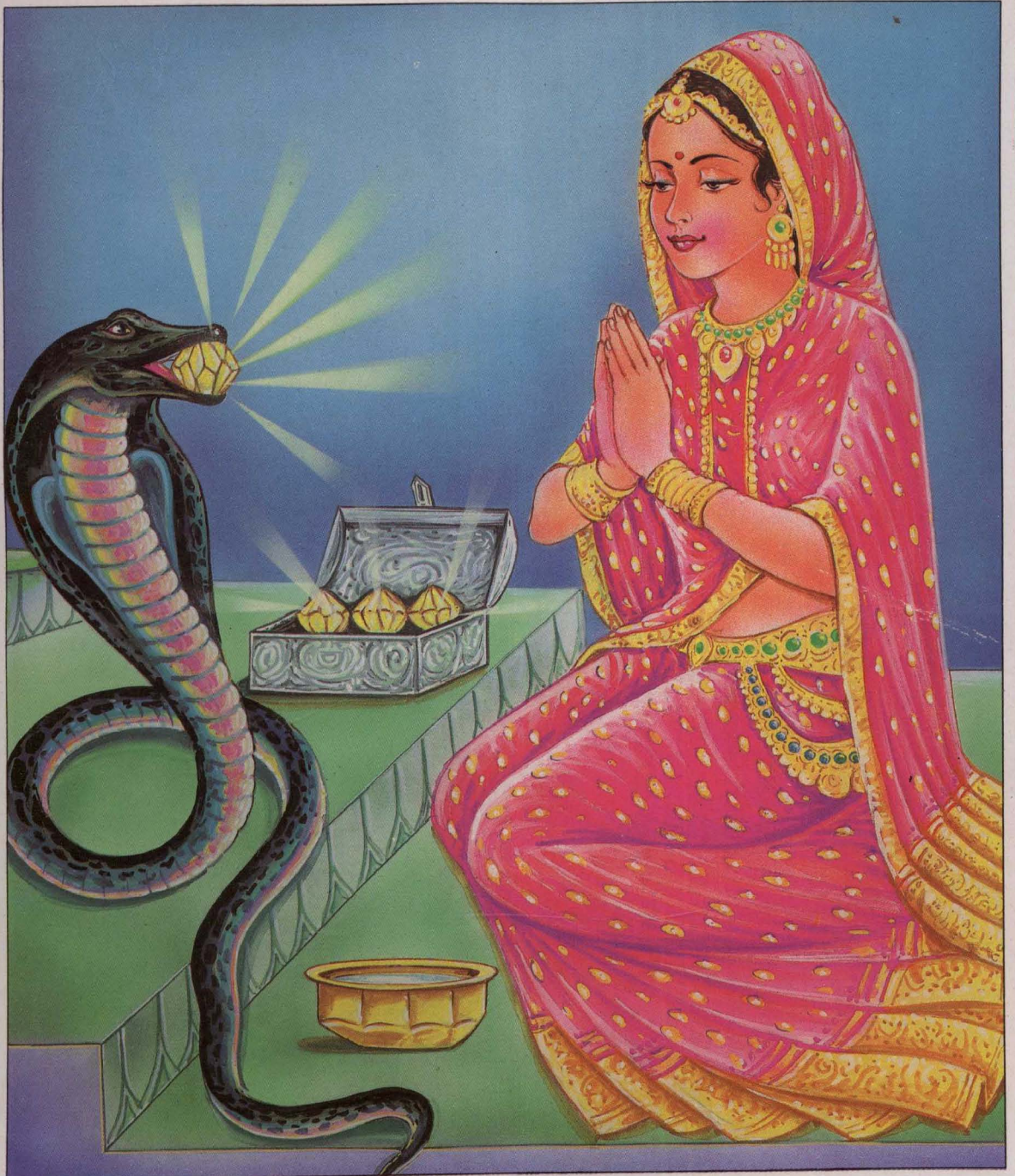


A Mahavir Seva Trust Presentation

FIVE GEMS

Vol. 31

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FIVE GEMS

Discussing about the faults in observing the minor-vows (*anuvrats*) of truth, *Bhagavan* Mahavir has said that a person who refuses to return a thing entrusted to him or makes false excuses, breaks the *anuvrat* of truth. Because it is violation of trust or deception. The person who is deceived gets agitated and sad. He burns with animosity and vengeance. It promotes violence.

Five Gems is the story of a merchant who became a millionaire by misusing the property of a poor Brahmin, entrusted to him. On the strength of his goodwill of honesty he deprived the trusting Brahmin of five invaluable gems. Deeply hurt by this violation of trust, the Brahmin died and reincarnated as a snake; it took its revenge by killing young and newly wedded sons of the merchant.

Seeing the Soul and Consequence of Inflexibility, these two stories have been taken from the Jain *Agam—Raj-prashniya Sutra*. These were told by Shraman Keshi Kumar to the agnostic king Pradeshi of Shwetambika city in order to inspire him to recognize soul and, understand truth and accept it without any bias. He who is adamant on his prejudices always repents in the end.

All the three stories in this book inspire one to the quest for truth in life.

—Srichand Surana 'Saras'

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Srichand Surana 'Saras'

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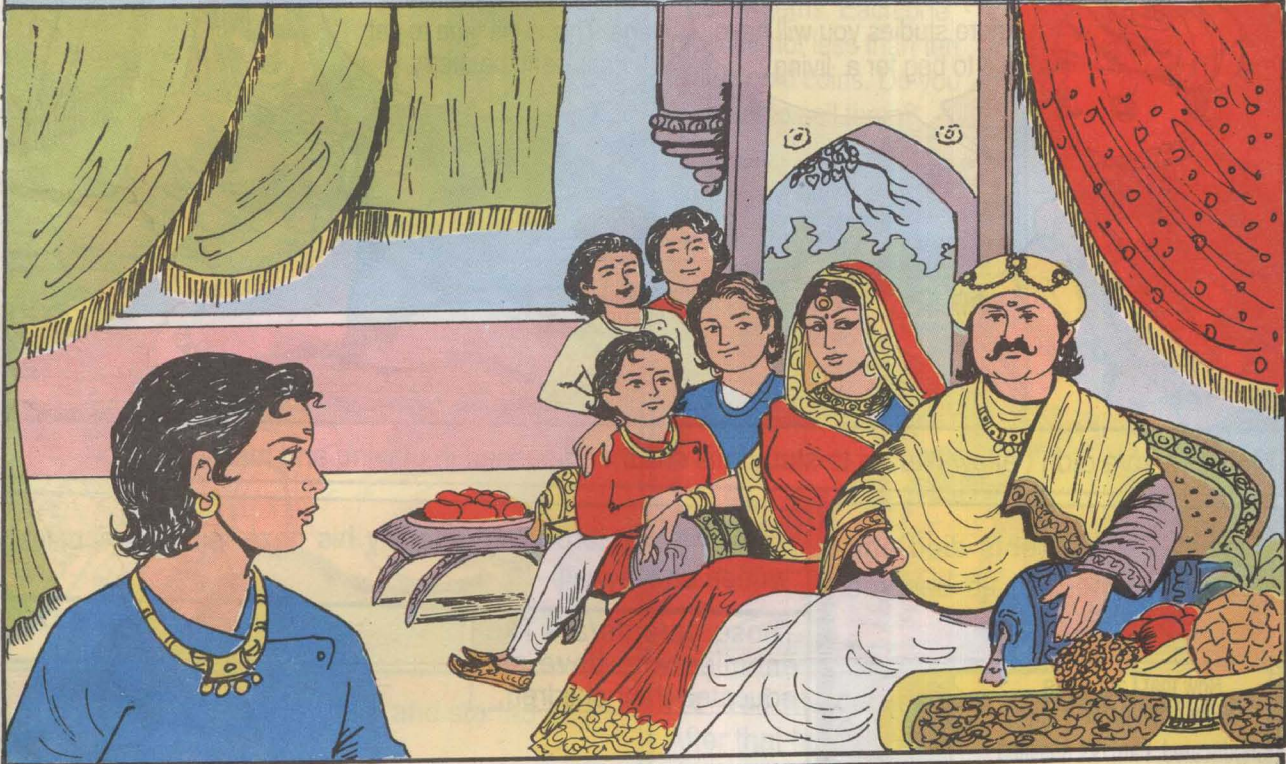
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FIVE GEMS

In Champapur lived a rich merchant named Balbhadra. He had five sons. They were obedient, handsome and intelligent.



People commented about this happy and prosperous family.

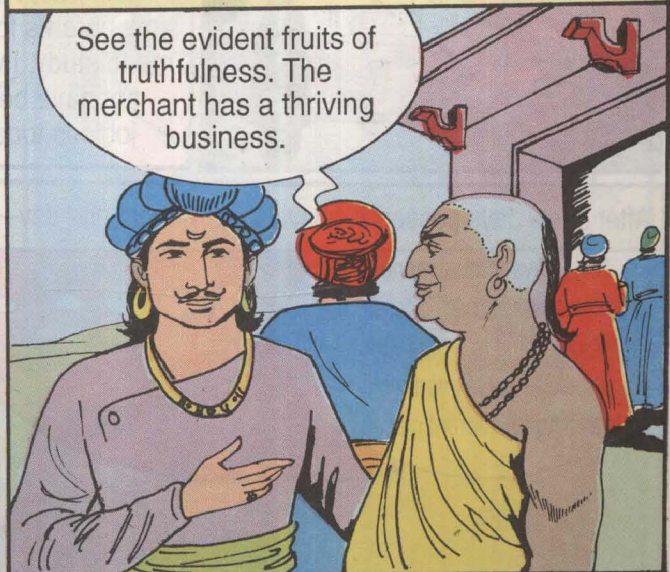
See, merchant Balbhadra truly enjoys the fruits of piety. He has happiness and prosperity, obedient sons, and prestige in the state.

Indeed, he is very religious. His business ethics and truthfulness are virtues rare to find.

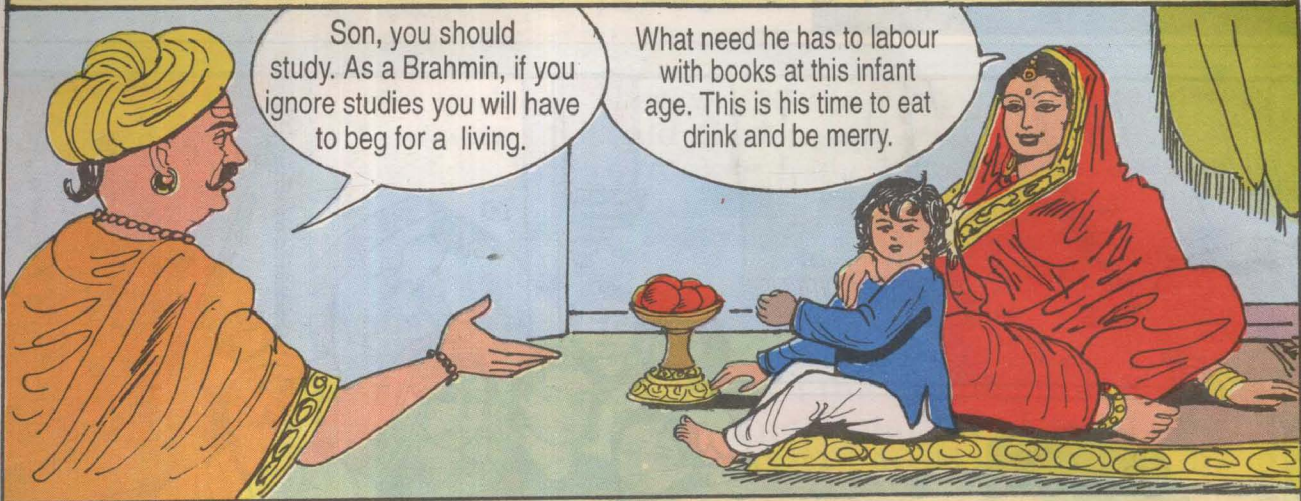


His shop was always crowded with customers from far and near.

See the evident fruits of truthfulness. The merchant has a thriving business.



Right opposite the mansion of the merchant lived the state priest, Shridhar. He had a son, Narain, who was very fond of playing and loafing around. Shridhar told him time and again—



Mother's love didn't allow Narain to study. His childhood passed in playing and merry making.

One day his parents died and left him alone. Narain became sad and thought—

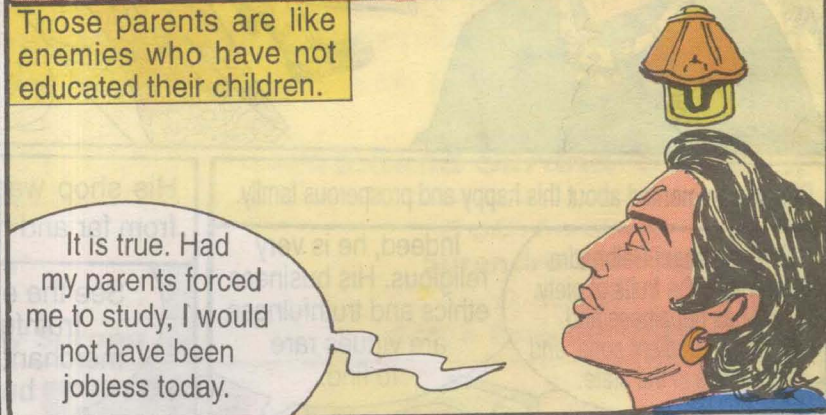
Now that I am alone what will I do? As I am uneducated, I am not qualified for my father's post.



While he was brooding gloomily his gaze fell on a couplet written on the wall—

Those parents are like enemies who have not educated their children.

It is true. Had my parents forced me to study, I would not have been jobless today.



After a few days passed in grieving, he thought one day—

Still I have a lot of money that my father earned. Therefore, there is nothing to worry about. I should enjoy my youth by travelling to different places.



He started preparing for his tour. While he was arranging things in the house, he found an old box. He was stunned when he opened the box—

Oh! How brilliant are these five gems. When pleased, the king must have rewarded my father with these.



He wrapped the box in a piece of cloth and took it to a famous jeweller in the town. When the jeweller saw the gems he was astonished—

Son, these are very costly gems. Each one must be not less than ten million gold coins. Do you want to sell them?

No, Sir, I just wanted to get them valued.



Narain returned with the box and started day-dreaming.

Now why do I need to earn? Now I will enjoy myself. I will tour the country and the world. Coming back from my tour I will sell one of the gems. That will be enough to build a house, marry, and live happily ever after.



He was elated at these dreams of future. After that he thought—

But at my back, if someone steals the box? It should be kept in some secure place.



Father used to say that merchant Balbhadra—who lived in front of our house— was a truthful and religious person and a Jain *shravak*. Why not entrust the box to him for safe keeping.



Next day Narain wrapped the jewel box in a piece of cloth and went to the office of merchant Balbhadra. After greetings he said—



Sethji, did you recognize me?

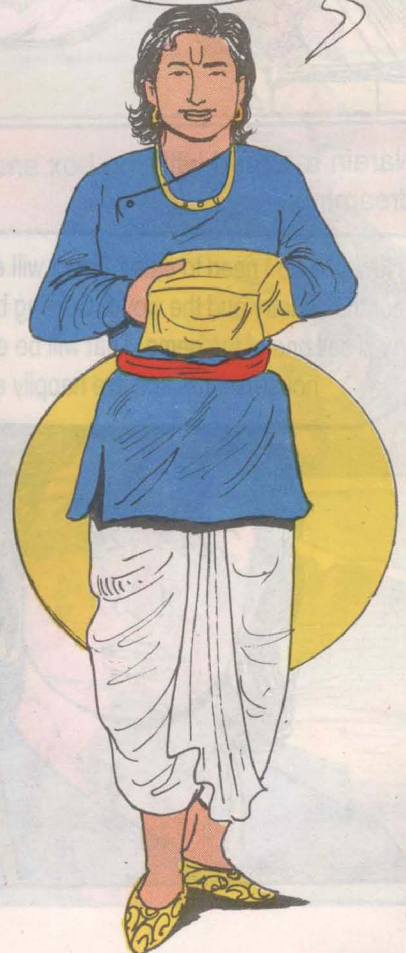
Of course, yes, Narain.

Sethji, I want to go out on a tour around the country. I want to leave something with you for safe keeping for some days. Please do me the favour.

No, no, anything belonging to others is like a fire. I consider a sin even to touch others' wealth.



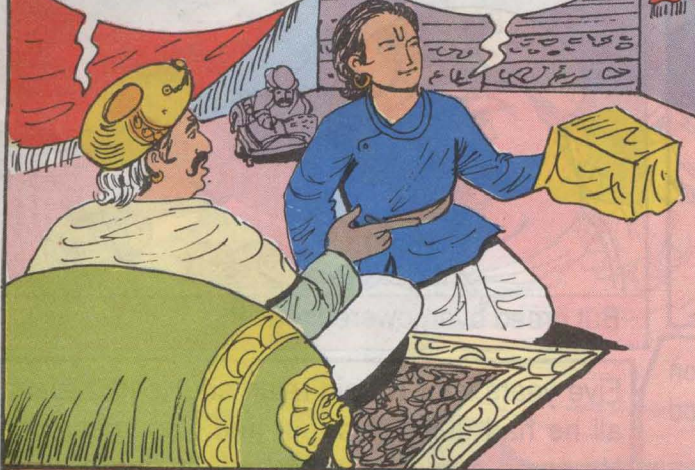
Sethji, why do you need to touch it. Just keep this box with you. I will take it when I return.



The merchant indicated at a place with complete detachment—

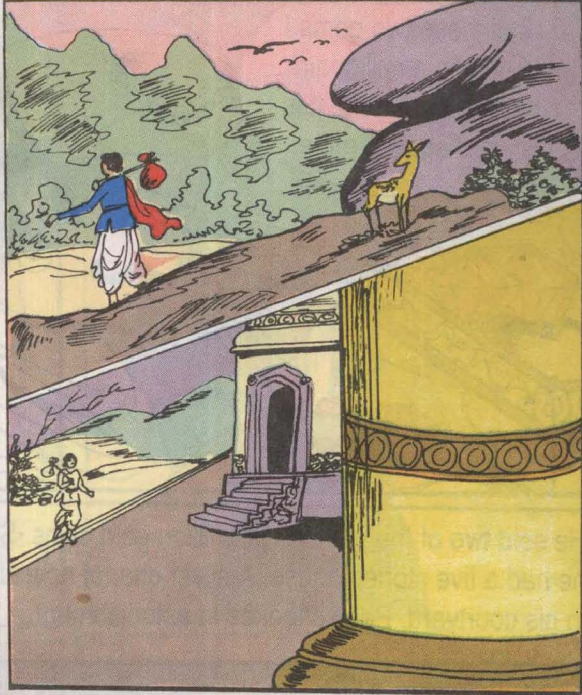
See, I won't even touch it, put it in that corner yourself. Return soon and take it back.

Sethji, I will never forget this favour. I will return soon.



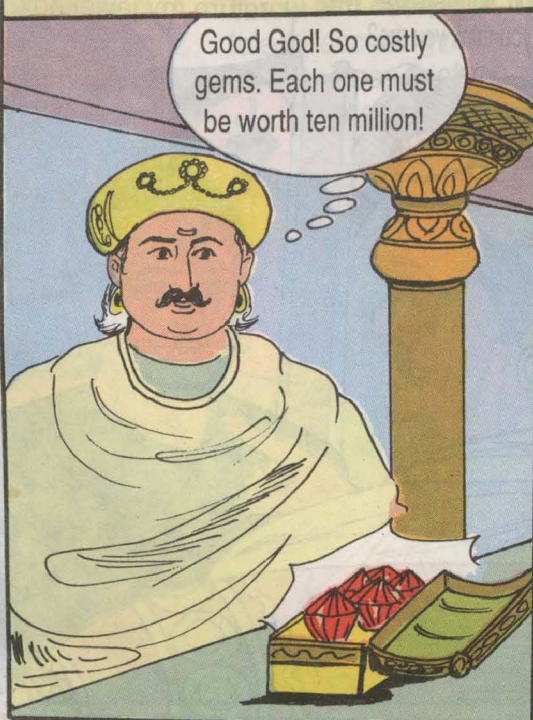
He placed the box in the corner with his own hands.

Now, free of his worries, he left on his planned tour.



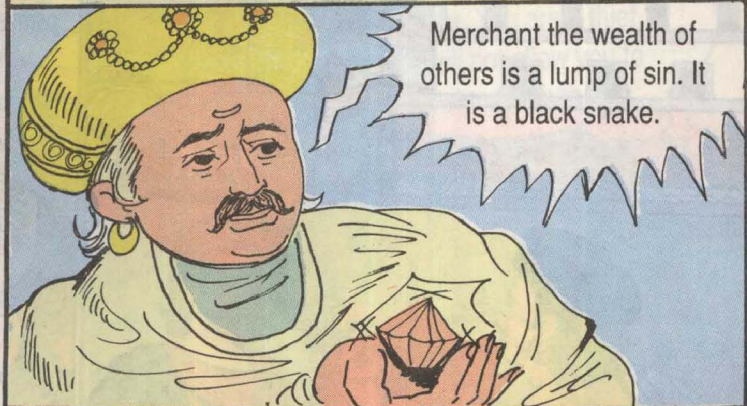
Some days later it was the festival of *Diwali*. During the annual cleaning of his office, the merchant came across the box. He opened it and was taken aback.

Good God! So costly gems. Each one must be worth ten million!

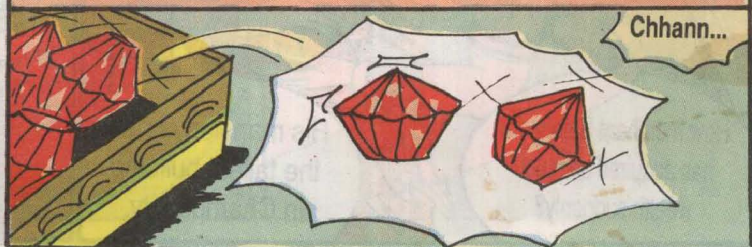


The moment the merchant took a gem in his hand his attitude was defiled. But he felt as if some words echoed in his ears—

Merchant the wealth of others is a lump of sin. It is a black snake.

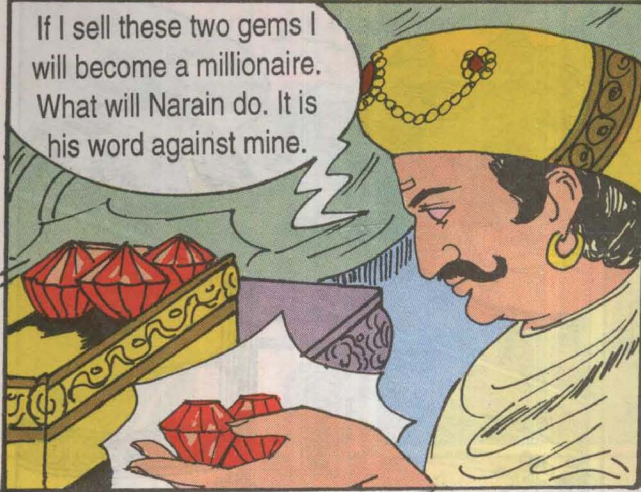


The box fell from his hands. Two gems fell out of it.



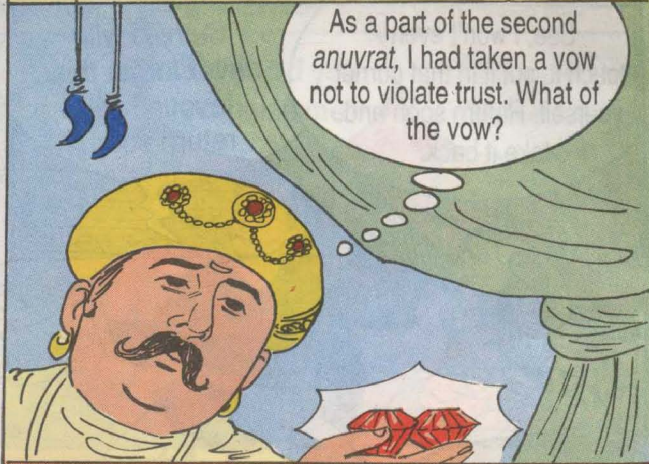
The attractive gems filled the merchant with greed—

If I sell these two gems I will become a millionaire. What will Narain do. It is his word against mine.



His heart once palpitated when he touched the gems—

As a part of the second *anuvrat*, I had taken a vow not to violate trust. What of the vow?



But greed overpowered reason.

He sold two of the gems in 20 million gold coins. Soon he had a five storied house. A silver chariot now stood in his courtyard. People looked in astonishment.



Five years later Narain returned. He had spent all he had during his tour and was in shreds. He came straight to Balbhadra's house. The merchant pretended not to recognize Narain—

Who are you? Why have you come here? Have you no manners to have entered without permission. A trespasser. Who do you think you are?

Sethji, don't you recognize me, I am Narain. Please return my jewel box.

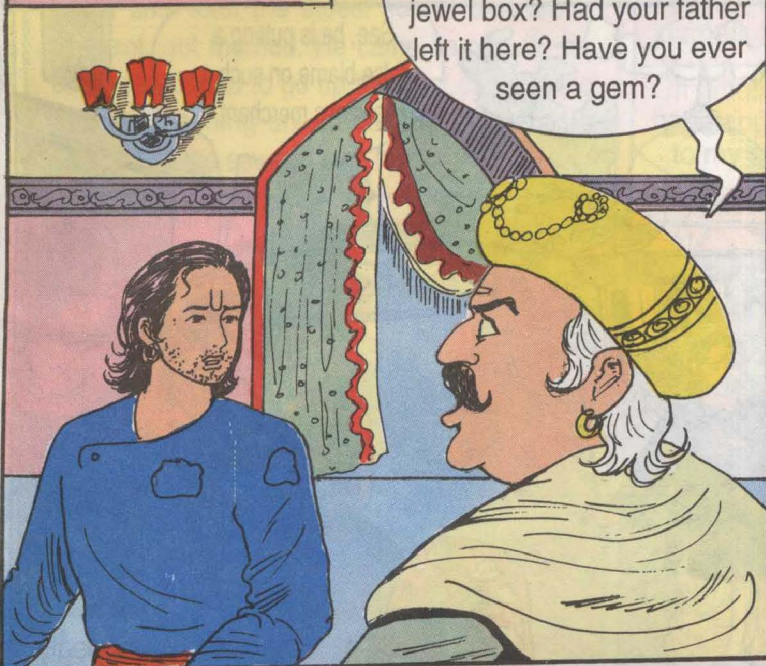


How merchant Balbhadra has acquired so much wealth suddenly?

His mansion is now the tallest building in Champa city.

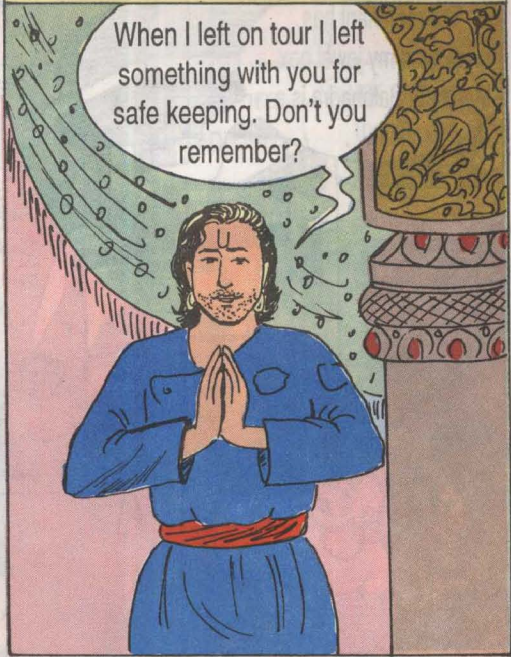
The merchant shouted back—

Hey! What nonsense. A jewel box? Had your father left it here? Have you ever seen a gem?



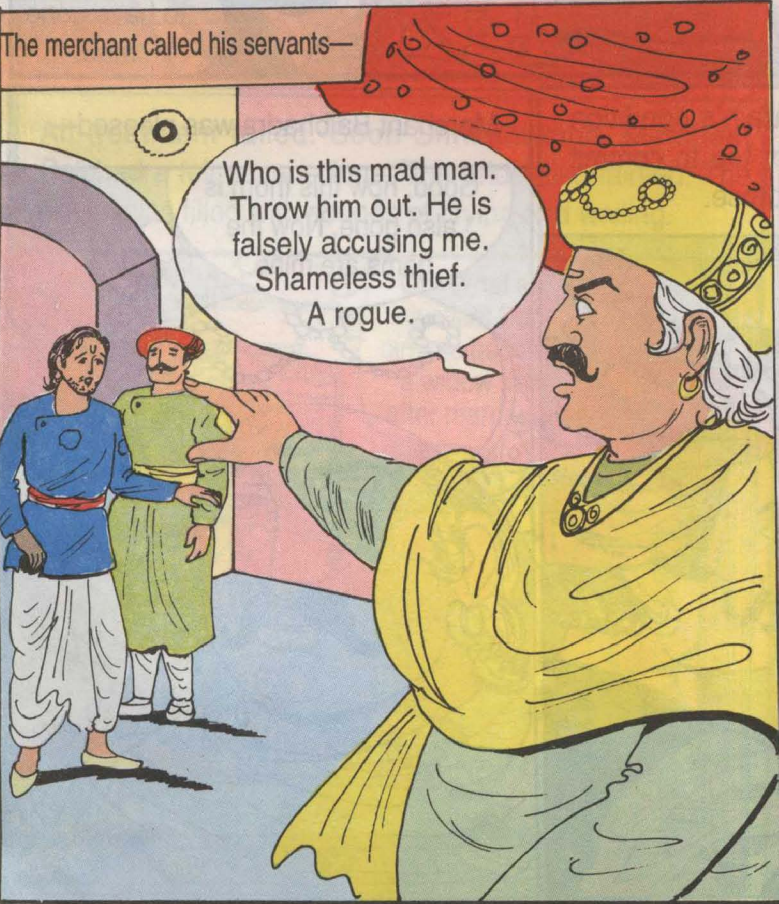
Narain got nervous, he said humbly—

When I left on tour I left something with you for safe keeping. Don't you remember?



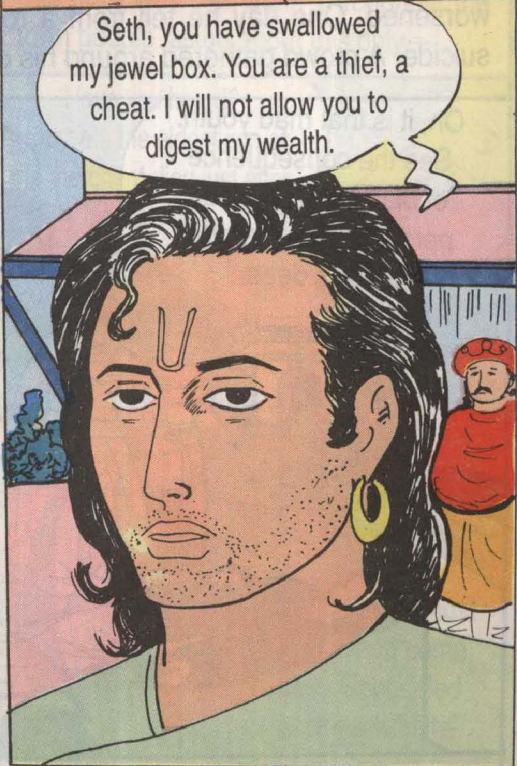
The merchant called his servants—

Who is this mad man. Throw him out. He is falsely accusing me. Shameless thief. A rogue.



The servants manhandled Narain and threw him out. He stood outside the shop and uttered—

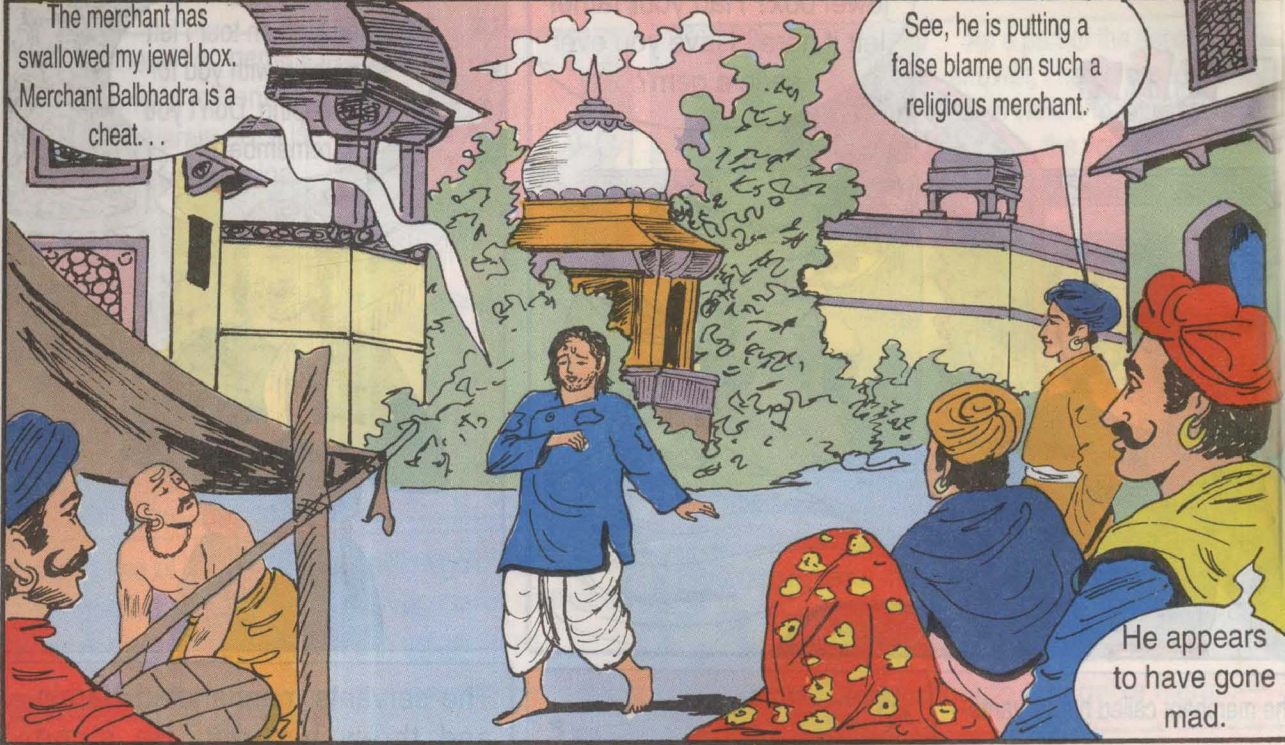
Seth, you have swallowed my jewel box. You are a thief, a cheat. I will not allow you to digest my wealth.



This shock made Narain go mad. He roamed around jabbering and shouting—

The merchant has swallowed my jewel box. Merchant Balbhadra is a cheat. . .

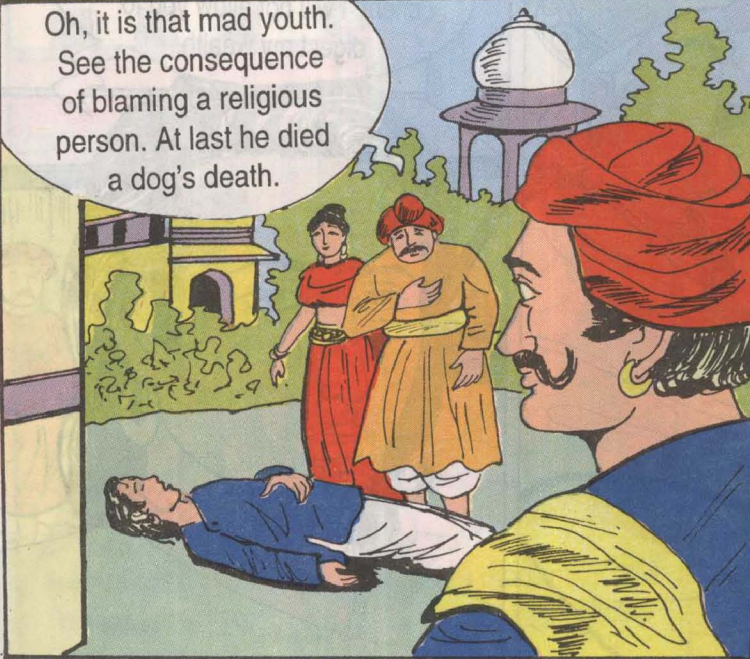
See, he is putting a false blame on such a religious merchant.



He appears to have gone mad.

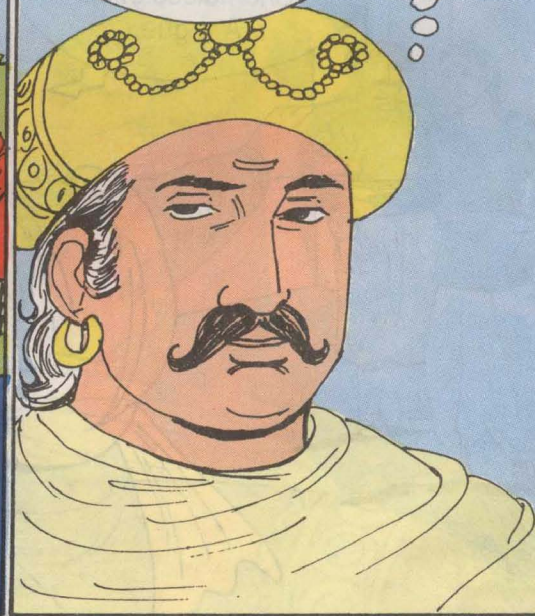
Consumed by sorrow and hunger Narain's condition worsened. One day he fell from a roof top to commit suicide. A crowd gathered around his corpse.

Oh, it is that mad youth. See the consequence of blaming a religious person. At last he died a dog's death.



Merchant Balbhadra was pleased—

Good, now this thorn is also gone. Now the gems are mine.



Some time later the eldest son of Balbhadra, Shrikant, got married. He came home with his bride. He started to go up the front steps of the house. Crossing six steps, the moment he stepped on the seventh step he screamed—

Oh! It has bitten me.
Help! Help!



Within moments Shrikant collapsed. His mouth foamed. The merchant came running.

Oh God! What has happened to my son?

A black cobra has bitten him.

Suck and spit out the poison at once.



All treatment failed. Soon Shrikant died. Merchant Balbhadra fell unconscious. The bride also fainted. The house was filled with sounds of crying and wailing.

Oh! What an injustice. Poor girl has become a widow just after marriage.



The body was cremated. Throughout the town people talked about this only—

Have you heard?
How sad, the eldest son of the merchant died just after his marriage.



Yes, the merchant must have committed some grave sin. Concealed sins bear such fruits.

When the period of mourning ended people advised the merchant—

You should soon arrange for the marriage of your second son, Shashikant. The gloomy atmosphere will change. Old wounds will heal.



One year later, Shashikant was married. After marriage Shashikant also suffered the same fate. While entering the house with his bride he was came across a black cobra just when he stepped on the seventh step.

O God! Here is the black cobra.



Shashikant fell on the stairs. His mouth foamed. People shouted with fear—

It is a snake bite. Call some doctor.

O God! The thunderbolt has struck again. What sins are precipitating?

And the snake bit Shashikant on his feet.

Oh! Oh! The snake has bitten.

Help! Run!



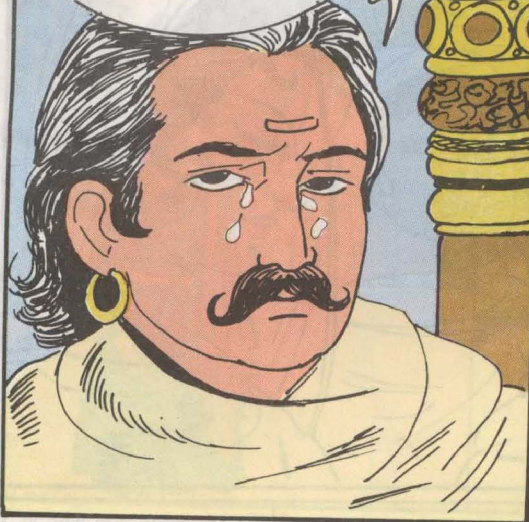
After biting, the serpent disappeared.



Within no time Shashikant was dead.

For some days the house was in the shadow of gloom. The merchant wept and uttered—

The God has taken my two young sons. What is left for me in this world to live for?



After a year, one day some persons came from some other city, and said—

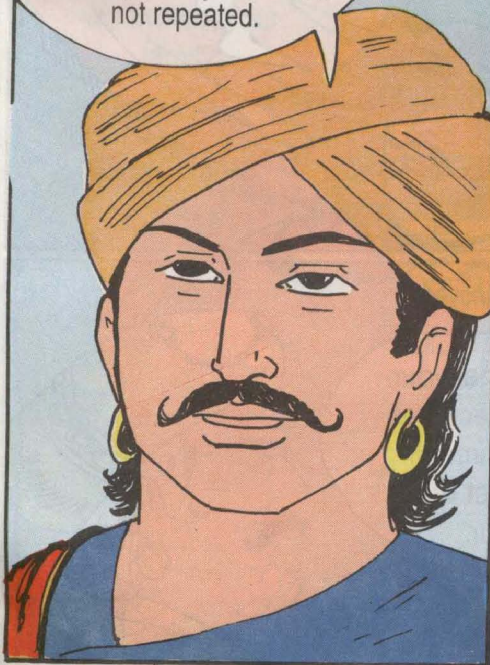
Sethji, I have come to propose for marriage of your son, Ravikant, with my daughter.

No brother. Now I don't want to see someone's daughter turning a widow in her youth. I don't want to marry any of my sons now.



Friends persuaded—

Bygone is bygone. The village does not burn every Saturday. Every incident is not repeated.



After much persuasion the merchant married Ravikant. But exactly the same way he was also killed by snake bite while stepping into the house with his bride.

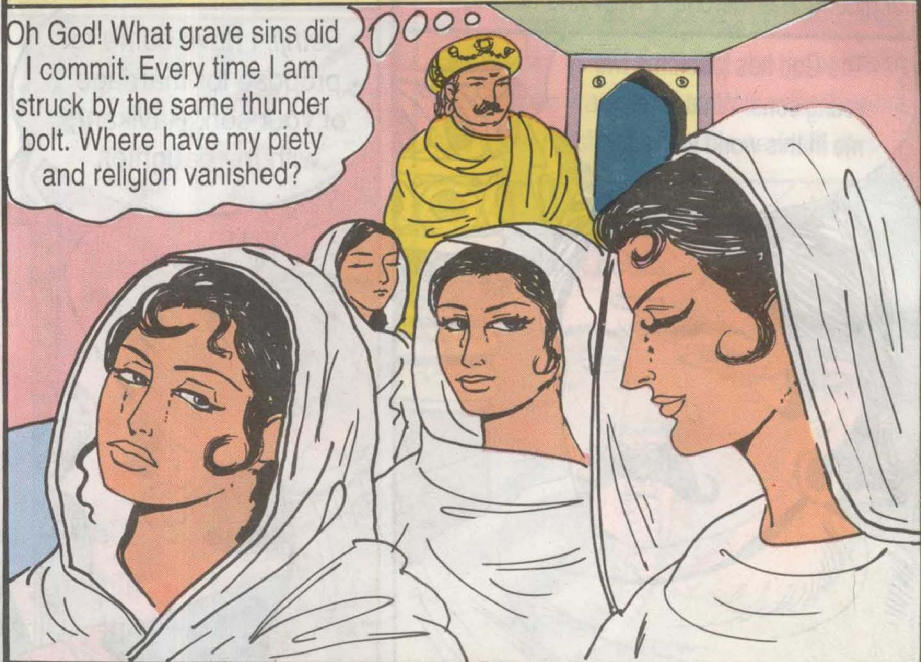


Two years later, his fourth son Laxmikant also met the same fate.



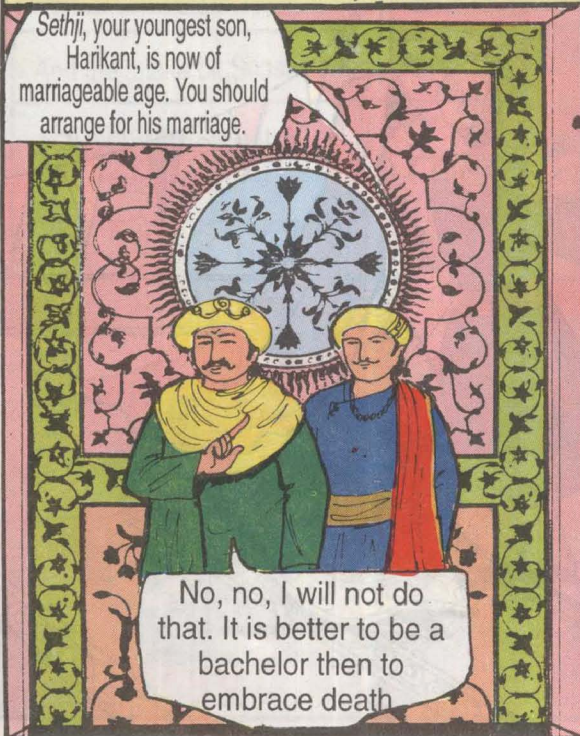
When he saw four young widows in his house, the merchant cursed his luck—

Oh God! What grave sins did I commit. Every time I am struck by the same thunder bolt. Where have my piety and religion vanished?



Three more years passed. Slowly the ointment of time filled the wounds in the mind. The merchant overcame the old sorrows. One day a merchant from the same city came.

Sethji, your youngest son, Harikant, is now of marriageable age. You should arrange for his marriage.



No, no, I will not do that. It is better to be a bachelor than to embrace death

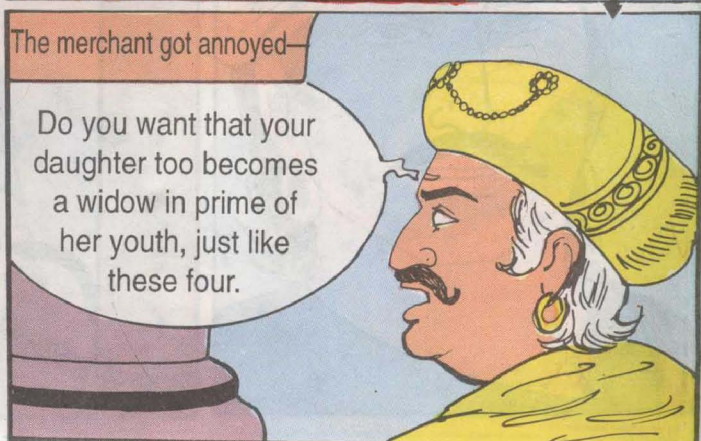
The father of the prospective bride said—

Sethji, every one who is born in this world has to die one day. It is said that Ravan had a hundred thousand sons and emperor Sagar sixty thousand. They all died. The world still did not come to an end.

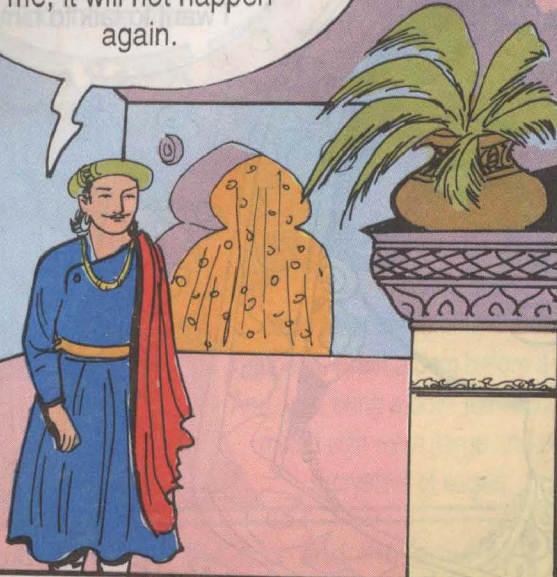


The merchant got annoyed—

Do you want that your daughter too becomes a widow in prime of her youth, just like these four.

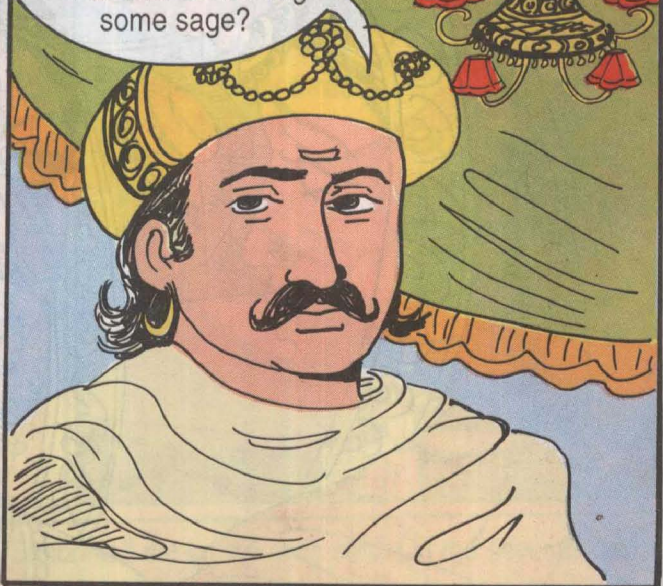


Sethji, God takes care of those who depend on luck. Please believe me, it will not happen again.



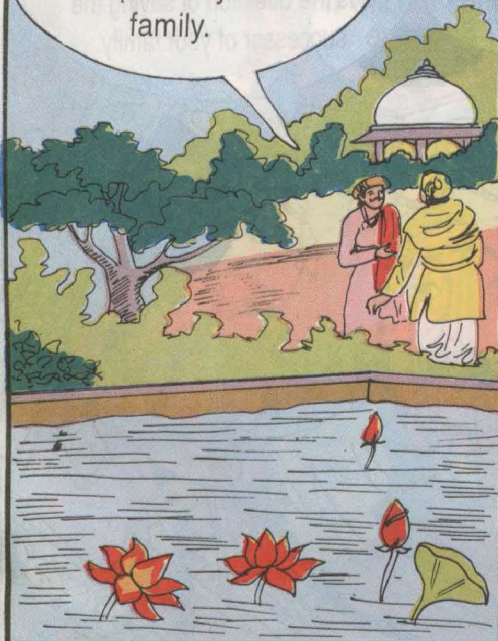
Balbhadra asked with surprise—

Why will it not happen? Have you come after consulting some sage?



The visitor said—

It may be as you say. But believe me, my daughter Shubhmati will protect your family.



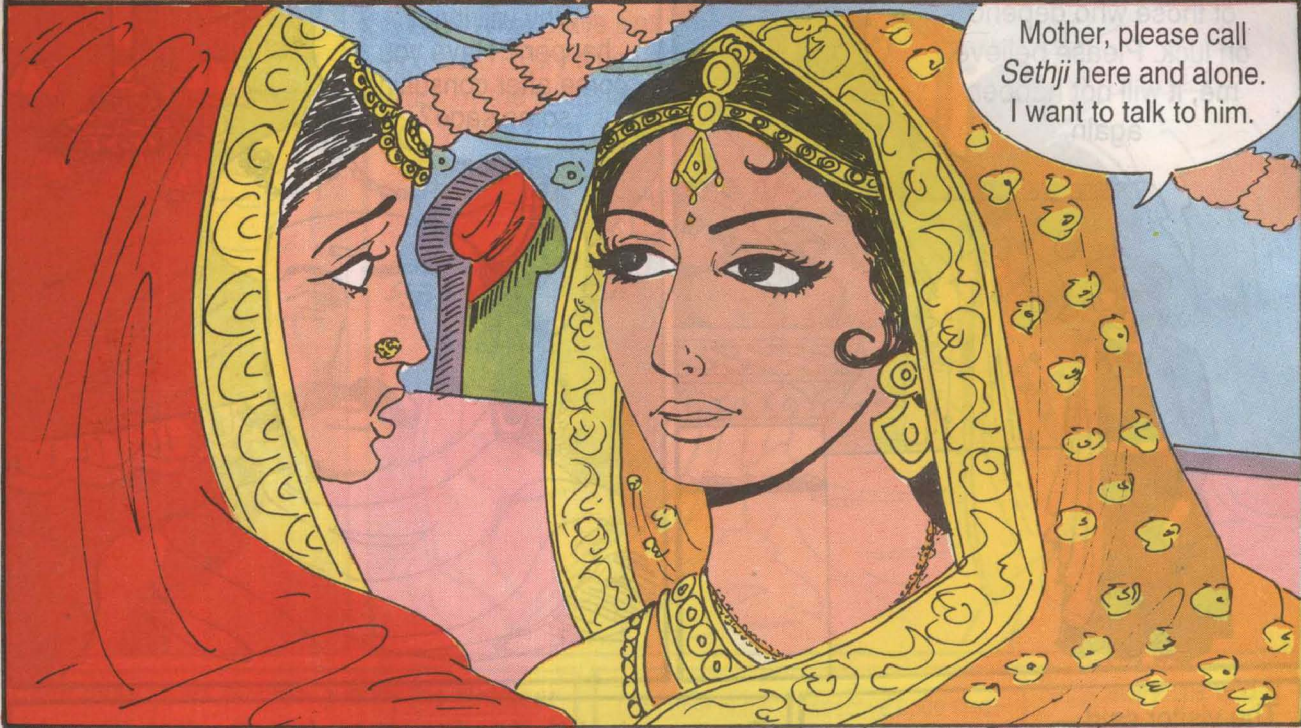
The unwavering faith of the future bride's father lit a spark of hope in Balbhadra's mind. After some thought he gave his consent. One day Harikant reached the gate of his house with his bride in a chariot. With apprehension and fear, people were standing there alert.

Let's see what happens this time.

The snake will not spare even this son of the merchant.



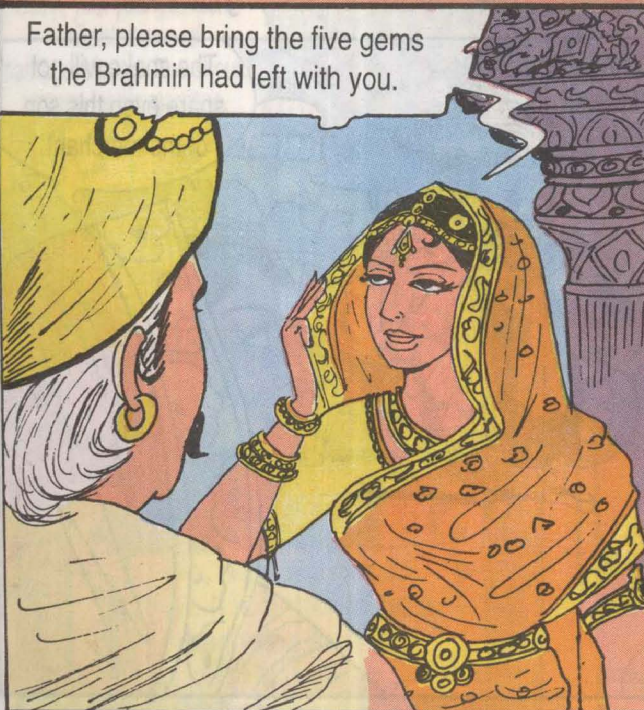
The bride got down from the chariot, came up to the gate and stopped. She said to a lady standing there—



Mother, please call Sethji here and alone. I want to talk to him.

Merchant Balbhadra came running. The bride touched the feet of her father-in-law, and whispered in his ears—

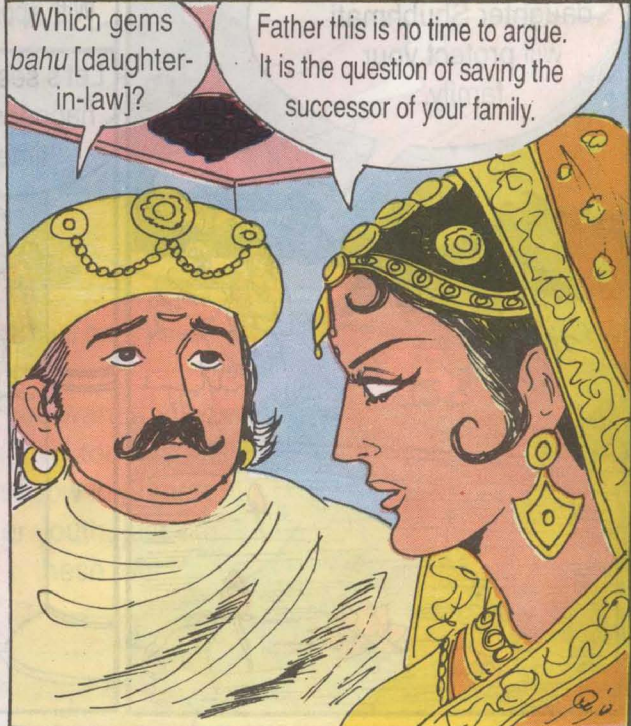
Father, please bring the five gems the Brahmin had left with you.



Balbhadra felt as if he had fallen from the sky and was hanging from a palm tree. He said—

Which gems bahu [daughter-in-law]?

Father this is no time to argue. It is the question of saving the successor of your family.



Balbhadra—

How do you know?
This secret is either
known to me or the
God; none else.

Father, don't
delay least something undesired
happens. Erect a dam before it rains.
And, yes, bring a bowl full of cow-milk
mixed with *misri* [large and pure
crystals of sugar].

The nervous merchant rushed into the
house. He at once came back with the
jewel box and a bowl of milk.

Here, *Bahu*, I have
sold two of the
gems. Only three
are left.

Shubhmati took the box and the bowl of
milk and stepped up the stairs. People
around shivered with fear—

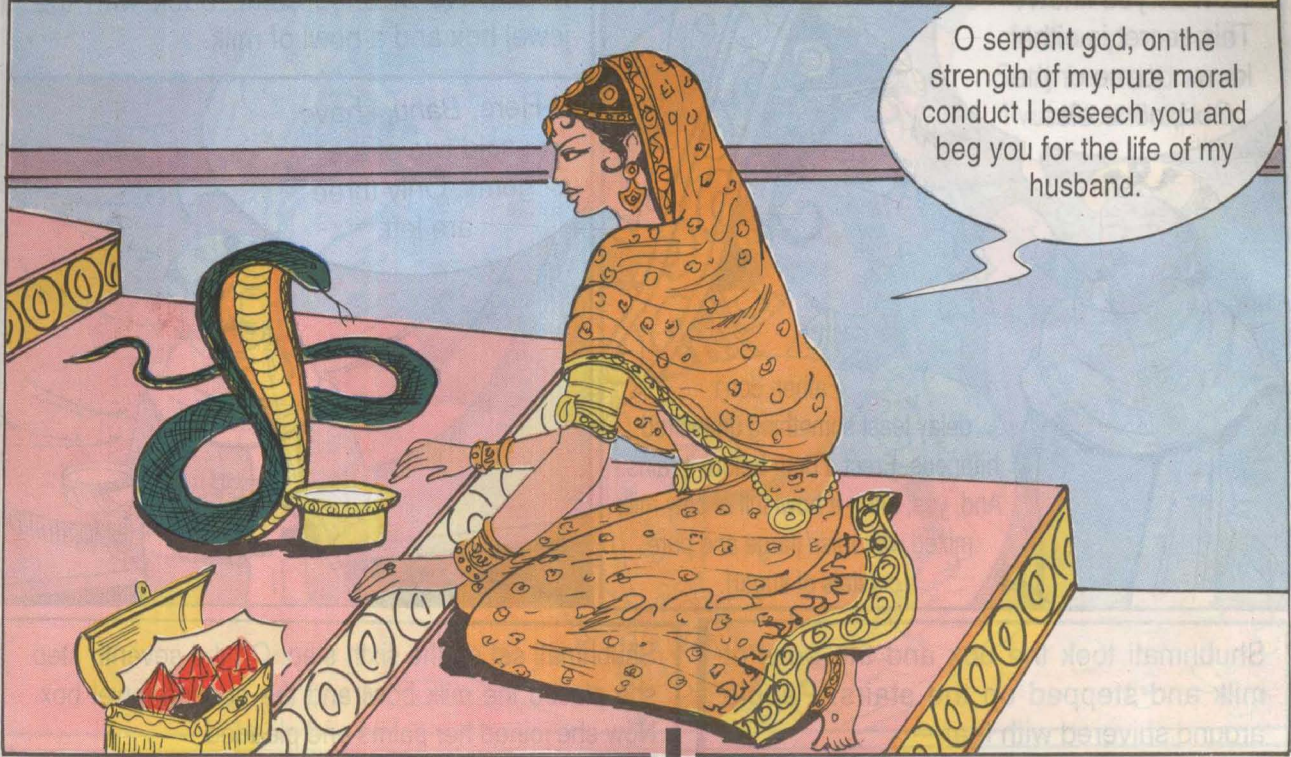
Shubhmati sat on the sixth step. On the seventh step
she placed the milk bowl and the opened jewel box.
Now she joined her palms and pleaded—

The snake will
appear now.

It will not spare
even the
bahu.

O serpent god, please pardon
my father-in-law's violation of
trust you placed in him. Please
be content and take the
remaining three gems.

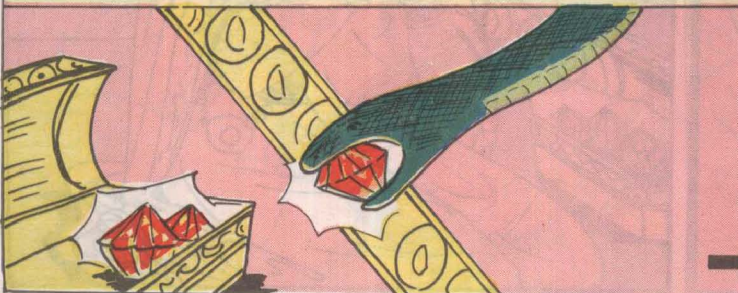
And suddenly a long snake slithered out from under the steps. Everyone standing around stepped back with fear.



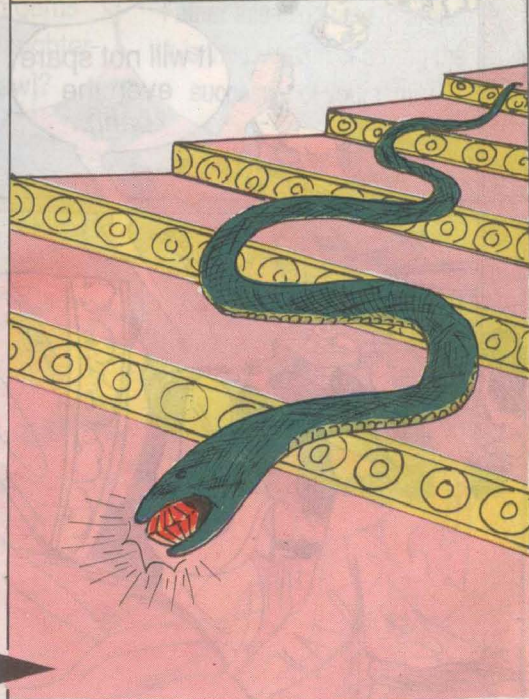
The snake lapped up the milk from the bowl.



It picked up one gem from the box.



And then it slithered away.



People showered flowers on Shubhmati from all around. Balbhadra said—

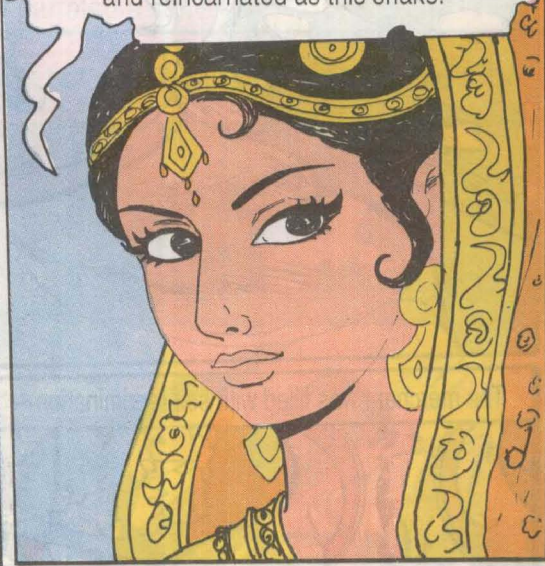
Bahu, what is the secret. Please tell me.

Hail sati Shubhmati.



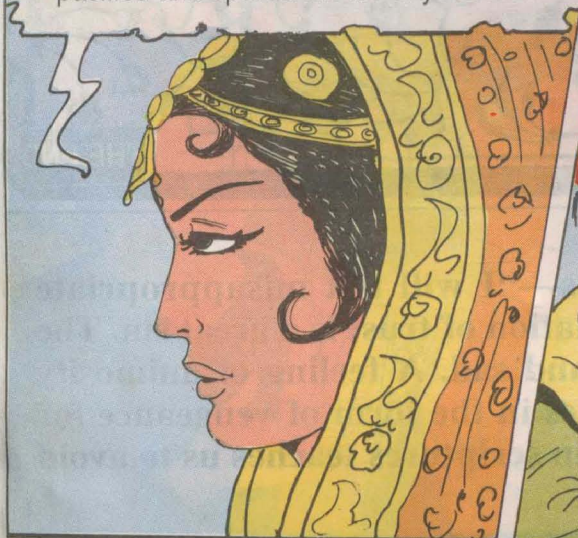
Shubhmati said—

Father, a seed once sown, certainly sprouts. You misappropriated the five gems left in trust with you. You violated the trust. With vengeance in mind that Brahmin youth died and reincarnated as this snake.



She continued—

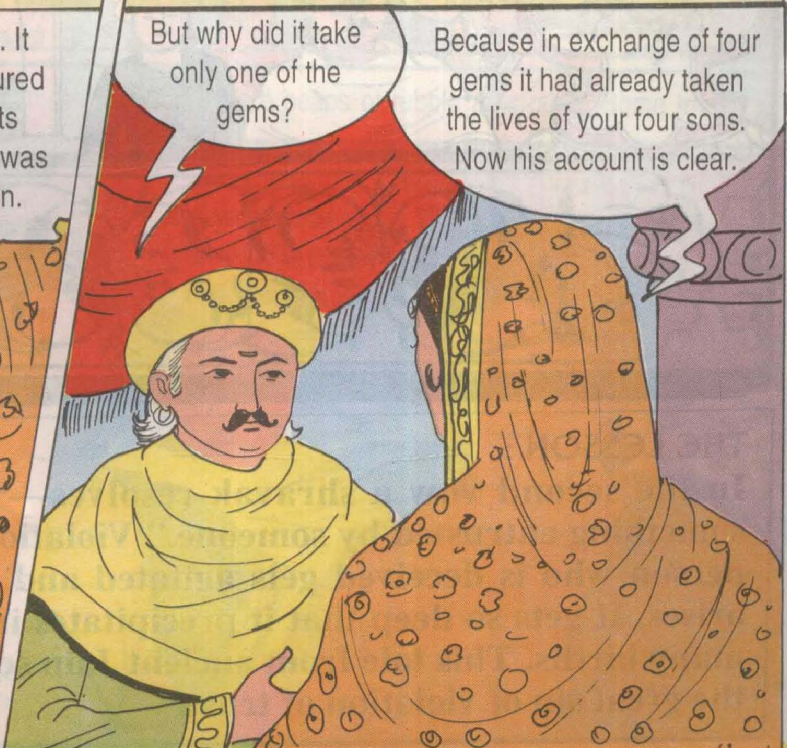
This snake came and hid in this house. It took its revenge by biting your four matured sons one by one. But today I sought its forgiveness and returned its property. It was pacified and spared the life of your son.



The merchant asked with surprise—

But why did it take only one of the gems?

Because in exchange of four gems it had already taken the lives of your four sons. Now his account is clear.



The merchant asked—

Bahu, how did you know all this?

Father, I was told all this by a sage. Also that I have no fear of becoming a widow. That is why I acted as I did.

The merchant was filled with self recrimination—

Indeed, I am a great sinner, a violator of trust. I committed a great sin by grabbing the wealth of a Brahmin and was punished for that.

See, what bitter fruit he got for an act of deception.

THE END

THE LESSON :

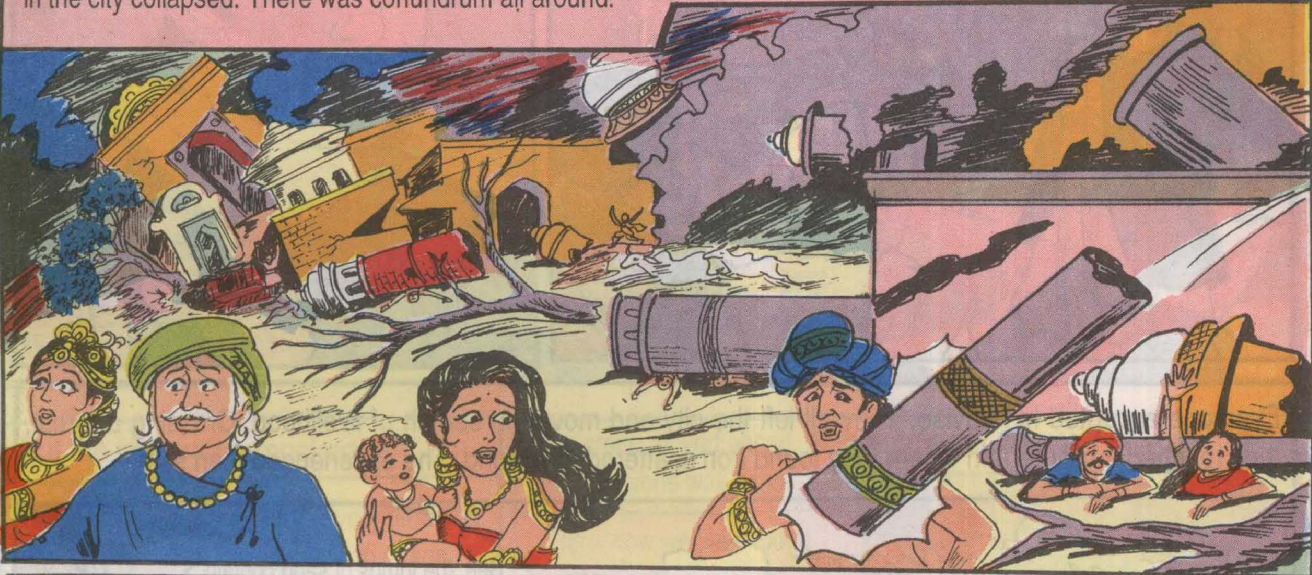
In the second vow a shravak resolves—“I will not misappropriate something entrusted by someone.” Violation of trust is a great sin. The person who is deceived gets agitated and sad. A feeling of animosity arises. It gets so deep that it precipitates in the form of vengeance for many births. This tale from ancient Jain scriptures teaches us to avoid the great sin of violation of trust.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF INFLEXIBILITY

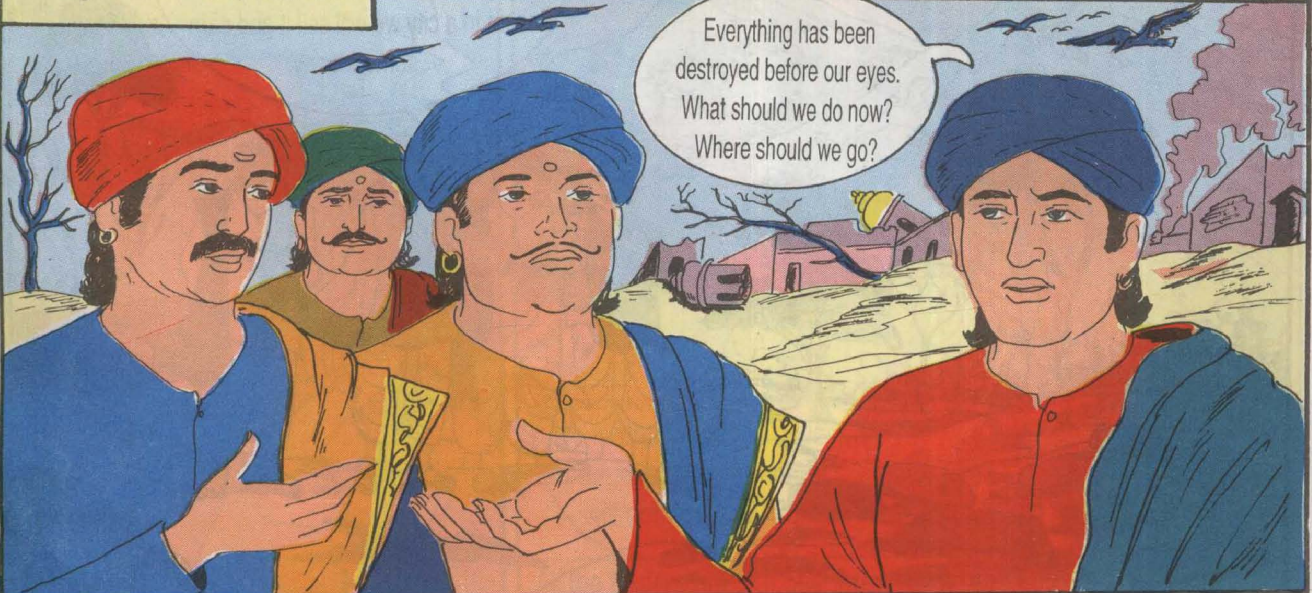
In ancient times king Pradeshi of Shwetambika city was an absolute agnostic. He had a discussion about soul with a scholarly *acharya* named Shraman Keshi Kumar. He was convinced by the logic given by the *acharya* but was reluctant to yield his position. At this,

Shraman Keshi Kumar said— King, one who is adamant on his false premises, suffers in the end like that iron-trader. When the king asked how? Shraman Keshi Kumar narrated a story—

There was a beautiful city named Rajnagar. One day an earthquake hit that area. Within no time the large buildings in the city collapsed. There was conundrum all around.



Soon the city looked as forlorn as a cremation ground. There were heaps of rubble all around. Some traders, among the survivors, conferred—



An experienced man among them said—

Troubled times are testing times for men. Courageous and wise men continue their search for wealth even when in trouble.

So, what do we do? Here everything has been destroyed.

The experienced one said—

We should leave the city and go somewhere else. Only our wealth has been destroyed not our luck.

Everyone accepted his advise. They all left the city and moved in search of livelihood. Crossing a forest, they reached a hilly terrain where they found iron scattered all around. The experienced man said—

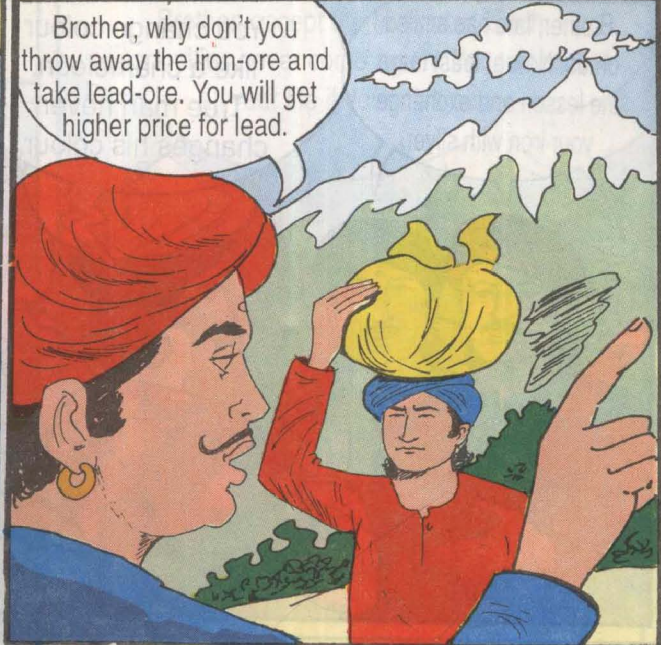
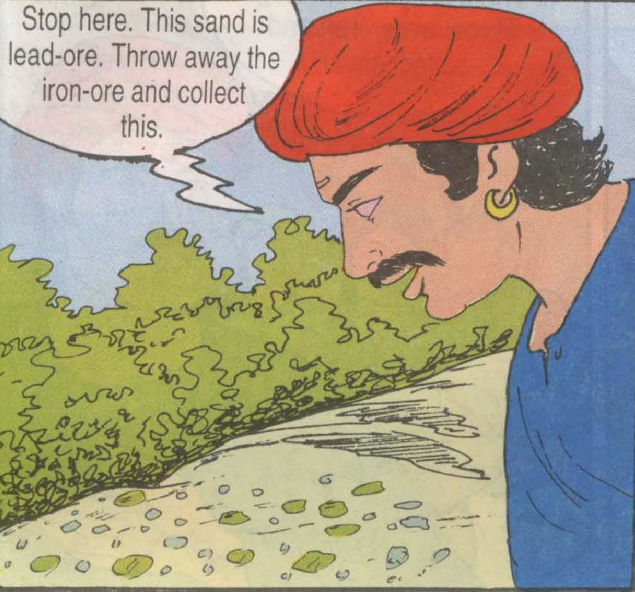
See, the lumps of sand contain iron-ore. It must be an iron-ore mine. Let us collect it in bundles. When we are in a city we will sell it and earn some money.

Each one of them took out a sheet of cloth, collected the iron-ore and tied bundles. Carrying the bundles they resumed their journey. Some distance away they found particles of lead in the sand. The experienced man now said—

Stop here. This sand is lead-ore. Throw away the iron-ore and collect this.

Everyone followed his instruction. There was one exception. The experienced man said to him—

Brother, why don't you throw away the iron-ore and take lead-ore. You will get higher price for lead.

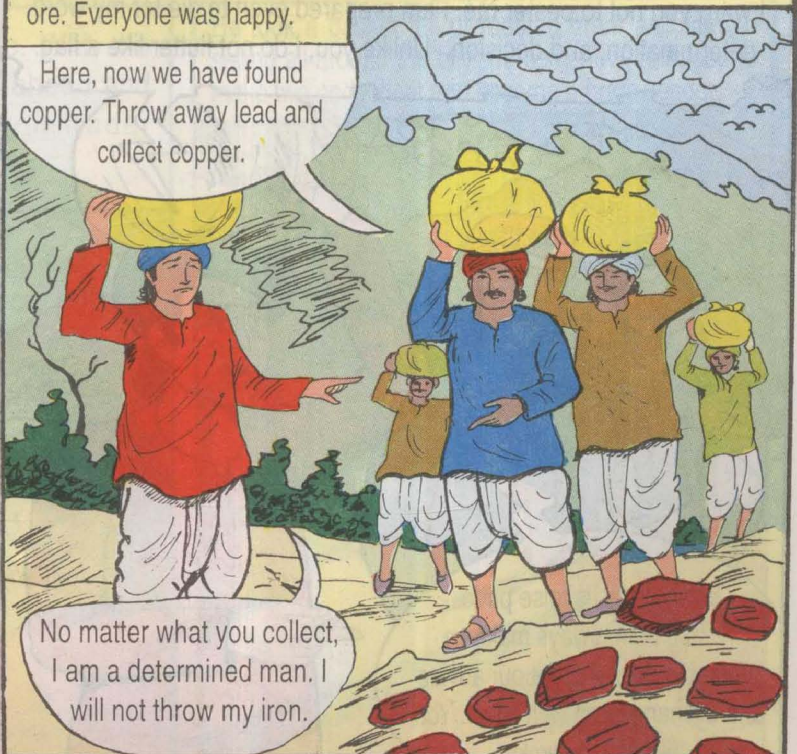
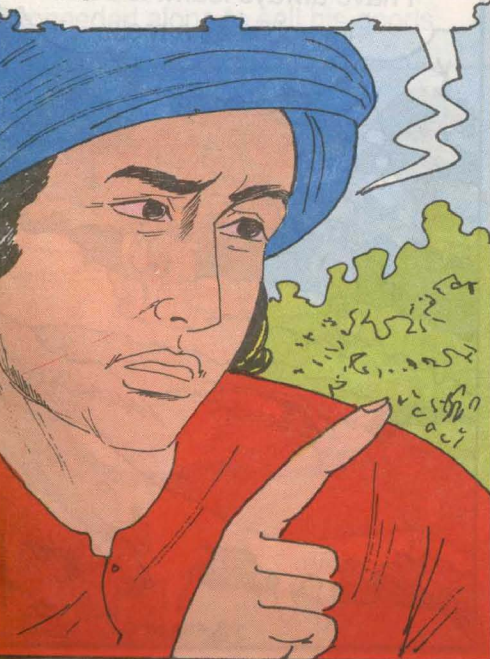


But the iron-trader mocked—

You all have a wavering mind. Every time you change your decision. My determination is strong. What I have taken once is final.

The group moved ahead. After going some distance they found copper-ore. Everyone was happy.

Here, now we have found copper. Throw away lead and collect copper.



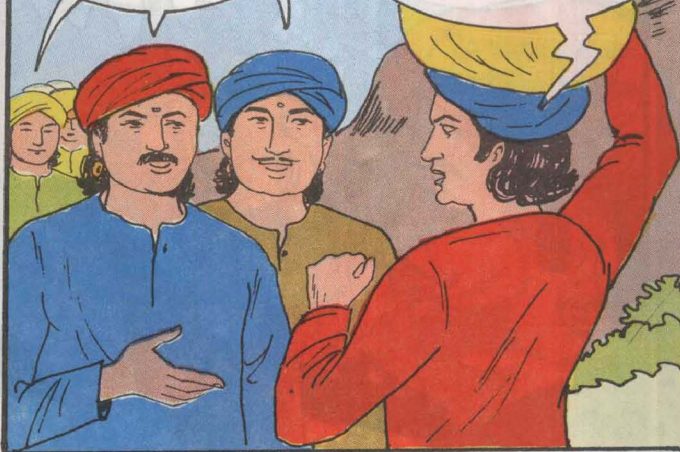
No matter what you collect, I am a determined man. I will not throw my iron.

All the traders but that one threw away lead and collected copper.

Further ahead, they found silver-ore and they all exchanged their copper-ore with it. Everyone advised the iron-trader—

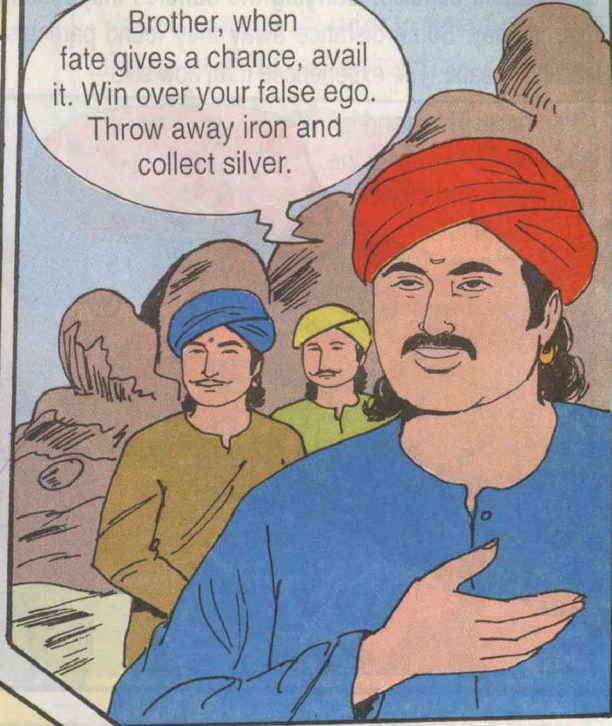
Brother, fate has smiled on us. Now at least learn the lesson and exchange your iron with silver.

You change colour like a chameleon. True man never changes his colour.



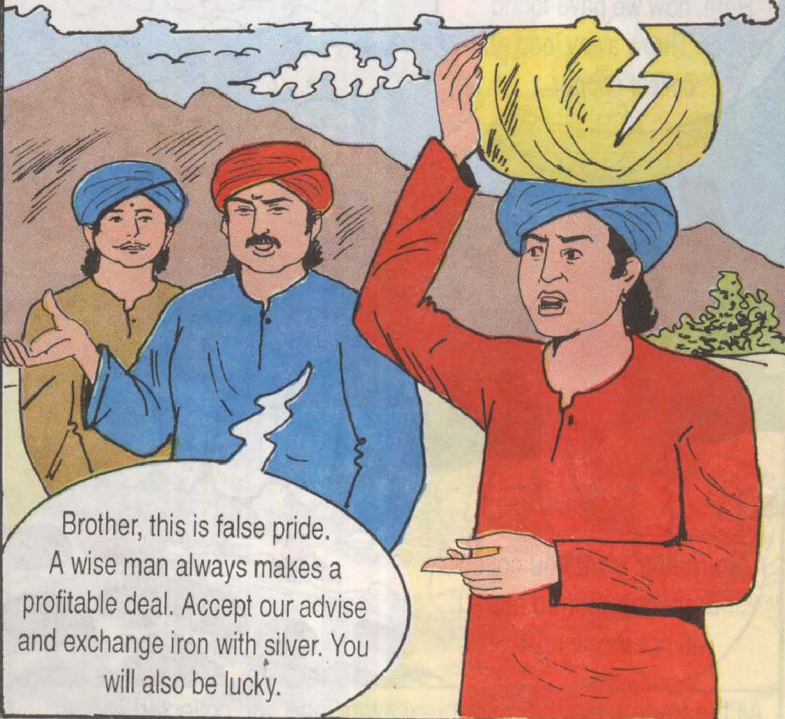
They tried to explain—

Brother, when fate gives a chance, avail it. Win over your false ego. Throw away iron and collect silver.



The iron-trader reprimanded them—

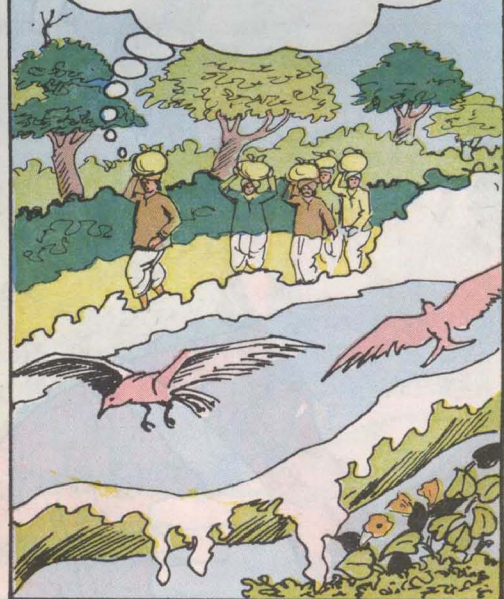
I warn you not to pester me. I am prepared even to die for my word, determination, and decision. Unlike you, I do not flutter like a flag.



Brother, this is false pride. A wise man always makes a profitable deal. Accept our advise and exchange iron with silver. You will also be lucky.

That man ignored the advise and stepped ahead uttering in disgust—

Who are they to change my luck. I have always learnt to be as immobile as a rock.



The process continued. The other traders found gold and exchanged silver with it. The iron-trader remained adamant. At last when the group came across diamonds everyone jumped with joy.

Great! Now we are truly lucky. Throw away the gold and collect diamonds.

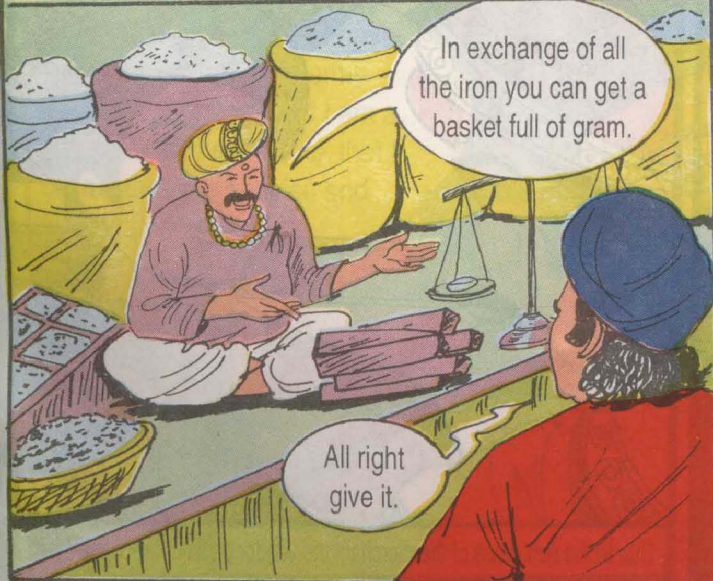


They started collecting diamonds.

He refused to accept anybody's advise. With the load of their diamonds they proceeded ahead and finally reached a large city. The iron-trader proceeded alone to sell his goods.

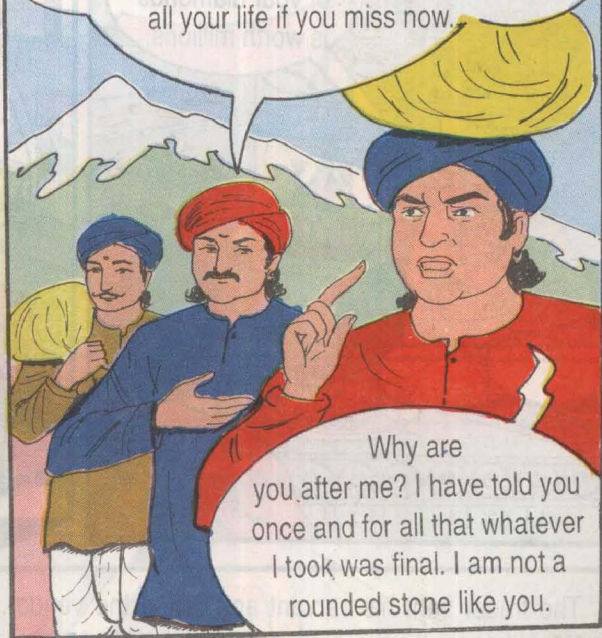
In exchange of all the iron you can get a basket full of gram.

All right give it.



When they finished collecting diamonds and were about to move, they felt pity for the iron-trader. They said—

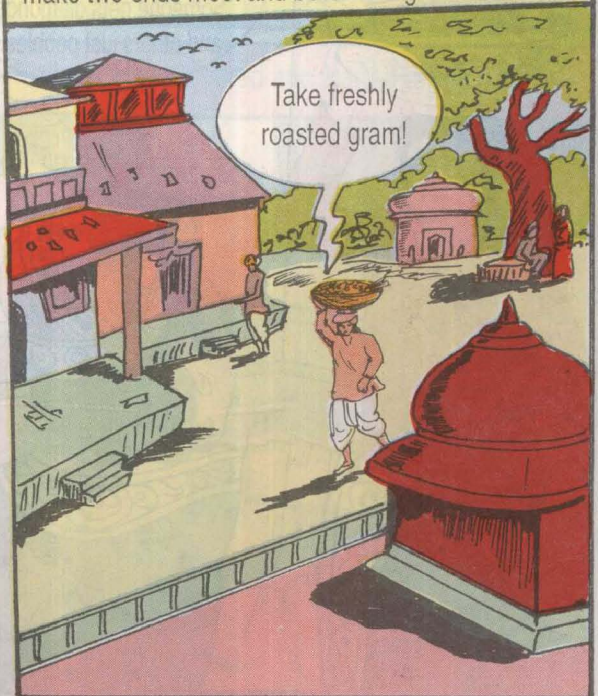
Brother, accept the truth now. Such opportunities never come again. You will repent all your life if you miss now.



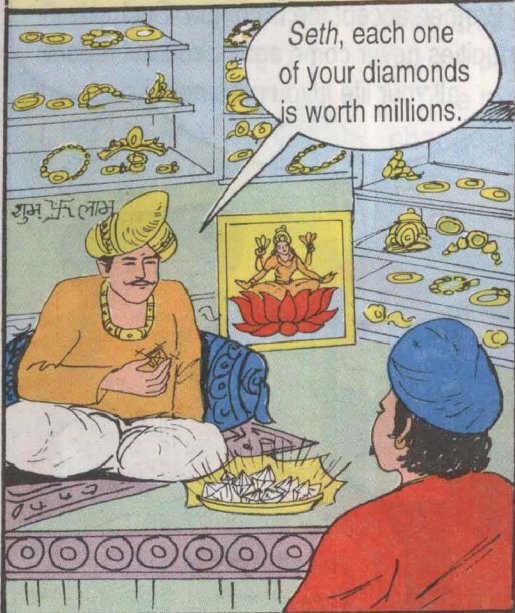
Why are you after me? I have told you once and for all that whatever I took was final. I am not a rounded stone like you.

He took a basket full of roasted gram and started selling all around the city. He somehow managed to make two ends meet and became a gram vendor.

Take freshly roasted gram!

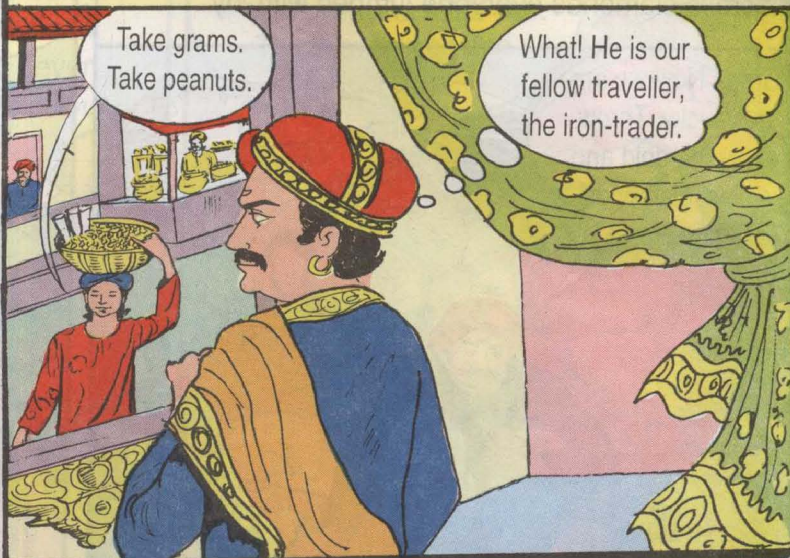


One of the traders, who had brought diamonds, went to a jeweller's shop and showed his diamonds. The jeweller said—



Seth, each one of your diamonds is worth millions.

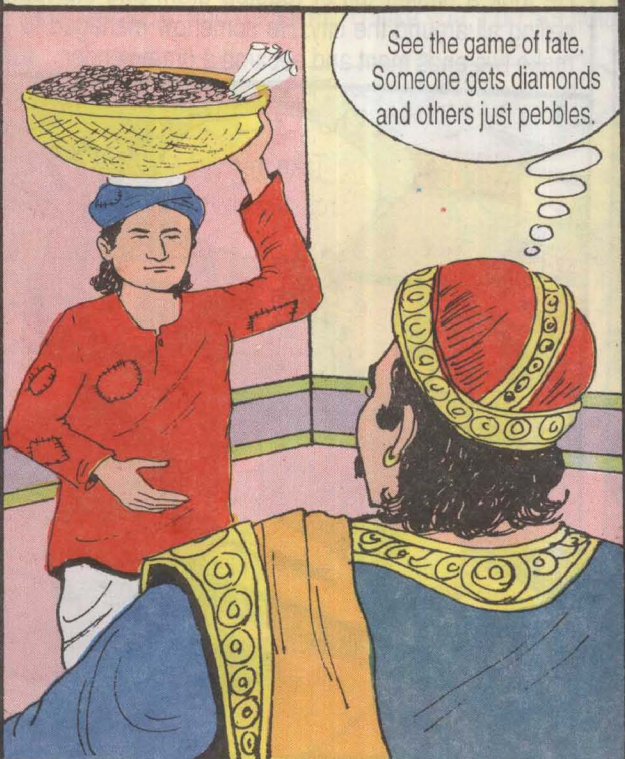
That trader sold a few diamonds and purchased a large mansion in the city. He acquired all that is needed for a comfortable living. One day he was sitting in his room when he heard the call of a vendor—



Take grams.
Take peanuts.

What! He is our fellow traveller, the iron-trader.

The trader sent his servant and called the vendor. When he saw the vendor in tatters he felt pity for him.

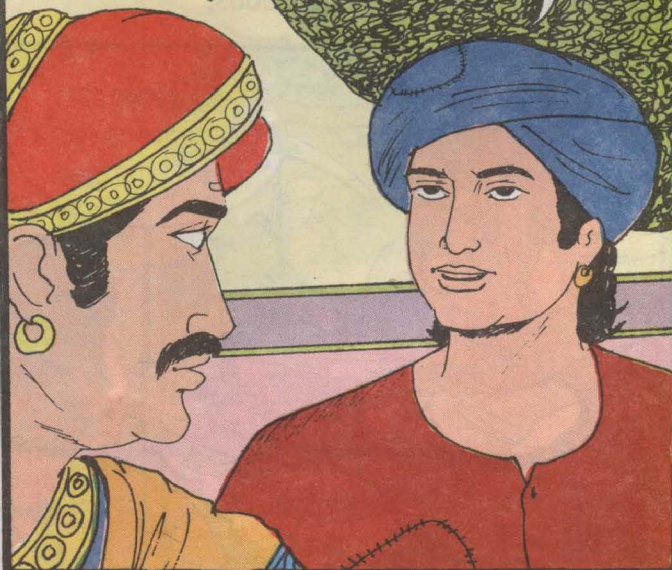


See the game of fate.
Someone gets diamonds
and others just pebbles.

Then he looked into the eyes of the vendor and asked—

O vendor, don't you recognize me?
Haven't you seen me earlier?

No sir, it is for the first time that I look at a great merchant like you.



Due to the rich dress of the merchant the vendor could not recognize him.

The merchant said—

Don't you remember, we left Rajnagar together. On the way you collected iron-ore and we collected diamonds.

The vendor carefully looked at the merchant and recalled the past incidents.

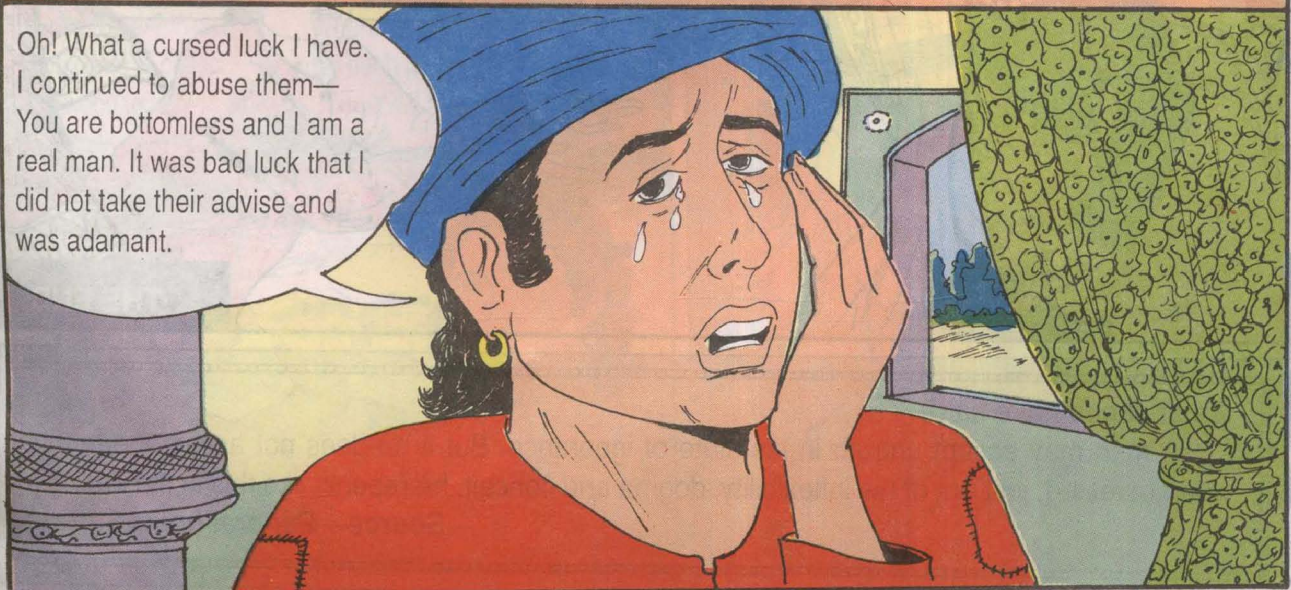
He is carrying the bundle of iron-ore. His companions give him diamonds.

He throws the diamonds away.



He fainted and fell on the ground. Servants sprinkled water on his face. He recovered and started crying bitterly—

Oh! What a cursed luck I have. I continued to abuse them— You are bottomless and I am a real man. It was bad luck that I did not take their advise and was adamant.



The merchant advised—

A person who is adamant on his false ideas even in face of good tidings and continues to stick to evil, ends up like this.

There is no use lamenting over spilt milk.

Still the merchant took out a few gold coins from his pocket and gave him—

Why! Would you accept these gold coins now, or not?

Sir, my hollow inflexibility destroyed me.

THE END

Great sages have said—

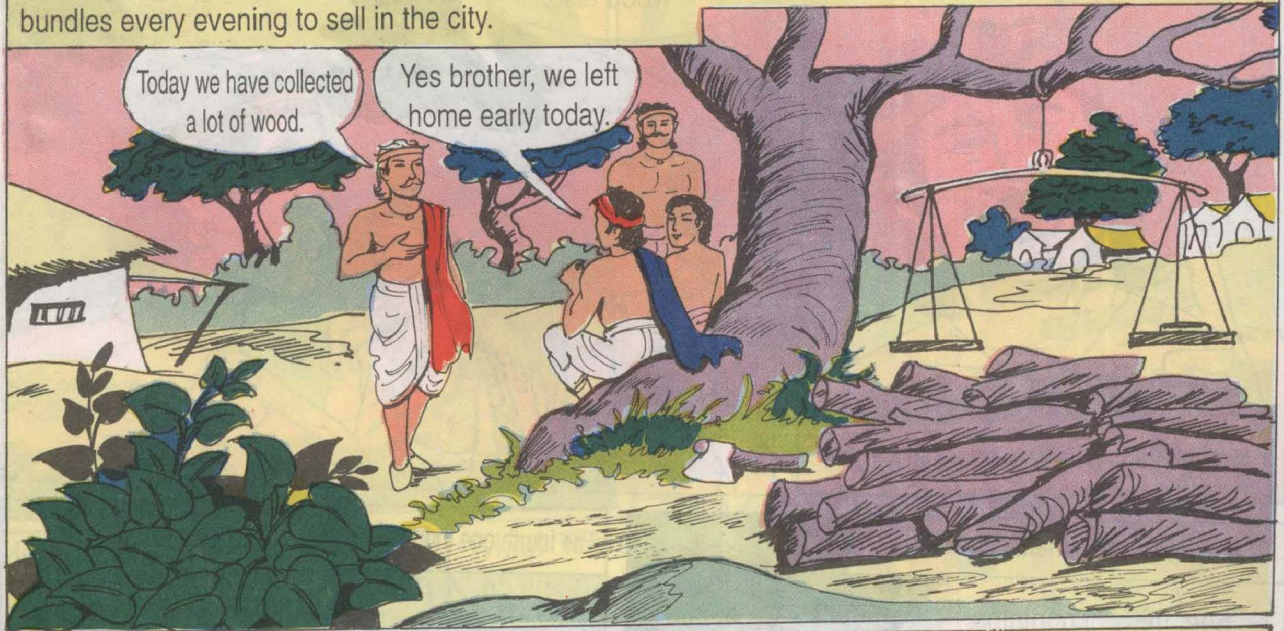
A man may accept untruth in his state of ignorance. But if he does not accept the truth when revealed, just out of his inflexibility, dogma and conceit, he repents like this in the end.

Source—*Raj-prashniya Sutra*.

VISION OF THE SOUL

Once king Pradeshi said to Shraman Keshi Kumar—You say that soul resides within the body. I cut a man's body to pieces but still could not see the soul. Shraman Keshi Kumar then explained him giving an example of four wood-cutters.

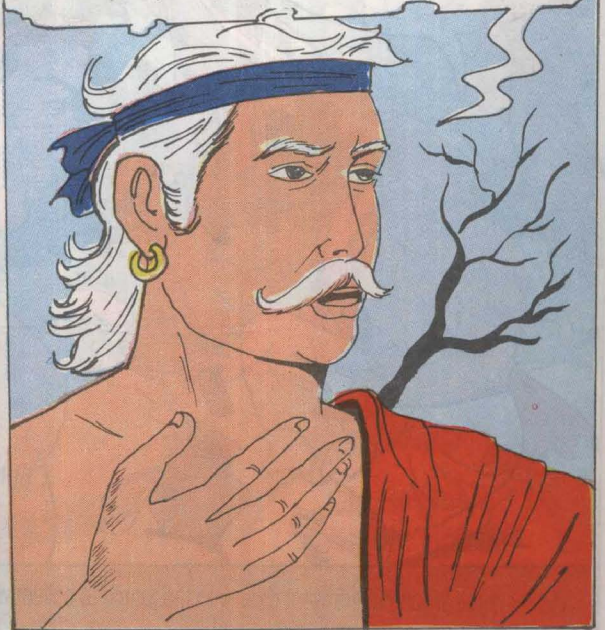
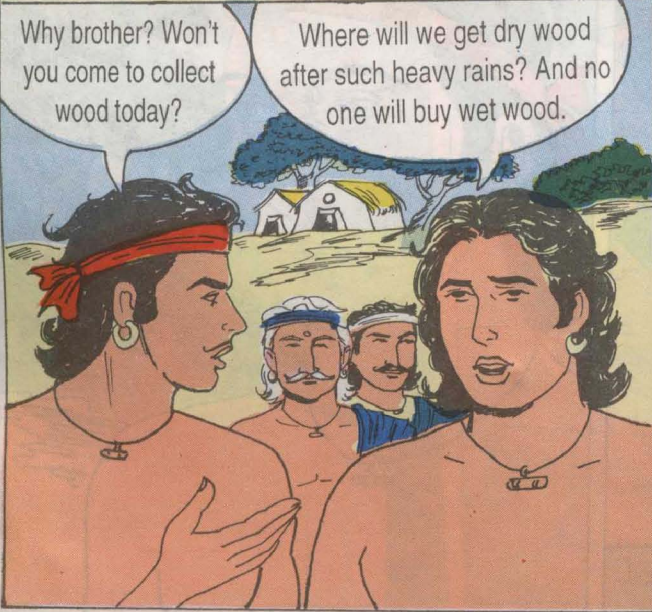
In a village lived four wood-cutters. They would go to the nearby jungles, cut wood, and bring the bundles every evening to sell in the city.



Once there were heavy rains for a few days. The wood-cutters could not go to the jungle to cut wood. When it stopped raining, the four assembled. One said—

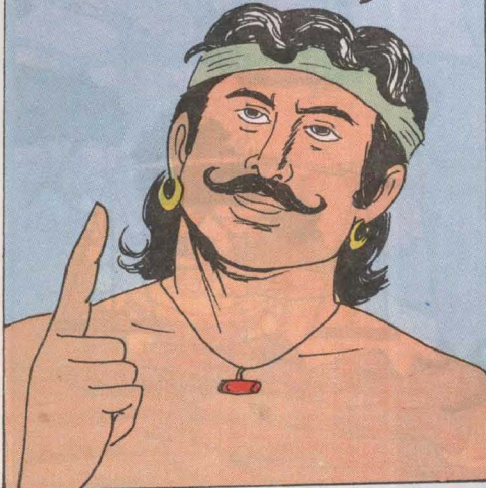
Another said—

10 miles from here is a dense forest. I have heard that it has plenty of dry pieces of wood. Let us go there.



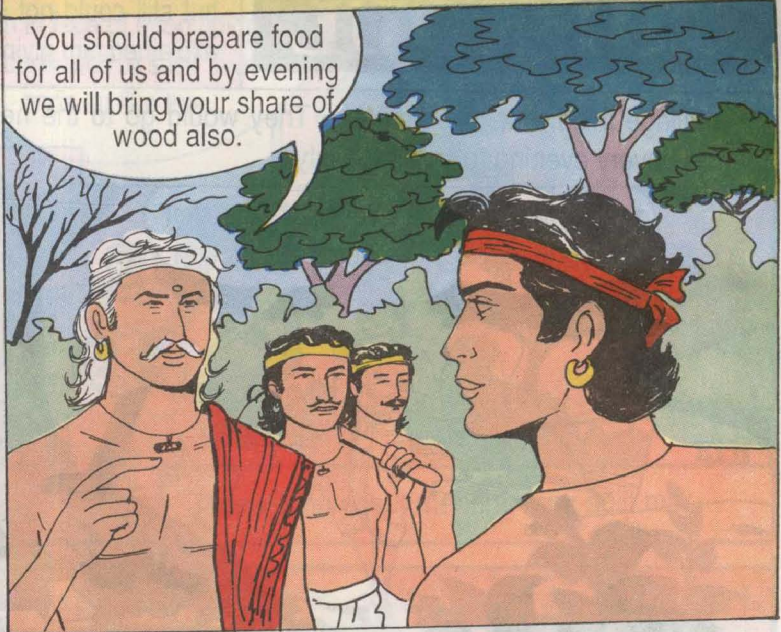
The third said—

We will take groceries and fire with us. One of us will cook food and the other three can cut wood.



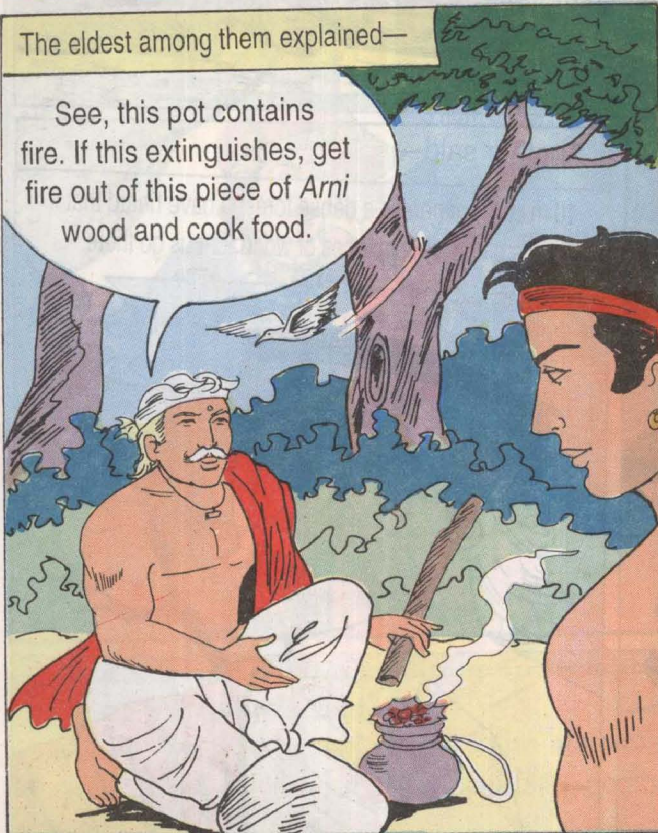
Taking their things they went to the far off jungle. One of them was weak. He was assigned the duty of cooking—

You should prepare food for all of us and by evening we will bring your share of wood also.



The eldest among them explained—

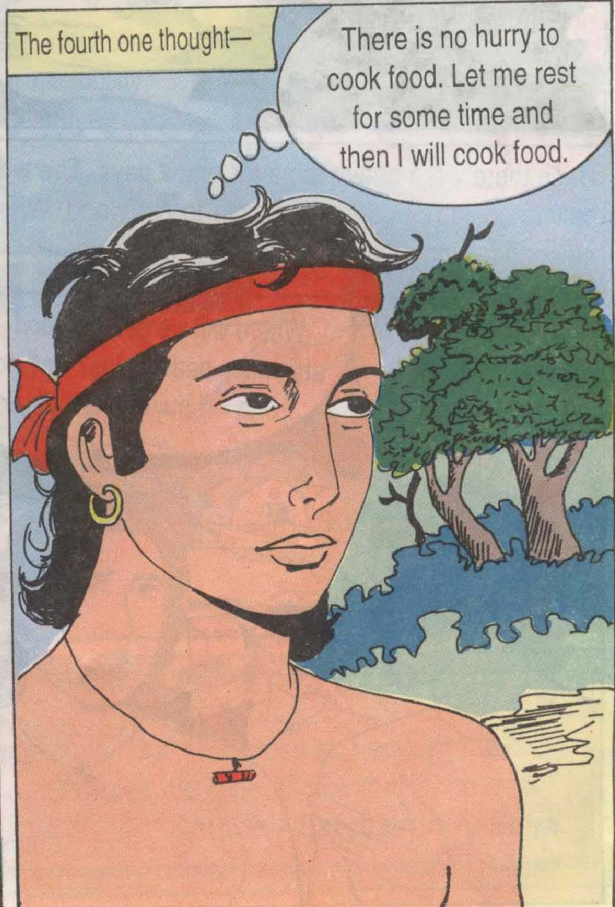
See, this pot contains fire. If this extinguishes, get fire out of this piece of Arni wood and cook food.



And the three wood-cutters went deep into the jungle to collect wood.

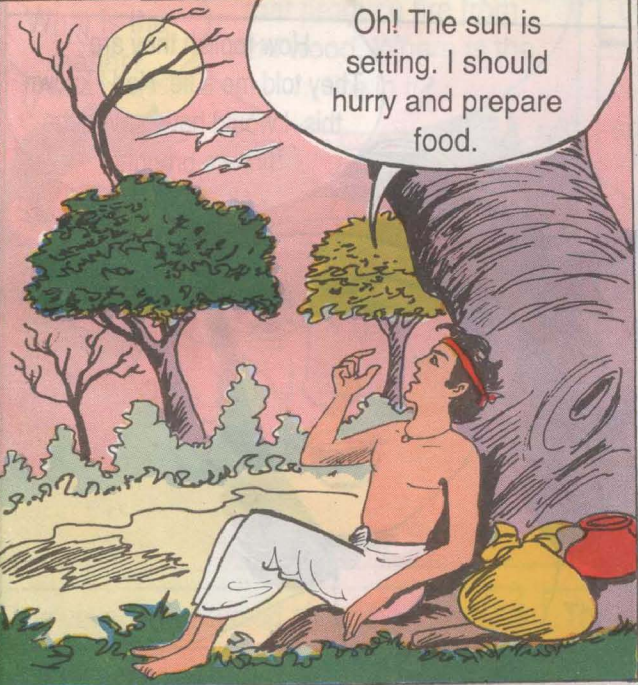
The fourth one thought—

There is no hurry to cook food. Let me rest for some time and then I will cook food.



He lied down under a tree and slept at once. When he got up he realized—

Oh! The sun is setting. I should hurry and prepare food.



He made a heap of dry wood and proceeded to bring out fire from the pot—

Oh! What to do now? There is no fire left in this pot.



He took the piece of Arni wood and split it into two—

What? There is no fire in this.



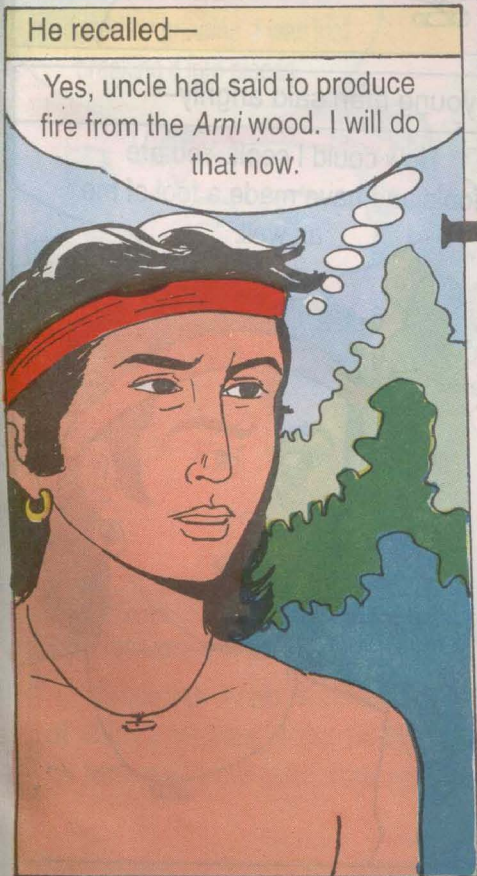
He now broke the two pieces into two each—



Oh! Still there is no fire. How will I cook now?

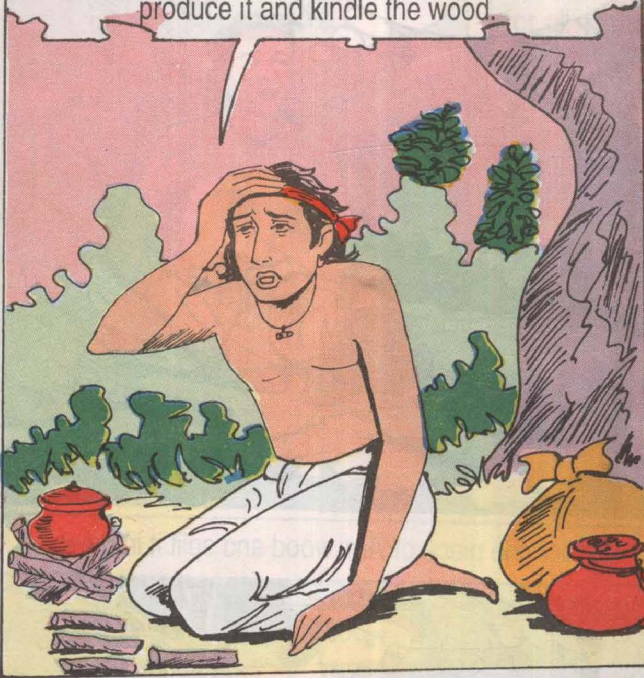
He recalled—

Yes, uncle had said to produce fire from the Arni wood. I will do that now.



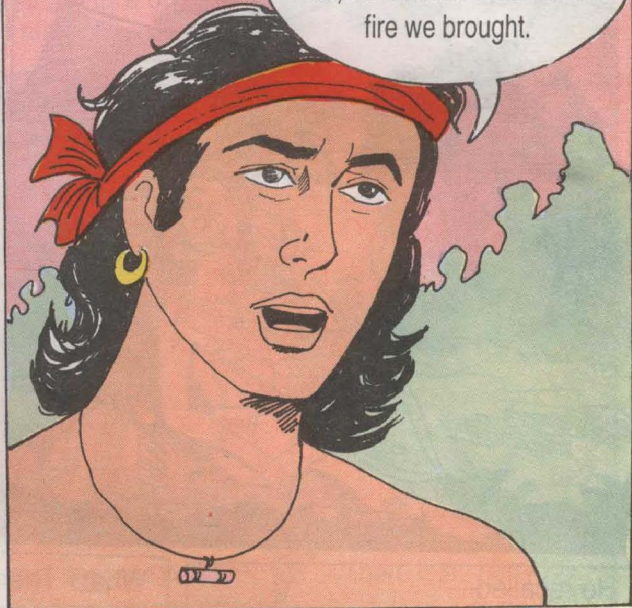
He placed his palm on his forehead and started brooding and cursing his friends—

When there is no fire in the *Arni* wood how can I produce it and kindle the wood.



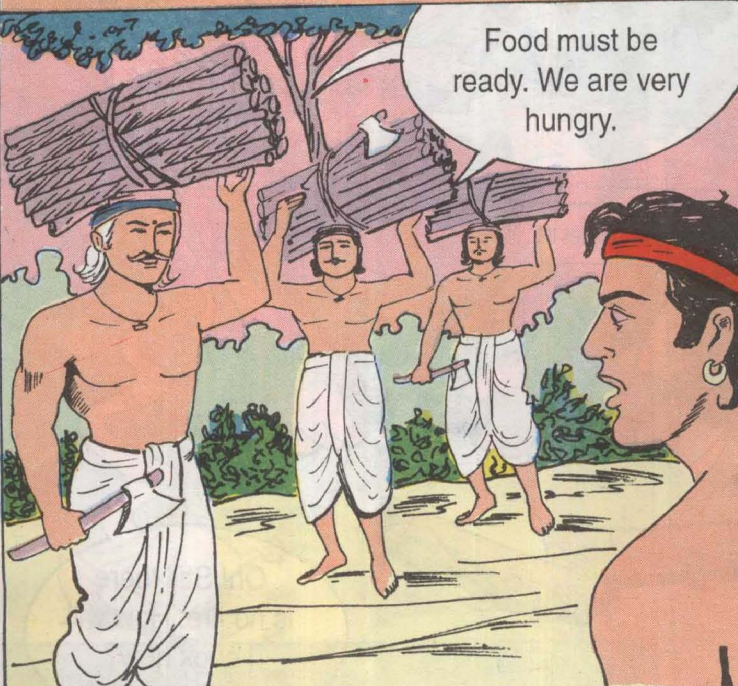
He again broke the *Arni* wood into smaller pieces and when no spark was produced, he started abusing his friends.

How foolish they are? They told me a lie. Had I known this, I would have saved the fire we brought.



Fuming with anger he started stomping to and fro. Just then the three friends came with bundles of wood. They said—

Food must be ready. We are very hungry.



The young man said angrily—

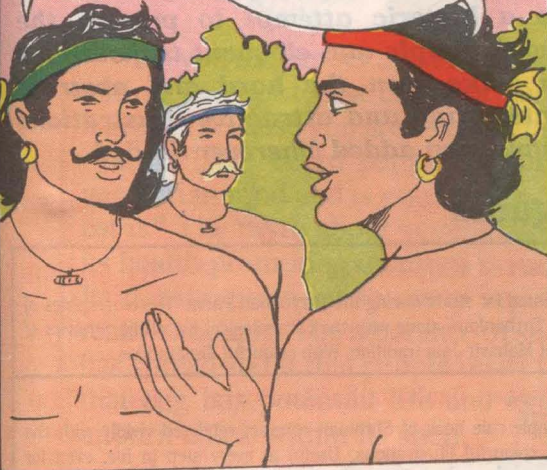
How could I cook. You are fools and have made a fool of me as well.



They asked—

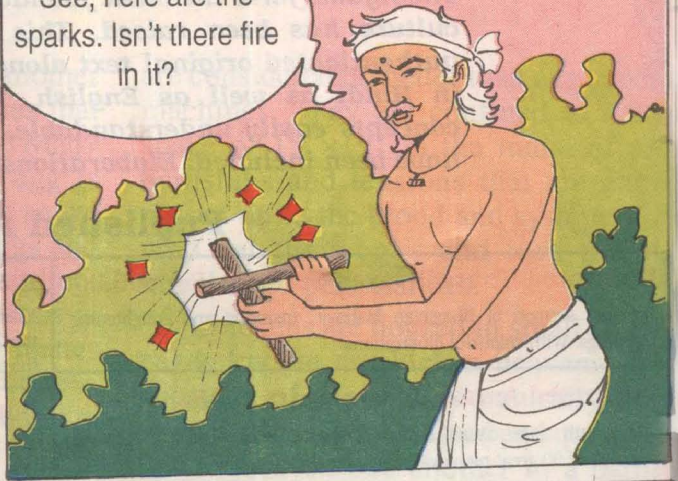
What is the matter?

Why did you tell a lie that produce fire from *Arni* wood. Where is the fire in it?



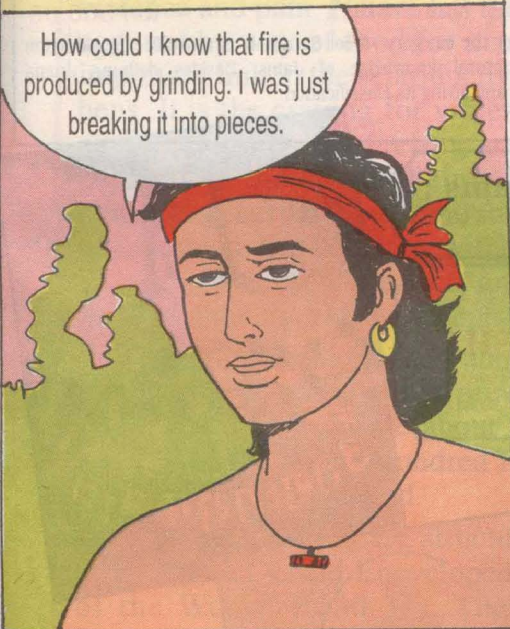
He threw the pieces of wood before them. The old uncle picked up two pieces and rubbed them together.

See, here are the sparks. Isn't there fire in it?



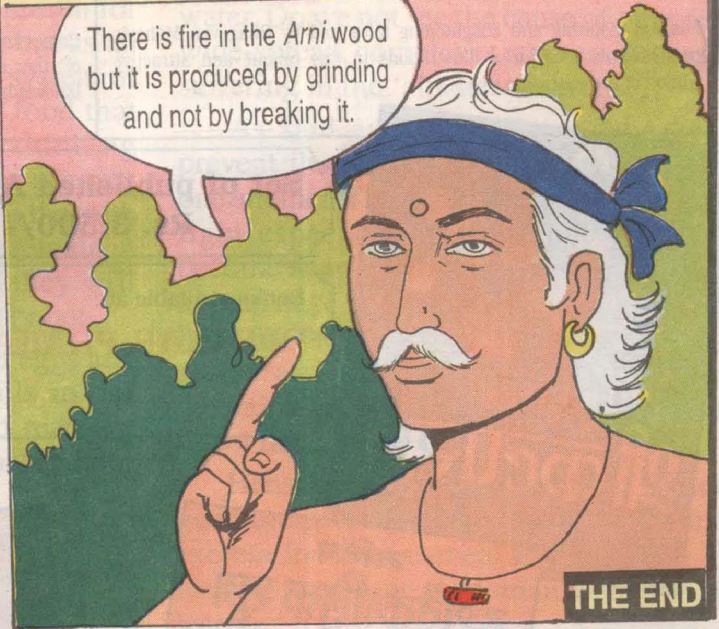
The young man cursed himself —

How could I know that fire is produced by grinding. I was just breaking it into pieces.



The wise wood-cutter said—

There is fire in the *Arni* wood but it is produced by grinding and not by breaking it.



The lesson—

Shraman Keshi Kumar explained after telling this story— King, in the same way the flame of is,soul resides in the body. But it cannot be seen by cutting the body in to pieces. It is seen by tempering the body through austerities, yoga, and meditation.

Source—Raj-prashniya Sutra.

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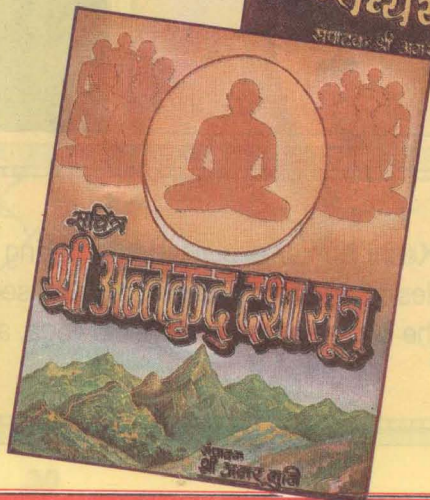
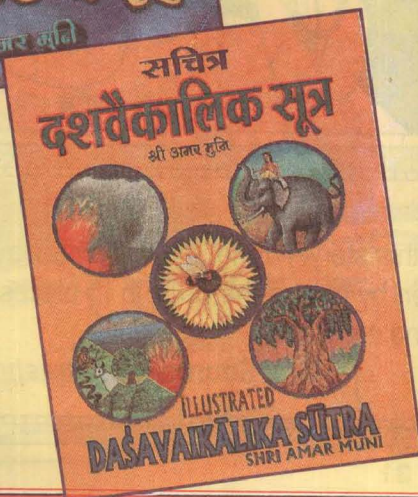
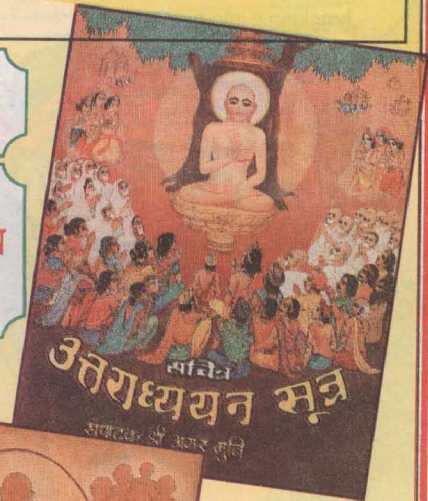
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FACTS ABOUT EGGS

Dear friends,

Do you remember as a child your mother telling you not to eat cakes or pastries that had eggs because you are a vegetarian? Many times I have heard people saying "egg is vegetarian food and is good for health so we eat it." The myth about vegetarian eggs and its health promoting qualities is misleading. Its consumption by so many vegetarians is really shocking. The ignorance of such matter has spread so far that people resist to believe that egg has potential life and egg has the unborn chick within its shell.

Man's desire for food makes him give into eating those foods that are coloured with violence and pain. Nature has the reason for egg, not by way of food for man, but as an important link in the reproductive system of hens. It is the craving for violent food that actually numbs the feeling and thinking capacity of the human-being. He ignores going deep into the subject and shuns the truth of the matter. But how long will he remain in darkness. For facts are facts and they will never change whether he accepts it or not.

Let us look at some facts about eggs and remove the ignorance that prevails in our mind. The facts you are about to read are taken from the book "Hundred Facts About Egg" by Dr. Nemi Chand.

Eggs of all birds are structurally alike, (see The McDonald Encyclopedia of Birds of the World. P. 30-31). Their internal structure is meant for reproduction of progeny and not for human consumption. By eating eggs man has reverted to the hunting stage of his civilization. He is meddling both with nature and reproductive system.

The egg is totally forbidden for those who believe in non-violence. Right from the rearing of hens to hatching their eggs there is violence all over. Visit to any poultry farm will support this fact. In poultry farms hens

are considered no better than egg producing machines. They are confined to a narrow space of 15"×19" in the midst of several hardships and tensions that are naturally passed on to the blood and system of those who eat their eggs and turn them into imbalanced personalities.

Chickens are housed in small congested cages known as chicken-heavens. Due to shortage of space they naturally become violent, offensive, obsessed and quarrelsome, they attack on one another in a barbarous manner. So they are debeaked. Due to debeaking they are unable even to drink water. Do we not see the cause of our present wide-spread, complexes, aggressiveness and suffering in the 'chicken-heavens'?

As said earlier hens are debeaked to prevent them from fighting and wounding one another. The debeaking is done in brown light especially in the night when hens become near-blind. The lower beak is cut. If any mistake is made the hen is deprived of food for the rest of her life. The hen has to starve at least for three days due to the wounded beak. Wouldn't this act of cruelty affect the egg-eater?

Hens are given five kinds of violence generating food—bone-meal, blood-meal, excreta-food, meat-meal and fish-meal. Can we dare to call egg vegetarian food even after learning this?

The term 'vegetarian egg' is a first rate misnomer. The aim of a fertile egg is animation of life but an infertile egg has no such aim and as such it should be considered totally unedible. Battery and factory eggs are harmful to health and it is better we abstain ourselves from eating them.

The egg produced without any contact with the male-bird (infertile egg) is also

animate because it is born out of the hen's body. Therefore its consumption is cent-percent non-vegetarian.

According to the famous American Scientist Mr. Philip J. Scamble no egg is without life in it. The scientists of Michigan University, America have proved it beyond doubt that no egg fertile or infertile is without life (inanimate).

The hen gives infertile eggs during the absence of the male bird, but it has been observed that she gives infertile egg before the day of contact with the male bird and next day. She gives a fertile egg even without contact with male bird. On fifth day again she gives a fertile egg. This means that the semen of the male bird remains lying in her body for a considerable duration. In some cases this duration has been observed to be even six months.

Fertilized egg is a pre-birth stage of a chicken, unfertilized eggs are the result of the sexual cycle of a hen and very unnatural. Both are non-vegetarian food. Victoria Moran, the authoress of the book

Compassion : the ultimate Ethics, says, "to eat fertilized egg is in fact to consume a chicken before its birth (The Ethic on Border Line). I was told that an unfertilized egg is the product of a birds sexual cycle and can hardly be regarded as natural food for man. (page 43)

Whether the egg is fertile or infertile life is essentially there and it has all symptoms of life like respiration, brain and feeding ability etc.

There are 15,000 porous (breathing) holes on the shell (egg-cover).

The egg begins to rot at a temperature less than 8° Celsius. When it begins to rot, its rotting manifests itself through evaporation of the water content. The egg becomes infected by disease-germs and the process of rotting soon reaches the shell of the egg.

Eggs contain Cholesterol in large quantity. The yellow bulk of the egg is the biggest source of Cholesterol. Cholesterol narrows down the arteries which may lead to paralysis or heart-attack.

Eating eggs leads to rheumatism and Gout which can take serious and painful turn in old age.

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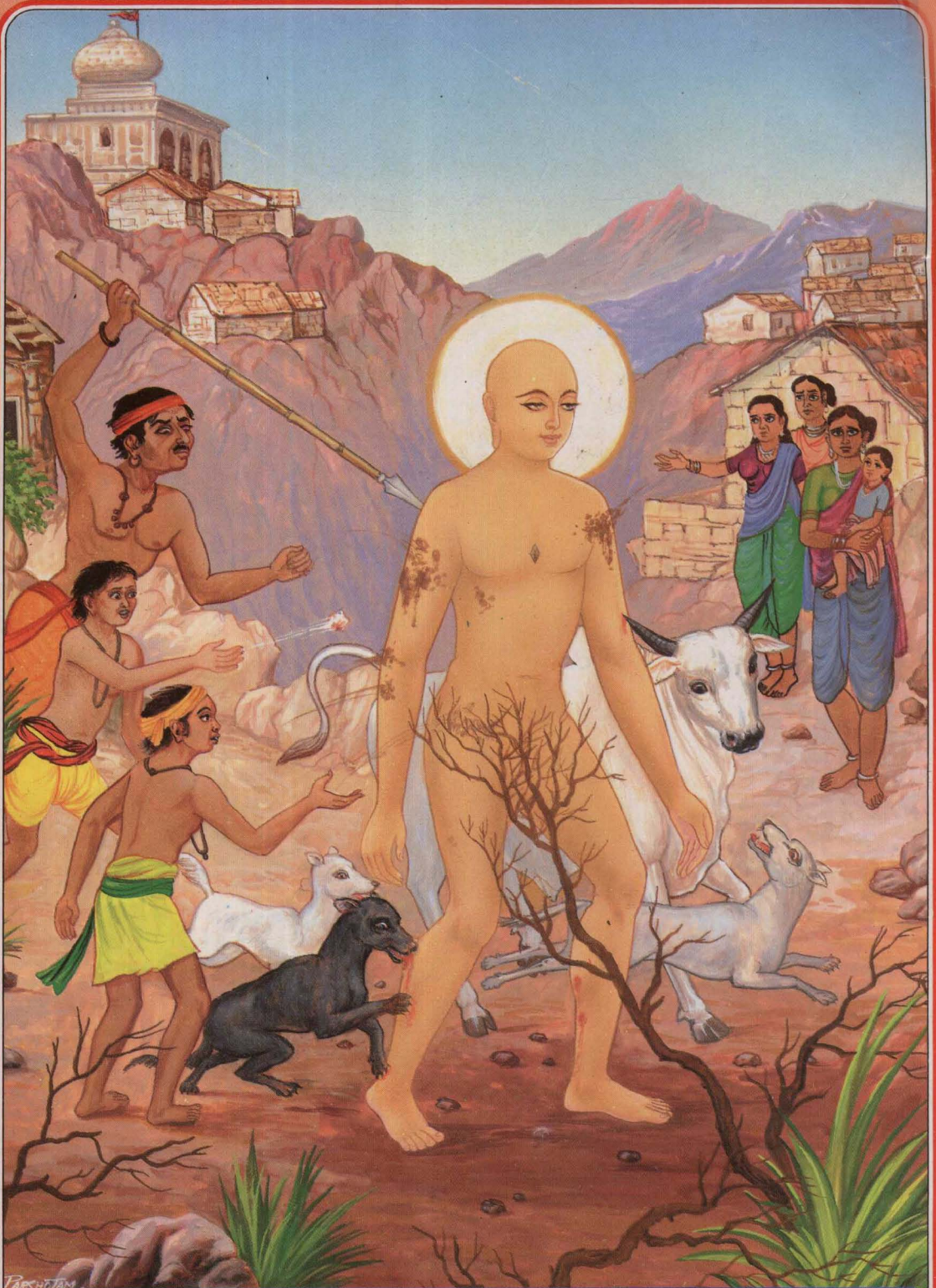
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Ill treatment of Shraman Mahavir by rustic aborigines

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