

Jun 1st

01 June 2024

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(Updated on Jun 8<sup>th</sup>, 2024 at ~ 3:30 am)

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

### The Resurrection of Christ

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

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

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1. (**May 30<sup>th</sup>**, Late Evening) The fat and bald middle man in a brown t-shirt stands facing the viewer with his head turned to the left to Glory as he looks at him with squinched eyes and gives a quiet warning: ***Is se ladai mat kariyo.. Ye bahut intelligent hai..*** The vision repeats a few times.
2. (**May 31<sup>st</sup>**) The upper half of KA in a white tunic as he says: ***Iske baad kabhi intelligent ladki se pyaar nahi karunga. Iske baad kabhi intelligent ladki se pyaar nahi karunga...***

Apparently, he's implying the sense that she will do anything and justify it logically irrefutably (referring to the kind of past revelations I wrote).

3. (**Last night**) As I stand beside the aquarium cleaning it, I see a blurry vision of a revolver snap as it's open cylinder closes.
4. On my way to Delhi in the common cab yesterday morning, I felt a strong sense to get a strong hold of my roots - where I had come from, the kind of things I believed in, and how I thought because it was good. I thought: ***I want to go back to my roots.*** And then all the revelations that showed our rented homes from my hometown were highlighted to me - the dream Time with Short Blue-Eyed Man from Page 106 being the first as in that dream, the short guy was in the drawing room of the 2 BHK on the first floor we had rented at Rugha Saini's in my hometown Pundri. It was then highlighted to me how God intended to preserve the sense of good culture the place carried by

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giving me those revelations. He knew that at some point in time, I was going to be feeling the need for my roots to resurface and assume a strong front-line reality.

5. As I sit working on my desk, I see a blurry vision of Glory as he repeats to me: ***Tu bahut chhoti hai. Tu bahut jyada chhoti hai. Tu bahut jyada chhoti hai.***
6. I see the top view of me walking to the right on the departmental pathway leading to MSB as a person throws a stone at me from a good distance hitting me right at the center of my forehead.
7. On my way to Bhalgarh in a common cab:  
***Bhai ise kabhi samajh nahi ayega humne aisa kyu kiya.*** The upper half of the dusky man in his white sweatshirt attire in a white background as he holds out a thick red rectangular brick to Raaju sitting beside him while holding one in his own hand as well and continues with a sarcastic disappointment: ***Ye le! Apna sir phod le!*** The vision repeats several times on the way.

The song *I Want It That Way* by Backstreet Boys plays as it happens to be next in the line on YouTube. The following song lyrics play:

***Tell me why ain't nothing but a heartache..***

***Tell me why ain't nothing but a mistake..***

As I sing along these lyrics (it used to be one of my favourite songs), I see: the duo's smiling faces with huge red love hearts in front of their eyes as the faces move backwards. The immediate follow-up vision shows the top view of both of them in red and white suits sitting on the floor on a vertically folded right leg while the left leg is stretched sideways, both holding a bouquet each in their hands as they both dance rotate around their positions together along with the song making the shape of a helicopter.

8. The following lines repeat throughout the day as I keep rebuking the drones to get away from me.  
***Bilkul bhi pyaar bahi hai, Madhavan. Ise mujhse bilkul bhi pyaar nahi hai.***  
***Ise mujhse bilkul bhi pyaar nahi hai.***

I wake from the following dream in the middle of the night.

9. **Dream:** Billie Eilish with her straight hair until the shoulders comes to my home - my parental apartment - every day with another person to treat a toddler dressed in a white all-over sleepsuit with a tiny print. Every day she uses a thick metallic conical drill meticulously to treat the toddler and leaves. I feel happy in her company as I watch her use her tools with skill and precision. Looking at the conical metallic drill makes me really appreciate her skill because the chances of hurting the toddler by mishandling seem too high to me but every time I see her operate the drill around the skin of one of the legs of the toddler and complete the task meticulously leaving me amazed as I see her retract the drill with no harm caused to the toddler. Towards the end of the dream, I find out that instead of her coming to our apartment, the toddler in white is taken to the apartment right in front of ours (Rekha Aunty's apartment) for treatment, and when he's back, I see what I feared has taken place - him falling down on the floor when his leg had to be taken care of. But he doesn't cry

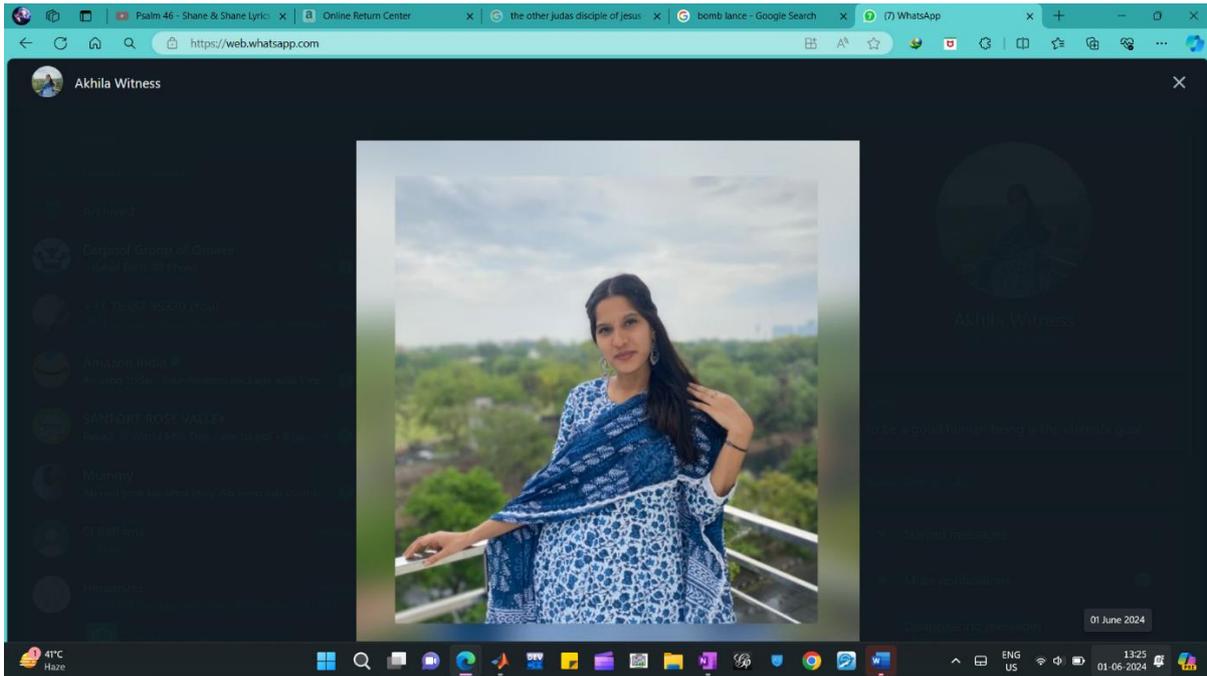
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nor does he look too injured. (As I was writing the above dream, I saw the upper half of the physiotherapist in her purple printed top in a dark background as he experiences straight danda hits on her forehead, one towards the end leading to her falling backwards.)

### **After I woke up post-midnight:**

10. The face of my friend Anjali with a widely checkered dark olive green scarf on her head tied below her neck.
11. The face of Romilla - Tejaswi's Ex with a scarf around her neck in a dark background.
12. CJI Chandrachud in his court attire in a dark background holds a long gun straight ahead and shoots it. As it moves forward, it's shown to hit the area of the face and throat of Death Conqueror in a white tunic as it blasts exploding his face and revealing the gun to be a bomb gun.
13. The top view of the dusky man in black sitting on the floor on vertically folded knees as he pours out a heap of materialistic things out on the ground such as cash, some sort of jewelry etc. while I seem to be lying on the floor in front of him. Whatever he has poured out changes into a heap of gems - the chocolaty eatable with multicolored sugary coating - as I move on top of the heap in pleasure, dressed in my long purple t-shirt over trousers.
14. A small framed vision of the upper half of Sumit Sir in a white shirt as he says: ***Sabse pehla patthar use mein hi maarunga.***
15. My dad beats Death Conqueror lying on the floor dressed in a white tunic with a danda, hitting him hard around the joints as he slides moves throughout the floor of the apartment.
16. Bhuvan in a long full-sleeved pink shirt hanging untucked over brown cargo pants with a black helmet stands on a road beside a dark brown wall as he rotates it anticlockwise holding it by its front and parks it along the wall.
17. A small framed semi-animated vision of an angled left-side view of Madhuri Dixit dressed in a black pinafore over full-sleeved white top standing on the left side of a stage with the background of a hall's stage with her legs until above her knees covered with metallic armor.
18. A medium-framed semi-animated vision of Elon Musk wearing a t-shirt with a world map print colored in light yellow and light parrot green as he vertically pumps up and down what seems to resemble a bicycle's handpump in the background of the globe behind him in a light navy blue background.
19. To give my mom Akhila's number to make a call on the night/late evening of May 29<sup>th</sup> (written about in #15 on the page of May 30<sup>th</sup>), I had to visit my list of blocked contacts where I found her number and came across the following display picture. (Her number: +91 70228 50366)

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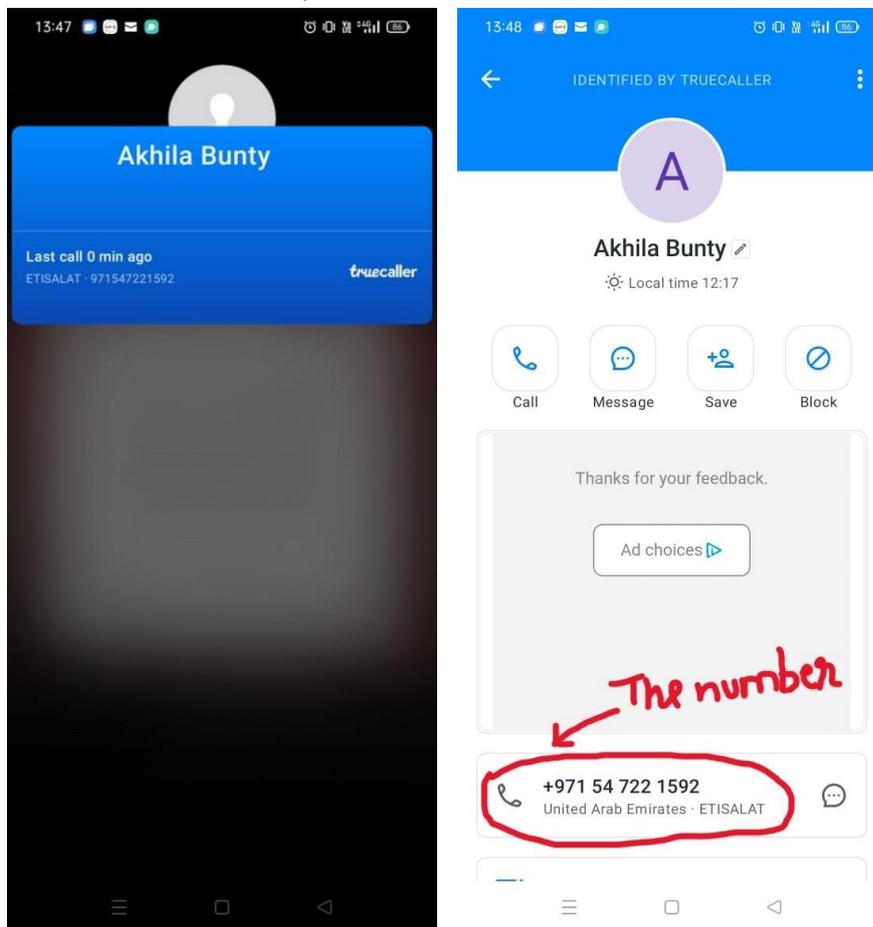


Looking at the same and seeing how her number was found unavailable for incoming calls as I and my mom both made calls to her and looking at the background of the place in the picture as well, I understood how Death Conqueror was making sure that his wife Akhila didn't feel a hint of the way

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he was inflicting suffering on me. Look at how he dressed her holy in blue and white with a drape on top while he made a prostitute about me and has been projecting me online for around more than 4 years now. How she doesn't face third-party abuse by sent messengers a.k.a flying monkeys from the dictionary of narcissistic abuse. I think about how she's in a way being kept in set-apart conditions as is clear from the picture here - away from the world (though she's a worldly person). I speak these points out lying in bed post department in the night, highlighting the difference between how wrongly he treated a fellow citizen - me, inflicting whorish abuse on me, and how he was setting his wife apart. I then immediately see the upper halves of the dusky man in black in a white sweatshirt and Raaju beside him standing above in the air in a dark background as they both point to the left and the dusky man in black says: **We've to kill her**. As the vision shifts to the left, I see Akhila in the above attire standing some meters away.

20. I gave my mom Akhila's other number as well which when I made the call on was identified by Truecaller as *Akhila Bunty*.



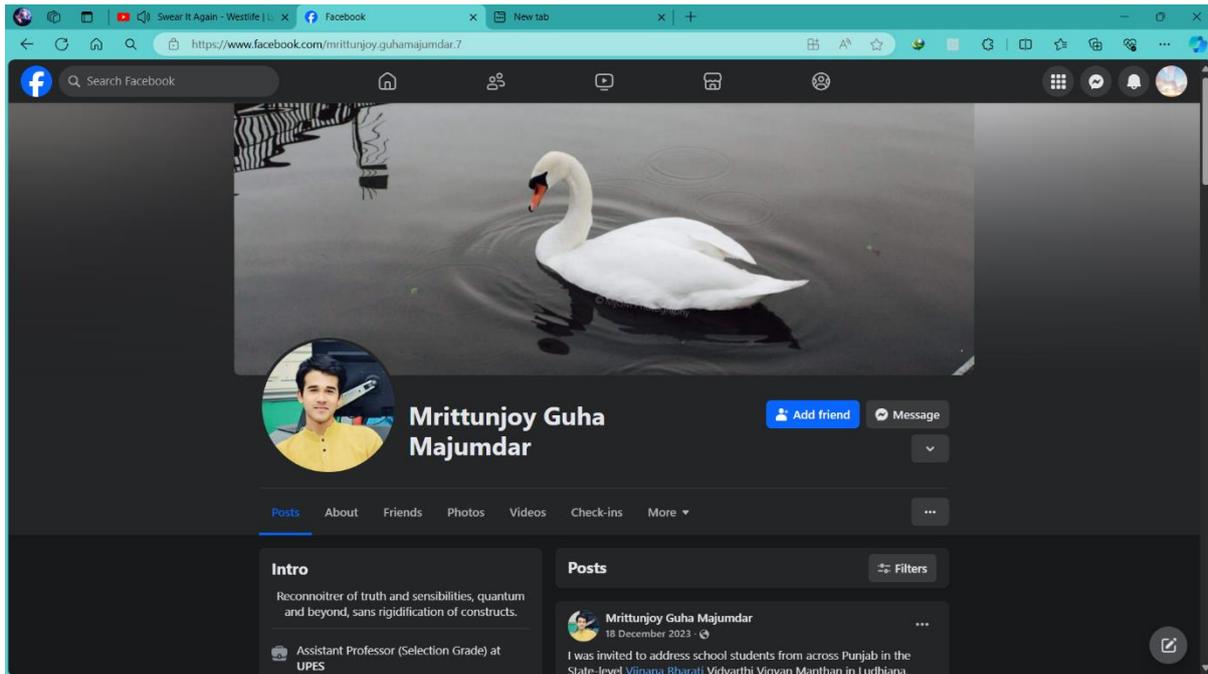
21. The second half of the name reminded me of this guy from the Patel Chest Institute whom everyone was calling Bunty the second or third time I went there with Meera. He was highlighted to me several months back from now and it hadn't make any sense to me why was I being shown the blurry vision of other interns or doctors moving around calling him by his nickname Bunty was being brought to my memory. Somewhere in my BSc or MSc, I was having recurring chest pain and a slight difficulty in breathing because of which I visited the Patel Chest Institute where I found that doctor

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who was perhaps an intern along with others and was working in the department I had to go visit. (After some tests, I was later diagnosed with post-TB asthma and they had prescribed me to use an inhaler once or twice a day.)

### **22. Her husband - the mastermind behind the spy drone and the extreme breach or lack of privacy situation I and my family have been facing:**

<https://www.facebook.com/mrittunjoy.guhamajumdar.7>



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