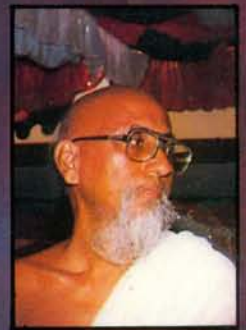
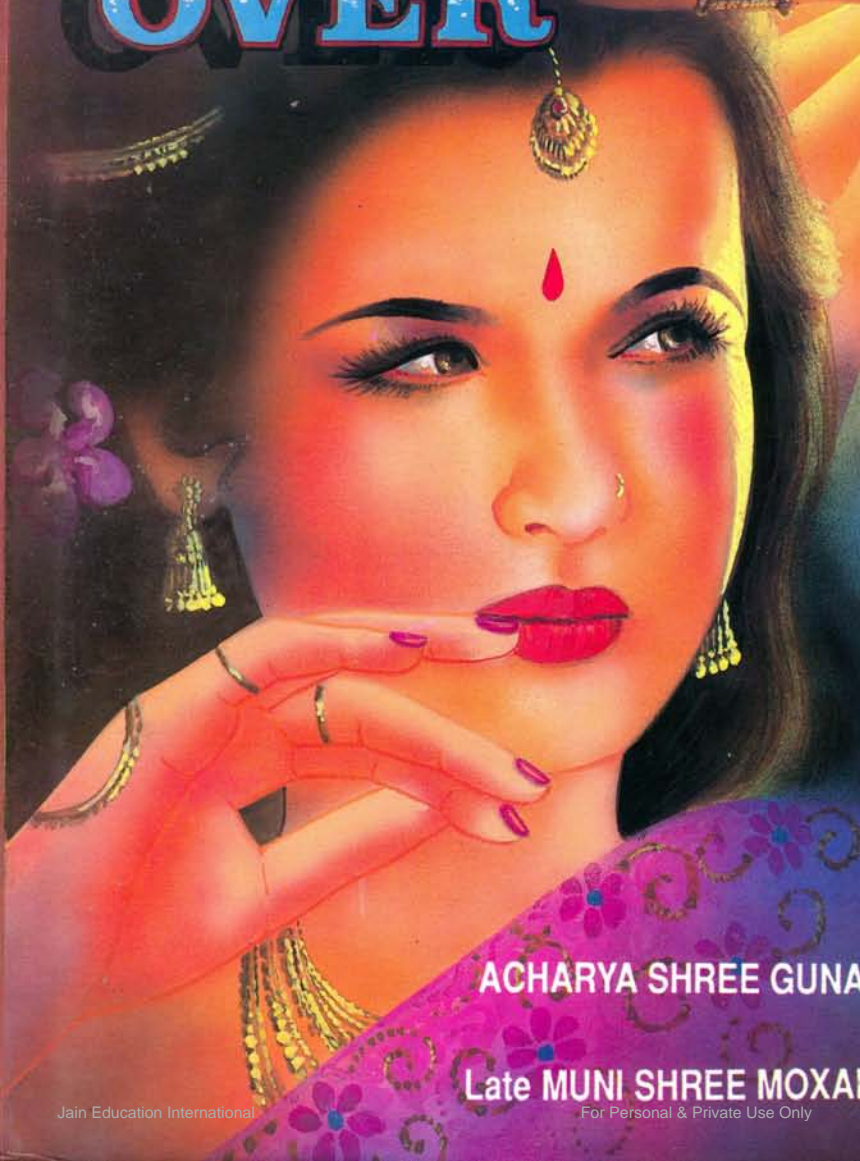


THE NIGHT MARE IS OVER



Written by :
ACHARYA SHREE GUNARATNASURIJI MAHARAJ
&
Late MUNI SHREE MOXARATNAVIJAYJI MAHARAJ



The Night- Mare is Over

COVER

Pavananjaya took it otherwise and out came his bloodthirsty sword...!

This is how love changed into hatred and how the long...long...nightmare started..

Much happened before the Princess Anjana heard, "The Nightmare is Over !!"

"Man is known by the books he reads"

Books written by the distinguished Author and
Preacher

Acharya dev Sri Gunaratna Surishwarji

- ★ Kshapak Sreni
- ★ Paydibandho Teeka
- ★ Kahi Murzha na Jaye
- ★ Jyoti Bin Andhiyara
- ★ Sab din hot na Sampan
- ★ Ek Thi Rajkumari
- ★ Upashamana Karan
- ★ Bhaktamara Mahastotra Trans.
- ★ Udaya Samitta
- ★ Re Karam ! Teri Gati Nyari
- ★ Jeevan Ful Suvas Tatwa gyan Album
- ★ JO Jhe Karmaya Na
- ★ Sahu Chaalo Siddhagiri Jaeeye etc

Muni Rashmi Ratna Vijay

- ★ Baras Rahi Akhiya
- ★ Samasya Ghar Ghar Ki
- ★ Bachao...Ba..cha..o !
- ★ Sradha Ke Suman
- ★ Jee Ha Muzhe Kuchha Kahana Hai.
- ★ Kahin Deep Jale
- ★ Toofano ne Kahi do
- ★ T.V T.V. T.V.
- ★ Hamsa Tu Jheel Maitri Sarovar Mein Trans.
- ★ Home to Hospital
- ★ Chaudha Svapna Geet
- ★ Oye Oye TV wale Roye Roye

Late Muni Sri Moxratna Vijayji Maharaj.

- ★ The Nightmare is Over
- ★ A Commentary over Sidha Hem Prakrit Vyakarna
- ★ Uday Samit Teeka

Also available at
Adhyatmik Shikshan Kendra
C/o Kumar Agencies (INDIA)
44, Khadilkar Road,
Bombay - 400 004 (INDIA)

Motilal Banarasidas
Bungalow Road, Jawahar Nagar,
DELHI - 110 007

Rajasthan Jain Upakaran Bhandar,
1362, Pipal Pol, Astodia
Rangati Bazaar,
AHMEDABAD - 380 001

Sevantilal V. Jain
20, Mahajan Gali
First Floor, Jowhri Bazaar,
BOMBAY - 400 002.

THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER

THE NIGHT MARE IS OVER
Jain Acharyadev Gunaratna Surishwarji Maharaj
and
Muni Sri Moxratna Vijayji Maharaj,
Translated by
Muni Sri Moxratna Vijayji Maharaj.

*The heart rending Story of Princess
Mahasati Anjana Sundari
with Master piece Paintings*

ADHYATMIK SHIKSHAN KENDRA

BOMBAY (INDIA) 1993.

His holiness Jain Acharyadev
Sri Gunaratna Surishwarji Maharaj

Blessed are those who believeth in thee ! Pujya Jain Acharyadev Sri's remarkable ability to penetrate directly into the heart of the subject through his own writings and discourses, gained him a fame among the renowned Jain Scholars, Acharya's etc. His inspiring look provokes a power in a youth to abandon worldly pleasures and dedicate his life unto the devotion of Lord Mahavira. He is the successful Guru of many young pupils. He is a dedicated saint striving for the existance of morality in Youths.

By organising Metaphysical knowledge Camps in every summer vacation at different places like hill stations or places alike and by directing the Postal Tuition-Vishwa Prakash Patrachar Pathya Kram, he is doing his best for the mankind.

'An ocean in a droplet' thus described the German Scholar Klaus Bruhn, while devouring the book 'Kshapak Shreni' written by Pujya Acharya dev Sri. He is also a famous author of many other books in Indian Languages-Hindi and Gujarati.



The co-writer and Translator of The Nightmare is Over.

Late Muni Sri Moxratna Vijayji Maharaj.

He was a man made of clay ? Nay...
Made of atoms ? neither...!



But the truth is he was a man made up of virtues. ..He was one of the great scholars memorable for their great services to mankind...not by merely talking but by acting accordingly..."Simple Living and High thinking" was the sole motto that led him to the summit of virtues, thence making him praiseworthy. The Jain Community was really proud of him. Born in Agra and educated in Calcutta, he took his initiation-Diksha at an early age and devoted his life at His Holiness Acharyadev Sri Gunaratna Surishwarji's reverend feet. He died accidently at the age of 29. His inspiring life is hearttouchingly narrated in 'Baras Rahi Akhiya' (Eyes dropping Tears) by **Muni Sri Rasmiratna Vijay.**

Published in India by :
Adhaytmik Shikshan Kendra
44, Khadiilkar Road
BOMBAY - 400 004

First Published in Hindi
'EK THI RAJKUMARI'

*An attempt to minimise the linguistic
as well as grammatical errors, was
made by an Education officer,
Singhi Jasraj Jain.*

*This book has been thoroughly edited by
Muni Sri Rashmi Ratna Vijay*

*We feel very sorry and grieve at heart...
recently the young - saintScholar -
Writer -translator **Muni Sri Moxratna
Vijayji** has met with an accidental
death. May his soul repose in Peace
and Tranquility -Publisher.*

Price

101.00 Rs. only, in INDIA
\$ 10 in United States of America.
£ 4.90 in United Kingdom.

Printed at B'Bay INDIA



CONTENTS

	Page No.
Preface.....	1
1. Quest for the Match.....	8
2. Engagement.....	14
3. Afflicted.....	16
4. Aversion.....	17
5. Abandoned.....	20
6. Journey.....	22
7. Meeting.....	24
8. Exile.....	28
9. Ashatana.....	33
10. Birth of Hanuman.....	37
11. Srishail.....	40
12. Search for Anjana.....	42
13. Regained.....	45
14. Diksha and Salvation.....	48

PREFACE

It is very gratifying that this book is being published in English language with a new name dubbed to it 'The Nightmare is Over - The story of Princess Anjana'. It was a great success in Hindi under the title 'Ek Thi Rajkumari - Mahasati Anjana.' (Published by Adhyatmik Shikshan Kendra, 44, Khadilkar Road, Bombay - 400 004 INDIA). This book contains a stunning story of Princess Anjana.

The legendary Hero, Hanuman of the Indian Epic - Ramayan, was Anjana's son. History records his heroism through ages.

Because the Ramayan was an epic of heroic deeds and thus based on legendary Heroes such as Sri Rama, Lakshman, Hanuman and great legendry Heroines like Seeta and many other who favoured the right path and severely punished the Evil and wrong doer's as 'Ravana etc. Thence the reign of Sri Rama was known in Indian History as 'Sat Yuga' (Age of righteousness). This epic was sung by every Guru and his pupils, thus it danced on every lip.

The Great Maratha warrior, Shivaji, whose name was a terror to the Moghul Emperor Aurangjeb, was fond of hearing the heroic deeds of Ramayan from his Mother Jijabai, in his childhood. One day, little Shivaji asked, 'Mother! Is Ravana, the worst evildoer, dead or alive ?'

"What will you do if you know that he is alive ?"

"I am eager to punish him and his evildeeds".

"Then my boy, One Ravana is still living today in the form of Aurangjeb...!"

These words aroused in him a desire to kill Ravana and he became a hero of his age.

Some good people even say that in Ramayan, you

find each and everything i.e. How to eat...dress.. talk and many other things of everyday life... and they are true in their belief.

One old man was sitting on the platform with a copy of the Ramayan on his lap. He was reciting it with his whole concentration. An honeymooning couple standing just near him, laughed at him. The young-man enquired mockingly, "Grandpa, what will you get from these orthodox books. Just read some thrillers and enjoy your life. Why waste your precious time ?"

The oldman just looked up from his reading and said, "I gain each and everything from this very book." With these words he resumed his reading.

The train came and both boarded in the same coach. As the train streamed off, the youngman shrieked with despair, "Oh, my wife is left behind !" However the wife reached him. The couple was astounded by the remark that came at the time, from the old man's lips, "Dear young man! Didn't I tell you, there is everything in the Ramayan. If by chance you had read it, this problem might have never occurred."

The youngman totally perplexed said, " Grandpa, what does that mean, explain it. I cannot understand you,"

"Oh simple... very simple" by saying so, he turned out a chapter and said, "Read this...'while embarking a boat, Sri Rama, let Seeta first in and then he followed her.' This is the manner shown in Ramayan while travelling, i.e., ladies first." And the youngman was astonished at its reality.

Because of its inspiring heroes the epic was written and sung by the poets, born centuries ago. Nowadays, different texts of the Ramayan are available written by Vimalsuri, Hemchandrasuri, Sanghadasgani, Svayambhudev, Valmiki, Tulsi etc. and many more. The detailed facts concerning the

life of Anjana Sundari are seen in the oldest Jain Version of the Ramayan 'Paum Chariyam' of Vimalsuri.

The curtain is pulled and the scene...

* * *

Everyman is what environment and heredity makes him. King Mahendra was no exception. He was a born warrior. A man who never despaired. But alas.... today he was close.. very close to it.

Scene from a little far, the Royal Garden was blooming in lonely, grand splendour, dominating Mahendra Nagar with its own beauty. It had a kind of absolute, elemental force, a mystical grandeur, and utter purity. From afar, the Royal garden was stupefyingly beautiful....! Beautiful were the blooming roses and more beautiful and lovely was she the Princess Anjana, who was playing with them and their delicacy.

Only once or twice, did she throw her glance at her father, King Mahendra, only to see that that day he was in his unhappiest mood. Though she resumed her playing with radiant face, yet some thoughts engrossed her mind. Never did she see such weariness on her father's face. What made him so, she could not yet understand, she tried hard as she could....' Yes, How could she, a teenage girl imagine that it was she and she alone, the very cause of her father's distress.'

She was a boon to him..... a God-gifted child born after 100 boys as a response to the King's and Queen's prayers.

Till yesterday, His Highness regarded her as a child, but today, after seeing her blooming youth like a full blossomed flower, he thought....

Having such a divine beauty as his own daughter he was proud... very-very proud....yet...

Yes... he was distressed now by the very presence of his beloved daughter. The only thought that made him disturbed was... 'Where shall I find a suitable match for her ?' His face wrinkled and forehead sweated.

* * *

Later we find her married to a noble prince with great pomp and show... And now starts the tragedy of her life... With hairs dishevelled, cheeks bathed with torrents of tears, a maiden is before us. Who would ever have imagined her as one day she was the most beautiful and charming Princess? Even to the longest night where dawn never comes, there comes the dawn; at last. And so it comes to Princess Anjana and her companion Vasanttilka, as grey as bitter, as hopeless as the night had been long. But it came.....

And thence the birth of the book 'The Nightmare is Over...' The book with the readers peep in her long last struggle with the Karma's by good or bad deeds, due to which one suffers or prospers in life.. . "Whenever one, who has realised the soul, even partially, thinks of true nature, becomes conscious of the fact that one's present condition is like that of a traveller, one will not be able to remain permanently in this place. Everyman has come from some place and will pass on to another. Self is eternal but his present condition is not so.' Those who do not have such life - consciousness, cannot have anything to do with the culture with which we are concerned. These people may perchance talk of it. But this does not benefit them. We believe that we are soul, not body. This so called body is, in fact a bondage to the soul. Soul carries the shackles of the body since its existence . Only that body changes but the soul remains the same. The real fetter to the soul is that of the subtle body which is called the "Karman Body". The contact of this subtle

body with the soul has been there since eternity. Because of this contact, the soul gets encased in one body and casting it off, it wears another and in this manner bears the burden of different bodies."

She, the daughter of King Mahendra and Queen Hridaya Sundari, suffered much at the hands of these Karmas. Her struggle might have gained her medals and honours of all kinds, if she had been in person today. History honoured her and her name was placed as high as the honour would have it. She suffered and endured such as none but herself could stand. As she was a woman with all womanish tenderness and loveliness wrapped round her, she deserved a cup full of Nectar/Love to the brim.... and yet what fate destined to her ? A cup full of hatred, rebuke and harshness that turned her life in to a greatest tragedy befallen on a princess of her kind.... on a tender woman.

She received love as well hatred. ..both were unique. But she was a woman...born for victory and this victory she got, after battling hard with her enemies. ..the Karmas. The tragic tale ends and fate changes its course for a brighter phase.

The remarkable character of Anjana, is memorable for ages for one thing - her way of thinking. When she was head-deep in the water of misery, she found fault with none, "It is all due to my ill fated Karmas, none is to be blamed" was all she thought. And this very thought, won her a name through the pages of history.

Why should one read this book particularly ?

I know the story... I know the main points..! is the typical response of an uncaring reader, who knows something....a head or a tail of the Indian History and the Epics. But let me state this straightforwardly..."Did you ever share the grief and torment of those characters ? No, you

just skipped over the books worthy of being combed with a minute penetration, leaving the total mess of History uncontaminated by years. I prefer justice to be done by the readers. Not every book inspires, but this book will inspire you, to the end. Its contents will penetrate deep in your heart and then believe me... finding no other way.... you will wish to cry and lighten your agrieved heart.

This book will take you to the long and tiresome journey through the dangerous jungles alongwith the distressed Princess....And there, being a co-traveller you will feel her every feeling...share her every grief and lo ! you will long to give her a ready solace. But alas ! you will be crestfallen to find that it is too late for any such thing...the incident took place many many years ago alive only in the epics. Now that there is nothing that you could do, you will just do one thing, wet your cheeks with your own tears letting them find their own way down constantly.

This story of Princess Anjana and Pavananjaya is neither a pure tragic nor a romantic tale. Even so, there are moments when one is caught unaware in a running tragedy and romance, as well in philosophy, unique in each and every way. The truth is, this story is a cup full of nectar to the brim, mingled with pure love, far from lust. To put it more candidly, this is a mythological episode. Hence it is evergreen. Read as many times as your longing allows you. You will never be bored, and you will always find something new in the same words.... get a new way of thinking, a new sight to look at life...people and the entire world. A new science of combating with the misfortunes will open before you, by which we learn, "Where we are and how to live an unerring life ?"

And even the exact reply to many questions based on scientific Cause and Effect Theory is given. Who is the

cause of our miseries ? Certain men and certain women ! Bah ! my dear Sir, you are wrong... you have nested upon a wrong tree... While you catch a gentleman like a foolish guard, you are really helping the real culprit in his escape. Aren't you eager to catch the real thief, who is robbing you...? Yes, then probe through the pages of 'The Nightmare is over' and there you are with the real culprit rather than a gentleman. The characters reincarnated in this book will pin point the thief, and speak for you... to you and through you. Never mind who speaks.... any how it is going to reach you.

The language of this book is lucid and gay. Every idea and comment comes directly to you...in a simple and authoritative way. We are very...very grateful and indebted to late **Muni Sri Moxratna Vijayji Maharaj**, who had written this English version of 'Ek Thi Rajkumari' a Hindi version by me. You will feel his sure foothold narrating heart touching episode. .. His command and experience of deep thinking... philosophy will speak to you through pages. As fate would have it, his accidental death caused by a careless vehicle driver was a shock to all. Twentynine years he lived on this Mortal earth. He has given us something great, by which even a layman can be inspired and can get a new insight in life.

This is a book of story and thoughts. It enriches the thinking of the present every bit as much as it enlarges the understanding of our past and also lays open the way to success on which our past heroes passed. Answers to the multitudinous puzzles like "How they became great ? How they achieved what they wanted to achieve ? Whose secret hand is that, which always pulls at one's sleeves ? How to get rid of the obstacles and troubles ? How did they purify their contaminated soul ? And how can we do the same? You will find answers to many such questions.

I dare say to you to read just half the book...or, a single Chapter and then see if you don't find yourself thinking a bit differently and a little more about your everyday life and its close relation with the Karmas.. a steel grip on every being.

The tough task of editorial work was given to **Muni Rashmi Ratna Vijay**; a prolific writer, translator and editor of many farfamed inspiring books. Corrections were made by Sri Jasrajji Singhi M.A. and Kanhyalal Vyas M.A. M.S.W. We are also indebted to Jindas Jain, Dilip Jain etc who helped in printing this book.

Now... now.... let us stop wandering more in the wilderness.... and getting in any kind of mess. Start now, for going ahead... You have looked enough, it is time to leap... now and at this very second...

Gosh ! you will find it a steelgrip upto the end.....!!

-Acharya Gunaratna Suri

1. QUEST FOR THE MATCH

Hope is one of the most dynamic forces. It keeps men alive through odds and ends in life. In the long journey of life many ridges and valleys have to be crossed. Joy and pain are inevitable, just as day and night. It is the nature of man to rejoice in happiness, but despair and dejection overtake him in misery. He doesn't like at all bearing an ounce of misery, and exerts himself with his utmost strength to get rid of it, but the law of Karma is infallible, it gives just whatever one deserves. Man tears his hair in despair, his strength wears out. In fact, the pain grows more and he thinks of committing suicide as a remedy for all his ailments.

In such a dejected state it is only hope which keeps him alive. Shadow and sunshine go together. After misery, comes joy and vice versa. If hope had-not been a comforter, man would have long perished under the mass of ailments, of

which there seems no end at all. With hope comes desire. The spirit of life being revived, he desires for an upliftment in him and his surroundings. He wants more happiness and joy. The gloom of despair rolls away, as darkness vanishes at the mere sight of light.

Man is a social animal. Let alone himself, he desires that not a shadow of misery should befall his beloved ones, that they should remain always enjoying pleasure and happiness. Next to desire comes fear, "What if I don't get what I desire ? If I do get joy, will it stay constantly ?". Naturally he tries to obtain and then to preserve happiness which he so much desires. Little does he imagine that he is merely a puppet in the hands of the destiny with no power of his own to obtain or preserve happiness permanently or blot out misery from his life. If this fact was realised, man would indeed become happy; for the only power to bless one with happiness or take away one's misery is punya karma which is obtained by "Dharma" or religion. But in the lust for happiness, man has forgotten the vital power which drives the delicate machinery of his very existence, and he indulges freely in the activities which are perverse and harmful to himself. Indeed the lust for happiness and the irresistible desire to drive out misery, has made the soul go round the cycle of infinite births.

He thinks he is doing his duty, or rather providing his near and dear ones with happiness. He exerts himself for their welfare, by planning for their future, say for his children or other dependents. He plans right from infancy to the youth, when he or she would become strong, and filled with joy with no cause even to dream of pain. But he may plan in the way he chooses he may think of the distant bright future, whether for himself or his dependents, he inadver-

tently is running on the lines which fate has intended him to run on, leading his beloved ones, not as he thinks to happiness, but to where fate destines them.

King Mahendra was looking out of the window towards the far off horizon. His face showed that he was enjoying the beauty before him. Why shouldn't he ? He had no cause for anxiety. He had a beautiful and devoted Queen HridaySundari. The towering buildings, wide roads, parks and gardens spoke of the carefree life and wealth of his city. He was the king of Mahendra Nagar situated on the stretching lines of the towering Danti Mountains whose foot hill was bathed and washed by the dancing waves and charming foam of the sea.

Restless and frustrated, King Mahendra wrestled with a sense of guilt. "Being a father of a girl worth marriage one has to worry." he would say", and here I am minding my own business, free as a lotus in a pond." "Here she is blooming like a blossom in the garden and I am sitting here idly, not giving her a single thought."

Engrossed in deep thoughts, king Mahendra summoned the ministers. They entered the palace, saw the dejected face and were seated themselves.

He placed before them his mental dilemma. "Where would I find a suitable match for my beloved daughter, Princess Anjana ?"

Finding a match, a suitable match was not a task as easy as it would seem. Not a pill or tablet that could be swallowed with a single glass of water. It mattered a life and death..... happiness and unhappiness of a Princess. Every stone should be turned and turned. Every match should be weighed again and again.

One, who was political minded and political at every heart beat said politicizingly" Let us marry her to Ravana, a Sovereign" And he lectured how profitable it would be to be

linked with a King of his kind. "After all, 'he finished his talk," We will have to marry her some where to some one. And If we are gaining something in turn politically, why should we not take a chance ?"

"Mister", said another minister, "Are you thinking her some gambling thing ! Can't you imagine our beloved princess suffering a co-wife dilemma ? Can't you imagine her suffering jealousy ?"

Another minister rose and gave his idea," Sir, If no one has any objection, why can't we choose Indrajeet or Meghvahan ? Both are young and strong at body and power. Wit and valour etc. are matchless in them. Why can't we choose one of them ?"

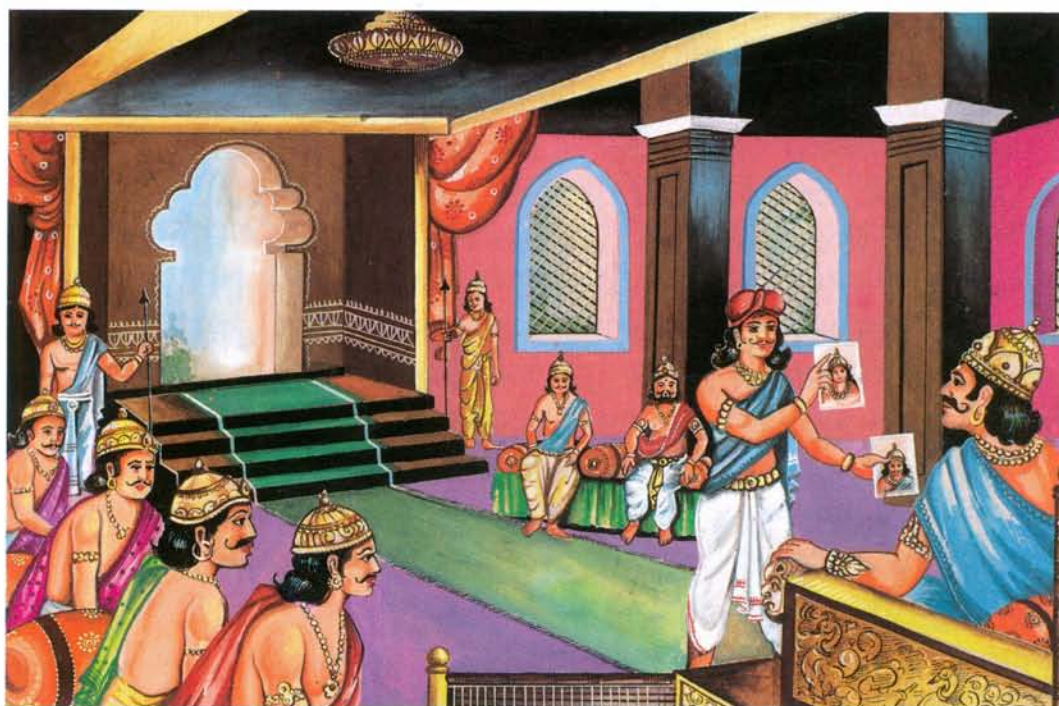
An old minister stood up noddingly and said humbly, "Sir, It is an useless talk. We are thinking of them only whom we had seen... yet the world is far and wide. A Frog living in the pond its whole life never knows the world which exists outside. In my opinion, please send men all over and in every direction and let us wait.... Marrying Indrajeet means making enmity with Meghavahan and the same is with Meghavahana."

The oldminister's logical answer won the point. All the other ideas were overruled and so they went in a kiss off dust bin. All the ministers were dispersed.

* * *

Men and messengers along with ministers and painters went all over abroad to find a suitable match for their most beautiful and lovely princess, Anjana.

The difficult task bore many pictures of Kings and Princes all over. Yet all of them were rejected by the King and Queen and were laid aside. Their depression grew worst. None suited her match.



The Minister is showing two portraits to king Mahendra.

One day a minister placed before the King two pictures.' Seeing them, King Mahendra was spell-bound ! Here at last, there was something that gave him a solace. He looked at both the pictures. Both were unique. Both the pictures emblazoned them and their valour "Only if I had two daughters I would have given one to each" he thought. Yet here he was, having only one daughter after one hundred sons... Whom could he choose from these two ?

His forehead was wet with perspiration. He wondered how without any heat he perspired.



The minister gave their descriptions.

One picture belonged to the Prince Vidyut Prabh, son of King Hiranya and Sumana reigning the territory of Vaitadya - Mountain's south zone's Kanakpur.

The second picture belonged to Pavananjaya, son of King Prahalad and Ketumati reigning over the vast kingdom of Adityapura over the Vaitadya - Mountains.

As for their valour, both have fought and won infinite battles. Both were matchless.

"What do you think of this one ? "King Mahendra inquired the Prime Minister pointing Vidyutprabh.

"I think him the handsomest Prince, I ever laid my eyes upon", said the Prime Minister," Handsomer than Ravan must have been in his prime youth and even better than any valorous Prince."

"Do you think he suits my daughter ?"

"Yes and again no" said the PM indefinite in his decision, peering peneratingly at the other picture.

"Who will suit then ?"

For one light headed moment the question quivered on the tip of king Mahendra's tongue and he almost asked it aloud while the PM waited expectantly.

"Can you throw some new light ?" the PM questioned the minister who had brought those two pictures, covering the awkward pause and gap created by the king lost in thinking.

The minister getting the nod from the thoughtful King took a free tongue...

"My Lord,' drawled the minister in the sugercane accent of his native tounge who brought those pictures,, "both the Princes are better, but you would be eager to know who is the best, Right ?"

There was an eerie silence. Only birds chirping here and there were heard. The breath going in and out of the minis-

ters and the king was felt.

"Sir, I wonder if you believe in horoscope and forecasting type..... One foreteller met me and foretold the future of these both princes."

The King felt it worth hearing. He seemed interested in the forecast. Believing it true or false didn't matter much.

The minister thinking he had gained a perfect attention from his audience went on embellishing his speech as well...

"His Highness.. my lord ! I dare not say it true. Nor I say it false... yet the forecast is as below.

"Vidyutprabha is sure to get salvation at an early age of eighteen. And Pavananjaya.... yes, he will also attain salvation after enjoying a long period of life. His life span is longer than Vidyutprabha."

His words produced a perfect hypnotic aura ensconcing in every mind. King Mahendra was pleased to hear this. His worrying heart settled into the patterned dance of life, tracing the normal peaks and valleys of a healthy pulsating heart felt inwardly and he took his decision mentally." I will marry my lovely daughter to Pavananjaya and Pavananjaya alone."

He knew not the oncoming Karma's or its steel gripping power. The naughty and haughty Karmas were planning a different future rather than a bright one.

King Mahendra unconsciously was trodding over the path laid by the illfated Karmas. True, the Karma's power is unquestionable.

2. ENGAGEMENT

Immersed in his external petty enjoyments, man forgets the power, which makes his wishes bear fruit. Dharma becomes obscure in his mind which is clouded by sensual enjoyments. Festivals of religious nature, raise him from his

drowsiness, and wake him up to the realization of his own self, giving a chance to collect food for the soul, which is so essential for its next journey.

The month of Phalguna came with its flying colours. Nature began to spread her green mantle. Animals which were dormant during the winter had now become sportive. The humming of bees filled the air.

The Devas and Vidyadhars go to Nandiswara Dweepa for celebrating Chaturmasi Atthai, in the right half of this month. So King Mahendra with his retinue went to the Nandishwara Dweepas and worshipped the Siddhayatanas with devotion. Having completed his worship he sat down on a slab.



King prahlad said, "I beg your daughter, Anjana's hand for my beloved and gallant son, pavananjaya..."

King Prahlad had also come to take part in the celebration of this holy occasion. Having completed his worship he came to King Mahendra who welcomed him and offered him

a seat on the same slab.

King Prahlad seeing Anjana, who had come with Mahendra, was impressed by her beauty. He said to Mahendra, " I have a request to make."

"Do not request but command," replied Mahendra. Prahlad said, "I have a son Pavananjaya for whom I ask your daughter's hand".

Hearing this, King Mahendra was overjoyed. His own hearty desire has been put forth as a request by King Prahlad.

He replied, " Agreed; but when shall the marriage take place?'

" On the third day at the Lake Maan Sarovar," replied Prahlad.

Both were overjoyed, but they did not know that they were mere pawns on the chess board designed by fate. Their very decision was now completing the background required for Anjana's predicament in which she would suffer a lot. Man illusioned by his powers, forgets that Karma has the power to disperse all his hopes and doings in a twinkling, but see, how people are blinded by their ego!

3. AFFLICTED

Lake Maansarowar, lay shimmering in the golden light of the setting sun. The lofty palaces and encampments enhanced its natural beauty, for the two Kings having returned to their respective cities, had come over there with all their pomp and splendour for celebrating the marriage of Anjana and Pavananjaya.

Pavananjaya restlessly paced to and fro, emitting long sighs. His head was bowed, eyes downcast, and his face had a worn out look. He was afflicted by the cupid's arrows. The

lakes, the palaces, the parks, the gardens could not give him any peace. He said to Prahsit, his bosom friend, "Have you ever seen Anjana ?"

"Yes", said Prahsit," she is more beautiful than the celestial damsels."

"If I don't see her tonight, I will surely die. The day of marriage is yet three days off. To a lover, a day is like a month, let alone three days". said Pavananjaya.

"You'll surely see her tonight" replied Prahsit.



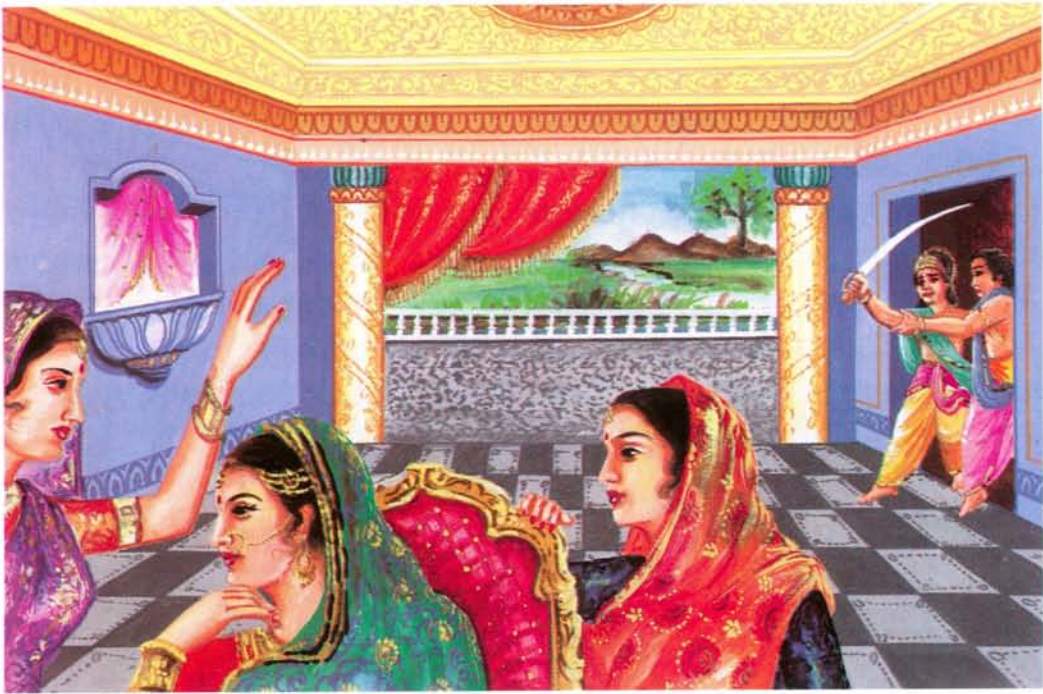
Mansarovar... Both friends went by a viman to Anjana's Palace.

Dusk changed into darkness. Both friends went by a Vimana- a celestial car to Anjana's palace.

4. AVERSION

Pavananjaya was wonder struck by the beauty of Anjana. He was enchanted with her beauty, but the conversation going on in the interior of the room was piercing his

ears and tormenting his heart....!!



"I shall kill her", said Pavananjaya and out came his blood thirsty sword.

"Anjana ! you are lucky that you have got Pavananjaya for a husband", said Vasanttilka.

"You don't know the difference between the good and the evil qualities of men. Who can be better husband than Vidyutprabh who shall attain salvation in this very birth. Foolish Vasanttilka ! How can you praise Pavananjaya neglecting Vidyutprabh?" said Misraka.

"He has short span of life, how can he be fit for our mistress ?"

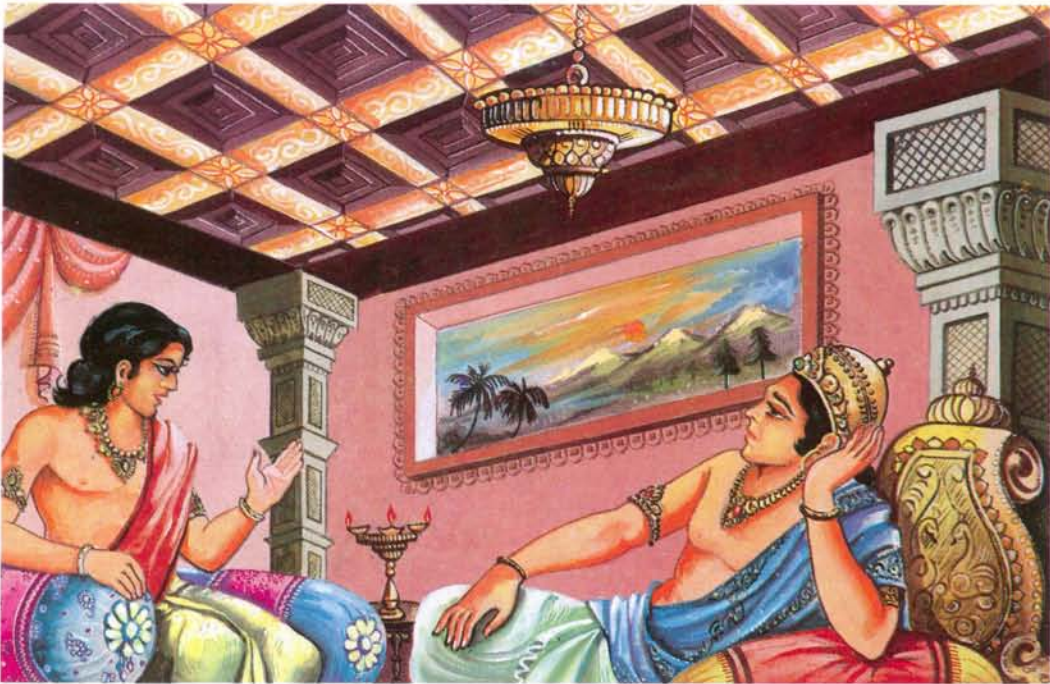
"O dull-witted, a drop of Nectar is much better than an ounce of poison !"

This conversation was a thunderbolt to the ears of Pavananjaya. He thought that since Anjana did not contradict this comment, Vidyutprabh must be dearer to her. Greatly annoyed Pavananjaya drew out his sword and rushed forward, but was prevented by Prahsit.

"Leave me alone" said Pavananjaya, "I shall kill those who have Vidyutprabh in their hearts. They are not fit to live on this earth".

Prahsit said, " Don't you know that women like cows are not to be killed ? And when these are blameless, how can you draw your sword against them ? It is customary, that maids - in - waiting make fun about the bridegroom in front of the bride, and the bride through modesty keeps quiet. Anjana's silence should not be mistaken for her consent to the comment."

Pavananjaya's anger was a little abated. He sheathed his sword and the two friends returned to their palace. The whole night, Pavananjaya passed in state of mental tumult. In the morning he said to Prahsit, "I shall not marry to a woman who cherishes another man in her heart. Let us go back to Adityapur".



"Believe me, you're barking a wrong tree". said prahsit, his dear and near friend, 'you are doing her injustice... Anjana is devoted to none but you... Listen to me... She is yours and will remain yours forever...!

Prahsit was agrieved to hear this. He said, "It is the duty of the nobles to keep their promise. Just think of the promise, your father has given to the King Mahendra. If the promise is violated, will he not be disgraced ? Will not your noble race be condemned ? Anjana is faultless. The only fault is of the cruel fate, which makes you doubtful." At length Pavananjaya agreed to stay but anger was still fervent deep in the recess of his heart.

Man is mercurial in his feelings. In a moment love changes into hatred and hatred into love. He doesn't desire one who may think or speak ill of him. The desire to repel undesirable things and acknowledge desirable ones, makes a life a seething turmoil of mental conflicts. Isn't life a long chain of such conflicts ?

5. ABANDONED



To comply with his father's words, Pavananjaya marries Anjana.

The marriage was celebrated with great pomp and show. Pavananjaya abandoned Anjana from the very day of their marriage. So much that he did not even glance towards her, let alone speak to her. Anjana writhed in agony, shed tears of misery. She wore no ornaments and took no care of her body. Her clothes were devoid of splendour, her hair dishevelled, tears streamed down her gloomy face, eyes sank down and misery reflected severely on her face. Thus twenty two years passed.



Twenty Two years passed yet Pavananjaya did not even look at her.

When the Karma bears sour fruit, man cries out in agony, blaming others for his misery, but forgets that it is the fruit of his own black deeds from which none can save him. The clutches of Karma are unavoidable, as fire on striking a match. It is the eternal law of nature. Though one may writhe and groan in the agony and wish to be liberated but the Karmas do not leave him. It is only the counteract-

ing force of Dharma that can do it. Doctors and their glittering instruments are puny in power compared to the mighty power of the Karma and are unable to save a man from its clutches.

But man does not see it. How good will it be if this fact is realized and proper remedy is taken, so that it will lead to the ocean of eternal bliss- Moksha"...Salvation !

6.JOURNEY

Vanity is the great internal enemy of man. So many battles were fought and faultless victims slaughtered, all due to this vanity.



Pavananjaya offered himself for war saying, "It is Bharat Bhumi's culture that the son should go to war instead of father as a kind of serving

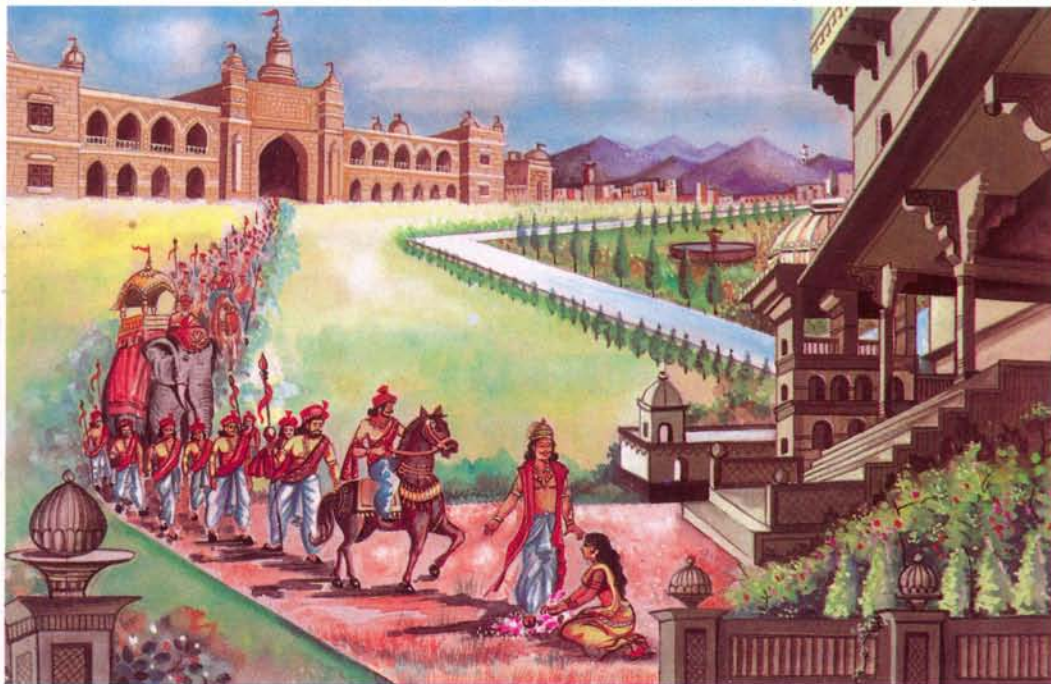
King Prahlad was seated in his court with his nobles. The arrival of a messenger from Ravana was duly annouced and he was ushered in. The messenger said "My master

sends me to summon you, for war has been declared between him and Varuna. The haughty Varuna when asked by Ravana for salutations, refused the demand and challenged, "Who is Ravana? *I am neither Indra, nor Kuber nor Yama nor Sahastrakiran but 'am Varuna. I will neither obey him nor will I bow to him. If Ravana is proud of his divine weapons, let him come, I will crush his pride to the ground.*" Greatly infuriated to hear this challenge, Ravana declared war against Varuna. Ravana was defeated and Varuna captured Khar-dooshan. Consequently, Ravana is gathering a large army and has sent various heralds to other Vidyadhar Kings and sent me to summon you."

Hearing this, Prahlad got ready to join Ravana in war, but Pavananjaya stopped him and offered himself for it. King Prahlad hesitated in the beginning, but Pavananjaya's firm stand, at last, prevailed upon him.

Accordingly, Pavananjaya prepared himself for the journey, and having taken the farewell of all the house-hold, came out of his palace to set out for the long journey.

Anjana also came to know of these news from the local hearsay and desirous to bid farewell as well as to see her husband, descended from her palace and leaned against a pillar in the way which Pavananjaya would pass by on his way out.



Anjana fell at his feet begging... but Pavananjaya went away without replying

Seeing Anjana, Pavananjaya, became very angry and thought *"See her audacity....! See her impudence...! From the very beginning I have seen her faithlessness."*

Anjana, folded her hands and falling at his feet said "My lord ! Though I have been abandoned by you, yet I survive, hanging on the shreds of satisfaction derived from the thought that you are living at hand. It is with great difficulty that I am alive. Before going to foreign lands, you have conversed with every member of the household excluding myself, but still it is my humble request kindly not to forget me. For the noble ladies, the husband is the sole refuge. May you come back soon ! May your path be auspicious !"

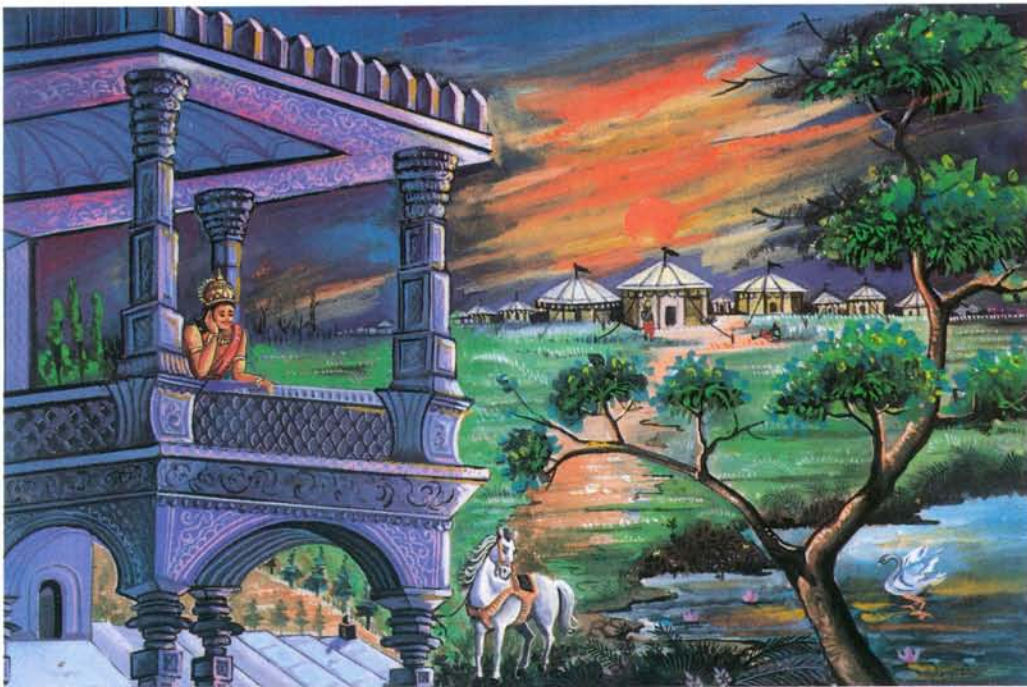
With arched eyebrows, red eyes and screwed face Pavananjaya strode on without heeding or replying a single word.

Like an uprooted tree Anjana fainted in her room. It was too much for her tender heart to bear. The grief of separation and the insult combined together broke her heart. She broke down, and in voice choked with sobs, said, "O God !.... Is anything yet left to happen to me ? Mother ! All your effort to make me happy have gone otherwise. When my fate is against me, what can you do ?"

Thus she would weep but the karma theory provided solace to her. After all, she thought, one's karmic fruits must be borne, whether one laughs or cries. Thus she would console herself.

7. MEETING

Pavananjaya encamped on the Lake Man-sarowar with his army. The sun had disappeared below the horizon. He was looking at the beauty of the nature and enjoying it.



Seeing the bereaved chakvi, Pavananjaya began thinking.

On the shores of the lake, Pavananjaya saw a Chakvi female ruddy duck. Being lonely she was very much distressed. Though food was before her, she would not eat it. She would flap her wings and fly up and down and look in the midst of leaves for her sweet-heart. The cool moonlight beams, struck her shafts of fire. She was weeping bitterly.

Seeing the bereaved "Chakvi" Pavananjaya began thinking, "Though the Chakvi stays all day along with her sweet heart, yet she cannot bear the separation even for a night. Without him, the lake, the cool night, the moonlight, the leaves seem like swords and heaven too becomes hell. This is the same lake on which I had accepted the hand of Anjana. But alas ! she was abandoned by an obdurate fool like me, for no fault of hers. Oh! why did I abandon her on the words of another ? For Twenty two years she has borne the pain of bereavement inflicted by me !

What should I do now ?.... With the permission of my

parents, I have come here, now how can I go back ? And if I don't go back, I fear, today's insulting behaviour extended towards her by me, may cause her untimely and unwanted death. Her tear-stained face, disshevelled garments, lean and emaciated body bereft of any ornaments reflashd upon his mind. He shuddered with the memory of her distress and agony. He began to perspire.

Pavananjaya said to Prahsit, "Friend ! I have not even spoken to Anjana for the past twenty-two years. Today seeing the Chakvi my heart is filled with remorse and regret for what I have done to Anjana. Like a fool I abandoned her believing others. All the more, I brutally insulted her today. She will definitely..." His tongue numbed and no word found its way. His face became distorted with fear and apprehension. His eyes held a mute appeal.

"You should surely give solace now to the bereaved one, who was faultless from the very beginning", replied Prahsit.

Both the friends, without further delay started by air for Anjana's palace. In a short time they arrived there and saw Anjana in the faint light of the room. Anjana's state was like a fish out of water.

Seeing Prahsit in the dim light Anjana became afraid, but taking up courage said, "Who are you ? Get out of the room of another's wife. Vasanti, turn him out. I am not even prepared to see him. None other than Pavananjaya has the right to enter this room".

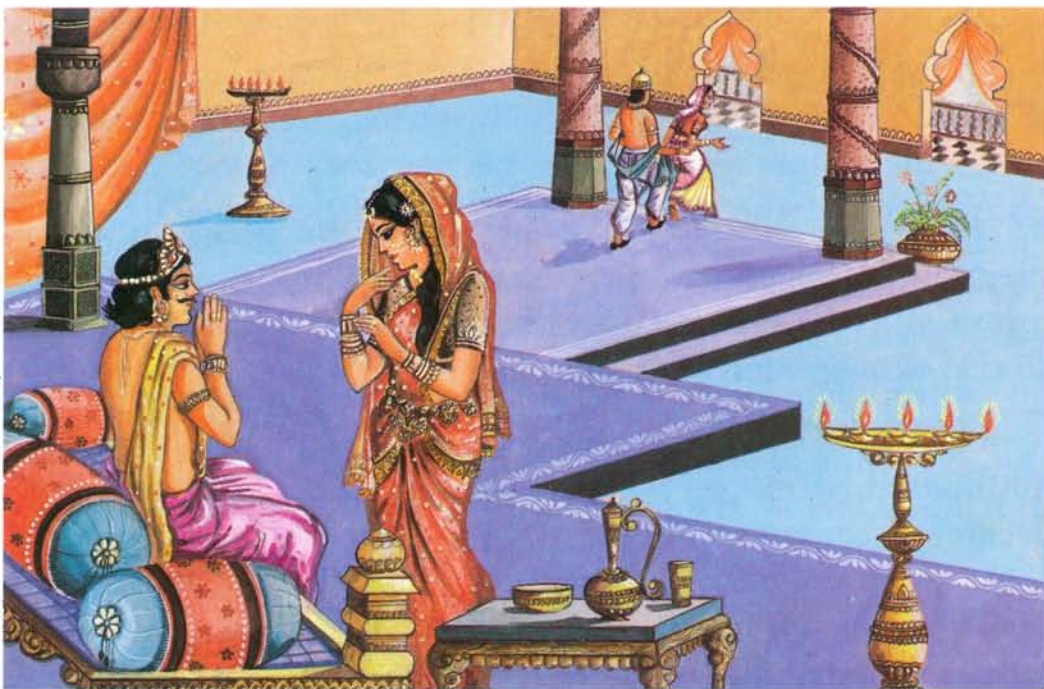
Bowing down, Prahsit said, "I bring you good tidings. After a long time, Pavananjaya has come to you, I am his best friend Prahsit."

"Prahsit ! why do you make fun of the one, who is already mocked by the cruel fate ? Had there been no evil karmas of mine attained in previous births, my noble husband would not have abandoned me, faultless as I was.

Twentytwo years have passed, but the steel hearted wife is still alive". said Anjana with a long sigh.

Hearing this Pavananjaya's sorrow was kindled afresh and he dashed into the room saying, "Due to my vanity you have suffered unjust accusations and grief inflicted by a fool like me. Uptill now, I have only abused and insulted you. Due to my fault only, you have reached this state and by this time you might have died but by the grace of God, you're still alive."

Anjana, seeing Pavananjaya, got up leaving the bed post. Her cheeks became red and her head was bowed. Catching her hand, Pavananjaya seated her beside himself on the bed and said, "Forgive me dear, for though you were faultless, I have hurt you too much for nothing".



"Lord do not speak like this," said Anjana

"Lord ! do not speak like this. I am always at your service. It is not desirable for you to beg forgiveness. It were

my karmas which bore adverse fruit."

In the morning, Pavananjaya said to Anjana, "I am going to the battlefield, otherwise the elders will know of my visit. From now onwards you need not grieve at all. I will return soon after accomplishing the work of Ravana.

"Lord ! your victory is definite. If you want to see me alive, please return soon. For I fear that now I am pregnant, and in your apparent absence I will have to undergo many insults."

"I shall come back soon, you take my ring as a token of my coming over here today and use it at the proper time." Saying thus, Pavananjaya returned to Mansarowar lake.

The power of Karma is beyond imagination. Whatever we have not even dreamt of, materializes in an instant. But few recognise the power, which could fulfil their wishes. It is Punya-which in turn is accumulated by Dharma. It is the only power that gives protection from the misery. No other power in this wide world can overcome its power. Each and every being of the universe is governed by it.

8. Exile

After some time, the tell-tale signs of pregnancy began to appear on Anjana. Seeing this, Pavananjaya's mother-Ketumati became very angry and said, "Wretch ! you have become pregnant in the absence of your husband. Fie upon you ! Is it not your misconduct to have done such a vile deed? So far we learnt only about your desertion but never attributed it to such a mean cause".

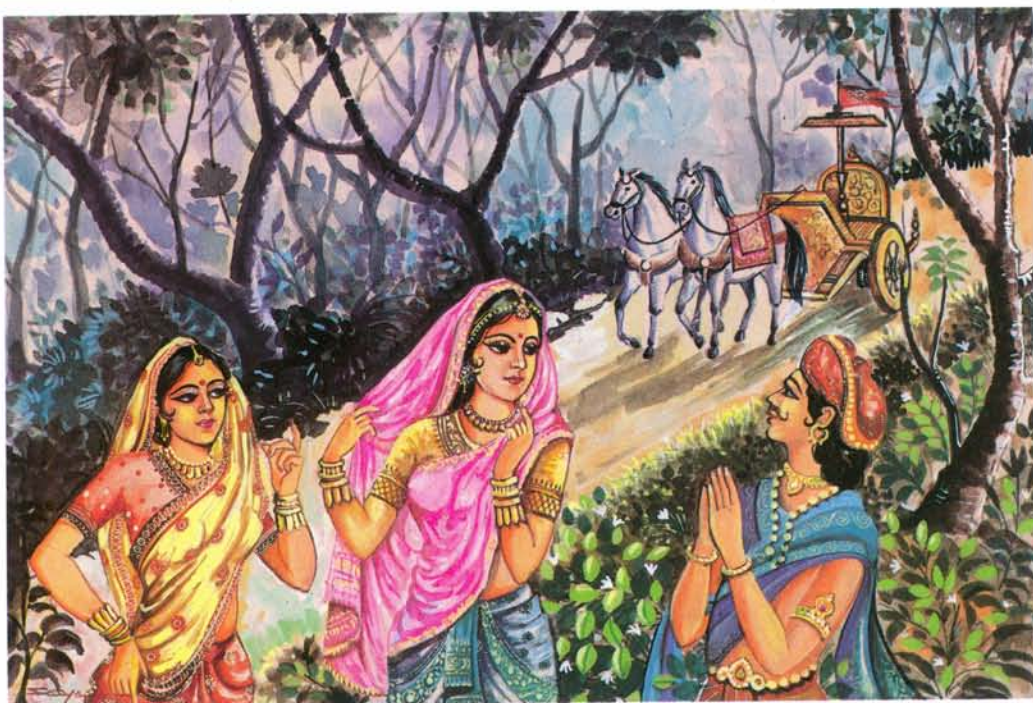




"Wretch ! Get out of my Palace at once", Shrieked Ketumati,

With tears streaming down her cheeks hot and fast, Anjana showed her Pavananjaya's ring as a proof of his being in her company. But this increased Ketumati all the more - "Vile wretch ! How dare you claim Pavananjaya when he hated you so much as not wanting to see your shadow or listen to your words ? Do you think the ring is a proof against your vile deed ? Get out from my palace. There is no room for people like you. Go to your father's house."

Anjana was in a very miserable state. Life looked dreary to her. She was helpless like the leaves blown off their twigs by the wind. She would think of her evil karmas and would repent over doing such evil deeds as had brought her shame in this birth.



"Forgive me Princess, though I know you are faultless, yet I am deserting you by Ketumati's order," said the charioteer

The chariot carrying Anjana and Vasanttilka stopped in the jungle near Mahendra Nagar. The servants of Ketumati begged forgiveness and returned with tears rolling down their cheeks.

The forest echoed with the howls and roars of the beasts. The darkness of night was settling its mantle all over the forest. Looking around in all the directions Anjana began to weep aloud. "O Vasanttilka ! Formerly I had done much paap (Evil-deeds) due to which I am unjustly blamed and accused. One misery of the separation from my lord has not yet completed its course, when a second one has also come."

"What's the use of crying aloud in the forest ? You should rather take courage and bear the fruits of karma without a tear." said Vasanttilka.

She made a bed of leaves on which Anjana sat down. The massaging of hands and feet by Vasanttilka somewhat

lessened her fatigue. But sleep was far away from her. She passed the night with great difficulty.



"Stop there ! You are not permitted to enter," said the sentry harshly

In the morning, in a dejected and forlorn state, Anjana with slow steps reached the gates of the palace of King Mahendra. The sentry was surprised to see his princess in this state. As Anjana began to enter the gate, the sentry refused her to admit in. He said, " Let me gain the approval from the King." Like a dice tossed in a cup or a bubble caught under ice, she fought frantically with the thoughts full of dreadful dreams combined with many "ifs". They awaited their fate. He went and reported Anjana's arrival to the King.

Hearing the account somehow Mahendra's face dropped with shame and he thought, "Oh ! The deeds of women are beyond imagination, just as the doings of the fate. Having blemished her family's name she has now come to disgrace

my noble family."

Seeing the thoughtful face of the King, his eldest son Prassankirti, who was renowned for his justice, said, "Give no admittance to this wretched girl who has brought dishonour to our family's name. Is not a finger cut off when bitten by a snake ?"

Mahotsa, a minister interrupted, "O King ! It is not right to act in such a way. Her mother-in-law, Ketumati is a hard-hearted and cruel woman, who follows the heathen religion. She has abandoned Anjana who is blameless and if you also reject her, to whom she shall turn for help ? She is like a frightened deer, running away from the predator to the sanctuary of a dense forest. O King ! Give protection to her because she is blameless. It is a wide known fact that Ketumati is wicked. So keep Anjana secretly with you until Pavananjaya comes back from the war. After all she is your daughter."

"Anjana is a suspected debauchee, therefore, before our race is stained by her black deeds, she should be driven out of the city. Mother-in-laws like Ketumati are everywhere, but who had ever heard of such a daughter-in-law as Anjana ? I had heard that she was hated by her husband, how could she become pregnant by Pavananjaya ? Ketumati has exiled her because she found fault with her and I too will exile her from the country immediately. I don't even want to see her face. Not only this but whoever shall give protection to her in any part of my domain shall also be punished with death." Mahendra's face reddened with fury and distorted with contempt.

So from the gate of the palace Anjana was compelled to return without even meeting her parents or relatives.

The influence of deeds done in the past is simply staggering. He would be a fool not to recognise it. When shame

and contempt are to be born, the mind of the sufferer is practically torn to bits, but he does not turn for sanctuary to the right person. It is the soul that contracts and enlarges karmas by good or bad deeds, therefore, it is in the power of soul only to become happy by the accumulation of Punya karma (good deeds), none other can make it happy, for it is the karma that gives one happiness or misery as evidently one must experience either at a time. How transient is happiness ? Is not life a chain of dependence ? Only eternal bliss is independent, infinite and constant.

9. ASHATANA : A CONTEMPTIBLE ACT



Vasanttilka gave her a ready solace

With all her hopes and dreams fell flat, Anjana, leaning on Vasanttilka's shoulder, returned to the forest-her only sanctuary, for wherever she found protection in Mahendra's

domain, she had been turned out by the soldiers posted all over the country.

She had come with high hope from her father, but the evil Karmas had made a laughing stock of her. This was the same earth with which her body was made, and where her golden days of childhood had been spent. These were the parks and the gardens, where she had played with her dear and near friends. This was the same place, where, as a girl, she had danced and frolicked without any care or shadow of pain to blot her happiness. The same parents and the relatives who had tried their best to fulfill her every wish to make her happy, had now unceremoniously kicked her out without any regard to her prior relations. Oh ! The intolerable power of Karma !

Thirsty, hungry, pained in every fibre of her body by the untimely exertion, with tears streaming down her face, feet colouring the earth with a red hue from the blood flowing freely by the pricking of the sacrificant darbha grass, stumbling on each step she took, leaning against every tree, Anjana, wandering here and there sat down under a tree in a dense forest near a mountain and wept aloud "O !... Mother-in-law ! Was it right to abandon me without even judging me ? O ! Father ! In your lap I passed my childhood, now could you be so hard hearted as to drive me without judging ? Mother ! What could you do ? You were helpless. After all a Sati follows her husband. Brother Prassankirti ! You and I were born of the same womb. Did you not even try to help your unhappy sister ? My lord ! My beloved ! you are far-off. No... it is not anyone's fault; for none is to be blamed except my karmas !





The saint said, "Dharamlabh" - a peaceful blessing

Vasanttilka said, "My mistress ! It is useless to cry. One has to bear the fruits of the Karmas done in the previous births. None is able to escape one's Karmas. People think differently but happenings take their own course. Who has ever known the various states of Karma ? Therefore Devi ! take courage and endure the fruits of Karma which cannot be cured." Saying thus, she wiped the eyes of Anjana and said "Devi ! this is an unprotected terrain, so let us go to a cave nearby where we will be safe from wild beasts."

Supporting Anjana, Vasanttilka brought her to the opening of a cave, where they saw a Charan Sraman Muni- A Jain Saint deep in meditation. Devoid of any fear they folded their hands and bowed to the sage. The sage having finished his meditation uplifted his right hand and gave the blessing "Dharmmlabh". Vasanttilka, again bowing with devotion, narrated the full account of Anjana's life and inquired of him, "O Bhagwan ! What kind of soul has come into the

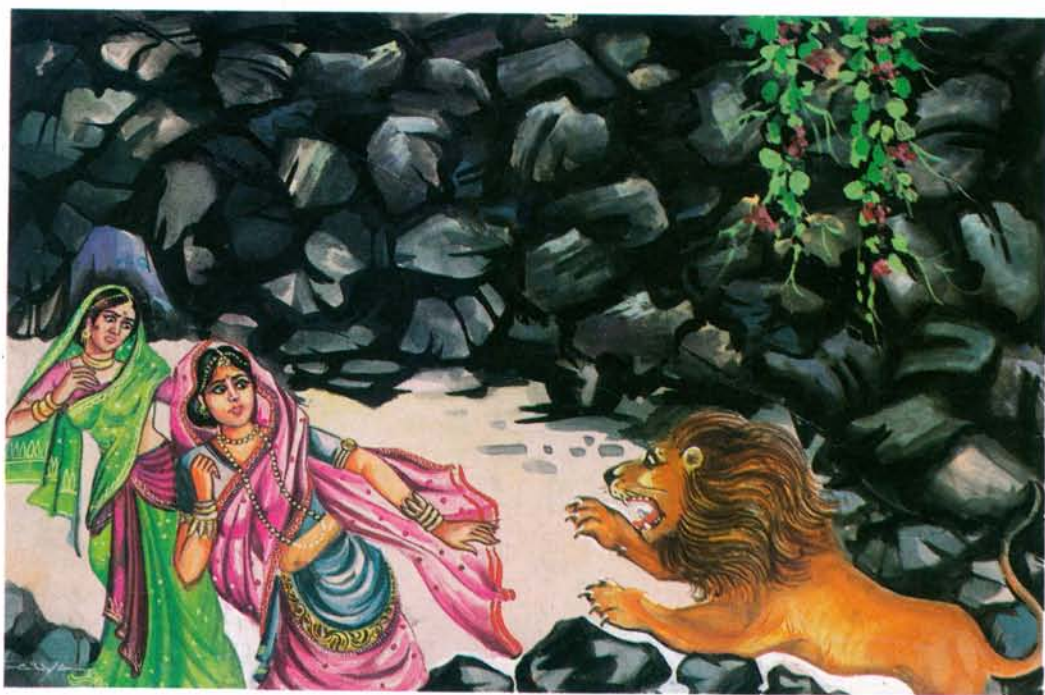
womb of my friend Anjana and due to which karmas has she acquired such a state ?"

The sage, related in brief, the history of the previous births of the foetus and said, "This soul has come from the Lantak or sixth Devloka. This is his last birth. He will be endowed with innumerable qualities of strength and nobility and will be a great king. Finally he shall attain Moksha in this very birth."

He related the previous birth of Anjana as follows : Kanakrath was the King of Kanakpur city. He had two queens: Kankodari and Lakshmivati. The latter was a devotee of Jineshwardeva. She used to worship a Jina-image made of precious stones, in her house temple. Kankodari unable to eye the fame and praise of her co-wife, took the idol secretly and hid it in a pile of rubbish. As fate would have it, an Arya (A nun belonging to Jain Sect, also called Sadhavi.) named Jayasri, who was going around for alms, came there and discovering this wicked deed, said to Kanakodari in sweet and tender tone, "What wicked deed you have done by putting the idol in the pile of rubbish ? You have made yourself a prey to misery for many births to come; for people who disregard Deva and Guru and abuse them, roam in the cycle of births and lead a miserable life by their evil karmas." Kankodari filled with terror and fear, repented, and having washed the idol returned it to its lawful place. From then onwards she too followed a Shrivika's vows and after death was born as Devi in the first Saudharma Devloka. From there, after her life span was complete, she (devi) has been born as the daughter of King Mahendra. The cause of unhappiness in this birth is the fruit of the karmas contracted in the birth of Kankodari by hiding the idol of Jina in the heap of rubbish. In the same birth-as Kanakodari's dasi, you were also accomplice to the idol - hiding act, so

you also have become the prey of misery together with Anjana. The effect of this evil karma is almost to end very shortly. Take the protection of "Jin-Dharma", by which you shall gain happiness in future. After some days Anjana's uncle will come here and take her to his abode and some time thence, she shall meet her husband." Thus having initiated them in Arhat-Dharma, the sage flew up in the sky. The misery of Anjana was lessened by the "darshan" (sight) of the sage and hearing of her own previous birth. The end of the black night of misery was not too far.

10. BIRTH OF HANUMAN



The ferocious Lion sprang upon them with open fangs

The sun had retired to repose in the night. Suddenly Anjana and Vasanttilka saw a ferocious lion with bristling mane and open fangs coming towards them. Both were ter-

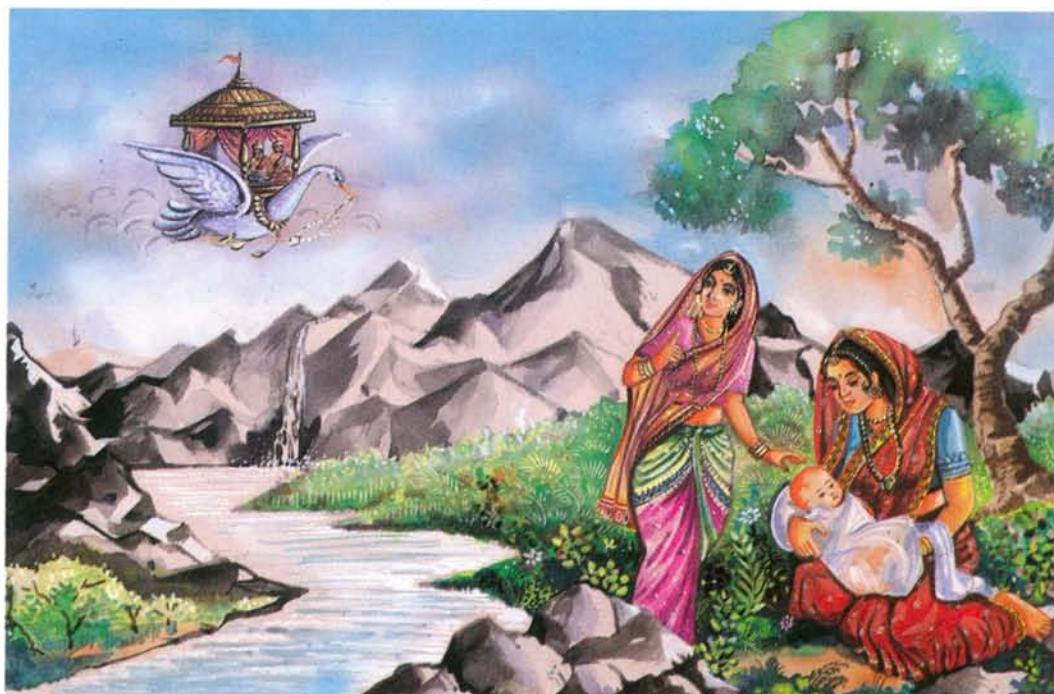
rified and trembled like an aspen leaf. But was this a miracle? An Astapada - a powerful eight footed animal appeared from nowhere and killed the lion in no time. Punya does wonders; for it was a Gandharva deva who seeing the calamity of the Sati - Chaste, assuming the form of an Astapada had killed the lion. There still lurked the shadow of misery in Anjana's heart. So for her pleasure, the Gandharva together with his wife sang songs in praise of Jina to lighten her heart. Staying in the protection of the Gandharva she had no cause for the slightest anxiety. All her wants were fulfilled. She made an idol of Lord Munisuvrat Swami (Twentieth Tirthankara out of Twenty four, according to Jain belief) and worshipped it daily and passed her time in the eulogies of Jina.



Anjana adored Lord Muni Suvrat Swami in the cave

Some time later she gave birth to a son. Vasanttilka performed all necessary rituals. Anjana took the boy in her

lap and cried aloud, "O Son ! what festival can I celebrate in this forest which strikes fear in the heart's of the man ? Had you been born in your father's or grandfather's (Mahendra's) house, there would have known no limit to the celebrations. But alas ! the unmeritorious have not the merit to celebrate such occasions. What can I do ? The only thing I can do is to bless you my heart. I bless you with a long life, which all men prize above everything."



Anjana gave birth to a child in the dense forest. Hearing a woman crying, a viman- descended

Meanwhile, a Vidyadhar flying above in his Viman - a celestial Car saw a woman crying down in the forest and being filled with pity; came down to investigate.

"Why are you crying ?" asked he.

Vasanttilka narrated Anjana's misery. As he heard the account, tears began to flow from his eyes. Restraining his tears at length he said" I am the King of Hanupur. I am the son of King Chitrabhanu and Queen Sundrimala. My name

is Pratisurya and I am the brother of Hridayasundri. So Anjana is my niece."

Anjana knowing Pratisurya to be her uncle, cried afresh. Sorrow breaks out when one meets one's beloved ones. Pratisurya turned to the astrologer who was with him and asked him about the future of the infant. After explaining the horoscope the astrologer said, "This child will be endowed with strength and outstanding qualities and will enjoy a vast kingdom and finally attain salvation in this very birth. This is his last birth."

Pratisurya was happy to hear this and said to Anjana, "Daughter ! let us go to Hanupur where we shall celebrate the child's birth."

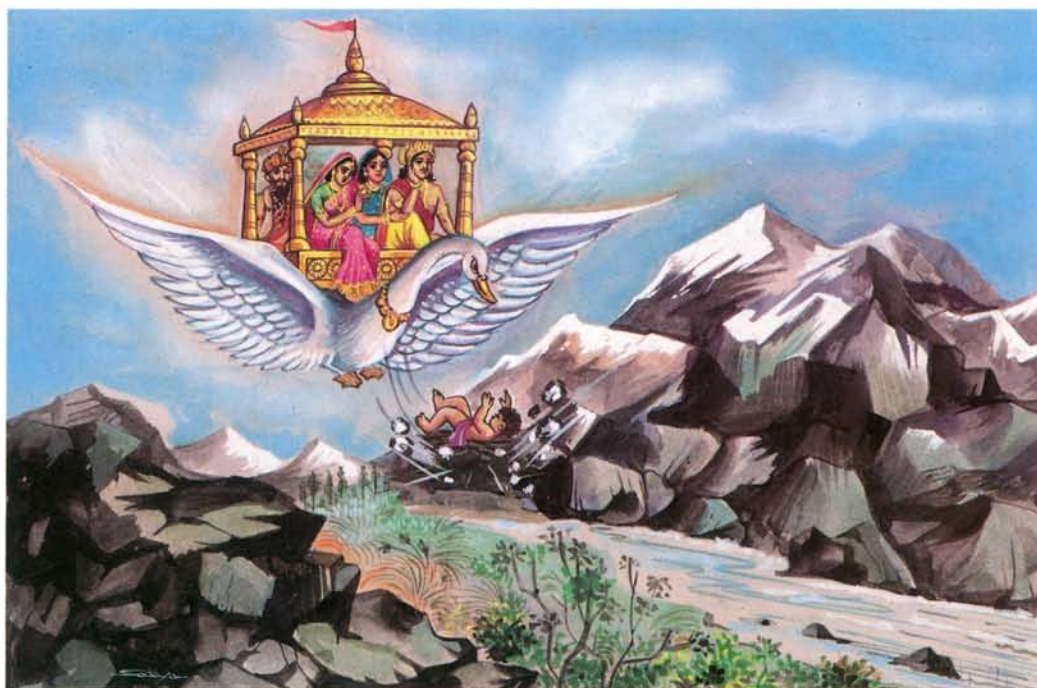
Anjana held her son in her arms and having bowed to Lord Muni Suvrat and having asked forgiveness of the Gandharvadeva seated herself in the celestial car of Pratisurya.

The power of Punya is undreamt of. When it bears fruit, life blooms everywhere. The dreadful nightmare of Anjana had passed and the golden sun of happiness was just rising. Hence comes the title of this worthy book *"The Nightmare is over !"*



11. SRISHAIL

The Vimana-celestial car was made of gold inlaid with many precious stones. Exquisite carvings decorated its interiors. Small balls of gold flashed in the sunlight. Anjana's son, seeing the flashing balls waving to and fro; sprang up to get hold of them but his jump took him far off, and he fell down on the mountain below.



Trying to catch the hanging balls, the new born baby jumped and fell down on the mountain below

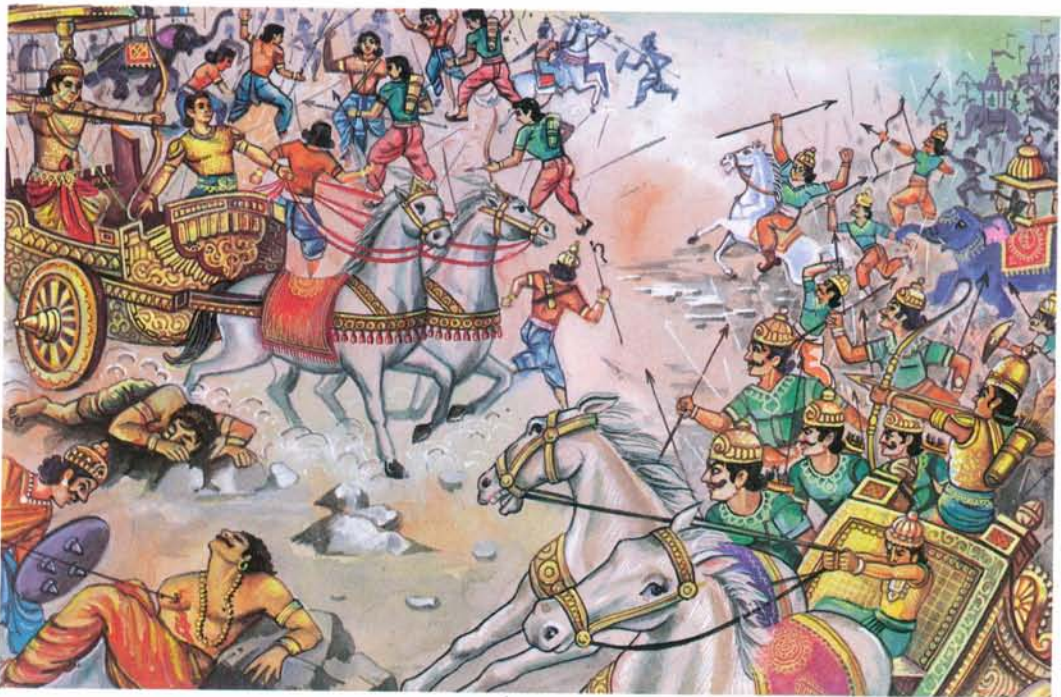
"Uncle ! The child has fallen down" wailed Anjana beating her breasts. Pratisurya immediately landed down and to his surprise, he saw that the mountain slab was broken to pieces and the child was safe, waving his hands in the air.

Smile reigned over his face. He took the child in his arms and relating the account, gave it to Anjana. Incredible it may seem, but the power of Punya is unfathomable.

In Hanupur, a great festival was celebrated. Anjana was worshipped like a goddess by all. The boy was named Hanuman in honour of his first coming to Hanupur, and Shri Shail (meaning mountain) because he had broken the mountain.

Anjana was happy, but sometimes pain would inhabit her eyes. She was anxiously waiting for the day when the stain on her character would be rubbed off. Her eyes would gaze, in search of her soul and heart, Pavananjaya, to the far

off horizon.



The war exploded taking many lives from both sides. The earth was coloured red with blood.

Pavananjaya reached Ravana and with his permission battled against Varuna and defeated him. Finally an armistice was established and Khar-Dushan were liberated. Victorious Ravana returned to Lanka with his army. Pavananjaya accompanied him but without taking part in the festivities of victory left quickly for his home-land with the permission of Ravana, as he was anxious to meet Anjana soon. How could he know that fate was moving in the adverse circle ! Now it was his turn to bear the grief and punishment, which had been inflicted previously upon Anjana by him.... As you sow, so you reap..eh !

12. SEARCH FOR ANJANA

Pavananjaya was welcomed with great pomp and show

on his victorious return to Adityapur. Greeting everyone Pavananjaya entered to the palace. Having first saluted his parents, he went straight to Anjana's palace. But not finding Anjana, he became anxious. He asked a maid, "Where is Anjana ?"

"After your departure, Queen Ketumati, suspicious about her pregnancy, had her abandoned on the outskirts of Mahendra Nagar," informed the maid.

Hearing this, Pavananjaya left straight for Mahendra Nagar. Not finding her there too, he asked a woman, "Did my sweetheart Anjana come here ?"

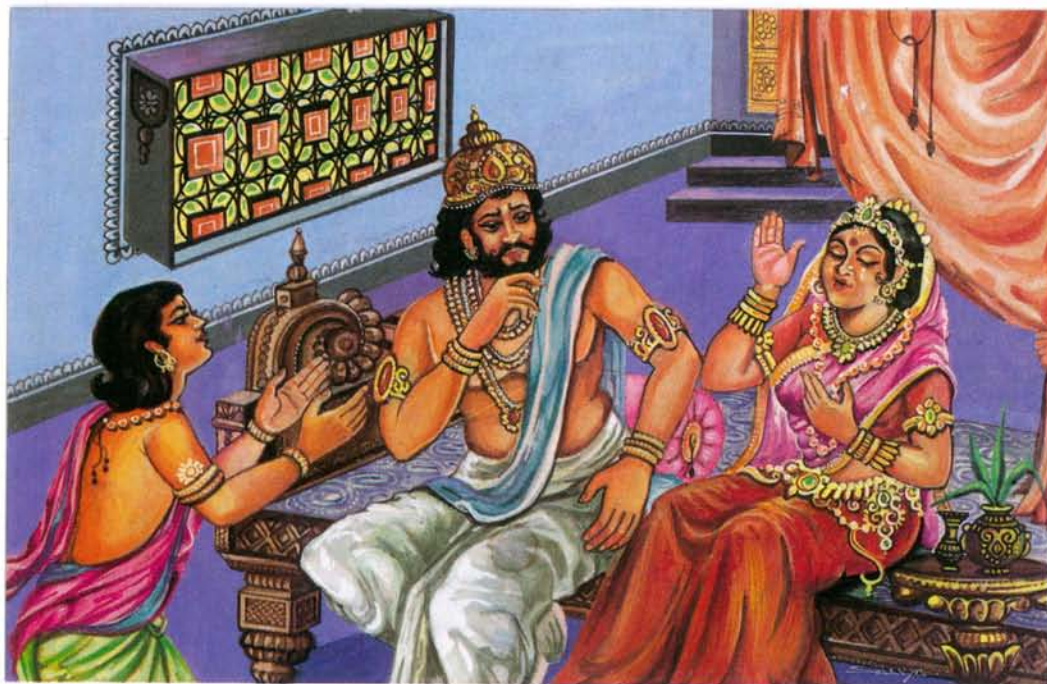
"She had come but being suspected to be a debauchee was exiled." replied the woman.

Hearing this, Pavananjaya's expectations dashed to pieces. Broken heart as he was, his face become sorrowful. He searched the forests and mountains for Anjana but found no trace of her.



"No, Prahsit ! You go and say my father if Anjana is not found, Pavananjaya will enter fire", said Pavananjaya

Despair hung heavy on him, he said to Prahsit, "I have searched Anjana far and wide but could not find her. God only knows what might be her fate now. Could she have already been devoured up by a lion ? Oh ! like a mean person, I have not looked back in torturing and tormenting her. Now the time for repentance has come. You go to Adityapur and inform my parents that I have not yet found Anjana. I shall search her in the forests and if she is not found... I shall embrace fire," said Pavananjaya.



Hearing Pavananjaya's message, Ketumati fainted

With a very heavy heart, Prahsit reached Adityapur and related the message of Pavananjaya. Ketumati fainted. As her conscious returned she cried ;"Prahsit ! Why did you leave your friend who was ready to die ? Oh ! Why did I abandon my guile-less daughter-in-law ? Hard and cruel-hearted as I am, without any thinking what did I do ? Oh ! son ! where have you gone ? Come and give reply to your

unhappy mother! Verily I have obtained the fruit of accusing a Sati."

Prahlad stopped Ketumati from further weeping and his retinue set out in search of his son. He also sent Vidyadharas in different directions to search Anjana. After wandering and searching about here and there, the tired king at last reached Bhutvan-a dense and fearful forest.

13. REGAINED

In the quite atmosphere each word was pouring like hot lead in Prahlad's ears :-

"O ! Van-devis ! I am the son of Vidyadharendra King Prahlad and his wife Ketumati. Mahasati Anjana is my wife. Wickedly I abandoned her, right from the time of our marriage, though she was quite innocent. Then I had to go for war. Fortunately knowing her to be faultless, I returned that very night and having given her my ring returned to the camp, without having made myself known to the elders. Thinking my wife to be guilty, the elders exiled her. God knows where she is ? I am the cause of her distressed state. Fie upon me ! I have searched her far and wide but could not find her and unable to bear the unsurpassable grief, I am going to enter the fire. If you see my wife, please say to her, that your husband has reduced himself to ashes in your grief."

Pavananjaya had searched diligently but when he did not find Anjana he became depressed. His heart broke, recalling his previous cruel treatment towards innocent Anjana. Like a beggar he had wandered far and wide but had met with despair and defeat. Life became a burden for him. Death seemed sweeter to his troubled mind. So he made a funeral pyre and standing near it, he narrated his story to

the (forest) Gods.



"There, There, the viman is coming", Prahsit danced with joy

He sprang up into the air to enter the funeral pyre but Prahlad soon came down and caught him in his arms. "Who is this to stop me from dying ?" shouted Pavananjaya fiercely.

"I am the sinner, your father, who disregarded the exile of the faultless daughter-in-law. Your mother has done one thoughtless act, but now please don't do an another one. Have patience !" Tears were streaming down Prahlad's face, "I have sent thousands of Vidyadhars to search for Anjana. Wait for them"... pleaded Prahlad with fatherly love springing in the affectionate tender heart.

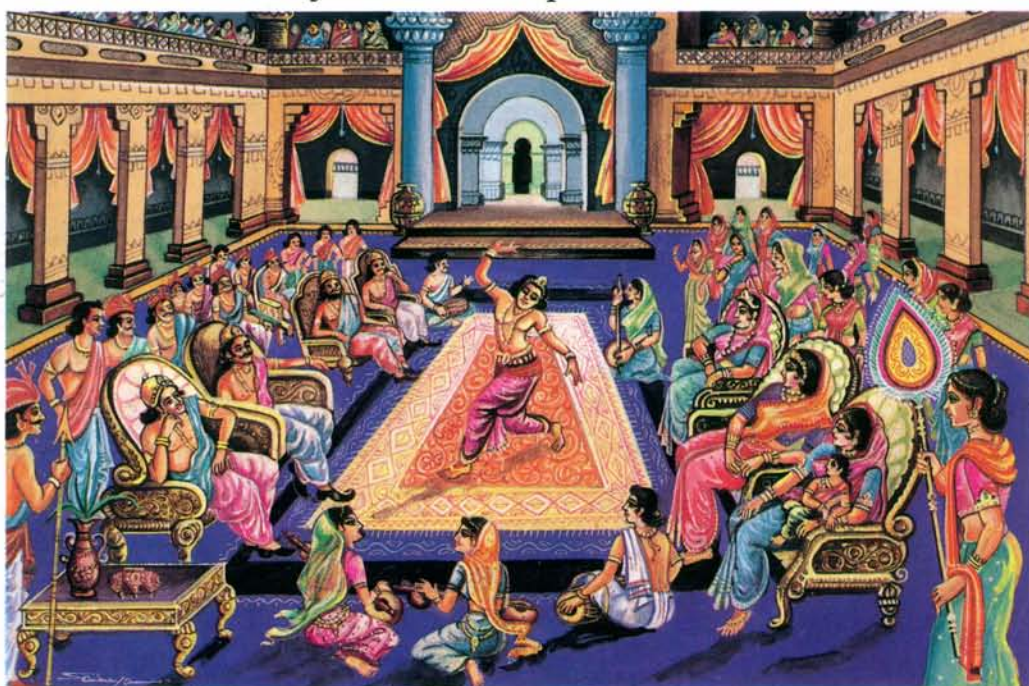
Prahsit was also weeping. His bosom friend had been saved by a hair's breadth from taken away forever. All of a sudden his eyes lighted up, "Hail to the Maharaja and Yuvraj! A Vimana is coming." The father and the son turned their eyes towards the horizon where Prahsit pointed out.

Yes, Vidyadhars who had gone in search of Anjana, had gradually reached Hanupur and related Prahlad's decision to enter fire. On hearing the news, Anjana had become unconscious. Regaining consciousness, she had wailed aloud "Wives embrace fire in the grief of their husbands but nowhere do husbands enter fire in the grief of their wives. The difference between you and me is now all the more like a jewel and a glass, for I am still alive in your separation. Alas ! my good karmas have deserted me. It is not the fault of anyone but my evil Karmas."

Partisurya had soothed her and immediately set out to look for Pavananjaya with Anjana and Hanuman in his Vimana and gradually reached Bhutvan in time.

Speedily the Vimana came nearer. Pratisurya lowered it to the ground in the vicinity of the trio.

Anjana and Pratisurya bowed low to Prahlad. Prahlad embraced Pratisurya. He took up Hanuman in his arms and



Everyone rejoiced at Hanupur, "All is well that ends well."

said to Pratisurya "You have become one of the best relatives in all, for you have saved me and my family from a great impending disaster. You have done very well by protecting my daughter-in-law, the cause of lineage."

Despair and gloom disappeared from Pavananjaya's face. His eyes shone with a new light. After all fate had been kind by restoring to him his beloved Anjana. A great festival was held in the forest.

At the request of Pratisurya all the Vidyadhars with their retinue, arrived at Hanupur. A fabulous festival much greater than the former was held in Hanupur. After the festival was over the Vidyadhars went away to their respective places. Pavananjaya remained at Hanupur.

14. DIKSHA AND SALVATION

Pavananjaya and Anjana now passed their time happily. Hanuman grew up to be strong and healthy. He learned all the lores and arts and obtained many victories.

In this mercurial life, raging with miseries, and sometimes with the lightning of happiness, the soul is far from bliss, for it is not in its nature to be happy in sensual enjoyments. True happiness is that which is not mixed or barred by misery, and is not dependent on any relative factors. For example the happiness of eating depends upon one's being hungry as well as of desirous food. Same can be said for other pleasures. True happiness is in abundance-infinite in the soul, but is obscured by the Karmas. In fact, we do not know what we are and wallow in sensual enjoyments, contrary to spiritual nature, which in turn brings misery, for any sensual enjoyment is not possible without "Himsa" -violence-killing" and by violence the soul contracts

evil Karmas and begets misery. In misery, he tries to repel it to gain happiness, again, contracting evil Karmas, and the cycle goes on. There is only one way out of this deadly cycle. To realise ourselves, uncover what is shroded behind the veil of the Karmas. It is possible to become devoid of all the Karmas and attain the pure state of soul-Moksha-Nirvana-eternal bliss and not hypothesis. Infinite souls have attained it and infinite shall attain it.

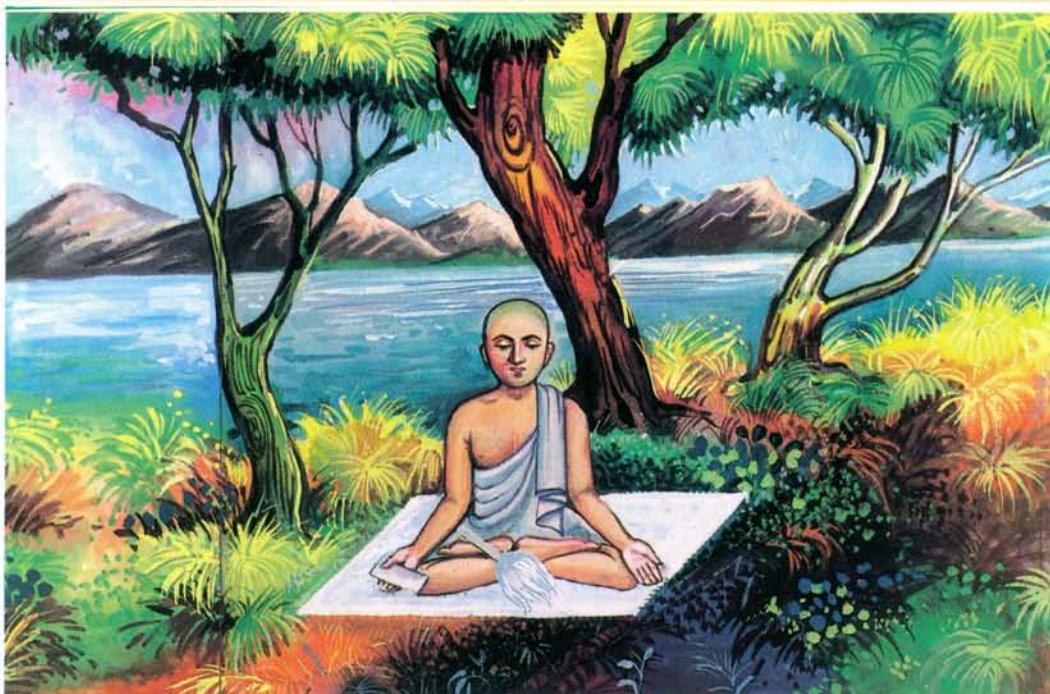
How can it be obtained ?

By embracing Sarva-virtee i.e. monkhood, expounded by the Sarvagyas Jinas. Till then the soul cannot have any eternal bliss.



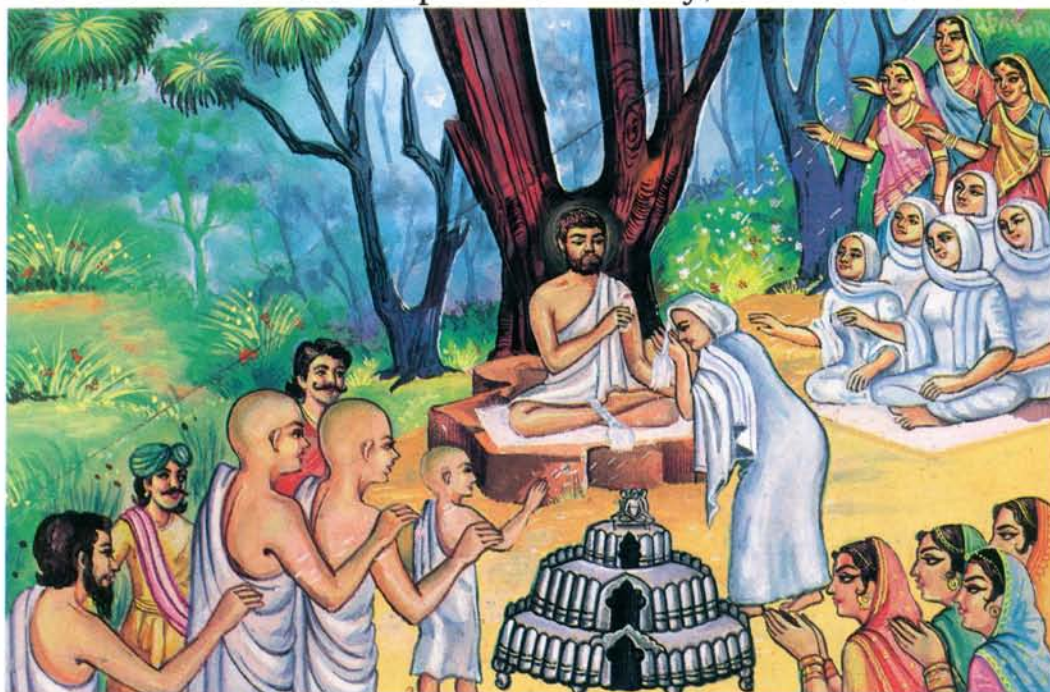
The world and all its sensual enjoyments are transitory. Getting this truth Pavananjaya renounced the world and became a saint

As time passed Pavananjaya grew averse to worldly enjoyments and affairs. And one day he become initiated as a monk, practised vigorous penance and finally attained Moksha.



Meditating the supreme self, Pavananjaya Muni achieved Kewalgnana and Moksha.

Anjana too, became a Sadhvi-nun and having annihilated all her Karmas, reached the abode of the Siddhas, where there is neither pain nor misery, but eternal bliss.



Anjana also took Diksha

Don't miss..... Interesting Books !! Books worth reading !!

BOOK LIST

OF

ADHYATMIK SHIKSHAN KENDRA

Our latest Pictorial Publications are

Ek Thi Rajkumari :

Mahasati Anjana (Hindi)

Rs. 101

The Nightmare is over :

The Story of Princess Anjana

Rs. 101

Ek Hati Rajkumari

Mahasati Anjana (Guj)

Rs. 101

Post a letter now immediately for any book published by us....

BOOKS AVAILABLE AT :

ADHYATMIK SHIKSHAN KENDRA, BOMBAY (INDIA)

ADHYATMIK SHIKSHAN KENDRA

C/o Kumar Agencies (INDIA)

44, Khadilkar Road,

BOMBAY - 400 004

RAJASTHAN JAIN UPAKARAN BHANDAR

1362, Pipal Pol, Astodia

Rangati Bazar

AHMEDABAD - 380 001

S.V. Jain Upakaran Bhandar

B-5, First Floor,

Karim Complex, Chickpet,

BANGALORE - 560 053

Motichand Samji Shah

121, Fairview Road,

LONDON 15, ENGLAND (U.K.)

MOTILAL BANARASIDAS

International Book Seller & Publisher

Bungalow Road, Jawahar Nagar,

DELHI - 110 007

SEVANTILAL V. JAIN

20, Mahajan Gali,

1st Floor Zaveri Bazaar,

BOMBAY - 400 002

A Biographical Sketch of the Author
His Holiness Acharyadev

SRI GUNARATNA SURISHWARJI MAHARAJ

Blessed is the country in which he was born ! Born in an Indian village Padarli and educated in B'bay through English medium, he abandoned all the worldly sensual enjoyments for leading a better life of Jain Saint hood. He devoted his life at the reverend feet of His Holiness Jain Acharya Prem Suriji, a farfamed scholar of Karma Philosophy. And was duly declared a pupil of Jain Acharya Jitendra Suriji, who is an obedeint disciple of Jain Acharya Bhuvan Bhanu Suriji.

Showing a better way and a better vision, he is a guide, leader and perfect teacher inspiring the youths at every pace and at every word. His sole motive is to uplift the morale of Youths. ... the only base of building a better age and Universe.

He is a distinguished author and preacher and a renowned scholar of Karma Philosophy, the heart of Jainism. His authentic work over Karma Philosophy "**Kshapak Shreni**" attracted the appraisal of German scholars like Klaus Bruhn of Berlin University.

His other works in Indian language include, Kahin Murjha Na Jhaye, Sab din hota na Sampanna etc.

The Co-Author and Translator

LATE MUNI SRI MOXRATNA VIJAYJI

*"Some dears and nears, are dead as deers
Let some more, torrents of tears."* -Y.I. Antar.

'Death is certain and eternal life is not possible'. The truck came from behind and knocked him down headlong...but the peaceful face was smiling.... as if challenging death and its tortures.

The jewel stolen and the light of knowledge vanished forever.... The fatal accident that sucked the life of the rising sun-like or blooming bud like saint Muni Sri Moxratna Vijayji Maharaj... in his very prime youth age 'Twenty nine' years.... was a terrible quake felt by every talented man.

His biography in Hindi Language '*Baras Rahi Akhiyan*' written by Muni Rashmiratna Vijayji Maharaj, the Editor of 'The Nightmare is Over,' now widely read has melted the stony and steel hearts of many. Even now, men and women are grieving for him. Seeing his Tap-Tyaga, one is stunned. How could such a young saint do such brave deeds of abandoning tasty things as fruits, sweets and many such worldly pleasures !

JAINACHARYADEV VIJAY GUNARATNA SURISHWARJI MAHARAJ

&

MUNI SHRI MOXRATNA VIJAY MAHARAJ

Top Most Books For Young Generation & All

Buy Today Only

Written By :- Acharya Shree Gunratnasurishwerji Maharaj

	Price	Language
1. Ek Thi Rajkumari (Anjanasundari)	51/-	Hindi
2. Jo Je Karmaye Na	15/-	Hindi
3. Sab Din Hot Na Sampanna	20/-	Hindi
4. Sau Chalo Sidhhagiri Jaiye	20/-	Gujarati
5. Ankhdiye Me Shatrunjaya Ditho Re	10/-	Gujarati
6. Kahin Murjha Na Jaye	20/-	Hindi
7. Re Karma Teri Gati Nyari	10/-	Hindi

Do Prati Kman - Panch Prati Kman - Bhaktamar etc.

Written by :- Muni Rashmiratna Vijay

1. Baras Rahi Ankhiya (Not-available)		
2. Bachao-Bachao (M.C. & Abortion)	10/-	Hindi
3. Ji Han, Mujhe Kuch Kahna Hai	10/-	Hindi
4. Kahin Deep Jale	3/-	Hindi
5. Shraddha Ke Suman (Stavan)	10/-	Hindi
6. Hansa ! Tu Jheel Maitri Ke Sarovar Me (Anudit-Jain Manovaigyanik)	20/-	Hindi
7. Home To Hospital	1/-	English & Hindi
8. The Quirk of Fate	5/-	English
9. Tufano Ne Kahi Do	10/-	Gujarati
10. T.V.T.V.	5/-	Gujarati
11. Choudah Swapna Geet & Janmavanchan	10/-	Hindi
12. Oye-Oye ! T.V. Wale Roye-Roye !	10/-	Hindi

Latest-The Night Mare is Over 101/-

KAHIN MURJHA NA JAYE

by : Acharya Gunaratna Surishwarji
Language : Hindi

Jho Jhe Karmaye Na (Guj)

Price : 20.00 Rupees only

If the water has become dirty, no need to believe that it will remain so forever.... distill it and O ! there is pure water.... Perfume it and see, how much it has become desirable...!

The distinguished author has supplied in this book the distilling force and a perfect perfume for the young generation. A way of self introspection and a way of repentance has been mainly discussed in this book with a media of different illustrations.

SAB DIN HOT NA SAMPANA

by : Acharya Gunratna Surishwarji

Language : Gujarati

Price : 20.00 Rupees only

As the title means "All days are not alike" Kings and Tsars turn into paupers and paupers abound in wealth and attain the highest rank.

This book mainly discusses the famous Indian epic 'Mahabharata' full of ups and downs of occurrences. The book is not only a story...but a creative bombshell... an explosive, breaking the deep mines of the Karma-bound soul, hence bringing forth...the real gold...virtues hidden beneath.

SAMASYA GHAR GHAR KI ! (Problem of every home)

by : Muni Rashmi Ratna Vijay Language : Hindi Price : 5.00 Rupees only

This booklet is mainly for women.... dealing with the present day problem, Abortion and M.C. Based scientifically, this booklet has brought a good turning point in many women... Gained a good approval from the readers. This book has been enlarged in " Bachao.... Bachao."

JAIN RAMAYANA

(With master peice Art work)

by : Acharya Gunratna Surishwarji

Language : Hindi-English-Gujarati

Price : 101Rs. only in India.

\$ 10, in U.S.A., £3.90 in U.K.

A Pictorial Book containing masterpiece painting work coming forth as a next step in the serial of Publications like 'The Nightmare is Over'. Giving a new Psychological view point...in the famous epic 'Ramayana,' this book should be missed by none... Will be published in Hindi...English ... and Gujarati...

Hurry up and soon book your copy or copies ...by posting a letter to the publisher.... This is going to be a very... very interesting. album-cum-book worthreading.

BARAS RAHI AKHIYAN

(A life of Late Muni Sri Moxratna Vijayji)

by : Muni Rashmi Ratna Vijay.

Language : Hindi

Price : 20.00 Rupees only

If you have ever heard of books making one, whether man or woman...literate or illiterate... weep at every word... this book is one of them.

Heart touching life of Late Muni Sri Moxratna Vijayji has been so remarkably outlined (sketched).... that one is spell bound at every page and at every word..

"The author has given the pen and book a free hand to judge the life of Late Muni Sri and I have cried and cried...!" these are the words of a High Court Judge,
"I have read it ten times and every time I am moved and inspired" - (from a letter)

Our publications are few, but best and

give a pleasure in reading...



Heart touching books...

Interesting books...



Books intended to take a new way at life

BACCHAO ! BA..CHA...O....!!

by : Muni Rashmi Ratna Vijay

Language : Hindi

Price : 10,00 Rupees only

A latest book of the writer deals mainly about Indian culture, at present day challenged by Disco culture. The book starts dramatically...Rape...Rape ! Rescue... Rescue....! This shriek from a woman startles the listeners. They run to rescue her from the barbarous onslaught... but become cold as ice when they see the criminal.... The criminal is none other than ones own self ! The virgin assaulted is "Mother Indian Culture".

This book inspires men and women of valour to come forth and rescue this virgin....! This book is a worthy jewel 'Kohinoor' for a worthy reader.

EK THI RAJKUMARI

(with master piece paintings)

by : Acharya Gunratna Surishwarji

Muni Shri Moxratna Vijayji

Language : Hindi

Price : 101 Rupees only

"One of the best books, I have ever set my eyes upon. Devoured it with an appetite. Worthy Prize"... The book from which the worthy book 'The Nightmare is over' took its form. By condensing, abridging and translating this book, the English version was prepared.

A must reading book for those who are well-versed in Hindi.

OUT OF PRINT

* Jeewan Bagh *

* Jeewan FulSuvas *

* Udadhi Uchhalechhe Tyare *

* Navaladi Mazhadhar *

MAHAPRABHAVIK BHAKATAMAR STOTRA

(With Mantras)

by : Acharya Gunratna Surishwarji

Language : Sanskrit, Hindi and English

Price : 3.00 Rupees only.

This book is printed in three languages. Text in Sanskrit and translations in Hindi and English. Nowadays this stotra-prayer is recited in the morning in many cities and villages. Even among youngmen, this prayer is becoming more and more popular. Particularly this edition is unique.

THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER

(With masterpiece paintings)

by : Acharya Gunratna Surishwarji

Language : English

Price : 101.00 in India, \$ 10 in U.S.A.,

£ 4.90 in U.K.

The hearttouching story of princess Anjana is remarkably narrated in this pictorial book. So much so, that you will not restrain yourself from weeping at every word. The language of this book is lucid and gay.

JEE HAN MUZHE KUCHHA KAHNA HAI

(Yes Sir, I want to say some thing)

-by : Muni Rashmi Ratna Vijay

Language : Hindi

Price : 10.00 Rupees only

A perfect biographical sketch of Acharya Sri Gunratna Surishwarji. Some valuable articles and essays are added to make the book worthier.

FORTH COMING BOOK

* Upashamana Karan *

(An authentic work over Karma

Philosophy in Sanskrit Prakrit)

OTHER LATEST BOOKS

* Re Karam Teri gati Nyari * Sahu Chalo Sidhagiri Jayeea *

- by Acharya Sri Gunaratna Suriiji

* Kahin Deep Jale * Sradha Ke Suman * Toofano ne Kahi Do * T.V. T.V. TV. *

* The Quirk of Fate (Eng) * ChaudaSwapna Nrutya - Geet * Oye Oye T.V Wale Roye Roye *

- by Muni Rashmi Ratna Vijay

TRUSTEES OF ADHAYTMIK SHIKSHAN KENDRA

Tikam Chandji Hirachandji, Padarli

Jindasbhai Jethmalji, Padarli

Sagarmal Raichandji, Pindwara

Chaganraj Otarmalji, Kalandri

Chothmalji Devichandji, Rohira

Keshrimal Dalichandji, Rohira

Maganlal Chiman lalji, Rohira.

"Youngman ! You're fortunate... we have chosen you...."

*A chance worthtaking in vaccation
strictly for Youngmen...students...!*

METAPHYSICAL KNOWLEDGE CAMP

Free Lodging !

Free boarding !

Students above Matric are invited in this camp. This camp is held mainly for the morale upliftment in Young generation. By attending this camp, they will understand the meaning of life and learn how to endure, that could not be cured. Scientific facts stated in Jainism by Lord Mahaveera etc. are duly explained. Jain History, Jain Geography, Jain Psychology, Jain Biology, Jain Philosophy, Karma Theory and many other subjects are simplified first and then served to the New Generation. So that they could gain knowledge as well wisdom at every pace in this mortal world.

Every year such a camp is held on hillstations like Mt. Abu or at tourist places like Ranakpur etc. Send for your form in March and April and be admitted in this camp. ...Just for a single time and you'll be remembering it for ever...! Many youths have changed their life. ... Have gained a divine light and new insight. A good chance. ...None should miss this.

Communicate here for further details and forms

ADHAYTMIK SHIKSHAN KENDRA

44, Khadilkar Road,
BOMBAY 400 004 (INDIA)

Donars are welcomed in this "Youth Refinery Organization" i.e. Adhyatmik Shikshan Kendra. Join as a member by simply giving Rs. 11,001 (Eleven thousand and one only) as Samrakshak (Protector) or Rs. 5,001 (Five thousand and one only) as Gyan Bhakta (Devoted to Knowledge). The name of the donar will be printed every year. Donars from abroad are also invited to make the worthless wealth worthy and worthier. Let us unite ourselves in this huge task "United we stand, divided we fall."

THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER

This too is useful....

Don't miss it....

....at any cost

VISHWA PRAKASH PATRACHAR PATHYAKRAM

(Postal Tutition)

Directed by : Acharya Gunratna Surishwarji
Circulated by : Sri Nakoda Parshwanath Trust.
Language : Hindi
Cost : Free of Charge.

What is it ?

This is a Postal Tutition course.... unique in its kind. Any man or woman, boy or girl, Mr. or Mrs. can join in this and gain knowledge. Age limit is over fifteen.

'A study at home' this course is a free education system. Thousands have joined it from all over India. Among them are Doctors, Teachers, Lawyers, Judges, etc.

What should I do ?

A lesson is at your hand in time and all you have to do is to read it thoroughly. See the question paper attached and after filling it with proper answers, already given in the lesson....post it and there you're with a new lesson in hand....!

What will I gain ?

First year...Jain Parichaya Degree and gifts

Second year....Jain Visharada Degree and gifts

Third year. B.J. (Bachelor of Jainism) Jain Snatak Degree and gifts.

And much more... the most valuable knowledge of Jainism !!

What would you learn ?

You want to know, "**How to lead a better life ? What is Jainism ? What is Karma Philosophy ? What is Jain Biology, History, Geography, Psychology ?** and many other subjects..." Do this course and there you're with your curiosity calmed.

You're ready !

Then just get hold of the form and fill it with your name and address. Add one rupee registration fee (taken only once) and you're work is done.

A chance worth taking.....try once and you'll see....you're satisfied more than you expected...!

Contact :

VISHWA PRAKASH PATRACHAR PATHYAKRAM

Sri Nakoda Parshwanth Jain Pedhi

Mevanagar, BALOTRA, Dist. Barmer (Rajasthan) INDIA

Phone : 30 Pin. 344025

Donors For " The Night Mare is over"

Patrons for " The Nightmare is over"

Sanghvi Mishrimalji Doodaji	Sanchoe
Shah Gavrichand Shivilaji	Pooran
Shah Ajay Kumarji Kothari	Madras

Shruta Bhakta 'for' The Night mare is over

Shah Maganlal Kasturji	Pooran
Shah Maganlal Bhalaji	Pooran
Shah Khemchand Tulsaji	Pooran
Shah Leharchand Bhooraji	Pooran

Vice Patrons for " The Night mare is over"

Shah Maganlalji Kisturji	Malwara
Shah Thanaji Kasturji	Malwara
Shah Pratapji Hinduji Hirani	Malwara
Shah S. V. Jiwani	Pooran
Shah Babulalji Jomaji	Pooran
Shah Hanjarimal Dharmaji	Pooran
Shah R. J. Madhani	Pooran
Shah Vimalkumarji Nathmalji	Badanwadi
Shah Sanghvi Manmalji Rajaji	Godan
Shah Mohanlalji Lalitkumarji	Dantrai
Shah Hemrajji Jasaji	Chandrai
Shah Rikhabchandji Amichandji	Chandrai
Shah Manekchandji Gulabchandji	Chandrai
Shah Moolchandji Lakhmaji	Takhatgarh
Shah Babubhai M. Shah	Bapla
Shah Hanjarimalji Malaji	Bapla
Shah Mishrimalji Pratapji	Malwara
Shah Chunilalji Khumaji	Takhatgarh
Shah Pukharajji Pannalaji	Chandrai
Shah Prakashchandji	Manora
Shah Babulalji Veerchandji	Sirohi
Shah Chaganlalji A. Jain	Madras
Sri Hadecha Jain Sangh	Hadecha
Shah Hirachand Chhaganlalji	Aarokhi

Shah Somchand Gomaji	Pooran
Shah Mishrimal Panaji	Pooran
Shah Chunilal Hanjariji	Pooran
Shah Saroopchand Hanaji	Pooran
Shah Mafatlal Udaji	Pooran
Shah Tarachand Vanaji	Pooran
Shah Vanaji Jesaji	Pooran
Shah Dhanpal Dargaji	Pooran
Shah Keshrimal Peethaji	Pooran
Shah Pratapji Tulsaji Nemaji	Pooran
Shah Himmatmal Magaji	Badanwadi
Shah Babulalji Valchandji	Badanwadi
Shah Babulalji Magaji	Badanwadi
Shah Amichandji Magaji	Badanwadi
Shah Mishrimalji Kesaji	Badanwadi
Shah Kanhyalalji Pratapji	Badanwadi
Shah Jugarajji Sonaji	Badanwadi
Shah Chunilalji Nathaji	Badanwadi
Shah Parasmalji Achalaji	Badanwadi
Shah Danmalji Kapoorji	Badanwadi
Shah Amichandji Kasturji	Leta
Shah Hirachandji Phoolchandji	Jalore
Shah Mishrimal Bhabutmalji	Ahore
Shah Mysore Tube Supply	Ahore
Shah Jugarajji Bhabutmalji	Ahore
Shah J. Nemkumar	Ahore



His holiness Jain Acharyadev
Sri Gunaratna Surishwarji Maharaj

Blessed are those who believeth in thee !' Pujya Jain Acharyadev Sri's remarkable ability to penetrate directly into the heart of the subject through his own writings and discourses, gained him a fame among the renowned Jain Scholars, Acharya's etc. His inspiring look provokes a power in a youth to abandon worldly pleasures and dedicate his life unto the devotion of Lord Mahavira. He is the successful Guru of many young pupils. He is a dedicated saint striving for the existance of morality in Youths.

By organising Metaphysical knowledge Camps in every summer vaction at different places like hill stations or places alike and by directing the Postal Tuition-Vishwa Prakash Patrachar Pathya Kram, he is doing his best for the mankind.

'An ocean in a droplet' thus described the German Scholar Klaus Bruhn, while devouring the book 'Kshapak Shreni' written by Pujya Acharya dev Sri. He is also a famous author of many other books in Indian Languages-Hindi and Gujarati.

*The co-writer and Translator of The Night-
 mare is Over.*

Late Muni Sri Moxratna Vijayji Maharaj.

He was a man made of clay ? Nay...
 Made of atoms ? neither...!

But the truth is he was a man made up of virtues. ..He was one of the great scholars memorable for their great services to mankind...not by merely talking but by acting accordingly..."Simple Living and High thinking" was the sole motto that led him to the summit of virtues, thence making him praiseworthy. The Jain Community was really proud of him. Born in Agra and educated in Calcutta, he took his initiation-Diksha at an early age and devoted his life at His Holiness Acharyadev Sri Gunaratna Surishwarji's reverend feet. He died accidentally at the age of 29. His inspiring life is hearttouchingly narrated in 'Baras Rahi Akhiya' (Eyes dropping Tears) by **Muni Sri Rasmiratna Vijay.**

