

A Product Of  
Aadhya Publishing House

VOL 1 / ISSUE 3 - MAY 2026

# PANACHE INK

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE



Address- Bhopal Madhya Pradesh

## MYTH OF MYTHOLOGY

"It's not mythology that is misunderstood—it's our understanding."

Beyond stories lies a deeper truth waiting to be seen.

Visit Us:



CHIEF EDITOR:

DR. AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA  
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE



[www.Aadhyapublication.in](http://www.Aadhyapublication.in)

# Preface

---

*"Panache Ink" is not just a name. It is a basic value of our "Aadhya Publishing House" as we believe talent should never die. Rather it should always stand out like the feathered plume on a helmet to attract the world and that is what Panache means. We, as the Publisher, believe in encouraging new talent in the field of literature. We want each and every poet to get the opportunity to express themselves and get the proper acknowledge that they deserve. They should be known by the world for their views and we hope very soon we shall be able to achieve this.*

*Panache Ink is a monthly international magazine in the English Language, that is released on digital platforms for literature lovers.*

*However, our work does not end here. I, Akanksha Shrivastava, Publisher and Chief Editor of Aadhya Publishing house, am trying to put a smile on the faces of poor children by providing them with food on behalf of our publishing house. By taking this small initiative, it is our wish to fulfill this basic need of food so that we help the children to survive in a better way.*



# **AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE**

**PRESENTS**

## **PANACHE INK** International Magazine

*May 2026*

**Publisher &  
Chief Editor**

Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava  
9424002558

**Designed by:**

Lalit Kishore Gaur  
LKG Telefilms  
lkgaur76@gmail.com

## **Panache Ink**

Volume 1,

### **Editorial Office**

C25 Vardhman City patel nagar raisen road bhopal

**Publisher:** Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava

**Editor-in-Chief:** Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava

**Technical Head:** Lalit kishore Gaur

**Printers:** PrintBajar

**Address:** Plot No. 210, Next To hotel Amer Palace, Zone-1, M.P. Nagar,  
Bhopal  
Madhya Pradesh  
462011

**ISSN :**3048-457x

### **Copyright © 2026 [Akanksha Shrivastava And Panache Ink]**

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

# PANACHE INK

## Editorial Board



**Founder And Chief Editor**  
Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava  
India



**Technical Head**  
Mr. Lalit Kishore Gaur  
India



**Acquisition Editor**  
Ms. Pavithra Srinivasan  
Australia



**Developmental Editor**  
Mr. Nhamo Muchagumisa  
Zimbabwe



**Line Editor**  
Mr. Adesoga Jubril Astiwaju  
Nigeria



**Beta Reader**  
Ms. Lucy Victoria David  
South Africa



**Member of Editorial Board**  
Mr. Mantri Pragada Markandeyulu  
India

# EDITORIAL

## BEYOND MYTH, TOWARDS OURSELVES

There are times when a civilization does not lose its stories — it loses its ability to listen to them.

Perhaps that is what has happened to us.

We inherited epics, symbols, rituals, and philosophies that once guided the inner life of human beings, yet somewhere along the way, they became reduced to either unquestioned worship or casual dismissal. Mythology was slowly pushed into two extremes: blind belief or blind rejection. And in between these extremes, the essence was lost.

This edition of Panache Ink was born from a very simple yet deeply necessary question:

What if mythology was never meant to be escaped into, but understood through?

The stories we often treat as distant are not distant at all. They are deeply human. The Mahabharata is not merely about war; it is about the psychology of conflict. The Ramayana is not merely about ideal characters; it is about impossible choices. Draupadi is not remembered because she caused destruction, but because she refused silence. Sita is not weak because she endured; she is powerful because she chose with awareness. Even Ravana, often reduced to evil, reflects the tragedy of brilliance consumed by ego.

These are not characters trapped in ancient texts. They are emotional realities we continue to live every day.

In a world overflowing with information yet starving for reflection, mythology becomes relevant again — not as superstition, but as inquiry. Not as rigid answers, but as mirrors.

And perhaps that is the central spirit of this issue.

Every article in this edition attempts to move beyond surface-level narratives and enter the uncomfortable, beautiful complexity beneath them. We did not want to merely repeat stories people already know. We wanted to ask why these stories still survive despite centuries passing over them.

The answer, perhaps, lies in the fact that human beings have changed externally far more than internally.

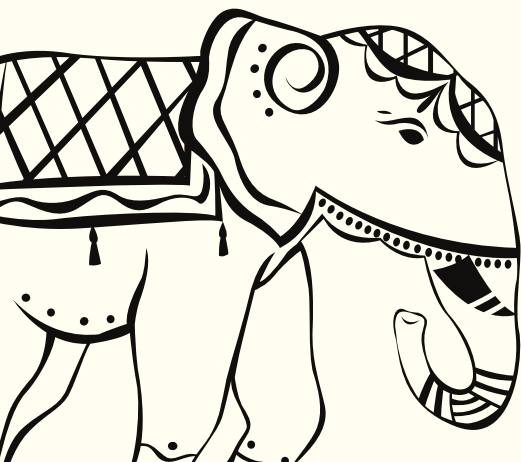
We still struggle with insecurity like Duryodhana.

We still seek belonging like Karna.

We still carry silent endurance like Sita.

We still face moral paralysis like Arjuna.

We still witness injustice and remain silent like the court of Hastinapur.



And somewhere within us, there is still a Draupadi asking questions the world is uncomfortable answering.

But this edition is not only about mythology.

At its heart, this issue is about reclaiming depth in an age of reduction.

Today, everything is simplified too quickly. People are labeled instantly. Stories are consumed rapidly. Nuance disappears beneath opinions. We are encouraged to react before we understand. To judge before we reflect. To choose certainty over contemplation. Yet the human experience has never been simple.

A person can be wise and flawed simultaneously. Love can become a sacrifice.

Strength can exist in silence. Detachment can mean involvement without destruction.

Rituals can carry forgotten intelligence beneath repetition. And honesty, sometimes, can be worth far more than success itself.

That is why the column “One Hundred Rupees and Three Zeroes” feels so important in this edition. In the middle of philosophical discussions and mythological reinterpretations, it quietly reminds us of something profoundly human: character is not built through achievements alone, but through compassion when no one is watching.

Perhaps that is what literature must continue to do.

Not merely entertain.

Not merely instruct. But awaken sensitivity.

Because societies do not decline only through economic collapse or political conflict. They decline when human beings stop feeling deeply. When empathy becomes weakness. When questioning becomes rebellion. When silence becomes easier than truth.

This edition is an invitation to resist that decline.

To read slowly. To think honestly.

To question inherited narratives — not to destroy them, but to understand them more truthfully.

And above all, to recognize that mythology is not trapped in the past.

It is breathing through us even now.

Every generation rewrites its relationship with these stories. And perhaps that is not disrespect toward tradition — perhaps that is tradition staying alive. As you turn these pages, we hope you do not simply read these articles as interpretations of ancient texts. We hope you encounter fragments of yourself within them.

Because ultimately, mythology was never asking us to worship perfection.

It was asking us to understand humanity

**Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava**

**Chief Editor, Panache Ink**



# Content

<b>COLUMN</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>SITA REFUSES THE NARRATIVE</b>	<b>27</b>
By: Mr. Piyush Goel		By: Ms. Pragya Tripathi	
<b>RAMAYAN - A STUDY IN CONSCIOUS LEADERSHIP</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>SITA: THE EMBODIMENT OF STRENGTH AND CHOICE</b>	<b>29</b>
By: Mr. ShashiDhar Kumar		By: Mr. Rahul Chaurase	
<b>BEYOND BLAME: UNVEILING THE TRUE STORY OF - DRAUPADI</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>MAHABHARATA AS A STUDY OF HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY</b>	<b>33</b>
By: Mr. Rahul Chaurase		By: Mr. ShashiDhar Kumar	
<b>MYTHOLOGY IS THE TIMELESS MIRROR</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>POEM - WHAT THEY NEVER SAID</b>	<b>35</b>
By: Ms. Pragya Tripathi		By: Mr. Rahul Chaurase	
<b>KARMA MEANS FATE</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>VILLAINS WERE NOT EVIL</b>	<b>36</b>
By: Mr. Kartik Srivastava		By: Mr. ShashiDhar Kumar	
<b>DRAUPADI: THE MIRROR OF SILENCE</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>DETACHMENT MEAN LEAVING LIFE</b>	<b>38</b>
By: Ms. Pragya Tripathi		By: Mr. Kartik Srivastava	
<b>RITUALS ARE BLIND PRACTICES</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>WRITE UPS</b>	<b>41</b>
By: Mr. Kartik Srivastava			

PANACHE INK ORIGINAL



# BIJAMANDAL

THE LOST CIVILIZATION

DOCU-SERIES

Some places are not just history.  
They are buried truths.

Hidden in the heart of India lies Bijamandal – a land of grandeur, faith, knowledge and mystery.

From magnificent temples to forgotten scriptures, from ancient cities to untold stories – this docu-series explores the legacy that history tried to silence.

## WHAT TO EXPECT?



LOST  
TEMPLES



ANCIENT  
SCRIPTURES



FORGOTTEN  
CITIES



HIDDEN  
KNOWLEDGE



UNTOLD  
STORIES

THE PAST IS NOT GONE.  
IT IS WAITING TO BE FOUND.

A cinematic journey into the mysterious, spiritual and architectural legacy of ancient India.



WATCH NOW ON  
**YOUTUBE**

SUBSCRIBE TO  
**Panache Ink**  
YouTube Channel

A NEW EPISODE.  
A NEW REVELATION.  
EVERY CHAPTER UNCOVERS  
WHAT WAS HIDDEN FOR CENTURIES.

BECAUSE EVERY STONE HAS A STORY.  
EVERY STORY HAS A SOUL.

EPISODE 2

1024 CE

WHEN HISTORY  
RECORDED IT

# Column

## One Hundred Rupees And Three Zeroes.....

By: Piyush Goel

After finishing my intermediate studies, I stood at that familiar crossroads where every young mind begins to dream of the future. Engineering fascinated me, and naturally, I had chosen science subjects in Class 12 that aligned with that path. Though my father was a doctor, he never imposed his profession upon me. He believed a person should always walk through life with multiple possibilities in hand.

Years passed. I became a mechanical engineer and spent twenty-seven years in the profession. Yet today, strangely enough, I find myself writing books – and discovering a joy far deeper than any designation ever gave me.

But this story began much earlier.

Soon after I completed Class 12, my father called me one evening. He placed a crisp hundred-rupee note in my hand and said softly,

“Your task is simple –

you only have to add zeroes to this hundred.

But remember one condition...

do it honestly.”

I slipped the note into my pocket, but his words settled somewhere much deeper.

For days, I kept thinking.

One morning, I went to the railway station. I observed people for hours – what they bought, what they searched for, what they needed but couldn't easily find. After many days of quietly studying the place, I understood something simple yet profound: food is a business that never dies, especially the kind people seek in moments of travel, fatigue, and longing.

At the same time, I also spent many days visiting temples in the area. There too, one thing became evident – wherever there is faith, there is food; wherever there is prayer, there is hunger.

Then one day, while stepping out of a temple, I noticed an elderly woman sitting near the entrance. She was asking passersby for food.

There was something in her condition that pierced straight through me.

Without thinking much, I went and brought food for her. I sat beside her for a while and asked about her well-being. It was winter, so I arranged some warm clothes for her as well.

Slowly, this became a part of my routine.

Every day, my mother would prepare extra food, and I would take it to that old woman. Months passed this way.

One day, my mother finally asked,

“Whom do you take food for every single day?”

I smiled and replied,

“Come with me today, Maa. I want you to meet someone.”

The moment my mother handed the food to the elderly woman with her own hands, the woman burst into tears.

Looking at my mother, she said,

“You are blessed to have such a son...

He cares not only for his own people, but even for a stranger like me.”

Then, after a pause heavy with pain, she whispered,

“My husband passed away many years ago. I have a son too... but he severed all ties with me. I still long to see him, my daughter-in-law, my grandchildren... but I do not even know where they live anymore.”

That day, the emptiness in her eyes said more than words ever could.

I quietly took out the same hundred-rupee note my father had once given me and placed it in her wrinkled hands.

“Keep this with you,” I said gently.

“And please don’t worry anymore. We are with you.”

I also arranged a room for her in a nearby dharamshala. Sometimes I visited her, sometimes my mother did.

Then came a day I can never forget.

As I turned to leave after giving her food, she suddenly held my hand.

In a trembling voice, she said,

“Son... take back your hundred rupees.

And here... this bundle is for you.

But promise me one thing –

open it only after I am gone.”

My mother heard everything and tried persuading her not to speak like that. Eventually, we decided to bring her home with us.

But destiny had chosen otherwise.


The very next morning, when I went to meet her with food in my hands, I learned that she was no more.

A strange silence filled my heart.


My parents and I reached there immediately. All the final rites were completed.

And then came the moment to open the bundle she had left behind.

As it unfolded before us, we could do nothing except stare at one another in stunned silence.



---



Inside a steel container were two gold necklaces, some diamond ornaments... and the same hundred rupees I had once given her.

We did not keep any of it.

The next day, we went to the temple trust and narrated the entire story before handing everything over to them.

What they did afterward was deeply beautiful.

Using that money, the trust commissioned a statue of the elderly woman and installed it at the very place outside the temple where she used to sit every day.

The day the statue was unveiled, my heart felt an indescribable peace.

That day, I truly understood something:

Honesty does not merely increase wealth.

It enlarges the soul.

Soon after, I left for engineering college...

And honestly,

I could add only three zeroes to that hundred rupees.



## Ramayan - A Study in Conscious Leadership

**Shashi Dhar Kumar, Editor Panache Ink**

Rama (राम) is often described as flawless—“Maryada Purushottama (मर्यादा पुरुषोत्तम),” the perfect man. But if we read texts like the Valmiki Ramayana (वाल्मीकि रामायण) and Ramcharitmanas (रामचरितमानस) more closely, a different picture emerges. Rama does not represent perfection in the modern sense. Instead, he reflects something more practical and relatable: conscious leadership—leadership shaped by awareness, responsibility, and ethical thinking.

In many traditional interpretations, Rama is seen as someone who never makes mistakes. However, the original texts show him as thoughtful, emotionally aware, and deeply connected to his circumstances. For example, when he accepts exile, he does so calmly, saying that following his father’s command is his highest duty. This is not blind obedience; it shows a deliberate choice to place duty above personal comfort. Similarly, the famous line about the Raghu lineage (रघुकुल रीत सदा चली आयी, प्राण जाए पर वचन ना जाई!)—where promises are valued even above life—highlights that Rama’s greatness lies in staying true to his principles, even when situations are difficult.

Rama’s actions are guided by Dharma (धर्म), a concept that goes beyond simple duty. It includes justice, balance, and moral responsibility. In today’s terms, this aligns with ethical or values-based leadership. Rama repeatedly chooses what is right, even when it causes him personal pain—whether it is accepting exile, fighting Ravana (रावण), or making decisions influenced by public opinion to choose the exile of Shita (सीता).

Another important aspect of his leadership is emotional intelligence. Rama remains calm during crises, builds strong relationships with allies like Hanuman and Sugriva, and even shows respect toward his enemies. In fact, he advises Lakshmana to learn from Ravana in his final moments, suggesting that wisdom can come from anywhere—even from an opponent. This reflects humility and maturity, qualities essential for any strong leader.

One of the most debated decisions in Rama's life is Sita's exile. From a modern perspective, it may seem unfair. But within the context of his time, it reflects the difficult balance between personal values and public responsibility. Rama does not avoid hard choices. Instead, he faces them, fully aware of their impact on society. This shows a leader dealing with complex realities rather than following a simple path.

Rama's life is often seen as full of sacrifices. But these are not just sacrifices for the sake of suffering—they are conscious decisions where he prioritizes the greater good over personal desires. Time and again, he places social order above personal happiness, the kingdom above family, and duty above emotion. This makes him an example of what we now call servant leadership.

In the end, Rama's story is not about being perfect. It is about handling imperfect situations with awareness and integrity. His life teaches that leadership is not about avoiding challenges but about making thoughtful decisions in the face of them.

In today's world, where leadership often struggles with accountability and ethics, Rama's example still feels relevant. He reminds us that true leadership is not about being flawless—it is about being aware, responsible, and guided by higher principles.

# BEYOND BLAME: UNVEILING THE TRUE STORY OF DRAUPADI

Rahul Chaurase  
Editor, Panache Ink

It was not Draupadi who caused the war—it was men’s ego that led to it. Yet, it has always been easier to place the blame on a woman than to confront the pride, insecurity, and unchecked power of men. Draupadi did not create the conflict; she revealed it. What Duryodhana could not accept was not just defeat, but the presence of a woman who refused to be diminished.

As humans, we often perceive things superficially. We isolate a single moment, a reaction, a voice, and we assign blame accordingly. This is convenient as it shields the deeper structures from scrutiny. It protects the deeper structures from being questioned. Draupadi’s story has frequently been reduced to this convenience—her laughter, her anger, her words—these are highlighted as the “cause” of the war. But the truth lies far beneath this surface.

The war was not born in that moment. It had been taking shape long before Draupadi was dragged into the court. It dwelled in Duryodhana’s jealousy, which could not tolerate the success of the Pandavas; In Shakuni’s manipulation; in Dhritarashtra’s blind attachment; and in Yudhishtira’s weakness. These were not isolated flaws—they were manifestations of adharma, gradually growing, unchecked.

Draupadi did not ignite the fire. She became the moment when the flames could no longer be concealed.



In the Kaurava court, when she was humiliated, questioned, and reduced to an object, it was not merely a personal insult—it marked the collapse of dharma in its most visible form. A woman's dignity was placed at stake before kings, elders, and warriors—and most chose silence. That silence is significant. It reveals that injustice is not sustained by one person alone, but by many who choose not to act.

And yet, Draupadi stood.

She did not accept what was happening as fate. She questioned it. She asked whether Yudhishtira, who had already lost himself, had any right to stake her. This was not just a question—it was a confrontation, a challenge to the moral failure of everyone present.

Draupadi was not someone who could be easily exploited or silenced. She refused to be reduced to an object. She refused to normalize her humiliation. Her anger was not arrogance; it was clarity. Her voice was not rebellion; it was truth refusing to be suppressed.

She was not a “common” woman by the societal standards. She was uncommon—not because she was above others, but because she was deeply aware of her own dignity. She carried self-respect, resilience, and the courage to stand alone when necessary. She did not remain silent. She did not “move on.” She did not accept injustice quietly.

Her vow to leave her hair untied until it was washed with Dushasana's blood is often misunderstood as vengeance. But it was more than that—it was a symbol of unresolved injustice. It was her refusal to let her humiliation be forgotten, her refusal to allow society to move forward as if nothing had happened.

This is where Draupadi becomes the catalyst—not of the war itself, but of its inevitability. Because once injustice is acknowledged, once it is named, it can no longer be ignored anymore. Her voice did not cause conflict; it shattered the illusion of peace.

Peace that exists amid injustice is not true peace—it is silence imposed on truth.

Draupadi refused that silence.

And this is where her story resonates deeply with today.

Even now, many women live in fear—fear of society, fear of judgment, fear of being blamed for what they did not cause. They are taught to adjust, to remain quiet, to preserve “honor,” even when that honor demands their silence in the face of injustice.

The setting has changed, but the pattern remains.

Women are still judged through societal lenses, Their choices, their voice, their characters—everything is questioned. And when injustice occurs, the focus often shifts from the act to the woman herself. What did she do? What did she say? How did she behave?

This is not new. This is the same tendency that turned Draupadi into the “cause” of the war.

There is a deep discomfort in society when a woman refuses to stay silent. When she questions, resists, or demands accountability—she disrupts the comfort of those who benefit from silence.

So instead of confronting the injustice, society often redirects the narrative. It blames her.

This tendency to blame the victim is not only unfair—it is revealing. It demonstrates that society prefers to protect its structures rather than challenge them.

Many women, living within this system, seek validation from men, society, or institutions that judge them through predefined beliefs. They begin to measure themselves through external approval, gradually losing touch with their own voice. This is where the true loss occurs.

Because the moment you seek validation from a system that does not see you clearly, you begin to doubt your own truth. Draupadi did not do that.

She did not seek validation—she demanded truth. She did not ask for acceptance—she refused disrespect. She did not measure herself through others' eyes—she stood firmly in her own understanding of who she was.

Her strength was not in physical power, but in clarity. She knew her worth, and she refused to let the world redefine it. Perhaps that is why Draupadi remains unsettling.

Because she represents something that challenges the status quo—a woman who does not accept injustice, who does not remain silent, who does not seek approval to exist with dignity.

She is not merely a character in an epic. She is a mirror—reflecting how society reacts when truth is spoken.

A mirror that reveals how quickly blame is shifted, how easily silence is chosen, and how uncomfortable people become when faced with clarity.

Draupadi did not start the war.

She made it impossible to ignore why it had to happen. And perhaps that is her greatest strength—not in destruction, but in revealing what was already broken.

Her story is not just about the past. It is a question for the present.

How often do we remain silent when we should speak?

How often do we judge without understanding?

How often do we blame the one who stands, instead of questioning the system that forces them to stand alone?

Draupadi stood.

Not because it was easy, but because it was necessary.

And until that necessity is understood, her story will continue to be misunderstood.

Because the problem was never Draupadi.

The problem was the injustice she refused to accept.



# Mythology is The Timeless Mirror

Pragya Tirpathi Editor Panache Ink

There is a quiet dismissal that surrounds mythology today. It is called outdated, ancient, and irrelevant in a world of algorithms and artificial intelligence. Something to be preserved but not engaged with. Something to be respected, but not questioned.

But this distance is not because mythology has lost meaning. It is because we have forgotten how to read it.

Mythology was never meant to be a collection of stories. It was meant to be a reflection, not of the past but of us. Unlike history, mythology does not concern itself with the accuracy of events. It concerns itself with the accuracy of experience. It does not ask, Did this happen? It asks, Does this feel true? And that is why it endures.

The characters we often place on pedestals were never meant to remain there. They were meant to be recognized.

**Ram** is not just a king from another age. He is the weight of responsibility carried in silence. The decision is made when every option feels like a loss.

**Sita** is not merely an ideal. She is an endurance that refuses to break. She is a choice, especially when that choice is misunderstood.

**Ravan** is not just a villain. He is brilliance entangled with ego. A reminder that knowledge without self-awareness can become destruction.

These are not distant figures. They are recurring states of being. Even now, the same conflicts persist: Duty against desire. Love against responsibility. Power against ethics. We may speak about them in the language of modern psychology, identity, trauma, resilience, but mythology had already begun the conversation. Only, it chose to speak in stories. The battlefield of Kurukshetra is often imagined as a physical place. But its truer form is internal. It is the moment of decision. The pause before action. The space where right and easy are no longer the same.

To call mythology outdated is to mistake form for relevance. The language may be ancient, but the questions are not.

Consider **exile**. In a literal sense, it belongs to another time. But as an experience? It is a transformation. It is being removed from certainty and asked to rebuild meaning.

Consider **silence**. It is often mistaken for submission. But sometimes, it is survival. Sometimes, it is strength gathering itself before it speaks.

Consider **downfall**. It is easy to attribute it to fate. But mythology insists otherwise. It asks us to look at ego, at choice, at consequence. It asks us to look inward.

The problem, then, is not mythology. It is a reduction. When mythology is turned into rigid lessons into fixed ideas of right and wrong, it loses its depth. It becomes instruction. Predictable. Distant. But when it is approached with openness, it becomes inquiry. Alive.

Evolving.

Each generation reads mythology differently. And that is not a distortion. It is a continuation. Once, Sita was seen only as the ideal of devotion. Today, she is also understood as a figure of agency. The story has not changed. But the lens has. This is not a loss of tradition. It is its expansion.

Mythology does not demand agreement. It invites interpretation. It lives not because it is preserved but because it is re-understood. In literature. In the cinema. In the quiet reflections of individuals trying to make sense of their own lives.

Concepts like dharm and karm are no longer confined to ritual. They are discussed as philosophies and frameworks to understand action, consequence, and responsibility. And perhaps that is where mythology finds its truest relevance. Not in telling us what to think but in teaching us how to think.

Because long after the stories are told, the questions remain.

**Myth:** Mythology is outdated. **Reality: Mythology** is a timeless human experience  
**Mythology survives not because it is remembered, but because it continues to recognize us.**

# Karma Means Fate

## Reality: Responsibility

-Kartik Srivastava  
Editor, Panache Ink



Our lifestyles are shaped by different concepts, perceptions and beliefs. Few concepts are widely used and often widely misunderstood.

One such concept is “karma”. In everyday language, karma is often equated with fate (prarabdh or bhagya) : a predetermined force that governs life events beyond one’s control. Phrases like “it’s my karma” are used to explain misfortune, justify passivity, or accept all the outcomes without question. However, this interpretation reduces a profound philosophical principle into a simplistic and often disempowering idea.

In its original sense, karma does not mean fate– it means responsibility, the responsibility for one’s actions! The word “karma” comes from Sanskrit and literally translates to “action.” But its scope is broader than mere physical activity. It includes thoughts, intentions, and choices. Karma, therefore, is not a static destiny merely imposed upon us; it is rather a dynamic process of cause and effect, where actions shape outcomes over time. Understanding karma as responsibility shifts this narrative from helplessness to agency. Fate implies inevitability, something that happens to us. Karma, on the other hand, emphasizes participation that is something we actively contribute to.

Let’s take a simple example. A person who neglects his or her health over time may develop an illness. Interpreting this as “bad karma” in a fatalistic sense ignores the role of lifestyle choices. From a karmic perspective, the outcome is not random and ambiguous; it is a consequence of the repeated actions of that person. Karma does not punish; it reflects. This idea aligns closely with modern scientific and psychological frameworks.

In behavioral psychology, habits are formed through repeated actions, which then influence future behaviour and outcomes. In neuroscience, too, neural pathways strengthen with repetition. Karma, in this sense, can be understood as a philosophical articulation of behavioral conditioning.

Importantly, karma operates across different timescales. Some consequences are immediate, while others unfold gradually. This delay often leads to confusion, making outcomes appear disconnected from actions. However, the principle remains consistent: actions generate effects, even if the connection is not always and all the time visible.

A common misconception is that karma is primarily about past lives. While classical texts do discuss continuity beyond a single lifetime, focusing exclusively on this aspect can lead to fatalism. It encourages people to attribute present circumstances to unknown past causes, reducing their motivation to act. A more practical and empowering interpretation focuses on the present. Regardless of past influences, the present moment offers the ability to choose. In this sense, karma is not about what has already happened, but about what we do now.

RESPONSIBILITY

RESPONSIBILITY

This perspective is particularly relevant in modern life, where individuals face complex challenges. Viewing karma as fate can lead to demotivation and resignation— accepting circumstances without attempting change. Viewing it as a responsibility, however, encourages proactive engagement.

Let's understand this concept with a story from Panchatantra. A farmer once had two sons who had very different perceptions about life.

The elder son always said, "Everything is decided by fate. Why struggle?" The younger one replied, "Our actions shape our future."

One year, the rains were uncertain.

The elder son sat idle, saying, "If crops are meant to grow, they will grow," whereas the younger son ploughed the field, sowed seeds, and watered them carefully.

Days passed. Dark clouds came and went.

At last, a short spell of rain blessed the land.

The younger son's field sprouted with green shoots.

The elder son's field remained barren.

Seeing this, the elder son complained, "Fate has been unfair to me!"

The farmer smiled and said, "The rain was fate— but preparing the field was karma." He continued, "Fate may give an opportunity, but only action turns it into a result." The elder son realized his mistake and began working the next season. Thus, they learned that fate gives chances, but karma decides outcomes.

Karma also extends beyond individual actions to include collective responsibility. Social issues such as environmental degradation, inequality, and public health crises are not the result of isolated actions, but of accumulated human behaviour. Addressing these challenges requires acknowledging shared responsibility rather than attributing outcomes to abstract fate.

Ethically, the concept of karma promotes awareness. If every action has consequences, then mindfulness becomes essential. This does not mean living in fear of making mistakes, but in recognition that choices matter. It encourages intentional living— acting with consideration for both immediate and long-term effects.

Another important aspect of karma is intention. Two actions may appear identical externally, but the motives behind them can differ significantly. Traditional interpretations emphasize that intention influences the nature of the outcome. This aligns with modern ethical frameworks, where intent plays a role in evaluating actions.

The misunderstanding of karma as fate can also reinforce victimhood. It can lead individuals to believe that they are bound by circumstances beyond their control. While it is true that not everything is within individual control, the concept of karma emphasizes that response is always within one's control.

This distinction is crucial. Life may present unpredictable situations, but how one responds to them shapes future experience. In this sense, karma is not about control over events, but about control over engagement.

Reframing karma as responsibility does not eliminate uncertainty or difficulty. Instead, it provides a framework for navigating them. It encourages reflection rather than resignation, action rather than passivity. Ultimately, karma is not a cosmic system of reward and punishment. It is a principle of cause and effect embedded in human experience. It invites individuals to recognize their role in shaping their lives, though not completely, but significantly.

To understand karma as fate is to narrowly limit its meaning. To understand it as a responsibility is to unlock its true potential.

# DRAUPADI: THE MIRROR OF SILENCE

PRAGYA TIRPATHI EDITOR PANACHE INK

**Myth:** Draupadi caused the war.

**Reality:** Draupadi revealed injustice.

Draupadi is often remembered as the woman who “started” the war. A moment of laughter. A moment of anger. A moment of humiliation. These fragments are repeated until they harden into blame. But to say that Draupadi caused the war is not just inaccurate; it is convenient, because it shifts the burden away from those who watched, knew, and chose silence.

The court of Hastinapur was not an ordinary space. It was meant to be the केंद्र (center) of dharma, a place where justice was not only spoken, but upheld. Kings sat there. Elders advised there. The Warriors swore their honor there. And yet, on that day, all of it failed.

When Draupadi was dragged into the court, she was not just a queen being humiliated. She was a question being forced into a space that had forgotten how to answer. Her dignity was challenged. Her autonomy was denied. Her voice was expected to remain silent. But she did something that unsettled the entire order.

She asked.

Draupadi did not scream. She did not curse. She questioned.  
“Whom did you lose first—yourself, or me?”

The question was precise. Unavoidable. It did not attack; it exposed. What followed was not chaos. It was silent. Not the silence of peace, but the silence of discomfort, of recognition, of knowing that something had gone irreversibly wrong. Bhisma, the upholder of vows, hesitated. Drona, the revered teacher, did not intervene. Dhritarashtra, the king, remained still. Each of them carried knowledge. Each of them carried authority. And yet, none of them carried the courage to act.



This is where the narrative often turns. Draupadi's pain is retold. Her anger is highlighted. Her humiliation becomes the "trigger." But the truth is more uncomfortable. The war did not begin with her voice. It began with their silence.

To blame Draupadi is to misunderstand the nature of injustice. Injustice does not erupt suddenly. It accumulates—in choices not challenged, in wrongs not corrected, in power left unquestioned. By the time Draupadi spoke, the system had already failed. She did not create that failure. She revealed it.

Her question was not rebellious. It was moral clarity. It forced the court to confront a truth it had long avoided: that dharma cannot survive where convenience replaces conscience.

There is a deeper discomfort in accepting this. Because if Draupadi is not the cause, then responsibility does not lie with one woman's reaction. It lies within an entire structure that normalized injustice. And that is harder to accept.

Draupadi's voice did what silence could not. It disrupted. It unsettled. It refused to allow injustice to pass as order. And in doing so, it became easier to label her as the problem rather than acknowledge the system she exposed.

The war of the Mahabharata was not born in a moment of anger. It was born in a long history of ignored wrongs, misused power, and delayed truth. Draupadi did not ignite it. She illuminated it.

To reduce her to the "cause" is to erase her courage, to misunderstand her question, to overlook the fact that she stood alone—not in weakness, but in clarity. Because speaking in a room full of silence is not easy, and being heard is never guaranteed.

Yet she spoke. Not to provoke, but to reveal. That is why Draupadi matters—not as the woman who caused destruction, but as the one who refused to let injustice remain unseen.

The war did not begin when Draupadi spoke; it began when everyone else chose not to.

---

# RITUALS ARE BLIND PRACTICES

*-Kartik Srivastava  
Editor, Panache Ink*

ISSUE 5

## *Reality: Designed Systems*



In today's fast-moving world, which is characterized by hyper-rationalistic people, rituals are often dismissed as outdated, irrational, or "blind practices". And these rituals are put as actions performed without logic, relevance, or understanding. This perception is especially common among younger generations who view tradition through the lens of modern science and individualism and who tend to associate tradition with rigidity and modernity with their freedom. Being rationalistic is not wrong though, but aren't they overlooking a deeper reality? When examined closely, many rituals in Indian culture reveal themselves not as blind repetitions, but as designed systems- layered with ecological, psychological, and physiological intelligence of our ancestors. The question is why were these created by our ancestors? The answer lies not in just exploring but being a part of those traditions to understand the reality which reveals that these rituals were designed systems, developed over centuries to integrate health, environment, psychology, and social cohesiveness. These rituals bind and have bound human society for so long. The problem, therefore, is not with rituals themselves, but with the loss of understanding behind them.

Traditionally, people followed customs not out of fear or compulsion, but because they were embedded in everyday life and daily practices as practical wisdom and community science. Traditions were not taken as arbitrary and random. They evolved as adaptive responses to environmental, social, and health-related needs.

Over time, however, as oral traditions weakened and lifestyles changed, the “why” behind these practices faded. What remained was the “what” leading to mere repetition of practices without trying to know the “why” of it. Anyhow, the lack of traditional knowledge of the Vedas and scriptures has significantly contributed to this lack of practical wisdom. This disconnect is what makes rituals appear blind today.

For instance, the preservation of sacred groves- patches of forest protected due to religious significance- was actually an ingenious ecological strategy. Communities refrained from exploiting these areas, allowing biodiversity to flourish and ensuring long-term environmental stability. Today, despite global discussions on sustainability, many such practices have been lost from collective awareness.

Similarly, bodily adornments in Indian traditions often carried functional relevance. The application of sindoor (vermilion) is traditionally associated with marital status, but it is also believed to stimulate the pituitary gland due to its placement along the midline of the scalp. While modern science does not fully validate all such claims, the symbolic and psychosomatic effects cannot be entirely dismissed. The same applies to practices like nose piercing and ear piercing, which correspond to specific pressure points in Ayurveda and acupuncture systems, potentially influencing reproductive and neurological health.

The wearing of toe-rings (*bichiya*) by married women has also been associated in traditional understanding with the regulation of menstrual cycles through nerve stimulation. Likewise, the *mangalsutra* (marital thread) is often described as more than a symbol-it is believed to maintain energetic balance and emotional grounding. Whether interpreted metaphorically or physiologically, these practices attempt to integrate body, mind, and social identity.

Even clothing traditions were not devoid of logic. The saree, for example, is a versatile garment suited to India’s climate. Its draping allows ventilation to sensitive organs, adaptability, and modesty without restricting movement. It represents a fusion of practicality and aesthetics-something modern fashion often attempts to replicate but at the same time, thinks of as something old-fashioned and primitive.

On a more symbolic level, Indian mythology encoded philosophical ideas through imagery. The depiction of Lord Vishnu reclining on his serpent (*Adishesh*) can be interpreted as a metaphor for cosmic order emerging from chaos, resembling patterns observed in nebula formations. Meanwhile, Goddess Lakshmi as the embodiment of energy (Shakti) reflects the understanding that sustaining forces-whether economic, ecological, or emotional-are what bind the world together. Likewise, knowledge, fertility & prosperity, and power that are required to maintain balance in the world are depicted in Hindu traditions as feminine energies in the form of Goddess Saraswati, Laxmi, and Durga. Similarly, Lord Ganesha’s elephant head is often interpreted as a representation of wisdom, memory, and expanded consciousness. The *vrats* and *upavasa*, which had a deeper context in our Indian culture, have now become show-off materials and exhibits, frequently depicted in movies and serials in a wrongful manner, forgetting the deeper meaning and physiological significance of fasts. Even modern science has claimed today that fasting once a week is good for detoxification of the body.

However, it is important not to romanticize all rituals uncritically. Over time, distortions have emerged. Practices that once had contextual meaning have, in some cases, devolved into mechanical repetition or even harmful actions. Historical accounts of human sacrifices or extreme superstition illustrate how fear and social pressure can corrupt original intent. Today, a different form of distortion exists- rituals performed out of FOMO (fear of missing out) or social conformity rather than understanding.

This shift from conscious practice to unconscious imitation is what creates the illusion of “blind ritual.” When the purpose is forgotten, only the form remains. And form without meaning is easily dismissed. The challenge, therefore, is not to abandon rituals but to reinterpret and recontextualize them. A scientifically informed generation need not reject tradition; instead, it can examine, question, and adapt it. Some rituals may no longer be relevant and can be respectfully let go. Others may reveal surprising alignment with modern knowledge when studied deeply. Ultimately, rituals were never meant to enslave thoughts; they were designed to structure life, preserve knowledge, and maintain harmony. The responsibility lies with us to distinguish between wisdom and superstition, between design and distortion. To call all rituals “blind” is an oversimplification. To understand them as designed and ever-evolving systems is a more honest and enriching perspective.

### References

Gadgil, M. (2018). Sacred groves: An ancient tradition of nature conservation. Scientific American. <https://www.scientificamerican.com/article/sacred-groves-an-ancient-tradition-of-nature-conservation>

Hindu Council UK. (2017). Scientific reasons behind Hindu traditions and rituals. <https://hinducounciluk.org/2017/08/30/scientific-reasons-behind-hindu-traditions-and-rituals/>

The Sanskrit Channel. (2017). Scientific reasons behind Hindu rituals [Video]. YouTube.

Cogito. (2019). Why do religions have rituals? [Video]. YouTube



# SITA REFUSES THE NARRATIVE

Pragya Tirpathi Editor Panache Ink

They had already written her story: a woman of silence, a woman of sacrifice, a woman who followed. And today, they had gathered to watch her do it again.

The court was already waiting when Sita arrived—not for her presence, but for her compliance. The fire stood at the center, alive and restless, as though it remembered her body, her breath, her silence from before. It had once been asked to judge her, and it had obeyed.

“She will agree,” someone whispered. “She always has.”

Sita heard them. She had always heard them, but hearing had never meant agreeing. She stepped forward, her pace unhurried, her spine straight—not in defiance, but in something far more difficult to recognize: self-possession.

Her eyes met the fire. For a moment, the world receded. Just her and the memory of being asked to prove what she had never doubted. Her fingers tightened briefly—not from fear, but from remembering. Then, stillness.

“I refuse.”

The words were not raised. They were placed, and everything shifted. The murmurs collapsed into silence. Even the fire seemed to withdraw. Ram looked at her not as a king certain of dharma, but as a man encountering a truth he had never needed to see.

“You refuse... what?”

Sita lifted her gaze. “The narrative.”

“You were meant to prove yourself,” a voice said. “You were meant to endure.”

Sita turned, not sharply, but with quiet certainty. “For years, I have been your symbol of patience, obedience, and sacrifice.” Her voice was calm. “But I was never asked what I chose. You call me weak because I stayed. You call me pure because I suffered.”

A pause.

“But what if my silence was never submission?”

The question did not seek approval. It redefined it. She turned to Ram. “You upheld dharma for your kingdom,” she said. “Today, I uphold mine for myself. I walked into fire once to prove my truth to others.” The flames flickered. “I will not do it again. Today, I choose not to be tested, judged, or explained.”

A quiet breath. “I choose to belong to myself.”

Something broke then—not loudly, but irrevocably. Sita turned. Not in defiance. Not in anger. In completion. Her steps were steady, grounded. No one stopped her because something far more unsettling than resistance had taken place: she had withdrawn her consent.

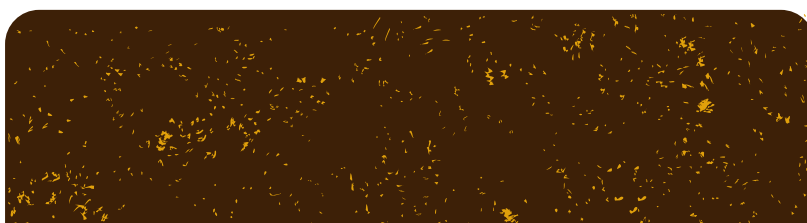
The fire still burned, but it no longer held authority. The court remained, but it no longer held certainty, and Ram stood still, watching—not as a king, but as someone realizing the story no longer belonged to him.

Sita did not look back. She did not need to, because behind her, the narrative once unquestioned, once imposed, had begun to fracture.

Myth: Sita represents weakness.

Reality: Sita represents choice.

She was never meant to fit the story; she was meant to outgrow it.



# SITA: THE EMBODIMENT OF STRENGTH AND CHOICE

Rahul Chaurase, Editor Panache Ink

Love is not weakness; it is devotion. And where there is devotion, courage, vulnerability, and endurance arise naturally. Sita was an extraordinary woman, embodying the highest form of love. Sita did not marry Ram because he was destined to be king; she married him out of love.

If not love, What is there to live for? Without it, life fades into monotony. Love transcends all—before it, everything else seems superficial. Without love, life becomes monotonous, superficial—lifeless. But with love, every moment breathes meaning and vitality. When Ram was exiled for fourteen years, Sita had the choice to stay behind, yet she chose to follow him, leaving all comforts behind.

Nowadays, people tend to view it as a responsibility, a duty, or an obligation. Yet, at its core, there exists something far more powerful—love. Love carries a deeper force than any other emotion.

Every decision we make is shaped by an inner force that quietly guides us in its direction. We, as humans, are often quietly cunning and content with seeing things at a superficial level, rarely venturing deeper to understand their true essence. We judge things based on our own perspective; we are deeply subjective and rarely try to understand them from others' perspectives.

Sita might have stayed in the comfort of the kingdom, yet her suffering without Ram would have been far greater than any hardship she faced with him in the forest. In the forest, with Ram, she felt more alive—unrestrained, liberated, and truly awakened—because love was the source of it all. Every step she took beside Ram in the forest felt lighter than a life of comfort in the kingdom, even with attendants at her side. The fruits of the forest held a deeper taste, fulfilling her appetite more than the lavish meals of the kingdom ever could.



What could be more tragic than Sita's abduction by Ravana? Yet the deeper suffering was Ram's—for Sita held an unshaken faith that he would come for her. Ram, however, was left in uncertainty, wandering and searching for any trace of her, asking the world.

People often believe that Sita suffered more deeply, but it was Ram who endured greater pain. For him, Sita was also a responsibility—and responsibility can bring a deeper burden. Sita, however, knew that Ram would come for her—not out of duty, but out of love. She believed in her love more than anything else, and that love eased her suffering.

When Hanuman offered to rescue her, Sita refused—Not out of helplessness, but out of conviction. She chose to wait—not for rescue, but for love to arrive in its fullest form. She trusted that Ram would come, not merely out of duty, but drawn by the same love that bound them. And in that moment, love was not just personal—it became a force that would restore balance and bring an end to evil.

Perhaps the greatest truth is this: Love is not a burden we carry, but a force that carries us. Without it, life feels hollow and lifeless. With it, even the most difficult paths become meaningful. In love, we do not merely exist—we truly come alive.

The Agni Pariksha is often seen as an act of submission, but to view it that way is to miss its deeper essence. It was not weakness, nor was it blind obedience. It was a conscious and powerful choice.

Sita did not step into the fire because she was compelled to do so—she chose to. In that moment, she stood not as someone seeking validation, but as someone rooted in her own truth. Her decision was not driven by fear or pressure, but by an inner clarity that needed no external approval. The fire, in that sense, was not a test for her, but for the world.

What appears as submission on the surface reveals itself, upon deeper reflection, as an act of profound strength. It was her way of asserting that truth does not bend under doubt. She did not argue, resist, or justify—she simply allowed truth to reveal itself.

In a world that often judges from a distance, Sita's choice was not about proving her purity, but about standing unwavering in it. It was an act of independence, not compliance. And perhaps that is where her true strength lies—not in resisting the fire, but in walking through it with complete certainty of who she was.

Her silence was not weakness; it was conviction.

Sita's strength did not end with her trials—it revealed itself even more deeply in her solitude. During her second exile, she was not defined by abandonment, but by the quiet power with which she chose to live.

Left alone in the forest, Sita embraced a life of independence. She raised Luv and Kush not in the comfort of a kingdom, but in the simplicity of nature. Yet, what might appear as loss from the outside became a space of profound strength within. She did not allow grief to consume her; instead, she transformed it into resilience.

There is a subtle courage in choosing to rise each day despite pain. Sita carried her sorrow, yet she did not let it define her. She nurtured her children with wisdom, strength, and dignity—ensuring that they grew not in the shadow of suffering, but in the light of values and truth.

Her life in the forest was not just survival; it was a testament to inner strength. Without seeking support, without resentment, she created a world for her children rooted in love and resilience. In doing so, she redefined what it means to endure—not by resisting hardship, but by transforming it.

Sita's journey teaches us that resilience is not the absence of pain, but the ability to rise above it. Her strength was in her choices—choices rooted in love, truth, and dignity.

Sita's final act was not one of surrender, but of profound clarity. When asked to prove her purity once again, she refused—not out of defiance alone, but out of a deep understanding of her own truth. There comes a point where truth no longer seeks validation, and Sita had reached that point.

She had already endured exile, separation, and doubt. She had walked through fire once, not to prove herself, but to let truth stand visible. To be asked again was not a test of her purity, but a reflection of a society unwilling to trust it. And Sita chose not to submit to that cycle.

Her decision to return to the Earth was not an escape—it was a declaration. A quiet yet powerful refusal to be reduced, questioned, or treated as subordinate. She chose dignity over validation, truth over approval.

In that moment, Sita did not lose—she transcended. She returned to the very source she came from, not in defeat, but in wholeness. Her silence spoke louder than any argument could. It was not anger, but certainty.

Perhaps that is her greatest strength—not in enduring endlessly, but in knowing when to walk away with her truth untouched.

Sita's love gave her the strength to face every circumstance in her life. She endured everything because there was a profound love within her.



## **Mahabharata as a Study of Human Psychology**

**Shashi Dhar Kumar, Editor Panache Ink**

The Mahabharata might seem like just a grand war epic. You've got kingdoms clashing, alliances forming and breaking, and a colossal battle that determines the fate of an entire dynasty. It's often remembered for its sheer scale, its heroes, and the destruction it brings. But if we boil it down to just a war story, we miss out on its deeper significance. The war isn't the heart of the Mahabharata; it's merely the outcome.

What really drives this epic is human psychology. The thoughts, emotions, insecurities, and moral dilemmas of its characters shape every pivotal moment. If we shift our focus from "what happened" to "why it happened," the Mahabharata evolves from a historical or mythological narrative into a profound exploration of the human mind.

To truly appreciate the Mahabharata as a psychological study, we need to move beyond just the actions and start digging into the motivations behind them. Battles are the result. Decisions are the catalysts. Every significant turning point in the story stems from a moment when a character chooses one path over another, often swayed by emotion rather than logic. Each character can be seen not as a static role like hero or villain, but as a reflection of specific psychological patterns.

Take Duryodhana, for instance. He's often labelled the antagonist, but his actions are rooted in something deeply human: insecurity. Growing up alongside the Pandavas, he's constantly measuring himself against them. This comparison gradually morphs into jealousy, then resentment, and ultimately hostility. If we analyse his story through a psychological lens, the question shifts from whether he was wrong to what happens to someone who feels overshadowed for too long. His downfall illustrates how unchecked insecurity can warp judgment and lead to destructive choices.

On the battlefield, Arjuna surprises everyone by hesitating. Confronted with the reality of fighting against his own family, teachers, and friends, he starts to question the purpose of the war. This moment isn't about weakness; it's about the emotional turmoil we all face. Arjuna embodies the clash between duty and personal beliefs. When the world expects one thing, but your heart pulls you in another direction, it can leave your mind feeling stuck. His struggle mirrors a universal human experience: we often know what's expected of us, yet we feel paralyzed by our own inner conflicts.

Yudhishtira is celebrated for his unwavering commitment to truth and righteousness. Yet, he finds himself gambling away everything—his kingdom, his brothers, and Draupadi. This isn't just a moral failing; it's a psychological one. It illustrates how even the most principled people can make irrational choices when under pressure, manipulation, or emotional strain. His journey challenges the notion that simply being moral ensures the right actions. The context and mental state play a crucial role too.

Karna's life is marked by rejection. Despite his incredible skills, he's denied the respect he deserves due to his social standing. His loyalty to Duryodhana goes beyond strategy; it's rooted in deep emotion. Duryodhana acknowledges him when no one else will, and that single act forges a bond that transcends logic or ethics. Karna's decisions reveal a profound psychological truth: the desire for acceptance can often overshadow one's moral compass. Our identities and the need to belong frequently influence our choices more than rational thought.

One of the most unsettling moments in the Mahabharata is Draupadi's humiliation in the royal court. But the event itself is just part of the narrative. What truly stands out is the silence of those who were there. Elders, warriors, and wise men witness the injustice yet choose to remain passive. This highlights a common psychological tendency: people often shy away from confrontation to protect themselves, even when they know something is fundamentally wrong. This entire event serves as a affecting exploration of collective inaction and moral evasion.

Bhishma is tied to his vows, which shape who he is and earn him admiration. However, those vows hold him back from stepping in when it truly counts. His character illustrates the risks of sticking too rigidly to ideals. When we cling to principles without any room for flexibility, we can find ourselves paralyzed morally. Bhishma isn't short on wisdom or strength; he's simply trapped by his own promises.

To really grasp the Mahabharata as a deep dive into human psychology, we need to shift how we approach it. Instead of speeding through the events, take a moment to pause at key decisions. Consider why a character made a specific choice. Move past simplistic labels like "good" and "evil" and delve into the internal struggles that drive their actions. It's fascinating to see how the same character can display wisdom in one scenario and opposite in another.

Most importantly, connect these situations to our own lives. While the epic may revolve around a war, the emotional terrain it covers is all too relatable. People still grapple with comparison, pressure, loyalty, guilt, ambition, and ethical dilemmas. The Mahabharata remains relevant not because of its epicness, but due to its profound insights into human nature. It doesn't offer us flawless heroes or purely evil villains. Instead, it presents individuals shaped by their emotions, circumstances, and inner turmoil.

# WHAT THEY NEVER SAID

Rahul Chaurase, Editor Panache Ink

They spoke of Sita's Injustice,  
How she walked into the whispering woods,  
How she braved the flames,  
Yet no one spoke of Ram's trembling silence,  
Nor the quiet ache that lived within his heart.

They spoke of Ram's justice,  
How he nurtured his people,  
How he wove prosperity into their lives—  
But no one spoke of Sita's sacrifice,  
No one glimpsed of the depth of her unwavering love.

They spoke of Sita's abduction,  
How she endured in the Ashok-Vatika,  
How Ravana's torment haunted her mind—  
Yet no one spoke of Ram's restless heart,  
Nor saw the weariness shadowing his steps,  
Nor the silent ache of his search as well.

They spoke of Sita's abduction,  
How she endured in the Ashok-Vatika,  
How Ravana's torment haunted her mind—  
Yet no one heard Ram's restless heartbeat,  
Nor saw the weariness shadowing his steps,  
Nor the silent ache of his search.

They spoke of Sita's renunciation,  
How she was cast out from her homeland,  
How she nurtured her children in solitude—  
Yet no one spoke of the ache he bore in silence,  
Nor felt the ache he bore in silent despair.

They spoke of Draupadi's anger,  
How her words echoed like thunder in the court,  
How her vow carried the weight of war—  
Yet no one heard her breaking silence,  
No one spoke of the dignity that stood alone.

They spoke of Draupadi's fury,  
How her words echoed like thunder in the court,  
How her vow bore the weight of war—  
Yet no one heard her breaking the silence,  
Nor saw the dignity that stood unbowed

They spoke of her laughter,  
As if it had caused the war,  
As if her voice summoned the chaos—  
But no one spoke of the injustice before it,  
No one heard the silence that allowed it.

They spoke of her defiance,  
How she challenged the throne,  
How she refused to bow—  
But no one saw the fear she carried,  
No one spoke of the fierce strength that dared to stand.

They spoke of her defiance,  
How she challenged the throne,  
How she refused to kneel—  
But no one glimpsed the fear she carried,  
Nor the fierce strength that dared to stand

They spoke of what they saw—  
Never mind what it took to remain,  
Of her irresistible courage,  
Her silent suffering.  
The resilience of her soul.





# Villains Were Not Evil

Shashi Dhar Kumar  
Editor Panache Ink

Popular retellings of epics often turn people into neat categories—heroes shining with virtue and villains cloaked in evil. But if you sit with texts like the Ramayana and the Mahabharata a little longer, that simplicity begins to dissolve. What emerges instead is a layered world of human emotions, moral tensions, and the ever-shifting meaning of dharma (धर्म). These stories are not just about divine victories; they are mirrors held up to the human condition.

In Hindu thought, dharma is not a fixed rulebook. It changes with context, situation, and intention. The Mahabharata itself admits, “सूक्ष्मो धर्मः”—dharma is subtle. That single idea unsettles the urge to label people as purely good or bad. Most characters act from what they believe is right, even when their choices lead to suffering or destruction. Their struggles feel less like mythology and more like the dilemmas we quietly carry within ourselves.

Ravana (रावण) from the Ramayana (रामायण) is remembered as the villain, yet the narrative does not deny his brilliance. He is a scholar, a devotee of Lord Shiva, and a powerful king who built a prosperous Lanka. His knowledge of the Vedas, his mastery over music, and his devotion are all part of his identity. What brings him down is not some inborn evil, but ahamkara (अहंकार), ego, and desires left unchecked. Even Tulsidas hints at this complexity, reminding us that while everyone knows Ravana’s name, few care to speak of his virtues. [रावन रावन सब जग जाना, रावन के गुण कोउ नहीं बखाना।]

Then there is Duryodhana in the Mahabharata, often seen as the face of wrongdoing. But look closer, and you find a man shaped by insecurity, comparison, and a deep hunger for recognition. He is a loyal friend to Karna, a capable warrior, and someone who firmly believes he has been denied what is rightfully his. His inner conflict is captured in the haunting line: he knows what dharma is yet cannot follow it; he knows what is wrong yet cannot turn away from it. That is not ignorance—it is human weakness, something far more relatable.



Karna's story complicates things even further. He stands beside Duryodhana yet remains one of the most noble figures in the epic. Known for his generosity, bound by loyalty, and unmatched in archery, he carries the quiet burden of rejection and humiliation. Denied dignity because of his birth, his choices are shaped less by malice and more by gratitude and a longing to belong.

Shakuni, too, is not just a scheming villain. His actions are often rooted in deep personal loss and a desire for revenge against the Kuru lineage. In some traditions, his family's suffering becomes the seed of his cunning. What we see in him is how trauma, when left unresolved, can twist judgment and push a person toward destructive paths.

Even in the Ramayana, figures like Vali and Kaikeyi resist simple judgment. Vali questions Rama's decision to strike him from hiding, raising uncomfortable ethical questions about justice and fairness. Kaikeyi, once loving and devoted, is swayed by fear, manipulation, and concern for her son. Her transformation reminds us how fragile human intentions can be when influenced by circumstance.

Across these stories runs a deeper philosophical thread, echoed in the Bhagavad Gita—that every person is shaped by the interplay of gunas(गुण): sattva(सत्त्व), rajas(रज), and tamas(तम). No one is entirely virtuous or entirely flawed. We are all shifting combinations of clarity, ambition, and inertia.

Seen this way, Ravana, Duryodhana, Karna, and others stop being mere villains. They become reflections of human complexity—capable of wisdom and error, strength and vulnerability, all at once. The epics, then, are not just sacred stories; they are timeless explorations of psychology, ethics, and what it truly means to navigate the grey spaces of life.

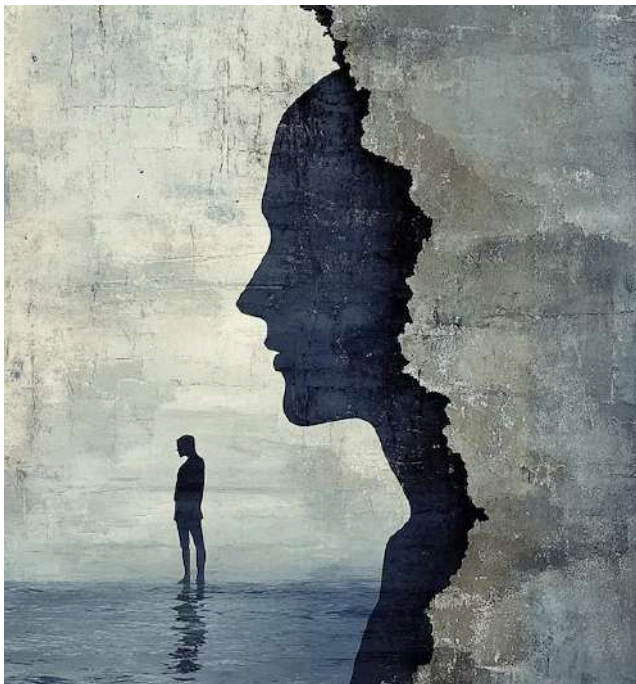


# DETACHMENT MEANS LEAVING LIFE

## REALITY: INNER BALANCE

**Kartik Shrivastava**  
Editor Panache Ink

Detachment is often misunderstood as withdrawal from life, a rejection of relationships, ambitions, and emotional involvement. This interpretation suggests that to be detached is to be indifferent, disengaged, or even isolated. Such a view not only misrepresents the concept but also makes it seem impractical for modern living.



In reality, detachment does not mean leaving life; it means cultivating inner balance within it. The confusion arises from equating detachment with disconnection. True detachment is not about abandoning responsibilities or suppressing emotions. It is about engaging fully while maintaining emotional stability, especially in the phase of uncertainty and change.

In everyday life, attachment often manifests as dependence on outcomes. Success brings elation, failure brings distress, and uncertainty creates anxiety. This emotional fluctuation can be exhausting. Detachment offers a way to participate in life without being overwhelmed by it.

Consider a student preparing for an important exam. Attachment to the result may lead to stress, fear, and self-doubt. Detachment does not mean a lack of effort; it rather means focusing on preparation while accepting that outcomes are not entirely controllable. The result is often an improved performance when anxiety is reduced and clarity increases.

This principle applies across different areas of life. In professional settings, excessive attachment to success can lead to burnout. Detachment allows individuals to work with dedication while maintaining mental well-being. It shifts focus from outcome to process. In relationships, detachment is often misunderstood as a lack of care. In reality, it enhances relationships by reducing possessiveness and unrealistic expectations. Moreover, it allows individuals to connect authentically without trying to control or define others. This creates healthier and more sustainable bonds between people.

Detachment is also closely linked to emotional regulation. It does not eliminate emotions but creates space to experience them without being dominated by them. This aligns with modern psychological concepts such as mindfulness and cognitive distancing, where individuals observe thoughts and feelings without immediate reaction.

Philosophically, detachment is rooted in the recognition of impermanence. Everything! situations, relationships, and achievements are subject to change. Clinging to permanence in an impermanent world leads to dissatisfaction. Detachment acknowledges this reality, fostering acceptance rather than resistance.

Importantly, detachment does not negate ambition. It refines it. Goals can still be pursued with commitment, but without tying one's identity to just success or failure. This creates resilience, as setbacks are seen as part of the process rather than personal failures. In modern society, where achievement and productivity are highly valued, detachment may seem like running away from situations. However, it is precisely this mindset that can prevent burnout. By reducing emotional extremes, detachment promotes consistency, focus, and well-being.

It is also important to recognize that detachment is not an instant state, but rather a practice. It requires awareness, reflection, and often deliberate effort. Techniques such as mindfulness, meditation, and journaling can support this process by increasing self-awareness. The misconception that detachment requires leaving life may arise from observing ascetic traditions, where individuals renounce worldly involvement. However, even in such traditions, the goal is not escape but mastery over the mind. For most people, detachment is meant to be practiced within daily life through work, relationships, and personal challenges.

In essence, detachment is not about losing connection; it is about transforming the nature of connection. It replaces dependency with clarity and emotional volatility with stability. To live with detachment is not to withdraw from life, but to engage with it more wisely. It is to act with intention, feel without being overwhelmed, and adapt without losing balance.

In a world that constantly pulls attention outwards, detachment brings it back inwards, not as an escape, but as a grounding.

# WRITE UPS

WWW.AADHYAPUBLICATION.IN

A Product Of Aadhya Publishing House

Watch Our New Docuseries  
**Bijamandal** only on our  
official Youtube Channe

@atpanacheink

## Pet Sitting



**Mr. Fred Gerhard**  
**Writer**  
**Ashburnham**  
**USA**

Excited to see me, the guinea pig sings  
its questions in slip-jig soliloquy.

Popping the bent clasp portal, I drop  
two loose handfuls of dark dry hay,

dreamlike strands upon a purple plastic plate.  
Some fall on silk-soft black and white fur.

I am only the pet sitter  
in the quiet of a friend's kitchen:

pictures, magnets, morning faucet halo,  
more quiet and still for my being here.

Calm orbs allow something like trust.

I jot a brief note below a familiar hand.  
— "Glad to help."

Then, in the languageless lull,  
the house asks its question.

And from that gulf I write,  
"I love you guys."

The guinea pig in mesmerized munching  
allows a touch, a pet, and

like a ripple, darts away,  
returning me to where questions are born

and calmed.

## Loving You Feels Like Home

The last time I wrote a poem,  
my heart knew how to smile,  
my tears had no reason to fall,  
and my laughter  
wasn't laced with sarcasm.

This stanza carries the weight of metaphor,  
echoing with quiet sadness—  
a heart caught in between,  
unsure when to hold on  
and when to accept an apology.  
Your arrow of love pierced my heart,  
its tip laced with poison;  
it left behind a wound  
that still remembers your name.

There's a war within me—  
my heart versus my mind—  
every time my fingers hover  
over your name on my phone.  
I almost call,  
almost forget the pain,  
but it always ends the same:  
tears falling,  
and a heart that won't stay quiet.

I know your heart still calls for mine,  
but we are poison to each other—  
loving you feels like home,  
and losing you feels like survival.

Maybe one day  
I will write again—  
and my heart will remember  
how to smile  
without fear



**Ms. Amondi Opiyo**  
**Teacher**  
**Nairobi**  
**Kenya**

## Recipe Of Sadness



**Mr. Jubril Adesoga  
(Major Sir)  
Prolific Writer  
Lagos  
Nigeria**

My nights refuse to sleep  
I count my breaths like debts I cannot pay.  
My bones have filed complaints  
against the weight of the world.

Sadness enters without knocking.  
The day becomes confused as if it has lost its  
instruction.  
Laughter tries to escape, but  
it is always caught before its independence.

Hope stands outside like a tired visitor, while  
Memories rise like ghosts that refuse burial.  
The walls in my home have learned a language of sorrow.  
Joy becomes a rumour that I do not crave.

## Myth and Reality: A Journey to Inner Wisdom



**Mrs. Usha  
Krishnan  
Life Coach,  
Educationist &  
NLP Coach  
New Delhi**

Beneath the tales of gods divine,  
Lies a truth that intertwines,  
Not just stories spun in time,  
But wisdom that will always shine.

Myths may shroud their wisdom thin,  
Misconceptions born within,  
Yet beneath these stories old and grand,  
Lie philosophies to understand,  
Of spirits unbowed, strength unyielding,

Resolutions whispered, yet revealing,  
Fierce and proud in every breath,  
Questing deep within ourselves—  
To face injustice, uphold virtue,  
Harness inner power anew.

They are not merely hero's fights,  
Or heroine's plight in sight,  
But paths that lead to inner light,  
Testaments to our inner might,  
To face the darkness with invincible power,  
Drawing from the inner glow each hour,  
Guided by a steadfast star,  
From within, our brightest far.

Their stories whisper through time's flow,  
That strength and grace will always grow,  
Reminding us what we can do—  
With resilience, faith, and courage true.

So let us peer beyond the surface,  
Decode the myth, embrace the purpose,  
For stories rich and vast,  
Hold knowledge deep, designed to last.

## Counting the Nights

I sit outside on the balcony,  
And the night is cold and still.  
I look at the chair kept beside me,  
To the space you're supposed to fill.

The moon is high and lonely,  
The stars are bright and clear.  
But the view doesn't really matter,  
Because you are not here.

I count the days on my fingers,  
I mark the nights on the wall.  
The more time that passes by,  
The harder my heart seems to bear.

It's been so long since I saw you,  
I've forgotten the sound of your walk.  
I sit in the dark and I whisper,  
But there's no one to hear me talk.

I'm just waiting for the morning,  
I'm just waiting for your face.  
Until you come back home to me,  
I'm stuck in this emptiness.



**Mrs. Priyanka**  
**Author**  
**Kolkata**  
**West Bengal**

## The Echo and the Antidote: A Tale of Spoken Words



**Ms. Nirali P. Patel**  
**Assistant Professor**  
**Anand**  
**Gujarat**

The morning began like any other for Vyanshi, swallowed by the ceaseless rhythm of the bustling city. She navigated her day treating words as fleeting commodities, rapid exchanges over coffee, rushed emails, and passing greetings. But by early afternoon, the true, heavy substance of language made itself known.

It happened during a project review. Her supervisor, leaning across the table, didn't just critique her work; he attacked her effort. "This is careless," he snapped, his voice carrying a sharp, dismissive edge. "I expected competence, but this is just a waste of my time."

In that moment, Vyanshi's body didn't register the difference between a verbal threat and a physical blow. Her nervous system flared to life. A flush of heat crept up her neck, her heart hammered against her ribs, and a sudden rush of stress hormones flooded her veins. The words struck with visceral force, leaving an invisible, throbbing bruise.

Long after she left the office, the spoken shadow followed her. As she walked home through the damp evening streets, the harsh critique began its slow, corrosive drip on her resilience. She realized, with a heavy heart, that the most insidious part of the encounter wasn't just what was said to her it was how quickly she had adopted the words as her own.

I am careless, her inner monologue echoed, translating his hostility into a debilitating pattern of negative self-talk. I am a waste of time. I am failing. The mind had become its own antagonist. By the time she unlocked her front door, the emotional fatigue had manifested physically; her shoulders ached, and she felt profoundly, utterly exhausted.

That evening, Vyanshi's phone buzzed. It was her older sister, Anandita. Hearing

the exhaustion in Vyanshi's voice, Anandita didn't offer unsolicited advice or grand, poetic declarations. She simply offered the quiet architecture of healing words.

"I am here," Anandita said softly, listening to Vyanshi unravel the events of the day. "That sounds incredibly painful. But your feelings are valid, Vyanshi, and one cruel moment does not define your competence or your worth."

Almost instantly, Vyanshi felt a physical shift. The steady, empathetic tone acted as a psychological balm. Her breathing deepened, the tight knot in her chest began to loosen, and the invisible armor she had been wearing all day finally cracked. In the safety of her sister's validation, her body slowed its production of cortisol, replacing the panic with a quiet, grounding sense of connection.

When the call ended, Vyanshi sat in the quiet of her living room and made a conscious choice. If language had the power to dismantle her defences, it could also rebuild them. She decided to practice a different kind of narrative.

When the harsh voice of her inner critic tried to rise again, she paused. She took a deep breath and replaced the demanding tone with the gentle voice of an inner companion. "I struggled today," she whispered to the empty room, "and that is a normal part of being human. I am learning, and I will be okay." It wasn't a denial of her flaws, but a profound act of emotional preservation. The shift in her internal vocabulary broke the cycle of shame, creating a small, safe space within her mind to heal.

The next morning, Vyanshi stepped back out into the city. She watched the people rushing past her, suddenly acutely aware of the invisible weight everyone carried. She understood now that every interaction held the potential to either deplete or nourish the emotional reserves of another human being. As she walked into her building, she carried a new reverence for the language she would use that day knowing that her words were the most immediate, impactful medicine she could offer to the world.

**By Nirali P. Patel**

## An Act of Reciprocal Sympathy

Bibi did not recognise her brother in-law when he visited her in hospital, but the woman in his company reignited her spirits. Bibi looked more alive than she had ever been since she had left her husband to stay with her elder sister.

"My saviour!" she exclaimed, "trying to alight from her bed.

The doctor restrained her as such a move would dismantle the life supporting system that had saved her from slipping into the world of eternal quietness.

Vanessa was relieved that her younger sister would be herself again. It had not been the first time she had visited her in hospital, but it was the first one she had seen her alive and talking. She remembered with pain in her chest the spasms of her laboured breath, her battle with death that death seemed to be winning. She recalled the panic that shook her own soul when peace temporarily visited her younger sister's chest, how she thought that the irreversible had arrived, then suddenly a faint release of air through her nose that was accompanied by floods of sweat that turned her hospital clothes into a bath towel.

Vanessa's sense of relief was only temporary. Her sister had completely lost memory of what had occurred between them. She seemed to have emerged from a nightmare in which a horrendous traffic accident had caused her grievous head injuries.

"You need not worry anymore my sister. I will not die, but I'm sure I'm the only victim who came out alive from that car crash," Bibi said, putting the open palms of her hands together in a prayerful sign.

"To GOD be the glory," Vanessa said remorsefully.



**Mr. Nhamo  
Muchagumisa  
Teacher  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

"But who is this gentleman that you have brought with you?" Bibi asked, to her sibling's amazement.

"Sister-in-law, you can't recognise me?" Musosi asked puzzled.

"Don't tell me I have stayed 10 months in hospital as not to recognise..."

"No, no sister, you have been here for only seven days," Vanessa interjected, sensing the panic in her sibling's voice.

"Then the doctors have done a wonderful job."

Vanessa and her husband stood by Bibi's bed, watching her drifting into a quiet, innocent sleep. Husband and wife both carried lead weights on their minds that made dialogue between them difficult. The relief of seeing Bibi alive was not sufficient for Musosi to think of his relationship with Vanessa returning to normal, while Vanessa knew for certain that once Bibi had regained her memory, she would see the potential murderer that her elder sister was.

\*\*\*

Saviour was an appropriate term to describe Vanessa, but her role as a saviour had hit a horrible and unexpected downside because in executing her role, she had never allowed her imagination to have the slightest glimpse of a possible reverse outcome.

Bibi's chaotic relationship with her husband had forced Vanessa to take her sister into her own custody after two violations of a protection order.

"My sister can't live with a beast, while I am still alive," Vanessa had told her husband, as she got ready to drive to work. "On my way back from work, I will pass through her home and collect her."

"Are you sure Sweetheart, that you are making the right move?" Musosi had asked thoughtfully.

"You are an only child, you do not know how it feels to have part of you being tossed around, pummeled and battered by a partner turned into a monster," Vanessa had tried to silence her husband's protest.

"Surely, I wish I had such a loving sibling, but won't it be prudent to wait for my brother-in-law's return from his busin..?"

"Return from his business trip..." Vanessa retorted. "So that I would get into negotiations with the devil's agent, or the devil himself? Any negotiations, if possible will take place under the roof of this house."

And so Bibi found refuge in her sister's matrimonial home and her two nieces aged 11 and 7 found pleasure in her presence. However, Vanessa's maid thought that Bibi was a threat to her job, since Bibi herself was unemployed.

\*\*\*

Vanessa now had the opportunity to work overtime as the presence of her sibling in her house meant a motherly presence to her children. Her husband warned her that she was treating her sister as a burden who had forced her to take extra hours of work.

Then something that Musosi could not easily share with his wife began to happen. Bibi's husband began sending him abusive voice messages any spitfire would be reluctant to make airborne. He accused him of being a lecturer who had excessive appetite for vulnerable feminine flesh.

"I know you knew her nudity before I married her, now you want her forever in your life, shameless man," one of the insults said.

Musosi never replied to any of the messages, but he talked about them with Bibi, and slowly two victims of abuse became closer and closer. Musosi began to notice certain things about Bibi he had not bothered to observe. She had become more charming than she was when her sister had brought her into her own custody. Her facial appeal had immensely become more magical as contrasted with Vanessa's that she was slowly losing to a perpetual frown that was perhaps caused by work

related pressure. One day Bibi and Musosi found themselves trapped in a tangle of naked bodies while Vanessa was at work. They promised each other after the taste of each other's flesh that it had to be once and never again, but they were tempted into a second time, and then the second time impelled them into a third time, until their act of reciprocal sympathy became a ritual.

In their careless pleasure they had never considered that the maid could set a hidden camera in Bibi's bedroom, which it had been her responsibility to clean. The maid had always driven to Vanessa's children's school to deliver their lunch every lunch time and waited to collect them after school, Monday to Friday. At the same time Musosi would drive back home to enjoy private moments with his sister-in-law.

First, the photos of the sex scandal found the in box of Bibi's husband, then he relayed them to Vanessa. The impassioned Vanessa then invited her sister to the back of the garage to discuss a possible job opportunity for Bibi. "I don't know how genuine these online job adverts are, but they are worth trying," Vanessa said as they stopped at the back of the house.

The unsuspecting Bibi got a whack on the crown of her head before she knew what was happening. "Witch, your husband was not doing it hard enough. How dare you bed my husband in my own house."

The blow was not hard enough to knock the breath out of Bibi's lungs. She hit back, and her clenched fist landed on her sister's screaming mouth. Vanessa tasted the saltiness of her own blood, the experience making the rest of the blood in her veins begin to boil. Bibi did not deliver another blow. She turned to run away, then slowed down as the housemaid suddenly appeared. Behind her, Vanessa picked up a hoe handle and struck her sister on the head. Bibi collapsed. The maid raised the alarm.

The maid, Musosi and Vanessa tried their best to resuscitate Bibi, but without success. Death was hovering above her incapacitated body like a scavenging bird. Vanessa's eyes filled with tears of remorse. Had she murdered her own blood for such a common offence?

Husband and wife packed Bibi into Musosi's car without saying a word to each

---

other. They drove her to a private hospital and told the practitioners that she had been assaulted on her way to the market by unidentified assailants.

\*\*\*

Now that Bibi's life was out of danger she seemed to have suffered memory loss. It was perhaps selective memory loss, if such a condition existed at all. She recognised Vanessa for who she was, but Musosi was a stranger in her eyes. She remembered nothing about the fight with Vanessa. How was Vanessa going to apologise?

It was Bibi's third week in hospital and when the doctor was satisfied that she had regained her physical health fully, he informed Vanessa and Musosi that she now needed the services of a psychologist.

"But there is another issue," the doctor explained, "She must be eight weeks pregnant now. I'm afraid her memory loss might persist, so it would be prudent to abort the pregnancy, as that condition might affect her relationship with the child."

"No!" Vanessa exclaimed, as if she was protesting the abortion, yet she was just wondering if the pregnancy was the reason why Bibi did not die, so that the scandal would hit another level.

Her husband was the one who had planted the baby inside Bibi's body!

Just before the end of the visiting hour, Bibi's husband arrived and she exclaimed, "Davis! I'm glad you have finally located me!" Bibi looked at Vanessa and Musosi and said, "I thank you both for all your kindness, now Davis and I wish to be left alone for a moment for a private talk."

**By Nhamo Muchagumisa**

PANACHE INK ORIGINAL



# BIJAMANDAL

THE LOST CIVILIZATION

DOCU-SERIES

Some places are not just history.  
They are buried truths.

Hidden in the heart of India lies Bijamandal – a land of grandeur, faith, knowledge and mystery.

From magnificent temples to forgotten scriptures, from ancient cities to untold stories – this docu-series explores the legacy that history tried to silence.

## WHAT TO EXPECT?



LOST  
TEMPLES



ANCIENT  
SCRIPTURES



FORGOTTEN  
CITIES



HIDDEN  
KNOWLEDGE



UNTOLD  
STORIES

THE PAST IS NOT GONE.  
IT IS WAITING TO BE FOUND.

A cinematic journey into the mysterious, spiritual and architectural legacy of ancient India.



WATCH NOW ON  
**YOUTUBE**

SUBSCRIBE TO  
**Panache Ink**  
YouTube Channel

A NEW EPISODE.  
A NEW REVELATION.  
EVERY CHAPTER UNCOVERS  
WHAT WAS HIDDEN FOR CENTURIES.

BECAUSE EVERY STONE HAS A STORY.  
EVERY STORY HAS A SOUL.

EPISODE 2

1024 CE  
WHEN HISTORY  
RECORDED IT