

Sept 3rd

03 September 2024

10:35

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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. Himanshu Leaves The School and The Cont Version 5 Group

**Dream (Aug, 1<sup>st</sup> half):** I am in the room on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor of this preschool building where I see my youngest brother Divyanshu. I also my smiling middle brother Himanshu but he's shown as a toddler as he's a few feet high with a protruding belly while being dressed in a thin skyblue t-shirt over trousers. He looks fairer than his present self and has his hair neatly slicked-combed sideways as he is holding an open kinderjoy egg out of which he's shown eating while he looks forward with a pressed toddler's smile. He looks innocent and adorable.

When I later walk out of the room, I find an adult Himanshu outside who looks the way he does now – overweight/chubby and stubbled. A very slim and shorter lady dressed in dark clothes with her hair tied low at the back stands with him. He tells me that he has to go to the ground floor and pee. I too am headed downstairs; so, I accompany him. But when we are down, instead of going to the washroom, he walks out of the building and boards an autorickshaw. I too follow along. The girl is also there with Himanshu sitting in the center. The girl is talking about something, but Himanshu seems to be lost in thought with a distant expression as he is not looking in the girl's direction. I observe his weird behavior. The auto drive continues for a good while as I observe Himanshu who doesn't seem too well to me. The auto stops at a building. I am on a higher floor of the building now which is an extension of the pre-school I was in previously. The girl is present with me there as well. On inquiring, I am told that Himanshu left for the bus station which doesn't make any sense to me. **(No one would believe you, Kartika. No one would believe you.** Well, these dreams are replies. Those who receive the reply and understand, they believe.)

**The dream continued:**

I don't know why Himanshu left for the bus station without intimating me as I was with him throughout the auto ride, and he spoke nothing much. And now the girl has left as well. As I stand there, I notice the wall to my right along which stand two about-1.5-meters-tall-bottles of toilet cleaner on either side of a piece of furniture. I look at the giant toilet cleaners for a while wondering why they are put in that place for display. It seems that he received them as complementary gifts with something else he bought and then he chose to put them as showpieces though they are but toilet cleaners – just unusually greater in size. I wonder if he uses them for the purpose they were supposed to fulfill, utilizing the surplus chemical available inside. It doesn't look like the plastic containers are empty. It must be difficult shifting the chemical from such a huge container to a smaller one for it to be used in cleaning toilets. It doesn't look like he is using those two giant bottles. They just stand there. Or perhaps they were supposed to be used as showpieces to advertise the brand for people to buy the smaller bottles of it. Who can tell except for those who came up with the idea? Or perhaps they are to be used for mass toilet cleaning by pouring out a large amount of it in a smaller vessel in quick successive bouts which keeps getting used up immediately.

I am still worried about Himanshu. I need to get back to the building I was in earlier with Himanshu. But I don't know if I would find any conveyance since the way I came from consisted of an almost empty road with no buildings on the sides but empty land or a few trees. I look to my right and see a corridor with rooms on its right wall and pillared half-wall support on the left as a lean and thin girl, seemingly in her teenage or early twenties dressed in dark brown clothes with her hair tied low at the back, walks out of a room on the right side of the corridor and stands on the other side against the half wall. Another similar-looking girl dressed in similar clothes walks out of that door and stands with her. Now the girl that comes out looks overweight, is wider and taller with a wider face as well, has frizzy hair, and is dressed in a white top sparsely printed with thin green curved lines. I wonder briefly what are those older girls doing in a building that is supposed to be an extension of a pre-school. I walk to the group to ask if they know where I could catch an auto from (Himanshu must have also used the same to get to the bus stand). I feel the need to go looking after Himanshu and bring him back. Why would he not share with me his mind before he left for the station instead of telling me that ..?

The two slim and shorter girls seem deceptive and fake to me and I don't feel good around them, so I walk to the wider and overweight lady as she seems to me an authentic and good person. She looks at me innocently and I ask her if she knows the way to the bus stand. She is now repeating my question – apparently, thinking about the same. I figure she doesn't know the way and I leave the group after greeting her a bye and turning away back to the space with the giant toilet cleaner bottles. As I stand beside the half-wall, I happen to look down and see a shed extending out from the wall below, and on the left a group of three people sitting on chairs placed between the left wall and the table in front. One of them is a male dressed in a blue suit with a bald fade haircut is sitting in the center. They seem to be the school staff. They are looking up at me as they gesture to me to come down and talk to them. I am already low in energy and don't look good or groomed as I haven't taken a bath for several days, and know that I can't afford to walk until the end of that corridor and go down the stairs and meet them as I need to preserve enough energy to go down and catch an auto as well. (I think I wanted to go to the bus stand.) So, I think of jumping down from the half-wall itself and I am able to manage a good landing and don't get hurt.

### **Cont Version 5?**

I walk to those people as they receive me gladly with a smile. The man in a blue suit asks me a few questions. It's only been a while since interacting with them that he wants me to explain or clear his doubt about something that I've written that he's referring to as **Cont. Version 5**. I ask him to repeat the name again as it didn't make any sense to me. He says again: **Cont. Version 5**. He then begins to explain the present political situation around this thing called **Cont. Version 5**.

### **State of SC/STs in The Country**

But before I can say anything, he begins to tell me about the situation of people belonging to the SC/ST communities in India wherein they face discrimination and are mostly used as servants by non-SC/STs; and while he explains so, I see a small-framed top-view of the visual of the narrative he's sharing with me. I see from above in the accompanying visual a lean and thin man dressed in a full-sleeved light blue shirt untucked over pants with a scarf covering his head walking holding a plate to serve someone. The guy was apparently bringing the issue up to covertly insult me or put me down as he knew that I belonged to the SC/ST community and that was the reason he began to talk in that direction.

(Now, as I was writing the guy's narrative, this previous incident from the past two years was flashed to me in which once when I reached walking with my supervisor the top of the helical stairs on the first floor of MSB after having accompanied her through the corridor discussing something related to my PhD work, she said to me in a revealing disappointed tone: **You won't understand.. We have servants!** Now, considering the person that she is that I know of, I can tell that she most probably made the statement as a flying monkey and that it wasn't a thought that originated in her own mind.)

Since I'm in a hurry to catch Auto, and know that this conversation will not serve any purpose and that they called me down to eventually get to this specific point of using SC/STs as servants to make to me, and then their objective behind doing so isn't very clear to me for I don't think like them but I can tell that there's something wrong with this conversation because I suddenly don't feel good about his inconsistent flow of going from one point to another seemingly disconnected point, thus leading me to think that to call me down to their floor was an intentional act to not only waste my time but also try to cause me mental pain, I leave them with themselves. The guy's argument suggested to me that he was making the point that it would be better if I worked as a servant instead of doing anything else. I don't see any point in continuing with the conversation and leave them with a word and not answering anymore.

### **I Try to Catch Up to My Dad**

The follow-up part of the dream now shows me going back into that corridor and taking the left at the end where I find my dad walking some distance ahead. He's dressed in a shirt tucked inside pants and is on a call and I need to ask him if he knows the way back to the building or the place to get an auto from. I begin to run after him in the corridor but am still running as fast as I can as I turn my head back in the right direction and look up at the invisible-to-eyes drones in the air behind me, the presence of which I've suddenly acknowledged in the dream, and say: **You've lost!** I turn my head

back to the front again and am still running after my dad who is busy on a call and is now further away from me as he continues to walk away in the corridor.

Though he has only been walking since when I caught sight of him, despite running I am not able to catch up with him. Besides him, there is another guy walking in the corridor whom he has bypassed and left behind.

### **Making Tea Should Be My Job?**

I'm on the ground floor of the building where I come across more people who seem to be carrying the mindset of those people behind the table making the mention of Cont. Version 5. (The name Cont. Version 5 later reminded me of the manuscript of my first paper that I had written and named RBM Cont., and then I numbered the ) The visible part looks like the part of a hall with those people together. I take a left and see the outer sunlit area through the missing wall of the hall as a person stands at the edge making tea. The people are trying to indirectly suggest to me that I should be doing the work of making tea instead of anything else. So, I know that those people are a party to the same mindset the group carried. (The upper half of PM Modi in an orange half-jacket over a tunic as he says: **Ab mein aapki madad karunga. Ab mein aapki madad karunga.** It repeats a few times.) Ignoring those people and that guy, I take a left again, apparently, continuing to get out of the building and catch an auto. Without my journey being shown, I find myself sitting on the floor inside the room on the second floor of the first building I was in. I see my dad sitting in front of me with his back towards the TV wall as he's peeling and chopping vegetables into a bowl with his sad and fallen face silently bent down. My youngest brother Divyanshu is sitting on the left of him with little Himanshu the size of the turtle moving inside the small and short cylindrical box in which my youngest brother Divyanshu brought the little turtle from my parental apartment at Omaxe as I incessantly ask my dad with a hurting heart in a worried tone: **Papa Himanshu kab ayega? Papa Himanshu kab ayega? Himanshu kab ayega?..** He answers with the same sad expression: **Jab man karega, apne aap aa jayega.** He then gestures to the turtle with a stretched palm and says: **Ye to raha Himanshu!** But it leaves me confused as to why he's calling that little version of Himanshu's first toddler appearance from the beginning of the dream as Himanshu. I know that it's clearly NOT Himanshu though it's a little version of the toddler self of the chubby Himanshu in the skyblue t-shirt eating Kinderjoy at the dream's beginning. And it's when I wake up.

## **2. Shamsheer Sir and other School Teachers, and the Professors**

**Dream (Aug, 1<sup>st</sup> half):** After moving around the building, I am standing at the door of a classroom on the left side of the end of the corridor. I see Shamsheer sir in a beige coat and other teachers from my school present on the left side of a board with some things written on it as they all look at it keenly while some college professors from a metro city are explaining something to them standing on the right side of the board. What the professors from the city are explaining are things that would seem trivial to people from the same place but to the school teachers, those things are coming across to them as what they are hearing for the first time because of which they are listening to them quite attentively, paying attention to each word spoken. As I look at them, I find that I know of those teaching techniques that the profs are explaining to the school teachers as I've spent enough time in their presence. But then I also know of the state of things or how people think at the school level in my hometown; so, I know how that info is coming across as new, interesting, and important to the

school teachers as I see Shamsher Sir looking at the board paying great attention to what is being explained. He's considered a good teacher and a valuable asset to the school and is often involved in arranging or managing events. So, I can tell that whatever info they acquire from that interaction, he's going to put it into action very seriously at the school level.

(While writing the above dream: Samsher Sir sits on my bed leaning against the wall on the left with a serious expression as he says looking ahead: ***Bahut sach bolti hai ye.***)

### 3. I, My Friend Shreya, and a Lean and Thin Glory in a Light Pink Suit

**Dream (August):** I am moving around inside a building. I've to take an exam. I enter into a classroom with long benches and desks. I meet my friend Shreya Gupta from school. She's a short-heighted and chubby and fair girl with light brown eyes and black hair. I and her go have a coffee together in the canteen. We return to the class. After a while, we go have a coffee again. We've to buy some things for a few other students from our group as well. This time, Shreya chooses to have something worth between Rs 300-400 and when we have the bill, I see that the amount of what she ordered stands out in the printed bill from other items that are much lesser in amount – the cost of a coffee or a light snack. The total amount sums up to about Rs. 500 to 600 which I am to pay. I look in my wallet and see that I have about Rs 600 to 800 with no debit card present at the time. And then I need to have enough cash to get back home at the end of the day which requires Rs 100 to 150 via public transport. So, it leaves me a bit worried though I am not saying anything to her but I look inside my wallet a few times to make sure I would be able to reach home at the end. It seems that I would indeed manage to make it back home.

While writing/editing the part above, I see: A low-contrast vision of my friend Shreya, with her black hair falling at the back, sobbing. It repeats a few times. The follow-up vision the next day of editing this dream has her now sitting on my bed leaning against the wall on my left in place of Samsher Sir as she looks ahead with a serious countenance.

#### Shreya's Quality Chart

Afterwards, when we are back in the classroom, I walk to the front of the middle row and come across a digital diagram made in the form of an organizational chart. The diagram is created on a low-contrast brown background with things written inside connected rectangular or square boxes in small black English font. The diagram shows the qualities or characteristics of Shreya as a person. As I take a look at it, I notice difficult words written that I don't know much about – unusual words formed with conjunction of different words making you feel like you know a part of it but don't understand the whole. At the bottom, I notice such a conjunctive word with the word science. It catches my attention because I know the word 'science' though I don't know what the entire word means. But I find the chart quite perplexing and the person of Shreya comes across as very diverse and versatile to me. I see how she possesses all these different traits described by words most of which I don't even know of or understand completely but can only roughly guess what they might mean.

#### The Fighting Shadows In Parallel Sight In The Distant Sky

In a later part of the dream, I find myself bicycling on a solid soiled road, and stop at a junction with a wide solid soiled street to my left. As I stand on the right side of the edge of that street with a few

people chatting around me, I happen to look across the right direction and see a green wilderness area with dark shadowy figures of clouds resembling old age warriors slowly move along my parallel front vision of the sky above the wilderness area as the shadows fight slowly with swords moving to the right in the sky. Seeing this sight in the sky, I quickly leave the spot as I see it as a sign of demonic activity and begin to trace back on the path I came from. I'm on my way back to home. I am moving smoothly through that narrow street when I meet a dead end of a building's dark brown wall with a door in front of me. Apparently, I need to cross through to get to the other side as it's a common passage. But the door is closed and as I don't want to be seen by any demonic entity that might have been present behind me or happen to follow along; so, I hide myself on top of the right wall as I rest above it thus hiding myself from the straight sight of people behind me. As I'm still seated on top of the wall with the sight of the door below, the door gets opened up from the inside and behind it is seen standing a tall, fair and obese Glory with a protruding lower belly dressed in what seems to be a round neck, full-sleeved thick and long plain maroon velvet night suit set. Looking up at me, he says to me with a light smile (paraphrased): ***You dreams are from demons!*** It makes me wonder why he says so! And also who is this different version of Glory as from earlier in the dream, when I caught a sight of him in the class or outside, he looked like his real self and now this obese and chubby version of Glory is telling me that my dreams are from demons!? He closes the door slowly immediately after making the statement.

### **The Mess/Canteen And Glory in a Pink Suit**

I find myself in the classroom with Shreya again and this time we have to go eat. Perhaps it's lunchtime. I happen to look in the direction of the empty wide backbenches in the middle row and spot a lean and thin, clean-shaven, upright and still Glory dressed in a light pink suit with a light smile, short side-combed slicked black hair and the expression of a child gentleman sitting alone at the last bench of the class laid against the classroom's wall right behind him. It makes me think about why he is dressed in that certain unusual way in a *classroom*!? And also the kind of nice, sweet and good aura his still and silent, lightly smiling self is emanating, is making him seem like a very good and characterful person as he sits still with both arms stuck to his sides. Why has he chosen to dress in that certain way!? I can tell that it is intentional and as now I recall my real-life experience with psychopathic people who come intentionally dressed in a certain way to draw people to them as a part of hunting or preying on them after they've observed their prey well enough, it makes me wonder if he's dressed like that and carrying the expression in order to draw someone to him. But is it the psychopathic tactic of mirroring used with a good heart or is it used to deceive the other person..? Is he really that person that he is embodying in that moment? To me it seems like he is sitting there looking silently ahead with an innocent affiliative smile because he's waiting for someone to come to him. Or why would he be so well or overly dressed in a *classroom*? He's standing out sitting alone at the back smiling with a closed mouth carrying a sense of peace and love. But at the time, his out-of-place attire is making me think why did he have to dress like that and wait for someone to come to him? Doesn't it carry a sense of deceiving someone or trying to covertly mind-control someone to act in a specific way? Now if he already knew the person he was trying to *draw* to him, and he assumed that specific look to pacify that person, it would be a very sweet gesture. But if I can see a person I haven't developed a good bond with first by spending time with him, trying to covertly draw me to him through psychopathic mind control tactics, it would make me feel wary and alarmed though I may have otherwise felt normal in the absence of him exhibiting such

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covert mind control tactics. So, his intended mind control is making me wary though I find his appearance and countenance of that of a love-filled child gentleman highly attractive. Also, does the person he is trying to draw in will find that look attractive enough? I don't know. All I can tell is that it's done for a purpose because of which I am see or perceive an invisible shield or wall that I need to stay out of and can only move around it as I walk through the classroom; though the lovey-dovey and timid look of a sensible child gentleman is catching my attention, I am keeping away from him on the other side of the invisible wall of safety.

However, his presence is making me conscious to be around him as he is putting on display the qualities I adore or like in a person. So, though he's not looking in my direction, I feel conscious and more aware of my actions than I normally am.

I and Shreya walk to the end of the room and enter into a narrow room, apparently, a part of the mess, running along the length of the classroom, and find a few mess people inside who give us a word about something. Crossing the small width of the mess and standing at the door on the other side, I look out into the open space after having inquired the person in the mess something about the canteen. As I'm doing so, I am still aware of the presence of still and silent smiling Glory in a light pink suit which is still making me conscious. The qualities put on display by him are making me anxious and though they are what I find desirable, I find it anxious to be in the presence of such a person who is visually meeting the character requirements I desire in a person to share a strong bond with.

4. **(Late July or Aug 1<sup>st</sup> week)** The excessively muscled wide and fluffed beige naked upper half of Death Conqueror in a dim golden background as he stands holding several different kinds of weapons, pointed outwardly at the viewer. The weapons are sharp metallic weapons of different kinds. After a week or so of having this vision, as I make the statement that 'turtle is a defensive being', the above revelation flashes in my mind. But how come Death Conqueror be a defensive person when he has been committing all these wicked offenses against me or anyone who doesn't want to have anything to do with him because he thinks or lives a certain way?  
(The upper half of Death Conqueror in a full-sleeved round neck sky blue top as he walks backwards in a dark background with a wary expression with both his hands covering the top of his mouth tightly.)
5. **Vision (Aug, 1<sup>st</sup> week):** My PhD colleagues' group stand together as I see Naveen in an off-white checkered shirt tucked inside pants standing in the center at the front as he says (paraphrased): ***Humein aise system ka hissa nahi ban na! Jo students ke saath is tarah ka bartaav karte hai!*** While others carry an agreeing body language and facial countenance.
6. **(Aug 2<sup>nd</sup> week)** A large red love heart beats superimposed on top of the little turtle lying still in its place.
7. **(Aug, 2<sup>nd</sup> week)** My dad says referring to the little turtle: ***Ye tera husband hai. Ye tera husband hai.***

8. **Dream (Aug, 2<sup>nd</sup> week):** After moving around for a while, I find myself standing with Dhruv from the Indian TV serial Shararat at a shop's almost vacant counter. Apparently, we were hungry. So, we went to that snack shop instead of having a proper lunch. He orders a samosa to eat while I have ordered something else – something sweet. It's a small snack and sweet shop.

As I walk back to a room I have previously been in the dream, I come across a bald-with-tiny-hair-spikes and a round-and-a-very-lightly-stubbled-faced watchman dressed in a grey watchman suit – his loose and boxy grey shirt with front pockets untucked over his grey pants. I interact with him for a while. He seems to be a good man. We head together to the room and are now inside with a few others present as well. On entering the room through the door at the left end of the outer wall, one sees a double bed lying against the right inner wall. I find myself sitting near the left edge of the double-bed, as I sit facing the wall in front of me with the watchman sitting near to my slight left on the bed's left edge with his back leaning against the wall behind him. He tells me that he once worked in a gym as a watchman, but didn't have the required clothes. It makes me wonder if his present clothes resembling a loose safari suit didn't go with his profession for they seem to me to be resembling a watchman's clothes and seem good enough for the job. While I'm looking at him, about to go ahead with more of the talk, I see him falling forward as he immediately falls asleep. I stop talking and let him sleep. There are others present around as well, a few sitting on the other side of the bed but not visible in the vision, but I had been talking to the watchman. Others around him didn't seem to treat him well though there was nothing wrong with him. He only stood out or looked different because of his grey suit and bald spiky head but why weren't they behaving nicely with him..? I don't know.

I am now out again for some purpose and this time as I am walking back to the room, I see a guy standing close to the dingy but reasonably ledged and windowed outside of a dark brown building, holding a rope and pulling it down. He looks to be a labor. As I look further up the rope, I find that the rope runs upwards along the outer wall of a building, and more people – looking similarly dressed in dark and dingy clothes – are clinging to it at different heights as now the vision rests midway closely at a man with a square face covered with an excessive, spiky beard clinging to the rope with his body facing right in a way resembling a vertical fetal position at a substantial height up on the building. They all pull together down at the rope that apparently goes inside a room to the right. I see in a separate flashback that it goes into *my* room and is tied around a bowl of Kheer that everyone is trying to pull out from a hole in the room's ceiling. It seems that they may succeed. I continue towards my room. Perhaps I'm trying to prevent it from getting stolen.

Before I've gotten to my room and seen how the state of things is, I find myself now walking in a different part of the place with buildings with sides. Walking forward, close in front of me I see a short grey staircase with a corridor behind it. It seems that enough time has passed since I came across the people clinging to the ropes trying to steal Kheer and I am thinking that by now it must have been stolen, which means that I never actually got to confirm its state. But because I can feel the huge time gap that has already passed, I am assuming that the Kheer must have been stolen by now. I take a left from the staired corridor and now find myself on the narrow part of the roof of a building with a few people sitting around. They carry the body language and expressive countenance similar to the thieves on the ropes though the faces are different. Apparently, as I discern observing



them, they seem to be knowing about the stolen Kheer which one of them is saying will arrive at any time. But when the bowl is brought to the group by a guy, it is shown to carry bony leg pieces of cooked chicken which makes me wonder about the Kheer for the black and stoney round chicken bowl is the same as that held the Kheer. I find it confusing and it's when I wake up.

9. **(Aug 15<sup>th</sup>, Late afternoon)** Glory sitting on a seat gets suffocated inside the metallic armour from the revelation of [The Miracle and The Beheading](#) written on Page335 created on March 25<sup>th</sup>, 2023.
10. **(Aug 15<sup>th</sup>, Late night)**: The upper half of the Aunty in a printed white gown from the apartment I visited in the year 2022 as she says: ***Bete tu aaj iske saath mat so. Nahi to vo tere Papa ko maar denge.***
11. **Dream (Aug 20<sup>th</sup>, 2024, Morning)**: I am inside a light brown building where my Mom keeps dropping in to ask me one or the other thing I don't have an answer or solution to. A few of her questions are about food which I can do nothing about. I give her a word that I can. Other times she drops in to ask me something about washing clothes which she didn't need to ask me about. It distracts me and I feel like she could do without asking me those questions which would lead to me not feeling distracted. At times it seems that she just wants to make an appearance. In this dream, it seems that I am too busy moving around or with one or the other thing and my mom's appearance about menial things she doesn't have to ask me about distracts me.
12. **Dream (Aug 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2024, Morning)**:  
**Pastor Accepts Gold Worth Rs. 40k.**  
I find myself in a room filled with people sitting on the floor. The dream carries a semi-animated look. The room has a clean and shiny tiled floor and is mostly empty with the Pastor standing in front of the crowd and preaching. My dad happens to be present around as well but doesn't seem to be exhibiting any kind of volatility which he has intermittently shown towards Jesus or my going to church. At the time of donation, I see that people are donating in different forms like money or gold, etc. I find it weird when I see that someone donated him gold worth Rs. 40k and he has accepted. I don't feel good about it and think if he's acting out of a greedy heart. But I've known him for some time and know that he carries the anointing of the Holy Spirit. But it's his casual attitude towards accepting gold worth Rs. 40k that I find weird. Before he accepted that, I had come across a thin golden bracelet molded in a wavy form with navy blue beads along its length. Apparently, someone later gifted him that as well. I wonder if he is using his profession to hoard materialistic possessions and if he's one of those wolves in sheep's clothing mentioned in the Bible. But I don't say anything about it and listen to what he is saying. But definitely, my perception of him has changed after he accepted the 40k gold donation. I think how I would've rejected the donation if I were at his place. However, I also am aware that he has performed works for God and then he goes to people's homes as well when they need prayer and keeps visiting the members of the church.

#### **The Bracelet As Gift For My Work**

As he's busy, I wonder if he would let me have the bracelet as a donation for me because of my own works that I've done in the name of the Lord. It doesn't seem too much to me to accept as it's a small piece and carries a specific pure aura about it and I like how it's made. Additionally, I am not

someone who likes to wear jewelry, but it's only the bracelet that I would like as a donation if someone has to donate me some kind of expensive jewelry metal. And I would like it as a donation for my own work for God - all the Words given out/published and then there were those that were futuristically prophetic and came to pass, and I've written a lot. So, it seems okay to me to accept a bracelet. I wonder if the Pastor thinks that I've done enough work for the Lord for me to deserve the bracelet as a donation, though I don't communicate the same to him as I find it uncomfortable to let him know of my liking about that specific bracelet. It's not that I want donation or gold, but I just seem to have associated a sense of meaningful intimacy with the bracelet (if I would wear it as a gift for my work for the Lord.)

He walks to the back of the room and enters another attached room to the right as I still think about his motive behind serving God: Is it to hoard..? Did he become greedy along the way..? (Or it could also be that he accepts what's donated because he knows it will be used in his ministry to bear the expenses of his church and do other work like going to different places to pray, etc.)

13. **Dream (Aug 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2024)**: I am walking in a corridor resembling that on the ground floor of the right end of the senior wing of my school in my hometown, and the ground floor with Hall No.s L and H at my workplace (Department of Physics & Astrophysics). I come across a lady in a thick and embroidered red tunic set with short hair reaching slightly above her neck. She is a wide and chubby lady with a small wheatish face. She walks smiling towards me and happens to interact with me. Despite my resistance, she hands me a 10 Rs. note because of my written ministry in which I've mentioned people to donate any amount including an amount as low as Rs 10. I was telling her that she didn't need to give me any money – Rs 10 or whatsoever – and didn't really want to receive it from her. But she handed it to me nonetheless. As I move around with the note, I don't feel good holding it and want to give it back. It's because I didn't write stuff because of the money that I would receive but because they were revelations handed out to me from above which I was obliged to write and I did it for God out of my love and reverence for Him, and then He and His love and presence is my reward. And also because I have never really received any kind of donation in any time in my life by far, I am not used to receiving money from outsiders (outside of my parental family) and am not fully comfortable with the idea of receiving money outside of an official workplace framework. Receiving money as a donation made for handing out the Word of God seems awkward to me, and I don't want to resort to it unless there's no other way to provide for myself. I would rather work out my own money for sustenance and hand out the Word for free as it's freely given to me to release.

As I'm now walking through another covered corridor to the corridor's right to another part of the building, I come across a few more people, apparently students, standing inside who are talking about the same – making a small collective Rs. 10 donation from each to me. The corridor resembles one that serves as an entrance to the main block of the dept's building after crossing the open uncovered space when one takes a left from Prof Annapurni's lab on the ground floor. I see a girl with her long and straight hair left open at the back highlighting it more than anyone else. Suddenly, all these people on the dept's premises seem to be interested in donating to me money for the written revelations. I feel weird about it as I am not bankrupt yet and any money they donate would be an addition.

## *The Secret Place Revelations*

I turn and walk back to the part of the building with the corridor with Halls L and H to find the girl in red and give the note back to her as I don't feel good with it. I find her and return the same telling her that she's free to give when I am in need.

I leave the space and now walk into a zone with trash heaps.

While writing the above, the following lyrics began to play in my spirit.

The Lady sings:

***This is not a, this is not a,***

***Swan..!***

***Swan.. Swan..!***

***This is not a, this is not a,***

***Swan..!***

***Swan.. Swan..!***

[Dua Lipa - Swan Song \(From Alita: Battle Angel\) \[Official Music Video\]](#)



The male chorus at the beginning also plays in my spirit.

**The dream continued:** It seems to be the city's trash hub looking at the wide heap from the ground level that I am present on. I see a few people around. Perhaps a small transport vehicle as well to move people around the site. I see a wide man heavily bearded in long spikes to my right standing near the heap as I stand facing to the left of the vision. He wants to give me a black piece of clothing that he has.

Earlier during the day, I happened to spot a wide blurry range of dark mountain-like structures visible from the roof of this building. Because they were dark, I happened to think if they were the loaded garbage heaps of the city. This reminded me of the above part of the dream.

#### 14. Vision Revelations from **Aug 24<sup>th</sup>, 2024:**

- A small-framed vision of Tejaswi (Nisanth) dressed in his attire from his display picture on his FB profile – a light red tunic over blue denims/trousers – as walking backwards, he says: ***I will never meet you again. It all happened to you because of me.***

- The bottom view of HG Amogh Lila Prabhu from ISKCON dressed in his light orangish attire as he stands beside my bed in this room and says in a hateful tone: **Man to kar raha hai ki isko abhi aag laga du.** (I had this vision around the same time that I was talking to Meera and shared with her the Jesus and Meer vision from Apr 12<sup>th</sup> that went along with her WhatsApp status to confront her sin of idolatry.)
- As I am later standing on the floor, I see several such ISKCON babajis dressed in their light orange attire standing on the floor, but this all being an inch or so high, as they walk to me and say: **Please teach us. Please humein sikhaiye.** (It was perhaps when I was talking about the Bible verses on the working of the Holy Spirit which accords different spiritual gifts to different individuals which actually play out in the life of those people, while in their religious framework, no such work of the spirit is shown to be present as a common occurrence among the people of God. If anything, according to their beliefs/theory, one needs to work extremely hard or do a lot of different kinds of meditation and being taught by several gurujis to reach a state of Nirvana wherein one becomes eligible to commune with God. While the Holy Spirit of God is freely given to anyone who accepts the forgiveness of sins and the free gift of salvation in Christ's sacrifice. The Holy Spirit is the third person of God and connects one to God. There's no long span of years spent meditating or trying to commune with God in order to hear from Him and be learned in the things of the spirit and the ways of God. But as soon as the person receives the sacrifice and repents of his/her sins and prays to God to forgive him/her, that whole-hearted belief is what leads to him receiving the Holy Spirit of Christ/God after which the person's communication with God's spirit begins which also is the beginning of the process of the sanctification of one's self, THE COMPLETION OF WHICH is given by the Strong's Word No. 350 – ANAKRINO (to vigorously judge from down to up!). It's an altogether different concept than what those Babajis follow in their doctrine.)

15. **Dream (Aug 25<sup>th</sup>, 2024)**: I am at the T-point in front of the Gate No. 3 of the Science Faculty on the Chhatra Marg, Delhi University, where I see a rectangular banner placed high between two long poles. On the banner is shown printed the faces of two or more people around the ends with something written in between. One of the faces is that of a woman with her hair tied at the back. I see a shorter but lightly fluffed version of Sonu Sood standing on the walkway lining with the Patel Chest Institute/Hospital near its curved turn to the Chhatra Marg. He is dressed in a light blue shirt untucked over blue denims/trousers. I see that he has ordered for a person to be whipped openly at that T-point for everyone to see with the board intentionally put to point to the same. He seems to be a wicked man in this dream for why would he want the open whipping of an innocent person? And he is supposedly a part of some mafia gang or else how could such an event take place so openly without anyone or the police intervening as the whipping continues for a good while.. The whipping however isn't performed by him but by a third person who is strong enough to continue to do so for that long while he watches the scene standing on the side. I don't like him and his attitude about the whole situation and he is coming across as an extremely wicked man who would even get an innocent man whipped publically for that long a duration. There's a black bag around that needs to be given to a person. After the whipping is over, the vision now shows a room on the ground floor with its door open as a man sits inside on the left side of the viewer's vision and a lady seated deep inside the room and not in the viewer's sight. The room looks unusually clean and organized. Sonu Sood walks to that door with the black bag saying that he indeed wants to give it to the lady but he

doesn't know how she might react. As he's now inside the room, I see him trying to reason with the old man about the lady inside but his attempt makes me angry. After how he behaved with that person outside at the T-point, I don't like this wicked man now inside that room acting out of an entitled authoritative attitude and trying to have to do something with the lady and acting as if they've to go along with whatever he is saying. His attitude comes across as very repulsive. He is apparently pleased at the sight of the brutal whipping of that person. The presence of such a person inside the room is highly intolerable to me. I wonder if the man inside the room isn't aware of what he has done that he should treat the wicked Sonu Sood otherwise. Why is his misdeed not being questioned and he being sent away!? The lady who's not making herself shown doesn't want to appear in front of the wicked Sonu Sood because of his wickedness and apparently, he is not there for a righteous purpose. He wants to partake in some form of wickedness with the lady which she's aware of because of which she doesn't even want to face him and has gone inside the room away from his sight not making herself accessible to him. Angered by his prior wickedness and an entitled and forceful attitude towards wanting the lady to act in the wicked way he wants and to go forcefully along with the whims of his wicked mind as he's trying to exert mental pressure on her through these other people present outside, I walk into the room and shout at him angrily in a thick voice asking him two questions about what made him think he could behave in such a way! He is silent after I've spoken and before he replies is when I wake up.

16. **Dream (Aug 28<sup>th</sup>, 2024, Morning)**: I am moving around what looks like an institute's building. Taking a turn to the right, I come across a field in the night's dark to my left. The field looks plowed with no crop in the dark of the night as I see myself in a localizedly lit space with a narrow background of an open room's wall, working speedily at the other end of the field. But as I am about to share my speedily done work with my supervisor, she tells me off and cuts me short after which I am shown to be now slowed down by a significant amount as I see a narrative voice around her say that *only professors are allowed to be fast* – the phrase accompanied by now the vision of the side-view of my supervisor sitting facing to the right behind a table on that localizedly lit spot. The vision immediately begins to slowly move to the right as the side view of one empty table after another placed in similar localizedly lit inner rooms appears along the way. I don't know why are those tables empty and what's getting transferred from one table to another with no one sitting behind them.

I now have to get back to my home. The space around looks like the open front of my hometown-school's senior-wing building which is present in the middle of the fields at the outskirts of my hometown. I am not the only one and there are other PhD students besides me who need to get to their homes. We find ourselves sitting on the backseat of Nivedita Ma'am's car with her sitting on the conductor seat at the front. She begins to talk about something and ends up commenting about the lack of a quality and her comment seems to be covertly targeted at me. It's not that she made the comment casually but the way she spoke it tells me that it was an attack or an insult. But I know that her comment isn't the truth about me, and to prove to her that it is indeed the case, I give her the example of the Cont. RBM signifying how I used the quality that she was saying that I don't possess. (My supervisor's voice says: her paper has to be published. ***Her paper has to be published. We need to publish her paper.*** It repeats several times.) In the dream, I find it imperative to reply to her because she's seeming to attempt to intentionally claim the absence of something that she KNOWS exists! And why would she try to do that? So, I feel that I must reply to her with the fact instead of a

statement said out of self-awareness. She doesn't reply to my response and soon when the car comes to a halt, I find myself sitting in an autorickshaw.

I am the only one left to be dropped home and am still inside the school building of the senior wing. It is still the dark of the night. It must be quite late at night as it was already fully dark when I stood in front of the semi-activated field, and then I and other students took the lift from Nivedita Ma'am after which I still found myself inside the school building in the dark of the night. Why was I not dropped home yet?..

Apparently, this time I get an exclusive lift in Nivedita Ma'am's car to be dropped home where I am the only one inside the car with the driver present at the front. The driver is a different guy as well and not the square-faced and bearded Sonu. The new driver is a lightly stubbled old man with a bald head with tiny spikes. He is carrying a righteous and amicable countenance unlike the previous driver and is talking to me looking back intermittently without me initiating any conversation. As we drive out of the school premises and take a left towards the hometown, he is sharing with me how he was out dropping Nivedita Ma'am's husband Sanjay Sir home, and that's why I was there at that late hour - still left to be dropped home. I understand some of the things he's saying so I am asking him intermittently to repeat when I am not able to hear or catch him properly. I wasn't expecting that conversation at that hour with an amicable driver. I was expecting a silent ride. But because the guy is a righteous and moral person, him communicating with me doesn't seem odd to me though I am not talking a lot like him but want to get home quickly as it's quite dark as we continue on that road to my hometown, and it's when I wake up.

17. **Dream:** I walk onto a soiled land to the right and come across a semi-activated dim orangish view of a still water body with a small square temple in the middle supported only by pillars with no side walls. It doesn't resemble a giant, wide temple one sees in cities but is only a small open empty space with nothing inside, no idol, and no person present. One needs to swim or use a boat to reach the open temple. I don't know if it's dusk or dawn, but the permeating calm of the sight has me captivated as I look at the exceeding stillness of the calm view ahead with the temple standing peacefully in the center. It seems to me a perfect place to sit in the silent vastness and experience unity with the unseen God or commune with Him in peace and stillness. I stand at the land edge resting my arms on the fence wall as I look at it silently from that distance.

[Dil me ho tum \[Slowed + Reverb\] slow Version | Armaan Malik | Slowed Reverb | Full Song](#)





I see a wild creature resembling a shark and a crocodile rise from the still and clean water and it catches my attention. It floats through the air as I am following its trajectory, and floating in a curved path along my left direction, falls into an open sewerage line on the ground behind me. After it has fallen into the narrow dirty stream, I feel safe and relieved as it is no longer perceived as a threat unlike the time it was in the air and a threat to everyone around..

18. **Dream (Aug 29<sup>th</sup>, 2024, Morning)**: After moving around and having been at different places in the dream, after going through the narrow market street with small shops on both sides on the right of my hometown's central square, I have now exited into the wider part of the street which has multiple streets along the edges running to residential parts of the town. On the right side of that wider market inner square, I go into a shop with one or two guys sitting behind the long counter slab. I have to buy sanitary napkins from that shop. I let them know that there's some excess amount that they need to adjust in the bill. As I can see in the dream, the amount is from a different shop but apparently, I want to adjust the same in this shop and it seems normal to me in the dream, and the shopkeepers seem to be going along with it as well. I have to do a bit of explaining to them about the small amount of change I didn't receive from the other shop, and that amount they need to adjust in my bill for sanitary napkins leading to me having to pay them a different lesser amount than the full amount that I would have paid otherwise. As I am further talking to them, they let me know about a person I apparently already know that he is taken away by the police for interrogation. But the additional fact the shopkeeper(s) let me know about that person that I didn't previously know is that he has a shyness disorder because of which he is not responding to the police well. As they are sharing the same with me, I see a superimposed vision – on the customer's side of the shop – of the upper half until the shoulders of the man being interrogated by the Police as he's keeping silent and not answering anything. I find it weird that he should be shy about something as rational as being questioned about something. If anything, it makes sense to understand that people are usually shy in dealing with matters of the heart, but what's this weird behavior of being shy when questioned?

19. **Dream (Aug 31<sup>st</sup>, Morning)**:

**A Day in the Dept and the Call**

The dream carries a semi-animated to fully animated look throughout its duration.

I am in a room resembling R. No. 184 in the MSB of my institution in its structure, though the room in the room is smaller in size and has darker beige walls with the entire space carrying a semi-animated shiny look. I am in the room with Naveen and another girl as we are talking about something. The chat leads me to talk about my ex-supervisor Awadhesh Prasad whom I left because he is a sexual offender/harasser and required me to have sexual relations with him. I perhaps talk about the political situation around my first paper as well which has the work that I began independently while I was still working with him as my official supervisor, and how it's facing difficulty getting published because of the same. (It keeps getting desk-rejected with weird reasons given such as it's out of the 'current' scope of the journal when the journal's name clearly conforms with the field, etc. I don't say this but only give a brief narrative of the situation.) When I'm done talking about the same, the girl in front of me lifts the handset of a black telephone, lying at the left end of the long wooden table in front of me extending sideways along the length of the room, and asks me if I want to talk to Awadhesh Prasad who is on the other side of the phone and had been apparently listening to me. I don't feel like talking to him and see no point in the same either as he's still the same wicked person

and I don't feel comfortable around his persona either. It's late now in the department and we all need to leave. Naveen and the girl bid me buy while I stay to work for a while longer.

### **The Wheat Heap**

I find myself inside a new house with light brown walls, the house carrying a similar semi-animated-look. Walking to the end of a room and looking out through the door, I see a huge green ground in a bright day in front of me resembling that in the junior wing of my school in my hometown. But what doesn't make sense is the distant wide heap of wheat spread on it with several polythene bags of different colors and other solid junk in the heap. It makes me wonder about its purpose lying there. How can it be cleaned with that amount of junk stuffed inside?

### **My Mom Gives Rent To My Dad**

I go back to the room. My dad is lying on the single bed laid against the wall with a raised upper half as one or more other people (perhaps my youngest brother and someone else) are present there as well. He is holding a thin bundle of money. It seems that he is to count the same and put it at its place. As I now stand looking away from him in the direction of the door on the side of the room opposite the ground, I see my mom make a sudden unexpected entrance holding a few fresh and unfolded cash notes in her hands. They seem to be of a different currency as they look different from the ones with my dad. She says that it's her rent for staying with him and after placing it on the table lying against the wall at the other end of the single bed, leaves quietly. I wonder why she would give any rent to him. It seems that because my dad has been so wicked towards her and has abused her on account of her being fully dependent on him besides cheating on her, she is now exercising boundaries with him and would rather stay away from him in a different part of the house and give him rent instead of staying in his presence for free and getting abused and hurt because of his ill treatment of her which she endured for long.

(A small-framed vision of Glory in a light sky blue long and boxy shirt worn untucked over trousers beats his chest like a proud gorilla as he says: *Meri wife bahut acchi hai!*)

### **The Two Sifted Wheat Heaps**

After she has left, my dad casually exclaims about the many number of times he has asked her to not give him rent (but she still does). Though I stay silent, I know why she prefers to give him rent. It's to make the point that she doesn't have to put up with the abuse and mistreatment just to have his financial support.

In the latter part of the dream, when I happen to walk to the door leading to the huge green ground, this time I find that the wide heap of wheat is now segregated into two different heaps separated horizontally by some distance with the colorful polythene bags no longer present along with other solid gunk. As I look at the two heaps lying separated in the light of the day, I wonder who did this tedious job. Apparently, it were some young children who completed the task. However, the thought of the wheat still being extremely dirty as it has just been sifted of its solid junk crosses my mind. How would it be washed and disinfected to be properly clean? I think about it for a while as I look at the sifted wheat and turn back and walk away from the ground.



20. (Past few days) The side view of my face of my mom looking to the left with a semi-circular bruise below her left eye visible to the viewer as she says sadly: **Meri beti apne aap mar gayi. Meri beti apne aap mar gayi.**
21. An angled top view of the little turtle walking on the floor being tilted on its right arm and leg as it seems to not put much pressure on its left arm and left leg.
22. The top view of the little turtle until the beginning of its shell as it lies with its right arm outstretched with a blurry vision of my mom's head present in place of mine as a voice says (paraphrased): **Papa iski left arm break karna chahte hai.**
23. Recall the following vision revelation from Page 603 created on Nov 23rd, 2023:  
(Late 2021/Early 2022) IT was when I had...
- (Late 2021/Early 2022) IT was when I had just begun to exercise boundaries while bathing in Room D4 of A-16. And the way I changed clothes was also covered. By this time, I've already had the dream revelation of my wedding with Glory in which he was dressed in a red and white suit. So as I was changing into fresh clothes being able to hide my body, I kept intermittently seeing: the front view of the backseat of a car as Glory dressed in a red and white suit sits on it with a red bouquet and keeps pointing at me as he says: **Ye le! Ye le!** He is pointing to how I have managed to find a solution to the problem. So when I had those revelations during late 2021 or early 2022, I was under the impression that he is waiting for me in a car with a bouquet as was shown to me in the visions which were day visions with the car lit with daylight. So I thought: does he keep sitting in that car all the time dressed in that way with a bouquet! So I was quite serious about going out on Moonlit nights as was revealed to me in the previous dream revelation in which he jumped out from behind a stationary white car and sat on the ground making the prophetic symbol with that bouquet. But none of it came to pass each time I went out hoping to pass by a white from the back of which was supposed to jump out Glory dressed in red & white wedding clothes with a bouquet after which I bent down to his level the blurry procession of which wasn't shown. And when I got up, he too got up and he pointed with his right arm to a place where I was supposed to be present. He was inviting me to my wedding, and then I had told him: I will talk to my dad, and the next thing I saw was me walking into that wedding hall with huge bouquets placed outside.
24. The Guy sings:  
**Yesu mere saath hai.. Yesu mere ander hai..**  
People join together:  
**Yesu mere saath hai.. Yesu mere ander hai..**
- The Guy continues:  
**Yesu ko mein pehne hu.. Mujhme vo zinda hai..**  
People join together:  
**Yesu ko mein pehne hu.. Mujhme vo zinda hai..**
- The Guy continues:  
**Yhi meri taakat hai.. Ye nahi bhoolna hai..**

## *The Secret Place Revelations*

People join together:

***Yhi meri taakat hai.. Ye nahi bhoolna hai..***

The Guy continues:

***Kabhi nahi bhoolna hai.. Kabhi nahin bhoolna hai..***

People join together:

***Kabhi nahi bhoolna hai.. Kabhi nahin bhoolna hai..***

[Yeshu mere sath hai yeshu mere andar lyrics song video](#)



The Guy continues:

***Jitni hukumatein, Yeshu ke adheen hai..***

People join together:

***Jitni hukumatein, Yeshu ke adheen hai..***

The Guy continues:

***Duniya ki taakatein Yeshu ke adheen hai..***

People join together:

***Duniya ki taakatein Yeshu ke adheen hai..***

The Guy continues:

***Saari beemariya Yeshu ke adheen hai..***

People join together:

***Saari beemariya Yeshu ke adheen hai..***

The Guy continues:

***Aatmic shaktiyaan Yeshu ke adheen hai..***

People join together:

***Aatmic shaktiyaan Yeshu ke adheen hai..***

The Guy continues:

***Yahin meri taakat hai, ye nahin bhoolna hai..***

People join together:

***Yahin meri taakat hai, ye nahin bhoolna hai..***

## *The Secret Place Revelations*

The Guy continues:

***Kabhi nahi bhoolna hai.. Kabhi nahin bhoolna hai..***

People join together:

***Yahin meri taakat hai, ye nahin bhoolna hai..***

#####

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 channels:

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