



# MOKSH

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By  
Praveen Kumar

*freedom from the eternal cycle of  
life, death, and rebirth*

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# Chapter 1: The First Renunciation

Long ago, in the ancient land of Jambudvipa — when kings ruled by dharma and sages wandered the forests in search of truth — there stood a sacred Ashram hidden deep within emerald groves and river-fed plains. It was a place where the noise of the world faded, and only the call of the eternal remained.

Among the seekers gathered there, one soul shone brighter than the rest. His name was Vasu — a young man once bound to a life of family and duty, but now driven by a hunger that no worldly comfort could satisfy.

Vasu had once lived as a householder. He had a wife whose smile was as gentle as a lotus opening at dawn, and a young son who would chase after him on unsteady feet, calling him with laughter. For a time, these ties had filled Vasu's heart. But as the years passed, an emptiness grew inside him — a restlessness, a voice whispering that true peace lay far beyond the walls of home.

One day, before the first light touched the village rooftops, Vasu made his choice. He wrapped his prayer beads in a simple cloth, placed a final kiss on his sleeping son's forehead, and walked away into the misty fields without a backward glance. No farewell. No explanations. Only a promise to himself: to seek the truth, whatever the cost.

Through lonely forests and across burning plains he wandered, until he reached a remote Ashram where silence itself seemed to live.

There, Vasu devoted himself fully to meditation, fasting, and reflection. For one long year, he turned his gaze inward, cutting away every worldly attachment. In time, his inner senses awakened, and visions flooded his mind — memories of a life before this one. He saw himself living in a desolate cave, his days ending as stone walls collapsed upon him. Death had claimed him there — but life had not ended.

From that moment, Vasu understood: existence was not a straight path, but a circle — an endless cycle of birth, death, and rebirth. And at its end waited Moksha — the true liberation of the soul from all suffering.

Determined to break free, Vasu deepened his meditation, seeking answers. Yet the mysteries of Moksha remained beyond his grasp.

One evening, as twilight brushed the forest in gold, Vasu encountered a serene figure — a wandering Buddhist monk. Drawn to the monk's quiet strength, Vasu humbly sought his guidance.

For five years, Vasu followed the monk's teachings. He learned of kindness that asks for nothing, of desires that must be left behind, of the changing nature of all things. He practiced diligently, allowing these truths to carve new paths into his soul.

When he returned at last to the forest, he carried not only wisdom but a lightness within him — a peace deeper than the riverbeds and taller than the mountains.

With this newfound understanding, Vasu founded his own Ashram, inviting all who hungered for truth to walk beside him. He taught not with pride, but with compassion. His words spoke of simplicity, mindfulness, and the gentle surrender of ego.

Disciples came from distant lands, drawn by the clarity in his eyes and the serenity in his voice. Among them, Susima — a boy with a questioning mind and a heart fierce in devotion — became his closest student.

Years slipped away like fallen leaves. Vasu grew older, but his spirit remained steady. When he reached the age of sixty-three, he knew the time of departure had come.

He chose the ancient path of Samadhi — the final union with the supreme — through fasting, meditation, and surrender.

Beneath the shelter of a great banyan tree, Vasu entered deep stillness. For thirty-five nights, he neither moved nor spoke, his body growing thin but his soul shining ever brighter.

On the last night, sensing the nearness of his end, he called Susima to his side. His voice was soft, but filled with an unbreakable peace.

"Remember, Susima," he whispered, "the path is clear for those who walk with pure hearts.

Do good.

Live with compassion.

Meditate deeply.

Trust in karma, and surrender your desires to the divine.

Moksha is not a dream — it is the destiny of every soul who follows the righteous way.

Carry these teachings forward, and guide others to the light."

A faint smile touched Vasu's lips as he closed his eyes. His final breath was not a gasp, but a release — like a river returning joyfully to the sea.

His disciples mourned him, yet within their grief bloomed a quiet certainty: their beloved Guru had crossed beyond the cycle of suffering, free at last.

Susima, heart heavy but spirit strong, assumed leadership of the Ashram, carrying Vasu's legacy into the generations to come.

Far from the forest, in a humble village, a young boy — now grown into a man — carried a different legacy: the memory of a father who had walked away in pursuit of an unseen truth.

But that story, too, was not yet finished.

## Chapter 2: The Broken Circle

Near the ancient Ashram, deep within the whispering jungle, a deer gave birth beneath the shelter of broad-leafed trees. As the tiny fawn opened its eyes for the first time, confusion flooded its fragile mind.

Where was it?

Had it achieved Moksha — the final liberation it had sought so fervently?

For a few hopeful moments, it believed it had. But as the fawn's senses sharpened, it realized the truth. It was breathing. It was bound to flesh. It was alive — again.

Panic welled up inside the fawn's small chest. After years of meditation, renunciation, and inner awakening, why had it failed?

Had it not lived with compassion? Had it not surrendered every earthly desire? Why, then, was it trapped once more in the endless cycle of rebirth?

Tears welled in its dark eyes, falling silently onto the dewy grass below. A sense of crushing despair settled over the newborn soul.

As days turned into weeks, the fawn roamed the wild jungles, its body growing stronger but its spirit weighed down by confusion. Questions circled like vultures above its weary mind.

Was Moksha just a dream? A myth spun by desperate souls?

Had even the deepest meditation been a lie?

At times, these doubts seemed almost convincing. Yet in the silent spaces of its heart, a stubborn ember of faith remained.



No. Moksha was real. Liberation was real.

If it had not yet been achieved, then the failure was within — a flaw uncorrected, a burden unatoned.

With every step through dense foliage and sun-dappled clearings, the fawn wrestled with itself. Fleeting moments of clarity would spark like lightning, only to be drowned again in the storm of uncertainty. It longed for a sign — a voice, a vision, something to show the way.

Still, even in its smallest moments of despair, the fawn carried a spark of determination. It refused to surrender fully to doubt. There had to be a reason for this journey. There had to be a purpose still hidden from its view.

Driven by this fragile hope, the fawn began a long, arduous journey across wild forests and ancient rivers, covering miles beyond its small body's strength. It stumbled through thorny underbrush, crossed flooded streams, and braved the lurking predators of the night.

At last, months later, the fawn came upon a familiar sight — the Ashram.

The place where it had once taught, once loved, once let go of everything.

It stood at the edge of the clearing, trembling, overwhelmed by memory.

There, among the saffron robes and quiet chanting, sat Susima — now old, his back slightly bent, his hair grayed, but his spirit as radiant as ever.

The fawn approached timidly, heart pounding. It could not speak human words, but it carried within it the weight of all it wished to say.


Without hesitation, the fawn curled up beside Susima's feet, pressing its small body close in silent prayer. For a long time, Susima simply looked at the young creature, his eyes soft with wisdom.

Finally, he spoke, his voice like the rustle of the river in the morning air.


### **Continue the Journey**

This is just the beginning.

In *\*Moksh\**, you will follow Vasu's and Susima's path through karma, meditation, renunciation, and the awakening of timeless truths.

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*\*Thank you for reading.\**

*\*May your journey inward bring light and liberation.\**