

Reminiscences
of
a Seeker

Kapil Kumar Bhaskar

Reminiscences of a Seeker

by **Kapil Kumar Bhaskar**

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Foreword

Reminiscences of A Seeker is a unique odyssey of Kapil, whose quest for spiritual enlightenment leads him unwittingly into the dark world of occultism. This true account of Kapil's journey may sound incredible to many with a rational mind but those who have an inkling of the dangers and pitfalls of this world, will find themselves identifying with many incidents narrated herein.

We belong to such a period of time wherein innocent seekers are lured into the snares of wily Masters who befool them easily by playing on their deepest fears and weaknesses.

Reminiscences of A Seeker serves as a perfect guide to those who have just embarked upon their spiritual journey and also to those who hold a deep interest in the mystical arts.

The gripping story of this ordinary man flung into extraordinary circumstances is a sure page turner...the reader will find it difficult to put down the book until the last page is read. The climax makes one wish that the sequel of the book is brought out right away.

A thrilling true account, Reminiscences of A Seeker is a must read for seekers of all age.

Urvashi Warman

(Author, Educationist, Guidance Counselor)

About The Author

Kapil Kumar Bhaskar has been on a spiritual journey for more than two decades. In his own words the experiences he underwent during his sojourn shaped him into becoming what he is today.

After a successful stint as a businessman, Kapil's interest shifted towards spiritualism, reflecting profound divine encounters he had since childhood. He is now a full time **Counsellor and Spiritual Mentor** to those lost and confused on their personal path towards inner excellence. His knowledge does not come from books but from experiences.

Kapil has been inspiring and guiding people through direct interactions and writings; he has penned uplifting articles which have been printed in magazines and journals within and outside the country. His lifelong experiences have now been shaped in book form which gives in depth information and knowledge of the dark side of the white world.

A Mentor with a Difference, Kapil continues his spiritual quest which he says would last his lifetime and maybe beyond...

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My Paranormal Encounters

Many years ago, it was a very hot summer afternoon.

I was waiting for a bus on the road adjoining Delhi Border.
I was going home but in those times public transport was not

easily available. After waiting for half an hour or so, I decided to ask for a lift.

After a few failed attempts, a young man of around my age, in the early twenties, offered to take me along. He told me that he had to meet his friend for ten minutes on the way. I agreed and sat on his motorbike as he was going towards the same area where I resided. After some time he stopped to see his friend and introduced him as Aman Singh.

This was how I met Aman for the first time and soon he became my best friend. Aman's father had been a fighter pilot in the Indian Air Force. He died a martyr in the war of 1971.

I was new to the city of Faridabad (place changed) as I had recently shifted there from hostel after completing my college studies. My father had retired from Military Engineering Services and had constructed a house in the city. He had settled there after his retirement.

Aman became my first friend in the new city. We shared a special bond which we both realized on our very first meeting.

But it was much more than that; this got revealed to us later that it was not for the first time that we were meeting each other. We had been very good friends for many lifetimes.

It was God's plan to make us meet again on this physical plane...

A strange incident happened in my life.

This made both of us aware of the special connection we shared and our common experiences... That particular episode, which happened about two years after I met him, haunts our memories till date.

I still remember the peculiar occurrence vividly as it changed the entire course of my life.

It was an unforgettable night. It was two days prior to Diwali and festivities marked the city. I was then in mid-twenties and still a bachelor. Being ambitious and with vibrant young blood, I strove hard to reach the top. At the same time, I was flamboyant, easy going and quite popular among my peers. I possessed an unshakeable confidence in myself and the word “fear” did not exist in my dictionary, a quality which my friends admired.

At that time I was working for a multinational US based company with their offices in Delhi. My work demanded late hours at the office.

That night started like a usual one.

I came home late and after dinner went straight to my room. It was at the farthest corner totally cut off from the entire house. Around 11.30 p.m., I hit the bed and immediately went into deep sleep. Due to hard and long working hours, I generally had sound sleep.

However, that night, I started feeling restless and woke up in panic. The clock had just struck one.

What I saw in front of me made my blood run cold.

My whole body trembled and I perspired from head to toe.

For the first time in my life, I came to know what fear was.

My room was dimly lit, as light from “diyas” placed outside for Diwali celebrations filtered through the window into my room.

In the faint light, I witnessed a black dense, smoky cloud, the size of a basketball, moving from one wall to the other in the air close to the roof. It was spinning slowly and after some time it started progressing towards me as if aware of my presence in the room. Lowering down, it took two or three rounds of my bed.

For a minute I went blank. I was unable to understand what it was and I was terrified. I sat still on my bed.

I could sense that it was just not mere black smoke. There was something more to it and it had some consciousness within it.

After some time, it started revolving slowly around me and encircled me completely. It slowly came extremely close to me.

I wanted to shout for help but my voice failed. I felt choked and found it difficult to breathe.

The black smoke was only a few inches from my face. With great difficulty, I stood up and managed to run out of the room in the nick of time and bolted the door from outside.

I was now on the veranda under the open sky, completely shaken. I didn't know what to do; I looked up and took some deep breaths to return to normal. I pondered on my next move.

The first thought which came to me was whether I should inform my parents. Then I said to myself, maybe the object inside the room was a figment of my imagination. Anyway, my parents could not do anything even if that something existed in reality.

I was at loss to explain what had happened in my room. It was certainly not a dream.

My body was still shaking in nervousness and my heart pounding at a fast pace. I kept sitting idly on the floor outside my room for about two hours or so.

I remembered such unexplainable incidents had occurred many a times before, but this time it was happening after many years. I used to experience such unusual phenomenon since the age of eight or nine.

As a child, I used to tell my parents about these incidents, but neither they nor I could understand what was happening

to me. After a certain age, I stopped telling them anything and started keeping things to myself.

I made myself strong and started facing them on my own...

Later that night, I gathered courage by telling myself that I could handle the situation, whatever it was, and returned to my room.

I put on the lights and looked around very carefully. I checked every nook and corner of my room even under the bed, but there was no sign of anything. I looked at the clock, it was 2.40 a.m. I dozed back with the lights on.

The next four-five days passed in Diwali celebrations with family and friends. The memory of the incident that occurred a few nights back got completely erased from my mind.

After the festivities, normal life resumed and I was back to sleeping soundly in my room.

Suddenly in the middle of one night, I grew very restless and my eyes opened by themselves. The clock on the wall showed 1.00 a.m. I felt a strong urge to get out of the room and looked at the door.

Before I could react, I saw the same smoky ball entering my room from the closed door and it slowly started taking shape.

Keeping my eyes on it, I tried my best to move my body and get up but I couldn't move, not even my fingers. My hands, legs, the whole body felt so heavy and numb.

However, I was completely aware of everything - myself, my emotions, my room and what was happening around me. My only confusion was whether I was sleeping or awake.

The black entity took a form and emerged in the shape of a beautiful woman.

The lady standing in front of me was wearing a bright white sari. She had long, jet black hair which she kept open and which almost reached her waist. She was fair complexioned and had big wide eyes rimmed with black kohl. A big vermilion “bindi” adorned her forehead.

Though she was beautiful, there was nothing divine about her face.

A mysterious smile curved her lips, which was good enough to tell me that I was getting into big trouble.

She slowly tiptoed across the room and came over to me. She stood on the left side of my bed and looked straight into my eyes. I also returned her gaze.

My previous experiences of such ghosts taught me to face them without fear and never give up.

The lady perched herself on the bamboo chair which was placed near my bed.

The bamboo chair was a new addition to my room as it was gifted fondly by my uncle. He had brought it especially for me from Arunachal Pradesh where he was posted at that time as Deputy Collector of Seppa.

She made herself comfortable on the chair as if going to sit there with me, forever. I found myself in a state of panic as I struggled to move out of my paralytic state. Cold sweat broke on my brow and I could not figure out anymore whether this was for real or a nightmare.

She smiled at me, “Don’t be afraid of me. I am your friend.”

However, my instinct clearly told me that she was a devil in disguise and had some evil intention for coming here.

“What do you want from me and why have you come here?” I tried my best to show my brave front.

“Nothing; I have just come to take you, Kapil, with me.”

“Where do you want to take me?” I was suspicious about her intention.

She laughed and held my hand softly, saying, “Trust me.”

As she caught hold of my hand, I felt jerked out of my body and suddenly we started moving with lightning speed. We entered some wormhole. Bright lights of all colors started reflecting around us and we passed through them. We soon came out into a bright open place.

I didn't want to go any further but she pulled me.

The place was a large, barren land and seemed limitless, without any boundaries. It opened to the vast sky with an extraordinary brightness which was glaring for the eyes. The sun appeared a huge, red ball of fire. The scorching heat pricked my skin. The land was completely dry with dark patches and cracks all over.

We were now walking on a narrow trail. The path beneath our feet made a rustling sound.

I was skeptical and hesitant to go forward but she pulled me ahead.

Suddenly there was a ghastly scene before me and I was horrified.

The place swarmed with men, women, and children of all ages. Some of them were howling in maddening laughter, others were howling in great pain.

I could see a few giant-sized men garbed completely in black, beating and torturing the people. Even women and children were being hit brutally with iron sticks and chains. Their screams were pitiful and heartrending. They had deep cuts all over their bodies and fresh blood oozed out... A terrible stench of raw flesh and blood filled the whole atmosphere.

As we passed by their side, a few of them stared into my eyes with anguish and helplessness. I was horrified to see their innocent blood flowing and scarred, scared faces of little kids looking at me in agony.

It seemed they were asking for help; I could feel their deep pain and my heart cried out but I could do nothing. I was in complete shock at the scene.

I forgot that I was also a victim.

The lady ordered me to keep moving. After crossing the horrendous area, we came to an empty, dusty, dry land again. After a long tiring walk, we reached a hilly area with boulders. The hill was not too high.

On reaching the top, the lady in white pointed out and said, “This is your world, follow me,” and she started descending.

From the height, I could see a mighty river flowing at some distance, which separated our side from the other world, which was nothing but complete darkness.

As soon as we reached the shore of the river, the lady ghost motioned me to cross it.

As I put my foot forward, I saw that the river was blood red in color. It was roaring as if alive and burning from inside...

I could feel intense heat coming from it. It was filled with very thick, sticky fluid as if thick blood was boiling and frothing. Bubbles were erupting as if the river was breathing.

The lady walked on across the river with ease and soon crossed to the other side. I could faintly see her hand gesturing me to cross the river.

I wanted to run away but there was something which kept pulling me to move forward. I was completely frustrated with all that was happening to me. I tried my best to stop myself but was unable to do so.

Then, as soon as I put one foot in the river to try and cross it, I started being pulled into it!

I was being sucked in, bogged down, down, down...

Desperately I tried with full strength to push my body towards the shore, which was just a few feet away but I couldn't reach it. The pull from inside the river was too strong for me. It felt as if someone was sucking me into it.

I looked down and saw...

There were infinite hands holding my legs, pulling me inside!

The bloody fluid had almost reached my neck...

I started screaming on top of my voice for help.

Suddenly I felt the presence of a strong hand on my arm...

The hand easily and gently pulled me up from the river.

I found myself standing in an abandoned place. I was totally confused. I looked around - there was no sign of the screaming and moaning people, the deadly river or even the lady in white who had brought me there.

Before me, was standing a man with long gray hair. He was strongly built and held a long golden stick in his right hand. The stick was quite wide, flat at the bottom and touched the ground. He had bright eyes but no expression on his face.

Before I could come to my senses, he looked into my eyes and asked in a very strong voice, "What brings you here, young man?"

"I don't know."

"Beware! You are not supposed to come to this place. Go back."

"I thank you for saving my life. Who are you please?" "I am the "Door Keeper".

Saying this he disappeared before I could ask or explain anything to him.

The next moment I found myself on my bed in my room. It was 2.30 am.

My whole body was soaked in sweat. It took me a while to identify where I was. The scary incident I had just experienced completely terrified me.

What was happening to me? Why was I experiencing such incidents?

I thought I had got rid of such incidents but they had started haunting me again.

Many questions clouded my mind but I never had any answers to them.

Now also, I could perceive no one who could provide answers to my long list of questions.

The next two nights, the same incident was repeated.

The lady in white sari visited me, sat on the bamboo chair, took me to the same location and tried her best to drown me.

Both nights, I was saved by the same Door Keeper who warned me from coming to that place and left without answering any of the questions hounding me.

I was helpless.

The woman overpowered me as if she had cast a spell.

I had no control over my mind and was totally powerless as I followed her blindly...

The third night, I was petrified.

After saving me the Door Keeper warned me in a serious tone.

“If you come here one more time, I am sorry I would not be able to save you. Young man, this is my last help and also last advice to you - Do not come back.”

I could sense that my life was in real danger.

I seriously debated on the old man's advice and suddenly thought of a way to avoid the situation.

I had observed that the woman used to visit me at 1.00 a.m. and I returned to my room at 2.30 a.m.

I started keeping myself awake.

I drank cups and cups of coffee and idled time watching TV in our living room. I started sleeping only after 3.00 a.m.

This routine continued for about a month.

Soon the sleepless nights started to take a toll on my health and affected my work too. I could hardly concentrate due to extreme mental and physical tiredness.

My parents were also getting suspicious about my abnormal routine.

I was in really bad shape and prayed fervently every day, hoping that the incident would not be repeated anymore.

I was afraid to venture into my room before 3.00 am because of the dire warning given by my savior. My frustration grew each day as I could not figure out what I should do to extricate myself from the situation. My thoughts were chaotic, my mind a whirlpool...

These reflections occupied every moment of the day and night.

One morning I had just reached my office and settled down at my desk when the phone rang.

"Sir, there is a personal call for you," my receptionist was on the line. I told her to connect the call.

“Hello Kapil, how are you?” It was Aman at the other end. His voice was heavy and there was a tone of seriousness in it.

“I am doing well; is everything fine with you? And why you are sounding so serious?” I queried.

It had been a while since we had met. In fact, we had not met since the incidents had started occurring.

“I am down with high fever, but are you sure you are ok? Don’t lie to me.”

I was taken aback at his words but was careful not to divulge details.

“Yes, I am completely fine, my friend. But why are you asking me like this? What is the matter?”

He continued, “Is it not true that there is a new chair in your bedroom?”

I wondered how he knew about the new bamboo chair. Aman had not visited my home since a month. I had also not told anyone about my new possession which my uncle had gifted. This time I told him the truth.

“Yes, my uncle gifted it to me on Diwali.”

“That means the dream I saw was true.” I was completely taken by surprise.

“What dream are you talking about?” I asked him.

“Last night I had a strange dream. I saw that I had come to your house and found myself standing outside your room. As soon as I opened the door I witnessed you lying on your bed and a woman sitting on the bamboo chair. She looked at me with bloody eyes and threatened me, “You are his best friend and I will take you also along with him”.

The dream felt so real and fearful that it shook me inside out. I got up in great fear and am having fever since then.”

I was speechless and told him what he had seen in his dream was absolutely true, the same incident was occurring with me.

We decided to meet at Aman's house after my office hours.