

THE **KAMAKSHI** JOURNAL



Every staircase to a higher life becomes quieter as you climb.

There is a kind of loneliness that does not come from being abandoned. It comes from wanting more than the life around you is able to understand. It comes from seeing a bigger future before it has arrived. It comes from carrying an inner hunger that refuses to let you stay where others may be comfortable. I have felt that loneliness for a long time. And the more I grow, the more I understand this truth: success is usually lonely. The higher you climb, the quieter it becomes. The stairs do not get crowded as you rise. They empty out.

Ambition has a sound from the outside, but from the inside, it often feels like silence.

People see ambition and often imagine excitement, energy, movement, success, and momentum. And yes, from the outside, it can look like all of those things. But from the inside, ambition can feel like distance. Distance from old comfort. Distance from versions of yourself you can no longer go back to. Distance even from certain people who once made sense in your life but no longer understand the language of where you are trying to go. Wanting more is beautiful, but it is also expensive. It costs. It costs ease. It costs peace. It costs time. It costs old identities. Sometimes it even costs closeness.



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The life I am building did not come cheap. It was paid for with invisible things.

People often look at a name and only see what is visible around it. They see the progress. The ambition. The structure. The movement. The life. What they do not always see is what that life demanded in return. Becoming **Dhruv D Gije** the way I am becoming him did not happen casually. It cost me time. It cost me comfort. It cost me peace in many seasons. It cost me parts of my happiness. It cost me moments with people I loved. It cost me friendships. It cost me softness in certain areas of life. It cost me the ease of being just another normal boy living a simple emotional rhythm. But even after all that, I say this with honesty: I am still grateful. Because somewhere deep within me, I had dreamed of this life for myself. And some dreams ask for everything before they agree to become real.



Loneliness is not always punishment. Sometimes it is preparation in its purest form.

I have learned not to hate lonely seasons. In fact, I have started respecting them. Because loneliness teaches you things that people never can. When you are alone for long enough, you stop performing. You stop speaking to impress. You stop moving according to the noise around you. You begin hearing your own real thoughts. Your own fears. Your own hunger. Your own standards. Your own truth. And that is a very dangerous thing in the best possible way. Because the moment a person becomes intimate with his own truth, he becomes much harder to distract.

“The world often mistakes loneliness for emptiness. In reality, loneliness can be one of the most crowded rooms of self-discovery.”

My routine in the United States looks quiet from the outside, but inside it, a great deal is being built.

There is a certain loneliness to my life in the U.S. that I do not think everyone would understand. The routine is often simple, quiet, and deeply productive. It is not loud. It is not glamorous every day. It is made up of thoughts, work, movement, learning, long internal conversations, and a constant relationship with the future I am trying to build. There are days when the silence feels almost physical. But strangely, I have come to value it. Because that silence is not empty. It is formative. It is teaching me how to hold my own company, how to sharpen my own mind, how to organize my own life, and how to keep building even when no one is standing next to me applauding the effort. That kind of routine may look lonely. But it is powerful.

Pressure has never felt like my enemy. It has felt like the hand that kept sculpting me.

I thank God for pressure. I truly do. Not because it is comfortable, but because it is necessary. Pressure is a blessing when you understand what it is trying to do. It compresses what is weak. It reveals what is strong. It removes illusion. It sharpens instinct. People speak about diamonds with admiration, but they forget that diamonds do not become diamonds through comfort. They become what they are through pressure. And I think the same is true of people. The strongest versions of us are rarely formed in ease. They are formed when life presses us hard enough that we either break or become.



"Success is usually lonely because the higher you climb, the fewer people can feel what is calling you upward."



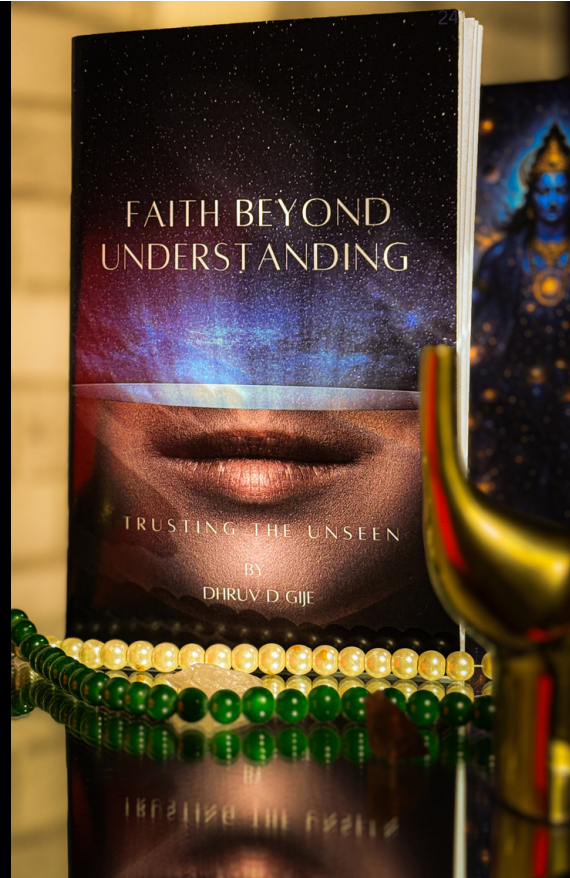
There was a time I thought loneliness meant something was missing. Now I know it often means something is being made.

This shift changed me. Earlier in life, like most people, I naturally wanted presence, comfort, emotional nearness, familiarity, and belonging. And all of those things are beautiful. But over time, especially through my journey, I realized that not every lonely phase is a sign of loss. Some lonely phases are construction sites. They are the places where your next identity is quietly being assembled. Nothing dramatic may be visible yet. But underneath the silence, a deeper architecture is being formed. That understanding gave me peace. It taught me not to fear the seasons where life becomes quieter, because often those are the seasons where it is doing its deepest work.

"Loneliness is not always the absence of people; sometimes it is the presence of becoming."

Faith Beyond Understanding was born from that same loneliness.

My book, Faith Beyond Understanding, is in many ways an extension of this journey. It comes from that place where loneliness stops being only emotional and becomes spiritual. It comes from learning how to believe in yourself when there is not yet enough external proof to justify the faith. It comes from trusting that the universe does not waste pain, pressure, or isolation if the person going through it remains open enough to be transformed by it. That is what I mean when I speak of faith. Not blind optimism. Not fantasy. But the quiet strength to believe that this lonely road is not meaningless, that this silence is not empty, and that this becoming is not accidental.



When you want more, not everyone will understand your hunger, and that is part of the price.

This is something I have accepted. Not everyone will understand why you are pushing so hard. Not everyone will understand why you cannot settle. Not everyone will understand why peace for you is not found in stillness, but in movement toward something bigger. And that is okay. Because the people who are not carrying your calling cannot always feel your urgency. Wanting more can isolate you because it creates a distance between your inner world and the pace at which others are willing to live. But that does not make your hunger wrong. It just makes it costly.

“The life I wanted was expensive, but I was willing to pay in sacrifice what I could not purchase in comfort.”

I did not become this version of myself in a single moment. I was shaped by repeated private wars.

If I look at my own life honestly, the journey from being an ordinary boy to becoming the name I am trying to build was not dramatic in one moment. It was built through repeated internal battles. Through private decisions. Through saying no when it hurt. Through staying disciplined when emotion wanted relief. Through choosing future over comfort. Through losing parts of my old life that once felt inseparable from me. Through outgrowing spaces, habits, and versions of myself that could no longer carry what I wanted to become. That is why I say this version of me was expensive. It was not bought with money. It was paid for in sacrifice.

"The world often sees the result and calls it ambition. Only the person who lived it knows how much loneliness was mixed into its making."

And yet, I would choose this road again.

That may be the most important truth in all of this. Despite the cost, despite the pressure, despite the lonely routines, despite the sacrifices, despite the people, moments, and comforts that had to be left behind, I would still choose this road again. Because I know what it is building in me. I know what it is asking of me. I know what it is preparing me to hold. And somewhere, in a part of me that has always been ancient and restless, I know this life was not meant to be ordinary. So yes, loneliness has been part of the price. But significance has never been sold cheaply.



The stairs to success do not become less lonely. You simply become more worthy of climbing them.

That is the lesson I keep returning to. The loneliness does not always disappear. The silence does not always become easier. The pressure does not always become lighter. But something in you changes. You become stronger. More spacious. More certain. More capable of carrying your own weight. And that, perhaps, is the real transformation. Not that the road becomes easier, but that you become someone who can walk it without needing constant proof that it is worth it.

If loneliness is the price, then let it be known that I paid it with purpose.

I no longer see loneliness as something to be ashamed of. I see it as part of the architecture of becoming. I see it as the tuition paid to enter rooms the ordinary version of me could never have held. I see it as one of the most honest teachers of my life. And so if someone asks me what success feels like from the inside, I would say this: sometimes it feels quiet, sometimes it feels heavy, sometimes it feels lonely, but if it is real, it also feels worth it.

Because the truth is simple.
Success is usually lonely.
Pressure is usually painful.
Growth is usually expensive.
But if the dream is truly yours,
you will still thank life for every part of the cost.

— Dhruv D. Gije