

I

Echoes of Dwarka in Boston

Jai Shri Krishna.

A profound stillness settled over the vast, contemporary lecture hall. On the dais, a youthful figure stood poised. Her lips parted, and a single, exquisitely soft utterance resonated, unexpectedly filling the hushed space.

The invocation, ancient and sacred, startled every individual present in that esteemed American academic venue. Faces among the predominantly Western audience registered a fleeting astonishment, as if they had, without warning, encountered the very echo of a timeless mantra. In that precise instant, a brilliant spotlight descended upon the central podium, illuminating the young woman. She appeared to be in her early to mid-twenties. Clad in a silken cotton saree, a traditional Indian garment, its elegance and subtle color palette unmistakably declared her South Asian heritage.

From the periphery of the stage, a clear, resonant announcer's voice boomed forth,

"Presenting, a final-year Master's student, Sinduri!"

The young woman's name was Sinduri. Standing before the microphone affixed to the podium, she surveyed the

immense, expectant gathering. For a fleeting moment, a tremor of apprehension stirred within her; the sheer scale of the crowd threatened to overwhelm. Yet, an innate fortitude, reminiscent of the calm, unyielding waters of Dwarka, quickly bolstered her spirit. She inhaled deeply, as though gathering all her inner energy, then began to speak with an assured grace.

"Namaste, America!"

Her voice, a compelling blend of warmth and effortless candor, instantly drew the audience into her orbit.

"I am Sinduri, and today I stand before you to discuss an aspect of Artificial Intelligence that transcends mere technology..."

"Artificial Intelligence, AI, is not merely a machine — it is a potent energy. And like every energy in this cosmos, it is inherently neutral — neither entirely benevolent, nor entirely malevolent — the very essence of AI mirrors this truth. It is akin to fire — which can both nourish by cooking, and devastate by consuming a home. Or like the wind — which can offer cooling solace, or transform into a tempest of destruction. AI is not a deity to be worshipped, nor a demon to be feared. It is an infinite potential — and its ultimate form is determined by our conscious intent. Our intention, our policy, our Dharma — these will unequivocally shape its future."

Sinduri paused, her gaze sweeping across every face in the auditorium, as if probing the very depths of their consciousness.

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"Our ancient scriptures proclaim a timeless truth — 'Daiva and Asura were not races or castes, but tendencies of consciousness.' As it is said in our sacred texts, द्वौ भूत-सर्गौ लोकेऽस्मिन् दैव आसुर एव च — There are two types of created beings in this world: the divine and the demonic. When consciousness is guided by pure knowledge and selfless intent — it attains divinity, becoming 'Deva.' And when that same consciousness is lost in the darkness of greed, anger, attachment, and ego — it transmutes into an 'Asura.' AI stands today at this very decisive threshold. If we choose to wield this energy for service, for healing, for the pursuit of profound knowledge, and for the universal welfare of humanity — then it can become our steadfast ally — a companion that will propel human civilization to unprecedented heights. But if we employ it for control, for covert surveillance, for ruthless exploitation, or for personal avarice — then it will swiftly descend into the realm of the 'Asura.' This is an unshakeable truth — AI itself will not destroy humanity. Rather, it is our own ignorance and our unrestrained ego that possess the power to wreak havoc."

Her voice resonated with the thunder of conviction and the flowing grace of inspiration, piercing directly into the hearts of the listeners.

"Therefore, today we do not solely require cutting-edge engineers — we demand ethicists, philosophers, and artists of compassion — who will ensure the sacred direction this boundless energy will take. Lord Krishna proclaimed in the Bhagavad Gita: 'Whenever there is a decline of righteousness (Dharma), and the rise of unrighteousness, I manifest myself.' Perhaps today, Krishna will not descend

upon a physical chariot. Perhaps today, He will awaken within those enlightened consciousnesses who possess the divine courage to steer this energy towards its rightful path. Let AI be the powerful chariot... but let the charioteer be your awakened consciousness. Otherwise, the chariot will indeed move forward uncontrollably — but its direction will be determined by some other, unintended force. Jai Shri Krishna!"

The hall erupted in a thunderous applause, a wave of sound that bore testament to the profound impact of Sinduri's words. Sinduri bowed gracefully, a serene contentment gracing her features. She knew that her words, blessed by Lord Krishna, had deeply touched the inner core of her audience.

The lecture had concluded, and the vast, modern lecture hall of the university now buzzed with a gentle hum as attendees gravitated towards the designated area for refreshments. Sinduri, still elegant in her white cotton saree and with the tulsi mala at her neck, stood in a corner of the hall, where long tables laden with an assortment of dishes beckoned. She was meticulously selecting some salad and fruit for her plate, flanked by her two American classmates, Linda and Sophia, their eyes alight with admiration for their friend.

Linda: *"Sinduri, your speech was absolutely incredible!"*

Linda exclaimed, her voice brimming with genuine enthusiasm.

"The way you wove UX psychology with Vedic ethics was brilliant. I'm telling you, some big tech company or a

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research-based organization is going to snatch you up immediately."

Sophia: *"Yeah, totally! Your insights were so profound. I'm sure you'll be swimming in offers."*

Sinduri offered a soft smile as she drizzled olive oil onto her salad. Her eyes, still holding the serene calm of Dwarka's seas, gleamed with quiet resolve.

"Jobs, Linda? Who wants a job?"

Her voice carried a calm determination that belied her simple attire, hinting at the extraordinary vision she harbored.

"My aim is to create an AI system that can globalize our Sanatan culture and knowledge. An AI that makes ancient Indian wisdom accessible to the modern world, connecting our traditions with new generations."

At that precise moment, a woman approached their small group. She appeared to be in her mid to late thirties, radiating an impressive self-assurance that was amplified by her sharp, blue formal suit. A profound intelligence gleamed in her eyes, suggesting a deep understanding of life's intricate complexities. She offered Sinduri a cordial smile as she drew closer.

Era: *"Hello, Sinduri,"*

she began, her voice clear and professional, tinged with an unusual gravity.

"My name is Era Thomson. I just heard your lecture, and I am genuinely impressed. Your insights and your vision

for integrating Vedic ethics with AI are quite extraordinary. It's something we truly need in today's world."

Era extended her hand, presenting a sleek, black visiting card emblazoned with the 'Vyoma Secure' logo.

"I'm from Vyoma Secure. We work on AI-based surveillance, digital infrastructure, and cyber defense. We're currently initiating a new, significant project, and we're in the process of building our core team."

She handed the card to Sinduri, a spark of anticipation in her eyes.

"We'd like you to visit our office tomorrow morning at 10 AM. We'd be keen to discuss things in more detail."

Hearing this, Sophia, who stood closest to Sinduri, interjected immediately, a hint of concern and strong support for Sinduri evident in her voice. "But, Era, Sinduri isn't looking to join a security company. She wants to work on Indian Vedic knowledge, not in defense sectors."

Era's eyes held a mysterious glint. She glanced at Sophia, then her gaze settled back on Sinduri. A faint, knowing smile played on her lips, as if she held a secret only Sinduri could unlock.

Era: *"That is precisely why we chose Sinduri,"*

Era stated slowly, her voice laced with a subtle suspense, hinting at a hidden agenda that only Sinduri might comprehend. She looked directly into Sinduri's eyes, her words an enigmatic invitation that stirred a new seed of curiosity within Sinduri's mind.

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"We'll meet at the office tomorrow morning, 10 AM sharp, Sinduri."

With that, Era Thomson turned and melted back into the crowd, carrying with her the same confident stride and air of mystery. Sinduri and her friends watched her depart, Era's final words lingering in their minds, leaving a flurry of questions. In Sinduri's hand lay Era's visiting card, and a storm of thoughts began to brew within her. 'Vyoma Secure' and 'Sanatan knowledge'—what possible connection could these two seemingly disparate entities share? It was a mystery that would perhaps only unravel tomorrow morning, and in Sinduri's heart, the chanting of Lord Krishna's name grew more fervent, as if she were about to embark on an unknown path.



The Boston morning, bathed in a gentle, nascent sunlight and alive with the ceaseless, rhythmic hum of urban traffic, witnessed Sinduri, radiating her customary serene aura within the folds of her white cotton saree, stride purposefully along the bustling sidewalk with Linda beside her. Their destination was the gleaming, imposing headquarters of Vyoma Secure—a edifice of glass and steel whose facades shimmered under the morning's nascent glow, an undeniable testament to its grandeur and the prosperity it embodied.

As they approached the main entrance, Era Thomson was already positioned there, as if her presence had been precisely timed to anticipate Sinduri's arrival. A faint, professionally composed smile graced her lips.

"Sinduri, Linda, welcome!"

she greeted with a warmth that felt both genuine and strategically inviting, gesturing them inward.

Linda, visibly awestruck by the opulent surroundings—the cavernous lobby, its polished floors reflecting the ambient light, and the avant-garde abstract art adorning the towering walls, all unmistakable hallmarks of a high-tier corporate dominion—leaned in conspiratorially to Sinduri.

"Wow, Sinduri, this place is absolutely incredible! They must be truly major players."

Era, her keen ears having caught the hushed comment, offered a knowing smile.

"This is our Boston branch office—Vyoma Secure's East Coast Innovation Lab,"

she stated with a measured pride, as they navigated a wide, luminous corridor that seemed to stretch endlessly.

"Here, our primary focus is on pioneering projects related to AI ethics and the intricate nuances of UX psychology. Our global headquarters are situated in Seattle, from where our extensive defense systems and monumental government contracts are meticulously managed."

Her voice carried an articulate clarity that subtly underscored the vast, intricate scope of the company's formidable operations.

They passed through a transparent glass door, entering a capacious, brightly illuminated office space. Within, a man sat at a sizable, polished table. Dressed in impeccably

tailored formal business attire, his countenance bore a serious, almost unyielding expression, befitting the gravitas of his senior position. This was David, the esteemed head of the Boston branch.

Upon discerning Sinduri's presence, David rose with a swift, almost deferential motion from his chair, extending his hand in a gesture of welcome.

"Welcome, Sinduri! It is indeed a distinct pleasure to finally meet you. Era has spoken of you in truly remarkable terms."

His voice resonated with an effortless professionalism. He offered Linda a quick, affable nod as well.

"Please, do take a seat,"

David invited, his gesture encompassing the plush, comfortable sofa. The trio settled, with Era positioning herself beside David, facing Sinduri and Linda.

"So, Sinduri,"

David began, his voice imbued with a quiet, persuasive confidence,

"We at Vyoma Secure are profoundly impressed by your unique perspective and your deep, insightful understanding of Vedic knowledge. We are keen to establish and expand our services in India, and we firmly believe that you are the quintessential fit for our aspirations. We envision you joining our team to conduct rigorous, in-depth research on AI and the intricate facets of Indian psychology within India itself. This endeavor would enable us to effectively engage with crucial Indian government projects. It is, without

exaggeration, a tremendous opportunity, one that would directly connect your talents with the very development and progress of the nation."

Sinduri paused for a few reflective moments, a peculiar internal conflict momentarily clouding the serene depths of her eyes—on one side, the clear, beckoning path to professional success, and on the other, the unwavering sanctity of her deeply held ideals. Her gaze drifted momentarily to the fruit on her plate, as if seeking some profound, unspoken answer within its simple form.

Then, with a deliberate motion, she raised her gaze, addressing David directly, her voice calm yet imbued with an unyielding resolve.

"David, my understanding had been that your work was rooted in projects aligned with Sanatan knowledge, which is why I undertook this journey here. I had earnestly hoped you were developing AI that would genuinely assimilate our ancient values and truly benefit society."

Her words, delivered with a quiet conviction, were imbued with a purity that seemed to emanate directly from her Dwarka upbringing.

"However, it now appears your intention is to engage my services purely for commercial objectives. My singular purpose, Sir, is to dedicate my efforts to the welfare of society. Otherwise, my family in Dwarka is financially secure enough that I could comfortably navigate life without the necessity of a salaried position."

A subtle touch of sorrow colored her tone, revealing a quiet reluctance to compromise her core principles.

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"I journeyed to Boston with the profound aspiration of connecting Vedic knowledge with the modern world, not merely to secure a commercial role."

As her final words resonated, a peculiar, almost palpable silence descended upon the room. Linda, observing Sinduri, her eyes reflecting a newfound, profound respect. David's countenance, however, had subtly hardened, a faint surprise etched upon his features, as if he had genuinely not anticipated such an unequivocal refusal.

Sinduri rose gracefully.

"I'm sorry,"

she stated, her voice soft but firm, and without lingering for any further discourse, she began to walk purposefully towards the main entrance.

Just as her hand extended towards the doorknob, before her fingers could even grasp it, the door swung open from the outside. Standing there, framed by the doorway, was an individual whose very presence seemed to command the immediate and undivided attention of everyone in the room. David, upon recognizing the figure, rose abruptly from his seat, a stark expression of surprise etched across his face.

"Sir, you...?"

David stammered, his voice a curious amalgam of disbelief and profound deference.

Sinduri's hand froze mid-air, her fingers hovering inches from the doorknob, her eyes fixed intently on the new arrival. Who was this person whose sudden appearance had so utterly astonished even a powerful branch head like

David? A profound, enigmatic mystery now stood poised directly beyond that threshold, and Sinduri felt, with an almost spiritual certainty, as though Lord Krishna had, once again, unfurled an entirely new path before her.



The moment that enigmatic figure materialized at the doorway, Era Thomson instantly moved towards him, her steps quick and purposeful. Her face bore a profound delight, a genuine pleasure that transcended the usual veneer of professional composure.

"Sir, when did you arrive?"

Era exclaimed with genuine enthusiasm, then her gaze swiftly fell upon Sinduri, and she promptly added, her voice clear and efficient,

"Sinduri, this is our esteemed boss and the CEO of our company, Mr. Vyomkesh."

Turning back to Vyomkesh, she clarified, her tone respectful,

"Sir, this is Sinduri, the exceptional talent you specifically asked us to hire."

Vyomkesh's very presence exuded an undeniable charisma—his stride possessed an inherent authority, and his eyes were a clear, piercing testament to a keen, formidable intellect. Linda, upon catching sight of Vyomkesh, leaned in conspiratorially, whispering into Sinduri's ear, "He is so hot!" A playful, almost impish note colored her hushed voice.

Vyomkesh extended his hand towards Sinduri, a polite gesture of greeting. However, before Sinduri could react,

Linda, with a swift, almost impulsive movement, put her own hand forward.

"I'm Linda,"

she stated with an eager confidence, shaking Vyomkesh's hand firmly,

"Sinduri's friend."

Vyomkesh offered Linda a slight, courteous smile and a brief, polite

"Hello,"

before his gaze, now focused and intense, settled squarely on Sinduri.

"David perhaps didn't articulate things to you with sufficient clarity,"

Vyomkesh said in a calm, measured tone, his voice carrying an unspoken invitation, a subtle plea for understanding.

"Could you perhaps grant me a few moments so that I might explain things to you more comprehensively, more accurately?"

Sinduri hesitated for a few moments, a flicker of indecision in her eyes. Yet, there was an undeniable sincerity in Vyomkesh's gaze, a quiet earnestness that proved difficult to dismiss. She offered a slight nod in agreement.

Era, ever proactive and efficient, immediately took the lead, guiding them towards a larger, more comfortable seating area nestled within the office. It was a tranquil corner, thoughtfully furnished with plush sofas and a low,

elegant table, surrounded by vibrant green plants and tasteful artistic paintings that subtly softened the otherwise stark corporate austerity.

As they settled into the comfortable seating, Linda, her curiosity piqued, looked at Era.

"Few individuals ascend to the position of CEO at such a remarkably young age,"

Linda remarked, her tone hinting at admiration.

"What, if you don't mind my asking, is Mr. Vyomkesh's story?"

Era smiled, a hint of pride in her voice as she began to recount.

"Mr. Vyomkesh has been singularly and intensely focused on innovation and IT-related endeavors since his very childhood. His dedication was truly unparalleled. During his undergraduate years, major angel investors were so profoundly impressed by his nascent AI model that they immediately committed significant capital, thus laying the formidable foundation for Vyoma Secure."

Era's voice clearly conveyed her deep respect and admiration for Vyomkesh's achievements.

"Subsequently, owing to his novel and truly revolutionary ideas, we quickly began securing substantial government contracts. Today, our company proudly stands as one of the top ten AI security firms globally."

She paused for a brief moment, then her gaze shifted to Sinduri, her voice softening perceptibly.

"And yes, being originally from India, Mr. Vyomkesh is deeply keen to pursue work specifically related to India. This is precisely why he initiated this new, dedicated wing, which is, in fact, named after his mother."

Era then met Sinduri's gaze directly, speaking softly,

"Perhaps David truly didn't explain it to you clearly enough."

At that very moment, Vyomkesh himself entered the seating area, a sleek tablet held casually in his hand. He walked directly towards Sinduri, his focus unwavering, and took the seat beside her, his eyes holding a deep, contemplative gleam.

"I've read all your research, Sinduri,"

Vyomkesh stated, his voice carrying both a genuine admiration and something more profound, something akin to a shared understanding. He turned the tablet towards Sinduri, its screen displaying her meticulously crafted research papers.

"There's something about you that powerfully reminds me of my own early days—that very same passion, that identical spark of original thinking."

He looked deeply into Sinduri's eyes, his expression earnest.

"You possess the potential to become a truly successful businesswoman one day."

Sinduri responded immediately, her voice imbued with the very same unwavering conviction that defined her ideals.

"I have no intrinsic interest in business, Sir. My deepest desire is to engage in social service, to work directly and meaningfully for the welfare of humanity. And my ideas, I must clarify, are not conceived from a commercial point of view. Perhaps that is precisely why no investor has, until now, shown any genuine interest."

Vyomkesh took a deep, measured breath, then, with an unusual certainty that visibly surprised Sinduri, he gently but firmly interrupted her.

"I will fund your ideas, Sinduri. And in return, you will undertake David's work; consider it a form of mutual aid. You contribute to our company's mission, and I, in turn, will invest wholeheartedly in your social innovation."

His words presented a proposition that held the undeniable promise of giving wings to Sinduri's most cherished dreams, yet it also carried an unspoken condition, the intricate layers of which were, as yet, entirely unrevealed. In Sinduri's mind, the sacred name of Lord Krishna resonated—was this a new trial, a test of her resolve, or an unforeseen, blessed opportunity bestowed upon her by His divine grace?