

GOOD MORNING SHER SHERNIYO !
STARTING OUR DAILY RITUAL OF
STORY READING AGAIN FROM
TODAY

REMEMBER, EVERYDAY SHARP AT
7AM WE WILL BE POSTING A STORY
THAT YOU NEED TO READ
IF YOU LIKE THIS TRADITION KINDLY
REACT WITH A HEART

The Broken Promises of Vaibhav Swami

I. The Arrival of Hope

In a dusty, half-forgotten town by the river, life had always been heavy. Farmers bent their backs to the earth only to watch crops fail with each new drought. Shopkeepers sat behind counters waiting

for customers who rarely came. Widows held on to memories of husbands long gone, while children ran barefoot through narrow lanes, their laughter thin and hungry.

Into this weary world stepped a man who called himself *Vaibhav Swami*. He was no ordinary figure—draped in flowing robes, carrying beads that clicked softly as he spoke, his voice calm and persuasive. He told stories of God, of fate, of unseen powers that could mend broken lives.

And the people, tired of their own helplessness, clung to him.

They had seen many liars in their lives—politicians who promised jobs, traders who cheated with measures, even relatives who betrayed trust. But Vaibhav Swami was different. He looked into their

eyes as if he could see the hidden sorrows of their hearts. He listened patiently, nodding slowly, whispering that he understood. He spoke of serving humanity, of lifting burdens, of being a bridge between heaven and earth.

The villagers felt they had finally found someone who would not merely listen but act.

And so, they began to bring him what little they had.

A farmer offered a part of his harvest.

A widow removed the bangles from her wrist and placed them at his feet.

A shopkeeper contributed coins he had saved for his daughter's dowry.

Each gift was not just money — it was faith in flesh and blood.

II. The Price of Faith

Vaibhav Swami accepted everything with a serene smile. “Your troubles are mine,” he would say, pressing a hand to his chest. “Give, and you shall receive tenfold in blessings.”

The people believed. How could they not? In every corner of the world, faith asks for sacrifice. And sacrifice, they thought, would be rewarded.

But reward never came.

When the farmer’s crops failed again, he asked Swami for guidance. The reply was gentle but evasive: “My father is gravely ill. Until his soul is at peace, my powers are tied.”

When the widow's son was struck with fever, she came running for a healing ritual. Swami shook his head with sorrow: "I am entangled in family matters. Death hovers over my father like a shadow. Soon, I will act. Wait."

When the shopkeeper begged for blessings to protect his failing trade, Swami sighed: "My father may not survive this week. My prayers must remain with him."

And so, excuses became the rhythm of his speech, as regular as the rising sun. The villagers pitied him, believed him, even comforted him: "May your father recover, Swami. We will wait."

But the wait stretched into months, then years. His father, it seemed, was always dying—but never dead.

III. The Devotees' Suffering

The cost of their faith grew unbearable.

One farmer sold his oxen to pay for a ritual that never happened. Without oxen, his land turned to waste. He began working as a laborer on another man's field, his dignity broken.

A mother sold her daughter's wedding jewelry to fund an offering. When the marriage proposal collapsed for lack of dowry, the girl wept night after night, ashamed and angry.

A rickshaw-puller who earned by the sweat of his brow gave away his savings, believing Swami would cure his wife's illness. The wife died before the treatment could ever begin.

Each story was a wound, and together they formed a map of suffering that stretched across the entire town.

And yet, they still clung to Vaibhav Swami. For when hunger gnawed at their stomachs, when debts grew heavier, when children cried at night, they felt they had nowhere else to go. Only he promised answers, even if those answers never arrived.

IV. Amit's Last Hope

Among the many who turned to Vaibhav Swami, none believed as fiercely as *Amit*.

Amit was a man of simple means. He worked in a small printing shop, earning barely enough to feed his aging parents and two young daughters. His wife,

Meera, suffered from a heart condition that required surgery far beyond what his income could afford.

For years, Amit had fought alone—running from hospital to hospital, borrowing from relatives, working double shifts. Every time he thought he had gathered enough money, new bills appeared. The surgery seemed like a mountain he could never climb.

When he first heard of Vaibhav Swami, Amit's heart lit with desperate hope. The godman spoke so gently, promising divine intervention. "Do not fear," he told Amit. "Your wife will be healed. God will work through me."

Amit fell to his knees. For the first time in years, he wept—not in despair, but in

relief. He had finally found someone who could help.

He returned home that night and told Meera, “Hold on a little longer. Swami will save you.” His daughters, too young to understand, clapped with innocent joy.

But Swami asked for money—more money than Amit could imagine. “The ritual must be done with purity,” he said. “Without sacrifice, the gods will not listen.”

So Amit sold his small plot of land. He pawned his wife’s last piece of jewelry, the one she had begged him to keep. He even borrowed from moneylenders, signing papers that chained him with interest he could never repay.

All for Swami’s promised ritual.

But when the day came, Swami's voice trembled with excuses once more. "My father has taken a turn for the worse. I cannot do the ceremony now. Wait a little longer."

Amit's face drained of color. He pleaded, "Swami, my wife does not have time. Please, if not the full ritual, do something, anything!"

But Swami only closed his eyes and whispered, "Patience. God tests those He loves."

V. The Collapse

Weeks passed. Meera's health worsened. Amit returned again and again, begging, crying, even shouting. Each time, he was met with the same wall of excuses: the

father's illness, the family's burdens, the "right moment" not yet arrived.

Then, one winter morning, Meera took her last breath.

Amit sat beside her lifeless body, holding her hand, numb with grief. His daughters clung to him, wailing. And in that moment, the truth struck him harder than death itself: he had trusted the wrong man. His faith had not only cost him money—it had cost him the life of the woman he loved.

At the funeral, Amit's face was hollow. He said nothing. But in his silence, others began to whisper their own stories of betrayal. The farmer who lost his oxen. The widow who lost her ornaments. The rickshaw-puller who lost his wife.

Slowly, the veil lifted. The people began to see Vaibhav Swami not as a messenger of God, but as a thief in robes, hiding greed behind gentle words.

VI. The Reckoning of Faith

The cruelty of it all was unbearable—not merely that Swami had taken their wealth, but that he had stolen their last hopes, their final chances at relief. He had preyed on the weakest parts of their souls—the parts that still dared to believe in miracles.

Faith, once broken, leaves scars deeper than poverty. Hunger can be endured, debts can be repaid, but trust—once betrayed—does not return.

Some still argued, “Perhaps his father really was ill.” But others replied bitterly,

“His father may have been dying every day, but because of him, our families died in silence.”

And so the people turned away. The temple courtyard that once overflowed with followers grew empty. The godman’s voice, once strong, now echoed only against stone walls.

VII. The Lesson

The story of Vaibhav Swami spread far beyond the town. Some laughed at the foolishness of the devotees, calling them gullible. But those who lived it knew the truth: it was not foolishness but desperation that had led them there. When a man stands on the edge of despair, he will grasp even a blade if someone calls it salvation.

And Vaibhav Swami had sharpened that blade with lies.

Amit's daughters grew up without their mother. The farmer never recovered his land. The widow never replaced her bangles. But in their grief, they carried a new resolve: never again would they bow blindly before any man who clothed himself in godhood.

Final Words

The story of Vaibhav Swami is not merely about one man's deception but about the fragile thread of faith. Faith can heal, but in the wrong hands, it can destroy.

For the people who once called him savior, the lesson was carved in suffering: **a promise without action is not hope—it is cruelty. And when cruelty hides behind the mask of holiness, it leaves wounds deeper than any sword.**