

Yamraj Wanted

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Introduction: The Great Cosmic Vacancy

Deep within the unfathomable, echoing corridors of the heavenly bureaucracy, a major announcement was made that shook the very foundations of the celestial planes. The sound of the decree did not arrive as a spoken word, but as a profound, reverberating boom of a colossal, unseen brass gong—a sound so deep it vibrated through the marrow of every deity, demigod, and celestial clerk. The

ambient lighting of the administrative heavens, usually a steady, sterile, and blindingly bright pearl-white, flickered and dimmed into a reverent, twilight shade of deep violet and bruised gold. The position of Yamraj, the dreaded and mighty Lord of Death, had officially fallen vacant. For eons, the air in the lower administrative realms had been thick with the heavy, suffocating scent of burning sulfur, rusted iron, and the cold, damp smell of subterranean terror associated with his reign. But now, the previous incumbent had retired to higher realms. As he ascended, the oppressive, terrifying aura that had clung to the cosmic infrastructure began to evaporate. The heavy, grinding sound of his massive iron chariot wheels faded into the ether, replaced by a sudden, deafening, and absolute silence. The sudden absence of his terrifying presence left a vacuum in the cosmic order, smelling faintly of ozone, old parchment, and the crisp, clean air of a sudden void.

This monumental vacancy threw the cosmic HR department into a state of unprecedented overdrive. The department's headquarters, a vast, infinitely scrolling citadel of glowing crystal and floating, translucent data-streams, buzzed with frantic, luminous energy. The air here crackled with the sharp, electric scent of celestial anxiety and the dry, dusty aroma of billions of rapidly flipping karmic ledgers. The HR deities, their forms flickering with the neon-blue light of pure, stressed intellect, realized that the modern human soul was entirely different from the souls of ancient times. The old methods of iron maces and sheer terror were resulting in massive spiritual bottlenecks. A paradigm shift was desperately needed; consequently, the cosmic HR department shortlisted the world's most prominent spiritual leaders and meticulously prepared to conduct rigorous, in-depth interviews to fill the vacancy.

The divine selection matrix was forged in the center of the HR citadel, glowing with a fierce, uncompromising emerald light. It was decided that each candidate would be evaluated on a complex, multifaceted rubric. First, they would be judged on their profound wisdom and boundless compassion, testing their ability to emanate a soothing, golden warmth rather than a chilling dread. Second, they were required to demonstrate flawless administrative capability, proving they could organize the chaotic, deafening roar of billions of transitioning souls without dropping a single karmic thread. Furthermore, the candidates had to showcase radical innovation in handling both the bewildered souls and the terrifying, unruly legions of Yamduts. The HR department was tired of the scent of fear; they wanted the Yamduts to smell of sandalwood and grace. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, the ultimate test rested on their unique approach to transforming the paralyzing, icy fear of death into a conscious, graceful, and beautifully illuminated process.

The grand interview chamber was prepared; it was a staggering, circular amphitheater carved from a single, impossibly massive block of polished black obsidian, its surface reflecting a cosmos of swirling, distant galaxies. The silence in the room was heavy, expectant, and thick, smelling of crushed lotus petals mixed with the metallic tang of absolute, cosmic authority. At the head of the chamber, the divine panel assembled. The senior deities took their places on towering thrones of blinding white marble, their auras radiating an intense, pulsating heat and the brilliant, blinding light of unyielding divine law. Beside them sat the Grand Accountant of Karma, radiating a frantic, scholarly energy, his multi-layered, holographic ledgers glowing with shifting, fiery orange script. The sound of his cosmic stylus scratching against the ether was a constant, rhythmic shhh-shhh-shhh, like a rushing river of pure data. To complete the panel, a neutral observer was required; led

into the corner of the pristine, glowing chamber was the grand, ancient buffalo—the traditional mount of the Lord of Death. Its massive, dark form absorbed the light around it, and its heavy hooves struck the obsidian floor with a deep, percussive thud that echoed for miles. It brought with it the raw, primal scent of wet earth, monsoon rain, and ancient, untamed wilderness, chewing its celestial cud with a slow, rhythmic grinding sound that grounded the high-frequency energy of the gods.

With the stage set and the air vibrating with anticipation, the cosmic marathon began. Over several cosmic days—periods where the sky outside the chamber shifted through impossible colors of hyper-novas and nebula-births—18 top spiritual leaders appeared before the divine panel. The doors would groan open, letting in the unique sensory aura of each candidate, and the rigorous, in-depth interviews would commence. Each interview lasted extensively, stretching the very fabric of celestial time, thoroughly covering the depths of their spiritual philosophy and the hard, unyielding mechanics of their practical policies. The panel relentlessly bombarded them with extreme crisis scenarios, filling the room with terrifying holograms and the panicked sounds of dying souls to test their composure. They were grilled on their staff management techniques for the chaotic Yamduts, and pushed to paint a vivid, multi-sensory vision for the ultimate future of Yamlok. What follows in the subsequent archives are the meticulously recorded, full extended interviews of the final ranks. These sensory-rich transcripts document the grueling cosmic trials, culminating eventually in the official selection by the panel, and finally, the triumphant winner's acceptance lecture that would forever change the scent, sound, and light of the afterlife.

Chapter 1: Swami Vyomananda

The grand obsidian doors of the cosmic HR interview chamber slowly groaned open, releasing a sudden, heavy wave of petrichor—the rich, intoxicating scent of the first rain on parched earth. It was an unusual aroma for Yamlok, a realm usually smelling of sterile sulfur and aged parchment. The lighting in the room, previously a dull, bureaucratic gray, instantly shifted into deep, pulsating hues of indigo and earthy amber. A low, guttural hum, reminiscent of a massive cosmic engine mixed with the chanting of ancient monks, vibrated through the stone floorboards. Swami Vyomananda strode into the room; he didn't just walk, he seemed to glide with a rooted, earthy heaviness, wearing a flowing shawl of deep olive green that caught the ambient amber light. The senior deities adjusted their spectacles, the Grand Accountant nervously tapped his glowing cosmic stylus, and the neutral observer buffalo, tied in the corner, suddenly stopped chewing its astral cud and stood at attention, its nostrils flaring at the distinct, sharp scent of camphor and raw sandalwood that now filled the air.

"Swami Vyomananda," the lead deity boomed, his voice echoing like thunder, "Why do you want the post of Yamraj?" Swami Vyomananda chuckled, a deep, resonant sound that felt like boulders grinding together. The lights in the room dimmed slightly, focusing a brilliant, warm spotlight entirely on him. "See, the job of Yamraj has been handled in a very crude and inefficient manner for centuries," he began, his voice a soothing, hypnotic baritone that seemed to wrap around the panel. The scent in the room shifted to a sharp, waking aroma of crushed mint and eucalyptus. "Death is not a tragedy; it is the most fundamental and natural reality of life. People are dying every single day without any understanding of what life really is or what death actually means. As Yamraj, I would completely

transform the process into a conscious, graceful transition. I have always said that one must die before one dies. Through internal transformation programs, void meditation, and proper yogic practices, I will prepare millions to experience the dissolution of the self while they are still alive. When the actual moment of death arrives, there will be no drama, no fear, only a deep sense of celebration and completion".

The panel sat mesmerized as a faint, ethereal sound of distant, joyous drumming seemed to manifest from nowhere. The Grand Accountant leaned forward, "Follow-up: How will you manage the huge administrative burden, Yamduts, and the accounting system?". "The current system is highly inefficient," Swami Vyomananda replied, waving a hand. As he gestured, a streak of bright, luminescent orange energy trailed his fingers. "Yamduts are running around like stressed-out government employees with no clarity. I will immediately send the entire team for a mandatory 7-day internal transformation program. Once they experience their own non-physical nature, they will stop creating fear in people. The buffalo will also undergo proper yoga training – we don't need an angry, inefficient vehicle. I will introduce a simple digital system – a 'Death Awareness' mechanism where individuals can see their life energy levels. Not to create panic, but to help them live with intelligence and awareness. The accountant can be given a new role as a librarian of conscious experiences rather than a mere accountant of sins." The scent of old paper vanished, replaced by the crisp, metallic tang of ozone and futuristic energy.

The panel presented a scenario: "A 45-year-old workaholic CEO clinging desperately to life, claiming he has unfinished business projects worth billions". The lighting snapped to a frantic, flashing neon red to simulate the CEO's stress, but Swami Vyomananda

simply smiled, and the red melted back into a calm, oceanic blue. "I will sit him down and say, 'Your projects will finish you long before you finish them if you don't complete your inner karma consciously.'" A wave of cool breeze, carrying the scent of Himalayan pines, washed over the room. "Then I will guide him through 12 minutes of void meditation. Within minutes, the compulsive drive will drop. Most likely, he will look at me with relief and say, 'Thank you for the break.' Death is not the end of work; it is the end of compulsive, meaningless work. I will show him that the universe has been running perfectly for 14 billion years without his Excel sheets".

"What about sinners and people with heavy negative karma?" asked a deity, as the room's corners grew temporarily dark, casting long, menacing shadows. "Karma is not punishment handed down by some angry god – it is your own creation," Swami Vyomananda stated firmly. The shadows instantly evaporated into a shower of bright, cleansing golden sparks. "I will not sit in judgment. I will simply create situations where they clearly experience the consequences of their actions. Naraka will be transformed into intense but compassionate cleaning and detox centers – like a cosmic rehabilitation facility. Eternal hell is the most stupid idea humanity ever invented. Even your earthly prisons are slowly moving toward reform. Why should Yamlok remain stuck in medieval thinking?".

When asked about Svarga and the ultimate goal, he painted a visual masterpiece with his words. "Svarga and Naraka are just psychological states and temporary transit lounges," he explained. The room filled with the visual illusion of floating, translucent bubbles popping into nothingness. "The real goal is ultimate liberation. Souls who are ready will be fast-tracked. I will make the

entire system oriented toward liberation rather than reward and punishment". For his long-term vision, the room began to smell intensely of freshly tilled soil and blossoming jasmine. "Mandatory yoga, meditation, and inner practices for all staff members. Environmental initiatives even in Yamlok – we will plant cosmic trees. I will occasionally ride the buffalo myself to show that death can be approached playfully". The buffalo gave a soft, pleased grunt; "On earth, people will be strongly encouraged to practice daily routines so that when the time comes, they greet the process with a smile instead of panic. I will also introduce cyclical breathing techniques at the moment of death so the last breath becomes peaceful and conscious. Death will no longer be a feared event but a well-understood, graceful exit".

As he stood to leave, the lights coalesced into a blinding, beautiful sunrise glow. His final message echoed like a deep gong striking in a canyon: "Stop living like you are immortal. Death is not coming in the future – it is happening every moment. Use this life intelligently to know the source of life itself. When I arrive as Yamraj in this new role, you should be ready to throw a grand farewell party instead of crying and clinging. Life and death are not opposites – they are two sides of the same coin".
