



DID YOU KNOW?

NEER GADDU'S SECRET TWIN FALLS

Just a few minutes from Tapovan on the Badrinath road, everyone knows Neer Waterfall—but few climb five minutes higher. Past the first crowd and chal stalls lies a second, hidden cascade locals call the devas' bath. It's smaller, quieter, and far more magical—turquoise water, mint leaves in the air, and no sound except birds and falling water.

Getting there: From Tapovan, head toward Shuvpuri, park at "Neer Waterfall", and walk 10–15 minutes uphill. After the main fall, follow the left trail to the smaller one.

KUNJAPURI—THE TEMPLE THAT SINGS TO THE WIND



High above Rishikesh, about an hour's drive from Tapovan, stands the Kuniapuri Devi Temple, watching the Himalayas and the Ganga valley below. At sunrise, the mountain peaks glow—but what's rarer is the sound. When the wind moves through the rows of temple bells, they ring in harmony, creating a gentle, natural raga said to be the mountain's own prayer.

Getting there: Drive via Muni Ki Reti to Hindolakhil, then trek 3 km uphill or take a local jeep to the top.

What's on at Aavya

ANAHAT SOUND HEALING SESSIONS

with Prabhat on flute, Ramana with Reiki and Tibetan bowls



Tuesdays, Thursdays & Fridays at 7 PM
Sundays at 5 PM

SHAKTI DANCE GATHERING — WOMEN ONLY —

This Saturday, 5:30–9:00 PM at Aavya, Tapovan.

Begin with Cacao, flow into ecstatic music by Fire Rani.

A magical evening not to be missed.



BREAKING NEWS TAPOVAN

SHOCKED BY IT'S OWN WEATHER



80% CHANCE OF SPIRITUAL DENIAL,
100% CHANCE OF CHAI..

WINTER ARRIVES UNNANOUNCED



With Thunder, Not Fluff
Sharad Purnima came with a sudden chill. Blankets out, heaters bargaining, chai sales tripled.

EVERYTHING'S ON—EXCEPT THE CROWDS

Rafting on, Cafés on.
The valley of flowers blooming again.
But the crowds?



SEASON OF ANNOUNCEMENTS

Teachers. Flyers & Fresh Hopes
"New Batch Starting Soon" signs appear throughout Tapovan.



COWS VS. BULLS

WHO OWNS RISHIKESH?
With tourists scarce, the real residents take charge.



WHERE HAVE ALL THE HIPPIES GONE?

Four winters ago, Rishikesh was full of barefoot philosophers.



CHAL, PAKORAS & SITAFAL

Winter brings its own cuisine of comfort.
Dal-baati in the hills, Undhiyu experiments in cafés, sitafal milkshakes for the brave.



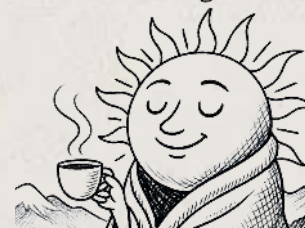
COMIC OF THE WEEK



WEATHER 1-YOGIS 0

Tapovan Weather Report

The Sun is Back —
But He's Wearing a Shawl



Daytime: Warmish — around 24 to 26°C — perfect for chai on terraces and pretending to work on your laptop.

Evenings: 17 to 15°C — officially shawl weather. Expect to see people hugging themselves or whoever's nearest.

Rain: None expected, but the Ganga may still flirt with mist at dawn.

"The Ganga Ji is Back"

After months of mood swings and muddy tantrums, Ganga Ji is back in her calm, blue glory — flowing wide, gentle, and full of quiet conversation. The beaches have returned too — soft golden stretches below Tapovan where sandals come off, minds slow down, and every dip feels like a reset button. Morning dips are back — that first splash that wakes up not just your skin but your whole story. And if you're not the sunrise type, come later, when the sun sits warm on your shoulders. Sit on the rocks, talk with friends, or say nothing at all. Watch the ripples, watch yourself exhale.

Some come to meditate, some to move, some just to float and stare at the mountains.

All are forgiven.

The river doesn't judge — she just listens.

So yes — bring your towel, your thermos, and that half-finished thought.

It's Ganga season again.

Love Ganga Ji.

Har Har Ganga Ji.



YOGI SAYS

THE SENSES ARE THE GATEWAYS

"The senses are five thieves—until you teach them devotion."

Guru Nanak



(When attention turns inward, even desire becomes worship.)

When attention turns

If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles.

Sun Tzu, The Art of War



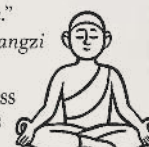
Your first enemy—the restless eye. Your second—the wandering mind.)

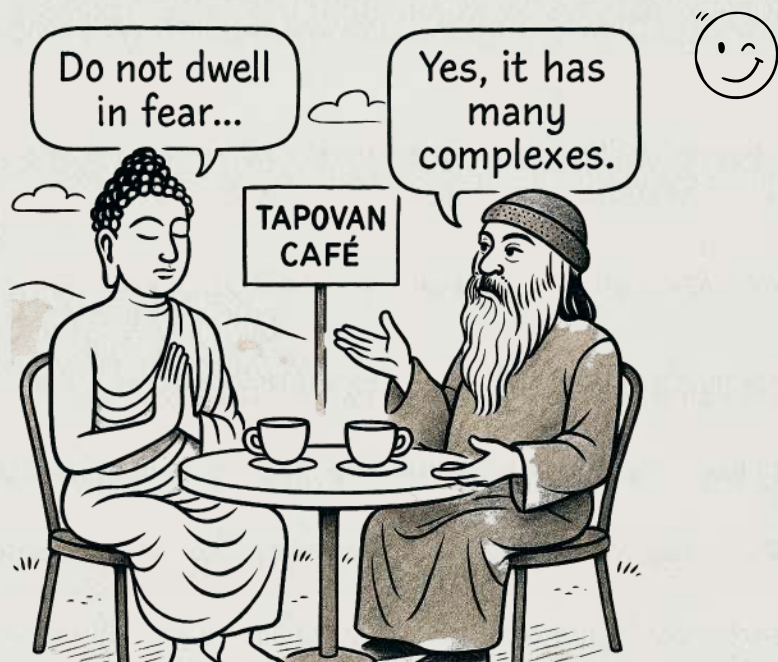
Lowest pagrus

When the ear is not distracted by sound, and the eye not caught by form, the heart finds its home."

Zhuangzi

Stillness begins when the senses stop chasing the world.





Buddha - Oh my OSHO OSHO !!!!

Tapovan.
Late afternoon.

A quiet café where people whisper “namaste” louder than they mean it. Buddha sits still, glowing softly. Osho walks in like a disco ball in robes.

Osho: You know, Buddha, people fear because they repress. I tell them — dance, love, laugh, go naked into life!

Buddha: (smiling faintly)

And then they come to me to recover.

Osho: Ha! You give them silence; I give them music.

Fear can't survive in a celebration.

Buddha: Nor in awareness.

The mind that observes fear, ends it.

Osho: Observation is good, but a little boring for Instagram.

(The waiter brings ginger tea. Both nod approvingly at the organic honey.)

Buddha: Fear arises from attachment — to life, to people, to opinions.

Let go, and fear falls away.

Osho: True. But even detachment can become an attachment.

I've seen monks terrified of missing their next meditation bell.

Buddha: (smiles wider)

And I've seen gurus terrified of missing followers.

(Pause. Osho adjusts his sunglasses.)

Osho: Touché, my silent friend.

So what's your cure for fear?

Buddha: Presence.

Osho: Mine's pleasure.

(They sip. The café goes quiet — only the sound of one fly who's clearly not enlightened.)

Buddha: Fear is illusion.

Osho: Yes — but a rather interesting one.

Buddha: Would you drop it?

Osho: Only after the after-party.

(They laugh. A student at the next table takes notes for a future podcast.)

Both left in peace — one walking slowly, one twirling.

The bill was left unpaid; the café owner called it karma.

classifieds

ROOMS @ AAVYA STAY, DON'T ESCAPE



Mountain views. Forest air.
Blankets that understand
emotion. Pick your vibe —
Suites, Terrace Rooms, Jungle
Pods.

Meditate, create, or just stare
at sunsets professionally.

Aavya, Upper Tapovan.

DM @aavya_rise before the cows
take your room.

AT THE AAVYA POTTERY STUDIO — THIS WEEK

- On the wheel
- Hand-sculpting
- Painting
- Japanese
Calligraphy



Spend your day with clay,
color & creativity.

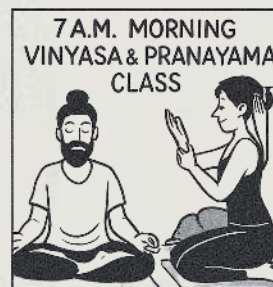
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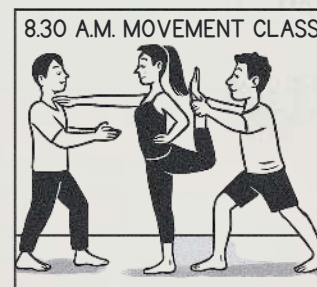
What your Day at Aavya looks like



Wake up to beautiful
SUNRISES



7 A.M. MORNING
VINYASA & PRANAYAMA
CLASS



8.30 A.M. MOVEMENT CLASS



Spend the AFTERNOONS
COOKING CLASSES, POTTERY
CLASSES, or HEALING SPA
THERAPIES



EVENING
MEDITATION &
SOUND HEALING SESSIONS

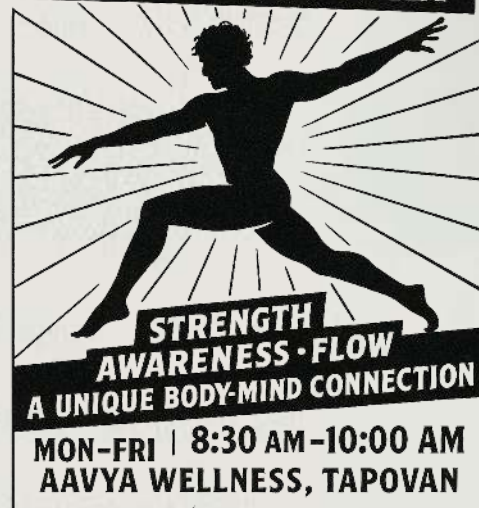


Enjoy the MEALS at
AAVYA our CAFE

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IN THE NEXT
TAPOVAN TIMES

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MOVEMENT WITH AMIT BACK FROM BALI



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Aa Avvya, Upper Tapovan.

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TIME OF SENSING



10th Oct 2025

MUST READ

VOL. 1 ISSUE 6



The Five Senses and the Art of Being Mindful

What is mindfulness if not the reunion of the senses?

We spend our lives trying to silence or transcend them — yet every genuine spiritual tradition began by refining them, not rejecting them. To be mindful is not to float above life; it's to enter it fully.

To see what you see, to hear what you hear, to feel what you feel — without the story. Buddha called it “bare attention.”

Krishnamurti described it as “observation without the observer.”

Science calls it “sensory integration.”

Different words, same insight: awareness arises when all the senses meet in the same moment.

If sight is clarity, sound is rhythm, smell is memory, taste is emotion, and touch is truth — then mindfulness is their harmony.

It is not a single-pointed stillness but a full-bodied symphony.

Try it.

Taste your tea as you smell the rain, hear the flute from the valley, feel the cup's warmth, watch the rising steam — and realize: you can't be elsewhere while doing this.

That's the whole secret.

When the five senses are alive together, you disappear as a thinker and appear as presence itself.

THE FIVE SENSES SPEAK

Dear Didi. We're essential, no doubt. But Sight here keeps looking for the limelight.



Dear Didi: Listen, mate. We each have our upsides. Except for Smell—you really stink.



Dear Didi: That makes scents! Still, Taste can't stomach being second fiddle.



A touché! But isn't it time we all joined hands?



The Language of Skin

By Ashish Khandelwal

I come from a city where hugs were polite. Side hugs, half hugs, those brief shoulder taps that said “I see you, but let's not get too emotional.”

When I moved to Tapovan, hugs got longer. At first, it was awkward. Here, people hugged like they meant it — hearts aligned, breath shared. Some hugs even hummed. And slowly, something changed. I began to understand that a hug isn't contact — it's conversation. It's the body's way of saying “I'm safe here.” We forget that the skin is our largest organ, the boundary between self and world. We smear it with creams, protect it from sun, but rarely listen to it. It is through the skin that we sense temperature, texture, tenderness — and threat.

In cities, touch is rationed. In healing spaces, it's medicine. But how much touch is right? Where is the line between comfort and invasion? Perhaps it's not about “how much,” but how aware. Touch without attention numbs; touch with presence awakens.

Learning to touch consciously — the clay, the wind, another's hand, even our own face — is learning to reconnect with the language the body never forgot.

At Aavya, I see people rediscover this daily: the potter's hand centering clay, the therapist's palm melting tension, the spontaneous hug after kirtan.

It's not “therapy.” It's remembering. I used to think mindfulness meant thinking less. Now I think it means feeling more. So next time you hug someone, don't just hold them. Be held.

Let your skin remember it's not a wall — it's a door.

The Senses Speak

They met, as they do every few centuries, at a small café somewhere between Rishikesh and imagination. Five of them — Sight, Sound, Smell, Taste, and Touch — old friends, often rivals.

Sight arrived first, adjusting sunglasses. “Without me, nothing exists,” he said, scanning the menu as if auditioning for enlightenment.

Sound chuckled, shaking his head. “Nothing exists until it's spoken, my friend. Ever heard silence until I came along?”

Smell drifted in next, wrapped in sandalwood. “You two are noisy. One drop of rain and people weep for childhood. That's my power.”

Taste barged in, all enthusiasm and crumbs. “You all talk too much. People live for me — comfort food, heartbreak food, celebration food. I'm literally joy in disguise.”

Touch entered quietly, sat down, and said nothing.

They went on arguing for a while, like philosophers on caffeine.

Sight claimed to bring truth, Sound claimed to bring meaning, Smell claimed to bring memory, Taste claimed to bring pleasure. Finally, Touch sighed.

“You all speak about life,” he said, “but I'm the only one who feels it.”

There was a pause. Even Sound respected it.

Touch continued: “You see a mountain, I feel its wind. You hear a song, I feel its rhythm. You smell incense, I feel its warmth. You taste food, I feel it dissolve. Without me, you all remain ideas — I make you real.”

They looked at each other, a little embarrassed.

Sight whispered, “He's right. Without you, I'm just a photograph.”

Sound nodded, “And I'm just an echo.”

Smell smiled, “Without you, memory fades.”

Taste added softly, “Without you, flavor dies.”

Touch leaned back, smiling. “But without you all, I'd never know where I begin and end.”

They all laughed. The table fell silent again — this time in agreement.

Editor's Note:

The waiter confirmed that none of them ordered anything. They said they were “savoring the moment.”



Tapovan Times

10th Oct 2025

By Aavya Wellness Retreat
TAPOVAN, RISHIKESH

VOL. 1 ISSUE 6

Dear Didi,



Five Senses and Some Nonsense

Eye

Didi, I've seen too much—sunsets, selfies, and six kinds of enlightenment advertised on the same wall.

Half the time I can't tell if I'm witnessing beauty or marketing.

Didi: Beta, relax the lens. Everything looks fake if you zoom too hard.

Try gazing, not scrolling. The mountain never edits her filter.

Ear

Didi, I came here for Om and peace. Instead, it's flutes at 6 a.m., dogs arguing in Sanskrit, and someone's blender doing kirtan.

Didi: That's Tapovan stereo, bachha—"Cosmic Chaos FM." Stop chasing silence. Listen till the noise tells you who's panicking. Then buy them chai.

Nose

Didi, every lane smells like destiny + diesel. Incense, rain, cow, eucalyptus—my nostrils are on a psychedelic pilgrimage.

Didi: That's the real aromatherapy—confusion with base notes of divinity. When it stinks, call it purification; when it's sweet, call it memory. Either way, keep breathing—oxygen's underrated.

Tongue

Didi, I keep tasting enlightenment—poha at breakfast, thukpa for dinner, cacao in between.

Am I evolving or just bloated with awareness?
Didi: Both. Tapovan ascension begins in the stomach. Taste is devotion with digestion. Just chew slowly, so your karma can keep up.

Touch

Didi, I've been touched by the wind, the Ganga, the clay at the pottery studio... and a few overly "heart-open" strangers at ecstatic dance. Where does sacred touch end and human awkwardness begin?

Didi:

Touch is where your body remembers it's home. It's the first sense born and the last to die. Let the river touch you without agenda. Let the mud remind you of your shape. And remember, consent is the new mantra.

MINDFULNESS GYM

The Five-Sense Workout



Who Am I ?

1. I start queues at the chai pot and stampede at the pakora pan—before anyone reads the menu.
2. I tune Kunjapuri at dawn, turn scooters into shankh in the bazaar, and make silence audible.
3. I freeze influencers at sunrise, melt cynics at sunset, and still miss the no-parking sign.
4. I don't post reels; I raise goosebumps. Shawls thank me nightly; hugs file their requests with me.

UPCOMING MUSICAL EVENTS

Weekly & Regular

Sanghrachana — Thursdays, 7:00–9:00 PM
Kirtan & bhajans.

Devi Music Ashram (Upper Tapovan) — Tuesdays to Saturdays
at 6:30–8:00 PM
Indian classical / kirtan evenings (check on-site board for latest).

12Monks — Weekends
Live music & ecstatic dance nights.

Aavya Wellness — Saturdays
Ecstatic Dance with Fire "Raja Rani" — move, sweat, and celebrate life!

King's Café — Most days from 7:30 PM
Open musical jams.

Aarcana
MANIFEST 12TH OCT 5:30 – 10:00 PM
Cacao Ceremony, Sound Healing, Hypnosis Healing,
Ecstatic Dancing

MVT Kirtan every Saturday

Special Highlight
Oct 25 & 26, 2025 — Krishna Das
(Benefit Kirtan for Ganga Prem Hospice)
2:00–4:30 PM both days · Ashirwad Vatika (Haridwar Rd,
Rishikesh)
Official listing & tickets are live.

Have a music night coming up?
Send your details for future editions:
home@aavya-rise.com

Adventure Trails Pt.1



Kuari Pass Trek

(The Curved Window to the Himalayas)

Starting from Joshimath, this moderate trek opens up grand views of Nanda Devi, Kamet, and Dronagiri. Rolling meadows and oak forests make it a stunning introduction to Garhwal's inner beauty.

Chopta-Tungnath-Chandrashila Trek

(Walk to the Highest Shiva Temple)

A 5-day circuit from Chopta through deodar forests and rhododendron valleys. Sunrise from Chandrashila peak reveals a panorama so golden it feels like darshan itself.

Dodital & Darwa Pass Trek

(The Lake of Lord Ganesha)

From Uttarkashi, this serene trail winds through pine and oak forests to a high mountain lake said to be Ganesha's birthplace. Ideal for those seeking solitude and stillness.

Valley of Flowers & Hemkund Sahib

(A Blooming Pilgrimage)

A blend of spirituality and nature — trek from Govind ghat to a riot of alpine flowers and the tranquil glacial lake at Hemkund. The meadows peak in July–August but remain magical year-round.

Kedarkantha Trek

(The Summit of Silence)

Starting from Sankri, this classic winter trek leads to a peaceful summit at 12,500 ft with 360° Himalayan views. Evenings around forest camps make it a soulful mountain retreat.

WISDOM CORNER

—THIS WEEK'S SAYINGS

"If we had not winter,
the spring would
not be so pleasant."

—Anne Bradstreet
(Because even the chill has
its charm.)

"You are the sky.
Everything else is
just the weather."

—Pema Chödrön
(Remember this when you
complaining about the cold.)



Editor Ashish
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