begins to talk to me. I can tell from her countenance and the way she is talking to me that she is a homosexual person and is interested in me as she seems to be trying to make a good impression on me. I tell her how it's wrong and a sin but it doesn't look like what I said has seeped into her understanding. Billie Eilish happens to be standing beside her and she understands and knows what I'm talking about. She begins to pray for the girl to be delivered from homosexuality as she stands facing her with her hands on top of the girl's head. But the girl doesn't seem to be interested in getting delivered and walks away from the table. But Billie doesn't give up and follows along praying as both of them near the curved pathway at the far end of their uncharted walk. The curved pathway resembles the part of RGHG's inner peripheral arched pathway at the end of its mess area. The girl continues to walk along the path away from the mess as Billie standing in front of her walks backwards with her hands on top of her head while she prays in tongues. As they continue to move along the arched path, the path now resembles the inner arched path of my parental home's apartment society and we're now near its short entrance gate. Billie is still praying in tongues for the girl though she doesn't seem to have had much impact on her. While Billie prays, the woman continues to speak her sinful jibberish. But Billie understands that it's all a part of spiritual warfare. Looking at the tug of war, I join in too as I put my hands on top of the girl's head and begin to pray in tongues. After a long distance, she seems to have become normal. And then I hear a cracking sound in the air around. I wonder if it means that the deliverance is complete. As I say the last few lines of the prayer, there's another cracking sound.

We find ourselves deep in a University area and need to get outside. So we take a bus that runs within the university and drops people outside. As I board the same, I find Ajay Sir inside. He is Awadhesh Prasad's ex PhD student who now teaches at a DU college. He stands to my left and is complaining about someone who behaved in an unreasonable way and caused distress to him. From his description, I didn't see much wrong with the behavior of the person he was complaining about for it didn't seem to me to be a thing of moral limitation but an objective limitation. The altercation could've been a result of individualistic preferences outside the moral regime of living and thinking, or perhaps a clash of ideologies or actions not considerable within a moral context, in which case he

The Secret Place Revelations

needed not to be stressed about what the person said or how he behaved. As I'm listening to Ajay Sir describe his ordeal, I am thinking that he was supposed to minister to that person and could've refrained from complaining.

I now find myself in the bedroom of our Rugh Saini's rented home. It has a dark pebbled floor. Now that I think of it, I find it interesting that the room to its left which we used as the drawing room had a white pebbled floor. I find the room I am in quite messed. It needs to be organized. I see several wooden racks along the walls. I have to clean the apartment as well. All of it is messed up and dirty. The follow-up vision shows My mom asks me to dust the racks first. But I tell her that I may get too tired if I did an extensive cleaning procedure and that cleaning the floor is huge enough of a task for me. If I am able to do that, I will see it as an achievement and I may not be able to do more. I then see Divyanshu sitting on a blue and white mat on the floor in front of the wooden wardrobes on the left side of the door. He has his flip-flops lying nearby which he picks up by his hands and moves aside. I tell him to not touch his footwear but rather use his feet to move them around if he needs to. I am a bit annoyed about how he doesn't even know the basics and gets his hands dirty and then he doesn't even wash his hands.

While writing the dream above:

- A small-framed vision of a stubbled RS with neck-length hair in a purple Sherwani standing in a dark background as he says: ***Tu bahut acchi hai Kartika.***
- A thick outwardly tilted vertical disk of dark brown solid wax at the entrance of ear with a patch of green fungi at the top curve.

[Earwax GOLDMINE | Auburn Medical Group](#)



[Blackheads POP! | Auburn Medical Group](#)



The Secret Place Revelations

- As I bought a packet of blue and white Uncle chips this evening, I saw Glory shout and tell me that he loved me!

Earlier during the day

Delhi CM AKej. dressed in a navy blue sweater says: ***Hum apko nahi maar sakte ji!***

Night

- ***Dhruv Rathee. Dhruv Rathee. Dhruv Rathee.*** Repeats in my spirit. So I go to his channel and go through the videos. I come across one in which he explains the sinful logic behind idolatry and in another, he bashes Astrology. I leave a comment below each video citing Bible verses and the pages containing more related verses that tell about how God sees idolatry and witchcraft involving the reading of signs and omens.
- The clean-shaven face of the dusky man in black seems so beautiful to me.

As I lie down to sleep

- The front view of the face of a fair lady with platinum blonde hair lying on its side with her head pointing to the right. Her eyes are wide open with an off-white cornea with black pupils and she's not blinking them. Her eyes remind me of the zombie video I watched briefly today.

Ref: [Zombie Virus Outbreak in Secluded Community |HAPPINESS the Series](#)



Though the lady has such white eyes, she doesn't give out a violent aura.

- The vision is followed by a thin piece of red tissue being pulled apart in the background of the blurry face of the lady.
- A small-framed vision of the front view of the lady with short platinum blonde hair lying still on her right side in my bed with unblinking wide-open eyes as the face of the dusky man is visible behind on top of her face while he is seemingly kissing the side of her face.

As I'm trying to recall the next vision in line I had, I close my eyes and place my fingers on my forehead, and have the following revelation.

- The face of the right zombie man from the thumbnail above but lacking the vicious expression as he tilts his face with his fingers resting on his forehead in the same manner as mine.
- As I was writing the above revelation, I heard the guy sing:
Vo jo aankhon se ik pal na aunjhal hue..
Vo jo aankhon se ik pal na aunjhal hue..
Laapta ho gaye dekhte dekhte..

The Secret Place Revelations

**Sochta hu ki vo kitne masoom the
Kya se kya ho gaye dekhte dekhte.**

- **Abha Ma'am is crying. Abha Ma'am is crying.** (repeats in my spirit)
- Glory wards off people away to the left angrily dressed in a beige jacket over pants. The follow-up vision shows his face looking at the viewer carrying the countenance of the right man on the thumbnail with white eyes with black pupils. He walks to me and begins to lick my face with his slightly longer pointed zombie tongue.
- The zombie Glory licks the right side of my face close to my nose.

As I lay again to sleep, the vision I was trying to recall above was brought to my memory.

- The view of the slim back of a woman in a backless silver dress joined down in a V-shape slightly above her waist with her black hair falling at her back as what looks like the thick and black hairy hands of a bear are holding her back and pressing against by the sides slightly below her breasts. As the vision now shifts to the front, the hands are shown to be that of what looks like a hairy bear, fully covered with long black hair as he is sucking on the left breast of the woman.
- Glory says with a stoic expression and a slightly lifted chin: **Dekh tujhe kitna marta hu. Ye jo tune kiya hai na!**
- The Guy sings:
Vo jo kehte the bichdenge na hum kabhi..
Alvida ho gaye dekhte dekhte..

Vo jo kehte the bichdenge na hum kabhi..
Alvida ho gaye dekhte dekhte..

- A small-framed vision of a wooden conical hollow frame with a long-petaled white sunflower near the top left corner of it as both the flower and the frame are lifted up abruptly out of the sight of the viewer leaving the surface empty.
- The top view of a small heap of 15-20 jalebis lying on top of a white surface as the dusky man in black dressed in a white sweatshirt puts them in my mouth one after the other.
- Abha Ma'am says that it's a love story.
- He is pressing pushing up against the bottom of my ass as he says that I've given him the green light. **She has given me a green light. She has given me a green light.** The phrase repeats as he now begins to bite at the base.
- I wake up with the words: **Aap bhi aajao coma mein. Daily aa jaya karo.**
- The side-view of a semi-animated vision of the huge face of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt facing down to the left with a long skyblue straw in his mouth placed on top of my strong pp as he seems to be drinking through it. The follow-up vision shows a green translucent liquid rising up through the straw as he's drinking from it. I wonder why is it green and not red. I hear that he himself has to perceive me as not being the analogue of a whore he is using.

The Secret Place Revelations

- The huge and dark face of Death Conqueror carrying a mocking and wicked smile bends down on top of my face as he says: **Happy Kartika!?** He seems to be mocking me about the green liquid through the dusky man's straw.
- A gush of red liquid flows upwards through the long straw into the mouth of the dusky man in black.

March 19th

19 March 2024

09:17

Dream:

I see a man with the left side of his face well-groomed and moisturized while the right side of him is dry and not so groomed and has greyish-black sideburns. He walks backwards and sits on a chair facing to the left which shows the ungroomed and dry part of his face to the viewer as he is being interviewed by another person sitting in front of him.

- The front view of a wider-than-usual Kelzak - the black-attired wicked fighter from Power Rangers - tied to a single bed with white bedding with a single round of beige rope around its waist tying it to the bed as the bed's far end with the head of the Kelzak lifted up by 45 degrees as it is sliding away along its other end into a corridor well-lit with white light.
- The side-view of the beautiful face of a girl with shoulder-length golden blonde hair facing to the right with her hands tied up with a rope at the level of her face as the roughly textured face of a moustached Shatrughan Sinha is hovering close in front of her face as he looks at her with a mean oppressive and abusive expression while she is angry looking at him. The guy's face abruptly comes too close to the girl's with almost no visible between them as he seems to have pushed himself further into the lady as she clenches her teeth with closed eyes and an expression of deep pain.

Past Revelations

Last Night

- I was having tea with biscuits and was recalling the recent semi-animated vision of a toddler monkey glory inside a densely hairy monkey suit with a square opening revealing his fair clean-shaven face as he stood in a snowy background and ate a banana, and how it related with me being suddenly filled this certain morning with an urge to have a baby with Glory as I thought about what that little fellow would look like, as I was speaking about it openly, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black above me standing straight near the ceiling as he said looking down at me with squinted eyes and that even after I would get married, the cameras would continue to be around. The vision repeated a few times as I was walking around having tea. (Glory says moving his hands outwardly away in front of his chest with his palms facing the viewer: ***Mujhe ye sab nahi chahiye. Mujhe ye sab nahi chahiye.***)

Well, today when I looked through the past pages, I found that I had received the revelation on the late evening of the 16th, while the thought of the toddler with the face of Glory standing facing to the left inside a house had filled my conscious mind on the morning of 15th.

- The dusky man in black in his black attire stands with his genitalia inserted into mine with my upper half leaning against the part of the wall to my left at the end of the bed as a continuous stream of blood falls down on the floor.
- As I lie down to sleep after writing for the day, as I continue to lie down, I hear an apathetically rude lady's voice say: ***Randi ka kotha hai ye!*** This gets me out of my rest as I feel severely judged when I didn't do anything to put myself in this condition and even if I had no job, I would definitely not

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choose prostitution as one. So, I didn't really understand on what basis the lady made the statement. Instead, she should've said that because of a wicked man, I got into the situation.

- (Past few days) My supervisor says: ***He ruined your career? We will lift you up! We will lift you up!*** The vision repeats a few times.
- (Past week) Prof TRS stands dressed in his attire from the talk *Surprises from the Sky* looking away from me with a tensed expression on his face.
- (Past Week) As the dusky man in black is shaving my groin in the washroom as a part of caring for me, he looks up at me and I see eyes with a bright and yellow golden cornea with black pupils looking up at me. For a brief moment, the round pupils appear to be serpent slits but they go back to being round pupils at the center of the bright golden eye.
- (Past few weeks) The lady says: ***Bepanah.. Bepanah..*** It has been repeating in my spirit intermittently for the past few weeks.
- (Past three weeks) The following lyrics have been playing intermittently in my spirit for the past few weeks. And it's sometimes accompanied by the vision of the dusky man in black trying to spread apart my thighs.

The Guys sing together:

Baby open your heart.

Won't you give me second chance?

And I'll be here forever.

[OPEN YOUR HEART - WESTLIFE \(LYRICS\)](#)



- (Past three months) I'm speaking about how in the absence of cameras I would be nearing or perhaps be already done with my PhD because I was able to formulate the model in a few days while staying in the hospital with my brother Himanshu after his suicide attempt. I say how that's who I am, or that's the level I was at at the beginning of my PhD, and how because of the camera situation I have been so depressed that I hardly made any progress during the past year and even prior to that. And as I'm saying the same, I see the upper halves of the trio in a dark background with the teddy man with curly hair present in place of the dusky man in black as they look at each other with a wicked look in their squinched eyes and said quietly to each other: ***That's why we did this. That's why we did this.***

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- The back view of the vertically upside down middle half of a naked woman in a lit background as the dusky man in black open up her thighs and smashes down a smooth cylindrical dark brown rod with a dome-shaped front with his hands.
- A stubbled Glory comes floating to me with a touched expression as he begins to drop kisses on my lips saying: **Pyaari bacchi. Pyaari bacchi. Pyari bacchi.**
- The front view of a long yellow piece of debri of wax consisting of multilayered dead skin moving towards the viewer on a black floor. As the long piece of debri moves forward, the underlying form of a serpent can be seen below the dry wax flakes as it directly approaches the viewer.
- The dusky man black calls me a **Fool** in a self-affirming righteous way before taking a step backward.
- A small round off-shite sac bursts splashing its liquid out in the air in a dim golden background.

[First 1/3 of DVD \(odyssee.com\)](https://www.odyssee.com)

- **You're a whore, Mrittunjay. You're a whore.**
- **Maar khaya. Maar khaya.**
- The semi-animated front of a lion walking towards me on a green, soiled field lit with sunlight.
- The top view of the face of Linda Hamilton with her blonde hair tied at the back in her look from the movie Terminator in a well-lit setting as her face moves slightly around her position. As the vision expands, she is shown to be carried up on white stairs in the background of a white hall below held by three men reaching the end of which they fling her forward as she projectiles through the air and enters the open door of a room and lands on a double bed with white bedding lying along the wall opposite the door.
- The semi-animated view of the back of the right shoulder seemingly of a woman as is discerned by its lack of bulkiness, carrying an image of a beige sac wide at its end with two blue eyes blinking near its top with other tiny features of a human below them as it's smiling and blinking its ocean blue eyes. As the vision expands, a thin beige stem is seen erect above the sac slanted slightly to the left - the entire structure resembling the genitals of a man, only beige in color.
- The upper half of a dark Death Conqueror to my left as he says pointing to himself: **You've ruined my life! You've ruined my life!** as he puts an emphasis on the word 'ruined'!

Evening

- Within the past hour, as I say that the only way one's life could be ruined was if one gave everything to a cause and it failed, and as I said the same, I saw the lightly stubbled face of Glory abruptly cover my mouth in a kiss as he continued to kiss me for a while.

The vision repeated after a while.

I say to Death Conqueror: **Did you ever think why God gave me a promise of marriage? Did you ever think why God gave me a promise of marriage with Glory?**

I then say how it was after his act of creating that prostitute website that the promise was made. What I'm saying is how at a certain point in time the promise was made. (I came fully to Jesus somewhere in 2020 when I was staying at home during the Covid lockdown and it was around the

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same time I got to know that I was being watched by people and it was in 2022 that I got to know that there was a website of some sort.)

I then see Glory standing in the corridor outside facing in my direction as he says: ***Tu pyaar karti thi us se. Tu pyaar karti thi us se.*** He's trying to imply that for this very reason what took place took place. But the healing dream that I had in 2020 that hasn't yet come to pass shows how everything is connected and how via a cascading domino effect combined with man's obedience to God leads to God's will or His given word to come to pass.

This reminds me of the guy one of my BSc friends happened to fall in love with, and how at the time of their breakup as she told him that she didn't want to do so and wanted to marry him because she loved him, the guy replied back with: ***Ab mujhe to Katrina Kaif se pyaar hai. To kya mujhe vo mil jayegi?***

- The semi-animated vision of the front of a maned lion with its mane resembling the long beard of a saint with a shining silver crown on top of his head.
- The semi-animated face of a lion close up in front of the right side of my face as he licked my face with his wide lion tongue.

Dream 1 (Morning of 7th March):

As I'm moving from one place to another, I keep coming across huge posters of RS with neck-length hair and a light stubble in a grey sherwani, and from his countenance, I can tell that he isn't too happy with me because of the situation. He thinks I'm doing something wrong, but I think that I'm holding up against the situation as I write revelations that reveal and nullify the plans and thoughts of the enemy planted in the minds of some people. I keep coming across his huge posters put high on tall buildings, most of which have him dressed in a grey sherwani. I float and leave from the top of a building as I seem to be evading situations and on reaching the ground, come across a group of people sitting together with Saloni - my classmate from school - sitting on a chair dressed in a thick red bridal embroidered attire. She was a tall and wide girl and I recall her once telling me something about the TV in their home. I write about this past incident because it has been highlighted to me a few times by far. I notice the bleached hair on her face and tell her that I remember her from school. (A small figure of Death Conqueror in a grey jacket walks backwards into a dark background as he says: ***I'll never say that Kartika. I'll never say that.***) She listens to me. She is surrounded by people around and seems to be happy as she's smiling.

The following part of the dream shows me standing inside a white corridor with two white curtains covering the entrance. I am aware of the presence of a tall and wide person dressed in a round neck, full-length white tunic with a few red stains on the tunic. He carries a ghostly aura around him. I am somewhat afraid that he might enter the building. I'm afraid to be in his presence. As I stand along the left side of the corridor and am looking back at the entrance, I see the ghostly man in white float inside through the top of the door, and the door is tall enough where its top is just a foot short from the ceiling. The man passes through its corridor to its other end. Even the door seems to have some red stains near the top. I know that the ghostly man in white with red stains often crosses the corridor and goes to the other end, turns back, and exits. But this time as he enters through the

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door, at the same time, I see a white surface with some blue stains flash above the door as a voice says that a curse of blue and white is placed on the door which is used to be crossed by the floating figure in white with red stains and though the curse is unseen by the eyes, it will hold true.

Somewhere while writing the above dream, I see Death Conqueror in a grey jacket saying: ***I'll never say I that know you. I'll never say that I know you.***

When I used to commute from home to the dept via the common cab 5-7 years back, I used to listen to songs on the way. Once on my way back to my home, I saw a bearded man of a bulky stature dressed in a printed maroon shirt sitting in the cab with his wired earphones in his ears. I could hear the light sound of the song playing out through his earphones as he sat with a light smile fully immersed in the beauty of the song having a good time though he looked mentally exhausted. The song that I heard playing was the one below. Though I'm not sure which version was he listening to - male or female - but the song was the one posted below.

[HAAN HASI BAN GAYE \(LYRICS\) | SHREYA GHOSHAL | HAMARI ADHURI KAHANI](#)



I looked at him and saw how inwardly content and at peace he was as he listened to the song looking to a side being in his own mind. It seemed as if he worked a job but his inner state caught my attention.

As I was writing the above, the following Gazal I used to play back in room D4 in A-16 during late 2021 began playing in my spirit.

[Sunte Hain Ke Mil Jaati Jagjit and Chitra Singh](#)



As I'm listening to the song, I see:

- The dusky man in black in his black attire lies straight down with him intentionally putting his protruding genitalia inwards between his thighs. He has laid down with such quietness where it

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seems that the song has touched his heart to such an extent that he wants to just lie straight down and enjoy its purity without any sinful thoughts in his mind. The vision repeats.

- After a while, Death Conqueror dressed in a white tunic set follows along as he lies down in a straight manner with his protruding genitalia intentionally stuck between his thighs. He too lies down with a clean mind as can be observed looking at him. I see both of them lying down straight quietly and motionlessly in the same manner with their penises folded between their thighs.
- Death Conqueror says: ***You're not my mother. You're not my mother. You're my girlfriend!*** The vision repeats a few times!
- Also, this other incident when I saw an old man sitting diagonally opposite to me at the back of the cab has also been highlighted to me a few times by far. The man dressed in a full-sleeved shirt tucked inside pants sat with a natural smile on his face that came from within and couldn't be resisted, and he wasn't concerned about anyone watching him. I could tell that he was filled with a sense of inner joy and contentment as his eyes that was pouring out even through his eyes making it hard for him to keep them open. I resonated greatly with his state of mind as he, though sitting with a variety of people, was beaming with a deep sense of joy and contentment that couldn't be hidden. He most probably wasn't listening to any music but had that inner sense of silent joy outpour through his countenance. He didn't look exhausted unlike the other fellow.

Earlier during the day

- When I'm eating Churma with daal, I see again: Death Conqueror says that he'll never say that he knows me. He then reasons that it will bring shame to his name when he himself is the one who made that prostitute website.

Dream 1 (Morning 8th March)

I am in a building with my mom. As I move around and stand on the elevated dark grey floor inside a building to my right I have a crowd of animals from different species. Apparently, all of them want something from me and are trying to. They're waiting for me to give them something.

- My dad says: ***Bete maine tujhe bech diya. Maine tujhe bech diya.***
- The dusky man in black says: ***Your dad has sold you out. Your dad has sold you out!***
- I see the view of the closed end of the second floor of the corridor of Multi Storey Building place as the doors of the rooms on the left side close together and I hear my supervisor saying: ***None of us will let you in! None of us will let you in!***
- As I lie in bed on my right side and am just done talking to my mom, I see: the upper half of the dusky man in black in a red suit, and a white shirt this time, looking down from a meter or so above me on my left side as he shouts: ***We want to marry you! We want to marry you!***
As I wrote the same, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black to my left as he said with an astonished expression as he took a step backwards: ***I didn't say (think) this. I didn't say (think) this. It's what she's expecting!***

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And as I was writing the previous revelation, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black in his black attire say with squinched eyes in an affirming tone: ***I did say that. I did say that.*** (referring to the sentence *We want to marry you!*)

I speak about how the underlying notions related to the terms boyfriend and girlfriend are an entirely cultural thing and how an intelligent person always rejects culture because he understands that culture is ever-changing and is passing like the world. It has no meaning in itself for it's not rooted in any fundamental truth principles but has anecdotal roots often related with how people of the land thought at the time regardless of it being right or wrong. Also, how the word lover was a better word as it's immaculately articulate and is not cultural either. And by using the word 'love', we invoke the true definition of love as is manifest in the nature of who God is. As I say how intelligent people hate culture (A small-framed vision of Shashi Tharoor dressed in a tunic set with a half-jacket standing in the room as he says: ***That's right.***), I see the face of Shashi Tharoor come closer to my face and drop a compassionate brief affirming kiss. I see a few more people agreeing with my statement. I see Abha Ma'am say that I'm so smart etc.

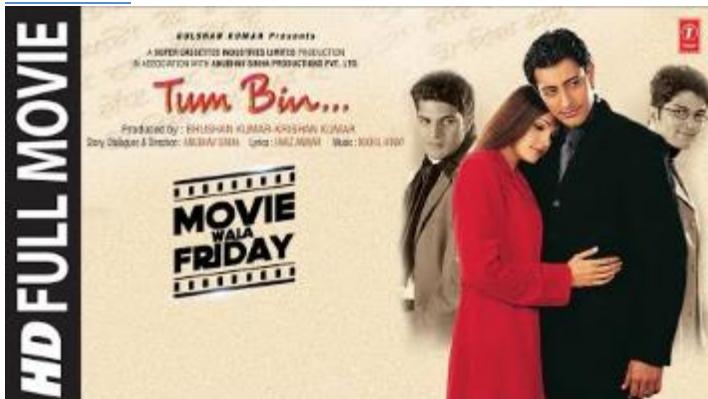
- Death Conqueror dressed in a grey jacket stands a few meters above me as he looks down at me and says referring to Akhila: ***She's so poor. She's so poor. I've to give her money for everything! She's so poor! I've to give her money for everything!***
- Akhila shouts: ***Hate you Kartika! Hate you!***
- Ocean-eyed Debajyoti Sir in a light navy blue background in an off-white tunic looks at me with filled eyes and says: ***No one likes you, Kartika. You're so perfect! No one likes you, Kartika. You're so perfect.***
- ***Maar khaya. Maar khaya.*** The words have been repeating intermittently since morning in my spirit. They've played in my spirit several times previously as well.
- ***Never, Kartika. Never. It's written on your face.***
- While I was taking my tea order, the guy said something that sounded like: ***Security hai na?*** I didn't discern the words he said. He repeated: ***COD hai na?*** I gave him cash and as was making my mug of tea ready, I spoke about how when I didn't want to be the wife of Death Conqueror, why would I want to be a girlfriend? (At this point, I had already spoken a while back about how I hated the words boyfriend and girlfriend because they sounded too cheap and meaningless to me.)
So, as I've spoken about how when I didn't want to be the wife of a person who could do such a thing to someone, and therefore wouldn't want to be his girlfriend either when I didn't even like the word itself, and stand at balcony end of the kitchen corridor, I see:
The back view of Death Conqueror dressed in a white tunic near the ceiling at the other end of the corridor as he looks backwards to the left revealing his wide-open eyes with a red sclera.
- While surfing Amazon for long denim skirts, I found what I was looking for, and then I saw: the upper half of the dusky man in black on my left as he says: ***No one wants a perfect girl Kartika. Everyone wants a whore. No one wants a perfect girl. Everyone wants a whore.***

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- The face of Abhigyan as he closes and presses his eyes together while turning his head backwards leaning it against the wall behind similar to the following scene from the movie Tum Bin is highlighted to me.



Ref: [Tum Bin \(Full Movie\) Priyanshu Chatterjee, Sandali Sinha, Himanshu Malik, Raqesh Bapat | Bhushan K](#)



March 20th

20 March 2024

07:02

Past Revelations

- (Past two or three months) A red cross blinks on top of the three-shelved parrot green kitchen rack lying below the slab. The vision repeats intermittently for some days.
- (Past 5 weeks) I see the parallel bottom view of the naked upper half of the dusky man in black as he lies on my bed in a dim golden light with the face of a woman with her hair tied at the back resting on the viewer's left side of his pelvis where the woman's face is lying to the left of his genitalia as she seems to be smelling the same without moving her head.
- (Past few days) A tiny-framed vision of a stomach with its upper and lower tube smoothly severed at both ends from the vertical system.

- An infant wrapped in white floats in a dark background with a thin white st
- A Korean-looking guy in a spacesuit missing a helmet in a white background stands with his body facing away from the viewer as he looks at the viewer turning his face and body slightly to the left. The follow-up vision has his eyes and mouth change their appearance to the zombie from the video posted on March 18th.
- Annapurni Ma'am dressed in a beige saree pulls the top flock of my short hair as a loving expression and walks out of my room giving me best wishes. In this vision, apparently, my hair carry a boy cut of the sort I used to have at the time I and Meera did a project with her during her BSc days.
- The front view of a face resembling HRX with eyes with an off-white sclera with black pupils inside similar to the video referenced on March 18th.

While resting

- A piece of dark rough brown land with a thick pointed blob slanting to the right attached to the left end of it breaks and falls inside a light green body of water resembling an ocean filling up the rest of the left side of the vision.
- An animated vision of a mouth with protruding lips facing to the left gulps in a tiny white piece off a brain present to the left of the vision.
As I was writing the above vision, I had the following vision: A small-framed vision of the top view of a slightly flattened cylinder of dark brown ear wax sliding inside the vertical opening of an ear canal opened like a short and wide croissant. As the wax continues to slide in, it can be discerned that it's quite a long piece of wax.
- The top view of what looks like a long and narrow dark brown store room or a storage extension of a barn with a few windows at its end as a short white horse stands inside facing the end with a Korean guy on the floor facing the horse as he in a swipe beheads the horse with a sword. The swipe of the sword repeats a few times.

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My supervisor says: **No one wants you here. Rest at your place. No one wants you here. Rest at your place. No one wants you here.** Repeats intermittently for a while.

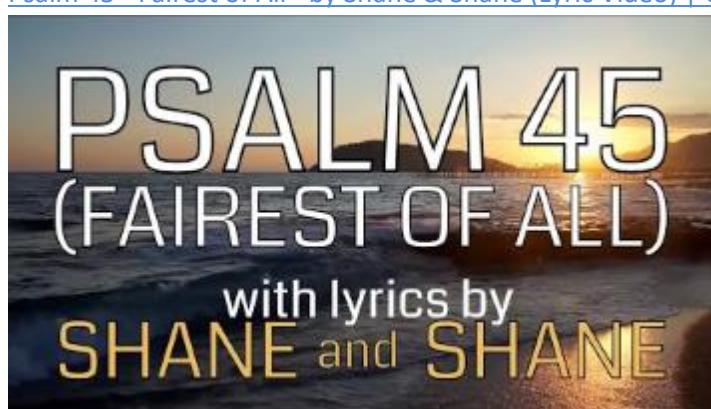
While pooping the second time in the morning

- A small-framed vision of me standing alone on a wide ground with the environment carrying a dark navy blue aura as the dusky man in black in a white ankle-length tunic floats in front of me facing me with the help of his two angel wings at the back as a huge black flying demon approaches him from behind. Its crow-like face so huge that the dusky man in black in white seems the vertical size of its beak, but an invisible force field keeps it from attacking him though it's quite close to his back. Several such huge demons approach him from behind but the forcefield keeps them out behind it with just the two of us on the other side standing facing each other. A crowd of such huge black demons fills up the sky as they approach the winged creature from behind, and it seems at any moment he could be attacked or eaten by one of them but the shield with its wide unending lateral expanse keeps the swarm behind the shield.
- As I was writing the above, I saw: the upper half of the dusky man in black in ankle-length white and two white wings at the back behind me in a shiny navy blue background as he takes a few steps backwards and turning away to the left says with a wide shy smile: ***I'm not that good. I'm not that good.***

While listening to Worship songs, the following song caught my attention as it talks about Jesus being the fairest (the most just) of all the children of men, and it also says that he's ten thousand strong.

This reminded me of the vision above that I had while pooping, as it shows how the dusky man is the fairest of all of the black demonic crow-like army and is ten thousand strong as well.

[Psalm 45 - Fairest of All - by Shane & Shane \(Lyric Video\) | Christian Worship Music](#)



Earlier during the day

- ***Aankhein phoonti padi hai uski. Aankhein phooti padi hai uski.***
- The face of the dusky man in black until the end of his throat revealing a part of his white robe's round neck floats closer to me as it looks up at me from a few inches below my face and asks smiling

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in a teasing tone: **Why did you do this to yourself? Why did you do this to yourself?** The vision repeats a few times and I'm wondering what makes him say what he's saying.

- My supervisor says: **Do your work! They're not going to help you with it! They're not going to help with it!** It repeats a few times. Somewhere in between, as she hits the top of my head lightly with a small rod from behind, she also says: **Shabash!** This vision repeats as well a few times.
- As I play the song *Fairest of All* again, I see us sharing a duet to my right inside the lab with him in a white robe and two angel wings at the back.
- As I see how good the aura around the angelic person is, I am feeling amazing in the presence of a white-winged creature. I then see him remove his robe in a swipe and throw it away and as he stands in that state, within a second or two white angelic feathers start coming out of his skin covering him up all over, filling his surface up and giving him a bulky look. (**That's what I wanted to hear Kartika. That's what I wanted to hear.**)
- The follow-up vision shows him fling away my lower clothing away in a swipe as I'm still seated in my chair followed by him hugging me.
- The vision then shows a small-framed view of his naked back with his huge white feathery angel wings vertically attached to his dusky skin at the back along two feet or slightly longer lines of the boundary of attachment. As he stands hugging me, his long wings are shown as being so enough that they can turn around and wrap his back partly as well. (I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe as he looks at me with filled eyes and a touched expression and says: **You've loved me the way I wanted to be loved. You've loved me the way I wanted to be loved.**)

As I'm having the Samosa with Aloo curry in the afternoon sitting on the green slab beside the Royal Canteen, I hear the following lines constantly play in my spirit.

Ishq ka dard hai.. Dard hai ishq ka..

Ishq ka dard hai.. Dard hai ishq ka..

These lines remind me of the scene from the movie *Tum Bin* towards its end as Pia is leaving the room after sharing an intense glance with Abhigyan showing her pain while the ladies sing the lines! The lines play right after Abhigyan closes his eyes in painful disappointment as Pia leaves to stop Shekhar from leaving.

The lines keep repeating in my spirit as I'm having the samosa.

(I've to protect you. That's what these lines say. I've to protect you. That's what these lines say.)

Evening

- The swarm of huge crow-like black demons approaches the relatively tiny in size but high in might dusky man in black in full-length white robes with two white angel wings and the vision now shows a closeup right side view of us as the head of one of the black flying demons pushing to the left protrudes out the invisible barrier in its shape but isn't able to cross through while the dusky man continues to float unmoved above the ground with his face right in front of mine.
- The follow-up vision shows him receiving a stab from behind. The force field is breached and he's now a red blood wound at the back. I'm able to pray and heal the same and also force away the crowd of black demons. I am so enraged that I fly up with my force shield pushing away the demons

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way high as the vision shows the front right top-down view of me keeping the black demons away while he lies on the ground alone, wounded. I see that the forcefield extends into a vertical cylindrical shape with me praying to have the surface at the bottom extend outwards as the demons seem to be approaching him from below. The forcefield expands as a whole, but after a while, some demons are able to reach him from ground level and give him a few more stabs.

- I pray and he gets healed again with the red blood wounds disappearing.
- I stand hugging him as there're no more wounded places left and the black demons, though, are surrounding us, they are all struggling behind the field of the forcefield present within a foot of our bodies.
- The follow-up vision then shows the white-winged self of him in a full-length white robe getting pulled by a group of black demonic creatures in black multilayered clothes with black bat wings at the back. They're trying to make him a part of them telling him to stay on their side. One of the black bat-winged beings is shown to be a dark Death Conqueror who stands holding him inside the demonic crowd. The follow-up vision shows him standing out of the demonic crowd but they manage to pull him back in again. At this point in time, I don't see myself in the vision. As they've pulled him back in, they throw him on the ground and paint him black to match his outer appearance with them which seems quite foolish to me for it doesn't change the fact that he is that white winged person in a white robe. It seems that the black bat-winged demons don't want to see any white-winged creature around and want everyone to look the same as them.
- One of the next visions has him floating alone in a navy blue background dressed in all white again with his feathery white wings standing out prominently as his body too is shown to be covered by white feathers as he has a few extra winged extensions that serve as limbs to hold swords or some form of armour as they all move together around him to keep the wicked crowd out. At this point, he can hold and fight using more than two weapons that his hands and wing extensions are swinging in the air around him.

As I began to write the below revelation, I heard the lyrics again.

Ishq ka dard hai.. Dard hai ishq ka

Ishq ka dard hai.. Dard hai ishq ka

- The follow-up vision shows the top-view of me standing facing Glory with both of us dressed in black, out in the open in a dark navy blue surrounding as the dusky man in black, in his white robe and two white wings is keeping demonized people away from us as he's moving around us within a distance of 3-4 meters in a circle keeping the crowd away.
- He is then shown to have built a short grey wall around us and while he's still in the process of completing and closing the wall, someone from the other side chops his forearms after which he can no longer protect the duo inside. The demonic crowd outside begins to tear down the wall in a clockwise manner and eventually gets to the duo in black holding on to each other in the center.
- The face of the dusky man floats close to me as he says: ***Sorry for doing this to you. Sorry for doing this to you.*** This makes me think if he's referring to me feeling a strong sense of love for him.
- The dusky man in black in a round-neck full-length white tunic and two white angel wings at the back in a shiny navy blue background as several mics from all directions appear around his middle half facing up to his mouth surrounding him as he stands silently dazed, a bit scared by the mics though he's not showing it.
- A stubbled Glory stands with his face turned to the left as he says: ***Dhokha ho gaya! Dhokha ho gaya! Ye to bahut badi k*tiya nikli!*** The vision repeats a few times!

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Some of the above revelations I had after reaching my rented room. While resting after reaching my room:

- A semi-animated vision of the huge upper half of SRK in a white shirt with a few golden patches around its shoulders in a fluid light skyblue background as he holds a long nail in his right hand and moves it in the air in criss-cross motions.
(A blurry vision of the upper half of an astonished Death Conqueror as he says: ***I wish I knew this earlier. I wish I knew this earlier.***)
- SRK in his attire from above vision says that there'll be revenge as he continues to move the long nail through the air.
- The top view of what looks like a thick white sheet of dead skin cells covering an eardrum with a thin layer of it protruding out the edges with the thick sheet having a downward bent at the bottom right corner of it with a depressing line in the middle running up until half of the eardrum.
- The angled right side view of a white sheet of dead skin on the eardrum with tiny circular perforations on it.

When I was resting after returning from the dept, I got reminded of the revelation: ***Aankhein phoonti padi hai uski! Aankhein phooti padi hai uski!*** And thinking of who it may be, or if it could be Glory, I became quite anxious for I thought if the wicked man intended to do this to him so he's not able to look at me. And this immensely grieved my heart and I thought how with the situation of the drones hitting against my eardrums at times, if I became deaf – we would make a blind and deaf couple. And then I recalled the dream revelation *The Courting Phase* in which when Rakhi left us alone and he was sitting with his back leaning against my side and his legs stretched out and crossed over each other, after a while of which he said fluently in a gentle tone: *So Darling are you..... happy now?* I missed a great part of it because he said it too fluently. I replied with a *Kya*, and he repeated the sentence and I couldn't fathom his words again as I sat silently thinking if I should ask him to repeat again. Recalling this dream reminded me of how soothing his voice sounded in that dream. And then I thought if I had the revelation to keep in my bag as a memory of his voice in case I became deaf.

As I was done writing the above, I saw the face of the dusky man in black in a white robe float closer to me as he began kissing me saying that I love too extremely. He was immediately grabbed from behind and thrown backwards in the dark background by a black Death Conqueror standing facing to the right with a demonic expression. It was so infuriating because the dusky man looked so holy and angelic and then look at this demonic fellow making a show of his pride!

While I rested, I couldn't stop but tear intermittently as I found myself in quite a complex situation that I never thought I would be, because I made deliberate efforts to not get into such a situation. Because if I was already with one person, then there was no point I would even think of another. And I wouldn't be with a person with whom I could foresee that I wouldn't be able to sustain things continuously in the long term. And if I was already in mutual love with a person, then I wouldn't go out and cheat or start new affairs. Without the camera situation accompanied by the revelations received, this complicated situation could *never* have arisen.

The Secret Place Revelations

I also kept seeing a vision of the dusky man in black in a white robe in front of me as he extended out his huge red love heart to me. (Glory shouts: **K*tiyaaa..! Maarunga!**).

The Guy sings:

Agar tum na milte to hum jee na pate..

Kise apna kehte.. Kahan dil lagate..

The lady sings her part of the song that follows.

Ref: [Tumhare Siva \(Full Video\) | Tum Bin | Himanshu Malik, Sandali Sinha | Anuradha Paudwal, Udit Narayan](#)



March 21st

21 March 2024

06:32

- A small-framed vision of Death Conqueror dressed in a light yellow tunic over white trousers in a dark background as he says: ***I ruined your life because of my ego. I ruined your life because of my ego.***

Past Revelations

- (Past several months) This scene from the movie A Beautiful Mind in which John Nash fills his office with several newspaper cuttings as he's trying to break a code has been highlighted to me for the past several months.
- (Past two weeks) The face of Judas as he eats a piece of sliced boiled egg with a spoon.
- (Past few days) As I am resting in bed, I hear in my spirit: ***Look at how surrendered she is! Look at how she surrendered she is!***
- (Day before Yesterday) A long dark brown rod extends into a solid soiled ground with a building at the other end as an adolescent tiger hangs on the left side of the rod.
- (Past two days, Evening) Glory stands outside my room in the corridor dressed in multilayered clothes with a thick beige jacket on top as he says looking in my direction: ***Ye jo tune kiya hai na, humehsa yaad rakhunga! Ye jo tune kiya hai na, humesha yaad rakhunga!***
- (Yesterday) As I sat working on my seat in the dept, I began hearing a guy's voice repeat in my heart: ***Hey Pita, inhe maaf kar. Ye nahi jaante ye kya kar rahe hai. Hey Pita, inhe maaf kar. Ye nahi jaante ye kya kar rahe hai.*** It repeated for a while. The words are the words of Jesus that He said at His crucifixion.
- (Yesterday) The bottom view of the open back of a metallic carrier truck with Karishma Kapoor with her hair tied at the back lying on its deck on her front with her upper half until her shoulders visible revealing her black pinafore dress over a white top as hay lies around her on the deck while the naked upper halves of two men, one on either side of her, are visible as one to her left is turned away from her with his back to her side while the other to her right is lying close to her.
- (Yesterday) The view of the naked smooth legs of a woman lying on what looks like a forest's ground. As the vision moves to the left up her legs, wooden dark brown hands with long and pointed fingers rip out of the ground and get a hold of her right thigh. A few more of such wooden hands rip out of the ground and get a hold of the woman.
- (Yesterday) The dusky man in black says to me referring to Death Conqueror: ***Don't listen to that frog! Don't listen to that frog!*** This reminds me of The Beast from Kungfu Hustle who used a frog technique.

Dream1 (Morning):

I'm in the senior wing of my school in my hometown and walking through the ground corridor. It's dark. Perhaps it's night. I know that my mom is sleeping in a room. And in the dream, seems that she's not well. As I move around the corridor, I am looking for the room my mom is in. After walking

The Secret Place Revelations

for a while in the corridor, I take a left into a smaller corridor on the left of which is a room. I open the door and enter the room and see my mom lying in bed with my youngest brother on top of her, both covered with an off-white sheet as they look like a towering heap on the bed. The bed is placed against the wall opposite the door and to the right of the door. My youngest brother is shown as being short in height as he looks like his younger self. When I spot them, they don't seem to be affected by me watching them in this weird posture but look smiling at me. As I move further inside the room, to the right of my mom's bed I find a wide bed made by placing three foldable beds together side by side. The beds don't have bedding revealing their dark-colored woven striped pattern, and as I look along the length of the composite bed beginning from its side against the wall, I find Himanshu sitting at the other end of it facing along the length of the bed away from the wall adjoining the beds. The blue and white blanket is spread along the width of the composite bed and is folded wavy within a foot along its length, and it's when I wake up.

- A blurry small-framed vision of Audiologist Conor dressed in his navy blue shirt from his recent video I watched stands a few feet away from the table looking at me as he says with a vulnerable expression and filled eyes: ***I just told you that I loved you. I just told you that I loved you.***
- As I'm moving in my room, he appears in front of me and I can feel the sense of intimacy he's feeling as we begin to dance together slowly.

I'm listening to *Fairest of All* and I see:

- A black Death Conqueror dressed in black standing facing to the left extending his hand grabs the throat of the dusky man in black dressed in a white robe. I chop his hand and let him loose. The dark fellow rushes to hurt him again, but the follow-up vision shows him standing leaning against a dark wall in a dark background as I stand facing him covering him.
- Audiologist Conor in his navy blue t-shirt having the dark face of Glory with eyes with a maroon sclera kisses me as he looks up at me lifting his lashes up.
- ***It was a prank, Kartika. It was a prank.***

On my way to IGNOU in Auto

- As the other auto I've hired begins to move as I've told off the first auto driver because of his deceitful immoral behavior, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe in a navy blue background as he says: ***She's extremely greedy and selfish. She's extremely greedy and selfish.*** After a while, I see him saying otherwise.
- As the auto continues to move and I sit with folded hands on top of my sling bag, I hear: ***She's sitting holding my hand. She's sitting holding my hand.*** Accompanied by the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe flashed as I see a dusky hand clasped with mine through my fingers.

On my way back from IGNOU

- I am about to turn to the road to the main exit gate as I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe in a dim navy blue background as he says: ***Kanjari. Kanjari.*** He repeats it a few times. It doesn't make any sense to me why should he use this term for me.
- While in Auto, the dusky man in black begins to clutch on my protruding belly as I'm sitting. (***B*tch you're lovely!***)

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- The dusky man in black dressed in a white robe stands tall as he sticks a label of 100% Real on my forehead bending his upper half down! The vision repeats a few times on my way back.
- ***You know everything about us. You know everything about us.***

Night

- A semi-animated vision of the side-view of Sushma Nani from the TV series *Shararat* dressed in a printed parrot green saree in a dark background as she stands facing to the right with her right hand extending forward with a gun in her hand resting on the center of the forehead of HRX dressed in a brown suit as he stands holding the gun and pulls it inwards thereby causing that part of his skull to break and creating a depression. He pulls the gun in again resulting in its head embedded inside his cracked forehead. (Death Conqueror in a white tunic says with a bent upper half and folded hands: ***Mujhe maaf karde..!***)
- A small-framed vision of the semi-animated vision of HRX in a red suit over a white shirt as he stands on the left corner of a white room as he stands with a slightly bent upper half and pushes back on a huge brown thing lying on the ground between his legs.
- A semi-animated vision of the front view of Priyanka Chopra, the wife of Nick Jonas, dressed in a shoulderless satin gown with a white upper half and a green dome lower half with her hair tied at the back as she walks towards the viewer in the background of the inside of a beige building while on the right side of the vision walks Aishwarya Rai dressed in a full-length multilayered white attire as she looks at Priyanka Chopra with her face turned to the left and straight hair falling at the back.
- The face of Aishwarya Rai with short and thin black hair in place of mine emulating my expression as I lay in bed.
- The top view of the upper half of Aishwarya Rai until her shoulders in a round-neck white t-shirt as mine as the face of Abhishek Bachchan caresses the left side of her throat from behind.
- A mouth eating a piece of roasted chicken in a white background as even the bone breaks while the person eats.
- A burning King's crown in a dark background slowly floats down and rests on a huge dusky face which with a better focus seems to resemble Death Conqueror's face. It then flash changes to a dusky version of Glory. The follow-up vision shows a parrot on the left of the vision in the dark background as the vision shifts to the right with another dusky face coming into the view as a burning crown rests on top of its head as well. As the vision shifts to the right, I see such burning crowns float down and rest on top of the dusky faces in a line.
- A small golden Prussian crown moves to the left in a dark background to a strong pp facing the viewer in the shape of a lowly curved sheet between a cover of tissue. It then moves to the right some distance within which is a conical and pointed strong pp facing the viewer. The crown moves back and forth between the two female strong pps and finally rests on the one at the left.
- The following lyrics begin to play.

The lady sings:

Jiya jale.. Jaa jale.. Naino tale..

Dhua jale.. Dhua jale..

Raat din dhua jale..

It is followed by the vision of a wide surface lit on fire in a dark background. The surface is shown to be the surface of a brain. The chorus continues to play for a while.

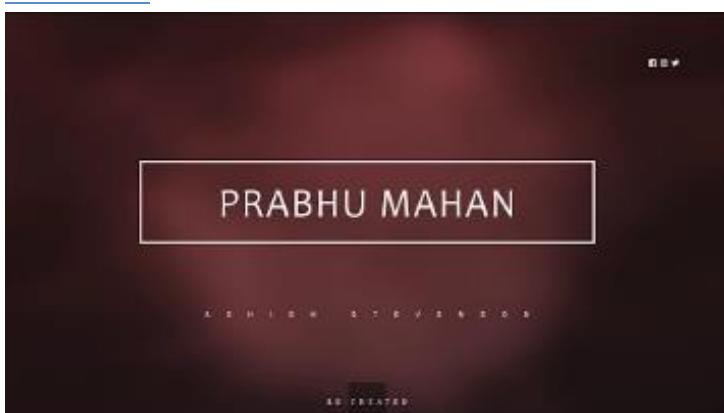
The Secret Place Revelations

 [Lata Mangeshkar - Jiya Jale Full Song Lyrics | Shah Rukh Khan , Preity Zinta | Dil Se |](#)



I come across the following song and it reminds me of the vision in which I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black singing the chorus of the worship song opening his mouth wide. (He says he remembers this vision.)

[PRABHU MAHAN | PRASHANSA HOWE PRABHU YESHU KI | LYRIC VIDEO | RE-CREATED | ASHISH STEVENSON](#)



These past revelations have been highlighted to me for a few days.

- (Highlighted within the past week) Jesus in his Full white robes sitting down with a bouquet of flowers in His hands with shining eyes and a teethful smile (Page 93).
- (Highlighted on 19th) A hand writes my name with a ball pen on top of my strong pp. (March 9th, 2024)
- The scene from Home Alone in which a pet parrot sitting on top of a toy car sings: ***Aaja meri gaadi mein baith jaa. Aaja meri gaadi mein kood kood jaa!*** While he sings so, the toy car is moving on an icy ground.

This previous revelation was highlighted to me after I saw a blind woman resembling Akhila talking on a phone held in her right hand while breastfeeding a baby in her lap and supported by her left hand as she sat outside the GTB Metro.

- I had this vision while lying in bed in room D1 of A-16. I saw the face of Glory sucking on my left breast holding it lightly by both hands like a baby as I lay straight on the bed.

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- The top view of the upper half of a bald man with a spiky head below what looks like a volume of boiling oil as I see a bubble erupt on the surface.
- The side view of a thick yellow slightly concave sheet of wax with light brown patches resting on a surface inside a room.

As I was watching a few episodes of Shararat, I saw: the upper half of a smiling dusky man in black in a white robe as he bent down and said: ***You're telling the truth. You're telling the truth.*** The vision repeated a few times.

[Shararat - Thoda Jaadu, Thodi Nazaakat | Jiya ne ki modelling](#)



[Shararat - Thoda Jaadu, Thodi Nazaakat | Jiya Made Her Three Duplicates By Magic](#)



March 22nd

22 March 2024

12:42

- Glory standing outside in the corridor, dressed in multilayered beige clothes, and looking in my direction, says: ***Mein bahut accha hu! Mein bahut accha hu Kartika. Mein bahut accha hu. Mein bahut accha hu.*** He keeps repeating it for a while.
- The top view of a snowy ground as the dusky man in black dressed in all black with a long black overcoat on top stands alone with a dense background of trees a meter or so behind him and says that he can still be with me as the vision shifts to the right in the direction he is looking at, one sees me standing facing Glory with both of us dressed in black with Glory facing away from the dusky man and covering me in a way as the dusky man is in my field of view.
- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe as he bends down from my left and says: ***You're so small. You're so small.***
- **Dream vision:** I see a long heading typed in bold black on a white screen below which are two lines typed in normal font, the second of which says: I did this for money. (Which doesn't make any sense to me!)

Past Revelations

- (Past two weeks) The dusky man in black says to Death Conqueror: ***She knows she's too poor. She won't come to you. She knows she's too poor. She won't come to you.***
- (Past week) I tell my mom that I can do her pedicure, manicure, and hair straightening for they can be done sitting at one place. (It's my response to her saying that she too needs self-care time because I can't do much of anything else) I then see the lady from the apartment I visited in mid-2022. She is dressed in a white gown with a blue floral print as walks smiling to me with a slightly bent upper half looking at me. Apparently, I would be ok with doing all that for her as well.
- (Past week) The side-view of the brown face of Jesus facing to the left with a crown of thorns on his head. The follow-up vision shows it having slid down as the left part of it pierced through His left eye.
- (Past two days) Surjeet from Dinesh Store dressed in an orange Polo t-shirt from the same day sitting on a black bike in a dark background as he runs the accelerator while looking at the viewer.
- (Past two days) Glory says: ***She's a very jealous woman. She's a very jealous woman.***
- (Day before yesterday) I don't recall what I was saying in the dept when I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe on my left side as he said smiling: ***Your promise has been delivered. Your promise has been delivered.***
- (Past two days) The dusk
- (Yesterday) It's morning and I'm thinking The dusky man in black says: ***She needs a full-time servant. She needs a full-time servant.***
- (Yesterday) While in Metro, I say to a girl standing to my left dressed in a lavender-colored t-shirt with Self Love written in the center in white, that they don't make t-shirts with ***Don't abuse others***

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written on it, and how that's a true form of showing self-love because you're treating or loving others as you love yourself. I then see: the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe above me as he said that I had won. **You've won.** He repeated it. When I reached my place, as I was walking up the stairs, I now saw him saying that I didn't need him and that I was enough to defeat Death Conqueror. **You can defeat him alone.**

- (Past 24 hours) Surjeet from The Dinesh Store makes a cross on top of my strong pp as a metallic cross appears at the place of his drawing as he says: **Yehsu masih ka cross hai!** followed by him touching his ears as a religious gesture.
- (Past 24 hours) The dusky man in black in a white robe and a navy blue background says: **You love him a lot, Kartika. You love him a lot.**

As I'm resting and have revelations pending to be written, I see the face of Jesus with a teary stream of blood flowing down as He says: **They'll be lost because of you.**

Dream2 (Yesterday Morning):

I find myself sitting on a double bed full of things - books, notebooks, a few clothes, and my light blue bed table with a bubble ply print. The room looks like the bedroom of our second rented home in Cheema colony in my hometown. The bed is laid against the wall to the right of the entrance door. I'm interacting with the few people who keep entering the room and later find my upper half lying upside down on the bed table. I don't know why I am resting in that manner on the small bedtable. It's how a child would behave. I move to the right and look at the stuff lying around. It's quite messy.

I am sitting on the left side of the bed and seem to be studying or preparing for something. As I am writing something in a notebook with my upper half bent down on the bed, I begin to cry out with a sudden deep sense of pain emerging out. In the dream, it reminds me of the recent dream-vision in which I was crying out loud sitting on the bed of the master bedroom of my parental home in which I was shown as crying with a deep sense of pain as I said: these days will never come back. And in this dream, I think if it's a reflection of the same.

In the follow-up part of the dream, I find myself sitting on the last seat to the right of the table at the back in the departmental canteen. I'm having something. I then see Ravi standing to my left dressed in a long boxy beige checkered night suit. He looks quite different from the last time that I saw him. He stands there for a few seconds as I look up at him and notice his different clothes this time. As he sits to my left, he places an elliptical wrap placed inside a polythene and hands me another polythene in which he has brought things for me to eat. Though a bit reluctant, I take the polythene from him because he really wants to give it to me and he feels safe to be around. I open the polythene and find some fruits inside with a black disposable bowl sealed at the top with narrow red tapes with a white alphabetical print crossing at the center. Curious, I pick up the box first and strip away the tapes and when I open it, I find that it has different types of tea snacks group organized in a strategic manner without the box having any inner demarcations. I see what resembles 50-50 biscuits organized inside after being broken neatly in half. The arrangement looks quite nice. Beside the biscuits lie a heap of small fried croissants. I pick up one and have it and find that it's actually sweet, to my surprise. I have a few more of those croissants as I'm talking to him or answering him. I

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now pick up a 50-50 biscuit and have it with tea. I then notice that the cup in my hand is half filled with tea and has a few 50-50 biscuits dipped whole inside. I realize it's not my cup but I had picked it up from the tall table to my right. It was left there by someone else who left those whole 50-50 biscuits vertically dipped inside with one or two biscuits lying horizontally at the base. I put the cup back in its place and as I'm telling Ravi about how someone left the cup with those biscuits dipped vertically inside, I take a look at his wrap that he's opened now. I wanna see what is it that he brought for himself. I see some rectangularly chopped carrot pieces. He begins to talk about something which invokes a sudden surge of emotions inside me. I can tell that he's trying to bring up the matter of being in a relationship or getting married. This leads me to have an outburst because I see how I can no longer feel the same because of everything that has happened. I sit calmly being able to contain myself for a while as the unrest inside amplifies and I feel like throwing everything aside placed in front of me along with my cup of tea. I abruptly have the outburst as I begin to cry and throw away the cup of tea in front of me and away it goes flying outside the open rectangular window to the right end of the dept canteen. With the swipe of a hand, I throw everything else aside lying on the table as well as I am thinking how any of it is of any good use now because I've already faced enough mental injury because of which my capacity to be happy in a mutual human love bond is substantially decreased. So as I get up in haste with the words **Ab kya fayda!** I turn and haste towards the stairs to exit as I'm crying and thinking about the prostitute website and how long it has been and all the ways I've been mentally hurt. And as I'm about to take the U-turn to the stairs down, is when the dream ends.

- The upper half until the shoulders of a long-faced lady with her hair tied at the back as she puts a clean disposable tea cup into a stack with the inner surfaces of the cups facing to the right as she says: **Bahut thanda lag raha hai na!?** **Bahut thanda lag raha hai na!?** She then says gentle and smooth tone: **De do. De do.**

Dream 2 (Morning, 8th march)

My dad asks us out on a trip. We agree and the following visions show me with short veg cut hair as I stand on the right end of a rod in the open background of tall buildings behind. It seems to be a different country. I am dressed in a full-sleeved grey striped top over navy blue sports trousers. I look happy in the vision as I am seeing the time in flashback. I look the way I looked back in my first or second year of BSc.

My dad hands me three cash notes that have the photos from the trip. I look at the cash note at the top. It has a clean shiny look and the bottom right corner of the note has my translucent black face beside his facing to the left as we both look upwards. I look at the photo currency and I see how my dad got these notes made exclusively to leave for me to have as a souvenir. As the dream shows the trip in flashback, I see a small framed top view from a great height of me moving with my dad in his long black car on an almost empty road. We seem to be on our way to that local spot to hang out with apparently my brothers inside as well. The next thing I see is me inside a house that has been newly built with my mom and younger brother. Apparently, it was still in its making when we shifted in and in this part of the dream, I've to break to her the news that my dad is dead. I tell her how I had a dream some time back and how it had come to pass now. I then tell her some things about my

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youngest brother Divyanshu as well that I had seen in the dream. Two walls of the room we're in are not spackled but carry the brick base without the cement covering as we lie on a bed made on the floor beside the wall. To the right of the uncemented unspackled wall is a dark wooden wardrobe on the adjacent wall with a narrow vertical rectangular cavity at the right end that has not yet been inserted with its drawer while the rest of the wardrobe has all been set in place and complete. I recall him talking about putting the drawer inside the cavity earlier in the dream when he was still alive as he showed the drawer to me and lifting it up placed it on top of the cavity. But now that he's gone, it's still lying hollow, and apparently, now, one of us would need to fix the drawer inside or get it fixed by someone else.

The face of Death Conqueror with a restless look as he says panting with red love hearts in front of his eyes being unable to mince out anything: ***Mein marne wala hu! Mein marne wala hu!***

Dream (Morning 10th March): I shift to a different place. It's a huge room on the row of rooms on the left side of the Principal's office of the junior wing of my school in my hometown. It has a sofa placed in the middle of the first half of the hall. There're no wardrobes or any sort of storage almirah. I manage to accommodate my bags below the sofa. I've to open the seat every time I need to take something out. I've a roommate in there whom I keep coming across who's fairly nice as she's not causing any problems or fights and maintains a calm and almost silent presence. The few times that I interacted with her to ask something, she answered nicely and I didn't see any deception in her either. She keeps to herself and doesn't bother me much.

The follow-up part of the dream shows me holding a wig that apparently represents my hair. I see how sparsely the wig is filled with hair. And I notice that it's much lesser than before. I've never seen my hair as a separate wig as I'm seeing in this part of the dream. I see that though the hair length is moderate, the quantity of hair left is much lesser. I move the wig around in my hands and look at the low hair density - one I never had previously. It comes as a shock to hold my hair as a wig in my hands.

As I move through the room, I happen to slide through what looks like a hay field in that part of the room creating a bifurcating line while pushing away the hay to either side of the line bending it in those directions.

[Céline Dion - Loved Me Back to Life \(Official Lyric Video\)](#)



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[Katy Perry - Hot N Cold \(Official Music Video\)](#)



[Katy Perry - Part Of Me \(Official\)](#)



The song below has Katy having eyes with yellow iris with black pupils as they change to slit eyes briefly and back to round pupils. It reminded me of the dusky man revelation in which as he looked up at me, he had striking eyes with yellow iris with black pupils inside that changed its shape to a slit momentarily, changing back to being round again.

[Katy Perry - E.T. ft. Kanye West \(Official Music Video\)](#)



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- The face of the dusky man in black in a white robe close in front of mine as his eyes with a red sclera protrude out in the shape of a horizontally elongated ellipsoid and touch my eyes. His red eyes protrude in and out and are almost touching my eyes. This vision has been repeating intermittently throughout the day.
- The face of the dusky man in black with yellow-golden eyes close in front of my face as his eyes protrude out into the shape of a horizontally elongated ellipsoid as they touch my eyes.

The lady sings:

You're so supersonic.

- A hand consisting of glassy shiny light blue and light green translucent stone hits the center of the top of the forehead of a person sitting facing to the right on the left side of the vision as the glassy stone hand breaks through the skull and goes inside the forehead by some inches. The vision has the background of an indoor match with the round auditorium at the back seemingly filled with people.
- As I was writing about my severely decreased hair density in the dream above – that how I observed the light wig in my hands, I saw the stubbled of Glory in front of me as he held my face between his hands and said gently looking in my eyes: ***Koi baat nahi. Sab sahi ho jayega.*** I mean he's implying that it's just hair and I don't need to be depressed because of the same.

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March 23rd

23 March 2024

07:18

Past Revelations

- (Past few weeks) A fair short black-haired boy stands behind a metallic thorny fence of the same height as him on a snowy ground as he looks inside with red demonic eyes and a ghostly demonic expression while opening his mouth revealing his pointed conical teeth inside his bloody mouth.
- (Past week) The side-view of Akhila standing facing to the left with her hair falling at the back as she hits the head of Death Conqueror with a long black danda as she delivers hits.
- (Past week) A semi-animated vision of a dusky man with black hair facing to the left in a navy blue background as he says angrily: ***Chhodunga nahi use! Chhodunga nahi use!***
- (Past week) The scene from the movie Tum bin in which Abhigyan stands with his Uncle on a bridge as he throws the ring he gave to Pia into the water body below and says crying: ... ***acchi jagah nahi hai. ... acchi jagah nahi hai.***



- (Past week) The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe as he says to perhaps another: ***I can tell when a woman is in love. I can tell when a woman is in love. She's in deep love with me.***

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- (Past few days) As I'm writing a revelation about the dusky man in black in a white robe, I see KA say: **Phas gaya. Phas gaya.** The vision repeats a few times.
- (Past few days) Glory stands in the corridor as he says: **Bahut samajhdaar hai. Bahut samajhdaar hai.**
- (Past two days) **She's extremely emotional. She's extremely emotional. She's excessively emotional.** I first heard it in my spirit few days back. And I heard it today as well.
- (Past two days) The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe in a navy blue background as he says: **Chamaar. Chamaar.** The vision repeats a few times.
- (Day before yesterday) While walking upstairs to my room after a tiring day out to get my youngest brother's marksheets, as I'm feeling too tired and finding it hard to walk up the stairs, I see the dusky man in black in a white robe lift me up horizontally with both hands and fly up the stairs using his white angel wings as the vision shows him floating up on the stairs.
- (Day before yesterday) A giant Siddharth Malhotra in a light pink buttoned tunic with a round collar neck and 3/4th folded sleeves with tin walks on the road with tiny cars moving on it.

Yesterday

- (Yesterday) Glory says standing facing to the left with an amazed expression: **Bahut acchi hai! Bahut acchi hai!**
- (Yesterday) I say that blocking someone is equivalent to putting up a boundary. I then see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe in the air above as he says nodding his head in an affirming tone: **I'll always remember this. I'll always remember this.**
- **Why didn't I meet you before? Why didn't I meet you before? I would've taken you in with me and married you before God made any promise to you.**
- (Yesterday Night) I am watching Katy Perry songs and while I'm watching her song Wide awake, I see her face with pink sparkle eyeshadow and I see how neatly her look has been put together, I hear the dusky man in black say: **You're not like that.** As I continue to watch, and now when she has straight blue hair, I hear again: **That's not how you look. She is so beautiful. That's now how you look.**
- (Yesterday) As I am talking late at night about how Glory made up his mind that he wanted to be with me already knowing my background and how I looked, if I was wheatish or hairy, and how it was a firm decision that he made at the beginning, the promise of which I had received in 2021, I see the blurry half of Death Conqueror looking down at me from near the ceiling as he says: **She got what she wanted! She got what she wanted!**

And when I am done talking about Glory deciding at some point in time what he did, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe above in front of me as he said that they were going to kill me and then he (Glory) can think, feel or do whatever he has to.

As I make a mention of the dusky man in black above, before I've written the full sentence, I see his face float right in front of my face as he looks at me with filled eyes and a vulnerable expression and begins to kiss me. His Iris changes to yellow golden and he keeps them wide open and I kiss him back.

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While I'm writing revelations last late night, I see a stubbled face of Glory to my right as gesturing my head down with his hand he repeatedly asks me to go to sleep and wake up the next day. He says gently: ***Chal ab tu so ja. Chai ab tu so ja. Kal karna ye sab.***

- As I lay in bed on my left side, I see Glory standing beside my bed hit my knees placed on top of each other with an axe.
- I am on a call with my mom. I need to ask something. She's talking quite cryptically and what she says doesn't make much sense to me. She doesn't answer in a direct straight manner but begins to talk about something unrelated. I have to repeat myself again. Again, she doesn't answer. I ask her again and now the vision shows her upper half as she's on her phone in a dark background and tells me that she's currently with Saini Uncle and her words are followed by the vision of the inner surface of the upper lobe of an ear as a hand is cleaning the same. Apparently, it's Saini Uncle's ear lobe that he is cleaning. The vision is followed by a small-framed vision of the front view of the first room of his Villa with cream inner walls lit in white light as a tall lady with waist-long hair dressed modestly in a beige saree over a long-sleeved red blouse stood with a slightly bent upper half facing to the right holding a long black iron rod with a slight vertical slant with the rod having the base of a sickle. She looked a bit dusty and in a lot of pain as she stood in that posture holding that long iron rod - its end paralleling to slightly below her shoulders. As I wrote the last line of this revelation, I saw: an astonished beige face of Death Conqueror turning itself to the left in a dark background.
- A small-framed vision of Glory standing inside my room in multilayered beige clothes as he held a black sickle in his right hand raised sideways to the level of his shoulder.
- As I lie in bed, I see an animated side view of the left side of a woman's upper half until her chest as she's lying straight on a bed or a surface. A hand cuts off a lavender colored meshed bra strip below that woman's armpit with a pair of scissors. The vision repeats a few times. It didn't make any sense to me as to why was the bra being cut off from the sides. After the bra was gone, I then saw a hand holding a surgical knife make an incision about the width of the bra strap along the length of her body. The vision repeated a few times as the hand made that incision severing the tissue from the frame of the woman's body.

(Nivedita Ma'am being surprised puts a hand on her mouth.) The follow-up vision shows the top view of the knife cleaving below the tissue at the front of the woman's chest, moving from left to right as it severed the lady's chest with her breasts in the form of a sheet.

As I was writing the vision, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black look down at me from a meter or two above my left side as he said smiling: ***How do you know this?*** As I continued writing, the vision repeated.

As I sit pondering on the vision, I see the face of the dusky man in black in a white robe bent down right to being in front of my face as he says smiling while holding my chin lightly: ***We won't do this to you. We won't do this to you.***

(***She's extremely poor and foolish.*** The dusky man in black says that I'm smart.) His face comes floating down in front of mine as he says perching out his mouth and holding my face: ***O le le le Baby!***

She's sad because she's thinking 'we' would do this to her!

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After a while, I see the front view of the dusky man in black in a white robe with two angel wings bent down at the level of the ground and try to lift up an unconscious lady lying down dressed in a multilayered printed beige attire, but as he lifts her slightly off the ground, her body severs along her waist and drops down around her middle.

- The vision has the navy blue shine of a translucent glass. I see the translucent navy blue figure of the naked back of a lady lying on her left side facing away from the viewer as thick translucent hands appear from behind and begin to press over the side of her waist with the thick navy blue translucent fingers visible to the viewers. The translucent navy blue hands then begin to grab and squeeze her ass.

The lady sings:

Mein to khud se hi pyaar jatau.

What's my name..? What's my name..? What's my name..?

'What's my name..? What's my name..?': That was really funny!

As I lay down to sleep, I see a small-framed vision of Glory telling me to not cheat on him because he loves me a lot. The vision repeats. As I wrote the previous revelation, I saw a blurry face of Don float near to my left ear as he whispered: **I'll kill you.**

- A small-framed vision of the top view of a man dressed in a white tunic lying on a surface with bloody cuts visible around either side of his mouth.
- A small-framed vision of the entrance to the Jahangirpuri Metro Station and the road below the bridge to its right as a huge clitoris falling down to the right is being sucked outwards by the dusky man in black standing on the road below with a few white vans or cabs parked around. As he sucks on it, it comes out of its shell to an unusual extent.

When I lie down to rest after saying a few things about Glory, I'm lying on my right side and then I see the upper half of Death Conqueror until his shoulders a meter or two above me as he looks down at me and says: **Tere to itne tukde karunga ki vo pehchaan bhi nahi payega. Tere to itne tukde karunga ki vo pehchaan bhi nahi payega.**

When I lay down to rest on my right side, I hear:

- **You're so happy with us. You're so happy with us Kartika.**

Within a few seconds, the following lyrics play. The lady sings:

Kisi aur ki mujhko jarurat kya..

Mein to khud se hi pyaar jatau..

The chorus of the song was playing in my spirit a few days back as well. It has been playing intermittently within the past week. In the chorus lyrics not written above, the lady sings how she may be young, but it doesn't mean that a boy can lay hands on her just because she's young.

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- The side-view of a beige lady dressed in an off-white tunic set with a fine floral print sitting to the left of a dark bearded man at the back of a car moving speedily to the left on what looks like a highway with a few buildings or shops visible on the other side of the road. The lady is wearing red bangles that newly married Hindu women usually wear and is holding up a phone high in front of her. The lady has squished the shorter black man on the other right side of the car's back seat beside the transparent glass window as a great part of the seat at the side of the viewer lies vacant. They continue being driven to the left for a good while. The black man is trying to find some space to breathe as the lady seems to be too unaware of the posture of his countenance and unaffected by it as she seems too obsessed with her phone clicking their pictures together. She then adjusts her tunic as she slides her hands down along her legs dressed in a plain off-white Pyjami.
As I was writing the above vision, I saw Death Conqueror move frantically around above as he says fearfully: **Marne wala hu. Marne wala hu.**
- Glory says: **Dekh mein tujhe bacha to nahi sakta. Lekin tujhe maar sakta hu. Dekh mein tujhe bacha to nahi sakta. Lekin tujhe maar sakta hu.** He says this to help in ending my agony.
- While having Gobhi parantha, I hear a guy says that he can no longer watch me in pain. A voice says: **Kartika bas ab mujhse teri halat dekhi nahi jaati. Teri duvidha ka kuch karna padega.** It repeats again.
- As I continue to have the Parantha, I see the upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic above in front of me looking down at me with an expressionless apathetic face as he says: **Rand, tu rand nahi hai. Maine tujhe rand banaya hai. I did it for my own self.**
- I notice my attire and then recall Glory's attire in the dream The Courting Phase. He was dressed similarly in a white t-shirt with a few anime patches and a black sporty trouser as he sat with his back leaning against my side and legs stretched forward and crossed over. His posture made me think of my own posture while sitting in bed. I lean at the back with my legs stretched forward. And then he said something very fluently: **So darling happy now..?** Of what he said, I only understood the first and the last part and nothing in the middle. Now it makes me think if that's how I come across forward to the trio to whom I am the counterpart of Glory. And at this point, an analogue of another dream revelation, *The Courting Phase*, comes to life.
- As I'm walking having the Parantha, I see the upper half of Death Conqueror saying pointing to my ass: **I wanted that. I wanted that.**
- As I'm using the washbasin after having Gobhi Parantha, I hear: **We can't kill her. She's so good.** I then see a small-framed semi-animated vision of the upper half of a man with a huge face and frizzy curly hair as he looks to the right with a joyous expression and says panting with a wide-open mouth changing its shape as an expression of uncontained joy: **She's so good.** To his right is another translucent man looking in a similar way to the left facing that other guy as he too agrees with him. The vision expands and both of them are shown to be looking at an apathetic and expressionless Death Conqueror standing in the middle as he seems to be unaffected by what they're saying. He seems to be the most rigid of the ones shown in the vision. While the other two look pleased and happy, the guy in the middle stands apathetically with no display of any emotion.
- The dusky man in black in a white robe looks at me smiling with a joyful countenance as he says: She's so good! Followed by him floating closer to me as while tingling me he repeats incessantly in quick iterations: **B*tch. B*tch. B*tch. B*tch. B*tch. B*tch. B*tch. B*tch. B*tch.**

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- As I was reading the revelations with Glory above, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe to the slight of me above in front of me as he looks down and says smiling: ***Your husband loves you a lot, Kartika. Your husband loves you a lot, Kartika.***
- Glory standing in the corridor outside says looking in my room's direction: ***Teri maa buri hai. Teri maa buri hai.***
- Death Conqueror in a white tunic standing in the air looks down at me as he says: ***your mom is wicked, b*tch. Your mom is wicked, b*tch.***

While writing the dream from the morning of the day before yesterday in which I sat with Ravi as he had gotten me a few things to eat, as I wrote about the well-organized things he had brought for me to eat in a box with narrow red tapes with white print on it, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe as he said: ***Thanks for letting us know who you are. Thanks for letting us know who you are.***

When I revisited the dream to continue to edit, I heard the melody at the beginning of the following song play.

["Koi Fariyaad" Lyrical Video Song | Tum Bin | Jagit Singh | Nikhil, Vinay | Priyanshu, Sandali](#)



As I throw the Coconut Water away and put it outside because of the deceptive behavior of the delivery guy, I see the upper half of Death Conqueror say in a serious tone: ***Galti kar di maine. Galti kar di maine.*** (referring to the act of sending spy cameras.)

After the incident, as I'm sitting in my bed, I see Glory dressed in multilayered beige clothes as he says a gentle and polite: ***Thank you. Thank you.*** The vision repeats a few times.

The upper half of Death Conqueror dressed in a white tunic in a dark background as he looks down at me with lowered eyes with an expression like Snape's as he says: ***Bas. Yahi sun na chahta tha mein. Bas. Yahi sun na chahta tha mein.***

As I write the above, I see Death Conqueror standing above in the air as he rushes to the left fearfully and says hastily: ***Marne wala hu. Marne wala hu. Bhai bacha. Bhai bacha.***

I lay down to rest and I see:

- The upper half of Steve Trevor dressed in a black suit over a white shirt standing facing to the left with a polished wooden log with a top like broccoli with the other end of the long broccoli log not

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visible in the vision but as he slowly moves the log, it's implied that he's rubbing the other end against his clitoris.

The lady sings:

Mein to khud se hi pyaar jatau.

I fall into a brief sleep and then I see a lady's voice repeating something about water.

- It is followed by the vision of a little girl with shoulder-length straight hair sitting with stretched-out legs as she is pressing the sole of one of her feet which seems to be consisting of plastic with small holes at the bottom. She presses her plastic upper sole with her fingers.
- A dark brown square cement brick hits the right side of my head.
- Another stone, smaller and round, hits the right side of my head.
- The back view of a lady dressed in a thick printed beige saree over a lengthy black long-sleeved blouse with a round neck at the back covering her left diagonal half while the beige saree covers her right diagonal half with the attire not revealing anything as she stands in front of an open dark brown wooden door with her face turned to the right while she's taking in things from someone from outside the door. She has slightly curly hair of length half a foot or so longer than the shoulder. I don't know who the lady is, facially, but after a while, I see Akhila's face flash in front of her face as she says confidently: ***Arey mein Akhila hu. Mein bahut buri hu. Lekin mein phir bhi heaven mein jana chahti hu.***

As I was in the middle of writing the above vision, I saw a huge vision of the shocked face of Akhila with her straight hair falling at the back as she gives out a sigh.

- The upper half of a beige Death Conqueror in a dark background as he looks smiling widely at the viewer with squinched eyes.
- ***Kartika, he's crying tears of blood.***

Dream (13th March):

In the dream, Finneas, Billie Eilish's brother, is shown to be in love with a woman but apparently, his family has a problem accepting her. But Finneas seems to be too happy being with her as he is shown spending time with her. I see him roaming around with her inside the room and both of them seem to have a fairly good bond as I can observe. I keep coming across my family members as well inside the room. I then see a group dance being performed.

As I'm writing the dream above, I hear: ***She tried her best. She tried her best.***

I'm walking on an almost empty road with trees on either side. A person comes walking with a golden retriever who as soon as it spots me, jumps on me and throws its body on me. It doesn't scare me. After a brief chat with the owner, I continue to walk forward and see the open entrance to the room in the far distance as Finneas stands dressed in a blue polo shirt tucked inside white pants and the group of accompanying dancers are women dressed in loose red tops tucked inside white conical skirts. The girl must be present around as well but she's not visible from that distance. After traversing the distance, when I reach the room, I find that the girl isn't accepted by his family. I then

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see him walking to the left and end up standing beside a wall as he is getting whipped by an angry family member. It's hard to watch.

As I move around the room, I see a lady lying below the foldable single bed placed along the wall with the exit door to the bed's left. Apparently, she is a reptile – a thick snake. She says that she's cold and needs a blanket. She looks sick and in need of a blanket. She doesn't look well. As I walk across the bed, I come across a blanket placed on a chair on the other side of the bed. She crawls to that side of the bed and when she's out, she's no longer a snake but a short-heighted sick woman who can possibly die if not tended to. Her situation gets me worried. I ask her to sit on the chair and use the blanket.

As I am then moving inside the room, I come across my mom who tells me to have food. She says that Divyanshu is having fish rice. My mom asks me to have the same as well. She says it will be good for me. As I walk to the back of the room I see a plate full of rice covered with fish curry lying at the end of the slab attached to the wall to my right. At the slab's end is a door into another room. My mom asks to pick up that thali of fish and rice and eat. I haven't eaten fish in a long time and I don't like it much either. I don't often eat non-veg either. I perhaps still pick up the plate and walk to sit on the double bed in the direction of the slab. A girl, seemingly my cousin, comes and sits in front of me on the bed. My youngest brother Divyanshu dressed in a white cotton tunic walks in and sits on the bed some distance behind her with his back towards us and begins to have his meal with bent head and shoulders. It's when my cousin moves her face closer and whispers in my ear: ***Divyanshu phoota pada hai.*** It's hard for me to believe as he looks fine by appearance but there may be an inner invisible injury. She has whispered something else as well but it's hard for me to discern. She continues to whisper: ***Kaan bahar niklaa jaa raha hai....*** Again, I am only able to understand a small section of what I heard. She continues: ***Kabhi swimming nahi kar payega.*** Again, it's not quite clear what she's said. I ask her to repeat. She repeats: ***Simming..*** Again, it's not clearly audible. I ask her again to repeat. I wonder if she spoke swimming, simming or sinning as her whispers are not clearly spoken and I'm still thinking about it being concerned about Divyanshu as whatever happened to him led to a permanent damage in that area of his life, and it's when I wake up.

- The upper halves of Neo dressed in a black t-shirt and Trinity in a shiny black jacket in their look from the movie *The Matrix* stand with their bodies facing the viewer with a few meters of distance between them as Trinity stands on the right end of the vision in the light green background of the movie as Trinity holds out a gun at Neo about to shoot the side of his face in a slow motion but he pulls back his head away from the viewer looking at her and dodges the bullet after which he swiftly gets a hold of her hand with the gun and arresting both her hands back at the back begins to kiss her passionately.
- The dusky man in black says to another: ***You can't kill her husband. Or she'll die. She won't be able to live. You can't kill her husband. Or she'll die.***
- While walking to the Dinesh Store, I hear again: ***You can't kill her husband. You can't kill her husband.***
- Glory says: ***Duniya ki sabse badi chamaari tu hi hai. Duniya ki sabse badi chamaari tu hi hai.***
- ***He's going to chop your hands. He's going to chop your hands.***
- The Guy sings:
Ye baat alag haath kalam ho gaye apne..

**Ye baat alag haath kalam ho gaye apne..
Hum aapki tasveer banana nahi bhoole..
Hum aapki tasveer banana nahi bhoole..**

Hum apne buzurgo ka jamana nahi bhoole..

Earlier during the day:

- As I'm listening to Part of Me by Katy Perry, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe looking at me from my left side as he says with squinched eyes: **You look just like her. You look just like her. You just need to groom. After grooming, you'll look like her to a reasonable extent!**
- The dusky man in black in a white robe in a navy blue background looks down at me with a lifted hand as he shouts in a tone that rather seems cute: **K*tiya marunga! Mein itna accha nahi hu!**
- This past incident from somewhere in BSc or first year of MSc when I and Meera were together at Anjali's flat in Police Line GTB Nagar has been highlighted to me a few times. As Meera was about to leave, Anjali joked bout Meera being on fire for something, in response to which Meera replied touching herself frantically in a few abrupt motions: **Mere tan badan mein aag!**
- The dusky man in black descends down from the air as he begins to kiss me with his upper half visible on me as he says: **You're my rukmani.**
- Another voice says: **B*tch. No one will marry you. You're so poor.**
- My dad standing to my right hits the top of my head with a long black danda with a vicious expression.
- The side view of a double bed laid against the left wall of a room lit in golden light as a naked dusky dark man is shown to be lying on it with his head towards the viewer with his front on top of an off-white satin heap of cloth with golden embroidered outlines. As the vision continues, the satin cloth changes to a chubby woman with blonde hair tied at the back as the dark muscular man is moving on top of her. The follow-up vision shows the naked woman lying on her side facing to the right as the dusky man continues to move on top of her. The woman turns and lies straight on her back as he continues to move in and out of her with his forearms shifting frantically on the bed as he moves through her with a part of his genitalia visibly visible out of her as he continues.

(As I was writing the above, Glory says: **She knows everything.**)

- **Sex Kartika, Sex!** The follow-up vision shows the side-view of him facing to the left in the same setting as he puts two thick plain golden bangles in one of the hands of the lady and says declaratively in a loving tone: **Wife!** followed by him putting her hand against his chest. This reminds me of how Abraham's servant when he found that Rebecca was from his master's family line knew that she was to be the wife of his son Isaac, after which he put those bangles in her hands.
- **She's in a different world Mrittunjay. She's in a different world.**
- The face of the dusky man floats closer to me as he says: **You love me!? You f*cking B*tch, You love me a lot!**
- A small-framed vision of a field lit in golden light as a spread bunch of Lavender flowers facing slightly to the right flashes on top of the vision.
- Glory slowly walks backwards in the corridor outside as he says with a quiet and serious tone: **Dekh tujhe kitna marta hu!**

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- The top view of an unusually large golden robotic hand moving like a robot as it's trying to grab something placed on a thali or similar surface. The small face of an adorned Karishma Kapoor in a thickly embroidered red bridal attire as she moves her unusually large golden right robotic hand towards the dusky man who stands facing to the left on the right side of the vision.
- Death Conqueror says: ***She's so selfish.*** The dusky man says: ***She's so giving.***
- The Guy sings:
Rahogi sada yaha..
Pyaar ki ye dastan..
Sunenge sada jise..
Ye Jameen aasmaan..
- As I was writing one of the above revelations, I saw RS in a dark background as he said to me: ***Mat kar ye sab. Mat kar ye sab. Sab marenge tujhe.***
- The face of Jiya comes out of a round black hole on a slab lifting up its black lid to a side. She is wearing a round floral crown with purple and white flowers. Looking at the crown, one can tell that it has some thorns on the inside as well. She is holding a small plate and looking at it, she says joyfully: ***Wow Ladoo!*** As she begins to eat, she then says: ***Oh ye to churma hai!*** She continues eating with her hand looking down at her plate. As she's done, she stands still holding her plate as she says with a confused expression: ***Ab kya khau!?***

Earlier during the day:

- ***She's so cheap. She's extremely cheap. You just need to talk nicely to her and say a few sweet words, and she's won easily.*** One of the trio says to another. The vision repeats.

- The upper half of the dusky man in black to my right with stream of blood flowing down from his eyes after a while of which blood comes out of his nose as well forming a thin veinous structure below his nose.

The initial part of the song Tumsa Koi Pyara Koi Masoom Nahi Hai in which Karishma Kapoor is dressed in a yellow saree and carries an innocent countenance is brought to my attention. Within the next few seconds, I see:

- The upper half of Karishma Kapoor with her hair styled at the back and dressed modestly in a yellow saree with a folded drape as she asks in a low, sweet and innocent voice: ***Do you love me Jaanu?***
- Karishma Kapoor in her previous attire stands beside an iron table where she's ironing something as she says in a whispery innocent tone: ***Chalo ab sayaan ke kapde press kar deti hu!***
- KA says with a hurt expression: ***Kartika tune apni jaan bachane ke liye hum sabko bakra bana diya!?***

March 24

24 March 2024

03:25

Last night before sleeping:

- A parrot with a red beak scratches lightly to the right on a fat belly covered in a multilayered white tunic.
- ***He's dying to meet you. He's dying to meet you.*** (as a small-framed vision of the figure of Death Conqueror is flashed.)

After waking

- A rectangular strip showing just the view of the open eyes of a person the inside of which is covered entirely with an opaque pale film of dead skin.

Dream (Few days back):

I had this dream on the 20th or 21st but not earlier. As I'm moving on the market road to the right of the T-point which leads to the junior wing of my school in my hometown Pundri, this memory from a dream is fresh in my mind as I move on the road.

As I wrote the previous line, I saw a small-framed vision of the dusky man in black in a full-length white robe as he said with an astonished expression: ***It's all evidence. It's all evidence.*** And as he said so, the line of the dream describing the T-point was what began to move back and forth suggesting that it was being stressed upon. The dusky man in black in a white robe then takes a few steps backwards as he seems to have caught something as he repeats: ***It's all evidence. It's all evidence.***

The dream had me stop by a Police Van which stood itself at a certain position with a deceptive ulterior motive because of which I ended up fighting with the Policeman inside giving him some harsh words of rebuke because of his deceptive conduct to perpetuate the emotional abuse caused by the abuser. He was being used as just another minion or messenger which provoked me to get into an altercation with him. As I am walking ahead on the road to the right of the road that goes inside to the DAV college first on the right side followed by the junior wing of the DAV school on the same side, I cross over to the other side of the road and come across a strategically parked Police Van which reminds me of the dream event still fresh in my mind. As soon as I spot the van, I park my scooty in front of it. The man dressed in an olive green Police uniform sitting in the driver's seat is visible through the half-open transparent glass window and there's someone else present inside as well. I know that I'm going to have a fight of some kind with the Policeman seated inside because he behaved in a deceptive and covertly emotionally abusive way. I've just begun to speak out in a mildly aggressive way and I can foresee that the situation is going to be aggravated and it's when I wake up.

As I was almost done writing the above, a small-framed vision of a long white car with black windows outside the photostat and lamination shop in IGNOU was flashed to me. As I stepped out of the shop, the long car with black windows slowly stopped some distance away on the left as a man

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sat on his bike on the right side. The car had a creepy aura around it and I felt so awkward having to walk away in front of it to exit the area.

Glory says sobbing holding my face: ***Mar jaati k*tiya tu!***

Dream1 (Yesterday):

I find myself staying in a room up a few stairs along the wall at the end of which lies the entrance to the room on the left. I move around outside the room because of one or the other reason. This time as I am walking up the few stairs, I see Subhash Uncle walk out of his apartment on the left at the base of the few stairs. Apparently, I'm living for free in the rented room. Walking up the stairs, this time when I enter the room, I see that it has a beige earthen floor. To the right of the door inside the room is a set of beige stairs running along the wall. I take a few steps up the stairs to get to the switchboard. And as I turn back and stand facing the room, I see a slab along the wall at the other end of the room above which three lean and thin boys of medium stature, looking more or less the same with the same triangular face, stand near the kitchen area as they talk about eating a specific bulb from the string which doesn't make any sense to me. All the bulbs in the string are conical resembling the shape of the bulb above the kitchen counter in my room. Though that string isn't used and I know in the dream that it doesn't light up, it makes no sense to me that they eat the bulb even if it's not lighting up. So, as soon as I hear them talking about the same, I forbid them to eat it. There are four white bulbs inside my room, one on each wall and they get turned on in pairs by the same switches. The bulb above the slab and the one on the wall beside which I stand on the stair get switched on by the same switch, and the one on the other walls by a different switch. If I have to turn the light on, I prefer to turn on the bulb above the slab in front of me and on the wall above the stairs as because of their position the combined light doesn't create discomfort for my eyes. The other combination of bulbs is hard for me to sit in. Someone else walks in from behind me and asks me to turn on the other pair of lights. But that person, in effect, wants the room to be lit and not for a certain light to be turned on. Disregarding the person's specific words, I turn on the bulb combination that I find comfortable to be in. I find that the bulb above the stairs on the wall beside has stopped working and only the bulb above the slab in front of me gets lit when the switch is turned on.

Dream 2 (Yesterday):

I walk on a road along a narrow plain grey rocky path with a tall rocky wall mounting on my left and on my right is a steep valley. I exit into an open ground to the left where I see that a group of wicked men, supposedly belonging to a certain gang, have abducted a group of people - all of whom are dressed in striped prisoner clothes with the thin red strips present in the place of black on the white prison suit. The valley continues to the right of this ground. I see a van full of armed gang members while a few stand out in the open killing the men in the red and white prisoner suits one at a time. There's a bald man in striped red and white who is carrying a subtle main character energy by virtue of him apparently sharing a good hearty bond with me. I am observing the scene as a third person at this point in the dream. The area is dimly lit as it seems to be late evening. I see a clean-shaven Amitabh Bachchan dressed in the striped red and white top as he's sitting alone with vertically folded knees on the ground and speaking a word to other captives. I see Amir Khan as one of the captives in red and white as well. They're talking among themselves with him standing a few meters

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away from Amitabh Bachchan. One of the gangsters brings a captive at the front on the other side of the valley as he shoots him dead with just his hand holding the gun pointing down to the right being visible. I see that the men in striped red and white though less in number can easily overtake the gang members including those inside the van at my right because they're stronger and more powerful by virtue of them being good and on the right side. The van is parked in front of the rocky mounting wall to the right of the narrow path beside the valley. However, my attention then goes to the plain rocky road to my right ahead that I had just come past walking where I see a large group of civilians being held as hostages behind a rope or screen of some kind going from the mounting wall to the other end. If the men in red and white would attempt to take down the gangsters, the men standing in charge of the hostages would begin to kill them. So, I understand that the men in striped red and white can't do anything but await their turn to be persecuted.

The ones who're persecuting the captives in red and white don't use a gun but one of them is shown to hold a sickle as well which they use to behead the captives. I now see the bald man being shown in the vision to be killed as he's sat at the spot where others were murdered, and the man in front of him is shown holding a sickle. This makes me anxious as I shared a form of bond with him. The man lifts the sickle up and with a sharp blow moves it down towards the viewer. It's not shown in the dream but the bald man is beheaded now. And this makes me feel a sudden sense of loss. Though I saw the other man in red and white get shot, I saw it as the loss of a human because of those wicked captors, but the loss of the bald man hits me hard and differently because I knew him and had a bond with him. I see Amitabh Bachchan sitting there without much change in his countenance. From the look in his eyes, I can tell that he's not sensitive to such happenings as he looks straight ahead with hardly any pain or fear visible on his face. As the vision shows his countenance in the dim dusky darkness, it's when I wake up.

As I was writing the above dream, I saw:

- Glory standing in the corridor outside shouts looking in my direction: ***Tere saath dhokha hua hai Kartika! Tere saath dhokha hua hai!***
- The face of the dusky man in black until his shoulders in a white robe floats to being in front of my face as he looks at me and says in a quiet low tone: ***We've to kill you.***
- The follow-up vision shows the trio in white robes walk away together on an empty ground with the dusky man in the middle as the backs of them all standing together are visible to the viewer as they quietly seem to be discussing something among themselves, sensibly.

We're extremely sensible Kartika.

Dream (Past few days):

I'm in a square grassy field between a systematic construction of narrow roads. I see several Kelzaks - the villain fighters with thin red lines on their bodies and heads covered fully in black - as someone is walking to the left on the narrow cement road on the other end of the green field. As I'm fighting them, I happen to give brutal hits to one of the Kelzaks with my sword and as it now lies dysfunctional with its body leaning against the medium-sized bush facing the grass field, I stand facing it with my back towards the road and notice the presence of a bunch of thin wires and a robotic circuit. Apparently, it's a robot inside that black attire.

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Morning

(Post midnight) ***Mara pada hai. Mara pada hai.*** Repeats for a while.

- Death Conqueror in a white tunic above looks down at me with an expression that shows he understood how things are going to have a cascading effect on him and says: ***I've to leave you, Kartika. I've to leave you, Kartika.***

Part of a dream:

I'm in a room lit in golden light with a few others standing facing one side of the L-shaped slab along the wall. It seems to be the kitchen looking at the filled slabs. The people have their backs towards the viewer as they stand facing the slab. I then see three golden pentagram stars come floating inside the room above in the air. As they slowly float to the right, they turn to huge stars that're now on the ground.

Dream (Morning):

I am listening to worship songs with good pop melodies. I walk into a hall and on the left side of it find a few guys sitting on benches laid on an elevated surface. I ask them if they would join me for communion. I'm referring to communing with Jesus in the act of worshipping Him using songs. The one in front is dressed in a black jacket over a round-neck T-shirt and a trouser. He seems to give an affirmatory reply. I turn back and try to play one of the songs with a good contemporary pop melody. But my phone isn't working well and is hung as I continue to try to play one of the good worship songs. But it never ends up playing as my phone is stuck and though I keep pressing on the song to be played, it's not responding to my touch. I end up not having the communion.

I walk into a hall sectioned in two with a middle wall built slightly to the right. The hall has a checkered floor and I see a guy dressed in a shirt tucked inside pants rolling on the floor singing a song I seem to be knowing. I can tell his speech is not polished by the way he is singing and I don't quite resonate with him either as he doesn't seem to be having a sense of depth that I can tune into as I can with others. I do think he doesn't need to give that performance if he's trying to do that to impress me. Because I expect people to be their real selves and not try hard to give an out-of-character performance. I tell him that he did a fairly good job.

I'm walking on the service road of Ganda Nala to the T-point and as I approach the building beside A-16, the one where the fat and bald middle man lives with his family, I now find the ground floor vacated and the Red & White banners of *Nath Tent & Caterers* gone. Though the hall is empty now, I see the hall filled with a gathering of young men. Some of them are standing outside the building as well as one of them hands me a paper chit and tells me something.

It's church day and I receive a call from the lady to visit them. I look at my watch. It's 10:30 am. I still have time but I'm not ready and I've a few things to do. I've a form with me that I need filled by a person. The form carries two sections in the middle of the page and one at the bottom left. Each section corresponds to the type of bond the person who fills the form wants to have with me. The left section of two in the middle is the one for a Romantic bond, the section right to it is the one for

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a brotherly bond, and the one at the bottom left is the one for an Agape bond - the most general love bond regardless of gender or culture. I hand the form to the guy in the black jacket that I had previously interacted with. When he hands it back to me after filling it, I see that he's filled the Romantic section. This disappoints me a bit as ideally, I wanted him to fill the section corresponding to the brotherly bond but he filled the romantic one. And I couldn't have done anything to change his choice because it wasn't for me to decide which kind of bond that person felt with me. I take the form and as I turn back I exit on a two-way road. I take a left and think of going to church but it's already 2:30 pm.

Somewhere in the dream:

I walk forward further into the building and come across Akhila. I ask her something related to the church. I want her to accompany me. But before I've spoken fully, she interjects and asks me to wait as she has to make a call. She sits at the right corner of the first bench in the row of benches laid against the wall on the right side of the room and is on a call now. I wait patiently for her as she's busy. She's taking long and she doesn't seem to be in a hurry to bring the call to completion and get back to me. She's talking in English in her usual way. I can see that she's being quite gentle on call. Somewhere in the middle, she talks in an even gentler way and then I see her whispering something in a gentle and sensible way followed by her saying a short phrase that sounds as if she prayed something in tongues. It's after a while I realize that it was indeed tongues that she spoke. When she's done talking, I get up from my spot hoping to get to talk to her. But as she stands up from the bench and gets out from behind the long desk, she takes a right as some people arrive to talk to her from downstairs. She's telling them about God. She's acting as if she knows a lot about the things of God and those related to the spirit. And she has a form of control over the situation as she's talking to those people. However, she's ignoring *me*. It amazes me to see her act like she knows all those things about God when she doesn't have any experience with spending time with God and operating in the gifts of the Holy Spirit. So, it doesn't really make any sense to me.

After those people are gone, she comes to me and sits a few stairs up on the staircase going upstairs present to the right of the one going downstairs. Now she's talking to me and smiling quite a lot. But now I see round acne marks spread in a vertical oval shape all over both of her cheeks. They were not present before. I'm noticing the sudden change in her face as she continues talking to me.

When she stands up, and she's almost done talking, she suddenly begins to increase in muscle mass looking like a dangerous wrestler with even her skin tone becoming fair as I am only able to see her left half because she's much greater in height and width than me. Her fair and fatty right arm wearing a half-sleeved thick deep red smooth-textured collared t-shirt is all I can see and I can tell that she's going to attack me. As soon as her transformation is complete which didn't take more than a few seconds anyway, she hurls to me and I begin to run in the opposite direction but I can tell that she would easily be able to catch me quite quickly. Fortunately, someone holds me from one side along with another person on my other side as I sense my feet leave the hall's floor and lift up in the air and we all begin to float high forward along a straight upward slant away from the muscled disaster, our height from the ground increasing as we float forward. Now I can feel safe as she can no longer reach me as we continue to fly away high and high. When we finally land, we know that

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we're now quite far from the fat Akhila but I still feel the need to be wary as she may drop in looking for us.

The follow-up part of the dream has her in her normal stature standing with a shorter yellow weird-looking monster with rough skin and his face resembling that of a water splash with those tiny outward protrusions. It's apparent that the weird yellow being is her assistant who follows her everywhere as it seems to operate in a subordinate position in regards to her. We want to avoid being spotted by her as it could mean danger. When we enter a hall filled with people, we feel glad that she's not there. Someone perhaps asks me where she is but because I don't know, I can't answer that person. I then spot the short yellow monster standing in a corner with a few other people and immediately it comes to my mind that the yellow being must be knowing where she went.

In yet another part of the dream, I see some small colorful plain solid objects. It seems that they're some form of stamps. I later see that huge and muscled Akhila come walking into the hall and put those colorful stamps on what looks like a notice board inside an open hall.

Part of a different dream:

I warm a bucket of water to take a bath. When I'm in the washroom, I take a mug of hot water to use. For some reason, I feel the need to throw the water already present in my red bucket and fill it up with fresh water. I drain the water on the floor but it's after I've done so that I recall that I wasn't supposed to throw it as it was warm. It had taken a *long* time to warm to that level and I *needed* warm water to bathe. But now I've no other option than to fill my bucket with cold water to bathe. So I go ahead with the next option and get the tap running into my bucket.

- The dusky man in black pushes several extremely thin sparkling golden bangles into my hands one after the other filling them up until the elbows.
- The vision repeats with now showing thin golden jewellery pierced through the side of my naked fat lower belly. As I wrote the sentence, I saw: the dusky man in black in his full-length white robe rushes to a side to hide behind another man as sitting behind him with a bent upper half, he says: ***Chhupa bhai Chhupa!*** The vision continued: my entire body seems to be pierced with fine thin golden jewellery which reminds me of Xerxes.
- The follow-up vision shows him hurling the thin bangles this time with an increased haste in my hands as I now stand inside the room with both my forearms vertically joined together covering my face and upper half as I act like the tailor Kungfu master from the movie Kungfu Hustle as he used his thick metallic bangles like a shield to block attacks from sharp weapons and deliver hard blows to his enemies.

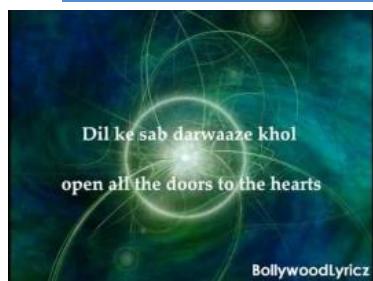
The stubbled fair face of Glory until his throat revealing the orange color of his tunic as he says: ***Chal abhi chal. Chal abhi ghar chal. Abhi ghar chal.***

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Past Revelations

- (Past two weeks) The front top view of the upper half of Amir Khan dressed in a full-sleeved light blue shirt with a white handkerchief covering his head in a long vertical cylinder as he stands in a dim golden environment facing someone with hands stretched forward as he's handing out something to that lady.
- (Past few weeks) The face of the dusky man in black in front of me as he begins to suck on my upper lip. The vision has been repeating intermittently for the past few weeks.
- (Past few days) As I stand outside my door and am locking it to go buy something from the Dinesh Store in my state of feeling tired, I see the dusky man in black in a white robe above in the air to my left as he pleads with me: ***Don't go outside. You'll die. Don't go outside. You'll die.*** As the words keep repeating, I say that I am sure that I won't die (at least not on that day).
- (Past few days) ***She acts as if she knows a lot but she doesn't.***
- (Past few days) The dusky man in black in a dark background says: ***She's so nervous. She's so nervous.***
- This song lyric has played in my spirit intermittently a few times by far within the past few days. The ladies sing together: ***PaiRon mein bandhan hai.***

Ref: [PaiRon Mein Bandhan Hai \[English Translation\] Lyrics](#)



- (Past few days) A guy comes closer to my room and says: ***Kab tak kahani chalegi!?*** After a while, I hear: ***Kab tak ch*degi!?***
- (Past few days) Glory dressed in multilayered beige clothes, beige jacket over beige top and trousers, says: ***Phas gayi. Phas gayi.***

- Death Conqueror looks down at me as he says pointing at me: ***Excessively selfish. Excessively selfish.***
- The amalgamated face of Death Conqueror and Don floats close to me from my left side as he says quietly: ***I'm going to kill you for doing this to me.***
- Though I know that I'm asleep covered fully inside a blanket, I seem to be awake and I see my upper half not covered by any sheet as I lay on my right side with my left hand slightly raised in the air. As I look at myself, I wonder how come I am in this position when I remember sleeping covered inside the blanket.
- The front view of a lady with short neck-length platinum blonde wavy hair dressed in a long boxy blue shirt untucked over beige pants standing in the depth of a dark background as she stands

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smiling looking at the viewer while rotating a metallic watch with a black dial along the fingers of her right hand.

- The side-view of a lean and thin Angelina Jolie in a silver skinny sleeveless jumpsuit with her black hair tied at the back riding a stationary bicycle in the background of a gym with her bike facing to the left being slightly turned in the direction of the viewer.
- Death Conqueror on my left looks down at me as he says in a mocking tone: ***All women here are whores Kartika. How can you be so pure?***
- A small-framed vision of a lady in a dark polka-dotted dress with her excess curly and frizzy hair stretched up above her head in a cylindrical formation.

I call the guy who installed the Wifi in my room and find that its name is Trilok Wifi. This reminds me of what I was saying somewhere within the past week - that my husband would call me Wifi because I serve as an information conduit or receiver. And then I see the face of the dusky man in a black background with two red love hearts in front of his eyes as he says affirmatively with a smile: ***Wife.*** I then see the beige face of Death Conqueror with red love hearts in front of his eyes in a dark background as smiling he says looking down at me: ***Wife.*** I then see the faces of the trio in a dark background with red love hearts in front of their eyes as they all look down at me together smiling, saying in turns: ***Wife. Wife.*** The visions repeat a few times. I then see the dusky man in black in a white robe float to my face as he begins to kiss me.

- Glory standing a few feet away from my door in the corridor says looking at me: ***You're their wife Kartika. You're their wife.***
- As they're calling me Wife, I hear: ***You've no excuse now. You've no excuse now.***
- Prof. Debajyoti Chaudhary dressed in an off-white tunic in a navy blue background says: ***You're so selfish. You're so selfish.*** The vision repeats several times during the day intermittently.

I lay down to rest with my arms stretched out and eyes closed and see:

- The front view of Katy Perry with a huge Aluminium wrap on top of her head extending a few feet upwards and giving her face a small look as she sits on a bed leaning against the back with closed eyes and arms stretched out and resting on the bed while thin beige branches emerge out of her fingers and spread over the bed with the rest of her body being shown as a plain beige flat figure.
- The Guy sings:
Khatro ke khiladi
Khatro ke khiladi
Vo haseena.. Khiladi..
Khatro ke khiladi
- The short-heighted man with wavy neck-length hair dressed in a black jacket over a black t-shirt and trousers from the song Chaand Sifaarish comes walking inside the room and follows me through the kitchen corridor after which he sits down on the floor on vertically folded knees facing the window

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with the natural white light lighting his face as he looks up at the woman whose feet alone are visible in the vision, and says to her: ***Exchange karne aaya hu! Haath. Pair. Zubaan aur.... Dil ki dhak dhak..***

- As I'm writing the above vision, I see Death Conqueror in a dark background as he repeats: ***Is bezzati ka badla lunga! Is bezzati ka badla lunga!***

While peeing:

- Raja dressed in a beige jacket over a black t-shirt sits tied to a chair by a single turn of a beige rope around his waist looks at the viewer as Dhruv dressed in a full-sleeved navy blue top with a few buttons at the top some of which are left undone sits with a slightly bent upper half on the right side of the vision with his head turned to the left. (Raja and Dhruv: Characters from Shararat)
- The fat and bald middle man dressed in a t-shirt over shorts tightly slaps a bearded Glory in a brown jacket over trousers as he falls on the bed laid beside the wall and the bald man says: ***Dekh usne kya kya kiya tere liye! Dekh usne kya kya kiya tere liye!***

The chorus of the Worship song ***Param Pavitra Triya Parmeshwar*** plays.

The Guy sings:

Param Pavitra Triya Parmeshwar..

Param Pavitra Triya Parmeshwar.. Aa..

Aa prabhu Aaiye..

Earlier during the day:

- Death Conqueror begins to chew on my lips viciously.

Evening

- The dusky man in black pulls away at my lower lip extending it away to more than a foot in front of me.
- I then see the face of Death Conqueror take a bite at my lower lip as he extends it forward to even a greater distance. This reminded me of the past vision in which Dushman was being pulled away by another man as that man said: ***Abe Chal! Mar gayi vo!*** While Dushman had a strand of tissue in his mouth stretched from the direction he was being pulled away from. The follow-up vision had him again being pulled away from that direction but this time he had a round eye held between his teeth.
- The dusky man in black in a white robe crawls back on the floor supporting himself on his forearms with a raised upper half in a light sky blue background as he says: ***Door reh us se Mrittunjay! Door reh us se Mrittunjay!***
- ***I'm playing a losing game, Kartika. I've already lost.***
- Jesus in a full-length multilayered white robe says: ***They've an extremely dirty mind. Let's go!*** He picks up the toddler me and runs to the right in a dark background and as He is running, a demonic black me can be seen reaching back from over His left shoulder as He has me held firmly in His hand. On the run itself, He converts me into an angel and we both stop as He's now ready to take me with Him as the vision shows a distant view of our backs as we stand together facing away from the viewer with the toddler me standing to His right holding His hand.

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As I was beginning to write the above vision, I saw: the dusky man in black in a white robe above in the air looking at me as he says smiling: ***That's the truth about you! That's the truth about you! That's who you are!***

- The upper half of my supervisor in a tunic with a fine print as she stands facing to the right and shouts: ***You're extremely selfish Kartika! You're extremely selfish Kartika!***
- RS dressed in an embroidered purple sherwani stands high in the air facing to the left as he says with a disgusted countenance: ***Pata nahi kaise mein is randi ke chakkar mein pad gaya! Pata nahi kaise mein is randi ke chakkar mein pad gaya!***
- KA says: ***Randi nahi, gwaar hai! Randi nahi, gwaar hai!***
- A green coconut standing straight on a surface in the background of a white wall bursts as its outer shell separates into equal symmetric pieces still attached at the bottom, the pieces falling backwards and resting on the surface like the petals of a flower revealing a thick structure formed in the shape of an upward facing bullet embedded within the shell.
- ***Hum is se kabhi nahi jeet sakte. Hum is se kabhi nahi jeet sakte.***
- The ladies sing:
Ishq ka darh hai. Dard hai ishq ka.
Ishq ka dard hai. Dard hai ishq ka.
- The upper half of the fat and bald middle man in a dark brown t-shirt in a white background as he says to me: ***Shakal dekh apni chamari! Shakal dekh apni chamari!***
- ***Never underestimate yourself, Kartika. Never underestimate yourself.***
- ***Fasla badhta gaya.. Tere aur Khyati ke beech mein..***
Fasla badhta gaya.. Tere aur khyati ke beech mein..
- Glory in black shouts in a stuffed sobbing voice: ***Kartika tu mujhse bahut jyada pyaar karti hai!***

March 25th

25 March 2024

09:27

Past Revelations

(Past three weeks) As I'm writing revelations sitting in bed, I see Audiologist Conor dressed in a white shirt tucked inside pants get on top of my bed as he begins to move to and fro in intercourse.

(Past week) **Tune Pastor ka sir garv se uncha kar diya. Tune Pastor ka sir garv se uncha kar diya.**

Yesterday

Morning

- A small-framed semi-animated vision of a slanted top view of a muscular naked upper half of the dusky man in black as he looks at the viewer with deep ocean blue shining round gems with a white sparkle in the centre for eyes.

The Guy sings:

Blue eyes hypnotize karti hai mainu..!

He changes his posture looking at the viewer with blue eyes. He makes a few changes in his posture with blue eyes.

Afternoon

The dusky man in black in a white robe, as he's putting thin golden bangles in my hands filling them until my elbow as he's calling me Wife, takes them out and puts them on his body sliding them down from his head with the size of the bangles miraculously increased to fit his body. He is sure about me being his wife and me being his wife again and again that he says: **1000 times wife** as he puts a stamp of 1000 wife in dim black on the center of my forehead.

As I was writing the above vision, I saw a blurry upper half of Death Conqueror in a dark background as he said out of a fear-inducing realization: **Marne wala hu. Mein marne wala hu.**

Night

I'm saying something when I see the face of Death Conqueror a few feet away from the wall of the clock in a dark background as he begins to throw spit out of his mouth in a quick incessant discrete pattern.

As I'm moving inside my room having Churma, I see a blurry upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe behind me as he says with his face close to my ear: **What do you get by being so pure?**

What do you get by being so pure?

He repeats it a few times.

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I would ask in reply what do they get by thinking and living in an impure or unholy or immoral or ungodly way? They get a form of pleasure by doing what they *feel* like doing regardless of whether it's right or wrong. Their minds have learned to find a sense of pleasure in the acts of indulging in sinful thoughts and behavioural patterns. But for a person who doesn't do all that, the extent of displeasure he experiences at the thought of doing something not right is enough for him to not live in a certain way. I get *pleasure* thinking and living the right way from knowing that I'm acting out being in accord with who I am. Now, we're called to crucify the flesh, and this amounts to crucifying the sinful desires of the flesh but if you *already* find pleasure in living in a way that would be called holy by the standard of God, then it's doing those godly or holy things and thinking in those ways that bring you a deep sense of pleasure and it amounts you to doing what you feel like or want to do and therefore because your will is in symphony with what gives you pleasure, the situation no longer amounts to one saying no to oneself and giving oneself pain but to living in a state of pleasure. If we recall Psalm 1, it says that the Godly take pleasure in living by the laws of God and it doesn't cause them a sense of pain.

While putting my clothes back in place, the huge dusky man in black in a white robe bends down to my level as he whispers in my ears: ***We're going to leave you after f*cking you. You're not that great.***

She's so sharp.

As I'm sifting through my clothes, I find them being large in number and I say how I bought a lot of stuff when I already had enough that I needed to do my job. I had to do research and then I began following God. I add that I wasn't to partake in modeling competitions wherein I would've had to flaunt the newest designer dress or brag about this or that vain expensive thing. What I had was more than enough. I had it in excess to do my job.

- And then I see a blurry upper half of Death Conqueror saying: ***I only needed her. I only needed her.*** The follow-up vision shows him weeping.

As I'm having milk later before washing dishes, I see the upper half of Glory in multilayered clothes as he says: ***Ye moti itna kyu kha rahi hai!***

While washing dishes

- I see a blurry upper half of Death Conqueror as he says: ***You're a very old woman. You're a very old woman.***
- The upper half of a stubbled Sunder Pichhai in a suit as he says: ***We all are with you.***
- The front side view of Puddles (from Puddles Pity Party) facing to the left as he's bent on something which turns out to be a duck facing away from the viewer, and he's gnawing on top of the middle half of the duck.
- A small-framed vision of a naked and dirty Amir Khan wearing just a loincloth with his hands extended outwards as he floats backwards and gets crucified on a cross in a dim golden background.

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- The side view of the upper half until the shoulders of Pam from Shararat facing to the left with her dressed in thick plain blue and white with a plain multilayered thick blue and white drape running across her head as she lowers her eyes showing her reverence for God with her face wearing a glossy makeup look.

Recall: The lady in green and beige from Page 312.

As I'm editing the previous pages from the time that I was still numbering Pages instead of writing dates, I come across this dream I wrote on Page 673 in which I was looking into the ears of my mom that were filled with dried white wax until the eardrum and was cleaning them using a thin pointed metallic tool. It's then that I realize that it corresponded to the ear-cleaning videos that I would come across later eventually leading me to Audiologist Conor's channel. It's yet another prophetic revelation coming to life in an unexpected way. I didn't know that thin long metallic tools are used to clean ears until I watched the ear-cleaning videos for real, and in the dream, the tool looked like a pointed tool that I couldn't have thought of using by my own self without first knowing about the procedure. As I recall how Conor addressed the diabetic lady as daughter whose ear he was cleaning in his recent video entitled *Don't ignore your diabetes*, after a while I see a blurry upper half of Death Conqueror around in the air as he says referring to me and Audiologist Conor: ***She calls herself his mom and he calls her his daughter. She calls herself his mom and he calls her his daughter.***

As I lay down to sleep

- The back of the short-haired black and grey head of Indira Gandhi in a dim golden background as a rod seems to be ready to hit the same, and then a sickle to behead her.
- The upper half of Pinky Mausi in a printed floral pink and white fitting top to my right above in a golden background as she looks down at me.

Morning

Dream:

I am doing a chore sitting at my table. When I'm done and my dad drops in and looks at what I've done, he asks me to repeat it again. Perhaps he's expecting a different result. After a while, I walk to the other end of the room and sit in front of a black desktop on a wooden table. There's some problem with the wiring that I find that I need to fix first.

A Brief Dream

My room is dirty and I've a pile of dirty undergarments in the washroom to be washed that've been lying there now for around more than 3 weeks or so as they gradually formed a pile. I sit in bed in my room lit in dim golden light as Geeta Aunty's obese mom dressed in an off-white saree printed in black comes. She is to clean the floor, and after her follows a dark short man in a navy blue cleaner's suit as he walks forward with only his back in view. Apparently, he's going to be washing my clothes in the washroom. I wasn't expecting this new person to drop in but here he is to do the other chore. I sit in bed looking at the two people in front of me setting to do their work. This is the first time I'm seeing two people serving as my helpers at the same time in front of me.

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Another Brief Dream

I see my middle brother Himanshu walking downstairs in the societal premises using a stick in the night. He's taking a walk to give movement to his broken leg. I see that he's kinda brisk walking without much precaution when he shouldn't be doing so. He should only be moving his leg lightly. But I see him crossing by in front of me a few times. He is trying to walk well to an extent where it doesn't even seem like his bone is still broken except for a slight limp. This makes me too worried. When we're back inside the home, before I can tell him to move slowly and that he doesn't need to be too fast, he makes a move and hurts his leg to the extent that his leg is now bent and he is shifted to the bed. I see that his hurt leg looks shorter with a loose depression in his tissue. It seems that the bone has broken and has slid over itself. I hold his leg by the ends and stretch it out to straighten the bone but to no avail.

- I'm lying on a surface in a white background as I look down at my groin and thin dark brown branches grow out of it coalescing into the trunk of a tree which grows upwards into a full-grown tree full of red roses stopping below the noses of the trio who stand together in a line dressed in red suits over white shirts as they inhale the rosy fragrance.

While brushing

- ***We've been raping her for too long.***
- A small figure of Death Conqueror is flashed as he says: ***Tune mere baare mein jo bhi kaha, vo sach hai. Tune mere baare mein jo bahi kaha, vo sach hai.*** He's referring to him having the character of Dushman.
- As I'm puking and clearing out my stomach, I hear: ***We made her sick. We made her sick.***
- I do it for a while as I want to clear my stomach as much as possible and I've never had this amount of slurry inside my stomach. I puked out a substantial amount today. As it's taking me long to clear out as on every attempt something comes out, I hear: ***Who're you showing this to? Who're you showing this to?*** When in fact I'm not showing it to anyone but I'm clearing out my stomach.

As I sit in bed afterwards:

- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe, as bending down slightly and looking down, he says: ***He has been raping you. He has been raping you.***
- A guy's voice says: ***Marne wala hai k*tta.***
- Three faces with a flushed and drowsy look below my face with their lips facing mine. The left face is that of a beige Death Conqueror, the middle one is the dusky man in black and the right one is a generic face. The three faces look up as they're resting in front of my lips with a dazed expression followed by them moving closer and dropping kisses on my lips.

Past Revelations

- **(Past two months)** Part of a dream: I am holding my stepmom's grey Aristocrat briefcase and moving between two pieces of furniture in a room with a dark wooden floor. Throughout the dream, I pass holding my mom's briefcase through the narrow space between the two pieces of furniture.

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- (Past few weeks) Prof. Debajyoti Chaudhary walks backwards in a navy blue background with a hand on his right brow as blood is oozing down on his cheek out of his eye which seems as if it has been burst.
- (Past two weeks) A blurry vision of the dusky man in black as he says: ***You're so boring.***
- (Past week) I hold out my two feet large red love heart extending it out to the dusky man in black. Though my logical self is feeling a bit sceptical, I somehow feel sure at the same time handing it out to him for him to keep.
- (Past week) As I enter my room after returning from The Dinesh Store, I hear the guys sing together:
Tumhare siva kuch na chahat karenge..
Ke jab tak jiyenge mohabbat karenge..
- (Past week) I'm done speaking about something when I see Death Conqueror saying that he didn't understand me until then.
- (Past few days) The bottom view of the huge dusky man in black in a full-length white robe as he bends forward and swiftly moves a sharp weapon against my neck from left to right.
- (Past two days) As I'm writing a revelation, I hear: ***She's giving us so good. She's giving us so good.*** But I'm only writing a revelation.
- (Past two days) Death Conqueror in a white tunic sits down on the floor as he pleads: ***Mercy! Mercy, Kartika Mercy!*** The vision repeats.

As I say how I will remember the trio in the context of the song as that's what I received as a revelation which is independent of them, much like my friend Aarti remembered me for several years and considered me alone as her best friend though I had left her and moved on quickly, I see: a small-framed vision of the blurry upper half of KA as he says looking at me: ***Isne to pyaar mein sabko fail kar diya.***

The Lady sings:

Humein apne dil mein basaya hai tumne..

Mohabbat ke kaabil banaya tumne..

The Guy sings:

Agar tum na milte to hum jee na paate..

Kise apna kehte kahan dil lagate..

- The front view of a blurry upper half of a bride dressed in a thick white meshed gown with a white drape running over her head as she extends out something held together by both her hands covered with a white cloth which when she uncovers reveals a black softy within.
As I wrote the above, I saw the bottom view of a smiling upper half of the dusky man in black in a dark background with shining eyes as he turns his face to the left.
- The top view of the dusky man in black in his black attire as he's shown pulling a wax strip off the hip line at the back of a woman as he says looking up: ***I'll wax you for myself.*** He then begins to pull off wax strips of the right side of the ass of the lady lying down. He's doing it quickly and neatly. When

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he's done with one side, he begins to squish that side with his hand followed by continuing to wax. Now, the front side of the bikini line of the woman is shown as she has a long and dense growth of black pubic hair which too gets waxed quickly in a few flashes of the process. He is shown to be doing his job immaculately as he plucks out small hair left with a spatula. He then begins to move upwards with the waxing process, now waxing my belly and back as the vision shows the top view of the middle half of the overweight lady lying on the wax bed.

- The dusky man in black says that I don't know anything about men.
- He says: **Men are different from women.** The sentence repeats.
- His upper half in black floats closer to me from my left as he says: **You're a typical woman. You're a typical woman.**

Well, when I hear the sentence that men are different from women, I don't really resonate with it. Because everyone knows that people are only physically different and not different in the way they feel. They've different roles because of their gender that entails the presence of a godly order that needs to be followed. Apart from that, there's no difference in the internal constitution. Everyone is a body, soul, and spirit. The order comes into play because of the presence of a physical body.

- The upper half of Adele in her Bold Existence black polo t-shirt in a dark background as she says with filled eyes: **I didn't know you were so sweet. I didn't know you were so sweet.**

While cooking Maggi

- A dim Death Conqueror in a white tunic set stands in the air facing to the left as he says: **Is gwaar kutiya ka kya kare? Is gwaar k*tiya ka kya kare?**
- **Is gwaar langdi ganji moti k*tiya ka kya kare? Is gwaar langdi ganji moti k*tiya ka kya kare?**

I talk about Shreya's mom choosing her dad because she got impressed by his simplicity when she went with her family to his home to see him. He made a messy appearance in a vest over pyjamas and when rebuked by his family members said that if they had to like and choose him, they were going to do so with him looking that way itself when he wasn't trying to put any outer impression, and not otherwise. Shreya's mom got impressed by his truthfulness and simplicity and said yes to him.

As I began to write the above vision, I saw: Death Conqueror shakes his head sobbing in disbelief as he says: **Mein itna bura nahi ho sakta! Mein itna bura nahi ho sakta!**

I also speak about how her mom had her dad give her in writing either before their wedding or on the night of their wedding that he would not ever consume alcohol. And he did so. And how it was only once in their marriage life of nearly 2 decades that he came home late at night drunk because of his friends and it led to a great fight between them that took a good amount of time to settle down. As I'm done speaking the same, I hear: **Aankhein phooti pade hai unki. Aankhein phooti padi hai unki.** And then I see the trio in a dark space sitting in a line on a black surface with their backs leaning against the black walls behind with streams of blood covering their cheeks with the dusky man in black sitting in the center.

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- The faces of the trio from the song in red and white until their shoulders float to my neck as they begin to drop quick kisses on it accompanied with the word ***B*tch*** each time one drops a kiss. ***B*tch*** as one drops kiss. ***B*tch*** as another drops a kiss. ***B*tch*** as the third one drops a kiss on my neck. And they do it speedily.

While washing dishes

I talk about how today, someone can dress in a vest and pyjama to put a false impression and deceive the other person into believing that they're someone that they're not. However, back in those days, people were extremely real and if my friend's dad came dressed like that on the day of his seeing, it wasn't an affected appearance. I then immediately see:

- The old couple from the apartment I visited in mid-2022, the uncle in a white vest over pyjamas and the Aunty in a white gown in a blue floral print on all fours on the floor to my right with their tongues sticking out as they pant like doggies.
- Death Conqueror says that he never understood me. It repeats.
- ***Can't believe she's real. Even her friends!***
- A chubby Glory walks backwards in the corridor dressed in skinny orange t-shirt over black trousers as he says: ***Perfect. Perfect. Perfect. Perfect.***
- Glory says that he didn't understand me well.
- The upper half of a beige Death Conqueror in the air as he floats closer behind me and says: ***You're from a pure background. The vision repeats.*** It seems that he was about to say poor but he ended up saying pure.
- The upper half of the dusky man in black floats closer to me as he says smiling: ***You're from an extremely pure background.***
- ***She's from a pure background.***

- After washing dishes, since my water is warmed enough, I go to bathe, and somewhere in the middle, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black float closer down to me from behind me as he says in a quiet and slow tone: ***You're extremely pure? Just see how we torture you and kill you.***

I also hear: ***Khushi ne hmari humein.. Maar dala.. Maar dala..***

Khushi ne hmari humein.. Phod khaya... Phod khaya..

- Towards the end of bathing, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black float closer again as he says smiling:
We'll ask your husband to kill you.
- I hear Glory say: ***Kisko dikha rhi hai ki mein bahut sunder hu. Kisko dikha rhi hai ki mein bahut sunder hu.*** But I'm not showing anything to anyone.

After bathing as I'm moving in the room dressed in my bawa t-shirt over black trousers, I hear: ***And that day she became that woman from the song to them***, as the lady in the orange dress with her

hair tied high in a wide round bun adorned with beads is highlighted. The face and a horizontally wide and bloated upper half until the shoulders of the lady in the orange dress are shown to be present in place of mine as I move in the centre of the room. The form of the expands on my body as I become the lady in orange followed by the vision of some part of me shown to have the appearance of the lady. I see my bulging belly transform and change into the lady's appearance in the skinny orange dress from the song as I'm moving inside the room. As the vision continues, the words repeat: ***And that day she became their lady from the song. And then she became the lady from the song.***

During my brief sleep

- ***Anju Wadia.. Anju Wadia.. Bharatiya Parishad..***
- A bald shining white figure of a man sits beside a chair on a roof or an open Verandah with the fence behind him consisting of small vertical pillars between two parallel surfaces in the navy blue background of the night sky above and a shining water body below extending far into the distance. The follow-up vision shows two words being written with two more words, False whores, already present to the right of the written words.
- A man holding a white cloth stitched in the shape of a tube is going from one man to another putting that cloth on their heads as a voice says: ***Why're they acting like monkeys?***
- The square back view of a box with poles extending to the sides of the vision on both ends of the box with a black curtain facing the viewer as it is being carried forward into the street with the main counter of The Dinesh Store. The people carrying the box aren't visible in the vision.
- A small-framed vision of the dusky man in black with deep red stars in front of his eyes in a dark background as he holds a rectangular wooden slab and turns to the right into a wide dark space and begins to hit Death Conqueror incessantly as he lies on the floor while the dusky man says: ***Maar bhai ise! Maar.*** On the right is visible the third fellow as he too seems to be holding a weapon, a rod or log, as he too hits the fellow lying on the ground as they say angrily: ***Maar bhai ise! Maar.*** I then see my own translucent self dressed in my bawa t-shirt over black trousers flash on top of the person on the ground in the same pose as his as the duo continues to beat him.
- The upper halves of three men in red suits over white shirts until their shoulders as they all float together close to me kissing and hugging me. The one on the left separates and transforms into a dark Death Conqueror as he stands tall reaching the ceiling and says: ***Mein mahan hu. Mein bahut bada hu. Mein bahut bada hu.*** As he repeats the words, the other two in red and white stay in front of my face as they continue to kiss me.
- The angry shouts of the guy continue to repeat in my spirit: ***Maar bhai ise! Maar. Maar bhaai ise! Maar.***

The shouts repeat after intermittent breaks for a time period.

- The naked upper halves of the trio until slightly below their shoulders in a line in a white background with the dusky man in the center shown as punching the left side of his chest as he says that I'm to be married. The one standing on the right also has a firm confirming expression as he looks at the dusky man. The one on the left of the dusky man is shown to be Death Conqueror who with a fallen face and a mocking expression turns to the left, gives me a thumbs down, and says: ***Whore!*** He then brings out the label of a whore from behind him and shows it to me!

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- The faces of the trio in a dark background superimpose one on top of the other in a line and condense into the face of Glory.
- The previous vision of the box with a square back covered with a black curtain is highlighted with a huge *Exposed* in white written in a right upward slant blinking on top of the curtain. (**Exposed**)

I order a Thali because in a vision I see a stubbled face of Glory with neck-length wavy hair in multilayered white attire hurl in Naans into my mouth one after the other. While eating it, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a dark background above behind me as he asks smiling: **Would you cook for us? Would you cook for us?**

So I explain how I can cook simple things that I've already tried and cooked and not those that need special methods and training.

You're extremely poor! You're extremely poor!

As I'm writing in bed after having my meal, I see a dim upper half of the dusky man in black as he says: **You're a great f*cker! You're a great f*cker!** It repeats for a while.

Accompanied with the vision is the vision of his genitalia moving in and out of me as I'm sitting in bed. At the same time, I see Glory to my left dressed in a black suit over a white shirt facing a woman leaning against the wall as he's moving to and fro in intercourse with her.

The vision continues for a while as I see him in front of me and he's repeating the sentence intermittently, while I see Glory to my left simultaneously as well bent facing the lady with her back against the wall as he continues in his act of intercourse with her. The lady is apparently me.

I'm sitting with a fallen countenance as I'm thinking about something else and then the above vision makes me look at the shallow context the statement connotes.

I then see a dim upper half of the dusky man in black as he says: **What's wrong with the statement? What's wrong with the statement?** I reply with the fact that it objectifies and therefore degrades a strong emotionally bonding experience.

Dream (March 14th):

There's a bride on the run who's being sought after by her in-laws much like the movie **Ready or Not**, and by other people as well. Her in-laws are sitting on the road in the game formation of Kho Kho, and that's a game they seem to be playing together of which I too was a part of at first. But I got up in the middle and left the game trying to not be spotted as I walked past the people seated on the ground on their vertically folded knees, and entered into a shop or a kind of cafeteria on the left end of the street. I see the lady moving about the game formation not catching the sight of other gameplayers as she successfully escapes the scene and enters into a shop nearby.

After moving around for a while, I find myself in a room where I'm looking at my answer sheet as I flip through the rectangular pages checking my increased marks. I had fared poorly previously and

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had very low marks and perhaps I gave my answer sheet for rechecking and now had the revised marksheet with significantly increased marks leading me to pass the exam. The first few pages of the answer sheet consist of my answer to the few theoretical questions requiring derivations or conceptual explanations and I see that I've written good and neatly organized answers and have secured good marks in that section. The later pages of the answer book contain my answers pertaining to the experimental part of the exam and I see that I've not performed as well as I did in the theoretical part. I see that though my answers are written neatly in much shorter sentences than the theoretical part, the checker has made several crosses and corrections with a red pen. I had scored extremely poorly in the experimental section leading me to score failing marks but after the recheck, I had some increase in marks in the experimental section which led to me passing.

My mom comes walking to me and I tell her that I passed. I don't reveal that I passed just around the border. I then see a lightly stubbled beige face of a tall KA inside the room standing facing to the left. I see his changed countenance as he looks spent and a bit low in spirit. He's no longer joy-filled but carries a seriousness that covers up his pain.

Three messenger girls walk inside the room. The tallest girl is dressed in a white top with a blue floral print over skinny blue trousers. They've walked inside to make another hurtful or insulting false point. As they begin to talk in front of me speaking vain, meaningless, and foolish things, I get irked by how these people would choose even a highly strategic way of clothing which has got nothing to do with their own selves but is used to communicate some sort of meaningless message. I see how they manage to even get such specific designer clothes for indirect communication while I hardly am able to even manage to find what I like and deem holy at the same time as well. The clothes always fall short in one or the other way.

I then see some books lying on the floor. I don't know why they're lying on the floor. At first observation, it seems to be a variegated collection of books from different fields and genres. My tall and dark-complexioned BSc friend and classmate Babita walks in to borrow a book from me. After I've shown her my books to choose one from and am now free, I come across the woman - the apparent bride - being sought after. She shouldn't be in the room as her family member(s) are present behind and may spot her. She needs to leave immediately. I tell her to leave through the door right in front of us that exits into an open long and narrow balcony and go hide. I am worried about her safety as I already saw how she was being tricked into a dangerous situation under the pretext of a game. While she's getting out, I spot one of her family members walking towards the exit door. I obstruct her path and indulge her in a chat with me to prevent her from spotting the woman who's around the door leaving the room. The family member is a shorter and obese lady with seemingly short hair. After a while, when I see that I can no longer hold her back and it's been enough number of seconds now that the bride has been out, I begin to walk along with her towards the exit still continuing to chat with her. Standing in the long and fully open corridor lit with natural white light, when I look to the right in the direction of the escaped woman, I see that she's now too far enough in the long corridor for anyone to recognize her with her back towards us. I can see that the fat lady didn't recognize her and after taking a few more steps, the escapee took a right, getting out of our vision. I feel relieved that she's saved from the wicked family members, at least for a good amount of time for now until they find her which they may never.

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As I was writing the dream above, I heard intermittently: ***Maar ke kha gaye tujhe! Maar ke kha gaye tujhe!***

As I'm done writing the above, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black float down as he begins to blow air at my face saying in a pampering tone that they were not going to do that to me.

As I speak how Death Conqueror can stoop to the cheap standard of trading his wrongdoing for money and then make the point that a person has to sleep with him to make up for the interest of the money given, I see a small-framed vision of the upper half of the dusky man in black above in front of me as he bends his head and shoulders down and says: ***At least he wants to be with you. I would've f*cked you and left you.***

Well, I'll let it go because it's just a statement and I will not want to throw away the entire thing built via revelations because of a statement.

I then make the point that one shouldn't be using one's wealth or possessions as a means to draw someone to oneself but that others should be won by real and good behavioural conduct, it's then that I hear: ***You won both of them,*** as I see the upper halves of the other two of the trio in a dark background above in front of me as they look smiling at each other with a pleased and joyful expression. It is followed by them floating closer to my face as they begin to lick my lips down up with their long and wide tongues.

While writing the above revelation, I saw the beige face of Death Conqueror in a dark background as he said: ***I was a fool to do such a thing to you.. I was a fool to do such a thing to you.. You were so poor..*** And then he says that I never deserved him followed by him moving backwards into the dark background as he's about to disappear.

This past vision is being highlighted to me. I had it in late 2021 or early 2022. It's a small-framed vision of Jesus dancing in a close duet with His bride in white holding her gently close to Himself in a huge empty hall with its towering walls decorated with flowers around the top. The hall is so wide and high that Jesus and the bride look so tiny.

The duo from the trio in red and white from the song besides Death Conqueror float closer to my face as they begin to drop kisses all over on my face holding it with their hands.

You're not cheap Kartika, but poor. You're not cheap, but poor.

This brief storyline from a Rani Mukherji movie has been highlighted to me several times intermittently for the past several months. Rani goes to an IT employer looking for a job though she's just 10th pass. After much insistence, he promises to give her a place in his company if she would but sleep with him once. Under pressure, she agrees, though she hasn't slept with any man before. But after the act, the employer denies her the job and throws a deck of money at her telling her that if they began to employ just anyone then their company was going to be filled with unskilled workers like her. Heartbroken, she rejects the money and tells the employer to not play with

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someone's trust again! After this incident, she is left heartbroken and becomes an escort to rich men as she accompanies them to different functions and parties where they pay for her expenses. At one of such functions, she meets Abhishek Bachchan, the man who would later marry her as he had fallen in love with her. She had also begun to like him differently than all the other men. When the guy finally reveals his heart, she is reluctant to be with him because she doesn't want him to marry an escort. Unable to speak out her situation properly, the guy tells her that he had understood the first time itself that he had seen her at one of the functions that she was an escort but he also saw that she was a good woman who didn't have the character or persona of the job but was somehow forced to do what she did. And regardless of her situation, he wanted to marry her.

The upper half of Glory in a black t-shirt in a dark background says: ***Bahut shaatir hai ye! Bahut shaatir hai ye!***

A sobbing RS in an embroidered purple Sherwani looks to the left as he says: ***Ye kya ho gya iske saath Kartik?*** The vision shifts to the left and is shown a sobbing KA sitting on the ground dressed in a white tunic with feet resting on vertically folded knees.

Death Conqueror dressed in a white tunic stands to my right as he says looking down: ***Pair kaat dunga mein tere. Pair kaat dunga mein tere.*** The vision repeats.

The upper half of the dusky man in black in a dark background smiling with red love hearts in front of his eyes as he says: ***Excessively hopeless! Excessively hopeless!*** He repeats it for a while.

As I'm nearing the end of the dream about the bride on the run, the beginning melody of the song ***Abhi Abhi*** begins to play in my spirit.

Ref: [Abhi Abhi \(Duet\) song](#)



The Guy sings:

Abhi abhi to mile ho..

Abhi na karo chhutne ki baat..

Abhi abhi to pasanda aye ho..

Abhi abhi ruthne ki baat..

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➤ The guy in the exchange vision from the previous day:

The vision:

'The short-heighted man with wavy neck-length hair dressed in a black jacket over a black t-shirt and trousers from the song Chaand Sifaarish comes walking inside the room and follows me through the kitchen corridor after which he sits down on the floor on vertically folded knees facing the window with the natural white light lighting his face as he looks up at the woman whose feet alone are visible in the vision, and says to her: **Exchange karne aaya hu! Haath. Pair. Zubaan aur.... Dil ki dhak dhak..'**'



Ref: [Chand Sifarish | Full Song | Fanaa | Aamir Khan, Kajol | Shaan, Kailash Kher | Jatin-Lalit | Prasoon](#)



March 26th

26 March 2024

00:06

Earlier during the night

- The top view of a naked dusky woman sitting on a stool with her face lifted up and eyes closed as a naked dusky man sits on the ground in front of her with his head between his legs.

As I'm about to fully lie down to sleep, I see: Glory dressed in multilayered clothes standing in the corridor as he tells me with a sobbing expression: **Mat so in logo ke saath. Mat so in logo ke saath.** The vision repeats as I hear his words several times.

- As soon as I lie down, I begin hearing the voice of a lady repeating incessantly inside my head telling me not to sleep with them as the voice repeats in overlapped sentences: **Mat jao inke pas. Inse door raho. Ye bahut bure hai. Ye bahut rabe hai. Vehshi darinde hai. Bahut bure hai. Maar ke kha jayenge. Bahut bure hai. Vehshi darinde hai. Door raho inse. Mat jao inke paas. Door raho inse.**

➤ Foot foot ke ro raha hai vo. Foot foot ke ro raha hai vo.

- The semi-animated slanted top view of a person's naked back as a metallic patch in the shape of a splash placed around the middle of the back of the person's chest as two hands are sewing the metallic surface on the skin in the manner of making surgical stitches.
- An angled side-view of the upper half of a giant smiling teenage English girl facing to the right dressed in a printed frock in a white background with her orangish hair half tied at the back as she stretches out her right forearm to a side accompanied by a yellowish orange hue flashing on top of her hand.

Death Conqueror lying on the floor on his back crawls backwards with a fearful expression as he says: **Ye kaise jaanti hai. Ye kaise jaanti hai. Mein marne wala hu. Mein marne wala hu.** He continues to crawl backwards away from the viewer using his forearms and has never looked this fearful.

- The animated view of a room as the vision moving to the right takes a U-turn into the room revealing a square painting of a grey vase with its neck having a joint of two conical surfaces facing away from each other with the bottom ending in the shape of a cylinder, as a handle pointing to the right is attached to its right side. The painting is put on the light green wall in the front above a square wooden table standing against the wall present between two windows on either side with the narrow floor space in front of the table left vacant. The square table has a few objects lying on top of it. A bulb glowing with white light hops towards the painting and begins to hop between the top of the vase and the table as a man's voice begins to sing: **Tak thina thin. Tak thina thin. Tak thina thin.** As it hops to and fro between the table and the neck of the vase, the green wide face of a Bharatnatyam dancer appears on top of the glowing bulb.

- Abhigyan in a red suit over a white shirt sits in the dark background of a room holding a long-stemmed rose with a slightly bent upper half. He begins to slide that rose on my right cheek who's lying in front of him. As he's sliding down the rose, he drops light kisses on my face as well.
- The dusky man in black drops a thick bunch of loose long-stemmed rose flowers on my face as I'm lying in the bed. As I see the top view of them spreading on the sides, I worry about the thorns as any movement may lead them to hurt my face and neck. While I'm still thinking about the same, he

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says he chopped them off the stems as I can see them being sliced off using a knife. The follow-up vision shows the top view of him bent on me as he's dropping kisses on my face. (A dim view of a sobbing and hurt Death Conqueror in a white tunic buttoned up until below his throat as he says: **Mein itna bura nahi ho sakta! Mein itna bura nahi ho sakta!**)

- The back of a lady in a white background standing facing to the left tilted away from the viewer as she rests her hands on the surface in front dressed in a plain light-toned metallic fitting attire covering her ass and her upper body. It's hard to make out if the metal is her body itself or a fitting outfit.
- The side-view of Salman Khan with straight hair slightly below his ears in a yellow suit over a black shirt stands facing to the right with a bent upper half in front of a bald spiky-haired man dressed in the light icy blue clothes of a hospital worker as he says to the worker: **Ye mujhse pyaar karti hai. Ise mein kaise bewkoof banau?** The vision is followed by Salman himself dressed in an icy blue robe with a deep V-shaped front as he's rushing a wheelchair to the right along a hospital's corridor with a white envelope held in the hand that's placed on the chair pushing it forward and the envelope resting along the chair's backrest. The envelope is open on the right side and contains several layers of blank pages as he brushes his fingers against them trying to get one out.
- The upper half of the dusky man in black as he says: **You make me happy. You make me happy.**
- Abhigyan in a red suit with a white shirt inside stands facing to the right as a meter or so long, beige 3-D pentagonal wooden structure made by pasting wooden icecream straws together with spatial gaps in between rests on his left shoulder being held by his left hand in the background of several long reels consisting of vertical ice cream straws glued parallelly between two parallel rows of straws horizontally joined together as they move on the background of a golden beige screen and looking at the viewer, he takes a sip from the small conical cup of tea.

As I was writing the above vision, I saw Death Conqueror in a buttoned white tunic as he looked down at me from my left side and said: **I'm a cheap whore. I'm a cheap whore.**

Glory runs backwards in the corridor as he says pointing at me: **Shaitan tujhe chhodunga nahi! Shaitan tujhe chhodunga nahi!**

- The front view of Deepak from the movie Provoked dressed in a grey sweater on top of a shirt tucked inside pants standing in front of a white wall as he washes his right hand rubbing his fingers together as he pours water on it from a small pot held in his left hand.
- **Love us. Love us or die!**

It's more than Confirmation Bias.

The psychological phenomenon of Confirmation Bias has been being highlighted to me intermittently for some months and how it doesn't pertain to this ministry. You see, if I saw a messenger standing outside facing to the left and I know that he stood there intentionally without any intention to follow God, then though he is outwardly making the prophetic symbol, he's not a part of God's kingdom, or the group of His people working on Earth, alternatively called as the Church.

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(The dusky man in black says with wide-open eyes of having an epiphany of a realization: **No one explained it to me in this way. No one explained it to me in this way.**)

However, whoever is called by God and is to be a part of His kingdom, is represented by the prophetic symbol and they may manifest it at specific instances in their lives. For instance, the first person who made the prophetic symbol in its three meanings of a bouquet, a face, and fist was Glory in that prophetic dream. Later, it was Akhila in the dream *The Courting Phase* in which as she led me to a room, the vision showed just her face with a wide teethfull smile entered inside the room as she made the prophetic symbol and her thoughts were being played to the dreamer: **What should I wear!? What should I wear!?** Now, on what basis can I say that her face made the prophetic symbol? Because it was the only thing that was shown in that part of the dream. I had both these dreams in Room D4 of A-16.

The third person who made the prophetic symbol was Death Conqueror as the translucent version of the symbol lifted itself from the wall in my vision, and moving through the air superimposed itself on his face facing to the left as seen amidst the crowd from my seat during a talk given by Prof PDG in the Cluster Innovation Center. In this case, as the vision of my memory of the talk floated in my mental view, the symbol lifted and placed itself on the face of Death Conqueror facing to the left. So, it was a revelation by the spirit. And then I shift to A-10 and have all those other revelations where other people made the prophetic symbol.

So, if someone comes to God through my ministry or who is someone already on the side of God and is following Him can also make the Prophetic symbol. When it comes to the things of the spirit, it's a different type of intuition that comes into play and needs to be used to understand the related things.

A simple e.g. of confirmation bias at work would be, say, if I make the proclamation that people who dress in red and white are good, then, the moment I come across someone dressed in red and white, who is good and godly as well, I will count that encounter as a confirmation of my proclamation. Though I may have observed those very people behave in an ungodly manner at a different point in time when they were not dressed in red and white, I will only count the instances in which they were good and were dressed in red and white and deduce that they're indeed good and *confirm* my proclamation that they're indeed good people. Now, if I met someone who behaved badly while being dressed in red and white, I would most probably reject that case so I could hold on to my proclamation because in my mind it's true and therefore I only pick up the situations that confirm my already believed-in belief. Also, I may say that though the people behaving badly are dressed in red and white, that's not what's true about them and that they're being so at that certain point in time. And I say so to maintain my stance with my belief that people in red and white are good.

What won't be considered a case of confirmation bias is when out of a move of the spirit one makes a declaration or prophecy and one thing follows the next without the presence of any baseless belief unless the information is provided by the spirit to move forward in with faith which again is different from believing in things out of the above definition of confirmation bias. When you move forward in

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faith, you believe that what God has spoken will come to life and you don't cherrypick incidences or people to fit your self-made proclamation.

Past Revelations

- (yesterday) As I'm done talking about Shreya's parents case, how they came to be together, and the way their marriage progressed, I see a dim upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic as he says: ***Tu mere saath kabhi nahi reh sakti. Tu mere saath kabhi nahi reh sakti. Tu mere saath kabhi nahi reh payegi.*** And it makes sense to me because I can't stay in the presence of someone inside whom I'm only seeing a display of wickedness all the time.
- (Past two days) The face of a stubbled Glory close to my face as holding my face he says: ***Aur kitna jhoot bolegi. Aur kitna jhoot bolegi. Aur jhoot mat bol. Aur jhoot mat bol.***
- (Past two days) A wide beige hand inside a black handcuff. As the vision expands, both hands are shown to be handcuffed together at the back of that person.
- (Past two days) A small-framed vision of the side view of the dusky man in black in a light colored attire with him facing to the left as he extends a hand forward and grabs my throat and says in a stuffed threatening tone: ***Agar dhokha diya to jaan se maar denge!***
- (Past two days) The face of Death Conqueror in front of me as he's looking into my eyes with unblinking wide open eyes with a look that shows that he's making an observation-based judgment. The vision later repeats.
- (Past 24 hours) The dusky man in black descends down with his face coming at me as he says smiling with shiny eyes: ***Lattu! Lattu!***
- (Past 24 hours) As I lay in bed, I see the top of a wrap entering my mouth.

Dream (Morning)

I find myself in the inner bedroom of our rented home – the first house as one enters the Cheema colony in my hometown. There's a small storeroom inside the bedroom with its door in the middle of the right wall as one enters the bedroom. It's less than half the size of the bedroom and is quite messy and unorganized and it's bugging me to look at it. Everything seems to be lying in a state of inseparable composite mixture where it seems too hard and mentally exhausting to separate the things, put them in their proper places, and arrange everything nicely. I find it quite challenging to begin to perform the task as I think about how can others live in a way that led to things being this way, and even if the room ended up looking what it looks like, how can they be okay with and move around as if it's all good and well. I know that I want it organized and change it into a liveable space. The bedroom is reasonably organized but the storeroom is a tumultuous labyrinth of entangled stuff.

This now reminds me of when we actually lived in the house and I indeed turned the storeroom into my room with a Charpai with a bedding placed inside and a table and a chair along with a tall metallic almirah. I did so because it gave me private space and served as my study room. It was especially good during winters because it only had a fan installed above so it tended to be hot in there in the summer and to keep the door open to let the cool AC air in from the bedroom would

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nullify the purpose of having a private space. I later changed my abode to the small room at the junction between the ground and the first floor. It had more privacy as it was more set apart and it had a curved balcony as well. It's where I read and completed Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows within a week or so back during my school days.

As I am moving between the bedroom and the storeroom, I find the store room disturbing and moving away from the space and taking a left and walking some distance ahead, I enter a corridor with creamish floor and walls which seem to be an extension of the building. However, it's being used as a passage for people to drive by. I then see a small-framed top view of a wide corridor lit in dim golden light. I spot an ultra-clean black car parked on the left side of the corridor facing the exit I had walked in through. I see an unusually wide book lying to the left of the dashboard visible through the windshield. It has an off-whitish color and its cover has a shiny sparkling translucently colored image of two Hindu gods, one of which is half naked icy blue man half-dressed in a dhoti and adorned with jewellery while the other is a woman dressed in the typical attire for Hindu goddesses. Spotting the book, I feel like telling him about Jesus though I can see that he's already deep in Hinduism and will most probably take my words as just another person campaigning for their religion. So, when I am down again on the floor and am now walking towards the exit I came out from, I see the man exit his car along with the wide book. He's a muscled man dressed in a fitting black t-shirt over black trousers and his face resembles the hero from the song ***Hua Hai Aaj Pehli Baar***. He walks in my direction holding the book with the photo of the two male and female Hindu gods. As someone else also walks upto him, he is within a meter of me when he says that the wide book contains stories from the religion of Hinduism from its ancient times and one can read them to know more truth about the religion. He is quite certain about reading the book to expand his knowledge base as he opens the wide pages in front of us. But before he can tell me more, I close it immediately and tell him that he shouldn't read it at all as it's a pagan book pertaining to a false religion. And as I am walking forward while looking backwards, I tell him that he should read the Bible as I am just a few feet away from entering into the bedroom of our rented home on the ground floor of Cheema colony - the first home in the colony. I know by experience that people don't listen to or seriously consider even the good and irrefutable arguments about the truth of Jesus Christ and therefore I don't spend time explaining more about Jesus to him. And he doesn't seem to be receiving my words well either as he is a follower of Hinduism.

As I was writing the above part, I saw the upper half of Glory ask smiling: ***That's who you are!?*** ***That's who you are!?***

This time when I enter the bedroom and go to its storeroom, I find that it has been put into place to a great extent wherein things no longer look like an enmeshed heap leaving hardly any space to move but they look bearably organized. Apparently, my dad organized it and set things up in that manner. I see the single bed lying beside the wall almost joined to it with the tall metallic Almirah at one of its ends and a table at the other end resting against the left side of the wall shared with the bedroom outside. There's enough space to move now though there's still some stuff lying on the floor between the bed and wall and below the table. I feel in a good state to begin organizing and completing the task now that things look sufficiently manageable within my capacity. My mom happens to be inside the room as well. Now that it's organized, they seem to want to be in there. I

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find that I need to organize the things inside the Almirah as well. There're several little things stuffed inside carelessly and it would take a lot of time but I'm glad that at least now I've a structure to begin to resume and complete the work.

The upper half of Dushman in Khaki clothes from the movie above in the air to my left as he drops a kiss on my face from a distance with filled eyes and says: Bahut acchi hai tu to!

Following this, this certain episode from The Big Bang Theory where Sheldon organized the wardrobe of one of the other characters because he couldn't bear its condition gets highlighted to me.

[Sheldon Sorting Out Howard's Closet - The Big Bang Theory](#)



I'm now sitting on the bed going through the heap on the floor to organize and be done with. I find a multicolored bright mat lying folded below the table and pull it out and put it separately. As I pick one thing after the other from the space between the bed and the wall, I come across a few of my youngest brother Divyanshu's dark brown school ties which I hang at the back of the door. As I come across other things, I see what needs to be put inside the Almirah and what needs to be put out somewhere else. While I'm doing so, my mom is present with me while my dad is outside. I see a cooler running behind the square window placed out inside the bedroom. The window wasn't present when we lived in that house, but in this dream, it's shown to be there.

Standing at a higher surface, I am now organizing the top shelf of the Almirah. I see a thick ring of transparent tape and other small items that I need to strategically place inside. While I stand at the high level and organize, someone, perhaps my youngest brother, comes and informs my mom about my dad saying something related to 13 people being around him. I can tell that it's a wicked statement said to hurt my mom in a covert way, and I don't want her to even listen to it, but she doesn't catch the insult or the hurtful message but shoves it away loudly as something stupid. I'm still looking at the wide ring of transparent tape that I've placed near the shelf's edge behind the matchbox and in front of something else filling up the space behind it.

- I wake up with a man's voice saying loudly in a thick hurting tone: ***Himanshu tera school.***
- ***Sacchai ka thappad pad gaya uske muh pe. Sachhai ka thappad pad gaya uske muh pe.***

As I talk about how the short delivery boy was standing outside my door and acting as if he was going to come inside and how recalling it now was making me nauseous, I see: the upper half of the dusky man in black bends down at me from above as he says to me: ***You're a cheap whore. You're a cheap whore.***

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As I get up to do a chore and am back to bed after a while, recalling the boundary-breaching behavior of the delivery guy suddenly made me cry, and then I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black above as he looked down at me and said smiling: **You're extremely pure. You're extremely pure.**

I also get reminded of the previous revelation in which he was saying: ***She's going to cry a lot. She's going to cry a lot.***

I lay down to rest and see:

The top view of a pointed metallic L-shaped tooth scaler as a hand inserts the same sideways inside the crevices of the bottom boundary of the cuticle of a forefinger leading to a smooth outward diffusion of blood as it makes a round blob on the nail's surface near the cuticle.

I fall asleep for a while and I wake up with these words repeating in my spirit.

Jamiya Showmina.. Jamiya Showmina.. Jamiya Showmina..

After I'm done peeing, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black above as he looks at me and says: ***You can't survive. You can't survive in this world.*** It repeats for a while.

I say how the fact that the situation led to Death Conqueror finding a suitable match for him should make him feel grateful leading to him repenting before God and not expect *sinful* compliance from me. And I didn't have to do anything immoral. The dusky man in black says: ***You're extremely foolish Kartika. You're extremely foolish.***

The blurry upper half of Death Conqueror on my left as he says:

Mujhe tujhme koi interest nahi hai. Mujhe tujhme koi interest nahi hai. Mujhe bas tere saath sona hai.

As I wrote the above vision, I saw the upper half of a lightly stubbled RS with neck-length hair dressed in an embroidered purple sherwani in a dark background as he said angrily with his face turned to the left that he wasn't going to spare him.

The upper half of the dusky man in black floats down speedily at me with squinched eyes and an open mouth showing his slightly pointed teeth with his face pointed at me as he says: ***You're my fairy as well!***

The Guy sings:

Tumsa koi pyara koi masoom nahi hai..

Kya cheez ho tum khud tumhe maloom nahi hai..

Glory says: ***Tu bahut acchi hai. Tu bahut acchi hai.***

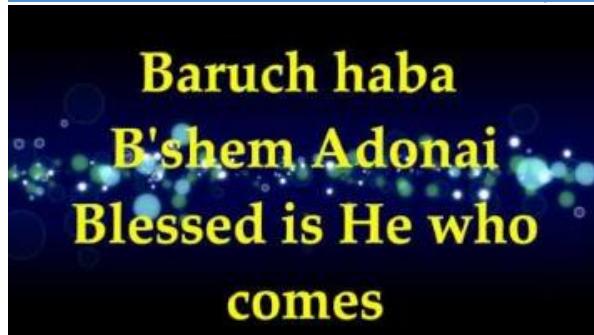
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Glory says in a sobbing tone: **Mat so inke saath. Mat so inke saath. Mein kabhi bhool nahi paunga tujhe. Mat so inke saath. Mein kabhi bhool nahi paunga tujhe.**

As I'm talking about the dream in which I was sitting beside Akhila at the back of a fully packed small car moving to the right on a narrow road through the dark of the night with her sitting to my left beside the window through which an extremely tall golden building with a faint checkered pattern and BARUK HABA written on it was visible, I see a stubbled Glory say holding my face: **Marna hai kya tujhe? Marna hai kya tujhe?**

And this revelation also reminded me of this insult this random guy outside near The Dinesh Store was saying to me indirectly the day before yesterday: **Hotlon mein paani dena hai.** The grand golden hotel with BARUK HABA written on it in the dream to which I was enroute with Akhila at the back of a small car packed with people as we moved on a narrow road in the night reminded me of this insulting statement that I was told. I saw that I was going to a grand Hotel but it was the Kingdom of God which is a believer's forever home. I had the dream with the huge rectangular building with BARUK HABA written on it back in late 2021 or early 2022 when I was still in room D4 and hadn't shifted with Akhila. BARUK HABA is Hebrew for Welcome.

[Paul Wilbur - Baruch Haba B'shem Adonai - Lyrics](#)



As I was writing the above correlation, I saw a small-framed vision of Death Conqueror in a white tunic to my right in the air in an opaque dim-golden background as he stood silently with a shocked expression and had the side of his hand raised horizontally in front of his neck as he moved his hand away to a side. He repeated the gesture again.

The dusky man in black slaps Death Conqueror in a white tunic set making him fall on the floor on his back as he supports his upper half on his forearms and looks at the dusky man who looking down at him shouts in a stuffed voice: **At least she's telling us stuff!**

I feel sleepy so I lay down to rest and when I'm about to get up, I see the face of the dusky man in black leap onto my face in a kiss as he says: **Hold on for a while longer.. Dear.** I feel the need to rest more as well, so I go back to being lying and have the following revelations.

- I hear a guy's voice say that they've just begun. It repeats a few times in different forms.
- A small-framed vision of the face until the throat of Sherlock Holmes in a black suit over a white shirt in a creamish background as turning his face to the right, he looks back and says: **You're an...**

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extreme whore. No. You're not a whore. Superimposed on the vision below his face is a white toy bench swing fixed between its frame as a brown stuffed teddy is shown to be sitting on it with another fellow.

- The view of the face of Sherlock Holmes gets blurry and now only the swing in front is visible and I see it moving gently as a fat and cute light brown teddy sat on it with another lean light brown teddy lying on it with its head resting on its lap as the teddy at the back was soothing the head of the lean and thin teddy lying in its lap.
- A white relaxed palm raised upwards consisting of hard clay - the same material the typical Bon China cups are made of - as imprints of a smaller navy blue palm raised upwards in the same relaxed manner go up the white hand.
- The upper half of Glory above in front of me dressed in multilayered beige clothes in a white background above me as he says throwing opening his fingers: ***Nihayiti nikhattu aur gwaar! Nihayiti nikhattu aur gwaar!***
- A thick roasted flap of boneless meat resting displaced on top of another as a hand picks us trying to sever it but as he lifts it up, it turns out to be having the shape of a wing. It's a roasted ligament of a wing lifted upwards by the hand.
- (Within the past hour) The front view of a lady dressed in a deep U-curved beige blouse over a beige petticoat with ruffled hair at the back bent down to pick up dirty utensils from the right corner of a dark brown center table in the background of the sofas in front of the wall. Her posture is revealing a great part of her bosom and she has a loose and wrinkled protruding lower belly like that of an old woman. That side of the table is full of dirty utensils placed one on top of the other and as the lady continues to pick them up, I see the face of Akhila flash on top of her face. And then as the viewer's attention goes to her right forearm that she's using to pick up the utensils, it's shown to be dark brown and unusually thin, dried, and gnawed on.

As I was writing the above vision, I saw the naked upper half of Death Conqueror until slightly above his shoulders as he lifted himself up and dropping a kiss on my lips said: ***Thank you.*** Glory shouts: ***K*tiya..! Pittunga!***

The vision with Death Conqueror repeated again.

Earlier during the day

- ***Maar bhai ise maar! Maar. Maar bahi ise maar!***
- The next version of the sentence I heard was: ***Maar is k*tiya ko! Maar. Maar is k*tiya ko! Maar***

The Guy sings:

Zameen se aasman se tak hum
Dhund laye jahan sara..
Bana paya nahi ab tak..
Khuda tumse koi pyara..

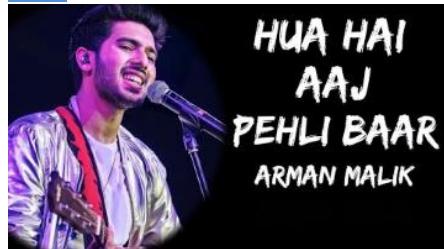
The Guy sings:

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**Mein likhdu aasmano par.. Ke padh lega jahan sara..
Hua na hogta ab kio yahan hum do sa dobara..**

**Mein duniya bhar ki tareefe tere sajde mein laya hun..
Mein tumse ishq karn ki izazat rab se laya hu..**

[Hua Hai Aaj Pehli Baar Jo Aise Muskuraya Hoon | Armaan Malik, Palak Muchhal | Sanam Re | Love Song](#)



The Guy sings:

**Mere mehboob qayamat hogi..
Aaj ruswa teri galiyo mein mohabbat hogi..**

**Meri nazre to gila karti hai..
Tere dil ko bhi sanam tujhse shikayat hogi..**

While editing the dream above, I saw the face of the dusky man in black in front of me come swiftly at my face to kiss me and disappear which with a jolt distracted me and disrupted my flow of articulating the dream into words. I sat still for a while and my attention drifted away from the dream and then this view of the guy standing behind the counter of The Dinesh Store emerged and stayed in my view. I saw how the guy looked unusually dressed in a white shirt with fine blue vertical stripes with a thin golden chain around his neck. As I was writing the previous line, the recent vision of a large white hand with imprints of a small navy blue hand going upwards was highlighted to me. But as I was looking at the vision, I was noticing the slightly different aura around him, especially the presence of a thin gold chain because it's not a part of his daily appearance. It leads me to think of the naked upper half visible of the dusky man in black hurling those few plain gold bangles in my wrist as he took my hand and placing it on his chest said: Wife! The recalling of this vision was immediately followed by the side-view of a moustached chubby Glory dressed in a black fitting t-shirt over black trousers facing to the left as he put plain gold bangles in my left hand as I stood facing him as he said: *Ye le tere kangan!* This reminds me of how Rebecca when found that she belonged to the same family line as Abraham was given the bangles sent by Abraham as his daughter-in-law to-be. As he fills my arm, I see Rebecca appear embossed on the filling arm as he's hurling thick gold bangles. When my arm is filled, the vision now shows the zoomed-out front view of me in a green wrap with red dots over a long blue denim skirt in the background of a curtained wall in a room as I stand with my left forearm full of bangles raised high with Rebecca engraved on it along the length of the arm, and with closed eyes jump joyfully saying: **Rebecca. Rebecca. Rebecca. Rebecca.**

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While writing the above revelatory paragraph, as I was writing the part where Glory slid in bangles in my arm, I saw the upper half of the Aunty I met in the apartment I visited in 2022, her being dressed in her white gown with a blue floral print as she floats backwards in a dark background quietly mincing the words: **Lalchi**. But I was happy because of Rebecca engraved on the bangles as a whole or the fact that the act resembled the event from the Bible pertaining to Rebecca whom I had prophesied over me while praying in tongues in 2020.

I don't like jewellery perse, but the fact that it was bangles and it matched Rebecca's situation made it look exciting to wear and I know that in real life, I won't be able to bear or tolerate an accessory for long unless it's something valuable and a sign of a covenant. For instance, a wedding ring or the kind of Jesus accessories that I buy.

While waxing my hands and feet, parts from the following song play in my spirit.

➤ ***She's smart. She's smart.***

The Guy sings:

Mere mehboob qayamat hogi..

Aaj ruswa teri galiyo mein mohabbat hogi..

Naam niklega tera hi lab se..

Jaan jab is dil-e-naakam se ruksat hogi..

The Guy sings:

Teri gali mein ata sanam..

Nagma wafa ka gata sanam..

Tujhse suna na jata sanam..

Phir aaj idhar aya hu magar

Ye kehne mein deewana..

Khatam bas aaj ye dehshat hogi..

Aaj ruswa teri galiyon mein mohabbat hogi..

[Mere Mehboob Qayamat Hogi \(Original\) - Mr. X In Bombay - Kishore Kumars Greatest Hits - Old Songs](#)



And also I was reminded of how the ghost was singing the song to the lady.

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While cleaning up after waxing my hands and feet, I see a small-framed vision of Glory **Dekh dekh kitni samajhdaar hai.**

- A small-framed vision of a slim lady with wavy blonde hair dressed in a deep V-neck white coat over a white pencil skirt walks smiling towards the viewer and as she takes a few steps, men holding an open box of sweets each sitting on the ground with vertically folded knees appear on either side of her creating a narrow pathway for her to walk on. As they appear, I spot Glory sitting on the right row holding an open box of sweets as well and the faces of everyone else seem to be blurred. Perhaps everyone has the face of Glory, but the first time I spot him is at the beginning of the back of the right row. The lady unaffected by the men around keeps walking smiling towards the viewer holding an order to be delivered packed in what resembles Amazon packaging. She seems to be carrying either two orders or has the one order already unpackaged with the box lying on top of the amazon packet held horizontally in both her hands as approaching the viewer with a wide teethfull smile she says: **Here's your order, Sir!**

Earlier during the day

The face of my dad as he shouts at me: **BEJUBAN!**

When I came across the following shorts, it reminded me of the vision of Pam from Shararat in plain blue and white attire with her head covered with a multilayered blue and white drape.

[Sister Has Never Been Asked This Before! | Sr. Mary Grace, S.V. | #SEEK24](#)



- **Teri maa phooti padhi hai. Teri maa phooti padhi hai.** It repeats for a while.
- A square piece of red meat floats to the left in the background of deep red blood and tissue.
- The bottom-right view of what looks like a sheet of red tissue with a deep red plastic glass with a thin plastic wire extending to the sides stuck near the edge below the sheet as the sheet lightly wobbles vertically.
- Gal Gadot in her Amazon training attire stands inside an empty metallic bus near the end of it facing away from the driver's seat visible at a distance behind her as she throws punches at the viewer with her fist wearing a metallic piece of armour that covers it partially. She's using both her hands one after the other as she throws punches at the viewer, her other hand protected with a similar metallic piece of armour.

March 27th

27 March 2024

01:39

I wake up from sleep and as I'm about to get up and begin to do something, I feel like resting a bit longer. So, I cover my face with my olive-green sheet. And then I hear the following lyrics begin to play.

- The Lady sings:

Lag ja gale ki phir ye hasi raat ho na ho..

Shayad phir is janam mein mulakat ho na ho..

Humko mili hai aaj ye ghadiya naseeb se..

Jee bhar ke dekh lijiye humko kareeb se..

Phir apke naseeb mein ye baat ho na ho..

Shayad phir is janam mein mulakat ho na ho..

- A small-framed vision of the upper half of the dusky man in black in a thick grey sweatshirt as he's doing dance moves resembling Jesus' move of twisting one's arm as one extends it forward pointing at the person in the front followed by the other arm repeating the same on the following lyrics.

The Guy sings:

Tum ho mera pyaar.. Tumse hai khumaar..

Tumko hi basaya maine khwaabo mein..

When I was in A-16, I often saw a huge Jesus with a light stubble and neck-length hair in multilayered white in front of me as He did the dance move pointing His arms at me at the chorus whenever I would listen to the song.

- The upper half slightly below the chest of HRX in a white jacket over a white round neck t-shirt with black binoculars embedded into his eyes as he looks to the left slightly angled towards the viewer.
- The upper half of a highly bearded RK in a dark jacket over the same colored t-shirt on the left side of the vision as he shouts facing to the right slightly away from the viewer: *Kya dekh rahi hai! Chal bahar nikal!*
- I see the bottom right-side view of a naked dusky man in black above me with slightly pointed teeth, and features and an expression resembling somewhat that of Dushman's. As he inserts his genitalia into me and begins to move, his teeth at the upper jaw visible through his open mouth flatten out into a leveled white rectangular formation, his expression changes and white feathery wings come out from his back as he looks at me with eyes of ocean blue gemstones with white sparkle.
- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a grey sweatshirt in a dark background as he says: *She knows how to love.*
- *You know how to love, Kartika. You know how to love.*

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- The Guy sings:
Naam niklega hi tera hi lab se..
Jaan jab is dil-e-nakaam se ruksat hogi..
- The face until the shoulders of Glory in a black t-shirt in a dark background as he says: *Ye jeeyegi. Ye jeeyegi.*

Morning

Dream:

I'm in an apartment that looks different from my current parental apartment. In my current home, the open side of the apartment leads to an open view of the Villas down and the highway in the far distance. But in this apartment in the dream, the glassy wall of the room reveals another tower a few meters ahead with their glassy wall of the room at the tower's edge facing ours as I can see through their apartment. There's a narrow white horizontal strip running along the ceiling at the apartment's front. It has a statement written in blue Hindi font which catches my attention.

I see the edge sectioned in two parts. The smaller section on the left has a curved narrow edge while the right section is straight and wide with a glassy wall giving a view into their apartment. I see my dark and moustached Devanand Foofaji standing behind the curved edge with a heap of cooked Chowmein in front of him lying on the edge. Now, I don't know why he has put that huge heap that covers an appreciable amount of the front view of the balcony for everyone to see. It makes me wonder if he is doing a Chowmein charity for everyone as he seems to have cooked an abundance. Apparently, my Aunt Rekha Bua has shifted there with her family as I see the distant back of my cousin Sara walking further into their apartment.

As I was writing the dream, I heard: *Ye ek dhamki hai Kartika. Ye ek dhamki hai.* The person is saying that though I may not be able to understand it, he is seeing what I'm not seeing and he understands how the dream's actually a threat.

After a while, I go downstairs with my mom. Apparently, my mom's much taller than me in this dream. We walk some distance and stand below his tower. I see that his apartment isn't at too great a height but it's the first floor of that tower and the height is such that my mom can reach out her hand to his balcony. She interacts with him and hands me a little Chowmein wrapped in a cover to me. Now I see that apart from the Chowmein, he has roughly chopped cabbage and half-cooked rotis placed there as well. She gets me a handful of cabbage and a half-cooked roti as well that I would need to cook fully at home. She asks me to leave after handing me the eatables.

I leave and after a walk come across a building to my left and enter into a room extending along the direction of the door. Apparently, it's a computer lab and I'm supposed to be working inside. I leave after a while without doing much.

As I move around, I keep coming across my dad who's short-heighted in this dream and doesn't seem to be carrying a good temperament towards me. He tells me indirectly in an unpleased tone

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that he is going to *see me* after he's done some things. To me, it seems like I'm only a burden on him now as I'm not making any progress in anything and therefore he wants me dead.

I then see myself walking along the corridor to the left of the lawn in front of the Principal's office of the junior wing of my school in my hometown. These different spaces are all interconnected in the dream and a part of the same extended space.

There's a function being held on the ground and the area seems to resemble the society of my parental apartment. I don't seem to be having a good time around and sense a form of tension between me and my mom. I leave the space as I need some alone time to get away from the negativity. I enter an open and wide covered part below the building that looks like its parking space though there aren't many vehicles parked. As I look to my left, I spot Mark Zuckerberg stepping down from a brown staircase in that direction about 20 meters or so away. As soon as I see him, I feel like reaching out to him for I recall that he has been trying to reach me indirectly to show his shared perception about the desirability of an unworldly mindset as the photo of him from a YouTube video's thumbnail shown below flashes in my dream's mental vision.



Ref: [The Global Elite Are Preparing For The “Great Day Of His Wrath”!!](#)



I call out to him but he ignores me as he's already too far and continues walking ahead. I change my plan to get to my room and decide to have a chat with him to tell him more about Jesus.

As I wrote the above, I saw a slightly blurry vision of Elon Musk dressed in a suit to my right in front of the table's right side as he says: ***That's what I like about you. You're not selfish.*** The follow-up vision shows a zoomed-in vision of his upper half a foot below his shoulders as standing facing to the left with his body slightly angled towards the viewer, he kisses the center of my forehead as I stand in front of him, and says: ***You're so cute.*** The vision is followed by a distant and tiny figure of him slowly walking backwards in a dark background as he says: ***I don't want to marry you.*** Followed after a while by: ***You're foolish.***

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The dream continued:

He exits the parking lot quite quickly as I shout that he should know about Jesus. He walks outside not responding to my call. (Glory says turning his face to the left with a surprised expression: **Bahut acchi hai ye to!**) When I'm out of the zone. I see that he's already reached the other end of the left side of the wide hall outside and is about to take a left turn into a wide corridor. I continue to pursue him, and as I do so, the above picture keeps flashing in my vision motivating me to have a chat with him. He's already turned into the corridor..

The upper half of the duo in a dark background as they say with a curious expression: **Chal dekhte dekhte hai kya likhegi!** The vision had repeated a while back as well as I was at the beginning of writing my encounter with Mark.

The dream continued:

By the time I reach the entrance of the corridor, I see that it's about 50 meters or so long empty corridor with a partial metallic look and ends with a wall at the end with a door present at the end of the left wall of the corridor. He's already reached the end of the plain corridor as his distant tiny figure is turned to the left and walking forward about to exit through the door as I shout again that he needs to know Jesus and a few more related things. I am falling severely behind and it's a bit disappointing, so I increase my pace. When I am out of the long and wide empty metallic corridor, I enter into what looks like a common space lit with natural light entering through a mesh door that he's about to exit through to outside of the building. Fortunately, because of my increased pace, I was able to manage to catch up and he's now within a distance of 6-8 or fewer meters from me as I see him exit through the door and running and exiting through the same, I call out to him and this time he responds to my calling. The door exits into a square concrete ground of 6-7 meters dimension and it leads to a horizontal road running to both sides. It seems that he was about to take a right on a narrow road running to either side of the vision at that T point but since this time he's responded to my call, he turns back as he looks at me and it's followed by a holograph of the horizontally oval look of one of his eyes extend forward with a highly increased magnification where it looks about 3 meters wide followed by a colored holograph of his light brown iris with a transparent square boundary representing the cornea extending away from the holograph of the sclera as the vision now shifts to the top of the giant holographic surface of the eye. It is followed by the holograph of his pupil extending away from his corneal holograph in front of the scleral holograph. Seeing this magnified vision of his eye, I feel blessed that he considers me a good friend to the extent that he would give such a hugely magnified and intimate view of one of his eyes which is much more valuable and incomparable to any other experience. He doesn't stay for long to listen to me and leaves immediately after the eye show. He seems to be in a hurry. I leave the square feeling good because of the pure interaction as I think about how it's an unmatched experience. I haven't had the chance to talk about Jesus but the fact that he chose to give me such an expanded view of his eye leaves a mark on me as I walk away feeling being in greater intimacy with him.

As I wrote the above, I saw a very small-framed vision of a lady dressed in formal clothes walking to a side in the background of an office as she said: **Mark, look what she wrote about you!**

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The follow-up vision shows me inside a room with my mom as she's guiding me to do something. Apparently, she wants me to have food in a certain way with a certain cooked veggie. She's still around and I'm having the meal as I walk outside the room into an elevated open corridor running down to the right.

- As I was writing the above part of the dream, I saw the face with the eye move backwards as it's revealed to be the semi-animated view of the naked upper half of Glory until below his shoulders as he exclaims: ***Foolish!***, after observing me for a while.

Post waking up

- A thick light brownish peel of wax being stretched removed from the left side of an ear canal.
- ***She knows she's beautiful. She knows she's beautiful.***
- The dusky man in black stands at a distance behind the duo in a dark background to my left with a sad expression and filled eyes.
- He says with filled eyes: ***How will I live without you!?***
- The follow-up vision to my left then shows him running away sobbing into a dark background being dressed in a thick grey cotton tracksuit.
- After a while, I see to my left him sitting sobbing on the ground facing to the left as he holds a mature coconut and breaking it on the ground begins to eat the inner white meat.
- I see the side view of a naked Glory hugging tightly a naked me in a well-lit background. Both of us are shown to be having the same complexion in the vision.
- As I get up from my second bout of rest, as I sit leaning against the wall joined to the bed along its length, I see the face of the dusky man in black to my right as he says with patchy opaque red eyes and a wide-open smiling mouth with a joyful expression at his face: ***You extreme whore! None of us is here. Hehe.***

Past Revelations

Yesterday Afternoon

- As I'm walking towards The Dinesh Store, I hear Glory tell me that I'm beautiful and everything is fine with me except for a little bulge in my belly and it's nothing to be too worried about.
- As I'm sitting in bed leaning against the wall, I see the dusky man in black squish my belly followed by the light sensation of drones on it.

Evening

- ***Day and Night. Day and Night.*** It repeats.

Yesterday Night

- Glory shouts that he loves me quite a lot and I love him quite a lot.
- After I return from The Dinesh Store, I hear some people calling me selfish.

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- I speak out how I didn't know my ministry would take this turn and I would be here, for beginning from the promise of my marriage with Glory when I received revelations about other people, I took it as a form of God's way of calling them to Him. I then see KA in a white tunic standing beside RS in an embroidered purple Sherwani on the right side of the vision in a dark background as both of them looked at me with filled eyes and KA said that I didn't do anything for my own self, followed by him saying: ***Tune humare saare sawaalo ke jawaab de diye.***
- RS says: ***Niswarth. Niswarth.***
- Those other people continue to call me selfish.
- (Day before yesterday) I wake up speaking a few words as a part of a sentence. It seems that I'm unable to form a coherent sentence but only manage to utter out the prime words.
- (Past few days) As I lie in bed, I was reminiscing about 2020 and how I thought back during those days and my perception of him, and it's then that I see a wider Death Conqueror dressed in a grey jacket over a top over trousers as he moved to and fro on top of me in intercourse and says: ***We're in love.***
- (Past few days) The dusky man in black above me removes my skull cap in one go as he begins to seem to gnaw on the top of my brain.
- (Past few days) A small light brown circle with a black + sign in the middle as it's moving lightly around its spot.
- (Past few days) As I lay in bed the dusky man in black falls on me from above dressed in his full-length white robe with his wide white feathery wings curling downwards to cover me up.
- (Past week) A small-framed vision of me standing dressed in my full-sleeved striped grey round-neck top over trousers with a bent back in a spacey navy blue background as the Earth-Globe rests on my back and I'm managing to balance it on my back without breaking it or not falling down.
- (Past month) A blurry vision of the upper half of Shrey Ansh in a light background as he says that I turned out to be a much greater b*tch than he is.

I go out to buy something from The Dinesh Store and when I'm back and sit in my bed again to continue writing, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt above a meter or two below the ceiling as he looks at me and turning his face to the left with a surprised expression, whispers quietly: ***Everything is fake..***

During my rest around noon

- I ask Jesus about my heart state towards the dusky man because of what I've been hearing and seeing. I see Him standing dressed in a multilayered robe in front of me to my right holding a meter-wide love-shaped deep red heart as a multicolored floral stone boundary appears at the heart's border.

After I wrote the above, I asked Jesus what was the heart state of the dusky man. And then I saw his upper half above to my left in a white sweatshirt as he held a 1 to 2 feet wide heart in both His hands and moved it towards and away from me. After explaining how the dusky man in black was moving his red love heart forward and backward, as I thought of Glory, I saw: a bearded Glory dressed in a

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black sweater standing outside in the corridor as he held out his meter-wide deep red love heart in front of his chest steadily.

As I was about to continue writing the flow of revelations, I heard in my spirit: **Write more. I want to know all.** And as I wrote the previous sentence, I saw the dusky man in black in a white robe standing with his body slightly bent sideways as he looked forward with the stressed expression that anime characters have when they feel anxious or caught.

- I see myself hugging the naked dusky man in black with our bodies lying in the opposite direction to the one I am used to sitting in. I hug him excessively tightly.
- I see him stand in the air to my left at the front, as I float towards a naked him, with me being dressed in my bawa 3/4th sleeved long t-shirt with a folded knee behind a thin wall of water with its cuboidal volume behind me, and after reaching him I hug him tightly again.
- His upper half above to my right as he says: **Extreme b*tch!**
- I see us hugging lying in my bed again as I hug him as tightly as I can.

As I was about to be done writing the above, I saw a vision of Glory flash as I heard: **Dekh K*tiya tujhe kitna marta hu!**

- The upper half of the dusky man in black as he says looking at me with his body facing to the right in a black background: **I'll be the one to kill you. I'll be the one to kill you.**
- **Aloo Jeera. Hehehe**

After I get up from my second bout of rest,

When warming milk to make coffee, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black flash as he asks: **Can you make good coffee? Can you make good coffee?** It reminds me of the time when I used to make Dalgona coffee at home which takes 10 more minutes to beat the coffee and sugar into excess froth. Now I don't want to spend that time and energy in beating coffee when I've a lot to write and I've to preserve energy to write and do other stuff. But, I know myself. If I love someone enough, I will do that.

I had heard **Can you make good coffee?** the last time that I had made coffee as well.

- After I get up from the rest, I see the upper half of Prof. Debajyoti Choudhary in a light sky blue background as he says: **Everyone is watching you. Everyone is watching you.**

As I wrote the above, I see a small-framed vision of the trio with one or two of them facing to the left slightly angled towards the viewer as they hold my face and ask smiling: **Why didn't you tell us before, Kartika? Why didn't you tell us before?**

As I wrote the above, I saw: **Khyati dhaaad dhaaad ke ro raha hai. Khyati dhaaad dhaaad ke ro raha hai.**

For the past few days, when I lay down to rest, I get into a half-asleep state in which I receive revelations. I don't get into a deep state of sleep but can be easily woken up and it seems as if I'm receiving the revelations in a state where it seems like my consciousness is receiving revelations and seeing things in the internal spiritual vision and where I'm not really asleep and I don't wake up

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feeling too rested. For the past two days, every time I went to rest to sleep, I didn't get into a state of deep sleep where I saw nothing, but I would retract into a state of being conscious internally in which I began to receive revelations.

During another rest late afternoon

- The upper half of Hema Malini until below her chest in a black half-sleeved blouse of a Saree with thick patterned beige strips at the arm's edges as she stands with her arms raised sideways and her hands tied to the wall behind her with a rope.
- The following song plays in my spirit with the view of the hut's inside with the upper halves of the bandaged guy in light blue and the lady in a floral gown standing facing each other being flashed along with.

[Rimjhim Ke Geet Saawan Gaaye \(HD\) | Anjaana Song | Rajendra Kumar | Babita](#)



While washing clothes

A small-framed vision of Death Conqueror standing near the ceiling above the commode as he says:
You can never love a guy like me. You can never love a guy like me.

The dusky man in black says: ***You just showed us how pure you're. You showed us how pure you're.***
I hear it a few times.

As I'm about to go out to return the tiffin I got the veggie in, I hear: ***Thanks for living for us. Thanks for living for us.***

I'm playing the chorus of When I Fall In Love, It'll Be Forever, and when I am done and stop, I hear:
Faad diya Kartika Tujhe.. Faad diya.. Faad diya Kartika Tujhe.. Faad diya..

Earlier during the day

- The dusky man in black stretches open the two halves of my ass to a great extent as he then inserts his head inside and now the inside view of his head surrounded by pink tissue is shown as he drops light kisses inside.

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- The upper half of a wider analogue of the lady dressed in orange from the song *Tumhare Siva* as she is shuffling between papers looking down below in the background of a light blue wall.
- During one of my resting sessions, as I'm half asleep, I see two similar red towels slightly differing in shade hanging on a wire in front of a home on the left side of the street running right in front of the Dinesh Store.
- I stand in front of Sharmaji Hunger Point as the vision to my back and the viewer sees a tall person standing across the diagonally opposite corner of the street as he's moving something in the air.

The Guy sings:

Chappa chappa charkha chale..

I watch a few Frank James videos as his name is being highlighted inside my spirit. Afterwards, when I go to poop, I see his stubbled upper half wearing a neck-length straight blonde wig and a multilayered school uniform from one of his videos in the blurry background of a room as he says:
B*tch knows everything!

March 28th

28 March 2024

00:31

The chorus of the following song begins to play in my spirit. In the song, Sunil Shetty is constructing scenarios between his ex-lover and her husband.

[Dil Ne Ye Kaha Hai Dil Se -4K Video |Akshay Kumar, Shilpa Shetty & Sunil Shetty |Hindi Romantic Song](#)



As I quickly surf the video moving my cursor along the timeline and coming across certain parts of the song, the following recent visions are highlighted to me.

- (March 22nd) The top view of a snowy ground as the dusky man in black dressed in all black with a long black overcoat on top stands alone with a dense background of trees a meter or so behind him and says that he can still be with me as the vision shifts to the right in the direction he is looking at, one sees me standing facing Glory with both of us dressed in black with Glory facing away from the dusky man and covering me in a way as the dusky man is in my field of view. **The long black coat attire of Sunil Shetty from the song brings to my memory the above vision.**
- (March 26th) Gal Gadot in her Amazon training attire stands inside an empty metallic bus near the end of it facing away from the driver's seat visible at a distance behind her as she throws punches at the viewer with her fist wearing a metallic piece of armour that covers it partially. She's using both her hands one after the other as she throws punches at the viewer, her other hand protected with a similar metallic piece of armour. **The last scene where Sunil Shetty finds himself alone on the bus reminds me of the Gal Gadot vision.**
- A small-framed vision of the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt as he slowly walks backwards in a dark background and says with a serious sad expression and a broken voice: **You're not a liar.. You're not a liar..**
- His sobbing upper half in a white sweatshirt hugs my shoulder from behind as he says: **You love me a lot!**
- Glory in black stands outside in the dark corridor as he says looking at me with a stern and resentful expression as he says: **Pyaar ho gya tujhe us se!** The vision repeats.

1:37

After writing the above, as I decide to lie down to sleep, I flip down my laptop's flap and hear: She's so small.

As I lie down with closed eyes, I have the following revelations.

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- A man dressed in a thick white round-neck astronaut's suit stands facing to the left slightly angled towards the viewer in front of a steel pole inside an empty bus as he takes something out of a small white bag with a slightly bent upper half.
- The top view of Sunil Shetty dressed in a grey suit standing holding hands with a woman dressed heavily in bridal white holding a bouquet on a snowy field as he revolves her a bit followed by hugging her.
- An open single-door refrigerator, resembling the one at my home and placed in the same orientation lit, with its internal yellow light bulb as the vegetable tray is taken out from it and when the door is closed, the slab at the front below the external body comes out sliding revealing it being filled with cooked white rice as it slides back inside.

- ***We're addicted to you, Kartika. We're addicted to you.***
- KA says: ***Tu randi nahi hai. Bahut nalayak hai.***
- The face of the dusky man in black floats in front of me as he begins to kiss me and holding his face, I kiss him back.
- Glory standing outside in the corridor says: ***Tu randi nahi hai. Tu mahanalayak hai.***
- The face of the dusky man in black above to my left as he drops a kiss on my face and says smiling: ***Love you!***
- ***Sapne toot jayenge. Sapne toot jayenge.*** These lines from the song once played outside in the square by a group of local singers begin to play in my spirit.

I wake up and the following song begins to play in my spirit.

The Guy sings:

Tere jaane ka gam.. Aur na aane ka gam..
Aur jamaane ka gam.. Kya kare..

The song plays for a while.

Ref: [Lyrical: Tum Hi Aana | Marjaavaan | Riteish D, Sidharth M, Tara S |Jubin Nautiyal,Payal Dev,Kunaal V](#)



A small-framed vision of Death Conqueror in a white tunic in a dark background as he confidently says pointing to himself: ***I'm going to die for doing this to you.*** This reminds me of these past revelations when I heard he shouldn't have targeted 'me' and done what he did. That he went after the wrong girl. I've heard these certain words repeated in my spirit several times.

You're so foolish.

She's so foolish smart. She's so foolish smart.

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You're foolish.

As I'm sitting legs down with my head bent down as I am praying, I have the following revelations.

- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt to my left above as he says slightly pointing in my head's direction: ***I see a diamond there. I see a diamond there.***
- A semi-animated small-framed vision of obese Anjali Ma'am dressed in a printed white tunic set with its light blue drape spread horizontally over her chest with her looking like a plain rectangle as sits in a well-lit environment on a slab in front of a wall and says in Hindi that it wasn't a big deal and that she could eat what was being offered as a plate is extended to her with a heap of small dark brown pieces of an eatable spread on it as she picks up a small piece and eats it.
- A semi-animated vision of a conical transparent diamond with its long base with a pointed tip turned upwards as flames of fire surround it around the depths of the vision.
- The face of the dusky man in black to my left as he says: ***Juicy lips. Juicy lips.***
- The side view of the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt facing confidently to the left in a dark background with a smile as he looks at me intermittently. It's almost as if he's found a new part of his identity.

The vision repeats a few times as he stands making the prophetic symbol.

- ***So fake!***

The following video that I watched several years back gets highlighted to me.

[Resolving Complex Emotional Wounds \(Part 3: The Cat\)](#)



- As I'm watching the video below, I see Glory say that that's exactly who I am. ***This is exactly who you are. This is exactly who you are.***

[Resolving Complex Emotional Wounds \(Part 1: The Core Wound\)](#)



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The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt to my left in a dark background as he says:

- ***She's so fake. She's so fake.***

After a while, I'm talking about something else, and I see:

- The face of the dusky man in black as he says: ***Love, Kartika. You're in love with me.***
- The upper half of Jackson Mackenzie until his shoulders from his video The Core Wound as he turns his face to the left with a shocked expression.
- The face of the dusky man in black with the collar of his white sweatshirt is visible in the vision as he looks into my eyes with outwardly protruding eyes with a red sclera.
- I say that in the same way, a person with integrity can't be persuaded to kill one's son, daughter or father, or any other family member even in the face of him being offered a great deal of money because it leads to a permanent loss, a person shouldn't whore away one's body to others because when they do so, they're killing the precept of a godly marriage at that moment in their lives which is a valuable loss (unless you've got a hard conscience that doesn't get affected by its actions, or unless you don't see the loss of your child, parent or spouse as a valuable one). It's then that I see a small-framed vision of Death Conqueror in a white tunic above in a dark background as he shouts looking at me with filled eyes. I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a thick grey sweatshirt shout at me as well as he says: ***Why're you so pure!? Why're you so pure!?***
- A small-framed vision of a distant tiny figure of Death Conqueror in a white tunic as he walks backwards in a dark background and says: ***Foolish!***
- The side-view of the naked upper half of the dusky man in black facing to the right as he says holding me in front of him: ***Sleep with us Kartika. Sleep with us. And we'll bless you!*** It repeats a few more times. And I don't understand in what exact way they're going to bless me. The follow-up vision shows the side-view of his naked upper half sliding two plain gold bangles in my hand as I stand in front of him he says that he wants to be married to me. But it makes me question that it would require us to form an isolated unit with no one else allowed in which goes along with the vision in which the two of us ran away together leaving the rest behind with me holding a bouquet in my hands and him holding me.
- I see him running his hand along my thighs which makes me think how it must seem to look at the view of thick manly hairy thighs of a woman, followed by him squishing my lower hips followed by him squishing opening them wide as he begins to suck on the hole. After a while, the vision is followed by him squishing my belly as he says with firm conviction: ***I want it all. I want it all. I want it all.*** As he lifts vertically up a chubby and naked me. He is intensely attracted to me despite my ungroomed condition though in the vision of a naked me, I seem to look clean and waxed.
- ***Love me, Kartika, and I'll love you back. Love me, Kartika, and I'll love you back.***

The Secret Place Revelations

➤ I then see the side view of a left sweaty bulky shoulder of the dusky man in black as the vision of me running my hand across it repeats a few times. The follow-up vision shows a part of our sweaty upper halves tightly clasped together followed by them being in the same position in an excessively heated state.

*Masih nidhaal soedaar chalte dekha hai..
Bhadkti aag mein ek phool jalte dekha hai..*

This's not going to happen to you now b*tch.

➤ The face of the dusky man in black to my right looking at me with his head pointing to the left as coming closer to my face, he says: ***How do you know all this, Kartika? How do you know all this, Kartika?***

➤ ***She can fool anyone.***

➤ A black being until slightly below his shoulder with his face resembling Jadoo's from the movie Koi Mil Gaya with a pointed nose stands in front of a light-coloured wall with both its arms vertically folded and its hands loosely pointing forward as a thick checkered pink and white cloth runs across its head and shoulders.

As I was writing the above vision, I heard: ***Extreme whore. Extreme whore.*** Someone from the trio says: ***Extreme whore.*** Glory outside says: ***Extreme whore.***

➤ As the face of the dusky man in black is flashed, I hear him say that it's now that he feels relieved. It's followed by a small-framed vision of the naked dusky man in black walk in the sight of the viewer inside what looks like an empty area with a checkered grey floor with a metallic bench resting in the middle in the background of open space lit by white light, as he sits on it looking relieved and says that now he's gained some relief. And it's followed by the beginning lines of the following song being played.

[Dil Ko Karaar Aaya - | Slowed + Reverb | Lyrics | Use 🔍 🔍](#)



➤ ***Extremely normal.***

The Secret Place Revelations

- The naked upper half until slightly below the shoulders of the dusky man in black above to my right as he looks ahead with wide-open vertical semi-oval ocean blue anime eyes with a curved base white sparkle and smile that comes from within. The vision stays for a while.
- He floats to me as he looks at my facial features up and down with those long ocean-blue anime eyes. His eyes turn back to being in the normal shape momentarily with ocean blue iris still present inside as he withdraws back and says: **Foolish!** The next time he's half-said foolish, he quickly says: **Extremely lovely.**

About half an hour back, as I was editing the dream on the previous page, I saw a smaller-framed vision of Death Conqueror in a white tunic standing above in front of me as he said angrily looking to the left and switching back and forth between that direction and me: **Vo ek murakh hai. Vo ek murakh hai. Ye ek k*tiya hai. Vo ek murakh hai. Ye ek k*tiya hai,**

Kartika, you're excessively cheap. Everyone will fall in love with you.

Earlier during the day

The dusky man in black says smiling: **You're so cheap. Anyone will fall in love with you.**
It repeated a few times intermittently.

The naked upper halves of the duo until their shoulders with semi-oval wide-open anime eyes, one on either side as they both look in my eyes smiling from a close distance.

As they do so, Death Conqueror in a white tunic walks slowly backwards.

The right half of a face with its semi-oval wide-open ocean-blue anime eye looking unblinkingly at my left eye.

As I'm resting, I have the following revelations.

- I see a semi-animated vision of the naked upper halves until the shoulders of the duo above on my two sides as they look at me with the same anime semi-oval ocean blue eyes as they say cheesily: **We know everything about you. We know everything about you.** As their faces hover on my either side, I see Death Conqueror dressed in a white tunic walking backwards with a wary expression.
- The follow-up vision shows the semi-animated naked upper half until the shoulders of several guys with the same eyes as they all are hovering on my face from the sides looking at me while wagging their forefinger at me with that expression that showed that they all something and have caught me. One of them to my left above is a conical version of the face of KA as he too is moving his forefinger at me. While they all hover on my face from the sides, Death Conqueror dressed in a white tunic stands against the wall at the back. The follow-up vision shows the group of naked blue-eyed men walking towards Death Conqueror standing against the wall at the back followed by his neck getting sliced as it falls forward.
- The group of anime blue-eyed men continue to look at me cheesily accusing me of something using their forefingers.
- I tend to be sad because of a few things, and then I hear: **Mat ro Kartika. Ye to hona hi tha. Mat ro. Ye to hona hi tha.**

The Secret Place Revelations

I get sad because of a range of things that I'm thinking about. I'm thinking if I've begun to think like a whore, but indeed I don't have the privacy or space that I used to have during the times of my *normal* existence. And I'm thinking about the dusky man in black and my marital promise with Glory. I am looking at my journey of how I went through this unexpected but prophesied journey experiencing a range of emotions with different people. When I received my promise, I was all about Glory because to be otherwise would be not right. However, I was also feeling a certain way towards Death Conqueror, and I didn't know the duo and had received revelations about other people until a certain point in time. And now here I was, not knowing where I was heading, but having in mind that I was supposed to be heading towards my promise. But what if I deviated along the journey and fell for someone else? Would that amount to me failing the test and disqualify me from receiving the promise? I was looking at all these things. And now when I look at it, I don't want to change the way I ended up feeling a certain way for some people. Though it doesn't mean that I want to sin, it doesn't mean that I would rather have them not know me and therefore the good news of Jesus and thereby be lost in the world. Though it's now at the time of writing, I arrived at this solution sort of, but when I was lying, I was confused about things and my own mind and if I would even receive the promise. I also felt like I didn't do good to Glory in a way, but I didn't do anything intentionally. That's the whole point. Those revelations just fell in my lap. And they led me to have those beautiful bonds that I don't wanna lose but I don't wanna sin either. I want to keep them as a good thing in my heart.

As I was writing the above, I saw a blurry upper half of the dusky man in black until his shoulders present at one of the sides as he said: ***That's what I wanted to hear. That's what we wanted to hear.***

So, as I was lying, I was confused and now I think if I was supposed to be confused or if God is allowing me to trust the process and call people to Him between the time that the promise was made to me and the appointed time of its fulfilment that rests in His knowledge alone. He can suddenly let me know in a way similar to the way He changed my inclination to not have tea which I haven't felt like having during the past week and only had a milder version of ready-to-make Epsom salt tea. He can let me know suddenly.

As I was writing the above, I felt something pinch around my groin making me shriek lightly and then I saw Prof. Debajyoti Chaudhary say to me: ***Behave yourself! Everyone is watching you!***

- I also heard a strange voice: ***You're so loving. I want to be your boyfriend. You're so loving. I want to be your boyfriend.***
- As I continue lying in bed, I see the dusky man in black hold my right hand as he pulls it to the right and asks me to come live with him right then. The vision repeats. The follow-up vision shows him saying that he won't marry me right away but will see how I live around the place, and then decide if he wants to marry me.

The lady sings:

Kuch kamti na mujhko hogi..

Kuch kamti na mujhko hogi..

Mera Yeshu Masih hai gadariya..

The Secret Place Revelations

The vision now reminds me of how I was thinking within the past two days that I would want to spend a week with the dusky man in black before I received my promise to keep as something valuable.

As I wrote the above, I saw Death Conqueror driving to the left in a white car with its driver seat on the left side itself as he's crying and says gesturing with a hand rotation: ***Ye to ulta hi ho gya.***

The Guy sings:

Rahegi sada yaha..

Pyaar ki ye dastaan..

Sunenge sada jise.. Ye jameen aasman..

- While resting in bed, I also Glory dressed in black in the corridor outside as he shouted that ***I'm Dhokebaaz!*** He was calling me a *Randi* and a *Dhokebaaz!*
- And in the vision that I had within the past few minutes, he shouted loudly with a bent upper half: ***O Dhokebaaz!***
- While writing one of the revelations above, as I was looking for blue anime eyes similar to what I had seen in my vision, the face of the following character from the anime *La Corda D'oro Primo Passo* was highlighted to me. In the vision, he had blue eyes resembling the blue anime eyes I had seen before.

Len



- As I sat with closed eyes taking a few seconds of rest and gaining some mental clarity before pasting the image above, I saw an animated vision of the side-view of Hino, the red-haired girl from the series dressed in her school uniform as she stood facing to the right in a still consuming kiss with the tall and green-haired Ryota Tsuchiura dressed in his black uniform in the background of a wooden room.

As I was looking for a suitable picture of Ryotaro, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black flash as he said: ***I want to watch this with you. I want to watch this with you.***

As I was looking for an image of Len, and he's the one Hino gets married to at the end, I noticed that the short-heighted character of Keiichi Shimizu had kinda blue eyes which made me look him up and then I came across an image of him which showed his short stature.

The Secret Place Revelations

And then I saw the naked upper half of the dusky man in black to my right above as he pointed with his right hand to the left to Death Conqueror in correlation with the image as I heard that I (subconsciously) took him for the cello player Keiichi. They're pointing saying that it's him.



- And as I was scrolling down the Google image page looking for the image of Keiichi that I had come across earlier showing his short stature clearly, I saw the face of Death Conqueror as he said that he wasn't as good as Keiichi. ***I am not as good as him. I am not as good as him.*** It repeated for a while as I kept looking for the same image.
- A person above to my right dressed in a semi-animated white coat says gesturing down at me as he throws open his closed fingers moving his arm downwards with a vertically wide-open mouth: ***Such a whore. Such a whore.***

March 29th

29 March 2024

00:15

Yesterday

- (Morning) The upper half of Sheldon from The Big Bang Theory as sitting on a chair he's moving two black pedals with a hand each in synchrony.
- (Afternoon) A lady is removing out folded clothes from the inside of the left wardrobe in the master bedroom of my parental apartment, and putting them on the bed. Perhaps she wants to organize them. As she is doing so, her back is visible to the viewer and she's dressed in a beige saree with her tied at the back.
- After I wrote the above, I saw: Death Conqueror dressed in a white tunic in front of me above takes a step backward waving a goodbye as the vision vanishes from the sight followed by the following said by a guy: ***Maar dunga tujhe mein. Tere saath rehne se accha hai tu mar hi jaaye.***

I go out to buy a cold drink to feel a bit freshened up, I end up buying a green can of Sprite. It's worth Rs. 25. I then say: ***I've upgraded to 25 now (from 10).***

I say so in response to messengers coming to The Dinesh Store and asking for things worth Rs. 10 or 20 or so which I was earlier making a point about when I still hadn't left the room that it had become quite an old insult and if it was because someone couldn't come up with newer insults. So when I go out to buy something next time and am holding that Sprite can, though I hadn't intended to say it out, it just occurs to me to say the same as I recall the words of a girl from FB written on one of Tejaswi's post as he was demeaning her about something and she replied with the statement that she had upgraded to so and so. The rough memory of her statement was flashing in my mind as I was being drawn to say an analogous statement. That girl was one whom Tejaswi began a romantic relationship with and called to his home it seemed under the pretext of a function being organized at his home and she came because she was all about him. He was such a good manipulator. There he made some advances on her and as was his trade, he normalized things by telling the girl to just let it go and that they were friends. That must've come as a shock to that girl as I could tell from her profile when I was doing my research post coming across his reality. He was praising and idealizing that girl initially saying sweet things to her and suddenly in that certain post, he devalued her and then called her a sister in response to which she gave that reply.

As I say the statement, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt in a dark background above as he says narrowing his eyes: ***You've upgraded to 25? You've upgraded to 25?***

Death Conqueror above repeats the same.

The dusky repeats the same.

I came across the following shorts earlier during the day.

The Secret Place Revelations

[The Big Bang Theory | Howard: You Can Say Better. Sheldon Can't Hear You. #shorts](#)
[#thebigbangtheory](#)



As I lay down to sleep, I recall the title page of the book Gypsy's Enchantment where a dusky man stood behind a white woman in a red dress, and because it occurs to me, so I say: **You're the guy from Gypsy Enchantment.**

Gypsy Enchantment



- I see Glory standing outside in the corridor dressed in black clothes as he says with a sobbing expression looking in my direction: **Dekh pyaar ho raha hai. Dekh pyaar ho raha hai.** The vision repeats a few times.
- I happen to think about the dusky man in black in regards to the cheap or otherwise insults about me and then I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt above to my right as he says: **Even I can't live with you. You'll ruin me with your cheapness.** I wonder if it's my own thought as I think of possible reasons that could serve as a hindrance in a smooth flow.

Past Revelations

- (Past 3 months) The top view of the upper half of Anne Hathaway in a dark background looking up with a raised hand and eyes closed in worship as she stands dressed in a wide square-necked maroon red frilled top.

The Secret Place Revelations

- (Past few months) This statement that my friend Neha once said to me has been flashing for a while. She had said that men only want sex from women. She said this to me during our BSc days. And when I said that it wasn't always the case, she further pushed her argument.
- (Past month) A small-framed red figure, apparently, resembling the symbol of Swastik but having sharp abrupt edges and missing the inner dots on top of a white surface. As I was writing the Swastik vision, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt above in a dark background as he confidently turned to face the left direction making the prophetic symbol. The vision repeated a few times. And before writing the previous line, I saw a small-framed vision of Death Conqueror in a white tunic set standing above in a light background as he silently points with his left hand pointing his forefinger to the left with a horizontally bent forearm to the dusky man in black who stands at a distance from him.
- (Past two weeks) **Daraar pad gayi. Daraar pad gayi.** It keeps repeating for a while in my spirit.
- (Past two weeks) I'm thinking about the past vision in which I saw the parallel view of a huge golden ring with a center bead come hopping left and right to me in the light orangish background of the sky. The ring came from the left side of the vision to the viewer hopping in the sky itself where the bead was at the top slightly turned towards the viewer. And as I'm recalling the vision and thinking about my marital promise, I see the front side of the ring now having the shape of a curved number 3 with a bead embedded at the middle joint of the number 3 as it moves towards the viewer in the sky.
- (Past week) As I'm writing a revelation, I hear the following statement repeat: **Sandhi ho rahi hai. Sandhi ho rahi hai.**
- (Past week) As I'm cleaving out the tender meat of the coconut to get to the water, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black flash as he says: **I want this.** I want this. Apparently, he is asking me to prepare a glass of coconut water for him. I've heard it several times later as well while extracting water from a tender coconut. **I want this.** And today, as I was compiling the coconuts I had kept to draw the thin layer of inner meat from, though I didn't feel like extracting it, as I looked at one of the coconuts that I had made a cavity at the top of to extract the meat later, the vision of the extracted meat lying in a small bowl was flashed to me as I handed it to the dusky man in black.
- (Past week) The duo from the trio standing in the air dressed in black suits say to each other in a firm, loud, and stuffed tone: **Bhai kasam khale ki marte dum tak iski raksha karenge! Bhai kasam khale ki jab tak jiyenge iski raksha karenge! Bhai kasam khale ki jab tak jiyenge iski raksha karenge!** As both of them hold hands as they say so. The vision repeats a few more times. The vision repeated the following day as well.
- (Past week) The dusky man in black asks me if I will sleep with him and this time I seem to have no problem as I already feel a consistent committed bond continuing in time and it doesn't feel like a loveless one-time event. After a few days, the vision repeats again. In these visions, I already feel a consistent everlasting bond, that's why I am able to agree. But now when I think of it, there needs to be the stamp of a covenant to make the act holy and pleasing to God.
- (Past week) **Mein kutne wala hu. Mein kutne wala hu.** As I'm writing a revelation, the sentence begins to repeat in my spirit.
- (Past week) As I'm done using the washroom and stand up and am pulling my trousers up, I hear: **She'll never understand why we did this to her. She'll never understand why we did this to her.** As I wrote the previous statement, I saw the face of the dusky man in black until his throat revealing his white sweatshirt above to my left in a dark background as he confidently turns his face to the left.

The Secret Place Revelations

- (Past week) As I'm watching a hoof cleaning YouTube shorts, I hear Glory say: ***Tu ye videos kyu dekhti hai? Tu ye videos kyu dekhti hai?*** I watch them because they're helping helpless animals clean their feet which they can't do by themselves. What they begin with is a highly dirty hoof and they do a lot of work to end up with a clean and healthy hoof as they remove anything embedded or stuck inside. They're humanitarian videos.
- (Past week) As I'm watching one of the hoof cleaning videos, I see the upper half of Death Conqueror flash as he says: ***That's what changed my perception of you. That's what changed my perception of you.*** I heard this after I heard Glory say what he did. And somehow he faced some form of change in his view of me as I was watching the hoof cleaning videos.
As I was done writing the above, I saw the upper half of Death Conqueror above slightly behind to my left, dressed in a full-sleeved white shirt, as he said turning his face to the left and looking at the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt: ***She's so selfish! She's so selfish!***
- (Past few days) As I lie resting in bed, I see the duo put a red tika in the middle of my forehead in turns. They're stopping their hands to go up at the hairline as they put that red tika in turns at the center of my forehead.
- (Past few days) I'm talking to my youngest brother on WhatsApp call and as I ask him about Dad, when he tells me that he's in his clinic and he keeps shifting between it and the preschool's office, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black say with his face coming closer to me from behind: ***You're from a good background.*** Later that day, I hear again: ***You're from a good background. Not extremely good, but good.***
- (Past few days) Glory dressed in all black says: ***Tune meri jaan bachali. Tune meri jaan bachali.*** It repeats a few times.
- (Past two days) As I lie in bed resting, I hear a voice say: ***Whore b*tch. Whore b*tch.***

The day before yesterday

This day I suddenly become silent unable to speak anything. I become too conscious. It is almost as if after writing all these revelations for a long period of time, I've experienced an abrupt inner switch and become filled with revelation with the trio indeed being the men in Red and White. In this state, I'm suddenly too conscious of what I speak and do. I've slowed down in my movements and am doing everything slowly being extremely wary. What am I wary of? It seems that I've now become too careful of my words and behavior as one would do in the presence of a supreme deity one feels extreme reverence for. It reminds me of the recent vision in which I saw my dad shout at me: ***Bejuban!*** I am silent and cautious, fearful, not of them but of my own self.

In this state, before eating, as I begin to pray, instead of remembering Jesus, I feel internally strongly inclined to remember the dusky man in black as I think why do I want to do so? It's almost as if I'm praying in the name of the dusky man in black as I am remembering him the way I would remember Jesus at the beginning. And then I see Jesus dressed in a multilayered white attire to my right ask me: ***Why're you remembering him?***

As I was writing the previous sentence, I saw a small-framed vision of Adele dressed in her black Bold Existence attire adjust herself on a long bench along with others in a dark background as they squished together on the bench looking at me.

The Secret Place Revelations

I'm supposed to be praying in the name of Jesus. Suddenly, I'm filled with a kind of reverence for the dusky man in black. I stop. And struggling with my heart state, as I think that I don't want to be an idolator, I see to my left above, the naked upper half of the dusky man in black with a purple satin cloth around his neck and a few feet high golden crown on his head resembling one of those Hindu Gods. I immediately repent of my sin.

The day previous to this vision, I was recalling my dark friend Aarti from middle school and I happened to think of the dusky man as an analogue of her.

As I was resting in bed holding my head, the following song began playing in my spirit.

Param Pavitra



As I say that I can't empathize with the wicked deeds of a wicked mind and the deeds could only be forgiven and that I couldn't partake in them either, I see:

- (Day before yesterday) Death Conqueror in a white tunic set turns back and walks on a floor in a well-lit setting away from the viewer as he says in an apathetic tone: ***We've to kill her.*** As he walks backwards apathetically with his back towards the viewer, I see the duo sitting on either side of him on vertically folded knees looking up at him with fearful eyes with the dusky man in black on the left side and the other guy on the right.
- (Day before yesterday) Glory dressed in a black suit standing above in the air says with his face turned to the left: ***Bhai kasam khale ki marte dum tak is randi ki raksha karenge!***

Revelations from yesterday

- (Late Evening) As I'm resting, I hear: ***Touch her lips. She won't say anything.*** The other guy seems to be reluctant a bit. (***Are you sure?***) But the former guy keeps on insisting. ***Touch her lips. She won't say anything.*** After a few seconds, I heard: ***See I told you she won't say anything.*** I only heard the voices.
- (Night) The upper 2/3 rd of Prof Debajyoti Chaudhary in an off-white tunic as he says smiling to me: ***Everyone here (in the department) loves you. Everyone (in the dept) loves you.*** It's a collective state that has recently emerged. The vision repeats.

The Secret Place Revelations

- (Night) Glory says: ***Tu bahut sunder hai. Tu bahut sunder hai. Koi bhi ladka tere saath sone ke liye taiyaar ho jayega.*** He repeats a few times. ***Tu bahut sunder hai. Tu bahut sunder hai.***
- (Night) Somewhere during the night, I see a small-framed vision of him upper half to my left transform into a version of him wearing the uniform of a Policeman.

Before sleeping

- As I am unable to lay in the bed in the dark and have to sleep with the light on, I see a naked blurry half of the dusky man in black in the dark, where only his form is visible because of the darkness, say: ***I wish I was there with you. I wish I was there with you.***
- After a while, I hear: ***Madhavan is sleeping. He fell asleep watching you.***

As I was writing above, I had the following revelation.

- The face of the dusky man in a light greyish cloudy haze around moves backward as he says quietly with narrowed eyes: ***You extreme whore. You're in love with my body.*** But I don't agree with the sentence.

Revelations Post Waking Up From a Dream

As I lay in bed after the dream gathering together my senses, I had the following revelations.

- A blurry upper half of the dusky man in black at one of my sides as he says: You're extremely beautiful. You're extremely beautiful. As I began to write this vision, I heard: ***She's never going to leave me, bro.***
- I then see his face above the side of my face coming from behind me as I lay on my left side and he says: ***You're the most beautiful girl I've ever met. You're the most beautiful girl I've ever met.*** He repeats it a few times.

After writing the above, as I sat still pressing against the throbbing left side of my head, I saw the upper half of Death Conqueror in a white shirt above in front of me to my left as he said with a sad expression in a tone of realization: ***You are so cheap.*** It is followed by him floating backwards decreasing in size as he said: ***You're so cheap. I just needed to be a good guy. I just needed to be a good guy. And now I've lost you because of my foolishness.***

While brushing

A small-framed vision of Ayushmann Khurrana dressed in a round-neck thick yellow sweatshirt as he says: ***You won a lot of my respect. You won my respect.***

As I'm having breakfast, I see

- The bent face of the dusky man in black to my right as he says looking at me, the cold coffee can and the folded Parantha inside an aluminium wrap: ***That's your breakfast!? That's your breakfast!?***
- As I'm almost done eating, I see the blurry upper half of the dusky man in black as he says: ***I can't live without f*cking you Kartika. I can't live without f*cking you.***

Later as I sit to write again after having breakfast

The Secret Place Revelations

➤ **Excessively smart, Kartika. Excessively Smart.**

As I continue to rest in bed,

- I now see a small-framed top view of me lying naked on a single bed with the dusky man in black on the right side. The orientation of the bed seems to resemble that of my room D1 in A-16 with one side of the bed's end joined to the wall at the back. I see myself tell him to lay still in front of me (so I can look at his face for a while).

As I was writing the above, I saw the side-view of the bearded face of Glory in a black sweater as he said seriously holding my face: **Marna hai kya tune? Marna hai kya tune?**

- As I lay close to him lying on my left side with him facing me lying on his right, I am resting in the stillness as I observe him followed by the top view of us as I move my hand downward to his genitalia beginning to lightly caress it. The follow-up vision shows me slowly moving my fingers up his belly with curly black hair and I'm reaching up to his chest, I split my fingers and go oval around the areola spending some time there as I very lightly circle around it followed by lightly brushing my fingers against the nipple as after a while I press on it.

As I wrote the above, I saw a small-framed vision of the straight body of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt tracksuit abruptly get pulled backwards away to the left as he falls on a black floor which immediately gets embedded within in the shape of a rectangle carrying him.

- The vision then shows me moving my fingers up his chest to his neck as I now lie with my forehead joined to his and look down with lowered eyes at the space my fingers are treading. I continue to move upwards where my forefinger reaches his lips as I move my forefinger up and down on them with me looking down at them with lowered eyes in the surrounding silence. It is followed by me pulling up at the central tip of his upper lip pressing against it as I continue to look down at his face. I rest with my forehead against his as I close my eyes. I hug him tightly and it is shown that I'm wearing my lingerie set with a cotton pointed light sky blue bra on top. The following vision shows the close top view from a position close to my face as I see my hand at the top of his back as I'm lightly treading his spine line at its base with the tip of my fingers. It's meant to soothe. I continue in this way as I lie hugging him quietly and my fingers brush against his skin touching just slightly below the beginning of his hipline as I move my fingers a foot or so up again. I repeat the gentle brush. It is followed by me about to remove my bra but then I ask him to do so and he does.

- What follows is now us kissing with him getting on top of me as I open my legs. He tries to get in but fails. He tries again but fails again only being able to manage an inch or so inside. The follow-up vision shows him inserting his forefinger inside slowly as I caress his genitalia. He then inserts his two fingers inside as I continue to caress his genitalia. Somewhere within this part, I also saw him moving to and fro on top of me as I held his genitalia in my hand.

- The vision now shows days passing by as we perform the same two-finger insertion routine eventually leading to us being able to do an actual intercourse finally. As the vision now shows their side view with the guy on top of the lady with their heads facing to the left, the guy transforms into a naked yellow devil with rough skin and pointed edges as he says that finally, he was able to deceive the lady into fornicating outside of a covenant. (That's what he does.)

As I was writing the above revelations, I saw the sobbing face of Death Conqueror in front of me as he asked sadly: **I don't want this? I don't want this?**

The Secret Place Revelations

Now when I look at the above revelations, it reminds me of the content of Gypsy Enchantment where the lady shares an intense bond with her lover whom she happens to meet after a break of some kind where he finds her injured in a car accident at the side of a road and takes her with him and cares for her, eventually leading them to rekindle their past bond and towards the end of the book - the guy asking the lady to marry him.

There's an order the revelations followed as they all came together at this point in time in the way of the book.

- **Bharat Roko Andolan. Bharat Roko. Bharat Roko.**
- This photo of my school friend Ashish that I saw on his FB is being flashed to me. He had clicked his face with ocean-blue lenses worn in his eyes. It has been flashed a few times by far within the past week but it would slip out of my mind within the next few seconds as I would recall what I thought when I first saw the photo. I had thought why did he need to put specially colored lenses to make a vain point? I could tell that he was liking it, but I was somewhere judging his will to cover his natural eye color to go for what he found better. I judged it as vain. Now to talk about the iris colors in the recent visions, they represent a state of being and not actual colors.
- This image of the face of Glory that was clearly intentionally over-highlighted as his profile picture that I saw a thumbnail as I had received a notification about something he had posted though I wasn't following him as I only wanted the posts of my close friends to appear on my timeline. The thumbnail was a close-up selfie of his clean-shaven face with black goggles on, as he was clearly giving a wide and shy smile with a closed mouth. I could tell that the photo was intentional and even the notification though it still doesn't make any sense to me for how I received it. The post was about a poem he had written about a guy enticing a girl during Valentine's week when he makes promises only to later renege. He ended the poem with the line: *Hug, Kiss, and Valentine are just bases one, two, and three.* After reading this poem, I had blocked him because I could tell he wrote it intentionally and I had received the notification inexplicably as well. And in 2021, I received a promise of marriage with him. His face from the profile picture facing upwards with a shy smile was being flashed to me revealing the boundary of the round neck of his blue t-shirt in the vaguely visible background of a beach. When I had visited his profile, I also saw another one of his photos from the same beach in the same clothes with two more young men.

As I was writing the above, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black above to my left in a white sweatshirt as he said smiling: Such a sweet couple. Followed by a smiling him extending his arms sideways as he lightly pushed back on the duo behind him with the words: ***Such a sweet couple. Let's leave them alone.***

- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt above to my left in a dark background as he looks down at me smiling with light blue stars in his eyes while a short Death Conqueror dressed in a white shirt stands beside him on the right facing to the left as he looks at him with a silent sad expression and filled eyes. The vision repeats.
- The upper half of the dusky man in black until his shoulders in a white sweatshirt in front of my face to my left as he moves back with a serious expression with the words: ***So selfish!***

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As I've just laid down to rest, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt in front of me to my left, as he says with a resentful expression and a rectangularly open mouth that he's going to remove all that I've written. The vision repeats. He says that he's going to erase all that's written. He doesn't look good and at peace in this vision.

And as I lay down to rest, the following lyrics begin to play in spirit.

Masih nidhaal soedaar chalte dekha hai..
Bhadakti aag mein ek phool jalte dekha hai..

It makes me sad.

The following stanza continues to play.

Utha kar pyaar ke taboot ko masoom kandho par..
Utha kar pyaar ke taboot ko masoom kandho par..
Bhare bazaar mein saabir guzarte dekha hai..

Masih nidhaal soedaar chalte dekha hai..

The stanza repeats several times with a certain highlight about it.

I fall into a sleepy state and see the top view of a black pan being used to cook something as a rigid and harsh guy's voice asks the person in a rude and domineering Hariyanvi tone: ***Aise karr to phir le lenge. Vaise karr to phir le lenge.*** In response to the man's rough and harsh voice, the cooking hand follows spreading things on the pan in a certain manner after the guy has said something. The voice orders something else in a rude tone as the hand lubricates the sides and the corners of the black pan in a certain way using a brush. After doing such redundant foolish things the vision of the top of the pan disappears as a lady's voice says in a softer Hariyanvi tone: ***Hum shaadi karne vaaste nahi hai.***

As I wrote the above, I saw: the upper half of Death Conqueror in a white shirt as he said a quiet Bye turning his face away and taking a step backward. It's almost as if I've hit the nail on its head. The vision repeats as I continue writing. When I'm done writing and I sit speaking about a few things, I see a small-framed vision of the upper half of Death Conqueror in a white shirt in front of me to my left as he says with a demonic expression throwing his face forward in my direction with a vampiric red mouth: ***That's what I did!***

A chubby bald infant dressed in multilayered off-white clothes sitting with his upper half straight up floats towards the viewer in a dark background with its lips perched inside and a long-stemmed red rose extended to the viewer.

I wake up and after adding the revelation with the yellow devil above, I say how fornication looks so cheap within itself but within the context of a covenant looks so beautiful, I see to my left above the

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upper half of the dusky man in black with a red embroidered drape running over his head giving him the appearance of a bride.

While I'm having milk and biscuits, I see the upper half of the dusky man bent down at me as he says referring to Death Conqueror: ***He's asking me to kill you. He's asking me to kill you.*** It repeats several times as I'm having the snack.

The front view of the upper half of Death Conqueror in a light blue shirt sitting at the corner of a turn in front of a building with a sad sobbing expression as touching the tip of his tongue to the sides of his lips one after the other, he says slowly: ***You never loved me! You never loved me!***

- Shahid Kapoor wearing a white satin Gamcha around his neck and a dhoti below as he walks towards the viewer holding a thaali as he extends and hands it to someone standing in front of him in the white background of a room. Behind him at the back of the white room stands against the wall the naked upper half of a white Ganesha between a hollow frame protruding out of the wall as Shahid Kapoor is shown to be warily saying that he's not going to look at him as after handing the thali to the person, he turns to the left. The thaali person is revealed to be a seemingly overweight woman dressed in a light green saree over a dull red blouse.
- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt in front of me above as he says to Death Conqueror to the left: ***Just leave her. She's an extreme whore. She's an extreme whore.*** He doesn't seem to be responding. He repeats again. The follow-up vision shows him standing on the left side of the vision facing to the right with a sad countenance dressed in a white shirt tucked inside pants with the day view of a street extending forward into the vision. He doesn't seem to be ready to move while the dusky man in the white sweatshirt tries to convince him to walk away on the street, followed by him coming rushing to me and repeating quietly: ***B*tch. B*tch. B*tch.*** He runs to him again telling him that I'm an extreme whore followed by him running to me sitting in the dark away from the street on the right side of the vision as he bends on his upper half and whispers: ***B*tch. B*tch. B*tch.*** He makes a few more of such rounds between him and me and is finally able to persuade him to walk away from the viewer into the street with him as I see them now reach the end of it as they tread by the left side of the street.
- ***Phatne waali hai. Phatne waali hai.***
- ***Extremely whorish. Extremely whorish.***
- The upper half of the fat and bald middle man in a dark brown t-shirt in front of a white background says: ***Phatne wali hai. Phatne wali hai. Mata phatne wali hai.***
- I keep receiving a vision about having Chowmein, the same one that I had ordered the last time. As I don't go ahead with ordering that Chowmein, after a while, I see:
- A tall and lightly stubbled Glory with neck-length wavy hair dressed in a full-length white robe stands facing to the left as he brings a fork with Chowmein wrapped on it held in his right hand in front of the middle of his ass while looking smiling at the viewer.
- Death Conqueror standing together with the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt says pointing strongly at me: ***You're a whore. We're good! You're a whore. We're good!***
- This past vision that I first wrote on Page 61 has been flashing in my spirit intermittently today. In this vision, I saw the upper half of Sis Adele dressed in a parrot green tunic with her blonde hair tied low at the back in a dark background holding a worship Thaali and as she moved it in circular

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motions smiling at the viewer. And as I revisited the vision, I saw the face of Death Conqueror confidently turn it to the left in a white background.

- As I've received the Chowmein and am now pouring it on a plate, I hear: ***Don't tell us that we would have to live with you! Don't tell us that we would've to live with you!*** It continues to repeat for a while as I'm having it.
- The top view of Glory moving in the service lane beside the Ganda Nala outside the area near the building of the fat and bald middle man as he goes around shouting: ***Randi Mahan hai! Randi Mahan hai!***
- A square white box with a small height as what looks like a little trunk lifts up with the entire structure carrying a multicolored hue as the box is placed on a table in the background of a room.

Earlier during the day

- Glory stands in the corridor with a shorter and wider man dressed in multilayered beige clothes standing slightly behind him as turning his face to the left he says to that man there: ***Bahut samajhdaar hai. Bahut samajhdaar hai.*** He intermittently keeps passing comments about me to this new fellow dressed in who wasn't present there before.
- Glory shouts: ***Kartika tune ye mere liye nahi kiya! Tune ye apne liye kiya!***

In my view, I did it for everyone and God.

Glory dressed in a black sweater standing in the corridor facing to the right as he stands in front of a door says with a disturbed expression with his head turned in my direction: ***Ye to badi chatur nikli! Yahan pe chakkar chala ke baith gayi! Ye to badi chatur nikli! Yahan pe chakkar chala ke baith gayi!***

- The upper half of a person roughly resembling Sumit Sir above to my left as he looks down at me and says: ***Extremely poor. Extremely poor.***

This photo of Glory dressed in a long black suit with a pink turban that I came across on FB where he was standing beside his sister dressed in bridal clothes on the day of her wedding looking up smiling at him sideways while he looked down at her has also been flashing in my spirit for some reason.

I thought both of them looked so good together because their bond was waved out of the photo. Photos didn't catch my attention besides those of the people whom I already knew or had a good bond with, but this photo, though I didn't know him, made an impression on me and led to me thinking of him being a good person.

Earlier during the day

The following duet song plays in my spirit.

Kehta hai pal pal tumse.. Hoke dil ye deewana..

Kehta hai pal pal tumse.. Hoke dil ye deewana..

Ek pal bhi jaanejana mujhse door nahi jaana

Pyaar kiya to nibhana.. pyaar kiya to nibhana..

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Pyaar kiya to nibhana.. pyaar kiya to nibhana..

**Ab zindagi ka maksad hai bas tumhara saath
Lo keh diya ye tumse.. haathon mein leke haath..**

**Ab zindagi ka maksad hai bas tumhara saath
Lo keh diya ye tumse.. haathon mein leke haath..**

**Chahat hi pooja ho man mandir ho jaaneman..
Ik doojे ke bin ek pal bhi lagta nahi ho man..**

**Phir to Jeevan ban jayega pyaar ka tarana..
Pyaar kiya to nibhana.. pyaar kiya to nibhana..
Pyaar kiya to nibhana.. pyaar kiya to nibhana..**

The song continues to play for a while.

- **B*tch, we would never leave you. We would never leave you.**
- **Kartika you're extremely whorish.. by actions.**

A slim lady dressed in a full-sleeved horizontally striped top in black and red tucked inside trousers with her hair tied at the back stands beside another lady dressed in beige clothes a few meters away from her on the right side as she says something about a baby. One of them has a baby and the other one doesn't.

A beige Death Conqueror stands above, as smiling he looks down at me and says: **We'll kill you and eat you. We'll kill you and eat you.** It repeats a few times.

Sis Adele released this video earlier during this day and I wrote about the experience I had the day before yesterday before I watched this video which was a while back, and it goes in tandem with my own situation that I was in the day before yesterday when I was remembering the dusky man in black in place of Jesus before having my communion.

As I was done writing the above, I saw the face of Death Conqueror above to my right as widely smiling sarcastically, he looked down at me and said: **Mein pagal tha Kartika, jo tujh jaisi k*tiya ke peeche pada.. Mujhe to bahut randiya mil jaati!**

I asked Jesus how He felt about Easter, this is what He shared...



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I say how the situation of me being able to remember the dusky man in black like I do Jesus meant that I was still capable of loving a man despite having gone through this situation. And this was also what I feared, or a loss that I was fearing I might end up facing. What if I'm never able to love any man the way I would have the best had the current situation not been so? And it confirmed to me that not only was I able to love a man like I did Jesus but I could do it in a better way than I currently did Him which now tells me that I need to love Jesus better. Well, because why would I feel like replacing Jesus at my prayer time unless I've begun to feel something that is deeper and stronger than I do for Jesus? So, I need to rectify my heart state.

- Glory in a black suit in a spacey deep red background with a whitish fog at my top right bends down as he says facing me closely: ***Life is so much better with you Kartika. Life is so much better with you Kartika.***

As I said how my ability to love was still preserved, I saw a semi-animated vision of two identical Glorys dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and a tie with slanted stripes standing beside the woman from the song Tumhare Siva dressed in her orange dress from the song as their back view is visible in a dark background where the two men stand holding the woman by her waist and both have a gun pointed forward at Death Conqueror who stands several meters away followed by them shooting at him together.

In the middle of writing the above revelation, I saw Glory dressed in a black sweater standing outside in the corridor as he says: ***Tere is dhone ko kabhi nahi bhulunga!***

The follow-up vision shows them turning to the woman and placing their guns inside her mouth as they both are about to hug her together followed by them throwing their guns away as they now take out a knife each and turning away throw them at Death Conqueror as each pierces through one of his eyes and he stands with a dagger in an eye each while the two men hug the woman in the orange dress.

It is followed by the Glory on the left side emptying both his pockets and taking out a deck of money putting on top of the woman's right hand while the other Glory takes out his black formal shoes and places them on top of her other hand as she stands still.

If you feel blessed by this revelatory ministry and it has spoken to you at some level, kindly feel free to show some love by donating any amount being as small as Rs. 10 on the following PhonePe ID: **7838795320@ybl**

March 30th

30 March 2024

00:18

- The upper half until the shoulders of Arvind Kejriwal in a checkered purplish shirt in a white background as he sits behind a table and says: **Hum to kuch nahi kar sakte ji!** It is followed by the table filled with different kinds of healthy food items in front of him as he begins to eat them.
- **Jaan se maar dunga! Mere samne apni chamatkari mat dikha! Jaan se maar dunga! Mere samne apni chamatkari mat dikha!**
- I received a vision repeat within the past 6-8 hours where I saw a mention made at the end of the Page giving the option to the people who read my newspaper to make a donation. I felt weird because I've never received any form of donation until now except by my dad or little chunks of money handed by relatives when they came to visit me. I feel weird not because of the act of asking but the act of receiving. And then within the past hour, this line came to me that said that donations as small as Rs. 10 work if one's willing to donate.
- And then before I wrote the previous revelation, I saw RS dressed in a purple sherwani standing in a dark background with his face turned to the left, he gently suggests to someone present there not shown in the vision: **Isko kuck paise de de. Iska kaam chal jayega!** This reminds me of this previous revelation in which I heard in my spirit: **Bhikharan**.
- The upper half of Sis Adele in her black Bold Existence attire in a dark background as she says: **You're too poor Kartika. (Just put the link.)** Running her hand at the back of the left side of my head, she says: **It's fine.**
- KA dressed in a white tunic with a slightly bent body looks down to the left as he says: **Ye to bahut kamini nikli!**
- **Kartika, Prof TRS is crying.**
- The face of Death Conqueror as streams of bloody tears flow down from his eyes!

And as I was writing about putting the link to donate, I heard the following song lyrics play in my spirit.

Kuch kamti na mujhko hogi.. Kuch kamti na mujhko hogi..

Mera Yeshu Masih hai gadariya..

- As I was saying how receiving money for doing the work of God made you more accountable, I saw the upper half of my supervisor above on my right side as she shouted angrily at me: **Hate you Kartika, Hate you! Hate you Kartika, Hate you!**

I also saw: The upper 2/3rd half of KA dressed in a white tunic set standing in a spacey navy blue background as looking below he showers down cash notes as they fall.

Glory says hastily looking at someone to the left: **Ye to bahut samajhdaar hai!** He quickly looks back at me as he says: **Abe O Randi! Pata hai tu kya kar rahi hai!**

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Past Revelations

- (Past few months) As I'm on my way to my room in a Rickshaw and I'm at the turn by the nearest sweet shop that I begin to hear in my spirit: **SK SK SK SK**.
- (Past week) I see the dusky man in black stand in front of the kitchen's slab as he's offering me all these different types of things whose names I know not.
- (Past week) My dad walks into my room dressed in a white vest and pyjama as he hits the top of my forehead with a long metallic danda.
- (Past few days, Morning) The dusky man in black stands naked as he makes a vertical cut along the length of his genitalia leading to a visibly bleeding cut. I hold his scratched genitalia and pray for its healing.
- (Past few days) As I rest lying on my left side in bed, I see the face of the dusky man in black above my right ear as he gently slides his mouth over my earlobe.
- (Past few days) The trio in red and white all grab my throat together as they press me further back at the wall I'm leaning against as the three of them put a bite of Roti in my mouth.
- (Past few days) Prof TRS says: **You're extremely intelligent Kartika.** It has been repeating intermittently.

Revelations from yesterday

- (Morning) **I see my arm getting waxed.**
- (Evening) I am in a home with the dusky man in black. He gives me a lot of money as is shown by him handing out a heap in my direction. I take it, invest it and give him back more.
- (Night) A bearded Glory in a black sweater over black pants standing outside in the corridor says: **Kyu ayi tu yahan pe. Dekh kya ho gya tere saath. Kyu ayi tu is jagah pe. Dekh kya ho gya tere saath.**
- (Night) **You're not poor. You're not smart. You're a woman and you do your job well. You're not poor. You're not smart. You're a woman and you do your job well.**

Recall the following vision written on Page 578 created on 30th Oct 2023:

The side-view of Death Conqueror driving in his car in my left mental vision as he drives to the right smiling with teary eyes while throwing 100 Rupee notes beside him as he says: **I'm freee..!**

Now recall the recent revelation I had on 28th March 2024 in which he was driving to the left with a great part of the view showing only the driver's seat which in this case was present on the opposite side - the left side - as he drove sobbing with the words gesturing with a hand rotation: **Ye to ulta hi ho gya.**

Kuch kamti na mujhko hogi..

Mera Yeshu Masih hai gadariya..

After a while

Hasle gale.Ye din na milenge kal..

Thodi khushiya hai thode se ye pal.

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***Ek baar chali gayi jo ye baharein
Laut ke na ayengi guzri baharein
Mela baharon ka ata hai..
EK baar aake chala jata hai..***

Also recall the MNC dream that I had last year in which I had to write and submit a Page every day and when it was time for me to get paid, my supervisor told me that Page needs to be verified by all the people who will then contribute small donations amounting to about 10k and the whole process would take about 10 months.

- A small-framed animated vision of a long cooking table in a pink environment with a few chefs (perhaps 3) dressed in white with a tall cylindrical hat standing in front of the table on the left side of it as they face down to the right at the table. They're lifting a white square frame each lying in a row on the table as they're cooking what seems like a large circular egg omelette inside that square hole. They lift the square frame in front of them up and rest it down on the table cooking the egg inside.
- The top view of a brown speedometer lacking numbers but having an arched strip at the top consisting of three colors beginning from yellow at the extreme end to blue to deep red at the right end of the cone as its pointer moved between one end of the edge to another, going from the yellow to deep red. At a closer look, between the red and blue parts of the strip lies an extremely thin green strip and between the yellow and the blue part, lies an extremely tiny green conical region at the bottom of the boundary of the two sections.
- As I get up from the bed to pee, I see a small-framed vision of the dusky man in black in his white sweatshirt as he said in an apologetic thick voice: ***I'm sorry. I'm sorry.*** His voice seemed too thick in this vision as it repeated again. Though I don't know if it was his voice, but I didn't need an apology. (*I mean look at the recent revelations!*)
- After I'm done peeing, and I stand, I see a small-framed vision of the upper half of Leonard's mother Dr Beverly in multilayered beige clothes emulating my expression. (Called by my name. Ref: The Big Bang Theory)

**Kaun Mein? Ha tum!
Bas tum? Oh HoOo!!**

Morning

As I was mailing my past pages to myself last night to have a copy of when I saw a small-framed vision of the dusky man in black in a white tracksuit above as looking down at me and saying, '***Kill her***', he quickly turned his back and walked away in a dark background.

While I had just begun to write the above para, I saw the face of Prof TRs with round eyes as he looked to be having an abrupt understanding of a mystery.

Revelation Fulfilled

Yesterday, my brother Himanshu shared with me the following news of the accident of fellow IIT Kanpur passout who was also his wingmate (or to whom he was a wingmate).

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[Gurugram IIT Kanpur Pass out Engineer dead in bike accident near golf course video | Bike Accident: गुरुग्राम सड़क हादसे में इंजीनियर की दर्दनाक मौत, शरीर के हुए दो टुकड़े | Zee News Hindi \(india.com\)](#)

This morning after a while of waking up from the dream as I continue to lie in bed gathering senses and strength, the following previous vision that I had on 23rd March was flashed in my spirit and it reminded me of what my brother had shared with me.

Vision from 23rd March:

After a while, I see the front view of the dusky man in black in a white robe with two angel wings bent down at the level of the ground and try to lift up an unconscious lady lying down dressed in a multilayered printed beige attire, but as he lifts her slightly off the ground, her body severs along her waist and drops down around her middle.

It's a confirmation of the news and tells that the accident was to come to pass the news of which I had released on 23rd.

[Gurgaon: 27-year-old IIT grad rams sports bike into divider, dies | Delhi News - The Indian Express](#)

- As I was writing the above, I saw the dusky man in black in a white robe cornered against a wall as several different types of black sharp weapons and objects were pointed at him while he stood with a scared expression.

And while I was writing the News confirmation, the following song began to play in my spirit somewhere.

The Guy sings:

Tadap tadap ke is dil se aah nikalti rahi..

Mujhko sazaa di pyaar ki..

Aisa kya gunaah kiya..

Jo lut gaye.. Ha lut gaye..

Ha lut gaye hum teri mohabbat mein..

As I'm brushing teeth, I recall this statement made by a lady below outside my window in the morning: ***Dustbin pada hai!*** And then I think about the validity or legitimacy of the statement and think how it's not really correct, and then I try to think of an analogous comparison in the case of the short fellow, and then see his head being shown as being filled with crap, disposable wrappers and stinking stuff. The follow-up vision shows Jesus dressed in multilayered white lift up a small circular lid part off top of his head like a lid with a knob followed by Him looking inside as white disposable wrappers and similar garbage is found to be visibly lying inside a cavity with brown inner walls.

- I also see a small-framed vision of the upper half of the anchor of Aaj Tak - Anjana Om Kashyap - dressed in a yellow suit as she looked smiling at me. When I think about this Anchor revelation, it reminds me of the dream of the Assignment in Pink & Yellow as at the end of that dream, when the healing had been done and the guy had walked away and I turned back, I saw a crowd of people as a lady anchor took a step towards me with a mic extended in my direction.

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- **Cute ugly. Cute ugly.**
- As I'm having my breakfast, I see the dusky man in black in a white robe in the air to my left as he said: **Harem. Harem.** It repeated as I was having my breakfast.
- **You're extremely selfish, Kartika.**

- A naked dusky man in black with two long and white feathery angel wings at the back stands facing to the left as a naked me stands close in front of him with my own white feathery angel wings at the back as he lifts his wings and covers my back while I too lift my wings covering his back from below his wings as I hug him. The vision is followed by me keeping my long wings vertically folded behind me as the dusky man covers me with his and I stand hugging him tightly.

[Javed Bhai So Rele | Sonu Nigam | Jaani Dushman: Ek Anokhi Kahani 2002 Songs | Sonu Nigam](#)



As I'm listening to the above song, I see the face of the dusky man in black with the round neck of his white robe visible as he says: **You're extremely interesting, Kartika. Extremely interesting.**

Javed Bhai in the video above is a tall and dark, fat-bellied moustached man who could be seen as a manly representation of me, because I'm tall, beige not dark though, and fat-bellied and have a darker area above the upper lip which I developed during the past few years. He in effect represents me as when I sleep, the Mohallawalas tend to stay awake.

Prof TRS Loves God

In the morning as I sit in the bed with my legs hanging down searching for something in my laptop placed on my lap, I see Prof TRS sitting at my left in the same manner one sits on a chair as he's looking at my laptop's screen with a serious countenance. I see him sitting beside me again being interested in what I'm writing. As I'm then moving around in the room, I see him again, still sitting at the first spot I saw him as his thoughts were played out in the vision. The thoughts were about him wanting to do this job or work for God. He was thinking that he wanted to write as he sat with a bent head seemingly lost in his thoughts. And I know that he would've written things better, he can articulate things quickly. When I was bathing, I then saw him again with the same serious countenance as he now said that he didn't want *that* undesirable part of the job that came along with it. When I was out, after a while I saw him again as he was now wanting to write a lot for God. He wanted a similar job, where he would be working for God. After a while, he seemed to be

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thinking along the line of being okay with being in my situation if it meant one worked for God (though it's not necessary as there're several other believers who aren't in a situation like mine but are still workers and messengers for God).

- As I was writing the above paragraph, I saw a small-framed vision of Prof TRS with a shocked expression as he took a few steps backward in a dark background and said in a quiet and wary tone: ***I'm a witness.. I'm a witness..***
- I also heard: ***Who're you fooling Kartika? Who're you fooling Kartika? We know what this's all about.***

My full-sleeved vertically striped shirt in red and white gets highlighted to me for me to wear over my long black skirt after bathing.

While bathing

- ***She's going to be the first! She's going to be the first!*** I hear the sentence as a blurry figure of Akhila is flashed to me as the sentence repeats for a while. I had heard it in my spirit once the previous day as well. But today, when I was inside the washroom and wasn't fully into the process, I heard with a clearly strong intensity. And it reminded me of the previous vision in which I had seen the side-view of Jesus standing facing to the left as He ran a long-handled axe through the air in the horizontal clockwise plane with it hitting the neck of Akhila first followed by Death Conqueror.
- I see the lower half of the face of a man with protruding lips with his round-neck white robe visible in the vision close to my left ear as he says quietly: ***Forever mine!*** The lower half of his face comes closer to me again as he repeats: ***Forever mine!***
- ***Extremely loving! Extremely loving!***
- The upper half of the guy from the above vision in a white robe to my left as he said: ***I wish I had met you before. I wish I had met you before.*** In my understanding, he's most probably referring to him meeting me before the camera situation started.
- This fellow is also praising my voice as he says how sweet, beautiful, or soothing my voice is.

After bathing

- As I'm moving around the room dressed, I hear someone say: ***Itni sati sawitri banke kya dikhana chah rahi hai. Itni sati sawitri banke kya dikhana chah rahi hai.*** The sentence repeated a few times. And they came as a shock to me and I said that however I was behaving was just who I was and I wasn't trying to make any specific point perse.
- I hear again: ***Forever mine!***

I also intermittently kept seeing the face of KA since morning as he said: ***Raand!*** It repeated a few times since morning.

Sometime earlier during the day

A bearded Glory dressed in black sits facing some people to the left as he says with an amazed expression: ***Ye to bahut acchi hai! Ye to bahut acchi hai!***

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During rest

- My bald dad dressed in a light blue shirt tucked inside pants stands near the table says that since I wasn't doing anything here, I should be at home. The vision repeated. And within the next few repetitions, he added that it was because so he could break my legs.
- A small-framed vision of a guy with his face resembling Glory in a full-length white robe as he walks backwards in a dark background calling me *too poor*. However, at the same time, he's calling me beautiful as well. He walks backwards repeating *Too poor, Too poor*, while Beautiful written inside a speech box with its bottom curved pointer directed towards Glory's face floats along with beside him on the right side.
- A small-framed vision of a tall guy with a face somewhat resembling an almost clean-shaven Glory in a full-length white robe gets dragged by a group of people as they begin to hurt him - stab his shoulders, followed by a torn mouth as cracks around its edges are visible and it seems that his mouth has been gnawed on or hurt brutally.
- The dusky man in black in a white robe resembling somewhat Glory says: ***Don't love me. He's going to kill me. Don't love me. He's going to kill me.***
- A white collared full-sleeved top with an attached blue skirt below filled by a well-built, seemingly slightly muscled invisible woman who's moving sideways with a horizontally raised arm in the manner of moving in a dance step.
- The face until the shoulders of Jim Carrey dressed in a black suit over a white shirt in the background of a room full of people as he walks forward in a direction slightly angled away to the left from the viewer with a lifted head revealing the protruding teeth of his upper jaw.
- The side view of the naked upper half of the dusky man in black lying on top of a woman facing to the left as a hand is using a kitchen peeler to peel his skin off the back of his left shoulder. The hand is peeling him like a vegetable.
- The upper half of Kapil from *Jaani Dushman: Ek Anokhi Kahani* dressed in a white robe walks to the right passing between the wall behind him and what looks like people in white robes bent down on something in a line. The follow-up vision shows the top view of the scene and what's revealed is a tall naked body of a beige man lying on a surface as men in white robes standing by the sides are bent over him, their movements seemingly suggesting that they're eating that man as he's already shown to be missing a lot of muscle mass and jagged view of inner bulk as it seems to be placed there having been cooked intact and laid on that surface. Kapil walks back between the row of men bent on the tall beige body and the wall behind as the men in white continue to munch on the person.
- The dusky man in black with his wide white angel wings stands in front of a wall as a short black Death Conqueror and others stand in front of him surrounding him. A black Glory stands on the left side in front of him as well as they chop off his long horizontally spread right wing about two feet away its place of joint at the back.

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[Tadpa Tha Yeshu \(Official Video\) Good Friday Song | Shawn & Shanon | Yeshu Ke Geet](#)



The Guy sings:

Meet na mila re man ka.. Meet na mila re man ka..

Koi to milan ka karo re upaay..

Meet na mila re man ka.. Meet na mila re man ka..

[Meet Na Mila Re Mann Ka | Abhimaan \(1973\) | Amitabh Bachchan | Kishore Kumar Hit Songs](#)



➤ **Extreme b*tch!**

Late Evening

- While being with Shalini, the home salon lady on the first floor, as she's threading out my upper lips hair, this time I feel highly amplified pain that I didn't feel during any of the past times, making me jerk to an unusual extent. It was unusually amplified making me jerk in the middle once even when she had just placed the thread on top of my upper lip. I then saw the upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic as he said: **We won't do this to you! We won't do this to you!**
- One of the trio says: **She looks so innocent.** It is followed by a vision of them being dressed in white robes above to my left as they shout together looking at me with wide smiles: **Kartika you're our baby!**

While having onion parantha

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- **You give us relief. You give us relief.**

The Guys sing together:

Yaadon ki baarat nikli hai aaj dil ke dwaare.. dil ke dwaare..

Sapno ki shehnai beete din ko pukare.. dil ke dwaare..

Hoo.. chedo tarane milan ke.. pyaare pyaare.. Sang humare..

I talk about how my recurrent scary dreams during childhood had me in a room full of snakes, or being caught naked by someone or in public when I was trying to be quick in wearing clothes or changing them to avoid being seen. I hear someone say in a scared tone: ***Bhai chal. Marna hai kya tune?*** I could tell that the response was because of how my situation came out to be in tandem with the dreams though those dreams are quite common dreams people often have. children And those used to be the dreams that seemed the scariest to me. As I'm done saying so, I see a blurry image of Death Conqueror up in the air behind me as he shouted with a hurt expression: ***Hate you Kartika! Hate you! I did to you what you were most scared about! Hate you Kartika! Hate you! I did to you what you were most scared about!***

Later when I'm talking about the above while sitting in bed, I say how I also received some revelations that my heart would consider as the best.

- **Extremely pure. Sexual and pure. Sexual and pure.** (Sex is pure within a covenant.)

Earlier from the day

- The youngest son of Dinesh Uncle from The Dinesh Store sits on a stool facing slightly away from the viewer in the right direction dressed in a white top over black pants as he says sobbing looking down at his protruding genitalia: ***Ye to bahut acchi nikli. Ye to bahut acchi nikli.***
- ***You'll not get this time again. You'll not get this time with them again.***
- Towards the end of bathing, I hear: ***Tu randi nahi hai. Tu gwaar bhi nahi hai. Tu ghatiya hai.*** Aur mein yahi chahta tha.
- A lady in a tunic set with her hair frizzy hair tied low at the back as a grey patch around the middle of her forehead with her hair combed backwards is visible as she comes walking to the right side of the vision and with a slightly bent upperhalf, looks at the viewer.

- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe to my left above as he says: ***You're a fool. You're a fool.***
- ***You'll die in this world.*** It's in correlation with his other statement that said that I can't survive in this world.
- A bearded Glory dressed in a black sweater stands in the corridor facing to the right in front of a door as he says with his head turned to my direction: ***Kartika, jo mein soch raha tha, tu vahi nikli. Jo mein soch raha tha, tu vahi nikli. Mein tujhse hi shaadi karunga!***

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The Guy sings:

***Ae jaate hue lamho.. jara thehro.. jara thehro..
Mein bhi to chalta hu.. Jara unse milta hu..
Jo ik baat dil mein hai.. unse kahu!***

As I move abruptly whenever I feel a drone around my breasts as I feel extremely violated and exposed, I hear: ***She has a problem whenever you send a drone up there!***

- A beige face of Death Conqueror with blue eyes in front of me to my slight left looks at me with wide-open eyes as he says with an abuser's egoistic tone as he withdraws back up in the air: ***Galti kardi maine tere peeche padkar! Sunder to tu bahut hai! Par kabhi ayegi nahi!***
- ***Maar dunga tujhe mein! Maar dunga!***
- The upper half of a girl dressed in a loose black V-neck sweater over a collared white shirt inside an oval frame as she stands holding a notepad and a pen in the background of a dark brown room and seems to be taking down notes as looking up at the viewer intermittently, she is repeating something about kidnapping as the face of the lady keeps changing in a flash from one to another one of which is Billie Eilish with blonde hair tied in two ponytails at the sides.
- I am saying mean things about Death Conqueror when I see him to my left above as he says: ***I love you because you're pure. I love you because you're pure.***

If you feel blessed by this revelatory ministry and it has spoken to you at some level, kindly feel free to show some love by donating any amount being as small as Rs. 10 on the following PhonePe ID: **7838795320@ybl**

March 31st

31 March 2024

07:59

Note on 2nd April, 2024

I completed writing the dream yesterday and a few pending vision revelations today.

Dream:

I leave with Meera on a trip to her home. I'm too happy to be spending time with her or just being present with her as we both move through the highways. But I know that my dad is not happy with me having left home and being with her. When we're inside a building that doesn't look like her home that I know, we spend some time together along with others who perhaps she knows. After the trip, I am happy and on my way back to my home but while walking on the right side of the road, as I am approaching the street on the left side that goes to my home, I see my dad come walking through that road on the left side. He looks angry with me and it seems to me that he may hurt me. As I walk, I'm holding a black insect, it looks like a spider with an inch long and half-an-inch wide main body with tiny unnoticeable legs. As soon as I spot my dad, I throw the insect to a side to somehow distract his attention, and instead of crossing over and turning to the street to my home, I pass him by and after a few meters come across a street to my right with tall bushes on either side and it ends at what looks like a pagan temple or a shop of some kind where people, young men, and women have gathered. I enter that street to evade my dad who must already be distracted by the unusual black insect. After a while, I turn back as I feel my dad's anger must have cooled by now. When I exit the street, I now cross over and can think of going home without any threat being posed by my dad.

When I am at my home, I find my mom. I go back downstairs where I see a function being held as I see an eating arrangement being held under a tent. I don't know why but I make the remark that I want to open a restaurant as I see in hindsight the memory of a specific almost empty low-key restaurant with low-grade round furniture consisting of a small round table with a few colorful chairs around it in a dim golden light flash in my view.

I am feeling uneasy.

I am now on the road as I get into a small car with my mom to my right on the driver's seat. Behind me are sitting my two brothers Himanshu and Divyanshu with Divyanshu behind the driver's seat. I see a bunch of spinach lying in front of me on the dashboard. I don't know why she's placed it there. There're a few other things lying around as well and it feels too stuffed. When I look to my right, I find that she's not there but the car continues to move forward with a constant small speed. I see us moving forward continuously. I spot a wide bunch of Mustard leaves lying down in front of the driver's seat near the accelerator. I wonder why she left that bunch there. I also spot a folded printed cloth lying down which when I lift up is revealed to be carrying a long and wide metallic scissors, with 5-6 inches wide arms. I wonder why would she place such an unsafe object inside the car. I reason she must've thought of using it to chop the spinach and the mustard leaves but why has she put all these things around in front and down on the floor messing up the space while she

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herself is missing from the vehicle? I'm now worried about us. How could she leave us like that? I find us lucky that we haven't yet faced any accident because we're moving in a straight line with a slow speed along the side of the street. I look back and ask my brother about my mom. He tells me that she left the car in the middle of the journey. One of us has to get to the driver's seat and I can only think of my youngest brother as he can drive. I think he can manage to squish himself through the seats and get on the driver's seat, but before I can say something, I see a giant boxy white car pass us by from the front which because of its closeness, which may lead to an accident, distracts me from thinking any further and I get alarmed and myself try to get a hold of the steering wheel and direct the vehicle safely on the road. I only have what I learned during my car-driving lessons that I've taken twice till now which makes me think that perhaps I can manage to lead the car though I don't have experience. As the huge car is passing us by, I figure that it would be better if I turned slightly to the right creating greater space at the back which would be better for the huge car. But as I turn the wheel, it takes a very sharp turn. So I quickly now turn the wheel to the left. I've managed to make a way for the car at the back to leave but it's now out of the well-sided favourable orientation that my mom had left us in. Fortunately, I didn't increase the speed though I was thinking I could recall what I learned and practiced during those lessons and put them to use. But it doesn't seem to be happening so. I then see SRK trying to figure out a way to stop this out-of-control car because of the lack of a driver. He is on a bike and he seems to be thinking of a way. I then see the top-view of him lying on his back on top of his bike laid on its side on the left side of the road with his head facing the direction of the approaching car. He is dressed in a yellow suit over black shirt. It makes me think if he did that to relax on the road and if he would hurry to get up on hearing the sound of the approaching car. I am expecting him to get up in time from in front of the path of the car and it's making me anxious. After a while, I see the car approach him from the left side of the road and though it's now within a meter from hitting his head, he doesn't move. The white car continues to approach him with a constant speed and hits his head as it seems to grind its way against the top of his head. It slowly runs over him and when it's traversed the entire length and his figure is visible again, what's seen is just a white skeleton lying on top of the bike which is again, weird.

Somewhere in the dream:

I am in a building on the first floor with Meera and I need to get down to the ground floor. We're in a hurry to escape the building as there are some dangerous people around in the building we don't wanna come across. They're not safe to be around. The floor has a wide hall and confusing pathways or stairways that one can't anticipate that they would lead one out. We've taken quite a few turns by now and walked down stairways and taken a lift as well but we're not able to find a way out of the building infested with the dangerous wicked intruders. While we're moving inside around the space, we come across an area where people are partaking in some sort of weird practice that involves taking what looks like the dark brown bottom of an animal out of a tub resembling a tandoor in shape. The other activity available besides this one is to have a checkered pattern on one's face. If one wants to partake in an activity, then these are the ones to choose from. I see a few dark brown bottoms being taken out of the Tandoor Tub. It's followed by my eyes resting on a man of medium stature dressed in a blue suit with a light blue checkered pattern on his clean-shaven face. Apparently, he chose the other option to have the checkered pattern on his face and not the option of extracting the dark brown bottom out of Tandoor. As I wrote the previous sentence, I saw the

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upper halves of the trio standing in a line to my left in a dark background as they all turned their faces to the left with the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt being the center of the vision.

The guy in the blue suit stood still looking ahead with an innocent expression. As I edited this statement, I saw Death Conqueror dressed in a blue suit standing in a light background turn to the left as he made the prophetic symbol.

I and Meera eventually manage to find our way out.

Somewhere in the dream, I also see the top side view of a fatty and waxed belly with a light pinkish tinge carrying a straight appearance though not a thin appearance.

- The upper half of Death Conqueror in a black suit as he says: ***Tune sahi kaha. Mein tera dushman hu. Mein tera dushman hu.***
- A naked beige Glory stands inside the room two meters left to the door as he says: ***Mein tujhe bahar nahi jaane dunga! Mein tujhe bahar nahi jaane dunga!***
- ***Kartika Conor is dying to kill you because you've cheated on him. Kartika Conor is dying to kill you because you've cheated on him.***

Past Revelations

- (Past few months) ***Uske husband ne usko jala ke maar diya. Uske husband ne usko jala ke maar diya.***
- (Past month) A Henna cone as it squeezes out the dark paste of it on a wide checkered horizontal white surface in a white background.
- (Past few days) The naked dusky man in black stands facing to the left with me in front of him as a small patterned snake the length of a genitalia is shown to be present at the place of his genitalia as it's moving slightly around in the air. We stand hugging each other tightly and the 5-7 inch long and about 1 inch wide snake slips inside of me.
- (Past few days) A dark brown uprising moves fluidly upwards as after a foot it curves to left and right bifurcating in two directions as the fluid moves along the entire dark brown surface below and along the bifurcations creating the shape of the inverted 2D dark brown genitalia of a person with no sense of depth with the things and legs perhaps stretched sideways but not visible to the viewer as above and behind the bifurcation point is seen a small window with the surrounding dim yellowish view resembling that inside the Vatican church building which is also called the church of the serpent. The window is actually an entryway into the mouth of a serpent (devil the serpent) when seen from outside the building. In this vision, the fluid uprising on the surface moved up and went sideways to the left and to the right. In the real scenario, the church has fluid solid structure around the window which as it falls down slowly changes to angels. Now that I understand it, the vision shows what Brother Jonathan keeps talking about the altar of the Vatican church being an inverted male genitalia with a window above with the ejaculation of the genitalia being shown as angels falling sideways down.
- (Past few days) ***She dressed like that but she was extremely pure. She dressed like that but she was extremely pure.***

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- (Past few days) I need to use the washroom and as I am walking towards the kitchen corridor about to enter it, I see two faces with ocean blue anime eyes, one resting behind each of my shoulders moving with me as I walk through the corridor.
- (Past few days) As I'm writing the revelation of the lady in a beige blouse and petticoat bent down picking up dirty utensils from the table, I see the upper half of Death Conqueror is flashed, he's shown to be saying: ***Bas. Mein uski aur bezzati nahi sun sakta. Bas. Mein uski aur bezzati nahi sun sakta.***
- (Past two days) While resting, I notice a sudden relaxation of my senses where my body as a whole seems to come to a halt and my breathing stops though I am able to observe it as in this state, I experience myself as a separate enclosed entity that's no longer permeating the body which seems to have come to a halt involuntarily. Within the next two seconds, I seem to be operating through my body again as I begin to breathe and find myself occupying all of my body. Around the same time, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black a few meters above as he looks at me and says: ***You're dead. You're dead.*** The upper half of Death Conqueror appears around the same level in the air as he looks down at me and says: ***You're dead.***
- (Past two days) The top-angled view of a fair and waxed lady lying in a direction away from the viewer dressed in a gold embroidered dark green langot saree wrap around her butt with a few feet long folded fall at the front and a shoulderless bra-shaped tube top of the same material as her protruding belly lies to a side of the bed and she's poking and pulling towards herself Death Conqueror lying on his back in front of her dressed in a white tunic set as he dodges her attempts and pushes her away. Well, in the real scenario, I was brushing off the drones as I felt them around my breasts feeling violated saying for them to get away from me and then I had the above vision which shows the opposite situation.
- (Day before yesterday) The morning after the night that I tried sleeping with lights off but couldn't, I see the bottom view of a naked dusky man in black as he says that he ejaculated a lot last night. (His face appears in front of mine)
- (Day before yesterday) Shrey Ansh says: ***A girl like her comes once in a thousand years.***
- (yesterday morning) As I'm moving through the kitchen corridor thinking something, I hear: ***Let's bath together. Let's bath together.*** It repeats for a while. Well, I had to bathe that day anyway as it had been long.
- (yesterday) When I was writing about the vision to put up a link for people to sow into my ministry, I saw the blurry upper half of Brother Jonathan dressed in a light blue t-shirt with his head covered as he silently giggled at me. And as I was writing this vision, I saw him drop a kiss on the top of my right cheek as he said: ***Thank you.***
- (yesterday) The face of Glory is flashed as he says: ***Tere saare sapne sach honge.***
- (yesterday) While bathing, I see the wide face of Aaj Tak Anchor Anjana Om Kashyap come behind my left shoulder as she said quietly what seemed to imply that I had won her over.
- (yesterday) As I'm almost done using the washroom, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe above as he looks at me and says: ***You're not greedy or selfish. You're arrogant about your good qualities. You're not greedy or selfish. You're arrogant about your qualities.*** I then say that I may come across as arrogant because of the shock I receive on witnessing the continued deviation of perception from the moral ideal that I'm used to being around.

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- (Yesterday) A small-framed distant vision of Surjeet from The Dinesh Store dressed in his orange polo t-shirt inside his shop as he says: *Aapko sab yaad rahenge ji! Usko koi nahi puchega! Aapko sab yaad rakhenge ji! Usko koi nahi puchega!*
- (yesterday) The translucent face of a clean-shaven man on the right side of the vision slightly turned up in the background of a colorful field lit with white daylight with dull multicolored waves shining on his face adorned with a crown in the shape of an inch or two high ring constituted by lightly shaded metallic wires embedded with lightly shaded colorful stones as they reflect light and shine in the white light of the day, the entire appearance of the face carrying an overall white residue from the white light.
- (yesterday) A small framed vision of my supervisor saying to me in a mocking tone: *You poor girl! God is caring for you. You poor girl! God is caring for you.*
- (yesterday) The upper half of YouTuber Frank James in a black and white checkered coat with a white shirt inside as he stands at the right side of a dark brown door with a metallic chain hanging below his nostrils.

Revelations while resting

The revelations below aren't written in the exact order they were received during the short duration.

- A lady's voice carrying a bit of Punjabi accept says: *Ginni ki tabiyat kharaab hai.* (She was implying that because of bad health, Ginni is staying in bed. It reminded me of Sakshi, my friend from school, whose nickname at home was Ginni.)
- The adorned face of Manisha Koirala with thick metallic jewellery in a dark background as a parrot green drape with a metallic lining runs over her head.
- Her face now has an abrupt vertical depression appearing at the centre of her lower lip.
Currently, these lyrics play in my spirit.

The Guy sings:

Khud to sapne lete re, par yaha to dange honge re..

- The upper half until the shoulders of a lady with her back facing the viewer dressed in a thick embroidered black ethnic attire with her head covered with a matching thick drape as she turns her head towards the viewer from the right side with a neck bent in that direction looking at the viewer with wide-open eyes with round ocean blue Iris.
- ***Your diabetes has been reversed. Your diabetes has been reversed.***
- I hear again: ***Your diabetes has been reversed, Kartika. Your diabetes has been reversed.***
- This song also begins to play in my spirit.

The Guy sings:

Kyu aisa kaatil samajhta nahin.. Ye jurm vo hai jo chupta nahi..

Ye daag vo hai jo mit ta nahin.. Rehta hai khooni ke haath par..

Sins are washed clean only by the blood of Jesus.

- A lady's voice says in an apathetic and bland tone: *Usko mehendi ki rasam par mat bulaiyo.* It is followed by the vision of a dark and obese lady with a round and fat dark face dressed in a thick dark green embroidered tunic with the neck design of an inverted dome as she's sitting on a few inches elevated part of the floor in front of the wall with a few other women visible around her.
- I see my metallic cross pendant hovering on my groin in a dark background as floating in the space above, the base of the cross touching along the central divide inside of my groin beginning from the

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bottom. The pendant floated in the air as its lower tip then reached up to my strong pp touching its top. As I was writing the above vision, I saw the dusky man in black in a white robe in a dark background as he said: ***That's who I am to you. That's who I am to you.***

And as I was editing one of the revelations above, I saw the upper half of the dusky man in black until his shoulders in a white robe come floating horizontally to me in a dark background as he held my face with both hands, and looking at me with wide open vulnerable reddish eyes, said: ***Do you know what kind of love you have for me? Do you know what kind of love you have for me?***

- The upper half of a slim lady dressed in a long loose white t-shirt with thick light brownish hair surpassing her waist as she stands in front of the mirror to detangle her hair that seem to be stuck together into smaller sections. As she's running her comb through a side of her hair, it keeps getting stuck after an inch or so as the hair are severely entangled.
- The upper half of Surjeet in his orange polo t-shirt in a dark background pokes my strong pp with the tip of a long needle as he's lightly hitting the surface all over with the pointed top in quick repeated motions. (I had this vision some months back as well and it repeated today.)
- As I'm coughing at the wash basin, I see Death Conqueror as he says: ***I did this to you. I did this to you.***
- As I was coughing a while back, I saw the dusky man in black say: ***He did this to you He did this to you.***

As I was editing some of the revelations above, I had the Indian TV serial called Millie flashed in my spirit, the scene from its advertisement in which she's shown wearing an inverted cap and a loose unbuttoned shirt over a round-neck T-shirt.\

Star Plus - Miilee - Full Title Opening



As I was watching the above video, I saw the upper half of Glory flash followed by me hearing: ***Ye to bahut shararati hai! Ye to bahut shararati hai!***

As I stand in the washroom about to grab the commode help towel, I hear: ***You don't fake emotions Kartika. You fake not having them. You don't fake emotions Kartika. You fake not having them.***

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[TURN BACK while YOU can \(WARNING\)](#)



- As I'm watching the above video on my phone released by Brother Wally about 14 hours ago sitting bent slightly bent over my phone, I see the dusky man in black in a white robe come and sit on my left side as he too watches the video with his arm placed lightly around my shoulder as his long right wing lifts up and covers my right side.
- As I continue to watch, I see the huge dark green reptilian hand instead of his hand on my shoulder as he sits beside me tapping on it while the dusky man stands separately near the wall on the left side.
- As I now continue to watch the video sitting in bed, I see the dusky figure with a tall two feet high golden crown and a satin green and golden Gamcha around his neck, and a dhoti below sitting against the wall to my left as I receive an understanding that I keep moving around with an idol! Apparently, I've made an idol of the dusky man in black but it's not what I want to do. And I don't even like that look of an idol because it's not Holy. I like the full-length white-robed winged look as it shows holiness and goodness while the two feet high crowned and half-naked look depicts unholiness. And when I think of throwing the idol, I see cracks appearing on the surface of the half-naked being as the idol is about to be broken. However, breaking an idol doesn't mean we stop loving that person whom we made an idol of previously.
- The parallel view of the beige sackcloth bag resembling the one Brother Wally holds in his video placed on the grassy ground from the video as a black ball rolls out through a hole in it facing the viewer. It makes me think if an undesirable ball rolled itself out of the bag. A black ball represents the one deceptively inserted in one's bag by the devil.
- I see the side view of the upper half of Brother Wally dressed in his black sweatshirt standing facing to the right slightly angled towards the viewer in the background of a desolate dark forest with hardly any tall trees visible with a crown on his head as he stands praying with his forearms stretched ahead with his hands burning in fire as he prays: ***Forgive this woman Father. She doesn't know what she's doing. Forgive this woman, Father. She doesn't know what she's doing.*** He is pleading with God in a fiery prayer.
- ***I'm removing you from my kingdom. You're of no use to me. I'm removing you from my kingdom. You're of no use to me.*** It repeats for a while.

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➤ In the scenario of the previous vision, I see the upper half of Jesus in multilayered white bent over Brother Wally from above on the right side of the vision as He says to him pointing at me with His left hand's forefinger having hemispherically bulging out eyes with a deep red sclera: ***She's extremely useful. She's extremely useful.***

As I was writing the above vision, I saw Glory walk backwards while facing in the direction of my room in the dark of the corridor outside as he clapped with both hands in front of his chest along the way. The vision repeated a few times.

On my way back from The Dinesh Store, I see a black car in front of the store to my left facing to the right. I pass it by looking at the number plate noticing the last 4 digits as I wanna have something to remember as an identifying marker and I walk away with a weird uneasiness as I'm a bit wary to look in that direction and see who's there because of accusations already placed on me, and I experience a mental switch off and in a weird heart state, I walk away. I'm about a building away from the grilled gate, I see a distant vision of the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt near The Dinesh Store as he shouts painfully: ***Liar! Whore!*** But as I've assumed a kind of stoic outer appearance because of the tension, I continue walking towards the gate.

A naked beige Glory shouts: ***Kartika mein tujhe kabhi bahar nahi jaane dunga!***

As I was talking about the above situation, I see

The dusky man in black in a white tracksuit in a dark background says about me turning my face to look at the number plate: ***I will always remember that. I will always remember that.***

As I speak more, I see his expression change to a surprised one as his eyes seem to go inwards and he floats backwards and lies down on the dark floor looking up with a touched and inwardly content expression.

As I am done speaking the above before writing it, I see Glory hit with a sudden realization as he says that I'm too rich. The dusky man in black too says that I'm too rich. It makes me wonder if they've tuned into my individual sense of unseen riches.

I then recall the dream Smooth Talk & Witchcraft in which I had seen a woman with straight hair get inside a car where some men were present with her. In that dream, one or two of the men stood holding the back door of the car open while the woman stood in front and the other(s) interacted with her followed by the vision of her being seated at the back of the car. If she chose to get inside the car, the men must have said something nice or good to her and would've given her a reason good enough for her to sit inside their car. This detail about the dream though I didn't write as an extended initial part, I summed it up in the following second statement that I made: ***It seemed that they had somehow managed to get her inside.***

As I'm moving to and fro having my packet of chips and saying out the above, I see the upper halves of the trio dressed in red suits with a white shirt inside stand together in a line a few meters in front in the air as they shouted: ***Love you!***

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Earlier during the day

- (Morning) As I lay in bed after waking up, not able to decide if I should go to church or not this Sunday as I would need to quickly be ready and then I don't have cash which I can manage temporarily from The Dinesh Store, but then I've a lot to write as well. It's seeming redundant to me to go to church as I can anticipate how everything's going to be. However, I also know from experience that it can turn out to be a real booster and a good healing experience at times as was the case when I went there first. So, lying in bed, as I'm wondering whether I should go or not, I see the face of the Pastor's son and a few others looking down bent over at me together at my right side in a golden background as the son said innocently holding a mic to my mouth: **Please humare church mein aajao.** It gave me a direction to think as I saw they would like my presence there. And then to write this specific part about my mom leaving us on autopilot from the dream today was also being highlighted to me. So I wrote that part and a bit more so I didn't forget those vision revelations when I sat to write later. After I brushed my teeth, it was already 9:30 and I could see that I would be half an hour late and then I wasn't feeling too fresh either. I decided I would go next time after taking a bath so I can travel with a fresh feeling. By showing me the vision of the Pastor's son asking me to come to their church, God gave me info. And I didn't go as I wanted to write.
- (Morning) As I walk into the kitchen corridor, I see the beige face of Glory at my back as he came at my head with a long black danda from behind.
- (Afternoon) Brother Philip comments about my black denim skirt to his wife: **That's an excellent skirt Bia. That's an excellent Bia.** His wife too wears skirts but they are cotton skirts which are usually thin. So, perhaps he's making the point of denim long skirts being excellent in being holy.

While resting

- Jesus in multilayered white hits my head with a long danda several times.
- I see the green premises of IIT Kanpur that my middle brother intends to get admitted to for MS. I then see the naked back of a dusky man bent over something or someone intending to hide it below him. It is something my brother is supposed to stay away from. It needs to be hidden from my brother. I then see the upper half of my mom as she says to the viewer: **Number de dena. Number de dena.**
- The tiny face of a person at the top left side of the vision the left upper diagonal half of which is black and the right lower diagonal half dusky with thick round protruding lips.
- The following lyrics play in my spirit.

The child sings:

Chhota baccha ke jaan ke na koi aankh dikhana re..

Dubi dubi dub dub..

Akal ka kaccha jaan ke humko naa samjhana re..

Dubi dubi dub dub..

Chhota baccha ke jaan ke na koi aankh dikhana re..

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[Chota Bacha Jaan Ke Humko Na Samjhana Re | Aditya Narayan | Masoom | Children's Day Special](#)



As the song continues to play, the line above is specifically highlighted to me every time it plays during the duration of the song played. As I wrote the above song lyrics, I saw a dusky person dressed in a white robe with his face resembling Glory to my left as he bends down his upper half and says: ***No one insulted him the way you've insulted him.. No one insulted him the way you've insulted him..***

While writing the revelations received during the last rest, I see:

The dusky man in black in a thick white tracksuit standing beside The Dinesh Store facing in the direction of the street as seen from the distance of the grilled gate beside 9/27. To the left of him, stands a naked and black short-heighted Death Conqueror with a translucent shiny look who then changes to a tall Glory. He stands in front of him and serves as a block as he is throwing deadly football kicks at me which I am able to dodge as I move towards the dusky man. The football carries a translucent shiny look as well. I have the ability to move and float through air in this vision. The guy sends another strong kick at me as I'm high in the air and it very lightly brushes past the right side of my head without me getting hurt. I dodge several such difficult shots kicked in my direction. When I've managed to be near enough to the duo. Now the battle seems to be heightened as I see myself trying to find a way to get behind the naked black man to get to the dusky man. But if I try to slip by the side, the guy immediately blocks the path with his leg. I try to jump above his leg, but he immediately stops it raising his leg or with his hands. He's too agile with his quick movements blocking me from reaching the dusky man at the back. He's defending the space too well and it seems impossible to get past him though I may have easily or luckily dodged his close football kicks.

- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a thick white tracksuit on my left as he says with a serious expression and tone: ***You're in love with me Kartika. You're in love with me Kartika.***
- The naked upper half of Glory until his shoulders bent sideways to the left in the corridor as he looks in my direction and says with a sad expression: ***Dhokha kyu diya Kartika. Dhokha kyu diya Kartika.***
- Glory dressed in a black T-shirt over black trousers walks backwards facing my direction of the room into the dark corridor outside as he says pointing to the left with his right hand on that side: ***Vo marne wala hai. Vo marne wala hai.***

The tab of the Google search that I made yesterday about the 29th March bike crash incident was still open in one of the windows of my browser, and then the links that I hadn't opened caught my attention and I eventually opened the following link.

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[Gurugram: IIT Graduate Dies In High-Speed Collision on Golf Course Road, Body Torn In Half | CCTV Video | Gurugram News - Times Now \(timesnownews.com\)](https://timesnownews.com/gurugram-news/iit-grad-dies-in-horrific-bike-crash-on-gurugram-s-golf-course-road-101711736848140.html)

While I was watching the video of the accident shared in the link above a while back, it not only reminded me of the dream I had this morning in which while trying to avoid a clash with the car passing by when I turned the steering wheel slightly to the right, it took a sharp turn and went to the other side of the road leading to me now turning it greatly to the left with SRK lying on top of a bike as a white car passed over him leaving a skeleton behind, but it also reminded me of the previous dream in which I saw a short fellow crashing his vehicle lightly into a huge black car leading to a crowd gathering around him which beat him together. I recalled this dream because of the sharp cut the fellow made leading him to crash into the car and the fact that after the incident when I went to the scene, the road was being cleaned of the blood by a beige mop. The dream was first written on Page 476 on 17th July 2023 last year.

'After police removed the mutilated body and the mangled motorcycle, we got the area and blood stains cleaned from the road.'

From <<https://www.hindustantimes.com/cities/gurugram-news/iit-grad-dies-in-horrific-bike-crash-on-gurugram-s-golf-course-road-101711736848140.html>>

[IIT graduate dies in horrific bike crash on Gurugram's Golf Course Road - Hindustan Times](https://timesnownews.com/gurugram-news/iit-grad-dies-in-horrific-bike-crash-on-gurugram-s-golf-course-road-101711736848140.html)

- The dusky man in black in a white robe pushes back the duo behind this time carrying a dark brown face with vampiric teeth and red eyes as he says: **Leave her for me!**
It is followed by him floating to me as he comes with his mouth at the left side of my neck and acts as if he's going to sink his fangs in there.
- I feel a drone rub around my groin making me jerk and then I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt above to my left as he says quietly: **I turn you on. I turn you on.** As I was done writing this revelation, I see Death Conqueror in a white tunic standing in front of me above as he says: **Bye. Bye.** And then he says loudly as he turns away and walks away: **That's not what I wanted! That's not what I wanted...** And as I wrote about the revelation of the dusky man turning me on, I saw his face appear in front of me as he repeated slapping my cheeks with his joined fingers: **It's fine. It's fine.** And he began to repeat it, his face changed to Glory's! As he repeated: **It's fine. It's fine. It's fine. It's fine.**
- As I had this revelation of the dusky man turning me on, I became wary, and then I saw Jesus in multilayered white to my right as He said that I didn't need to overthink about me sinning in this particular context because the drones were doing it to me implying that I had His grace. Also, the previous vision of him hanging crucified on the cross as a genitalia trunk abruptly erected and hit his forehead was also flashed in my spirit to me. I had this vision last year. As I wrote the Jesus' crucifixion vision, I saw Death Conqueror in a white tunic above to my left as he shouted and turned facing to the left immediately followed by the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt giving a shout and turning to the left. They're then saying together: **Kartika why didn't you tell this to us before? Why didn't you tell this to us before?**

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- The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt above to my left as his round eyeballs pop out like spring and stop in front of my breasts followed by them lifting up and resting in front of my lips. His eyeballs hang down from his eyes in front of my lips followed by his lips protrude and stretch out around their boundary from above, instantly stopping in front of my lips after which he begins to kiss me.
- As I was in the middle of writing the above sentence, I began hearing in my spirit this sentence repeat: ***I have to give her money. I have to give her money.*** The sentence repeated incessantly with a noticeable amplitude.
- The follow-up vision showed his upper half dressed in that thick white sweatshirt in front of me as he held out notes in his hands in front of me with his facial features and expression resembling my youngest brother Divyanshu the way he looked when he was little and was showing me in his hands the juice money that he received from my mom he had saved by going out but not having the juice though he had it sometimes but not most of the times from what he told me. He carries the innocence and the joyful smile like Divyanshu did when he was showing me the notes he had saved. He was happy to show them to me as he said both of us were now going to have the famous Guptaji's burger. The incident dates back to when my family was still living in my hometown and I had returned home during a break.
- The follow-up vision shows those cash notes placed on top of his palms changing to shiny soothing deep red love hearts. And as I was writing this vision, I saw his upper half in front of me as he held my face and asked lovingly in a soft voice: ***Why? Why shouldn't I give you money? Why shouldn't I give you money?***
- As I'm editing or completing one of the previous revelations above, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a thick white sweatshirt as he repeats: ***You're too poor. You're too poor.*** He repeats the sentence this time with a carefree countenance as he's lightly slapping my cheeks with the joined tip of his fingers as a fun activity. And as I wrote it here, I saw him repeat: ***It's fine. It's fine. It's fine. It's fine.***
- Somewhere above when I was writing one of the previous revelations, I saw him dressed in a full-length white robe with two long feathery wings at the back as he laid on top of me. The follow-up vision showed black-winged demons from above approach me as he laid on top of me covering me and said: ***I will protect you from these demons. I will protect you from these demons.*** The black bat-winged demons were not able to harm him though they were all coming at his back.

I feel a nudge to have tea so I can continue working for longer as I see Jesus in multilayered white take a sip of tea from a cup. This tells me that it would be better if I would've a tea break.

As I'm having tea, I get the nudge to have the Too Yumm All-in-One Namkeen along with as well, the only packet that I have. As I cut the top of the small packet and empty it into a black bowl, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt above behind me as he says: ***She knew what I was thinking. She knew what I was thinking.***

As I am walking back and forth having the Namkeen with tea and am nearing the end of my break, I see the upper half of the dusky man in black in a sweatshirt in the air above me as he says: ***You were so poor and cheap. You were so poor and cheap.***

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It repeats again. It's nothing new that I don't know. But I take it and see if there's anything new to it.

This time when the statement repeats, I see the upper halves of the trio with the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt in the middle as he says with a sad sobbing expression: ***You were so poor and cheap. You were so poor and cheap. But we still chose you. Then why did you write those things about us?***

When he said these words, he looked sad and the tone of his voice – broken. In response to the question, I think that what they had done made me feel that I wasn't being loved but used which hurt me and the act alone didn't apparently say anything about them having any good loving feelings for me but it made me feel that they did so to hurt me unreasonably and use me because of which I wrote what I did. The act made me feel being hated for who I was internally because who I was was constantly being challenged negatively and insulted unreasonably. Even if I was or am poor or cheap, it doesn't negate the fact that I'm a being created by God who deserves to be loved unconditionally as God has loved me! And if I wasn't doing anything wrong to anyone and then someone did this thing to me, it made me feel terrible after a certain point in time when it continued for long enough. It was somewhere in 2021 that I started developing discomfort or an attitude of resentfulness about the situation. Before that, it slid right off me because I had an innate inner inclination to forgive and not have a bitter heart. I already had gone through that phase of developing a bitter heart after what I perceived was an immensely deep betrayal by Tejaswi. And it took me years to get over that and heal and then this new problem that had emerged in my life was created by apparent strangers whom I didn't know and hadn't interacted with at any level, but only knew one of them – the short fellow – facially through online social media accounts. So, when the short fellow targeted a personal area in my life and tried to control me through shame – perhaps that's how he operates in his own life – the fact that the act was done by those whom I didn't have a personal bond with made it easy for me to forgive them as I didn't know how they thought or who they were. Because it's easy to forgive or let go of a folly or hurtful behavior of a stranger than it is to forgive the same act committed by a close loved one in which case you tend to take things personally as you feel mentally, emotionally, or psychologically attached to them at a deeper level and therefore their betrayal is hard to swallow and get over. However, as I spent time with Jesus, I learned to love in the face of continued sin against me and speak over them the word of God, being patient with one's suffering. And I understood this new thing that in the presence of God's version of love, it was easier to forgive the sins of even those whom you consider close to yourself and I learned a great part of it mainly during this year. Now I had been practicing this version of Godly with my mom since childhood. That's how I was able to love her despite her ill behavior with me. But I never thought or expected ill-behavior from someone whom I may consider a prospect for long-term commitment because the bond is supposed to be rooted in the nourishing positivity and joy of love and not in depressing feelings caused by emotionally abusive or painful behavior. Every healthy person expects or wants to be unconditionally loved within the prospect of a marital bond which is supposed to be one's most important bond after one's bond with Christ/God. And this fellow, the short fellow, claimed that he wanted to marry me as I got to know from a girl when I was in A-16, but I saw that he wasn't operating out of the right concept. And until the end of 2021, I was operating in godly forgiveness as I saw him with my general kind eyes and I was able to easily forgive, but then in 2022, I received specific revelations that made me develop a sense of personal bonding with him because of the unexpected revelations that came as a shock to me because I couldn't have thought that they

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could represent reality in the face of the situation because it wasn't something that I would do and every person judges by his or her own rubric. And then I learned to forgive in the face of betrayal or pain as Jesus was teaching me.

And then in 2023 and 2024 I went through a long phase during which I learned to let go of things that otherwise could've had a strong hold on my mind. It was a necessary part of letting go of the world.

Now one may ask, why do I judge the short fellow differently from the other two? It's because though the other two may be involved in the same act, they're not taking any extra additional steps to hurt me more by insulting this or that thing about me or sending messengers to make a demeaning comment about me. So, if I was to forgive the camera situation, in that case, there wouldn't be anything else that would stop me from feeling love for them unless they come acting but I now I can't imagine them acting out in real life. Why? Because of the excess revelations that are based in truth. The messengers, however, look fake as they're acting and it's apparent and therefore look repulsive. I can still feel the love of God for them, and I do at the base level, but their fakeness stops the love from being outpoured and being received by them.

Now, if we look at our bond with Jesus, I can only have a bond with Jesus if I love Him and don't insult Him or reject Him calling Him this or that (which I shouldn't because He's God and therefore perfect). Consider two groups of Christians. And because both groups are Christians, we know that Jesus died for both and therefore both are responsible for inflicting the suffering and pain of crucifixion on Jesus. Now one of the groups loves Him wholeheartedly, obeys Him, listens to His commandments, and tries its best to not cause brawls and doesn't devalue Jesus, while the other group knows the commandments and what Jesus requires His children to do but chooses to hate His commandments, and uses curse words for Him, doesn't have a sense of adoration and respect for Him and doesn't love Him the way He is supposed to be loved but always tries to create a strife of some kind and doesn't live by the fruit of the Holy Spirit. Now both the groups inflicted the same crucifixion on Him, however, the latter group is God-hating and a hypocrite as it's always saying things it ought not to, always perverting the statutes of God and saying one or other mean thing about Him and His kingdom or things He stands for, and not caring to have a loving bond with him. The former group is God-loving and though it knows that Christ was crucified because of its sin, it understands and is filled with godly love for Him and it tries to reciprocate His love and cherishes in it. The same demonstration of love will please and nourish the former group while it will not be received well by the latter group but will be rejected or judged.

And therefore, in this way, the duo are different from the short fellow. They have a tendency to love what is right and belong to the former group. So, even if I suffer, I would be pleased to suffer for those who are open to receiving God's word and let it sink in. However, if I suffer and someone makes a mockery of my suffering and devalues it and doesn't have a heart for the word of God, then that person is demonstrating his tendency to prefer to absorb and live by the wrong way of living and therefore belongs to the latter group which wants to go to heaven but doesn't want to love Jesus rightly and change its ways so it could be more pleasing to Him.

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So, having said this, I took this camera situation as my constant for earthly suffering, and on top of it I built my bonds. Now if someone acts in additional wicked ways unnecessarily, that's bound to affect our bond. That's how I reasoned.

Now I wrote the above describing the process I went through to answer their question concerning *me* and it talks about my individual walk of how I experienced a change of heart and was led to forgiveness based in love. But sins are washed clean by the blood of Jesus. Makes me recall one of the past visions in which the trio in red and white poured a bucket of blood on themselves.