



Finding Shambhala

BY - ADRIKA PAL

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: The Dawn of Destiny



I had always imagined Shambhala to be beautiful, but no vision I'd ever held in my heart could match what I now saw with my own eyes.

The air was different here—light, sacred, timeless. I walked barefoot on ground that pulsed with the energy of life, where flowers bloomed without seasons and trees hummed with silent prayers. Rivers flowed with crystalline clarity, and distant mountains stood like guardians of eternity. It wasn't just a

place—it was a world untouched by decay.

There was no single language spoken here, yet everything made sense. Words weren't needed. The birds sang not just melodies, but memories. The wind carried whispers of ancient truths. The beings who lived here—tall, radiant, peaceful—looked at me not with surprise, but recognition.

In Shambhala, I saw species thought to be extinct—majestic elephants with golden tusks, tigers whose eyes held the wisdom of sages, birds that shimmered like falling stars. They lived in harmony, not caged or conquered, but as equal citizens of this hidden world.

And then... preparations began.

They told me—without speaking—that the prophecy was real. That my coming was long foreseen. I wasn't just an explorer, not just a seeker. I was meant to witness this: the divine birth of Kalki, the final avatar of Vishnu. The harbinger of Satyug. The end of Kaliyug.

There were no grand monuments or drums, no declarations to the sky. Everything was calm, precise, reverent. I saw the seven

Parashurama with his axe of light



Hanuman with a heart as vast as galaxies



Vibhishana the righteous ruler
of lanka



Kripacharya the guru



Ashwatthama



Markandeya



Bali



Each radiated divine strength. They weren't just protectors—they were teachers, the ones who would prepare Kalki to lift the last veil of darkness from our world.

I watched ancient martial forms practiced in sacred courtyards—movements like poetry, like prayer. It wasn't violence; it was devotion. A training in balance, in inner strength.

Even their knowledge was beyond our world. They were not primitive or mythic—they were more technologically advanced than any civilization I had ever studied. And yet, their greatest strength was their wisdom, their ability to live not for themselves, but for dharma.

They weren't building an army.

Each radiated divine strength. They weren't just protectors—they were teachers, the ones who would prepare Kalki to lift the last veil of darkness from our world.

I watched ancient martial forms practiced in sacred courtyards—movements like poetry, like prayer. It wasn't violence; it was devotion. A training in balance, in inner strength.

Even their knowledge was beyond our world. They were not primitive or mythic—they were more technologically advanced than any civilization I had ever studied. And yet, their greatest strength was their wisdom, their ability to live not for themselves, but for dharma.

They weren't building an army.

They were building hope.

And I—just a girl from Banaras—was standing in the middle of it all, watching the beginning of something the world had forgotten it needed.

In that moment, I didn't feel separate. I felt home.

THE EIGHTH CHIRANJIVI

Aarya stood at the edge of a sacred lake in Shambhala, the surface shimmering like liquid stars beneath the silver moonlight. The air had changed since the birth of Kalki. It was lighter, charged, as though the fabric of the universe had shifted in reverence.

Inside the great sanctum—a temple carved from crystal and stone—Kalki, the prophesied avatar, lay in peaceful slumber, wrapped in a cloth of sky threads. The energy around him pulsed with a serene force, untouched by the weight of time.

Aarya, the chosen witness, had spent days in silent awe. Her role was not to interfere but to observe—to carry the truth of this land and of Kalki's coming into a world that had long lost faith.

She watched as the seven Chiranjivis—immortal guardians of dharma—stood in a circle around the divine child.

Parashurama, the fierce warrior-sage, whose axe once rid the world of evil.

Ashwatthama, silent and protective, his curse

Ashwatthama, silent and protective, his curse now turned into a shield for Kalki.

Vibhishana, noble even in a world of rakshasas.

Hanuman, ever-devoted, his eyes filled with tears as he sang soft hymns of Ram.

Kripacharya, the ageless teacher.

Mahabali, the just king returned from Patala to serve dharma.

Markandeya, the eternal child-sage who had seen pralaya and survived.

But today, a shift occurred. The sages of Shambhala bowed to a new presence, cloaked in silence.

From the shadows of the sanctum stepped an eighth figure—tall, glowing, and with a presence so ancient that even time held its breath.

"Who is he?" Aarya whispered, turning to her great-grandfather.



He smiled gently. "He is the one no text mentions. No scroll records. He is the eighth Chiranjivi—a forgotten sage, born before time was measured. He chose obscurity so that pride would never find him. He is the balance—when all else fails, he restores what the universe forgets."

The sage stepped forward and placed his palm gently on Kalki's head. The child stirred, and the walls of the temple resonated with a silent hymn—a vibration older than language.

Later that night, Aarya sat in meditation, overwhelmed by the revelation. Her mind echoed with verses from the Kalki Puran:

"When the dark age ends and the world chokes on its own shadow, he shall rise—not to conquer, but to restore. Protected by the ageless, raised by the wise, and guided by the unseen."

She remembered how Ashwatthama had stood by the gates during the birthing, guarding it with eyes aflame, his heart at peace for the first time in millennia. It was said that his redemption was tied to Kalki—and in that moment, it began.

Aarya understood now.

Shambhala was not just a hidden land—it was a sanctuary of souls, of wisdom, and of divine timing. Kalki would grow here—not with weapons of war, but with truths forgotten by mankind.

As she looked at the divine child, sleeping beneath starlit domes, she felt something shift within her. Not power. Not pride.

But peace.

The end of Kaliyug had begun not with thunder... but with a heartbeat.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN: DIVINE BIRTH OF KALKI AND THE EIGHTH CHIRANJIVI



The air in Shambhala trembled with a rare stillness—as though time itself had bowed before an eternal moment. A silvery light poured from the twin moons that had risen in the Himalayan sky, casting an otherworldly glow over the valley. Even the rivers seemed to flow more slowly, whispering secrets known only to the stars.

Aarya stood atop the Temple of Eternal Flame, draped in a robe of white and blue spun with threads that shimmered like starlight. The sacred object given by the sage pulsed in her hands. Her heartbeat echoed with it, syncing with something ancient and cosmic. She had been chosen—not to witness, but to protect.

Below, within the sanctum cradled in the heart of Shambhala, the divine energy of Kalki had begun to take form. This was not a birth like mortals knew. It was the descent of light into flesh, the condensation of dharma into being. The people of Shambhala—guardians of forgotten truths—stood in prayerful silence. The seven Chiranjivis had gathered in a circle, chanting mantras older than memory. Their voices wove a net of sound that shielded the valley from the reach of Kaliyug.

Inside the sanctum, a blinding aura bloomed—a pillar of radiant energy, golden-white, spiraling upward into the heavens. From within it, the child emerged.

Eyes closed, skin glowing like sunlit pearls, Kalki had arrived.

But all was not still outside.

Far beyond the invisible barrier surrounding Shambhala, the air cracked with unnatural thunder. In the shadows of the outer ridges, forces of Kaliyug stirred—those who had long sensed the prophecy drawing near its climax. They sought to disrupt, to poison, to fracture the balance.

There, guarding the threshold between worlds, stood Ashwatthama. His body was scarred by curses, his soul burdened by centuries of wandering, but tonight his purpose had found him again. Wielding his celestial weapon, the Narayanastra, he held the ridge with the ferocity of a storm.

From within, Aarya felt his presence. And she, too, had a role.

She stepped into the crystal chamber above the sanctum, where a pool of liquid time shimmered like mercury. With the sacred object now fully awakened, she cast a web of divine light that expanded through the air—a living, breathing barrier born of her spirit, of her devotion. Her soul merged with Shambhala itself, her thoughts becoming threads in its tapestry.

And then—it happened.

Kalki opened his eyes.



All of Shambhala gasped, for in those eyes

All of Shambhala gasped, for in those eyes were universes. Galaxies spun in silence. Mercy and fire, justice and compassion. The child, no more than a few breaths old, raised his hand—and the skies answered. A streak of light descended, not as destruction, but as renewal. Somewhere, deep in the heart of time, Kaliyug shuddered.

The Chiranjivis bowed. Parashurama touched the child's forehead. Hanuman whispered a blessing only the winds could hear.

Aarya fell to her knees, tears flooding her eyes. She had seen the impossible. She had become part of the prophecy.

Above, Ashwatthama looked toward the valley. A shadowy horde lay defeated at his feet, yet he made no sound. He simply smiled—for the first time in ages—and whispered, "He has come."

And thus, the divine took birth—not only as Kalki, the last avatar, but as the rebirth of light itself.

The final age had begun to shift. Satyug stirred in its slumber.

And thus, the divine took birth—not only as Kalki, the last avatar, but as the rebirth of light itself.

The final age had begun to shift. Satyug stirred in its slumber.



And in Shambhala, the world waited.

Author's Note to the Readers

Dear Reader,

Thank you for walking this journey with Aarya —through myths, mountains, and the spaces in between reality and wonder.

Finding Shambhala is more than a story. It is a reflection of our longing for truth, for purity, for a world where goodness still breathes quietly beneath the chaos. The land of Shambhala, the birth of Kalki, and the forgotten sages are not just legends—they are reminders that every age, no matter how dark, carries within it the seed of light.

Aarya's path is not of conquest, but of transformation. Her courage was not in fighting battles, but in listening to the silent call of her soul.

Maybe, just maybe, each of us carries a map to our own Shambhala—buried under doubt, fear, and time. And maybe, the true journey begins when we remember that we were always meant to find it.

> "Whenever righteousness declines and unrighteousness rises, O Bharata, at that time I manifest Myself on earth."

— Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 4, Verse 7

This verse reminds us that even in our darkest times, divine light returns—not just through gods, but through the brave souls who walk the path of dharma, truth, and inner awakening.

If this book brought you hope, peace, or even a single moment of stillness—then it has done its part.

Stay curious. Stay kind. Keep seeking.

With all my heart,
Adrika Pal