

May 5th

05 May 2024

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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. (**Past two weeks**) The upper half of Death Conqueror is flashed as a voice says: ***Tu khiladi hai. Khiladi hai tu khiladi.***
2. (**Past week**) A small-framed semi-animated vision of the side-view of a bearded Vincent Van Gogh sitting on a chair behind a table as he seems to be busy working.
3. (**3rd or 4th May**) The view from the back of Room no. 71 in my dept where the meetings PhD scholars have been being held a few times as I see Chaaru's son dressed in a white t-shirt over black trousers standing facing forward on the right side in front of the long wooden bench as he holds down an infant wrapped in white with arms stretched downwards and is swinging him outwardly left and right. It looks like a rather risky thing to do with an infant.
4. The upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic is flashed as he says smiling: ***Roses are waiting for you. Roses are waiting for you. (They're all crying. They know what you mean.)***
5. As I'm resting in bed, I close my eyes but they're opened by the drones. They close again as I need rest but they get opened again. At the same time, I am hearing light Uffs around my left ear. As the drones open my eyes again, I see a larger face of Death Conqueror right above mine as he is touching his eyes with a blue Iris on my eyes while kissing me. He's trying to touch his blue eyes with my eyes as he's kissing me.

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6. Sometime yesterday while resting in bed, as I hear these light sounds of men through the drones around me, and I see the dusky man in black flash in the air, I see a vision of thick lines of blood covering my lips that have received cuts and injuries. (***We're leaving you Kartika. We didn't know you would be this wicked smart.***) The vision of bleeding lips flashes a few times.
7. The upper half of Death Conqueror on my left flashes as he says (slightly paraphrased): ***Kartika tune mujhse nahi, mere paise se pyaar kiya hai. Tune mujhse nahi, mere paiso se pyaar kiya hai.*** It repeats again.
8. Well, the above statement is baseless and untrue. However, the fact that this short fellow was only lusting after my body while not caring about me or my person, that if it gets hurt or if I'm left traumatized, shows that he was only objectifying me for his obsessive enjoyment while oppressing, neglecting or brutally hurting the person that I was or am. This is true for certain. I can say: ***he only wanted my body as an object but didn't really love me because who I was only insulted. He treated me terribly and in an extremely whorish manner and he tried to squash who I was like a disposable worthless below his foot!***
9. The upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic with wide-open eyes carrying a light smile floats backwards as a voice says: ***Nahi karti tu mujhse pyaar Kartika. Tu bahut jyada smajhdaar hai.***

Well, to be honest, he caught my attention when I first saw him in MSc because of his short stature carrying an innocent and intelligent expression. It was later that I came across his FB profile from which I saw he was an extremely wealthy and successful person in science and I couldn't have thought that he would turn out to be possessing a whorish internal sense of attaching to people wherein he doesn't refrain from a blatant social display of immoral behavior either. I didn't want any kind of bond with him but I just wanted to follow him online like I was doing some other people whom I appreciated in some way.

10. (Past few days) ***Chamakdaar. Bahut jyada chamakdaar.*** It has been repeating in my spirit intermittently for a few days.
11. The upper half of Death Conqueror on my left as he says floating backwards: ***Mein jaa raha hu, Kartika. Tu mere layak nahi hai. GaDDar. Nalayak.***  
  
5:54 am  
While using the washroom a while back:
12. ***Mujhe tujhse pyaar nahi hai. Mujhe sirf tera use karna tha. Mujhe tujhse pyaar nahi hai. Mujhe sirf tera use karna tha.***
13. As I lay down to rest for a while, I see the long face of Margaret - Meera's nanny - a servant and a driver - from the movie Haunted 3D with a few inches high white crown on her head. Her eyes then change colour as her Iris turns to shiny white and are rotating like fluid around their places. They then change color to light sky blue as they are still rotating while she looks forward poker-faced.

14. The upper half of Deepak above on my right in his full-sleeved skyblue round-neck top as he says looking down at me: **Meri apne bahut help kar di apni Bible de kar.** As he's saying so, he's holding the wrist of his hand on the right with the other hand as he continues: **Mein apko ye haath dena chahta hu!**

15. Jesus in multilayered white in the air on my right says looking down at me: **This break that you took will cost you your hand.** So I rush to my laptop.

16. **Chhod rahe hai hum Kartika tujhe. Humein marna nahi hai.**

17. Jesus in multilayered white in a dark background tells me to go to Death Conqueror as He says: **You need money!** I tell Him: **No. I don't need money** (and I don't want to go). Jesus repeats His words again. **No. You need money!** I tell Him a No again and that I don't need money! I then see Him holding the infant me as turning to the left in a dark background, He places the infant me with him and another person beside him (perhaps Akhila), this time stressing stronger on His words. **You NEED money!** I tell Him a No again.

18. The side view of a white car parked facing to the right with Suresh Sir from my dept sitting on the driver's seat dressed in a checkered shirt as he opened a newspaper wide in his hands.

**19. Dream:**

I visit the apartment in Vijay Nagar (that I visited back in 2022) and meet the Uncle and Auntie there and talk to them for a while. Before leaving, I tell them that one day I would fill the narrow side corridor on the roof between their apartment and the towering adjacent wall with 100 roses. I leave the building immediately afterwards.

In the next part of the dream, I'm sitting with my dad in a spacious room with sofas placed along the sides. Besides us, there's a wicked dad-daughter duo present in there as well. They plan to showcase the act of sex openly to everyone in the room. They don't seem to have any good sense and emanate a wicked aura. The tall and overweight moustached dad is dressed in a full-sleeved navy blue shirt tucked inside dark pants and the girl is dressed in a full-sleeved black and white checkered shirt over trousers. To carry out their wicked plan, they stand at the right corner at the other end of the room, opposite the wall we are sitting on the sofas placed against it, as we can see the side-view of their act. We see that they are standing together with bent upper halves with black burqas covering their heads or faces and their forearms extended forward wearing extremely thick black boxing gloves. Different people walk to them and punch their black boxing gloves as they too move their hands in a frenzy. Eventually, their plan fails and they only end up humiliating themselves.

I then find myself in a small room with my dad who's sitting in front of me with a table between us, the room having an interior resembling that of a car. There's another person present on the left as well. I ask him for some ice. He points me to a bowl. Weirdly, the ice is translucent light green in color. My dad though sitting silently doesn't look happy or on good terms with me. He's carrying resentment as referring to the trio, he says to me rudely while I look at the ice: **Samjha diya na tune unhe!? Samjha diya na tune unhe!?** Apparently, he's saying that I managed to make the trio

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understand the wrong in their wrongdoing using different revelations or explanations. But he doesn't reveal anything about the reason behind his own resentful attitude. I leave the room and go to a space where I find my mom. It's lunchtime and to pour some for me, I am walking past them holding a large 2-feet wide pan full of cooked gravy white grams as I look at my mom and my brothers having lunch together. I need roti now. My mom takes me outside and in my sight in the almost empty ground, a good distance ahead lies an open restaurant on the ground with two unusually large rotis hung for showcasing at the top of a large vertical stand in the middle, one of which is white while the other - beige. It has been long since she put them there, a few days perhaps or longer. They must be stale by now. One of them has the characteristic to rot at a much slower rate than the other. She gives me that – the one which is relatively fresher and looks so as well. We exit the restaurant by the exit on the side opposite to the one we entered from.

(While writing the above para, I kept seeing the following vision intermittently: The front view of my dad standing facing the bed near the table beside it in my room as he hit me incessantly with a long danda held with both his hands - one hit after the other – as he lifted the danda high up in the air before giving another tough blow.)

I now find myself in a PG and am walking down the stairs. One needs to be careful as the stairs aren't stable around a certain turn and they keep moving like an unstable piece of metallic equipment. It seems as if the stairs have been additionally attached to the walls and the part around that corner has loosened up leading to the flimsy and risky instability. One needs to be careful while getting down. As I'm stepping down the stairs, I see my short-heighted, lean and curly haired school friend Nupur Thakral standing at the unstable turn who is dressed promiscuously and stuck around that corner. I stop beside her to help as the metallic stairs below our feet move about. (She is) As we try to maintain the balance of the moving stairs to keep it from moving away from the wall which it can even with a light jerk, we help Nupur leave but we ourselves get stuck. As anticipated, the stairs slip away sideways and I'm left with a small horizontal cylindrical metallic machine with dangerous spiky protrusions that I'm using as a support to avoid falling down. But immediately afterwards, I begin to move with the machine as it rotates speedily in front of my hands making me terribly afraid of it severing my wrists as I manage to keep them away from the speedily rotating metallic blades along the cylinder. I am moving downwards in a slant with the metallic rotor in front of me. Though it seems like a downward freefall, it seems rather controlled and not really free. I try to keep my hands untouched by the machine.

I move down to the left now beginning to slide on top of the surface of a water body. I seem to be present in a small jet airplane smaller than the size of my body, and moving forward it's keeping me afloat over the water and not letting me drown as I still try to save my hands from the metallic rotor in front of me; but, it chops my hands at the wrists as they get thrown away and I am now moving on top of green grassed ground as I enter into a crowded city market area with some tall buildings seen around. The place seems volatile and unsafe as the air has several things resembling small weapons moving through it. At the top of a tall maroonish building in front of me, I see a few men standing together who don't seem to carry a good attitude towards me as they look down at me. They have some metallic weapons in their hands as I move below being wary of them. One of them throws a metallic blade in my direction resembling that used by the floating green goblin in the Spiderman

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series. I move my hand sideways and dodge it by a fraction as I look down at my left hand still intact in its place. Somehow my hands are intact and present with me.

As I now move to the right to evade those people, I see that I'm flying a maroon kite. I approach the right end of the road which has buildings of houses built along the side with a labyrinth of electricity wires present above. I come across a narrow street on that side and enter the same. The street leads to Glory's home. Also, that side of the road is safe, and those people who attacked me with a blade when I was out in the market can no longer reach me and the narrow street carries a homely and safe feeling around it. I am moving towards Glory's home as I think about him and now find myself holding a bouquet of roses with red, blue, and lavender roses. At the end of the street, I take a left into another street as the father of that lady runs past me in a hurry. As I reach the building where I see the old couple's apartment from the beginning of the dream, I take a jump and end up over the narrow space between their apartment and the tall adjoining wall of the adjacent apartment and as I do so, a wind blows through the street as it hits my face brushing against my face and the hair. From the corner of my eye, I catch the wind severing the heads of the roses from their top. This disheartens me a bit but then I recall my past words from the beginning of that dream of filling that space with 100 roses. I hurry with a jump and as I am near the wall's top, this time facing the direction I came through the narrow pathway on the lower roof on my right, with the view of the adjacent taller roof on my left, I happen to look at the bouquet in my hands and find it having only the stems of the roses with only *one* red rose left intact. It makes me worried for I only wanted red roses to fall on the street and what if the few lavender flowers fell on it as well which is not what I wanted or had said..? And this is the time when time seems to have suddenly slowed down as the thought runs through my mind and the melody below begins to play.



I look down on the narrow pathway on the lower roof on my right to see if those few lavender flowers didn't fall on the same and find my eyes resting on the sight of it covered widely with red rose heads with only two small regions of blue roses inside and no trace of any lavender flower with time seeming to have slowly come to a halt at the top view of the rose-heads filled pathway as melody completes.

[https://youtube.com/clip/UgkxtAk4PnRT4-laBnBaB4oQvKQw6MB8xAo?si=ZsT\\_Mx2QtcdgpgEI](https://youtube.com/clip/UgkxtAk4PnRT4-laBnBaB4oQvKQw6MB8xAo?si=ZsT_Mx2QtcdgpgEI)

20. The back view of the head of Mel Robbins wearing a square frame with her blonde hair tied low in a pony as she turns her face backwards from the right and looking at the viewer, says: ***I saw everything!***
21. Death Conqueror in a white tunic stands above on my left as he looks down at me and says: ***Mein tujhe naukhar banana chahta tha Kartika.*** (Yeah. That's why he worked tirelessly to break my mind, erase the distinction between love and hate, and secure my functional body and unconditional obedience and not my love.)

22. ***Kabhi nahi ayegi tu.***

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23. Death Conqueror looks down at me from above on my left with a bewildered expression and a flinching eye.
24. Death Conqueror with a bewildered expression and a flinching eye looks at me while standing in the corridor outside dressed in a yellow tunic as he says: ***Kabhi nahi ayegi tu..!***
25. After the call with my mom ends, and I get back to writing the dream, I see a small-framed vision of a blurry Death Conqueror in a light background as he says with a sobbing tone: ***Mein accha ladka nahi hu Kartika. Mein accha ladka nahi hu.***
- 14:30
26. The upper half of Death Conqueror in the air above on my left as he says looking down at me (paraphrased): ***Mujhe tera pyaar nahi chahiye. Mujhe to teri sewa chahiye thi. Mujhe tera pyaar nahi chahiye. Mujhe to teri sewa chahiye thi.***
27. A small-framed vision of the side view of my chubby brother Himanshu dressed in a full-sleeved black fitting top over black trousers lying on a single bed laid against a light colored wall with his right leg fully wrapped in crepe bandage as lifting his upper half supporting himself on his elbows, he says: ***Papa mujhe mat maaro. Mein jeena chahta hu!***
28. The upper half of Death Conqueror above on my left as looking down at me with wide-open eyes, he says: ***We've to kill this bitch!***
29. The upper half of Death Conqueror carrying a pitiful smile above on my left as he takes a few steps backwards and says: ***Mein tujhse pyaar nahi karta, Kartika! Mein chammaar se pyaar nahi kar sakta!***

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