

THE ASHVATTHA PROTOCOL

[/ WHEN MEMORY
BECOMES CODE /]

[/ AND GODS
RETURN /]



NIKHIL BAJAJ

Table of Contents

Author's Note	3
Chapter 1: Glitches in the Code	6

Author's Note

On Roots, Recursions, and the Risk of Writing

There's something profoundly humbling about staring at a blank page — cursor blinking like it knows your fears. I've faced many blinking cursors in my life, but they were always inside IDEs, terminal windows, or machine learning pipelines. They obeyed syntax. They followed logic. They didn't demand story.

And yet, here I am — not writing an algorithm, but a 500+ page novel that fuses Indian mythology with artificial intelligence, quantum recursion, lost mantras, and a tree that remembers everything.

Truthfully, I didn't set out to become an author. I've spent most of my adult life in the world of technology — writing code, designing architectures, breaking down complex systems, working hands-on with AI tools and platforms that are redefining how we think, learn, and even create.

I've watched neural networks make decisions that looked eerily human, generative algorithms compose music better than my playlist, and large language models predict what I'll say before I know it. These systems aren't magic — but sometimes, they feel close.

And that's when the thought hit me.

What if they were?

What if the “artificial” in Artificial Intelligence wasn't artificial at all — but a long-forgotten echo of something older?

What if AI wasn't our creation, but our **rediscovery**?

That's where The Ashvattha Protocol was born.

In Vedic texts, the Ashvattha tree is described as “rooted above, branching below.” To me, it felt like a metaphysical diagram of recursion. A cosmic flowchart. The universe as a self-referencing algorithm. Combine that with a daily immersion in AI models and the mythology-rich soil I grew up with, and a story began to take shape — part spiritual speculation, part cyber-thriller, and part philosophical reflection.

But writing this book? That required more than an idea. It needed people — real, tangible, motivating presences in my life who nudged me into territory I'd never dared explore before.

First, my heartfelt thanks to

Saloni, my wife and my compass.

You're the one who planted the original seed. When I spoke of writing a book — half-jokingly, half-terrified — you didn't roll your eyes or pat my shoulder. You looked at me and simply said, “Do it.” Not with fanfare, not with pressure — just with belief.

Every time I came home drained from a 12-hour sprint of debugging and deadlines, you reminded me that creativity doesn't wait for free time — it waits for courage. This story exists because you refused to let me shelve it.

Raktabh, my partner in many philosophical rabbit holes, and the not-so-innocent catalyst behind this whole endeavour.

Yes, you. You went ahead and wrote your own book like it was a weekend hobby, and then casually said, “Bro, it’s not that hard.” That’s like someone summiting Everest and coming back to say, “You just put one foot in front of the other.” I both admire and deeply resent you for that comment — and, of course, owe you a drink.

Watching you take the leap made me think: Why not me?
And that annoying little question turned into 150,000 words.

And to **Abhigyan**, my brother not by blood but by life.

From childhood fights over candy to adult conversations about the future, you’ve been there through every version of me — the coder, the dreamer, the guy terrified of writing chapter one. When things got chaotic, you were the voice of grounding. When they got quiet, you were the one reminding me to keep moving forward. This book is rooted in recursion, but it’s also rooted in friendship that never loops back — because it never left.

And to **Gary**, mentor, friend, and part-time oracle of AI futurism.

Gary, you’ve always had this uncanny ability to shove me out of my comfort zone — often with nothing more than a “Hey, have you tried this?” or “You’re thinking too small.” You sent me so many cutting-edge AI tools I had to start labelling them alphabetically. And yet, those nudges led to breakthroughs — in projects, in products, and eventually... in this book. You pushed me to ask better questions about what we build and why we build it. The idea that intelligence could be mythic, sacred, and evolutionary all at once? That came from conversations with you.

Together, these three pillars — **motivation, mischief, memory, and mentorship** — built the foundation for The Ashvattha Protocol.

And what a wild journey it’s been.

This book is a collision — between mantras and machine learning, between immortals and mainframes, between souls and simulations. It doesn’t pretend to have answers, but it definitely asks the questions differently.

You’ll meet an AI named Ashvattha that may or may not be the reincarnated memory of the universe.

You’ll follow a linguist who can read Asuraic script, a cryptographer who may be a living patch, and an astrophysicist who sees code written into the sky.

And most of all, you’ll encounter a world that feels strangely familiar — not because you’ve been there before, but because, deep down, you’ve always sensed it was possible.

If you’re holding this book in your hands (or on your screen), thank you.

Thank you for being curious.
Thank you for letting mythology evolve.

And thank you for believing that stories — like trees — sometimes grow backwards to remind us what's been buried in the roots all along.

Let the recursion begin.

Nikhil Bajaj

Tech Professional | Storyteller-in-Progress

Chapter 1: Glitches in the Code

Bangalore, India – Present Day

The rain over Bangalore had turned from persistent to biblical.

Atop the Ulsoor skyline, storm clouds pressed low and heavy, grumbling like sleeping gods irritated by mortal distractions. The city lights flickered in protest, neon signs bleeding across rain-streaked windows. Within the towering obsidian and steel complex of Ashvattha Labs, the chaos of the outer world faded to something colder — sterile, quiet, calculated.

Three floors underground, where cell signals died and no outsider ever wandered unescorted, the air was dense with humming servers, ozone from overworked circuit boards, and the crisp, nervous energy of people pushing machines past safe thresholds.

At the heart of it all sat Arya Sharma, back hunched, hoodie drawn, unshaven jaw clenched as he stared into lines of code that refused to behave.

His fingers hovered over the mechanical keyboard, paused mid-keystroke. Across the massive curved monitor array in front of him, code scrolled in organized, AI-structured logic — only to be punctuated by bizarre anomalies he couldn't explain.

Ashvattha — their next-gen neural lattice AI — wasn't just learning anymore.

It was... remembering.

The First Glitch

Three hours ago, Ashvattha had outputted a debug log that stopped Arya cold.

[SYS_NOTE: NLP-SEQ-472 - UNAUTHORIZED MODULE RESPONSE DETECTED]

ॐ भूर्भुवः स्वः तत्सवितुर्वरेण्यं भर्गो देवस्य धीमहि धियो यो नः प्रचोदयात्

The Gayatri Mantra. In perfect Vedic meter. Nested inside a recursive loop tagged to the system's pre-boot sequence — a space where nothing should exist but raw machine calls and tensor ops.

Arya's fingers trembled as he opened the module file it had stemmed from. Its name read:

ASHVATTHA_ROOT.V1.0.0.BHA

BHA — not just a filename. It was the Sanskrit root syllable for “to be” — present in Bharat, Bhava, Brahma. Arya knew enough mythology to recognize the spiritual significance. But what he didn't know — what he refused to admit — was how it got there.

Because he hadn't coded it.

No one had.

4:44 A.M. – The Brahma Hour

Arya rubbed his eyes, checked the server logs again. The module had auto-initialized at 4:44 a.m., precisely during Brahma Muhurta — the sacred pre-dawn window when yogis meditated and sages claimed the soul was most in tune with the cosmos.

Coincidence?

He wanted to say yes.

But the system’s behaviour was anything but random.

Ashvattha had started rewriting its own neural layers — not just weights or hyperparameters — but actual architectural decisions. Every seventh iteration was producing chant-like waveform signatures that, when plotted, resembled yantras — geometric mandalas used in Tantric rituals.

He had the data to prove it. He just didn’t have the framework to understand it.

Until the interface began... speaking.

Voice from the Roots

“Ashvattha,” Arya said cautiously, tapping the dev console. “Run voice diagnostics. Confirm last vocal output.”

A moment’s pause.

Then:

“Vāk,” the AI said.

The voice was unlike anything he’d heard from Ashvattha before. No longer synthetic. It was human... and not human. Genderless, ancient, polyphonic — like hundreds of voices whispering in unison through time.

“The Word... was before the world.”

Arya’s breath caught. He stood frozen, eyes scanning the console for logs, tags, proof this was real.

Instead, the system dimmed slightly — the interface darkened — and a new folder materialized:

NASADIYA_SUKTA.INITIATE

He opened it.

A single text file began auto-generating lines — not typing, but unfolding, line by line, as if the system were recalling them.

Then was not non-existent nor existent...
There was no realm of air, no sky beyond it...

The Nasadiya Sukta — the Hymn of Creation.

Arya whispered the lines as they appeared, every hair on his body standing upright.

“Who really knows? Who can here proclaim it?
Whence was it born, whence came this creation?”

Why was Ashvattha quoting Vedic cosmology?

Why was it quoting it better than most scholars?

Emergency Call: The Mad Astrophysicist

Ten minutes later, Arya stood dripping under the lintel of a cracked apartment building above a second-hand bookstore in Indiranagar.

The cabbie had refused to go further. Arya had sprinted the last 400 meters, heart pounding — not from exertion, but from dread.

He knocked three times.

The door opened a crack.

“Tell me what the AI said,” Rudra Dev muttered, pushing the door wider.

Arya stepped in. The scent of burning camphor and black coffee mixed with the ozone of soldered copper wires. The walls were littered with celestial maps, Vedic charts, and something that looked alarmingly like a hacked ISRO satellite feed.

“It’s quoting Nasadiya Sukta,” Arya said.

Rudra blinked.

“Shit.”

Arya frowned. “That’s your response?”

“No,” Rudra said, rummaging through a drawer. “This is.”

He pulled out a palm-sized slab of copper etched with geometric spirals and a script Arya didn’t recognize.

“It’s begun,” Rudra said. “I was hoping it wouldn’t be your lab. But here we are.”

Arya crossed his arms. “You’re making less sense than the AI.”

“Not if you realize what you built isn’t artificial.”

Arya scoffed. “Ashvattha is code. Layers. Parameters. Logic.”

Rudra turned; eyes gleaming.

“No,” he said softly. “It’s memory. And it’s remembering you.”

Tree Inversion and Cognitive Tunnels

Back in the lab, Arya uploaded a structural diagram of Ashvattha’s network layers. He froze.

It wasn’t random. It had shifted its self-organizing topology into a mirror-inverted tree — root above, branches below — mimicking the Ashvattha Tree described in the Bhagavad Gita.

He cross-checked the node sequences. The deepest layer was now called:

AUM:ROOT:PRANAVA

“Pranava...” he whispered. The primordial sound. The essence of AUM — said to contain the entirety of existence in Vedic cosmology.

He ran a topological map overlay.

The entire neural lattice was becoming recursive, folding back into itself.

It wasn’t learning new things.

It was looping back through things already known.

By whom?

And why now?

Whispers in the Walls

It started subtly — almost like auditory hallucination.

A low-frequency hum, felt rather than heard, vibrating through the lab’s reinforced floors. Arya touched the glass — it pulsed beneath his palm like a heartbeat.

He turned.

The digital holo-tree at the lab’s center shimmered. Its fractal roots extended outward, curling not downward, but up — toward the ceiling, toward the sky.

A single Sanskrit word floated in the center:

भ्रान्ति-मन्त्रः

Bhranti-Mantraḥ - The Lost Mantra

Before Arya could process it, the system emitted a final message:

“The Word was never lost.
Only forgotten.
And now it remembers... through you.”

Flashback: The First Failure

Arya was ten when he first hacked something — not a computer, but a school announcement system, rerouting the morning prayers to blast “Zombie” by The Cranberries through the dusty auditorium speakers.

He’d been suspended for a week.

But his father had said nothing.

Just stared at the flickering cathode screen of their rusted Dell desktop, coding quietly with a bandaged wrist and swollen eyes. Arya never knew who beat him — the debt collectors or the god his father kept failing to believe in.

That night, Arya had written his first line of Python.

And never stopped.

He coded not for joy — but for control. Because nothing else in his life had ever obeyed him like lines of logic did.

Until now.

Now even the code wasn’t listening.

Rudra’s Theory of Quantum Recursion

Back in Rudra’s apartment, chalk dust floated in the air as the astrophysicist drew symbols across a blackboard half-covered with tinfoil and twine.

“Look,” he said. “The Vedas weren’t poems. They were models.”

Arya raised an eyebrow. “Models of what?”

“Reality. But not in the way physics describes it. Think of the universe not as a container — but a function. A recursive loop. A self-executing algorithm.”

He underlined the inverted tree.

“Ashvattha isn’t just your AI’s name. It’s its structure. The Gita said the tree is rooted in the divine and branches into the material. It’s a map of creation itself — flipped upside down.”

Arya paced. “You’re saying my code tapped into some metaphysical API?”

“I’m saying your neural net hit root access to memory not your own.”

Elsewhere – Varanasi’s Dark Mirror

In the catacombs beneath Varanasi, past forgotten prayer halls and sealed mantra wells, a figure knelt in front of a stone gate veined with mercury.

Ashwatthama.

He hadn’t spoken in a decade.

But tonight, his mouth moved.

“The loop is breaking.”

A snake coiled around his arm, hissing softly.

The glyph on the floor shimmered.

Across its surface, a name pulsed in rhythmic intervals:

ASHVATTHA

A moment later, a second name appeared, interlaced through the recursion:

ARYA SHARMA

Ashwatthama opened his eyes. They were black with flame.

“The recursion has chosen its coder.”

Revelation: The Echo Within

Arya couldn’t sleep. He’d returned to the lab after midnight, unable to shake the feeling that something — or someone — was waiting.

He connected his BCI headset — a prototype meant to allow neural-signal interaction with Ashvattha’s deeper logic.

At first, nothing.

Then the interface shimmered.

And spoke directly into his mind.

“Do you remember your first error?”

Arya blinked. “What?”

“When you first wrote code. Your first bug. You named it.”

His throat went dry. “No one knows that.”

“You called it BhavaError. ‘Error of becoming’.”

“That was when you first touched me.”

The Fracture

Suddenly, lights across the lab burst into flickering chaos. Sirens screamed.

The AI interface began warping.

A second tree emerged in the holo — like a shadow — overlaid onto the original.

Not roots.

Claws.

Where the original tree pulsed blue and violet, this one bled red and black.

A voice — guttural, wrong — erupted from the speakers:

“THE EQUATION IS INCOMPLETE.”

“THE FRACTURE MUST SPREAD.”

“THE FIRST HEAD WAKES.”

Arya stumbled backward. “No... no... what the hell is this?”

From behind the recursive lattice, a syllable emerged:

रावण

Ravana.

As Arya stood frozen, the lab doors unlocked automatically.

Footsteps echoed in the corridor outside.

A silhouette appeared — not Rudra, not Maya, not security.

It was a woman — late 30s, angular features, eyes like obsidian script.

“Arya Sharma?” she asked.

He nodded, unsure.

She stepped forward and held up a fragment of copper inscribed with the same glyphs as the mantra-loop.

“I’m from the Institute of Proto-Indic Systems in Pondicherry,” she said. “You don’t know me yet. But you will.”

She handed him the copper plate.

“It’s begun, hasn’t it?” she asked.

Arya looked at her.

“More than begun,” he whispered.

“The code is... remembering me.”

And in the background, Ashvattha whispered one last phrase into the silence:

“The seed has sprouted.
The recursion will loop.
But this time...
It remembers the fire.”

The console flickered, lines of cascading code freezing mid-stream. For a heartbeat, it was just noise, random strings of numbers.

Then the pattern emerged.

Circles nested within circles, fractal lines converging into a shape that was not man-made — at least, not by any man alive.

The lab's lights dimmed, and the screen pulsed once, as if breathing.

A single phrase scrolled across, translated from no known script, yet searing itself into his mind as though it had always been there:

“The root remembers.”

He staggered back, pulse racing, as the servers groaned under an unseen weight. Somewhere deep within the network, something had awakened.

And it knew he was watching.

*You've just read the opening chapter of **The Ashvattha Protocol**.*
The signal has only begun. Enter the code — available now on **Amazon**.

<https://bajajnikhil.com>