


What Is Heaven and Hell Like

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Epilogue

The Quiet Thread That Binds All Things

In the hush between worlds — where time loosens, where light breathes — a truth drifted through the sanctuary like a slow-falling star.

Every sorrow, every brave step, every whispered prayer had been gathered into a single, shining thread. Sam, once a girl trembling in Earth's shadows, now carried the quiet radiance of one remade by love. She moved with the grace of someone who had walked through darkness and learned how to kindle her own dawn.

Kellie walked beside her like a soft hymn — steady, listening, her prayers rising in invisible spirals that warmed the air around them. She was not an accident in Sam's story, but a blessing placed with intention.

Stefan, the seeker who once wandered forests for answers, now stood among the Elders. His questions had become lanterns, lighting the path even as he continued to learn that wisdom is a journey, not a destination.

And Tenzin — gentle guardian, brother of the Master — carried the same devotion that had awakened in him as a child who could not bear the sight of suffering. The Master had kissed his brow and whispered:

“Help us make a better world.”

He had been answering ever since.

Across the sanctuary, the children played — Daniel and Sofia among them — their laughter rising like a hymn of futures not yet written.

And far beyond the orchards and quiet lakes, the Master watched with the tenderness of eternity, holding the fierce hope that even the smallest soul can shift the shape of creation.

For in the end, the cosmos was not woven from power or fate.

What is Heaven and Hell like

It was woven from love — love that endures, love that restores, love that gathers every broken piece and makes it whole.

And so the story did not end.

It continued — in Sam’s heart, in Kellie’s prayers, in Stefan’s searching, in Tenzin’s devotion, and in the Master’s eternal whisper:

“Come. Help us make a better world.”

Chapter 1

Death Comes to All

Evening settled quietly over the house as Martin parked the car and stepped inside. "I'm home," he called, slipping off his jacket.

Kathy met him almost immediately. Her face was streaked with tears, the kind that come from a shock you haven't fully processed yet. She wrapped her arms around him as if she needed something steady to hold on to.

"Andrew came home from school in pieces," she said, her voice trembling. "His best friend's mum died in a car crash yesterday."

Martin felt the weight of the news settle in his chest. Tragedy always seemed to arrive suddenly, like a door slamming in a quiet room.

"That's awful," he murmured, holding her close.

"He asked if she'd gone to Heaven," Kathy added softly.

"I'll go see him."

Upstairs, Andrew ran straight into his father's arms, clinging to him with the desperate grip only a frightened child has.

"Dad," he sobbed, "Tim says his mum is in Heaven, but Mum says people just... die. And that's it. That we only get one life."

Martin sat on the edge of the bed and pulled the blanket around him. "Tim's mum was a good woman," he said gently. "Good people don't just disappear."

The boy's breathing slowly eased, and within minutes he drifted into sleep — the kind of deep, trusting sleep only children seem able to fall into after crying.

Downstairs, Martin poured himself a drink and sat on the sofa. The quiet of the room wrapped around him, and his thoughts drifted back to something he hadn't revisited in years.

What is Heaven and Hell like

He was eleven again. He remembered the strange sensation of floating above his own body, weightless and calm. He remembered the pull of a bright light, warm and steady, and the glimpse of a garden so peaceful it felt like it belonged to another world entirely.

Confused and shaken, he'd told his grandmother. She had listened without surprise, as though she'd been waiting for the story.

She'd handed him a book — *The Spiritual Sanctuary* — and said, "Martin, billions of people believe in life after death. Christians, Muslims, people across Asia... you're not alone in wondering about these things."

He'd asked her a hundred questions, but she'd only smiled and said, "Read the book."

Now, years later, the memory of that garden still tugged at him — the figure surrounded by white light, the gentle insistence that he had to return, the feeling that something unfinished waited for him back on Earth.

He picked up the old book again, its pages soft with age, and began to read.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 2

Near-Death Experience

Spring had warmed the air just enough to make the schoolchildren restless. They spilt out of the classroom with the relief of kids who'd been cooped up too long, following their young teacher across the field. She had that calm, bright energy that made the children trust her without thinking about it.

"Today," she said, "we're learning about metamorphosis. Does anyone know what that means?"

The children exchanged blank looks. A few shrugged.

She walked to a nearby tree, pulled down a low branch, and showed them the underside of the leaves. Caterpillars clung to them, inching along slowly, unaware of the miracle waiting inside them.

"In a few days," she said, "they'll weave cocoons. And when they come out—"

Jeff, always eager, jumped in. "They turn into butterflies!"

She smiled. "Exactly. Evolution has a strange imagination. It finds ways for life to change when it needs to."

A boy raised his hand. "Do humans change like that?"

She tilted her head. "What do you think?"

He hesitated. "Lots of people believe something happens after we die. Maybe we can change into something else. Maybe that's why we have churches and temples."

She didn't dismiss him. "It's possible. People have wondered about that for thousands of years."

The sun grew warmer, and the children's attention drifted like pollen in the air. "All right," she said, "twenty minutes of playtime."

What is Heaven and Hell like

Two girls ran toward the swings. They were laughing when a faint, desperate meow cut through the air. A cat was perched high in a tree, trembling.

A young woman named Sam happened to be walking by. One of the girls ran to her. “Miss, can you help? The cat’s stuck.”

Sam looked up. The cat’s eyes were wide, pleading. Without thinking, she began to climb. She reached the branch, reached for the cat—

—and her foot slipped.

For a split second, the world held its breath.

The branch snapped. Sam fell hard. The back of her head struck a rock, and everything went still. A thin pool of blood began to spread beneath her hair.

Then something impossible happened.

Sam felt herself rising — not in a dramatic rush, but in a quiet, almost gentle separation as if she’d stepped out of her own body. She looked down and saw the children gathered around her, their voices distant and muffled, like shouts underwater.

She drifted upward, weightless, drawn toward a dark tunnel that seemed to appear out of nowhere. The air around it felt still, expectant.

For a moment, she hesitated.

Then a soft light appeared at the far end — warm, steady, inviting. Not the harsh glare of a lamp, but something that felt alive, like a sunrise waiting just for her.

She moved toward it, unsure whether she was walking or floating, and stepped out into a place she could never have imagined.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 3

Garden

Sam stepped out of the tunnel and into a place so peaceful it made her stop in her tracks. The air felt clean in a way she had never known — crisp, fragrant, almost new. Meadows stretched out in soft green waves, and clear lakes reflected the sky like polished glass. Nothing looked worn or tired. Everything seemed alive, fresh, untouched by time.

A man approached her — calm, steady, with a gentle presence that made her feel strangely safe.

“Welcome to my garden,” he said. “My name is Tenzin.”

Sam blinked, trying to take everything in. “I’m Sam. What... what is this place?”

“It’s a sanctuary,” he said. “A place where people come to understand what has happened to them — and what comes next. You’re safe here. I’ll see you again soon.”

He left as quietly as he had appeared, and Sam felt something loosen inside her — fear, confusion, the shock of her fall. All of it eased, replaced by a warm sense of acceptance she couldn’t explain.

She walked slowly through the garden, noticing that she could still see, smell, and feel everything — the cool breeze, the warmth of the sun, the soft grass under her feet. But her body felt lighter, almost weightless, as if she had shed something heavy without realising it.

For the first time since the fall, she felt calm.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 4

Other People and Animals

The garden was full of life — not just plants and trees, but animals that moved freely and without fear. Birds glided overhead, and small creatures wandered near her as if they already knew her.

Sam spent hours exploring, and the more she saw, the more she realised she wasn't alone. People she had known on Earth — neighbours, distant relatives, familiar faces she hadn't thought about in years — were here, living quietly and peacefully.

She saw her grandmother, smiling the same warm smile she remembered from childhood. Her old schoolteacher stood beside her husband, still holding hands as if nothing had ever separated them. Her great-aunt waved from beneath a fruit tree, looking healthier and happier than Sam had ever seen her.

There was no tension, no sadness, no sense of time running out—just a gentle feeling of belonging.

Along the stream, fruit trees grew in neat rows. Their leaves never wilted, and their branches were always heavy with ripe fruit. When Sam tasted one, it was sweet and refreshing, almost energising.

Everything here seemed designed to heal.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 5

The Caterpillar

One afternoon, Sam sat by the stream, lost in thought. The water moved slowly, catching the light in soft ripples. On the opposite bank, a lion appeared — calm, majestic, and strangely gentle. He crossed the water and settled beside her without a sound.

Before she could react, a butterfly drifted across the meadow and landed lightly on her shoulder. Sam lifted her hand, and the butterfly moved onto her palm. Its wings shimmered in the sunlight.

“How did you get here?” she asked softly.

“In the same way you did,” the butterfly replied — its voice clear, calm, and surprisingly matter-of-fact.

Sam didn’t question the impossibility of a talking butterfly. Somehow, in this place, it felt natural.

“I was a caterpillar once,” it continued. “Happy, simple, doing what I was meant to do. Then my body began to change. I grew tired. One day, I spun a cocoon and went to sleep.”

It paused, as if remembering.

“When I woke up, everything was different. I had wings. I could fly. I saw the world from above — beautiful, bright, full of life. And then... something struck me. I blacked out. When I opened my eyes again, I was here.”

Sam listened quietly. The story felt strangely familiar—a small echo of her own journey.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 6

New Skills

As days passed, Sam learned more about the garden from the people living there. It wasn't just a place — it was something they shaped together.

The trees, the lakes, the meadows... they existed because the community maintained them with their thoughts and intentions, not in a magical, effortless way, but through focus, cooperation, and shared purpose.

The older residents encouraged Sam to join them. She learned how to guide her thoughts, how to picture a seed growing into a plant, how to imagine a barren patch of ground turning into a flowering meadow.

It was slow at first, but with practice, she began to feel the connection—a gentle pull between her mind and the world around her.

The garden grew more vibrant as everyone contributed. Sam found herself enjoying the work. It gave her a sense of belonging, a role in something larger than herself.

She made friends. She felt useful. For the first time since her fall, she felt part of a community again.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 7

Mobility and Travel

Every day brought something new. One morning, Sam discovered she could travel simply by thinking of a place. Not walking, not flying — just focusing.

At first, she overshot her destinations, ending up in places she hadn't meant to visit. But with practice, she learned to direct her thoughts more precisely.

Travel became effortless.

But with this new freedom came something else — a quiet longing that grew inside many of the garden's inhabitants. Questions about purpose. Meaning. What came next?

Some people began to wander beyond the sanctuary, searching for new realms, new experiences. They spoke of the garden as a resting place — a pause between chapters, not the final destination.

Sam felt the same pull, though she didn't yet know where it would lead her.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 8

Kingdoms

Sam often sat with her remaining friends, sharing stories of the places they had visited. Some realms were breathtaking — full of art, music, colour, and celebration. Others were quiet and reflective, like vast libraries or peaceful retreats. Some were simple gardens, much like the one she lived in.

Each realm had its own character, its own rhythm.

The leaders of these places were humble and compassionate, guiding their communities with kindness rather than authority. The people who lived there were generous and welcoming — though not always to visitors. Some realms allowed only brief glimpses before gently sending travellers away.

Sam listened to every story, fascinated. The universe seemed far larger and more varied than she had ever imagined.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 9

Steward of the Garden

Many people who had passed through the garden spoke of meeting someone — a guide, a relative, a figure of light. Some called them angels. Others believed they were enlightened beings.

For Sam, that person was Tenzin.

He appeared often, always calm, always patient. There was nothing extraordinary about his appearance — average height, slim build, a round face, and a warm, easy smile.

But Tenzin's eyes were different. When he looked at her, it felt as though he could see straight through her — not in a frightening way, but with a clarity that made her feel understood.

At first, she avoided his gaze. It felt too intimate, too revealing. But over time, she grew comfortable around him. She realised he wasn't judging her. He was present, fully and sincerely.

She had thought he might be an angel, but the more she learned, the more she understood he was something else — human, like her, but with abilities shaped by experience she couldn't yet imagine.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 10

Communication

From the very first moment Sam met Tenzin, she sensed something unusual about him. He didn't always speak aloud. Sometimes she understood his thoughts, impressions, gentle nudges of meaning that appeared in her mind as clearly as spoken words.

As their friendship grew, he shared more with her, piece by piece.

"It's never wise to reveal everything at once," he told her. "People need time to grow into understanding. Knowledge brings responsibility. And responsibility requires maturity."

He explained that wisdom wasn't something handed to someone — it was something earned through experience, empathy, and awareness.

"A mature person," he said, "isn't afraid of accountability. They listen to their conscience. They choose the right path, even when it's difficult."

Sam absorbed his words slowly, realising that her journey in this place was only beginning.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 11

Tenzin's Mind

Tenzin's mind worked with a clarity Sam had never encountered before. It wasn't just intelligence — though he had plenty of that — but a kind of calm precision. He could take in a situation, understand its shape, see its consequences, and refine a solution almost instantly. Nothing about his thinking felt rushed. It was simply... efficient, like water finding the easiest path through stone.

The garden itself seemed to respond to him.

Through focus alone, he oversaw every part of it — every tree, every animal, every blade of grass. If a leaf drifted to the ground, he knew. If a branch grew heavy with fruit, he sensed it. The place wasn't just under his care; it was connected to him, as if the garden trusted him the way a heartbeat trusts the body it lives in.

Visitors who arrived — confused, frightened, hopeful — all fell under his quiet supervision. He wasn't a ruler or a judge. He was a caretaker, a guide. His task was to help each new arrival understand where they were, why they were here, and what waited for them beyond this sanctuary.

There was something else, too — something Sam had only begun to grasp.

Tenzin possessed a rare ability that the others called **Kly-son**. When a new soul entered the garden, he could focus his mind and, in a single flash, see the full tapestry of their past life — their joys, their mistakes, their intentions, their struggles. Not as a list of events, but as a complete understanding of who they were.

He never used this knowledge to judge. He used it to guide.

With Klyson, he could see a person's truth more clearly than they often saw themselves. And with that understanding, he helped them take their first steps toward whatever awaited them next.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Sam watched him work many times, quietly, from a distance. And each time, she felt the same thing — a sense that Tenzin wasn't just tending a garden.

He was tending souls.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 12

Kly-son

As Sam spent more time with Tenzin, she began to understand the full extent of his abilities. One of them — perhaps the most mysterious — was something he called **Kly-son**.

It wasn't just telepathy. It was deeper, more intimate. Tenzin could project memories into a person's mind with perfect clarity — not imagined scenes, but their own memories, their own life, shown back to them in a single, sweeping flash. It was the same phenomenon people on Earth described when they said their life “passed before their eyes.”

To Tenzin, it was simply another tool for understanding.

As their companionship grew, he explained how he used Klyson to evaluate a person's life. Not to judge them, but to see them clearly — their intentions, their choices, the way they had treated others.

For him, the question at the heart of every life was straightforward:

Had this person lived only for themselves, or had they lived in a way that lifted others too? Had they loved their neighbour as they loved themselves?

In the tunnel between life and death, Tenzin offered no comfort to those who had lived selfishly, harming others for their own gain. He didn't punish them — he stepped aside, letting them face the consequences of the life they had shaped.

But those who had lived with kindness, generosity, or even simple, honest effort — he welcomed them warmly. He guided them gently through the transition, helping them cross into the Garden of Peace without fear.

Sam listened to him with growing understanding. His reasoning made sense. The garden thrived because its people worked together, each contributing to the whole. A place built on cooperation couldn't survive the weight of self-interest.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Here, community wasn't just encouraged — it was essential. The garden lived because its people lived for one another.

And Sam found herself appreciating the quiet wisdom in that.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 13

The day was warm, the kind that made the air feel soft and forgiving. A gentle breeze moved across the riverbank where buffalo and antelope grazed peacefully, their movements slow and unhurried.

Sam turned to Tenzin. “You and Brother Stefan are so dedicated to us — to this garden. You could have chosen to be anywhere in the universe. Why here?”

Tenzin watched the animals for a moment before answering. “The Master chose every person in this garden. He desires that each one be given a chance to be made whole.”

Sam frowned slightly. “I’m not sure I understand.”

“He wants to undo the harm each person suffered on Earth,” Tenzin said gently. “To reconcile them, where possible, with their families, loved ones, and neighbours. To compensate them for their suffering and loss. We volunteered to work under His supervision — but there are limits.”

“Like consent?” Sam asked.

“Yes,” he said. “We cannot force anyone. We cannot coerce or manipulate. We can only reason, encourage, or plead. Our duty as warrior-priests is to help every soul here become whole. Our own salvation — our inheritance — lies in this work of healing and restoration. It brings us joy.”

Sam looked out across the river. “Will you make everyone here whole?”

“With the Lord’s help,” Tenzin replied, “we will try. If your family and loved ones give their consent, we will reconcile you with them. We will make restitution for the pain and loss you all endured on Earth. We do this because we love the Master — and because this work shapes us, purifies us, and prepares us for what lies ahead.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

'With the Lord's help, we will endeavour to fulfil our mission. We will reconcile your family and loved ones if we get their consent and willingness and make more than adequate restitution for your and their pain, suffering, and loss on Earth. We do this because we love the Master and because it is a programme to perfect, purify and make us wholesome and fit to receive our inheritance.' ---- ➔ ----

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 14

Sam's curiosity was endless. She questioned Tenzin whenever she could, trying to understand the strange new world she now lived in. Everything here felt familiar yet foreign, simple yet impossibly complex.

Patiently, step by step, Tenzin taught her how his refined mental abilities shaped the garden. Every leaf, every blade of grass, every interaction between people — all of it was observed, analysed, and guided toward a purpose.

Nothing here was random.

He explained that events were arranged to fulfil long-term goals written in something he called the **Eternal Scroll** — a plan far greater than any single life.

Aunt Millie

One day, while Sam and a few others were playing in the garden, Tenzin approached with a visitor. Sam's face lit up instantly.

"Aunt Millie!" she cried, rushing forward to embrace the middle-aged woman with the familiar white hair.

They hugged tightly as Tenzin watched with a small smile.

"I'll leave you two to talk," he said.

"Wait!" Sam called after him. "This is my favourite aunt." Then, turning to her aunt, she added proudly, "This is my friend, Tenzin."

They exchanged warm greetings before Tenzin slipped away.

Sam and her aunt spent hours talking. There was so much to catch up on, so many questions Sam wanted answered. But Aunt Millie gently refused some of them.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“It isn’t wise to reveal everything before its time,” she said with a knowing smile.

When Tenzin returned, it was time for her aunt to leave.

“Goodbye, Aunt Millie,” Sam said, hugging her again. “I hope to see you soon.”

“You will,” her aunt replied. “Very soon.”

After they left, Sam sat quietly, confusion clouding her face. When Tenzin returned later, she asked, “Aunt Millie was very old when she died... but she looked so young today. No signs of age at all. How old did she look to you?”

Tenzin paused. “That depends on who is looking. She may appear thirty... or ninety.”

Seeing Sam’s confusion, he explained, “Age doesn’t matter here. A person’s appearance reflects your familiarity with them — the version of them your heart recognises. Your aunt chose a form you would feel comfortable with. She showed you a glimpse of who she is now.”

Sam nodded slowly, understanding more than she had before.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 15

As Sam's understanding deepened, her questions grew more complex.

"What is the rest of the universe like?" she asked one day. "What is the Great Eternal Plan you mentioned? When will you show me the other realms? What is the great mystery hidden since the beginning of time? What is the Day of Judgement — and what happens after it?"

Tenzin listened patiently, as he always did. He didn't answer immediately. Some questions required time—not because he didn't know, but because she wasn't ready.

"Sam," he said gently, "there are truths that can only be understood when the soul is prepared. And preparation takes time."

She nodded, though she still felt the tug of curiosity. The universe suddenly seemed far larger than she had ever imagined — and she sensed she had only glimpsed the edge of it.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 16

Outside the garden

One day, Tenzin took her to a place that looked like a vast stadium. People from nearly every race, nationality, and tribe filled the space. It felt like a festival — music, laughter, colours, and countless forms of entertainment. The atmosphere was vibrant, alive.

Sam felt a surge of joy. “This is incredible.”

A few days later, while she sat by the lake, Tenzin approached with urgency in his voice.

“Come quickly, Sam. We must go to the tunnel.”

As they hurried, he explained, “We’re going to meet someone — a woman named Kwan-Yin. She is about to pass away on Earth.”

They found Kwan-Yin in the tunnel, frightened and disoriented. She was young, but her face carried the weight of someone who had lived through too much. Sam sensed emotional wounds beneath her calm exterior.

They guided her gently into the garden. Tenzin assigned her a parcel of land in the northern region, then left her in Sam’s care.

Kwan-Yin explored her surroundings cautiously, as if expecting the world to collapse beneath her feet. She kept her distance, guarded by invisible walls built from years of pain. She trusted no one — except, strangely, Tenzin.

Tenzin understood her well. He knew Sam could reach her in ways he could not.

“Help her,” he told Sam. “Your friendship will help her heal — and help you grow.”

Over the next few days, Sam stayed close to Kwan-Yin. Slowly, the young woman began to open up.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“You have a beautiful soul,” Kwan-Yin said one evening. “But it’s hidden. I want to be your friend. Maybe we can help each other heal.”

Tenzin watched from a distance, hopeful. Kwan-Yin needed safety, trust, and time — and Sam was the perfect companion to help her blossom.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 17

World of imprisoned souls

One day, Tenzin called for Sam.

“Come,” he said. “I want to show you something. It may be unpleasant, but do not be afraid. Hold my hand and close your eyes.”

They drifted through space, and when they stopped, the air felt cold.

“You can open your eyes now,” he whispered.

Sam tightened her grip on his hand. A shiver ran through her.

“What do you see?” he asked.

“This place... ” It’s horrible,” Sam said. “It smells like burnt hair and flesh. The air is cold and stale. The walls look like rough stone. Tenzin, can we leave?”

“Not yet. Look inside the dungeons.”

Sam peered into one of the cells. Bodies lay on the floor or hung limply from chains. Their skin was a grey-white colour, lifeless.

“They’re dead,” she whispered.

“Look closer.”

She leaned in — and gasped. “They’re alive! But... they look like they’ve lost the will to live. Who are they? Why are they here?”

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 18

Tenzin's voice was quiet. "If you look closely, you'll see their life force is gone — or taken. Some have been here a long time. Others arrived recently. We should go."

"Why?" Sam asked.

"What you see next will be unpleasant."

"I'm not afraid," she said. "I want to understand."

She watched as tall, powerful guards — almost human, but not quite — dragged new prisoners into the dungeons. Sam tried speaking to some of them, but they didn't respond. Their eyes were empty.

Tears filled her eyes. "Tenzin... what is this place?"

"I wanted you to know that terrible places exist in the cosmos," he said. "Selfishness, cruelty, pride, and greed can lead to consequences like this."

"Who are these people?" she whispered.

After a long pause, he answered. "Many caused great suffering on Earth. Some were petty criminals. Others were leaders who committed crimes against humanity or encouraged others to do so. Tragically, many are still honoured by their nations."

Sam felt a chill run through her.

"They await the Great Day," Tenzin continued. "Judgement Day. The Day of the Supreme Being. The Final Reckoning. There are places like this throughout the cosmos — dangerous places. You must never come here alone."

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 19

My Paternal Father

Sam approached Tenzin with tears already gathering in her eyes. Her voice trembled with longing.

“My father passed away years ago,” she said. “I assume he must be in one of these sanctuaries. I want to see him. I’ve missed him so much. Please... can you take me to him?”

Tenzin’s expression softened with a kind of gentle gravity.

“For now,” he said, “all I can tell you is this: your father is a great and virtuous man. He has moved on to a different realm — a higher one. He knows you are here.”

Sam’s breath caught.

“He asked me to look after you,” Tenzin continued. “When the time is right, I will take you to him. But not yet.”

“Why?” she whispered. “Why can’t I see my baby now?”

“You wouldn’t understand,” he said softly. “Not yet. I need you to trust me. Come — I want to show you something that will prepare you for the day you meet him.”

She followed him through a part of the garden she had never seen before. The air felt different here — still, expectant. They sat beside a quiet lake whose surface reflected the sky like a mirror.

“Close your eyes,” Tenzin said. “Listen.”

At first, there was only silence — deep, absolute. Then, slowly, music began to rise from everywhere and nowhere at once. It wrapped around Sam, seeped into her, awakened something raw and buried.

Her fears returned first — sharp, familiar, uninvited. Then the memories.

What is Heaven and Hell like

She saw her parents again: kind, gentle, worn down by illness and hardship. She remembered how selfish, cruel people had taken advantage of them, how poverty had crushed their final years. She felt the sting of injustice, the ache of helplessness.

The music deepened, and suddenly she felt the cries of countless others — innocent victims of violence, of cruelty, of predation. Even the silent suffering of animals echoed through her, as if the whole of creation were crying out for justice.

Then came the quiet.

A haunting, hollow quiet that felt like the bottom of a pit — a place without meaning, without hope, without escape. The music drained her strength, her will, her very sense of self. She felt suspended in a vacuum, waiting for everything — thoughts, feelings, life — to end.

“How could a divine being allow such evil?” she cried. “If there is a God, I will make Him answer for what was done to my parents, my kin, and all of creation!”

A heavy despair settled over her, suffocating and absolute.

“Please,” she whispered into the void, “someone... help me.”

And then — light.

A bright, warm radiance surrounded her, pulsing with energy and power. Slowly, the despair loosened its grip. The loneliness faded. The misery dissolved like mist in sunlight.

A new current of music rose — strong, hopeful, filled with purpose. It flowed through Sam, lifting her, strengthening her, reshaping her from the inside out.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 20

Earth will pass away.

Earth Will Pass Away

The music swelled, filling Sam with a sense of power and clarity she had never known. Strength, joy, and radiant confidence washed through her. Every moment of her life — the good, the painful, the forgotten — drifted past her, bathed in brilliant white light.

The light seemed to whisper:

“All of this will be transformed. Every experience will shape you into someone compassionate, thoughtful, and strong.”

The brilliance left a deep impression on her — a certainty that whatever had begun within her had the power to reach completion.

Then a voice rose from within her, steady and resonant:

“All you have seen and felt will be accounted for. All losses compensated. All suffering is justified. Restitution made fourfold.”

The voice continued, calm and immense:

“Every grain of sand, every atom, every quark is known and has purpose. One day, you will understand that all suffering in the cosmos serves a greater design. Those who inflicted pain and refused to change will be separated. Darkness is greater than evil, but light is greater still — and night will yield to dawn.”

Sam felt the truth of it vibrate through her.

“When that day comes, the New Children of the Cosmos will be free of pain. The universe will finally be at peace. And Earth — when her work is done — will pass away in joy, having seen her children reach their fullness.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

The revelation overwhelmed her. Exhausted, she collapsed into a deep sleep beneath a fig tree.

Tenzin found her there, peaceful at last. He covered her with a blanket and waited beside her until she woke.

When she finally stirred, she told him everything.

“What does it mean?” she asked.

Tenzin listened carefully. “The song was written in honour of your father — and of you. It showed you a glimpse of what he endured and how he overcame the struggles of his earthly life. He has risen to a higher realm. When you have grown enough, you will meet him.”

“I still don’t understand,” Sam said softly.

Tenzin’s voice grew gentle. “Trust me. You are unique. A greater power guides your path. Everything created has been shaped for souls like you. Some mysteries remain hidden until the fullness of time — what we call *Awara-nar*.”

Sam lowered her gaze. “You say I’m unique... but I don’t feel it.”

Tenzin smiled faintly, as though he saw something in her she could not yet see in herself.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 21

The Aborted Babies

Sam was walking through the orchard when she noticed Tenzin standing beneath a mature fruit tree, sunlight filtering through the branches above him. She greeted him warmly.

Tenzin returned her smile. “I have something to show you. Come.”

He led her beyond the orchard to a field she had never seen before. The land was divided into large square sections, each one filled with rows of stone pots arranged with meticulous precision. Every section had pots of a different colour — white, blue, red — stretching out in quiet, solemn order.

They stopped before a section filled with white pots.

“Pick one up,” Tenzin said softly. “Tell me what you feel.”

Sam lifted a small white pot, no larger than a pebble. The moment it rested in her palm, she closed her eyes — and something stirred within the stone.

A gentle voice rose from the pot, delicate as a breath.

“You have come to the resting place of embryos and foetuses who lived only days or months. Our mothers suffered natural miscarriages. Most never knew we existed, nor that they had lost us.”

Sam held the pot close, her heart tightening with tenderness for lives so brief they had barely touched the world — yet here, they were remembered.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 22

Nothing in the Cosmos Is Irrelevant

The voice continued, soft but clear:

“Each pot holds a complete history — our parents’ ancestry, their homeland, the moment of conception, the circumstances that shaped our short existence. It holds their thoughts, emotions, fears, hopes... everything they felt before, during, and after the miscarriage. It records their struggles, their capacity to care for us, their grief or their unawareness. Every detail is preserved. We rest here, waiting for our parents — or foster parents — to claim us.”

Sam opened her eyes, shaken by the depth of what she had heard. She turned to Tenzin.

“Why so detailed?”

Tenzin’s expression grew solemn. “Because these records are used for forgiveness and reconciliation. Nothing in the cosmos is irrelevant. The universe invests great energy in life, even the smallest spark. Its eternal plan is to restore, reconcile, and make all things whole.”

Sam looked down at the pot in her hand. “Whoever compiled these testimonies... they did it with such care. Such tenderness.”

She returned the pot gently to its place.

Tenzin nodded. “When life is measured in seventy years, there is no time for such detail. But when time becomes part of eternity, every moment matters. Every action ripples outward forever. The universe was born in a day — but its consequences are eternal.”

He paused, then added, “One day, when you understand the laws of the cosmos more deeply, you may help compile these records.”

“For what purpose?” Sam asked.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“For peace,” Tenzin replied. “If the cosmos is to be whole, everything must work in harmony. When harmony breaks, darkness thrives. That is why we labour to reconcile, restore, and heal — so that order and peace may prevail.”

Sam shook her head. “But I don’t have your Kly-son abilities.”

“These are early days,” Tenzin said gently. “With guidance, you will learn.”

Kly-son — Explained

A unique blessing from the cosmos, Kly-son allows a person to see instantly into another’s life — their history, ancestry, motives, intentions, and the impact they have had on others. It reveals both the good and the harm a person has done. Those who possess it can intervene when someone’s actions would cause great suffering.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 23

Spiritual Parents

Tenzin led Sam to the next section of the field. Here, all the pots were purple.

She picked one up.

A gentle voice spoke from within:

“You stand among the testimonies of much-wanted pregnancies that did not come to term. Our parents wept for us. They grieved deeply when we were lost.”

Sam felt the sorrow of both child and parent — a shared ache of love cut short. She returned the pot with reverence.

They moved on to the next field, where the pots were red.

Sam lifted one — and a wave of sorrow, sharp and haunting, washed through her.

A voice whispered:

“We are the deliberately aborted. Unwanted. Unloved. Considered burdens, inconveniences. We are orphans in the cosmos.”

As the pot spoke, Sam saw red seep through the clay, as though the vessel itself were bleeding. Her body trembled. She pressed a hand to her stomach and began to cry.

Tenzin placed a steady hand on her shoulder. Sam returned the pot gently to its place, her heart heavy.

Without a word, Tenzin guided her away from the field and back toward the quiet safety of her garden.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 24

All This Suddenly Means Very Little

They sat together on the banks of the lake. The day was warm, the air soft, the water calm. For a long time, neither of them spoke. Tenzin remained beside her, a quiet presence, steady as the tree she leaned against.

The encounter with the pots had shaken her deeply. The weight of those tiny testimonies — lives barely begun, yet remembered in such detail — had stirred something raw inside her. Exhaustion pulled at her, and she drifted into a restless sleep.

Tenzin placed a blanket over her and stepped away, giving her space. Even in this sanctuary of peace, he understood the storm that had risen within her. Some truths in the cosmos were gentle; others cut straight to the soul.

She was beginning to grasp what he had been trying to teach her — that beauty and sorrow often lived side by side, and that understanding one required facing the other.

As she slept, tears slipped down her cheeks. The fruit, the music, the companionship of kind neighbours — all the things that had once filled her with joy — now seemed hollow in the shadow of what she had seen. The garden's peace felt distant, unreachable.

Eventually, exhaustion carried her into a deeper, dreamless sleep.

When she woke, Tenzin was sitting nearby, watching her with quiet concern.

"Why are you so sad?" he asked gently.

Sam rose slowly, her eyes drifting across the garden. "All this suddenly means very little," she said. "It has lost its charm."

"What brought on this change?" he asked.

She took her time before answering. "I don't know how to explain it. I can't put it into words. Seeing those pots... it made me question who I am—and

What is Heaven and Hell like

who I want to be. To live here in comfort while those babies wait alone makes me feel selfish and small. But I don't know how to help them. I feel frustrated, angry, and helpless."

Tenzin met her gaze. "What you feel is compassion — a benevolent love. It is rare in some parts of the cosmos."

She shook her head and said, "Feelings aren't enough. I need to do something. I need to take this ache inside me and turn it into something useful — something that helps them."

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 25

A Spiritual Mother

Tenzin smiled softly. “Now you speak like a mother — a spiritual mother. There are many teachers, Sam, but very few spiritual fathers and mothers.”

She looked at him with pleading eyes. “I want to be a spiritual mother to the orphans.”

“If that is truly your desire,” he said, “you must learn what it means. Here, parenthood is not taken lightly. Anyone who wishes to be a spiritual parent must undergo rigorous training — and pass it.”

“I understand,” she said. “But I have a question. What happens when these fostered children grow and ask about their biological parents? What happens when they meet them?”

Tenzin didn’t answer immediately. He seemed to weigh his words carefully.

Sam spoke again. “Will you come with me to the field of truth and reconciliation?”

They walked together to the field of coloured pots. The air felt heavier here, as though the ground itself held memories.

“Why have we come?” Tenzin asked.

Sam looked at him, her voice trembling. “Because I can feel that part of me was here. My aborted baby’s spirit was in the red pots. But it’s gone. Why?”

Tenzin’s expression softened with sorrow. “We moved it,” he said gently. “To a place where it is cared for.”

“Why?” she whispered.

He took a slow breath. “Because your pregnancy was unplanned — the result of violence. You could not care for that child on Earth, and you are not yet ready to care for them here. You carry deep wounds — anger toward your child’s father, toward those who hurt you, even toward the parents

What is Heaven and Hell like

you love. That anger burns inside you, draining your strength. You must be free of it.”

“How?” she asked, her voice breaking. “How do I free myself?”

“It begins with understanding your past — and the harm it caused you.”

Sam lowered her head. “I know I have unresolved feelings. I was raped more than once. My child’s father was my abuser. I don’t know how to face that.”

“We understand,” Tenzin said softly. “And we will help you. You will receive guidance, therapy, and support. When the time is right, we will revisit each past event. You will learn from it, overcome it, and grow. You don’t need to understand everything now. Just trust me.”

He gestured for her to follow.

They walked to another part of the field — a small, carefully tended section bordered by fragrant shrubs. In the centre stood a fountain, its water falling gently into a stone basin. At its base lay a neat row of pots.

Sam ran forward, her heart pounding. She picked up a small, bright red pot.

“This...” she whispered, holding it close, “this holds my child’s spirit.”

The pot felt warm in her hands — as if it recognised her.

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Chapter 26

Reconciliation

Tears streamed down Sam's face, falling onto her hands and the small jar she held. Her voice trembled as she whispered, "Please help me, Tenzin... please." She clutched the pot to her chest, sobbing over it as though she could pour her grief directly into the clay.

"I am so sorry," she cried. "I am so sorry I had to take your life away. Please... forgive me."

As her tears soaked the pot, its colour began to shift. The deep red softened, lightened, and slowly turned to white — as if the spirit within understood her remorse and answered her with grace.

Sam placed the pot gently back beneath the fountain.

Tenzin's voice was soft, almost a whisper. "One day, we will help you meet him. You will have a second chance. When that time comes, you will have grown — your wounds softened, your character strengthened. You will have shown yourself to be a loving, patient foster mother to other children. When you and your child meet again, it will be a joyful day. Reconciliation is easier when respect has been earned, and when love has had time to deepen."

Sam wiped her eyes. "What is happening to my child now?"

Tenzin hesitated. "Some of his father's family have tried to claim him. We must find a way to connect him with his relatives — with his grandparents on both sides. It is... complicated."

"His father was a killer," Sam said bitterly.

"Yes," Tenzin replied, "but his ancestors are not responsible for his father's crimes. They still have a claim."

"He is my child," she said fiercely. "I am his guardian. Why should they care for a child born of rape, shame, and dishonour?"

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin looked at her with deep compassion. “Because even painful beginnings deserve healing. And because every soul deserves a place to belong.”

Chapter 27

Spiritual Parents

“Families matter,” Tenzin said gently. “Family history anchors a soul. Without it, a person drifts — like a boat without a rudder. For the child’s sake, we try to connect them to both sides of their lineage. Children without roots struggle to face the future. Many sanctuaries are filled with troubled souls who have no past to guide them, no future to hope for. The cosmos is in great need of spiritual parents.”

“You mean there aren’t enough beings like you?” Sam asked.

Tenzin laughed softly. “What do you think?”

“I... don’t know.”

He led her back to her garden, where Kwan-Yin was waiting. Tenzin left them alone.

Sam shared everything she had experienced. Kwan-Yin listened quietly, then spoke in a trembling voice.

“I was fourteen when I became pregnant,” she said. “The baby’s father forced me to sell my body. If I refused, he beat me. When I became pregnant, I wanted the child — it was the only thing that felt like mine. But my pimp forced me to terminate the pregnancy.” Tears filled her eyes. “I hated him. If I’d had the strength, I would have killed him.”

Sam placed a hand on her arm. “When Tenzin comes again, ask him about your baby. He will help you.”

They walked together through the garden. In the distance, they saw Tenzin speaking with someone unfamiliar. They hurried toward them.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin turned and smiled. “Let me introduce you to Brother Stefan.”

A small, well-built man stepped forward, his face warm and approachable. He shook their hands.

“Have you just joined us?” Sam asked.

Stefan laughed, and Tenzin joined him.

“Brother Stefan has returned,” Tenzin explained.

“I lived here once,” Stefan said. “I left to visit family — probably before you arrived.” He gave a friendly nod. “I must go see some friends. I’ll join you later.”

When he left, Tenzin turned to the women. “How can I help you?”

Kwan-Yin stepped forward. “I want to know about my child. Please... can you help?”

Tenzin’s expression softened. “Your child’s pot was in the red field. When you arrived, we moved it to the fountain. You were in a terrible situation — controlled, abused, powerless. You could not protect your child. One day, your child will learn what you endured. It will be a heavy truth for him. Both of you will need help before you can be reunited.”

Kwan-Yin’s voice broke. “I want to change. I want to be a good spiritual mother. I want my child to respect me — to want me.”

Tenzin looked at both women with deep affection. “What you desire will come in time. You both need to grow stronger. You had little love in your earthly lives. Here, you will learn love, peace, tenderness — all the things you were denied. You will learn to trust again, to enjoy companionship, to feel safe.”

They nodded, hope flickering in their eyes.

Chapter 28

Frontiers of the Spiritual Realms

What is Heaven and Hell like

There are moments in the spiritual realms that defy language — experiences so vivid, so otherworldly, that earthly words collapse under their weight.

Sam saw red, blue, and yellow flowers — simple words for something far beyond simplicity. In this realm, colours were not reflections of light. They were expressions of inner beauty, of virtue, of spiritual resonance. They glowed from within, alive with meaning.

Such visions were given during difficult times — gifts meant to strengthen the soul.

How could one describe what the human eye had never seen, what the human ear had never heard? How could one explain a dimension where time did not bind, where beauty was not perceived but FELT?

As Scripture said: WE FOCUS NOT ON WHAT IS SEEN, BUT ON WHAT IS UNSEEN. FOR WHAT IS SEEN IS TEMPORARY, BUT WHAT IS UNSEEN IS ETERNAL.

One day, Tenzin took Sam to visit their neighbour, Kenneth.

“Come,” Kenneth said warmly. “Let me show you my vineyard.”

It was breathtaking.

To the north, shrubs bloomed with hundreds of red flowers — each one glowing softly, like embers of living fire. To the east, blossoms of every shade of blue swayed gently, their colours shifting like the sky at dawn. To the south, countless yellow flowers shimmered like captured sunlight.

Sam stood in awe. It was the most beautiful garden she had ever seen — a tapestry of colour, light, and quiet joy.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 29 — Rewritten

The Eternal Song

As they walked through Kenneth's garden, a symphony rose around them — not from instruments, but from the flowers, the trees, the very air itself. Each blossom seemed to release its own note, each leaf its own harmony, until the entire garden pulsed with music. A fragrance followed the melody, warm and sweet, as though the garden itself exhaled joy.

Light wrapped around Sam like a soft, compassionate blanket. The air shimmered with warmth, and she felt an overwhelming sense of being held — not by hands, but by love itself.

In that moment, everything in her life seemed to align. Every sorrow, every joy, every unanswered question suddenly felt woven into a larger tapestry — a purpose, a plan, a destiny. Her doubts dissolved. Her fears melted away. A surge of energy filled her, bright and hopeful, as though she could live forever.

The beauty was too much to contain. Sam's mind overflowed with joy, with emotions she had no words for. Her legs weakened, and she sank to the ground, falling into a deep sleep.

When she awoke, she was back in her own garden. The symphony, the colours, the light — all of it had faded into a vague, dreamlike memory. She tried to recall the details, but they slipped away like mist.

Kwan-Yin approached. "What did the neighbour's garden look like?"

Sam searched for words, but none were large enough to hold what she had seen.

"Kwan-Yin said, "It's impossible to describe. You have to see it yourself. All I can say is... it had red, blue, and yellow flowers."

It was all she could manage — a single drop from an ocean.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 30 — Rewritten

Go Out With Joy

Sam was sitting on a rock when she noticed Tenzin approaching. The moment she saw him, the atmosphere shifted. The garden brightened, as though every leaf and blade of grass recognised him. Joy rippled through the air. Even the light seemed to bow in acknowledgement.

He looked tall, noble, and serene — not because of any crown or robe, but because of the quiet dignity in the way he walked. His simple tunic only made his presence more striking.

Sam felt overwhelmed by the goodness in him — his patience, his gentleness, his unwavering kindness. He had never rebuked her, never shamed her. He guided, encouraged, and believed she would grow into wisdom and maturity.

They walked side by side in silence. Tenzin was deep in thought. Sam was grateful to be near him.

A small sparrow fluttered toward him and perched on his shoulder, an olive branch in her beak. Her tiny eyes shone with admiration.

Tenzin touched her lightly with a fingertip.

Instantly, the sparrow trembled with joy — so much joy she lost her balance and tumbled to the ground, unharmed but dizzy with delight. After a moment, she lifted herself and flew away, overflowing with happiness.

Sam watched in awe. Even the smallest creature responded to him with love.

Chapter 31 — Rewritten

Forbidden Frontiers of a Spiritual World

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin's sanctuary was only one among many. Other beings tended other gardens, each with its own rules and guardians. Travel between them required permission — and permission was not always granted.

One day, Sam decided to visit Kenneth's sanctuary on her own. She believed she knew the way. She assumed Kenneth would welcome her. She focused her thoughts on him, expecting to be carried instantly to his rainbow garden.

Instead, she found herself in a vast, empty darkness.

Panic rose in her chest. She tried to return home, but nothing happened. She tried to reach Kenneth—nothing. She tried to call Tenzin telepathically—silence.

She had wandered beyond the safe boundaries of her sanctuary.

The more she panicked, the darker the void became. Her thoughts scattered. Her strength faded. She felt herself drifting, lost in the endless expanse of the cosmos.

"Tenzin!" she cried, but her voice felt swallowed by the dark.

Time passed — she didn't know how long. Her hope dimmed. Tears filled her eyes.

Then — a ray of light.

It grew brighter, stronger, until Tenzin stood before her, radiant and calm. Relief flooded her, and she threw her arms around him.

"I'm so sorry," she sobbed. "I shouldn't have left without your permission. Please forgive me."

He looked into her eyes, his voice gentle and steady.

"You matter more to me than I do to you."

He took her hand and guided her back to the safety of her garden.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 32 — Rewritten

Meeting Her Father

Sam had grown under Tenzin's care — slowly, steadily, like a young tree finding its roots. When he finally decided she was ready, he told her it was time to meet her father.

They set out toward the City of Light.

On the horizon, Sam saw what looked like a rising sun—a radiant glow that pulsed with warmth. “That is where your father lives,” Tenzin said.

Along the way, they met many people. They were gentle, hospitable, and deeply at peace. They lived in harmony with one another, and their thoughts flowed openly between them.

Sam felt exposed. Her own thoughts were tangled—anger, shame, longing, fear. Standing among these enlightened souls made her feel painfully transparent.

Tenzin squeezed her hand. “No one condemns you but you.”

His warmth steadied her.

As they journeyed closer to the city, the people they met seemed brighter — their garments glowing, their presence more mature, their understanding deeper. Sam felt increasingly like a child — inexperienced, unpolished, unworthy.

Her abilities felt small. Her knowledge felt thin. She wanted to turn back.

But Tenzin's presence anchored her. With him beside her, she could continue.

As they neared the City of Light, the people's abilities grew even more remarkable. Sam felt her entire life — every thought, every action — lay bare before them. It was uncomfortable, almost unbearable.

But she kept walking.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Finally, they reached the gates of the city — luminous, towering, alive with light.

And together, they entered.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 33 — Rewritten

Journey Back to the Garden

Her father was waiting in the courtyard.

Sam stopped in her tracks, breath caught in her chest. He looked different — noble, steady, radiant with a quiet authority — yet still unmistakably her father. A warmth shone from him, and she sensed instantly that nothing in her heart was hidden from him. Her life lay open before him like a book.

She ran to him and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Hello, Sam,” he murmured, his voice soft with affection.

Their time together felt both joyous and fleeting, like sunlight passing through leaves. Sam’s father told her how he had watched over her, how he had wept at her suffering, how he rejoiced when he learned he would finally see her again.

“Father,” she asked, “will you come back with me to the sanctuary?”

His eyes filled with tears. Sam’s father held her close. “Sam... seeing you has been a gift. I wish we had more time. But you still have much to learn before we can live together. I promise — when the time is right, we will meet again.”

Too soon, the moment came for them to part.

“I have one request,” her father said gently. “Trust Tenzin. Do what he asks. Follow his guidance. I have complete confidence in him.” He turned to Tenzin. “Please... look after her.”

“I will,” Tenzin replied. “I won’t let either of you down.”

They began the journey back. Sam’s father faded from sight, and Sam walked in silence, her heart heavy. Tenzin walked beside her, each of them lost in their own thoughts.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 34 — Rewritten

Laws Regarding the Sanctuary

Personal spiritual experiences were unique to each soul — impossible to explain to someone who had not lived them fully.

Everyone who entered the garden came under Tenzin's care. His task was to help them learn new skills, new abilities, and new ways of being so they could settle into this community of peace.

The garden itself was formed from a substance Tenzin called **Kari-so-Masma**, or **K-Mass** — an ancient energy that existed before the material universe. It combined with subatomic particles — quarks, leptons, bosons, hadrons, trions — to create high-energy spiritual matter. This energy could be shaped into anything, held together by the will and skill of gifted spiritual beings.

Learning to shape K-Mass was like sculpting clay or planting a garden. It required patience, discipline, and imagination. Some learned quickly; others slowly. Some became creators; others preferred to work under the guidance of elders.

Shaping K-Mass exercised the mind and spirit. But not every mind was creative — and that was fine. There was room for every kind of soul in the garden.

Chapter 35 — Rewritten

Judgement Day

Sam sat on a large flat rock by the lake, Tenzin standing quietly beside her. The water shimmered with soft light. After a long silence, she spoke.

“Tenzin... tell me about Judgement Day.”

He looked out over the water and drew a slow breath. “Some believe in it. Others do not.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“What do YOU believe?” she asked.

He thought for a moment. “I believe we will all stand before the Judgement Seat of God.”

“Why?”

“To account for every thought and every deed. Not to be condemned — but to be understood. Judgement reveals our true character and shows us how we can grow, how we can become better than we were.”

She inhaled deeply. “Who will judge us?”

“Some say God. Others say a council of enlightened beings — the Elders, the Master. Some possess Kly-son, the ability to see through a person’s life with perfect clarity. Many Christians believe Jesus Christ will judge all.”

“Will you be part of the judgment?” she asked.

Tenzin shook his head. “No. My role is here. Those with Kly-son help souls see their past errors, understand their consequences, and make restitution. Across the cosmos, every soul is given a chance to repair the harm they caused. Those who refuse will lose their inheritance in God’s Kingdom.”

He paused. “Brother Stefan and I are here to learn — and to help you grow. The Master appointed me as steward of this garden.”

Sam hesitated. “What will happen to me on Judgement Day? I wronged my family, my neighbours... even Mother Earth. I am truly sorry.”

Tenzin lifted her chin gently, his eyes warm. “Rest assured, Sam — everyone in this sanctuary will pass Judgement Day. The Master would not have brought you here otherwise. By then, you will have made restitution for every wrong. No one will say you prospered at their expense.”

He smiled softly. “For you — and for all here — that day will be a celebration. A day of joy. A day when your work, your growth, and your worth will be recognised. And you will receive your crown.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 36 — Rewritten

Second Chance

“But Sam,” Tenzin continued, “many will discover on Judgement Day that sorrow alone cannot atone for the harm they caused. The cries of the innocent demand justice. We must learn from our errors. Here, you have a second chance — a chance to mend your ways and make restitution.”

“I’m still frightened,” she admitted. “The great day terrifies me.”

He placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “All of us have harmed others — and Mother Earth. But the Eternal Spirit of the Lord — the Holy Spirit, the Atman — is with us. It will help us make restitution. Look around you. The work has already begun. I feel its power within me. Some call it faith.”

“I’ve done so much wrong,” she whispered. “It will take forever to fix.”

“Sam,” he said gently, “Judgement Day is far away. We have time. To live in eternity, your conscience must be clear of all wrongdoing. And the Eternal Spirit will help you.”

“What happens after I’ve made restitution?” she asked.

“Your conscience will be clear,” he said, “but it will never be clean.”

She frowned. “Why?”

“Because,” Tenzin explained, “you will always remember. We will help you examine each action individually. Your Kly-son's ability will show you the harm you caused and its ripples through others’ lives. You will understand why you acted as you did — fear, selfishness, desperation, ignorance. Then you will make restitution. You will reconcile with those you hurt. And your conscience will begin to clear.”

He continued, “In the past, you acted from fear and selfishness. Now you act from knowledge and responsibility. Your spirit is turning toward the light. God is pure light — and you are moving toward Him.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“In time, wounds will heal,” he said softly, “but the scars will remain. You will carry the memory of the pain you caused — not as punishment, but as wisdom. Those scars will remind you of the cost paid by Mother Earth and all her children for your growth.”

Sam began to cry. “I can feel the pain already.”

“It will grow,” Tenzin said gently. “But you will not face it alone. All of us — the entire cosmos — will help you make restitution. By Judgement Day, no one will cry out for vengeance against you. Your hands will be clean... though your conscience will bear its scars forever.”

He recited softly:

Wounds heal, but scars endure. God forgives the repentant, but a guilty conscience is the silent killer — the Angel of Death.

Evil remains with evil. Selfishness with selfishness. Goodwill with goodwill. And the cosmos will render its final verdict.

A caterpillar sleeps and awakens with wings. So too will humankind become spiritual beings.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 37 — Rewritten

Truth and Reconciliation (Part 1)

Sam and Kwan-Yin spent the morning laughing and playing together, letting the simple joy of companionship wash over them. After a while, Kwan-Yin touched Sam's arm.

"Come, Sam. Let's go for a walk."

They wandered across the meadow, its soft green grass brushing their ankles. Tiny flowers dotted the landscape like scattered jewels. They had grown so accustomed to the beauty around them that they barely noticed it anymore — the way one stops noticing the rhythm of one's own breath.

The meadow opened into an orchard filled with hundreds of fruit trees. Each tree bloomed in its own season, ensuring the garden always had fresh fruit. The soil, the trees, the air — everything worked in harmony with the needs of the inhabitants. The trees seemed almost joyful in their purpose.

At the far corner of the orchard, they stopped abruptly.

Before them stretched a vast field covered with smooth, round stones arranged in perfect rows, each stone placed exactly a foot apart. The field extended so far that the rows seemed to merge with the horizon.

Sam and Kwan-Yin stepped closer. Each stone bore a name.

They walked carefully between the rows, instinctively avoiding stepping on the stones. The sheer number of them was overwhelming — millions, perhaps more.

Kwan-Yin whispered, "It looks like a memorial."

Sam nodded slowly. "Maybe. But the names... they don't sound like people's names."

Kwan-Yin shivered. "Sam... maybe we shouldn't be here. This place feels consecrated. Sacred. We might be intruding."

What is Heaven and Hell like

Sam looked around, uneasy. “Let’s ask Tenzin. He’ll know. He always knows.”

Together, they turned back toward the garden.

Chapter 38 — Rewritten

The Place of Truth and Reconciliation

Later that day, Tenzin came to visit them. After greetings, Kwan-Yin spoke first.

“Tenzin, can you tell us about the field next to the orchard — the one with the stones?”

Tenzin’s expression softened. “It is time you knew. Come — let us go there.”

They walked together through the meadow until they reached the field. The air felt heavier here, filled with a quiet sorrow. The endless rows of stones seemed to hum with unspoken stories.

Sam asked, “What is this place?”

Tenzin pointed to a stone. “Read the name.”

Sam lifted it gently. “Misti.”

As she spoke the name, a soft sound rustled behind them. They turned to see a small puppy bounding toward them, tail wagging furiously. He licked their hands, especially Tenzin’s, overflowing with affection.

Tenzin calmed the puppy and led them to a quiet corner of the field. They sat in a circle. He handed the stone to Sam.

“Close your eyes,” he said softly. “Feel the stone. Then pass it to Kwan-Yin.”

Sam obeyed. The stone felt warm, almost alive. She passed it to Kwan-Yin, who rolled it gently in her palm before handing it back to Tenzin.

“Now,” Tenzin whispered, “let the stone speak.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

The women closed their eyes.

A voice rose from the stone — soft, trembling, full of memory. It told the story of a little dog named Misti.

Tears streamed down their faces as they listened.

“I’m so sorry...” “It’s so sad...” “They were cruel to you...” “I’m ashamed of what humans did...”

When the voice faded, they looked at the puppy.

Kwan-Yin whispered, “You’re Misti. The voice... it was you.”

The puppy nodded.

Tenzin explained, “What you heard was his testimony — his life on Earth, recorded in the stone. This is the Zone of Truth and Reconciliation.”

He continued, “Now you know Misti’s past — his home, his master, the village he lived in. You know how he suffered: the cruelty, the hunger, the disease. His life was short and painful. You now carry a part of his story.”

Sam stroked the puppy gently. “I’m so sorry, Misti.”

She looked up. “Does Misti know anything about us?”

Tenzin nodded. “He knows much. He knows your pasts, your childhoods, your losses, your miscarriages. He understands your pain as you now understand his.”

Kwan-Yin asked, “How?”

“This place,” Tenzin said, “is sacred. Here, pasts are shared. Wrongs and kindnesses are acknowledged. Restitution is planned. Healing begins. One day, all creatures will be reconciled. All will be made whole.”

Tenzin whistled softly.

A lion and a cow approached, walking side by side. They greeted Tenzin warmly, then sat in the circle.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“This is Leo,” Tenzin said. “And this is Zebu.”

He turned to the lion. “Leo, tell them your story.”

Leo took a deep breath and began.

He spoke of the Masai Mara — of battles, fear, hunger, and the constant struggle to survive. He spoke of losing his brother, of being hunted by younger males, of dying alone and starving. Then he spoke of waking here — safe, healed, at peace.

Zebu then shared her story—a life of service, fear, and exploitation. She spoke of her mother’s suffering, of the cruelty she witnessed, of her brief escape, and of her death at the jaws of lions. She spoke of waking here, finally free of fear.

Tears streamed down her face as she finished. “Thank you,” she whispered to Tenzin.

Tenzin shook his head gently. “No, thank YOU. All of you. The Master entrusted me with this work of restoration. It fills me with joy. You are my eternal family. We have all known the beauty and the terror of life on Earth. Here, we learn who we truly are — our dreams, our wounds, our worth.”

He looked around the circle — at Sam, at Kwan-Yin, at the animals gathered around him.

“We are blessed,” he said softly. “We are a family. Children of God.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 39 — Rewritten

Scars Remain Forever

Sam wiped her eyes, her voice trembling. “Misti’s master was cruel to him. It’s easy to look at others and condemn their cruelty... but I’ve done wrong too. I’ve hurt people. I’ve mistreated animals. Maybe not as viciously as others, but still — my actions were selfish, careless, unkind. I regret them deeply. I want to make things right, if I can.”

Beside her, Kwan-Yin broke down. “Me too,” she sobbed. “I’m ashamed of the selfish cruelty I showed in the past.”

Tenzin listened quietly, his voice gentle when he finally spoke — free of accusation, free of judgment.

“I know you are both sorry. But remorse alone is not enough. You must learn from your mistakes. And you must make restitution to those you have harmed.”

He placed a hand over his heart. “With the help of the Holy Spirit, we will guide you. Together, we will examine every act — good and bad — and understand its impact. You will learn from it. You will turn your past into wisdom, and your regret into a new way of living.”

Kwan-Yin sniffed. “And after that? What happens then?”

Tenzin’s expression grew solemn. “The saddest truths of life are wounds — physical or emotional. The wounds you inflicted will heal... but the scars will remain forever. And you will carry the knowledge of those scars on your conscience. They are the price others paid for your growth.”

Sam swallowed hard. “Does that mean we’ll be in debt to them forever?”

“Yes,” Tenzin said softly. “But not as punishment. The scars on your conscience will teach humility. They will remind you to pause before you act, to consider the cost of every choice. Every emotion — every tear, every

What is Heaven and Hell like

joy, every sorrow — is recorded. Nothing in the universe is without purpose.”

He looked at them with deep compassion. “God has given you a second life here. It would be a tragedy if your suffering — and the suffering you caused — were wasted. We will help you transform it. Nothing in the universe is ever lost.”

The girls listened, not fully understanding, but trusting him. Some truths needed time — and the right season — to bloom.

Chapter 40 — Rewritten

Spiritual Home

They sat together in the garden, enjoying the quiet comfort of each other’s presence. After a long silence, Sam turned to Tenzin.

“Tenzin... may I ask you something that has haunted me for years?”

He nodded gently. “It is about your parents.”

Sam’s eyes filled with old shadows. “Yes.”

She took a breath. “I was eight. My father was a schoolteacher. One day, rebel soldiers came to our village. There was shooting everywhere. People running, houses burning. Then... silence.”

Her voice trembled.

“They dragged my father out of our house. My mother ran after them, begging them to let him go. We were terrified. They pulled my parents into the street and shot them. There were bodies everywhere. When the rebels left, our neighbour came and helped us.”

Tenzin nodded. “I remember. Your neighbour took you to an orphanage.”

“Yes. I was separated from my brothers and sisters.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I know you suffered there,” Tenzin said softly. “You were hungry, cold, beaten.”

Sam’s voice dropped to a whisper. “I was raped when I was fourteen. We were forced to beg... and beaten if we didn’t bring back enough money. I had my first miscarriage at fifteen.”

Tears slid down her cheeks. The garden seemed to hold its breath.

Chapter 41 — Rewritten

Anybody Who Has Shed Human Blood Cannot Enter This Sanctuary

Kwan-Yin was crying too. “I had a similar life,” she said. “In Bangkok. My parents died in a bus accident when I was eleven. I had no one. I joined a street gang to survive. Our leader forced us to beg. If we brought back too little, he beat us.”

She wiped her eyes.

“When I turned fourteen, he began raping me. Then he sold me to other men. I became pregnant at fifteen. He forced me to take drugs to end the pregnancy... and then had a device put inside me so it wouldn’t happen again.”

Tenzin’s voice was soft, heavy with compassion. “You both endured so much suffering. There were times I wanted to intervene — but my Lord did not permit it. Still, He did not abandon you. He sent kind people to feed you, clothe you, and monks to care for you when you were sick.”

The girls sobbed openly now. Tenzin embraced them both, wiping their tears.

“You are safe here,” he said. “This is your home. Your sanctuary. Nothing like that will ever happen to you again. Those who harmed you — or would harm you — cannot enter this place.”

Sam trembled. “I still see my parents being killed. Sometimes I dream the soldiers are coming for me.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin held her shoulders gently. “This is sacred ground. Anyone who has shed human blood cannot enter. This rule applies to all humankind.”

He paused.

“Some of your relatives — and Kwan-Yin’s father — are barred because they shed blood, even if it was in self-defence. Here you will meet priests and others who have never shed blood, and they will never harm you.”

Kwan-Yin whispered, “Does that mean I will never see my father?”

“Not here,” Tenzin said. “But you will meet him in another realm — after he has been cleansed and purified. He must make restitution. He must face what he has done. His shame will remain with him forever. It is marked on his forehead, visible to all.”

The girls stood quietly, absorbing the weight of his words.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 42 — Rewritten

The Mind, a Human Library

Sam sat alone by the lake, her thoughts heavy and tangled. The still water reflected the sky, but her mind felt anything but calm.

Tenzin approached quietly and placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. “Come,” he said. “Let’s walk.”

They made their way toward the orchard, where they spotted Kwan-Yin among the trees.

“Kwan-Yin,” Tenzin called. “Join us.”

She ran to them, her smile bright and unguarded.

“You look cheerful,” Sam said.

“I am,” Kwan-Yin replied. “And I’m always glad to see you.” On impulse, she hugged Tenzin. He returned her smile warmly.

“It brings me great pleasure to see you too,” he said.

“Do you have a lesson for us?” she asked.

“Yes,” he replied. “But first, let’s find a comfortable place.”

They settled beneath a towering tree whose branches spread wide like protective arms. Tenzin inhaled deeply, gathering his thoughts.

“There are things you must learn,” he began. “To understand the garden, you must first understand how your thoughts must change.”

He paused, letting the silence settle around them.

“Your mind,” he continued, “is like a vast library filled with books. Each book holds a chapter of your life — some joyful, some sorrowful, some unbearably painful.”

The girls listened intently.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“When you are ready,” he said, “we will take each experience — good or bad — and transform it. The lessons you draw from them will become books of wisdom.”

He gestured toward the orchard.

“We will examine each book, one at a time. We will study its impact on you and on others. Then we will turn those lessons into seeds — seeds that will grow into plants and trees of knowledge.”

His voice softened.

“In time, an orchard of wisdom will flourish within your mind and spirit. And many will be nourished by its fruit.”

Chapter 43 — Rewritten

Pain and Sorrow

“All the pain, all the sorrow, all the goodness in your former life,” Tenzin continued, “has shaped you. On Earth, these things were burdens — heavy, exhausting, often unbearable. But here, they will become blessings. By the Day of Judgement, they will have ripened into fruit.”

He looked at them gently.

“Nothing in the cosmos is wasted.”

Sam and Kwan-Yin sat quietly, unsure how to respond. The weight of his words pressed softly on their hearts.

“We will take it one step at a time,” Tenzin said with a reassuring smile.

“Here, time is our ally.”

Kwan-Yin nodded. “Thank you. When do we begin?”

“Not today,” he said. “Think on it for a few days.”

As they reflected, Brother Stefan approached. After a brief exchange of greetings, he continued on his way.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin watched him go, then asked, “Tell me — what do you think of Brother Stefan?”

Sam answered first. “He feels like an older brother. He looks after us. He’s kind, gentle, and wise. We admire him.”

Kwan-Yin nodded in agreement.

Tenzin’s expression grew thoughtful. “He was not always like this. He was once a soldier. He never killed, but he witnessed terrible things — and was ordered to do things that broke his spirit—stealing from the weak. Taking from those who had nothing. It appalled him.”

He continued, “One stormy night, he fled the camp, risking death. He crossed forests and mountains until he reached another country. There, he found a monastery. He renounced his past, took vows, and devoted his life to helping others.”

Sam said softly, “That was the past. What matters is who he is now.”

Tenzin looked at her. “Are you sure?”

Something in his tone made her hesitate.

“He has changed,” she insisted. “He regrets what he did.”

Tenzin stood. “Come with me.”

He led them back to the field of stones. He pointed to two stones — one bearing her father’s name, the other her mother’s.

Sam’s breath caught. “Why bring us here?”

Tenzin’s voice was gentle but firm.

“Among the soldiers who came to your village that day... was Brother Stefan.”

Chapter 44 — Rewritten

The Eternal Court and the Elders

What is Heaven and Hell like

Sam and Kwan-Yin wandered through the orchard, searching for ripe fruit. The trees offered their bounty freely, like mothers nourishing their children. The girls laughed together, enjoying the warmth of the day.

From the corner of her eye, Sam saw Tenzin and Stefan approaching.

“Tenzin and Stefan are here,” she said, her face brightening.

Kwan-Yin whispered, “Whatever brings them must be important.”

After greetings were exchanged, Tenzin’s expression grew solemn.

“We want you to come with us,” he said. “You must remain silent. Do not speak or ask questions. Observe everything. Sam, take my hand. Kwan-Yin, take Brother Stefan’s. Close your eyes.”

The world shifted. They felt themselves drifting, weightless, through space. Then their feet touched soft ground.

“You may open your eyes,” Tenzin said.

Before them stood a vast, majestic structure — a courthouse of unimaginable grandeur, its presence radiated authority, power, and ancient wisdom.

They entered.

The hall inside was immense, filled with a quiet, awe-inspiring energy. At the far end stood a distinguished figure, robed in white as pure as snow. His hair shone like wool touched by light. He addressed the Council with calm authority.

On either side of Him sat twelve Elders — some human in appearance, others bearing features unlike anything on Earth. Their table and chairs were plain, unadorned wood, radiating humility despite the power in the room.

A session was underway.

What is Heaven and Hell like

One Elder rose and spoke. When he finished, silence fell. Then, one by one, all twelve Elders raised their hands.

The speaker looked around, nodded, and wrote something on a parchment. Then he struck the table twice with his fist — a sound that echoed through the hall like a verdict.

Chapter 45

The Site of Imprisoned Spirits — Revised

Two guards stepped out from a side door the moment the speaker finished. Broad-shouldered and imposing, they reminded Sam of the wardens she had seen in prison. The speaker handed them the parchment; they scanned it, exchanged a brief nod, and moved toward the main entrance.

Tenzin gave Sam a gentle pull, guiding her after the guards. Stefan and Kwan-Yin followed close behind. Before they stepped outside, Tenzin instructed the two women to shut their eyes. The world around them dissolved as they drifted through space, the air growing steadily colder and more hostile.

“You may open your eyes,” Tenzin whispered, “but do not release our hands.”

A bleak, grey expanse materialised around them—mist curling low over the ground. Sam recognised it instantly. Tenzin had brought her here once before. This was the place where spirits were held captive.

One guard was already loosening chains fixed to the wall while the other kept watch. Every prisoner was bound at both arms and legs, their faces hollow with misery. The guards freed one of them and led him away without a word.

“Close your eyes,” Tenzin commanded again.

They drifted through space once more. This time, the air warmed, becoming softer, almost welcoming.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“You can open your eyes now,” Stefan said, “and you may let go of our hands.”

Chapter 46 — Rewritten

They Were Back in the Sanctuary

The familiar stillness of the sanctuary settled around them as they returned. Tenzin turned to the women.

“Excuse me now,” he said gently. “I must go. Stefan will stay with you and answer your questions.”

Sam and Kwan-Yin exchanged intrigued glances. Kwan-Yin spoke first. “What was that great building? It looked like a courthouse.”

Stefan nodded. “It was. That was part of the Great Hall of Justice — the Eternal Court. It is the highest court in the cosmos. The twenty-four Elders and the Leader preside there. Apart from God Himself, they are the final authority over all beings.”

Sam frowned thoughtfully. “What makes them so special?”

“They are extraordinarily gifted,” Stefan said. “They possess abilities that allow them to weigh a person’s deeds, character, intentions, and the consequences of their actions. With a single glance, they can see a life in full — the gift of Kly-son. If they determine that someone will bring great suffering to others, they intervene.”

“How?” Sam asked.

“What you witnessed,” Stefan replied, “was a decree. The Elders ordered that the prisoner be taken to a more secure realm. The most dangerous beings in the cosmos are sent to the Bottomless Pit — a place from which there is no escape.”

Kwan-Yin hesitated. “Does Tenzin have that ability too?”

“Yes,” Stefan said. “Though his gift is still developing.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Sam's voice softened. "Does that mean he could make mistakes?"

Stefan nodded. "Yes. Like all beings, he is learning. The Elders monitor him closely and teach him to recognise and correct his errors."

He paused, then added, "The Elders have placed you under Tenzin's care. All the resources of the universe are at his disposal for your growth. Everything that happens — good or painful — is used for your good. From the perspective of eternity, it makes perfect sense."

The women absorbed his words in silence.

Kwan-Yin finally asked, "If we leave the sanctuary... will we be safe from those who hurt us? From the men who killed Sam's parents?"

Chapter 47 — Rewritten

Making the Cosmos a Safer Place

Stefan's expression tightened. He remembered the rebels — the chaos, the cruelty, the senseless violence. Though he had not killed Sam's parents, he had stood among those who did. His presence alone had lent strength to their brutality.

Sam looked at him with tears in her eyes. "You were forced to join them. That's the past. We're a family now. But... are we safe from others?"

Stefan's eyes glistened. He didn't want to frighten them, but he couldn't lie.

"You are safe here," he said softly.

Kwan-Yin frowned. "You don't sound convinced."

Stefan sighed. "Nothing in the cosmos is completely safe — not until the end of all things. That is why we must work to make it safer. There are beings out there who are truly evil. They have their own sanctuaries, their own laws, their own ambitions. They want to rule the cosmos and enslave others. Tenzin believes we will one day be forced to confront them."

What is Heaven and Hell like

Fear flickered across the women's faces. Their past wounds stirred, threatening to reopen.

Stefan quickly added, "I'm sorry. I should have explained better. Tenzin wanted you to see the Eternal Court so you would understand the consequences for those who seek to harm you. If anyone tries to hurt you here, our Master will intervene."

Sam whispered, "Why are the Elders and the Lord interested in us?"

"Because you have suffered enough," Stefan said. "This sanctuary is under their protection. They have a plan for you—a good one. Hard work lies ahead, but people like Tenzin will guide it."

"I still don't understand why they care," Sam said.

"You are part of the Lord's family," Stefan replied. "They love you. They see your potential. They chose you because they believe you will grow into something extraordinary. And they will not abandon you."

He paused.

"You were unloved on Earth. Here, you are wanted."

Sam asked, "Will everyone from Earth come here someday?"

"No," Stefan said. "Only those chosen for this sanctuary. Others will go to places suited to them."

Kwan-Yin asked, "How does He choose?"

"It is difficult to explain," Stefan said. "But Tenzin looks at the heart. Those who care for others, who seek forgiveness, who desire to change — they find their way here. Like you."

The woman asked many questions, and Stefan patiently answered each one.

Sam trembled. "After what we saw... I don't feel safe."

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I understand,” Stefan said. “Your past shaped you. The wounds will heal, but the scars will remain. Those scars will help you grow.”

They were deep in conversation when Tenzin approached quietly and sat beside them, listening.

Chapter 48 — Rewritten

Supreme Leader of the Cosmos

The four of them sat by the lake. Ducks glided across the water. Animals gathered peacefully along the shore — lions, antelopes, buffalo — all feeding together without fear. The land nourished them freely, as though bound by a sacred covenant.

Amos and Niza, the two lions, approached. Amos rested his head on Tenzin’s lap and drifted into sleep. Niza settled beside Sam, who gently stroked her fur.

Then — silence.

A hush fell over the sanctuary. The animals froze. The trees seemed to bow, their branches rustling like hands clapping in reverence.

From the orchard, a figure emerged — the Leader of the twenty-four Elders, dressed in a simple tunic. His presence radiated quiet majesty.

Tenzin and Stefan immediately knelt, their faces lowered to the ground.

Chapter 49 — Rewritten

Brilliant Light

Sam and Kwan-Yin stared at the Leader, unsure how to respond. Awe and uncertainty mingled within them.

He approached with calm authority. “Come,” he said. “Follow me.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

They walked with him along the lake's edge. The lions followed, silent and reverent. Every creature watched them pass. Nothing moved. Nothing breathed too loudly.

Tenzin and Stefan remained kneeling as seven mighty angelic beings appeared beside the Leader. One angel stepped forward and placed a shimmering shield around the two men.

A brilliant light engulfed them — pure, radiant, overwhelming. Time seemed to stretch. The light pulsed with power and peace.

At last, it faded. The shield dissolved.

Tenzin and Stefan lifted their heads and saw their Lord standing beside the women.

Chapter 50 — Rewritten

War on the Horizon

The Leader looked at Tenzin and Stefan.

“Look after them,” he said. “Teach them my ways.”

Then He and the angels walked toward the forest and vanished into the trees.

As Tenzin and Stefan rose, they noticed one angel remained.

“Come,” the angel said to Tenzin. “We must speak.”

They walked until they were far from the others. The angel — Nan-ya — gazed at the sky.

“We have a problem.”

Tenzin nodded. “Yes. A great one.”

Nan-ya's voice was grave. “The Archangel Michael and the others are concerned. The path ahead will not be easy.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin looked upward. "And our foes?"

"They have found a strong leader," Nan-ya said. "They are gathering under his banner. Preparing for war."

Tenzin's jaw tightened. "Then we cannot be complacent. We must be ready."

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 51 — Rewritten

Humanity Cannot Live by Bread Alone

Sam and Kwan-Yin were slowly settling into life in the sanctuary. The valley was beautiful — a quiet cradle bordered by mountains, fed by a clear stream born from melting snowcaps. The peace was undeniable, the air gentle, the days unhurried.

And yet... something was missing.

They had food, comfort, and safety. They had Tenzin and Stefan, and the quiet companionship of others who lived in the valley. But the families around them kept mostly to themselves, wrapped in their own circles of love and familiarity.

Sam and Kwan-Yin had no such circle. Their hearts ached with a longing they could not name — a yearning for belonging, for purpose, for someone to call their own.

Stefan noticed it first.

“They were relieved to escape their earthly suffering,” he told Tenzin. “They’ve begun to relax, to enjoy this life, to connect with others. Their wounds are healing... but they’re restless.”

Tenzin nodded thoughtfully. “They have made good progress. But yes—they see others with families, with shared histories. They feel the absence of that.”

“Perhaps the time has come,” Stefan said quietly. “What does our Lord think?”

“He is aware,” Tenzin replied.

“Perhaps you should remind Him.”

Tenzin smiled faintly. “I will go and speak with Him. I believe He will agree.”

He left and returned only moments later, his face bright with joy.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“He has agreed,” he said. “Now it is up to us.”

Stefan leaned forward. “What did our Lord agree to?”

Chapter 52 — Rewritten

Tsunami

“He gave me three names,” Tenzin said. “We are to go to Sector Five.”

“Why Sector Five?”

“That is where we will find the three.”

“Do we take the women?”

“Yes.”

They found Sam and Kwan-Yin near the orchard. “Come with us,” Tenzin said. “Hold our hands. Close your eyes.”

The world dissolved. The four of them drifted through space, entered the Tunnel of Death, and emerged on the other side — back on Earth.

They stood on a shoreline ravaged by a tsunami.

Destruction stretched as far as the eye could see. Fields and homes lay submerged in muddy water. The air was thick with humidity and the stench of decay. Broken trees, shattered wood, and bodies — human and animal — floated in the murky waves.

They climbed to higher ground, where survivors wept over the dead. A young mother knelt beside her husband and two children. Nearby, an elderly couple mourned their baby and their parents. Everywhere, grief clung to the air like smoke.

Sam and Kwan-Yin trembled, but Stefan held their hands tightly.

“Do not let go,” he said. “Tenzin has work to do.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

They watched as Tenzin moved through the devastation, searching for the three souls he had been sent to collect.

Stefan suddenly froze. Among the dying lay a man he recognised — a man taking his final breaths.

“Wait,” Stefan whispered. “I knew him. He was a good man. A pillar of his community. We must take him.”

Tenzin shook his head. “He shed human blood. The rule is absolute. No one who has taken a life — for any reason — may enter our sanctuary.”

Sam swallowed hard. “What will happen to him?”

“That is for the Master to decide,” Tenzin said. “There are other sanctuaries. He will undergo cleansing and purification.”

Stefan’s voice cracked. “He cannot do it alone.”

“Perhaps a relative will help him,” Tenzin said gently. “But he is not ours to take. I must find the ones the Master has chosen. Go back to the sanctuary and wait for me.”

Stefan closed his eyes, and the three of them drifted back through the tunnel.

“It is good to be home,” Sam whispered.

Later, they saw Tenzin approaching.

“Go to the orchard with Brother Stefan,” he told them. “There you will meet three distressed children. Help Stefan settle them. Care for them. Help them integrate. Stefan will guide them spiritually.”

Sam hesitated. “What if they follow different faiths?”

“In this sanctuary,” Tenzin said, “all faiths — and even none — are welcome. We guide each according to their beliefs until they are ready to join their families or until someone from their tradition takes over. I must report to the guardian of the realm. Stefan will help you.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 53 — Rewritten

The Three Children

Sam and Kwan-Yin found the children near the stream — two boys and a girl. One boy was dancing wildly, joy bursting from him like sunlight.

“Look!” he cried, running toward them. “I can run! I was crippled all my life — but now I have arms and legs!”

He grabbed Sam’s hands, laughing. “Look! I can play like everyone else!”

His face glowed with pure happiness.

Kwan-Yin smiled. “Ahmet, this is my friend Sam. Let’s sit down, and she will explain.”

They settled on the soft grass. Birds chattered nearby; deer grazed peacefully.

Sam spoke gently. “Tenzin told us about your life. You were born with a disability. You spent your days in a wheelchair. When you were seven, you watched other children playing in the sea. You longed to join them. You cried out to God — by whatever name you knew Him — begging to be like the others.”

Ahmet nodded, tears in his eyes.

“He heard you,” Sam said softly. “He saw your tears. We don’t know why He waited... but He never forgot you. He sent Tenzin to bring you here. Perhaps this is where your prayer was meant to be answered.”

Ahmet wept with joy.

Nearby, a shy Indian girl tugged Sam’s hand.

“Look,” she whispered. “My face... It’s normal. No scars. My mother prayed to the Supreme Lord every day. Now he has answered her.”

Joseph tugged at Kwan-Yin’s sleeve.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I can see,” he said breathlessly. “And hear. I was born almost blind and deaf — but now I’m whole. My mother prayed to Lord Jesus to heal me. And now... I’m complete.”

He hugged her tightly, then pulled back.

“Please... where are our parents?”

A chill passed through the air. Sam and Kwan-Yin exchanged a troubled glance.

Finally, Sam said softly, “We don’t know. We were asked to care for you, to help you feel at home. When Tenzin comes, he may be able to answer.”

Sam spotted Tenzin in the distance and ran to him, tears streaming down her face.

“Tenzin — the children! They’re whole!”

“I know,” he said quietly.

“You don’t sound happy.”

He hesitated. “They were healed because the Master took an interest in them. We saw many others... but we were not permitted to help them. The Master asked us to bring only these three.”

“Why not the others?”

“I cannot answer that.”

He looked at her gently.

“Revealing everything before its time is not wise.”

Chapter 54 — Rewritten

Truth and Reconciliation (Part 2)

Sam and Kwan-Yin sat beneath the shade of a broad tree by the lake. The afternoon was warm, the air soft, and the two lions — Amos and Niza —

What is Heaven and Hell like

slept peacefully nearby. A small herd of antelopes, deer, and zebras grazed in the distance, their movements slow and unhurried.

The women were deep in conversation and didn't notice Stefan approaching. Amos lifted his great head first, greeting him with a slow blink.

Stefan sat beside the lion, but his presence seemed to still the air. The women fell silent. Sam looked down, embarrassed, while Kwan-Yin twisted a piece of straw between her fingers.

"I'm sorry," Stefan said quietly. "I didn't mean to intrude."

He stood to leave, but Kwan-Yin called after him. "It's all right. You don't have to go. Please... stay."

He sat again, though the silence that followed was colder than before.

"No," Stefan murmured, "I should go."

Before he could rise, Niza padded over and placed her head firmly in his lap, as if insisting he remain. Her golden eyes held a gentle plea.

Kwan-Yin looked at Sam. "I think you should tell Brother Stefan how you feel."

Sam shook her head. "I can't. I don't know how to say it. My emotions make no sense. They're irrational, illogical... but I can't push them away." Tears welled in her eyes.

Amos rose and walked to her. He placed a heavy paw on her shoulder and licked her cheek with surprising tenderness.

Niza turned to Kwan-Yin, her gaze soft, urging her to speak.

Stefan looked at Sam, waiting, encouraging.

Kwan-Yin lowered her eyes. "It's about her parents," she whispered.

Stefan inhaled sharply, as though struck. He raised a hand to his mouth, trying to steady himself. He and Tenzin had prepared for this moment,

What is Heaven and Hell like

rehearsed the words — but now, faced with Sam’s pain, everything dissolved.

He looked at the ground, unable to meet her eyes. “I’m sorry,” he whispered, and tears spilt down his cheeks.

No one spoke. The silence was heavy, filled with memories none of them could escape.

Chapter 55 — Rewritten

Field of Stones

Kwan-Yin finally broke the silence, though her voice trembled. “You were with the soldiers...” She couldn’t finish the sentence.

Stefan nodded, then looked at Sam. Amos gently lifted Sam’s chin with his paw, guiding her gaze toward Stefan.

“You should tell him,” the lion seemed to say.

Sam swallowed hard. “Part of me can’t let go of the past. I remember you — and the soldiers — coming to our house. I remember their faces twisted with hate as they killed my parents. And the others... standing by, pretending not to see. I never understood why no one stopped it. Why did no one help us?”

Stefan’s voice was barely a whisper. “I’m so sorry. I stood by and did nothing. I was forced to join them. Please... forgive me.”

Sam wiped her eyes. “I tell myself you were a victim too, that you couldn’t have stopped them, but—”

Her voice broke. Suddenly, she stepped forward and embraced him fiercely.

Stefan held her for a moment, then gently pushed her back so he could look into her eyes.

“Come with me,” he said softly.

What is Heaven and Hell like

She took his hand. He glanced at Kwan-Yin. “You too.”

Kwan-Yin rose, and the lions flanked her protectively. The herd of animals followed as if sensing the gravity of the moment.

They walked through the orchard and into the vast field of stones — each one a testimony, a life, a story. They moved carefully between them, silent, reverent. The walk felt endless, as though the field stretched into eternity.

No one spoke. The stones spoke enough.

Chapter 56 — Rewritten

Monument of Truth and Reconciliation

At last, they reached a monumental structure — a four-sided stone edifice rising from the earth like an ancient altar. On each side, a pot held a glowing flame, and beneath each flame, a spring of clear water flowed.

This was the heart of Tenzin’s Patch — the place where every life, every seed, every creature, every story was recorded. Nothing here was forgotten.

Stefan released Sam’s hand and knelt beside one of the pots. He held his palms over the flame, letting its warmth touch him, then cupped the water and washed his face. He rose and motioned for the women to do the same.

They knelt, touched the fire, and washed in the water. The lions approached next, raising their paws over the flame and dipping their faces into the spring. The herbivores followed, performing the same ritual before joining the circle.

Stefan spoke.

“This is the monument of truth and reconciliation. The fire burns and purifies the past. The water cleanses and washes away.”

He paused, letting the symbolism sink in.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I am a simple monk,” he continued. “My understanding is simple. One day, we will see the whole picture. You may not agree with everything I believe—and that is your right. But this is what I know.”

He looked around at the circle — humans, lions, deer, zebras — all gathered as equals.

“We came from a world where all living things survived by taking life — sometimes knowingly, sometimes without awareness. Even the gentlest creatures lived by consuming other living things.”

He let the truth rest in the air.

“On Earth, we did what we had to do to survive. Predator and prey, human and animal — all caught in the same cycle. This place exists so that all may speak their truth, acknowledge their wounds, and reconcile.”

He bowed his head.

“Here, the past is faced. Here, the future is healed.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 57 — Rewritten

Accountability

Stefan paused, letting the silence settle around the circle. The lions watched him calmly; the herbivores stood quietly behind them, as if they already understood what he was about to say.

“We came from a world,” he began, “where survival was a cycle of life and death. A world where every creature lived at the expense of another.”

He looked at the woman gently.

“God is our Father, our Mother, our Guardian — the Creator of all things, including the universe’s pain, suffering, and joy. He takes responsibility for everything He has made. And because no one is higher than Him, He has decreed that anyone may challenge Him, question Him, or demand justification for His actions. A day has been set for that.”

Sam and Kwan-Yin stared at him, their expressions blank, unsure how to absorb such a thought.

Stefan inhaled deeply.

“All living things,” he continued, “have appointed our Lord and the Elders to judge Him — and to judge every being in the universe, including us. Everything must be held accountable. Even God.”

He let the words linger.

“To be seen as just, the cosmos — God — has given the Elders special abilities so they can fulfil their task. Our Lord, the Elders, and the Almighty have appointed a Day of the Lord. On that day, every being will give an account of their life. Even God will stand before His creation.”

He looked at them again. Only the animals seemed to grasp the weight of his words.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Humans,” Stefan said softly, “are intelligent — but often arrogant. They believe themselves above other creatures because of their minds. But a lion is more intelligent than a sheep, and yet the Elders do not place the lion above the sheep. In the sanctuary, all are equal.”

He hesitated, aware that he lacked Tenzin’s timing and wisdom.

“My understanding is limited,” he admitted. “Tenzin can explain it better. But this much I know: God has given every creature — human, lion, herbivore, insect — a second chance. Sanctuaries across the universe exist so that all may make restitution for the past. Each sanctuary is a shelter, a new beginning, a place to heal.”

Chapter 58 — Rewritten

A Second Chance in the Sanctuaries

“The sanctuary,” Stefan continued, “feeds us and shelters us, just as a mother nourishes her child. Here, no one needs to prey on another. Here, we learn to value life — all life. We learn wisdom. We learn the consequences of our past actions, the joy we brought, the pain we caused.”

He looked at the women, who still seemed puzzled.

“We learn to love instead of hate,” he said. “To let go of selfishness. To grow into saints. No one can escape their past — but they can face it. They can acknowledge the harm they caused. They can make restitution, forgive, be forgiven, and be reconciled.”

The animals nodded, understanding instinctively. The women did not.

Stefan remembered Tenzin’s words: “HUMANS THINK THEMSELVES THE MOST INTELLIGENT SPECIES, YET OFTEN THEY ARE THE MOST CONCEITED AND VAIN.”

Kwan-Yin asked quietly, “What if someone doesn’t want to change? What if they refuse to admit their wrongs? What if they don’t want to become saints?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Stefan sighed. “The Sovereign God gives everyone — good or bad, human or creature — a second chance. I don’t know how it works, but those who refuse to change end up in sanctuaries with others like themselves.”

He continued, “Selfish, materialistic, or cruel people will live among their own kind. Their sanctuary will lack love, respect, and compassion. I cannot imagine it being a happy place.”

He looked toward the horizon.

“I believe we will all stand before the Lord’s judgment seat one day. Not for punishment — but for separation. A day when good and evil part ways forever.”

Chapter 59 — Rewritten

Spiritual Adults

“When that day comes,” Stefan said softly, “I hope we will have changed. I hope we will have made restitution for the harm we caused. I hope we will have grown — spiritually, deeply, truly.”

He looked at the woman with compassion.

“Suffering, pain, kindness — all of it shapes us. It makes us more compassionate, more thoughtful, more caring.”

He paused.

“I may be wrong,” he said, “but I believe God’s way of transforming us — from physical beings into spiritual adults — is through the universe’s pain, suffering, and joy. After death, every creature longs to be reunited with its family, its friends. And for every tear shed on Earth, restitution will be made here. No one will be able to say they were cheated.”

He continued, “Those unwilling to change will live among their own kind. Some call that Heaven. Others call it Hell.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“The worst among them,” he added, “are held in the grey, misty world — the Bottomless Pit.”

He looked at the animals gathered around them.

“The cosmos gave the caterpillar a path to become a butterfly, the tadpole a path to become a frog, and humanity a path to become spiritual beings.”

“Suffering,” he said, “is part of life on Earth. It reminds us of the cost of our growth — to ourselves and to others. We owe it to God and to all living things to use this second chance well, so that none of the sacrifices made for us was in vain.”

He looked at Sam and Kwan-Yin.

“Humans think love and loss belong only to them. But that is an illusion. All living things feel love, pain, grief, loss, and joy. It is part of being alive.”

They sat together in silence, each lost in their own thoughts, the animals gathered around them like a quiet, listening congregation.

Chapter 60 — Rewritten

Future Aspiration

During one of Tenzin’s visits, Sam approached him with a question that had been stirring in her heart.

“What kind of people will eventually inhabit the cosmos?”

Tenzin gestured toward the great tree nearby. “Come. Let us sit in the shade.”

They settled beneath the wide branches, the air cool and still. After a moment, Tenzin asked:

“In what kind of world would you like to live? And what kind of person would you wish to be in that world?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Sam thought deeply. A memory surfaced — something Tenzin had once said: TO LIVE IN THE FUTURE, ONE MUST HAVE CLEAN HANDS.

She didn't fully understand the phrase. She knew she lacked the maturity to grasp its depth. But she sensed its meaning: her spiritual growth had come at a cost. Others had suffered because of her actions. Others had paid the price for her evolution.

Yet she also knew that those who had suffered would receive restitution — more than enough to heal their losses. Her growth had been shaped by their presence in her life, by the joy, pain, and sorrow they had shared.

The cosmos had been her mother, father, sibling, teacher — a family that had shaped her through both light and darkness. She felt gratitude for its love. Through the world's goodness and cruelty, and through God's compassion, she had been guided into the early realms of enlightenment.

Tenzin's voice broke her thoughts. "And what are your aspirations today?"

Sam inhaled slowly. "I'm beginning to understand that every living thing — every atom, every subatomic particle — has contributed to my growth. Every creature has an equal right to live. Everything in the universe is valuable. Even a bacterium has as much right to exist as I do."

She paused.

"But I also see that I have abilities a bacterium or an animal does not. And because of that, I carry greater responsibility. All my life, I have taken from the cosmos — sometimes even stolen from other living beings, without their consent, to survive. I owe a debt. I want to make restitution."

Her voice softened.

"I want a clear conscience. I want to be free of all obligations — not so I can stand tall with pride, but so I can bow low in humility. I want to serve, not rule. But I cannot do it alone."

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin smiled gently. “Your aspiration is noble. And you are right — you cannot do it alone. But you are not alone. You have the Elders. You have our Lord. With their help, you can reach your goal.”

He leaned closer.

“The Elders have the power to make it possible. All they need is your commitment. They will guide you. It will take time — and hard work — but it can be done.”

“I am willing to try,” Sam said.

Tenzin nodded. “It is a vast task. But you carry the fullness of the Word of God within you — the same Word that shaped creation. As it grows in you, it will help you fulfil your dream. And one day, you will fulfil the first Law of the Universe: NO ONE THRIVES AT THE EXPENSE OF ANOTHER. When that day comes, your conscience will be pure, and you will enter His rest.”

Chapter 61 — Rewritten

I Am Not Ashamed to Call You Brother / Sister

It was mid-morning. Tenzin lay asleep beneath the tall papaya tree, the sunlight flickering through its leaves. The garden was quiet, peaceful.

Then everything changed.

The Master descended with two angels. The entire sanctuary bowed — trees, animals, even the wind seemed to hush. The Lord and His angels walked through the garden, passing the sleeping Tenzin, and sat by the stream.

The angels, Benin and Abinar, knelt beside Him.

“Well?” the Master asked.

Benin spoke first. “The sanctuary I visited was extraordinary, Master. The steward transformed it into a garden ten times more beautiful than before.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Abinar nodded. “The sanctuary I visited was five times greater than on our last visit.”

“Are they according to the pattern shown in the scriptures?” the Master asked.

“Yes,” they said, “though each steward added their own personal touch.”

The Master looked around Tenzin’s garden. The grass was tall. The trees were untrimmed. The stream was muddy in places. The sanctuary looked neglected — yet alive.

And Tenzin slept on, unaware.

Chapter 62 — Rewritten

Heir

The Master surveyed the sanctuary — imperfect, unpolished, but sincere.

“Not perfect,” He said, “but perfect where it matters. I see the work of a contrite and humble spirit.”

“Shall we wake him?” Benin asked.

The Master shook His head. “On your next visit, tell the other stewards I am pleased.”

The angels exchanged amused glances. Tenzin, chosen as a steward of a cosmic sanctuary, slept peacefully in the middle of the day.

Abinar chuckled. “My Lord, You gave him a gift no prophet has ever received — the ability to create spiritual energy, atoms, and life forms from thought. You appointed him as Your joint-heir, a creator, a judge, a consoler... and he sleeps!”

Benin gently woke Tenzin. “Come. The Master requires you.”

Tenzin leapt up, ran to the Lord, and bowed deeply. “Sire, forgive me.”

The Master gestured toward the garden. “Report.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“My Lord,” Tenzin said, “I have cared for the garden. I apologise for its condition. I have tried to follow your vision. I know there are errors. I know things are not as they should be. But I have tried to remain true to the pattern.”

The Master nodded. “It is one thing to have a gift — another to know how to wield it. Call the people. I want to hear from them.”

Chapter 63 — Rewritten

Leah

Tenzin blew the trumpet, and the entire community gathered. Benin questioned the leaders while the Master listened. None found fault with Tenzin.

Then the animals were summoned.

Leah the rabbit and her three siblings hopped forward, their faces radiant with joy. They had suffered greatly on Earth — in Haringey, London — but Tenzin had made them whole. Behind them stood the fox and his family, smiling warmly. The fox who had once killed Leah was now her closest friend.

Again, no one found fault with Tenzin.

Next, the chief rock was questioned—the stone that overlooked all the others. Not a single stone bore a complaint.

Benin turned to the Master. “His workmanship is rough... but no one finds fault with him. And he has been faithful to the pattern.”

The Master looked at Tenzin. “What do you say?”

Tenzin bowed his head. “My Lord, their struggle with life and death on Earth helped me grow. I am grateful for their trust. I am honoured to serve as their steward. I will not fail them.”

The Master’s voice softened.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I gave you a gift of salvation that kings and prophets longed for but never received. I asked you to build a spiritual sanctuary — one on Earth and one in the spiritual realm — a task no one has ever been called to do.”

He paused, His gaze full of both gravity and affection.

“And you have been faithful.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 64 — Rewritten

Eternal City

The Master spoke with a warmth that carried both majesty and affection.

“Soon, Tenzin, we will ask you to join us. We are building the walls of the coming Kingdom — atom by atom. We have waited long for one worthy to lay the foundations of the holy city, the New Jerusalem. You shall walk among us in the city of your Lord God — you and your children’s children.”

Tenzin bowed his head. “My Lord, I am honoured.”

“You will continue to look after My interests in the New Heaven and the New Earth. For now, this sanctuary is your kingdom. You are undoing the pain and suffering that befell them on Earth. I entrust you with the task of making a sevenfold restitution. The Holy Spirit will guide you and empower you.”

He let the words settle into Tenzin’s heart. Then the Master smiled.

“Do not call Me Lord. Call Me **Mōṭā bhai** — Big Brother. Come, let us live in each other’s visions as a family. **Bapuji (Heavenly Father)** calls. We have work to do.”

“Yes, my Lord,” Tenzin replied instinctively.

The angels burst into laughter — and soon they were all laughing together, the sound echoing through the sanctuary like sunlight made audible.

Chapter 65 — Rewritten

Tenzin Before the Council of Elders

“SOME WISE SHALL FALL, SO THAT THEY MAY BE REFINED, PURIFIED, AND CLEANSED...” — DANIEL 11:35

Tenzin stood before the Council of Elders. Their presence radiated ancient wisdom.

What is Heaven and Hell like

The senior Elder spoke first. “Tenzin, tell us — what is your vision? What do you aspire to?”

“A universe where nothing thrives at the expense of another,” Tenzin answered.

The Elder nodded. “How do you refine silver?”

“We use fire,” Tenzin replied. “But refining silver is not enough. We must also restore what was harmed — the land, the people, the creatures — and make amends for the damage caused.”

“And how do you refine humans?” the Elder asked.

“Not with literal fire,” Tenzin said. “But through the experiences of life — pain, suffering, joy. These shape us. And just as we must restore the earth, we must restore the people we have harmed, so that the perfection of the universe can shine through us.”

A second Elder leaned forward. “How do we test the purity of a person?”

“Our Lord has set a day,” Tenzin replied, “when Earth and all its people — including me — will give an account.”

The Elder asked, “Gold and silver have one standard: purity. Is there such a standard for Judgment Day?”

Chapter 66 — Rewritten

A Greater Hand Guides Your Destiny

Tenzin hesitated. Spiritually, he still felt like a child. The question was beyond him.

The second Elder spoke gently. “To refine gold, we need fire. To refine life, we need competition — evolution, unfairness, inequality. A world where the strong often devour the weak.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin shook his head. “Competition is flawed. It allows one to thrive at the expense of another — through stealing, killing, violating the moral law: YOU SHALL NOT STEAL FROM MAN, ANIMAL, OR ANYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE.”

“Do you know another way?” the Elder asked.

“No,” Tenzin admitted.

Suddenly, the Holy Spirit lifted him into a vision of the past. He stood among the Elders and the Lord during an ancient council. They had gathered to discuss the universe’s suffering — and to form a plan to free creation from its bondage.

Tenzin understood fragments of their design, but his mind was clouded with worry about his own sanctuary. Things were not going as he hoped.

One Elder turned to him. “We will take care of it. Rest in peace. A greater hand guides your destiny.”

Their Lord added, “We want you to grasp what we will reveal. You must understand it firmly.”

Chapter 67 — Rewritten

Divine Gift

The second Elder continued.

“We know the pain of all living things. We need beings who understand suffering — who have lived it — and who are willing to help us heal the universe. We want them to be filled with the Holy Spirit, with their informed consent.”

He paused.

“The ability to empathise with suffering is one of life’s greatest gifts. The ability to help someone overcome their suffering is an even greater one.”

His voice deepened.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“And the strength to carry the weak, the frail, the frightened across the troubled bridge — that is a divine gift.”

Tenzin bowed his head. “My Lord... is this the right time? I am weak. Vulnerable. It would be better to ask when I am well and of sound mind.”

The Elder nodded. “Yes. We will wait.”

The senior Elder added, “Our purpose is to undo the pain of the universe — to bring all to maturity and perfection. Think on this. We want you to be part of it: to undo, reconcile, restore, heal, and make whole.”

Chapter 68 — Rewritten

Clear Conscience

The Master, two angels, and Tenzin stood by the lake. The day was warm. Animals rested nearby, chewing the cud in peaceful rhythm.

The Master asked, “Tenzin, why did you choose to follow Me?”

“I am not entirely sure,” Tenzin admitted.

“Others chose the simple path,” the Master said. “But you chose the harder one. In the sanctuary, you insisted on learning to create every atom, every grain of sand, every leaf and tree. With the help of our Heavenly Father, you restored every living thing that once lived on your patch of Earth. You sat with them, shared their pain, healed them, and made restitution. Why?”

Tenzin bowed his head. “My Lord, it felt right. I am grateful for Your salvation and the resources You gave me. I could not have done it without you.”

“But why?” the angel pressed.

“To have a clear conscience,” Tenzin said. “I believe nothing in the universe has the right to thrive at the expense of another. On Earth, I had little choice. But here, I chose to make amends. I chose a different path.”

The angel asked softly, “And how do you feel now?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 69 — Rewritten

What Inspires You to Live?

Tenzin's voice trembled as he spoke.

"I feel better now. I try to do what is right. But many times, I've wondered about life itself. What is the point? I still struggle with it. God must live — He has no choice but to exist and create. But we... we can choose to live or die. We have something He does not: choice. When I first arrived here, all I wanted was to lie down and sleep forever. But with Your help, Master, I faced many things. I'm sorry if I disappointed you."

Tears glistened in his eyes.

The Master stepped closer. "Come. I will show you what makes Me want to live and create. Walk with us."

Tenzin shook his head. "My Lord, my spirit is tired. I have seen the terrible price all creatures paid for God's creation. I sat in the sanctuary and listened to their stories. I shared their pain, their anguish. Your Spirit helped me understand them — all they endured. My spirit feels heavy with their suffering. It brought me joy... but also grief. And I ask myself, WHAT WAS IT ALL FOR?"

Chapter 70 — Rewritten

Suffering Is Part of the Experience of All Living Things

The Master answered gently.

"God needed you. He bought your redemption at a great price so you could understand His longing — His desire for a family, a home, a place to dwell."

Tenzin bowed his head. "My Lord, I mean no disrespect. You have done so much for me. But if I may speak freely... my redemption is precious to You, to the angels, to God — but I place no value on it. I feel like nothing."

"Walk with us," the Master said softly. "Not as a command — as a request."

What is Heaven and Hell like

“My Lord... I need rest. My spirit is exhausted. I have seen too much pain — theirs and my own.”

Benin, the first angel, spoke gently. “Brother Tenzin, our Lord wanted you — and us — to learn sacrificial love. Not just empathy, but the ability to heal. To speak to the broken, reassure them, inspire them, make them whole. To help them stand stronger in the face of life.”

Abinar added, “You learned that suffering is part of all living things. It reminds you of the cost others paid for your growth. Their suffering made your perfection possible. You owe more than gratitude — you owe restitution.”

Tenzin nodded slowly. “Master taught me that the firstborn — the first to graduate under His guidance — owe gratitude to those who suffered for their perfection. There is an eternal obligation on us to all living things. God goes to great lengths in the sanctuaries to make restitution through the firstborn until all are made whole.”

He paused.

“The firstborn, like me, will one day have a clear conscience — knowing that God and we paid for our perfection. We will be allowed to enter and leave the eternal Holy City, where God will dwell. The second-born — the latecomers — will live outside the gates.”

Abinar continued, “Humans think love and loss belong only to them. They do not. All living things feel love, pain, grief, and joy in their own ways. The human mind, with the Holy Spirit, can uncover the universe. Your spirit can grow larger than the cosmos itself. The universe is mathematically balanced.”

The Master stretched out His arm. The powers of the cosmos passed before Tenzin — energy, creation, the will to heal all suffering.

“It is nothing,” the Master said. “It came from a thought, a tear, a singularity. Creating a universe is simple. But bringing a free moral being to perfection — to God’s standard — is unimaginably difficult.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Author's Reflection — Rewritten

I am only a human being, limited in understanding, aware of my frailties, struggling to grasp the mysteries of the universe. Yet I understood what He meant—the value of a perfect life form, the cost behind it. One perfect being is worth more than the universe to God. Many more are a bonus. Heaven is both a place and a state of mind — a life shared among equals.

Chapter 71 — Rewritten

Free Will Has a Cost

The Master looked at Tenzin with sorrow.

“We have invested so much in you... Yet you do not choose to cross the bridge with us?”

Tenzin sat silently, staring into the distance. He felt no long-term purpose, no meaning beyond caring for those entrusted to him until their time was complete.

A cloud of sadness settled over the sanctuary. Even the animals sensed it.

As the Master and the angels ascended toward Heaven, tears shone in their eyes.

Abinar whispered, “Master, we must find a way. We invested so much in this man — he climbed the heights of Heaven and beyond — and now he slips from our grasp.”

The Lord replied, “We can reason with him, but we cannot persuade him. Free will has a cost. So near... and yet so far.”

Abinar continued, “Master, he is one of the rare ones who dared to question the Heavenly Father about the wisdom of creation. He has glimpsed the Father’s mind. He understands the cost of pain and suffering — to the Father, to us, to all creatures.”

He paused.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“And in His mercy, the Father answered the tears of that ten-year-old child, now a grown man. It would break His heart to lose one who wrestled with Him so fearlessly. We must reconcile them.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 72 — Rewritten

To Account

The Master spoke first, His voice filled with quiet awe.

“Yes. Tenzin understands the value of life more deeply than most. He sees the lengths the Heavenly Father is willing to go to create a family — and the moral duty to make creation whole again for its pain and suffering.”

Benin nodded. “He is the first to account for every thought, every string of energy, every atom, leaf, tree, and living thing in his patch — and to make restitution to all. He felt their pain. Their suffering moved him to remind You and the Father that everything must be reconciled, restored, made whole. No one has ever done that before.”

Their Lord sighed. “He is fragile. The weight he carries could destroy him.”

Benin replied, “Surely our Father knows the future. Surely He has willed that Tenzin will come out well.”

Their Lord shook His head gently. “I do not believe the Father WANTS to know the future. He chose to leave it open. He honours free will. He is willing to invest everything — even if Tenzin slips from His hand. Perfect love allows a person to walk away. It binds no one. Nothing is predestined.”

He paused, then added softly:

“A parent who leads their child through the valley of death does so with purpose. They shed more tears than the child, because their loving hand allowed the pain to continue. Their motives are for the child’s growth. Your tears wound them deeply — yet they chose this path for both of you. Love comes at a high cost. Moral character and compassion are refined in Earth’s furnace of grief, suffering, and joy, just as gold is refined in fire.”

Benin whispered, “He loves us. He loves the Father. What could separate him from us?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“The desire to live,” their Lord answered. “He may choose to pass away. He is a broken man.”

“Why doesn’t the Father intervene?”

“He cannot force someone to live.”

“Why?”

“Perhaps so we may understand the value of each life. We have gone to great lengths to bring Tenzin to this level — without certainty — while he exercises free will. Nothing can separate us from him... but he can walk away. And we cannot stop him.”

Abinar tried to lighten the moment. “We could persuade him. Twist his arm a little.” He smiled.

Their Lord shook His head. “We can reason with him — with his consent. Nothing more. Losing him would be an immense loss. It would be like selling everything to buy a field containing the world’s greatest diamond... only to watch the diamond crumble the moment we extract it.”

Benin murmured, “The price of free will.”

Abinar added, “Wounds heal. Spiritual scars remain. That is what makes a saint.”

“Or destroys one,” the Master said quietly.

“Such is life,” Abinar whispered.

A quiet reflection followed:

“I WOULD GLADLY SACRIFICE MY LIFE TO HAVE LIVED EVEN A YEAR, A MONTH, LIKE SAM OR TENZIN. I WOULD HONOUR THEIR MEMORY BY MAKING MY REMAINING DAYS WORTHWHILE — BY DOING GOOD AND SERVING MY LORD. A MONTH, A DAY, A MOMENT OF INTENSE LOVE CAN SUSTAIN MORE DEEPLY THAN A LONG, LOVELESS LIFE.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 73 — Rewritten

Festival of Celebration

Stefan approached the girls with a cheerful urgency.

“Come,” he said. “We must gather fruit, berries, and Mocca.”

Kwan-Yin frowned. “Why? We have enough for ourselves.”

“It’s not for us,” Stefan explained. “The Festival of Remembrance is coming. Everyone must bring enough food for a week.”

Kwan-Yin nodded. “We’ll gather fruit first, then search for Mocca.”

Sam sighed. “Fruit is easy. Mocca is hard. It only grows deep in the woodlands.”

Stefan chuckled. “Yes, it will be difficult. But we must gather enough for everyone.”

Kwan-Yin asked, “Why do we celebrate the Festival of Remembrance?”

“It is when we meet others from our sanctuary,” Stefan said. “We share food, stories of our lives on Earth, and give thanks to our Lord for bringing us to this safe, peaceful land. We learn from one another. It strengthens our bond with each other — and with Him.”

He continued, “This is our home. We are protected, cared for, and loved. We delight in our neighbours — human and animal alike. We have chosen to live in harmony. And we chose Brother Tenzin as our spiritual parent. We could leave anytime... but we choose to stay.”

Chapter 74 — Rewritten

Remembrance of Grief

Stefan gestured around them.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Look at the sanctuary. Everything here wishes us well. The trees, the soil, the plants — they have worked extra hard to produce the best fruit and Mocca for the festival. All things here work together for our good.”

Kwan-Yin’s eyes sparkled. “I’m excited to meet others and hear their stories.”

“Me too,” Sam said. “I want this to be the best festival ever.”

They gathered fruit until the barn was nearly full. Then came the difficult task — searching for Mocca. Stefan laughed as he watched the animals.

“I hope they left some for us. They look fat — I think they’ve been feasting already.”

The feast was prepared. The table overflowed with the goodness of the earth. They celebrated for a week.

Tenzin sat at the head of the congregation throughout the entire week of celebration. While everyone else enjoyed the abundance laid before them, he ate only bread and drank only water. People noticed. They whispered among themselves, puzzled, but no one dared to ask him why.

At the end of the week, Sam finally turned to Stefan.

“What happens now that the festival is over?”

“We have another festival,” Stefan replied.

Sam brightened. “Another one? I hope it’s as joyful as this one.”

Stefan shook his head gently. “It is a week of remembrance — a week of grief.”

Sam frowned. “That’s an unusual festival to have.”

“It is,” Stefan agreed. “And it is meant to be. During the Grief Festival, the sanctuary changes. The sky loses its brightness. The trees shed their leaves. Fruit falls before it ripens. Even the Mocca grows dull. No music drifts through the air.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

He paused, letting them imagine it.

“The sanctuary begins to resemble Earth. The fruit and vegetables lose their sweetness. The water loses its sparkle. Everything looks and feels like the world you once knew — though without sickness or danger.”

Sam and Kwan-Yin listened quietly.

“For one week,” Stefan continued, “we live as if we were back on Earth. It reminds us of where we came from. It deepens our gratitude for the peace and beauty we enjoy here. It teaches us to thank our Lord and the Elders for their kindness.”

Sam nodded slowly. “Yes... It’s easy to take things for granted until hardship returns.”

Kwan-Yin murmured, “We all do it. All the time.”

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 75 — Rewritten

Tanza, Ka-ark

The four of them sat in a quiet circle, a little distance from the others. The air was still, as though the sanctuary itself leaned in to listen.

Sam turned to Tenzin. “You once said there would be a New Jerusalem and Heaven after Judgement Day.”

“You mean the Holy City?” he asked.

“Yes. What lies BEYOND New Jerusalem?”

Kwan-Yin added softly, “I thought the Eternal City was the final destination of the saints.”

Tenzin thought for a moment. “Enlightened spirits hold many beliefs,” he said. “They differ from person to person. No one I know claims to possess the absolute truth.”

“What about the Elders? And our Lord?” Sam pressed.

Tenzin smiled faintly. “Let’s just say... they have their own aspirations for the future.”

Stefan leaned forward. “And what do YOU believe?”

Tenzin hesitated. “I can only tell you what I experienced. I don’t know if it was real or a vision.” He rose. “Wait here.”

He returned with one of his diaries, its pages worn from years of reflection. He scanned a passage, then began.

“Beyond the Eternal City, I travelled into the far future — a time after the sanctuaries, after Judgement Day, after life in the Sacred City, Zion, the Golden City. I was thinking beyond even that... toward the end of time itself, beyond the limits of our understanding.”

He closed the diary gently.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“My beliefs formed after that vision. I think some beings will continue beyond the Golden City.”

Stefan frowned. “Why some and not all?”

“In time, I will explain,” Tenzin said. “But not now. Let me tell you what lies beyond the city.”

He drew a slow breath.

“Beyond the City lies a steep valley. On the far side is a region I call **Tanza**. To reach it, one must cross the valley.”

He looked at them meaningfully.

“Few are brave enough to leave the city gates. Fewer still cross the valley, climb the cliff, and reach Tanza.”

“What makes it so difficult?” Sam asked.

“It is a lonely journey,” Tenzin replied. “A test of will and determination. The Master once said — ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE THE WILL TO EMPTY THE OCEAN WITH THE PALM OF THEIR HAND MANAGE TO GET ACROSS.”

Sam shivered. “Tell us what happened when you reached Tanza. It must have been strange... frightening... lonely.”

“Tanza is bleak,” Tenzin said quietly. “A barren expanse where nothing survives unless it possesses some unknown strength or energy. It lies outside time and space. In Tanza, God — or the cosmos — exists only in the mind and imagination.”

“Is that true?” Sam whispered.

“For some,” he said, “it may be.”

“Go on,” she urged. “Tell us about Tanza.”

Chapter 76 — Rewritten

Tanza, Part II

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin exhaled slowly.

“It is difficult to describe a spiritual experience. Words fail. Perhaps the best way is to tell it as a story.”

He looked at each of them, then began.

“This is my story.

“When I reached Tanza, the first thing I did was discard my crowns. I wandered for a long time through that desolate place. Eventually, I noticed a warrior-priest from another faith following me. He had seen me cast aside the crowns. He was lost, and so he followed from a distance. After a while, I stopped and waited. He approached.”

Tenzin’s voice softened as he slipped into the memory.

“Sir,’ he asked, ‘why have you discarded your crowns? They are precious — symbols of your virtue and authority. You are a prince among your people.’

“I told him, ‘They mean nothing. They have value only to those who choose to value them.’”

“Sir,’ he said again, ‘you cannot go beyond this point.’

“Why not?’ I asked.

“Because beyond this place is only a chasm. Darkness. The unknown. Those who cross it never return. It is forbidden to go beyond Tanza.”

Tenzin paused, remembering the priest’s trembling reverence.

“Who forbids it?’ I asked.

“He bowed low. ‘The LORD God Almighty — He whom no one has seen. Merciful and gracious. Most holy. King of all kings.’”

Tenzin continued.

“When he rose, he asked, ‘Who are you, sir?’

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I am nobody,” I told him.

“He looked at my discarded crowns. ‘But you are a prince — the anointed one of the highest.’

“I stopped him. ‘I am nothing. I am no one. I am not worthy of crowns or honour. Those crowns have value only to those who gave them to me, Ka-ark.’”

Sam and Kwan-Yin exchanged glances.

“He stared at me. ‘You know my name?’

“Yes,” I said.

“Have you heard of me?” he asked.

“No.””

Tenzin smiled faintly at the memory.

“He was confused. I explained, ‘I perceived you. In a single moment, your entire existence passed before me. We call it **Kly-son**.’

“He was stunned. ‘You saw through me. You read me.’

“Only what was needed,” I said. ‘You are Ka-ark, prophet of the Supreme Lord. Revered by your people.’”

Tenzin’s voice grew quieter.

“He murmured, ‘I remember now. I saw you long ago. You were young then. Anointed by the Holy One. A prince from the Golden City, of the house of Benjamin. Holder of the key to our Sacred City. One who sat in the Council of Elders.’”

Tenzin shook his head.

“I am nobody,” I told him again. ‘What you say has value only to you. Not to me.’”

What is Heaven and Hell like

He looked down at his hands.

My grief and loneliness were overwhelming. I walked away from him, into the emptiness. I reminded myself, "I am nothing. I cannot create anything."

His voice grew soft.

"A deep loneliness engulfed me. All my achievements, all the glory — they meant nothing. I fell asleep. And like blood circulating through my body, the memories of my entire life rose within me. Every detail, every moment, crystal clear."

Tenzin paused, the weight of the memory lingering in the air.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 77 — Rewritten

Tanza, Part III

Sam's voice was barely above a whisper. "Please, Tenzin... go on."

Stefan frowned. "It sounds like you were depressed. Why?"

Tenzin closed his eyes. "Give me a moment. Remember — I'm speaking from a time far ahead of this one, when everything we know today has already passed away."

Kwan-Yin stepped closer and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Please continue."

After a long pause, Tenzin spoke again, his voice distant, as though he were reliving the moment.

"It wasn't my life in the sanctuary that troubled me. It was my life on Earth — that world of breathtaking beauty and unbearable suffering. A world soaked in sorrow, its rivers and oceans filled with the tears and blood of humankind and every creature that ever lived."

He swallowed.

"That sorrow rose around me like a tide. It climbed from my feet to my legs, then to my arms, until it covered my face. My mind froze. I could not move."

He breathed out slowly.

"Eventually, the feeling passed. I was left empty — without emotion, without pain, without joy. Only aware of myself."

His voice cracked.

"Why, Lord God, did You create me? Why did You give me life?' I cried. It was not a proud cry — just the plea of a being stripped of all worth."

There was silence.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Why did You create me, Lord God? You owe me an answer.”

He paused.

“Then, from far away, I heard a gentle voice: ‘I made you.’”

“Why?’ I asked.”

“I made you for Myself,’ the voice replied.”

Tenzin shook his head at the memory.

“My Lord,’ I said, ‘You gave me no choice. You made me without my consent. That is not fair. It is not morally right. You taught me that selfishness has no place in the cosmos.’”

The presence drew nearer.

“I had no choice,’ He said.”

Tenzin looked at the ground.

“It took time to understand. God has always existed. By creating us, He made us in His image.”

He repeated the words softly:

“I have no choice whether to live or die. I exist. True to My nature, I brought others into existence after My image. I have not been untrue to Myself.”

Tenzin’s voice softened.

“I understood Him more deeply than I can ever express. There are no words for that part of my spirit.”

He fell silent.

Then the Lord spoke again.

Chapter 78 — Rewritten

Craving for a Family

What is Heaven and Hell like

The Lord said, “We created you so you might learn everything about Our work, Our motives, and Us. Son of man, you possess something We do not — something We can never have.”

Tenzin asked, “What could I possibly have that you do not?”

“You have free will,” the Lord replied. “You can choose to live or die. We cannot die. We exist eternally. You have true choice — true freedom.”

Tenzin pondered this. How could the created have more freedom than the Creator?

The Lord asked, “Son of man, what do you see?”

Tenzin answered slowly.

“My Lord... before time, before Bi-kly-son, there was only You — Your loneliness, Your pain. A bitter existence that was neither life nor death. A place of despair... and a longing for something more. Perhaps a longing for a family. A period you call Kly-so-ak.”

He continued:

“It was an empty world — like the one we stand in now. Your first tears, the first tears of joy, became pure energy. From that pain and suffering came the Holy Eternal Scrolls. And then came what we humans call the beginning.”

He breathed deeply.

“From those tears came the angelic realms, the spiritual worlds, the universe, Earth, life, humankind, the sanctuaries, the epochs and millennia, Judgement Day, the Eternal City, Tanza, Divana, Nazar, Awara-nar — a place where past, present, and future coexist.”

He stopped.

The Lord replied, “You have seen enough. You have all you need to make an informed choice.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 79 — Rewritten

Two Doors

The Lord brought Tenzin to two doors. They looked identical.

“Son of man,” the Lord said, “you must experience everything and gather wisdom before you can choose freely. Now you are ready.”

He gestured toward the doors.

“Beyond the right door, marked **Nazar** — Nirhodha, lies emptiness. Freedom from pain, suffering, and joy. Most choose this path. They do not wish to be accountable. They do not wish to make restitution. They want to exist, then fade in the fullness of time.”

He paused.

“They give up their inheritance as children of God. Their inheritance passes to others.”

Then He pointed to the left door.

“Beyond the left door, marked **Divana**, lies spiritual life with Us — a long, rugged, difficult path that leads to meaning and creativity.”

He looked at Tenzin with deep sadness.

“I know you. You will choose the harder path. There will be days when you wish you had never been born. Days when you will want to crawl into a hole and die.”

He stepped back.

“You have seen all. You have felt all. Now you may choose. But once you pass through one of these doors, you may not be able to return.”

Chapter 80 — Rewritten

In the Fullness of Time

What is Heaven and Hell like

A warm mist of love enveloped Tenzin.

“In the fullness of time,” the Lord said, “I give you two choices. You may choose freedom from existence... or you may choose to join Us and live.”

Tenzin noticed something.

The right door — Nazar — had no lock. The left door — Divana — did.

“My Lord,” he asked, “why is the left door locked?”

“Because you cannot enter it without My permission,” the Lord replied. “Those who pass through it are true to My nature. They choose freely — without fear, pressure, or influence.”

Tenzin asked, “What if I choose Divana? What if I choose to join the overcomers?”

“That will be your informed choice,” the Lord said. “But before I unlock the door, you must return to the beginning. You must open the Holy Eternal Scrolls and the Lamb’s Book of Life... and write your name in it. It must be your choice.”

“And if I do that?” Tenzin asked.

“Then you will have given Us — and the universe — your informed consent.”

Tenzin swallowed. “What happens after that?”

The Lord did not answer immediately.

The silence itself felt like the threshold of eternity.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 81 — Rewritten

The Lord's Creative Plan

The Lord God — the Heavenly Father — spoke with a solemn tenderness.

“When you choose,” He said, “the full power of the universe will rise to help you reach **Awara-Nar**. You may choose your time of birth, your parents, the shape of your earthly life, even the number of your days. You may write into the Eternal Book everything you will need for your journey.”

His voice carried the weight of eternity.

“You may choose your sanctuary, your spiritual fathers, your role in the Sacred City. The universe itself will work with you, empowering you to accomplish what you set out to do.”

He paused, letting the gravity of His words settle.

“All that you write in the Eternal Books will come to pass — because it will be your informed choice. But consider carefully before you write your name and give your consent. If you exercise your free will, you become jointly responsible for the suffering and pain the universe endures. Think deeply before you choose your path.”

Chapter 82 — Rewritten

Freedom from the Cycle of Life and Suffering

I turned toward the door marked **Nazar**. Part of me longed for the other door — the one that led to life, purpose, and responsibility. But another part... the weary part... felt emptied of meaning.

I had lived too long inside His vision. I was tired.

The Nazar door offered an end — freedom from the cycle of life, suffering, and rebirth. It offered the right to cease to exist.

I stepped toward it, gave it one final glance, and felt His sadness wash over me. Then I walked through.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Immediately, the spirit of all creation surrounded me. Creation — **Ma-Mother** — could not bear to see me pass away. She desired me to live. I was her child, born of her compassion.

A blanket of warmth wrapped around me.

Mother Earth, the sanctuary, and God Himself took on new meaning. The Holy Spirit cried out:

“Your journey through Earth, the sanctuary, the Sacred City, and Tanza has purpose. Walk with us. Live for the greater good — for those who will choose Divana and journey beyond to Awara-Nar. Their names were written in the sacred book from the beginning. Your life’s work will help them fulfil their destiny. They will continue to grow. If you choose to leave Us, We will grant you peace. You will rest in Our embrace forever.”

TO WALK THROUGH NAZAR IS TO REACH THE FINAL RESTING PLACE — WHAT SOME CALL NIRVANA — A STATE OF ONENESS WITH THE UNIVERSE. IT IS AN INFORMED CHOICE TO ENTER PEACE, TO DISSOLVE INTO THE COSMOS. ONE CEASES TO EXIST AS AN INDIVIDUAL, YET THE COSMOS RETAINS THE ESSENCE OF ONE’S EXPERIENCES, ADDING THEM TO THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF AWARA-NAR.

Chapter 83 — Rewritten

Alone in the Universe

I walked a few more steps.

Then I realised — for the first time in my existence — I was utterly alone.

The familiar sense of His presence, that subtle sixth sense that had always lingered even in my darkest hours, was gone.

A profound aloneness settled over me. No hand to hold. No light. No fear. No comfort.

Only myself.

What is Heaven and Hell like

My mind became crystal clear. Three truths stood out:

1. **There was no outside presence — no influence, no guidance.**
2. **My reasoning was sharper than ever, untouched by anything beyond myself.**
3. **A final door stood before me.**

I sat in the stillness. Time did not move.

Behind me lay the door back to Tanza. Before me lay oblivion — the door to nirvana.

I reflected.

All my life, I had lived inside the Creator's vision — from the first spark of existence, through Earth, through my patch, through the Sacred City. The presence of people, creatures, atoms, and Earth itself had shaped me. I owed them everything.

But something essential was missing. I had no vision of my own. No desire to exist.

I had carried the pain of every being in my patch — their hunger, their grief, their struggle to survive. I grew spiritually because of them. I owed them a debt.

I wanted to repay that debt—to give them a second chance, to restore their joy, their families, their dignity. God had empowered me with His Spirit to do so.

But to truly live, I needed freedom — the freedom to be myself, to create, to grow.

I looked inward.

I was too young. In spiritual terms, I was a child, five or six years old. Too young to choose. Too young to die.

What is Heaven and Hell like

I rose slowly and walked back through the door toward Tanza.

As I travelled, clarity dawned. The mysteries of the cosmos — creation, judgement, the Sacred City — began to make sense. The universe unfolded before me.

I had entered this place of my own free will. I was completely free — no longer bound to any master.

I understood the saints and the sinners, the joy and the pain, the struggle for survival in a universe where life devours life. But knowledge did not ease the ache.

My pain rose again. I crouched down and wept — tears of frustration, sorrow, and grief. The anguish of prophets and liars, of all who had suffered, poured out of me.

Then, from another time, another realm, a voice whispered:

“A broken and contrite heart is more precious than all knowledge, wisdom, or power.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 84 — Rewritten

Why, O God? Why?

I felt His warmth for a fleeting moment — a tenderness, a quiet affection — and then it faded. It did nothing to ease the turmoil inside me.

I was free now, independent of Him. And in that freedom, I had to face myself. Inside me raged a struggle between life and death, and death seemed the stronger force.

There was no rebellion in me, no anger toward God as a being — only anguish. A deep, aching anguish.

Sleep crept over me like a slow tide. My life had known so little joy, so much sorrow. And then the cries began.

The cries of the creatures from my patch — their terror as predators tore into them. Their screams echoed through my spirit. I saw their limbs torn, their young left to starve, their eyes pleading:

“WHY HAS THE GOD OF LOVE CREATED US ONLY TO DIE IN SUCH AGONY? WE DID NOT ASK TO BE BORN INTO THIS LIFE.”

Their despair seared through me like molten iron.

“Why, O God? Why?” I cried. A wave of anger and hopelessness crashed over me. I hated the hands that had shaped life into such suffering. I hated that innocent blood had been shed for redemption. My conscience was stained — I had lived by consuming the suffering of others. I had grown at their expense.

A broken, contrite heart may be precious to God... but a heart crushed by sorrow cannot survive without a clear conscience. Eventually, such a heart collapses.

I felt corrupt, parasitic — a child of the cosmos who had taken more than he had given. Alone in time and space, desperate for a vision of a life that did not thrive on the suffering of another.

What is Heaven and Hell like

I looked down.

At my feet lay three drops of water — three strings of energy — the first water I had seen in Tanza.

Chapter 85 — Rewritten

A Place Where the Wolf and the Lamb Would Feed Together

My tears shifted — from grief to a sudden spark of joy. Yes... I wanted to live. I wanted to create a world of beauty and harmony. A world where the wolf and the lamb fed together, where the lion ate straw as the ox, where rivers flowed with kindness, mountains breathed compassion, and trees swayed with music and peace.

But the joy faded as quickly as it came.

I had no power to create such a world.

“Heavenly Father, help me,” I whispered.

I bent down and gathered the three drops — faith, hope, love — the first water of Tanza.

And then, to my astonishment, the Master appeared.

“Sire, you are here!” I cried.

“Father sent Me,” He said gently.

“Thank you for coming,” I whispered.

He smiled. “You have found a vision — a purpose —, but you lack the power to bring it to life. Follow Me, and together we will fulfil your vision.”

“Thank you, my Lord.”

“Nothing is impossible with our Father,” He said. “We will show you mysteries hidden since eternity — truths that will fill you with joy.”

He paused, letting the words settle.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Do not call Me Master. In the past, I chose you. Now YOU have called Me — and chosen Me. So I am here.”

“What shall I call you?” I asked.

“Mōṭā Bhai,” He said — elder brother. “And I am not ashamed to call you **Nāno Bhai** — little brother. Come. Let us live in each other’s visions as a family. Bapuji calls. We have work to do.”

Tenzin looked at the small circle of listeners.

“That was my experience,” he said softly. “I do not impose it on anyone. It is my calling — the path that supports my spiritual journey. Each of you must find your own calling, your own path, your own **Tallack**.”

Silence settled over them.

Stefan, the Buddhist, finally spoke. “Tenzin... with respect, I do not believe in a creator or a God. I believe we — including the Masters and Elders — are products of evolution and metamorphosis.”

Tenzin placed an arm around his shoulders.

“Brother Stefan, you may be right. Many here share your belief. Our sanctuary holds people of many faiths. Each of us has our own Tallack. Come — let us eat.”

Chapter 86 — Rewritten

Second Visit: The Leader

Sam, Kwan-Yin, and Stefan sat by the stream, singing a new festival song. Amos and Niza splashed in the water, while deer grazed peacefully nearby.

Tenzin approached, humming along, and sat beside them. They greeted him with bright smiles.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I have good news,” he said. “Our Lord will visit soon. I need your attention.”

Stefan rose immediately. “I think Tenzin has something important to tell you,” he said to the girls. “I’ll leave you with him.”

He walked away, the lions padding after him.

Tenzin turned to the women.

“Listen carefully. When our Lord arrives, do not bow. Look Him in the eyes. Do not speak until He speaks to you. If you have questions, wait until He invites them. When He leaves, do not bow. Stand still. Do not move until He is gone.”

“Why?” Sam asked, puzzled.

“In this garden,” Tenzin said, “everything turns on the axle of love, not fear. When you know the Master better, you will kneel — but out of love, not obligation. He wants no pretence, no fear, no false reverence. He wants you to be yourselves.”

Even as he spoke, the sanctuary shifted.

The air grew still. The animals fell silent. The trees lowered their branches in reverence.

“Excuse me,” Tenzin said softly. “I must meet Him.”

He walked toward the orchard.

In the distance, the Master approached.

Every creature bowed. The sanctuary held its breath. A deep serenity settled over the land.

Tenzin knelt, eyes fixed on the ground, right hand at his hip, left hand on his knee — ready to rise at the slightest command.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Further down the stream, Stefan did the same. The lions lay with their heads on their paws, eyes lowered.

The Master had arrived.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 87 — Rewritten

Friends, Not Servants

The Master walked past Tenzin and Stefan and approached the girls. Sam and Kwan-Yin stood rooted to the spot, their bodies trembling with a mixture of awe and fear. Their legs felt weightless, as if they could not hold them.

From the corner of her eye, Sam noticed Kwan-Yin's fingers twitching. She quietly reached out and held her friend's hand, steadying her.

The Master paused, turned toward the lions, and called them. Amos and Niza bounded up to Him with childlike joy. He knelt, patting their foreheads, playing with them as though they were beloved companions rather than mighty beasts.

After a few moments, He rose and looked at the girls. His smile was gentle, His eyes warm with kindness.

"Do not be afraid," He said softly. "I call you friends, not servants."

The words washed over them like a warm breeze.

"I chose you from Earth before you were born. I called, and you heard Me. You responded to My Spirit."

He turned briefly toward Tenzin. "When you receive anyone I send, you receive Me also. And whoever receives Me receives the Father who sent Me."

Then He faced the girls again.

"Love one another as I have loved you. Remain in My love in this sanctuary."

His gaze rested on Sam.

"I leave you My joy and My peace. Though you do not yet know Me, I have granted you a great honour by bringing you here. Many prophets and kings

What is Heaven and Hell like

longed to see what you see and did not see it... to hear what you hear and did not hear it. Your time here is short. Make the most of it.”

The girls stood frozen, unable to speak. Their minds swirled with questions, fear, wonder, and emotion.

The Master stroked the lions once more, then walked past Stefan and approached Tenzin. Both men remained kneeling, unmoving.

“Come,” the Master said. “Follow Me.”

Tenzin rose and walked beside Him toward the orchard.

“You, Tenzin,” the Master said, “will care for them in My Kingdom. You will undo the pain and suffering they endured on Earth. I entrust you with making a hundredfold restitution. The Holy Spirit will guide and empower you.”

Chapter 88 — Rewritten

There Is No Fear in Love, but Perfect Love Casts Out Fear

As they walked, Tenzin spoke quietly. “My Lord, may I speak freely?”

“You may.”

“It is about Brother Stefan. His belief that God does not exist — that we are merely products of evolution and metamorphosis — troubles me.”

“Why does it trouble you?” the Master asked.

“He does not believe you are the Messiah.”

The Lord placed a reassuring hand on Tenzin’s shoulder.

“You need not worry. The journey ahead is long. Judgement Day is far off. On that day, all will be revealed.”

Tenzin nodded, then hesitated. “There is another matter, my Lord. The people of other faiths — Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists, and many others. Their journey concerns me.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

The Master answered gently.

“Judgement Day is distant. The Holy Spirit — the Atman — still has much work to do among all nations, races, and tribes. People from every corner of Earth will come to My Kingdom.”

“Am I to convert them?” Tenzin asked.

“No,” the Lord said. “You will teach them their own faith, their own beliefs. The Holy Spirit will teach them about the Kingdom. Our Father has many mansions — many sanctuaries — for righteous people of every faith.”

“As You wish, Sire.”

“Tenzin,” the Master continued, “I am the gate. I chose you to open that gate to people of all races, colours, and beliefs. I have placed a heavy burden on your shoulders.”

He paused.

“There is only one truth: life, death, sanctuary, Judgement Day. You will meet people from every tribe and nation. Many things will change along the way.”

He looked into the distance.

“Many on Earth obey God’s law instinctively, even without hearing the Gospel. They show the law written in their hearts. These people will seek you, and you will guide them.”

“Am I to seek only those whose names are in Your book?” Tenzin asked.

“Our Father chooses who enters His sanctuaries. If their names are in My book, you may move them to the same page as your own. This privilege is given only to a few of great merit. Those whose names share your page will be your brothers and sisters — your eternal treasures, your spiritual family.”

Tenzin bowed his head. “Thank You, my Lord.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I am the gate,” the Master said again. “And you, Tenzin, will open My gate to all races.”

Chapter 89 — Rewritten

Eternal Books

“Sire,” Tenzin asked, “have you come to speak about the future of the girls?”

“Yes,” the Lord replied. “You are their guardian. It is time you understood their place in the Heavenly Father’s plan — the **Talla-kly-son**, the cycle of the cosmos. Come with Me.”

“Where are we going, my Lord?”

“To a place outside time — **Kly-so-ak** — before the material world and consciousness existed. It was there that the eternal plan was formed and written in the Eternal Book. The Lamb’s Book of Life came into being there. The Vedic sages called it the Supreme Consciousness at the dawn of Time and Space.”

Tenzin nodded. “I once read what was written about my place in the cosmos.”

“Yes,” the Master said. “Now you must see what was written about Sam, Kwan-Yin, and Stefan.”

“Sire... do we have permission to open the books again?”

“We do. You must read and remember everything written about them. You are their appointed guardian.”

They entered the realm before time. There, suspended in stillness, lay the Eternal Book.

The Lord opened it.

Tenzin read aloud:

What is Heaven and Hell like

“**Sam** — Gold standard. Destined for **Tan-Kly-son** and **Awara**. **Kwan-Yin** — Silver. Destined for **Lui-Kly-son** and **Tanza** only. **Stefan** — Bronze. Destined for **Un-Kly-son** and the Eternal City — Zion, New Jerusalem.”

The words shimmered like living light.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 90 — Rewritten

The Eternal Holy City

Tenzin read from the sacred book, his voice hushed with awe.

“It seems they are all destined for the New Heaven and the Sacred City... but Kwan-Yin goes beyond that. And Sam... Sam goes even further, to Awara-nar — the final point, the last recorded destination. An honour given only to the most esteemed of God’s children.”

“Yes,” the Master said. “And now we must go to the New Jerusalem.”

Tenzin frowned. “I don’t understand. Judgement Day, the New Jerusalem, Tanza, Awara — all of these lie in the future. How can we go to a place that does not yet exist? I can understand travelling into the past... but into the future?”

“There are realms outside time and space,” the Master replied, “where past, present, and future exist as one.”

“I don’t understand,” Tenzin admitted. “I have been with You in the Holy City of the future... but I still don’t know whether it was real or only a vision.”

“It was a vision of what will come,” the Master said. “Think of the place, and the Holy Spirit will take us there. Let the Spirit carry us beyond Judgement Day, into the New Jerusalem.”

And so it was.

They walked through the Holy City — radiant, immense, alive with a quiet, eternal light. At its centre stood a vast sacred building. They entered it.

Shelves of books lined the walls of the great central chamber, each volume glowing faintly, as though alive.

Chapter 91 — Rewritten

Those Outside the City

What is Heaven and Hell like

They opened the books and found the names of Stefan and Kwan-Yin recorded within.

Then they approached the door leading to the **Holiest of Holies** — and there, inscribed among many others, was Sam's name.

Tenzin whispered, "Sire... her name is on the Holy Door. What does that mean?"

"It means she is chosen to serve in the holiest place of the Holy City," the Master said. "She will be a counsellor for her people. Some enlightened ones will dwell within the city gates; others will live outside. She will represent their interests in the inner chambers. She will help unite her family — past, present, and future — and many from her tribe. She will be a judge over her people, and over the nations the Lord God grants her as her inheritance."

"Who are her people?" Tenzin asked.

"Because of her resolve, her commitment, and her greatness, many — though not all — from her family will choose the path she walked. Her ancestors, her family, and those not yet born."

"And who else?"

"Those across the universe," the Master said, "the righteous atheists who have chosen her as their spokesperson."

"And Stefan and Kwan-Yin?"

"They too will serve in the inner chamber," the Master replied, "representing the welfare and destiny of their families, their people, and their nations."

Chapter 92 — Rewritten

The End of Time and Space: Tanza and Awara

The Master spoke softly, echoing the ancient tenets:

What is Heaven and Hell like

“NOTHING IN THE COSMOS IS IRRELEVANT. EVERYTHING IS RECORDED SO IT MAY SERVE FORGIVENESS AND RECONCILIATION. THE COSMOS INVESTS VAST ENERGY BECAUSE IT HAS AN ETERNAL PLAN — A DESIRE TO LIVE, TO RECONCILE, TO MAKE ALL THINGS WHOLE IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME.”

And again:

“EVERY EXPERIENCE — GOOD OR BAD — EVERY THOUGHT, EVERY TEAR, EVERY JOY, WILL BE TURNED INTO A FORCE FOR GOOD. IT WILL SHAPE YOUR SPIRITUAL MATURITY. YOU ARE NOT ALONE. WE ARE WITH YOU UNTIL THE END OF THE AGES.”

Tenzin asked, “What do we do now?”

“We go beyond Tanza,” the Master said, “to the testing grounds of Divana and Nazar.”

“I have been there before.”

“Yes,” the Master replied. “But you went alone. This time, we go together. And you will learn something new.”

They entered Tanza — the end of time — and at the Master’s command, a colossal monument rose before them.

On its surface were inscribed the names of Kwan-Yin and Sam.

“Stefan’s name is not here,” Tenzin said quietly.

“Then he must have passed away with the old order,” the Master replied.

“He was devout... and gifted.”

“It would have been his choice.”

Chapter 93 — Rewritten

A Part of Our Loved Family Is Gone Forever

Tenzin bowed his head. “I have lost a beloved brother. One of my greatest treasures.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

He walked away, heavy with grief. When he returned, his voice was hollow.

“This knowledge brings only sorrow.”

The Lord nodded gently. “I understand your grief. But remember — nothing in the universe is ever truly lost. Come. Let us see what became of the girls.”

They came to **Divana**.

There, on the monument, they found Sam’s name — marked with a reference: THE CHOSEN ONE, CLOSE TO THE LORD’S HEART.

The Master asked, “Her name is here, Tenzin. What do you understand?”

“My Lord... she goes beyond the second death, into Awara-nar. This time, by informed choice. She has chosen to continue.”

Then they came to another monument — **Nazar**.

Kwan-Yin’s name was written upon it:

“THE BLESSED ONE, A BELOVED CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE.”

Again, the Master asked, “What does it mean?”

Tenzin answered slowly, tears gathering in his eyes.

“She chose — according to her culture and faith — to become one with the Universe. Nirvana. It is a great loss to us, my Lord. Her beauty, her talent, her spirit... gone from our family forever. I lose part of my eternal family at this stage of the journey.”

The Lord placed His hand on Tenzin’s shoulder.

“They made informed choices. In the fullness of time, they exercised their free will. It is our loss — a part of our loved family gone forever.”

Tenzin reflected on the tenets he had been taught and understood at last:

Knowledge has a cost. And sometimes, that cost is pain.

What is Heaven and Hell like

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Janet Warrington's Tenet 1 *Everything that has happened to you — every joy, every sorrow, every thought, every tear — will be transformed into a force for good. Nothing is wasted. All of it will shape your spiritual growth and maturity, preparing you for your place among us. You are never alone. We walk with you now, and we will walk with you until the end of time.*

Nirvana *In the traditions of Buddhism and Hinduism, Nirvana is the final release from the cycle of life and death — the quiet extinguishing of desire, the end of individual existence. In Buddhism, it is perfect blessedness; in Hinduism, it is absorption into Brahman, the great cosmic whole.*

Kathy's Tenet 2: *His loss, His pain, would have been greater than hers. She is of greater value to the Master than He is to her.*

Zak's Tenet 4: *True love does not persuade, compel, or impose. It sets each soul free to seek its own path.*

Kathy's Tenet 1: *A person — a relationship — is always more precious than anything we build or accomplish together.*

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 94 — Rewritten

A New Book

They travelled deeper into the realm until they reached the **Valley of Awara-Nar**. There, inscribed among countless names in the Lord God's book, were the names of **Tenzin** and **Sam**.

Tenzin stared at Sam's name for a long time.

"You called me to be a guardian over her," he said quietly. "I am not sure I am worthy of such a high office."

The Master laughed softly. "You are correct — you are not ideal. I chose you because you were the best among a very small pool." His eyes sparkled with affection. "Everything you have seen and heard is of things yet to come. Now, I must take you back to your sanctuary."

He continued, "These visions were shown so you might sense the direction of your future and choose your path wisely. After a good sleep, you will awaken in your sanctuary and wonder whether all of this was only a dream."

Tenzin hesitated. "Sire... what lies beyond this place? Beyond the Valley of Awara-Nar."

"It is only a thought," the Master replied. "A new book — and only the first paragraph has been written."

"What is written?"

"The book is called **Awara-Nar**. Every subatomic particle, every atom that ever existed, possessed awareness. Each after its kind is recorded here. The atoms, the material worlds, the spiritual realms, all living things — trees, animals, people — will one day be gone. But their awareness, their essence, their knowledge will remain. Nothing in the cosmos is wasted."

"And what becomes of what remains?"

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Whatever remains will cry out to form a new order — to become part of a new creation, as **New Atoms with New Bodies**. A family where everything grows together in love.”

Tenzin shook his head gently. “I do not have the intellect or spiritual capacity to grasp this fully... but I understand the outline.”

The Master laughed again. “Some of the finest minds in the universe have tried to understand this and struggled. Come — it is time to return to your sanctuary.”

As they turned back, the Lord added, “I do not reveal My plans except to a select few. To the rest, I speak in parables.”

Chapter 95 — Rewritten

Loneliness

Back in the sanctuary, Tenzin pondered all he had seen. He walked through the orchard, spending time with Stefan and the women, grounding himself again in the simple rhythms of the garden.

After the **Festival of Grief**, the sanctuary slowly returned to its usual peace. A celebratory feast followed, and joy filled the valley once more.

One afternoon, while checking the fruit trees, Tenzin noticed Sam sitting beneath a giant tree, her shoulders trembling. When she saw him, she ran into his arms and held him tightly.

“Sam,” he said gently, “why the tears?”

He already knew — but he wanted her to speak her heart.

Through sobs, she cried, “Tenzin... I feel alone. I miss my family, my friends. This garden is beautiful, but its beauty has become a torment. When I first arrived, it was a refuge from nightmares. But now... loneliness has taken root inside me. I don’t understand. How can a place so full of wonder make me feel so empty? I should be happy — but I’m not. Why?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 96 — Rewritten

Negative Emotions

Tenzin sat beside her.

“Sam,” he said softly, “our Lord sent me to bring you here when you were dying. This sanctuary is a temporary home — a place to rest, to heal, to face your past and discover your future. It is a place to rediscover the value of life, family, friendship, and commitment.

“When you are stronger, we will help you visit your family and reunite with them. But remember — some may not wish to reconnect. We cannot ignore that.”

He continued, “Here, you are learning the importance of family, of God’s grace, mercy, and goodness. These are the core values of the cosmos. We only truly appreciate them when they are taken away.”

He looked at her with compassion.

“All beings must thirst — must seek with all their heart — to regain what they have lost. It is time for you to visit other sanctuaries, to discover new things, to meet others with similar aspirations.”

“It will be like starting a new school,” he said. “You will meet teachers who can guide you, friends who will challenge and inspire you. They will help you overcome anger, fear, and hatred. They will help you understand the experiences that trigger such emotions, and help you grow into someone more compassionate and thoughtful.”

He paused.

“If you allow negative emotions to fester, they will drain your life energy. We can guide you — but the decision to cross that bridge must be yours. Once you choose renewal, we can help you.”

Sam wiped her eyes. “I think that will help. I look forward to it. Tenzin... will I ever develop the abilities you have?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“You mean the ability to see the far-distant walls of eternity — past and future — and the Kly-son gift to perceive people as they truly are?”

“Yes.”

“That privilege is rarely granted,” Tenzin said. “It comes only by invitation into the Lord’s inner chamber. Only those who have been tested — and passed — receive it.”

Sam thought for a moment. “Tenzin... you could live anywhere in the universe. Why stay here?”

He smiled gently.

“The suffering and goodness I witnessed on Earth compel me to remain. I pray I never become immune to the suffering of others.”

“Why?”

“When one becomes numb to suffering, one diminishes in spirit. And this sanctuary... is the best place for me to learn and grow.”

Later, after Tenzin left, Sam set out to find Kwan-Yin. She found her speaking with Stefan. When they finished, Kwan-Yin ran to her.

“Sam! I’ve been looking for you. I missed you.”

Sam hugged her tightly. “I missed you too. I was with Tenzin.”

“Then you learned something new?” Kwan-Yin asked eagerly.

“Tenzin thinks it’s time I visit other sanctuaries. Maybe stay there for a while.”

Kwan-Yin’s face fell. “Why? If you go, I’ll miss you. Can I come with you?”

“That would be wonderful,” Sam said. “Ask Tenzin. He might agree.”

Kwan-Yin hesitated, then said, “I have to go — I promised Stefan I’d help gather fruit. I’ll see you later.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Go,” Sam said. “We’ll ask Tenzin together.”

Kwan-Yin ran off to catch up with Stefan.

Chapter 97

Kly-so-ak; before time, before the matter came to be

‘Sam,’ Tenzin called out. ‘Come with me. Hold my hand.’

They seemed to fly through the universe, past stars and countless galaxies, like grains of sand. They passed on and on until they came to another dimension.

It was empty, with no stars. Sam could see nothing—no light, no darkness; and yet she was aware of her existence.

She cried, ‘Tenzin, I can’t see, yet it doesn’t feel dark or light. I can’t see you, but I’m aware of your presence. You no longer have hands, feet, or a body, yet I know you. I can see you with my mind as clearly as if you had a body.’

Tenzin remarked, ‘We are in the region called Kly-so-ak. This place existed before the foundation of the world. Here, the Lord God decided that people who displayed certain qualities would be chosen to be holy and serve Him and His creation in the future. We have those qualities; thus, He chose us and called us to serve Him. Listen to your spirit. Do not speak for a while. Listen, and when you’re ready, call me.’

Sam withdrew into her thoughts. Initially, her thoughts rambled, then gave way to calmness and stillness.

She was aware of just the two of them. Then, slowly, only herself.

The stillness gathered pace, and time passed, perhaps billions of years. Deep loneliness came upon Sam. She had no purpose, desires, or expectations—just a feeling of emptiness.

‘Loneliness is a killer,’ she thought, ‘but even that is missing. I am alive. No, I exist, that’s all.’

What is Heaven and Hell like

An eternity went by—maybe two or more. Sam just lay there, feeling empty. ‘I exist. That is all. I have no name, desire, expectation, family, friends—nothing.’

Finally, a thought sprang into her being. ‘I want to live, to come alive; I want to be part of something.’

She remembered Tenzin. She called out to him.

‘I am here,’ he replied.

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What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 98 — Rewritten

The Need to Live and Create

“I am ready,” Sam whispered. “I’m empty... and I need to live. I need to create.”

Tenzin nodded gently. “Listen to your true inner self. What do you hear?”

“At first, nothing,” she said. “But now... a spark. A ray of hope. Something is forming — a belief, a sense of oneness with the Lord God. I feel a surge of life, of love, of hope and faith.” Tears shimmered in her eyes.

“Let the Holy Spirit — the Atman within you — count slowly from one to ten,” Tenzin said. “Let each number linger in your mind.”

Sam closed her eyes. “I can see the numbers. The Holy Spirit is forming them in my mind. The Lord has placed them there.”

“In the same way,” Tenzin continued, “let a thought form within you. Then push it outward into this space.”

She obeyed. A single thought, shaped by her will and the Spirit’s breath, drifted outward.

“Now,” Tenzin said, “form more thoughts. Gather them. Direct them into a single point — a sphere outside yourself.”

She focused. The thoughts condensed, tightened, and then — with a soft pulse — a tiny subatomic particle flickered into existence.

She named it **KD 83.45**.

It was the end of the first “day,” though time did not exist here. Exhausted, she fell into a deep sleep.

When she awoke — at what might have been the beginning of another day — she repeated the process. Thought by thought, breath by breath, she shaped an atom.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I did it!” she cried. “The Lord and I have formed an atom!”

She collapsed again into sleep.

On the third day, she worked tirelessly. By the time she could no longer keep her eyes open, she had formed nine molecules.

On the fourth day, she said, “Tenzin... I want to make a living, single-celled organism from these molecules. I want purpose. I want a plan. I want a reason for creating.”

Chapter 99 — Rewritten

In Her Image

Tenzin smiled warmly.

“With the Lord’s help, you must examine your intentions at the start of each day. Take inventory. And before you sleep, take stock again. Account for everything before the Lord. Know where every organism is, what it feels, what it needs.

“When your work is complete, you must — with the Lord’s aid — make every living thing whole. You must make restitution for their pain and suffering. This is the moral law of the cosmos.”

He continued:

“You must plan with the Lord what you wish to form — why, how — and remain accountable to Him and to yourself. Only a pure, refined, tested spirit, guided by the Holy Spirit and shaped by impeccable moral values, can fulfil this calling.

“When you make an error, you must correct it — or plan to correct it later. Each new day will teach you something.”

He looked at her with seriousness.

“To create intelligent, thinking beings is to accept responsibility for them. Unforeseen consequences will arise. As an heir of God, you must consider all

What is Heaven and Hell like

of this. You must be seen as fair, just, and righteous in the sight of the Lord and the universe.

“Above all, your actions must be felt as acts of love — especially by the things you create. Every injustice must be balanced with restitution before the end of time. You must have confidence and resources before undertaking such a task.”

And so Sam worked.

Over many intervals — in a realm without time — she created **three hundred and forty-three organisms** with the help of the Lord and Tenzin. They interacted, learned, struggled, multiplied, and passed away.

She followed the framework she had been taught.

And finally — at last — one organism emerged in **her image**.

Chapter 100 — Rewritten

New Life Form

The new life form had endured pain, suffering, and joy. It had grown, changed, and emerged as a tiny reflection of her — a miniature echo of her essence.

Sam cried out with joy.

“With the help of the Lord and Tenzin, I have created a life form — a simple, basic version of myself. My baby.”

Tenzin smiled, but his tone was solemn.

“I am pleased for you. But do not forget — you must look upon all the other organisms you created and make full restitution for their pain and suffering. They must have a day when they can cry out for justice, and you must be present to answer them.

“You must show that each one was loved and cared for. Before they cease to exist, you must make them whole.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Why must I do that?” Sam asked.

“Because the law of the cosmos dictates that the greatest and the least are accountable to one another — and to the Lord God. This is how the universe remains in harmony.”

He continued:

“To have a pure conscience, you must hold moral values that are just and accountable. **Hari’s Tenet 1:** NO ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO GAIN AT THE EXPENSE OF ANOTHER — NOT EVEN GOD. YOUR CONSCIENCE DEMANDS MORAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ALL LIFE. GOD FORGIVES MANY TIMES, BUT A GUILTY CONSCIENCE DOES NOT. A GUILTY CONSCIENCE IS THE ULTIMATE KILLER — THE ANGEL OF DEATH.”

The baby grew into a living being. In time, it came to understand that it had a creator.

“I am your child,” it cried. “Why did you bring me into a world of pain and suffering?”

Tenzin whispered, almost to himself:

“It is the cry of all living things. One day, they will be answered. That day is called **Judgement Day.**”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 101 — Rewritten

The Cost of Salvation: A Clear Conscience and Clean Hands

During one of their quiet walks through the sanctuary, Sam turned to Tenzin.

“What kind of people will eventually inhabit the cosmos?” she asked.

Tenzin gestured toward the **Tree of Healing**. “Come. Let us sit.”

They settled beneath its wide, sheltering branches. After a moment, he asked gently, “What kind of world would you like to live in? And what kind of person do you hope to become?”

Sam thought deeply. A memory surfaced — something Tenzin had once said:

“TO LIVE IN THE FUTURE, ONE MUST HAVE CLEAN HANDS AND A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.”

Tenzin nodded as if reading her thoughts.

“To live in eternity with a clear conscience,” he said, “one must follow the moral law: **No one in the universe may thrive at the expense of another — no stealing of life, no taking what is not freely given.**”

Sam felt the weight of his words. Like every creature on Earth, she had survived by consuming life — plants, animals, beings who had not chosen to die for her sake. She had broken the moral code simply by living.

One day, she knew, she would have to face the cost of her existence. She would have to acknowledge the price paid by the living entities who had suffered so she could grow. She would have to express gratitude — and make restitution.

Not now. But someday.

With Tenzin’s help and with the guidance of her Heavenly Father, she would climb that mountain. She would repay her debt to all who had once lived.

What is Heaven and Hell like

She would make them whole again. She would breathe with a clear conscience and stand with clean hands.

She had no idea how such a thing could be done. But she was willing—and that willingness would one day lift her to great spiritual heights.

She understood now that nothing in the universe was free. Every creature that had suffered during her journey toward perfection deserved more than adequate restitution. Without their sacrifices, her spiritual growth would have been impossible.

She had no resources of her own to repay them. She would need her Father's help — and that help would bind her to Him in eternal gratitude, worship, and love.

The cosmos had been her mother, father, brother, sister, family, and teacher. She owed a vast debt to its sacrificial love — not only its goodness, but also its harshness. For it was the mixture of good and evil that had shaped her into who she was.

A perfect world would have taught her nothing. This imperfect one had refined her.

Tenzin watched her quietly. She was beginning to understand the wisdom woven into creation — that perfection comes at a cost.

“And what are your aspirations today?” he asked softly.

Chapter 102 — Rewritten

Our Debt to All Living Entities

Sam answered slowly, thoughtfully.

“I am beginning to understand that every living thing — every atom, every quark — has contributed to my spiritual growth. Looking back, I see that everything in the cosmos worked together for the perfection of my salvation. I owe a debt to all living things. Each one has the right to demand restitution for its sacrifice.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

She paused.

“Judgement Day exists to help me understand the debt I owe — and how the Lord God made restitution to all. I don’t understand everything yet... but I’m beginning to grasp the outline.”

Tenzin nodded.

“Everything in the cosmos has value. I have a different value from a bacterium or an animal because I have a greater ability — and therefore greater responsibility. We all owe the cosmos a debt. Nothing is free. Someone must pay the cost and balance the books.”

He continued:

“Our salvation has a cost. God pays the final price. Before creation, He chose us, calculated the cost of our salvation, and made provision to meet that cost.

“He also requires that one day we understand and appreciate what it cost Him. He accounted for the suffering of creation in His plan. Therefore, His moral duty is to make whole all who have suffered under His eternal design.”

Tenzin’s voice softened.

“He is just. He is gracious. He knows the pain creation endures. And He will restore all who have suffered.”

Sam whispered, “My existence has placed a cost upon God and the cosmos. I must make restitution... but I have no means to do so.”

Chapter 103 — Rewritten

Clear Conscience

“One day,” Tenzin said gently, “with our help, you will have a clear conscience. You will make restitution for your debts. Your hands will be free of all blood, pain, and suffering — the cost of your salvation.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

He smiled warmly.

“You will hold your head high — not in pride, but in humility. You have the will and the capacity to understand the immense cost paid by the Lord God and the universe for the grace given to you. God has high expectations for you in the coming Kingdom.”

He sighed.

“Most of humanity never grasps this cost. That is why humanity cannot appreciate the investment our Lord has made in them.”

Sam’s voice trembled.

“I want to serve as our Master serves. I want to follow in your footsteps. That is my aspiration... but I cannot achieve it. I cannot bring it to life.”

“You cannot do it alone,” Tenzin said. “But you are not alone. We are your eternal family. We will help you. Trust us. We have the means to bring it about. All we need is your consent, your commitment, your willingness to be guided.”

Sam shook her head.

“I’m sorry, Tenzin. I look at myself, and I struggle to believe it. I lack the confidence you seem to have in me. Some days I cry in despair. I feel overwhelmed. So much is expected of me. I cannot return the trust you place in me.”

“Sam,” he said gently, “take one day at a time. Here, time is abundant. All we require is your willingness. We will support you — even if your journey takes a long time. You may be the last one to arrive, but that does not matter to us.”

He smiled.

“You matter more than the speed of your progress. We move at the pace you set. You will make it — unless...”

What is Heaven and Hell like

He paused.

“Unless what?” Sam asked.

“Unless you choose to walk away,” Tenzin said softly. “You have free will. We cannot override it.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 104 — Rewritten

Back on Earth

As Sam wandered toward the stream, a gentle force brushed against her — then tightened. She felt herself being pulled away.

“Tenzin!” she cried, panic rising in her chest. “Help me... please help me!”

Her voice broke into a scream as the force lifted her from the ground. Then she saw him — Tenzin — standing a short distance away. Relief washed over her.

“Please,” she begged, “don’t let them take me.”

Sadness clouded his eyes.

“I’m sorry, Sam,” he said softly. “This was not my decision. You must go back.”

“I don’t want to go!” she cried. “I want to stay!”

But the pull grew stronger—the sanctuary dissolved around Sam, replaced by a rushing tunnel of darkness. The air thickened. A sharp scent of disinfectant filled her nostrils.

She saw her own body lying on a hospital bed — pale, still, fragile — and then everything went black.

When she opened her eyes again, the world was blurry. A faint voice drifted toward her.

“I think she’s coming round. Her pulse is getting stronger.”

Sam blinked until the shape beside her became a nurse.

“Where am I?” she whispered.

“You’re in a hospital,” the nurse replied gently. “Let me help you sit up.”

Sam tried to move. Her limbs felt like lead.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I feel dizzy... my head hurts.”

“I’ll bring you something warm to drink,” the nurse said. “It will help.”

A few minutes later, she returned with food and a soft smile.

“My name is Lin. Rest now. I’ll check on you later.”

That evening, Sam forced herself out of bed. Her legs trembled beneath her as she walked to the bathroom and back. Exhausted, she collapsed onto the mattress.

When the ward had grown quiet, Nurse Lin returned.

“What happened to me?” Sam asked.

“You were in a coma for twelve days,” Lin said. “A schoolteacher found you unconscious. The paramedics said you fell from a tree and hit your head on a rock. The doctors didn’t think you’d survive. It’s a miracle you’re alive.”

Sam nodded weakly.

Over the next few days, physiotherapy helped her regain strength. By the end of the week, the senior doctor declared her fit for discharge.

A hospital administrator approached her bed.

“Hello, Sam. I’m Jessie. I need to ask you a few questions.”

Sam sighed. “I know why you’re here. I... I have no money to pay the bill.”

Jessie hesitated.

“Do you have relatives who can help?”

“No. I’m an orphan.”

“Friends?”

“No... I have no family, no friends, no home. I’m enslaved to a pimp, and I don’t want to go back.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tears streamed down her face.

Jessie's expression hardened. "I see," she said coldly, and walked away.

For two days, the staff avoided her. Sam felt helpless, anxious, and terrified of what awaited her.

On the third morning, Jessie returned.

"Pack your things," she said abruptly, tossing a plastic bag of donated clothes onto the bed. "You're discharged. Your man is waiting outside."

Sam stared at her.

"I don't have anyone. What about the hospital fees?"

"Your friend Antonio paid," Jessie said sharply. "Hurry. We need the bed."

Sam dressed slowly, dread tightening her chest. Tears blurred her vision as she walked toward the hospital entrance.

Chapter 105 — Rewritten

Victims of Drugs and Abuse

Antonio was waiting.

His face was red with fury. The moment he saw her, a torrent of curses erupted from his mouth.

He grabbed her by the neck and shoved her into his expensive sports car. All the way to the brothel, he hurled insults at her.

When they arrived, he dragged her out and pushed her inside. One of the girls rushed forward, catching Sam before she fell. She guided her gently into a back room.

The next three years were a nightmare.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Antonio worked her relentlessly, reminding her daily that she owed him the hospital bill — even long after she had repaid it many times over. He used the debt as a chain, tightening it whenever he wished.

Her life became a cycle of humiliation and despair. Sometimes she stared at passing lorries and wondered if she should step in front of one. Her spirit dulled. Her will faded.

At night, bruised and starving, she crawled into bed and whispered prayers to Tenzin, to God, to anyone who might hear.

But the heavens were silent.

Perhaps, she thought, the sanctuary had been nothing more than a dream — a desperate illusion created by a dying mind.

Antonio introduced her to drugs. They numbed the pain. They made it easier not to think, not to feel.

On rare days, when Antonio was in a good mood, he allowed the girls to visit the temple or church. He offered gifts to monks and priests, hoping their blessings would bring him wealth.

Sam wandered the temple gardens, remembering Tenzin, Kwan-Yin, and Stefan. Then she pushed the memories away.

DREAMS, she told herself. NOTHING MORE.

Still, she lit a candle before leaving — a small, flickering plea for help.

But the candle always burned out. And with it, Sam's hope.

Chapter 106 — Rewritten

A New Friend, Kellie

Sometimes Antonio sent Sam to the market for fruit and vegetables. One day, she met **Kellie**, a young Indian woman with a bright smile and a warm laugh.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Kellie owned a small stall. She was lively, kind, and had a way of making Sam laugh — something Sam had almost forgotten how to do.

They became friends.

Kellie often slipped extra fruit into Sam's bag. Antonio, pleased with the quality and price, sent Sam out more often.

Kellie's friendship became a small light in Sam's dark world. She used fewer drugs. Eventually, she stopped altogether.

One hot afternoon, the two women sat drinking tea as the market was nearly empty.

Kellie took Sam's hand.

"Sam, I like you. You're a good friend. You make me happy."

Sam smiled softly. "I feel the same. I wish we had more time together."

"I have an idea," Kellie said. "Once a month, I go to a bigger town. There's a stall for sale there — a big one. It comes with a small flat. The owner wants ten thousand dollars. What do you think?"

"It sounds wonderful," Sam said. "I'd be happy for you. I'd miss you, though."

"Come with me," Kellie said. "We can be partners."

"I'd love to... but I have no money."

"I don't have enough either. I need someone I trust."

"Kellie, it's a good idea, but we can't afford it."

"If we had the money," Kellie asked, "would you come?"

"Of course."

"We should rob a bank!" Kellie joked.

What is Heaven and Hell like

They both laughed.

Kellie's friendship lifted Sam's spirit. Antonio noticed the change — and, seeing her more productive, became less abusive.

He expanded into drug dealing, making enemies and money in equal measure. He grew distracted, leaving the girls in relative peace.

Four years after leaving the hospital, Sam's memories of the sanctuary had faded. Life had become bearable — even occasionally happy.

But the years had aged her. Though still in her early twenties, she felt much older.

One rainy afternoon, she looked at the dark sky and thought of the Lord God, Tenzin, and Stefan.

At the market, Kellie's stall was empty. Sam bought fruit elsewhere and walked home, dreading Antonio's reaction.

As she approached the house, she sensed something was wrong. She ran inside.

The girls were crying.

"What happened?" Sam asked.

"It's Antonio," one of them whispered. "He's dead."

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 107 — Rewritten

We Cried Out to the LORD God of Our Fathers

“How did he die?” Sam asked.

One of the girls wiped her eyes. “He got into a fight with a drug dealer. The man shot him.”

A cold shiver ran through Sam. The shopping slipped from her hands. Her legs weakened beneath her.

Part of her was relieved — relieved that Antonio was gone, relieved that the tormentor of her youth and womanhood had met his end. She felt no sorrow for him. Not even a flicker.

But his death changed everything.

In minutes, their world had shifted. One of Antonio’s gangster associates would soon claim his territory. The police would arrive with a search warrant. For two or three days, the house would be crawling with officers — a temporary shield that kept the criminals away.

A narrow window of escape had opened. But where could the girls go? They had no money, no skills, no family.

Sam retreated to her small room to think.

Within an hour, the police arrived and stormed through the house, ordering the girls into the front room. One by one, they were taken to the back for questioning.

When Sam’s turn came, the officer leaned toward her, his breath heavy.

“What were Antonio’s habits? His associates? His suppliers? His dealers?”

Then, lowering his voice, he asked, “Do you know where he kept his drugs? His money?”

Sam answered calmly, “He had a safe in his office.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

They went to the office. The door was locked.

“Do you know where the key is?”

“No, sir.”

“Break it down,” the officer ordered.

The door splintered open. A thick steel safe sat in the corner.

“Do you know where the key is?” he asked again, expecting silence.

To his surprise, Sam replied, “Yes. It’s hidden in a secret pocket behind the old sofa.”

They found the key. The safe opened with a metallic groan — revealing drugs, documents, and a small stack of banknotes.

“You’ve made our job much easier,” the officer said.

The police spent the entire day cataloguing evidence, interviewing the girls, and searching every corner of the house. A guard remained outside through the night. They returned the next day for more questioning.

That night, while the others slept, Sam slipped quietly from her bed. She crept into Antonio’s office, lit a candle, and rolled back the carpet. Her fingers found the loose floorboard.

Beneath it lay a medium-sized sports bag.

She pulled it out, opened it — and gasped.

“Praise be to our Lord,” she whispered.

She replaced the board, smoothed the carpet, and returned to her room.

For the first time in years, she slept peacefully.

Before dawn, she rose, showered, and packed a small shopping bag. The police guard still stood at the front door, so she slipped out the back, into the alley.

What is Heaven and Hell like

The streets were dark and empty. No one noticed Sam.

She walked to the market and waited on a bench for it to open. Two long hours passed.

When the doors finally opened, she went straight to Kellie's stall.

A few minutes later, Kellie arrived.

Sam ran to her and embraced her tightly.

"Sam!" Kellie laughed. "What's all this? You look so happy."

"I am," Sam said breathlessly. "Please — can we talk somewhere quiet?"

"We can talk in my van."

They climbed into the old van. Sam placed the bag on the back seat.

"Kellie," she said, "you mentioned a stall in the next town. Is it still for sale?"

"I think so. Why?"

"Do you still want to be partners — equal partners?"

Kellie sighed. "I'd love that, Sam. But it's impossible. We don't have the money."

Sam took her hands.

"Promise me," she said softly, "that if we ever have the chance, we will be equal partners. That we will never fight over money. That we will care for each other as sisters."

"But Sam—"

"Promise me."

Kellie hesitated, then smiled. "Alright. I promise. We'll be like sisters forever, and money will never divide us."

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 108 — Rewritten

I Will Rejoice in Your Mercy

Sam reached into the backseat and lifted the bag. She opened it.

Bundles of money — baht and dollars — filled the bag to the brim.

Kellie's eyes widened. "Sam... did you rob a bank?"

Sam laughed softly. "I'll explain later. First, let's go to your flat. Then we'll see about buying that stall."

They drove to Kellie's small apartment, locked the door, and drew the curtains. Together, they counted the money.

Twelve thousand dollars. And thousands upon thousands of baht.

They divided the baht into three thick parcels.

Kellie stared at the money, unable to contain her curiosity.

"Sam... where did this come from?"

"A quarter of it is mine," Sam said. "Now it's ours. The rest belongs to someone else. We'll use the dollars to buy the stall. The baht — I must return it to its rightful owners."

She stood.

"Give me an hour. I'll be back. Then we'll go buy our stall."

Kellie hugged her tightly. "My dreams have come true. Come back quickly, Sister."

Sam left the flat and returned to Antonio's house. The three girls were in the kitchen, silent and afraid.

"You look cheerful," one said.

"I am," Sam replied. "And you will be too."

What is Heaven and Hell like

“What do you mean?” another asked.

Sam reached into her plastic bag and handed each girl a parcel of money.

“Antonio left us a surprise,” she said. “A big one. I’m packing my things and leaving. Open your parcels. I suggest you do the same — before the new master arrives.”

She turned and walked out.

As she made her way back to Kellie’s home, she whispered again and again,

“Thank You, my Lord. Thank You.”

Chapter 109 — Rewritten

Sam and Kellie Go Into a Partnership

Sam arrived at Kellie’s house just as dawn softened the sky. Kellie was already waiting at the door, her face bright with anticipation.

She threw her arms around Sam. “Alright,” she said, laughing, “let’s go buy our stall — and our new home.”

They set off toward the next town. Halfway there, Kellie glanced sideways at Sam.

“Tell me the truth,” she said. “Where did the money come from?”

Sam chuckled softly. “It’s mine. I earned it.”

But then her voice grew quiet.

“A year ago, Antonio came into my room drunk. He dragged me into his office. He was furious — I don’t know why — and he beat me until I passed out.

“When I woke, my whole body was throbbing. My left eye was swollen shut. There was blood on my face. I could barely see through the other eye. So I pretended to be still unconscious.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“He thought I was out cold. I watched him roll up the carpet, lift a floorboard, and hide something underneath. Then he put everything back and went on drinking.

“When he left, I crawled back to my room. Later, I checked the spot. He was hiding the money we earned — our money. Money we bled for.”

Kellie stared at her. “You took three parcels to the other girls. You could have kept it all.”

Sam nodded. “The thought crossed my mind.”

“So why didn’t you?”

“I don’t know,” Sam whispered. “Something inside me — a voice — told me to do the right thing.”

“Weren’t you tempted?”

“Of course. Enough money to live comfortably for years. I imagined all the things we could buy. For a moment, I wanted to keep it.”

“So why didn’t you?”

“I thought of the other girls. They were trapped just like me. That money could free them.”

“So you shared.”

“Yes. It was the right thing to do. It’s what Tenzin taught me.”

She stopped abruptly, realising she had said too much.

“Tenzin?” Kellie asked. “Who is that?”

“It’s a long story,” Sam said softly. “I’ll tell you another time.”

They reached the town and found the stallholder. The storekeeper’s face lit up when he learned they were paying in cash.

What is Heaven and Hell like

At the solicitor's office, they agreed on the terms. "Come back in two hours," the solicitor said. "The papers will be ready."

Late that afternoon, they returned. The documents were signed. The money exchanged hands. The keys were theirs.

The stallholder led them to the flat above the market. "Give me a few minutes to pack," he said.

Half an hour later, he handed them the keys and left behind a few heavy items — a wardrobe, a kitchen table, two single beds, and some utensils.

When he was gone, the two girls sat on the old settee.

"Finally," Kellie whispered, "the Lord has blessed us with a home."

They hugged tightly.

"Let's celebrate," Kellie said. "We'll have a good meal, then go to my flat. I'll pack my things, return the keys, and settle the rent. Then we'll go to your place."

Sam shook her head gently.

"I don't have a place to go back to. Everything I own is in that bag. This is home now — our home. Let's celebrate. Tomorrow, we open our new stall."

Chapter 110 — Rewritten

Search Me, O God, and Know My Heart

Sam and Kellie opened their new stall the next morning. The townspeople welcomed them warmly. They made friends quickly, and the little business flourished.

Safe in each other's company, the girls blossomed. They worked hard, laughed often, and returned each evening to their tiny flat with tired feet and full hearts.

What is Heaven and Hell like

After supper, they took long walks through the quiet streets. Later, they watched television or played cards until sleep beckoned.

In a corner of the kitchen, Kellie had built a small shrine. Pictures of Indian saints adorned the wall. Each night, she lit a candle, read from the Bible and the Bhagavad Gita, and prayed.

Her mind rested on the Scriptures:

“HOW PRECIOUS ARE YOUR THOUGHTS TO ME, O GOD.” “SEARCH ME, O GOD, AND KNOW MY HEART; TRY ME, AND KNOW MY ANXIETIES.”

And from the Gita:

“ONE WHOSE MIND IS RENEWED BY THE DIVINE SCRIPTURES LIVES IN PEACE. UNMOVED BY HAPPINESS OR DISTRESS, COLD OR HEAT, PAIN OR PLEASURE.”

Sam often watched her. The ritual seemed to calm Kellie’s spirit, smoothing the rough edges of the day.

“You should share your day with God before bed,” Kellie said one evening. “It’s good for the soul.”

“What do you pray about?” Sam asked.

“I examine my conduct,” Kellie replied. “I ask God to teach me from the day’s events, to help me correct my faults. If the same situation comes again, I want to respond with wisdom. I try to be a better person the next day — blameless and above reproach in His sight.”

Sam nodded slowly. “And what else?”

Chapter 111 — Rewritten

Everything in Life Has a Purpose

Kellie thought for a moment.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I’m mostly thankful,” she said. “I reflect on the day and look for lessons. I thank God for the people, the birds, the animals — everything around us. They form a community that enriches our lives. I feel deep gratitude toward all of them.”

“I see,” Sam murmured.

“Their presence helps me grow,” Kellie continued. “Physically, spiritually. I pray for insight — how to turn gratitude into action, how to promote their welfare and happiness. But that’s the challenge.”

“What challenge?” Sam asked.

“I have so few resources. I want to give more than I can. So I ask God for strength and means to help others.”

“Is that why you volunteer at the soup kitchen?”

Kellie blinked. “I never thought of it that way. I want to help.”

“You’re one of the most generous people I’ve ever met,” Sam said.

Kellie looked startled. “Thank you, Sam. That means a lot. I think we were meant to meet. Maybe karma brought us together. Everything in life has a purpose. We’re very similar, except...”

She stopped herself.

“Except what?” Sam asked, anxious.

“Nothing.”

“Kellie, we’re sisters now. Speak from your heart. Even if I don’t like it, we must be honest if our friendship is to grow.”

Kellie sighed.

“Alright. It’s just... you’re always so serious. You don’t laugh much. You don’t pray. You don’t like temples or churches. You carry life like a heavy burden.”

Sam considered this.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“You may be right. I’ll think about it. Maybe you can pray for me. Goodnight, Sister.”

“How about now?” Kellie asked gently.

“Alright.”

Kellie prayed for her. Nothing happened.

But a week later, as Sam slept, she felt something stir — a presence, warm and familiar. The Holy Spirit breathed through her. Her Atman awoke.

And suddenly, every thread of her life connected.

Chapter 112 — Rewritten

Sam and Kellie Go Into a Partnership

A full year passed, and Sam and Kellie — still young women in their early twenties — had grown into confident, self-reliant souls. The security of steady work, a warm home, and a dependable friendship restored the youthfulness Sam had once lost. Under Kellie’s gentle encouragement, she blossomed. For the first time in her life, she had a home, honest work, and a family of her choosing.

The men in the market had begun to notice them. Most were too young, too unsure of themselves, or already committed elsewhere. But across from their fruit and vegetable stall stood another stall — one selling small electrical appliances — run by two young men in their mid-twenties, Kim and Lee.

They were different. Mature. Respectful. Steady.

They helped the girls unload heavy crates, shared jokes, and offered warm smiles. One afternoon, while helping them stack boxes, Kim invited the girls to their flat for a meal.

Friendship followed. Then companionship. Then love.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Kim's affection settled naturally on Kellie. Lee's heart gravitated toward Sam. Their love grew quietly, like vines finding their way toward sunlight.

A year later, they married — Kim with Kellie, Lee with Sam. They exchanged their shares of the stalls and flats. Kim moved in with Kellie and took over Sam's portion of the fruit stall. Sam moved into Lee's apartment and took over Kim's share of the electrical stall.

Now Sam sold kitchen appliances, while Lee repaired broken ones with patient hands.

Sam and Kellie's friendship deepened. Marriage had not separated them; it had woven their lives even closer.

Under Lee's gentle influence — and Kellie's steady encouragement — Sam began attending church. A few months later, she accepted Christ into her life and was baptised alongside several others. Almost immediately, she received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

But that night, around three in the morning, she awoke in terror.

A suffocating presence pressed upon her chest. She could not move. She could not breathe. She tried to cry out, but no sound escaped her lips.

Then she remembered the Scriptures.

"Go away," she forced out. "I am dead to you. I belong to Christ now. Leave before He casts you into the pit prepared for you."

For a moment, nothing happened.

Then her body shook violently — and she was free.

She gasped for breath. The darkness dissolved. She felt herself lifted, weightless, floating — and suddenly she was back in the garden.

Tenzin stood before her, smiling.

"You have returned," he said softly. "But only for a moment. I have a message for you. Listen carefully."

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 113 — Rewritten

Nine Names

Tenzin explained why she had been allowed to return.

“You have a mission,” he said. “A purpose woven into the fabric of your life. One day, you will write a book that will bring hope to many.”

He leaned closer.

“Remember these nine names. These are the ones who taught you the Tenets. Keep them close to your heart. They were brought into your life at great cost. The Spirit of the Lord God will go before you. From within you will flow rivers of living water.”

Then he sent her back.

Years passed. Their businesses prospered. Sam, now in her late twenties, gave birth to her first child, a boy named Christos. Two years later, a daughter, Maria, joined their family.

Kim and Kellie also welcomed two children — Rupa and Raj.

As their families grew, they moved out of the small flats and bought houses near each other. They babysat one another’s children, shared meals, and spent warm afternoons at the park.

On Sundays, Sam’s family attended church.

Five more years passed. Their children grew, played together, and attended the same school. Both families reduced their work hours and devoted time to serving others — helping at the soup kitchen, sponsoring children abroad, and supporting those in financial hardship.

One evening, while Sam prepared dinner, little Christos tugged at her sleeve.

“Mama, can we have rabbits?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Lee hesitated, but Sam smiled.

“It will be good for them,” she said. “We have a garden. They’ll learn responsibility.”

They bought two female rabbits. The children adored them — for a time. But soon, new gadgets and school activities replaced their interest.

Life settled into a gentle rhythm. On Sundays, Lee and the children played in the church band.

Chapter 114 — Rewritten

Sunday School Teacher

Sam knelt beside a small red-haired girl who had scraped her arm.

“The ability to feel another’s pain,” she told the class, “is one of life’s greatest gifts.”

She looked at the children — wide-eyed, trusting, eager.

“Many people struggle with fear, anxiety, or illness. Some become weak. But those who are strong — those who help carry the weak across the river of stress — they have a great gift from God.”

She continued gently:

“Heaven gives us the strength to care for others. We should learn to comfort, reassure, and earn the trust of those who are hurting.”

The little red-haired girl looked up at her.

“Sam,” she whispered, “I want to join the angels when I die.”

Chapter 115 — Rewritten

Sam and Kellie

It was a warm spring afternoon. Sam and Kellie sat on the grass while their children played nearby.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Kellie glanced at her friend.

“Sam, you’ve changed so much since we first met.”

Sam smiled. “How do you mean?”

“You’re more relaxed. More confident. Happier. You once mentioned someone named Tenzin. Did he have something to do with it?”

Sam hesitated. How could she explain something so sacred, so strange?

Kellie waited patiently.

“I want to understand,” she said softly.

Sam took a breath.

“A few years ago, I had an unusual experience. I fell from a tree, was badly injured, and slipped into a coma. While I was unconscious... I had an out-of-body experience.”

Kellie nodded. “I’ve read about such things. People say they meet angels in beautiful gardens.”

Sam continued.

“I found myself in another world. I met a man named Tenzin — and others.”

“Was it wonderful?”

“It was beautiful... but also frightening at times. There were rules. And there were places I never want to see again.”

“Was Tenzin your guardian angel?”

A soft radiance lit Sam’s face.

“Tenzin is... difficult to describe. He is extraordinary. Wise. Mature. Everything he touched seemed to flourish. He carried a goodness that made you want to be better. He inspired me. He made me believe I had a purpose—a calling. That the universe itself was urging me forward.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Kellie smiled. “It sounds like you loved him.”

“Yes,” Sam whispered. “But not romantically. It was deeper — a love of spirit, of truth. He made me feel that I could overcome anything. That I was meant to live without malice toward any living thing. Being near him felt like standing in a river of creative energy.”

She paused.

“That’s what it felt like to be in his presence.”

A verse rose in her mind:

“That they all may be one, as You, Father, are in Me, and I in You...”

Suddenly, the radiance faded. Sam stood abruptly, trembling. Tears streamed down her face. Her whole body shook.

Chapter 116 — Rewritten

God Has Given You a Unique Insight Into His Mind

Kellie rose in alarm, unsure what to do. Instinctively, she wrapped her arms around Sam, holding her until the trembling eased. She had never seen her friend change so suddenly, as though a storm had swept through her soul.

After a while, Sam calmed. They sat quietly, watching their children play in the soft afternoon light. Kellie did not press her. When the children grew tired, they gathered them and walked back to Kellie’s house for lunch.

A few days later, Kellie felt ready to ask.

“Sam... may I ask about what happened in the park? The sudden change frightened me. If you want to talk about it, I’m here.”

Sam hesitated. They were as close as sisters — bound by trust, shared struggles, and unspoken understanding.

“You don’t have to,” Kellie added gently. “Only if you want to.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“It’s alright,” Sam said. “Life has its highs and lows. Some days I feel strong; other days, the shadows return. When I lived under Antonio’s control, it was like walking through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. There was constant fear of his voice, his fists, his footsteps outside my door.”

Her voice trembled.

“There was no one to help. Footsteps at night meant abuse. I had to endure foul-smelling, drunken men who paid Antonio for a few minutes of my life. I was trapped. The beauty I had once seen in the sanctuary felt powerless to reach me. I felt betrayed, crushed. My will to live drained away. I was a carpet for others to trample on.”

Tears streamed down her cheeks.

“I cried out to God, but there was only silence. My belief in goodness was shattered. I stood alone in a sea of people. I begged Heaven for help, but it felt empty. God might as well not have existed.”

She wiped her tears, speaking now as though reliving the past.

“I reached inside myself and found only a bottomless pit. My life felt meaningless. I thought of ending it. But I had no way out. Antonio controlled everything. I never want to return to that hell.”

Kellie embraced her, tears in her own eyes.

“Sam,” she whispered, “God has given you a rare insight into His own heart. You tasted the loneliness He felt before creation — the emptiness of being alone in the universe with no one to comfort Him. He longed for someone to reach out to Him, just as you longed for someone to reach out to you.”

She continued softly:

“He felt every one of your tears. Each cry pierced Him like a knife. He allowed it — not because He didn’t care, but because you are precious to Him. Incredibly dear. If creating the entire universe was the only way to show you the emptiness He once endured, He would have done it for you alone.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Kellie's voice grew tender.

"Our existence gives Him meaning. A purpose. Someone to love. Someone to share His life with."

Sam whispered, "Do you think He let me go through all that... to bring me closer to Him?"

Chapter 117 — Rewritten

He Delights in You

Kellie nodded thoughtfully.

"Experiences like yours can drive a person away from God. Many people live close to Him yet never understand Him — His pain, His longing, His reasons for creating us. But He gave you something rare. He brought you into His inner chambers and let you feel His emotions. That is an act of trust. Of intimacy. Of joy."

She touched Sam's hand.

"He delights in you. He loves all people, but He does not delight in all of them. For Him to invest so much in you... There must be something extraordinary about you."

Sam shook her head. "I don't feel special. I'm not into praise and worship. Sometimes I struggle to go to church. Yet something inside me keeps pulling me toward God. I find church boring and uninspiring."

Kellie laughed. "I feel the same about temple duties."

Sam laughed too. "Good. I'm glad it's not just me."

Kellie continued:

"Life reveals who we truly are. Maybe God wants to show that some people would choose goodness even if He did not exist, while others would choose selfishness no matter what. Perhaps He created us to find those He wants to

What is Heaven and Hell like

spend eternity with. If so, He has prepared good works for us — works that shape us for the life to come.”

She paused.

“Sometimes those works involve pain. Suffering. Hardship. But they refine, purify, and mature us. They mould us into beings fit to dwell with Him forever.”

Sam nodded slowly.

“So you’re saying He allowed these hardships to strengthen us — to teach us to stand on our own feet, to grow into His image and character?”

“Yes,” Kellie said softly.

“Thank you,” Sam whispered. “I understand.”

Chapter 118 — Rewritten

Tenzin and Stefan’s Visit

Stefan sat in the sanctuary beside Kwan-Yin and a newly arrived soul. Tenzin approached, and they greeted one another warmly.

“Brother Stefan,” Tenzin said, “I need to speak with you.”

Stefan rose. “Come — let’s walk toward the orchard.”

As they walked, Stefan asked, “What brings you here?”

“We must go down to Earth,” Tenzin replied. “I want to see how Sam is doing.”

Stefan sighed. “I dislike going there... but for Sam, I will come.”

They travelled through the tunnel and emerged in Sam’s garden. The children had left the gate open. Two rabbits hopped freely on the grass while the neighbour’s cat crouched nearby, ready to pounce.

Tenzin clapped sharply. The cat bolted.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“That’s the fourth time in two months,” he muttered. “The children must learn. Next time, the rabbit may not be so fortunate.”

Stefan asked, “How long has it been since Sam left the sanctuary?”

“Fourteen years,” Tenzin replied. “She married and has two beautiful children. They’ve grown up in the church. She teaches Sunday school now.”

Stefan hesitated, then whispered, “Kwan-Yin told me Sam suffered terribly when she returned. Antonio beat her often. Nearly killed her once. She cried out to you for help. And you... did nothing.”

Tenzin’s face darkened with sorrow.

“I heard every prayer. I saw every bruise. Every cry is written in my book.”

Stefan scoffed. “Writing her prayers in your book didn’t help her. What comfort was that?”

“I agree,” Tenzin said quietly. “Sam is like a daughter to me. I recited her prayers to the Master. I begged Him to intervene. I wept before Him. But He remained steadfast.”

“Why?” Stefan demanded. “He promised to protect her. To safeguard her. Yet He allowed her to suffer. He ignored her pleas. That violates everything we teach. It undermines trust. It makes me angry at Him.”

Tenzin sighed.

“The Master said the finest gold must be refined in the hottest flames. He had a purpose I could not understand. I asked to be reassigned — I could not bear to hear her cries. They sent me elsewhere, but I missed her. I worried constantly. Eventually, I begged to be reassigned to her again.”

Chapter 119 — Rewritten

God’s Purpose in Allowing Pain and Suffering

Stefan folded his arms, studying Tenzin with a mixture of curiosity and frustration.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“The Master has a personal interest in Sam,” he said. “Perhaps He was testing and refining both your love for her and His own. Perhaps He was killing two birds with one stone.” He added quietly, quoting KATHY COCHRANE’S TENET 2: “HIS LOSS, HIS PAIN, WOULD HAVE BEEN GREATER THAN HERS. SHE IS OF GREATER VALUE TO THE MASTER THAN HE IS TO HER.”

Tenzin gave a weary smile.

“Maybe. But it was one of the worst experiences of my existence. I never knew love could hurt so deeply or demand such a high price. The greater the love, the greater the pain.”

“So the Master DID have a purpose in allowing it?”

“Maybe,” Tenzin repeated softly.

Stefan’s eyes narrowed. “Did you have a hand in Antonio’s death? Did you use that moment to free Sam from his grip?”

“Brother Stefan,” Tenzin replied gently, “you know better. We are not permitted to do such things.”

“But you DID have something to do with her freedom?”

Tenzin sighed. “Let us say Antonio’s greed led him to his own destruction.”

“And Kellie?” Stefan pressed. “Did you lead her into Sam’s life?”

“No,” Tenzin said. “That was the Master’s doing. But I did arrange for Kellie and Sam to cross paths with their partners. That part was mine.”

Stefan shook his head and let out a dry, humourless laugh.

“Tenzin... what else have you done?”

Tenzin only smiled, the kind of smile that held both secrets and sorrow.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 120 — Rewritten

Surrounded by a Shield

Tenzin looked steadily at Stefan.

“I prevented a severe car accident that would have badly injured Sam and her children. More than once, I stopped thieves from robbing their stall. Once, I saved Sam and Lee from being mugged.

“I intervened in the serious matters,” he continued, “but allowed the small ones to unfold. Minor troubles teach caution. They sharpen wisdom.”

“Do they know you intervene?” Stefan asked.

“Sam senses it,” Tenzin replied. “But the family does not.”

“Why does the Master favour her?”

“Perhaps,” Tenzin said softly, “the Master believes she has what it takes to
EMPTY THE OCEAN WITH THE PALM OF HER HAND. Very rarely is one born with such a gift.”

“Then she must be one of those rare, prime, perfect, almost magical people,” Stefan murmured. [SU-ANNE’S TENET 3 — PRIME, PERFECT, MAGICAL SQUARES]

As they spoke, the four children burst into the garden, laughing as they chased one another across the grass.

Tenzin smiled. “Happy children are the most beautiful sight and sound in the universe — more beautiful than the finest choir of the greatest angels.”

Stefan’s expression darkened.

“I agree, Tenzin... but this is not the only sound on Earth. What of the children who scream in pain as they are beaten black and blue? Those who hide under their beds, trembling at the footsteps of a drunken parent? Those who cry, ‘Why does God allow this evil?’ Or the helpless terror of a farm animal as its throat is about to be slit? I hate this place.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin bowed his head.

“Brother Stefan, I have no answer for such evil. You and I know only this: it is left to the Master — and to us — to make them whole in the Sanctuary.”

TO MAKE SOMEONE WHOLE MEANS TO:

- Restore them to a sound, healthy, or favourable condition.
- Heal physical or psychological wounds.
- Provide restitution for losses endured.

Chapter 121 — Rewritten

Anointed Priestess

“I know,” Tenzin said gently. “And the Master understands. Suffering has its place in life. It is temporary — though to those on Earth it feels like a lifetime. I dislike this world as well, but it produces some of the most compassionate, thoughtful, unselfish beings in the universe. And we are witnessing the formation of one such soul.”

“Were you assigned to Kellie, too?” Stefan asked.

“From the beginning,” Tenzin replied. “Even before she was born. A delightful child of God. She is easy to care for — a joy, truly.”

“Is her name written in the Master Book?”

“Yes. Sam is preordained for the Sacred City. Her name appears on the door of the holiest of the holy. She is destined for greatness — an anointed priestess for her people in the Eternal City.”

Stefan raised an eyebrow. “I see no greatness in her yet.”

Tenzin laughed. “I saw no greatness in you when you lived in the forest with that band of rebels. You stank most of the time.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Stefan looked offended. “Yes, but I changed. I left them. The monks taught me the ways of the Master.”

After a moment, Tenzin said, “The Master has plans for Sam. When her spirit — her Atman — awakens fully and is invigorated by the Holy Spirit, she will run the race like one determined to win. I see her on the Day of Judgement, standing in the full stature of Christ. She has the rare ability to empty the ocean with the palm of her hand.”

“And Kellie?” Stefan asked.

“Kellie has followed the Master’s ways since childhood. There is a core of strength in her — uncommon, steady, instinctive. She grasps the Master’s ways instantly.”

“How so?” Stefan asked.

Chapter 122 — Rewritten

Goodness and Faith

“Kellie has insight into the Holy Books,” Tenzin explained. “Most people pray for what they want. Not her. She reads the Scriptures and meditates on them.

“Each morning she stands before her shrine and plans the day with the Lord God, asking that each day teach her something new. Each night, she brings the day’s events before Him, seeking guidance and learning to amend her ways.

“She is eager to grow. The Lord delights in her willingness to be transformed. And I see the fruit of that transformation — love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith.”

Stefan shook his head. “I still see no greatness.”

“That is because you judge by Earth’s standards,” Tenzin replied. “What does the Master say? ‘AS FOR MAN, HIS DAYS ARE AS GRASS; AS A FIELD

What is Heaven and Hell like

FLOWER, THE WIND BLOWS ON IT, AND IT IS GONE.’ Time is against them on Earth. But time is on our side. She will join us one day.”

Stefan asked, “What does the Master mean when He says their lives are meant to be imperfect, but when perfection comes — in the sanctuary — their imperfections will be perfected?”

“What does your experience teach you?” Tenzin asked.

“I am a young disciple,” Stefan said. “Such things are beyond me. I am a simple monk. Let us change the subject. Why do most people have no one assigned to them?”

“Free will,” Tenzin answered. “We need their consent at every stage. Most humans choose to live without our help. They are like caterpillars — believing in only one life. But evolution has a surprise for caterpillars... and for humankind.”

He turned toward the tunnel.

“Come. We have another task. It is time to return to the sanctuary.”

Chapter 123 — Rewritten

The Orphans

Tenzin and Stefan walked slowly through the orchard, the sanctuary’s soft light filtering through the branches. Tenzin paused.

“I must see the Master,” he said. “I won’t be long. Can you prepare the two young orphans — Daniel and Sofia? The Master wants us to take them to visit their human families when I return.”

Stefan nodded. “May I ask why?”

“It is part of their education,” Tenzin replied.

What is Heaven and Hell like

A few moments later, he returned. Stefan had the children ready. They stood a few feet apart, both nervous, both unsure.

“Come,” Tenzin said gently. “We will see how your families are doing.”

They stepped through the tunnel and emerged on Earth, outside a quiet suburban home.

Daniel’s face lit up. “That’s my parents’ house,” he said, pointing to the neat semi-detached building. “I love coming here.”

Sofia’s expression darkened. “I don’t like coming to this lower Earth,” she muttered.

Daniel turned to her, concerned. “Then why did you come?”

“It was Tenzin’s idea,” she said. “I didn’t want to say no. Why did YOU come?”

Daniel smiled softly. “I like to see how my family is doing. It feels good to be near people I love. Tenzin says we learn a great deal by watching life on Earth. Everything here struggles — to live, to survive.”

Sofia’s voice sharpened, a dangerous purr beneath her words. “I don’t like humans. They are intelligent, yes — but mean. Cruel. Arrogant. Selfish. A disgrace to the Universe.

“They wage wars. They enslave animals, steal the milk meant for newborns, and slaughter the creatures who served them. They strip the planet of its resources without thought. What good do you see in them?”

Daniel stepped back, startled by the intensity of her anger.

“There are contradictions,” he said carefully. “Some humans are compassionate. Others are ruthless. Many refuse to harm animals on moral grounds. We do not see such evil in the sanctuary — but Tenzin says witnessing it helps us understand the darkness within ourselves, and appreciate the Elders’ guidance.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Sofia shook her head. “The presence of humans casts an evil shadow over the Universe. Someone will have to deal with this selfish, arrogant species.”

Daniel considered her words, then answered softly, “I disagree. Humans have incredible potential to fill the Universe with joy.”

“You don’t understand,” Sofia whispered, her voice trembling. “My parents aborted me. I was an inconvenience. A nuisance. They harvested my organs for their own future medical needs. Show me another species that kills its offspring and harvests their bodies. Oh, how I hate them.”

Daniel’s heart ached. He reached out and embraced her.

“I’m so sorry, Sofia. What they did was terrible. But you cannot carry this hatred forever. It will destroy you from within. Ask Tenzin to help you overcome it.”

They stood in silence for a long moment.

Finally, Sofia spoke, tears in her eyes. “Tenzin is wise. This place helps us grow in understanding. Earth teaches us goodness, kindness, sacrifice — and the evils of greed and selfishness.”

“Everything Tenzin does has a purpose,” Daniel agreed. “It helps us grow.”

Sofia wiped her eyes. “What do your earthly parents do?”

“They own a restaurant,” Daniel said. “They work hard. They have two other children — my brother and sister.”

“What are they like?”

“Naughty sometimes,” he laughed, “but mostly kind. Every other Monday, my parents take food to the homeless shelter. My brother and sister help serve. They’re good children.”

“What brought you to the sanctuary?”

“I was five when I caught meningitis. The doctors couldn’t save me.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Sofia lowered her gaze. “My parents didn’t want me. I was their third child. They said I would interfere with their business plans.”

Daniel hugged her again. “I’m so sorry. That must hurt deeply. But we are your family now. Tenzin is our spiritual father. We belong to him — and to each other.”

Sofia began to cry.

Chapter 124 — Rewritten

Charitable Deeds

Daniel looked at her gently. “There is something deeper haunting you.”

Sofia nodded. “I know some people choose abortion because of terrible circumstances. Sam and Kwan-Yin were forced into prostitution. They had abortions, too. Tenzin says people can make amends in the sanctuary — they can be reconciled with their children and heal broken relationships.”

“Then, is there hope you could be reconciled with your parents?” Daniel asked.

Sofia’s face hardened. “I don’t want to.”

“That’s strange,” Daniel murmured.

“You don’t know my parents or my brothers,” she said sharply.

“I don’t understand.”

“I chose not to be connected to them. I am ashamed of them.”

They stood quietly for a moment.

“Why?” Daniel asked softly.

Sofia’s eyes flashed. “They are materialistic, self-centred people. They crave bigger houses, better cars, and more holidays. They never have enough. They don’t think like your parents, who care for the poor. My parents step on others to climb higher. My brothers bully at school to get their way.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Perhaps they can change,” Daniel suggested.

“I doubt it,” Sofia replied. “They pretend to be good. They attend charity events, write cheques, and enjoy being praised. But it’s an act. They won’t dirty their hands feeding people without homes. They won’t cook in shelters or welcome people experiencing poverty into their home.

“Your parents are genuine. Honest. Salt of the earth.”

Daniel looked down. “There is no room in the sanctuary for self-centred people. I see why Tenzin brings us here. Earth is unpleasant — but necessary. The best training ground for separating the compassionate from the selfish.”

Sofia asked, “Do you think your parents miss you?”

Daniel nodded. “I know they do. They cried for a long time. Every year on my birthday, they light a candle in front of my picture. I try to be with them then. If Tenzin or Stefan is free, they escort me.”

“Do they sense you?”

“Sometimes. I see tears in their eyes. I feel their love. They believe in the afterlife, though they don’t know about the sanctuary. But they trust I’m cared for — and that we’ll be together again.”

“You have good parents,” Sofia whispered.

“Tenzin says they will join us one day. Families are central to the cosmos — to God’s greater plan.”

“I don’t have a human family,” Sofia sobbed.

“Please don’t cry,” Daniel said, embracing her. “We are your family. A spiritual family lasts forever. When my parents and siblings join us, they will love you too. We will be one family — brought together by spiritual fathers like Tenzin and Stefan.”

The two children walked back to Tenzin and Stefan and took their hands.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin looked at them tenderly.

“Life on Earth is a test,” he said. “A test of what people value when given free will. Are they godly? Divine? Or merely children of evolution — animals?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 125 — Rewritten

“Mum, what is Heaven like?”

Christos was ten, Maria eight — two bright-eyed children still discovering the world. One warm Saturday morning, Maria tugged at her mother’s sleeve.

“Mum... what happens when people die?”

Sam looked at her gently. “Why do you ask, my love?”

Maria hesitated. “My friend’s grandfather died yesterday. She said her mother was glad... because he was a bad man. She said bad people go to a place called Hell. Is that true?”

Sam paused, weighing her words. “I’ll answer that soon. But first, let’s go shopping. I want to show you something.”

They walked to the local supermarket. “Children,” Sam said, “choose one tin of fruit each.”

“Any tin?” Christos asked.

“Yes. Just one.”

They each picked their favourite tin and walked home. On the way, Sam said, “This is your homework. When we get home, open your tin. Look at the fruit — its colour, shape, taste — and write down what you discover.”

“Okay, Mum,” they chimed.

At the kitchen table, Sam opened a tin of pears.

“Who chose this one?”

“Me,” Christos said proudly.

She handed it to him, then opened Maria’s tin of mixed fruit.

“Yours, Maria?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Yes, Mum.”

Sam gave them each a plate, fork, pen, and paper.

“Describe what you see. Then taste it. Is it firm or soft? Bitter or sweet? Write everything down. Maria, you have mixed fruit — so you’ll need to work a little harder.”

When they finished, Sam drove them to a friend’s orchard.

“Now,” she said, “let’s see if you can find the fruit you tasted growing on the trees.”

Christos ran ahead. “Mum! I found my pear tree!”

He pointed proudly at a Comice pear tree.

“Are you sure it’s the same pear?” Sam asked.

“Yes, Mum!” he said confidently.

“Let’s test it.” She cut a slice and handed it to him.

He tasted it, puzzled. “It doesn’t taste like the pear in my tin. This one is sweet and juicy.”

Sam led him to a Beth pear tree, then to a Conference pear tree. Christos tasted each one, frowning thoughtfully.

“This one is closer,” he said of the Conference pear. “But it’s still not the same.”

Maria soon returned, breathless. “Mum, I found apple trees, cherry trees, and grapevines!”

Sam guided them from tree to tree, letting them taste everything.

“Well, Maria?” she asked. “Do any match your tin?”

Maria shook her head. “No, Mum. None of them taste the same.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Sam led them deeper into the orchard, where caterpillars crawled beneath the leaves.

“See these?” she said softly. “One day, they’ll weave cocoons. And then — they’ll emerge as butterflies. Evolution transforms them into something entirely new.”

They sat on the soft grass.

“In the same way,” Sam continued, “God transforms us when we die. Some call it Heaven.”

Maria leaned against her. “Mum... what is Heaven like?”

Sam smiled.

“Living on Earth is like living in a small house with a tiny garden — and eating only tinned fruit. You think you know apples, pears, cherries... but you’ve only tasted a shadow of the real thing.

“When we die, we go to a place I call the sanctuary — full of wonders, full of new experiences. It’s like stepping out of our little home and into this orchard. Suddenly, everything is richer, fuller, more alive.”

A few yards away, unseen by them, Tenzin stood beneath a tree, smiling.

“I am glad Sam has finally found happiness,” he whispered. “Thank You, my Lord.”

Chapter 126 — Rewritten

Hold On to Eternal Life

As they walked through the sanctuary, Stefan turned to Tenzin.

“Tenzin... who — or what — is the Master?”

“Some say He is the Son of God,” Tenzin replied. “Others call Him the promised Messiah, a great prophet. Many Hindus see Him as Lord Krishna.”

“And what do YOU believe?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I asked Him once,” Tenzin said softly, “and He told me to call Him Elder Brother.”

Stefan looked around the sanctuary. “You care for this place... but how did it come into being?”

“The Master and I built it,” Tenzin said. “Particle by particle. Each one made, named, and accounted for. This sanctuary is still in its early stages. There is much reconciliation, restoration, and healing ahead.”

“Where did the knowledge come from? The ability?”

“It is a gift of God,” Tenzin answered. “Offered to all, but only those who enter the contest and endure the test are deemed worthy. It is the most demanding race in the universe. Many begin it; few finish. The race separates the weak in spirit from the strong. Those who overcome receive their inheritance in God.

“I met the requirements. So the Master and the indwelling Holy Spirit — the Atman — taught me to use God’s creative power to build and uphold this patch. God sustains it. I am only a vessel.”

“The sanctuary was built in six days — or rather, six stages.”

“How?” Stefan asked.

“The first stage was moral,” Tenzin said. “The Master taught me that all creation must have purpose. Builder and creation must share a covenant — a duty of care, obligations on both sides. The core principle is simple: NOTHING IN THE UNIVERSE THRIVES AT THE EXPENSE OF ANOTHER. Everything else flows from that.”

“What does that mean?” Stefan asked.

“That,” Tenzin said with a smile, “is for another day.”

Stefan pointed at the hills. “You created all this under the Master’s guidance?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Yes. Atom by atom. Cell by cell. Leaf by leaf. Each one made, named, and accounted for.”

“How do you do it?”

Tenzin laughed. “It takes immense training — and a refined spiritual,-moral character — to harness the power of the Supreme Lord of Lords. The gift is offered to all, but only a handful are willing to undergo the training.”

“So what is your role here?” Stefan asked.

Chapter 127 — Rewritten

Sit on His Right-Hand Side

“My role,” Tenzin said, “is to learn, to grow, and to become like the Master. Even He is still learning. One day, as the Scriptures say, He will sit at the right hand of God forever.”

Stefan asked, “Will YOU sit at His right hand?”

Tenzin shook his head. “I have no desire for that. I do what I do because I love it. It is my joy.”

“Perhaps the Master is preparing you,” Stefan said, “to return to Earth with Him — to rule for a thousand years.”

“Maybe,” Tenzin replied. “But I have no desire for that either.”

“He may insist.”

“Why?”

“Because I cannot think of anyone more suited.”

Tenzin laughed softly. “That sounds like too much work. I am happy here. This is my home.”

“Our home,” Stefan corrected.

“Yes,” Tenzin said warmly. “Our home.”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Stefan stared at the ground.

“What troubles you, Brother Stefan?” Tenzin asked.

“We live in a multi-dimensional universe,” Stefan murmured. “Perhaps this is only one of those dimensions.”

“That may be,” Tenzin said. “But this is our reality.”

His gaze drifted toward the distant hills. He remembered the words of the Holy Spirit:

TENZIN, YOU HAVE RECEIVED THE MIND OF CHRIST — THE MIND OF BRAHMAN — TO HELP YOU ACCOUNT FOR EVERY LEAF, EVERY TREE, EVERY SOUL HERE. USE IT WISELY. WHEN THE MASTER RETURNS, HE WANTS YOU TO GO WITH HIM.

Tenzin had answered, “My Lord, it is a huge task.”

USE YOUR TIME WISELY. YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER NEEDS YOU. ALL WERE INVITED, BUT ONLY A HANDFUL RESPONDED. THEIR BIRTHRIGHT WAS CHOSEN BEFORE THE FOUNDATIONS OF EARTH — BUT MOST SOLD THEIR BIRTHRIGHT.

“My Lord,” Tenzin had said, “there is still time. My words will awaken others. I need your help.”

And the Spirit had whispered:

Hari’s Tenet 5 — Ultimately, all that matters is how we love and are loved.

What is Heaven and Hell like

Chapter 128 — Rewritten

Tenzin at the Throne of God — “On You I Was Cast From Birth”

Tenzin’s voice was soft, almost prayerful.

“Thou art my God forever and ever. You have been my God since my mother bore me — and before that, when I was but an essence in Your Book of Life. And before that still, from the beginning, when I first came into being in Your thought.”

He returned to the sanctuary from his visit to the Lord. Stefan was waiting for him beneath the orchard trees.

“How was your trip?” Stefan asked.

“It was good,” Tenzin replied.

Stefan hesitated. “Tenzin... may I ask you something personal?”

“You may.”

“Why do you devote yourself to helping people here? You could go anywhere in the universe.”

Tenzin lowered his gaze. “It’s a long story. I don’t like speaking about myself.”

Stefan’s voice softened. “I love you as a brother. I respect you. I only want to understand you better. I don’t mean to intrude.”

Tenzin nodded. “Come. Let us sit in the shade.”

They walked to the great tree by the lake. The water lay still as glass, reflecting the mountains and the lush green forest beyond. They sat together, the quiet of the sanctuary wrapping around them like a cloak.

Tenzin began slowly.

What is Heaven and Hell like

“I was four years old. We had travelled from Africa to a small village in India where my grandparents lived. I spent my days playing in the streets with the other children. One afternoon, I came home for lunch. In the courtyard, my mother had placed a bed against the wall. It seemed odd, so I went to see if it was broken.

“As I looked behind it, I saw a tiny dog wedged between the bed and the wall, giving birth. The female dog was thin, her ribs showing. She looked at me with the saddest, loneliest brown eyes I had ever seen.

“I watched her deliver three puppies. She licked them clean, trembling with exhaustion. And then...” He paused, tears gathering in his eyes.

Stefan leaned forward. “You don’t have to continue.”

“No,” Tenzin whispered, wiping his tears. “It’s alright.”

He took a breath.

“The mother picked up her firstborn puppy... and ate it. I was horrified. I ran into the house, crying.

“My mother lifted me onto the kitchen table and held me. I told her what I had seen. She said, ‘The poor mother is alone. She has no one to help her. She did what she had to do to survive — to give her other two puppies a chance at life. That is life, Son.’ Then she gave me food to take to the mother.”

Tenzin’s eyes drifted across the lake, remembering.

“That moment changed everything for me — my understanding of life, of God, of purpose. I asked myself, ‘How could God make such a world?’ That night, I couldn’t sleep. A small sound woke me. I opened my eyes... and saw the Master sitting at the end of my bed.

“Even at that age, I knew who He was.

“Sire,’ I said, ‘if this is all life is, I don’t want to live in it.’”

What is Heaven and Hell like

Tenzin's voice softened.

"He came to me, sat beside me, and kissed my forehead. He said, 'Help us, little brother, to make a better world. One day, in the fullness of time, we will make a New World — where the lion and the lamb will eat straw together, and children will play beside them—a world with no more tears.

"Come. Follow our steps. Help us make a better world.'"

The lake shimmered in the sanctuary light. Stefan sat quietly beside him, understanding at last the depth of the calling that shaped Tenzin's life.

The end

Closing Prayer

A Prayer for the Journey Ahead

O Eternal Father, Source of all breath, all light, all becoming— teach us to walk gently in the worlds You have made.

Where there is sorrow, let us sow compassion. Where there is darkness, let us kindle hope. Where there is brokenness, let us be instruments of healing.

Grant us the courage to face the shadows within ourselves, the humility to learn from every creature great and small, and the wisdom to see Your fingerprints in every atom, every tear, every moment of grace.

Lead us into the sanctuary of Your heart, where all things are made whole, where love is the law, and where every soul finds its true home.

Until the day when the lion and the lamb lie down together in peace, keep us faithful, keep us tender, and keep us close to You.

Amen.

Reflection from Sam

What She Learned at the End of Her Journey

What is Heaven and Hell like

Sometimes, when the children are asleep and the house is quiet, I sit by the window and think of the sanctuary.

I remember the orchard, the river, the soft light that never hurt the eyes. I remember Tenzin's voice — calm, steady, patient — and the Master's presence, which felt like standing in the heart of a sunrise.

For years, I thought my suffering had broken me. But now I see it shaped me. It carved out a space inside me large enough to hold compassion for others.

I used to wonder why God allowed pain. Now I understand: He does not delight in it, but He uses it to awaken us — to teach us to love, to teach us to see, to teach us to become more than we were.

I am not the frightened girl I once was. I am a mother, a friend, a servant of the Light. And though I walk on Earth, a part of me still lives in the sanctuary — still learning, still growing, still listening for the voice that once said:

“HELP US MAKE A BETTER WORLD.”

Final Scene in the Sanctuary

A Quiet Moment Before the Next Beginning

The sanctuary lay bathed in a soft golden glow. The lake shimmered like a mirror of Heaven. Tenzin stood beneath the great tree, watching the children — Daniel, Sofia, and the others — chase each other across the grass.

Stefan approached quietly.

“Brother,” he said, “you look deep in thought.”

Tenzin smiled. “I am thinking of the future.”

“Yours? Or theirs?”

What is Heaven and Hell like

“Both,” Tenzin replied. “The Master says the next age is drawing near. There will be much work to do — reconciliation, restoration, the gathering of families across time.”

Stefan looked toward the hills. “Do you think Sam will return?”

Tenzin’s eyes softened. “She will when her journey is complete, when her heart is ready. When the Master calls.”

A gentle wind stirred the leaves. The sanctuary seemed to breathe.

“Come,” Tenzin said. “Let us prepare. The story is not over.”

And the two walked toward the orchard, their shadows stretching long across the grass as the light of the sanctuary deepened around them.

Teaser for a Sequel

The Awakening of the Nine

Far beyond the sanctuary, in a realm where time folds like a ribbon, a book stirred.

Its pages glowed with nine names — names written before the foundations of the Earth, names chosen for a purpose not yet revealed.

A voice — ancient, gentle, powerful — whispered across the cosmos:

“THE HOUR APPROACHES. AWAKEN THE NINE. THE NEXT CHAPTER BEGINS.”

In the sanctuary, Tenzin paused mid-step. He felt the tremor ripple through creation. Stefan felt it too. Even the children looked up, sensing a shift in the air.

Somewhere on Earth, Sam woke from a dream she could not remember but could not forget.

And in the quiet between worlds, the Master smiled.

The journey was only beginning.

What is Heaven and Hell like