

Love Across Yugas

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Introduction

Across the great cosmic cycles of time, the Yugas, a single love story unfolds, reborn in the ashes of its own ending. It is the story of Chunmun Singh and Komal Gupta, two souls bound by a love so profound it defies death, echoing through millennia in an eternal search for one another. From the dawn of creation on the banks of

a holy river, their spirits recognize each other instantly, their connection as pure and immediate as the light of a new day.

Yet, in each life, the world and its cruelties—war, plague, conquest, and creed—conspire to tear them apart . Their tale is written in blood on the battlefield, in ash in the monastery, and in ink in the scholar's study . They are warriors and poets, merchants and healers, rebels and inventors, their love a fleeting, brilliant light against the darkness of their age. This is the chronicle of their journey, a testimony against oblivion. It is a story that asks whether a love forged in the age of truth can survive the complexities of history, and if, after thousands of years of finding and losing, it can finally learn not just to begin, but to stay. Hindi translation has been provided at the end of the book.

Chapter 1: The Satya Yuga Lovers

The Ganges ran like molten sky at dawn, a sheet of liquid silver that carried the world's first truths on its patient current. The air, cool and clean, tasted of wet earth and the distant, sweet perfume of night-blooming lotuses closing their petals against the coming day. Above, the celestial canvas bled from indigo to a soft, bruised purple, the last of the stars winking out one by one. The emerging sun cast a pale, golden luminescence that caught the edge of every ripple, turning the river's surface into a dazzling, shifting mosaic of light. The sound was one of profound quiet, a silence punctuated only by the gentle, rhythmic lapping of water against the ochre-colored silt of the bank and the far-off, solitary cry of a peacock greeting the morning.

Chunmun Singh stood on the riverbank with a spear of dark, polished ironwood planted firmly in the sand. The nascent sun cast a warm, honeyed glow upon him, warming the deep blue leather of his cuirass until it felt like a second skin. He was a noble built from the era's insistence on clarity: every line of his jaw, every muscle in his forearm, was defined and certain, as if carved from the very principles he served. He had come to the river to perform the vow that warriors offered in those times, a solemn promise whispered into the morning air that bound action to the immutable law of being. He closed his eyes, inhaling the sharp, metallic scent of the spearhead mingled with the clean, earthy fragrance of the river, a combination that felt like purpose itself. His oath was simple: to be a shield for the weak, a sword for the just.

He was so absorbed in his meditation that he almost missed her arrival. Komal Gupta arrived like a hymn taking form. She moved through the low-lying morning mist with the slow, certain grace of someone who had learned to be still long enough to hear the earth breathe. The fine cotton of her sari was the vibrant, tender color of new leaves, a slash of living green against the muted tones of the riverbank. A single braid of white jasmine was woven into her dark, glossy hair, releasing a heady, intoxicating fragrance with every step. Her eyes, deep and dark, held a reflection of stars not yet named, a universe of quiet wisdom contained within their depths. As she approached, the soft, musical clink of her silver anklets was the only sound that disturbed the morning's peace. When she bowed to the water, a gesture of fluid reverence, the light caught the delicate gold threads woven into the border of her sari, making them shimmer.

Their glances collided and held across the space that separated them—no pretense, no games, only a current of pure, immediate

recognition. The world in Satya Yuga allowed love to be a simple and true currency, an exchange as honest as the light of dawn.

"You are the warrior Chunmun," she said, her voice softer than the river's murmur, yet carrying the clarity of a flute's note. "Your vow was heard."

Chunmun's voice, when he spoke, was a low baritone, like the resonant hum of a temple bell. "And you are Komal. They say you understand the silent language of stones and roots".

"The stones teach patience," she replied with a small smile. "The roots teach connection. What does the spear teach?"

"It teaches that some things must be defended," he told her, his words painting pictures of honor and duty against the silver backdrop of the Ganges. "That peace is a garden that requires a vigilant guardian."

"And I dream of shaping those gardens," she said, her syllables weaving images of bright flowers and the fluttering of wings, of places that taught children the names of birds.

They walked along the bank, their sandals sinking into the cool, damp silt, leaving parallel tracks that the river would soon smooth away. They exchanged small, exact gestures—Chunmun offered a ripe, golden mango, its skin blushing red from the sun, its sweet, tropical scent a promise of the flavor within. Komal, in return, unpinned the jasmine braid from her hair and offered it to him, its fragrance an intimate and delicate gift. Their intimacy grew by the law of plain things: honesty, action, and the shared, sacred quiet of the morning.