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21:19

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Rev. #6 updated/completed on August 26th, 2024.

Rev. #7 updated/completed on August 29th, 2024.

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

The Resurrection of Christ

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

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

1. Voices say together in a robotic manner: ***Waste your time! Waste your time! Waste your time!***

2. [Khuda In Ladko Ko Guide Karo](#)  #shorts



3. (**Past few weeks**) The back view of a naked person fully drenched in deep red blood lying on the bed in the smaller bedroom on his/her side as seen a few meters away from the bed in a direction angled towards the bed.

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4. **(Last Night)** The bottom view of the upper half of Sushant Singh Rajput in a shirt over a round neck t-shirt in a dim golden background rotating around his position with a handcuff in his right hand. It seems that he can't get rid of the handcuff. I don't know why he is rotating around his position. The other hand of the handcuff isn't visible in the vision. Perhaps it's being held by someone or tied to something. As he can't free his hand, he says that since he can't remove the cuff, he would rather sever his hand. So, he places his wrist on the table/surface in front of him and strikes a huge meat-cleaving knife on the wrist, severing the hand from his body.
5. Elon Musk smells my skull from one from all over my head followed by my face and neck. It makes me wonder how is he able to do so when my head's stinking.
6. **Dream:** There's a short-heighted talking puppet dressed in a loose and boxy white shirt checkered in grey. I'm trying to avoid him in the dream as he carries the creepy aura resembling the talking puppet Tatya Vinchoo from the Bollywood movie *Khilona Bana Khalnayak*. He has a protruding mouth and a conical face. I am inside a building and find him there. As the dream progresses, I find him outside on a roadside as he's still talking. As I move along the road, I see the short puppet is around as well. As he continues to speak something, I see that his tongue - long and narrower than a human's - has now severed from its place at the back. He needs a new tongue as he needs to eat. His head too gets severed at the place of his neck. I move towards a house and enter it. There's an entity outside I don't want to enter inside as I look out of the wide-open rectangular opening a few meters ahead of the Verandah in front of me. The entity is a pinkish-purple fluid on the ground that's crawling towards the open entrance than seemingly can't be locked as I don't see any door of any kind. Now the fluid entity has entered the Verandah, making me already feel anxiously scared. As I look at the entity now, it's taken the form of a muscular naked man in front of the door on my left side on the other side of the Verandah. In a flash, the fluid has now entirely changed to a full figure of a naked man who's standing in front of the door. The man is carrying an aggressive countenance as he looks at me and walks into the door. It doesn't look like he can talk or have any kind of sensible conversation. The purple and pink fluid crawling on the ground somehow changed to that naked standing man in front of the door. I saw the man entering the door to my left. So, he's already inside the main building which gets my alarm up as I enter in and lock the door beside the one the naked man entered. I walk back into the room and look for other door or entrances that may lead that man to this part of the building. I see an open door on the to my right - the wall in the direction of the door the man entered. The door leads to the other part of the building. The aggressive naked man may end up in my part of the building. But as I'm thinking all of this, I see a bearded Punjabi man in dark green walk into my room. He looks quite sensible and apparently, he's a doctor. He walks into my room and looking down at perhaps a paper held in his hand, begins to tell me in a highly gentle and sensible tone that ***Divyanshu's treatment had been recommended long ago***. This makes me think if the entity which was at first that pinkish and purple fluid and which later changed to the aggressive naked muscular man had now so quickly evolved to be that Punjabi doctor. Though I'm not sure, it seems as such.
7. **Dream:** I'm standing in front of a building on the roadside along with a few other people present as Elon Musk in a black t-shirt over trousers drops by, whom I apparently know in the dream. It seems that I am in a love bond in that dream as I begin to kiss him. After I do so a few times being aware

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that people are watching me, I happen to think about the possibility/situation of KA judging me if he sees me kissing EM. But then 'I' know that regardless of how things went with KA, at the current point in time I am in a bond with Elon Musk, and that the same can't be denied. He is in my vicinity and most probably I've been together with him for long enough leading to a bond between us as the situation or circumstance unfolded in time, while it just didn't happen to be so with KA. As I'm repeatedly kissing Elon Musk knowing him too well in the dream with him seeming to me to be a regular man, I find myself happy. After a while, Abha Ma'am dressed in a saree walk into the view. I'm still with Elon sitting on a bedding or a surface against the right wall on the open Verandah on a floor higher than the ground floor of a building as I look ahead at the door leading inside the building. As I now walk to her and am standing beside her talking to her while Elon sits at the same spot, I introduce them to each other. The follow-up part shows us standing near the entrance of a hall where a celebration is continuing. Elon is smoking a cigar as I stand beside him. I find it a bit weird, but he didn't smoke a cigar or anything else before that part of the dream, so, I let it go considering it as a one-time event, or perhaps by that time, I am well-versed with his persona and know him too well and have spent enough time with him building a bond leading me to not be affected by him smoking a cigar. In this part of the dream, apparently, he's my fiancé. Though I know that he's Elon Musk, I am feeling as I would with any other guy whom I would've loved, being unaffected by the fact of him being Elon Musk or it standing out to me making me behave differently. The bond would be tainted and ingenuine if I was to let it be affected by the knowledge of him being Elon Musk and wouldn't be as real and satiating. As we stand together, someone begins to have an interaction with Elon in which Elon explains to him that how to keep me from developing pride of being together with him, he gave me the position of dancing on a stage in front of the public while a small-framed vision of a lady dancing on a dark stage with some men following in the steps behind her. I find it weird to hear/know as I see how being a stage dancer is a job not everyone finds good or dignified or honorable and that why did he assume that I would be prideful if I was to be with him, or why did it have to come at the expense of the lady on stage being forced to be in that compromising and weird situation. It didn't have to be that way and showed a lack of discernment on the part of Elon for if I was able to keep my mental stance towards him unaffected by the fact of him being Elon Musk, how come he not keep his mental stance towards me unaffected by the fact of me belonging from a certain familial and financial background. I find it as an unnecessary thing that he did but since I already have developed a bond with him and though I am not liking what he did and said and don't feel good or comfortable about the same, I contain myself and continue standing there with him with the situation not making any sense to me as the thought subconsciously revolves in my mind that if he understood or knew me well, why would he assume things about me which I carry no idea about and which are dictating his actions or decisions in relation with me, and it doesn't seem a just thing to me either. Though I a not saying anything, I can tell that it has somewhere affected my previous perception of my bond with him which had him appear in casual situations like a regular person/man would do. Additionally, before this event, I didn't see him exhibiting this different attitude where he's suddenly having a cigar and is then revealing the situation of a lady being put in the position of a stage dancer.

The follow-up vision now shows me outside standing on the other side of the road. The hall is an underground hall with stairs going down to it on the right side of its wide expanse along the road. I can hear the sound of music and people partying inside as I look at the hall from across the road. In

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this part of the dream, Elon is not with me and I don't know where he is either as I look in the direction of the hall. Apparently, he's not inside the hall either. Though I still carry my sense of bonding with him, I feel weird about what he said when I was inside, and a bit distant as well because of the same.

It has only been a short while when I see a few men walk down the stairs followed by a few gunshots inside and shouts of people as they all come running upstairs and leave the hall. There's now silence inside and no more ruckus. An old man in a loose and boxy blue shirt untucked over his pants comes back upstairs and walks away. The silence makes me curious and worried about the situation inside. What were the gunshots about that sent everyone running away and why was everything so silent now? What were the goons doing inside in silence now after they disrupted the celebration..? I walk towards the hall to take a look (as I had been in the same place a while back)..

I see a few men inside, one of whom has just finished moving a cuboidal loudspeaker in the center of the room. I see that they've gathered the few electronic equipment together there. Though they don't seem affected by my presence and I don't see any weapons either, I know that these are the same people who invaded the party with gunshots, and therefore I feel a bit scared though I am not acting out in panic or anxiety. I want to leave before they notice me as things are so unpredictable. As I am thinking of leaving, not being able to understand what the men are doing inside (and why did they send the people running outside with gunshots..?), I see the old man come walking downstairs from the staircase above on the left and it raises my alarm. I quickly walk upstairs and leave the hall and begin walking in the right direction crossing over to the other side of the road. Since it's night, I want to quickly get away from the presence of those goons as they might as well come stalking and following me. Some distance ahead in that direction lies a rented room which apparently I am staying in with Elon Musk. I seem to be already knowing in the dream that I have a rented room to stay in with him some distance ahead of the supposed party hall I was previously inside with him. As I'm moving in that direction, I see the bald old man with tiny spiky hair in the blue shirt from the goons now come up again and get up on his scooter and begin to ride in my direction in the lane of the hall. Though he's not looking at me, I can tell that he may be stalking me covertly. It makes me cautious and vigilant. I stop at the place I have my rented room with Elon Musk as the old man on scooter is still behind me. He has been deliberately driving at a low speed. I cross the road. I am some meters ahead of the door to the rented place. The old man has stopped a few meters behind the rented place for some pretentious reason. Without giving him much attention, I hurriedly walk backwards and enter through the main entrance to the space. The door is white and unusually tall and enters into a not-so-clean small square space with an Indian-style commode. It rather looks like a public washroom that hasn't been maintained. I wonder about the safety of the place if the door was left open in the same manner at most times. I don't see any latch or a bolting mechanism that I can use to lock it up. Any outsider can enter without any inhibition. Crossing ahead through the small space with excessively tall walls and door, I enter into another small white space which again seems to be a washroom of the same size (again, not-so-clean) with tall walls and a tall and wide exit door. Crossing over, I exit into a large cement Verandah in front of me crossing which lay the rooms. It will take anyone a while to get to that space as shuffling through the washroom doors in the small space takes a while. I am in a hurry to get into my rented room. Though I don't see Elon Musk around at this point, I know that I need to be inside my room to be safe from that old man covertly stalking me. I quickly cross over to the other side of the Veranda and find the door again to be very tall. To figure

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out the entry point into my room before the stalker walks into the Verandah and spots me, I take a jump and float to the top and I can look inside the rooms through the slightly open doors. Why is the place so unsafe that anyone could walk in without any inhibition..? As I look down at the small distant view of the floor from the top of the two extremely tall and slightly open doors, I spot and identify my room. I enter in and have to lock all entries to the same. I quickly walk in and out of my rented room space a few times before I figure out the entrances to the same.

The room is dimly lit and has a double bed laid on the right side against the wall behind as one enters through an about two-meter-long and about one-meter-wide narrow corridor which is seemingly a part of the room. The room is large enough with its walls covered with a wallpaper with an intricately horizontally striped brown and beige pattern. I find the AC already running filling the room with a low but heavy buzzing sound. The room seems unlike a PG accommodation and more like a heavily furnished hotel room with an LCD visible on the wall in front of the bed. Elon is not present inside and I don't know when he would be there, or if he would be there that night, or where he is at the moment.

I see that besides the main entrance to the room, there's a shared entrance with the other room as well on the left of the short and narrow corridor. Before I lock the same, a slim lady of medium stature in a black and white top over trousers with square specs and her hair tied low at the back comes walking to me to ask me something. There's no time as it seems the old man could be there at any second. I don't anyway have any idea about what the girl came to ask me about. I quickly let her know of the same and send her away in a hurry forgetting to let her know of the possible attack. Also, the old man may not attack her for apparently, he came in looking for me. After she's gone, I quickly go back to locking the doors and lock the shared door. There are more than one bolt slides on the door. I now move on to the right to lock the main entrance door to my room. Again, there are several locking mechanisms around the same door. I lock the ones I am able. I bolt slide and latch the wooden door but am not able to lock using the room's key for some reason. After locking in, I am wondering if there are any secret entrances or exits through the room's walls I don't know about. If anything, there's a washroom on the other end of the room facing the corridor, and I doubt if there's any exit or entrance through the same.. if there's any unexpected hidden door inside. There's a sudden creepy silence around now as I slowly take some step backwards through the short narrow corridor at the back end of which lays the room. Taking some slow scared steps backwards as I am looking ahead at the locked main beige wooden door, having entered the room. I see the door's handle slide down. There's someone outside the door silently trying to open it. I don't hear any sound from the outside. Whoever it is, he didn't knock or call out, but is trying to enter in silently. As I am looking at the door with its handle being slowly rotated repeatedly, and am filled with a silent and inexplicable sense of fear, it's when I wake up from the dream.

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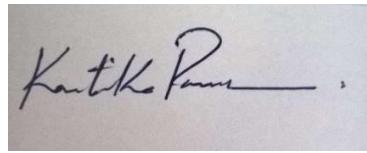
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