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महाकविश्रीसोमदेवभट्टविरचितः

कथासरित्सागरः

KATHAASARITSAAGARA

'OCEAN' WHERE ALL THE 'RIVERS OF STORIES' ENTER

of

MAHAKAVI SOMADEVA BHATTA

कथापीठं नाम प्रथमो लम्बकः

FIRST SURGE

named

'THE PEDESTAL OF THE STORY'

प्रथमस्तरङ्गः / FIRST WAVE

Sanskrit text, Translation and Explanation

by

Narayanalakshmi

ANCIENT WISDOM

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Narayanalakshmi (Maa Tejaswini)

Narayanalakshmi, also known as Tejaswini in her ascetic life 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.

BrhatKathaa by Gunaadya

‘BrhatKathaa’ means ‘Huge Story’ which contains stories within stories without a gap.

It was written in the language of Paishaaci, by a scholar named Gunadhya, who as per the events described in the BrhatKatha, is a Shiva-Gana (Shiva's attendant) named Maalyavaan, who was cursed to be born on the Earth along with PushpaDanta another Gana of Shiva.

Brhatkatha was written by Gunaadhya, so as to be redeemed of that curse.

‘Paishaaci’ is largely unattested literary language of the middle kingdoms of India.

It is a ‘BhootaBhaasha’, a dead language.

‘BrhatKathaa’ in its original form, no more exists, but several later adaptations are there, namely, KathaaSaritSaagara, BrhatKathaaManjari and BrhatKathaaShlokaSamgraha in Sanskrit, as well as ‘PerumKadai’ in Tamil.

The stories in BrhatKathaa are so inexhaustible that most of the stories prevailing in India as belonging to the ancient era, are just a few drops extracted from it.

The story of BrhatKathaa mainly contains the adventures of a king named NaraVahanaDatta, the son of King Udayana of Paandava lineage.

The stories of BrhatKathaa are the stories of seven emperors of the Vidyaadharas, the highly learned clan of Devas, and carry a flavour of sacredness, because they are said to be the stories related by Lord Shiva to his beloved Paarvati, to amuse her.

Unfortunately, out of the seven stories, six stories were burnt off by Gunaadya himself in despair, because they were rejected by the king at that time, for the work was done in a Paishaacha script, and was written in blood. Only one story was left back, at the pleading of his disciples, and that too survives only in adapted versions.

Here is an attempt to retrieve the 'ancient sacred thoughts of Shiva' through the 'work of SomaDeva', named KathaSaritSaagara.

The entire book of KathaaSaritSaagara is given here in Sanskrit, with translation and explanation.

SomaDeva is the author of KathaaSaritSaagara, or rather its compiler.

He was the son of Rama, a Saivaite Brahmin of Kashmir.

The work abounds with the many names of Shiva, wherever possible.

The author seems to have compiled it with extreme devotion to Shiva, since the stories flow out of the mouth of Shiva, his favoured deity.

KathaaSaritSaagara is a large work consisting of eighteen Lambakas (Surges/books) of 124 Tarangas (waves/chapters) and approximately 22,000 Shlokas in addition to prose sections, and approximately 66,000 lines, whereas Brhat-Kathaa contained 700,000 Shlokas and is lost to us.

INTRODUCTION

The first Lambaka was named 'KathaaPeetha' (कथापीठं), the main pedestal or foundation of the story. The event of story-telling happens in the Kailaasa Mountain where Shiva, the perfect lover narrates countless amusing tales to his beloved wife Paarvati.

Whether he added more characters and life-narratives to the already-crowded Brahmaa's world through his stories, we mortals do not know. What we have before us is a collection of stories describing the exploits of King NaraVaahanaDatta, son of Udayana, a king born in the dynasty of Paandavas.

KathaaSaritSaagara is a concise form of the BrhatKathaa of Gunaadya, composed by Poet SomaDeva. This collection is the source of all the stories that are prevalent in India.

You read this collection and you have read it all.

Story is not a Vedic dictum to be followed verbatim.

Story is not a Puraana to gain merits when read.

But story is a necessary part of our life.

A human mind has evolved from the animal-level 'to like stories; to make stories; and live stories'.

The main purpose of narrating the story is to imagine anything and everything to create interest in the mind of a hearer. If it amuses you enough to forget the day-to-day turmoil of life, then the story is worthwhile listening to. A story becomes interesting only if there is a twist and a challenge at every sentence; and that is well expressed in these stories composed by Gunaadya.

Of course, if the stories of the original work amounted to some seven lakh verses, then it was indeed a task beyond the human mind. Only Shiva could do such a feat; not even a Brahmaa is capable of making so many stories!

We have to go through only a briefing of the stories originally told in one lakh verses; but even that concise form is like a huge ocean.

Here is a humble attempt to offer a comfortable ship to the reader to cross over the ocean of never-ending stories. Go ahead and enjoy these unique stories locked inside the treasure-chest of Sanskrit poetry.

May the blessings of Lord Shiva be there with all those who are ready to cross over the Ocean of Stories, enjoying every water drop of a story that falls from the huge surges rising one after the other.

कथासरित्सागरः

KATHAASARITSAAGARA

INTRODUCTION

Beautiful hill summit!

Fruit trees abounded there and flowers smiled from all the creepers.

However on that fatal day the forest which populated only tame animals like deer, boars and buffaloes was empty. All the animals were sitting quietly near a Sage who was reciting something aloud in an unintelligible language!

All the quarters echoed the weird sounds coming out of that sacred hill.

There was a huge fire blazing in front of that very old man.

The Sage was dropping some old worn out Taala-leaves marked with red-hued letters into the fire one by one. The dark smelly smoke rising from the fire filled the sky making it a dark day for the entire earth.

The Sage looked very old and emaciated.

His pale skin was hanging loose over the collection of bones which still held the Praana within somehow.

The brown and grey hued entangled mass of hair on his body overflowed and covered his thin body.

His face was covered with lines all over as if exhibiting the countless pains he underwent in his long long life.

He looked very sad! But he had no tears!

His heart had dried up long back fighting the senseless follies of the ignorant and learned alike.

He mechanically read out the words written on the Taala-leaves and dropped the leaves, his life-work, into the ever-hungry mouth of the Fire-God.

It was his Yajna! A Sacrifice which will prove the end of all his sufferings on the Earth!

The deepest pain that pierced his heart was his being away from the lotus feet of his Lord, his Shiva whom he loved so much!

He just wanted to finish his gruesome work of destruction and walk out of this horrifying mortal world to rest under the shade of the lotus feet of Mother Paarvati.

The animals understood his suffering as it were!

They were the only sympathizers he had, and they did not fail him.

They had no arrogance! They had no envy!

They were part of the Nature (Prakrti), the Supreme Goddess (Umaa) who watched everything silently. These animals did not even move! They did not eat any grass! They did not drink water also! They sat there just listening to the Sage!

Wonder of wonders!

Did they understand anything? Or did they all, absorb the thoughts of the Sage, just like that?

We do not know!

We know this much only, that the knowledge was ignored and discarded even in his times!

The Sage was none other than Shri Gunaadya (one rich in virtues), the devoted servant of Shiva stuck in a mortal form by the curse of Paarvati!

The text he was burning was an exact rendering of the countless stories related by Lord Shiva to his beloved wife Umaa!

He had written those stories in the Paishaacha dialect, inside a formidable forest, living with the Paishaacha clan,

using his own blood as ink, for seven whole years, day and night without a break.

Actually he had poured his life and blood into his work!

The text contained seven stories, each containing one lakh verses, totally making it seven lakh verses.

But he was burning them all now to be lost forever, for no human knew the value of that work and nobody wanted them.

His two Paishaacha disciples and the animals of that hill-forest watched the tragic end of the work, shedding tears at the loss of a great work.

All would have been lost completely but...

... the Earth still had some virtuous people maybe!

By their merit as it were, the two disciples begged the Sage to spare the last of the work containing the history of King NaraVaahanaDatta, as they favoured the king and his exploits.

That was the only left over work of Gunaadya we have on this Earth now.

The sacred stories told by Lord Shiva are not fully given to us because of the folly of human arrogance that always blocks any knowledge given by anybody.

Even this text was so huge that a Kashmir poet named SomaDeva managed to compile into a short form and called it KathaaSaritSaagara – the ocean into which all rivers of stories enter.

Yes! This is an 'Ocean of stories' where the 'Rivers of stories' continuously enter making it ever-turbulent! It is difficult to cross indeed.

Poet SomaDeva divides his work into eighteen 'Lambakas' (swells or surges).

Each 'Lambaka' again is divided into 'Tarangas' (waves).

'Lambaka' is not a flooding wave which drowns you but a huge wave which is made of many numbers of waves; which rises high and 'hangs' for a fraction of a second before falling down.

In this great work of SomaDeva, eighteen huge waves (Lambaka) of stories carrying within them many mini waves of mini-stories, appear one after the other.

As SomaDeva is a devotee of Lord Shiva, the book abounds in the various names of Shiva and Paarvati.

This is not just a story book; but the sacred ocean of Shiva's words.

A humble attempt has been made to translate the Sanskrit text of SomaDeva verbatim, in simple English as an offering to the lotus feet of Lord Shiva and his spouse Shiva.

महाकविश्रीसोमदेवभट्टविरचितः कथासरित्सागरः

कथापीठं नाम प्रथमो लम्बकः

FIRST 'LAMBAKA' NAMED 'PEDESTAL OF THE STORY'

मङ्गलाचरणम्/BENEDICTION

इदं गुरुगिरीन्द्रजाप्रणयमन्दरान्दोलनात्पुरा किल कथामृतं हरमुखाम्बुधेरुद्गतम्
प्रसह्य सरयन्ति ये विगतविघ्नलब्धर्द्धयो धुरं दधति वैबुधीं भुवि भवप्रसादेन ते॥

*This nectar of stories rose out of Shiva's 'mouth-ocean',
when churned by the*

'heavy Mandara Mountain of love' of the 'daughter of the Mountain-king'!

*Those who cross over it perforce, will have all the obstacles removed from their heart,
and obtain all the divine riches by the grace of 'Bhava', the source of all.*

{Everyone knows very well about the nectar that came out of the milk ocean, when the 'Devas' and the 'Asuras' churned the ocean with the huge Mandara Mountain.

But there was another ocean that got churned!

It was the mouth of Shiva, the auspicious milk-ocean wherein resides the Supreme knowledge.

Who placed the Mountain in Shiva's mouth?

Paarvati, the daughter of the Mountain!

After all, her father was the King of Mountains; and she could easily place some weighty mountain in Shiva's mouth!

What was the Mandara Mountain?

'Love'! So much love! It created turbulent waves in the heart of Shiva!

And what nectar came out?

'Stories'! What could be sweeter than a story?

How many stories?

Countless! Shiva's mouth overflowed with the nectar of stories!

Who gets benefited by that nectar?

We! The mortals!

Whoever can cross over this ocean of stories will surely be blessed by Lord Shiva and will be rewarded by the riches of the heaven! }

प्रथमस्तरङ्गः/FIRST WAVE

श्रियं दिशतु वः शम्भो श्यामः कण्ठो मनोभुवा अङ्कस्थपार्वतीदृष्टिपाशैरिव विवेष्टितः॥1॥

Let Shiva bless us with all good things!

His dark-hued neck was enveloped by the ropes, namely the looks of Paarvati seated on his lap, who was induced by passion towards her Lord.

{Shiva! The Supreme Lord, spouse of Paarvati!

Paarvati was seated on his lap in the tight embrace of her Lord.

Her heart was disturbed by the rising waves of passion as if stuck by the arrows of Manmatha. She tied her Lord with strong ropes from which he could never escape. What were they? Her passion filled looks! }

सन्ध्यानृतोत्सवे ताराः करेणोद्भूय विघ्नजित् शीत्कारसीकरैरन्याः कल्पयन्निव पातु वः॥2॥

Lord Ganesha, who destroys all the obstacles,

swept away all the stars with his trunk, when he was dancing with glee at the evening time; and he was spraying cool spray of water as if creating different ones (as stars)!

Let him protect us!

{Happy by the love sports of his parents, Ganesha started dancing at the evening time. As he danced wildly in the Cosmos, all the stars were swept away by his violently moving trunk. But as he sucked the waters of the Celestial River flowing from his father's head and sprayed it all over, lo, the sky was again filled with the white pearly drops of Ganges, and shone as if with stars! }

प्रणम्य वाचं निःशेषपदार्थोद्योतदीपिकां बृहत्कथायाः सारस्य संग्रहं रचाम्यहम्॥3॥

I salute the Goddess of speech,

who lights up the meaning of all words without any residue.

(Blessed by her) I now compose the collection which contains the essence of 'Brhat-Kathaa'

TITLES OF THE LAMBAKAAS

आद्यमत्र कथापीठं कथामुखमतः परं, ततो लावनको नाम तृतीयो लम्बको भवेत्॥4॥

नरवाहनदत्तस्य जननं च ततः परं स्याच्चतुर्दारिकाख्यश्च, ततो मदनमञ्चुका॥5॥

ततो रत्नप्रभा नाम लम्बकः सप्तमो भवेत्, सूर्यप्रभाभिधानश्च लम्बकः स्यादथाष्टमः॥6॥

अलंकारवती चाथ ततः शक्तियशा भवेत्, वेतालम्बकसंज्ञश्च भवेदेकादशस्ततः॥7॥

शशाङ्कवत्यपि तथा ततः स्यान्मदिरावती, महाभिषेकानुगतस्ततः स्यात्पञ्चलम्बकः॥8॥

ततः सुरतमञ्जर्यप्यथ पद्मावती भवेत्, ततो विषमशीलाख्यो लम्बकोऽष्टादशो भवेत्॥9॥

First I will begin with 'KathaaPeeta' - the pedestal on which the entire work is placed;

it will be followed by KathaaMukha; then the third story will be of 'Laavanakaa';

then NaraVaahanaDatta's birth, then ChaturDaarika, then MadanaMunchakaa,

then the seventh one is named as RatnaPrabhaa, the eight one is named SuryaPrabhaa,

then Alankaaravatee and Shaktiyashaa, and then Velaa will be the eleventh one;

then Shashaankavati, then Madiraavati, then Mahaabhisheka, followed by PanchaLambaka;

then SurataManjari, then Padmaavati, and VishamaSheelaa will be the eighteenth.

यथा मूलं तथैवैतन्न मनागप्यतिक्रमः, ग्रन्थविस्तरसंक्षेपमात्रं भाषा च भिद्यते॥10॥

The stories are exactly as depicted in the source. There is not the least deviation. Only the original text has been rendered short; the language alone is different.

औचित्यान्वयरक्षा च यथाशक्ति विधीयते, कथारसाविघातेन काव्यांशस्य च योजना ॥11॥

At suitable places changes are made as little as possible, and the poem has been rendered intact, without spoiling the essence of the stories.

वैदग्ध्यख्यातिलोभाय मम नैवायमुद्यमः, किं तु नानाकथाजालस्मृतिसौकर्यसिद्धये ॥12॥

I am not composing this for getting name or wealth; but to make the entangled network of stories easy to remember.

GLORY OF SHIVA AND PAARVATI

अस्ति किन्नरगन्धर्वविद्याधरनिषेवितः चक्रवर्ती गिरीन्द्राणां हिमवानिति विश्रुतः ॥13॥

There is a renowned emperor of all the great hills named Himavaan.

He is served by all the Kinnaras, Gandharvas, and Vidyadharas.

माहात्म्यमियतीं भूमिमारुढं यस्य भूमृतां यद्भवानी सुताभावं त्रिजगज्जननी गता ॥14॥

The Mountain was so celebrated for greatness in the world that

Bhavaani, the mother of all the three worlds took on the identity of being his daughter.

उत्तरं तस्य शिखरं कैलासाख्यो महागिरिः योजनानां सहस्राणि बहून्याक्रम्य तिष्ठति ॥15॥

मन्दरो मथितेऽप्यब्धौ न सुधासिततां गतः अहं त्वयन्नादिति यो हसतीव स्वकान्तिभिः ॥16॥

On his northern side is the great Mountain called Kailaasa, covering many thousands of Yojanas.

He shines pure white as if laughing aloud saying,

'The (milk) ocean also did not turn white like nectar by the churning of the Mandara Mountain; but I have turned white without any effort!'

{The milk ocean gave out the dark poison along with the nectar; so it did not turn white fully! Shiva who resides on Kailaasa swallowed the poison and darkened his throat, and later the Milk Ocean became white without any blemish. But the Mountain became white just by the presence of Shiva who had saved the entire Creation by consuming the poison.}

चराचरगुरुस्तत्र निवसत्यम्बिकाःसख गणैर्विद्याधरैः सिद्धैः सेव्यमानो महेश्वरः ॥17॥

The great Lord, who is the Master of all the moving and non-moving,

lives there along with his spouse Ambikaa,

served by the Shiva-Ganas, Vidyadharas and Siddhas.

पिङ्गोत्तुङ्गजटाजूटगतो यस्याश्रुते नवः संध्यापिशङ्गपूर्वाद्रिशङ्गसङ्गसुखं शशी ॥18॥

The moon which stays in the high yellow-hued matted locks (of Shiva),

newly enjoys (in its new position),

the (same) joy of the company of the eastern mountain yellowed by the evening twilight.

{The moon adorns now the highest place on the matted yellow locks of Shiva, and feels great as if he is sitting on top of the eastern mountain which has become yellow by the twilight of the evening. He can boast now of sitting on the eastern mountain and act equal to the so-called great Sun!}

येनान्धकासुरपतेरेकस्यार्पयता हृदि शूलं त्रिजगतोऽप्यस्य हृदयाच्चित्रमुद्धृतम् ॥19॥

Shiva had indeed 'pierced inside' the single heart of 'Andhaka demon' with his Trident, but had 'extracted out' the spear (of suffering) that had pierced through the heart of the three worlds! Indeed it is a wonder!

{Andhaka demon was harassing all the three worlds with his wicked deeds. When Shiva killed him with his trident, he had instantly extracted the 'pain of harassment' in the form of the 'piecing spear from the hearts all the people of the three worlds'. One heart alone was pierced by a spear; but all the worlds were free of the spear hurting them! A great wonder indeed!}

चूडामणिषु यत्पादनखाग्रप्रतिमाङ्किताः प्रसादप्रासचन्द्रार्धा इव भान्ति सुरासुराः॥20॥
*The Suras and Asuras shine, as if they have received half of the moon as blessing;
 because of the edge of the (crescent-shaped) nails (which look like half-moons) of Shiva
 reflected in their crest-jewels (when their heads rested on his feet).*

STORY BEGINS IN KAILAASA

तं कदाचित्समुत्पन्नविस्रम्भा रहसि प्रिया स्तुतिभिस्तोषयामास भवानीपतिमीश्वरम्॥21॥

Once, Bhavaanee the spouse of Shiva, in an amorous mood, pleased her husband the Ishvara, the Lord of Lords through many eulogies, when alone with him.

तस्याः स्तुतिवचोद्दृष्टस्तामङ्कमधिरोप्य सः "किं ते प्रियं करोमि" इति बभाषे शशिशेखरः॥22॥

Shiva was delighted by her praises and made her sit on his lap. ShashiShekhara, the Lord whose crest was adorned by the crescent moon asked her, "Beloved! What shall I do for you?"

ततः प्रोवाच गिरिजा "प्रसन्नोसि यदि प्रभो, रम्यां काञ्चित्कथां ब्रूहि देवाद्य मम नूतनाम्"॥23॥

Then Girijaa, the daughter of the Mountain-king replied, "Prabhu (Lord)! If you are pleased with me, then tell me some new amusing story, hey Deva (divine being)!"

"भूतं भवद्भविष्यद्वा किं तत्स्याज्जगति प्रिये भवती यन्न जानीयात्" इति शर्वोप्युवाच ताम्॥24॥

Sharva, the destroyer said, 'What is there my beloved, that you do not know whether it is past, present or future?'

ततः सा वल्लभा तस्य निर्बन्धमकरोत्प्रभोः प्रियप्रणयहेवाकि यतो मानवतीमनः॥25॥

As the mind of that envious wife (Maanavatee) had a whim to hear something from him, his dear wife then insisted that Her Lord should tell her, some new story. ('Hevaaki' -whimsical)

{With so many Ganas, devotees, Devas competing for his grace, Paarvati felt that she should get something from her Lord, which no one had access to. That would make her a closest devotee of Shiva and she would be placed above all others, and be proved also as his one and only dearest lover.}

ततस्तच्चाटुबुद्ध्यैव तत्प्रभावनिबन्धनां तस्याः स्वल्पां कथामेवं शिवः संप्रत्यवर्णयत्॥26॥

Forced by her pleadings of love, Shiva told her then a short story about her own greatness in order to flatter her.

{What story can you tell the 'Mother of the world', who knows everything already of the past, present and future?}

STORY OF THE 'LUSTROUS LINGA'

"अस्ति मामीक्षितुं पूर्वं ब्रह्मा नारायणस्तथा महीं भ्रमन्तौ हिमवत्पादमूलमवापतुः॥27॥

"Long back in the past, Naaraayana and Brahmaa wanted to have my vision and wandered all over the world; and at last reached the base of the Snow Mountain.

ततो ददशतुस्तत्र ज्वालालिङ्गं महत्पुरः। तस्यान्तमीक्षितुं प्रायादेक ऊर्ध्वमधोऽपरः॥28॥

There they saw a blazing fire in the form of Linga (JvaalaaLinga- a lustrous pillar of blazing fire) in front of them. (It reached down below for endless distances; and raised high above to endless distances.)

One of them (Brahmaa) flew up to see the top-end of that Linga; the other (Naaraayana) went down below searching for the bottom-end of that Linga.

अलब्धान्तौ तपोभिर्मा तोषयामसतुश्च तौ, आविर्भूय मया चोक्तौ "वरः कोऽप्यर्थ्यताम्"इति॥29॥

Both of them could not find the edges of the Linga, above or below. They then performed penance to propitiate me (Shiva). I appeared in front of them both and said to both of them, "Ask for any boon you both want!"

तच्छ्रुत्वैवाब्रवीत्ब्रह्मा "पुत्रो मेऽस्तु भवान्" इति, अपूज्यस्तेन जातोऽसावत्यारोहेण निन्दितः॥30॥

Hearing these words, Brahma immediately said, "You please bless me by becoming my son." Because of his insolence he was cursed that he should not be worshipped by anyone at any time.

ततो नारायणो देवः स वरं मामयाचत "भूयासं तव शुश्रूषापरोऽहं भगवन्" इति॥31॥

Then Lord Naaraayana requested me for a boon like this, "Bhagavan! Let me be blessed by serving you always!"

अतः शरीरभूतोऽसौ मम जातस्त्वदात्मना, यो हि नारायणः सा त्वं शक्तिः शक्तिमतो मम, किं च मे पूर्वजाया त्वं"

इत्युक्तवति शंकरे, "कथं ते पूर्वजायाहम्" इति वक्ति स्म पार्वती॥33॥

Then he was manifested out of me in your form. He who is Naaraayana is you my dear Shakti, my own power manifested in your form. And you were previously also my wife!"

Paarvati then asks, "How was I your wife previously?"

STORY OF DAKSHA'S SACRIFICE

प्रत्युवाच ततो भर्गः, "पुरा दक्षप्रजापतेः देवि त्वं च तथान्याश्च बह्व्योऽजायन्त कन्यकाः।स मह्यं भवतीं प्रादात्,

धर्मादिभ्योऽपराश्च ताः।यज्ञे कदाचिदाहूतास्तेन जामातरोऽखिलाः वर्जितस्त्वहमेवैकस्ततोऽपृच्छयत स त्वया

"किं न भर्ता ममाहूतस्त्वया तातोच्यताम्" इति॥36॥

Bharga (the shining one) then replied,

"Long ago, hey Devi, Daksha Prajaapati had many daughters including also, you my dear. He offered you to me in marriage; and others were offered to Dharma and other Devas. Once he performed a grand Sacrifice. He invited all the son-in-laws to attend that Sacrifice, except me.

Then you questioned him, "Dear father! Why did you not invite my husband? Tell me!"

"कपालमाली भर्ता ते कथमाहूयतां मखे" इत्युवाच गिरं सोऽथ त्वत्कर्णविषसूचिकाम्॥37॥

He spoke then words that pierced your ears like poisonous needle, "Your husband is a KapaalaMaalee (Wearer of skulls) (who owns no riches)! How can I invite him for this Sacrifice?"

"पापोऽयमस्माज्जातेन किं देहेन ममामुना" इति कोपात्परित्यक्तं शरीरं तत्प्रिये त्वया॥38॥

You became very angry and said, "Why should I bear this sinful body born of you?"

Then you discarded your body by entering the 'sacrificial fire', my dear.

स च दक्षमखस्तेन मन्युना नाशितो मया, ततो जाता हिमाद्रेस्त्वमब्धेश्चन्द्रकला यथा॥39॥

That 'Sacrifice of Daksha' was destroyed by me in anger. Later you were born from the 'King of Mountains' like a 'Chandrakalaa' (crescent of the moon) appearing in the ocean.

अथ स्मर तुषाराद्रिं तपोऽर्थमहमागतः पिता त्वां च नियुङ्क्ते स्म शुश्रूषायै ममातिथेः॥40॥

And then remember! I came to the Snow-Mountain for performing penance. Your father appointed you to serve me, his guest.

तारकान्तकमत्पुत्रप्राप्तये प्रहितः सुरैः लब्धावकाशो विध्यन्मां तत्र दग्धो मनोभवः॥41॥

Manmatha was sent by the Devas to make me get a son to kill Demon Taaraka. Waiting for the right moment, he stuck me and was burnt off instantly.

ततस्तीव्रेण तपसा क्रीतोऽहं धीरया त्वया, तच्च तत्संचयायैव मया सोढं तव प्रिये॥42॥

Then you the courageous one brought me off (stole my mind) through the performance of fierce penance.

I accepted you as an addition to my own collection of auspicious things.

इत्थं मे पूर्वजाया त्वं किमन्यत्कथ्यते तव", इत्युक्त्वा विरते शम्भौ देवी कोपाकुलाऽब्रवीत्॥43॥

Thus you were previously my wife. What more do you want me to say?"

After saying this, Shambhu (Principle of auspiciousness) remained silent.

Devi was annoyed, and said,

"धूर्तस्त्वं न कथां ह्यां कथयस्यर्थितोऽपि सन्, गङ्गां वहन्नमन्संध्यां विदितोऽसि न किं मम" ॥44॥

"You are a trickster! You are not telling an amusing story even after I plead with you so much.

You wear Gangaa on your head, and worship Sandhyaa, but can't you understand what is in my mind?"

तच्छ्रुत्वा प्रतिपेदेऽस्या विहितानुनयो हरः कथां कथयितुं दिव्यां, ततः कोपं मुमोच सा॥45॥

Shiva pacified her and agreed to tell a divine story. Then, Paarvati discarded her anger.

नेह केचित्प्रवेष्टव्यमित्युक्तेन तया स्वयं निरुद्धे नन्दिना द्वारे, हरो वक्तुं प्रचक्रमे॥46॥

She ordered Nandi (bull-vehicle of Shiva) that no one should be allowed inside, and made him stand guard at the gate. Shiva started his story-telling.

{Since Paarvati knew already everything, there was nothing new that could interest her!

Shiva tried his best to show her that he loved her a lot. Even Naaraayana, his ardent adorer was the form of Paarvati only (as an 'Amsha')! And moreover she had always occupied the position of his wife always at all times. She was so great that she had thrown her body into the fire in her love for him!

Whom else would he love other than her?

She was dearer to him than his Self! He had offered her half the body, as a mark of his love.

She was the closest of all!

No one could occupy her place at any time! She was unique!

But she was insisting that, she wanted stories that were unknown to her, or any one else!

Brahmaa the Creator should not know and Naaraayana as the protector should not know!

That means that the stories would not have occurred in the past, present or future!

That means that the stories should not have been experienced by anyone in the Creation!

So Shiva had to invent stories!

And of course as he narrated the stories, the stories appeared as real experiences of the characters in the story, in the space-time world of Brahmaa! The stories occupy a sacred position because they are the imaginations of Shiva the Supremacy!

Since she was the only one having access to this knowledge, she first of all safe-guarded the place of story-telling from one and all. She strictly ordered Nandi to stand at the gates of their abode and not allow any Deva, or a Gana or a devotee inside, for whatever reason!

Shiva began to narrate countless stories to Paarvati which still had not occurred in the mind of any Devas or humans including Brahmaa and Naaraayana.}

STORY OF PUSHPADANTA AND MAALYAVAAN

{Shiva narrated her, endless stories so far not occurred anywhere in any creation. His imagination had no bounds. Paarvati was lost in the wonder of it all. She knew something now, be it just a story, but something which only she and her husband knew. It was their private possession.

She now could be proud that she was indeed the dearest of all to Shiva! But imagine her anger and frustration when her own door-keeper approached and told her all the stories as narrated by her husband! She burst out like volcano. and the two Ganas who acted against her were cursed to enter the human world.}

"एकान्तसुखिनो देवाः, मनुष्या नित्यदुःखिताः, दिव्यमानुष्येष्टा तु परभागे न हारिणी, विद्याधराणां चरितमतस्ते वर्णयाम्यहं" इति देव्या हरो यावद्वक्ति तावदुपागमत् प्रसादवित्तकः शम्भोः पुष्पदन्तो गणोत्तमः, न्यषेधि च प्रवेशो अस्य नन्दिना द्वारि तिष्ठता॥49॥

"Devas are always happy enjoying the solitude (because of knowledge); the mortals are always miserable (because of ignorance); whereas the chronicle of the divine-humans is not less in excellence. Therefore, I will relate to you the story of Vidyaadharas".

Even as Hara was speaking these words, PushpaDanta, the excellent of the Ganas and a favourite of Shambhu arrived there. Nandi who was guarding the gate refused permission for him.

{Vidyaadharas are extremely sophisticated Devas, are highly learned, and are endowed with magical powers. They live at the base of Kailaasa mountain where Shiva resides, and are extremely devoted to him.}

निष्कारणं निषेधोऽद्य ममापीति कुतूहलात्, अलक्षितो योगवशात्प्रविवेश स तत्क्षणात्॥50॥

प्रविष्टः श्रुतवान्सर्वं वर्ण्यमानं पिनाकिना विद्याधराणां ससानामपूर्वं चरिताद्भुतम्॥51॥

PushpaDanta was surprised that he (a prominent attendant of Shiva) was also barred from entering Shiva's presence for no valid reason. He was curious. In a second he entered inside invisible to all, by the power of Yoga. After entering, he heard seven most wonderful stories of Vidyaadharas as told by 'Pinaaki Shiva' who holds the Pinaaka weapon or Trident.

श्रुत्वाऽथ गत्वा भार्यायै जयायै सोऽप्यवर्णयत्।को हि वित्तं रहस्यं वा स्त्रीषु शक्नोति गूहितुम्॥52॥

He returned home and narrated those stories to Jayaa, his wife.

Who can hide wealth or secret from women?

सापि तद्विस्मयाविष्टा गत्वा गिरिसुताग्रतः जगौ जया प्रतीहारी, स्त्रीषु वाक्संयमः कुतः॥53॥

Jayaa was amazed by the stories and went to meet the daughter of the Mountain because she was a Prateehaaree (door-keeper) there, and repeated the stories to Paarvati (as narrated by her husband newly).

Where do women have control over their speech!

{PushpaDanta should have returned back when he saw Shiva and Paarvati in private conversation. But his curiosity won over him. Paarvati was too much absorbed in listening to the wonderful narratives created by Shiva. Shiva, the all-knower did not disturb the course of events that started rolling one after another. The next mistake of PushpaDanta was to repeat those stories to his dear wife Jayaa! Jayaa again retold them to Paarvati.}

ततश्चुकोप गिरिजा "नापूर्वं वर्णितं त्वया, जानाति हि जयाप्येतत्" इति चेश्वरमभ्यधात्॥54॥

Girijaa got angry and accused Ishvara saying,

"You did not tell me stories unheard by anybody. Even Jayaa knows all these stories."

प्रणिधानादथ ज्ञात्वा जगादैवमुमापतिः,"योगी भूत्वा प्रविश्येदं पुष्पदन्तस्तदाश्रुणोत्, जयायै वर्णितं तेन, कोऽन्यो जानाति हि प्रिये"। श्रुत्वेत्यानाययद्देवी पुष्पदन्तमतिक्रुधा॥56॥

UmaaPati (Lord of Umaa) understood everything that had happened through his vision of knowledge.

He pacified her saying, "PushpaDanta entered inside through his power of Yoga and had heard everything that I narrated. He has related the stories to Jayaa. Who else can know this, my dear!"

Very much angered, Devi called for PushpaDanta.

"मर्त्यो भव अविनीत" इति विह्वलं तं शशाप सा, माल्यवन्तं च विज्ञप्तिं कुर्वाणं तत्कृते गणम्॥57॥

He stood in front of her frightened and apprehensive.

She cursed him, "You disobedient wretch! Get born as a mortal!"

Another Gana named Maalyavaan entreated on behalf of PushpaDanta, and he also got cursed in the same way.

{In a second, Umaa also understood the future course of events. Her curse was also a part of the play of her Lord! PushpaDanta had recently been acting vain-headed, and the forced entry into Shiva's private chambers was the peak of all arrogance. He had deserved a punishment and got it now!}

निपत्य पादयोस्ताभ्यां जयया सह बोधिता शापान्तं प्रति शर्वाणी शनैर्वचनमब्रवीत्॥58॥

They both fell at her feet along with Jayaa and begged for forgiveness.

They all begged her to tell how and when the curse would end.

Sharvaani (spouse of Sharva the annihilator) spoke slowly (with her anger under control).

"विन्ध्याटव्यां कुबेरस्य शापात्प्राप्तः पिशाचतां सुप्रतीकाभिधो यक्षः काणभूत्याख्यया स्थितः।

तं दृष्ट्वा, संस्मरञ्जातिं, यदा तस्मै कथामिमां पुष्पदन्त प्रवक्तसि, तदा शापाद्विमोक्ष्यसे।

काणभूतेः कथां तां तु यदा श्रोष्यति माल्यवान्काणभूतौ तदा मुक्ते कथां प्रख्याप्य मोक्ष्यते" ॥61॥

"There is a Yaksha (demigod attendant of Kubera, the wealth god) named 'Suprateeka' who attained the state of the Pishaachi (flesh eating clan) with the name of KaanaBhooti, by the curse of Kubera; and he lives in the forest region of the Vindhya Mountains.

PushpaDanta! When you come across him, remember your original identity and narrate this story to him. Then you will be freed of the curse.

When Maalyavaan hears the story from KaanaBhooti, then KaanaBhooti will be freed of his curse.

When Maalyavaan makes the story well-popular, then he will be freed of his curse."

{The story now had to reach the mortals and purify their hearts. So it had to now go from PushpaDanta to Suprateeka to Maalyavaan and spread all over the earth!

Knowledge cannot become the private property of any one even if he is the Supremacy!}

इत्युक्त्वा शैलतनया व्यरमतौ च तत्क्षणात्विद्युत्पुञ्जाविव गणौ दृष्टनष्टौ बभूवुतुः॥62॥

After this, 'ShailaTanayaa' (the daughter of the Mountain) remained silent. The very next moment both the Ganas (including Jaya) vanished from sight, like the 'clump of lightning flashes' vanishing instantly.

{Though Paarvati had felt offended by PushpaDanta's behaviour and the curse had shot out of her mouth, she still worried about him! After all, she was the Mother of all! She missed his wonderful hymns! She missed Maalyavaan's beautiful garlands! She missed also Jayaa, who also had vanished along with her husband! }

अथ जातु याति काले गौरी पप्रच्छ शंकरं सदया

"देव मया तौ शसौ प्रमथवरौ कुत्र भुवि जातौ" ॥63॥

As time went by, once Gauree (the daughter of the Mountain)

asked Shankara (one who always causes good) with her heart filled with compassion,

"Deva! In which place have the two excellent Ganas (Pramathas) taken birth on the Bhuloka?"

अवदच्च चन्द्रमौलिः "कौशाम्बीत्यस्ति या महानगरी

तस्यां स पुष्पदन्तो वररुचिनामा प्रिये जातः॥64॥

ChandraMauli (one who wears the crescent moon on the head) said,

"There is a great city named Kaushaambi.

PushpaDanta is born there with the name of VaraRuchi my dear!

अन्यच्च माल्यवानपि नगरवरे सुप्रतिष्ठिताख्ये सः

जातो गुणाढ्यनामा देवि तयोरेष वृत्तान्तः" ॥65॥

Maalyavaan is also born with the name of Gunaadhya

in a renowned city named 'Supratishtitaa'.

This is what happened to them."

एवं निवेद्य स विभुः सततानुवृत्तभृत्यावमाननविभावनसानुतापाम्
कैलासशैलतटकल्पितकल्पवल्लीलीलागृहेषु दयितां रमयन्नुवास ॥66॥

After informing in this manner, that 'Vibhu' the all-pervading one,
remained entertaining 'his wife'

'who was feeling apologetic for embarrassing the servants who always were well-obedient';
inside the bowers made of Kalpa creepers
which were situated at the base of the Kailaasa Mountain, and were conducive to their amorous sports.

{Shiva consoled his compassionate wife, and kept her cheerful through various acts of love and affection.}

इति महाकविश्रीसोमदेवभट्टविरचिते कथासरित्सागरे कथापीठलम्बके प्रथमस्तरङ्गः ॥

THUS ENDS THE 'FIRST WAVE' OF THE 'STORY-PEDESTAL LAMBAKA'
IN THE 'OCEAN OF THE RIVERS OF STORIES' COMPOSED BY THE 'GREAT POET SOMADEVA BHATTA'