



Learn English Through Stories.

J Series

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**Adapted and modified by
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Keepers of the Kalachakra

By Ashwin Sanghi

Part 3

Twelve

It was a serene setting. The monk was seated in a private garden in Dehradun, talking to an audience of around a hundred. People waited for weeks to attend one of his lectures because he usually remained isolated in meditation in the forests.

An elegant canopy shielded the attendees from the sun. Up front, a whiteboard and projection screen had been set up. A gentle breeze wafted through, bringing the scent of jasmine to the audience.

The monk was dressed in his usual saffron and vermilion robes. The expression on his face was one of immense calm. Everyone knew him as Brahmananda. On the table in front of him was a notebook covered in maroon fabric that went wherever he did. On its cover was a small embroidered lotus.

‘Our Earth is 4,600 million years old,’ he told his audience. ‘Now let us imagine that those 4,600 million years are like the life of a forty-six-year-old woman. Each year of this woman’s life represents 100 million years of Earth’s existence.’

Some members of the audience tittered. No one had ever explained it like that to them before.

‘By that arithmetic, animals appeared only during the last six years of this woman’s life,’ said the monk. ‘And it was only a week ago that some apes began to take on human qualities. And taking it from there, it was just four hours ago that our own species, we Homo sapiens, learned to hunt, gather and cultivate.’ He smiled at the range of gobsmacked expressions. ‘Isn’t that amazing? But the one fact that should shock you is—’

The audience waited to hear more startling facts from Brahmananda.

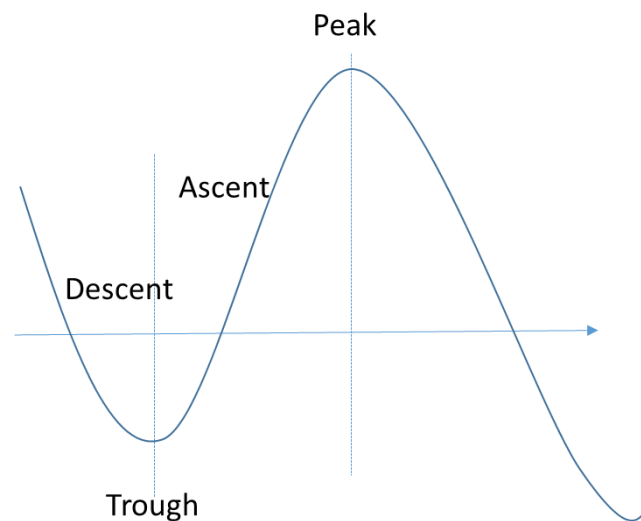
‘— that we started maintaining some semblance of historical records only during the last ten minutes,’ he said. ‘In that sense, our written record of

history is pathetic and we only have scattered records for the last ten minutes of the forty-six years that Earth has been around.'

A well-dressed lady in the front row raised her hand. 'Yes?' asked Brahmananda, encouragingly.

'Isn't it possible that what we know is all that there is to know?' she asked.

The monk got up from his chair and walked to the whiteboard. He picked up a marker and drew a diagram.



'We must remember that civilizations ebb and flow, much like waves do,' said Brahmananda. 'Our recorded history is simply the last cycle. It does not mean that advanced civilizations have not existed and died before. They have — repeatedly. It's simply that records of those civilizations have also died with them.'

He took a sip of water from the bottle that had been kept near his chair. 'So how is one to get an idea of history in the absence of a historical narrative? In the absence of archaeological evidence?' he asked. There were no volunteers to answer.

'If I told you about a lost continent called Lemuria, or another called Atlantis, continents that were far more spiritually and scientifically advanced than ours, you would say that I was propagating myths,' said Brahmananda. 'If I told you that the inhabitants of these civilizations had the ability to teleport and could live far longer than any present-day human; if I told you that they had intuitive knowledge that made languages, words and calculations irrelevant; if I told you

that they needed very little food because they absorbed energy from the atmosphere around them... you would dismiss all these statements as emanating from the imagination of a deluded monk. But does your dismissal make them any less real? I agree, I have no evidence, but absence of evidence is not evidence of absence.'

'But then, how did you come by your knowledge of them?' asked someone in the audience.

'Have you heard of the Akashic Records?' the monk asked in return.

A young man stood up. 'Something like a permanent record of humanity?' he asked. Brahmananda smiled his luminous smile. 'When an aircraft travels through the sky, you can see its trail. Similarly, every event, thought, action, intention, emotion or expression leaves a trail. That trail is compiled into the Akashic Records,' he explained. 'The Akashic Records contain the vibrational records of each and every individual soul in the universe and the journey that it undertakes. Hence, our understanding of Atlantis and Lemuria.'

'Where are these records?' asked the young man.

'That's like asking — where exactly is the information that I access on the internet stored?' shot back the monk. 'All the information that you could possibly want is out there on the internet but you need to know how to search for it. It's the same with the Akashic Records. Everyone has access to the records, but some people know how to search better.'

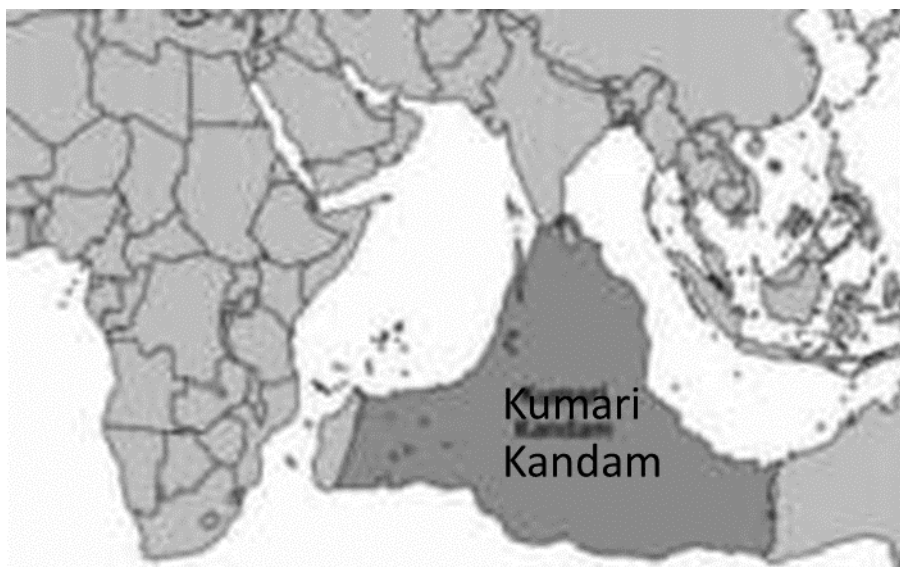
Thirteen

‘Do you know where the name Lemuria comes from?’ asked Brahmananda.
‘No,’ replied the young man, bemused.

‘Well, in 1864, the zoologist Philip Sclater wrote an article titled “The Mammals of Madagascar” in the Quarterly Journal of Science,’ explained Brahmananda. ‘He was puzzled by the fact that fossils of primates that he called lemurs could be found in Madagascar and India but not in Africa or the Middle East. Sclater hypothesized that Madagascar and India would have been part of a larger continent that he called “Lemuria”.’

‘And then?’

‘What Sclater did not know was that a fifteenth-century Tamil version of the ancient religious text, the Skanda Purana, had referred to an earlier continent to the south of India. In this particular work, it was referred to as “Kumari Kandam”. Kumari Kandam and Lemuria, assuming they existed, were one and the same, stretching from India and Sri Lanka in the north, to Madagascar in the west and Australia in the east and south.’ The monk clicked a button that brought up a map of the supposedly lost continent.



‘The notion of Kumari Kandam explains many recent scientific discoveries,’ said Brahmananda, turning back to the audience. ‘For example, the fact that lemur fossils can be found in India and Madagascar but not in Africa. Also, the fact that there is a DNA link between Indians and the aboriginal people of Australia. In addition, the fact that the dingo dog is found both in India and Australia.’

‘Sri Lanka would then have been part of this larger land mass?’ asked a middle-aged lady in the fourth row.

‘Yes, but rising sea levels would have altered that. By the time of the Ramayana, there was water between India and Sri Lanka and hence the need for Rama’s bridge.’

‘How long ago would that have been?’

‘That answer lies in the Ramayana itself,’ said Brahmananda. ‘The epic gives us the planetary positions on Rama Navami, the birthday of Rama. Let’s consider all the key astronomical signs.’ He went to the whiteboard and wrote a list in his old-fashioned sloping hand.

1. *Sun in Aries*
2. *Saturn in Libra*
3. *Jupiter in Cancer*
4. *Venus in Pisces*
5. *Mars in Capricorn*
6. *Lunar month of Chaitra*
7. *Ninth day after the new moon, Shukla Paksha*
8. *Moon near Punarvasu Nakshatra*
9. *Pollux star in Gemini constellation*
10. *Cancer as ascendant rising in the east*
11. *Jupiter above the horizon*

‘If we plug these elements into an astronomical software, we get a clear date, and time for Rama’s birth,’ said Brahmananda.

‘And that is?’

‘The 10th of January 5114 BCE, at 12:30 p.m.,’ declared Brahmananda.

Fourteen

‘So the crossing to Lanka happened around seven thousand years ago?’ asked the young man who had brought up the topic of Lemuria.

‘Yes,’ said Brahmananda. ‘And this fits in with data from the World Oceanography Studies which shows that the rise in sea level in the region between southern India and Sri Lanka has been 0.2 millimetres to 1.29 millimetres per year. These annual increases aggregate to around nine feet over the period of seven thousand years.’

‘Would a bridge like the Rama Setu have been necessary?’ asked the young man. ‘After all, the sea level was in fact lower in those times.’

‘The residual stones of the bridge built by Rama’s army to cross into Lanka can still be seen around six feet below sea level,’ said Brahmananda. ‘But seven thousand years ago, the sea level would have been nine feet lower than what it is at present. This means that the bridge would have been around three feet above water level, an adequate elevation for an army to cross.’

‘Seems difficult to imagine that such a bridge could have been constructed at that time,’ said someone.

‘On the contrary, it would have been relatively easy,’ said Brahmananda. ‘There would have been portions that were above ground where nothing major needed to be added. The builders would have had to pile rocks only in those areas where the land had sunk significantly below sea level.’

‘What happened to the bridge?’

‘The bridge was used all the way up to 1480,’ said Brahmananda, clicking on his remote to bring up a satellite image of the bridge. ‘There are sufficient records that refer to the bridge up to that date. The bridge became unusable after a cyclone in 1480, but satellite images still show the outline of the bridge that once existed.’



‘There are those who say that the idea of a bridge is fanciful at best,’ said a woman. ‘They say that what is seen on satellite images is a natural formation, nothing more than that.’

‘The Ramayana informs us that the length to breadth ratio of the bridge was 10 to 1,’ said Brahmananda. ‘The current formation measures 35 kilometres in length and 3.5 kilometres in width. Thus the ratio is 10 to 1. How would Valmiki, the author of the Ramayana, have known this?’

‘But do you also believe in the idea that Rama used monkeys, or vanaras, to fight in his army?’ asked a young lady in bright red. ‘Isn’t that a little too fantastic?’

‘They weren’t monkeys,’ said Brahmananda, shaking a finger in gentle admonishment. ‘They were simply Vana Nara—or “people of the forest”. The British did a great disservice to India by giving the tag of mythology to our history. Why would a mythological work have a family tree that details forty-five generations before Rama, and thirty generations after him? And while it is true that you could write up a fictional family tree, a fictional tree would not correspond with other ancient Hindu texts. But it does!’

‘You are convinced that it is history, not mythology?’ asked the lady in red again. ‘Do you know the difference between mythology and history?’ asked Brahmananda. The lady expressed herself in a shrug.

‘Mythology is a set of lies that people rarely believe,’ Brahmananda said and paused. ‘And history?’

‘A set of lies that people have agreed to believe.’ The audience laughed.

‘Both history and mythology contain embellishments and sometimes outright lies,’ he said. ‘But that doesn’t take away from the fact that they also contain core truths. Ikshvaku, the head of Rama’s lineage, is named in the Rig Veda; the town plan of Ayodhya is described in the Atharva Veda; the sages of the Ramayana—Vishwamitra, Vasishtha and Bharadwaja—are cited in the Rig Veda. The consistency between the Ramayana and other texts of India is remarkable.’

‘Would that be sufficient evidence?’ asked an elderly gentleman who had been listening patiently.

‘Fairly enough,’ said Brahmananda. ‘But let’s look at geography, shall we? Two Chennai-based botanists carried out an extensive three-year study. They

found that all the 182 plants mentioned during the fourteen-year trek undertaken by Rama corresponded with the local flora and fauna of the locations mentioned. How would Valmiki, residing in an ashram two thousand kilometres away from Lanka, have such astonishing details of botany unless he had access to the descriptions given by the actual travellers themselves?’

‘Rama’s exile of fourteen years...’ mused the old man. ‘Doesn’t that sound more like fiction than fact?’

‘Sure it does,’ said Brahmananda. ‘But that’s the case with most myths. Remember one thing: there is always a story behind the story.’

‘I didn’t quite understand...’

‘Let’s revisit what happened in the Ramayana,’ said Brahmananda. ‘King Dasharatha of Ayodhya had three wives — Kausalya, Kaikeyi and Sumitra. Rama, Kausalya’s son, was the eldest and the natural heir and was married to Sita. On the eve of his coronation, his stepmother, Kaikeyi, demanded from Dasharatha that Rama be exiled for fourteen years and her son Bharata be crowned instead. As a loyal son, Rama went into the jungles with his wife and Lakshmana. Then, Ravana, the ruler of Lanka, abducted Sita. Rama, with the help of allies like Hanuman and Sugriva, battled Ravana, eventually killing him. Rama returned to Ayodhya along with Sita and Lakshmana and was then crowned king.’

‘That’s a story that every Indian child knows,’ said the elderly gentleman.

‘The story given out was that Rama had been exiled,’ said Brahmananda. ‘But the Akashic Records tell us that Kaikeyi loved Rama as dearly as she did her own son. What if the exile was a ruse? A cover? A story to hide the true purpose of Rama’s journey?’