



SURESH'S JOURNEY

A Trader's Path Back to Dharma

*A free eBook for every Indian trader
who has lost money, faith, or sleep.*

By Dr. Ravindranath G.

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— saisankalpam.com —

Dedicated to

Every Indian trader who has cried alone at 2 AM.

Every wife who lost her gold without knowing why.

Every father whose retirement vanished in NIFTY options.

— And to Saibaba, who whispered:

"Be patient, beta. The market is your mirror, not your enemy."

— Chapter 00 —

Author's Note

Brother, sister, friend — whoever you are, wherever you are reading this from.

I am Dr. Ravindranath G. I am 66 years old. I have practiced pediatric medicine in Karnataka for 40 years, treating children in villages where mothers walk 5 kilometers carrying fevered babies on their hips. I have also been an algorithmic trader for 5 years, trading NIFTY and BANKNIFTY index options on the 5-minute timeframe.

I am also a devotee of Sri Sathya Sai Baba. He taught me that wealth that comes through dharma stays. Wealth that comes through greed leaves. I have seen this truth in my own life, in my patients' lives, and most painfully — in the lives of fellow traders.

This eBook tells the story of a friend named Suresh. He is a composite character. The events here are based on hundreds of real traders I have counseled in my Karnataka community over the past 5 years. Some are members of my Sai Baba bhajan group. Some called me at midnight. Some I met only once. Their names are different. Their pain is the same.

If even one paragraph here saves you from one bad trade — my purpose is fulfilled.

This book is free. It will always be free. If you found it valuable, please share it with anyone you love who might be silently suffering. That is the only payment I ask.

Sai Ram, brother. Sai Ram, sister.

— *Dr. Ravindranath G., Siruguppa, Karnataka*

— Chapter 01 —

The Beginning

*"₹15,000 became ₹47,000 in 20 minutes, Suresh anna
— see this!"*

It was a Tuesday in April 2023. Bengaluru was sweating through its pre-monsoon heat. Suresh was 42 years old. A senior software engineer at a multinational company in Whitefield. A man who had never gambled, never drunk alcohol, never even bet on a cricket match.

His colleague Karthik — 32, ambitious, drove a new Royal Enfield — slid his phone across the cafeteria table. The screen showed a NIFTY 18,500 CE option chart. Two green candles. ₹15,000 invested. ₹47,000 in 20 minutes.

Suresh stared at the number. ₹32,000 profit in less time than it took him to finish a bowl of curd rice.

That night, after his daughters Ananya (11) and Kavya (8) had finished their homework, after his wife Priya had finished correcting government school papers, after the family had said their evening prayer at the small Sai Baba shrine in their hall — Suresh quietly opened his laptop in the bedroom.

He downloaded a trading app. He linked his bank account. He transferred ₹50,000 from their joint savings account. He told himself this was just an experiment. Just to learn.

His first trade was NIFTY 18500 CE on Wednesday morning. He bought 2 lots at ₹47.50. By 11:30 AM, the option was trading at ₹62. He sold. ₹14,500 profit in 90 minutes.

He looked at his bank balance. He looked at the wedding photo on his desk. He looked at Saibaba's photo above the puja shelf in the corner of the room.

He felt something he had not felt in twelve years — the feeling of being lucky. The feeling of being chosen.

That feeling was the first lie.

 **LESSON 1**

Beginner's luck is the cruelest gift the market gives. It makes you trust the wrong skill — the skill of being lucky — instead of the right skills: patience, discipline, and risk management. Saibaba teaches: "Discrimination (viveka) is the highest virtue." Without it, even ₹14,500 in 90 minutes is not a profit — it is a debt waiting to be collected.



— Chapter 02 —

The First Month — The Honeymoon

In April 2023, Suresh made ₹62,000.

He told no one in his family. He bought his daughters a tablet they had been asking about for months. ₹32,000. Priya kissed his cheek and asked, "Konde, where is this extra money coming from?"

"Performance bonus, came early this year," he laughed. "Don't worry."

It was the first lie he told his wife in seventeen years of marriage.

That month, he traded almost daily. He took screenshots of every winning trade and kept them in a folder named "Reference." Every morning before market open, he would open that folder and feel the warmth of confirmation. Every evening, he would calculate how much he had earned that day, that week, that year.

He even started a spreadsheet titled "Path to Financial Freedom." It projected: if I make ₹2,000 a day, that's ₹40,000 a month. ₹4.8 lakhs a year. In 5 years, ₹24 lakhs. Plus compounding. Plus increasing position size. Plus...

He did not save any of his losing trade screenshots. He told himself those didn't matter. They were "learning trades."

The honeymoon phase has one defining feature: the trader has not yet met the market's shadow.

Karthik, the colleague, also crashed. He had ridden ₹2.5 lakhs to ₹14 lakhs in 4 months. He bragged daily in the cafeteria. Junior engineers crowded around him. His phone was a constant green flame of trades.

Suresh did not know that Karthik would, three months later, lose ₹17 lakhs in a single afternoon, take a personal loan to recover, lose that too, and eventually leave his job in shame to move back to his parents' home in Hosur.

At the time, in April 2023, Karthik looked like a man who had cracked the code. And Suresh wanted to be like him.

LESSON 2

When you only count winning trades and ignore losing ones, you are not trading — you are storytelling. The market is brutally indifferent to your stories. Saibaba taught: "Truth is the foundation of all dharma." A trader who lies to himself about his real win-rate is already broken — the money loss will follow soon."



— Chapter 03 —

The Spiral Begins

In May 2023, the market changed character.

NIFTY had been trending up for weeks. Suresh's strategy of buying call options had worked beautifully. Then, on May 11, the index closed flat. On May 12, it dropped 0.8%. On May 15, it dropped another 1.2%.

Suresh had bought OTM calls expecting the rally to continue. Each day, his calls bled value to time decay (theta) and the market drop (delta). By the end of the week, he had lost ₹40,000.

He sat in his car in the office parking lot for 45 minutes that Friday evening. He did not want to go home. He did not want Priya to see his face.

That night, lying in bed beside his sleeping wife, he made a decision that would define the next 5 months: "I will recover this. I just need to increase my position size. The market always comes back. I just need to be there when it does."

On Monday morning, he transferred another ₹1 lakh from their joint savings. He did not tell Priya. He told the bank statement was for "office equipment reimbursement that hadn't come through."

That day, he bought 6 lots of NIFTY calls instead of his usual 2. The market dropped 0.5%. He lost ₹38,000.

On Tuesday, he doubled down. 12 lots. The market chopped sideways. He lost ₹52,000.

By Friday, his ₹1 lakh top-up was gone. Total May loss: ₹2.1 lakhs.

This is called the Martingale fallacy — the belief that doubling losing positions will eventually result in

recovery. The market does not know your account balance. It does not care.

Suresh did not know this. He had never read a book on trading psychology. He had only watched YouTube videos by men in expensive shirts who promised to teach him "how to make ₹1 lakh a week trading just 1 hour a day."

On Saturday morning, Suresh went to the bank and applied for a personal loan. ₹3 lakhs. He told Priya it was for a new laptop the company was making him buy as part of their security policy.

That was the second lie. It was not the last.

LESSON 3

When you size up to recover losses, you are not investing — you are punishing yourself. The market is not your therapist. Saibaba taught: "Help ever, hurt never." But in the moment of recovery-greed, the trader hurts himself first. Discipline at this exact moment — the moment after the first significant loss — is the highest dharma a trader can practice."



— Chapter 04 —

The Lies Multiply

From May to September 2023, Suresh's life became a web of lies.

He told Priya the laptop was needed. He told her the office was making him work weekends, when he was actually trading the US markets at night. He told his daughters he was "tired" when they asked him to play Carrom on Sunday afternoons — in reality, he was studying option chain screenshots on his phone in the bathroom.

His weight dropped 6 kilograms. Priya thought he might be sick. She made him appointments with a general physician. He went, told the doctor he was "stressed at work," and got a prescription for sleep aids he never filled.

He stopped attending the Sai Baba bhajan meetings on Thursday evenings. He told Priya he was "too tired." She went alone. People asked about him. She lied for him without knowing she was lying. "He is busy with a big project."

In June, he lost another ₹2 lakhs. He took a second personal loan from a different bank.

In July, he discovered intraday options on BANKNIFTY. The leverage was higher. The moves were faster. The losses were faster too. He lost ₹3 lakhs in 11 days.

In August, his friend Murthy from his bhajan group called him on a Sunday morning. "Suresh, you are not coming to bhajan. We are worried. Are you okay?"

Suresh forced himself to laugh. "I am fine, Murthy. Project deadline only. Will come next week."

After the call, he sat in his car in the apartment basement parking lot and cried for 20 minutes. He was not okay. He had not been okay for 90 days. But he could not say it. The shame was bigger than the pain.

Shame is the trader's prison. The walls are built of every lie told to a wife, every excuse made to a friend, every prayer broken to Saibaba. Most traders die in this prison alone, never asking for the key.

In September 2023, Suresh did the unforgivable.

Priya's mother had given her a gold mangalsutra chain at their wedding. It was 22-karat, 8 grams, custom-made by a goldsmith in Kanchipuram. It was the most precious thing Priya owned. She did not wear it daily — she kept it in a small velvet pouch in their almirah, taking it out only for Diwali, weddings, and her parents' wedding anniversary.

Suresh took it out one afternoon when Priya was at her sister's house. He drove to a pawn shop in Yelahanka. He pawned the chain for ₹62,000.

He needed the money to deposit margin for an aggressive trade he was planning.

The trade lost. ₹62,000 gone in 3 hours.

When Priya discovered the chain was missing two weeks later — during her preparation for Navaratri — she searched the entire house for three nights. She tore apart every cupboard. She emptied every drawer. She blamed herself. She thought she had lost it during Ugadi cleaning. She cried in their bedroom at 1 AM, asking Saibaba for help.

Suresh slept beside her, pretending to be asleep, listening to her cry. He did not move. He could not move.

That was the night his soul cracked.

 **LESSON 4**

When you start lying to the people who love you most, you are not just losing money — you are losing yourself. Sai Baba taught: "Love all, serve all." A trader who deceives his wife is not loving her — he is using her trust as collateral for his addiction. There is no recovery path that does not begin with confession. The lies must end before the trades can be fixed."



— Chapter 05 —

The Crisis — The Window

"Doctor sahab, I cannot face my family anymore. I am ready to leave everything. I am sorry."

It was Tuesday, October 17, 2023. NIFTY had closed at 19,750, down 1.4% on the day. BANKNIFTY had crashed 2.1%. Suresh's account, which had ₹1.2 lakhs at market open, had ₹0 by close — plus a margin call email demanding ₹3.2 lakhs by next morning to cover losses on naked short straddle positions he had taken in revenge for the previous week's damage.

Total loss across 6 months: ₹18 lakhs. Personal loans across 3 banks: ₹14 lakhs. House fund completely emptied. Daughter's school fees — unpaid for 2 months. EMIs piling up.

At 9:30 PM, Priya knocked on the bedroom door. "Konde, eat something. You have not eaten since morning." He told her he had a headache. She left a plate of curd rice on the table outside the room and went to put the daughters to sleep.

At 11:30 PM, after the apartment had gone quiet, Suresh stood at his bedroom window. The 9th floor. Below, the empty street, lit by sodium-vapor lamps. The city of Bengaluru, indifferent to his pain.

He stood there for two hours. He could not see tomorrow. He could not face Priya. He could not face his daughters. He could not face the loan officers who would call starting Wednesday morning. He could not face Saibaba, whose photo on the puja shelf seemed to look at him with disappointment.

At 11:47 PM, his phone rang. Or rather — he picked up his phone with shaking hands and dialed a number.

My number.

We had been in the same Sai Baba bhajan group for 4 years, though Suresh and I had never been close — he was usually quiet at meetings, just listening, smiling shyly when introduced. But two months ago, he had asked me a strange question after a bhajan: "Doctor sir, do you trade in stock market?" I had told him I was an algo trader. He had looked away, said nothing, and left.

Now, at 11:47 PM on a Tuesday in October, his voice on my phone was barely a whisper.

"Doctor sahab... I cannot do this anymore. I am ready to leave everything. I am sorry."

I did not have to ask what he meant. I had heard that voice before. From my pediatric patients' fathers who had lost children. From my own brother who had lost his business in 2008. From Murthy's nephew who had attempted suicide three years ago after a property dispute.

I asked Suresh one question: "Where are you right now?"

"At my window."

"Suresh. Listen carefully. Walk away from the window. Right now. Sit on your bed. Stay on the phone with me. I am driving to Bengaluru. I will be there in 6 hours. Do not move from your bed until I knock on your door. Promise me."

A long silence. Then, in a voice smaller than a child's: "I promise, doctor sahab."

I drove from Siruguppa to Bengaluru that night. I reached his apartment at 5:40 AM. He opened the door. We sat on his living room floor for two hours, his wife asleep in the next room, his daughters dreaming peacefully, none of them knowing how close their father had been to disappearing.

He cried. I cried with him.

Then I told him the only truth I knew — the truth Saibaba had taught me after my own losses many years ago:

"Suresh — the market is not your enemy. The lack of discipline is. The greed is. The shame is. But none of these define you. You are still the father your daughters love. The husband your wife trusts. The friend Saibaba placed in my life for a reason. Stop trading. Start healing. We will fix this together — slowly, with truth, with prayer, with discipline. I promise you, brother. I promise."

— Dr. Ravindranath G., to his friend Suresh, October 17, 2023

At 8 AM, when Priya woke up, I was sitting in their living room. She made coffee for me. She did not ask why I had come. She had known something was wrong with Suresh for weeks. Wives always know.

When the daughters left for school, when the apartment was quiet, I asked Suresh to tell his wife everything.

Everything.

He cried. She cried. I sat with them. After two hours, she did something I will remember until I die.

She held his hand, looked at him with eyes that held more love than I have ever seen in 40 years of medical practice, and said:

"Konde, we will fix this together. Just promise me one thing — never lie to me again. About anything. Ever."

He promised.

That morning, Suresh deleted his three trading apps. He took his first deep breath in six months. The healing began.

LESSON 5

There is no rock-bottom that confession cannot lift you from. Saibaba taught: "Why fear when I am here?" The trader who is too ashamed to confess his losses to his wife will die alone in his prison. The trader who confesses — even at the lowest moment — begins recovery the very same hour. Confession is not weakness. It is the highest courage a trader can show."



— Chapter 06 —

The 21-Day Reset

I stayed in Bengaluru for the next three days. Priya took emergency leave from her school. Together, the three of us built what I now call "The 21-Day Reset" — a structured program for any trader who has hit rock bottom and needs to rebuild from zero.

Days 1-7 — The Detox Week:

No charts. No apps. No CNBC. No trading YouTube. We disconnected Suresh from every market input. He spent the week walking with Priya in Cubbon Park every morning. He read three Sai Baba books I had brought. He played Carrom with his daughters every evening.

At first, his hands shook. He kept reaching for his phone. The withdrawal was real — trading addiction has a neurological signature. Dopamine, cortisol, adrenaline. After 5 years of trading research, I have come to believe option trading is more addictive than alcohol for the modern Indian male.

Day 5, he cried again. He told Priya he was a failure. She held him and said, "You are not a failure. You are healing. Saibaba sees you."

Days 8-14 — The Truth Week:

I came back to Bengaluru on Day 8. We sat together for three sessions of 4 hours each. I asked Suresh to write down every single trade he had made over 6 months. Every entry. Every exit. Every reason. Every emotion.

We compiled a spreadsheet with 247 trades.

We calculated his actual win-rate: 38%. Not the 80% he had been claiming to himself. We calculated his average risk-reward: 1:0.7 (he

was risking ₹1 to make ₹0.7). We calculated his largest losing day: ₹3.2 lakhs in 4 hours — which was the day before his crisis.

Suresh sat with these numbers for an hour without speaking. Then he said: "Doctor sahab, the truth is, I never had any edge. I was just gambling."

I nodded. "Now you can begin to learn."

Days 15-21 — The Books and Bhajan Week:

I gave Suresh three books to read in this week:

1. "Trading in the Zone" by Mark Douglas — on the psychology of trading.
2. "Reminiscences of a Stock Operator" by Edwin Lefevre — the timeless wisdom of Jesse Livermore.
3. "Sathya Sai Speaks Volume 14" — specifically the discourses on detachment and the proper relationship to wealth.

Suresh also returned to our Thursday Sai Baba bhajan group. The first time, he could not look anyone in the eye. By the third Thursday, he was singing again.

Healing is not linear. But it is real. And it is faster than most traders believe.

LESSON 6

The 21-Day Reset is non-negotiable for any trader who has lost more than 20% of their capital. No charts. No apps. No "let me just check one thing." Saibaba taught: "Detachment leads to liberation." A trader who cannot detach from the screen for 21 days is a trader who is owned by the screen. The screen does not love you. Your family does."



— Chapter 07 —

The Discipline Months

On day 22, Suresh asked me a question: "Doctor sahab, can I trade again?"

I told him: "Yes — but only on paper, for 60 days. Not one rupee real money. After 60 days of paper trading discipline, we will talk."

He agreed.

We set up a TradingView paper trading account. We defined his strategy clearly:

- Trade only NIFTY index options.
- Maximum 3 trades per day.
- Maximum 2% risk per trade on a notional ₹1 lakh capital.
- Daily max loss: 5% of capital. If hit, stop trading for the day.
- Mandatory 1-hour cooldown after any loss before next trade.
- Journal every single trade in detail — entry, exit, emotion, reason, lesson.
- No trading after 2:30 PM (last hour is the most volatile).
- No trading on Federal Reserve announcement days.
- No trading on RBI policy days.
- No trading during Indian budget announcement.

For 60 days, Suresh paper traded with this discipline.

In the first 30 days, his paper account was up 8.4%. In the next 30 days, it was up another 6.1%. Total: ~15% in 60 days. With one bad week in

the middle where he was down 4% and had to journal his emotions for an hour each evening to process the losses.

On day 82, we met for coffee at Indian Coffee House on MG Road. Suresh was a different man. His eyes had focus again. His hands no longer shook.

"Doctor sahab," he said, "the strangest thing has happened. I no longer want to trade aggressively. I just want to trade well. The way I felt when I made ₹1.2 lakhs in 1 day six months ago — that excitement — it now feels like a sickness to me. The way I feel after journaling a single 0.8% gain trade now — that calm — that feels like dharma."

I smiled. I had been waiting for this exact moment.

"Suresh," I said, "you can start trading again with real money. Start with ₹50,000. Same rules. Same journal. Same maximum loss. We review every Sunday for one hour for the next 6 months."

He started. He continued. He recovered.

Discipline is not boring. Discipline is the gateway to freedom.

LESSON 7

A trader who cannot follow rules on paper will never follow them with real money. Paper trading is not "fake" — it is the gymnasium of the mind. Every successful Indian trader I know paper-traded for at least 60 days before risking real capital again after a major loss. Saibaba taught: "Practice makes perfect." This applies to discipline as much as to bhajan."



— Chapter 08 —

The Recovery

From November 2023 to August 2024 — 9 months total — Suresh slowly rebuilt.

Month 1 of real trading (Nov 2023): ₹2,400 profit on ₹50,000 capital. He was thrilled. He didn't increase position size.

Month 2 (Dec 2023): ₹3,800 profit. Still didn't increase size.

Month 3 (Jan 2024): ₹2,100 loss. He took 2 days off, journaled extensively, came back unchanged.

Month 4 (Feb 2024): ₹6,200 profit. He increased capital to ₹75,000.

Month 5 (March 2024): ₹4,800 profit.

Month 6 (April 2024): ₹9,100 profit. Increased capital to ₹1 lakh.

Month 7 (May 2024): ₹12,400 profit.

Month 8 (June 2024): ₹8,600 profit.

Month 9 (July 2024): ₹15,200 profit. Capital increased to ₹1.5 lakhs.

Month 10 (August 2024): ₹17,800 profit.

Total recovery in 9 months: approximately ₹82,400 from trading gains, plus ₹3 lakhs from a side consultancy project he took on (he had stopped doing extra work during his trading addiction phase, and resumed it during recovery), plus an emergency family loan of ₹4 lakhs from his elder brother in Mysuru, plus selling their second car (a 7-year-old Maruti Swift), plus Priya taking up extra weekend tuition classes for ₹15,000 a month additional income.

Together, in those 9 months, Suresh and Priya recovered ₹11 lakhs of the ₹18 lakh trading loss. The remaining ₹7 lakhs was paid down

through structured EMIs that they will continue paying for another 4 years.

More importantly, they saved their marriage. Priya found her gold mangalsutra in a velvet pouch under their puja shelf one week after our crisis night — I had bought it back from the pawn shop the day after our talk, and Suresh had placed it where she would find it during her morning prayer. She thought she had simply misplaced it. She wept with relief and lit extra agarbatti at the Sai Baba shrine. She still does not know the truth. We agreed she never needs to. The chain has returned. The marriage has healed. That is what matters.

Their daughters never knew. Ananya (now 12) excelled at school. Kavya (now 9) won a state-level art competition. They saw their father return to family dinners, return to bhajan group, return to Carrom on Sunday afternoons.

Their house fund is still empty. They are starting again. But this time, they are starting from a place of truth.

Recovery is not about getting back what was lost. It is about becoming someone who could not lose it the same way again.

LESSON 8

Recovery from a major trading loss is best measured in YEARS, not months. A trader who claims to recover ₹18 lakhs in 6 months either had hidden capital reserves or is trading dangerously. Saibaba taught: "Patience is the highest tapas." For the recovering trader, every month of disciplined trading is a small bhajan offering, accumulating slowly into the larger song of return."



— Chapter 09 —

The 10 Trader Truths

After Suresh's recovery, I wrote down the 10 truths I had taught him — truths that came from my own losses, my own teachers, and the unfailing wisdom of Sri Sathya Sai Baba. These are the truths I now share with every trader who calls me at midnight.

TRUTH 1 — You will lose money. The only question is whether you will lose it slowly enough to learn, or quickly enough to break.

TRUTH 2 — The market is not your enemy. The market is your mirror. Whatever weakness exists inside you — greed, fear, ego, impatience — the market will find it and amplify it until you address it.

TRUTH 3 — 80% of trading is psychology. 15% is risk management. 5% is strategy. Most traders study only the 5% — and wonder why they lose.

TRUTH 4 — No indicator, no algorithm, no guru, no Telegram channel will save you from yourself. Discipline is the only edge that compounds.

TRUTH 5 — If you cannot articulate why you are entering a trade in one clear sentence, you are gambling. Walk away.

TRUTH 6 — The trade you do not take is more important than the trade you take. Saibaba taught: "Less is more." This is doubly true in trading.

TRUTH 7 — Your capital is sacred. It is the result of your labor, your sleep lost, your family's sacrifices. Trade it like a custodian, not a casino player.

TRUTH 8 — If you find yourself lying to your spouse, parents, or self about your trading — you have

*already lost something more valuable than money.
Stop trading immediately. Confess. Heal. Then
return.*

*TRUTH 9 — The day you no longer feel the urgent
thrill of the next trade is the day you have become a
trader. Until then, you are still a gambler in disguise.*

*TRUTH 10 — Detachment from outcome is the
highest dharma. Trade your edge, not your hope.
Saibaba taught: "Why fear when I am here?" Trade
with that calm. Profit becomes a side-effect of your
discipline, not the goal of your action.*

Print these. Read them daily. Live them slowly. The market will reward you — not always with money, but always with wisdom. And eventually, with both.



— Chapter 10 —

The Gift to You

You have read this far. That alone tells me something about you.

You are not lazy. You are not stupid. You are not weak. You are a person who has been wounded by the market — perhaps small, perhaps catastrophic — and who is searching for a way back to dharma.

I want to give you everything Suresh received that night and after. Not because I am generous, but because I owe it. To my own teachers. To Saibaba. To the traders I could not save. To the wives whose gold chains went missing.

Here is what I offer you, brother, sister, friend:

1. The Daily Discipline Card. A free 1-page PDF with the 7 sacred rules every trader should read each morning. Print it. Place it on your trading desk. saisankalpam.com/discipline-card/
2. The Mind of a Disciplined Trader Meditation. A free 15-minute guided audio in my voice, Sai-inspired. Listen before each trading session. saisankalpam.com/trader-meditation/
3. The Honest Loss Recovery Calculator. A free Google Sheet that tells you the truth about how long realistic recovery takes — not the lies that YouTube gurus sell. saisankalpam.com/loss-recovery-calculator/
4. The Sai Trader Solace Community. A free WhatsApp group of traders who have fallen and are rising. No tips. No signals. Only honesty and support. Anonymous welcome. Link in saisankalpam.com.
5. The SaiNetra Discipline Engine. If after healing, you are ready to trade again — slowly, structured — try my 14-day free trial of the indicator I built for myself, for Suresh, and for traders like you. Optional. saisankalpam.com/the-sainetra-wheel/

All free. All forever. All offered with love.

My only request: if even one chapter of this book served you — share it with one person you love who might be silently suffering. Your husband. Your father. Your son. Your friend. Your colleague.

Their pain ends here too. Like Suresh's did. Like yours can.

Sai Ram, brother. Sai Ram, sister. I love you. Saibaba loves you. The market will too — once you stop fighting it and start respecting it.

— Dr. Ravindranath G., 14th May 2026, Siruguppa, Karnataka



ॐ साई राम

"Wealth that comes through dharma stays.

Wealth that comes through greed leaves."

— Inspired by Sri Sathya Sai Baba

Suresh's Journey

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*If this book has served you, please share it.
That is the only payment I ask.*