

# A Treasury of Jain Tales

Prof : V.M. Kulkarni



Published by

Shardaben Chimanbhai  
Educational Research Centre  
Ahmedabad

**Shree Shwetambar Murtipujak Jain Boarding  
(Ahmedabad ) Series Vol. 5**

## **A Treasury of Jain Tales**

General Editor

**Dr. Jitendra B. Shah**

Edited by

**V. M. Kulkarni, M. A., Ph. D.**

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Director :

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

We feel immense pleasure in introducing this Title 'A Treasury of Jain Tales' compiled and edited by Dr. V. M. Kulkarni as 5th volume in Shri Swetambar Murtipujak Jain Boarding Series.

The Jain narrative literature is enormously rich. It reflects various social, religious and economic conditions. On going through the stories one can easily get a glimpse into our rich cultural past.

The present edition carries a beautiful collection of the stories derived from Jain Canonical literature and commentaries. We hope the Treasury will be well received by scholars as well as laymen.

We express our profound gratitude to Pt. Dalsukh D. Malvania and Prof. Harivallabh C. Bhayani at whose instance we undertook this task and to Dr. V. M. Kulkarni for carrying it out successfully.

We record our sincere gratitude to Prof. Chandrakantbhai Kadia for his whole - hearted co-operation without which this edition would not have been possible.

We express our sincere thanks to the authorities of L.D. Institute of Indology for providing us some beautiful photographs based on stories.

We are very thankful to our Research Officer Dr. Shri Prakash Pandey for his careful proof reading.

Finally we thankfully acknowledge the financial assistance received from 'Shri Shwetambar Murtipujak Jain Boarding, Ahmedabad for publication of this book. We offer our sincere thanks to the authorities of the Boarding.

Date : 5 March, 1994

Dr. Jitendra B. Shah  
Director

Sharadaben Chimanbhai Educational  
Research Centre  
Opp. Ranakpur Society  
Shahibag, Ahmedabad.

# PREFACE

I have pleasure in presenting this volume of Jain Tales which I hope is the first in a series of at least three such collections. The story literature is extensive enough to fill many more volumes.

I must say how very grateful I am to the authorities of the Prakrit Text Society, Ahmedabad for entrusting the work to me. I did enjoy doing it, though owing to my illness I could not complete it within time.

I am also grateful to my colleagues for their co-operation. They were as much experts in their work as indulgent to me. They are Dr. J. C. Jain, Dr. P. M. Upadhye, Professor R. P. Nipanikar, Professor S. T. Nimkar, Dr. (Mrs) Nirmala Chheda and Dr. G. S. Bedagkar. I must add here a special word of thanks to the last mentioned colleague for his unstinted help. He edited the English translation as it came from the other colleagues and helped me in whatever way I needed.

I offer my sincere thanks to Prof. Chandrakantbhai Kadia for his keen interest in seeing this book through the press. I record my thanks to Dr. Shri Prakash Pandey, Research Officer at the Sharadaben Chimanbhai Educational Research Centre, Ahmedabad for carefully reading proofs and to the authorities of the Press, Typographers, Ahmedabad for the excellent printing and get up of the book.

I would particularly mention Professor Dalsukhbhai D. Malvania and Dr. H. C. Bhayani for their steady appreciation which I have been enjoying for the last many years. But for their help this book would not have been.

Finally I must express my sincere thanks to the authorities of the Sharadaben Chimanbhai Educational Research Centre for their keen interest in this work and for undertaking its publication.

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Dixit Road Extension,  
Vile Parle (East), Bombay-400057.

- V. M. Kulkarni

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## How the Project was born and Took Shape

It was seven years back that we had approached Shri Shrenikbhai Sheth Chairman, Shri Jain Swetambar Murtipujak Boarding Trust, Ahmedabad with a proposal of preparing and bringing out in English translation a few collections of representative illustrative stories from the Jain literature in Prakrit language. In spite of the fact that the Prakrit narrative literature is the richest among world literatures, it is poorly known to the people at large. What is available in English is very meagre. Shrenikbhai gave a very enthusiastic response. Accordingly the Prakrit Text Society undertook, with the financial assistance from S.S.M.J.B. Trust to get prepared a treasury of select Jain Tales.

For this purpose we approached Prof. V.M.Kulkarni, whose boundless love for Prakrit literature, we are quite confident, would not allow him to hesitate in accepting our request to work as the editor of the project. Prof. Kulkarni prepared a detailed plan for the work. During his work on the project, he had to face numerous difficulties : inaccessibility of many source books, near-unavailability of assisting translators from Prakrit to English, daunting health troubles, etc. His determination and heroic perseverance, however, have succeeded at long last in completing the present volume of the Treasury of Jain Tales which, no doubt can be looked upon as another gem in the crown of his scholarly achievements. The manuscript of the volume was ready in 1991 and we handed it over to the S.S.M.J.B. Trust to arrange for its publication. The credit for the few illustrations that highlight key situations in some stories goes to Shrenikbhai's perceptive suggestions. It is earnestly hoped that scholar and lover of Indian Classical literatures will appreciate and find instructive the stories presented here.

We on behalf of Prakrit Text Society lack sufficient words to thank Prof. Kulkarni. We express our sincere thanks to scholars who co-operated with him in this undertaking. We are also thankful to S.S.M.J.B. Trust for financing the project, Shri Sharadaben Chimanbhai Educational Research Centre for publishing the volume and various institutions including the L.D. Institute of Indology which provided library facilities.

Dalsukh Malvania  
Secretary  
Prakrit Text Society  
Ahmedabad.

H. C. Bhayani,  
President

# INTRODUCTION

## *Indian Narrative Literature*

Keith in his wellknown work, *A History of Sanskrit Literature*, deals with the *kathā* literature in Sanskrit and Prakrit. In chapter XI he treats of the didactic fable (the *Pañcatantra*, its derivative forms and the *Hitopadeśa*); in chapter XII, of the *Brhatkathā* and its descendants (*Brhatkathā-śloka-saṁgraha* of *Budhasvāmin*, the Kashmirian *Brhatkathā*, *Kṣemendra's Brhatkathāmañjarī* and *Somadeva's Kathāsaritsāgara*); in chapter XIII, of the romantic and the didactic tale — the former touching upon the *Vetāla-pañcaviṁś'tiknā*, the *Śukasaptatī* and the *Simhāsanadvātriṁśikā*, and the latter mentioning the *Parīś'istaparvan*, a supplement to his epic *Triṣaṣṭiśālākā-puruṣa-carita* by Hemachandra, the *Upamiti-bhavaprapañca kathā* of Siddharṣi, the *Campakaśreṣṭhikathā-naka* and the *Pālagopālakathānakā* of *Jinakīrti*; in chapter XIV of the great romances covering the *Daśakumāracarita* of Daṇḍin, the *Vāsavadattā* of Subandhu, the *Harṣacarita*, the model of an *ākhyāyikā* and the *Kādambarī*, the model of a *kathā*, the two famous works of Bāna; and in chapter XV, of the later romances—*Dhanapāla's Tilakamañjarī* and *Vāḍibhasiṁha's Gadyacintāmaṇi* (and *campūs*).

Early writers on poetics deal with the salient features of a *kathā* and an *ākhyāyikā*, two principal types of prose works but do not take note of other types of prose writing. It is only later *ālaṁkārikas* like Abhinavagupta, Bhoja, Hemacandra, etc., who define and

illustrate *upākhyāna*, *ākhyāna*, *nidarśana*, etc., and sub-varieties of *kathā* like *khaṇḍakathā*, *sakalakathā*, etc.

Anandavardhana and Abhinavagupta, it would seem, take note of only two types of Prakrit *kathās* : *khaṇḍakathā* and *sakalakathā*. Prakrit writers like Haribhadra, Uddyotanasūri treat of some more types of *kathās* in Prakrit.

Leaving aside great works like *Brhatkathā* and its descendants we notice herebelow the descriptions or definitions of the various types of *kathās* noted by Prakrit writers of eminence and Sanskrit writers on poetics.

### (A) *Kathā and its varieties as given in Prakrit Works*

According to the *Sthānāṅga-sūtra*<sup>1</sup>, *kathā* has three varieties: 1. *arthakathā*, 2. *dharmakathā* and 3. *kāmakathā*, whereas *vikathā* has four : 1. *strīkathā*, 2. *bhaktakathā*, 3. *deśakathā* and 4. *rājakathā*. Each of these four is further sub-divided into four varieties<sup>2</sup>. Further on, *sūtra* 569 declares that there are seven *vikathās* and adds to the above four varieties the following three *vikathās* : 5. *mṛḍukaruṇikā*, 6. *darśana-bhedinī* and 7. *cāritra-bhedinī*<sup>3</sup>.

1. तिविहा कहा पन्नत्ता, तं जहा - अत्थकहा, धम्मकहा, कामकहा ।  
-स्थानाङ्गसूत्र, अध्ययन ३, उद्देशक- ३, सूत्र १९४, पृ. ७७
2. चत्तारि विकहाओ पन्नत्ताओ, तं जहा - इत्थिकहा, भत्तकहा, देसकहा, रायकहा । इत्तिकहा चउव्विहा पन्नत्ता, तं जहा - इत्थीणं जाइकहा, इत्थीणं कुलकहा, इत्थीणं रूवकहा, इत्थीणं णेवत्थकहा ।  
भत्तकहा चउव्विहा पन्नत्ता, तं जहा - अत्तस्स आवावकहा, भत्तस्स णिव्वावकहा, भत्तस्स आरभकहा, भत्तस्स निट्ठाणकहा ।  
देसकहा चउव्विहा पन्नत्ता, तं जहा - देसविहिकहा, देसवि-  
कप्पकहा, देसच्छंदकहा, देसनेवत्थकहा ।  
रायकहा चउव्विहा पन्नत्ता, तं जहा - रन्नो अतिताणकहा रन्नो निज्जाणकहा, रन्नो बलवाहणकहा, रन्नो कोस कोट्ठागारकहा ।  
-स्थानाङ्गसूत्र, अध्ययन ४, उद्देशक २, सूत्र २८२ पृ. १११-११२
3. सत्त विकहाओ पन्नत्ताओ, तं जहा - इत्थिकहा, भत्तकहा, देसकहा, रायकहा, मिठकालुणिता, दंसणभेयणी, चरित्तभेद (?य)णी ।

*Sthānāṅga* (sūtra 282) divides *kathā* (or better *dharmakathā*) into four sub-varieties: 1. *ākṣepaṇi* (*ākṣepaṇī*), 2. *vikṣepaṇi* (*vi-kṣepiṇī*), 3. *saṁvegani* (or *saṁvejaṇī*) and 4. *nirvejaṇī* (or *nirvedani*).<sup>4</sup>

According to the *Vasudevahiṇḍi* the *kathā* is twofold : 1. *carita* (narrative based on tradition, biography, life) and 2. *kalpita* (work of imagination, fiction, invention). *Carita* is twofold: narrative of life of a woman or of man. *Carita* is : whatever is seen, heard or experienced with regard to the achievement in the field of the three ends of human life, (*dharmā* (virtue, sacred law or duty), 2. *artha* (wealth) and 3. *kāma* (pleasure). But whatever is opposite of this, i.e., whatever is invented by the poet or story-teller and added to what has been told by the wise is called *kalpita*. Men and women are known to be: 1. *uttama* (exalted, excellent). 2. *madhyama* (middlemost) and 3. *nikṛṣṭa* (low or vile or debased). Narratives based on their lives (*caritas*) too are of the same kind.<sup>5</sup>

Haribhadrāsūri in his Introduction (*bhūmikā*) to his own *Samarādityakathā* informs us that according to the view of the ancient *ācāryas* the subject matter of a story may relate to (1) only divine characters or (2) divine and human characters together or (3) all human characters.<sup>6</sup> A story in general could have four: (1)

4. These varieties and sub-varieties are duly explained in the discussion that follows.

5. दुविहा कहा - चरिया य कप्पिया या तत्थ चरिया दुविहा - इत्थीए पुरिसस्स वा । धम्मत्थकामकज्जेसु दिट्ठं सुयमणुभूयं चरियं ति वुच्चति। जं पुण विवज्जासियं कुसलेहिं उवदेसियपुव्वं समतीए जुज्जमाणं कहिज्जइ तं कप्पियां पुरिसा इत्थीओ य तिविहावबुद्धसु - उत्तिमा मज्झिमा णिकिट्ठा य, तेसिं चरियाणि वि तव्विहाणि । ततो सो एवं वोत्तूण चरियकप्पियाणि अक्खाणयाणि .... वण्णेति ।

-*Vasudevahiṇḍi*, Lambha X, Bhavnagar, 1931, pp.208-209.

6. तत्थ य 'तिविहं कहावत्थुं' ति पुव्वायरियपवाओ । तं जहा - दिव्वं दिव्वमाणुसं माणुसं च । तत्थ दिव्वं नाम जत्थ केवलमेव दिव्वचरियं वण्णिज्जइ, दिव्वमाणुसं पुण जत्थ दोण्हं पि दिव्वमाणुसाणं; माणुसं तु जत्थ केवलं माणुसचरियं ति ।

-*Samarādityakathā*, *Bhūmikā*.

wealth (*artha*) — playing a predominant role, or (2) love (*kāma*) — playing a predominant role, or (3) religion — virtue, duty — (*dharma*) — playing a predominant role. A mixed (*miśra* or *sāṃkīrṇa*) story is the fourth type.<sup>7</sup>

A wealth-story is one which has wealth as its predominant subject matter and which deals with war-fare, sending of letters, agriculture, trading and mechanical arts, the use of alchemy, making of alloys, etc., the use of expedients like conciliation (*sāma*), dissension (*bheda*), bribery (*upapradāna*) and punishment (*daṇḍa*).<sup>8</sup>

A love story treats of beautiful forms, proficiency in arts, which has for its essence respectful reception and union accompanied with horripilation caused by love, and which describes the activities of (maiden messengers or) go-betweens, amours and propitiation etc.<sup>9</sup>

A religion — virtue, duty-story is one which has *dharma* for its principal theme, which treats of virtues like forgiveness, humility, straightforwardness, freedom from greed, self-control, truthfulness, purity, non-possession, celibacy and other religious matters like the five lesser vows, etc.<sup>10</sup>

- 
7. एत्थ सामन्नओ चत्तारि कहाओ हवन्ति । तं जहा - अत्थकहा, कामकहा, धम्मकहा, संकिण्णकहा य ।

-ibid.

8. जा अत्थोवायाणपडिबद्धा असि-मसि-कसि-वाणिज्ज-सिप्प-संगया विचित्तधाऊवायाइपमुहमहोवायसंपउत्ता साम- भेय-उवप्पयाण- दंडाइ-पयत्थ-विरइया सा अत्थकह ति भण्णइ ।

-ibid.

9. जा उण कामोवायाणविसया चित्त- वपुव्वय- कला- दक्खिण्ण- परिगया अणुराय- पुलइय- पडिवत्ति- जोयसारा दूई- वावार- रमियभावाणुवत्तणाइ- पयत्थ- संगया सा कामकह ति भण्णइ ।

-ibid.

10. जा उण धम्मोवायाणगोयरा खमा- महवज्जव- मुत्ति- तव- संजम- सच्च- सोयाकिंचण्ण- वंभचेर- पहाणा अणुव्वय- दिसि-

A mixed (*saṅkiṛṇa*) story is one which deals with all the three human ends of life - *dharma*, *artha* and *kāma* in *sūtras* and *kāvyas* and is told in public (while reciting *Rāmāyaṇa* etc.) in *Vedas* (in the course of performing a sacrifice) and in *saṁaya* (*Taraṅgavatī*, etc.) and which is accompanied with illustrations and cause-effect relations. <sup>11</sup>

As distinguished from *kathā* there is *vikathā*. It is so called because it is devoid of the distinguishing features of the *kathā* (story) or because it is opposed to the *kathā* and deserves to be shunned. (*sūtra* 282)

The four types of *vikathā*, as listed in *Sthānāṅga* (*sūtra* 282), are quite easy to follow; a story or talk about (1) women, their

देसाणत्थदंड- विरई- सामाइय- पोसहोववासोवभोग- परिभोगातिहि-  
संविभाग-कलिया- अणुकंपाकाम- निजराइपयत्थ- संपउत्ता सा  
धम्मकह त्ति ।

—ibid

11. जा उण तिवग्गोवायाणसंवद्धा कव्वकहागंथत्थवित्थर- विरइया  
लोइयवेयसमयपसिद्धा उयाहरण- हेउ-कारणोववेया सा संकिण्ण-  
कह त्ति वुच्चइ ।

Incidentally it may be noted that in the *Dasaveyāliyanijjuttī* we find that the *saṅkiṛṇa-kathā* is named there as *mi's'ra*. The following *gāthās* may be read by way of comparison :

अत्थकहा कामकहा धम्मकहा चेव मीसिया य कहा ।  
एतो एक्केक्का वि य णेगविहा होइ नायव्वा ॥  
विज्जासिप्पमुवाओ अणिवेओ संचओ य दक्खत्तं ।  
सामं दंडो भेओ उवप्पयाणं च अत्थकहा ॥  
रूवं वओ य वेसो दक्खत्तं सिक्खियं च विसएसुं ।  
दिट्ठं सुयमणुभूयं च संथवो चेव कामकहा ॥  
धम्मकहा बोद्धव्वा चउव्विहा धीरपुरिसपन्नत्ता ।  
अक्खेवणि विक्खेवणि संवेगे चेव निव्वेए ॥  
धम्मो अत्थो कामो उवइसइ जत्थ सुत्तकव्वेसुं ।  
लोगे वेए समए सा उ कहा मीसिया णाम ॥

-III *gāthās*. 188, 189, 192, 193, 206.

charms, etc., (2) food - 'how delicious'! 'how tasty the food is', etc., (3) country or region or place - 'how lovely'! 'how beautiful it is!', etc. and (4) about the king or ruler of the land. The additional three, mentioned in *Sthānāṅga, sūtra* (569), mean : (5) a *vikathā* which is marked by tenderness and pity or compassion.

(6) a *vikathā* which adversely affects one's right faith and (7) a *vikathā* which adversely affects one's right conduct.

The *Daśavaikālikasūtra-niryukti* (gāthā no. 207) lists the following *vikathās* : 1. *strī kathā*, 2. *bhakta-kathā*, 3. *rājakathā*, 4. *cora-janapadakathā*, 5. *naṭa-nartaka-jalla-muṣṭika-kathā*. The first three types have already been explained. 4. talk about a thief - 'a thief was caught today', 'he was thus hurt or oppressed'; talk about a *janapada* — that a particular region or place is so lovely, etc. and 5. talk about an actor, dancer or (a person doing tight rope-walking) a rope dancer, or a wrestler.

Uddyotanasūri (in his *Kuvalayamālā*, 779 A.D.) lists five types of stories: 1. *sakalakathā*, 2. *khaṇḍakathā*, 3. *ullāpakathā*, 4. *parihāsakathā* and 5. *saṃkīṛṇakathā*.

The *sakalakathā* ('entire story') follows its hero through a series of lives. The working out of actions and their results through several lives of the hero forms its subject matter. It is, as the name suggests, of very great length. Hemacandra gives Haribhadrāsūri's *Samarādityakathā* (8th century) as its example. The *khaṇḍakathā* ('short story') narrates an episode from a long narrative which is already known through some other work. Hemacandra gives *Indumati* as its example. This work however is not extant.

Both these types of *kathā* are known to be written in Prakrit only. The *Ullāpakathā* deals with voyage or love between a young man and a young woman which demands adventures on their part.

The *parihāsakathā* is 'an amusing story'.

The *saṃkīṛṇakathā* is one which is distinguished by the characteristics of all the types of *kathā*, which is charming with its erotic sentiment, which has its various constituent parts well-knit

and which delights (the readers) with the display of knowledge of various arts.

Uddyotanasūri declares that this *samkīṇakathā* is three fold : 1. *dharmakathā*, 2. *arthakathā* and 3. *kāmakathā*. The *samkīṇakathā* is marked by all the distinguishing features and, shows at the end the attainment of all the three ends of human life (*trivarga*: *dharma*, *artha* and *kāma*). It deserves notice that as against the *Daśavaikālika-niryukti*, which gives all the four *dharma-kathā*, etc., as the four types of *kathā*, the *Kuvalayamālā* gives the three *dharma- artha* and *kāma-kathās* as the three kinds of the *samkīṇakathā*.<sup>12</sup> Like Haribhadrāsūri Uddyotanasūri too gives the four sub-types or sub-varieties of the *dharmakathā* and briefly yet lucidly explains them: *Tatra akkhevaṇi maṇo'nukūlā, vikkhevaṇi maṇopadikūlā, samveyajanaṇi nāṇupattikāraṇam., nivveyajanaṇi puṇa veragguppatti /*

"Of the four varieties, the first *ākṣepaṇī* is pleasant or agreeable to the mind, the second *vikṣepaṇī*, unpleasant or disagreeable to the mind, the third *samveyajanaṇi* is the mother of, that is, the source or cause of right knowledge and the fourth *nirvedajanaṇi* is the mother of that is, the cause of *vairāgya*, indifference to worldly objects and to life.

### **(B) Kathā and its Varieties as given in Sanskrit Works on Poetics.**

We are not here interested in the main literary forms - *ākhyāyikā* (Biography, e.g., Bāṇa's *Harṣacarita*), *kathā* (Novel, e.g., Bāṇa's *Kādambarī* and *campū* (a literary composition in mixed

12. ताओ पुण पंच कहाओ । तं जहा - सयलकहा, खंडकहा, उल्लावकहा, परिहासकहा तथावरा कहिय त्ति ।

एयाओ सव्वाओ वि एत्थ पसिद्धाओ सुंदर कहाओ । एयाण लक्खणधरा संकिण्णकह त्ति णायव्वा ॥

....पुणो सा वि तिविहा । तं जहा - धम्मकहा, अत्थकथा कामकहा। पुणो सव्वलक्खणा संपाडयतिवग्गा संकिण्ण त्ति । ता एसा धम्मकहा वि होऊण कामत्थसंभवे संकिण्णत्तणं पत्ता ।



prose and verse, e.g., Trivikrama Bhaṭṭa's *Nalacampū* but *kathā* (short story) used in the general sense. Hence it would be proper for us to leave out of consideration here the great *Brhatkathā* of Guṇāḍhya. Bhoja in his *S'ringāraprakāśa* (Chapter Eleven) and Hemacandra, following Bhoja almost word for word, in his *Kāvyaṇus'āsana* speak of the following sub-varieties of *kathā*.

- 1 *upākhyāna*,      2 *ākhyānaka* (or *ākhyāna*),
- 3 *nidars'ana*,      4 *pravahlikā*,
- 5 *manthullī* (or *manthallikā*)
- 6 *maṇikulyā*,      7 *parikathā*,
- 8 *khaṇḍa-kathā*    9 *upakathā*.

- 10 Bhoja has omitted *sakalakathā* but Hemacandra has added it.

Of these ten varieties, *upākhyāna* and *ākhyāna* really belong to Tradition (History - *Itihāsa*). Since Bhoja and Hemacandra have mentioned them as varieties of *s'ravya kāvya* (*kathā*), all these ten varieties may briefly be treated here :

### 1. *Upākhyāna* (an episode):

That which occurs in the midst of a long literary composition and gives an account for enlightening some one else is called *upākhyāna*. For example, the *Nalopākhyāna* in the *Mahābhārata*.

### 2. *Akhyāna* :

The *upākhyāna* gets the name *ākhyāna* when a reciter (*granthika*) relates or narrates or expounds it by reciting, acting/gesticulating, and singing. *Govinda-ākhyāna* is an example.

### 3. *Nidars'ana* :

(Which literally means 'illustration', 'example', or 'lesson') is 'didactic fiction either direct or couched in parable'. It teaches through the actions or behaviour of animals or of men what is proper or improper to be done. (It is predominantly in prose). Its examples are the famous *Pañcatantra*, *Dhūrtaviṭa* (*samvāda*), *Kuṭṭani mata* and the like.

#### 4. *Pravahlikā* :

Is that composition which is presented in an assembly as a dialogue between two persons in a mixture of Sanskrit and Prakrit discussing the merits etc. of the hero (*pradhāna*). Its example is *Ceṭaka* - which is no longer extant.

#### 5. *Manthullī* (or *Manthallikā*) :

Is a *kṣudrakathā* (short story) in *Māhārāṣṭrī* Prakrit as exemplified by two such stories (now lost), called *Gorocanā* and *Anaṅgavati*. The titles are possibly the names of their heroines. Or, it may be a humorous story making fun of priests, ministers and hermits who undertake something but do not succeed in carrying it out.

#### 6. *Maṇikulyā* :

Is a story with mystery, the secret of which is revealed at the end. Its example is *Matsyahasita* (the laughter of a fish, or 'A laughing fish'). No work of this name is available or extant. V.Raghavan observes : "...*Maṇikulyā*, which is a mystery story, on the face of which one may not be able to see anything. ...it (*matsyahasita*) is the name of a story in a work or rather or a theme or motif." He further refers to two 'laughing fish' stories in other works: "Both are concerned with a secret affair of a queen, exposed by a clever person who penetrates the meaning of the laughter of a dead fish provoked by the absurdity of human behaviour (see e.g. *Kathāsaritsāgara* I, *tarāṅga* 5, 14ff.)."<sup>13</sup>

#### 7. *Parikathā* :

Is a new type of story heard for the first time in Ānandavardhana's *Dhvanyāloka* (III.7. *Vṛtti*, p.325).

Ānandavardhana is of the opinion that in regard to the composition of *parikathā* there is no specific rule regarding its *saṃghaṭanā*-(texture, collocation). The simple reason behind this freedom is: in *parikathā* there is just a narration of the story and

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13. *Indian Kāvya Literature* by A.K. Warder, Vol. I, paragraph 455, p.196

no intention at all of depicting sentiment. Abhinavagupta in his *Locana* (p.324) defines it as follows :

*Parikathā* is the narration of numerous anecdotes one after another in a variety of ways to inculcate one of the four *puruṣārthas*, *dharma* (virtue) and the like.<sup>14</sup> Bhoja defines it as follows: That is called *parikathā* wherein "experts in narrating stories compete in the art one after another desiring to outshine each other by narrating a story each."<sup>15</sup> Its example is 'a story called *Śūdraka*'. This *Śūdraka* (*parikathā*) is lost. Nor any other work of the type of *parikathā* is now available. With reference to Keith's statement "He (*Śūdraka*) is later the hero of a *parikathā* (The Sanskrit Drama, p.129,f.n.4)". V.Raghavan remarks: "Dr. Keith says ....that *Śūdraka* is later the hero of a *parikathā*, the *Śūdrakavadha*, on the authority of an article on *Rāyamukūṭa*.... . All the rare *kāvyas* mentioned by *Rāyamukūṭa* are borrowed from Bhoja's *Śṛṅgāra-Prakāśa*. Therefore the name *Śūdrakavadha* is wrong. It should be *Śūdrakakathā*. *Śūdraka* was not killed (*vadha*); he himself entered fire : 'शूद्रकोऽग्निं प्रविष्टः', as the prologue to the *Mṛcchakatika* says."<sup>16</sup> The definitions of *parikathā* given by Abhinavagupta and Bhoja somewhat differ. 'Putting Bhoja and Abhinavagupta together', Hemacandra says on p.464 of his *Kāvyaṇus' āsana* :

एकं धर्मादिपुरुषार्थमुद्दिश्य प्रकारवैचित्र्येणानन्तवृत्तान्तवर्णनप्रधाना  
शूद्रकादिवत् परिकथा ।

14. एकं धर्मादिपुरुषार्थमुद्दिश्य प्रकारवैचित्र्येणानन्तवृत्तान्तवर्णनप्रकारा  
परिकथा ।

15. पर्यायेण बहूनां यत्र प्रतियोगिनां कथा : कुशलैः ।  
श्रूयन्ते कथ्यन्ते शूद्रकवत् जिगीषुभिः परिकथा सा तु ॥

Vide *Śṛṅgāraprakāśa* (Mysore edn.,

Ch.XI,p,469 and Hemacandra's

*Kāvyaṇusāsana* (Mahāvīra Jaina

Vidyālaya, Bombay, 1964,edn.,p.464)

16. Bhoja's *Śṛṅgāra Prakāśa* by V.Raghavan, pp.819-820.

17. Ibid, p.624; on p.819 he says: 'a round of tales', in place of 'a series of stories'.

V. Raghavan observes : "The meaning of 'Paryāya', which constitutes an enlargement of 'pari' and is taken as the differentia of this type of *kathā*, is different in Bhoja and Abhinavagupta. One thing is common to both and that is that the *parikathā* is a series of stories."

Regarding its language Abhinavagupta says in his *Locana* (III.7, p.324) that it may be in any language (Sanskrit, Prakrit or Apabhraṃśa). Bhoja's commentator, Ratneśvara, however says in the course of his commentary (*Sarasvatī kaṇṭhābharaṇa* II.17, v.6) :

“खण्डकथापर(रि)कथादौ उत्तमादेरपि प्राकृतमेव ।

Incidentally, we may note that Namisādhū while commenting on Rudraṭa (*Kāvyaśālikā* XVI.36, p.172, N.S.edn.) defines *parikathā* in a strikingly different way:

बहूनां छन्दसामेकवाक्यत्वे तद्वाक्यानां च समूहावस्थाने परिकथा ।

8. *Khaṇḍakathā* :

In the history of Sanskrit poetics it is Rudraṭa (earlier part of the ninth century) who for the first time, gives description of the nature of a *khaṇḍakathā*: "It is a minor or short story. In it a happy hero meets with disaster. There are other characters in it like the Brāhmaṇas, servants and traders. The *rasa* that is depicted may be *karuṇa*, or *pravāsaś'ṛṅgāra* or *prathamānūrāga* – all of them of the *vipralambha* type. The story ends happily with the success of the hero."<sup>18</sup>

Ānandavardhana informs us that the *khaṇḍakathā* and the *sakalakathā* are wellknown in Prakrit literature and abound in *kulakas* (*kulaka* meaning a number of verses ranging from five to fifteen and the whole forming one sentence) thus suggesting that

18. कुर्यात् क्षुद्रे काव्ये खण्डकथायां च नायकं सुखिनम् ।

आपद्रुतं च भूयो द्विजसेवकसार्थवाहादिम् ॥

अत्र रसं करुणं वा कुर्यादथवा प्रवासशृङ्गारम् ।

प्रथमानुरागमथवा पुनरन्ते नायकाभ्युदयम् ॥

-*kāvyaśālikā*, XVI.33-34

both of them are mixed in prose and verse. Bhoja and following him Hemacandra define *khaṇḍakathā* as follows: That in which an episode (or series of events) from a bigger story wellknown in or through another work, either from the middle or from near to the end, is described, is known as *khaṇḍakathā* (in other words, it is one episode from a very popular work retold separately or independently-) e.g., *Indumati*. This work, however, is not extant.<sup>19</sup>

Abhinavagupta in his *Locana* defines it thus : *Khaṇḍakathā* is the narration or description of a part of the bigger story.<sup>20</sup>

Śrīdhara in his commentary on *Kāvyaaprakāśa* (p.121) identifies Vākpati's work in Prakrit, called *Madhumatha-vijaya* (now lost), as a *Khaṇḍakathā*.<sup>21</sup> From the title however it would seem that it was an epic poem like *Rāvaṇavijaya* and *Harivijaya* of Sarvasena. In one of his introductory verses to his *Gaṇḍavaho* Vākpati refers to it thus:

महुमह- विअअ- पउत्ता वाआ कह णाम मउलउ इमम्मि।  
पढम-कुसुमाहि तलिणं पच्छाकुसुमं वणलआणं ॥ 22

-v.69

### 9. *Upakathā* :

Bhoja and, following him, Hemacandra define *upakathā* as follows: "An *upakathā* is what is very wellknown by that name, a sub-story coming up in the middle of a main story". The *upakathā* thus resembles the *upākhyāna*. Bhoja cites *Citrālekḥā* as an example. It is not known whether *Citrālekḥā* is a separate

19. ग्रथान्तरप्रसिद्धं यस्यामितिवृत्तमुच्यते विबुधैः ।

मध्यादुपान्ततो वा सा खण्डकथा यथेन्दुमती ॥

-*Śṛṅgāraprakāśa* XI, p.469.

20. एकदेशवर्णना खण्डकथा ।

Dhv. *Locana* III.7, p.324.

21. *Kāvyaaprakāśa* with Śrīdhara's commentary *Viveka* ed. by S.P.Bhattacharya and pub. as Calcutta Sanskrit College Research Series VIII, two parts, 1959,1961.

22. मधुमथविजयप्रयुक्ता वाक् कथं नाम मुकुलयत्वस्मिन् ।

प्रथमकुसुमात्तलिनं पश्चात्कुसुमं वनलतानाम् ॥ - इति च्छाया

composition or a chapter or section of another work. The latter is probable.”<sup>23</sup> Further on p.821 V. Raghavan refers to it as ‘a variety of a small story’, and ‘a tale which is introduced as an off-shoot of some wellknown story’.

A.K.Warder simply says: “The *upakathā* is apparently a supplement or sequel to a wellknown older work.”<sup>24</sup>

#### 10. *Sakalakathā* :

*Paryāya*-(the same as *pariyā-*) *bandhā*, *parikathā* and *sakalakathā*- these new types of composition are met with for the first time in Ānandavardhana's *Dhvanyāloka* (III.7. *Vṛtti*, p. 323). Ānandavardhana combines *khaṇḍakathā* and *sakalakathā* together in *dvandva* compound. Abhinavagupta in his *Locana* explains: “Since these two types of *kathā* are wellknown as written in Prakrit he has combined them together in a *dvandva* compound .

Ānandavardhana continues in the same *Vṛtti*, regarding *saṅghaṭanā* : ...

परिकथायां कामचारः । तत्रेतिवृत्तमात्रोपन्यासेन नात्यन्तं रसबन्धा-  
भिनिवेशात् । खण्डकथासकलकथयोस्तु प्राकृतप्रसिद्धयोः कुलका-  
दिनिबन्धनभूयस्त्वाद् दीर्घसमासायामपि न विरोधः ।

From these observations it is clear that (i) the *khaṇḍakathā* and the *sakalakathā* were wellknown in Prakrit literature; (ii) they abounded in *kulakas*, etc.; (iii) there is no objection or harm if in composing them the poets adopt the *saṅghaṭanā* involving long compounds; and (iv) since ‘*kulakas*’ are mentioned we can assert that these two types were both in prose and verse.

Ānandavardhana says that “in ‘*parikathā*’, the real interest is in the story only. “V.Raghavan opines that it is also to be taken that this applies to the *Khaṇḍakathā* and *sakalakathā* too.”<sup>25</sup>

Abhinavagupta defines *sakalakathā* as follows: “The narrative which ends with the attainment of all the desired aims is to be known

23. *Bhoja's Śṛṅgāra Prakāśa* by V. Raghavan, p.625.

24. *Indian Kāvya Literature*, Vol.I, paragraph 446,p.193.

25. *Bhoja's Śṛṅgāra Prakāśa* by V. Raghavan, p.612.

as *sakalakathā*.<sup>26</sup> Bhoja has omitted this type. Hemacandra reproduces the above definition given by Abhinavagupta and adds by way of example '*Samarādityādivat*'.<sup>27</sup>

Hemacandra who follows Bhoja in describing various types of composition in Sanskrit, Prakrit, etc., occasionally expands Bhoja's definitions or descriptions of a few types. For example, the reader's attention may be drawn to Bhoja's description of the nature of *ākhyāyikā* and *kathā* in his *Śrīṅgāraprakāśa* (Vol.II, p.469) and Hemacandra's description in his *Kāvyānuśāśana* (pp.462-463).

Regarding *khaṇḍakathā*, *sakalakathā*, *upakathā* and *brhatkathā* he observes:

एते च कथाप्रभेदा एवेति न पृथग् लक्षिताः । (P. 465)

Again in contradistinction to Abhinavagupta's naming one of the types of composition as '*paryāyabandha*' (*Locana*, p.324) Hemacandra names it as *paryā*.<sup>28</sup> The *Kalpalatāviveka* (p.171) supports this reading. In Prakrit we have the term '*vaijā*'. Its Sanskrit equivalent is given as *Vrajyā* (= *paddhati*). It is perhaps possible that the word is derived from '*paryā*' (*pajjā* → *vaijā*); but, they say, phonetically the initial '*pa*' of a Sanskrit word is never changed to '*va*' in Prakrit.

With this information about the nature and definition of the different types of *kathā* we now turn to the Jain *kathā* literature for a very brief survey. For it is most pertinent to the subject of *Jain Treasury of Tales*.

26. समस्तफलान्तेतिवृत्तवर्णना सकल कथा । *Locana*, p.324

27. Haribhadrāsūri's *Samarādityakathā* (Pk. : *Samarāiccakathā*) is a famous *kathā* in Prakrit literature. He lived in the period 700-770 A.D. He calls his work a '*dharmakathā*'. Hemacandra's description of it as *sakalakathā* is also justifiable.

28. मुक्तकानामेकप्रघट्टकोपनिबन्धः पर्या । अवान्तरवाक्यसमाप्तावपि वसन्ताद्येकवर्णनीयोद्देशेन मुक्तकानामुपनिबन्धः पर्या । सा कोशेषु प्रचुरं दृश्यते ।—*Kāvyānuśāśana*, p. 466

## ***A Brief Survey of Jain Narrative Literature***<sup>29</sup>

The narrative literature of the Śvetāmbaras is a veritable storehouse of folktales, fairy-tales, beast-fables, parables, illustrative examples, apologues, allegories, legends, novels, funny stories and anecdotes. A large number of such tales and parables and legends occur in the Jain Canon itself; and the number of tales occurring in the commentaries on the canon is legion ! The Jain writers have created new stories and legends of their own, no doubt. But generally speaking they relate the old stories as have been handed down to them by literary or popular tradition. The only significant addition they make is the sermon of the *kevalin* (accomplished monk, possessor of the perfect knowledge, the completely enlightened) at the end of the story explaining the cause or causes for the misfortunes suffered or prosperity enjoyed by the characters in the story. The Jain monks were very shrewd and practical-minded. They exploited the Indian people's inborn love for stories for the propagation of their *Dharma*.

The Jain stories, folktales, animal fables, parables, etc. are of great importance for a solution of the problem of migration of stories and for a comparative study of fairytale lore. Eminent scholars have shown in their studies that some of the stories in the canon and in the commentaries on the canon contain many popular themes and that some of them occur in other Indian and non-Indian literatures and that they form part of the common treasury of universal literature.<sup>30</sup> The Jain stories are also of great importance as they go beyond the kings and their body of courtiers and court-intrigues and describe the real life and manners of the various classes of the

29. This survey mainly confines itself to the story literature of the Śvetāmbaras only as all the tales in the present volume are drawn from it. In the introduction to another volume we intend to take a similar survey of the story literature of the Digambaras.

30. For example, See Winternitz : *History of Indian Literature*, Volume II, University of Calcutta, 1933, pp 484, 545; and Dr. Hertel : *On the Literature of the Svetāmbaras of Gujarat*, 1922, pp. 11f.



people.

Jain narrative literature may conveniently be divided into ten broad types as follows: Narratives embodied in (i) canonical works, (ii) commentaries on canonical works, (iii) counterparts of *Rāmāyaṇa* and *Mahābhārata*, (iv) *caritas*, *purāṇas* and *mahāpurāṇas*, (v) counterpart of *Bṛhatkathā*, (vi) quasi-historical *Prabandhas*, (vii) *Dharmakathās*, (viii) *Campūs*, (ix) Ornate poems and (x) *Kathākos'as*.

#### (i) Canonical Works

*Ācārāṅga*<sup>31</sup> and *Kalpasūtra* describe in a graphic manner the ascetic life of *Mahāvīra*, and *Bhagavati* presents the dogmatics of Jainism. It gives a vivid picture of the life and work of *Mahāvīra* his relationship to his disciples and contemporaries and his personality. The parable of the Lotus in the *Sūtrakṛtāṅga* suggests the importance of royal patronage for the propagation of *dharma*. *Nāyādharmakahāo* consists of two parts. Part I consists of 21 chapters, each containing an independent narrative. Most of these narratives or stories lay more emphasis on some parable incorporated in them rather than on the story itself. Some of them, e.g., the 7th chapter on *Rohiṇī*, are just parables spun out and enlarged to form narratives. Side by side with stories and parables of this nature we also come across novelettes, tales of travellers' adventures, mariner's fairy-tales, robber tales and the like. Chapter 8 relates the legend of Mallī, the only female *tīrthaṅkara*; she is a princess of Mithilā and of wondrous beauty. An artist has painted a portrait of this princess, after he had seen only her big toe. Seeing this portrait one prince falls in love with her. This picture motif reminds one of the Buddhist stories of famous artists like Kusa, the

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31. This survey is mainly based on *A History of Indian Literature* by Winternitz Volume II, Calcutta 1933, Introduction to *Bṛhatkathākośa* of ācārya Harisena by A.N.Upadhye and on Muni Puṇyavijayaji's essay: "Jain Āgamadhara aur Prakrit Vāṇmaya" pub. in Muni Sri-hajārimal Smṛtigrantha.

son of King Okkāka. The story of Jinapālita and Jinarakṣita, two sea-faring sons of *sārthavāha* (merchant) called *mākandī* is indeed an excellent example of mariners' fairy-tale. In this mariner's fairy-tale the parable only appears in the form of a moral clumsily tacked on to the end. Incidentally, it may be noted that as in one *Jātaka* (*Valāhassa Jātaka*, No. 196) in this tale also a winged horse occurs. Chapter 16 relates the story of Draupadī, in the form of a story of rebirth. Winternitz observes : "This is a monkish corruption of the legend from the *Mahābhārata* of Draupadī's marriage to the five brothers." <sup>32</sup> The text *Upāsakadas'āḥ* (The Ten Chapters on the duties of the Householder) relates legends of ten pious householders, most of them wealthy merchants. The legends are all told after a stereotyped pattern, in the most monotonous manner imaginable, so much so that in the later stories there is often only a catchword given by way of allusion to the earlier stories." <sup>33</sup> The story of Ānanda, given in Chapter 1, and in all details, claims our interest for he is a model householder. The story of Saddālaputra, a wealthy potter and follower of Gośāla, leader of the *Ājīvika* sect, has equal claim on our interest. He deserts *Gośāla* and joins the ranks of Mahāvira's followers when convinced of the truth of Mahāvira's doctrine. The eighth *āṅga*, *Antakṛd-das'āḥ* (The ten chapters on the pious ascetics who have made an end to *saṃsāra*), relates the story of Gajasukumāra which is quite interesting and edifying. Kṛṣṇa also figures in this story. Regarding this *āṅga* Winternitz remarks : "This *āṅga* is of importance from the point of view of Indian mythology and history of religion, because it embodies the kṛṣṇa legend in a corrupted Jain version, related so as to suit Jain requirements. The story of the downfall of the city of *Dvāravatī* and the death of Kṛṣṇa is told as in the *Mahābhārata*, only Kṛṣṇa is made into a pious Jain." <sup>34</sup>

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32. Ibid, p. 448

33. Ibid, p. 449

34. Ibid, p. 451.

There is another story of Arjunaka, a gardener and his wife Bandhumatī who were both devotees of a semi-divine *yakṣa* by name Mudgarapāṇi. It was originally a folk-tale but effecting a few changes it has been used to establish the superiority of Mahāvīra's followers over the *yakṣa*, the village deity.

The eleventh *āṅga*, *Vipākāśṛtam* (the text of the ripening of *karman*-actions) contains stories on the unhappy and happy consequences of wicked and pious deeds respectively. Gauṭama Indrabhūti sees various unhappy people, and at his request Mahāvīra explains the causes - their evil deeds in a former birth have been responsible for their misfortune. Similarly good deeds in a former birth bring their reward, namely their happiness and good fortune.

The *Uttarādhyayana*, a *mūla-sūtra* contains among other things, parables, similes, examples, dialogues and ballads, and legends. Chapter 7 consists mainly of parables. Here we meet with the parable of the ram (*eḍaka*) and the parable of the three merchants, taken from common life. When applied to the *Dharma* it conveys : The capital is human life, the gain is heaven; the loss of that capital means birth as a denizen of hell or a brute animal. The leaf of the tree (chapter 10) is a discourse on the evanescent nature of human life and worldly pleasures. 'The wicked bullocks' (Chapter XXVII) is a simple but biting criticism against quarrelsome pupils who are a nuisance to the teacher. In Chapter 9 we come across the beautiful *itihāsa*-dialogue of King Nami. It commends (= praises) the ideal of asceticism as against that of the *kṣatriya* (warrior) ruler. In Chapter 12 we have a lively dialogue between a proud Brāhmaṇa and Harikes'a, a despised ascetic, a *cāṇḍāla* by caste; it glorifies self-control and the virtuous life of the pious monks and severely criticises the Vedic sacrifice and the vaingloriousness of the superiority of the Brāhmaṇas. In Chapter 14 we have the vivacious dialogue between the Purohita and his sons in which the

ascetic ideal is shown to be superior to the Brāhmaṇa ideal. This dialogue is met with also in the *Mahābhārata*, the *Purāṇas* and *Jātaka* (no.509). The story of Citta and Sambhūta (Chapter 13) belongs to the great cycle of legends about King Brahmadatta and is a common property of the Vedic Hindus, the Buddhists and the Jains. In chapter 22 we have the legend of Rathanemi (and Princess Rājimati and Ariṣṭanemi). It is connected with the Kṛṣṇa legend and it effectively portrays the following events : the bridegroom's great compassion towards many animals which were to be slaughtered for his marriage-feast; his resolve to take the vow of an ascetic, Rājimati, the bride on learning of it resolves to become a nun. Once drenched in rain she takes refuge in a cave, undresses herself in order to dry her garments; Rathanemi, Ariṣṭanemi's elder brother had already taken refuge in the same cave. On seeing her naked beauty he is seized by passion and makes advances to her; she reproves him and enlightens him by her forceful speech. Rathanemi is thus steadied in *dharma*.

(ii) *Commentaries on Canonical Works*

Various learned *ācāryas* (teachers) have written commentaries on *āgama* texts. These commentaries are varied in their character. They are variously named: *Nijjuttis* (*niryuktis*), *cūrṇis*, *laghubhāṣya*, *mahābhāṣya*, *vṛttis*, *ṭi kās*, *avacūrṇis*, *pañjikā*, *dīpikā*, *tippana* (= *tippana*, *tippanaka*, *tippani*, *tippanī*), *viṣamapadaparyāya*, etc. Some of these names need to be explained: The *niryuktis* are 'concise metrical explanations of certain parts of the canon'; they "consist of very concise explanations in *āryā* verses and Jain *Māhārāṣṭrī*. They are probably memorial verses which served as an aid to the memory of the teachers in their oral interpretation of the sacred texts. At a later date, these *niryuktis* were extended to form exhaustive commentaries in Prakrit (*bhāṣyas* and *cūrṇis*). These in their turn

formed the foundation for the Sanskrit commentaries (*ṭīkāś, vṛttis, avacūṛṇis*), which were compiled between the 11th and 12th centuries A.D."<sup>35</sup> *Pañjikā* is a commentary which analyses and explains words – hard or difficult to understand.<sup>36</sup>

Tradition names Bhadrabāhu as the author of *niryuktis* on ten works of the āgama: 1. *Acārāṅga*, 2. *Sūtrakṛtāṅga*, 3. *Sūryaprajñapti*, 4. *Uttarādhyayana*, 5. *Avāśyaka*, 6. *Daśavaikālika*, 7. *Daśāśrutaskandha*, 8. *Kalpasūtra*, 9. *Vyavahāra* and 10. *Rṣibhāṣita-sūtra*. Of these ten, the *niryuktis* on *Sūryaprajñapti* and *Rṣibhāṣita-sūtra* are not extant. Besides the *niryuktis* mentioned above, there are two more *niryuktis* *Pinḍa-niryukti* and *Ogha-niryukti*. They are independent, no doubt, but according to Muni Puṇyavijayaji, they originally formed part of the *Daśavaikālika-niryukti* and *Avāśyaka-niryukti*, respectively.

These *niryuktis* sometimes mention proper names or give some catch-words. By themselves they are unintelligible. The observations of Dr.Ghatage regarding the *Daśavaikālika-niryukti* are more or less true in the case of other *niryuktis*: "This *niryukti* contains the usual topics of such a commentary, but in addition, it knows a large number of stories, which were closely associated with the verses of the *Uttarādhyayana* in its own days. The peculiar method in which the details of the stories are summarised by the

35. Ibid, p.483.

36. Rājas'ekhara in his *Kāvya-mīmāṃsā* explains the names of some of these:

तत्र सूत्रणात् सूत्रम् । .... सूत्राणां सकलसारविवरणं वृत्तिः ।  
सूत्रवृत्तिविवेचनं पद्धतिः । आक्षिप्य भाषणाद् भाष्यम् । अन्तर्भाष्यं  
समीक्षा । अवान्तरार्थाविच्छेदश्च सा । यथासंभावनमर्थस्य टीकनं  
टीका । विषमपदभञ्जिका पञ्जिका । अर्थप्रदर्शनकारिका कारिका ।  
उक्तानुक्तदुरुक्तचिन्ता वार्तिकमिति शास्त्रभेदाः ।

Obviously, while explaining the terms Rājas'ekhara has before his mind's eye the works on *vyākaraṇa-s'āstra*.

-GOS edn., Baroda, 1934, Ch.3, p.5, ll.1-8

author of the *niryukti* leaves no doubt that they (the stories) already existed before him in a fuller form, either in an oral or a written tradition; for, without such traditional information, the verses of the *niryukti* are quite unintelligible."<sup>37</sup>

*Bhāṣyas and Mahābhāṣyas:*

Saṅghadāsa-gaṇi Kṣamāśramaṇa wrote *Kalpalaghubhāṣya* and *Pañcakalpa* and Jinabhadragani Kṣamāśramaṇa wrote *Viśeṣāvaśyakamahābhāṣya*. Five other works of this type are *Kalpabrhad-bhāṣya*, *Vyavahāra-bhāṣya*, *Nisīthabhāṣya*, *Jīta-kalpa bhāṣya* and *Oghaniryukti-mahābhāṣya*. The authors of these works are however unknown. Some of the *bhāṣyas* are written keeping in view the original text as there were no *niryuktis* written on them.

*Cūrṇis :*

*Cūrṇis* on several *āgama* texts are available today, for example, on *Ācāraṅga*, *Sūtrakṛtāṅga*, *Bhagavati*, *Avāśyaka*, *Daśavaikālika*, *Uttarādhyayana*, etc. On *Daśavaikālika* we have two *cūrṇis*, one by *sthavira Agastyasīmha* and another by an unknown author. Some of these *cūrṇis* are extensive. The names of the authors of all the *cūrṇis* are not known. Besides *Agastyasīmha*, we have the names of Jinabhadragani kṣamāśramaṇa (on *Āṅgulapada* in *Anuyogadvāra*) and Śivanandi-vācaka (on *Jyotiṣkaraṇḍaka*) as *cūrṇikāras*.

Like the *niryuktis* the *cūrṇis* too are commentaries in Prakrit. Dr. Ghatage's description of the *cūrṇi* on *Uttarādhyayana* might give a good idea of the nature of a *cūrṇi* as a commentary: "The stories of the *cūrṇi* are brief and in Prakrit prose, giving the main details of each and avoiding all elaboration, told in a very terse language and often merely indicating the topics to be included in

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37. *Kahāṇaya-Tigaṃ*, A Prakrit Reader, ed. by Dr.A.M.Ghatage, & pub. by Bharat Book Stall, Kolhapur, 1950, p.25.

38. *Ibid*, pp.28-29.

39. *Ibid*, p.30

the fully told story." This *cūrṇi*, as pointed out by Dr. Ghatage,<sup>39</sup> generally follows the lead of the *niryukti*, sometimes merely elaborates the details hinted at in the *niryukti* and at times makes real additions to the stories and occasionally supplies a few details to the statement of the *niryukti*. Regarding the parables in chapter seven the *Cūrṇi* calls them '*kappiyaṃ udāharaṇaṃ*' (*Kalpita-mud-āharaṇaṃ*) and *vavahāriyaditṭhanta* (*vyavahāridṛṣṭānta*) indicating thereby that they are no stories in the real sense of the word.

#### *Vṛttis :*

In the 8th century (c.705-775 A.D.), Haribhadrāsūri, the most distinguished and prolific Jain writer, wrote his commentaries to the canon in Sanskrit. Among his *Vṛttis*, those on *Avaśyakasūtra* and *Daśavaikālika* are available. While utilising the old Prakrit commentaries, he retained the *kathānakas* (stories, narratives) in their original Prakrit form. Muni Puṇyavijayajī observes: Haribhadrāsūri "has composed *vṛttis* (commentaries in Sanskrit) on the following sacred texts of the Jains, viz., *Avaśyaka*, *Nandī*, *Anuyogadvāra*, *Daśavaikālika*, *Praññāpanā*, *Jīvābhigama* and *Piṇḍaniryukti*, which are incomparable and original."<sup>40</sup>

Silāṅkacārya (2nd half of the 9th century A.D.) wrote commentaries on the *Acārāṅga* and *Sūtrakṛtāṅga*. Śāntisūri (11th century A.D.) wrote his exhaustive commentary on the *Uttarādhyayana* called *Śiṣyāhitā* or *Br̥hadvṛtti*. The illustrative stories of the commentary are "a verbal reproduction of the text of the *Cūrṇi* without any change, which Śāntyācārya has simply copied; and the commentary adds nothing to our knowledge of the stories more than what is found in the *Cūrṇi*."<sup>41</sup> This commentary "possesses merits which lie outside the field of narratives associated with the

40- Jain Āgamadhara aura Prakrit Vāṇmaya, pub. in Muni Śrī - Hajāri mala Smṛtigrantha, p.723.

41- *Kaṇḍaṇḍa-Tigam.*, A Prakrit Reader, ed. by A.M. Ghatage, and pub. by Bharat Book Stall, Kolhapur, 1950, Introduction, p.29

text." It is the foundation source of all the later commentaries on this text"- thus observes Muni Punyavijayaġi.

Devendra (11th century) wrote his comprehensive commentary on the *Uttarādhyaṇa* called *Sukhabodhā* (Easy of understanding). It is also known by the name *Laghuvṛtti* with a view to distinguishing it from the more learned commentary *Brhadvṛtti* (= *Śiṣyahitā*) of his predecessor *Śāntisūri* (or *Śāntyācārya*). Devendra informs us at the beginning of his work that his commentary is based on *Śāntyācārya*'s commentary and that with a view to making it easy of understanding he has deliberately left out all variant readings and various interpretations, the whole of *niryukti* and its explanation. But his great merit is "Unlike *Śāntyācārya* he has added to his commentary many stories, told in full and often of great charm and interest. In this he draws his material from the larger stock of narratives available to him. He thus enriched the story tradition of the *Uttarādhyaṇa* still more, though it was already formed in essentials long before him."<sup>42</sup>

'Abhayadevasūri' (2nd half of the 11th century A.D.) wrote his commentaries on nine *āṅgās* (sacred texts) like *Sthānāṅga*. He is therefore wellknown as '*Navāṅga-Vṛttikāra*'. Maladhāri Hemacandrasūri (beginning of the 12th century A.D.) wrote his commentaries on *Anuyogadvārasūtra*, and on Haribhadrāsūri's *Vṛtti* on the *Avāśyaka* and on the *Viśeṣāvaśyakamahābhāṣya*. He was known for his great knowledge of the Jain *āgama* texts. Ācārya Malayagiri (2nd half of 12th century and first half of 13th century A.D.) wrote *Vṛttis* — Commentaries — on several canonical works like *Nandisūtra*, *Rājaprasniya*, *Prajñāpanā*, *Āvaśyaka*, *Vyavahārasūtra*, etc. Muni Punyavijayaġi observes in his essay "*Jain āgamadhara Aura Prākṛit Vāṇmaya*":

"Among the commentators he stands at the top."<sup>43</sup>

The *niryuktis*, *bhāṣyas*, *mahābhāṣyas*, *cūrṇis* and *ṭīkāś* are a

42. Ibid, pp.29-30.

43. "व्याख्याकारों में इनका स्थान सर्वोत्कृष्ट है." (पृ. ७३९)



treasure house of folk-tales or popular stories, parables, fables, fairy-tales, romantic and adventurous tales, mariners' fairy tales and legends.

(iii) Counterparts of *Rāmāyaṇa*, *Mahābhārata* (and *Harivaṃśa*).

The Jains did not rest content with adopting popular epic themes such as the story of Kṛṣṇa, the story of Draupadī, and others into their sacred literature and the commentaries on some of the sacred works, but they also wrote whole *kāvya*s on the story of Rāma and of the Kauravas and Pāṇḍavas, which were stories immensely popular among the Vedic Hindus. The oldest Jain Prakrit *kāvya* (perhaps of the 4th century A.D. or even later), the *Paūmacariya* (*Padma-carita*) by the poet Vimala Sūri is a Jain version of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. It is in pure Jain Māhārāṣṭrī and in the *gāthā* metre. The life of Padma - Padma is another name of Rāma - is told in 118 cantos; they are only in partial agreement with Vālmiki's *Rāmāyaṇa*. From the contents of this Prakrit epic, it is evident that Vimala Sūri knew Vālmiki's *Rāmāyaṇa*. He finds fault with Vālmiki for misrepresenting the true narrative of Rāma and claims that his version is a faithful representation. Vimala's work served as a model for most of the Jain versions of the story of Rāma presented in later works such as *Padmapurāṇa*<sup>44</sup> of Raviṣeṇa (678 A.D.), *Paūmacariu* of Svayambhū (middle of the 8th century A.D.), *Caūppanna-mahāpurisacariya* of Śīlācārya (868 A.D.), *Mahāpūraṇu* of Puṣpadanta (965 A.D.), Kahāvalī of Bhadrēśvara (11th century A.D.) *Triṣaṣṭiśalākāpuruṣa-carita* of Hemacandra (latter half of the 12 th century A.D.) and others. Some salient features of the Jain *Rāmāyaṇas* may be mentioned here: Whereas the hero of Vālmiki's *Rāmāyaṇa* moves in an entirely Vedic Hindu atmosphere, in the Jain *Rāmāyaṇas* the religion of the Jina is very much to the fore. The *Tirthaṅkara* Rṣabha is glorified. The Vedic

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44. In fact, *Padmapurāṇa* is merely an enlarged recension of *Paūmacariya* in Sanskrit, agreeing with it in all essential points.

animal sacrifices are denounced and so too the priestly class. The kings are generally pious laymen who retire from the world in their old age and become Jain monks. The stories of the previous births of the heroes are told with a great wealth of detail. Sermons are inserted on the dreadful consequences of killing and of the eating of meat with a description of hells added. The Rākṣasas are not man-eating demons with fearful and hideous appearances. Nor are the Vānaras animals having long tails living on fruits etc., and using their nails and teeth as weapons. They are a race of the Vidyādhara, - a class of beings endowed with many supernatural qualities, though not human beings in the correct sense of the term. They are depicted as having been highly civilized adherents to the vow of *ahiṃsā*. The dynasty of Vidyādhara of Laṅkā came to be called Rākṣasas after the great and celebrated Vidyādhara hero named Rākṣasa, and also because they guarded the islands. The Vidyādhara of Kiṣkindhipura received the name of Vānaras because of their custom of wearing the pictures of monkeys as symbols or totems on their banners and crowns. Rāvaṇa's epithet Daśamukha is explained in a realistic way: Rāvaṇa's mother hangs around his neck a wondrous necklace of *ratnas*, in which his face is reflected nine times, hence his epithet Daśamukha - "The man with ten faces". The characters of Kaikeyī, Rāvaṇa, Vālin, are elevated. Almost all the principal characters are represented as pious Jain laymen who retire from the world at the end and become Jain monks and attain to heaven or liberation.

The version of Saṅghadāsa as presented in *Vasudeva-hiṇḍī*, is generally speaking, more in agreement with the *Rāmāyaṇa* of Vālmiki or the Ropākhyāna of the *Mahābhārata* than with *Pañcamaṇḍikā*. Guṇabhadra's version as found in *Uttarapurāṇa* (9th century A.D.) is largely dependent on Vālmiki. It contains some features which have their parallels in the *Daśaratha-jātaka* and the version of Saṅghadāsa and some traits peculiar to the Jain forms of the story of Rāma. This conglomeration of different elements gives Guṇabhadra's version a new look and form. As this version

of Guṇabhadra has many important divergencies with *Paumacariya* it is regarded as forming another independent version.

The Jains have their own version of the *Mahābhārata* (and the *Harivaṃśa*) as well. The earliest version that has come down to us is the *Harivaṃśa-Purāṇa* in 66 *sargas* by Jinasena (783 A.D.). In this *Purāṇa* not only are the stories of Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma told in a Jain setting, but Gautama, the pupil of Mahāvīra, is made the narrator of the story, and in many places sermons on the Jain doctrine are inserted. The legend of Rṣabha, the first Tīrthāṅkara, is told by way of introduction, and, connected with the story of kṛṣṇa, the story of Ariṣṭanemi, Kṛṣṇa's cousin, is presented. The story of the Kauravas and the Pāṇḍavas and the descendants of Balarāma and Kṛṣṇa is also told. The Kauravas (and Karṇa) are converted to Jainism. Finally, the Pāṇḍavas also become ascetics and like Ariṣṭanemi, attain to liberation.

In early Jain works Pāṇḍavas are not given the prominence and importance which is accorded to them in the *Mahābhārata*; nor Kṛṣṇa is deified as in the *Mahābhārata*; he is presented as a brave and noble *kṣatriya* hero only. The *Ardhamāgadhī* Canon of the Svetāmbaras gives some information about Kṛṣṇa and his clan and the Pāṇḍavas. The *Vasudevahindī* (not later than A.D. 609) which deals with the wandering and adventures of Vasudeva, the father of Kṛṣṇa, gives us only at the beginning a few facts of the story of *Harivaṃśa*.

In a sense, the earliest complete account of the whole of *Harivaṃśa* is to be found in the *Caṃppannamahāpurisacariya* of Śīlāṅka also known as Śīlācārya. The work was composed in A.D. 968. It deals with all the great men ('mahāpurisa'), later known as 'śalākā-puruṣas' and is a precursor of the later and more famous *Triṣaṣṭi-śalākā-puruṣa-carita* of the great Hemacandra (A.D. 1088-1172). Śīlāṅka relates the story of Ariṣṭanemi, Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva; Baladeva (or Balarāma) (and the Pāṇḍavas), i.e., the *Harivaṃśa* of the Jains which is a kind of their counterpart to both the

*Mahābhārata* and the *Harivaṁśa* of the Vedic Hindus. Śīlāṅka relates the story of the *Harivaṁśa* in its fully developed form, putting together the numerous incidents and events known from earlier sources. In him we observe that much of *Vasudevahindī* is briefly referred to, while most of the story of the Pāṇḍavas is left out. Maladhārin Hemacandra Sūri (beginning of the 12th century) wrote his *Bhavabhāvanā* with its commentary in A.D. 1113. The first part of the work contains a detailed life of Nemi in 4042 *gāthās* and relates the whole story of the *Harivaṁśa*. The great Hemacandra follows Maladhārin Hemacandra in his treatment of the narrative but gives more space to the lives of the Pāṇḍavas and includes the life of Nala and Damayanti in the *Vasudevacarita*.

In about 1200 A.D. the Maladhārin Devaprabha Sūri wrote a *Pāṇḍavacarita* in 18 *sargas*, in which the contents of the 18 *parvans* of the *Mahābhārata* are given in a concise form, although remodelled in many of their details. The 6th *sarga* contains the story of the game of dice and the Nala Episode (*Upākhyāna*) — it is here called "Story of Nala and Kūbera", the latter being the name of Nala's brother — is related by Vidura as a warning example. The 16th *sarga* tells the story of the Jina Ariṣṭanemi and the 18th *sarga* relates how Baladeva attains to heaven and Ariṣṭanemi and the Pāṇḍavas attain to liberation. In the 15th century Sakalakīrti and his pupil Jinadāsa wrote their *Harivaṁśa* in 39 *sargas*. Hiralal's Catalogue (pp.715 f.760ff,768) also mentions *Harivaṁśapurāṇa* by Raviṣeṇa, Śribhūṣaṇa Dharma-kīrti and Rāmacandra. These epics are in Sanskrit. Śubhacandra wrote his *Pāṇḍavapurāṇa* (also known as Jain *Mahābhārata*) in 1551 A.D. In 1603 A.D. Devavijaya Gaṇin rendered Devaprabha's epic into prose with inserted verses. Among the verses many have been taken literally from Devaprabha's epic, while many others belong to the gnomic poetry and are known from other sources. There is also a *Pāṇḍavapurāṇa* in 18 *sargas* by Vādicandra.

(iv) *Caritas, Purāṇas and Mahāpurāṇas of 63 Śālākāpuruṣas*

The two *ārṣa mahākāvya*s, the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*, and the *Purāṇas* of the Vedic Hindus have their

counterparts among the lives of 63 *śalākā-puruṣas* (Great Men) that is to say the 24 Tīrthaṅkaras, and their contemporaries, the 12 Cakravartins (rulers of the world) and the 27 heroes of antiquity, viz. 9 Baladevas, 9 Vāsudevas and 9 Prativāsudevas. The earlier Jain tradition as recorded in *Samavāyāṅgasūtra* knows only 54 "excellent men" (*uttamapuruṣa*). It does not count the 9 Prativāsudevas as "excellent men". The works treating of the lives of these great men are usually called 'Caritas' by the Śvetāmbaras while among the Digambaras they go by the name of 'Purāṇas'. Among the earliest of these Purāṇas is the *Triṣaṣṭīlakṣaṇa Mahāpurāṇa* (The great Purāṇa of 63 Eminent or Excellent or Great Men) by Jinasena and Guṇabhadra (9th century), containing the lives of all the 63 men. It consists of the *Ādipurāṇa* (dealing with the life of Rṣabha, the first Tīrthaṅkara, and of the first Cakravartin) and of the *Uttarapurāṇa* (describing the lives of all the remaining Great Men). The work in addition gives a "history of the world" and presents at the same time an encyclopaedia of all that is edifying to the pious Jain and that is worthy of his knowledge. Thus it describes, for instance, the *saṃskāras* (which accompany the individual from his conception to his death), the interpretation of dreams, town-planning, the duties of the warrior and the art of governing (*niti*). One of the favourite stories in the *Uttarapurāṇa* is that of Jivandhara, which has also been treated several times by later poets both in Sanskrit and in Tamil.

Some of the *caritas* by the Śvetāmbara poets describe the lives of individual Jinas while some others treat of the lives of all the 63 *Śalākā-puruṣas* together. The *Caṃppannamahā-purisa-cariya* of Śīlāṅka, mentioned above, relates the life-stories of 54 great men and the 9 Prativāsudevas together in one volume.

Another important work of this type is the *Triṣaṣṭī-śalākāpuruṣa-carita* by the celebrated Jain Ācārya Hemacandra (latter half of the 12th century A.D.). It consists of ten parvans in simple and unaffected Sanskrit. Hemacandra himself describes the work as a *mahākāvya*. The main purpose of the work is, however,

instruction and edification. The narrative is often interrupted by long instructive discourses on the subjects of *dharma* (religion) and morality. The doctrine of *karman* is illustrated by describing the destinies in the former births of each one of the *śalākāpuruṣas*. In the first *parvan* we have the life of *Rṣabha*, the first Tirthaṅkara in his previous births. The tenth *parvan* relates the Life of Mahāvira. It is of some significance from the historical point of view as it supplies detailed data regarding king Śreṇika Bimbisāra, the contemporary of Mahāvira and Buddha. Hemacandra also describes in the form of a prophecy of Mahāvira the ideal reign of his pious pupil King Kumāraṇāla.

The *Parīṣiṣṭa-Parvan* or *Sthavirāvalīcarita* i.e., "Appendix-Section" or "Lives of the Series of the Elders" which forms the appendix to the *Trīṣaṣṭi-Śalākā-Puruṣa-Carita* has a wealth of fairy-tales and stories of all kinds. While with the exception of the last two Tirthaṅkaras, Pārśvanātha and Mahāvira, the personages of the *Trīṣaṣṭi-Śalākāpuruṣa-carita* belong to mythology, the *Sthavirāvalī-carita* contains the life-stories of the Sthaviras or Theras (Elders), i.e., the disciples of Mahāvira. There are many interesting parallels to be found among the stories of the *Parīṣiṣṭaparvan* not only to familiar stories from other Indian works but also to stories forming part of universal literature. The story of the twins Kuberadatta and Kuberadattā, the children of the courtesan Kuberasenā is a kind of Oedipus tragedy. Side by side with such stories there are also purely Jain legends, some of which read like historical or biographical accounts.

The *caritas* which relate the life of individual Tirthaṅkaras are quite numerous. Among these, *Rṣabha Śāntinātha*, *Ariṣṭanemi* or *Neminātha*, *Pārśva* and Mahāvira are especially honoured by the Jains and their lives are among the most popular themes of Jain narrative poetry.

Guṇacandra Gaṇin wrote his *Mahāvira-Cariyam* (in Prakrit) in 1082 A.D. Hemacandra's *Mahāvira-Carita* (in Sanskrit) forms the 10th Parvan of his voluminous work *Trīṣaṣṭi-Śalākāpuruṣa-Carita*.

The life of Rṣabha is told in the introductory sections of the Rāma epics. The lives of Kṛṣṇa and the Pāṇḍavas, the contemporaries of the Tirthaṅkara Neminātha, are told in the Jain counterparts of the *Mahābhārata*. We have more than a dozen life-stories of Neminātha.

The number of poetical life-stories of Pārśvanātha is very great. Jināsena, the author of *Ādipurāṇa*, wrote his *Pārsvābhyudaya* in the 9th century A.D. It incorporates the entire *Meghadūta* of Kālidāsa by inserting one or two lines from it in each verse. It serves as an example of *samasyā-pūraṇa* (a poetical exercise consisting of one or two lines of a stanza being given and the completion of it by the poet). The *Pārśvanātha-caritra* by Bhāvadeva Sūri was composed in 1255 A.D. It tells with a wealth of detail not only the life-story of Pārśvanātha in his last birth but also his previous nine births. The poet inserts in the narrative numerous stories, fables and fairy-tales. He also adds many gnomic sayings both on morality and on worldly wisdom.

A *Śāntinātha-caritra* in Sanskrit verses was composed by Deva Sūri in 1282 A.D.

Somaprabha (latter half of the 12th century A.D.) wrote his *Sumatinātha-carita* in Prakrit. The work treats of the life of the 5th Jina.

Lakṣmaṇa Gaṇin composed a voluminous Prakrit poem *Supāsaṇāha-cariyam* in 1143 A.D. It deals with the life of the 7th Jina.

Like the Tirthaṅkaras other holy men too have been glorified in *caritras*. Dharmakumāra's epic *Śālibhadracarita* (1277 A.D.) is an instance in point. It treats of *Śālibhadra*, a famous legendary hero, a contemporary of Mahāvira and King Śreṇika. The work calls itself a '*dānadharma-kathā*' and also a '*Dānāvadāna*' (story of notable deeds of almsgiving).

The *mahāpurāṇas*, *purāṇas* and *caritas*, are, as a rule, purely legendary and belong to the realm of mythology. The lives of Pārśva and Mahāvira which present many historical elements are

exceptions.

(v) *Counterpart of Br̥hatkathā.*

The *Vasudevahiṇḍī* of Saṅghadāsa, mentioned above, represents the Jain counterpart of the *Br̥hatkathā* of Guṇādhyā, a work which ranked beside the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyaṇa* as one of the great storehouses of Indian literary art. It is a very extensive prose work interspersed with verses. It is less popularly styled as *Vasudevacarīya*. It deals mainly with the wandering and adventures of Vasudeva, the father of Kṛṣṇa. At the beginning of the work we get a few facts of the story of *Harivaṁsa*. It is a great storehouse of a number of heroic legends, popular stories, edifying narratives extended over many births, and sectarian and didactic tales. Many of the narratives, such as those of Cārudatta, Aḡadadatta, Pippalāda, Sagara-princes, Nārada, Parvata and Vasu, etc., which are repeated over and over again in later literature are to be found in this work almost in the same form.

(vi) *Quasi-historical Prabandhas*

The *prabandhas* which deal with historical personages are also no real biographies or history. These *prabandhas* contain the "life-stories" or rather stories, legends, and anecdotes associated with historical and literary personages – prominent patriarchs, saints, authors, royal patrons and merchant princes who helped the cause of Jains and Jainism in different contexts and centuries. Although they should not be rejected outright as unreliable historical sources they could be used only with great caution and circumspection. The *Prabhāvaka-carita*, "Life of the Prominent", composed by Prabhācandra or Candraprabha and revised by Pradyumna Sūri in 1277 A.D., the *Prabandha-cintāmaṇi* "Wishing-jewel of Stories" by Merutuṅga (1306 A.D.) and the *Prabandha-kośa*, "Treasury of Stories" by Rājasekhara (1349 A.D.) are the typical examples of quasi-historical-biographical works.

Another semi-historical work is the *Tirtha-kalpa* by Jinaprabha Sūri (between 1326 and 1331 A.D.). It gives a description of the



Jain places of pilgrimage together with the names of their founders, the kings by whom they were restored, and also the dates. It contains a lot of legendary matter but possesses some slight historical significance as it is based on earlier sources and in part deals with events belonging to the author's own period.

(vii) *Dharmakathās*

The '*dharmakathās* (religious romances/novels and romantic epics) of the Jain authors and poets introduce a new genre in Indian literature. These romances are never intended for giving mere pleasure or delight. They give pleasure and at the same time provide religious instruction and enlightenment. The earliest *dharmakathā* was *Taraṅgavati* by Pādalipta Sūri (2nd or 3rd century A.D.). The original has not come down to us but a later recasting of it, *Taraṅgalolā*, has been preserved. This *Taraṅgavati* most probably served as a model for Haribhadra's *Samarāiccakahā* (8th century A.D.), a magnificent religious romance. Haribhadra's literary glory primarily rests on this work. The poet traces the fate of a hero and his opponent through nine births. The dominant idea underlying the main narrative and most of the tales inserted in it is *nidāna*, a special phase of *karman* (Bartering away one's austerities for sensual pleasures in a future birth, which are denied to him in the present one, or for revenging oneself for insults or personal injuries in the subsequent births). In the numerous stories and fairy-tales and parables inserted, we come across some which we find in Indian narrative literature, and a few which belong to universal literature.

Uddyotanasūri, a direct disciple of Haribhadrasūri of *Samarāiccakahā* fame, wrote his *Kuvalayamālā*, a '*dharmakathā*' or rather a *saṅkirṇakathā*', in A.D.779. The *Samarāiccakahā* is centred round the motif of *karman* and transmigration used as a literary device: the story follows the fates of two 'jīvas' (souls) connected by a *nidāna* through nine *bhavas* (births). Uddyotana has outdone his *Guru* by increasing the number of *jīvas*, whose histories are marked by vicissitudes in the course of various births,

to five. As these histories are not connected at the beginning of the story but interlace only at a later stage and as these are not told in a systematic manner or chronological order, the plot as a whole becomes highly involved and so very difficult to follow. But for this serious defect the literary merit of *Kuvalayamālā* is very high. It ranks high among the masterpieces of the vast *kathā* literature of the Jains. It presents us with valuable specimens of a number of Prakrit, Apabhraṃśa and Pāṣāṇī dialects. It gives a vivid and graphic picture of Indian life in the eighth century. It is important also from the point of view of the basic ethical values and its wealth of cultural data.

This genre, the *dharmakathā*, reaches its culmination in *Upamitibhava-prapañcā kathā*, an allegorical Sanskrit romance which presents the manifoldness of existence in a parable. It was composed by Siddharṣi in 906 A.D. The poet introduces many stories and sermons in the narrative. He informs us that he chose the allegory in order to attract the readers and that he wrote in Sanskrit with a view to winning over the educated to the Jain doctrine. His language is smooth and clear. His writing reveals Prakritisms and popular expressions. This work enjoyed great popularity among the Jains.

An unknown poet has worked up in his *Malayasundarikathā* popular fairy-tale themes into a Jain legend. The work is of the nature of a romantic epic.

#### (viii) *Campūs*

Distinct from these religious romances and romantic epics are the *campūs* in prose and verse imitating the style of Bāṇa's *Kādambarī*. Foremost among these is the *Yaśastilaka-campū* by the Digambara poet Somadeva Sūri written in about 959 A.D. Poems of the same category are *Tilakamañjarī* by the Śvetāmbara poet Dhanapāla who wrote about 970 A.D., and *Gadya-cintāmaṇi* by the Digambara poet Vādibhasiṃha (beginning of the 11th century A.D.). The work deals with the famous legend of

Jivandhara. This very legend forms the subject matter of *Jivandharacampū* by the Digambara poet Haricandra.

(ix) *Ornate Poems*

Like the legends of the Tīrthaṅkaras, other legends and fairy-tale themes, also have been worked up into ornate epics. The *Yaśodhara-carita* by Vādirāja is an epic in four cantos. It is based on *Uttarapurāṇa* of Guṇabhadra. Another *Yaśodhara-carita* by *Māṇikya Sūri* is based on Haribhadra's *Samarāiccakahā*. Dhaneśvara's *Surasundaricariām* (end of the eleventh century A.D.) is a voluminous romantic epic in Prakrit. Maladhārin *Devaprabha's* *Mrgāvatī-caritra* containing one of the versions of the legend of Udayana and his two queens Vāsavadattā and Padmāvatī is another fairy-tale epic. Caritra-sundara's *Mahīpāla-caritra* (middle of the 15th century A.D.) is an ornate epic in 14 cantos.

We have a few *kathānakas* (lit. little stories) developed into independent works or ornate poems. The *Kālakācārya-kathānaka* is probably based on an old tradition and possibly contains an historical nucleus. It is the story of the king's son Kālaka, who is converted to Jainism. His younger sister was abducted by Gardabhilla, ruler of Ujjayinī. Kālaka incites rulers of Śākakula to go to war against Gardabhilla and conquer Ujjayinī. Another noteworthy work of the *kathānaka* type is the *campakaśreṣṭhī-kathānaka* (Story of the merchant Campaka) by Jinakīrti (middle of the 15th century A.D.). It presents the tale of the lucky child that is saved from destruction by the fatal letter exchanged at the last moment. This tale is widely known both in the East and the West.

(x) *Kathā-Koṣas*

The Jains, who are unsurpassed in the art of story-telling, compiled various books of stories (*kathā-koṣas*) in later times. They are in Sanskrit, Prakrit and Apabhraṃśa languages. Some of the compilers of these stories are known while others are unknown. Some *kathā-koṣas* are already published, some others lie in the

form of MSS in Jain bhāṇḍāras. Most of them are noted in the *Jinaratnakōśa*. A few of these *kathā-kōśas* may be noticed here: A *Kathākōśa* (Treasury of Stories) collected by an unknown compiler is a veritable mine of tales, some of which also belong to universal literature. The language of the tales is bad Sanskrit with verses in Prakrit. Everywhere there is a strong Jinistic tendency. For example, a sea-faring story full of wonderful adventures is transformed into a Jain legend. The last story in the *Kathākōśa* is a curious Jain adaptation of the Nala-episode of the *Mahābhārata*. Hariṣeṇa's (*Brhat*) *Kathākōśa* (931-32 A.D.) presents a series of tales which illustrate the allusions found in the *Bhagavati-Āradhanā*. The text contains over 150 stories in Sanskrit. The chief object of most of these tales is to glorify Jainism and impress on the minds of the readers the greatness of Jainism and thus propagate in the society the religio-moral ideals upheld by Jainism. Devabhadra composed his *Kathākōśa* (*Kathāratnakōśa*) in 1101 A.D. Religious and ethical instruction through stories is the main purpose of this composition. Śubhaśīla wrote his *Pañcaśatī-prabodha-sambandha* "Book of 500 stories serving to awaken the Faith" in 1464 A.D. In spite of the title the work contains near by 600 stories, anecdotes, legends, fables, fairy-tales etc., some of which allude to historical personages, kings and authors of both ancient and modern times, such as Nanda, Śatavāhana, Bhartrhari, Bhoja, Kumārapāla Hemasūri and others. Devendra composed his *Kathāmanikōśa* (*Ākhyānamanikōśa*) in Prakrit verses (latter half of the 11th century A.D.). Jineśvara composed his *Kathānaka-kōśa* in the second quarter of the 11th century. Somacandra composed his *Kathā-mahodadhi*, "The great ocean of stories" in 1448 A.D. Rājasekhara wrote his *Antarakathā-saṁgraha* "Collection of various narratives" in the 14th century. The stories are written in simple Sanskrit prose, quite in a conversational style, the expression being often contaminated with vernacularisms. In many cases, the style, format and contents remind us of the *Pañcatantra*. Some of the stories are primarily

meant for instruction, ethical and religious, and others for amusement by their wit and humour. In 1600 Hemavijaya Sūri wrote his *Kathāratnakōśa* "Treasury of Stories". The author informs us that some of the stories are traditional, some are imaginary, some are compiled from other sources, and some are taken from scriptures. There are 258 stories distributed over ten *tarāṅgas*. Most of them are written in simple Sanskrit prose. Some are written in elaborate Sanskrit prose; and only a few are metrical narratives. "Most of the narratives are similar to those in the *Pañcatantra* and other books of stories of this kind, tales of the artfulness of women, tales of rogues, tales of fools, fables and fairy-tales, anecdotes of all descriptions, including some which hold up Brāhmaṇas and other holy men to scorn". As in the *Pañcatantra* the tales are interspersed with numerous wise sayings. The tales are, however, loosely strung together.

The Jain narratives are very precious as they go beyond the kings and the priests and give a picture of the real life of the Indian society in all its different classes.

Salient characteristics of Jain Narrative Literature:-

In the various types of works, excepting some of the semi-historical works (*prabandhas*) certain traits arrest our attention as they are hardly noticed in other branches of Indian literature: (i) Pages after pages are devoted to the past and future births; (ii) the inexorable law of *karman* plays a very conspicuous role; (iii) Sermons with dogmatic details are introduced; (iv) Parables and illustrative tales are added here and there. "The spirit of asceticism is writ large throughout the text; and almost as a rule every hero retires from the world to attain better status in the next life."

(The following comments come from my friend and colleague, Prof. G.S.Bedagkar, a non-Sanskritist, one who had not been exposed to any of the Indological traditions of thought and feeling. They have been suggested by years of reading in Western

literature. I am appending them to my introductory note because I thought it might help a review of our literature in the light of modern scholarship. These views struck me as most revealing at times even shocking but always stimulating.)

"We would like the reader to respond to whatever situation the following stories describe sympathetically because they are all genuinely human, even when a certain story goes on to condemn in outright terms the common human weakness to submit to the pleasures of the senses or be willing to be carried away by worldly happenings and the feelings they arouse or when it highlights passions that hold the mind and soul of man in their tight grip, or when it openly recommends a path of self-abnegation. These stories present saintly characters caught up in moments of temptation as well as men and women of weaker mettle that would like to give up pleasures and live a life of simplicity and purity, but really can't. They also tell us of how very difficult it is to give up pleasures but to give up desire for them is just impossible. Brahmadatta is a long drawn story of an unfortunate prince who has failed to achieve what his friend has succeeded in achieving. The story however has chosen for treatment a theme that is daringly modern, chosen from the same branch of knowledge from which the French novelist Emil Zola chose his themes - Heredity. The story becomes a painful yet fascinating account of a tremendous human bondage.

Many of the stories here are based on the typical Indian metaphysics of which *karma* is the *sine qua non*. This inevitably confines human life in a deterministic framework. Every such story spreads over an enormous time span that easily covers a couple of life times, and relies on Rebirth.

Rebirth need not be dismissed as a form of Indian absurdity. It is possible to see here the gropings of the captive Indian soul towards not only freedom but a better way of life ahead in future. To modern readers rebirth may look as a prologue to the bigger theme of evolution. The other important assumption of this theory

is long time scale; on this the Indian story operates. The story of Sanatkumāra should illustrate the final reward of the enlarged perspective. His personality becomes well organized and he deserves the pleasures that come to him.

It need not be therefore concluded that the Indian story looks down on the ephemeral happenings and passing moments. There are at least four stories here that describe to us how a man suddenly develops the wisdom of the Buddha through a casual event like the sight of a faded garland or of an old bull that was once a very picture of virility and youth. It causes enlightenment. A passing moment transforms itself into a moment of discovery and a common man into a Near Buddha.

The Story of the Mākandī brothers' voyage should find a worthy place in the voyage literature of the world, by the side of Haklyut's *Voyages* and many other Spanish and Italian accounts. The Indian woman mentioned in this story, the terrible woman who charms sailors by her beauty and youth but destroys them by her demands has her counterpart in Homer's Circe. The story also works up a fabulous atmosphere which clearly sends ripples of Arabian Nights in our minds.

This collection of stories should prove how very inadequate it is to describe Prakrit writings as merely didactic and religious. It may mainly be so but not entirely. It presents quite a variety of situations that should remind readers of Boccaccio or Balzac. Read for instance the story called Water from the Roof. The story of Mūladeva and the courtesan Devadattā is equally secular and sympathetically human. The story of Rohiṇī that offers comments on the basic human types should not be read only as a defence of the Varna system in Indian sociology. The criminals that appear in some of the stories bring in a landscape that is rich in psychologically meaningful symbols such as underground dwellings, dilapidated temples, deep wells and beautiful but wicked women. Other stories describe retail traders that are not very scrupulous with simple minded villagers, cheats, unfaithful husbands and equally dishonest women...- the whole lot of

humanity has crowded up in this panorama of life and the Indian story literature has tried to capture for us the kaleidoscopic and elusive beauty that we call human nature. Two other women, besides Rohini stand out prominently in this display of the complex pattern of human contradiction. One of them is the poor young woman whom a king marries. She becomes an object of satire of the other queens in the palace in spite of the dignity with which she conducts herself. But she is never lost to what she considers the basic reality of her life—everyday she spends some time in the privacy of her room and puts on once again the same old rags in which the king had picked her up, stands in front of her mirror and reminds herself of the transitoriness of the surrounding pomp and glory and of the reality of the poverty in which she was born. The other remarkable lady is the famous Princess Malli who has the distinction of becoming ... the only female Tirthankara. She too has a firm hold on reality which teaches her that the golden sheen of the outside of the body very much depends on the unhampered, unrepressed and uninhibited functioning of the internals. Her suitors were misguided as much as most of us. Actually she is a fully integrated personality for which, as Carl Jung would approvingly suggest, gold is the right symbol. No wonder Malli leaves behind her statue of gold, with no element of corrupt materials."

*Wherever necessary a descriptive note is given at the beginning of a story. This note tries to bring out the bearing that the story has on life as we experience it. Originally the context of the story was of course different. A reference to the Note on the sources will easily show it. It is a characteristic of good literature that it operates on various levels and conveys much wider meaning than was initially intended.*





# 1. MUDGA-SAILA

*(A glorious tribute to the spirit of the individual that can courageously stand up to a despotic power and preserve its own integrity.)*  
-GSB

In a certain forest there was a tiny little mound of earth not larger than the size of a green gram and yet it called itself *śaila* but it was Mudgaśaila. There once drifted a big cloud over it named Puṣkarāvarta; so huge it was in size that it almost looked like a continent of Jambū. A certain person whose great pleasure was to involve others in quarrels and watch the fun like the old sage Nārada, said to Mudgaśaila, "Once in a meeting of great men I described you, dear fellow, as a tiny mountain that is impossible to shatter. Even rain can do nothing to you." The cloud Puṣkarāvarta would not hear of it. He shouted at me, "Enough of that nonsense; when I can easily smash to smithereens enormous mountains that have extended over vast expanse and have washed off hundreds of peaks by my powerful showers, how can that tiny bit of clay claim to remain untouched ? Only a small little stream of my water will wipe it out. This provoked Mudgaśaila. He replied "Listen, my dear friend, I should not like to brag in his absence. I would only say this much, let him pour down his fury for seven days and nights non-stop then if he succeeds in dislodging even a tiny bit of myself, I will not call myself Mudgaśaila."

This person who enjoyed watching people quarrel went to the cloud Puṣkarāvarta and reported the boastful claim of Mudgaśaila which infuriated him and he quickly began to pour a deluge on the poor head of the tiny mound. The whole earth was flooded and

looked like an endless ocean. The cloud looked at it and thought that that was much quite enough to dissolve the stupid Mudgaśaila. He stopped the downpour. As the flood water flowed out, the cloud suggested to his Nārada-like friend that the two of them should go together to see the plight of Mudgaśaila— perhaps they may have to discover his whereabouts. So they went but lo and behold : The tiny Mudgaśaila with all his dust washed away stood clean and bright. He greeted the two visitors and told them how delighted he was to see them.

Puṣkarāvarta hung his head in shame. He could hardly return the greetings of Mudgaśaila and quietly went home.

## **A : LEGENDS OF FAMOUS PERSONS**







The attainment of kevala-jñān by Bharata Cakravartin (16th Century A. D.) p. 151



The Episode of Muladeva and Acala Śreṣṭhin (15th Century A. D.) p. 5

## 2. MŪLADEVA

*(A story, quite like that of Āmrapālī in Buddhistic writings, tells of a virtuous courtesan who becomes in the company of a worthy man, a sincere devotee of the Jinas. The worthy man, a prince in disguise, is a hero in romantic tradition, accomplished enough to achieve success in love and adventure, and so deserves the fairest.)* -GSB

Mūladeva, the young prince of Pāṭaliputra, was a charming man, talented and accomplished, quite a lovable personality. But he was an inveterate gambler for which his father once severely scolded him. In a huff, the young man left the town and went out in search of his fortune elsewhere. Before that he took care to dodge all attempts at finding him out by transforming himself into a dwarf, through a magical medicine. He drifted his way to Ujjayini where he soon became immensely popular. He was known for his various talents and artistic skills. He was aware that in the same town lived an equally talented and beautiful courtesan called Devadattā and he was longing to meet her, but would not like to call on her uninvited. He knew her to be proud. He chose a house very close to hers and every morning she could hear his very pleasing singing. Once she sent one of her maids to find out who it was that sang so pleasingly and if possible invite him to her presence. After a brief hesitation, Mūladeva agreed to visit her. The servant girl that had come to invite him was a humpback and Mūladeva ran his hand on her back and look ! she was cured much to her surprise and also of her mistress. Devadattā was greatly impressed by Mūladeva's conversation, wit and manners. She wondered whether he really



was a dwarf.

A musician was ushered in and Devadattā asked him to display his talents before the visitor. At the end of his performance Mūladeva observed that the lute on which the musician had played had a slight defect. Both he and Devadattā were surprised but Mūladeva discovered a small stone in the reed and a hair sticking to the string. Devadattā was full of admiration. She asked him to visit her daily. During one such visit he told her of the magical medicine that had changed his shape and at her instance assumed his original princely shape which much fascinated her. She was only sorry for his habit of gambling and persuaded him to get out of it. Their love for each other was growing.

Devadattā's mother, however, disapproved of all this; she often spoke to her daughter against her increasing involvement with Mūladeva, whom she disliked for being poor in wealth and a gambler to boot. She would not be persuaded by Devadattā's advocacy of Mūladeva's accomplishments and talents. Her obvious preference was for one Acala, the son of a very rich merchant who had been loading Devadattā with rich gifts, to which she was indifferent. Her mother now decided to get rid of Mūladeva. According to her plan Acala one day arrived when Devadattā was entertaining Mūladeva and told her of a dream he had in which he took his bath right on the bed in Devadattā's room and insisted on making it a reality. In the meantime Mūladeva hid himself under the same bed and it was difficult for him to go away unnoticed by Acala and the party of hooligans he had brought with him. As the stupid bath was going on Mūladeva made an attempt to sneak out but was caught by Acala's men. Mūladeva could get out only after making a solemn promise that he would not remain any longer in the town.

He did leave the town. As he was travelling to a place called Veṇātaṭa his way was through a dense forest and his lone companion was a dreadful Brahmin who would not spare even a morsel of food for Mūladeva. After the journey of three or four days in his company Mūladeva arrived at a settlement which was very niggardly. He could get barely a handful of beans as alms. He saw a holy man emaciated through a long fast which he intended to

break in this village. Mūladeva knew he could get nothing there and willingly gave away to him his meagre beans. The holy man was pleased with Mūladeva's generous gesture and an angel in heaven praised his sense of devotion and purity of mind and asked Mūladeva to seek a blessing. Mūladeva said he would like to receive Devadattā, a thousand elephants and a kingdom. The angel said Amen to it.

Mūladeva proceeded towards Veṇātata and spent a night in a travellers' shed in the company of beggars. Around the end of the night he saw a dream in which the full disc of the moon had disappeared in his stomach. He felt much puzzled by the dream and said he should get it properly interpreted. He went to a learned Brahmin for this and the Brahmin insisted that he married his daughter, which much surprised Mūladeva. The Brahmin's explanation was that Mūladeva came from a good family and he was a noble minded young man. The dream indicated that within seven days Mūladeva would be a king. Mūladeva and the Brahmin's daughter got married.

One day soon after the wedding Mūladeva was fast asleep under a tree outside the city of Veṇātata and a miracle took place. The king of the town had recently died issueless and a party was sent out to search for the right man to occupy the throne. This party saw Mūladeva sleeping under a tree but the shade of the tree did not turn with the sun, the royal elephant trumpeted, the horse in the party neighed, the pitcher of water sprinkled water on him, the chowries fanned him and the royal parasol stood over him. By these five divine signs they knew Mūladeva to be their king and he was crowned and given the name of Vikrama. A divine proclamation confirmed the choice.

King Vikrama maintained good diplomatic relations with the king of Ujjayinī and through him he could obtain Devadattā. It happened like this: Devadattā gradually got sick of the overbearing and uncouth behaviour of Acala and begged of the king to save her from his harassment. The king ordered Acala out of the town. When Mūladeva, now called Vikrama requested the king of Ujjayinī to send Devadattā to him he was too willing to oblige such a powerful king and this way Mūladeva and Devadattā were united again.

Acala became a prosperous merchant but once he was

unfortunately caught by the officers of King Vikrama and brought before him. Mūladeva immediately recognized Acala though he could not have the faintest idea that King Vikrama was the same old Mūladeva. He was nevertheless surprised to see Devadattā in the palace with the king. But things were discovered and Mūladeva recalled to his mind his earlier promise to Acala that he would let him go scotfree if ever such an occasion came. This he had said when he was allowed to go unharmed from Devadattā's bedroom when they were both surprised by Acala.

Mūladeva did not hesitate to reward the mean-minded Brahmin who was his sole companion through the forest that he had to traverse before reaching Venātata; and when the beggar who was there in the travellers' shed where Mūladeva had dreamed of the moon entering his belly and who also had the very same dream but fetched a different result came to meet Mūladeva he rewarded him too. The beggar very very much desired to have the same dream again.

Mūladeva and Devadattā spent the rest of their life in building temples and worshipping idols of the Jinas.

### 3. DESTRUCTION OF DVĀRAVATĪ

Dvāravatī the famous city of gold which the gods had built and was the capital of Vāsudeva where he and his elder brothers Balarāma and Jarākumāra lived and enjoyed all sorts of pleasures with their beautiful women and friends and relatives.

Once a respectable old sage Ariṣṭanemi prophesied that the city would be completely destroyed by a sage Dvaipāyana and his rage would also bring about the end of the Yādavas; Vāsudeva himself and his brother Balarāma would be the only two survivors of the terrible devastation, but Vāsudeva would meet his death shortly afterwards at the hands of his own brother Jarākumāra.

These were terrible words and Jarākumāra immediately left the town and disappeared in a remote forest to avoid the cruel destiny. He had always loved and respected his brother Vāsudeva.

Dvaipāyana also was equally anxious to avoid being the author of such a terrible destruction and went far out for his usual abode. Ariṣṭanemi had also said that the main thing that would spark off trouble was liquor. So the princes of Dvāravatī ordered all stocks of liquor to be removed to a remote forest that was full of *kadamba* trees and concealed them in the caves there. (So incidentally, liquor came to be known as *kādambarī*). But fright and anxiety still dominated the mind of every one and Vāsudeva's parents offered to renounce worldly life and embrace the Jain faith to become monks or nuns. Balarāma's charioteer, Siddhārtha also sought his permission to follow suit. Balarāma consented and said that if it ever came to that Siddhārtha should enlighten him to which the latter agreed and went away.

In the course of time, the liquor matured and spread its peculiar

flavour all over the Kadamba forest. Some herdsmen first tasted it and were greatly pleased. Word soon enough reached prince Śāmba and two other princes about the presence of such a delicious liquor in the caves and they too felt tempted to taste it. It was a very heady drink and they all became so inebriated that their noise disturbed a sage who was living in the woods. They even insulted him and belaboured him till he fell unconscious. Vāsudeva and Balarāma who came to learn of this unfortunate and irresponsible incident rushed up to pacify the sage and beg of him to forgive their offending friends. But the sage declared his intention to bring about the total destruction of the place to which the hooligans belonged and burn every one of them; not even a dog from the city would escape, he declared; the only exception would be Balarāma and his brother Vāsudeva.

In his despondency Vāsudeva allowed his wife Rukmiṇī to take to the path of renunciation and become a nun. He advised the other Yādavas also to do likewise.

In the meantime, the sage Dvaipāyana died but was re-born as one of the Agni-kumāras and he waited patiently for twelve years to get the right opportunity to inflict punishment on the city and its inhabitants. When he got it he first produced a tempestuous wind and collected in the city all the inflammable material like grass, dry leaves, dried branches of trees etc. He also produced a spark and a big fire blazed. With heart-rending cries men, women, children, beasts, birds and other living creatures fell into the holocaust. Vāsudeva and Balarāma tried to rescue their parents whom they wanted to drive in a chariot out of the city and when they came to the gate they saw that they could not get out. Dvaipāyana reminded them of his terrible curse that not even a dog will escape except the two of them. So they left the city burning and wandered off in a forest. Their city with several million families was reduced to ashes and the waters of the ocean rose to swallow up every thing. The words of the angry sage came to be true and so did the words of Ariṣṭanemi.

The two brothers went into a dense forest as they were planning to reach Mathurā, the city of the Pāṇḍavas. As they were

travelling Vāsudeva felt thirsty and tired. He rested under a tree and Balarāma went out in search of food and water. He reached a town where King R̥kṣadanta ruled. Balarāma exchanged his precious ring and bracelet for a little food and started back for the forest. The guards of the town kept a careful watch on such a lustrous and marshal looking man and they thought that the barter was suspicious. They immediately informed the King who sent a party of his soldiers to catch hold of the reported person. Balarāma called his brother for help and they both defeated the King's soldiers and succeeded in reaching the forest. Vāsudeva slept under a tree and Balarāma got out to get some water. It so happened that Jarākumāra, Vāsudeva's elder brother, who was most anxious to avoid the cruel destiny of being the murderer of Vāsudeva as had been predicted, had sought refuge in the same wood. He was looking for some animal to satisfy his hunger and he saw under the tree something like an animal and shot an arrow at it. Actually it was Vāsudeva sleeping there with one leg resting on the knee of the other and covered by a garment. The arrow of Jarākumāra hit the sole of Vāsudeva causing a fatal wound. Jarākumāra realised to his horror and utter dismay what he had done. Vāsudeva warned him to get away quickly lest Balarāma, who was expected any time now, might tear him to pieces. Vāsudeva said he should go away to Mathura to inform the Pāṇḍavas of the total destruction of Dvāravātī.

Vāsudeva realised that his end had come. He offered whatever salutations and prayer but could not prevent feelings of bitterness against Dvaipāyana who had brought about the destruction of his dear city and of his people from entering into his mind. When he died he had such bitter feelings in his mind; he was sent therefore to the third hell to dwell there for a certain period of time.

Balarāma would not willingly accept Vāsudeva's death. He wandered through the forest carrying Vāsudeva on his back refusing to treat him as dead and give him a funeral. His old charioteer Siddhārtha came from the heaven to persuade him to cremate the body and with considerable grief, they both cremated Vāsudeva at the confluence of two rivers.

Vāsudeva at the confluence of two rivers.

Jarākumāra informed the Pāṇḍava princes about the destruction of Dvāravati and of Vāsudeva's death. In their sorrow they left the kingdom to Jarākumāra and accepted their initiation from Dharmaghoṣa whom Ariṣṭanemi had specially sent. After they became monks the Pāṇḍavas were keen on meeting Ariṣṭanemi but this was not to be. He had already attained liberation.

Balarāma decided to do heavy penance and renounce the world. He went to the top of a mountain but he could not escape being reported to a king in the region by a group of wood-cutters who were impressed by his severe penance. The king suspected this unknown monk's intentions, perhaps he meant to deprive him of his throne. So he led an attack on him but Siddhārtha, Balarāma's old charioteer saw the king's army marching towards Balarāma and created a ring of hideous and ferocious looking lions round Balarāma. The king felt frightened and went away without disturbing the holy monk.

On another occasion, when Balarāma had gone to a village for alms, a woman saw him and felt so infatuated by him that instead of lowering a bucket in a well where she was drawing water, she tied the rope round the neck of her child and dropped it in the well. Balarāma was shocked and he rushed up to save the child. He swore that he would never ask a woman for alms.

A group of chariot makers went to the forest where Balarāma was doing his penance. Once he asked them to give him some food which the leader of the group readily gave. A deer that was a devoted companion of Balarāma, envied the chariot maker, who being human, could do such a service to the great sage and regretted his own unfortunate situation. Right at this moment, a great tree fell and crushed Balarāma, the deer and the chariot-maker to death. All three went to heaven and were rewarded by being turned into gods. In course of time Balarāma discovered Vāsudeva in the third hell. He thought he could lift him out of his tortures but Vāsudeva said it could not be done and should not be done. He advised Balarāma to get people on the earth to put up at

cross roads their pictures showing Vāsudeva in yellow garments, holding a mace, a sword, a conch and a disc and an eagle on his banner and Balarāma himself in blue garments with a plough and pestle and a palm on his banner. This accordingly was done. Balarāma told people on the earth that his brother and he have been the destroyers and creators of everything on the earth — even Dvāravatī was created by them and destroyed by them. Balarāma later went to heaven but to achieve the final liberation he had to wait till the twelfth prophet Amama arrived.



## 4. UDĀYANA

Udāyana was the king of the whole region of Sindhu and Sovīra and his capital city was Vītabhaya. He was accepted as the sovereign lord by ten of the crowned kings in the same region. Mahāsenā was one of them. On all the ten kings special honours of white chowries and fans were bestowed. Udāyana's queen was Prabhāvatī and their only son was called Abhijit. Udāyana's sister's son who grew up with Abhijit was Keśi, by name.

In the town of Campā there lived a goldsmith, Kumāranandin by name, who was known to be a great womanizer. He had five hundred women whom he had bought by paying five hundred gold pieces each. Being of a jealous disposition, he took care to keep them aloof from the rest of the world; he built for them a palatial building resting on one pillar. He spent most of his time here with them, much to the displeasure of his friend Nāgila, who was a Jain lay disciple.

One day it so happened that two Vānavyantara goddesses, Hāsa and Prahāsa who were on their way to the island of Nandiśvara, a well known place of pilgrimage, saw Kumāranandin. The husband of the two goddesses, Vidyutmālin who was the ruler of Pañcaśaila, had just fallen from that position and entered some lower form of existence, leaving Hāsa and Prahāsa in the state of grass widows. They were advised by other gods to undertake the pilgrimage to Nandiśvara. As they were going there they were also wondering which of the men they saw below from the sky above they should seduce. At that stage they saw Kumāranandin who was easy to seduce. They came down to the earth and spoke to him and seeing encouraging signs of infatuation in him suggested that

he could meet them at Pañcaśaila, which is an island, as he later realized, not easy to reach. He therefore paid a lot of money to the King's court and got a drum-beater to announce a considerable reward to any one that would row him to that island. An old man volunteered to take the risk for the money offered. He accordingly furnished a boat after having made arrangements for his family since the journey was dangerous. When the boatman and Kumāranandin sailed a considerable distance on the ocean, the old man asked him whether he could see anything along the distant horizon. Kumāranandin screwed up his eyes and looked for a long while till he espied a fig-tree at the foot of a mountain on the far off coast. The old man told him that the boat could take him only as far as that tree and that when it reached there Kumāranandin was to be quick enough to catch hold of a branch of it and get on the tree. 'Then the Bhāruṇḍa birds from Pañcaśaila will come. A pair of them has three legs. Thereupon, when they have fallen asleep, do you cling to the leg in the middle, yourself being bound to it by your garment. Then they will take you to Pañcaśaila.' The old man further warned Kumāranandin that in case he failed to do so 'the ship will enter the submarine fire and you will perish there.'

Kumāranandin went through the acrobatic exercise successfully and was taken by the bizarre mode of transport to his destination and the two Vānavyantara goddesses received him cordially. He was quite dazzled by the splendour of their way of life and his fascination for them increased. He would not be disheartened even when they told him that with "this body of yours you cannot enjoy us at all." He was to go through fire and do some other necessary rituals before he would be entitled to that pleasure. This he could do at his own place and the goddesses brought him back in the hollow of their hands and left him in a public garden in his town. He went about making preparations for the fire ritual but his friend Nāgila did not approve of it at all. He tried to persuade him to see sense :

Listen, friend, this act, which befits the herd of contemptible fellows is not meet for you. Therefore do not on account of empty pleasures and happiness lose

the life of a man which is hard to obtain. Does anybody buy a quartz for the price of a lapis lazuli ?

He further advised Kumāranandin to ensure higher pleasures by engaging himself in the practice of the true religion.

The religion taught by the Jinas gives riches to those who desire riches, brings about all pleasures, and is the cause of attaining heaven and final beatitude.

Even then Kumāranandin would not be shaken from his firm resolve to go back to the two goddesses for the pleasure. He died a death by fire and became the ruler of Pāñcaśaila. This produced in Nāgila a disgust for human existence in which men suffer for the sake of the objects of their pleasure. He thereupon renounced his life and was admitted in the Acyuta heaven. But he could not forget his friend whom once he saw through his superhuman knowledge (*avadhi*) and felt sad to see him still running to the island of Nandiśvara with the drum hanging around his neck. He went to meet Kumāranandin but owing to the change in his appearance which was now dazzlingly bright, he could not recognise him. Nāgila then assumed his old shape and form that Kumāranandin could at once recognise. His mind felt greatly disturbed and he begged of Nāgila to instruct him.

"What shall I do now ?" he asked pathetically and Nāgila advised to make

an image of the Lord Vardhamāna. From that then the germ of true faith will spring for you. And it is said : Whosoever causes to be made the images of the Jinas, who have conquered love and hate and delusion obtains in another birth the jewel of the most excellent religion which brings forth happiness.

He also assured him with another saying:

Poverty, misfortune, an inferior station, contempt, disease and sorrow do not fall to the lot of those who have images of the Jinas made.

Kumāranandin for the first time now felt convinced and collected *gōśīrṣa* wood and carved out an image of Vardhamāna.

The garland it wore was of unfading flowers. He secured it in a wooden box. He once saw a few merchants struggling desperately during a terrible storm on the sea, which was going on now for six months. He now had the ability to calm the storm and bring the sailors and merchants safely to shore. When they landed he gave them the box containing the image and told them that it was the image of the supreme god of the gods that they would open it only in his name. The merchants proceeded further on the journeys and finally landed at Vitabhaya, the capital of King Udāyana, whom they gave the box. Udāyana's court was devoted to Brahmanic religion and none there could open it, since they tried it in the name of either Rudra or Govinda. Even an axe could not break it open. None of the Brahmanic gods were effective enough in spite of all the attributes they had gained. At this juncture Prabhāvatī, the queen of Udāyana who had become a lay Jain disciple, came there and when she was asked to try her hand she said:

"The Arhat, who is free from love, hatred and delusion, who knows everything, who is endowed with the eight miraculous powers, who wears the miraculous form of the supreme god of gods, may he grant me a sight of himself."

She wielded the axe and the box opened. The image of Vardhamāna complete in every limb, bedecked with an unfading garland of flowers was in it. Prabhāvatī who was extremely happy, recited:

Hail, hail to thee, knower of all things, lovely to behold,  
thou who art never to be born again, heart's joy of the  
pious people, miraculous jewel that yields the world all  
its wishes, teacher of the universe, Victor, Hero,  
spotless one :

The religion of the Jina spread in the kingdom of Udāyana. In the Queen's quarters in the palace a sanctuary was built and the Queen worshipped the image three times a day after bath. One day the queen danced and the king accompanied her on the *vīṇā* but suddenly the plectrum of the *vīṇā* dropped from his hand and he looked very much alarmed. The queen became terribly enraged and she asked the king why he stopped. First he would not say but

since she insisted he told her that as she danced he seemed to have seen her without her head and felt alarmed at this bad omen. But the queen calmly said that since she had faithfully discharged all the duties of a lay disciple, life was of no consequence to her.

One day after her bath she asked her servant to get her garments and when she brought her the wrong one the queen in her anger hit the servant with the mirror that she had in her hand, as a consequence the servant died. The queen was full of remorse and decided to abstain from food. The king would not permit her but agreed on condition that she converted him to her faith before she began her fast. The queen, however, died soon after and was born in the world of gods. Even as a resident of that world Prabhāvatī, did not stop trying to convert Udāyana but did not succeed. He still stuck to his Brahmanical faith and Brahmin ascetics. She therefore came in the form of a Brahmin ascetic and gave to the king some fruits to eat. They were delicious and he asked him where these fruits came from. The ascetic said they grew near his hermitage. The king agreed to go with him there to get more of them. But when he reached there the ascetic (and his other companions) assumed frightful appearance and began to belabour the king. He made an escape into an adjoining wood where he met a few Jain monks. He sought their protection. They had this instruction for him :

The true religion is the refuge of beings in the ocean of existence; and he whose aim is the true religion by enquiring tries to find god, the true religion and the teacher. God i.e. the Jina, is free from the eighteen faults; the true religion is accompanied by perfect compassion; and the good teacher is he who practises strict chastity and refrains from all worldly undertakings and possessions.

Udāyana now no more resisted conversion. The god revealed in his real self and transported the king to his palace where in the hall of audience he announced his conversion to the new faith.

A lay devotee from Gandhāra had decided to visit all the places connected with the Jinas, their birth places and other places considered holy and sacred. In the course of his visits he learnt of

a few golden images on Mount Vaitādhya normally inaccessible. He made up his mind to worship them and a deity showed them to him. This deity was quite pleased to see the man's devotion and perseverance and by way of appreciation gave to him some wish-fulfilling pills. This devotee also heard of the wooden image of Vardhamāna in the possession of Udāyana and accordingly to Vītabhaya he went. After the death of the queen, the image was put in the charge of Devadattā, one of the servants in the queen's establishment. She was an ugly, deformed, hunch-backed woman. Nevertheless she was sincerely attached to her duties. When the Gandhāra devotee came she gave to him all help with which he was so pleased that before leaving the palace he gave to her some of his magical wish-fulfilling pills.

The hunchback ate the first pill with a wish: 'May my body become like gold.' Thereupon she became a woman of the most radiant beauty and of a complexion like molten gold. Suvarṇagutikā became her name. Then she thought of pleasures and the prince of Ujjayini, Pradyota came to her mind. She swallowed another pill. A deity conveyed this to him and he sent a messenger to whom Suvarṇagutikā expressed her desire to first see him before deciding. Accordingly Pradyota came on his royal elephant, Nalagiri, during the night. She liked him but said that he should carry the wooden image also along with her. He thought of leaving a replacement in the box. He got one made, carefully kept it in the box and the two of them went away from the palace of Udāyana, unnoticed by anyone. When the servant girl was found missing it was reported to the king. He ordered a search party that brought the information that the trail of the smell of the elephant's urine was in the direction of Ujjayinī. The king asked the servants to look for the wooden image. He was told that the box was there; but when he himself opened it while he went to worship it he saw that the garland of flowers on the image had faded. He suspected it to be imitation as it indeed was. It was no longer the image of Vardhamāna but of Jiyantasvāmin which Pradyota had got made. The king immediately sent a message to him to return the image; he might keep the girl. But Pradyota refused to return it.

Udāyana had no alternative but to decide the issue on the battlefield. When fair weather came in summer he led his army against Ujjayinī. They had to cross a large desert and there was an acute shortage of water and many of his soldiers died of thirst. Udāyana thought of his dear departed wife and she rescued the king's army by creating three ponds of water with blooming lotuses, in front, behind and in the middle of the track. When they neared Ujjayinī the king wondered what good would come of the military adventure except the loss of innocent lives. He therefore suggested to Pradyota a duel between themselves. He agreed but lost and was taken a prisoner by Udāyana. A brand was made on his forehead, on Udāyana's order that he was 'the husband of a slave girl.' However the king treated his prisoner well, he gave him the same food as he ate. On a certain day the servant asked him what he would like to eat. Pradyota wondered why he was so asked on that day alone. He was told that since it was *Paryusana* the king observed a fast and hence the query. Pradyota replied that he too would then fast. The king then realized that he was not a rogue and in order not to spoil his holy fast he released him and honoured him with a golden turban in order to hide the disgraceful stigma on his forehead. From that time on kings were invested with the turban; before this they were invested with diadem.

Now that the conflict had ended peacefully, the merchants that had accompanied the king's expedition decided to settle down there only and gradually a town called Daśapura came up there.

Udayana who was actively pursuing his rituals of fasting, and keeping vigils once thought that the most desirable thing would be to hear the Law being preached by Mahāvīra himself.

Blessed indeed are those villages and towns where the monk Vīra dwells and preaches. Blessed indeed are those princes and other men who hear from the lips of Mahāvīra the Law that is proclaimed by the *kevalins*. Thus they embrace the five lesser vows and the seven commandments, the twelvefold religious duty of the lay disciple; thus they become men of bald heads, leave the house and enter upon the houseless state. So if indeed the monk, the revered Mahāvīra, while continually wandering about should come

here to Vitabhaya, then indeed I too would, in the presence of the Blessed one, become a man with a bald head, leave the house and enter upon the houseless state.

Mahāvīra heard this silent call and responded positively by directing his journeying to Udāyana's city, from Campā. He came to the garden called Mrgavana and a large congregation of people gathered there to listen to the Blessed one. Udāyana also hastened to the public garden to hear the Law from the lips of the Lord. He was determined to renounce the world and spoke to the Holy Monk who said he should do so without any more delay. Udāyana rode back to his palace with an intention to put his son Abhijit on the throne, but on second thoughts changed his mind. He did not want his dear son to be overwhelmed by the worldly pleasures and be unmindful of heavenly obligations. Thus out of sheer love and affection for Abhijit, he decided on his sister's son, Keśi. And it was Keśi that became the King of Vītabhaya. He arranged a sumptuous consecration ceremony for the former king who went to seek the blessings of Mahāvīra. He became a monk and spent his time in performing the fasts of one day and a half, of two days and a half, of three days and a half.... of a month and similar other penances. Being unused to such a harsh regime the former king fell ill and came back to his old city where King Keśi ruled. The advisers of the King misconstrued Udāyana's return, they told the king that he must be meaning to reclaim his throne, after his stint as a monk which was too harsh for him. Initially the young king would not be persuaded to such an uncharitable view but gradually succumbed to their vile pressure. He agreed to mix poison in Udāyana's food which was only sour milk. When it was first offered to Udāyana, a deity snatched it away and warned the old monk of the foul conspiracy. It happened three or four times and he was saved. He then wandered away as a monk ought to. He observed long fasts of sixty meals, till this naked monk, this bald headed monk reached the final state to be utterly free from all sorrow. It was at a potter's place that Udāyana reached this state. A deity showered a rain of dust on that place and carried away the kindly potter. 'Siṇavalli,' the deity, directed that the place of the potter be called hereafter as 'Kumbhakāravakkha'. The whole town of Vītabhaya was buried



under the dust and so it has remained ever since.

Udāyana's son Abhijit, however never stopped fretting over his loss of the throne; he would not ever forgive his father's choice of Keśi, overlooking his own claim. He left Vītabhaya and sought refuge with one of the kings in Campā. Though he became a lay disciple and practised all the fasts and penances, he had no kindly thought for his father. Even when he died he did not forgive him nor did he regret his own attitude. After his death he was born as a demon prince. He was condemned to remain so till a blade of grass empties a large lake by taking away a single drop of its water once every hundred years. His final emancipation would thus be after several hundred years.

## 5. SANATKUMĀRA

The whole of the city of Hastināpura broke out into big commotion one day in the month of spring. No wonder. The prince of the kingdom of Kurujāṅgala, the son of king Aśvasena of the Kuru family and his wife Sahadev, the fourth universal sovereign was reported missing. That day he had gone with his companions and friends to amuse himself in the park outside the town. They had several equestrian games and Sanatkumāra who was riding his horse called Jaladhikallola was racing with his friends but his horse suddenly got into full speed and in a moment went clean out of everybody's sight. His friends reported the matter to the king who quickly set out on the trail. In the meanwhile, a fierce wind sprang up and the tracks of the horse were effaced. Mahendrasimha, the prince's close friend, requested the king to return to the palace and promised that he would go out in search of the prince and would return only when he had obtained full information about him.

Mahendrasimha accordingly went far into the forest, did not hesitate to enter the dreadful and dark parts of the forest. He roamed around for one full year without any trace of the prince but he would not give up. One day when he went a certain distance inside the forest, he heard cries of cranes and smelt the fragrance of lotus flowers. He felt a little hopeful and went in the direction of the cries of the birds and saw a great lake. He also heard sweet sounds of singing and notes of a flute. He was surprised to see such a beautiful scene. He went nearer the lake and his eyes opened wide with joy when he saw his friend Sanatkumāra in the midst of a company of young women. He felt so much astonished

that he wondered whether what he saw was only an illusion. As he stood there doubting, a bard recited :

"Hail to thee, moon of Asvasena's heavens, pillar upholding the house of Kuru! Hail to thee Sanatkumāra, ruler of the three worlds! Hail to thee, crowned with majesty !"

This reassured Mahendrasimha who now knew that what he saw in front of him was a reality and with his soul filled with joy and a kind of pleasure never felt before he went closer so that Sanatkumāra could easily see him. The prince recognised him and rose to welcome him. Mahendrasimha first fell at his feet and then the two friends were locked up in a close embrace. As the two friends took their seats, the fairies stopped their song and sat down quietly around them. Sanatkumāra had tears of joy in his eyes and asked his friend how exactly he could manage to travel so deep into this dreadful wild wood there. The prince also enquired about his father and mother. He was particularly anxious to know what his separation from them had meant. Mahendrasimha gave him a detailed account. Afterwards he was given a refreshing bath by some of the most beautiful women and treated to all hospitality. He asked Sanatkumāra how exactly he arrived here, at the gorgeous place. The prince said:

"It is not meet that good men tell their own deeds by their own mouths. Therefore, I shall have them told by the mouth of another."

He asked his beloved Vipulamati, the fairy king's daughter who was married to him and was one of the hundreds of girls whom he had married, to relate the whole story to his friend. She was particularly qualified to do so because Sanatkumāra had told her part of it and she had understood the rest of it through her supernatural knowledge. So Sanatkumāra left his friend with his beloved wife and went away to get his afternoon nap. Vipulamati related the adventures of Sanatkumāra in the following manner:

"When the prince was carried away by his horse and his friends lost sight of him, he was taken by the horse into a dreadful forest. He rode on and on till the horse could

no longer run. It stopped, the prince dismounted, removed the saddle and the horse reeled and dropped and died. The prince went ahead. He was keen on getting some water which he could find nowhere around. He became extremely tired and fell nearly in a swoon under a tree. It was noon time and the wild wood almost burnt by the heat. At this juncture the Yakṣa who had his residence in that tree saw the prince and brought him to consciousness by sprinkling fresh cold water on all his limbs. When the prince was fully revived the Yakṣa gave him water to drink. The prince asked him who he was who was so kind to him. It looked as it were the meeting with the Yakṣa was a result of the good merit the prince had collected in his former existence. The Yakṣa said that the water that the prince drank was from the famous Mānasa lake. The prince expressed his desire to have a bath in the Mānasa lake so that he would fully recover himself after the exhausting travels that he had. To his utter surprise, the Yakṣa promised to take him to the Mānasa lake almost immediately. He held him in the scoop of his hand and lightly conveyed him to the lake where the prince was delighted to have his bath according to the usual ritual but the Yakṣa Asitākṣa who lived on an adjoining mountain felt angry with Sanatkumāra whom he imagined to be full of vicious intentions. A fight broke out between the two and it was a very fierce fight. The Yakṣa first emitted a wind that was filled with a mighty torrent of pebbles and broke the biggest trees. The heavens became dark with a dense dust. The Yakṣa then emitted Pisācas, who uttered loud laughter, who had hair red as blazing fire and were terrible as they whirled flames. But Sanatkumāra remained totally undaunted even when the Yakṣa bound him all over with snakes that flashed flames and sparks from their eyes. The prince tore them like worn out ropes. The Yakṣa started hitting him with his mighty hands and the prince also retaliated with equal vigour.

He hit the prince on the chest with a hammer that was studded with thick iron. The prince defended himself with a big sandal tree which he had uprooted, he struck the Yakṣa on the thighs with the tree and the Yakṣa dropped on the ground. But he managed to escape and hurled a mighty mountain at the prince. The prince was sorely hurt and he fell unconscious but he quickly regained consciousness and engaged himself in a boxing bout with the Yakṣa. The prince hit him hard with his mighty hand and soon enough the Yakṣa was turned, as it were, into a hundred shards. But he did not die as Yakṣas are immortal. He only disappeared from the scene but his ugly howling echoed for a long time. The gods and fairies who had come to watch the wonderful spectacle showered plentiful flowers on the head of Sanatkumāra who had successfully beaten the Yakṣa.

Sanatkumāra departed from the excellent lake and travelled a little distance. He found himself in the middle of Nandana wood and to his surprise he saw eight charming young women and wondered whether they were the eight charming goddesses of the eight regions of the heaven. They were in fact the daughters of Vidyādhara Bhānuvega. Sanatkumāra approached them and asked in a sweet voice who they were and why should they be in that desolate wild wood. They said they lived not far from there, their city was called Priyaśaṅgama where they invited him to take a rest. Accordingly Sanatkumāra accompanied them to the city and the king's officers escorted him to the king's presence. After the initial proceedings of welcome and hospitality were over the king Bhānuvega told Sanatkumāra that the girls he had met by the side of the lake and who had persuaded him to come and see the king were all his daughters. He also told him that the sage Arciṣmālin had predicted that they would all be married to the young man who would defeat the Yakṣa Asitākṣa. Sanatkumāra readily agreed to wed them all and accordingly the nuptials were celebrated and the marriage-string was fastened round their wrists and he slept with them in the chamber of Love's Pleasure. But towards the end of the night when he had finished his sleep he thought he was lying

on the ground alone by himself but the marriage string was still to be seen on his wrist. He quickly decided not to feel dejected on any account and to keep cool. He went out and as he sojourned to the middle of the wild wood, he saw an enormous mountain on the summit of which was a heavenly palace which was supported by pillars of jewels. 'Another piece of trickery' he felt and still he dared go quite near it. He even entered the palace and insisted on climbing up to the seventh storey from where the sounds of a woman weeping in a pitiful tone reached him. On the seventh floor he saw a heavenly damsel weeping in a pitiful tone and addressing herself surprisingly enough to Sanatkumāra himself whom she called the moon in the sky of the Kuru race. She ended her pitiful speech by expressing her hope: "Mayest thou be my spouse at least in another birth." Sanatkumāra was surprised at this and asked her who exactly she was and what had Sanatkumāra to do with her to which she replied: 'He is my husband by virtue of my wishes alone'. She explained further that the king of the city of Sāketa Suraprabha had formerly given her in marriage to Sanatkumāra by performing a small ritual of pouring water by way of finalizing it. She had become infatuated with the beauty of the prince whose picture she had seen; it was brought to her by one of her servants. The actual marriage did not take place. The princess was kidnapped from her own palace to the palace on the top of this mountain by a Vidyādhara who created it out of his magic but had himself disappeared. As Sanatkumāra was listening to the account of these extraordinary events, Vajravega, the vilest of Vidyādharas, the son of Āsanivega rushed in and struck Sanatkumāra hard. The young princess uttered cries of wail and sorrow and fell on the ground in a swoon. Sanatkumāra however collected himself from the sudden blow and in a fierce battle killed the wicked Vidyādhara and brought the young princess back to life. He told her that the Vidyādhara was now dead and the princess was most willing to celebrate her marriage with Sanatkumāra who said that she would be his pearl of women, named Sunandā.

Vajravega's sister Sandhyāvali by name in the meantime came to know of her brother's death and felt furious. She decided to seek her revenge. She rushed to the palace that her brother had conjured

up to meet Sanatkumāra but in the meantime she remembered the words of an astrologer that she would be the wife of the man who has killed her brother. So she approached Sanatkumāra in a gentle manner. With Sunandā's consent he married her. At this juncture two Vidyādhara came to Sanatkumāra and warned him of an impending attack by Āsanivega, the father of Vajravega. He was collecting an army of Vidyādhara against him. A chariot well equipped for the fight was also kept ready for him; Sandhyāvali taught him the magic science Pannatti (Prajñpti) and Sanatkumāra thus equipped and helped by the two kindly Vidyādhara, Caṇḍavega and Bhānuvega and their soldiers, started his battle with Āsanivega's army. Sanatkumāra had his fierce encounter with the mighty Āsanivega, who hurled the Great Snake missile but the prince beat it back by the Garuḍa missile. Thereupon the Vidyādhara chief shot out the missile of Fire but the prince repulsed it with the missile of Varuṇa. Āsanivega came out with the missile of the Wind and Sanatkumāra rendered it ineffective by his missile of the Mountain. Āsanivega now started attacking the prince with his bow and arrows but the prince managed to break his bow; thereupon the battle of the swords began but soon enough Sanatkumāra chopped off Āsanivega's hand. Then followed boxing and wrestling. The prince finally severed the head of the Vidyādhara from his body by his extraordinary disc and secured his victory. Every one hailed it and Sanatkumāra accompanied by his Vidyādhara heroes descended from the air, where this fierce battle was fought, into the magnificent palace where he was appropriately welcomed by his two newly wedded brides, Sunandā and Sandhyāvali. Then the whole party proceeded to mount Vaitādhya where Sanatkumāra was enthroned as king of all fairies.

One day Sanatkumāra's faithful companion Caṇḍavega told him what the sage 'Accimāli' (Arcismālin) had announced: "Your hundred girls here and the eight girls of Bhānuvega a Universal Sovereign will marry and he who is called Sanatkumāra has been pointed out by the Jinās as the Fourth Universal Monarch and he will go to the lake Mānasa in only a month from now; when he steps out there from his bath the Yakṣa Asitākṣa who is his enemy from a former birth will see him, regarding him as come from

viciousness." He asked him why and how his enmity with the Yakṣa had begun. It was said to be from a former birth. This story is told as follows :

"In a city called Kāñcanapura there ruled Vikramayaśas. He had a large harem of 500 young and beautiful ladies and yet he felt infatuated by a charming looking young woman called Viṣṇuśrī. He thought she surpassed in her beauty even the fair women of the gods by virtue of her bloom of youth and grace. She was the wife of Nāgadatta, a great merchant of Kāñcanapura. The king abducted her and carried her into his harem. Her husband knew nothing of this. He only lamented the loss of his wife so much that eventually he became mad. The children on the street made fun of him but he was worried only about his wife. The king in the meantime got so much absorbed in Viṣṇuśrī that he neglected his own duties and paid no attention to the reproaches of the people nor of his own minister. Even the ladies of his seraglio bitterly complained that he completely neglected them and spent all his time in pleasures of life with his newly found woman. One day these women, full of contempt and jealousy, worked out some deadly magic on Viṣṇuśrī and killed her. Thereupon the king became mad just like Nāgadatta; he would not allow the body of Viṣṇuśrī to be removed from his chamber for the funeral. The ministers who had felt anxious for the king decided to play a trick upon the king. They stole the body from the palace and dumped it in an adjoining forest. The king who missed the body of his beloved remained for three days without food or drink. The ministers, who were afraid that the king might die, led him into the forest to show the body but when the king saw it trickling with a mass of pus, swarming with hosts of wriggling, wriggling, worms, its eyes torn out by the crows, the flesh hacked to pieces by the fierce beaks of birds emitting an ill-smelling odour, his mind was overpowered by fear, disgust and shame and he began to blame himself:

"How ! In that body for whose sake, O miserable soul, thou hast given up family, good character, noble birth, fame and shame, such a condition has set in."

Thereupon the king gave up his throne, his kingdom, his harem



and every thing else like a straw and renounced the world in the presence of the teacher Suvrata. He practised austerity in a severe manner by fasting for one day and a half, for two days and a half, for three days and a half and mortified himself by starving to death. He finally went to the Sanatkumāra heaven. When his time there was up, he was born into this world in the family of a merchant in Ratnapūra. He was called Jinadharmā and from his childhood itself he was devoted to the teachings of the Jinās and discharged the twelve-fold duties of a lay disciple and sought real delight in the worship of the Jinās.

Nāgadatta in the meantime died a miserable death and wandered through many animal births and was born in the town of Simhapura as a Brahmin's son. He was called Agnisarmā. In the course of time he took the vow of a three-staved ascetic and practised severe penances in the form of long fasts. Once he happened to be in the city of Ratnapura and the king of the town invited this great ascetic to his palace. The king was once celebrating the breaking of the fast of the ascetic Agnisarmā. By sheer coincidence the lay disciple Jinadharmā came there but when Agnisarmā saw him, he was filled with hatred which had its roots in the earlier births. Accordingly he said to the king that if he were to eat in the palace to break his fast, he would eat hot rice 'boiled' in milk from a dish placed on the great merchant's back. The king could not understand this strange demand. He offered to cook the rice on the back of any other man but Agnisarmā was both adamant and furious. He declared that he would not eat it any other way. The king was at a loss to know how to appease the Brahmin ascetic till the great merchant, the lay disciple Jinadharmā offered to accept the burning dish on his back. He knew that the strange demand of the ascetic was the fruit of a wicked action done in a former existence. When the meal was over, the dish which was stuck to his back was wrenched along with blood, sinews, flesh and fat. He however continued to pursue his religious discipline with composure and in course of time took monk's orders, left the city and went to a mountain peak. In the practice of his penances he abstained from food and remained for half a month in the Kayotsarga posture in the east and similarly in the south, west and

the north, always for half a month. His back was eaten away by vultures, crows, jackals and other animals but he bore the pain silently without disturbing his attention fully concentrated on the worship. When he died, he was admitted to Saudharma heaven where he became Indra. The Brahmin ascetic Agnisarmā, after his death, was born as his riding animal Airāvaṇa. It is only natural that such a sinner has to serve the person against whom he had sinned by being his vehicle. After a lapse of time, Indra fell from his position and was born as the fourth universal monarch, Sanatkumāra in Hastināpura and Agnisarmā was born as Asitākṣa the Yakṣa. This is the cause of the enmity, as explained by Caṇḍavega who had learnt it from the sage Arciṣmālin. After having recounted it he turned to the matter in hand and apologised to Sanatkumāra whom he had induced to marry the eight daughters of Bhānuvega in the city of Priyasaṅgama and now he had abandoned him alone. Now he made a request to Sanatkumāra to marry his own hundred daughters and also requested him to let his eight young wives to come back to him. Sanatkumāra graciously agreed and the eight beautiful brides approached him. He also celebrated his marriage with the hundred daughters of Caṇḍavega with great pomp, and enjoyed the pleasures of married life for all this period. One of these days he said that they should all go to the lake where he had had the memorable fight with the Yakṣa. Before that they all had organised a pleasant entertainment in the wood". Here ends Vipulamati's narration.

That was the day when Sanatkumāra's friend Mahendrasimha appeared on the scene and met Sanatkumāra. By the time Vipulamati had finished this account of Sanatkumāra's mysterious adventures, he appeared on the scene after a good sleep and they all went to mount Vaitāḍhya and Mahendrasimha got an opportunity to speak to him about the anxious state of mind in which his father and mother had been and requested him to do him a favour of making a visit to them at Hastināpura to which Sanatkumāra not only agreed but immediately ordered Vidyādhara to take him there. Accordingly they all mounted various flying palace-chariots, horses, elephants and other means of transport, all gorgeously decorated with fabulous ornaments. Sanatkumāra's parents and

the town's people were pleased to meet him and the king Aśvasena consulted his counsellors and subjects and installed Sanatkumāra with great splendour in royal authority. He also appointed Mahendrasīmha as the commander of the army. Thereupon the king entered religious mendicancy and devoted himself to the service of the true religion to prepare his way for a journey across the *saṃsāra*.

Sanatkumāra ruled with great courage and prudence, increased the prosperity and military prowess of his kingdom and obtained the fourteen jewels of the universal monarch:

1. *senāpati*, 2. *grhapati*, 3. *purohita*, 4. *gaja* 5. *haya*, 6. *sūtradhāra*, 7. *strī*, 8. *cakra*, 9. *chatra*, 10. *carma*, 11. *maṇi*, 12. *kākiṇi*, 13. *khadga* and 14. *daṇḍa*. He conquered many territories around and expanded his kingdom and after a thousand years went to Gajapura.

Śakra (Indra) saw him by means of his supernatural knowledge (*avadhi*) and asked Vaiśramaṇa to go to him and pay him respects by doing the right rituals and offering him on behalf of Śakra a pearl necklace, a garland of wood-flowers, a parasol, a crown, a pair of chowries, a pair of ear-rings, a pair of garments, a throne, a pair of slippers and a foot-stool. Śakra also asked Vaiśramaṇa to inquire of Sanatkumāra after his health and well-being. He accordingly went to Gajapura along with Rambhā and Tilottamā, two famous heavenly nymphs, whom Śakra had sent with presents. As a mark of celebration there would be a festival to which Sanatkumāra agreed. An enormous pandal was conjured up and decorated with glittering jewels. In the middle of it was placed the throne and the gods seated Sanatkumāra on it and amidst the sounds of singing, blended with shouts of "Victory, Victory", sprinkled holy water which they had fetched from the ocean of milk in large pitchers of gold. Rambhā and Tilottamā performed suitable dances for the occasion. After having decked him with all ornaments and proclaiming him the universal monarch and introducing him with great splendour into Gajapura, all the gods went back to heaven and the universal monarch Sanatkumāra was left in this world to enjoy the objects of pleasure.

In the Saudharma heaven, where Indra lives, there came a god from the Isāna heaven. Every one around was struck by the brightness of his body which had rendered the splendour of all other gods present in the assembly pale. They all enquired who he was and how could he possess the brightness of twelve sun-rises. Indra explained that in his former life he had performed a peculiar form of penance which blesses a person with something that goes on increasing. Indra was further asked whether there was anybody else who had been blessed with such splendour and beauty to which Indra replied that the splendour and beauty of Sanatkumāra, who is the universal sovereign in Hastināpura surpassed even that of the gods. This reply did not convince the gods, two of whom Vijaya and Vaijayanta offered to see it for themselves. Accordingly, they took the form of two Brahmins and came to the palace of Sanatkumāra at a time when the king was engaged in getting his body anointed with perfume and oil. The two gods were astonished to see the perfection of the beauty and complexion of his body which appeared to be even greater than the description that Indra had given. When the king asked them for what purpose they had come, they frankly confessed that it was only to satisfy their curiosity regarding the beauty of the king's person which was being praised all over. Sanatkumāra said: "O Brahmins, how could you have seen my beauty ? Wait a little while till I enter the hall of audience." As the Brahmins waited there, Sanatkumāra had a quick bath, put on his elegant dress, wore all his jewellery and occupied the throne. But when the Brahmins were called and they looked at the king they felt very sad and when asked they said they were pained that the beauty, grace and youthful bloom of men should have vanished so quickly. Sanatkumāra expressed surprise at it and asked them what fault could they have found with his body to which they said that the brilliance of his beauty and the youthful bloom that they had seen on him before he came to the hall of audience had already vanished by the time he came there and that they had felt dismayed at the transience of beauty in human life. They said the beauty and bloom of the gods remained from the first moment till only six months of their life are left. Then they diminish. But with human beings things are different. Their bloom and beauty

increase till the middle of life, then they wane. But in Sanatkumāra they saw something which really filled them with dismay and that is the brilliance of his beauty faded quickly like the friendship of a villain. Sanatkumāra felt astonished at the Brahmins' observation but when he looked at his own arms and chest he was surprised to see that both of them had lost the usual lustre. He felt miserable over the instability of the *saṁsāra* and bemoaned the vanity of the body. He pondered over the transience of beauty, youthful bloom and splendours in this worldly life and concluded:

"Therefore attachment to existence is not right. Ignorance is the infatuation with the body, foolishness the pride of beauty and youth, madness the enjoyment of the objects of pleasure. The things men possess in reality possess them like demons."

After realising this wisdom, he decided to give up all the worldly pleasures, the privileges of the universal sovereign or his fourteen jewels, even his queen Sunandā the 'Jewel of a Women' and his other beautiful wives, the great kings that served him and all the treasures. He gave them up, as if they were a straw clinging to him. After installing his son on his throne he left the town and entered his begging district to begin the life of a wandering mendicant. He fasted for several days and whenever he ate, the food was of poor quality the result of which was that he ended up in terrible illness like fever, cough, asthma, scabbies. But he bore all of them in proper spirit for seven hundred years. He performed frightful penances, painful penances, gruesome penances before he acquired miraculous powers such as the ability to cure by simple touch, to cure with his spittle, to cure with drops of spittle spurring from his mouth while speaking, to cure with his filth, even to cure with anything. But inspite of this ability, he would not cure his own body.

Once again when Indra in heaven praised Sanatkumāra and said that although he was harassed with diseases which he could easily cure himself yet he had been showing firmness of mind in not applying any remedy to them. Not believing this, the gods that had approached him in the past, again offered to put this statement

of Indra to test. They proposed to go to Sanatkumāra under the pretext of being physicians and see for themselves whether he deserved the praise of Indra. When they came to Sanatkumāra they offered to cure him of his malady but Sanatkumāra, now a holy man remained silent. But when they persisted, he asked them whether their treatment was directed against the disease of the body alone or the disease of *karman*. When the physicians confessed to their ability to cure the body alone, Sanatkumāra took his own spittle on his finger and rubbed it and made it as bright as gold and showed it to them and said that he could do away with physical diseases but if they could help him to do away with the disease of the *samsāra*. They told him of the real purpose of their visit, made a low obeisance to him and went back to heaven.

Sanatkumāra in the course of his wanderings as a *śramaṇa* reached the peak of mount Sammata and there on a rock he died after confessing himself and fasting for a month. He was born again in the Sanatkumārakalpa with a hope that after this cycle was over he would attain the final emancipation in the land of Mahāvideha.

## 6. BRAHMADATTA

*(This unfortunate young man who inherits the sin of sensuality from his mother and continues to suffer over two or three life times is subjected to a lot of ironic treatment. The story in some parts has the Oedipus-Hamlet framework and the end is almost like that of Oedipus who has his eyes gouged.*

*The final scene however should not blot out the sincere affection that had tried to save the poor young man whose end is pathetic.)*  
-GSB

Municandra, a prince turned ascetic was once lost in a forest. He wandered on and on but could not find his companions. He sat down out of terrible fatigue and was found unconscious by some four boys that were in the forest tending their cattle. These boys looked after the ascetic. By his teachings they were so greatly impressed that they accepted initiation from him. In course of time when two of them that had felt a certain loathing for the monastic way of life died, they were sent into the next birth as two boys born to an unclean slave girl out of her illicit relations with her Brahmin master. The next two births that came to these two boys after death were in the animal kind— first as two fawns and then as two swans. However their next birth was as human beings, this time as the sons of a cāṇḍāla who worked as an executioner for the king of Banāras.

Once it so happened that this king discovered one of his ministers, a Brahmin, Namuci by name, to have been involved in a situation that provoked royal wrath. The king ordered his cāṇḍāla executioner to put the minister to death immediately and secretly.

The *cāṇḍāla* however came to an understanding with the offender; he would grant him life provided he agreed to remain in hiding and teach his two sons, Citra and Sambhūta to which conditions the Brahmin minister agreed. The two boys received excellent education from the teacher but unfortunately in course of time the teacher became involved in a love affair with their mother and naturally enough the *cāṇḍāla* ordered the boys to kill him instantaneously. The boys by way of gratitude for their excellent teacher allowed him to escape to a far off land. He went as far as Hastināpura and succeeded in becoming king Sanatkumāra's minister.

The two boys grew into handsome young men accomplished in many arts like singing and dancing. But being *cāṇḍāla* their merits fetched instead of appreciation jealousy of the upper class people who persuaded the king to prevent them from participating in any of the local festivals where they had so far shown excellent skills. In spite of the king's ban they were on one occasion seen taking part in a public festival and the people gave them a sound beating. In sheer fright they ran away though the punishment was not more severe than a simple beating but they were so offended that they seriously thought of ending their lives. They thought they should jump from the top of a mountain which was somewhere around that place. As they climbed up to the top, they met a Jain ascetic who dissuaded them from the foolish path of suicide and preached to them the Jain faith. They were willing to be initiated and accepted the new teaching very quickly. After their training was over, they came out of their isolation into towns and villages to preach their newly gained gospel. They wandered from place to place and once found themselves in a park outside Hastināpura. When they were preaching their popular sermons, the Brahmin minister Namuci recognised one of the two brothers. He felt worried that perhaps the two brothers would disclose to the king his earlier disgraceful misdeeds and so he ordered his men to drive them out of the town. Sambhūta felt so terribly enraged that he produced a devastating fire that consumed much life and property in and around Hastināpura. Every one tried to appease his wrath. His brother Citra begged of him to extinguish this fire of wrath and



pointed out that peace of soul was the chief characteristic of great saints. "Even if they have been wronged, they do not give way to anger; for anger ends in misery, is the cause of all misfortunes and a forest fire for the wood of good conduct." .... "As the forest fire once kindled, speedily burns down the whole forest in a moment, so the soul affected by passions consumes (all) penance and self-control." ..... moreover,

"Anger destroys love, anger increases (the chances of) bad state of existence (after death), and anger causes pain to one's self and to others."

"Even if one practises manifold fasts lasting a month, gives himself up to dwelling in the woods, studies, perfects himself continually by knowledge and meditation, keeps the hard vow of chastity, and eats alms-food, this will all prove of no avail to him if he is overcome by anger."

By such floods of water of the words of the prince of the Jinas the fire of Sambhūta's wrath was extinguished. The two brothers went away from that place and engaged themselves in continued fasting. In the meantime the king Sanatkumāra enquired into the whole episode and when he realised that his minister Namuci was responsible for it, he had him bound with strong ropes and brought him into the presence of Citra and Sambhūta. The king and his entire harem did homage to them with devotion and respect but Sambhūta began to conceive thoughts of worldly pleasures as the hair of Sunandā, the principal queen of Sanatkumāra, the 'pearl' among women who fell at his feet, brushed him gently. He regretted that he had completely missed such pleasures in his life so far. Looking at his uneasy condition Citra thought :

"Alas, how hard it is to conquer delusion !

Alas, how hard it is to control the senses !

Alas, how the objects of the senses agitate us since this man, although he has so well done penance, although he has so well understood the words of the prince of Jinas, has resolved on such a thing, induced by the touch of the tips of a young woman's hair !"

He spoke to Sambhūta:

"Hear ! desist from the impure resolution; for the enjoyments of pleasure are unsubstantial, terrible in their consequences, the causes of wandering about in the *samsāra*. Even while they are being enjoyed they cause very great disturbance; and sorrow in reality is their nature. The idea that there is pleasure in them is the manifestation of delusion and it has been said: As the scabby man, scratching his scab, deems pain a pleasure, so men fevered with delusion call the pain of sensual enjoyment a pleasure."

Citra also pointed out the impure nature of the human body and tried to convince him that such a body which is the abode of all diseases should not have infatuated a man like him who is to be considered foremost among ascetics. He wondered how the human body

"Sprung from semen and blood, caused to grow by impure fluids, consisting of skin, blood, flesh, fat, bones, marrow and semen, dripping impure fluids from nine openings for fluids, a store house of filthiness"

can be charming to an enlightened mind like his. It is only so in appearance.

"There are an *ādhaka* of blood, half an *ādhaka* of fat, a *kuḍava* of bile and phlegm, and half as much of semen, seven hundred veins, nine hundred sinews—in such a body there is no purity.

"Delicious food and drink and the most excellent dainties and sweetmeats, they all grow impure by coming in contact with the body.

"The finest garment, the finest flower, the finest perfume and ointment (or unguent), the finest bed and seat are destroyed by (the contact with) the body.

"Ill-smelling moisture continually flows on the teeth and impure fluid in the mouth and sticking mucus in the nose.

"Only marrow runs in the bones, nasty filth in the ears,

ill-smelling sweat from the pores."

In spite of all these words of wisdom that flowed from Citra, Sambhūta's soul did not awake. On the other hand by reason of his excessive delusion, Sambhūta entertained the worldly thought (or made the evil resolution) :

"If there is a fruit of this penance of mine then may I become a universal monarch in another birth."

This is how he bore testimony to the wisdom of the view that

"The most dangerous tree of delusion whose roots are spread out for the bringing forth of beginningless existence is only with difficulty uprooted by the most zealous (or careful)."

In their next life Citra and Sambhūta were born in this world, after a short spell as gods in the Saudharma heaven, in privileged families. Citra became the son of a rich merchant in Purimatāla and Sambhūta the son of king Brahma and queen Culaṇī of Kāmpilyapura and he was given the name of Brahmadata. During her pregnancy, the queen had seen the fourteen dreams that predict that the child to be born would be either a Tīrthaṅkara or a sovereign monarch. King Brahma had four intimate friends King Kataka of Kāśī, King Karnikāradatta of Gajapura, King Dirgha of Kosala and King Puṣpacūda of Campā. They all spent their time merrily in each other's company and loved each other very much. But King Brahma had developed a disease of the head for which there was no cure. He requested his other royal friends to look after the prince Brahmadata before he died. The four friends made arrangements to take care of his kingdom and son and appointed King Dirgha as a Regent. He looked after the administration of the state as if he was the rightful monarch and looked after the queen as if she was his rightful wife. The illicit love affair was detected by one of the ministers called Dhanu who was one of the most loyal friends of the former king and now of the young prince. He suspected that Dirgha who had no hesitation in choosing such an immoral course of behaviour would not show any unwillingness to do harm to the young prince. He asked his son to draw the prince's attention to the wickedness of Dirgha and the queen. The prince

felt shocked and distressed and tried to convey to his mother that he was aware of the sordid relationship that she had with Dīrgha by putting a crow and a kokila together in a cage, or by trying to bring together an ordinary male elephant with a royal pedigree female elephant. King Dīrgha warned the queen that her young son was this way trying to taunt them by bringing the cage with the two dissimilar birds in it into the harem. Therefore, he suggested before he became dangerous he should be got rid of. The queen did not much resist the suggestion since her craving for sexual enjoyment had blinded her to every other relationship, because

"Woman is the little stream that destroys families, woman in this world is the field where wicked conduct grows, woman is the door to misery, woman is the womb of misfortunes.

" A bad woman fevered with passion kills her fond husband, undoes her son and likewise destroys wealth and sets fire to her own house."

To the king's proposal, she only added a note that the death of the son should be so brought about that the crime would not reflect on them in any way and raise suspicion amongst the people. Dīrgha assured her that she would have more sons from him and the end of Brahmadata would be brought about like this:

"We will celebrate the marriage of the prince; along with all that is needful for it we will make ready a house built of resinous material, resting on many pillars and having a hidden entrance and exit. When after the wedding he sleeps there soundly we will do the deed unnoticed by setting fire to the house."

Accordingly, a great king's daughter was chosen to be Brahmadata's bride and all arrangements for the wedding began. Dhanu the old minister watched every move of the king and queen carefully and felt convinced that they were doing something that needed more careful watching. He therefore told the king that he would like to retire from his duties which he would leave to his son Varadhanu and himself go away on his spiritual pilgrimages to seek welfare in the other world. The king suggested that he could

certainly retire but continue to stay on in the town itself. Dhanu therefore built a small house on the banks of the river Gaṅgā for himself and set up a shed where travellers and religious mendicants could rest and eat. When he went to live there he created goodwill amongst people around him to get secret work accomplished. With the help of the people, he got an underground passage of two *gavyūti* in length to connect the shed to the resinous house in which Dirgha had planned to burn alive prince Brahmadatta and his bride.

The wedding took place amidst great pomp and splendour and the couple was conducted to the gorgeous resinous house. Varadhanu was with the couple and spent some time with them before the prince decided to retire. In a short while loud cries rose; the whole structure burst into flames and the prince felt worried about his bride's and his own safety but Varadhanu told him of the secret passage his father had made and asked him to take it to the safety of the shed. Nevertheless the bride could not reach the shed along with the prince and naturally enough he felt worried about her but Varadhanu assured the prince that the bride in fact was not a royal princess but an ordinary woman that was persuaded to take her place throughout the ceremony. All this was done with the consent of the princess he was supposed to have married. Varadhanu and his father were aware of the dangerous plan of the king and therefore they contrived her substitute and the prince's escape. They had kept two horses ready for the prince and Varadhanu at the shed and without losing any more time, they rode several miles before the horses collapsed out of sheer fatigue and the riders felt hungry, thirsty and exhausted. Near a village they stopped. Varadhanu got a barber from the village to shave off Brahmadatta's head and disguised him as a Jain mendicant. He changed his own dress as well and both got into the village. Brahmadatta had on his chest a piece of cloth four fingers broad for concealing *śrīvatsa* mark on it. In the village, as they passed a fine looking house, a servant came out and invited them inside where they were treated to excellent hospitality and all comforts at the hands of the Brahmin owner of the place. Brahmadatta was treated to a big surprise, the Brahmin offered his daughter in

marriage to him. When he asked the father of the girl how he could take such a risk of marrying his daughter to a total stranger, the Brahmin explained that it was all so preordained. An astrologer had said that a man in such a cloth with the *śrī vatsa* mark concealed, accompanied by a friend, who came to eat the food cooked by the girl would be her husband. After the wedding was over Varadhanu reminded the prince that they had to go away. After giving the necessary explanation to the bride Brahmadata departed with his friend. They realised that king Dirgha's men had started combing the whole area to arrest Brahmadata. So they went by narrow lanes to a thick forest. Brahmadata was tired and he rested under a tree and Varadhanu went out in search of food and water but Dirgha's men caught hold of Varadhanu but Brahmadata managed to escape.

For three long days Brahmadata wandered on and on, hungry, thirsty and weary. He met an old monk who conducted him to his monastery where Brahmadata explained the full and truthful story of his life so far to the head of the community of monks. The chief was kind-hearted and told Brahmadata that he was his father's uncle and that Brahmadata was free to live there as long as he liked. He taught him many things including martial arts. One day Brahmadata encountered a wild elephant and in his fight to tame him down he lost his moorings altogether and wandered away towards an old ruined town on the bank of a rivulet. He was curious about this town and was looking around everywhere when he saw a bower of bamboos with a shield and sword lying near it. Out of fun he tried the sword on the bamboo-bower but the stroke chopped off the head of a living being. The lips were quivering on that pretty looking face. Brahmadata was much alarmed and confused. When he looked inside the bower he saw the headless body hanging upside down over a small fire. The man whose head Brahmadata had cut off was obviously doing some sort of penance. Brahmadata felt terribly distressed. He saw further away a fine park with a palatial building in it. This seven-storeyed mansion was surrounded by Asoka trees. Brahmadata was curious to know whose residence it could be. So he climbed on to the top floor and saw a magnificent young woman with such beauty that he thought she was a fairy. He

asked her who she was. She too made the same query of Brahmadata who readily told her who he was. Hearing this, she fell at his feet and told him that she was the princess he was supposed to have married and as she was waiting to be taken to Pāñcāla for the wedding a wicked vidyādhara kidnapped her and locked her up in this mansion away from her people. Now she was happy to meet Brahmadata who has arrived in her life like a rain of gold. She told him of this vidyādhara whose name was Naṭṭumatta and he was busy undergoing a special kind of penance in a bamboo-grove nearby to gain some magical powers. In a day or two that penance would end and he would claim her as his wife. In the meantime he has asked his sisters to guard this princess — Puṣpavati. Her seven storeyed mansion also was a creation of his magic. Brahmadata told her how he had killed him, much to her relief and delight. Eventually they married each other in the Gāndharva style and spent some time there. One of these days the two sisters of vidyādhara Naṭṭumatta came for the wedding of their brother. Puṣpavati asked Brahmadata to go out and watch the tower of the mansion which will signal to him whether it was safe for him to go in or he should stay away. A white flag would mean danger to him and a red one a welcome sign. Since it was a white signal Brahmadata slipped away to a thick forest on the slopes of a mountain nearby. By the side of a great lake in the forest was sitting a most beautiful maiden. They both fell in love with each other at first sight. The maiden left the place but soon her servant girl came to Brahmadata with clean clothes, flowers and refreshments and conducted him to the house of Nāgadeva who was one of the ministers of the king, the beautiful maiden's father. Nāgadeva was asked by the servant girl in the name of the princess — Śrīkāntā was her name — to look after Brahmadata well till he was presented to the king. When Brahmadata met the king, who was living in exile, it was proposed that he should marry princess Śrīkāntā. Later Brahmadata asked his bride Śrīkāntā about the mystery of such a sudden decision of the king to marry his daughter to an utter stranger. She explained how on account of their destitute condition the father had expressed his inability to find a suitable bridegroom for her and that she should find one for herself which

she had done when she first saw him. They spent some time together enjoying the pleasures of senses.

By sheer accident Brahmadata met his old friend Varadhanu who explained to him how on the earlier occasion they had missed each other. As Varadhanu was fetching water for the hungry and thirsty Brahmadata he was surprised by king Dirgha's men to whose queries his reply was Brahmadata was killed by a tiger; with the help of a magic pill he had with him, Varadhanu fell unconscious and Dirgha's soldiers left him alone presuming him to be dead. Then he met a religious man who told him of his father's death and of his mother's humiliation in being lodged in *cāṇḍāla* locality. He therefore went to Kāmpilyapura in disguise and managed to get his mother out of that place and bring her to a comfortable residence. Now he was out in search of Brahmadata. The two friends decided to run away from their present place since Dirgha's soldiers were still combing that forest. They went away to a village called Kausāmbī where they felt fascinated by a cock-fight put up by two villagers Sāgaradatta and Buddhila against a heavy bet. Varadhanu noticed that some one there was resorting to cheating and when he inspected the cocks he realised that Buddhila's cock had some fine needles fixed to his feet which quite scared Sāgaradatta's cock though he was of a fine bred. When Buddhila saw that his trickery was detected by Varadhanu he offered him half the money of the bet but Varadhanu secretly managed to convey Buddhila's trickery to Sāgaradatta who cleverly removed the needles from Buddhila's cock's feet and in the final round his cock won.

Sāgaradatta invited Varadhanu and Brahmadata to his place. While they were there Varadhanu received a bamboo-box in which he found a pretty looking pearl necklace which was approximately half in price of the amount of the bet which Buddhila had won in the cock fight. To the necklace was stuck a letter which was addressed to Brahmadata. It was from Buddhila's sister Ratnavati who it seems had fallen desperately in love with Brahmadata whom she had seen at the cock fight but the two friends were not in a position to stay on in the town since the king of the town was under instructions from Dirgha to arrest them and so with Sāgaradatta's



help they quickly managed to escape.

As they were going away they saw a charming girl worshipping at a shrine of a Yakṣa amongst the trees. This girl was waiting for prince Brahmadaṭṭa as it appeared from the question with which she greeted them: the question was why they were late. The two young men asked her who she was to which she replied that she was the daughter of a rich merchant in the town from where they came and the Yakṣa she was worshipping had prophesied that her would-be husband would soon be coming with his friend and she should expect him here. He was destined to be a universal monarch and his name would be Brahmadaṭṭa. She would see him after the cock fight. She was also instructed to send the pearl necklace and the letter. Brahmadaṭṭa was pleased to hear all this and agreed to take the girl with them. With Varadhanu and the girl he started to proceed towards Magadhapura, the place where the youngest brother of her father lived. The way lay through a thick forest in a hilly terrain and as they proceeded in their carriage they were stopped by two notorious robbers that lived in that forest. But Brahmadaṭṭa put them to flight and drove on. Later when he was tired and slept while Varadhanu drove the carriage. But after some time when he woke up he saw that Varadhanu was missing. When he looked everywhere, he could see nothing around and when he tried to trace his friend still more scrupulously he noticed much blood sticking on the shaft (or yoke) of the carriage. Brahmadaṭṭa was sorry to conclude that his friend perhaps fell off the carriage and may be he died. He wanted to go back in search of the body but Ratnavati urged him to go ahead with the journey as it was getting late and perhaps the road was too insecure for them. So they proceeded and on their way came to a village where its chief welcomed him and his bride warmly. On being told of Varadhanu's mysterious disappearance the village chief offered to send a search party and suggested that Brahmadaṭṭa and Ratnavati stay overnight at his place. The search party brought back no precise information. They only brought an arrow that was found around the sight of the encounter Varadhanu probably had with the robbers. Brahmadaṭṭa forced himself to conclude that his friend was dead. He was also engaged in another encounter with the robbers whilst

he was still in the village chief's house with Ratnavati. He successfully beat them back and the village chief and others congratulated him. Later he proceeded to Rājagrha. He left Ratnavati in a monastery before he got into the town but on his way he was addressed by two beautiful damsels who told their own story to him as follows :

They were the daughters of king Jvalanasikha and queen Vidyucchikhā of the city kingdom of Śivapura. Their eldest brother was Natṭumatta. The king once had been to a pilgrimage to a holy place on mount Aṣṭāpada reputed for its Jina temples. He was accompanied by his friend Agnisikha and the two daughters. They saw two holy ascetics sitting under an Aśoka tree and after doing their usual obeisance to them they sat down to listen to the holy discourse the ascetics were preaching. The discourse was as follows :

"*Saṃsāra* (worldly existence) is worthless, the body is perishable, life is (momentary) like the appearance of clouds in autumn, youth is like the flashes of lightning, enjoyments of pleasures are like the (tasting of) *kiṃpāka* fruit (which has a charming exterior but is very poisonous). Transient as the glow of the evening red (or twilight) is the pleasure of the senses, fickle as the dew drops on the tip of *kuśa* grass Lakṣmi (Wealth), misery (or sorrow) is very easy to get (or easily obtained), (while) happiness is very rare (or is obtained with difficulty) and the movements of the god of Death are never hindered (or never impeded is the progress of Death). Therefore, such being the case, let the course of delusion be abandoned and let the mind be fixed on the religion preached by the prince of Jinas."

Agnisikha asked the ascetics about the marriage of the two princesses and the ascetics predicted that the man who slays the brother of the two will be their husband. These words much distressed every one and the young women declared their intention to forgo all worldly pleasures. Their brother however continued to be fond of all the worldly pleasures and cared only for his baths and

meals etc. One day he saw Puspavati and felt fascinated by her. In order to win her, he began to learn magic. He wanted to be the master of a magic spell so that he would be able to captivate her. He lived in a bamboo-bower and did hard penance. What happened to him at this stage was well known to Brahmadata. The two princesses wept piteously at the sad end of their brother. They were comforted by Puspavati with sweet words who further told them of the words of the ascetics that Brahmadata was to be their husband. So she went out to wave to Brahmadata the white flag of agreement but by that time he had already gone away. Since then the two sisters of Natumatta had been wandering up and down in search of Brahmadata but when they could not trace him anywhere they came to that place where Brahmadata had met them. They appeared delighted as if unexpected rain of gold fell on them. Brahmadata was too willing to marry both of them and after a night of pleasure with them sent them to Puspavati with a word to her to have patience till he won his lost kingdom. When they went away, the white palace in which Brahmadata had stayed and all the servants in it mysteriously disappeared.

Brahmadatta remembered Ratnavati and went to look for her at the hermitage but she was not there. An old man of auspicious appearance offered the following explanation:

He had seen Ratnavati sitting alone and weeping. He made kindly inquiries and to his pleasant surprise realised that the young damsel was his own grand-daughter, his daughter's daughter. Upon that he went to her uncle and reported the whole story to him and when he knew the particulars he conducted her respectfully to his own house. They looked for Brahmadata everywhere and now felt happy that he had come.

Brahmadatta was well received and the uncle celebrated their wedding in a grand style and the two lived happily together for some time.

One day when the prince was performing the *śrāddha* of his friend Varadhanu, whom he had presumed to be dead in the forest on that fateful night when he and Puspavati made their escape in

the chariot that Varadhanu was driving. As the Brahmins were offering food to the dead, Varadhanu himself appeared to receive it and eat it. Brahmadata quickly recognised his dear friend who explained that that night he was only badly wounded by an arrow but tried with difficulty to follow him. Finally he succeeded in meeting him at the present place.

Now the two friends who were tired of living the life of the refugees planned to make the final assault on king Dīrgha and fight for the kingdom. They were in a public park making plans for the final onslaught. That was a day of spring festival when young men and women were enjoying themselves but the holiday seemed to have been spoilt by a wild elephant that ran amuck among them. The elephant made a particularly shapely girl his target and rushed at her. He had almost caught hold of her when Brahmadata spurred by his princely instincts jumped up to divert the furious animal's attention towards himself. The elephant gave up the girl and rushed at him. With great dexterity Brahmadata rolled his upper garment into a ball and tossed it at the elephant who attacked it in his great rage. In the meantime Brahmadata jumped on to his back and within a short while managed to soothe him. The king of the place, who had in the meantime come into the public park, heard the cries of approbation as they arose from the public gathered around. He too was amazed by the extraordinary courage of the young man and asked who he was. His minister told him of the full story of Brahmadata and the king responded by inviting the prince to his own palace and extending to him all the royal hospitality. The king gave to Brahmadata his eight daughters in marriage; on an auspicious day and at the auspicious hour the wedding took place. The king's minister offered his daughter Nandā to Varadhanu and the two friends spent some happy days in the palace with their wives. One day Brahmadata met an old woman who told him how the young girl he had saved from the elephant's fury had declared to her father who was a rich merchant that unless he gave her in marriage to the same young man, she would end her life. The merchant therefore sent this woman who was her nurse to find out Brahmadata and make an earnest request to him to accept the girl. Brahmadata was only too pleased to oblige.

The two young men went ahead making preparations to win back the lost kingdom. They went to Banaras where king Kaṭaka was happy to receive them. He even offered his daughter to Brahmadaṭṭa and gave him many horses, elephants etc. Brahmadaṭṭa spent some time with his new bride enjoying the delights of the senses.

On the political side, things were happening favourably: many of the old allies of Brahmadaṭṭa's father rallied around him and Varadhanu's father, the old minister Dhanu also joined them. Varadhanu was appointed the general of the army and they all marched against Kāmpilyapura. In a desperate fight Brahmadaṭṭa killed Dīrgha the old usurper and this victory was hailed by Siddhas and Gandharvas. They showered petals of flowers from heaven and proclaimed Brahmadaṭṭa as the twelfth universal monarch. When he entered his own palace he was hailed with joy by the people of the city and country. He was installed in the sovereignty of a great universal monarch. In the manner of the former universal monarchs he conquered Bharata-kṣetra which consists of six parts. Puṣpavati as the principal queen headed his whole seraglio into the palace in a procession and joined him.

One day Brahmadaṭṭa was watching a dramatic performance which awakened in him a strange déjà vu feelings — he thought that he had some time back experienced all that he was now seeing on the stage before him. He fell into a swoon and when he recovered his consciousness, his brother Citra in his former existence came back to his mind and Brahmadaṭṭa felt a tremendous desire to meet him. But where could he locate him in the present life ? He was sure that Citra must be somewhere so he composed a verse, rather a half of a verse, and declared that any one who would supply the other half of it and complete the verse would get a reward of half of the king's wealth. Varadhanu arranged to convey the king's wish to every one in the kingdom.

The soul of Citra had during the course of this life become the son of a rich merchant who as a devout sage had wandered to Kāmpilyapura and had taken residence in an adjoining forest called Manorama. There he would practise his meditation in the

*kāyotsarga* posture. One day he heard a man reciting a half of a verse:

"We two have been two slaves, two deer, two swans,  
two *cāṇḍālas*, two gods thereupon...."

Having heard this, the ascetic who in fact was Citra said:

"This is the sixth birth of us who are now separated from  
each other."

The man who sang the first part of the verse quickly wrote down the second part as it came from Citra's mouth on a leaf and went to the king's palace with great happiness and hope. When the king heard the latter half of the verse, he felt an excess of feeling and fell into a swoon. The attendants of the king began to strike the man on account of whose words they said the king fell into such a state. The poor man said that it was not his words but those of an ascetic who lived in the Manorama forest. Then the king regained his consciousness and was acquainted with the sage's presence in a nearby forest. His soul was drawn by devotion and love to him and the king quickly departed with his retinue to meet his brother Citra. Citra who was now an ascetic was delighted to meet the king and he began a religious discourse in which he showed the worthlessness of existence, described the causes of bondage by *karman*, and particularly praised the religious discipline which paved the way to final emancipation and sang of the excellence of beatitude. Every one amongst the audience felt greatly moved but Brahmadata's mind felt no way improved. It was not in the least raised to a holy stage. Instead he made a proposal to the revered saint that he would feel happy if he could accept half of the kingship from his old brother and friend because kingship and similar good fortune were the right rewards for asceticism. Therefore, after a spell of enjoyment they could both practise asceticism. The ascetic's answer was:

"That this state of being a man is hard to obtain; life is continually ebbing away; fortune is unstable; unsteady is this knowledge of religious truth; bitter in their fruits are sensual enjoyments, those who cling to them surely go to hell; but hard to obtain is the seed of final

emancipation, especially the jewel of indifference to worldly objects."

He further warned the king that to give up his opportunity to seek salvation and to cling on to kingship would not gladden the heart of any person who had gained the wisdom to understand that the worldly way of life would surely lead to hell. He did his best to persuade Brahmadata to relinquish his evil inclination, to recall to his mind the sorrows and sufferings through which he had gone in former lives and drink the nectar liquid of the Jinas' words, walk on the path recommended by them and make his birth as a man really rewarding. But in spite of all this strong persuasion Brahmadata experienced no spiritual awakening. The ascetic sadly reflected:

"Ah, I know ! In that former existence he, being Sambhūta, by reason of an excessive longing sprung from the feeling of being touched by the locks of the matchless wife of the universal monarch, Sanatkumāra conceived a worldly thought with the object of obtaining that, although he was exhorted to forbear. That now manifests itself here."

The ascetic compared Brahmadata with a person who had been bitten by a black snake who could not be cured at all since the venom of the black snake resists all medication. Similarly Brahmadata, according to the ascetic, had become resistant to the spells and charms of the Jinas' words. He therefore gave him up as a hopeless case and went away. In the course of time he reached final emancipation but Brahmadata spent all that time enjoying the pleasures of the universal monarch.

One day, the king was entertaining a Brahmin who expressed a strong desire to eat the food of a universal monarch. Brahmadata explained to him that he being a pious man, whose way of life was different from that of a king, would not be able to digest that food. However, the Brahmin insisted and said that it was a shame that such a grand royal king should not serve such a thing as mere food to a Brahmin. This angered the king who immediately gave instructions that the royal food should be served not only to the Brahmin but also to his wife, sons, daughters, daughters-in-law,

grand children and indeed the whole host of his relatives. They all ate heartily but when the night came and as the food was being digested an extraordinary torrent of madness rushed upon them. They indulged in wild orgies of sexuality forgetting all sanctity of relations so that they had union with mother, daughter-in-law, sister etc. When however the morning came, they felt so terribly ashamed of each other that they all left the town and went away. The Brahmin kept on wondering why the king should have subjected him to such cruel mockery when after all he was not his enemy. One of these days, when he was still wandering around in the woods in his desperate mood he saw a goatherd who was hitting the leaves of fig tree with small stones and making holes in them. The Brahmin felt that the goatherd would rightly serve his purpose. He offered him sumptuous temptations and explained to him what his purpose was and the goatherd agreed to serve it.

Accordingly when the goatherd saw Brahmadatta in the wood, he hid himself behind a wall and being an unerring shot he tore out both the eyes of the king. The king investigated and fixed the blame on the Brahmin whom he arrested along with his sons and relatives. He killed all of them and ordered that their eyes should be plucked out of their sockets and brought to him in a dish so that he would experience the wild pleasure of crushing them with his own hand. The king's officer was sad to realise that the king was in the grip of evil forces that were only working out the *karman* on the king. He therefore put the *śākhoṭaka* fruits into the dish and brought them to the king who spent many days in crushing them and deriving wild pleasure. When his time came and the king died he was born as a hell being in the seventh hell where he was condemned to live for thirtythree *sāgaropamas*.



## 7. AGADADATTA

*(The story which in fact is one of police investigation describes through its symbolic method criminals and criminal minds. The lonely roads, dark nights, underground dwellings, dilapidated temples and unused well are very effectively used. However the story is a typical account of a talented young man in search of an opportunity to make his life.) -GSB*

Agadadatta, prince of Śaṅkhapura, was the son of king Sundara and queen Sulasā. By his stupid and irresponsible behaviour he had made himself thoroughly unpopular. He was disrespectful to his teachers and arrogant to the elders. He was addicted to liquor and was an inveterate liar. He was a notorious gambler; to trust him with women was dangerous. He was always surrounded by strumpets and men of doubtful character. He took pride in seducing other men's wives and had amongst hangers-on the band of actors.

The most respectable citizens complained to the king against the disgraceful prince and his scandalous behaviour and the king quickly expelled him from the state. Agadadatta left the parental roof with nothing but his sword. He wandered on and on, beyond mountains, rivers, forests, cities and villages and finally reached Banāras. By now he had made up his mind to turn a new page and so when he met in Banāras a reputed scholar, Pavanacaṇḍa he fell at his feet in all humility and begged to be accepted as a pupil. Pavanacaṇḍa was extremely popular with young men and he was an acknowledged master of many arts and skills. He accepted

Agadadatta as a student in his establishment and he settled down with great zeal and devotion. His resentment against his father was forgotten and a new sense of purpose arose in his mind. Pavanacanda's house had a big garden around it and in this garden Agadadatta practised his martial skills.

A rich merchant's house was on the other side of the garden and his daughter Madanamañjari saw him daily and fell in love with him but he was aware of nothing but his own studies. One day however the girl became impatient and threw a bunch of flowers at him to draw his attention to herself. He was surprised to see that he had not noticed so far such a charming young woman living so close by. In their first meeting only she confessed to him her fascination for him and told him she could not live any longer without making love to him. She also said that she was married to a young man living in the same town but she was for the time being living with her father. The young prince told her that it would not be before the end of the course of his studies that he would satisfy her desire. The next day he was riding a fine looking horse and was on the road in front of her house when there arose a big uproar on the road, every one was running helter skelter and Agadadatta saw a mad elephant running amuck on the road. He decided to tackle the wild beast. He rolled up his upper garment into a ball and threw it in front of the elephant who felt more furious and started attacking the ball and prince started attacking the elephant on his rear. The ball rolled on and the elephant ran after it. Agadadatta made him run round and round till he was tired and Agadadatta jumped on his back and managed to calm him down. As this was going on, lots of people gathered around there and even the king of the town came and was greatly impressed by what Agadadatta was doing. When the elephant was brought under perfect control and Agadadatta was comfortable on his back, the king called him and praised his bravery. Agadadatta felt much embarrassed by the king's flattering attention which the king felt was the natural modesty of the young man. He was more pleased with Agadadatta and his behaviour and got all the information about him from his teacher. Just at that moment, a group of persons rushed up before the king with their story of distress. They said a bandit had been pestering them and

the king's officers could do nothing about it. They now felt that they should seek protection from the king himself. Agadadatta quickly volunteered his own services and assured the king that within seven days he would find out the bandit or burn himself to death. The king and everybody around felt greatly impressed by the spirit of the young man and let him go on the adventure.

Agadadatta went out on a big search and for six days he combed the usual haunts of such people but could get no information and when the seventh day came, Agadadatta was most anxious. However he rejected the cowardly thought that crept in his mind that he should get away to a far off foreign land with Madanamañjarī but that was not upto his honour. He had given his word to the king and he must keep it. With such thoughts in his mind he was sitting under a big mango tree when there came an ascetic in red garments with three staves in his hand and a shock of hair on his crown. With chowrie and rosary and a pot of water he looked impressively holy. When he came nearer, Agadadatta noticed his athletic body with its well developed muscles, his sharp eyes that could not conceal a fierce look. Agadadatta felt convinced that this man must have been the bandit. To his queries Agadadatta replied that he was a poor man in search of a fortune to get rid of his poverty. The holy man promised to make him rich almost overnight if he only followed him. When the night came, the holy man produced a long and bright sword from his bag and asked Agadadatta to follow him. He took him to a rich merchant's house in the town and made a hole in the wall big enough to get in. Out of the house he fetched a considerable amount of precious goods filling many baskets. The porters that he had engaged carried them all to a safe place. Later they slept under a tree. When the bandit was sure that every one was fast asleep, he got out of his bed, pulled out his sword and struck first his porters and then turned to the place where Agadadatta was sleeping but Agadadatta had suspected his moves right from the beginning and was most cautious. He did not sleep in the bed but remained concealed behind another tree from where he watched the bandit's attacks on the porters. When he was going near the place where Agadadatta was supposed to be sleeping, Agadadatta pounced upon the bandit with great alacrity and struck him hard on both of his shanks. The bandit collapsed like a broken tree but he did not die until he directed Agadadatta to his sister's

house whom he said Agadadatta should marry and enjoy all the wealth that was stored up in her house. Agadadatta went as directed to an adjoining cemetery and found a big fig tree and from there called her out. She opened the door and Agadadatta took an underground passage to the house of the young lady Viramati by name. She was an exquisitely beautiful young woman and Agadadatta decided to be on his guard. She was generous in her hospitality and assured him that everything was at his disposal. She expressed her distress over her brother's death; she made him a comfortable seat and went out to get proper dressing for his wounds. Agadadatta suspected some foul play and slipped under a couch at the very moment when a stone from above couch collapsed over it. When she came back Agadadatta jumped upon her and caught hold of her hair. He dragged her to the king and also announced not only the death of the bandit as he had promised but also the arrest of his sister. The king was happy and offered to Agadadatta his own daughter in marriage. Every one in the town was happy to take part in the wedding and made to Agadadatta sumptuous gifts. Agadadatta however could not forget his first love, Madanamañjari in spite of his happy married life. He often thought of that vivacious girl.

One day he received a message from her. He promised to do something about it. He advised the lady patience. Around the same time messengers came from his parents asking for an immediate meeting with the long estranged son. Agadadatta informed the king about it, who agreed that he should go to meet his parents and arranged a big party of escort for Agadadatta and his wife. On the day of the journey, Agadadatta asked the whole party, including his wife, to proceed ahead and he waited in his own chariot for Madanamañjari to join him and when she came he proceeded to join his group. Their way was through mountains, across rivers, through dense forests. Around the time they came to enter a wild wood the rainy season came and they were attacked by a party of Bhillas. Agadadatta's men ran away in sheer fright leaving him alone in the field. He fought bravely but the Bhilla chief was equally defiant. At last Agadadatta had to resort to a trickery to kill him. He made his wife to sit in the fore-front of his chariot so that the Bhilla could see her clearly. Accordingly, he was struck by the beauty of the young woman and his concentration was disturbed. Agadadatta shot him down with his arrow exactly at that time. The Bhilla chief

commented that he was killed not by Agadadatta's bravery but by his wife's looks.

As if by magic, Agadadatta's entire escort except Madanamañjari disappeared and he found himself alone in the whole wild wood. However he travelled further confidently. On his way, he was joined by two peasants who told him that the forest ahead was still more dangerous than the one that he had traversed because of the presence of a terrible robber, a mad elephant, a ferocious tiger and a venomous snake. Agadadatta assured them of his help and they all proceeded.

An ascetic came along and sought his company; Agadadatta felt suspicious and decided to be watchful. On the way at a certain place where the party rested for a meal, the ascetic offered to treat them as his guests since he was, as he said, well acquainted with that part of the forest and people living there. He fetched rice cooked in milk and served it to every one. Agadadatta quietly directed the members of his party not to eat it but even then some did taste it and they fell unconscious. The ascetic started hitting the others with his arrows and Agadadatta quickly retaliated. He struck the ascetic at a vital spot and as he was dying he asked Agadadatta to meet his wife Jayaśrī who lived in a house underground. Agadadatta should first go to a temple beyond the yonder hill between the two rivers that flow there and if he looked carefully behind the temple, he would see a thin flat stone under which was a passage to the house. Agadadatta was to go to the house and be its master. After giving these instructions the robber died but not without a request to Agadadatta to perform his funeral. Agadadatta proceeded to discover the house and the beautiful Jayaśrī. He was quite overwhelmed by her looks and youth till Madanamañjari who was with him warned him that he was not to neglect her for the sake of this Jayaśrī. He promptly left the house and continued his journey towards his parent's town.

On their way, they met some woodlanders who looked terrified by a mad elephant as they said. Madanamañjari started trembling out of fright but Agadadatta faced the elephant with courage and tamed him in the same way as he had done before. As they went ahead, the ferocious tiger, about whom they were told leaped at

their chariot and Agadadatta thrust his hand which he had wrapped up in his garment into its mouth and with the other hand, he plunged the sword into its back. They left the dead tiger and went on to meet the black snake with a shining jewel in its hood, who hissed frighteningly at them. Agadadatta paralysed its movements and journeyed on. Without any more difficulties he arrived at Śāṅkhapura where his parents were most happy to receive him. There were many long festivities organised for their welcome and Agadadatta and Madanamañjarī enjoyed all kinds of pleasures. One afternoon, Agadadatta had asked all the members of his party to go away so that he would be alone with Madanamañjarī and at that time a dangerous snake bit Madanamañjarī. She quickly became unconscious and the venom spread through her veins so rapidly that before anything could be done, she was dead. Agadadatta made a funeral pyre for her and he decided to throw himself also on it. But as flames flared up to envelope Madanamañjarī's body, a pair of Vidyādhara came from the sky and told Agadadatta that they would revive Madanamañjarī and that Agadadatta should not be impatient like that to kill himself. Accordingly she was brought back to life and Agadadatta took her to a nearby temple which was dismally dark. Agadadatta left Madanamañjarī there and went out to get some fire. As he came back with fire, he saw a bright streak of light but it quickly disappeared. He wondered what light it could have been; Madanamañjarī said it must have been the reflection of the fire he was holding in his hand. Agadadatta handed over his sword to her so that he could bend down and blow on the fire when he heard the sound of the sword as it fell on the floor. To his surprise, the sword was pulled out of its scabbard. When asked, Madanamañjarī only said that it fell on the stone floor out of her hand in sheer fright.

After a few days of pleasure and delight in each other's company, Agadadatta was carried away by his horse to a remote forest where many holy monks and ascetics lived. One of them a very distinguished looking old man, gave Agadadatta a detailed account of everything he had done since he killed the Bhilla chief, Dharanidhara by name. His five brothers decided to seek their revenge on Agadadatta. It was they that had brought about

Madanmañjari's death through the snake bite but the Vidyādhara had frustrated it. Then they waited for their opportunity which they got in the dark temple but the youngest of the brothers, out of his impatience, opened the box in which he and his brothers were hiding and let out the streak of light that Aḡaḡadatta had noticed. As soon as Madanamañjari saw this young man, she felt terribly infatuated by him and she decided to kill Aḡaḡadatta. She pulled out the sword but the young brother of Dharaṇidhara was so shocked to see the faithlessness of the woman that he dashed the sword away from her hand and made it drop down. He told his brothers the very strange doings of the woman. At this they all felt passionless - attained a passionless state of mind - and went to a forest where they met the same ascetic who was now giving the detailed account to Aḡaḡadatta. Aḡaḡadatta was greatly disturbed by the fearful doings of women and by their deceitful nature. He felt disgusted with everything in this world where he found there was nothing to make human beings happy, where greatness was seen one moment and vanished the next. He was thus shaken to the foundation and fell at the feet of the holy ascetic and begged of him to confer the vow on him. He was initiated in the Jain faith by the holy man and the rest of his life he spent as a diligent *śramaṇa*.

## 8. STHŪLABHADRA

The city of Pāṭaliputra where Nanda ruled had a long history. In the distant past the city was called Kṣitipratīṣṭhita. When this city fell into ruin, there rose in its place another city called Gaṇakapura. After this there came up Rṣabhapura, then Rājagṛha followed by Campā. When the king's minister at Pāṭaliputra died, the king asked one of the sons of the minister, Śrīyaka by name to accept the father's post. Śrīyaka suggested that his elder brother Sthūlabhadra should be offered the post and when asked where the elder brother was, Śrīyaka disclosed that he had been living in a courtesan's house for the last twelve years.

Sthūlabhadra however would not readily agree when asked by the king. He said he needed some time to think over the matter but finally he told the king that he would not like such a lucrative and tempting position through which his way to hell was paved. He plucked out his hair in five hand fuls, tore away his excellent garments and smeared himself with dust and declared his intention to go away into a religious order. "Very well," said the king but he was not sure of Sthūlabhadra's final intention. He went to the terrace of his palace to watch whether Sthūlabhadra was going back to the courtesan's house but what he saw there convinced him that Sthūlabhadra had really renounced the world. A dead body was lying on the road near the courtesan's house and people who walked that way passed from a distance with their noses covered but Sthūlabhadra went quite near it and passed it without being in any way disturbed by its smell.

The king appointed Śrīyaka as his minister.



Sthūlabhadra practised severe austerity at the feet of a famous sage Saṁbhūtavijaya who also had two other disciples. As a part of their way of life, they went out travelling and in the process they came to Pāṭaliputra where simple letters (running) Saṁbhūtavijaya administered monk's oaths to Sthūlabhadra and the other two of the disciples. One of them chose a lion's cave as his abode and the other entered a hole where a huge poisonous snake lived. When the two animals saw the monks, they felt greatly pacified and allowed them residence with themselves. Sthūlabhadra however chose to go back to the house of the courtesan with whom he had lived in the past. She was very happy to receive Sthūlabhadra back home. She asked what she could do for him. He said that he would be happy to have a small place for himself in her garden house. In the night however she came to Sthūlabhadra all decked up and started making amorous overtures to him but Sthūlabhadra remained unmoved like a rock. She realised his inner strength and hereafter approached him with no such intentions. In time to come, he passed on moral instruction to her and she was prepared to receive his doctrine. Finally she became a *śrāvikā* ( a lay follower of the Jain faith). She said she would not hereafter yield to any of the pleasures of the world unless commanded by the king.

After a successful completion of a four month fast, the three monks came back to their teacher Saṁbhūtavijaya who received them with proper appreciation but when he saw Sthūlabhadra, he showed his respect for him by rising from his seat and the other two felt sad that the teacher was showing preferential treatment to Sthūlabhadra who after all was a minister's son.

In the next season when another fast of four months was to be observed, in a secluded place the monk who had first chosen lion's den declared his intention to spend his time in the courtesan's place where Sthūlabhadra had lived. His teacher tried to dissuade him but he was firm and when he went to the courtesan's place, she gave him shelter but he could not resist himself and felt greatly attracted by her charms, and started making approaches to her but she would not respond. Finally, in order to get rid of him she made an impossible condition that he should give her a huge amount of

money to win her consent. The monk wishing to satisfy her wandered out in search of money. He was told that in Nepal there was a lay follower of Jain faith who offered a blanket to his guest and the blanket cost the same huge amount of money that the courtesan had demanded. He accordingly went to Nepal and obtained the blanket. As he was rushing back to Pāṭaliputra he was attacked by a gang of robbers who spared his life as well as his precious possession, the blanket. He subsequently gave it to the courtesan who threw it away as worthless as much as he himself was worthless for her. He came back to his teacher who scolded him and explained how firm Sthūlabhadra really was in his vow and asked whether he did not deserve the respect that he had shown him.

## 9. SAYYAMBHAVA AND HIS SON MANAKA

The last Tīrthaṅkara, Vardhamāna had the sage Sudharman as his disciple and Sudharman's disciple was Jambū and Jambū's disciple was Prabhava. They were all worthy *gurus* and worthy disciples but Prabhava was not quite sure whether he had found amongst his students or for that matter in that entire saṅgha any one who was worthy enough to occupy his exalted position after his death. He looked at all the monks that he knew of but they left him in despair. Then he considered householders who could fill the bill. His mind rested on Śayyambhava, who was a Brahmin. When Prabhava made up his mind that it would be this Brahmin that he would select, Śayyambhava the Brahmin was performing a sacrifice in Rājagṛha. Prabhava went there and camped outside the city. He sent two of his monks to beg for food at the place of the sacrifice. He had instructed the monks that in case alms were refused, they should shout loudly that nobody around there ever knew the 'True Faith'.

When accordingly Prabhava's monks raised the hue and cry at the place of the sacrifice, the priest in charge told them that it was the Vedic religion that embodied the true faith and the Jain monks should not persist in asking for alms there. Śayyambhava did not like the priest to say all this and even threatened him if he did not exactly disclose the true faith to him. The priest confessed that a Jain symbol was buried under the sacrificial post and that the Jain faith was the true faith.

Śayyāmbhava gave away all the sacrificial material to the priest whom he thanked for revealing the true faith and went out in search of the two monks and thus arrived at the feet of Prabhava. He requested him to impart the true faith and accordingly Śayyāmbhava was enlightened. He took to renunciation and studied the Fourteen Pūrva texts.

But when he renounced the worldly life, his family, his wife and every thing, his wife was pregnant. Now this was not exactly the right thing to do. But he did leave her. She often felt during her pregnancy the movement of the foetus inside and said that there was a little something there. When in due course a son was born, he was given the name Manaka or Maṇṇaga which meant a little something as the mother had called him during pregnancy.

When Manaka was about eight, he asked his mother about his father and when he was told that the father had become a monk, the boy left his house to go out in search of his father. When the father and son really met, it was in the city of Campā. They both felt inexplicable affection for each other at their first meeting. The boy gave him a detailed account of everything at home and how much he had longed to see him. But the father pretended that he was not exactly his father but an intimate friend of his father, and said that he could as well renounce the world immediately and go to meet the father. Young Manaka agreed and the monk, who was none else but Śayyāmbhava himself came to realise through his meditative powers that the boy was not going to live beyond six months. Therefore he decided to make him accept the monastic way of life immediately then and there and teach him Ten Pūrva texts in their abridged form instead of the usual Fourteen. The boy agreed to this arrangement and the two sat down to the sacred tuition late in the evenings. This is the reason why these ten texts came to be known as *Daśavaikālika* - Ten Texts taught at odd time.

## 10. DVAIPĀYANA DESTROYED DVĀRAKĀ

The words of a Jina can never be wrong. The following story proves this:

Once Kṛṣṇa asked Ariṣṭanemi, the famous Jain monk, about his favourite city of Dvārakā and its prospects. Ariṣṭanemi said that its life was only twelve years and Dvaipāyana was destined to be its destroyer. However, when Dvaipāyana came to know of this prophecy, he was far away in Uddyotatarā. He did not want the city to be destroyed at all much less by himself, and therefore to escape the cursed prophecy, he went far in the north and spent there as much of his time as he could. He thought the twelve years of the prediction were already gone and he turned back south. He came to Dvārakā and by a strange coincidence it was just the twelfth year of the prophecy. The Yādava boys of Dvārakā very much annoyed Dvaipāyana and once he lost his patience with them. In his anger he reduced the whole city to ashes.

## 11. Kapila

(A brilliant comment on consumerism.) -GSB

Kapila was the son of Kaśyapa, a Brahmin highly respected by the king, and Yasā his wife. Kaśyapa held a respectable office so long as he was alive but when he died and Kapila was very young then the office went to another Brahmin. Kapila and his mother lived in poverty. One day Kapila and his mother saw the other Brahmin, who now occupied Kaśyapa's post, riding on a horseback with a gaily decorated parasole held over his head. Kapila asked his mother who the rider of the horse was and how he could go about in such glory. The mother said, that there was a time when his father went about in such pomp and glory. After all he was a learned man. Kapila asked her whether he could not study and become as learned as his father. The mother's reply was no body in the town would offer to teach him; they were frightfully jealous. Unless Kapila went to another place called Srāvastī where his father's friend Indradatta lived, there was no possibility of his ever learning anything. Kapila accordingly went to Srāvastī to learn under Indradatta.

Kapila ate his meals with a rich family. The servant in the family, a young girl, served him his meals and since he was a young man of cheerful temperament, the girl developed a fancy for him. Since both were poor, they could not really encourage their feelings for each other. However she might like to be entirely at his beck and call, she still had to work with others for her living.

There came a festival in which young women took prominent part. Almost every woman in the town looked forward to this festival but Kapila's friend felt extremely sad. She could not even sleep properly because, she told Kapila she had no money to buy such ornaments and if she went out everybody would laugh at her. Kapila

also felt depressed and wondered what he could do for her so that she might participate in the festival. Then she told him of a rich merchant named Dhana who lived in that city and whose peculiar habit was to give a bead of gold to any one who greeted him first in the morning and suggested that Kapila should make it a point to greet him earliest in the morning and get the gold. Kapila was happy to agree.

In his anxiety not to miss the opportunity, he woke much before daybreak and rushed to Dhana's house. He was apprehended by the city guards and produced before the king. When the king asked him why he was on the road at that odd hour of the night, unless his intention was burglary, he told the truth. The king took pity on him and said that he would give him whatever he asked for. Kapila could not quite make up his mind as to what he should ask from the king. He therefore asked for some time and the king agreed to it.

In an adjoining garden, he sat under a tree and began to put his thoughts together, "What can I buy with some small quantity of gold ? A saree, some jewellery, may be a cart, a servant and some such luxury. Perhaps a little hospitality to my friends. All this would mean plenty of money, much more than a little quantity of gold would fetch. He thought again and thought deeply. He ultimately reached the conclusion that what he wanted was liberation from desire. He remembered his previous birth, pulled out his hair and became a monk. With a begging bowl, which he received from a deity, he came before the king. When the king asked him whether he had made up his mind, Kapila said, "As one gets, so one longs for more. Acquisition increases grief. If I get a bead or two of gold, I will desire more and even a crore of them will not satisfy my mind." The king really offered him a crore of such beads but Kapila refused even to look at them. For six months after this, he lived in hiding unknown to the servant girl.

In a forest, about eighteen *Yojanas* away from the city of Rājagrha, where Kapila happened to be living for some time, five hundred thieves of the Ikkadadasa tribe came. Balabhadra was their leader. Kapila realised through his superior knowledge that they would soon renounce worldly life. So he went into the forest towards the place where the thieves had camped. One of the guards on duty caught him and led him to Balabhadra; they asked

Kapila to dance. Kapila said there was no one to beat the rhythm. They all began to beat the ground and Kapila danced and sang. The refrain of the song was "In this world full of misery, uncertainty and impermanence, what can I do so that I might not come to grief." Every now and then, he sang the refrain. Some of the five hundred thieves received the message of enlightenment on hearing the first verse, some on hearing the second verse. So gradually all the five hundred rough characters felt the keen desire for renunciation and soon enough became members of the Jain order.



## 12. AGALADATTA (AGADADATTA)

King Jitaśatru of Ujjayini had a charioteer Amogharatha by name who died when his son Agaladatta (Agadadatta) was still a child. As he grew up, he saw his mother Jasamati (Yasomati) almost continuously weeping. Once he asked her why tears never left her eyes dry. She then told him how after the death of his father, a new charioteer was appointed by the king and how every time she saw that man in his father's place, she could not help grieving, there being no one to train her own son in all the arts that a charioteer ought to master. That disappointed her all the time. Agaladatta asked her whether there was no body to teach him. His mother said that only a friend of his father, who lived in another place called Kosambi (Kausāmbi) might be willing to teach him. He alone would understand the poverty of the widowed mother. Agaladatta ventured out to Kausāmbi and his father's friend agreed to teach him as if he was his own son. In due course of time, Agaladatta became an expert in archery, in the use of missiles, in the art of throwing the disc against the enemy's disc and mastering the chariot.

After his education in all these arts, was completed to the satisfaction of his master, he presented himself at the court of the king in order to show his efficiency. Every one at the court was delighted to see the extraordinary skill of the young man but the king was not much impressed. Nevertheless, the king was ready to give him a suitable reward, which Agaladatta said would not be worth accepting if it were not accompanied by the king's appreciation.

Exactly at the moment when Agaladatta was making his remark about the reward, several people from the city rushed into the king's court with a complaint that a series of burglaries were taking place in the town and the king ought to take note of the sufferings of the people. They told the king how they had lost much valuable property. From the tone of the complaint it appeared that they were genuinely affected and the king warned the chief of the city guards that the burglars should be arrested and produced before the king within seven days. Agaladatta saw here a clear chance to prove his own capability to the king and therefore he volunteered his own services and assured the king that within the period that the king had stipulated, he would bring the culprits to the king's feet. The king gave him the permission to do so.

Agaladatta was happy to receive the royal commission and he went about preparing his strategy. He knew that thieves, criminals and such bad characters prowl about dramshops and such other places. They usually put on peculiar dresses and try to pretend to belong to some other profession. Therefore Agaladatta would keep an eye on such places and also make use of his trustworthy friends as spies.

Agaladatta disguised himself in ragged and dirty garments and kept a close watch on suspicious places but detected no one as his wanted men. He went out of the city and rested himself in the cool shade of a mango tree. He was not quite happy with his efforts of the day, and he was wondering what other type of strategy would be needed. When a religious mendicant muttering and mumbling something came to the same tree and sat near Agaladatta, he saw that the mendicant had firm calves and long legs. This gave rise to a suspicion in his mind; a mendicant had no business to have such well built muscles. He felt sure in his mind that the mendicant was a criminal, and an evil doer and decided to keep a close watch on him. The mendicant asked him who he was and where he was going and for what reason. Agaladatta told him that he was wandering in search of work and money since all his property was lost. The

mendicant promised him much precious wealth if only he agreed to follow him. Agaladatta remarked that he indeed was kind to him.

When the sun set, and it started becoming dark, the mendicant pulled out a sword out of one of the three staffs that he was carrying, girded up his loins and asked Agaladatta to follow him to the city. Agaladatta had his own suspicions and he decided to observe every movement of the man most carefully. He had made up his mind that the man was the thief that he must catch. They entered the city where on one of the houses which looked rich enough, the mendicant fixed his eyes. He made a breach in its wall in the form of Śrīvatsa. He went in and soon enough came out with baskets full of all sorts of things. Agaladatta looked at them and decided to follow things to the end. When the religious mendicant had finished his robbery, he asked Agaladatta to remain there only to take care of the stolen property. He went to a nearby temple and brought with him a few poor men whom he had kept there. He asked these men to carry the baskets quickly out of the city to an old park. Agaladatta accompanied the party. The mendicant then proposed that they should sleep for a little while in that park. The men that had carried the baskets quickly fell asleep. The mendicant however pretended to be asleep and so did Agaladatta. After a while, Agaladatta quietly slipped away and hid behind a tree. The mendicant got up and quickly killed all the men that he had employed to carry the baskets. He also looked at Agaladatta's bed and when he did not see him there, he began to search for him. He came very close to the place where Agaladatta was hiding himself and Agaladatta quickly struck him on his shoulder with his sword. The mendicant fell to the ground badly wounded. Nevertheless, he said to Agaladatta, "Child, take this sword. Go to the place behind the cemetery. Knock on the wall of the temple there. There my sister lives in an underground dwelling. Show her the sword, and she will become your wife and you will be the lord of all the riches there. I for my part am sorely wounded and my life has come to an end."

Agaladatta took the sword with him and when he knocked on the side of the wall of the said temple, the mendicant's sister came to meet him. She looked so beautiful that Agaladatta thought that

she was the goddess of that temple. She asked him who he was and on what business he had come to see her. Agaladatta showed her the sword. She quickly took him inside the temple but for whatever reason, her face looked sad and her heart felt dejected but she had managed to conceal her feelings before she got Agaladatta inside. She offered him a seat but Agaladatta was quite suspicious of the woman whose movements he watched very carefully. She busied herself, preparing a bed for him on the couch near by, she obviously took extreme care in preparing the bed. She asked him to sleep there. He however did not allow his sleep to overcome his faculties and when he saw that she was busy doing something else, he quietly slipped out of his bed and concealed himself elsewhere. There already was placed a big stone above the couch in such a way that it would fall right on the head of the person sleeping there and smash it. It was equipped with a secret catch which she operated from some other place. As she pulled the catch and the stone fell right down and smashed the bed, she said with a cheerful heart, "There, I have killed the slayer of my brother.", But Agaladatta quickly rushed forth from the place where he was hiding, seized her by the hair and assured her that he was very much safe and whole and that it would not be easy for any one, much less, for a daughter of a slave wench, to kill him. She in her own ways tried to beg for her life from Agaladatta. He assured her that she had nothing to fear from him. He later took her to the king's court. He was properly rewarded by the king and the people of the town expressed their grateful appreciation of the act of valour, skill and intelligence.

## 13. THE STORY OF DRAUPADĪ

*(The polyandrous marriage of Draupadī has given rise to much criticism and much explanation. Here is one such that brings in a hereditary drawback much in the style of the French novelist Emile Zola. The Rāmāyaṇasque abduction is an interesting episode in the story.) -GSB*

There was a city named Campā in which lived three Brahmin brothers, Soma, Somadatta and Sambhūti by name. They were extremely rich, well versed in the four Vedas and the most respected scholars in the city. Their wives, Nāgaśrī, Bhūtaśrī, and Yakṣaśrī, were delicate and pretty looking. They lived their life full of enjoyment of human pleasures with their husbands. The three brothers often came together, ate and talked together. One of these days, they proposed that since they had no other anxiety and since they had no want of anything, they could easily increase their pleasures by taking their meals every day in each other's house by turn. They assured themselves of plentiful meals, drinks and other delicacies.

As they had expected, their life went on merrily, a huge enjoyment, and each one of them and their wives felt extremely happy. Once it was the turn of the eldest of the women, Nāgaśrī, to entertain the others in her house. She therefore prepared plenty of food. She also made a special preparation of a large and juicy gourd and mixed it with a generous dash of spices and fried it in ghee. Then she tasted a drop of it and was shocked to find that it was extremely bitter and not fit to be eaten, probably the gourd was over-done and turned into poison. She cursed herself for her

carelessness. "Fie upon me ! What a sinful wretch am I of miserable nature : I am as undesirable and disagreeable as a Nimba fruit. I have dressed this juicy gourd, prepared it with so much of care adding plenty of spices and ghee, all to be wasted like this! My sisters-in-law will surely censure me if only they come to know of this preparation." So before the two other women arrived, she concealed the gourd preparation in a secret place and quickly prepared another sweet dish, with similar quantity of spices and ghee. The Brahmin brothers and their wives ate to their satisfaction and went back to their own residences. Nāgaśrī was happy that her gourd preparation was not discovered by any one. Nevertheless, she was worried about how to get rid of that juicy but bitter preparation.

At that time the most respectable monk Dharmaghoṣa with a large entourage of his disciples, had camped in the Subhūmibhāga Park, which was situated on the north eastern side of the city. Every day Dharmaghoṣa and another equally learned monk called Dharmaruci held discourses to which a large number of people from the city came. The two great monks occasionally observed fasts. Once Dharmaruci completed his month long fast and on the day he was to break it, he did his usual religious rituals in the early part of it and asked Dharmaghoṣa's permission to go out for alms in the latter part of the day. According to the law he would visit high, low and middling houses in the city and not confine himself only to the houses of the rich and high. Accordingly he came to the house of Brāhmaṇi Nāgaśrī. Nāgaśrī was quick to decide that the monk Dharmaruci was the right recipient of the bitter gourd preparation that she had kept aside. So when the monk came to her with his begging bowl, she poured the whole of it into his bowl. Dharmaruci thought that that much food was more than sufficient for the day, did not visit any other house and quickly went back to the park. He showed his alms to Dharmaghoṣa who inspected it carefully. He felt overpowered by the smell of the ghee and all other spices that were put in it. So he took a drop of it on the palm of his hand and tasted it. He realised that it was not fit for eating. It had become

poisonous. So he told Dharmaruci not to eat it, he would quickly lose his life if he did. Therefore he advised him to throw the whole thing away in a secluded place not frequented by men nor by any other living organism. He should go and collect some more food for his own meals. Dharmaruci went out in search of a safe place where he could dump the gourd preparation. In his own way he tried a drop of it on the ground. Quickly a large number of ants were attracted by the smell of it but when they ate it, all of them died on the spot. Dharmaruci thought if a single drop brings about the death of many thousand ants, if the whole of it were left on the ground it would cause the death of innumerable living creatures. It would therefore be proper for me to save the lives of all other creatures by drinking it myself. Let the venom disappear only with my own body. With these reflections, he swallowed the whole of it. The poison gradually entered his body like a snake entering a hole and slowly spread all over. Dharmaruci lost most of his strength. He could hardly move. He knew his end was close at hand. Therefore, he placed all his possessions in a corner of the park, chose a pure spot of ground on which he made a bed of *darbha* grass and sat facing the east in a *paryāṅka* posture. He folded his hands, rested his head on them and said his prayers to the adorable One, to venerable Dharmaghoṣa, renounced everything in the world, begged for forgiveness for any injury that he might have caused to any living organism, he confessed whatever faults he had noticed in himself, begged to be forgiven for them and achieved perfect concentration. He soon breathed his last.

Dharmaghoṣa felt anxious about the long time that Dharmaruci had taken to come back. He therefore asked some of his disciples to find out if anything untoward had happened to Dharmaruci.

They saw, during the course of their search, Dharmaruci in that posture but quite lifeless. They broke out into cries of "Alas! Alas ! What a cruel thing ! "

They laid the body in the *kāyotsarga* posture, ready for the after-death rituals and carried the body to Dharmaghoṣa.

Dharmaghoṣa addressed all his disciples by way of a funeral oration on Dharmaruci, whom he described as a gentle and well trained monk who observed all the prescribed fasts and rituals most meticulously. He told how he had gone to the house of Nāgaśrī who gave him by way of alms a whole bowlful of the stuff which brought about his end. Dharmaruci according to his master had led the life of an ascetic for many years, confessed and expiated all his sins. He could easily attain deep concentration of mind and the venerable monk expressed his confidence that Dharmaruci, their departed friend, would soon be re-born as a god in the Sarvārthasiddha Mahāvimāna which is situated above the Saudharma. It is said that the minimum duration of life of some of the gods there is thirty three *sāgaropamas* and the god Dharmaruci, after his residence there, would achieve salvation in the Mahāvideha Varṣa. Even then the monk Dharmaghoṣa did not prevent himself from mentioning Nāgaśrī, who according to him was unfortunate, sinful and undesirable like the Nimba fruit.

All his disciples repeated the same bitter words of their Master about Nāgaśrī, who was responsible for the death of Dharmaruci. The Brahmins of the town, who heard this report from almost every one felt furious and went to Nāgaśrī to reprimand her. They said she was evil, she was sinful, wretched and as bitter as a Nimba fruit. It was particularly wicked to have given the poisonous stuff to Dharmaruci on the day he was breaking his monthly fast. They all abused her, admonished her in severe terms, even beat her and drove her out of the house. On the streets, she was mocked and ridiculed, blamed and censured, beaten and hurt and spat upon by every one at all places like city squares and circles and cross-roads. The poor woman had no place to go to. Her clothes were torn to tatters. She earned her living by begging from door to door. She was so dirty that swarms of flies always attacked her and in time to come, she harboured sixteen diseases in her body including cough, cold, uterine disease and even leprosy. When she died, she was re-born in hell as a hellish being in the Sixth Earth where she was condemned for twenty-two *Sāgaropamas*. After this period was over, she was re-born as a fish. When she was hit by a weapon and died a death of torture, she was again re-born in hell where



she lived the maximum number of *sāgaropamas*. She was reborn again as a fish and the same story repeated over again. Thus she completed three cycles of life as fish. Her new birth was amongst serpents, and later amongst birds before she came to possess the gross and harsh earthbody.

One of Nāgaśri's later births was as a daughter of the merchant Sāgaradatta and his wife Bhadrā in the city of Campā. She was a delicate and tender child, as soft as the palate of an elephant. The parents therefore gave her the appropriate name of Sukumārikā. The girl was brought up with extreme care. She had five nurses and grew like a *campaka* creeper in the interior of a mountain cave, secure from rough weather and such other dangers. She grew up into a remarkably beautiful young woman.

In the same town, there was another merchant called Jinadatta, who had a son Sāgaraka by name. He was a handsome young man. Once Jinadatta saw Sukumārikā, who just had had a bath and was playing with a golden ball on the terrace of her house with a group of companions. Jinadatta was fascinated by her beauty and asked his servants who she was and who her parents were. When the servants collected all the necessary information and brought it to their master, he was delighted and decided to call upon Sāgaradatta. When he made the proposal, for the hand of Sukumārikā, for his son Sāgaraka, Sāgaradatta felt happy to accept it though he made a condition that the young man Sāgaraka after his marriage to Sukumārikā, should live with them in their own house rather than take away the daughter. Jinadatta said he would consult his people and convey the decision later.

Jinadatta told his son about the condition but he remained silent which the father understood as his consent. So on an auspicious day he invited his friends and relatives for a feast at his place. The young son was duly dressed and decorated with ornaments, put into a palanquin and was taken in a gorgeous procession in the company of friends and relatives to the house of Sāgaradatta. They were all properly received by Sāgaradatta and the young man was given a seat by the side of Sukumārikā and given a bath with water from white and yellow pitchers. Later they both made oblations to

the fire and Sāgaraka and Sukumārikā held each other by the hand as part of the wedding ceremony.

When Sāgaraka held the hand of the young bride, he felt as if he was holding the blade of a sword in his hand, even burning coal, nothing could be more disagreeable than the touch of her hand which Sāgaraka had to hold for quite a while, even against his desire. When all the guests had left, after their meals etc., and flowers and garments were given to them, the young couple were ushered into their bed-room. When he lay down on the bed with her, he experienced the same unpleasant sensation as he touched her body, probably she was as sharp as a sword all over. He felt quite dismayed but could do nothing. He felt helpless but waited till Sukumārikā fell asleep. He left the bed and came to his own bed. After some time when she woke up and found that her husband was not by her side, she went to his bed and slept by his side there. Sāgaraka experienced the same unpleasant sensation at the touch of her body but he continued to put up with it till his bride fell asleep. He got out of the bed, opened the door of the bed-room and ran away towards his father's house feeling relieved "like a bull freed from a slaughter house". When Sukumārikā woke up in the morning, she looked every where for her husband and when she saw the door of the bed-room open, she knew her husband had left. She felt terribly dejected and sat brooding. A little while later, her mother sent the maid servant to the bed-room of the young couple with the washing material, the maid servant was shocked to see the pathetic condition of the young bride and asked her what the matter was and young Sukumārikā told her that her husband had left her and gone to his parents' place. The servant duly reported the matter to the master of the house who in his fury rushed to the house of Jinadatta to demand explanation, from the father about the son's behaviour. He asserted that his daughter was devoted to her husband and no one could possibly detect any fault in her. Jinadatta, who listened to all the scathing and insulting words of Sāgardatta asked his son why he had done such a despicable thing and suggested that he should quickly go back to his wife. The son said to the father, "I am even prepared to undertake a fall from a mountain precipice, or from a tree; even I am prepared to accept

a lonely place in a desert where there is no water, I am prepared to be drowned in a well; I would enter burning fire or eat poison or cut myself into pieces with a weapon or be hanged. I would rather be devoured by vultures or live the life of an exile in a remote and strange land but I shall never go back to my wife." Sāgaradatta, who heard all this, felt terribly ashamed and disgraced. He came back to his house and told his daughter that her husband would never come back but assured her that he would quickly find another who would really love her.

One of these days, Sāgaradatta saw from the terrace of his house a beggar on the street below. He was in tatters, he had nothing but a broken earthen pot in his hand and he was pursued by thousands of flies. He called his servants and instructed them to catch hold of that beggar, wash him clean, dress him well, feed him properly and bring him into the house. They should take care to see that his broken pot should be securely kept some where. But when the servants went to induce the beggar to get into the house and took the earthen pot away from his hands, the beggar started screaming and shouting. When Sāgaradatta asked why the beggar was shouting so loudly, the servants said that it was because of the broken earthen pot from which he did not want to part. Sāgaradatta said in that case, the servants need not remove the wretched pot from him but let it rather remain by his side so that he would have confidence in all of them. Then the beggar agreed to be anointed with oil bathed with hot and scented water, dried with a scented woollen towel and dressed in new clothes having the picture of a swan printed on them. His hair was properly dressed and his person was adorned with various ornaments. He was given a sumptuous meal before being taken to Sāgaradatta. In the meantime, he too got his daughter Sukumārikā properly decked up as a bride. When the beggar came, Sāgaradatta offered his daughter to him as his wife and assured him that she would always love him. The beggar agreed to the arrangement but when the newly wedded husband and wife came in close contact with each other, the beggar had the same shocking experience as her first husband Sāgaraka had. He quickly jumped out of the bed, rushed out of the bed room, collected his broken pot and vessel and ran away from the house 'like a crow

freed from a slaughter house.' Sukumārikā sat on the bed depressed and downcast.

Next morning, the maid servant reported the whole of her story to her father who felt completely perturbed and was at a loss to know what he should do about his daughter's fate. The only consolation that he could offer to her was that all these things that were happening to her here must have been the fruits of actions done in her previous birth. All that she could now do, he suggested, was to live a life of charity. She should prepare plenty of food and distribute it to the poor and deserving people like Pottila. Sukumārikā had no alternative but to agree to her father's plan.

At that time, there had arrived a group of nuns called Gopālikās in the town. They were all well read and when one of these days some of them visited the house of Sāgaradatta, Sukumārikā gave them food but she very much liked to engage them in conversation. She opened out her heart to them and said how very disagreeable she had become to her husband Sāgara who had developed such a deep aversion for her that he would not like even to utter her name, leave aside sharing any enjoyment with her. She was even considered disagreeable by the other man to whom she was given. She would therefore appeal to the learned and venerable nuns to suggest to her a way out of her present state of depression. She said she might even ask them, as Pottila did, to find something like magic or witch-craft to help her out. The nuns replied that the only remedy that they could think of was for Sukumārikā to become a lay disciple.

Accordingly Sukumārikā after obtaining her father's permission, was duly initiated into the order of nuns by the Gopālikās. As a nun, the young lady did not hesitate to observe all the rules of celibacy and fasts of two, three and four days on as many occasions as the order of nuns demanded. One day, Sukumārikā asked the Gopālikā nuns whether she could undertake a fast for two days without a break, during which she would stand facing the sun, allowing her body to be scorched; she said she would stand near the garden Subhūmibhāga, outside the city of Campā. The nuns replied that what she was proposing could not

be fitted into the rules that governed their order, "As *nirgrantha* nuns, they observed carefulness even about where they walked and how they walked and they were all very well guarded in continence. It was not considered proper in their way of life that any member of their order should stand outside a village or a town to observe any of the fasts. The proper thing would be to remain inside a monastery and be properly covered with a garment which is tied round the body. But Sukumārikā would not accept the advice of the Gopālikā nuns in whom she was gradually losing faith. She stuck to her own plan and observed the fast she had decided upon and kept on standing near the Subhūmibhāga garden outside the city.

In the same city of Campā was a Club called Lalitā where a group of Bohemian men gathered and enjoyed themselves in the most carefree manner. They would not be bothered about their parents and families and their perpetual presence was in the houses of courtesans. They indulged in all sorts of rash and thoughtless indiscretion and being wealthy, they were generally not disrespected. In the same town, there was a charming courtesan by the name of Devadattā who had become the centre of attraction amongst all the members of the Lalitā club. Once some five of them brought Devadatta to the garden Subhūmibhāga on a pleasurable picnic. One of them made Devadattā sit on his lap, another held an umbrella over her, an enthusiastic member enjoyed decorating her hair with flowers, whereas another member was busy painting her feet and the fifth considered himself lucky to be able to fan her. Devadattā was such an accomplished courtesan that she enjoyed flirting with all of them. Sukumārikā looked at the whole group and felt, "Oh ! How this woman is enjoying the fruits of her former actions ! If there is going to be any benefit from all the austerities, vows and celibacy that I am now practising, then let me also in my next birth, enjoy such pleasures as this woman is now doing." Soon after this, she ended her fast and left the scorching sun.

But since that day Sukumārikā was a different woman. She now liked to take care of her own body and even decorate it. She washed her hands, feet, head, face, the space between her breasts, the armpits and even her private parts. Wherever she would rest, she

liked to clean it, may be a seat for studying or may be a bed. The Gopālikā nuns reminded her that it is not proper for the members of their order to be given so much to bodily decoration, and they objected to her over-attachment to body. They suggested that she should make a confession and undergo some expiatory rites. But Sukumārikā did not take them seriously and the nuns started ridiculing her and even insulting her. She too in her own way had lost patience with them. She clearly saw that the nuns did not have any respect for her ever since she came to live amongst them. Their attitude was distinctly different when she was the mistress of herself and lived with her father. She quickly left them and went to live elsewhere where she led the life of a nun for many years without any discipline. She led a bad life. She was getting more and more fond of thinking and dreaming of sexual pleasures in her thoughts and feelings and when she died, she did not even confess the sin nor did she undergo any penance for it. Her next birth was as a celestial courtesan in one of the Vimānas of the Iśāna-Kalpa. She lived there for nine *Palyopamas*.

When her term there ended, she was sent into this world as a daughter of king Drupada of Kāmpilyapura in the Pāñcāla country and his queen Culañī. On the twelfth day after her birth she was given the name of Draupadī. She grew happily and comfortably, reared by five nurses like a *campaka* creeper sheltered in a mountain cave, safe from storms and bad weather. She developed an excellent figure. Her beauty was extraordinary and her father always worried over the young man to whom she should be given as a wife. Once he said to her that if he were to marry her to any prince of his own choice, he would not be quite sure about her happiness with that man, it might even cause her life-long heart burning. Therefore, he would very much like to give her the liberty to choose her own husband. Her parents would gladly accept her choice as final. Accordingly, in order that his beloved daughter should be able to exercise her own right to choose her own husband, the king decided to hold a *svayamvara* for her to which he invited all the young and eligible men from lands far and near.

King Drupada called the first set of messengers and instructed

them to go to the city of Dvāravati. He was careful enough to add the instruction that they should bow down to the prominent personalities with their heads bent low and hands folded. Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva, the ten Daśārhas with Samudravijaya as their leader, the five Mahāvīras headed by Baladeva, the sixteen thousand kings under Ugrasena, three and half crores of princes with Pradyumna as their chief, the sixty thousand valiant heroes that have Sāmba as their leader, the fiftysix thousand mighty men, Balavakas, led by Mahāsena and various other kings, princes, courtiers, village heads patriarchs, merchant-magnates tradesmen, commanders of the army and other merchants should be properly greeted and told of the *svayamvara* of Draupadī, daughter of king Drupada and queen Chulaṇī and the sister of prince Dhṛṣṭadyumna would take place in the city of Kāmpilyapura and they should all kindly oblige king Drupada by attending it.

Accordingly, the leader of this set of messengers ordered his personal staff to make ready a four-belled chariot. Then he took his bath and in the company of his troops, who were armed, went out of the city of Kāmpilyapura out of the Pāñcāla country, crossed the frontiers of the country and went to Saurāṣṭra towards the city of Dvāravati. When he entered the city, he went to the outer audience hall of Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva. He got off his chariot and went on foot towards Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva and conveyed his king's message in the correct courtly manner. Kṛṣṇa was exceedingly delighted and after honouring the messenger he gave him leave to go. Kṛṣṇa then called his servants and ordered them to beat the "Gathering Drum" which was kept in the Sudharma Chamber. When the drum beats reached all over, all the Daśārhas, the fifty six thousand mighty men of Mahāsena and all others bathed and decked themselves up in their pomp and glory, befitting their wealth and rank, and came to attend upon Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva. Kṛṣṇa himself went to his luxurious bathroom, the lattice work of which was studded with pearls and got himself ready for his journey to Kāmpilyapura. He sat on an excellent elephant that looked like a peak of a mountain of *kajjala*, and accompanied by ten Das'ārhas and others, he proceeded out of the city of Dvāravati, through Saurāṣṭra, towards Pāñcāla country. The great army also had many thousand courtesans,

Anaṅgasenā being the most prominent of them.

King Drupada sent similar parties of messengers with similar instructions to the city of Hastināpura where king Pāṇḍu with his sons known as the five Pāṇḍavas, his brother's son Duryodhana with his ninety nine brothers, Bhīṣma the son of Gaṅgā, Vidura, Droṇa, Jayadratha, Śakuni, Kṛpa and As'vatthāman lived. Another set of messengers was despatched to the city of Campā to extend the invitation to Karna the king of Aṅga. Śalya the king of Nandis. The fourth group of messengers went to Śuktimati to invite Sisupāla and his five hundred brothers. The fifth went to the city of Hastisirsā. The sixth to Mathurā. The seventh to Rājagṛha, the eighth to Kauṇḍinya, the ninth to Virāṭa to inform Kīcaka and the tenth to the remaining groups of cities, towns and villages. All the invitees amongst whom Vāsudeva was prominent had their bath, put on their armour rode their excellent elephants and as they proceeded to their destination, they were attended on by a vast multitude of their soldiers and followers.

In the meantime, king Drupada got ready a huge pandal propped up on hundreds of poles just outside his city near the river Gaṅgā. The pandal was gracefully decorated with several statuettes. He also erected several pavilions (or śāmiṇās) for the many thousand kings and princes that would be attending the *svayamvara*. He received each one of the kings personally and extended all honours to them and led them to their tents. Drupada sent them plenty of food, wines, liquors, meats etc. and also flowers, garments, scents, garlands and ornaments. They were all entertained with musical concerts. King Drupada announced that the next afternoon the *svayamvara* would take place and requested all his guests to be present in the *svayamvara* pandal.

The *svayamvara* pandal was properly cleaned and sprinkled with perfumed water. It was decorated with garlands of five coloured flowers and a special kind of sandalwood, the black *agaru* was kept burning to spread its own fragrance to which was also added the excellent perfumes of Kundurukka and Turuṣka incense. Several couches and sofas were arranged in rows, one over the other, to accommodate thousands of princes. But some of the seats



were reserved for some prominent kings and princes and labels were stuck on them to indicate for whom they were meant. Next day all of them properly dressed and decorated in their usual pomp came to the *svayamvara* pāṇḍāl and sat down in their respective seats. Every one awaited the arrival of the princess. The first to arrive was king Drupada who bowed down to the entire assembly, extended his welcome to them all and waited upon Kṛṣṇa by the side of whose chair he stood, fanning him with a white chowry.

Princess Draupadī had her own bath, offered oblations, performed several auspicious rites. She put on elegant garments and went to a hall which had several idols of Jinas, bowed down to them, took a broom of peacock feathers to clean the idols, burnt frankincense, bent her left knee, placed the right one on the ground, bent her head in reverence three times touching the ground, slightly raised herself up, folded her hands and prayed to the Adorable One. After her prayers, she went to her own apartment in the palace.

Her maids and companions, dressed and decorated her with all sorts of ornaments. Then she went in the outer hall of the palace and in the company of her maids and chamberlains, she came to the four-belled horse carriage. One of her companions was a chronicler. When she mounted the carriage, her brother took the reins in his hands and drove it through the streets of Kāmpilyapura towards the *svayamvara* pandal. She entered it with folded hands and bowed down to Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa and all other princes that had assembled there. She then was given a beautiful garland of flowers such as *Pāṭala*, *mallikā* and *cāmpaka* in which *saptacchada* leaves and flowers were interwoven. They spread a pleasant fragrance, the flowers were pleasing to the touch and the colourful pattern they made was charming to the eyes. Her companions carried a bright mirror on her left side and pointed gracefully to each one of the princes and explained to her his genealogy, his personal strength and prowess, his accomplishments in various arts and sciences and all other qualities, in a voice which was distinct, audible and sweet. This way they passed the illustrious Yādavas, the mighty Daśārhas, the handsome and graceful Ugrasenas. The companion said that she was quite free to choose any one that pleased her.

Draupadi walked ahead in the midst of all the eligible kings and princes till she approached the five Pāṇḍavas. She quickly put the garland on the Pāṇḍavas as if she was impelled by her former *nidāna*, a choice that was pre-determined. She boldly announced: "I have chosen these five Pāṇḍavas as my husbands." Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa was quick enough to express appreciation of the choice and compliment her. Every one started leaving the *svayamvara* pandal.

Prince Dhṛṣṭadyumna, her brother escorted the five Pāṇḍavas and his sister to the palace. King Drupada asked the five brothers to take their seats with Draupadī amongst them. He ordered the servants of the palace to give them a ceremonial bath with water brought in white and yellow pitchers. Then the bride and the bridegrooms offered oblations into the fire as the marriage ritual was being performed. The king gave enormous wedding gifts to his daughter which included huge quantities of gold and silver, female servants, garments, perfumes, sweets, drinks, etc.

King Pāṇḍu also sent out invitations to Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa and thousands of other kings and princes to Hastināpura as part of the wedding ceremony. He also ordered his servants to construct five magnificent looking palaces for the five brothers and the suitable number of Guest Houses for Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa and other princes visiting the royal court.

When every one was in Hastināpura, king Pāṇḍu asked his five sons and their bride Draupadī to take their seats for the ceremonial bath with water brought in white and yellow pitchers. They also performed the necessary auspicious rites and bowed to Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa and other kings to whom king Pāṇḍu offered flowers and garments.

The Pāṇḍava princes enjoyed the best of pleasures in the company of Draupadi and spent many days in royal luxury. Once as the entire family had collected together, the famous Nārada visited them. He was a very pleasing man, equally modest by disposition but sinful and wicked at heart. He enjoyed playing mischief and involving people in quarrels. He was a master of many magical arts by which he could descend down in to the underworld, and fly up to heaven. He could make a man immobile in his seat,

even transform him. Nevertheless, he was very dear to the minds of gods like Rāma and Keśava. King Pāṇḍu received Nārada with appropriate ceremony, he went forth seven or eight steps to welcome him, went round him three times and offered him the most honourable seat which was sprinkled with water and covered with *darbha* grass. But Draupadi did not participate in this welcome ceremony with equal enthusiasm. As far as possible she tried to remain aloof; she believed that Nārada was not free from sinful activities and his intentions were not always respectable.

Nārada who had noticed Draupadi's behaviour carefully, wondered why she did not show him respect nor wait upon him. When he took his leave of king Pāṇḍu, he had almost made up his mind to teach Draupadi a lesson. Therefore, he decided to cross the Lavaṇa-sea and go to Dhātaki khaṇḍa, a continent on the south eastern side of Bhāratavarṣa. King Padmanābha ruled over this huge land and his capital city was Aparakaṅkā. The king had several hundred women in his harem and when Nārada appeared in his court, he saw the king surrounded by many graceful women. After the usual formalities were over, and Nārada was seated in the right seat, king Padmanābha looked with distinct pride at his collection of beautiful women and asked Nārada, who was known to have visited most of the countries on the globe and known to have been entertained by all their kings, whether he had seen such a beautiful harem any where else. Nārada put on a smile, which meant mischief and said to Padmanābha, "My dear king, you are indeed like that frog in a well." Padmanābha asked which frog it was and in which well. Nārada thereupon told him the story of a self-centred and complacent frog and came out with the provocative information about Draupadi.

Padmanābha was really aroused and went to his Fasting Hall to propitiate a god who in fact was his old friend. He requested him to obtain the beautiful bride of Hastināpura for himself. The god replied that it would never happen, Draupadi would never enjoy any of the pleasures with any one except the five Pāṇḍavas but when Padmanābha insisted that Draupadi must be brought there immediately, the god agreed merely to do him a good turn.

In Hastināpura, one of these days Yudhiṣṭhira and Draupadī were lying fast asleep on the terrace of the palace, the god that wanted to oblige his friend Padmanābha appeared, put a spell on Draupadī and carried her away to the palace of Padmanābha across the Lavaṇa-sea. He put her in the Aśoka-grove of the king's palace and informed the king accordingly.

When Draupadī woke up from her deep slumber, she could not know where she was and to which place she was brought. She suspected that some god or demon, some demi-god or *kinnara* or a *mahoraga*, may be, a *gandharva* had kidnapped her. She became terribly depressed and sat brooding. In the meantime, king Padmanābha, who had taken every possible care to make himself appealing to Draupadī, came to meet her in the Aśoka-grove. He tried to make her cheerful by promising quite a large variety of pleasures with himself. Draupadī, who was utterly helpless and did not know how to resist Padmanābha's approaches, very cleverly managed to obtain from him a period of six months. She said, her brother Kṛṣṇa, who lived in the city of Dvāravati, would make attempts to rescue her. But if he fails during the next six months, she would agree to whatever Padmanābha proposed. The king left her in the apartment meant for maidens and Draupadī continuously practised various fasts and observed *āyambila* austerity and exerted herself in many ways.

Her husband Yudhiṣṭhira realising that Draupadī was no where to be found in the palace, went to king Pāṇḍu and requested him to send out search parties for Draupadī. The king did all that but also instructed his wife Kuntī to proceed immediately to Dvāravati to acquaint Kṛṣṇa of the mishap. Kuntī accordingly went to see Kṛṣṇa and told him of all that had happened to the unfortunate Draupadī. Kṛṣṇa promised to do everything to rescue her but he just did not know how to proceed on the quest till one of these days, Nārada appeared on the scene. In the course of the gossip, he told Kṛṣṇa that he happened to see Draupadī in Aparakaṅkā across the Lavaṇa-sea. Kṛṣṇa suspected it to be a mischief worked out by Nārada himself. He sent the information to the Pāṇḍava brothers and instructed them to proceed with their

armies to the eastern sea coast and be in readiness to cross the Lavaṇa-sea.

Kṛṣṇa himself went there and ordered his army to erect a Fasting-hall where he remained in meditation and made fervent appeals to the god Susthita. When he appeared before him, and asked what did he expect him to do, Kṛṣṇa replied that since Draupadī was kidnapped by Padmanābha and kept in his capital city of Aparkaṅkā, Susthita should see that the sea made way for the five chariots of the Pāṇḍava princes and for his own so that they would make an attempt to rescue her. Susthita asked Kṛṣṇa whether he could himself bring Draupadī back to Hastināpura exactly in the same manner in which she was carried there by Padmanābha's friend who was also a god. Susthita further said that he could easily drown king Padmanābha along with all his army and their various vehicles in the Lavaṇa-sea. Kṛṣṇa said that Susthita should only arrange to give their six chariots safe and secure passage across the sea.

Accordingly, the passage was made and the six chariots sped across the Lavaṇa-sea, leaving their army behind them on the shores of Bhārata-varṣa. They quickly proceeded to the capital city and when they came to the park outside the town, Kṛṣṇa stopped the chariot and asked his charioteer Dāruka to convey his message to Padmanābha in the palace. He gave careful instructions to Dāruka on how he should behave in the king's court. He should put on a very angry expression and the tone of his voice should be ferocious. In fact, his entire bearing should be arrogant, clearly conveying to Padmanābha that the business on hand was serious. Dāruka was supposed to walk defiantly right upto the throne and stamp vigorously with his left foot on the foot-rest of the king and thrust, in the face of Padmanābha, Kṛṣṇa's letter on the point of his lance. Dāruka was then expected to speak to Padmanābha in down right terms and call him an evil character devoid of any merit, utterly shameless, born on the fourteenth day of the month. He should further warn him that by his reckless action of laying his hands on Draupadī, he was in fact preparing for himself a situation that no body would desire — a sure death. Dāruka should emphasise that

even if Padmanābha were to restore Draupadi to Kṛṣṇa and the Pāṇḍavas, a fight ending in Padmanābha's death was inevitable.

Dāruka accordingly approached Padmanābha, greeted him with appropriate courtesy and out of respect for the king folded his hands and told him that all this was out of his personal courtesy for the king. But he quickly changed the tone of his voice, the expression on his face and arrogantly put his foot down on the foot-rest of the king and thrust Kṛṣṇa's letter on the point of his lance at him. He also added that Kṛṣṇa had personally come there to effect the release of Draupadi.

Padmanābha became furious, knitted his eyebrows and thundered out that he would never hand over Draupadi to Kṛṣṇa. He was ready for a fight even at that very minute. However, he granted safe conduct to Dāruka who went back to Kṛṣṇa and narrated the whole episode.

Padmanābha summoned his commander-in-chief and ordered to mobilise the best of his army units. Thus fully equipped and himself on his excellent elephant, Padmanābha proceeded to meet Kṛṣṇa's challenge. Kṛṣṇa asked the Pāṇḍava brothers whether they would like to take on Padmanābha or leave him to him and only stand by to watch the fight. The five Pāṇḍavas said they would fight rather than be mere spectators. They rushed against Padmanābha but he was so tremendously powerful that he routed all the five brothers and sent them packing in four directions, with their flags and banners all destroyed. They thought it impossible to hold their own against Padmanābha and begged of Kṛṣṇa to tackle him.

Kṛṣṇa picked up his Pāñcajanya conch, milk white in colour and blew it in a full blast to announce his own entry in the fray. The blast was so terrific that one third of Padmanābha's army was routed by merely the sound of it. Kṛṣṇa then picked up his bow and fastened the bow string to it and made a twanging sound. Another one third of Padmanābha's army was repulsed by the sound of it. Then the king Padmanābha realising how powerless he had thus become quickly retreated to his own capital, Aparakaṅkā, and as soon as he got inside the walls of the town, shut all the gates. Kṛṣṇa who came in hot pursuit got off from his chariot and transformed himself

into a lion-man and began to scratch the ground with his terrible paws. The scratching sound was so terrific that the entire city of Aparakaṅkā collapsed. Every structure in it fell to the ground, the fortification of the walls was completely destroyed and all the stalls, mansions and palaces crashed down. Padmanābha looked at the complete destruction of his capital and turned pale with fear. He went to Draupadi for advice. She scolded him for his stupidity and insolence in dealing with a super man like Kṛṣṇa. But even then she assured him it would not be too late to repair matters. He should take a holy bath and in his wet garments offer oblations in the fire, collect all the inmates of the harem around him, take the most precious jewels with him as presents for Kṛṣṇa and go up to him and surrender himself to him. He should lie prostrate at his feet. She told him that Kṛṣṇa would take a very compassionate view of his misbehaviour and forgive him. She also offered to lead the procession of the penitents. Padmanābha expressed his willingness to do likewise and when she reached the place where Kṛṣṇa was, he handed over Draupadi to Kṛṣṇa who admonished him for his recklessness and insolence but at the same time assured him that he had no longer anything to fear from him. Kṛṣṇa dismissed Padmanābha and took Draupadi with him in his chariot to the Pāṇḍavas. They all quickly crossed the Lavaṇa-sea and came back to Jambūdvīpa in Bhārata-varṣa.

In the same Dhātakikhaṇḍa-dvīpa in the eastern half of Bhārata Varṣa there was a city named Campā and its king was named Kapila Vāsudeva. On the day when Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva fought Padmanābha, in the city of Aparakaṅkā, he had blown his Pāñcajanya conch. That sound reached the city of Campā when king Kapila Vāsudeva was listening to a religious discourse there given by the venerable Muni Suvrata. King Kapila's attention was diverted by the sound of the conch. He wondered whether, in the Dhātakikhaṇḍa-dvīpa another Vāsudeva, his own replica with a conch, which also was a replica of his own conch, producing exactly the same sound, could have been born. The venerable teacher noticed the distraction in the king's attention and asked him whether the thoughts that occurred in his mind were not regarding the sound of the conch and its owner. Kapila Vāsudeva said he was quite right.

He had divined his thoughts correctly. Muni Suvrata assured him that no such identical persons are ever born at the same time in the same *yuga* and in the same *kṣetra*. It never had happened in the past nor would it happen in the future and it was not so at the present moment. No two Tīrthaṅkaras, no two sovereigns, no two Baladevas and so no two Vāsudevas could be born at the same time. Then he explained to Kapila Vāsudeva how Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa had come to Aparakaṅkā where Padmanābha had forcibly brought Draupadī, the wife of the five Pāṇḍavas from Hastināpura and how this act of violence had forced Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa to come to Aparakaṅkā for the rescue of Draupadī. When Kṛṣṇa's encounter with Padmanābha was to begin, he sounded the conch which distracted Kapila Vāsudeva's mind. When he was thus enlightened by the muni, he expressed his desire to go quickly over to Aparakaṅkā and meet the eminent Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva and pay his respects to him. The muni remarked that such a thing was not done. No two Tīrthaṅkaras, no two sovereigns, no two Baladevas nor Vāsudevas ever met each other. Kapila Vāsudeva would only be able to see the tips of Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva's white and yellow banners while he crossed the Lavaṇa-sea. Kapila Vāsudeva took the muni's advice and refrained from going to Aparakaṅkā to meet Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva. Instead he only went to the sea coast and when he noticed the white and yellow banners fluttering in the wind, he blew aloud his own conch and on hearing its sound Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva also responded in a similar manner by way of greeting. Kapila Vāsudeva then quickly went to Aparakaṅkā. Padmanābha explained how the total destruction of his city came about and the part Kṛṣṇa Vāsudeva had played in it. But Kapila was quite enraged and he reprimanded Padmanābha for having offended the great Kṛṣṇa who in fact was his own replica. He pronounced the order of expulsion on Padmanābha and crowned his son as king of Aparakaṅkā and went back.

When Kṛṣṇa and the Pāṇḍavas came along with Draupadī to the bank of the Gaṅgā, Kṛṣṇa said he would leave them there to cross the river on their own while he would wait a little and thank god Susthita, the lord of the Lavaṇa-sea, who had helped them all to reach Aparakaṅkā safely. The Pāṇḍavas found a small boat and



crossed the Gaṅga. They waited for him on the other side. They knew that Kṛṣṇa would have no boat but said he could easily swim across. In the meantime, Kṛṣṇa lifted his chariot, the charioteer and the horses with one hand and started to swim with the help of the other. But the Gaṅgā was half a *yojana* broad and when Kṛṣṇa came to the middle of it, he felt quite exhausted. He wondered how the Pāṇḍavas managed to cross such a mighty river. They must indeed be terribly powerful. Perhaps, they did not defeat Padmanābha on some purpose. The Gaṅgā made a clear passage for Kṛṣṇa and he walked across. When he met the Pāṇḍavas on the other side, he complimented them on their physical strength because of which they could easily cross the river and asked them on what purpose exactly they had refrained from vanquishing Padmanābha. The Pāṇḍavas then confessed their own little trickery and told him how they concealed the boat in which they had crossed the river. Kṛṣṇa was furious at this and did not like the Pāṇḍavas' intention of putting his strength to test like this. They should have realised that he had crossed the Lavaṇa-sea which was two hundred thousand *yojanas* broad, defeated Padmanābha, destroyed his whole capital city and brought Draupadī back to them all by himself. The Pāṇḍavas seemed to him to be terribly mean. He crushed their chariots out of shape and banished them all out of the kingdom. He marched away to his own city of Dvāravatī and the Pāṇḍavas returned to Hastināpura to tell their father, King Pāṇḍu about Kṛṣṇa's order of banishment and what had brought it about. Their father blamed them for their behaviour and asked Kuntī to go to Kṛṣṇa to ask him, since he was the lord of the entire southern half of Bhārata, where exactly the Pāṇḍavas should go, since they have been banished out of his kingdom. Kṛṣṇa discovered a patch of uninhabited land on the southern sea coast and suggested that the Pāṇḍavas could go there and worship and propitiate him.

Kuntī accordingly reported to king Pāṇḍu who directed his sons to proceed to the place on the southern sea coast and found a city and name it Pāṇḍumathurā.

In course of time, Draupadī gave birth to a son and gave him the name Pāṇḍusena. He grew up to study all the seventy two arts

and was crowned the heir-apparent. Once a party of monks arrived there and the Pāṇḍavas who were greatly impressed by their teachings, expressed their desire to take orders and when they obtained the permission of Draupadī and of Paṇḍusena whom they would make the king, they shaved their heads and entered the order with a wish to renounce the world. Draupadī also expressed a similar desire and entered the order. The King Paṇḍusena made great preparation for the ceremony of renunciation. Accordingly, the Pāṇḍavas settled down as monks to study the fourteen *Pūrvas* to lead the life of ascetics observing various fasts. Draupadī too under the directions of the nun Suvratā studied Eleven Aṅgas, observed many fasts and lived for many years.

The whole group of monks left Paṇḍumathurā and in the course of their travelling came to the country of Saurāṣṭra where the venerable Ariṣṭanemi was reported to be camping. Yudhiṣṭhira and his brothers had a keen desire to meet him and so asked the permission of the senior monk of their camp and proceeded, on getting it, to the park Sahasrāmṛavana outside the city of Hastakalpa. There the Pāṇḍavas came to learn the terrible news that Ariṣṭanemi had breathed his last on the peak of the Girnar mountain. He was observing a month's fast during which he had refrained even from taking water. The five Pāṇḍava brothers also renounced food and water and prepared themselves for the final rites. They climbed the Śatruṅjaya mountain and there they studied the Fourteen *Pūrvas* as well as *Sāmāyika* etc. for many years, emaciated themselves with various fasts. They also took to nudity and acquired the *kevala* knowledge. This is how they attained salvation. Draupadī too went through similar penances, fasts and mortifications and died at the proper hour. She was re-born in the Brahmaloḥa where she lived for ten *sāgaropamas* which is almost the maximum period granted.

## 14. WHAT ŚAILAKA LEARNT

In the city of Dvāravatī, where Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa ruled, there lived a lady named Sthāpatyā who was rich and well respected in society. She had a son by the name of Sthāpatyāputra. His mother saw to it that he received the right type of education from a competent teacher and when he was old enough to marry, she found thirty two young women from rich families to be his brides. He was married to them all on one and the same day. His life was full of all the five-fold pleasures which his wives gave him.

Outside the city of Dvāravatī, to the north east was a mountain named Raivataka. It was lofty and its peaks scraped the sky. It had all kinds of trees and all kinds of birds. It was a favourite haunt of the Vidyādhara as well as of the Daśārhas, the mighty warriors of Dvāravatī. At the foot of the mountain was a park named Nandanavana which was in fact a patch of paradise on earth. In that garden, there was a temple named surapriya. The great sage Ariṣṭanemi came to the city of Dvāravatī, on his way to the mountain Raivataka. He set up his residence in the temple in the Nandanavana park. Almost every one from the city including Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa went to listen to his learned discourses. Sthāpatyāputra also attended these discourses and felt so tremendously impressed by their moral content that he begged of his mother to let him join the order. The mother would not easily agree but seeing the firm resolve of the son, she decided to seek the advice of Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa. Kṛṣṇa appreciated her son's desire to renounce material life and offered to preside over the renunciation ceremony. Even then, for the sake of the mother, Kṛṣṇa

made an attempt to prevent Sthāpatyāputra from taking orders. He pointed out that his intention to give up the worldly life had been caused by the wind that was then blowing over every one on account of the presence of the sacred personality of Ariṣṭanemi. Kṛṣṇa further said that no person in his kingdom should take resort to religion only out of fear of possible harm or misfortune that they might have to experience. They should trust him as their king who was capable of protecting them from all possible vicissitudes. Sthāpatyāputra asked him whether he as their king could prevent imminent death or old age; he was willing to change his mind from becoming a monk only if he could be saved from old age and death. He told Kṛṣṇa that no one, even a mighty god, was able to annihilate human *karma*. The only way to overcome *karma* was to get into the Jain discipline. Kṛṣṇa could not but agree and Sthāpatyāputra was duly initiated. Many of his friends and followers also followed his example and were initiated by Ariṣṭanemi. The mother of Sthāpatyāputra advised him to exert himself most sincerely to be worthy of the new faith that he was embracing. In his own ways, he was sincere enough in his studies under the excellent guidance of Ariṣṭanemi and other illustrious teachers of the eleven *āṅgas* and the fourteen *Pūrvas*. He observed many of the fasts and one of these days, with the permission of Ariṣṭanemi, set out along with his own disciples to another region to live the strenuous life of a monk.

In the course of his wanderings, he came to a town called Śailakapura and set up his camp in an adjoining park called Subhūmibhāga. His discourses were attended by a large number of people from the town and amongst them was the king named Śailaka. When Śailaka met Sthāpatyāputra, he confessed that he was not quite able to accept the hard life of a monk which imposed many fasts and other disciplines and therefore he would not take initiation at his hands but would willingly become a lay devotee and follow the five minor vows of the religion.

Sthāpatyāputra went to the city of Saugandhikā where lived a prosperous merchant Sudarśana by name. In the same town lived Śuka, an eminent scholar in the four Vedas and well accomplished

in the Sāṅkhya philosophy. He conducted teaching and propounding the Tenfold religion of asceticism based on purity. He wore red garments, carried a trident in his hand as also a water pot and a parasol and a ring of *kuśa* grass and a duster. Many people of the town listened to the preachings of Śuka and Sudarśana the rich merchant, was impressed by the Sāṅkhya doctrine. Śuka explained to Sudarśana how his religious approach was keen on purity, material purity as well as mental purity; water and earth ensured material purity whereas *darbha* grass and holy incantations ensured mental purity. He further explained that any impure object could be made pure when it was besmeared with a specially prepared clay and washed in pure water. This kind of purity, Śuka felt, was the surest gateway to heaven. Sudarśana accepted Śuka's religion based on purity. Soon after Śuka left the place, Sthāpatyāputra arrived there and Sudarśana attended his discourses as well. He asked the monk to explain to him the fundamentals of his religion. Sthāpatyāputra said that the basis of his religion was discipline. Discipline for householders and discipline for monks. The householders, who observed the Five Minor Vows, Seven Disciplinary Vows and Eleven Standards became lay devotees. The monks observed more strenuous discipline prescribed by the Five Great Vows, total abstinence from all injuries to living beings, total abstinence from all falsehood, from taking what was not given, from any form of possession, from eating at night and from sexual intercourse. There were then ten other renunciations and twelve monastic standards. This religion, Sthāpatyāputra explained, was based on discipline, gradually annihilated the eight types of *karma* leading the devotee to final salvation. Sudarśana informed the monk that the religion to which he belonged was based on purity. The monk raised a doubt. He asked him, "O Sudarśana, suppose a man washes with blood a piece of cloth that is already blood-stained, will it be clean?" Sudarśana replied that it was not likely. Sthāpatyāputra continued, "Even so Sudarśana" there is no possibility of purifying yourself by means of injury to living beings etc. If you want to wash a blood-stained cloth, you have to make use of some effective cleansing material, boil it in water and wash it with pure water, then

alone it will be clean. There is purification for human beings only through the Five Vows and the other forms of Discipline that my religion has prescribed." Sudarśana clearly saw sense in whatever the monk had said. He expressed his delight to learn it from the reverend teacher and accepted the prescribed discipline as a lay devotee.

The other ascetic Śuka who came to know of Sudarśana deserting the religion based on purity and accepting the other faith decided that he must go to him and convince him of the ultimate validity of his own religious principles and wean him from the one that he had now accepted. Accordingly, he went to Saugandhikā where Sudarśana lived and called on him. When Sudarśana saw the ascetic coming towards him, he did not get up to receive him nor did he show any signs of respect or regard for him. Śuka demanded an explanation for this piece of misbehaviour and Sudarśana explained how he met a disciple of Revered Ariṣṭanemi and felt impressed by whatever he had preached. Śuka thought it best to discuss the issue with Sudarśana's *guru*. So he proposed that both of them visit him. Sudarśana could listen to the debate that would take place between the two propounders of the two religions and Śuka promised that if he was defeated he would bow down to Sthāpatyāputra.

They both went to the park Nīlāsoka where Sthāpatyāputra had set up his camp. On seeing the monk Śuka asked "O revered Sir, are you getting on well with your *yātrā* and *yāpani ya* and are your movements unobstructed and pure?" When the monk said everything was fine with him, Śuka asked what was meant by *yātrā*.

"To make efforts for the acquisition of knowledge, faith, good conduct and self-control."

Śuka's next question was about *yāpani ya*.

"*Yāpani ya* (control) is twofold. *indriya-yāpani ya* (control over the senses) and *no-indriya-yāpani ya* (control over the mind)".

He further explained that "when the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch are subdued, that is termed as *indriya-yāpani ya*. When anger, conceit, deceit and greed become powerless and do not raise their heads, it is '*no-indriya-yāpani ya*'".

Śuka then wanted to know what was meant by 'avyābādha'. Sthāpatyāputra explained : 'When the diseases caused by wind, phlegm, or bile or the derangement caused by all of them together in the humours of the body do not disturb, it is termed as, "avyābādha"— freedom from obstruction. Śuka then wanted to know what was meant by 'prāsuka-vihāra'. Sthāpatyāputra explained: We aim at purity and through our rule of not residing at one place but wander from one place to the other we achieve it. When we stay, say, in a park or a temple or in (assembly-) hall or at a watering place (*prapā*) where women, beasts or eunuchs don't come and when we make use of articles such as a seat, a board, or a mat or a bed which we can return (to the 'manager' or owner) we are, in fact, living a life of purity. Śuka then quizzed him: 'Are 'sarīsavayā' eatable or not?' Sthāpatyāputra answered: 'Yes and No' - Depends on what you mean by 'sarīsavayā'. It could mean 'friends' or a kind of grain-mustard. When you take it to mean *mitras* or friends they could be of three kinds: 1. those that are born together, 2. those that have been brought up together and 3. those that have played together in dust. Well, monks don't eat them. But if you mean the mustard seeds by 'sarīsavayā', they are of two kinds: 1. those that change when they are processed with the help of the usual implements like grinding stone or pestle and 2. those that don't change. Monks don't eat these. The grains that change can be pure or impure. Rule out the impure — we don't eat them, also the pure ones that don't come to us as alms. But again all the pure ones that are obtained as alms are not eatable. There is a variety that we know as acceptable and if we get it as alms we eat it.

The same question was then asked regarding two other cereals 1. '*kulāttha*', and 2. '*māsa*'. Apparently they are edibles — permitted to the monks. But Sthāpatyāputra saw the ambiguity in the two words: 1. '*Kulāttha*' means a kind of pulse as well as a bride or a married woman from a respectable family; '*māsa*' may mean- 1. one of the twelve months of a year, 2. or a measure of weighing metals like gold and silver and 3. a kind of beans. If you mean by '*kulāttha*' and '*māsa*' pulses or beans, they are edibles - provided, of course, the usual conditions are satisfied.

Śūka's next query was whether the monk described himself as one or two, indestructible (*akṣaya*), immutable (*avyaya*), everlasting and whether you are many belonging to the past, future and present.

Sthāpatyāputra replied: "I am one, I am two, and I am many as I belong to the past, future and the present. I am one from the point of view of substance (*dravya*); I am two from the point of view of knowledge and faith (*jñāna* and *darsana*); I am indestructible, immutable and everlasting (*akṣaya*, *avyaya* and *avasthita*) from the point of view of space-points (*pradeśa*) and from the point of view of *upayoga* (psychical attention or conscious attention) I am many and belong to the past, future and the present."

This led to Śūka's enlightenment. He bowed low to Sthāpatyāputra and expressed his desire to be initiated into the faith of the Jinās. He discarded his trident and clothes, plucked out his hair and became a shaven monk. He proceeded to study the eleven *āṅgas* and the fourteen *pūrva* texts. Sthāpatyāputra then suggested that he should hereafter take to wandering. Accordingly Śūka left Saugandhikā and with a group of his disciples wandered away into the country side. One of these days he made his way towards the Puṇḍarika mountain and slowly climbed to the top of it and sat on a stone which almost looked like a black cloud and it was so high up in the sky that gods appeared to be surrounding it. There Sthāpatyāputra observed many fasts and hard penances and acquired absolute knowledge. After a fast of sixty meals, he was liberated from this world and his soul became free.

The newly converted monk Śūka arrived in the town of Śailakapura where he converted king Śailaka who promised to bring his five hundred ministers and the prime minister Pānthaka round to agree to his becoming a shaven monk. He would also install his son Maṇḍuka on the throne. He accordingly consulted his up 30 back 35 prime minister Pānthaka and to his great pleasure Pānthaka and the other ministers also agreed to accept the new religion.

The king made all arrangements for the coronation of his son and instructed his ministers to make similar arrangements at home



and leave their property etc. to their eldest sons. The new king Maṇḍuka made arrangements for a magnificent renunciation ceremony. In due course of time, Śailaka studied eleven aṅgas, observed the various fasts to the satisfaction of his teacher Śuka. Śuka then left Śailakapura and after having visited many places in the neighbourhood, finally reached the Puṇḍarīka mountain where he attained salvation.

Śailaka could not really get reconciled to the harsh way of life as a monk. He thought the food coarse and insipid. His bed was hard and the surroundings very often dirty. He was soon afflicted with skin eruptions, got burning sensation inside his body and developed bilious fever. He became emaciated. In such a condition, he came to his own town and camped in Subhūmibhāga Park. Large numbers of people came to listen to his discourses. King Maṇḍuka also went there and when he saw the condition of his father, he requested him to stay in one of the humble abodes of the king and undergo medical treatment by expert physicians, he should eat wholesome food and live in clean surroundings. Śailaka did not hesitate to accept the proposal. His five hundred disciples headed by Pānthaka also accompanied him and the whole entourage lived as king Maṇḍuka's guests. The royal physicians treated Śailaka with proper medicines, clean food and drink. They even prescribed the use of alcoholic drinks. Śailaka's disease was cured in no time and he recouped his health very quickly but he became attached to this easy life and got addicted to drinks. His life hereafter was ill-behaved, careless in respect of all discipline; he was attached to pleasures and came to have loose character. Even after he had regained normal health, he would not think in terms of taking leave of king Maṇḍuka and going back to the monk's way of life.

The five hundred monks thought a great deal about Śailaka who had abandoned his life as a king, became a monk but now has reverted to the luxuries of food and drink and has lost his claims to be our leader. Then they blamed themselves for having stayed in the capital for such a long time knowing fully well that it was not proper for the monks to stay at one place for such a length of time.

They therefore decided to leave immediately the next day and leave their leader Sailaka to the loose way of life which he, regretably had chosen. They would leave Pānthaka in charge of Sailaka. Under no circumstances they would prevent themselves from following the monk's way of life, however hard and taxing it might be.

Next day they returned all the articles such as seat, board, mat, etc. and told Pānthaka to wait upon Sailaka and left the place. Pānthaka continued to look after Sailaka giving him the drugs and medicines at the prescribed times, serving him food and drink, cleaning his bed of urine, stools, phlegm etc. without getting tired. On the fourteenth day of the bright half of the month of Kārtika, Pānthaka started on a penance for four months and began it with the *kāyotsarga* posture. As he was performing it, he happened to touch the feet of Sailaka who was lying in his bed there, with his head. Sailaka flew into a temper and demanded who had dared disturb his sleep by pulling his feet. He also threatened the man who had the audacity to disturb the royal sleep with severe punishment. Sailaka obviously had not forgotten his erstwhile royal dignity while scolding his faithful friend Pānthaka. Pānthaka thereupon humbly apologised and told him how inadvertently he touched his feet with his head, while doing the *kāyotsarga āsana*. He repeatedly begged to be forgiven.

When Sailaka noticed the humility of Pānthaka, he felt terribly guilty of his behaviour; after having abandoned his kingdom he should in fact have moved into the countryside like any monk and begged for his food. Instead, he was spending his time as king Maṇḍuka's guest and enjoying the comforts of a householder. This was terribly wrong and he decided to take leave of the king, return to him all the articles that were given to him. The next day Sailaka moved away with Pānthaka.

The other monks who had gone ahead learnt one of these days how Sailaka, accompanied by Pānthaka, had once again taken to the monk's way of life and was actually wandering around abegging, they thought it would only be proper for them to join their former leader. Then they found Sailaka and Pānthaka and all lived

according to the discipline of the Law for many years and eventually proceeded to the Puṇḍarīka mountain and achieved their liberation.

A monk who is loose in his way of life and disregards the discipline of the Law comes to be censured even in his present birth.

## 15. THE STORY OF PRASANNACANDRA AND VALKALACĪRIN

King Śreṇika heard that the great Mahāvira had arrived in the shrine of Guṇaśīla in Rājagrha and decided to visit him. On his way there he saw an ascetic practising hard penance by the side of the road; he was standing only on one leg and his arms stretched full length above his head. One of the men around there admired the severity of the penance and the tenacity of the ascetic who was also facing the sun. The man said he was sure that he would go easily to heaven or even attain salvation. Another man recognised who the ascetic was. He said he was none else but king Somacandra who could in no way be considered religious. He explained that the king had installed his young son on the throne before he took to the life of an ascetic but the ministers dethroned him. The king thus destroyed his lineage and nobody knew what happened to the large bevy of women he had in his harem.

The ascetic overheard this bit of conversation and felt extremely angry with his ministers to whose care he had entrusted the young prince. "O vile ministers ! I always honoured you but you have waged a war against my son. If I were there, and had you behaved in such a manner, I would have punished you." The whole episode of the palace affair appeared visibly before his eyes and he started fighting his battle in his mind against the ministers.

By the time King Śreṇika reached the place where the ascetic

Prasannacandra was practising his penance, he had already regained the equanimity of his mind. He looked calm and steady as the king paid his respects to him. He was full of admiration for the vigour with which the royal sage practised his penance. When Śrenika met Mahāvira and did obeisance to him, he asked him where according to him the ascetic Prasannacandra would be reborn if he had died at the very moment king Śrenika was saluting him. The Revered One replied, "He would be fit enough to be born in the seventh hell." The king wondered "Why should an ascetic be born in hell?" He asked Mahāvira another question, "O Revered Sir, where would he be born if he were to die at this moment?" Mahāvira replied, "He would be fit to be born in Sarvārthsiddhi heaven."

Śrenika questioned, "O Revered Sir, how can one and the same person be born in hell as well as in heaven?" Mahāvira explained, "When you passed him by, the ascetic was greatly agitated in his mind. He had just overheard about his son's humiliation and his mind was agitated by the war he had declared against his ministers. In the course of the battle which he was fighting in his mind, he placed his hand on his head to feel his helmet before he hit his enemy and then realised that he had already plucked out his hair and become an ascetic. That moment, he felt enlightened. Now he is repenting his inclination to meddle in the affairs of others and overlook his own advancement."

Śrenika further asked, "Why did king Prasannacandra give up his kingdom and install his son on the throne when he was so young?" Mahāvira narrated the following story:

In the town of Potanapura, there ruled king Somacandra and Dhārīṇī was his queen. Once, when the king was sitting at the window and the queen was dressing his hair, she detected a gray hair. She showed it to the king and remarked that a messenger of religion had come. The king looked around but did not see any one coming. He remarked to the queen that she seemed to possess divine eyes. But the queen pointed out the gray hair and the king felt melancholy. The queen wiped the tears from his eyes and said: "If you feel ashamed of old age, get rid of your own people." The

king said, "No, dear, that is not the point. I am worried simply because the prince is still a child and quite unable to look after his subjects. You better take care of him, when I renounce the world." But the queen had also made up her mind to renounce the world along with him. So the king installed the prince on the throne and left the palace along with the queen to join the order of Disāprokṣita hermit. They had taken a nurse with them to look after the queen as she was pregnant. They stayed in a solitary hermitage and in due course of time she gave birth to a son. The new born babe could be wrapped only in the barks of trees and therefore he was called Valkalacirin. The queen however died in child birth and the nurse, who brought him up, also died after some time. Now buffalo's milk was the only food for the baby. The father, who was already an ascetic had great difficulty in bringing up the child.

King Prasannacandra's spies conveyed all this information to him, concerning his father, mother and the newly born brother. When the child grew up, some artist who had drawn a picture of the child Valkalacirin, showed it to Prasannacandra who felt a great deal of affection for his younger brother that he quickly despatched some courtesans from the town to the forest to discover the whereabouts of his brother. These women disguised themselves as religious personages and carried several sweets and delicious fruits with which to tempt the child. They succeeded in locating the child in the forest and offered him the fruits, spoke sweet words to him and hugged him close to their delicate and fleshy breasts. But before they could pick up the child and leave for the palace, the old ascetic, the father of the child, was seen coming towards them. The women felt frightened and left the place in a great hurry, leaving the child behind.

Valkalacirin looked every where, followed their footsteps but could not find them. Yet he persisted in his search and wandered far into the woods till he met a cartman whom he greeted as 'Tāta.' He told the cartman that he did not know how to go back to his own place, the Potanapura hermitage. The cartman said that he too was going the same way and the two of them could easily go along together. Valkalacirin also addressed the cartman's wife with the same word 'Tāta' and when she protested, her husband explained

that since the young boy had grown up only in the hermitage in the forest, and seen no woman so far, he was talking like that. So she should not get upset. Valkalacirin had not seen horses before. He mistook the horses that were pulling the cart for deer and asked the cartman whether deer pulled carts. The cartman replied that they were used only for that purpose and there was nothing wrong in it. Then the cartman gave to the young boy some sweets and the boy said that he had received such sweets and some other fruits from some young visitors who looked like sages, when he was at the hermitage. As they proceeded on their journey, they were attacked by robbers but the cartman was strong enough to repel the attack. He also wounded the robber, who felt greatly pleased with the cartman's bravery and asked him to take away all the treasure that he had so far collected. It was accordingly put in the cart and the journey proceeded. When they reached Potanapura, the cartman asked Valkalacirin to get off and find his own way to the hermitage but he was kind enough to give him some money.

Valkalacirin did not exactly know where his father's hermitage was. He wandered up and down, felt tired and entered a house where he wanted to spend the night. A courtesan lived there. Valkalacirin addressed her as 'Tāta' and asked whether he could be lodged there for the night. He would even pay for it. The courtesan said he was welcome in the house. She called for a barber and in spite of Valkalacirin's protests she got him shaved. He was given a clean bath and his bark garments were removed and he was nicely dressed and also decorated with ornaments. To all the protests and objections of Valkalacirin, the only reply was every visitor was given the same type of treatment. On this Valkalacirin kept quiet and submitted himself to whatever she did. The courtesan had planned to marry him to her daughter and accordingly the group of women she had collected started singing wedding songs.

King Prasannacandra learnt from the courtesans that his brother Valkalacirin, had disappeared in the woods and they were quite unable to locate him anywhere; moreover they were themselves afraid of the old ascetic that appeared on the scene. So they felt the wisest course would be to come back to report to the king. Prasannacandra was worried that young Valkalacirin did

not go back to his father but seemed to have been lost in the forest, as these women had given him to understand. He was feeling very worried and miserable. Exactly at that time he heard the sound of musical drums and such other instruments and he was quite annoyed at the idea that some body in the town should be enjoying like this when he was himself grieving. When the courtesan was told of the king's displeasure at the music, she hastened to the palace, bowed low at his feet and explained what precisely was the occasion for the music. She said an astrologer had predicted to her that soon enough a young ascetic might turn up to her house and he would be the right type of husband for her daughter. Their marriage was destined to be happy. Therefore, when she saw a young ascetic at her door step, she quickly decided on a prompt wedding. She was not at all aware that the king was in distress regarding the whereabouts of the prince, his brother. She humbly begged His Majesty's pardon.

Some people in the town, who had seen the young hermit in the forest now quickly recognised him when they saw him during the wedding. They reported the matter to the king and the king was delighted to bring him back to the palace. He also welcomed his wife, the courtesan's daughter. In due course, he gave him the share of his kingdom and married him to other princesses.

Somacandra the old hermit in the forest could hardly bear the separation from his son. He felt so terribly miserable that the profuse lot of tears that he shed cost him his eye sight. The fellow hermits took pity on him and attended upon his needs with great care. Some of them even collected information regarding his missing son Valkalacirin and one such report consoled the grieving father very much. This report said that the young prince was safe with his brother king Prasannacandra with whom he lived happily in the palace.

Twelve years passed. One night however Valkalacirin remembered his father and felt miserable about his own unkind behaviour with him, he should not have left him alone in the forest. Next morning, he asked his brother to relieve him of all the burdens of administration so that he could go back to the forest and be with his father. Prasannacandra also expressed his desire to meet his father and they both went to the forest. Somacandra's companions



told him that his sons had come to meet him. The old man felt deeply moved when both the sons fell at his feet. He held both of them in a close embrace and tears burst out from his eyes and miraculously enough, he regained his lost vision. The old man was extremely happy to see both his sons. Valkalacirin looked around his father's hermitage and remembered that he had been there. He also travelled back in his mind to his previous birth when he was a pious monk. Concentrating in this manner, upon his earlier memory, he quickly passed through the different stages of contemplation and at last attained perfect knowledge. He settled down to preach the Jain faith to his father and brother as a Pratyekabuddha. He entrusted his father to the care of Mahāvira. Prasannacandra returned to his palace.

Thus ended Mahāvira's narration.

## 16. CĀṆAKYA THE DIPLOMAT

In a certain village Caṇakagrāma by name in the country of Golla, there lived a Brahmin family. The Brahmin called Caṇaka was a devotee of Jain religion. His wife gave birth to a child who already had cut teeth, and fairly large ones at that, at the time of his birth. They gave to the child the name of Cāṇakya. Once when it was taken to a Jain monk by way of showing the family's respect, the monk predicted that the boy would one day become a king. The father did not quite enjoy the idea that his son should experience as a king all the misery not only during this life time but also in the following life. So he got his son's teeth ground to normal size. He was again taken to the monk to verify whether the first prediction could now be corrected. The monk looked at the child and said that he would govern by proxy.

Cāṇakya grew up to be a master of various arts. He became a devoted follower of Jain religion. In the course of time he married a girl that came from a noble family. Once she had gone to attend the wedding of her brother. Her married sisters also had come. They had plenty of ornaments on them and their dresses were expensive, and Cāṇakya's wife felt greatly humiliated when every one in the gathering paid attention to them and overlooked her. She came back home in a dejected mood. When she reported it to her husband, he felt terribly concerned. He quickly decided to find out ways and means of earning money. He was told that king Nanda in Pāṭaliputra was generous in giving money to scholars. He set out to the city on the fullmoon day in the month of Kārtika and reported to the royal court. He occupied a seat on the eastern side

which was meant for the king. When the king arrived, in the company of a holy man, Cāṇakya was still in the same seat. The holy man did not approve of the Brahmin occupying the first seat in the court which to his mind indicated the eclipse of the Nanda dynasty. A maid-servant was instructed to suggest to Cāṇakya to occupy another seat. Cāṇakya placed his water jug on one of the seats around him, his staff on another seat, his rosary on the fourth seat and his sacred thread on the fifth seat. This display of arrogance immediately brought about his expulsion from the court. As he was being dragged out, Cāṇakya lifted up his foot and swore in a verse: " Like a stormy wind I will uproot this tree mercilessly, this tree of the Nanda dynasty. Its roots are deep in the state treasury and the branches are ramified as the state servants and their sons and friends." With these threatening words Cāṇakya left the royal court. He was hereafter in constant search for a person who would help him in turning these dreadful words into a reality. He could not forget the prophetic words of the Jain monk that he was destined to govern by proxy. In the course of his wanderings as a mendicant, Cāṇakya arrived at a village where the peacock-tamers of Nanda lived. There was a little commotion in the village at the time Cāṇakya came. The village chief's daughter had a strange pregnancy craving and no one knew how to satisfy it. She wanted to drink the moon. Cāṇakya went to the chief's house for alms and when he was told about the crazy desire of the daughter he said that if they promised to hand over the child to him after it was born, he would certainly see that the pregnancy craving of the daughter was satisfied. They agreed to the arrangement and Cāṇakya asked them to put up a tent with an opening at the top. When the moon came right overhead its rays came through the opening inside the tent and Cāṇakya kept a bowl of milk right underneath. The daughter of the chief saw the moon in the bowl and she quickly drank it. She felt quite happy.

The child was duly born and was given the name of Candragupta by Cāṇakya who went away in search of money. In the course of his journeys, he met some people who were skilled in the science of alchemy, *dhātuvāda*. By the time he came back, Candragupta had grown up to be a playful boy and he had a number

of playmates in the village. Cāṇakya asked Candragupta what gift he would give him to welcome him home, and the boy readily pointed to a herd of cows and told Cāṇakya to pick up as many as he liked. He was sure no one would question him. The whole world after all, belonged to the mighty. Cāṇakya was quite pleased with the boy for the wisdom that he had shown. He told Candragupta that one of these days, he would make him a mighty king. When Cāṇakya had collected enough men for his purpose, he left the village with Candragupta. They attacked Pāṭaliputra but were routed by Nanda's army. They were all forced to flee from the battle field but Nanda's horsemen chased them. Chandragupta jumped into a lotus pond to evade his pursuers and Cāṇakya disguised himself as a washerman working at the pond. The horseman questioned where Candragupta was and Cāṇakya told him that he was hiding in the pond. The horseman left his horse in charge of Cāṇakya, unbuckled his sword, took off his armour to jump into the pond. Cāṇakya was quick enough to seize the sword and cut him into two. He and Candragupta fled away on the horse.

As they were riding away Cāṇakya asked Candragupta what his reaction really was when he had revealed to the soldier Candragupta's hiding place. The young man's reply was that he was quite confident that whatever the master said or did could not be wrong. This assured Cāṇakya that Candragupta, would really stand by him in all his plans for the future. On the way when Candragupta felt hungry, Cāṇakya went on to procure food but he was really afraid that Nanda's soldiers might recognise both of them and arrest them. Cāṇakya had to go a little away in search for food where he met a Brahmin who had just finished eating rice and curds. Cāṇakya ripped open his belly and removed the food from inside it and carried it to Candragupta. Then they reached a village. The search for food was still on. They saw a poor old woman who had just prepared rice gruel for her children. One of them out of impatience put its finger in the steaming hot gruel and got it scalded. It began to howl and the old woman made a remark which very much caught the attention of Cāṇakya : she scolded the child, "You are a big fool like Cāṇakya." Cāṇakya asked her why she considered him a fool to which she replied, "Because he had not

cared to secure the neighbouring countries before he attacked Nanda."

Both of them proceeded to Himavantakūṭa and made a deal with the king Parvataka for whatever help he rendered to Cāṇakya and Candragupta, they were prepared to offer half of Nanda's kingdom to him. So it was a joint campaign this time. It went on smoothly well till they reached one town which was so well fortified and so well defended that Candragupta and Parvataka found it difficult, almost impossible to get its possession. At this time, Cāṇakya appeared on the scene in the form of *Tridaṇḍin*, an ascetic who carries three long staffs that are tied together. As if by magic that he seemed to have worked out, the city fell.

Similarly, the city of Pāṭaliputra was captured and Nanda surrendered himself to the conquering army and begged of Cāṇakya merciful treatment. He was graciously allowed to leave the country. Cāṇakya also said that Nanda could carry with him all that he could manage in his carriage. Nanda chose to take with him his two wives and his daughter along with some family treasure but Nanda's daughter, who caught sight of Candragupta fell instantly in love with him. The father allowed her to marry Candragupta but when she was getting into Candragupta's carriage, nine of the spokes of one of the wheels of the carriage broke. Candragupta looked upon it as a bad omen and therefore would have nothing to do with the princess. But before he asked her to get off his carriage, Cāṇakya stopped him by interpreting the event in a different way. He said it predicted that his dynasty would continue to flourish for nine generations.

Nanda's kingdom was duly divided according to the promise that Cāṇakya had made between Candragupta and Parvataka. The latter however was most eager to have in his possession the Viṣakanyā in Nanda's court along with his share of the kingdom and Cāṇakya generously gave her to him. (A viṣakanyā is a young woman who has been brought up right from her childhood on graduated doses of poison to which she develops immunity but affects any person that has sexual intercourse with her.)

During the wedding ceremony of Candragupta and the Nanda

princess, while the bridal couple was doing the rounds of the holy fire, Parvataka started feeling the terrible effect of the poison. He thought he was going to collapse. He called Candragupta to his side and told him that he was very much near his end. Candragupta offered his help to the dying man but Cāṇakya conveyed to him his disapproval by putting on a frown. Parvataka died and Candragupta became the master of both the kingdoms.

But Nanda's friends would not let Candragupta rule quietly. They often committed robberies and raided state establishments. Cāṇakya wanted to find out a man who could effectively control and punish them. One of these days, he saw a weaver called Naladama who spent most of his days in burning holes that ants had made in his house. Cāṇakya was pleased to find the right type in this man. He was summoned to the palace, assured of all protection and told in confidence of the purpose for which his services were being engaged by the king. He was to destroy the whole of the family of Nanda exactly as he destroyed the ants in his house.

Thus Cāṇakya was successful in fulfilling his own vow. He had completely overthrown the Nanda dynasty and placed Candragupta on the throne of Pāṭaliputra. Still there was one little thing that annoyed Cāṇakya, the inhabitants of a certain village had once refused him alms. He had not yet punished them. He must devise a strategy to teach them a lesson. He ordered them to prepare an enclosure of mango trees and bamboos. The villagers accordingly cut the bamboos to prepare the enclosure to protect the mango trees. Cāṇakya was very angry. He said what he had ordered was only an enclosure for the bamboos and not for mangoes. On this pretext, he ordered the whole village to be burnt down.



## **B : BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES**

Biography as it has been worked out here by the ancient writers either focuses attention on the Moment of Illumination which suddenly comes and leaves the person in a state of enlightenment or dwells on the whole length of life not only in the present time but even in the past, may be remote past, and goes on to enquire into the future as well. Life of any individual is a long continuam and has to be studied with the help of a learned man who can see both in the past and the future.





## 17. KARAKANḌU

Padmāvati, the queen of Campā once had a strong longing during her pregnancy to wander around in a park on a well decorated elephant, dressed in the king's garments, with her husband, the king Dadhivāhana holding the royal parasol over her. The king agreed to arrange the picnic to the park but as they were riding, the elephant got excited may be on account of the fine rainy weather and strayed away and went towards a thick forest. The king suggested that when the elephant passed under a big banyan tree they should catch hold of a branch and get away from further trouble. When a big tree came the king was quick enough to get hold of a branch but the queen was carried away. She reached a lake in which the elephant entered for a cool bath. The queen managed to escape but would not know where to go. In her desperation she said her last few prayers and did the usual salutations. Luckily she saw an ascetic who comforted her, gave her some food and directed her to a nearby village. As she went into the village she saw a place where some nuns lived; she thought they could give her shelter. She saw the senior of the nuns who willingly lodged her there. Soon enough she was initiated as a nun in spite of her pregnancy which she would conceal for the time being. She had already taken the senior nun into confidence and told her whole story and she had agreed to manage things till the child was born. When the child came the queen abandoned it in a nearby cemetery where the watchman chanced to pick it up. His wife and he were kind enough to look after the foundling. In fact the

child was given such a name, Avakirṇaka, which means a foundling. As a boy he showed signs of leadership, and the royal blood in him knew how to assert itself, though he knew nothing about his real parents. He expected his playmates to treat him as a king. When once he had scabbies he asked them to scratch his body ever so often that he was called Karakaṇḍu and this name stuck.

Once Karakaṇḍu heard what two monks were talking between themselves on the merits of a bamboo stick. One of them said that a certain bamboo that was growing in the funeral ground would assure kingship to its owner. Karakaṇḍu rushed up to possess it. The same remark was overheard by a Brahmin boy and he too wanted to get hold of the same bamboo; the quarrel that ensued between the two boys was so fierce that it had to be taken to the court for a judge to decide. He told Karakaṇḍu that he might have it for himself but on condition that if he ever became a king he should give to the Brahmin boy a village of his choice. Both the boys agreed and the judge gave the stick to Karakaṇḍu but the Brahmin boy did not feel really happy. He and his friends decided to resolve the conflict in their own ways at which Karakaṇḍu felt distressed. He and his family left the place and sought refuge in a remote village in the area of another state. Now it so happened that the king of this state had just died heirless and according to the custom a party of royal officers led by a royal horse was sent out to discover a worthy candidate for the throne. One day Karakaṇḍu was sleeping under a tree when the horse came and went round him and stopped to indicate that he was the proper man. The royal officers discovered in Karakaṇḍu all the auspicious signs and he was announced the new king of the state. But some people (the Brahmins) would not willingly accept this choice till Karakaṇḍu took the jewel of a bamboo staff which radiated bright dazzling light. (This quite convinced every one.) King Karakaṇḍu turned into Brahmins the low-caste men living in Vāṭadhānaka from which community he himself came and thus raised their status.

Soon enough the Brahmin boy came to claim the gift of a village that Karakaṇḍu had promised in a court of law. Karakaṇḍu asked

him to name the village and the Brahmin boy asked for a village in the state in which he had lived – the Campā state. Karakaṇḍu granted the gift of the village to the Brahmin boy and wrote to king Dadhivāhana to accept the arrangement. The king however dismissed Karakaṇḍu's letter contemptuously as he was a low caste born king. This enraged Karakaṇḍu and he collected his army and declared war on Campā.

Before the disastrous war broke out the old queen who was still living as a nun, rushed up to Karakaṇḍu to persuade him to desist from such a war against his real father but he would not be convinced and said he certainly would fight it out. The nun then rushed up to Campā to see the king. Every one in the palace felt excited to see their old queen back, safe and alive and the king himself was delighted to receive her. When he heard the whole story of the impending war, he promised that he would gladly give every thing that his son would ask for and that he felt most anxious to meet him. There came about a reconciliation and re-union between the son and his parents. King Dadhivāhana decided to renounce all worldly pleasures and became a monk resigning the throne to Karakaṇḍu.

Karakaṇḍu was fond of farm cattle and once he saw a young bull of large limbs and white in colour. He instructed every one to look after him well. Later however after many years when Karakaṇḍu saw the same bull again, he felt distressed to see that the bull had grown old and weak. This is what Time had done. The king became suddenly awakened to the inevitable truth about all life that every thing is transitory; youth, beauty, wealth, life – every thing fades and disappears. With this great awakening in his soul he decided to renounce all worldly pleasures and become a monk. He performed the ceremony of pulling the hair in five handfuls and wandered on the earth enlightening the people.

## 18. NAMI

Mañiratha was the king of Sudarśana in the country of Avanti; his brother, Yugabāhu was the crown-prince and vice-regent, since the king had no son of his own. Yugabāhu's wife Madanarekhā was an exquisitely beautiful young lady and the King entertained a wicked desire to seduce her; but Madanarekhā was deeply devoted to her husband and was equally devoted to moral values. The king realised that he would have no chance so long as her husband was alive. He therefore waited for an opportunity to do away with him.

Once on a holy day Madanarekhā and Yugabāhu went to an adjoining park to enjoy themselves; the crown-prince was fairly drunk when the king saw his chance. He struck him with his sword and Madanarekhā raised alarm. People rushed into the bower where the tragedy had taken place and the king was caught. The eldest son of Yugabāhu and Madanarekhā, Candrayaśas was informed and he rushed up with medical help. But Yugabāhu was fatally wounded and Madanarekhā started preparing the mind of her dying husband. She advised him to accept the inevitable without any complaint; he should have no bitterness in his mind, no hatred, he should depart with compassion for all and repentance for his own misdeeds. The dying man accepted all her words with due humility, with folded hands and peace in his mind. After his death he went to heaven.

Madanarekhā was greatly upset; she cursed her own beauty that had tempted the king and brought about this tragedy. She visualised trouble if she went back to the palace, and she had to seek a safe refuge for the child she was then carrying. She left the town and wandered on and on till she felt too tired to go on. She

now realised the tremendous shock the whole thing had meant to her; she felt great pains in her stomach and the child was born. She left it under a tree and went to an adjoining lake to wash herself and her cloths. She was still in the water of the lake when a big elephant mysteriously emerged out of the water. He rushed at her, picked her up in his strong trunk and tossed her up in the air. Luckily for Madanarekhā exactly at that moment a Vidyādhara was passing that way in the air and had he not caught hold of her, that would have been her end. But he did. He was charmed by Madanarekhā's beauty and proposed that they should be lovers. He told her that he was the crown-prince of the fairies and would soon become their king. Madanarekhā was in a fix, she was not in a position to go back to her palace, nor could she accept this proposal. She told him about the child she had just borne, and requested him to take her to the child. He said that was unnecessary since the child was safely taken to the king of Mithilā. Madanarekhā had now no alternative, even then she would find some excuse to procrastinate and save her virtue. She said she would consider his proposal only if he took her to the island of Nandiśvara, which was a great centre of pilgrimage with fifty five temples of the Jinas. The Vidyādhara's father had just gone there and he would not mind taking Madanarekhā to the holy place.

They worshipped at all the important temples at Nandiśvara, they also met a respectable old ascetic who composed their minds by a religious discourse. It so much affected the Vidyādhara that he implored Madanarekhā to accept him as her brother. The all-knowing ascetic relieved Madanarekhā of her anxieties for her infant boy. He told her that a royal horse carried the baby to the king of Mithilā, and he and his queen had been taking proper care of the boy. Why should they do so ? The explanation according to the holy sage went back to four earlier birth cycles of both the king and the baby. The long story as it came from the ascetic began at a remote point of time when the present king of Mithilā and Madanarekhā's infant boy were two brothers, Puṣpasikha and Ratnaśikha born of king Amitayaśas and queen Puṣpavati of the city of Mañitorāṇa. After enjoying the kingly powers for a long time they felt distressed by the sorrowful spectacle that human life

presented, they renounced the world and became religious mendicants. They were rewarded after their death by being placed in heaven as Indrasāmānika gods. After their period of stay there, they were sent in this world as two princes, Sāgaradeva and Sāgaradatta, sons of queen Samudradattā and king Hariṣeṇa. Being disillusioned with life they renounced the world under the guidance of the twelfth teacher Dṛḍhasuvrata. On the third day after this, they were killed by a stroke of lightning and went to heaven. After a long stay in heaven they were sent to the earth, one as a son of king Jayasena in the city of Mithilā and the other as a son of Madanarekhā. They should in reality be father and son. The one that came to the earth earlier in the city of Mithilā was given the name of Padmaratha. As he reached the proper age his father, king Jayasena made him the king of Mithilā and renounced the world to follow a religious path. Padmaratha married Puṣpamālā and spent his time administering his kingdom. The other god was born as the son of Madanarekhā. That same day king Padmaratha was carried by his horse into the forest where Madanarekhā's child was born and abandoned. Love sprang up in his heart as it was rooted in their previous life times and he picked up the baby and gave it to his queen. The whole city of Mithilā participated in the celebration to mark the birth festival of the child and the child grew up surrounded by love from every one.

As the account of the boys' previous lives was being given, a majestic palace chariot flew in. It indeed was a gorgeously decorated vehicle made of gold and silver and studded with precious stones. A heavenly resident stepped out to do reverence to Madanarekhā. He went round her thrice in the right holy spirit and fell at her feet and then he got up to do similar reverence to the holy man. At this the Vidyādhara protested, he pointed out that the holy saint should have had the precedence over the lady at which the heavenly visitor argued that one's own holy preceptor deserved that honour. He told the whole story of his relations with the lady; he was her former husband Yugabāhu who was now enjoying the present privileged position only on account of the discourse his wife had given him at the time of his departure from the earth as a result of which he was now an Indrasāmānika god born in the fifth heaven

and as such he should be quite right in treating Madanarekhā with the respect as he was doing then. He offered to do whatever service she desired and Madanarekhā said that she would very much like to go to Mithilā. Her former husband, the Indrasāmānika god, suggested they could go to the king's palace and she could meet her son, but she pointed out that as she was a nun then no one was a son to her and no one a stranger. She would therefore be in a nunnery. On reaching there she received her initiation, and took the name of Suvratā and as Suvratā only she lived the life of selfdenial in Mithilā.

As the son grew up, many of the king's enemies humbled themselves before him. Therefore the son was given the name of Nami. At the proper time he received from his father the throne and kingly responsibility. His brother in Sudarśanapura Candrayāśas also became the king of his state after his wicked uncle Maṇiratha died of a snake bite.

One day a white elephant belonging to king Nami strayed into Candrayāśas's territory and it was captured by his men. When it was reported to Nami, he sent a messenger to king Chandrayāśas asking for the elephant back but the king spoke impudently to the messenger highlighting the strength and courage which he of course had, and declared his intention to retain the elephant. King Nami also decided to settle the issue with strength and courage and led his army against Sudarśanapura. Candrayāśas also was in readiness to face Nami's army.

The nun Suvratā, in reality Madanarekhā, was terribly upset to hear the news of a war between the two. She sought a meeting with Nami first and tried to dissuade him from such a disastrous war, she even told him of his real relationship with Candrayāśas. Out of sheer pride Nami would not change his mind. Madanarekhā then went to her elder son, Candrayāśas who was full of joy to meet his mother. He said he was most anxious to see his younger brother, king Nami. Suvratā brought about the meeting and Candrayāśas gave to his younger brother his entire kingdom and honoured him with the title. The Lord of the whole country of Avanti. He embraced the Jina faith, became a monk and wandered away.



Nami ruled for a long time with impartial justice and made his people happy. Once he had high fever raging in his body and all the women in his palace started making sandal-wood paste. Each one had many bracelets on her hands and the noise that ensued as they made the paste annoyed the king. It was accordingly ordered that the noise should be stopped and it was stopped. The king wondered how it had happened and he was told that now every woman wore only one bracelet on her wrist and removed the others. At this the king suddenly felt enlightened; much always meant trouble and not pleasure. Harm is in the many, not in the solitary man.

After he recovered from his illness he decided to renounce the world. One night, he saw a happy dream in which he was riding a royally decorated elephant in the heaven, this was an auspicious sign. He also heard sweet music and he saw the Mandara mountain. The dream gladdened the heart of the king. He felt that his desire to renounce the world had received heavenly approval and accordingly he did renounce it to become a wandering monk.

## 19. DOMUHA (DVIMUKHA)

In the city of Kāmpilya there reigned a king Jaya by name and his queen was Guṇamālā. One of these days as the king was receiving an ambassador from another state, he asked him whether the ambassador had noticed anything that other kingdoms had and Kāmpilya did not. The ambassador replied that it did not have a hall of paintings. King Jaya immediately sent for his architects and ordered the construction of a hall of paintings.

After the architect's plans were ready, and the workmen started digging up the foundation for the building, they found a crown studded with a variety of precious stones, glittering all over with the brilliance of fire. They duly informed the king who was tremendously pleased to hear of the find. He went to the site, looked at the crown, took it up amongst shouts of cheering. He rewarded all the men there and when in due course the hall of paintings was ready, the king inaugurated it on an auspicious day. Amidst the sound of festive drums the king put the crown on his head, it had some magical power and as soon as it was placed on the king's head, the king got two faces. Therefore, king Jaya hereafter came to be known as Dvimukha.

The queen who had seven sons was still unhappy because she did not have a daughter. She worshipped a certain Yakṣa called Madana with a great devotion and prayed to him for a daughter. Once she dreamt that she had given birth to a cluster of blossoms of the Pārijāta tree. This dream was interpreted by the royal priest to mean that a daughter will be born to her. She offered oblations to the Yakṣa and the daughter was born. She gave her the name of Madana-mañjarī. In course of time, the child grew to be a

charming young woman.

The king of Ujjayinī, called Pradyota the Terrible, received a report that Jaya had become two-faced and when he queried how it could have happened, he was told about the crown that gave king Jaya the two faces. Pradyota immediately decided that he ought to possess that crown and being an arrogant man, he despatched a messenger to Kāmpilya to demand the crown from king Dvimukha and the message further said that in case he did not send it, he should be prepared for a battle. King Dvimukha instructed the messenger of Pradyota to report back to his king that he would be willing to part with the crown only if Pradyota gave him what he wanted. The messenger asked the king what it was that he would expect in exchange for the crown. King Dvimukha demanded Pradyota's elephant Nalagiri, his excellent chariot Agnibhīru and his spouse queen Śivā and a certain writer in the court of Pradyota called Lohajāṅgha.

The messenger thought that the king was making too fantastic a demand; all the things in the king's list were considered by Ujjayinī to be the most precious. However, he went back to king Pradyota and conveyed the message. The king felt terribly furious and he mobilised his enormous army of elephants, chariots, horsemen and infantry - two lakh elephants, two thousand chariots, fifty thousand horsemen and seven crores of soldiers on foot. After marching for a considerable length of time, they reached the boundaries of the Pāṇcāla country. King Dvimukha also left his capital city with a fully equipped four-fold army and advanced towards the frontier. Pradyota organised his army in the Garuḍa formation and Dvimukha in the ocean formation. They came close enough for a fight. By the mysterious power of a pearl in the crown that king Dvimukha had discovered, and which he now was wearing, he became invincible. Pradyota was defeated and was captured as a prisoner and was marched through the streets of Kāmpilya. However, he was so well treated that he spent his time there pleasantly.

But since the day, when he caught the sight of Madanamañjari and fell desperately in love with her, time became unbearable for

him. He burnt with the fire of love for her. He took the earliest opportunity to see king Dvimukha who was quite shocked to see his pale face and emaciated body. He made urgent inquiries about his health but Pradyota would not make any quick answer to the query and king Dvimukha made repeated queries. At last Pradyota heaved a long sigh and explained what was ailing him: "One who is in the power of love, Oh chief of men, one consumed by disease, and likewise a mad man, an angry man and one dying— all these leave shame far behind. So, if you desire my welfare, give me as wife this Madanamañjarī, your own daughter, Oh chief of men; if you don't, I shall enter the fire." Dvimukha was quite impressed by the determination of Pradyota. So he agreed to give his daughter to him. Accordingly the marriage took place on an auspicious day and after a few days' stay there, Pradyota went back to Ujjayini with his bride.

One of these days, king Dvimukha commanded the people of the city to celebrate the great festival of Indra with greater joy than usual. He ordered that the banner of Indra should be raised everywhere. White flags fluttered all over. Beautiful wreaths and garlands hung on every pole. Various fruits decorated the city. The nautch girls danced merrily, various poetic compositions were written and sung befitting the occasion. Multitudes of men danced through the streets. Jugglers bewildered every one by their tricks. Drums and other musical instruments sounded every where and the roads were sprinkled with water mixed with a great deal of camphor and saffron. Great gifts were exchanged. Seven days of festivity passed in great joy like this. On the day of the full moon, king Dvimukha came with a great profusion of flowers, garments and several other precious things and performed the *pūjā* of the banner of Indra. He however observed on the next day, that all the gay and colourful things fell to the ground. He noticed that they fell into filth, became ill-smelling and despoiled by people. The thought that came uppermost in his mind was: "Out on all magnificence, for it is evanescent as the streak of lightning and disgusting in the end." The sheer transitory nature of everything in this life, however beautiful and attractive, struck his mind and he received his enlightenment. Seeing the beautifully adorned banner of Indra

fallen to the ground and stripped bare, king Dvimukha perceived the basic truth about life. He tore out his hair in five handfuls and renounced the world.

## 20. NAGGAI

Once king Simharatha of the country of Gaṇdhāra went to inspect the two horses that were brought to him as a present. The king mounted one of them in order to try him and his son took the other. The horse that the king was riding was trained in the inverse manner, it went faster when the rein was pulled and the king was not aware of this. When he pulled the rein, the horse ran and in order to restrain it, the king pulled the rein harder and the horse increased his speed. This is how the king went twelve *yojanas* away and entered a great forest. He felt very tired and let go the reins and the horse suddenly stopped. He dismounted, tied it to a tree and wandered around in search of fruits.

When the king climbed to the top of a mountain, in order to stay there overnight, his eyes fell upon a palace of seven stories around there. He entered the palace and met an extremely beautiful, graceful young woman in the full fresh bloom of youth. When she saw the king coming in, she quickly rose to greet him and offered him a seat. An intense love sprang up between the two of them. The king asked who she was and why she should be living alone in the wilderness. The young woman said that she would tell the whole story of her life at length only after the king had consented to marry her in the balcony of the palace which had all the things that were necessary for the nuptial rites. The king was extremely happy to agree.

They both went to the sanctuary of the Jina, and worshipped him before they went through their *Gāndharva* marriage. In the morning of the day after the wedding, they both performed the worship of the Jina and she told the story of herself to the king which

is as follows :-

In the city of Ksitipratisthita, king Jitasatru ruled. Once he ordered a construction of a hall of paintings and assigned the work of drawing and painting to the head of every family of painters that lived in the town, to ensure equal share of work to each one of them. Accordingly many painters started painting. Amongst them was an old man, Citrāṅgada by name and every day his young daughter Kanakamañjarī brought him his meals. One day as she was going with her father's lunch towards the hall of paintings, a horseman came running at full speed on the road which was crowded with people and the girl felt terribly scared. When she met her father, she described the whole scene to him. The father asked her to wait till he returned after washing himself. Kanakamañjarī looked around at all the paintings and to while away her time, she picked up a brush and colours and painted on the floor of the hall a peacock's feather which looked marvellously natural.

King Jitasatru in the meantime came to the hall to see how the work was progressing. He looked at the painting of the peacock feather and mistook it for a real feather and stretched out his hand to pick it up. Kanakamañjarī laughed and made a remark "While I reflected a chair does not stand on three legs and sought the fourth, foolish man, I have now found you as the fourth leg." The king could not have understood anything out of this cryptic comment of the girl. So he asked her to explain it fully. She said, "While I brought my father his meal, a man rode a horse in hot haste on the king's high way. He had not a bit of pity for old people, children, women and all other weak people on the high way that could have been trampled down. Therefore this horseman being an arrant fool is the chair's one leg. The second leg is the king by whom the hall has been assigned to the painters in equal share. In the individual families there are many painters. My father is firstly without a son, secondly an old man, thirdly poor. But although he is such, an equal share of work has been set down for him (which he cannot do under the circumstances). The third leg is my father here because while painting at this picture gallery, he has spent what he had earned before; now I bring him any food I get and when it has come — he

goes to ease nature. What a dull man he is !" The king asked "Why am I the fourth leg ?" Kanakamañjarī answered :

"Now any one knows at once how should a peacock's feather come here indeed! If it had been brought here in some way or other, even then one would perceive it by the eye at once.,"

The king agreed that he really was a fool and as such deserved to be the fourth leg of the chair.

The king however was much impressed by the cleverness of the girl and also by her beauty. He became enamoured of her and soon enough he sent through his prime minister a message to the father of the girl that the king would very much like to marry her. The father appeared shocked and said that he was too poor to expect such an offer and celebrate such a marriage. When the king was told about the reply of the father, he sent to the painter's house bags of grain, treasures of money and gold. Subsequently on an auspicious day, at an auspicious hour, Kanakamañjarī was married to the king. The king assigned to her a palace and a multitude of female slaves.

The king had many queens and each one entered the king's sleeping apartment on the night when her turn came. Accordingly it was Kanakamañjarī's turn. She adorned herself and took a slave girl called Madanikā with her and sat down upon a seat in the king's bed room. When the king came in, she greeted him and performed all other acts of politeness and modesty. The king lay down on the bed. Kanakamañjarī had instructed her slave girl to choose exactly this moment and asked her to tell a story. Kanakamañjarī said that she would tell the story only when the king fell fast asleep.

The king too had the curiosity to hear the story and so he pretended to be asleep and Kanakamañjarī began her story presuming the king to be asleep: "Listen ! There was in the city of Vasantapura a merchant Varuṇa. He had a temple built of one hand in size that was made all of one block of stone. Into this, he put a certain idol of four hands. " Madanikā the slave girl asked how could there be room for an idol of four hands in a temple of the size of one hand. Kanakamañjarī replied that since she was very sleepy, she would answer the question next night. The slave girl thereupon



left the room. But the king's curiosity was aroused. He too wanted to know the answer. So on the next day, the order was given that that night it would again be the turn of Kanakamañjarī to enter the king's bed room. Once again she went there with the slave girl and when the king was supposed to be asleep, Madanikā asked her mistress to complete the earlier night's story and answer the question that she had asked. Kanakamañjarī said that the idol was a fourarmed one, it was not the size of the body that she referred to when she said that it was an idol of four hands.

Madanikā asked for another story which Kanakamañjarī began: "Friend, there is a great forest. In it there stands a great red Aśoka tree with outspread boughs and branches. And it has no shade." Madanikā asked, "how could such an excellent tree have no shade?" Kanakamañjarī said, she was too sleepy to explain it all. She could wait till the next night. The king who had overheard this much part of the story, on the third night also summoned Kanakamañjarī to his bed room when she answered Madanikā's question. "The tree's shade is below it."

Then there was a request for another story and Kanakamañjarī began: "In a certain place there was a village magistrate. He had a big camel which roamed about at will. One day it saw a *babbūla* tree abounding in leaves, blossoms and fruit, and towards that the camel stretched out its neck but could not reach it. It harassed itself for a very long time in order to reach the tree; it stretched its neck a great deal in all four directions but could not succeed at all. It was seized by anger. Therefore, it discharged its urine and dung on the tree." Madanikā asked "How could it discharge its urine and dung on the tree which it could not even reach with its mouth?" Kanakamañjarī promised to complete the story next day.

On the next night Kanakamañjarī said, "The *babbūla* tree was down in the pit of a dried up well. Therefore the camel could not reach it with its mouth but conveniently expressed its anger the way it did."

In this way, Kanakamañjarī amused the king with such interesting stories for six months and the king enjoyed being with her and enjoying the pleasures of love with her alone. The other

queens of the king felt greatly enraged against Kanakamañjari and they planned to expose her before the king. They believed that she must be in possession of some witchcraft to bewitch the king like this. Otherwise, how could a daughter of a poor artisan manage to keep the king away for such a long time from all other queens who were born in the highest families. They were afraid that the king's wealth would one of these days be ruined by her jugglery and trickery.

Kanakamañjari, who was quite aware of what she really was, a poor artisan's daughter, everyday in the noon time, entered one of the chambers in her palace, shut the door and cast off the rich garments and the finery that belonged to the king and put on the tattered dress and the cheap trinkets that she had got from her father. She would then begin to admonish herself: "Don't be proud, O soul, of this wealth. Don't be conceited, forget thyself. This wealth is the king's. Thine are these clothes all tattered to pieces. So don't feel proud of this wealth and don't be conceited. Be of a calm mind, for a long time thou didst not enjoy such splendour. The king can any time catch thee by the neck and throw thee out."

When she shut herself up in her own chamber, and mumbled all these words to herself, the other queens of the king tried to overhear her but could not catch the exact words. They therefore jumped to the conclusion that she was working some incantation of an evil spirit. This way they thought they had obtained evidence to prove that she had only bewitched the king. They quickly decided to inform the king of the evil designs of this artisan's daughter.

The king said he would verify it for himself and accordingly, he came to Kanakamañjari's chamber one afternoon when she had locked herself in it. The king listened to her words carefully and entered the room. He saw all that the other queens described and also heard for himself how she went about instructing herself which was grossly misunderstood by them. His heart was filled with joy. He was quite impressed by her humility and felt convinced that she was in every respect a treasure of all excellences. He decided to ignore the warnings of witchcraft which his other queens had given him. They were only envious. To them excellence in Kanakamanjari

looked like a fault. Soon enough, the king sought an opportunity to declare Kanakamañjarī as his principal queen and invested her with a crown.

Thus the time went by and one day the king and Kanakamañjarī got themselves initiated as lay devotees from a *muni* called Vimalacandra.

In course of time Kanakamañjarī died and became a goddess in heaven. After her period of life there came to an end, she was born as the daughter of Dadhasatti (Dṛdhasakti), king of the Vidyādhara on mount Vaitādhya in the city of Toranapura. During this life time her name was Kanakamālā. When she grew to be a charming young woman, she was abducted by a Vidyādhara named Vāsava, who was much ravished by her beauty. He created by his magic a palace on the mountain for her to live in and Kanakamālā said that he also constructed a balcony there for a nuptial ceremony since he was very keen on marrying her there only.

Kanakamālā's eldest brother Kanayateya (Kanakatejas) came there and was furious with the Vidyādhara who had kidnapped his sister. A fierce fight ensued in which both of them died and Kanakamālā continued to stay in the palace with all her distress.

One of these days, a god named Vānavyantara arrived there and spoke to Kanakamālā with tender affection. He claimed that she was his daughter and he was her father but before Kanakamālā could question him, the Vidyādhara Dṛdhasakti came there. He was on a search for his son and daughter. Through a magical trick Vānavyantara transformed Kanakamālā into a dead body and Dṛdhasakti saw three dead bodies — one of his daughter, the other of his son and the third of Vāsava. The king imagined that Vāsava must have struck Kanakamālā the fatal blow before he was killed by Kanakatejas. He was overwhelmed by the enormity of suffering and sorrow that life in this world meant. Wisdom lay in realising the true nature of things. He therefore conceived great discontent with the world and decided to become a wandering ascetic.

Vānavyantara withdrew his magic and Kanakamālā appeared before Dṛdhasakti as his living daughter and respectfully greeted

him. She also bowed to god Vānavyantara. Dṛḍhaśakti wanted to know the real state of affairs there and Kanakamālā told him the story of her brother's death. Dṛḍhaśakti wanted to know about the third dead body and Vānavyantara confessed that he had changed Kanakamālā into a dead body. Dṛḍhaśakti asked him for what purpose exactly he had done it. Vānavyantara's elaborate explanation was as follows:

"In the city of Kṣitipratisthita there was a king Jitaśatru by name. He married the daughter of an ordinary painter called Citrāṅgada and her name then was Kanakamañjarī. In course of time she became a lay disciple and piloted her father across this world as his spiritual guide and that is how after his death he became a god Vānavyantara by name and that is me. Once I happened to see Kanakamālā in this palace, overwhelmed with grief. An extremely tender affection sprang up in me and I wondered whether she could have been a near relative of mine in any of the former existences. I made use of superhuman knowledge, *avadhi* and through it realised that the young lady in front of me was none else than my daughter Kanakamañjarī, who after death was re-born as a Vidyādhara's daughter. When you came, and claimed to be her father, I thought she would go away with you and I hated separation from her. Therefore, I turned her into a woman of a different appearance in order to deceive you. But when you decided to take to the life of a religious mendicant, I felt greatly distressed by what I did to deceive you. I would very much like you to forgive me for this evil act." King Dṛḍhaśakti who had by now decided to be a monk, expressed his gratitude to Vānavyantara, whom he considered to be his benefactor because on account of his trickery, the king could grasp the truth regarding the real nature of *saṃsāra*. He then flew up and roamed in accordance with his own desire.

Kanakamālā, who had heard the story told by Vānavyantara carefully, recollected her previous birth and told the god that she indeed was Kanakamañjarī, his daughter. She then asked her father, Vānavyantara, who would it be to marry her. The god Vānavyantara who was in possession of the superior knowledge of *avadhi* told her that the one who in the earlier existence was king

Jitaśatru. After his death, he had become a god and now he had come to this world as king Dr̥ḍhasim̐ha's son Sim̐haratha by name. He would come along to marry her. The girl asked how exactly could they meet each other when she has been almost imprisoned in the palace. The god Vānavyantara answered that Sim̐haratha would surely come there. He would be carried there by a horse that has been trained in the inverse manner. Kanakamālā should therefore continue to remain there and feel no anxiety whatever. Her young man was bound to meet her there and god Vānavyantara, as her father, would remain there only in the same palace and look after her. Kanakamālā accordingly spent her time pleasantly in the palace till prince Sim̐haratha arrived there and now she completed the account of her life by telling Sim̐haratha that she herself was the girl. Her father in the meantime, she said, had gone to mount Meru to worship the various shrines there. In the course of the same afternoon, prince Sim̐haratha arrived in the palace and out of excessive longing for him, she could not wait till her father arrived but rushed through the wedding ceremony in the balcony of the palace.

Prince Sim̐haratha recollected his previous birth. God Vānavyantara also arrived, accompanied by a troupe of gods. Kanakamālā told him the story of her own marriage and god Vānavyantara felt very happy. The husband and wife remained in the same palace for another month when the prince remembered the state of affairs in his own city. Perhaps his enemies had attacked it. Therefore, he should be going back and Kanakamālā let him do so but suggested that he should accept from her a certain magical spell called Paṇṇatti (*praññapti*) which will enable him to reach his city quickly enough. When the king reached his city, he was given a very rousing welcome. A great festival was celebrated in his honour and the king's ministers and servants asked him about the various adventures that had kept him away from the city. The king told them of all that had happened. They were all astonished. But the only conclusion they could draw was: "Wherever the man of merit goes through a foreign country, into the forest or to the middle of the sea, there he is always happy. Therefore, do you acquire merit."

On the fifth day after the arrival in the city, the king went back to the mountain where Kanakamālā lived. After a few days of living with her, he came back to his city and again went back to the mountain. Because of this, his people gave him the name 'Naggai'.

Once when Naggai had been to the mountain to be with Kanakamālā, her father god Vānavyantara told the king that he had been ordered by his master to come away from the worldly residence where he had spent much time and that he must go. It would probably be long before he came back and that he was worried that his daughter would feel very lonely without him. Therefore the father requested the king that he must do something so that she did not feel lonesome. The king then thought of various plans but that the one that appealed to him most was to build a charming city on that mountain so that with people around her, Kanakamālā would not feel lonesome. He persuaded many of his own subjects to shift to the new township. He constructed temples of the Jinas and celebrated great festivals with religious processions. This way he ruled for many years with justice.

One day he went to visit a certain place with his people and on his way he saw a lovely mango tree looking splendid with its newly blossom. The king plucked a cluster of blossom from the tree. The people that followed him, including the army personnel also plucked several such clusters from its branches. As a result the tree was left merely a skeleton of bare sticks. On his return journey, the king very much wanted to see the same mango tree and when he could not notice it, he asked where the tree had disappeared. The minister of state explained to him that after he plucked one small cluster of blossoms, others also did the same and as a result, the tree presented a terribly bare look. Upon this the king reflected: "Surely, as long as there is wealth there is splendour; but all wealth is unstable." This observation awakened in him a spiritual experience and he became an enlightened human being and perceived the Truth.

## 21. RAJIMATĪ AND RATHANEMI

*(The tough-minded heroine involved in a conflict with a pleasure seeking young man is a typical Miltonic situation. But Milton's Young Lady confronted by Comus has to seek the helping hand of the heavens whereas Rājimatī here stands on her own and puts her assailant to shame.)* -GSB

- Kṛṣṇa suggested to king Ugrasena that for his daughter, Rājimatī, Prince Ariṣṭanemi would be the proper match. Rājimatī was a beautiful young lady with such lustrous complexion that people thought it sparkled like lightning. Ariṣṭanemi, Kṛṣṇa's cousin, was indeed an appropriate groom for her. King Ugrasena saw no hitch and the wedding was to take place at his residence.

Accordingly prince Ariṣṭanemi was bathed in perfumed water dressed in gorgeous garments, decked up in all kinds of jewellery and put upon an impressively decorated elephant. He was given the escort of elephants, chariots, cavalry units and infantry men, in keeping with the dignity of his position in the royal family of Śauripura. In a splendid procession headed by drummers and musicians Ariṣṭanemi started for the residence of the bride. On his way however he saw a number of birds and other animals shut up in cages. He looked at them, saw a piteous look in their eyes and felt greatly disturbed by the sight. He asked his mahout why these poor animals were shut up like that. The mahout said that they were being taken to the palace for his wedding feast. 'Good-heavens', thought Ariṣṭanemi, was his marriage to cost so much? All these animals will be slaughtered, there will be such a lot of bloodshed – all for the wedding of a man and woman...!'



The marriage procession of Neminātha  
(Ariṣṭanemi) (16th Century A. D.) p. 140



The meeting of Rathanemi with Rājimati  
(15th Century A. D.) p. 140





He started stripping himself of all his jewellery and royal garments. He ordered the elephant to stop. He got off and quickly strode his way towards Mount Raivataka. He had already become a monk in his mind.

His brother Rathanemi would not forget the bewitching beauty of Rājimati. She had made a firm decision to enter a religious order. She was greatly upset by the fact that the man she had fixed her mind on as her husband had discarded her. She would not give up her idea of becoming a nun and a disciple of the great teacher. But Rathanemi would not leave her alone, though on one occasion she had spoken pretty brusquely to him. Even then he persisted. Then she called him to her room. She got some porridge made, added ghee and honey in a generous measure to it and in front of him gulped it. He didn't know what she could be meaning by it. She had an emitic concealed in her mouth and quickly she threw up all the porridge in a golden bowl. She held it in front of Rathanemi and asked him to eat it up. He was shocked. He protested, even a village idiot would not like to touch what has been vomitted. How could she expect him to drink it ? She replied that all along he had been desiring to eat up what his brother had vomitted. She has been discarded by him and to desire her almost amounted to desiring his vomit.

Rathanemi felt disgust for all this physical world. He said, like her, he too would enter a religious order. And he really did. Rājimati's trick seemed to have worked at least for sometime. It so happened that Rājimati as a nun wanted to go to the Raivataka mountain to fall at the feet of the great monk Ariṣṭanemi. She travelled towards the mountain in a group of other nuns. On their way they were caught in a heavy torrent of rain. Before they could find any shelter they were drenched to the skin. Rājimati entered a cave just as the light was failing. Her other companions found similar shelter elsewhere. Rājimati found herself alone in the cave, she felt easy enough about removing all her clothes and spreading them out for drying. But Rathanemi was already there and she had not seen him at all. He looked at her shapely body so gloriously exposed to his eyes, her smooth skin and charming complexion

and felt terribly infatuated. When Rājimatī saw that another person was present there she covered her breasts by her arms that she held tightly across them and quickly huddled herself into a sitting position to save further exposure. But she did not lose the presence of her mind. When Rathanemi again made his proposal and went on expatiating how the human body was a precious achievement which one earned after an accumulation of much merit in earlier lives and how terribly unfair it would be not to enjoy all the pleasure the body has been meant to provide.

Rājimatī once again spoke bluntly: Even if he were as handsome as Kūbera, as accomplished as Nalakūbara, why, even as great as Indra himself she would not care to look at him, much less entertain any desire for him. She said she was the daughter of king Bhoja, came from a great family and her sense of honour was like that of the serpents of the Agandhana family. They would willingly enter fire and burn themselves to death but not suck back the poison they have once injected whatever the medicine-man's pressure. She reminded him that he too came from an equally honourable family of the Vṛṣṇis and it was a shame that he should behave with women in such a despicable manner. He was once again desiring to eat up vomit like a low and mean snake of the Gandana class. She further pointed out that if he was still subject to such wild desires for women he would one of these days completely be uprooted like a tree hit by a storm. If he did not learn to control his desires and bodily organs he would be no more a master of them all than the cowherd boys are the masters of the cattle they tend. Death would be a better fate for such a man. The hypocrite, most inglorious hypocrite who has chosen the path of renunciation and yet can't renounce any thing.

'Please, sir, control yourself, your mind, your desires, your sense organs. Be a master of yourself and save yourself from this disgrace.'

Rathanemi felt himself like a wild elephant that was being brought under control by the sharp and strong goad of a firm-minded mahout. Rājimatī's words of reproach were equally

sharp and they pierced him deep. He swore to her never to waver in his path again; he would follow the path most faithfully.

Rājimati gained the final *kevalajñāna* soon enough and so did the old sinner Rathanemi, through what she had taught him.



## **C : TALES OF WIT AND WISDOM**



## 22. RṢABHA CARITRA

Rṣabha, the first king, the first Jina who was also the first *kevalin* and the first *Tīrthaṅkara* became also the first *cakravartin*. He was born to Marudevī, the wife of Nābhi *kulakara*, on the eighth day of the dark half of the month of Caitra. The birth was duly celebrated by the deities presiding over all the directions. Indra, the king of Gods, however felt terribly frightened, he was trembling all over at the birth of Rṣabha. He at once visited the baby and bowed to him because Indra knew by his *avadhijñāna* that the child was going to be the first *Tīrthaṅkara*.

Then he summoned god, Harinaigamesī by name and ordered him to ring thrice the giant bell Sughoṣa and proclaim to the whole world of gods Indra's message. He wanted all the gods to be present in Jambūdvīpa without any delay to celebrate the birth of the first *Tīrthaṅkara*. They were further instructed to bring with them their families as well. They were also instructed to carry rich gifts for the child. The birth of Rṣabha was duly celebrated on a grand scale.

The first *Tīrthaṅkara* Rṣabha lived as Kumāra for twenty lakh *pūrvas*. During his reign, he taught people seventytwo arts of men, sixtyfour arts of women and one hundred arts in sculpture.

He put on the thrones of a hundred kingdoms a hundred of his sons and himself settled down as a *mahārāja* over them all and that is how he ruled for eightythree lakh *pūrvas*. After ruling for this length of time on the 9th day of the dark half of the month of Caitra he came to Siddhārthavana, the famous park outside his city, followed by a large number of people. He stood under an Āśoka tree, removed all his ornaments and plucked all his hair in four



handfuls. He thus became a monk.

He wore clothes that a monk should wear for a little over a year and then he discarded them altogether to become an *acelaka* (nude). After doing severe penance, he succeeded in detaching himself completely from material life and ensured the purity of his soul. Thus separated from the body his soul gained the purity of gold. Detached like the lotus leaf, he became gentle like the moon and bright like the sun. He also achieved the firmness of Mount Meru and the tolerance of Mother Earth.

Rṣabha as an *arhat* travelled from one place to another conveying his message of enlightenment to people everywhere for one thousand years. He attained the ultimate knowledge, *kevalajñāna* while he was lost in meditation under a Banyan tree in the Śakaṭamukha Park. He was also at that time observing a fast, remaining even without water for three days. This was the eleventh day of the dark half of the month of Phālguna.

Rṣabha as a *kevalin* travelled from place to place preaching the five great vows, *pañcamahāvratas*. The army of his disciples gradually increased. He now had eighty four *gaṇas* and eightyfour *gaṇadharas*, eightyfour thousand monks and three lakh nuns. He also had three lakh and five thousand *śrāvakas* and five lakh and fiftyfour thousand *srāvikās* who had pinned implicit faith in him. Śreyāṃsa and Subhadra were the chief amongst the *śrāvakas* and *srāvikās*.

On the thirteenth day of the dark half of Māgha, Kevali Rṣabha went up the mount Aṣṭāpada. He was accompanied by ten thousand monks. On the mountain, he sat down to meditate and during the course of the period of meditation, when he had also observed a fast for six days when he abstained even from water, his soul left his body, Rṣabha in this manner attained salvation after a long span of eightyfour lakh *pūrvas*.

Indra through his *avadhijñāna* came to know that Arhat Rṣabha had that day attained salvation. He at once summoned the other gods to celebrate the *nirvāṇa-mahotsava* in honour of the First *Tīrthāṅkara*.

## 23. ARIṢṬANEMI CARITRA

Queen Śivādevi of Samudravijaya of Śaurikapura, a city in Bhāratvarṣa which is situated in Jambūdvīpa, gave birth to a son on the fifth day of the bright half of Śravana and was named Ariṣṭanemi. Before he took his birth in the royal house of Samudravijaya, Ariṣṭanemi had completed a life span of thirtytwo *sāgaropamas* in Aparājita Mahāvimāna. His mother had conceived him on the twelfth day of the dark half of Kārtika at midnight in Citrā constellation. Ariṣṭanemi lived in the palace of his parents as a *kumāra* for three hundred years before he took orders on the sixth day of the bright half of Śravana. Nearly a thousand of his friends and followers also accepted the religious order along with him.

In the course of his spiritual pursuits, he was once lost in meditation for fifty four nights and days, during which period he experienced complete detachment of himself from his body. On the next day that is the fiftyfifth day of his meditation which happened to be the fifteenth day of the dark half of Āśvina, Ariṣṭanemi attained kevalajñāna - the ultimate knowledge - at midnight in the Citrā constellation. This was on the mount Ujjayanta where he was practising *aṣṭama bhakta* penance without water.

As a *kevalin*, with that supreme enlightenment which had come to him, he travelled every where on this earth for seven hundred years and enlisted eighteen thousand disciples. He also had eighteen *gaṇas* and eighteen *gaṇadharas*.

On the mount Ujjayanta he observed a rigorous fast for one full month without water. On the eighth day of the bright half of Āśāḍha

he completed that fast. That day, the sun was in Citrā constellation and at midnight Ariṣṭanemi's soul left his body and attained salvation. He had 536 monks along with him as his companions and when he ended his life, it was after a long span of one thousand years.

## 24. BHARATAKRAVARTĪ CARITRA

In the ancient times, when Bharata was the king of the city of Vinītā, it so happened that a divine *cakra*, a bright disc, appeared in the sky and the guard on duty was extremely delighted to see the divine sign as it travelled towards the armoury of the king. The guard humbly bowed to the *cakra* and rushed inside the palace to acquaint the king of its appearance. The king also expressed his surprise and followed the guard to the armoury and when he saw it, he too offered his worshipful salutation to the disc. He was extremely pleased with the guard who brought him the news and gave away all the jewellery that he was wearing on his person except of course his crown.

The king ordered eight days of celebrations in honour of the divine sign. When they were over, the *Cakra* moved out of the armoury and placed itself in the sky where it was surrounded by one thousand *Yakṣasas*. Finally it moved in the eastern direction towards Māgadha tīrtha.

The king also decided to follow the *cakra* as it proceeded towards Māgadha tīrtha. He got his four-fold army prepared for the journey and led it himself mounting on his own excellent elephant (*ābhisekya hasti-ratna*) which was beautifully decorated. He camped outside the city of Magadha tīrtha and ordered his men to construct a house looking like a cottage where Jain householders stay when they observe a religious fast for varying periods of time. Such a house called *pausaḍhas ālā* was made ready for the king in which he lived for three days observing a fast without water called *aṣṭamabhakta* which is usually undertaken to propitiate the god

Kumāra who is the presiding deity of Māgadha tīrtha.

When the fast was over, the king ordered his army to march ahead towards the Lavaṇa ocean. When they reached the ocean, the king entered it in his chariot but stopped when the water reached the middle of the wheels of the chariot. Then the king shot out an arrow from his powerful bow which dropped right in front of the presiding deity of Māgadha tīrtha, god Kumāra. He felt tremendously angry and demanded in his big roaring voice, "Who is he that desires death ?" He picked up the arrow and when he looked at it he quickly realised that it belonged to king Bharata. Māgadha tīrtha had a long tradition of honouring cakravarti kings and so god Kumāra also, according to this tradition, approached the king with rich gifts. Bharata in his turn bowed before the god in an appropriately reverential manner and accepted the gifts. He also held an eight day celebration in honour of the God of Māgadha tīrtha.

Towards the end of the week-long celebration, the king saw that the *cakra* was moving in the south western direction towards Vardāma tīrtha. The king followed the *cakra* with his army. Then the *cakra* moved north-west towards Prabhāsa tīrtha and the king and his army also followed. At both the places the king held appropriate celebrations in honour of the presiding deities.

The *cakra* now moved east towards the temple of Sindhudevī. There also the king held his celebrations in honour of the Devī and moved further on in the north-eastern direction towards the mountain Vaitādhya where the *cakra* had moved. It also moved further towards Timisrā Cave in the western direction. The king as usual held celebrations in honour of the deities of the mountain and the cave.

He summoned the commander-in-chief of his army and ordered him to proceed through the various countries on the way and conquer so that his way back home was marked by a victory march. In all he conquered thirtytwo thousand kings throughout the Bhāratavarṣa and secured the nine well known treasures (Navanidhi) known as (1) *Nesarpa*, (2) *Pāṇḍuka*, (3) *Piṅgalaka*, (4) *Sarva ratna*, (5) *Mahā-padma*, (6) *Kāla*, (7) *Mahākāla*, (8)

*Māṇavaka* and (9) Śāṅkha. Each one of them had a deity to guard it and lasted for a very long time, as long as a *palyopama*.

When the victory march of Bharata came to its end, the divine *cakra* re-emerged from the armoury of the king and moved towards the king's own capital of Vinītā, the king realised that his conquests have now ended and the divine message was that he should return home. Accordingly he arrived home and was greatly felicitated by the bards of the court and the people. The king distributed rich gifts to his loyal subjects.

The king thus lived happily in his own palace at Vinītā but a thought kept recurring to his mind that since he had conquered the entire Bhāratavarṣa by his own valour and thirtytwo thousand kings of the conquered territory have chosen to follow his lead submissively, and since he possessed the nine well-known treasures why should not the people designate him the *cakravartin*. With this thought, he called a meeting of the royal council to which he invited sixteen thousand gods, thirtytwo thousand kings, his commander-in-chief, his *purohita* and three hundred and sixty bards of the court. He explained to them his new position and expressed his desire that a coronation ceremony to confer the title of *cakravartin* on him should be held.

On an auspicious day at an auspicious hour, the coronation was held in a grand and spectacular ceremony and the king was pleased to declare twelve years of festivity in the city. Bharata ruled for a long time and enjoyed every possible pleasure.

Once it so happened that the king after his bath entered the hall of mirrors and admired the beauty and lustre of his body. As he was absorbed in his appreciation of his own figure, he went into a trance which was the beginning of a deep meditation. His mind acquired purer and purer states and ultimately reached the highest stage where the king acquired *kevalaṁnāna*. In the hall of mirrors itself he cast off all the ornaments from his person, stripped it of his expensive garments, plucked his hair in five handfuls and walked out of the hall. He visited his harem but quickly came out and left the palace. Ten thousand of the kings collected around him and in their company he left the capital. He travelled to Kosala and stayed

there for some time. Then he moved on towards the Aṣṭāpada Mountain. On its top, he found a slab of stone and sat on it in the *pādapopagamana* posture. He renounced food and water. He observed fast for one month. This practice of observing occasional fasts of one month duration lasted all his life which spanned over eightyfour lakh years at the end of which *kevalin* Bharata attained salvation.

## 25. MAHĀBALA CARITRA

In the city of Vāṇijyagrāma there lived a rich merchant by name Sudarśana. By inclination he was religious and never lost an occasion to offer his worshipful regards to monks that visited the place; he also practised under their guidance penances to purify his soul.

Once Mahāvīra himself came to Vāṇijyagrāma. He even held discourses to enlighten the people of the town. Sudarśana was most anxious to see the great omniscient. He started on foot towards the place where the Great One had camped. A large number of people had gathered there. Sudarśana, who was supremely pleased to have a look at the great prophet paid his most sincere homage, and took a seat amongst the vast audience. Mahāvīra's discourse, he thought, was extremely illuminating and he was greatly impressed. As the preacher stopped, Sudarśana got up, humbly bowed to the Master and asked about the various divisions of Time. The Master replied, "O, Sudarśana, Time is four-fold : 1) *Pramāṇakāla*, 2) *yathāyurnirvṛtikāla*, 3) *maraṇakāla*, 4) *addhākāla*." The Great Master also explained the divisions and sub-divisions of these four. Sudarśana asked the exact purpose of *palyopama* and *sāgaropama*, the two measures of time. Mahāvīra answered that both of them were units of time in which the life time of nāraka, human beings and gods was measured. Sudarśana asked whether time measured either way was subject to decay. The Master replied that it was so and illustrated it with the story of Mahābala which in fact was the previous birth of Sudarśana.

In the city of Hastināpura, there ruled king Bala. His queen



Prabhāvatī was extremely beautiful and they both enjoyed all kinds of pleasures. One night the queen saw a curious dream generally called a *sim̐hasvapna* — a lion dream, so called because it is all about a lion. As the queen was sleeping in her most comfortable bed, around the middle of the night, she saw an enormously big lion, well built, good looking, silver white in complexion with jaws wide open, eyes blood red, descending from the sky and entering into her mouth. The queen was completely awake but not frightened in the least. On the other hand she was extremely happy. She was eager to narrate the whole dream to her husband, her impatience would not allow her to wait till the morning. Therefore she rushed into his bed room and awakened him. The king kept on looking at her with great curiosity and asked her the purpose of her visit at that odd hour of the night. She told him of the dream which strangely enough filled her with a great feeling of satisfaction, and asked him whether he could fathom the meaning of such a dream. The king thought for a while and said to his queen that as he understood it, the queen would beget a son, the gem of the royal family, exactly after nine months and seven-and-a-half days. However the king said he would consult the royal priest for the right interpretation of the dream. But even with the king's explanation the queen's joy knew no bounds and she kept awake all through the night so that the dream she had seen should not be disturbed. She remembered various auspicious stories about gods and saints for the rest of the night.

In the morning the king sent for the priest and asked him to interpret the queen's dream. The scientific explanation according to the priest was that the child that was going to be born was destined to be either a great king or a monk. The dream that the queen had seen was one of the fourteen dreams that prophesy great events in the life of the child to be born. Exactly after nine months and seven-and-a-half days the queen gave birth to a son bearing the lustre of full moon. The king expressed his great joy by distributing all the ornaments that he had on his person except his crown to all the servants that had attended the queen during her labour and brought him the good news. The whole capital celebrated the birth of the child on a grand scale. The king ordered

that all the prisoners should be released. The streets of Hastināpura were sprinkled with scented water and the best singers, dancers and actors were invited from far off places. Thus the celebrations went on in the traditional manner for ten days. All rituals related to the birth of a child were solemnly conducted and the child was given the name of Mahābala.

After his eighth year, Mahābala was sent to his teacher's house for education in various arts and as time passed, he acquired mastery in whatever he was taught and came back to his parents' palace an extremely accomplished young man, handsome like a god, brave and brilliant.

King Bala and his queen Prabhāvati thought that it was now time for their son to get married and enter into *grhasthāśrama* and enjoy the pleasures of life. Eight beautiful princesses from noble families were decided upon as the brides of the young prince and eight excellent palaces were constructed for them. On an auspicious day the wedding took place and the prince went to live in his eight palaces with his eight beautiful brides to enjoy heavenly pleasures.

One of these days when the prince was standing in the balcony of his palace, he saw down on the road large groups of people talking animatedly among themselves, looking quite cheerful and all going towards the park Sahasrāmṛavana outside the town. He kept on looking at the never ending stream of people and wondered whether there was any festive occasion that they were celebrating. He called one of the servants of the palace to ask what festival the people were celebrating of which he had no knowledge. The servant said there was no such holiday but the people were all going towards the park to listen to the great prophet Dharmaghoṣa who had arrived in the town. He further said that to listen to the enlightening speech of the prophet was almost like drinking nectar. The prince immediately ordered his chariot to be kept in readiness to go to the park where he would be most happy to meet the prophet. Accordingly he did travel towards the park but he got off from the chariot some distance from the park and walked it. This was part of his respect for the great teacher. When he saw him he

bowed to him most humbly and when the discourse was over, prince Mahābala felt greatly enlightened. He saw the pathetic transitoriness of the worldly life. He was greatly touched by the terrible fact that nothing remained for ever, neither wealth nor power nor his useful body; every thing was subject to decline, decay and death. Even the human relations were not permanent.

With such thoughts he returned home only to decide that he would renounce the world and take orders at the hands of the great monk. Before that he thought he ought to seek the permission of his parents and when he mentioned it to them, it was the biggest shock of their lives. Tears kept on flowing freely from their eyes and they hardly knew what to say to their son. Finally they managed to say, "It is hardly the time for you. You have not even tasted the pleasures of life. What will your eight beautiful innocent wives do without you ? You surely owe some thought to them. How will they bear this blow and you cannot forget that you are the future king of this famous city." The prince however did not feel any way touched by the pleadings of his parents nor by their tears, much less by the mention of his delightful wives. Nothing could touch his heart. His mind rejected all worldly feelings and emotions. He stuck to his own decision to renounce the worldly life and continued to beg most politely of them their permission to get into the religious order.

The king and the queen, desperate as they were, tried like a drowning person to catch hold of a straw; they put forward a request that Mahābala should agree to be coronated the king of Hastināpura just for a day. The prince could not say no to such a small request, but insisted that the king issues orders for the coronation immediately.

Accordingly, the hastily organised ceremony took place and Mahābala became the sovereign king of Hastināpura. Before him stood king Bala and queen Prabhāvatī with folded hands and asked what service did the new king expect from them. King Mahābala quickly bent down and touched the feet of his parents and said : "Be kind enough to grant me the permission to renounce this world and become a monk." With very heavy heart indeed the king and queen granted the permission.

Mahābala went to the great monk Dharmaghoṣa and under his supervision took orders. For twelve years he practised as a monk several penances, travelled from place to place, held his discourses at all the places he visited and carried the message of enlightenment to every one that he met. One of these days when he was in a state of meditation, his soul left his body. He was then born as a god in Brahmālokakalpa.

Mahāvīra concluded the story of Mahābala and turned to Sudarśana and said that that was the story of his previous births. He further said, "you enjoyed all kinds of divine pleasures in the Brahmālokakalpa for a period of ten *sāgaropamas*. After that your life as a god was over and you were sent into this world as Sudarśana. That is what you now are. This way you will see time is measured in *palyopama* and *sāgaropama* and it is always subject to decay."

The account of his previous births made Sudarśana greatly enlightened. He attained the knowledge *jātismaraṇa*, by which one was able to recall the account of one's previous births. He now felt doubly devoted to religion and lost whatever interest he had in the worldly life. He readily accepted religious orders at the hands of Mahāvīra and lived the life of an ascetic for twelve more years during which he practised severe penances.

## 26. GAJASUKUMĀLA CARITRA

The great monk Ariṣṭanemi in the course of his itinerary came to Dvāravati where he held his religious discourses to convey the message of his religion to the people and enlighten them. Ariṣṭanemi had six brothers. They closely resembled each other in form, figure and beauty. They all were bluish in complexion and bore the auspicious mark of *śrivatsa* on their chest. At the hands of Ariṣṭanemi all the six of them took orders and became his disciples.

One day they asked their Master whether they could practise the fast known as *ṣaṣṭha - bhakta* till the end of their lives to purify their souls. Ariṣṭanemi told them they could certainly do that and do it without any further delay.

The six brothers divided themselves into three separate groups of monks, all practising the penance that they had said they would. Whenever they had to break their fast, they went out for alms which they collected from the top, middle and low caste families in the town. Once it so happened that one of the three groups of monks in which they had organised themselves went to the palace of king Vasudeva and queen Devakī to beg. The queen was delighted to see the monks coming towards their palace. She quickly came forward to receive them, bowed to them respectfully and offered alms. Soon after, the second group of monks, which also included two of the brothers, came to the palace to beg. Queen Devakī treated the second group with as much respect as the first and offered alms. After some time, the third group also including two other brothers came and the queen was equally delighted and offered alms with the same respect. But she was greatly confused.

She was all along wondering why the same monks visited her palace thrice in the course of the same day. She was worried that these monks could not collect enough from the other houses and she felt sad that they were not being generous enough towards the monks. She asked the monks of the last group whether in the heavenly city of Dvāravatī, the monks were not in a position to collect enough alms at other places and that they had to visit the same house over and over again. The two of the identical looking brothers that were foremost in the group assured the queen that that was not the matter at all. The other two groups had similar looking young monks with them and all the six were so identical that it was difficult to tell one from the other. They all had bluish complexion and carried the *śrīvatsa* on their chest. They were six brothers, all sons of Nāga, the householder and his wife Sulasā. The other two visited her house in their own separate groups, but surely they said the same group did not come thrice.

Devakī's doubts were cleared but she did not stop feeling restless over this simple incident of seeing six identical looking brothers. It reminded her of what had happened when she was a child. A monk Atimukta by name had come to the city of Polāsapura. He had told Devakī that she would bear eight sons who would have the same form and figure, the same complexion and the same beauty. The monk had further said that no other woman in the entire Bhāratavarṣa would bear sons like that. Now that Devakī had seen six identical looking brothers she wondered how the words of that monk could have gone wrong. Some other woman did bear sons like her own. She thought Ariṣṭanemi was the only one qualified enough to explain the mystery and to him she did go.

As a reply to Devakī's queries Ariṣṭanemi narrated the following story:

In the city of Bhaddilapura there lived a householder whose name was Nāga. He was very rich and powerful. His wife was Sulasā. When she was very young, a fortune-teller had told her that she would give birth to only still-born children. Sulasā in her childhood only became devoted to god Hariṇaigameśin whose idol she always worshipped. She did not eat anything unless she

worshipped her god. Out of great compassion for the young woman, the god made such arrangement that Sulasā and Devakī conceived at the same time and delivered their children at the same time. Sulasā's child, as the prediction had said, was still-born. But the god that she had sincerely worshipped took the still-born child from the side of Sulasā and left it in Devakī's bed and Devakī's child was brought to Sulasā. This happened not once but all the six times and Ariṣṭanemi continued, "So Devakī, these six monks are none else but your own children. The words of the sage Atimukta have not gone wrong at all."

Devakī went to meet the six monks. She was greatly overcome by tender motherly affection. Her eyes were filled with tears and breasts secreted milk.

When she came back home, it was with very sad thoughts. "What an unlucky mother I am. I gave birth to lovely children but came to be deprived of all the joys of a mother. How happy are the mothers to feed their babies at their breast and take pleasure in watching their childish activities." As Devakī was brooding over her misfortune, her son Vāsudeva came to pay his respects to the mother. But when he saw her sad face, he asked her what the matter was that had made her feel so upset. Devakī briefly narrated the story of Sulasā as was told to her by Ariṣṭanemi. Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa also felt greatly touched. However he comforted his mother and promised that another son would be born to her soon enough. He would persuade the right gods to bless her with one.

Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa, thereupon came to a *pauṣadhas'ālā*, a place where Jain householders stay for a certain period and strictly observe a religious vow called *pauṣadha*. Vāsudeva also observed the *aṣṭamabhakta* penance in order to propitiate the god Harinaigamesin. The god was pleased with the austerity of the penance and the purity of devotion with which Kṛṣṇa worshipped him during the period of the vow. At the end of it, he appeared before Vāsudeva to tell him how very much pleased he was with his penance and sincerity of devotion and asked him what did he expect the god to do, for him. Kṛṣṇa folded his hands and said: "O Lord, my earnest request to you is that my mother needs a son and

you should be kind enough to fulfil her desire, which is my desire as well. The god said Amen to this and assured Kṛṣṇa that a certain god who had just completed his period of stay in the *devaloka* would be born to Devakī as her son and Kṛṣṇa's younger brother. But the god also added that the new born child would be keen on taking orders as a Jain monk at the hands of Ariṣṭanemi. With these words of prophecy the god disappeared.

Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa went back to his mother and assured her that a son would soon be born to her and all her maternal desires and affection would be fulfilled and that she would no longer have any reason to feel aggrieved.

Devakī one night saw a lion in a dream and she woke up. All these supernatural signs convinced her that she had conceived. All that she now had to do was to wait patiently for the normal period of pregnancy to be over.

The child that was born to her was a son. He showed on his body the lustre of the sun and his limbs had the tenderness of flowers. King Vasudeva and Devakī celebrated the birth of the child and on the tenth day gave him the name Gajasukumāla; he was as tender as the sole of an elephant's foot. Devakī had the pleasure of feeding the child, of watching the childish activities which all mothers enjoy and she was altogether an immensely happy and satisfied mother. The young boy's growth was quick and healthy and when he was of the proper age, he was given the right type of education in a variety of arts and sciences. As a young man he was as handsome as a god and his parents were now eager to get a bride for him.

In the same town, there lived a Brahmin family: Somila, his wife Somaśrī and their daughter called Somā. The Brahmin was a great scholar in Vedas and other scriptures. Somā was a beautiful young lady. Once as Kṛṣṇa and his younger brother Gajasukumāla were on their way to see Ariṣṭanemi and pay homage to him, they happened to see Somā playing on the road with a golden ball. Kṛṣṇa was struck by her beauty and quickly decided that he would request her father to consider his proposal for marriage of the girl with his younger brother. He accordingly sent a royal messenger to the



Brahmin's place with his request. The Brahmin was delighted with the proposal. The marriage would soon take place.

Kṛṣṇa and Gajasukumāla proceeded to see Ariṣṭanemi. They did the usual homage to him and stayed on to listen to the discourse to which a large number of people from Dvāravatī had assembled. At the end of the discourse of the great Master, Gajasukumāla went up to him, bowed and said that he was so much impressed by the enlightening words of the Master that he had lost all interest in the worldly life as he saw it around. He would therefore very much like to receive orders from him and get into the Jain fold. He would only go back home to seek his parents' permission. Ariṣṭanemi nodded his head but had a meaningful smile on his face.

Gajasukumāla went back home with a firm determination which he declared to his parents. His mother collapsed under the shock. Later she tried to dissuade her son. She explained at great length how both of them, his father and herself, would not be able to bear separation from him. She expressed her strong desire that the young man should not think in terms of getting into the monk's way of life as long as his parents were alive. But the young man was so much convinced of the validity of the Jain point of view and of the futility of worldly life that he could not see any significance in the mother's pleading. He spoke to her about the basic transitory nature of worldly life and told her that he would not care to continue to live in it even a day longer. Therefore, the kindest thing the mother could do to him was to grant permission to renounce the world.

The parents however were equally firm. They reminded him of the luxuries that had so far surrounded his life, the comforts that he had enjoyed and asked him whether he would be able at all to lead the hard life of privation of a monk. They said it was as difficult as walking on the edge of a sword. They appealed to him to reconsider his decision, listen to their words and enjoy the pleasures of life with which his life as a prince had been so full. They also reminded him of his primary duty of creating the posterity. They said he could take orders and get into the ascetic way of life at the proper time when he had fulfilled all the obligations of the middle stage in life.

Gajasukumāla replied with a smile, "Monkhood is certainly

difficult, but for cowards; cowards who are attached to the worldly pleasures but for those like me who have completely detached themselves from them all, it should be easy indeed. Therefore, kindly grant me the permission."

In the meantime Kṛṣṇa, who was duly told about what was taking place between Gajasukumāla and his parents, rushed there to try in his own ways to dissuade Gajasukumāla of his decision. He told him that he was the future king of Dvāravati and he was destined to rule and enjoy all the royal privileges as well as pleasures. The coronation could be arranged without any delay, if Gajasukumāla so desired. But he kept quiet for a while and said, "This body, which is the instrument of enjoying pleasures is subject to decay and death. The soul alone is immortal. I am trying to choose the path that ensures the purity of the soul and leads to salvation. This surely is more rewarding than the royal pleasures and privileges of which you have spoken. Nothing really can tempt me now. Not even the kingdom of all the three worlds."

They all now felt convinced that to change the mind of Gajasukumāla was almost impossible. All that they did now was to request him to accept the crown of the king of Dvāravati just for a day before he left for the monastery. Gajasukumāla thought it best to acquiesce without any more protest. So accordingly, the coronation took place and Gajasukumāla was proclaimed the sovereign ruler of Dvāravati but at the end of the day, he was at the feet of Ariṣṭanemi. After he was duly ordained as a monk, he asked his master's permission to make the cemetery of the town his residence where he would stay in the Mahāpratīma posture.

One day, Gajasukumāla was in deep meditation in that posture when the Brahmin Somila saw him. The very sight of the prince now turned monk made the Brahmin furious. "He is the same rescal who has ruined the life of my innocent daughter. I must not lose this opportunity to avenge myself on the wretch." With these feelings, he went about his way to work out his revenge.

He collected some wet clay and made a bowl without bottom to fit the head of the monk. Then he got some burning coals and put them in an earthen pot which he placed on the monk's head

inside the bowl. The monk who had been in deep meditation did not notice any of the Brahmin's doings. The Brahmin was careful enough to run away from the cemetery as quickly as he could without being seen by any body.

The young monk Gajasukumāla was in great pain on account of the burns on the head but he conquered his anger against whoever had subjected him to this agony. Like a good monk, he suffered quietly and as a result of his tolerance of great pain, of his conquest of anger or any other ill feeling against his enemy, he was duly rewarded, he was released from all the bonds of *karma* and he attained the highest form of knowledge, the *kevala-jñāna*. Gods in the heaven showered flowers and sprinkled perfumed water on him. He became free from all agonies and sufferings.

Next day Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa felt a keen desire to see for himself how his younger brother Gajasukumāla had adapted himself to the hard life of monks. He came to Ariṣṭanemi to make inquiries. After the preliminaries of hospitality were over, Ariṣṭanemi explained to Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa all that had happened in the cemetery. Kṛṣṇa was furious and demanded to know the name of the wretch who had caused misery to his dear brother. Ariṣṭanemi tried to pacify him, advised him to give up his anger and whatever ill feelings against the man to whom the friends and relatives of Gajasukumāla should in fact be obliged. He it was that brought about the final salvation of the young monk. The fire that he burnt on his head destroyed all his *karmans*. But Vāsudeva refused to see this point of view. He insisted on knowing his name and his whereabouts. Ariṣṭanemi replied, "If you enter Dvāravati somewhere on its road, you will see a man dying right under your nose. That is the man who has taken the life of your brother.

Somila Brahmin spent a restless night. He was all along wondering what would Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa do to him if he were to learn from Ariṣṭanemi all about Gajasukumāla. He was bound to go there to make inquiries about his brother and Ariṣṭanemi would tell him everything. In that case, Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa would never forgive him. He would certainly devise ways and means to punish him most harshly. He was thus causing infinite anxiety to himself. He decided

not to stay at home but choose the side streets to wonder on. At the same time, Vāsudeva who was tremendously overwhelmed by grief, left Ariṣṭanemi and chose not so very frequented roads to get back into Dvāravatī. And that was how Vāsudeva saw Somila just ahead of him on the road. Somila saw Vāsudeva behind him. He thought he was following him. He felt so terribly frightened that his heart just stopped beating. He collapsed on the road and died instantaneously, right under the nose of Vāsudeva Kṛṣṇa as the Great Master Ariṣṭanemi had predicted. Kṛṣṇa had no doubt that the dead man was the killer of his dear brother. He got a few *cāṇḍālas* to drag away the body of the Brahmin and clean the place where the body was lying by sprinkling holy water.

## 27. MEGHAKUMĀRAS'RAMṆA CARITRA

A great king S'reṇika ruled over Rājagrha. His queen's name was Nandā and Nandā's son was Abhaya. He was very handsome, brave, intelligent and capable. The king had left much administration of his kingdom to him. There was however another wife to king S'reṇika. Dhāriṇī was her name. She once saw a dream in which a tall elephant, silver white in colour descended from the sky and entered her mouth. The queen quickly woke up from the dream. She was quite excited to see it as she knew that it was one of the fourteen great dreams. She at once went to the bed-room of the king and gently awakened him. She narrated the dream to him and asked what could possibly be the meaning of such a dream. The king too felt as happy as the queen herself and assured her that the dream meant to convey that a son would soon be born to her and that son would be the gem of the family. Dhāriṇī's eyes were filled with tears of joy. She kept awake for the rest of the night, recalling to her mind several auspicious stories of gods and saints so that no other evil thought, feeling or dream would undo the auspicious dream that she had just seen.

In the morning, the king sent for the interpreters of dreams to interpret the dream of queen Dhāriṇī. They also confirmed the king's interpretation and only added that the son that would be born was destined to be either a great king or a great monk. Nevertheless, the king continued to feel happy and distributed precious gifts amongst the interpreters of dreams.

During the third month of pregnancy, the queen felt an acute

desire to visit mount Vaibhāragiri and wander there. She wanted to travel to the mountain on the back of a big elephant. The king ought to be with her and the sky cloudy enough and rain would come any moment. The king felt worried because he could not fulfil the pregnancy desire of the queen. It was not the rainy season. The queen felt most uneasy. She could neither sleep nor eat and the glow of health left her face. She lost all interest in clothes and ornaments and she became thinner and thinner.

Her servants reported the matter to the king. The king at once visited her and made tender enquiry about her health and asked about the cause of her ill-health. The queen explained the same pregnancy desire and the king said in a vague manner that he would try to fulfil it but he did not know what he could do to collect dark clouds in the sky out of season. He too felt worried and helpless though he could not bear to see the condition of his queen. Prince Abhaya clearly saw that his father was worried about some thing so he asked him whether he could be of any help to relieve his anxiety. He assured the king that he was his eldest son and as such it was his duty to do whatever he could to relieve the father's anxiety. The king explained to him that the real cause was his helplessness in fulfilling the pregnancy desire of his queen. He saw no way of collecting dark rainy clouds at that time of the year.

Abhaya realised that without the help of some supernatural power, unseasonal clouds could not be collected in the sky. He therefore decided to offer prayers to propitiate god. He went into the *paṣadhasālā* where people stay for a certain period to offer prayers under a vow called *paṣadha*. He took to *aṣṭama bhakta* penance. He worshipped the god with great devotion. At the end of the period of the vow which the prince had solemnly observed, the god appeared before him and asked him what he could do for him. The prince stood before the god with folded hands and explained the poor condition of his younger mother's health and her pregnancy desire and implored the god to create dark rainy clouds in the sky as well as the atmosphere of rainy season. The god smiled and assured Abhaya that it would be done.

The prince left the *paṣadhasālā* and returned to the palace

to give the king the good news. The king gave orders to prepare the elephant and other paraphernalia so that the king and the queen would ride towards the mountains. The sky was full of black clouds, flashes of lightning appeared in the sky and the queen was simply delighted as she rode the elephant and travelled towards the mountain of Vaibhāragiri in the company of the king. Her pregnancy desire was fully satisfied. The royal couple came back to the palace and the god withdrew his magic.

After nine months and seven-and-a-half days the queen gave birth to a son which occasion was greatly celebrated throughout the kingdom. The child was given the name of Meghakumāra in keeping with the pregnancy desire of the queen.

The child was brought up in extraordinary royal luxury, five governesses nursed him. When he was eight years old, he was sent to his teacher's house to be educated in various arts. When after the due passage of time, the young prince returned home to his parents, he was an accomplished scholar and an expert in various arts. He made his parents justifiably proud. They naturally thought in terms of the marriage of the young prince. Eight excellent palaces were constructed for the prince's residence after marriage and eight beautiful princesses from wellknown royal families were selected to be his brides. Meghakumāra enjoyed every kind of *heavently* pleasure in the company of his eight brides for a long time.

One day prince noticed from the balcony of his palace a large number of people in pleasingly festive mood, talking in a lively manner, all going in the direction of a public park outside Rajagrha. The prince wondered what sort of holiday it was and why should all these people feel so enthusiastic about going to the park. He asked a servant who said that the people had every reason to be in festive mood because they were going to be blessed with a rare opportunity, they would be listening to Mahāvira the great prophet who was holding his discourse in the park Guṇaśilaka *caitya*.

Meghakumāra decided that he too would avail himself of the great opportunity to listen to the Master. He therefore drove in his chariot towards the park and out of respect for the Master he got

off from the chariot and walked some distance to the park. He did the usual obeisance to him and took his seat near him. The Master explained to his audience the laws of *karman* and how the soul was bound by them and by what device one can obtain freedom and salvation. At the end of the discourse, prince Meghakumāra who was tremendously impressed stood before the Master with folded hands and told him how much enlightened he now felt. He expressed his regret that he had wasted much of his life so far in enjoying worthless pleasures of the world, and said further how much obliged he felt to the Master for showing him the right path, out of the utter darkness in which he had lived so far. He assured the Master that he was most keen on giving up the useless worldly life and seeking orders under his guidance. The prince only said that he would go to the palace to obtain the permission of his parents and quickly return.

The king and the queen however were most unwilling to agree to the prince's fantastic request. They both felt terribly distressed; the queen turned pale, trembled like a leaf and fell unconscious on the ground. The servants sprinkled cool water on her face and succeeded in reviving her. Even then, her face was wet with tears and she spoke to her son in the most pleading tone describing the misery that they without their son would feel. He was their only son and he should not take religious orders so long as the parents were alive. Meghakumāra replied to all the piteous words of his mother in a philosophical manner, highlighting the transitory nature of life, merely a bubble, a flash of lightning and nothing more. He had already wasted so much of time on doing wrong things like getting absorbed in worldly pleasures, that he could not waste any more. Therefore he was keen on receiving their permission immediately.

The royal parents realised how firm the prince's mind was. However they made one last desperate attempt to detain the prince. They said that he should be on the throne of Rajagṛha and wear the crown of the king at least for a day before renouncing every thing. The prince agreed and the coronation ceremony was ordered. Prince Meghakumāra ruled the kingdom as its king for one day, the next day he renounced the world and became a monk.



That night, in the company of other monks, he slept in a room but being the junior most, he was given the place near the door of the room. As it is he could not sleep at all. He was also disturbed during the night by the other monks sharing the room with him, who often opened the door and went out to relieve themselves, and came back. Every time they did this, they had to step across his body and more than once his hands and feet were crushed by them. He disliked being dirty all over like this. He cursed the monks who insulted his body by hitting it every now and then with their feet. He remembered the respect with which every one had treated him when he was a prince in the palace. He now regretted his choice to become a monk. That was a mistake indeed. The first thing in the morning he would do was to approach the Great Master, Mahāvira and tell him that he was no longer interested in the wretched monkhood. He would rather go back as a householder. This is how he tossed restlessly without sleep, waiting for the morning to come. When however he went to see the Master, it was in fact the Master himself who described the prince's distressed state of mind even before the prince began to say anything. Mahāvira expressed his sympathy for the prince but instead of granting him permission to go back to the world that he had just renounced, he narrated the following story which is the story of Meghakumāra's earlier life.

"In your previous birth, you were the king of elephants, Sumeruprabha was your name and you lived at the foot of the mountain Vaitāḍhya in the company of many elephants. You were particularly fond of sexual pleasures. Once in the summer season, a terrible fire broke out in the forest and birds and animals were desperately trying to save themselves from it. But there was hardly any place in the forest where the fire had not reached and many of them were burnt to death. As you and your herd of elephants started running from the fire, you came to be separated from the others. You saw a pond where there was little water and more mud. You were extremely thirsty and were also tormented by the heat. You thought a pond might give you the relief that you so much needed and as you tried to reach the water you got stuck in the boggy mud, the more you tried to come out the deeper you went. You felt

extremely helpless. A young elephant who came there to drink water saw your miserable plight and decided to settle his old scores with you. You had once beaten him badly and driven him out of your herd. He rushed at you and struck with his sharp tusks. You experienced great pain, developed high fever and after seven days of great agony you died. You were hundred and twenty years then. Your next birth was also as an elephant, this time at the foot of the mount Vindhya. You were very tall, as tall as seven hands, and extremely beautiful. You soon enough became the leader of your herd of seven hundred elephants. You were known as Meruprabha. You enjoyed sexual pleasure to your satisfaction. A fire broke out during summer and the whole forest was caught up in it. Birds and animals ran here and there in search of shelter but hardly any one survived. When you saw this fire, and the miserable condition of the birds and animals in the forest, you suddenly remembered that you had seen all this before. With this sudden recollection, of your experience in the earlier life time, you attained the knowledge called *jāṭismaraṇa*. You felt great compassion for the helpless fellow creatures of the forest and decided that you should create a permanent shelter for the animals from fire. So you made a Maṇḍala, prepared a large patch of ground circular in shape from which everything that might catch fire was carefully weeded out. You and your herd of elephants worked at it during three rainy seasons and assured your selves that it afforded every possible security from fire.

One summer, a fire did break out and you along with your herd drove every one towards the Maṇḍala for safety. All animals forgetting their natural enmity crowded up in the Maṇḍala. When you were also taking your place in that crowd, you wanted to scratch your head. So you lifted your foot and while putting it back on the ground, you saw a little rabbit that had come there for shelter. You could easily see that if you were to put your foot down, it would crush the poor rabbit. You felt terribly constrained to do so and out of sheer compassion, you kept on holding the foot up, putting yourself to the inconvenience of standing only on your three legs. When the fire burnt down and all the animals started leaving, the position became easy for yourself as well as for the rabbit. You held

your foot up out of sheer kindness for two full days and two nights and half a day more. You thus earned great deal of merit for yourself. Though animals have no occasion to understand religion, you showed remarkable tolerance and kindness. Therefore, you are now born in a noble family. As a human being, you understand religion, out of that understanding you have renounced the world. You are young and energetic and yet, alas ! you cannot even tolerate the touch of the feet of monks when they inadvertently trip over you in the night, the monks who happen to be senior to you and even fit to be your teachers."

Tears of repentance kept on rolling down the cheeks of Meghakumāra as he listened to the account of his earlier lives. He attained *jāṭismaraṇa* knowledge and remembered whatever Mahāvira had described. Humbly he bowed to him and said how sorry he now felt to see the way his mind had strayed from the right path. The Master's words opened his eyes and his ego disappeared. He assured the Master that his entire body except his two eyes would remain in the service of the monks hereafter. The Master should kindly accept him back in the fold as his disciple.

After this Meghakumāra lived the life of a monk and practised for twelve long years severe penances. His body was a mere skeleton but from his face divine glow and lustre never faded. Once when he was observing a month long fast, his soul left the body.

Mahāvira was once asked by Gautama, another of his disciples, regarding the whereabouts of Meghakumāra after his soul had left the body. Mahāvira said that he was now born in Vijaya Mahāvīmāna Devaloka and he would live there for thirty three *sāgaropamas* and when asked where he would go after that stay in Devaloka, the great Master replied that he would then be in Mahāvīdeha-Varṣa where he would attain ultimate knowledge and bring to an end all the miseries of life.

## 28. MALLI CARITRA

Vitas'okā was the capital of Salilāvativijaya of which Bala was the king. His principal queen was Dhāriṇī. She once saw a lion in her dream. To see a lion was considered as one of the fourteen great dreams and according to the interpretation of the *svapna pāthaka*, she gave birth to a son. He was called Mahābala. In time to come Mahābala was sent to a teacher for his education and when that was over, this handsome young man was married to five hundred princesses who came from noble families. Kamalas'ri was appointed the principal queen.

Once a venerable monk visited Vitas'okā and lived in an adjoining park where he held religious discourses. King Bala was greatly impressed by them and installed his son Mahābala on the throne and entered the religious order. Like all initiates, he studied the eleven *aṅgas* and the fourteen *pūrvas*. He observed fast and went through many penances and finally on the Cāru mountain attained salvation.

Kamalas'ri also saw a similar dream and her son Balabhadra was born. King Mahābala had six friends who came from six different royal families. They were all born at one and the same time and were brought up together. They decided that whatever fell to the lot of any one of them should be shared by all together.

King Mahābala attended the sermons of a certain reputed monk who was visiting his city and like his father he too decided to leave the royal responsibilities to his son Balabhadra and accept the life of a monk. His six friends expressed their desire to accept monkhood in a similar manner. They also installed their eldest sons on their thrones and came to join Mahābala. They were all initiated

with great pomp. As monks they studied all their religious literature, observed many fasts and other prescribed disciplines. One of these days they said that whenever any fast or penance was to be undertaken, it should be undertaken by all of them together which they did. Mahābala, though he agreed to the arrangement suggested by his friends, secretly desired to do one better; if they decided to fast until the fourth meal, Mahābala would go on until the sixth meal and if it was going to be a fast until the eighth meal, Mahābala would observe it until the tenth meal. Because of this trickery that he practised on his friends, his *karman* led to his being re-born as a woman though his severe penance deserved the reward of a *tirthaṅkara*.

All seven of them practised severe penances as a result of which they were reduced to mere skeletons. Finally on mount Cāru their souls left their bodies when they were lost in meditation and they were reborn as gods in the Jayantavimāna. After completing their prescribed span of life there, they were all reborn with the exception of Mahābala, as princes in six royal families: one was born as Pratibuddhi in the Ikṣvāku family, the second as Candracchāya of the Aṅga country, the third as Śarīkha of Kāśī, the fourth as Rukmin of Kuṇāla, the fifth as Adīnaśātru of the Kurus and the sixth as Jitaśātru of the Pāñcāla country.

As for Mahābala, he was endowed in heaven with three kinds of knowledge and granted a full term of thirty two *Sāgaropamas* in heaven. Then on a night when the auspicious planets were in the ascendancy and the right omens appeared, when the earth was full of plenty, people all over the country were gay and happy, in the first month of summer, at the conjunction of the *As'vini* constellation with the moon at midnight, Mahābala was conceived in the womb of queen Prabhāvatī of Mithilā of which the king was Kumbhaka. That night the queen had seen fourteen great dreams which fact was interpreted by the *svapna pāṭhakas* as the happiest auguries for the child that would be born.

As a pregnancy desire, the queen felt that she should lie down on a bed of five different kinds of flowers of beautiful colours and fragrances such as Pāṭala, Mallikā, Campaka, Asoka, Nāga,

Marubaka, Damanaka, Kubjaka etc. The Vānavyantara gods who divined the queen's pregnancy desire immediately brought into the palace heaps and heaps of water growing and land growing flowers of a variety of colours and a variety of fragrances. The queen felt satisfied and enjoyed herself on the bed of these flowers. In due course of time, she gave birth to a female child that was destined to be the nineteenth *tirthaṅkara*. The child was entirely healthy and free from disease. Not only the parents and the people of Mithilā celebrated the birth of the child but also the guardian deities of the eight quarters of the world. Since the mother had a pregnancy desire to sleep on the bed made of flowers, let the name of the child be Malli they said. She grew into a matchless beauty, her hair was black, eyes wide and expressive, lips like *bimba* fruits, and body tender like a beautiful lotus. Her teeth were white and breath was fragrant.

When Malli was a young woman, through her *avadhi* knowledge she came to know of the presence of the six friends she as Mahābala had who were re-born in six different royal families. She ordered a large maṇḍapa with a hundred pillars for its support in the centre of it was a chamber to accommodate a jewelled pedestal. On it she placed her own statue made in gold. Peculiarly enough the statue had a hole on the top of the head, which was covered by a lotus shaped crown. Every day she would drop a morsel of whatever food she ate into the hole with the result that all the rotten food inside emitted a foul smell like that of a dead snake, even more foul than that.

At that time, in the city called Sāketa in the Kośala country, Pratibuddhi ruled. His queen was Padmāvati. Sāketa was known for a temple of a Nāga whose worship was considered to be rewarding. On the occasion of the Nāga Festival, the queen requested her husband Pratibuddhi to accompany her to the temple for the Nāga worship. The king agreed and the queen ordered a large bouquet of five coloured flowers to be brought to the temple. They were also supposed to construct a bower with the same flowers and decorate it with different paintings of swans, deer, peacocks and a variety of other birds and other beasts. The

bouquet should be suspended from the canopy. She also said the fragrance of the bouquet should fill the entire place.

All the streets of Sāketa were cleaned and sprinkled with scented water. Padmāvati ordered a carriage for herself and her retinue. She first went to a lake for a holy bath and with wet clothes on her body, she plucked a few lotuses there and went towards the Nāga temple. With a brush made of peacock feathers, she cleaned the idol and waited for king Pratibuddhi. He too came after a bath in the company of his own body guards and friends. He was quite impressed by the large variety of flowers and the different patterns in which they were arranged. He was particularly struck by the bouquet that was hanging at the central place. He asked his minister whether during his different visits to many other parts of Bhāratavarṣa and to the courts of many kings he had seen anything as breath-takingly beautiful as the flower arrangements and decorations they had at the Nāga temple that day. The minister replied that once as his king's ambassador, he was on a visit to the capital city Mithilā of king Kumbhaka, he had the opportunity to be the king's guest at the birthday festival of the Mithilā princess Malli. The flower arrangements and bouquets that he saw then were so fantastic that the present display at the Nāga temple could not be considered to be even a hundred-thousandth part of that one at Mithilā. King Pratibuddhi was taken aback by this reply, however he asked his minister about the princess Malli and the minister gave such a glowing account of the beauty, grace and charm of the fantastic princess that the king instantaneously fell in love with her. After the Nāga worship was over, he rushed back to the palace and despatched a special emissary to Mithilā with a proposal of marriage with princess Malli.

In another part of the country, in the city of Campā, of the Ariga region, king Candracchāya ruled. In the same city, there lived many sea-faring merchants amongst whom the richest and most respected was Arahannaka. He was a lay devotee who had already learnt the fourteen *pūrvas* and the eleven *Arigas* and was sincerely devoted to his faith. Once Arahannaka and a group of merchants decided that they should load their ships with a large variety of

merchandise but only that which could be counted, measured, weighed and scrutinised, and undertake a long sea voyage to foreign countries and come back wonderfully rich. They accordingly made careful preparations for the unusually long voyage and stored up all sorts of provisions for themselves such as rice, flour, oil, milk, drinking water, medicines, garments, weapons and such other useful items. On an auspicious day, they bid farewell to their friends and relatives over a sumptuous meal and set out.

When they had sailed many hundreds of *yojanas* across the Lavana sea, many evil omens started bothering them. There appeared sudden thundering sounds and flashes of lightning, clouds roared like angry animals and there was continuous dancing of divine maidens in the sky. As if this was not enough to frighten them, a huge monstrous shape appeared in the sky which quite unnerved many of the sailors. It indeed had a frightening look. It looked as tall as a palm tree, its arms reached upto the sky, it was black as soot, it had pointed lips, with teeth protruding out like a wild boar's, its tongue hanged out, its eyes were fiery red. The goblin seemed to be advancing towards the ship with a sharp sword in its hand. It was growling, roaring and howling in peels of laughter. It had a girdle of queer reptiles and on its upper garment were hissing serpents, scorpions, lizards and other slimy animals. Its ear ornaments were made of dark cobras and on its head sat an owl as a crown. It altogether filled the sailors with terrible panic. They sat down to pray to their various gods such as Indra, Skanda, Rudra, Nāga, Bhūta, Yakṣa and Durgā that mounts a buffalo and yet the terrible goblin would not stop its advance towards them. Their leader Arahannaka, who was a devoted lay disciple, selected a holy spot on board the ship and without being any way scared by the terrible goblin, he cleaned the spot and sat there down and prayed to the revered sages that had attained salvation. He promised them to be faithful to whatever vows he had made and be a sincere devotee to the Law and renounce all superfluities. He renounced his food and was lost in prayer. The goblin appeared right in front of him and warned him that all these minor vows, abstinences and fasts would not be of any help to him. He



threatened to pick up the ship in the pinch of his two fingers and toss it in the sky to the height of seven or eight storeys and dump it into water along with all its rich merchandise and this misery and shock would afflict them all throughout their lives. Arahannaka continued to pray to the god in his mind and he could not be disturbed by any of the wild things the goblin indulged in. The monster repeated his threats twice or thrice but the merchant was completely absorbed in his meditation. Out of its fury, the goblin really lifted the ship in his two fingers to the height of seven or eight storeys and once again pronounced all the threats but the chief would not be disturbed in the least and the goblin realised that he did not have the strength to toss the ship up in the air. It felt exhausted and quietly brought the ship down to the surface of the water. Miraculously enough, the goblin transformed itself into a god and addressed Arahannaka, "You are blessed. You have made your life fruitful. You have acquired so much faith in the teaching of the *nirgranthas*, that nothing can really shake it. Actually Śakra the lord and king of gods once said in the midst of gods in the Sudharma hall that your faith was indeed unshakable and nothing in the world can turn you from the teachings of *nirgranthas*, not even a god. I could not easily accept the tall claim that Indra was making for you and therefore I came here in this horrible shape and form merely to put you to test. I am now convinced that Indra's claim was quite justified. I am happy to see the splendour and strength of your faith. I would beg your pardon for the harassment I caused. I shall never repeat it again with you." Saying this, he folded his hands, bowed down to him and begged to be forgiven. Before he disappeared, he presented to Arahannaka two pairs of ear-rings.

In the course of their voyage back home, they anchored the ship in the port called Gambhīraka which is quite close to the city of Mithilā. They transferred much of their merchandise to the carts and came to Mithilā where Arahannaka as their leader decided to meet king Kumbhaka and seek his permission to enter his country and do business there. When he called on him at his palace, he presented him one of the two pairs of ear-rings that he had received from the divine power. King Kumbhaka was quite pleased with the

gift and passed it on to his daughter Malli. He permitted Arahannaka and his merchants to carry on their trade activities in his state and waived all taxes.

After a brief stay there, the merchants sailed to the port of Campā and similarly called on king Candracchāya for similar permission. He presented him too the other pair of ear-rings. In the course of his conversation with the sea-faring merchants, the king asked them whether in the course of their remote voyages, they had come across anything that could be described as miraculous. The sailor replied that he indeed had the good fortune to see a miraculous sight and that was in the city of Mithilā. The king's curiosity was quite heightened and he asked him to describe that miracle. The sailor said that he had the occasion once to visit the king of Mithilā to seek his permission to carry on his trade there and as a mark of respect for the king, he offered him the pair of ear-rings like the one he had given to the king of Campā. King Kumbhaka immediately sent for his daughter to whom he would give the ear-rings and it was then at that moment that the miracle thing happened. The princess herself was the miracle and the sailor went on to describe the incredible beauty, grace and charm of the young princess and king Candracchāya felt desperate love for the young princess. He immediately despatched a personal emissary to king Kumbhaka with his proposal for the hand of the princess.

At Śrāvasti the capital city of Kuṇāla region, king Rukmi and his wife Dhāriṇī made excellent arrangements for the special occasion of the four month bath for their child Subāhu. The pandal that was specially erected for the purpose was decorated with all kinds of flowers growing on land and water, and right in the centre was kept an extremely artistically done bouquet. All the streets leading to the pandal were also beautified with five coloured rice grains and flowers arranged in pretty patterns. The king himself supervised all the work that went to the making of the pandal. When the king watched the ceremony of the bath in the company of all the ambassadors to his court and other important citizens, he turned round to one of the ambassadors and asked him whether he had seen anything more gorgeous than the spectacle which he

had organised in honour of his daughter. The ambassador replied that the bath festival of princess Malli that he once had the good fortune to witness at Mithilā was so impressive that the present one hardly held a candle to it. King Rukmi was further treated to a description of the beauty of Malli herself with the result that he immediately despatched a messenger to the city of Mithilā with his proposal to marry the incomparable Malli.

S'ankha ruled in Kāśī. He was on one occasion approached by a group of goldsmiths with a request that he should permit them all to settle down in his city and carry on their business. On further inquiries, they told him how they were expelled from Mithilā because they could not repair the clasp of an ear-ring that belonged to princess Malli. The material used for the ear-ring was so peculiar that they could do nothing to the clasp. Instead they offered to make for the princess another pair of ear-rings exactly in the same pattern. The king therefore was greatly annoyed and ordered the whole lot of goldsmiths to wind up their business in his state and quit. That is how these goldsmiths arrived in Kāśī. King S'ankha asked the goldsmiths about the princess herself and the goldsmiths launched on such a description of the breath-taking-beauty of the young princess that S'ankha immediately sent his messenger to Mithilā with his proposal to marry her.

In the city of Hastināpura of the Kurus. King Adinaś'atru once was requested by a painter to grant him permission to settle down in his country. The king asked the painter, who was an elderly gentleman, all about him and the painter said he belonged to the city of Mithilā from which place he had been unfortunately expelled. He told the king how the prince Malladatta of Mithilā ordered all the artists in the town to construct a picture gallery with paintings to illustrate various emotions, sentiments, passions etc. Every artist started on his work but the unfortunate painter, who had aroused Malladatta's anger painted something which the prince did not like at all. The painter had painted the portrait of princess Malli and her brother accused the painter of having insulted and humiliated the princess. The painter explained to king Adinaś'atru that in fact he had done nothing of the sort. He did not have the audacity to look

at the face of the princess with the eyes of a commoner and draw her likeness. His special skill lay in the fact that he could draw a complete picture of a person without missing any of the likeness merely by seeing any small part of the body of that person. During his visits to the art gallery, his eyes once fell on a toe of princess Malli who was standing behind a curtain. That much was quite enough for him to draw and complete the entire picture of Malli. But Malladatta would not listen and thus the painter had to leave Mithilā and wander away as an exile. The king of Hastināpura looked at the picture that the painter had brought along with him and was so much overwhelmed by the beauty of princess Malli that he sent an urgent message to the king of Mithilā expressing his desire to marry the princess.

In the country of the Pāñcālas, king Jitaśtru ruled. Once he had a visitor who was a nun Cokṣā by name, who said she came from the city of Mithilā. She was a great scholar in the Vedic lore and she often held religious discourses in assemblies of kings, noblemen, rich merchants etc. Once when she went to king Kumbhaka, she was taken to meet princess Malli and started explaining to her the basic principle of her religion which was purity. But Malli appeared to be well informed and embarrassed her by many questions. She asked her how was it possible to live a clean and pure life in a world which was full of false faith and indulged in doing injury to other living beings. "Wasn't it like washing clean a blood stained garment with blood itself?" The nun could not answer the question. She merely kept quiet and the numerous slave girls of Malli laughed at her discomfiture and showed her out of the palace. The nun quickly left Mithilā and arrived at the principal city of the Pāñcālas. Jitaśtru who was extremely proud of the host of beautiful women that he had in his harem, asked the nun whether she had, in the course of her visits to various places, including the palaces of kings and mansions of noblemen, noticed any one more beautiful than any of the women that he had with him. The nun Cokṣa put on a sarcastic smile and said to the king, "You are really like the frog in the well." The king asked what frog she was referring to and in what well?" The nun replied, "There was once a frog in a well where it was born and brought up and it had no occasion to

see any other well, tank, lake or even a river. It always thought that the well was all the world and nothing could possibly exist outside it. But it so happened that into that well came another frog which was born and brought up in a sea. When it said so, our friend from the well wanted to know how big the sea could be and the other frog said that the sea was very expansive. The frog in the well drew a circle and asked whether the sea was as big as this. And when it was told that it was even bigger it jumped from one end of the well to the other and asked whether it was as big as that. That is how, O king, you think that no body else possesses a harem like yours. You should see princess Malli in Mithilā. The whole of your harem is not even equal to one-hundredth-thousandth part of the little toe of the princess." King Jitaśatru like the other kings, despatched his own messenger with a similar message to king Kumbhaka.

All the six messengers from the six different kings came to Mithilā and conveyed their messages to the king. Kumbhaka felt furious with the whole situation and dismissed all the messengers with scant respect. They were ordered out of the palace by the back door. Thereupon the messengers sent back to their own respective kings reports describing the treatment given to them. The six kings held their own conference together and under the leadership of Jitaśatru, led an attack on Mithilā. So a huge army laid a siege of the city. King Kumbhaka was really worried. Malli, who noticed her father's dejected mood, suggested that all the six kings should be invited to the palace. She said she would meet them in the inner apartment where she had kept her golden statue. Accordingly, Jitaśatru and his five allies were brought to the inner apartment to see the golden image. They looked at it with great wonder. They felt enamoured of its form and really believed that it was Malli herself. But Malli came soon after, fresh from her bath and well decked up in all finery, to meet her six admirers. She went straight to the golden statue and lifted the crown on its head. Every one of the six princes stopped his nose with his upper garment to keep out the foul smell that came from the golden statue. They turned their faces away from it and Malli. When asked why they did that, they said they could not stand the terrible stench. Malli took up the point and argued further that if a golden statue which had received

nothing but a morsel of delicious food could produce such a foul smell, what would any one say about the human body which has all sort of muck inside such as cough, vomit, semen, blood, pus, urine and excreta ? The wisest thing to do would be not to be attached to the human body and the pleasures and enjoyments it might give. Then Malli reminded them all of their previous three lives with Mahābala as the leader in the city of Vītasokā in the Salilāvativijaya country. She also spoke of their intimate friendship and of their promise to each other that they would all do whatever one of them did and when Mahābala landed on the ideal of becoming a monk they all followed suit. She further explained how she came to be born in her present birth as a woman. She confessed to the little trickery that she as Mahābala had practised in the hope of gaining more merit for herself : When they all observed a fast for four meals, after to a common understanding, Mahābala would extend it by a couple of meals. In fact, on every such occasion, he tried to do one better without the knowledge of the others. They were all born as princes after their stay in heaven was over, whereas Mahābala was given the birth as a princess.

When she spoke like that the six kings gradually started recalling their previous life-cycles and came to agree fully with whatever Malli had said. When Malli announced her decision to give up her present worldly way of life, and spoke of her disgusting and terrifying experience with the *saṃsāra*, they said that they would follow her. Malli advised them to return to their own towns, put their sons on their thrones and come back with their minds firmly resolved to renounce the world, and she gave them one year's time for making the final arrangements.

When Malli was on the point of entering the religious order, Indra, the lord of the gods, felt tremors in his throne and through his *avadhi* knowledge, understood its exact reason. He despatched his messenger to the city of Mithilā with his personal gifts for her as had been the custom. He sent three hundred and eighty eight crores and eighty hundred thousand gold coins. Malli was grateful to Indra and distributed the entire money to the rich and the poor, to the travellers and messengers, to beggars and pilgrims. Her

father opened several free boarding houses throughout his country. Plenty of food also was given to the poor people. Malli went on distributing her charities like this every morning for one full year.

Several of the Lokāntika gods in the Brahmāloka organised themselves into enormous groups and burst out singing, dancing etc., to mark the occasion of Malli's initiation. They blessed her and hoped that she would bring happiness and eternal bliss to the whole of mankind. They bowed down to her before they went back to their own abodes in heaven. Malli then sought the permission of her parents to shave her head and enter the religious order. Her father readily agreed and gave orders to prepare for the initiation ceremony of the *tirthāṅkara*, gods like Camara Asurendra, Acyuta, Śakra (Indra) accompanied by ābhīyogika gods participated in the ceremony. At the end of this, Malli was carried in a palanquin in a gorgeous procession to Sahasrāmṛavana park and placed under an Asoka tree.

The other six kings headed by Jitaśātru listened to an eloquent discourse by Malli and were duly initiated as monks. Malli collected her own disciples consisting of twenty eight groups of monks and an equal number of chief monks. She had in all forty eight thousand monks and fiftyfive thousand nuns and several other lay devotees. In their company she wandered in the central region of the country and on the top of the mountain *Sammata* she finally renounced her life and achieved salvation after a life span of fifty five thousand years.

## 29. THE STORY OF MRĠĀPUTRA

There was a city Mrġāgrāma. Outside it there was a garden Chandaṇapādapa which abounded in flowers and fruits of all seasons. In the garden stood a temple of Yakṣa (Sudharman). The king of Mrġāgrāma was Vijaya and his queen was named Mrġā a beautiful and shapely lady. Her son Mrġāputra by name was born blind, dumb, deaf, lame, deformed and paralytic. The boy was merely a shapeless lump. He had neither hands nor feet nor ears nor eyes nor nose. His mother queen Mrġā took great care to attend on the boy and looked after his food and drink. She had hidden him in a secret underground cell and took care to see that the boy was not seen by any body else.

One day, Mahāvira arrived there in the city of Mrġāgrāma with his large entourage. He held his discourses in the town and almost every one attended these discourses. Even king Vijaya did not fail to attend.

One day Mahāvira's favourite disciple Gautama saw a man who was blind from birth, being led by a man who managed to hobble with the help of a stick. He overheard the conversation between the two of them. The blind man wanted to know why such a great clamour of the crowd was being heard all around and wanted to know whether the town was holding a festival in honour of Indra or the occasion was some thing else. The other man told the blind fellow that there was no festival of any kind but that the people were all rushing out of their houses towards the park to hear the great ascetic Mahāvira. Even king Vijaya attended the discourses. The blind man expressed his desire to go there and the



other man agreed to lead him there. When they reached the place where Mahāvira was they greeted him, bowed to him and reverentially went round him thrice. They sat down to listen to the religious discourse and when it was over, and every one had gone back, the blind man also was led away by his friend. Gautama looked at the blind man with great curiosity and also with compassion and wondered whether there were any other such blind persons in the town. He made the query to his great Master who said that indeed in the very same city there was a most unfortunate boy who was not only blind but had only apertures in the body where the eyes, nose, ears, hands and feet should have been. He was merely a lump and his mother looks after him carefully. Gautama wanted to know who the boy was and Mahāvira said that it was the son of Vijaya the king of the place and his queen Mrgā. Gautama expressed his desire to go and see the boy if his Master permitted him.

When Mahāvira allowed him to go to the palace of the queen, Gautama met her and got the whole story from the mother. She appeared initially rather unwilling but later was convinced of the sincerity of the feeling Gautama had felt for the boy. She agreed to take him with her to the secret place where the boy was kept. When the time for the boy's meal came, she asked Gautama to accompany her. She changed her dress and covered her mouth with a piece of cloth which was folded four times. She asked Gautama to do likewise. When they were both ready and plenty of food and drinks and other eatables were loaded on a wooden cart, the queen pushed the cart towards the underground cell. She opened the door with her face turned back but as she pushed the door open, there came forth a terribly foul smell like that of a dead snake or the dead body of some such reptile. In fact, the smell was much more foul and stinking than that. However the boy Mrgāputra was attracted more by the smell of the food that his mother had brought him and he quickly devoured all the food that was in the cart. He quickly digested the whole of it inside him. All the food so digested quickly turned into pus and blood. This also he devoured.

Gautama wondered what horrible things he had in his previous

life time so that the bitter fruit should have ripened now into this shapeless body. "I have not seen hell or hell-beings," he said to himself. "But surely this man is suffering pains similar to that in hell."

He came back to Mahāvīra and gave him a full account of all that he had seen and asked, "O revered Sir, who was this man in his former existence ? In what village or in what town was he born? Having done what has he come to experience this painful existence?" Mahāvīra then narrated the following story:

In the city of Śatadvāra there was a king named Dhanapati. One of his district officers was Ikkāi. His jurisdiction spread over five hundred villages and his district office was located in the town called Vijayavardhamāṇa. Ikkāi was impious and took great pleasure in doing evil acts. He used to harass, kill, threaten, beat and plunder people of his villages. He also extracted a lot of money from his people through heavy taxation, high rate of interest and punitive fines. He also extorted, at the point of sword, several brides and compulsory contributions. He kept in his service several bad characters with whose help he looted and killed way-farers and merchants. When he presided over any law suits, when legally permitted evidence was produced, he saw it but declared that it was not there at all. He heard legal arguments and declared he did not hear them. Even when he said anything, he quickly disowned and said he never said it. When he accepted anything, he did not hesitate to say that he did not take it. In fact, his behaviour as the district administrator was most sinful.

One of these days, he fell ill and it was discovered that sixteen different diseases attacked him at one and the same time. He called his domestic servants and ordered them to proclaim very loudly at all the places where four roads met, in parks and gardens, in all the market places that the district officer was prepared to give plenty of money to any physician or surgeon or any other skilled man or their sons if they could cure him of the sixteen diseases that he was suffering from or even one of them. He instructed his servants to proclaim this announcement several times at all the places.

In response to the proclamation, many physicians with their bags full of instruments and medicines came to the residence of

l'kkai. They examined him and diagnosed his disease in their own way and recommended various remedies such as smearing the body with oil, massaging it with perfumes, drinking oily medicines, vomiting and purging, bathing and fomenting, bleeding and cutting, taking drugs made from barks and roots, leaves and flowers. But no one could effect any cure, not even of one of the sixteen diseases. Ikkai was thus abandoned by physicians and left by his attendants. He felt helpless and distressed but even then he lived a long life of two hundred and fifty years, all full of misery and when the time of death came, he died only to be re-born as a hell-being in that region of hell called Ratnaprabhā. He lived there for one *sāgaropama*. After this period was over, he entered the womb of queen Mrgā as a son in this very city of Mrgāgrāma.

Queen Mrgā suffered terrible pain when the boy came in her womb in the form of a foetus. She became unpleasant, lost all her charm and the king considered her to be disagreeable and unwholesome. He stopped loving her altogether. The queen felt very bad about this and blamed all the change that had come over her and for the feelings of her husband on the child in her womb. She therefore thought that it would be much better if she aborted it. She administered a variety of medicines to cause abortion but unfortunately it did not happen. She had to accept all the tiredness and fatigue of the full period of pregnancy along with its unpleasant effects.

Even while the child was in the womb of its mother, its eight veins flowing inside and eight veins flowing outside discharged pus and blood. Even at that time, the child suffered from a disease called Aggia (Agnika) which causes over appetite and also produces the capacity to digest everything. Whatever the boy ate was quickly digested and turned into pus and blood and this also the boy quickly devoured. When the child was born, the disease still persisted.

After the full period of pregnancy was over the queen gave birth to this son who was blind from birth and his entire body was nothing but a lump of flesh. When the mother saw the totally deformed body of the child, she felt terribly frightened and decided to abandon it

on some dung hill. She therefore called a reliable servant from the palace and instructed her to do away with the child. The servant picked up the child but went first to the king and told him of what the queen had ordered her to do. She further added that she would do whatever the queen had desired, only if the king permitted her.

The king was quite disturbed. He went directly to the queen and persuaded her to change her mind. He pointed out that however shapeless the lump might have been, it still was her first child and if she were to abandon it on a dung hill, her subsequent issues might not be long-lived. Therefore, he entreated the queen to look after the child herself, give it food and drink, so that her future children would have long life. They would take the necessary precautions, the king assured the queen, to see that no body knew about the condition of the child whom they would keep in a secret underground cell and only the queen would visit the child with food and drink.

This is the fate to which the boy Mrgāputra had been condemned for the evil deeds done in the past, concluded Mahāvira.

Gautama was curious to know about what Mrgāputra was destined to suffer during the remaining part of his life and what would be his condition like in the future cycles of life. Mahāvira answered that the boy was destined to live like this for a period of twenty-six years and after death he would be re-born as a lion at the foot of a mountain. He would once again live an impious life as a lion and accumulate several impious deeds. After his death as a lion he was destined to spend one *sāgaropama* period in Ratnaprabhā part of the hell. After that period was over, he would come to the earth as a reptile. This would be followed by a long period of life in another part of the hell. So he would be alternating between hell and earth now as a reptile, now as a bird. During the fifth cycle of life from now he would be re-born as a woman followed by another birth as a man.

He would be required to spend several hundreds of thousand years in various categories of lower species like fish and crocodiles, snakes, lizards, birds and plants. He would however be born as a bull in one of the cities on the bank of the river Gaṇḍā, during which

period he would be crushed to death during the early days of the rainy season in a landslide and this would enable him to achieve human life in a respectable family of a merchant in that very town. During this period of life, he would listen to religious discourses of worthy ascetics under whose influence he would give up the comfortable family life and accept the wandering life of a monk. He would observe all the rules as a monk, practise asceticism most carefully, confess all his faults, scrupulously refrain from all of them and would remain engrossed in meditation till death came. He would then be re-born as a god in the Saudharma heaven. After a couple of rebirths in rich families, he would finally achieve his salvation.

## 30. THE STORY OF UJJHITAKA

When the revered ascetic Mahāvira was residing in a place called Vāṇijagrāma along with his favourite disciple Gautama, he narrated the following story:

One of these days Gautama had gone on his usual rounds of collecting alms in the town when in the main square he saw a number of elephants in their armour and also a large number of horses and soldiers in battle readiness. He was wondering whether the army of the king was marching towards the battle field and a war was declared. But in the midst of all this, he saw a man in an extremely miserable condition. His neck was bent behind, being tied down by his hair; his ears and nose were cut off and from his body small pieces of flesh, as small as the grains of sesamum were plucked and he was being made to eat them. He was already lashed a hundred strokes with a whip. He was given thin clothes to wear and one could see his body was all covered with dust. A rope was hanging round his neck and a loud beating of drums and cries of men and women around, drowned his shrieks of misery. Gautama felt greatly moved by this pathetic spectacle of a young man being tortured like this and he wondered for what sort of sins which he had committed in his former existence he was being tortured and tormented in this manner.

At that time, the king of Vāṇijagrāma was Mitra and his queen was Śrī. It was very prosperous city, made all the more famous by a courtesan named Kāmadvajā. She was an exquisitely beautiful young woman, perfect in all her limbs, very accomplished in singing and dancing and equally intelligent too. She had acquired

proficiency in the seventytwo arts and possessed the sixtyfive qualities that courtesans are expected to possess. Her all knowledge of men and the twenty-nine different ways in which they can possibly be gratified was well matched by her expertise in the twentyone different modes of flirtation. Her art of titillating men in whom the nine sense organs had been dormant was without parallel. She could speak fluently in eighteen different languages and her dresses, rich and fashionable highlighted the curves of her body. Deservedly, she had acquired great reputation and her fees were exorbitant. She was permitted the rare honour of using an umbrella, chowries and fans. Her little chariot was elegant in its looks.

In the same town there lived a wealthy merchant who had a young son called Ujjhitaka who was a handsome young man. His parents were extremely fond of him because the mother's earlier children were all still-born and this boy alone had survived. When he was born, the mother in order to assure him long life, had left him on a dung hill for the whole night. Next morning, when the child was found to be still alive, she brought him back and reared him most affectionately. They observed various customs and performed various rites to ensure long life for the child. They exposed the child to the sun and the moon and kept careful vigil throughout the day and the night on the sixth day of the birth and collected all relatives and friends to make him rich gifts of clothes etc. On the twelfth day they gave the child an appropriate name. Since they had abandoned the child on a dung hill immediately after its birth, the name given was Ujjhitaka (abandoned). The boy was looked after by five nurses as carefully as a *campaka* plant.

The father of Ujjhitaka set out on a long trade voyage across the Lavana sea. He had collected a variety of commodities for the voyage but unfortunately the ship broke in the Lavana sea and the merchant lost his life. When the news reached home, the merchant's wife, Ujjhitaka's mother also died leaving the young man alone in the world but he was turned out of his own house by people who had loaned money to his father for the voyage. The young man grew up on the streets and fell into the company of

gamblers and harlots. This is how he came to know Kāmadhvajā, the famous courtesan.

The king of the town also developed a lot of fancy for the same courtesan. One day he met Ujjhitaka at her place and ordered Kāmadhvajā not to entertain him there at all. However, they continued to meet secretly and when the king discovered this, he arrested Ujjhitaka and punished him the way Gautama had seen.

Gautama spoke of it to his revered master Mahāvira and asked him who this man was and what sort of *karman* he had perpetrated in his former existence so that he should be subjected to the cruel treatment he had seen in the town.

Mahāvira gave the following account of the earlier life of Ujjhitaka:

This was in the city of Hastināpura where king Sunanda ruled. The king had a large number of cattle for which he had built a big enclosure which was properly covered by a roof that rested on hundreds of pillars and was altogether a pleasant place for the cattle. They had plenty of grass and water and no danger of any kind lurked around the enclosure. A man called Bhima was the cattle keeper for the whole enclosure and his wife's name was Utpalā. Bhimā was by nature not a considerate man and he took delight in doing improper and evil things. When his wife was pregnant, she felt a very strange pregnancy desire. She wanted to drink a variety of wines prepared from honey, grapes, palm fruit, and white wines. What she particularly longed for was the pieces of grilled meat, fried meat and salted meat to munch with the wine. This meat she felt ought to be from all the cattle of the town. But she also saw how difficult it would be to obtain such pieces of meat and since her longing remained unsatisfied, she became emaciated, devoid of lustre and palefaced. Her eyes no longer resembled lotuses and her face looked withered. She could not any longer enjoy flowers, scents, dresses, garlands and ornaments. Her husband asked her what was worrying her so much as all that. Then she explained to him her pregnancy desire. He assured her that he would certainly see how it could be fulfilled before it was too late. He went alone in the dead of night to the cattle enclosure,



equipped with the right kind of instruments. He cut off pieces from the udders of some of the cows, from the tails of some bulls and from their testicles, dewlaps, humps, ears, noses, eyes as his wife had specified. He took them home, grilled some of them, fried some others and salted all of them. His wife was happy to eat them along with the wine and bore the child in her womb with happiness.

When it was born, it cried out with such terrific sound that all the cattle in the city felt frightened and scampered off in all directions. The parents therefore decided on the name of the child as *Gotrāsaka* which meant a cattle frightener. After his father's death in due course of time *Gotrāsaka* was appointed the cattle-keeper and like his father he too indulged in all sorts of wicked things. Almost every day, at midnight he would go to the cattle enclosure and cut off flesh from the limbs of several cattle and eat them with wine. He had this way accumulated much evil so much so that after his death he was despatched to the second hell where the maximum period is three *sāgaropamas*. This is the boy *Gotrāsaka* that was born in the city of *Vāṇijagrāma* in the family of *Vijayamitra* to his wife *Subhadra* and given the name *Ujjhitaka*.

After hearing the whole story of *Ujjhitaka*'s former life, *Gautama* wanted to know what his future would be like. *Mahāvira* said that *Ujjhitaka* would soon be impaled on stake and would be born as a hell-being in *Ratnaprabhā*. After that he would be sent to the earth as a monkey in the mountainous region of *Vaitādhya*. He would grow up a very greedy and wicked animal. He would even kill young monkeys as soon as they were born. After he had completed his existence as a monkey, he would be re-born as a son in the family of courtesans in the city of *Indrapura*. His parents would cut off his testicles and bring him up as a eunuch. He would follow that profession. He would be a handsome looking young man with a shapely figure, and become extremely popular because of his mastery over some magical arts and the charms that he would supply. A number of prominent young men including the princes would be his friends. Altogether it will be happy life for the pleasure seeking group of young men who indulge in sinful deeds. After his death, he has been destined to be born as a hell-being and after

that lead a life amongst reptiles and later as a buffalo. But at a later date he would come in the human species as a son in a family of merchants. During this life time he would meet a worthy monk who would ensure his salvation.

## 31. THE STORY OF ABHAGNASENA

On the outskirts of the city of Purimatāla there was a forest where was a large settlement of thieves. It was carefully located in a rugged mountain valley and enclosed by a thick growth of bamboos. On the whole it was an almost inaccessible place where the whole tribe lived comfortably. The leader of the tribe was Vijaya who was a dare-devil and his reputation as a cruel man was well deserved. The group had five hundred thieves. They were all clever in the various branches of their profession such as climbing walls, cutting holes into the walls of houses, pickpocketing and gambling. With their help, Vijaya threatened, harassed and beat up people around and deprived them of their wealth, food-stuffs and even their houses. He often captured their cattle and even kidnapped people from neighbouring villages whom he released after extorting huge ransom. He even went to the extent of imposing his own taxes on the villagers and often looted government treasuries. Vijaya's wife was called Khaṇḍasrī and his son was Abhagnasena. When he grew up to be a young man, he showed extraordinary capacity of understanding and also of enjoying all sorts of pleasures.

The revered ascetic Mahāvira happened to be on a visit to the city of Purimatāla. The discourses that he held were attended even by the king. Once his disciple Gautama saw in the town a section of the royal army consisting of elephants, cavalry units and the infantry getting ready for action. They were all well armed and had put on armour. But Gautama saw amidst them a man whose neck was pulled far behind and tied. He was made to sit in a square of

the town and the soldiers killed eight of his father's uncles which he was made to watch. Then they whipped him and also made him eat small pieces of flesh and drink blood. They led him further to another square in the town and once again they made him watch the deaths of eight of his aunts. In the third square, they killed eight more of his uncles and in another square the wives of these uncles. In the fifth square his brothers and in the sixth their wives, in the seventh square his father's sons-in-law and in the eighth the daughters... this is how they went on killing all his relatives and friends in the eighteen different squares of the city which he was made to watch. They rounded up the day by giving him lashes of whips and pieces of flesh to eat and blood to drink. Gautama wondered what sort of sins he had committed in his former existence so that he should be punished like this. He decided to ask his master Mahāvira the full story of this unfortunate man. This is what Gautama learnt from his master :

Long ago, in Purimatāla, there lived a man called 'Ninṇaa' who was a big merchant of eggs. He collected eggs from the surrounding villages with the help of a number of men that he had employed. They collected a variety of eggs of crows, owls, pigeons, cranes, hens, water fowls and several such birds that were found around. Ninṇaa paid all his men in cash or in food. They all enjoyed eating some of the eggs that they had collected which they cooked either in frying pans or roasting pots or baking ovens or on burning charcoal. Ninṇaa himself ate a variety of eggs and enjoyed all sorts of wines. Since his way of life was sinful and his life had a long, long span, the evils that he had committed accumulated to such a monstrous measure that after his death, he was sent in the third region of hell as a hell-being and kept there for the maximum period of seven *sāgaropamas*. After this long span was over, he became the son of Khaṇḍasri, the wife of Vijaya, who was the leader of the thieves. During her pregnancy, Khaṇḍasri had a pregnancy desire to invite all the wives of friends, kinsmen and near relatives, the wives of all the five hundred thieves to a meal at her place. She had said that they should take their baths, perform the usual rites, decorate themselves with all ornaments and come to her house to eat and drink and spend the time in the most carefree manner. She

expected them all to change their dresses after their meal to men's attire, put on armour and take the weapons that men use, fasten the shields to their hands, make a great show of fight making loud noise and run helter skelter all over the forest settlement in a fairly drunken state.

But Khandasri did not exactly know how to explain it to her husband. When her husband saw her in her pensive mood, he asked her what was wrong. Then she explained her desire and her husband quickly agreed that it could easily be worked out.

When her period was complete she gave birth to a son. The usual rites of birth were celebrated for ten nights. On the eleventh day Vijaya called all his friends and relatives to a dinner and explained to them the pregnancy desire that his wife had felt. He gave to his son the name Abhagnasena, that is one whose army was invincible. The child was brought up most carefully by five nurses and when he grew up to be a young man, he was married to eight young damsels in whose company he spent his time enjoying all sorts of pleasures in his mansion. When his father died Abhagnasena was made the leader of the whole group and the occasion was celebrated appropriately. He continued the father's tradition of torturing and tormenting the people of the villages around. He even went a step further and destroyed some of the villages. In time to come, the displaced people from these villages reported the matter to the king of Purimatāla and begged of him to protect them from the dreaded decoit Abhagnasena.

The king listened to the whole of the account of the harassment most patiently. Though he was greatly disturbed he would not like to act out of impatience. Nevertheless, he asked his general to surround the whole area and capture Abhagnasena but the spies of Abhagnasena managed to convey a forewarning to him. He collected his own people and tried to work out a strategy. They concluded that instead of waiting for the army of the king to reach their territory in the forest, it would be much better to attack it when they are still on the way. All the thieves got ready to attack the king's army. When they actually met it, the thieves attacked it, defeated it and drove it away. Whatever little was left of the army was collected

by the general and they all retreated to the town and reported to the king. The king then realised that this type of confrontation was not easy and advisable. Therefore, the best strategy was to create confidence by means of conciliation and win Abhagnasena over through friendly gestures and costly gifts. The king therefore selected his trustworthy advisers and sent them with plenty of wealth, gold, jewels and other valuable articles to Abhagnasena. When the king thought that he had created enough of confidence, he decided to invite Abhagnasena to his capital for a festival that would last ten nights.

Anticipating Abhagnasena's acceptance of the invitation, the king Mahābala prepared big and lofty palaces with beautiful decorations for the residence of the honoured guests. He also kept plenty of food ready for their pleasure in addition to flowers, perfumes, garlands, clothes and ornaments. The invitation was properly given to Abhagnasena and it was accepted. The king was happy to receive his guest and he extended all hospitality that the royal guests usually are entitled to. The king instructed his servants to keep all food and drinks ready. One night he saw that Abhagnasena and his companions were all fast asleep after a heavy dinner and plenty of drinks. The king ordered all the gates of the city to be closed and a strict watch kept on the roads. He instructed some of the soldiers, to capture Abhagnasena alive and produce him before himself. The king executed Abhagnasena and his five hundred companions in the manner Gautama had seen. Mahāvira concluded that that was the way Abhagnasena paid for his sins.

To Gautama's question about where Abhagnasena would go after his death, Mahāvira said that he along with his accomplices would be first born as hell-beings and when they would be sent on the earth, that would be as pigs and after they have been hunted, Abhagnasena would be born in the family of merchants in the city of Vārānasi, where through a monk he would finally achieve salvation.

## 32. THE STORY OF ŚAKAṬA

It happened in the city of Sābhāñjani. On one of the main streets, Mahāvira's disciple Gautama saw a young man with his hands tied behind him and the neck also stretched as far back as it could go, with his ears and nose cut off and he was being proclaimed as a criminal sentenced to death. He was being accompanied by an attractive looking young woman. Gautama felt greatly affected by the miserable sight and spoke about it to his master who said that it was all the fruit of their bad *karma* in their previous existence.

This young man Śakaṭa had lived then in the Chagalapura as a shepherd. His father Chaṇia was a rich shepherd who had a very large number of cattle, goats, hogs, deer, lions, peacocks and several such animals whose flesh tasted delicious. He had kept a number of servants on his farm to look after his enormous lot of animals. Every day they killed many of them, cut their flesh with knives and under the supervision of their master, fried, roasted or baked the flesh of the animals so slaughtered. They sold the meat and earned their livelihood. The shepherd Chaṇia enjoyed eating the well cooked meat of the animals from his farm, along with wines. He paid his servants partly in cash and partly in food. This way he collected a great deal of sinful *karma* through his sinful acts and after his death was born as a hell-being in the fourth region of hell where he was condemned to live for ten *sāgoropamas*.

In the same city was a merchant Subhadra by name, whose wife Bhadrā gave birth to only still-born children. Around the time when the shepherd Chaṇia's time in hell was over, Bhadrā found herself pregnant once again. Chaṇia had come into her womb. The

merchant and his wife were most anxious that at least this time the child should not be still-born and as soon as the child was born they placed him under a cart so that it would have long life. The son indeed survived and lived a long life. He was given the name Śakata which means a cart.

During one of his voyages, Subhadra, the father of Śakata, was shipwrecked in the Lavana Ocean and he died. When the news reached his house, his wife Bhadrā died of the shock and the poor boy was turned out of his house by the creditors of his father. Śakata grew up happily on the streets of the town. One of these days he came in contact with a young girl Sudarśanā by name who later became an extremely popular courtesan in the town, having a very rich clientele. The Chief Minister of the town Suṣeṇa was one of them but the courtesan could not get over her fascination for Śakata and she continued to show favours to him. Suṣeṇa decided to make Sudarśanā his own mistress and gave her a big house, a number of servants and plenty of wealth. He also forbade her entertaining Śakata any more but they did meet secretly and did enjoy all kinds of pleasures in each other's company. Once Suṣeṇa saw Sudarśanā in the arms of Śakata and felt terribly enraged. He ordered his servants to capture the young man and break his bones. They bound him in such a way that his neck was bent far behind. The minister approached the king with the complaint that Śakata had committed the offence of intruding upon his privacy and demanded severe punishment. The king however left the matter to the minister himself. The minister ordered Śakata and Sudarśanā to be marched out of the house into the main street. This is where Gautama had seen him in that miserable condition. After the torture was over, Śakata's hands were untied but he was made to embrace a red hot iron statue of a woman and this is how Śakata died.

Mahāvīra told Gautama that Śakata would be born as a hell-being in the region of hell called Ratnaprabhā. After his stay there was over, he and Sudarśanā would be re-born as twins in a *mātariṅga* family in the city of Rājagṛha where their names would continue to be the same. They would both grow to be attractive



young people and the boy Śakaṭa would feel greatly infatuated by his twin sister Sudarśanā's form and beauty and they would enjoy incestuous pleasures. Śakaṭa would later on keep a farm and indulge in all sorts of evil and sinful deeds with the animals and eat their flesh. After his death, he would go to hell and after completing his period there he would be born as a fish in Vārāṇasī. After being killed by a fisherman, he would come back to the same city as a son in a merchant family and attain salvation with the help of an ascetic.

### 33. THE STORY OF BAHASPATIDATTA (BRĤASPATIDATTA)

Once in the city of Kauśāmbī Gautama saw a man being tortured to death and he wondered what sort of evil he had committed in his earlier life to deserve such terrible punishment. Mahāvira explained it in the following story:

In the town called Sarvatobhadra where king Jitasātru ruled, there lived a priest Maheśvaradatta. He was a great scholar and was very proficient in Vedic lore. Every time the king went out on a military expedition, the priest performed a sacrifice to ensure the safety and victory of the king. Every morning, the priest captured one boy of the Brahmin class, one boy of the warrior, one boy of the merchant class and one boy of the śūdra class. He cut off their hearts and offered them as sacrifice. On the subsequent eighth and fourteenth day of the king's expedition, he sacrificed the hearts of two boys from each class. During the fourth month of the king's war, he would offer the hearts of four boys from each class and if the wars went on for a year, the number would go up to sixteen. This way the priest Maheśvaradatta, in the course of his life murdered eight hundred boys from each class and accumulated enormous lot of sin. After his death he was deservedly sent to the fifth region of hell.

He was re-born in the family of the priest Somadatta in the city of Kauśāmbī. He was given the name of Brĥaspatidatta. He grew up in great luxury and received plenty of loving care of his parents as well as his five nurses. The prince of the town Udāyaṇa by name

was of the same age and the two of them grew up together.

After the king's death, Udāyana became the king of Kauśāmbi and he appointed his friend Bṛhaspatidatta as his chief priest. In this capacity Bṛhaspatidatta had easy access to the inner apartments of the king at any time of the day or night and this way Bṛhaspatidatta came into contact with queen Padmāvati. Soon enough their friendship became intimate. The king one of these days saw the two of them in a compromising position and he arrested the priest and ordered his servants to kill him.

Accordingly the priest was impaled and Gautama wanted to know what course his life would take after it. He would be sent to the Ratnaprabhā part of the hell and after the usual length of time there, he would come to the earth as a deer, only to be killed by a hunter. Then he would be re-born as a son in a family of merchants in the city of Hastināpura where he would meet an ascetic and finally attain liberation.

## 34. THE STORY OF NANDĪ

This happened in the city of Mathurā where king Śrīdāma ruled. His wife was Bandhuśrī and their young son was Nandivardhana. The king had a barber named Citta and this barber enjoyed the king's confidence so much so that he had free access to any place in the palace, even to the king's inner apartments.

During the visit of the ascetic Mahāvira, Gautama one of these days saw a curious spectacle in one of the busy squares of the town. A man was being forcibly seated on a red hot iron throne and the people that had gathered around were being told to take part in the great coronation ceremony that was being held for the young man. They first poured on his head extremely hot water filled with lead, chunam and salt. They placed round his neck a variety of necklaces, all heated to a fire like degree which they held with a pair of iron tongs. They also placed a metal band round his forehead and placed a burning hot crown upon his head. The king's officers repeated this coronation scene at every major square of the town. Gautama would very much like his master Mahāvira to explain the mystery of this unfortunate event, who this man was and how he came to deserve it.

Accordingly, Mahāvira gave the following account of the earlier existence of the unfortunate man who had presented the pathetic spectacle to Gautama. The young man that was being mocked and ridiculed was in fact the prince Nandivardhana who felt extremely impatient with his father and wanted to employ the services of the

barber Citta to kill the king. He promised him half the kingdom for such a service. The barber told the prince that he would willingly do the job but on second thoughts he felt terribly apprehensive and went to the king to reveal the treacherous intention of his young prince. The king acted very quickly and got his son arrested and gave to him the cruel punishment because of which he was being subjected to the mock coronation.

No wonder, the prince behaved in this manner and no wonder either that he was being tortured in the manner Gautama had noticed. In his earlier life time, the prince Nandivardhana was a jailor Duryodhana by name. He had in his collection an extraordinary range of the instruments of torture canes, sticks, clubs, whips, straps of leather, razor blades, swords etc. He also kept in stock several pots in which he stored urine of different animals like cows, buffaloes, goats, rams, camels and elephants. He also had some pots filled with water mixed with chunam or oil mixed with salt and some pots full of copper, tin, lead, iron pieces which were heated to an unbearable degree. The jailor took great delight in making use of most of these instruments of torture on the inmates of the jail. He handcuffed them or fastened fetters on their feet and some he would keep in stocks so that their hands, feet and neck were immobilised. He also devised a variety of other punishments with needles big and small, scorpion sting weapons and instruments like nail-pullers. This way he accumulated many sinful deeds and when he died he went to the sixth region of hell. After that period was over, he was born as the prince of the king Śrīdāma and queen Bandhūśrī of Mathurā.

To Gautama's further query as to what would happen to the prince after his death, Mahāvira said that it would be quite some time before he met with his death. This span of life being sixty years. After his death he would be condemned in the Ratnaprabhā region of hell and after this period he would be born as a fish. The fisherman would kill him and he would be re-born in the family of merchants in the city of Hastināpura. As a young man in that family he would meet an ascetic with whose help he would attain enlightenment and be finally emancipated from all his worldly misery.

## 35. THE STORY OF UDUMBARADATTA

Gautama once asked his master Mahāvira about a man that he saw every time he went to the city of Pāṭaliṣaṇḍa whether through the eastern gate or the southern gate, who was miserable in his suffering. Even to look at him caused Gautama tremendous lot of pain. Mahāvira explained the entire story of the previous life of the man to throw light on his present suffering.

This man in suffering is Udumbaradatta, the son of a rich merchant Sāgaradatta and his wife Gaṅgadattā. He was born to them after many still-born babies, through the blessings of the Yakṣa Udumbaradatta whose name he bears. During his previous life time, Udumbaradatta was a physician Dhanvantari by name who was in the service of the king of Vijayapura. He had studied the science of medicine consisting of eight parts namely the diseases of children, the science of surgery, the science of casting out evil spirits, the science of stimulating manly powers, the science of preparing antidotes to poison, the science of curing diseases to the body etc. His patients consisted not only of the royal family but of the rich merchants of the town of the Brahmins, ascetics and of several other poor people of the town. But for many of the diseases, he prescribed the flesh of animals such as tortoise, lizards, crocodiles, goats, cows, buffaloes and several varieties of fish and birds. He himself enjoyed eating the different varieties of flesh along with wines and this way he collected a large store of sins, and when his death came, he was sent to the sixth region of hell as a hell-being. After his long stay of twentytwo *sāgaropamas* there was over, he was sent into the city of Pāṭaliṣaṇḍa as the son of

Sāgaradatta and Gaṅgadattā who gave him the name of Udumbaradatta.

During one of his voyages, Sāgaradatta was shipwrecked in which he died. When this news reached home, Gaṅgadattā also died of the shock, and Udumbaradatta was turned out of his house by the creditors of the family. The young boy fell into bad company and as a result of the sins that he had committed in his earlier life time, he suffered from terrible diseases and was brought to the miserable state in which Gautama had seen him.

Gautama then wanted to know what would happen to Udumbaradatta hereafter. Mahāvīra said he would live for seventy two years and after his death he would spend his time in Ratnaprabhā region of the hell. He would then be born as a cock. He would be killed by a group of wicked persons. He would then be born in a family of merchants in the city of Hastināpura and meet an ascetic with whose help he will finally seek his liberation in the Saudharma part of heaven.

## 36. THE STORY OF ŚAURIKADATTA

In the city of Nandipura, king Mitra had a cook Śrīka by name. Many fishermen, hunters and fowlers brought him a variety of fish, animals like goats and cows and a large number of birds like *tittira* and peacock. Śrīka had also kept in several cages birds of different varieties.

When the animals were brought to him in the king's kitchen, he cut them into pieces with knives and prepared delicious food by frying, roasting and baking the flesh of these animals. He seasoned the various preparations in the juice of fruits like plums, grapes, wood apples, pomegranates etc. After he had served the different dishes to the king and the royal family, he himself ate and enjoyed them. This way he lived for thirty three hundred years and after his death, he was sent to the sixth region of hell as a punishment for all the sinful acts he had committed as a royal cook. When his time there was over, he was born in the family of a fisherman Samudradatta . His wife had so far given birth only to still-born babies or babies that died soon after their birth. She and her husband became devout worshippers of a Yakṣa called Śaurika. Through the favour of this Yakṣa a son was born to them and out of their gratitude to the Yakṣa they called their boy Śaurikadatta.

When his father Samudradatta died, his son became the leader of the fishermen there and like his father he too went about catching fish. He also employed a number of men to catch fish, dry them in the sun, roast and fry them, grill and bake them and sell them in the market. Śaurikadatta enjoyed eating fish along with wine. Once however as he was eating fish, a bone stuck in his throat. It caused



him unbearable pain. Every one in the family made an attempt to pull it out but failed. Therefore Śaurikadatta asked his servants to make a public announcement that any one or any physician that would take the bone out from his throat and relieve him of the pain would be paid a very handsome fee.

Many physicians tried their hand but failed. They gave to him a variety of drugs to make him vomit. They even pushed an arrow into his throat but nothing helped. They all went away but Śaurikadatta did not stop spitting and vomiting. His condition was indeed very miserable as the revered ascetic Mahāvīra explained to Gautama, who was keen on knowing the cause of Śaurikadatta's suffering, that it was not only his personal sin that he was suffering from but also of Sirīya (Śrika) the royal cook that he was in his previous life. Mahāvīra further told Gautama that Śaurikadatta would live for seventy years and after his death, he will be sent to the Ratnaprabhā region of the hell. He would then be born as a fish and in the next life time as a son in a merchant family when he will attain liberation.

## 37. THE STORY OF DEVADATTA

King Mahāsena of Supratistha had a son born of queen Dhārini, who was one of the five hundred queens that he had. His name was Simhasena. When he grew up to be a young man, he too was married to five hundred princesses. He had five hundred stately palaces for his pleasure. When his father died, he became the king and grew to be powerful like the mountain Mahāhimavat.

The young king however was deeply attached to only one of his queens, Śyāmā and he did not pay any attention to his four hundred and ninety-nine queens. When their mothers came to learn of the sorry plight of their daughters, they thought that they should instruct their daughters suitably. They all agreed that their daughters should discover a suitable occasion to kill their rival queen Śyāmā.

Śyāmā's spies conveyed it to her and she felt so terribly disturbed that she shut herself up in her own chamber where she could give free vent to her anger as well as sorrow. The king went to see her and was shocked to find her weeping and looking greatly disturbed. When she revealed the cause of her anger to him, king Simhasena said he would see what could be done about it but he assured her that she would have no more reason to feel either worried or frightened.

The king ordered the construction of a large palace outside the capital city, the palace was to have hundreds of pillars and must look gorgeous and impressive. When it was ready, he invited the mothers of all the four hundred ninety-nine queens and treated them to a banquet in the new hall that was tastefully decorated with

flowers, garlands, carpets and such other decorative material. The queen mothers also had tastefully decked themselves up. After they had eaten well, and sipped a variety of wines, they fell deeply asleep. The king was waiting for this hour and he asked his servants to close all the doors of the palace. Then he set fire to the whole palace in which all the queen mothers were scorched to death.

As a result of this terrible sin, the king was despatched to the sixth region of hell as a hell-being after his death. After his long spell of twenty two *sāgaropamas* in hell was over, he was sent into this world as a human being. He was born in the city of Rohitaka in the family of the merchant Datta but this time as a daughter. Her parents gave her the name of Devadattā. She grew up to be a young woman exquisite in beauty and excellent in form. Once after her bath, she was playing on the terrace of her house when king Vaiśramaṇa saw her. He was tremendously impressed by her beauty and lively and playful movements. He quickly sent through his servant a proposal to the merchant Datta for the hand of his daughter for his son, the crown prince Puṣyanandī. The father was greatly pleased and conveyed to the king his consent and accordingly the marriage took place.

The prince and princess lived for a long time leading a very carefree and happy life till one of these days the king died and Puṣyanandī showed how tremendously he was attached to his mother Śrī. Every morning, he visited her, fell at her feet, applied a variety of oils to her body, massaged it with innumerable medicinal herbs, then bathed her in hot and scented water and served her breakfast. Only then he would think of his own bath and breakfast. This sort of devotion to the widowed mother very much annoyed his wife Devadattā. She nearly lost her sleep and almost all the time her mind was occupied with a variety of plans that she kept on making to get rid of the mother-in-law. One day she felt so terribly frenzied that she picked up an iron bar, took it to the kitchen and heated it redhot and thrust it in the anus of Śrī as she was sleeping. The old woman shrieked out but met with immediate death. At the sound of the cry of Śrī many servants rushed to the room and they clearly saw queen Devadattā running out of that room. When they

saw Śrī lying dead, they reported the matter to king Pūṣyanandī. He arrested the queen and sent her to the place of execution. She was to be impaled and that is where Gautama saw her.

The ascetic Mahāvira told Gautama that she would go to hell as a hell-being and after many transmigrations, she would be born in the city of Gaṅgapura as a swan. This would be followed by another birth in the same city in a family of merchants when she would seek liberation.

## 38. THE STORY OF AÑJU

Añjuśrī was the daughter of Dhanadeva and his wife Priyaṅgu. One day king Vijaya saw her and asked her parent's permission to marry her. The young couple enjoyed many pleasures in their lofty palace but soon enough it was discovered that the queen had a painful disease of the womb. The king tried various physicians but they could give her no relief whatever. The king made an announcement and several physicians from far and wide came to treat the queen but they all failed and the pain went on increasing and the queen's suffering would not end.

Gautama, who saw the queen in this miserable condition asked Mahāvīra about the cause of her suffering. Mahāvīra explained that the cause was to be sought in the *karmas* of her earlier life time. She was a courtesan named Prthviśrī, an extremely accomplished young woman who had succeeded in bringing under her spell many princes and rich men in the city of Indrapura. She employed a variety of medicinal powders on her patrons and extracted a lot of money from them all. After a long span of life she died and was sent into the sixth region of hell. When she came out of there she was born in the same city of Vardhamānapura as the daughter of Priyaṅgu the wife of Dhanadeva, and her name was Añjuśrī who was the same person that Gautama had seen in her agonising pain and miserable condition. After her death, she would go to Ratnaprabhā as a hell-being and afterwards she would go through a series of transmigrations and be born in a family of merchants in the city of Sarvatobhadra but as a male child. During the course of education, she would meet a worthy monk with whose help she

would attain perfect knowledge. After her death as a holy monk, she would be sent to Saudharma where she would finally be liberated from all miseries of the life and death cycles.

## 39. THE STORY OF SUBAHU

(This story illustrates how good acts done in previous lives come to be rewarded.)

In the city of Hastiśirṣa, king Aḍiṇaśatru ruled. He had a large harem of one thousand queens. The chief of them was Dhāriṇī. After seeing an auspicious dream, Dhāriṇī gave birth to prince Subāhu. When he grew up to be a young man, his parents married him to five hundred princesses from well known royal families. They also had constructed five hundred lofty palaces for his wives.

When the great ascetic Mahāvira was on a visit to the town, the king and the prince called on him and when they heard his illuminating sermons, Subāhu declared his intention that he would like to take the five Lesser Vows and Seven Disciplinary Vows as a householder. Mahāvira administered the vows and Subāhu became a devout householder.

One of the disciples of Mahāvira happened to meet prince Subāhu and he was quite struck by the beauty and brightness of the young prince. He therefore asked Mahāvira how exactly the prince managed to get such wonderful splendour which is rare for human beings. Perhaps it had something to do with his former existence. Mahāvira confirmed that it indeed was so. Mahāvira gave the following account :

It happened in the city of Hastināpura during the visit of an elderly ascetic of high birth, Dharmaghoṣa by name. His disciple Sudatta observed many monthly fasts, studied the sacred texts and begged his alms with the permission of his master in the most

correct manner. One of these days, he came for alms to the house of Sumukha who felt greatly pleased to receive the ascetic Sudatta. Before he gave him the alms, he followed the right discipline of removing his sandals, covering his face with a scarf, walking upto the ascetic, reverentially moving round him thrice and fetching the food from the kitchen. This way Sumukha observed the prescribed three-fold purity, that of body, mind and speech. The food that he served was also pure in the prescribed manner and his behaviour was greatly appreciated. This became clear through the appearance of five miracles in his house. Riches of different kinds, flowers of five colours and clothes of a variety of fabrics were showered in the house. Drums were beaten and a divine proclamation was heard from the sky, "O what a noble gift ! O what a noble gift ! O what a noble gift !"

After a long life when Sumukha would die, he would be born in the city of Hastināpura as its prince, the son of king Adināśatru.

The prince Subāhu who had become a devout householder met Mahāvira and under his influence he observed the *poṣadha* fast at the end of which he sat on a *darbha* mat and decided to observe similar difficult fasts. As he was sitting there and meditating, he thought how blessed would it be to be in the villages and settlements where the great Mahāvira visits and how blessed would be the life of an ascetic with a shaven head and listen to the religious discourses of Mahāvira and also follow him in his wanderings from village to village. These innermost thoughts of his mind Mahāvira divined through his *kevala-jñāna* and he appeared in his town. Subāhu renounced his householder's life and became a monk. He studied the eleven *aṅgas*, observed various fasts that ascetics are supposed to observe, emaciated himself in the process. When he died, he was born as a god in the Saudharma heaven. He will again appear in the world, become a monk and after death go to Sanatkumāra heaven. After another cycle of life and renunciation, he would ascend to Brahma heaven. Later he would be in Mahāsukra heaven, ānanta heaven. In this manner he will finally achieve liberation.



## 40. ROHAKA THE SON OF BHARATA

A little distance away from Ujjayini, was a little village which was only a settlement of members of a performing art who exhibited their skill in village fairs or even in the streets of big towns. Bharata was one such performer. He had a son called Rohaka, his mother had died when he was very young, and his father married another woman to look after the boy as well as himself. But the woman treated Rohaka with a good deal of disaffection. Rohaka thought he could teach her a lesson and make her treat him well.

Once at night Rohaka woke up his father and told him that some man was running stealthily away from the house. The father wondered whether his wife had a lover. Gradually the suspicion grew stronger as became evident from his growing indifference to her. He would not talk to her nor would give her flowers or accept betel from her. The woman felt that the little boy probably had spoiled the mind of the father against her. She one day asked Rohaka what he had done to estrange his father from her. The boy said that he would set things right between the two of them only if she treated him with kindness and affection, to which she agreed. Hereafter her relations with Rohaka improved considerably.

Once on a moon-lit night Rohaka drew his father's attention to a man who he said was stealthily running away from the house and the father rushed towards the house to fetch his sword. Rohaka then pointed his finger at the father's shadow and said that was the man that was stealthily running away. The father was non-plussed. He now realised that it was his mistake to have suspected his wife when Rohaka was only pulling his legs. He expressed his regret to his wife and their relations improved. Rohaka now apprehended

trouble from his stepmother; he was afraid that she might poison his food. He therefore made it a point never to eat his meals alone but invariably in the company of his father.

One day Rohaka went to the city of Ujjayini with his father. He admired the beauty of the city and when they were returning home the father of Rohaka found that he had forgotten some thing in the city and he decided to go back. He left Rohaka on the bank on the river Śiprā where he played in the sand. To amuse himself, he drew a picture of the whole city of Ujjayini complete with its ramparts etc.

It so happened that the king of Ujjayini, who had gone out on his horse, came there to the river where Rohaka had drawn the picture of the whole city on the sand. As the king's horse came near, Rohaka asked him not to trample upon the royal palace in the picture. The king got off and with great curiosity looked at the whole picture and asked Rohaka how often he had seen the city before he made such a vivid graphic representation. Rohaka said that it was the first time that he had seen the city. The king was amazed, and was full of admiration for the comprehensive genius of the boy. He asked him his name and where he came from before he went back to his city. The king was wondering why he could not have such an intelligent person as his own minister but he decided to put Rohaka to some more test. He quizzed Rohaka on a number of occasions but Rohaka entirely satisfied the king before he was finally chosen to be his chief minister. The following stories are from the tests to which Rohaka was subjected :

### ***A Boulder As A Canopy***

One day the king told the people of the village where Rohaka and his father lived, that there was a huge boulder lying outside their village. "Now without removing it from its place you should make it a canopy of a hall worthy of a king's throne." The villagers felt terribly concerned over the king's order; they knew it was well nigh impossible to carry it out. However they met in an assembly and discussed various ways to carry out the king's order. As they went on discussing, they did not realise how late it was; it was already past the usual lunch hour and Rohaka who would not eat without his father came looking for his father to the place where the

village assembly was being held. He complained to his father that he was very hungry and said the father must come away immediately. The father said it was alright for the child whose only business was to eat and be happy; he did not have any idea of the great anxiety that the village elders had to experience because of the king's crazy command. When Rohaka asked what the command was that had so much worried the village elders he quickly suggested how it could be done. He said they should leave the boulder as it is and where it is and dig around and underneath it carefully and construct walls and pillars for the hall the king had in his mind.

Within a few days the hall was ready and the boulder served the purpose of the canopy. The king was invited to see it and was pleased to be told that the brilliant idea came from Rohaka, the son of Bharata.

### **A GOAT**

On another occasion the king sent a goat to the village of Rohaka with instructions that after a fortnight, the goat should retain its present weight, neither more nor less. The village folk thought it to be a particularly harsh condition. They met and discussed the situation in their assembly but found no way out. They finally invited Rohaka to the assembly where the village elders praised him, "You have saved the entire village from the king's capricious order last time. Please show your intelligence now and save us again". Rohaka grasped the situation well and advised the villagers, "Feed the goat well with whatever food it usually eats but tie it in front of a wolf. Because of his regular food, he would not grow weaker and lose his weight and because of the fright of the wolf he would not grow fatter either." The villagers did exactly that and at the end of the stipulated fortnight, they handed over the goat to the king with his weight exactly the same, neither more nor less.

### **A COCK FIGHT**

After some days, the king came out with another idea. He sent a cock to the village and said that it should be made to fight but without bringing in another cock. The village elders thought the order to be particularly illogical and in spite of a good deal of

discussion, they simply could not understand how the king's cock could be made to fight in the absence of another cock but they finally came to a satisfactory conclusion that Rohaka should be consulted.

Rohaka brought a huge mirror and polished it clean. He held it before the king's cock. When he saw his own image reflected in the mirror, he thought it was another cock challenging him to fight, and he attacked it with great force. The fight was full of great gusto. Thus the king's cock fought a fierce battle without another cock. The whole village watched the fight with great admiration and wonder. Due report was made to the king that the cock did fight without another cock being involved.

### ***ROPES OF SAND***

The king's order was: "Your village is surrounded by colourful sand. Make some thick ropes of that sand and send them to the palace at once."

The entire village was completely taken aback by this order. All that they could do was to seek Rohaka's advice. Rohaka as usual came to the rescue of this village. He composed a message for the king. "We are performers. We know how to dance, we know how to present dramatic entertainments but unfortunately we have never been trained in the art of making ropes. However, we would not disobey your command. We would certainly send you the desired ropes but we would very much like to see the patterns and fabrics of such ropes before we venture on any of our own. Your Majesty's palace is very old and there must be several such ropes made of sand there. Could your majesty please send one of these to us as a model so that we shall make our ropes in the same style and send them to you ?"

The king was completely dumbfounded.

### ***THE DEAD ELEPHANT***

The king sent to the village of Rohaka an old ailing elephant that would die any moment with a message to the villagers that every day news about the elephant must reach the king. But no report should say that the elephant has died.

The whole village gathered in a meeting to which Rohaka was specially invited, to discuss what could be done about the elephant. Rohaka advised them not to neglect the usual food that the elephant is given and only wait patiently to see how things develop. One night, the elephant died. Rohaka next morning instructed the villagers to convey to the king the following message: "Your Majesty, today the elephant does not sit down nor can he stand up. He does not eat any of his food nor does he defecate. He does not even breath. In fact, he does not make any movement whatsoever." When the king heard this message, he asked, "Is he dead ?" The villagers replied, "You may say so, your Majesty, not we." The king remained silent as the villagers left the palace.

### ***SEND ME YOUR WELL***

On another occasion, the royal messenger arrived in the village of Rohaka with a peremptory order, "That well in your village full of fresh and sweet water should immediately be sent to me. I want it." The villagers felt completely confounded by the king's order till Rohaka came to their rescue. He told the king's messenger to convey to the king the following request. "We do have that well that you desire but it is after all a rustic well. Like the rustic people, it is shy by nature. We people gain confidence only when we are in the company of knowledgeable persons. Therefore, we would request Your Majesty to send a well from your city to escort ours. Our well will be too willing to come to you. " Now it was the turn of the royal messengers to feel confounded. However they conveyed the message to the king who was happy to be convinced of Rohaka's intelligence.

### ***SHIFTING OF THE FOREST***

The king on another occasion ordered the villagers to shift a certain forest which was on the eastern side of the village to the west. The king waited to see what the people of Rohaka's village would now do. However, Rohaka advised them to shift their settlement to the east of the forest so that the forest will be on their west. The king's messenger conveyed it to him and he felt satisfied.

### **COOKING WITHOUT FIRE**

Again after some time, the king asked the villagers to cook some porridge but without making use of fire. The village would not know how to do it till Rohaka suggested, "Soak some rice in water. Then keep the pot full of this rice on a heap of dry cow dung and grain chaff and keep it in the scorching heat of the sun. You will soon get well cooked porridge." The villagers succeeded in obeying the king's order and reported accordingly to him. He was surprised but pleased.

### **ROHAKA VISITS THE KING**

By now, the king was fairly well convinced of Rohaka's high degree of intelligence and ready wit, therefore he sent for him to his court. But he asked him to come neither in the brighter half of the month nor in the darker, neither at night nor during the day time, neither in shade nor in sun light, neither walking on foot nor being carried aloft, neither by road nor sneak in by an unauthorised path, neither after a bath nor without it.

Rohaka studied the message carefully and decided to make his journey to the king's palace at twilight on a day between the new moon and the next. He took his bath, washing his body only below the neck (*kañṭhasnāna*). He held a sieve for an umbrella and rode a ram and chose as his path the portion of the road between two wheel tracks. He did not forget the usual etiquette that one should not approach a king, God or teacher empty handed. Therefore he carried with him a handful of earth. He bowed to the king and offered to him the gift he had carried. The king was surprised to see such a mean gift and asked him the meaning of it. Rohaka replied, "Your Majesty, you are the lord of the earth, so I have brought to you this piece of earth." The king was very pleased to hear this. He seated Rohaka by his side in a place of honour.

### **Rohaka's Bizarre Problems**

One night when Rohaka was sleeping, the king woke him up in the early hours of the night and asked him whether he was really asleep. Rohaka replied:

"Your Majesty, I was not sleeping. I am wide awake."

"You seem to be busy thinking. What is it about?"

"I am thinking whether the stalk of a leaf of Pipal tree is bigger in size than the upper part."

"So, what is your conclusion?"

"Both are same."

And Rohaka went to sleep.

After some time, the king again woke him up and asked the same question. Rohaka replied that he was thinking of something.

"How could the hard balls of dung be formed in the stomach of sheep?"

"So what is your conclusion?"

"The wind forms them."

After some time the king again woke Rohaka and asked him if he was asleep. Rohaka denied that he was asleep; he was awake and thinking. The king as usual asked him about what he was thinking this time.

"I am thinking about the black stripes on the body of a squirrel and also of the white stripes. How many could they be of each colour and whether the body of the squirrel is bigger than the tail."

"So, what is your conclusion?"

"Your Majesty, the number of black stripes is the same as the white ones and the body and the tail are equal in size."

### ***Five Fathers***

The king woke him up again in the last few hours of the night to ask him the same question but before he did that he noticed that Rohaka was fast asleep. So he woke him up by poking him with his stick. Rohaka quickly woke up and asked "What is the matter?"

The king asked what he was busy with. Rohaka said:

"I am thinking of how many fathers you have."

The king felt much embarrassed and kept silent for a moment and finally asked how many according to his calculation there could be. "Five" said Rohaka, and the king asked who these five could be. Rohaka's reply was, "One must be Vaisravaṇa, the Lord of

Wealth, because you are as generous as Vaisṛavaṇa himself. Number 2 must be a cāṇḍāla because you are like a cāṇḍāla to your enemies when you are aroused to anger. The third must be a washerman because like a washerman you wring every thing out of your enemies. The fourth must be a scorpion because when you woke me up from my sleep this morning, by poking me with your stick, I thought it was a scorpion that stung me mercilessly and the fifth must be your own royal father because as his son you dispense justice as it should be dispensed". The king made no comment on this and quietly went through all his morning duties before he went to see his mother. He humbly bowed to her and put her the question by whom or by how many he had been begotten. The mother looked perturbed and asserted that it was only by his well known father that he was begotten. The king was sure that Rohaka would not go wrong and indulge in lies, so he asked her again to tell him the truth. Then she told him, "Look. When you were in my womb I had gone out in the garden to worship Vaisṛavaṇa. When I saw that handsome Yakṣa and touched him by my hand, I was mad with passion and desired to have a sexual intercourse with him. As I was coming back home, I saw a beautiful cāṇḍāla youth who also awoke in me similar sexual desire. When further on I saw a washerman, I longed for him also. When I came back home, I took a scorpion made of wheat flour in my hand to eat it as was the custom, but by his touch my passion was aroused again and I wanted to copulate with him. So you see I do not know whether a mere wish on my part has made them all your fathers. In reality however as the world knows you have been begotten only by your father."

The king went back to his palace and announced the appointment of Rohaka as the head of the Council of his Ministers.



## 41. SALE OF CUCUMBERS

Once a villager brought cucumbers from his village to sell in a city. He stood at the city gate where came a city dweller who said to him, "If I were to eat all these cucumbers of yours what will you give me ?" "I will give you a *modaka*" said the villager, "A *modaka* that will not pass through this city gate. " So the bet was accepted and witnesses were called.

The city dweller bit off a small piece from every cucumber and claimed that he had eaten them all and asked for the promised *modaka*. The villager said that he had not eaten all the cucumbers as he had said he would do. The city dweller insisted that he had done just that. To decide the issue, they put up all the cucumbers for sale but no body would buy them and when asked their reply was, "They are eaten". The villager was convinced and the witnesses confirmed that he had to give to the city dweller the promised *modaka*. It was the villager now who felt worried as to how he could get a *modaka* of that size. He offered a rupee, two rupees, even hundred rupees to the city man but he insisted only on the *modaka*.

Fortunately, the villager met another clever city dweller who suggested a way out. Accordingly the villager purchased a *modaka* from a sweetmeat shop. Then he called his cucumber eater and asked the witnesses to watch well. He kept the *modaka* in the arch way of the city gate and ordered it to go on but the *modaka* would not move an inch. The villager then said that he had promised a *modaka* that would not go through the city gate and this was it. The witnesses agreed that he had kept his word.

## **42. OF MONKEYS AND MANGOES**

Some travellers in the course of their journey happened to be resting under a mango tree which was loaded with mangoes. They wished to eat the mangoes but the monkeys on the tree would not let them. The travellers saw a way out. Considering the true nature of monkeys, they threw clods of earth at the monkeys. The apes retaliated by throwing mangoes at them. This is how man's cleverness prevails.

## 43. ABHAYAKUMĀRA RETRIEVES A RING FROM A WELL

In the city of Rājagṛha, there ruled king Prasenajit who had subjugated all his enemies. He had many sons but he considered Śreṇika alone was accomplished with all royal qualities. But he did not show his favours openly to him because he was afraid that his other sons might become jealous of their brother and even conspire to kill him. Nevertheless deep down in his mind he had decided that Śreṇika should succeed him. Śreṇika however, who could not have judged the king's motives, felt unhappy with the father and left home. During his wanderings, he reached the town of Vennā-taṭa and chose a shop of a merchant as a place to rest for a little while. This merchant had latterly fallen into a decline.

The night before Śreṇika came to his shop, the merchant had a dream in which he felt that Ratnākara, the God of Sea, himself had married his daughter. Soon after Śreṇika arrived at his shop, the merchant concluded a deal of selling out many of his goods that had remained unsold over a long period and the deal brought him a lot of profit. In the course of the same morning, he managed to purchase from some tribal persons priceless jewels almost for a pittance. So he was right in thinking that all the wealth that he earned on that day could be only on account of the auspicious presence of the stranger that had come to rest there, namely Śreṇika. He was even willing to identify him with Ratnākara whom he had seen in his dream the previous night and Śreṇika was handsome enough to justify this belief. Very politely the merchant asked Śreṇika to whose house he had come in the city as a guest.

"To you " Śrenika replied candidly and the merchant was beside himself with joy. He took him home and offered all the hospitality with great sincerity and affection. One thing was true that since Śrenika arrived in his house the merchant's profits went on increasing. So it is only natural that he should make a proposal of marriage on behalf of his daughter Nandā. In course of time, Śrenika was married to her and the young couple lived there in great luxury enjoying all kinds of pleasures. It was not long before Nandā discovered that she was pregnant.

In the meantime, Prasenajit, the king of Rājagṛha, felt that his end was near. He had secretly kept himself informed of his son Śrenika's whereabouts and now he sent camel riders to fetch him home quickly. The royal messengers told Śrenika that the king was eagerly awaiting him, so Śrenika bid farewell to his pregnant wife and before he left the house, he wrote out a message that he was going to live in Rājagṛha as a cowherd and that if they needed any help from him, they could call on him. So he left for Rājagṛha.

In Nandā's womb was growing her foetus which in fact was a great soul that had just arrived on this earth from the world of the gods. Accordingly, she had strange pregnancy longings. On one occasion, she wished to ride a well decorated elephant distributing wealth to people around and guaranteeing them freedom from fear. Her father informed the king and fulfilled her longing. In due course, a son was born to her. He was named Abhaya in keeping with the pregnancy longing of his mother, she wanted to free people from fear. Abhayakumāra had a happy childhood and learnt all the scriptures etc in course of time.

Once he asked his mother about his father. She honestly told him of the whole account of her married life and showed him the message that his father had left behind. Abhayakumāra interpreted the message that his father had written in the light of his mother's account of her life with him and came to understand that his father was the king in Rājagṛha. He suggested to his mother that they should proceed to Rājagṛha but only as a part of a merchant's caravan.

When they reached the outskirts of the city, Abhayakumāra left

his mother in the merchant's camp and entered the city alone to see how the king was and the general situation there in the city. As he entered the city he saw a crowd of people gathered around a well which, curiously enough, was dry. On his inquiry, he was told that the king's ring had fallen in the well and that the king had announced a rich reward for any one who would take it out with his own hand, but all along standing on the brink of the well. When this condition was confirmed by the king's men, he offered to try his luck and the king's men would have no objection to his doing so.

Abhayakumāra had a careful look at the ring down below at the bottom of the well and he aimed a lump of wet cowdung at it. When it fell on the ring, it got stuck into the lump. Then he allowed it time enough to become dry. Then he filled the well with water from another well. The dry cowdung cake came floating to the surface of the water. Abhayakumāra standing on the edge of the well picked it up with his own hands. The people around cheered him lustily. The king's men reported it to the king who summoned Abhayakumāra to his court where he presented the ring to the king. The king asked him who he was and Abhayakumāra told him that he was his son and confirmed it by narrating the whole account of the king's early life at the merchant's place and his marriage to his mother. The king was overwhelmed with joy, kissed his son profusely and asked him where his mother at the moment was. When Abhayakumāra said that she was waiting outside the city, the king rushed up to receive her with appropriate retinue. In the meantime, Abhayakumāra had gone ahead to keep his mother informed. Nandā wanted to bedeck herself for the occasion but Abhayakumāra stopped her by pointing out that ladies of noble birth would not do this so long as they were separated from their husbands. They would wait till they met their husbands. When the king arrived, Nandā fell at his feet and the king greeted her by the royal offerings of ornaments etc. She was brought into the city along with Abhayakumāra in a great procession and eventually Abhayakumāra was made the minister of the king.

## **44. WHO OWNS WHICH GARMENT ?**

There were two men; one wore a cotton garment and the other a woollen. Once they went together to bathe in a river. They left their clothes on the bank and plunged in. After his bath the owner of the woollen garment took his friend's cotton clothes for his own and left. The other man went on asking him to return his clothes to him but he would not. They decided to refer the matter to the court of law. The judge ordered the hair on the heads of both of them to be combed carefully with separate combs. The judge examined the combs and discovered woollen fibres on the comb used for the hair of the man who wore woollen clothes and the judge decided that the accused was not the rightful owner of the cotton clothes. They were restored by the court's order to the rightful owner.

## 45. A LIZARD IN THE STOMACH

Once a man was answering a call of nature in an open field when a lizard whisked away into a hole just under the squatting man. In the process it happened to touch the man's anus with its tail. The man felt frightened that it entered his stomach. When he went home he took ill with this fear. The doctor was quickly summoned. He knew that the man was ill only with fear. The lizard could not have gone in at all. So he offered to cure the man only if he agreed to pay him a big fee. The man agreed and the physician gave him a purgative and instructed him to empty his bowels in a pot that he would send. In this pot the doctor had carefully concealed a lizard made of lac. When the man had purged himself, the doctor showed him the lizard that had come out and the man was satisfied. He quickly recovered his health and strength.

## 46. CROWS

In a certain city of the name of Bennātata, a Buddhist monk once asked sarcastically a question to a Śvetāmbara Jain monk, "Your Arhats and all their followers like you are credited to be all knowing chaps. So could you tell me how many crows are there in this city ?" The Jain monk decided to follow the same crooked path to answer him back. He recited a few verses, put on a very wise expression and answered "Sixty Thousand crows must be living here. If they are less some must have flown away; if more some must have come in from outside. " It need not be mentioned that the erudite verses that he had recited were composed by none but himself. The Buddhist monk kept silent and quietly went away scratching his head.



## : 47. CROW

A certain Vaiṣṇava asked a Jain monk this question : "Little monk, why is this crow scattering his excreta here and there ?" The young monk quickly, perceived the Vaiṣṇava's mischievous intention and replied, "You people believe that God Viṣṇu is here, there and every where and this pious crow is trying to discover whether Viṣṇu could be there even in his excreta."

The good old Vaiṣṇava felt dazed as if hit on his head and quickly walked away fretting in rage.

## 48. INDIAN ARCHIMEDES

The king of Vasantapura was on the look out for a man with an extraordinary intelligence for the ministership in his government. He therefore devised a test. He brought an elephant to a public park in the town and announced that the person who gave him the correct weight of the bulky animal would be rewarded with an excellent employment in his government. In response to this announcement, a certain man came up to demonstrate his intelligence. He took the elephant to a big boat in a lake. He marked on the outside of the boat the level upto which the boat sunk in the water when the elephant was on the boat. Then the elephant was brought back on the bank and huge boulders were put on the boat to make it sink exactly to the level to which it had sunk when the elephant was on it. Then he emptied the boat and weighed all the boulders. This way he could tell the king the exact weight of the elephant. The king was satisfied and he appointed the man to the ministerial post.

## 49. FOOTWEAR AS LUGGAGE

Once a certain king claimed before his friend named Viṭa that his queen was so healthy that she never broke wind. The friend remarked that was not possible. He further explained that whenever the queen gave to the king fragrant flowers to smell, flowers that she had deliberately crushed a little so that the fragrance should spread quickly, the king should know that she was breaking wind. The next time he went to the queen's apartments and she offered him a few flowers, the king smiled and the queen asked what had made him smile. The king would not easily be persuaded to tell her the reason but since she persisted, he told her about his conversation with Viṭa. The queen became very angry and demanded from the king Viṭa's banishment from the country.

Before going out into exile, Viṭa collected a huge stock of sandals and footwear and with that load on his back he went to the queen to bid farewell. The queen asked what load was that and when told they were all footwear, she asked him why should he be carrying footwear. Viṭa's reply was that he was going to wander over long periods of time and visit many places, the shoes should last that long, he would, however not forget to mention the queen at all these places. The queen was frightened that he would spread her bad name everywhere. She stopped him and got his exile order cancelled.

## 50. A LAC-PELLET

Once a pellet of lac got stuck in the nostril of a young child. His parents were frightened. They took the boy to a goldsmith. The goldsmith heated the tip of a needle and slowly inserted it in the pellet. This way he softened it and gradually pulled out the whole of the pellet from the nostril.

## **51. A TEST FOR MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENT**

A king wanting an intelligent man as his minister devised the following test : he erected a pillar in the middle of a large lake and announced that he would give a handsome reward to any one who, remaining on the bank of the lake, would tie a rope round the pillar. A certain man came to try his luck. He drove a large peg into the ground on the bank of the lake and tied one end of the rope to the peg and took the other end in his hand and went round on the bank of the lake and thus succeeded in tying up the pillar. Spectators appreciated his intelligence and the king's men on watch reported it to the king who was happy to see that the test he had devised fetched him the right kind of man. He duly made the man his minister.

## **52. A JAIN MONK AND A BUDDHIST NUN**

In a certain city, a Buddhist nun, a young woman boasted before the king that she possessed such skill that she could do anything that any other man had done. The king said he would arrange a contest. So he made a public announcement with the usual drum beat. A Jain monk, a young boy, was on his way to collect alms heard the announcement and decided to challenge the Buddhist nun. He accordingly went to the king's court and the nun looking at the little boy made faces at him and asked contemptuously, "Tell me how do we start ?"

Every one in the court looked on with great eagerness and the boy quietly showed his penis. The nun could not do just this and every one in the court shouted victory for the boy. Then the boy completed the victory by urinating in such a way as to draw a lotus on the ground. The nun could not do that either. She had to accept her defeat and feel humiliated in the king's court.

## 53. A FAIRY EXPOSED

Once a man was going in a bullock cart along with his wife. As they were travelling, the wife got off to answer the call of nature. While she was away, a certain fairy living in that region saw the handsome man and felt a passionate desire for him. She quickly changed herself into the shape and form of his wife and got into the cart. As the cart started to proceed on its way, the man's wife came and she saw another woman looking exactly like herself, sitting next to her husband. But she followed the cart, asking her husband to pick her up but the fairy said to the man that she must be a fairy residing in that locality and suggested that he should goad the bullocks to go faster. The real wife of the man did not stop following the cart, still shouting and crying. The man was confused. He slowed down and the wife and the fairy began shouting at each other and a quarrel ensued.

However, he took both the women to the next village. They all went to the village council for justice. The man was confused and would not know which was his wife but chose to remain silent. The chief of the council told the man to stand at a certain distance from the two women. He turned round to the women and told them that whoever of them touched the man first with her hand would be considered his wife. The fairy stretched out her hand unusually long and fast and touched him first. The council quickly concluded that she was the fairy and drove her out. The other woman was restored to her husband.

## 54. WOMAN

Mūladeva and Puṇḍarīka, two close friends were going on a journey. A man with his wife was also going the same way. Puṇḍarīka saw the man's wife and felt enamoured of her. He said to his friend Mūladeva, "If you can't obtain this woman for me, there are slim chances of my living any longer." Mūladeva understood how terribly despondent his friend had become but asked him to be patient enough and assured him that he certainly would try.

Then both of them went past the man and his wife and walked far ahead of them. Mūladeva asked Puṇḍarīka to hide himself in a bush by the wayside and himself stood on the road awaiting the man and his wife. When they came, close enough, Mūladeva made a fervent appeal to the man for help. "My wife is expecting a baby any time now. I have asked her to lie down behind the bush over there. Could your wife be kind enough to be of any help to her. You know this is a situation where a man is of no help at all." The woman was quick enough to offer her help and went into the bush where she met Puṇḍarīka. She talked with him for a while. She came back to borrow some clothing from Mūladeva. She said with a cheerful smile on her face that she had some good news "A son is born to you." She went back into the bush again.



## 55. THE SON

A certain merchant had two wives. One of them had a son while the other none. But this woman also treated the child with great affection and the child did not know which of the two was his mother. Once, when the merchant had gone out on his usual journey, he met with his death and eventually the two women began to quarrel. One of them said that since she had the son, she must be the mistress of the house and the other also claimed to be the mother of the child and insisted on having the same position. Finally they appealed to the king and the king's minister of justice suggested that the entire wealth of the man should be equally divided and so also the child. So the child was to be cut up into two parts and each one of the two women should be satisfied with one part of the child.

The minister's verdict was a profound shock to the woman who was the real mother of the child. She begged of the minister his permission to withdraw her claim, "Oh no sir. I may as well say this is not my son. Please do not cut him up. Let her have him whole. Nor do I want any share in the property. Let the whole of it go to her. I shall be happy to live in any body else's house as an humble servant. My only pleasure will be to see him alive. I do not want to live at the cost of my son's life." The other woman merely kept quiet. The minister quickly came to realise, who the real mother was and assigned to her the title to the house, property and the son. The other woman was told off.

## 56. THE SIGNET RING

A palace priest in a certain city had gained quite a name for his honest and straightforward dealings. People deposited their valuables with him without any hesitation whenever they wanted to travel out, and he returned all of them to their owners in tact, when they came back even if it was a long time. A man from the town who wanted to go out on a journey left his precious collection with the priest in a handsome looking purse. After a long time, he returned home and asked the priest to return the purse. The priest however disclaimed any knowledge about the purse and even said that he had nothing to do with that man. The poor man had a profound shock and did not know what to do.

Once he saw the minister of the king passing by the house of the priest and loudly asked the priest to return his purse that contained a thousand gold pieces: his intention was that the minister should clearly hear him. The minister did hear the man making this type of demand in such a loud voice from an open street and duly conveyed the matter to the king. Then he took the man with him to the king's court. When the king heard the whole case from the unfortunate man, he asked the priest to return his money to him. The priest persisted in his own claim that he had nothing to do with that man and that he had received no purse and no money from him. The king asked the complainant to tell him the whole story over again this time more truthfully. The man merely repeated his earlier complaint and gave the details of the day and the time and the place where the purse was handed over to the priest, and the persons who were present then.

One of these days, the priest and the king were chattering

playfully and in a playful mood the two exchanged their signet rings. The king quietly handed over the priest's ring to a servant but the priest was not aware of this. Later, he asked the servant to show it to the priest's wife and get from her the purse with the thousand gold pieces in it from the place where her husband had concealed it. The signet ring of the husband convinced the wife that the priest himself must have sent him and therefore she handed over the treasure to him. The man brought it back to the king.

The king kept the purse in the midst of lots of other palace treasures and summoned the priest and the complainant to the palace. The man saw his purse and quickly recognised it and convinced the king that it belonged to him. The king returned it to him and ordered that the priest's tongue should be cut : a punishment which he deserved.

## 57. COINS

A certain man wanting to go on a long journey, filled his purse with precious gold coins, sealed it carefully and left it in the custody of a reliable friend and went away. He could not come back home for a very long time and the man who had accepted the purse only as a deposit, could not retain his patience. He broke the seal and was delighted to see the pure gold of the coins. He replaced all the pure gold with the present day coins made of inferior gold and sealed the purse again. After a long interval the owner of the purse returned and asked for the purse. He got it back. He was even happy to see that the seal was the same as before but when he opened the purse, he realised that the coins inside were not the same. They were of much inferior quality.

When their quarrel went to the king's judge, the judge asked the man how long it was since he had left the money in the purse and the purse with the man. He spoke of a very very long time and the judge saw that the coins in the purse appeared to be of recent currency. He could quite see that the accused was telling a lie and deserved punishment for his dishonesty. He was made to restore the original gold coins to the owner and was sent to prison.

## 58. A MONK

A man left a thousand gold coins for safe keeping with a Buddhist monk and asked for the money back after some time. But the monk was not quick enough to return the money. Every time he was asked to return it, he pretended to be busy or engaged in some thing urgent. The man decided to try some other method to recover his money.

So he went to a group of gamblers who wore red robes and held golden staves in their hands. After hearing the complaint of the man, they went to the monk and told him that they were undertaking a long journey to pay homage to certain *caityas*. The monk they said was known to them as a reliable person and therefore they would leave their golden staves in his charge while they were away. The monk was delighted with this word of trust. He was feeling greedy enough for the golden staves but unfortunately a minute before the staves were handed over to him, the man who had lost his money suddenly appeared on the scene as he was instructed, demanded the money that he had deposited with the monk, back immediately. The monk was clever enough to see that if he created confidence in the minds of the gamblers with golden staves he would make a big gain by giving back this man's deposit. So he promptly returned the deposit to its owner. The gamblers in their own way found some excuse or the other and went away without leaving their golden staves in the charge of the monk.

## 59. TIT FOR TAT

Two men once chanced upon a buried treasure. They should have dug it up immediately but one of them, who was shrewd and wily by nature, suggested that it should be done on the next day, there would be an auspicious moment when a certain constellation appeared. The other man, accepted the suggestion and they both went home. But the wily man came there in the night and took all the buried treasure from the pit and left there only burnt charcoal. The next morning, as they had agreed, the two men came there with their pickaxes and discovered only charcoal instead of the treasure. The cheat began to beat his chest and cried in great agony at the unfortunate turn of events, the gods had transformed their treasure into charcoal. But during all this show of sorrow, he did not forget to scrutinise the other man's face carefully.

The other man was equally clever; he concealed successfully his suspicion that his friend had stolen the treasure. He put on a straight face and tried to console his friend and told him that any amount of crying was not going to retrieve the lost treasure and they both went back home.

In order to teach a lesson to the cheat the other man made a clay model resembling the cheat as closely as possible. He also captured two monkeys and taught them to climb on the hands and head of the model and to attract them, he kept a variety of eatables there. He trained the monkeys every day to pick up their food there only till it became a habit with them.

Once he invited the two young sons of the cheat for lunch and after feeding them well, he detained them in his own house for many days till the father came to take them back home. When he asked

for his sons his friend expressed his profound regret and told him that his sons had turned into monkeys and called him to the house to see it for himself.

In the house, he asked him to sit in the same place where he had kept the model. Then he released the monkeys and as their habit was they jumped on his hands, shoulders, head etc. The father looked confused and his friend told him that they were his sons "As you must have easily judged from their affection for the father." "How can human beings change into monkeys ?" the father demanded. "As easily as the treasure has changed into charcoal" pat came the reply. The cheat understood the trick, he knew that he was fully exposed. He had no alternative but to confess his crime and part with the friend's share so that his sons could be released.

## 60. GIVE ME WHATEVER YOU WANT

A certain woman lost her husband and the people who owed him money would not return it to her nor the interest. She asked a friend of her husband to see whether he could do anything to procure all that money. He agreed and asked her how much of the recovered amount he should give her, obviously he had his own commission in his mind. The widow's reply was "Give me whatever you want."

The friend recovered all the dues but gave her only a small pittance which she would not accept. Finally the dispute went to the court of law. The judge asked the man to bring into the court all the money that he had recovered and when it was placed in front of him he divided it into two parts, one fairly big and the other small. The judge then asked the man which portion he would want. The man said that naturally it would be the bigger part. The judge collected the bigger heap and quietly handed it over to the widow and when asked what sort of justice it was, the judge explained that the widow wanted as her share whatever you had said you would want. The judge quoted her exact words "Give me whatever you want."



## 61. THE ASCETIC SILENCED

Once there was an ascetic. He possessed a big silver bowl called Khoraya, of which he was very proud. He also possessed a remarkable memory, he would repeat word for word whatever he heard just once. With great vanity he announced that he would give away his precious silver bowl to any one who could tell him anything of which he had never heard before. No one so far had dared take up that challenge because whatever was told him he always claimed to have heard it before and in order to prove it, he repeated all that verbatim.

A young Jain monk came to know of the ascetic's vow and announced that he would go up to him to tell him of something that he had never heard before. Many people gathered in the king's court where the ascetic and the monk stood facing each other. The Jain monk began, "Your father owed my father nothing less than a hundred thousand gold pieces. If you have heard of this before, I must remind you, you have not repaid the loan. If you have not heard it before, you have lost the bet. Now give me your silver bowl." Thus the ascetic was beaten completely.

## 62. Dhanamitra And His Son

In the city of Ujjayini, there lived a merchant named Dhanamitra. His son was called Dhanaśarmā. Both of them took to renunciation and became monks.

Once with a group of monks Dhanamitra and his son started on a journey to the city of Elakākṣa. As they were trekking, Dhanaśarmā felt extremely thirsty, even then he walked on in the company of the monks and the father walked just behind him watching him with fatherly affection and tenderness. They all came to a small river but the monks walked ahead but Dhanamitra who knew that his son was thirsty, asked him to drink the water of the river. He himself crossed the rivulet and went ahead to join the group of the monks that had walked past. Dhanamitra deliberately left the son behind so that he need not be afraid of being watched while he was drinking water. The father waited for some time for his son. But, the son did not drink even a drop of water and indeed he was not supposed to drink it because of the possibility of killing the innumerable micro organisms, called the water-souls here that lived in it. The very idea of killing them was as hateful as poison to Dhanaśarmā's mind. Instead he killed his desire to drink water but poor fellow died of thirst. As soon as he died, he was re-born as a god who employed his *avadhijñāna* and entered the dead body of the boy and followed the old man Dhanamitra. The father was happy to see that his son was following him.

As they were all proceeding on their travel, the god in Dhanaśarmā created herds of cattle around the monks and the monks had the pleasure of drinking buttermilk that they obtained from the keepers of the cattle. As they went on, the god in

Dhanasārmā made one of the monks forget his bundle of clothes at a small farm, the last one in their sojourn. The monk collected his bundle but was surprised to see that there was no cattle anywhere around. He realised that it was an illusion created by some divine power (which the monk suspected Dhanasārmā to possess). When asked Dhanasārmā duly acknowledged the power and declared his intention to depart from the group. He bowed to all the monks but not to Dhanamitra who, he said, had asked him to drink the water of the river they had all crossed. He said had he drunk it, he would have gone into the never-ending cycle of life and death like all sinners and as such his father had done him an unfair turn. So he would not bow to him.

## 63. ARHANNAKA

Arhannaka's father Datta by name was a merchant in the city of Tagarā. In the same city, there lived a famous religious man called Arhanmitra under whose influence Datta with his wife Bhadrā and son Arhannaka renounced the worldly life and took to the hard way of monk but the fatherly affection in Datta would not allow him to permit his son to go with a begging bowl and beg for his nourishment. Instead the father brought him food and whatever else he needed, his explanation being that the young son was very delicate in his health. The other monks did not approve of this but they did not object.

In course of time, the old merchant Datta died and now the other monks made Arhannaka join them on a long begging tour during which he had to beg for himself. His delicate frame could hardly stand the rigours of the hard life of the monk and he very often lagged behind. Once as he was resting his tired body under a tree, a merchant's wife, whose husband had recently gone away on a long journey, saw him and took a fancy for his handsome form. She sent her maid servant to call him in her house and when he came, she served him delicious food. She wanted to know why precisely he was practising such austerity at such a young age. "For happiness" he said. She pointed out that there would be happiness enough in her company as well. He deserted his religious order and took to the enjoyment of pleasures in the company of the young woman.

The monks in whose company he was travelling searched for him everywhere but since he had entered a household, they could not find him. His mother became almost insane with grief for her

son. She wandered everywhere in the city demanding from every one she came across whatever information about her son. Once, as he stood in the window, he saw his mother in the street below and quickly recognised her. He rushed down and fell at her feet. She asked him to renounce pleasures. He said he simply could not practise self-control but when she persisted he said he would begin by observing fasts. So he took to fasting observing *pādapopagamana* posture on a hot stone slab. His delicate frame almost melted. At first he could not stand the physical torture but later on he came not to mind it and this way he attained liberation.

## 64. PUNYA MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE

A Prince Brahmadata by name had three friends. One was a minister's son. The other, a rich merchant's son and the third of a retail trader's. They were discussing the question of who lived by what. The prince said he lived as a prince because of the accumulation of *punya* in his earlier cycles of life, whereas the minister's son confined himself only to the present life and said the source of his wellbeing was his intelligence. The merchant's son said he owed his success to his physical charm and general bearing. The trader's son however pointed out that successful life depended entirely on the willingness to work. They said they would put to test all these propositions. They therefore went to another city where no one knew them. They camped in a garden outside the city.

When they felt hungry, they told the trader's son to go and get food for them all. He went to the market place where he saw a grocer's shop and the old grocer busily attending the customers. There were many buyers. There was some festival on that day. The old shopkeeper found it difficult to cope with the crowd and the trader's son readily helped him. The shop-keeper saw that he had made good business that day with the help of the young man. He asked him whether he lived in that town or came from outside and when he knew that the young fellow was an outsider, the shopkeeper asked him to lunch. The trader's son said that he had three other friends. The shopkeeper extended the invitation to them as well. They all ate their meal and were satisfied.

The next day, it was the turn of the merchant's son to put his proposition to test. He chose to visit the quarter of harlots in the town. There was a young courtesan named Devadattā who generally disliked men and would not encourage any soliciting even from wealthy men. But when she saw the charming looking merchant's son, she seemed to be greatly interested and her servant-girl reported the matter to her mother and the mother was really happy and she invited the merchant's son and his friends to lunch.

On the third day, it was the minister's son's turn. He went to a court where a case was being heard now for three days. A man had died and his two widows were quarrelling over the child, each claiming it to be hers. The minister's son offered to settle the dispute and the court official agreed. The minister's son suggested that the boy be cut into two equal parts for the two women. The real mother at once cried out in protest that she would rather see the child alive and it would not matter whether the other woman had it. It was clear to the court that she was the real mother of the child and it awarded both the child and the property of the dead man to her. She felt happy and entertained all of them to lunch.

On the fourth day, it was the prince's turn to prove his proposition. That day, the king of that city had died without leaving an heir to the throne and the city was on the look out for the right man to be their king. According to their custom, they let out a royally caparisoned horse to spot out the right man. The horse came to the garden where the prince was sitting under a tree but even when the sun moved, the shadow of the tree would not move at all and the horse noticed this and came right in front of the prince and neighed. The whole city knew that it was the right man and the prince was put on the throne and he became a master of a great fortune. The rewards of *punya* are really bounteous.

## 65. A BUDDHIST WITH A FISHING NET

A certain Buddhist was going to a river to catch fish. He had his net with him. A mischievous man looked at the net and said to the Buddhist, "Sir, your blanket has many holes." The Buddhist said that it was a fishing net and the other man asked "Do you eat fish?" The reply was he ate fish only when there was wine with the meals. Then the question was whether he drank also. "Only when I have the pleasure of being in the company of a merry young woman."

"Do you visit such women ?"

"Only when I have to celebrate my victory over my enemies."

"Your enemies ? Do you have any ?"

"Yes, those whose houses I rob.

"And you rob too ?"

"Only when I need money for gambling."

"So you are a gambler also ?"

"After all a son of a whore ! What else would you like me to be?"



## 66. THE STORY OF SUBHADRĀ

In the city of Campā there lived a Śrāvaka (a lay follower of Jain faith), Jinadatta by name. His daughter Subhadrā was an extremely beautiful young woman. Once a young man, who was a lay follower of Buddhism saw her and fell passionately in love with her. But Jinadatta would not let a man who was a follower of a wrong path, marry his daughter. He insisted that his son-in-law must be the follower of Jain faith. This young man therefore went to Jain monks to accept the Jain faith. But when he was initiated into it, at a fairly early stage the Right Faith stirred his conscience and he confessed to the monk that what he was doing was in fact for the sake of a girl. But soon enough, he truly accepted the Jain faith, learnt the *anuvratas* and was confirmed as a *śrāvaka*.

After some time, he repeated his earlier proposal by sending garlands of flowers to Subhadrā. Jinadatta now agreed and the wedding took place. The young man naturally wanted the bride to come to his house and live with him. But the father was worried that his daughter might not be able to adjust herself to the Buddhistic ways of the family of her in-laws. But the young groom took her with him and set up a separate establishment. There was also a lot of ill feeling in the minds of the women in the in-laws' house against Subhadrā because she would not bow to Buddhist monks that frequented their house.

These women even conveyed their secret suspicions about Subhadrā's relations with Jain monks but her husband would not accept any of it. One day, it so happened that a Jain monk who had come to her for alms complained that some dust particles had blown into his eyes. Subhadrā gently licked the dust out but left the

mark of her *tilaka* on the monk's forehead in the process. The mother-in-law and sister-in-law of Subhadrā pounced upon this substantial piece of evidence and brought Subhadrā's husband to see it for himself. He now appeared convinced but chose not to convey displeasure to his wife. Subhadrā did not mind this compromising situation so far as she herself was concerned but that the Jain faith should be suspected in this manner was very painful to her. At night, she observed *kāyotsarga*, alienated herself from her body. A spirit appeared before her and asked what she wanted. She said she would like to clear herself of the ignominy. The spirit said that he would close all the four gates of the city and declare that only a *pativratā*, a faithful wife, could open them. Subhadrā alone would be in a position to open any one of the gates after convincing the members of her family of her chastity. The spirit said they would be convinced when Subhadrā carried water in a sieve without a drop leaking out.

The next morning saw all the gates of the city firmly shut. People were terrified. A divine announced, "Citizens, do not make futile attempts to open the gates. They will open only when a chaste woman sprinkles them with water, the water that she will carry in a sieve from where not a drop will leak." Several young women from the city, daughters and daughters-in-law of leading families tried and tried in vain. Subhadrā asked her family whether she could try but they would not allow her. She however convinced them of her purity by carrying some water in a sieve without a drop leaking out. Then the family allowed her. She proceeded to the city gates while the people cheered her. With prayers to Arhats, she sprinkled the water from her sieve on the doors which opened with a creaking sound. Then she went to the other two gates and opened them in a similar manner but when she came to the northern gate she said, "Only a woman who is as chaste as I am shall open this gate."

That gate remains shut even to this date.

## 67. HOW THE JACKAL GOT A DEAD ELEPHANT FOR HIMSELF

A jackal once saw a dead elephant in a jungle. He wanted to pounce upon it when a lion came over. The jackal had to humour him. The lion asked, "How are you, nephew ?" "I am fine, uncle" replied the jackal. The lion then asked what carcass was lying there. The jackal said it was an elephant and the lion wanted to know who had killed it. The jackal said it must have been a tiger. The lion considered it below his dignity to eat an animal killed by a lower species, and so he went away. Then came a tiger who also asked who had killed the elephant. The jackal's reply this time was that it was a lion. The tiger quietly went away.

Then came a crow. The jackal thought that if he did not give him his share, the crow would caw and caw and other crows would also come and all of them would create such a din that other animals, even jackals, would come, and it would be difficult to ward them off. So the jackal cut out a piece of flesh and gave it to the crow. The crow flew off. Then came a jackal. The first jackal decided to drive him away with force. So he rushed at him with a terrific noise and put him to flight.

It is rightly said that one should treat a superior with respect, a brave one with treachery, a lowly one with bribe and an equal with courage and bravery.

## 68. AN OLD MAN FROM KONKANA AND HIS SON

An old man from Konkana renounced his worldly life and persuaded his son to do likewise. The son agreed but was not enthusiastic about the new way of life and he went on complaining to the father that he could not live without this, that or the other. The old man always felt a deep affection for his son and gave him a pair of slippers when he complained that he could not walk without footwear. Then he complained that the upper part of his feet was being affected by cold and the father gave him a pair of shoes and when the son complained that his head was paining, the father gave him a covering for the head but the son's complaints would not end. He said, he did not like moving around begging for food. The father brought him food though both were in a monastery. The young son then said, he could not sleep on the floor and the poor father procured him a mat. The son's complaints were never ending. He went on to say that he could not remain without a bath, he could not wear the clothes that were permitted nor could he bear the pain when he pulled out his hair and the fond father tried to set right things for him as far as possible. He let him use a razor while shaving his head and for his bath he managed to get some clean water; he even went to the extent of procuring clothes that usually a headteacher wears.

As time passed, the son instead of getting reconciled to the austere way of life of monks was shameless enough to tell the old man that he could not live any longer unless he satisfied some of his sinful desires. Now the old man could stand it no more. He was

quite convinced that his son was entirely unfit for the life of a recluse and turned him out of the monastery. As the young son, who was never used to do any work for himself, came out he found it difficult even to obtain any food for himself. Once at a public feast, he ate greedily and soon after died of indigestion. As a punishment for his attachment to sensual pleasures, and overindulgence, he was re-born as a buffalo.

The old man, after his death, was admitted in the world of the gods where through his *avadhi-jñāna* he knew about his son. Out of compassion for him, he bought the buffalo from its owner and yoked him to a cart and forced him to pull heavy loads. When the buffalo could not drag it, the father flooged him hard. But every time he used the whip, the old man, now turned god, kept on saying, "I cannot go abegging for food." "My feet pain." "I cannot sleep well. The floor is hard." The old man repeated all the complaints that his son had made in the previous existence. The buffalo wondered where he had heard all the words that old man uttered. He tried hard to recollect and suddenly he remembered his previous existence.

The buffalo experienced a flash of enlightenment. He refused all food and starved himself to death and went to heaven.

## 69. PUROHITA INDRADATTA

Indradatta who lived in the city of Mathurā once was sitting in the window of his palatial house and as he looked out he saw a Jain monk coming towards him. He suddenly got a crazy idea in his mind that he should stretch his leg out of the window and plant it on the monk's head. He was actually stretching his leg out when a merchant who was a lay follower of Jainism saw it and felt extremely annoyed. "Look. The wretch has put his foot on the *sādhu's* head", he said to himself and made a vow that he would some time chop off the foot of the *purohita*. He was patient enough to wait for a suitable opportunity which however he did not get quite for some time. Therefore he went to a well known *ācārya* and asked him what he could do about it. The *ācārya* advised him to be patient and tolerant but when the merchant told him of the vow that he had made, the *ācārya* asked him whether he knew of any occasion that the *purohita* was likely to celebrate one of these days. The merchant remembered that the priest had recently constructed a new house which would soon be inaugurated by the king of the place and on that occasion the *purohita* would hold a reception.' The *ācārya* asked the merchant to attend the house warming ceremony and asked him to go near the king when he was about to enter the *Purohita's* house, hold him by his hand and lead him away. Meanwhile, the *ācārya* would bring about the collapse of the house through his miraculous power and the merchant should convince the king that the *Purohita* had some foul intention in inviting the king to the house.

The whole thing proceeded according to plan and the infuriated king handed over the *Purohita* to the merchant for punishment. The merchant put a nail through his foot and chipped it off. Thus he could succeed in punishing the man who did not show proper respect to his religion.

## 70. JUSTICE DONE

In Rājagrha there was a lovely park where citizens went for the pleasure of a stroll in the evening, and a beggar frequented this place for alms. Once he got nothing and he was very angry. He therefore climbed up an adjoining hill on the slope of which the citizens of Rājagrha were relaxing comfortably. The beggar's idea was to punish them by pushing a huge boulder from the top of the hill over them and crush them and kill them, the miserly lot.

As the beggar tried to dislodge the rock, it unfortunately fell on the other side and it was the beggar who was crushed and killed under it. The wicked beggar was re-born as a hell-being in the hell called Apratiṣṭhāna.

## 71. ATTANA, THE WRESTLER

Attana, the wrestler enjoyed the patronage of king Jitaśātru of Ujjayini.

In his part of the country, he was the most formidable wrestler. On the western coast, the king of Sopāraka usually held wrestling matches and gave a lot of wealth to the wrestlers that won them. Attana almost regularly went to Sopāraka and won most of the prizes.

The king of Sopāraka did not quite appreciate the thought that a wrestler from another kingdom should win the honours every year. Therefore, he raised a fisherman to the level of a champion wrestler so that he could defeat Attana. The next wrestling season saw the fisherman wrestler triumph over Attana who as usual had come with great expectations. When he went back to his own residence, it was with a determination to train a young wrestler to compete with the fisherman.

He heard of one such promising young man in Saurāṣṭra. Attana went there and when he reached the village where this farmer was living, he felt impressed by his first sight of him. The farmer was carrying a big plough in one hand and picking cotton by the other. Attana wondered what sort of food the young farmer ate but it was only rice that his wife brought to him for his lunch. Attana asked the farmer and his wife whether he could stay at their place overnight. At night, Attana told him who he was and the purpose of his visit. The farmer agreed to go with him and train himself as a wrestler in Ujjayini and when his wife demurred, Attana gave her the full price for her cotton and she was happy.



When the annual festival arrived, Attana came with the farmer to Sopāraka for the contest with the king's champion, the fisherman. On the first day, the fisherman and the farmer proved equal. In the night, both of them were properly massaged and in the morning they were ready for the second bout which also ended in a tie. On the third day however the fisherman was badly hit by the farmer. Attana felt greatly honoured by the rewards that his protege had received. They both went back to Ujjayini from where the farmer further proceeded to his village in Saurāṣṭra.

Attana, who now lived alone was being considered by his friends and relations to be too old and useless for work. He therefore felt insulted. He quietly went away to another place without informing anybody where he concentrated on regular exercise, good food and his career. He grew strong again and in the next wrestling season, he defeated the king's wrestler. The king did not know Attana who had defeated his protege but Attana announced his identity loudly in a verse. The king was happy that Attana was back in the game and gave him plenty of wealth as reward. All his friends and relatives now flocked back to him but Attana knew that they were friends and relatives more of the money and success and that he himself would be deserted again in old age. He rightly decided to take to renunciation while he was still young enough.

## 72. A BURGLAR

A burglar once managed to reach a certain heavily guarded palace in the darkness of the night and chose a particularly difficult wall to make a hole in. He succeeded in gaining an entrance into the palace and also in getting away with a lot of valuables. He was quite pleased with his own skill. The next morning he had a luxurious bath, put on clean and respectable clothes and went out to know what people had to say about the burglary. He also was keen on knowing whether it would be possible for him to repeat the performance one of these days, rather nights.

As he went to the palace, he saw people gathered there. They were all admiring the burglary and the skill of the burglar with which he climbed the well guarded walls. They particularly noticed the narrow hole that he had made in the wall and every one wondered how any one could have scraped through it inside the palace and also outside it with all the booty he had collected. The burglar was very much pleased not only with his skill but with his own trim figure. He kept on looking at his own body and at the hole in the wall. With supreme pleasure he patted his own belly. The clever detectives of the king that very minute apprehended him. The king punished him heavily for his crime.

## 73. WHAT PRICE A COWRIE

A poor man who was a retail trader had a windfall once, he earned plenty of money in gold and silver. He kept all his earnings in a purse as he started homewards along with a group of traders. But he was careful enough to obtain small change for silver coins so that he could buy food during the journey. The small change was in *cowries*. He had almost as many *cowries* as the days the journey would last and every day he ate food worth only one *cowrie*. But unfortunately he lost the last *cowrie* some where on the road. He did not like to take out another coin from his purse merely to get a *cowrie* for his food. He thought it would be much better to retrace his steps and look for the *cowrie* that had fallen on the road. But in the meantime his companions marched ahead. He went back to look for the lost *cowrie* but took care to see that he had carefully hidden his purse under a stone. He could not retrieve his lost *cowrie* and when he came back to the stone to get his purse before he proceeded home, he was shocked to see that the purse also was lost.

## **74. THE MERCHANT WHO CHEATED A DAIRY MAID**

A simple dairy maid came to the shop of a merchant with two silver coins to buy cotton. In those days it was an expensive commodity and the merchant thought he could easily cheat the simple minded woman and make some money. He therefore weighed cotton worth only one single coin and gave it to her for her two. She quietly went away with the bundle and the merchant was glad to have an extra bit of profit. He thought he was therefore entitled to enjoy himself. He bought some ghee and raw sugar with the extra money that he had earned from the dairy maid and sent them home to his wife with a message that she should make some sweet pancakes for his lunch. She did make the pancakes but in the meantime, before her husband came home for lunch, their son-in-law came along with a friend and the merchant's wife served them the sweet pancakes. After their hearty lunch they went away. When the merchant came home, the wife placed before him nothing more than the usual plate of rice. When he asked her about the pancakes, she told him what had happened. The merchant quickly saw that he had no right to enjoy at the cost of the poor dairy maid. He committed the sin, some body else enjoyed the fruit.

He was still cogitating on this situation while resting under a tree when he saw a monk passing down the way. He called him to rest a while under the tree but the monk said that he was in a hurry to go for his work. The merchant asked whether any one ever went for any body else's work. The monk said, "Yes. Exactly as you suffer for your wife and others."

This simple remark showed him his path of enlightenment. He asked the monk where exactly he could meet him for a detailed talk. The monk invited him to a discourse that he held in the garden of the town. The merchant was greatly impressed by the discourse. He decided to renounce the worldly life.

He asked his wife whether he could give up his shop which had brought him nothing more than small profit and go abroad for more promising trade. He said there were two merchant guilds: One gave the capital and directed people to their desired destination and did not charge any interest or commission on earnings, while the other did not advance any capital but took away all the earnings. With which guild the merchant should travel ? The wife advised the former.

Subsequently the merchant went to the garden with his wife and other relatives and introduced them to the monk as the merchant with whom he would like to travel. He not only advanced the capital but took him to the right destination, the city of *nirvāṇa*. So he took to renunciation.

## 75. A LAZY MAN AND A MAGIC PITCHER

A man who fell from prosperity into dire adversity, left his home and wandered everywhere. He could not lay his hands on anything to retrieve his prosperity. Once he spent a night in a temple in a small village and what he saw in the course of the night was indeed amazing. He saw a *cāṇḍāla* coming out of the temple with a strange looking pitcher in his hand. He left it on the ground, stood aside and ordered it to produce a house and the pitcher did it. There was a house in front of him. The *cāṇḍāla* further asked the pitcher to get him food, wine, bed and a woman. He enjoyed himself the whole night and pushed everything back into the pitcher when the morning came.

The unfortunate man in the temple watched all this and approached the *cāṇḍāla* and told him that he would very much like to enjoy similar pleasures if he would be kind enough to show him the way. The *cāṇḍāla* asked whether he wanted to learn the magical lore or possess only the pitcher. The man was so utterly lazy, in fact that was the basic reason of the loss of all his prosperity, that he would be most reluctant to exert himself in any way to learn and practise the magical art but like all lazy men he was far too eager to enjoy the pleasures. So he asked for the pitcher which the *cāṇḍāla* quickly gave.

The lazy man came to his village where he built a house of pleasure. He collected a large group of friends and companions but he neglected the management of his house, the servants neglected their own work, the cattle was left unfed and every thing in the house

was mismanaged. One of these days the lazy man got so much drunk that he placed the pitcher on his shoulders and danced wildly. He fell to the ground and the pitcher was smashed. Every kind of pleasure the pitcher had created suddenly disappeared. His friends too lost all their wealth that they had obtained through the pitcher. Once again the man fell into dire adversity.

If only he had mastered the magic art which the *cāṇḍāla* was ready to teach him and not gone in for the pitcher, things would not have come to this pass but almost as a rule people who are averse to knowledge feel fascinated only by its fruit and come to grief like this.

## 76. ARJUNA, THE GARDENER

Just outside the city of Rājagṛha stood the temple of a Yakṣa named Mudgarapāṇi. This was on the way to a garden where Arjuna worked as a gardener. Every day, his wife Skandaśrī carried his lunch from her house to the garden. She invariably passed the temple of the Yakṣa and on her way back home she carried some flowers for the Yakṣa. She also liked to rest there for a while. Generally she was known to be not a very chaste and honest woman. Once as she was sitting in the temple, six men came along merely for a chat. This woman drew their attention to herself and before long their flirtation began. The gardener was also a devotee of the Yakṣa and he went to the temple regularly. On this day the woman had warned her six companions that they would leave her alone when her husband came. They misconstrued the remark and when the husband came, they overpowered him and tied him up to a pillar. Their amorous flirtations went on right in front of him. As if this was not enough, the woman made purring sounds like a cosy cat to tease her husband.

The gardener blamed the Yakṣa who was not quite satisfied, he imagined, with his devotion. Otherwise, why should he suffer like this right under the nose of the Yakṣa. He concluded that the image was not really a form of divinity but was only a block of wood. The Yakṣa however took pity on him. He entered the body of the gardener who thus received enormous strength and with a heavy iron club, he despatched all those six men as well as his wife. Hereafter every day he killed in the temple six men and a woman. The people of Rājagṛha considered it dangerous to get out of the town until Arjuna had completed his daily quota of six men and a



woman.

Once the revered Mahāvira came there and a merchant Sudarśana wanted to pay his homage to him. Therefore, he stood in *sāgāra*-posture on the way to the garden where Mahāvira was staying. Arjuna saw Sudarśana but could not even as much as touch him. He moved around him, stared hard at him and yet it would not affect Sudarśana at all. The Yakṣa departed from his body and the gardener's strength failed him completely and he collapsed.

Arjuna managed to get up on his feet and asked Sudarśana who he was and what he was doing on the road in that strange posture and where he wanted to go. When he learnt from him that he was going to worship Mahāvira, Arjuna also accompanied him and after Mahāvira's sermon was over, he renounced worldly life. As an ascetic he went around begging for food but people in Rājagṛha had already branded him as a killer of his kin and called him all sorts of names when he came for alms but he took all that in his stride until the final moment of enlightenment came.

## 77. THE REAL BRINKMANSHIP

The king was furious with the queen and the mahout of his elephant. He ordered that they should be flung down a precipice into a deep gorge. He therefore commanded that the queen should be placed on the elephant which the mahout should drive over the precipice so that all three would meet with their death. He made his guards stand on both the sides of the elephant on the crag of the hill from where they were to fall. This was to prevent any escape. When the elephant was brought to the very brink of it and when he lifted one of his legs to go ahead, the people that had crowded around cried out in anguish. "Why should the dumb animal perish ? The human offenders may be killed but spare the animal."

The king's wrath remained undiminished. The elephant lifted his second foot and the people shouted again. When the third foot was lifted, the people demanded "Why are you killing the gem of an elephant ?"

The king asked the mahout if he could manage to turn the elephant back from the brink. The mahout said he could only if the king pardoned both the humans. The king said he certainly would and the mahout turned the elephant back with the skilful use of the goad.

## 78. BEE'S WAX

A weaver's wife had a lover with whom she once went into a wood and the two made love there. While she was enjoying the intercourse, she saw a swarm of bees fluttering above her head. She noted it.

The next day as her husband was going out, she asked him where he was going and he said that he wanted to buy some bee's wax. She said it was not necessary to buy it, she could easily show him a honeycomb from which he could collect the wax as much as he wanted. They both went to the wood and she led him to the thicket where she had seen the beehive just the previous day. But now she could not see any sign of the bees so she lay down on the ground exactly at the same place and in the same position as on the previous day. Then she spotted the beehive and showed it to her husband. He noticed the posture in which she was lying and at once saw what she really was — just a wanton woman.

## 79. THE DONKEY

A certain king who had come to the throne in the prime of his youth considered youthfulness as the most desirable quality, the only beautiful asset that one could have, youth being the only period in life which is capable of facing any kind of problem. So he admitted only young men in his administration and as his friends and advisers and he scrupulously kept all old people out.

Once he was leading his army when he came to a forest. They necessarily had to camp there where unfortunately there was acute shortage of water and before long every one complained of terrible thirst. The young king in spite of his youthful ingenuity did not know how to sort out this problem. Some one in his immediate circle of friends suggested the help of some old man's mature judgment and advised the king to send out his men to look for some old man. The king agreed and made a proclamation with the usual drum beats that the king was looking out for an old man. A young man heard this proclamation. He was very fond of his father, who was quite nearby but who was keeping himself hidden because of the king's known allergy to old men. The young man approached the king and told him of his father who would be too glad to be of whatever service to the king. The king invited the old man to his presence and when he came there, the king addressed him with great respect which quite surprised every one around. Nevertheless the king continued to speak with the old man with great deference and asked him how exactly to overcome the problem of water shortage in the camp.

The old man had a ready solution and he quickly suggested

‘hat the king should release a few donkeys on the open field around and observe the spot of ground where they would sniff. Water surely would be there. The king followed the advice of the old man and the donkeys did indeed discover the right spot where water was found.

## 80. THE REWARD OF A GOOD HORSE

A certain Persian who owned horses of good breed kept a horsekeeper for looking after his horses and the contract was for a specific period. As remuneration, the Persian said, the keeper would receive two horses from the lot. The keeper agreed but was not quite sure which two horses he should finally select. The daughter of the Persian owner and the keeper were very friendly with each other. They had almost become lovers. Once he asked her about his problem and she suggested a sure test, "When the horses are resting comfortably, from the height of a tree, you should drop a leather bag which is full of stones. You should know a good horse who would not show the slightest sign of fright at an unexpected sound." The horsekeeper accordingly put every horse to the test and noted the ones that stood the test well.

At the end of the specified period of the contract, the owner of the horses asked the keeper to take away any two horses as his remuneration. The keeper collected the two horses that were proved by his test to be of the best breed. The owner was most unwilling to part with the two horses the keeper had selected. He offered him the whole lot of other horses instead of the two but the keeper would not budge. The owner said he would need some time to make up his mind.

The owner asked his wife whether the keeper could be married to their daughter so that as their son-in-law he could easily be persuaded to stay on with them. Otherwise with him would go the

best two of his horses. The wife was hesitant. The husband still persisted in persuading her. He pointed out how the family business would suffer if the two horses would go away. She was finally convinced and their daughter was married to the keeper who agreed to stay on with the family.

## 81. WATER FROM THE ROOF

A merchant who had gone on a long journey kept his wife waiting impatiently in the loneliness of her house. This young woman simply could not manage to remain without a man. One evening, she told her maid servant about her desperate condition and asked her to get a man. The servant obeyed the mistress and brought a man for her. The merchant's wife and the maid servant properly prepared the man by giving him a clean bath and even clipping his nails. At the proper time in the night, the two climbed on to the attic of the house to enjoy themselves. In the meantime, it began to rain. The man felt thirsty. The woman would not like to go so many steps down below into the kitchen and the man liked to spare her the trouble. He offered to drink the rain water that fell from the roof. He pushed his hand out of the window and drank the water which unfortunately had become poisonous. There was a poisonous snake in the roof above and the water that flowed from the roof contained the deadly venom of the snake. The man died instantaneously. The merchant's wife called the maid who asked her how they could dispose off the body. She suggested leaving it in a temple nearby where hardly any one went. So in the darkness of the night, the two women carried the dead body to the temple.

In the morning, it was discovered by the city guards. They found that the finger nails of the dead man were recently pared. So they made enquiries with the barbers in the town and came across a barber who said he had pared the nails of the man at the instance of the maid servant of the merchant's wife. They caught hold of the maid servant who would not easily admit the charge but came round to confess every thing when she was treated to the usual police methods.



## 82. AN ANTIDOTE

A king of a certain city was entirely surrounded by the armies of his enemies and he could see no way out. He became very desperate and thought of an equally desperate solution. He had an idea that all the drinking water that flowed towards the enemy should be poisoned. So he ordered his people to collect whatever poison they could get. Every one brought the poison in some considerable quantity but the physician in the town brought him a very small quantity and the king felt very much displeased with him. But the physician assured him that it was of a very potent quality though small in quantity. The king asked whether he could demonstrate the effectiveness of the poison.

The physician said he could easily do that provided the king brought him an old elephant. When the elephant was brought in the physician plucked a single hair from his tail and injected a very small quantity of poison through the pore that the hair had left. As the poison began to spread inside the body the elephant felt benumbed and became immobile. The physician told the king that any one who got that poison inserted into him would respond in the same way. The king kept on looking at the elephant who was not dead, and felt terribly worried. He asked the physician if he had any antidote that would relieve the elephant of the misery. The physician in a similar way used the antidote on the elephant and the elephant was revived.

The king got over his displeasure with the physician.

## 83. AN UNLUCKY MAN

A man was so unlucky that whatever he did involved him in calamity. Once he borrowed from a friend a pair of bullocks and ploughed his fields till the evening. He returned the bullocks and put them back in their pen. Since his friend was having his meals, he did not go inside the house to tell him but made sure that his friend had seen the bullocks returning home. So this man went back to his own place. But in the meantime, the bullocks left their enclosure and strayed away. Some cattle lifters took them away with the result that the owner of the bullocks asked this man to give the bullocks back to him. This he simply could not and his friend dragged him to the king's court.

On his way to the court, he saw a man coming towards him in the opposite direction on horse back. Suddenly the horse threw the rider off and bolted away. The rider of the horse asked our luckless friend to hit the horse with the stick he had in his hand. Unfortunately, he hit the horse on a very sensitive spot and the horse died. The horseman caught hold of him and dragged him to the court of law.

When however they reached the court, it was too late and the court had closed for the day. So they decided to spend the night in a park outside the city. In the same park many others including some actors and performers had camped for the night. Our unlucky friend was so much terrified by the two mishaps that he thought of committing suicide. He chose a tall tree and to the branch of it he tied an old garment to hang himself. But ill-luck would not leave him so easily. The old piece of cloth gave way and the unlucky man fell on top of an elderly actor who was sleeping on the ground below

and was crushed to death. The other actors dragged him to the court.

The next morning, they all went to the king's court where the Minister of Justice heard the three different complaints and asked the poor luckless man whether whatever they said was true. He admitted that it was so. The minister however took pity on him and said he would speak to each one of the complainant separately. The owner of the bullocks was the first to whom the minister said, "I will order this man to return your bullocks but he will also gouge your eyes. Obviously you do not use them." When the man protested the minister continued, "As a matter of fact, you had seen the bullocks being brought back; if you had not seen them, your friend would not have gone back home. No one, you know, goes away like that before returning the goods to the owner." To the horseman the minister said, "I will replace the horse but he will cut-off your tongue." The horseman looked aghast and the minister explained, "When you told him, note only when you told him to hit the horse, he hit him, not before. Now you want me to punish him and not the one who had asked him to hit. Surely, it is your tongue that needs the punishment ."

The minister now turned to the actors and said, "I do not have to ask him to return or replace anything by way of compensation to you. But we can do like this. I will ask him to stand under the tree. Any one of you can hang himself from the tree and fall on him."

At last luck smiled on our unlucky friend.

## 84. A BURGLAR AND A FARMER

A burglar cut a neat hole in the shape of a lotus in a wall of a merchant's house and committed theft. Next morning he went back to the same house to see what comments people had to make on the burglary. He heard people admiring his skill but a certain farmer there made a remark that it should not be difficult for any one to show this sort of skill after years of practice. The burglar felt very resentful towards the farmer and found out his exact address and location. He went to the farmer with a sharp knife, assailed him and threatened to kill him. When the farmer asked him what exactly he had done to deserve such a treatment the burglar reminded him of his remark that morning when they were all around the merchant's burgled house. He had not admired his skill enough. The farmer said that it should not be difficult to do a job well if one has been doing the same sort of job for a long time. "For instance, look at me." He said to the burglar, "I have been working on the field for such a long time sowing and reaping etc. Now look at the seeds in my hand. Tell me whether I should drop them on the soil with their eyes up or down or all sideways." The burglar said he would like all of them with their eyes down. The farmer spread on the ground a piece of cloth and dropped all the seeds exactly as the burglar had directed. They all fell uniformly with their eyes down. The burglar was greatly impressed. He could not praise the farmer's skill enough.

## 85. A ŚRAVAKA

A certain man, who had become a śrāvaka (a devout follower of Jainism) took a vow that he would not co-habit with any other woman except his wife. But once he saw his wife's friend, a very attractive young woman, and felt tremendously enamoured of her. His passion for the woman obviously made him so uneasy that his wife could not help noticing it. She thought to herself, "If my husband meets with his death while the lustful desire is still inflaming his mind, the poor fellow will go to hell and will be re-born in this world as a lower being. As his wife, it is my duty to save him from that misfortune. I must do something about it." Then she told her husband not to pine away like this in his misery. She would very much like to invite her friend so that he could meet her in the house itself, late in the evening.

When the evening came, the wife put on her friend's clothes, wore her jewellery and stealthily approached her husband who really mistook her to be her charming young friend. In the darkness of the night, he enjoyed making love to her. Next morning however he remembered his vow and felt miserable about the way he broke it. The wife however told him of what exactly had happened and comforted him that he after all had not broken his vow.

## 86. QUEEN'S PRIVILEGE

A certain king repeatedly received counsel from his young courtiers that he should always seek advice from the young alone. Old people with their skin hanging loose and going potty and senile should have no place near the king. But the king was not sure. He therefore decided to put both the groups, the young and the old, to test. He asked them one and the same question, "What should be the punishment for the one who has hit me on the head with the foot?" The young group voted in favour of severe punishment. Such a person, they said, should be killed in a most horrible manner, quartered, cut to pieces before being killed.

The elderly people however did not have such a prompt reply for the king's query. They pondered over it and came to conclude that no one except the king's beloved wife would ever have the courage to kick him on the head. If it is the queen, she deserves to be treated with honour and if it is a beloved queen, she surely is worthy of very special treatment. They therefore told the king that such a person deserved great honour and respect.

The king very much admired the maturity of the old people and hereafter preferred the old as his constant companions.

## 87. THE JUDGE AND THE ACCUSED

Once a farmer in order to plough his field, asked his friend to lend him his bullocks. After ploughing he returned them to him. He left them in his enclosure and went away.

At that time his friend was having his supper so he did not like to disturb him, though his friend had seen his bullocks being brought back.

In the meantime, the bullocks ran away from his enclosure and were not to be traced. The owner asked his friend to return the bullocks, he replied that he had already returned them.

This did not satisfy the owner, he caught hold of the farmer and asked him to come to the court.

As both were going to the court, they came across a horseman. It so happened that the horse tossed his master down on the ground and ran away. The horseman shouted, "Hit the horse, catch it."

Seeing this the farmer threw his staff at the horse which hit at its vital part and the horse died instantaneously. The horseman caught the killer of his horse and asked him to come to the court of the king.

Now as it was getting dark, all of them decided to rest in the outskirts of the town. Some acrobats were already camping there.

The accused said to himself, "The judge is going to impart me life-punishment so it is better to hang myself." Then tying a piece of cloth round his neck he suspended himself from banyan tree. But as the cloth was not strong enough, it broke and he fell down on the leader of acrobats, who was sleeping below the tree. The leader lost his life. The acrobats also caught him for the offence of committing murder. In the morning they also took him to the court.

After reaching the royal court, all the three complainants made their statements. They requested the king to punish the accused for the offences he had committed.

The king asked the accused, if he would like to say anything in self-defence.

The accused admitted his crime.

However, the Minister-in-charge submitted the following decision :

- 1 He asked the owner of the bullocks to take out his eyes and give them to the farmer, then he would return his bullocks.
- 2 He asked the horseman to take out his tongue and give it to the accused, then he would give back his horse.
- 3 He asked the acrobats, "The accused will be punished but before that one of you will lie down under the tree, and any one of you, tying a rope round neck, should be prepared to suspend himself from the tree."

The accused was let off.





**D : THE TWELFTH VOYAGE OF  
MAKANDI BROTHERS  
AND OTHER TALES**



## 88. THE TWELFTH VOYAGE OF MĀKANDĪ BROTHERS

*( A story that can easily find place in the voyage literature of the world. Like Homer's odysseus the two brothers meet a merciless circe and in spite of the fabulous Arabian Nights atmosphere get involved in a terribly haunting scene of temptation. The grim struggle between passion and wisdom is not easy to forget.)*

In the city of Campyā there lived a merchant called Mākandī who was rich and successful in business. Every one respected him. His wife's name was Bhadrā and their two sons were called Jinapālita and Jinarakṣita. They were young and adventurous and had already crossed the Lavaṇa-Samudra eleven times and come back home successful with plenty of merchandise that earned them great profits. On no occasion did they suffer any loss. Therefore they now felt encouraged to cross the sea for the twelfth time but the parents were not quite willing to permit them. The father said that he had accumulated enough wealth to ensure all kinds of pleasures; it also has brought them enough prosperity and honour therefore the twelfth voyage need not be undertaken at all. But the sons persisted in their resolve and repeatedly asked the father to permit them to go. At last, the father, much against his own wish granted them the permission. The two sons loaded their ship with a variety of merchandise and launched on the voyage and thus sailed many hundreds of *yojanas* on the Lavaṇa-samudra.

At a certain stage in their voyage there appeared many evil omens such as a sudden thunder, roaring of clouds, a terrific gale,

fierce waves. Soon after the fierce waves began to whip their ship. It bounced up and fell down like a rubber ball bouncing up and coming down on a hard floor. It looked like a *vidyādhara* maiden that rose high on the strength of magic lore and fell plumb down as if her magic lore had been lost. In the process their ship darted forward with terrific force as if it was a *nāga* maiden that was scared by the swoop of an eagle. All the masts of their ship broke, the keel was ripped, the rudder bent and even the iron nails wrenched. There was lot of wailing and crying. All its rich merchandise disappeared on the waves and the shrinking and weeping sailors were thrown in the turbulent sea as the ship went under the mountainous waves.

The two Mākandī brothers luckily caught hold of a big wooden plank and with a great deal of skill managed to get on to it and drifted away towards an island named Ratnadvīpa. This island was fairly extensive, it had lovely trees and groves. Its weather was agreeable. In the midst of the island there was a palace, lofty and big. In it lived a young woman called Ratnadvīpadevatā who was extremely wicked but she was equally fascinating. The two Mākandī brothers drifted to the shores of this island. When they came on the beach they left the wooden plank there, rested for a while before they went to explore the island. They discovered coconut trees, they broke open many coconuts; anointed each other's body with coconut oil, bathed comfortably and sat under the shady trees. They thought of their native town, remembered their parents and revived the memory of the terrible gale that destroyed their ship and threw them on the Ratnadvīpa island.

Ratnadvīpadevatā learnt through her *avadhi* knowledge of the arrival of the two brothers on the island. She took a sword and shield in her hands and flew up in the sky and went near the two brothers whom she addressed with harsh and severe words. She ended her angry tirade with the following warning: "Oh you sons of Mākandī, if you agree to enjoy the various and plentiful pleasures with me here, then alone you will remain alive. If however you do not agree to enjoy them with me, with this sharp sword I shall cut off your heads. I shall tear your faces and bearded cheeks and throw your

bodies in a corner as if they are palm fruits." The Mākandī brothers were terribly frightened and spoke humbly, "Whatever the beloved of gods is pleased to order we shall carry out, obey all your instructions, commands and words." Ratnadvipadevatā, thereupon conducted the young men to her palace, carefully removed all the gross material from their bodies, infused finer elements there and went on enjoying all sorts of pleasures with them. She fed them on nectar-like fruits.

The Devatā, however, was ordered by the lord of the salty ocean to go to the sea twenty one times to remove whatever grass, leaves or sticks or rubbish or any unclean material that might be seen there and dump it all in a remote corner. She therefore told the Mākandī brothers that since she was put upon this job, they should stay only in the palace happily and comfortably. But if however they ever felt bored or lonely, they could walk around on the palace grounds, on the eastern side. The weather there would be pleasant and there are plentiful trees. The rivers there would softly murmur and peacocks would dance every where. There were all sorts of lakes and tanks and cool bowers and flower-beds where they could enjoy themselves. They might also go to the northern grove of trees where the autumn season would be most pleasant. The *sārasa* and *chakravāka* birds would fill the air with their pleasing sounds and in the night, the moon light would be white like *kunda* flowers. They should enjoy themselves in the wells that are there. In case they are tired of that type of pleasure, they could take themselves to the western side where the weather would be pleasant like spring and summer. There would be charming garlands of flowers, the mango trees would be in blossom and the *tilaka* and *bakula* trees would, as it were, open out their parasols above. The ocean would always be ready to greet them with the water in the form of *pātala* and *Śirīṣa* flowers or with the white *Mallikā* and *Vāsantika* flowers that blossomed on its tidal waves. But she warned them that under no circumstances must they wander into the forest grove on the southern side where a huge serpent with its terrible venom had spread out its huge body. It emitted fire from its mouth and its eyes are full of fury, why, they

might even spread poison. Its skin was black and its forked tongue was always flicking in and out. In spite of its huge shape and form, it was incredibly quick in its movement and might attack with its hood which was large, hard and powerful. Its hissing sound reminded one of the iron being heated in a smithy and it always liked to attack. She said the wisest thing for them would be to avoid that forest altogether. She repeated the warning two or three times before she left the palace to weed the Lavana sea twenty one times as she had been ordered.

The two Mākandī brothers could not take any interest in all the comfortable and luxurious things that the palace had. They therefore thought it wise to venture out. First they went to the eastern grove and remained there till they obtained enough of pleasures. Then they went to the northern groves but they discussed between themselves why exactly the Devatā should have warned them so repeatedly against the southern forest and felt that they must under any circumstances visit that part of the island.

As they started towards the south, a foul smell came towards them. They wondered what sort of smell it was, might be the dead body of a snake. But it appeared even more foul than that. But they would not give up their intention to go there. They covered their faces and walked ahead. Then they saw a huge gallows around which human bones fell in a heap. But more dreadful was the sight of a man who was still hanging on the gallows, crying piteously in a hoarse voice. The two brothers were greatly scared; yet they approached the man and asked him who he was and who hanged him on the gallows this way and where did he come from. The unfortunate man told them that he came from a city called Kākandī and was a dealer in horses. As he was on a business voyage, his ship wrecked but he managed to drift on to this island of Ratnadvīpa. The terrible woman of the island picked him up and went on enjoying all sorts of pleasures with him and when on a very trifling excuse, she was furious with him she kept him hanging on the gallows. The two brothers now felt all the more frightened and started thinking of the possible way of escaping from the clutches

of the horrible witch. The man on the gallows told them that there was no easy way of escape unless of course the Śailaka Yakṣa could be persuaded to help them. He further told them that this Yakṣa usually lived in a temple that was dedicated to him and the temple could be seen in the eastern grove. He usually assumed the form of a horse. The Yakṣa came there on the fourteenth and the eighth of every month and also on the full moon and new moon nights. It was his practice to ask loudly, "Whom shall I save ? Whom shall I protect ?" If the brothers happened to be present in the temple on any one of these nights, at the proper time, the Yakṣa could be propitiated with plenty of flowers. They were further instructed to fall on their knees before him and wait with folded hands till he asked his usual questions. They should then say that they themselves needed to be saved and protected. The man on the gallows stressed the point that the Yakṣa alone was capable of rescuing them and if they failed to win his sympathies, he did not know of any other method of securing an escape and to what miserable plight the handsome bodies of the two brothers would be reduced by that woman, was quite beyond his imagination.

Since that was one of the appointed days of the Yakṣa to visit his temple in the eastern grove, the two brothers rushed towards it. They had a holy bath in a lake around there, plucked all sorts of lotuses and went to the temple. When the Yakṣa appeared there they bowed to him and worshipped him with the flowers that they had brought. They fell upon their knees and requested the Yakṣa's kind help. The Yakṣa looked at them with great sympathy and assured them of his protection. He would also see to it that they crossed the Lavaṇa sea with him but he warned them that the Ratnadvīpa woman, ferocious as she was, would put all sorts of obstacles in their way. She would for instance speak to them in sweet, agreeable and amorous words to tempt them and mix them up with harsh and pathetic words. The Yakṣa warned them that they must not pay any regard to whatever she said nor to the manner in which she said it. If they showed any such inclination, he would quickly throw them away from his back. Their safety depended entirely on their remaining completely unaffected by whatever she said or did. The two brothers promised to carry out all that the Yakṣa



said sincerely to the letter.

The Yakṣa went in the north-eastern direction and through magic created a long staff of innumerable *yojanas*. Then he transformed himself into a horse and asked the two brothers to sit firmly on his back. They were extremely delighted to see the prospects of a rescue, made a deep bow to the Yakṣa and mounted his back. The horse flew up into the sky, the height of seven or eight palm trees, and started to cross the Lavaṇa sea with his excellent and brisk gallop. He made towards the city of Campā.

In the meantime, the Ratnadvīpa witch finished her twenty one rounds on the Lavaṇa sea and cleaned it up as she was ordered and came back to her palace. She was greatly shocked to see that the two brothers were not there. Then she went out to the eastern grove and looked for them every where but got no trace of them whatever. She tried the northern as well as the western groves as well. She now had no hopes of finding them anywhere on her estate. So she employed her *avadhi* knowledge to find their whereabouts. Then she saw that they were crossing the Lavaṇa sea with the help of the Yakṣa Sailaka. She became furious. She picked up her sword and shield and flew up seven or eight palm trees high and followed them with the same speed that the horse had taken. She overtook them and started speaking to the two Mākandī brothers like this :

"Oh you sons of Mākandī ! Why do you cross the Lavaṇa sea with this Yakṣa" ? You must not forsake me. You must remember this way you are only courting your death. Even now, you may listen to my words and agree to come back. There is great hope for your lives. If you don't, remember I have power enough to cut off your heads from your bodies with this sword which is as dark as a buffalo horn." The two brothers however were not perturbed by these words. When she noticed that they paid no attention to whatever she had said, she began to use sweet and coaxing words and reminded them of all the amorous pleasures that they had enjoyed in her company. How they laughed together, played games together, enjoyed their walks and ramblings through the woods and using many amorous expressions, conjured up before their mind

the pictures of their sexual intercourses. She felt that one of two brothers, Jinarakṣita was feeling slightly tempted. So she continued. "Jinapālita never really loved me but I was very much fond of Jinarakṣita and I knew how much he cared for me. If your brother had decided to leave me weeping and crying and refuses to be touched by my laments, Oh Jinarakṣita, why shouldn't you take pity on me ?" Then she approached them very closely and filled their ears with sounds of her various ornaments like girdle and anklets and bracelets. She also sprinkled on both these brothers perfumed water which was supposed to be very gratifying to the mind as well as to the body. She also showered upon them flowers of all seasons spreading a variety of fragrant smells. By way of special temptation to Jinarakṣita, she addressed him as darling, "charmer of my body" "Lord of my body", "Master of my mind" "O hard hearted one," "O ungrateful and shameless fellow" and made a fervent appeal to show her compassion. She also made an appeal to his mind by emphasizing how lonely she had been in life without any kinsman to support her. She further said that a man who was in fact a repository of merits ought to have feelings of pity for a wretch like her : "Please come back and if I have done any wrong you will kindly forgive me," she begged, But at the same time, she added a dreadful threat, "If you heed me not, I shall throw and kill myself in your presence, in this ocean which is like a crowded house for innumerable fish, sharks, crocodiles and various other marine monsters." Then she changed the tone of her voice and struck a delicate note, "I have a great longing to look at your face which has the beauty of the full-orbed moon, in a cloudless sky. Your eyes are lovely like a cluster of fresh petals of lotuses in the autumn. I have come to drink it in. Therefore look at me so that I can get a glimpse of your lotus like face." Hearing these pleasing and flattering words, though interspersed with wicked and sinister words, and occasionally reminding him of the sensual pleasures that they had indulged in, the young man Jinarakṣita felt the spell of magic being cast on him. His mind dwelt on her beautiful body with all its curves and softness on her passionate embraces, on her flirtatious glances, in fact on every form of his infatuation for her and wavered in his decision to go home. He looked back at her and at that very

moment the Yakṣa Sailaka tossed him off his back. The wicked witch rushed forward and caught him with her hands before he plunged into the sea. She tossed him up in the sky and as he was shrieking with fright, she cut him into small pieces, as he came hurtling down. She collected all the pieces of his body and threw them in all directions as if they were oblatory offerings. She appeared to be enjoying this gory action.

Jinarakṣita's story should be a warning to every one. Once you have decided to renounce worldly desires and pleasures but failed to resist the temptations to go back to them it will certainly involve you into the kind of fate that Jinarakṣita had to accept.

The Ratnadvīpa woman then tried to tackle the other brother. She tried the same tactics but Jinapālita would have nothing to do with her and after many persistent attempts, which were as firmly rebuffed, she went back to her own island. The Yakṣa carried Jinapālita across the whole of the Lavaṇa ocean and brought him safely as far as the city of Campā. There in a garden outside the city he bid farewell to his lucky rider.

The lone Mākandī son went home and told his parents the news of the dreadful death that had fallen to the lot of Jinarakṣita.

All the members of the family, who were joined by friends and relatives performed the funeral rites for the unfortunate Jinarakṣita.

Jinapālita was inspired by the great Mahāvīra to renounce the world and after a long and holy life of faith, he attained salvation as people who never crave for human pleasures and enjoyments deservedly do.

## 89. THREE SONS OF A MERCHANT

A merchant who wanted to decide the question of who should inherit his property and money settled it in the following way.

He gave a thousand coins to each one of his three sons to try their fortune with and come back home after a period of three years. Accordingly, the three sons left their home for different towns. One of them kept himself away from any of the vices like gambling, drinking, women and such other things and established himself in the business that he had taken up for. He did not even care for good food and clothing. As a result of this industrious and simple way of life, he multiplied his capital considerably. The second one managed to keep his capital in tact but spent all the profit on eating good food, expensive clothing and such other fashionable things. In the process, he even neglected some part of his business. However he managed to keep himself afloat. The third son chose to remain totally idle. He spent out all the money he had received from his father on drinks and women, fashionable living and gambling. After three years, they all went back home.

The father appointed the one who had squandered all his capital and did nothing to improve his way of life merely as a servant in the house. He appointed the second son, who was only careful with his capital but showed no other talent to increase it nor any inclination to charity was put in charge of the domestic chores only whereas the one who had increased his fortune through his managerial ability was made the master of the house and of all other property.

## 90. FIVE GRAINS OF PADDY

*(The four young women and what they do on the basis of the talents and mental inclinations that they have should persuade readers to look on the Varṇa organization in Indian sociology sympathetically.*

*Rohiṇī, however, is a young lady that appears so frequently in Jain literature that one can easily make out a case for Jain support to Feminism.)* -GSB

In the city of Rajagrha there lived a rich and prosperous merchant named Dhanya. Once in the night he kept on thinking about some thing that made him uneasy. "I am the head of this family; no one here nor in the whole community does anything without consulting me. But if by any chance anything happens to me, when I am not at home or when I am travelling out, when there is a calamity like illness or even death, what will happen to my family? Who will take care of them ? Whom will they consult ? Who will guide them in the hour of their need ?"

Next morning, he woke up with a certain well made decision. He had four daughters-in-law named Ujjhitā, Bhogavatī, Rakṣitā and Rohiṇī. He told them all to make preparations for a great feast to which all relatives and friends of the family were to be invited. He would be going out on a long journey, and the feast should be memorable indeed. He instructed his daughters-in-law accordingly. Expert cooks were engaged to prepare special dishes. The house was cleaned and decorated with fragrant flowers. Colourful garlands hung every where and the smell of incense spread all over

the house. Every one enjoyed the feast to his heart's content. Dhanya called his daughters-in-law, whom he decided to put to test so that he would know of their temperaments and capabilities. He gave each one of them five grains of unhusked rice and asked them to keep them safely with care and return them to him when he came back home after his long journey and asked for them.

The young ladies did not quite see the purpose of just five grains of rice that the father-in-law gave them to look after carefully. They merely took them from him and went about their business.

The eldest, Ujjhitā said to herself, "My father-in-law has a huge store house full of rice, why should I bother to keep these five miserable grains ? If ever he asks for them, I could easily pick up any five from the house and give them." So she threw away the five grains. (Ujjhitā means one who throws away.)

The second daughter-in-law Bhogavati had almost similar thoughts but instead of throwing them away, she ate all the five grains of rice after removing the husk, as her name in fact indicated.

Rakṣitā gave some serious thought to what the father-in-law had done. "He invited all his friends and relatives and right in their presence, he gave to each one of us these five grains; he must be having some specific purpose."

She thereafter tied the five grains in a clean piece of white cloth and kept it in a small box and carefully protected it under her pillow.

The youngest Rohinī said to herself, "Surely there must be some purpose behind the father-in-law's action of giving each one of us these grains of rice, and that too in the presence of a distinguished gathering of relatives, friends and well-wishers." She called her servants and instructed them to plant the grains in a specially prepared bed. The servant should take care, she said, to transplant them after the rains began. The servant was further instructed to guard and protect the crop as it grew by constructing a fence around it. When it ripened and turned yellow, the servants should cut the stalks with a sharp sickle. The sheafs of corn should be threshed and winnowed and the unhusked grains of rice should be collected in earthen pots. The pots were to be carefully sealed and stored in the grainary. When the next season came, all these

grains were re-sown and the same process was followed during the third and the fourth years. Rohini managed to collect a very rich harvest every year and filled hundreds of pots. Every time she looked at them she felt immense satisfaction.

During the fifth year, Dhanya returned home. Another feast was arranged to which the same relatives and friends were invited and after the meal was over, Dhanya called his eldest daughter-in-law Ujjhitā and asked for the five grains of rice. She went to the store room and picked up any five grains and brought them to him. The father-in-law asked whether they were the same grains that he had given her. She honestly confessed, "No father, I threw them away on the very same day thinking that you have plenty of rice in your store room and when you asked for them again, I would easily pick up any five from existing stock and return them to you."

Dhanya got furious at this. In the presence of every one there he scolded his daughter-in-law and said that she was fit only for menial work. So he assigned her to cleaning, sweeping, washing, running errands and such other outdoor work.

Next, Bhogavati was called. To her father-in-law's query about the five grains, she said, "Father, I cleaned them and ate them up. In case you asked for them, I could easily pick up any five from your store room and return them to you." Dhanya was not too pleased with his second daughter-in-law. He assigned her work in the kitchen, like grinding, pounding, cooking, serving meals and such other indoor work.

When the third daughter-in-law Raksitā brought her little box from under her pillow and showed her father-in-law the five grains which she had carefully preserved. Dhanya asked her whether they were the same grains that he had given her. She replied that they were the very same ones carefully wrapped up in a piece of cloth preserved in the box and well protected under her pillow and every night she satisfied herself that the box was safe and the grains too. Dhanya was pleased with Raksitā and assigned to her the job of storekeeper and treasurer of the family. She would also look after all the jewellery, ornaments, precious stones and the silver of the family.

Last came the turn of Rohini the youngest daughter-in-law. When Dhanya asked her about her grains of rice, she said, "Father, you will have to call for several carts so that what I did with the five grains could be brought before you." Dhanya asked why should she need so many carts. She explained "Father, the five grains that you gave me were sown in the field and the harvest was reaped and collected repeatedly year after year and innumerable earthen pots now contain all the rich harvest and for bringing them before you I would need many carts." Accordingly the carts were despatched to Rohini's store house and several sealed earthen jars were fetched and the father-in-law was quite pleased to see the enormous harvest that Rohini had collected out of mere five grains.

When people in the streets saw the number of carts carrying the earthen pots, they were simply surprised and when they were told what they contained, they praised the prudence of Rohini. Dhanya also rewarded her by his own blessings and appointed her as the mistress of the whole household and entrusted to her care the responsibilities of the family.

All the friends and relatives of Dhanya were witness to the distribution of work amongst the four daughters-in-law. They expressed their happiness over the allotment but specially appreciated Rohini who enhanced the prestige of the family by the sincerity of her efforts and wisdom of planning.



## **91. A GARDENER AND THE HİNGUSİVA GOD**

In a certain city a gardener was once walking down the road with a basket full of flowers but it so happened, and he could not know how, that the basket fell from his hand and all the flowers were scattered on the road. Instead of picking them up quickly enough, he kept on looking at the spot where the flowers fell. When asked why he would not pick them up, he said he could not really miss the spot where he must offer worship. He further explained that there was a god below the road level at that spot and his name was Hİngusİva. Since he knew about it, he naturally worshipped him by placing all his flowers there. The people around believed in the story and even now in that city, which subsequently came to be known as Pātālİputra, there stands a temple to the god Hİngusİva by the road side.

## 92. HOW TO AVERT DISTRACTION

In a certain city there lived a merchant. He had several sisters, their daughters and sisters-in-law living in his house. But they would hardly stay at home and help his wife in the household work. Their big attraction was a band-stand near the house where the royal musicians played delightful music three times a day. The merchant was worried and once he asked a friend whether he could suggest any way to keep the women indoors. The friend suggested that he should build a small temple of a tribal god in his house and start louder music there as part of the ritual of that god. He accordingly constructed a temple and hired some tribal musicians and asked them to make a hell of a noise exactly at the time when the royal musicians started their music. Soon enough the royal musicians stopped their performance and complained to the king that they were being disturbed by the terrible noise that came from the adjoining house of the merchant. When the king asked the merchant about his noisy *pūajās*, his explanation was that he could not help it, it was a religious injunction. The king only asked his musicians to select another site for their performance.

## 93. NALADĀMA, THE WEAVER

After Cāṇakya had succeeded in terminating the rules of Nandas and put Candragupta on the throne, his anxiety was to gain a firm grip over the administrative machinery of the state to ensure law and order. The chief of the police had joined hands with the friends of the earlier regime who used to rob the city with the connivance of the police force. Cāṇakya clearly saw the need to appoint a new police chief and he was now on the look-out for a suitable man. He once disguised himself as an ascetic and wandered down the roads of the city. He even visited some of the houses there. One such house was that of Naladāma a weaver. When Cāṇakya arrived in his house, the weaver was busy ferretting out bugs from the crevices in the wall as his house was infested with bugs. As he saw them he caught hold of them and burnt them. Cāṇakya asked him why he was burning them. Naladāma replied that if he did not completely destroy them they would grow again and attack him and his son. Cāṇakya felt that he had found the right man to become the chief of the police force; he knew his job.

When Naladāma was appointed to the post, he managed to get all the known thieves around together and said that he would be one of them in plundering the city. Many others also joined him. Naladāma was quick enough to finish all of them together as he was with the bugs.

## 94. PIṄGALA BETRAYS HIMSELF

In a certain part of the country there was a big tank which that region considered to be a precious possession. It supplied water not only for drinking purposes but also for irrigation. But every year, during the rains the tank burst and the king of the place wondered how to prevent it from bursting every year like this. Piṅgala, a brown haired man also having brownish complexion, said to the king, "If you could get a man with brown hair and brown beard and looking brown all over, you bury him at the spot where the tank bursts and I am sure, this will be the proper remedy." They all looked around for the man so described till the prince, who was also the minister to the king, looked at the man carefully and declared that that precisely was the man they had needed. Piṅgala was caught, killed and buried.

## **95. A MERCHANT AND HIS UNCHASTE WIFE**

A certain merchant had an unchaste wife. She had a lover but she felt uneasy as her husband was always at home. She once persuaded him to go out like many other merchants on a trade mission but he would not know what exactly he could sell. She suggested that he should go to the city of Ujjayini and sell cameldung there. The fool agreed and filled his cart with cameldung and started on his journey. His wife was happy to be thus left alone with her lover.

The merchant spread out his ware on the road side and waited for buyers but none came. Mūladeva, a demi-god, took pity on the merchant and offered to sell all the dung only if he agreed to share the profit with him, to which the merchant willingly agreed.

Mūladeva used his supernatural powers and sold away the entire lot. He collected a lot of money for the merchant who shared half the profit with him. The merchant said that it was time for him to go back home and Mūladeva offered to go with him to his house. He also told the merchant of his wife's faithlessness, of her clever device to keep him away from the house whilst she enjoyed herself with her lover, but the simple minded merchant would not believe it. Mūladeva then offered to give him the proof.

When they reached the town, where the merchant lived, they disguised themselves before they went to the merchant's house and asked his wife to give them shelter for the night in her house. She agreed. The lover as usual came in the night and the two began to drink. The woman burst into a song "My husband has gone with

rich merchandise. May he live long but never return home alive." Mūladeva retorted "You silent sinner ! Your fate is shouting aloud".

As the morning came, Mūladeva and the merchant left the house and the merchant came back in the evening without any disguise. As the woman saw him, she felt confused and nervous but she managed to regain the presence of her mind, and welcomed him home with usual courtesies but that night when they sat for dinner, the merchant recounted the whole story of the evening before and of the drunken song. The woman was put to great shame and the merchant soon afterwards left the city with his wife as people who have come into disgrace generally do.

## 96. SUBANDHU, THE MINISTER OF NANDA

When Candragupta overthrew king Nanda with the help of Cāṇakya, Subandhu, one of the Ministers of king Nanda, continued to stay in the court of Candragupta whose wife was Nanda's daughter. She gave birth to the next king Bindusāra and Subandhu continued to work for him also after Candragupta's death. Subandhu could not overcome his old loyalty for king Nanda and selected Cāṇakya for his special hatred and was constantly on the look out for an opportunity to hit him.

Once he told king Bindusāra that his mother, who was king Nanda's daughter, met her death owing to the machinations of Cāṇakya. The king had no other means to verify this charge against Cāṇakya except his old nurse who was also the servant of his mother. When she also confirmed the story, the king needed no further investigation. When Cāṇakya came to meet him, the king would not even look at him. Cāṇakya felt convinced that the king was greatly displeased with him. When he came home from the palace, he had quite made up his mind.

As it is he had grown old, he would not now at this stage in life go out of his own way to ingratiate himself with the king. He worked on his decision and distributed all his property amongst his heirs. But he secretly mixed some perfumed powders and made small paper packets of them. These packets he placed in a small casket. In the casket, he also left a letter. This casket he put in a box, which again went in another box. The whole package was put in a third box and that was shut in the fourth box. He wrapped all the boxes

in a piece of cloth and sewed it carefully. He took care to see that the perfume of the powder inside would not be smelt from the outside. The rest of his belongings he distributed enjoined upon every one to respect all their relationships in a pious manner. Then he went to a forest and there he decided to fast unto death.

King Bindusāra enquired after Cāṇakya but no one seemed to be knowing anything about him except the old nurse who told the king everything about Cāṇakya that she knew. The king felt terribly sad and decided to meet Cāṇakya and ask for forgiveness. He was accompanied by all his wives, his personal guards and also Subandhu when he went to the forest where Cāṇakya was reported to be living. The king begged of him to come back to the capital but Cāṇakya was in no such mood. He said he had renounced everything.

Subandhu pretended to be greatly impressed by Cāṇakya's decision of renunciation and asked the king's permission to offer Cāṇakya homage that he deserved. Subandhu lighted up some incense and placed it in such a way that the cowdung cakes that were heaped up around the place where Cāṇakya sat, quickly caught fire and Cāṇakya was burnt alive.

Subandhu took possession of the house where Cāṇakya had lived and one day he found the packet which contained the four boxes. He felt greatly curious and opened it. He came to pick up the letter that was left inside. The letter said that one who smelt the powder would die instantly if he should bath or enjoyed any kind of pleasure or even decorated himself. If he wanted to live, he must live the life of an austere monk. In order to verify the truth of this note, Subandhu made one of his servants smell the powder and quickly afterwards, treated him to pleasurable sensations and as the letter had predicted, the man quickly died. So Subandhu, who also had inhaled some of the perfumes had to give up every kind of pleasure, even that of a bath, and live like an austere ascetic which he surely was not.



## 97. THE TRUE RENOUNCER

It is generally said that people who really have anything to renounce and renounce it are the real renouncers. For example Bharata, Jambū and such other kings who had abundant wealth and pleasures to renounce. Does it mean that poor men like Dramaka who have nothing particular to renounce cannot be considered true renouncers ? The master says they surely are entitled to be so considered because they have given up three invaluable gems - fire, water and woman.

A humble woodcutter, Dramaka by name, renounced worldly life at the feet of Gautamasvāmi. When he went around in the city, begging for food, people generally scoffed at him and his renunciation. Dramaka disapproved of the cynical attitude of the city and requested his teacher to select another place for him where he would not experience such a scoffing attitude and concentrate on his own studies. The teacher therefore asked Abhaya to permit him and Dramaka to shift to another place. Abhaya wanted to know why the present place had suddenly become unworthy of their residence. The teacher explained the discomfiture of Dramaka. Abhaya said he would convince the people that even poor people like Dramaka had every reason to be considered renouncers in the right sense of the word.

He brought three jewels and placing them in front of himself he announced that any one who renounced fire, water and woman would receive the three gems as a reward. but no one from that town came forward to claim them. Every one said that it was impossible to live without fire, water and woman. Abhaya proved to the people that one cannot be a true renouncer unless one had renounced fire, water and woman. This is just what a man like Dramaka has done.

## 98. "NEITHER AM I HERS, NOR IS SHE MINE"

A young merchant decided to become a recluse and left his wife and kept on assuring himself that neither was he hers nor was she his. When the first enthusiasm wore out, he was wondering whether this could be true at all. She was indeed his and he was obviously hers. He remembered how deeply attached she was to him and could not find any justification for deserting her. Then as a mendicant that he has now become, he went to the village where she lived.

He reached a watering place where his former wife came. She had in the meantime become a Śrāvikā and was equally bent on renunciation. At the watering place she recognised her husband but he could not. He asked her whether that young lady, who was his wife, was still alive. He very much wished to meet her, recant and start his life with her again.

His wife understood the hesitation in his mind and saw clearly that if he changed his mind at this moment and gave up his present mode of life, they would both suffer a continuous torture of going through the never ending birth and death cycle. She therefore told the man that the woman was alive but was married to some body else.

The young merchant felt convinced that what the great teachers had taught was entirely true; that no body belonged to any body. He made up his mind to go away from the village; he overcame his temptation. His wife saw his resolve and conveyed to him the essence of the true faith that life was transitory and that pleasures were momentary.

He felt convinced.

## **99. DO NOT CONCEAL THE TEACHER HOWEVER LOW**

A certain barber possessed occult powers by which he could make his tool kit hang in the air. A certain monk once saw the strange phenomenon and asked the barber whether he could instruct him in the strange art. The barber agreed and the monk acquired the magical art. He made a big display of his art of leaving his staff hanging in mid air and every one was so greatly impressed, that they showered all kinds of worship on the monk. Even the king was amazed and he asked the monk how he had acquired the extraordinary power that enabled him to leave things suspended in the air without any support. The monk boasted that this knowledge came to him from a certain sage whose home was the Himālayas and food only fruits. As soon as he completed the fictitious story, the staff that he had left suspended in the air fell down on the ground with a thud and his mysterious power disappeared.

## 100. THE MERCHANT WHO DRANK PUTRID WATER

A certain merchant, who was reduced to poverty, went on roaming around in his dejection. He came to Ratnadvipa and discovered a treasure of the most beautiful and priceless gems. He would very much like to take them all home but felt worried about the safety of the journey. There would of course be plenty of encounters with robbers. However, he hid the whole treasure in a secret place. He tied just a few stones in his garment, dressed like a madman and pretended to be a merchant. He did three such trips during which he encountered no dangerous character. Then during the fourth trip, he carried the real gems. This time he travelled much faster than before. When he came to a forest on his way, he felt acute thirst. He saw a small puddle of water. He also saw that several animals in the forest were lying dead around the puddle and the water was terribly putrid with rotten flesh of the dead animals. Even then, the merchant drank that water and reached home safely with his store of precious stones.

Right Knowledge, Right Faith and Right Conduct are like those gems; sense objects are like robbers; non-living eatables are like the putrid water. Just as the merchant became successful and happy in this world, by accepting them so should a monk be. He would easily go through worldly existence as the merchant went through the wilderness.

## 101 RUINED BY GREED

Two merchant brothers in a certain village were in dire poverty. They decided to try their luck in Saurāstra where they went for trade. They indeed earned a great deal of money. They secured it in a bag. When they decided to go back home, they carried the bag by turn. When one held it, the other thought of killing him and getting all the wealth for himself. But actually, no body had the courage to commit the murder. This is how they reached their village. When they rested on the bank of the river outside their village, the younger brother was filled with so much of remorse that he burst into tears and the other brother asked him what the matter was. The younger one confessed that he had often entertained thoughts of murdering him and the elder one also admitted that he too had similar ideas. They both saw that the bag of money was the cause of the evil in their mind. They decided to throw it in the river and went home. The bag was swallowed up by a big fish which was caught by a fisherman and brought to the market for sale. The mother of the two merchants who wanted to celebrate the home coming of her sons, sent her daughter to the market to buy fish. She got the same fish. The cook who cut the fish saw the purse and tried to hide it. The old woman noticed it and questioned her. The two came to blows and the cook hit the old woman hard at the vitals and she died instantaneously. The two brothers saw the purse by the side of the dead mother. They understood that their greed for wealth was in fact the cause of all this calamity.

## 102. THE MONK WHO KILLED A FROG

A certain monk, who had gone on his begging round along with his disciples, killed a frog. Probably he had stepped on it inadvertently. When one of his disciples said that he killed a frog, the monk evaded the charge by saying that the frog was already dead. That night, at the monastery, during the usual confession session, the monk did not any way refer to this incident. His young disciple insisted that the monk confessed it. However, he got annoyed and rushed at the disciple with a spittoon in his hand. But in his fury, he dashed against a pillar and died.

He was born amongst the *Jyotiṣka* gods (luminaries). After his time there was up, he was born amongst snakes whose mere glance is poisonous. One of these snakes bit a prince. The king immediately summoned a snake charmer. He dragged all the serpents in the area in his presence and forced all of them together in a charmed circle and asked them to confess who had bitten the prince, the others, he said, could go outside the circle. Accordingly only one snake remained in the circle and all others left. The snake charmer asked this snake either to suck back the poison from the prince's wound or throw himself in fire. Now this snake was of the agandhana type which is supposed to be proud and self-respecting. So the snake preferred to die in fire rather than suck back his own venom. Consequently, the prince died. The king was angry and he proclaimed that who ever brought him a serpent's head would receive a *dināra* as a reward. People began to kill snakes for money.

The monk, who was re-born as a snake, had come into a particular species which could remember the previous birth. They moved about only in the night and spent the whole of the day in their holes so that none of the living beings would die by their glance. Once a snake catcher came to the hole of the monk-turned-snake and waited patiently at the opening. The snake, who had seen the effect of his own wrath thought that if he were to crawl out head first, he might kill the man standing outside over there by his glance alone. Therefore, he tried to wriggle out tail first. The snake catcher cut him off bit by bit at the tail and at the body till he cut off his head as well. Thus the snake died.

A supernatural spirit, a Devatā, had resided in that snake. She now appeared before the king in his dream and warned him not to kill snakes. The Devatā prophesied to the king the birth of a son who would have transmigrated from the serpent species and she further suggested that the boy should be given Nāgadatta as his name. In the course of time, the monk who had become a snake and who had allowed himself to be killed by the snake charmer was re-born now as a son to the king. He was accordingly named Nāgadatta. He renounced worldly life at a young age.

But as a consequence of his life in a lower species during the previous cycles, he was always hungry and wanted to keep eating all the time from morning to evening. But otherwise he was very tranquil and quiet. In his group of monks, there were four others—one observed a four-month fast, the other for three months, the third for two months and the fourth for a month. Once at night a Devatā came to see the monks but she overlooked all the fasting monks and greeted the boy monk who was standing behind them. All the other monks felt slighted and when the Devatā was going away, the monk who was observing the fast for the longest period caught the end of her garment and detained her. He poured out all his anger on the 'wretched' witch as he called her and demanded, "How is it that you overlooked senior monks like us which is insulting, and bowed before this beggar which is more insulting?" The Devatā's reply was that she knew who really was the right type of monk, surely not those who demanded obeisance and remained

haughty by nature. The senior monk hereafter bore a grudge against Nāgadatta who in fact was still a boy and the Devatā decided to keep close to the boy monk and cautioned him whenever necessary lest the monks might do harm to him.

Once, the boy monk went out on his usual begging rounds, on his return did his confessions and called on the monk who was on his four-months fast. The monk spat in a vessel; the boy said how sorry he was that he did not offer him a spittoon. He then removed the spittle by his hand and threw it in the spittoon. The other three monks also treated Nāgadatta the same way. In the meantime the senior monk who pretended to be needing support caught the boy forcibly by his arm but the boy did not panic.

The time came for his *karmas* to bear auspicious fruit. Whatever obstructions had prevented the fruit had now disappeared and the veil over true knowledge had been removed. *Kevalajñāna* made itself manifest to him. The Devatā appeared before all of them and asked the four monks who were angry with her, whether they really deserved to be saluted, they were so quick to be angry. The monks repented and begged for freedom from sins. They also eventually gained *kevala-jñāna*.



## 103. VĀSUDEVA KILLS THE SPIRIT OF ANGER

Once the four Yādava princes, Vāsudeva, Baladeva, Satyaka and Dārūka were carried into a thick jungle by their horses and since it was late in the evening, they decided to stay there for the night. Under a huge banyan tree they decided to sleep. They also said that they would keep a watch in the dark jungle by turns. Dārūka took the first turn and the other three slept. Anger, in the form of a spirit, came to Dārūka to complain of hunger and said that he would very much like to eat Dārūka's sleeping companions. Dārūka of course would not allow it and this resulted in a fierce battle between the two. As Dārūka could not easily overcome the spirit, he got angry and as he got angry the strength of the spirit of anger increased. Dārūka was struck badly and he lay wounded but luckily by that time his hour of watch had ended and Satyaka took his place. Anger overpowered him as well and Baladeva was the third to be similarly vanquished. When it was Vāsudeva's turn and he took up the place of Baladeva anger accosted him as well. Vāsudeva said he could not possibly touch any of his companions unless he defeated him. A fight ensued and Vāsudeva quite appreciated the strength, courage and skill of the goblin. Throughout the fight, Vāsudeva remained calm and this made the spirit of anger lose his strength. Anger was finally defeated by a powerful kick of Vāsudeva at his groin.

In the morning, Vāsudeva saw that each one of his companions had a broken limb and when asked who had done that, they all said that it was a vicious goblin. Vāsudeva told them that it was the spirit of anger which needed nothing more than calmness to destroy it. He showed them the dead anger lying prostrate there.

## 104. THE STORY OF DHANḌHA

In a certain village, a farmer belonging to the Pārāsara community was an expert in agriculture. Therefore he was called Kṛṣi-Pārāsara. He also justified the name by the leanness of his body (kṛs'a means lean). He cultivated a patch of land that belonged to the Royal Family but he over-worked the bullocks even during the heat of the day and even when it was time for them to rest and eat. He would not easily release them, before making them pull the plough over at least one more row. It is true that he extracted very hard work from his team of bullocks but earned a good deal of money for himself. He also accumulated, during his life time, a lot of *antarāya* type of *karma*.

After his death, he had to go through various types of lives, before he was born as Dhanḍha, the son of Vāsudeva. This was due to some good deeds that he had to his credit. As Dhanḍha he renounced his worldly life at the behest of Ariṣṭanemi. It is now as a wandering monk that he came to experience the *antarāya karma* of his earlier existence. As a monk begging in Dvārakā, he did not ever get enough food and even his companion received hardly substantial alms. He asked his master why it should always be like this and the master told him of his past life. He now took a vow that he would never be a recipient of any benefit which would accrue to him through the merit of others.

Once Vāsudeva asked the tirthaṅkara which one of the eighteen thousand monks that he was training had done the hardest penance. The tirthaṅkara replied that it could easily be the monk Dhanḍhaka who had made the hardest vow of not benefitting

from the merit of others. Vāsudeva said he would like to meet him and the tirthaṅkara directed him to the place where Dhaṇḍha could be met. Vāsudeva saw him at that particular place. He alighted from his elephant and bowed to him with great respect. A householder saw this and came to have highest respect for the monk. Later in the course of the day, the monk chanced to visit the house of the same gentleman for his daily alms and the master of the house thought that offering him sweets instead of the usual food would be quite in keeping with the dignity of the monk. The monk however went to his master, Ariṣṭanemi and asked him whether his *antarāya karma* has ended. The master said no and that he was still under the vow and that the sweets belonged to Vāsudeva. They should be considered his acquisition.

Dhaṇḍha therefore did not look at the sweets. This transformed his mind and in due course he received his enlightenment.

## 105. TWO YOUNG COWHERDS

Two young cowherds who acquired the right knowledge at a fairly early stage of life, were re-born after death amongst gods and came down into the world after their term in heaven was over, as brothers in a rich family. They met four other equally rich men and after a spell of pleasures of life, they renounced the world at the behest of an old monk. After death, they went back to heaven where they had a long stay as gods.

Of these six gods, four were re-born in the Kuru country and the two cowherds continued to remain as gods in the heaven. Those who came to the Kuru country became the king and the queen of that country, the third became the priest of the king and the fourth was the priest's wife. But the priest and his wife were unhappy because they did not have children. They worshipped many gods and consulted any number of soothsayers.

The two cowherd boys who were still gods in heaven saw the plight of their old friends and decided to come in the form of sons in their family. But first they appeared as two Jain monks and the priest and his wife became their devout followers. One of these days, the couple asked the monks whether they saw any chance of the couple being blessed with sons. The monks assured them that they soon would be thus blessed. They also added a warning that the sons should not be persuaded to stay on in this world for long. In fact, they should be allowed to renounce the world in childhood itself.

In due course of time, the priest's wife became pregnant and she and her husband left the city and went to live in a small village. She bore to her husband two sons. The parents' anxiety was to

keep them with themselves and turn their minds from renunciation which as parents, they had all along feared. They had painted to the children horrible pictures of the life of a recluse. They had even convinced the children that these religious minded men killed human beings and ate their flesh. As a result the two boys grew up with the conviction that they should never mix up, even come into contact, with any one of the cannibalistic tribes.

But they could not avoid the monks for long. Once they saw them coming along towards them and the boys ran in fear and climbed a banyan tree to hide themselves. The monks by sheer chance came for a rest under the same tree and as they sat there they began to eat whatever they had. The boys saw that their food was quite common and contained no flesh at all. They suddenly remembered their previous birth. They quickly came down the tree and bowed before the monks. They all went to their parents whom they conveyed the message of enlightenment. The parents in their own way went to the royal court and conveyed the same message. In this way the two cowardly boys, their priestly parents and the royal masters, the king and the queen, all received enlightenment and took to renunciation. In course of time, they attained the final liberation.

## 106. SCIENCE OF READING SIGNS

*(An excellent example to illustrate the right and wrong ways to respond to the process of education. Much depends on how well a student cooperates with his teacher and how freely he uses his own initiative. It is of course not correct to leave it all to the teacher.) - GSB*

In a certain city, there lived a *Siddha*. He had two disciples studying the science of reading signs. One of them was very modest, paid careful attention to everything that the teacher taught, pondered over it well and if he had any doubt, got it clarified from him. Since he studied most sincerely, his knowledge of the science became thorough. The other disciple however was not endowed with these qualities and his interpretative abilities never developed, as they did in the first pupil.

Once the *guru* asked the two of them to go to a nearby village. On their way they saw some big footprints. The patient and observant pupil asked his colleague whose footprints they could be. The other said, they probably belonged to an elephant. The careful student remarked that this much observation was not enough. They should know precisely whether it was a male elephant or a female and also understand all about it, why it was going into the woods, who could be riding it and for what purpose. The other student confessed that he could not draw any conclusion about the elephant and the rider by merely looking at the footprints. The two of them therefore walked the whole way that the elephant had taken. The inquisitive student observed every thing on the way and concluded that the elephant was a female, a queen must be riding it, probably she had her husband with her, the queen appeared to have been in a fairly advanced stage of pregnancy,

perhaps in a day or two she would give birth to a son. All this was baffling to his friend. But what was more baffling was what happened to them when they reached the village which they had to visit as per instructions of their teacher. Outside the village was a big lake and the queen had set up her camp there for a while. As they came near the camp, a maid servant of the queen came up to the two students and greeted them with the happy news that a son was born to the king. The clever student also observed that the elephant on which the queen had come to the camp was indeed a female and she was blind in one eye as he had already told his friend.

The two students rested for a while under a banyan tree. An old woman carrying a pitcher of water on her head came to them. She had made up her mind that these two were learned men and would surely enlighten her about her son, who had gone now quite for some time on a long journey. As she asked them a question, it was with a slight bow of her head with the result that the pitcher on her head fell to the ground and was broken into pieces. The duller of the two students immediately concluded that the breaking of the pitcher indicated a calamity to the son but the cleverer one disagreed. He told his friend not to jump to immature conclusions and told the woman that her son had already come home. "Go home, dear old mother, and meet your son." The old woman felt greatly relieved of her anxiety at this pleasant news. She pronounced a thousand blessings on the disciples and rushed away home. She indeed met her son who had just returned, he had no time even to wash his hands and feet. The happy mother told him of the fortune-tellers that she had met on the road and they both took a few presents for the young men who had studied the science of signs so well.

The other student however felt terribly resentful that the teacher had not taught him all that he had taught this other fellow.

When the two of them came back to the teacher, the one greeted him with great reverence whereas the other fretted and fumed with jealousy and did not conceal his resentment against the teacher. The teacher asked him why he forgot to greet him with the usual formalities. He replied that they were all done properly by the

one who was taught well and since his own studies were neglected, he could not have been in the wrong to overlook the usual greetings. The teacher asked him how he could have come to such an unfortunate conclusion. The pupil told him of all that he could not understand and interpret and how the other had put him to shame by interpreting everything clearly and correctly. And so the complaint was that the teacher must have taught him more carefully. The teacher asked the cleverer pupil whether this was true and he said that it all depended upon what the student did with the knowledge he was given. To explain himself more clearly, he gave a complete account of the whole journey. "On your advice, I have always trained myself to observe things carefully and think about them clearly. When I saw the footprints, we both knew they were of an elephant but I tried to study them more carefully, asked myself a question whether the elephant was male or female. From the size and shape of the footprints, I concluded that it was a female, I also noticed that the leaves on the tree and the sprouts of the bushes only on the right side were eaten and not on the left side. That is how I knew that she must have been blind in the left eye. Then I said it could not be an ordinary person to go on an elephant like this. So I decided that it must be a royal personage. At one place, I saw that the rider of the elephant got off probably to relieve himself or herself. Looking at the signs at the place of urination, I knew it was a queen. On the shrubs around that place I saw red fibres of her garment which indicated that she was not a widow. When I saw the print of her hands on the ground, it was clear that she got up only with the support of her hands which she had pressed hard against the ground. I concluded that she must have been pregnant and the way she planted her right foot, with some effort, I knew she was about to deliver a child.

Regarding the old woman, who asked us about her son, I concluded from the fall of the pitcher to the ground that since it went back to the place from where it had come that is back to the earth of which it was made, the son also must have come back home from where he had started."

The teacher applauded the patient and thoughtful disciple and turned round to the other and said : "It is your own fault, my dear young man, that you do not think deeply and not mine. We teachers teach the fundamentals of any science, to fill in the details is your business."



## 107. MAṆḌITA

In the city of Venāṭaṭa a tailor named Maṇḍita had his shop on a busy road. He always tied a bandage around the knee on which he applied a generous coat of ointment and told every one that he had some skin trouble. Whenever he had to walk, it seemed he did so with some effort and in order to support himself on the road he always carried a stick. Maṇḍita was addicted to stealing other people's property and at night, he went about the town, made holes in the walls of houses and stole whatever fancied him. Near the city was a garden and a certain spot in the garden led the way to an underground dwelling and Maṇḍita concealed all his stolen property there in charge of his unmarried sister. In the middle of this underground house, there was a well. Every one that Maṇḍita involved in the crime by his subtle and persuasive speech was asked to carry all the stolen property to this underground place. He assured his accomplices that his sister would extend all welcome to them and make them feel at home there. But the wicked arrangement was that the sister would ask the helpmate of Maṇḍita, who brought her the stolen goods, to sit at a place on the brink of the well and pretending to wash his feet, she would push him down into the well where the poor fellow perished.

The tailor went on robbing the city and the king's police could not catch him at all. There were lots of complaints against the inefficiency of the police and the people finally conveyed their grievances to Mūladeva who had recently become the king there. Mūladeva asked the chief of the city guards to look into it but he could not succeed in catching the thief. Then Mūladeva decided to

investigate it himself. During the night, he disguised himself in a dark coloured dress which is usually worn by thieves and such shady characters to prowl about at night. Mūladeva sat under a tree waiting to see whether the celebrated thief could be seen anywhere around. Then he shifted to a shed and look, there was the thief Maṇḍita. He asked whether he lived there and who he was. Mūladeva said he was only a beggar. Maṇḍita offered to help him so that he would be a rich man. The two of them went to a house of a rich man and Maṇḍita made a hole in the wall, went inside and fetched quite a multitude of valuable things. He asked Mūladeva to carry them on his back. He led him to the isolated spot in the garden from where they went to the underground dwelling where Maṇḍita's sister lived. He suggested to his sister that she should wash the feet of the guest and accordingly Mūladeva was given a seat near the brink of the well. As she took hold of his foot, she saw that it was extremely delicate; the man must have enjoyed kingly power before. Pity arose in her and she conveyed secretly to him that he should run away from the place and warned that otherwise he would be killed. Mūladeva rushed out of the place and the woman raised a cry and Maṇḍita quickly followed Mūladeva with a naked sword in his hand. When Mūladeva saw that he was being followed, he hid himself behind a Śivaliṅga that was in a square. Maṇḍita thought that the liṅga itself was the man that had escaped from his house and he struck it with his sword and quickly returned to his underground dwelling. He left it only at the break of day and when the day came, he was seen working in his tailor's shop.

King Mūladeva sent his soldiers to call up Maṇḍita to his presence. On seeing the soldiers in his shop, Maṇḍita knew that the man was not killed the previous night and that he probably was the king himself. When he was brought in the presence of the king, the king rose to greet him. He requested him to take a seat and spoke for some time very pleasantly to him. The king then asked the tailor for the hand of his sister as wife and they were duly married. For some time after the marriage of his sister to the king, Maṇḍita thoroughly enjoyed himself. But one of these days, the king asked Maṇḍita whether he could spare any money for him. Maṇḍita

was quite willing to lend him a fairly substantial amount. The king honoured Maṇḍita. After some time again, Mūladeva repeated the same request and he was similarly granted another amount. The king expressed his gratitude by heaping other honours on him. In this way Mūladeva succeeded in collecting from Maṇḍita all the wealth that he had accumulated through theft. The king asked Maṇḍita's sister whether that was all the wealth that he had and when the sister confirmed it, the king returned all of it to the persons from whom Maṇḍita had stolen it and ordered Maṇḍita to be impaled.

## 108. TORTOISE AND JACKAL

There was a big lake formed by the river Gaṅgā called Mrtagaṅgātīra on the north eastern side of Vārānaṣī. Its water was deep and cool and many lotus plants blossomed there putting forth blue and red lotuses, beautiful and fragrant white lotuses, lotuses with hundred petals and even thousand petals. It was a very picturesque lake abounding in a variety of fish, tortoises, crocodiles, sharks and porpoises that lived there without any fear or anxiety. In the vicinity of that lake there was a dense forest where two wicked jackals lived. They were vicious, fierce and greedy with claws red with blood, wandering in search of flesh in the evening and at night. During the day time they hid themselves in the thick undergrowth. Once after sunset when very few people were seen on the bank of the lake and everything around looked quiet, two tortoises slowly came out of the lake in search of food. That was the time when the two jackals noticed them. They wanted precisely such an opportunity. They crept quite close to them. The tortoises noticed the jackals crawling towards them. They became frightened. They contracted their hands, feet and neck inside their shell and remained motionless. The jackals made straight towards the tortoises. They went round and round them, scratched them with their nails, tried to drag them with their teeth but they could do no harm whatever to the tortoises. They could not even make a single scratch on their shell. They became tired, decided to go away leaving the two tortoises alone, went to a solitary corner and remained there motionless and silent. Quite for some time there was no movement either on the side of the jackals or of the tortoises. One of the tortoises, however, stretched out one of its

legs from under the shell and the jackals were quick enough to pounce upon it. They tore its leg with their nails, and ate the flesh and blood. They once again tried to turn the tortoise upside down but were not able to do so. So they went away for the second time and waited patiently. In the meantime, the tortoise stretched out another of its legs and the jackals were quick enough to pounce on that as well. The poor tortoise this way lost all its four legs, finally the jackals also succeeded in tearing away its neck. They then broke open its shell with their nails and teeth and ate away whatever still remained of its flesh and blood.

Those vile jackals tried to attack the other tortoise but could not succeed at all. They tried the same trick of going into hiding and watching the tortoise from a distance whether the tortoise like its friend felt impatient within its shell and tried to push out either its leg or neck. But this tortoise was patient and clever. The jackals finally got tired and went away, even then the tortoise waited for a pretty long time before it slowly put forth its neck and looked in every direction to find where its enemies were hiding. But when it was convinced that they were really gone away, it pushed out all its four legs simultaneously and rushed with excellent speed towards the lake. It was happy to meet there its friends, kinsmen and others.

## 109. THE STORY OF A MONGOOSE

A herdsman's wife kept a mongoose as a pet. Her child and the mongoose were born at the same time and she was impressed by the coincidence. She also felt that the mongoose would be an interesting playmate for her baby.

Once she was busy pounding grain. She had put the baby to sleep in its crib. She was so much engrossed in her work that she did not notice how a snake had crept into the crib and bit the baby. However, the mongoose saw it as it was slithering out of the crib; it promptly pounced on it and cut it into pieces. It proudly marched up to the mother as if to announce its brave deed and be petted for it. The mother noticed its blood-stained mouth and jumped to the (unfortunate) conclusion that it must have bitten baby. She hit it hard with the pestle in her hand. The mongoose died instantaneously. The mother rushed to the crib only to see the pieces of the snake.

She realised, alas, too late what had happened and felt terribly remorseful for the rashness with which she had behaved.

## 110. THE STORY OF A LAY DEVOTEE

Once a man played with the idea of marrying a second wife, but he did not want to be disturbed by the quarrels at home between the two women. So he decided that he should kill the present wife before he married another woman.

He brought in the house a black serpent and put it in an earthen pot. In the night he asked his wife to go to the room where he had kept that pot to pick up a garland of flowers he had specially brought for her and kept in the earthen pot. He now asked her to bring it. The room was dark but she being a religious minded woman folded her hands in salutation and muttered a prayer before she lifted the lid from the earthen pot. Then she put her hand into it and picked up the garland. She brought it to her husband who was completely taken aback to see her alive and whole. He went back to see the pot for himself and indeed there was no serpent in it, but only the fragrance that the flowers had left. In answer to the prayers of his wife some deity had removed the serpent from there.

Her husband felt terribly guilty, confessed everything to his wife, fell at her feet and asked to be forgiven. He promised that he would do nothing hereafter to harm her.

## 111. AS THEY DESERVED

A rich merchant had once to go on a long journey. He therefore entrusted all the treasure and jewellery in his huge and well kept mansion to his wife and charged her to be careful in maintaining it properly. But she was more interested in maintaining herself and spent most of her time in the beautifying and decorating her own person. She completely neglected the upkeep of the house. She did not even notice that a *peepal* plant had struck roots in one of the walls of the house. In course of time, the plant grew and the wall collapsed. Even then she did not pay any attention. By the time her husband returned his beautifully constructed house had been almost completely damaged. He drove her away from the house and constructed another and married another woman.

Time came for him to go on another long journey and he entrusted the care of the house and property to the second wife. She however looked after the place with great deal of care. Whenever she noticed anything wrong with the woodwork in the house, she got men quickly to set it right. If any of the pictures in the house looked soiled, very carefully she cleaned them. When her husband came back, he was happy to see his house in perfectly good condition, wearing fresh look of a new house. He was happy with his wife and she enjoyed all comforts with him; whereas the discarded wife went about like a beggar.



## 112. ABSURD TALES

In the city of Ujjayinī, in an old park, there usually assembled a group of mischievous persons who passed their time in idle gossiping. Usually Śaśa, Elāṣāḍha, Mūladeva and a woman Khaṇḍapānā by name were invariably present there. Each one had a large group of followers. Once it so happened that they were all caught up in a long spell of heavy rain. For over a week they could hardly stir out. They were terribly short of food and hunger so much oppressed them that Mūladeva came out with a suggestion : let every one narrate a story, it might be from his own personal experience or the one that he had heard from others and the others should defend the absurdity of the story by citing parallel situations from the *Mahābhārata*, *Rāmāyana* and other sacred scriptures. But the one who cannot do any such thing would go out in the rain and procure food for every one there. But they must remember that the story they would tell would necessarily contain some element of absurdity or incredibility.

Elāṣāḍha came out with the first story :

I was taking my cows to a jungle. I saw some robbers coming. I quickly spread my blanket on the ground and packed all the cows in it and came back straight to the village with that bundle, and the cowherds who had gone with me to the jungles with their herds started looking for the cows. That quite amused me but quickly enough the robbers attacked the village. The villagers were greatly scared and they all along with their animals entered a cucumber to hide themselves. A goat came along and swallowed the whole of the cucumber. The goat in its turn was sucked in by a python and the python was picked up by a crane. The crane perched on a

banyan tree but one of his legs was left hanging down. Right below the tree was camping a royal army unit. An elephant from that unit got stuck in the leg of the bird and as the bird started flying, the elephant was also pulled up. The soldiers in the camp raised a hue and cry and some archers shot the crane down with their arrows. The crane died and fell to the ground. When its stomach was cut up, the python gradually slithered out. The soldiers also cut it and there came out the goat and from the stomach of the goat came out the cucumber and the whole village emerged out of the cucumber along with the cowherd who had bundled the cows in his blanket. He collected his cows and went back to the pasture and all the villagers that came out from the cucumber also went back to their usual business.

Elāṣāḍha continued, "Now you have to tell me whether you consider my story to be logical or absurd." The others replied that it sounded alright to them but Elāṣāḍha asked them, "How can a blanket hold all the cows and the cucumber the whole village?"

The reply was, "Don't you remember what has been mentioned right at the outset in the *Mahābhārata*, that the whole world formed one ocean and in that ocean there was an egg and that egg contained the entire universe including the mountains, jungles and all the wilderness. So, your blanket is quite enough for the cows and the cucumber for the whole village. Then your story says that the crane held the python, python held the goat and the goat held the cucumber . . . We think it is quite possible because we are told that the entire universe, the heaven and hell, mountains and jungles, all could be comfortably accommodated in Viṣṇu's stomach and Viṣṇu himself lay in Devaki's womb and Devaki lay on her bed. If we accept these things as true, why shouldn't we accept your story?"

Now Śaśa started narrating his story :

"We were the sons of a village chief. We once went to plough our farm and also do the sowing. We sowed sesamum seeds. Soon enough the plants grew so big that we had to use axes to cut them. As I was busy cutting a sesamum tree, I was being attacked by an elephant. I ran fast and climbed a tall sesamum tree. The elephant

reached there and began to shake the tree. He also went round and round it like a potter's wheel. He went on shaking the tree with the result that the sesamum seeds fell like a shower of rain on the ground below and as the elephant in his angry manner, went round and round the tree, he crushed the seeds as powerfully as an oil mill. A large stream of oil started flowing. The elephant got stuck in it and died. I quickly climbed down the tree, made a bag from the hide of the elephant and filled it with oil. I was feeling hungry and I ate a lot of oil cake and drank ten pots of oil. I returned home with the bag which was full of oil. I hung it on a branch of a tree outside my village and came home. I asked my son to fetch the bag. He could not see the bag any where on the tree, so he lifted the whole tree and brought it home. There I left him with his tree and the bag and here I am telling you the story. See if you can prove it to be absurd, in case you don't, then arrange for the food."

His companions expressed the view that these ideas could easily be found in the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyana*. They reminded him of what had been stated in the scriptures : "A terrible river started flowing from the rut of an elephant's temple. The river had such terrible force that it carried away with it other elephants, horses and chariots." About the size of the sesamum plant, it has been said that in Pāṭaliputra, a drum was once placed on a sesamum tree. So it should be possible. They would not dismiss the story as absurd."

It was now the turn of Mūladeva :

I was once on my way to the abode of God Almighty, hoping to receive from him the stream of the mighty Gaṅgā on my head. I had an umbrella and a gourd-kettle in my hand. But a wild elephant rushed at me. I was terribly scared. There was no shelter around there and in order to protect myself I entered the kettle. The elephant also followed me through the spout of the kettle. We fought in the kettle and for six months I kept him at bay. Then I escaped through the spout. The elephant also tried the same way. He nearly came out but his tail got stuck there. I saw the boundless Gaṅgā flowing right in front of me. I crossed it easily as if it was a pot-hole, as small as an imprint of a cow's hoof. I reached the almighty's

house. Without caring for thirst or hunger, I carried the Gaṅgā on my head for six months. Then I paid homage to Kārtikeya. I left the place and directly came here. It is now for you to judge the story and arrange for food.

The general comment was that the story was quite acceptable. Mūladeva asked them to justify their views.

They substantiated it in the following way : "It has been stated that the Brahmins came from the mouth of Brahmā, the Kṣatriyas from his arms, the Vaiśyas from his thighs and the Sūdras from his feet. If such enormous population can be accommodated in Brahmā, how could you and the elephant not be contained in a gourd kettle ? Brahmā and Viṣṇu are reported to be running up and down for thousands of years but they are still unable to locate where the Liṅga ends and still this gigantic Liṅga can be accommodated in Umā's body. It is therefore possible that both the elephant and you could be contained in the kettle. You said that the elephant's tail got stuck in the spout. We do not see anything strange here. Viṣṇu the creator of the universe practised penance while reposing on the ocean. Brahmā came out of the lotus that grew out of his navel but got stuck in the lotus stalk. Then you mentioned how easily you crossed the Gaṅgā. When Rāma sent Sugrīva to get news about Sitā, he despatched Hanumān and Hanumān crossed the ocean by his arms. When he brought news about Sitā to Rāma he asked him how he managed to cross the ocean. Hanumān replied it was through his benevolent grace that he could do it. Similarly you crossed the Gaṅgā. Your statement that you held Gaṅgā on your head for six months sounds very plausible to us, we all know how the heavenly gods requested Gaṅgā to come down to this world for the welfare of the people. Gaṅgā agreed but asked who would stop her descent; otherwise by her own force she would flow down to the nether world. Paśupati offered to hold her in his matted hair and since then for thousands of years he has been carrying her. No wonder, you held her for six months.

Khaṇḍapānā, the lone female member of the group began by saying that if they all showed their respect to her by saluting her, she would be willing to supply them food. The others replied that

they would not sacrifice their self-respect for a meal. Then she started her story :

I am the daughter of the king's washerman. Once I went to the river to help my father. We carried a cart-load of clothes. I was busy spreading out the washing to dry in the sun. Exactly at the time, the wind started and soon enough it was a storm. All the clothes started flying. I became very scared. I changed myself into a lizard and sought shelter in a garden near about, for the night. There I changed myself into a mango tree. Then I heard an announcement that I need not be scared any longer and should return home. I changed myself to be the washerman's daughter and came to the cart. But its ropes and straps were eaten away by jackals and goats. My father noticed that they were all turned into a buffalo's tail. Your comments please."

They said : "It is stated that Brahmā and Viṣṇu went on looking for the end of the Liṅga and could not locate it at all. If this is true, your narration could not be dismissed as absurd. *Rāmāyana* recalls that Hanumān's tail was extremely long. He wrapped it with thousands of rags, sprinkled oil on it from thousands of pots and with it he burnt practically the whole of Laṅkā. If we can accept this, why can't we accept your part of the story about the buffalo's tail. Then the scriptures tell us that a certain king of Gandhāra transformed himself into a Kurabaka tree in a jungle and also of a mighty king, Kimaśva who defeated Indra but was turned into a hissing serpent by his curse. This serpent swallowed up Bhīma, one of the Pāṇḍava brothers and told Yudhiṣṭhira, that he would let his brother out, only if he answered his seven questions and when Yudhiṣṭhira answered all his questions, not only Bhīma was let go but the curse also was lifted and the serpent became king Ravi. Your turning into a lizard and then into a tree before coming to your original shape and form is not too difficult to lap.

Khaṇḍapānā however continued further : "The story has not ended. We went out in search of the clothes which were blown off by the wind. My servants joined in. While running after them in various villages and towns, I have come here and look you are same servants wearing the same clothes. If this is true, return all

my clothes and if this is not true, arrange for the food. I know you are going to be defeated. You are not worth even a worn-out cowrie."

They were all impressed by her wit. They accepted their defeat and paid a compliment to her intelligence but submitted most humbly, "Madam, we have put up with hunger for the whole week. You alone can arrange to get us food."

## 113. CLASSIFICATION HELPS

Philosophy has introduced a system of classification in order to understand the nature of things—both sentient and non-sentient. But even outside philosophy, a certain wealthy farmer Kucikarṇa by name, owning a large herd of cattle, followed the same method on his farm in the country of Magadha. He had in his employment a large number of boys to look after his cattle. He distributed them into manageable units and assigned them to the various boys but the cows got mixed up and the boys often involved themselves into quarrels. They could not distinguish between each other's cows. So, to avoid this confusion and quarrels, Kucikarṇa classified the cows into various groups on the basis of the colour or their skin.

Here the master of the cows should be taken to mean the philosopher *tirthaṅkara* and the cowherd boys as his pupils wanting to know the precise nature of things, which the cows stand for. Like the cows, matter (*pudgala*) is classified into various categories.

## 114. THE GUIDE THAT MISGUIDES

It happened in a town called Vasantapura. An *ācārya* set up his *āśrama* there but he was not really qualified for what he was doing. Nevertheless, he managed to collect some disciples. One of them indulged in irregularities of behaviour and even accepted as alms things that monks are just not supposed to. But the young man was honest enough to confess to his *ācārya* the sinful things that he did and the *ācārya* felt impressed by the sincerity of his erring disciple. The *ācārya* himself did not possess reliable knowledge of the holy scriptures and as such he could easily justify his disciple's behaviour. The other disciples also got an impression that the only way to live well was to do everything that one liked but follow it up with a candid confession to the *ācārya*.

It so happened that a highly qualified and meticulously disciplined *ācārya* arrived there in the *āśrama* and when he saw the way it was being run, he felt greatly shocked. In order to draw their attention to the indisciplined behaviour, he told the following story :

In the town of Girinagara there was a jewel merchant. His house was packed with all sorts of precious stones, particularly rubies. Whenever he lit a lamp in the house, the light reflected so much that the people in the town felt that it looked brighter and more dazzling in his house because he was a great worshipper of the God of Fire. Once it so happened that when the merchant lit the lamp in his house, a strong current of wind blew in and the whole of the house caught fire. The fire spread over the entire town and everything was burnt to ashes. The king expelled the merchant out of the town.



Similarly in another town, when its king noticed that a member of the merchant community was behaving in an unlawful manner, he confiscated all his property and expelled him out of his town.

The *ācārya* concluded that like the two merchants who did considerable harm to the people of the towns where they had lived, badly trained teachers also cause considerable harm to many souls. They should not encourage indisciplined behaviour in any of their disciples.

In spite of the clear cut warning, the ill-bred *ācārya* would not improve things in his *āśrama*. The visiting *ācārya* then spoke directly to the inmates of the *āśrama* and admonished their master. "He is an ignorant man. Not a true follower of the religion. No body's soul can be safe in his hands. You better not listen to him at all."

## 115. THROUGH EXCEPTIONABLE MEANS

In a certain town, there lived a Brahmin woman who had three daughters. Naturally she was worried about their prospects after marriage. She could hardly think of anything else except how to ensure their happiness with their husbands. She finally came out with the following idea which she explained to her eldest daughter. She said, she should strike her husband on his head with the sole of her foot the first thing on seeing him. This is exactly what the daughter did when she went to her husband's house. The husband was so very pleased with the kick that he quickly offered to massage her foot.

The daughter reported this to her mother who was quite pleased to see that her idea worked so well. She assured her daughter that her husband hereafter would not object to anything that she did and therefore she should enjoy her life according to her fancy.

The second daughter also was given the same advice but it worked a little differently but in the end it was exactly as the mother had calculated it to be. The young husband felt terribly furious when he received the kick on his head but gradually forgot all about what he had initially felt to be an insult and the two settled down to a happy life and the mother was pleased.

The third daughter was not however as lucky. Her husband gave her a good thrashing and threw her out of the house. The mother now had to take it upon herself to patch up the matter. She persuaded the young man to appreciate his wife because what she

did was only to keep up the family tradition. In their family, every woman had welcomed her husband in the same violent manner. The young son-in-law felt pacified after this explanation but especially after the mother-in-law had advised her daughter to love her husband well and treat him as her lord and master.

The mother felt gratified that all her daughters lived happily hereafter.

## **116. TOWARDS EXCEPTIONABLE ENDS**

In a certain town there lived a courtesan who was extremely accomplished in all the sixtyfour arts. She had a knack of understanding exactly what her client fancied and unfailingly gave him just that, and gained a lot of money and reputation in general.

In a bed-room, she had hung pictures in which men were shown practising different professions such a carpentry, weaving, tailoring etc. Whenever a client spent considerable time on a particular picture, she knew of his profession and accordingly judged his tastes to which she catered well. Her insight in human nature was amazing. She not only amassed a lot of wealth but also obtained a firm grip on the minds of men.

## 117. STRANGE LOGIC

Every year, Śalivāhana, the king of Pratiṣṭhāna attacked the port of Broach and when the rainy season approached, he came back home. Once whilst he was in his military camp, his spittoon holder, a hunch-backed woman, noticed that he was spitting on the ground there. She immediately jumped to the conclusion that in the eyes of the king, that place had become unsuitable for any worthy activity and felt that the king would soon like to move away. Therefore she told the charioteer of the king to get the chariot ready. Seeing this, the others also started getting ready for the journey.

The king who was away from the camp saw the preparations and was quite surprised. He made quick inquiries and learnt that the instructions for the journey went out from the hunchbacked. She was quickly summoned and she explained that since the king spat on the ground instead of using the spittoon, she decided that according to him the site of the camp was not worthy enough.

## 118. THE YAKṢA AND THE PAINTER

The Yakṣa Surapriya by name had a temple built for himself in a park on the north eastern side of the town of Sāketa. Every year the town held a festival in his honour when his picture was freshly painted. But the peculiar thing was that the Yakṣa caught hold of the painter who did his portrait and killed him, and if no portrait was painted, he would punish the whole town by sending a terrible epidemic. Most of the professional painters in Sāketa therefore resorted to a simple way out. They started leaving the town. When the king came to know the exodus of the painters, he was afraid that the Yakṣa would hold him responsible for the neglect of the annual festival and of the making of a fresh portrait and not hesitate to kill him himself. He therefore made a list of all the painters in the town and worked out a plan by which every year the name of the painter who was supposed to do the portrait would be decided. He got an earthen jar in which the cards bearing the names of all the painters were kept. Around the time of the festival one card would be picked up and the artist whose name the card bore would accept the fatal assignment. The arrangement worked satisfactorily for many years.

A young boy from the family of painters from an adjoining town of Kausāmbi came to Sāketa. His intention was to attach himself to some well known painter there and learn from him. He found accommodation in a family where a young boy of his own age lived with his old widowed mother. The two boys became close friends. One of these days the annual festival was announced and the job of doing the painting fell to the lot of the poor boy of the old widow. She could do nothing about it except weep bitterly. The

Kausāmbī boy did not understand exactly what had happened to cause such terrible grief to the woman. Finally when she explained the unfortunate turn of events, the boy offered to do the portrait of the Yakṣa himself. He would willingly lay down his life for the loving and generous family. But the old woman would not accept the offer. She said she hated the idea of sending her guest to his death but the boy would not accept any of her arguments.

He observed the very strenuous fast of the sixth meal, wore new clothes, covered his mouth with a piece of cloth which was folded eight times, collected clean water in new vessel and went to the temple. He first washed the idol of the Yakṣa clean with the pure water he had brought and sat down to do the portrait with a set of new brushes and fresh pigments from new bowls. After the painting was over he fell at the feet of the Yakṣa and begged to be forgiven for whatever shortcomings that might have crept in. The Yakṣa was greatly pleased with the boy and asked him to name whatever blessing he wanted. The boy requested the Yakṣa to save the lives of all artists by discontinuing the queer custom of killing them after the portraits have been done. The Yakṣa replied that the fact that he was still alive should indicate that he would leave all artists hereafter unharmed, and further suggested that the young man should ask for a boon for his own personal benefit. The young painter then asked for the blessings of the miraculous art of doing the complete portrait of a person or animal that went on two feet or four or even crawled without feet merely on the basis of a single glance at any part of its body. The Yakṣa willingly granted it to the young artist.

The Kausāmbī boy went back home to the Sāketa family safe and whole and narrated to them how he managed to come back. The story reached the ears of the king of Sāketa and he invited the boy to the palace and bestowed upon him great honours for the great service that he had rendered to all the members of his fraternity. Soon after this the boy went back to his parents in Kausāmbī.

Śatāṇik was the king of Kausāmbī at that time. On one occasion, the king asked one of the foreign envoys whether his

country had everything in it that other countries had. The envoy replied that it generally had almost everything except a picture gallery. The king immediately sent out orders for the preparation of it and all the artists in the town promptly started working on it. They distributed the work amongst themselves. Our young man was assigned the king's personal apartments including the royal bed rooms. As he was busy painting the rooms with appropriate pictures, his eyes fell on the toe of the queen who was standing on the other side behind a lattice. The young man had just a good look at the toe and completed a remarkable portrait of the queen. As he was working on the eye in the picture, a drop of paint fell on the thigh of the queen in the picture, which he immediately tried to wipe out but in spite of his repeated rubbings, the drop on the thigh could not be wiped out at all. When he thought about it for some time, he concluded in his own mind that the queen must have had a birth mark exactly at that spot where the drop of paint had fallen. He therefore made no more attempts to remove it but completed the picture.

When the king came along, to visit the picture gallery, his eyes were drawn to the portrait of the queen, and he was greatly struck by the spot on the thigh and felt terribly disturbed at the thought that the artist could not have known anything about it unless he had made indecent approaches to the queen. He lost no time in passing an order to execute the painter.

All other artists in the town felt terribly shocked when they came to know of the king's drastic decision. They approached him to explain how the young man had received from the Yakṣa the boon of making the whole portrait from a slight glimpse of any part of the body. The king said he would put the young man to test. So he showed him only the face of a hunch-backed woman and asked him to work out the whole portrait. When however he saw the whole picture, he relented and changed the order of execution to a milder one of snipping off the tips of his right thumb and index finger. Then he banished him from his kingdom.

The poor young man went back to seek help and guidance from the same old Yakṣa whose boon thus involved him in his present



misery. The Yakṣa suggested that he should go on with his profession now with his left hand. The young artist used his left hand with equal efficiency but could not really get over his resentment against the king who had unjustifiably damaged his right fingers.

In the course of his wanderings, the young artist arrived at Ujjayinī. He also carried with him a freshly painted portrait of the queen of Kauśāmbī which he had drawn with his left hand and when he showed it to king Pradyota of Ujjayinī, it produced such a strong impression on the king's mind, that he immediately despatched a messenger to Kauśāmbī that if king Śātānika refused to send his queen to him in Ujjayinī, he should be prepared for a terrible war with him. Our young artist could not have been more pleased than with the prospect of involving the king of his native town into a terrible calamity.

As could be expected, the king of Kauśāmbī treated Pradyota's message with the contempt it deserved and sent back the messenger with similar disrespect. King Pradyota was furious to learn of all that happened at the court of Kauśāmbī. He collected his formidable army and marched against that unfortunate town. Śātānika developed nervous diarrhoea and died.

The queen kept her cool and thought out a plan which she explained in her message to king Pradyota, who was most anxiously looking forward to obtaining the beautiful queen, whose portrait had pushed him into this wild adventure. The queen said she would very much like to think of her young son first. If his future was ensured, she would not mind going to live with king Pradyota. She said that she was afraid that her young son would become an extremely easy target for any of the neighbouring kings, especially when his father was dead and the mother was away in Ujjayinī. King Pradyota's reply was who would dare do it when he was around. The queen said that his presence in Ujjayinī would be as effective as the presence of a renowned physician several miles away from a person who has been bitten by a snake. She suggested therefore that Pradyota should fortify her town with impregnable walls around it, constructed with strong bricks which

he should specially bring from Ujjayini. Pradyota quickly agreed and soon enough the walls were constructed around Kauśāmbī. Then the queen said that the coffers should be adequately replenished. This also he did. When the queen saw that her town had become unassailable and the royal treasury was all filled, she began to think otherwise. The uppermost thought in her mind was: "Blessed are the places and regions where the Great Master treads. If only he were to come here, to bless this land by however brief a visit, she would willingly embrace the ascetic way of life at his instance."

Lo ! The Great Master indeed appeared in person and all enmities died down and harmony prevailed in that region. When Mahāvira held his first discourse, the queen went to listen. During the evening, one amongst the audience felt he ought to ask a question to him but he would not speak it out. He thought the Master is reputed to be all-knowing and expected the question to be answered without being asked. The Master nevertheless asked him to speak out aloud and put the question openly so that every one would learn about it. The man only muttered, "Lord, she... she... she... was she ?" Gautama, the favourite of Mahāvira wanted to know what the man possibly could have meant by she, she, she. Mahāvira thereupon told the following story :

### **A HEAP OF GLASS**

"Once upon a time in Campānagari there lived a goldsmith who was known all over the neighbourhood for his weakness for young women. He would offer to a girl he fancied a tempting amount of five hundred gold coins and the parents would quickly agree to give the girl in marriage to him. This way he had collected a large harem of five hundred attractive women. He made a set of fourteen ornaments for each one of them but would not give them to any of them to wear unless it was the day when he had invited her to sleep with him. On all other days he kept the jewellery safely locked. Out of sheer jealousy he hardly left the house nor did he allow any one else to visit it.

Once a friend of his invited him to dinner. He was most reluctant to accept the invitation but the friend forced him to accept it. So he

left the house. All his wives felt tremendously pleased to be so left alone. They decided to make a day of it. They first went in for a luxurious bath. They dressed themselves up in their finest clothes. They put on all their jewellery and spent a good deal of their time admiring themselves in their mirrors. In the meantime, the husband came back home at an unexpectedly early hour. He felt terribly angry to see all his women in this extravagant mood. He tried to chase them and finally caught hold of one of them and hammered her so much that the poor woman died. The other women felt terribly frightened that he would then go after them and finish them one by one. But they gave him no chance. Before he could think of his next move, they hurled the mirrors in which they were admiring themselves at him and quickly enough the poor man was buried under a heap of the splinters of broken mirrors. Indeed the poor man himself became a piece of glass. But they quickly relented and felt shocked at what they had done. They were greatly frightened that every one around would look upon them as murderers of their husband. They felt worried about their own future. The fear of public ire drove them crazy and they went about shutting every door and window of the house and finally they set the whole of it ablaze, reducing their unfortunate husband and themselves to ashes.

In their next life, they were all re-born as human beings; they retained human life because of the sincerity of their contrite feelings and a certain trace of compassion which they could not lose in all the whirlwind of their wrath. Their *karma* however decided that as human beings they should all become thieves, condemned to live in a mountainous terrain. The goldsmith was re-born as a lower animal and the woman he had killed first was also sent into life as an animal of lower category and later as human being but as a male child in a Brahmin family. The goldsmith, on completing his life as a lower animal was re-born as a daughter in the same Brahmin family where one of his wives was working now for five years as a male slave. This newly born girl was always given to weeping and crying and the slave boy was asked to look after her. He discovered that the child felt soothed and stopped crying whenever he ran his hand on her stomach and abdomen and gradually brought it on her genitals. The parents of the child once noticed this and gave the boy a sound thrashing and drove him out of their house. The girl also left the house when she was grown enough and her parents could not know where she had disappeared.

The boy took to criminal ways and found himself one of these days in a settlement of thieves where he met the four hundred and ninety nine thieves that were none else but his companions from the earlier life. The girl found her way to a village which was soon enough raided by the same band of thieves. They caught hold of her and raped her but out of sheer consideration for their unfortunate victim, they thought it better to get another girl because they felt it was cruel to torture one girl like this. They succeeded in procuring another woman but the first girl did not relish the idea of having a rival. She was therefore very keen on finding the right occasion to get rid of her. One day when all the robbers were away on a raid, she tricked the new woman to look deep into the well where they went to fetch water and as she bent over the edge, she tripped her in. When the men came back and asked where the other woman was, she snapped back, "Why can't you find her yourself?" They suspected that she must have done her in. Then the male slave from the Brahmin family who had got himself into the company of the thieves had a feeling that the wicked woman who had pushed the other one into the well was probably his sister.

The man who had felt like asking a question to the great lord Mahāvira was none else but the slave from the Brahmin family. When the question was regarding a woman, the *Kevala-jñānī*, the allknowing Mahāvira rightly knew the context and confirmed that "that she" was indeed his sister.

Mahāvira's remarks created a feeling of worldweariness in the man's mind and he sought solace by becoming a monk.

The story, which Mahāvira narrated, impressed the queen so much that she immediately declared her intention to take to the holy way of life if the great Master who was kind enough to initiate her but in any case she would first seek king Pradyota's permission who was present at the meeting. He felt so much overpowered by the presence of so many divine personages and eminent men at the meeting there that he could not say 'no' to the queen's request. He even agreed to be the custodian of her young son. She accepted the initiation and king Pradyota's other eight queens also followed suit.

The man who had first asked the question went out to spread enlightenment amongst his other companions in thievery.

## 119.THE LAME AND THE BLIND

(The following two episodes are meant to illustrate an important principle in Jain philosophy that ultimate salvation remains unattainable unless a proper co-ordination of knowledge and disciplined action is worked out.)

A) Once in a certain town a fire broke out. Every one started running away out of sheer panic. There were two men — one of whom was lame and the other blind. They very much wanted to run away. Both were unable to do so. The one who could see the danger was incapable of doing anything and the other who felt the danger did not know how and where he should run.

The lame man could not save himself from the fire and the blind man in the course of his futile fumbling landed in the fire itself.

B) It so happened that several people from a certain town sought refuge in an adjoining forest to escape from the tyranny from their king. But unfortunately their camp was raided by robbers and a big stampede followed. At the same time, a wild fire broke out. There were two men there—one blind and the other lame. The latter saw that the blind man was almost walking into the flames in his attempt to run away. He stopped him and the blind man wanted to know from him by what way he should go to save himself. The lame man could not tell him exactly how he should go but said he would surely guide him to safety if he agreed to carry him on his shoulders.

With their wise co-ordination, they both reached a safe destination.

## 120. ALWAYS IN THE WRONG

A poor widow in a certain town managed to support herself and her young son by selling fuel wood but she gradually got disgusted with the apathy of the people around and so she went away to a small village with her son.

When the boy grew up he asked her :

Where is my father ?

He is dead, my dear.

Who was he ?

He was a hanger on.

A hanger on ? Why can't I be one ?

You ? What do you know about it ?

Mammy, tell me how does one become a hanger on.

You see, my dear, you have first to be very submissive. You have to greet people you meet most humbly. Always go about with your head bent low.

The young boy set out for a town in the neighbourhood to try his luck. On his way he saw a few hunters waiting with bated breath for the deer to come closer. The boy broke the silence by his enthusiastic greetings and they all felt so upset; at his sound the deer had scampered off. They caught hold of him and thrashed him well. He explained how his mother had instructed him about greeting people he met. The hunters now told him that whenever he saw people like themselves, he should avoid making any noise, walk gently and speak, if he has to, very low.

As he proceeded, he saw a group of washermen. As instructed

by the hunters, he showed a great deal of caution and walked towards them most carefully. The washermen at that time were looking out for a person who had pilfered some of their clothes. When they saw the boy in his cautious and stealthy movements, they pounced on him and hammered him well. Only when he explained his own position, they stopped beating him. But before they allowed him to go away, they advised him to accost people with a greeting like 'Let it wash well.'

As he went further, he saw a group of farmers busy sowing seeds in their fields, and this boy greeted them with his newly acquired wisdom 'Let it wash well.' The farmers looked furiously at him, gave him the beating he deserved but on his explanation, they took pity on him. They said, the proper way to greet people would be to say something like, "Let it multiply and fetch great returns - heaps and heaps."

On his way further, he ran into a group of people carrying a dead body. Quickly he came out with his newly acquired greeting: "Let it multiply." As usual, he got a thrashing for it. Those people told him that the correct form of conveying his consolation should be, "You should be spared such a misery. Never again such a misfortune."

This is exactly how he greeted a couple during their wedding in which he got involved on his way further.

The thrashing was repeated and so also the words of advice: "Long and happy life to the couple. Long life together."

He proceeded ahead till he saw a prisoner in chains. He greeted him with "long life together". He was advised the correct form would be "Hope your association would end soon."

He saw a group of young men who had just become members of a certain union. He heard them talking enthusiastically about their union. Our young friend promptly came out with, "Hope your association ends soon." The same story was repeated before he was allowed to proceed further.

When he came to a town, he met a young man who was a son of a police official. He offered him a job in his own house and our

young man was glad to accept it. One of these days a terrible famine broke out. In the house of the official some gruel was being cooked and the lady of the house asked this boy to tell his master that he should come in quickly before it became cold and tasteless. The boy saw that the master was busy with a group of people and he announced loudly that the food was ready and he should not be late. The official thought that it was all in bad taste, particularly at the time of the famine and reprimanded the boy for this. He advised him to whisper such messages softly in the ear of the person concerned, and he dismissed him from his service.

The boy once saw a house caught up in flames. He rushed to the master of the house and in his ears he whispered that his house was on fire. The man was quite angry and snapped back at the boy, "You fool. Don't waste time like this. Make every effort to put out the fire. If you don't have any water at hand, use milk. Your first duty is to do something to put it out."

On another occasion, when he saw incense burning in a house, he wanted to put it out immediately. He threw cowdung cakes at it.

Whenever your words or actions are ill-suited to the occasion, you commit what is called discrepancy.



## 121.UNNATURAL FATHER

A poor boy lost his mother. His father very much wanted to marry again but no woman would care to marry a widower that had a child, and the man knew of his handicap. Once when he and the child were collecting firewood in a forest, he deliberately shot out an arrow at the boy but he missed. He shot again. This time he did not miss and the boy died.

## 122.HEAVY AND LIGHT

Once, Indrabhūti Gautama asked his master Mahāvīra,

" How do beings become heavy or light ?"

" Look Gautama, said the great master. Take a dry gourd. Wrap it with *darbha* and *kuśa* grass. But be sure that it is unbroken and completely free from crevices. Now smear it with a layer of clay. Let it be completely dry. Wrap it with *darbha* and *kuśa* grass a second time. Again cover it with a layer of clay and dry it in the sun. When it becomes dry, for the third time cover it with *darbha* and *kuśa* grass, put a layer of clay upon it and dry it. Go on doing it for seven times. After it has received all these layers of clay, throw it in water. Due to the heaviness and weight of the layers of clay it goes under the water and settles at the bottom. Even so Gautama, human beings on account of injury to living beings, gradually accumulate eight types of *karma* and due to the heaviness and weight of the *karma* go down beneath the earth and remain in the hell below after their death. Thus beings become heavy."

"Down below in the water the upper most layer of clay becomes wet and loose and drops off. The gourd becomes slightly light and rises a little from the bottom. After the second layer has dropped off, it rises a little more. In this way when all the layers of clay are gone and the gourd is free from all bonds, it rises to the surface of the water. In the same manner, after having dissolved the eight types of *karma* by abstaining from injury to living beings, from false faith, living beings rise up to the sky. They even reach the top of the universe, that is to say, attain salvation. Thus Gautama, beings become light."

## 123.TWO TREES : HIGH AND LOW

In a town there lived a weaver. A number of young men worked for him in his workshop. One of them, a clever young fellow, had a sweet voice and he often sang as he worked on the loom. The weaver's daughter, a pretty looking young person, felt considerable fancy for the melodious singer and one of these days he suggested that they should run away from her father's house, without being noticed by any one and go to a distant place to get married. The young woman liked the idea but she had, as she told him now, come to an arrangement with her dear friend, the princess of the town, that they should both marry one and the same husband. To this the young man readily agreed and said she should inform the princess and fix a day for their departure together.

Accordingly, on the appointed day the princess got out of the palace fairly early in the morning. Fortunately no one had noticed her. As she was slowly and stealthily walking down to her friend's place she heard a song, some one was singing somewhere there. It was about two trees, one Mango and the other Karnikāra. This inferior tree has come into bloom and the Mango has not - it has been delayed on account of an extra-month that has been added to the year. In the song it seems the Mango - a tree of noble birth - is being warned not to be impatient. The princess quickly saw sense and said to herself that she should not behave like that ordinary weaver girl and rush out to get a husband for herself. She quickly turned back toward the palace, telling them that she had forgotten her jewellery which she must fetch.

In the palace there had already come the prince of a small town around there. He wanted her father to help him out of a difficult situation which had threatened his kingdom. The father agreed but before that fixed his daughter's marriage, with him. The Mango tree soon enough blossomed and the perfume spread far and wide.

## 124. MIRACULOUS INDEED !

In a certain village temple there came a group of wandering mendicants that normally wandered from place to place. In the evening a villager asked them to tell the villagers of any extraordinary event they had come across as they went from one place to another.

A wandering mendicant said that he did have something strange to describe but he would not do it in the presence of any Jain layman. He was assured there was none around. So the wandering man began :

At one place, a coastal place it was, I saw a large tree spreading out its branches in all directions. Those that overhung the sea dropped their leaves on the sea and quickly they all became aquatic animals. And those that spread over land dropped the leaves on the ground. They became land-animals.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said one of the villagers. "The land of the Creator, indeed." "Please tell us what happened to the leaves that fell in the middle ?"

Suspecting him to be a Jain layman, the wandering mendicant snapped back, "Didn't I say this was not meant for the ears of a Jain ?"



## NOTES

- S. No.1 :** The story of Mudgaśaila is based on Malayagiri's commentary on the *Nandī Sūtra* (Nandī) M, p 54b -p. 55. Our note to the story of Mudgaśaila suggests an interpretation with which however the original commentator Malayagiri would not agree. He considers Mudgaśaila as an image of a student who is imper-vious to instruction :

*"Ko'pi śisyo mudgaśaila-samānadharmā  
nirantaram yatnataḥ pāthyamāno'pi  
padamapyekam bhāvato nāvagāhate,  
tato' yogyo'yam iti krtvā svācāryaiḥ  
upekṣitaḥ... 1-p. 55<sup>b</sup>.*

It should be noted that quite a few tales from this *A Treasury of Jain Tales* are based on the *Nandī M*. The stories are told in Sanskrit by the commentator. These tales are based on *Āvaśyaka-Sūtra* with *Niryukti* and *Bhāṣya* which are originally in Prakrit. Malayagiri takes over word for word fourteen verses from the above Prakrit text (*Āvaśyaka Niryukti bhāṣya*) dealing with the topic of fourfold intelligence (*caturvidhābuddhiḥ*). The following comparative table between the two texts establishes this point beyond dispute.

Malayagiri's commentary  
on *Nandī sūtra*

*Āvaśyakasūtra* with  
*Niryukti* and *Bhāṣya*

## N-2

(pp. 143 <sup>b</sup> to 167 <sup>a</sup> )	(pp. 414 <sup>a</sup> - 437 <sup>a</sup> )
a) Autpattiki buddhiḥ	a) Autpattiki buddhiḥ
v 61 Uppattiā...	v 938 ... " "
v 62 Puvvamadittḥam.	v 939 ... " "
v 63 Bharahasila	v 940 " "
v 64 Bharaha-sila	v 941 ..... " "
v65 Mahusittha	V 942 ..... " "
b) Vainayiki buddhiḥ	(b) Vainayiki buddhiḥ
V66 Bharanittharaṇa Samattha V 943	
v 67 Nimitte attḥasatthe	V 944 ... " "
v 68 Siā sādī diham	v 945 ... " "
comparative table contd ...	
C) Karmajā buddhiḥ	C) Karmajā buddhiḥ
v 69 Uvaogadittḥasārā	v 946 " "
v 70 Heraññie Karisae	v 947 " "
D) Pāriṇāmiki buddhiḥ	D) Pāriṇāmiki buddhiḥ
v 71 Aṇumāṇa-heu-dittḥam	v 948 " "
v 72 Abhae sitthi kumāre	v 949 " "
v 73 Khamae amaccaputte	v 950 " Khavage ..
v 74 Calañāhaa āmaṇde	951 " "

**S. No. 2 :** This legend is taken from Devendra's commentary on the *Uttarādhyayana* (Uttarā D.) Ch. III (pp. 59<sup>a</sup> to 65<sup>a</sup>).

Devendra tells the story of Mūladeva in connection with the list of the ten examples illustrating the difficulty of getting a human birth. One of the ten catchwords contained in the list is 'suviṇa' (Sk. *svapnaḥ*). With reference to this catchword *svapnaḥ* a dream) Devendra tells the story of Mūladeva. Neither the Cūrṇi nor the 'Sisyaḥita' commentary of Śāntisūri gives the story of Mūladeva to illustrate the verse giving the ten catchwords. The story of Mūladeva with

its romantic and miraculous adventures is very popular with Jain writers. He figures in the Buddhist works by way of only a passing reference. He occupies a more prominent place in the popular literature in Sanskrit. He is portrayed as 'the master of trickery and the arts of roguery', and 'a theorist on matters of love'. Devendra's story represents a fully developed form of a genuine folktale about Mūladeva who was a famous rogue (dhūrta), a master of such arts as theft and deceit, well versed in magic, an adventure in early Indian Literature.

- S. No. 3 :** This legend is taken from Devendra's commentary, *Sukhabodhā*, On the *Uttarādhyaṇa-sūtra* (*Uttarā D*) (pp. 36.<sup>b</sup>- 44<sup>b</sup>). Devendra tells the story of the destruction of Dvāravati and Kṛṣṇa's death in connection with *yācanāpariṣaha* - 'the difficulty of begging food' dealt with in the *Uttarādhyaṇa* (II. 28-29). These verses state that begging is not an easy thing for a monk but that should not lead him to think that the householder's life is better or preferable.

The *Niryukti* on this chapter gives Baladeva as an illustration of *yācanā-pariṣaha*. The Cūṇikāra construes this illustration in two ways : (i) Balarāma felt it humiliating to beg food from his earlier servants and hence lived in the forest begging food from the woodcutters, etc. He thus failed to observe the rule of *yācanā-pariṣaha*, (ii) According to others his extraordinary beauty made many people (women) in the town go mad and neglect their normal duties. To avoid this unpleasant result, Balarāma preferred to live in the forest. He thus did observe the hardship of begging.. Devendra and others following him have preferred the second version of the story as bringing greater credit to Balarāma and they have utilised this



- occasion to tell the well-known story in all the details."
- S. No. 4 :** Udāyana ('or perhaps Uddāyana' Jacobi), the best among the kings of Sauvīra renounced (his kingdom or) the world, turned monk and finally attained salvation. He was contemporary with Mahāvīra.
- 'Siṇavalli, this name of a deity, is rather unusual, so too the name of the town 'Kumbhakāravakkha'.
- S. No. 5 :** Sanatkumāra ranks fourth among the twelve *Cakravartins* of the Janin mythology. The word *Cakravartin* (or *cakrin*) means one who rules over the six khaṇḍas of Bhārata-varṣa. He possesses a wondrous *cakra* (disc) whereby he is called a '*cakrin*', Dr. Ghatage thinks that "The original meaning appears to be a king whose chariot-wheel meets no obstacle in his conquests."... scholars have explained the word '*cakravartin*' in different ways. Wilson considered it to mean 'one who abides in (*varṭate*) a large territory called a *cakra*. Kern takes '*vartin*' to mean '*vartayati*' 'who rules'. Senart regards him to be one who owns a *cakravāla* while Jacobi thinks that '*cakra*' here stands for the political term *maṇḍala*."
- S. No. 6. :** Brahmadatta is the last of the twelve *cakravartins*. This legend, with some variations, is common to Brahmanic, Buddhist and Jain traditions. It represents a beautiful specimen of the old ascetic poetry. The dominant idea or motif underlying this legend is *nidāna*. It is originally, a medical term. Haribhadrāsūri explains it as the disorder of the humours of the body (*dhātus*). Metaphorically it means 'bad *karman*' which upsets the moral constitution of the soul (*Jīva*). The *Tattvārthadhigama-sūtra* describes it as the fourth kind of *ārtadhyāna*; the *bhāṣya* explains it thus :

*Kmopahatacittānam punarbhavaviṣayasukha gr̥ddhānām nidānamār- tadhyānaṁ bhavati / Pūjyapāda* explains the words : *Bhogākāṅkṣāturasyānāgat- viṣayaaprāptim pratimana-hpraṇidhānaṁ samkalpaha- ścintāprabandhasturiyam ārtānnidānamityucyate/* Siddhasena speaks of it as one of the three śalyas and explains it as an adhyavasāyaviśeṣa when somebody practises penance in order to get something in another life which is denied to him in the present birth. He further adds : *Nidānam/ avakhaṇḍanaṁ tapasāścā- ritrasya vā/ Yady/ asya tapaso mamāṣti phalaṁ tato janmāntare cakravartī syām.../*

All this makes it crystal clear that nidāna means 'Bartering away one's austerities for sensual pleasures in a future birth which are denied to him in the present one or for revenging oneself for insults or personal injuries in the subsequent births.'

**S. No. 7 :** This story is based on *Uttarā D.* (pp.83<sup>b</sup> - 94<sup>a</sup>). It is narrated as an illustration of 'dravyanidrā-pratiṣṣedha (watchfulness or alertness, wakefulness, vigilance) on verse 6 in Ch. IV (A saṁskṛtākhyam/ adhyayanam) of the *Uttaradhyayana* :

"Though others sleep, be thou awake ! Like a wise man, trust nobody, but be always on the alert; for dangerous is the time and weak the body. Be always watchful like a *bhāruṇḍ* bird !" (as translated by Jacobi). This story is found, in prose form, in Saṅghadāsa's *Vasudevahiṇḍī*; and in Śāntisūri's commentary, *Sisyaḥitā*, although with some variations and in a much shorter form.

Readers are referred to Alsdorf's essay : A new version of Aḡadātatta story in No. I Antiquary I. 5 for a

critical and comparative discussion of these versions.

- S. No. 8 :** The legend of Sthūlabhadra is based on *Uttarā Ś*, pp. 105-107; Cf. Sukhabodhā, pp. 29<sup>a</sup> - 31<sup>a</sup>. It is narrated to illustrate' how a monk should bear or put up with the 'stri-pariśaha' ('trouble' of women). Twenty-two *pariśahas* (*pariśaha* - that which may cause trouble to a monk, and which must be cheerfully borne are declared. A monk must learn and know, bear and conquer, them. These include hunger, thirst, cold, heat, etc. In this world men have a natural liking for women; he who knows and renounces them, will get no harm from them.

- S. No. 9 :** Is based on commentary on *Daśavaikālikasūtra Nirvyukti* (*Daśa N*), pp. 20-23. The account of the early life and conversion to Jainism of Śayyambhava (Sejjambhava in Prakrit) and of the immediate antecedents of the composition of the *Daśavaikālikasūtra* is given by Haribhadra to illustrate the first two *dvāras* ('gates', "entrances" or "means") of *anuyoga* (explanation) :

जेणव जंव पडुञ्चा जत्तो जावंति जहय ते ठविया ।  
 सो तं च तओ ताणि य तहाय कभसो कहेयव्वं ॥ १३ ॥  
 (येन वा यद्वा प्रतीत्य यतो यावन्ति यथा च तानि स्थापिजानि ।  
 स तच्च तत द्र तानि च तथा च क्रमशश्च कथयितव्यम् ॥  
 सेज्जंभवं गणधरं जिणपडिमादंसणेण पडिबुद्धं ।  
 मणरापिअरं दसकालियस्स निज्जूहगं वंदे ॥ ४ ॥  
 (शय्यंभवं गणधरं जिनप्रतिमादर्शनेन प्रतिबुद्धम् ।  
 मनकपितरं दशकालिकस्य निर्व्यूहकं वन्दे ॥)  
 Śayyambhava is the author who composed this text for the benefit of his son Manaka (Maṇaga in Prakrit) who was not destined to live long. The text consisting

of ten chapters was composed at a single sitting, on an evening and therefore came to be styled *Daś-avaikālika*. It forms "a monument of a father's love persisting even in the ascetic life".

- S. No 10 :** This *udāharaṇa* (example or illustration) is based on *Daśa N.*, p. 72. It is cited to illustrate *Kālāpāya*. Haribhadra says that *apāya* is fourfold : 1. *dravyāpāya*, 2. *kṣetrāpāya*, 3. *kālāpāya* and 4. *bhāvāpāya*. He further explains :

तत्र द्रव्यादपायो द्रव्यापायः अपायः अनिष्ट प्राप्तिः द्रव्यमेव वा अपायो द्रव्यापायः अपायहेतुत्वादि त्यर्थः एवं क्षेत्रादिष्वपि भावनीयम् । ... द्वैपायनश्च काले द्वैपायन ऋषि काल इत्य- त्रापि कालादपायः कालापायः काल एव वा तत्कारणत्वादिति .... (p. ६९, p. ७२)

*Apāya* means destruction, death, annihilation, misfortune, evil, calamity. Here it means destruction (of *Dvāravati*) as foretold by Lord *Ariṣṭanemi* at the end of twelve years at the hands of *Dvaipāyana*.

- S. No. 11 :** This legend of *Kapila* is based on *Sāntisūri's* commentary, pp. 287-289; Cf. *Uttarā D.* pp. 123<sup>b</sup>-125<sup>a</sup>. *Devendra* says that this legend dwells on 'freedom from desire', 'desirelessness', 'unavariciousness'- '*nirlobhatvam*'. The moral in the words of *Kapila* is as follows :

"And if somebody should give the whole earth to one man, he would not have enough; so difficult is it to satisfy any body.

The more you get, the more you want; your desires increase with your means. Though two *māṣas* would do to supply your want, still you would scarcely think ten millions sufficient."

(Trans. by Jacobi, SBE, Vol XLV, p. 34).

- S. No. 12 :** Is based on *Uttariādhyayana Śiṣyāhitā* (Uttarā ś) (pp. 213 - 216).

Agaladatta (or Agadadatta) literally means 'a son given by Well', probably connected with 'nāgaloka' or 'nāga' tribe. Compared with Devendra's story this is much shorter. If Devendra's story is in verse, this version given by Śāntisūri is in prose. For a detailed study regarding the versions of the story of Agadadatta readers are referred to Alsdorf's essay mentioned above. (S. No. 7).

- S. No. 13 :** This legend is based on *Nāyā*. Ch. XVI (pp. 162-200). Winternitz (p.448) calls it a monkish corruption of the legend from the *Mahābhārata* of Draupadi's marriage to the five brothers." In a footnote he adds: "E. Leumann. ... believes that an archaic tradition is embodied in the Jinistic form of the legend. That is certainly not the case." (p. 448, f. n. 2).

It is worth noting that various explanations are offered to account for the strange custom of one woman having many husbands (polyandry) : (i) As the Pāṇḍavas were incarnations of gods ordinary mortals should not try to imitate or criticise their actions. (ii) Draupadi, in her former birth propitiated the god Śiva and asked for a bridegroom, five times; and Śiva said : "you will have five husbands"; and as a result she got the five Pāṇḍavas for her husbands. (iii) The Pāṇḍavas attended the *svayamvara* in the garb of *Brāhmaṇas*. When all the *Kṣatriyas* failed Arjuna performed the feat of archery which was the condition that the aspirants to Draupadi's hand had to fulfil. When the Pāṇḍavas returned home Dharma said to his mother Kuntī that he had got 'a special alms' on that day. Kuntī unwittingly said "Divide it equally

amongst you all." To honour their mother's words, the five Pāṇḍavas married Draupadī; and Vyāsa then allotted the particular number of days when Draupadī should stay with each of them.

The Jain legend offers a different explanation: In one of her former births Draupadī was born as a girl with whom it was impossible to cohabit. ... she became a nun but the desire for carnal or animal passions was there. when, therefore she once happened to see a courtesan enjoying amorous pleasures in the company of five men, she at once exclaimed : If I am to get any fruit for these austerities of mine, let me also enjoy these such pleasures in my next birth." As a result she gets five husbands (pāṇḍavas) in her next birth.

The text itself does not supply a moral. According to the commentator the moral of the legend is as follows :

Even the most severe austerities are vitiated by *nidāna*, e.g. the austerities of Draupadī were wasted in her birth as Sukumārikā. or , giving something bad as a gift to the worthy recipients and that too without any sincerity (devotion) leads to evil; just as the gift of the bitter gourd - preparation which ultimately killed the monk Dharmaruci-, proved disastrous to Draupadī in her birth as Nāgaśrī.

**S. No. 14 :** This story of śailaka is based on *Nāyā*, Ch. V entitled 'Selaga-nāyam' (Śīlaka-jñātam) and *Dhammakahā* Vol. I, Part II, pp. 74-75, 84-91. According to the commentator, the moral of this story is as follows :

*Sidhiliya-saṁjama-kajjā vi hoium*

*ujjamaṁti jai pacchā/*

*saṁvegāo te selao vva ārāhayā hoṁti//*

Translation : Monks who become loose in their way of

life as monks, if later on again exert themselves in practising self-control finally attain, like the royal sage sailaka, salvation."

**S. No. 15 :** The story is referred to in *Āvaśyaka Niryukti* (1164). This story has been quoted in *Āvaśyaka Cūrṇi*, pp. 456-460 verbatim from the *Vasudeva-hiṇḍī* (*jaha Vasudevahiṇḍī*). In the *Isibhāsiyam* it has been stated that Vakkalaciri, Nāraya, Bhāraddāja, Jaṇṇa-vakka and other non-Jain sages attained salvation. Also see *Sūyagaḍaṅga*, 3.4 2ff; *Causarṇa -Tikā* 64; *Paṇḍita-parvan*, 1.91-258. In the *Ādikaṇḍa* of the *Rāmāyaṇa* there is a story of the sage Rṣyaśṛṅga who was brought up by his father in the woods. Later on, the king Lompāda of Aṅga brought him to the city and married his daughter to him.

Professor D. Schingloff in this article "Die Einhorn-legende" (The Unicorn Legend), Christina Albertina 11, 1971 gives references from the *Jātaka*, ed. Fausboll, 526 (Vol. V. p. 123-209); the *Mahāvastu*, E. Senart, Paris, 1882-97, Vol. III, p.143-52; the *Bodhisattvāvadānakalpalatā*, of Kṣemendra, No. 65, ed P.L.Naidya, Vol II, Buddhist Sanskrit Texts, No. 23, p. 411-20; the *Bhadrakalpāvadāna* No.33; the *Buddhacarita* of Aśvaghōṣa, SB.E., Vol. 49; IV, 19; the *Mahābhārata*. *Āraṇyakaparvan*, Vol. 3, Poona, 1942; 3.110.1-3.113.25, as well as the Tibetan and Chinese sources. He traces the unicorn story in the Gilgamesch Epic found in the Babylonian sources and compares it with the story of Valḱkacirin of the Jains. Gilgamesch wants to make Enkidu, who lived in a forest, as his friend. For this purpose he sends a prostitute to fetch him. The prostitute undressed herself exhibiting her bosom to Enkidu. He was very much satisfied and forgot the place where he was born

and was brought up. In this way seducing him the prostitute brings him to Gilgamesch in the city, where she taught him the human art and the human ways. In the mediaeval ages of European tradition, an important trait of the animal is that he is very wild but as soon as he puts his head in the bosom of a virgin (Maria) he becomes quiet and is caught.

(This article is now published in English under the title "Unicorn-Origin and Migration of Indian Legend" Chowkhamba Sanskrit Series Office Varanasi, 1973).

Rṣyaśrīṅga was born of a gazelle doe by a sage, see Tibetan Tales, The Story of Rṣyaśrīṅga - JCJ.

**S.No. 16 :** This legend is based on *Āvaśyakacūṛṇi*, 563-65. Cf. *Āvaśyakaśūtra* with *Niryukti* and Haribhadra's *Vṛtti* (part I, pp 432b - 434b).

**S.No. 17** Karakaṇḍu's story is based on the *Uttarā D.* (p.132<sup>b</sup> - 135<sup>a</sup>). Karakaṇḍu is one of the four contemporary pratyekabuddhas or svayamsambuddhas (*sahasambuddha* in Prakrit) i.e., one of those enlightened sages or saints who get enlightenment (bodhi) - who attain the highest stage of knowledge an effort of thier own, not through regular instruction and religious discipline. The *pratyekabuddhas* do not preach the doctrine to others. The *Tirthaṅkaras* are included among the *svasambuddhas*. Unlike the *pratyekabuddhas* they, however, preach and propagate the true doctrine among masses. The Jain tradition knows of the following four *pratyekabudhhas* as described in *Uttarādhyayana*. Ch XVIII, vv 46-47 :

*Karakaṇḍū kaliṅgesu paṁcālesu ya dummaho/*

*Namirāyā videhesu gaṁdhāresu ya naggai //*

*Ee nariṁdavasabhā nikkhaṁtā jīṇasāsane/*

*Putte rajje thaveuṇaṁ sāmaṇṇe pajjuvatthiyā//*



Translation-

Karakaṇḍu was king of Kalinga; Dvimukha, of Pancāla; Nami of Videha; (and) Naggai of Gāndhāra.

These excellent kings adopted the doctrine of the Jinās; after having placed their sons on the throne they (renounced the world and) exerted themselves as ascetics (*śramaṇas*)."

These four ancient kings were enlightened at the sight of i. a bull, 2. a banner, 3. the sound of the bangles and 4. the mango tree in blossoms - as stated in the following verse :

*Vasahe ya imḍakeū, valae aṁbe ya puppihie bohi/  
Karakaṇḍu dummuhassā, namissa gaṁdhāraṇṇo  
ya//*

The story of karakaṇḍu in the works of the Śvetāmbara writers is nearly the same but the story associated with him in the works of the Digambara writers shows marked differences and further elaboration.

The stories of these very four *pratyekabuddhas* along with the circumstances leading to their enlightenment are also found in the Buddhist Jātaka called Kumbhakāra (No. 408, Vol. III 376). For details vide Introduction to *Kaḥāṇya-Tigam*, A Prakrit Reader, ed. by Dr. A. M. Ghatage, Bharat Book, Stall, Kolhapur, 1950.

The explanation of Karakaṇḍu as given in the text runs as follows :

The boy Avakirṇka used to play with other boys. He used to say to them "I am your King. Give me tribute ('Kara)". Once he suffered from dry scab. He again said to them, "Scratch ('kaṇḍūyaha') me" Then he was given the name Karakaṇḍu (Tax-scratch). This

explanation is certainly a fine illustration of the popular etymology. But it is next to impossible to ascertain the exact meaning of the name Karakaṇḍu.

We may note in the end the circumstance indicating the occasion of Karakaṇḍu's enlightenment as given in the following verse which is cited at the end of the story of Karakaṇḍu.

"Having seen a bull, white, of good breed, with well-formed horns, in the cowpen and having reflected on prosperity and loss (of prosperity), the King of Kaliṅga observed religion."

**S. No. 18 :** This legend of Nami is based on *Uttarā D* (p. 136<sup>a</sup> - p. 141<sup>a</sup>). Nami was king of Videha. This nami is altogether different from the Tirthaṅkara Nami. The hero of the present legend Nami was enlightened at the sight of bangle (valaya). The verse indicating the occasion of his enlightenment is cited at the end of the story :

*Bahuyāṇa saddayaṁ soccā, egassa ya asaddayaṁ/  
valayāṇa namirāyā ikkhinto mihilahivo//*

Once King Nami had high fever raging in his body and all his queens started making sandal paste. Each one had many bracelets on her hands and the noise that ensued as they made the paste annoyed the king. With a view to stopping the noise every queen wore only one bracelet on her wrist and removed the others. At this the king thought "Harm is in the many, not in the solitary one". Many bracelets produced noise but when there was only one bracelet (on the wrist of each) no noise was produced. Seeing this King Nami was enlightened; and he renounced the world. For enlightenment King Nami needed the external cause or circumstance of hearing the noise of bangles or

bracelets, he is therefore called *pratyekabuddha* (for explanation see note to S. No. 17).

- S. No. 19 :** The legend of Dvimukha is based on *Uttarā D* (pp 125<sup>a</sup>-135<sup>a</sup>). Divimuka was king of Pāncāla. He became enlightened at the miserable sight of the *Indraketu* (Indra's banner). During the great festival in honour of Indra the King worshipped the banner of Indra with great profusion of flowers garments and several other precious thing. He however observed on the next day that the banner of Indra had fallen down to the ground in the midst of stinking excrement, and urine, and being despoiled by people. He at once realised the evanescent nature of prosperity, wealth and abundance, became enlightened and became a *pratyekabuddha*. Tearing out his hair in five handfuls he renounced the world and exerted himself as a *brāhmaṇa* (monk). The verse indicating the cause or circumstance or event leading to the king's enlightenment is given at the end of the story :

*Jo imdakeuṃ suyālaṃkiyaṃ taṃ, daṭṭhuṃ  
padaṃtaṃ paviluppamānaṃ/*

*riddhiṃ ariddhiṃ samupehiyāṇaṃ, Paṃcālarāyā  
vi samekkha dhammam//*

"Having seen the beautifully adorned banner of Indra fallen to the ground and being despoiled by people and having reflected on prosperity and loss of prosperity the king of Pāncāla observed religion."

The name of the king of Pāncāla was Jaya. He wore a wondrous crown studded with a variety of precious stones and glittering all over with brilliance and lo ! he got two faces. People therefore gave him the name "Dvimukha".

- S. No. 20 :** This story of Naggai (Naggati ? Nagnajit ?) is based

on *Uttara D.* (pp. 141<sup>a</sup> - 144<sup>b</sup>). He was king of Gāndhāra. The text explains the unusual name 'Naggai' as follows :

Every fifth day the king used to go to the mountain to meet his beloved wife Kanakamālā and spend some days in her pleasant company and then return to his capital. Because the king used to go to the mountain at regular intervals, people gave him the name Naggai (... *nage aiirāyā/ Tao kāleṇa jamhā nage aii tamhā Naggai esa'tti paiṭṭhiyaṃ loeṇa rāṇo*).

The verse indicating the cause or circumstance of the king's enlightenment is given at the end of the story. It runs as follows :

*Jo cūyarukkhāṃ sumañābhirāmaṃ, samaiṃjaripallava  
pupphacittāṃ/*

Riddhim ariddhim samupehiyāṇaṃ, gaṃdhārarāyā  
vi samekkha dhammaṃ//

Once the king was going on a campaign. He saw a mango tree in blossom. He plucked one blossom. Following him the soldiers too plucked blossoms and consequently only the trunk of the tree remained. On his way back he enquired of his minister regarding the lovely mango-tree. He showed him that trunk and explained how the mango tree was reduced to its present state. The king thought to himself : "So long as there is abundance, there is splendour and beauty ! But all prosperity, wealth and abundance are evanescent by nature." With this thought he became enlightened. "Having seen the charming mango tree with leaves and blossoms (reduced to the miserable state of a trunk) and having reflected on prosperity and loss (of prosperity or calamity) the king of , Gāndhāra resorted to religion."

**S. No. 21 :** This legend is based on the twenty-second chapter of *Uttarā*, called *Rahanemijjam* (*rathanemiyam*) "about Rathanemi". Rāīmaī, Raimaī and Rāyamati are the forms of her (the girl's) name in Prakrit; the spellings Rājimatī and Rājamatī are also met with in Sanskrit"- observes Jacobi (SBE Vol. XLV, p. 113, fn.1).

This legend is really a noble and enobling story of the spiritual redemption of a weak-minded man like Rathanemi (whose strength of will was broken, and temptation had got the better of Him) at the hands of a strong-minded woman like Rājimatī, who was true to self-control and her vows and maintained the honour of her clan and family, and her virtue.

**S. No. 22 :** 'The Life of Rṣabha', the first *tirthāṅkara*, is but a brief abstract of *Usabacariyaṃ* (*Rṣabha-caritraṃ*) as given in *Dhammakahāṇuogo* (*Dhamma*), Vol. I, Part I (p.6-44.).

**S. No. 23 :** 'The life of Ariṣṭanemi', the twenty-second *Tirthāṅkara*, is based on *Ariṭhṇemi-cariyaṃ* (*Ariṣṭanemi-cariyaṃ* (*Ariṣṭanemicaritraṃ*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. I, Part-I (pp. 87-90).

**S. No.24 :** 'The Life of the Sovereign Ruler Bharata' is but a brief abstract of *Bharahacakkavatticariyaṃ* (*Bharatacakravarti-caritraṃ*) as given in *Dhamm*, Vol. I, Part-I, (pp. 189-247). Bharata is the first of the twelve *cakravartins*.

**S. No. 25 :** 'The Life of Mahābala' is but a summary of *Vimalatitthe Mahābbalo* (*Vimala-tirthe Mahābalaḥ*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. I, Part II (pp. 5-22). The Life of Prince Mahābala, who flourished in the aeon of the thirteenth *tirthāṅkara* Vimala, is described in *Bhagavati-sūtra* (*śataka 11 uddeśa 11*). 'This is the oldest available life of a śramaṇa given in an āgama (sacred) text'- say the compilers.

**S. No. 26 :** 'The Life of Ascetic Gajasukumāla' is based on the text

as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. I. Part-II (pp. 43-64).

This legend of Gajasukumāla is a typical ascetic tale illustrating heroism in the field of austerities and forbearance.

- S. No. 27 :** 'The Life of Ascetic Meghakumāra' is a brief summary of the text as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. I, part -II (pp. 139-195). Prince Megha, felt hurt at the treatment meted out to him by fellow-monks, regretted his decision to turn a monk.

He disliked the wretched monkhood and felt that he should go back and lead the life of a householder. Mahāvira, however, read his mind correctly, told him how in his earlier life as an elephant he had protected a hare by patiently holding up his foot and steadied him in the ascetic's life. The commentator rightly concludes :

*Mahurehiṃ niuṇehiṃ vagaṇehiṃ coyayaṃti āyariyā/  
Sise Kahimcī khalīe, jaha mehamuṇiṃ mahāvīro //*

"Acāryas on finding that their disciple has strayed from the right path use sweet and clever or kind words (and steady them in the right path) as Mahāvira did in the case of Prince Megha".

- S. No. 28 :** Is based on *Nāyā*, Ch. VIII; *Dhamma*, Vol. I, Part I, pp. 44-87. Winternitz prefaces his summary of this chapter with the remark: "In Chapter 8, the legend of Mallī, the only female Tīrthakara is told, with that morality which, though sickly to our taste, is so characteristic of the monastic conception of life", (p. 447) and adds at the end of his summary: "It is a favourite theme in Jinist legends in general, as in this particular instance, to follow up the fate of persons through various rebirths." (p. 448).

'*Mohanagrha*' : Mallī got this "Puzzling house"

constructed. It is "a house intended for confusion", namely a house in which a second house, and in the latter a third house stands, with net-work walls, so that the princes could be led into the house, without knowing of one another and yet could all see the same golden statue (which bore and exact resemblance to herself, and which she had put into this house).

Mallī, the beautiful princess moralises on the fact that the inside of her lovely body is even much more loathsome than the inside of the golden statue. They should therefore not set any store on the enjoyment of love, but renounce the world.

- S. No. 29 :** The story of Mṛgāputra is based on '*Miyāputta Kahānayaṃ*' (*Mṛgapūtra-Kathānakam*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. II, Part VI (pp. 82-94) - *Vipākaśrutam* (Section I, Ch. I). This section gives ten stories illustrating the bitter fruits of wicked deeds.
- S. No. 30 :** The story of Ujjhitaka is based on *Ujjihiyakahānayaṃ* (*Ujjhitaka-Kathānakam*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. II, Part VI (pp. 94-106) - *Vipāka* (Sec I, Ch. II).
- S. No. 31 :** The story of Abhagnasena is based on *Abhagga-seṇakahānayaṃ* (*Abhagnasena-Kathānakam*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. II, Part VI (pp. 106-118)-*vipāka*. (Sec I, Ch. III).
- S. No. 32 :** The story of Śakata is based on *Sagaḍakahānayaṃ* (*Śakatakathānakam*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. II, Part-VI (pp. 119-123)- *Vipāka* (Sec. I, Ch. IV).
- S. No. 33 :** The story of Brhaspatidatta is based on *Bahassaidattakahānayaṃ* (*Brhaspatikathānakam*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. II, Pt. VI (pp. 124-127) - *Vipāka* (Sec. I, ch. V).
- S. N. 34 :** The story of Nandī is based on *Nandivaddhaṇa kumāra-kahānayaṃ* (*Nandīvardhanakumārakathānakam*). as given in *Dhamma* Vol. II, Pt. VI (pp. 127-133)

- *Vipāka* (Sec. I, Ch. VI).

- S. No. 35 :** The story of Udumabaradatta is based on *Umbaradatta Kahāṇayaṁ* (*Udumbaradattakathānakam*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. II, Pt. VI (pp. 133-141) - *Vipāka* (Sec. I, Ch VI).
- S. No. 36 :** The story of Saurikadatta is based on *Soriyadattakahāṇayaṁ* (*śaurikadattakathānakam*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. II, Pt. VI (pp. 41-145) - *Vipāka* (Sec. I, ch. CIII).
- S. No. 37 :** The story of Devadattā is based on *Devadattākahāṇayaṁ* (*Devadattākathānakam*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. II, Pt. VI (pp. 146-155), *Vipāka* (Sec. I, Ch. IX).
- S. No. 38 :** The story of Añjū is based on *Añjakahāṇayaṁ* (*Anjukathānakam*) as given in *Dhamma*, Vol. II, Pt. VI (pp. 155-158) - *Vipāka* (Sec. I, Ch. x).
- S. No. 39 :** The story of Subāhu is based on *Vivāgasuyaṁ* (*Vipākaśrutam*), Sec. II, Ch. I (pp. 59-63) A. T. Upadhye's ed., with Introduction, Notes and English Translation, Satara, 1935), Section II deals with the fruits of good deeds. It, however, gives only one story, namely, Subāhu about the fruit of good deeds done in the previous life; the remaining nine stories are to be mechanically narrated.
- S.No. 40 :** This tale is based on Malayagiri's commentary on *Nandī sūtra* (*Nandī M*), pp. 144<sup>b</sup> - 145<sup>a</sup>. It is told there to illustrate 'autpattikī buddhi' (native intelligence). Intelligence is said to be fourfold: 1) *autpattikī utpattir eva na śāstrābhyāsa-karma-parsilanādikaṁ yasyāḥ sā autpattikī/-* native (innate or natural) intelligence (2) *Vainayikī - vinayo guruśuśrūṣā sa prayojanamasyā iti vainayikī/-* nurtured or trained talent, (3) *Karmajā anācāryakaṁ karma sācāryakaṁ śilpaṁ athavā kādācitkaṁśilpaṁ sarvakalikaṁ karma, karmano*



*jātā karmajā* - Experiential talent, (4) *Pārināmīki parināmah sudirghakāla pūrvāpara-paryālocana-janya ātmano dharma-vīśeṣaḥ sa prayojanam asyāḥ sā pārināmīki* / - comprehensive or mature talent.

(Note : This tale is based on *AVCB*) (v.941).

- S.No.41 :** This tale is based on *Nandī M* p.149. It illustrates the city bred *dhūrta*'s (rough's) natural or native intelligence.

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*), p.417<sup>a</sup>.

- S.No.42 :** This is based on *Nandī-M*, p.149<sup>b</sup>. It illustrates the wayfarers' natural intelligence.

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*), p.417<sup>a</sup>.

- S.No.43 :** This is based on *Nandī-M*, p.149<sup>b</sup>. It illustrates *Ābhayakumāra*'s native intelligence.

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.417<sup>a</sup>-418<sup>ba</sup>.)

- S.No.44 :** This tale is based on *Nandī M* p.151. It illustrates the *kāranika*s (judges) natural or native intelligence.

(Note : This tale is based on *AVCB*, p.418<sup>a</sup>.)

- S.No.45 :** This tale of *sarata* (a lizard) is based on *Nandī M*. p. 151<sup>b</sup>. It illustrates a *vaidya*'s (physician's) natural or native intelligence.

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*), p. 418.

This example is based on *Nandī-M*, p.151<sup>b</sup> - 152<sup>a</sup>. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of a *śvetapātā - kṣullaka* (a small or young *śvetāmbara* monk).

Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.418<sup>b</sup>).

- S.No. 47 :** This example is based on *Nandī-M*, p. 152a. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence, of a small or young monk.

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.418<sup>b</sup>)

- S.No.49 :** This example is based *Nandī-M*, p.152<sup>b</sup>-153<sup>a</sup>. It

illustrates the natural or native intelligence of the king's boon-companion -*Vita*- who is usually on familiar terms with him (and members of the royal family).

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p. 419<sup>a</sup>)

**S.N.50 :** This example is based on *Nandi-M*, p. 153a. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of a *suvarnakāra* (goldsmith).

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.419<sup>a</sup>.)

**S.No. 51 :** This example is based on *Nandi-M*, p.153<sup>a</sup>. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of the man who successfully passed the test for ministerial appointment.

**S.No.52 :** This example is based on *Nandi-M*, p.153. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of the young or boy Jain monk.

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p. 419<sup>a</sup>.)

This example is based on *Nandi-M* p.153<sup>a</sup>-154<sup>a</sup>. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of the *Kāranikas* (judges).

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.419<sup>b</sup>).

**S.No.54 :** This example is based on *Nandi-M*, p.154<sup>a</sup>. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of both *Mūladeva* and the woman. This tale tells us how *Mūladeva* helped his friend *Pundarika* (he is referred in his illicit love.)

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.419<sup>b</sup> - p.420<sup>a</sup>).

**S.No.55 :** This example is based on *Nandi-M*, p.154<sup>b</sup>-155<sup>a</sup>. It illustrates the *autpattiki buddhi* of a minister.

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.420).

**S.No.56 :** This example is based on *Nandi-M*, p.155<sup>b</sup>-156<sup>a</sup>. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of the king.

(Note : It is based on *AVCB*, p.420).

**S.No.57 :** This example is based on *Nandī-M*, p.156<sup>a</sup>. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of the *Kāranikas* (judges).

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.420).

**S.No. 58 :** This example is based on *Nandī-M*, p.156<sup>b</sup>-157<sup>a</sup>. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of the gamblers.

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.421<sup>a</sup>)

**S.No.59 :** This example is based on *Nandī-M*, 157. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of the man who retaliated.

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.421).

**S.No.60 :** This example is based on *Nandī-M*, p.158b. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of the *kāranikas* (judges).

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.422<sup>a</sup>)

**S.No.61 :** This example is based on *Nandī-M*, p.158b. It illustrates the natural or native intelligence of a *siddhaputra* (a person who is in the intermediate stage between a monk and a layman).

(Note : This is based on *AVCB*, p.422.)

**S.No. 62 :** This tale is based on *Uttarās* (II. 8-9, pp.89-90): Cf. *Sukhabodhā* (p.18<sup>b</sup>-19<sup>a</sup>). It is told in the context of 'how' one should bear the trouble of thirst (*pipāsāparisaha*).

**S.No.63 :** This tale is based on *Uttarās* (II.8-9, p.p. 89-90) Cf. *Sukhabodhā* (p.20<sup>b</sup>-21<sup>a</sup>). It is told in the context of 'how' one should bear the trouble of heat (*usna-parisaha*).

**S.No. 64 :** This tale is based on *Dasa-Nim.* (vv.188-191, pp.214-217). It is told to illustrate 'arthakathā'

*Vidyāśilpaṃ upāyo'nirvedah sañcayasca daksatvaṃ/*

*Śāma dādo bheda upapradānaṁ cārthakathā*  
*Sārthavāhasuto daksatvena sresthisutasca*  
*Buddhyāmtyasuto jivati punyaih rājasutah*  
*Daksatvam purusaya pancagam (pancarūpaphalaṁ)*  
*satikam (śataphalam)*  
*āhuh saundaryam*

*Buddhih punhah sahasravati (sahasraphalā)*  
*śatasahasrāni śatasharaphalāni punyāni*

**S.No. 65 :** This example is based on *Daśa N.g.8*, p. 108

*Atrānimisā matsyāstadgrahane bhiksur*  
*udaharanam*

This humorous dialogue “points to the fact that at the period of these old commentaries there must already have been monks of very dubious character” - Winternitz, Vol. II p.485.

**S.No.66 :** This story is based on *Daśa N.g.73*, pp.92-96. Haribhadra prefaces the story with the words : ‘*Tatha anusatthie subhaddā udāharanam. tatra anusastau subhadrā udaharanam.*’ He explains the word *anusāsti*, as follows : *artusānam anusātiḥ sadgunotkirtanenopār brhanamityarthah.*’

**S.No.67 :** This story is based on *Daśa N.g. 189*, pp. 217-218. Haribhadra introduces it with the words: “*Idāniṁ sāma bheda-dandopapradānaṁ caturbhir.*

*yathārtha upārjyate upāharanam*”

The jackal got the dead elephant (*artha*) for himself by adopting the four means or expedients (of success against an enemy) : 1. negotiation 2. bribery, 3. sowing dissension and 4. open assault.

**S.No. 68 :** This story is based on *Daśa N.g. 175*, pp.177-178. *Indriya visaya parisahā vedanā ca upasargāh Etānia-*

*parādhapadāni yatra visidanti durmedhasaḥ*

The story shows how the son at every step feels dejected and depressed and falls prey to his worldly desires.

- S.No.69 :** This example is based on *Uttarā-S* (II.38-39), p.125: Cf. *Sukhabodhā*, p.486-49<sup>a</sup>. It is cited in connection with the 'trouble of kind and respectful treatment' (*satkārapuraskāra-parisaha*).
- S.No.70 :** This tale is based on *UttarāŚ*. pp. 250-251).  
Cf. *Sukhabodhā*, p.106<sup>b</sup>.
- S.No.71 :** This tale is based on *UttarāŚ* (pp. 191-193). Cf. *Sukhabodhā*, p.78<sup>b</sup>-79<sup>b</sup>.
- S.No.72 :** This tale is based on *Uttarā-S* (pp. 208-209). Cf. *Sukhabodhā*, p.81<sup>a</sup>.
- S.No.73 :** This tale is based on *UttarāŚ* (p.276). Cf. *Sukhabodhā* p. 118<sup>a</sup>.
- S.No.74 :** This tale is based on *Uttarā-S* (pp. 262-263). Cf. *Sukhabodhā*, p.284<sup>a</sup>.
- S.No.75 :** This tale is based on *Uttarā-s* (p.p262-263). Cf. *Sukhabodhā*, p.284<sup>a</sup>.
- S.No.76 :** This tale is based on *Uttarā-S* *Sukhabodhā*, p.284a.
- S.No.77 :** This tale is based on *Uttarā-S*, p. 496; Cf. *Sukhabodhā*, p. 284<sup>a</sup>.
- S.No.78 :** This tale is based on *Nandī-M* (p.155). It illustrates the *utpattiki buddhi* of a weaver.
- S.No.79 :** This tale is based on *Nandī-M* (p.155). It illustrates the *Vainayikī buddhi* (intelligence acquired through training or education.)
- S.No.80 :** This tale is based on *Nandī-M.68* (p.161<sup>a</sup>). It illustrates the *vainayiki buddhi* of the persian, the owner of horses.
- S.No.81 :** This tale is based on *Nandī-M.68*(p. 162<sup>b</sup>). It illustrates the *vainayikī buddhi* of the *dāndapāsikān* policemen.

- S.No.82 :** This tale is based on *Nandī-M.68* (p.162a). It illustrates the *vainayikī buddhi* of a physician (vaidya).
- S.No.83 :** This tale is based on *Nandī-M.68* (p.1626-163 a-b). It illustrates the *vainayikī buddhi* of the kumārāmātya (a minister while still a youth, here, a minister of justice while still a youth).
- S.No.84. :** This tale is based on *Nandī-M-69-70* p. 164. It illustrates the *Karmajā buddhiḥ* (intelligence acquired byu constant practice, resulting or produced from acts done repeatedly. (Cf. 'Practice makes a man perfect) of both the farmer and the burglar.
- S. No. 85 :** This tale is based on *Nadī-M. 71-74* (p. 166). It illustrtates the *Pāriṇāmikī buddhiḥ* of a *śrāvikā* (the wife of a Jain householder or layman). *Pāriṇāmikī buddhiḥ* is thus explained :
- Anumāna-hetu-drṣṭānta-sādhikā vayo-vipākāpari-  
ṇāmā hitā niḥśreyas-phalavati byddhḥ pari (pārī)  
ṇāmikī /*
- Intelligence developed through maturity of the age and experience and the power of reasoning.
- S. No. 86 :** This tale is based on *Nandī-M-71-74* (p. 166<sup>b</sup>-167<sup>a</sup>). It illustrates the *Pāriṇāmikī buddhiḥ* of the king and the old men (elders).
- S. No. 87 :** This tale os based on *Āvacū*, p. 555-56; Cf Haribhadra's comm. on *Āvaśyakasūtra* with Niryaṅki, P. 425<sup>b</sup>-p. 426<sup>a</sup> It illustrates the *vainayikī buddhiḥ* of the minister.
- (Note :Please note this tale is alomost identical with the story from *Nandī-Malaya* (p. 162b-163) given above as S. No. 83.
- S.No. 88 :** Is based on *Nāyā*, Ch. IX (pp. 121-132).

This is a very interesting and charming mariner's fairy tale. It is however pressed into service for propagating

the teachings of Mahāvīra. The moral of this tale, according to text itself, is as follows :

"The one who was desirous of worldly pleasures, was deceived, while the other who had no regard for them reached home safe, hale and hearty. Therefore one should be free from any desire or expectation with regard to the Essence of Mahāvīra's doctrine. Those who hanker after human pleasures and enjoyments fall into the dreadful ocean of *saṃsāra*, while those who are totally indifferent to them cross the wilderness of *saṃsāra*."

**S. No. 89 :** This story is based on *Uttarā-ś.* pp 278-279; cf. *Sukhabodhā*, p. 119.

This story, nay, parable from life is to be applied to *dharma* : " The capital is human life , the gain is heaven; through the loss of that capital man must be born as a denizen of hell or a brute animal" (as translated by Jacobi).

**S. No. 90 :** Is based on *Nāyā*, Ch. VII entitled "*Rohiṇī--nāya*"; ed. by Prof. N. V. Vaidya, Chs. IV to VIII, and IX and XVI with an Introduction, Notes and English Translation; see Winternitz : *A History of Indian Literature*, Vol. II pp. 446-447 (University of Calcutta, 1933) Winternitz summarises this chapter and aptly remarks : "These four women represent the monks, some of whom do not keep the five great vows at all, others neglect them, the better ones observe them conscientiously, but the best of whom are not content with observing them, but propagate them also." (p.446). In a footnote he draws attention to the comparison of this parable with the Christian parable of the talents and observes : " It is however scarcely feasible to assume any historical connection between the Jinistic and the Christian parable."

**S. NO. 91 :** This tale is based on *Daśa-N.* g. 67. pp. 86-88. It is told to illustrate *sthāpanā*, installation of a picture, idol, image or statue, aspect of a thing or person. There are three other aspects or points of view from which a thing or person may be considered for a correct knowledge : *nāma* (name), *dravya* (substance) and *bhāva* (the thing or person in its actual nature).

**S. No. 92 :** This tale is based on *Das. N.* V. 69, pp. 88-90.

This tale, is originally called in the text '*Pratyutpanna vināśane gāndharvikā udāharaṇam*'/ v. 69. The example of (royal) singers who were promptly made to quit. The moral, according to the commentator is : Just as the friend of the merchant cleverly saved his daughters who were enamoured of the royal singers even so a teacher should save his disciples who fell enamoured of women.

**S. No. 93 :** This tale is based on *Daśa N.g.* 81, P.P. 103-104.

Haribhadra prefaces the tale with the words : *Adharmayukte (upanyase) naladāmaḥ kuvindah, laukikam udāharaṇam*; and adds at the end : *Evam adharmayuktam na bhaṇitavyam na ca kartavyam iti/*

**S. No. 94 :** This tale is based on *Daśa N. G.* 83, pp 106-107. This tale, is told to illustrate :

*Ātmopanyāse ca tadāgabhedo piṅgala sthapatih udāharaṇam/*

The commentator adds at the end of the tale :

*Evam idṛsam na bhaṇitavyam yadātmavadbhāya bhavati/*

**S. No. 95 :** This tale is based on *Daśa. N G.* 87. 114-116.

This tale is told to illustrate one of the four types of hetu 'a logical reason' called 'yāpaka'.

**S. No. 96. :** This tale is based on *Daśa n.* pp.181-184.



This tale is told to illustrate the truth embodied in the verse II 2: "Involuntary renunciation of worldly pleasures is no renunciation at all".

(Subandhu's renunciation of pleasure was not voluntary and deliberate. He was not therefore a true, ideal renouncer.).

**S. No. 97 :** This tale is based on Haribhadra's commentary on *Daśa-N.* (pp. 181-184). It is told to illustrate the truth embodied in the verse II.3 : "Voluntary and deliberate renunciation of worldly pleasures is true renunciation "Even poor people who have nothing particular to renounce but if they give up for good three invaluable gems fire, water and woman they like the wood-cutters deserve to be called true renouncers.

**S. No. 98 :** This tale is based on *Daśa N* (pp. 88-89). It is told to illustrate the teaching embodied in II. 4. If a monk's mind wanders out towards forbidden objects (say his wife) it should be immediately curbed - with the thought "Neither she is mine nor am I hers."

**S. No. 99 :** This tale is based on *Daśa N.* (pp. 210-211).

A monk must not conceal the teacher from whom he has received instruction or lore-even if he be of low caste (If he conceals his true teacher, he is bound to lose his lore).

**S. No. 100 :** This tale is based on *Daśa-N.* (pp. 37-38).

Haribhadra applied this parable to *dharma* as follows : The jewels stand for knowledge, faith and conduct, The robbers for sense-objects and putrid water for pure and acceptable food although it be tasteless or of bad taste, spiced or not spiced, dry or moist, and the forest for (*Samsara*) (the cycle of birth and death) crossing it for attaining the highest goal of salvation.

**S. No. 101 :** This tale is based on *Daśa-N.*, v55 (pp . 69-71).

It is told to illustrate one of the four kinds of 'apāyodāharaṇa' called *dravyāpāya* (*tatra dravyādapāyo dravyāpāyaḥ, apāyaḥ aniṣṭaprāptiḥ, dravyam veva va-apāyo dravyāpāyaḥ apāyahetutvād ityarthah/-* destruction or loss or misfortune caused by wealth. The Comm. quotes the popular *subhāṣita* like verse in support :

*Arthānāmarjane duḥkham arjitānām ca rakṣaṇe/  
Āyeduḥkham vyaye duḥkham dhig dravyam  
duḥkhavardhanam/*

**S. No. 102 :** This tale is based on *Daśa-N* (gāthā 56), pp. 73-77. It is prefaced with the words :

*"Bhāvavāe udāharaṇam' (Bhāvāpāye udāharaṇam)* and at the end of the tale is added the following :

*Uvaṇao puṇa kohādigāo apasatthabhāvāo duggaie  
avāotti*

*(Upanayaḥ punaḥ krodhādikāt aprasastaphāvāt  
durgater apāya iti/). Bhāva* means any state of mind, feeling or disposition of mind. A bad feeling like anger, etc. leads to a bad state of existence (tiryak or nāraka) of lower animals or hellish beings.

**S. No. 103 :** This tale is based on *Uttarā-ś*, pp. 117-118; of Devendra's *Sukhabodhā* on II. 31 (pp. 44<sup>b</sup>-45). It is told in the context of *alābha-parīśaha*- the trouble of 'want of success', 'not getting alms' on one's begging tour. Vāsudva with his mind composed could not be defeated by the spirit of Anger, but Dāruka, Satyaks, and Baladeva, with their mind not composed, were easily overpowered by the spirit of Anger, which threatened to eat the sleeping princes.

**S. No. 104 :** This tale is based on *Uttarā-ś* (pp. 118-119); cf. Devendra's *Sukhabodhā* II. 31 (p. 45). It is also told in the same context of *alābha parīśaha*.

**S. No. 105** : This tale is based on *Uttarā-ś* (pp. 395-396) ; Cf. *Uttarā-D*, Ch. Xlv, Introductory), p. 204.

**S. No. 106** : This tale is based on *Nandī-M*, V 67, p. 159<sup>b</sup>-p. 160<sup>b</sup>. It is told to illustrate the intelligence acquired by training or through education in the context of the science of reading signs. The moral of this tale is given at the end : teachers teach the fundamentals of any science. Reflection or deliberation or reasoning is the business of the student or disciple. One who is given to reflection acquires -

*Vainayikī buddhiḥ (Vimṛśyakāriṇo vainayikī buddhiḥ).*

**S. NO. 107** : The story of Maṇḍita is based on Devendra's commentary called *sukhabodhā* on the *uttarādhyayana Sūtra*, Ch. IV. V. 7 (p. 94<sup>b</sup>-p.95<sup>b</sup>). The commentary, however, spells the name not as 'Maṇḍita' but as Mṇḍika.

The commentary gives interpretation of this example at its spiritual level :

*Yathā'yam āryakārī api Maṇḍikidiko yāvallābham*

*Mūladevanṛpatinā dhāritah tathā dharmārthinā'pi saṁyamopahatihetukamapi śarīram Nirjarālābham abhilaṣatā tallābham yāvad dhāryam iti /*

*Na ca taddhārane saṁyamoparodha eva, yathāgamaiḥ hi pravṛtasya tat tadupaṣṭambhakam - veti bhāvanīyam/- p. 95.*

Just as king Mūladeva bore with Maṇḍika (Maṇḍita), though a robber, so long as he was useful to him, even so a man pursuing *dharma* should bear with his body although it obstructs him in his observance of self-control till he gains *nirjarā* (shedding off of all *Karmas*). He should always reflect on the fact that if the body is an obstacle in practising self-control, it is of help to a man of religion in maintaining self-control.

**S. No. 108 :** The example of 'Tortoise and Jackal' is based on *Nāyā*, Ch, IV, called "*Kumme*" (Two Tortoises). The text itself gives the application of this example on spiritual level : That monk who becomes slack or losse in practising self-control with regard to the sense objects of pleasure like the poor and impatient tortoise is censured here in this life by fellow monks, meets with severe hardships and punishments in the next life and endlessly wanders in *saṃsāra*- the cycle of birth and death. But that monk who is well restrained regarding his five senses like the wise and patient tortoise and carefully boserves the five great vows is praised by fellow monks in this life and attains good state of existence in the next life and is spared all types of punishments (in hell, etc.) and he does not wander in *saṃsāra*.

**S. No. 109 :** The example of a Mongoose (*nakula*) is based on AV. *Vṛtti* Part I.p. 93<sup>a</sup>.

This is one of the seven examples enumerated in the *gāthā n. 134* (p. 91). They illustrate the right and wrong explanation or interpretation with reference to 'bhāva' (mental state, thought).

The commentator observes at the end of the example :

*Tasyā avirateḥ pūrvamananuyogaḥ paścādanuyogaḥ,  
evaṃ yo'nyat prarūpayitavyaṃ anyat pratūpayati so'  
nanuyogaḥ yastadeva prarūpayati tasya anuyogaḥ/*

- Sanskrit Chhāyā

**S. No. 110 :** The Story of a śrāvikā (a Jain laywoman) is based on AV. *Vṛtti*, Part I. p. 452. The commentator prefaces the story with the words "*kāmaṇiṣpattiḥ, katham ?*", and adds at the end of the story : "*Evaṃ kāmāvahaḥ* He tells the story to illustrate one of the fruits resulting from *namaskāra* (salutation to the five dignitaries of

the Jains - *arhat*, *siddha*, etc.), namely worldly pleasures of sense (*kāma*).

**S. No. 111 :** The example of 'As They Deserved' is based on *Av. Vṛtti*, Part II, p. 554, to p. 555<sup>a</sup> *Pratikramaṇa* (repentance, confession), is said to be eightfold : 1. *pratikramaṇa*, 2. *praticaraṇā*, 3. *pariharaṇā*, 4. *Vāraṇā*, 5. *nivṛtti*, 6. *nindā*, 7. *garhā* and 8. *śiddhi*. The example under reference pertains to *praticaraṇā* (Cf. *Idānim praticaraṇāyām praśadena dṛṣṭanto bhanyate*).

It is illustrated by the example of the mansion (*Prāsāda*). It is rather difficult to render this term correctly into English. 'Carefully maintaining' might convey the intended sense. At the spiritual level the commentator thus interprets it :

*Bhāve dṛṣṭantasyopanayaḥ-Vaṇiksthānīyenācāryeṇa prāsāda-sthānīyaḥ saṁyamahpraticaritavya ityājñaptah/ Ekena Sādhunā Sātāsaukhya -bahulena na praticaritaḥ, sa vaṇigjāyeva saṁsāre duḥkha-bhājanam jātaḥ, yena praticarito'kṣataḥ saṁyama-prāsādo dhṛtaḥ sa nirvāṇasukha-bhāgi jātaḥ/ p. 54<sup>b</sup>-55<sup>a</sup> f.n.*

The merchant stands for the preceptor, the mansion for self-control (and the merchant's wives for the monks). One of the two monks, who was fond of pleasures of sense did not carefully maintain self-control, and consequently he became very unhappy in this world like the first wife of the merchant; the other monk maintained self-control completely like the second wife who maintained the mansion as it was, and finally attained the bliss of salvation.

**S. No. 112 :** "Absurd Tales" - this narratie is based on *Nisītha Bhāṣya*, 1.1154-1160. Haribhadra's *Dhūrtākhyāna*

aims at 'enlightenment by absurd stories and situations'.

- S. No. 113 :** The example of 'Classification Helps' is based on Āv. *Vṛtti*- Part I, p. 33 b. The commentator introduces the *udāharaṇa* as follows :

*Dravyavarganāḥ kimartham prarūpyante iti ucyate, vineyānām avyāmohārtham/* (The classification is done with a view to avoiding the mental confusion of disciples (and helping them to know the precise nature of things).

And he adds at the end : *Ayamarthopanayaḥiha gopopatikalpastīrthakṛt gopakalpebhyah sisyebyho*

*gorāpasadīśam pudgalāstikāyam varṇanāvibhāgena nirūpitavān/* (Kucikaraṇa, the master of the cows stands for the *Tirthaṅkara*, the cowherd boys for disciples, the cows for the *astikāya* called *pudgala* (matter) which is classified into various categories like *paramāṇus*, etc.).

- S. No. 114 :** The example of 'The Guide that Misguides' is based on Āv. *Vṛtti*, part I, p 51. b, p. 52.

The commentator introduces this example with the words : "*Navaram lokottreṇātrādhikārah, tacca, jñānādi śramaṇaḥṇamuktayogasya pratikramaṇam bhāvasūnyatavād abhipretaphalābhāvācca, ettha (atro) udāharaṇam/*"

- S. No. 115 :** The example of 'Through Exceptionable Means' is based on Āv. *Vṛtti*, Part I pp. 54<sup>b</sup> 55<sup>a</sup>.

The commentator introduces the example with the words : *Bhāvopakramo dvidhā.. noāgamatastu praśastoaprasāstaśceti tatrāpraśasto' donḍiṇi-gaṇikā' mātīyādīnām, ettho(atro)dāharaṇāni.*

- S. No. 116 :** The example of 'Towards Exceptionable End' is based on Āv. *Vṛtti Part I, p. 55.*

This example is cited in the same context as given above (S. No. 115) At the end of the example the commentator remarks : *Esavia (?Esovi) apasattho bhavovakkamo/* (This is also an example of '*Aprasasto bhāvopakramah*).

- S. No. 117 :** The example of "Strange Logic" is based on *Ā. Vṛtti, Part I, p. 88<sup>b</sup> - p. 89<sup>a</sup>*.

The commentator prefaces the example with the words: "*Kṣetrānanuyogānuyogayoḥ kubjodāharaṇam*"; and at the end of the example he remarks : *Esa aṇaṇuogo, tiṣe maṇḍaviyāe khettaṃ ceva cīntijjati, vivaṇio aṇuogo, evaṃ ṇippadesamegaṃtanīccamega-māgāsīṃ paḍivajjāveṃtassa aṇaṇuogo, sappaesādi puṇa paḍivajjāveṃtassaṇuogo tti/*

*(Eṣo'nanuyogah, tasyāḥ maṇḍapikāyāḥ kṣetrameva cintayedīti, viparīto'nuyogaḥ, evaṃ niṣpradeśame-kāntanīyamekamākāśaṃ pratipādyamānasya ananuyogah, sapradeśādi punaḥ pratipādyamān-asya anuyoga iti/*

'Anuyoga' is correct explanation whereas 'ananuyoga' is wrong or false or untrue explanation.

- S. No. 118 :** The example of 'The Yakṣa and the Painter' is based on *Āv Vṛtti Part I, pp. 62<sup>a</sup>-66<sup>b</sup>*.

The commentator prefaces the example with the words : *Dravyparamparake idamudāharaṇam*- and adds at the end : *Etat prasāṅgena bhaṇītam, atra īṣṭakāparamparakeṇādhikārah/*

- Sanskrit *chāyā*

- S. No. 119 :** The example of 'The Lame and the Blind based on Haribhadra's Vṛtti on the *Āvasyaka-sūtra*, v. 101-102, pp. 70<sup>b</sup>-71<sup>b</sup>. The *andha-paṇḍu-nyāya* is very famous in Sanskrit literature. Knowledge by itself or right conduct by itself is of no avail in reaching or attaining

the goal of salvation. The two acting together succeed in achieving the desired goal : *jñāna-kriyabhyam siddhipuram prapyata iti/*

**S. No. 120 :** The example of 'Always in the the wrong' is based on Haribhadra's *Vṛtti* on the *Āvśyaka-sūtra*, v.133, pp. 99<sup>a</sup>-91<sup>a</sup>. The commentator introduces it with the words : "*grāmeyakodāharaṇam dvitīyam vacana eva, prastutānuyogaprādhānyakhyāpanārtham iti/*" and adds by way of conclusion : "*evam jo anṇammi kaheyavve anṇam kahei tāhe anañuogo bhavati, sammaṇ kahijjmaṇe añuogo bhavati/*

**S. No. 121 :** The example of "Unnatural Father" is based on Haribhadra's commentary on the *Āvśyaka-sūtra* v.134, p. 92<sup>b</sup>. The commentator introduces it with the words : "*Idānim Koṇkaṇadāraṇakodāharaṇam*" and adds at the end by way of conclusion : "*Evam anṇam parūveyavvaṇ anṇam parūvemāṇassa'viparītatvāt anañuogo bhavati, jahābhūtam parūvemāṇassa anuogo bhavati/* (p. 93). (*Evam anyat prarūpayitavyam (yatra, tatra) anyat prarūpayataḥ viparītatvāt ananuyogo bhavati, yathābhūtam prarūpayataḥ anuyogo bhavati.*)

**S. No. 122 :** The example or analogy of 'Heavy and Light is based on the *Nāyā*, Ch. VI entitled : *Tumbanāyam*-the example of a (dry) gourd.

**S. No. 123 :** The example or illustration of "Two Trees : High and Low" is based on Haribhadra's *Vṛtti* on *Āvśyaka-sūtra*, v, 1242, pp. 556<sup>a</sup> 557<sup>a</sup>. This is an example of *dravya-nivṛtti*, says the commentator, He then applies this example or illustration in the case of *bhāva-nivṛtti* : *Kanyāsthānīyāḥ sādhaveḥ dhūrta-sthānīyeṣu viṣayesu āsajamāṇā gīta-sthānīyen-acaryeṇa ye samanusiṣṭānīvṛttāste sugatīm gatāḥ, itare durgatīm gatāḥ/*. The girls stand for the monks,



the *dhūrtas* (rogues) for the objects of sense and the song for the preceptor. Those who were well instructed and renounced the world attained good state of existence whereas the rest sank into bad states of existence. The term *dravya-nivṛtti* means 'abstinence from material objects' whereas the term *bhāvnivṛtti* means 'The mental state involved in one's abstinence from some activities etc.'

The *Karṇikāra* tree is inferior and corresponds to the weaver's daughter whereas the mango tree is of excellent species and corresponds to the princess of the town born in a noble (or high) family.

**S. No. 124 :** The example 'Marvellous indeed' is based on Haribhadra's Vṛtti on *Dasāvaikālika* Ch. I-*Drumapuspikā* : Blossoms on a tree, *Niryukti* stanza 84, p. 108<sup>a</sup>-110<sup>a</sup>). It is cited to illustrate '*tad-vastūpa-nyāsa*'. Dr. A. M. Ghatage explains at length the point under reference: '*tadvastūpanyāsa*' means the two conflicting views are applied to the same thing. A few *Kārpaṭikas* meet in a temple (a wandering mendicant is called *Kārpaṭika*). Each one is to tell some wonder he has seen. One puts the condition that there should be no *sramaṇopāsaka* (a Jain layman) because he is afraid that knowing the theory of *udāharaṇa* he may defeat him. When assured that no such man is there, he says he saw a tree, and when its leaves fall in water they become aquatic beings and when they fall on ground they become land animals. A *śrāvaka* however is there and he rebuts him by asking, what happens to the leaves which fall between water and land? and defeats him. Haribhadra says this illustrates '*tam ceva padana vatthumahikiccodahariyam*' which means taking the example as it is, to point out a defect in it, without challenging the absurd statements that the

leaves turn into aquatic and land animals, and accepting the *śrāvaka* points out a defect that what happens to those leaves which fall in between. This *laukika udāharana*, and there are others which are *alaukika* meaning referring to religious and philosophical ideas."

## Appendix

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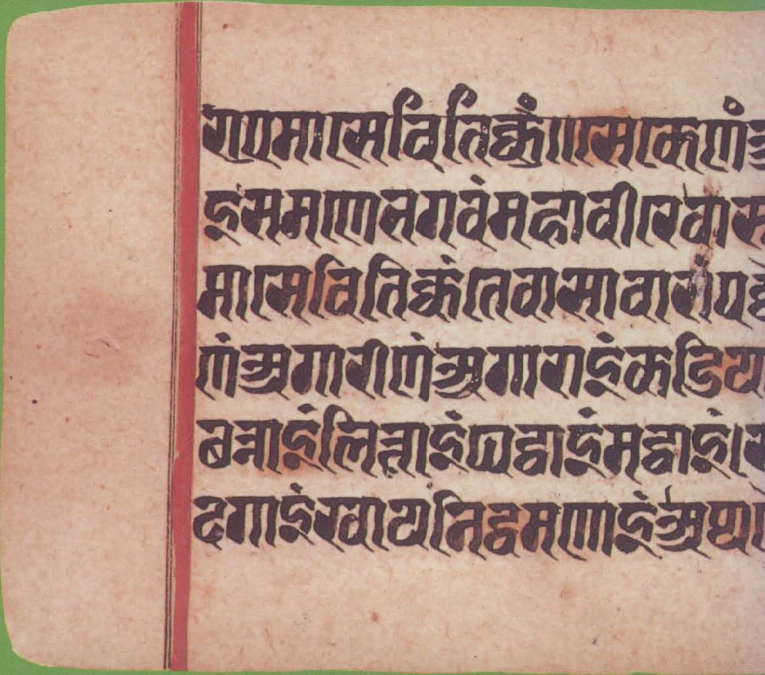
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