



WE HAD A DREAM.


Auroville. India.

Of course I miss it.




But we had to  
leave, you know.




A detailed oil painting of a tropical jungle scene. In the foreground, a stone ledge holds a dark, empty cup. To the right, a potted plant with long, thin leaves sits on the ledge. The background is a dense, vibrant forest of various tropical plants and trees, with several small birds perched on thin branches in the upper half of the frame. The lighting is soft and dappled, suggesting dawn or dusk.

Sometimes I  
hear the birds  
at dawn.

Hundreds of them.

A close-up, high-contrast oil painting of a person's eyes. The eyes are dark and looking directly forward. The surrounding skin is rendered with heavy, textured brushstrokes in shades of grey and blue, giving it a somber and intense appearance.

Then I wake up.

An oil painting of a bedroom interior. A bed with a wooden headboard and a white, rumpled blanket is on the left. A window in the center shows a view of a city with snow-covered roofs. To the right, a wooden desk with a chair is visible. The room has a muted, greyish-blue color palette. The bottom of the painting features a dramatic, dripping paint effect that flows down the page.

Then I wake up.

We built the first forest-city on earth.



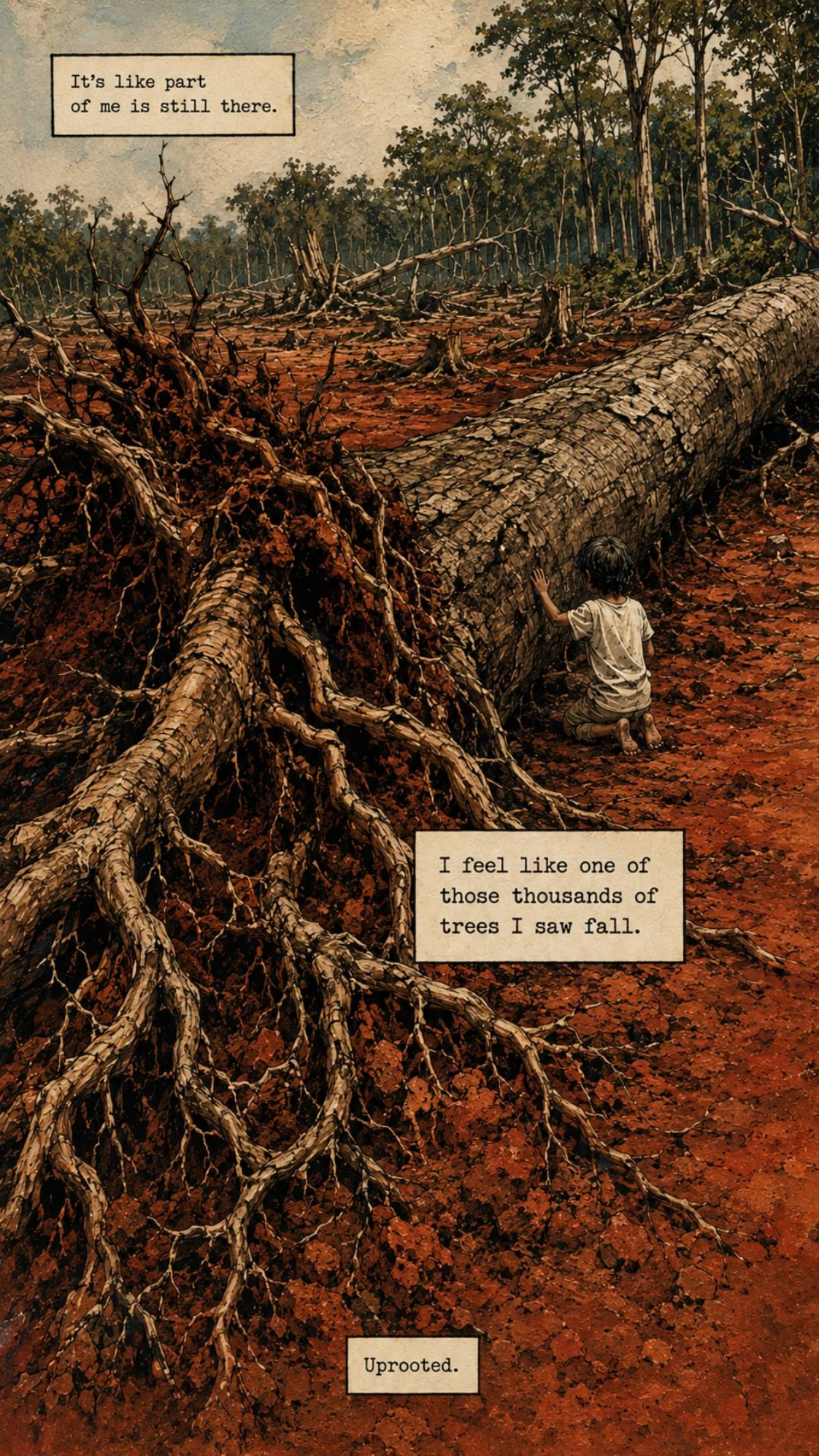
The city the earth needs.

A city ready for the climate crisis to come.



We call it the city of dawn.

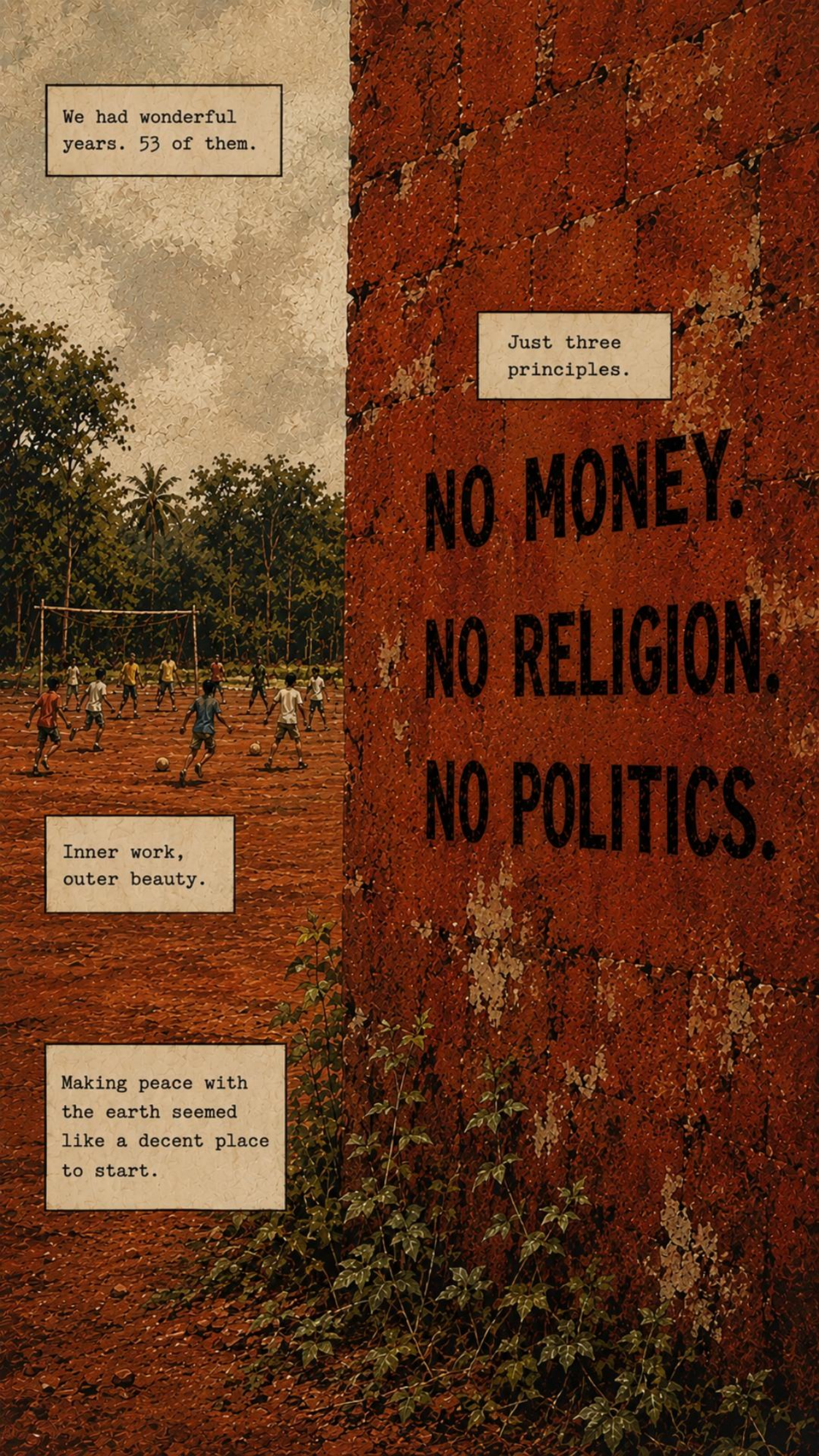
*I still love that name.*

A painting depicting a scene of environmental devastation. In the foreground, a massive, gnarled tree trunk lies horizontally on the ground, its roots exposed and sprawling across the reddish-brown earth. A small child, seen from behind, is kneeling on the ground, touching the bark of the fallen tree. The background shows a dense forest of tall, thin trees, many of which are also fallen or appear to be in the process of falling. The overall atmosphere is one of loss and melancholy.

It's like part  
of me is still there.

I feel like one of  
those thousands of  
trees I saw fall.

Uprooted.



We had wonderful  
years. 53 of them.

Just three  
principles.

**NO MONEY.  
NO RELIGION.  
NO POLITICS.**

Inner work,  
outer beauty.

Making peace with  
the earth seemed  
like a decent place  
to start.


~~NO~~ MONEY.

~~NO~~ RELIGION.

~~NO~~ POLITICS.

The government did not take no for an answer.






Back then, we still  
belonged to those dusty  
roads.

Coming home from school.


We didn't know what was coming.



We were continuing  
the work. Slowly,  
like always.

Auroville is an  
experience, not a  
business plan.

## MEANWHILE IN DELHI



We could use  
Auroville better.

They sent people to do the cleaning.



*“To live in Auroville,  
one must be a willing servitor.”*

— Dr. Jayanti Ravi  
Secretary, Auroville Foundation  
The Week, December 2025

December 4th, 2021. Midnight.

00:23

The phone rang.  
The Youth Center  
was calling.



They had come  
for the forest.

A night scene in a forest where a JCB excavator is clearing a path through trees. A group of people, some in military-style gear, are watching the machine. The scene is dimly lit, with the excavator's headlights illuminating the path and the surrounding trees. The ground is covered in dirt and debris from the cleared path.

Overnight, we had become  
invasive species.

That's where this story begins.

# TO BE CONTINUED.

Episode 1 coming soon.

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*For the love of human unity.*



I didn't think. I just left.

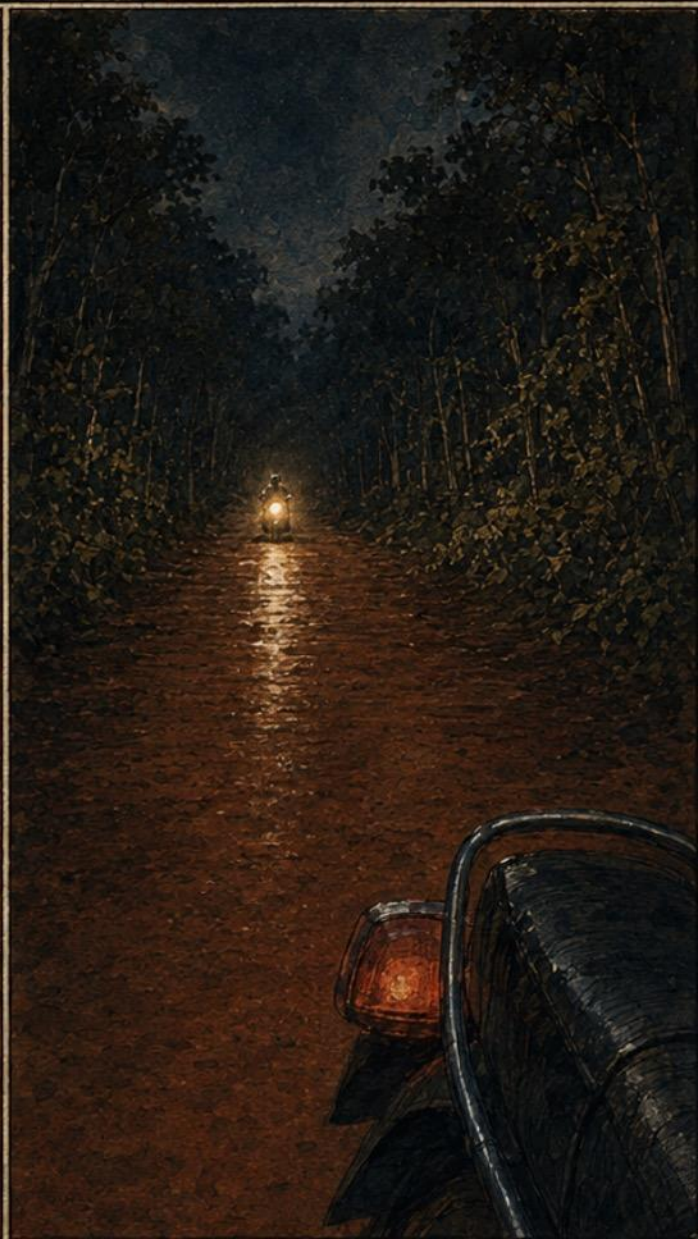


The first road was blocked.



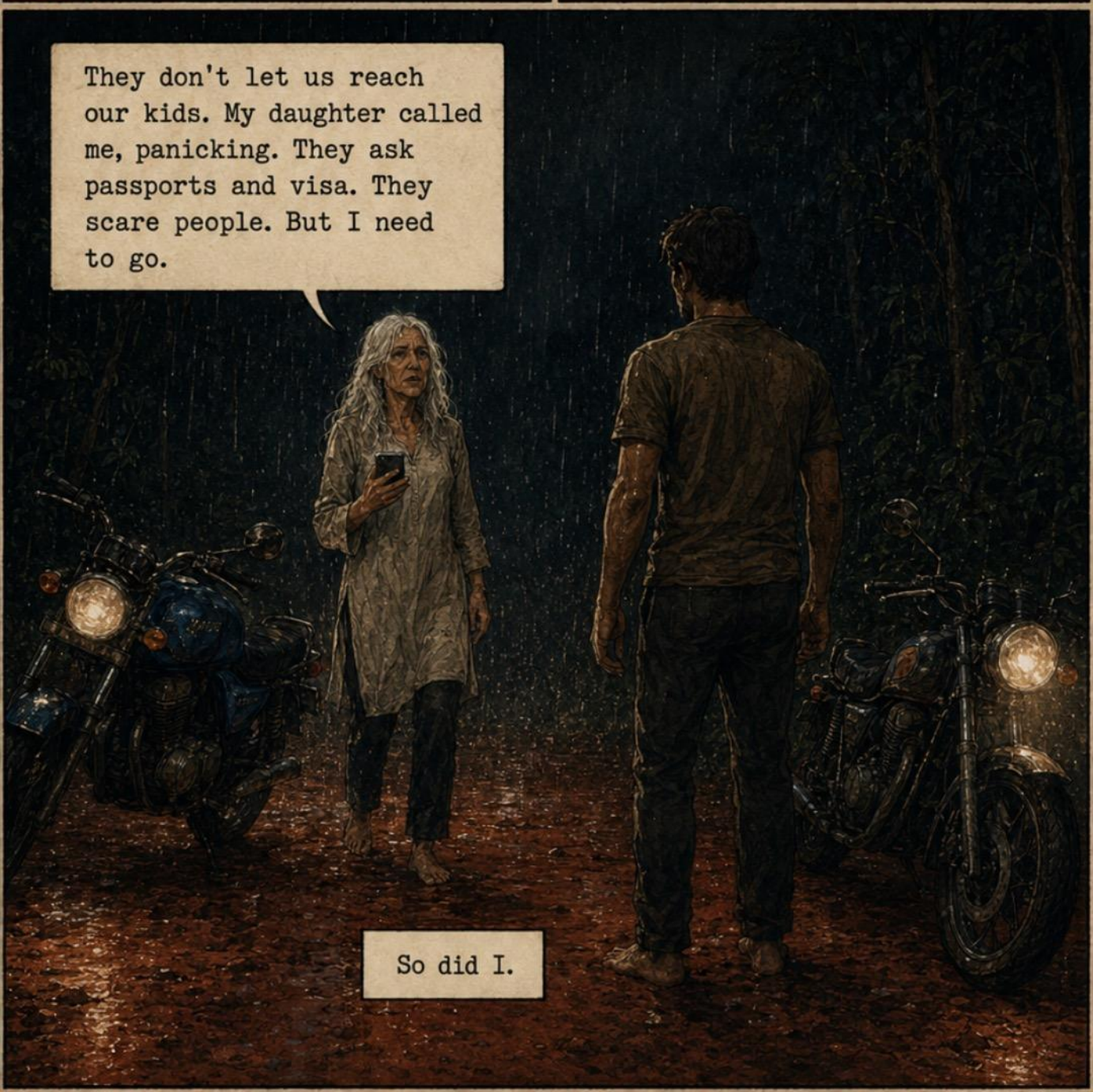


I tried another road. Same wall.






They don't let us reach our kids. My daughter called me, panicking. They ask passports and visa. They scare people. But I need to go.



So did I.

A dark, dense forest with two people walking away from the viewer towards a light source in the distance. The scene is dimly lit, with a path leading through the trees. In the distance, a vehicle with its headlights on is visible, illuminating the path. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and somber.

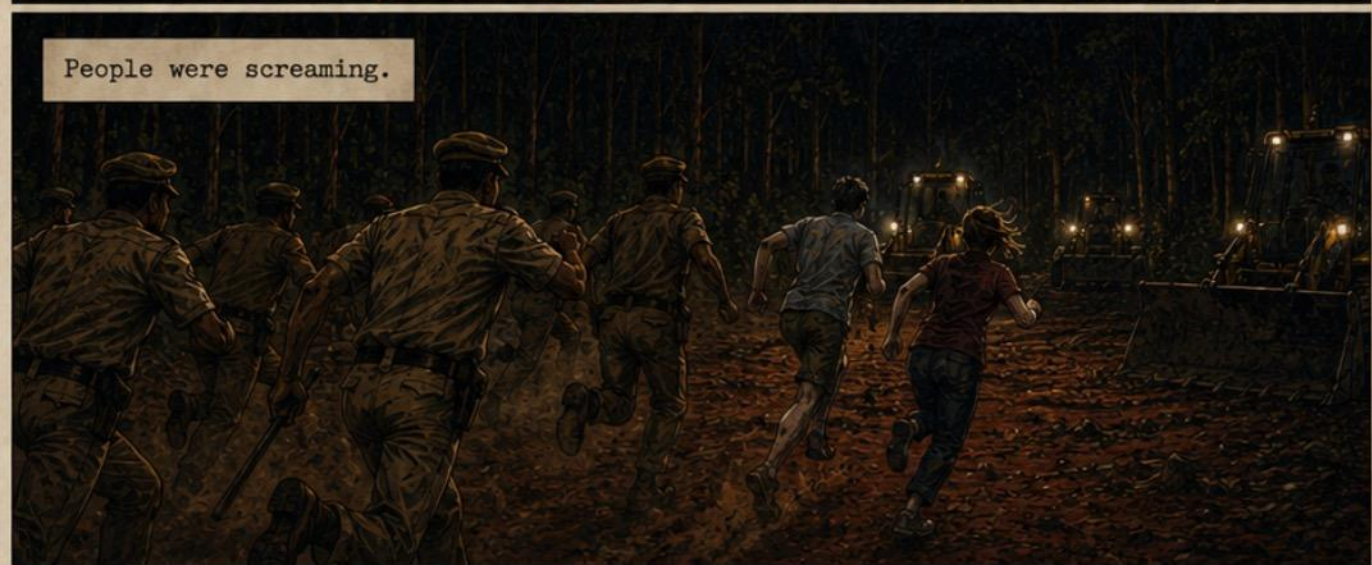
We left the bikes and  
tried to find a way  
through the forest.

Hundreds of policemen  
blocked all the roads.

We came out of  
the forest.



People were screaming.



Some residents were  
blocking the machines  
with their bodies.



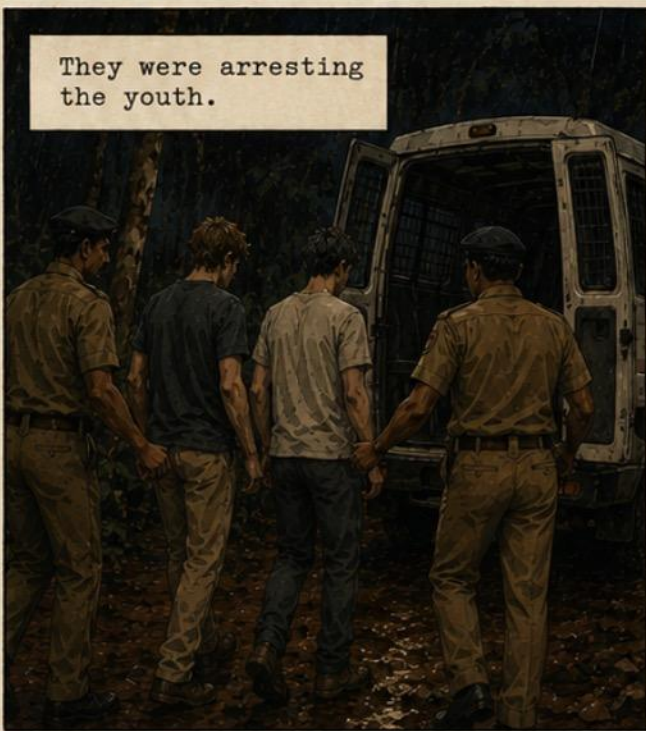
One of the drivers was  
completely drunk.



The police were everywhere.



They were arresting the youth.



We stood there, unable to move.



It was a nightmare.



suddenly they stopped.  
they made their point.  
they'd come the next morning  
to finish the job.



*Who destroys a forest  
in the middle of the night?*

I rode home in the dark.




I lay down for a moment.



Morning came.





The kids were eating  
their breakfast. It was  
meant to be a weekend  
like any other.

They still lived  
in the dream.

I had just entered  
the nightmare.

That was five years ago.

Just telling it again,  
my whole body tightens.

I become unable to  
wake up from this  
old grief.





*There should be somewhere on earth  
a place which no nation could claim  
as its own...*

TO BE CONTINUED.

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