

Sept 16th

16 September 2024

02:19

Updated on Sept 23rd, 2024 at 12:18 pm.

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. My Dad Hits My Youngest Brother

The top right side view resembling the CCTV's view the room above on the 2nd floor as I see my youngest brother sits on the floor with his back resting against the bedside with folded hands as he looks up in pain sobbingly at my dad standing in front of him with a danda in his hand as my dad has already broken one of Divyanshu's legs.

2. July 18th, 2024

I, Glory, and the Giant Dusky Man in Black in a Silvery White Robe Stand Together in a Line

[As I lie with squished eyes, I see a semi...](#)

As I lie with squished eyes, I see a semi-animated green broccoli stem with a few round blobs at the top of the long stem forming a resemblance to a squished expression as mine. The follow-up vision shows the stem planted on the ground on the left side as it threw out peas one after the other straight along the horizontal that hit the zombies approaching from the other side as the single peashooters do in the game Plants vs Zombies. Behind me is seen standing a few times larger version of me who is apparently Glory as he shoots out multiple peas from his advanced grenade peashooter with its green cylinder rotating in the manner of a rifle knocking down the zombies in one hit before they approach us while they need to be hit several times by me for them to be killed on the path before they've reached us as I throw one pea at a time at a slower pace than Glory's structure, like the single pea shooters in the game. On the right of us is seen standing a giant and

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towering dusky man in black in white robes who rolls out a ball of ice freezing everyone in the scene as a certain plant does in the game while we continue to shoot at the zombies.

3. **(First half of Sept)** A square-faced man of medium stature in beige and brown clothes with a brown jacket on top holds a giant meter-wide red love heart close to him with both his hands as he rotates in his own tune behind the closed door of my room.

4. **July 18th, 2024**

The Good and Cute Little Monkeys

[The monkeys now begin to move around in front of...](#)

The monkeys now begin to move around in front of me, as I see some of them swinging on hanging long tree leaf-covered branches as one swings in front of me holding the letters I love you with the love represented by a red love heart while the dusky man in black stands still surrounded by the monkeys moving around him in front of the viewer.

5. The upper half of the dusky man in black in a white robe on my left as he looks at me with hurt and angry red eyes and says: ***I will kill you. I will kill you.***

6. **April 24th, 2024**

[Dream \(April 6th\):](#)

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

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

The follow-up part of the dream has me make a 3-D rose with colored scrap paper with a metallised gift wrap printed on one side used to cover the receptacle. It takes a bit of skillful effort and a number of tries to fix the receptacle using the gift wrap. But finally, my rose is ready. I need to hurry to get to a place which is an educational institution, my school in my hometown, or my dept here in DU. (The upper half of my supervisor in a dark background as she says referring to my hometown: ***Kartika you should've stayed there only!***) I've another flower made as well but it's made with parrot green gift wrap paper and it's thicker in the middle and not too defined in shape. I take a rickshaw

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and we are moving on an empty soiled road with buildings on our left and a divider on our right. I see my eyeglasses lying on a short solid soiled stone block outside on the roadside on my right as I am looking back at them. The Rickshaw takes a U-turn on the road to the other side of the divider and after moving for a while, I ask the Rickshaw driver to go back to the road on the other side as I need to get my specs. He follows my instruction and now as we're about to reach our destination, I see myself holding the two flowers. I happen to undo the metallised foil around the receptacle of the red rose and now I am worried as it had taken several tries to fix it in place. Additionally, the Ricksha driver with a wicked boundary-breaching countenance is asking me to do something undesirable with the roses I made and I find it extremely annoying, and it irks me at a sensitive spot inside for why would I make changes to the flowers that I took time and effort to create according to his careless suggestion showing lack of good wisdom. He shouldn't say anything about those flowers that I worked hard to make with my whole heart. It's not his place to comment on. I ignore him though his behavior is hurting me.

The Guy sings:

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

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

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

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

I now find myself on a staircase well-lit in golden light. It takes a U-turn and goes downstairs to the ground floor. I sit on the first few stairs of the staircase going down while other students are together upstairs. It's alone and quiet here. A girl comes to me and begins to chat casually. Apparently, I know her well enough. (The upper half of Jema as she makes a gesture of wiping a tear from below one of her eyes. The girl in the dream doesn't match anyone in particular I know in real life.) She asks me to have lemonade from the nearby canteen in the institution. I find her suggestion well and walk downstairs with her, and exiting the building through the door on the right at the bottom, we are now walking on a road that goes to the canteen with the vision carrying a semi-animated dark view of falling dusk. On our left, I see the ground floor of a wide building with open doors through which the seemingly lit wide rooms with metallic inside are visible. At each open door is placed a cloth rack full of different kinds of clothes hanging down on it. It makes me wonder if the

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

7. **March 18th, 2024**

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, Shamsheer 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

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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 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 Rugha 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.

Note the part about Billie Eilish highlighted in light parrot green.

8. **July 17th, 2024 (Page 476)**

6. Dream:

I keep seeing a segregated part of my anus is resting inside my rectum that will be ejected out the next time I poop. The visual is repeated a few times in front of my eyes.

I am in my home with my mom and youngest brother. My home is on the ground floor. Right in front of my home is a two-way road on the other end of which is standing a grey tempo/truck with a man with sideburns in the driver's seat. Apparently, the grey vehicle is an ambulance. I see that he moves his vehicle onto the road and intentionally lightly hits a long black car moving to the right from the side. I think that why would the man in the ambulance hit the huge black car? I turn back and walk towards my home, but I end up turning towards the road and looking. I see that the accident caused a jam around the site of the accident. There seems to be anger in the public. The huge and muscled driver of the car dressed in a black t-shirt along with a few other men have the guy open the truck's door and get down. The man is revealed to be thin, short-heighted, and dressed in a grey ethnic tunic set with an open half jacket on top. **He has sideburns and looks to be a godly man because of his attire but why did he do what he did?** Though he hit the rich man's black car intentionally, he is carrying an innocent expression on his face. I see the people take him down between his truck and the parked vehicles in the jam and start beating him. He's no longer in sight. I walk towards the scene to stop those people as I fear that person getting brutally hurt for he was too tiny in front of those huge muscled men, **but then I turn back and start walking towards my home and start loudly praying in tongues instead for the guy being beaten by the public. I know that praying in tongues is the most effective and it by default prays the Will of God and His plan (without me knowing the meaning of the prayer).** So, the prayer could save him in a way my physical act of protecting him may not have. While I am walking towards my home in prayer, my mom and youngest brother come outside as well to see the situation. After a while, I turn towards the scene and see that things have settled down. When I reach the scene, I see some people standing and talking among themselves while a man is just done mopping the floor with a beige mop near the grey ambulance. It seemed that a great amount of blood had been mopped out. I see a man with a thin mustache standing at the grey vehicle's right and his face resembles both RS and Death Conqueror. He is dressed in a black suit and looks like some officer. I can see an entrance door to a building behind him. I ask him if I can go inside to check on and meet the guy who has been beaten. He tells me a yes. I go inside and see the man lying on a hospital bed covered with a white sheet with just his face visible which is all red and drenched with blood as he lays there with closed eyes. It seems like he might die after a while but it's not a surety. He may live as well too. I walk outside and hear the phrase 'Shaheed' Kapoor being highlighted in my Spirit. I wake up after this.

Though the short guy in the ambulance hit the muscled rich man's car, I saw that he looked innocent. Though I didn't know the reason he did such an act, the rich man's reaction of taking him down with other powerful men and beating him up seemed a bit too much to me, for the guy was thin and short and seemed weak and one could tell that he won't be able to protect himself.

9. **Jan 20th, 2024 (Page 657)**

[Dream: I am talking to Tejaswi from behind my home...](#)

Dream: I am talking to Tejaswi from behind my home's main entrance gate as he stands outside in the corridor extending forth in front of my home. I don't know how I can talk to him in the dream but I am not romantically interested in him and neither do I carry anything from the past. However, I am aware of the kind of person he is, though we're having a seemingly amiable talk. I go inside the room to get my husband out with me. Apparently, in the dream, Ayushmann Khurrana is my husband. I bring him with me to the gate to show him to Tejaswi who is not visible now. It turns out he had hidden in the corridor extending to the right of my house. Ayushmann is shown to be dressed in a light parrot green winter sweatshirt and carries a beard outlining his face. I then see us as a third person from behind. I see the lady who is me standing with Ayushmann on her right on the right side of the grilled entrance door as both of us are looking outside through the thickly grilled steel door. I don't want to be seen by Tejaswi in the dream so I hide behind the lady, and apparently, I am much shorter than her in this part of the dream and she covers me fully. But she is a see-through person and I am still able to look at Tejaswi through her almost transparent upper half carrying the light parrot green hue of her sweatshirt. While I can see him through her, I am under the impression that he can't see me as he is not looking directly at me. He walks in closer to the duo in front of me. I move behind the lady now holding her sweatshirt by the sides from behind as the man is much closer now and his upper half is clearly visible to me. He is dressed in a full-sleeved shirt and has a square and bearded face carrying a smile. He's still at a lower level than the duo.

It could be either because he is standing on the stairs below the main gate or because he too is short in height. I happen to move my mouth as I'm trying to whisper and ask the lady about something. It seems to me that he too moved his mouth though I am not sure. I move my mouth again, and I notice him move his as well. I move it again, and this time I notice it clearly. He's whispering lightly while looking at me: **Power up Power down**. It reminds me of how Power Rangers morph. I move my mouth again. He whispers again: **Power up Power down**. It repeats a few times. I've no doubt now that he could always see me though I was trying to hide behind the see-through lady. I become fearful as he seems to be demonically influenced. The only thing I can think of is praying in tongues. So I begin to do so. I happen to pray: **Ra Ra Ra Ra**.

Ra Ra Ra Ra: the man repeats immediately after me as he walks towards me and the translucent half of the lady and as soon as he's done saying the words, he's apparently also passed through the translucent upper half of the lady as he stops in front of me leading to my voice being suddenly stifled and a sudden darkness appearing in front of my eyes. I can't see the man anymore though I can sense a wicked oppressive presence that's making it difficult for me to speak. And that's when I wake up.

10. **Apr 6th, 2024**

The Unwilling Person Squished in The Car's Corner

[I am sitting stuffed in the right side of the...](#)

I am sitting stuffed in the right side of the black backseat of a car facing the door on the other side of the car which is slightly open as AKej. extends inside a thick yellow bouquet of flowers. A few more colorful bouquets follow in as they're being passed to him by someone on the left side. The follow-up vision shows no bouquets lying on the seat as I see some people standing outside. In front of them stands AKej. as he says: **Kartika ji bahar ayiye. Sab wait kar rahe hai apka.** They keep standing there but the viewing person stays squished in a corner with the long empty seat visible in front. As I was writing the vision, I saw the upper half until the shoulders of Atishi in a multicolored saree with a high-neck black blouse as she said: **Mein bhi hu yahan par.**

11. **Apr 7th, 2024**

The Superman Atishi

[The upper half of a fluffed and muscled superman in...](#)

The upper half of a fluffed and muscled superman in his superman attire with the head of Atishi on top in a dark background as raising an arm forward ahead like superman she's just lifted up from the ground when she says: **I'm coming to help you!**

12. **Bundles of March, April and August**

(**End of Sept's 2nd week**) The side view of the upper half until the shoulders of Amir Khan carrying a thin pencil moustache in a square frame with him facing to the left being dressed in a loose and fluffed white shirt as he picks up a thick rolled bundle of newspapers and says: **April, March and August ke bundles leke jaa raha hu!** The face then changes to that of a different person with a pencil moustache.

13. **Apr 3rd, 2024**

While Bathing, I see Winged people in White Robes

[As I'm about to be done bathing, I see...](#)

As I'm about to be done bathing, I see in my right view, I see Prof TRS in a round neck full-length tunic with two feathery angel wings at the back floating in a navy blue background as he lightly bows down to me. The vision expands and I see my supervisor Prof Nivedita Deo dressed the same with two feathery angel wings at the back she bows down to me in a similar manner with a lot more winged people in white robes behind her.

14. **Apr 4th, 2024**

The Dusky Seraphim

[The dusky man in black in a white robe with...](#)

The dusky man in black in a white robe with two wide white feathery angel wings at the back as he floats towards me with stretched wings with the words that he was going to make me feel safe or set-apart as he covered me with his wings and one more pair of wings broke out at the back as he flipped them all together pushing the black demons away in the navy blue spacey background. Another pair of white feathery wings appears behind his back as they all flap together creating a windy shield around throwing the black translucent demonic Death Conqueror behind who was trying to approach him.

15. **March 29th, 2024**

The following series of revelations with the dusky man in black get flashed in my spirit:

[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.)

16. The Guy sings:

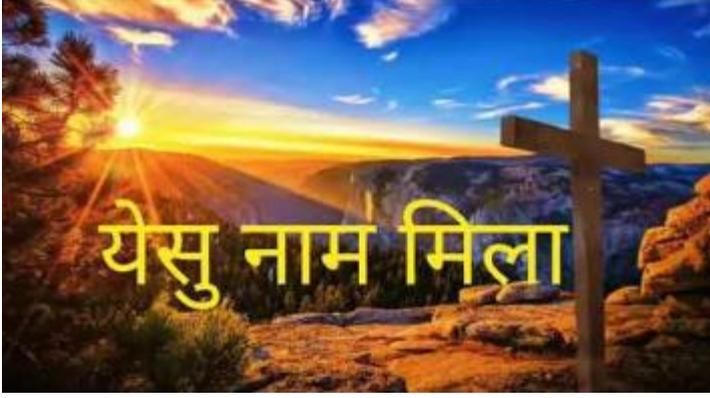
Yeshu naam mila.. Yeshu naam mila.

Mera jeevan sawar gaya. Mera jeevan sawar gaya.

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**Yesu naam mila.. Yesu naam mila.
Mera jeevan sawar gaya. Mera jeevan sawar gaya.**

[Yesu Naam Mila, Yesu Naam Mila,](#)



#####

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