

STORIES

FROM

VAASISHTA RAAMAAYANAM
(BRHATYOGAVAASISHTAM)

OF

VAALMIKI MAHARSHI

PART THREE

by
Narayanalakshmi

1

DEDICATED

TO

ALL THE SEEKERS OF TRUTH

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Narayanalakshmi

Narayanalakshmi (Shubhalakshmi), an ascetic spent most of her life in the Himalayan terrain, engaged in the penance of knowledge. She is well-versed in all philosophies and is a scholar in Sanskrit language. Her mission in life is to retrieve the lost knowledge of the ancient Rishis and offer it unblemished to all the seekers of the Truth. She is from Bangalore, Karnataka, India.

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STORY OF BHUSHUNDA, THE ETERNAL CROW-FORM

PART ONE

[1]

Lord Shiva resides in the Kailaasa Mountain and is worshipped in all the three worlds as the Supreme God of all. He is the personification of dispassion, yet is the Supreme lover of his beloved Umaa, and keeps her as the one half of the body so he is never separated from her.

(Umaa – is made of two words – U and Maa.

When she was very young, Paarvati was highly devoted to Shiva, and performed austerities that were extremely hard, so as to please her favoured deity. Whenever she was engaged in her doing severe penance, her mother used to utter with shock - U, maa – Oh! Don't. That is why her name was known as Umaa from then onwards.

She lived only on leaves at one time, and her name became Suparnaa.)

Devi is his Rudra-Shakti, his power of destruction.

He has many attendants with weird faces who serve him at all times with devotion.

His other powers are known as Mother Goddesses and worshipped by all the Devas and humans.

These Mother Goddesses also have weird forms.

Many have hoofs as their faces and hoofs as their hands.

Many are camel faced and donkey-faced.

They wear garlands of limbs and dance in front of him.

They have extreme powers and are controlled only by Shiva their Master.

They devour lives in all the fourteen worlds.

They drink; they dance; they eat flesh; they seek the cremation grounds.

Of all the Mother Goddesses, there are seven who are considered as above all.

Their names are Jayaa, Vijayaa, Jayanti, Aparaaajitaa, Siddhaa, Raktaa, Aalambusaa, and Utpalaa.

Among these Goddesses, Aalambusaa had a huge crow named Chanda as her vehicle.

Chanda was dark blue in color and very strong.

His bones were made of diamond.

He served the Goddess with devotion.

[2]

The Goddesses always had a meeting now and then to exchange their experiences.

In one such meeting, they all got together; drank blood and liquor; worshipped their deities, and discussed many topics. They all voiced the same opinion about their Master (Shiva) who always seemed to be more attentive to Umaa than them.

He never even glanced at them when Umaa was with him. Even Umaa did not regard them with respect.

All the Mother Goddesses were angry and felt humiliated. They decided to prove their powers to these lovers and see that such humiliations never occurred again.

When Shiva was absorbed in contemplation, they stole Umaa from his body and took her away to their private abode. Umaa felt helpless in front of them. She trembled in fear in front of those weird powers.

The Goddesses sprinkled magical waters over her and converted her into some delicious food that could be partaken by Shiva. Umaa remained in the form of food yet kept contemplating on her Lord's form.

She knew that her lover would rescue her somehow. She waited patiently for her Lord to take action.

The Goddesses were mad with happiness for they had achieved the impossible.

They had converted the beloved of that arrogant Shiva to a consumable food.

They will offer his own beloved to him as food and he will eat her off.

That would be an end of the love-story of Shiva and Umaa.

They laughed violently. They celebrated their success by consuming varieties of flesh and liquors.

Blood overflowed in their cups. They all danced wildly making the three worlds tremble.

They sucked blood through their hooved faces with gurgling noise echoing in all the three worlds. They shrieked; screamed; laughed; shouted; embraced each other; threw fire at each other's faces; jumped up and down; danced shaking their hips and bellies. It was a horrifying site. The ignorant goddesses thought that their actions were unknown to the All-knower Shiva.

Even as the Goddesses made merry, their vehicles also took part in the merriment. The seven female swans of Brahmaa and Chanda the crow also drank liquor to their heart's content and danced wildly in the sky. Overcome by passion the swans sought Chanda's company. The mighty Chanda satisfied them all one by one. The swans were overjoyed. They all became pregnant and returned to their abode at BrahmaLoka.

Meanwhile, the Mother Goddesses took Umaa in the form of food to Shiva, and placed it in front of him to be consumed. Who can cheat Shiva? Shiva looked at them all angrily. Before he opened his third eye, the Goddesses fell at his feet and begged for forgiveness. They apologized and recreated Umaa sacrificing each one of their limbs. Umaa returned to the embrace of her beloved Lord. The Mother Goddesses returned home chastised and more aware of the powers of their Master.

[3]

The swans in BrahmaLoka being pregnant were unable to perform their regular duties. Braahmi their Goddess, told them to retire from their duties till they delivered the babies and she absorbed herself in contemplation. The swans happily rested in the lotus petals of BrahmaLoka. In course of time, they delivered twenty one eggs. One of them was Bhushunda.

All these twenty one brothers were taught the Supreme knowledge by Goddess Braahmi and they were liberated. Then they all went to their father Chanda in Goddess Aalambusaa's abode. They asked their father to suggest some place where they could live in solitude absorbed in the Self-state without the disturbance of the world.

Chanda informed them that he had built a nest of precious stones on the topmost edge of the southern branch of the Kalpa tree on the peak of the golden Meru Mountain. He advised his sons to go there and make it their home. All the twenty one brothers flew to the Meru Mountain and lived on the Kalpa tree in their nest happily absorbed in the state of the Self.

PART TWO

[1]

Always mortals dream of becoming immortal!
But how many are evolved enough to hold on to it?

A man who is attached to his limited space time boundary, or his family or friends can never digest the bitter pill of immortality. Yes! Immortality can be a curse to a man with limited outlooks. Unless you have the courage to stand alone looming gigantic over the infinite space and time, unless you master the art of being happy in your own self, you cannot enjoy the long long life.

And this immortality had been achieved by many by getting rid of their limited identities. Those who are absorbed in the Self, remain as Brahman the Supremacy and thus exist as the principle of existence itself, blissful in Self-Knowledge. But there were many unique personalities who did not want to lose their limited identities and wanted to continue their life as themselves, enjoying a never-ending life-experience.

They did not hold on to the limited world patterns for their happiness. They were ready to renounce all that was theirs in their world, and walk out of the limited space time boundary.

Leelaa, the wife of King Padma had ascertained her eternity by becoming a student-companion of Jnapti. As long as she wanted to 'know', there won't be an end of her identity as Jnapti's devoted companion.

Aeindavas had decided that Brahmaa's position was the highest identity that could be achieved, and had become Brahmaas or Creators and existed in all the Kalpas in all the Creations of all the Brahmaas.

Sages like Vasishtha and Vyaasa also were ever-liberated and by the power of knowledge they were in-born with, they could maintain their identity through many Kalpas. They took on the same characters and same forms and participated in the world-drama for the good of all.

Trinities had no problem. They could take on any form they preferred at anytime anywhere and continue their identity in many Kalpas. They always kept the love for their spouses alive in their hearts and held on to their particular forms and personalities in all the Kalpas. They were ever-liberated.

Bhushunda the crow also wanted to live forever but as Bhushunda the crow only.

[2]

Bhushunda as any other resident of BrahmaLoka had attained the state of the Self. He was a liberated being. When his life-span on the heaven got over, he would have merged in the Nirvikalpa Brahman, the Unmanifest Supremacy and would have attained 'Videha Mukti' (Bodiless liberation) like Shuka and other Sages who did not want to remain in their limited identity.

But he did not want to fully dissolve his Bhushunda characteristics.

He loved his crow-identity.

He was not a Supreme Godhead nor had he the inborn knowledge like the great Sages.

Yet he wanted to live through many Kalpas.

He wanted to see what happened in all the successive Creations of the successive Brahmaas.

He did not want to lose his identity of the crow also.

All his brothers attained bodiless liberation after the death of their bodies.

But Bhushunda did not ever want to die.

He wanted to live forever as Bhushunda and as a non-participator of world-dramas.

He just wanted to watch; he did not want to act.

So he thought and thought and found a way to outlive dissolutions and Creations.

He learnt to equalize the Praana-paths.

He learnt to escape the fires and floods of dissolution through many unique contemplative methods.

Even after his mountain and tree dissolved at the end of the Kalpas, he learnt to conceive his own mountain and tree and remained in his own mental place with his own group of crows conceived by him.

After all, nothing was absolute and real except Chit.

Each and every creation was a mental projection of Brahmaaa.

Originally Bhushunda belonged to some creation of some Brahmaa or some Brahmaa's mental space. But he had cleverly jumped out of it to have his identity in tact without the interference of a Brahmaa.

He sat now comfortably in his nest on the Kalpa tree conceived by himself and watched the Creations unfolding one after the other. Like humans like to sit and watch movies one after another seated comfortably in the best of seats and with best of delicacies around, Bhushunda watched the movies of Creations, lolling in his gigantic nest on the Kalpa tree. He never swerved from the Self-state; yet lived as a crow. He could have taken any form and conceived any world as his abode. But he preferred to be a crow, humble and noble. That is all. His abode was his own mental conception. No one could approach him there. No one could visit him. No one knew even where his Kalpa tree was.

Only Sage Vasishtha, the all-knower visited him piercing through his mental space and conversed with him. He asked many questions to Bhushunda about his birth and his life. He allowed Bhushunda to explain in his own simple words the unique Praana-control method he followed. That Knowledge he passed on to Rama for the benefit of the whole world when he was discoursing about Brahman in Dasharatha's courtroom

[3]

Nobody knows from how long Bhushunda has been living.
 He has outlived kings, gods, Brahmaas, Trinities, Creations.
 He has seen a variety of worlds of countless Brahmaas.
 He has seen some Brahmaas contemplating and dissolving into Para Brahman even before starting their Creation work.
 He has seen the same stories of Suras and Asuras, repeated over and over again in many Creations.
 He has seen sometimes Vishnu's Avatars getting mixed up and rendered different in some Creations.
 He has seen 'land-less Creations'; 'human-less Creations'; 'Deva-less Creations'.
 He has seen Creations where only mountains were there; Creations where only trees were there; Creations where only demons were there; Creations where only bones of demons were there.
 He has seen Creations where Brahmins treated Devas as untouchables.
 He has seen pure void without Creations also.
 He remembers every event of every creation he has witnessed.
 He knows everything about everybody as he stays in the comfort of the nest itself.
 He does not move out of his abode at all.
 He does not bother about the good or bad of the events of any Creation.
 He does not interact with anyone.
 He is happy in his own Self-state and enjoys watching Creation-works.
 He does not trouble any one, nor is he troubled by anyone.
 He has no attachments, no desires, no wants, no hatred, and no pride.
 He just keeps on living happily as the 'Bhushunda crow'!

SALUTATIONS TO BHUSHUNDA THE EVER-LIVING ONE!

NO END...

STORY OF THE BHIKSHU (MENDICANT)

[1]

Long long ago there lived a Bhikshu (religious mendicant).
 For long he had been engaged in the practices of Praanaayaama and meditation.
 He lived on the meager meals obtained by begging here and there.
 Though he knew that he had to attain the state of Self-realization to become liberated, he still did not have the grasp of true knowledge.
 Life had become a routine.
 Meditations, disciplines, begging food and sleeping; that is all the life amounted to now.
 As he was unable to stay absorbed in the blissful state of the Self, meditation-process had just become a mechanical practice for him, leading nowhere.

[2]

One day after the regular contemplation practice, he was sitting on his seat slightly bored and dejected.
 Life had become a burden.
 Neither was he able to attain the state of the Self, nor was he able to go back to the life of a common man steeped in material pleasures.
 He wondered what the life of an ordinary man would be like.
 He decided to find out by himself. It would be an amusing break and quite entertaining.
 There was nothing to lose. He had the capacity to concentrate on anything with his full mind such that he could forget his own Bhikshu-identity in such practices.
 He had tried various methods already, like trying to be in the state of inert elements like water, plant, rock etc.
 Today he decided to concentrate on the ordinary man's state of mind and see what it would be like to be ignorant and worldly.
 No disciplines; no fasting; no thought of liberation even; but just live as whatever one liked!

[3]

Bhikshu closed his eyes and thought of himself to be an ordinary man of the world.
 He named himself as Jeevata. (जीवट)
 Instantly, he found himself on the road mingling with the street dwellers.
 Jeevata was a new identity; a new Jeeva. He was not at all aware of his Bhikshu-identity.
 Laughing and making merry with his friends, he enjoyed the ignorant life he was born with.
 Yes, Jeevata had an old mother at home; had friends who hung out with him; had memories of his childhood as Jeevata. He wore dirty clothes; disrespected elders; never sought any learning.
 Life was going on wastefully without any purpose. There was no difference between him and a street dog.
 One day he got drunk and fell asleep on the road-side, lost in heavy stupor.
 He dreamt that he was a learned Brahmin.
 Maybe in his heart of his hearts he had a liking for the clean and pious ways of a Brahmin.

[4]

There was Instantly, a world around him that belonged to the Brahmin identity.
 His students were saluting him; his wife was preparing food for them all; his own sons were serving him devotedly. The Brahmin never knew of his Jeevata identity. He was happy in his own world.
 He regularly studied his Scriptures; performed the worship of the Fire; taught Vedas to his students and so on.
 Life went on day by day with regularity and proper disciplines.
 The Brahmin was not much satisfied with his life. There was always not enough money to run the family.
 He had to go to distant villages to perform Sacrifices and earn his daily bread. He was frustrated.
 Only if he could be a chieftain of a town...! How wonderful it would be!
 No need of so many struggles to make both ends meet. He sighed.
 He was returning home after a stay at some far off village. The journey had been tedious and the day had been hot. The Brahmin entered his little cottage and after the regular bathing etc ate some light food and slept on the mat spread on the ground. He then dreamt that he was the chieftain of a town.

[5]

Instantly, there was a world around him that belonged to the chieftain-identity.
 The chieftain was not aware of his Brahmin-identity at all.
 He had a family of his own. Sons and daughters crowded the house.
 There was enough wealth for a comfortable life.
 Wherever he went, people saluted him with respect.
 He was a good administrator and helped the people in all ways.
 But he was not satisfied with his life. He was frustrated.
 Only if he could be a king ruling over a kingdom...! How wonderful it would be!
 There would be so many pretty wives giving him company. He would be rolling in gold and diamonds.
 All the pleasures whatever the world could offer would be, his.
 The chieftain sighed in frustration and slept off on his bed. He dreamt that he was a king.

[6]

Instantly,, there was a world around him that belonged to the king-identity.
 The king was not aware of his chieftain-identity at all.
 There was a huge palace; beautiful girls all around him attending to all his needs; a vast kingdom which he owned;
 a wise minister to guide him; a devoted queen who worshipped the very ground he walked on and so on.
 There was nothing more that a man could ask for. The king had access to all the pleasures of the earth.
 But he was not satisfied with his life. He was frustrated.
 Only if he could be in the heaven enjoying the company of an Apsaraa! How wonderful it would be!
 Thinking of the beauty of the heavenly damsels he fell asleep.
 He dreamt that he was a divine damsel passionately coveted by many Deva-world denizens.

[7]

Instantly, there was a world around him that belonged to the Apsaraa-identity.
 The Apsaraa was not aware of her king-identity at all.
 There was a heavenly palace; beautiful garden with blossoming flowers; loving friends and so on.
 The life was filled with various pleasures. There was nothing more one could ask for.
 But she was not satisfied with her life. She was frustrated. Only if she could be more beautiful!
 Only if she had eyes like the doe! How wonderful it would be!
 Then Indra would be at her feet, begging for her love. She would then be the queen of the three worlds!
 One day after a tiring day of amorous sports, the Apsaraa slept on her bed thinking about the doe-like eyes she did not have. She dreamt that she was a doe.

[8]

Instantly, there was a world around her that belonged to the doe-identity. The doe was not aware of her Apsaraa-identity at all. The doe had vast grassy lands to graze and spent her life enjoying the various plants and creepers abounding in that forest-land. One day, enjoying the taste of a delicious creeper she fell asleep, and dreamt that she was a creeper filled with leaves, flowers and fruits.

[9]

The creeper was a new life with new identity. It had just a life-principle; yet the mind of the Bhikshu was deep inside the identity of creeper asleep in the inert state of creeper-ness. The creeper grew long and high towering over the surrounding trees and appeared beautiful like a Forest-Goddess decked in flowers. Bees were always hovering over it attracted by the flowers. Then the hidden mind of the Bhikshu woke up, and being conscious of the bees around his creeper-form, instantly, turned into the identity of a bee.

[10]

The bee was just a bee only intent on sucking honey from flowers. It flew here and there doing its job and on one of its wanderings entered a lotus groove. The lotus-honey was more delicious and the bee never could be away

from the flowers. It remained always stuck to the lotus-stalks. Unfortunately, forest elephants arrived at that part of the forest searching for water-holes, and in their mad rush trampled all the lotuses. The bee which was resting on the lotus stalk also got crushed under the elephant's foot. At that moment Bhikshu's mind woke up for a second, and saw the huge form of the elephant towering above him, before the bee got crushed.

[11]

Instantly, Bhikshu's mind was in the identity of an elephant violent and rough. He was the leader of all the other elephants, and wildly roamed in the forest uprooting trees and crushing plants and little animals mercilessly under his foot. Once in one of his wild ventures, he fell into a hole dug for catching elephants. He was chained and dragged away. He was taken away by the soldiers to get trained for battles. Soon, the elephant was the favorite of the king and was a sure participant in all the battles the king fought. Once in a battle that was fought at night, he was pierced by swords and knives and died. His face had been always covered by rut and remained stuck with bees. So he had died only concentrating on driving the bees with his ears; and the Bhikshu's mind now got once again the identity of a bee.

[12]

Again the bee stayed always close to the lotuses. When again he died as a bee, the mind of the Bhikshu had only the idea of the lotus and it took on the identity of a lotus Instantly. And again one day he was crushed by the elephant's foot. But this time the Bhikshu's mind inside the lotus was aware of the swans nearby and it took on the identity of a swan Instantly.

[13]

In this manner he wandered through various lives of various identities and life-experiences which were completely separated from each other. It was the ninety-eighth life, now and he was a swan again. Somehow randomly the mind of the Bhikshu inside the swan had absorbed the idea from some conversations that were taking place between some Sages that there were swans in BrahmaLoka. The swan died of some infection but the wish for becoming Brahma's swan did not die. The mind Instantly, took the identity of Brahma's swan in BrahmaLoka. In no time, the divine swan acquired all the knowledge of Brahman and was liberated.

[14]

The swan always followed Brahma wherever he went, out of devotion for him. Once, Brahma visited the world of Rudra along with many Sages and his favorite pet-swan. The swan was fascinated by the dispassionate form of Rudra, and instantly, the Bhikshu's mind inside the swan took the identity of Rudra. Nobody actually can become the Trinities by just wishing so. The Trinities originate from Chit directly and cannot be copied. To bind them to their unique identities they maintain extreme love and attachment for their spouses; and this excessive love for their spouses is their uniqueness which cannot be taken over by any mind of any one of any Creation. Here, the Bhikshu's mind had only the form of a Rudra with the necessary knowledge belonging to the position, and he lived as the Lord of the city which was similar to the real Rudra's world.

[15]

Rudra, who was now endowed with knowledge, instantly, knew all that had happened in all the lives he had taken. He also knew the hundred births of his starting from Bhikshu's identity. He understood why and how all those lives had occurred. Through his dreams he had lived as all those Jeevas and had created those worlds through his mind. He decided to give knowledge to all those other Jeevas also.

[16]

Rudra first went to the hut where the Bhikshu had lived.

There, he saw the Bhikshu lying on the ground like a corpse.

He said-“Hey Bhikshu! Wake up!”

Immediately the Bhikshu stood up and saluted him. Rudra touched him on the head and the Bhikshu understood that the Rudra who was standing there in front of him was his own Self.

Both of them held their hands and travelled through enormous distances in space, and reached that world where Jeevata lived. There they found Jeevata lying on the ground like a corpse.

Rudra woke him up and made him remember everything.

Then the three of them together went to the Brahmin’s world which was in another part of the Chit-space.

In this manner, waking up all the dream-Jeevas one by one, Rudra at last reached his own world.

All of them were amazed by seeing each other, as there was only a single person there, in hundred bodies.

Then the Bhikshu who had become a Rudra, told Jeevata and other unenlightened Jeevas to go back to their own worlds and live there as their own new identities.

After the life was over there, they could return to him and become Rudras themselves.

They all agreed and returned to their worlds.

After living a full life in each of their worlds, they returned again to Rudra’s world.

All of them now had the same forms and same knowledge.

Each of them was the Rudra of his own world. Yet, like Ganas or attendants they all served the Supreme Rudra, the form of Shiva who was born from Chit-space.

BHIKSHU’S STORY ENDS

Sage Vasishtha finished the story and looking at his favorite student and said-

“Rama!

This world is also a dream of some person named Brahmaa.

We are all living our lives in his dream!

This Bhikshu had very few Vaasanaas (latent tendencies) hidden in his mind; so he had only hundred dreams. But Brahmaa had the job of channelizing countless Vaasanaas and had to have countless dreams.

All the people, objects, animals you see around you are the dream-identities of Brahmaa!

Brahmaa has already realized that he is the Supreme Brahman by nature.

Now, he wakes up each one of us through Vedas and Scriptures calling out loudly-

“Hey You! You are Brahman! You are myself!”

He allows us to live our lives as we are, and asks us to realize the Self.

Once we all do what he says, we will all stand together as so many Chits.

Since Chit is one, we will all be as the one single blissful state of the Self.”

Rama understood all that his Guru explained; yet had some questions about the Bhikshu’s story.

He said-

“ Brahman! If every thought or idea will become a world that is experienced by some identity or other, then tell me if the Bhikshu of your story really exists somewhere or not?”

Vasishtha smiled and looked at Rama in an amused way.

He said-

“Yes! He has to be there somewhere in this world!

I will meditate tonight and tell you the answer tomorrow”

Next day in the discourse-hall, Vasishta spoke to Rama-

“Rama! Through my power of knowledge, I searched the entire world in my mind, piece by piece, for seeing that Bhikshu. I could not find him anywhere.

Yet I did not give up, and continued my search for him inside my mind for some more time.

At last my effort was rewarded, and I found him in a place called ‘Vihaara’, in a city called ‘Valmika’, in a country called ‘Jina’.

I saw that his private meditation-room was locked from inside and all his disciples were sitting outside the room with anxiety written on their faces.

The Bhikshu had been inside the room for twenty one days absorbed in contemplation.

Within those twenty one days, he has experienced the lives of Jeevata and others counting up to thousands of years or more, and has attained the Rudra state.”

King Dasharatha who was also listening intently to the story, interrupted his Guru’s speech and said-

“Lord! Tell me where that Bhikshu can be found!

I will send my ministers in search of him; bring him here; and honor him.”

Sage Vasishta reminded him that the Bhikshu was now in the Rudra-state and could not be approached by ordinary human beings.

Sage Vasishta turned towards Rama and continued his speech-

“Rama! Observe how ‘time’ is just a measure of experience for a mind and not absolute!

Within twenty one days Bhikshu experienced so many lives!

Jeevas also experience a whole creation-span of time within a momentary dream of Brahmaa!

In the Bhikshu’s world, the disciples will wait for a few more days as per their Guru’s order and will break open the door on the thirtieth day. They will find the lifeless and deteriorated body of their Guru. They will cremate it as per their custom and worship his statue-forms.

And Rama! Another interesting thing I found out! Listen!

After observing this Bhikshu in this Creation, I peeped into other Creations also within my mind.

I saw two more Bhikshus in two other Creations doing the same thing as this Bhikshu.

Bhikshu of our world is the second one actually.

Many more Bhikshus exist in many more Creations with the same character or different.

Why only the Bhikshu? All these kings, ministers, Brahmins, and people will be found in many Creations with similar characters and similar forms; or they might be half-similar; or they might be completely different!

Rama!

Maayaa is very powerful!

She can produce any Jeeva anywhere, however many times she wants!

Only a person who realizes the Self is freed of her clutches.

You are already in the Brahman-state!

Do whatever duties are yours perfectly well and live in the world happily as a JeevanMukta!”

THE KING AND THE VETAALA

Sage Vasishtha said-

“Rama!

This world-appearance is inside the treasure-chest of Chit-atom.

It is just an appearance projected by the mind like a ghost.

It vanishes through proper reasoning.

Listen now, as to how the mind dissolves in the contemplation of the Self, when it encounters the reasoning power.”

[1]

Once, there was a foolish mind. Mind of course, is always foolish!

It was actually a ghost which occupied, or rather projected bodies and played around doing weird actions.

It hopped from bodies to bodies and lived happily, or thought that it lived happily.

Let us call this mind as what it really is, a Vetaala (a spirit which possesses inert dead bodies).

Somehow, it got bored of all these ghostly activities and decided to become good.

It kept the company of the good, studied the Scriptures; found out that Brahman-state is supposed to be the highest thing that needs to be attained and so on.

Vetaala-Mind was very happy now. It had stopped doing actions contradictory to Scriptural dictums.

It was on the correct path and it felt arrogant!

Yes! It had now developed the arrogance of goodness to which a spiritual aspirant unknowingly falls prey to!

After all, it knew all the Scriptures by heart!

It was on the path of self-realization, and the so-called Brahman was just a few steps away!

It was in a better position than all these human-shaped ignorant worms, who wasted their lives on worthless activities!

[2]

The Vetaala-mind proudly walked in the forest of the world, its held high and a benevolent smile playing on its lips. Suddenly, it felt it could not move further. Someone blocked its path!

The Vetaala slightly opened its eyes and saw who indeed had dared to stand in front of it!

‘King Vichaara’, the reasoning power stood in front of the Vetaala, blocking its path!

He wielded a very sharp shining sword of ‘Discrimination’ in his hand.

He bravely looked at the Vetaala, and lifted his sword to slice off its head.

Vetaala, though frightened, immediately put on a mask of bravery and stood confronting the king.

It laughed aloud, and making terrifying noises to frighten the king, spoke in an arrogant voice -

“Hey! You ignorant wretch! Get out of the way! Or I will swallow you up in no time!”

The king did not move even a muscle! He calmly looked at that ghost and said-

“If you ever dare to kill me, your head will be in thousand pieces! Beware!”

It was the Mind-Vetaala who was frightened of this ‘Enquiry King’.

One hit from his sword and it would be nowhere!

Better pacify the king by entrapping him with questions connected to Scriptures!

So thinking, the Vetaala made a show of politeness and said-

“Do not be angry, O King! You seem to know everything!

Let me ask you some simple questions. If you answer them, I will let go off you and spare your life! Or else...!”

It again made horrifying imitations of a fearless laughter!

The king was just observing its nervous actions calmly.

He did not say anything. His eyes were blazing in anger.

He kept on watching the stupid actions of the Vetaala!

[3]

The Vetaala held its head high and asked-
 “Do you know, which is that Sun, in whose light these cosmic eggs float like dust particles?”

It asked many more questions phrased differently but sounding profound and grandiloquent.

Vetaala had found these statements again and again in hundreds of Scriptures!
 It knew the answer for all those questions was Brahman.
 How would this king know of the answer hidden only in Scriptures?
 He was always indifferent to everything!
 Vetaala was certain that the king would not be able to answer the question!

The king looked at that dumb Vetaala as if it was a worm crawling in the dirty mire!
 He said - “Follow me” and walked away.
 Vetaala was surprised but could do nothing but obey his orders.
 Soon they both were in some empty place, where nothing was there.
 There was only emptiness, wherever the ghost passed its eyes.
 It was an unnerving experience!
 Suddenly, the whole of the emptiness was filled with a lustre hitherto unseen by anyone.
 The glare was blinding the eyes of the Vetaala.
 The king held the Vetaala’s hand tightly before the Vetaala dissolved off in the dazzling shine.
 The Vetaala slowly lifted its eyes and looked at the lustre.

[4]

The Vetaala saw a huge Sun now!
 The lustrous Sun was enormous in size and countless dust particles were floating in its light.
 The Vetaala understood that those dust particles were cosmic eggs.
 “Huh! I know it already! But do you know...?”

As it started its mocking speech, the king said - “Look inside the Sun!”
 Vetaala peeped inside that lustre.
 The entire sun-sphere was completely filled with tiny atom-like points which were densely collected together like hairs on the body! What were they? No Scripture had mentioned this!
 Vetaala looked foolishly at the king and asked - “What are these things filling the Sun?”
 The king said - “Go, find out yourself. I will wait here for you.
 Do not be afraid! I will stand guard over you.”

[5]

The Vetaala jumped into the Sun-sphere and reached one of the points.
 That point was actually a man of colossal size (Shiva), wearing huge garlands adorning his chest.
 Vetaala went closer to the garlanded man and looked at the garland.
 The garland was made of men (Naaraayanas) having enormous bellies.
 Inside their bellies were huge oceans of countless numbers.
 Each ocean was turbulent with waves of varied sizes (Brahmaas).
 Vetaala went cautiously and saw what the tiniest wave was like.
 That tiny shallow wave was made of countless oceans which were densely filled with baskets (Vaasanaa-collections). These oceans could not even quiver because of the crowded baskets.

[6]

Vetaala peeped inside one of the baskets.
 The huge basket was full of massive eggs.
 Each egg was a gigantic world consisting of countless universes.
 Each universe contained again countless earths.
 Each earth contained countless islands.

Each island contained countless extensively spread-out countries.
 Each country had huge hollows filled by mountains of massive structures.
 These tall and high mountains were densely covered by forests.
 These forests contained clusters of huge trees reaching the skies.
 These countless trees contained countless enormous branches spreading far and wide.
 These branches were covered with countless leaves of worlds and the fruits hung all over.
 Each fruit was a cosmic egg covered by layers and layers of skins.
 Each skin was ten times bigger than the other.
 Each of these skins was covered by varied types of beings.
 And a sun shone in the eyes of each of the being.
 And the Sun was..?
 The Sun was again a huge lustre which covered the empty space in front of the Vetaala!

[7]

The Vetaala-Mind fell down unconscious!
 When it opened the eyes, the king was sprinkling some water over it and looking at it kindly.
 The mind-Vetaala looked at him for a fraction of a second.
 Its eyes were moist in the ensuing experience of some hitherto unknown bliss.
 Next instant, it was not there at all.
 The ghost which was never there, was not there now also.
 The king returned to his palace of bliss.

“And the mind dissolves through reasoning, O Rama!”

Sage Vasishtha completed his ghost-story and smiled affectionately at Rama.
 Rama’s eyes were moist.
 He was completely lost in the bliss of the Self.
 His mind-ghost was nowhere!
 The Vichaara-King had subdued it without any violent act or force!
 When the ghost vanished, the king also had dissolved off.
 The Chit-Sun was left back shining in its own glory!
 Nothing else was there!

“नेह नानास्ति किञ्चन” ॥

“There is no manifoldness whatsoever”

NO-END

GREAT YOGINI CHUDAALAA

[1]

In one of the Dvaapara Yugas, there lived a great emperor named ShikhiDhvaja (one who has a flag with the symbol of peacock). Chudaalaa (crest-ornament) was his devoted queen. They both were extremely affectionate towards each other. They enjoyed all the royal pleasures together and took care of the people like their own children. Once a desire arose in them both that they should attain the highest state of Brahman as explained in the Scriptures. They together visited the hermitages of great Sages; studied Scriptures under the guidance of expert Gurus; discussed the statements of the Scriptures with great scholars and did whatever they could do to gain the Knowledge of the Self. The king was always of the opinion that 'complete renunciation of everything' (SarvaTyaaga) was the best path suited for such an attainment of Self-state, whereas Chudaalaa was more for the enquiry process mentioned in the Scriptures.

For the king, Self-realization was something that had to be attained only at the fag end of life, after severe practices of contemplation and asceticism. Even then it was not a sure thing, he thought. May be after many births, the goal of realization could be a reality. That is what he believed and wondered many times within his mind, whether he was capable of such a renunciation. Could he renounce the kingdom? Maybe! Could he forego the royal pleasures? May be! Could he leave his wife here and walk out? Never! His love for his charming queen was too great a price to pay for even the state of Brahman, he thought. He kept his thoughts to himself, and was engaged in the affairs of the kingdom as usual.

[2]

Chudaalaa meanwhile, did not bother much about the ascetic practices prescribed in the Scriptures. She rather was always analyzing the statements of the knowledge portions of the Vedas and enquired about the reality of the world and one's identity.

'Who was she?
The queen!
If she was relieved of her royal status, would she lose herself? No!
Then who was she?
The body!
Body was just an aggregate of senses and they were inert!
She was a conscious something; not inert definitely!
Was she the mind? Was she the intellect?
No! They are all inert!
Was she the 'I' idea?
No, even that was inert connected to the inert body!
Then who am I?'

She absorbed herself in the enquiry so much so that, in one such enquiry meditations, her mind ceased to function, and she was in the state of the Self as naturally as a flower blossoming in spring. She wanted to solve the question of 'Who am I?' She had intensely worked hard on it and got the answer.

Once you know, you can never again 'not-know'!
She just knew who she was!
She knew that she was actually the state of Chit projecting a form of Chudaalaa!
She knew that she was 'Chit' playing around as the 'Chudaalaa-mind'!
She was actually projecting all the forms and shapes from her Chit-state and amusing herself!
She was 'Chit'!
From the Chit-level she was also the king, playing around as her husband!

She, the Chit was the essence of all that was perceived; yet she actually did not perceive anything!
 For, what was there other than herself, that Chit had to perceive?
 Her mind had died and reappeared now as the slave of Chit!

[3]

Chudaalaa could not believe herself!
 She was what she was at last -the 'Self Supreme' which is the essence of all that was there and that was not there!
 By practising contemplation more and more on that state of the Self, she soon was well-established in that state.
 Even contemplation was not necessary any more.
 She was always in the Self-state without a break.
 She was blissful always.
 She lost interest in the royal pleasures.
 Her face shone with a unique type of lustre.
 Her eyes shone with wisdom.
 She never was disturbed by any event of her life.
 She was neither excited nor distressed by anything.
 She charmed everyone with her pleasant behavior.
 She was more beautiful than before; not because of any outward decorations, but because of complete change in her personality!
 All these changes did not miss the sharp eyes of the king!

[4]

One day, he quickly finished his regular duties of the court and visited Chudaalaa in her private apartment.
 Embracing her affectionately, he questioned her about the sudden changes that were occurring in her personality and asked her, why she was so charming and attractive.
 Chudaalaa did not like to give him any direct answer.
 She could not bluntly say that she had realized the Self one fine day, just sitting on her comfortable throne and by reasoning it all out. He would never believe that.

Chudaalaa knew that the king was a follower of the 'action' theory of the Scriptures and believed only in following strict disciplines mentioned thereof.
 He was always very regular in the performance of all the rites and strictly followed the disciplines and vows without a single flaw.
 Between the affairs of the kingdom and his religious observances he could find very little time to visit even his wife.

Chudaalaa flashed forth one of her charming smiles and said with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes-

"Dearest!
 I have discarded 'this something (the perceived world)'
 which is not 'nothing' (but Some Thing- Chit)
 and attained 'Some Thing' (Chit-state)
 which is not just something (perceived object)!

That is why I am so charming and beautiful.

I am this and I am not this also. I am real and not that also.
 I am all; yet I am not anything at all.

That is why, I am so charming and beautiful."

[5]

ShikhiDhvaja was slightly annoyed. He had taken so much trouble and had made time to visit her, and here she was wasting his time talking in riddles!
 Ah, the female stupidity!
 Always playing and frolicking without any purpose!
 What would these women understand ever of the great states of penance and contemplation!
 Here, even his wife whom he considered the wisest of all, was now talking nonsense and amusing herself like a silly girl. Must be one of her childish pranks!
 Poor soul! Why get angry with her!
 She has not even the fortune of understanding the higher truths of the Scriptures, which he as a man had access to!
 Of course, she sat with him through all discourses and studies; but he knew for sure, that nothing of those truths entered her immature mind. Poor girl!

Now instead of just mentioning the secret herbs or potions she had used for her youthful charm, she is blabbering on and on, about some nonsense!
 What was that...?
 Discard something which is not something..?
 Oof! Such meaningless sentences!
 He had no time for such childish plays now.
 He had to finish his evening rites! It was getting late!
 He just tapped Chudaalaa lightly on her shining cheek and smiled!
 "Let it be so, my dear!
 You are so child-like, even after all these years!
 You still want to play pranks on me and confuse me with riddles!
 But my dear! I have no time for such silly games now!
 I have to be going!
 I have to meet also a group of Sages, who have arrived here just to explain to me the greatness of forest-life and penance. Please let me go!
 We will play all these games some other time!"

He gently placed a kiss on her cheek and hurried away.

[6]

Chudaalaa stood there watching him moving away hurriedly to attend to his religious rites! She sighed heavily!
 Only if he had waited and heard her explanation of her riddles...!
 Only if he could reach the same state of the Self like she had done, by mere enquiry and reasoning power...!
 No! He would never believe that the 'Highest state of Brahman' could be attained without struggling through life-long austerities and penance. And according to him, a woman was not capable of such feats, being of a delicate structure and endowed with an immature mind!
 However, Chudaalaa was not a person to give up so easily.
 Many times she confronted the king to explain to him the easy way of attaining knowledge; but always met with the same responses as-

'Don't talk nonsense!'

'Realization is not as easy as you think!'

'These things are beyond your capacity. You can't understand them. Go play with your friends.'

'Please..! Do not waste my time!'

'Realization or liberation was attained by Sages even, only after years of hard penance in forests!
 Ordinary mortals like us cannot even dream of it!

'It requires the merit of many births to even want such a thing!'

And, he abstained from all the normal luxuries of his royal life.

And, he avoided the company of women.

And, he starved every other day; he bathed many times a day; he chanted hymns all through the nights; he neglected his duties of the kingdom; he regularly attended to discourses of some scholars; stopped wearing ornaments and garlands; became emaciated and worn out.

And any suggestion or objection from his dear wife was dismissed outright with the comment that she was an immature princess and would not understand anything of what he was trying to achieve!

[7]

Chudaalaa, at last gave up the hope of convincing her husband about the knowledge-level she was established in! It has been weeks since she had seen him last!

He avoided her, as if her very sight may lead him astray.

Not that he lost his love for her; but her being a female was her fault.

Women lead towards sins! They have to be avoided by a man who desires the Supreme state!

May be some idiot scholar would have brainwashed the king about the harmful effects of female company!

Even the ministers could not meet him. He was busy always with some rites or other; doing charities; visiting temples; and so on!

They all now came to the queen to get guidance from her about the matters of the kingdom.

Chudaalaa tried to visit the king herself and talk things out. But when he had taken the vow of not seeing any female, thinking that they blocked the path of liberation, how could she even communicate with him? She took care of the duties of the kingdom and left the king to his own methods of liberation.

With lot of time at hand, she decided to achieve some Siddhis for a change.

Somehow she felt that those Siddhis may help her in the future for some good purpose.

She mastered the art of Praanaayaama and through following strictly the required practices, under proper 'Gurus', she attained all the eight Siddhis.

The king was unaware of all this.

As he kept scraping at the lowest ladder of spirituality, Chudaalaa had flown high in the Siddha-path and had become a great Yoginee with all powers and knowledge.

Even Indra's heaven was just a play-ground for her!

But all these achievements did not erase her love and devotion for her husband. She loved him dearly and missed no opportunity to serve him in some manner or other.

She never felt proud of her achievements, for she had the equal vision of the Self and never was bound by the limited identity of her form.

When there was only the single Self appearing as all, what is there to be proud of?

Where was a second person to look down upon?

Her husband was also another projection of Chit, like her own form labeled Chudaalaa, was a projection of Chit.

Both were illusory shapes!

The differences were created by the minds.

Even these differences had their own charm!

Chit as the husband! Chit as the wife! Chit as the love between them both!

Chudaalaa enjoyed both her formless state of Chit and her limited form of a wife. And, she loved loving her husband, like her very life.

She had the best of both worlds.

She as Chudaalaa, was drowned in the nectar of love for her husband and yet was always in the knowledge of her true nature of Self!

But her husband?

He never even understood the meaning of the word 'Self'!

He searched for the 'Self' outside himself, through actions and accessories, not understanding that he himself was the Self that is peeled off of all limitations which were conceived by the mind.

He had to just 'un-conceive' them; that is all! But instead he conceived more actions, more complications, and more hardships; and looked away from the Self!

With a great Yoginee waiting in the harem at his service, ready to offer all her knowledge at his feet with devotion, he decided to search for the Self in a forest!

Sage Vasishtha stopped his story-telling and looked at Rama.

He knew there were so many questions disturbing his dear student and nodded his head slightly, allowing Rama to word out his doubts.

Rama asked-

“Master! How is it that ShikhiDhvaja failed to grasp the instructions about Self-knowledge, though it was taught by a great Yoginee like Chudaalaa?

If one cannot attain knowledge even from such a great Guru, then what about people who seek ordinary Gurus?”

Sage Vasishtha smiled and said-

“Rama! Be it the study of the Scriptures or the instruction of a Guru, they are just the methods to be followed as a rule; that is all.

Actual success depends on the effort of the disciple himself.

Just by studying Scriptures or attending to discourses, one cannot attain Self-knowledge.

Even meritorious acts and the practice of penance do not lead to that highest state.

Only the sincere effort of the student will lead him to his goal.

Guru is just a guiding light in the path of realization.

He cannot magically bestow realization on anyone.

Listen to this story of a merchant.”

THE MISERLY MERCHANT

Once there lived a merchant. Though he was very rich and prosperous, he was very miserly and stingy.

He always worried about his money, day and night.

One day, he had to go to another city for some work and had to journey through a forest-path.

He carried his money-bag with him, well-hidden inside his garment.

After walking every few steps, he would feel anxious about his money and count the coins again and again.

In one of his counting sessions on the road, one little cowrie (a shell used as money) fell out of his hand and disappeared inside the grassy bushes.

One cowrie! If he had, had it with him and invested it in his business, it would have become two in no time, then four, then eight, then hundred, then even thousand!

One cowrie for him was equal to thousand cowries.

Anxious and worried, he searched inside the bushes for his precious cowrie. It was nowhere to be seen.

The merchant did not give up.

He searched madly all over that area again and again.

Three days passed in his futile search.

Still the merchant would not give up. He did not bother about the ridicules and comments of the passersby.

As he probed here and there with a stick unrelentingly, he found something shining inside a grassy weed.

He took it out and examined.

It was a gem; not an ordinary gem, but a wish-fulfilling magical gem!

The most wonderful ChintaaMani gem!

The merchant was overjoyed. He returned home happily.

He could Instantly, get any object he wished for, by the power of the gem.

From then onwards, he had no need to worry about each and every single cowrie. His wealth had no limits.

Slowly he lost his miserliness.

He shared his wealth with all.

There was so much wealth that he soon lost interest in it.

He developed dispassion.

He reached higher states by serving the noble and pious.

[10]

Sage Vasishtha continued his speech-

“Rama!

The merchant got the magical gem by searching for a worthless cowrie.

Suppose he had not searched for that cowrie and gone off home, he would have never found that gem.

He searched for something with utmost effort and got something else.

So also, a person who listens to the instruction from the Guru attains Self-knowledge, when he tries hard to think it out himself.

If the student does not analyze in his mind what his Guru had said, then he can never attain Self-knowledge.

Just by listening to discourses and studying spiritual books, one cannot attain the knowledge of the Self.

A student has to rigorously search for the Self, like the merchant searching for his cowrie, without giving up the effort for fear of failure.

Chudaalaa attained Self-knowledge by such analytical reasoning alone.

Whereas, her husband ShikhiDhvaja was of the opinion that Self-knowledge was not an easily attainable state. He never bothered to analyze in his mind what the Scriptures stated as truths. He never bothered to search for the cowrie and never got the gem also.

What can a Guru do, if the student has no inclination to think!

Moreover, a sincere seeker of the Self does not even need a Guru.

He can attain Self-knowledge by the Vichaara-method like Shuka, or Janaka or Chudaalaa!”

Sage Vasishtha again continued the story of the realized Chudaalaa and ignorant ShikhiDhvaja.

[11]

ShikhiDhvaja had at last found a solution to all his problems!

He knew now, how he could attain the state of Brahman in this life itself!

And it was through ‘SarvaTyaaga’ –‘Renunciation of all that he possessed’!

‘What did he possess?

Wealth...?

Yes! That he will renounce and become a recluse!

Kingdom and the position of emperor-ship...?

Yes! That he will renounce! Some one else can take over his place of the ruler!

His people..? Ministers..? Relatives...? Friends...?

Yes! All that he will renounce and forget all of them!

Palace...?

Yes! That he will renounce and go away!

Wife...? Chudaalaa...?

The king felt as if his heart was getting squeezed!

Can he ever bear to live without her?

Can she also even breathe a second more, after he left?

But there was no other way! If he desired liberation, he had to renounce her too! He cannot take her with him to the forest! Poor thing! She can’t bear the hardships of a forest-life! Let her stay in the palace and enjoy her youthful pleasures. The kingdom will be taken care of by the ministers. She won’t be troubled in any way!

To separate from her was the hardest thing! But he had to do it!
 Anyhow, all the mortals get separated from their kith and kin at the time of death. It is better that he moves away from her when he is still alive and try to achieve the state of immortality. Later, maybe, he can guide her also in the spiritual path!'

The king had made a firm decision!
 He will renounce everything! He will do 'SarvaTyaaga', the surest way of attaining liberation!
 That is what the Scriptures state and they could never be wrong!
 He will renounce everything, even his wife; and go away far from all!

[12]

ShikhiDhvaja decided to take leave of his wife before leaving for the forest. He went to the harem that night and confided in Chudaalaa, his great decision of wanting to live in the forest till death and try for the state of liberation.

He requested her not to prove an obstacle in his spiritual path.

Chudaalaa tried her best to dissuade him from his decision. She argued that they both were young and could wait till they both became old; then they both could leave for the forest together, and live a life of renunciation!

The king had no ears for her pleadings. He remained silent and did not say anything back.

Morning came. The king left for attending to his day-duties.
 He attended to all the affairs of the kingdom, as usual.
 At the end of the day, he performed the evening worship of Sandhyaa.
 He went back to Chudaalaa's private chambers and slept along with her.

At night, when every one was fast asleep and silence reigned, he slowly removed Chudaalaa's arms entwined around his neck and stood up.

His wife was fast asleep; or so he thought!

He gently kissed her on the forehead; a tear drop fell from his eyes on her cheek. Chudaalaa did not move.
 The king went away.

[13]

ShikhiDhvaja was now attired in the simplest of clothes. He wore no ornaments.
 He told the guards at the gates that he was going out for patrolling the city.
 Appearing like an ordinary poor man of the world, with just a sword in hand, he walked out of the gates of his city. He turned back and saluted the Goddess of the kingdom and started walking.
 The king crossed many countries, many hills, many rivers, and many oceans; and at last reached the Mandara Mountain forest, after twelve days and nights of incessant walking.

He searched for a good place to perform penance, and selected a grassy land next to a small stream.
 The bank was filled with many fruit yielding trees.
 He built a small hut there, out of leaves and creepers to serve as his dwelling-place.

Within a few days he collected many hardened gourds and converted them into bowls for eating fruits, drinking water etc.

He found an old Kamandalu fallen near the stream and took it with reverence.
 May be some other Sage had lived here and had left his water-pot here!

Soon the king had a seat made of Dharbaa-grass for meditation purposes, a grass-bed for sleeping, an umbrella made of leaves to block the Sun and rain, a foot-wear made of leaves, a basket made of bamboo to collect flowers, a basket to collect fruits and so on.

When everything was ready, he began his forest life of penance for attaining 'Moksha'!

He daily got up before sun-rise; performed his recitation of Mantras; then collected flowers for worship; took bath; worshipped the deities; collected some fruits and roots and made a light meal out of them; recited 'Mantras' for some time; and finally slept off at night on a bed made of leaves.

This was the routine he followed regularly, day in and day out.

The forest was completely deserted. There were no wild animals that could do any harm. Just some deer and rabbits wandered in that grass-land.

The king was all alone; completely alone!

In that huge forest, he stayed all alone and performed his so-called penance, without a break in the routine, for eighteen years and waited for liberation!

[14]

What happened on the day when the king left for the forest?

Chudaalaa woke up from sleep suddenly and saw that the bed next to her was empty.

Anxious about his welfare, she rose up in the sky with her subtle body and looked out for him.

She saw him in that dark night walking alone, away from the city holding a sword in the hand.

She returned home and pondered for some time, as to what should be done by her.

She understood through her Yogic power that her husband was not ready for the path of knowledge yet, and would not grasp whatever was told to him.

He had to purify his mind of all Vaasanaas through the one single Vaasanaa of his- 'to live in a forest as an ascetic'.

She had to wait, till the time was ripe for him to receive instructions about knowledge!

Some day in the future she will visit him; but not at present!

Next morning, she announced in the court-room that the king had left on some urgent work and she would be ruling the kingdom on his behalf.

Eighteen years passed for her too, as she waited for the right time to visit her husband!

[15]

Chudaalaa rose in the sky and floated along the clouds.

She journeyed through the path of Siddhas; and within minutes was above the forest where her husband was living as a recluse.

She made herself invisible and like a wind she entered the hermitage area of her husband!

Her heart throbbing with the thrill of seeing her handsome lover, she passed her eyes all over the place.

Where was her noble king who ruled the earth like another Indra?

Slowly her eyes fell on a skeleton-like structure, plucking flowers from the creepers.

She was shocked to see her Lord in that horrible condition!

ShikhiDhvaja had completely changed. He was very thin and emaciated.

His body had turned black in color. His matted locks were brown and dusty.

Chudaalaa wanted to rush towards him and embrace him with all the love she had kept suppressed for eighteen long years.

But she stopped midway!

How would the king react to meeting his wife after all these years? He may not welcome her with open arms!

May be he will get annoyed and try to go away from this forest too!

Chudaalaa pondered silently for some time thinking how to deal with her ignorant husband.

He will not ever trust his wife's words if she tried to correct his ways.

He will need some authoritative person, whom he would trust, for acting as his teacher!

She decided to take on the form of some God and appear before him.
 But he may immediately offer salutations at the feet; and that would be highly improper!
 May be a Sage! No!
 May be a Sage's Son!
 Which Sage? Better not meddle with other great Sages and offend them!

Why not act as Naarada's son? Naarada had no son of course!
 But she could take the form of a young boy and pretend to be his son!
 She will mentally take permission from that great devotee of Naaraayana and appear as his son, in front of the king!

But could she lie like this?
 Won't it be termed as deceit?
 What else to do?
 The king would never treat her female-form with respect!
 If she met him as his wife, he will run away from her also and enter into more horrible ascetic practices in some other terrifying jungle!
 She will be using just a harmless trick to bring him to his senses.
 If he realizes the Self, he will surely forgive her for this 'act of deceit' done by her, for the love of her dear husband!

Chudaalaa immediately changed her form to that of a young Brahmin boy; and shining with divine lustre she appeared suddenly in front of her husband!

[16]

ShikhiDhvaja could not believe his eyes.
 He saw a shining divine form standing in front of him.
 The divinity looked like a young Brahmin Sage.
 He wore a pair of soft white clothes. He held a Kamandalu in his hand.
 A Tilak adorned his forehead. Two ear-ornaments hung from his ears.
 The hair was tied up above his head. A Mandara garland adorned his head.
 A beautiful garland woven with white flowers hung from his neck.
 His shining lustre filled the whole area; and his feet were not in contact with the ground at all.

ShikhiDhvaja poured the flowers in his basket into his hands; not on the feet, for the boy was very young.
 After welcoming him with Arghya and Paadya, the king questioned politely about, who that boy was and why he was here.

Chudaalaa told him the story of the Brahmin-boy in detail.

[17]

KUMBHA'S STORY

Once, Sage Naarada was absorbed in contemplation inside a cave of Meru Mountain.
 Outside the cave, celestial Ganges flowed adorned by the garland of white shining waves.
 Suddenly sounds of laughter and happy screams disturbed the meditation of the Sage.
 He peeped outside the cave and to his amazement, saw a group of extremely beautiful Apsaraas sporting in the waters with full abandon, without any coverings on their bodies! His mind swerved from the state of the Self for a fraction of a second; his 'Veerya' (semen virile), slipped out Instantly.
 Naarada immediately brought his mind under control; placed his Veerya-drop inside a crystal pot (Kumbha), placed next to his meditation-seat. He willed the pot to be filled with milk. The shining drop increased in size like a moon; and after a month, a boy shining forth with lustre appeared out of the pot.
 Naarada named his son Kumbha (born from a pot). He took his son to BrahmaLoka.
 Brahmaa was pleased to see him and taught him all the Vedas and Scriptures.
 Like his father, he roamed all over the three worlds.
 On that particular day, he happened to cross the sky above the forest and saw the king engaged in penance. He wanted to find out about the Sage who was doing penance in this forest and descended down to this Ashram!

[18]

ShikhiDhvaja told Kumbha, his whole story, as to how he had renounced everything and was living in that forest for the past eighteen years.

Kumbha chided him for wasting his life in the forest like this, doing actions mechanically, without any fruitful result. The king begged Kumbha to instruct him about the highest Knowledge that could lead one to the state of the Supreme. He promised to accept the words of Kumbha without a question.

Kumbha started his instructions, by relating to him two stories.

[19]

STORY OF THE CHINTAAMANI STONE

There was a rich man in a village!

He was very learned. He was endowed with all virtues.

He knew all arts. He had studied all Scriptures.

He also was also well-versed in the ways of the world.

Though he had everything, he did not have the knowledge of the Supreme state of Brahman; and did not know much about it.

He wanted only one thing in his life, the great magical ChintaaMani gem, which could fulfil all the wishes.

Somehow he felt that the gem was the greatest acquirement in life and by acquiring that he will be always happy.

Without delay, he became engaged in practising the necessary rites that would get him his precious gem.

Because of his sincere and hard effort, the gem appeared in front of him, just within the reach of his hand.

But that fool did not even extend his hand to take it!

He thought that it was an illusion he was having!

How could he, an ordinary man of no-merit, ever gain a ChintaaMani, that too so soon!

Even after years of practice, people fail to get this Mani.

How could he, a person stuck with misfortune, ever have the merit to get it?

He did not even touch that ChintaaMani gem shining in front of him, fearing that it was an illusion which may disappear if he even moved, and some other terrifying illusion may follow it!

After some time, the gem flew up in the sky and vanished.

The man continued his practice for getting the ChintaaMani gem.

Some Siddhas who observed this wanted to play a trick on him. They placed an ordinary glass piece which shone like a gem, in front of him.

The fool took it, thinking it to be the great gem of ChintaaMani.

He did not need any more wealth or money, he decided. He discarded all the wealth he had previously owned.

He left his city, believing all the people there to be sinners.

He left his relatives thinking them to be malicious and evil.

He went far into a jungle carrying that worthless glass piece.

Soon he met an untimely death attacked by some wild animal!

[20]

STORY OF THE KIND ELEPHANT

A huge elephant lived in the great forest of Vindhya Mountain.

It had two tusks which were very sharp and strong.

The elephant was immensely strong and very tall; and was the leader of a huge herd of forest elephants.

Unfortunately, one day it got trapped in a huge net made of iron.

The net had spikes all over and hurt the elephant, if it moved ever.

The elephant-catcher climbed a Taala tree nearby and sat on the top, keeping a watch over the trapped elephant.

The elephant could not see him.

Anyhow, it struggled hard; and poking repeatedly at the net with its tusks, it made a hole in it.

Soon it tore the iron net and came out.

The elephant-catcher saw the elephant escaping and jumped on it from the top of the Taala tree.

But he missed and fell down at its feet.

The elephant could have crushed him to death in a second; but it felt compassionate towards the helpless human and did not injure him in any way. It hurried off to another far off jungle, and started living there happily.

The elephant-catcher was annoyed that he had let the elephant get away.

Without giving up, he searched for the elephant in all the jungles and found him at last, resting under a tree in some forest.

He soon brought some tools from the king's palace and also some men to work for him.

They all dug a huge trench all around that forest in which the elephant rested.

They covered the trench with tender creepers on the surface.

The poor elephant got up after some time and soon fell inside that deep trench.

However much it struggled, there was no way of escaping. It was quickly chained by that elephant catcher.

Even today, the elephant is still inside that hole, suffering immense pain, not able to come out of it.

If it had killed that elephant-catcher when he had fallen at its feet, it would have never got trapped like this inside that trench!

[21]

SARVA-TYAAGA

ShikhiDhvaja asked Kumbha as to what the stories meant actually.

Kumbha laughed and said that both the stories were similar to the king's own story!

He was the person who chased the ordinary ChintaaMani gem instead of Self-knowledge!

CHINTAAMANI STORY

The ChintaaMani here refers to the 'SarvaTyaaga', renunciation of everything which the king got obsessed with.

Instead of trying to enquire about the Self, he had stuck to the term 'SarvaTyaaga' in the literal sense.

Actually the term 'SarvaTyaaga' means renouncing the entire perceived phenomenon along with the mind and remaining only as the Self.

But ShikhiDhvaja had missed the real meaning of the term and had literally followed the renunciation to the letter, by renouncing the family, kingdom etc.

Though the ChintaaMani of 'SarvaTyaaga' was there for him within reach as Self-enquiry, he ignored it and went to the forest.

Just like the idiot in the story grabbing the glass-gem as the real gem, ShikhiDhvaja had chosen penance as a means of self-realization.

Like the fool in the story had suffered by the possession of the glass-gem, ShikhiDhvaja also suffered through the hardships of penance.

By the routine life of the forest in solitude, he had achieved nothing but the satisfaction of suffering.

Instead of possessing a kingdom, he possessed a hut and the accessories needed for the forest-life.

The idea of possession did not decrease in the least.

He had not done any 'SarvaTyaaga' at all and was stuck only to the mechanical routine-works of the forest-life, like the fool who had let go off the ChintaaMani gem and pounced on the glass gem.

ELEPHANT STORY

In the 'elephant story', the king was the actual elephant who was trapped by the elephant-catcher.

The king was the elephant with the two tusks of Viveka (Discrimination) and Vairaagya (Dispassion).

The elephant-catcher was the ignorance.

Though the elephant was capable of throwing off the elephant-keeper, it humbly obeyed him and went the way shown by him, like the elephant trapped in the iron net.

Attachment was the iron-net used by the elephant trapper named ignorance.

The ordinary iron-net may rust in time, but the 'desire for pleasures' increases as time goes by!

The ignorance always keeps a watch on the trapped Jeeva, like the elephant keeper sitting on the Taala tree.

When the king tore off the net, he had renounced the kingdom with great dispassion.

The ignorance then fell down ready to get destroyed by the king.

He should have killed it then and there by Mana-Tyaaga (Renunciation of the Mind). But he did not!

The elephant-trapper namely the ignorance got up again with more vengeance at heart and pushed the king into the deep pit of penance!

The tools and the men used by that elephant-keeper are the worries and anxieties of the forest-life.

Kumbha also chided the king, for not listening to his wife Chudaalaa, when she talked to him about Self-knowledge.

[22]

ShikhiDhvaja was not convinced. He said-

"I have renounced the kingdom, wealth, wife, and land! How is it not 'SarvaTyaaga'?"

Kumbha said-

"Yes! You have renounced the kingdom, wealth, wife, and land; yet you have not renounced everything. Still there is some excellent part of yours that you have not renounced!"

ShikhiDhvaja for a moment pondered and said-

"I will renounce now the entire forest!"

He removed from his mind the thought of the forest.

He said- *"The forest has been renounced! I have renounced everything now!"*

Kumbha said-

"Yes! You have renounced the forest; yet you have not renounced everything. Still there is some excellent part of yours that you have not renounced!"

ShikhiDhvaja for a moment pondered and said- *"I will renounce now the hermitage!"*

He removed from his mind the thought of the hermitage along with the hut, water-stream, trees etc.

He said- *"The hermitage has been renounced! I have renounced everything now!"*

Kumbha said-

"Yes! You have renounced the hermitage; yet you have not renounced everything. Still there is some excellent part of yours that you have not renounced!"

ShikhiDhvaja for a moment pondered and said-

"I will renounce now the objects that I had been using!"

He collected all the bowls, grass-seats, deer-skin, rosary-garland, and other things from inside the hut and set them on fire. He left the Kamandalu near the water-stream where it was found. Then he set fire to his hut also. He searched here and there; collected all the things he had used without leaving anything and threw them all into the fire. He did not even leave any fruits or flowers back.

After everything had turned to ashes, he said- *"I have renounced everything now!"*

Kumbha laughed aloud and said-

"Do not pretend to have renounced everything, King!
Still there is some excellent part of yours that you have not renounced!"

ShikhiDhvaja for a moment pondered and said- *"I will renounce now this body!"*

He got ready to throw himself down into the chasm.

Kumbha stopped him and told him that his poor body was inert and faultless; and did not deserve to be killed. It was a slave of some one else!

ShikhiDhvaja asked- *"Whose slave is this body?
What should I renounce to complete my 'SarvaTyaaga'? What is 'everything'?"*

Kumbha told him that mind was the seed of everything that is perceived and he should renounce that alone, to accomplish his 'SarvaTyaaga'.

ShikhiDhvaja asked- *"How do I renounce the mind?"*

Kumbha told him that he should destroy the mind by the self-enquiry of 'Who am I?'

Kumbha gave him detailed instruction about the knowledge of the Self and the method of reasoning it out.

[23]

Kumbha took leave of him saying that he had told him all that was to be told and now he had to go to the court-room of Indra, where his father would be waiting for him and that he did not want to annoy his father by any delay. He floated in the sky and vanished.

ShikhiDhvaja was amazed by all that happened.
He was surprised that he should be taught by a great divinity like Naarada's son.
He soon was absorbed in Nirvikalpa Samaadhi.

[24]

Chudaalaa meanwhile changed into her original form; went back to her palace; attended to the affairs of the kingdom; and after three days returned to the forest where her husband was absorbed in Samaadhi.

She saw him sitting there like a painted picture.

She decided to wake him up so that he would return the kingdom and take over the responsibility of ruler-ship.

She stood in front of him and made roaring sounds of a wild animal.

Even after her repeated shouts, the king did not move even a little.

She understood that he would continue in that state itself for a few more days; the body would fall dead at some future time; and he would attain Videha Mukti.

She decided to give up her body also, for she thought that a life without her lover was not worth living.

But somehow, a doubt arose in her as to whether the king was completely freed of Vaasanaas or any mind-factor was left back in him.

Being a Yoginee, she touched his heart and found out that the king would not be able to attain VidehaMukti in that state. Some mind-vibration was still left back in him, which would make him wake up in that world only, maybe after many years. He would then wake up, only as an old man with dilapidated limbs.

Instead of waiting for him to become old, sitting there in that forest, she decided to wake him up then and there. Through her Yogic power she entered the Self-state of ShikhiDhvaja and woke up his mind.

[25]

ShikhiDhvaja woke up and saw Kumbha standing in front of him.

Kumbha told the surprised king that he had become attached to the king's company and could not be away from his dear friend. He expressed his wish to live with ShikhiDhvaja in that forest itself.

From then onwards, ShikhiDhvaja the dispassionate Sage and Chudaalaa in the form of Kumbha stayed together always. They wandered all over the earth together and never separated from each other.

Chudaalaa was getting tired of all this.

Her young lover's heart wanted to be with her husband as her own self, as his beloved wife. But she had a slight misapprehension as to whether the king still entertained the same attitude towards his wife as before.

Would he get angry with her for acting like Kumbha?

Will he get annoyed with her and walk off, angry at her for deceiving him as Naarada's son?

She decided to test it out herself.

[26]

One day, Kumbha told his friend that he had to be in Indra's court on that particular day of 'Chaitra Full moon', where his father would be waiting for him.

He promised the king that he will return to earth on that very same evening.

As the king kept on shouting 'Come back soon', Kumbha flew up in the sky and vanished from sight.

As soon the king was out of sight, Chudaalaa changed into her original form; went to her palace; attended to her royal duties; again took the form of Kumbha and descended down, in front of her husband.

Kumbha appeared very anxious and worried.

ShikhiDhvaja enquired Kumbha about the cause of his anxiety.

Kumbha told him this story.

[27]

GREAT SAGE DURVAASA

Sage Durvaasa was a great Sage filled with compassion and love for all.

He was a realized Sage. He was always in the state of Brahman. He had no identity with his body.

Body was just a projected shape he presented in front of others.

He never even bothered whether the body was properly covered by clothes or not.

He had no name as such; but people called him by his one and only identity – one who never wore garments properly- 'Durvaasa'.

Sage Durvaasa was a perfectionist. He had no patience for fools.

He would get annoyed with any smallest mistake of others.

He usually kept away from all people, including all the Devas. He was another Shiva in dispassion.

Chudaalaa mentally saluted him and used his name in her made-up story of Kumbha's curse.

DURVAASA'S CURSE

Kumbha left the court of Indra as soon as the assembly was over with.

He hurried through the sky and floated along with the clouds down to the earth.

The clouds were huge, dark and filled with hosts of lightning flashes.

At that time he saw Sage Durvaasa hurrying among the clouds.

As the Sage had no thought of a physical body, he was passing through the clouds as if he was just a piece of space passing through those dense clouds. He was intent only on reaching the celestial river Gangaa to perform his evening rites.

Kumbha watched him with amazement.

He could only see the black clouds covering Durvaasa's body, which was getting drenched by the waters of the clouds. Lightning-flashes shone forth all over his body like shining ornaments.

Durvaasa was a cloud among clouds floating speedily towards Gangaa.

And Gangaa was the beloved of the Sage waiting for him under the shade of the huge trees that covered her banks!

(Kumbha) Chudaalaa was a lover at heart. She was the one hurrying towards her husband in that darkness, like an ‘Abhisaarikaa’, to meet her lover waiting under the tree.

(Abhisaarikaa is a woman who goes to meet her lover on dark cloudy nights; concealing her form adorned by ornaments, in dark clothes; and getting wet by the pouring rains.)

When Kumbha saw the Sage, he saluted him immediately. But, as he floated down towards earth, he made a witty remark towards the Sage.

He said- ‘Hey Sage! You look like an Abhisaarikaa!’”

Sage Durvaasa was annoyed by such an impolite remark and cursed Kumbha to become a female every night.

[28]

Kumbha finished his made-up story and lamented that he was feeling embarrassed by the fact that he would be a female every night. ShikhiDhvaja consoled him, saying that it does not matter what the body looks like, since they both were realized Sages, and the body was just an illusion, after all.

Evening came. ShikhiDhvaja performed his evening worship.

At that time, Kumbha came hurrying towards him, crying and screaming in embarrassment.

His handsome form of a boy adorned by white clothes and sacred thread, had changed into a beautiful form of a girl adorned by divine garments and ornaments.

The king consoled Kumbha and they both slept as usual, on the same bed like friends.

Chudaalaa observed that the king’s mind did not waver in the presence of a divine damsel who was beautiful beyond words.

[29]

Many days passed like this.

After the king fell asleep, Chudaalaa returned to the palace and completed her duties of the kingdom.

In the morning, Kumbha became a young man again and wandered with his friend.

At night also, as a female named Madanikaa, he slept with the king, only as a friend.

One day, Madanikaa told the king that her youthful charms as a girl were going waste without fulfillment.

She requested ShikhiDhvaja to marry her and give company at night.

ShikhiDhvaja had stopped bothering about anything that happened in the world.

For him, body was just an illusion.

If Kumbha, his friend wanted to be happy by marrying him, he had no objection he said; he would do anything for a friend who had guided him in the correct path.

That very night, Madanikaa created a divine hall made of precious stones; and married him in a grand manner through proper rites.

Kumbha acted as a friend at day times and as a wife at night times.

They both enjoyed many happy days in the company of each other.

Chudaalaa observed that the king was not at all disturbed by any act of passion, and that he remained always in the unwavering state of the Self.

She decided to test him as to whether he would be attracted by the pleasures of heaven.

By her power of Yoga she created Indra and his retinue.

[30]

ShikhiDhvaja saw in front of him, Indra with his complete retinue of Devas and Apsaraas.

Indra saluted him and requested the Great Sage to accept all the Siddhis as a gift and come to heaven; and to reside there enjoying all the pleasures of heaven.

ShikhiDhvaja refused the invitation politely, and said that he perceived no divisions of heaven and earth any more.

He was in the state of Self and found the heaven wherever he stayed.

Indra was disappointed; greeted Kumbha who was standing next to the king; and vanished from sight.

Chudaalaa was happy that her husband was not attracted towards pleasures whether of heaven or earth.

Now she decided to test whether he could get angry or annoyed by any event.

[31]

One evening, ShikhiDhvaja was engaged in the worship of Sandhyaa on the river bank. Madanikaa who was intoxicated by drinking wine, walked into a bush nearby. She created through her Yogic power, a handsome paramour waiting for her inside that bower. She and her illusory paramour spent some time in various amorous sports.

ShikhiDhvaja finished his evening worship and came searching for Kumbha. He saw Kumbha as Madanikaa in the company of another young man. He silently walked away without disturbing the passionate couple. He sat on a rock in a solitary place, and was absorbed in contemplation.

Soon, Madanikaa came there, flushed in the face and body. She stood embarrassed in front of him, feeling shy and guilty. ShikhiDhvaja tenderly asked her as to why she had to come off so soon, as he would never have minded her being happy in the company of someone else. Madanikaa confessed that because the king was engaged in his evening worship, she was overcome by passion and had to seek another man's company. After all she was a foolish girl apt to make mistakes. She pleaded with him not to get angry. The king consoled her saying that he was not at all disturbed by her immoral act. Chudaalaa knew that it was the ripe time for her to reveal her original form.

[32]

To the amazement of the king-turned Sage, Chudaalaa appeared out of Madanikaa's form. The king was overcome by the bliss of his beloved wife standing before him, and without any control embraced her with much affection and love. Both remained in each other's embrace for long, like carved statues.

Chudaalaa told him all that had happened and begged him to forgive her. Instead of getting annoyed, the king praised her devotion for the husband and acclaimed that she was the best of all women in the three worlds. He said that he was indeed very fortunate that he had a wife who lifted her husband out of the deep pit of ignorance. Chudaalaa then suggested that they both should return to the kingdom and remain there as the king and queen. Since ShikhiDhvaja had no likes or dislikes, he agreed to his wife's suggestion. By his request, Chudaalaa created a huge army of men, horses, and elephants. They both sat on the best of elephants and journeyed towards their kingdom. After many days, they reached the kingdom and were welcomed by all the people and ministers with affection.

ShikhiDhvaja and Chudaalaa together ruled the kingdom for ten thousand years and attained Videha Mukti at the end of their earth-life.

[33]

Sage Vasishta completed the story of ShikhiDhvaja and Chudaalaa and said to Rama-

*“This story happened in the Dvaapara Yuga of the previous Kalpa.
It will again happen in the next forthcoming Dvaapara Yuga of this Kalpa!
Rama! Jeevas are all like waves rising in the ocean of Brahman.
Everything is Brahman alone!
The same Brahman can randomly appear as any Jeeva at any time again and again.
There is no second! Only the Brahman alone shines forth as all!”*

END

STORY OF THE UNREAL ENTITY (MITHYAA PURUSHA)

Emptiness! Conscious blissful all-knowing emptiness!
 In that emptiness appeared a shape made of emptiness, like a wave from the ocean!
 He, the 'Empty-man' had great powers!
 He saw shapes in the emptiness and sought them!
 He heard sounds in the emptiness and jumped in glee!
 He touched solids in that emptiness and avoided dashing into them!
 He tasted the emptiness and felt satisfied!
 He smelt the emptiness and chose the shapes!
 He walked and moved! Instantly, 'Space and Time' rose around him caging him all around!

But that caged empty man was happy in that prison made of emptiness!
 Moreover, he wanted to possess the emptiness around him!
 He drew lines in the emptiness around the emptiness, and constructed a house and protected it as 'his'!
 He was very fond of his possession! He took care of the emptiness, day and night like his own life!
 But alas! In the time-cage created by him, the house which contained his treasure of emptiness, gradually got worn out and perished in course of time!
 The poor empty man! He cried, wept, rolled on the floor made of emptiness and lamented long for the loss of his house which protected his only treasure namely 'Emptiness'!

He would not give up!
 He dug a well in the emptiness.
 He and protected his treasure named 'Emptiness' in that well!
 But alas! In the time-cage created by him, the well which contained his treasure of emptiness, gradually got worn out and perished in course of time!
 The poor empty man! He cried, wept, rolled on the floor made of emptiness and lamented long for the loss of his well which protected his only treasure namely 'Emptiness'!

He would not give up!
 He made a pot in the emptiness and protected his treasure named 'Emptiness' inside that pot!
 But alas! In the time-cage created by him, the pot which contained his treasure of emptiness, gradually got worn out and perished in course of time!
 The poor empty man! He cried, wept, rolled on the floor made of emptiness and lamented long for the loss of his pot which protected his only treasure namely 'Emptiness'!

He would not give up!
 He dug a huge pit in the emptiness and protected his treasure named 'Emptiness' inside that pit! But alas!
 In the time-cage created by him, the pit which contained his treasure of emptiness, gradually got worn out and perished in course of time!
 The poor empty man! He cried, wept, rolled on the floor made of emptiness and lamented long for the loss of his pit which protected his only treasure namely 'Emptiness'!

He would not give up!
 He constructed a huge hall in the emptiness and protected his treasure named 'Emptiness' inside that hall!
 To offer more protection, he built four huge halls all around the inside hall in all the four directions, to safeguard the hall which contained his treasure namely 'Emptiness'!
 But alas! In the time-cage created by him, the hall with four halls around it, which contained his treasure of emptiness, gradually got worn out and perished in course of time!
 The poor empty man! He cried, wept, rolled on the floor made of emptiness and lamented long for the loss of his hall-structure of four halls surrounding a huge hall which protected his only treasure namely 'Emptiness'!

He would not give up!

He constructed a granary in the emptiness and protected his treasure named 'Emptiness' inside that granary!
 But alas! In the time-cage created by him, the granary, which contained his treasure of emptiness, gradually got worn out and perished in course of time!
 The poor empty man! He cried, wept, rolled on the floor made of emptiness and lamented long for the loss of his granary, which protected his only treasure namely 'Emptiness'!

[If these repeated words bore you, pray tell me what else is your life, but repetitions?
 Aren't you bored of it still?

All the objects he built collectively refer to the body, which is a house the ego lives in.
 The well refers to the pathway from the mouth to the inside;
 the pot refers to the chest-region; the pit refers to the abdomen;
 hall with four halls refer to the body with hands and feet;
 granary refers to the belly.)

And the story of this empty man is never-ending!
 He keeps on protecting his treasure of emptiness drawing various structures again and again!
 He loses them and cries!
 He again draws lines around the emptiness and tries to protect it! He laughs and jumps with joy seeing them! He loses them in course of time and cries!

Who is that idiot who holds on to the emptiness?
 'I! The 'Ahamkaara'! The ego!
 The imagined self-image which arises by the interaction with the objects of the world!

What is the world?
 Shapes drawn on the ever-moving empty atoms by the brain, and sound-patterns attached to those shapes to identify them!

The imagined man-structure holds on to an imagined shape-structure;
 cries when the lines get erased off;
 draws more lines;
 cries when the lines get erased off;
 draws more lines;
 cries!

This is the never ending story of the idiot called the 'ego-man', who is not at all real!!!

NO END