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JAINA STORIES

(*As Gleaned from Canonical texts*)

VOL. 1

As retold in Hindi by

Adhyatma Yogi

Muni Sri Mahendra Kumarji 'Pratham'

Foreword By

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FOREWARD

The story is a kind of "Saying". It is however, a kind of literary from ages but it does spring from deep human impulses and does fulfill human needs. Stories of witchcraft and enchantment, wandering loose in men's mind, attached themselves in the early Sixteenth Century to a real life. The religious stories have played a revolutionary role at a time in changing and directing the Socio-economic structures. With the progress of Science, prose literature came to prominence and Rationality took place on the head of irrational sentiments and emotions. On the threshold of Technological development Epic age took to heels and soon the literary from changed to new social and spiritual requirements of Atomic age. Specialisation has created labour divisions and scarcity of time for man. Consequently, stories, specifically short stories, have become the predominant form of literary expression to meet the contemporary historical necessities.

The History of the development of stories and fables is running through from primitive time to our present space age. It was a link between wise sages and common people. Stories and fables carried the message of religious scripts to the common people.

From primitive age stories have been used as a tool to depict the development of primitive institutional organisations. These stories represent the cultural history of their times.

Vedic Age is a transitory period between primitive socialism and slave system. The stories and fables of primitive age envelope in themselves the worship of Natural gods and goddesses and battles between gods and devils (Devasur-Sangram). The essence is that they represented the changes which was seeded therein for further development of society i.e., towards vedic Age. The characters of

these stories were birds and animals but that was symbolic picturisation of human societies. In ancient times communication system did not develop so birds and animals were used as messengers. Allegory is our old social treasure and ancient stories always carried figurative representation of man's activities through animal world. They were also used to carry the ambiguous and complicated ideas of Vedas to the common man through Upanishads and Brahmanas. The society marched forward and we find that by the times of Purans figurative representation through birds and animals was dropped from literature and man-characters directly put into action in the stories. By this time the caste system took roots in the society and political and military institutions made big strides in developments. Subsequently village and tribe organisations developed into a matured political and social state and thereon a new struggle then ensued with changed relationship between new forces.

In other countries also the nature of the development of stories and fables tread the same path. If we examine closely the Aesop's fables, Arabian Nights and Indian stories and fables, we find that they depict the similar way of characterisation, figurative representation and way of saying while giving full exposure to their different local situations, social relationships and human physics.

Jain stories particularly have made a notable contribution to the development of literature in the form of stories. Every aspect of life has been depicted in Jain stories. They are influenced with subtle sagacious discourses on religion and philosophy. Light has also been thrown on the practical aspects of life. The significance of Jain Stories lies in the fact each incident has been narrated metaphysically. Each incident envelopes valour, intelligence, understanding, tolerance and other essential attributes. Spirituality is of course, the main theme of Jain literature but that spirituality is not barren in the Jain Stories. While taking stock of the ups and downs of life, a man ordinarily loses sight of

future and hence he commits a mistake which makes even the present fatiguing and oppressive. Jain Stories live in present and picture the future

In many of the stories of Jain literature, travels by the principal characters therein have been displayed prominently. Travel was at that age considered essential for diplomacy and advancement of business and propagation of of religious ideas.

If we want to see ourselves in perspective to understand our predicaments and possibilities, we must be able to make comparisons with some other societies, altogether perfectly of a quite different time and place. Only then we shall be armed with sufficient detachment to grapple with our own problems and with the demand on our own would make upon us. In this respect Adhyatmayogi Munishri Mahendra Kumarji 'Pratham' has done a splendid and memorable work by reproducing old Jain Stories in Hindi which represents a quite different period from our own

Kashi Vidyapith,
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12 8 76

Raja Ram Shastri M. P
Vice-Chancellor

PREFACE

Life with most people is a limited territory in which they fulfil a routine till they go out. They are used to live within this limit and have neither the will nor the capacity to break through its bounds. Completely surrendered to environment and nurtured by it, they have neither the urge nor the ambition to go beyond it and get established in their own authority, so that when at last time comes for them to leave their earthly abode, they do so without virtually leaving any mark behind. They are mere tools rather than artisans, mere slaves rather than masters. It is a remote chance, a rare possibility, that an event somewhat worthwhile ever takes place in a life like this, which, therefore, remains dull, flat and pedestrian to the core. And in the absence of events, this sort of life does not produce any history. It is just historyless, which is the same thing as saying that the life-story of most men terminates with them.

In contrast, there may be a few others, almost in every age and in every country, who break through the limits of life to attain a wider expanse. They live more for others than for themselves. They are the real harbingers of progress. The experience of such men contributes to improve the quality of human life, and since there is a succession of such men from age to age, the progress upward of humanity has remained unabated. Such men are the real creators of history, and it is a knowledge of this history that serves as a guide to understanding the progress of human society.

Events in the life of such creative men, floating down the current of time, become, at a gap of years and centuries, a sort of tradition, a heritage, a treasure for the community. They inspire the creative writers and get recorded in the literature which, in fact, is a reflection of life. In pro-

ducing literature, the writer weeds out certain things which are unnecessary, adds things from his own imagination, imparts dialogue and creates in the process something which is noble, dignified, enchanting, inspiring, something which is a true replica of life and something which, when heard or read, goes straight to the heart. Short story is one of the literary forms in which the writer expresses himself. Jainism provides a philosophy which is difficult to the extreme and is intelligible to a handful of scholars. To bring it home to the common man, spiritual teachers and scholars in different ages have used the medium of short stories of which there are hundreds, even thousands, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the vast *agam* literature and their commentaries. They have been produced in different ages by men with widely divergent experiences, but all against the backdrop of a common canvas which is Jainism. The analysis of personalities in these stories, the conglomeration of events, the clashes of selfish motives and interests, the display of bravery, the shape of endeavour, the depth of human life, the quagmire of meanness, fear, squalor, impatience, lethargy, imbalance, etc., which undermines the quality of life and places it on a very low pedestal, these and many such things dominate these stories. They have been repeated innumerable times to refix the fallen, the misguided, the downtrodden to the right path which is the path of religion, the path meant for a pilgrim, and they are still not devoid of freshness and potentiality.

To be the subject-matter of literature, it is not necessary that the life of men only with a golden tinge is deserving of consideration. Even the life of men with dark patches provide an equally worthwhile material for the purpose. These two types of men may stand widely apart, they may so to say be called to belong to entirely different worlds, but that does not prevent them from receiving consideration at the hands of a creative artist. Whenever

life, golden or dark, has some vigour in thinking, some capacity for acting, some message for others, it becomes a worthy material for the literary man's attention. Jaina stories, in fact, depict the life of men with a golden tinge as well as that with dark patches. Men with a golden tinge are inherently good and they are already on the right path as good examples for others. But even men with the deepest patches stand the chance of rehabilitation if they can be brought back to the right path. Then there are cases where a man has slipped from the right path to get wholly lost. An account of such men serves as a useful warning. Quite a number of stories uphold the cause of women, the fallen, the downtrodden, the backward sections of the community. Jainism believes in the infinite capacity of the human soul and the core message in Mahavira's *kriyavada* is that man is the architect of his own fortune provided he asserts as a master and remains not submissive as a slave. The soul has no sex or caste and nomatter whether it is encased at a moment in the frame of a woman or a *sudrā*, with right exertion, it is liable to attain perfection and liberation.

One important theme of many Jaina stories is the ability of many monks to reveal the operation of *karma* effect in the life of man. In doing so, they have thrown light on the previous birth (s) of the questioner. Some have even gone to the extent of forecasting the shape of things to come, not like an astrologer, but like a true seer, telling the questioner where his soul will go when it is dislodged from here. Not only monks, according to some short stories, even lay men had their long memory revived at the sight of a familiar personality or scene or at the occurrence of some familiar event somuch so that they had their past lives revealed to them and this served as an inspiration to them to quit this mundane life which, in Indian view, is a veritable bondage. Though this type of knowledge is now

virtually lost, like many other good things of the old world, there is no reason why it should be rejected as a myth, since we have at any time present in India as well as outside many cases where an individual has been able to recollect his past life and give dependable evidence in support of it. Though there is hardly any Jaina monk living now who can reveal the past life of any questioner, there are quite a few, including the present author, who have demonstrated on many occasions a long memory through their *avadhana* technique.

Quite a number of Jaina stories are fictitious, a creation by some teacher or commentator to drive home a point or a difficult theme or a terse tenet, but quite a vast number deals with the life events of monks, *acharyas*, *sravakas*, *sravikas*, or even people who are known to history, and in so far as this has happened, these stories may serve as a good source material of history. A large number of stories are connected with events in the life of Mahavira, and they are highly instructive to the reader. The lives of great teachers and monks have always been a source of inspiration to others, and when these have been catered through the medium of short stories, they have reached a much wider and a cross section of the members of the public.

When in the course of my own studies of the *Agamas*, I became acquainted with the existence of such a fabulous crop of short stories, I set myself, under the inspiring guidance of my senior colleagues, notably Muni Nagarajji of the Terapanth sect, to the task of bringing this harvest within the reach of the common man. My endeavour was, therefore, directed to the faithful reproduction of these stories in readable Hindi. As I proceeded in my work, new vistas opened in front of me so that by now it has been possible to print 27 parts in Hindi and many more parts will follow in years to come. I was encouraged by the reception given to my labour and this made me think of

bringing out the same stories immediately through the English medium to reach a much wider section of the public in India and outside. The English version of Jaina short stories produced by Prof K. C. Lalwani is now going out for the first time, and it is expected that the book-lovers irrespective of caste or creed will derive ample benefit and pleasure from it

Before I conclude this brief preface, I must add a personal note which I am keen to share with the earnest reader. The vast world of Jaina stories gave me an acquaintance with human character which I saw corroborated through my own experiences during the past two years or so when I passed through many trying situations, trials and tribulations, ignominy and hardship. But no hardship lasts for ever. As a good experience may be followed by a bad one, all due to the operation of *karma*, so a bad experience is itself followed by a good one. This is the eternal order. If one is securely rooted in his base, nothing can throw him out from his position, and as the dark days recede, one is able to see the ray of light again. This is a great lesson I have myself derived from life, and this is a lesson which I bequeath to my dear readers through this vast world of Jaina stories

Muni Mahendrakumar

INTRODUCTION

Short stories have been used as a convenient medium for educating the people in religious tenets, moral principles and ethical norms. For this purpose, every country has its own fables, legends, short stories and the like and these together, poetry apart, constitute one of the early literary forms which human mind had devised and used. From Greece, we have the well-known *Aesop's Fables*. In this country, we have innumerable Pauranic legends and an equally large number of stories such as those contained in the *Panchatantra*, *Hitopadesa*, etc. So goes the story that a Brahmin named Vishnu Sharma produced the five principles of state-craft in story form to impart lessons to the sons of his patron and king who were totally averse to education and would take to no sane advice or discipline. Besides these, every country has its legends, like the legends of Greece and Rome, of Persia, of India and of China. And then there are the folk tales some of which, like De's *Folk Tales of Bengal*, have been collected and put into print, while others are in currency as words of mouth. Because of its infinite efficacy and popularity, this form of literature has become a precious cultural treasure with all ancient peoples surviving to this day and continues to inspire people from generation to generation.

The Jaina *Agamic* texts are a complex affair, apart from being vast. To make them intelligible, the authors have included many illustrations, even stories, which are now a part of the Sramana cultural tradition. Some of these texts, notably the *Vipaka Sutra*, which itself is the 11th principal text (*anga*), are wholly in story form, and in this particular *Sutra* ten stories illustrate the pleasant experiences of life and another ten the unpleasant experi-

ences of life, each bunch explaining the operation of pious and impious *karma* respectively. Following the compilation of the principal texts, generations of teachers and commentators have added illustrations of their own to inspire the people to the faith and to pin them to right conduct. Altogether, the Jaina story literature is a vast store-house of knowledge

The Jaina short stories are a type by themselves and, strictly speaking, they may not be comparable with legends, fables and folk tales from other cultures and countries wherein the objective does not, by and large, extend beyond enunciating an ethical norm or social behaviour. In contrast, most of the Jaina stories, unless they are historical episodes or personal accounts, have a clearly religious purpose which is to turn people from domestic life to the monastic order and ultimately to liberation. As an illustration, all stories contained in the *Uttaradhyayana Sutra* have this bias. They are, therefore, not very useful for children but presume a certain degree of maturity in the reader.

A very important common element in many Jaina stories is the illustration of *karma* effect. *Karma* pursues all souls, from human till those of the most invisible insects and bacteria, through various existences, and this process is going on from an eternal past and will continue through an eternal future. In the case of the human soul, however, the difference is that this soul not only experiences, but is fully conscious of *karma* effect. It knows pretty well, since it is a part of the cultural heritage, that *karma* is the determinant of which the human life is a determined product. *Karma* is not mere action, but a very subtle matter which is always affixed on the space-points of the soul, imparting in the process some weight to it, so that the soul becomes incapable to rise to the crest of the sphere.

(*loka*) which is liberation. *Karma* takes the soul through the cycle of birth and death, and birth again. When a bad *karma* fructifies, a human soul suffers untold misery ; when a good *karma* fructifies, it has pleasant experience, wealth, prosperity, power and fame. As one *karma* is exhausted through fructification, others are rushing in all the time, so that there is at no time a vacuum. In fact, not a single *karma* lasts for ever. For there's nothing permanent in the natural order. Bright day dawns as a bad *karma* is exhausted through fructification, making room for a softer one. Given right endeavour, a human soul can earn its own liberation from the clutches of *karma*.

Some stories tend to illustrate the efficacy of *namokara* which is simultaneously a form of obeisance and a *mantra* to be repeated on the beads. A hero or a heroine in a story utters the *namokara* under a difficult situation and is at once protected by the 'five well-wishers'. It is a matter of faith of the believer. Some stories illustrate the efficacy of observing the vows, five by the monks, viz. non-violence, non-lie, non-theft, non-accumulation and non-sex, and the same five for the followers, *albeit* in a less rigorous form, plus seven more to supplement for the latter. It has been demonstrated in many stories how by sincerely observing the vows, many have been liberated in the past or at least improved the quality of their life, the moral being that many more may still do the same provided they sincerely observe them. Some stories illustrate the outcome when a monk or a follower slips from the right path due to non-observance of vows, which serves as a severe warning.

A careful perusal of these stories gives an idea of the social, political, economic and cultural conditions of the time in which they were written. Kings were the heads of the state and they had ministers to aid and advise them in running the administration. *Sresthis* or merchants constituted the most affluent section of the society. They had

extensive trade connections not only within their own state and region, but also with other states and regions, sometimes very far off. Quite a number of them were sea-faring. We have the names of many important ports which were then in use. Some of these merchants had more wealth than what was contained in the king's treasury. Apart from usual professions and crafts, dream interpretation appears to have been an important profession which claimed many people. Prostitution was another important institution. People coming from outside, notably merchants, halted outside the city walls, giving the idea of an extensive suburb which was separated from the city by a wall. Monks used to camp outside the city, mostly in structures dedicated to the *yaksas*. *Vidyadhara*s were a species of human beings who were in possession of some special *vidyas* or powers, particularly flying. There were other powers which some people possessed, e. g., power to transform oneself into any form, power to understand the language of animals, etc., etc. Quite a number of stories throw light on administration, law and order, justice, crime and punishment etc., and many of them make use of supernatural elements or are delineated in a medieval setting or mythological language which may not appeal much to a modern mind. In many cases, the same type of incident is repeated in more than one story which may be detested by a reader who is seeking fresh things all the time. But this has been done for the sake of emphasis, and is not wholly redundant.

In almost all the stories, renunciation has been upheld as the most laudable means for attaining the ideal of life. This is in a sense connected with the idea of the transmigration of the soul which is widely accepted in all the Indian systems. This life has been viewed as a microscopic fraction of an eternal life, no bigger than a step from the past into the future. And if this step is to be a worthy one, then one must improve the quality of life

liberated pretty early in age. But for most people, kings or common-folks, monkhood is shown to have invariably come in old age, making it somewhat similar to modern superannuation. People have been inspired to monkhood when in advanced age they had realised the futility of domestic life any more or by simply listening the inspiring sermon of some monk or spiritual leader.

Closely linked up with the idea of transmigration of the soul is the idea of *jati-smaran* or remembering one's past life in which a person has his past life revealed by a monk or in which the revelation comes itself on witnessing a familiar scene or experiencing a familiar event. Whatever the methodology, this gives one the memory of the past life, which in turn lends support to the idea of the transmigration of the soul. The revival of the memory of the past life has been invariably followed by renunciation by the person concerned who goes forth to attain the higher ideals of life. Wherein the past life is revealed by a monk, in some cases, he has thrown light on the life hereafter. It is on record that on a question by no less a person than King Srenika Bimbisara of Magadha, Mahavira revealed that he was destined to go to hell and that this was irrevocable. On a further question, Mahavira said that Bimbisara was going to be the first *utthanka* of the next bracing phase of the time-cycle on completion of his life in hell. All this must be very interesting to the reader.

Practically all stories lend support to Mahavira's *kriyavada* in some way or other. In a nutshell, *kriyavada* means actionism, which further means that man is the architect of his own future, and that there is no power in heaven, earth or the nether world which can either help or hinder a determined man. Two supporting pillars are knowledge and action, and Mahavira is said to have observed, *jnana-kriyabhyam moksa*. Actionism has no room for divine grace on the one hand, and, on the other, it

strikes at the very root of determinism or fatalism, which was the philosophy propounded by some powerful adversaries of Mahavira. To build up one's own future, one needs undergo right exertion or endeavour under proper guidance. Misdirected energy or hardship yields no result. It is a pity that a sense of cynicism prevails in the present-day Jaina monastic order according to which liberation is no longer possible in the present age partly because the span of human life has become short and partly because man's capacity to bear hardship has gone down. Such a view is not only wrong, but it strikes at the very root of *kriyavada*. Man was never more powerful than in the present age, and given earnest endeavour, he is sure to be liberated even now. In so far as this point is upheld in many a story, their scope becomes as much extensive as that of Jaina philosophy and religion . .

Quite a large number of stories are connected with events in the life of Mahavira and they are, therefore useful in constructing the life story of this great teacher. Many others give account of the life of innumerable monks and church leaders. We come across the names of a large number of rulers, kings, ministers, *sresthis* who have had a place in history. Not only stories but the whole gamut of Sramana literature has useful material for the reconstruction of ancient Indian history, which, as it stands at present, is lopsided and unbalanced because of its exclusive reliance on the Indo-Aryan sources, to the total exclusion of Sramana sources. Some lesser known Jaina scholars have made a juvenile attempt at this reconstruction, but it has yet to gain a wider acceptance. We get also some glimpses of the history of the Jaina church through some of these stories. For instance, we have the story of Kesi-Gautama in the *Uttaradhyayana*, being respectively the stalwarts of the church of Parsva and that of Mahavira. After a frank discussion between the two, Kesi and his

followers took shelter in the church of Mahavira. It is thus certain that the Jaina church became united at the time of Mahavira

Many more things could have been written about these short stories, but I am afraid, a foreword to a book is not an appropriate place for this. So long, this vast storehouse remained confined to Prakrit and Sanskrit so that it was not available to the common man. Sparingly, it was used by a monk or a nun to illustrate a point here and there, but its wide use was not possible. About a quarter century back, it occurred to some people that this material should be presented through the medium of modern Indian languages, notably Hindi, which the vast majority of the Jainas understand. But who was to do this? For, while some of the Jaina monks were well-read in Prakrit and Sanskrit, their proficiency in Hindi was not high, while the usual Hindi story writers were not acquainted with this field in Prakrit or Sanskrit which they did not know. At this stage, Muni Mahendrakumarji Pratham stepped in to present a large number of Jaina stories *verbatim* in plain Hindi. Ten parts of these stories as retold by him appeared in print, about 100 pages or more in each part in double crown size, by 1961, and another 15 by 1971, so that the Muni has about 3,000 pages in print to his credit. Provided his indifferent health permits, he desires to raise it to 10,000 pages which, he is sure enough, is a pretty easy job. Since the Muni's works have been published, but quite independently of him, one or two writers have retold some Jaina stories through the medium of Hindi and Bengali by making use of modern technique of story writing, and making them more readable in the process, but the Muni's work remains to this date the most massive

It was in 1969 that I was approached with a request to translate the stories into English. I was reluctant

partly because my hands were already full with no less worthwhile things, and partly because I have no taste for literary production or reproduction. But ultimately I had to accept the job which I completed by 1972, putting it mostly through my hours of odd jobs like rail travel or hours of relaxation. Although I have never felt very happy about the form in which they have been presented, in Hindi, I have myself not dared to change it in my English rendering.

The first volume for which the stories have been selected by the Muni has two big stories and three small ones. The Amvada story which is the first one does not have much Jaina content about it and makes an excessive use of supernatural things. Amvada was a contemporary of Mahavira and a very ambitious man and he was favoured by luck, so that he could rise to the pinnacle of power, glory and wealth. Towards the end of his life, he met Mahavira, and then Salsa, a pious lady who was an extremely devoted follower of Mahavira. The Munipati story, which is the second one, illustrates how the fructification of some impious *karma* put a sincere monk, who was formerly a king, to the severest ordeal in his life. The story develops in the form of a dialogue between the monk and a merchant who was his benefactor and host in the course of which many stories have been cited from both the sides. At last, the monk's innocence is established and he is honorably acquitted. An appendix to the Munipati story is a small story entitled Antukari Bhatta which highlights in the life of a woman the evil consequences of anger and a subsequent reaction which rooted her in peace and equanimity. The fourth story entitled Kamaghata establishes the supremacy of virtue over vice. The last story illustrates the operation of auspicious *karma* acquired in a previous birth in the life of a young man who was in the early part of his

life an addict to gambling, but was later rehabilitated to an honest domestic life.

An enthusiastic reader would like to know the source from which the stories have been taken. This introduction would, therefor, remain incomplete without the inclusion of source. The Amvada story was originally written by Muni Ratna Suri in the 14-15th centuries. His medium was Sanskrit. A second version, dated 1854, is from one Upadhyaya Kshamakalyan, which is the basis of the the Muni's Hindi version. The Munipati story has four versions, by Jambu Kavi in Sanskrit dated the 11th century, by Hirkalasa dated 1618, Nayarang dated 1625 and Dharmamandir, a disciple of Dayakusal Suri, dated 1725. Jambu Kavi's version has been used for this volume. Antukari Bhatta is in its original a part of the Munipati story which has been separated by the writer for his Hindi edition to highlight its specialties. The same arrangement has been retained in English. The last two stories are popular folk tales in the Jaina oral tradition and has no definite source.

K. C. Lalwani

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ratto bandhadi kamman
muncadi jivo viraga-sampatto

(With attachment one binds *karma*
With detachment one uproots *karma*)

—*Acarya Kundakunda.*

AMVADA

[a tale of heroism and magic-powers]

In the city of Srivasa, there reigned a king name Vikram Singha. One day, as the king was seated in his full court, there came a stranger. The king asked him who he was and what was the purpose of his visit. Without replying to the king's enquiry, the stranger made the following observation :

"There lies a treasure, sir, beneath the meditation ground of Gorakh Yogini."

The king startled at these words. Said he,

"What do you know about it? Where was it obtained from?"

Revealing his own identity, the stranger said,

"My name is Kurvaka. I am the son of the very famous hero Amvada. You must be familiar with the stories of his adventure, bravery and magnanimity. You must also be knowing how far-flung was his vast empire. But, oh king and gentlemen of the court, you are not likely to know all his background. It is full of mighty events. He started as an ordinary man with hardly any wealth which he could call his own. He tried his best to build up a fortune but he was wholly unsuccessful at that."

"But then oh prince, how did he become a great king with so much wealth and splendour?" asked everybody.

"Well, gentlemen, I am here to throw light on that. Please listen with full attention to what I say. As I have already mentioned, Amvada started as a pauper and he left

no stone unturned to become a rich man. Once in the course of his wanderings, he reached Dhanagiri, where he met Gorakh Yogini and propitiated her. When she was pleased with his propitiation, he said, 'Endow me with such power as I may do anything I please.' The Yogini said, 'What's it that pleases you?' My father submitted, 'I crave for wealth.' The Yogini retorted at once, 'Wealth can't be acquired without bravery, wit and strength.' To this my father said, 'Holy Mother! Whatever you will ask me to do, I shall do. By your grace, I shall not retreat from any venture'. At these words, the Yogini was pleased with him. Said she, 'If you can fulfil my seven orders, you will attain unexpected success.' My father agreed."

ORDER ONE

‘Fetch me the fruits of Satasarkara tree’

“In the course of conversation,” the prince continued, “the Yoginī had measured my father’s sincerity. Her first order to him was : ‘As you proceed in the eastern direction from this place there’s a park named Gunavadana. There you will see a tree named Satasarkara Fetch me the fruits of that tree’

“Although he had no idea about the tree or the fruit, mounted on ambition, Amvada started at once and travelled the whole night In the morning, he reached a tank named Kumkum-mandala He rested there for some time and then looked around There he saw a strange sight—men drawing water in jars on their heads and women riding on horse back. He could no longer check himself Finding a man near him, he asked about the reason of this reverse behaviour The man said at once, ‘Ssh ! Hold your tongue. If it reaches the ear of a lady, we shall be nowhere.’ ‘But why this much fear of womenfolk ?’ said Amvada

“An old lady heard these words. As she was about to say something, a royal procession came near and everybody’s attention was placed thither Amvada saw to his utmost surprise a lady seated on a golden throne on the back of an elephant, with a costly canopy above her head, with attendant-ladies gently fanning her with the tail hairs of the *chamari* cow, and the lady herself, a very embodiment of arrogance and rudeness, slighting at everything in the opposite (male) sex She held a golden rod in her hands which was

shining. She had a large retinue of female attendants preceding and following her elephant. When the procession had passed, the old lady said, 'Are you Amvada Kshatriya? I knew of your arrival for a very long time. Come with me to my house and I shall give reply to your query.'

"Amvada gathered courage and reached the lady's residence. It was a huge mansion full of unimaginable wealth. As he reached the courtyard he saw a young lady, the very embodiment of beauty and grace, the like of which he had never seen before. The lady was playing with balls, as many as four at a time, none touching the ground even once. And they were no ordinary balls, but the heavenly bodies, the sun, the moon and two planets, and as they were hurled into the sky, they displayed, respectively, rays, beams and dark shadows which were visible from the ground. Amvada was surprised all the more and he had now many more queries to ask. But before he could open his lips, the old lady said to him, 'Amvada! You are on your way to fetch the fruits of the *satosarkara* tree at the bidding of Gorakh Yogini; is that right? Till you get'em, you are free to have a nice time with my daughter Chandravati.'

"This increased Amvada's confusion all the more. He knew not what to make of it. Suddenly, Chandravati turned to him and said, 'Don't you worry. I'm looking for a playmate like you. You're welcome. For this game, the only rule is that the ball touches not the ground. If it does, you are defeated, and the defeated party rubs the feet of the victor.' Amvada agreed. The lady displayed unusual skill of her hands and the balls didn't touch the ground even once. Now, it was Amvada's turn and the lady extended towards him all the four exceptional balls. Amvada picked up the sun first, but he was so much scorched by its rays that he fell down unconscious. Chandravati then hurled the sun in the sky, and with him, her playmate too, and she fixed the sun in the sky.



There he saw a strange sight.

“When the sun’s chariot-driver Nagada came near the solar region, he took pity on the poor man. He stared at the moon to get some nectar to restore the man to life, but the moon was nowhere to be seen. When he saw the moon’s consort Rohini, she revealed that the moon was still with Chandravati and that she herself was feeling bitterly the pangs of separation. Nagada consoled the lady assuring her to get the release of the moon at once and started in search of Chandravati.

“When Chandravati saw Nagada coming towards her, she hurled a loop at him, and the fellow was tied hand and foot and dropped down. Chandravati went away minding her own business. When Nagada’s sister Sarpadanstasrinkhala came to know of her brother’s plight, she hurried to his rescue. She soon liberated her brother. Once free, Nagada now rushed towards Chandravati with renewed fury. The lady at once asked the sun to stop his driver, which the sun did. He further asked Nagada not to bear animosity towards the lady who was a great *yogini* herself and was capable of even overpowering him at times.

“At the sun’s bidding, Nagada withdrew. He now acquired some magical powers with which he first killed the old lady Bhadravati. This reduced the power of the daughter who now begged to be forgiven. She was then made to release the sun and the moon. Rohini was happy now to see her husband back. Nagada then took some nectar from her, came at once where lay Amvada and sprinkled a few drops on him. Restored to consciousness, Amvada at once bowed before the sun, who became pleased with him and gave him a boon. The sun made him proof against women’s coquetry.

“Amvada was amazed to receive this unexpected boon from the sun. He expressed his gratitude to the sun, who

in turn, gave him two more powers, one equipping him with power to fly and the other with power to cast a net of hypnotism wherever he liked. At the sun's bidding, Nagada fetched the fruits of the *satasarkara* tree and gave them to Amvada. He also helped his restoration to the ground.

"Amvada now thought of teaching a lesson to Chandravati who had caused him so much trouble. So he appeared before her in the guise of Mahadeva. The lady felt profoundly obliged to see the great Lord in her house and fell at his feet. Just then the Lord started weeping in a pitiable tone and the lady felt surprised at the Lord's affliction. The Lord informed her about the loss of his dear wife Parvati which, he said, was the cause of his present distress. Chandravati offered to do anything for him. At this, the Lord asked her to take the place of his departed wife. The lady was surprised at this unusual request. She was an ordinary human being. How could she be the consort of the divine? But she was afraid to disoblige the Lord. So she gave her consent.

"Mahadeva told her that he was a very careless type of god who depended on the poorest food, dress and vehicle, and as his consort the lady too would be expected to lead a similar life. She was to tonsure her head, put on rags and a coat of black soot on her face and follow him on the back of a donkey. It was agreed that the Lord would come at noon to take the lady with him.

"The news of the arrival of Mahadeva soon spread round the town and hundreds flocked to witness this curious event. At the right moment, Mahadeva appeared. It was now time for the lady to start in the company of her husband. Just at that moment, Amvada withdrew his magic and stood before everybody in his own form. It was a severe joke for the lady who took it bitterly, but it became the source of great fun for the people who had assembled to witness the event.

Amvada informed the lady that the sun was now on his side. He challenged her afresh to the game of balls. There were sharp exchanges between the two after which the game started, and, as was expected, the lady suffered defeat. Amvada, however, did her the favour of taking her as his wife. This was no small gain for him, since Chandravati was no ordinary lady but a great *yogini* herself, from whom Amvada acquired four magical powers, viz, flying in the air (*akasagamini*), pursuing another's thought (*chintita-gamini*), changing one's guise (*svatupaparavartini*) and casting a spell of attraction (*akarsini*).

"Now, in the company of his wife, Chandravati, Amvada returned. Soon he was in the presence of Gorakh Yogini, at whose feet he placed, to the great joy of the powerful lady, the fruits of the *satasarkara* tree.

"Thus Amvada fulfilled the first order."

ORDER TWO

‘Fetch me Andharika from the Isle of Harichhatra’

“Gorakh Yogini now ordered Amvada to fetch her Andharika, the daughter of a *yogi* named Kamalakanchana, who lived in the Isle of Harichhatra in the south seas

“Amvada started in that direction through the sky and soon landed in a park on the island. He was then thinking how to find the *yogi* out. Just then, a man coming in that direction addressed him by name. Amvada was surprised, but his surprise increased when he was told that the man was the *yogi* himself, whom he was looking for. When Amvada reached his cottage, he saw the girl Andharika for whom he had come all the way. The girl was sobbing. When her father enquired about the cause of her distress, she said, ‘Father, this man in your company is a rogue. He has come here to carry me away.’ The father consoled the poor girl: ‘None can take you so long as I am here.’ Then taking Amvada outside the cottage, the *yogi* said, ‘Are you coming from Gorakh Yogini?’ ‘ya’, replied Amvada.

“The *yogi* had two wives, Kagi and Nagi, who were living in a different house some way off. Amvada was sent to them with an escort. They received him and offered him good food. Then as he lay to take rest, the ladies changed him into a cock, themselves turned into two cats, and started teasing the cock. The cock felt highly distressed against two adversaries. Just then, the *yogi* returned and, addressing the cock, he said, ‘You have come, oh rogue, to rob us of our daughter. You’re rightly served.’

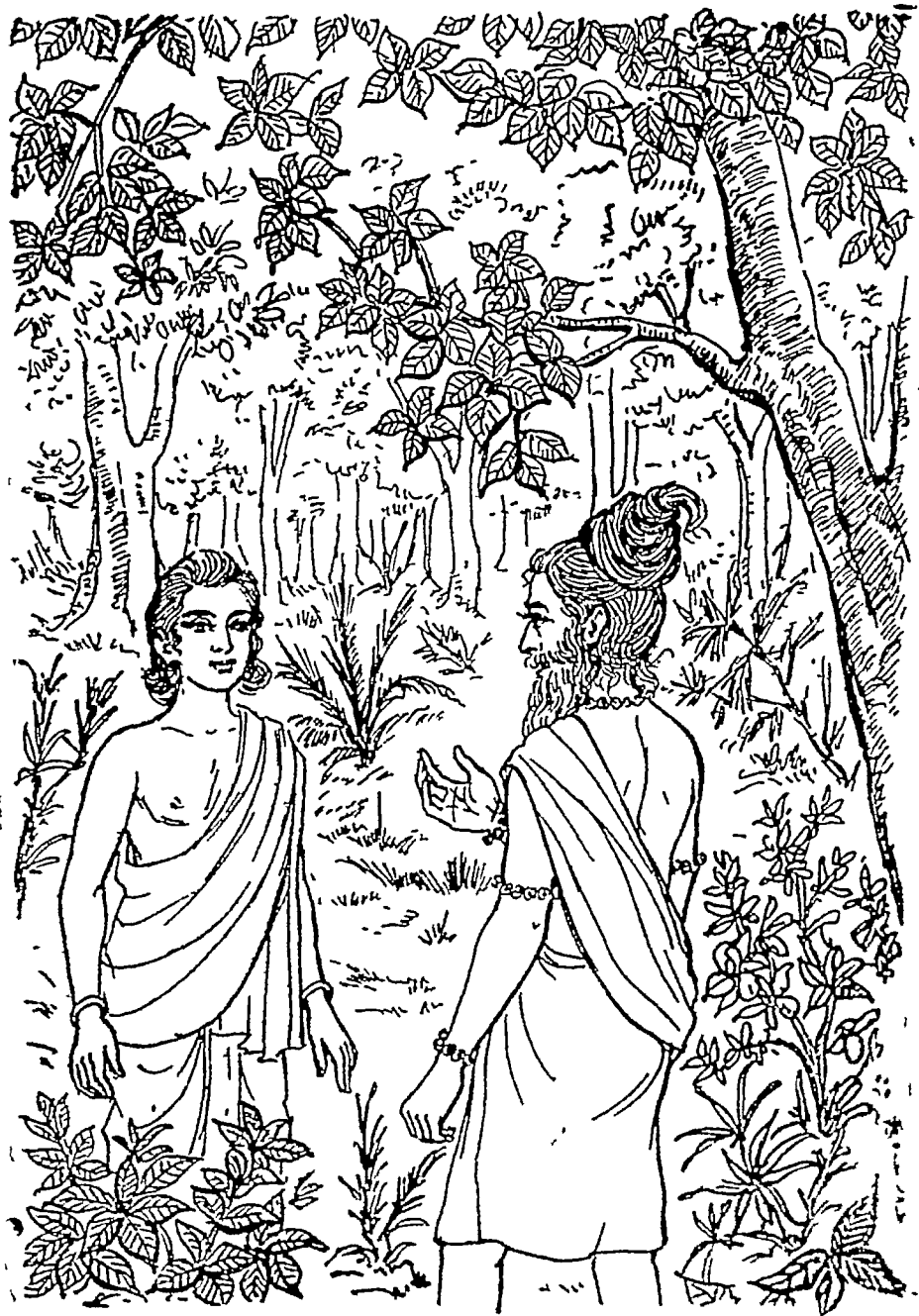
"For many days, Amvada remained in that state, after which the *yogi* requested his wives one day to drive the cock out into the forest. This was immediately done. The cock was now at least free from the two cats and had a nice time in the forest. One day, it felt thirsty and drank water from a tank. As soon as he had done it, the spell was gone, and Amvada was his own self again.

"One day, while roaming in the forest, he heard a woman crying. Moving in that direction, he saw a lady in distress. On being asked by Amvada, the lady gave the following account about herself :

" 'I am the daughter of King Hansa of Rolagpur. My name is Rajhansi. When I reached my youth, my father invited Prince Harischandra to receive me as his wife. Everything was moving according to the schedule. Only the last ritual remained to be performed and I was sent for. I came in my best of dresses, which, among others, contained a blouse from the sun. Suddenly, out of greed for that exceptional blouse, there came a rogue and picked me up to the sky. He applied full force to get the blouse from me but he failed. So he dropped me in this forest and disappeared. I am now helpless, and even the memory of the incident still haunts me and causes me the greatest of agony. I do not know, the rogue may appear at any moment and make me still more miserable '.

" 'But, fair lady, tell me first how did you get the blouse from the sun '.

" 'Well, I had my training under the savant lady Saraswati. I used to stay with her along with seven other girls from noble families. One night, at very late hours, when all of us were supposed to be fast asleep, the savant lady invoked the 64 *yoginis* and sought from them the fructification of her own learning. They agreed to help her in



‘Amvada ! You have come to this forest after a long time ’

exchange for suitable human offerings. The lady then pointed to us and promised them to sacrifice us for their propitiation on the next auspicious day.

“ ‘Sir, I got frightened and apprised my fellow students with the situation. I suggested that the matter must at once be reported to the king, and, on our own part, we must be forearmed with solar power by propitiating the sun-god, so that we would at least not readily succumb but put up a resistance and save ourselves. When my friends approved my proposal, we went to the king. He offered to move at once, but I persuaded him to go slow, and meet the situation with great tact. When I revealed my own plans, the king approved.

“ ‘We started, sir, propitiating the sun-god from that day and were soon successful. The god bestowed on me this magic blouse and on my seven friends seven lozenges. At the appointed hour, I was advised to put on the blouse, and my friends were to put a lozenge each in her mouth, and, we were assured by the sun-god, that would be enough not only to baffle the wicked lady in her evil designs, but even to put an end to her earthly life.

“ ‘The savant lady didn't have even an inkling of suspicion about our solar power acquired of late. Days passed. One day, the lady told us about an imminent danger to ourselves, to avert which she not only offered to help us, but advised us to be in her room at midday on Sunday when, she promised, she would do the needful to protect us. On the appointed day, we all assembled in her room, fully prepared for any eventuality. The lady drew eight circles on the ground and seated one of us in each. Then a very elaborate ritual was instituted, at the end of which the lady went to another room to have a change of *sari* given to her by the 63 *yogins*. I took this opportunity to put on the blouse, and my friends placed a lozenge each in their mouth.

As the lady now returned, eight of us jumped on her and took out the *sari* from her body. The lady at once lay dead on the ground. Sir, that magic blouse is still with me.'

"Amvada now assured the lady of his full protection and convinced her of his great ability to do so. This was not only a great solace for the lady but also an opportunity for her to court a right mate. She made the proposal and Amvada accepted it. They were now leading a very happy life in the company of each other.

"One day, it so happened that the lady had taken the fruits of an unknown tree and changed into an ass. The ass came to Amvada braying. He at once arranged to fetch water from the tank that had once restored him to his own form and sprinkled it. The lady was all right very soon. The lady then pointed out the tree whose fruits were so powerful to effect the metamorphosis, and saw herself the tank whose water had restored her to her own form. Amvada now enquired of the *sari* but the lady informed him that it was still at her parental home at Rolagpur.

"As it was necessary to recover the *sari* from that place, the two started for Rolagpur through the sky and were soon in the city park. The king and the queen were happy to see their missing daughter return, and, on being informed by her, they came to the park to receive their daughter's man. Amvada was brought to the palace in a grand procession, and the marriage was duly solemnised. Not only was the princess given to him, but seven of her most intimate playmates. To mark the occasion, the king gave half the kingdom to his son-in-law, and henceforth ordinary man Amvada charged into King Amvada.

"The eight wives were sent to his home city, but Amvada moved out himself for the Isle of Harichhatra, since he was yet

to pick up and carry away the *yogi's* girl, Andharika, and to teach the family a good lesson. He took the sky route and was on the island. Then dressed like the *yogi* himself, he reached the house, tendered several fruits from the wonderful tree to the two ladies Kagi and Nagi, and asked them to prepare a delicious curry out of them. As the ladies got busy in the kitchen, Amvada now dressed as Kagi saw the *yogi* in his cottage and invited him to taste a wonderful curry at once. The *yogi* went home. Andharika was now alone, and it was no difficult job for Amvada to carry her away. The girl shouted bitterly for some time, but what more could she do now? Amvada proceeded straight to Gorakh Yoginis and entrusted the girl to her.

“Thus Amvada fulfilled the second order of the Yogini.”

ORDER THREE

'Fetch me the gem necklace

"Gorakh, Yogini now ordered Amvada to fetch her a gem necklace from the iron safe of King Somachandra of the Isle of Singhala.

"Equipped with prowess, goodluck and ambition, Amvada started for the Isle of Singhala. He reached a park there and started devising plans to enter into the palace. Suddenly his eyes fell on a lady who carried a fully blossomed garden on her head. Seeing an exceptional lady, Amvada took her to be Princess Chandrayasa herself. So he addressed her by the name. The lady turned at once and said, 'Sir, I am not the princess, but her playmate Rajaldevi. My father Birochan is the chief minister here. But you seem to be a stranger.' In any case, Amvada wanted to put the lady to his use. Said he, 'Fair lady! If you excuse my inquisitiveness, what's that garden-like umbrella on your head?' At this, the lady gave the following account:

" 'Sir, once I had come to the park in the company of the princess, when both of us got frightened at the sight of an old lady. But the lady moved to us and enquired where we were going. I offered myself to be at her service. At this, the old lady was highly pleased and suggested that if we so desired, she could arrange for us an interview with Mahadeva, the great god of destruction. I told the lady that the Lord must be far off and that it would be no easy matter for us to appear in his presence. At this, the lady informed us that she was the Lord's maid, that the Lord was at that moment at the headquarters, the Kailasa mountain, in the

company of his consort, Parvati, and that if we so desired she could arrange to take us there. We agreed and soon we were on the top of the Kailasa mountain, and then in the presence of the Lord and the Lady. But we had our own doubts if it was a magic or reality, which was soon dispelled by our guide. The Lady then formally introduced us to the Lord and the Lady. They were pleased. The Lord then placed a necklace on the princess' neck and bestowed a tortoise-headed rod on me. We were told that the necklace was capable of making the wearer to appear in any guise he or she liked, and that the rod was a sure protection against all enemies and ailments.

“ ‘But, sir, we were not appeased with these gifts, and I prayed for something that would everyday take us to the presence of the Lord. This request pleased the Lord immensely, and he pointed to a herb named *tridanda* bidding us to take some of it. This, we were told, would help to carry us to the presence of the Lord whenever we would so like. We bowed again, and the old lady helped us to be restored to our earthly home. We planted the herb in our courtyard, and everyday we pulled it out to appear in the presence of the Lord and everyday we planted it back.’

“But Amvada's query about the garden was not yet answered. So the lady had to start again. As we used to go to the Kailas everyday, the sun-god observed us. One day, he could not check the curiosity and asked who we were and where did we go so regularly. When we gave him the full account, he was pleased at our devotion to the Lord. It is he, sir, who was gracious enough to bestow on the princess a costly ornament and on me this lovely garden. The ornament is so full of lustre that it wipes out all darkness. We worship the Lord everyday and spend our time in great happiness’



The lady carried a fully blossomed garden on her head

"Amvada now entered the city. He had to get the gem necklace from the king's safe. He now reached the crowded part of the city and installed himself on the pavement as a player of a musical instrument. He took no time to attract a crowd around himself. Everybody admired his wonderful performance. Gradually, the solo music changed into a full way-side open-air opera which was thrown open for participation by the members of the public. The whole city flocked there by and by, and even Princess Chandrayasa and her friend Rajaldevi didn't fail to turn up. Rajaldevi soon joined the artists to the great surprise of the princess and disgust of her own parents. A lady of a noble family was not expected to dance in public. The princess tried to dissuade her but failed. At last, Rajal's father, the minister, reported the matter to the king. 'Sire, This seems to be a rogue. He has enticed our girl. Something should be done at once.' When the king heard this, he was very much surprised. He himself appeared on the scene.

"Music, poetry and dance are enchanting in themselves, and above all their skilled presentation. People were deeply absorbed. The presence of the king added dignity to the whole show. Amvada raised his art to the highest pitch, and at the point of climax, he brought its abrupt termination. The king too was highly pleased and was keen to bestow gifts on the organiser and leader of the opera, but Amvada humbly declined. That day, the only topic of the town was the grand performance at the way-side opera.

"In the afternoon, when Rajaldevi met her friend, the princess made enquiries about the principal actor for whom she had danced in the morning. She reported about the man as far as she herself knew, adding in the end that she was intent on marrying with him. Now, the princess herself started changing her opinion about the man, and expressed a desire to her friend to receive him in her own

chamber that very night, if she could arrange such a meeting Rajaldevi consented to convey the princess' desire to the man

"At midnight, Amada was with the princess in her chamber. They talked with great intimacy. But an intelligent man never places his cards before another. Amvada too didn't. While taking leave, he gave her a duly prepared betel leaf for her chewing

"This contained the powder of the wonderful fruit, and in the morning everybody saw a donkey moving in the princess' chamber. There was no trace of the princess. The matter was reported to the king and it spread like wildfire all over the city. Everybody was unhappy. Great physicians were called in, but they could do nothing. Then an announcement went round promising a huge cash reward to whosoever restored the princess. It was repeated a second time, with a promised award of half the kingdom

"Amvada now changed himself into a *yogi* and responded to it. He was brought to the princess' chamber where he propitiated the goddess for three days. On the fourth day, the princess was restored to her normal shape. All were now unanimous that this was a very uncommon *yogi*. The king gave him a share in his realm and of course the hands of the princess. Needless to add, Rajaldevi too married him. It was not difficult for Amvada now to get the necklace. With the coveted staff, he proceeded straight to Gorakh Yogini and placed it at her feet.

"Thus Amvada fulfilled the third order "

ORDER FOUR

'Fetch me the Goddess of Wealth and the monkey'

"Now, Gorakh Yogini ordered Amvada to fetch her the Goddess of Wealth and the monkey from the house of a seafaring merchant in the city of Navalaksa

"Amvada started In the way, he saw a beautiful park named Sugandha where spring reigned throughout the year. The king stood enjoying its everlasting beauty. Suddenly, he saw a beautiful maiden emerging out of a *bakula* tree. He at once started pursuing her, but before he could reach near her, at the pace of a lightning, she walked through a tank and soon disappeared. Amvada could find no trace of her.

"The truly ambitious do not sit at rest till the realisation of their ambition Amvada didn't move away from the *bakula* tree. A few days passed One day, a stranger came to him with the offer of a fruit, and invited him to meet a lady. The stranger then gave the following account about the lady's back ground

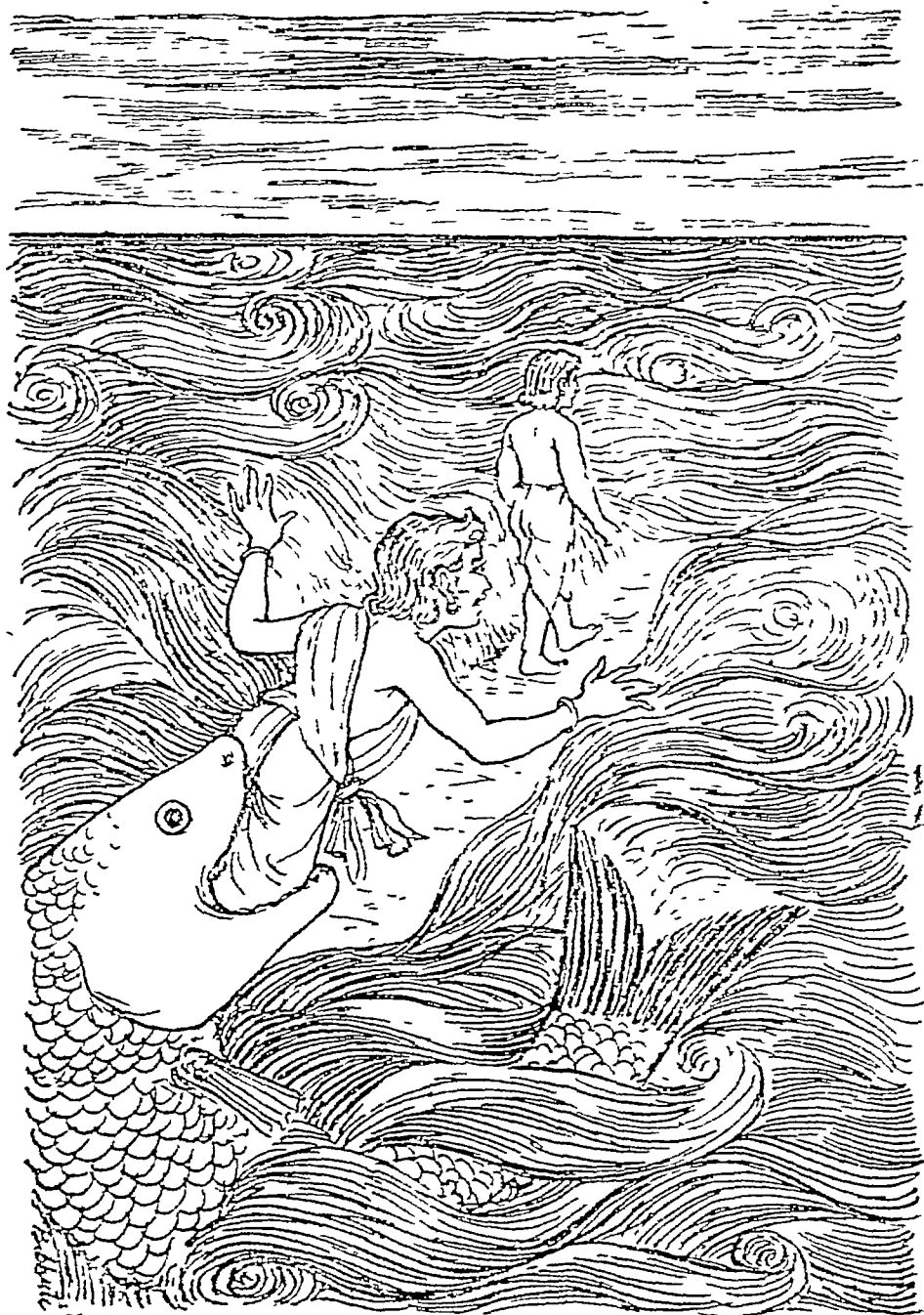
"In the city of Agnikundapura, there reigned a king named Devaditya. He had several queens and many children One day, one of the queens invited the king to dinner The lady had very evil designs, and, dinner over, she uttered a few enchanted words and changed the king into a parrot The news of the king's misfortune soon spread all over the town, and everybody felt very unhappy, since Devaditya happened to be a popular ruler. But what could be done

now ? The wicked queen was sent into exile and the first queen Lilavati took charge of the parrot.

‘Although all arrangements were made to make the parrot’s life comfortable, this could impart no ease to the king in the form of a bird. One day, the bird expressed a desire to court self-immolation by entering into fire rather than live in an animal form, but, as chance would have it, Acharya Kulachandra arrived in the city just at that time. At the request of all, he took the case in his own hands, assuring everybody that he would restore the king to his original form within the next few days. The Acharya took no more than a week to achieve this miracle. The king, already disenchanted of the mundane life, was now determined to give it up. He abdicated in favour of his son, and followed in the footsteps of the holy man. The queen too joined the holy order of the nuns.

‘Within a few months after her initiation, the queen, now a nun, was about to give birth to a child. The king, now a monk, was shocked, since this would defile them both in public eyes. The queen humbly said that she was already pregnant at the time of her initiation, but she suppressed it then, lest this should delay her joining the holy order. The queen-nun gave birth to a daughter and died soon thereafter. The king-monk had now to mother the poor girl. That girl is Amaravati whom you saw.

‘Sir, believe me, the girl is the very embodiment of grace and beauty. One day, as she was roaming in the forest, the God of Wealth, who was flying overhead, was attracted by her grace. He came down to her and made an offer of three exceptional gems, one of which is capable of preventing the turbulence of the sea, another the turbulence of the wind, and the third one is capable of protecting against all evil spirits. Extremely intelligent as she is, she accepted the



A giant fish swallowed up Amvada

offer with thanks, but as to the proposal regarding their marriage, she skilfully sidetracked it by saying that there should be a fraternal tie between the two. What could the god do but to accept her request? The sister now requested her brother to equip her with powers that would make her invincible in all situations. To oblige her, the god at once created a vast lake and a costly mansion therein for her stay. When the king-monk enquired about his daughter's future, the god told him that she would be married to Amvada, the man of ambition, and that the girl would herself find him out.'

"Amvada felt highly elated at the account given by the stranger. An invitation from such an exceptional lady, who was marked for him, to see her at her own residence! Amvada reached her mansion and was with the lady herself. It was indeed a happy meeting. Now, Amvada was anxious to meet the king-monk and he started at once. At her bidding, a valet accompanied him, leading him through the tank and the forest. Amvada walked behind him. But no sooner had the two covered a short distance than a giant fish swallowed up Amvada. The fish, in turn, was picked up by a crane who held it in its beak. In this state, the crane was picked up by a hawk who flew away in the sky. When the valet turned back to check if Amvada was following, he didn't see him there, and no clue to his disappearance could he find. He came back and reported the matter to the girl. She was very sorry but didn't know what to do in the situation.

"Being tired of the weight it was carrying, the hawk sat on a tree. A hunter saw the hawk and hit it with an arrow. As the hawk dropped down, the crane was liberated from its claws, and the fish slipped from the crane's beak. When the hunter pierced the fish, he found a man in its belly. The man had lost consciousness but was not

dead. The hunter nursed him carefully and restored him to life. He brought him to his home which was in the city of Navalaksa. Here he stayed for a few days to convalesce. Amvada's life was now about to take a fresh turn.

"At night, as everybody lay asleep, Amvada woke up at the sound of someone going out. It was the hunter's daughter. Amvada silently followed her. In the way, a ksatriya girl, a vaisya girl and a brahmin girl joined with her. The four then reached the central place in the city. The four were bound for the residence of the seafaring merchant.

"At the suggestion of the hunter's daughter, all the four changed themselves into she-goats. At this Amvada became a he-goat and chased after the four. The she-goats got terrified at this, gave up the idea of going further and returned home. That night's adventure thus ended in nothing. When they met in the morning, the question that was uppermost in their mind was about the goat's identity, and the reason of its chasing them last night. During the following night they started again in the same manner, and even to-day the he-goat was there. By his magical powers, Amvada fixed all the four she-goats so that they could no longer move. This humbled the four at once, who now begged pitifully for their own release. The he-goat told them that they would be released on condition that they rendered him a service, which was to arrange a meeting for him with the merchant's daughter Rupini. To this they agreed and earned their own release. Now, the five reached the merchant's house.

"The house was a beautiful mansion encircled by a deep ditch full of water to protect it. There was also a standing guard of five hundred strong. Seated near the Goddess of Wealth, Rupini herself was playing with a monkey. Just

then the four girls stepped in with the goat in their company. Rupinī enquired who it was and why it had been brought

"One of the ladies requested her to direct the enquiry to the goat himself. Amvada now stood in his own form and informed the ladies how powerful he was because of magical powers and how the whole world lay at his feet. These were no mere words of a brag and the ladies were impressed by his manliness. Amvada now demanded of Rupinī the goddess and the monkey, at which she gave the following account regarding the acquisition of the two.

'Once I had propitiated Indra, who gave me this wonderful monkey. Not only does the monkey give me precious gems everyday, but my own luck and life are very intimately linked up with him. The moment the monkey is separated from me, I die. So, sir, you can't have the monkey without having me too.'

"Amvada was prepared to accept her and to do so at once. But, as it turned out, there were several hurdles to be overcome before this union could be solemnised. As the lady revealed, the man must first acquire a special power called *aja-vidya*, and then he must marry Princess Viramatī, daughter of King Malayachandra, and then alone could he marry her.

"Being a very ambitious man, to whom nothing was impossible, Amvada started at once and acquired *aja-vidya*. His next task was to clear the way leading to the acquisition of the princess. As a first step to that, he turned King Malayachandra himself into a goat as he was out for a ride on horseback. This was a great disaster for the kingdom. When all efforts to restore the king failed, the minister ordered the closure of the city gates.

"Now, by his powers, Amvada created a huge army consisting of infantrymen, cavalrymen, elephant-men and

beseized the city. There was hardly any resistance in the absence of the king, and the city gates had to be thrown open at the order of the invading army. Amvada now entered into the city and was received by ministers, high dignitaries and leading citizens. When he was apprised of the recent ill-luck that had befallen the city, Amvada said that the restoration of the king might not be very difficult provided he was promised the hand of the princess. This was too small a demand to which all agreed at once. The king was restored to his original form to the joy of everybody and Amvada won the princess with such ease. This cleared the way for his getting Rupinī and the monkey, and the four ladies too. With all these latest acquisitions, he hastened to the Sugandha park where Amaravatī was passing her days in deepest distress ever since his mysterious disappearance. He had occasion now to meet his father-in-law, the king-monk and earn his sincere and warm blessings. Needless to add, among all his wives, Amvada named Amaravatī as number one.

“With the Goddess of Wealth and the monkey in his possession, Amvada now reached Gorakh Yoginī and presented these to her. Thus he fulfilled the fourth order.”

ORDER FIVE

'Fetch me the Ravi-Chandra (Sun-Moon) Lamp'

"Gorakh Yogini now ordered Amvada to fetch for her the Ravi-Chandra lamp from the house of Birochana, chief minister to King Devachandra of Devapattana in Saurashtra

"Amvada started in the direction of Devapattana. In the way, he saw a brahmin, who had just returned from that city, and was on his way to a certain Princess Rohini of Singhpur in the north, near the Mahadurga hills. This lady was in possession of a power to enter into another's body and the brahmin wanted to acquire it from her. Amvada asked how he expected to get it from her unless he had some to give her in return. The brahmin said that he was in possession of a power to hypnotise and this he was prepared to give to the princess.

"Amvada now felt tempted to acquire the power from the brahmin. So he told the brahmin that he too was in possession of a power that would give one command of a non-ending affluence. Nothing could be more tempting than the acquisition of a wealthy status in life. The brahmin was thus easily caught in the snare and parted with his power.

"Amvada now changed his destination and in the company of the brahmin started for Singhpur. Having reached its outskirts, he suggested to the brahmin that the two should enter into the city, not together, but separately.

"Amvada now changed himself into a holy woman, and planted herself at a central place in the city. Soon she

attracted many around her. The newly acquired power to hypnotise was made full use of to ensnare all the callers-on. So ran the story throughout the town that the holy woman was capable of forecasting if a man/woman's wishes would be fulfilled or not, and if the former, when. Even the brahmin came for consultation. The holy woman told the brahmin in most unmistakable terms that he would never get the power from the princess and that his coming there was wholly useless.

"The story of this great woman soon reached the ears of princess Rohini who at once sent for her. This was the chance the lady was keenly waiting for, and she lost no time to appear before her. The princess received her with due respect and offered her a throne to sit on. Then she placed before the lady many delicacies. The lady declined them all telling the princess that penance was now her only food. When the princess expressed her eagerness to know how the lady was initiated into the holy order so early in her life, she gave the following account of herself.

'My father Surasena was the king of Surapur. When still a child, I lost my mother, and this was the beginning of my misfortunes. I was sent to a school where the eyes of a certain *Vidyadhara*, Manibhadra, fell on me, and he carried me away to the Vaitadhya hills. There I was given training in certain powers. When I reached my youth, Manibhadra wanted to marry me, but his rival was his own son Subhadrabega. Subhadrabega became a patricide for my sake, and was himself killed by his own brother Kiranabega, who entered the field as a rival suitor. So you see, my dear princess, two persons lost their lives for my sake which upset me very much. One day, I slipped out from the *Vidyadhara's* house, and as I was about to jump into a tank to put an end to this very wretched life, somebody held me fast from behind. It was Kiranabega. I lived with him for



"But, holy mother, how shall I recognise him?"

some time One day, I discovered that he was a debauch, and I tried to improve him, but he won't listen You can see, this gave a major turn to my own life I joined the order of nuns. I spend my days on the bank of the Ganga At this moment, I am on a pilgrimage, which has brought me to this city'

"The princess was impressed and happy She gave her own account to the lady, adding in the end that since good luck had brought the two together, she would be happy to make a gift of her great power to the lady. The holy woman thus acquired from the princess her power to enter into another's body

"Astrologers and soothsayers are men to whom people readily open their hearts Secrets which are kept closely guarded even from the very near and dear ones cease to be so to these men. The princess now felt quite free with the lady and asked about her own future The lady shut her eyes for a few moments and then said, 'Princess ! A bright future awaits thee The time for the arrival of thy suitor is not very far He will be a great hero, one among a million, a really worthy person, whom only the luckiest of the ladies may hope to get' 'But, holy mother, how shall I recognise him ?' 'My daughter ! You will know him when he sends you a flower vest' The holy woman then took leave and departed

"Amvada now turned his steps towards Devapattana, for which he had started, and soon reached the city He accepted the hospitality of the gardener, and by virtue of his power to hypnotise, he soon attracted everybody in that household. To establish a lasting link with the family, he even married the gardener's daughter.

"One day, the mother-in-law told him, 'My son ! Show us some of your powers.' Next day, as the lady was

going to the palace with two flower garlands, Amvada enchanted them with a magic powder and asked her to give these to the king and the minister, and none else. The lady went out. Amvada then sprayed some magic powder at the city gate, at the palace gate and at the gate of the minister's house. Now, all started quaking severely. Some took it to be a depredation by ghosts and evil spirits, others openly forecast from the rumblings that the city would go underground. Terrified, people rushed to the king. As the king was about to say something, he and his chief minister both fell unconscious on the ground.

"There started a panic in the town. Doctors were called in to attend the king and the minister, but they could not be cured. On the second day, they regained consciousness no doubt, but began yelling like jackals. On the third day, they were dancing stark naked and talking irrelevant things. On the fourth day, they were rolling in the mud, dust and ashes and hurling them on the bystanders. On the fifth day, the king was dancing and the minister was playing on the instrument. On the sixth day, both started crying bitterly. On the seventh day, Amvada enquired from the gardener about the prevailing turmoil and confusion in the city. The gardener's wife smiled. Soon it became known in the town that all this was the doing of a holy man living at the moment in the gardener's house. So all flocked in there and requested Amvada to withhold his charm, which he agreed to do on the promise of a suitable reward. Amvada sought half the kingdom, the princess and the Ravi-Chandra lamp from the house of the minister. The demand was heavy, and in the absence of authority, the people were hesitant to commit. But Amvada refused to do anything to save the city till the award of things asked for was duly committed. So they reluctantly agreed. Amvada then performed certain ceremonies and soon everything was all

right. Amvada's objective was attained. He not only won half the kingdom and the lamp, but also the hands of three ladies, the princess, the minister's daughter, and, of course, the gardener's daughter.

"Now, Amvada started for Singhpur. On the way, he heard a pitious lamentation and discovered a young lady with a dead child on her shoulders. He obtained the following account from the lady:

'I am the daughter of a gardener. I am married in this city, and got a son. But my son died during my absence from home, and I could not have a talk with him during his last moments. It is this that upsets me and now I have decided to end my life by entering into a blazing pyre with this dead child.'

"Amvada tried to console her, dilating at length on the transitoriness of life and uncertainty of human existence, but the lady would take nothing. 'Tell me, sir, have I not a genuine cause to be aggrieved?' said she very bitterly. 'I couldn't talk with him during his last moments.' Amvada told her that a dead person could not be restored to life, and enquired if she would feel consoled and happy, if the boy could be revived for some time to give the lady a chance to talk with him. She said, she would. This was not difficult for him to arrange with his power to enter into another's body. The dead child now said, 'Mummy! Why do you weep? It is my *karma* that gave me a short span of life and we are helpless before it. You be calm. Bewail not my loss.' The child was dead again.

'Amvada still remembered the forecast he had made as holy woman to Rohini to the effect that her man was about to come, and that he would send her a vest made of flowers. He now requested the gardener's daughter to

prepare for him a flower vest and carry it to the princess. This she gladly did for her benefactor. Amvada was a lucky man. He was married with the princess by her own brother.

"It was now time for him to return with all his wives, and more particularly with the Ravi-Chandra lamp, which was his assignment for this mission. Soon he was in the presence of Gorakh Yoginī, to whom he presented the lamp. The Yoginī was highly pleased and blessed him.

"Thus Amvada fulfilled the fifth order, his luck favouring him all through, but more than that, his own ambition, bravery and exertions."

ORDER SIX

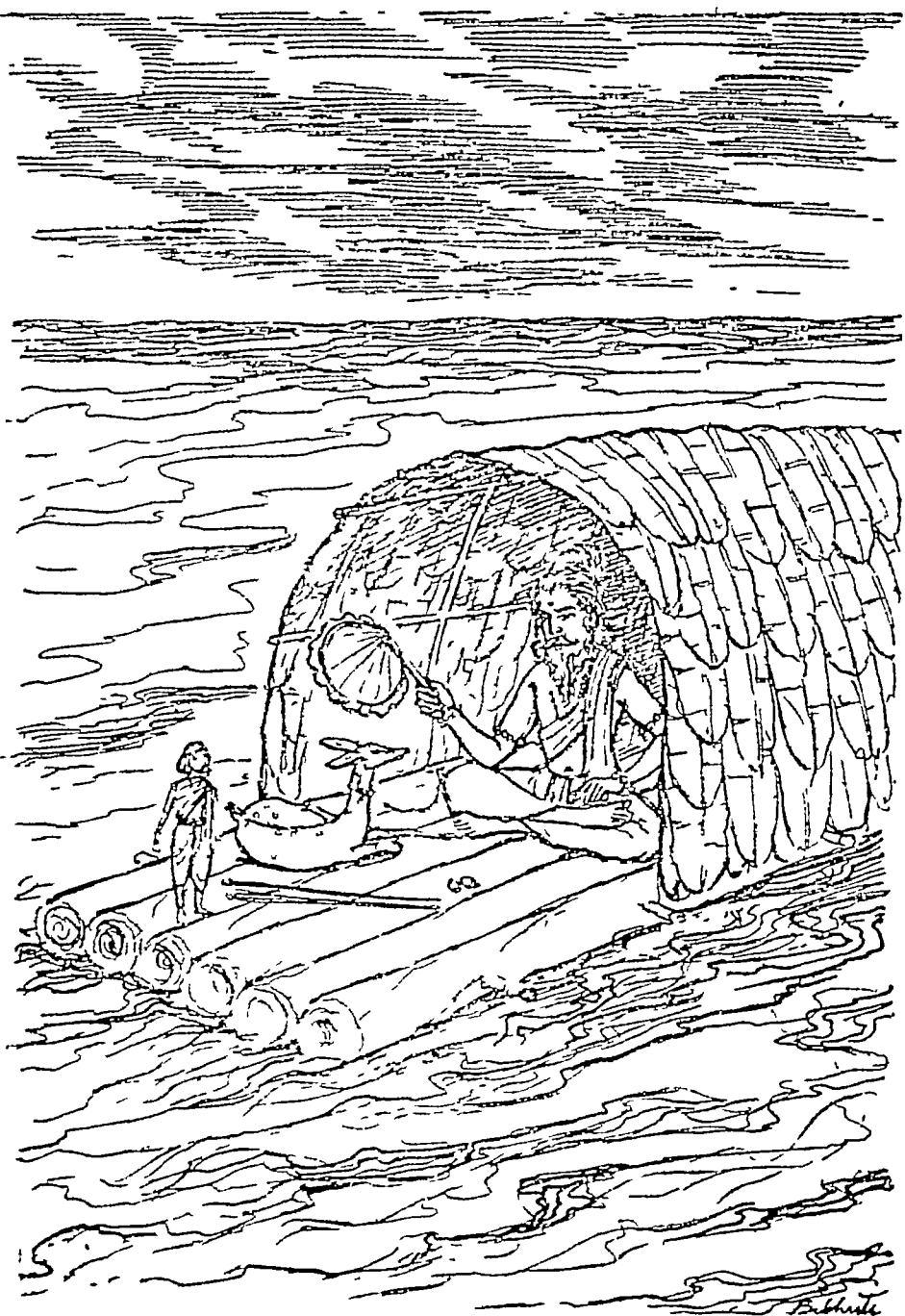
'Fetch me the All-bestowing Rod.'

"Repeated success fires ambition And this was so in Amvada's case The Yogini now gave him the assignment to fetch her the rod that fulfilled all desires The rod, she told him, was in the possession of a versatile brahmin named Somesvara who lived in the city of Kodinna at the foot of the Sindhu mountain in the land of Sauvira

"Amvada started in that direction In the way, he saw a river, on whose surface he saw a hut floating, which had a thatch of banana leaves He observed it very closely and saw a *yogi* behind the hut Inside the hut stood a she-deer whose body was shining like anything The *yogi* was seen fanning the animal It looked very unusual, and Amvada thought of detecting the mystery behind the whole thing. He first fixed the hut on the river, and then lifted himself up in the sky and swooped down on the *yogi* When the *yogi* tried to resist, he threw him up in the sky The fellow dropped dead on the ground

"Amvada now brought the hut to the river bank and checked all its belongings The animal was tied with a golden chain There lay on the hut floor a golden image, a pair of ear-rings and two very solid canes, one red and the other white Amvada knew not what was what But to make a start, he picked up one of the canes, and started beating the animal, and, lo behold, the deer changed into a beautiful princess

"Giving her own account, the princess told him that she



He saw a hut floating.

was the daughter of King Bala Singha of the kingdom of Bangadesa, that her own name was Parivati, that on the day when she was out on horseback to look for a certain well, the horse took her in a wrong direction, and she was in a dense forest. 'There, sir, I fell in the clasp of a *yogi*, the princess went on, 'and the *yogi* hatched evil designs on me. But luck favoured me and I could manage to escape.

"The lady continued. 'But the fellow didn't give me up. He came to my father's court one day and right there erected a pole of a luxuriant banana tree. He then asked the king to pierce it. As the king did so with his sword, a fine lady came out of it. The king then enquired if this was a real person, or just magic. The *yogi* assured the king that this was a real person, a lady in flesh and blood, as living as any other, named Ratnamala, the daughter of a *Vidyadhara* named Manibeg. He further told the king that the lady had been brought there for him and that she would be his provided the king agreed to help him. The king considered it to be a nice bargain and agreed at once without giving the proposal any consideration. The *yogi* then said, 'Sir! On the eighth day of the fortnight, a special propitiation of mine will reach its fruition. You have to join with me on that day with the princess on the bank of the Suparna and see through its finale.' The king agreed and the *yogi* departed.

"But the minister was unhappy about the arrangement, and on the appointed day, he advised the king at least not to take me in his company. The king too regretted now for the consent he had given in a hurry and without sufficient consideration. As the two were discussing, the *yogi* appeared at the court to take us both with him. When the king requested him to spare me, the *yogi* refused to do so, telling my father that my presence was particularly required

for his purpose, and that if the king would fail to honour his words, then a mighty calamity would befall on him.

“ ‘So, sir, I started in the company of my father, and we were on the bank of the Suparna. The *yogi* was with us to make sure that none dropped out. On the way, he picked up two canes, one red and the other white, from the forest. Then we entered into a cave with him, where was blazing a sacrificial fire. The *yogi* sat propitiating his deity with various offerings in the fire. It appeared to us now that we were wholly lost in his hands and there was no escape. After some time, he took me into the cottage and beat me with the cane which changed me into a golden deer. Then he returned to the fire, gave three sweet balls in my father's hands and asked him to consecrate them in the fire desiring at the same time the fruition of his propitiation. My father did as he was asked to do. Soon the *yogi* dashed him into the fire and changed him into the golden image, which you yourself saw in the hut.’

“As the lady forgot to throw light on the ear-rings, Amvada asked about them, to which the lady made the following revelation. ‘These had been acquired by the *yogi* himself from the goddess. They are very exceptional things, sir, and when thrown in the sky, one is capable of shining like the moon for a whole year, and the other like the sun for full two years.’

“With all the secrets acquired from the lady, Amvada now revealed his own identity. The princess was happy to be in the company of such a worthy person. The two were married on the spot. The lady then expressed a desire to repair to her own city, where her brother, Samar Singha who had really no information about them, was in charge of the administration in the absence of his father. This was a good idea which Amvada approved and the two started at once. As they reached the city, th—

time, the image told her companion, 'Won't you like to repair now to Vasavadatta's house?' 'A nice idea, indeed,' said the lady, 'but, pray, who is to drive our chariot and take us thither?' Why, here's Panchasirsa. He may help us,' said the image

"But Amvada was a very clever man and he would do nothing without striking a suitable bargain. He agreed to take the ladies to wheresoever they wanted to go, but only on payment of a suitable remuneration. The two were no less shrewd than he, and they wanted to enjoy a fun at his cost. Now, Panchasirsa looked around for the bulls and they were nowhere to be seen. Said he, 'Where are the yoke animals?' The two burst out laughing. 'With a pair of yoke animals, none will need you to drive the chariot. Even a child will be as good for the purpose. Well, man, it's not your business. Come and have a ride with us.' This was too much of a challenge for a hero of Amvada's stature. Still he sat on the chariot but fixed it with his power so that it would move no longer. The pride of the two was thus shattered, and they begged to be forgiven, but the man won't budge till the two agreed to share with him the secret of flying a chariot without yoke animals. Well, as there was no alternative to break the impasse, they did oblige the man, and the chariot, with the three passengers on, was now rushing through the air. Soon they were with Vasavadatta who was pleased to receive her friends and entertain them with offers. Amvada was introduced to her as the new chariot-driver.

"The four then visited another of the ladies' friends, one Nagashri, who cordially received them. As the four ladies were in the midst of merry-making, Amvada thought of playing a mischief. He offered them betel leaves containing magic powder for their chewing. As they gladly put the staff in their mouth, they all changed into deer. Amvada

now picked up the deer that was Chandrakanti and returned to her city. The deer soon found her own home, Amvada following at a safe distance. Thus he got the clue as to where exactly the all-bestowing rod could be.

"When the brahmin came to know of his daughter's plight, he became very sorry. The matter was brought to the notice of the king, who started at once to see the deer with his own eyes. On the way, his eyes fell on a man, who was driving a chariot that had no yoke animals. The king took him to be an exceptional man, with the gift of divine powers. He enquired if he was a *deva* or a *Vidyadhara*, to which the man replied that he was the latter. The king then apprised him of his difficulties, but, said he, though capable to rid him of the situation, he was not particularly inclined to get involved in such earthly matters.

"The two now reached the brahmin's house and the deer was brought there. The man made a careful observation and said, 'It's a tough job, sir, I have to apply a good many of my powers to cure her. But then what about my reward?'

Reward was no consideration in such a difficult situation when the specialist was free to quote any fee. The man asked for the all-bestowing rod and the king agreed. Chandrakanta was soon restored to her own form. At Chandrakanta's earnest request, the man went to the nether world where her three friends were still roaming in the same animal form. They too were rescued from that miserable state. Everybody was happy, and Amvada's mission was fulfilled.

"With the all-bestowing rod, he was soon before the Yogini, who was very happy to receive her thing. She blessed the hero profusely for the effective fulfilment of the mission.

"Thus Amvada fulfilled the sixth order of the Yogini."

ORDER SEVEN

‘Fetch me Velvet from the Crown’

“Gorakh Yogini’s seventh and final order for Amvada was, ‘Fetch me the velvet from the crown of King Chandiswara of the city of Soparaka in the southern region

“With the Yogini’s blessings, he started for the south, and having passed through many villages and towns, he reached a park named Devabrahma in the outskirts of the city. It was a beautiful park full of many trees profusely bearing fruits and flowers. He was particularly attracted by the smell of a juicy fruit and stood beneath the tree. As he was about to extend his hands, a monkey, who was perched on a branch, said, ‘Sir ! Listen to me first, before you touch the fruit, otherwise you will be deformed.’ Amvada stopped. The monkey continued, ‘To the south of this park, there’s a hill, Tungagiri, on which there is a mango tree. Bring a fruit from that tree, and then you are free to touch those on this.’

“Amvada was surprised. What could be special about that mango tree ? What’s the relation between that tree and this ? If there be any, why so ? He went there. As he was about to pluck a fruit, the branches of the tree shot up towards the sky. But Amvada was undaunted. He jumped up and was on the tree itself. At this, the tree got uprooted and started floating in the air, with Amvada enjoying the landscape that was spread beneath. The tree soon reached the *Nandanavana*, and stopped therein. Amvada now alighted from the tree.

"As he looked around, he saw a ditch with flames emerging out of it. Many beautiful men and women in wonderful dresses and jewellery were coming and going out, or moving to and fro. Musical instruments were playing soft music. As he was enjoying the scene, a divine person came and stood beside him. Said he, 'Hello, sir, how was the mango tree?' Amvada startled, but in a moment, he composed himself and retorted, 'Who was the monkey? Why is this fire? Why is this drama?'

"The *deva* now started his delineation." I am Hansa, ruler of Laksmipur in the nether world. It is I who had placed the monkey on the tree and improvised the mango tree to bring you here. This was an assignment to me from the *Vidyadharas*, and there's a purpose behind the whole thing. King Sivakara of the city of Sivankara did not have a son. He propitiated all means for it, but to no effect. Then a monk named Visvadvipa gave him a fruit to get him a son, and the fruit was to be shared by the king with the queen. But the king acted foolishly and took the whole fruit himself. Soon he developed all signs of pregnancy. This was a great shame. He stopped appearing at the court and cancelled all public engagements. But the matter could not be suppressed and the report spread like wildfire throughout the town. None had now any doubt that the king would meet with a premature end.

'From the seventh month since conception, the king started having false pain, and it was terrific and unbearable. The king had no rest even for a moment. The *Vidyadharas* then held a meeting, at which one suggestion was that *Deva* Dharanendra should be propitiated but the question was, who was to do it for the king. At last, the king's brother Sivasankara offered himself to do this and this was approved by everybody. The propitiation started on an auspicious day and the *deva* made his appearance on the seventh day.



Many beautiful men and women were around the fire

Necessary submission was made on behalf of the king. Dharanendra at once brought some ablution water from the temple of Lord Parsva and prescribed its use by the king. The water gave him relief.

'At the right time, a son was born to the king without causing any difficulty, and the king's long-standing desire for a son was thus fulfilled, but the king died shortly thereafter. Dharanendra himself crowned the new-born babe as king and named him Dharanendra Chudamani after himself. It is for his sake that the *Deva* created the nether world, and the way thither is through this fire.

'In this new world created by him, sir, Dharanendra has provided all facilities for its residents. There's also a temple dedicated to Lord Parsva, who is worshipped by the devotees and propitiated for the removal of evils. Such is the commandment of the founder that all *Vidyadharas* who are sixteen or above must compulsorily pay homage to the Lord at least on the four prescribed days in the month, failing which they will not only be deprived of their *vidyas* but may even turn into lepers. To-day, sir, it's one of the prescribed days, and you see so many *Vidyadharas*, men and women, around the fire.'

"The *Vidyadhara* stopped at this point, but his account did not reveal the purpose for which Amvada had been brought here. So when the point was raised, the *Vidyadhara* started again. 'Sir, it has been very unfortunate that on one of the auspicious days, the king himself violated the commandment by mistake, and thus he has not only forfeited his powers, but is also suffering from a virulent type of leprosy. The *Deva* was propitiated again but he is in a violent rage and wouldn't pacify. The queen herself is on an indefinite fast and has already covered twentyone days. The *Deva* now appears to have mellowed down a little. He appeared to the queen in a dream. It is at his suggestion

that you have been brought here to save the king. It is from the *Deva* again that we came to know of your arrival at the Devabrahma park at this time.

"The *Vidyadhara* now brought Amvada to Lakshmipur, and, needless to add, the king was cured of his leprosy. This became an occasion of great rejoicing in the city. The hero was duly honoured by the king and the queen. Therefrom Amvada returned to the city of Soparaka, where he had yet to fulfil his mission. It was spring season, and he saw Princess Surasundari in the park. He sat down, dressed like a monk and applied his hypnotic powers to attract the princess towards him. When she came and sat down, the monk started narrating his experience in diverse lands, Banga, Kalinga and many others, and at one moment, as the princess was wholly absorbed, he gave her a pinch of enchanted ashes, which the lady affixed on her forehead.

"When the king received the report of the princess' meeting an unknown monk in the park and talking with him for a long time, he felt perturbed. He asked his men to arrest the fellow at once. As they came near him, they were all hypnotised and could do nothing. They sat down with their heads bent low. Even the same thing happened to the police chief. And then came the king, but he too fell a victim of the spell and sat down helpless. Amvada made full use of this chance and took out the velvet from the king's crown. Later, at the earnest request of the princess, he withdrew the spell, which he had no reason to continue after his mission had been fulfilled. The princess now married him. With the velvet in his possession, Amvada once more stood before Gorakh Yogini and placed it at her feet.

"Thus Amvada, the man of ambition, blessed by his auspicious *karma*, fulfilled all the orders of the great.

Kesi, a Jaina spiritual stalwart, and Amvada said unto him, 'Holy sir I have heard that Jainism is powerful and helpful, but does it compare with Saivism?' To this the Ganadhara gave the following reply

'Oh king! A little knowledge about anything cannot give you a full view of it. A frog in the well knows nothing of the mighty ocean. So long you have followed only the Saiva path and you hardly know much about the path of the Jinas. Your acquaintance with it will itself resolve your doubts.'

"At my father's request, the Ganadhara obliged him by paying him a visit at his palace. From that day on, everyday, the great savant developed at length the Jaina spiritual theme for the enlightenment of the king. This had a tremendous impact on the king who became inspired and courted equanimity as a first step, and then the twelve vows of a *śrāvaka*. The Ganadhara told my father that Lord Mahavira himself was wandering in that region fulfilling his earthly mission, and Amvada paid homage and obeisance to the Lord in the city of Visala. Said he unto the Lord, '*Bhante!* When shall I be liberated of this mundane life?' To this the Lord said, 'Amvada, You will become the twentysecond *tirthankara* named Devatirthakrit in the next up-phase (*utsarpiṇi*) of the time-cycle'. Amvada was now on his way to Champa, and the Lord apprised him that in that city there lived a great *śrāvika* Sulsa by name who was very much advanced in equanimity. Amvada had at once a desire to meet the lady of whom even the Lord spoke in so eloquent terms

"Posing as Brahma, he now descended at the eastern gate of the city. All people came to pay homage but not Sulsa. Next day, he appeared as Siva at the southern gate, and on the third day as Vishnu at the western gate. Only he failed to attract Sulsa. So Amvada thought to appear

as a *tirthankara* and he did it on the fourth day descending at the northern gate of the city and holding a holy-congregation there Sulsa reacted, 'It's all a sham A *tirthankara* who is already liberated will not come down and there cannot be a twenty-fifth *tirthankara* I'm not going to witness this bit of jugglery'

"Now, Amvada came to meet Sulsa, the great *sravaka*, at her own residence and to congratulate her He revealed to her how he had very skilfully organised the tests, and how the great lady came out each time untouched by them 'How true the Lord's words about thee I' added he The king then returned to his city and fixed himself in those spiritual activities that would later acquire for him the name and status of a *tirthankara* He became a devout-*sravaka* and attracted many others by his example In the end he courted fast unto death, as prescribed in the Jaina scriptures and earned a life in the celestial regions All his 32 queens followed in his great footsteps "

"Coming to myself, oh king I because of the coming up of the inauspicious *karma*, my vast kingdom is now gone, and is in occupation by my enemies I am a pauper without means even to support myself In the expectation of getting some of my father's treasures and throne now hidden under the meditation seat of the Yogini, I went thither, when my departed mother descended from her celestial abode and stood in my way. She told me that she and all her co-wives were now engaged in safeguarding the treasure and the throne and that I should not strive to unearth them She told me frankly that I had no luck for wealth and advised me to depart

"Since, oh king I my own luck does not help me, I thought, it might be reversed if I could win some lucky person on my side And so I am here to invoke your assistance in the expectation that it would brighten up my own prospects "

The prospect of a windfall gain allured the king at once and he came to the spot. As he was about to dig it, a voice was heard from under the ground saying 'Oh king! This is not meant for thee. So desist. It's all marked for King Vikramaditya of Ujjain.' The matter ended there. King Vikram Singha returned to his own city, and out of compassion for prince Kuruvaka, he sanctioned for him a suitable pension for his support.

Long, long thereafter, Amvada's treasures and throne were unearthed by Vikramaditya, the great king of Ujjain, who not only started an era after his own name, but became a legendary hero all over India. His name is remembered to this day with great respect and admiration.

MUNIPATI

(the story of a great monk who was once a king)

In the Angadesa there was a city named Munipatka, where reigned King Munipati. He was the very embodiment of justice and power. Prithvi was his first queen and Munichandra was the crown-prince.

One day, the king was enjoying the company of the queen in her chamber and the latter was combing his hairs. Suddenly she said, "Sir ! The thief is in "

The king startled and looked around but did not see the thief. So he said,

"What do you say ? Where's the thief ?"

The queen pulled out a grey hair from the king's head, and, displaying it, said,

"See, sir ! Here's the thief sent by old age "

This proved to be a very significant observation and turned the king's gaze inwards. Thought he,

"The youth has started fading out, I'm still engrossed in attachment, living as a householder. Kingdom, wealth and kinsmen are all like snares. I have wasted a long time with these. Now, it's time for me to withdraw. Old age is not particularly suitable for spiritual practices, since this age generates physical disability, which is a great handicap. To practise austerities and penance, one must have a good physique. Now, what's past is gone, but I must take care of what remains and make good use of it.

The king at once shared his thoughts with the queen, who not only approved of them, but suggested that they should be given effect to as early as possible. The king abdicated in favour of the crown-prince and went into voluntary retirement.

Now, when you have a sincere will, a way comes of itself. Just about the time, the king went into retirement, Acharya Dharmaghosa visited the city. The retired king became very happy. He came to pay his homage and obeisance to the monk and received fresh inspiration from his words. He joined the holy order and began to propitiate knowledge and conduct. These were duly supplemented by penances and meditation. Having thus acquired considerable scriptural knowledge and many qualities, Monk Munipati obtained permission for wandering alone.

The life of a monk is a life of hardship and ordeals, but one who is intent on self-realisation relishes these as inevitable to spiritual life. In the course of his wanderings, one winter, Munipati reached a park outside the city of Avantī. In the midst of bitter cold and chilly wind, he sat in meditation in a corner of the park. Totally unmindful of physical pain, he fixed himself on a higher spiritual plane. Just at that time a few cowherd boys were on their way home after the day's work. When they saw the monk wholly exposed to cold, they erected a screen round him with their wrappers. They thought, they would pick them up next day on their way to the pasture. The boys went to their respective homes.

In the same city, there lived a brahmin named Bodhibhatta, who was rich, popular and kind. Farming was his principal occupation. Besides, he was a big oilseed merchant which earned him the nickname 'Tilabhatta' (tila=sesamum, oilseed). But his wife Dhanashree was the reverse of the merchant, being cruel, narrow-minded and ill-tempered. But he held his wife in the greatest esteem and love.

Once, to procure some money for her private use, Dhanashree sold out a part of the oilseed stock without the knowledge of her husband, but soon she became afraid, lest he should come to know of this, and, to hide the deal, she hatched a plan at once. In the night of the fourteenth day of the dark half of the month, when it was pitchy dark, she went out and reached that portion of the park where Monk Munipati stood immersed in meditation. She removed all her clothes, covered her body with bird's plumes, darkened her face with ashes and soots and filled a discarded wine-pot with burnidg charcoal. In her dishevelled hairs, she looked like a spirit. Now with the charcoal in one hand and a sharp knife in the other, she appeared before Tilabhatta with a great gust. As Tilabhatta started trembling, the spirit would terrorise him all the more by giving an occasional puff at the fire. She occasionally uttered

"Shall I eat *tila* or shall I eat Tilabhatta?"

Tilabhatta was wholly upset. He knew not what it could be and what he should do now. Meanwhile, the spirit thundered :

"Oh ye wretch ! For long, have I been looking for thee. But now ye are in my clutches. I won't stop till I kill thee. So remember thy deity. Thou shalt never escape from me."

Tilabhatta's only concern now was how to wriggle out of the situation. He looked around, but he could find nothing to hold any hope for him. So he rolled at her feet and begged for his life, saying, "Goddess ! I am thy servant. Have mercy on me. I am helpless. I shall always obey thy command. My life is in thy hands. Save me, spare me."

With bloodshot eyes, the spirit said,

"Don't ye know me ? I am the well-known goddess who thrives on oilseeds. If thy life be dear to thee, then make gift of thy entire stock of oilseeds unto me. Nothing else.

“can save thee. If ye doeth not what I ask ye to do, if thy stock be too precious to thee that ye cannot give it up, then I must have thee Either must I have Hark ye ?”

Tilabhatta agreed to surrender the oilseed stock in exchange for his life Said he,

“Take ye my stock of oilseeds, ye goddess, and spare my life If I live, with thy blessings, I can build up stocks again ”

‘But then ask not anyone about the stock, I say, mention them not to anyone. I have accepted ‘em all. Thou art now out of dangar.”

Having thus achieved her purpose, the lady returned to the place where she had discarded her clothes She had then a thorough wash in a nearby pool and was dressed again Now it so happened that there was a cremation ground not very far from that place and a dead body was on the burning pyre. In the glow emitted from the fire, the lady saw a monk standing, and became apprehensive that this fellow might have been an eye-witness of all her vile deeds. Lest he should give exposure to her character to the people of that city, the lady at once thought out a plan to safeguard her position and became ready to perpetrate a dreadful act She picked up a burning log from the pyre and hurled it at the monk She hesitated not even for once to do such a cruel thing. Then she started back and reached her home.

Soon the screens around the monk caught fire and the monk's body was roasted. It could no longer remain in the standing posture but dropped on the ground, but he was still fixed in meditation and equanimity. Though intensely pained in the body, he didn't allow this infliction to touch his soul, nor did he permit any passion to take possession of him

For the rest of the night, Bodhibhatta had no peace The incident haunted him like a nightmare and gave him no rest. He told his wife in the morning,

"My dear ! I have been cheated by the forest diety. My head is reeling I can't sit I must lie down Please spread the bed again "

Bodhibhatta lay down Soon his temperature ran high and he was in delirium When, after a few hours, his restlessness subsided, he was no more.

A sinful act has its own tongue , it never remains a secret People came to know a good part of the incident leading to the premature death of the merchant, and the lady was turned out from the city But there was no repentance in her She started a vicious life and met with a vicious end.

Coming back to the king-monk, in the morning, when the cow-herd boys came to pick up their clothes, they were shocked to find that the clothes were no more , instead, the monk's roasted body lay on the ground They were bitterly penitent

"We had thought of helping the man , instead our doing has injured him so badly "

Without wasting time on the spot, they at once came to the house of a merchant named Kunchika in that city.

Kunchika was a well-known follower of the *Sramana* path. He was so named because he held every evening the keys (called *kunchi*) for many a grannery in the city When the boys narrated the tragic incident to him, the merchant also regretted it very much and hurried to the spot in their company. The monk still lay unconscious He was removed to the merchant's house and placed in a separate room As a monk could be nursed only by some fellow monks, some monks in the neighbourhood were immediately alerted and they came at once When asked about the necessary medicines, the merchant told them that all other medicines would be available with him, except one, *lakha-paka* (meaning boiled 1,00,000 times) oil, which the

monks were advised to procure from one Antukari (meaning never addressed as 'tu'—'you' in a derogatory sense) Bhatta

To help a fellow monk in difficulty or distress is a part of a monk's spiritual routine. Two monks started at once to fetch the oil. This helped the quick recovery of the king-monk. He conveyed his gratitude to the monks and was about to move out, when the merchant prayed for his stay there during the monsoons. Munipati agreed. A room was allotted to him for his stay. As a routine, he spoke holy words during the days and spent the nights in meditation and *kayotsarga*.

In worldly life, wealth is a great separator. It creates a rift between parents and children, between brothers and sisters, what to speak of others. The merchant's son always quarrelled with his father for his own share, and the merchant was apprehensive, lest the son should usurp a good chunk out of it some day without his knowledge. So he thought to keep a part of his wealth in hiding at some safe place. No sooner did he think of it than he took action. He put a huge treasure in an underground cell beneath the chamber allotted for the monk's use.

Somehow, the son got the clue. So, one day, he took out the whole treasure and filled up the vacant space by a huge slab of stone. When the monsoon months were nearing their end, and the merchant came to check his treasure, he found there nothing but a big slab. He became nervous and the earth slipped from beneath his feet. He started thinking who could have done this vile deed, and the more he thought, the more he felt sure that this could not have been done by any other person except the king-monk. So he charged the monk in the clearest possible terms. Said he

"Like the *sachanaka* (watering) elephant, holy sire, you have been ungrateful enough to remove my treasure."

The monk was startled at this unexpected charge, but restraining himself, he said,

"Good man ! Who was this *sechanaka* elephant, and what ungrateful act did he perpetrate ?" The merchant started,

"There lived some elephants on the bank of the Ganga. Their leader, an extremely stout fellow, was the very embodiment of desires and passions. He was in the habit of killing all new-born elephants, so that he would have all the female elephants exclusively to himself. One female elephant knew his habit and intention. As the time of her delivery drew near, she left the place and took shelter near a hamlet of holy men.

"The baby elephant was born and grew up into a fine animal, playing all the time and watering the plants with his trunk."

The merchant continued,

"Life has its rise and fall. The leader elephant was now in his old age, deprived of vigour and strength. *Sechanak* was in the very prime of youth. So one day, he killed his aged father and usurped his leadership. Now, thought he, some other elephant might be born under the protection of holy men, like himself, and become his rival some day, as he himself had been to his own father. To secure himself against that possibility, he destroyed the cottages of holy men under whose protection he himself had been born and brought up."

Now, giving a twist to his narrative the merchant said, "Holy man ! I gave you shelter during the rainfall months and you have stooped so low as to remove my treasure. This has not been a behaviour befitting a monk. I feel ashamed at your behaviour, which reminds me of another episode involving a minister named *Krishnapaksika*."

The monk was himself feeling very awkward but still he said, "Merchant ! Who was this minister, and what was his episode ? How do you compare me with this man ?"

The merchant started "Oh monk ! In the city named Prithivibhusana, there reigned a king named Suklapaksa His first queen was Suklaparinama Krishnapaksika was his minister, who was ruthless and cruel, unfair and cunning One day, a merchant came to that city from afar, and presented a fast steed to the king To test it, the king mounted on its back and put it to gallop Soon he was in a dense forest Both the horse and the rider were now out of breath The horse soon died.

"Distressed by hunger and thirst, the king was wandering in the forest He ate some wild fruits and drank water from a tank Then he met a holy man who brought him to his cottage Now in the cottage, the king saw a lady, who was the very embodiment of beauty and good luck He felt attracted towards her in a moment The lady saw the king and had herself a similar feeling towards him. The king cast frequent glances at her This was noticed by the holy man who at once cautioned him But the king did not hide his feeling and curiosity He frankly asked, 'Holy sire ! Who is this lady ? Who are her parents ? How did she come here ? Is she married or still a spinster ?' The hermit smiled and said, 'Oh king ! Her life history is very long But since you have expressed a curiosity about it, I must make it short for you Vidyadhara Dharmasena is a king on the Vivekadri mountain This is his daughter named Nivritti As she was seated one day at her window high up in her father's mansion, a flying *Vidyadhara* saw her and carried her away As the girl shouted for help, her father at once pursued the culprit Feeling himself insecure, he dropped the girl on the ground near here and escaped for the safety of his life But Dharmasena would not stop till the wrongdoer was duly punished So he left his daughter in my custody here, and has gone after him, telling me, in case he did not turn up within a reasonable time, to settle this girl in marriage with a deserving person, who must be in posses-

sion of power to enter into another's body. The monk added, 'But it is long since Dharmasena had gone, and it seems he may not come back.'

"The king was happy to note that the lady was not yet married, but he himself was not in possession of the power to enter into another's body, a very severe condition imposed by her father for a seeker of the lady's hand. Finding the king in a difficult situation, the hermit gave the following solution: 'You may marry her but till you are in possession of the said power, keep her not in your harem.'

"To this the king agreed, and the marriage was celebrated. By that time, the king's men also reached that place while searching for him. All were happy to see the new queen. While departing, the king was again reminded by the hermit of the condition, and the king assured him that he was fully alive to it and would duly honour it.

"Queen Nivrutti was not carried to the palace accordingly. She was housed in the royal park. But the king didn't know where and from whom to get the power. He took his minister into confidence who suggested that an alms-house might be erected soon, and as it would be visited by many holy men everyday, he himself would be on the look-out for one who might be in possession of the power or at least be able to guide as to where and from whom to get it.

"The suggestion was accepted by the king and the alms-house was ready. Hundreds of holy men visited it everyday, but none could be detected who was in possession of the power or who could help in giving a clue to its acquisition.

"Six months passed in this way. One day, a carpet merchant came to that city and by talking with him the minister had a feeling that the fellow might be able to help. So he had a discussion with him in the matter. The fellow thought for a while and said, 'Surely did I meet such *jogis*, but it is extremely difficult to reach him.'



“Surely did I meet such a *yogi*”

"The minister expressed eagerness about him, telling him that in view of the stupendous problem they were in, no difficulty was big enough to them. So the man started again 'At a distance of about 96 miles from my city, there's a dense forest, at the entrance of which there are two palm trees. On one of them is sometimes perched a crow and on the other a swan. As you enter into the forest and reach its end, you see a mountain named Lokagra, and on top of it is the seat of Yogi Sadananda who is always in the *padmasana* posture. He has the power you are looking for. If he favours you, you may get it.'

"The minister was happy to get the clue and he informed the king about it. The king said, 'But what's the city of the carpet-dealer?' Till we know that, we cannot reach there."

"The minister introduced the merchant to the king. Giving the geography of his city, the merchant said, 'Your Majesty! As you cross the boundary of your realm, you will pass through 12 villages, 9 metropolitan cities and 5 towns, before you reach my city.' Now the king understood the exact location. He rewarded the man for the information. The good news was revealed in time to queen Nivritti. The lady was very intelligent. She at once told the king that in no case should he take the minister with him, since the fellow was crafty, ungrateful and malicious. She went to the extent of telling him that his own life would be in danger in case the minister went with him. For the rest, she wished him a good luck.

"The king too shared the queen's feeling and he agreed. But the minister did not want to miss this chance and pursued him like his shadow. The king tried his best to dissuade him, but he would by no means stay behind.

"The two started, full of enthusiasm, without caring for the fatigue, and they covered a very long distance of 5500

miles They passed through villages, towns and metropolitan areas and at last reached the great forest. They were now at the very gate of success The two palm trees were there, with a swan on one of them and so, as per instruction, they entered into the forest At last, they were on the top of the mountain and saw the *yogi* from a distance What a brilliant forehead, glowing eyes, radiant body, a very embodiment of peace ! The king and the minister could scarcely remove their eyes from him They came near him and sat down with humility When the meditation was over, the *yogi* opened his eyes, but he didn't care for the two strangers who were seated before him So the king and the minister stayed on

"The two having successfully passed the test of perseverance, one day, the *yogi* said to the king, 'I am pleased with thee Ask for a boon ' The king humbly said, 'Holy sire ! 'I have come all the way to this distant place only by thy attraction, and I am now at thy feet I entreat thee to give me the power to enter into another's body ' The *yogi* agreed, but he said that the king alone was fit to receive it, not the other man, the minister, whom he declared wholly unfit

"This was a great disappointment for the minister, and tears rolled down his cheeks The king took pity on him and begged for him 'Sire ! If my minister's desire remained unfulfilled, I shall myself feel somewhat uneasy So, out of your great kindness for me, please permit my minister to share the power with me '

"Cautioning the king, the *yogi* said, 'But, king, if I agree to your request, that will do you harm Take care of your own future In being too kind to the minister, you will simply endanger your own life He is no worthy person '

"The king was pure at heart He would never see bad in another So he repeated his prayer to the point of being insistent The *yogi* tried his best to caution the king, but at last he gave the power to both

“Having acquired the power, the two started back for their own city. Having crossed the great forest, they reached a pool where they stopped to take the test. The king saw there a dead elephant. With a desire to test the newly acquired power, he entrusted his own body to the minister and entered into the dead animal. Soon the dead elephant stood up and merrily entered into the forest. The minister now entered into the king’s body, destroyed his own, and reached the city. A grand reception was organised and the minister, in the body of the king, had a ceremonial entrance into the city.

“All were curious to know what had happened to the minister. To stop the gossip, the minister in the person of the king made it known that as they were coming back after the acquisition of the power, they were chased by a lion, who would have killed him but for the timely intervention of the worthy minister. The minister thus gave his life to save the life of his master. His was a devotion worth adoring and emulating.

“As the king in the body of the elephant returned after some time, he saw neither his own body nor the minister. He had his suspicion. He now remembered the warning given by the queen. He also remembered the *Yogi*’s words to which he had paid no heed. He had now no doubt that he would have difficult times ahead of him. He took the way to the city. He had not an iota of doubt that this was a conspiracy by the minister to get the queen.

“Meanwhile, the minister in the body of the king visited the queen in her apartment. She displayed great joy to receive him. But having talked for a while with him, she realised that this was none other than the rogue, the minister, in the person of the king, and that the king had somehow been concealed or wiped out of existence. But the wicked fellow must be duly exposed. And to do this, she must

gain time. She said to him, 'My dear sir ! I am pretty glad at the successful acquisition of power by you. But when you had gone out, it had appeared to me that you would at least take six months to return. So I started a vow which enjoins a celibate living, lying on the ground and restricted diet. Now only a few days remain for the fulfilment of that vow. May I hope that you will permit me to see it through. Till then, sir, it behoves you not to come to this apartment.'

"This was not a very unusual request. So the minister agreed and returned to the palace.

"The king in the body of the elephant was meanwhile proceeding towards the city at a very quick pace. The minister kept himself informed about the movement of elephant. As he drew near the city, he asked his men to kill him. The men started at once, and when they saw the elephant, they chased after him. The poor king in the body of the elephant was no match for so many men. So finding the situation out of hand, he came out of the elephant's body and entered into the body of a dead deer. The minister at once understood it and ordered his men to kill the deer. So the king at last transferred himself into the body of a dead parrot and flew away in the sky. The bird perched on a mango tree near the queen's apartment and was caught in a hunter's net. As the hunter was about to kill it, the bird said in a human voice 'Why kill me ? Let me alone and I can give you much wealth.' This caused the hunter the greatest surprise. The parrot added, 'Take me to the market-place and sell me for Rs 1,00,000. You will surely find a buyer.'

"So the hunter came to the market-place at once. Soon there was a crowd round the bird who spoke in the human voice. But the price was too high and hence there was no bidder. The queen's own maid saw the parrot who recognised her and said, 'Good lady ! How is thy mistress ?'

"The maid reported it to the queen and the queen felt a curiosity about the bird. She also felt a tie of attachment and kinship towards it. She decided to buy the bird and in order to have the money from the treasury, she sent the maid to the king. The king told the maid curtly, 'Such a fabulous amount may be needed to buy a pedigree horse or elephant, but not surely to buy such a petty thing. I cannot waste so much money after it.'

"When the maid reported this, the queen said, 'Surely this man is not my husband. He would not have been so mean and inconsiderate. He would never deny me anything I ask for. This is a rogue and a miser too. By some means, he has got possession of the king's body.' She took out the money from her own purse and gave it to the maid asking her to bring the bird at once. She had a feeling that the bird might be able to throw some light on the whole situation.

"Although the minister had curtly dismissed the maid, on second thought, he felt that there must be something behind the queen's interest in the bird. This fired his determination to prevent the parrot from reaching the queen's hand. He came at once to her apartment. The queen was so angry with him that she did neither receive nor speak to him. The minister, in a hurry, took the bird into his hand and separated its neck. The king at once gave up the body of the parrot and entered into the body of a dead bee.

"The queen could no longer check her anger. 'Why did you kill my bird? I had bought it with my own money, not yours, and what right did you have to touch it? You must restore it to life at once, or I court self-immolation in your very presence.'

"The minister felt helpless. He had no words to meet the lady. He knew not what to do. The queen thundered, 'There's no escape now. You must restore my parrot to life at once, or see the consequence.'



"You must restore it to life at once"

"The minister now went into another room, placed the king's body on the couch and himself entered into the parrot's body. The parrot was alive again and the queen took it in her hand, patting it gently on its back and displaying great affection for it. This was a chance for the king who was sheltered in the bee. He came out of the bee and reoccupied his own body. He rushed to the queen at once and she embraced him. The king narrated the whole story and the queen was about to kill the parrot, but the king prevented her from doing so and requested her to leave the minister to his own luck.

"The minister realised that he had been badly deceived, but there was no remedy. The parrot was placed in an iron cage."

Concluding his narrative, Kunchika said

"Oh monk! You have behaved with me like the minister who had deceived his own master. I tried to help you, but you have cheated me. Such conduct befits you not."

"Oh merchant! You have misunderstood me. Your surmise is wholly wrong. It smacks of a deep ignorance on your part to place a monk at par with a greedy minister. A monk's conduct, his supreme detachment, his freedom from greed, these have been exemplified by the four disciples of Acharya Suhasti."

"Oh monk! Who were these disciples of Acharya Suhasti? What proof did they give of having conquered greed?" The monk started his narrative

"King Srenika of Rajagriha had many queens of whom Sunanda and Chelana were well-known. Abhayakumar, a very meritorious person, and the minister of the realm, was Sunanda's son. Once, Lord Mahavira, in the course of his wanderings came and halted at the Gunasila Chaitya outside the city. The message about the Lord's arrival was sent to the monarch. Srenika came there with his whole

family to pay homage and obeisance. The congregation was full. Thousands had come to listen to the Lord.

"At that time, a leper came to the assembly. His body was rotten and oozing out foul smell. He came to the Lord, placed his head on the Lord's feet and besmeared them with his pus. The king felt a disgust but held his tongue in the presence of the Lord. Just then, the Lord sneezed and the leper remarked, 'You die.' The king was hot with rage. Just then, the king sneezed and the leper observed, 'You live.' The king was now in confusion. Just then Abhayakumar sneezed and the fellow said, 'Live or die as you please.' A fresh shock to the king's thought. Now, a butcher, Kalasaukarika by name, sneezed, and the leper commented, 'Neither live, nor die.'

"To the king, the fellow appeared to be haughty and arrogant who besmeared the Lord's feet with his pus, who wished him death and made such curt observations about others. He overcame his confusion and asserted his authority. He asked his men to take him into custody as soon as he moved out of the assembly and execute him at once. The leper heard the king's order but expressed no concern. After the sermon, he quietly stood up and went out. The king's men were ready outside, but before they could lay their hands on him, he assumed a divine form and disappeared in the sky.

"The men at once reported the matter to the king, and the king made the following submission to the Lord.

'Bhante ! Who was this leper ?'

The Lord said, 'Oh King ! His is a very long and complicated story. His curt observations throw light on many secret things.'

'Bhante !' If it suits thy convenience, I am keen to know all about him.

The Lord started

"In Kosambi, the city of King Satanika, there lived a brahmin, Seduka, who was not only poor but also foolish.

Priyakanta was his wife. He lived on public charity, and so unlucky was he that in order to earn just enough for subsistence, he had to work very hard. Everyday, he took a full trek of seven villages, begging food from door to door. Oh king! Misery shrinks a man's life, and any flicker of hope finds hard to strike a root in him. In this state of misery, Seduka's wife became pregnant, and as the time of delivery drew near, the brahmin suggested that he should strive hard to collect necessary provisions, which, he said, would take a long time, and that still it might not be a very easy job for him to collect costly things. The lady suggested an easier course which was to see the king and beg some money from him. The brahmin agreed with her and started at once. He took a few wild fruits with himself to make an offer to the king. As he made the offer and stood before the king, the latter asked him who he was and what was the purpose of his coming. The brahmin made his submission telling the king that he was poor and foolish too, that life had become unbearable to him for want of wealth, and that he had come to seek some financial assistance to meet the cost of his wife's delivery. The king took pity on him and ordered that he should supply him with wild flowers and take two coins everyday. This generosity on the part of the king made life easy for the brahmin couple.

“Now, a war broke out between Kosambi and Champa, in which the former city was besieged. The siege continued for months and meanwhile, the rains started. King Satanika closed the city gates and continued to fight from the ramparts, thus steadily reducing the enemy's columns. In the rains, it was a great problem for the king of Champa to maintain the supply line and so he withdrew a good part of his men, keeping a handpicked few to continue the siege. Seduka noticed this reduction in the enemy's strength and reported it to the king. Relying on this-

information, Satanika collected his men, took the enemy by surprise and routed the army of Champa. The king of Champa fled to save his life. Satanika celebrated the victory and made a triumphant entry into the city.

“ ‘Here was a turning point in Seduka’s life. The king held a public reception for him and desired him to ask for any gift. The foolish fellow knew not what to ask and begged leave to consult his wife. To this the king agreed. The brahmin’s wife was not keen for wealth. She was rather anxious to safeguard her own position with her man. She thought, the brahmin would get villages and wealth for the mere asking, and with affluence, he would lose his head and take another wife, or have concubines. If such a thing happened, that would lead to great misery for her. So she suggested that since the king was favourably disposed, all that the brahmin should seek was a comfortable life and free meals so that she herself would be liberated of the drudgery of her domestic work, and the two would be able to live happily. The brahmin agreed and repeated his prayer as suggested by his wife adding that the household inviting him to dinner should give him a gold coin for that day. On hearing it, the king smiled and said, ‘A real fool you are. You have asked for such trifles. But nothing is lost yet. I give you another chance to formulate your prayer.’ The brahmin said at once, ‘If you want to give me anything, please give what I have asked for. I seek nothing else. I do not want to entangle myself with villages and treasures. All I want are free meals and a daily gift of a gold coin.’

“ ‘The king at once issued a proclamation to that effect throughout the realm. Seduka became happy. He was going to new homes everyday and the kingdom was very big, and Seduka was hardly likely to take his meal twice from the same household in the course of his life. And

since the brahmin had earned the king's grace, everywhere he received a warm reception, good food and the gift of a coin. The brahmin was all praise for his lady's wit

" 'Now, this free flow of wealth without effort increased the brahmin's greed and he thought that if he could take meal at several households everyday, he would earn several gold coins. At once, he gave effect to it. He would take meal at one household, come back home and vomit it out. Then he would go to another household and this he did several times everyday. His acquisition of gold coins multiplied like anything

" 'With the growth of wealth, his family too became large. But the practice of swallowing food and vomiting it out several times per day made him sick and soon he developed signs of leprosy. His whole body from head to foot was covered with this ignominious disease and it emitted a foul smell which would extend over a distance. But even in this state, he did not discontinue his visit to the court. At the minister's advice, the king asked the brahmin neither to come to the court nor to visit different homes, but to collect his daily food through his son. The brahmin agreed but reluctantly

" 'Thus his son replaced the father in collecting food. The attack of the disease was so virulent that even the members of his family now dreaded his presence and did not like to live with him under the same roof. So they erected a separate hut for him. The poor fellow now became an object of ridicule for everybody, including the members of his own family who freely talked of his behaviour in amassing a fortune. He got disgusted at last. One day, he called his sons and said, 'You see, my boys, I am fed up with life. The remaining days of my life I have decided to spend in some holy place. Do you agree?' There was

no reason why the boys should not agree. They were happy to be freed from this burden. But Seduka desired that before setting out, he must sacrifice a goat not only for his own welfare but also for the prosperity and well-being of the family and he wanted to know if the sons were able and willing to arrange it. There was no reason why they should not.

‘The plan thus satisfied both the parties, the sons because they would get rid of an ailing father who, in all probability, would never return, and the father because he had some vile plans in mind of which the pilgrimage was only a convenient camouflage. A goat was brought in and it was fed with some good green barley everyday so that it would put on flesh before it could be sacrificed. The goat was left in the leper’s home and none had occasion to know that the leper, out of sheer malice for his own people, mixed up his own pus with the barley which the goat ate so that it became infected itself. The sacrifice was arranged on an auspicious day and the goat’s meat was served on everybody’s plate. The leper then moved out.

“The leper reached a dense forest. As he was wandering, he became thirsty. Just then he saw a tank which had many trees and herbs all around it on its bank. In the scorching rays of the sun, the water boiled like decoction and had a bitter taste, but the leper was so thirsty that he drank a large quantity of water and lay down under a tree.

“As he woke up, he found himself fairly cured. The wounds were not oozing as before and there was very much less pain. So he remained on the bank of the tank drinking water from it everyday, and taking bath in it. In a few days, he was fully recovered, and his skin became brighter than ever before. Now, the memory of his home came up, in his mind and he turned his steps homeward. As he entered

into the city, the people were surprised to see him. Everywhere he was confronted with the same question 'How did it happen?', to which he repeated the same reply, 'In the forest, I propitiated the deity whose kindness has worked miracle on me'

'At his home, he found that everybody had fallen victim to the disease. This was what he had desired and he felt very happy. 'This is the outcome of your neglecting me,' said he. The members of the family knew well how they got the infection from the goat's meat, and they censured the old man vehemently. They turned him out of the house and when the people of the town came to know of it, they sent him into exile,

"Unfortunate man! Seduka now sought the royal protection and was living outside the city with the chief guard. At that time," continued the Lord, 'I came to the city and people came to hear my discourses. Even the chief guard came, leaving Seduka to take his place. At that time a startling event took place. Near the city gate, there is a temple dedicated to the Goddess Navadurga who is propitiated for her power to fulfil the wishes of the people. A rich merchant who was childless came there one day and prayed for a son, for which he promised an offer of three precious gems. But when he had acquired a son, he was not serious to fulfil his promise. The goddess appeared in a dream and reminded him of his promise. When the merchant did not suitably respond, she went to the extent of threatening that she would kill his son. Now the merchant could no longer remain indifferent. In the morning, he bought three gems and reached the temple with the members of his family. He placed the gems at the feet of the goddess but, shrewd as he was, he didn't even spare the goddess to give her a test of it. Said he, 'Mother goddess, I have made my offering but as thy true devotee, I must now have a

share in it. So I partake one gem for myself, one for my wife and one for my son , So saying, he picked up all the three gems and departed.

'The goddess was disappointed She had been deceived. She started thinking how to teach this man a suitable lesson. Just then, a more powerful deity, a *yaksa*, came to that place. The goddess narrated the whole story to him, when the *yaksa* burst out laughing, 'You are more fortunate, I must say, The fellow took out his own gems, But my experience is still worse' Then he started his own story which was as follows 'Once a merchant was on a voyage with a whole ship-load of cargo, when the ship got stuck against an invisible reef, of whose existence the merchant knew nothing, and inspite of the best efforts, the ship did not move, The merchant remembered me in desperation and promised me a buffalo if I could make the ship move forward, This I did, but after his safe return home, he simply forgot all about the promise I gave him reminders and threatened him with drastic action At last, the fellow procured a wild buffalo from the jungle and came to my temple with the members of his family, friends and relatives, and a band party. Then he placed a loop on the buffalo's neck and tied the other end of the rope with my image He did not smite the animal, but dedicated it alive. Then, as the drums started beating, the wild buffalo got terrified and was on its heels, dragging my image with it, I was badly injured. Some people in the crowd were good enough to cut the rope and save me from a further drag They restored my image on the pedestal, So, you see, goddess, it happens like that when you are in the clutches of a rogue You are at least lucky that you did not yourself get hurt like me Teach him a good lesson, if you can'

"What could the goddess do but wait for a chance One day, she found the merchant's wife in the street, and she entered into her body The lady at once started behav-

ing like a lunatic, talking irrelevantly all the time. The merchant became very anxious. All his efforts to cure her or give her some relief failed. At night, the goddess told the merchant in a dream that unless he made amends for his lapses, something even worse was in store for him. She asked him to bring for her a profuse offer of sweet and salted dishes if he cared for his wife's cure. The merchant did accordingly at day-break.

“ ‘Seduka noticed it all from a distance. As soon as the merchant had left, he came to the temple and started eating the offer made by the merchant. He could not check himself, but ate too much. But there was no water in the neighbourhood and he couldn't go far, since he was holding charge of the city portal. In that state, he died and was born as a frog in a nearby well. For, before dying, the fellow had thought how happy the aquatics were who always played and lived in water.’

“ ‘But King Srenika's question had not yet been answered, and so the Lord started again, ‘Once as I was at this place, the frog had heard of my presence from the ladies who came to the well, came out and was on its way to my camp to pay homage and obeisance. But unfortunately it got crushed under the hoof of your own horse, oh Srenika. But since he had started on a good cause, though he met with a tragic end, he has been born in heaven as a celestial being and is named Darduranaka. Once he had heard Indra speaking in very eloquent terms about your equanimity, and so it was he who came down just now to have a test of it. What you saw as pus besmeared at my feet was really a very special variety of fragrant sandal paste. Since your own vision is enshrouded, you could not see it.’

“ ‘But, *bhante*, why did he use offensive language when you sneezed, though he was less offensive regarding others? What was its meaning?’

"The Lord said, 'There's indeed a deep meaning behind what he said on each occasion. About me, he only expressed a curiosity why I continued to live on earth, though I have been liberated. He desired me, therefore, to terminate the last *karma* bondage (viz., bondage of name, lineage, life-span and suffering) and attain liberation. In desiring me death, he only heralded my victory over death.

" 'And, *bhante*, why did he wish me a never-to-end life-span ?'

" 'He did so, because in this life, you are the master of all pleasures, and the longer this span of your life, the better for you, since hereafter your assignment to hell is a certainty.'

" 'And, *bhante*, why did he place life and death at par for Abhayakumar ?'

" 'Because Abhayakumar is an intelligent man, and he has taken a good care of his next birth. In this life, as a chief minister, he commands wealth and affluence. So since both his states are equally good, it's immaterial for him if he lives in his present state or moves out to the next.'

" 'And, *bhante*, how about the butcher ?'

" 'Well, it's a very simple thing. His is a life devoted to animal slaughter, not a covetable profession by any means. He is, therefore, earmarked for hell where he would suffer terribly. So whether he is here, or in the other world, it's all the same to him.

"The king felt perturbed to hear about his own fate. Said he,

'*Bhante* ! When I am sheltered by no less a person than you, how is it that I am assigned to hell ?'

'Srenika ! One has to suffer from the outcome of his *karma*, both pious and impious. You already hold an acquisition of *karma* that must take you to hell. None can prevent it. But there's no reason for despair. After you'

have passed through this infernal life, you will become the first *tirthankara* named Padmanabha in the next up-phase of the time-cycle'

"Srenika was indeed happy to know of his remote future, but this did not minimise his pain about the near future. So he said,

'*Bhante*' Is it not possible to avert it by any chance ?'

" 'No, it can't be so. It is already fixed with thy fate. But there may be one chance of escape provided your maid named Kapila makes one devoted offer of food to a worthy monk, or provided the butcher named Kalasaukarika desists from slaughter for a day, or provided the merchant named Punyaka, who practises *samayika* very regularly, gives you the pious result of one *samayika*' .

"This held some hope for the king, who felt that these may not be very difficult to fulfil. He took leave of the Lord and was on his way back to the palace, when the same celestial being, Durduranaka, preceded him to take further tests of the king. He appeared as a heretical monk, who was plucking fruits from a tree on the bank of a tank, and collecting them at the corner of his robe. Srenika came to the monk, took him aside and advised him to desist from deeds which were unbecoming of a monk.

"Hardly did the king go a few steps when he saw a nun of the order of the Jina who appeared to be pregnant. She had decorated her eye lashes with black paste, had her hairs finely arranged in a braid which was attractively dangling on her back. With two sons playing at her side, she was washing her hands and feet in the tank. This was a great shock for the king, who could not think of such a behaviour for a nun. So, in a very polite way, he pointed out to her the lapse, which would not only bring down her own soul, but would be a bad example for the whole order. But the

nun was not even ready to express a regret. Instead, she said, 'I stand in no need of thy advice. I am not alone in this sort of behaviour. You will hardly find in Mahavira's entire group of nuns anyone who indulges not in similar lapses. As an outsider, oh king, you see only such things as are openly visible, but as one belonging to the order, I know better what goes on inside. So, I wish you bother not about me or the order, but mind your own business.'

"But the king did not go. He said to the nun, 'Nun! You have done something which is wholly wrong. Now cover it not by implicating the entire order. The order is pure, I know. All monks and nuns are sincere to the sanctioned behaviour. It may be that due to the coming up of some impious *karma*, you have had a slip. But try to rectify. If you like, you may come with me, and, I assure you, I shall arrange for your delivery. After that, you return to the order and adhere to the code.'

"But the nun was no more, and the *deva* stood before the king, well-pleased at his steadfastness. So said the *deva*, 'Oh king! Thy equanimity is really worthy of praise. I adore thee and bow my head before thee. What Indra had said about thee in the assembly of celestial beings was no hyperbole. I am pleased. Ask for something.'

"King Srenika smiled and said, 'Nicely put, sire. But what shall I ask for? Is there anything on the earth which is not available to me?'

"But the *deva* gave a divine necklace and two earthen balls to the king, saying, 'If the necklace breaks by any chance, then the man who repairs it dies at once.' The *deva* disappeared. The king gave the necklace to Queen Chelana and the earthen balls to Queen Sunanda. Sunanda became furious. 'The necklace for the beloved queen, and the earthen balls for me. It's a great insult. What do I do.'

with these ?' She hurled them against the pillar and the two went into pieces. From one came out a pair of ear-rings, and from the other a divine cloth which even the gods would covet. Sunanda became happy.

"Now, the thought of hell haunted the king like a nightmare. He sent for the maid, Kapila, and asked her to serve food with pure thought to some worthy monk. Kápila at once refused to do so. Srenika tried all inducements but the maid announced her firm determination not to do so even if the king awarded her as much gold as her own weight.

"The king then sent for the butcher, Kalasaukarika, and said to him, 'Take as much wealth as you like, but slaughter not for one day the 500 buffaloes that you usually kill.' Said the butcher, 'Sire, 'How can I agree to this absurd request? This is my family profession. I can't give it up under any circumstance.' The king requested him, warned him with blood-shot eyes, but the fellow didn't agree. In a great rage, the king ordered that the butcher be thrown into a deep well, so that he would be prevented from his cruel deed.

"The king then turned to the third, the sravaka-merchant, Punyaka and begged for the worth of one *samayika*. The merchant said,

'Sire' It is something which is not in my possession. How can I give you something which I possess not ?'

'With whom does it accumulate then ?' asked the king.

'With Lord Mahavira, sire !'

"So, in the morning, the king came to the Lord and said, '*Bhante* !' I have thrown Kalasaukarika into a deep well. He won't be able to slaughter anything from there. So, now, I think, I may escape hell. May I not ?'

"The Lord smiled and said, 'Your surmise is not correct,

“Even inside the well, he has killed 500 earthen buffaloes to fulfil his routine. Though it may be symbolic, he has done it. So you can never escape.”

“The king listened with a feeling of surprise. From the Lord’s assembly, he came to the well to verify if 500 earthen buffaloes had been killed, and they were there. ‘Striking his forehead, he said,

‘Alas ! My past *karma* haunts me. Never can it be otherwise from what the Lord has ordained,’

“If in the beginning Queen Sunanda was jealous of Queen Chelana for her necklaee, now the position was reversed and the first queen became jealous for her co-wife’s acquisition of the rings and the cloth. So, when the king came to her, she said, ‘Sire’ You gave me only one necklace, but to Nanda, a pair of ear-rings and a piece of diving cloth. I do not understand how you could be so very pary partial as that. For all the best things in thy possession, I think, my claim should come first, as I am the first queen, the dearest to the monarch.’

“Srenika said, ‘My dear ! To uphold the dignity of the position, I gave thee the costlier thing, the necklace, and to Nanda two earthen balls. But if the balls have yoelded precious things to her, how can I be blamed for that ?’

The queen retorted,

“But you can still get these for me. If you do not, it is not worth while for me to live. Sire ! ‘You must note that.’

“The king was already fed up with the mutual jealousy of the two queens. So very coldly he said, ‘Do as it suits thee.’

“Now, Chelana thought of committing suicide. She reached the top of the palace and stood at an opening to jump from there. Just at that moment, she heard three people talking just beneath, which stopped her, and she stood listening to their conversation. So said a lady to

one man, 'To-day is the festival day, I want to put on the golden *champakā* necklace that you placed round the neck of the king's elephant. So I must have it. This is my long-cherished desire. If you do not fulfil it, I put an end to my life.'

'So said the man, 'This is an impossible request that you are making. The necklace is at the treasury, and if the king comes to know that I have taken it out for you, do you think I shall remain alive? I cannot do that.'

'But the lady would listen to no argument, So the other man said, 'My friend! One who listens not to sweet words, or understands not what is good to self or to another, needs be censured. There are occasions when softness does not work. Then you must take strong steps. I remember the story of a hermit who had collected some *pālāsa* seeds and sown them. The seeds duly sprouted and there grew up a fine tree. But unfortunately, the tree yielded no flower. So he set fire to the tree and did not look at it again. One day he saw that the tree had not only revived but was full of flowers. This is also the nature of human beings. They respond not to sweet words, but to toughness. So, my friend, you should do the needful. Even the world-monarch, Brahmadatta did like that by following the advice of a mere goat.'

'How did it happen?' asked the first man, The second man then narrated his story, 'Brahmadatta was the king of Kampilyapura. Once he was out on an excursion to the forest regions in the company of many horsemen. But somehow he was separated from them and was in the thickest part of the forest. Being tired, he sat beneath a tree. Later, his men joined and all of them returned to the city.

'At night the queen said, 'Sire' What new thing(s) did you come across in the excursion?' The king said, 'It was a nice experience. After finishing my bath, as I sat on the

bank of a tank, I saw a Naga lass in the very prime of youth coming out of the water, She was tipsy She came to me, but I curtly declined her company At once, a Naga lad joined with her, and the two enjoyed under my very eyes in a rather shameless manner. I could no longer restrain myself, and right on the spot, I whipped both

“After finishing his story, the king came outside his apartment, where stood a *deva* ready to give him a boon. The king knew not the cause of this unexpected favour So said the *deva*, ‘I had come hither to kill thee, but thy words have opened my eyes’ But how, the king knew not Revealing the facts, the *deva* said, ‘The lady that you saw at the tank is my wife She has made allegations against you for having molested her chastity, and so I came to kill you But I have heard from the window the account you gave to your wife, and this has convinced me of your honesty. You are a really worthy person, and it is a rare good luck to get a chance to honour one like you’

“‘But I seek nothing, since I need nothing,’ said the king But the *deva* was insistent and the king said, ‘If you must give me something, then you give me the power to understand the dialect of the animals’ ‘Agreed,’ said the *deva*, ‘but keep it a secret If you ever divulge it, you die at once’

“Many days passed One night, the king was in the company of the queen who was applying a sandal paste on the king’s person When the application was over, there still remained a small quantity of the paste in the cup, This was noticed by a pair of lizards who were seated on the wall. The she-lizard said to her partner, ‘Get me the paste so that I may rub it on my body and cool it’ ‘You are a fool,’ said the male-lizard ‘You are making an absurd request. I cannot honour it Don’t you see that as I go near the cup, I shall surely be caught and killed The paste cannot be more valuable than my life’ But the she-lizard protested,

'I have never thought that you are such a coward. The weak have no right to live on this earth'

"The king closely followed the dialogue and smiled. This did not escape the queen's eyes, who enquired about the cause of his smile, for which there was no visible occasion. The king tried to change the topic, but the queen was insistent on a right reply. The king said, 'If I tell you the truth, I die' 'What a nice pretext for not coming out with the truth,' said the queen 'And is that they strength and manliness of which you boast? I am your wife, so to say, your companion in life as in death. You should not hesitate to share your secret with me' The night passed like that

"In the morning, the king consulted with the minister, who said, 'Sire ! On the one side, the queen's curiosity, and on the other, your own life and also the welfare of the realm. The matter is very serious and deserving of proper consideration. Considering it from all angles, I feel, you overlook the request of the queen'

"The king was in a dilemma. What the minister had said was right, and yet he could not just overrule the queen, who was so loving and devoted. Ultimately, the king made up his mind. 'I must fulfil the queen's wishes, come what may. A lady who has declared herself to be a companion at death cannot be overruled. Minister ! You prepare a pyre for me' What could the poor minister do but to honour the wishes of the king ?

"A pyre was lit and the king got ready. There was a vast crowd of ministers, other dignitaries of the state and citizens. Their eyes were full of tears,

"Now, it is a common experience that appropriate words uttered at the right moment do not miss the target. As the pyre was lit and the king was about to share his secret with the queen, a cart carrying barley rolled down the

-street, followed by two goats. The she-goat wanted to eat some barley and asked the he-goat to get it for her from the cart. But the he-goat dared not, since it was a royal cart carrying barley for the king's stable. Said the he-goat, 'Do you take me to be King Brahmadatta that I put my life at risk to fulfil a flimsy desire of yours?' The she-goat said, 'You are cruel. You know not the heart. Where heart is involved, both life and death become secondary. If a world-monarch like Brahmadatta is going to lay down his life for the sake of the lady, you cannot just call him a fool. Rather, you should emulate his noble example.' To this the he-goat retorted, 'Who can be a greater fool than one who is blinded by a woman? Brahmadatta may be a world-monarch, but he is not above lapses. It is the greatest folly on his part to sacrifice his life for the sake of a lady's arrogance.'

"The king heard the goat's words and at once changed his mind. He removed his mouth from the queen's ears and moved away from the pyre. He returned to his apartment and acknowledged the he-goat as his spiritual master. The pair was brought to the palace. The king placed garlands on them and fed them sweet barley with his own hands. The queen was given lashes for repeating her curiosity."

"Giving a sharp edge to his words, the second man said to the first, 'Whipping is the best cure for an arrogant woman who is not amenable to reason, as monarch Brahmadatta administered to his queen.'

"This was enough for the lady who insisted no more on getting the necklace. This was also enough to pacify Queen Chelana who did no more wish to end her life, but lived on peacefully.

"Queen Chelana used to put on the necklace everyday. One day somehow it broke down and the queen was very sad. It would be difficult to get it repaired, for, anyone doing it would die. So, it would be difficult to find anyone who would be ready to take up the repair. Yet a proclama-

thinking as to what to do with the precious thing. At that time, Acharya Subasti, with his five disciples was seated in the temple. The Acharya thought of spending the night in *kayotsarga*, for which, by chance, he stood beneath the same tree on which sat the monkey, and was soon lost in meditation. The monkey considered him to be a worthy person, and so he placed the necklace round his neck and felt relieved.

"That day happened to be particularly auspicious for the practice of austerities, and so Minister Abhayakumar, himself a devout *sravaka*, was in the temple practising some in the company of the monks. Now, at the end of the first quarter, Monk Siva, who was attending the Acharya in his meditation, came back to the temple when the following words suddenly came out of his mouth, '*Fear exists*', instead of the usual '*Everything okay*' on such occasions. When Abhayakumar heard this, he said, 'What fear for a monk, *bhante*?' The monk said, 'Yes, for the monk there is no fear. But when I was in the household order, once I had it, it was the memory of it that was up just now.' 'But, *bhante*, what was that fear in your life as a house-holder?' Siva started

"In the great city of Ujjain, there lived two brothers, (myself) Siva and Datta, who were poor. One day, they decided to go to Saurashtra to earn and the two set out. But luck did not favour them in their first profession and they changed it, Datta taking to farming and Siva proceeding to another city with merchandise. At night, as Siva was proceeding, he saw from a distance four merchants beneath a banyan tree, who appeared to be strangers from another land. He started watching their behaviour. Suddenly he saw a golden man, no bigger than a hand and a half, who jumped down from the banyan tree and started to run. The four merchants ran after him. The golden man said, '*Wealth is the source of all evils*,' but these four

didn't care for what he said. They soon caught him, fixed him on the ground and sat down encircling him. In the morning, two of them went to the market to get some food, and the remaining two were left behind to keep watch on the golden man,

"The reflection of ideas, good as well as bad, cannot but fall on others. The two who had gone to the town thought that if they could kill the other two, then there would be only two claimants for the golden man, and they would surely be richer. So they put the idea into action. They ate themselves, but mixed strong poison in the food they bought for their companions,

"The two merchants who were left behind had also similar ideas, and as soon as the two returned from the market, they killed them at once. But as they had no meal during the night and were very hungry, they sat down at once to eat and took the poisoned food. These two also joined the former two in their journey to the other world.

"As there was none now to claim the golden man, Siva picked him up, despite the fact that his words, uttered as a warning, were still ringing in his ears, '*Wealth is the source of all evils*'. But the pull of temptation was very great within him which he could scarcely resist. He came back to Datta who was still employed in hard labour on his farm. He told him of his recent acquisition, which, he said, would give a turn to their fortune, and the two started back for their own city.

"As the two were on their way home, an evil thought haunted Siva which was that the golden man was his own and that he had made a mistake in agreeing to share it with his brother. So he thought of killing him. Simultaneously, the same thought came to Datta also, and both were looking for a chance to execute the design. They had now reached the neighbourhood of their own city.

tion went round announcing the offer of a large cash reward to anyone who would repair it, but none responded in view of the severe condition attached to this work

There was, however, an old and intelligent goldsmith who was very poor. He had four sons. Old as he was, he thought of shouldering the risk and sacrificing his life for the sake of improving the financial condition of the family. When he was brought to the king, the latter gave him the necklace for purposes of repair, and fifty per cent of the award, with a promise to pay the remainder on the successful completion of the work.

"The goldsmith returned home. He tried his best to repair it but could not. It became a stupendous problem for him, and he was anxious throughout the day and night devising ways to pass the thread through the eyes in the stones. At last, he hit upon a device which was to dip the thread end in honey and place it on the ground. This worked well. An ant came there, picked up the thread end and passed with it through the eyes of the stones. When the whole thing was done, the goldsmith picked up the two ends of the thread and tied them together. But no sooner was the work done than his head cracked and he fell dead. He was born as a monkey in a nearby orchard.

"The sons of the dead smith brought the necklace to the king and asked for the remaining portion of the reward. The repair was so flawless that the king was happy, but he declined to make the payment on the plea that the fellow who had repaired it was dead and that the sons were not entitled to the payment. The king's words pained the sons, but what could they do against the king? They had now a two-fold cause for grief, viz., that they lost their father and that they did not get the full reward.

"Now, one day, the monkey came by chance to his former house and his memory at once revived. He became inquisitive to know if the king had paid the remaining portion of

the reward, and when he came to know that the king had played false, he was very much pained. He returned to the forest and started thinking on a plan to teach the king a good lesson. He was now hovering near the palace looking for a chance when he could remove the necklace. "One day, Queen Chelana came to the *asoka* park and entered into the tank to enjoy some water sports. The necklace and other ornaments were left on the bank in the custody of a maid who held them in a saucer on her head. The monkey saw it and it was his best chance. He came down to the lowest branch of the tree and picked up the necklace, none, not even the maid, knowing anything about it. At once, he came to his sons and passed the necklace on to them, who hid it carefully.

"When the queen came out of the water and started wearing the ornaments, she did not find her necklace. She asked the maid but the poor woman was ignorant about it. She was trembling with fear. The queen did not take time to understand that this was not the maid's doing but there was some deeper cause behind it. She came to the palace and reported the matter to the king, and the king at once asked the minister, Abhayakumar, to find it out and arrest the thief, which the latter agreed to complete in a week's time.

"The minister at once ordered a thorough search of the city but the necklace could not be found anywhere. Then a proclamation went round to the effect that anyone who had it would go unpunished if he himself surrendered it, but would get a death penalty, if detected. The proclamation made the smith's sons very anxious. They knew well that it would be very difficult to hide the necklace, and they dared not to come to the palace to surrender it. So they returned it to the monkey, who carried it away to the forest.

"With the necklace in his possession, he spent the whole day in the hollow of a tree. After sun-set, he came to a park near a *yaksa* temple, sat on a tree and started

"But if bad thoughts come up with a vehemence, they may move out also with a vehemence. Siva took out the golden man and threw it in the tank. Datta was startled as he saw this, but when Siva revealed his mental state, Datta said, 'You have done a right thing. In my mind too, a similar idea was creeping in'

"The golden man was swallowed by a fish which was in turn caught by a fisherman. As the fish, with the golden man in its belly, had a great weight, it fetched him a good price. And who bought the fish? Well, it was bought by the mother of Siva and Datta who had organised a banquet to celebrate the home-coming of her dear boys. She gave the fish to her daughter to prepare a good curry out of it. As the daughter cut the fish, came out the golden man and she at once hid it in her arm-pit. But the mother noticed it and she enquired what it was. The girl would not divulge the secret. The two started arguing and soon came to blows. In the tussle that followed, the golden man dropped down from the arm-pit right on the mother's head killing the poor lady on the spot. When the two brothers heard the noise, they rushed to the spot. They saw the golden man lying on one side, and the dead mother on the other, and the sister stood in confusion. How true the golden man's words had proved to be! The two brothers renounced the world and joined the holy order of monks. Here am I'

"Concluding his observation, monk Siva told Abhayakumar 'In the household order, I had experienced fear because of possession, and the memory of it came up just now. So I said, *Fear exists*'

"At the end of the second quarter, when monk Subrata came back after attending the Acharya, there came out from his lips the following words '*Great Fear*'. Abhayakumar repeated a similar enquiry, when the monk narrated his own account of the experience he had in the household order, which was as follows :

'In Angadesa, during the reign of King Jitasatru, Subrata (myself) lived in a village named Sangrama. He was both popular and wealthy, well-behaved and well-disposed to others. His wife's name was Priyamitra, who was a lady of no very high morals, but the husband knew it not. Once a band of robbers looted the village. Somehow, Subrata moved out and saved his life. But Priyamitra did not move out. She put on her best clothes and ornaments and sat in the open courtyard. As the robbers came and looted the house, she requested them to carry her too, which they gladly did, since she was beautiful. She was taken to the robber chief who accepted her as his concubine.

"After the robbers had gone, everybody returned to check their houses. Subrata also did the same. But, in his own case, he found that both his wealth and wife were missing. So he started a search for his wife and at last reached the robbers' den. He spent the night in the house of an old lady who used to make earthen pots. It was through her good offices that he came to know all about his wife, who was discovered in the chief's den. When she told the lady of her husband's arrival in search of her, she expressed an apparent joy and said, 'It's very nice of him, To-night, as the chief goes out on his daily business, let him come here. I shall go out with him.' Subrata was happy to get the report, the more so to think that the recovery would be so easy. He reached the chief's den at the appointed hour, and was received and fed by the lady. But as ill-luck would have it, the robber did not proceed on business that night since he saw some very inauspicious omens on the way, and so he returned at an unexpected hour. The lady at once put her husband beneath the cot.

"After the dinner, as the lady sat on the same couch in the company of the chief, she said, 'Sir, if by any chance

my husband comes here in search of me, how will you behave towards him?' 'Why? I shall give him a warm reception, and hand you over to him' The chief didn't understand what the lady had really in mind, and he knew pretty well that there was no chance of her husband's ever reaching that den. The lady, however, relished not the words of the chief. She cast very angry look at the chief, which at once put that fellow to proper form. 'I was just joking,' said he. 'If he comes within my view, goes he not alive' This pleased the lady very much, and she pointed significantly beneath the cot. The chief understood at once and dragged the man out, tied him with a leather strap, bit him half-dead, and hurled him into a deep ditch outside.

"Continuing the monk said, 'Imagine, how much pain, both physical and mental, poor Subrata had on the occasion, but he was helpless. For a long time, he lay in that state, and perhaps would have been finished, but for the arrival of a dog, who started eating the leather strap. This restored him his liberty and he recovered to some extent. He got up and came again to the chief's den. The chief was fast asleep. Subrata held a naked sword, and signalled his wife to come out at once, on pain of being cut into two in case she disobeyed. She had no time to think and silently followed her man. But she was not penitent for what she had so far done and was still keen for the robber to whom she would go if she could. As she ran with her man, she dropped pieces of her own cloth on the way for the guidance of the robber in case he pursued the fugitives, and this was not noticed by her man. As the night was rearing its end, the two hid themselves in a bamboo grove in order to escape being noticed and caught.

" 'In the morning, when the robber noticed that the lady had disappeared, he started at once with his men, following the foot-prints, and the pieces of cloth dropped by her. The whole group now reached the grove. They



"If he comes within my view, goes he not alive

snatched away the lady and inflicted on the man the bitterest torture, nailing his hands and feet. He lay there helpless and extremely pained. A monkey took pity on him. He brought some water on a lotus leaf for him to drink, took out the nails, applied some healing potion and helped him to cure.

" 'This raised a curiosity in the man's mind as to why the monkey took all the trouble to cure him which even a human being would rarely do. He understood the man's thought and said, 'Lucky man ! Don't you recognise me ? I was your neighbour in your previous birth, a druggist, Siddha by name. I died of *arta dhyana* and am born in this animal form. As I saw you, my long memory revived, and I recognised you at once '

" 'Subrata was happy to hear these words from the monkey. He conveyed his gratitude to him and said, 'You have rendered me a great service and saved my life. What can I do for you ?' These words brought tears in the monkey's eyes. Said he, 'You can do a lot for me, In this forest, I was living in the company of 500 she-monkeys. But a powerful monkey has come and ousted me from my position. He is now the master of the whole group. I have been rendered useless. If you kindly help me, I can regain my previous position '

" 'Subrata started at once - As he saw the rival monkey, he killed him with his sword. His benefactor thus regained his ladies. But he could not forget his own wife who was still with the robber. Even the thought of it greatly afflicted him. He thought out a plan again and turned his steps towards the den. He found the chief lying asleep and he cut him into two at one stroke. Thus he regained his wife at last. But as he was returning with her, he saw a monk in *kayotsarga* posture. He sat at his feet. When the meditation was over, the monk spoke some

holy words which brought about a change in him and he acquired now, not the worldly life and a lost wife, but something more, his own spirit. He renounced everything just then and joined the holy order. So you see me here. Well, you see, just now my whole past had come up in my mind, and so came out the words, *Great Fear* '.

"At the end of the third quarter came back monk Joyana, uttering *Extreme Fear*, and he too, on the request from Abhayakumar, gave the following account of his own experience.

" 'Joyana, the householder was married to a merchant's daughter in the city of Ujjain. One day, he started to bring his bride from her parental home. He held a sword in his hand. As the sun was already down, he didn't enter into the city but remained outside it. In the neighbourhood, there was a cremation ground, and he heard a pitiful wail coming from that direction. Apparently, it signified a lady to be in difficulty. Joyana went thither to see a man placed on a sharp sword. The lady who stood just beneath revealed to him that the man was her own husband punished by the king for no fault and that she was there to feed the man. But as the man was placed too high, she begged to be helped to reach him. 'It was a very painful sight which Joyana could no longer bear. But he offered his shoulders for the lady's use, on which the lady agreed to stand on condition that the man did not look upward, to which he assented.

" 'Now the lady was on the man's shoulders. Very soon, he heard her chewing something and then few pieces of meat rolled down his own body. He got terrified and looked up to see the devil cutting pieces of flesh from the poor man's body with a sharp knife and devouring them with the greatest relish. At once, he dropped her and rushed towards the city, but the devil pursued him and caught him just near the city portal, cutting a big lump of flesh from his thigh. Joyana fell down. Soon a crowd

gathered and people advised him to go to the Durga temple which he did with the greatest difficulty. The goddess expressed sympathy for him and told him that the whole region outside the city wall was haunted by spirits. But being a stranger to the city, Joyana was ignorant of this. The goddess placed her hand on his wound and he felt considerably relieved.

At last he reached his father-in-law's house where the door was latched from inside. He stood outside for a while, as two ladies were in conversation. The man had a feeling that they must be his own wife and her mother. The mother said to the daughter, 'The meat that ye fetched to-day was very tasteful and delicious. Pray, whose meat was that?' 'Tasteful it must be,' said the daughter, 'since it was from the person of thy own son-in-law.' So saying, the lady narrated the entire chain of events which Joyana had himself gone through. When he came to know that the lady who had cut his flesh was his own wife, the prospect of his life with her suddenly opened before his eyes, and he renounced the world at once and joined the holy order of monks. Here am I. Well, at this moment, the memory of the entire past had come up and so did I say, without any effort, so to speak, *Extreme Fear*.

"At the end of the fourth quarter returned monk Dhannya and spoke out, *Fear, Extreme Fear* and on being questioned, he gave the following account of his past at the request of Abhayakumar.

" 'Dhannya was the son of a merchant named Sudhana who lived in the city of Ujjain during the reign of King Ajitasena. He was married to a lady named Shrimati who was devoted and loving. Dhannya was so fond of her that he never denied her anything. One day, he found her depressed and enquired about the cause of it, but the lady would say nothing. But when he was insistent, she said, 'I want to eat the meat of a musk deer.' Where do I get

-that ?' The wife became very grave and said, 'The place is far off, and difficult to reach. Besides, it will take a very long time to reach there and return. I can't bear the pang of this long separation.' But Dhannya was so infatuated in his love for her that to him the idea of declining the lady's request was wholly repugnant. So he decided to go at once, regardless of the strain and difficulty of the journey. But, to be very clear about the exact place where to find the deer, he made a further enquiry from the lady, who said that it would be available in King Srenika's palace-garden, where it had been procured from some distant land.

" 'Dhannya reached Rajagriha. As he was taking rest under a tree in a public park, he saw a harlot coming there with many attendants. Just then, a flying *Vidyadhara* saw her and lifted her up. There was an uproar at once. Dhannya shot an arrow, which hit the poor fellow, who fell on the ground. The lady fell into a tank. Dhannya helped her out and thus saved her life. Henceforth, she became extremely friendly towards him and took him to her own abode. She enquired about the purpose of his arrival to the metropolis when Dhannya told her everything.

" 'A woman knows much quicker another of her own sex than a man can do. From the few words that Dhannya spoke about his wife, she had a fairly complete picture of her. 'Sir,' said she. Excuse my garrulity, but the lady for whom you are about to put yourself to the greatest risk and danger is not really devoted to you. To be very frank, you know not much about her.'

" 'This was a shock to Dhannya who protested. 'There's none on this earth as devoted as my own wife. So please repeat not thy assessment of her any more.'

" 'That day, the lady was scheduled to dance at the palace, and she took her guest, Dhannya, with her. All people were absorbed in the performance. The musk deer was

visible from there, roaming in the neighbourhood. This was Dhannya's chance. He killed it. But luck proved otherwise, and he was caught and chained. The guards waited for the performance to be over, so that they would receive the king's order about the culprit.

“ ‘While still dancing, the lady saw that her guest had been caught. When the dance was over, the king made her an offer of three things, for one of which she sought her guest's life. For, meanwhile, he had been condemned to death for having slaughtered the royal musk deer. Dhannya was thus saved from the jaws of death.

“ ‘As Dhannya was now preparing to return, the lady started with him. She remained in the park, while Dhannya proceeded to his home to watch his wife from hiding. He stood in a corner in the house covered by darkness. At about midnight, there came a man to Shrimati and they were together for a long time, enjoying in all postures. When they were exhausted, they fell asleep. At this moment, Dhannya took out his sword and cut the man very silently. Then he fled. When later the lady got up, and saw the man dead beside her, to avoid public notice, she dug a grave in a corner of the courtyard and buried the man.

“ ‘Dhannya and the lady returned to Rajagriha since he had no more inclination to live with an unfaithful wife. Many days passed like this. His weakness for his own wife, however, came up once again and he returned to her, who received him well, forgetting not to mention about the long separation which, Dhannya said, had really become unavoidable. He regretted that he could not find the musk deer.

“ ‘Dhannya noticed that as soon as food was cooked everyday, before it was served, the lady would take out a portion and place it on the grave. This showed that she was still devoted to the dead man. So, one day, he asked her

to prepare some special dish for him and forbade her to make the offering. But the lady soon found a pretext. She announced that the first preparation was all spoiled on the oven and deposited the whole stuff on the grave. Dhannya at once took her to task. But the lady was undaunted and she hurled the cauldron-full of boiling oil on his body, burning him severely. Dhannya left the house at once and returned to his parents, whose care and affection cured him. Now, he felt, he had seen enough of the world and it was time for him to renounce. This he did and joined the holy order, Here I am. But just now the memory of the past had come up and so did I say, *Fear, Extreme Fear*.

"The sun rose in the east and Abhayakumar was now preparing to depart. He came to take leave of the Acharya and pay him homage, when he saw the queen's necklace round his neck. Now he realised why all the four monks had sensed different degrees of '*fear*' at different quarters of the night, but he had no doubt in the Acharya's innocence. The necklace was on his neck by some chance. He picked it up from the Acharya's neck and restored it to the king.

"So, Kunchika, you should understand that a *sramana* free from all greed does not even look at another man's wealth, what to speak of usurping it. You are unnecessarily laying the blame on me."

"What you say, sir, is true of the *sramanas*. They are free from greed and attachment. But you appear to be far apart from them, and so you have been tempted by my wealth. Your temptation has not been less than that of the legendary lion."

"What lion? Who was he? What was his conduct?" The merchant then started the story of the lion.

"King Jitasatru had a physician named Devadatta who had two sons, Jivananda and Kesava, but the father had no

affection for them. Now, it so happened that the physician had grown old and was replaced by another. This reduced his prestige and affluence and the family became poor. One day, as the new physician was going out on horse back attended by the royal guards, Manorama, the wife of the retired physician saw him and remembered the days when her own family stood in the king's grace. She began to weep. When her boys asked her the cause of her tears, she told them the cause of her grief, concluding, 'My sons ! You didn't learn medicine. Otherwise, you could have occupied your father's position.' Both Jivananda and Kesava said, 'Mother ! Tell us of a person who may train us up in medicine. We assure you, we shall work hard and learn all about it.' The mother said, 'There's none in this city who may be of much use to you. So, I suggest, you go to Champa, where you have your father's friend, Jnanagarva, who may be of help to you.'

"The boys did accordingly and by dint of hard labour, soon became experts in medicine. Now, they were on their way home. In the way, they saw a lion who was blind. The elder brother said to the younger, 'Let us apply our knowledge and cure this lion. We should help him.' The younger brother did not agree. 'Your compassion is misplaced,' said he. 'It may be worthwhile to help men, but not surely ferocious animals who have no appreciation and gratitude and who harm you instead.' But the elder brother did not agree and threw some powder in the lion's eyes and cured him at once. As a measure of safety, the younger brother was already on the tree. Now, the lion was starving for many days. As soon as he regained his sight, he extended his paws at Jivananda, caught him between them and satisfied his hunger. Kesava, very sad at the loss of his brother, returned home with a heavy heart.

"So, you see, oh monk," said Kunchika, 'as the lion

behaved towards his benefactor, so you have done towards me."

The monk protested,

"A monk never forgets the good done to him. He is even good to his malefactors. To do good to others is a part of him. So it is never possible that a monk does harm to others. He does good to others not only when he is alive, but he continues to do so, as did Metarya, even after he was liberated from this body."

Kunchika asked, 'Oh monk! Who was this Metarya who continued to do good to others even after he was liberated of this mortal frame?'

Monk Munipati started his account

"There lived one Mehara who belonged to a lowly caste in the city of Rajagriha. Meti was the name of his wife. The couple lived a happy life. In the same city, there lived a wealthy man, a *seth*, and Meti was a regular visitor to his house. The visits were so frequent that despite a wide social gap, there grew an intimacy between Meti and the *seth's* wife. They spent hours in the company of each other, and they never hesitated to open their hearts.

"Women have a dominant urge to acquire motherhood. They are so keen to bring forth progeny that any obstacle to that is unbearable to them. The *seth's* wife had undergone pregnancy several times, but as ill-luck prevailed, on each occasion she gave birth to a dead child. In consequence, there was no child alive to make the house cheerful, a great tragedy for the family. One day, the lady shared her grief with Meti. Meti felt compassion for her friend and said, 'If ever we are pregnant about the same time, we shall exchange our offsprings so that the world at large will know that the living child is your own.'

'The suggestion appealed very much to the *seth's* wife, and she started looking into the future with great keenness.

By sheer chance, the two ladies were pregnant about the same time. Meti gave birth to a male child and the *seth's* wife as usual to a dead one. As per her previous commitment, Meti passed on her child to the *seth's* wife, to the latter's immense joy. She celebrated the occasion with great pomp and festivity. The boy was named Metarya.

"Metarya was now sixteen years old. He acquired many arts. Preparations were then set afoot for his marriage. He was betrothed to eight beautiful damsels from well-to-do business families. A suitable date was fixed for wedding. Just a day before the wedding, a friendly god came to him and said, 'Why are you getting entangled in mundane life? You can very well adopt the path of renunciation. But once you step in into the mundane life, it will be no easy job for you to get out of it.'

"For one who has fascination for worldly life, no counsel would strike root. He has his gaze fixed on it, and he never turns away from it. So the words of the god did not appeal to Metarya, and he said in reply, 'Sir, how do you think I can be indifferent to worldly life till I have known what worldly joys are. So please do not stand in my way.' Thus Metarya refused the god's suggestion in most unmistakable terms. But the god was not prepared to accept defeat. He started thinking about some alternative stratagem.

"The god decided to make use of Meti on the wedding day. He effected a necessary change in her mind. On the appointed day, as preparations were being made for the wedding, Meti suddenly broke in and made every thing topsy-turvy. She started shouting, 'The boy is mine. I carried him in my womb. I gave birth to him. I shall settle him in marriage wherever I please.' So saying, to the surprise of everybody, she dragged Metarya to her own home.

"Metarya was now in the home of his low-caste parents when the god came again and repeated his request. Metarya was this time in tears. Said he 'If you are really my friend, as you say, then why did you stand in the way of my happiness and humiliate me?'

"Said the god,

'Why did you decline my suggestion? I showed you the way to bliss. The world is an empty place. Ideal is the life of a monk. Turn your step towards this life.'

"But Metarya was not ready. Said he,

'Sir, your suggestion is devoid of content to me till I have known the worldly life. It may be good, bad or anything, I do not know. I must apprehend it first before I decide to give it up.'

"Continuing he said,

'You have deprived me of something which was ready for me. You have harmed me and humiliated me. How can I survive so much? If you sincerely desire me to step towards renunciation, you should remedy the two-fold harm done to me. I insist that the *seth* should reaccept me as his son and that King Srenika should give his daughter in marriage to me. If, to start with, these two conditions are fulfilled, then I agree to renounce the world and join the order of monks. But till this two-fold harm done to me is duly repaired, I shall remain downcast and depressed and shall never be mentally prepared for the path of renunciation.'

"These words created an impression on the god who agreed to set the thing right. He tied a divine goat at his cottage and this animal gave forth a large quantity of precious gems everyday. At the god's suggestion, Mehar carried these gems in a saucer as a gift to King Srenika. This he did for three days to the surprise of all present at the court. On the third day, the chief minister, Abhaya-

kumar could hold no more and enquired about the source of such precious gifts which appeared to be divine. At this, Mehar gave a complete account of the goat. This made Abhayakumar all the more curious about the motive of the man, and he asked him flatly about it. Mehar was a sharp-witted man and was never to be taken aback. He said, 'Sir, we have acquired this divine goat from a god who is friendly to my son, and we get these precious things in profuse quantity from the goat. So sir, you can see how lucky my son is. If, for such a worthy son, I seek the hand of the princess royal, I hope I shall not be asking for too much. I hope, you see my point and you will readily oblige me.'

"The proposal was at once rejected by the king. What an audacity on the part of this low-born! But Abhayakumar was an intelligent man. He picked up the thread from where it was broken and said, 'You see, we need more time to consider your request, but before that, we must see this divine goat with our own eyes. Besides, I hope, you agree, that such a rare thing should belong to the king.'

"Mehar agreed and the very next day, the goat was at the palace. But this change of habitation also changed the goat and he stopped producing the precious gems. But Abhayakumar had no doubt that there was some mystery behind the whole thing and that that must be revealed. So he said to Mehar, 'If a god is friendly to your son, let him help us too. That will convince us about the great connections of your son.' Mehar agreed. Continued the Chief Minister, Abhayakumar, 'You see the rampart around this city of Rajagriha. Let this rampart be turned into gold. It is also necessary to build a bridge-link between Svarnagiri and Vaibharagiri. It is further necessary that water is fetched from the Ganga, the Jamuna, the Saraswati and the Milk Ocean (Ksira-samudra) and sprinkled on your son. Get these done as early as you can, and the princess will be his.'

"But great is the power of a god, and the things asked for were no bigger than a trifle. All these things were done to the full satisfaction of everybody. The boy was dipped in the holy water brought from the four sources, and the princess was duly married with him. The other eight girls who were already betrothed were also married to him. With the position changed, it was no longer difficult for Metarya to regain acceptance in the *seth's* family. The young man was now happy in the company of his nine wives.

"But the god was alive to his mission. When he found that Metarya was deeply engrossed in conjugal life, he gave him a reminder to attract him towards renunciation. Said Metarya to the god, 'Sir, is it enough that you have settled me in a married life? If I am not permitted to see through this life, then why did you settle me in it? Besides, you should have consideration for these ladies too. So please don't talk about renunciation at this time.'

"The god saw reason in these words and yielded. But he fixed a limit of 12 years after which, he said, he would come again. To this Metarya agreed.

"Now, this limit of 12 years was nearing its end. The god came again. But this gave a great shock to Metarya who did not want to disturb the even tenor of his married life. But the god would not agree. So he humbly begged to be spared for another 12 years and the god could not but concede. Metarya was again immersed in the pleasures of life. He belonged to an affluent family and he got anything for the asking. To him now this was the essence of worldly life, and he had the very best of it. Soon he forgot all about his promise to the god. But the god did not forget. He came back in time. Metarya was surprised and sad. He was in no mood to renounce, but this time the god was determined to push him out. He issued

forth a stern warning that if he was not yet prepared to move out, he must get ready to face immense difficulties. So, with great reluctance, Metarya gave up the life of a householder and courted the life of a monk.

"Although Metarya had put on the monk's white robe he was not mentally prepared for it. At times, he blamed the god and at times, he blamed his own ill-luck. A deep lust for life always pulled him back and blocked his way to penance and restraint. He observed that his fellow monks happily moved from village to village and lived in an environment of total detachment. What to speak of enjoying physical comforts, the monks lived far away from them. They were always immersed in studies, meditation, penance and philosophical discussions. Metarya observed all this everyday. He was now by force a part of this austere environment and he had no courage to express his dissent or disapproval of it to anyone. But slowly he began to change and was swallowed up by this new environment. He started realising that he had too great a craving for life but that his fellow monks were free from this craving. They had no attachment and they did not seek physical comfort. Penance was their perpetual pleasure, restraint was their constant companion. Their area of contentment was very wide. In contrast with them, he always felt small.

"Censure has its positive aspect, Metarya felt a great change overtaking him. He was now firmly rooted in the life of a monk. A way forced on him now became a part of him. He limited his requirements and his attachment slowly changed into *ahimsa*. Many years passed in this way. During these years, Metarya mastered the scriptures and practised many severe penances. Due to extreme hardship, his body became lean and emaciated. In the proportion his physical power went down, his spiritual power grew brighter and this power was reflected in his deeds.

"In the course of his wanderings, one day, Metarya arrived at Rajagriha. There he practised a long fast for 30 days. On its successful completion, he rose to beg food to break this fast. He arrived at the residence of a gold-smith. The gold-smith was a great expert in his profession and he was widely known for his skill. He was also the smith to King Srenika. On the day the monk arrived, the gold-smith was working on a necklace for the king. The speciality of this necklace was that it was made of golden beads of the size and shape of ripe barley. The beads looked so real. When the smith saw the monk coming towards his shop, he got up to receive him, and then he moved inside to fetch food for the monk. This was a chance for a *krauncha* bird who had been observing these beads for quite some time and had a temptation for this fresh barley. The bird came down, picked up the necklace and swallowed it. Then it flew back before the smith returned and perched on the same branch of the tree as before. Monk Metarya saw all this happening.

"When the gold-smith came back with the food for the monk, he was surprised to find that there was no necklace there. He was totally upset. He was committed to deliver it that very day to the king. He looked around but there was none in the neighbourhood whom he could suspect. So he had a feeling that the necklace must have been picked up by the monk. As he put it to the monk, he got no reply. The monk stood silent. What to speak of uttering a word, the monk did not as much drop a hint or make a gesture that the necklace had been swallowed up by the bird. By now, the gold-smith had exhausted all his patience and he showered all sorts of abuses on the monk. But when he found that these had no more effect on the monk, he lost control of himself and tied a raw hide round the monk's face and pushed him in the sun. As the hide became dry, it contracted and pressed all around his face. The monk felt a

great suffocation, but he stood firm and calm. He did not allow his mind to sway or swerve in any direction, and he cherished no ill-feeling towards the gold-smith. But he could bear no more and fell down dead on the ground.

“Meanwhile, the bird could not keep the necklace in its belly. It was already having a great pain. It could no longer remain on the branch of the tree and dropped down with a crash. This evoked a pitiable sound and attracted the smith’s attention. By that time, the bird’s belly had burst and came out from within it the golden necklace which had been missing. This opened the smith’s eyes, and he could see the reality. He was now extremely sorry for all that he had done to the monk and he had only remorse in store for him. He rushed back to the monk and as he observed him keenly, he saw that he was none other than Srenika’s own son-in-law. He was now not only sorry but nervous too, and he had no doubt that his own life on this earth was now only a question of time. The king’s men would soon find the culprit and he would have to pay with his own life. So he must get ready to quit. He could see no way to save himself. But, thought he, if the monk was generous enough to save the bird by not pointing to it as the real thief, he felt, his own safety too lay in the same hands, even though the monk was no more in his mortal frame. So he bowed before the monk’s body, removed his robes and put them on himself.

“The news of the monk’s death took no time to spread all over the metropolis. The people were shocked to hear of this mysterious tragedy and demanded a severe punishment for the wrong doer. Particularly grieved was the king who had lost such a worthy kin. He ordered his men to produce the murderer before him. The gold-smith in the garb of a monk was at once produced before the king. But this was a dilemma. A murderer but a monk ! A monk

was above all punishments as per the convention of the state. So the king ordered that so long as the fellow was in the monk's robe, he should not be touched, but that the moment he gave it up, the law would take its own course.

"This was a new situation for the gold-smith. He did not really want to be in white clothes for all times, but had used them as an expediency to save himself from an imminent danger. But now the position was that he could no longer give them up and he would do so at the cost of his own life. Thus wavering between attachment and renunciation, he at least threw his lot in favour of the latter. He came to the monks and joined their order. He developed a taste for this new life, lived it successfully and was in the end liberated like Metarya."

On the completion of his account, Kunchika said,

"I agree that Monk Metarya was a magnificent personality and he was free from all greed. But you are a different type. I have my reservations about you and I have a feeling that you are a wretch like Sukumala."

"Who was this Sukumala? I am curious to know all about her."

Kunchika started again

"In the city of Champa, there reigned King Jitasatru. Sukumala was the name of his queen. The king was immensely fond of her. This affection developed into a lust and the king never moved apart from her presence. He stopped attending the court or looking after the affairs of the state. This made the minister extremely anxious about the future of the kingdom. One day, he sought an audience with the king and tried his best to make him realise the situation, but all was in vain. The king asked the minister to disturb him no more, and, in turn, gave the minister the full authority to run the affairs of the state as best as he could.

"On this, an urgent session of the council of ministers was called at once wherein it was decided that at some dead hour of the night, when the royal couple would be fast asleep under the spell of some drug or drink, their cot should be carried to some far-off forest and discarded there. That would be an end of the trouble. Thereafter the crown-prince should be placed on the throne. For, the ministers rightly felt that a king ceased to be a king if he discharged not the royal duties. Even people of the kingdom were wholly disgusted at the light-heartedness and indifference of their monarch.

"The decision was given effect to. One night, the carriers picked up the cot on which the royal couple lay and discarded it in a far-off forest. As the king and the queen were under the spell of liquor, they could know nothing. After some time, when the king regained some sense and looked around, he could see nothing in the pitchy darkness, but he had some sort of a feeling that he was not in the palace chamber. He rubbed his eyes to make sure about the situation, but there was no improvement. And he did it again. He gave a push to the queen, but she said, 'It's not yet morning. Please disturb me not.'

"But the king was totally upset. He pulled her up and told her that there had been a total down-turn of their luck. Sukumala now opened her eyes and was surprised at what she saw. She exclaimed 'Is it a trick or treachery? Have we been exiled? Are our men and ministers so ungrateful as this? They depend on their king and yet they have betrayed him. They must have taken advantage of your goodness. You should at once return to the palace and punish all the malefactors.'

'Jitasatru said

'But how can I blame others when all this is the outcome of my own doing. Had I not been a blind victim of lust, surely I could not have been insulted like

this But, in any case, I can't return to my kingdom At night-fall, when we entered into the bed, we were king and queen, but now we are no more than common folks So long we led a life free from care and toil, but henceforth we have to work hard to earn out livelihood We should proceed to some city that may be in the neighbourhood and try our luck there'

"So they stood up and moved together in one direction Nothing was visible in the darkness and the way was so unfamiliar When the sun was up, it was terribly hot The queen was oppressed with thirst and could move no longer. There was no water available in the neighbourhood After a great search, the king procured some water for her They moved a little further when the queen was hungry With great difficulty, the king procured sufficient fruits to appease her hunger

'At last the royal couple reached the city of Varanasi The king sold out the ornaments of the queen and had some money on hand He rented a house and started a small business As he had no experience of business, he could not amass a fortune, but he could earn just enough to meet the cost of their subsistence

"Time rolled on like this Jitasatru and Sukumala were now no more than commoners Life was hard and dull, there was no longer any pleasure in it One day, Sukumala said to her husband, 'We were so happy in the past when we lived at the palace, and you were all the time by my side I was surrounded by so many maids and attendants all the time There were sundry objects of pleasure to engage my mind But here, you go out pretty early in the morning and come back late at night There is none at home with whom I can even speak Life has become so dull and meaningless. Could you not do something to relieve me of this loneliness?'

"One night as Jitasatru was coming back from his shop, he saw a musician singing from a side-walk. His sweet voice attracted many round him. The man was a cripple and supported himself by singing. Jitasatru invited the man to come and live with him. He thought that the company of so jovial a man would make his wife happy. The cripple was a little surprised at this turn of his luck, but he agreed. This was a ready solution of his problem, and it would not be necessary for him to move any more from place to place. Sukumala also welcomed the new arrangement.

"Jitasatru's financial position was slowly looking up. Now, he earned more than he spent, and he could make some saving. But he was gradually losing his grip on the wife. Sukumala spent the whole day in the company of the musician and became fond of him. Her heart was transferred from Jitasatru to this new arrival. One day, the cripple said to her, 'My dear! Our hearts are now united, but if by any chance Jitasatru comes to know of this, we shall be completely undone. So when there's time, we should do something in the matter.' Sukumala agreed with him and assured him that she was perfectly conscious of this and that at the right moment, they should take the thorn out.

"Months passed and seasons changed. Winter was followed by spring. One day, Jitasatru and Sukumala were seated in a happy mood when the latter made a proposal that they should together bathe in the Ganga. Her grouse was that she did not enjoy this form of pleasure ever since she left the palace. The earlier it could be arranged, the better. Jitasatru also liked the proposal, and he readily agreed. On the appointed day, they left the cripple at home and reached the bank of the Ganga. Hand in hand, they entered into the water. They were now waist-deep in water. 'This is not enough', shouted Sukumala. 'We must go deeper still.' Now,

they were upto their neck inside water Jitasatru thought that he had not obliged his lady for a long time, and that he should now compensate for this long neglect. He held her in a deep embrace.

"Sukumala's mind was, however, elsewhere planning some mischief. She did not pay much attention to what the king did or said. The few words that she herself spoke contained no warmth. But the king did not notice this. He was busy enjoying himself. They spent sometime like this. Sukumala was, however, looking for a chance. When at last she found that the king had lost all control of himself and had completely given himself up to her, she lost no time to give him a severe push into the very depth of water. She didn't care even to see what happened to him, but rushed out of the water, and at a hurried pace, returned to her home to tell the cripple that she had successfully completed the mission.

"Finding himself in the depth of water, the king struggled for life for some time, and as luck would have it, he escaped the jaws of death. But he had now a complete picture of the betrayal. He was convinced that this occasion was contrived to liquidate him. He had now but hatred for the unfaithful woman, and more than that he had a great remorse for his own blindness. Within a moment, he made a complete review of his whole life, as if the whole thing was on a screen--how happy he was once in the company of this very woman who was his first queen, how his blind lust for her body turned him away from the position of a king to that of a pauper, how hard he was now struggling for life, and so on. But this day's incident opened a new outlook for him, and he felt that this was the most sacred moment of his life, since, at this moment, he was wholly liberated of the company of one who was inherently and basically low. The king was an expert in swimming. Besides, he got the support of a piece of floating log. So he swam for a long

"In the course of their wanderings, they now reached the city where Jitasatru was the king. Soon the news about the musician spread all over the city and even reached the ears of the king. The king sent for them. Sukumala and the cripple felt elated at this invitation from the palace. They felt that they would now be in the king's grace, and their hard days would soon be over. They arrived at the court. This was a very special occasion for the musician who throughout his life had been a street singer and had never had a chance to sing at the court. So he was in the very best of his forms. The audience was charmed and listened with undivided attention. When at last the music stopped, there was a loud applause all around.

"When the music was over Sukumala took her chance to incite public compassion. She made a short speech and started collecting money. As she approached the king, the latter said, 'Woman! Did you ever have another man to call your own whom you pushed into the deep water of the Ganga?' Sukumala became pale and stiff at once. The flow of her words dried up and she looked at the king. The earth slipped from beneath her feet. She started shouting and crying, as if she had been haunted or had gone mad. At last, she fell at the king's feet and begged for mercy. People who had been happy to hear the music were completely taken by surprise at this melodrama. Said the king to the woman, 'You are a woman. So I spare your life. But you get out at once from the four corners of my kingdom. If you ever become visible within my realm, you will pay with your life.'"

said Munipati to Kunchika,

"Oh merchant! Despite all I have said, it seems that you have still doubts in my honesty. To remove them, all I can do now is to swear like Bhadra Brisabha."

'Oh monk! Who was this Bhadra Brisabha and how did he swear?'

The monk started,

"In the city of Champa, during the reign of King Ajitasena there was a monastery-owner. who also possessed two herds of cattle. Once a cow gave birth to a male calf who grew into a fine bull in course of time and freely roamed all over the city. People loved him and affectionately gave him the name of Suryasanda (the sun's bull)

"In the same city, there lived a merchant named Jinadasa who was a devout *śrāvaka* and was very regular in his spiritual practice including *kayotsarga* meditation. But his wife Dhanasri was just the reverse of him, highly sinful, and a lady of very loose morals. Often at night, when Jinadasa was in the *kayotsarga* meditation, she would be in the company of other men

"One night, it so happened that when she was in the company of some of her admirers, her husband Jinadasa who was in the *kayotsarga* posture fell a victim to a fatal accident. When in the morning the lady saw her husband's dead body, she got alarmed, since, she felt, people would suspect her hand in the matter. Just at that time, the bull Suryasanda was passing by that way. The lady put some of her husband's blood on his horns and started mourning and bewailing. This soon attracted a large crowd of sympathisers. When they saw the blood on the bull's horns, they beat the bull severely. The bull turned his head again and again communicating his own innocence, but people didn't understand him. So the bull at last came to the police chief and started turning his head in the same manner. Now, some people understood his intention and said, 'Maybe the bull is trying to convey his own innocence in the matter'. At this, the bull signified his profound assent by touching the ground with his tongue. So the people at once arranged a test before they would exonerate

distance, came out of the water and sat down to rest under a tree. He could see from where he sat the skyline of the city which was not far.

"Seated in the shade of the tree, the king could now extend his gaze into the future. He had none by his side to help him, but he had none either to obstruct him. He had no more feeling of pleasure and pain. He tried to read into the future, but he could see nothing. It was all hazy. But he felt no depression. He was at least happy to be free from the association of Sukumala who had betrayed him. Only one feeling was dominant in him at this moment, and it was the feeling of a great relief.

"Just then his eyes fell on a vast group of men who were moving in his direction. An elephant holding a garland in her trunk was moving ahead of them. The king thought that it must be some ceremonial procession approaching the holy river. As he did not like his thoughts to be disturbed by these strangers, he moved himself off to a considerable distance and sat beneath another tree. But lo! the elephant and the men too changed their course as if he himself was their destination. As they came nearer, the elephant moved at a faster speed, came near Jitasatru and placed the garland on his neck. The men hailed him as their new king and bowed before him. All this happened with such a speed, that the king could not understand if it was a reality or a dream. One of the ministers came forward and apprised him of their situation, Sir, our king has recently passed away and so we are without a king. Hence as per convention for an occasion like this, we let lose this elephant and we ourselves followed her. Now, by her choice, you are our new king. So please accept the position and be a king unto us."

"Introducing himself, the king said, 'I was once a king, and I am a king again.' 'But, sir, how about the time in-

between?' asked the inquisitive minister 'I was then a commoner,' said the king'

'Meanwhile the elephant raised up the new king with her trunk and placed him on her back The whole party then moved towards the city They reached the palace, where the king was duly placed on the throne and given charge of the highest office of the state The king administered his realm in a very efficient manner, but he had no attachment in anything The minister suggested that he should take a wife, but the king politely declined

'Elsewhere, Sukumala was spending her days in the company of the cripple Jitasatru had left some saving behind, and so for some time there was no difficulty, but they could not live like that for long They were soon faced with the prospect of penury One day, the cripple asked Sukumala to earn for their sustenance Said he, 'You see, I am a cripple and I can't move So please do something so that we may have some earning' 'How can I?' retorted the lady 'I am a woman I have no experience of earning money It is the duty of a man to support his wife I can't go to earn' Again some days passed like this, but with great difficulty At last, they came to an agreed solution which was that Sukumala would carry the cripple on her back, and the latter would sing and beg They felt that that would be a nice way of living on public compassion

"They were now moving from one city to another People were attracted by the sweet voice of the cripple, and they took pity on him When his music would be over, Sukumala would tell the people, 'I am a devoted and pious woman But my parents have married me with this cripple So I carry him on my back, but we lead a very honest and pure life So be kind to us and help us as best as you can Your generosity is our only support in this world' Such pitiable words would dissolve even a rock, what to speak of the human heart Thus they lived on.

him They brought an iron ball and heated it red As they were about to place it on the bull's head he extended his tongue and gladly held it The people were surprised to see that the bull's tongue remained unburnt, while the ball cooled The bull was declared innocent and was greatly honoured by the people Dhanasri was turned out of the city "So, merchant," said the monk, "as you believe not in my words, I am prepared to swear and stand by any test to convince you of my innocence, as the bull had done But something must be speedily done to remove your suspicion "

But the merchant didn't stop repeating his allegation, denouncing the monk's conduct in strong words, and comparing him with a lizard When the monk asked the reason for this comparison, the merchant said,

"A certain lizard had sore in her eyes One night, as she was asleep, lots of pus came out of her eyes, and in the morning, inspite of her best effort, she could not open them Now, many flies started moving round her eyes and ate the pus clean, which opened the eyes at once But the lizard ate a large number of flies You have done like that, oh monk I gave you shelter during the rainy season, and you have removed my treasure " The merchant continued, "For a confirmed criminal like you, swearing is just useless You have a stiff heart, and so the story of the bull you narrated a little while ago has no impact on me "

The monk felt hurt at these words, but he said

"Have you, by any chance a proof to establish my guilt ? It's just a suspicion that haunts your mind, and that should not be the basis of so grave a charge You are intelligent enough to distinguish truth from falsehood, as was the case with the minister Subuddhi "

"Pray, who was this minister, and how did he distinguish truth from falsehood ?"

Munipati started his story

"In the city of Champakamala, there reigned a king named Vasupala who had a very able minister in Subuddhi. In the same city, there lived a rich and very popular merchant named Abhinava. Sundari was the name of his daughter. Merchant Dhanapala was his neighbour but he was poor. He had a daughter named Kanku. The two girls were friends. One day, both the girls came to a tank to enjoy water sports. Sundari took out her ornaments and deposited them on the tank before she entered into water. Now, Kanku had an evil design. She came out earlier, picked up the ornaments and left. When Sundari came out, she did not find her precious things. When she reported it to her father, he came to Dhanapala, but the latter, instead of admitting his daughter's fault, told him flatly that the ornaments belonged to his daughter and that the allegation was baseless. The matter came up for the minister's arbitration and he gave proof of his ready wit. He ordered for the production of both the girls and the ornaments before him. When this was done, the minister turned to Kanku and said, 'My daughter, you say these are yours. Very good. Please put them on.'

"Kanku started, but as she was not used to ornaments, in the process of wearing she exhibited her own ignorance about them. Besides, they didn't fit well with her person. When Sundari's turn came, she did wear them at once and with skilled hands, and they fitted in well. Now, the minister took no time to give his verdict. 'The ornaments belong to Sundari, not Kanku. They may be returned to Abhinava, and Dhanapala is to be punished for their improper acquisition and wrongful possession according to the law of the land.' "

Munipati added,

"Merchant ! You are shrewd and intelligent, but you distinguish not truth from falsehood. Truth is something different from your notion."

To this, the merchant replied, "I do not understand what you say. But it appears to me that you are taking shelter behind a jugglery of words like one brahmin"

"What brahmin, pray?" said the monk

The merchant started,

"In a certain village in Magadha, there lived a poor brahmin. Once, there broke out a terrible famine in that country and the brahmin was set to thinking how to survive through the critical time. He brought a piece of wood from the forest, carved a Durga image out of it and started wandering from village to village. He would sing in praise of the goddess. This had great impact on the village folk. It was a sheer chance that a rich merchant, who was childless, got a son by propitiating the image, and at once its dignity and prestige in the public gaze shot up. With it the brahmin's luck took a favourable turn. Henceforth, every day, he got ample offerings in cash and kind and soon he was able to change the wooden image into a golden one. The wooden image was dumped in the garbage bin. The same has been the case with you, oh monk. So long as you were ailing and the monsoon months were before you, you behaved well with me. But now that your interest in me has waned, you have deceived me to an extent which may cost even my life."

To this, the monk said,

"Merchant! you are still under a very wrong impression, and are not trying to understand the reality. I reiterate that I have not touched your treasure. A monk always behaves like Jinadatta and never stoops to a low level."

"Who was this Jinadatta, sir?"

"Jinadatta was a *śrāvaka*, the son of a merchant named Jinadasa, who was well-versed in the Jaina tenets. As an inspired soul ever since his birth, Jinadatta never took inter-

est in mundane affairs and had decided not to marry. This was a source of great worry for the family and the near and dear ones. They were waiting for a chance to change his mind.

"One day, Jinadatta had gone out to the city park in the company of his friends. In a Jina temple in the park, he sat down to pray. It was an accident that at that time, a beautiful damsel was already engaged in prayer in the same temple, and Jinadatta's eyes fell on her. This was Jinamati, daughter of one Priyamitra, who had extensive trade with foreign lands. Jinadatta felt impressed at the dame's devotion. As he made enquiries about her from his friends—and indeed this was the first occasion when he made any such enquiry—they told him all that they knew about her, adding, 'The workmanship of the Creator will be duly rewarded if you two were united.'

"Jinadatta didn't like the suggestion. 'You talk of marriage even in a temple. This is no place for playing pranks or cutting jokes. You know well how little do I care for marriage. I saw her in deep prayer, and so I enquired, without any motive.'

"After finishing her prayer, as Jinamati stood up to go, her eyes too fell on Jinadatta, and she liked his youth, vigour and manliness. She felt a love for him at first sight. Her companions noticed this and secretly reported it to her father, who became happy.

"Now, Priyamitra came to Jinadasa with the proposal of the marriage of his daughter with the latter's son, which the merchant welcomed with joy. When, however, Jinadasa took the matter to his son, the son said, 'Sire! You know well that I intend to join the holy order.'

"This was a very difficult situation. Jinadasa had already given his assent to the proposal. So he said to his son, 'Did you, by any chance, see the girl?' Jinadatta said nothing.

"But mysterious is the way of destiny. The town-keeper Basudatta saw the girl one day, as she was going somewhere, and he became mad to get her. He sent his proposal to Priyamitra at once but was told that she was already betrothed to Jinadatta. Thenceforth Basudatta was on the look-out for a chance to remove Jinadatta from this world so that he would have no rival to get the girl's hand.

"One day, the king had gone out on a holiday with the royal household, and, by chance, one of his ear-rings dropped somewhere on the way. In spite of all searches, it could not be found. The king entrusted the search to Basudatta, who luckily found it soon and restored it to the king. When the king enquired how he got it, he said, it had been recovered from Jinadatta. The king could not believe at once. For, Jinadatta was well-known for his spiritual leanings. But Basudatta insisted, 'Your Majesty! Religion is just a camouflage for all his misdeeds. So far I desisted from reporting against him to Your Majesty, but, sir, in the whole kingdom, there is none who may equal him in vile deeds.' The king gave orders that such a wicked person should be wiped out as soon as possible.

"Basudatta spent no time to arrest Jinadatta and took him round the city on the back of a donkey, as was the practice with all the condemned persons in those days. What an irony of fate! Whoever saw him in this state was not only shocked and shed tears, but openly decried the king and his town-keeper. Only the low-brows talked ill of the pious man.

"When Jinamati heard the noise in the street, she came at her window and was shocked to see the pitiable sight. Just at that moment, Jinadatta's eyes also fell on her and he was sorry to see the girl's plight. For the first time, he felt that the girl loved him and he did a wrong thing in



Jinadatta's eyes also fell on her

not agreeing to marry her. He resolved to make her happy if he could escape from this ordeal.

"Jinamati at once invoked Sasan Devi and stood herself in *kayotsarga* meditation. Pure as she was, her propitiation had an instantaneous effect. Thrice was Jinadatta placed on a naked spear, and thrice it broke like a stalk of hay. Then effort was made to hang him from a tree, but even this proved futile. Basudatta applied his own sword several times, but what could he do when Sasan Devi had herself placed him under her protection.

"The matter was brought to the king's notice who was alarmed for having tortured a pious man on a false report. He hurried to the execution ground, embraced Jinadatta and took him with himself to the palace on the back of his own elephant. As the king was wholly ignorant about Basudatta's jealousy towards him, he made a full enquiry about it. Jinadatta presented the facts as he knew. Basudatta now stood exposed, and was condemned by the king. Though his life was spared at Jinadatta's earnest request, he was sent into exile for good,

"Jinadatta now married Jinamati, and lived happily for many years in the household order. Born as a pious man, he lived a worthy life, adding more and more to his spiritual assets. Oh merchant! You should understand, that a monk's life is a worthy life which adds only to his spiritual assets and nothing to his liabilities. His life is meant to help all, even a malefactor, as Jinadatta himself did to save Basudatta's life. There is no point in saying that a monk is ungrateful. Be patient and try to understand the situation. I didn't touch your wealth."

At these words, Kunchika retorted,

"You compare yourself with Jinadatta, but behave like a certain hunter. How do you reconcile the two positions? They are as far apart as the east is from the west."

"Who was the hunter you speak of, my good friend?"

Kunchika started,

"King Haripala of the city of Harikanta was the keeper of a thousand monkeys. In the same city, there lived a hunter who was cruel, ruthless and ungrateful. Every day, he killed many animals in the forest. One day, he encountered a fierce tiger who chased after him, and to save his own life, he got up on a tree. There was seated on the tree a female monkey with her mouth wide agape, and the hunter was between a frying pan and a fire. The monkey at once read into his mind and assured him safety. Slowly, she came near him and sat beside him. So much affection from an animal moved the hunter, who now stretched himself against a branch and placed his head on the monkey's lap.

"The tiger on the ground was helpless. He tried to create a rift between the monkey and the man. Said the tiger to the monkey, 'Good lady! You have extended your protection to the man but how many in this world give price for it? Man is particularly known for his ingratitude. May I tell you a story about it. In a certain village, there lived a brahmin named Siva. Once on a pilgrimage he reached a dense forest. While searching for water, he saw a dilapidated well. He prepared a rope with grass and sought to draw water with its help. At the first chance came out a monkey. He tried again, and this time came out a tiger and a snake. They bowed before the brahmin and expressed their gratitude for taking them out. The monkey said that all of them, himself, the tiger and the snake, were residents of Mathura, and if the brahmin ever visited that city, they would be happy to host him. But he cautioned the brahmin that there was a human being inside the well, and he would be ill-advised to take him out. The fellow was not sinful, but he was ungrateful, he said, and then the three departed.

"Now, the brahmin sat thinking what to do about the man in the well, and after much consideration, he decided to help him out. The monkey was after all an animal, thought he, and he could hardly adjudicate on the value of a man. So he cast the rope again and helped the man out. When Siva asked him who he was, the man said, 'I am a goldsmith from Mathura. I came here on business but slipped into this well. There is a tree inside, and I saved myself with great difficulty by holding a branch of the tree. Later, the monkey, the tiger and the snake joined me. In distress, we forgot our natural enmity and lived in co-existence. I shall never forget the service you have rendered to me. If you ever come to Mathura, please give me a chance to be your host.'

"Thereafter, many years passed. Once Siva remembered the monkey's words of caution against the man and decided at once to take a test. He set out on a pilgrimage and reached Mathura. The monkey was there. He recognised his benefactor at once and accorded him a cordial reception. He placed before him sweet fruits. As he proceeded from there, he saw the tiger and the the tiger too recognised the brahmin in a moment. He at once killed a prince who had come there for hunting, took out his ornaments and gave them to the brahmin.

"Now, Siva came to the goldsmith. As the smith saw the brahmin coming, he recognised him but tried to avoid him. But Siva stood just in his front and asked if he recognised him or not. In a very cold manner, the smith said that he found it hard to place him. Siva recounted the past story and said, 'I have come on an invitation from you, my dear friend.'

"But the smith showed no improvement in his manners, and Siva too would not move out. He sat there and said, 'Can you help me in an affair?' 'Perhaps I may,' said the smith indifferently. The brahmin then took out the

ornaments given to him by the tiger and held them before the smith 'I want to sell them Can you give me a fair price for them ?'

"Now the smith got interested He kept the ornaments with himself The brahmin went to the river to take his bath Meanwhile, the report of the prince's death in the forest spread all over the city, and there was a proclamation to the effect that the prince's ornaments had been stolen from his body, and that anyone giving a clue to their recovery would be rewarded by the king The smith heard it and had no doubt that the ornaments lodged with him were really the prince's, Maybe, out of greed, the brahmin had murdered him So the smith came to the court, surrendered the ornaments and disclosed the brahmin's name

"The brahmin was at once taken into custody on the river bank and produced before the king The king held consultation with his council of ministers Although a scholar by brahmin was involved, yet the law was to take its own course irrespective of caste and erudition The council was unanimous in awarding the brahmin death sentence The poor fellow was not even given a chance to defend himself According to rules, red sandal paste was placed on his person and he was seated on the back of a donkey and was taken round the city, before being conducted to the execution ground In this critical time, the monkey's words came up in his mind—'*the fellow is ungrateful*' But what could he do now except submitting to fate very silently? Suddenly the following couplet came out of his mouth

'Listened not I to cautious words
Uttered by a monkey, a tiger and a snake,
Hence for the smith's ingratitude,
My life is now at stake'

"The snake who was crawling nearby heard these words and at once recognised the brahmin He took no

time to understand the situation, and, to save his benefactor's life, he crawled in a hurry to the palace-garden where the princess was at play. The snake gave a sharp bite to her and she fell on the ground at once. The news reached the king and spread all over the town. The death of the princess so soon after the death of the prince was considered to be a great misfortune and calamity.

"Just then, a savant-seer had come to the city who told the king that the second calamity was caused for his having condemned an innocent brahmin to death. 'But what proof have you got to prove the brahmin's innocence?' said the king. The seer narrated the background story, adding in the end, 'The monkey and the tiger have been good hosts, but the smith has betrayed him.' 'But yours may be a concocted story,' said the king. 'How do I believe in your account?' The seer at once brought the snake in the person of the princess and the snake gave the account through the princess's mouth. The king had now no reason to disbelieve. The brahmin was at once set free and the princess was restored to her life. The seer now said to the brahmin. 'Sir! It is the snake who is thy saviour.' The brahmin said, 'What an irony, sir, that while animals are grateful, so very ungrateful is the man.'

"The king was so impressed by the brahmin's scholarship that he gave him the position of a minister of the realm. The goldsmith was exiled from the city. The brahmin, in gratitude, adored the snake, and worshipped him thereafter every year. Concluding his story, the tiger said to the monkey,

" 'So, lady, rely not on this hunter. He will put you in danger. Better push him down and let me satisfy my hunger.'

"But this had no effect on the monkey who turned a deaf ear to the tiger. After some time, the man woke up, and it was now the monkey's turn to lie and take rest. The tiger now addressed his counsel to the man.

“ ‘ Worthy man ! Rely not on this monkey. She is ungrateful. She poses to be friendly but will deceive you in time. I am hungry for a week and you are anxious to return home. But till I get either of you, I shall not go, and till I go, you cannot come down. So I advise you to pass the monkey on to me. I will eat it and go, and then you will be free to come down safely and go.

“The tiger spoke so many words in a single breath, and yet he did not stop. Added he, ‘As a species, the monkeys are ungrateful. Let me tell you the story of an unfortunate king who was killed by his monkey. This was King Pavaka of Nagpur who was carried to a dense forest by a misdirected horse. Oppressed by hunger and thirst, he was roaming to and fro. There he saw a monkey who understood the king’s difficulty, gave him some fruits and showed him a pool of clean and cool water. Meanwhile, his men joined him and the party started back, with the monkey accompanying it at the king’s desire. The monkey was given a privileged position at the palace, and was supplied with the best of fruits and that in plenty. Later, he was made an A D C to the king, and he followed the king’s person like his own shadow.

“ ‘It was spring. The king had gone out to the palace-garden where he was resting beneath a tree. Just then a drone came buzzing and sat on his body. The monkey tried his best to drive it away, but when he failed, he struck at it with his sword, killing the king. So, man, take my advice and push the monkey down. In doing this, you will reap a greater advantage than me.’

“The hunter was influenced by the tiger’s word. He pushed the monkey down and it was now held by the tiger in his paws. The tiger said to her, ‘Madam ! This is the outcome of your being in a wrong company.’ But the monkey did not lose her wit nor become nervous, instead she said

in a calm voice, 'My dear friend' How lucky I deem myself to-day that my body will be in thy service Have no mercy on me and I beseech, you take my flesh at once But I have only a little submission to make, which is that in the case of the monkeys as a species, their soul resides only in the tail So you will be well-advised to start at the tail end This will make my flesh more tasteful to thee and I shall also be relieved of pain very soon'

"The tiger laughed aloud and was about to catch the monkey's tail when she escaped and mounted on a tree. The humiliated and disappointed tiger now left the place. But the monkey was so good that she bore no malice or anger towards the hunter Rather, she told him that the tiger was gone and she offered to escort him out to a safe place

"The monkey brought the man to her own shelter where her offsprings were at play She left the hunter there and herself went out in search of some fruits But the inconsiderate man killed the young ones and put them in his bag When the monkey came back, she did not find her offsprings

She placed the fruits before the hunter and moved out in search of them The hunter too started with her Meanwhile, vile thoughts took hold of the man and he put the monkey to death with his club.

"A sinful man has no element of mercy in him. With the dead monkey on his shoulder, the hunter was now on his way home Again he came across the same tiger When the tiger saw the dead monkey on the hunter's back, said he, 'Ye wretch ! What did ye do ? You did not even hesitate to kill one who had treated you like her own brother It is a sin to look at you even. Get out of my sight at once I intend not to touch you because to touch a man like you is sinful and I do not want to share in your sin and ingratitude

"But the hunter's heart was not touched. Perfectly unconcerned and happy at the big catch, he returned



The tiger was about to catch the monkey's tail
when she escaped

home. Meanwhile, the report had reached the king that one of his pet monkeys had been killed by a certain hunter, and that too not by a proper weapon but by a club, which was against the law of the land. The hunter was at once taken a prisoner and produced before the king. He was first tortured and was then being taken to the execution ground, with the king coming in the rear. Just then the tiger appeared again and cautioned the king not to execute the hunter. Said he, 'Sire ! The sins committed by this wretch are so heinous and serious that anyone punishing him will also share his sins. It's more appropriate that he be left to his own destiny.' The king was startled at these words and requested the tiger to give a full account about the man, which the tiger was reluctant to do himself. He directed the king to an *acharya* who, he said, was not far from there and who was a man with great knowledge and power.

"The king spared the hunter's life but ordered him to leave the city at once. He then looked for the *acharya* and was soon before him. Said he, '*Bhante* ! Where is the monkey gone ?' 'In heaven, of course,' was the reply. 'And where will the hunter go after death', the king asked. 'Where else but to hell', said the monk. 'Those who are ungrateful, cruel, sinful, malicious and hard-hearted, for them hell is the right place,' To the king's enquiry about the tiger, the *acharya* said, 'That was a divine person in the skin of a tiger who came down to witness the monkey's behaviour because the monkey is destined to have a place in heaven. While in heaven, the god had himself heard a reference to that effect and came down to see what it was that would earn for the monkey a place in the celestial region.' "

Concluding his story, Kunchika said,

"Oh monk ! You are like the hunter. Your ingratitude brings back to my memory that incident and my soul silently weeps."

The monk protested,

'It is not thy soul, oh merchant, that weeps That's the lot of my soul You should not bring a false charge against a monk like this Like Devi, a thief's spouse, you are only extending invitation to repentance. One who causes unnecessary pain to a monk inevitably repents "

"How is that ? What is Devi's story ?"

Munipati started,

"There lived in a certain village in Magadha a thief named Vira Devi was his wife Vira's daily profession was to break into other people's houses This is how he earned his daily bread In a hole in the wall of his house, there lived a mongoose who gave birth to an offspring The little creature was Devi's pet and she supplied it with food everyday Now, Devi also gave birth to a son, and when the son grew up, he played with the young mongoose One day, Devi left the sleeping child on a bamboo platform and went out on some domestic errand The mongoose was there Just then a snake came out of the hole and crawled near the boy The mongoose saw it and tore it to pieces As the lady was coming back, the happy mongoose met her on the way When the lady saw blood on its mouth, she thought that her own son must have been killed by it So she killed the mongoose on the spot. Then she rushed to her bed-room where she found her own boy quite safe, but pieces of a dead snake lay scattered on the floor The lady was heartily sorry for having killed the mongoose who had in fact saved her son's life Thereafter, she could never get rid of her penitence You are doing the same to me. You are doing something for which you will repent for ever You should think twice before you charge anyone "

'Sir ! You are like that *dhula* who put to danger the life of an elephant who produced pearls "

"Who was this fellow ? What is his story ?"

Kunchika started,

"In a certain forest, there lived a white - elephant with a herd of 700 she-elephants. Once, while wandering, an iron nail pricked into his leg. He had so much pain that he could hardly move and lay in one place for days without food and drink. One elephant from the herd saw a *bhūṣa* one day and she induced him to follow her. She brought him straight to the suffering elephant and the man took out the nail. In gratitude, the elephant gave him many tusks and pearls. By selling these, the *bhūṣa* was now a rich man. When people enquired about his sudden affluence, he narrated the whole story. This soon reached the ears of the king. Out of greed for the tusks and the pearls, the king caught the whole herd and brought the elephants to his city. Sir, you are like that ungrateful *bhūṣa*. The elephant had rewarded him but it was his report to the king that deprived the whole herd of its liberty. By taking out my treasure you have put me to difficulty in the same manner."

The monk knew not how to change the opinion of the merchant about himself. So he spoke in a somewhat rude tone,

"Merchant ! Even animals are more considerate than you are. They take not much time to know the truth, but not you. How very wonderful is this !"

"Sir ! How do you say that animals are more considerate than me ?"

"I give you an instance," said the monk. "On the Vaitadhya hill, in a certain cave, there lived a lioness. A she-deer and a she-jackal were her intimate friends. Once the lioness gave birth to an offspring, but after delivery as she became very hungry, she left her offspring with her friends and herself moved out in search of some prey. The deer lay on the ground and fell asleep. Thus the jackal

was alone, and she ate the offspring. She then put some blood on the mouth of the sleeping deer and left.

"When the lioness returned she didn't find her offspring and became restless. Meanwhile, the jackal returned after cleaning herself. She said, 'My friend! I had myself gone out on business. The child was all right when I left. The deer was here, and it seems, there is blood on her mouth. Maybe, she has killed the child.' Now the deer was pulled up from her sleep. But the poor animal said, 'I fell asleep, and I know nothing as to what happened.' Then turning to the jackal she said, 'There was none else at this place but two of us, and none seems to have come. I do not understand what may be the real story.'

"The jackal was extremely cunning. She said, 'But I see blood on your mouth. So you should know more than me as to what has happened. To be very frank you may have swallowed up the poor little thing.' But the lioness was intelligent. She knew well that a deer was not accustomed to take meat. So she could not have swallowed her offspring. She had no doubt now that this was the doing of the jackal. So she said, 'Quarrel not over it. Better both of you vomit and facts will speak themselves out.' This was done and the jackal was exposed and killed by the lioness on the spot. Thus, merchant, even animals are considerate. They can arrive at truth and harp not on untruth as you do. You cannot rise above this level till you discard your wrong impression."

"How do I believe in your words when you are ungrateful like that lion?"

"What lion?"

"There was a concentration of hermits near the Himalayas. In a nearby cave, there lived a demon who, under the influence of the hermits, had given up his sinful activities. It was winter and very cold outside. One night, when the demon had gone out, a lion who was bitterly shivering came there and took shelter inside.

When the demon came back and saw the lion, he did not disturb him but lay outside in the cold. At dead of night, when the lion woke up and came out, he saw the demon and devoured him."

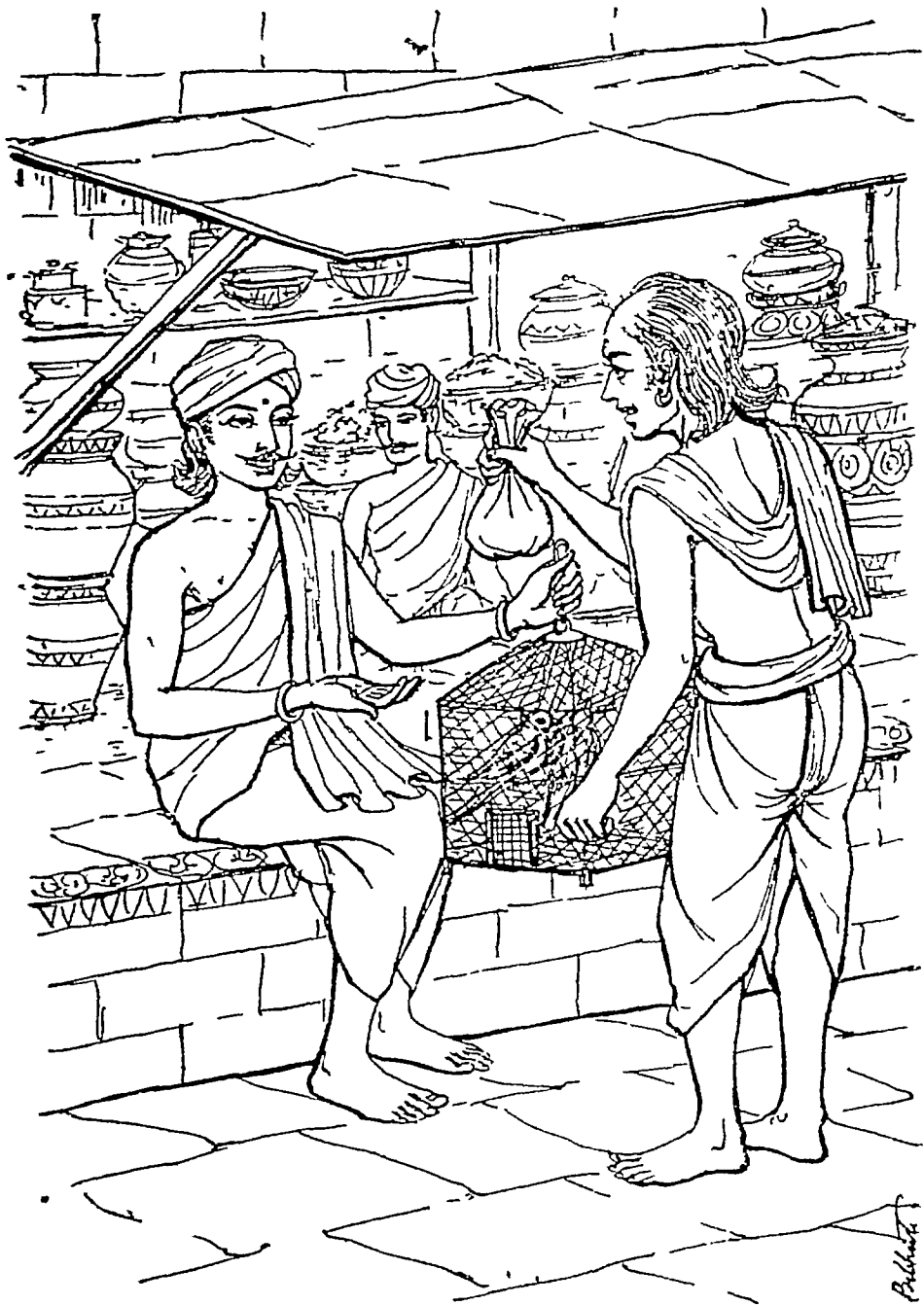
The monk was very much perturbed at the merchant's insistence. Said he,

"I have had no intention to harm you in any way, my dear merchant. But you are adamant. So now I have no other alternative but to extend and expose both my hands, as was done by merchant Katha."

"Who was merchant Katha?"

"Katha was a pious, kind-hearted *śrāvaka* who lived in Rajagriha during the reign of Srenika. He erected a huge mansion for his residence which took six months to be completed. Then, on an auspicious day, before he made a formal entry into the building, learned priests were invited and dieties were duly propitiated. But as the merchant was about to step in, there were some inauspicious omens, and the priests advised him not to enter at that moment. A new time was fixed for his entry, and this time there were very good and exceptionally favourable omens and the merchant started residing in that building.

"One day, the merchant's wife, Bhadra, saw a ship floating on the sea in her dream. When she spoke to her husband about it, said he, 'It's a very good dream. We will soon have a boy.' The foresast came true and the boy was named Sagardatta. When he was eight, he was sent to school, and on the occasion, many scholars were invited and fed. There were two monks in the assembly of guests. As they sat to dine, a cock seated on the wall said to the merchant, 'If you feed me, I shall make your son a king.' One of the monks nodded at this. When the other asked him about the cause of his nod, he said, 'It is due to this cock that the boy will get a kingdom.' This conversation fell



He bought the whole cage on payment of 500 gold pieces.,

into Katha's ears Food was not only offered to the cock, but the cock was adopted as a pet by the merchant.

"One day, King Srenika asked Katha to procure for him one exceptional fabric from Yavanadesa and the merchant agreed to do so But the merchant's wife Bhadra would not let him go Said she 'This means that you will be away from home for a very long time, but I am not prepared to stay without you even for a single day' 'But, my dear,' the merchant tried to argue, 'this work has been assigned by the king himself and I could not decline and disoblige him I shall finish it as soon as I can and come back.'

"As Katha was coming to his shop, he saw a brahmin with a cage in his hand, and inside the cage, there was a parrot couple The merchant took the cage in his own hand and the couple blessed him at once This created in him an interest about the birds and he bought the whole cage on payment of 500 gold pieces He took the cage to his shop with him The parrots revealed that they were gods under the spell of a curse The merchant felt curious to know about their past history, and the male parrot gave his account as follows, 'My name is Nandavarta and I belong to the court of Dharanendra Once my master asked me to go down to the earth where he assigned me the duty of worshipping Lord Parsva whose image had been installed at a temple in a forest near Varanasi. Happily did I come down to the earth to fulfil my commission'

"Continued the prrrot, 'One day, a holy person endowed with certain powers came to that city. A prince of royal blood, a marchant's son and many nobles were attending on him Now, a cowherd came there and prayed for his favour but to no effect He repeated his request several times, which enraged the man, who, in anger, uttered a few words that made no sense The cowherd took these to be the holy words given to him by the man, memorised

them correctly, sat down in my forest and repeated them on beads. I tried to dissuade him but the fellow was adamant and did not take to his heels. Then I asked him to seek a boon, and he asked for a house-full of wealth. Now, as I was busy in getting the wealth for him, in my absence from the temple, my master came on a surprise visit and did not find me there. The Lord had not been worshipped for a few days. When he detected this lapse on my part, he became furious and it was his curse that turned me into a parrot. Since then, I have been living in this forest as a bird. You can imagine, sir, what a miserable thing it is for a divine being to live like a parrot. My wife also preferred to join with me in the form of a bird. When we fell at Dharanendra's feet and begged for mercy, he said that in order to regain our previous state, we must serve and please you. As we were perched on the branch of a tree, this brahmin caught us and brought us to the market. This has turned out to be a lucky chance for us, since we are now with you. This has improved the brahmin's luck, who has got 500 gold pieces by selling us and this has also brought us nearer to our own liberation. But, sir, please keep my account in confidence and pass it on to none. If you do not do it, you put your own life in risk.

"Katha agreed. Just at that time a monk stood before his shop begging alms. As he stood there, a straw from the thatch fell on his head. The monk was enraged. 'In my life,' said he, 'I have never accepted a thing not given to me. But this straw has fallen on my head, and I deem it to be a serious lapse on my part. I must cut off my head.' As he was about to do so, people held him fast and prevented him from committing suicide.

"This impressed Katha, who felt that this was no ordinary monk. If he could be induced to stay in a room in his mansion during his absence from home, thought he, then his wife Bhadra would not feel lonely, but will have the

benefit of listening to his holy words. So he made his request to the monk. The monk would not agree. But the merchant was very insistent and at last the monk agreed. Katha told his wife that the monk would stay in a room at the entrance and that he should be given his daily food. He also advised her to take good care of the cock and the parrots and departed for Yavanadesa to fulfil the royal mission.

"As was usual in such a situation, the lady slipped from her pure life and got involved with the monk. Things went far and expenses increased. One day, the parrots saw the monk entering into the chamber of their mistress. The she-parrot thought of preventing him, but the male-parrot advised her patience and silence. But the she-parrot protested, 'In the absence of our master from home, we must see that the sanctity of the home is not violated. We cannot allow this rogue to misbehave. We cannot allow a drain of our master's wealth. Something must be done at once.'

"Bhadra overheard the conversation of the birds and she rushed out with a stick in her hand. The she-parrot's life of servitude ended at this moment. As she took her out from the cage to kill her, she flew away and regained her former state. The male partner remained alone.

"One day, an astrologer came to the merchant's house, and when the lady enquired from him about the merit of the cock, she said, 'He who would eat the crest of the cock would become a king within seven days.' The monk heard this and could not check the temptation of becoming a king. So he became insistent that the cock must be killed and cooked and his crest must be served on his plate. Bhadra declined. 'This one is my husband's pet. How can I kill it? When the merchant will call for an explanation, what do I say?'

"But the monk would not listen to any argument and threatened that if his wishes were not fulfilled, he would

leave the house at once. The lady was in a dilemma. She thought and thought, and at last she agreed. The cock was killed and cooked. The monk went out to the pond to take his bath. Meanwhile, Sagardatta came back from the school and asked for something to eat. As there was nothing else, the mother served the seasoned meat, which, by chance, contained the cock's crest.

"Now, the monk came and sat to eat. He looked for the cock's crest, but it was not there. 'Where's the crest,' he shouted. 'This is the whole lot, sir,' said the lady. 'I took out a small portion for my son.' The monk lost his temper. 'If you have any attachment towards me, take out portions of the crest from your son's stomach and give them to me at once. I am not going to pacify till I get them,' the monk thundered.

" 'Sir, I cannot do such a vile thing. I cannot kill my own son,' the lady submitted. 'I care a fig for how you will do it,' said the monk. 'But do you must. I must have my thing or I go.' This was too difficult a situation for a mother, but in this difficult situation, the mother yielded and the woman won. The woman in Bhadra agreed to kill her own son.

"But destiny is above all. The boy's maid, Gomati, turned to be an eaves-dropper and she rushed to the school without losing a single moment. She took the boy with her and set out for an unknown destination. Sagardatta knew not what the matter was or whither was he being taken. The maid with the boy with her walked non-stop for six days and nights, and on the seventh day they reached the city of Champa. Since they were at a safe distance now, they stopped to rest in a park in the city. Just at that time, the king of that city was dead, and he had left no successor. So a search was on to find a suitable successor to the throne. By the consent of the people, Sagardatta was considered to possess the necessary marks of kingship.

and was placed on the throne, and he took the name Dhattribahana

"At Rajagriha, Bhadra was in a miserable state in the company of the monk. The prosperity of the household was gone and the son was missing. Servants were dismissed. The house wore the look of poverty and distress. When Katha returned, he could not recognise his own home. Only the male parrot was still there. He narrated the whole thing to his master and having thus completed the duration of the spell, he too earned his liberation. The eyes of the merchant had opened by now and he renounced the world and joined the order of monks. Bhadra had already earned so much ill fame that she could no longer remain in Rajagriha. In the company of the monk, she fled and took shelter in the city of Champa. They took a cottage in the suburb of the city. Bhadra now served as a maid in a certain family and the monk became a farm labourer.

"In the mean time, Monk Katha came to the city of Champa in the course of his wanderings. Bhadra saw him from a distance and recognised him at once. She was alarmed to see Katha there and decided to do something at once. One day, the monk came to her cottage to beg. Bhadra served him food, but hid her own ring into the food, which she offered. Then, as the monk moved out, she shouted, 'Thief ! Thief ! He has taken my ring.'

"The woman's shouts attracted a large crowd. Even the police chief came there. The ring was recovered from the monk. What an irony ! The monk was arrested and brought to the police station. Luckily, the palace was not very far from that place. Maid Gomati heard the noise and came to her window to see what the matter was. As her eyes fell on the monk who was tied fast, she recognised her former master and rushed to the king. Both of them then reached the police station, where the king freed

the monk with his own hands and fell at his feet to beg forgiveness. It was a happy union of the father and the son, one in the holy order, and the other the head of the state. Bhadra was banished from the city.

"On behalf of his subjects, the king welcomed the monk to his city and prayed for his stay there during the monsoon season. Monk Katha could not decline so earnest a request from a worthy son. The king attended his sermons every day and was greatly inspired. This had a great impact on the people, whose spiritual zeal received a great impetus.

"But in the world, there are always some low-brows who cannot tolerate other people's good acts or good name. They hatched a plot against the monk. They hired a low-born, untouchable woman for their vile project. As the rains were over, and the monk was preparing to depart, he halted outside the city boundary. He was in the midst of his last sermon to the people of that city, when that harlot made her appearance and asked the monk to arrange for the maintenance of herself and his child whom, she said, she was carrying, before he left.

"This came like a sudden bomb-shell to the assemblage which was stunned. But the monk didn't lose his equanimity and said in a calm and gentle voice: 'Woman! you know not what you say and to whom. All you say is not only malicious but is an utter lie. You should not defile your soul in this manner. You should not talk base things about a monk.'

"But the woman would not withdraw, and the monk repeated his words once, twice and several times. But they had no effect. So, at last, he collected the fiery forces that were within him, and looked at the woman with blood-shot eyes. Said he, 'If this child be mine, then, I say, you have a natural delivery right on this spot. If, on the contrary, it is not mine, let it come out by piercing your belly.' Al-

though such words are unbecoming of a monk, he had to use them perforce to meet the situation. Now, as everybody looked on, the child pierced her belly and came out, and in intense pain, the woman fell senseless on the ground. Thus the monk was honorably acquitted, and the people's respect for him reached the highest mark. When the lady recovered, the king took her to task and ordered her to tell the truth about the whole conspiracy. The woman, who was trembling with fear, gave out the names of all those who were involved in it. They too were present in the assembly to witness the discomfiture of the monk and were jubilant over the lady's performance. But as the whole thing took a very adverse turn, they looked small, and now fell victim to the king's wrath. They fell at the feet of the monk and begged for their own lives. The monk was pacified and withdrew his fiery forces. He pleaded on behalf of the guilty and requested the king to withdraw his order, which the latter did." As the story came to its end, Monk Munipati said

"Oh merchant ! There's a clear demand in your words that I too mobilise my fiery forces, as Katha did, to establish my innocence. Although such a thing is not desirable for a monk, maybe once in his life-time he has to do it when the situation so demands. May I still expect that good sense will dawn on you and I am spared from taking an extreme step !"

At this moment, the merchant's son joined with them, and he got alarmed for the sake of his own safety. So he said to his father, 'Sire ! You have wrongly charged a monk who is free from all bonds. This monk, you should know, is no ordinary person and he did not give up his whole kingdom to steal your little treasure. He must be in possession of great powers, and if perchance he unleashes them we may stand nowhere as it happened to poor Namuchi.'

Kunchika said,

'Who was this Namuchi and what happened to him ?'

The son started,

"During the age of Muni Subrata, there reigned in Ujjain a king named Dharmasena who was modest, unassuming and pious. Namuchi was his minister. He was a man of great intellect, but at the same time, he was crafty, unscrupulous and averse to the Jaina path. Once Muni Subrata came to the city with his monks, and the king came to pay his homage and obeisance. Namuchi was also present in the assembly. Namuchi aired his atheistic views in the assembly and drew a monk, Khullaka by name, into a bitter controversy. The minister was soon cornered by the monk and ridiculed by the people

"Namuchi took this insult to heart, and set out one night with a sword in his hand to kill the monk who had defeated him. As he reached the gate of the monk's shelter, he was challenged by Sasana Devi who fixed him on the spot. Even when it was morning, everybody saw Namuchi fixed at the gate, with a sword in his hand. People had now no doubt as to why he had come there and they censured him openly. But Namuchi himself had no escape till he tendered a public apology to Sasana Devi and the monks. This he did and obtained his release. After this humiliation however, he could no longer remain there and reached Hastinapur.

"Padmottara was the king of Hastinapur at this time. He had two queens, Jwala and Lakshmi, and Jwala was a good *srawika* too. She had two sons, Vishnukumar and Mahapadma, both of whom were fine and accomplished young men. The king was now thinking of abdicating in favour of the elder son, but as Vishnukumar felt no attraction for the kingdom and had himself decided to renounce the world, Mahapadma was named crown-prince to succeed the king. Just at this time, Namuchi reached this kingdom and managed to get the minister's post.

"Now, in the neighbourhood of Hastinapur, there lived a band of robbers headed by one Samanta Singha who was a notorious character. He had made himself a source of terror to the people of that kingdom, and the crown-prince Mahapadma gave orders for his immediate arrest. But all efforts to take him into custody failed. In the meantime, reports came that the robbers had looted a very well-to-do village and molested the merchants. He had even beaten up the guards which was a naked challenge to law and order. In the wake of this tragedy, the crown-prince announced a suitable reward to anyone who would help in the arrest of the robber chief, alive or dead.

"Namuchi accepted the challenge and responded to the announcement. The prince was happy. He gave him 100 selected men to help him. The whole group secretly moved out one day and reached the neighbourhood of the robber's den at about sun-set. The chief had no prior information and lay alone, and was killed in his sleep. The head was at once taken out and placed before the prince. The prince received the minister in deep embrace and was going to give him a reward, but the minister declined, saying he would take it later.

"Once Queen Jwala organised a car festival and a Jina image was carried in procession. At this, Queen Lakshmi organised a rival procession in which a Hindu deity was placed on the chariot. The processions were organised outside the city. As they reached the city gate, there cropped up a controversy as to which procession would precede in entering into the city. As none was ready to yield, the king ordered that none of the processions should move inside the city, but must terminate at the park outside.

"This the crown-prince took as an affront to his own mother, and he fled his kingdom. The minister Namuchi joined with him in his excursions. Mahapadma conquered many kingdoms with the help of the minister and became

an emperor. Now his father sent an invitation for his early return. When he came back to his city, he was placed on the throne. Emperor Mahapadma fulfilled the wishes of his mother by organising a grand Jina procession on a magnificent scale.

"It was about this time that Muni Subrata and his monks reached Hastinapur where Namuchi was the most powerful man, next only to the monarch himself. Namuchi thought of taking revenge for the past insult, whose memory still haunted him. So he came to the king and sought his permission to perform a sacrifice. The king agreed. The minister also desired that his reward might be given which the king had once promised, and, for this, he requested the king to retire for a month (for a week according to some texts) and leave the administration in his exclusive charge, without bothering during this period as to how he ran it. To this request too the king agreed.

"The sacrifice started with great pomp and show. Hundreds of holy men came to take part in it and thousands came as spectators. Everybody praised highly Namuchi's spiritual zeal. The only exception was Muni Subrata and his group, who did not come and the minister took it as an insult. At once he came to the Acharya and said, 'I order you and your monks to quit at once. If, by to-morrow morning, anyone of your party be found within the limits of this realm, at my command, he will be put to the sword. I entertain no request or protest from your side.'

"The Acharya said that he and his monks could not, according to the sanctions of his order, move out during the rainy season. 'Minister!' said he, 'In giving your order, you should not disrespect the sanctions of my own order. "I know this not," shouted Namuchi. 'My order will be followed to the very letter, and there will be no deviation from it.' So saying, he departed,

"It was now a great problem for the Acharya in which the safety of the monks, both individually and collectively, was involved. He called all his monks and said, 'Look, we are in the midst of a crisis. Namuchi seems to have some evil design on us. He is bent on wiping out our influence from this realm, What should be our duty in this situation?' After a moment's gap, the Acharya said again, 'This is really a challenge and affront to the entire order. Is there no one in the order who may teach Namuchi a good lesson? The very existence of the order is at stake at this moment.'

"Discussion started at once within the order as to what should be done in the situation. By unanimous opinion, Muni Vishnukumar, who happened to be the elder brother of the ruling monarch, and who was accomplished in great powers, was considered to be the fittest person for this purpose. But, at this moment, he was on Mount Meru immersed in the *kayotsarga* meditation, and the problem was how to reach him there and bring him at once, since time was the most important factor. A monk stood up and said, 'I can fly thither and communicate the urgent message to the monk, but I know not how to fly back. In view of the urgency, the Acharya gave him leave to go at once, saying that the monk might himself arrange for his return at his convenience.'

"The whole thing happened as expected. Vishnukumar came with the monk and stood before Muni Subrata. The whole order was enlivened to see him. The Acharya narrated the present difficulty of the order, for which he had been urgently summoned. Vishnukumar at once came to the court. Everyone at the court stood up at the appearance of the monk, who was himself a prince from this kingdom but the haughty minister did not move. Addressing the minister, the monk said, 'Namuchi! You should know that these are the rainfall months when, according to our sanctions, the monks cannot move out. As the chief minister,

It's your duty to see that the monks are not inconvenienced in any way and arrange for their sojourn in this city. You have not only not done that, instead, you have ordered the monks to leave. This is not becoming of a man of your position.'

"The haughty minister did not relent, he said instead, 'I cannot withdraw my order, but since you have come, I make this concession that I give them space for their stay as big as three steps, if they can manage with it, but you should not make request for more and you should at once move out of my sight.'

"It was by now clear to Vishnukumar that the minister would see no reason and it was useless to argue with him. So he decided to meet him on a different plane. He mobilised his power and expanded his body to a tremendous size and shape. Then he covered the ground upto the eastern ocean by one step and that upto the western ocean by the other, and had yet to place his third step, for which there was no more space. The universe started to quake at this unusual event. So he placed his third step on the minister's head and pushed him down to the underworld, removing for good the menace from the surface of the earth.

"Having fulfilled his assignment, the monk stood before his Acharya. When the whole episode reached the ears of the king, he came to the Acharya and begged to be forgiven. So, my dear father, you should know that even Monk Munipati is in possession of great powers and he can do anything to protect his own honour. We should be very careful and not load a false blame on him. Perhaps you know the story of Ghritapusyamitra and Bastrapusyamitra, the two disciples of Acharya Aryaraksita, who were in possession of great spiritual powers.' The merchant confessed his ignorance about them and desired to be enlightened. The son started

"The speciality of Ghritapusyamitra was that wherever he went to beg food, there was a plentiful supply of clarified

butter (ghee) even in such arid regions as Avantidesa where the bovine population was scanty Likewise, the presence of Bastrapusyamitra was capable of creating a plentiful supply of cloth in cities and countries like Mathura and Videha, where there was no much production of cloth These two monks not only kept the order well supplied with these things, but the plenty created by their presence benefitted the common folks as well You should know, father, that Monk Munipati is in no way inferior to either of these, and you should stop troubling him any further ”

“The merchant—“But what can I do when I am pretty certain that he has stolen my treasure. All I want is that he gives it back I shall have no more reason to cause him trouble ”

The son—“Father ! You need change your suspicion. Your treasure has been removed by me and not by the celebrated monk It is in this house Come with me and I shall show it to you ”

At these words, the merchant fell at the monk's feet, and the monk, who is usually an embodiment of forgiveness, responded favourably to the merchant's humble prayer and repentance The merchant was even inspired by his holy words so that he renounced the world and courted monkhood, wherein the soul is the only treasure to be taken care of

ANTUKARI BHATTA

In the city of Avanti, there lived a merchant named Dhana, whose wife's name was Kamalashri. He had a daughter born to him after eight sons. She was named Bhatta. She was loved by everybody in the household and none ever addressed her by the derogatory '*tu*' (you). From this, she took the prefix *an-tu-kari* (one not addressed as '*tu*') before her name. Her education started at eight under diverse teachers, some experts in arts, and others in spiritual matters. When she stepped into her youth, the merchant was on the look-out for a suitable groom for her. When Bhatta came to know of this, she announced that she would marry only one who would never disobey her. Otherwise, she preferred to remain a spinster. Now, this was a difficult condition and it was by no means easy to find a man who would be so very submissive to his wife.

Bhatta was a real beauty, and reports about her spread far and wide. Many young men wanted to marry her, but were discouraged by her severe condition. Years passed and Bhatta's youth was now fading out. One day, Minister Subuddhi's eyes fell on her and he decided to accept her hand, despite the condition, and made the proposal to her father. The merchant was happy and Bhatta was at last settled in domestic life.

At her new home, Bhatta started as a severe task-mistress. None dared to disobey her, not even the minister. Bhatta ordered her husband to return from his office before sun-down without fail, and the minister agreed. The king noticed this change in the minister's routine and asked him one day about it. The minister was hesitant either to come out with the truth or to make a false statement before

the king, when other courtiers said in joke, "Sire ! It's the order of his newly-acquired lady which the minister fulfils.. He dares not to disobey," At this the king turned to the minister and said, "Is that right ?"

The minister did not hide anything, and this added to the fun. As the minister stood up to go before it was evening, the king detained him. The minister was restless and trembling, but he could say nothing. The king allowed him to go at late hours of the night.

Anger blinds and deprives one of sense. Bhatta was all fire and latched the entrance. The minister knocked and knocked but there was no response for a long time. Then the door opened, but Bhatta departed at a hurried pace without speaking a single word.

This was a sheer folly. To start alone at mid-night could not be a venture free from danger, particularly for a young lady. She fell in the hands of thieves, who were happy to get a nymph-like woman in costly robes and ornaments. They took her to their den and stripped her of all her valuables. Then, clad in ordinary dress, she was passed on as a gift for the chief's use. As the chief approached her, Bhatta thundered, and the thief had no more courage to touch her. But she was not allowed to leave the den either, and she was severely tortured everyday. What an irony of fate for a woman who had spent her life in great care and comfort ! Bhatta silently bore physical torture, but did not deviate from the path of purity. It virtually turned out to be a trial of strength between purity and villainy.

The thief's mother saw the ordeal of the captive lady day after day. At last, she said to her son, "My son ! This does not seem to be an ordinary woman. In torturing her, you are committing great sins. If she curses you, I am sure, you will be nowhere. So I suggest that in your own interest, you should desist from torturing her, and invite not unnecessary danger."

From that day, the thief stopped his tortures; and after some time, he sold her out to a trader in exchange for a handsome amount. Now, it was the trader's turn to feel attracted towards her and he started seeking her company. But Bhatta was firm like a rock. The trader then started torturing her. Everyday, he contrived to take blood from her body so that the lady soon became pale and weak. Bhatta had a most miserable time.

One day, Bhatta's brother came to the same city. He saw her from a distance and recognised her. He came to the trader to make enquiries about how he came to have her in his house, but the trader did not give him true facts. But the little that he came to know about her from the man was enough for him to understand his sister's misery. He at once paid the price to the trader and recovered his sister. He bought good clothes and ornaments for her and took her to his home. When the minister came to know of this, he took the lady back with all honour and dignity due to her.

This brought a major change in Bhatta's life. She was no longer dominant, but became the very embodiment of humility and docility. This earned her great esteem at home and even outside,

Once there was a discussion on this point in heaven, and the king of the gods spoke in very eloquent terms of Bhatta's patience and forgiveness. "None can knock her out from these," said he. One god thought of taking a test and came down to the earth and hid in a corner of Bhatta's house, wholly invisible. It was at this time that two monks came to beg oil for Monk Munipati who had been severely burnt (Vide P 54). Bhatta asked her maid to bring the container, but the invisible god pushed it down from her hand. Bhatta remained calm and asked the maid to bring the second container, which was also pushed down in the same manner.

And this happened for the third time. Now, the monks were about to go, telling the lady not to disturb her mind because of the loss, nor to be angry with the maid after they were gone. Bhatta said,

“Oh monks ! I bear anger towards none. I have myself drunk the bitterest cup of life on account of this passion, and I know perhaps more than anyone else where it leads to and how much it costs. But I am sorry I couldn't make the offer. If you kindly give me a chance, I shall go myself and bring it for you.”

The monks stood as Bhatta went in. The god tried his prank with her too, but was no match to her purity and courted defeat. After the monks were gone, the god made his appearance and begged to be forgiven. He restored the oil in the three containers, so that nothing was really wasted. While departing, he said,

“Great lady ! I am overwhelmed at thy purity and equanimity. Ask for a boon.”

To this Bhatta said, “Oh *deva* ! Thank you so much for your kind and appreciatory words. But I feel no want and I am contented with all that I have. I need no more.”

The god expressed his admiration for her and departed for his celestial abode.

KAMAGHATA

There was a city named Sripur of which King Jitari was the ruling monarch. His minister Matisagar was really an ocean of intellect, wisdom and statesmanship and was held by all in the highest esteem. The king was very fond of his minister and he took him into confidence even in personal matters. Often they discussed religion. The king was an atheist and to him virtue was a myth and penance was a perpetual condemnation into self-created misery. He was a 'success man' in modern sense to whom success meant affluence, amassing a large fortune by any means whatsoever. To court misery in the name of religion was, to him, the height of idiocy.

According to the minister, religion was not a thing that could be imposed, but was something inherent. When one practised forgiveness, fellow-feeling, etc., he did so not so much to help others as to help himself. And so with penance. It was no invitation to misery, but a supreme means for the purification of the soul, a companion of virtue.

As discussions like this were frequent, the king acquired the nick name of Papa-buddhi (one whose intellect is vice) and the minister acquired the nickname of Dharma-buddhi (one whose intellect is virtue). The king said one day,

"Look here. I fight with other kings and defeat them. I subdue their men and usurp their treasure and territory. I go often for hunting. According to your view, these are evil deeds. But what do I get? Fame, fortune, influence, men and money. You are a pious man, but you haven't got as much wealth and influence as I have. Even what you call

your own has been bestowed by me. So, you see, good man, where you and your religion stand. In such a situation, how do I accept your contention that religion is the giver of the greatest prosperity ?”

The king added in the end -

“If religion really leads to happiness, I want a proof of it. You go from here to some unknown land empty-handed. There you will realise how much religion helps you. If you come back with affluence and influence, then I shall accept your stand as correct.”

The minister at once accepted the challenge and prepared to depart. He moved out without taking anything with him. He was on a long and uncertain trek using his legs alike during the day as well as the night. He would not rest even in the stillness of the night. He came across a demon in a forest who was hungry for seven days. The demon jumped on him, but the minister did not lose his nerves. Rather, in a tone full of affection, he said, “Oh beloved of the gods ! I am at thy service. If my body satisfies thy hunger, I shall deem it to be a great good fortune on my part. But I have one submission to make to thee. I am out on an urgent mission. If thou helpeth me in its fulfilment, I shall return to thee at once and await thy pleasure.”

The demon was hungry but the minister's words cast a spell on him. So he released him and the minister resumed his journey. It was the very early hour of the dawn when the minister reached a park outside a city. There he saw a temple dedicated to Lord Risabha, and so he stopped there and worshipped the Lord. The guard of the temple was a *yaksa* named Kapardi. He was greatly impressed by the minister's devotion. When the minister had completed his worship and prayer, the *yaksa* offered him a wish-fulfilling pitcher named Kamaghata and explained to him its speciality.



He came across a demon in a forest

The minister was happy to receive the pitcher but he knew not how to carry it. The *yaksa* realised his difficulty and said, "Don't you worry about it. It will follow you without being visible to others. But you will see it quite all right."

With such an important acquisition, the minister now turned his steps homeward. The demon was waiting for him at the same spot. He recognised the minister at once and said,

"Good fellow! You remember your promise. I am waiting here for you"

Minister—"Sir, I am at thy service. Accept my body as thy food. But I have one misgiving. You know, this body is a warehouse of impurities, and I feel hesitant to dedicate it for thy use. If, however, you kindly agree, I can procure plenty of dainties and delicacies for your consumption, and you can have as much of them as you please till your hunger is fully satisfied."

Demon—"I don't mind that. But the supply must be really plentiful. If by any chance my hunger is not satisfied, then I shall not spare you."

Within a short while, there were hundreds of dished full of dainties and delicacies served before the demon. He ate to his heart's content, and still the supply was intact. It had virtually become non-ending. The demon now enquired about the magical powers of the man. The minister who never spoke a lie in his life gave out the full account about Kamaghata, his magic pitcher.

The demon now wanted to have it, but he knew, unless he gave something in return, the fellow would not be prepared to part with it. So he said,

"Hellow! If you give me that pitcher, I shall give you a more powerful thing."

"What's that?"

"That is a magic wand before which no weapon is effective. It is capable to carry out your order and return. It is a divine thing. You accept this divine wand and give me the pitcher."

The demon further added,

"You see, with this pitcher supplying me with food and drink, it will no longer be necessary for me to kill living beings. So I shall give up animal slaughter for good and be a good fellow."

"Well, sir, everything is at thy service, though I need caution thee that because of thy impious habits, this may not remain with thee for long."

"Don't you worry about that. You see, from to-day on, I shall be a pious good fellow. So it must stay with me. You give it to me,"

So the minister exchanged his pitcher for the wand and resumed his homeward journey.

Next day, when it was time for lunch, the minister asked the wand to procure food for him. Expressing its inability, the wand said

"Sir, this is beyond my capacity. Please commission me for something else."

The minister said at once,

"Then you go and get me my pitcher back."

The wand rose up in the sky and started at once.

The demon had kept the pitcher in a cave and shut its door and himself kept the vigil from outside. All on a sudden, he saw the wand return and start beating him fiercely. This made the demon stand aside to save his skin. The wand then picked up the pitcher and returned to the minister who was happy to see his things back. The minister welcomed the pitcher and asked how it was in the custody of the demon during the last night. The pitcher said,

"Sir, he is an impious fellow, and I had no rest with him. In future, please do not leave me with an impious person."

The minister had then a very sumptuous meal after which he picked up the wand and the pitcher and started again.

Success follows success for a pious man. The minister met a party of pilgrims who were on their way back from Mt. Rebata and Mt. Satrunjaya. He thought of entertaining the party with a grand feast. So he made an invitation to the leader of the group, but the leader declined the invitation. For, he could not be sure how this man without anyone and anything worthwhile with him could entertain such a big group. The party now lit the oven to cook food. But, as desired by the minister, there was a heavy shower and the oven went out and could not be lit again. The minister repeated his invitation. The pilgrims stared at each other. They knew not if the fellow was mad or jesting at their cost. But, since, in any case, there would be no food, they agreed to accept the invitation in order to see the outcome of it. The minister then directed them to another place where, he said, all arrangements were complete. The pilgrims were surprised at the grand reception and sumptuous food that were awaiting for them there. In fact, they had never seen so many dainties and delicacies in their life. Food was served to them in golden dishes and everybody ate to his heart's content.

When the feast was over and the pilgrims sat down to rest, discussion started on the grand arrangement which had been made on such a superhuman scale in such a forlorn place. When they asked the minister about it, he told them all about his magic pitcher. At this, the leader of the group said,

"Sir, I have in my possession a couple of wonderful things, a *chāmara* and a royal umbrella. They help one

to recover at once from disease, poison and wound caused by some weapon. You take these two from me and give me the magic pitcher. That will help me to feed these people. And besides, you strike a good bargain, since you get two magic things in exchange for one."

Minister—"Sir, divine things stay with one to whom they have been given. They do not stay with others."

The leader—"Don't you worry, sir. I have so much virtue to my credit that the pitcher cannot get away from me."

So the exchange was done and the two departed in their respective directions.

It was noon next day when the minister was hungry and the wand was commissioned again to recover the pitcher. The wand recovered the pitcher from the pilgrims and returned with it.

With all his priceless acquisitions, the minister was now back home. He had a very effective trip and he had wonderful things in his possession with which he could achieve anything. All this was the outcome of virtue.

The king heard all this and now he started thinking about some other plan to test the minister's luck. He got two shaddocks and inside one of them he placed valuable gems worth about 1,25,000 gold coins. Then he gave them to one of his trusted valets instructing him to keep them for sale in some fruit stall, and then to keep his eye on the buyer.

This was done. It was an accident that the minister's wife had just come to the market. She liked the shaddock containing gems very much and took it home. She placed it before the minister. As the minister peeled out the skin, the glittering gems came out to his great surprise. He deemed it to be a matter of fresh good luck.

The matter was reported to the king and he was very much surprised at the coincidence.

One night, when everybody was in his bed, there came up a large seven-storeyed mansion in the city. Even the king's mansion bore no comparison with this. Sweet music was being emitted from the mansion and this filled up the whole city. The king saw it from his palace window, but he knew not how so suddenly the mansion had come up in the city and to whom did it belong.

In the morning, the minister came to the palace, and presented the king with a dish full of very costly gems. The king's surprise knew no limit. Said he,

"Minister ! Where did you get all these ?"

"From virtue, sir "

"Last night, I saw a wonderful mansion in the city. It was emitting fine music, and, I guess, some theatrical performances were going on inside. Was it one of your own doings ?"

"You are very correct, sir, in your guess "

The king had a curiosity to see the mansion from inside. So he said,

"I would like very much to have my lunch in that mansion some day. When it may be convenient to you, please let me know of it."

"Sir ! It is my good fortune that you intend to pay a visit there. But why should you intend to go there alone or with a few attendants only. I invite the entire royal household to do me the honour to accept my invitation for a lunch. And if it so suits your convenience, I invite you all this very day. I am sure, there will be no difficulty."

This touched the king's pride. A small man bragging so much. He accepted the invitation for the same day.

Meanwhile the king sent his men to see what preparations were going on. They came back and reported that there was virtually nothing.

The king had now no doubt that the minister must have gone mad. He thought that he had done a foolish thing by accepting invitation for so many. Just then the minister turned up and said,

"Sir ! Food is ready. I invite you all to come at once."

"Minister ! Are you joking with me ? I have information that there is absolutely no arrangement there and you invite such a large crowd for lunch."

"Your Majesty ! If you will do me the honour to come with me but once, you will see everything with your own eyes. There will be nothing wanting to entertain the royal household. I assure you, sir."

The king started, with one thousand men following him. He was giving final touches to a plan to chastise the minister very severely in case he failed. Now they arrived at the main entrance to the mansion and the whole party was surprised to see its beautiful decoration. There were hundreds of receptionists who received the royal guests. As the king proceeded in, he had surprise mounted upon surprise. Such a grandeur would put to shame any king on earth. And now at last they were in the dining hall. And what a supply of dainties and delicacies, their quantity and variety ! It was a real wonder. When the lunch was over, the minister presented everybody with a divine robe. All had the same query in mind, how did it all happen ? It took expression in the words of the king.

"Minister ! What divine power you have in your possession ? What has made possible all this ?"

"Your Majesty ! It's all the doing of virtue. You sent me abroad penniless and I have acquired a magic pitcher. It has great powers. All that you see are due to it, and no credit is due to me."

"But such a precious thing must remain in the king's palace."

"But sir, this does not stay with impious people

"Don't you worry It will stay with me If you do not wilfully surrender it to me, I shall use force to acquire it and put you to severe torture "

The minister handed over the pitcher to the king The king placed it in a guarded vault The guards were ordered to keep an all-time vigil

Next day, the minister commanded the wand to get back the pitcher and the wand proceeded at once The guards were no match for the wand So the pitcher was again restored to the minister The king now saw that the pitcher would not remain with him He was sorry at the plight of his men of the guard who had been severely beaten by the wand

The minister now applied the *chamara* and cured the men of their wounds Then he said to the king,

"So, now, sir, you recognise the merit and power of virtue "

But the effect on the king was short-lived One day he said to the minister,

'Minister ' What you have demonstrated was a sort of magic power, and I do not think it has anything to do with religion, Even sinful men can practise magic However, I shall be convinced of your power if you surrender the pitcher, the wand, the *chamaro* and the umbrella, go out to some unknown land in the company of your wife and come back affluent."

The minister was a simple-hearted fellow. He did not see through the king's motives and agreed to abide by the king's wishes He surrendered all his things to the king and set out in the company of his wife Walking non-stop they arrived at a city named Nagpur which was near the sea coast They halted at the park There they came to know that a merchant from that city, Sagardatta by name, was soon going out on a voyage to distant islands and

before he set sail, he was offering cash to all seekers. As the minister was penniless, he left his wife in the park and came to the ship. There was already a long queue of seekers, and before the minister's turn came, the ship set sail. The minister took a chance and jumped into the ship. The merchant was surprised to see how daring the man was and gave him a few coins. Now as the minister turned to jump back, the ship was already in deep water. So he had no other alternative but to remain in the ship. Very soon a deep intimacy grew between the merchant and the minister, and the merchant was impressed by the man's wit. The merchant gave him the job of keeping the account books in his establishment.

Elsewhere, the minister's wife, Vinayasundari, was waiting in the park for her husband's return, but he did not come back. After waiting for a very long time, she moved out in search of him. But all her searches were in vain. At last, she took shelter in the house of a potter in that city. Till the return of her husband, however, she undertook a few vows which were as follows:

She would lie on the ground. She would take no bath. She would not put on coloured garments. She would not decorate herself with flowers. She would not use cosmetics. She would not chew betel leaves. She would not take dainties, delicacies, milk and milk products, spices, etc. She would use no cushion. She would never move out of the house except under emergency. She would not sit in a balcony. She would not participate in social ceremonies. She would be restrained in her talks with others.

Thus she spent her days.

The merchant and the minister arrived at Ratnadvipa. In that island, there was a city named Surpur where reigned King Sakrapurandara. The merchant unloaded his wares and stored them in the warehouses. In business

matters, the merchant was now wholly dependent on the minister. In fact, the minister was now looking after the whole business, and the merchant was having a nice time in this new city.

Soon the merchant developed a great intimacy with a fallen woman in that city and started living with her. Whatever money he needed was sent to him by the minister. This the woman noticed and she thought that the man who was actually running the merchant's business must be very wealthy. She now made plans to develop intimacy with the minister so that she would have no limit to her wealth. But in this she failed. The minister did not respond to her overtures.

Soon the minister became well-known in the city for his honesty and uprightness and skill in business.

A tank was being dug in the city at the command of the king. A few inscriptions came to hand but none could read their content. This increased the curiosity of the king. He announced a reward of half the kingdom and the princess herself to anyone who would decipher the inscriptions. When the minister came to know of it, he came to the court and read out the inscriptions which contained the following message.

From where these copper inscriptions are found, as one moves seven cubits towards the east and digs the ground waist-deep, he comes across a slab of stone beneath which is hidden a treasure of 19,99 999 gold coins

The king at once came to the spot and acted as per the instruction, and to his great joy, he was in possession of the great treasure. The king now gave half the kingdom and the princess, Saibhagyasundari, to the minister and also bestowed on the couple a vast dowry.

Rarest are those who are happy at their friends' good fortune, even those who would be indifferent are not many;

but largest in number are those who are jealous of their friends' good fortune Merchant Sagardatta was in the last group. When he saw the esteem in which his own assistant, the minister, was being held at the court and in the whole city, and the vast amount of wealth he had amassed within such a short time, he felt jealous of him One day, he sold out the remainder of his wares and announced his decision to leave the city The minister also welcomed the idea, since he was now keen to return home So the ship was filled up with local specialities The king bestowed on his son-in-law the money-value of half kingdom, which was as large as eight ship-loads, These, added to the minister's own, made a total of 40 ships As against these, the merchant had only one vessel Then on one fine day the ships set sail,

One day the merchant called his friend from his own ship and said,

"My friend ! Our intimacy does not grow when we are moving in two separate ships Let us be on board the same ship, dine together, live together and play together In this manner alone we can have a good time "

The minister was a simpleton and he apprehended no danger from the merchant So he accepted the invitation and came to Sagardatta's ship Throughout the day, they talked of various things In the evening, they sat on the roof to enjoy the sun-set The night was now advanced and the entire sea-scape was covered with a pitchy darkness Only the stars were twinkling in the far-off sky. The two friends were still absorbed in deep conversation Sagardatta took advantage of the situation and pushed the minister down into the sea But even in the midst of this great calamity, the minister did not forget to utter the holy *namokar* and soon he felt something floating near at hand. It was a big log of wood The minister held it fast and kept afloat.

Meanwhile, the ships moved on without knowing what had happened to their unfortunate master.

After the ships had gone to a safe distance, the merchant raised an alarm about his friend. He was searched in all the ships but was nowhere to be found. As it was the dead of night, nothing was visible on the sea. So the minister was declared to have been lost.

With his plot turned into a success, the merchant was hilarious. At one stroke, he was now the master of all, including the beautiful princess. But he must first win the princess' confidence. He came to her and spoke a few words by way of consoling her. Saubhagyasundari was an intelligent lady and she took no time to read into the whole situation. Sagardatta now started sending various proposals to the lady, but she turned them down. At last, the ships entered into the harbour of Gambhirpur. The princess at once alighted from her ship, went straight to the temple of Arhat Risabha, took shelter into it and bolted it from inside.

Elsewhere, the minister supported by the log of wood safely reached the shore. There was a city nearby, but it appeared to be a deserted one. It was a vast city with many mansions and shops but there was no human being. He walked through the streets, till at last he came to a big palace which apparently belonged to the king. But it was empty too. At the sixth floor was spread a cot on which sat a she-camel. Not far from her there lay two types of collyrium and two sticks. He picked up a stick and applied the white collyrium to the camel's eyes, and lo, soon the 'animal' changed into a fine damsel. She asked him to take a seat.

The minister was greatly surprised. In one breath, he asked her many questions as to who she was, who were her parents, what situation she was in, what city was that and why the city was without a population.

The damsel shed tears of sorrow and said,

"Noble sir! That would be a pretty long story. But

here your life will be in great danger So you flee at once
I do not desire you to plant yourself into difficulty,"

But the minister was unperturbed In an undaunted voice
he said,

"Fear ? What fear ? For one who is undaunted, no fear
is big enough "

"Sir ! Here lives a monstress She is very hard and
cruel It is about time for her coming here. So it is better
that you go away at once "

"But I want to meet her If you know her full story,
please tell me about it,"

The damsel gave the account as follows

"King Bhim of this city was my father, He belonged to
the *tapasa* order, One day a *tapasa* monk came to the
city He had fasted for a month My father invited him to
the palace I was entrusted with the duty to help the monk
But the monk was not a clean man He was charmed at my
beauty, At night, as he was approaching my apartment,
the guards on duty put him under arrest and produced him
before the king The king found him guilty and ordered
him to be put to death Dying in distress and agony, he
has been born as a monstress She killed my father,
the king The residents of this city fled for their life As
the monk had attachment for me, the monstress did not kill
me But you see, I am her captive When she goes out,
she turns me into a camel But she comes everyday and
makes enquiries about me Now, sir, she may come at any
moment I would like you to hide yourself somewhere "

The princess stopped for a moment and then added,

"One day, I told the monstress that she had spoiled my
life and made me lonely and miserable I asked her to kill
me too But she told me that she was looking for a suitable

groom for me, and as soon as she would find one, she would settle me with him. It is quite possible, sir, that she may like you. And if that happens, then you ask her to bestow on you some superhuman powers like moving through the sky, and some magic objects, viz., an enchanted cot, a pair of garlands made of divine gems, a stick of white *karer* and the priceless *ratna-manjusa*.

Just then the monstress rushed in. The minister silently slipped aside without being seen by her. The monstress held a friendly chat with the princess. When she found that the monstress was in a good mood, she reminded her about her potential husband. Said the monstress

"Ah! I am still looking for one. But I have not yet found any worthy of thee."

"But I have one in view if you accept him.

"Why should I not if he is really worthy? Where's he?"

At this moment, the minister made his appearance. The monstress liked him at once and married the princess with him. The minister took opportunity to ask for the special powers and gifts which the monstress bestowed on him gladly. Then she went away.

The princess now suggested that they must leave the place at once. She had no desire to live in that deserted city.

"But I have no idea of the route. How do we go from here to my own city?"

"Don't you worry about that, I have an idea. We sit together on the magic cot with the two garlands round our neck, and you strike the cot with the *karer* stick. It will at once go up in the sky and land us wherever we desire to get down. But there is one obstacle.

If the monstress comes to know that we have escaped, she will at once pursue us and stop us. But this has to be prevented. As the monstress comes near us, you brandish the *kaner* stick so that she would not hold on for long but take to her heels. But display no sympathy towards her, or, we shall be undone."

Thus the whole plan was ready and the two started. When at the appropriate hour the monstress came to the palace, neither the princess was there nor her man. She realised at once that she had been befooled. So she pursued them and soon overtook them. But the minister brandished the red stick and the monstress disappeared.

The cot descended at the park in the city of Gambhirpur. The minister left the princess in the park and himself went to the town to fix up an apartment. Just then a prostitute came to the park.

As her eyes fell on the princess, she came to her and said, "My daughter! Who are you? Wherefrom have you come? Who is your husband? Why are you alone?"

When the princess acquainted the woman with all about herself, the woman said at once,

"What a piece of goodluck! You are my own sister-in-law and the minister is my own brother. I have sent him home and have come to receive you. So you come with me at once."

So the princess went with the woman to her home. But her first impression about the place was not good. She said, "Where is my husband?"

"Don't you worry about a single husband. Many husbands will visit you here everyday. Live a happy life and enjoy with them."

These words the harlot said jokingly, and the princess now realised the real position she was in.

She shut herself in a room. The harlot offered her all inducements to open the door but she would listen to nothing.

Soon the news spread all over the town that a woman had confined herself in a room in the house of the harlot. The king issued forth an announcement to the effect that anyone who would be able to induce the lady to open the door would be duly rewarded. The minister heard the announcement and felt at once that this might be his own wife. So he responded and came to the harlot's home. There he gave a full account of the lady's past. Now the princess had no doubt that the narrator was none other than her own husband. She opened the door and came out to meet him. In recognition of the minister's power, the king now gave him half of his kingdom and the hand of his own daughter. With such an important position, it was now not difficult for the minister to institute a search for his other two wives. Soon he came to know that two more ladies were confined in their own rooms and he felt that these might be his other two wives, Vinaya-sundari and Saubhagyasundari. When the minister gave them a complete account of each, both the ladies opened their doors to meet their dear husband. In this manner, the minister recovered all his three wives.

When the king came to know of Sagardatta's treacherous behaviour, he compelled him to return the minister's portion of the treasure. The harlot that had stolen the princess was exiled from the town. The minister was thus happy once again.

One night, he thought of going back to his former king Papabuddhi and teach him a lesson. He took out a vast army and besieged his kingdom. The king was taken a prisoner and was brought before the minister. The minister said,

"Sir, do you recognise me ? Are you still in need of a demonstration of the power of virtue ?"

The king was very much ashamed to see his minister. Henceforth he gave up his atheistic ideas and became converted to the religious path. Thus the minister's own life served as the most visible proof of the power of religion in a man's life and created an inducement in others to lead a pious life

PUNYASAR

In the land of Bharata there was a city named Gopalaka Sresthi Purandar lived in that city The name of his wife was Punyasri He was a pious man and was held in great esteem at the court But Purandar had no child and so he had no joy in his mind He was advised by his relatives and friends to take another wife but he never welcomed the proposal One day, he propitiated the family goddess and said unto her,

"Oh goddess ! My forefathers and myself have always worshipped thee with devotion and offerings But if my family line ends with me, then there will be none to worship thee So, oh goddess, be kind to tell me with the help of thy *avadhi* knowledge whether or not I shall have a son "

The goddess said,

"You will have a son, but it is no time yet for that. But deviate not from the path of religion."

This assertion of the goddess refixed Purandar on the spiritual path with great steadfastness A few years passed like this At last, one night, Punyasri saw the moon in a dream She was happy and shared the content of her dream with her husband The *sresthi* was happy too "It portends to the arrival of a son in the family," said he

The dream came true, and Punyasri gave birth to a male child Grand feasts were organised in his honour. Offers were freely made to all seekers As the boy was born after so much propitiation, he was named Punyasar

At five, he was sent to school. The same school was attended by a girl named Ratnasundari who was the daughter of Sresthi Ratnasar. The girl was somewhat naughty and was fond of playing pranks on others. She often quarrelled with Punyasar, but Punyasar did not like it. One day, the matter reached an extreme on a remark by Punyasar which was,

"After all you are a woman, and you shall be a slave unto some man "

This evoked a sharp and prompt rebuff from the girl

"But that man will be worthy of my hand, and not a worthless person like you "

"Then these are my last words. I MUST MARRY YOU AND TEACH YOU A GOOD LESSON. Take it for certain that this is my firm resolve "

Ratnasundari protested .

"No one can win another's heart through compulsion. Marriage is a union of hearts. The sort of resolve you have made only ends in disaster "

Punyasar came back home. He made it clear to his parents that unless he was married with Ratnasundari, the daughter of Sresthi Ratnasar, he would not touch food

Said his parents,

"You are yet too young for marriage. It is time for you to study. To talk of marriage at this age does not sound decent "

"I am not in a hurry to marry, but the betrothal must be completed right now

Now Purandar came to Ratnasar's house and revealed the purpose of his coming. As Purandar was a respected person of his community, Ratnasar could not reject his proposal. But Ratnasundari who heard the conversation rejected the proposal at once

Ratnasar understood that there must be something behind this refusal by his daughter. So he said to Purandar,

"Sir ! Take no offence at the girl's words. She is yet too young. When she is in proper mood, I shall obtain her consent. So far as I am concerned, I heartily welcome your proposal."

Purandar came back and said to his son,

"I wonder why you are so much after this girl. She is not fit for our family. She is extremely out-spoken and sharp-tongued. She will never be a right acquisition to the family, nor will you ever be happy with her. So I suggest, you give up the idea."

"I am determined, sir, to marry her."

Meanwhile, Punyasar propitiated the family goddess, promising her a grand offering on the fulfilment of his wishes. The goddess appeared before him and said,

"Young man ! Don't be in a hurry. Do your duties now. In due course, you will have your wishes fulfilled."

Now, Punyasar devoted himself to his studies and grew into a fine and accomplished young man. But despite his many fine qualities, he became an addict to gambling. His father gave repeated warnings but these had absolutely no effect on the young man. He always staked heavy amounts and played regularly. One day he lost a lakh, but he did not have so much money with him. In his house, however, there was a costly ornament of a similar worth which belonged to the king and which the king had pawned with the merchant. Punyasar took it out secretly to meet his liability. Shortly after this, the king sent for the ornament. The *sresthi* looked for it, but it was not there. He had now no doubt that this must have been removed by his son. When he asked his son about it, he confessed everything. The *sresthi* was now in a very awkward position. He turned to his son and said,



Ratnasundari rejected the proposal at once

"You get out of my house You will be received back only when you come with the ornament. Otherwise, I don't want to see your face "

This was a great shock for the young man Silently he moved out from his home. At night, he took shelter in the hollow of a banyan tree.

When, at night, the *sresthi's* wife enquired about her son, the *sresthi* gave a very angry reply

"He is a wicked fellow Don't talk about him He has stolen the king's ornament So I have turned him out."

"What ?" said the affectionate mother, "You have turned him out at this hour of the night ? What will happen to him ? Go and bring him back at once "

Purandar searched the whole town, but he did not find his son So he dared not come back The lady sat at her door fixing her eyes on the street, but without her son and without her husband. Thought she,

"The *sresthi* acted foolishly in turning out the boy, and I have acted foolishly in turning out my man "

Seated in the hollow, Punyasara saw two divine damsels arrive there One of them said,

"It is a lovely night I feel like strolling leisurely "

The second said,

"I don't like an aimless stroll If there is something interesting anywhere, we may go there."

"If that be your desire, then we should go to Ballabhpur In that city, a *sresthi* named Dhana has seven daughters from his wife whose name is Dhanavati The daughters are named Dharmasundari, Dhanasundari, Kamasundari, Mukti-sundari, Bhagyasundari, Saubhagya-sundari and Gunasundari, For getting suitable groom for his daughters, the *sresthi* propitiated Lambodara

(Ganesh'), the god of Success. The god appeared before him and said, 'The seventh night from to-day is very auspicious. You make your preparations, On the seventh night, two divine damsels will come to the marriage pandal. They will be followed by a young man. He will be the groom for your girls.' To-night is that seventh night. So let us go to Ballabhipur and see who this groom is. Let us ride on this tree. This will make our journey comfortable."

Seated on the tree, the damsels arrived at the park outside the city. As the tree stood on the ground, the damsels came down and proceeded towards the marriage pandal. Punyasar came out last and followed the damsels.

Outside the temple of Lambodara, Sresthi Dhana had made all preparations and was waiting with the members of his family, friends and invitees for the arrival of the damsels followed by the groom. The damsels stepped inside the pandal and took their seats. When the *sresthi* saw a young man following the damsels, he came to receive him and explained to him the whole position.

Since it was so ordained by the god, Lambodara, Punyasar agreed to marry the seven girls. He was at once clad in ceremonial robes and the marriage was performed. Then the whole party with Punyasar came to the *sresthi's* house. The seven sisters knew nothing about this man. One of them said, "Sir! How much educated you are?"

Punyasar felt awkward. So instead of giving a straight answer, he said,

"Happiness comes neither to a profound scholar nor to a fool. Keeping this in view, I have followed the middle path."

The girls felt puzzled at his reply and did not understand what he meant. Meanwhile, Punyasar was feeling restless to get back to the tree in time. So, on some pretext he wanted to go out. Gunasundari escorted him till the

door. She saw that he scribbled something on the wall. But she did not pay particular attention to it and returned to her room.

No sooner was he outside the house than Punyasar came to the tree at a hurried pace. He was in time, since the damsels had not yet come back. So he took his seat in the hollow. After some time, the damsels came back and sat on the tree, and the tree started back at once. It took no time to come back to its own place.

After sun-rise, Punyasar stepped out from the hollow of the tree. Purandar too had reached the same spot in search of him. He was surprised to see his son in ceremonial robes. When at last the two returned home, the *sresthi's* wife heaved a sigh of relief. When the parents heard the full account from their son, they were happy at his good luck.

Punyasar had now enough money to recover the king's ornament and return it to the king. The *sresthi's* prestige was thus saved. Punyasar was now free from his gambling habit and devoted himself exclusively to his family line.

Elsewhere, the seven girls were waiting in the room for the return of their husband. But when he did not come back for a long time, they felt restless. Gunasundari came to the door where she had left him and looked around; but there was none. She came back and reported it to her sisters. This was a great shock to the girls, the more so, since they had never enquired who the man was or where from he came but blindly relied on the words of the god. And now! The man had fled with many valuable things. They had now no doubt that this was a rogue who had come with a motive.

Gunasundari recollected that the man scribbled something on the wall. There she saw written a couplet as follows.

*From Gopalaka did I come by divine grace
And after marrying seven girls thither do I return.*

She came back to her sisters and reported about the couplet, adding,

"How far can he go? Even if he hides in the underworld, I must find him out"

Gunasundari dressed herself as a young man and moved out promising to come back within six months on completion of her mission. If she failed, she said, she would consecrate her body to the flames.

Named as Gunasundar and dressed as a man, she came to Gopalaka. Gunasundar called on the king and won his favour by giving him a costly present. Gunasundar now started his business in the same town and came to be acquainted with Punyasar. But this did not throw any light on the problem beyond this that the people came to know that a young merchant from Ballabhipur was in the city on business. The merchant was educated, intelligent and handsome. Somehow Ratnasundari heard the report about him and asked her father to see if this merchant was suitable for her.

Now Ratnasar came to Gunasundar and made the proposal. To Gunasundar this sounded absurd. He tried to get cut on some pretext. But Ratnasar was desperate. He said, "Sir! My daughter is keen to have you for her husband. So please do not decline the proposal."

Gunasundar reluctantly agreed. The two were married on a suitable day.

When Punyasar came to know that the girl betrothed to him has been married to another man, he became furious. He picked up his sword, came before the family deity, and pretending to chop his head with his own hand, he said,

"Mother! You have ruined me. If you were not capable enough to help me, you should have been frank

about it so that I could have tried some other means. A girl betrothed to me has been married to another! Well, it has been a great insult to me. I cannot bear it. I must end my life in your presence,"

In an effort to console the aggrieved young man, the goddess said,

"My son! Have patience. What has happened is good for you. You should not end your life like this."

"But, mother, she is now another man's wife. How do I console myself? And it is a sin even to look on her as a woman."

"Just patiently observe as things unfold themselves. Gunasundari is your wife."

The goddess disappeared. Punyasar was now thinking:

"Gunasundari is my wife. Who is she?"

Six months were already out and Gunasundari was not yet successful in her quest. She could not share her problem with anyone. At last, she decided to end her life by entering into a burning pyre. The news soon spread all over the town, but people did not know why the young merchant was after such a terrible thing. They rushed to the spot to dissuade him from such a ghastly deed. Even the king came, and the leading businessmen of the city. The king asked why he was determined to end his life in that terrible way, to which the young man said,

"Sir! I blame none for this. But it is my ill-luck, and my ill-luck demands the sacrifice of my life."

The young merchant moved steadily towards the pyre. The king shouted,

"Is there anyone who has sufficient hold on this young man and who can save him? I cannot bear this ghastly thing being committed within my kingdom."

People from the crowd shouted back.

"Punyasar alone may have the necessary hold."

Now Punyasar stepped forward and held the hand of the young man. Said he,

"Good friend! Have you gone mad? You are a bright young man with a brilliant future. What you are going to do is hardly befitting you. I make an earnest appeal to you to give up the idea of entering into the blazing pyre. I hope, you will consider my request. But if you are still adamant, then that will be the saddest thing for us."

"But, sir, I do not see anyone to whom I may state my problem."

"Can it be so? What you say will put the entire humanity to ridicule. Come, let me know your problem."

Gunsundar stopped for a moment and searched for something. Then he took out a piece of paper, and advancing it towards Punyasar, he said,

"Sir, did you ever write this?"

"Why? This is my own composition. But where did you get this? Who are you?"

Gunasundar recounted the story in brief. The moment of grief turned out to be a moment of happiness. All's well that ends well.

It was now a problem as to what would happen to Ratnasundari. By a ruling given by the king, she was to be Punyasar's wife.

The six sisters had meanwhile come from Ballabhipur on completion of six months. Thus Punyasar started at once with a large harem.

Once Acarya Jnanasagar came to the city. People went out to pay their homage and obeisance. Sresthi Purandar raised a point about his own son,

"Holy sir ! What has been the pious *karma* of my son by virtue of which he has acquired such a large harem so soon in his life ?" Throwing light on this point, the learned Acharya said,

"In his previous birth, he was named as Kulaputra and he lived at Nitipur. He was initiated into the order of monks by Acharya Sudharma. Monk Kulaputra was no ordinary person. He was ever alert in the practice of controls and restraints and in the observance of religious prescriptions. But he was somewhat lax about the control of his body. In any case, he earned great merit and was born in heaven. The same soul is now your son. As he was vigilant in the observance of seven prescriptions, he has acquired seven wives during one night. But as he was lax about the control of his body, his eighth wife has come after much difficulty."

The Acharya concluded by saying,

"In observing spiritual prescriptions, one should not allow himself to be a victim of confusion or laxity."

The words of the Acharya inspired Purandar to renounce the world and join the holy order. Punyasar courted the vows of a devoted follower and lived a worthy life for many years. In his old age, he too joined the holy order and made great spiritual progress.

GLOSSARY


Ahimsa—The first and foremost among the Jaina vows, meaning abstention from slaughter, injury or harm

Arta dhyana—The lowest form of meditation as identified by the Jainas. Its object is two-fold, viz., a desire to get rid of an undesired thing, and a desire to get back a dear and coveted thing. This characterises the thinking of all human beings.

Bhante—A form of address to the *acharya*.

Brahma—The Creator-god of the Hindu pantheon.

Chaturdasi—Fourteenth day in each fortnight which is particularly important for the practice of austerities like fasting, giving up food at night and fortnightly confession

 Deva Dharanendra—Protecting deity of Tirthankar Parsva, himself the lord of the *nagas* (snakes).

Ganadhara Kesi—Fourth Acharya in the line of Parsva, a contemporary of Mahavira. He had a long discussion with Ganadhara Gautama of the order of Mahavira which resolved the differences between the two sects of the *nirgranthas* who were united thereafter,

Karmā—Substantive force, matter in subtle form.

Kayotsarga—A standing posture of meditation, giving up attachment to the body.

Mahadeva, Siva—The Destroyer-god of the Hindu pantheon

Mahavira—Twenty-fourth *tirthankara* of the Jainas, a senior contemporary of Gautam Buddha.

Muni Subrata—Twentieth *tirthankara* of the Jainas.

Nandanavana—A forest well-known for its beauty, said to be located between Mount Meru and Devakuru.

Parsva—Twenty-third *tirthankara* of the Jainas.

Parvati—Consort of Siva of the Hindu pantheon, Mother-Goddess

Saivism—A branch of Hinduism which worships Siva as the principal deity.

Pausadha—A religious practice in which the lay follower spends a night like a monk. He keeps away from his wife and normal family life.

Samayika—Concentration on religious themes for a duration of 48 minutes.

Sasan Devi—Protecting deity of the *tirthankaras*.

Sramana—As distinguished from the Brahmana, the Sramana cult in India sheltered innumerable creeds, including Jainism and Buddhism, often called heretical which did not believe in the authority of the *Vedas*.

Sravaka, sravika—Lay followers, male and female, in the Jaina order

Sulsa—A great *sravika* at the time of Lord Mahavira.

Tirthankara—Founder of the Jaina order from time to time.

Utsarpini—Up-phase of the Jaina time-cycle.

Vidyadhara—A species of human beings who are in possession of some special arts like flying

Visnu—The Protector-good of the Hindu pantheon

Yaksa—A species of celestial beings residing in the upper-most strata of the Ratnaprabha hell, just bordering the earth.

Yogi, Yogini—Yoga is the Hindu system of philosophic meditation and asceticism designed to bring about the reunion of the devotee's soul with the Superior Reality. A devotee, male or female, of *yogo*. (In original Jaina terminology, *yoga* implied activities of the body, mind and speech which create fetters, and was therefore to be discarded. In later period, however, many Jaina monks have practised *yoga* in the Hindu sense,

64 **Yoginis**—Attendants of the Mother-Goddess in the Hindu pantheon.

