



Finding Shambhala

BY - ADRIKA PAL

Dedication

To my grandfather, Late Shri Bhagwati Prasad Pal—

I miss you every single day, Babu Jii.

Your stories, your wisdom, and your quiet strength live on in these pages.

You taught me to believe in truth, in faith, and in the magic of the unknown.

This journey is for you.

May your spirit always guide mine.

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Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction inspired by ancient scriptures, myths, and spiritual philosophies. While elements from sacred texts such as the Bhagavad Gita and the Kalki Purana have been referenced for narrative depth, the characters, events, locations, and interpretations in this book are products of the author's imagination and creative vision.

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Readers are encouraged to approach this story as a spiritual and imaginative journey—meant to inspire, not instruct.

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Character Guide

Main Characters

Aarya



Aarya 23 years old, brave and spiritually attained girl chosen by fate. Guided by visions and a sense of inner knowing, she embarks on a dangerous yet divine journey to uncover the secrets of Shambhala and witness and protect the arrival of Kalki.

Lord Kalki



The final avatar of Vishnu, born in the sacred land of Shambhala. His divine birth marks the beginning of the end of Kaliyug and the restoration of Dharma. Mysterious, radiant, and powerful—his path will unfold in the next part.

Aarya's Grandfather



Wise, kind, and deeply connected to forgotten knowledge. He knows more than he reveals. A bearer of ancestral truth, he prepares Aarya for her journey and hints at a legacy that transcends lifetimes.

Shambhala's sage



An ancient, serene figure who guards the secrets of Shambhala. He recognizes Aarya's destiny and entrusts her with a sacred object. His presence is a bridge between the earthly and the divine.

Future Central Characters (Sequel Preview)

The Seven Chiranjeevis – Guardians and Guides of Kalki

Parashurama



The warrior-sage and master of celestial weapons. Fierce and disciplined, he trains Kalki in divine warfare.

Hanuman



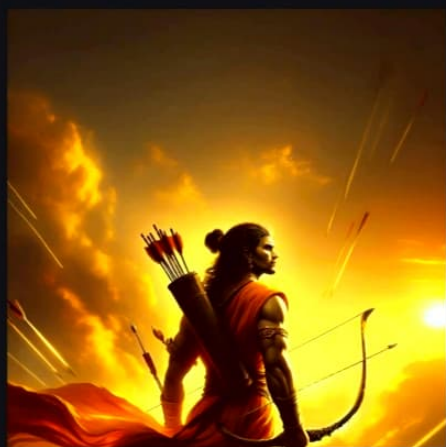
Symbol of strength, devotion, and divine loyalty. He teaches Kalki the path of Bhakti and boundless courage.

Vibhishana



The righteous ruler of Lanka. A symbol of standing for Dharma even against one's own. He offers counsel and wisdom.

Kripacharya



A sage and strategist who survived the Mahabharata. Silent and sharp, he brings ancient war knowledge to Kalki.

Ashwatthama



Beyond his protective role, he joins the training of Kalki as a hardened yet transformed warrior of fate.

Markandeya



The child sage who saw the end of worlds. He shares cosmic knowledge and helps Kalki understand time and destiny.

King Bali

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Markandeya



The child sage who saw the end of worlds. He shares cosmic knowledge and helps Kalki understand time and destiny.

King Bali



The noble ruler of the netherworld, Mahabali. A symbol of humility and sacrifice, he prepares Kalki for spiritual leadership.

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Author's Note

Before You Begin

Finding Shambhala is not just a tale—it is a journey into time, soul, and silence.

This book has been written in a deeply narrative style, with 90% of the content focusing on descriptive narration and only 10% in dialogue. This was an intentional choice.

In a story that explores ancient truths, hidden lands, divine prophecies, and the sacred birth of Kalki—the final avatar of Vishnu—words are not always spoken aloud. Much of what is felt, realized, and remembered exists in stillness. Through this narrative structure, I wanted readers to experience the sacred terrain of Shambhala, feel the timeless weight of destiny, and walk beside Aarya as she uncovers truths far beyond the physical realm.

The dialogue that does appear is purposeful, symbolic, and often spiritual. It reflects the nature of the sages, the silence of the Himalayas, and the deep inner voice that guides every seeker.

This is a story meant to be read slowly, reflectively—like one reads an ancient scripture or listens to the whisper of wind over snowy peaks.

May it awaken something timeless in you.
— Adrika Pal

Introduction

There are places whispered about in scriptures, etched into the stones of forgotten temples, and carried through time on the lips of wandering sages—Shambhala is one of them.

Neither entirely myth nor fully known, it is said to lie hidden deep within the heart of the Himalayas. A land untouched by corruption, guarded by divine will, and veiled in illusions. The ancient shastras speak of it not just as a kingdom, but as a sanctuary of truth, where time flows differently and only the worthy may enter.

It is here, the texts proclaim, that Lord Kalki, the tenth and final avatar of Vishnu, will be born. When Kaliyug reaches its darkest hour—when lies outnumber truth, and chaos drowns conscience—Kalki will rise to destroy the forces of evil and restore the golden age of Satyug.

Many have sought Shambhala. Explorers with maps, monks with mantras, kings with armies, and hermits with hope. All failed. For the path to Shambhala is not just through mountains—it winds through the soul.

Many have sought Shambhala. Explorers with maps, monks with mantras, kings with armies, and hermits with hope. All failed. For the path to Shambhala is not just through mountains—it winds through the soul.

This is the story of Aarya—a brave girl with ancient fire in her heart and questions heavier than the skies. When fate calls her toward the unknown, she chooses not fear, but faith. With little more than her grandfather's secrets and the strength of her spirit, she dares to walk where no one has returned from.

Through snowy cliffs, sacred silence, and supernatural encounters, she will search for the invisible kingdom. What she finds there will change her, and the world, forever.

This is a story of courage.
Of destiny.
Of finding light in the age of darkness.

This is the story of Finding Shambhala.



CHAPTER ONE: THE LAND BEYOND TIME

"They all came... in search of something greater. But not one returned with truth."

The voice of the old monk echoed through the dimly lit cave, where firelight danced across the ancient rock walls, flickering over faded murals of gods, stars, and mountains. Aarya sat among a small circle of seekers, her eyes fixed on the figure who had spoken—his saffron robes glowing like embers, his gaze lost in a place far beyond the present.

"Shambhala," he said, as though tasting the word, "is not merely a land. It is the mirror of one's soul."

He paused, letting silence stretch like the folds of the Himalayas outside.

"For centuries, kings and conquerors, monks and madmen, explorers, sages, and warriors... all have tried to find it. Some came driven by curiosity. Others by desperation. Many... by greed. They sought its divine energy, its resources, its secrets. Some even came to prevent what is destined—to stop the birth of

Lord Kalki.”

The air seemed to shift. The fire crackled louder. Aarya leaned in.

“But none succeeded,” the monk whispered. “If they returned at all... they returned empty, broken. Because Shambhala is no ordinary place. It cannot be found on a map, nor reached by feet alone. It is protected—not just by snow, stone, and storm—but by Dharma itself.”

He closed his eyes.

“To reach Shambhala, one must first journey within. It is a test. A revelation. A reckoning of the self.”

He looked directly at Aarya now, as if seeing the fire inside her.

“You ask, why no one has found it? Because the path is barred to those whose hearts beat with greed, pride, or fear. Only the one who has defeated the enemies within—lust, anger, ego—may enter. Only the one whose spirit shines with faith, love, courage, and knowledge... is permitted to pass.”

A hush fell.

“In Shambhala, there is no religion. No caste. No language. No divide. Only the One—beyond form, beyond name. Those who see this truth, not with the eyes, but with the soul... they do not find Shambhala. Shambhala finds them.”

He rose slowly, leaning on a carved wooden staff. The flames shimmered across the walls, where an ancient symbol of Kalki riding his white horse was etched into the stone.

“It is said,” the monk spoke again, now almost a whisper, “when the world loses all light... when Kaliyug reaches its final breath... Kalki will rise. And with him, Satyug will return.”

He turned toward the dark tunnel behind him, disappearing into its shadows.

Aarya remained seated, her mind swirling with the weight of the words. She clutched her grandfather’s manuscript tighter to her chest.

Somewhere, hidden in the folds of the sacred mountains, the land of truth awaited.



And though no one had ever entered
Shambhala...

She would try.

Not to claim it.

Not to conquer it.

But to understand it.

To be worthy of it.

And in doing so—she might just awaken the
world.