

## **Janaloka's Calling**

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### **Introduction: The Uncharted Ascent**

Every life, no matter how mundane on the surface, holds the potential for an extraordinary journey. For Chunmun Singh, a solutions architect in the bustling heart of Sydney, his world was meticulously ordered: lines of code, network diagrams, and the predictable rhythm of corporate life. Yet, beneath this veneer of logic and structure, an inner yearning stirred, a quiet dissent against the accepted boundaries of reality. This is the story of that unseen yearning, of a path diligently forged not through ambition or material gain, but through the profound, often challenging,

discipline of self-purification. It is a tale of a soul's unlikely ascent to a celestial realm, a place whispered about in ancient texts, where wisdom is absolute and purity is paramount. But what happens when the very qualities that grant access to such a sacred space are precisely what are put to the ultimate test? This novella chronicles Chunmun's transformative journey, a testament to the idea that even the most grounded among us might find their spirit called to an uncharted ascent, only to discover that true enlightenment lies not in the destination, but in the profound lessons of the return, illuminating his path with a new, vibrant clarity.

## **Chapter 1: The Architect's Asceticism**

The fluorescent hum of the open-plan office in downtown Sydney was a constant, low-grade thrum in Chunmun Singh's ears, a sound as ubiquitous as the faint scent of stale coffee and printer toner. For fourteen years, this had been his kingdom – a world of intricate network diagrams, elegant code, and the relentless pursuit of digital perfection. As a solutions architect, Chunmun thrived on order, on the logical flow of information, on systems that worked flawlessly. His desk, habitually neat, reflected his mind: a clean, uncluttered space where every line of code was a carefully placed brick in an invisible edifice. The harsh, cool white light from the overhead panels cast stark shadows, illuminating the focused intensity in his eyes as he navigated complex architectures on his triple monitors, their soft, blue glow reflecting off his spectacles.

Yet, beneath the surface of this meticulously structured professional life, an entirely different project was underway. Fourteen years ago, after a profound, personal disillusionment – a moment that tasted like bitter ash and echoed with a hollow silence – Chunmun had embarked on a path less taken. He had committed to brahmacharya (celibacy), not as a religious obligation, but as a deliberate act of

seeking clarity, of stripping away the distracting layers of worldly desire to uncover a deeper truth. It began quietly, a private vow made under the flickering glow of a single candle in his modest apartment, the air thick with the sweet, calming scent of sandalwood incense. It was a radical shift from the typical Sydney lifestyle, a city whose very pulse vibrated with the cacophony of aspirations and earthly pleasures, its streets often fragrant with the lively mix of gourmet coffee and salty ocean air.

His colleagues, engrossed in their own pursuits, noticed nothing amiss beyond his consistent professionalism and perhaps a slight increase in his quiet intensity. They spoke of weekend getaways, new relationships, the latest restaurants, their voices a bright, enthusiastic chorus that Chunmun listened to with a growing, detached amusement. He still attended meetings, delivered presentations, and celebrated project milestones, the clinking of champagne glasses and the loud bursts of celebratory laughter washing over him like a distant tide. But his inner landscape was changing. The initial yearning for connection, the persistent hum of loneliness, slowly began to recede, replaced by a profound, internal quietness. The vibrant colors of the city – the electric blue of the harbour, the vivid green of the parks, the bright red of traffic lights – seemed to possess a new, almost translucent quality, as if he were seeing them through a freshly polished lens. The everyday sounds, once a jarring distraction, began to blend into a harmonious backdrop, the distant ferry horns and the gentle rustle of leaves outside his window becoming part of a larger symphony. He meditated daily, his apartment, once just a living space, transforming into a sanctuary bathed in the soft, warm glow of twilight, the only scent the faint, clean aroma of stillness. He felt a subtle, yet undeniable, lightening of his being, a slow, gentle unmooring from the earthly anchors that had once held him fast.

The decision to embrace celibacy had not been born of religious fervor, but of a pragmatic desire for clarity. The world, with its relentless demands and fleeting satisfactions, had begun to feel like a poorly coded system, full of bugs and redundancies that drained energy without yielding true value. He sought a streamlined existence, a more efficient algorithm for inner peace. His apartment, a minimalist haven overlooking a quiet side street, became his crucible. He purged possessions, keeping only what was essential, creating an environment as uncluttered as his new mental state. The soft, muted tones of his walls and the sparse, functional furniture reflected this growing inner simplicity. Meals were prepared with conscious intention, each ingredient chosen for its purity and sustenance, the gentle sizzling of vegetables in olive oil and the warm, earthy scent of cumin becoming a calming ritual rather than a mere act of consumption.

Work, ironically, became a new form of meditation. The complex problems of data flow and system architecture, once sources of stress, transformed into intricate puzzles to be solved with detached focus. He found a strange satisfaction in bringing order to digital chaos, much like a monk arranging stones in a zen garden. The cool, controlled hum of the office air conditioning and the rhythmic click-clack of keyboards became a backdrop to his deepening internal quiet. He learned to differentiate between the true essence of a problem and the emotional noise surrounding it, a skill honed by his sustained inner discipline. The subtle shifts in team dynamics, the fleeting anxieties of deadlines, all seemed to drift by without disturbing the growing stillness within him. He was present, engaged, but also profoundly unattached.

This detachment wasn't coldness; it was a spaciousness that allowed for genuine empathy without entanglement. When a

colleague expressed frustration, Chunmun's responses were no longer reactive or burdened by his own opinions, but simply calm, reflective, offering a quiet presence. His words, when he spoke, seemed to carry a surprising weight, cutting through trivialities with an almost surgical precision. He never spoke of his personal vow, but the change in him was perceptible. There was a newfound radiance in his eyes, a gentle smile that seemed to linger, and an aura of profound peace that subtly impacted those around him. He felt the threads of his worldly life gently loosening, preparing him for a connection to something far vaster, a journey beyond the familiar hum of Sydney's streets and the digital pulse of its corporate towers. The city's bright, glittering lights at night seemed to invite a different kind of contemplation, hinting at deeper layers of existence.

## **Chapter 2: The Path Less Taken**

The fourteen years were not a linear ascent but a winding path, punctuated by moments of doubt and flashes of profound insight. Initially, the body, accustomed to indulgence, rebelled. A restless energy would surge through him, a phantom touch, a yearning that sometimes made the quiet evenings in his apartment feel heavy and stifling, the scent of his own skin unfamiliar in its solitude. He countered it with disciplined routine: early morning yoga as the first pale light of dawn touched the city skyline, its gentle grey-blue hues gradually awakening to the soft, chirping chorus of urban birds. His meals became simpler, almost ritualistic, the clean, earthy taste of steamed vegetables and plain rice a conscious act of nourishment rather than gratification. The distractions of the city, its myriad flashing advertisements and the siren call of entertainment venues echoing with loud, rhythmic music, gradually lost their magnetic pull.